

J. H. Leyden



Levi

An Unconventional Romance Novel



S.H. Logsdon

Lew

An Unconventional Hearts Novel



J. K. Logsdon

Lew

An Unconventional Hearts Novel

Lex

Unconventional Hearts Novel

S.K Logsdon



Nook Edition

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The Circle of Blood Series

Of Delicate Mind

Dedication

I want to dedicate this book to all of the people in the world who feel different.

Who are unsure of themselves. Who have been through abuse and tragic times. We are all unique, we are all beautiful, and we all deserve love, even living with the most painful of pasts. No one is perfect. No one walks this earth without baggage.

In the end, love, and who we have loved is what matters.

This is for you.

My fans, my readers, my friends, and
those of you I've never spoken with.

I love you all.

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This book is a work of fiction created by
the author S.K Logsdon and is not
associated with any real lives or stories.

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Chapter One

“Lex, are you about done?” Roni, or should I say Veronica my quasi best friend who happens to live on the same parcel of real-estate I do, calls from our small shared backyard.

“I’m in here,” I yell, walking over to the window that’s open above the white apron sink. I’m standing in the kitchen, slaving rather tirelessly over my vintage stove. It’s exhausting being me sometimes.

Quieter now, Roni reaches my back screen door and welcomes herself inside.

“Are you attempting to boil water, again?” she inquires, sarcastically with a juicy all-knowing smile as she plops her jean-clad country girl butt down at my table, seated in the most perfect breakfast nook. Complete with bay windows, draped with mint green swags, a booth with a floral print cushion, two chairs, and a rectangular farmhouse table.

“I’ll have you know, I’m using the

kettle for some tea, Sassy Britches. Would you like some?"

Already knowing her answer, I pull two blue paisley printed mugs from inside my newly renovated white cupboards. I had my dream kitchen installed six months ago, leaving me with pale pink walls, a giant silver chandelier, a refurbished nineteen fifties stove, and a sealed wood slab countertop. It's almost like having a butcher block as my entire counter, except its smoother.

"Don't I always? And you

wouldn't..."

Holding up the biscotti that I ordered online, shushes her. Well, for the time being. It won't last long. Never does.

This is a daily routine for us. I wake up at six on the nose, do a rather invigorating yoga session alone in my meditation room—I had one of my five sizeable bedrooms converted to Zen status two years ago and it's been money well spent ever since. After yoga, I shower and primp—it takes a lot of time. Between my hair and my entire makeup regiment, it's no quick routine,

and by eight, I'm downstairs doing this.

Lifting the annoying whistling tea kettle from the stove, I serve our tea and biscotti on petite white scalloped edged plates, and take a seat across from my fussy best friend. Who just stumbled out of bed less than ten minutes ago and is ready to get on with her day. The perpetual indigent slob, or so you would think, looking at her day in and day out.

“So are you going to make me check it myself or will you give me the goods willingly?” She winks, pulling her green tea to her mouth and giving me a god-

awful smirk over the rim of her mug.

“Work’s great,” I uppity answer, aimlessly avoiding eye contact. I can feel her pupils drilling holes into me as we speak.

“That. Is. Not. What. I. Meant. Lex, and you know it,” she clips, seething in her chair, biting angrily into her breakfast. It’s not much of a breakfast. I know this. But I swap out flavors of tea and biscotti on a weekly and sometimes daily basis to keep it fresh and interesting. It’s our thing, and has been for the past six years.

“Mmmm,” she foodgasms.

Yes, I know, those chocolate chip with macadamia nut ones are my new favorite.

“Good?” I sip my tea, following her lead.

“Delicious as ever. One minute I swear you’ve found the best biscotti and the next you surprise me with an orgasm on a plate.”

Awe, isn’t she darling? That’s a Roni compliment sandwich for ya, ever the proper lady.

“Now...” Quickly rendering her

happy mood useless, she moves into starring daggers at me, more intensely this time.

Alright...alright...I surrender. For now.

“My profile has had sixty two hits and I’ve received twenty one emails since last night,” I sputter blankly, and internally I’m wallowing in unhappiness even speaking about this.

“That’s fantastic!” She claps—literally—like a two year old girl whose mom just bought her a sparkly Barbie doll.

Yes, soooo...joyful, Roni—not!

If only she'd have the mountain of obstacles, I have to overcome to find a date, let alone a boyfriend. She doesn't get my dilemma, between my giant secrets and even larger scars. It's impossible to force her to recognize I'm not a normal girl. I may look like one, but parts of me are so hard to admit. I just choose not to. It's better for everyone if I pretend to be okay. Even if I'm not—well, not entirely. Don't get me wrong, my life is spectacular. It's the darkness that looms over me, that's not.

“So? Did you pick one?” She is way too excited and getting a tomboy like her excited is a rarity.

“One what?” I play stupid, I know what she means.

“To date, silly.”

“No, I did the profile for you. To keep you happy. I’m not planning on securing any dates.”

Honesty is the best policy, for the most part. Even if I know it’s going to peeve her off.

Bingo!

Banging her hand on the table, she

sneers and huffs at me in palpable agitation.

Two weeks ago, Roni informed me that I have to date too, now that she's dating Bob, from Auto's auto shop. Yes, that's what I said. Don't even get me started on the name. It's a Heartfair thing. A Patty's Pancake House, Jimbo's Gym, Larry's Lawn Service and those are just the tip of the small town of Heartfair iceberg.

Any who, like I was saying. Since my less than feminine best friend started dating Bob, the thirty-five year old

sweetheart, auto mechanic, she's decided I need to get over my... How long has it really been? Five years, yes, five year dating dry spell. Okay, it's more like the Sahara desert without water, sort of dry spell. I don't date for a thousand and one reasons. And yes, I'm lonely sometimes, but I love my life, and I'm always busy. I don't have much time to be bored or lonely, at least not for extended periods of time.

“Are you paying attention to a word I say?” She snaps her tanned freckle speckled cheeks flaring fire hydrant red.

“No, I tune you out when you start spouting this dating nonsense. Get over it. I did the profile. That’s all you’re going to get, Roni. I’m too old to date anyhow.”

Standing, I take my mug and rinse it out, leaving it for the housekeeper to clean in the sink when she drops by around noon. It’s nearly nine already, and I have an important meeting at ten. I don’t have time to waste.

“Bullshit, Lex! You’re twenty eight, the same age as me!”

Yes, I am. But I’m different from her.

She's sassy and forward and well—I'm just me, Lex Keagan, millionaire, entrepreneur, philanthropist, who lives in a tiny town of eight thousand residents. Which just so happens to be the main city within forty miles of anything larger. So we cater to those small villages and towns around us; providing them with schools, an inventive teaching hospital, and twenty-four-hour fast food joints, among other things, of course.

Having had more than enough of this conversation with Roni, I exit the kitchen

to grab my pink Gucci purse from the sitting room and slide on my white, size twelve Prada pumps. Today I'm wearing my favorite pale blue wispy A-line dress with plunging V-neckline. It scrumptiously highlights my large, fake breasts, I think. My new investors will be in today to broker a deal, and making men stupidly drool is kind of my thing, or so I'm told.

They can eye bang me all they want. They just can't touch. There's only one male in my life allowed to touch and that's Daniel, my bisexual secretary.

Who's such a doll and more Butch than Sundance. That's who I need to help relieve the painful throbbing between my smooth toned legs.

Knowing Roni left and is probably stewing back in her large upstairs apartment that's over my four car garage, I decide to drive to work alone today. At least now Wynonna and I can get some alone time without Sassy Britches ruining my country buzz.

Clicking my three-inch heels through the house on my pristine dark wood floors, I open the white back door and

swinging screen door, and lock the house up. Stepping down the three back steps, I head to the garage. I think I'll drive the black Jag today. It's more impressive, and I need to woo my newest investors.

Here goes nothing.

Chapter Two

“Good morning, Ms. Keagan,” Daniel brightly greets sitting behind his immaculately organized desk that sits right outside my office. He’s a handsome fella. I don’t call him a man because, well—he’s barely twenty-one. Still rather wet behind the ears. Although he is sweet, eager, educated, and hardworking. In more ways than one.

Pushing open my door to my spacious and beautiful office, I turn to

him.

“Now, please.” I naughtily smile and wink.

I know this is completely against all moral ethics, but I need a release. I’m already in pain for allowing myself to wait all weekend for Monday morning and Daniel’s big juicy lips to service me.

“Yes, Ma’am.” He’s already excited—good—I need some of his happiness to transfer to me. After this morning, I’m feeling rather...blah.

Sauntering over to my black leather

high back executive chair, I pull my dress up just as he shuts the door and flips the lock. Sliding down my frilly pink lace panties, I shuffle them to the floor and step out of them.

“You’re so hot, Ms. Keagan.” He groans, using his hand to rub the rather hard cock poking in his trousers.

“You may pleasure yourself while you do your job.” I sweetly state, taking a seat in my empowering chair. Something about this chair makes me feel even more powerful than being just the owner to a major beauty care

company.

It doesn't take him but fifteen seconds and he's kneeled between my legs, on my soft tan carpet greedily diving in, sucking on me as he pumps his iron rod fast between his legs.

“That's good.” I coax, gently running my hands through Daniel's thick black hair, leaning back and admiring the view of him going to town between my legs. Slurping, sucking and the more excited he gets the louder he moans, as his tongue feverishly licks and nibbles me in all the right places. He feels so good!

I'm close! Already so close, it never takes me very long. Forcefully grabbing a fistful of his hair, I hump his face, fucking his mouth with each sloppy, hard thrust of my undulating hips. Panting, sweat beading on the back of my neck, my heart excitedly hammering in my chest. I can feel the tingle sparking manically between my legs.

I'm going to come!

"I'm going to..." I moan, my legs contracting, body shaking on the brink of ecstasy.

Sucking on me extra hard, I loose

myself in carnal bliss, my hands painfully grip his hair, and I come, hard. Squirting my hot nectar all over his saliva saturated mouth. Readily he drinks all of me down with a feral grunt and a spastic release of his own seed into his palm.

Good. Now that, that's out of the way, I can think straight and prepare for my meeting.



“What do you mean you want stake in the company?” I calmly and respectfully ask. Even though it's

torturing me not to raise my overly feminine voice a few octaves to give their egocentric ears something to cry home about.

“Keagan Cosmetics and Creams is a company we want to own a part of.”

I think I’m hearing him correctly, but if he thinks I’m sharing, he’s lost his damn mind. These Saks reps were supposed to be here to talk long-term contract, to supply their stores with my cosmetics and beauty products. Not negotiate a company partnership. I can’t blame them for wanting exclusivity in

owning a portion of what I've spent the past eight years building from the ground up. Nevertheless, I surely didn't do all of this work for someone else to reap the benefits.

Yeah—right, I wasn't born yesterday.

“We'd pay you twenty-one million for fifty percent partnership.”

Yes, I'm sure they would. Rolling my eyes, I turn to see Roni, gripping the edge of the conference table, about to come unglued. If she does, I almost fear for their lives. Sometimes I swear she's

more boy than girl. Shooting guns, hunting, fishing, NASCAR, hot rods... Like I said—total tomboy.

“Listen gentleman.” I soothe sexily and stand, smoothing my dress down the side of my thin body.

It’s time to work my God-given charm. It should be illegal to get away with all I do. Roni says it’s because I’m *smokin’*; her words not mine.

Slowly walking around the table my eyes forever watching the men, I stop between the two who are drooling the most, and I sit up on the table between

them, cross my long lithe legs, making sure the one with the silver heart anklet is rested outward. Some men love ankle decorations and it's obvious they do. They're devouring me with their eyes, from my white heels all the way up to my hair, and back.

“So, gentleman.” I'm the first to speak and leaning over slightly, I run my finger suggestively around the pressed white shirt collar of the handsome forty something man in an expensive, tailored business suit. Hunching my shoulders just a bit, I allow my dress to gape just

slightly at the top to give him a little view of my breasts. Which, by the way, are not cupped with a bra. I don't need one; my boobs are forever perky. I've been implanted twice in the past ten years and they are just supple enough to make you question if they're real or fake, but they're fake. I wouldn't be a D cup if they weren't.

“Yes...” He gulps and licks his big perverted married lips.

Time to go in for the kill.

“Donnie, I don't want to sell any part of my big ol' company to yours.” I pout

and baby talk to him, batting my naturally thick black eye lashes that encase my pouty ice blue eyes. I'm fully aware that this man sitting here, hanging on my every word is married, and his name is Donald Beardsley. I'm fairly certain no one calls him Donnie, except me, just now. I have that cute factor to get away with just about anything. My curse—if you will.

Trailing my finger from his collar to his tie, I pull it from the confines of his double-breasted suit jacket, and seductively slide the blue patterned silk

delicately through my thin French manicured fingers.

He's panting already and his dark brown soulful eyes are sparking fireworks of animalistic lust right at me.

"Now, Donnie... You wouldn't want to ruin this deal because you want to own part of my company. Would you? How about..." I pause for effect and sigh, long and sensuously, devilishly smiling on the inside for playing such a convincing seductress.

"Oh...never mind..." I breathily come back with a deeply saddened tone

and pout my glossy bottom lip.

Quickly removing my hands from his tie, he folds my hands into his. He-man here to fix his damsel in distress, works every time.

“Tell me Lex... May I call you, Lex?” He sounds desperate and that’s good, that’s very good.

I weakly nod with a frown.

“Tell me what you were going to say.”

Lightly gnawing on my bottom lip, I look down and away from his handsome aged face. Trying desperately to keep up

my play and not laugh.

Cupping my chin, he sweetly tilts my head so our gazes meet and his nostrils flair. He's hard right now. I'd lay fifty million on it.

"Please." Okay, now he's resorted to begging. Alright, that's a good boy.

"I want to have your stores sell my products, Donnie, but I've worked so very hard for my company. I can't let it go. I'm sorry."

Firmly biting my bottom lip and hooding my eyes, faking shy nervousness. I know this Alpha has a

deep seeded need to fix my sadness and surly that would include banging me on this table, but he's a professional and I know he'd never actually come out and court me that way. It's not in a business man's repertoire to be so garishly forthcoming, especially those of them who are married and probably bored to death with their personal lives. I know what will come after this. I'd lay money on it.

Ten minutes later, my hand still resting in his, he's signing the contract with the other. We already had this

specific contract prepared and now my products will not only be sold at Macy's, Nordstrom's and online, they will be at Saks, and I have an exclusive Saks only collection I'm already conjuring up. What a sweet life.

Chapter Three

“I swear to God himself, Lex, I don’t understand how men are seriously that dimwitted.”

I hear this from Roni every time I’m forced to break out the charm to secure a client, vendor or whatever else. Even the women I’ve dealt with, eat me up. Roni doesn’t do charm, her idea of charm is a baseball bat to the knee until you cry uncle, not exactly subtle. I feel very sorry for Bob if and when, he does

cross her moodiness at the wrong time.
Hell hath no fury...

Leaving her to run the production part of our plant, I head back to my office, where I'm greeted warmly with iced tea in my pink tumbler, a turkey club, and a smile from Daniel. He's an amazing secretary.

"Thanks." I accept his thoughtfulness and retire to do some much needed work and eat. My job is never done.

A soft knock sounds at my door and Daniel enters without needed permission. "I wanted to drop these off

before I leave for the day.” He smiles, coming to my oversized leather topped ornately carved black executive desk that I found at a rummage sale and had it refinished, it’s surely one of a kind.

“You’re leaving?” I ask, once he sets the stunning white urn, spilling with bountiful amounts of beautiful green orchids with pink centers, on the corner of my desk. Offering me a mischievous, sagacious grin, he hands me the tiny card.

Without even looking at the card, I know who this is from and I know what

he wants.

“You read it already, didn’t you?” I take the card, dropping it with a thump on my desk.

Nodding, with a dirty grin he confirms my assumption.

“It’s from Donald, isn’t it? I’ve been working in here since my meeting, haven’t I? Which means it’s five thirty, and you’re ready to go home.”

Nodding again, he takes a seat on the left chair astride the front of my desk and folds his hands in his lap. Still grinning like a wily child.

“Yes, Ms. Keagan, it’s from Donald.”

“And...”

“He would like you to accompany him to dinner tonight at Vino’s.”

I’m sure he would, however, I must decline. I have a lot of work still to power through, and I’m going to be busy all week. This new account atop of the rest of my company, I can’t seem to get a moments rest.

“No, thank you, please send him my sincerest apologizes before you leave. I will be pulling an all-nighter. And with

Roni on my case, it couldn't have come at a better time.”

Dropping his sweet smile, he shakes his head with a furrowed brow. “Lex, I know about the online dating. She filled me in. You do need to get out there and find a partner, it might help.”

Uh...huh...sure it'll help. It'll help put me into an early grave. Should start digging the hole myself, to get a head start. I learned my lesson the last time I attempted to seek understanding of my past, with a boyfriend, and I have the emotional and physical scars to prove it.

I'm not walking that path again. When I was younger, I was rather enthusiastic about love and life. I wanted to get out there and experience things, to open myself up and let people in. My first serious boyfriend blew that to smithereens when I was twenty-one, and I've refused to get physically close to anyone again. Except Daniel, he accepts me the way I am. All five foot eight of me, with silky jet-black hair hitting the middle of my back, pale skin, blue eyes, and an entire abdomen and back littered with ugly visible scars. Belt scars, knife

scars, burn scars, switch scars, even high heel scars. Without divulging too much, let's just say between my father and my ex, Brian, I've had enough physical pain to last me six lifetimes, and if you add the emotional abuse, double that number.

“I'll think about it.” I give him my best diplomatic answer. I don't need to think on it. I don't want to. I'm happy with the way things are. I live two houses down from my mom; I have my best friend living above my garage in her own two-bedroom luxury apartment. I

own a huge five bedroom, three bath, white colonial, with a huge front porch. My entire house has been refurbished back to part of its original state. It has eleven foot ceilings in both the upstairs and down and killer moldings. There isn't just a living room, I have a sitting room right off the entry by the stained glass all original double front doors. Off the kitchen, I have a small office with library. It's a superb home, and I take a lot of pride in it and keeping with its originality along with adding a few modern touches.

Knowing full and well I will not negotiate, Daniel has already left. We are friends, but he understands fully that I am his boss first, his friend second. He's worked here with me the past year as he completed college. I paid for most of it. He's a nice fella, and his loyalty to me is unbreakable. You can't buy the kind of love and friendship we share.

Gazing at the clock on the wall, its minute hand claims quarter past six, and my stomach audibly growls. I need dinner. Pulling up my contacts on my computer, I find Dolly's and click send.

My work phone clicks on its speaker as it rings to my second favorite restaurant in town, and this one delivers.

“Ms. Keagan, working late again?” she greets, I’d know her voice anywhere. It’s Dolly, the owner of Dolly’s Dairy Dream. It’s a cute, mom and pop owned dairy bar about three streets over from my house, and she delivers for her favorite customers. Thankfully, I happen to be one of them.

“You know me so well.” I chuckle, running my hands through my hair as I relax in my chair. My shoes, I took off

long ago and are sitting under my desk.

“Yes, honey, I’ve know you for years. Now let me guess, you want a chicken Caesar wrap, seasoned curly fries and a fat free chocolate and peanut butter shake, extra thick.”

Suppressing my need to laugh at the *extra thick* comment, I agree to the order and hang up with a sweet goodbye before she starts in on trying to pair me up with her nephew Randall. Nice guy, doormat material, not my type, even if I was thinking of venturing out. I’m guessing if he knew the real me, he’d

probably agree I'm not his type either.

Working some more on my computer, my email pings four more times, which means I am now up to thirty-three messages on my online dating account with Matchmakerhaven.com. Roni selected the site, said a girl in our lotions department met her fiancé there three years ago. It's a small town, where everybody knows everybody. This means, they are fully acquainted with most people's business. If you let them know anything valuable, gossip spreads

like wildfire. My lack of love life is the only thing the town has been able to pin on me, which is how I like it.

The call bell to the outside door rings, which means my food has arrived. Good, I'm starving.

Leaving my shoes, I pad barefoot out of my door and down the small hallway to the front where the reception desk sits. I unlock the glass door, allowing Randall in. You know...the doormat, nephew. See, case and point. He doesn't even work for Dolly; he's a carpenter. Tall, tan and lean, and still not my type.

“You look lovely.” He states, handing me the white paper bag containing my dinner. He stands at least six one. However, he’s as soft and gentle as a pussy cat.

“Thanks, Randall.” I wink at him, making him blush. Such a shy guy.

Exchanging a few more pleasantries out of courteousness, I clasp him over the shoulder and see him to the door. I give him a two finger wave as he takes his Jeep back home. If I know Dolly, like I think I do, I’m pretty sure she called him as soon as I spoke with her

and made him come deliver my order. The forever matchmaker, that sweet ol' woman.

With a wry smile planted on my face, I go back into my office, steal my phone from my desk and plug it into the iPod speaker dock on the wet bar. Time to work some more, maybe delete all those...what I'm pretty sure are stupid and immature emails, and listen to some music. I enjoy only two kinds of music. Country, especially the older stuff like Johnny Cash and Loretta Lynn and I also—please don't have a heart attack, like

heavy metal. Ironic combination, but my mom made me listen to the likes of Willy Nelson and Patsy, growing up, and as an adult, I've taken to heavy metal as well. I'm not talking death metal. Just stuff like Drowning Pool, Mushroom Head, Marilyn Manson, Nine Inch Nails, music like that.

Scrolling rapidly through my music selection, I come upon what I was looking for and it's perfect for the kind of day I've had. The *Queen of the Damned* soundtrack, pretty decent movie, even better soundtrack; if you've

never listened, you really should. It's rather intense but euphorically seamless.

Immediately my senses are sexually jolted with "Not Meant for Me." I love this music; the sensual rhythm gets me all hot and bothered, turning me on. Ignoring my bodies' deception, I take my food and sit back behind my desk. With my body flooding with too much rampant desire, I'm already angry with myself for picking this soundtrack without having Daniel here. Not my brightest move.

I'm not fixing this torturous throbbing. It will have to go away on its

own or I'll have Daniel fix me in the morning. My email pings again and I'm not sure if it's my hormones or this orgasmic French fry I'm nibbling, but I get the urge to at least peruse through those emails. I'm not oblivious to men being attracted to me. It's common knowledge. I'm not smug about it. If anything, I find it unnerving. I'm a slightly curvaceous woman, with, like I said before, fake boobs. I wear a size six in jeans—if that tells you much of anything. My stomach is completely flat, with scars, and I have a medium sized

butt. Looking at me, no one would say I have childbearing hips. They're not childbearing in any sense of the word. Also, my entire body is hairless except my head, eyebrows and lashes. No arm hair, leg hair, underarm hair, or other places hair. I had it all removed by electrolysis four years ago, when I got tired of shaving on a daily basis. It was painful, but nothing I haven't been through before. You might find that superficial, but I promise you it's not. I needed it.

Decidedly, I ignore the emails piling

in my inbox and go straight to the source. Typing the website in my browser and checking my message box from there. Good grief men, this is a bit overwhelming. Their profile pictures and ages posted below them tell me enough to know that I have the whole gambit of ages to pick from, if I decided to.

Okay, John11433 what do you have to say?

Clicking open, his email.

Oh boy! This isn't what I was expecting. A file has been attached and

yes, you've probably guess by now *what* I am getting a rather *large* eyeful of. Do these men have no shame? Seriously, yuck!

Deleting and blocking the sick pervert, I roll my eyes, exasperated. I can't believe men think any type of woman, minus hookers, would want an introduction with a dick pic. Puh-lease.... *That* is what porn is for, I should know. I've watched my fair share of it over the years. I don't want to see Joe Schmooze's or in this case, John's dick. I'm sorry. It's not on my bucket list

of things to see. It's not the eighth wonder of the world. It's gross, end of story.

Moving along, I delete the emails of men that I know would never hold any interest. For example, a man who's screen name is *bigdaddyballs* who's in his fifties, even if he was my age he wouldn't just be a *no* he'd be a raving *hell no*. I'm really tired of this already and I want to kill Roni for putting me up to this. Arg! I could really use something other than my delicious chocolate peanut butter milkshake. Maybe a glass of wine

or a shot of Patrón would hit the spot, anything to make me not want to shoot myself, because this online dating thing is torture.

Ending my frustration by diminishing my email list down to three suitable specimens with no photo attachments, I disregard the angry knot of anxiety wrenching in my stomach and I power on. I've started it and now it's time to finish it. Then I will be shutting down this stupid account and ream Roni for pressing me to do something I only did for her, to get her bitchiness off my back.

Women with PMS are seriously not to be trifled with, especially her. She's a witch when Aunt Flo arrives.

Time to have at it.

Email numero uno – this should be interesting.

From: BrandonHurt69

To: Lotionlady316 Monday 9:19

a.m

Well, hello Gorgeous,

DELETE! Next.....

From: SuitMaster6979

To: Lotionlady316 Monday 1:12

p.m.

Hello, Lotionlady316,

To be honest I'm not sure what I'm supposed to write in these types of emails. It's always awkward and followed by even more awkwarder (is that even a word? Lol) correspondents.

So, I'm going to accept my fate in knowing this is probably uncomfortable for both of us and I will tell you what I came to say.

Honesty is the best policy.

Therefore, I'm not going to lie and say your profile picture of a beautiful woman didn't catch my attention. It did. However, that is not why I am writing you now. It seems that by reading your profile you are a rarity among online dating. You have brains, beauty, and you are an Edgar Allen Poe fan. Yes, I got the subtlety in your statement 'Sometimes I wonder if all that we see or seem is but a dream within a dream.' That's a great quote.

I realize my profile on here is rather vague and lacking the profound

picture. However, after I spent the past six months searching for a woman and only getting emails from women, commenting on certain aspects of my looks and not of what I had created in terms of a profile. I decided that I would only seek and refuse to be sought. Hence, my profile is now private to others to view unless I email them first. I'm a man who follows the old ways, and feel that a man should court a woman. Chivalry is not dead in my eyes. In addition, as much as I know my words may express, by this time you

are probably ready to delete this message in fear I am full of it. I'm not, I promise you this. And if you give me the time to show you, I would be most grateful to receive an awkwarder email in response. If not, I bid you adieu and wish you best of luck with your online dating endeavors.

Sincerely, the Suit Master

P.S. The 6979 at the end of my user name is not a sexual innuendo. It's my birthday, just in case you were wondering.

Ok, wow, how do you respond to something frank, intriguing, yet so vague? He's right; he doesn't have an attached photo. His profile picture is of a dog. When signing up it was mandatory to provide a photo. So, if I had to guess, that cute lab in the picture is probably his dog. I've always loved dogs, just never been a dog owner myself. And I must say I am glad that he clarified that 6979 isn't some sex freakiness. It's his birthday. Which will make him thirty-five this year. My birthday was last month and I just turned twenty-eight.

That's not that much of a difference in age. Brian my ex was twelve years older than I am. Maybe I should stick to men my age? Or, how about none at all? Yes, that sounds more promising.

Closing down The Suit Masters email, I only have one left.

From: LarryCFish

To: Lotionlady316

Monday 3:13 p.m.

Lex, I didn't know you would be online dating. I haven't seen you in ages. I know you probably don't

remember me. But, we went to the same high school together. Names Larry Fisher, but most people called me Corey.

I moved back to the area a few months ago after a painful divorce. Thought since you are on here you might be interested in going to dinner with me sometime? Just as friends and to catch up. I don't expect anything. It's just nice to know I'm not the only one from our graduating class to be actively seeking partnership. Hope all is well and I look forward to hearing

from you.

Yes, Corey, I remember him from high school. He was what we would all call the nerdy jock. He read books; quoted Shakespearean sonnets and women ate from the palm of his giant man hands. He played football and basketball and was the captain of the debate team. Also, if I remember correctly, he knocked up Maryanne, his girlfriend and they had a daughter together as soon as they graduated. Maybe that's who he divorced. But, the

main thing I remember about Corey is he was the funny, gossip guy, the forever chatterbox. Not sure if that's a good type of man to be talking with. Although, I guess emailing him back wouldn't hurt. Sorry, Suit Master, I'm going to stick with someone else. Good luck, maybe you'll find a woman on here.

Resting my wrists on my desk, I ready my fingers and decide now is as good as time as ever to email Corey. So I do. It's short and sweet and maybe I'll actually have something to do this weekend besides sit at home reading and

watching reruns of *The Walking Dead* or *Bones*. Two shows that I absolutely love. That David Boreanaz is one hunk of a man. I especially loved him back when he played Angel. Buffy was an idiot when she said goodbye to him.

Clicking send on my email, I shut down my computer and peer up to the clock. Great, I have spent the past hour on this stupid dating site. I got most of my work done that I had to get done today. If I go home now, Roni should be in her own bed, in her own apartment. So I'll probably be able to steer clear

until our morning tea.

Sliding my heels on and snatching my purse from inside one of my desk drawers. I head out. I'm looking forward to catching some much needed shuteye.

Chapter Four

Beep, Beep, Beep.

Oh, come on! I don't want to get up; I'm exhausted.

This entire week I've stayed at work until nine. Daniel even stayed late on Wednesday to help me *come* for the second time that day. I've been overwhelmed with work and let's face it, we all know orgasms relax you.

Thursday I received an email back from Corey, and we are planning on

meeting for lunch today. Not in Heartfair though. I don't want the gossip spreading that I officially have a beau. When I say, we have a small town and people talk. They do. I'm sure Dolly would be calling me within the hour to ask a flurry of questions. And I have to tell my mom before I leave. My mom is rarely home so I will be going to her store today.

My mom, Faith, is a hardworking woman, has been since I can remember. Probably where I get my strong work ethic from, because let's face it; it's not from my dad, whom I haven't seen or

heard of in over twelve years. I'll tell you more about that later. Anyhow, downtown here in Heartfair, my mother owns and runs a flower shop. She bought it when we moved here twelve years ago and it's very popular, because of her ability to create one of a kind arrangements. Now, going with the strange theme of this town, can you guess what her shop is called? Faith's Flower Shoppe. It's a Heartfair thing. I find it charming. I'm sure many others find us kooky. But I must say, anything is better than where I lived before moving to

Heartfair.

Reaching over to my nightstand, I steal my cell phone and pull it to my face. My eyes are so tired I can't see straight. Blinking a few times, I'm finally able to focus and I shut down its incessant beeping. I know it's Saturday and that it's seven a.m. I always get up at six on the weekdays and seven on the weekends. It's routine, and I do it so I can wake up and do yoga. I rarely sway from my routine.

Gruffly rolling out of my queen sized pillow top, I fold the ivory duvet back

into place. And precisely position each of my eight pillows where they belong.

Weekend routine commencing - bed done.

Next - disrobe, use the potty, brush my teeth and hair, redress, then, on to yoga. Which is down the hall. It has pale green walls, an oversized yoga mat, a large three foot bronze Buddha in the corner that weights a ton. Not literally, but he's over three hundred pounds. I had three men lugging that giant thing up my stairs a few months back. The room is even complete with its own Zen altar,

which is a brown table set with aromatherapy candles, a small bonsai tree and a Zen sand garden. Along one whole wall is bamboo that nearly reaches the ceiling and in the middle of the bamboo wall is a large hexagon stone fountain. Serene is the one word that comes to mind when I think of that room. It's amazing and worth every penny.

Raising my arms in the air, I lift off my delicate pink satin gown over my head and gently fold it. Placing it on top of my dark brown eight-drawer dresser,

which matches my sleigh bed and curved nightstands down to a T. My floor is the same wood I have throughout my house, smooth and flawless. Linens of gold and ivory decorate my bed, along with gold sconces on my plaster ivory walls and a golden crystal chandelier hanging from my inlaid-coffered ceiling. The large area rug adds a sense of warmth with its gold, ivory and red hues. I have an entire wall of windows hung with heavy dark brown swags. I love my bedroom. It gives off a sense of comfort and sophistication, which is exactly what I

look for in a bedroom.

Entering the en suite bathroom, I'm startled when I hear Roni yelling. "Lex! Lex! Are you awake?"

What kind of alternate reality did I wake up in? I'm the one who doesn't want to get up because I'm tired and Roni is awake at seven. It's a miracle and something's utterly wrong with this picture.

"Lex!" she yells again, I can hear her voice coming closer so she must have already made her way up the stairs.

"I'm naked, Veronica. What do you

want? And more importantly, you do realize it's the weekend and that it's seven in the morning." I call back to her, standing in the doorway between my bed and bath.

My bedroom door flies open and standing there is a rather angry Roni, wearing smiley face pj bottoms and an uglier than sin green camouflage t-shirt. All the short auburn hair atop her head is a disaster. Roni is a pretty girl, a few inches shorter than I am, body curvier and slightly fuller than mine. She has large purplish blue eyes, and petite lips

to go with her perfect nose. Except she hides all of that hot body and beauty under a mountain of clothes too big, no makeup, and on an occasion, she actually styles her hair. Roni reminds me a lot of Hayden Peneltiere when she had short hair, except Roni's has freckles and dark red hair. Which is all-natural. I couldn't get her to dye it to save her life.

Standing in my birthday suit, Roni doesn't bat an eyelash. We've seen each other nude a million times since high school. It's not a big deal.

“Can I help you?”

She's frozen, staring at me, her chest rising and falling, heaving for breath. Something has her all in a huff on this beautiful spring morning.

“Your mother came to my apartment this morning to deliver two sets of flowers. Except they're not for me, they're for you. They had the address wrong, so now I have two huge bouquets from two different men sitting in your kitchen, on the table. Would you care to explain?” Tapping her foot, she sets her hand on her waist, lips drawn into a taut but cute line that I can't help but smile

at.

“It’s not funny, Lex. You give me shit about having you set up that account and now a Donald and a Corey are sending you flowers. Not cool amigo. Not cool at all.”

“Donald is the guy from the meeting last Monday. This is the fourth bouquet from this week. Apparently not getting a response when he sent them to the office he decided to deliver them to my residence. I can’t control that. And I ran into Corey on that site. It’s high school Corey, you know who I’m talking about,

and we're having lunch today. I didn't tell you because I know you well enough to know you'll be getting your hopes up for nothing. I'm not marrying the man, not that I could if I wanted to."

I'm certain that explanation sufficed because her shoulders visibly relax and she loses the grim expression, replacing it with a tiny smile.

"Good, okay, do your yoga, I'll make some tea and meet you downstairs in an hour. Sorry, you know I hate flowers *and* being woken up. Evidently Mom decided she hasn't gotten that memo the

past ten plus years. You'd think since we've been best friends forever, she'd have thought to *not* wake grumpy Veronica up."

Chuckling, I walk over and pull her into a hug. Turning her into a stiff board, she's not comfortable with affection, but deals with it only if it's coming from me, my mother and possibly Bob. I have no idea; I haven't seen them two together. They spend most of their personal time alone in her apartment. I know what they're doing. Occasionally she forgets she's left a window open and being the

screamer I know she is, I get to hear the entire show, play-by-play. Including and not limited to; multiple orgasms, dirty talk and sometimes gaging. I don't know what that means. I don't want to know. So I don't ask. Her sex life is hers and hers alone. Now, when it comes to mine, she thinks she should have all the say and control it. However, I have other plans.

Releasing her from her hug, Roni uncomfortably dismisses herself from my bedroom and I shut the door behind her.



“How was yoga?” Roni asks sitting at my table in the same clothes she left my bedroom wearing.

“Great as usual.” I reply, taking a seat across from her at the breakfast table and my tea is ready and our newest biscotti flavor is sitting on my pretty plates. Lemon, blueberry, almond biscotti, I picked them up from Barbie’s Bakery yesterday during lunch. When you think of Barbie, you think of dolls, and pink, or that’s what I think of. Barbie’s Bakery sits three shops down

from my mom's on Paramour Avenue. Which by the way is the worst name, in the history of names, to call the main street that runs through the middle of our small city.

Any who, back to what I was saying. Barbie's Bakery is a confectionary and dough haven, the entire shop looks like it was plucked right out of the fifties. Big glass display cases, bright pink walls, black rotating stools sit at a six person ice-cream bar. It is by far the most adorable store in all of Heartfair. Plus, like Dolly, Barbie the owner is the

sweetest woman. She and Dolly are best friends, and have been since high school. How sweet is that?

“So, other than Corey, have you decided on a date with anyone else from that site?” I can tell Roni is treading lightly. Normally she’s more forward and jerkish about stuff like this.

“No, I have no interest.” I’m firm with my answer, even though I’m not being entirely truthful. The Suit Master has sort of been on my mind a lot. After receiving two more emails from him this week. That were just as eloquent, funny

and well versed as the first one. I've been hard pressed to find a reason not to reply.

Time for a subject change, no more about Lex, how about we talk about Roni, that is sure to make her even more uncomfortable.

“So, Roni, how are you and the hunk-of-burnin’ love from Auto’s doing?” I ask, placing my orange infused tea to my lips. Mmmm, this is delicious. Who am I kidding? All tea is delicious. Some people are coffee addicts. I’m a tea addict.

Crinkling her cute nose, she swirls her spoon in her tea staring into it, like it's going to give her the answer to my question.

“Well...” I press a little further.

“I’m not sure. Only been dating a few weeks and he wants it to be *more* than what it is. And you know me, I don’t do *more*.” Her tone suggests she’s not so sure if she wants what she refers to as ‘more’ or not. Normally I’d say no. But normally her boy-toys typically stick around a week or two, tops. Bob, on the other hand, is closing in on a month.

Which tells me she's not bored yet.

“Are you telling me a man can stand you for a month *and* wants to have more than hot kinky sex with you?” I giggle at my sarcasm and Roni looks up from her tea, glaring at me, and throws half-eaten biscotti at my head. I duck to the side and it flies past me, hitting the wall and ending up on the floor.

“Fuck you.”

Well, alrighty then. I love you too.

“Don't pretend you don't like him, Miss Sassy Britches. Give him a date or two and then see if he can still stand you,

your ugly clothes and vibrant, loving, personality.” Apparently, I’m dripping with sarcasm today. Must be this weird morning I’ve had thus far. I fell out of dandayamana-janushirasana pose today, which I’ve not done in two years. Something is off with me and I don’t know what.

“Oh, fuck you, Lex. We are so busy with Keagan Cosmetics and Creams, and I have no desire to ever marry, have children or even a dog for that matter. I’m twenty eight, I like sex, beer, cars, and if I had a penis, I’d probably be

happier than bleeding every month.”

No, she wouldn't. Being a woman is awesome. Why would she ever want to trade that is beyond me.

“Calm down, I love you; I'm just saying Bob might be the right guy. He's busy too, he's older, sexy, doesn't have kids or a dog. He obviously likes sex as much as you do and he just wants a little more, maybe to go to dinners with. I don't see the auto mechanic asking you to doll yourself up or be something you're not. Take it for what it is and give him what he wants, or let him go. I don't

understand why it's imperative for me to date and find someone. All the while, my best friend just wants a damn booty call. Wake up and smell the roses, Roni, what's good for the goose had better be good for the gander. So, if your butt wants me to date, you will have to put in the effort and do just the same. Got me?"

Woo-hoo, I'm a roll today!

Nodding as if she agrees, I get up and sit my mug in the sink. Now it's time to get dolled up to go out with Corey.

Chapter Five

Agreeing to meet Corey in Lords at Buckeye's Tavern for lunch and a drink at one. I'm running on time and just pulling up when I see Corey standing outside the taverns metal front door. He's wearing a light blue polo shirt that highlights his blonde hair and piercing blue eyes perfectly. The rest of his large muscular body is clad in khaki pants and brown loafers. He's very handsome.

Sliding out of the Jag, my heels

nosily ‘click, click, click’ on the blacktop on my way to greet him by the door. Corey turns his head my direction as I’m about half way to him. As soon as he realizes it’s me, his eyes widen and his juicy man lips pull into a dazzling toothy smile. Causing my heart to skip a beat and I lose my breath. Wow, he’s as gorgeous as I remember. The hungry monster between my legs agrees with that observation as well. Not sure if this is a good or a bad sign. Maybe I should have listened to my mom and worn something less tight or revealing. I’d

hate for a wet stain to magically appear at the bottom of my dress. That would be unbelievably embarrassing to the hundredth degree.

Today, just before I drove here, I stopped and visited my beautiful mom at her shop. As soon as I set foot in the door, it clanked annoyingly, alerting her that she had a customer. Once she saw it was me, she swooped in for a hug. My mom gives the best hugs on this planet. I know a lot of kids might say that, but in this case, it's true.

My mom, Faith, is the warmest,

kindest woman. She's five foot six, tiny framed in all ways and has the longest most luxurious black hair and the bluest eyes I've ever beheld. At fifty-one, she looks thirty-eight and all the men in town lust after her, but she refuses to date. Must be another trait I have picked up, alongside my looks and other things. However, on the rare occasion she seeks a companion, Herald, the handsome UPS driver, takes her out, among other more adult things, I assume.

“You be careful with men you barely know.” My mom forwardly expressed

today.

“I will it’s not a date, date, we’re just friends.” I lied, sort of. I know because of my past and the demons that lurk in my closet, she worries constantly about me. So part of the reason I’ve put off dating is for her benefit as much as it is mine. After she finished expressing twenty more reasons I have to be careful, I left and now, here I am.

Under shy lashes, I sidle up next to Corey, trying not to look at him too much. He’s already doing funny things to my stomach.

“You look stunning, Lex.” He gushes, offering his arm, which I accept by tucking my hand through it. His sexy, warm body presses against the outside of my arm and feels so nice touching me. Inhaling his delicious cologne, standing so close to him, I get drunk on his scent. *Man*, he’s all man, big beefy and probably big dick.

Ooooppps, this is not a good reaction. Damn me and my hormones!

Guiding me through the front doors, we seat ourselves in the far side of the tavern in a four-person booth with red

cushioned bench seats. Buckeye's Tavern isn't much different from any other small town bar. It offers food, a jukebox, alcohol, and basic seating. In the back, there's a pool table and dartboard. Since its lunch hour on the weekend, it's fairly empty, besides a few who I assume are regulars, sitting at the bar sipping beer and watching some form of sports on the TV plastered on the wall.

“What can I get cha?” Mary the well-worn heavysset waitress with too much blue eye shadow asks, dropping

two plastic menus on our table.

“I’d like an iced tea, no lemon. Thank you.” I order and Corey winks at me as he orders the same.

Yes, this might not have been a good idea. I think I might have a wet spot already on my tight jade green slouch dress.

Sitting in awkward silence after the waitress disappears, I nervously stare down at my menu, running my fingers up and down the sides of the cheap plastic.

What do I want? What do I order? A burger is what I would probably order,

but I'm a lady and this is sort of a first date.

Coming to take our orders, I go the safe route and pick a chicken Caesar salad and onion rings, Corey opts for a bacon cheeseburger and waffle fries. Hungry fella, I'm sure his bulging muscles need something to burn off. I bet he spends hours in the gym. Good God I can't stop staring.

“Don't stop looking at me, Lex.” Cupping my chin with his beefy fingers, he tilts my face so I am forced to meet his gaze. There goes my heart again. Oh,

wow! I'm not used to this.

“I might not know what to say because, well...I'm a bit out of practice with the whole dating thing. But, I love to look at you. You're even more beautiful since I last saw you. I think it was in Walmart about four years ago. I was back visiting my parents with Maryanne and our daughters.” Brushing my hair out my face, he tucks the strand behind my ear.

“Very beautiful.” He compliments and I feel my face flush.

“So you have two daughters?” I have

to regain my composure somewhere. He is way too enchanting. I've known this I just never realized he was this much of a heartthrob.

“Yes, my daughter Megan, we had when I was eighteen right out of high school. You might remember that. She's ten this year, and my daughter Bree is five, just started Kindergarten. This is their mother's weekend, that's why I suggested we go out for lunch. Do you have any children?”

Two daughters and asking me if I have kids, he is a rather interesting and

well-rounded man. Or so it seems. Truth be told, I can't birth children. It's a matter of God never gave me the ability to carry them with my dysfunctional sex organ.

“No, sorry, I can't have children.” I honestly admit. This isn't the most painful part of my past so it's fairly easy to express openly. It's the other parts that I can't handle revealing. Not without being committed to someone, with a bottle of Patrón and a pound of chocolate to help me get through it. Calling it sick or twisted is putting it

lightly.

Corey keeps up the casual conversation; it's easy and flows without much of a break. We've gotten past the awkwardness and I've learned quite a bit. He's been separated from his wife for almost a year. They parted ways because she's a workaholic and was sleeping with her secretary. Sounds a bit like me. Except I don't actually sleep with Daniel, he merely makes me *come*; there is zero penetration.

Just as I feed my last bite of onion ring into my mouth, a man recognizes

Corey coming in the front door of the bar. I'm not sure how long we've been here but it's been at least a few hours.

“Corey!” The... Holy...mother...of everything...dazzling and fabulous in this world. Wow. I think Corey is hot, but this man puts, every man in every *GQ* or *Playgirl* magazine to shame.

Turning around Corey, raises his hand in greeting and waves the hottest man on the face of the planet over. Smiling, he strides toward us wearing a crisp white dress shirt rolled up his heavily tattooed forearms, black suit

pants, a smart black belt, and probably the nicest most fashionable men's dress shoes I've ever laid my eyes on. I'm a fashion conscious woman, and I own mostly designers and this man could be my new best friend in that department. I have no doubt his shoes cost him a couple grand. I'm in girl heaven here. Sadly, men who dress like this are either gay or douchebags.

Stopping at the end of our table the handsome man looks between Corey and I, and back again.

With a raised brow, he asks. "I'm

not interrupting anything am I? Sorry, I saw your pickup outside before I came in. Thought I'd see how it's goin'."

He can see how it's going, alright. He can see anything he wants. Holy crap on a cracker, what has gotten into me? Maybe this not getting laid for so many years I can't even count has probably left me slightly sex deprived. I just don't understand how I'm affected this badly all of a sudden. Strange...very...strange.

"No, I'm sure she wouldn't mind. Gage, this is my good friend, Lex Keagan. Lex, this is my friend, Gage

Masterson, he's a lawyer in Heartfair. Gage's law firm is tending to my divorce case, and his daughter Emma happens to be friends with my Bree. They're in kindergarten together."

Corey is talking and looking at me as he scoots to the side to offer Gage a spot at the table, but instead he sits down beside me. Now I'm very certain I'm creating a big wet spot somewhere on my dress. My panties are soaked by now and...

I get a giant whiff of Gage.

Oh my God, he smells even better

than Corey does, and if he has a daughter that means he's straight. Straight, lawyer, impeccable dresser, and smells divine. The perfect man!

Resting his right arm on the table, he reaches over it with his left, offering me his hand. Accepting its warmth into mine, I have to briefly close my eyes and take a deep breath to suppress the moan that, for whatever reason, wants to impart my lips.

This is not good.

“It's a pleasure to meet you, Lex.”

Swallowing hard, I hoarsely

respond. “Hello, nice to meet you too.” And drop his hand. Tucking both of mine in my lap and rubbing the wanton sweat from them, onto my dress.

“Are you the owner of Keagan Cosmetics?”

I thought he was here to chat with Corey, not me.

“Yes.” I shyly nod, nibbling my bottom lip.

“Now, I see why Donald signed those documents and has now filed a lawsuit stating it was under duress.”

Whoa! What?

“What?” My face contorts, with blatant misunderstanding and I tuck my long hair over my right shoulder, turning my body completely to face him. This is news to me.

“Donald, the man who works for Saks that signed a contract last Monday in your offices, and you flirted with him to get the contract signed. The contract that your company typed up and he didn’t even have a chance to check the documents with his lawyers first. He’s in a heap of trouble because of this mishap. Therefore, he and the other two

men in attendance at the negotiation are filing a lawsuit against you and your company. I wasn't going to take the case directly. I was planning to give it over to one of my colleagues. However, now that I see you, I'm pretty sure they have a case. With all that..." He gestures his hand up and down my body.

"I'd say he was probably under some spell you corporate hotties like to play to get older men to agree to your every wish."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Masterson, I'm not sure what impression you're under, but

they wanted to buy part of my company. A company I spent years building... On. My. Own. I had a standard contract drawn up for them ahead of time, as I do with all of my clients. If Donald was so concerned about what he was signing, he doesn't show it, because I've personally received numerous letters and flowers from him this week. Obviously, he doesn't care one iota what he signed with my company and wants to go on a date with me, which by the way, I have not agreed to. Furthermore, I did not force him into anything. Flirting is part

of the job, Mr. Masterson, a man looking such as yourself should greatly understand what I am trying to express.” I snap at him, my eyes nearly bugging out of my head in anger.

How dare he talk to me that way! Fine, support those pompous asses. I didn't force them into anything. *Yes*, I flirted, and *yes*, I provided them with a standard contract after they tried to buy half of my company. It's not my fault their head honchos are peeved they didn't deliver what they wanted. They can sue me all they want. They will

never own a single percentage of Keagan Cosmetics.

With a bored tone Gage simply replies, “Yes, such hard work, when I’m sure mommy and daddy paid your way.”

Hurtful tears suddenly sting my eyes. Could he be any more wrong? I’m sorry, but I made my own way in life. I never received handouts and I wouldn’t have accepted them even if they had been offered.

Biting my lip and sucking in my weak whimpering emotions. I grab my purse from the floor under the table. I

can't sit here any longer. I have to leave.

“Please move.” I whisper, angling myself so when he does release me from the confines of this booth, I can shoot out and get to the Jag quickly. I can't take another second of this rudeness. Trying not to forget my manners, I apologize to Corey for our ruined date and his smile from earlier has been replaced with a pitiful frown, that consumes his entire face.

Such a shame.

“What did I say, Lex, that isn't true?”

His incredulous tone washes disdain

over me.

“Just move, Gage.” I’ve had more than enough. If I don’t leave now I’m going to bawl.

“I’m serious Lex; you’re a pretty gal carrying a Gucci purse. It has spoiled written all over it.”

Wow, stereotype much?

“You know, Gage, I wish my father would have gotten that memo when I was a child. I’ve always wished I had b e e n spoiled, unless being beaten unconscious and burned repeatedly with cigarettes is considered spoiled. I don’t

think he quite understood the meaning behind the word. Maybe you'd like to see all the scars and you can decide for yourself?"

As the last word drawls from between my trembling lips, a tear pours down my cheek and he removes himself from the booth. Not wasting another second, I shoot out behind him.

"I'm..."

I cut him off, "Save it, I don't want anyone feeling sorry for me. Just think about the next time you decide to stereotype a person. You should know

their history beforehand. I could have sworn they taught you that in law school. Apparently, I'm mistaken." No response is uttered from Gage and I turn to Corey, reaching out I slide my palm across his stricken face and apologize again for ditching him. I really feel awful but I can't see how this is a salvageable date.

Turning to leave I throw a twenty on the bar and out the front metal door I go. I hastily walk tall to my Jag even though I know as soon as I get inside, I am going to lose my marbles and ugly cry all the way home.



“What in the hell are you doing in here?” Roni inquires, stepping into my living room, still in her pj’s from this morning. I told you she was a slob. You should see her apartment. Yuck!

I’m sitting on my couch in my red cami and black boy-shorts, my cream Sherpa blanket thrown over my legs, as I depressively dive into a half gallon of rocky road ice cream smothered with expensive caramel sauce, raw coconut shavings, rainbow sprinkles, and Reddi Whip. I’m pulling out all the stops

tonight and this is by far the best ice cream in the galaxy.

Leaning over to spot my spoon and the half-gallon partway gone, she slumps down into the sofa beside me and pats my leg. “Eating your feelings again, I see... What happened?”

“Do you want some?” I offer her my spoon and she grabs my hand feeding it to her mouth.

“Mmmm, this isn’t half bad, Lex. But if you splurged on Reddi Whip and the fancy caramel sauce, I know this must be bad.”

She knows me all too well.

Pressing the pause button on the remote to stop my movie I turn toward her.

“It was the best and worst date I’ve ever had.” I mope, feeding another heaping spoonful into my mouth.

“Care to elaborate?”

With a long sigh, I give in and explain it all. Talking about how hot they both made me, down to my abusive father and everything in-between. I can’t think of a thing I left out. Roni, being the woman she is, sat and listened the entire

time. And like a man, she didn't interrupt, not even once.

“Now you see what it was the best *and* the worst.” I reiterate, licking the caramel sauce off the spoon, feeling fifty percent lighter in emotions and ten pounds heavier in my stomach. Between the two of us, this ice cream is nearly gone, and I'm stuffed.

“It seems as though we will be dealing with this jackass, Gage from Masterson and Associates, for the next few weeks. I'm sure our lawyer, Kim, is going to get a real kick out of it, if she

hasn't already received the paperwork yet. I find it funny, that it happens on Monday and we are being sued by Friday, sounds a bit fishy to me. To top it all off that Donald douche is still trying to woo you. Where does that fall into all of this? 'Hey you're getting sued but I'd still like to fuck you.' Oh goody, just think of the sweet stories to tell the grandchildren after you two get hitched and walk into the sunset, living happily ever after."

All-righty then, Roni is in full bitch mode, not that I can blame her. I've

spent most of the day, once I got home, either crying about my past or angry with what happened. I can't decide which has won out.

Pressing the button back on the remote the perfect make-you-happy movie turns back on.

“Do we have to watch this, Lex?”
Roni groans, stealing part of my blanket as she snuggles further down into my brown suede couch.

“I love *White Chicks*; it's the best movie to make anyone laugh.”

Hey, I can't help that this movie is in

my top ten all-time favorite movies. It's funny and who doesn't love the Wayans brothers?

“It's great, but we watched it four times last month. Can't we watch a horror flick?”

Quickly flipping my face toward her and cringing at the suggestion. By crunching up my nose and squinting in disgust. “Ewww, no, those are gross and they give me the willies.” I shiver and shake my head, like it's twenty below zero in here.

Yuck! Horror movies. No way! Roni

forced me to sit through *Saw* one and two and through one Jason movie. I will never ever, ever, ever, watch another nasty movie like that again. I almost vomited watching the *Saw* movies. Who in the hell thinks of those disturbing scenes? I think whoever it is deserves to join the quacks in the loony bin.

Chuckling, Roni steals the remote and I lunge to take it back.

“Chill, Prissy Diva. Sassy britches is just rewinding it to be beginning. If I’m going to sit through this, I’m not going to miss them getting fitted into

white chick boobies.”

Alright, sounds good. Let the girls
unplanned pajama party begin.

Chapter Six

Daniel stands behind his desk, flashing me a cute smile. “Good morning, boss.” He greets, as I fly past him into my office leaving the door open in my wake.

“Daniel! I need you!” I whine and that’s all I need to say. And my adorable, black haired, green eyed, five foot ten, twenty-one year old assistant wearing a sweater vest over his dress shirt and fashion jeans enters my office,

flipping the lock behind him.

Making haste, I shimmy my long black pencil skirt up around my waist and drop my yellow Victoria Secret thong to the ground. Stepping out of it and kicking it to the side with my bright red Jimmy Choo stiletto. Hopping myself on the edge of my desk, I ready myself.

I need to *come*, and I need to *come* now.

“Please.” Opening my legs, I give him a perfect view of all my assets and judging by the giant tent in his pants, he’s rather happy to see me too.

Kneeling between my legs, I lean back onto my elbows and scoot closer to the edge of my leather top desk. Without a second to spare, he dives in, greedily lapping and sucking my tight wanton hole.

“That’s it, Daniel, right there.” I softly encourage, falling into a blissful state of heightened arousal. As his magic tongue plunges into me over and over, igniting a fiery inferno of need in my belly.

Hitting that extra sweet spot with his tongue, I bite my lip, tossing my head

back as a long guttural moan bellows in my throat, I know I'm close, I'm so close to squirting my orgasm all over his face.

“Are you ready, boss?” He breathes hotly on my eager hole. Washing waves of lust through me.

“Uh-huh.” Is all I can huskily mumble.

Oh God!

His index finger smoothly glides into me and he presses that all-consuming button deep within my aching core.

I am going to come! I am going to!
Oh God! Daniel....

“I’m...” Reflexively I tighten my stomach, curling into myself, my toes curl in my heels, as my eyelids flutter. Radiating intense pleasure spasms throughout my body, I shatter into a million perfect pieces of climatic ecstasy. Screaming through clenched teeth, my heart hammers in my chest as I fight for air.

Knock—knock—knock. Someone is rapping on my office door.

Please let it be Roni, please, oh please, let it be Roni.

“Just a minute.” I call out, with the

most stable voice I can muster, my body still twitching.

Jumping down from my desk, Daniel is already standing and wiping his mouth and chin clean of my juices with a tissue. I slide my panties back on and sit behind my desk, spraying my Dior perfume on. That should mask the sex smell.

“We need to talk.” A manly voice beckons.

I pray my ears are deceiving me, but I don't think they are.

Righting his vest and tucking his hard dick to the side Daniel gives me the nod,

telling me he's good. He unlocks and opens my door in one smooth motion.

Dammit.

Gage arrogantly strolls into my office, ignoring Daniel, who slips out behind him, shutting us in here alone.

Don't leave me, Daniel. I can't sit in the same room with this asshat.

"Here." Gage sets a clear plastic tumbler on my desk, filled with what I assume is tea. How would he know I like tea? Or maybe it's poison, that wouldn't surprise me. Good thing if he gives me arsenic and I die, Roni owns

the other half of the company and in the event of my death, she'll own it all. No one else will own this company besides us. Period.

“What is it?” I hesitantly ask, not touching the cup.

Sitting down on one of my leather guest chairs, he props one of his expensive dress shoes on his knee, getting overly comfortable with a cup similar to mine clutched in his hand. His elbows pretentiously resting on the armrests, everything about the way he sits exudes copious amounts of

confidence, cockiness and unadulterated power.

Leaving me, once again, with the conclusion he's a douche—even though he is beyond a beautiful man, with his light green-blue eyes, medium brown hair perfectly styled with just the right amount of gel and a light dusting of dark facial hair, providing him with that permanent sexy five o'clock shadow. That typically makes most women swoon. Which, I'm sure he's fully aware of that effect on women and probably graces his bed with those dopes on a

nightly basis. I bet he's one of those men who has little bags with a toothbrush and toothpaste and other toiletry items that he gifts them in the morning before kicking them out with a blueberry muffin and a cup of coffee to go. Or he could be a Christian Grey; he is a lawyer after all. And it wouldn't surprise me, if he had them sign a nondisclosure clause when he ties them up in his bedroom and beats them senseless, then fucks them once they've passed out from the pain.

Okay, now I'm really projecting my own issues onto this man. I'm sure he

can't be the kind of a monster Brian was. I pray no one is that type of monster.

Eyeing me, not saying a word he glances around my office and back to me. "It's tea, Lex." His smooth voice, that no doubt woos women to bed, states.

"Did you poison it?"

Yes, that was a bit forward, but I had to ask.

Chuckling, he shakes his head with a slight grin. "No, I didn't poison it. It's tea from Barbie's; I picked it up before I came over. I figured you'd like it, *Lex*."

The way he says my name it's like he's fucking it, all smooth and sensual, with a slight hissing sound at the end. I don't like it. I don't like it one bit.

“Don't call me Lex. Only friends call me that. And let's face it, you, Sir, *are not* my friend.”

Yes! Point for Lex, I am seriously upping my game today. Apparently, jerks bring out the best in me. Sassy Britches would be so proud.

“Listen...about that.” He sits forward in his chair, like he's uncomfortable.

With an attitude, I raise my hand to stop him from speaking and thankfully, he catches my drift.

“No, Mr. Masterson, you do not get to discuss your rude behavior with me. Tell me why you are here and then please leave. I have a meeting at eleven and lunch at Dolly’s at noon. So please get on with it. I’m a very busy woman.” I cross my arms, resting back in my chair and cross my legs. Even though I know, he can’t see them behind my desk. I’m full of attitude today. I wish I had this much confidence all of the time.

“I’m your eleven o-clock meeting; I just came in early to talk with you about it and to apologize. Barbie said that was your favorite tea, and I got one just like it for myself. I figured a classy lady, such as yourself must have good taste in drinks. I was right. This is the best tea that I’ve ever tasted.” He smiles, and I frown, rolling my eyes.

Classy lady? Phul-ease... First, I’m a spoiled brat who makes a man sign a contract under sexual duress, and now I’m classy. Whatever.

“Please, leave your assumptions,

whatever they may be about me... outside. Business time, now out with it.” I snap. I’ve had more than enough time with him in my office. He keeps looking around like he’s going to find something to point out to tease me about. Good thing I have impeccable taste and my office expresses that in full force.

“Okay, sorry...Le...Ms. Keagan. Donald is coming in with the other representatives from Saks, including a woman named Rebecca Songs, to replace Mr. East. We have some documents that Kim, your lawyer, will

need to review before we decide if we will escalate this through the judicial system or not. I wanted you to know firsthand that I'm trying to expedite this matter without having to step in front of a judge..."

"How noble of you." I roll my eyes, cutting him off, and I bite my bottom lip, to keep myself from chewing his head off. I realize the pompous ass is doing his job, but I don't have to like it.

"Stop doing that." His sharp husky tone fogs the air.

Squinting in confusion, I open my

mouth to ask him, ‘*What?*’

“Biting your lip.” He explains, beating me to the punch, shifting awkwardly in his chair and sucking hard on his tea, swallowing the mouthful of its contents with a loud gulp.

“Why?” My stronger voice has suddenly flipped a one eighty, to weak and small. Maybe it’s my adrenalin plummeting, or maybe it’s, how his Adams apple bobs in this throat so sexily when he swallows. I have no idea. However, the climate in my office has changed from disdain to something

else entirely.

“That lip of yours has to be one of the reasons he claims duress, Ms. Keagan.” The softness of Mr. Masterson’s face has left me speechless. Somehow, he went from hard and business like, to soft and pliable in the matter of a minute and his tone is sweet, yet firm. Now, this is for sure how he gets women into bed. This is even better than how sexy he looks when he’s hard and dominate. Not hard, hard, I mean firm. We’re not talking dicks here. Or are we? Crap!

Sitting in silence, I'm not sure what to say to him. I'm not sorry for biting my lip. It's a habit I've had for years. It started as a kid when I was in pain or stressed. When you get punished even harder for crying out, you find a way to suppress the screams and yelps. Biting my lip or cheek has always been my safe house, my way to keep the brutality down to a hard seven on a scale from one to ten. One being nothing and ten being hurt so bad you pass out and have to go to the hospital. I've had a few tens in my life. But, I learned starting at the

age of four, to bear it internally and not show weakness.

Daniel summoning me though my intercom—that we barely use, breaks us out of our strange silence of watching and waiting.

“Thirty minutes.” Daniel explains, which means I have half an hour until my meeting with Mr. Masterson. That should give me plenty of time to calm this dampening in my panties, that’s just started.

“Okay, thank you, Daniel.” I retort and sit up in my chair, turning my

attention to my computer and the email I promised myself I was going to send today, to the Suit Master.

“Thank you for the tip, Mr. Masterson, I’ll see you in half an hour. Now please excuse me, I have a very important email to write.”

Without a reply, Gage stands, grabs my completely full cup of tea and places it closer to me on my desk. “Please, Lex, I want you to have this. I know you don’t believe me, but I am very sorry for treating you unjustly on Saturday. It wasn’t your fault. I was already in a

terrible mood because my ex-wife promised to call my daughter and didn't, which left Emma devastated. Then my long distance girlfriend never emailed me as I had hoped. It was rude of me to have taken it out on you."

I don't even get a chance to respond, and he's out the door, shutting it behind him. Now I do kind of feel like a jerk for lashing out, however, not bad enough to apologize. He was very crude and hurtful. I gained two pounds eating that ice-cream this weekend because of him and I had to do extra yoga on Sunday and

this morning to make up for the overindulgence.

Okay, so how about that email.

The last one I got was yesterday, from the Suit Master. He basically said he was sorry I wasn't interested and he wouldn't bother me again. It was composed diplomatically and very sweet. The entire time I read it my stomach was twisted in knots for not writing him back sooner. I've been a bit busy and preoccupied in my own stuff. To be honest, the more I think about the possibility of dating I get somewhat

excited. Then, I take into consideration all my partner would have to give up or endure in regards to my past. And reality smacks me in the face, leaving the prospect of dating a messy emotion that renders me ill.

From: Lotionlady316

To: Suitmaster6979

Dear Suit Master,

Sorry I've taken so long to write.

You were right in your first email stating I would probably want to delete that message and run. Although, you

should know your email stuck with me all of last week. So, I have given in and decided to write back. Please don't take my lack of eagerness personally. I didn't start this dating online fiasco until my best friend nagged me into it. It's new to me and it's intensely overwhelming. I can see how a woman or a man could easily be objectified based on looks. I couldn't tell you how many emails I have received this week, with the same distaste that I am sure you have experienced yourself. Your emails have given me hope in the male

race. It's refreshing to know not all of you are shallow perverts who think women want to be greeted with a penis picture.

I'm elated to hear you are an Edgar Allen Poe fan, too. He isn't my favorite literary writer, but he is among some of those I deem greater than most. I can't decide if it's his dark, yet grim beautiful take on things or something else entirely that has made me love him since I began reading his works in grammar school. I'll never forget the first time I read The Tell-Tale Heart; it

was unique and piqued my interest from the first sentence.

I'm not exactly sure what I'm supposed to say in these things. You are my first correspondent on this site. Would you like to tell me Suit Master, what it is you do for a living? Is the dog in your profile picture yours?

I guess this is enough to start with. I don't want to ramble.

Sincerely – Lotion Lady

Rereading through my honest, yet composed email, I send it off and it's

time to put my big girl panties on for the up and coming fiasco in the boardroom. Where I will be officially debating my company's innocence in regards to this stupid matter of being sued.



“My dear, Lex, what is the matter?” Dolly with her over the top poofy head of dyed curly red hair asks, coming to sit next to me in one of the four booths inside the Dairy Dream. Wrapping her arm over my shoulder for comfort, she pulls me into an awkward side hug, against her fluffy body. She's a rather

large woman. In an adorable, sweet, can't help but love her, kind of way.

"I'm fine." I mope, leaning into her warming side embrace.

The restaurant door opens with a creak and I glance up to see—*him*. The most awful man on the planet and tailing right behind him is Corey. I'm not sure what I should refer to him as. Cute? Sweet? I don't quite know. I haven't heard from him since our date on Saturday, not that I've expected to. Although it does seem a bit odd that they would both be here for lunch, I come

here quite often and I can't recall a time either one of them have dropped in.

“Janet we have customers, and I'm sitting with Lex.” Dolly yells to gather the teenager Janet's attention. Dolly hires mostly young college students to man the facilities, besides herself of course.

“Yes, Ma'am.” Janet approaches the window that separates the front customers from the back.

Trying to ignore the eyes that I know are plastered on me, I close mine and let Dolly hold my head against her. Patting

and slightly rocking me. The only thing that's missing would be a 'there, there.'

“You going to tell me what happened?”

I shake my head. I don't want to worry her with my work nonsense. Even though that work crap is going to cost me three million dollars to settle outside of court. The meeting today was a bunch of showboating and over exaggerating, leaving me to sound like a dirty little whore who fucked my way up the ladder in life to get men to sign documents. That's how nasty ol' Mr. Masterson

explained it. And that woman that came with them, wow, what a piece of work, I tell ya. She had feminism written in big bold letters all over her. There is one thing to work in the league with men and another to dress and look like one. And here, I thought Roni was bad. Not even close. Plus, her showboating contained lots of name drops of who she's met and knows, like it was supposed to intimidate me. It didn't. It just made me realize how much I love being a girly girl with a firm head on my shoulders. I don't know what I'd do if I was a

corporate stooge like those clowns.

I've been given until Friday to make my choice, whether I should sign and give away three million. Or take it to court and open my company up to a bunch of felonious accusations that could possibly deter future customers from selling my products. I can't decide which is worse. Falsely paying money for something I know I didn't do, or being dragged through the mud. There's no winning, either way.

Oh...and here's the kicker of it all. The company still wants me to supply

their stores. This is a lawsuit based on a personal matter not the contract itself. They're fine with that. I think this is the formal way to have a corporate temper tantrum when I don't give them what they want. I know it happens. I just never thought it might backfire and I'd be the one getting fucked in the ass with no lube.

“It's just crappy work stuff, Dolly, don't worry about it. It'll blow over eventually. I just wish it was the weekend already so I can relax at home and watch *White Chicks* another thirty

times.” I whine. I know I sound like a big baby, but my feelings are hurt.

It’s my company and I can mope if I want to.

Janet bouncily comes out from behind the counter, her curly blonde hair swaying from side-to-side, bringing me a thick chocolate peanut butter shake and a basket of onion rings. I already had a salad, but I’m still hungry. It’s time to eat my feelings again.

“Thanks.”

“Don’t thank me, thank them.” She points to Corey and Gage sitting across

the small room at another booth. I'm trying not to pay attention to them. But I can feel them looking at me and I know they're talking about me, because they're whispering. It's high school all over again.

Kissing me with bright red lipstick on my forehead, Dolly retreats back to the back, and I'm left with Dolly lips perfectly imprinted on my forehead. It's a badge of honor people wear out of here, if she loves you. It's not as bad as it seems. Although it will take some serious scrub time to get the stain off my

skin once I leave here.

Deciding I'm not eating the guilty, bribe of food. I grab the basket of onion rings and the white Styrofoam cup as I slide from my booth and confidently stride over to them, nothing like confronting your worst enemy face-to-face.

“Hey, Lex.” Corey smiles, chewing on a fry. Corey is an architect and I heard rumors he had started working for Archie. That's Archer McDougal's nickname, he's in his early forties and runs a small architectural firm on the

outskirts of town. They work mainly with country homes and barns, and yes, rhyming once again with his company name. Please don't make me tell you everyone in this town because it wouldn't be pretty and the amount of rhyming stores would put you off. I love it. Outsiders...not so much.

“Hi, I don't want your food. I'm sorry.” I slide it to Corey.

“It's not from me.” He points a fry at Gage. “It's from him.”

Well isn't that just dandy of him?
Inserting internal eye roll here.

“I’m sorry about the meeting, I know it was brutal.”

Apologizing to me? Are you flippin’ serious? And the worst thing is he sounds like he might actually mean it. How stupid is that?

“Brutal for who? You or me? I don’t recall anyone calling you a whore.”

“I didn’t call you a whore.”

Great come back genius —not!

“No, not that *exact* word. But you did it in your fancy schmancy lawyer lingo. Which is much worse.”

It’s true, when someone calls you a

whore, you're a whore. Point blank. However, when you do it with lawyer talk, it takes four sentences with descriptions and big words, to end up with the same conclusion. You know it's true.

Lawyer man slouches in his seat, with a deep frown, and now he refuses to look at me. Corey is chewing away on his burger and fries, all smiles and light chitchat. Not sure what to say and knowing I got my point across, I dismiss myself and head to the counter and say goodbye to Dolly.

With my hand on the door to leave, Corey turns to me. “I hope we can get together soon. Not this weekend but maybe the next, my daughters will be with their mothers then and I’d love to try and make up for what happened on Saturday.” His eyes dart straight to Gage with that last statement.

“Sounds good.” I mutter and leave without sparing a moment’s glance at Gage, the too hot for his own good, jackass.



Strolling back into my office after

that disastrous lunch, my stomach's angry with me. It seems as though it always acts that way around Gage. Daniel must be out to his own lunch because he wasn't sitting at his desk when I arrived moments ago.

Plopping down in my chair, tugging off my heels and setting them on the floor next to my desk, I tug the clip out of my long hair. It's relaxation time. Clicking the music remote on my satellite in office radio, I'm welcomed with my favorite station. Old school country music permeates the air with the likes of

Patsy serenading me with *Crazy*, one of my all-time favorite country songs.

Humming and tapping my barefoot on the floor to the music, I scoot my chair up under my desk and move my mouse to wake up my computer. I've got end of the month reports due that I have to look over. Research on what's the next color of lipstick we are going to produce and free my email from clutter.

Looks like someone by the name of Suit Master happened to email me back. I giggle and blush like a giddy teenage girl as I excitedly open his email. I can't

believe he got back to me so fast!

From: Suitmaster6979

To: Lotionlady316

Monday 11:45 a.m.

To Lotion Lady;

I'm pleased to hear back from you.

I wasn't sure I ever would. How's your Monday going so far?

I'm sitting here at work, stressed, and unable to decide what route to take with these clients of mine. I'm a criminal lawyer, by the way. Please don't hold that against me. Most of my

caseloads involve abuse in one form or another, saving the world, placing one abusive scumbag behind bars at a time. That's my expertise and it's a rough one. But since I was six, I've always wanted to be a lawyer. An honest one, if that helps any.

What do you do for a living? Or is that too personal? I know you asked me but I don't want to pry.

About the dog in my main photo, your assumption was right on the money. That's Babs, my lab, who keeps me warm when I get lonely.

Do you have any pets?

In regards to your fascination with Poe, the Tell-Tale Heart is a great short story. I'm more of a Raven fan, myself. And as much as I can appreciate Poe's work, I'm a Yeats and Tennyson aficionado, stems all the way back to my Comparative Lit class when I attended Harvard. Needless to say, my horizons were broadened after I finished that course.

See, I'm not sure how much I am supposed to share or not to share. Reading your profile has left me feeling

like I know you so much already. A kismet connection, if you will. That's why I couldn't stop emailing this past week. I promise I'm no stalker. You intrigue me, is all I'm trying to say.

Until Later - Suit Master

I think I just met *my* dream man, maybe not a perfect one, because I know little else about him. But a lawyer who specializes in abuse cases, if that's not knocking directly on my front door, I don't know what is. If only someone like him had been around when I was a child.

He has a dog, who he loves. I can read between those lines, plain as day... and...he loves poetry. What kind of man likes poetry? Seriously, think about it. He's like a 1965 Château Latour, a rare and exquisite find.

Do I tell him who I am in regards to my company? I know he's local, I'm not positive as to what city. But it can't be far from here. The choices of divulging too much or too little are the deciding factor.

In my dating profile, I express a lot of my likes and dislikes, and my firm

political views. I know politics may not matter so some people but they matter a lot to me. It's not Republican versus Democrat. It's the issues at hand. I couldn't tolerate a man who didn't support gay marriage, or a man who wanted to abolish government funded programs to help those in need. Those, in my opinion, are the things that matter. Not which oil company gets a tax cut and which one doesn't. I care about the people, not the big wigs. I donate lots of money to local charities, and during the holidays, I volunteer at the local soup

kitchen. I may not be the most thoughtful and giving person, but I try to help out and participate in our community to give back to those in need. What I'm most proud of is the money I've donated to help fund a rehabilitation program at the local women's and children's shelter. It's a cause very close to my heart, and I'm sure if Suit Master is local, he's worked with some of those women himself.

Just as I am about to type my letter to the Suit Master, Daniel pops his head in my office with a wink.

“Can I help you, Daniel?” I blow him a kiss and grin.

“Someone’s in a good mood. It wouldn’t have anything to do with the new beau on your online dating account, now would it?”

Blushing and combing my hair back away from my face, I faintly nod and bite my lip.

“Oooooooo, you *do* like him. Is he hot?” he asks, walking the short distance between my office door and the guest chair, dropping into the leather with a crunch.

“I don’t know what he looks like. I was just going to email him back. I’m not sure what to say. He’s a lawyer, domestic cases as far as I can tell and he has a black lab named Babs. He’s also a Poe, Tennyson, and Yates fan. That’s all I’ve gotten thus far. And his name is the Suit Master.” I explain, nervously fidgeting in my chair.

“Sounds good so far. He *could* be a complete dog, though. Maybe Babs his lab is cuter than him. Ask him what law firm he works for and where he lives.”

I guess Daniel likes to live

vicariously, not that I mind; I could use all the help I can get.

“Okay, I’ll type and you read it over once I’m done. Sound good?”

Clapping his hands twice in excitement he smiles and gets up from the chair. “Yes, boss, if you insist.” He chuckles, exiting a little too enthusiastically.

Maybe I should have had him do this for me instead. I’ve accomplished precisely one email and his are all so eloquently put together with honesty, laced with subtle compliments. It’s

rather charming.

From: Lotionlady316

To: Suitmaster6979

Dear, Suit Master

I, myself, am sitting behind my desk at work too. I work at a factory and have my own office. Your emails are so well versed I feel like such a dimwit sitting here trying to figure out the best possible way to converse.

Don't worry; I won't hold your career against you, although the past few days I've had a few painful run-ins

with a local lawyer. I must say, you working abuse cases is the only thing saving your hide. I refused to stereotype lawyers as a whole, but this Gage Masterson from Masterson and Associates is a world-class grade-A jerk. I hope he's not your boss, because if he is, I feel sorry for you.

I don't have any pets. I work long hours and I wouldn't have the time to spend with them, even though I am an animal lover, dogs mostly.

Unable to decide how much to ask or not, I'll leave you with these

*questions. Where do you live and work?
Not in the exact sense, just a city would
be fine. I live and work in Heartfair
and rarely escape the city limits.*

All in good time - Lotion Lady

*P.S. “Something made greater by
ourselves and in turn that makes us
greater.”*

*A quote from my sixth favorite
literary genius.*

That'll have to do. Pressing my
intercom button my desk phone I buzz

Daniel.

“Yes, boss.” He greets evenly through the speaker.

“It’s done, come read it.”

Three seconds later Daniel is swiftly strolling into my office, leaving my door wide open and finding his way behind my desk, leaning over me, smelling of citrus and mint.

“Hum....I like it. It’s boring. But it’s good.” He states boorishly, skimming my email.

“What do you mean? It’s *boring*?” I emphasize, pushing my chair back to

stand and head to the wet bar for a drink. Kneeling in my skirt, I pull the nearly full bottle of Patrón from inside the dark brown cabinet and pour two fingers deep of it in my lowball glass. I do the same for Daniel, who I know hates Patrón but will drink it, only because I'm offering. Sliding the alcohol across the desk to him, he keeps reading aloud my email four or more times, lingering on the parts he finds humdrum. While he sips on the tequila with a scrunched face, smacking his lips loudly with distaste.

“Just send it like this. I’d be asking for a picture, if he likes dick, and how good of a kisser he is.”

Rolling my eyes, I grab the back of Daniel’s vest and jerk him away from my side of the desk. Chuckling, glass in hand, he takes a seat on a guest chair and crosses his legs.

“That is you, Daniel, I’m surly not saying any of that. You’re a perv. Woman don’t talk to men that way.” Ignoring his ridiculously stupid comments, I take a seat, click the send button and prop my bare feet up on my

desk, resting back in my chair, sipping leisurely on my Patrón. The potent smoothness sensuously warming my belly and relaxing me. God knows I need it.

“Let’s see if he finds you intriguing or boring with that email. Two down, and maybe by number ten you’ll finally ask what I told you to.” Daniel chides, pressing the rim of his glass firmly against his bottom lip and taking a slow sip. Leaving another disfigured expression in its wake.

He really doesn’t like my favorite

alcohol. Or one of my favorites that is. I love wine as well. As for fruity concoctions or beer, they're either too sweet or too tart. I want warmth and richness captivating my taste buds. That's why I prefer a dryer, more potent wine. The boldness is what entices me the most. I guess I like my drinks as I do most things in life, warm yet bold. Most of my wardrobe consists of warm and bold colors. Mainly blacks, blues, reds, greens and the occasional white or pink. I find tan to be the most blah color on the planet. However, a deep brown is a soul

clinchier for me; I can never get enough of it, not in clothing but in furniture and décor. Take my office for example, it's elegant and my dark executive desk rests as the focal point of a room with a masculine lavender walls, tan low pile carpet; used mostly for warmth not esthetics, my feet don't do so well on hardwood and I don't wear heels all day when I'm seated. However, I do wear them everywhere any other time. Even on the weekends, I don't leave the house without a pair of size twelve heels adoring my neatly manicured toes. The

rest of my office is basically a showpiece. A bronze Rodin *The Thinker* statuette sits atop my desk for inspiration. A twenty-four inch cream statue of Michelangelo's *David* rests on my wet bar. My walls are hung with various art nouveau reproductions of Gustav Klimt's masterpieces including *The Kiss*, *Three Ages of Women*, *Baroness Elizabeth*, and *The Family*. All of them are framed to precise perfection, giving my office that artsy, yet homey ambiance. I would never go so unique in my art selection at home,

but in my office, I had no choice but to think outside of the box. And for ages, I have appreciated the fine arts, Gustav Klimt being one of those artists.

Finishing his Patrón, and I mine, he stands and comes over to my side of the desk to take my empty glass, and exits, shutting the door behind him. I guess it's time to get to work and wash this morning away.

Chapter Seven

Tuesday

“Good morning, boss.” Daniel with a sly smile greets as I walk past him into my office. Not much going on today at work but the norm, and last night I went home, took an extra-long dip in my whirlpool bathtub as I listened to Patsy’s greatest hits, sipped Merlot, and masturbated. I haven’t actually gotten off on my own in what feels like ages, but as

I soaked in my tub, slowly washing my pale skin up and down with my cream loofa, thinking about the Suit Master and his enticing words. By the time I got through three Patsy songs, I was so turned on I didn't have a choice but to masturbate.

“Morning.” I call, over my shoulder, going around the side of my desk and throwing my purse down before dropping into my executive chair. I didn't check my email last night, even though I wanted to. I didn't want to seem too eager or desperate.

“Need serviced?” Daniel asks, coming into my office and shutting the door behind him, his brown slacks already showing off his substantial manhood.

“Not this morning, Daniel, I’m sorry I’ve got a lot of work to do.” I lie, to be honest I don’t feel right allowing him to service me right before I plan on exchanging another email with this new man. It seems wrong.

“Oh.” Slumping his shoulders with a frown, he turns and opens the door to leave.

“You know I love you, Daniel, I’m sorry.” I apologize, because I know how much he loves getting me off. I’m not sure why, but it’s something he’s grown to love and obviously need, over this past year.

“Thanks.” He mopes, shutting me into my office alone.

Waking my computer, my stomach is doing nervous summersaults. I can’t believe I’m this excited to be reading an email from a man I don’t even know. Other than he’s a lawyer, has a dog, and a few other things.

Opening my dating website, my manicured fingers can't click fast enough. I'm so excited and nervous and finicky. I can't sit still.

Oh my God, he emailed me!!
Twice!!

From: SuitMaster6979

To: Lotionlady319

Monday 8:45 p.m.

To my darling Lotion Lady,

I'm sorry your impression of lawyers has been tainted this week. Yes, I do know Gage Masterson; his office is a big name in these parts. No, he's

not my boss, so you don't have to feel sorry for me. My law office is in Cartersville as is my primary residence.

From reading your profile, other than your love for reading and apparently fashion because your profile picture shows you wearing a navy Dolce & Gabbana lace dress. My sister is a fashion queen and has taken her unwilling younger brother under her fashion-obsessed wing, since I was five. I never stood a chance. My older brother lucked out and will forever be

the mismatched bachelor, which my fun vivacious sister uncouthly teases at every family gathering.

What I leading into asking is...do you have any other loves or hobbies? Other than your impeccable fashion sense and astounding literary passion?

The warmest hugs - The Suit Master

P.S. Pardon my frankness, but quoting brilliant women such as Maya Angelou is not only the quickest way to my heart but into my pants. As if, your intelligence and beauty hadn't already

sealed the deal.

*P.S.S. “There is no exquisite beauty
w i t h o u t some strangeness in
proportion.”*

I’m swooning! It’s happened! I am officially hooked. He is by far the most interesting man I’ve ever spoken with. Or emailed, is more accurate. I haven’t exactly spoken with him.

Second email! I wonder how good this one is going to be? Ekkk!!!

From: SuitMaster6979

To: Lotionlady319

Tuesday 6:45 a.m.

To the lovely Lotion Lady,

I know you are probably not into work yet. I was checking my messages and realized I haven't heard back from you. So, I thought I'd drop you a line before I dive into my latest case. It's been a difficult one for me to deal with. Sorry, I can't divulge more information than that.

How's your morning? I hope you have a great day at work. You're pretty blue eyes and bright smile will be in my

thoughts until I fall asleep tonight.

Sincerest Heart - Suit Master

P.S “Beauty awakens the soul to act.”

Yet again, another amazing email, how in the hell do you respond to that? Is it just me or does he seem too good to be true? I'm trying to be realistic here. I'm not a pessimist but he's sweet, dresses nice; thanks to his sister. And he has ten other spectacular things going for him, mainly, the working with abused women and children. If I didn't know

better, I'd swear this man seemed a lot like Gage. Same profession it terms of lawyer and suits. Except the fact, Gage's office is in Heartfair, I don't think he does abuse cases, he isn't very nice, and I'm quite certain he's not as eloquently versed. He proved that yesterday in the conference room when he blatantly stated verbatim "Ms. Keagan displayed unprofessionalism when trying to have my clients sign the documents, by exposing the tops of her boobs."

Yes, he used the word *boobs*, not breasts. I was somewhat surprised in his

argument *fun bags* wasn't the verbiage of choice. Apparently, in the court of law it's acceptable to speak of boobs. Sounds immature to me, but hey, I might be slightly on the bitter side. Just thinking about that pompous fucker who is way too good looking makes me even angrier, mainly at God. How is it fair to be that sexy and smart, but still be a complete asshat? It doesn't add up, and if I don't stop thinking about him, I'm going to ruin my day and it's starting out so well.

“Are you busy, boss?” Daniel calls

over the intercom.

“Not today, why?” I speak sweetly and pray that by the end of the day his hurt feelings are gone. I don’t want an unhappy Daniel.

“There is someone here to see you.”

“If it’s Gage Masterson tell him to go home.”

Chuckling into the speaker Daniel says. “No, no, boss, it’s Laura from The Women’s and Children’s Shelter.”

I wonder what she wants. It can’t be good news if she’s dropping by unexpectedly.

“Oh, yes, that’s fine, Daniel, please send her in.”

The door to my office swings open, Laura, the mid-thirties average build, average looks, brunette, wearing jeans, and a white dress shirt comes walking in. Daniel closes the door behind her.

“Please.” I gesture my hand to one of my open guest chairs.

“Thanks.” She smiles, taking a seat, looking rather uncomfortable.

“What can I help you with, Laura?” I make sure my tone is more friendly than business. Anything involving that shelter

is personal to me. I would do anything to keep it open.

“Well, I hate to do this. I know you already donate so much as it is. But... there is a new family that we just moved into our facility, three children all elementary school aged and their mother. Their father was an abusive drunk and the mother can't walk properly, because two years ago he ran her over with their family van and didn't take her to the hospital for a week. So her legs, after eight surgeries, are still in bad need of repair and she can't work. Our budget

only covers enough to help get people back on their feet; it doesn't cover medical expenses, vehicles, or anything above and beyond. I've pulled enough money to get them an apartment for three months. I just don't know what else I can do."

The drop of Laura's face and her desolate expression is pulling hard on my heartstrings. That poor woman and her kids, I wonder why it's taken her so long to get away from that monster.

"I'm so sorry to hear that. You know I'll do anything I can to help. You tell

me what and I'll cover it, as long as she is putting that bastard behind bars. If she wants to go back to him, I can't condone that. You know how I work, Laura, it's all or nothing." I'm firm but just. She bobs her pretty little head, agreeing with my every word.

"I know I made sure of that before I came to you. She's already put a restraining order on him and moved here. They are from Toledo and moved to get away from him. Her mother's boyfriend brought them to us two weeks ago. I have enrolled the children at

Heartfair Elementary and the mother is taking online courses so she can be a medical transcriptionist from home, part time.”

Knowing Laura needs my help and has actively sought it out is a huge step. She never does this.

“Alright, give me a second.” Pressing the button on my phone, I buzz Daniel.

“Yes, boss?”

“Daniel, I need you to make sure you speak to Kim and have her purchase the white single story that’s for sale on Elm,

I think it's around fifty five thousand. Kim will know what to do. Then, I want to make sure you place twenty thousand in a trust, Laura will give you the woman's name when she leaves. Lastly, I want you to take the company credit card and furnish the house with just the basics, no more than ten thousand. Do you have that down?"

He replies by reiterating what I just said to him and I hang up.

Turning my attention back to Laura, she's beaming and the gloom that she carried in is officially gone.

“Thank you, Lex. Thank you so much. She will be so happy to hear about this.” She stands and reaches across my desk to shake my hand. Instead, I come around my desk and wrap her into a big hug.

Patting her back, I reassure. “If you ever need anything Laura, you know I’m here. Make sure she sees a local lawyer. Actually, I have a man who can do the job. I’ll give him your number and make sure he contacts you right away. Send his bill to me once the scumbag is behind bars.”

“Okay.” She snuffles, as she pulls away.

Stopping at the door, she turns, thanks me and leaves.

I did my good duty for the day. Now I really have to contact the Suit Master. I have a new job for him.

Sitting behind my desk, I click the reply button on his email.

From: Lotionlady319

To: SuitMaster6979

Dear: Suit Master

I'm not sure if you're generally this

suave but your ability to articulate words is not only flattering, it's impossible not to lie in bed late at night and think about.

Sorry I wasn't able to write back sooner. I've been rather busy doing research on a new product and line that the company wants to create. And... I hope this isn't too forward or wrong of me. But, Laura from The Women's and Children's Shelter in Heartfair is in need of an exceptional domestic violence lawyer. She stopped by my office today, very distraught. I

told her I'd give you her number to have you contact them. I hope that's okay, spare no expense; I'll cover the cost.

How is the new case coming along?

My hobbies? Hum...sorry to disappoint you, but I'm severely lacking in that department. Does work count as a hobby? If it does, I do that a lot. I love my job. As for the rest... I read, drink lots of tea, shop, listen to music, and watch TV. Those are my main go-to's. Nothing exciting or profound, like sky diving, rock

climbing, or for people from around here off-roading, I'm a quiet person and I like to have my quiet time. Oh... And I can't cook to save my life. My best friend swears I burn water. However, I can make one mean cup of tea.

How about yourself? Any secret hobbies or interests I should know about? Like sheering sheep? Or something even stranger like eating balut eggs and scorpions heads? Lol... Just kidding.

Maybe your hobbies are as dull as

mine are. Apparently, I'm like an eighty year-old woman and should probably learn to knit. At least that would increase my chances of being interesting. Maybe me and all my other old hags could pop out our teeth, sip on some tea and chat about the newest knitting advances. Whatever those might be. You're welcome to come along, I'm sure it would be a hoot.

In the interest of me not embarrassing myself any further with my strange sense of humor, I shall leave to you to daily duties and look

forward to hearing from you again.

Hugs - Lotion Lady

P.S. Your two quotes were beautiful. Quite literally, one of them I knew at first glance. It's a quote from Poe. As for getting into your pants and heart, I'm not sure if that's creepy or flattery, but I'll accept it as both.

P.S.S "Three things cannot be long hidden: the sun, the moon and the truth."

Leaving him with a Buddha quote, I click the send button on my computer,

officially sealing my fate. Either he will like what I have written, or he won't. I can only hope it's the former, for that woman and her children's sake.



Glancing at the pile of notes on my desk, I frown. I haven't stepped out of this four-walled box since I came in this morning, except to use the restroom. It's been one hell of a busy day. Between Laura, then an assembly line malfunction, and my newest job of deciding what goes with what, in terms of this whole presentation package I

have to present to Saks by the end of May per our agreement. Which of course was made before I had to deal with the lawsuit. They want an exclusive fall line, which means it has to be completed no later than June so it can go into production.

You may wonder how Keagan cosmetics came to fruition. So, I'll try to make this long story, short. When I was in high school and working with my mother for some extra cash at her floral shop, I started to experiment with the different types of flowers and plants she

has in her store. It's common knowledge that roses and lavender are both very common in bath and beauty products. As is aloe and chamomile. Those are great products; however, I knew there had to be more flowers to experiment with. Which I did until I was seventeen and decided to make my very first lip balm using beeswax, coconut oil, Shea butter, sweet almond oil, and different variations of my mother's flowers. At first, it was a hobby. I made lip balm for all my friends. Then I started selling it in her store. People grew to love it, and

asked me to make soaps, and tinted lip balms, which I did. After a few months, my mother's floral shop's phone was ringing off the hook with orders. So, I started a small business with Roni's help, out of my mom's garage. We upgraded from just lip balms and bars of soap to salt scrubs, lotions, even blush by roasting slices of beets in the oven, grinding them up and turning them into a fine powder. It's not as concentrated of color as big name makeup companies make, but it does the job. The best thing about every single product we make here

at Keagan's Cosmetics and Creams is they're one hundred percent natural. We don't use fake dyes, scents or strange cooking techniques. It's slower and more expensive. So, our customers can't pay two dollars for our lip balm. Our basic balms cost six dollars a tin. Which might sound like a lot, but people pay for the quality and love, we put into every product we manufacture. If you want to put strange chemical dyes and concoctions, I can't even pronounce, on your skin, then be my guest. My company doesn't work that way.

Lifting the massive amount of notes off my desk and rearranging them in a neat pile inside a blue folder, I close it and grab a sharpie from my drawer, writing *Fall Products Saks* on the outside in black ink and Kelly's name on the bottom. Kelly is our product chemist. I don't have the skills to perfect the right ingredient ratio, that's why I hired her five years ago, and hasn't steered me wrong, yet.

Checking the clock on the wall, it's almost eight and I haven't eaten dinner. I could call Dolly, but they close at nine

and I'd hate to make her deliver this late. Guess I'll scrounge something up at home, not that there's much in the fridge. I really should get some groceries. I hate grocery shopping here in Heartfair. It's not like some cities where you can go in and out with your cartful. Heartfair is a social event, you are stopped ten times to chat with town folk and you get to hear everybody's stories, like Jane's daughter Monica had a bouncing baby boy three weeks ago and they named him Sven, true story. I didn't hear it at the supermarket though; I heard it in the

bathroom today at work. Not that I mind socializing, but when I'm exhausted and want nothing more than to go home, eat, and take a long bath. I don't want to spend an hour talking to Mrs. Walker about her son's recent Boy Scout metal. Can ya really blame me?

Alright, I guess it's time to get out of here. But I'm going to see if Suit Master emailed back, first. I checked at five just before Daniel left for the day, but had nothing.

Typing the website into the search engine, the site pops up and looks like

I'm a lucky woman. I have five new emails that I will just delete like I've done since I started talking to Suit Master. Scrolling down it's here! I have an email!

My heart thuds rapidly in my chest and my strangely hands clam up as I click the open button on my message.

From: SuitMaster6979

To: Lotionlady319

Tuesday 7:10 p.m.

To my Lotion Lady,

Of course, I wouldn't mind helping

out. I've worked with Laura many times before. I'll call her first thing tomorrow, not sure why she didn't contact me sooner. I offer all of my services pro-bono to The Women's and Children's Shelter. Thank you for consulting me about this case.

Abuse is a very personal subject for me. I grew up with an alcoholic mother who beat us when my father was away on business or seeing to his mistress. I suffered the most at my mother's hand, way more than my siblings did, because every time she went to beat them, I

provoked her instead. Sorry to get heavy on you, I just want you to know I could never condone that type of unjust behavior and that is why I have devoted my life to it.

How about I move onto a lighter subject? That might distract you from what I just confessed. I assure you I'm not as damaged as it might sound. I have made peace with the demons of my past, by helping those in the present.

In regards to hobbies, if you learned to knit, I would sit right beside you and do just the same. I'm not

opposed to expanding my horizons and I love to try new things. Like you, my hobbies are rather mundane. I read, watch a few TV shows: Only, Bones, Mad Men and The Walking Dead. I refuse to waste a second of my life consumed in the brain cell disease known as reality television. Shopping is an acceptable hobby, I don't mind it, but I am a man and we are genetically programed to despise it. However, I don't dislike it as much as many of my friends do.

The only exciting thing I take part

in is motorcycle riding. A few of my buddies and I get together a few times a month to ride. It's liberating. Have you been?

You can't cook, and you like tea? I can accept that. It's refreshing to hear such honesty. I'm no Betty Crocker myself, but I can cook thee essentials: popcorn, hot dogs, frozen pizza, and if I'm feeling a little daring, I'll make spaghetti. Although, I must admit, I can grill. Another one of those manly preprogrammed attributes.

Tea is cool. I drink it occasionally,

and I do love coffee. I know that's like a cardinal sin to speak to a tea lover about coffee. But I did. Please don't sue me. LOL. What kind of tea is your favorite? I'm partial to sweet tea or others of the cold variety. I leave the hot flavors alone. Straight black coffee is my only hot beverage.

In the interest of keeping this email from becoming a book, I'll leave you go for now. Even though I could probably find a hundred more things I'd love to talk about and share with you, in due time.

Affectionately, Suit Master

P.S. You are right, it was Poe and I could never think of him again without thinking of you. You should accept my compliment as flattery. I'll flatter you whichever way I can.

P.S.S. "Since love grows within you, so beauty grows. For love is the beauty of the soul."

He was abused as a child? If that's not like me, I don't think what is. As much as I love his emails, the more I hear, the more I'm skeptical. Perfection

is an illusion and I just pray he's real. That this isn't some sixty year old man sitting in his basement, jacking off to my picture and typing me these emails knowing damn well no woman could resist them. I know it's impossible for me to, and I'm not even supposed to want to date. For some people he might be less exciting because he's not trying to bait me or drawl me in. I find that sexy. Confidence in one's words is one of the hottest things imaginable. Think about reading all of those books that are erotic romances and if those authors

couldn't confidently produce hotness with their words. Then you would be left with crap like. "Johnny kisses Margaret and it was real nice. She gets a funny feeling between her legs." Honestly, that's how it would be if I wrote something like that, I couldn't write a book, even if I tried. Cosmetics is my passion.

Honestly, I have no idea what I am spouting. I'm tired, hungry and I've got to drop by Arby's on my way home to grab a bite to eat. An email to the hot Suit Master will just have to wait until

tomorrow. My stomach is too angry with me.

Chapter Eight

Wednesday

“Good morning, Lex.” Roni greets as I walk into the kitchen, wearing a black cotton dress, my red heels and a chunky red rose pendant necklace.

With a puzzled look, I stop next to the breakfast table. “What in the hell did you do with my best friend? I want her back.”

Sitting before me is my vintage rose

printed three-tier dessert stand overflowing with delicate pastries. Next to it sits two miniature white scalloped edged plates, my tea already served in a white cup with saucer and my best friends wearing a tighter fitting black t-shirt and jeans. Have I walked into the twilight zone or what? Maybe I need to go back to bed. Something isn't right.

Chuckling she shakes her head and with her hand she gestures toward my morning seat. Slowly and unblinking, I glide into my extended chair and scoot forward, still staring at my best friend in

complete disbelief.

“Don’t look at me that way.” She laughs, her face radiating a giant smile.

She has to be on some kind of drugs. This isn’t my Roni. My Roni is a bitch in the morning. She also wears baggy shirts and has bags under her eyes. This Roni has rosy tinted lip balm on and her pretty eyes are wide-awake and glimmering. What the heck?

“It’s hard not to. We’ve lived together for years and I can’t remember a time you’ve been this awake, this early, and wearing makeup and a half

way acceptable shirt. I don't know what I walked into. But I know I want my best friend back. If you're some alien inhabiting her body, I don't like it. Go back to wherever you came from. I don't care if you came in peace." I state pulling out all the stops with my attitude this morning.

"It's only lip stuff." She shrugs, popping her lips.

"Uh-huh, *only* lip stuff. Since when have you worn lip stuff? We own a cosmetics company and the only stuff you use is the bath products. Not the

cosmetics.”

Rolling her eyes, she takes a sip of her tea. “Yeah, well, I figured buttering you up would be the only way to get you to say yes.”

Ah...and there it is. She did this because she wants something. Why couldn't she just ask me straight out? I don't want to change Roni, I love her the way she is — sassy. Just as she loves me, the way I am. Sure, my overly feminine ways have made her gag a time or two. But, we're best friends and that's what best friends do. Accept one

another, even the things we don't care for.

“Say yes to what?” I press my mug to my lips and grab a delightful white petit four from the bottom tier of the serving tray.

“On Friday, the Devil's Den is having a May Day party. This is supposed to be the first time Bob and I go out as a couple. He's meeting a few of his buddies there, and you're my only best friend. I thought you could help a girl out and come drink with me and dance. You know you love to dance and

haven't gone in a long time."

Okay, she's laying it on thick. Desperation is clinging to her every word.

"May Day is Thursday, and if you recall, I don't go dancing because my best friend doesn't like it." I remind her.

I couldn't tell you how many times since we turned twenty-one, after I rid myself of Brian that I asked her to go out with me to dance. The Devil's Den is the only place in town with an actual dance floor. It's not huge, but the only other bar in Heartfair is called Sassy Lassie's and

it's not a place I'd frequent, even on a bad day. It hosts a different type of crowd of bikers and drunks, mainly the darker crowd of the local scene, if you catch my drift.

“What if I promised I would let you dance around me? I won't dance, but I'll grab a table by the dance floor and pretend to dance? Does that work?”

She's really grasping at straws.

Plucking another petit four and popping it on my mouth, I slowly chew it, and look at my ceiling; like I'm contemplating. I would have said yes

right away. But making her sweat it out is much more fun.

“Well...” She’s growing impatient.

Stealing another one of the bite sized sugary goodness from the tray, I ask, “Where’d you get these?” To change the subject and irk her a little more, this is such a powerful position to be in.

Grinding her teeth and rubbing her finger up and down the side of her white mug, she stares at me. I’m surprised Sassy Britches has stayed calm for this long. She deserves a medal.

“I ordered them last night from

Barbie's and picked them up early. After I got dressed the fuck up and made breakfast. Stop playing with me, Lex. I'm trying."

Coughing with a smile, I desperately try to hold back my impending full-on laughing fit that's about to take over.

"I...I know...you." Damn, I can't hold it back. Grabbing my stomach, I lose it, belting out in full on tummy rumbling laughter. Tears streaming down my face, I look over at Roni, and she's pissed. Steam is about to start shooting out of her ears and nose.

Holding up my finger, I sputter out between laughter, “I’m sorry.”

Crossing her pissed off arms across her chest and leaning back she sneers at me. “Yeah, fucking hilarious, Lex, so fucking funny. Laugh it up, bitch.”

Still laughing and swiping my tears, I breathe in a few lungful’s of air to calm my overly amused outburst.

Once under control, I look into her eyes and apologize again, more sincerely this time.

“You’re forgiven, now are you going or not?”

Nodding, I take a long drink of my tea to finish it. “Yes, I would have gone without you having to put on this charade. Although I do love seeing you like that.” I gesture to her body. “And I loved these sweets. You did a great job. But, Roni, I’m your best friend and if you need me to hold your hand through a kind of first date thingy, then I’m there. I’ll always be, don’t you worry. However...”

She cuts me off. “Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know. I have to dress up a little more than usual. I’ll let you pick out my

clothes, as long as it's not heels or a dress."

"Deal." I reach across the table and she shakes my hand with a smirk.

"Soooo...you wouldn't want to invite the Suit Master on Friday would ya?"

What the...? How did she...? Oh, right. She knows all my passwords.

"Been snooping in my emails again, I see." Teasing her, I stand and take my cup and hers over to the sink and rinse them out. Leaving them for my maid to come and wash when she drops by

today. I have a maid that comes three days a week to sweep, dust, do laundry, yard work, and other household chores. Her name's Bonnie and I've used her cleaning service for the past three years. The best thing about Bonnie is she's meticulous and doesn't use harsh smelling chemicals. I don't want my house stinking of bleach when I come home.

“Yes, I always snoop. When you don't tell me things, I really don't have a choice.”

Rolling my eyes in her direction, I

toss my hair over my shoulder with a huff and walk out of my kitchen to grab my purse by the stain-glassed front doors. Coming back into the kitchen, I reply. "I'm off to work. And yes, I am talking to him, and no, I will not be inviting him. The more emails I read, the less I believe he's the real deal. Men are not that perfect."

As I reach the back door I turn and blow her a kiss and give her a "See ya." Then off I go down the back steps, across the small stone path to the garage. I think I'll drive the bug today.

I own three vehicles. A Jag, to show off to clients and let's face it, it's a sexy car. I also have a new VW Bug; it was a Christmas present to myself. It's a metallic toffee brown color with tan leather interior and a large moon roof. It's superbly divine. My final vehicle is technically mine but Roni drives it. It's a bright blue Chevy Avalanche, a company vehicle that we use for pickups and other work related duties. Since she runs the assembly and warehouse part of the company, I let her drive it. I'm not much of a truck driver myself.



Walking into my office, I pass Daniel, and today, he doesn't offer up his sexual services. It's a good thing, because after this morning I'm not in the mood. Dropping my purse in my desk I toss my shoes roughly under my desk and plop down in my chair, that rolls back a few inches, and I scoot myself forward using the tips of my French pedicured toes.

Turning on my computer, a knock sounds at my door and without thinking I yell, "Come in."

The door swings inward and in walks the prettiest woman I know, my mom, and in her arms is a giant bouquet of white Calla Lilies.

“Hey, Mom.”

“Sorry to intrude, darling, but these had to be delivered, and I figured it would give me a chance to see my daughter. You’d that think since we live two houses down from one another we’d see each other more often. Apparently not, since we’re both so busy.” Her light airy voice explains, setting the massive bouquet arranged in a crystal vase on the

corner of my desk. I haven't been keeping any of the flowers. I've been giving them away to employees every time another bouquet ends up here at work. And the ones at home I did keep until they started to wilt.

"It's okay, Mom." I stand and she walks around my desk, wrapping me in a giant, mama bear hug. I really love my mom. She is the most amazing woman.

Stuffing my face in her hair, I inhale her scent. She always smells like flowers and that is something I always find so comforting about her.

“Can’t stay.” She chimes, kissing my cheek and releasing me. She waves me goodbye and out she goes. I hear her exchange a few friendly words with Daniel on her way out.

Removing the card from the flowers, I already know who they’re from.

Ms. Keagan,

I really wish you’d reconsider my offer for dinner. I will be in town next week and would love to see you.

Love,

Your Donnie.

Yuck, yuck, yuck. Not if you were

the last man on the planet. No flippin' way!

I toss the card in the trash and take a seat. It's time to write the Suit Master back.

Opening up my email, my heart skips as I center my eyes in on another email from him. Why does my body deceive my mind? I'm not supposed to get this caught up in someone. Gee whiz. My traitorous body has me all excited. I shouldn't be excited. I should be levelheaded. I've always been levelheaded. It's one of my best

qualities.

From: SuitMaster6979

To: Lotionlady319

Wednesday 2:35 a.m.

Pretty Lotion Lady,

I know it's extremely early in the morning, but I couldn't sleep. So, I thought I'd email you instead. I hope that's alright. I was actually hoping when I got on you would have emailed me back already. Are you playing hard to get? Because, Angel, if you are, I will play as hard and long as you want.

I'm not going anywhere. And no, that's not a sexual innuendo, unless you want it to be. —wink, wink.

I couldn't sleep because I was worried about that family you told me about. I'm anxious that they don't have any legal help. I can't believe Laura didn't contact me sooner.

I know I told you I wanted to tell you a lot about myself. Well, here goes. I'm divorced. Only once, eight months ago it was finalized. My ex-wife is one of those hoity toity stuck up women who grew up from privilege. I met her in

college. I was a nobody when I was younger, so we didn't quite fit. My dad is a businessman, but we were never fed with a silver spoon. His mistress and my mom consumed most of his earnings, leaving little for us children.

Don't feel sorry for me.

I don't know if I'm bearing my soul to you because I feel a connection, or because I'm tired and my laptop screen is partially blurry as I am typing this. But, I'll continue telling you a little more about myself. Before I try to go back to sleep.

Just so you know I don't drink often, maybe once a week. I don't have many bad habits. And I don't smoke cigarettes. I did for a lot of years, but I quit when I turned thirty, for family reasons.

I hope as you read this you will email me back. I look forward to hearing from you.

Yours - Suit Master

P.S. "A man is already half in love with a woman who listens to him."

Yes, it's official; he is not the man

for me. He is basically telling me he likes me as much as I do him. And he was raised similarly to me. I'm not writing him back. Okay, yes I will. Then I'm done, no more. He's either A. Going to end up stalker material or B. I'll end up hurt. I'm guessing both might be the case with this man. I know I like him. But sometimes cutting your ties before getting hurt can be the best for both parties. In this case, it rings true and clear. And I find it very hard believe he could be this wonderful.

Time to make it short and sweet.

From: Lotionlady319

To: Suitmaster6979

Dear Sir, Suit Master,

I am sorry to hear about your past, and thank you for being so nice about taking the case with Laura and The Women's and Children's Shelter. I know it'll mean a lot to them.

As much as I value your emails and find your correspondents refreshing, I feel it's time to break our ties. I wish you the best of luck in online dating. Thank you for being honest and

opening up to me. Rest assured it's not your past that deterred me. I don't have time to date, and I realized it's not smart of me to continue this.

Best Wishes - Lex

P.S. "Moving on is simple. It's what we leave behind that's hard."

Send

Oh my God! I signed it my name!

Son of a bitch! Oh well...

I shrug.

I guess if he really wanted to find out, he could have asked Laura. No big

deal.

Why does it hurt that I said goodbye? It was for the best. My heart seriously needs to catch up to my brain. My brain is always right. My heart is a dummy. I know this, because she was the one who told me to allow Brian, the man I loved, to tie me up and use candle wax on me. That scenario opened up a whole can of scary eel like worms. What a stupid girl I was.

Turning my focus back to my desk, another email pops up on my online dating account.

Dang it!

From: SuitMaster6979

To: Lotionlady319

Wednesday 9:10 a.m.

*No! You do **not** get to say goodbye.*

That is not acceptable.

It's not over, The Suit Master

Wow, he's a lot more forward than I thought. That's hot! Wait...no it's not.

From: Lotionlady319

To: SuitMaster6979

Yes, it is. You like me too much, and I'm stupid to admit I feel the same. We don't even know each other, and you don't know a damn thing about me. That I know for sure.

Goodbye, Lex

Figured I already signed it with my name once. Can't hurt.

From: SuitMaster6979

To: Lotionlady319

Wednesday 9:16 a.m.

Yes, of course I like you. You're beautiful, smart, funny, and I know a lot more about you than you know. I'm not telling you what, so don't ask.

We will date, Suit Master

Oh my God! He is infuriating. He knows more about me? Like what? Arg! It doesn't matter. My mind is made up. I'm done. This will be my last message. The end. Then I have to do some actual work.

From: Lotionlady319

To: SuitMaster6979

Fine, I won't ask what you know. It doesn't matter. I've made up my mind. This will be the last email you ever receive from me. I wish you the best of luck. I don't want to hurt your feelings. I feel this is best.

Bye - Lex

There that is the final email. Sounds good and nice. I'm not being mean.

From: SuitMaster6979

To: Lotionlady319

Wednesday 9:21 a.m.

That might be your last email to me, beautiful, but I will not give up. I'm a lawyer for a reason, and I fight for the things I want. Remember that.

*You **will** be mine – Your Suit Master*

*You will be mine - Your Suit Master? Shit, oh shit, oh shit! What if he's a Dom!? I didn't even think he meant *Master* in that form. When you think *Suit Master*. You think of a man who looks hot in suits. Fuckity-fuck-*

fuck-fuck. I might have just tormented a Dom. Brian was a Dom. Or a wannabe Dom. Please God if you are listening. Please, please, please. Don't say I just pissed off a Dom.

I remember the first time I pissed Brian off. We had already started our little sex experimenting. Or that's what I called it. He took it way beyond that. It all drastically spiraled downhill from there.

At the time, we lived in the country together, outside of Heartfair in his two story run down paint flaking farmhouse.

You know the kind that you see in horror movies? With the rickety shutters, peeling paint, dilapidated front porch, and huge single pane windows with thick drapes hanging in them. Brian's house was almost identical to that, except the interior didn't match the outside. It was okay on this inside. Sure, it smelled musty from the basement's cracked foundation that leaked water when it rained, and it had carpet; thirty years past its prime. It was livable and clean, for the most part. I wasn't allowed to have anyone over to visit, so

it didn't really matter how clean it was. And I was forced to live with him and be his sex slave. No joke. I didn't speak to my mom or Roni directly for months. Emails were exchanged but I was never the one emailing them. It was Brian.

The first time I angered him I hadn't prepared our dinner properly. I added too much milk to the macaroni and cheese. Chucking the glass bowl across the floor full of noodles, smashing it to smithereens, he stalked towards me and grabbed me by the back of my hair, dragging me outside the rickety

backdoor, down the broken steps, and into the barn. That's where he tied me to the rafters with yellow braided rope, in the freezing November cold and cut my clothes off with a sharp bowie knife. I was shivering so badly within seconds that my teeth were painfully chattering.

I remember it all, like it was yesterday.

“Why do you want to fix me bad food, you stupid bitch.” He smacked me hard across the face, and I spit a mouthful of blood onto the busted concrete barn floor.

“If you do that again, I will make you lick it up.” He seethed, his tall lean body, stalking me with long powerful strides, around and around, as if I was his prey. He was wearing a pair of light washed dirty work jeans with holes in the knees, a black cotton V-neck long sleeved shirt, and his heavily worn work boots. I had been locked in the basement the entire day, in my makeshift daytime bedroom, and once he came home from work, I had an hour to prepare a meal, which was never much. I never learned to cook as a child.

“You need to stop cooking shit food, Lex.” He snarled spitting on my naked goose bump covered stomach.

Knowing from dealing with my father in my past, I knew I couldn't speak up. That just gets you into more trouble.

Grabbing my face, he forcefully squeezed my cheeks to pucker my lips and kissed them hard enough they bruised the next day.

“If you weren't so fucking hot, I'd have Sue Ellen over here so I could fuck her pussy. I'm really tired of fucking

your ass. It's boring." His voice suggested he was severely uninterested. I'd wished he would get bored of me. He never did, though. I was his sexy prize.

"So what kind of sex game do you want to play today, baby?"

I didn't respond.

"How about we play the game, 'let's see how long it takes for Lex to scream'. I know you're a tough woman, baby. That's why I love the games we play."

That's when he slid his knives cold blade along the right side of my back,

where my ribs end. I knew it had nicked my skin, because it burned and I could feel my warm blood washing over my icy bare skin. Like my father, Brian never hurt me in places people could see. It was always on my stomach and back, occasionally the upper thighs and butt, when he didn't have enough canvas to bruise or batter properly.

“Ummm...” He hummed in his throat, licking my red blood from his blade. I could see his dick, hard in his jeans. I made sure I kept my gaze hooded and never paying attention to any one

thing at the same time. If you stare, it provokes the demon within to crawl out and attack more ferociously. They like the game. The more you offer, the more they are able to toy with.

Loudly smacking his lips to draw my attention, he lustfully groaned. “You taste so good, baby.”

I didn’t respond, and I forced the shaking of my cold body to diminish. Every time I’ve been abused and hurt. The men thought they had the upper hand, and if I had screamed and whined or begged. They would have. But I never

gave them the satisfaction. I finally grasped that little trick when I was six. That's the cold hard truth.

After he licked the tang of his blade clean. A longer and shallower precise cut was sliced on my belly curving along my ribs. As the blood started to seep, Brian dropped to his knees in front of me. Reaching up, he ran his dirty index finger over my dripping wound. It burned so bad I sucked in a lung full of air and bit my lip to keep from screaming in agony. I refused to cry. *Only babies cry when they're hurt.*

That's what I've told myself for years.

“So pretty.” His sadistic voice, danced like a giddy child's.

Pulling his hard cock free, he masturbated kneeling in front of my bleeding body as he softly and lovingly laved my oozing slash. Soon it became free of blood and he sliced me again, closer to my pelvis this time and savored the rush of my fresh blood surging rapidly out of the deeper cut. Sucking his lips around it, my metallic freshness flowed readily into his inhuman mouth.

Warm air shot out of his nose rapidly, skating across my pale skin; the closer he got to reaching climax. His grunts and moans soon filled the air, bellowing out of his throat, echoing in the steel barn. Just before he came, he stood up and grabbed a fistful of my hair.

“Watch, my beautiful bitch.” He forced my head down to watch as he shot streams of his salty semen all over my clotting wounds. The excruciating pain finally became too much as he smeared his salty come into my cuts, that

felt like salt water, and my knees instantly buckled from the intensity. As my eyes rolled back into my head, and I drew blood from biting my bottom lip to keep myself from screaming. Brian grabbed me into his arms right before my shoulders dislocated. Unlatching me from the rafters, he carried me like a rag doll into the house. Brought me into our only bathroom, bathed me with warm water in our small tub, and even scrubbed my hair with strawberry scented shampoo. Muttering over and over how much he loved me and how

much I meant to him.

I believed him. I believed Brian loved me. He was my first love. The first person I had ever had sex with. I had no concept of male love. I never have to this day. My father was my abuser and so was Brian. The only two men who have ever meant anything to me have hurt me and broken me in ways most people will never experience.

Okay, enough of this crappy dwelling in my past, I've got some work to do.

Chapter Nine

Thursday

Is today over with, yet? I hope it's soon. I don't think I can take much more. Thursday's are by far the worst days of the week.

Last night I worked late, again, only to come home and hear Bob and Roni having sex with her windows open. They were extremely loud and honestly, I felt worse for our neighbors than I did for

myself. Apparently, she created enough ruckus to make someone in our neighborhood call the cops. And at eleven o'clock last night, my favorite police officer, Elias Lincoln, greeted me with a knock at the door. He is the kindest and sexiest cop on this planet.

Opening my door in my blue silk pajama top and shorts, I flipped the porch light on and smiled.

“Good evening, officer.” I greeted him.

“Lex, I know this isn’t you creating that noise. But it is your property so I am

required to speak to the owner.” He spoke in that deep husky voice of his. That always makes me wonder why he isn’t married. His voice is one of those voices that feels like he’s making love to you, no matter what words come out of his mouth. I’ve never heard anything more erotic in my entire life. Plus, the fact he stands six foot six, and his biceps are thicker than a tree trunk, doesn’t hurt.

“And that’d be me.” I bit my lip. I knew I wasn’t in trouble. But...when a hot police officer, who happens to be your own personal hero, shows up at

your doorstep you can't help but feel a slight bit giddy.

Nodding he pulled open the screen door, inching closer to me and my heart climbed up into my throat. "Lex, I brought you this." Reaching into his navy blue police jacket, he fished out a small white rectangular box and handed it to me.

Carefully, I opened it to find a beautiful silver bookmark, that was intricately scrolled and had my name engraved on the top.

"I know we don't get to catch up

much. I was meaning to give that to ya, over Christmas. But, I've been busy and it's been sittin' in my glove compartment in the cruiser for months. I know it's a bit late, but I thought you should have it."

Blushing, I wrapped my arms the best I could around his neck to hug him and he hugged me right back, picking me up off the ground.

"Thank you. It's so beautiful." I gushed, examining it like it was a fine diamond. Once he placed me back onto my feet.

"Don't mention it. Our history with

you know...has me thinkin' about ya a lot. I worry about you. Hope you're doin' good, your mom says you are. I check in with her about once a month just to be sure. Don't want you gettin' caught up with the wrong kind of man again." He said and I knew precisely what he was referring to.

Officer Lincoln was the man who saved me from Brian. My mom and Roni had filed three police reports and each one of those were investigated. None of them turned anything out of the ordinary up. So the investigations were quickly

dropped. Until my mom filed a fourth report and Officer Lincoln was the one to investigate. Being a Dom himself, Officer Lincoln realized a lot of strange things in the household that the other men didn't. Brian's excuse for the house's condition was the fact we experimented with strange sexual scenarios and they bought it, hook, line and sinker. Or so I was told.

Officer Lincoln didn't, and he was also the only cop to go into the barn and that's where Brian performed all of his most brutal acts. Including and certainly

not limited to—stitching me up after he sliced me a little too deep. It was also the place he had built and stored the makeshift hospital bed. That was fashioned out of scrap wood and small tractor wheels, which he used to roll me out of the barn when I bled too much and fell unconscious. Once my heart even stopped and Brian had to beat on my chest to revive me. I was black and blue for a week. After that, he invested in saline bags and a defibrillator, so the second and third time I passed out and nearly died, he was able to revive me

much easier. Not that I wanted to live. Eight months of near torture was enough to leave me begging God to grant me divine mercy and allow me to die, of course, it didn't work, I'm still here.

Officer Lincoln upon inspection had found the makeshift gurney and dried remnants of my blood, and that's all it took. He called the squad in, they did an investigation and three months of fighting with the court system, Brian finally got sentenced to fifteen years in prison. Not a day goes by that I don't think about him or what he's done to me. Or the fact that

six years of his sentence has already been served, leaving him with nine more years to get angrier and angrier. I know he'll kill me once he gets out. He promised me that, in the courtroom the day of his sentencing, right in front of the judge.

Any who...after Officer Lincoln delivered my gift and we chatted a few more minutes, he asked, "Do you want me to address Roni and Bob? Or do you want to take care of it?"

I didn't want to deal with them. So I left him to it and took my beautiful gift

back inside, and went upstairs. Where I slept like complete hell. I couldn't stop tossing and turning and thinking about the stupid Suit Master. The man I am sure is a Dom. I know they're not all bad. Officer Lincoln is one. But, I would never get involved in anything like that ever again. I haven't even had sex since I was with Brian, let alone anything else.

Which brings us to this morning, where I woke up, did my routine, yoga, shower, and all that jazz. Go down stairs to have my best friend come crawling in my back door in grimy pj pants and Bob

trailing right behind her, wearing holy jeans and no shirt, who ended up eating all the biscotti that I had saved for Friday's morning tea with Roni. Leaving me having to run to Barbie's today to pick up some biscotti, not tomorrow, like usual. Don't get me wrong, I like Bob. I'm trying not to be a cranky bitch. But I slept terribly last night, and I got into work this morning looking less like myself. Daniel even noticed the bags under my eyes as he was servicing me. Which I thought might help. It didn't. I'm still in an unpleasant mood.

And that brings us to now. I'm sitting in my office, my Dairy Dream lunch is half eaten on my desk and I'm staring frustratingly at my computer screen. That is flashing six emails from the Suit Master. I've been sitting here staring at them for the past ten minutes, debating to open them or not to open them. That is the question of the day, a pathetic one at that.

Knock, Knock.

"Boss?" Daniel beckons through the closed door.

"Yes?" Momentarily I stop my

incessant monitor stare down.

“I have a delivery. Can I come in?”

Why is my secretary asking permission to come into my office? I can't be that much of an evil bitch today... Can I?

“Yes, yes, Daniel, you don't need permission.” I speak calmly and refined. I don't want him to think I'm angry or pissed at him. I'm cranky, just not at him. Can't I have one day of my damn life, where I'm allowed to be bitchy and peeved off at the world? I mean, nobody's perfect for cryin' out loud.

Opening my door, he slowly carries in the biggest God forsaken rose bouquet I've ever beheld. I can't even see him behind the arrangement. No doubt made by my mother. She'd be the only one in the county to have roses in that vast array of colors.

“Three more steps and you're to my desk.” I guide him and he follows my instructions. As his thighs butt up against my desk, he carefully lowers the massive vase. Setting it securely on my desktop and backing away.

Fake wiping sweat from his brow

and playfully ‘whewing’ a few times, he says, “Your mother’s delivery boy just dropped those off. And no, they’re not from Donald, I checked the card already.”

Still trying to wrap my head around this massive bouquet, I can’t imagine who would fork out this amount of money for an arrangement this magnificent. Roses aren’t cheap, and these are top quality. There has to be at least six dozen roses; a mixture of lavenders, light pinks, medium pinks, whites, and peach roses. With a single

red rose tucked beside the plastic note holder.

Tugging the card from the floral pick, I remove it from the envelope.

Read the email's Lex. I'm not kidding when I say I will win you.

*All my affection,
Your Secret Admirer*

This has gone from bad to worse! He wasn't kidding when he said he knew more about me. He even knows where I work! Now we are seriously

overstepping normalcy into creeper, Hannibal Lector territory. I can't lie and say it's not the slightest bit flattering, not the Hannibal part. But, I'm no idiot. This has psycho written all over it, in big bold blood stained letters.

“It's from the Suit Master, isn't it?” Daniel inquires, sitting on the arm of my guest chair.

Shooting him a puzzled expression, I ask. “How did you know?”

“Roni, she informs me on the things you don't and vice versa.”

Great, now both of them are double-

teaming me. I really can't wait for today to be over.

“Are you busy?” The worst voice in the world, questions, standing in my open doorway.

Why didn't I make sure Daniel closed the door?

“She's not. I was just leaving.” Daniel singsongs and hurries out of room, pushing Gage into my office and shutting us in.

Real slick, Daniel! Think if I get distracted, I won't forget about the fact you and my best friend Veronica Phoenix

are conspiring against me.

“Can I help you, Mr. Masterson?” I make my tone harsh, so he won’t have to wonder if I want him here or not. Today, I don’t want him anywhere near me.

Dropping into one of my leather armchairs, relaxing, he kicks up his foot and rests it on his knee.

“Who those from?” he asks, arrogantly pointing to the flowers.

“A man.” I reflexively snap. It’s none of his damn business who they’re from.

“Didn’t think you had a ‘man’.” He,

air quotes, flashing one of those stupid pretty smiles. How can he be such a jerk, yet, so delicious? It's really distracting. And today he's clad in a pinstriped suit and matte black, square-toed dress shoes. Even his cufflinks are sexy. They're silver and black with an M monogramed on them.

Ignoring is comment; I ask him again, "What can I help you with, Mr. Masterson?"

"I have some business I'd like to discuss, unless you'd like to call your *boy-friend*, to thank him for such a

lavish arrangement first.” He draws out boyfriend like it’s a dirty word and we’re suddenly back in elementary, where cooties still exist.

“He’s not my boyfriend, I have you know. And I won’t be calling him.” Lashing out at Gage happens to be the highlight of my day thus far. Maybe I should have him come here more often. I’m enjoying this. It’s helping my terrible mood lighten up a bit.

“Hmmm,” tapping his chin with the pad of his index finger, his eyebrows bunch and his forehead creases, making

him appear to be deep in thought.

“A man buys you nice roses, you don’t want to call him, and he’s not your boyfriend. They’re not from Donald are they?”

What is his deal? Why is he pressing the matter? Has his high-class ass purchased roses for a woman before and not gotten a thank you? Because the Suit Master will not be getting a thank you from me.

“No, Mr. Masterson. If you must know, so we can finally conduct our business. I met a man online that I liked.

Then I didn't anymore. And he's sending me flowers for whatever stupid reason to try to convince me he isn't going to stop trying to date me. However, I'm not interested." Speaking boldly with dignified words, I then turn my gaze to him and watch to see his reaction.

Covering his kissable lips with his hand, he chuckles behind his fingers. The faint age lines around his eyes crinkle as he smiles. "I see, a man online, you say?"

"Yes?"

"I never thought of you as an *online*

dating kind of woman. Figured you'd date someone locally, and preferably rich."

"Are you trying to insult me?" I ask, nonchalantly, even though my anger meter has spiked a few decimals.

The nerve of this man! Why does he infuriate me so much?

"No, quite the contrary, Ms. Keagan. I figured a woman as attractive, bright and successful, such as yourself, wouldn't be seeking love through cyberspace. Is he at least local?"

Why does this matter? Did he really

come to ask me about my dating life? If he did, he has another thing comin'. I could never, would never, in a million bazillion years, want to grace my bed, let alone my heart, with the likes of Gage fuckin' Masterson, the asshat, rude man, who I know probably, fucked his way through college. I feel sorry for his ex-wife. Whoever that poor woman is, she has got to be a saint.

Ok, yes. It's confirmed, I *am* a raging bitch today.

“Yes, he's local and we're over. Can you please drop it? I've had a hard

enough time getting rid of him. Now, I'd like to get rid of you for the day. I want some peace and quiet. So why did you come here, Gage?" I've lost all patience, and the next step is throwing something at him. He picked the wrong day to walk into my office.

Giving me his devilish grin, he replies. "You called me Gage, I like when you use my name. It means we are finally coming to terms with this budding friendship, Ms. Keagan. I came here for two reasons. One, I wanted to be the first to tell you that we will be closing

the case next Friday. And secondly, I have some good news.”

“What’s that?” I don’t see much coming from his mouth as good news, although, getting this bogus lawsuit over with by next Friday is a weight lifted off my shoulders.

“I spoke with the company, and they have agreed to drop the lawsuit to five hundred thousand, instead of three million. I know it’s not the best outcome. But I figured that might make you happy.”

Beaming an ear-to-ear smile, without

even thinking, I excitedly catapult out of my chair, dash around my desk and throw myself at Gage, wrapping my thin arms around his manly neck.

“Thank you.” I hug him, bending at the waist, arms around his seated figure.

Both of his big hands grasp my hips and he pulls me into the chair with him. Making me sit on his lap, my heart pounding a million miles an hour, and suddenly I can feel my sexual needs sparking to life.

This is not good!

“Don’t mention it.” He gently wraps

two fingers around a section of my hair and pulls it to his nose.

“Mmmm, you smell even better than I thought.” He compliments, his tone dropping into a deep sexually charged baritone.

“What do you mean?” I stupidly croak and cross my legs in my dark brown leather pencil skirt. It’s a tight fit. But it works.

“I knew you had to smell amazing. Look at how you dress,” his hand faintly skims across my skirt. The feeling causes butterflies to flutter rapidly in my

belly and my breathing hitches.

He feels so good, and I am so turned on right now. It's a miracle I'm wearing a leather skirt to conceal just how much.

“Dior is an exquisite perfume.” He sexily mutters, running his fingers through my hair.

This can't be happening!

Wrapping his arms around my waist, he pulls me further into him so my butt is now sitting on his upper thigh, and he is actually cuddling with me. Over and over, he sweetly combs his fingers through my long hair and I meld into him,

loving every sweet gesture, even though I shouldn't.

“I convinced them suing for three million might put a strain on your professional relationship with the company. And in turn, the probability of a lesser product could be made for their stores.” He whispers, his face nuzzled in my hair, I can feel the hotness of his minty breath sensuously wafting over my neck.

It's never felt this way with a man before. I've only ever been with one, other than Daniel. I never knew it could

be this intimate.

“I could never give the lesser of a product and feel okay with myself.” I reassure my voice so tiny, I’m not sure if he heard me.

“Lex, I know that. They don’t.” His lips kiss my hair and I hear his intake of breath, inhaling my scent, groaning in his throat, through his lingering exhale.

“Now, I know you don’t like me. And you have another man you’re talking with. But would you please consider going on a date with me?”

I say the first thing that comes to

mind. “Wouldn’t Corey be upset? Isn’t that against bro-code?”

Gradually, I force myself out of his magnetic pull, my heart and my body desperately want to stay pressed against his suit clad, rock-hard deliciously scented chest. My mind, the only logical part of me at this point, is forcing my body to catch up.

“I don’t care. I want to get to know you.”

Those words, those are the magic words, every woman wants to hear. And by God, I love them slipping delicately

from between his juicy kissable lips, his nose still nestled into my hair, his hands wrapped gentlemanly around my waist. I'm trying to ignore the hard thickness that's touching my thigh. But I can't. He's hard, and I know it's huge. So huge, my mouth is watering just thinking about how it might feel gliding between my lips, him looking down at me through hooded lust filled eyes, as his hand lovingly strokes my hair, and he whispers how much he's always dreamed of me sucking him.

Oh, hell! Stop it Lex, stop it right

now! You're turned on. It's okay to be horny. It's okay to feel this way. But is it really? I mean, this is Gage Masterson. The most beautiful man I've ever seen. There is no way he's not said this to a hundred different women. I can't be the first, and I surely won't be the last.

Get out of his lap; get out of his lap right now!

Scooting forward, without giving him a definitive answer, I try to move off his lap. His hands tighten around me, anchoring me to him and I can't move.

“Please.” Huskily he begs.

“You’re hot, Gage, I’m sure most women fall for this. Now please, let me up.” Grabbing both of the arms of the chair, I use them as leverage as I forcefully pull myself from his hold and he lets me go with a sigh.

Righting my skirt, I confidently, with a strong back, stroll around my desk and professionally sit down. Folding my hands into my lap after I smooth my hair, that probably smells like him now.

“Well, I’ll take this as my cue to leave.” Gage stands, places both hands on the lip of my desk and audibly smells

the giant bouquet of roses with an ‘Mmmmmmm.’

“Let me know if you change your mind. I’ll see you next Friday.” He turns and he’s gone, closing the door behind him, leaving my room smelling unquestionably like him. His expensive cologne lingering smells of bergamot, cardamom, nutmeg...and... I sniff the air again... And...is that mandarin?

I know it might seem strange I can sniff out the concoction of his cologne. I’ve been in this business a long time and around flowers even longer. It’s a

gift.

Calming my flaring libido and frazzled nerves, I get back to work, deleting the Suit Masters emails permanently before I do. I don't have the time to sit around contemplating opening six measly emails. After the Gage run in, I know my heart can't take another moment of these intense emotions bubbling up. Feelings I can't even begin to understand or have ever felt before. This is one hundred percent uncharted waters for this land mammal.



“Well lookie who the cat dragged in.” Barbie’s well-known mild southern accent livens up the place, as soon as I walk in the chiming front doors of her fabulous bakery. Wiping her hands on her white apron, she comes out from behind the counter and displays. Arms spread wide; she lovingly heads straight for me. Her whitening dirty blonde hair pulled messily up onto a bun atop her head, clad in blue jeans, and her famous hot pink polo shirt, with her name embroidered on the left chest in navy blue thread.

“Lex.” She says warmly, wrapping me into a huge motherly hug and I return the sentimental gesture. Just as I do every week. And as always, I tuck my head down into the crook of her neck and surround myself in the comforting smells of bread, chocolate and vanilla.

I love this woman.

“What can I get cha?” she asks, releasing me, and she reaches down, folding my hand into hers, pulling me behind her toward the displays filled with her latest treats and desserts.

This place isn't a chain like

Starbucks or Tim Horton's. She doesn't make the same stuff every week or day; she only makes what her heart tells her. That's the rules. You get what she makes. No questions asked. For example, if you're craving chocolate toffee scones and she hasn't made them, you can request a special order. Most of the time she won't deny a customer, especially the ones who are her favorites. However, everyone comes for the new treats and she never disappoints in what she offers. It's always a vast array of breads, candies, chocolates,

cookies, cakes, pies, biscotti, croissants, rolls, loafs of bread, and just about anything else you can imagine. She even makes those delectable giant cookie cakes, with the homemade buttercream and fudge frosting. Everything you select is either nicely packed into a cute pink paper bag or a pink box, and all the boxes are tied with a teal bow.

Barbie has owned and operated this shop for the past thirty plus years. Just as Dolly has owned and operated the Dairy Dream for just as long. They both purchased their store spaces at the same

time and have been best friends forever. Both of them married their high school sweethearts, right out of high school, and now widowed. Barbie has three kids, two of which help her run her store, and Dolly has a son. I don't know much about him.

To be honest, I envy them both. They both have remarkable establishments and have been best friends for over forty years. I can only pray that one-day Roni and I will have a similar story, except we will be sharing in the company, not owning separate ones. It's one of those

things you don't see or hear about every day, except maybe here in Heartfair. It really *is* an amazing town.

Glancing over the plethora of deliciousness, I hone in on what I came for—biscotti. Knowing precisely what I order she calls for one of her workers.

“Get Lex, two dozen biscotti; One dozen of the salted caramel and a dozen of cinnamon and sugar ones.” She orders, taking out all the guess work for me. She never steers me wrong.

“The ones with the glaze or not?”
The young blonde woman, who I think

might be her granddaughter, asks,

“With the cream cheese glaze, Oh, and put in two of the nut and seed ones; on the house.” She rattles off and affectionately squeezes me hand.

Turning to me she explains, “Those are new ones I’ve not made before. Lots of people like them. I want you to try. Since you are my biscotti aficionado, I want to make sure I got the recipe just perfect.” Winking at me, she escorts me, by hand, like a child to the register. If it was anyone else but her or Dolly, I might be offended. Not with Barbie

though, she's like another mother to me, or perhaps a grandmother. I've never had one of those.

Paying with cash, I give Barbie another hug and as I turn to leave, she says. "Oh, Lex, I forgot."

Nearly to the door, I turn back around to face her as she strolls toward me. "I thought you should know that there has been quite the interest in you and what you order here."

Confoundedly crinkling my brow, I evenly ask. "What do you mean *quite* a bit of interest?"

“There has been three gentlemen inquiring your likes and dislikes, not to me directly, of course. Only a fool would ask about my Lex, directly, but Sally has had some questions. A man with dark hair was in the other day, had a chocolate cherry coke float and flirted a little with Sally. She’s new, so she couldn’t tell me his name. Just said he was asking a lot of questions about you. Being new, she couldn’t answer the questions he posed, except what I’ve already filled her in on. That you own the cosmetics company here in town,

you're one of my favorite customers and always come in for biscotti. Except you're a day early. I don't usually see you until Friday."

"Bob was over..."

Cutting me off with the raise of her hand, she busts out in laughter and covers her mouth. "I heard about that. I hear he and Veronica put on quite the show last night."

Rolling my eyes and smirking, I nod. "Yep, it was a doozy. A very long one."

Wiping the laughable tears pricking her eyes with her fingertips, she replies.

“I know. Poor Lincoln was in here for his morning coffee and the man was stopped four times from people asking questions. Nosy, nosy, people in this town.” She winks.

“Yes, and I’m guessing the nosy man flirting with poor Shelly was Gage. He was probably trying to extract as much dirt on me as he can. He’s representing a company in suing mine.”

“Ahhh...I know, I heard. I’m sorry to hear that. I didn’t get the feeling the man was Gage, though. If you’ve seen that handsome boy it’s hard to forget him,

especially all those tattoos.”

Nodding, in agreement, I mutter. “I guess you’re right. I know he’s from around here, but I’ve not met him before now. I know it’s not a huge town, and I can’t know everybody. But, you’re right he’s hard to forget.”

Chatting a few more minutes about Roni and this mystery man, I hug Barbie again and head out. I want to get home and raid Roni’s closet tonight before we go out to the Devil’s Den tomorrow. She needs a presentable outfit to wear, especially if this is her and Bob’s

coming out party; coming out of the bedroom that is.



“Seriously? Veronica Ann Phoenix, you have the worst and most disgusting closet I’ve ever fucking seen!” I’m past my breaking point. I don’t know how this crazy woman finds anything in her apartment. It looks like an entire horde of gremlins got lose in here and trashed the place. No woman should live like this.

Standing in her bedroom, it doesn’t smell like anything but sex and ashtrays.

It's vile. Now...don't get me wrong, I understand that Bob smokes. I really do. But smoking in here after sex is totally cliché, not to mention stinky and just plain gross. I can't see a stitch of her carpet. Which, if I remember correctly, is a beige of some sort. It's covered in piles of clothes, pop bottles and blankets. Her bed isn't even close to being made. The pillows aren't even on it. And one of the blinds is hanging half off its track.

I can't believe this woman is my best friend. I have no idea how I'm going to

find a single clean thing in this place that would be acceptable for her to wear.

Sitting on the edge of her queen sized bed, she grunts. “Yeah...I know it’s pretty bad, huh?”

Pretty bad? She thinks this is pretty bad? I saw a pizza box sitting on her coffee table growing some serious green hairy mold when I walked into her living room. That is not *pretty* anything. It’s a rank biohazard, and it’s disgusting. I will need to perform a complete decontamination process on myself when I head back down stairs, into my nice,

clean and most importantly, pleasant smelling home.

Correct me if I'm wrong. Say you walk into a place, it's a pigsty, but it smells half way decent. It doesn't seem as bad, does it? Then picture yourself walking into a place just as dirty but smelled like rotted garbage, musky come, and cigarettes. Then...how would you feel? Probably how I do, because that's what the rest of her place smells like. N.A.S.T.Y.

Stepping on a mountain of something, I'm not sure what it is. It looks like

clothes, but I'm not lifting the pile to find out what might be underneath. Rats are probably nesting in here.

“It's not pretty bad. It's real bad. We both have a lot of money and you need to use it to have a biohazard cleanup team to come in and decontaminate your living quarters.” I state it as evenly and calmly as I can. And I mean every single damned word.

“I know.” She slumps and I bend down to pick up what resembles a black *something*, off the floor of her bare closet. There isn't a single thing hanging

in here, and the floor of it has another mountain of what I assume are clean clothes piling up. Or I pray it's that, because I don't want some blood crazed clothes monster to manifest and attack me. The organisms living in this place could probably sustain an entire ecosystem. A clothes monster doesn't seem so far out of reach.

Raising the black *something* into the air, I shake it hard; pinching it between two fingers to unwrinkle the ball it's cemented in.

Ah...it's a shirt. Holding it out, I

examine it. It's not a shirt I think I've ever seen Roni wear. It's a V-neck cotton tank with a cute flaming red heart in the center. This will have to do. I don't have the stomach to look much longer.

Showing it to her, she shrugs. "Yes?" I press further.

"It's fine. I don't care."

Alright, something's up.

Climbing through her gross clothes in my heels, pencil skirt and silk white pheasant top, I get close enough to her bed that I rest a hand on her shoulder.

“What’s up, Sassy Britches?”

“I don’t want to go.”

Okay, now she’s moping. I’d mope too if I lived in a place like this, but I know that’s not what she’s referring too. Dating and Roni don’t exactly mix, just as me and dating don’t. Except our reasons aren’t the same, per say. Mine is mainly a physical one with emotional baggage. Hers is a tomboy one. In her mind and the way she acts, she’s not so much of a girl as she is a guy. She fits in with men, she likes manly things, she dresses like a dude, has the sex drive of

a dude. Although she doesn't have a gender identity problem, she's okay with being a woman and having a vagina and a set of nice knockers. We've talked about this many times. Just as most men suck at dating. She sucks at it just as much, if not worse. I think it's fear that gets its big ugly nose in the way. Fear that whomever she's with will expect her to be something she's not. She could never and would never be like me. I'm girly and female to my very core. She's not. That's one of the things I love most about her.

“Listen.” I rub her shoulder. I’d hug her but that would make her more uncomfortable.

“I know dating isn’t going to be easy with Bob. I know you really like him. He’s a nice guy. Cute, sweet and obviously likes to bang the living shit outa ya. Give it a go, and I’ll hold your hand. K?”

“K. Thanks.” She sighs, relaxing her tense shoulders.

Five more minutes of standing here with her and draping the black shirt over her shoulders, she seems to be in a little

better place now. I take that as my cue and skedaddle.

“If you need me, you know where I’ll be.” I remind her, standing in the doorway between her bedroom and the rest of her apartment.

“Yes, Lex. In the tub, listening to Patsy and probably trying to ignore the fact you just blew off a perfectly acceptable man.”

Rolling me eyes and stomping my heel on the floor in anger. She looks at me, making eye contact.

“Stop reading my emails!” I snap.

“I wouldn’t have to if you’d just tell me about them.”

“They are none of your business. If I wanted help, I would ask for it. I don’t like him anymore. He’s gotta be a crazy lunatic, and I know a man like him would never accept me. Even if he’s been through some of the stuff I have. Trust me; he’s not been through it all.”

“At least he has experienced some of what you have. Isn’t that better than nothing at all?”

“No! Not dating at all is better. I like my life, Roni; I want to keep it that way

it is. No men. Period. I get my kicks when I need them with Daniel. And I'm not a nympho so the few times a week works just fine."

I'm not sure if I'm trying to convince her or myself. It's true Daniel feeds my sexual hunger. Which as of late have been arising ten times more than it ever has before. And before him I didn't have anyone feed my sexual need. It barely existed. All I have to do is look in the mirror and think of Brian, and all of those gruesome acts. That shuts down the lady throbbing between my legs faster

than a speeding bullet. Cuts and gashes leave scars and I've got enough to make an entire roadmap on my body. Front and back. Where does it lead to? I dunno. I can tell you this for sure though, my body is no wonderland. It's a battlefield.

Chapter Ten

In front of the mirror, I twirl around three times. I'm standing in my bathroom making sure I'm looking my best for tonight's festivities; we're going downtown to the Devil's Den.

Last night, after I left Roni, I did what she said I would. I took a bath, listened to Patsy and drank two glasses of wine. When I got out I lounged in my silk red nightgown, tucked into my soft luxurious bed and I read my vintage

Canterbury Tales book, which I've read from cover to cover over half dozen times. It's not the easiest read but I thoroughly enjoy it. Chaucer is extraordinarily prolific with his choices and uses of words. I think that's why I find him positively fascinating.

'In my part of the land there used to be

An archdeacon, a man of high degree,

Who'd execute with bold determination

The punishment for acts of

fornication,

Of pander, also of sorcery,

Of defamation and adultery,

Of errant churchmen, of false

testaments

And contracts and of lack of

sacraments,

Of usury and simony also.'

This is one of my favorite excerpts from Chaucer's writings. He's amazing, I tell ya.

This morning I woke up, spent an extra twenty minutes gracefully curving and flowing through a yoga routine I use

to anchor my chi into a more relaxed state. Then I showered and went downstairs to have tea with Roni in the kitchen, per usual. She seemed to be in a slightly better mood than last evening. We tried the nut biscotti Barbie had given us and I loved it, Roni, not so much. She likes her biscotti to be less nutty and more fruity or chocolaty, although, she does love the other two. I liked the cinnamon sugar better than the salted caramel, by only a small fraction. Then I went to work. It was a quiet day. Thank God. Now I have twenty minutes

until I meet Roni at the Devil's Den. Bob took her out to dinner to Vino's tonight, before they meet up with a group of his friends and me. Poor Roni, she doesn't get close with many females. I'm the only close friend she has. So we're stuck together.

Examining myself in the mirror, I run down my mental checklist. Lipstick - check; I'm wearing a nude shade tonight. Eye shadow - check, going subtle with greens and a hint of gold. Blush, foundation, eyeliner, mascara - check, check, check. Good, that's all

completed.

My hair, I've left down; it's naturally straight, silky smooth and abundantly full. I know most women would kill to have hair like mine. It's nice and looks better down than up tonight.

I wasn't sure what I wanted to wear out. Like a typical woman, I tried on ten different dresses and skirt combinations. I don't wear pants or shorts often. I stick with dresses and skirts, they appear more professional, and let's face it, they're sexier. God knows, I love to feel

sexy.

Twirling one more time, I smile and smooth my hair in my wide bathroom mirror that's above my single bowl vanity. I feel beyond beautiful tonight. This Allen Swartz jade green lace overlay, stretch knit designer dress is to die for! It has a nude lining that matches my skin color exactly. I'm on the taller side for a woman so it hits me a few inches above the knee. I've paired it with a pair of shiny nude colored four-inch stilettos. My bag for the night is a golden clutch that I will end up leaving

at the table when I dance. It's Heartfair;
nobody is going to steal my money.



Walking up the sidewalk to the Devil's Den, I never thought the place would be this packed on a Friday night, not that I have much to go on. I haven't been to a bar to party, in God knows how long. The music is so loud I can hear it from out here. The front of the bar isn't much to look at. There's a sign above the brown metal door that says the bars name and that's it. The building is old, three stories and brick, just like

most of the other buildings in this town.

Dodging a stumbling drunk man slurring his way out the door, his cell phone glued to his ear. I walk through the front door of the bar and stop right inside, glancing between and over a hoard of people. Praying I can find Roni in here. I texted her five minutes ago to tell her I'd just parked. Which, by the way, was two blocks away. There were no other parking spaces available.

The music is thumping something about *a window to a wall*. I don't listen to rap, so I couldn't tell ya a damn thing

about it. I can dance to it though. I can dance to just about anything.

Standing here, there is no way I can see her or Bob, and she couldn't hear a text or call over all of this noise.

Righting myself by smoothing down the sides of my dress, I take in a deep breath and press forward into the crowd, my purse securely clutched in my hand. I duck under a man's flailing arm. He must be in some serious drunken argument with his girlfriend. Shimmying past a group of frat boys, I inch closer and closer to the dance floor.

The Devil's Den is devoid of anything resembling fancy or refined. It's as basic as it comes. Wooden bar, high tables, metal stools with black rotating tops, two plasma TVs hung on the wall, a dance floor, DJ on the weekends, and copious amounts of alcohol. The walls are exposed brick and plastered with beer posters and neon signs. In the back, there are two pool tables and a dartboard. It's not much and tonight it seriously reeks of testosterone and horny women. Or maybe that's my imagination.

Vigilantly bobbing and weaving in

and out of the throng of bar goers, I finally spot Roni. She's sitting at a high table on the edge of the dance floor, wearing the tank I found in her messy apartment, with jeans and surprisingly her auburn hair is presentable. She looks hot! I love seeing Roni like this.

“Hey.” I yell, claiming a stool across from her.

“Hey!” She smiles wide, taking a long pull from her Bud Light bottle.

“How was dinner? Where's Bob?”

Talking this loudly, guarantees that I'll be hoarse by the end of the night and

possibly deaf, too. It's wild in here. Women and a few men are bumping and grinding on the dance floor. We're down to standing room. There isn't an open seat and barely an open place to stand. I didn't even know we had this many people in Heartfair.

“Dinner was great! Bob's there.” She points over to the bar where Bob is standing. He is wearing a pair of ratty old jeans, Hanes tee and his work boots. His hair's buzz cut so short, he's almost bald. Chatting with him is Auto; his boss, Tank; who is another man he

works with at Auto's Auto Body. Then there's two men I recognize but don't know their names, and they're chatting with Corey. I had no idea he'd be here and...the biggest pain in my tuckus is fraternizing alongside them. Gage Masterson, I swear he and Corey are attached at the damn hip. Why is he even here?

Just as he notices I'm looking at him, Gage lifts a glass of something dark red in greeting, flashing me his sexy smoldering smile. It looks like Merlot in his glass. But I could be wrong. It's

funny; I pegged him as a beer drinker or maybe whiskey. Definitely not wine.

Dropping my purse on the table, I flip it open and pull out a twenty.

It's time to get some liquor in me, and I don't do beer.

“Be right back. You need anything?” I yell to Roni and she shakes her head, mouthing ‘okay’ to me.

“Are you Lex?” A brunette barmaid asks, stopping me from leaving my table, by touching my forearm. A tray full of drinks is miraculously balanced over her head. This young woman has skills.

“Yes.”

“Good. These are yours.” She explains lowering the tray without spilling a drop and sets eight glasses on our table. Two different colors of wines, shots of tequila, some tea looking thing, and a glass of some clear substance, could be vodka or about fifty other beverages.

“What are all these?” I ask, waving my hand over the table full. Between Roni’s bucket of beer and these glasses, we barely have room to sit much else.

“The wines are two different ages of

Merlot. Those,” she points to the shot glasses, “are José. That is an alcoholic sweet tea.” She points to the amber liquid filled highball glass. “And that one is Patrón.” She finishes out the explanation and my eyes go wide. Apparently, whoever ordered these drinks knows I like Patrón.

“Thanks... and who are these from?” I ask, just as she gets ready to leave, her tray pressed her to chest.

“I was told to give you this.” Dropping a white bar napkin with pen ink written on it she turns and rushes off.

I shoot Roni a questioning look, she shrugs, and I grab the napkin.

You look very beautiful tonight, my Lotion Lady. Enjoy the drinks.

My heart is yours,

Suit Master.

My mouth drops open. Oh my God! Oh. My. Fucking. God!

Quickly, I show Roni and her mouth joins mine, nearly hitting the floor. My heart is excitedly hammering like a piston in my chest.

He's watching me! He's watching me right now. I can feel it. Frantically

looking around I try to spot anything out of the ordinary. But it's dark. The place is packed and I have no clue what he even looks like or his name.

“How did he know?” Roni asks, wide-eyed.

Her guess is as good as mine. I couldn't even begin to guess how he knew. I've not told anyone anything except her that I was coming here tonight. Not even Daniel or my mom.

I know this should seriously creep me out, but knowing for a fact he's in here watching me, turns me on. I guess

he wasn't joking when he said he was going to win me.



The Suit Master

Look at her, my beautiful Lex, sitting there trying to find me.

I'm right here, my Angel. All in due time, I will reveal myself; all in due time, my Lotion Lady.

To quote Shakespeare, "She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed; She's a woman therefore to be won." This is true in all forms and I will woo

and win her.

Lex is even prettier today than yesterday, when she wore that leather brown skirt and white shirt. The day I had roses delivered to her work, I knew she'd never respond to my emails. I know all about her and her harrowing past. And I'm sure the thought of even dating a man is terrifying for her. I don't blame her for feeling that way. Even though, I'm not just *any* man.

I've thoroughly read the entire police case file on Lex. That Brian was one sick son-of-a-bitch, what I wouldn't give

to murder him myself for hurting my woman. Damaging her so badly, she's afraid to let me in.

I'm sitting on a stool here at the bar, watching her in the reflection of the mirror, that's on the wall straight in front of me. That dress she's wearing, my sister would kill to own, even though Tasha wouldn't look half as amazing wearing it. And Lex's long black hair is the sexiest thing I've ever seen. It's astounding how much I love that woman with everything in me.

Having had my fair share of women

since my wife and I divorced, I've been trying to buy my time until I could find a way into Lex's life. I've had my eye on her for years, six to be exact.

I could never forget the day Biff, my old boss, brought me her case to work on. He had a lot of other things on his plate with the firm and knowing my scarred past, he knew I'd do my best to get Lex the outcome she deserved. Sad thing is, the sick motherfucker only got fifteen years. I tried hard to make Biff push for more time, but he was the boss. In the end, Brian won out and didn't

serve life with no chance of parole, like I had been gunning for since I opened that manila folder on my desk that rainy April day.

The pictures of her scars in that file were enough to make even the strongest person wince and want to throw up. What that poor woman had to endure was beyond anything I'd seen before. Three huge gashes, that's what I vividly remember. Three massive, thick, rigidly scarred gashes on her body that looked like he'd literally taken chunks out of her. Mixed among, less intense scars.

Knife slices, mostly.

She was twenty-two when she first came into my life. I had taken her file home with me to work on over the weekends. And the more I read, the more paperwork Biff supplied, like; pieces of her testimony, more pictures, letters and other things that make up a lawyers case file. I read everything five and six times. I stared at her pictures for hours and refused to let anyone touch her case except Biff. He was the lead attorney; I just did his legwork. I would have represented her myself, if given the

chance. I wouldn't let anyone do a damn thing pertaining to the Lex Keagan versus Brian Links case. I made all phone calls, did things that secretaries are supposed to do. All because, the more I read and learned about Lex, the more that beautiful woman crawled into my brain and nested there. Not only has she consumed my mind but my heart, for the rest of my life.

After Biff won her trial, I stayed away or I tried to—is what I should say. But I couldn't. I couldn't let her go. I even went to a counselor to discuss my

obsession. I knew it wasn't normal to feel the way I did. I'd never spoken to her directly, I didn't have a reason to love her like I did and still do. But, I couldn't change it. For two years, I locked Lex's pictures and letters I had stolen from her file, into a safety deposit box at my bank. After those two years were up, no longer able to resist the daily urge to see her angelic face, I retrieved them. From the very beginning of my infatuation, I banned myself from stalking her. Even though, if I'm being totally honest, that's exactly what I

wanted to do. Craved to do.

Three years after her case was over, my wife found Lex's pictures in my bedside drawer. I no longer desired Melissa, my wife, or any other woman. From the moment I got her case on my desk, I never looked back. I couldn't. Lex was *mine*, even if she didn't know me. I knew her and needed her. I needed to protect her and love her and be there for her. I just didn't know how, until now.

I instantly felt a kismet connection with Lex because as a child my mother

beat my brother, my sister and me. I was burned with cigarettes more often than not. And when my mother became too drunk, I'd take her beers away and pour them down the drain, to keep her from passing out in a pile of vomit on the bathroom floor. That inevitably if she did, I'd be the one to clean up.

Taking away those beers would turn her into an even angrier drunk than she already was, and she'd lash out. Twice she broke a beer bottle over the lip of our kitchen sink and attacked me with it. I have some mean looking scars to prove

it. Unlike Lex, my mother felt guilty after her escapades, and she'd always take me to the ER to get stitched and administered antibiotics. Not Lex, she suffered at the hand of her father and then her boyfriend. A man I know was her first in all ways that count. It was all written in one of the statements she made to Biff. Brian had taken her virginity, and that not only pissed me off, it made me insane with jealousy. Jealousy I knew I had no right to feel. But I still do, nonetheless. I'm not sure how many men she's been with since Brian. It doesn't

matter to me. Well it does, because I love her. But I have no room to talk. I'm no saint.

I left my wife a year ago and our divorce was finalized eight months ago, since I couldn't make it work. I tried to love my uptight and very demanding wife. I couldn't. She started seeing a therapist because of my lack of interest in her and soon thereafter began banging her fitness trainer. I couldn't blame her. I hadn't slept with my wife in nearly two years at that point. I masturbated constantly to Lex in my bathroom, and

that's all that I ever needed. That's all that fueled me, her pretty blue eyes, long black hair and flawless body. Even with scars, she's flawless to me. She's perfect for me, and I know that for a fact.

Pulling myself out of my thoughts, I stare at her in the mirror. Corey, a guy I've spoken with a dozen or so times is standing next to her, conversing. I don't like it. I don't like it one fuckin' bit. If I wanted to risk giving myself away, I would go over there right now and beat his ass to a bloody fucking pulp for touching what is *mine*.

I've waited years to finally get into her life without a wife, baggage, or other extenuating circumstances to get in my way. This is my time and I will win her, even if it takes tiny baby steps. Lex Keagan will forever own me and soon, very soon, I will own her too.



Lex

“So ya wanna go home with me tonight?” Corey slurs, holding onto the edge of the table for balance. He’s smashed.

Feigning a smile, I reply. “You know Corey, I don’t think so.”

“Ohhhh... Come on.” He pouts, popping out his bottom lip and giving me pitiful puppy dog eyes.

Not gonna work, bucko.

I’ve been at this bar for an hour now. I’ve drank one glass of my wine and sipped on my Patrón. Roni has been bouncing back and forth between Bob and me. Corey just came over to talk with me ten minutes ago and can’t seem to stop flirting. I’m surprised I haven’t been groped yet.

“Nope, Corey. I think I’ll go to the restroom though.” I get off my stool and maneuver around him.

“Uh-ok.” He stammers and his hand reaches out and grazes my side as I step past him.

Making haste, I military maneuver in and out of the dancing crowd, toward the back of the bar where the ladies restroom is located. I don’t have to pee that bad, but anything to get away from a drunken Corey is better than enduring him. After tonight and this week’s crap with both the Suit Master and then Gage,

I am past my tolerable level of bullshit.
No more men for Lex.

In the bathroom, I use the facilities and as I'm finishing up, I hear the dreaded drunken gossip echoing off the cement walls, as a group of woman come tumbling like fools into the bathroom. Laughing and exuberantly gabbing a hundred miles an hour.

“Did ya’ll see Bob is now with Veronica Phoenix?” a girl spouts with obvious distaste.

“Yes, of course I did. I heard Peggy called the cops on them screwing the

other night. I also heard Lincoln went to Lex's first. You know, I don't get how a beautiful girl like her is friends with such a disgusting tomboy like Veronica." Another woman says.

"I know...right?" a third girl adds.

"Bob isn't the hottest guy in town, but come on—Veronica Phoenix? Pluh-easssee." The first girl says like a bratty girl from *Clueless*.

I can almost see the eye roll and hair flipping with her words. What a bitch!

I'm now standing in the stall, my hand on the lock, ready to break free.

After they finish their little bitchy bash session.

“Forget about Bob and Veronica. How about Gage? He’s soooo hot! I want to fuck his gorgeous brains out!”

Now I’m the one rolling my eyes. Idiots!

“Yeah but Tammy, you and I both know he wouldn’t give any of us the time of day. He’s still broken up about his wife. I heard she doesn’t even see their daughter anymore. She just up and left and now he’s a single dad.” The third girl explains.

Poor Gage. Maybe I should be nicer to him, or maybe I should offer to babysit. That might help. I do love kids.

“Yeah, too bad. He’d make a great lay.” The second woman adds.

I’ve had enough of this. First Veronica is ugly, and then Gage is just a piece of ass. Enough is *enough*.

Theatrically opening the bathroom door to make my grand entrance, the three-woman jump startled and look at me. Two of them are placing their hands over their hearts, clearly surprised.

“Sorry we didn’t know anyone else

was in here.” The second one says, looking a bit scared.

They’ve all gotta be in their early to mid-twenties. Dressed like sluts and reek of liquor and too much cheap perfume.

“Sorry? Why? Because you’re talking shit about my best friend? Or are you sorry because you’re treating Gage Masterson like a piece of meat that’s to be passed around? And here’s the four-one-one ladies. Veronica is a great person, who doesn’t give a flying fuck what you think of her. She’s happy to be

who she is and I love her that way. As for Gage, if his ex-wife did that to his daughter that's his own damn business, not yours. So keep your traps shut."

I hard point my finger at woman number two, who's a thick brunette. "How would you like me going around talking about how that red dress you're wearing is too tight and I can see your panty line?"

I move my pointer finger and direct it at girl number three, a tall lanky fake blonde. "Or...how would you like me to blab all over town that you don't know

how to put fake eyelashes on and your bottled dye job has fried your hair?”

Her mouth drops open and her cheeks turn bright red.

Lastly, I turn to girl numero uno, who's also a blonde, except naturally and curvy. “And you, Madam, are wearing a bra that's padded so much that you're probably an A not the C that you're claiming to be.”

Having completed my task, I flamboyantly flip my hair over my shoulder, stroll all holier than thou over to the sink, wash my hands, dry them

with a paper towel and out the door I go. Not a single word is muttered from the hags that I left discombobulated in the bathroom; serves their asses right for talking about people behind their backs. Grow up; it's not high school anymore.

Outside the door, I stop, tuck my chin to my chest and take in a deep calming breath. My adrenalin is running high. That was sort of intense. I can't remember the last time I've ever been that ballsy.

Suddenly a steel arm is aggressively wrapped around my waist and I am

dragged backward down the hallway, away from the main part of the bar. My high heels fall off as I frantically try to gain traction but he's too fast.

“Let go of me!” I yell trying to wiggle loose and his other hand clamps over my mouth.

“Shhhh.” The manly voice whispers in my ear, stinking of rancid alcohol.

What is going on!? What is he doing?! Oh my God! What is he going to do to me!?

Flashes of my past start to erupt in my brain, not again! I can't do this again!

Screaming under my attacker's hand, I flail my arms, trying to hit him desperate to break free. I need to get away! Help!

Pushing me face first into a dark corner my kidnapper lets me go and spins me around by the shoulders to face him.

My eyes bulge out of my head, taking in my abductor.

COREY!

“What the hell!?” I pound on his chest with my fist.

A dark carnal smirk quirks at the

corner of his lips as he advances on me, pressing his entire body against mine, engulfing me in the unlit corner.

“Let me go.” I try to push him backward but he doesn’t budge.

“No, I like you, Lex. I’ve liked you since high school.” He terrifyingly states, looming his massive body over mine. His eyes burning into mine like the devil has consumed his soul. I know he’s about to do bad things to me. I can feel the raw, sexual, sadistic tension wafting off him in powerful surges. He wants me and he’s not going to take no for an

answer.

“That’s nice, Corey, but I’d really like to get back to my friends now.” I try to stay calm. I can do this. I’ve done it a hundred times before. I can take it. It can’t be any worse than I’ve been through before.

“But I like you.” His warm liquor infused breath fans my face and I crinkle my nose in revulsion. Swallowing hard, I try my best not to cower with fear. I’m so scared; I can feel the tears wanting to break free. But I can’t let them. I can’t let him win. If I cry, or I freak out, all the

years of staying strong and living through torture will have been for nothing.

“That’s nice, Corey, but please let me go.” Maybe if I don’t fight and I’m nice, he won’t think this is a game he has to win and he’ll let me go. I can only pray that’s the case.

Tsking me like an errant child, he buries his nose in the crook of my neck. His body’s forced so hard against mine I can feel the outline of the thick erection in his jeans firmly pressing into my stomach.

I think I might throw up.

“God, you smell soooo good, baby.”

He groans, sniffing me like a dog and I timorously shiver all the way down to my bare toes.

Baby? He called me baby. That’s what Brian used to call me...

If I could only hit him in the nuts, but my arms are pinned to my sides and I can’t lift my leg. I’ve tried.

“All the things I’d love to do to this body.” He reveals, grinding his erection against my stomach, his hand palms my hipbone and he slides it down to the hem of my dress.

Oh no!

“I wonder what we have under here?” Slowly, he lifts the hem of my dress and I steel my emotions. He will hit me if I yell; I just know it. And no one will hear me back here if I did. The music is thumping too loudly.

“Please don’t.” I plead, closing my eyes and preparing for the worst. Inching closer to my center I know what he’s about to find. And I just pray he’s too drunk to remember it tomorrow. It’s not at all what he’s expecting. I’m not like every other woman. I’m a slight bit

more. The *lady* that lives there stays hidden and tucked away and has since I was fourteen years old.

Please God, don't let him feel it. Please God, don't let him beat me once he finds out! Ohhhhhh God! Please no!

Tears well behind my closed lids and I hold my breath to will them away. Humping into my belly, his hand tortuously approaches my center, just inches away from the thin fabric of my tan cotton panties.

“Fuck, Lex, you're one hot bitch.” His tongue ruthlessly laps my neck

saturating my skin with his disgusting saliva.

Curling my toes and holding my breath, he begins to unwelcomingly nibble on my collarbone, stopping an inch from the seam of my panties with his fingers, where my *lady* lives.

“Hey! What do you think you’re doing fuckhead?!” a familiar voice yells, without a doubt, flaming pissed off.

Opening my eyes, I turn my head, and Corey looks to see Roni, my savior, stalking angrily toward us.

“Go away!” he yells back and she

starts to walk even faster, closing in.

Thank you, Roni!

“You better back away, Corey, or I’ll kill you myself.” She snarls, her eyes blazing with all the demonic infernos within the depths of hell itself. I don’t think I’ve ever seen her this outraged.

Corey refuses to release me and as Roni reaches us she grabs his shirt and yanks him away, and I push his chest at the same time to help.

“Go, Lex” She darkly orders, pointing toward the main part of the bar. Keeping her hand twisted in Corey’s

shirt. His eyes are focused on her and she him.

I don't listen. I scurry out of the corner and come to stand beside her.

“Lex...” Her warning tone and locked jaw tells me she's not playing but neither am I. He's drunk and I won't let him hurt her either.

“Fine.” She huffs and without a second to spare she upper cuts him square in the nose.

Corey shrieks so loudly it pierces my ears and immediately he covers his without a doubt, broken nose.

Blood gushes between his fingers and pain-laden tears trail down his cheeks. Never releasing his shirt Roni aggressively tows a heavily bleeding and now whimpering Corey behind her.

If only I could have done that, not her.

“You fuck with Lex or even speak to Lex again, I’ll castrate you and feed you those things you call balls.” She snaps, yanking his shirt harder, causing him to stumble.

Once we reach my shoes in the hall, I pick them up and two fingers hold them

in my left hand, not taking my eyes off my attempted rapist.

Making it to the main part of the bar, all eyes turn to us and I instantly shrink. I don't like to be a part of any gossip. This is going to fly around town for weeks; I just know it.

“What happened?” Bob jogging towards us with a concerned expression asks over the quieted crowd.

“Corey tried to rape Lex.” She states. There's no if ands or butts about it. She gets straight to the nitty-gritty.

As the word 'rape' hangs in the air,

Corey slumps down even further.

Suddenly, without warning, a burr passes my line of sight as Gage flies through the parted crowd and tackles Corey to the ground.

“You motherfucker!” Gage growls, sitting atop Corey, ferociously pounding his friend over and over with his fist in the face and chest. Corey tries to block the assault with his arms but Gage is working with quick precision. Fluidly jabbing Corey in the cheek, in the ribs and the ear, then both fists simultaneously smash into his cheeks

and I think I hear a crack.

“You motherfucker!” he repeats, in a murderous rage relentlessly wailing away.

I can’t believe this is happening! I’m in utter shock. My heart is nearly pounding out of my chest.

Bob wraps his arms over both mine and Roni’s shoulders, kisses her forehead and we all stand back and watch in astonishment as Gage unleashes on Corey. *It’s justice*, is what I keep trying to tell myself, even though he didn’t actually rape me.

Sweat starts to bead on Gage's blood spattered face and just as Corey is nearly unrecognizable, Auto pulls a raw and animalistic Gage off the man who used to be his friend. And physically escorts a growling, unwilling and completely blood doused Gage out the front door.

“An ambulance is on its way, and so is Lincoln.” A woman says, breaking the eerie silence. The bar has gone from drunken party fest to a sobered state. The music is off and everyone is either staring at me, a bloodied and

unconscious Corey or at the front door.

“I’m going to go check on Gage.” I announce and the crowd parts as I make my way to the front door. A man I’ve never met before opens it for me.

“He almost raped her!” Gage is still yelling.

“I know, but Roni got there.” Auto’s calm. He’s always calm. Smoking as much dope as he does, he’d better be.

I turn the corner and see Gage has taken off his designer black tattoo printed hoody and laid it on the ground against the brick wall. His white t-shirt

has speckles of blood on it and his face is a smeared mess. He must have tried to wipe the splatters off but it didn't work at all. In his mouth, he's puffing hard on a Black & Mild, pacing back and forth in the alley beside the bar.

Sirens erupt in the night air.

“Hey.” I quietly mutter, chewing on my bottom lip.

Stopping dead in his tracks, Gage drops his half smoked Black & Mild on the ground, takes three long strides and engulfs me compassionately into his thick, heavily tattooed arms. His busted

hand lovingly strokes the back of my head, as his lips press into my hair.

I feel so safe in these arms.

Pressing a sweet lingering kiss into my hair, he inhales my scent. With a loud exhale, his body releases his iron stance and he relaxes against me, melding us together.

“Are you okay?” he asks in a near whisper.

“I should be asking you that.” I wrap my hands around his waist and turn my head so it’s resting on his chest. I can smell him and he smells so good. Like

fragrant tobacco, bergamot, mandarin, clove, blood, and musky man. It's wondrously divine.

"I'm fine. Did he hurt you? Do you want to sue him?" His worried tone isn't lost on me. His words are heavily laced with sadness and regret, as he combs his fingers through my hair.

Shaking my head against his hard yet soft peck, I mutter. "No, but you might go to jail. He could die."

"So..." I feel him shrug.

Closing my eyes, I drift into a blissful Gage bubble. I hear the

ambulance arrive and Lincoln, but I don't care. My adrenalin has drastically plummeted and I'm suddenly beyond exhausted.

Sighing, I nuzzle my nose into his sensual heat and he lets me stand here in the alley, enveloped in his protective arms. As one of his hands caress my hair and the other soothingly rubs my lower back.

"Is my girl alright?" I hear Lincoln ask.

Kissing my hair again, Gage responds. "Yes...Do you need to arrest

me?”

“Did he try to rape her?” Lincoln with an overly concerned tone asks.

“Yes, Roni found them. I saw Lex go back to the bathroom and never came back. I didn’t think a thing about it. Roni must have, because she went lookin’ for her, broke his nose before I got my hands on him. If you want to arrest me, do it. But do it after I hold her a little while longer.” He pulls me tighter and kisses my head. “Then I’ll come, you can even put me in the back of the cruiser and read me my Miranda Rights.”

I can't believe he's willing to go to jail for me.

“Naw, way I see it, he got what he deserved and then some. I wouldn't be surprised if he doesn't sue ya though. You got a good lawyer?” Lincoln chuckles and Gage joins in.

“Yes, I'm sure I can come up with something. How bad is he?”

“He'll live, but I'm sure some serious reconstructive surgery will be in order. His cheeks were hallowed when I saw him, his eyes are black and blue and the paramedics couldn't wake him. My

guess is he's got a serious concussion. Must not of punched him in the mouth, I see he's got all his teeth."

"I learned my lesson long ago, don't punch in the mouth. You'll get your knuckles busted all to hell. It's not worth it."

And here I thought he was just letting loose on him. Apparently, I was wrong. Gage hit him just where he intended to, with complete control. That's scary and kind of sexy, even though it shouldn't be.

"Lex?" Lincoln is speaking to me.

"Yeah?"

“You alright here with Gage? Or do you want me to take you home? I...”

Gage cuts him off. “I’ll take her home. I’m sober. Only had a single glass of wine.”

“Is that alright, sweetheart?” Lincoln questions.

My heart blooms at his sweetness. Lincoln is the kindest man and the best police officer. He needs a wife to share all that love with. Maybe I can find him a girlfriend.

Nodding into Gage’s chest, I answer. “Yes, he or Roni can take me home.”

“I heard my name.” I feel Roni’s hand softly land on my shoulder, supportively patting it a few times. “What’s up, Linc?”

“Not much, Roni, hear you kicked some ass tonight. I’m going to make my report and make sure I get Corey’s statement. I’ll need you three to write one up for me. But I won’t keep ya. Lex needs to get home. Make sure you tuck her in tight for me. I’ll drop by tomorrow to check on her.” Lincoln rattles off to Roni and Gage.

“And Lex, you’ve got my number if

you need anything. I'm working all night. But I don't care if it's ten in the morning and I'm sleeping, I'll wake up and come over so we can eat ice-cream and watch a movie."

Awe! I need to give him a hug.

Releasing my arms from around Gage, I try to pull away but he won't let me go.

"I want to hug him." I whisper, gazing up into his majestic blue green eyes.

Cupping my cheeks in his hands, Gage holds eye contact and my heart

reaches out to him. Even now, all dirty, he's sexier than any man I've ever imagined.

“Okay,” he nods, closes his eyes and leans forward, sweetly kissing my forehead.

My heart physically aches walking away from Gage and into Lincoln's outstretched arms. I melt into and he too kisses the top of my head. It must be a hot guy thing. Except he couldn't kiss my forehead as easily, Lincoln stands about three to four inches taller than Gage and my head hits him mid chest. He's a

massive man.

“Love you Lex, call or text me tomorrow. Let me know how you are. I’ll stop by on my way to shift about nine tomorrow night.” Kissing me one more time, he lets me go and leaves to go do his job, and Gage doesn’t wait another second to have me back into his protective arms, where I strangely feel like I belong, even though I shouldn’t. I know I should probably force myself to stop liking it this much. But I can’t. It feels too good, too comforting, too perfect to let go of. I can go back to

disliking him tomorrow. Tonight I'm going to relish in this comforting connection.



“You’re sure you’re okay?” Roni asks standing in the doorway of my bedroom. Concern etched in the lines of her face.

“I’m fine. I promise. Nothing actually happened. He didn’t feel lady, so it’s alright.”

I’m being honest with her. After spending another hour at the bar with Gage, Roni and Bob, I feel much better.

Gage insisted on driving me home. But I insisted right back that he'd already done more than enough. Which left Roni to drive me home in my car; she rode with Bob tonight, so it worked out perfectly.

“Are you sure you don't want to talk about *lady*? We haven't talked about how you feel about her in a long time.”

Roni is being too nice. I need my bitchy best friend back. I don't like people feeling sorry for me or trying to hold my hand. I don't want to be babied. I want to go to sleep.

“*Lady* is fine. I like her just fine and she serves a purpose. I still want to keep her.”

“Good. Now go to sleep.”

She smiles, winks, and shuts my door. Rolling onto my side, I click off my night lamp. Tonight has been quite the evening. I’m exhausted and ready to sleep away all of tonight’s drama.

Chapter Eleven

As I am sure, you have gathered through the course of the night, I have an extra appendage. Now, before you go writing me off and thinking I'm some sicko freakazoid. Hear me out.

Here's my story on how I became the woman I am today.

My past, as far back that I can remember, my life was always filled with pain. Emotional pain, laced with moments of excruciating punishment.

Punishment rendered firstly by my father for not being the son he always wanted. I was the monster or a 'thing' in his eyes, or that's what he told me on many occasions, all because I'm different. I was born with the wrong sex between my legs. And once my mother and I were finally able to rid ourselves from the destruction my father reaped, we moved to Heartfair to start our new lives. Then at twenty-one, I met my first long-term boyfriend. The man I lost my virginity to, but once again I was betrayed. Our love and my trust was obliterated within the

first six months of us being together. The love we felt quickly fell apart and was replaced with hatred and through that hate; abuse was the front-runner in my life for eight very long agonizing months, until I was finally saved. We've already talked about Brian. And that's only half of my story.

When I was a child, I felt different. I couldn't pinpoint what exactly. I just didn't feel like a boy. I never liked boy things. Even though I wore boy clothes, had a boy haircut and was even forced to pee like a man; standing up. Although

when my father wasn't home, I always sat down. It felt more natural to me.

I can vividly remember this moment like it was yesterday. I was four and my mom took me grocery shopping with her. Which we did everything together. I've always been close with her. I had on a pair of blue bibs—or that's what we called them. You might know them better as overalls. And that spring day at the store because I had been such a good boy helping my mom with her shopping—by putting things in her cart that was on our list and always listening to her

instructions. My mom surprised me by taking me to the toy department to pick out something special, just for me.

Being an only child with no close cousins or friends, I had never seen a baby doll or a Barbie up close. They were always on TV but I was not allowed to watch it much. So I was ecstatic to be able to touch and see them in their plastic boxes, lining the store aisles. Padding my tiny light up tennis shoe clad feet, up and down the aisle I looked at every single toy, until I found *her*. The most perfect doll. She was a

Barbie with long blonde hair and a frilly pink dress that fell off her shoulders. It was love at first sight. And when I carried my precious cargo over to my mom, she was slightly puzzled by my choice.

“Lex, are you sure you don’t want a He-man action figure? Or a G.I Joe, instead?” she asked with a sweet smile on her face.

Shaking my head and batting my long lashes, she gave in. I was dead set on that doll. And being the sweet mom she is, I was allowed to have my very first

pretty pink Barbie. I was beyond proud and thrilled to call her mine.

When we got home to our small single story house in a tiny town resting in the middle of Connecticut, I raced into the house for the scissors so my mom could open my Barbie for me. She did, even before putting away the bags of groceries.

I played and cherished that Barbie in my blue walled bedroom where I talked with her and introduced her to my stuffed animals and the hot wheels that I had meticulously lined up on my brown

dresser for display. I never played with them. I didn't like them that way.

When my Dad came home that night from work, he was a police officer and always worked long hours. So I didn't see him as much as my mom, who stayed at home with me full time.

Running from my room down the hall with my Barbie in my grasp, I was so excited to show my dad. Stopping in front of his recliner as he knelt down unlacing his boots and sitting them next to his chair one at a time, he looked up at up at me with tired eyes, a forced smile,

and he said, “Hey there, Lex.”

“Dad, look what I got today!” I screeched so excited I could have jumped out of my skin if it hadn’t been attached.

As soon as my father’s eyes latched onto the doll that I was jiggling in my tiny hands he snatched it away. At first, I thought it was so he could get a better look at her. To admire how pretty her fluffy pink dress was.

Boy, oh boy, was I wrong.

“You wanted a fucking bitch doll?!” he seethed, red faced, jaw locked, his

knuckles that were wrapped around my Barbie had turned pure white.

I didn't respond.

“Lex, you don't want to pee standing up and you like your mother's lipstick and perfume. Now, you want a stupid doll!?” By this time, he was screaming right in my little four-year-old face. I could smell cigarette stench on his breath. I was already shaking and bawling so hard I couldn't have spoken a single coherent word if I wanted to. I sniffled and sucked in the snot that wanted to run, and kept wiping my eyes

repeatedly, to clear away the waterfall of salty tears.

“Lex, dolls are for girls! And no *son* of mine will be playing with bitch dolls!”

That was the very first day of many days to come that my earth shattered around me. First came Barbie’s head. He tore off her body and chucked it angrily across the room, with a manly roar.

“No fucking dolls, Lex.” He screamed again, yanking off both of her arms at the same time. Those he tossed

into the trashcan next to his chair. I can't remember much of what he screamed after that, because I was so devastated with a shattered heart, I couldn't think straight. The one and only toy I had loved was being destroyed in front of my very eyes. The same day I had brought her home to live with us.

Once he was finished, all that was left was her torso. Even her dress was gone, since he'd torched it over the trashcan with his butane lighter that he pulled from his pants pocket. It was the one he normally used to light his

cigarettes.

Afterward, because I was still hysterically crying, my father told me like so many parents are guilty of. “If you’re going to cry, I’ll give you something to cry about.” And he did, with his black leather belt and my trembling body bent over his knee. I lost count after ten lashes on my bottom. I was only four so I couldn’t count much higher, even if I wanted to.

From that day forward, I vowed to myself, that I’d hide who I am from the world, never letting anyone see me

smelling my mom's perfume or trying on her heels. I was sneaky. I had no other choice. I was different. I knew it. I also knew no one was going to accept who I am.

After years of verbal abuse and some physical, mainly spankings and the occasional cigarette put out on my back was all I endured. If I had to calculate it, between the ages of four and seven, I was verbally abused daily. "Bitch boy," was my father's favorite nickname for me during those years.

I'm sure by now you are wondering

where and the hell was my mother during all of this? She was getting slightly less abused right next to me. Because it was the early nineties, we lived in a small town, and my dad was a respected police officer, no one and I mean no one took my mother's police reports seriously. He never did anything that would last long enough or warrant me having to go to the hospital. When she once tried to leave, he punched her in the eye, she went to the police and they did nothing. My father said she tripped and hit her eye on a doorknob.

Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? Of course, I didn't know about any of these police reports until I was a lot older and my mother showed them to me.

By the time I was seven, my mother had sort of accepted that I wasn't quite right for a boy. Not once did she try to change me, or ask me to be something I'm not. So when I asked permission to grow my hair long she didn't question it. Once again, I was thrilled, but as soon as it grew past my ears, my father took scissors to my head when I was sleeping, forcing me to have short hair

all over again. A buzz cut to be exact, because that next morning with a bed full of black hair my father forced my mother to clean up the mess he'd made. He took me into the bathroom and shaved my head with his clippers on the second to lowest setting.

That same year, my father came home early to find me playing with my mom's colorful heels inside her closet. That time I peed myself as he sat on top of me, on the floor right inside the closet, my face forcefully smashed into the brown carpet and beat me with the

heels of a pair of bright blue stilettos until I passed out. I still have the three circle scars where he had hit me so hard it had punctured my skin. I didn't realize how bad I had been beaten until I woke up on the cheap rose linoleum bathroom floor in my mother's sobbing arms. As she cradled me and cried, applying antiseptic to my bruised and bloodied body.

After years of this abuse, both physical and emotional, it was normal for me. I was used to getting whipped by the belt from my father when my mom

didn't cook dinner properly. Once I was thrown into a cold shower because my father was horny and my mom refused to have sex with him. I was the outlet for him, the *bad* son, all because I was different. I wanted to wear frilly dresses like all the other girls, have boobs, and go through female puberty. I couldn't help it. I felt shame and disgust with myself for years for feeling the way I do. I tried so hard to convince myself I was a boy and that I liked having a penis, even though I never really have.

By fifth grade I was eleven, I was

thicker and curvier in body size and to be honest I looked a lot like a girl. Even wearing boy's clothes and having shorter hair. I have bigger lips, bright blue eyes, feminine features and soft skin. I liked when people would ask if I was a girl or a boy or made the mistake of calling me a female. It made me feel like I wanted to feel—pretty.

For some odd reason by that age, I had also started to grow small breasts and my mom took me to the doctors because she was concerned. I loved it but I was born a boy and boys aren't

supposed to have breast tissue, or that's what my mother said. My doctor after running some tests, confirmed I had a lower amount of testosterone than most males my age and that I might grow out of it. I prayed I never would. At the same appointment, my mother spoke with my doctor about my feelings regarding being born the wrong sex. Nothing was mentioned to my father of course, we made sure of that.

The doctor started me in counseling right away and my first counselor confirmed I was basically crazy. The

woman had dated my dad in high school. I'm fairly certain that had something to do with her diagnosis. Then I was transferred to a different physiologist. Who by the age of thirteen had diagnosed me with Gender Identity Disorder or GID, for short. Dr. Banks was a nice middle-aged woman, and by the time I was twelve, she had teamed up with my mom to keep close tabs on the abuse I was enduring. We kept thorough records and pictures of all my newest scars and marks. For years I went to Dr. Banks's once a week and for that hour

we'd talk, document the abuse, and she'd help me find a way to try and conceal my female insides until I was able to get away from my father. I had even met children like me, through a group Dr. Banks brought me to. It felt wonderful to know I wasn't alone. During that time, I had also started to accept having what I call *Lady*, between my legs. From the age of fourteen, I decided I never wanted to undergo gender reassignment surgery or GRS. I realize a lot of people might want that. I, on the other hand, have grown to accept

my extra appendage. An extra appendage that occasionally gives me pleasure. It works for me. Why would I fix something that's not broken?

Once I turned fifteen, after knowing Dr. Banks for four years she and my mom finally decided to turn my father into the authorities for child and spousal abuse. Not the local cops because that route had always turned out to be a dead-end. With all of our testimonials, the scars that I will live with for the rest of my life, plus other various shreds of evidence, my father was arrested and

charged.

During this time, my mother and Dr. Banks without my knowledge had devised a brilliant plan. My mom was already in the process of purchasing the floral store here in Heartfair, the house she owns two houses down from mine and securing a small nest egg from money my mom had hid from my father over the years.

The days leading up to my father's arraignment, he was let out on bail, thanks to my previous counselor who was tending to my fathers every need

during the trial. The subject of my sexuality was my father's bargaining chip as to why he chose the punishments he had. Evidence was too strong against him, that he couldn't plead *not guilty*. Instead, he gave pitiful excuses on the stand as to why he abused me. "He's a sissy fucker, who needed toughened up," was the headlining statement plastered all over the newspapers and other local media. It's not often that you see a 'stand up' police officer on trial for abusing his child for ten years. The media ate it up by the boatload.

It was nearly midnight, three days prior to my father's arraignment. My mother and I were living at our old house. I was asleep in my twin bed, in the same blue walled bedroom with ugly dark brown shag carpeting. When a hand clamped over my mouth and a giant man suspended himself over my body, stinking of BO, cigarettes and whiskey. I didn't have to guess who it was. I knew it was my father.

“Shut the fuck up. Don't you scream, or I'll kill you little bitch boy.” He harshly whispered his hunting knife out

of his hip holster, the cold tang pressed to my jugular.

I didn't move.

“Do you understand?” his voice hissed in a near whisper.

I nodded.

I couldn't make out all of his features; I also didn't have a clue why he was there, other than him wanting to kill me.

“I'm going to put the knife down.” He pulled it away from my neck and sat back on my bed. Allowing me to move and sit up, as his dark form took up the

end of my bed.

I still didn't say a word.

“Why did you turn me in? I was trying to man you up.” His voice had dropped down to a slow sadness. I almost felt sorry for him. *Almost.*

“I'm sorry I've never been the son y o u wanted.” I spoke, my hands wrapped around my knees, pulled to my chest. My back pressed firmly against my headboard.

“You were Lex; you just wanted to be a girl. I never wanted a girl and surely not a son who wanted to have a

pussy.” He was getting angry. I could feel the edge of his voice cutting me like the knife he was playing with in his hands.

I wanted to yell at him and tell him, *I don't want to be a boy. I wasn't meant to be a boy.* That I couldn't help feeling the way I did. I tried to change it. I tried for years to act and walk the earth like a male. Think how fucked up that would make you feel if you had to walk around the wrong sex your entire life. Having to pretend to be something you're not, and knowing if you let the world see you for

who you really are, they'd spit at you and call you degrading and hurtful words like she-male or tranny.

Instead of responding to my father, I sat in the fetal position and stared at him. The moonlight lit up my room just enough I could make out his figure and see his shoulders slumping, as his legs hung off the edge of my twin bed. I wanted to scream, I wanted the cops to come. He wasn't allowed to be there. But, I knew if I did, he'd win and I'd be punished again.

He continued. "The day your mother

and I brought you home from the hospital I was so proud. You were a great baby. So cute and loved to sit in my lap and I'd read to you. Then you turned three and it all changed for me. You liked too much girl shit. You pulled on your penis in the shower like you hated it being attached. Once you even told me to take it off. I didn't know how to deal with that shit. I figured you'd grow out of it. You didn't, did you?" I couldn't tell if he was baiting me into another punishment or trying to come clean. I was scared, that's all I knew. So I

chewed furiously on my bottom lip until it bled.

“Lex? You haven’t changed, have you? You’re not a boy.”

I didn’t respond.

“Answer me dammit!” he nearly yelled full force that my mother could have heard him.

“Yes, I’m not.” I meekly muttered, sucking the blood from my bottom lip.

A callous laugh broke through the air and that’s when he pounced on me. I shrieked as the blade of his hunting knife sunk into the side of my small breast.

Tearing and slicing while warm blood pouring down my side and coating my bed. My father sadistically smiling above me, he knew he'd won. I couldn't cover my wound, his body pinned me down and all I could do was scream. As his knife continued to saw away at my flesh and then he went for my other breast. That's when I heard my mother worried, yelling, trying to break into my locked bedroom and I passed out from the immense pain and substantial blood loss.

Two days later I woke up in the

hospital, bandaged wrapped around my chest and sixty-eight stitches total to right my wrecked body. I couldn't leave the hospital for a week. My father had been sent to prison with a fresh attempted murder charge and he's now serving life in prison without chance of parole.

We moved to Heartfair shortly thereafter. I turned into a girl during that time and my mother bought me an entirely new wardrobe. Even my school documents my mother forged to say I was a girl. Nobody knew any different. I

wore padded bras, grew my hair out, started wearing makeup, and started HRT (hormone replacement therapy). All my dreams were finally coming true. My mother taught me everything else I needed to know about becoming a woman. I started tucking *lady* away. And the only person who ever found out about her was Roni.

I met Roni in high school. I became the hot chick and she was the tomboy. Somehow, we hit it off one day when we were both playing volleyball in gym class and this stupid girl knocked into

me on purpose. Roni helped me up from the gym floor and in the locker room she beat the girl up. It was as easy as that. We became BFF's.

Roni was raised by severely screwed up parents. Her mom is a bar whore and her dad is a drunk who fucks everything that walks. And yes, her parents are still married. Like I said, it's a really messed up situation. So she came to my house a lot for sleepovers. A place she felt safe and nearly moved into by the time we hit our senior year. I had willingly showed her *lady* a few months

after our budding friendship took shape and she is never cared a damn bit.

Now I own a business with Roni, my mom still runs the flower shop and I am a woman inside and mostly outside. I got breast implants to feel more like a woman when I was eighteen, then again when I was twenty-four I went to something more realistic. I had laser hair removal on my entire body, including my privates. Being on hormones helps with any manly type hair. Which to be honest I've never grown, but I don't like hair at all. On men is fine, on me, not so much.

It grosses me out. So everything in my life is basically perfect. For the first time in my entire life, I feel whole, except for the not having a companion part. Which is another topic, I'm sure you're dying to know about.

I don't date. Period. Mainly because of Brian, who I met when I was taking some college courses. I was stupid back then. And that's enough talking about him.... Dating for me is where it becomes a bit tricky. I like men; I am a woman after all. But, I don't want a gay or bi man. I want a straight one. Trust me

there is a huge difference. The main problem with that is having to come clean with my extra appendage. And I'm not so sure how many of them will react. Brian never cared, but he never touched it either. Lincoln, Roni, Brian, my mom, and my old lawyer are the only people who know about lady. They're all accepting of my appendage. I just don't know how any other men would be. I can't risk everyone finding out and me falling victim to hate crimes and treated different in a town I love wholeheartedly. It's not worth what I'll

gain, because I can lose so much more in the process. No matter how tempting, it's not worth the gamble. Flirting is one thing and I can do that quite well. Beyond that is a no, no, in my book. Corey almost came into contact with it tonight. It would have freaked him out, as it should, in a sense. I don't know what to think to be honest. All I know is I am tired. I had a long night. I just pray that you don't write me off because I'm not like everybody else.

Chapter Twelve

Saturday

Rolling onto my side, I grab my phone from my nightstand and unplug it. It's on vibrate and it won't stop making noise, bouncing irritatingly all over my nightstand. I turned it off at seven this morning when it kept trying to wake me up with my alarm. I didn't get up and do yoga for the first time in almost a year. I don't feel like it. I feel like shit. My

stomach's a mess, my body aches and I'm depressed. I might not get out of bed all day.

Sliding on my phone, it's ten already and I have eight texts. Gee-whiz people, I am fine.

Lincoln: *How's my girl doin'?*

Lincoln: *Corey woke up about an hour ago at the hospital. He's ok. Told me to tell you and Roni he's very sorry. Let me know if you want to press charges.*

Lincoln: *Lex...text me back. I'm coming over at noon if I haven't heard*

from you.

Smiling at his sweetness, I scoot up in my bed and hit the reply button.

Me: Elias Lincoln, stop worrying about me. I'm fine and I love you. Thank you for being there for me. But I'm good...Promise. Go to sleep and no I won't press charges unless he sues Gage.

Lincoln: He's not suing Gage. I think he's worried what'll happen if he does. If you're not fine, you had better tell me. I worry about you. You're my girl and I will take care of you. Seems

I'll have to stand in line for that job. Gage and Roni are ten steps ahead of me. Went to Barbie's this morning she's worried about you too. Wants to kill Corey herself. That woman is a mama bear when it comes to you.

Me: I love Barbie. If she's my mama bear, what does that make you? You know you're my number one Linc. I love you.

Lincoln: I love you more and I'm the protective pit-bull in your corner.

Me: You can't be like Lucy

Lincoln: I'm not, but I can relate

with her. Have I told you how much I love her and appreciate you giving her to me?

Me: Not lately, but I'm sure the first year of free sweets from Barbie's made up for it. Lol. I'm just glad she loves her daddy.

Lucy is the blue nose pit I bought for Lincoln three years ago for Christmas. After everything that went down with Brian years before, I never felt like I could ever repay him enough. A year before that, his dog Frank died of old age, and I knew he needed a companion.

So I surprised him with Lucy. She was an abused rescue dog from a shelter three towns away. I knew they'd be perfect companions for each other. I'm not sure why Linc doesn't date but I've never seen him with a woman. And I know he's not gay. That's why a dog suits him just perfectly.

Lincoln: *That she does. I've been pounding the coffee back waiting to hear from you. I'm going to catch some zzzz's. Call me if you need anything. Love ya, sweetheart.*

Me : *Love ya too, ya big lug.*

XOXOXO

Well, that's three of the eight messages down. I've got five to go.

M o m : *Lincoln stopped by this morning at work and told me everything that happened. I'm going to do the mom thing and ask if you're alright. Love you.*

Me: *Mom, are you actually texting?*

Mom: *Yes. I can hang with you kids. How is everything?*

M e : *It's fine. I keep telling everyone that. I'll come see you today or tomorrow. Don't worry.*

Mom: *I'm your mom; I always worry. It's part of the job description. See ya when you stop in.*

Seems as though I'm a popular girl today.

Roni: *I'm out with Bob. Won't be home till late. Fresh rocky road in the freezer and your favorite caramel sauce on the counter, White Chicks in DVD player all ready for ya. Holler if ya need me.*

This is why I love Roni. She doesn't baby me. She gets to the point, which makes life a hundred times easier. I

knew I picked her as my best friend for a reason. Her cleaning skills surely wasn't one of them.

Unknown: *It's me Gage. How are you feeling today? Just doing my due diligence and checking in.*

Unknown: *Text back when you get a chance.*

Unknown: *Left early last night, hope you had a nice time out.*

What the heck? Opening up the messages and checking the phone numbers the first two match and the third one is from a different number. I put

Gage's name with his number and click reply to the unknown texter.

Me: *Who is this?*

Unknown: *Deceiving others. That is what the world calls a romance.*

The Suit Master!!

Me: *Suit Master, how did you get this number?*

Unknown: *I have my ways.*

Me: *Care to share?*

Unknown: *Not that, and surly not you.*

Me: *Why not?*

Unknown: *You'll see soon enough.*

What is his deal? So secretive, which is sexy in a mysterious, I-should-probably-be-freaked-out kind of way.

I change his number from unknown to Suit Master and I open up Gage's messages.

Me: *I should be the one asking you. How are you feeling, Mike Tyson?*

Gage: *Not gonna lie. My knuckles are sore as hell. Even though I feel pretty fuckin' snazzy.*

Me: *What kind of man says snazzy? And what in the heck is that supposed to mean?*

I'm seriously laughing over here, resting in bed, wearing a white teddy. I don't own a single ugly pair of pajamas. No flannel bottoms, no oversized tees. Silky, attractive, and luxurious are my keys to a good nightie. I like feeling pretty when I go to sleep and when I wake up. It makes for a better day. You should try it.

Gage: *This one says it. It means that I'm feeling good. Larger than life.*

Me: *Why?*

G a g e : *Corey's not pressing charges. You're safe and I got to finally*

touch you last night.

Me: Touch me?

Gage: Yes, you read that correctly.

Touch you. If you haven't figured it out yet, I sort of have a thing for you.

Ok! Wow! He's a bit blunt today.

Me: Not holding anything back. I see.

Gage: Well I'm not sure if you're catching my subtleties, so I figured being more forward might help.

Me: It won't. I'm not looking to date.

Gage: Says the woman with the

online dating profile.

He's right. I know it.

Me: *That was a mistake, a huge one that Roni guilted me into.*

Gage: *Does that mean rose boy is out of the picture?*

Me: *He was never in the picture. I told you that.*

Gage: *He was in it enough to know where you work and send expensive flowers.*

Me: *Is somebody jealous?*

Gage: *Why would I be jealous? You just said there was nothing going on. I*

believe you, sort of.

Me: Well you should. He's a lawyer too, and I'm not fond of lawyers.

Gage: You were fond of me enough last night to let me hold your beautiful body.

Me: It was a mistake. Thank you for being nice and kicking Corey's ass. Good day, Mr. Masterson

Gage: Good day, Lex.

Sitting my phone on my nightstand, I slip from under the covers and make my bed.

Ding dong, Ding dong, my doorbell

rings.

Who would be at my house Saturday midmorning?

Snatching my ivory silk robe from my closet, I pad my way downstairs and to the front door.

Opening it, I'm greeted with a man in a strange blue jumpsuit, wearing a nametag that say's Mike.

"Can I help you?" I inquire, fingering through my messy hair, confused.

"We have a delivery for a..." He looks down at his clipboard. "Lex Keagan. You her?"

Nodding, I ask. “What kind of delivery.”

“It’s a heavy one. Care if we bring it in through here?” He gestures at my front door.

I shrug. “Yes...I guess.”

What in the world is going on here? A package to be delivered? A large one and a man in a blue jumpsuit.

I back away from the door as he rolls in a large cardboard box on a dolly.

“Where?”

“Well...what is it? I don’t know

where to put it I don't know what is it.”

Giving me a harsh exasperated look and a shrug, I tell him to leave it in the foyer and I see him to the door, sign for the delivery, shut the door, and slowly walk toward my package.

It's not a huge box. But it was heavy enough to need a dolly.

Heading quickly into the kitchen to grab a knife, I return to the box and slice the top open. Folding back the flaps and lying the knife on the floor. I crouch down and pull the bubble wrap from the

top of the box, discarding it on the floor.

Underneath is a huge stack of various colors of leather bound books.

Carefully, one-by-one, I pull out each book and flip through the pristine, crisp, mint condition pages. Completely flabbergasted by the quality of these works. Edgar Allen Poe first editions, four volumes.

A tear trickles down my cheek, feeling overwhelmed to have my hands on something so amazing. Pressing the leather to my nose, I inhale its heady vintage scent, committing it to memory.

As I empty the box completely I am left with such a warmed heart I think I might explode from so much happiness. Sixteen first edition books, mint condition, a collection worth tens of thousands of dollars. The Poe is among the first editions, as is the *Divine Comedies* Dante's *Inferno*, *Moby Dick*, *Little Women* and many others.

In the bottom of the box sits a white envelope and I open it.

To my Angel,

These are some of the finest books I know you would love. Please accept

these as a gift. They were some of my most prized possessions and now they will be yours.

*All my love,
Suit Master*

Throwing the card on the ground next to the box, I stand and dash up my wooden staircase and into my bedroom. Grabbing my phone off the stand, I pull up his number and press send. It rings once and sends me to voicemail. I hang up and call back again. It does the same thing. On the third try, I give up and

decide I will leave a message.

Hello, Lex, you've reached the Suit Master. If you would like to leave me a message, please do so. I would love to hear your voice. If not, I'm sure I'll be seeing you very soon.

A recording states. Not his voice.

-beep-beep-beep-

“For the love of God, you even made your voicemail greeting me. Are you crazy? Obviously, you are for sending me thousands of dollars' worth of books to my house, which I love by the way. But they are way too much to

accept. Please take them back. Thank you for them and for the roses and the drinks. But I don't want to date you. Just go away."

I hit end and dive stomach first onto my already made bed. Burying my face into the mattress I scream and pound my fists, exceedingly frustrated, until my lungs hurt and my phone beeps.

Turning my face to the side, I pull my phone into view.

Suit Master: *I'm not taking them back. They are now yours, my Angel. You're welcome for the gifts. That is*

just the beginning. And no, I'm not going anywhere. I tried to play this your way with the online dating profile. The ball is now in my court, and I'm doing this the way I want. Just like I should have years ago.

Me: Years ago?

I swallow hard.

Suit Master: Good things come to those who wait.

Me: Why are you so cryptic?

Suit Master: I didn't think you liked me telling you so much about myself. Scared you off the first time, so I'm

trying a new approach.

Me: *What approach is that? Creepy stalker?*

Suit Master: *No.*

Me: *Then what?*

Suit Master: *It's for me to know and you to find out.*

M e : *So now you're a kindergartener?*

Suit Master: *Only do what your heart tells you.*

Arg!!! He is frustrating!!

Me: *What does that mean?*

Suit Master: *It means what it says,*

Lex. I'm listening to mine. Are you listening to yours?

That's it! I'm finished talking with him. He's impossible! Sounds like somebody else I know; Roni or Gage, both equally as frustrating.

Tossing my phone on my nightstand, I head downstairs, pick up the books from the floor in my foyer and gently carry them into my office that's off the kitchen. Stacking the books on the shelves, among the hundreds of others I have. My office isn't like anything most people have seen before. It has a giant

window with a bench seat to read on. I have a small mahogany desk with a vintage green reading lamp, a wooden rolling chair. The walls are built in bookshelves from floor to ceiling and there's a silver chandelier suspended in the middle of the room. Most rooms in my house have a chandelier. They are classy, elegant and timeless, kind of an addiction for me.

Walking back into the kitchen I grab the ice cream from the freezer, caramel sauce off the butcher-block countertop, rainbow sprinkles and coconut from the

cabinet and carry it all into the living room with a spoon and a napkin. Plopping down on my couch, I turn on the TV and *White Chicks* on the DVD player. Curling into a ball, I throw my blanket over my legs and dive into my rocky road.

I'm definitely not leaving the house today.



“Lex.” Somebody nudges my arm.
“Lex!”

“Uh?” I mumble, rolling onto my back and stretching my arms above my

head as I force my eyes that are matted with sleep, to open.

“You had me worried. You weren’t answering my calls.” Lincoln says, looming over me, next to the couch in his uniform.

“I’m sorry.” I croak, running my tongue over my teeth. My mouth feels nasty. I need to brush my teeth.

Lifting my legs, he slouches into the couch and drapes my legs over his lap. His hands instantly attack my feet, rubbing the arches with his thumb. I groan and smile at him.

“You need a wife.” I tease, smirking.

“No... What I need is my girl to answer her phone before I have a stroke.”

“Why am I your girl...? Dang Linc that feels soooo good.” Moaning, I close my eyes, relishing in his amazing foot massage. His fingers gently press each pad of my toes, sending spikes of relaxing pleasure to rack my entire body.

“Because...you just are.” He shrugs, his eyes focusing on my feet. Not my face.

“You don’t like me *that* way do

you?” I guess I’ve never thought to ask this before. I assumed it was no. But he’s always been there for me and we’ve been friends for years.

“Yes. I do. Even though I shouldn’t and can’t. My lifestyle does not go with what you need. You could never be a Submissive, Lex. And I don’t even want you to be. That’s why I’ve never pushed anything. I love you a lot. More than a friend kind of love, but, like I said, it’s never going to be more.”

My heart climbs up and fills my throat. He’s right; I could never live like

that. And I can't believe he actually feels something for me. This is news.

“What about my *lady*?”

“What about it? You think that'd deter any man from wanting you? You're prettier and sweeter than most women. Who cares about that? I surely don't. Any man worth your love wouldn't either. If I didn't get my kicks the way I do. I'd make you mine. But I'm a Dom down to the bone, have been for half my life.” His voice is low, and sexy. It's always sexy but right now, it's even more so.

“Do you have a Sub?” I inquire, treading lightly. I don’t want to push for more information. I guess this is a night of question and answers. I’ve never asked him about his lifestyle before.

“I have three.”

“Three?” I choke on my words and cough, pounding on my chest with my fist to clear my windpipe.

Chuckling, he sweetly pats my calf.

“Yes, three.”

“Do you beat them all?”

Shaking his head, now laughing, he looks at me with a giant smile. “Lex, I

don't beat anybody. Well, perp's I do. Not the women I take as Sub's. It's not like it was with you and Brian. I don't hurt them. I pleasure them. There's a huge difference. Did you ever get pleasure from the things he did?"

Cringing, I shake my head. I never liked a damn thing Brian did to me. None of it was pleasurable. It hurt. Bad.

"See, that's what I thought. I've been with two of my Sub's for almost ten years. My newest, I met through one of them and I like her too."

"Do you sleep with them all?"

“Yes. But it’s not about me. It’s about them.”

“How’s that possible? A Dom gets pleasure from a Sub.”

Shaking his head, he pats my calf again and returns to rubbing the soles of my feet. “It’s not like that with real Dom’s, Lex. We don’t force Sub’s to pleasure us. They do it so we will service them the way they need to be. Some like it rougher than others, and I’ve always been careful not to push the limits too far with my Sub’s.”

“If you don’t push limits then why

am I not a contender?”

Did I really just ask him that? Do I want Lincoln to take me to bed? No! I don't want anybody to take me to bed. I can't believe I asked that. I'm an idiot.

“There is pain involved. You deserve a man who doesn't want to put you through any pain. You've had enough of that. I'll kill anyone who tries to hurt you. I'm glad Gage got to Corey last night before I did. If he hadn't, Corey would be lucky all he ended up with was a few fractured cheekbones, bruised ribs, and a broken nose. I

wouldn't have been as nice.” Lincoln’s facial expression has switched from normal and handsome to menacing. His voice, dripping with malice.

Sitting up on the couch, I wrap my robe-covered arms around his neck and pull him into a side hug. Kissing his cheek I whisper, “I love you, Linc. When do you have to go?”

“I love you more. I’ve got to get going now. I just came to check up on you. Sorry about the conversation.” Moving my legs to the side he gets up from the couch, kisses my forehead, and

leaves.

Chapter Thirteen

Sunday

The Suit Master

“Can I help?” I ask, peering over my sister’s shoulder, into the salad bowl on my father’s countertop.

“You can’t cook.” Tasha teases, bumping me with her hip.

“It’s not cooking. It’s tossing a salad.” I remind her, tickling her sides and making her squeal.

“Stop it!” she scolds, then whines, “Dad, he’s doing it again!” Flashing me a naughty grin, knowing she’s won. I wonder how her husband Brock handles her, and these weekend family lunches. Every Sunday we meet at my dad’s in Lords to congregate. His new wife Chelsea, who’s younger than I am, always helps my sister prepare the meal. While my brother Max corrals the kiddos in the family room, and my Dad watches sports on TV from his recliner in the living room.

“Is the lawyer tormenting you

again?” Chelsea chortles, carrying an oversized watermelon in from the back porch.

“Here, let me help.” I retrieve the watermelon from her struggling arms and set it on the counter, with a loud bang.

“Such a man.” She winks at me and my stomach churns with distaste.

My dad and Chelsea are newly married. Dated three months and married for another seven. I’ve had a longer relationship with my running shoes than the ten months they’ve had together. She’s a sweet gal, short pixie blonde

hair, nice rack, petite. Still...has nothing on my Lex.

Suddenly claustrophobic in my dad's small kitchen with the two women. I disembark and head into the family room with Max, my brother, and Tasha's two rug rats.

Dropping my street clothed self on the brown leather sofa, I lean back and watch as Max plays Harley and Stephen on the Xbox.

“Die! Die, Uncle Max.” Twelve-year-old Harley yells at the screen, playing some sort of first person shooter

game. My brother is a video game nerd and my sister's kids are both nearing their teen years. They seem to have the same brain capacity. My brother isn't the brightest. He's not an idiot either, but I can't imagine he needs to use that much intelligence to be a gas station attendant.

Oh...the joys of spending quality time with my family. When I was married to Melissa, she hated to come here. My sister Tasha hates her and my father hates her even more. He's not a pleasant man and doesn't take kindly to many people in his old age.

I wonder what Lex is up to? Maybe I should text her to see. That'll keep her on her toes. This game I'm playing with her has started to wear heavily on me. I wish I could just come out of hiding now and reveal myself, but I know she wouldn't accept me. Not yet. That's why I've got a weeks' worth of tricks up my sleeve. Hope she enjoys the surprises that await her.



Lex

“What do you mean you want me to

go on a date with Maxwell?" I snap, pacing the front of my mom's florist shop. My brown kitten heeled sandals clicking loudly on her wooden floors.

"Oh...come on, Lex, you need to go on a date. Maxwell always looks so lonely when I stop to get gas or coffee. It'll be good practice. He's a good looking fella."

Is my mother insane? Maxwell, the gas attendant? Seriously? He is an attractive man. He's also a poor dresser and he's shy. I can't believe she'd even consider this. One second she's spouting

about not dating and now she's playing matchmaker. I wish she'd make up her freakin' mind.

“Mom, no.” I hold my stance, placing my hand on my hip and staring her down. She's behind her floral station tucking flowers into a sweetheart bouquet order that was just placed. Her hair is atop her head in a firm bun, her pants are jeans and her shirt is a white V-neck tee. My mother is not a fashion conscious woman. Her and Roni, both agree about that. I, on the other hand, have on a yellow knee length flowing

dress, with a chocolate thin braided belt and a simple silver heart necklace with dangle earrings. My hair's tied back in a ponytail.

“Please...” My mom begs, looking up from her station with sappy eyes. I hate when she uses those against me.

My phone beeps in my purse.

Saved by the phone!

Holding up my finger for her to wait a moment, I fish it out of my bag and slide on the screen.

Suit Master: *Faith consists in believing when it is beyond the power*

of reason to believe.

What the...? Ya gotta be kidding me...another cryptic message that can be deciphered a hundred different ways?

I'm not in the mood for this today. I turn my phone off and tuck it back into my purse. Walking around the back of my mom's counter I drop my purse into the wicker basket where she keeps hers and remove my heels, placing them alongside it.

“Put me to work.” I hip bump her and throw my arm around her shoulder, pulling her into a side hug as she works

her floral magic on a daisy sweetheart arrangement. Cutting stems in her steel sink filled with water and tucking the flowers into the wetted floral foam that's placed into the bottom of the antique silver, elongated pedestal urn.

“Are you done talking about Max?” she asks.

Rolling my eyes, I walk away from her, my bare feet smacking the smooth hardwood floor of her pristine shop, heading into the back to grab a water bottle. My mom's store is design perfection. It's not like most floral shops

where they're covered in flowers and cheap looking. Hers is refined. She has a large, etched glass flower fridge that people can come in and purchase premade arrangements out of. Then in the back, she has another fridge where she stores all of her flowers. The walls inside her shop are a deep indigo color and in the front, she has an entire iron bench and two chairs seating area for guests and her clients. To me it screams impeccable sophistication.

Returning to the font with two water bottles, I open hers and set it on the

workbench.

“No, Mom, Maxwell is not a man I can see myself dating. I’m sorry, but thanks for trying.” I sweetly state and kiss her cheek. Then I get to work standing next to her. Stealing flowers from the black round container, trimming stems and leaves in the sink with an extra pair of pink handled floral shears, and tucking the flowers into the foam. I’ve done this hundreds of thousands of times, and I might not be as good of a floral artist as my mother might, but I’m no novice.

I couldn't think of a better way to spend my Sunday than working alongside my workaholic mother in a shop that feels like home.



Gage

“Emma, do we really have to go see Mrs. Faith today?” I ask my five year old who is bouncing excited in her car seat, riding in the back of my fully loaded black Yukon Denali.

I pray she says no. I don't have to grocery shop today. I bought groceries

yesterday and the only time we drop by Faith's is so Emma can help make a small arrangement while I shop. It's easier that way and Faith loves Emma. I wish Emma's mother loved her that much. This was Emma's mother's weekend. She gets her twice a month for a total of four days. I can't stand the bitch. She's a terrible mom and my daughter doesn't even like her. Which is saying something because Emma is the friendliest and sweetest five year old I've ever met. Well that's not saying much, I've not spent a lot of time around

other five year olds. Just mine.

I'm a full time dad, who works long hours as a lawyer, running my own firm. Unfortunately, that means my poor baby girl is stuck at the babysitters after school until six, most nights, and even later on Monday's and Wednesday's when we have interoffice meetings.

“Plleeasseee, daddy, I really, really want to make pretty flowers.” Her sweet voice tugs at my heart and I give in. Good thing we're almost to Faith's anyhow.



Lex

“You’ve been a great help today.”

My mom thanks me with a giant smile. I’ve been here at her store since this morning and it’s closing in on six already. We’ve finished ten arrangements and did some much needed cleaning. It’s been a rather productive day.

“No problem, Mom. Makes me feel like a kid again.” I reply, throwing the cut stems from the draining sink into the trash.

The front door chimes and I glance up.

Gage! What is he doing here? And that must be his daughter.

“Mrs. Faith!” The little girl screeches, letting go of her father’s hand and dashing toward my mother, who has knelt down, arms wide, with a huge ear-to-ear smile plastered on her face.

I had no idea my mom even knew Gage, let alone his daughter.

“Hi, Emma.” My mother singsongs and hugs her, smoothing the little girl’s long, almost black hair, down her back

and kissing her cheek.

“I missed you. I haven’t seen you in weeks.” Emma sadly whines.

A chuckle bursts through the air and I turn to see Gage smiling just as much as my mom. I completely forgot he was here, and looking very handsome today in jeans and a hoodie, his brown hair gelled to perfection, like always.

“Emma, we were here last week.” He reminds her still chuckling.

“I know, but I want to come all the time.” The little girl adorably says, releasing my mother from a big hug.

Folding the little girls hand into hers, my mom guides her toward me. “Emma, I want you to meet my daughter, Lex.” She says, gesturing her free hand at me.

Emma looks me up and down a few times, a smile still playing on her face. She’s a very pretty little girl with green blue eyes like her father, her hair slightly darker than his, her skin pale white, almost like mine, and she has the most adorable button nose splattered with freckles and long dark eyelashes.

Kneeling, to get to her eyelevel, I offer my hand to her and she accepts it.

“How do you do, princess?” I sweetly greet, smiling back at her.

“You’re very pretty.” She drops my hand and my mother’s, then gently cups my face, staring wondrously into my eyes.

Gage gasps.

Dropping my hands at my sides, I allow the girl to search my face with her eyes.

“I’ve seen you before.” She states, in a near whisper. “You’re an angel.” Her face is serious, as she makes her statement. I’ve never seen this beautiful

little princess before, but she seems to think she's met or seen me before. Hum.....

I kneel for what seems like forever and her tiny warm hands never leave my cheeks. It's like she's trying to place something in her mind, as her face scrunches up, deep in thought.

“You're very pretty too.” I finally compliment, and she smiles wide and giggles. “I love your dress, I wish I had a dress that lovely.” I add.

Emma giggles louder and blushes, dropping her hands from my face.

I turn my gaze to look at my mom who's staring starry eyed at us and Gage whose eyes are nearly bugging out of his head watching me and his precious daughter. I guess we kind of freaked them out. I'm guessing Emma doesn't act this way with everybody.

Standing, I nervously smooth my dress down my sides and Emma takes my hand, holding it. I guess she's decided she likes me. Her other hand reaches out and steals my mom's.

“Daddy, we're good. You can go now.”

Gage hasn't spoken a word and he can't stop staring.

“Daddy....” She whines.

“Sorry honey, okay, daddy will be back in an hour.” He says and looks to my mom who nods. Then he turns and out the chiming doors he goes.

For the next hour Emma, my mom and I, make a small pink, red and white carnation arrangement. Emma stands on a step ladder in her pink dress and helps place the flowers into the vase. She's quite the little helper. The entire time she's been chatting away about girly

stuff. She loves My Little Pony and makeup. She gushes about how great of a daddy she has, and the women at the bar seemed to be correct about her mother. Emma doesn't care for her. She explained that when she visits they don't do a thing and her mommy doesn't talk to her. As Emma finishes up with her pretty arrangement, my mother grabs my arm and tugs me to the side of the room.

“Why did you fail to mention working with a five year old?” I chastise, for not telling me, giving her a firm expression.

“It never came up.” She shrugs. “Gage brings Emma in on the weekends when he needs an hour to himself. I offered when he came in once and Emma couldn’t stop glancing at the flowers and asking questions. He needed to leave to get groceries and I told him I’d watch her. That was six months ago. Since then, she’s been my weekend buddy.” She explains as we both keep an eye on Emma out of the corner of our eyes.

The door chimes and Gage comes strolling in. Emma’s face lights up when she sees her father and excitedly

exclaims, “Look daddy!” Pointing at her creation.

“That’s great baby, but we got to get you home and into the bath. Daddy’s got a long day of work tomorrow.”

Emma frowns, sadly stating. “I have to stay at Shelly’s late.”

Nodding, he unhappily replies, “Yes, baby,” and comes around the counter and picks her up, wrapping her legs around his side. His arm anchors her safely against his body, as his free hand grabs her flowers.

Gage thanks us and Emma waves

goodbye. They leave and my suddenly heart aches to see them go. I really love that little girl. She has a personality that crawls inside and nests in your heart.

“Why’s she sad about Monday?” I turn and ask my mother, as the front door comes to a full close.

“Monday’s and Wednesday’s Gage works late. Emma has to stay at the sitters until bedtime.”

I don’t know what washes over me. One second I’m standing in my mother’s floral shop and the next I am charging out the front door, bare foot, running

down the sidewalk towards Gage's SUV, yelling, "Wait! Wait!" My arms flailing in the air.

Gage shuts the rear passenger door and smiles as he sees me running. I come to a halt on the curb next to his truck.

"Can I help you, Lex?" He's laughing at me now and I frown.

"Does Emma like going to the sitters?" Out of breath I ask. My hands on my hips, my chest rising and falling, trying to catch my breath.

"No. Why?" his voice and scrunched face, tells me he's confused at my

question.

“Let me take her. I’ll watch her on Monday’s and Wednesday’s when you have to work late. She can stay with me.” I huff out. Apparently yoga helps with some of my stamina but not my running ability. I hate to run.

“You work, Lex. She gets out of school at 3:30 and I don’t pick her up until late. Sometimes nine at night.”

Oh... I guess I didn’t realize she got out of school that early. But I’m the boss and I can leave work whenever I want. I feel sorry for Emma, she doesn’t like her

mom and Gage obviously needs the help. I want to help. That's sort of my thing, I suppose, and he did nearly go to jail for bashing Corey's face in for me. I own him this much.

“Are you forgetting I own my company? I can leave whenever I want. If you work too late and are worried about waking her, she can stay the night and you can come by in the mornings to take her to school. Roni and I do tea in the mornings and I'm sure Emma would love that. I know Roni would be okay with her joining us. I could use a little

more time off work and spending time with her might be good for the both of us.”

The loving expression on his face says it all. As he looks to his truck and back at me, his eyes turn soft and his face melts into a smoldering sexy wonderment. That fires something deep inside my belly and butterflies start to dance around my heart. I swallow hard and bite my lip as he stares at me. His eyes slowly hooding themselves turn my insides to mush. God, he’s gorgeous.

“Lex, stop biting your lip.” He

huskily states, the air between us changing from normal to carnal magnetism. I can feel it filling my lungs with moist need.

“Sorry.” I mutter, and chew the inside of my cheek instead, unable to break my eyes from him.

“If you do this, you realize you’re welcoming me into your life. Where Emma goes, I go. And I already want you....” His hand reaches out and ever so slightly brushes down the length of my arm, sending sparks of wanton pleasure from head to toe. My breath

hitches and I suppress a groan that wants to break free.

I don't know why I feel this way about this man. He's like a flame and I'm the moth, completely drawn to him. So delectably sexy and one hundred percent untouchable. He would not like my lady, no matter what Lincoln says.

Shaking my head, I intake a deep lungful of air to relax my sexual desires that are sizzling between my legs.

"I know, but I like Emma and I want to be there for her." I explain, with a half ways normal tone. Sounding much better

than I expected.

“Okay, I’ll tell the school you’re picking her up tomorrow, and I’ll text later tomorrow to let you know how late I’ll be. Thanks.” He smiles and steps up onto the curb, pulling me into an awkward hug.

“You’re welcome.” I breathe, inhaling him. Why does he have to smell just as good as he looks? It’s not fair. It should be illegal to be this hot.

Kissing my forehead, he releases me and goes around to the driver’s side of his truck. I wait and watch as they pull

away. I can't believe what I walked myself into. One second I hate Gage, the next he's beating Corey up, and asking me out. Then I meet his delightful daughter and I can't wait to spend some girl time with her tomorrow. It's strange how much a week can change someone.

Chapter Fourteen

Monday

Daniel

“Daniel, I need you.” My boss wantonly calls, swiftly walking into her office looking sexy as hell in a tight red dress, leaving the door open. I know that tone. Lex is horny and I’d love nothing more than to suck her pretty girl cock into my mouth and drink her come. The come that I dream about swallowing. It’s

that good. I'm already hard thinking about it. This is truly the best job on the planet. I get to suck my boss off and on rare occasions she lets me tongue her ass and finger it. I love when I get to do that. Everything about her is sexy. The way she talks, walks, dresses, her confidence, and especially her big heart. Plus, the pay is good.

But I can't get her off today. I made a promise that I wouldn't. I got a call this weekend from the man I now know as, Suit Master. The man Lex has been blowing off, he's in love with her.

Apparently he knows all about mine and Lex's little sexual arrangement and he threatened that if I didn't tell her no, he'd make sure my cock never worked again. I don't think I'll push my limits. He sounded pretty serious.

“Daniel.” She calls louder this time, her voice cracking with even more need.

What do I say? Sorry boss I don't want to get you off anymore? I can't lie. I do want to. I love it. Even though I do, I refuse to put myself in harm's way to suck her perfect girl dick. Nothing in life is worth risking my own manhood.

I stand and walk into her office and blurt out the first thing that comes to mind. “Sorry boss, I can’t. I’ve started seeing someone and it doesn’t feel right.” I explain.

Please...please...please...buy it, and not be angry.

Glancing up from the paperwork on her desk, she smirks at me.

“I didn’t know you had a boyfriend.”

“It’s new.” I shrug. I think she’s buying it. Thank God!

“That’s okay; I’ll just live with it. I’ve been so horny though. The lady

aches, I haven't played with her in a while. Maybe I should." She breathily states and I see her hand disappear from her desk and I know it's going to her privates.

Just hearing her talk about her girl cock is making me drool and knowing she's touching it with me in the room. I'm about the bust at the damn seams.

A small moan escapes her mouth and she leans back in her chair. Oh, the hell with it. I can't take it anymore. Quickly shutting the door and flipping the lock, I get on my knees and crawl to her.

Rounding her desk I see that she's already lowered her sexy blue panties around her ankles and her dress is up around her waist. Her pretty girl cock is dripping its glistening pre-come for me and her hand is slowly stroking it.

"It's okay, Daniel, I'll be okay." She moans, throwing her head back and biting her lip.

"I want to boss. I love it." I grunt, unzipping my own fly and pulling out my meat.

I fist my throbbing cock and lean over Lex, wrapping my mouth around

her, sucking her lady all the way back into my throat.

Her hands thread into my hair and she huskily moans. “Yes, Daniel, just like that.” She thrusts, filling my mouth.

Sucking on her silken rod, I moan in my throat, frantically fucking my fist. Damn I love when I get to do this!

“I’m close.” She breathily states, sliding herself in and out of my dripping mouth. Her eyes boring into me, biting her lips as she watches me pleasure her. “Don’t stop.” Her face contorts into the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen and I suck on

her harder and faster.

“Yes....” She hisses, tugging my hair, jerking into my mouth, filling it with her deliciousness. I hum in my throat and I swallow, licking my lips, as I pull her lady cock from my mouth. A perfectly sated smile pulls at the corners of her lips and she turns my head to the side, resting it on her thigh.

“Finish.” She orders in a whisper, lovingly combing her fingers through my hair. Following her instructions, I close my eyes and pump my cock up and down, frantically. Soon my come starts

to shoot and I catch it in my hands. Reaching down she hands me a tissue and I lift my head from her thigh and sit back on my heels. Wiping my mess off with the tissue and tucking my dick away.

Once I stand, she grabs my hand, smiles up at me and says. “Thank you.”

“No problem, boss.” I smile back and drop the tissue in the trash on my way out the door.

I pray I didn’t just cost myself my manhood by servicing her, but she’s impossible to say no to. She’s an

addiction and I can see why so many men lust after her.



Lex

“Lex!” Emma skips out of the glass front doors of her school toward me, her backpack swallowing up her tiny body. Gage put her hair into pigtails today and she’s wearing a purple floral dress and white Maryjane’s. A little girl after my own heart.

“Hi, Emma.” I crouch, making sure my red dress isn’t riding up the back.

Her little arms wrap around my neck and I pick her up, carrying her on my hip just like Gage did yesterday.

“How was school?” I ask walking along the sidewalk toward my VW Bug that’s parked down the car-lined street.

This morning Daniel serviced me as soon as I got to work. I was so turned on from seeing Gage yesterday I hardly slept last night. At noon today, Gage’s secretary Megan, who I’ve decided I hate, dropped Emma’s car seat off to me, but not before, she raked me up and down with disgusted eyes and a snooty

upturned nose. Megan's a pretty girl, early twenties, red hair, brown eyes, curvy, and small breasted. I noticed her staring enviously at my chest more than once when she dropped off the car seat. Then this afternoon, I had another flower arrangement delivered from the Suit Master, no surprise there. Although he hasn't texted all day. Which kind of surprises me, and if I'm honest, a little sad. I don't know why but his little games are enticing. They keep me on my toes.

“School was great!” Emma bounces

in my arms, pulling me from my reverie.

“That’s great sweetie. Want to come to my house? Daddy said he won’t be able to get you until late.” I explain setting her down next to my car, opening the door for her and she climbs in the back. Leaning inside, I strap her into her booster seat and shut her in. I’m thrilled to be spending the day with Emma. If I was able to birth children, I’d have ten. Unfortunately I can’t, didn’t get those parts or the other parts I was supposed to be born with.

Sliding behind the wheel, I turn my

review mirror so I can keep an eye on Emma. She's happily smiling in her seat, looking out the window with her backpack pressed to her chest. My heart swells just watching her so carefree and beautiful. If I was able to have a daughter, I'd want one just like her.

Turning Patsy on the radio, I drive away from her school, towards my house.

“What we going to do, Lex?”

“I have a surprise.” I wink at her in the mirror and she giggles, bouncing her feet, dancing to Patsy's “She's Got

You.”

Today, before I came to her school, I went to Walmart and bought an entire *My Little Pony* castle play set and three extra ponies. I also went a little overboard when I picked up two easy reader level two *My Little Pony* books, *The Little Mermaid* DVD Blu-ray combo pack and a little girls size six *My Little Pony* nightdress. I wasn't sure what size to pick up so I guessed. I just pray it fits.

Slowly pulling up my cement driveway, I click the button on my

garage door opener and it retracts.

“This is your house?” Emma asks, her eyes looking out one window, to the next.

“This is my garage.” I explain parking and opening my door. I flip my seat forward and unbuckle her. Climbing out, her eyes wander the expanse of the garage.

Without even looking at me, her hand clutches my dress and I pull her close. “This way.” I guide her out of the garage and through my back door. Her eyes shoot up as she notices the tall ceilings

and then her widened eyes roam over my kitchen.

“It’s a castle.” She whispers to herself, making me chuckle.

“Doesn’t daddy live in a big house?”

Shaking her head, she drops her bag on the floor and does like I suspect most kids do —wander. There isn’t anything she could hurt. So I let her go to search out the house, or the *castle*, as she calls it.

Picking up her backpack, I lay it on the table and that’s when I hear her enthusiastically screech. She must have

found the toys I set up in the bare corner of the living room, just for her. I even threw down some extra pillows so she'd have something to sit on. If she likes to do that sort of thing. I'm new to watching kids. I have no brothers or sisters or anybody I've been close enough with to babysit for. Even though I've wanted to do this forever, and I genuinely like Emma.

Slipping off my heels and setting my purse on the counter, I pad my bare feet into the giant doorframe of the living room and lean against it, watching Emma

submerged into playing with her new ponies.

“This one is Rainbow Dash.” She explains like an expert on the matter, holding up the blue pony with sparkly wings, once she notices I’m watching her.

“I thought she was pretty. Do you like them?”

Repeatedly nodding she answers, hugging Rainbow Dash to her chest. “Yes, I love them. My babysitter has a couple like this and daddy bought me some too, but he works a lot so I don’t

get to play with toys at his apartment.”

Apartment? Why would Gage be living in an apartment? He’s a lawyer with a daughter. She needs a yard and places to run.

“You live in an apartment?” I gently question, coming over to the couch and sitting down.

Not looking at me, busy brushing her pony’s hair she sadly mutters. “Yes...my mom has our country house. Daddy has an apartment here in Heartfair not far from my school or my babysitters. I miss my old house, but I don’t want to live

with mom.”

The pain in my chest radiates and sharply twists. I hate to think of Emma living like that. I can't explain why, but I want to take care of her. Call it some strange form of motherly instincts or protectiveness, but I feel sorry for her. I hated my childhood and being a child is something you should enjoy and cherish. You're only a child once. More often than not children are pushed to become an adult way before they should. I know I was. I'd hate that to happen to Emma.

Hours pass by and Emma doesn't

stop playing with her prized toys. I texted Roni around dinner time to bring Dolly's Dairy Dream home for Emma and me. She did, and we just finished eating in the kitchen. Emma seems to like Roni and I know the feeling is mutual. We all ate cheeseburgers, fries and shakes. I know it's not the healthiest meal, but I figured the cutie deserved a little spoiling. I just sent Emma into the bathroom to put her new pj's on. I haven't checked my phone in a while and Gage hasn't texted me all day like he said he would, not that it's that big of a

deal. Emma is safe with me. I'd never let anything happen to her.

Stealing my phone from the charger port in the kitchen, I slide the screen on and see I have three missed texts.

Gage: *Sorry I haven't gotten back to you sooner. Please, please, please, forgive me. How's Emma? I know she's in good hands. One of my employee's completely fucked up a damn case and I've spent all god-damned day fixing this catastrophic bowl of bullshit he's forced me to have to clean up for him. Idiots. I have no idea how you handle*

so many employees. I've got twelve that I want to kill half the time.

Gage: Lex, I need you to get back to me. I need to know how Emma is. I texted an hour ago and haven't heard a thing. I'm worried. Is my daughter alright?

Suit Master: Miss you.

Ignoring the Suit Masters plea. I hit reply to Gage.

Me: Emma is great. She played with My Little Pony's, we just had dinner, I'm getting her into pj's right now and we're going to read and watch The

Little Mermaid. Don't worry. Take your time. I've got it covered.

Gage: I'm going to be a few more hours. I'll try to make it by nine. I won't blame you for not wanting to watch Emma again. I'm sorry. This doesn't usually happen. I'm out of here by seven most meeting days.

Me: I love watching her. I want to continue if that's alright. Oooppss gotta go; my little princess is grabbing my hand right now dragging me into the living room to watch The Little Mermaid. See you when you get here.

Trailing behind the most adorable barefooted-pigtailed little girl on the planet, into the living room she jumps onto the couch and pats the cushion beside her. “You want me to cuddle?” I ask with a raised brow.

“Yes...please.” She bats her eyes and pouts.

Who could say no to a face like that?

Grabbing the blanket off the back of the couch, I sit next to her and she cuddles against my side. Maybe I should change into something other than this dress.

Turning on the movie, I face Emma. “Honey, I need to change. Can you stay down here for a few minutes while I get into some pj’s so we can have a party?” I wink.

Smiling, she nods, and turns her focus back to Ariel.

I run as fast as I can upstairs, change, and I’m back in a silk, jade green tank and shorts set, before Scuttle starts blabbing about dinglehoppers.

Cuddling with Emma is peaceful. She rests her head in my lap and yawns. It’s nearly nine so I’m sure she’s getting

pretty tired. I gently tug out her elastic hair ties and slowly comb her hair with my fingers.

“My daddy does that.” She whispers, snuggling her cheek into my thigh, her hands tucked adorably under her cheek, eyes heavy, with the blanket pulled just under her chin. I can see the pictures of the TV dancing off her eyes as I stare down at her, soaking up the memory of her and this perfect moment. Tears well in my eyes on how much this feels right. I never thought being a mother was a huge deal. Now, I see that I was wrong.

Everything thing about this little girl feels like she's a part of me.



“Lex.” A warm hand is gently rubbing my arm. “Lex,” the man whispers.

Opening my heavily lidded eyes, I blink a few times and focus. Gage is crouching next to the couch eye level with me. The TV somehow got turned off and I look down to see Emma curled into a sleepy ball in my arms. I squeeze her tight against my chest and she makes a cute little meowing noise.

“What time is it?” I mumble, my mouth dry.

“It’s midnight. I tried to text you. You didn’t answer.” He smiles and leans in, kissing his daughters head. God he smells so good. Even after working all day. He must have just smoked a Black & Mild because his breath smells like it. It’s a good smell. A smell that reminds me of Gage and makes my heart go pitter-patter.

Opening up my eyes fully, I take in more of this sexy man. He looks like he’s been through hell. Bags droop under

his eyes, his normally perfect hair is in shambles, and his white dress shirt is unbuttoned at the top showing me a little peek of some sort of tattoo. I'm not sure where his tie went, but he's not wearing it anymore.

“Let me take her.” His arms try to lift her and I hold onto her tiny body for dear life. He's not taking her home at this hour. She has school in the morning and needs her rest.

Shaking my head, I lean up onto my elbow. “No. She stays right here.”

Gage's nostrils flare and he flashes

me a sharp scornful glare. Boring his beautiful eyes into mine, telling me in his own nonverbal way that I stepped over the line and this means business.

“Lex, Emma is mine. I’ve had one woman try to tell me what’s best for her. I won’t fight to gain control again.” His ruthless hard unyielding tone washes over me and I wince. I can’t believe he’s being so harsh, I was just trying to help.

Swallowing hard, trying not to let my emotions get the best of me. I blink to keep the tears from falling and gently whisper, chewing on my lip. “I was just

trying to help Gage. I care for her. She has school tomorrow and she needs her sleep. That's all I meant. I'm sorry."

Breathing in deep breath and releasing it slowly, he visibly relaxes his shoulders and reaches over Emma, his palm sweetly cups my cheek as a sleepily grin plays on his handsome face.

"I know, I'm sorry too. It's been a long day. I need to go home and get some rest."

"Stay here. I have four bedrooms. A pretty pink one I'm sure Emma would

love to wake up in.”

Turning his gaze away from me he runs his hands through his hair and sighs. “Ok.” He gives in and stands and when he does I hear his knees crack.

Slipping my arms from around Emma, Gage offers his hand and I slowly maneuver out from behind her. One foot lands quietly on the floor and as I pull my other one, it gets stuck in a cushion, and I yank it. When I do, I yank too hard, and lose my balance. Just as I think I’m going down Gage catches me and pulls me protectively against his

warm chest.

Breathing hard I stare up into his eyes and he down into mine. "Thanks." I mutter, feeling too close to him. Trying to pull myself away, he hugs me tighter against his strong hard body and crushes his lips to mine. Stealing all the air from my lungs as he forcefully plunges his velvety tongue into my mouth and I groan. Being swept away in pure Gage bliss, swirling my tongue against his, he devours me with a heady kiss. Drowning me in wanton need, his hard dick is pressed against my belly in his dress

pants as his hand feverishly roams my back. Deepening the kiss he grabs my neck, holding my mouth to his and sucks my tongue with forceful pulls, igniting the lady to wake up. *The lady!*

Oh no!

Breaking myself from his raw sexual magnetism I push him away and he stumbles backward, both of us breathing heavily, my heart hammering painfully hard in my chest. I'm so turned on, I can hardly see straight.

Raking his lustful gaze up and down me, fucking me with his eyes. My toes

curl and I bite my lip, desperately wanting to give into my desires, I back away knowing if he finds out about lady, I'll never see Emma again.

“Lex, I need you.” His voice huskily states in a deep baritone, as he changes course and advances on me.

“No, no more.” I shake my head, being stalked by the sexiest predator.

Coming towards me, I back my way into my foyer, never taking my eyes off him. He slowly stalks me, throwing his jacket on the floor. Leisurely taking off his belt and dropping onto my hardwood

floor with a clunk. Next goes the button on his pants. We reach the kitchen and he drops his pants to the ground, revealing legs full of intricate tattoos, black skull boxers and a huge dick poking right at me that I can't help but salivate at.

“Like it?” He winks, stopping just long enough to kick off his shoes and pants. I've never seen a sexier man in my entire life! I know my lady agrees because she's painfully throbbing between my legs. I can feel the wetness oozing out of her and dampening my panties.

Pressing myself against my kitchen cupboards, I find myself cornered, and he smirks.

“Lex, please, let me make you feel good.” Lovingly he reaches out his hand to me, showing me his less predatory side and more of his caring heart. Which makes my body and mind crave his warm touch even more.

Shaking my head, I start to tremble in fear. “No... I can’t.”

“Sweetheart, you’re shaking. Come here.” His eyes drop into a worried expression and he sweetly comes to me,

wrapping me in his arms. Still in his boxers and dress shirt, his dick still hard, he caresses my back with strong hands. "It's okay sweetheart. I'm sorry. I hope I didn't scare you." His lips find my hairline and he kisses it over and over. Whispering how sorry he is, I take a deep breath and relax into him, trying to calm myself.

How I wish I could have just given in to him, to open up and share myself. I want to be able to do that so badly that I start to cry into his shoulder, staining the fabric with my silent tears. Being who I

am is so hard. I can't risk Emma for this, even if I want Gage. I just know deep down he could never accept me for who I really am. He knows nothing about what I've gone through. Between the scars that cover my body with a painful roadmap and lady between my legs, there is way too much for him to wrap his head around. I could never ask him to even try to do that.

Holding onto him, I cry and he lets me. I've never cried in anybody's arms before, not my mothers, and not Roni's. Nobodies. I've never shown weakness,

but for whatever reason I feel comfort with Gage. He makes me feel things I've never felt before, things that frighten the hell outa me.

Chapter Fifteen

Tuesday

As a tranquil song changes, I roll myself onto my back, raising my legs above my head, my toes touch the floor. Folding my body in half, I clasp my hands behind my back with my shoulder blades squeezed together and lift my ribcage off the floor, to hold Plough pose. Closing my eyes, I stretch and breathe in through my nose and out my

mouth, slowly.

Knock, Knock.

Faint thuds sound at my door.

“Lex?” I hear the tiniest and sweetest voice call.

Smiling, I reply. “Good morning Emma, come in.”

The door to my yoga room hesitantly starts to open at a snail’s pace and a sleepy eyed little girl pokes her head around the corner.

“Hi.” She meekly greets, glancing around the room, fixing her stare on the giant Buddha statue.

“He’s called Buddha, he’s the Zen master. Have you ever heard of him?”

Shaking her head, she freezes just inside the door, like she’s afraid to come in any further.

I transition out of my pose and lie flat on the mat. Stretching my arms high above my head, I tug on my muscles, giving them a good pull. Then I roll up into the sitting position and pat the mat beside me, welcoming her into my tranquil space. That nobody else has set foot in since it’s been complete. Not even Roni.

Rubbing her tired eyes, she tiptoes to my side and instead of sitting next to me, she climbs into my lap.

“Morning, Princess.” I instinctively kiss her head.

“Morning.” She snuggles into me, curling into a ball, her legs tucking up under her nightgown. Wrapping my arms around her, I hold her close against my body and chest, allowing some strange instinct to take over. I know it should feel wrong to be doing this, but I need to. It feels — right.

“Did you sleep well?” I quietly ask,

slightly rocking my body. I can tell she just woke up; she's still half a sleep.

Nodding, she yawns. "Yes... I woke up in a pink bedroom with pretty white bedding. It was like a room from one of the fairy-tale books my grandpa reads to me."

Awe! I knew she'd love that room. I'm not a huge fan of pink— but for whatever reason a few years back, I went through a pink phase and decided to turn that room into a princess room of sorts. With mauvish pink walls, a queen sized four post white canopy bed and a

few white and pink vintage floral furniture pieces. I never slept in there before, but I like the way it looks. Never had a guest crash in there, yet, until last night, that is. I also have a man's room too. It's like I have a theme bedroomed house. Strange... I know. It is what it is, and now I'm glad it's that way.

Last night's fiasco of me crying on Gage's shoulder was embarrassing. He stayed and cared for me until I'd stopped. Afterward, he didn't ask what was wrong, or why I cried. I'm certain he might think it has something to do

with him, not one hundred percent sure though. Dismissing myself from the kitchen as he began to dress himself, I went into the living room to gather my wits and calm down. Every single part of me was on high alert. Once he'd dressed, I tailed him as he carried Emma upstairs, into the princess room and then I showed him to his own. I felt a twinge of guilt when he thanked me and retired for the evening. I didn't want him sleeping alone. Truthfully, I wanted him sleeping in bed next to me. No matter how crazy that notion may be, it's what

my heart kept telling me once I crawled into my own bed, alone.

Knowing he was just across the hall. I stared at my ceiling for what felt like hours, replaying over and over what had happened since Gage has entered my life. Not sure how I never met him before the date with Corey, but I hadn't. Maybe he didn't spend much time in Heartfair when he was married. I haven't the slightest clue. I just know that since he's entered my life, my emotions are a bucket of mush, and swimming through them is impossible to

navigate. One moment, I don't like him. The next, I think I might be falling in love with him. I'm sure it has a lot to do with the fact his daughter is the most spectacular little girl, and he's a wonderful dad. Another reason might have a little do with his looks. As shallow as it may seem, he is hot. Scorching, fiery, melt my panties; take me to bed, kind of delicious.

Hopelessly, I've drooled over David Boreanaz since I was a teenager and Robert Downy Jr. for almost as long. The thing they both have in common with

each other and with Gage as well, is they all enhance a suit. Sexy just isn't sexy, without a man filling out a suit so scrumptiously you literally become tongue-tied. Gage in a suit does that to me. It's hard not to like or possibly be falling for someone who carries himself that way. And the tattoos make it all sexier. Never been a fan of tattoos before. Now I am.

Glancing down at my groggy princess, she peeks up at me through tired eyes and provides me with the cutest heartwarming smile.

“Your daddy stayed the night too. Have you seen him yet?” I ask her.

Slightly shaking her head, she replies. “I went into his room when I got up. He snores so I knew it was him.”

I chuckle at her comment. She’s right he does snore a little. “Do you want some breakfast before we wake him up?”

My suggestion perks her right up and with my help she gets out of my lap and we leave my yoga room. Passing Gage’s sleeping quarters I can hear him snoring. Just like Emma said. Going down stairs,

I know Roni won't be up for another hour. So Emma and I get to have some more time alone. In the kitchen, she sits on the window bench, just as she did last night during dinner.

“Can we make my daddy breakfast in bed?” she asks, as I pull the fresh loaf of Barbie's bread out of the fridge. I don't have much for Emma to eat. Next time I go shopping, I'll be sure to pick up some milk and cereal. All I've got is toast or biscotti to offer her and orange juice to drink.

“Sure,”

Popping two pieces of bread into the toaster, I turn on the stove, fill the kettle with water and place it on the burner. Next, I get the butter from the fridge just as the toast pops up. Retrieving two of my vintage floral milk glass snack plate with cup sets out of the cupboard, I place the toast on one of the plates. I grab it, the tub of butter, and a butter knife from the drawer and carry it over to Emma, setting it down in front of her.

“Here, you butter the bread for daddy while I get your toast and pour him a glass of juice.” I instruct.

With an over the top, thrilled expression, Emma follows my instructions to the T. I pop two more pieces of toast into the toaster for her and remove the whistling kettle from the stove. Grabbing the juice from the fridge, I pour Emma and Gage some into their cups, and hot water into one of my paisley tea cups for me, tossing in a tea bag without paying attention to what kind. Once I finish Emma has already completed her task of buttering her daddy's bread.

“Ready?” I wink, grabbing the plate

from in front of her and the cup of his juice.

“Yes.” She wiggles out of her seat and I let her lead the way up the stairs and open her daddy’s bedroom door.

Giving her some distance, I stand just inside the opened door and watch her approach her sleeping father. In my hands, I hold his breakfast, courtesy of that sweet daughter of his. I hope he likes it. Not sure how much of a morning person he is. He could be grumpy like Roni. I pray that’s not the case.

“Daddy.” She shoves his arm,

rousing a sexy groan from him. “Daddy.”
Another push.

Turning onto his side, still wearing all of his clothes, he flutters his eyes open and closes them again.

“Daddy!” This time Emma becomes forceful and pokes his nose, which he swats away and she giggles.

He must be faking it.

“Daddy, Lex and I made you breakfast in bed.” She says, with the biggest smile lighting her sweet face.

He says nothing.

“Daddy!” Clearly frustrated, Emma

pokes his nose again, except this time he catches her hand and starts to playfully eat her fingers making cookie monster sounds, which makes her laugh and scream with excitement. Tears start to steam down her face from laughing so hard and I can't stop myself from joining in. This is the most adorable thing I've ever seen. Smiling and chuckling so hard, my face starts to hurt from smiling this long.

Reaching out to her, he wraps his arms around her little body and pulls her into bed with him. Rolling onto his back,

he positions her so she's straddling his chest.

Taking control, Gage pokes her in the nose this time, she giggles and tries to chomp at his fingers like a shark and he starts to play scream like a girl.

Repeating, "Oh no, oh no, the sharks going to eat me, don't eat me shark. I need my fingers to poke daughter's nose." Then he pokes her nose and she attacks again, hysterically laughing. I can't believe I'm witnessing this. I wish I had a video camera. I could watch this on repeat all day long.

Obviously knowing Emma couldn't catch her breath, because she was laughing too hard, Gage stops teasing her and pulls her into a hug, kissing her forehead. "Love you." He says, lips pressed to her hairline.

"Love you too." I hear her reply, muffled onto his chest.

Once Emma sits back up, Gage finally notices me standing in the room and his face turns bright red. "Sorry." He mutters, unable to meet my gaze.

Perplexed as to why he's sorry, I swipe the happy tears that trailed down

my cheeks. Smiling at him, I set the breakfast on the nightstand next to his bed and turn to leave.

“Lex!” Emma screeches and I stop in the doorway and turn around to see her scrambling off her dad, coming straight for me.

I kneel to meet her eye-to-eye. Coming to a halt inches from me, she wraps her arms around my neck and kisses my cheek, whispering. “I’m coming with you. We need breakfast.” Like it’s a secret.

Nodding, I whisper back. “Okay, but

daddy needs to eat his too.”

“Okay.” She whispers and releases my neck, to go back to her daddy’s bed.

“I’m going downstairs; I’ll have *you know what* ready.” I wink at her and she does the same except her entire face scrunches and I smile. She’s too adorable for words.



“How was last night with Emma?” Roni asks, dropping into the chair across from me in the kitchen, looking like hell.

“It was great. They just left.”

“They?” She raises a curious brow.

“Gage got in late, tried to sleep with me, told him no, cried on his shoulder, literally, and Emma wanted to make him breakfast in bed this morning after they both slept here. So we did. He had to get her home to change for school and him for work.”

As each word imparts my lips, Roni's eyes become larger and larger. I know having anybody sleep here is a huge feat in itself. I'm kind of closed off in terms of sharing my home. I wouldn't even let Roni's buddies' crash here two years ago when she had a kegger in her

apartment. I called them cabs and sent them home. I was worried about them vomiting or screwing in my guest bedrooms. I've never even screwed anybody in my house. I'm not about to let anyone else pop it's proverbial cherry. If and when it happens, I'll be the one to devirginize it.

“Did you kiss him?”

Out of all the things I just said, that's what she asks? Come — on!

“Yes.” I solemnly state. Staring into my tea, rubbing the rim of the cup with my finger.

“And?”

I timidly shrug my shoulders, refusing to meet her gaze.

“Lex.” Her warning tone isn’t lost on me. I know she wants me to give up the goods. What I don’t understand is why she cares? I don’t ask her about her and Bob’s sexcapades or make out sessions. I don’t want to divulge mine. I realize its girl code to gossip and brag about such things. I just don’t want to. I loathe talking about my feelings. Other peoples, I’m more than willing to help with. Mine, not so much. I like keeping them to

myself, including those of immense pleasure.

“No.” I stand and carry my half-full cup of tea over to the sink and pour it out. Turning around I’m surprised to see Roni get up from her chair and come after me. Wrapping her arms awkwardly around me, I turn hard like a statue. I know what she’s trying to do. Breaking these walls down, is not going to happen. I’m not talking about my feelings. She’s not a huggy person, that’s why I know this is a ploy. One, she’s not going to win.

“No.” I state firmer this time, with a harsh voice and set jaw. I’m starting to get angry and I don’t get angry often. It’s not pretty when I turn into a raving bitch.

“Let go.” I order, twisting in her iron arms.

“No, tell me.” Her voice pleads with me and I remain quiet.

“Dammit, Lex, fucking talk to me.” Now she’s the one getting frustrated. Join the club.

“You like him don’t you? You want to hate him, but the kiss was good, wasn’t it? He gets to you, but let me

guess, you're afraid to take the step and talk to him about trying to date. Because you seem to think, you're some kind of fucking freak since you weren't born with ovaries and a goddamned vagina. I'm sorry, but that's bullshit and you know it. You're prettier and more female than I'll ever be. You don't have to bleed once a month to know that."

I close my eyes, trying *not* to listen to everything she's saying. Everything that we both know is right on the money. I hate that she knows what I feel without me having to tell her. It's hard being that

vulnerable.

“What about Emma? I know you love her. I saw it last night when you cut her cheeseburger, Lex. You fucking cut the little girls cheeseburger into quarters because you wanted to make it easier for her to eat. Not even good mothers do that, Lex. Shouldn't that tell you something? Gage comes with Emma. It's a package, a package that seems really damn good if you ask me.”

Please God, make her stop! I can't take this anymore! I hate that my best friend is plucking at my heartstrings and

my feelings so painfully. It hurts.

“How did he taste, Lex?” The question thickly hangs in the air and it’s making it hard for me to breathe. He tasted so good, so perfect. Just like I’d always imagined the man I wanted to love me, to taste and kiss like, making me feel alive.

Brian made me feel alive once, and for months, I clung to that feeling. I allowed him to keep me locked in the basement when he worked. I even let him force me to clean the bathroom floor with an old toothbrush, or suck his dick

as he fucked my face so hard I nearly got whiplash. All because I *thought*, he loved me, all because I was weak and helpless. Once, and only once I tried to run away from him. After that day, I never tried again. That was the day I nearly died. I prayed that'd I'd die and walk into heavens pearly gates. No such luck.

Brian wasn't due home from work until late, so I stole a knife from the kitchen and used it to break free from my basement prison cell. What I didn't know was Brian had been home all day.

He knew I had stolen the knife and waited for me to make a break for it before he tackled me in the yard. Smashing my face into the grass, he started his assault. Wailing on my back with his fists, he knocked the wind out of me so I couldn't scream. With one hand, he ripped my panties off and without lube, he entered me. Right on the front lawn out in the country, he raped me. There wasn't a damn thing I could do about it. After he came inside of me, he did what he'd done so many times before. Strung me up in the barn, naked,

and began our cutting routine. Little slice here—suck—little cut there—suck—nibble here—slap there—then he went in for the motherload and carved a piece of skin from me. With precision, he removed it completely and threw it on the ground, stomping on my discarded flesh with his work boot. I poured out blood and the pain radiated so badly I couldn't decipher a thing. I swam into my head, falling deeper into unconsciousness. Two days later, I woke up to have my side stitched unprofessionally, an IV in my arm and a

severely worried Brian, holding my nearly lifeless hand.

“I’m so sorry.” He cried, tears pouring down his cheeks from his sunken in, sleepless eyes. To this day, I don’t think he slept a wink until I woke.

Kissing my lips, my hands, my body, he lavished me in revolting kisses. They made my skin crawl and the need to purge the contents of my stomach arose. I vomited bile all over the side of the bed, and onto the floor. For the first time ever, he cleaned it up without yelling or beating me. For nearly a week after that

incident, he was pleasant and even caring. He cooked the dinners, he washed the laundry, and made the bed. I wasn't even forced into the basement when he left for work. Hope for a better life clung to me. That maybe he'd decided he'd gotten his sick sadistic fill. However, I was wrong, so very wrong. Hundreds of times after that he broke me, cut me, and nearly killed me.

Snapping her fingers in front of my face, Roni, pulls me from my sordid past and into the present.

“You were thinking about Brian,

weren't you?" Concern clings to her words.

I nod in response.

"Gage is not like Brian. He's a lawyer for Christ sake."

Yes, that may be true. Gage is a lawyer, but what do I really know about him? Nothing. Other than he's a sexy lawyer, his daughter is amazing, he has tattoos, drives a Denali, and he likes me. I don't know his favorite color, if he reads or anything else for that matter. It's not much to go on. Animal magnetism isn't a justified reason to fall in love

with someone. I can't believe I thought I might be falling for him. See, like I said, my emotions are a mess. I can't think straight with him in my world. He's an awful unwelcomed distraction.



I don't want to be here at work today. I want to go home and rest. I'm depressed; I'm smart enough to know what this heavy sad feeling is that's looming over me like a dark thundercloud. I haven't felt this sad in years. I know it's because Roni and I are now on the outs. Gage won't return my

texts and the Suit Master just delivered an outlandishly expensive white gold, diamond tennis bracelet to my work. Not he himself but some mail carrier delivered it about an hour ago. It's gorgeous; I can't refute that. Too lavish though, first the books, then flowers, now this. Apparently, he thinks buying my love is the way to my heart. There is no path to my heart, it's an island cut off from the world and anybody who tries to inhabit it.

After the argument with Roni this morning, I came to work and texted Gage

to check up on Emma. Nothing. This afternoon I re-sent the text. Nothing, again. When they left today, Emma hugged me goodbye and Gage barely said a thing. Either he's moping because I turned him down last night or he's mad at me for some other unidentified reason.

It's almost time to leave for the day and I've barely got a damn thing accomplished.



Suit Master: *Angel, did you like the bracelet?*

Me: *Yes, thank you.*

Suit Master: *What's wrong?*

Me: *Nothing.*

Suit Master: *Lex, if you don't tell me, you know I can find out other ways.*

I guess he's right about that. The Suit Master seems to know just about everything about me. On the outside that is.

Right now, I'm lying in bed. I just took a bath and drank an entire bottle of red wine to drown my sorrows while listening to Patsy. I need to sleep, but I can't. And the Suit Master just texted me. It's like he knows I'm in bed, bored,

sad, and staring at my coffered ceiling.

Me: *Fine...you win. I can't sleep.
I'm depressed and I miss my little girl.*

Suit Master: *You don't have a
daughter. So who's the little girl?*

Me: *A friend of mines.*

Suit Master: *Male or female?*

Me: *Male*

Suit Master: *Do you love him?*

Me: *I'm not discussing my feelings
with you.*

Suit Master: *That would be a yes.*

Me: *No. That would be a, none of
your damn business.*

Suit Master: *How about I keep your mind off this new beau of yours? Who btw you're not supposed to be feeling anything for. I thought we already had this discussion. Me plus you, equals relationship.*

Me: *I can't have a relationship with a phone or a computer.*

Suit Master: *You also can't have one with me until you get comfortable enough.*

True. However, I'm not telling giving him the satisfaction of agreeing with him.

Me : *Ok Suit Master, make me comfortable.*

Suit Master: *I thought you'd never ask.*

I can almost see a sly smile through the phone. He's a good distraction. Gotta give the man some credit, he seems to know more about me than Gage does and he's still interested. That might be a good thing, or it could mean he's a psycho stalker like I've predicted. Even though, Roni keeps pushing me toward him. I know she wants me to be with someone and I don't think she cares

who.

Suit Master: *Chocolate or Vanilla ice cream?*

Me: *If you know so much about me. Shouldn't you already know the answer?*

Eat that, you dirty scoundrel.

Suit Master: *That's not the fun of the game, Lex. I want you to willingly tell me.*

Me: *No, why should I? If you already know the answer. Or do you?*

Suit Master: *Fine. But you have to ask me questions too and pretend to*

actually want to know the answers.

Me: *Deal*

Suit Master: *You my Angel, like Rocky Road ice cream, with sprinkles, caramel sauce and coconut.*

WHAT THE!??

Me: *How in the hell?*

Suit Master: *Thought you had me stumped didn't you?*

Me: *Yes!!!!*

Suit Master: *Lol...I told you... I know you.*

Does he know about my lady?

Suit Master: *Your turn.*

Me: *Fine... Favorite food?*

Suit Master: *Steak, medium rare.*

Three hours later

Me: *I'm finally tired, thanks for keeping me company.*

Suit Master: *No problem, Angel. Sleep well. Talk with you tomorrow... The secret of being a bore is telling everything.*

Me: *Is that your way of telling me you told me too much? Lol...*

Ten Minutes later

Evidently, he's decided he's done conversing with me tonight. It's already

climbing into the wee hours of the morning. I'm officially tuckered out. Tonight, it was nice to relax and casually chat with the Suit Master. I found out quite a bit about him. He likes steak, hates olives, and owns two vehicles, although he won't tell me what they are. He admitted that Babs his dog isn't actually his dog. She's his dad's, but he goes there every Sunday for lunch and that his dad just recently remarried a woman young enough to be his daughter. Which made me laugh. It was an informative and entertaining night, kept

my mind from retreating back to Emma and Gage.

Now it's time for some shuteye.

Chapter Sixteen

Wednesday

Me: Come on Gage... Answer my texts. I want to pick Emma up from school today. Is that okay? I'm going to see her after school unless you tell me otherwise.

I've been texting Gage all morning trying to get him to answer me. I even called his office and his bitch ass secretary said he was in a meeting. I

want to see Emma today, and I don't care how much of a bother or pain in the ass I'm being. I miss her, a lot.

One hour later

Gage: *No, you may not.*

Me: *Finally you text back. Aren't you working late? I can watch her.*

Gage: *What don't you get about the word NO? No means no, I conceded to staying at your house on Monday, even after you blew me off. What makes you think I want to relive that nightmare?*

My heart pains with malignant shame, and I rub it. I can't believe he

feels this way. It hurts to read.

Me : *Being around me was a nightmare?*

Gage: *All of Monday night and Tuesday morning was a nightmare reincarnated.*

Me: *Ouch that hurts.*

Gage: *Yeah...well...the truth fuckin hurts don't it? You kiss me and then you push me away. You don't think that hurt me?*

Me : *It wasn't about you!!! It's about me!*

Gage: *Sure...perfect Lex has a flaw!*

Please spare me the bullshit.

Me: *You don't even know me.*

Gage: *You're right and you've made it abundantly clear time and time again that you don't want me to get to know you.*

Me: *I like you!!*

Shit shit shit... I shouldn't have admitted that. Talk about playing with a man's head. He's going to think I'm lying and only telling him because I want to see Emma.

Gage: *No you don't! You find me attractive. There is a difference! Every*

*fucking female wants to bang me, Lex.
Or suck my cock, like they're sucking
chrome from a bumper. I'm not stupid.
I get hit on all the damn time. I don't
give a fuck about other women. I
wanted to know you. Find out more
about YOU. Do you realize my
daughter hasn't fucking stopped
talking about you since we left your
house Tuesday. Can you imagine how
much that fucks with a little kid's
head? You fucked with her head, Lex.
You fucked with my baby girl's head.
Playing like some fucking angelic*

mother that she's always wanted. You bought her a play set, slept with her on the couch. You're the reason I don't date!

Now I feel like a piece of shit! He's so right. I hate that he's right. God I'm a terrible woman!

Me: *I'm sorry. I love Emma. I want to be in her life.*

Gage: *We are a package, Emma and I are a damn package, Lex. I'm her fucking dad. Don't you get that? HER DAD!*

Me: *I'm sorry.*

I don't know what else to say other than that.

Gage: *Yeah well... tell that to someone who fucking cares. Goodbye Lex. I'll see you on Friday. Leave me and my daughter alone!*



Suit Master: *Angel, I've been texting you all day. I'm coming over if I don't hear from you soon. Did you get my present?*

Crying in bed, I read the Suit Masters fifteenth text of the day. Another

gift was delivered today. It was dinner from Dolly's Dairy Dream. Another strange thing he obviously knows about me. Good thing he had food sent because I wasn't going to eat a dang thing after the terrible day I've had. I came home from work and I've been in bed crying ever since. I can't believe Emma is gone. All because I turned Gage away. As much as I want to blame him and be mad at him, I can't be. He's being a dad and trying to protect his daughter. I can't fault that. Even though I wish I could.

Roni also hasn't spoken to me since

yesterday and I refuse to worry my mom or Lincoln with my problems. Life is pretty sucky right now. I pray it doesn't take long for Roni to stop being angry with me. I miss my best friend.

Me: *Yes, thanks. I wouldn't have eaten if it wasn't for that.*

Suit Master: *Why? You ok?*

Me: *No*

Suit Master: *Talk to me*

Me: *No*

Suit Master: *Is this about that little girl?*

Me: *How'd you know?*

Suit Master: *You're a woman and you were upset about it last night. Most women don't get over feelings that easily.*

Me: *You've got that right.*

Two hours later

Me: *Thanks again for an amazing night of distractions.*

Suit Master: *It's been my pleasure, Angel. Soon enough we'll meet and you'll fall in love with me and all of this depressive nonsense will be in the past.*

Me : *Glad to see you're still*

delusional.

Suit Master: *Man is not made for
defeat.*

Chapter Seventeen

Friday

“You ready to get this over with?”

Daniel asks, standing in my office doorway. Since Wednesday, he’s been checking in on me constantly. It’s dreadfully annoying.

“As ready as I’ll ever be.” To see Gage that is.

Rolling my office chair backward, and sliding on my black Louis’s, I stand

and smooth down the sides of my sexy yet conservative turquoise and black mini business dress, synched with a black corset belt. The neckline gives away a little cleavage but it's not too low. Considering I am signing over half a million dollars, because I showed too much flirtatiousness and breasts during a contract signing. I opted for less boobage. This settlement is nothing but a big bunch of BS anyhow.

Following behind Daniel out of my office and down the hall to the conference room, I take a deep breath

and tail him inside.

Sitting down at the oval table, Donald is already eye fucking me, and Roni hasn't even acknowledged my presence. I don't like it when she's mad at me.

Taking the seat next to mine, Daniel reaches under the table and supportively pats my knee.

“Sorry I'm late.” Gage announces, making his grand entrance. I keep my gaze averted to the table and pick my freshly manicured nails.

Yesterday, I took a personal day. I

went to Sally's Salon, and had my nails, hair, and toes done. I felt a hundred times better once I finished there. Then I stopped by Barbie's and picked up some dessert and my biscotti for the week. We chatted a while and by the time I came home last night, I felt better about my life. I haven't felt like myself in days and spending another two hours conversing with Suit Master last night in bed, through texting, left me in a good place. It was the first night I've slept well all week. When I woke up this morning, now that's a whole different story. I

dreaded coming in today, knowing I had to come face-to-face with Gage. The man I'm... I dunno with.

“Let’s make this quick.” He declares and I nod, still picking my nails and biting my lip, about to burst from an overflow of anxiety.

“Ms. Keagan and Ms. Phoenix, you will need to sign these.” Sliding papers across the table, I turn to Kim, our lawyer. And she nods approvingly of this document that I’m sure she’s thoroughly read through.

Daniel drops a pen on the document,

and I sign where the pink color tabs indicate. Still unable to bring myself to look up, Daniel does the decent thing and hands the packet back to Gage.

“That’s all.” I hear the tapping of papers on the table, the zip of a briefcase, and Gage exchanging professional handshakes for a completed case. I should probably participate in this.

Bravely glancing up, my heart nearly explodes out of my chest at the sight of him. Daniel, somehow knowing how I must be feeling, grabs my knee, centering

me.

“I’m okay.” I whisper to him and stand, reaching across the table I extend the professional courtesy and shake all three Saks reps hands. Then it’s Gage’s turn, offering my hand he takes it into his, giving it a little jerk. I peer up to see what that was for, and when our eyes meet, I hold my breath and nervously gnaw on my bottom lip. He’s unbelievably gorgeous today. Hairs done to perfection, his face slightly scruffy, just enough to wonder what it’d feel like brushing against my skin. His black suit

with steel gray vest and blue paisley tie is impeccably tailored to his body. I can't see his shoes, but I'd guess he's wearing some expensive designer ones.

“Pleasant outcome, Ms. Keagan,” he shakes my hand firmly and drops it, taking my heart with him. I hate that I feel this much. It's terrible and wrong on so many fronts.

A few minutes later, we are all filing out of the conference room and Gage is strolling ahead of me, reading something on his cell.

“Gage, can we talk?” I ask, catching

up to him and gently placing my hand on his forearm.

Shaking his head, he keeps walking, ignoring that I'm even talking to him.

“Gage.” I plead.

Passing office after office, he stops for a moment, tucks his phone back into his pocket with a smile and turns to face me. “Ms. Keagan?”

That's it! I've had enough of this cold shoulder.

Flashing me a questioning look, like I'm supposed to speak, I wait until the last person passes us and I quickly grab

his tie and yank him into an open office. Closing the door behind me, he tries to grab the handle to let himself out.

“No,” I order, staring him down.

“Let me out, this isn’t a game, Ms. Keagan. Weren’t you already being sued for sexual advances? Don’t make me file a report.” His tone suggests he’s beyond bored with me, already.

“No,” I slap his chest, pushing him backward.

“Don’t touch me again.” He warns, finally making eye contact, his eyes shooting lasers of molten anger at me. I

can see the pain lingering in his gaze. I damaged him.

“How’s Emma?” I inquire, pushing his hand away from the doorknob as he tries to open it for the second time.

“How do you want her to be?”

“Good, happy...”

He cuts me off. “Yeah well, you should have thought about that before you broke her heart.”

Whoa! Wait a minute here. I didn’t break anybody’s heart! I want to see Emma, he just won’t let me.

“I want to see her.” I drop my tone

low, so he doesn't find me too demanding.

“No,”

“Please.” I’m begging now.

“No.” I can feel the resentment hanging in the air.

“Do you want me to get on my knees and beg?”

“There’s a lot of things I’d like you on your knees for, Lex. Begging to see my daughter isn’t one of them.”

That was a straight shot to my heart. I tried. I’m done. This is too much.

Slouching my shoulders, I bow my

head and scoot away from the door to let him leave, but he doesn't move.

"Go." I grumble, sweeping my hand toward the door handle.

"No."

"Why?" I morosely ask, staring at his unmoving feet. I knew he'd be wearing nice shoes. I was right.

"Look at me."

I shake my head.

"Please, Lex, look at me." Now he's the one pleading. What's his deal? One minute he's trying to escape and knocking me down a peg. The next he's

staying and asking me to look at him.
Men! Sheesh!

I comply with his sweet tone and bit-by-bit raise my head and lock eyes with him.

He smiles.

Now I'm really feeling like a fool and an emotional basket case. I really wish I didn't allow him to hold this much power over me but he does. It's like Brian all over again. What is wrong with me!?

"I can't take this emotional warfare, Gage. I really can't." I take a deep

breath, grab the door handle and leave. I'm done fighting with him. I'm done with everything. I'm so glad it's Friday. I plan to spend the entire weekend with a half-gallon of rocky road and TV.

Chapter Eighteen

Saturday

“Get the hell out of bed, Lex.” Roni orders, relentlessly pounding on my bedroom door.

“Go away!” I yell.

“No, the delivery man just dropped off a package that I had to sign for, the least you could do is open the damn thing. It’s time to come out of hiding.” Sassy Britches is miraculously speaking

to me again. Four days of radio silence and now she's trying to draw me out of weekend hibernation.

“What is it?”

“How the hell am I supposed to know? You've got five minutes to get your robe on and come downstairs. I've made tea and set the table. If you're not down there, I'm burning this house to the ground with you in it.”

I bark a laugh, shaking my head. That's Sassy Britches at her finest. God love her.

“Fine.” I pout, even though I'm truly

ecstatic she's speaking to me again. With Roni, you can't approach her to make amends, not unless you want an earful of words that would make a trucker blush. Trust me, I've got years of experience dealing with her. Honestly, it's probably her time of the month, which makes her extra bitchy.

Dragging myself out of bed, I cover my red silky nightgown with my cream silk robe and meet Roni down in the kitchen.

She smiles as I take a seat across from her. It seems the table is a place to

store packages, because that's where she's left it.

“Well?” she presses, eyeing the box.

“I'll open it now.” I give her a dirty look, stand, and grab a knife from the knife block on the kitchen counter. Slicing open the top I tug back the flaps and nestled inside is a beautiful white flowing gown, a pair of white heels and a note written on red cardstock.

I know you've had a rough week. It's time for someone to treat you for a change. Wear this dress tonight to Vino's and enjoy dinner and drinks on

me.

I'll be watching.

Suit Master

I read aloud.

“Dinner at Vino’s?” Roni asks, a thoughtful look marking her face.

“Seems so. That’s what the note states.” I drop it in front of her on the table and reach into the box, gently extracting its contents. The size twelve shoes I set on the table and carefully lift the dress from its prison.

Holding it out in front of me, pressed

against my chest, it nearly touches the floor.

“That’s beautiful.” Roni whistles, eyeing the dress appreciatively.

She’s right; it’s exquisite and reminds me of a beautifully wistful, Grecian gown encompassing a delicate ethereal quality. It must have cost the Suit Master another fortune. The tennis bracelet unquestionably matches this gown, telling me that he had planned this night well in advance. That sly altruistic bastard.

Spending each night for days on end,

texting and sneakily learning more about me has left him even bolder than I imagined. It's one thing to speak of romantics. It's another to display it this forthright. It's true I've become more acquainted with him, but I've yet to even know what he looks like. I asked him that last night. He responded. "Handsome enough to get girls and smart enough to know better." Not sure if that's his way of easing my mind, by gently confessing he doesn't sleep around. Every single thing about him is never cut and dry. He leaves it all open

to vast interpretation. Not sure if that makes him more intriguing and attractive, or a huge pain in my ass.

“Are you going?” Roni inquires, with a serious expression, dropping the cardstock back onto the table with a thud.

Exaggeratingly, I shrug my shoulders, holding them steady by my ears. “What do you think?” I ask, nervously nibbling my bottom lip.

“I think if a man courts you like he has, I’d go. I’m not into all the mushy shit. You deserve it though, and he

seems genuine in wanting to get to know you.”

Sure he does, or maybe he’s a lunatic.

“Yeah, maybe... But... Weren’t you just telling me to give Gage a shot?” I press, with wide eyes and a raised brow, nearly chewing a hole into my lip.

“Neither one have claimed you. You’re not exclusive with anyone. I’d play the field.”

No she wouldn’t, she just wants me to have a boyfriend. She doesn’t have to worry about me being lonely, now that

she has Bob. The sentiment is sweet, the execution, not so much.

“No, you wouldn’t., I’m fairly certain all of this ‘courting’ and the way the Suit Master expresses his feelings towards me, makes me his proverbial tree that he’s pissing on to mark his territory.”

Laughing at my mundane comment, she shakes her head. “That may be true, but until either of them sees *lady*, you are not to be tied down and that’s final.”

Bossy Roni, she’s pulling out all the stops today. Go figure. I was basically

shunned from her presence for days and now she's become bitchy, bossy best friend again. Not saying I don't like having her back, I do. I just hate when it's from one extreme to the next. Her emotional waves are giving me whiplash.

Mock saluting her and giving her a playful, "Eye, eye, Captain," I gather up my belongings and take them to my bedroom.



I'm sitting in a quaint booth here at Vino's Italian restaurant. It's nearly eight

and I've been putting back copious amounts of expensive alcohol and fine wine. I'm feeling way too good at this point.

I drove here a little over an hour ago, after I spent the better half of two hours dolling myself up and listening to Patsy as I sang off key and danced happily in my en suite bathroom.

My black hair is styled into a sleek low bun and my makeup is classically subtle. The dress from the Suit Master fits like a well-tailored suit, made just for me. My heels are surprisingly

comfortable, or maybe it's the fact that all I ever wear is heels.

Pulling into Vino's parking lot left me antsy. Coming into the restaurant my stomach was tied in all sorts of unwelcomed knots. The restaurant is packed. Nevertheless, when I arrived, Raul the host, immediately knew who I was and escorted me to a small booth for two. Set in the back corner of the restaurant, atop my table sits a dozen long stem red roses inside a chocolate brown and white ceramic vase. A pink box, no doubt from Barbie's, is filled

with three giant bite chocolate suit decorated strawberries. Not tux's, like you typically see strawberries decorated, actual Suits, chocolate blue ties and all.

I've never thought of myself as a woman who would swoon over romantic gestures. Clearly, I'm a big fat idiot, because once I laid my eyes upon the Suit Master's attention to details and sheer sweetness, I did swoon and continue to do so. This has been one of the most amazing nights of my life.

He's been emotionally attentive

texting me every ten minutes, paying me compliments and actively partaking in this unconventional date. While I ate Vino's signature lasagna he texted, expressing how 'Angelically Beautiful' I look wearing this designer dress. He's a sweetheart, there's no doubt about it. I've tried a hundred different times to spot him in the restaurant and I've come up with zilch. Even though I can feel he's here with me. Like a warm all-encompassing presence has me wrapped into its masculine arms, or that's how I picture them.

Now, after an entire bottle of the most spectacular full-bodied red wine and two glasses of Patrón, I'm stupidly tipsy, and giddy with such an overabundance of happiness, that I think I could just burst.

Taking a sip of my Patrón, I dive into my hardy slice of turtle cheesecake for dessert. It's so good, purely orgasmic delicious.

My phone vibrates on the table. I know it's him.

Suit Master: *I've headed home, my Angel. I hope tonight has made your*

stressful week end on a more pleasant note. I loved watching you. I don't know how I've become such a lucky man to catch the slightest bit of attention from the sexiest and most amazing woman. I consider myself blessed. Goodnight, Angel... Parting is such sweet sorrow that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.

Smiling like a love drunk imbecile. I fumble with the letters on my phone and text him back.

Me: *Drive safe, oh dear one. This was the best night I've had in ages.*

Thank you so much. P.S. I think you're pretty amazing yourself.

Devouring the rest of my cheesecake bite-by-bite, savoring the flavor with little orgasmic groans, I close my eyes, falling into creamy delectable bliss. I lick the last piece from my fork with a deep groan just as my brunette, fancifully dressed waitress Jasmine, swoops in to collect my empty plate.

“I think I'm ready to leave.” I announce, sliding out of the booth. Standing, I wobble slightly on my heels and Jasmine grabs ahold of my arm to

steady me.

“Thanks.” I mumble. Readjusting my dress, by smoothing my hands down its soft luxurious sides.

“No problem. Do you want me to call you a cab? You’re too drunk to drive. I can have Raul carry your roses and box to the car.” She languidly explains. Apparently, her experience with inebriated people has left her with the impression we’re all brain dead idiots when we’re drunk. I’m not, I’m just happy and a little swimmy in my head. Is that even a thing? Gosh... I

don't even know.

Carefully leaning over into the booth, I snatch my purse from my seat.

"I'm not driving. Lincoln would have my license. I'll go to my car and call someone from out there. It's rude to talk on cellphones in a restaurant, and it's too loud."

Nodding, she adds. "Okay. You call outside and have your driver come back inside for your things. I don't think you can."

Rude, much? I can do whatever it is I want. Although she's probably right.

Now that I'm standing, I'm rethinking this whole going outside or doing anything. I drank way more than I thought I did. Woooo, I am remarkably *sloshed*, or that's how Roni, would explain how I'm feeling right now. I added the remarkably to keep myself from sounding too much like a redneck.

“Oh-okay.” I mutter and vigilantly make my way to the door.

Whoa! Guess walking in heels and being tipsy wasn't such a bright idea after all. Stopping half way to the door, next to a booth full of six nicely dressed

people, I put my hand on the black cushioned back and steady myself. Blinking a few times, I try to wash the drunken goggles from my view, no such luck.

Dammit, I really am hammered. Roni is going to murder me when I call her to be DD. I'm the Veronica Phoenix, proclaimed sensible one. This doesn't bode well for my perfect record.

"Don't go far." Raul smiles, opening the front glass door for me.

"No worries. I just going to call Roni." I slur, showing him the phone I'm

holding.

Crap! Now... I'm slurring. She's really going to be angry. I'm breaking her date with Bob for this.

My heels clicking on the pavement becomes a serious distraction as I look down at my feet to watch myself walk. It's really beautiful out tonight and it even smells like spring. The bright floral fragrances hang heavily in the night air.

Turning the corner around Vino's, headed to my Bug...

Umph! Shit! I stumble, running into a rock hard body. Mayday-Mayday I'm

going down!

Flailing my arms, my hand holding onto my cell for dear life, I brace myself for impact and I squeeze my eyes shut in fear. My heart thudding so loudly in my chest it pounds into my ears. Suddenly, thick searing hands save me, by grabbing my upper arms and pressing me firmly against their hard chest. Out of nervousness or fear, not sure which, my entire body shivers and I keep my eyes closed.

Inhaling a deep breath, a man's scent assaults my senses and I fall into heaven.

It smells just like him, like my Gage.

What did I just think? No! Not Mine.
It can't be him.

“Lex.” The clearly agitated, panty melting voice says, and clears his throat.
“Lex.”

“Uh?” I whisper.

“Did you hear a word I said?”

I shake my head. I haven't heard a thing. Unless my mind is deceiving me, or I've passed into a drunken dreamlike state this *is* Gage. He has me wrapped into his strong arms. God! I love how he touches me. He's so warm and

comforting. Like a thick blanket of soul seeping security.

“Lex?!” he yells startling me, causing my eyes to pop open.

“Did you hear me?” He’s definitely aggravated.

Glancing up, I take in his moonlit handsome face. Sweet Jesus he is to die for.

“You’re so hot.” I slur, blinking rapidly.

Chuckling and shaking his head in notable amusement, he blushes, and shyly smiles. “Thanks. Now, I was

asking, why are you here? And you're drunk. You weren't planning on driving were you?"

Closing my eyes, I try to remember the questions.

"Too many question...things. One time."

Now laughing he softly glides his hand down my side, to my lower back, and I instantly meld into him, our fronts intimately touching.

"Sweetheart, look at me." His gentle tone evokes a sensual shiver to wash over me and I bite my lip, suppressing a

moan. I've not been drunk in years and I've never been drunk around a man that I desire more than chocolate. This is a first.

Opening my eyes, I gaze up into his.

“Why are you here?” he softly questions, caressing my lower back, igniting a fire in my belly. I want him so much. God, no wonder women throw themselves at Gage. He's the whole package.

“A man bought dress. Asked me to eat.”

“Where is he now?”

I innocently shrug. “Dunno. Not that kind of date.” I’m honest; I don’t know what else he needs or wants to know.

He looks at me confused. “Okay? Why are you drunk outside?”

“Going to...call...Roni to pick...up me.” I fumble over my words and lick my dry lips.

Shaking his head with a tiny smile, he states confidently. “No, I’m taking you home. I’m parked right there.” He points to his truck.

“Okay. Have stuff inside.”

Nodding, like he understands what

I'm trying to tell him. He walks me over to his truck, helps me inside and buckles my seatbelt.

“Thanks.” I pat his forearm even though I feel a deep urge to do so much more.

“Don't mention it. Be right back. Don't go anywhere.” He shuts me in and I watch his scrumptious ass walk back into Vino's.

I'm so drunk, and lady likes Gage. She's fully awake, begging to be touched. I don't think I've ever been so horny in my life. He does this to me.



Gage

“I don’t need a babysitter.” My sweetheart, orders drunkenly as she clumsily staggers up her stairs. Using both her hands and feet to climb them. Damn, she’s so fucking adorable.

Grabbing her hips so she doesn’t fall over, I help her to the top.

“I know, but I can’t leave. I won’t get any sleep worrying about you.” Which is one hundred percent true. I’ve

hardly slept as it is since I said all those awful things to her this week. The guilt has been relentlessly gnawing at my insides for days. I hate that I've had to do all of this to claim what's mine, to ultimately show her how much I care. But she's not an easy catch. Most women are like Bluegills; they just want a worm and can be reeled in. My Lex, isn't like that. She's like a Blue Marlin. It takes patience to hook her, and even longer to reel her in. But when you do, it's the biggest, most stunning prize.

Trailing her into her bedroom, she

haphazardly tosses her heels into her closet, and my face winces. Those shoes set me back a pretty penny, and I have a serious fetish for shoes. Heels and women are the ultimate turn-on. And yes, you've guessed right. I'm him, her Suit Master.

“You didn't...oh...crap...I'm going to be sick!” Covering her mouth, she sprints into the bathroom. Not giving a damn about privacy or seeing her this way, I quickly follow behind.

Violently she purges into the toilet and I kneel behind her, rubbing her back.

“Go away!” she screams mortified, between painful heaves, hugging the basin of the toilet, her head hanging inside.

“No, I’m right here.” I sweetly rub, speaking to her in a gentle calming tone. I’m not leaving her like this, not when it was my fault in the first place.

Disagreeably shaking her head, she struggles to catch her breath. “No...” is all she makes out before she wrenches into the bowl again.

Resting her forehead on her arm, that’s propped onto the toilet seat, she

breathes heavily. Knowing she's finally done, I get up from the floor and I search her vanity for a washcloth, and dampen it with warm water from her sink.

Kneeling beside her, I flush the toilet, and hand her the rag. Turning her face on her arm, she looks at me. Poor Angel looks so tired, with hooded wrung out eyes, a morose frown and pale washed out skin. I don't want to see her like this. It hurts.

Taking the rag from me, she dabs her face. "I drank too much." She mumbles moving the rag over her lips. Everything

about her lips is so sexy, even wiping a washcloth across them. I'm getting hard just thinking about those perfectly pink kissable lips of hers. They turn me painfully hard every time she bites them. I've never been turned on by a woman biting her lip. Lex, though, God help me. I have to seriously control myself every single fuckin' time she does. If I don't, I'd be kissing her, and ravishing her perfect body. It's hard enough keeping my hands off her as it is.

“I know, sweetie. How about you brush your teeth and I'll turn down your

bed.”

Nodding, she pushes herself up and I grab around her waist to help her stand.

Leaving her to brush her teeth, I go into her bedroom and flip back her covers. She has a great sense of style. Her entire house is immaculately clean and beautiful. So much better than that shit apartment I have. My ex-wife took the country house in the divorce and I decided to rent an apartment in Heartfair. It works out okay, although, Emma hates it. I promised Emma I'd buy a house soon. I've looked at a few, but

none of them felt like home. To be honest, I don't know if it's the house that doesn't feel like home or who will be living in it. It's kind of hard to explain the difference to a five year old. Emma's been through enough. I just want her to have some sense of normal and a mother who loves her. My ex-wife is a real piece of work. Dating and fucking everything with a dick is much more important to her than attending Emma's parent teacher conferences or taking her Easter dress shopping. Not sure what I saw in that woman when I married her.

She's no prize. More like a spoiled rich bitch that I'm forced to pay outrageous amounts of alimony to, even though she doesn't have custody of our daughter or do a damn thing except sit on her spoiled ass and spend my hard-earned money. What a crock of shit.

“Eh hem.” Lex clears her throat with a sleepy smile dragging me into the present. “I’m sorry. I’m feeling so much better now. I don’t usually drink that much, learned my lesson. Thanks for bringing me home.”

“Want me to tuck you in?”

Looking over at her clock she laughs, her fingers delicately touching her chest, as she does. “It’s only nine. I don’t go to sleep until eleven at the earliest.”

“Does that mean I can stay and we can talk?” Please say yes!

Chewing her lip, she timidly shrugs looking down at the floor.

I don’t know what that means, but looking at her all damn night wearing that dress has me wound up tighter than an eight-day clock. Now she’s biting her lip and I’ve waited long enough!

Taking in a deep courageous breath,

I take three strides and close in on her. As she looks up, without a second guess, I possessively pull her into my arms and smash my lips down onto hers with a growl. Darting my tongue into her mouth, and relishing in the moan she lets escape.

That's it, Angel, moan for me.

Deepening our kiss, I bravely grab her ass anchoring her me to me and grind my hard dick into her stomach. To let her know how much she turns me on. Fuck! I'm so hot for her!

Her hands wrap around my neck, and

she kisses me with as much passion as I do her. Our tongues are battling with each other's, both of us breathing so hard. My heart pounding so fast it might beat right out of my chest. Fuck. I've wanted to do this forever.

Walking her backward, her legs bump against the bed and she falls back onto the mattress. I take this chance and grab her hips, wrapping her legs around my waist. Still kissing her, her hands feverishly roaming the back of my head and neck, I nestle my dick at her core and hump her.

Damn! What I wouldn't do to make love to her right now.

Another hump and she breaks from my lips with a fearful squeal.

“No!” She tries to drop her legs from around my waist to retreat. I don't let her. I grab her legs, securing them around me.

“Let me go!” she cries. Tears are starting to pool in her panicked eyes, her back now lying flat on the bed, with her chest raising and falling rapidly. The hard peaks of her nipples showing through the thin fabric of her dress.

I knew this time would come. I knew this would be the hardest thing for her to overcome. I know she can do it.

“I can’t.” I growl, grinding her core.

Now crying, she shakes her head.

“Gage, I’m... I’m...”

“You’re not attracted to me? You don’t want to touch me? You don’t want me to make love you to?”

“I want those things.” She sobs, swiping the tears away. Her sexy bottom lip trembling.

Thank God! It’s about damn time she admits it. I’ve been waiting to hear those

words for the past six fucking years.

“Then let me.” I sweetly mutter, and lean over her, still standing, and place a chaste kiss on her lips, down her chin, across her neck and slowly I press tiny kisses between her breasts.

“That feels so good.” She moans, arching her back to my touch.

“I want to make you feel good.” I whisper, pressing another kiss to her sternum.

“I can’t let you. I’m different.”

No, she’s not, she’s perfect.

“No, you’re just what I need.” I suck

my lips onto the side of her milk white breast and savor the flavor of her sweet skin.

“Gage, I can’t.” Her body begins to shake and she whimpers.

“Tell me why.”

She shakes her head, tears streaming down the sides of her eyes and onto her bed.

“Tell me.” I demand.

“I can’t. I’ve....,”

“Tell me.” I press again, hardening my tone. I need her to do this for herself.



Lex

What does he want from me? Why is he pushing this? Can't he feel her? She's so hard, and wanton, only for him. She wants him so badly. I've never desired anyone more than him.

"I can't."

"Yes, you can." I can tell from the deep pained expression on his face. He's getting angry with me. I just pray he doesn't hit me. Brian used to do that

when I angered him.

“I really can’t.” I whimper. I don’t know why I’m crying. I shouldn’t be. I need to be strong. Closing my eyes, I turn my head to the side, shielding myself from this painful moment.

Humping his delicious dick against me, my lady drips more pre-come into my panties. They are beyond soaked.

“Lex, if you tell me. I promise to understand.”

Yeah right! And I’m Mother Teresa. Nobody can be this understanding. He’s been married. He’s had women. He

dates and fucks women. He's never been with a woman like me.

"I have something. Unlike other women." I admit. That's as good as he's going to get.

"This?" he states and he grabs her, and I moan so loudly, arching my back, I'm sure the whole neighborhood can hear.

Slowly he caresses her, over my dress.

"How.... Oh..." I moan, grasping the sheets. I've never had anyone other than Daniel touch her before.

“Can I touch?”

I nod.

Oh my God! What is going on here?

Is he for real?

Dropping my legs from around his waist, he torturously slides my dress up. Flaring goose bumps over my skin the higher he pushes, the softness of the fabric caressing my skin. Once my dress is above my panties, he stops.

I can't watch. This is too scary. My stomach is nervously twisting in knots. Swallowing hard, I hear him groan, as his fingers dip into the waistband of my

panties. A quick tug and he rips one side and then other and discards them. I'm so exposed to him! He can see her now. I know she's dripping for him. I can feel the warmth of my pre-come sliding down my hardened length.

“So beautiful.” He mutters, and I feel his warm hands sensually gliding up the insides of my thighs.

My body starts to quake. I can't believe this is happening!

“Angel, are you sure?” His tone is so small and gentle. I can feel the warmth and love encompassed in his words.

“I.... I...don’t know...” I stutter, about to crawl out of my own skin.

“I’ll go slowly. If you want me to stop, just tell me, and I will. This part of you is only mine from this day forward, Lex. No more Daniel. If you want pleasure, day or night, I will take care of you. You. Are. Mine. Lex. And that includes this beautiful—” lick inner thigh, “sexy—” kiss higher, “delicious—” lick just next to my sac and I breathe a shaky moan, white knuckling the sheets, “so delicious.”

His hot breath bathes my sac and

lady in erotic heat. Warm lips and velvety wet tongue suckle my sac fully into his mouth and he sweetly laves it with his tongue. Groaning in his throat as he gently sucks, applying pressure.

A large hand encases lady's shaft and he growls, my sac still encased in his sexy mouth. Sparking an abundance of pleasure to rack through my overwhelmed body, I never knew it could be this good!

Kneading lady's length in his hand, he slowly releases my sac from his moist heaven. "They tasted even better

than I imagined.” He licks the underside of them from the bottom to the base of lady. I can feel the hot spurts of air skating across my skin. He’s panting. Breathing so hard, I can hear him gasping for air.

“You turn me on so much, Lex.” He whispers, kissing the base of my shaft. “I knew this would be beautiful—” kiss “—I just never thought it would be this beautiful” lingering kiss and swirling tongue.

“How long have you known?” I question, needing to know this answer.

No man would just accept this if he just found out. I'm not that naïve.

“Shhhh, Angel. I will tell you everything tomorrow. Just let me get my fill of you. I've been dreaming about tasting you forever. For so long I've fucked my fist, Lex, thinking of you. You are everything I've dreamed of in a woman.”

As the last word lingers in the air, filling me with molten, lust filled joy, his mouth engulfs me in one swallow, and I come off the bed. Nearly losing myself, my stomach curling into itself with such

intense pleasure. My skin sings and my eyes roll into the back of my head, I can't catch my breath. Oh my God. His hot succulent mouth is sucking me. This is real. This is really happening. Gage, the man I've lusted after for weeks is accepting me. He's touching me in the most intimate way.

Groaning in his throat he sucks on me with such desire, and need as his hand massages my sac. His other hand comes up between my legs, his elbow resting on my thigh, his forearm across my stomach.

Pulling my hardened rod from his mouth, just so he's licking the tip, he whispers. "Hold my hand, let's do this together."

I open my eyes to see that his hand is open, waiting for me. Retracting my hold on the sheet, I wrap both of my hands around his large one and choppily mutter. "Okay,"

"Calm down sweetie, you're shaking." He says, giving my hand a gentle squeeze and *lady* a base to tip languid, velvety wet caress with his tongue. A feral smile turning at the

corners of his mouth, he looks like he's enjoying himself. Just watching him lick her, makes me want to come.

“I don't think I can.” I admit, unable to break the nervous twitches consuming me.



Gage

My brave sweetheart, she's so scared. The insecure look on her face says it all. I knew this would be hard for her. I just thought a little alcohol and good food might loosen her up. I guess

she's still just as tense.

“Does it feel good?”

Nodding, she chews her lip. Oh... how I would love to have those lips wrapped around my painfully throbbing dick right now.

“Tell me.” I carefully order, my eyes delving into hers. She needs to know I'm here to do this for her, for us. This is about us, and me finally getting to taste what I've vividly dreamt about for years.

“I... I...” She stutters and I engulf her pretty dick in my mouth to stop her

from thinking too much. It's smooth and soft, and as it reaches the back of my throat, I hum. I hope it's the same for her. I'm new at this. I've never practiced before. I've not even tried to suck a dildo. Been playing this moment over and over in my head, hoping I wouldn't fuck up pleasing her when I finally got the chance to taste her, to make her come in my mouth. The only thing I have practiced and stuck with since I began falling for Lex, all those years ago, was — I stopped fucking pussy. Only a few times did I fuck my ex-wife in her pussy.

Anal was all I would do after that. And since my divorce, every woman I've had afterward, I've fucked hard in the ass. The thought of screwing a pussy makes me ill. Lex, doesn't have one. She has something so much better than that. Every single woman for the past six years that I've slid my cock into, I closed my eyes and pictured Lex being the woman I was busting my nut for. That's the only way I can get off. My counselor said I compartmentalize my feelings for her and that includes sexually. And because of that, my body

won't allow me to orgasm without her being the source of stimulation. It took a lot of years for me to understand his psychobabble. Now, it's all crystal-clear.

Sucking harder, faster, up and down her girl dick, I savor the flavor of her pre-come oozing like a waterfall coating my throat in her sweet taste. Closing my eyes, I feel her. I truly revel in this significant moment. Her body is writhing under me, her hands holding on so tight her pink nails painfully claw into my palm. It sets me off like a wildfire. I

suck relentlessly, her hips undulating, bucking into my mouth with quick swallow jerks. I can hear her breathing so rapidly, and moaning as her delicious dick fills my needy mouth.

“I’m... I’m.” She cries out, her body arches, and lady jerks as I feel the hot jets of her come shooting in thick streams into my throat. I swallow her down, every bit. I can’t miss a drop.

Opening my eyes, I watch her collapse like a ragdoll on the bed, arms spread wide. A perfect sated smile curls at the corners of her lips, as I hold her

rock hard shaft in my mouth. Swirling my tongue around the head I apply pressure to the head with my tongue and pull upward, drawing any last bit of her come out. A dribble drops onto my tongue and I pull away, stand, and crawl up between her legs. Looming over her, my hand briefly squeezes her hardened sex, and I hold her essence on my tongue.

“Open.” I order and she complies immediately, like we’ve been doing this for years.

Dipping my tongue into her mouth, I

swirl it inside, making her taste how sexy and delicious she is. A groan escapes her as she sucks my tongue like she's done this a hundred times before. My aching dick grinds against her in my suit pants. Wrapping legs around my waist, she edges me forward and my chest rests down atop hers.

“So sexy.” I mutter at her lips, extracting my sensitive tongue.

“I... I...”

“Shhhh, Angel.” I coax, running my fingers through her sex mussed hair. Reaching behind her head, she leans it

up and I tug the bun out. Combing my fingers through her rich locks, I fan them out around her head, pull a strand up, and smell it. She always smells divine. Like soap, perfume and Lex, a delicate combination of raw purity and sexuality, a scent that drives me insane with lust. I'm surprised I'm being such a gentleman as it is.

Searching her tired, yet, satisfied face with my eyes, I know she needs to rest. So I wrap my arms around her butt, and I lift her, transferring her noodle like body to the top of the bed, resting her

head on a pillow.

“Thanks.” She whispers.

“Get some rest, my Angel.” I kiss her cheek and she smiles.

Lifting off her, I rake my gaze appreciatively up and down her resting body. Taking in the suppleness of her milky white skin, the slight curves of her femininity, the peeks of her perky breasts and the light pink of the sexiest dick I’ve ever seen. She’s not very large. Her *lady* is long, sleek, soft, and everything I’ve ever wanted. It’s a lot smaller than mine; it takes on a strange feminine quality.

Even her sac is small, delicate even. Every bit of her screams woman and supple sweetness. My heart aches, watching the woman I love. The woman that I will spend the rest of my life convincing she is for me. Even if she's too scared to admit it to herself, I will show her the way. This is the first step. A step I've been planning for months. Months of agonizing torture to feed the years of relentless need to be with her. I just pray she lets me.

Standing next to the bed, I allow myself one last glimpse and I tug the

dress down to her knees and lift the blankets over her, tucking her into bed for the night. I'm not leaving. I don't have to pick Emma up until tomorrow. Tasha took her tonight so I could do what I needed to. I should have done this long ago.



“Hello, Gage. Or should I say Suit Master?” Roni laughs and comes stumbling in the back door of Lex’s house. I’m sitting here at the table, drinking a glass of orange juice. That’s all she has in the fridge other than water.

I don't want to drink any alcohol that will just impair my joyous memories of this spectacular evening.

I smile at her. "Hello to you too, Roni. Care to join me?" I gesture toward the seat across from me. I'm sitting in Lex's chair.

"In a minute." She riffles through some cupboards, steals the juice from the table and fills her own cup. Then sits down across from me.

"So... How'd tonight go?"

I smile wider. I can't help it.

"That good huh?"

I nod and take a sip. “Yes, that good. It wouldn’t have gone this well if it hadn’t been for your help though.”

Drinking, she stops with the cup at her mouth, her eyes thoughtfully staring off into a distance. “Lex needs a person who really loves her and wants to care for her, Gage. I’ve told you that from day one, and I will do anything to help her get over her own insecurities to be happy. Lex thinks she doesn’t need anyone but herself. She’s wrong; she has so much love to give. It’s a damn shame to waste it. That’s why when you and

Bob approached me about this whole set up months ago, I agreed.”

No, she didn’t actually.

“No...”

Dropping her cup with a loud thud, she huffs, leaning back in her chair, tossing her hands over her blue t-shirt covered chest. “Fine, okay, I was an overprotective bitch. I thought you were full of shit. What kind of man seriously fawns over a woman for six years? And...has a tattoo and knows all about her. It seemed creepy and well... *Fucked up.*”

I nod. She's right; it is both of those things, creepy and fucked up. Two things I tried to rid myself of in counseling. No such luck.

“Don't you think I know that?” I realize we've already had this important redundant talk about ten times already. Roni loves Lex deeply. Their bond is like no friendship I've ever had. Except maybe the one I have with Tank. So when I approached Roni months ago about me being ready to take the next step in securing Lex's and I's future, she thought I was a raving madman. There

was no way, that woman was going to let me get near Lex without her blessing. Three weeks I schmoozed and won Roni over. It was no easy task. I groveled, a time or even two. I'm not afraid to admit it. At the end of everything and revealing to her all that I do know about Lex, and all that I've done to try to not feel this way. Then, all that I have done to finally accept my feelings couldn't change. She eventually relented and decided to help me on my quest.

First, we created an online dating profile. Then she convinced Lex to get

one herself. That's how it all started. I hadn't planned on pushing myself into her life outside of online dating. Not until I had stupid fuckin' Corey in my office going over divorce shit and he was rambling on about going on a date. Then I find out who it was with from him, and where they were going to go from Roni. I couldn't help myself; I had to ruin the date. At the same time, I was already in negotiations with Saks, and it gave me a perfect way to deter her thoughts away from Corey. *Fuckin' Corey.*

Then as I played the Suit Master and Gage, I was scared to have both of them collide. So, I kept them both up and made the Suit Master seem more chivalrous and myself a tad bit more of a dick, to throw her off my scent. Even though both of them are me, I'm not always a nice guy. I proved that when that asshole tried to rape my damn woman. He's lucky I didn't kill him. I wanted to. I just couldn't bring myself to do it in front of Lex. If it hadn't been for Auto, I probably would have put that sick fuck in a coma, where he belongs.

“So...last night... You watched her eat, didn't you?” Roni asks, snatching me from my musings.

“Yea, I had a camera installed in the vase.”

“You're one slick mo-fo. Do you think she's going to forgive you for the depression you dropped her into this week because of Emma?”

I nod my head. “I think she already has.” I grin.

“Did you see lady?” Her eyes widen.

“I played with lady.” My grin turns

into a full on ear-to-ear shit-eating grin. I can't help it. I'm already hard thinking about my Angel's *lady*. It's perfect, just like her.

Mouth nearly dropping to the table Roni chokes, and clears her throat a few times. I laugh at her expression.

"I... I never thought she'd..."

"That she'd let me, let her, make love to my mouth?" I cut her off.

Still gaping wide-eyed, she nods repeatedly. "She did?"

"Yes, but she doesn't know I'm the Suit Master, yet, or how I knew about

lady. I know she wants me just as much as I want her. That's how I knew when I threw myself in her way outside of Vino's tonight, I could convince her, to let me take her home. I couldn't not try, six years is a long time to want somebody, Roni, to dream about them. I took my chances and they paid off big time."

"You didn't force her did you?" Her stunned expression changes to one of hard protective concern and I growl at her.

"Don't fuckin' look at me that way. I

love that woman. I would never force her into a God dammed thing. I'm not Brian. I will get her off a hundred times before I even let her touch me. She has to know this isn't about me. It's about *her* and *her* needs."

"What about Emma? You want to *sexually* satisfy Lex, but what about Emma? That bond with that little girl satisfies more in her than you'll ever know."

Roni is hard and to the point and damn, I respect the hell out of her for that.

“I never expected Emma and Lex to meet this early. I didn’t want that. I wanted her to want me first, and then meet Emma, but shit happened and I can’t deny either one of my girls. Emma needs Lex. Her mother is a shitty one and Lex can, if she wants to, maybe fill that role. But only if she can accept me and us as a couple. I can’t put Emma through another heartbreak like me finally having to divorce her mother. Lex is it for me and has been for a long time. If she doesn’t choose me in the end, I will be lonely and stay single for the rest

of my life.”

“You’re a love sick puppy.” She almost feels sorry for me, I can see it on her face.

“Yeah tell me about it! A horny one with the worst case of blue balls.” I grab my stomach.

She laughs. “Poor Gage, love sick puppy got a taste of a real woman.”

“Fuck off, Roni.” I bark playfully and we both break into a fit of laughter. I can see why Lex, and Roni are best friends. Roni’s one hell of a woman. Tomboy to the core, and perfect for Bob.

We chat a bit longer, mostly about Lex and how hard this might be for her to overcome. Especially when she finds out, I'm not only me but the Suit Master as well. She told him a lot of things I know she'd never have admitted to me. That might break her trust a bit, not that I blame her.

“Well, I think I'm heading to bed.” I stand, place my glass in the sink and wave Roni goodbye.

“Sleep in her room.”

I stop at the kitchen door and crinkle my brow. Sleep in her room?

“Come again?”

“There are blankets in the hall closet. Sleep on the floor in her room. This way when she wakes up and freaks out about what happened, you are there to talk her down. It’ll happen. She flipped out the morning after you kissed her. This is going to be the motherload of freakin’ the fuck out.”

“Thanks for the tip.”

Solemnly, I climb the stairs, hanging my head. She’s *going* to freak out. Why in the hell didn’t I think of that? Of course she will. Am I an idiot or what?

It's a damn good thing Roni and I are rooting for the same team. It's a godsend she's on my side. I couldn't have done any of this without her help.

Chapter Nineteen

Sunday

Lex

Opening my eyes, the sun from my opened drapes fills my bedroom. What time is it?

Rolling onto my side, I freeze and look down. I'm in the white dress. I. Am. In. The. White. Dress!

Gage! He...he...oh my God... Oh my God... I came in his mouth... It

happened didn't it? ... Oh my God!!

I screech aloud, flop back onto my back and slap my hand over my mouth. My eyes are wide with panic. Inhaling a deep calming breath to relax my sizzling nerves, I can still smell him. His scent and the smell of sex is surrounding me. No, my come, my arousal. I. Came. In. His. Mouth. He drank me down, like I was a fine wine. I remember it all. He groaned and swallowed me. All of me. That was the sexiest damn thing a man has ever done.

“Lex.”

I jump, startled. Where is he at?

“Lex?”

“Yes.” I whisper.

“It’s okay. Don’t freak out. Do you want me to come up there with you?”

Do I want him to? My brain screams NO, but every single cell in my body is begging for him to do what he did to me again last night. I’m already turned on thinking about it.

Rolling over, I army crawl to the edge of the bed, the side I usually climb out from. Peeking over the edge, my stomach flat on the bed, I see him, he’s

sleeping on my floor, still dressed in his suit from last night. Except his jacket and tie is missing and his shirt is slightly unbuttoned. Sleepy eyes peer up at me and he grins. I close my eyes to will the moan that I want to utter, away. I hate that he affects me this intensely.

“Hi.” He’s the first one to speak.

“Hi.”

“How are you feeling?”

How am I feeling? How *am* I feeling? I feel worried, scared, terrified, nervous, and at the same time I feel free, lighter, sexy and even desired. Not by

just anyone but from the one man I can't stop thinking about.

“I'm okay.”

“Do you want to talk now?”

I chew on my lip, contemplating his question and he growls.

“What?”

“Stop chewing your lip, sweetheart. You know what that does to me. If you don't want me to do what I did last night you'll stop now.”

I'm not stopping, not if that's a promise.

I keep chewing and he growls again,

sinfully devouring me with his eyes. His hand reaches down and he rubs the bulge in his pants.

“See what you do to me.” He darkly states. Turning the potent sexual heat in the room up a full hundred degrees.

I swallow hard, my mouth drooling, unable to take my eyes from his hand as he masturbates over his pants.

“Do you like?”

I nod.

“Tell me.”

Even though his spicy demanding tone should scare me, even intimidate

me, it doesn't. It makes me feel powerful, and that he wants to know how I feel; that he *cares* to know.

"I like it." I shyly mutter, turning fifty shades of red.

He deeply chuckles. "How much?"

"A lot." I watch a wet spot stain the outside of his pants and I close my eyes, suppressing another moan. What is wrong with me?

"Tell me more. I might come just watching you watch me."

"You're hot, Gage. So hot. What do you did to me last night scared me. I was

so worried what you would think of *it*.” I turn my head again, afraid to speak more.

“Look at me.”

I listen.

“What you have is not an *it*.” He emphasizes and goes on. “What you have is sexy, it’s mine and I want to suck it. Come down here, Angel, and straddle my chest. Show me that you know that I want it. That you accept that.”

Anxious, with a giant knot in my gut and my heart rapping hard in my chest. I climb out of bed and lift my dress.

“That’s it, now sit on me and put her in my mouth.” He licks his lips.

Crouching, I rest on his chest and tuck my dress higher, but not too high. I can’t show him my scars. Those will turn him off for sure, and I don’t want that. I love this sexual power. Power he’s allowing me to have. Power I’ve never had before in my life with a person I desire and want as much as I do Gage.

Leaning forward I grab ahold of my nightstand, ease myself forward on his chest and he licks the tip and I shudder,

gasping.

“That’s it, Angel. My balls are so sore from not coming last night. I’m going to come today. As I suck on... What’s it called?”

He’s testing me. The cocky grin playing on the sides of his face and the raised brows tells me as much.

“Lady.”

“That’s right, she’s my lady. *My lady* dick. Right?”

“Yours.” I breathe, trembling, anxiety and wanton need flooding my veins. Then he takes me all the way into

his mouth and I work my length into his throat, gently making love to his face. My hips rocking, sliding myself in and out, he hums and groans, and I can feel his body shaking as he masturbates himself, hot air bursts from his nose as he devours me, sucking me into heaven.

It doesn't take but a few moments I can feel my balls tingle and I throw my head back. Scrapping his teeth on the underside of my lady, he sends me over the edge. I moan, jerking my rod into his mouth, coming, filling him and he swallows it all down, with a low growl,

vibrating deep in his chest. Looking down and slowly trying to ease my semi-hard self from inside his mouth, he sucks me back in and scrunches his eyes shut. His body quakes under me and he roars, with me still inside of him, reaching his own beautiful climax.

Reopening his smoky eyes, he dives his gaze into mine, locking us together and my heart climbs into my throat. Butterflies are flapping in my belly. An all-consuming dirty smile covers his face and he sucks me harder and harder until I'm fully aroused once more.

“Why are you doing this?” I croak, unbelievably turned on again.

He shrugs, sucking me. I know he’s enjoying it. I can see the happy lines crease around his eyes.

“You’re not going to take me out of your mouth to answer me are you?”

He shakes his head, and I giggle a smile.

“Can I ask you questions? You nod or shake your head in answer?”

He nods.

“Do you like touching me?”

Nod.

“Are you going to let me touch you?”

Shakes his head, and I frown.

“Have you known about *lady* all along?”

Nod.

“And it doesn’t turn you off?”

Shakes head repeatedly and an ‘uh-uh’ garbles out of his throat.

“Can I get up to take a shower?”

Shakes his head. I giggle.

“*When...* can I get up and take a shower?”

His eyes take in my body, sitting atop of his and he cutely bounces his

manly eyebrows and sucks me forcefully a few times. Making me groan.

I get the point.

“Not until I get off?”

He smiles, and nods.

“Okay, then you better work your magical mouth. I’ve got to shower, do yoga and we need to talk.”

He nods and starts sucking me harder and deeper into his mouth. Grabbing my butt, he lifts me off his chest, scoots down a little and positions me so he can control my hips thrusting. His arms do the work, as I hold onto the nightstand

and he forces me to hump hard into his face with loud and powerful thrusts. Gagging as he hammers my length too far into the back of his throat, tears steam down his face and he does it again. Rough and forcefully, he makes me fuck his face and he moans the entire time, watching me, as I writhe on top of him. Unable to keep myself from steeping in the intense ecstasy, I let go and moan, allowing the pleasure to shamelessly overtake me.

Hot come erupts from my prick and I lose myself again, in his hot wet mouth.

Wringing me dry, he sets me back onto his chest, and with a ‘pop’ removes my length from his sexy mouth.

Devilishly smiling, he licks his lips.

“You taste so good. I hope you let me do that *every day*.”

My eyes widen. He wants this to be more than a one-night stand. Now, I’m confused. I thought all Gage wanted was sexual encounters. I hear men say a lot of things in the heat of the moment, but we’re past that now.

Pushing off his chest with my hands, I stand and pace my room. What is going

on here? I'm elated he likes lady. That makes me feel beyond ecstatic, and I like Gage. I mean really like him.

Shaking my head, bewildered, I see him stand out of the corner of my eye.

“What’s wrong?” he asks, breaking the pregnant silence.

“I...I thought you just wanted to... you know... I didn’t.” I shrug, chewing my cheek.

“Didn’t know what?” He’s getting angry, again.

“That you wanted more. Every day kind of... I mean...” I stop pacing and

shrug again, raising my hands palms up, with my shoulders this time.

“You think I’d take you to bed like I did last night and not want to do it all the time? Seriously? Do you not know me at all?”

“I....I...dunno.”

I don’t want to talk about feelings. Feelings aren’t good to discuss, not when my mind is such a clustered overwhelmed mess.

“Goddammit Lex, I fucking want you. Not just sex.” He punches the air and growls, “Fuck!”

I wince as his anger rolls through the room like a wild fog.

“Do you think I don’t dream about you? That I don’t want to date you? I want that. I want it all, Lex. Please give it to me. I can make you happy.”

The way he kisses me and touches me, it all feels so right. I can’t deny that. I care for Gage, more than I know I should. What he’s asking for, it is too much... Way, way too much. Men like him will drown me. I won’t be myself anymore. I will fall in love with him. I can already feel it brewing deep inside

me, my heart already yearns for him. I can't go down that slippery slope, no way, no how. I was brave to open my body. I can't open up the past or the rest of what makes me, me. That's too painful of a path to venture down. He wouldn't understand. I'm sure he already has questions about why I have what I have, and not a vagina like he's used to. The rest is darker, gloomier and more painful than that. He mustn't know any of it. I can't speak about it, to no one. Ever!

Turning away so I don't have to see his pained expression, I mutter. "I think

you should leave.”

“No.”

“Gage, please. This isn’t going to work.”

“Yes it is!”

I flinch at his outburst.

Warm arms surround me, pulling my back against his chest. “I’m sorry I shouldn’t have yelled.” He kisses my neck.

Damn him! He’s distracting me.

“Stop. Please.” I cry, my heart aches too much.

“No. I’ve been trying to be with you

for six years, Lex. Since I was the one who worked on your case with Brian.”

He’s lying! What a low, painful blow!

“Get out!”

“No.” He holds me closer and I start to tremble and helplessly cry in his arms. “I’m not. This is the truth and you’re going to fucking listen, even if I have to hold you down and suck your nipples, until you come a hundred times and you can’t move any longer. You are going to listen. I need to tell you.”

I nod giving in. Sucking back a sob. I

don't have much choice.



Gage

“Six years ago, Biff, the lawyer who worked your case, handed me a file. Your file. I read it. I memorized it. I worked night and days for weeks on that case. I was married, I loved my wife, but you consumed me from page one. I loved you from the first day I got that folder, Lex. I’ve fucking loved you for six years.” I get to the point, I lay it all out with my deep, but gentle voice.

Turning her around, I stop my story and I wipe her tears. I know this going to be hard to hear, but she deserves to know. Bending forward, I kiss her neck and she whimpers. I know she can't decide whether to run, fight, or listen. I'm not giving her a choice. I've waited long enough.

Reaching around her backside I unzip the dress and she trembles. Sliding one strap of the dress off her shoulder and then the other, it falls over her breasts and she screeches out a horrified cry. Covering herself with her hands.

“Let me.” I order and tug the gown to the ground pooling around her feet. Exposing her naked body to me fully. Just like I’ve always remembered her in her pictures. It’s covered in thick pink, ridged scars.

“Beautiful.” I breathe, soaking in the soft purity in her glorious form. Unbuttoning my pants, I drop them to the floor and kick them to the side. She hasn’t stopped shaking or crying. This is good for her. She needs this. I need this. We need this. I’m doing this for us, or that’s what I’m telling myself. Slowly, I

unbutton my white dress shirt and shrug it off my shoulders dropping it onto the floor. Through her tears, I know she's taking in my body. I'm muscular, I have toned ridged abs, a deep V at my hips, and a dark dusting of hair that runs from my cock to my chest where it fans out. My chest is hard and firm. I have tattoos everywhere, to cover my own scars.

Lastly, I hook my thumbs into my waistband of my black boxer briefs and drop them to the floor. I'm naked in front of her and she is naked before me. Both of us, playing an emotional game of you

show me yours and I'll show you mine.

Stealing her shaking hand into my own, I run her cold pointer finger along the rim of my bleeding heart tattoo that's above where my actual heart lies. My tattoo is old school with a key lock, blood dripping, and it's a show stopping piece of art. Around the rim of it lies a scar, one of many I've gathered over the years. This one being a broken beer bottle carved into my chest from my drunken mother.

Her eyes widen in surprise as the soft pad of her finger caresses the raised

scar. I show her another. A scar that rides low on my abdomen and spans from nearly hip-to-hip. I also received that one from my mother when she hit me in the stomach with a metal shovel for cleaning out the beer bottles from under the seat of her car. Each new scar I allow her to feel and I explain in short detail what they mean. Her crying stops as she starts to willingly explore my naked inked body.

Once she comes to the tops of my thighs still exploring my front. She sucks in a hissing breath, as her fingers dance

and caress dozens of cigarette burns. “I have those too.” She whispers.

“I know.” I reply, just as quietly, not wanting to break her momentum.

Sliding her hands down my calves she stops at a chunk of flesh that was pulverized. “Motorcycle accident.” I explain and she nods.

I turn around. Gliding her hands up the back of my legs she stops right below my smooth firm butt.

“What do you see?” I whisper.

“A hot ass.” She giggles and pinches my butt.

She's in a better mood already. Good. I knew this would help us. She needs to realize she's not the only one who's been beaten and hurt. We're in this together.

“Tell me more about your story.” Grabbing my hips as leverage, she stands and that's when she sees it. I know she does. It's impossible not to realize it. Especially if it's like looking in the mirror.

“Oh my god!” she shrieks and I ready myself for her to bolt but she doesn't. Her hand touches it. Sensuously,

like a feather tracing my back.

“Is that?”

“Yes, that’s you.”

“I’m not that pretty.”

Boy, oh, boy, is she wrong. Nothing in this world could compare to her beauty.

“You’re even more so.” I reassure her.



Lex

That *is* me! I am looking at myself. Gage has an entire tattooed back piece

of an angel. Her body including scars, face and hair, everything about her is *me*. Except her wings—those are large and resting outward. She's so beautiful and angelic, sweet, and impeccably intricate. The angel is nearly naked, her body draped on a silken cloth just over her breasts and privates. A wispy silken banner waves around her body as if it had been windblown. On the thin fabric it says 'To Love You Is to Receive a Glimpse of Heaven.'

Then it registers with me, like I was smacked right in the face. "You're him,

aren't you?"

“Love recognizes no barriers. It jumps hurtles, leaps fences, penetrates walls to arrive at its destination full of hope.”

I gasp.

The Suit Master!

Instinctively, I sock him in the back and he grunts. “What’d you do that for?”
As he turns around with his cock hard.

“Does me hitting you, turn you on?” I basically spit acid in his face using my words.

“No, you being naked does. And

look.” He points down at mine and she’s ruining this moment. She’s growing. Why! Why can’t she listen to my brain and not her own!?

I scowl and toss my hands over my bare chest and he grins. “I am the Suit Master. Yes, I originally used that as way to get into your life. Then Corey kind of ruined my plans and I had to take matters into my own hands.”

“How were you texting me?” I’m now tapping my agitated foot on the floor.

How dare he do all of this!

“I have two numbers programed into my phone. With separate texting mailboxes. It was simple. Are you mad?”

Bunching my fists at my sides. I can't decide if this is the sexiest and sweetest thing or the fucking dumbest. It's too flattering to ignore. However, deceiving me, peeves me off big time!

“I... I...don't know.”

Sawing my lip with my teeth, I stare, fixated on nothing and I think. Pondering, deep and hard.



Gage

Watching her stare into space all angry with me is hot. I know I should be worried she's going to go ape shit and never speak to me again, but I'm not though. As sure as I am of my feelings for Lex, I'm just as sure her feels for me are just as real.

Giving her time to simmer, naked, standing and absolutely stunning, I excuse myself to her bathroom to cool

my jets down before looking at her too long breaks my resolve, not to throw her on the bed and ravish the shit outa her.

Peeing, washing my hands, my face, and examining my naked body in the mirror, I give her some time to adjust. Walking back into the bedroom, she's now sitting on the bed staring starry-eyed out of her bedroom window.

“Want to hit me?” I ask, coming to her side.

Shaking her head, she doesn't look at me.

“What do you want then?”

“I want to know it all. I want to know how six years is possible. How you’re the Suit Master and why you are doing this.”

I can give her that. Going over to her closet I pull out her robe and carry it over to her draping it over her shoulders, she feeds her arms through the holes and I help tie the front. “I can’t tell you it all if you’re naked. See,” I point to my re-growing erection. Her eyes latch onto it and she turns bright red. I love when she blushes; it’s so cute. “Now, I’m going to slide on my work pants, and

we are going to lay in bed, talk, and then I have to get going. I have to pick Emma up from my dad's."

"Okay." She rolls into the bed, I dress in my pants and it's time to start this much needed conversation. It'll be good to finally get this off my chest to the one person I need to express my feelings to.

Chapter Twenty

Lex

What a heavy weighted emotional day!

Gage departed my house about four hours ago, after we had the necessary ‘talk’. More of me listening, attempting to soak in an abundance of overwhelming information, and he getting the chance to finally spill an entire Lake Erie size can of beans. I’m

fairly certain he didn't leave a thing unsaid. We are both left emotionally drained.

Between knowing just about everything there is to know about my past and present, he left his wife after years of pining for me. Me—Lex Keagan, a girl of sorts with a mountain of baggage. Baggage that we both seem to carry heavily on our shoulders. Mine bearing down on me harder than his. He seems to have his shit together. Knows how he feels, what he wants and has spent years surrounded in vast

wonderment on how to accomplish his ultimate goal, that goal being me.

If you were basically handed six years' worth of emotions how would you react? How would it make you feel? Hopefully similar to me. I'm confused, lost and for the lack of a better term—flabbergasted. I can't describe it any other way. A man liking you, attempting to woo you, is one thing, but this takes t h e gold, presidency and the dictatorship, all in one. It's *that* massive, to a woman like me at least.

What would you do in my position?

Would you throw yourself at the mercy of a man who claims to love you and desire you? Or do you do the sensible thing and take a giant leap backward and take an inventory of life, feelings, things you've or should I say, *I've*, never dreamt about, let alone experienced.

Honestly, I don't have the answers and the woman I would be most willing to divulge my innermost feelings with, is in the proverbial bed with this said man. Roni—Veronica Phoenix, has joined forces with Gage, the Suit Master. Instead of presenting this debacle to me

directly or having my back and concerning herself with what matters to me most—loyalty and friendship, she sides with him and even helps him. I've heard the entire story play-by-play. Some may feel her choice was in my best interest or justified. That's how lawyer, Gage Masterson presented his case to me this morning, defending her when I dove off the deep end and actually screamed at him for involving my best friend in matters like this.

I can't pinpoint why, but I feel a deeper sense of betrayal from Roni than

I do Gage, for portraying both men. At least his excuses and explanations carried weight and validity behind them. Roni added to the equation does not. I could never and would never do that to her, even if the result turned out to be good in the end.

Alright, enough of this, since I can't trust Roni, I've called upon the one other person I can trust—Lincoln. We're meeting casually for dinner tonight at Dolly's. I need another person's input on this emotional cluster fuck and I know he'd never lead me astray.



Gage

“What’s wrong little brother?”

Tasha throws her arm over my shoulder, as I stand here in the kitchen overlooking the backyard through the window, watching Emma, Uncle Max and Babs; my dad’s Lab, play fetch.

“I’m fine.” I glumly state.

“Uh huh, and I’m a size two.”

Damn sarcasm, about her weight again, I swear my sister has got to cut

that shit out. Natasha, or Tasha for short, is nearing forty, but ever twenty-nine, if you ask her. She has a severe body complex and has since we were kids. Maybe all women are that way.

Tasha has long wavy brown tawny hair. It's truly gorgeous. I grew up being forced to brush it and style it for her. I worshiped the ground she walked on. She always played the mother role in my life. Since our mom was always drinking or doing god knows what else. Tasha also has the family green blue eyes that we all inherited from our dad. She

stands about five seven and what she bitches about most is her body. Tasha's a fashion queen but she's not skinny. I'm not exactly sure what size she is but if I'd have to guess she's slightly less than plus sized. And her breasts are gigantic. I'm her brother so I'm not speaking in sexual terms. Just the truth, they are impossible to miss. Considering they swallow up the entire top portion of her body.

“Stop talking about your body that way.” I ring her neck with my arm, pull her into a hug and kiss her forehead.

“Awe, what are you two doing? I didn’t get my hug today.” Chelsea, my dad’s wife who’s Lex’s age, comes strolling into the kitchen and sidles up next to me.

“Gagey here was just about to tell me about his girlfriend.” Tasha snidely remarks, wrapping her arms loosely around my waist, my arms draped over her shoulders. She doesn’t care for Chelsea when it comes to me. Every other way they seem to get along, but I know Tasha see’s what I do. Chelsea has the hots for me. My father is no

spring chicken, and he's surely not a romantic man. So, I must seem like an easy catch to her.

Chelsea's eyes go wide in surprise. "You have a girlfriend?"

"I...well..."

Tasha cuts me off. "Yes. Her name is Lex. She owns a company and she's absolutely drop-dead gorgeous. Gagey's sort of had a thing for her for a while now and they just had their first official sleepover last night. He was just about to tell me how great in bed she is. Weren't you brother?" She briefly winks

a t me and gives nosey, flirtatious, Chelsea a speculative glance with a raised brow.

“Lex, you say?” Chelsea asks, like she is actually interested.

The back door swings open and Emma comes running inside.

“Daddy what bout’ Lex?”

Tasha backs away from being my human shield and I pick up Emma under her armpits and plop her down on the kitchen countertop to sit.

“Chelsea was just asking about her, baby.” I explain to Emma, tucking an

errant stand her of dark hair behind her ear, away from her flushed cheeks.

“Lex, is daddy’s angel.” Emma explains maturely to Chelsea.

“His what?”

“Daddy’s angel. I’m daddy’s baby and Lex is daddy’s angel.”

I know Emma is referring to my tattoo on my back that I’ve had for three years. I sat for about seventy hours to get all the details I wanted. Needless to say, my ex-wife hates it, and for good reason.

“Oh, okay.” Chelsea mumbles and excuses herself from the kitchen.

“Hey baby, why don’t you go wash up and say goodbye to everyone. We need to go home.” I lift Emma from the counter, to the floor.

“K.” She scurries off and as she leaves the kitchen and I turn to my sister and frown.

“I didn’t have sex with her.”

“I know that but Chelsea doesn’t, and if she knows what’s good for her she’ll stop drooling over you. Now spill.”

This is the first time all day I’ve been alone with my sister. Her husband,

the kids or my dad have been lurking nearby so we haven't been able to talk. Tasha knows all there is to know about my feelings for Lex and she knows about *lady*. I haven't given her much of the background in terms of the abuse or the other things about Lex's past. She knows the basics, mainly.

“Well the plan at Vino's worked.”

“I told you it would.”

I nod. “Well it did and I drove her home and we fooled around a little...”

My sister squeals with boisterous excitement, a giant smile erupts on her

face and she claps her hands, bouncing on the pads of her feet. Doesn't take much to excite her — evidently.

“And?”

“And... What?”

“Details, Gagey, I need details.”

Rolling my eyes, I shake my head, laughing. “Fine, but not a word to anyone.”

She pretends to zip her lips, lock them and toss the invisible key over her shoulder.

“I made her come three times. I wouldn't let her touch me, not yet. Then

we talked about everything and I left.”

“Was she.... You know... Big? Small?”

“Fuckin’ A, Tash!”

Placing her hand on her hip, she throws out the attitude in waves.

“I’ve been married *for-ever*, Gage. Max will never be married, and I’ve been gunning for you and Lex for years. *Years*, Gage. Now tell me.”

Fine.

“It’s perfect.”

Rolling her eyes and shaking her head, exasperated, she says, “Come on,

you can do way better than that.”

Nosey ass sisters! Ahhh! Can’t live with em and can’t live without em’.

“Fine. It was the most amazing thing ever. It was the sexiest fucking thing I’ve ever laid my eyes on, or touched or sucked, or pleasured or anything. She’s perfect, fucking perfect, I tell ya. I’ve known it for years, but it’s even better than I ever thought. Ya happy? Does that fill your needs of wanting to know? That the woman I love tastes so good, I’m getting blue balls just talking about her.”

Tash smiles and nods. “Yep, it’s

about damn time. See, that wasn't so hard, was it? So when she coming to lunch?"

I shrug, "I. Don't. Know. We're *not* in a relationship."

We chat for a few minutes; she pats me on the shoulder telling me I *have* to bring Lex over soon. Emma comes into kitchen and it's time to head home. It's been a long two days and I need to text Lex. I need to make sure we're okay. That she's good with us.

Chapter Twenty-One

Thursday

Lex

“Hey boss, how’s your week going?” Daniel inquires, standing inside my doorway, hands on the frame, looking utterly uncomfortable.

“It’s fine.” I mutter clicking around on my computer finalizing my last choices on some business deals that I have been working on all week.

“Oh...well...Roni, she told me to...” He fumbles over his words.

“To what? To see how I’m doing? Yes, I’m sure she has, because I refuse to speak with her. Please tell her to mind her own business. Better yet, I’ll do it.” I snap, irritated. I click my interoffice phone, turn it on speaker and press her number that’s on speed dial.

“Hello?” she hesitates. “You’re calling me from the office?”

“Stop telling Daniel to babysit me. It’s been four days since I’ve spoken with you. I want space. Get it through

your thick skull. Goodbye.” I click off and Daniel has already retreated and shut my door. Good!

Now. Let’s see... Where do I start?

Sunday I had planned on meeting with Lincoln, but on my way to the garage, Roni approached me, and we had it out. It wasn’t pleasant and let’s just say I haven’t spoken with her since.

“I want you to be happy.” Was her rebuttal when I lashed out saying, “You screwed with my privacy, and invited a man into my life knowing how hard and painful it is for me, and didn’t even have

the decency to tell me!”

You may think I was harsh, but this is my best friend we're talking about here. Yes, she's always stuck her nose where it doesn't belong. I know it's from love. However, when she gets angry and doesn't speak to me for days because I didn't admit to how I felt about Gage to begin with. That's supposed to be acceptable. Now I'm supposed to just brush off the fact she's lied to my face on numerous occasions. I'm following by example. Her lies by omission consisted of the drinks from the Suit

Master at the bar. The dress. The dinner date. All of it. Now I've suffered through her shunning me. I'm just repaying the same gesture.

Then on Sunday after I missed my date with Lincoln, because he had to go into work, I spent two hours arguing with Roni. Gage texted and I ignored him. Monday he texted again, and I ignored him. Tuesday he texted and I ignored him. Wednesday he texted and called and I also ignored him.

I need space and I desperately need orgasms, lots and lots and lots and lots

of orgasms. He has forever ruined me. I wake up horny, I come to work horny, and I go to bed the same way. I refuse to use Daniel for release, because somewhere in my catastrophically screwed up mind and most definitely my heart, just the mere thought of having Daniel make the throbbing cease, makes me ill, close to vomiting kind of sick. It's not Daniel, he's a good young man. It's Gage, he's gotten to me so badly, that every single part of me craves him, and the only thing I've ever craved before is chocolate and tea. Nothing

else. This is new.

My mind is a mess, my heart is an even bigger mess and *lady*—oh, and I might as well hang it up. I masturbated three times yesterday. Yes, I said it, three freaking times. Once when I got up to make the throbbing go away. Of course, my mind always uses Gage as the muse in my sexual release fantasies. Then I masturbated in my car during lunch. You know you're desperate when you do it in your car on lunch break. Then I did it before bed. Still, nothing has helped.

The picture of his glorious Adonis physique is burned forever into my retinas; tall, medium built, lean sculpted smooth muscles, tattoos in the most beautiful and intricate of designs that hide his scars. The cigarette burns on his thighs have been turned into stars, all a part of a nighttime galaxy of sizable majestic proportions. His body is hard, yet, soft and his dick... Oh. My. God. I've only actually seen three penis's in person, in my entire life. Gage's takes the cake and then some. It commands attention. It's thick, long, perfectly

straight and has the meatiest, sexiest, purple head I've ever beheld. His shaft has thick veins that protrude and his pubis is neatly trimmed. Then his balls, wow... They are heavy, hang just the right amount to stand out, it's like they're expressing. 'Yes, I'm a fucking man!' Plus, he pre-comes. I love that. I don't know why, but when a man's cock has that dewy drop of silken perfection glistening on the head, like it's begging you to suck it off. It's divine, and I nearly lost it when I got the briefest of glimpses of Gage's tempting pre-come.

I pre-come too, but not like him. Mine's a mess. Always has been. It reminds me of a pussy— soaking wet. *Lady*, acts the same way. She constantly seeps her juices. I've never needed lube to masturbate on the rare occasions that I do, or did. Now I can't seem to tame this rampant incessant libido that's beckoning for me to play nearly twenty-four seven. On Tuesday, I woke up at three a.m. from a wet dream. I've not had one of those in like twelve years.

I even called my doctor yesterday to ask him if my HRT patches needed to be

upgraded to twice a week instead of the once a week. The hormones I used to take in the beginning were injections, but since I've been on hormones successfully and healthily for so many years, I opted for the newest advancements and I wear a small patch on my butt. And according to my doctor, me being hard all the time is *not* an indicator that my hormones are inaccurate. Since I am a woman and women drive their libido mainly from mental stimulation, he said that my mind has decided it's horny, and therefore my

body is just following suit. Damn my over excited brain!

“Boss, you have someone here to see y o u .” Daniel expresses over the intercom, tugging me out of my overactive mind.

“Who is it?”

“It’s me, my girl, now can I come in or not?” Crap! He doesn’t sound too happy with me.

“Yes.” I sigh.

The door to my office opens, and Mr. Deep-sexy-voice boldly strolls in, walks around my desk, and picks me up

out of my chair, forces my legs to wrap around his waist. Throws the stuff off my desk and plops my butt down on top of it, and then he forcefully grabs my face into his hands, making me look into his eyes.

I'm breathing so heavily, I'm now panting and he is radiating bounds of powerful emotions through me.

“Why haven't you answered my calls?”

I freeze, afraid if I give him the wrong answer he will yell. I know he'd never harm me.

“Tell me, I have been trying to get a hold of you since Sunday. I have been worried sick. When I stopped by twice this week you wouldn’t answer your door. This isn’t like you. What happened?” His demanding tone is hard and I know he means business.

“Something happened, something big, I’m...I’m, sorry. I’ve been...I dunno...” I shrug and he pulls me tightly to his chest, between my legs. Wearing his street clothes of jeans and a black t-shirt clinging to his massive body.

Rubbing my back with his huge hand,

he kisses my hair, “Don’t you ever do that to me again. You know what I do to women who are bad?”

I shake my head into his chest, my arms hugging his waist.

“I spank them. Hard. Until their cheeks turn bright red and they beg me to stop. Every single part of me right now wants to bend you over my knee, Lex. Every part of me wants to punish you for putting me through hell, but I can’t and I won’t. You know that don’t you? You know I would never hurt you.”

I hesitantly nod, and whisper. “I

know Lincoln, I'm sorry..."

"Yes, you'd better be. I talked to Roni, she tells me you've found a man. She also tells me you're mad at her. So what you're going to do is, take the day off work. We are going to lunch at Dolly's like we were supposed to on Sunday. Then you and I are going back to your place, where I'm going to rub your feet and we are going to watch a movie and eat ice-cream. You are going to tell me the whole damn story. I'm not leaving until you get your emotions in order. I'm worried because my gut it

telling me to be, and if my gut is barking at me, it means something is wrong with my girl, and I'll be damned if we don't get this shit straightened out."

I nod. I love that Linc is such a great friend. I'm sorry I didn't contact him sooner. I guess I failed to mention that he's been calling me nonstop since Sunday. Between him and Gage, my phone has been going crazy. I honestly haven't checked any of the messages or texts. It too much to handle. I'm already running on emotional overload as it is.



Gage

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! I've been calling, I've been texting and I've been trying to give her physical space. Fuck space! I can't take this anymore. I think I've made progress with Lex. I was wrong. Really fuckin' wrong. Now she won't even text me or call me or anything. It's not like I can take off work to chase her down. I want to so badly, but, I can't. I'm working on an important case, trying

desperately to get this scumbag abuser behind bars.

My phone rings on my desk. My secretary must have sent the call through.

“Hello.”

“Gage.”

“Yes?”

“It’s Veronica....Roni, Lex’s best friend.”

“Oh yeah, sorry, you sound different on the phone. Thanks for returning my call.”

“No problem, I tried to talk to her today. She won’t listen to me. Lincoln’s

with her though. He'll set her straight. I know she won't turn him away."

I growl into the receiver. "What do you mean? Turn him away? Are they... you know."

She snorts a cocky laugh. "God no. I think if he wasn't into the lifestyle that he is, he'd probably try to make an honest woman out of her. They're just friends though. She trusts him. For knowing so much about Lex, you don't know about them?"

She sounds surprised. I know he saved her. I know he talks with her

sometimes, and I know they have a friendship. I never got the vibe that he had a connection with her. Maybe I'm blinded from love.

“I know bits and pieces.” I'm staunch with her. “So you're sure if they spend the day together it will help? He's not going to try to bring her into BDSM is he? Fuck it, I'll ask him myself.”

“Don't stir up trouble where it don't belong, Gage. Lincoln is harmless and you'd be smart to stay on his good side, if you want to be on Lex's. She loves him, strictly as a friend, and she's

extremely loyal. Don't make her chose. You won't win."

Fuck! I have this strong feeling, that I need to beat on my chest and act like a damn caveman, to somehow win her. I hate this. Six years you love someone. Then you get a taste of them and that love and those feelings you once thought were intense, are not even close to how they are now. It's like my feelings have quadrupled.

We talk for a few more minutes and I hang up. I can't wait to get home. I'm sure Emma would like to have some

daddy time before going to her mom's tomorrow night.



Lex

“Give up the spoon, Lincoln, I want another bite!” I try to steal the spoon from his hand and he holds it above his head.

“Stop... Give it to me now.” I’m laughing so hard my side hurts.

“No.”

“Dammit Elias Lincoln, why are you such a pain? Withholding ice cream is a

crime, ya know? I might have to call the cops.” I reach up. His giant hand that spans nearly my entire stomach is holding me down so I can’t get the spoon. The damn dork is teasing me.

“Tell me.”

“No.”

“Tell me, Lex. Or no more ice cream.”

I quit reaching and pout, throwing my arms over my chest. Batting my pretty eyelashes at him, I try to work my charms. I don’t want to answer his questions.

Shaking his head, laughing at me as he holds my spoon hostage and dips it into the ice-cream that he has also stolen, extracting the spoon from the creamy goodness he holds me down with one hand as he groans, taking another bite of *my* ice cream. “Mmmm, my girl, this is soooo good.” He moans, licking the remnants of chocolate from the spoon. Arg! I hate him right now.

“If I tell you, can I have it back and the ice cream?”

He shakes his head. “No, you’re a tough cookie and if I give it all back you

won't answer what I need to know. So I'll give you one bite for each question."

"Liiinncccoollnnn." I whine.

"Leeexxxx." He teasingly whines back, following by example.

"Ok, fine." I give in with a loud exaggerated huff.

Today after he dropped by my work and made me take the rest of the day off, we've done just like he said we would. We went to lunch at Dolly's and God knows Dolly loves us both. We both left with big fat red lip prints on our foreheads. Poor Lincoln had to bend

down pretty far to offer her his forehead, but he's a good sport. Not once during lunch did he pressure me into talking until now. After we got home to my house and he just finished rubbing the kinks out of my feet. This is his way to wear me down and it's working. Holding ice cream hostage, when I'm stressed, is like depriving a human of oxygen.

“Question one.”

“Lay it on me.”

“Roni told me about Gage, said you have feelings for him. Except you refuse

to allow yourself to give into temptation more than you already have. What have you given into already?”

“That’s not a fair question. I don’t want to tell you.”

“Then you don’t get any ice cream, and I will just have to ask him.”

Waving my hands in the air, I screech. “No, no, I give in. Uncle, I cry uncle.”

Chuckling, he motions with his hand for me to get on with it.

“He sucked on lady, I like him, and he’s been in love with me for six years.”

That's a good, quick, and honest explanation.

"I know about the love, Roni filled me in on her helping and him working on your case. Now tell me about this lady part. Does he like her? Does he accept her? What about your scars?"

"That's three questions and I've not had ice cream yet. So you owe me ice cream after this...I thi—"

"I love Lady, and I love Lex."

My heart leaps out of my chest and I frantically shoot up off the couch. I look over and see Gage! What the hell is he

doing here? What the... Arg!?

“What are you —”

Lincoln chimes in, speaking over me.

“Ronni texted me, saying he was concerned about my intentions. So I told her to invite him over. Figured we might as well get all this settled now. As you can see Gage, I love Lex, she’s my girl, but I’m not here to be with her. You two need to fix this amongst yourselves.”

I give Lincoln an enraged dirty look.
What a bastard!

Still sitting on the couch, I throw my legs off and abruptly stand, with flagrant

attitude.

“If you two assholes will excuse me, I will see you later. I do not wish to talk about this tonight.”

No, I really don't. And frankly, I can't because the sight of Gage in that navy blue designer suit and jacquard tie has my panties filling with pre-come already. I hate that I desire him this much. I need a lobotomy. Like, right now!

Lincoln reaches out for me. “Lex, wait.”

“No, good evening.” I begin to walk

from the living room, my head held high and Gage grabs my arm. I try to tug it back. “Let go.” I demand.

“No.”

“Are you always such a stubborn ass?!” I snap. Great, now I can smell him and my saliva glands are working overtime. Why doesn’t my body listen to my mind!? Arg! This is so frustrating.

“Yes.” He grabs my other arm, pulling me against his chest. One second I’m standing, the next he flips me over his shoulder and is striding out of my foyer to the stairs.

“Lincoln, help me!” I shout, as Lincoln comes to watch Gage carry my flailing and pissed off body up the stairs.

He’s laughing. Lincoln is laughing at me! “Good luck, Lex, I’m sure you two will work this out.”

“I’ll never forgive you. You backstabbing bastard. Goddammit Gage, put me down.” I bang on his back with my fist, which is useless. Once we reach the top of the stairs, he opens my bedroom door, carries me to the far side of the room and has yet to say a word. Dropping my butt on top of my dresser

he grabs my silk pj shorts and rips them clean off. I scream, trying to push him away.

“No.” His husky tone demands. His thick fingers rip my panties off and *lady* springs forward.

“See! I knew it.” He states and his mouth attacks her. Sucking her all the way into his mouth, I yell a lust filled moan, tossing my head against my vanity mirror. My hands frantically grasping at his shoulders, trying to hold onto anything as my body is drawn into a shocking state of euphoria.

“Oh my God. Gage. No. No. We can’t.” My eyes roll back into my head, as he deep throats her, humming and his hand massages my sac.

Oh shit, that is wonderful. Jesus, I’ve missed this all week.

Wrapping his hands around my hips, he scoots me forward so half of my butt is hanging off the edge of the dresser. A thick finger probes my rosette causing me to moan louder. I can’t breathe; my chest is rising and falling so fast. His tongue is swirling around her head, and he pulls her out of his mouth, holding her

upward using his stubbly chin.

“Can I?” He pushes the tip of his wetted finger just into the rim of my pucker and I arch my back, my body shaking with intense molten need.

I nod, “Just be gentle.”

“Angel, that’s all I’ll ever be with you. Do you want me suck you while I do it? Or can I milk you?”

“I... I don’t care, but I need to come, Gage. I need to so bad.” My body involuntarily shakes, too much sexual pressure making my need to explode so much more.

“I know, my Angel. I’ll take care of you.”

One of his hands firmly holds lady, and he slowly works his finger inside of me. I hiss as it burns when he crosses the brink and meets my soft insides. Curving his finger into me, he presses that magical button and I convulse, panting, sweat dripping down the sides of my cheeks, and I bite my lip.

“Right there, sweetheart. Is that right?”

I nod, crying out, curling forward as he taps on it and a stream of clear pre-

come oozes from my slit. He triumphantly smiles with hooded eyes and bends down licking it clean off, groaning in his throat as he savors my juices.

“That’s it, more; give me more of your delicious nectar, Angel.” He massages harder and my body floods with raw ecstasy. As more of my pre-come erupts, he keeps sucking it off as it cascades down my shaft, swirling his tongue, so he doesn’t miss a drop. More and more he milks me, pushing me further and further toward a massive,

earthshattering climax.

“Gage. I’m...” I stop, and bellow out a shaky pleasure cry.

“You’re close?”

I nod fast, my nails digging into the lip of my dresser.

His finger stills inside of me and he gently rests his hand against my belly. Using his free hand, he unbuttons his suit jacket, tugs his white dress shirt out of his pants and nimbly unbuttons it, opening up his rippling abs and chest for me to feast my eyes on. I lick my lips.

“I’m glad you like.” He chuckles,

rubbing his hand over his abs. “You’re come is going to coat me tonight.”

My eyes widen. He wants me to shoot on his chest?

“What?” I huff, trying to catch my breath.

“I want your come on my chest, Angel.” He states, grabs lady, starting to jack her hard and fast, up and down, and his finger picks up pace milking my special button.



Gage

“That’s right sweetheart, come for me.” I coax, jacking my woman’s lady dick and swirling my finger in her soft inside. Her body is falling into heaven as eyes flutter, and she incoherently moans, lightly humping her hips into my fist.

“I’m... Oh... God...” She screeches and stills, opening her eyes wide. I grab her pretty cock and angle it at my chest and stomach. Hot steams of her come shoot and cover me, as her face beautifully contorts, and body convulses, riding wave after wave of orgasmic

bliss. The last shot of her sexiness lands on my chest, rolling down it. She slumps, wrung out; her hands cover her chest, as she attempts to steady her breathing.

Pressing her prostate one more time, her body briefly jerks forward and another small bit of her succulent juices seep out. I bend down and lick her semi-hard lady dick. She sighs, a sated smile curling from her lips.

“We...need...to...clean you.” Her groggy voice choppily drawls out.

Removing my finger from inside of

her, I use my jacking hand to rub in her come all over my chest and abs. Her eyes widen in surprise watching me and I shrug. "I want you all over me. I want to remember that you've not only came in my mouth, but your essence has been smeared all over my body." I reveal.

"Ok." She licks her lips and I grab her noodle legs, wrap them around my waist and pick her up, my hands holding onto her firm ass, her arms strewn over my shoulders. I carry her from the bedroom into the bathroom, shut the toilet lid with one hand, gently set her

down, and go over to the tub. I turn on the water and acclimate the temperature before I return to my hazy Angel.

Taking off the rest of her nightshirt, since I did ruin her pj's, I toss it in the trash and smile. Oh darn, guess that means I'll just have to go shopping for her. What a shame.

“Ready to take a bath, Angel?”

She sleepily nods. “Uh-huh.”

“You okay?”

Nods again, and I remove my jacket and shirt before I lift her from the seat like a baby and transfer her into the

warm water. She sighs, and adorably glides her hands though the water, back and forth.

Taking my phone out of my pocket, I plug it into the music dock on her vanity and select an album I love and according to Roni, Lex loves it too.

System, from *Queen of the Damned soundtrack*, starts to play over the mini speakers.

“No.” She mumbles.

“No what, sweetheart?” I kneel next to the tub and fold my fingers through hers submerged in the water.

“This song. This music. It’s not good.”

“Okay? Why?”

“It makes me want to have sex. It’s the music I listen to when I masturbate. I’ve done that a lot of that this week.”

Wow. That’s interesting. This music is highly sexual to me too. I never thought of her feeling the same. The music is pretty sadistic, so it must be the sensual beats that get her off. I could really use this information to my advantage.

Relaxing next to the tub, I lay my

head on the side and watch her wash herself. I don't think I've ever watched anybody except maybe Emma wash themselves. I only watch Emma to make sure she does a good job. She's five and needs verbal instructions.

We don't speak as she finished in the bath. Getting out, I wrap her in a plush ivory towel and follow her into her bedroom. Where she tosses back her duvet and fans out on her bed, naked.

“Join me.” She finally speaks, patting the mattress beside her.

I sit on the edge of the bed and run

my finger down her cheek and across her lips.

“I can’t. I have to go. Do you feel better?”

“Yes.”

“Are you going to talk to me? Stop ignoring my calls and texts?”

She innocently nods, biting her lip and I run my finger across them again.

“You’re very beautiful.”

Her cheeks flush.

“Why have you been ignoring me, Angel?” I speak softly.

“I don’t know. I’m...well I’m very

overwhelmed.” Her voice is barely above a whisper.

“In what way? You said you’ve been turned on a lot. Is that part of it?”

She nods. “Yes, a big part. My body is changing and I don’t know why. It scares me a lot. I’ve spent years becoming who I am. I’m afraid of change. From my experience most changes are bad ones. Me wanting to be a girl, not a boy, took me a very long time to accept. Now I feel like a walking lady boner. It can’t be a good thing.”

I smirk, “You’re not used to being

turned on are you?”

She firmly shakes her head. “I am. Just not like this. I use Daniel for release, but before him, I hardly ever touched myself. And what he and I have done is nothing compared...” Her voice trails off and she looks away.

“Look at me please.” I gently cup her chin, turning her face back toward me. “Tell me.”

She bashfully shakes her head.

“Please. Compared to what?”

“You.”

My heart swells with her deeply

penetrating revelation. I've waiting years to hear her express something this profound.

Stealing her hand from the mattress I pull it to my lips and kiss her palm.

“No more Daniel. He's never allowed to taste or touch you again. Understand?” This is not a negotiation and I hope she gets that. I will not allow him to touch her ever again, or severe consequences will be bestowed upon him.

“I know.” She breathily states.

“You know what?” I need to make

sure in her foggy sated mind, she's soaking in the magnitude of my no Daniel rule.

“Gage, don't worry. I wouldn't have let him even if you'd not told me otherwise. I already made that choice.”

“What choice is that?” Please tell me what I think you are!

“That...” She turns away chewing her lip and I'm quick to grab her chin and make her face me, again.

“That what? Tell me Lex. Come on, Angel. You can tell me anything.”

“That I only want...” She trails off

again and I blurt. “Me?”

She nods and I climb on top of her and smash my lips to her, kissing her with all the love that I feel for her, that just keeps getting more and more intense. Threading her hands behind my head, she holds me to her mouth. Parting her lips, she invites me in and I plunge my tongue inside. Passionately swirling my tongue with hers, savoring the sweet flavors of her delicate mouth. Falling deeper and deeper into passion, she parts her naked legs and I kneel between them, grinding against her, my cock and

hers both hard and ready for more. Little whimpery moans flutter from her mouth into mine as I increase the friction between us. Gentle hands cascade down my back, as she wraps her legs around my waist, and her hands find their way down to my butt, where she squeezes and leans up pressing her chest to mine and slides her hand down the crack of my ass and faintly touching my balls.

I immediately stop, and sit up. We can't do this.

Breathing hard she pouts a red lip questioning look at me. "What did you

do that for?”

My lungs unable to fill to full capacity I inhale deeply and respond. “You can’t touch me yet.”

She must not like my response because her face flips from hot sweetness to irritation. “What? You can suck me off and I can’t even touch you? Do you know how hot you are? Where is the fairness in that?”

I know she’s right, but I promised myself I couldn’t allow this until I knew she was my life partner. Using the term *girlfriend* sounds so temporary. Once

Lex gives herself to me completely in the emotional capacity, then I plan on allowing her to explore my body however, she would like. Until then, I'm off-limits. Consider it an incentive program.

“I’m sorry, sweetheart, but I can’t let you touch me until you decide we are together. I don’t want you to think I’m using you sexually.” I explain and my words seem to have deflated her. With a deep frown she looks away, staring blankly at the wall.

“Lex...please let me explain better.”

I plead, worried that if I don't, this will go nowhere fast.

“No, just leave. You have to get going anyhow.” The steel in her resolve and complete unwavering in her tone maims my heart. I thought I was doing the right thing by us.

“I am not leaving. Not until I'm convinced we are okay.”

“We're okay.” That's the furthest from convincing.

Fine. I don't want to do this but I will.

Unbuttoning my pants and dropping

them to my knees along with my boxers. I grab my hard shaft. If this is what she wants, she can have it. It's not worth upsetting her. Even though offering her this is extremely hard for me.

“Here.” I fist it, pumping beads of pre-come to my head. “If you want it, take it. My body is yours.”

Faintly shaking her head, she still won't look at me. I know she's turned on because she's also hard. So I grab hers and mine, and get close enough that I can jack them both using my hands as they touch.

“Is that what you want, Angel? Do you want my cock to kiss lady?” I hold hers straight up and I take my meaty head and rub it along her shaft, her sac and back up, where I join them tip-to-tip, swirling our pre-come together. She moans loud, grabbing her breasts, so I do it again.

“That’s it, sweetheart, touch yourself and touch him. He loves you, Lex and he loves lady. See how much he loves her?”

Finally, with hooded eyes and heaving chest, she turns her head to

watch, seeing both of our heads making love together. I use our combined pre-come as lube and they slide together in my hands, as I jack us both, in hard, fast and pleasurable strokes.

It doesn't take long for me to grunt and her body to buck as we near our climaxes. "That's it... play with your sexy breasts. You want to come? Does my Angel want to come?"

She nods, biting her lip, rearing her back off the bed, plucking her nipples hard and taut. "Oh Gage.... Yes... yes... I'm....going..." Writhing and thrashing

her head back and forth, I pump harder. A wail of pleasure cry erupts from her and her come shoots out in hot beautiful streams. That drives me over the edge and I growl out her name, making sure I shoot my seed all of her lady cock, marking it as mine.

Coming down post climatic ecstasy, I massage my seed into her lady before I let it go and rest it on her stomach still half erect. I'm a gooey come mess. So I slide off the bed and go to the bathroom where I wash my hands in the sink and smile at myself in the mirror.

“Hey.” She smiles coming into the bathroom, watching me.

“Hi, Angel. You got to use the facilities? I can leave.”

She shakes her dampened head.
“Yes, I do, but you’re fine. I like looking at you.”

Now I blush at her compliment and she giggles. I love seeing her smile, so beautiful when she’s naked and happy like this. She has the hottest body I’ve ever seen.

“If you don’t pee now, I’m going to ravage you another time and this time I

might be even naughtier.” I wink, revealing a dark smile.

“You came to my house, in which I assume was to talk. Then instead of talking we end up... well you know.” Now she’s the one turning crimson and the redness flares from her cheeks all the way down to her chest. Absolutely adorable.

“Come here, you.” I wave her over with my hands and she comes and wraps her arms around my waist, her head resting on my bare chest. I hear her inhale my scent, and my heart warms. I

love this woman.

Releasing her from our hug. I give her a quick peck on the lips, go to dress and I kiss her one more time before I leave. I'm going to miss her but I am already running late. Tasha is watching Emma tonight and I feel terrible for making her keep her longer than I anticipated.

Chapter Twenty-Two

Saturday

Lex

I haven't **saw Gage since** Thursday night and what a Thursday night that was. Wow. That's all I can think of to explain it. It was amazing. Out of this world. I've never come so hard in my life. I thought he had ruined me before. No, not even close. This is a completely different level of euphoria. I've never

had anyone play with my button that way before. I felt like I was close to coming the entire time, then he masturbating us both. I have no words for that. It was by far the most intimate thing I've ever experienced with anyone in my entire life. Brian never touched my lady with his monstrosity. I'm thankful for that.

Right now, I am relaxing in my living room, texting Gage back and forth. He's headed out on a motorcycle ride with Auto, Bob, Tank, and a couple of the other men. It's a perfect day to do that. It's warm, sunny, dry, and the flowers

are extra fragrant. I've opened all my windows to let the heavenly floral scent drift in.

I think I'm finally getting past this hardship with letting Gage in. The more we talk and get to know one another the more confident I feel in myself and by association, *us*. Listen to me, I'm even calling us an us. I feel like I've come a long way. I think my mom and Roni would agree as well if I had decided to share what I've been feeling with them. But I haven't. Lincoln, on the other hand has been in constant contact.

Ding dong, my doorbell chimes.

Still wearing my silky red pajama shorts and tank, I pad my way over to the door and call out. “Who’s there?”

“It’s me, Angel, open the damn door.” He barks playfully, and I am so ecstatic for him to be here I could squeal!!

But I won’t.

Opening the door, I feign indifference, even though I want to throw my arms around him and kiss him with tongue, and wrap my legs around his waist and take him into my living room

where I suck him off. Oh Jesus, listen to me.

He growls looking me up and down, standing on the opposite side of my screen door. “I knew I’d be happy to see you, but someone is happy to see me too.” He winks and I look down. Crap! Lady’s awake.

Cupping her to hide her from prying eyes, I unlock the screen door and usher him inside. He’s extra sexy today. Here I thought him wearing a suit was delicious. Gage in a pair of torn knee jeans, a white t-shirt, under a black

leather motorcycle jacket, and black riding boots is just as sexy. He's also wearing a pair of sunglasses and a blue bandana on his head. I picture him as some bar fighter or a lawyer. Now he's a biker too. Talk about fulfilling all my fantasies in one damn man.

“Get dressed. We leave in ten minutes.”

What!? Huh?

“What are you talking about?” I'm confused. Very much so.

“Roni, the boys, you, and I are all going on a ride today. I talked to them

and they're cool with you chicks tagging along. Now get your fine ass upstairs and put on some jeans, boots and a decent shirt. I've already got your jacket."

I cough, choking on my saliva. "What? Who said I want to go riding? I've never been on a motorcycle, and I don't own a pair of riding boots."

"If you want to wear heels, you can. I just don't want to risk you getting burned by the tail pipes. I'm sure you've got some heeled boots up there. You can wear a skirt, but I'm already going to

have hard enough time keeping my hands off of you as it is. Beware; be very aware I'm wound up today, like something fierce. Had some shit happen with Melissa last night. No big deal but I've been dying to see you since Thursday. Now get you hot ass upstairs and let's do this thing."

I'm used to Roni being bossy. Now I have a domineering Gage. With my past of abusive men, you'd think I'd find this off putting or hard to handle, but I don't. It's sexy in some crazy messed up way. I think it's probably, because I know if I

told him go away. He would, but I won't, this is kind of exciting.

“Okay.” Is all I say and turn to head to my stairs. He grabs me by the arm, firmly tugs me against his chest and passionately kisses me like it's been years we've been apart. Sweetly grabbing a fist full of my hair, he tugs my head back and attacks my neck, sucking and licking, using his free hand to fervently roam my back and my butt. Grabbing his jacket for support I tilt my head back further offering more of myself, letting his strength hold me up.

He unlatches his hand from my hair and rips my silk top off in three tugs. Tossing it on the floor he ferociously with a growl latches onto a nipple and I cry out in pleasure. Needier and needier he drawls suction on my nipple.

Bang, Bang, Bang, a fist pounds on my front door.

“Get the fuck out here, douche. We don’t have time for you to fuck your old lady.”

Unlatching from my breast, he kisses it and yells back with a snarl. “Fuck off, Tank. I’m just getting reacquainted.”

“Yeah well, we all don’t have the hottest fuckin’ woman in town to get reacquainted with. Now cut the shit and bring her or leave her, we ride in ten.”

“Sorry, Angel.” He stands and kisses my forehead.

“Um...is he going to be like that all day? Are they all bikers? I’ve not spent a lot of time with many people Gage. Are you sure you want me to tag along?”

Cupping my face in his hands, he dives his eyes into mine, locking our souls, and I nearly swoon at the mere sight and strength of him.

“You are my woman, or you will be. I’ve told you I’ve wanted you for six years. Me, hanging with my buddies every other weekend or whenever I can, is a part of me. Just like Roni is a part of you. I want to share this with you. If you’ll let me.”

“Okay. Just remember I’m not a tomboy like Roni. I don’t fit in with men very well.”

Kissing my forehead, he releases me. “I know and I love you the way you are. All of you. Now go and meet me outside in ten. Pack a small bag of a few

essentials that I can fit into my saddle bag.”

I agree and head upstairs to dress and pack a small bag of essentials, whatever that is supposed to mean. For me essentials are like an entire suitcase of stuff. I don't usually go out on a whim. I always take time to prepare myself, going through my beauty regiment. He is taking me way out of my comfort zone. Not sure if that's a good or a bad thing.



Walking down my front steps, my cheapest and fattest purse tossed over

my shoulder. The group of men all turn their heads simultaneously in my direction and start to catcall. I blush, and stare at the ground, embarrassed.

“Shut the fuck up.” Gage barks and comes over to my side. I look up at him and he offers me a bright smile and takes my purse. “You look beautiful as always. Don’t mind these horny bastards. They’re just jealous I have a hot woman and they don’t.”

I turn even redder and my stomach does massive somersaults at his heartfelt compliment. How can he be so freakin’

perfect?

Escorting me over to his bike, I see Roni standing next to Bob's motorcycle talking with a few of the men I've not met before. Looks like she's totally in her element, wearing jeans, and a black t-shirt with a red bandana around her head. There's about ten guys, Roni and I and some other woman who's riding with some big burly, long bearded man, who looks scary as hell.

"That's Crunch." Gage whispers in my ear. "And the woman with him is Betty, his old lady."

I look at him, searching his face. “Is this a motorcycle gang? Are you a part of a gang. I thought you were a lawyer.”

Gage laughs. “It’s not a gang or a club or anything. It’s just a group of men who are friends and ride together. There are no inductions, rules, or meetings. We just like what we like and we ride. I’ve been riding with them since I was sixteen. Crunch is Tanks dad and Betty is Crunch’s old lady. Then you know Auto, Bob,” He points to them as he goes down the line and each man raises a hand in greeting. “Then there’s Dopey,

Z...”

I cut him off. “Dopey and Z?”

He laughs again, smiling at me sweetly. “Yes, Angel. We all have nicknames. Crunch gave them to us.”

“What’s yours?”

“Gage.”

What!!

“What? I thought your name *WAS* Gage.”

He shakes his head still smiling down at me. “No, sweetheart. I was born in the seventies. I don’t think anybody named kids Gage back then. I had it

legally changed to Gage once I became a lawyer. As I also did for Tank, Bob and Auto.”

Holy crap!

“Okay... So how long have you been called Gage and what is your real name? The one, you know, that your mother gave you.”

“Crunch started calling me Gage when I was ten, that’s when Tank and I became best buds. I’m a natural, working on cars and stuff. Guess that’s why he chose it and my birth name was...don’t laugh. My mom had a huge

thing for history. She named me Commodus.”

My eyes widen, and I don't laugh. The poor kid. “You mean, as in, Commodus the Emperor?”

He nods and crinkles his nose in obvious disgust. “Yes. That's the one. My dad was away on business when I was born and he came home to have a son named Commodus. Apparently, it's a name she tried to give my brother Maxwell, but my father named him instead. Then I became the lucky SOB.”

“Alright enough of the history lesson,

Gage. She'll find out a lot more along our trip. Now let's hit it. We're burnin' daylight." Tank orders. The way everybody tenses, awaiting Gage's reaction, tells me that Tank is probably the only one in the whole group who can speak to Gage that way.

"Okay, dick, but I get the outside so she can see the flowers."

Tank curtly nods and Gage tucks my purse into his saddlebag, kicks his leg over his Harley and offers me his hand. "Kick your leg over, Angel." I listen and get on the bike. His hands position my

heeled boots on the pegs and my back rests comfortably on back of the seat. His Harley is a black and silver two seater with a full backrest. It's luxurious and comfortable. I peer down between my legs and see my cushion has an Angel, like the one on Gage's back, imprinted on it.

“You're the only person I'd ever let ride on the back of my bike. I had it made specifically for you.” He states, handing me a black helmet with an angel on the side and a black leather jacket just like his, except in women's. I put

them all on and latch my chinstrap.

“Aren’t you going to put on a helmet?” I ask, as he fires on the motor. “Wait a minute. How’d you all get here without me hearing you pull up?”

He barks a cocky laugh. “Now you ask. I had the boys walk their bikes from three streets over, and I don’t wear helmets. I like the wind in my face.”

“What if I want the wind in mine?” I’m testing him to see what he says. He’s a sly bastard, having the men walk their bikes and having a specific helmet and jacket for me. He’s planned this. Giving

me the illusion, this was spontaneous, even though it really wasn't. I'm a smart woman. I can figure this out on my own.

“Tough turkey. You need a helmet. If someone were to hit us or something happen I have to know you're alright.” He pats my leg and kicks up the kickstand holding the giant bike between his manly thighs. The rumbling under my butt is something so foreign and almost naughty. What a thrill!

Walking the bike out into the open street he signals to the men with his hand, revs the engine and off we ride.

Slowly he turns a corner and I instinctively lean with him. Reaching behind his back, he grabs my arms and pulls them around him. I comply, resting my arms around his waist. With my helmet-covered head between his shoulder blades, I watch as the world passes us by. Soaking in the freedom, I feel behind the man I somehow trust and know that he would never let anything happen to me. I'm so happy, I could almost cry.



Its dusk and we have only stopped

once to fill up on gas and for us to pee and drink something. I haven't eaten a thing since breakfast, and I don't know how we are going to get home before it's pitch black outside, with only the moon and stars to light our way. Today has been an amazing journey. The countryside here is so pretty, and I'm not sure how far we've ventured from home but the scenery has somewhat changed and the flatlands have started to roll into smaller and sometimes larger hills. Not something I'm used to seeing in or around Heartfair.

Slowing the bike down, Gage stops and puts his feet on the ground. I glance up to see him signaling for the men to go ahead of him and they listen, their headlights blazing past us. “Sweetheart, we’re here.”

“What do you mean? *We’re here*. We’re not at home.”

He chuckles, a full-bodied one that rumbles into my body, that’s touching his. “I know. That’s why I said pack lightly. We are staying the night here.”

“What!” I squeal. “You never said ‘listen Lex we’re staying the night

somewhere you need to bring an *overnight* bag.’ I didn’t pack enough.” I emphasize so he realizes this is a big deal.

Still chuckling he pats my calf. “Sweetheart, there is plenty where we are staying and everything will be ready when we get there. I promise you have nothing to worry about; I just wanted you to bring essentials for the trip. That is all. I love you. I know you’re a girly girl. I promise you won’t feel uncomfortable.”

“Alright...I trust you.”

He sighs a long drawn out sigh and relaxes his shoulders. “I’m so happy to hear you finally say that.”

Driving the bike a little further up the road, we turn onto a gravel path and at a snail’s pace; he glides us down it, through a forest of thick trees and bushes. Owls are already hooting and the sounds of the night welcome us into their kingdom.

Passing through an open farm gate, we roll up to a small log cabin set in the middle of the woods. All men and women have parked their bikes and we

are the last to arrive. I can hear a loud commotion coming from inside. Parking us last in line, he turns off the bike, lets down the kickstand and offers me his hand to climb off and I do. We both walk toward the cabin, his hand protectively wraps around my lower back grabbing my opposite hip, anchoring my hip to his strong thigh. “This is my place. I promise you will like it.”

Not likely... I pensively nod in silent response, my nerves besting me. I know I don't fit in with these people. I'm not a biker chick. I'm not like Roni. I really

don't see what Gage sees in me. I'm not a part of his world. Not if this is it.

Entering in through the glass paned front door to the single story cabin, the group all loudly greets us, as many of them pound back beers and dive in to a huge feast that has been prepared. It's spread across the massive granite topped island in the open kitchen. This place is magnificent. Cabin in the woods meets interior design show palace. It's like one of those cabins you'd see in a magazine. The couches are buttery chocolate leather, the kitchen state of the

art with dark walnut cabinets and stainless appliances, and a big plasma TV is on the wall in the living area. It's all open concept and the floor has big outdoorsy printed rugs thrown across the finely polished hardwood.

“Wow.” I whisper to myself, taking in beautiful ambiance of this fanciful retreat. I never would have thought.

“Like it, huh?” Gage whispers in my ear, his hot breath washing over me, as his scruffy stubble dusts my cheek.

“Very.” I smile, turn to him and kiss him appreciatively right on the mouth.

He pulls back suddenly with surprised eyes and touches his lips with his fingers.

“I don’t know what came over me. I’m sorry.” I mutter feeling self-conscious. Like I’m on display and I can feel the whole room quiet and still, intently watching us.

He smiles wide, showing off his perfectly white teeth. “You’ve never kissed me before. Do it again.”

I shake my head and back away. He stalks toward me not taking no for an answer, grabs my upper arms, roughly

yanks me against his chest and kisses me. Groaning in his throat as he snakes his hand around my back and grabs my butt, deepening the kiss he forcefully shoves his needy tongue into my mouth, devouring me.

God he can kiss. I love kissing him but I can't do this in front of an audience. My uncomfortable feelings bubble up and I push his chest and break the kiss. Bending forward I place my hands on my knees, trying to catch my breath and turn my head to see the entire room still watching us in palpable surprise.

Gage notices the horrified expression wash across my face and sincerely apologizes. “I’m so sorry, sweetheart.” He reaches for me and I flinch not wanting anyone to touch me right now. This is too much.

“It’s about damn time!” Tank chimes in, breaking the eerie silence and the whole room begins applauding and cheering. Hooting and hollering.

Not able to take being on display any longer I dart out the front door and into the fresh brisk night. I hear Gage charging after me, yelling for me.

Pounding my feet into the grass, I run with all that I can and as I reach the line of the forest, I'm tackled to the ground from behind. He flips me over and straddles my legs so I can't move as I try to fight him off and scream at him to let me go.

"No." He demands, holding my hands above my head.

"I don't want to do this. I want to go home." I cry, tears trickling down the sides of my face.

"No you don't. You are scared. You are worried. You feel vulnerable, and

you think those bikers in there are judging you. They're not. They've known about my need for you, for some time now. They've seen years of me being sad and drowning in my own misery with my ex-wife. This is the first time they've ever seen me kiss *anyone*. They're happy for us cheering for our relationship, not laughing at it. Stop fighting me, Lex."

I try to push him off but he's too strong. I hate that he's playing into my deepest emotions. I hate when he's right. I hate when hits the nail right on the

head. This is too hard.

“They want to know you, they are not here to judge or mistreat you. They will love you, if you let them. Everyone who knows you, Lex, loves you. They can’t help but love you. You’re amazing. You’re caring. You’re sweet. You’re mine. Do you honestly think I’d take you, the woman I love, anywhere that you’d be judged and treated badly? I have you tattooed on my back, Lex. You are a part of me physically, emotionally, sexually. Every single fuckin’ part of me, Angel, is yours. ”



Gage

Why is she so hell-bent on the fact that people are always looking to hurt her? I know it has a lot to do with her past, but I can't take this. I hadn't planned on bringing her out to my cabin this weekend, but I couldn't take another day away from her. It was either wait to see her on Monday or bring her along. I chose the former. I want her to fit into my life; I want her to feel welcome, to

be a part of things that aren't in her comfort zone. I want to show her the world. I've slept with women in my apartment. I've ridden with other women in my truck, but I've never introduced a woman to my friends. Not even my ex-wife. Melissa never met the entire gang. Not gang, gang. I mean a bunch of friends. And I've never brought a woman to my cabin. I purchased this place about five years ago. After I fell in love with Lex, I took weekend trips here to find myself, to take myself away from lawyer life, from my money grubbing

wife and to relax with my friends on an occasion. A lot of times I've come here alone. Emma has also visited. She even has her own bedroom. It's our little father daughter weekend getaways that I find most relaxing.

I never had a place for myself when Melissa and I were married. Not until I purchased this place. I worked all day at my firm that I had handed down to me, from Biff when he retired. After work, I picked Emma up from the sitters and Melissa sat at home all day long and did basically nothing. I wanted her to take

care of our daughter. She was too in tuned with her own needs that she had zero interest in caring for Emma. I couldn't trust her to do the right thing at all times when Emma was alone with her. It's hard enough every other weekend now that she's five.

I remember when Melissa got pregnant with Emma. She was a happy pregnant woman. It wasn't something we had planned. To be honest, I had planned to divorce her soon after the Lex case had concluded, so I could be with Lex. But things changed when I found out my

wife that I no longer desired, ended up pregnant after one of my drunken sex nights with her. I worried Emma wasn't mine, so when she was born I secretly had her DNA tested and in fact, Emma is my biological daughter. If she hadn't been, I would have forced Melissa to allow me to adopt her. One way or another Emma would still be mine. I'm just lucky Melissa didn't start sleeping around until shortly after Emma was born.

In the past years we lived together, we rarely had sex. She did her thing and

I took care of Emma and me. I stayed with her until Emma was ready to start school full time. I knew appendix J would be enforced when going for custody. So I wanted to make sure Emma could make her own cereal and dress herself before I left Melissa, because I can't be there on those weekends she has her and I don't want my daughter to starve. If I had left her when Emma was still in diapers she would have no doubt came home with shit in her diaper and rashes so bad I would have probably taken her to the ER. It wasn't worth

testing my theory for my own benefit of being with Lex, not when my daughter's health and wellness was at stake. I know some may think; 'Well Gage you could have petitioned the courts to not allow visitation. Or turned her in.' That's very true, I could have, but what good would that have done me if my daughter was dead because she'd drowned in the bathtub when her mom was outside smoking a cigarette. Or fell down the stairs because she couldn't walk down them without assistance. The fear was too great to be selfish about. I worry

enough as it is. That's why I keep my phone on me at all times and Emma has her own personal kid's cell phone that I stuff into her backpack only on the weekends she's with her mom. I'm frantic when it comes to her.

“Gage. Gage. Hello Gage. Come in Gage.” Lex is talking to me, and I peer down at her, my body still holding her to the ground. The sadness and anger on her face has dried up and shifted into one of great concern.

“Sorry.” I roll off of her and onto my back into the grass, staring at the night

sky. It's clear tonight and the stars are twinkling even more so. It's breathtaking.

This time she sits up in her jeans and coral fashion tank top and sits beside me. Her hand resting on my chest. "Talk to me." She coaxes in the gentlest tone.

"Why should I? I bring you here to show you my life, to have you with me. I could have gone a few days without seeing you since I already told the guys I'd come this weekend. But instead, I gathered up enough courage to ask you to come along...."

She giggles. “You didn’t ask me. But that’s okay. I’m glad I came.”

“No you’re not. You just told me you wanted to leave.” I blurt, I know it’s a little rude to rub it in her face. It’s true though. If she only knew how hard, it was for me to ask her in the first place. I don’t want to pressure her into anything. I don’t want to force her into things she’s not comfortable doing. I keep telling myself that she wouldn’t let me do those things if she wasn’t ready. She’s pushed me away before. I just pray that she *does* push me away or tell me to stop when it

becomes too much for her to handle. I know I can't handle stuff from my past because of my mother. Like drinking beer, I can't do it. It's a mental thing for me. I know she has way more vices than I do because she's experienced even more brutality than I could even fathom.

“I know I said that, and I'm sorry. I've only ever kissed two men in my life. And I've surly never kissed anybody in front of someone else. Let alone a group of somebodies.”

“Two other than me? That's all.”
She's a very talented kisser. I would

have guessed she's kissed way more than that. I always forget that even though she is angelically beautiful, she's not experienced sexually. It's very hard to wrap my head around. When you look at her, you'd think every man has thrown themselves at the mercy of her feet and begged to be used as her sex slave. *Lady* between her legs or not, most men could care less because of how unfathomably pure and delicately feminine she is.

“No...not two other than you. Two, *including* you. Just you and Brian. I never kissed before I met him. I was

nervous about a boy finding out about lady and making fun of me. I didn't want to feel the shame. I felt enough shame my whole life, not being what my father expected me to be. I couldn't bear another blow to my already frail self-esteem. But that's neither here nor there. What's wrong? What's on your mind?"

See! This is why she is perfect. This is why I am in love with her. She opens up to me for a moment, just a small peek into her past from her own eyes. Then she turns the story into making it about me and making sure, I'm okay. Selfish

women like Melissa aren't like that. That's what makes Lex, even more of a precious gem.

"I was thinking about Melissa, my ex-wife. Emma's with her this weekend and it kills me to have her there." Lex starts to rub small comforting circles on my chest and down my stomach.

"Okay... keep going."

"Melissa is an awful mom. You wouldn't know about that because your mom is great. But I feel like Emma is going to get the same childhood as I did. That she will have the nutso mother who

could care less about her. It's true. But I'm trying to be here and make up for the lack of mother she has. Melissa isn't a mom. She's barely a human being. And because of the courts, I have to allow her to go there every other weekend. When Emma comes home I do a physical check on her. To make sure she hasn't been physically harmed. I'm scared shitless. That's why it helps when I come here on the weekends she's with Melissa. If something happens, I won't be there, but my sister Tasha is on call and so is my dad, should I need them if

something arises. If I don't stay away, I feel like I might be stupid and go over there to check up on her and flip out when I see the tiniest thing I find inappropriate. Once, when I dropped her off, I found an opened condom wrapper jammed in the doorframe. I lost it of course. Took Emma away from there and Lincoln had to come over to my apartment and retrieve Emma because I was in breach of our court orders. Unless the parent is participating in lewd acts in front of the child, it doesn't matter if there is an opened condom

wrapper. I knew that. I just didn't give a fuck. ”

Sighing, I watch Lex as she's attentively listens to me and continues her gentle caress of my chest and stomach. It feels cathartic to finally voice my inner most feelings to someone other than my sister. It feels even better to open up to the woman I love, while we sit outside in the middle of spring, with nothing but the incandescent moonlight to bathe her pale supple skin. I love the way it shines off her long dark hair. Astoundingly beautiful is only a

fraction of how I view my Lex.

“I would have been angry too. I’m upset just thinking about it. I understand your frustration, and I know Emma’s not mine. Even though I do love her, I wish she had a better mother too. You said you were having problems with Melissa yesterday. What was that about? Same stuff or something different?”

“Emma told her about you and her and staying the night. And about making me breakfast in bed. It was the first thing Emma shared when she went to her house. I didn’t think about talking to

Emma about it beforehand. I should have known she would announce it to the world. It was the topic of her show and tell last week. She carried a My Little Pony to school and told her class all about you. Her teacher Mrs. Hammer called me the next day to congratulate me on having a positive role model in Emma's life and how much happier she's been. To say you've made an impression on her is putting it mildly. So, Melissa as you know is aware of my feelings. She knows about the obsession..."

By painfully tugging my happy trail through my shirt, she shuts me up, “Please don’t call me an obsession.”

“Sorry, she knows about my love for you. That better?”

I search her face and she smiles and bows her head. “Yes. Much.” She agrees and continues her sweet caresses up and down my body, filling me with warmth.

“As I’m sure you can understand, Melissa even though she doesn’t know you, doesn’t particularly care for you. It has nothing to do with you and who you are, it’s because of me and my feelings.

Our daughter spouting happy things about you to her shitty mother basically caused my ex-wife to lash out at Emma and me. Leaving Emma a bawling mess and me so pissed I wanted to kill somebody.”

Lex gasps, covering her mouth and scoots away. “I’m so sorry. I’m so, so, so, so sorry.” She cries.

Shit!

I sit up and reach for her, grabbing ahold of her hand so she can’t run. “Lex, no. This isn’t about you. This is about my ex-wife being a bitch. Not about you,

sweetheart. Not you at all.”

“It is too.” She cries, utterly devastated. “Emma got emotionally scarred because of *me*. Why do I let people I love get hurt? I hurt my father by not being the son he wanted. I hurt my mother because I wanted to be a girl and my dad took it out on her. I hurt my mom and Roni, because I thought I loved Brian when I first went to live with him. I hurt everybody. If I had just stayed away from Brian, you wouldn’t have seen my case. Emma would still have a mother and father married, and I

wouldn't be so messed up.”

My Angel is killing me. My heart is ripping down the center, weeping for her. None of this is her fault. I wish she understood that.

“No. Lex. I want you. You can't change the past. And yes, Emma is sad for a little while. Do I like it? No. I was a raving lunatic last night. Or I would have come over. I couldn't let you see me like that. Emma is better because of you. You make us both happy. Stop this self-deprecating nonsense.” I crawl over to her, pull her protectively in my arms

and lay us down into the grass to stare at the stars.

“Can you please stop fighting this?” I whisper.

“I don’t know how. I feel like you deserve better than what I can give.” She’s so wrong about that one. It’s quite the opposite. She’s too good for me. If only she’d hold that much value in herself.

Folding her fingers into my mine, we hold hands. “If you can give me yourself, that’s all I want. Baggage, pain, insecurities, I want it all. I just want

you.”

“I want you too.” She whispers so lightly to herself, I’m not sure if she knows I heard it or not. Either way, it doesn’t matter. We are making progress. And that’s the first step to our forever.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Sunday

Lex

“Wake up beautiful.” A sexy voice draws me out of my slumber, as his warm hand cascades down my cheek. “Does my Angel want some breakfast? I have a *surprise* for you.”

The way he says surprise has my mouth watering, turning my thoughts to something other than a *normal* breakfast.

If that breakfast includes Gage, naked, with his thick manhood stuffed into my mouth. Then yes, that would be the best breakfast of my life. Listen to me; I'm such a naughty girl. I don't think I've ever been a naughty anything.

Opening my eyes, I blink to focus on his gorgeous smiling face. His eyes are sleepy, his chin stubble is even longer and his eyes look brighter this morning. Happy brighter.

“Well hello there, my woman. Rise and shine.” He kisses my cheek and pecks me on the lips. “Time to wake up

and come to the kitchen.”

I frown. “I thought I was having *breakfast* in bed. You know the kind that includes sausage.” Oh my God. I just said what I was thinking. Naughty Lex. What has gotten into me?

“Sausage, huh?” He winks, raising his sexy brow, and stands. Opening up the button on his fleece pajama pants he pulls out his long succulent hard cock through the opening. “Is this the kind of sausage you were referring to?”

Shyly I nod, biting my lip, unable to break my stare. It’s *that* sexy.

“I’ll make you a deal. I’ll feed you a little bit of my pre-come, if you let me have some of yours and then we will both go into the kitchen. They’re already waiting for us.”

“Won’t that torture us? I’m already turned on. So are you.” I point to his erection. I don’t like his idea. If I’m hard, that means people could see her and tucking her erect is almost impossible.

“Yes, it will. But it’s that or nothing. If I ravage you now, we will be in here too long.”

“Fine.” I huff and stick out my tongue. “Feed me.”

Chuckling with a heartwarming smile, he pumps his shaft in long languid pulls, producing a pool of silken pre-come to ooze, he presses his meaty head to my lips, and I lick the slick goodness into my mouth with a soft moan.

“God I love having you touch me.” He groans, and pumps his shaft once more, producing another bead on his head. I lick it and he pulls back, tucking his hard-on back into his pants.

Throwing off the covers, I look

down. I completely forgot what I was wearing or how I got here. Last night I fell asleep talking to Gage about our lives, as we rested romantically under the stars. He carried me inside, my arms draped over his shoulders. I remember momentarily waking up but I don't remember him stripping me nude.

Leaning over the edge of the bed, he helps himself to lady, and swirls his tongue around her, groaning in his throat as he sucks all the pre-come from her with a wicked smile. Igniting my lust filled desires tenfold, and my sac aches,

wanting him to bring me to a sensational release.

“All done.” He stands walks over to a dresser in his bedroom and pulls out a deep purple silk nightgown. It’s short, heart neckline with thin spaghetti straps. Something I would never wear because it dips to low in the back and that will show my scars. In his walk-in closet, he retrieves a matching deep purple silk robe, now that I can do. It’s perfect.

“I got these for you.”

“Why? Because you’ve ruined numerous sets of my expensive pajamas

and panties? And where are my clothes?”

“You’re not wearing your clothes; this is breakfast in *our* cabin. Wear the pajamas. And yes, I’m sorry, but taking the time to remove the thin fabric is hardly worth it. It’s more fun ripping it off of you.”

I blush and watch as lady pumps more of her silken juices out. I hate being wet down there every time he’s around. And if he thinks his little *our* comment is lost on me. It’s not. I can read between his adorable lines.

“Do I get panties?”

“No.”

Now that hardly seems fair.

“No? Why not? What if they see her?” I point. “What if she leaks on the ground?”

He shrugs with a dirty little grin. “Then she does. Tell me when you think she might be and I’ll be sure to clean her up. Wouldn’t want all that deliciousness to go to waste now would we?”

I can’t believe he is actually suggesting what he’s suggesting. I thought *I* was naughty this morning. He’s

really pushing the limits far beyond anything I've said or thought. Well maybe.....

“Gage... I can't.”

He holds up his hand, to stop me from talking. “Every one of them has been informed about her. They don't give a shit. Roni is the one who informed them, not me.”

“What!” I scream, my body turning on high alert in an instant.

“Calm down. It's fine. They don't care.”

“This is not *your* body *Gage*, to

make that choice. I care. *I* care who knows.”

“Why? Why does it matter? They won’t treat you any different. I found out last night that the entire lot of them has known for weeks.”

I can’t believe this is happening!!

“What did they say?”

Coming over to the bed, he sits down beside me resting my pajamas in his lap. His hand holds onto mine.

“They don’t mind, Lex. We are all different in our own ways. Did you know Tank swings both ways? He likes

dick *and* pussy. Z has two girlfriends who live with him. Crunch, well let's just say he's a freak. I grew up with these men. None of them cares about lady; they care about you. Can't you see that I would never let anyone around you who would hurt you? I didn't tell them because it wasn't my place. And you know Roni would have never outed you if she knew they would be a threat. You know that and I know that."

He's right, but I never thought she would tell people without my permission. I also never thought she'd

let a man into my life and help him get there. I guess I don't know her as well as I thought. Just when I think my trust in her is frail enough. She goes and does this too. What was she thinking?

Sliding out of bed, I kiss him on the forehead and dress in my gown and robe, leaving off panties for the first time in years. Nervously walking out of his large bedroom and down the hall, we are greeted by the entire group. Who are scattered around the living room and island. Set on the island is two tall three tier trays filled with dainty petite fours

and mouthwatering biscotti. Each person has a tea cup and there's a vast array of tea bags strewn across the granite top.

Stealing my hand, Gage holds it, escorting me into the kitchen, where everyone has begun to congregate. "Everybody, since we didn't get a chance to talk last night. I know some of you already know Lex. But she is a part of our family now. I wanted to make her first morning here in the cabin a memorable one. That's why I have her favorite breakfast laid out for us to enjoy. I had the honor of having Lex's

best friend Roni help me select this especially for her. I hope you like.” He turns to me, looks deep into my eyes, and cups my chin with his free hand. “I love you very much.” He says and kisses my lips ever so gently. My heart flutters in my chest and I swallow hard to keep from bursting into tears of happiness. ‘Thank you.’ I mouth to him. ‘Anything for you.’ He mouths back.

“Welcome to the family.” Tank brashly erupts, breaking my intense connection with Gage. Tank holds up his teacup that looks tiny in his massive

hands. Then the entire group salutes alongside him and cheers a 'here, here'. Then they shoot back their tea, like it's a shot of liquor.

People start to filter into the kitchen to chat casually with me as I nibble on my breakfast and drink a cup of tea that Gage keeps refilling when it gets low. Gage holds onto my side, keeping me close and loved the entire time, as I become acquainted with his friends. After I've met Betty, Z and a man named Linx, my guess he got his nickname because he has orange cat eyes. Roni

makes her way into the kitchen and throws her arm over my shoulder. This time Gage kisses my cheek and departs, leaving us to deal on our own. I miss him already.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have medaled in your life. I love you. You’re my best friend. Just tell me what you need me to do to make it right.” Her tone drips with sadness and sincerity.

“It’s okay. I’m angry you did it. But I’m glad too. Gage is amazing and...” I lean in next to her ear. “And I think I might be falling in love with him.” I

whisper to her and she grabs my arms and squeals like a girl, which surprises the hell out of me and I laugh, at her excitement.

“I knew it!” She claps.

“I also know you told them *all* about me.” I reveal with a straight face and she frowns, tossing a stray hair that had fallen into her eyes back into its normal messy position.

“It’s not like that. I didn’t tell them for them. I told them for you. I knew you would feel weird spending time with them, thinking that any time they would

find out and treat you differently. Bob's known for a while and he suggested it. At first, I said no, then after a few weeks, when I knew the Gage relationship was going to pan out, I sat down with them all and told them."

Grabbing her arm and tugging her into the half bath off the kitchen, I close the door. "And?"

She shrugs, like she doesn't know what I'm asking her to tell me. "And what? Tank's words, verbatim were. 'Fuckin' Gage gets the hottest girl in town. Fuck me sideways. I thought she

was hot before. That God dammed lucky bastard.’” She explains with a manly voice, attempting to sound like Tank, but failing miserably.

I laugh completely filled with happiness. “Keep going...”

“Hummm...” She taps her chin with her finger, obviously thinking. “Z asked if he could see it. Dopey, all he did was smile and lick his lips, don’t know what that means. And to be honest a few asked how you do it. How you were strong enough to survive the life you’ve led. Many of them are in their own way are

proud of you. And proud of Gage for sticking by you and fighting to be with you, knowing that it's going to be hard for you to accept people into your life, who actually know about lady. You're a part of this family."

"Why didn't you tell me Bob was in a motorcycle group like this?"

"If I had, what would your reaction have been?"

I scour, I know where she's going with this. "I worry about you."

"Yes, and if I told you, you would have been extra worried and calling all

the time to check up on me. You had to see this for yourself. It's not something you just tell someone and expect them to understand."

I nod, agreeing with her valid point and a knock sounds on the bathroom door.

"My sweetheart is in there and I need to check her."

"Check me? What is he talking about?" I raise a brow to Roni in question and she shrugs her blue t-shirt clad shoulders and opens the door.

Gage comes straight into the

bathroom, leaving the door wide-open, abruptly drops to his knees onto the travertine tiles, tucks his head under my nightgown and I squeal, trying to push him away.

“Gage, what are you doing?!” I yell.

“I needed to check, like I said I would.” I can hear the sharp feral edge of naughtiness saturating his tone. Pushing my hands away, he suckles lady right into his mouth, like the tit of a cow. I gasp as I turn hard, with each long sensual pull of his hot luscious mouth.

“Gage, stop, Roni is standing right

here.” I order, mortified, and he doesn’t listen and keeps sucking me harder and harder.

Roni just stands here and smiles indifferently.

“Roni, you can go.” I breathily state, knowing damn well my cheeks are bright red.

Has he lost his mind?

“No.” Gage garbles, my lady in his mouth.

“Roni. Please.” I beg, and she shakes her head.

“If he wants me to stay, Lex. There

must be a reason.”

What in the hell is wrong with these people? Gage says jump and they basically ask ‘How high?’

Tank with a pissed off expression, pushes through the doorway, his massive body filling the frame as he assesses the situation. “Fuck you Gage. I was only joking.”

My lady still in his mouth, I bite my lip suppressing a wanton moan and he garbles possessively sucking my head. “This is mine. You’ll do well to understand that.”

“I was just fucking kidding. I didn’t mean you have to prove a point dude. All I said, was I’d love to see how she’d react to me touching her.”

Oh my God! You have got to be kidding me! I close my eyes to wish this embarrassing situation away. Gage continues to work his magical mouth, my hands hold onto his head for support and he dives deeper, lapping my length firmer with his velvet tongue. I loose myself in ecstasy. My toes curling, my eyes rolling back into my head and I ignore the fact that my best friend and his

best friend are watching him turn me into sexual putty in his hands.

Gage's hand reaches up between my legs and touches my pucker. I jerk and my eyes shoot open to see Tank standing there, his dark feral eyes watching his best friend claim what's his. His gaze appreciatively rakes the length of my covered body and I can see the outline of a huge bulge in his jeans. He's turned on. Roni, God love her, is impassively staring at the wall. Like she's been around this a hundred times and she's bored. Thank heavens for that. This is

unbelievably humiliating, but I'm so turned on I couldn't stop if I tried. I'm so close to coming and a wet finger presses up inside of me, forcing me cry out in pleasure.

“That's it, Angel. Show stupid-ass Tank that you're mine. That Gage is your man. The fucker talking about pleasuring my woman and it's fuckin unacceptable.” He kisses lady once more and pulls his head from under my nightdress, his finger still slowly starting to enter my body. I hiss as he presses in and I grab his shoulders to ease the

intense burning from this position.

Staring right at his best friend, Gage growls, dark and so loudly it makes Roni jerk to attention. “This is my fuckin woman, Tank. Don’t you ever talk about touching her again. You see her turned on?”

Dumbstruck and possibly a little scared, Tank pensively nods. “That’s right, it’s because she’s *mine* you fucker. Not yours to joke about making love to or pleasuring until her toes curl and she calls out *your* name, instead of mine. The next time you talk like that, I won’t

just give you a demonstration on how Lex is mine. I will cut your fucking dick off and feed it to you. You got me? Now both of you, out of my sight, I need to make my woman come, screaming *my* fucking name.” He ferociously barks and they both dismiss themselves without a peep. Roni shuts the door and Gage looks up at me, dark, possessive, demonic and scary as hell, which turns me on even more. I’m nuts.

“I’m sorry, sweetheart.” His soft voice is like a sweet caress, causing goose bumps to flood my entire body

and I shiver, wantonly biting my lip, my body sizzling with need for only him. “We were out there laughing and chatting and Tank let his mouth get the best of him. Pissed me off big time. Couldn’t help myself. Had to come in here and prove that this is mine.” He presses the tender button inside of me and I curl forward, spreading my legs and digging my nails into his shoulders, my breath heaving rapidly in and out of my lungs.

Gage’s body begins to shake, like a severe tremor is taking hold. “Are you

okay?” I ask, terrified.

“Yes, I’m so worked up and angry. I feel like I might explode. I saw red, sweetheart. I saw fuckin’ red.” He clears his throat still shaking. “I’m sorry about the language. I’m not mad at you. I’m wound up. I’ve waited so long to have you and my best friend starts spouting off how hot you are. Which of course you are, we all know that. Then he starts running his mouth about your tits and pleasuring you. I told him to stop but he didn’t fuckin’ listen. Then I sort of lost it. I didn’t mean to put you in the

middle. I couldn't help myself. He has to know that all of you are mine. He can't touch it. EVER! *No one can.* I don't want to scare you or think I'm crazy. I'm not. Truly, I'm not. I just can't picture my life without you and after having you in my life, I would kill to keep you here. As long as you want to be of course."

This is probably the sweetest, most romantic, and the most screwed up thing anybody has ever admitted to me.

"I want to be yours." I mutter.

"Say it again, Angel." He's not demanding, he's tenderly pleading. His

hard features melting into masculine, sexually charged softness.

“I want to be yours.”

He growls triumphantly. Removes his finger from inside me and sweeps me up into his arms. Throwing the door open he carries me like a trophy out of the bathroom and straight into his bedroom, where he shuts the door, carefully lays me on the bed and tears off all of his clothes.

“Take off your gown or I will rip it off.”

I giggle. “Isn’t that what you always

do?”

Bang, Bang, Bang, a fist hits our bedroom door.

“Gage, we have a problem. I don’t want to bother you, but Tasha called my phone because she couldn’t get a hold of you.”

“Is she on there now?”

“Yes.”

Gage doesn’t even flinch when he opens the door, full naked with a hard-on and Tank hands him his cell.

“What’s up sis?” He answers his back to me giving me a great view of his

amazingly sculpted posterior.

“What!” He yells scaring the crap out of me breaking my perverted stare.

“Alright I’m leaving in ten... Yeah, your house, call Lincoln... Yeah I’ll have her talk to him too... No, don’t let him go over there... Love you too.” He hangs up and angrily presses the phone into Tank’s chest.

“We gotta hit it. My ex-wife did something to Emma. Tasha refuses to tell me over the phone. I need to get home. *Now!*” he frantically orders and Tank leaves without a word. Then Gage looks

at me. I'm already out of bed, and searching through his drawers for something to wear.

“Your clothes are hanging in the closet. Either you ride with one of the men and they'll take you home or you come straight with me to my sister's. I don't have time to take you home myself.” He's staunch and straightforward. He's even crazier if he thinks I'm not going with him. I'll go nuts if I don't find out firsthand what's happened.

Ten minutes fly by warp speed, as

the group throws their tents together from outside where they slept, and store them in the cabin. Gage hasn't touched me or muttered a single word. He's haunted, his face desolate, and I'm worried about him.

I follow him outside, he helps me onto his bike, and within seconds, we are up the gravel path that is lined with thick trees and on the road again. Leaving the little cabin in the woods behind, along with it, I fear his sanity.

Chapter Twenty-Four

Lex

This isn't good, this isn't good at all! I can't stop sporadically crying. In attempt to keep my own demons from surfacing, I try to keep a level head and harbor my wild emotions. How could a woman be such a monster? Poor Emma! Poor Gage!

"Lex, I think you should go home."
Lincoln pulls me into a side hug,

pressing a kiss to the top of my head.

“I’m not leaving them. Not ever.” I cuddle into his side. Both of our backs are resting, exhausted, against the hospital wall. Watching as Gage grunts and stomps back and forth outside of Emma’s hospital room. She’s sleeping and Tasha is inside with her. I didn’t want to impose so Lincoln and I have been running interference between Gage’s fury and the doctors, who are just trying to help. Lincoln has already had Melissa placed in custody and he’s supposed to be off work for the night.

But it's Lincoln, and he won't leave me, not even if I begged him to.

It's now four a.m. and I'm supposed to be at work in a few hours. I'm not going in today. After we got to Tasha's, Gage went ballistic. Melissa not only verbally abused Emma all weekend, she bruised her upper arms with finger impressions, spanked her hard enough that she has a hand imprint and she smacked her across the mouth, cracking her bottom lip open. Emma is a mess and Gage is ten times worse. Blaming himself as he paces back and forth here

in the hospital, waiting for the gambit of test results to come in. Even though the doctors swore it was only superficial bruising. Gage wasn't listening to them and ordered every test to be run on Emma. X-rays, blood panels, a cat scan of her brain, even a pediatrician to make sure her female parts were left perfectly intact.

I know this all because of Gage's past. He was abused by his mother, a lot worse than Emma was. He's taking this harder than anyone, even harder than Emma. Two hours we rode in silence on

the motorcycle. I didn't even attempt to rest my head against him. He was stiff and so angry, I could almost see the waves of malice wafting off him in powerful surges. Once we arrived to Tasha's it was lightning speed after that. Gage crying, apologizing to Emma who attempted to console her own father's meltdown. I stood back, not wanting to interfere but offering my silent support. I was briefly introduced to Tasha on our own fruition. Emma hugged me for a moment and was whisked away to the hospital. I couldn't fit into Tasha's car

along with her husband, Gage, Emma and Maxwell; his brother. So I rode with Lincoln in his SUV. We've been here ever since. I tried to make Gage eat something because he's not eaten since breakfast and he yelled at me and nearly told me to fuck off. I'm trying not to take it to heart because the only person he isn't being snappy to is Emma. The rest of us are having to walk on eggshells. I want to comfort him. I just don't know how. I couldn't handle being thrown to the wolves if he ruthlessly, out of anger, verbally unleashes on me. Plus, I think

Lincoln would have his head if he did. We don't need that stirring up even more trouble.

“Who am I to speak with, regarding Emma Masterson?” a meek male doctor asks, addressing the group of us. I give Lincoln the ‘you know what to do’ eye. He takes the cue and corrals Gage to the corner as I speak with the miniature doctor.

“I am.” I announce being the only person other than Tasha left standing. Maxwell left about midnight. Gage's father, who I haven't been introduced to

yet, was here for about an hour with his wife who stared hateful daggers at me the entire time. Not sure why she doesn't care for me, but I'm sure I'll eventually find out.

“Are you Emma's mother?”

I shake my head. “No, I'm her father's girlfriend. He's not taking this so well so I am speaking with all the doctors and nurses.”

“Very well,” he bobs his head, understandingly. “After going over all of Emma's test results, the only thing other than the physical abrasions that need no

medical attention is she's dehydrated. We would like to keep her until morning to get another bag of IV fluid into her. Other than that, everything is perfect. CAT scan came back fine; all the blood tests are within normal ranges. Overall, she's a healthy little girl. I will refer her to a physiologist that specializes in working with children. It would be beneficial in cases like this for her to speak with a professional."

I thank the doctor, and give Lincoln the thumbs up. He sighs, breaking away from Gage who's pacing and living in

his own mopey world. I'm surprised he hasn't burned a hole through the floor with how many hours he's walked this hall.

Quietly I tip-toe into Emma's room to speak to Tasha, she's resting back; half awake, half asleep, reading on her tablet.

"Hey." I whisper.

"Hey." She hazily smiles looking up, offering me a gentle wave.

I tiptoe in a bit further, so I'm standing just at the end of my sleeping princess's bed and I smile at her. She's

cozy, snuggled up with her stuffed My Little Pony tucked under her arm and rainbow slippers covering her tiny feet that I picked up from the convenience store on my way to the hospital.

“Doctors said she’s okay. Only dehydrated. They want to keep her till morning. Other than that, she’s good to go. You are free to leave whenever. I’m staying; you might as well get some sleep at home. Gage and I won’t leave her.” I flash my most sincere closed mouth smile.

“Okay, you sure you don’t want to go

home?”

I shake my head, “No, I couldn’t leave if I wanted to. I wouldn’t sleep and I’d be at home worried sick.”

“You’re good for him, you know. My brother can be a hothead. He’s very emotional. It’s good he has a woman like you to have a level head on her shoulders.”

I smile at her compliment. If she knew me well enough I don’t think she’d feel the same. I’m not that great. “Thank you. I think we both keep each other sane.”

I'm not sure where that came from, but it's the truth. Gage makes me feel like I can branch out and be the person I knew I had somewhere deep inside. The person I've been afraid to let out of the closet. And, apparently, I give him what he wants — me. For what good it's worth. If he'll want me after this will be the real kicker. Considering Emma was punished because of Gage and I's budding relationship. It sounds so much like my mother being punished because I wasn't the boy my father wanted me to be; too much familiarity in this case. The

thought of it makes me sick to my stomach.

A hug jolts me from my thoughts as Tasha wraps her arms around me. I join in and hug her back. “If you want me to, I can text you in the morning to tell you how she’s doing.” I offer, breaking from our embrace.

“I’d like that. Thank you.”

I retrieve my phone from my jeans pocket and she plugs her number in. Just before she leaves, she kisses Emma on the forehead, which awakens her for a moment.

“Auntie’s leaving, Princess. You get to go home in the morning.” Tasha whispers to her niece.

“K...” Emma drowsily whispers and turns her head to see me standing in her room and grins “Lex.” She tiredly says, and waves me over.

Coming to her bedside, opposite her aunt, I crouch down close to Emma so she doesn’t have to strain to hear or speak to me.

“What does my fairy princess need?” I smile, grab her little hand that has an IV in it and kiss the top.

“Are you allowed to cuddle with me? Like we did on the couch?”

I look to Tasha and she's beaming as bright as the sun. Then she nods, giving me the go ahead.

“Are you sure you want big ol' me in a tiny bed with you?”

Emma silently answers me with the bob of her head and a sweet smile. I unzip my boots, toss them onto the floor, and climb into the bed beside her. She instantly rests her little head on my chest, and I smile down at her, running my fingers through her hair. Tasha

covers us both in a white blanket and I suddenly feel terribly sleepy. It's been a very long emotional day. Kissing Emma's head, I wish her a goodnight and slowly my eyes feel like they have bags of sand hanging from them as they begin to close.



Gage

“Gage. Gage.” Tasha is speaking to me. I know she is but I can't stop pacing. Mustn't stop. Can't stop. If I stop, I will meltdown. I will cry, I will lose it and

then Emma will think I'm a weak daddy who can't protect her. And Lex will think I'm a baby that she'll need to take care of. Mustn't show weakness. Have to stay strong for my family.

“Gage!” Tasha smacks my arm and I stop and sneer at her. Curling up my lip in aggression.

“What?!”

“Do you even know what time it is? Do you know where you are?”

What kind of ridiculous question is that? Its midnight and my brother just left. I'm in the hospital awaiting Emma's

test results.

“Yes.” I bark, furrowing my brow at her.

Placing her hand on her hips, she sears me with her penetrating gaze. I hate when she does this.

“It’s four thirty in the morning, *Gage*.” Her attitude slaps me hard in the face.

“What?” It can’t be four in the morning. There’s no way.

“Yeah... While you were out here having your little,” she gestures up and down my body with her hand, “whatever

this is. Your woman was talking to doctors, attempting to feed you, and she's now sleeping in bed with *your* daughter. I'm going home, I'm tired and you should get some sleep too. And..." She jabs her finger into my chest. "You need to grovel at that woman's feet. You snapped at her tonight. She took it. *I wouldn't have*. She and Lincoln also preoccupied you to keep you from getting kicked out of this place. You yelled at a nurse and that was the last time you were allowed to speak to any medical professional. Get it together. I

know this is hard, it brings up shit about mom. We didn't have a good childhood, you especially, but Lex didn't either and she stuck through this for you and Emma. If you don't end up finding a way to keep her. I will. I'll kick you out of the family and let her move in. Capiche?"

Now I feel like the biggest asshole on the planet. Peering over at the clock on the wall, I see that she's right. Lincoln is sitting in a chair against the wall, nearly asleep and my woman is in bed with my daughter. What's wrong with me? I have to be stronger!

Kissing my sister on the cheek and apologizing, I see her down the hall to the front and say goodbye. Coming back, I nudge Linc.

“Hey bud, time to head home.” I rouse him.

“Yeah, but I can’t leave until Lex tells me it’s cool.”

Sitting down beside him, I pat him, man-to-man on the leg. “You do know that Lex is mine, right? She loves you Linc, but I can’t say if you tried to go there with her that I wouldn’t put up a fight. I see the way you look at her. It’s

obvious and I respect the hell out of ya for being such a great friend. You're a good man. I just need you to know that I'm not going to fuck this up with her. I've waited too long and tried too hard to mess it up now. It can't be easy loving a woman you can't have." As much as this might make me sound like a jerk, I need him to know. I see it when he looks at her; he loves her. Laying it out there for him to understand is the only way I can see this going in the right direction.

Clasping a tired hand on my shoulder, he clears his throat. "I get it;

you need it to be known. *But...* Lex isn't a chew toy to fight over, *Gage*. She's a pretty flower that needs to be handled with care. You're right, I do love her, and yes, it's hard for me to be in love with her and see her in pain. To see a man who claims to love her, snap at her, when she brings him a sandwich." He raises a brow at me and I cower. Yep, I'm the world's biggest jerk. I want to apologize; instead, I let him continue.

"Everybody knows my reputation, that I'm a Dom. If it wasn't for my need, I would have sought her out long ago.

Loving someone isn't just about you; it's about how it affects the other person. Could I have convinced her to *try* to be with me? Yes, probably. Would I? No, absolutely not. I'm not what she needs. I can't be selfish with her. I see the way she looks at you. She's falling. And if you fuck up, I'll be there to pick up the pieces of her heart and ultimately your face that I'll bash in. This *isn't* a competition. I know you're a man and we all have that need to protect and claim what's ours. Lex, has been mine since the day I saved her from Brian.

Just not in the same way she's yours. It's not one or the other. It's both. I'm not leaving her life. Yes, you belong with her and I honestly think you can make her happy. If you get your head out of your ass long enough to realize she's already yours. She's claimed you, even if she hasn't said it to you or admitted it fully. It's true. Now don't screw it up." Giving my shoulder one final squeeze he stands, and walks across the hall to Emma's room.

I follow behind him and stand in the doorway as he approaches my girls, who

are both, fast asleep. Leaning over the side of the hospital bed, he kisses Lex's forehead and a potent jealous sensation fills me with a deep thirst to kick his ass. What is my problem? The guy has told me twice now that he isn't interested in pursuing her and I like Linc, I have for years. But when I feel threatened or worried that something or someone is able to come between the one thing I want and need, I can't help but reiterate my devotion. Even if in the end it makes me sound like a jealous dick. I am a jealous dick. I can accept that flaw.

Between Tank this morning, my brother Maxwell and Linc, I've had my fair share of heart pangs of possessiveness today. Maxwell, as soon as he laid eyes on Lex, couldn't stop staring quite literally. That's why, when we rode to the hospital, I made him ride with us and her with Lincoln. I couldn't let him be in close quarters with her. My brother never, and I mean never, takes interest in women. Now that he's gawking openly at mine, it pisses me off. I'm used to women being that way with me, flirting with me, checking me out.

What I'm not used to is being with a woman who evokes the same reaction from men. It shouldn't surprise me Lex draws that kind of attention. I just never thought it would bother me as much as it does. Maybe it's the high level of emotions that's making me this way. I can't be sure.

“Later.” Lincoln pats me on the shoulder and exits. I see Lex awake smiling at me from the hospital bed. Guess I didn't notice he'd waken her.

“Hi sweetie,” I walk next to her and give her a kiss on the forehead, cheek,

nose and a lingering one on the lips. Inhaling her delicious scent and savoring her taste.

Pulling my lips from hers, she says, “Hello, handsome. Are you okay? I was worried about you.”

God I love this woman!

Kissing her lips again, I smile down at her and run my hand across her cheek.

“Yes, Angel, I’m fine. Promise. Sorry I kind of lost it. Did Linc wake you?”

She hazily nods, batting her sleepy eyes to stay awake. “Yes, he wouldn’t

leave until I said so. He's a dork like that."

Yeah it's because he's in love with you. That's why, Lex. Lincoln would whisk you away and marry you and you'd let him if he wasn't a Dom. Fuck, I hate that I feel this way. But it's true. He came way before me, only because Melissa got pregnant with Emma. I wouldn't ever change that, but I hate that I've waited so many years to finally stake my claim. Having to share the spotlight with a bigger man, who's just as dominate and protective as I am,

sucks. And it doesn't help that standing next to Linc I feel like a puny child. I'm not skinny or fat. I'm medium built and I'm tone. But he's a thick piece of meat and about three inches taller than I am. To say he's massive is like saying a Great Dane is comparable to a cocker spaniel. Not that I'm the cocker.

“Why don't you sleep on the couch in the waiting room? Or go home? I'll stay here, I've got her.” Lex turns her head and kisses Emma's hair and I suppress the need to cry, like a little emotional bitch. My woman loving my

daughter, there isn't anything more perfect or beautiful in all this world.

“No, sweetheart, I'll sleep on the chair. You go back to bed. I'm sorry again for my behavior tonight. I promise to make it up to you.”

Locking her eyes with mine she says, “There is nothing to forgive, Gage. Part of this is my fault. If I'd...”

I interrupt her, knowing where she's about to go and I won't have her talking that way. “Stop it right now. This is not your fault. This is Melissa's. You didn't hurt Emma, she did. You're just making

up for lost time with her. She missed you. I'm sorry I didn't bring her back into your life sooner." I grab her hand and kiss her palm, and each pad of her finger I tentatively press supple kisses, paying special attention to them. Making sure, none of my Angel's fingers feel left out. That would be a shame if they did.

Lex's eyes become fogged with lust as each kiss is pressed to her fingers and she coo's, drawling in a sharp breath.

"Now rest, Angel. I love you."

Releasing her hand, I comb her pretty hair with my fingers, and she

nearly purrs as I caress her head. Damn, I love touching her soft hair.

Once I finish, I leave her bedside, and I sit in the uncomfortable hospital chair. It's time to catch a few hours of rest. I hope.

Chapter Twenty-Five

Thursday

Lex

“Daniel can you please bring in the newest files from Saks?” I yell from my desk.

Daniel and I have been busy busting our butts this week, finalizing all of the work needed for the Saks fall line. After missing work on Monday to be with Emma and Gage, I’ve been working until

nine every single night. I've hardly had a moment to breathe. They've sent over fifty billion requests, one of which is to add patchouli to the salt scrub for men, that we're manufacturing. They also want an amber tinted lip balm. It's been a mess trying to keep up with, and more requests keep filing in daily. Among the other accounts, we already have. I'm only one woman for cryin' out loud. I can only handle so much.

On Monday, they released Emma at ten a.m. Gage didn't have a vehicle so Linc came and drove us both home.

Emma is taking off all week at school and Gage has already made her see a shrink, twice. We've kept in constant contact. He's been working from home and taking care of Emma. I've been working. It's been impossible to see one another. Although he's still charmed my socks off, a time or two. Monday night Dolly's Dairy Dream was delivered to my home. Tuesday, I had a ridiculously large bouquet of six dozen red roses personally delivered by my mother. The card attached said.

“We loved with a love that was

more than love”.

*You are my all - XoXo – Your Suit
Master*

The quote is from Edgar Allen Poe.

Then yesterday, he had chocolate macadamia nut biscotti with a caramel drizzle delivered, courtesy of Barbie, who hand delivered them herself. We sat and chatted for about ten minutes and drank a wonderful chai tea that she brought along.

Speak of the devil. My phone chimes and Daniel comes strolling into my

office. “Here, boss.” He drops three blue folders on my desk.

“Are these all the documents?” My hand gestures toward the folders.

He nods. “Yes, first are the requests, second is a vast selection of concoctions that have been tested by our chemist for you to pick from, and the third are approved packaging choices.”

Gee whizz, it’s already one and I’ve yet to take a chunk out of this workload. When it comes to crunch time with a line your company formulates, it’s like you’re moving faster than a freight train

and still you're not moving fast enough. There is an extended process of lists and checklists that have to be categorically completed. I'm so thankful to have Daniel to assist me; he's my savior.

A faint knock sounds at my doorframe, and Daniel and I both look to see who's here. I don't have time for idle chitchat. I'm on a roll today.

"I'm here with a delivery." A man in a pair of jeans and a white t-shirt stammers.

"Yes, yes, come in." I wave him in, and get back to flipping through folders.

“Daniel handle that will you?” I order, dismissively waving my hand, zoning in on another damn request that must have been faxed over this morning.

“They want menthol in the lip balm for men? Are you kidding me?! Do they want the woman who are kissing these men, to think they taste like grandpa? No way. Why don’t they just let me do my damn job and pick something women find pleasing, like honey?” I grumble, talking to myself. Shaking my head and rolling my eyes in agitation, as I tap my barefoot on the floor.

“Hey boss?” Daniel jerks me from my infuriated fixation as I reread the paperwork, again.

“Yeah?” I glance up and Daniel places a lavender candle on my desk and lights it. Then he opens up a fancy red, large square box that he sat on one of my chairs. That’s what the man must have dropped off. Out of it he carries a plate of lasagna, salad, bread sticks and some sort of drink in a white Styrofoam cup. Taking the folders from in front of me he lays down my food, a napkin and a fork.

“There’s a note.” He explains lifting

it from inside the box.

“It says. To my Angel, sorry we haven’t seen each other this week. Know that I miss you terribly and hope you will accept this as a token of my love and agree to go to dinner with me Saturday night, for our first official date. ‘Being deeply loved by someone gives you strength, while loving someone deeply gives you courage.’ All that is me, hugs and kisses, Suit Master.”

I thoughtfully smile, and Daniel hands me the card. Opening up my top drawer, I add it to the growing pile of

sentimental keepsakes that I've already acquired from my Suit Master. I can't bear to part with them.

"That's one poetic man." He admits, discarding the empty box.

"That he is." I reply and dig into my lunch. I'm starving. All I had was my morning tea and biscotti after yoga. Roni joined me for a few moments before being whisked away by Bob for an early morning romp. I've been too busy to think about sex or orgasms myself. I've masturbated every night thinking of Gage, but my lady boners have stayed

down completely during the day. I wake up with them sometimes. It's been such a busy week and after what happened with Emma, I've been less turned-on. Which, to be honest, is good. I need the hormone surge break anyhow. Or I can't think straight long enough to get what I need to accomplished at work done.

Finishing my delicious meal, I toss my plate in the trash and finish off my peach sweet tea. I'm not a huge fan of it, but Gage was kind enough to provide me with lunch; the least I could do is thoroughly enjoy it.

Flipping through my folders once more, I pull out my phone from my desk drawer and read the text I know I missed.

Gage: *Hey sweetheart, hope lunch was good.*

I text him back.

Me: *Some very sexy birdy had that delivered to me. Some guy by the name of Suit Master. Hum... I wonder who he might be. I think I sort of have a thing for him.*

Gage: *Really? Tell me about this Suit Master. Do I need to kick his ass?*

I laugh at his playful banter, and recline back in my chair, with a giant smile plastered happily on my face.

Me: *Well, what can I say? He's tall, s o sexy it should be a crime and is unbelievably romantic. You should really be jealous. Every man should be just like him. Plus, he has the biggest, sexiest and most delicious dick.*

God, I'm awful. This is so much fun to tease him.

Him: *Really? Big you say? What else can you tell me? My jealousy is through the roof.*

Me: *Hum... Well he has this tongue that is magical, it does so many naughty things to me. It makes my toes curl and I can never get enough of him. Plus his ass, you could bounce quarters off it. Trust me, you should be jealous because he's also sweet and kind and makes me swoon.*

Him: *Quarters? No way! Now I'm very jealous. I really should kick his ass. Or get some tips from him if his tongue is that magical. He sounds like a real keeper.*

I'm laughing so hard, my stomach

now hurts. I can't believe he makes me smile this much.

Me: *Oh he's a keeper alright. And yes quarters, dimes, pennies, I'm sure most things. But don't be too jealous. Because I think he has a girlfriend.*

Him: *He does? Tell me about this girlfriend of his. Does she have long black hair, the bluest most amazing eyes and the best body on the planet? And makes his mouth water every time he thinks of making her come? I bet if he's as great as you say he is. His girlfriend has to be out of this world.*

Me: *I don't know. I think his girlfriend is the lucky one.*

Him: *I love you, Angel. And you're not my girlfriend. You're more than that. I miss you.*

Me: *Awe... I miss you too my Suit Master. I'm looking forward to Saturday. How's my girl?*

Him: *Our girl is doing well. She's healing up, been playing with those toys you had delivered yesterday. Wherever you got that pink shimmering winged pony, you did a great job. She slept with that thing yesterday and*

refused to eat breakfast if LEX, her new pony couldn't eat with her.

Me: She named her pony Lex? And I'm glad she's healing up. I miss her.

Him: She misses you too and yes, Lex is her pony's name. Although it's Alexa but she calls it Lex for short. I think she thinks your name is short for something. Which I didn't have the heart to tell her it's not.

I chuckle; smiling so big my face nearly hurts.

That's true. I have a strange name. My father is the one who named me Lex.

Most people think its short for Lexi, Alexis, Alexa, or Alexandria. It's not. It's just *Lex*, named after Alexander Luther aka Lex Luther from Superman. My dad was a fan of super villains, no shocker there. So, my mother conceded and let him name me Lex. According to her, she wanted to name me Douglas, which is ten times worse. That would have been extra hard to pass as a female name. At least Lex is unisex. Guess I lucked out on that one.

Me: *Give her my love, and I send a big juicy kiss to you. I've got to get*

back to work and I'm sure you do too. See you this weekend. Text you tonight while I'm in bed, naked, thinking of you. Have a great day honey.

Him: Yes, work is busy as always, although I am kind of digging this working from home thing. You should try it. It's pretty great. You better text me tonight and I'll be picturing my hot woman in bed, naked and thinking of me. I'm hard already thinking about it. See what you do to me? I don't think I'll be able to get any work done. Love you, TTYL.

Dropping my phone back into my top drawer in my desk with a grin and a warm heart, I turn my focus back to the next six hours of work I have ahead of me. As I allow pictures of Gage to dance in my head.

Chapter Twenty-Six

Friday

Lex

“Are you about ready to go?” Roni yells up the stairs.

“Yes, five minutes and I’ll be down.” I yell back, loud enough so she can hear me over Patsy, who’s serenading me while I put the finishing touches on my make-up.

I’m standing in my bathroom,

hovering over my sink, my right leg bent resting on the top. I lean forward to apply the last bit of my eyeliner and mascara perfectly. Tonight Roni and I are having an impromptu quasi girl's night out. Typically, I know days ahead of time. Tonight is different. Roni dropped by my office today around two and asked me to have drinks with her so we could catch up. I've barely spent more than an hour with her this week combined. Too much of her time has been caught up in Bob and I've been working late. No time to run into one

another.

Popping my freshly lacquered red lips in the mirror, I rub my fingers under my eyes to catch any stray eye shadow that might have fallen. *Perfect*, now I'm finished. Tonight I am going va-va-va-voom sexy in my black, designer strapless cocktail dress that clings to my body like a glove. I don't wear it often because it's a little on the expensive side. Tonight though, I don't care. I've spent all week away from my... well I guess I should call him what he is, my *boyfriend*. And I miss Roni. It's time to

relax; I think I've earned it.

Twirling in the mirror, I stop, run my fingers through my slightly curled hair and voila, I'm finished. Grabbing my purse from my bed and slipping my black glossy heels on. I 'click' my way out of my bedroom door and down the stairs. Some women need to be careful when they walk in heels. I need to be careful when I don't. I feel weird without them on. Even the flip-flops I wear in the summer are leather with heels on them. I have a serious addiction. As I'm sure you've realized.

“Woo wee, look at you hottie-patatie.” Sassy Britches kids, fanning herself with gusto.

I laugh, shaking my head at her silliness. “Whatever. Look who’s talking, Miss I’m-wearing-makeup-and-a-tight-shirt.” I joke back, flashing her an over the top grin.

Ignoring my compliment, we follow each other out back. I lock up the house and we take her truck to the Devil’s Den, the only suitable joint in town other than restaurants who serve alcohol. It’s past dinner time, and we already ate delivery

pizza at home for supper, my half with mushrooms and banana peppers, her half meat lovers. So, drinks at the Devil's Den, it is.

Walking into the Devil's Den an older gentleman graciously opens the door for us, and we go inside. The place never changes. Still the plain watering hole it's always been. Tonight a DJ is running the show and there's a rap song on singing '*slide to the left, slide to the right*'. It appears to be a line dance because the dance floor is heavily saturated in bar goers.

We take up two stools at the bar and I drop my purse on the top and pull out my phone. I told Gage I was going out tonight. He said '*have fun,*' but I have a feeling it wasn't very sincere.

“What can I get cha?” The silver fox bartender asks, flashing us a genuine smile. He's pretty yummy for an older gentleman. I think he's the owner because I swear I've seen him behind the bar each time I've been in here. He's hard not to notice with his soulful blue gray eyes, and an amazing heart stopping smile. It's sexy on him. I bet he's in his

early fifties and in better shape than most men I know. For whatever reason, he always seems to wear a gray t-shirt that clings to his well-built physique.

“Get whatever the hell she wants, Deuce. I’m buyin’.” A rough familiar voice orders.

Both Roni and I turn our heads to see Tank approaching us. With his big tank sized body clad in a pair of dirty work jeans and a black t-shirt, his long brown hair pulled back into a ponytail. I turn back to Roni and shoot her a raised brow, and whisper. “Gage is going to be

mad if we hang with him. After what happened last weekend, this isn't a good idea."

"I know, but they're all friends. I won't let him cross a line."

Touching her hand that's on the bar, I reply. "Okay, promise? Gage will kill him if he does."

"I know, and I promise."

Tank drops into the open stool next to mine and bumps his shoulder into me, a little too hard. "Hey there sexy, Lex."

"Hey, Tank." I feign a smile, trying to be polite. "Where's the boys?"

Please say the men are here. Maybe they can keep him at bay. He reeks of beer and I didn't come here to play babysitter. I've worked hard this week; I just wanted a night out with my friend to let off some steam.

“Naw, Bob is working late with Auto at the shop. Gage is I dunno. By the looks of it, he should be here.” He stares none too discreetly at my cleavage.

“He's with Emma tonight. We have a date tomorrow. I miss him.” Please let this convince him to stop ogling me. I realize drinking is like feeding someone

a truth serum. Doesn't mean I have to like it.

Roni slides me over a glass of red wine. I forgot to order, guess she took the liberty to do it for me. Thank God for Roni, my attention is a little too preoccupied at the moment.

“Thanks.” I wink at her and she returns the gesture.

Fumbling with the wine, I sip it and run my finger around the edge, trying not to pay attention to the man eye banging me.

Roni's the first to break the foggy

silence. “So Bob and I have some news.”

“Really? What?”

“Well.... I found out on Monday that well.... I’m...”

“You’re pregnant!!!” I scream, finishing her sentence for her.

Turning bright red, she takes a sip of her drink. Which I hadn’t noticed is just pop.

“You are!?” I grab her thigh to make her look at me.

She slowly bobs her head, “Yes, I don’t know how. We used protection

and I'm on the pill. But those little buggers of his are so potent. I don't know what to do. He seems okay with it. I'm not. I don't know the first thing about being a mom. I wanted to tell you sooner. But with the Emma thing and then work, I couldn't find the right time."

Wrapping my arm around her shoulder, I pull her into an uncomfortable hug. "I'm very happy for you both. Just pray you have a boy." I tease and she punches me in the side.

"Don't remind me. I'm scared enough as it is and if I have a girl, I will

be screwed. If I have a girl, will you keep her? You're so good with Emma. I wouldn't know the first thing to do with a girl."

"You will, I promise. I'll help if you have a girl. I'm the best girl I know." I tease and she barks an awkward laugh.

"You got the right."

"And the hottest." Tank chimes in.

I momentarily forgot he was sitting with us. That moment was a great one.

Ignoring his comment, I unlock my hold on Roni and politely ask. "Can I tell Gage? Do you mind?"

“No. I don’t hide anything from Bob; I wouldn’t expect you do hide anything from your boyfriend.”

I look at her and she smiles. “He’s your boyfriend isn’t he?”

“Yes, nosy Veronica Phoenix he is my *boy-friend*.” I enunciate and give her the squished up icky face like I’m back in elementary as if my boyfriend has cooties. Which makes her laugh.

Taking my phone with me, I excuse myself and head outside where it’s quieter and I call Gage to tell him the exciting news. I can’t wait to tell him

I'm going to be an aunt!

“Hello?” A female voice answers and my stomach drops fifty stories.

“Um... Is this Gage's phone?” Hesitantly I ask, praying that I have the wrong number.

“Yes, he can't come to the phone right now, may I ask who's calling?”

Why is a female I've never heard before, answering his personal cell phone? Especially since he's supposed to be at home with Emma. This has *bad news* flashing on a bright neon sign. What is Gage doing behind my back!?

“Hello... who’s calling?” The overly feminine voice pleasantly asks again.

“Oh sorry, it’s Lex. Lex Keagan. Can you please have him return my call?”

“Mex? Yes I shall.”

“No it’s...” The phone goes dead.

This isn’t good. I just texted with him like two hours ago. Now it’s ten at night and a female with a rather sexy voice answers his phone. I think I just died a little.

Slumping my way back into the bar, I depressively drop into my stool and lay

my head on the bar, trying desperately not to cry.

“What’s wrong?” Roni, comes back from god knows where, and sits back down beside me.

I shake my head not wanting to talk about it.

A large heavy hand lands on my shoulder. “Talk to us sexy.”

I turn my head and glower at Tank, and he removes his unwelcomed hand. “Don’t call me that.”

“Okay, sorry. I thought women liked honest men.” He shrugs, looking like I

just hit him in the face with a baseball bat making me feel ten times worse than I already do.

How could Gage have another woman answer his phone?

“I’m sorry, Tank. You’re right, we do. I’m upset because it wasn’t Gage who answered his phone when I called, it was a woman.”

Roni gasps, and Tank pounds his fist on the counter, making me jump. “That fucker! I knew it!”

“Knew what?!” I shoot up, my heart pounding in my chest. Knowing damn

well the next words to leave Tank's lips are going to crush me.

“I bet it was Megan who answered.”

“It's ten on a Friday night, Tank. Why would his secretary be picking up his phone?”

“She wasn't always his secretary.”

Yep, its official, I died. How would he do this to me?!

Immediately Roni has her arms wrapped around me from behind, holding me, and knowing well enough, that I am cracking apart on the inside. The feelings and love I felt are gone,

blasted to smithereens. Shrapnel of heavily weighted pain engulfs my chest.

“What are they?” Roni asks Tank.

“Fuck buddies; have been for like ten months or so. Every Friday night after Emma crashes out, she goes to his place where he fucks her until she can’t walk the next day. It might happen at work too. I can’t be sure. I just know Friday nights are no go’s for Gage because he’s busy fuckin’ her. That’s why our motorcycle rides happen on Saturday mornings, and that’s why he’s always in such a cheery mood then. He

got some ass, literally. He doesn't like pussy, only anal. If he goes out on a rare occasion on Friday nights, he goes to her place afterward. I'm sure the night with Corey he did the same thing. I've never known Gage to go without sex for even a week. I've been buds with him since we were fuckin' ten. We used to bang the hell outa some bitches when we were fifteen and they were nineteen, some sweet fuckin cunts. Then about ah... I dunno...four maybe five years ago he stopped pussy altogether. Saying his taste only lies in the ass. His words not

mine, not that I can blame him. I personally fuck both women and men, ain't no damn secret. This Tank is one crazy kinky fucker just like my pops. Kinda figured since he started with you.” He lazily points to me. “Like he’s been seriously head over heels to do for years. I kinda thought he’d stop the Megan fuckin’. You two banged yet?” he asks me, with the raise of his chin.

“No they haven’t.” Roni explains for me.

Thank you Roni. I’m in complete shock. I have no other word to describe

it.

“Have they done anything other than him getting her off?”

Roni looks to me and I solemnly shake my head, no.

Banging his fist on the bar again, Tank grunts, his face cloaked in disgust.

“Then he’s fuckin her ass right now. Gage doesn’t go without sex. That’s Gage.” He doesn’t sound like he likes that Gage is the way he is, but the sigh he releases, tells me he’s used to it by now.

Unable to sit at the bar any longer I decide to call it a night. We’ve been

here less than an hour and I've found out that my best friend is pregnant and my boyfriend is cheating on me. Not exactly a night I want to celebrate. I wish I could be happier for Roni tonight. I just can't. I will make it up to her soon.

Hugging Tank and thanking him before we leave, he kisses my head and apologizes. Roni escorts me from the bar, her arm tucked into mine. I don't say a word, I can't. There's nothing to say. I can't blame Roni for bringing Gage into my life. I already accepted her apology. All I can do is blame myself for being so

stupid. I should have known. Gage is a man; he's a sexual man. Of course, he'd bang another chick's ass. I bet he finds her prettier than me too and more desirable because I bet her skin is soft and unscarred. I bet her pussy is perfectly pink and her ass hasn't been raped like mine has. I don't know why I do this to myself, why I give myself hope, when my faith in the opposite sex only lies in one man. Lincoln, the only man who I love and would never hurt me. Maybe it's because we don't share that relationship vibe, that's why I can

trust him. I don't know. I just know I can't wait to sleep away all of this pain that is stabbing me relentlessly right in the heart. It's like the grim reaper is standing behind me, using his sickle to rip me apart, bit-by-bit.

Riding home in the truck, I say nothing. Roni walks me into the house and tries to talk to me. It does no good. I'm done with this all. I'm done with this world. Schlubbing it up the stairs, I go into my room, strip naked, and fall into bed.

Fuck you cruel world. And most of

all, fuck you Gage.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Sunday

Lex

His hand reaches around to the front of me, capturing my nipple harshly between his course fingers. ‘Well-well the bitch is turned on. Does my bitch want me to fuck her hard or soft today?’ His beer soaked breath stinks up the barn as he whips out his hard dick. Rubbing it along my leg, up

around my butt and painfully spreads my ass cheeks with his hands. 'Awe, look at that pretty pucker, does it want my cock in it today?'

I don't move; I don't speak. I remain still and close my eyes. Praying he will stop, that he won't make me bleed today. Three days ago, he stitched my breast, because he cut too deep. I don't think I can survive this much longer. My ass is sore. He's never gentle. He makes it bleed and I try not to cry out. My lips are bruised and sore from biting them. Why can't

God just let me die? Let Brian stab me hard enough today, so I don't have to live another moment of this pain. Of this filth and degradation, I can't take this punishment any longer. I'm sorry father for not being the son you wanted. I'm sorry mother for letting you hurt. I'm sorry for being what I am. Who I am.

Hacking on my pucker, he rams a finger inside and I curl my stomach forward in wretched agony, hanging from the barn rafters with rope, grating into my wrists. Tightening my stomach,

I try not to vomit. Swallowing back the rising bile, it sears my throat. I haven't eaten anything in two days. He keeps me weak so I pass out easier, so I'm looser and tenderer for him to fuck and have his way with. His rough hand pinches what little skin I have on my side and holds me in place. The thick head of his cock rubs my asshole and he groans as it circles its destination.

Suddenly with a triumphant yell, he rams into me to the hilt, ripping me apart, tears sting my eyes and I bite my cheek to keep from screaming. I can

feel my warm blood start to trickle out of ass, bouncing little drips of redness onto the broken concrete floor.

‘That’s right baby let that blood lube us. It’s the best.’ He hisses, and laps my neck with his drunken, rank breath.

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz, Buzz.

Pulling out slightly he pounds into me again, digging his dirty nails into my pale colorless flesh, bruising me.

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz.

Teeth sink into my flesh as he begins to pound into me, spiking

excruciating pain to rack my body like I've never felt before. I just want to die!

Sawing his teeth into my neck, blood sprouts from my skin.

“Ahhhh!!!!” I scream and fly up in bed. My eyes widen as I frantically search around the room. It was a dream; it was just a dream! I'm safe. I'm not with Brian. It's over. Brian is in prison, I'm not being raped.

Taking in a deep breath, I lie back down to regain my composure.

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz, my cell phone

goes off on my nightstand and I roll over and grab it before it falls on the floor.

It's one in the afternoon already! Oh my god, I've never slept that late in my entire life. Maybe it's because I cried for three hours last night and the long week of work I've had. That would make sense.

Clicking my phone, I see I have eight missed calls. All of them are from Gage and ten texts.

Not wanting to speak to Gage first, I check my other texts.

Roni: *Gage has texted me all*

morning asking why you won't return his texts. I haven't told him a thing. If you want me to tell him to fuck off for you, I will. But I learned my lesson about butting into your life. I'll only do it if you ask. Remember I'm here to talk if you want.

Mom: Gage was here asking about you. Are you okay?

Me to Mom: I'm fine. See you sometime this week.

I don't text Roni back because I'll just go see her in a bit. I'm very excited about her being pregnant. I'm a little

jealous, but more excited than anything else. I get to be an aunt and that's the best thing in the world!

Gage- 9:14 a.m. - *Good morning sunshine.*

Gage- 10:02 a.m. - *You up yet gorgeous?*

Gage- 10:24 a.m. - *I was hoping we could do dinner tonight around seven. Is that alright?*

Gage- 10:49 a.m. - *Angel why aren't you texting back? Are you busy working today? Just let me know about tonight.*

Gage- 11:02 a.m. - *Are you okay?*

This isn't like you to not text back. I miss you. Love you.

Gage- 11:50 a.m. - *Something is up. What happened? I called, you didn't answer. Texted Roni and no answer. What's going on? What happened, Lex? I'm worried. Are you alright?*

Gage- 12:14 p.m. - *Listen, I know you might be a little freaked about tonight. It being our first date and all. But I promise it's going to be beautiful.*

Gage- 12:53 p.m. - *If I don't hear back from you by two I'm coming over. I've called, I've texted and I've yet to*

hear from you. Talk to me sweetheart.

He is clueless!! He cheats and acts like it's no big thing. Guess he doesn't know he's been caught so why *would* he act like he has a guilty conscious? The jerk!

Me: *I'm fine. I just woke up from a nightmare. You're not allowed to come over. Seven is not okay. And I've responded. So have a nice day.*

Immediately back.

Him: *Seven's not okay? What time is then?*

Me: *How about a quarter past*

NEVER!

Him: *What!!??? What happened?*

Me: *Why don't you ask your fuck buddy!*

Him: *What fuck buddy?*

Me: *OMG there's more than one!? How many are there!? Megan, I'm talking about Megan, the one you bang on Friday nights. You sick cheating bastard.*

Him: *I can explain.*

Me: *The fact you have to explain anything, tells me you're guilty. Leave me alone Gage. I'm through with you.*

Him: *No you're not. I'm not leaving you alone.*

Me: *Fuck Megan. She'll keep you satisfied.*

Him: *I only want YOU! And no she won't. Let me explain! Please!*

Me: *Fuck off!*

My phone rings and it's him. I answer it.

“What do you want Gage? To tell me you didn't fuck her? I know you did. You're as guilty as they come, you sick jerk. I loved you and look what you did to me!” I scream at him. Releasing all

my pent up pain and suffocating anger that's been drowning me since last night.

“You love me?” His voice is low, pained even.

“Don't change the subject.” I snap, of course he wants to change the subject. He doesn't want to be caught.

“I didn't fuck her.” He states with no hesitation.

“Really? Is that why she was at your house last night, picking up your cell phone at ten at night. The same night I know you usually screw her brains out.”

“Who told you this?” He's angry

now; I can hear the edge of fury in his deep tone.

“Tank. He told me everything.”

“Ahhhh!!!! Tank!!!!” he growls, yelling into the receiver. I pull it away, so my eardrum doesn’t explode.

Huffing into the receiver, he growls again, “It’s true, but it’s not true.”

“That makes no sense.”

Apparently, he thinks I’m a moron.

“I *used* to bang her on Friday nights, I haven’t in a while. She came over last night because...well...it doesn’t matter...just know I didn’t fuck her.”

If he thinks, I'm going to believe him
he is out of his ever-lovin' mind!

“Gage Masterson, so help me... You
better tell me why she was there.” I
warn, in my no nonsense voice.

“No, I shouldn't have to explain.
You should trust me. I've given you no
reason not to.”

Yes, he is officially out of his mind.
No reason? Seriously? Did I just walk
into the twilight zone?

“Gage, I am ending this call and
never speaking to you again if you don't
tell me. I want to know it all.”

“I’m coming over.”

“No you’re not. If you come in here you’ll distract me.”

“How?”

“With your sexiness and your mouth. I know how you work and if you come over it will only lead to sexual things. I’m not talking to you in person.” And I know even though I’m furious I won’t be able to resist you. I want to say. But I don’t.

“I need to see you.”

No. What he *needs* to do, is tell me the godforsaken truth. How hard is it to

be honest?

“No you don’t. On the phone. Now... Please.” I tack on out of politeness.

“Megan is my secretary and my *former* fuck buddy. I have kidney disease, Lex, and have fallen into renal failure twice. On Monday’s and Wednesday’s when you thought I was working late, I’m not the whole time, I’m at the hospital on dialysis. Megan came here last night, to watch Emma for me while I went to dialysis because I missed Monday’s treatment. I’ve been

fighting with my insurance company to get an at home machine. It's taking longer than I'd hope."

He's sick! My lover is sick. And I've been awful to him. What have I done?

Tears are welling in my eyes. "Are you dying?"

He chuckles.

I don't think this is a laughing matter.

"At one time, yes. Right now, no. It gets better and worse. I have been placed on a transplant list for three years now. None of my friends know. And you

can't tell them. My doctor said he thinks my issues stem back to my childhood from my mother bruising my kidney's so badly when she'd beat me. They've been damaged a long time and they don't function like they should. Now, I sit for a few hours a week to make sure I don't die. It's been a hard battle, but I'm doing well, now. And having you in my life has made me feel so much better than I have in God knows how long."

Now I'm ugly crying. Bawling like a baby into the phone, snot running down my face.

Gage is sick, my Gage is sick. And I can't fix him.

“Don't cry, Angel. I told you because you needed to know. I didn't tell you sooner because I don't want to you think you have to take care of me. I'm a big boy. I take care of myself.”

I want to take care of him. Doesn't he get that?

“I know. I'm sorry.” I sob, rubbing my already swollen eyes.

“There is nothing to be sorry for. Tank had the right assumption. I used to have sex with Megan on Friday nights. I

was lonely. But I haven't done that in a while. I promise it hasn't happened since we've been seeing each other. I couldn't get it up if I tried."

Still crying, sitting up in my bed naked, my knees pulled up to my chest, I ask, "So what about the night with Corey? Did you that night? And the night you were working late and Emma stayed. You weren't working?" I have to ask because I need to know. I want to know it all, even if the truth will spear my heart and make it bleed. I'd gladly let it bleed for Gage. I love him.

What? I love him? Did I just....?

I guess so.

“First question, sweetheart, the night with Corey after I left the bar I’m not going to lie. I went to Megan’s after you left. I had every intention to sleep with her. But I didn’t. I got there, she tried for twenty minutes to get me hard enough to have sex and nothing happened. I couldn’t, it didn’t feel right. I hadn’t seen her for nearly three weeks before that. I was needing attention and it didn’t matter because my dick didn’t want anything but you. It *only* wants you,

Angel. I swear on my life.”

He didn't have sex with her. I can't express how happy that makes me. Staying quiet I let him continue.

“As for the night Emma stayed. Yes, I did work. I have meetings on Monday's and Wednesday's but afterward is when I usually go to dialysis. It only takes an hour or so. I didn't get in until late because I was doing like I said, working hard to fix the mess. I just left out going to the hospital for an hour. I'm so sorry, can I still take you to dinner tonight? I have a lot to make up for.”

Wiping away my tears, I take in a deep shaky breath to calm down before I reply. “You have nothing to make up for. I am the one who does. And of course, we can go out to dinner tonight. I’d love nothing more.”

Sighing into the phone, he sounds relieved. “Good. I miss you, sweetheart.”

“I miss you too.”

We chat a moment longer and say our goodbyes. I feel like crap. The man I am in love with has kidney disease and I accused him of cheating. I’m the worst.

Rolling out of bed, I traipse naked into the bathroom and start my weekend routine. I am beyond relieved to be having my first date with Gage tonight. I probably should have asked him what to wear. But knowing him, he's got it all figured out and knows me well enough to know what I like and what I don't.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Lex

“Close your eyes.” Gage instructs and I listen without protest. A silken tie is pressed over my eyes and he ties it snugly around my head.

“Do you trust me?” his smooth husky tone warms me like a shot of the finest tequila.

“Yes,” I wantonly bite my lip, replying in a whisper moan.

Tantalizing lips pepper the tiniest, most enticing kisses across my neck, down to my collarbone and a finger glides the strap of my white Grecian gown off my shoulder. More kisses follow the path as he drops the other strap, exposing my breasts to him. The gown cascades to the floor, pooling around my ankles.

“Beautiful.” He lustfully whispers, as his hot breath floats down my sternum and two warm hands cup my full breasts. Rolling my pert nipples between his fingers until they stand at firm attention,

he suckles the right one into his searing velvety mouth. I gasp on contact, losing myself in the most exquisite pleasure.

Turning to the next nipple, he sucks it with the same vigor. Never leaving the other breast to feel left out as he uses his deft fingers to tweak and roll my nipple into a hard needy bud.

“I love that you’re not wearing any panties.” He breathes, my nipple resting on his lip, his tongue gently laving it, sending surges of powerful rapture to consume my entire body and soul. Placing me at the mercy of his wishes

and deepest desires.

“I did what you asked.” I mutter.

“Yes, Angel, you’ve been so wonderful, with letting me take control. I’m very proud of you.”

Knowing Gage is proud, fills me with infinite elation. I never thought another person’s opinion of me would matter this much. But Gage’s does. And after I’ve accused him of cheating, I will relinquish myself to him. Consensually placing my emotional and physical wellbeing in his strong unyielding hands, something I swore I’d never do again for

anybody in my life.

“I’ve got so much in store for us tonight, sweetheart. I’ve been planning this moment for years. Playing out every last detail, first I want to bestow this gift to you. Please lift my tie over your eyes for a moment and look down.”

I do as he sweetly instructs and glance down to see him kneeling on my foyers hardwood floor in a crisp, stark black well-tailored suit, a white dress shirt tucked under a charcoal vest and a deep purple tie with an Eldredge knot around his neck. In his flattened palm,

turned upright lays a white crystal encrusted leather strap, with a belt closure. It almost looks like a designer dog collar except it's not long enough to fit around any dogs' neck.

“This is your gift,” picking it up with his other hand he stretches the leather band out. “It's called a cock ring, I had it custom made for you. I know you don't have a problem staying erect. That's not why I had it made. I got it to keep you hard for long periods of time. Like tonight, I'd like you to be erect the entire time we are eating dinner and this will

help accomplish just what I want. Plus, the beautiful Swarovski crystals will make lady look exquisite.”

Wait a minute here. He wants me to stay hard through dinner? Why would that matter? And I don’t want people at the restaurant to see lady poking out.

“I don’t know.” I admit hesitantly. The leather band is beautiful crafted and I have no doubt it would look sexy accenting lady.

“What don’t you know, sweetheart? Talk to me. Tell me what you’re thinking.”

I love that he's worried about me and in tuned with my feelings. I know if I told him to throw the thing in the garbage, he would do it without hesitation. I trust Gage, maybe not one hundred percent, but I'm getting there.

"I don't want people to see lady standing at attention when we go to dinner."

"They won't, we aren't going to a restaurant. So the only person who could see her is me. I promise I would never do that to you, unless you asked. What I did in front of Tank was uncalled for,

and I won't parade you around like that. I'd probably go mad if I knew anyone saw her anyhow. What you have, I only want my eyes to see, Lex."

That's good enough for me. Without speaking, I give him my reply, by taking a step forward, and offering him *lady*.

"You sure?"

I nod, "Yes, positive. I trust you."

Looking up to me with such pride, love and admiration in his eyes, he straps my new jewelry under my sac and around lady.

"It is too tight?" he asks, running his

hand along my hardened length and I shiver with pleasure.

“No. I feels more comfortable than I thought.”

“Good.” He stands, reaches into his jacket and takes out a sleek black box. Snapping open the lid, I gasp, covering my mouth with my hand. Inside rests a sparkling white gold, crystal encrusted choker. It looks almost identical to the jewelry lady is wearing.

“May I?” he offers, removing the choker from the box and I turn around, pull my hair up, exposing my neck to

him.

“This is for my Angel, and the other is for my lady. I want both of you to look dazzling tonight.” He explains, fastening the most beautiful choker around my neck and delicately kissing me across my naked shoulders. Once he finishes, his hands run down my arms, to my waist, where he grabs me and pulls me to him, my butt landing against the budge in his pants. I guess he’s just as happy to see me, as I am to see him. I love that we are so madly in lust for one another, that neither of us can keep our hands to

ourselves for more than a few minutes at a time. I've never had that before and it's a great feeling to be wanted. To reciprocate those same feelings in return, I can't remember a time in my life where anyone has ever appreciated me and loved me the way Gage seems to.

"I love you." He whispers in my ear and spins me back around, setting butterflies ablaze in my tummy, making me giggle as he tugs the tie back over my eyes.

"No more seeing for you." He playfully states and I can feel the air

sifting as my dress begins to be lifted back up my body, feeding one arm through one side and the other he secures it once more.

Ten minutes later, I am being whisked away. The tie still secured in place, we ride in near silence in his truck, Gage's hand never leaving my thigh.

"We're almost there." He finally speaks and I relish in the soft buttery-ness of his tone. Gage is happy, and so am I, even though the anticipation is killing me.

“We’ve arrived.” Gage announces and the truck stops, shuts off, he gets out and almost immediately, my passage side door is opened. His warm hand is placed into mine, guiding me from the vehicle. Blindfolded, wearing heels, what a scary combination.

“Can I remove the tie?” I ask, as I feel his hand smooth down the sides of my gown.

“No, Angel. That is to stay on all night until I say otherwise.”

Not sure if I like that idea.

“What if I want to see you? How

will I eat? I'm starving."

"I don't want you to see me. I want you to feel me and I'm going to do everything. Including feeding my lover."

His lover? A zing of thrill flies through me. His lover? Does that mean we're? Am I ready to do that? Yes, I'm eager to make love to Gage. On this rare occasion my head, mind and body are all on the same page and it feels comforting to know I'm all in. No regrets.

I squeal with excitement as I'm briskly lifted off the ground and carried in Gage's strong arms.

“This is easier.” Warm lips briefly kiss my cheek and I hear him inhale my scent.

My body bounces in his arms as Gage carries me quite a long distance and up some stairs, not laboring his breathing at all in the process. Which if I’m honest, is totally hot.



Gage

Carrying the love of my life up to the rooftop deck of my Heartfair office

building, I lie her down on a bed of oversized plush pillows. Tonight I have so much planned. I pray that she agrees to let me do what I want. Some of this is going to push her boundaries.

I've had strewn the rooftop with four dozen white votive candles in tiny glass holders, pots of roses are scattered around to add ambiance, and in the middle I've had a thick mat covered with a silk sheet. Eight blankets are tossed in for warmth, along with a plethora of pillows. I plan on keeping her here all night long. The weathers a

perfect fifty-five and the stars are out in full force, just how I've always imagined it.

“Lay back on your elbows.” I delicately instruct and she, without hesitation complies. I'm happy my Angel has placed this much trust in me. We'd have nothing without that trust, and tonight I'm to validate and strengthen our trust so it can never be broken.

I know the Megan thing scared her and her not speaking with me scared me too. I had no idea what I'd done to warrant that harsh of a brush off. I do

now, and Tank was the first person to hear it from me after I spoke with Lex. What I said to him would make even the mouthiest truckers blush. Needless to say he apologized, not much good it does because the damage was already done. I probably should have told Lex sooner about my kidney disease. I just didn't have the heart to add more rocks to the mountain we already have to climb to successfully be together. I didn't want me having kidney disease be a reason for her to stay or not to stay with me. I'm healthy now. Since I left my ex-wife,

I've been healthier than I have been in years. It's amazing how much better you feel when you're free and can live a semi-normal, less stressed life.

Removing my dress shoes, loosening my tie and popping the top two buttons on my shirt open, I leave her to rest as I find my way to the tray that I have laid out for us. I brought just about everything I could think of in terms of finger foods. I want to entice her taste buds with food first and then my mouth, and maybe other things, if I'm brave enough to venture that far. I've let her taste my pre-come

from my dick, I was pushing my limits at that point. I've only ever let one woman suck my cock, one time. I've never told anybody that. My ex-wife, one time when we were in college sucked me. She did it so painfully raking her teeth along it, sucking too hard that it bruised the head of my dick. That was the first and the last time I ever let a woman suck my cock. I don't even let them touch it with their hands, let alone their mouth. So as much as tonight is for Lex, it's for me too; too push my own limits.

Purposely clearing her throat, my

Angel pulls me out of my thoughts. “Is my Gage going to feed me? I’m hungry.”

Her Gage, I love the way she says that.

“Yes, sweetheart I’m getting it.” I kneel, and pick up the tray, carrying it over to the side of the mat. For our appetizer, I brought shrimp cocktail and spears of lightly steamed asparagus. Both foods I can feed to her. For our main course, I’ve supplied bite sized quiches, and bite sized pieces of prime rib. For dessert, I have sliced cantaloupe, strawberries with whipped

cream, chocolate covered strawberries, and chocolates. Lex is a chocolate lover so I couldn't forget to bring some.

Grabbing a spear of asparagus, I sit beside her. Her head is resting comfortably on a pillow; her back is slightly arched, as a pillow raises her lower back, pressing her breasts up. Leaving her cleavage to spill out in the sexiest way.

Placing the spear to her lips, she opens her mouth and I glide it gently inside, and my dick gets painfully hard as she bites down. The snap sends a

shiver up my spine.

“Mmmm.” She groans, deliberately chewing sensuously. I don’t think I’ve ever seen anyone eat as she does. It’s like she feels the food, savors the rich flavors, and it turns me on so much I could come, *right fucking now*. Swallowing hard, she languidly licks her lips and grins.

“That was the best asparagus ever.” Her soft voice wispily states, forcing the air to fill with more desire than my lungs can handle.

I don’t know if I can get through this

whole meal without having her right now. But I want her to have some energy for the night I have in store. I best keep telling myself that or we won't get through the appetizer course.

“More please.” She moans, scissoring her long toned legs together.

“Angel, you are so fucking sexy. How's lady's necklace feeling?” I ask, swallowing hard to keep my voice from cracking. I don't think I've ever been so turned on in my life. Scratch that, I know I haven't.

“She loves it. But I'm dripping so

much, Gage, my dress is getting so wet.” She chews her lip.

Holy fuckin shit this is torture.

Grabbing a shrimp from the tray, I dunk it in some cocktail sauce and feed it to her. She hungrily groans in her throat with each movement of her jaw. While she eats, I crawl down to her feet, remove each one of her heels and kiss her instep as I lay her heels off to the side, away from our retreat. Gliding my hands up her smooth silky calves and thighs, she moans and goose bumps flare across her skin as she prominently

arches her back, offering herself to me. Skating the dress just above her waist I leave the most beautiful lady dick exposed. It's glistening in the most succulent of clear juices.

My mouth begins to water.

I want those juices in my mouth, but if I start now I'll never be able to stop.

Fuck! Why does she have to be so appetizing?

"She's so beautiful." I admit, watching more of her silken juices pump out of her tiny slit. I've never known someone to pre-come so much. I do, a

little, but Lex's is like a woman's pussy, it just keeps getting wetter and wetter. I love it.

Checking to make sure lady's necklace is secure, Lex gasps and nearly comes undone as my hand caresses her perfect taut sac. "Oh Gage, I don't know if I can take this."

"You have to, baby."

Her body instantly freezes as stiff as a board.

Fuck, fuck, fuck! I said *baby*. I shouldn't have said that. Brian used to call her that. Fuck! *Please*, don't say I

ruined this.

“I’m so, so, so, so sorry, Angel.” I caress her thighs and she visibly begins to relax.

“It’s okay. It’s been a long time. I’d like for you to call me that.”

“Why?”

“The more you do it, the less it makes that word hurt. If I know it’s you saying it, maybe over time it will wash the painful memories of Brian away, and I’ll only think of you when you call me that.”

I knew Lex was strong but this is a

whole new level of strength.

Widening her legs further apart, I scoot between them, resting on my knees and I reach over her, grab another spear of asparagus, and feed it to her. Then I grab one for myself and I lay it on the crease of where her hip meets her leg, very close to her succulent lady. I eat it from that spot using only my mouth and she moans, and coos as I slowly work my mouth to eat off her sexy body.

Feeding her the appetizers and dinner course, she starts to suck on my fingers as I press the bits of food

between her full lovely lips. I continue to eat my dinner off her body, each piece in a different spot. Turning my dick into a painfully throbbing, angry monster ready to burst hot jets of come between my legs. I've never teased myself so much in my life. This is the most exquisite kind of torture I could ever imagine and I know Lex feels the same. Her body cries out for me, each time I lick and suck on her sweet delicate skin, leaving both of us teetering on the brink of ravishing one another.

Giving her a sip of water out of a

bottle with a straw inside. I get to the point of the evening that I don't want to bring up to make her uncomfortable, but I have to offer.

“Sweetheart?”

“Yes.” She breathily states, her chest rising and falling in heavy breaths.

“I want to make love to you tonight.”

“I want that too.” No resistance, she just says it. It makes my heart nearly explode from so much happiness. She wants to make love to me; I've longed to hear her say that forever.

“But, I know you haven't had anyone

inside of you in a very long time. My fingers are nothing compared to my size. I brought an anal plug to put inside for a little while tonight to stretch you. I don't want to hurt you, and I want you to be comfortable. Do you want me to put in the plug? I know they feel weird, I just want to make sure you don't get hurt."



Lex

He brought an anal plug for me. That is probably the most romantic thing I've ever heard, all because he doesn't want

to hurt me. I don't care if it hurts though; my hole is only for his dick to go, not some silly toy.

Decisively, I shake my head, “No, I appreciate the offer and I know it's been a very long time. But I only want to make love to you. I only want you inside of me, not some rubber thing. Just you, Gage.”

I hear him sigh long and hard, “You're sure?”

I nod, never been more sure about anything else in my entire life. “Yes and how do you know they're

uncomfortable?”

“I’ve been wearing one on and off for about three months. I’m starting to really enjoy it. I wanted to stretch myself so when you decide you want to be the one to make love to me. I can fit you perfectly and you won’t have to worry about hurting me.”

“You want that?” I knew he wanted to top me, I never thought he’d want to be bottomed. I’ve never topped anyone. *Lady* has never entered anyone’s body except their mouth.

“Of course I do. I’ve never had

anyone inside of me. That place is just for you, Angel. To be honest I fantasize about it a lot.”

“You do?” I’m shocked, I never would have thought. Gage is so masculine and dominate. I never pictured him wanting to relinquish the control and allow someone to penetrate him in that intimate of way.

“All the time. You turn me on in all ways that are possible and that’s just another way for us to share each other. Fucking my ass is part of it.”

“I don’t want to *fuck* your ass,

Gage.” I emphasize. Fucking isn’t the correct word to use. You fuck people you don’t care about. Brian fucked me. I could never do that to some I unequivocally love.

“I do. God, I could come just thinking about it. Do you know how hard I am right now? I’ve been rock-hard since before I got to your house. You own my body, baby. All of my fucking body, my dick, and my ass is yours. It craves you, needs you.” He growls, sliding his hands up my thighs and firmly squeezing them at the top.

If he doesn't stop talking like that, I'm going to lose it. I can feel my sac already tingling. Overwhelmed with pleasure from him eating off my body, it felt so damn good. Now his sexy foul mouth is throwing me into an emotional tailspin. Having this blindfold on, enhances sounds and heightens all tastes and touches. Even the briefest of touch sets my body on fire, making my need to release ten times more urgent.



Gage

“It’s time for dessert.” The giant naughty smile that spreads across my Angel’s face makes me chuckle.

“Not *that* kind.” I tease and she turns her smile into an exaggerated pout, poking out her bottom lip so far that I want nothing more than to bite it.

“Oh, but Gage, I want some *creamy* dessert now.” She says, whining in the most adorable way, with flushed cheeks.

I love seeing how turned on she is and lady is so beautiful, sticking up, like she’s proud to wear her jewelry.

Knowing this is probably the worse idea ever, resting on my knees; I lean back slightly and unzip my fly, popping my raging boner out of my open zipper. I swipe a large bead of my pre-come from my slit using my middle finger. I use my index finger and gather some from lady. I sit up, reach over Lex's body and use both fingers to coat her lips with our combined juices, turning them into a high gloss sheen that glistens in the candlelight.

Fuck! She's perfect.

"There, sweetheart, just for you." I

huskily, in a deep baritone drawl out, removing my hands from her mouth before I let her suck my fingers. Which I've just learned tonight that I love so much my dick almost explodes.

“Mmmm.” She hums, rubbing her lips together.

As she enjoys herself, making some of the most erotic noises I've ever heard, I steal an already hulled strawberry and bite into it. Holding it between my lips, I predatorily crawl between her legs. *Lady* pressing against my stomach; I loom over my beautiful goddess and

place my strawberry mouth to hers. Nudging her lips with the end of the sweet fruit, she parts her lips, allowing me inside. Biting the end of the strawberry, she delicately chews as both of our lips are still melded as one.

“That was delicious.” She whispers against my mouth. I can smell the sweet aroma of strawberry, fresh on her breath.

“Not as delicious as you.” I reply, and ravenously plunge my tongue into her hot sensuous mouth. Kissing her deeply, our tongues fighting for ownership, as we desperately devour

one another, drowning in a sea of red-hot lust.

Forcefully seizing my butt with both of her hands, we grind out pelvises together, lady's heat and sexual friction nearly burning a hole through my pants. Sucking her tongue into my mouth, I nip it with my teeth, emitting a husky feral moan to blow from Lex's perfect mouth.

Breaking the kiss, she sexily mutters against my lips. "Make love to me."

Not having to tell me twice, I trail a river of warm, loving kisses across her jaw, nipping it just slightly before I

move down her neck. I suck and nibble, guiding myself down, to her collarbone, laving the delicate bone greedily. With my thick tongue, I lavish her silken skin; just before I slide lower, I sink my teeth in, marking her flesh. Generating an echoing pleasure cry to erupt from my Angel's lungs as her body jerks under me, grating her hips harder against my thick, dripping cock.

Running my tongue over her fresh mark one last time, I trace the path down between her breasts. Curling my fingers around the V-neckline of her dress, I

release her breasts completely, to feast my eyes and mouth on.

“Oh,” she coos, pushing her chest outward.

“I’m going to suck your sexy pink nipples.” I darkly explain and hear her gasp. She must like my dirty fucking mouth. Good! Maybe she’ll like this too.

I nip the tiniest bites up the side of her luscious mound and stop just before I reach her peak. Blowing hot air from my mouth, I bathe her milky white flesh in it. Paying special attention to her most delicious looking greedy extended

nipple. And it does what I'd hoped for, it perks up harder and little goose bumps arise on her large areolas and I blow again.

“Gage.” Her strained tone thrills me.

“Grab the pillow above your head sweetheart, I’m just getting started.” I state, my chin resting on her breast, I glance to watch her reach up and grip the large red pillow. Her arms trembling, from excitement? Nerves? I can’t be sure. She hasn’t told me to stop so I’m going to push forward and enjoy every moment with my lover.

“I’m going to make you feel so good, Angel.” I reassure her, so she knows this is for her pleasure as much as it is mine.

“Yessss,” a hiss drawls long and breathily from between her parted lips.

Not able to wait another second, I ravenously attack her nipple sucking it hard into my mouth.



Lex

Oh my God! What is he doing to me? He’s just begun to tease and pleasure me

and I don't think I can take much longer of his blazing touch. Everywhere he touches, he kisses and he licks. It not only makes lady weep, it's making me feel things I've never felt before. My heart's hammering vigorously in my chest. I can feel my pulse 'thumping' from the top of my head to the tips of my toes. It's a sensory overload on my body; I've never been touched like this. Every muscle, every cell in my body desires only one thing—Gage. His manly smell, his warm needy touch, his hot breath, the lips of a God pressed to my

flesh. I need it all. All of him, enveloping all of me in his cloak of impenetrable trust, ecstasy, and true love.

Extracting my worshiped bud from his mouth, he says, “How are you doing, Angel?”

How am I doing? I’m going crazy with lust. My hands are gripping this pillow my head is resting on, so tightly my knuckles ache.

“Lex? Please answer me.”

“I’m overwhelmed.” I admit it’s true. I can hardly keep still, my body is

bucking and contorting, doing things it's never done. I can't control my involuntary actions. His body atop mine sends a deep feral need to flood my body and I have to grind into him. Even if the feeling of lady rubbing his zipper hurts, I still want more. I need more. I need to come so badly I can't think straight.

“Do you like when I touch you here?” He gently licks my hard nipple and I can't help but let out a deep guttural moan.

“Yes.” I feverishly nod.

Lips faintly skim away from my breast and down the center of my body. Swirling his tongue into my belly button I giggle. It tickles too much.

“Not here?” I can hear the playfulness in his amused tone and the smile on his face that is pressed to my stomach. I miss looking at him.

“Definitely not.” I agree.

“Does *lady* want to be touched?”

Yes! The mere mention of such a wonderful act has my body tense with anticipation. I want that so badly.

“Yes.” I whisper.

“How about...”

Ah!!! Oh my!! Oh...

A tongue plunges into my hole, swirling frenziedly, tantalizing it.

“Is this good?” Hot breath bathes my rosette; his magical tongue with the lightest of touches is circling the rim around and around. As he shifts completed down between my legs. Maybe I should have been paying more attention to his movements and I wouldn't have gotten caught so off-guard, although I do love it.

“Very.” I tremble, with a weak

voice.

“Do you know how sexy it is?”

I shake my head and feel my cheeks flush, embarrassed. I never thought of it being anything than another ugly piece of my skin, a place that for so many years has been tainted by the memories of Brian. I am thankful to have Gage here to take the pain and memories away, filling them with happy, pleasurable ones of him — of us.

“Well it’s so—” lick, “so—” dip inside, “fucking—” lick, “sexy—” kiss.

My body convulses under his sexual

expertise.

“Where’d...” I swallow hard, lost in sensation.

“Where’d what?”

Oh dear God, he plunges his thick tongue back inside.

Rearing my back off the makeshift bed, I scream as I fall further into euphoric laden madness, imparted by the sexual magician himself.

“Where’d what, Angel?” He questions again, retracting his skilled tongue.

“Where’d you learn to do that?” I

clearly make out, finally.

“By hanging with all the nasty girls.”
He chuckles and dives back in.

Oh God!

Huffing, trying to catch even a fraction of my heaving breath, I reply in a pleasure cry, my hips vibrating, and my head thrashing back and forth.

“You’ve...dear God... Oh Gage.”

“Yes?”

Don’t stop! He can’t stop now!

“Don’t stop.” I wantonly order, feeling lost without his marvelous tongue.

“I’m never going to stop. Now tell me.” He says, lips still touching me.

“You’ve ruined me.”

“Good! You’re *mine*.” And that’s all that’s said before he takes over once more, ordering my body to fall under his spell.

I *am* his. I am Gage’s. All of what is me, is now part his. The thought should scare me, but it doesn’t.



Gage

Hell yeah! My Angel loves this. She is being so brave and letting me show her how much pleasure I can give her.

Where'd I learn this? I can't believe what I said.

Thank fuck, that didn't turn her off. I wasn't thinking clearly. It's true though. I just shouldn't have admitted it as I'm working my woman's body to open up.

Wrapping my hands under her butt, I lift her so her hole is more accessible for my tongue, to assault her delicious ass. She can't stop moving. I love that I'm driving her wild. And she's driving

me wild just the same. I'm trying to relax her body enough and loosen up her hole for what I'm about to do.

Kissing her pucker, I lovingly order.

“Flip over, Angel, on your knees. I'm going to make love to you. If you're ready.”

I could do this the missionary way, but the angle is a tad too harsh for our first time. Doggy style no matter how distant it may be is the best way for me to monitor her tight ass. I can't worry about injuring her. I have to watch and glide myself in, keeping her lubed,

opened and comfortable. I only have one chance to make this right for her. I can't jeopardize that.

Body literally shaking from head to toe, she complies without muttering a single coherent word. I'm not sure she can talk. Moaning and crying out is all she has done for the past ten minutes. I think I've pushed her into a euphoric high.

Helping her onto her knees; I wrap my arm around her waist to pull her up to kneeling. Her back pressed to my chest, I grab the hem of her dress and lift

it above her head and toss it on the ground. She shivers and I rub my hands along her arms to warm her.

Now completely naked in front of me, I slide my hand down her side, around to her stomach and glide it to lady, keeping my other arm to firmly anchor her back to my front. My dripping cock stuffed into the warm crevice of her ass. Grinding it between her cheeks, I wrap my descending hand around her shaft. Pumping the most beautiful lady dick I've ever seen in my hand. I masturbate her with long even strokes.

Her pre-come has already given me plenty of lube to make it slippery. Not wanting my mouth to go to waste, I begin kissing across her shoulders and move my left hand up to cup her full breast, kneading her pert nipple between my fingers.

Short bursts of air shoot from her nose. Moans fill the air as she begins to hump into my pumping fist. Lulling her head back to my shoulder, I get better access to her neck and I suck, hard. Tugging at her thickness in my fist, her beautiful pink mushroom head is slickly

gliding in and out.

I think she's ready. I know I am. I can't wait to make her mine.

"It's time." I bend her over, folding myself with her. Her hands land on the sheet covered mat. Still pumping her fast, her hips begin to undulate against my cock. Unknowingly she's prepping her beautiful ass with streams of my pre-come as it coats between her cheeks. My cock still hard and readily poking out from between my suit pants.

"Just a minute." I speak gently, kissing down her spine as I let go of lady

and break our enveloped closeness. I love being that close to her, cuddling with her, touching her, kissing her. Anything with my Lex is all that I care about.

Breaking away, I stand, unbutton and remove my shirt, take down my pants and boxers, tugging them off one leg at a time. Lastly, I remove my socks and I too, am just as naked and open to her.

Kneeling behind her once more, I reach up and tug my tie from around her eyes. I want her to know who is making love to her. I want her to see me. Feel

me. Know that I'm the one inside. I don't want demons surfacing.

I grab the little bottle of lube I stored just on the edge of the blanket and generously apply it to her hole. Pushing one finger inside, she hisses and tenses as I break that burning barrier and then relaxes into me.

“One more finger, Angel. Is that okay?” I ask, worried about pushing too far, too fast.

Her head nods.

“I need you to tell me.”

“Yes, Gage. More. I don't know

what's going on. I feel funny.”

Shit!

“Are you alright?” Apparently my dick is worried too because he's half-mast all of a sudden.

She nods again.

“Angel, I'm worried. Talk to me. Do you want to stop? Baby, we can stop. I'm sorry. I want this so badly. I don't want to scare you, are yo—”

She cuts me off. “Stop that, Gage. I want this. That's the strange feeling. My entire body is floating on sensory overload. I need to burst; I need to come.

Please make me come. Please take away all the pain from my past. Please make love to me, as I've never had before. I need this. All of it." I hear her snuffle. She's crying now of emotion and not pleasure. I hate when she cries; it makes my chest ache. I want to comfort her.

"Let me hold you." I offer, crawling from behind her. Her hand reaches back and grabs my thigh.

"No. I need this Gage. I need you inside of me. I need it now. Please. Please... Please...Plea..." She trails off, desperation clinging to every word.

If she needs me, I'm going to take the pain away. I'm going to rescue my Angel from her past.

Caressing her back with one hand, I push two fingers into her with my other. She moans so deeply that I can feel it on my fingers that are buried inside. Curving my digits slightly, I press that delicious button and she shakes, and starts to pleasure scream as I firmly massage that spongy spot that I love so much.

Knowing that she's opened up enough, I remove my fingers and stroke

my re-hardened dick with lube. Angling myself so I'm at her entrance, I slightly push in.

“Relax and push out.” I coax, holding onto her hip with one hand, my dick with the other.



Lex

It burns! I don't know if it's my scar tissue or the fact, it's been seven years to have anything large inside of me. Brian was never as big as Gage. God he's huge.

“Almost there.” I hear him say, as I bite my lip to keep from wailing out in pain, not ecstasy. If it wasn’t for lady’s jewelry, she would be sleeping right now. This isn’t pleasure; it hurts.

Gliding into me just a bit further, I feel his balls resting on my taint. I breathe in long and deep to bring myself into a calm state of arousal. Not the one I’m currently swimming in.

“I’m going to pull out.” He says, and I shake my head. He can’t move. Not yet. I need my body to accept him fully as a part of me.

Closing my eyes tight, I focus on that sore part of my body. *It's Gage inside of you Lex, he's making love to you. His length is deep inside, filling the hole that you've never felt pleasure from when having sex. But this isn't just sex, this is making love to your partner, your equal. The man who loves you—I tell myself and my body begins to calm and relish in the fullness. The burning slowly dissipates and is replaced with a sense of love and completeness.*

Pivoting my own hips forward I

slide him a fraction of the way out of me and I hear him groan and curse.

Pushing backward again, I take charge, and seat him fully inside of me. A deep warmth consumes my body and my lady becomes painfully hard as my sac tingles.

“How are you doing?” I hear his strained voice ask.

“I’m good.” I admit, honestly.

Slowly I glide him in and out of me, I feel him shaking as I do. His hands on my hips are twitching, as his dick presses that special spot I.... Oh shit... I

cry out and he suddenly loses control.

Grabbing my waist, he forcefully yanks me up, my back to his front. Hot lips are pressed to my ear.

“I can’t take it, Angel. God you’re so fucking hot. Let me take control. I’m losing it. I can’t.” He jerks inside of me and I moan. “Yeah that’s it, Angel. Feel me, you’re so damn tight.”

“Okay.” I moan, chewing on my lip, starting to fall back into the magical world of euphoric bliss.

His hand firmly encases my shaft, “I’m going to pleasure lady and your ass.

If it begins to be too much tell me, but I can't wait another second, Lex. I'm going to come soon, my dick hurts. I've been holding off all night. I masturbated three times today to prep myself. But fuck it that doesn't help. You're too hot, so tight, too perfect. I love you, Angel."

"I love you too; now make love to your woman."

He growls and nips my ear. "You love me? Damn baby, you know how long I've wanted you to tell me that."

"I don't..." He humps into me and begins to suck my neck, as his hands

pump hard on my shaft, his cock diving in shallow even strokes in and out of me. I lose myself in feeling. “Fuck...” He grunts, and I barely hear him over my own moans. My mouth loses all ability and starts to express every feeling, every stroke, every plunge, every lave of his tongue across my sensitive flesh.

Oh God! I’m so close.

“Gage.” I cry out, panting, my skin turning slick with sweat, lost in a world of desire, lust and love, consumed by Gage.

“Come, Angel. I’m close, please,

come for me.” The hand wrapped around lady jacks her harder and faster at the same pace, he is plowing into me. That’s it. My body tenses, I can feel I’m going to burst. My sac constricts and I heave one long moan.

“I’m coming.” I cry, as I hump into his hand, thick jets of my come shoot out and he roars in my ear, climaxing, filling my insides with his come.

Sweetly kissing my neck, his hand reaches under lady and takes off her jewelry, dropping it onto the sheets.

“I love you, thank you. Now let me

clean you up.”

Holding my waist with one arm and pressing me back down with the other; I’m left in doggy style again, his manhood still inside of me.

Removing his thickness from inside of me, I want to cry at the loss. I want him there. I love him there.

A tongue suddenly darts into my ass “Mmmm.” He hums swirling his tongue around.

“What are you doing?” I ask, confused, savoring the warmth of his mouth on me.

“I’m cleaning you up. I made a mess; my come is all over you.”

Okay? He’s licking his own come from me. That’s a little strange. Kind of hot though.

“You don’t have to do that. Isn’t it gross?”

“Nut-uh, it’s needed.”

I chuckle, as the sounds of hunger derive from his mouth while he continues to clean me.

“You’re kind of a freak.” I laugh.

Kissing my rosette, he pulls away and comes to lay beside me with a big

sated smile on his face. I missed seeing him. I liked the blindfold, but not as much as feasting my eyes on his handsome face.

“Yes, I’m kind of a freak. Don’t say it’s like a bad thing.”

I smile over at him, shaking my head as I chuckle a little at his adorableness, “I didn’t say it’s bad. It’s different. Most men from my experience wouldn’t ever think of tasting their own come. Let alone cleaning it off of their partner.”

He shrugs, and reaches out fondling my hanging breasts.

“Can I move?” I ask. I didn’t lay down because I thought he wanted me like this. It’s kind of a fun position. Who would of thought? I’ve never had sex in any form when I was like this.

“In a moment, I want to clean lady too.” Scooting under me, he sucks her into his mouth. Greedily groaning in this throat, extracting whatever come I have left and turning me hard all over again. At this position, he’s on his back, and his dick is close to my head. It’s clean; he must have wiped off the lube. Hum... what to do? I think I’ll taste him myself.

Eyeing down at him feasting on my body, I take this chance, turn my head, and body just enough to reach him. Lowering my head, I take his head into my mouth tasting a mixture of man, come, and soap. He immediately stops sucking lady and tugs his cock out of my mouth with his hand. Climbing out from under me, he looks deep into my eyes, as I lay down onto my side.

Did I do something wrong?

“Why did you do that?” he asks, like I shouldn’t be touching him down there.

“I wanted to. You’ve played with

me, made love to me and done just about everything to me. And I've yet to suck him."

"Do you want to?"

What kind of question is that? Of course I do. He's hot, his dick is just as hot and I love him. Why wouldn't I want that?

"Yes," I blurt, like he's a madman for even asking that silly question.

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why would you want to suck him?"

"Why wouldn't I? You are sexy, I

love you, and I want to taste you.”

“But Brian used to force you.”

I hate that he knows this much about me without me having to tell him. I know it's good that he's aware of my past. I like that about him, but I hate that I haven't been the one to tell him. He's known all of this since before we ever met.

“Yes,” I nod, agreeing with him. “*Brian did* force me. *You're not*. I've only ever had his penis on my mouth, Gage. I don't want that memory. You've taken so much of his hurtful memories

from me and replaced them with happy ones of you.”

“Of us?”

“Yes, of *us*. Why is it hard to fathom that a woman that you’ve basically been in love with for how many years?”

“Six.”

“Six years. A woman you’ve been in love with for six years wants to show you how much you mean to her, including sexually. I love what we do, what we just did, but this is something we need. I need to suck on him. I want to taste him. I want to taste you.”

“Why, why would you want that?”

Something is going on. Something he's not telling me. The terrified look on his face says it all.

“Gage. Has anyone ever done that?”

He looks away.

“Gage, honey, look at me.”

Still looking away, he shakes his head and I reach out, touching his thigh, resting my hand there. If he wants me to remove it, he will have to do it himself.

“Has anyone ever touched you there?” I ask, in a gentler tone.

“Once.”

“And what happened?”

“It hurt, a lot.”

“I have a question.” I am keeping my tone low, sweet, loving; I want to warm him up to this idea. I want to take his pain away like he’s taken mine.

“Huh?”

“Do you think when Brian raped me and forced me to suck his dick, do you think that didn’t hurt me? Do you think I haven’t lived with scars? Physical and emotional? We both have them Gage. I used to bleed when Brian raped me. My ass would bleed. I’ve never felt more

pain that when someone is ripping your insides out, not even the knife scars. Look at me, look at this.” With my other hand I follow the path of a long scar that runs from under one of my breasts, curves up like the peak of a wave between my breasts and curves back down below the other one.

“This scar, he ran over five times. Each week for five weeks, he’d reopen it. It hurt a lot. But there is nothing more painful than being sexually abused. Not even this scar.” I rub it again, and he reaches out this time and follows the

path using his own finger.

“I’m sorry.” He mutters, with a pained face.

“Why? You didn’t do anything wrong.” I reassure him.

“I should have met you before him. Then this would have never happened.” His hand moves across other scars and tears start to well in my eyes.

“I shouldn’t be selfish. You’re right Lex. You’ve experienced more pain then I could imagine. If I had known you before, I would have saved you from all of this. Tell me more. I want to know

more, from your own mouth.”

“If I do. Will you let go and take that painful experience away from you?”

He nods. “It’s stupid really. I shouldn’t feel that way, not about you touching him. I want that. I do. It’s hard. I’ve spent over ten years never letting anyone touch him. Now I feel like a complete fool for even considering not allowing it. How stupid is that? The woman I love has been abused and hurt and she lets me in, lets me touch her and I can’t give you this little thing. I sound like a selfish asshole. I am a selfish

asshole. I'm really sorry."

"Just because my past is littered with so much pain, doesn't mean that the experience with your penis getting hurt isn't valid. It doesn't make it less important. We all have our crosses to bear, some more than others. Now come here and let me show you."

I realize I've been through a lot in my life. And for the first time I am experiencing real pleasure and real love. It is hard for me to accept and fathom. It's hard to get past what I've been through. But what kind of life would I

live if I let my past control my future? Let it determine how far I can or can't go in life, all because of a dark cloud looming over my head. I didn't use to think or feel this way. Gage has helped me get past a huge part of my own insecurities. He accepts me, he loves me, and I don't doubt that for a second. If this is the one and only time, I can fix a painful memory from him, to wipe the slate clean. I will, not only for myself, but also for him to get a fresh start.

Grabbing his hand, I trace a chunk of flesh that was removed on my stomach.

It sits about five inches above my belly button to the right. It's not the biggest chunk I've had carved from my body by Brian but it's a memorable one.

“Brian always hung me from the rafters in the barn to hurt me, rape me, and most of all cut me. This one is different. This one happened when I was sleeping next to him in bed. He, for the first time ever, handcuffed me to our bed. His bed, really, but I slept in it because I didn't have much of a choice. I woke up just as he had begun. I was a dead a sleep, weak and malnourished

from a rather harsh rape marathon from the night before. He'd taken a ballpoint pen and drawn a B on my stomach. I screamed shocking myself awake as the scalpel pierced my skin. It was the first time he'd ever used one on me. Maybe he used it so he didn't go too deep. All my other carved out skin pieces are where bone is beneath. That's what would stop him. He's hit the bone and quit, like it was a marker for him. This time was different; it was his brand, his initial. As you can see it still kind of looks like a misshaped B." I explain,

Gage's fingers tracing it over and over again, listening intently to my story.

“After he was finished, the B he'd retracted from my flesh was placed into a glass of water on the bedside table. Then he gathered up gauze, iodine and a bandage. He never cared enough to use antiseptic until the end, just before Linc found me. He had started getting more creative with his cuts by that point. Plus, I was always on a steady stream of antibiotics. Not sure how he got them, but I took them to keep from getting infected. After he was done that night, he

left me cuffed to the bed and went to sleep in the living room. He didn't say a thing to me. Days later as it started to scab over and I began to pick at it to distort his B. Not wanting his brand to be distinguishable, it worked, sort of. Better than how it looked when it first happened."

"I'm sorry." Gage mutters, following the roadmap of pain across my stomach and ribs.

"It's okay. It's not your fault. That's all I'm going to tell you for tonight. I've already ruined the mood for more sex.

So let's just cuddle and talk, okay? Tell me more about you. Since you already know an awful lot about me." I lean over and kiss the creases on his forehead. He's face is stricken in grief and deep in thought. It's clear as day.

"Gage?"

"Yes, I'm just pissed. When you see the scars, it's one thing. To know how they got there is another. I wish I could murder that prick." His dark, malice filled tone shocks me.

"I do too, honey."

I push his chest so he falls to his

back and I curl up next to him, my head on his bare chest, listening to the soothing rhythmic sound of his heartbeat. His arms encase me, holding me close, as he finishes tossing a blanket across our naked bodies.

This is a beautiful place. The stars are breathtaking, as they sparkle in the night sky. The rooftop of candles provides the right amount of ambiance. It's beyond romantic. I couldn't have pictured our first time being any sweeter. Even if it was a little tainted by our pasts, that's just who we are, a part

of us. Neither of us perfect. Yet,
together, we can overcome anything. I
just know it.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Sunday

Lex

“So how are things going?” My mom asks standing at her workbench, floral shears in hand, quickly precision trimming stems from a bundle of long stemmed red roses. She’s extremely busy this weekend. I dropped by about two hours ago to see how she’s doing. I ended up staying to help. Booked herself

solid all week, a wedding next weekend to do eight bouquets, boutonnieres, twelve centerpieces and the rose petals for the flower girls. Then she has a baby shower on Wednesday, has to dye white roses blue for a giant centerpiece that she is crafting from chicken wire and Styrofoam to make into a stork. You see all those cupcake shows on TV where they craft dresses and other crazy things out of cupcakes. Well my mother is the same, just with flowers. She makes the Pasadena Rose Parade look like a bunch of amateurs. And I'm not just saying that

because she's my mother.

“They're good, had my first date with Gage last night.” I smile, big. I can't help it; just the thought of last night makes me smile. I haven't stopped smiling since. We literally talked until the sun came up this morning. We sat, cuddled; our legs tangled together and ate chocolate covered strawberries, wrapped in a mountain of blankets as we watched the sunrise. Without an ounce of sleep, we left afterward. He drove me home, escorted me to the door like a gentleman and kissed me goodbye. Like

in all those romantic movies where you see the man leave the woman at the door after they share a steamy kiss. That was Gage and I. It was unbelievably perfect. I couldn't have imagined a better night.

After I got inside my house, I met a groggy up-too-early, Roni, in the kitchen fixing tea. Pregnancy has apparently taken its toll already and she was up half the night throwing up. Night sickness, is what she referred to it as. Bob was nowhere to be found. He'd went home to get away from Sassy Britches and her puking. We ended up snacking on

biscotti and sipping herbal tea. Then I took a quick shower, which I rarely do. And I headed off to catch a few hours of rest. Surprisingly, I slept until three. Longer than I expected, and as soon as I woke up, I skipped my usual routine and headed straight here to see my mom.

I feel freer today than I have in probably all of my life. Less stressed, less clouded by my past. I couldn't wait to come and tell my mom all about it. It's been years of trials and tribulation to become the woman I am today. With Gage, I feel like the woman I always

wanted to be; sexy, confident, strong, sexually enthusiastic, smart, accepted, happy, loved, and most of all safe and protected.

“So you say you had your first date? How’d that go?” My mom asks, breaking me from my thoughts to realize that I haven’t cut a single flower in the past five minutes. My mind is working overtime. Submerged in daydreams of the man I somehow love.

Not sure how much I can or should divulge to my mom about last night. So I’ll go the safest route with the basics.

“Went great, mom. Rooftop dinner with flowers and candlelight. Talked until sunrise. I really think I might be in love.”

There it is. I’ve laid it out there. I’ve admitted it to my mother. Watching the expression on her beautiful face change from work mode to sheer happiness warms me from the inside out.

Dropping her sheers and the rose that’s in her hands onto the counter. She turns and hugs me.

“It’s about time. I’m so happy for you, Lex. And he knows about you. And

you know?”

I nod into my mother’s neck, as I inhale her floral scent. My arms hooked around her neck.

The front door to her shop chimes.

“Lex! Faith!” I hear the voice of a princess excitedly screech. I break away from my mother’s embrace and turn to see Gage with an ‘I’m Sorry’ expression marking his face, while he quietly stands right inside the door.

Emma, in a bouncy lavender dress, comes dancing around the back of the counter. Grabs her personal stepladder

and carries it to the workbench. She's ready to work. I love her enthusiasm.

"Hi" I wink at him and he sort of half grins.

My mom and Emma start immediately chatting. I walk around the counter in my plain blue summer dress and white heeled sandals. Gage has on gray track pants and fitted white t-shirt today. Looks like he's just about to work out or he just did. I'm guessing the former. Although he sure looks extra hot in those low-slung pants and the shirt that shows off every outline of his hot

body.

Stopping in front of my lover, I give him a genuine smile. “Hey honey, what brings you by?”

Reaching out he grabs my hand, tugging me into a big hug. Stuffing his face into my hair, I hear him smell me. One of his hands loving caresses my back as the other combs through my long black hair. I love when he does this. Last night he combed through my hair with his fingers for hours. It’s sweet and so romantic.

“I missed you. But that’s not why I’m

here. Emma wanted to see Faith, since it's Sunday. And I figured I'd hit Jimbo's while she does." He explains into my hair.

Jimbo's is the only gym in Heartfair.

Leaning out of the hug slightly, so I can peer into his eyes. I peck him quickly on the lips and hear two nosey spectators "Awe" us.

Gage and I laugh and turn our heads to see my mom and Emma staring with massive smiles adorning their faces.

"Daddy, is Lex really your girlfriend?" Emma innocently asks,

holding one of the red roses without the thorns in her hand.

“Yes, Emma. Lex is daddy’s girlfriend.”

“Does that make Faith my grandma?”

Gage looks to me. What am I supposed to do? Tell Emma that yes, Faith is your grandma? Although I can never marry your daddy because in the state we live in, even if I had a sex change I couldn’t. But, I do want to spend the rest of my life with him, if I’m lucky enough. Guess that does mean Emma has a grandma. I’m not leaving,

Gage isn't leaving, and I know my mother would want nothing more than to call Emma hers. Sure, why not?

I give him a firm nod with eye contact, voicing my silent approval.

“Yes, baby. Faith is your grandma.”

What I never expected to happen next, does. My mother begins to bawl, folding Emma into her arms.

“Don't cry grandma.” Emma says standing still as my mom hugs her.

Tears sting my eyes just watching the two. Gage kisses my cheek and whispers. “See, I knew she wanted this.

Thank you for being okay with it. Emma doesn't have a grandma that she really knows."

I face him and peck him on the mouth. "Gage, I'm planning on staying with you. Emma and my mom both need this. I can't have children. Remember?"

"We will, someday."

What?!

"What? You do realize that I might be a woman but I don't have all the equipment?"

Shaking his amused head, he laughs at me. Pulls me into a hug and kisses my

forehead, repeatedly.

“Yes, Lex. I’m aware what you have and if you say another word about it, I’m going to have to take you with me when I leave. I’ve been keeping a semi down since I walked in. Now all this talk about what is between your legs has me getting harder by the second. If you don’t want me to end up fucking the shit out of you in the back of my truck, then I suggest we stop this right now. I do want children with you someday. Surrogates, they work wonders.”

Oh my God. He’s turned on and now

I'm right there with him. How in the hell does he do this to me? Smelling his cologne is enough to set me into a frenzied state of high arousal. Now, talking to me about it has made *lady* hard, rock-hard. Damn him and his perfect sexiness. Then he goes off and talking about having kids together? I'm not sure which emotion to tackle first.

“You’ve thought about this haven’t you?” I ask, my head pressed to his chest, his fingers back to stroking my hair.

“Yes, a lot. I’ve had a lot more years

to dream about it than you have.”

Tilting my head up, I kiss his stubbly chin. “Yes you have. We will discuss this at some point. I never thought about being a mom. Emma is enough for me. I hope you know that. Eventually if we decide to have more, we will. Right now, though, you’ve turned me on and if you don’t leave. I’ve going to take you up on that enticing offer. Now go.”

We kiss once more, longer this time, closed mouth, goosing me as we break our embrace, he waves goodbye to the group and leaves to work out. Hopefully,

he'll cool down that overactive libido of his. God knows I need a cold shower. I wonder if his raw sexual magnetism will always have this effect on me? Part of me hopes so. The other part, prays that's not the case. I don't think I could handle walking around with a lady boner every day when I'm around him. It makes it hard to get anything done.



“Nighty night, Emma.” I kiss her head and tuck her into bed, leaving Gage to say his goodnight.

Walking to the open door, I rest my

shoulder in the frame and watch the most loving father on the planet, kiss his daughter goodnight. “I love you, baby girl. Sleep well. Daddy and Lex will see you in the morning. Hope you had fun at grandma Faith’s today.”

“Night daddy, I love you too. You sleep well too.” Emma sleepily whispers, throwing her tiny arms around Gage’s neck, as he looms over her, his lips pressed to her forehead.

Gage finishes tucking her into bed, snug as a bug in a rug. We both exit Emma’s new bedroom, leaving the door

open just a crack. Tonight after Gage went to work out, Emma, my mom and I, made some floral arrangements. Once he came back to the shop he was freshly dressed in a white button down dress shirt, rolled up his forearms and faded designer jeans. Said he was taking all of his girls out to dinner, which included my mom. So we went to Vino's for dinner. It felt like we'd been doing this for years. Emma talked about girl stuff; Gage interacted with her, acting like he knew all about whatever it is she was gabbing about at the time. It felt like a

family outing, which to be honest, made me feel lucky. I never knew life could be this way. Never really dreamed it could be possible. If I had dreamed about it, and it hadn't come to fruition, I would have lived my life incomplete. I've never been one to dream bigger than I see logical. Now that I've experienced this kind of surreal happiness, I can never let it go.

We dropped my mom back at her store after dinner and came to my house, where I helped give Emma a bath, while Gage went home to grab her a change of

clothes and her backpack for school tomorrow. About an hour ago, we started to watch *The Little Mermaid* on the couch in the living room. Emma's head was on my lap, her feet on Gage's as we watched and I stroked her hair. When Emma was almost asleep, Gage carried her upstairs to her bed.

I walk into my bedroom and he follows behind, shutting the door in his wake. Stripping off my blue dress, I toss it into the hamper. I need a bath and some sleep. I've got a long week of work starting tomorrow.

“I have an idea.” Gage says, in a naughty tone. A tone I’m very familiar with.

Arms wrap around me from behind, cupping my naked breasts. A bare, large, fully erect cock presses against my butt. Hot lips kiss my ear lobe, sending a rampant shiver to roll down my spine.

“I want you to suck me tonight. I want my dick in your mouth. I want us to do it in *our* bedroom.”

Sucking him in our bedroom? Hum... I really like the sound of that. My mouth is already watering.

“What if I don’t want your cock in my mouth? What if I want you inside of me again?”

Gage deeply growls, firming his grip on my breasts, and aggressively grinding his massive length on my ass. “I need both. At the gym, I couldn’t stop thinking about you, couldn’t keep my stupid dick from staying hard. I ended up masturbating in the bathroom, like a damn teenager. What are you doing to me, Angel?” Hungry lips latch onto my neck and I tilt my head back, offering him more.

“Oh, Gage.” I whimper, revealing in the succulent heat of his mouth that lavishes my neck.

Circling my hips, I push back onto his dick. Feral growls snarl from between his lips as he devours my sensitive flesh. I close my eyes, falling into a maddening state of desire-laden euphoria. Deft fingers pluck my nipples, tweaking them into hard peaks. My breathing becomes labored, as he drives me further into a level of pleasure that only can he evoke.

“I...Gage, your... I need

it...mouth... my mouth.”

“My dick?” he questions, nibbling across my shoulder, pulling my nipples hard. A sharp pain stings and I bite my lip, to keep from crying out in pleasure. The little shocks of pain feel incredibly good. I never thought I’d love them, but I do. From Gage, I need them, almost as much as I need his dick in my mouth.



Gage

You can do it Gage, just give in and let the love of your life suck on you.

She won't ruin it. She won't hurt you. She will make it feel good. I keep telling myself, like a broken record, turning over in my head. I'm putting off the inevitable. I've psyched myself out before. It's time to finally let go.

Kissing my Angel's neck one last time, she groans in her throat. Releasing her perfect nipple, I spin her around. I've already unbuckled and whipped out my dick to rub against her smooth, round ass. Now all I have to do is take the rest of my clothes off. Backing away, I drop my pants and she watches me, like a

predator. Out of the corner of my eye, I catch her slowly licking her lips, staring at my aching dick, that's straining not to come.

At the gym today, fuck! That was bullshit to the tenth damn degree. I left the floral shop, because I had no idea Lex was going to be there. If I had, I probably would've prepared myself a little better and secured my dick in a tighter pair of boxers or something. I'm hard like twenty-four seven around her or when I think about her. I feel like a teenager getting a boner at the slightest

thought of her. It's kind of embarrassing. Anyhow, I get to the gym, and Megan, my secretary is there, well, my soon to be former secretary. I'm firing her tomorrow. After I found out about her answering my phone and not telling me, I can't excuse that. I can look past being my old fuck buddy, just as I can look past Daniel being Lex's. I don't expect her to fire him. He's a decent man, and he's a damn good secretary. I had hoped to keep Megan around, too, not anymore.

Today at the gym, when I was in the middle of using free weights, all Megan

did was stand across the room and rub her tits in the corner, looking right at me. Like that was supposed to turn me on or some shit. Yeah right. Give me a break. I couldn't even fathom flirting with another woman, let alone touch her. The little sleazy display did get me down to half-mast. Then my brain went back to thinking about Lex in her pretty blue dress, and I was hard all over again. Ended up heading to the bathroom to relieve my problem, of course with my luck, Megan ended up following me into the men's locker room. She basically

threw herself at my feet, and tried to pull down my pants to blow me. Isn't the first time she's tried that either. If I'm not going to allow my lover to do it, I sure as hell wouldn't let some floosy suck my dick. I was pretty wound up by the time I forcefully hauled her out of the locker room by her arm, while she yelled at me to let her go. I turned her into Jimbo to handle. Riding high on sexual frustration, I found my way back into the bathroom and settled into a stall to pump my dick and rid myself of aching balls.

Thought that would handle my

incessant need to come all the damn time. Wishful thinking on my part. Now I'm here at Lex's house, and I feel like I haven't orgasmed in a year. I have no damn idea what she is doing to me, but fuck, my sac aches. I need her mouth on me, *now*.

Throwing the reminder of my clothes to the floor, I glance down at my raging boner and back up to her. Circling my shaft with my fist, I tilt it up, giving her a good show, and chance to back out if she doesn't want to suck it. I don't expect her to. To be honest, I'm not sure I really

want her to. My nerves have been shot to shit.

Without a word, she kneels on the floor right in front of me. Locking her beautiful eyes with mine, she smiles. It's like she's looking right into the depths of my very soul. I love that she has that kind of power over me. I've prayed it would be like this since the first moment, I knew I was in love with her so long ago. Now, it's even better than I imagined.

“Let me.” She huskily states, chewing vigorously on her bottom lip.

My Angel must be just as nervous as I am about this. Good to know I'm not alone in this feeling.

Wrapping delicate fingers around my shaft, she runs her tongue over the tip and a wave of ecstasy jolts my system. Another lick to the tip and my sac tightens, ready to blow.

Fuck this is amazing!

“Is this okay?”

I nod, eyes hooded, as I take in my beautiful woman kneeling before me. Her long hair draped over her shoulders, her back slightly bent forward, while she

rests on her knees. I could get used to this.

Encasing my pre-come soaked head between her lips, she swallows down my offering and closes her eyes as she glides me into the velvet heat of her mouth. A slow rumbling moan bursts out of my lips as her mouth comes to rest on my trimmed pubis. Humming in her throat, she laves the underside of my cock with her tongue, with it still engulfed in her mouth.

Holy fuck!

Picking up the pace, using one hand

to pump my shaft, she sucks and plunges my head into the back of her groaning throat. Working her own shaft, she sucks me into slick velvet heaven. Hot bursts of air shoot from her nose, as her mouth filled moans start to hasten, and she sucks harder, greedier. Working me like a pro.

Fuck.... Fuck, yes.

Threading my hands behind my head, I instinctively buck into her mouth, losing myself in divine pleasure.

My balls tighten and she drops *lady*, grabs onto my sac and tugs. Oh fuck! My

body tenses, I clinch my jaw and trip over the edge.

I'm coming!

Calling out her name, I shoot hot streams of my salty come into her throat. Swallowing me down completely, she smiles, holding my thick head in her mouth.

“That was... Shit... I dunno, Lex. But I fucking loved it. Thank you.”

Giggling, she shakes her head and sucks my entire semi-hard shaft back into her mouth one last time before she releases it.

“You taste delicious, like granny smith apples.” She languidly licks her lips and I groan at the perfect sight.

I offer my hand to her, and she uses it to stand and I bring her into a hug. Kissing her temple, I whisper. “I love you, Angel. Let me return the favor. I want to suck on you, to make you come.”

“Um... I sort of already did, honey.” She shyly giggles, her lips on my chest delivering the tiniest of kisses. She’s even sweet after she gives me a blowjob. What a goddess. My goddess. How’d I ever get so damn lucky?

“Came when you were sucking on me?”

Her forehead nods into my shoulder.

“Yes, it was sexy and you taste good and smell good down there. It’s nice.”

I smell and taste good. Never thought that would matter to me but it does. Knowing my woman likes my taste and my smell, makes me I don’t know... happy?

Just when I think I can’t possibly love her any more than I already do, my heart swells, tightening in my chest, feeling like it’s about to burst with an

immeasurable amount of love. It's one thing to fall for a person on paper. You know about them. You hear about them. Fantasize. You get this fictional picture in your head, that they are a certain way. Lex, she's even better than I imagined in my dreams. Better to taste, touch, smell, hold, love, and to know. She talked with me last night for hours on the roof. I entrusted her with stories about my family, about my mother, about everything. Things I've never disclosed to a single person and not once did she judge me. Not once did I feel like she

didn't want to hear about my life or feelings. Feelings...there goes that word. Men are equipped to kick those stupid things to the curb. Feelings make us weak. We're supposed to ignore them, unless they are sexually derived. When I'm with her, I can't though. I can't help but feel everything. When she's hurting, I'm hurting. When she's happy, I feel happy. It's kind of fucked up if you think about it.

But what's that saying? 'Perhaps the feelings we feel when we are in love represent a normal state. Being in love

shows a person who he should be.'

That's true for me. I am the man I should be. Lex makes me a better person.



Lex

I brush a chaste kiss to Gage's lips and sneak into the bathroom. Turning on the tub, I adjust the water temperature and pour in some Keagan Cosmetics lavender bath salts and soothing bath oils. I retreat back into my bedroom to grab my phone and I plug it into my iPod

dock on the vanity, sliding the music selection to Patsy.

Dipping into the tub, I relax and leave Gage to soak up the reality of what just happened; me giving him head, it was hot and tasted so damn addicting, I can't wait to do it again.

Patsy starts singing about "Walking after Midnight" and suddenly it shuts off. I glance over to see why. Gage is standing in the bathroom removing my phone from the dock and plugging his in, wearing only his boxers. What a sexy sight.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m going to show you something. It’s time to get the sad music of Patsy out of the air and fill it with someone more appropriate.” He states, his back to me, allowing me to get a spectacular view of his firm butt and essentially *my* Angel tattoo covering his back. It is truly a masterpiece.

A gentle musical intro starts on a song that I’ve heard a hundred times before.

“Fly me to the moon” Sinatra sings.

Then Gage cuts in, singing along

with Sinatra and dancing. Amazingly well, I might add. I turn to watch him. And he looks me straight in the eye, like he's singing to my heart. He is gliding around my bathroom, light on his feet.

Just when I think, he couldn't get any better. Add good singer and dancer to the exponentially growing list.

The instrumental middle starts and he smiles. Walking over to me, he reaches out his hand, I take it into mine, and he pulls me to stand inside the tub and climbs in with me. Placing hands on my hips, and mine on his shoulders he

sways with me in the water. Never breaking eye contact, my insides turning into mush.

God, he's perfect.

“In other words, in other words I love...

You—” he quickly kisses me on the lips and dips me over his knee. I squeal with laughter and he snaps me back up into his arms and holds my wet body tightly against his.

“I love you.” He kisses my cheek.

Trying to catch my breath and steady my pounding heart, I smile so wide my

cheeks are starting to ache.

“I love you too, honey.” I kiss his chin.

Another Sinatra song fills the bathroom and he begins to dance with me in the water.

“This is my kind of music.” He states moving his hands from my hips to my butt, and gliding a finger down my crevasse, resting on my rosette.

“Really? I thought...” Oh God... A finger slips inside, breaking me of my thought, and I convulse in his arms. Biting my lip and holding onto his

shoulders so my legs don't give out.

“You were saying.” I can't see his face, but I can hear the amusement in his dark voice. He knows this feels good, *too good*.

“I was...” Sweet Jesus! He pushes my pleasure button and I bite his shoulder to keep from screaming and waking Emma up.

“Yes? Angel?”

This asshole, I can't believe he is doing this to me. What a hot seductive jerk.

“You think this is...oh Jesus...”

Gage... Damn... Oh God... Please... stop..." I can barely stand. My eyes roll back into my head, as my body starts to quake uncontrollably with each shallow finger thrust. He's pulling me under, deeper and deeper into that world. The world he likes to hold me captive. A world where it only involves him and the naughty, pleasure-filled things he does to me. The highest state of arousal I've ever imagined. Where I can't breathe, I can't see straight and my body relinquishes itself to the onslaught of his most delectable desires.

“I think you’re about to lose your balance, Angel. Here.” He removes his finger and bends down, sweeping me into his arms and stepping out of the tub onto my brown memory foam bathmat.

Carrying me to the vanity, he sets me down; resting my back against my mirror, he opens my legs up far, scoots my bottom to the edge of the countertop and probes my needy hole with the head of his cock.

“I need lube.” He states, I can barely hear him. I’m already floating.

“Lube.” He reiterates.

Idly, I point to the cupboard across from the sink and he takes my cue, going over and finding the bottle of lube, that I don't think I've ever used. Slicking up his iron rod, he uses two fingers to gently apply lube to the rim of my hole.

“Now, Gage. I need you inside. I'm falling,”

“I know, I pushed you a little too hard to fast, I should have waited.”

I shake my head, lulling my head forward my chin on my chest, I watch as his hand holds lady and a thick meaty head starts to enter me. It doesn't hurt,

not like last night. It feels wonderful to have him stretching me, filling me, hitting all of the most sensitive spots inside.

“I’m almost in. You’re doing so well, Angel.”

“It feels unbelievable.” I pant, my hands gripping the backs of my thighs, opening myself up for him.

“I know, sweetheart, I’m going to make it even better, stay with me. Don’t succumb yet, not until I get you worked in. Look at me.”

I tilt my head up and see the smile on

his face. Holding me hostage with his eyes, I lose myself in the abyss of his powerful all-consuming soul, as it locks onto mine.

Gliding in the rest of the way, his thickness bottoms out inside of me.

“You okay? Does it hurt tonight?”

I shake my head. “No, it feels so good. No pain at all.” I reassure him with a lazy smile.

“Angel, when you came earlier did you ejaculate?”

“I had an orgasm.”

“Yes, sweetheart I know, but did you

release?”

“No.”

“This isn’t going to take long then. You’re so damn tight. Fuck. I’m going to tip you over that edge, Angel. Do you want me to push you over? Do you want that?”

“Yes, make me come, Gage, make love to me.” I whimper, and he leans over taking my mouth in a deep kiss, swirling his tongue with mine he thrusts into me, long, hard, body rocking thrusts, hammering deep. Plowing into that sweet button over and over, I fall into

euphoria, his mouth tangled with mine. I'm lost in sensations of climatic proportions.

“That’s it, Angel, let go.” Driving into me, I heave out breaths, his forehead resting on mine. Gage’s hands hold my hips, pounding into me fast and hard.

“I’m...” He plunges his tongue into my mouth, wickedly capturing it, owning it, making love to it, as skillfully as he is my body.

My sac tightens and I feel him tense too. We are both close.

Retracting his tongue he whispers,

his lips brushing mine. “I know you’re ready. I need you to come, now. I’m going to go.”

Grabbing ahold of my lady, he starts to rapidly fist her up and down.

“I’m...I’m...”

“Come.” He orders and I let go. Covering my mouth with my hand, I scream, shattering into a million pieces. Come erupts out of lady, pulse after pulse landing on my stomach. A deep chest growl bellows out of Gage as his face contorts and turns red. Jerking into me, he releases his hot seed.

Maybe a minute passes and we are both still watching each other, coming down from an incredible high.

“Don’t clean me up.” I’m the first to speak and he laughs.

“Awe, why not? You didn’t like me cleaning you up last night?”

“I did, but I want us both to take a bath together and then go to sleep. We both have to work tomorrow.”

Pulling out of me, he helps me off the counter and we both dip into the bathtub together.

“You do know I don’t take baths.”

“You do know that we will stand up and shower here in a moment.” I tease.

“Okay, you know something else?”

“What?”

“I love you, more and more each day we’re together.”

I blush. How did I get a man so dang sweet?

“You want to know something too?”

“Yeah?”

“I feel the same way.”

Washing each other and eventually showering off after the tub turns ice cold, we hop out. He slides on a pair of

pyj bottoms and I wear an ivory silk nightgown. Both of us find our own sides of the bed and slip under the soft covers. Scooching over to my side, he spoons me, draping his arm over my side, his hand resting on stomach.

Kissing my hair, he whispers, “Goodnight, my Angel.”

“Goodnight, my Suit Master.”

I close my eyes, and relish in the safe feeling of having the man I love, holding me in his arms.

Chapter Thirty

Thursday

Gage: *How was the doctor's appointment?*

Me: *Went well, says Roni is about eight weeks pregnant. Healthy. Single baby. Worried because she's gained like ten pounds already. Lol. I told her it was all the candy bars she keeps eating.*

Gage: *I know. I thought when you*

asked me to drop off five Kit-Kats yesterday you were kidding. How are you doing? Sore?

Me: No Gage, I'm fine.

Gage: You're sure? I didn't mean to well...you know.

Me: Hurt me?

Gage: See... I knew it, you are hurt. I'm coming over.

Me: No, you're not, honey. I'm fine. We just got back to the office. Daniel and I have lots of work to do. And don't you have an entire day of secretary interviews to do?

Gage: *No. I have six left and I can cancel them all if I have to. I'm sorry, Angel.*

Me: *Stop being sorry and hire a new secretary. I would like to see my boyfriend more than once this week. Should have thought about firing Megan, after you had somebody else lined up.*

Gage: *I know I should have, but she pissed me off. I love you. I miss you.*

Me: *I love and miss you too. I'm starting to forget what you look like.*

Gage: *Picture message: This is just*

for you, he misses you too. (Picture of his penis)

Me: Stop tempting me, I need to heal up a bit. Damn he's sexy. Not as sexy as his owner though. Sorry honey, I love him. But I happen to like the man he's attached to more. Don't know why.

Gage: It's the big dick. That's why.

Me: No, it's not. I thought you were hot before I ever saw him.

G a g e : Oh really? Care to elaborate?

Me: Real quick... then I have a meeting with Donald today. Ick.

Gage: *If he flirts, I'm coming to kill him.*

Me: *Then you better come because he's going to flirt. Already got a dozen roses from him this morning.*

Gage: *Are they prettier than the ones I sent?*

Me: *Are any flowers EVER prettier than the giant elaborate drop-dead gorgeous ones you ALWAYS send? I love you.*

Gage: *I love you way more. And I have to send flowers that are up to par, with how astonishing the recipient is...*

*There is only one real deprivation...
and that is not to be able to give one's
gifts to those one loves most.*

*Me: My Suit Master. You're so
romantic.*

*Gage: I know, Angel. Now tell me
about how hot you think I am.*

*Me: Great...go and ruin it, why
don't cha? Lol... Fine. I'm giving in
only to make you happy.*

*Gage: I'm already happier than
most men...but I still want to know.*

*Me: The day you walked in the bar
when I was out with Corey. I was*

turned on looking at you and smelling you. I thought you were hotter than any GQ model than I've ever seen.

Gage: Any?

Me: That's what I said. Any. Plus, you dress impeccably well. What suit are you wearing today?

Gage: Just my black Armani double breasted...with a black and pink geometric tie somebody had anonymously delivered to my apartment on Tuesday. Along with these new quartz cufflinks that were also in the box. I pored it all with my

black alligator shoes.

Me: See...you are super-hot! I'm glad you are wearing your gifts.

Gage: I love them. These are my new favorite cufflinks.

Me: I'm glad. Now go find yourself an older, married, and less appealing secretary. I want to see my boyfriend sometime in the next decade, other than a Wednesday nooner in my office.

Gage: She could be a supermodel and I wouldn't notice. I'll find one. I love you and again I'm sorry for yesterday. Date tomorrow night?

Me: *Yes, please. And I love you too.
See you then, have a great day, text you
tonight.*

Dropping my phone into my top desk drawer, I glance up and once again, my eyes immediately zone in on the massive tropical flower arrangement on my desk. Gage had them and a big box of chocolates delivered this morning.

“Boss, ten minutes till your meeting.” Daniel says over the intercom.

“Okay, thank you Daniel, I’ll be out in eight.” I reply.

“Do you want me to have tea and

your briefcase ready?”

“Yes, please.”

The intercom clicks off and I relax in my office chair. I have to meet with Donald today. Not my finest career moment. I haven't seen him since the day we finalized the lawsuit. I'm not looking forward to it, to say the least.

Anyhow, let's catch you up to speed with my week. It's been a long one. As I'm sure, you've already realized Gage and I are in a relationship. A happy and carefree one for the most part and I love it immensely. Sunday, Gage and Emma

stayed the night at my house; we had breakfast the next morning before Gage took Emma to school. I came into work to another week of late nights and last minute order changes. It's one of those hundred mile and hour weeks. I barely get a chance to breathe.

Tuesday, nothing is different than a few texts from Gage and work, although I did order him a tie and cufflinks for him. Wednesday, is why he is worried about me. At lunchtime, I had a tall, handsome, and romantic visitor drop by on his lunch hour, with lunch for both of

us. What ended up happening though wasn't something I ever thought about, much less prepared for.

Gage walked into my office yesterday, dropped the lunch sack on the leather guest chair. Coming around the side of my desk, I stood, hugged then kissed him. That was the mistake, kissing him. As soon as our lips locked, they didn't leave each other for another half an hour. One second it's some innocent lunch. The next Gage has me on my desk, legs on his shoulders, my black dress hiked up and he's rips my panties

off. Using lady's pre-come and saliva on his rod and my entrance for lube, we got lost in one another. Making love right on my desk, hot, passionate, grunting, fast, pounding, hard, sweaty, and in the end blissfully shattering. I came so hard I screamed, and I didn't hold back. I wouldn't be surprised if my Gustav Klimt paintings didn't shake during my climaxing pleasure cry. Apparently, I'm a screamer. Who knew? I had no idea, not until Gage. He brings it out in me.

So, after our orgasms he looks down to clean himself off with some tissues,

that I always have sitting on my desk and we find out I'm bleeding. It didn't hurt when we were in the middle of our lust-filled moment. Afterward though I was sore, painfully didn't-want-to-sit-down kind of sore. He felt terrible and I ended up standing for most of the day. It hurt too much to sit down and I couldn't go home to rest like I wanted. Now he's texted me repeatedly to make sure I'm all right. Last night Gage had dialysis, and that didn't stop him from texting me through the entire thing. I was still at work finishing up a file on a lip care

product that we've never experimented with before. Then last night after I got home he called me; we talked until two in the morning. I was exhausted, but I love to hear his voice. Found out about the Megan incident from this past weekend and that he'd fired her, as much as it might make me sound like a bitch, I'm glad she's gone. I don't like the thought of a woman who throws herself at my man, working within arm's length of him.

Today is Thursday and I rode with Roni to her first baby doctor's

appointment. I've never been to a gynecologist. That was an interesting experience, especially when the doctor asked me if I was one of their patients. And if I wasn't, they were accepting new ones and would love to have me come aboard. Yeah...*not* going to happen. Didn't have the heart to tell the doctor that what's between my legs doesn't qualify me to see a gyno.

The internal ultrasound they performed on Roni was kind of cool. I got to view the little peanut in her belly. Bob couldn't make it to the appointment

because he's out of town for two days, picking up some kind of car, or part, something in another state. It's work related, that's all I really know.

We ended up being best friend's baby day, I had fun. Now I'm back at work. I can't wait until the weekend. I need a break already. This workweek is kicking my butt.



“Well Lex...”

I cut the flirtatious bastard off. “It’s *Ms. Keagan.*”

“Right...sorry. Ms. Keagan, I’m sure

we can discuss the finalizations of this new Saks project over dinner? Say tonight?”

Not on your life, buddy. I've been sitting in this meeting for a half an hour and have yet to get a single thing accomplished. Donald can't take the hint that fraternizing outside of work or inside of work is never going to happen. I hate holier than thou egotistical men who think women, such as myself, should be groveling at their feet, begging them to be their mistress. Pluh-ease! I wouldn't be with a married man, or beg,

even if I was desperate. Which I've never been.

I flip through the folder one more time to cool my rising anger.

A knock sounds at the conference room door.

The door opens, and a sexy face peeks around the corner, smiling right at me. Thank God!

"I'm here on official business." Lawyer Masterson prominently opens the door, sticks out his sexy chest and strolls over to me. Daniel relieves himself from his chair to leave, offering

it to Gage. Who takes a seat, drops his briefcase on the table with a loud thump and clicks it open, withdrawing a packet of papers.

I have no idea why he is here or what he is doing, but I'm glad I'm not alone anymore with Donald, who just can't take a hint.

“I didn't know we needed a lawyer with these proceedings, Mr. Masterson.” Donald's face is one of bewilderment.

“Mr. Beardsley, we don't typically need one for work related conferences such as this. However, I've been

informed that you have been exhibiting unprofessional like conduct with my client, Ms. Keagan. So I have a few legal documents that I've had drawn up for reoccurring instances like this, outlining the new communication agreement with Saks. I just spent the better half of the last half hour talking directly with a Mr. Mathews, one of the board of directors, and he seems as though he agrees with these terms."

I can't believe he is doing this! Lawyer Gage. Oh, my, my, my, he is hot and all-powerful. Yummy.

My stomach is tied in knots; I am floored to have him beside me, directing the conference away from the sexually laced innuendos provided by Donald.

Clearing his throat and folding his hands on the table, Donald replies. “I don’t know what you are refereeing to, Mr. Masterson. This *has* been a professional meeting.”

Gage with a dark, almost deadly smile, leans back into this chair, and steeples his fingers, his elbows on the armrests. “Reeeeaallly? Is that why Ms. Keagan received a dozen roses this

morning from you?”

Donald's eyes widen and he scoots closer to the table. “Those are *not* work related, this,” Donald gestures between him and I and smacks his hand on the table, “*is* professional.” Donald's snappy tone is one of irritation.

“So you say, but should I ask her?”

“Ask her what? If I've hit on her? Of course I have. Have you looked at her? It's impossible not to. Plus, I think she's just playing hard to get.”

Whatever! I could never and would never.

I turn to Gage, praying he isn't playing into this nonsense.

“Really? Let me tell you what I know.” Gage leisurely rises from the chair with an air of dark power surrounding him as he stands. Cockily smoothing down the sides of his expensive suit, he then walks around the side of his extended chair and proceeds to slide it back under the table. Providing me with a faint wink, he then boldly pivots on his heel and begins to pace the room, clouding the space with his raw confidence. If he wasn't my

boyfriend, I would be inclined to cower at his intimidating presence. However, *h e i s* my boyfriend, and I find this masculine display of my dick's bigger than yours, tremendously sexy.

“What’s that?” Donald finally asks, swallowing hard. I can see his throat constrict. He’s apparently feeling the effects of Gage’s lethal strength. Gage isn’t happy; I can see the aggravated expression etched into his handsome face. The staunch brazen edge cloaking his lawyer infused tone is palpable.

Stopping beside Donald, Gage bends

forward, placing his hands on the table, snapping his head to face Donald. The businessman almost jumps out of his skin and I bite my lip to keep myself from succumbing to the hilarity of this situation.

“This is what I know, *Donald*. May I call you *Donald*?”

He nods in retort.

“*Good*, what I know is this. See that woman?” Gage firmly points at me. I’m straight across the table from them.

Donald nods, again.

“She is a highly intelligent, beautiful,

successful, caring, business woman. Who has built this company from the ground up. She's not some secretary who barely graduated college, and likes to give blowjobs to move up the ladder in life. She's a strong, independent woman, who wouldn't fall for your dirty perverted antics no matter how much you try." Gage all but spits on Donald. He's all but skipped pissed off and traveled into murderous rage territory.

"How... How..., " Donald stutters.

"How do I know? I'll tell you *Donald*." Gage claps him hard on the

shoulder and Donald nearly pee's his pants, as his eyes get even wider, filling half of his face, his lips actually trembling. I almost feel sorry for the man, *almost*.

“That woman, *Donald*, not only is she all of those things. She also happens to be *my* life partner. The love of *my* life, and let me tell you, *Donald*, I'm not a fan of a man sending *my* woman flowers. Did you know it took me six years to make her mine? Guess how much more that pisses me off when someone unwelcome tries to sample

what is *mine*. I'm sure your wife doesn't like that you're a dirty fucker. That's her problem for staying with a sleazeball like you. Me, on the other hand, well... let's just say, I'm not as forgiving as your wife is. Try, I dare you to *try* to flirt with Ms. Keagan, look at her wrong or anything I deem is unprofessional and I'll not only see that you lose your job, I will hunt you down, I will slice off those tiny things you call balls and I will wrap them up and send them to your wife. Do I seem like a man who is to be fucked with, *Donald*? Do I look like I'm

joking?”

Undoubtedly petrified, Donald shakes his head.

“*Good.*” Gage releases Donald’s shoulder, stands up and walks around the other side of the table. Pushing my rolling chair backward, Gage drops to the floor, grabs my knees, opening up my legs and finds his rightful place between them.

“That’ll be all, now *get the fuck out.* The misses and I have a little reacquainting to make up for. Daniel has your paperwork at his desk.”

Scrambling out of his chair, Donald all but sprints of the room and Gage turns his head and growls like a ferocious beast as Donald shuts the door.

Turning back to face me, he smiles. “Hi, Angel.” His sweet, gentle, loving tone is back, like none of this ever happened.

“Well, I’m not sure what brought that on and how you got here so fast, but I’m glad he’s gone. A half an hour with him and I was about to pull my hair out.”

“I’ve hated him from the beginning. I

couldn't do anything about it at the time. Then you said he delivered flowers today and the asshole jealous part of me kind of surfaced. Needed to teach him a lesson, not that I didn't think..."

I bend down and shut him up with a kiss, his hands sneakily slide up under my dress and I break from his mouth.

"Don't." I warn, looking him straight in the eye.

Raising a naughty up-to-no-good brow, he replies, "I don't know what you are talking about."

"Yes you do, Mr. Masterson. You

know what..." A hand grips the strap of my panties.

"*Don't*, you do it." I'm staring daggers at him.

"I don't know what you are." He yanks hard and snaps the strap, breaking it.

Frustrated, I push his shoulders, hard.

"Why did you have to go and do that? Another pair, Gage? Am I ever going to be able to keep clothes? You rip my panties and my nightgowns. Is it hard to take them off?"

“No, but I don’t want to.” He snaps the other side and tugs my ruined panties out from underneath my dress, haphazardly tossing them on the floor.

Shuffling my jade green skirt up around my waist, he exposes lady, and like a damn traitor, she’s awake and eager to play.

“She doesn’t want you to suck her.” I snap. I’m not happy with him. I’m glad he came and that was awesome. But I hate that he keeps ruining my dang clothes. It’s like he thinks my panties are only a couple dollars. No, he’s ruined

well over a couple hundred dollars' worth of clothes so far. Some of which I've really loved.

“Oh I think she does. Look at her. It's like she's saying ‘Oh yes, big daddy, suck me, I want to come in your mouth, feed you my delicious come.’”

I chuckle and grin at his terrible female voice rendition. “No, she's not. And big daddy? That's what you came up with?” I'm full on mocking him now.

“That's what she'd call me. What else am I to her?”

“Gage, maybe? Mr. Masterson?”

“No.” He shakes his head like my ideas are stemmed from pure lunacy. “I’m her big daddy and she’s my little lady. Now this daddy wants to suck her. Give her to me. I will take you shopping on Saturday, Angel. Then you can buy a hundred pairs of panties if you want.”

“Why? So you can just rip those too?”

“Yep, now shhhh.” Holding his finger to his lips, he tries to quiet me. “It’s time for me to spend some time with my little lady. Now would you please, let me have a few minutes?”

Unable to tell my lover no, I lean back and spread my legs further apart to give him better access. His mouth engulfs her all at once and I grip his shoulders, holding on for dear life as he sucks hard and fast. No teasing, no sweetness. Gage is greedily sucking her, groaning in his throat. A palm cups my sac, kneading it. Once again turning me to putty in his skilled hands.

Oh my God! He feels amazing! His hot mouth is gripping me like a vice.

Resting my head back, I watch as he forcefully impales his mouth, gaging

himself each time lady hits the back of his throat. Tears roll down the sides of his cheeks. Working his lips up to her head, he stops, applies hard suction, hollowing his cheeks and begins to ravish her with his magical mouth. My sac tightens instantly and he tugs it. Curling forward, lost in overwhelming sensation I close my eyes, as my body tenses, on the precipice. Just as he applies a little more pressure to my sac, I lose myself and explode. Jerking into his sexy mouth, he drinks down all my juices with a satisfied groan and

releases *lady*, flashing me a dark smile. Leaving me once again, panty-less for the rest of the afternoon.

Slowly licking his lips, he rests back onto his haunches and lovingly rubs my thighs. “I love doing that.” He smiles, brighter, sweeter this time. The edge of naughtiness cleansed from his handsome features.

“I do too, honey. Thank you. But I hate working without panties on. You know I don’t want lady to be moving around and somebody notice.”

He frowns. “Fuck, Lex. I’m sorry. I

didn't think about that. I won't let it happen again. Or...yeah... I love it. I can't promise that. But this weekend I'll take you shopping and we'll make sure you bring a few extra pairs to work. Just in case."

"You plan on doing more of this, here?"

Bluntly he states, "*Yes.*" And I grimace, furrowed brows, wrinkled nose, taut lips—the whole shebang.

Eyeing me up and down, he exaggeratingly shrugs. "It's kind of naughty that the biggest power couple in

town is having hot sex sessions during work hours.”

Power couple? We’re a power couple? Hum... I never thought about that before.

“A power couple you say?”

“Yes, what else do you call us? I own a law firm and I’m one of the best lawyers in the state....”

“One of the best?” I add, talking over him.

“Lex Keagan, do you *not* know your man well enough? *Yes*, I am one of the top. I’m on a list. I’ll show it to you

sometime. And...like I was saying... before some hot woman interrupted me,” he winks, “I happen to be a kickass lawyer.”

“Who looks like a fitness model.” I interrupt again, just because I can.

Rolling his eyes, with a cocky smile he continues. “Okay, whatever you say, beautiful. Anyhow...” He sighs. “I’m a lawyer and you’re a company owner. A highly successful business owner, I might add. It’s not some little company you run here, Angel. It’s a big deal. Lawyer plus company owner... pretty

much spells out power couple. It's like two doctors being married, or a lawyer and a politician."

"Alright, whatever you say, Gage. All that matters to me is that we have the power to make a difference. Speaking of which, how's the case with the woman whose husband ran her over? You know the one I referred to you, when I still thought you were the Suit Master and not Gage."

"I'm both of them rolled into one... and she's good. They moved into that house this past week. The husband has

been taken into custody until the trial. He can't make bail. Good thing too, his public defender told me if he could, he's worried about him driving this far to come after her. That's why I made sure his bail was set at fifty thousand."

Talking another half an hour in the conference room, Gage and I finally stop, which is always hard. We can talk about anything and have a lot in common, more so than I ever thought. Holding his hand, we walk through the building to the front and I kiss him goodbye, a scorching kiss, where he

grabs my ass and holds me hard against his body, while his tongue insatiably probes my mouth.

Waving to him from the door as he departs and takes my heart with him. I hate it when he leaves me, it makes my heart ache. I'm so drunk on love it's almost pathetic. However, I'll happily deal with these feelings if that means I get to keep Mr. Overprotective-GQ-Model and my princess Emma in my life.

Chapter Thirty-One

Sunday

Lex

Tasha: *Lex get your ass in the house.*

Me: *Are you sure??????*

“Angel, let’s go inside.” Gage sternly orders, his hand resting on the nob of his father’s white farmhouse door.

We’ve taken twenty minutes to make

it to the front door from Gage's truck. Good thing he drove because I wouldn't be standing here if he didn't. I would have taken off like a bat outta hell and never looked back. I'm so nervous I could puke. It's not every day you get to be formally introduced to your boyfriend's entire family. My family is small, consists of Roni, my mom, Lincoln, and that's it. Gage has a brother and a sister who's married and has two kids. Then you have his dad and Chelsea, his wife. That he basically cradle robbed in order to marry.

The front door opens, breaking Gage of his grip on the nob. Tasha wearing a spicy burnt orange dress hugging her stunning curvaceous body takes up the doorframe. Instantly spotting me on the stoop, her hand reaches out for me.

“Lex, girlfriend, get your ass in this house. I need help cooking and I want to hear all about this weekend Gage is raving about.”

I reach out and take her hand. Gage audibly releases a long sigh. “Thank God.” He mutters under his breath and I stick my tongue out at him.

Shrugging he asks, “What? It took an hour to pick out your dress today, Angel, then another fifteen minutes to get you into the truck. We get here and I’ve got to basically pry your fingers from the door handle to get you this far. If I had known Tasha was a master negotiator, I would have called in for backup long before this.”

Hardy-har-har-har smart-alec. I can’t help that I’m a bundle of nerves. Tasha is the only one I am familiar with because we’ve exchanged a few texts over the past week or two, mainly stuff

pertaining to Emma. Although it's been nice conversing with another female, and one who is actually feminine, unlike my wonderful best friend who thinks Manolo Blahnik is a city in South Africa, not the name of a famous designer brand.

Pulling me up the steps, I lean over and peck my handsome boyfriend on the chin before Tasha drags me into the house. Gage, right on our heels, shuts the door. I don't have a moment to breathe as Tasha whisks me into the small kitchen at the back of the house. A dog

brushes up against my calves and I grin, bending down I pet the dog, I know as Babs.

“Hey there girl. I’ve heard a lot about you.” I run my hand down Babs’s back, and she leans into me, obviously liking the attention.

“Lex!” I hear my princess call, and I glance up to see her entering the house from a back screen door, a giant smile plastered on her face as she excitedly comes running at me. Throwing her arms around my neck, I laugh. Wrapping one arm around her back and one on her legs,

I hoist her up into my arms, securing her legs around my hip, bringing her face-to-face with me.

“Hello, Princess.” I kiss her cheek.

“Daddy said you’d be here.”

Gage strolls into the plain, light blue walled country kitchen, looking mighty fine in his low slung designer jeans, and a long-sleeved royal blue button-down shirt, rolled up his tattooed forearms.

“She almost didn’t come in.”

Emma innocently questions, “Why?”

“I was nervous.”

“There’s nothing to be nervous

about.” Another husky, masculine voice explains, as he too enters the kitchen. Crowding the already small space even further, walking a few steps closer, the man I’ve never officially met. Who I recognize as Gage’s brother Maxwell, extends his hand in greeting. “It’s a pleasure, Lex. I’m Max, Gage’s, older, unattached, brother.”

No sooner does his greeting pass his lips when a hand suddenly blurs by my line of sight, landing loudly on the back of Max’s head and he scowls. “What the hell was that for Tasha?”

“Unattached brother? She’s not single, stop flirting.” Tasha chastises and Max retracts his hand before I get a chance to shake it. Out of the corner of my eye, I see Gage, his jaw is tight as a vice, and the veins in his long strong neck are bulging. Guess this isn’t a happy meeting after all. Confirming why I shouldn’t have come in the first place.

“Emma, darling, go play with the boys and Daddy, and *Daddy*, go play with your daughter. Lex and I need some girl time.” Tasha orders, taking Emma out of my arms and sweetly putting her

down. “Now shoo, all of you. We have some cooking to do.” She pushes them all out of the kitchen with her hands and I watch Gage leave. Passing by him on her own way into the kitchen, Chelsea blatantly checks him out, even turning her head to watch him walk away, her eyes landing on his firm ass. Making me want to claw her damn eyes out for basically undressing him in her mind. What. A. Bitch!

With a snarky smile, the woman I know as Chelsea that I have officially decided I already hate, comes into the

kitchen and walks over to the fridge. A hand smacks my arm and I break my fixed stare on my nemesis, and turn to face Tasha.

“We will discuss *that* little issue later.” Tasha raises a brow pointing her eyes to the now closing refrigerator door. At the mildly attractive blonde woman, carrying a tray full of cheese in her hands and a bottle of water tucked under her arm.

“Henry’s hungry, I’ll be back to help you cook in a moment.” Chelsea speaks to Tasha, ignoring me completely. Like

me being in the same room with her, breathing the same air, agitates her.

Good! The only reason she'd feel that way about me, without even knowing me, is for one simple reason. She wants what is mine, aka, Gage Masterson. For the first time in my life, I'm sublimely happy to be angering a woman for having something she can't. The satisfaction is indulgently sweet. I realize it's messed up to feel this way. However, I frankly don't care. I didn't start it. She did. Now, like the crafty business woman I am. I'm going to finish

it. Or in this case, flaunt it, until it drives her mad and she either stops drooling over my boyfriend or she confronts me about it. One of the two is bound to happen sooner or later and I've got an entire lifetime to have my fun with this. It's better than the alternative, where I stress about it and drown myself in jealousy. Knowing women frequently throw themselves at the mercy of Gage isn't really surprising. He's powerful, ungodly sexy and caring to a fault. All attributes that makes him addicting like honey and women the persistent bees.

The main difference in this situation is, I'm the owner of that said honey and I'm more than willing to fumigate the irreverent pests away, in one form or another. It's great having this sort of power, knowing full and well that your honey is staying right where he is. With me, loving me, as I will do the same by loving him forever in return. I finally something in my life worth fighting for, Emma and Gage, they aren't in my world, they *are* my world. Never thought I'd hear myself say that about anybody.

“Lex, can you slice some

strawberries for the salad while I prepare the chicken?" Tasha asks, helpfully clearing my thoughts of Chelsea. I needed that.

"Thanks." I pat her arm, as I walk past her to the sink where the strawberries are sitting, still in their container.

The nice thing about this kitchen is, there are no doors on the cupboards, it's an open farm feel. Leaving you able to view all of the utensils and cookware in a single glance. I spot a colander next to a set of plastic Tupperware containers,

and I put it in the sink.

“Thanks for what?” Tasha questions, looking down at the chicken breasts she’s smothering in some sort of dry rub.

“Breaking me from my not so pleasant thoughts.”

“Ahhhh...of *her*.”

“Yes.” I nod, opening the container of strawberries and dropping them into the colander, turning on the water cold, and stealing a paring knife from the knife block, that rests on the counter only an arm’s length away. Let’s see if I can cut the greens from the tops without cutting

my finger off.

“Her...who?” Chelsea presses, announcing her unwelcomed arrival into the kitchen once more.

She heads back to the fridge and I zip my lip, refusing to answer her question.

“Emma.” Tasha blurts, “But... I was just about to ask Lex about her weekend.”

Chelsea grumbles, “Ok.”

“Gage said you had a family outing on Friday night, with Emma.” Tasha speaks.

“We did! Daddy took me and Lex to the movies.” Emma cuts in, nearly scaring the pee out of me. Both Tasha and I look over our shoulders, to see my little princess standing just inside the entrance to the kitchen, nervously wringing her hands in front of her yellow dress.

Tasha teases, “I thought I told you to go play.”

“I was sent to grab Daddy a water from the fridge. He didn’t want to get... Hummm... how did he say it? I think he said, ‘I don’t want Tasha to end up

putting a boot up my butt.’ Silly Daddy,” Emma giggles, slapping her leg, like it’s the funniest thing she’s ever heard. “I don’t know how you’d do that, Auntie. You don’t even wear boots.”

Tasha and I briefly meet eyes and break into a fit of laughter. While Chelsea who is working on the stove, remains quiet.

Minutes pass and all of us are still laughing, and then Tasha finally speaks. “Well, that Daddy of yours sure is silly, but go ahead darlin’ and grab him a water.”

Emma goes to the fridge. I look back into the sink and quickly slice off the top of a strawberry. “Here Emma.” I hold out the freshly hulled fruit for her.

Shutting the fridge door, her eyes get huge, almost drooling over the sight of the strawberry. Then she looks to Tasha, like she’s silently asking permission to eat before its dinnertime.

“Go on Emma, Lex cut a piece of fruit *just* for you.”

Not having to tell Emma twice she skips over and smiles up at me, taking the fruit from between my fingers.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, Princess. Now go play with Daddy and tell him that Lex said, next time don’t let the princess do the knights job.”

Giggling, Emma skips out of the kitchen, nibbling on her strawberry. Like it’s the most amazing thing, she’s ever tasted.

Once I can no longer see her, when she disappears into another room, I turn back around to resume my work, hulling the carton of strawberries.

“So... Friday?” Tasha questions.

Busy, carefully working the knife, I reply. “We went to see a cartoon with Emma. We took her to dinner at Pizza Hut, where she got so messy with pizza sauce we missed the early showing of the movie because we had to go home to change her.”

“Whose home?” Tasha asks.

“Gage’s apartment. I got a brief tour for the first time. Not much to look at.”

“Oh I know. You look at the way my brother dresses and carries himself and you’d swear he lives in some art deco mansion with a butler.”

I chortle, “Yeah that sounds about right.”

Gage’s apartment is basic, two bedroom, plain brown carpet, no frills, white walls, boxes still packed in the corner of his bedroom. It’s rather depressing if you ask me.

“How’d the movie go? Emma like it?”

“She seemed to. On the way back to my place she fell asleep in the truck.”

“They both stay at your house?”

“Since Friday night they have. Gage made up an overnight bag for them both

before we went to the movie. It's been a great weekend having them at the house. Plus, Roni gets to have a few encounters with Emma before she has a baby."

"Oh yeah, I forgot, you were saying something about that last week when I texted you." Tasha explains, leaving to do something else in the kitchen. Chelsea is still cooking but hasn't made a noise, not that you hear me complaining.

I finish with the hulling and Tasha drops a white cutting board on the counter beside me. "Slice them, please."

"No problem." I lift one at time out

of the colander in the sink and slice them. I'm slow. So sue me.

“Now, what else happened Friday night?”

Fishing Tasha, you dirty dog. I can't very well tell her about our hot and heavy night with Chelsea in the room, or can I? I'm quite brazen today. I'm even contemplating, telling Tasha about Friday night. Well that's one thought I would have normally shot down immediately. Although Tasha has that one effect on me, that Gage has. The ability to trust her and confide in her is

similar to how I feel about Roni, in a different way though. With Roni, I don't know why but I feel weird telling her about my hot moments. Mainly because she is a freak beneath the sheets and I'm not, well not completely anyhow.

“What do you want to know?” I ask, pulling a small bowl from the cupboard right in front of me and scooping up the three strawberries I've just sliced and placing them inside.

“What happened *after* she went to bed?”

“Didn't Gage already tell you we've

well...you know?"

“Yes, of course he did. I’m a nosey sister and I’m the one who helped him with the rooftop idea. Not sure if Gage has admitted this to you yet, but he and I text constantly throughout the day. I work as the secretary to one of the other two law firm branches he owns. So it’s not always personal, it’s sometimes work related. He’s sort of my boss, although I don’t tell him that or treat him that way. God knows he’s got a big enough ego as it is.”

I laugh. She’s right, Gage is fully

aware of his attributes. Gage is too confident and sometimes cocky not to know those things about himself. It's nice to know his sister doesn't fawn over him like everybody else seems to. I really admire that about Tasha. If I could somehow mellow my drooling over the gorgeous hunk, I would. It's impossible though.

“Gage does have a big head.” I agree, smirking as I keep my attention on my singular and rather simple kitchen task that will probably take me another five years to complete.

“I guess that’s good you know the size of his head. Would be kind of weird for his sister to know that.”

Oh my God!

Barking out a hysterical laugh, unable to hold it in, I snap my head around and stare at Tasha whose face is bright red and smiling ear-to-ear.

“I can’t believe you said that.” I tease between calming chuckles.

“It’s true.” She shrugs with her palms up, a butter knife pinched between two fingers. “Gage has been married; I hated his ex-wife. In high school, he

didn't per say date one person. He dated a spectrum of slutty girls. Now that he has a girlfriend who I can joke with and that I love like a sister, I'm soooooo going to live it up, even if that includes razzing her about my brother's penis."

Like a sister. Tasha just said, like a sister. That feels really good to hear. Any anxiety I had about tonight just flew out the window with that comment.

"Alright, well I suppose that's fair game. Just don't expect me to go using a measuring tape and telling you it's length."

“Whose length? Mine? It’s eight and a quarter and thick.” Gage mouths off, announcing his grand entrance, with obvious humor cloaking his words.

Suddenly, Chelsea nearly chokes on her spit, and I hear Tasha snort a laugh. Leave it to Gage to liven up a situation.

His arms wrap around my waist as a thick chest is pressed against my back and that large eight and a quarter inch cock is rubbed against my red dress covered butt. Fully erect.

“I missed you.” Gage sweeps my hair over my opposite shoulder and

settles his succulent lips onto the crook of my neck, dusting sweet kisses just under my ear down the curve of my neck and back again. Sending shiver after shiver to race down my spine, making my toes tingle and lady to take notice, swelling in my panties. Good thing I wore a less revealing dress today, for this exact reason.

I hear an ‘Awe’ float out of Tasha’s mouth.

“Did you now?” I bump my butt into his groin, which produces a grunt to expel from him, and he loses more

willpower and begins to suck my neck, swirling his tongue in small circles between affixed lips.

Laying the knife on the counter, I lull my head back onto his shoulder, welcoming him to feast. Another grunt erupts and Gage's grip on my waist tightens as he overzealously grinds against my butt, whispering into my ear, "Yes, and if you don't stop that, I will kick my sister and Chelsea out of his room and less than a minute later I will be inside of you. Do you want that, Angel? Do you..."

His hand quickly moves from my waist and boldly cups my hardening sex.

Oh crap! What the hell is he doing!?

“Do you want that?” His hot breath mutters into my ear, teeth grazing the lobe.

I shake my head. “Not here.”

“Really? Why does she think different?” Using the heel of his palm, he massages lady, the only thing protecting the view of lady’s stiffness is the counter in front of me, blocking her from prying eyes.

God! Why he always have to feel so

good?

I feel Chelsea's anger progressively clouding the room. I don't know how but the subtle agitated noises that are coming from her are almost palpable. Tasha's resorted to whistling, minding her own business. Gage apparently has a thing for public displays. Either that or he can't help himself.

"Because she's a traitor. This is neither the time nor the place." I gather my failing composure and wiggle out of his arms, neatly adjusting lady up into the waistband of my panties before I turn

around.

I try not to look at Gage or I'll succumb to his magnetism, so instead I focus on Tasha. "So Gage, tell your sister about yesterday."

I hope the change in subject matter will help our cause. If not, Gage will undoubtedly do the barbaric thing he's exhibited before. By throwing me over his shoulder and whisking me away to make love to me, not that I'd mind, *if* we were under different circumstances.

"I've heard Emma talk about it today, when we were playing ponies."

Maxwell chimes in, resting in the doorway of the kitchen. Out of the corner of my eye, I catch Gage glaring at him.

Do they not like each other? I never thought Gage disliked any of his family. Strange....

“They are *My Little Ponies*.” Gage harshly corrects his brother.

“Ah...yeah.... Well... I was some pink horse with sparkly wings and Emma was the queen.” Max says, like his brother’s attitude had zero effect on him.

To be honest when you look at Max

and then at Gage, you wouldn't think they could be related at all. Max is the furthest from being put together than most people I know, even Bob, Roni's boyfriend, who uses the auto mechanics handbook to guide his fashion choices. Maxwell's a jeans too loose kind of guy. Not baggy pants, almost pornographically too low riding on the hips kind. Plus, he isn't wearing a shirt now. When I first arrived, he had on a black t-shirt. Nothing fancy and it was too big. Now he's decided for whatever reason to ditch the shirt and is wearing

only a pair of ultra-low pants. I can see his hip indentations. You know that V that makes women instantly stupid when they look at it. To Maxwell's credit, he has a nice one, along with faintly defined muscles, on his tan, tattoo-less skin. Gage's muscles are obvious, they are defined and they are so delicious I could have an orgasm just looking at his hot body. Max, on the other hand is a good-looking man. But his shaggy dark brown hair, few days old scruffy stubble, hides his potential. He could learn a few small tricks from Gage and he'd be ready to

date somebody. As long as he got rid of his jeans that display he's, A. Not wearing underwear, B. Manscapes himself bald, and C. His dick is about three inches wide. I can clearly see the root of it.

And because like a moron, I've been staring at him, while I'm telling you all about the way he looks for the past minute or so. He's apparently taken notice, because let's just say he's standing at full attention. And whatever it is he's packin', it's salute worthy. Officially revealing to me something I

never thought I'd know — the Masterson brothers are hung. I can't believe I'm even thinking it. But it's impossible not to when the damn soldier in question is pointing straight at me. Mortified isn't even the word to describe how I am feeling right this second.

Turning my eyes to the side, looking away from the group, I finally zone in on a conversation I must have missed, when my brain was stupidly focused elsewhere.

“Why don't you stop looking at her?”
Gage snaps.

“Why did you bring her here?” Max counters.

“She’s my girlfriend.”

“You knew before you brought her here.”

“Yeah, I did. But you’re not the one who’s been in love with her for six years.”

“So having a crush for two years doesn’t count?” Max argues.

A soft touch on my forearm forces me to turn my head and see Tasha with an ‘I’m sorry’ expression marking her face, standing next to me.

“Two brothers kind of have a difference of opinion.” Her arm is thrown over my shoulder, providing much needed comfort and I snuggle into her plush side. Feeling trapped in a kitchen with nowhere to go, Gage stands next to the backdoor and Max is filling up the kitchen doorframe, locking three women in a small confined space with two furious brothers.

“It doesn’t count.” I hear Gage snarl.

I follow Tasha to the corner of the room, next to the fridge and we turn around. Being their sister, my guess is

this isn't the first time she's encountered them fighting. Chelsea is butted along the counter I had just inhabited, not far from Gage. It's like she's trying to edge closer to him.

Bitch.

“Yes it does. She was just checking me out.” Max retorts.

I was, but not because I'm attracted to him that way. It's hard *not* to notice a man dressed like that.

Gage's expression switches from anger to murderous, in a nanosecond.

“You look ridiculous, Max, what do

you think she's going to do? Since when you do not wear a shirt?"

Max shrugs and frowns, "I decided not to today."

"Did you think she would see you half naked and want to fuck you?" Gage is spitting his words, he's that pissed.

I can't believe they are having it out in front of me, in front of everybody, in their father's house.

Max's expression melts into one of sorrowful rejection and it pains me to see him deflate that severely.

"Oooohhhh..." Gage flails his arms

animatedly, being an asshole. “My brother gets a fucking stiffy from my girlfriend when she walks in the door. I saw it then. *That’s* what pissed me off. Now you’re doing it again.”

Max’s eyes start to well with tears; his face is breaking my heart. I could almost cry for him. Gage is taking this too far.

“What big brother? Can’t take it?”

The slumping of Max’s shoulders and lowering of his head from sadness is enough. I can’t take this bullying anymore.

“Fuckin pussy, you spout shit about me loving a woman for six fucking years. Calling me names and telling me, I’m nothing. Just like mom did. Now you off and crush on her too. That’s not my fuckin’ fault I got there first, Max. Stop eye fucking her. She’s not yours. She’s mine. Got that you worthless piece of shit?”

That is it!

“Stop it right now!” I yell at Gage and everybody looks at me. Tasha releases her hold on my shoulder and I take a proud step forward.

Gage's face immediately changes, like a wave of realization washes over him. "I'm—"

"No." I cut him off, with my hard-edged tone and the wave of my hand. "You're not anything. I didn't want to come here today, Gage. I wanted to stay home and do this some other time. I came here to meet your family because *you* wanted that. I've never done that in my life. Now your brother and you get into some stupid fight, over me? Because he got a boner? Seriously? Do you know how often you give me one? Just talking

to you does that to me.”

I hear a gasp and I glance to see Chelsea with wide eye's, listening.

Oh shit!

Guess the cat is really out of the bag. Nothing like announcing you have a penis on your first day at your boyfriend's family's house. Dammit! If I didn't already give them a reason not to like me, add that to the list.

They all know now.

They know.

Oh God!

I told them all.

What have I done?!

Tears of fear, rejection, sadness, and pain, pour from my eyes. I can't do this. I can't go through this. I can't be subjected to hatred and judgment, not again in my life. Why did I do this? It's all my fault.

Concealing my eyes with my hands, I move lightning fast through the kitchen and Max steps out of my way to let me pass. Nobody has said a thing. Not even Gage.

Going to the front door, I pass Emma, who has a bright smile adoring

her angelic face.

“Time for me to go honey.” I tell her, reaching out for my princess, rubbing the top of her head.

“Okay, I’m going too.” Emma decisively states.

My Emma, my sweet girl, whom I love so much.

I bend down and pick her up, wrapping her legs around my hip and we walk out of the house.

Tugging the door shut behind me a hand stops it from closing, as a silent Gage breaks my hold and follows me

outside.

“We need to talk.” He announces.

“No. I’m getting my purse and I’m calling Lincoln. Then Emma and I are going home.” I don’t care if he gets angry. I’m making the choice to take her with me. If he wants to fight me on it, bring it on. I’m taking her home. She’s mine.

She’s mine? Oh boy. I am really mixed up today.

After a date on Friday night with the two most important people in my life. Then waking up Saturday morning to a

pretty little girl coming into my yoga studio again, where we went downstairs and had breakfast. Once daddy was up, we drove to the park, where Emma played and we all fed the ducks. Afterward, we dropped Emma at Tasha's, and Gage drove me forty-five minutes to the nearest mall with a Victoria Secret, where we spent the better part of two hours picking out new panties and nighties. Following our shopping spree, we ate dinner at a tiny little bistro. On the way home, Gage pulled over and ended up forcing

himself up my dress, to give lady another earth shattering orgasm. We came back and picked Emma up from Tasha's. Emma left again this morning to go grocery shopping with Tasha before the family meal today. If all that time with my beautiful princess doesn't in a way make her mine, then I don't know what does. I realize Emma hasn't been in my life for very long. But it doesn't matter. She's a huge part of me, a part of me that I would protect with my last dying breath.

I stare at him, awaiting his reply.

“Please, don’t leave. I’m sorry. Emma please come here.” Gage puts his arms out for her to climb into. She doesn’t budge and her arms around my neck tighten.

“I’m going with Lex, daddy.”

“Emma, you go inside and help your uncle set the table. I promise when Lex leaves you can go with her. You don’t have school tomorrow remember? And Lex is taking the day off work to stay home with you. So I promise, you will have plenty of time to spend together. Just give daddy a little time too. K,

baby?”

Emma nods and I set her on the ground. Glancing over her shoulder, she looks to me just before she enters in through the front door and I promise her, “I’m not leaving without my princess.”

Closing the door behind her, Emma replies with a sweet smile, “K, Mommy.”

My heart in that first moment of my life feels something I’ve never felt before. It overwhelms me so much; I have to cover my heart with my hand to keep it from bursting from my chest.

Gage is motionless two feet in front of me, standing in the gravel of his father's driveway, both of us frozen in shock.

She called me *Mommy*!



Gage

Emma called Lex, *Mommy*. My daughter, called the love of my life, *Mommy*. No matter what happened today between me and Max. Or me and Lex. Emma, my baby, called my Angel,

mommy. Emma barely calls Melissa mommy, she calls her mother or mom. Emma has a mommy now. By the emotional wave that overtook Lex, when Emma said that. I'm guessing she feels the same about her. I kind of already knew that. But the woman standing in front of me confirms my observation, multiplied times a hundred. The expression of happiness on Lex's face is what women are supposed to feel when they hear those words. That's how I'd always hoped Melissa would react to Emma. Never did though.

Taking the short stride to my Angel, I wrap her into my arms, pressing her head to my heart. “I love you, I’m sorry.”

“For what?” she mutters, wrapping her arms around my back, holding onto me. Like she’s afraid if she doesn’t she might fly away.

“The Max thing. I shouldn’t have done it.”

“Yeah well, he won’t think that way again after I just told them I have a penis.”

“Max knows.”

“What?!” she screeches into my chest, as I begin to run my fingers through her hair to calm her. I can feel her tense body in my arms. I need to relax her before she loses her shit again.

Today was supposed to be a quick and easy, early family supper. When we were at breakfast this morning and Tasha dropped by to pick Emma up to go grocery shopping, Lex began to unravel. Bit-by-bit as the time to come to my families grew closer, Lex's anxiety sprouted to new heights. I tried giving her an orgasm this morning in our

bedroom to calm her. I fed her my cock, to try to calm her. I even massaged her shoulders while she soaked in the tub and listened to Patsy. Nothing worked. Nine dress changes, three hairstyle changes, eight shoe changes and jewelry; I couldn't count how many times she swapped out earrings. By the time we got here to my dad's, I was feeling nearly as much anxiety she was until my sister came to the rescue. Gotta love Tasha, I have no damn clue what I'd do without that woman half the time.

“Max apparently already knew. The

only person who doesn't is my dad...and well Chelsea, but she knows now."

If one-word leaks into town about Lex's extra fuckin' sexy appendage, I will sue Chelsea. I know she has a big mouth and Lex doesn't need the stress. I told Tasha just as much, before I left to come out and convince my Angel to stay and have dinner with us. One thing I did find out tonight is that my brother also knows about *lady*. Tasha must have spilled the beans to him over the past year. Might have been the time Max was talking shit to me about loving a woman

I didn't have the balls to pursue. A woman he's crushed on for a few years. Faith, Lex's mom is friends with Max. They chat when Faith stops by the gas station for coffee, tea, or whatever else. I had a feeling part of my brother's fixation stems from her mother's charms. Lex is amazing, and then add Faith into the picture and it's nearly impossible not to fall in love with Lex. Faith is a sweet woman and loves her daughter implicitly. Adding her to the package of Lex, and it's a match made in heaven. Although, for me the match is because

Faith is sweet and all men want a nice mother in law. For Max, I have no damn clue what his angle is. Nor do I give a fuck.

As long as Max doesn't pull that bullshit stunt again, nearly showing my fuckin' woman his dick, we'll be good. That little show would be bold, even for me. For him, it's in a whole other galaxy. Max is usually the shy, reserved brother, who mouths off only to me, never a man to flaunt a damn thing. Let alone whip out his cock in a house full of people, must have been desperate to

go to the lengths that he did.

“Angel?”

“Huh?”

“What cha thinkin’ about?”

“That your brother and Chelsea now know. That girl already doesn’t like me. This could be very bad.”

“It won’t be. I’ve got it covered.” I confidently explain. I do have it covered and if that coverage means getting Lincoln involved to arrest Chelsea then so be it. Or if I have to sue her or have her declared mentally disabled. I will. No lengths will ever be ruled out to

insure Lex's emotional and physical safety. She's been treated horrifically almost her entire life, fifteen years plus another one-year with Brian. That's sixteen years of her twenty-eight years that she was abused. That will never happen again. One way or the other, Lex will never be hurt, *ever again*.

"We're good in here." I hear my sister say from behind me.

"That means?" I ask.

"That means I spoke with her and we're good. No worries. Now if you've done your groveling, then bring her back

inside. Dinner is on the table. We are waiting for you two.”

Grabbing my Angel’s shoulders, I pull her away from my body so I can see her face. Cupping her cheeks in my hands, I hold her stare. “I love you. I’m sorry today has been hard. But I know you have to be hungry. It’s time to get some food into you. Then we will stay and talk a few hours with my family and things will be okay. I promise to behave and not fight with Max.”

“Fine.”

Briefly pressing my lips to hers, I

inhale her scent and release her. Folding her hand into mine, I guide her into the house. I know she's not happy today and I've made it worse. But having Emma sit beside her and distracting her, that will fix Lex. Emma, for whatever reason, has the power to do that. Lex seems to be aware of her at all times. Watching her, making sure she's fed, has something to drink, that she's dressed okay, her hair's brushed, that she's brushed her teeth. Things great mothers do for their daughters, a bond that Emma and Lex have cemented together. A connection I

could have only dreamed of when I decided to finally secure Lex into my life.

Following me to the table in the dining room, Lex takes a seat, like I thought, right next to Emma, and I beside her. Then she goes to work, doing her motherly duties; fixing Emma's plate, asking her questions and falling into the world that only mothers and daughters share. Emma's happiness is contagious and soon the entire table is immersed in chatter, the anxiety and fight from earlier is nearly forgotten. As we eat our

chicken, Lex's hand stays firmly planted on my thigh, the little touch that means the world to me. Confirming that all these years of pining away for her was worth every heartache, every moment I lay awake in bed miserable being with Melissa and not her. It makes it all worth it, to finally have my two girls, forever.

To quote Maya Angelou, "Love arrives, and in its train come ecstasies, old memories of pleasure, and ancient histories of pain. Yet if we are bold, love strikes away the chains of fear from our souls."

How those few prolific words,
speak wonders to my life and how it has
come to fruition.

I'm a blessed man.



Lex

“See, that wasn’t such a bad night,
was it?” Gage smiles at me, removing
his socks and moving to his pants.

“No. Smarty-pants, it wasn’t.” I stick
my tongue out, flashing him a snarky
smile and drop my dress into the

hamper.

Gage is right, after the rough start at his dad's, things mellowed out, *a lot*. We ate and talked. I felt like a part of the family. The only person I didn't socialize with was Chelsea, no shocker there. She doesn't care for me, which is fine. I don't much like her either. After dinner, I helped Tasha tidy up and we all retired to the living room with Henry, Gage's dad, where we talked even more. His dad is extremely intelligent; we ended up carving away a few hours merely speaking about running a

business and different philosophies practiced in the workplace. I can definitely see where Gage gets his strong sense of self, quick wit and immeasurable intelligence from.

“My dad likes you.”

“Really? Well I guess that’s good, because I like him too.” I explain, walking into the bathroom and turning on the tub. I know I already took one bath today, but some days I take more than one. Today is going to be one of those days.

“What you don’t get is my dad

doesn't like people."

I roll my eyes. That's crazy. Henry was stupendously pleasant.

"Don't roll your eyes, Lex. I'm serious."

"How serious?" I wink at him and hook my thumbs into my panties, sliding them to the floor and stepping out. Before standing back up, I muster up a dirty thought of Gage to get stiff. Once *lady* is pretty much fully awake, I stand with my panties hooked over my finger and I fling them at Gage. Who catches them with a dirty smirk and puts them to

his nose.

Yuck!

“Ewwww, gross, Gage.” I whine, scrunching my face in disgust.

“The smell of Lex, is there anything sexier?”

I think I might have just puked in my mouth a little.

“Flowers? Anything other than my panties that I’ve worn all day.”

Shaking his head, he audibly inhales.

“Mmmmm, nope.”

“If you don’t stop, I am going to puke.”

“Me smelling you grosses you out?”

“Smelling me? No. Smelling those.”

I point to my blue lace panties in his hand. “Yes.”

“What if I masturbated with them? Would that turn you on?”

The freak is in the building tonight.

“Gage, honey. Do you forget that... I’m how do you call it?”

“Sexy?”

I chuckle, shaking my head. “No. *Inexperienced.*”

“Do my perversions turn you off?”

“No. They do kind of make me feel

strange though. I've gone without wanting any sex, to wanting it nonstop. Then you want to add kinky things. I'm not ready. If you want to masturbate with my panties, then you are welcome to. I'd rather take a bath, and then spend a night cuddling in bed with you. It's been a long day."



Gage

Fuck! I'm a damn idiot. Here I thought smelling her panties would be funny and maybe turn her on a little. Not

make her sick. My brain isn't feeling so well tonight, I'm off my Lex game, should have known better.

I had a glass of wine at my dad's and I probably shouldn't have. Maybe that's causing my lapse in judgment. My doctor told me the last time I was there to stop drinking anything but water. I can't do that *and* keep my family from being suspicious. My kidneys last Thursday night took a little longer than usual on dialysis. This is what happened the last time I went into renal failure. I started to rapidly decline. I pray that I can make it

to Tuesday without having to go to the hospital. Maybe tomorrow I'll go in for a session instead of Tuesday. I can sneak it in over lunch. Emma will be home with Lex all day, and I won't have to worry about her getting to the babysitters, should work out perfectly.

“I'm sorry, okay let's take a bath.” My libido has gone from rock solid to sleepy. I wish I could discuss this with Lex. Talk to her about how I'm feeling, both physically and emotionally. I can't though. I don't want to worry her.

Sliding into the tub, I grab her foot

into my lap and massage it, while we sit in silence, just watching each other. My beautiful woman, damn she's sexy.

"I love you." I state. I can never say it enough.

"I love you more."

I shake my head, there is no way she loves me more.

"Do you forgive me about earlier?"

"Yes."

"How do you feel about Emma calling you..."

"Mommy?"

"Yeah."

“I love it. Maybe I shouldn’t, and I hope it’s okay, but I feel like a mom.”

“You are.”

“So that doesn’t bother you?”

“No. Why would it? The woman I want to spend my life with and my daughter, our daughter, wanting to call you mommy after a short time. It’s like a dream come true.”

Lex lovingly smiles at me. “*You* are my dream come true.”

That’s it. It’s official. Lex knows she’s my soul mate and realizes I’m hers. I need to get this date tattooed on

my body. The day the love of my life met my family, they love her and Emma calls her mommy. The day that my life is sailing in the right direction, never to turn back.

Chapter Thirty-Two

Monday

Lex

“Daddy says he hopes you’re being a good princess.” I tell my princess who’s in her own toy corner in the living room, sitting crisscross applesauce. That’s the new politically correct term for Indian style. Emma recently taught it to me.

This morning Emma helped me carry in a wooden kid’s desk, a chocolate toy

box with her name engraved in the lid and a small whiteboard from the garage. I bought the stuff for her toy corner online last week when I was at work. The same day I ordered Gage's tie and cufflinks. Her stuff was delivered on Thursday and Roni made sure it was stored in the garage until I had time to get to it. Guess she loves it because as soon as we set it up, she's not left her own personal corner. I thought about making her use her bedroom as a toy space. Then I quickly nixed that idea. I want her where I can see her and watch

her play, not stuffed in a bedroom. No matter how much she seems to love it.

“Nuh-uh, Mommy.” Emma giggles, placing a sparkly pink pony wearing a frilly tutu on the top of her closed toy box, still wearing her own pink princess pj’s and slippers. I’m relaxing on the couch, Sherpa blanket strewn over my legs, my feet resting on the edge of the coffee table. Leaving my legs bent at the right angle to hold my laptop. I’m working from home today. Which means I get to do the pajama thing too. Blue silky shorts and a matching floral print

top. My hair pulled up into a messy bun, making me look more and more like my mother. Not that, that's a bad thing.

“What do you mean, nuh-uh? Silly Princess.” I spurt a brief laugh, smiling ear-to-ear. I've been doing that since I woke up this morning. It's hard not to smile when you're sublimely happy.

“Daddy doesn't call me Princess. You do.”

“Ah, well, ya caught me. Daddy just texted and is checking in. So is Lincoln.”

Apparently, when my hot boyfriend got himself to work today, he decided to

contact Lincoln about Chelsea and what happened yesterday in regards to her, not sure why it is any of Lincoln's business, unless I'm the one informing him. Especially since, he's been pestering me all morning, in the sweet, unobtrusive, Lincoln sort of way. If I had told him myself, this wouldn't be happening. Now he's immoderately worried and checking on me every ten minutes. No joke.

Speaking of the devil, my phone is buzzing in my hand. I've hardly had a moment to sit it down. Between Gage

a n d Lincoln, it's been incessantly buzzing nonstop. It's nice to be loved. What it isn't is productive, not when I'm already behind on the workload I plan to trudge through today.

Lincoln: *I'm out with the dog, keeping an ear to the ground. Trying to pick up on anything Chelsea might h a v e gossiped about during her breakfast this morning at McDonalds with her girlfriends.*

The fact that he knows where she's having breakfast is disturbing enough. I love him, dearly, but he has to let me

live my life and stop worrying himself sick.

Me: *Stop worrying Lincoln. If it gets out, it gets out. It's my fault I blabbed in front of her. Not yours.*

Lincoln: *You should be allowed to speak about it with anyone and they not bat a damn eyelash.*

Sweet, naïve, handsome, Lincoln. In a perfect world that would be true. In a perfect world, no one would go hungry. Children wouldn't be abused. Gays and lesbians would be allowed to marry legally. And people like me, with

Gender Identity Disorder would be accepted in society. But it's not a perfect world, people do starve, abuse does happen and is a topic many people are afraid to speak about. Gays and lesbians can't marry legally according to federal law. Those and a hundred different things make this world an imperfect place. No matter how many people are arrested, no matter how many cans of food you donate, it's always going to be a world of prejudice and pain. It's with that sadness that we must overcome and take in the bright side of life. To steer

ourselves and our children away from those miseries and educate people on lifestyles that a hundred years ago were never even spoken about. World peace might be a thing of fantasy. But equality amongst peers both gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender, African American, Hispanic, Asian, Caucasian, and everything in-between, is possible. One day when Emma is a mommy herself, I pray that her children or her children's children live in that kind of world.

But in the world, that I live in now is

not one of openness for people like me. Chelsea does pose a threat. However, I can't live my life in fear, worrying about her and what she will or won't do. I will do as I always have, take life as it comes. Alright that's enough of the heavy. God knows I could go on another five hours about my thoughts of the world. As I am sure, most of you can do as well.

Me: *That's a great dream, Lincoln. Just not the reality we live in. I'm fine though. Don't worry about me, or her. If she does it...she does. I have no one*

to blame but myself. Just have fun with the pup and text me later with good news. Maybe even a little BDSM 411. Whatever that may be.

If I know Lincoln, like I think I do. That little strategically rendered comment will preoccupy him.

Bingo!

Lincoln: *BDSM 411? Do you need your head examined? Whips, chains and anal plugs are not a topic I would like to discuss with you.*

Me: *Oh...why not? You seem okay with getting involved with my life. Why*

shouldn't I be more in tuned with yours and what colorful fuckery my best friend partakes in? Doing my friendly due diligence. Lol.

Lincoln: Funny, ha-ha. No master talk for you.

Now this is getting really good! It's fun giving him a taste of his own medicine.

Me: Master talk? Do you seriously make your subs call you master?! OMG! Lincoln!! Spill!!!

Lincoln: I'm saying goodbye now. I'll talk to you later tonight. Love you.

Me: *NO!!! Tell me Elias!!!*

Lincoln: *Pulling out the big guns are we? Using my first name. Must be really serious. I'll give you three questions. That is all. Then I will text you later on today. I am just looking out for you, I hope you know that.*

Me: *I do. Question 1. Do your subs really call you master?*

Lincoln: *Yes. I can't believe you've never asked me that before. Why the sudden interest?*

Me: *I thought this was ask the master, not, question the questioner.*

Lucky for you, I'll be nice... I want to know now because I'm curious. Gage has turned me into some horny madwoman. So I'm broadening my horizons.

Lincoln: You can ask. That's fine. But if I ever hear of Gage using anything other than his dick in the bedroom and maybe a blindfold or a set of cuffs, then I'm castrating him. You are not to participate in this lifestyle Lex. Period.

Me: I didn't say I was. And he's already used a blindfold. Cuffs are for

kinky cops. Gage is a lawyer. Now Questions 2. What kind of sex do you participate in with most with your subs?

I can't believe I am asking him this. Consider me intrigued and deterring Lincoln from fussing over me is worth his discomfort in talking about this. Anything is better than him getting sick, worrying about me.

When Linc finally saved me from Brian's, I was rushed to the hospital for an extensive medical evaluation. Doctors had no idea how the cops never

realized I was being abused. What nobody knew was that I was locked in the basement for all but one of the sweeps through the house. The only one I wasn't, I was too ill from being beaten that I was doped up with meds, passed out in Brian's bedroom. I really don't want to get into the Brian conversation now, not when I'm already in such a great mood.

However... When I was in the hospital, Lincoln sat in my room or just outside the door, for the entire two weeks I was there. Once, a nurse was

changing my bandage from a cut that needed to be re-stitched and got infected, so it had to be drained, Lincoln held my hand the entire time the nurse re-bandaged me. He also refused to eat until I did, making himself sick for days with nothing but water to fill the hunger cravings that racked his body. And, he lived severely sleep deprived, because as soon as my nightmares took hold there wasn't a person in my wing of the hospital that could outrun my terror-stricken screams. On the fifth day in the hospital, I finally ingested crackers and

that's all Lincoln ate. On the sixth day I ate a bland vanilla pudding cup and more crackers, so that's what he ate. This went on for a total of fourteen and a half days. Now the last thing I need for him to do is put himself back in that mindset. Keeping him distracted is the only way I can think of to keep him from overreacting. I know there is nothing he wouldn't do for me.

Lincoln: *Do you really need to know that?*

Me: *Yes*

Lincoln: *Why?*

Me: *Consider me interested.*

Lincoln: *Consider that a topic on the do not disclose list.*

Me: *Why?*

Lincoln: *I already discuss with you more about this than I'd like.*

Me: *Why does it matter?*

Lincoln: *It does because it's not part of your life.*

Me: *You're part of my life.*

Lincoln: *I know. But sex isn't a part of our relationship.*

Me: *Love is.*

Glancing up from my phone, I watch

Emma immersed in her play time. I love this. The sun is shining brightly through the large almost floor to ceiling windows, the light blanketing a warm glow along her back, highlighting the undertones of auburn in her hair.

Emma awoke this morning and we all ate breakfast with daddy before he left for work. I got in my yoga after breakfast, and we came down here to officially start our day. Even though Roni has been a slight bit distant lately due to late night vomiting, my life is amazing.

My phone buzzes in my lap.

Gage: *Don't leave the house today.*

That doesn't sound good.

Me: *Why? Did Lincoln's ear to the ground pull something up?*

Gage: *No. Just stay home and keep your phone on.*

Me: *Why?*

Lincoln: *Sorry, just stopped to talk with Barbie. Told me to tell you she misses you. Hopes you'll bring Emma in this week for some ice cream. On the house.*

Me: *Tell her she can count on it.*

Since you're not going to answer my questions and I've got to get some work done. I'll text you later.

Lincoln: *Be good. Love you.*

Me: *Love you too.*

Me to Gage: *Care to fill me in?*

Three minutes later of staring at my phone, guess he doesn't want to fill me in.

Leaning forward and setting my phone on the coffee table. I turn my attention back to my computer.

“Do you need anything before I get back to work?” I ask Emma, before I

start rummaging through my obscene amount of work emails.

“No, thank you, Mommy.” She mutters, never breaking away from her toys.

I love when she calls me that. *Mommy*. I’m Emma’s mommy. I love the sound of that.

Ding dong—bang—bang—bang—
ding dong.

Somebody is at my front door. Emma looks back at me and I set the laptop on the coffee table. Guess I won’t be working right now after all.

“Stay here and play, I’ll be right back.” I tell her, padding my way bare feet around the side of the couch, toward the door.

Ding dong—bang—bang.

“Hold on. I’m coming.” I call out to the impatient guest.

Unlocking my stained glass front door, I pull it open.

Oh!!!! God!!!!

“Open the fucking door, bitch!”

“Melissa, you need to leave.” I instinctively blurt, my eyes zoning in on the matte black shotgun she has pointed

right at me.

“No bitch, I don’t. Surprised you recognize me.” She yanks my screen door open, breaking the flimsy lock. Coming through my front door, she stalks me, and I tiptoe backward, slowly, keeping my eyes on her hands. *On the gun!*

“Not here to kill you, *boy*. I’m here for my daughter.”

“You can’t have her.” I snarl.

I don’t give a shit; she’s not taking her if that’s what she’s here for.

“What’s going on mommy? Who’s

here?” I hear Emma sweetly ask, emerging from the living room and into the foyer.

“Emma, go upstairs.” I order, side stepping so I can block her tiny body from the gun and the monster that birthed her into existence.

“Put the gun away, Melissa. Your issue is with me, not to scare Emma.”

A dark sadistic laugh breaks into the air from between Melissa’s taut lips. “Funny, *boy*. You steal my husband and now you are telling me what to do?”

I don’t have time to deal with that

right now. I just need to her to leave or get Emma safely out of the room before I deal with crazy pants. This isn't my first rodeo with a deadly weapon or a psycho. If I didn't know any better, I'd swear I attract them.

“Emma...”

Emma breaks my train of thought as I feel her tiny hand touch mine, wrapping her fingers around two of my mine.

“Emma, go upstairs.”

“No Emma, come here to mommy.”

Melissa changes her tone to a soft mothering one.

The conniving lunatic! My heart is hammering in my chest, and the mere thought of Melissa calling herself *mommy* has the hair on the back of my neck standing attention. The nerve of this deranged psychopath!

I raise my brow to the aimed gun and Melissa lowers it to her side. Tucking it against her leg, the nuzzle resting on my floor. Thank God!

Finally, safely able to break my concrete stare on Melissa, I turn to the side and kneel. Emma doesn't waste a second to have her arms wrapped

around my neck. Her head buried into the curve my neck.

“It’s okay, Sweetie.” I whisper into her ear, holding onto her little body, protectively enveloping her in my everlasting love.

Emma’s body begins to tremble, wetness from tears dampen my neck. Emma’s scared and she’s crying, and this monster did this to her. Come hell or high water, one way or another I will make sure this *never* happens to Emma again.

Rubbing my hand along Emma’s

back to soothe her. I keep the corner of my eye latched onto Melissa. She's just standing in a pair of dark jeans and a yellow t-shirt. Her facial expression unmistakably dumbfounded, watching Emma hold onto me for dear life.

“That's enough. Come to mommy, Emma. I'm taking you with me.” Melissa orders, hardness cloaking her tone this time.

Emma sobs into my neck and Melissa takes a step forward.

“No.” I warn Melissa, as I hold onto Emma tighter.

If this bitch think's she is going to win, she has another thing coming.

“Leave Melissa and go home. You're scaring her.”

“She's coming with me.”

Oh no she's not!

Turning my head so my lips are pressed to the shell of Emma's ear, I whisper. “Emma, go upstairs, go into your bedroom, lock the door, and hide in your closet. Don't leave there until daddy or I come and find you.”

Emma sluggishly shakes her head.

“Yes, Princess.”

“She has a gun.” Emma whisper whines into my shoulder, sucking in a whimpering breath.

“I know, Princess. But I promise I’ll b e fine. Just go upstairs. Do as I tell you.”

Releasing Emma, I firmly stand and maneuver myself so Melissa can’t touch her. Emma reluctantly lets go of my hand and I hear her little footsteps hurriedly fleeing the room.

“Where is she going?”

Melissa is obviously not the sharpest tool in the shed.

“Emma is changing her clothes right now. And you and I are going to talk.”

“You fucking liar!” Melissa screams her face turning bright red as she swiftly swings the gun back into her hand, aiming the thick round barrel right at my chest.

If I die today, please God, make Emma survive. I’m doing this for her.



Gage

“You’re sure she’s not on her way to

the session today?”

I’m speaking to Melissa’s anger management therapist that was court mandated last Thursday by a judge for her to attend. She has a twelve-week course she has to complete before she is granted visitation with Emma. Which, if you ask me, is getting off lightly.

“No, I called her, texted, even sent a deputy by her house and nobody seems to be home.”

FUCK! **A rogue ex-wife**, not on the top of my priority list to deal with today.

“Okay, Jefferson, what do you want

me to do?”

The phone in my pocket begins to sing. ‘Butterfly kisses’. It’s Emma’s ringtone.

Why is she calling me?

“Well I—”

I interrupt him, “Hold on Jefferson, my daughter is calling me.”

Hitting the answer button, I hold my phone to my ear.

“Hello? Emma? What—”

“Daddy! Daddy! Daddy! Bad lady is downstairs. She has a gun! Daddy! Daddy! Help me. Daddy!”

Emma is frantic, bawling profusely into the phone. Her voice is scratchy, like her mouth is on the receiver.

Not wasting a precious second, I end my call with Jefferson without saying goodbye.

“Daddy!”

“Calm down, baby. What’s going on? Are you okay?” I’m trying to stay calm, although on the inside I’m freaking the fuck out!

“Daddy! No, no. Bad lady has good mommy, downstairs. She has a gun!”

“Who’s the bad lady?” I calmly ask.

Fuck this is hard! My daughter is terrified.

“The evil lady who hurt me.”

“Melissa, your mom?”

“Yes! She’s downstairs. She is pointing gun at her, Daddy. Help Lex, Daddy. Help her. Bad lady came to take me and Lex said no. She told me to hide in my bedroom. I’m in my closet. I got my phone from my backpack just like you taught me.”

“Good girl. You’re not hurt?”

“No....n...o...” Her tiny voice breaks, cracking my heart along with it.

“I’m calling the cops, baby, daddy will be there soon. Don’t cry. Mommy is taking care of it. She would never let you get hurt.”

“I know, Daddy, but I don’t want my mommy to die.”

I swear to fucking God, if my woman dies at the hand of my ex-wife, I will kill that stupid, self-righteous cunt with my bare hands.

“Keep talking baby; tell me about your ponies. Tell me about what you did today. Daddy is going to call Lincoln on his other phone.”

I set Emma on speakerphone down on my desk. She listens to my instructions and begins to talk, telling me about her ponies. Her voice quickly evens out.

Dialing my work phone, I put it to my ear.

“That’s great baby, keep telling daddy.” I encourage Emma in the calmest tone I can conjure up.

“This is Lincoln.”

“Lincoln, it’s an emergency. Melissa is at Lex’s house, with a gun. Emma is upstairs hiding in the closet. She came to

take Emma but Lex stood her ground. I'm not sure what's going on there. But I'm calling you before I leave. You can call the cops, but I don't want Melissa to shoot her. She's unstable. *Highly* unstable." I spit it all out a hundred miles an hour in one breath. Inhaling a big gulp of air, as the last word passes my lips.

Loud huffing and the sound of something brushing up against the phone is all I hear through the phone. "Lincoln you there?"

"Yeah! I'm running, I'm only three

blocks from Lex's. I have my dog with me, was out walking her. Call the station; tell them to get to Lex's, hostage situation. I'm going in unarmed."

The phone call abruptly ends.
FUCK!



Lex

"Listen you stupid bitch, get on the fucking floor."

"No, you need to put the gun down and go home Melissa." I speak evenly, my hands held in the air.

For the last ten minutes, Melissa has tried to get past me to go upstairs. I've blocked her way. She may think she's a badass, carrying the gun. She's not used it as a weapon, only for intimidation tactics. My father did that to me a few times when I was a teenager, held me at gunpoint. I was more afraid of him, than I am of Melissa and she's got the bigger gun. If she were to use it at point blank range, I would be dead in minutes. A shotgun slug isn't something to trifle with. It's not because I've used one before. My all-adoring best friend,

who's at work today, happens to hunt.



Lincoln

Tying up my tame pup on the railing attached to Lex's back steps. I hear a loud commotion coming from inside. Wish I had a weapon, but I left it at home. I'm off duty today not the best day for that. I'm a master at hand-to-hand combat. However, it being a woman, I'd be going up against, I'd rather have a gun. Not a circumstance I'm very comfortable with going in unarmed. I'm

not particularly happy about hitting a woman skin-on-skin. It's not the same as when I do it inside the safe consensual confines of my playroom. But it's Lex's safety at stake and I will do anything for my girl.

Quietly pressing the button on Lex's back screen door, I open it just enough to fit my body between it and the back door. Then I carefully turn the nob on her house door, gliding it wide-open. Stealthily stepping in my tennis shoes onto her hardwood, I gently close both doors behind me. The only noise I make

is the click of the backdoor coming to a full close. Good thing she had her backdoor replaced a few years ago. An older one would have just broadcasted my entrance to the entire house with a loud squeak.

Now standing in her kitchen, I get the full gist of Melissa yelling.

“You think you can take my husband and my daughter? Who in the hell do you think you are?”

The anxious cracking in Melissa’s murderous voice is a clear indication she is off her rocker. I’ve seen this time

and time again. Logical people's tones don't clearly justify holding someone at gunpoint as Melissa is doing right now. So to keep the woman from becoming trigger happy, I do the smartest thing I can in this sticky situation. I announce my arrival.



Lex

“Hey Lex, you home?”

Oh God! Oh God! Oh God! Not now!

This can't be happening! Lincoln cannot be here! Out of all the days to drop by

unexpectedly this is the worst.

Dear god, *please* make him leave, *please* keep him and Emma safe.

Unable to keep my eyes from cautiously watching twitchy fingers on the semi-automatic shot gun Melissa is wielding, I evenly, without deflection reply, “Yes, Linc, I am but you need to go home.”

“Why?” he questions, nearing my location. Then I hear it. The Lincoln ‘tell’. A low deep agitated grumble that starts in his belly and rolls into his throat, a noise I’ve heard a hundred

times over.

“What’s going on here?” Friendly, loving Lincoln is gone, replaced by the terrifying no-nonsense cop. Even though I can’t see him with my tunnel vision singularly attached to shaky barrel of the shotgun that is still firmly aimed at my chest. I know he’s standing a few feet away, most likely in the doorway of my kitchen.

Melissa’s eyes switch from Lincoln and back to me. They widen further a contemplative gesture, her hands unable to maintain perfectly still more than a

few seconds at a time. Riding high on nerves, little beads of sweat have formed and begun to drip down the sides of her face. She stands approximately ten feet directly in front of me, her body blocking the locked front door. The hope of her leaving without a scuffle is slowly diminishing as her expression hazes over into hardness.

“I’m not going to repeat myself. What is going on here?”

Why does he have to pull her attention from me, even for a moment? I don’t want that. I don’t want him

anywhere near this place.

I don't respond to his question. I watch in slow motion as the gun that was pointed at me is cunningly readjusted to a new target. Lincoln!

Something suddenly snaps inside of me. I feel myself lose it as the protective all-consuming mama bear residing deep within rears its massive head. I drop my raised arms to my sides, set my jaw, align my spine to stand tall and tighten my fists. *It's show time!*

“Hey bitchy, bitchy, bitchy. Don't you fucking point that gun at him! I'm the

one you want.” I taunt her, my words steeped in the most poisonous venom.

“What *did* you say to me?” Melissa seethes, a rolling tremor wafting through her body as she snaps the gun back toward me.

“You heard me, bitch.” I mock, playing this dangerous game.

“Lex, shut up!” Lincoln, orders heatedly from a few feet away. I can almost feel his own protectiveness surging in the air surrounding us. Jesus, he’s a powerful man.

“This is between me and the crazy

bitch; stay out of it Lincoln and leave. Take Emma with you.”

“Don’t you fucking dare.” Melissa clamors, twisting her body back in the direction of Lincoln.

“Hey, bitch, do you want to hear all about how Gage and I made love this weekend.”

My comment breaks her momentum and the aim is back on me.

Good!

I realize, I too, am out of my mind. Playing with fire, asking to get burned, I don’t care though. My self-preservation

flies out the window when it comes to my family. I'll do anything to keep them from being harmed. Even if that means impertinently slugging low blows to the psychopath with a loaded gun.

“If you don't shut that stupid mouth of yours, I will.” Melissa threatens; the haze in her eyes deepens, marking me the sole object of her hate and murderous desire, just as I had hoped.

“Stop this right now!” a different, sexier voice commands in a growl. Breaking the hold I have on Melissa, she shakes her head as if she needs to clear

it.

“What the hell are you doing here?” I question Gage in a tone I’ve never used with him before, one of pure anger. I don’t know how he knew she was here, or why he is here. But this is the worst-case scenario. Melissa’s hate for him may just be a fraction larger than the torch of animosity she proudly carries for me.

I side step a few inches closer to the window to get a better view of the room and to place where not only Gage is now standing but Lincoln as well. Melissa’s

face drops into one of serious contemplation as the gun that I had on me teeters back and forth between Gage and I. Rotating on my heel just enough, I get a clear view of everybody. Lincoln is half way between me and Gage. Gage is taking up the doorframe of the kitchen, taking tiny baby steps toward Melissa. He looks at me for a moment, locking eyes, conveying with the depths of our connection that he loves me. I don't doubt that for a minute.

Losing myself in the beauty of Gage's eyes, an earsplitting gunshot is

fired and I instinctively duck, covering my head with my hands, closing my eyes, my ears begin ringing, and then I feel it.

Oh dear God!

Glass starts to crash down from behind me as the window breaks, shards of glass cascading like a jagged waterfall to the ground. Pieces tearing at my flesh, my feet stabbed over and over with tiny fragments of falling sharp glass. I bite my lip to keep from screaming in agony as hot pain laden tears sting my eyes.

My body begins to tremble, and I

open my eyes to see the freshness of my blood oozing from deep cuts in my feet. Warmth coats my back. A warmth I've known before. I'm cut. Blood is surging from a stinging fiery inferno lodged in my back.

My name is screamed. I register it though my painfully ringing ears. And I look up. In slow motion, Lincoln lunges for me and Gage dives at Melissa just as the gun unloads again and then again. Lincoln's massive body hits me like a Mack truck, buckling my legs, and landing right on top of me. My head

ricochets off the hardwood of my floor and by sheer force; his body knocks the wind out of me. The glass in my back is rooting itself deeper into my flesh, like a hot branding iron, melting butter.

Taking in a deep breath, I turn my head to the side, and no one in the room is standing. Everybody is down. Where is Gage?!

The large body on top of me doesn't move. I shake Lincoln's shoulder and he doesn't budge. I can't hear him even if I try.

“Lincoln.” I cry out. The pain

overtaking my body is too much. But the need to see him and Gage is much greater. I need to get him off me. My legs are slowly losing their feeling. His weight becomes too much. Warmth is overcoming me. Am I dying?

“Lincoln.” I slowly force my way inch-by-inch out from under his unmoving body. Slithering my feet out the last tug I break free. Then I see it! Oh dear God! No! No!

Lincoln has been shot! The warmth I was bathing in wasn't my body giving out. It was Lincoln's. Eye's staring

fixatedly right at me, he gasps for air and I crawl closer. His legs. Oh God his legs! The blood! He's dying!

Blood surges out of giant holes, turning my hardwood floor into a swimming pool of bright red blood.

“Lincoln! No!” I screech, and I immediately tear my shirt from my body, and lunge for his mangled leg. Not caring about my own pain, I have to help him! He can't die!

Wrapping it like a tourniquet, I tie it tight and I hold onto him, my own body fading from blood loss and the sharp

glass residing deep in the flesh grating on my insides.

Laying my head on his chest, I feel his shallow breathing as I cry, bawling for him. Lincoln is dying.

“Please, somebody help! Help!” I sob. My entire body cloaked in his still warm blood.

“I love you Gage, I love you Lincoln.” I mutter, one last moment, as my eyes flutter with heaviness and I fade in the oblivion passing out, clinging to my best friend’s chest.

Chapter Thirty-Three

6 weeks later

Lex

“You about ready to go visit Uncle Lincoln at Memorial Park, Emma?” I ask my pretty little girl, attempting to hold a smile and force myself to keep from breaking down. The past six weeks since Melissa came in and tried to take Emma away, has been unbelievably hard.

“Yes, can I bring him some posies?”

she asks, her hand hovering over one of the forty different flower arrangements that have been delivered. We've had to strategically place them around the house to keep it from looking too cluttered. The townsfolk of Heartfair are such loving people.

“Yes, sure. You look very pretty today.” I admire her lovely yellow sundress, her dark hair is down her back today and she seems like she's doing well. The counselor said she's very resilient and handling the tragedy better than most adults.

She smiles in my direction, tugging a handful of daisies out of a red vase. Walking back over to me, she folds her tiny little hand into mine, we walk out the backdoor, lock up, and she slides into the back of VW Bug that's parked in the driveway. Laying the daises on the seat, she fastens her own seatbelt like a big girl, as I get behind the wheel. I hate that she's growing up so fast. Just three weeks ago, I was the one fastening her seatbelt.

“Do you want to listen to Patsy?” I ask, pulling of the driveway.

“Yes, please.” Her sweet innocent voice helps relieve a bit of the guilt and pain. I hate doing this. I hate making this drive. You think that after six weeks you’d start to feel like some sort of normal. Like you’d wake up one morning and the sorrow would lessen just enough to let you breathe. Praying a day would go by when you’re not crying yourself to sleep. But it hasn’t. It seems to worsen as time passes and more guilt poisons my soul.

Driving through the gates of Memorial Park, I hold my breath,

inching the car forward until we pull into our spot. The spot Emma and I have parked in every day for the past five weeks. It's the weekend now so we came earlier than usual. The sun is still high in the cloudless sky and it's a balmy sixty-five degrees out.

I open my car door and she climbs out from the backseat, proudly carrying a handful of white daisies. Walking to the same place we visit every day, Emma sits down on the grass in front of him, resting the daisies in a pile on the ground beside her.

“I brought you some flowers today, Uncle Lincoln.” She sweetly explains in her tiny voice.

Swallowing hard, I slowly make the last bit of distance and sit on the bench. I wink at Emma, and feign a smile. It’s nearly impossible. I hate being here. I hate this raw sewage feeling boiling in the pit of my stomach. Why can’t I get past this?

“Stop looking so sad today, my girl.” Lincoln’s hand comes over and rests on my thigh and I sigh, letting go of all the raw tension building in me.

“She cried all night, again.” Emma states and I shamefully turn my head, unable to look at either of them.

“Lex, come here.” He coaxes and I can’t. “Lex, you have to come to me.” I don’t want to.

“Lex.” His warning, militant infused Dom tone takes charge and I listen, not looking but scooting so my hip meets his.

His warm, comforting arm rests over my shoulder, side hugging me.

“This wasn’t your fault, Lex, none of it was. Stop blaming yourself.”

He tells me this every day I come to

see him, and every day I tell myself I will believe what he says. Then I get in the car, I go home, and the sadness consumes me once more.

Six weeks ago, Melissa came to take Emma from me. Six weeks ago, I refused to let her. Six weeks ago, I stood up to a woman with a loaded shotgun. Six weeks ago, both of the most important men in my life came to save me. Six weeks ago Lincoln, lost both of his legs above the knee down, when he jumped in front of a bullet that was meant for me. He's been in Memorial Park

hospital ever since. In recovery, healing, and trying to gain mobility. Doctor's said that in another few months they will try to fit him for prosthetic legs. He doesn't blame me for trying to save my life. But I do. I blame myself for every bit of it. If I had taken the gunfire, he would still have his legs. I might be dead, but I thought I would have died long ago. And to die, knowing that I have felt true love with the man I know is my soul mate. I would have died a happy woman.

I woke up in the hospital two days

after the incident. Gage with a bandaged neck sat by my hospital bed, holding my hand. After the initial shot, Melissa had fired off two more rounds out of her semi-automatic shotgun. The first shot hit the window that was intended for me. The second and third was also intended for me, but hit Lincoln in the legs instead of the chest when Gage tackled her. A few buckshot BBs grazed Gage's neck as it went rogue leaving the shotgun, producing enough blood loss for him to pass out, missing his carotid by mere millimeters. I had a concussion from

Lincoln knocking me over and landing on top of me in a pile of glass. The glass shard in my back wedged its way about an inch into my body, producing heavy amounts of blood loss and my feet were torn up pretty bad. I've never seen so much blood in my life like I did that day, and it haunts me in my dreams. Not even when Brian nearly killed me all those times did I see that much blood.

When I woke up in the hospital that Wednesday, I was sure Lincoln was dead. I thought I had heard his heart slow down and his breathing nearly

diminish when the cops and the paramedics arrived. I only faintly remember being lifted off him before I passed out again. The tough man he is, proves he's a survivor, seems as though we all are. Time and time again, I overcame the odds. I'm not sure how any of us did it this time though. We got lucky, as I see it.

I didn't sustain any lasting medical trauma. Gage will be fine. Already added a tattoo to the low-lying scar on his neck of a small old school heart, around one top lobe of the heart is a

princess crown and off the opposite side of the heart is an angel wing. Inside of the heart, done in script, is the date Emma called me mommy for the first time, it's beautifully done. All of Gage's tattoos are. His entire body is like a giant artistic masterpiece. It's hot. And the new tattoo, the only one on his neck, peeks half out when he wears his dress shirt and tie, leaving exposed tattoos only on his wrists and tops of his hands and now his neck. I've learned the tattoos on the tops of his hands are to conceal even more cigarette burns and a

curling iron burn rendered by his mother of course.

But Lincoln, I don't know how he remains the pillar of strength that he does. I crumble at the sight of him. He is the only one that got any lasting effects from this traumatic event, a bilateral amputation of both of his legs. The one buckshot shell unloaded directly on his left leg severing it immediately. Pieces of the buckshot hit his other leg and when the second shell unloaded, it somehow miss fired or something. I don't know what happened exactly, but that was the

shot that grazed Gage's neck and ended up hitting Lincoln in the opposite leg in a few spots. Police think some of it might be ricochet. No one can explain it really. I can't remember much. I just know the outcome.

Originally, the doctors just took off the bottom of the left leg, up past the knee. There wasn't much left to have to surgically remove by the time they performed the operation. I'm going off what I was told. This isn't my firsthand view. Then six hours later, they were unable to restore proper blood flow

back to the right calf. So, they wanted to just amputate his calf down. Lincoln, in a medical haze, ordered them, apparently rather bluntly, that they were going to ‘*Even them out*’. Or that’s how his nurse Molly explained it to me. The technical term of what Lincoln has undergone is called a bilateral transfemoral amputation. And it’s my fault!

“Lex, stop thinking about that day.” Lincoln shakes me, yanking me from my thoughts.

“I can’t, I ruined your life.” I tear up, and his arms come around my side and

tug me onto his lap. I frantically try to get away.

“Dammit, Lex. Stop.” He orders, holding me so tight I can’t move.

Emma stands up and grabs my face in her hands. “Mommy, it’s okay,”

I hate that she has to see me like this. We go through this some days and other days I can handle it. Emma, even though she doesn’t know this, has been the one to make me pull through. If it wasn’t for her, and having to take care of her and watch movies together and eating breakfast in the mornings as a family, I

don't think I could have survived. When people say having children makes your life seem whole. It's true. Emma is the part of me that makes me feel complete; she's the missing link to my life. Her and Gage are. My life was aimlessly skating along before they came into my life and now, I would do anything to keep them here. *And* keep them safe.

Two weeks after the incident, Gage and Emma moved into what is now our home. Roni had hired cleaning crews and carpenters to fix the foyer, to rid it of the bloodied mess. It was perfect by

the time we got back from the hospital exactly a week from when the incident occurred.

In the mornings, all three of us and Roni, along with Bob, all have breakfast in the kitchen's nook. I've even started to learn to cook biscuits and gravy, per Roni's request, being the pregnant woman and all. Then Gage and I both take Emma to school, we usually come home afterward. And most mornings when we do, we make love. On a few occasions, we can't even make it to our bedroom before we are tearing each

other's clothes off, so we've been trying out new spots all over the house. Me, bending over the kitchen counter happens to be one of my new favorites. Although it does make for quite a messy clean up. Either way it's worth it.

“Lex.” I break from mental trance and realize I'm cuddled into Lincoln's lap. I'm now completely relaxed and melded into him. Glancing down into my eyes, he offers me a gentle smile.

“My girl is back, it's nice to see her. I missed you.”

I muster up a faint grin. “I missed

you too.”

Looking over to the grass, Emma is gone! Where'd she go?! I try to break away from Lincoln's abrasive hold. Twisting and jerking. I need to find her! She can't go running off! What if something happens to her?

“Stop! My Molly just came and took her to get some chocolate milk, to give us some alone time.”

Forcing myself, I relax again and snuggle into his giant man chest. Trying to forget why I'm at the hospital and just relishing in the fact that I am cuddling

with my best friend.

“Hey you two.” I hear the sexiest voice call.

“Hey bro,” Lincoln says and Gage takes a seat next to us on the bench right outside the hospital. The bench that Lincoln is strapped to with a belt around the waist through the back slats so he doesn’t fall. If the nurse isn’t out here with him, she forces him to wear it, although he hates it. Relinquishing power isn’t his strong suit and Nurse Molly is his biggest pain in the ass. She cares for him more than Bridget or

Rodger do combined.

“She freaked out again didn’t she?”
Gage asks, Lincoln.

I feel him nod, “Yes, swimming in her head again, blaming herself. Emma said she cried again last night. Is she at least allowing you to take the pain away?”

This is the conversation Gage has with Lincoln every four days or so, when Gage is able to make it out here with us. He’s been busy with work. Mainly he’s busy putting Melissa, his ex-wife behind bars for good. She’s in

police custody and her lawyer is trying to plead insanity in court. Gage is trying to prove otherwise so she isn't stuck in a comfortable mental hospital. He wants her stuffed into a maximum-security prison. I don't get involved much. I let him do what he thinks is right. I trust his judgment and his ability as a lawyer. Whatever happens to Melissa will never be enough, not through my eyes anyhow.

“Yes, I try to take the pain away a few times a day. It seems to regulate her sadness when I get her to come. I do think she's getting better though. Her

doctor said she's going through stages of grief. The crying is much less and she smiles a lot more. Has even started to cook and she never sways from spending time with or taking care of Emma. As long as we keep her from my dad's wife, I think we'll be good."

His dad's wife, arg! Don't get me started on that home wrecker. We go to Gage's father's house every Sunday for lunch or supper. His dad Henry loves me, as does his sister, brother in-law, and his nephews, who have crushes on me. It's cute. Then you have Maxwell,

who basically dotes on me and flirts from the time I walk in, until the time I leave, drives Gage nuts. Then you have Chelsea, the woman who spends more time trying to seduce Gage than she does breathing. Low cut shirts, short shorts, sexy comments, and that's just the tip of the sleazy slutbag iceberg.

Two weekends ago when we went to his dad's. We walked inside and Tasha was cooking. I go to help with what I can, knowing it can't be much, but I really enjoy her company. However, I shouldn't have left Gage's side. Ten

minutes after arriving I'm walking to the bathroom, and inside I hear Chelsea saying, "Come on Gage, just a little, I just want a little taste."

Gage sternly replied with a clear grumble in this tone, "Let me out of this bathroom, Chelsea. I'm with Lex and you're my father's wife. If that's not enough to convince you that what you are doing is trashy, then let me be more forward. You're not my type. I'm not attracted to you. If we were both single, I still wouldn't touch you." He was fairly calm and collected, I wasn't. I

stood outside the bathroom, frantic, and so angry I wanted to gut the slut. — Pardon my French.

She argued with him a few moments about showing him a good time and about five minutes later the door swung open. They both came out and she started to fix her hair and skirt, winks at him and licks her lips. Acting like something had j u s t happened. The scared shitless expression on his face told me he thought I might believe her slutty little show. And when he opened his mouth to try to explain, I turned to her. That's when

something came over me. I grabbed her skimpy light blue tank top, shoved her against the hallway wall, and glared, making threatening eye contact.

“Don’t you ever and I mean ever, touch or try to touch what is mine again. Gage is not interested in you. Take the hint. When a man says you’re trashy, it’s not a good thing.” That’s when I glanced over to Gage, conveying with my eyes how much I love him, and he finally loosened his edgy stance.

I released stupid Chelsea and she scampered off. Then Gage and I ended

up back into the bathroom, making out like hot and horny teenagers. Lifting me onto the bathroom vanity, he entered me, and we heatedly got lost in a passionate moment of sheer unadulterated ecstasy. I came so hard I had to bite his shoulder to keep from screaming. Needless to say, the rest of that day she stayed away from Gage and never uttered a single word to me. Tasha noticed something off and I told her what happened. Not sure, what Tasha did after that, but I knew she was livid, and it wouldn't have surprise me if she didn't put Chelsea in her place, as

well. Chelsea though, much to our amazement, hasn't peeped a word about me being who I am to anybody. No rumors, no stares, nothing but the normalcy you expect from a small town that feels like a close-knit family most of the time.

“Angel, did you want to tell Lincoln the good news?” Gage interrupts my musings. I've spent more time in my head the past month, than I have since Brian held me captive. I really need to snap out of it.

“Sure.” I peer up to the delightful

expression marking my best friends face. You couldn't tell he was hurting even if he was. Even though he swears, his life is fine. No, it's not. It's my fault and Lincoln has paid the ultimate price. A feeling I am quite certain I will never get past.

“Go on.” Lincoln's head comes down and kisses the top of my head.

“Lucy is doing well in her training. I spoke with Mike at the facility and he said that she would probably be able to complete the program and be a certified service dog in another six months. But he

wants to start in a few weeks to bring Lucy to see you so you can start one-on-one training. He thinks since she was already your dog before we entered her into the service program and since you've had her in training previously; it would be better this way."

Lucy, three weeks ago, after pulling a huge amount of strings, was admitted into a program for service dogs. They don't typically accept Pit Bulls or dogs that weren't bred specifically for this cause. However, Lincoln was adamant and refused to use any dog other than

her. Lincoln being a cop and military veteran, they bent the rules and took her in. I got a call last night from them stating that she is doing unbelievably well and adjusting better than they'd hoped.

“That’s great. I miss that pup.”

“Daddy!” I hear my princess yell and I turn to see Emma walking beside Molly on their way out of the hospital. Both of them skipping, holding hands. Molly really is a great nurse. I like her way better than the rest of Lincoln’s nurses, maybe it’s because she keeps

him on his.... Okay...not a good idea to be talking about toes.

Running and jumping into Gage's lap, all four of us are now seated on the bench. Molly stands next to us. Observing Lincoln and then looking to me and back again, three or four times. A smile spreads across her youthful face. Molly a few years younger than I am. Curvy in all the right places and exceptionally short. She has the prettiest light caramel long hair that she always wears in a ponytail and her eyes are the most unique shade of green that I've ever

seen. It's like a mix between the color of fresh grass and a burst of olive green around the pupil. I once asked her if they were contacts. They're not.

“Looks like somebody needed to cuddle with Lex today. Better than what you were doing last night. That had nurse Abby refusing to be your nurse ever again.” The dark comical edge to Molly's tone is a mix between serious and joking, although it wouldn't surprise me if Lincoln turned off some of the nurses. He's been a handful.

“Let me guess, Eva?” I ignore the

fact that I am in Lincoln's lap when I address Molly. I know he doesn't like discussing his extracurricular activities with me. He convinced his other two regular nurses never to speak to me about his perversions that take place a few nights a week in his hospital room. Lucky for me, spicy nurse Molly refuses to withhold any secrets from me. This has made her one of my new best girlfriends. Lincoln hates it.

“Don't you.” Lincoln warns, bringing out his Dom tone. And I laugh.

“Eva?” I question again and the arms

around my waist tighten. Molly notices and she grins, a naughtiness sparking in her lovely eyes.

“Yes. Eva. I was off last night but when I came in this morning to relieve our fill-in nurse, she was more than willing to share the juicy details.”

I raise a brow, suppressing my need to bark a laugh. Lincoln’s breathing accelerates and Gage stands up from the bench, taking Emma with him and setting her down on the ground. Emma starts to wander towards the gravel path that completes a circle around the hospital.

“You two talk about that. Emma and I are going for a walk.” Gage gives Lincoln a sympathetic glance and bends down to kiss me on the cheek. “Love you. Be nice.”

“Yes, daddy.” I wink at him and he growls.

“Don’t start here.”

I bat my long eyelashes and bite my lip, which I know drives him mad. “I don’t know whatever you are talking about. Take my daughter on a walk.”

Gage corrects me, “Our daughter.”

“Daddy...” Emma whines, standing

a few feet away.

“Okay, our daughter. Now take her for a walk, so I can talk with my new best friend.”

Suddenly Gage darkly smirks and a spank hits my bottom, shocking a wave of hot pain to radiate up through my body.

“Ouch!” I snap at Lincoln, shoving my shoulder into his chest. “That hurt.”

Lincoln’s punishing hand then begins to lightly rub the same spot he just turned into a soft burning sensation. “Stop asking questions about my life and what

I do. And stop teasing your man.” The Dom voice commands.

As much as I love Lincoln, that voice doesn’t work on me, most of the time. I’m in a much better mood now than I was half an hour ago.

Tugging myself out of Lincoln’s lap, I shuffle onto the bench again, laying my head on his shoulder. Molly takes a seat on Lincoln’s wheelchair. Rolling it out from beside the tree, so she is facing us.

“Eva?” I press, and the heavy hand of a pissy man lands on my thigh, squeezing it.

“Lincoln, do you want me to discuss this with her here? Or do you want me to do it behind your back? Either way I am going to find out.”

“Molly, why do you have to like her?” His head tilts in my direction as if to point the ‘*her*’ he’s referring to. “She’s a pain. I wish you’d just keep my business to yourself.”

“I’m a pain too. Guess pains in Lincoln’s butt, stick together.” She laughs and gives me a wink. “Eva was in last night. It was Friday after all. The woman working the shift before Abby

didn't warn her about Lincoln's lifestyle, ended up hearing some rather disturbing sounds coming from his room. Went to check on him and I think she is officially scarred for life."

Covering my mouth, I start to break out in full on laughter. Anger wafts in powerful surges from Lincoln, directed at both Molly and me.

"Continue."

Molly softly nods. "Apparently, now this is pure hearsay, but somebody decided she was going to strip naked and wear nipple clamps last night."

“That’s not what happened.” Lincoln corrects, definitely pissed off.

“Then what is?” Molly raises a brow in his direction.

“Eva came over; I’ve had her as a sub since she was twenty-two. She’s thirty. You do that math.” He sighs long and hard, imparting an irked grunt before reluctantly moving forward. “She came last night like she’s been doing over the past five weeks. It’s not a secret that she’s a needy sub. I can’t stop my duties just because I was injured. I have an obligation as a Dom to provide that

outlet for her *and* for myself. I enjoy it. So she came last night, like I told her to earlier in the week. I had a list of props for her to bring along, which included nipple clamps, a vibrator, anal beads, lube, a paddle and a..." He clears his throat. "I used it all." He finishes real fast, obviously leaving a little fact out.

"And what?" I ask.

Another sigh. "A ball gag. Ya happy?"

I turn my attention back to Molly, "So Molly, what did poor Abby witness?"

“Powerful Dom over here.” her thumb points to Lincoln. “He ended up having Eva on all fours straddling his legs. Her butt at his face.”

Lincoln growls. “If you are going to tell the damn story, tell it right.” He snaps.

“By all means.” Molly waves her hand in the air, offering him the stage, to tell what really happened. I rotate my body, my back against the corner of the bench so I can see Lincoln fully.

“Abby walked in when I had *my* Sub in doggy style position. I had ordered

her to put in the ball gag. I had already clipped on the weighted nibble clamps. And at the moment, she saw Eva. Eva had a rotating Ivibe vibrator in her ass; my fingers were stuffed in her pussy, making her squirt one orgasm after the other, soaking the bed and me. With my free hand, I was spanking one ass cheek, while my teeth bit the other. Abby stood and watched for a few minutes. So don't make it sound like she went running for the hills. I stopped biting Eva right when she walked in and locked eyes with her, gesturing with my eyes to shut the door.

She did, except she didn't leave. She watched Eva scream three more orgasms with the ball gag in her mouth. By the time Abby departed, her cheeks were flush and I could see her erect nipples through her scrub top. She was turned on, and if she'd been my Sub, I would have ordered her to finger herself right there for me to watch. Although I'm fairly certain she left and went to the bathroom to finish the job. I know horny when I see it." Lincoln gestures toward Molly, with the incline of his head and a naughty grin.

“See. Turned on.”

She shakes her head. “I am not.”

“Really?” He raises a speculative brow. “I dare you to prove it. I know you’re wet, Molly. Admit it. Don’t make me put my hands down your pants to show you. You’re old enough to know when you’re pussy is dripping. I can almost smell your sweet arousal.” He sticks his nose in the air, audibly inhaling to prove a point. “Lex isn’t turned on. I know her. You are though. Aren’t you? Your pink, probably very tight pussy likes the thought. Doesn’t it?”

Holy crap! I think he's right. Molly is squirming in her seat. Plus the fact, he's pushing her and using some vulgar words probably doesn't help her either. The story was sexy. I don't think of Lincoln as a sex object. Hot? Yes. Want to screw him? No. Put Gage in that picture and replace the vibrator with Gage's cock and... Holy crap! See...just thinking about it and lady is already starting to harden. That damn man and the funny things he does to me. God I love him so much it's almost unfathomable.

Trying to ignore the fact that Molly's face is starting to turn bright red, I keep my attention on Lincoln. So she doesn't become even more embarrassed than she already is. "I think you should put a sign on your door. I know you can't leave for a few more weeks, until you are healed up. In a weird way, I am happy you are such a nice man to service your Sub's while you're in the hospital. But this is the fourth time people have walked in. You need to make a schedule or something. You do know in bigger cities they wouldn't allow it. Feel fortunate

that everybody in this damn town loves you, including me.” I lean over and kiss his cheek and he grabs my arm when I begin to pull away.

“Awe, come on, give me some more sugar.”

I kiss him again, my lips curled up into a big smile.

“See...now there you go making me jealous again.” Gage states, announcing that he and Emma have returned from their walk and Emma comes and climbs into my lap, wrapping her arms around my neck.

“Love you Mommy.”

“I love you more.” I hug her and kiss her hair.

“Jealous? Oh please...” Lincoln rolls his eyes at Gage. “That damn woman eats, breathes and sleeps the Suit Master.”

Gage cockily bows and laughs. “That is I.”

Chapter Thirty-Four

Gage

“That was the best visit you’ve had yet.” I explain to my woman, humbly seated at the kitchen table, watching her plate our dinners. I dropped Emma by Tasha’s before I came home from the hospital. Lex seems to be doing so much better today than she has in weeks. I don’t know if it’s the fact that Lincoln is healing up nicely, or that Melissa’s

conviction will be settled on Monday. Both things Lex has been worrying about nonstop since this all happened. I know she blames herself for what transpired. Nobody else does.

I went to visit Lincoln when Lex was at work a few weeks ago. I dropped by to bring him lunch and chat for a bit. I talked to him about what had happened. The first time he and I had, had a real chance to talk it out, man-to-man. I thanked him. And I will continue to thank him every day for the rest of my life. If he hadn't caught my signal that day, after

the first shot that missed Lex by a few inches, Lex wouldn't be here. The first shot left the gun and I immediately looked to him and pointed. It happened so fast. I lunged at my ex-wife because Lincoln was closest to Lex. He was taking her down just as the second shot went off. I saw it happen. It hit him square in the leg. Like an explosion, pieces of flesh went flying and blood sprayed. Then, as I had ahold of the gun by the barrel, Melissa fired again. That's when my world started to fade. I don't even remember it happening. I don't

know how my neck started to bleed. I just remember waking up in the hospital with my woman nowhere to be found.

I yelled at the doctor to let me go to her. One entire day they made me sit in the room to monitor me. Tasha and Max stayed with Lex and gave me frequent updates. They had placed her in ICU at first, and then quickly moved her down to a regular room after she became stable. The blood loss she suffered was the worst of her injuries. Day two, I ripped off my wires and unhooked my IV. I didn't take out the catheter thing in

my arm. I let them do it. Then I sat in Lex's room, slept in there, and nurses came and went, checking on us both.

“Yes, it was pretty good. He seemed livelier today. Maybe it was Eva visiting him last night that did the trick.” She explains, coming over the table and setting a big colorful bowl of salad in front of me and a bottle of French dressing, my favorite.

“Thanks.”

“No problem. Do you want chicken or steak in your salad?”

“What do you think?”

“I think if I gave you a choice of anything you’d want in that salad, we wouldn’t be eating.”

Fuck!!!!

I’m instantly hard! How in the hell!?

I growl. “Come here,” and turn my legs out from under the table and open my arms wide. My Angel sashays over to the chair and sits down right on my crotch, rubbing her butt against my throbbing dick.

I wrap my arms around her and go straight for the goods. I grab lady.

“Hum... Someone is hard too. Do

you want me inside of you? Or to suck you? Since you won't do me."

Her back straightens, damn me and my mouth!

"You know why."

"Why? What?"

"Why I don't want to."

"You're worried you'll hurt me."

She nods.

We've had this talk five or six times in the past weeks. She's not comfortable topping me. But fuck, I find myself fantasizing about it constantly. It's like the itch that I need scratched so badly

that it never rests.

Grinding my length against her dress covered ass. I reach up under her dress and do what I always do. I rip off her panties and toss them on the floor. I know it's a waste but it's fun.

“I'm going to make love to you, Angel. Stand up and get the lube from the cupboard. Then come back and sit down on me.”

She doesn't say a word as her hot ass gets up and goes over to the kitchen cupboard to grab one of our many stashes of lube, that we have

strategically hid all over the house, in both of our offices, our cars, her purse and my dad's house. I can't go a day without touching her or being inside of her. I'm making up for lost time.

Walking back over, she hands me the lube and I unzip my jeans and fish out my thickness through the zipper. Slathering on a good amount of lube, I wave her closer and she lifts her dress, exposing a sexy as hell girl dick. I lean over and take her into my mouth and she gasps, grabbing ahold of my shoulders, moaning.

Working her hard and fast, applying the right amount of suction she likes, I stop at the head and swirl my tongue around it. Then let it go with a pop.

Keeping a hold of her dress, she turns around and bends over, exposing her hot fucking ass to me. I separate her cheeks and glide a finger down her crevasse. Leaning forward I lick that sexy hole and she writhes, pushing back onto my tongue. Working my mouth, I loosen her up, plunging my tongue into her over and over. Making her gasp for air, between ecstasy-laden pleasure

cries. I love that she's that fuckin' vocal. The longer we're together, the more open she becomes too. Dirty talk has been a fun experiment that I notice makes her even more turned on.

Reaching between her legs, I tug lady back and I suck real quickly, then I return to that sexy ass, getting my needy fill. Once I have her lost in sensation, I lube her, set the bottle down on the ground and I grab her hips, lowering her onto my rock-hard shaft.

Slowly, I enter her tight moist heaven and she drawls out a long

bellowing moan. Once I bottom out inside, she finally takes in a deep breath. Closing my legs so my knees touch, I force her to straddle me, her feet touching the floor. I lift her hips just slightly and then ease her back down, penetrating her deep, hitting that button that she loves so much.

“Fuck me with your ass.” I order and reach around her front and grab a fist full of lady. As I pump her shaft, she undulates her hips, bouncing in my lap, with swift swallow thrusts, she fucks my cock. The only way she’ll allow.

Positioning her so her back in on my chest, I use my other hand to tantalize her nipple over her cotton dress.

“That’s right Lex, fuck me.” I buck into her and she wails a carnal moan.

“That’s right, baby...more...give me more.” I encourage her and she lets go of her inhibitions completely.



Lex

Oh God! He feels so good. I love when he’s inside of me. I miss him when

he's not.

“Fuck, Angel, you're going to make me come. Do you want me to come in your hot ass?”

I nod.

His fist tightens around lady and he stops pumping her.

No! I want that. I love when he pleases her.

“Tell me.”

I glance down and his pointer finger pressed into that sensitive V on the underside of lady, just below her head.

Dear God! He knows just what I

like.

“Now, tell me.”

I squeeze around him, like a vice, and he curses with a growl.

Flexing my feet, I lift myself so he's almost all the way out, his head just inside and I squeeze again.

“Awe fuck, you're milking my cock.”

Yes. I. Am! I internally smile to myself. Feeling powerful and sexy, riding him.

Lowering myself a fraction, I contract around him again.

“Stop it.”

No, I won't. He wants me to fuck him. Then I am doing just that, taking control. Fucking him how I want, even though I hate using that word.

Standing back up just a little, I squeeze and un-squeeze his deliciously meaty head. Making the thickness bump into my most sensitive spot and my body begins to convulse as his head taps it. A tingling in my sac starts to take over. The pleasure flooding my veins thickens, and I feel the edge of my climax sliding closer.

“God fuckin dammit, Lex, you’re teasing me. My balls hurt. But shit, baby. Keep doing it. Grip my dick.”

I listen and milk him, harder. Resting forward, pressing my chin to my chest. My hands on my thighs, I rhythmically bounce, his dick gliding in and out of me in powerful shallow thrusts, each downward motion angling just right as I undulate my hips in a circular motion. Feeling him everywhere! Oh.... Yes....

“Gage.” I bite my lip, *lady* swelling, ready to let go.

“I know. Let me help.” Gage’s left

hand pumps lady fast as he imbeds the fingers on his right hand into my hip and growls. Frantically bucking up into me, I brace myself, and my body tightens, spilling over the threshold and my eyes roll back into my head.

“Oh... Gage... Gage... Gage...” I moan, as he thrusts into me hard, masturbating lady and she spasms. One pulse after another I come, hard. Screaming, losing myself in him, in us, in pleasure and love, and he follows me into ecstasy filled heaven, grunting his climax, jerking his thick rod inside of

me, filling me with his hot creamy come.

Letting go of lady he brings his hand to his mouth and licks my juices from his fingers with a satisfied groan. Sitting back down onto him, I allow his hardness to rest deep inside of me. Gage's arms wrap around my stomach and he kisses my shoulders. "I love you, Angel."

"I love you, more." I turn my head and offer him my lips. He reaches up and sweetly pecks my mouth.

"Let's go get cleaned up, I'll wash you in the tub and I'll even let you listen

to Patsy this time.”

Gage tolerates my music. He doesn't mind Patsy but he complains all the time that she's too sad. His preference of music similar to mine, except he prefers Frank Sinatra and other oldies but goodies. I don't mind. I enjoy them too. I just like giving him a hard time.

Holding my hips, Gage helps me stand. My legs are a bit wobbly but I manage. Picking up another pair of destroyed panties from the floor, I toss the fourth ruined pair of the week into the trash. This habit of his is getting

expensive. I can't complain though. He's been the one purchasing new panties for me left and right. Many of them only last one wearing before they are discarded like yesterday's trash. I've been half-tempted to never wear any. I would do that if he wasn't so damn sexy and turn me on all the time. I can't risk getting stiff with a tight dress on.

Feeding his fingers through mine, he escorts me, by hand, upstairs and he turns on the water, acclimates the temperature and does all the other girly things for me. I'm spoiled. I never

thought I'd ever hear myself say that but it's true. Gage spoils the crap out of me, new jewelry, clothes, and flowers. Every single week I get a few bouquets of flowers delivered and the past three weeks he's gone with me to Barbie's on Friday's to pick up the weeks selection of biscotti and other decadent treats. Emma loves these caramel pecan scones and Barbie has made a point to have them every week just for her, makes Emma proud when she gets to carry her own pink bag from Barbie's. My heart melts for my princess. I love her so very

much.

Tossing my dress in the hamper and Gage stripping down, I bite my lip, taking in his exquisite body. I love the rippling of taut lean muscles that cover his entire frame.

“If you keep eye fucking me, Angel, we won’t be getting into this tub.” He glances over his shoulder to me with a dirty all-knowing smile, as his hand swishes through the bath water dissolving the bath salts. Leaving only his boxers on as his pants pool around his ankles and he kicks them off, while

he completes his task.

Standing back up, I watch as the muscles in his angel tattooed back contract and tighten and he hooks his thumbs into the band of his boxers, dropping them to the ground, his back still to me, revealing one of my favorite parts of him, his tight smooth muscular ass. And what a delicious ass it is.

“You like that don’t you?” His hand smacks his butt, instantly making my giggle and turn fire engine red. How in the hell does he know what I am thinking?

“Do you?” He wiggles that fine ass.

“Yes, of course I do.”

“What do you want to do to it?”

Oh boy, here comes the dirty talk again. A new thing he plays up pretty regularly and I’m not complaining one iota. I find it sexy, kind of a hot bantering back and forth. Plus, it’s always dirty talk that empowers me and makes me feel sexy. Not degrading like some men I’m sure speak.

“I don’t want to do anything to it.”

That’s a lie, but I’m too afraid.

“Yes, you do.” Bending forward he

spreads his cheeks using both hands and gives me a good look at the place he wants me to enter, with every part of me possible.

Raking my gaze up and down his body once more, I break my drool worthy stare and walk around him, and sink into the bath, relishing in the heat.

Gage growls, steps into the tub, bends over in front of me again and offers me a closer view of that extremely hot spot.

“This is yours Lex; I want you inside of me. Just touch it.”

I don't move.

His own hand snakes around and he pushes one of his fingers inside, giving me a front row show to him pleasuring himself.

“See, baby. I want you in....” He growls. “Fuck. I want you in here.”

Leaning up, feeling slightly deflated with more guilt for not giving him what he wants, what he needs. I kiss his butt cheek.

“I'm sorry. We will work up to it. Now please sit down and enjoy a bath with your woman.”

Not pressing me anymore, he does what I ask, grabs my feet and starts to massage them.

“I love you. I don’t want to push you.” Gage’s face is one of concern.

“I know and I’m sure we’ll work up to it.”

“Change of subject. Now that we live together, and Emma is here fulltime, would you like to think about maybe expanding our family? I’m no spring chicken, Angel, and I’ve been looking around.”

“Around for what?”

“Surrogates.”

“You want a baby...*now*?”

“Do you?”

Do I? I'm happy with just having Emma. The thought of having another baby for Emma to have a sibling like I never had, well that does sound rather temping. But right now? With everything that has happened? I don't know the first thing about caring for a baby. Why is he pushing so much on me in the same day? Sex with him and now a baby, it's all a bit overwhelming.

“Can we discuss it further in a few

months? After Lincoln gets settled into his house again and Lucy gets out of the dog training program.”

“Sure... No rush. I love you and plan on spending the rest of my life with you. If I have to wait another six months to revisit us having a child together, then I will wait. If I have to wait four years, I will. I just wanted to talk to you about it now, been something on my mind.”

Leaning forward, I wave him to come closer, and I cup his cheeks. Looking deep in his soulful eyes, I whisper. “I love you with all my heart

and we will have a child together one day. You are my everything.” I softly press my lips to his and fall into the world of Gage and Lex. The world of safety, undying love and the purest happiness I never thought possible. I have found my perfect partner, my better half. I have truly met my soul mate and I will be forever grateful for him.

Epilogue

Nine months after the incident

Lex

“Come on, Angel. Just put it in me.”

I don't think I can do this.

“You sure?” I look down and see my lady rubbing his eager, well-lubed hole. Lady's pretty necklace is wrapped around her, shining so beautifully, as I prepare myself to make love to my partner for the first time. I can't believe I

agreed to this.

“But....” I stutter

“But nothing.” He lifts the thick document from beside his head, waving it in the air.

“You know the rules; they are outlined clearly in this. Do you want me to cover them again?”

I nervously chew my bottom lip. My legs shaking, lady dripping pre-come and Gage’s dick is so hard. He wants this so bad. I’ve been putting it off for so long.

“It states in layman’s terms, that Lex

Keagan will make love to her partner by penetration or Gage Masterson will not accept her gift of a viable kidney.”

I know what it says. I just don’t like any of it.

“You want to give me a kidney right?”

I nod my reply.

“You want me to be healthy so when Maya arrives, her daddy and mommy will both be recovered. Correct?”

I nod again, chewing even harder on my bottom lip.

“Then you must make love to me. We

drew up this binding contract for a reason, Angel. You want to give me a part of you I didn't want to accept. Now I want you to do something to me that you are afraid of. It's a compromise."

I sigh. I know he's right. Five months ago, two weeks after we implanted our surrogate Molly with our donated egg and my sperm, Gage went into renal failure again. That is when we finally told his friends about his fatal condition. Everybody in our close-knit group of friends and family was tested to be a kidney donor. Two of us came back

viable candidates. Linx, one of Gage's biker buddies and me, which is strangely romantic. Of course he didn't want to take either of our kidneys. Wanted to wait on the donors list, to possibly get lucky, I, on the other hand had something else in mind. So, I was the one to broker this deal. We sat down with another lawyer of Gage's firm, to have the specifications of this drawn up in a binding contract, that I would make love to him one time before we go through the surgery, if I don't abide by the contract; Gage is able to back out of the deal.

It's now Saturday and we rode up on his motorcycle yesterday to spend the weekend together here in the cabin, alone. This coming Tuesday we go in for transplant surgery. The doctor is highly confident that it will be successful. My doctor was a bit skeptical at first, worried about the physical repercussions on my remaining kidney since I'm on a hormone patch. But I don't care. If the choice in life is to die early because you saved your partner, or to let him die and you live a full life, then there is no question on what my

choice is, even if Gage disagrees.

Might as well get this out of the way too, to cover what has happened in the past months. God knows my brain is on a never-ending loop of thoughts. If that doesn't confirm I'm a real woman, I don't know what does. Men, I know for certain, don't think like us ladies do. Any who, yes, we are using the same Molly who was Lincoln's hospital nurse as our surrogate. The woman has become a best friend to me. I used to only have Roni. Who by the way, now has a bouncing baby boy named Jaxon.

She and Bob are now married; they tied the knot at the courthouse a few months into her pregnancy. They still live above my garage. I hated to see them go, glad they didn't. The apartment is large enough for the three of them and Roni has changed a lot. She's no longer the petulant slob. Her place is uncharacteristically clean. I'm more than impressed by not only her cleanliness but her mothering skills. She's a fantastic mom.

So, it's been wonderful not only having one woman to be friends with but

three. We can't forget Tasha in the mix.

Oh...and Molly knows all about lady. She was the one who offered herself as a surrogate, we didn't ask. Of course, she knew we were searching. I had told her as much. So now, we have an egg implanted into her and we found out a few weeks ago that we will be welcoming Emma a little sister into the world, Emma is the one to name her Maya, after a little coercion from Gage. At first, Emma wanted to name her Larry. That didn't go over very well. Then Gage began reading Emma poems

from Maya Angelou at night for story time, and that's what she decided to name her. Since Maya Angelou is one of my favorite literary geniuses, I more than obliged to use that name. It's beautiful. Plus, Maya Masterson sounds pretty damn adorable if you ask me.

The person I am sure you are most concerned to learn more about is Lincoln. Well Lincoln, is Lincoln. Kicking butt and taking names. He just got his first set of legs a month or two ago, turning him into the most determined man I've met. I visit him a

few days a week and we text daily. He's still himself. Just a little different and now that he's recovered, the guilt that festers in my soul for what happened to him, seems to decrease as time passes. Although it's not completely gone, it has lessened.

Melissa, Gage's ex-wife, thanks to Gage's masterful lawyer skills and reputation, will be spending the next twelve years in a women's prison, located four hours from Heartfair.

"Will you stop thinking...and just do it." Gage powerfully yanks me from my

thoughts and back into the present. Where I am standing on the floor, lady's pulsating at full attention. Gage is at the edge of the bed, legs wide, knees pulled upward, opening himself up to me.

“You know I can tell when you are thinking too much... Focus on the moment. I promise it will be okay. I need you to do this. I've been begging for months. We've been together for almost a year, Lex. It's time to put this behind you.”

“What if you or I don't like it?”

He adamantly shakes his head,

snickering. “If *you* don’t like it. Then I won’t have you do it again. But... I am going to *love* it. Just like, I love you. No matter what you do to me. I am going to thoroughly enjoy it.”

Taking in a deep cleansing breath, I mentally prepare myself.

“Okay, I’m ready.”

Stepping between his spread legs, I lean over him and take his mouth in a hot, sultry kiss. His hands hold the sides of my face and he darts his tongue into my needy mouth. Consuming me in a raw, magically kiss. My body relaxes, at

the delectable onslaught of his swirling heady tongue probing my mouth. Pressing my naked breasts to his chest, I hump him, his thick rigid cock sliding against my belly.

Pulling my face from his breaking our soul touching kiss, he whispers, staring in my dazed, heavily sexed eyes, “You’re ready.”

“Okay.” I mutter and climb off him.

Looking down between his legs, his tight hole beckons me to touch it and I do. Stepping forward I place lady to his entrance and he moans.

“That’s it, baby. Right there.”

Pressing in just a little, the snug resistant hole begins to spread open, accepting me to enter it. I watch as lady’s head passes the point of no return and he sucks in a deep breath, his body shuttering as I seat just my head inside of his warm tightness.

Dear God! He feels good.

Resuming my lip chewing, anxiously, I watch myself gliding into him a little at a time. He groans, lost in sensation, feeling me as I feel him.

This is amazing!

“I’m...dear...” A wave of rampant ecstasy jolts through me, and I grab his thighs for support. Hanging my head, my eyes inadvertently roll in the back of my head, and I cry out in pleasure, as it fiercely takes hold, consuming my entire body.

“It feels good doesn’t it?” Fisting his own rod, he moans, leisurely masturbating himself.

“It’s so...” I whimper throwing my head back as my sac tingles and I push the rest of the way inside of him.

“Tight.” I grind out, tightening my

stomach to keep myself from filling him with my come. He is so warm and grips me so tight it feels wonderful inside of him. Soft and smooth, his sexy hole hugs me, taking lady's virginity.



Gage

Holy fucking shit! She's doing it! My Angel is balls deep inside of me. And damn it is better than I expected. Her body is responding, taking over, and driving her actions without having her mind behind the wheel to overthink it.

Gently she retracts her hotness, driving me insane with desire and she thrusts back into me, deep and forceful.

“Fuck!” I grunt, and my cock jumps as she hits my prostate.

“You okay?” Her eyes fly open, searching for mine. They lock, my eyes drawing the depths of her gorgeous blue ones.

“Fuck me. You feel so damn good. I’m so proud of you.”

“It’s right, Gage. I....” She cries out again as she seats herself all the way in.

I squeeze around her and that does it.

Her hands grip my thighs harder, she drops her chin to her chest, and I feel her body on the precipice. “I’m going to come.”

“Feels that good doesn’t it?”

“Yes. Oh dear God, yes.”

“Will you do this again?”

Fuck, I hope she says yes. I love her inside me. Taking her virginity means everything. This moment means everything to me and us. I want this to happen for the rest of our lives.

“After I finish, I want to do it again later.”

“Then come for me baby. Fill me.”

Using my thighs as handles, she pounds into me hard and fast. “I’m...” She cries out, sweat dripping down her beautiful face and she bites her lip.

That’s it, Angel, fuck me. Come in me.

I squeeze lady and she screams. Jerking in shallow thrusts, she comes, filling me full of her. The euphoric world quickly takes over her body and I sit up and grab her, before she falls.

Laying her on the bed beside me, stomach down, I hurriedly grab the lube

and slather up my dick. Lex's body still twitching post orgasm, I straddle her closed legs, use my hands to open her cheeks and I push my cock all the way inside of her in one hard thrust.

“Oh God!” she screams, fisting the white bed sheets of the bed above her head.

Humping into her hard and fast, holding onto her hot ass, I watch myself fuck the love of my life, spearing my dick deep inside of her sexy hole. That tight fucking hole that's mine. That I am inside every day.

“I’m going to make you come again.”

I tilt forward just enough to angle myself so I can jab her button. Thrusting downward, I pound her slick tightness. Slaps of my balls hitting her echo in the air, as moans of my sexually charged, fully wantonly submerged, Angel, becomes music to my ears.

“Yessss.” She releases in a deep full-bodied scream. No longer able to control her actions, her body becomes my slave and I do with it what I want. Bending forward, my chest resting on her back, I reach up and fold my fingers

through hers. Pressing them down into the bed, I raise up just enough to gain deep penetrating momentum and I close my eyes. Hammering her hard and fast, incoherent cries fill the room, mixed with my feral growls, both of us relinquishing ourselves to the onslaught of soul-connecting bliss.

“I’m going to fucking come in your hot ass. I love you so much, Angel. I love you so fucking much!”

“Ahhhhh... I love you too.”

Then it happens. My dick jumps and explodes pulse after pulse shoots deep

into her hot body and I collapse on top of her, kissing her over and over. Everywhere I can touch, I kiss her. I feel her. I love her.

“You’re perfect.” I mutter, trying to catch my heaving breath.

“I came again.” She musters out and I smile as I kiss her shoulders, sucking them briefly.

“I knew you would. Thank you for being mine.”

“I wouldn’t want to be anyone else’s.”

“You do know that you were made

for me.”

“We we’re made for each other.”

Rolling off her, losing that deep connection that I feel when we are physically intertwined, I flip her over onto her side and spoon her. Leaning over, I grab the blanket and pull it up over us, comforting the love of my life as she comes down from her sexual high. I get her to that plateau a few times a week. I know I can’t push her that hard over the edge when we have anything to do. It dazes her for hours and she floats, as I hold her and whisper to her how

much I love her and kiss her. It's our own way of being together. And I wouldn't have it any other way.

“Now don't worry, honey, we will have fun here this weekend. We are going to go for a walk through the woods when you wake up.”

Gliding my hands lower, I feel the buckle of lady's jewelry hidden up underneath Lex's sac and I tug it lose, dropping it on the bed allowing lady to get some proper rest too. Lovingly I stroke lady's still hard length, not for pleasure but for a caring reassurance.

Lex has accepted who she is, inside and out. I have loved her for years both inside and out. The part of her that makes her different from any other woman makes me desire and love her even more. Some people may judge me, call me gay, or think it's ridiculous I feel how I do. I love Lex, the woman, even if she doesn't have all the holes. She has something extra. A beautiful, sexy lady that tastes delicious and just touching her is making me get hard all over again.

Releasing lady, I rub my partner's stomach, caressing her. "I love you,

Angel. Get some rest. I'm proud of you.”
I mutter as I kiss her beautifully smelling hair.

Inhaling her scent, my eyes drop into heaviness. I too begin to fall into sleep with the woman who owns every part of my soul, the woman who on Tuesday will donate her kidney to me. The woman who will make love to me for the rest of my life, and I her. I'm the luckiest man on the planet.

Goodnight.

Stay tuned for book two of the
Unconventional Hearts Series
Lincoln

Where you will get to be a part of his life. You also will get further insight to what happens to Gage and Lex. As they carry on a journey through life, as an amazing, loving, unconventional couple.

Please Consider
Posting a Review. They are so important to us authors. And we ultimately LOVE

to hear what you think about the story.
But please if you are able do not give
away Lex's secrets. This book isn't
about what is between her legs. This
story is ultimately about Lex.
Thank you from the bottom of my heart!
I love you all!

XOXO

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regularly.
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Also feel free to Email me anytime

Give me your opinion of the book. Or
ask me questions.

stephanienkylie@yahoo.com

Author's Note

I want to thank each and every one of you who have followed Lex's journey. I realize that this story is probably one you probably never thought you'd be reading. Some of you might have loved it and others not so much. No matter the outcome of your feelings. I want to thank you for reading her story. It is one I felt needed to be told.

I spent weeks researching transgender lives and what they go through. Now

Lex's story is one I have created but it's still accurate in a lot of ways.

I never set out in my career to write a story like this. And when I brought this idea up to many friends and family members, a lot of them thought I was nuts. Because as an author putting out a book that is not typical or conventional, can really turn off a lot of readers and in the end, place me in the forefront of bad reviews and bullying.

But I took the chance because no matter what happens. Who loves or hates this story. It's important to me to shine light

on lives that many people dismiss. Between people who have been abused, people who are afraid to love, those who are transgender, and ultimately people who are magnificently different. I love Lex and I am thankful she walked into my life. When I was in the process of finishing Stricken Resolve—my final Stricken Rock Novel, I had every intention of moving into Forever Attraction. The second book to my Attraction series. However, once I hit the last quarter of Stricken Resolve, my brain had different ideas.

I'm not exactly sure how my mind conjured up such a story. But it was like Lex jumped into me and became a part of me. Begging me in a strange way to tell people about her life and her story. Many of you might think that sounds nuts.

Which it kind of does. But as a writer that's how I've come up with most of my books. None of which are your typical romances. I pride myself in pushing the envelope and touching on subjects, many authors are not comfortable writing about.

I hope you enjoyed it and again I want to

thank you for holding an open mind. And
hopefully in the end, loving Lex and
Gage as much as I do.

Much Love ~ Author S.K. Logsdon