



WORTH  
THE RISK

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# Worth The Risk

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*This book is dedicated to Chavell Dieudonne. Thank you for always being my proof reader and support. And to Lola St. Vil, thank you for all your help, advice, and support.*

## Prelude

Hollywood movies and television have people believing that being rich equals

happiness. Well, I can say first hand that, that is a lie. I have lived in California all my life. I've been around the rich, the famous, the well off, and even the posers. Gosh, there are so many posers. They try so hard to be like the rich or famous but more than anything they end up looking like idiots. I am considered the wealthy, ridiculously wealthy. My father is the owner of the largest hotel chain in America, Frederick Enterprise; on top of that he has invested in several other businesses. So, you can say I will be set for life. But with all this wealth sadly happiness doesn't come with it. I can't remember experiencing true happiness in all my twenty-three years of

life. Well, I can't say never, when my mom was still alive I remember being happy. She was like an angel on earth. She died of breast cancer when I was only ten years old. Even in her last days, she tried to make me happy though she knew what was to come.

Her last words to me were, "Take care of your father. And always remember that I love you and I'll always be with you in your heart." A normal ten year old would be confused about certain things, but I was never normal. I grow up way too fast before my time. I understood death and I understood a disease was killing her. Losing my mother was the hardest thing I had to go through, but I

saw it as God needing an extra angel in heaven.

My father didn't handle her death well. He became very distant towards me. Probably because I reminded him too much of her; I mean the resemblance was like looking into a mirror. He was overprotective and distant, which was really an annoying combination. I never felt like I could come to him with any problem. It was like I had lost both my parents. Out of desperation, one day I dyed my hair red just to see if I could lessen the resemblance. Fat chance, it changed nothing. My father was furious. Apparently, changing my hair color doesn't change my genes.

In addition to the distance, he was always busy at work between meetings, conferences, and travelling that we hardly saw each other. Because of this, I was raised by my nanny Gigi. She taught me all the things a mother would teach her daughter. Gigi didn't have any kids of her own so in a way I was hers. She tried her best to get my father and me to reconnect, but it never worked. He was too busy and he wasn't ready to deal with the past. I always told her it would only happen when he was ready but she stubbornly tried anyway.

Once I graduated high school, I wanted to go to college out of state to experience life. But of course my father



declined and said it would be better to go to a local college like UCLA. He didn't even want me to stay in the dorms; he said there are some creepy people out there and the possibility of living with one was too likely. So, of course I lived at home through college.

Now at twenty-three years of age, I've graduated from culinary school as a Pastry Chef, on top of the two Bachelors degrees I have in Business Management and Hospitality Management. My father always told me I would be taking over the business one day so getting degrees in business was a must. Culinary School was something I decided to do for myself. At least I had one

accomplishment I chose myself because  
it made me happy.

## Chapter One

I've never had much of a social life so having three degrees at the age of twenty-three was normal to me, but it fascinated everybody else, including my father. So, he decided to throw an evening gala in honor of my achievements. I really didn't want one.

Being surrounded by people who either wanted what we had or kissed up to my father because of who he was, is not my idea of a fun evening. But he loved to entertain people and praise my achievements, like every parent. So, I went along with it because it actually brought him some type of joy.

Stepping out of the shower, I made my way to my closet. It was full of overly expensive, extravagant evening dresses and designer clothes and shoes. I had no clue what to wear; a common problem all women faced but when you have too much clothes its far worse. My father had a tendency to overly gift me with material things, thinking it would make

me happy and make up for the time he didn't spend with me.

“Sweetpea, have you found something to wear yet?” Gigi called from my bedroom door.

“I'm still looking.” My hand skimmed through different dress all amazingly beautiful. I finally opted to go with a long strapless peach chiffon dress.

“What do you think about this one Gigi?” I held the dress to myself and twirled around to show her.

“Great choice! That color will look beautiful on you.” She said enthusiastically. She was a little more excited than usual.

“Why are you so excited?”

“This wonderful gala is in honor of you. I’m just so proud of you!” Oh gosh, she was going to get all sentimental and start crying. If that happened eventually I would start crying as well. I tried my best to avoid those moments. Tears solved nothing.

“Plus, you might meet a handsome young man to sweep you off your feet.” She said nudging me with her elbow. *Here we go again.* Gigi had brought up me finding a man in every conversation we had. She expected me to be married by now or at least in a serious relationship; I had neither. Being that my last name gives away who I am, I find it hard to trust people. I have dated a few guys, but

they all turned out to be either assholes or interested in me for my money.

“Gigi, please don’t start with that again.” I pleaded.

“I just want you to be happy sweetpea.”

“As do I. Therefore, I deserve a man that is going to treat me right; and when its time for me to meet the right man, I will. Now, help me zip this will you?” Gigi knew not to push the matter any further. So, she silently zipped up my dress and brushed my long gold brown hair. Once she was done, I looked at myself in the mirror. The dress complemented my coca cola shape and mocha skin perfectly.

“You look beautiful, Catalina.”

“Thanks Gigi. Now it is time to plaster a smile on my face and mingle with society.” I said sarcastically. Gigi nudged me playfully as she laughed. Leaving the nice comfort of my room, I went downstairs. As I walked down, the room slowly went silent as every head turned to stare at me. You’d think after seeing me time and time again people would stop staring. Unfortunately, that was never the case and it made me uncomfortable. I didn’t like being the center of everyone’s attention.

As my father waited for me at the bottom of the stairs; I saw his eyes widen and pain filled them for a split second. My heart cracked. I reminded him of his lost



love and there was nothing I could do about it. I wanted to bolt back to me room but it was too late. He shook off the pain, grabbed my hand, and kissed it. “You look gorgeous darling.” I saw love in his eye which brought warmth to my heart.

“Thank you father.” I smiled at him, ready for him to parade me around. He introduced me to some of his business colleagues, most of them I’d never seen before. After a while they all began to look the same to me; as they all displayed the same grin on their face and carried the same business demeanor. But one of them made me pause for a second. As I greeted him, his beautiful light

brown eyes captivated me. I found such comfort and tenderness in them.

Unfortunately, the others had quite the opposite effect. The way they stared at me made me uncomfortable. So I smiled at them and excused myself to greet the other guest. Among them were my “friends.” I would consider them more like acquaintances really. They hung with me because of my status not because they truly enjoyed my company. It really didn’t matter to me either way. I kept them at a distance.

“Wow, Catalina you look great.”

Heather said. She was one of the decent ones, easy to tolerate.

“Thanks.”

They all began discussing the newest fashions, which was really not a topic I liked. Yeah sure I had tons of clothes but most of them were picked out from a personal shopper, I knew my father hired. Cars were more my thing, but these women knew nothing about cars of course. They knew the names of the real expensive ones, but had no clue what the difference between a V6 and V8 was, or what horsepower meant. So, when they discussed fashion I zoned out. I would nod my head now and again, but I was really paying attention to my surroundings. Once I couldn't take it anymore, I found an excuse to leave them and headed outside to the balcony. I

needed some air, to get away for a little bit.

I reached the balcony and a cool breeze welcomed me. I closed my eyes wishing I was someplace else, in the arms of a strong man that loved me laid out on a beach somewhere. Just the two of us away from the world. Though I put up a front, I did get lonely and I did wish I had a man in my life. The warmth between my legs had only felt *my* touch for years. It yearned for the touch of a man. My body cried for the sweet caress of strong hands. But my heart would not allow it to be a random stranger. It had to be someone I connected with, someone who cared about me.

“You know the big celebration inside is in your honor, right?” A voice called behind me, interrupting my reverie. I turned my head and saw that it was one of my father’s colleagues, Mr. Brown Eyes. “You’re missing all the fun, and some people are missing your presence,” he continued.

I snorted, “I highly doubt anyone is truly missing my presence.”

“Well, I can name at least one.”

“Really, who? And my father doesn’t count.”

“Me,” he smiled. I tried to mask my shock to his answer and the way his smile made me feel. I just met this man so I knew nothing about him. *Why would*

*that be his response?* This man had to be at like thirty, even though he looked like he was in his late twenties. He was handsome, that mature handsome. His clean cut shape-up looked sexy. I had always liked a man in a suit, and his black suit fit him perfectly. And his lips were full and looked so soft; looking at it made me lick my own lips with anticipation. Noticing I was staring too long, I turned my attention to the evening lights not knowing how to respond.

“I’m sorry, did I offend you?” He walked toward me and stood right next to me, facing me to take in my expression. The breeze tickled my nose with his scent. He smelled so good; I

couldn't tell if that was his cologne or just his natural scent. It was a masculine yet sweet scent.

“No. I'm just... surprised that's all.” My heart was pounding with a mixture of excitement and nerves. I was usually poise in these types of situations but he somehow threw me off balance.

He gave me this confused look, “I don't understand why you would be surprised. You are a beautiful, intelligent, and sweet woman. You give off this confidence and humility.” He sounded so fascinated describing me.

“You just met me. What makes you think you know me so well?”

“I'm not claiming to know you so well,

but I would like to. I'm going off what I have seen and what your father has said. He talks about you all the time; your accomplishments, your charity work. You're an amazing woman." His eyes never left mine as his words caressed me. I had never heard anyone describe me the way he did.

"Your words are kind."

"I'm only speaking the truth. And I am serious about getting to know you better."

"How old are you?" I blurted out before I could stop myself. *Real smooth Lina.*

He chuckled, "Does age bother you Catalina?" His tongue stroked my name, making me quiver on the inside.



“On the contrary, I prefer older men and I try to surround myself with older people. They are wiser,” I admitted. He smiled at my response, excitement in his eyes. “But...”

“But what?”

“How old are you?” I asked again determined on knowing his age.

He parted his lips to release a soft sigh; I could not help but look at his mouth. Thoughts of what he could do with it fluttered through my mind. *Snap out of it Lina.*

“I’m thirty-three.” I stared at him wide-eyed in shock. I knew he was older, but ten years is a lot. Not to mention he works for my father. Nothing good could

come from this, but I was tempted to take a risk.

“You do realize that we are ten years apart, right?”

“Yes. But age doesn’t bother me. You may be twenty-three but your mind is of someone older. By your reaction to my age, its obvious that it bothers you.”

“I’m just shocked. You don’t look it.”

“I appreciate the compliment. So, you can look past the age difference?” I wasn’t really sure. I mean he seemed nice and getting to know him wouldn’t be a crime but I was still hesitant. So many thoughts ran through my head. “Let me take you out to dinner,” he said.

“You work for my father. I don’t think

that's a good idea. I don't want to get you fired."

He chuckled, "I'm guessing he's very protective of you." *You have no idea.* "If it makes you feel better, we don't have to tell your father about it right away. We can just go out and see what happens. What do you say?" I wanted to scream yes, but my conscience stopped me. My father would be furious if he knew, as protective as he was. Hold on, I'm twenty-three I can make my own decisions dammit!

"Alright, but this stays between us, understand?"

"I understand. We can meet at Geisha House at 8pm tomorrow night."

“Okay.” Our eyes locked for a second and right then I knew I wanted to take this risk.

“Sweetpea, your father is looking for you.” Gigi said interrupting our moment. Talk about bad timing.

“I’m coming Gigi.” I turned back to look at him realizing I didn’t even know his name. I couldn’t keep calling him Mr. Brown Eyes.

“What’s your name by the way?” He grabbed my hand, putting a card in it, and kissed it. I wished his lips were kissing my lips and not my hand.

“Damien... Damien Cox. I’m looking forward to tomorrow night.” I smiled back at him and retreated back inside to

look for my father. As I walked through the crowd of people I got some glares and whispered comments; which made the momentary joy I got from talking to Damien disappear. I was use to women talking shit about me but it was still annoying. I am who I am and I didn't plan on changing for others. There would always be haters, a mere fact of life.

I found my father at the bottom of the stairs. He extended his arm so I could loop my arm in his.

“Come, its time for me to present you.”  
*Great.* We walked to the top of the double cuved stairs where everyone could see us. The room slowly quieted

as my father gestured for silence. The faces in the crowd were filled with a mixture of emotions from kindness to envy. I avoided their stares to not read too much into them.

“Good evening everyone. As you know we are all here to honor my daughter Catalina’s accomplishments. At just the tender age of twenty-three she has two Bachelors degrees, she is a Pastry Chef, and does numerous charity work around the world. I would like to take this time to recognize the great things she has had. I am so proud of you, sweetheart.”

Looking me in my eyes, he smiled and kissed me on my cheek. He raised his glass and everyone followed suit. “To

Catalina. I love you.”

“To Catalina,” the room said in unison. I looked down at the crowd and saw Damien looking up at me, our eyes locked and he winked at me. I couldn’t help but smile. Quickly turning my attention back to my father. We hugged each other, having a genuine father daughter moment that gave me hope for our relationship.

I spent the rest of the night playing stalker, as Damien and I secretively watched each other all night.

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I laid in my bed staring at Damien’s business card. After spending the night

watching each other, I wanted to actually talk to him. So I decided to text that way he can know my number and I can avoid the awkward silence of a phone call. I grabbed my Blackberry and started texting.

\*HI DAMIEN, ITS CATALINA. I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOU. JUST WANT TO SAY THANK YOU FOR MAKING MY NIGHT ENJOYABLE\*

Two seconds later he texted back.

\*I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOU TOO. I'M HAPPY YOU CONTACTED ME. I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO OUR DATE TOMORROW NIGHT.\*

\*AS AM I. GOOD NIGHT DAMIEN\*

\*GOOD NIGHT\*





## Two

As I drove to the restaurant Damien suggested to have our first date, my stomach was full of knots. It had been a while since I had been on a date, due to my bad luck in the past. But I had no intention of bringing any negativity into

the night. Damien didn't seem like any of the men I was use to dealing with. One reason being that I never dated a man ten years older than me and another being that he worked for my father. The ladder was something I avoided at all cost. Many of my father's employees have tried asking me out, some in more appropriate ways than others. Now, don't get me wrong not all were bad. There were some that were really handsome and had a good life going for them, but I never wanted to deal with the repercussion if my father disapproved. However, when it came to Damien I didn't care about the consequences. Once I pulled up to the restaurant valet, I

could already see Damien waiting for me at the entrance. I handed the valet my keys and walked over to Damien amplifying my sexy as I swayed my hips. The minute he spotted me a smile brightened his handsome face. The way he looked at me had me feeling like I was a high school girl with a crush. I shook off my foolishness and tried to concentrate. The black slacks and baby blue dress shirt did not help my cause, it fit him so perfectly.

“Catalina, you look beautiful,” he said. My name rolled off his tongue, pronouncing it the proper European way. It was my mother’s middle name so it meant a lot to me. But I had stop

correcting people of its proper accented pronunciation long ago. So it made me smile that he said it right.

“Thank you. You’re looking good yourself,” I smiled.

“Shall we?” He extended his arm to me. I looped my arm in his and let him guide me inside. As we walked into the restaurant the smell of delicious Japanese food hit me hard. My mouth began to water at the anticipation of the food I was about to eat. We walked towards the back of the restaurant to a reserved private table. I was grateful for it because I wanted the privacy. Being the gentleman he was; he pulled out my chair and sat across from me.

“I hope you like Japanese food. If not we can always go someplace else.” I had no intention of leaving, but I appreciated the fact that he offered.

“No, I am a sushi addict. I’ve been dying to check this place out, but I haven’t really had the occasion or reason to.”

“Really? I’m sure on many occasions you get asked out, and this place is the perfect place for a first date if I do say so myself,” he smiled. I couldn’t help but smirk at him. He got points for that one.

“Contrary to people thinking I’m a snob, I’m quite the opposite. As you have stated, yes I get numerous offers to have dinner. However, more often than not I

usually decline.” He looked at me with narrowed eyes, trying to analyze me. Being that it was still the beginning of the date, I knew he was trying to be cautious of what he said not knowing how I would react.

“Yet, you said yes to me. Why?” I paused with my glass of wine a fraction away from my lips. I looked at him above the rim of the glass and saw his eyes willing me to be honest with him. I took a big gulp of the wine enjoying the cool, crisp taste of it and answered him.

“I followed my gut. When you approached me I couldn’t say no.” My admission had my hands shaking in my lap. I reached for the glass of wine

taking three gulps this time. I needed to get my nerves in check.

“Easy there tiger,” he said looking at my shaky hands. “No need to be nervous. I’m a very gentle man Catalina.” My pussy contracted at his words. I bit down on my lower lip, suppressing a moan. He licked his lips slowly as if reacting to me as I did to him.

“So tell me about yourself?” I asked, attempting to change the subject. Happy that we were now on a safer subject, I continued on with a little less nervousness. We did the usual formalities of talking about our childhood, family, and current lives. He knew more about me than I thought he



did. Apparently, my father talked about me in the office a lot. We discovered we both loved classical music and prefer dessert versus the main course. We had our differences though, he enjoyed outdoor activities like jogging while I preferred a nice relaxing day at the beach, but there were no deal breakers. By the time we got to dessert it felt like the big issue of our age difference diminished.

The night came to an end all too soon. As we stood in front of the restaurant waiting for the valet to bring our cars up. Damien's hand slide in mine and our fingers locked. His thumb gently brushed against my skin sending shivers through

me. I looked at him, wanting so much to kiss him. His lips called to me, taunting me. I turned to him positioning myself close against him. His arm wrapped around my waist; I could feel his heart beating alongside my chest as rapidly as my own. His finger went under my chin lifting my gaze to meet his. The hunger in his eyes pulled at something inside me. His thumb skimmed my lower lip and I couldn't help but stick my tongue out and lick it, which made Damien slightly moan. As I was about to kiss him the valet came next to us.

“Excuse Miss, your car is ready.” I groaned internally for the interruption but remained polite.

“Thank you.” I grabbed my keys from him and walked towards my car. Before I could get in Damien grabbed my arm, pulled me towards him, and kissed me. He started off gently moving his lips against mine. His tongue pushed inside my mouth searching for mine. Once he found what he was looking for his kiss became more aggressive, more possessive. I could feel my panties getting wetter. All too soon he pulled away from me, ending the kiss.

“Call me when you get home. Good night Catalina.” He helped me inside the car and closed my door.

“Good night Damien.”

As soon as I got home my excitement

bubbled over. I couldn't wait to call Damien, to hear his voice again. I ran into my room like a teenage girl with a crush. I was nervous and anxious.

*Seriously? Pull yourself together!* I changed my clothes, grabbed my phone, and called Damien.

He answered on the first ring, "Hey."

"Hi."

"Was the drive home alright?"

*No I couldn't concentrate because I kept replying our date in my head.* But I managed to say, "Yes, it was fine."

"Good. So what are you doing?"

"Nothing, just relaxing in bed."

"Hmm, I can't help but imagine that in

my head.” He paused for a moment and sharply exhaled.”I’m sorry, that was inappropriate.”

“No its okay,” I whispered.

“Are you still nervous with me, Catalina?” He sounded curious yet concerned.

“A little bit.” I admitted. The man exuded masculinity, dominance, and a lot of sexual energy. It was hard not to be nervous.

“There is nothing to be nervous about, trust me. Like I said before, I’m gentle and I won’t bite. Though there are times I can be a little less gentle.” He said sensually. He paused for a second letting his words sink in. A desire awakened in

me and only he seemed to unleash it.

We got into easy conversations about our upbringing and our high school days. Many funny and embarrassing stories were told as well as future goals and ambitions. It felt like I could talk to him about everything and anything.

At around four in the morning sleepiness crept up on me when I let out a yawn.

“Sweetheart you sound tired. I’ve kept you up too long,” he said.

“I’ve enjoyed talking to you so much I lost track of the time. I’m tired but I don’t want to stop talking to you.”

“I know. But you need to get some sleep.”

“Alright.” I pouted.

“Don’t worry this is not goodbye just goodnight. I’ll see you in my dreams, sweetheart,” he said seductively.

“I wonder what kind of dreams they will be, naughty or nice?”

He let out a barely auditable moan before saying, “Get some sleep. Good night Catalina.”

“Good night Damien.” We both stayed on the line; not wanting to hang up.

“Hang up,” he demanded.

“I don’t want to stop hearing your voice.” I felt comfort with him and I didn’t want that to end.

“Me either, but you need to get some sleep sweetheart. Now hang up

Catalina.”

I groaned, “Okay fine.” I blew a kiss in the phone and hung up. I drifted off to sleep with Damien on my mind.

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After my first date with Damien things just got better and better. He had characteristics in him that I thought no longer existed in men. He took me out every Friday night to explore so many different types of cuisines in the perfect private settings. We would always meet each other a few blocks away from my house, as I was still not ready to tell my



father about us. But I knew I would have no choice because things were starting to get serious between Damien and I.

One night we decided to take a walk in the park. As we sat down on a bench, enjoying the city lights, and night breeze; he put his arm around my shoulder bringing me closer to him.

“What are you thinking about?” I asked.

“The first time I asked you out. I must confess I was a little skeptical about asking you.”

“Oh, why? Were you afraid I was stuck-up?” I asked jokingly.

“No, I was more afraid you would you turn me down. I knew how reserved you were and that you really didn't give *any*

guy the time of day. But I'm glad you didn't say no, Catalina." I always loved how he said my name. It made me feel like I was his and his alone. His hand caressed my cheek as we gazed into each other's eyes. In Damien's eyes I saw sincerity, kindness, passion, and often times concern; but I wasn't sure why.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

"Nothing." I didn't want to tell him that the way he said my name effected me. It was already hard enough for me to control myself around him. I tried to look away from his intense gaze but he put my face in his hands to keep me still. "Talk to me Catalina." His voice was so

gentle; I knew he was probably as gentle when making love.

“I’m trying to control myself when I’m with you Damien but its hard; especially when you say my name like that.”

He looked at me bemused. “What do you mean? How do I say your name?”

“You know, all sensual. Every time you say my name like that I picture you saying it while you’re inside me.” An emotion I couldn’t read crossed his face and he tensed up for a quick second.

Every time sex came up in conversation Damien would always become ridge. But I never understood why. I wanted to ask him, but I was too afraid of the answer. Too afraid that maybe he still

saw me as child and the thought of touching me repulsed him. There was nothing I could do about that. I couldn't change my age. If that affected his attraction towards me, than that was something he needed to deal with himself.

“I'm sorry I said that.”

“No, don't be. I want to know how you feel.” Hearing him say that eased some of my anxiety. Before I could answer he stopped me with a kiss. I froze for a moment, taken off guard, but returned his kiss as I regained composure. He raked his fingers through my hair as my hand caressed his face. With everything I had I tried my best to control myself, but it

was a battle I couldn't win. The need I had for him took over my body and I found myself straddling his lap. I wrapped my arms around his neck and deepened our kiss. With his arms around my waist, he pulled me tighter to him. He broke our kiss to gaze into my eyes; he looked like he was trying to read me. His lips found mine again as his hands glided up and down my back, causing me to moan and instinctively slightly move on him. As my hips swayed, I could feel his erection growing underneath me. He pulled away from me and looked at me with guilt and pain on his face.

“We should stop.” He whispered.

“Why?”

“Because I want you too much right now.”

“I want you too Damien. There is nothing wrong with that.”

“Catalina, we need to stop. With the way I’m feeling right now, I would fuck you right here not caring where we are or who sees us.” The thought of him doing that turned me on.

“Talking like that is not helping; its making me want you more.” I whispered in his ear as I nibbled on it and planted soft kisses on his neck making him let out a groan.

“Catalina please, you are really testing my self control right now. I don’t want to rush things with you.” He abruptly stood

up and gently placed me on my feet. “We should get back, its getting late.” He grabbed my hand and we walked back to his car in silence. He opened my door and I sat in the car without saying a word. We drove in painful silence the whole way back, neither of us wanting to discuss what had just happened.

When we finally reached our regular drop-off and pick-up point, which was a block away from my house, he turned off the engine. Without waiting for him to do it, I opened my door, stepped out, and leaned against the car. He got out making his way around the car to me. We both stood there letting the silence stretch between us.

“You’re mad at me aren’t you?” He finally said.

“No.” I lied.

“Catalina, don’t lie to me. I can see it on your face.”

“Fine. Yes, I am. But I’m more hurt than angry because I feel rejected.”

“What? No.” He pulled me to him and put his arms around me. “Sweetheart, I’m sorry if it came off that way. Pushing you away is the last thing I want to do. I just don’t want to take advantage of you.”

“Damien you are really a gentleman and I admire that, but right now you are being really old-fashion.”



“Its in my nature,” he smiled. “I want to take this slow and do it right, which is why I want to tell your father about us.” I automatically tensed when he said that. I was too scared to do that. My relationship with my father was already rocky. I wanted to make things better and I didn’t think telling him about Damien and I would achieve that in any way.

“We will tell him eventually just not yet. I’m not ready baby.” My voice was cracking. He could sense my tension and fear. Protectively, his arms tightened around me.

“Alright, I’ll give you some time but not too long.” He pushed his forehead to mine, giving up on the argument.

“Kiss me Damien.” He smiled and wasted no time finding my lips. My tongue easily slipped into his mouth and his greeted mine willingly. Things began to heat up faster than before. Our bodies molded to each other perfectly. He caressed my back and slid his hand down to my ass, cupping it firmly. A moan escaped my mouth and I could feel my panties getting wet. He gently pulled my hair to expose my neck so he could kiss it. I whispered his name encouraging him to continue. He sucked hard on my neck and the desire in me heightened. Filled with enthusiasm I moved my hand down his chest to his hard erection; but he grabbed my hand as

soon as I touched him, stopping me.

“Catalina, don’t.” He had this apologetic look on his face but it looked like he was battling with himself.

“There is something else that is stopping you. Its obvious that you want me. Tell me the truth Damien. Are you repulsed to touch me because of our age difference?” I no longer cared about my fear of his answer. I was beyond frustrated. He was teasing me in the worse possible way.

“What? No! Catalina you are beautiful. There is not a minute that goes by that I don’t want to touch you. See how hard I am for you,” he said gesturing to the big bugle that was obviously showing

through his pants.

“Then why won’t you let me touch you?”

“I just don’t feel right doing this behind your father’s back. I want to enjoy being with you without having the worry of your father catching us in the back of my mind.”

“We will tell him I promise, but I won’t let the thought of him stop us every time we’re together.” Trying to end the conversation and continue where we left off, I kissed him. He moaned as I softly bit down on his lower lip. I took his left hand and guided it under my shirt and up to my breast.

“Touch me Damien.” I muttered between kisses. His eyes fly open to look into

mine; the desire in them was overwhelming. He caressed my breast and rolled my hard nipple in his fingers. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the sensation; not caring where we were or who might be watching. However, my enjoyment was short lived as he suddenly stopped. My eyes opened to stare at him in confusion.

“I’m not going to do this here. You deserve to be made loved to in a bed, not in the streets, Catalina.” He released my breast and kissed me on the forehead. Not being able to stop myself, my expression turned to sadness and disappointment. “Sweetheart don’t make that face, please. I hate seeing you so

unhappy. Tomorrow night we can pick up where we left off, but in a better setting. I promise. Okay?”

“Okay.” He took my hand and walked me to my house like he always did.

Reaching the gate, he let go of my hand, and quickly kissed me softly.

“Good night Catalina.”

“Good night Damien. Call me when you get home.”

“I will.” He smiled his sexy smile and walked back to his car.

I got inside the house desperately needing a glass of wine. I'd fallen for a man that was ten years older than me yet it felt like we were the same age. And I was hiding our relationship from my

father. I wanted to tell him, I really did. However, the fear of our relationship getting worse and Damien losing his job were the only things stopping me.

Damien loved his job and I would not jeopardize that. No matter how things turned out I had no plan of letting Damien go. I finally found someone that understood and cared about me, and wanted me for me. I was not about to give that up.

I entered the kitchen and I was startled to see Gigi just standing there waiting for me. *Crap!*

“Gigi, you scared me.”

“I should do more than just scare you.” She looked at me sternly. “You can’t

keep doing this in secret Catalina.” *How does she know?* I’ve been a ninja about this.

“Gigi what are you talking about?”

“Don’t play stupid with me young lady. I know you and Mr. Cox have been seeing each other. I see everything Catalina.” I gave her my pouting puppy face, so she could lessen her admonishment. I could see its effects working as her face softened. “Sweetpea, I want you to be happy and it seems like you are.” I nodded. “That’s good but you cannot continue to do this in secret. Your father will find out sooner or later. It will do less damage if you are the one to tell him verses him finding out on his own.”



“I know. I know. I will tell him soon. No worries.” I hugged her trying to quickly make my exit. I grabbed my glass of wine and headed to my room. Once I was in my bed my phone rang. Knowing it was Damien I picked up.

“I’m home safe baby.”

“I’m glad.” I said with no life in my voice.

“Why do you sound so sad?”

“I wish I was laying in yours arms right now.”

“You will be tomorrow night. I plan on making love to you for hours. By the next morning you won’t be able to walk straight.”

“Mmm, Damien you’re going to make me start touching myself if you keep talking like that.”

“Really?” He stayed silent for a moment.

“Are you in your room?”

“Yes.”

“I want you to close your eyes and touch yourself.” I hesitated for a moment.

Closing my eyes I gave in to his instructions. My hands slide down my belly and stopped at my core.

“Are you wet for me baby?”

“Yes, very wet.”

“Good girl. I want you to imagine that your hands are my hands. That I’m touching you right now. I’m getting my

fingers nice and wet, and making sure your clit gets all the attention it needs.” I moved my fingers between my folds and spread my wetness on my clit.

“I’m gently pushing my index and middle finger inside of you, in and out, while my thumb is playing with your clit.” I followed his directions and moaned as I pushed my fingers inside my sex. “That’s right baby. You like that?”

“Yes, it feels so good.”

“Good. Now take your other hand and caress your breast with it.” The sensation was driving me crazy. Though it was my own hands touching me, the thought of it being Damien’s hands heightened my pleasure. I could hear his

breathing become heavy. Thoughts of what he could be doing flooded my mind.

“Damien? Are you touching yourself?”

“Yes,” he whispered.

“Tell me what you’re doing.” I wanted to have the perfect picture in my head, as if I was right there with him and he was putting on a show for me.

“I’m stroking my cock, imagining I’m inside you.” He inhaled deeply.

“Catalina, I want you so bad right now.” The desire and yearning in his voice was torture. I wanted to feel him not imagine him in my head. I did enough of that on my own already. A sudden impulse came over me.

“Damien I’m coming to your house right now. I can’t take this, its torture!” I got up from my bed and started putting my clothes on.

“Catalina,” he said soothingly, “I know this is hard. But trust me when I say tomorrow we will be together and we will be able to do everything we’ve been fantasizing about. I promise sweetheart. Just one more night.” The thought calmed me and stopped my last minute decision. “Now get back in your bed so I can hear you come for me.”

We finished our late night erotic phone session with a climax. That night my dreams were overflowing with images of Damien. The emotions I felt during

and after the dreams, told me I was falling for him, hard. I was ready to explore things with Damien, hoping it would evolve into something serious and long term. Our age difference scared me but how my father would react scared me the most.



I parked my car in Damien's driveway releasing a sigh of determination and anxiety. Tonight was the night we had both been waiting for and little by little my nerves were getting the best of me. I started fearing my lack of experience. I mean I was no virgin, but my experience was not even a page long. I had many fantasies, even more now with Damien in the picture, but I have never experimented as much as I would have liked to. Finding someone I wanted to experiment with and someone I could trust was very hard to come by. Now was my chance, to take a chance.

I brushed off my nerves and stepped out of my car. I rang the doorbell, quickly



smoothing out my hair. Seconds later Damien's wonderful scent was filling my nose as he opened the door.

"Hey beautiful." He pulled me close to him and kissed me gently yet eagerly. The effect of the kiss left me breathless. Leaving me to almost inaudibly whisper, "Hi." He put his hand in mine and led me into his house. Feeling the overwhelming desire to head straight for his bedroom consumed me, but the wonderful aroma of well-seasoned seafood ambushed me and erased that thought.

"You cooked?" I sounded more shocked than I intended to.

"Please, don't sound so shocked," he

said sarcastically. I smiled back at him, as we entered the kitchen. “I do dabble in the kitchen from time to time. And I know you love seafood.”

“That I do.” I could see some of the food was still cooking on the stove as I looked around.

“I set up the table for us to eat outside on the balcony. I hope that’s okay.”

“Actually that’s perfect, its so beautiful out tonight.” I followed him outside.

The set up was so beautiful. The table had little candles placed in a glass vase, and yellow rose petals scattered it.

Damien poured us a glass of wine, from the bottle of Mascoto he had set aside in a bucket of ice. He’d set a perfect

romantic tone for the night.

“Have you been a romantic all this time and just been holding out on me?” I asked walking to the railing to admire the view.

“What can I say, you bring out the best in me Catalina,” he whispered in my ear as he came behind me and wrapped his arms around my waist. The heat of his body surrounded me, but he sent a shiver of anticipation through me. I wanted him to take me right then and there. But I knew that wasn't part of his plan. Tonight was our first night together and he wanted to do it right. Spontaneous balcony sex would happen later on down the line, and I was okay with that.

“What are you thinking about?”

“Nothing,” I lied. “Just admiring the view.”

“I can tell when you’re lying Catalina. Your face expression changes and your body gets tense.” I turned my head to look at him. His tone was serious but there was a smirk on his face.

“You’re very attentive Mr. Cox.”

“I’m a lot of things when it comes to you sweetheart.”

“Really, like what?” He turned me around so we’d be facing each. The intense look in his eyes fueled the fire of desire between us.

“With you I’m a hopeless romantic,

attentive, protective, and sometimes I find myself getting a little jealous.” The last part surprised me and the confusion in his voice told me he was as well. He was protective of me and I loved that. As strong as he was I knew he was fully capable of protecting me. And him being so observant made me feel like he truly cared enough to pay attention and that he wanted to make me happy.

“Why and when do you get jealous?” I found myself asking. I honestly was just curious, and I wanted to pick through his mind.

He gently caressed my cheek as he said, “You are a beautiful woman Catalina, inside and out. Men tend to stare, and I

don't like men staring so hard at what's mine." The way he said *mine* excited me.

"Really, I'm yours?" I ask teasingly.

"Yes you are. And I yours." I smiled at how confident his response was. My thumb traced his soft lips, as if preparing it to take mine. I knotted my hands behind his neck and drew his lips to mine. His arms tightened around my waist, bringing my body closer to his. Slowly his hands began to glide down to my butt, squeezing and stroking it. Though muffled by his mouth, his touch made me moan with pleasure. My fingers found their way to his hair and gently pulled on it. His responsive groan

enticed me. Suddenly, the beeping of the oven brought us back to earth. He opened his eyes and whispered breathlessly against my lips, “Catalina, what are you doing to me?”

“I could ask you the same.” I said. He sighed and reluctantly let me go.

“Have a seat. I’ll be right back.”

After a few minutes Damien came back with a big plate of seafood pasta and a nice Caesar salad. It looked and smelled great. “I hope you’re hungry.” He said.

“I’m starving for many things,” I said seductively. He smiled at me suggestively, silently responding to my statement. He started to serve me first, then himself. We started a casual

conversation about his latest business ventures and my latest charity involvement. Somehow we ended up talking about cars. My love for cars still amazed him. It was hard to believe that a woman with a closet like mine had a thing for cars. He called me a woman with a perfect combination of attributes. I was intelligent, beautiful, kind-hearted, had a wonderful personality, and loved cars.

“How can you like the Audi R8 over the Shelby Mustang?” He said astonished.

“Audi will always be close to my heart. And plus the R8 is sexier, cooler, and faster.”

“Hmmm, I would love to test that



theory.”

“Name the time and place Mr. Cox and I will gladly beat your ass in a race.”

“You’re on,” he said laughing. “Are you ready for dessert?”

“I’ve *been* ready.” He shook his head amused. As he cleared the table, I got up and laid down on one of the balcony lounge chairs. Damien came and joined me with a plate of brownie and vanilla ice cream drizzled with caramel sauce on top. I stood up to let him lay down so I could lie against his chest.

“Did you make this? It looks so good. I love chocolate!”

“Yes. I have baking skills too.”

“Hmmm, you are just full of surprises.”

“You have no idea.” He fed me the first bite and it was divine. It had that homemade taste to it. As he fed me, he eyed me intently as I slowly let ice cream melt in my mouth. The look in his eyes told me he was enjoying watching me. Once the dessert was finished, he held me tightly as we gazed at the stars and started a random conversation about our fantasies.

“How do you feel about toys?” Damien asked.

“It depends on what kind. But I’m open-minded,” I said. I could feel him smile against my neck as he kissed it. I lost my calmness and released a moan. “Damien you’re not playing fair, talking about this

and kissing me like that.” It was making me lose control fast. Suddenly, he turned me around in his lap to face him. His thumb traces my lower lip making me reflexively kissed it. He pulled my face to his and kissed me passionately. My lips greeted his with a need so strong it was like I needed him to breath. He left a trail of kisses from my mouth to my neck as his hands moved up my thighs and under my dress. I could feel his growing erection as his hands explored my body. He reached my sex and noticed I wasn't wearing panties. This stopped his kisses and made him release a groan. “All this time you had nothing underneath?” He asked. I shook my head,

biting my lower lip. “And you’re so wet for me.” I began to breathe shallowly as his fingers played in my wetness and entered my sex.

“Damien,” I moaned.

“You have no idea how much I’ve dreamed about you saying my name like that. How much I’ve yearned to see you cum and hear you moan my name when you do.”

“Then make me cum.” I challenged.

“I plan to. But I want you in a bed first.” He abruptly stood with me in his arms, wrapping my legs around him. He walked into the house, heading straight to his bedroom. I couldn’t help but nibble on his neck while he carried me.

“Baby, if you keep doing that we’re not going to make it to the bedroom. Even though I want you so bad right now, I don’t want to end up fucking you on these stairs. After I have you in my bed, then we can do it on the stairs.” *Oh gosh I’m falling in love with this man.*

“Okay. But you need to walk faster,” I teased. His muscular arms tightened around me, and he took the stairs two at a time like I was as light as a feather. He nudged his door open and kicked it close with his foot. His room was spacious even though a king size bed occupied it. His fireplace was full of fire wood waiting to be lit, and the room smelled of honey and Damien. Feeling my body

being placed on the plush, soft bed brought my attention back to Damien. He slowly removed his clothes; unwrapping his toned muscular body. Once he removed his boxers my eyes widened in shock. And before I could change my expression, he registered my shock and fear.

“Don’t worry sweetheart. We’ll take it slow and I’ll be gentle. I promise. I’ll let you get use to my size little by little.” I knew he wouldn’t purposely hurt me, but just looking at it scared me a little. He had to be at least nine inches, but it was his thickness that terrified me. He was definitely going to stretch the crap out of me.

“Hey,” he said softly as he moved closer to the bed. “Do you trust me?”

“You know I do.”

“Good. So relax okay?” I nodded. “Now let me make sure you’re *really* ready for me.” He dropped to his knees and pulled me to the edge of the bed. He began teasing me with quick kisses on my inner thighs, while his hand lightly caressed my belly. His tongue trailed up my thigh and stopped at my sex. Air tickled my sex as he blew on it, making me squirm. His chuckle vibrated against me as his mouth enveloped my clit. The heat of his mouth and the rapid movement of his tongue left me panting. He became more eager and began sucking my clit harder.

Two thick fingers made their way inside of me making me moan loudly. It was like it became a race to him, his fingers moved in and out of me with such quickness that I was ready to cum in seconds.

“Please,” I moaned.

“I know baby. I know.” He bit down gently on my clit and I exploded with pleasure and the whisper of his name on my lips. As the spasms of my orgasm washed over me, I vaguely felt him moving me up the bed. But when he slowly pushed his erection inside of me, I became fully aware. He pressed on a little harder as my sex fought to let his size in. He looked into my eyes with



such care and adoration as he pushed the rest of his cock completely in my pulsing sex. I felt overly filled and it was amazing. He withdrew almost completely and then slowly pushed back inside.

“Damn Catalina,” he moaned. “I knew you would be tight, but baby you’re squeezing my cock. You feel so good.”

“It could just be that you’re huge,” I muttered.

“No. You’re very tight... soft... and so wet.” I couldn’t help but smile at his response. His eyes were filled with wonder and what looked like love. I froze for a second thinking about that for a moment. *Does he love me?* Asking

myself that question made me realize that I loved him. But the fear of him not matching my feelings crippled me. I wasn't aware how much my emotions were visible until Damien caressed my cheek, searching my eyes.

“Baby, what’s wrong? Am I hurting you?” I shook my head. I didn’t want to talk or think at that moment. I just wanted to enjoy myself with him, to embrace what we had and not worry. I pulled his face down to mine, kissing him hungrily. We kissed each other for what seemed like hours, with him motionless inside me and my legs wrapped around him. He unwillingly pulled his lips from mine to take a breath.

I moved my lips to his ear and whispered, “Don’t hold back with me Damien. I want to feel all of you.”

He turned my head to look at me and sighed, “Catalina, I’m holding back for a reason. I don’t want to hurt you. I want to make sure you get use to my size first.”

“I’m fine. I can handle it. Please, Damien.”

“You’re making it harder for me to hold back when you say my name like that,” he groaned.

“Then don’t.” With one last sigh of resolve he pushed into me deeper with a slow pace at first. I pushed my pelvis up to meet him thrust for thrust. Everywhere

his hands touched made my skin tingled. He lifted his upper body slightly from mine, making me loosen my leg grip around him. His hands squeezed my breast and slid down to my stomach to end at my clit. His thumb made small circles over it, increasing my inner sensations.

“Damien, I’m going to cum!”

“I know baby.” He started moving faster inside me. The increased movement pushed me over the edge.

“Damien!” He pulled me closer to him, wrapping his arms tightly around me. I could feel his body getting tense and his breathing became shallow. He softly moaned my name in my ear as we both

road out our climax in each other's arms.

## Four

I woke up feeling so refreshed and well fucked. My body felt so sore but I couldn't help but smile because it was a soreness I could get use to. I wanted to spend the day laying in his bed but I knew I had to get back home. Being that I our relationship was a secret, our time together was limited and I hated that. I

knew I had the power to change that. All I had to do was talk to my father about us. I'm a grown ass woman, getting my father's approval wasn't necessary but it was wanted. In truth though I was a grown woman but when it came to my father I felt like a child. I didn't have the relationship I wanted with my father and that crippled me in many ways. Sooner or later I needed to deal with it. But in that moment I was comfortable in my denial.

Carefully slipping out of bed so as not to wake up Damien, I grabbed my clothes and went to freshen up in the bathroom. Like his bedroom his bathroom was masculine and bold. The dark grey

marble floor and sink top complemented Damien's taste perfectly. I found it interesting that he had a double sink bathroom being that he lived alone.

Thoughts of other women spending the night unpleasantly invaded my mind. I knew there was no way I was his first and nor was he mine, but the thought of other woman touching him made my stomach turn. I couldn't control what was but I could embrace what is. I was in his life now and hopefully I would be in his future.

I looked through the cabinets trying to find a toothbrush and wash cloth. Not noticing before, I realized Damien had left fresh towels and a new toothbrush



out for me. He knew I had every intention of staying the night and made sure everything I needed was available to me. Quickly washing up and putting on my clothes, I crept back into the room finding Damien sitting up in bed. Sleepiness glazed over his eyes but I could see his hunger pushing through. He got out of bed gloriously naked and pulled me to him.

“Where are you going?”

“I have to get home. I have a business meeting later. I wish I could stay.”

He groaned, “At least stay for breakfast. I can show you some more of my expertise in the kitchen.”

“I bet you can,” I smiled. “But if I stay

I'm sure your other expertise will make me not want to leave." He chuckled knowing I was right. His cock pushed against my belly getting harder by the minute. I wanted to just say fuck the meeting and just stay with Damien, but business needed to be taken care of.

"I want to be inside you Catalina. Last night wasn't enough, I want more of you." I moaned at his words. It was crazy how fast I got aroused when I was around him. He distracted me so easily.

"I have to go Damien."

"I want you." He placed my hand on his hard cock. "Do you want my cock inside you Catalina?"

I looked straight into his eyes, knowing

if I looked down I was done for. “You know I do but I have to go baby.” Not liking my answer, he pushed me up against the wall and wrapped my legs around him.

“You rather leave than let me make love to you? I know you’re already wet for me.”

“Damien, you’re not playing fair.”

“I would do anything to have you. And if that means that I don’t play fair then so be it.” I knew from his tone that he wasn’t going to give up. There was no way I was going to leave without Damien getting what he wanted. I needed to think of something quick.

“Okay you win. Just put me on my feet

first.” He looked at me suspiciously but did what I asked. As soon as my feet hit the ground I dropped to my knees and placed Damien’s cock into my mouth. It was hot and smooth against my tongue. This was the first time I tasted him so I wanted to take my time, savoring his sweet yet musty flavor. I let my tongue play with the head of his cock as my hand stroked up and down his shaft gently squeezing it every few seconds. My mouth opened wider so I could take in all of him. His hand gripped my hair as his cock touched the back of my throat. Feeling his enthusiasm I began to move his shaft faster in and out my mouth sucking hard. One hand moved up and down the back of his thigh as my

other hand softly caressed his balls.

“Catalina you’re torturing me.”

“I want you to come in my mouth Damien.” He groaned loudly as his cock twitched in my mouth. My hand and mouth moved together on him with the eagerness of wanting him to come. I could feel his thigh muscles tighten up. I knew he was almost there. I let my teeth softly graze against the ridge of his head and pumped his shaft until I tasted the first spurt of come in my mouth. It was so thick and salty yet sweet; it was almost hard to swallow. He came so much I thought it would never end and I didn’t want it to.

“Fuck. You make me come so hard.”

After I licked and sucked every drop, I stood on shaky legs wanting to experience the release Damien did. The whole point of this plan was to give Damien what he wanted and leave in time to make my meeting. But seeing him come the way he did made me so horny, it made my plan backfire on myself. His semi hard cock stood at attention poking me in the tummy.

“Stay,” he whispered. The hunger in his voice made it hard for me to say no.

“Baby you know I want to but I really have to go. We will see each other at the Charity Ball tomorrow night. After the ball we can pick up where we left off. I promise.” I shoved my lips hard against

his trying to make him see that I desired him just as bad as he desired me. My tongue entered his mouth gliding roughly against his. Once again I wasn't helping my cause. The more I kissed him the more I wanted him deep inside me. I put my hands on his chest moving him slightly away from me to put some distance between us.

I grabbed my purse, fixed my dress, and starting walking downstairs. I was losing my self control fast so I needed to leave now. I turned to say goodbye to Damien and found him looking at me with a mixture of sadness and anger. He hated the fact that we had a secret relationship. It was something we argued

about on a regular basis. Every day he wanted to tell my father about us, but I was always against it. In the end he would give in to my pouting and agree that we wait a little more. But we both knew things would have been easier if our relationship was known. He could have taken me to my meeting or taken me out to lunch. But instead we were left with stolen glances in public and secret meetings in private. I knew he wanted more. He hated having to hide me, having to hide his feelings in public. He would reach his breaking point soon and I needed to prevent that from happening. “I’m all yours tomorrow night baby.”

“Damn straight. I’m going to fuck the shit



out of you until you can't walk.” It was definitely time for my exit. I quickly kissed him and walked out the door needing a cold shower asap. This wasn't getting any easier.

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I looked at myself one last time in the mirror. I decided to wear a yellow chiffon dress. The halter top dress fit tightly around my bust and curves, while leaving my back completely exposed. The opening ended right above my lower back, as the skirt flowed loosely to my feet. I had picked that specific dress with Damien in mind. The split up the front that reached an inch

above my knee would give him the perfect invitation. I fixed a couple of loose strands of hair that fell from my bun and headed out the door.

Arriving at the Cancer Research Gala with the anticipation of seeing Damien left me feeling giddy. Every year I attended the Gala with a feeling of dread. I went in honor of my mother but with my father never in attendance I faced the burden and sadness of my mother's passing on my own. Now, I had Damien to lessen that burden. I was no longer alone.

I got into the regular swing of things by taking pictures and doing interviews. I put on my "public face" as I greeted

people I didn't really know and some I didn't like. But it was part of being in the public eye. I knew how to play my part well. Once I was finally able to walk around and find Damien, Heather stopped me in mid stride.

“Hey, Lina! OMG you look awesome in that dress. Letting some skin show I see. I like,” she said in her bubbly voice. I tried my best not to roll my eyes at her comment. So I plastered a fake smile on my face, thanking her. She continued to go on about how she spent all day looking for a dress. I tuned her out doing subtle “ohs” and “uh huhs” while I continued to scan the room for Damien. As Heather moved on to talking about

matching the dress with the right shoes, I spotted Damien and we locked eyes instantly. His gaze widened and darkened as he looked at me. Politely excusing himself from the group of men he was talking to; he walked out to the balcony. Two seconds later I got a text from him saying:

**COME TO THE BALCONY.**

I quickly found a reason to excuse myself and left Heather to mingle with the other attendees, while I swiftly moved through the crowd to join Damien outside. Reaching the threshold of the balcony doorway, I found him standing gracefully looking out into the night with a glass of champagne in hand. I smiled

because this was exactly how we first met each other but the roles were in reverse. I walked up and stood right beside him mimicking his stance, trying my hardest to fight the urge to touch him as I could feel his warmth radiating off him.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea for you to be so close to me right now,” he said hoarsely.

“You called me out here, remember?” I said teasingly.

“Yes. I wanted to get you to myself for a few minutes.”

“I’m all yours,” I said seductively. He turned to me and looked at me from head to toe. I felt naked as he slowly

undressed me with his eyes. My core tightened with wanting.

“You look gorgeous. That dress was made for you. I’m so hard for you right now, Catalina.” My heart began to pound rapidly in my chest. The desire he felt matched my own. The yearning I had for him created a boldness inside me. I didn’t care where we were. All that mattered to me was being with him.

“I’m already wet,” I whispered. His jaw tensed as his hands gripped the railing. He looked out at the maze garden with a pensive expression. I knew he was piecing together a plan.

“I can’t go long seeing you in that dress and not have you.” The longing in his

voice pulled at my core. The dampness in my panties was a growing reminder of my arousal. I needed to feel him, to feel his warmth. I took a step closer to him but stopped myself from touching when I heard someone clear their throat. I turned to see one of the event coordinators standing in the doorway.

“Ms. Frederick we’re ready for your speech.” *Damn it!*

“Thank you. I’ll be there in a second.” She quickly walked inside leaving Damien and I alone again. The sexual tension between us was unbearable. The feelings that enveloped me made me wonder. Was it just about sex? No. My feelings for him were deeper than that.

But was I ready for this? It had been so long since I was in a relationship. I didn't know how to go about this. The fear of doing something or saying things too soon made me put up an emotional wall. I didn't want to mess things up so I was just going to have to improvise.

The feel of Damien slowly caressing my hand on the railing with his finger tip made my breath quicken. It took everything I had not to kiss him. My lips were screaming for his touch.

“Go give your speech Catalina. I will find you after.” He stopped touching me and turned to continue staring out at the night. I took a deep breath and walked away from him reluctantly.



It was time to get my head in the game for my speech. I concentrated on focusing on my mom. The time we had together. The way she always managed to make me smile. We were two peas in a pod. Though many years had passed I still missed her dearly. As I said my speech the emotions that I always tucked away from the loss of my mother came rushing out. My voice shook in and out but I managed to keep myself from crying. I thanked everyone for coming out and supporting cancer research. I exited the stage with a loud round of applause and people giving me kind words about my mother. Thanking them for their words of encouragement, I

smiled and shook hands all the while trying to spot Damien. I saw him as I was giving my speech but he disappeared without me even realizing it. Making my way to the restroom to try and freshen up, I felt my phone vibrate in my purse. My pulse quickened with the hope of it being Damien. Pulling out my phone I smiled as I read the text:

MEET ME AT THE GARDEN MAZE  
OKAY, I'LL BE THERE IN A MINUTE

I quickly finished freshening up my face; giving up on my eyes which were red and slightly puffy due to my tears. I headed out the back way to the maze garden to avoid running into anyone. Damien stood in front of a big hedge

exuding his masculinity. I looked around taking in that we were all alone. I was so tightly wound up with sexual desire that desperately needed to be released with Damien.

As I stopped in front of him, he pulled me into him. His thumb gently caressed my eyes with a frown on his face.

“Come.” He grabbed my hand leading me deep inside the maze. I vaguely wondered if he knew how to navigate through it easily. I deeply hoped so because a minute later we were far into the maze, and I had no clue how to get out. We stopped at a wooden white bench that was placed against one of the many large hedges that probably reached

four feet over my head. There was no way anyone would see us but I wondered why this random bench was placed there.

Damien sat down and pulled me in between his legs stopping my pondering. His hands rested on my waist as I looked down into his eyes trying to figure out what was going through his mind.

“Let me take the pain away baby.” The minute those words left his mouth I knew what he meant. I wanted to forget the pain of losing my mother but I knew no matter how much time passed that pain, even if it’s a hint, would always remain. Although, being with Damien, having someone care about me about lessening

that pain, did make things easier.

My hands cupped his face gently skimming his cheek with my fingers, giving him my response. His hand slipped through the slit in my dress and he softly glided his fingers from my knee to my upper thigh. This alone sent a wave of warmth to my pussy. He pulled off my panties and tucked them into the inside pocket of his suit jacket. I whimpered as a breeze passed and brushed against my already wet pussy. I felt empty. My inner muscles contracted, knowing that what it craved was only a reach away. Damien's hand lingered on my inner thigh only inches away from my clit. I moved a step closer to him,

inviting him closer to my wetness. He licked his lips drawing my attention to it. The craving to feel his lips against mine and his thick cock inside me, consumed me. I reached for his belt to release his strained cock from the confines of his pants, but his hands quickly stopped my movements. He held both my wrists in his hand shaking his head no. Using his other hand, he unbuckled his pants and freed himself. My eyes zoned in on his engorged cock. I wanted to wrap my lips around it, longing for the taste of him. But I had no control in this session. Damien wanted to ease the pain away but with his control and on his pace. He lifted up the skirt of my dress and

positioned me to straddle him. My clit made contact with him, brushing up against his cock.

“Please,” I pleaded. His fingers slide through my folds discovering my wetness. He spread my lips apart and slowly pushed into me. I could slowly feel every inch of him inside me. My pussy happily embraced him, welcoming his fullness. I tried to move faster on him to control the pace, but his hands held me firm in place.

“No. I want you to feel me. Truly feel me.” He moved me up and down his shaft at a tremendously slow pace, as his finger found a steady rhythm against my clit. The pleasure I felt was exquisite.

My eyes never left his as he repeatedly pumped into me. With each stroke my tears were forgotten and the sadness slowly left me.

I held on to the back of the bench to balance myself. I couldn't help but want to control the pace, to control the pleasure, both his and mine. To me letting go of that control was letting go of my power and giving him complete trust. I wasn't sure I was ready for that. The first time we made love the control was equally divided between us. Now he wanted all of it. I wasn't quite ready for that.

“Trust me Catalina. It's okay you can trust me.” How did he read me so well?



I was like an open book but only with him. Unintentionally, tears began to fall down my face. They weren't tears of sadness but of joy. I finally felt like I could give my heart to a man that deserved it and that would protect it.

“Don't cry baby. I want to take the pain away not cause it.”

“These are happy tears,” I smiled. “You make me happy Damien.”

“That's my goal. And at this particular moment my goal is to make you come. So give me control. You need to come Catalina.”

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, “Give me what I need.” He wrapped my hands around his neck and began moving

inside me slowly. I clutched on to him trying to get every possible pleasure he would give me. His hands softly swept up and down my back easing my longing for release. Every ten seconds his pace picked up, making me want to grind into each thrust. But with every attempt Damien's hands tightly gripped me preventing any movement. He had the power; I was at his mercy and I was finally okay with that. I let his hands guide me up and down his shaft as I squeezed my inner muscles against him. My lips found his neck and I nibbled and licked the spot I knew drove him crazy. His moans enticed me to suck harder on his neck, loving the effect I had on him. His hand laced into my hair and roughly

pulled my head back, exposing my neck. His tongue licked the base of my neck to the end of my chin, nibbling the soft flesh.

“I want to taste every inch of you Catalina. You’re so sweet.” I moaned in delight. I would have gladly let him taste every inch of me but our current setting was less than right for such an act. So the never ending tasting would have to wait for later.

“Right now me coming is more important,” I groaned. Sensing my urgency, he gripped my ass and started thrusting in hard, fast strokes. My hands left his neck and held on to the bench so as not to get bucked off at the rate

Damien was going. I could feel my whole body tightening as the rush of my orgasm hit me. I tucked my face in his neck and hissed his name in his ear. My body went numb as I vaguely felt him still pumping into me, until he found his own release.

We stayed embraced in each other's arms, not wanting to end the moment. But we both knew this was a quick stolen moment, that was now at its end.

“You need to get back to the Gala. You are the guest of honor; everyone is going to be looking for you,” Damien whispered.

“I know.” I stared into his eyes wishing things were different for us; less

complicated. But I guess when it came to us normal was over rated. I reluctantly left his arms and began putting my dress back in place. Damien brushed a loose strand of hair behind my ear and quickly kissed me. He led us easily back out of the maze to where we rendezvoused.

“I’m going to head home. I’ll be waiting for you.” I could tell in his tone he wanted me to leave with him, but that wasn’t possible.

“Okay. I should be there no later than an hour.”

“Okay.” He let go of my hand and disappeared into the night. My heart wanted me to follow him but my brain pleaded that going back inside and

publicly leaving by myself was the smarter thing to do. In the end, my brain won the battle.

## Five

Feeling his body pressed against mine surrounded me with warmth. Time stopped, all that existed was Damien and I entwined as one. We spent hours making love once I arrived at his place

after the gala, lost in each other.

Exhausted from our long session, I fought my eyes from closing fearing I would wake up from my amazing dream. I laid there watching my beautiful man sleep. He looked so peaceful with his lips parted and his chest rising and falling with every breath. I wondered what he was dreaming about because his face expression was filled with happiness. Not being able to resist, I gently touched his face. He slightly stirred in his sleep, draping his arm over my stomach as he shifted closer to me. With a smile dancing on his lips he whispered, "I love you Catalina." I froze for a second wondering if I was imagining his words. When I looked up



at him there were still signs of him sleeping. I wanted to get excited about his words, but he was sleeping when he said them. I needed to hear them when he was aware he was saying them. That was the only way I would know if he meant it or not.

After hearing that, I definitely wasn't going to be getting any sleep. So I got out of bed, careful not to wake him, and took a long hot shower. I searched Damien's drawers to find one of his black boxers and t-shirt to wear. Heading to the kitchen I decided to make breakfast. Cooking was always a great way for me to clear my mind. Putting my energy into something I enjoyed helped me forget

whatever was eating away at me.

I rummaged through the cabinets, trying to familiarize myself with where everything was. After looking through the fridge I settled on making crepes with a strawberry and raspberry compote. I started a fresh pot of coffee, pressed play on my iTouch, and got to cooking. It didn't take long for me to be at complete ease in the kitchen. Within twenty minute I was finished. I turned to set up the plates when the image of Damien's perfectly still body by the doorframe startled me.

"I'm sorry baby. I didn't mean to scare you," he chuckled. He continued to just stand there staring at me.

“Why are you staring at me like that?” I asked.

“I never thought a woman could look so sexy in my boxers. But you have definitely proven me wrong,” he said licking his lips. All I could do was smile and shake my head. His tone suggested he wanted to go another round, but I needed food in my system first. So I set up the breakfast bar and we sat to eat.

“The crepes taste amazing. You’re going to have to teach me how to make them one day.”

“Only if you promise to be a good student,” I smiled.

“Oh I can definitely be a good student. But I can also be an excellent teacher.”

“Of that I have no doubt. There were some interesting lessons that were being given last night.’

“That’s just the beginning.” He said mischievously. After we finished eating, Damien helped me clean up and load the dishwasher. As I placed the last plate in and closed the door, Damien wrapped his arms around me pulling my body to his.

“I’m still hungry but not for food.” His seductive smile left me with anticipation. I turned in his arms and kissed his soft lips. His tongue slid across mine feverishly. His hand cupped my ass and lifted my legs around him. Now that I was fueled up I was ready for

another round right there on the kitchen counter.

“You really don’t ever want me to make it to the bedroom, do you?”

“I’m sorry I can’t help it. I just want to taste you Damien.” He moaned at my words.

“I would take you right here on the counter, but I need something from the bedroom.”

“You don’t have any condoms downstairs?” I asked not wanting anymore delays.

“That wasn’t what I was referring to, but no I keep them upstairs.” I looked at him confused trying to figure out what he was actually referring to. “Are you still

open-minded about toys?” He asked.

“Yes.”

“Do you trust me?”

“Yes.”

“Good.” He grabbed a bottle of whip cream from the fridge and heading to the bedroom. He placed me on my feet in front of the bed and stood back to stare at me. “Mmmm so sexy, but as sexy as you look in my boxes, they still need to come off.” He took off the t-shirt and boxers I had on and stripped his own clothes off. He went to the closet and grabbed a bag.

“After you left me yesterday I went exploring. And when I saw this I thought of you so I had to get it. I figured we

could try it out today. I had planned to use it last night but I wanted you so bad I couldn't form any coherent thought." He pulled out a butterfly clit vibrator. I had used one before by myself but never during sex. I smiled as I knew where this was going. This was going to heighten not sensations but also my orgasm. I was all for trying this toy with him. He put the vibrator on me, fixing the straps to position it perfectly on my clit.

"It has five levels. We'll start at level three. I don't want to get you too excited too soon. Lie down and spread wide for me." I followed his instructions with a big grin on my face. He took the bottle of whip cream and sprayed a nice amount

on my sex. He turned on the vibrator and began to eat. His tongue lapped up the whip cream in my folds greedily and explored my entrance eagerly. His hands kept my legs spread wide so he could devour me with ease. The sensation of the vibrator and his tongue drove me to the edge faster than I thought it would. My legs wanted to close to lessen the sensation but Damien wouldn't allow it. "Stop fighting it baby." He sucked harder and within seconds I came screaming. Without giving me any time to recover he turned up the level to five and entered me swiftly. The over stimulation of my body left my mind scrambling for thoughts, it was too much.



“Damien!” I screamed grapping the sheets tightly. “Baby its too much. I can’t!” He stilled inside me and searched my eyes. His face turned regretful.

“You can take it, I know you can... Do you want me to stop?” He turned the level back to three and slowly pulled out of me.

“No! Don’t stop!” I screamed. I knew I could handle it. I’d fantasized so many times about finding a man that could satisfy me endlessly. Now I finally had one. This wasn’t the time to punk out. He looked at me with a grin on his face and said, “I don’t plan on stopping until you truly can’t take anymore. Now turn

over, get on your knees, and slightly spread your legs.”

“Yes sir,” I said teasingly. I followed his instructions positioning myself as he asked. He kissed my neck and left a trail down my spine. The way he touched me was so gentle yet possessive. He moved closer behind me and entered me roughly. I jerked at the surprising intrusion, gripping the pillow in front of me. His hands held my hips tightly keeping me still so he could direct it exactly how he wanted. His strokes became short and hard, while his hand reached up to squeeze my breasts. I was in awe at how different he was making love to me. He was showing a part of

him I didn't know existed. His aggressiveness excited me and the undertone of gentleness made it that much sweeter. I wanted to look at him so I could read his face. So I could get a hint of what was going through his mind. "Baby, I want to see you." I moaned. He paused for a second. Pulling out of me he turned off the vibrator and unstrapped it. Still on my knees he pressed my back to his chest. He turned my head to meet his gaze, the intensity in his eyes was captivating. He pushed inside me and I closed my eyes to welcome the sensation. His lips covered mine with the sweetness of strawberries still lingering on them. His slow strokes

pushed me higher and higher. My hands entwined with his on my hips tightly. I knew I was going to reach my pique soon but I didn't want to, not yet. I didn't want this feeling to end. I wanted to stay in his arms, frozen in time feeling the amazing pleasure that devoured me. It took everything I had to not go over the edge.

“Catalina, stop holding on. Let go baby.”

“No. I don't want this to end.” The fear of us ending washed over me. Thoughts of my father finding out about us made me start to shake. My emotions just poured over me, drowning me. Out of all the possible moments my emotions chose now to ambush me. I tried my best to

pull myself together but my heart wouldn't cooperate with my brain.

“Catalina look at me,” I opened my eyes to see his amazing face staring at me, “This is not going to end. We are not going to end Catalina. No matter what, I will fight for you. I love you Catalina.” My heart began to beat furiously.

I smiled at him saying, “I love you too Damien.” He looked at me with a hint of surprise in his eyes.

“Does my response surprise you?” I asked

“Honestly, yes. I have wanted to tell you I love you for a while now. But I didn't want to overwhelm you, or scare you away.” I could understand that, but I

wondered for how long he was keeping his true feelings from me.

“How long have you known you’ve felt this way?”

His eyes shifted from mine, “A few weeks.” I turned his head to force him to look at me.

“Yeah, telling me a little sooner wouldn’t have hurt. But at least now we both know how we feel about each other.” He looked at me intensely.

“What great deed did I do to deserve you?” he asked as if to himself.

“I’m not that wonderful. I am far from perfect. I have my faults and issues.”

“As do I. But you are everything I want. Everything I need.” I moved his hand to

my breast, reminding him what we were doing, which caused him to get back in the moment. His hand gripped tighter on my breast and his movements started. His strokes were hard, short, and fast, pushing me to fall over the edge. My head draped back on his shoulder, riding out my climax. He continued to move inside me finding his own release. He whispered my name in my ear. He held me in his arms not wanting to let me go. My body began to slightly tremble from my climax aftershock. His body automatically tensed.

“Baby are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” I said embarrassed, “When I have a really strong orgasm my body

tends to tremble a little,” I explained.

“Well I’ll take that as a good sign,” he smiled. “I should lay you down.” He pulled out of me, causing me to release a soft moan, and laid me gently on the bed. “Take a shower with me.”

“You go ahead. I need a second.” His face clearly expressed his satisfaction in pleasuring me, as he headed toward the bathroom. Not realized I slowly started to fall asleep. Damien had to nudge me awake. I had to force myself to get up and take a quick shower. Once I returned to the bedroom I found Damien laid out on the bed waiting to embrace me in his arms. I crossed to the bed quickly, yearning to be in his arms again. He



drew me to his chest and wrapped his arms around me. I could hear his heart beating. It wasn't a slow steady beat, but a rapid excited beat. I smiled that I affected him the same way he affected me. We laid in comfortable silence, enjoying the moment; until my phone vibrated interrupting the peaceful silence.

“You should answer it. Its been going off all morning,” he said. I grabbed my phone and looking at the number. The fact that the number was my house number surprised and unnerved me. Something had to be seriously wrong.

“Hello.”

“Catalina, where are you?” The familiar

voice blurted out.

“Gigi, what’s wrong?”

“Your father is going crazy. He wants to know where you are. I think he knows Catalina. You need to get home as fast as you can. I don’t know how much longer I can keep him calm.” Gigi sounded so distraught. She was always so level-headed no matter the situation but the pressure of this situation was too much for her. Guilt enveloped me as I knew it was my fault Gigi was in this position. As I wallowed in my guilt, Damien’s concerned filled eyes never left mine, begging me to tell him what was wrong. I absently said, “Gigi I’ll be there in ten minutes,” and hung up. I automatically

got up and started dressing and grabbing my stuff. My mind was going a mile a minute trying to figure out how to handle the situation. Damien grabbed my arm stopping my rushed departure. He gently lifted my chin to make me look at him.

“Baby, what’s wrong? Talk to me.” I sighed heavily trying to keep my composure. “My father is freaking out wondering where I am. I think he knows about us.” He eyes widened and his face darkened briefly.

“I should have spoken to him, man to man. I could have prevented this.” He said regretfully.

“No, don’t start taking the blame. I pushed for us not to tell him yet. Its my

fault, let me deal with it.” I gently slid my arm out of his hand and finished grabbing my things. As I started to walk out the door, Damien rushed to put some clothes on. He grabbed his car keys and I looked at him with confusion.

“I’m coming with you,” he explained. Fear crawled up inside me. That was a really bad idea. Having my father and Damien in the same room right now was the last thing to help this situation.

“No! Damien I need to face my father alone first. He is really angry and our relationship is really rocky. Adding you to that equation is not a good idea.”

“I don’t want you facing him alone.” His voice was firm and his body tense. He

was not taking no for an answer. I needed to reassure him that it was okay.

“I will be okay. I tell you what, let me talk to him alone first then later you can come over for dinner. That way we can all talk after he has calmed down.

Deal?” He looked at me deeply searching my face. It took everything I had not to just give in and have him come with me, to protect me. But I put a confident look on my face so he would agree with me. He sighed his resignation.

“Okay deal. But promise me you will call me after you talk with him and no matter what I’ll be at your house at six tonight.”

“Okay, I promise.” He took my hand and walked me to my car. As I unlocked my Challenger, I wished I had chosen to drive my Audi the night before. I would have gotten home faster, but the Challenger would have to do.

Damien opened my door for me. He hugged me tightly not wanting to let me go. I inhaled his scent allowing it to soothe me. He pulled away from me to softly kiss my lips, pouring all his love in it.

“I love you,” he whispered.

“I love you too.” He kissed me on my forehead and let me go. I told myself this wasn’t goodbye forever. This was just see you later. Things between us were

not going to end like this. Neither one of us would allow that. Push away all doubt; I drove off with this in my mind and images of last night forever imprinted on my heart.

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I rushed through the front door to see my father fuming in the sitting room waiting for me. I pushed my shoulders back, inviting in my confidence to handle what was about to happen.

“Hello father. Sorry I missed your calls. Heather and I went out for breakfast and I forgot my phone at her house.” I had carefully come up with this story as I drove like a mad woman home. As I

looked at my father's anger filled expression, I knew my story wasn't good enough.

“Do I have stupid written on my forehead?” He roared. I shook my head in response, too shaken to verbally respond.

“I know you were not with Heather. I know you were with Damien Cox. Heather told me all about the Charity Ball and the little meeting you and Damien had in the garden. Did you think I would never find out? One way or another someone would find you two together.” *That bitch!* This is why I keep people at a distance. But either way that didn't matter anyway because her spying



ass would have ran her mouth anyway. I did not bother answering as my father rambled on.” I may be busy but I am not blind. I see the way you two look at each other at functions. After Heather informed me of your behavior, I took that opportunity to have you followed.” My eyes widened in shock.

“What!”

“Of course I got confirmation that you were with him. You think he cares about you? You are just a toy to him. He’s ten years older than you for goodness sake. No man takes a relationship with a woman ten years his younger seriously.” His words shook me out of my shock and froze state. I had never seen my father

like this. I could not let him belittle me and my relationship with Damien. It was time to speak up.

“First off, I am not a toy to Damien. He loves me and I love him. Second, I am not a child and I’m sick of being treated like one. I am a grown woman with a strong head on my shoulder. I do not need your permission to be with someone. And I’m tired of you looking at me like its my fault mom died.” His body tensed at my words, but my adrenaline made me keep going. “Mom died of cancer. I’m sorry I look like her to remind you of that. No... you know what? I’m not sorry I look like her I’m proud to look like her. I know its hard. I

miss her too, everyday! You have to learn how to deal with her passing and move on. She would want us to be happy. This is making you bitter and making my life miserable. I'm not going to stop seeing Damien. I'm not a child anymore dad. The sooner you realize that the sooner we can move forward and reconnect our bond. I miss that... I miss you."

*There.* I finally stood up to my father. I felt like the world was finally lifted off my shoulders. It was my life and it was time I took control of it. If that meant that this rough patch between my father and I would get harder than so be it. I knew we would get through it. In the end we

still loved each other.

I looked into my father's eyes and saw pain and regret. My heart filled with hope that maybe I had gotten through to him. But my hope was short lived when his expression turned into anger. He just looked at me and walked away. *Are you serious?* All that and still nothing. It was like talking to a brick wall. At least I tried. Part of me was numb but another part of me felt liberated. I said what was needed to be said.

Gigi walked up to me slowly placing her hand on my shoulder. "You did good sweetpea. Your father is just a little stubborn. He'll come around."

"Yeah, well I'm not putting my life on

hold to wait until he comes around. I love Damien, and there is no changing that.”

“I know.” The warmth in Gigi’s eyes was exactly what I needed. She showered me with the motherly love that I yearned for. I hugged her, silently thanking her for everything.

“Oh, Damien is coming to dinner tonight at six.” I informed her. Her eyes widened slightly.

“Sweatpea, is that a good idea?”

“It needs to be done. Damien wants to talk to him. Regardless, we are going to be together, but we do want to be respectful about it. And I know we should have done this in the beginning.

Now we are trying to correct that wrong.”

“Okay. I’ll let the kitchen staff know we will have a guest.”

“Thanks Gigi.” She smiled and walked away to start taking care of things.

I made my way up the stairs to my room. My phone had been vibrating in my pocket for the past twenty minutes. I knew it was Damien trying to check up on me. I needed to call him before he freaked out. I pulled out my phone and my phone displayed twenty-five missed calls. Maybe Damien was passed freaked out. I speed dialed his number and he answered on the first ring.

“Baby, are you okay?” He sounded so

concerned and panicked. I was still amazed at how much he cared for me. “I’m emotionally drained, but I’ll be okay.”

“Sweetheart, you sound like you’re hurting.” He paused for a second. “I’m coming to get you.” I wanted him to but I needed to deal with my emotions alone before I could deal with anyone.

“Damien I want nothing more than to be in your arms right now. But I need to be alone for a little bit.” Not that I really wanted to, but I needed to.

“Catalina I hate that you’re hurting, its killing me. I want to know that you’re okay. I *need* to know that you’re okay.” My heart was breaking. This man was so

concerned with *my* happiness and well being.

“I will come to you in an hour.”

He sighed in relief saying, “Okay. I’ll be waiting.”

“See you soon.” We hung up and I headed to the shower. I let the water get steaming hot and just sat in the shower letting my tears disappear in the water. I let out all my pain and anger, letting the water wash it away. I let the years of pain and silence wash down the drain. Once the tears stopped, I got dressed and headed to Damien’s house.

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The minute I parked my car Damien was



already at the door waiting for me. I kept my sunglasses on to conceal my puffy, red eyes. I knew I looked less than cute at that moment. So hiding was the next best think. Damien pulled me into his arms, holding me so tightly it was almost hard to breathe. He took my hand leading me to his bedroom without saying a single word. There was no need to talk. We both understood how each other felt. He laid me on the bed and pulled me to his chest, taking off my shades. His face hardened when he saw my eyes. His thumb glazed over my puffy eyes.

“I’m fine baby,” I tried to reassure him.

“You shouldn’t have to be going through this. I shouldn’t have allowed this to

happen. You're hurting because of me. I should have protected you." His tone was so bitter.

"Stop. This is not your fault. We're not going to play the blame game, do you understand me? I'm fine, really."

"Tell me what happened?"

"We did some arguing. I put everything on the table and told him how I felt about everything. He said some really hurtful things. Nothing got solved. That's it."

"What hurtful things?" This was really bothering him.

"It doesn't matter. I don't want to talk about it."

"Cata..." I put my finger to his lips silencing him.

“Please.” I pressed my lips to his, moving myself to straddle him. He tasted like honey. I smiled against his lips, sweeping them with my tongue.

“Damien,” I whispered seductively.

“Make love to me.” He pulled my face to his, smiling at me. It was good to finally see him a little happier. He had our clothes off in seconds. We made love nice and slow, not caring about the world and not thinking about what had just happened. It felt like he was trying to pour all of his love inside me. There was no way we were ever going to let each other go.

Six

As Damien parked his Shelby in the driveway, my stomach began to knot with the anticipation of what was to come.

“Relax baby. I’m here with you. Everything is going to be fine.” I was staring out the windshield freaking out, not really hearing his words. “Catalina,

look at me.” I turned my gaze to his. He gave me this reassuring look as he brushed my cheek with his thumb. “I won’t allow any more pain to come to you. Plus, I’ll be sure to help you release all your tension later tonight.”

“That’s if I decide to let you.” I teased.

“I have no problem kidnapping you.”

“Are you going to tie me up?” I asked suggestively.

He groaned, “Behave. I don’t want to have dinner with your father while I’m sporting a massive hard on.”

I giggled, “Yeah that would not be good.” I sobered up and sighed.

“Ready?”

“Yeah. Let’s go.” Damien clutched my hand as we walked inside the house, soothing me. Once we entered the house Gigi appeared in seconds.

“Oh, sweetpea you’re back. And you look much better.” Damien tensed at my side at the mention of how hurt I looked earlier. I squeezed his hand to try to bring him back to his calm self.

“I’m fine Gigi. Let me introduce you. Gigi, this is my boyfriend Damien Cox. Damien this my adoptive mother, for all intensive purposes.” They shook hands as they greeted each other. By the look on Damien’s face I knew he was happy with how I introduced him. This was the first time I addressed him that way.

Being that we were never able to openly be together, we never had the opportunity to introduce each other as boyfriend and girlfriend. It made me smile that we were now able to do that.

“Its nice to finally formally meet you Mr. Cox. I’ll skip the lecture and cut to the chase. If you break Lina’s heart, I’ll break your legs.” Gigi grew really serious when Damien chuckled. “I am very serious Mr. Cox. I take Lina’s happiness seriously.” Damien coughed on his chuckle and cleared his throat.

“Ms. Gigi I can assure you that Catalina’s happiness means a lot to me as well. Breaking her heart would only result in breaking my own.” I smiled at

his response.

“Good. I’m happy to hear that.” Gigi turned her attention back to me with a sad look on her face. “Lina, he’s been so distraught all day. I think you should talk to him.”

“I did talk to him, that didn’t do much.”

“You know he’s stubborn, sweetpea.”

Well she was definitely right about that. Memories of my earlier argument with my father invaded mind. I didn’t want to rehash all that pain.

Damien released my hand to wrap it around my hip, having me face him. He stroked my cheek and looked into my eyes searching them. “I think its a good idea to talk to him. The anger he had



earlier may be gone now. Now he's just worried about his daughter." The wisdom in his words reminded me of his age, as his personality often made me forget. "Don't worry I'm here baby." He kissed me gently and encouragingly pushed me to go find my father.

As I walked to my father's office my hands began to sweat. The courage I mysteriously inquired earlier had seemed to magically disappear in that moment. I was still filled with anger and fear. My father's hurtful words still burned me to the core. He had never blatantly hurt me like that before. And the fear of losing Damien, was like a chain wrapped around my neck slowly

tightening. I had finally found the missing piece to make me complete in Damien, giving that up was out of the question.

I paused at the door of my father's office with my hand on the knob. I took a deep breath trying to call back that courage I had before, and exhaled to release the tension and fear. I knocked twice then opened the door to find my father distantly staring out the window. I gently closed the door behind me and took a seat in the chair in front of the desk.

“Father can we talk?” He turned to look at me and the sadness and guilt in his eyes was evident.

“I didn't think you were coming back. I thought I had lost you too. I don't want to

lose you Catalina,” he said softly.

“Oh Dad, I don’t want to lose you either. But you need to accept that Damien is in my life, that’s not going to change. But I do want our relationship to change. I want you to be happy.” He moved to my side, knelt beside me, and took hold of my hand. I could feel the regret pouring out of him. I knew he was really trying to make amends.

“I want you to be happy as well Catalina. I’m sorry for pushing you away all these years and I’m sorry for all the hurtful things I said to you earlier. I’ve been taking my pain of the lost of your mother out on you. You look and act so much like her. I miss her so much.” I

could see the pain in his face and hear the sadness in his voice, which caused me to start shedding tears

“I know. I miss her too. I tried my best to not look like her,” I sobbed.

“Yeah I remember the red hair fiasco,” he chuckled.

“I thought it would help at least a little,” I giggled.

He wiped the tears from my cheek,

“Your mother will always be a part of you and that’s the way it ought to be.”

He pulled me into his arms abruptly and hugged me so tightly it almost hurt. “I love you Catalina” My heart skipped a beat hearing those words. It had been so long since I’d heard him express any

type of affection or emotion towards me.

“I love you too dad.” He gently pulled away from me, looking at me with so much love in his eyes. The man that stood before me was the man that was my hero as a child; the man my father was slowly returning to.

“Its nice to hear you call me Dad again. Father is so formal. You’re going to make this old man cry,” he laughed.

“Well you’re going to have to pull yourself together because Damien is here for dinner.” His face grew dark for a second. “Dad please be nice.”

“I will be, but I’m still going to grill him and find out his intentions. Now, give this old man fifteen minutes to freshen up

and pull himself together. I might have to go get my shotgun too.”

“Dad!”

“I’m just kidding.” He laughed.

“You better be.” I smiled and headed for the door. I left the room feeling so successful and relieved. The future was looking bright for my father and I.

I walked back into the sitting room to find Damien staring out the window. The sun was finally setting, and the color of it reflected on his skin giving him this glowing look. I couldn’t help but admire him. I could see the perfect form of his muscle in his black dress shirt; they flexed as he crossed his arms.

“You know its kind of creepy for you to

stare at me like that,” he teased.

“I’m sorry I can’t help it. You’re irresistible.”

“Really?” He turned around and looked at me from head to toe with hungry eyes.

“I can say the same for you.” He reached out and wrapped his arms around me.

“You know, I would love to get a tour of your room.”

The suggestion in his words let me know what he was truly after. Without needing to say anything, I grabbed his hand and led him upstairs to my room. As we walked down the long hallway to my room, the anticipation of us being alone again, made me quicken my pace. I opened my bedroom door and Damien

came in behind me closing and locking it. He pushed me up against the wall, molding his body against mine. The fire in his eyes told me this wasn't going to be a slow loving making session. We needed each other like we needed to breathe. But I knew we wouldn't have enough time to really explore each other. "Damien, I can't handle a quickie. I want you too much right now," I whispered. His hand softly brushed my cheek. I could feel my face getting warmer and tingling everywhere he touched. "Baby, as hard as you got me right now, it would be painful to not have you." Before I could even respond, Damien was already dropping down to his knees.



He put my right leg on his shoulder, lifting up my dress. “You’re not wearing any panties. Oh, Catalina you’re going to be the death of me,” he moaned. I mischievously grinned at him. I knew exactly how to drive him crazy, and I enjoyed pushing every button to achieve that. Though sometimes it didn’t work to my advantage, it was worth the risk just to see his reaction. The way he looked at me when I got him all hot and bothered, turned me on enough to make me come. He began laying soft kisses on my inner thighs, teasing me in a way that he knew would draw out my orgasm. His tongue made a trail from my thigh to my sex. Using his hand to spread my folds, he

licked every inch of my center. The heat of his mouth caused me to shiver with pleasure. He covered my clit, flicking his tongue against it in a rhythm that was so skilled it had me squiring and whimpering. I looked down at the vision in between my legs devouring me. The concentration he had amazed me. All his energy revolved around pleasing me. His tongue pushed into me, curving every time it pulled out. I could feel the pressure building inside of me, pushing hard to be released. He brought his attention back to my clit; his mouth sucking on it as two fingers pushed in and out of me. The overwhelming sensations had me at the edge of an orgasm. My fingers threaded into his

hair, trying to ground myself and encourage him to not stop. Suddenly, he stilled. He pulled his fingers out of me, placed my leg down, and stood up. I knew my disappointed was written all over my face, when Damien looked at me frowning. He caressed my face as if to wipe away my sadness.

“I want you to come while I’m inside you,” he explained. He pulled out my breast from my dress, taking it into his mouth. He sucked and nibbled on each nipple giving them the attention they deserved. He stepped away from me to quickly remove his clothes and put on a condom. Once he was naked in front of me, his cock stood freely at attention. I

licked my lips as thoughts of wrapping my mouth around it assaulted my mind. He moved close to me tilting my head to kiss me. His tongue pushed into my mouth seeking mine. I could feel his hard cock pushing up against my stomach, as he put his hands behind my knees pushing me up and wrapping my legs around his waist. His hard cock laid against my stomach waiting to be placed where it belonged. My pussy pulsed, eager to be filled by him. I grinded my hips into him enticing a moan from him. He never overly groaned, moaned, or grunted which I loved. There was nothing sexy about hearing your man be louder than you in bed, and Damien always made sure I was the doing the

screaming. I knew he liked that I was very verbal and noisy, it heightened his pleasure.

He slightly moved back to position himself to enter me. The first thick inch pushed into me slowly, making my vaginal walls latch onto it greedily.

Damien groaned, “I’m not even completely inside you and you’re already squeezing me so tightly baby.”

“I need you to fuck me Damien. I can’t take the teasing.”

“Patience love.” Patience was the last thing on my mind in that moment. I tried to wrap my legs tighter around him to draw him closer, forcing him to go deeper, but his strength over powered

mine. He didn't move an inch; I contracted my vaginal muscles again to drive him crazy like he was doing to me. He smiled, knowing my intention, and pulled out of me completely. He stared at me for a split second then kissed me ardently. My lips collided with his with so much urgency. I whimpered when his lips left mine too quickly. At that moment, the sound of a knock on my bedroom door froze me.

“Catalina, are you ready for dinner?” My dad asked. Damien chose that moment to drive deep and hard inside me. My pussy welcomed and embraced him openly.

“Yes!”

Damien chuckled at my reply knowing I was responding to him and not my father. The sounds in the room were filled with my moaning and Damien's heavy breathing as his eyes never left mine. Distantly I wondered if my father could hear us, though I didn't really care because all I wanted was to feel Damien, to come for him.

Damien pulled out of me again, replacing his cock with his fingers. His thumb massaged my clit as his fingers efficiently did the job his cock was previously doing. Abruptly, he took his soaking wet fingers out of me, putting his cock back in my pussy and two fingers in my ass simultaneously.

“Oh God!”

My body tensed at the foreign intrusion. To my surprise the initial penetration was the only sting of pain I felt. I never experienced anal pleasure but I was always curious. Finding the right person to try it with was the obstacle. I didn't want to explore with just anyone, and being that my love life was non-existent before Damien, I didn't have much options.

The world around me was a blur until I heard my father's voice.

“Catalina, are you alright?” I couldn't answer my dad's question because in that moment Damien wined his hips, moving inside me in ways I never felt.



My fingers dug into his back, making him release an animalistic growl.

“Answer your father baby,” he whispered. I tried to pull myself together to give my father an answer that would make him leave. Damien interrupted my concentration as his thrust became faster simultaneously with his fingers.

“Yes! I’m good. I’m gonna come!” I felt Damien’s breath against my neck as he chuckled, kissing it softly.

“I know you are. Do you like me being inside of you like this, filling you?”

“Yes, make me come Damien please,” I moaned. “I need to come. I want you to feel me come.” I couldn’t understand what had taken over me. I felt so free, so

wanton. Damien had the power to bring out things in me I never knew existed. I clinged onto him for dear life, aware that I'd be leaving marks on him. But the idea of leaving my marks on him excited me; the possessive part of me wanted him to be mine completely.

I could feel his heart beating rapidly, matching the pace of mine. He bucked into me hard, pushing every inch inside me to the point of pain. I winced at the contact. Damien's body went ridged at my reaction. He slowly pulled two inches out of me, meeting my gaze with concern filled in his eyes.

“Sorry baby. I want you so bad I lost control and got too rough.” The shame in

his expression pulled at my heart. I knew he would never do anything to hurt me purposely.

“I’m okay. I like it when you’re rough. It’s just that I can’t fit all of you inside me, you’re so big,” I smiled. My words did nothing to erase his concern. I gently caressed his cheek and brushed my lips against his. I could still taste myself on his lips. The passionate, sexual man that was with me a second ago was gone. The fire in his kiss was extinguished by what had just happened. I pulled my lips from his to try and will him back to normal.

“Damien, I’m fine trust me. Now make me come before my father comes back

and interrupts us again.” I pouted biting my lower lip seductively. His mouth slightly curved up and the spark returned in his eyes. He held my gaze as his fingers moved in a small circle in my ass and his strokes became deliberately slow. I cursed under my breath at the way he was torturing me. I could feel his cock growing harder inside me. It felt so good but I needed to feel that release now.

“Damien please. I need...” He silenced my pleas with a rough kiss. His lips moved eagerly over mine, biting into my lower lip. My hands moved all over him as if touching him just wasn't enough. His pace picked up little by little. My

eyes closed shut as the pressure built inside me. I began to shudder as I felt his tongue trail across my shoulder. My body tensed up as the onslaught of my orgasm hit me so hard. I screamed Damien's name as I felt him bite my shoulder. His finger pulled out of my ass as I felt him come. All tension left our bodies as we sank to the floor. Damien wrapped me in his arms, kissing the bite mark he left on me.

“I keep getting too rough with you. I'm sorry Catalina.” I hated that he kept regretting being truly himself with me. I loved that he could let loose with me, that his deepest sexual desires came out when he was with me. But I needed him

to be comfortable with it.

“Baby, I love that you can be like that with me. I want to explore things with you. I don’t want you to hold back with me. I’m a grown woman Damien. We’ve both expressed to each other that the age gap between us isn’t an issue.”

“Its not but...”

“But nothing,” I interrupted. “If I ever felt uncomfortable I would say something. And I know you would never hurt me. I trust you baby.” I could see the worry and guilt slowly leave his eyes. My gaze left his eyes and drifted to his lips. It amazed me how soft they were and how they fit so perfectly against mine. I slowly licked his lower lip and

pulled it into my mouth sucking it. I felt his cock jerk inside me as he released a groan. The way I could affect him filled me with so much confidence. It felt good because he affected me the same way.

“Catalina,” he whispered pulling his lip from me. “If you continue doing that I’m going to take you again. And your father would come breaking down the door wondering why you’re moaning and screaming so much. Though it was sexy watching you struggle to answer him while I was inside you, I prefer not to be interrupted when I’m with you.” The thought of skipping dinner and heading straight to Damien’s house crossed my mind. I could spend hours making love

to this man without a care in the world.

“Point taken.” He stood up effortlessly with me still in his arms. My legs stubbornly tightened around his waist.

“Baby you need to unwrap your legs from me,” he said smiling.

“Do I have to?” I pouted. I knew I was acting like a baby but he felt so good inside me.

“I don’t want you to but, yes.” I sighed my disappointment and slowly unwrapped my legs pulling him out of me. I moaned as I was left empty.

Stepping aside to walk to the bathroom to quickly wash up, Damien grabbed my arm stopping me in my tracks. I couldn’t help but look down at his cock still semi



hard, and a rush of hope coursed through me. I was ready for a second round.

Lifting my gaze to meet his, he smiled saying, “I will make it up to you later with no interruptions and hours of limitless pleasure. I promise Catalina.” I whimpered as I felt my pussy throb in response to his words. Abruptly he pulled me against his hard body molding mine with his. The warmth of him called to me. I felt like a nympho. Never had I felt such intense desire towards someone until I meet Damien. His lips eagerly pushed against mine, invading my mouth with his tongue searching for mine. My hands instinctively threaded into his hair as my hips moved against his now fully

hard erection. He gently pulled away from me breathlessly.

“Fuck. What are you doing to me Catalina?”

“The same thing you’re doing to me. I’m beginning to wonder how you waited so long to make love to me.”

“It wasn’t without immense self-control, but it shattered the first night we made love. Now I don’t know the meaning of self-control when it comes to you.” I looked into his eyes and saw some realization brighten it. Before I could ask him, he turned away from me to get dressed. The emptiness I felt without his touch, without his warmth paralyzed me. I needed him and that scared me. *What if*

*I lost him?* I didn't think I would survive if that happened.

He walked over to me and kissed me on my forehead. "I'll wait for you downstairs." He walked away with so much grace, you could never tell we just fucked five minutes ago. The scent of sex surrounded me as I stood alone in my room trying to pull myself together. I walked into the bathroom to freshen up. Looking at myself in the mirror, I realized sadly I didn't have the grace Damien had because I looked like a hot mess. I took the quickest shower known to man, brushed my hair, got dressed, and headed downstairs to face a possibly intense dinner. As I entered the

sitting room I could hear Damien and my father discussing current business news. So deep in conversation they didn't realize I was there. They seemed comfortable and cool with each other. Damien showed no sign of nervousness or fear which was calmed me.

I cleared my throat and all eyes were on me, "No business talk tonight gentlemen. Shall we eat?" They both stood up, my father leading the way to the dining room. I glanced at Damien as I crossed in front of him to follow my father, but his eyes quickly avoided mine. I frowned thinking maybe I imagined it. I was overwhelmed with emotions, it was possible my mind was playing tricks on

me.

We all sat down at the table and Damien immediately took the seat across from me instead of beside me. Maybe he thought my father would prefer it that way, which was understandable but I missed the heat of Damien next to me. I tried to push my desire aside to focus on dinner, this was important. My hunger for Damien would have to wait.

The appetizer and main course went by without trouble. My father tip toed around the real reason for the dinner, engaging in other conversations such as questioning Damien about his background and upbringing. No doubt strategically getting the answers he was

seeking. Though my father worked with Damien for about a year now, he wanted to get a deeper feel of who he really was. Throughout the conversations I observed them both closely. My father was like a detective. It was interesting seeing him like that, playing the caring, concerned parent. I thought that Damien would be sweating under pressure, but there was no sign of that coming from him.

However, something was wrong because he still avoided any contact with me visually and physically. He went out of his way to not touch or look at me while passing the salt. It made no sense to me. *Did I do something wrong?* We had just

discovered another intense level of intimacy a while ago. Why was there such a disconnect between us now? Maybe he was still mad at himself for being rough with me, even though I told him I liked it which was one hundred percent true. But that wouldn't make sense. He wouldn't be avoiding me. Maybe he's ashamed and filled with guilt. I was growing frustrated with all the thoughts going through my mind; this needed to be addressed, now. I got ready to excuse myself and Damien so we could talk about what was bothering him. But my dad's question stopped me. "So Damien what are your intentions with my daughter?" The seriousness in

my father's voice had me holding my breath. He was getting straight to the point now. I glanced over at Damien to see him smile at the question. He placed his utensils down and looked directly into my father's eyes addressing him with complete confidence.

“Mr. Frederick I'm in love with your daughter. I understand that you want her to be happy. Trust me her happiness and safety means everything to me. I wish I came to you from the beginning of our relationship, and I do apologize for that. But I want you to understand that I want my relationship with Catalina to be long term. I intend to make it permanent. I hope you not only see but also truly



comprehend how much I love her.”

There was a silence that filled the room. All I could hear was my heart pounding rapidly in my chest. My mind stayed stuck on Damien’s words about our future. *Was he referring to marriage?* Could I picture myself married to him? The minute that question popped up in my head, I knew the answer was yes. I could see myself being his wife. An image of me pregnant with Damien’s hands gently caressing my stomach filled my mind. I couldn’t help but smile and look at Damien, who was still confidently looking at my father. I then realized the room was still creepy quiet. It looked like they were both having a stare off. I commended my baby,

because his confidence never faltered for a second even though my father was giving him a look that would make a weaker man cry.

My father cleared his throat finally breaking the silence, “I would have preferred if the both of you had come to me from the beginning, but being that things were rocky between Lina and myself, I understand why she was apprehensive about telling me. But better late than never. Damien does the age difference between you two concern you?” I was waiting for him to ask that question. Its only natural for a father to be concerned about that.

“I know that this may be a concern for

you. But when I look at Catalina I don't see age, for as you know she is abundantly more mature than a woman of her age." Damn, if this was a test, which in some ways it was, Damien would have passed with flying colors.

"This is very true. Good. Do you drink Damien?" What? That's a random question. My father drinks so why would that concern him?

"Yes sir. I do enjoy a good brandy on occasion."

"Excellent. Come have a drink with me out on the balcony. A client gave me a new brandy. We can both test it out and continue our conversation."

"That would be good sir." I knew this

was my father's tactic to getting a one on one conversation with Damien.

Therefore, I wasn't invited to this little male bonding time. Standing from the table, my father gently kissed me on the forehead. He smiled at me with a determined look in his eyes. All I could do was shake my head with a smirk on my face. Damien got up and followed, continuing to avoid me. The giddiness I had deflated instantly. I needed to be away from him for a while and take in everything that was said at dinner.

I went to the kitchen grabbed another glass of wine and a small piece of crème brulee. I headed to my balcony, a place I considered to be my sanctuary. I was

hoping the conversation the men were having would carry up so I could hear it, but being that the property was massively huge I had no such luck. So I sipped on my wine, munched on my dessert, and tuned out the world. I couldn't help but think about Damien and walking down the aisle; me in a beautiful white lace dress and him in a sexy black tux. I put a stop to that daydream quick, before I got in too deep. Who was I kidding; I was already in too deep. Damien had officially managed to ruin men for me forever. I would never love anyone the way I loved him. The things he did to me and brought out of me, no other man was capable of. But what if permanent didn't

mean marriage for him? It could just mean a long term relationship. If it did mean marriage, how many kids did he want or did he even want any at all. In that moment I realized we never discussed marriage or the next step in our relationship. We were too busy trying to keep things a secret and stay sane in the process.

I stopped myself from thinking too hard so I wouldn't drive myself crazy. If marriage was in our future we would discuss it, and all that comes with it. My thoughts were interrupted when my father appeared and sat beside me. I looked at his face to see a huge grin on it, which left me a little confused. I

wanted to smile with him, but the knots in my stomach prevented that.

“Why are you smiling so hard?” I asked.

“I just had an interesting conversation with Damien. I like him. You chose well Lina. I have confidence that he will keep you happy and safe, and that’s what matters to me.” I sighed a sigh of relief not realizing how much tension I was holding inside.

“Well, I’m happy no one bit anyone’s head off. I love him daddy.” I blurted out feeling like I needed to make sure he knew and understood that.

“I know.” The look in his eyes was one of resolve and contentment. He was finally getting it. “Well let me go before

I have to reschedule my flight. I'll be back in three days. Oh, I also plan on traveling less so we can spend some more time together. What do you think?"

"Sounds like a plan," I smiled.

"Good. I love you Lina."

"I love you too dad." He hugged me and walked out of my bedroom. For a day that started horribly it was taking a turn for the better.

I walked out to the edge of the balcony and took in the beautiful city lights. I felt so freed without the constraints of secrecy and happy with a new growing relationship with my father. But I still felt nervous about Damien and me. I was so lost in my thoughts; I jumped as he



came behind me and wrapped his arms around me.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you baby.” I relaxed in his arms, feeling that that was where I belonged. His warmth eased the longing I had for him. So deep in the feeling, I almost forgot I was mad at him. Almost. I removed his arms from around me and stepped away from him. He winced at my reaction. I wanted to comfort him because I hated seeing him unhappy. But by avoiding me, he hurt me and he needed to understand that. Our communication with each other was always on point, so it threw me off balance when things became distant.

“You’re mad at me,” he said softly. I

looked into his eyes and gave him that “duh” look. “I know its a stupid question.”

“Yeah... Did I do something wrong?” I found myself asking. I had planned to be angry and give him a hard time about it. But the confusion in me over powered the anger.

“No, baby. God, I hate that I hurt you. I really should have thought this through.” He sighed heavily before he spoke again. “Catalina, what we shared earlier was so intense. So... intimate it shook me. If I stayed in the room with you for a second longer I would have taken you again. I needed some space from you to calm the yearning I have for you.”

“That’s why you avoided me so much?”

“I wanted to make sure I had a clear head while talking to your father, its hard to do that when I look at you. The expression on your face when you came for me kept popping up in my head. If I looked at you or touched you it would have sent me over the edge. And having a crazy hard-on while talking to your father is not my idea of a good conversation.” I pictured how uncomfortable that would have been for him, and I sympathized. Though it hurt, I understood why he did it. And at that point I was grateful for it because things went so great with my father. I couldn’t be angry with him, I didn’t want to.

“I’m sorry I hurt you baby.” I could hear the sincerity in his voice. I knew he didn’t mean to intentionally hurt me.

“I know you didn’t mean to.” He smiled at me and pulled me into him. My lips found his effortlessly, wanting to pour into him my forgiveness. His tongue caressed mine possessively as his hands gripped my hips tightly. I moaned in his mouth when I felt his erection pushing against my thigh. I wanted him inside me, but a pull in my mind halted my desires. We still had things to discuss, and I couldn’t let sex distract me. I gently pushed away from him, which left a look of confusion and frustration on his face.

“We still need to talk Damien.”

“What? Do you want me to beg?

Because my tongue would gladly beg between your legs.” He said with a mischievous smile. His words left me wet and wanting.

“Oh, you can definitely beg with your tongue *after* we talk about the conversation you had with my father.”

He smiled, “You want to know what we talk about outside.”

“Yes.”

“When I said I wanted to make our relationship permanent I meant it. I can’t see anyone being my wife except you. I don’t want anyone to be my wife except you.” Hearing him say my wife made my

heart stop. I never thought I would ever hear a man say that to me. My hope in getting married had depleted a long time ago. But Damien brought light and renewed hope to that dark part of my life.

“I asked your father for his blessing to ask you to marry me.” My body went completely still. “If it was up to me I would propose to you right now, but your father said we’re moving a little fast. So waiting is what’s best. It’s okay because either way you’re going to be my wife.” I looked at him silently for a while. It wasn’t a proposal but it was a future proposal which was still awesome in my book.

Damien moved closer to me and caressed my cheek, “Too much?”

“No,” I smiled. “I’m just taking it all in.”

“I know we never discussed anything about marriage, but we have time. Right now I just want to enjoy you. Come home with me.”

“There’s no need. You can stay here tonight. You’ll be the first man to ever sleep in my bed.”

“As much as I would love that, what I plan on doing to you is not something I want your father to hear.”

“He’s gone for a few days. So I’m all yours,” I said seductively. He abruptly picked me up in his arms and sat on my bed with me in his lap. I thought back to

how we met and where we were now. The fear of losing him no longer suffocated me, with our relationship being out in the open anything and everything was possible. I looked into Damien's eyes and just said, "Yes." He looked at me like I had two heads, so I rushed to explain.

"I know that you haven't officially asked me to marry you, but if you were to ask the answer would be yes. And when you do officially get down on one knee with a beautiful ring and say those three words to me, the answer will still be yes. I love you Damien and I want that forever that women dream of to be with you." His lips pushed hard against mine



taking me by surprise, it only took me a second to match his eagerness. My tongue pushed into his mouth softly caressing his, enjoying the taste of him. He slightly pulled away whispering, “I might just disregard your father’s advice and propose to you now and elope.”

“He would kill you,” I giggled. “Bad idea.”

“Good point,” he laughed with me.

“Patience my love. Now, I do believe you mentioned doing things to me that would make me scream.”

“Patience my love,” he said repeating my words, “I love you Catalina.”

“I love you too.” We were ready to truly start our lives together. This was only

the beginning.

The

End