

BEST KEPT SECRET

*Fan Fiction
Compilation*

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A WEEK OF SUNSHINE

Written by Ms Dill

(A *His Galaxy* spin-off)

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I read the line of dialogue again, the same one I've been staring at for the last half hour. The script is fun—another installment of the mafia don series I enjoy recording—but I can't seem to focus or get a feel for the character today.

Get it together, Robinson.

I scroll back to the beginning, but the words start to blur together again midway through the page.

"Dammit." *What the fuck is wrong with me?*

But I do know what's wrong. What's been wrong since I left the recording room all those months ago and made worse when I got up out of the hotel bed last week. One last hurrah, they called it, before they settled into married life.

I got invited to a threesome and all I got was this pair of knickers. My eyes stray to the drawer where I keep my little souvenir from that first time with Gal and Chambers. It feels kind of wrong to hold onto it now. The two of them are completely, disgustingly in love and while it felt amazing to be desired by the most beautiful woman I knew, part of me always felt a little guilty afterwards. Her side piece, I'd jokingly called myself that first time. That's certainly how I feel right now.

This is some pity party we've set up for ourselves, Robinson. Snap out of it, for fuck's sake.

Any other wallowing thoughts are interrupted by a knock on my closet-slash-recording studio door.

"Yeah?"

My assistant, Anthony, pokes his head in, pushing the sound dampening blanket out of the way.

“Hey, boss, I’m taking off.”

God, was it that late already?

“Okay. Thanks, Anthony.”

He lingers in the doorway.

“Was there something else?” I ask.

“If there’s anything you need for next week, just reminding you I’m not gonna be here.”

Okay, what...

“You’re not going to be here because...?”

Anthony huffs, stopping short of rolling his eyes. He really is kind of a jerk, even more so since Chambers signed him back over to me. *Is Chambers really that much better, as a boss, as a lover—Stop it, you idiot!*

“I’m going on vacation, remember? I’m out for a week.”

My face must look blank because he says, “I told you this last week, man.”

I definitely don’t remember that. I really am losing it.

Clearing my throat, I reply, “Um, yeah, of course, sorry. I thought you meant...never mind. The next couple weeks are just going to be busy since Chambers is going on his honeymoon and Gallo is off to some island music festival.” *And if I don’t get my head right, I’ll be fucked, and not in a fun way. Richard is going to be pissed if I don’t get these done on time.*

Anthony’s smirk is patronizing. “I already asked my roommate to fill in for me, don’t worry.”

“Your roommate?” If this guy is anything like Anthony, I may prefer to go it alone.

“Yeah. I’ll leave the keys and passwords and stuff. You’ll be covered.”

Wanna bet? “That’s fine. Have a good week off.”

He gives me a mock salute. “Thanks, boss.” He turns around, slamming the door behind him.

Jerk.

I startle out of sleep and groan. It’s too bright. I feel the nightstand for my phone. Eight thirty-four. Too damn early. I stayed up late, finally recording the mafia audio after pouring a glass of red to help loosen me up. I’m still behind but I can catch up if I—*What was that?*

It sounds like cabinet doors opening and closing. What the hell? I jump out of bed, looking around for something to protect myself with. Nothing other than some old clothes and my gym bag.

I tiptoe down the hall towards the sounds, which seem to be coming from the kitchen, and stop at the corner. There’s a whispered “Fuck” and something that sounds like my coffee machine hissing.

I step out, puffing myself up to my full height to look as intimidating as I can.

“Hey, what the hell do you think you’re doing?”

A yelp. A woman in a neat jacket and dark jeans nearly drops the mug in her hand, splashing hot coffee all over the counter. She whirls around. “Omigod, you scared me!”

“I scared you?” I say. “Who are you and what are you doing in my home?”

Her eyes widen. "Anthony didn't tell you."

"Anthony?"

Then it hits me.

"Anthony's roommate. You're Anthony's roommate." Of course that dick would neglect to tell me his roommate was female. *Would it have mattered? Does it matter? It's too early for this. But speaking of dicks...* I look down at myself. Oh good, at least I fell asleep in my underwear. But that still means I'm standing practically naked in front of a complete stranger.

Heat creeps up my neck, cranking higher when I see her staring back at me. Her lips are parted slightly, a mirroring blush on her cheeks. It's silent except for the steady drip-drip-drip of coffee falling from the counter to the floor.

"I, uh, I'm going to get dressed and then show you around. Make yourself at home," I say, breaking the spell. She blinks once. I take it as a sign of agreement and scurry back to my room.

I shut my door and lean against it. *Make yourself at home?* I run a hand over my face. *Come on, man. That was lame. It's okay, it's okay. Shake it off. Take a shower. Drink some coffee. Apologize. Start over. If she hasn't run out of here. It's just a week. Then we can whup Anthony's ass.*

Thankfully, she's still in the kitchen when I returned. She stands in front of the sink with her back to me, elbows resting on the countertop, putting her perfectly curved bottom front and center. She's on her phone, probably telling Anthony he owes her big time for this or begging a friend to call with some fictional emergency she needs to rush off to.

She takes a sip of coffee. When she puts the mug down, I spied a berry-colored stain on the rim. I unconsciously lick my own lips.

I clear my throat to make my presence known. "Sorry about that," I say.

She turns slowly, like she's making sure I'm fully dressed. Once she sees that I am, she faces me fully. Her cheeks are still flushed, her hair a little tousled like she's been running her hand through it.

"I'm the one who should apologize. Anthony said he usually starts around nine and lets himself in. I got here sooner than I thought. I wanted to start the week off right: have a head start, make you coffee, and get my bearings. I definitely didn't mean to scare you." She pauses. "I'm rambling now, aren't I?"

It's a relief to see she's as nervous as I am. "It's fine. Really. I was working late so my usual schedule got all messed up. Aaaanyway," I say, extending my hand, "I'm Robinson."

Her shy smile widens, changing her features from pretty to downright devastating. She leans forward to clasp her fingers around mine. I find myself dumbly repeating her name and holding onto her hand a little longer than necessary.

You're being creepy, bro.

I let go and take a step back. My right hand is numb and tingly. I open and close my fist several times then reach for the fresh mug of caffeinated brew she's made. I inwardly wince at the bright red 'Number One Daddy' scrawled across it. Richard gave it to me at our last holiday party.

“Just so you know, your roommate doesn’t make me coffee in the morning, so you don’t have to. Not that I don’t appreciate it. This is great. You’re already way ahead in my book,” I say, taking a long gulp. How does this coffee taste better than when I make it? Strike one against Anthony and it isn’t even nine A.M. “Ready for the grand tour?”

The grand tour takes all of five minutes. I show her the guest bedroom Anthony and I use as an office, powering up the other laptop and making sure she can log in. Point out the guest bathroom in case she needs it. Then we took a stroll over to my bedroom where I hastily threw my dirty clothes into the bathtub and tried to make the whole thing look less like a hopeless man space. Only because I haven’t had anyone to impress in a while. *Ugh, seriously, professional thoughts only, Robinson.*

“And, uh, this is where the magic happens,” I say, swinging open my closet door to show my recording equipment.

I stop, realizing what I just said. She doesn’t seem to notice. She steps inside and turns around in a circle.

“Can I ask why you record here instead of in the office?”

“Oh, well, the acoustics are better here. But also there’s parts of the scripts that—” I pause. “I don’t suppose one of the things Anthony remembered to tell you before he left was what I actually do?”

“He said you do voice acting.”

She says this completely innocently, not a glimmer of amusement in her eyes. Great, did Anthony fail to let her know what kind of voice acting I do? “I do! I mean, yeah, I do. So, you know, it’s easier to concentrate here. Less distractions.”

She laughs. The sound makes a flutter in my chest. “I can see that. Tony’s energy can be a lot.”

I wonder how they came to be roommates. *Wait, did she just call him Tony?* Somehow the nickname fit him better. My mind starts spinning. Is there history between them? No, she doesn’t seem like Anthony’s type, not that I know what his type would be. Could be anybody. Everybody, for all I know.

She reaches out and brushes a hand along my hanging shirts. A shiver goes through me like she’s run her hand down my arm. “It’s kind of nice, though. Cozy.” She taps her fingers on the small table I use for my laptop, skimming them over my microphone. I shouldn’t enjoy her touching my things so much, but I do.

“I better let you get to it,” she says, snapping me back from my wayward thoughts. “Tony did say you have a busy week ahead.”

I move aside to let her through. She sidles by, our chests nearly touching. *Oh, she really does smell good. Like lying on the hot sand on a sunny day, a salty breeze, suntan lotion, coconut and rum. God, I must really be due a vacation.*

“I’ll be in the office if you need me,” she says, stopping in the hallway. “Would you like me to grab some lunch for you later?”

I rub the back of my neck. “Yeah, that would be great, actually.”

“Anything in particular you want?”

“I eat pretty much anything. No allergies.”

She nods and closes the door behind her.

I shake my head and chuckle. That's two strikes against Anthony. The guy tended to disappear around lunchtime without even checking with me. I could get used to this.

No, man, she's just filling in. Whatever you do, do not get attached to Anthony's roommate.

That proves harder than I think. Over the next few days, it isn't just the helpful run-down of new info she gives me while we drank our morning coffee, or the snacks and lunch waiting for me when I need a break. Nor is it the way she restructures my file folders to make finding and cross-referencing things easier. It's the way she laughs at my horrible puns instead of rolling her eyes and that she picks up every Shakespeare reference I throw out. The way she smiles and instantly warms up the room. The way her scent lingers around the apartment long after she leaves. Worse, the way it feels absolutely right to be with her most of the day.

"Good morning, Sunshine" I sing, coming into the kitchen.

"Morning," she replies.

"Mmm," I hum, inhaling the intoxicating aroma of coffee mixed with her perfume. I notice a pink box sitting on the dining table. "What's that?"

"Oh!" she says, opening the box and showing me the contents. "I thought I'd get us treats for my last day."

I stare at the gluten-filled feast inside. She picked all my favorites from the bakery down the street but my stomach feels like it's lined with lead.

"Right. Last day. I should be the one getting you something for the amazing work you've done this week."

"Come on, you've been the easiest person to work for. Tony's lucky to have a boss like you."

I try to smile. "He doesn't bring me treats though. I just might have to tell Anthony he's out of a job. That is, if you're interested in taking over."

She smacks me on the arm. She started doing that the last couple of days: touching my arm to get my attention, playfully digging her elbow into my side when I'm being goofy. My pants would be up in flames if I said I don't enjoy it, don't read into it more than I should.

"I'm kind of serious. That's what happens when you do such a good job," I whisper conspiratorially.

I see her breath hitch in her chest. My kitchen suddenly feels too small, our bodies too close. If I lean forward just a bit more, I could kiss her.

Wait, why am I thinking of kissing her? *Well, who wouldn't want to kiss her?* Oh god.

"Well, I'll, um, be recording if you need anything," I say, taking a big step back. "And maybe we can go out for lunch today—my treat, since you brought breakfast."

“Okay.” She sounds uncertain but before I can say anything else, she disappears into the office.

Now you’ve done it, Robinson.

“That’s right, kitten,” I moan. “I’m almost there...so close.” Another drawn-out moan. “Fuck, yes, keep doing that. Keep squeezing my—ah fuck...”

I punch the spacebar to stop recording. *That was terrible.* Sighing, I drop my head down on the table. This is going nowhere. This last audio of the week just isn’t cooperating. I’ve been at it for hours and something still feels off.

What’s off is you’ve been thinking about the woman in the other room this whole time.

I can’t argue.

Checking my watch, it’s almost one o’clock. My stomach grumbles. At least that didn’t make it into the recording. As it is, the editors are going to have a difficult time finding good enough parts to Frankenstein this audio together.

I growl, throwing the closet door open and running straight into Tony’s roommate with a loud smack.

She recovers first, though her pupils are blown wide, that sweet pinkness high on her cheeks. Had she been listening?

Swallowing loudly, she gives me an apologetic smile. “Hey. I figured you were busy but didn’t want you to skip lunch. I was going to slide this note under the door to let you know I ordered in instead.”

So perfect. *Okay, stop it, Robinson.*

“I could use a break.”

We sit on opposite ends of my tiny dining table. The air between us is heavy, which I attribute to the big-assed, bright pink elephant squatting next to us.

“Are you alright?” she finally says.

I look up from my half-eaten sandwich.

“Great. Why?” *Lie.*

“Your knee hasn’t stopped bouncing since we sat down.”

I look down at my right leg and, sure enough, it seems to be moving up and down on its own. *Oh.*

I nearly jump out of my skin when I feel her hand on my knee, gently holding it down.

“How can I help?”

My mind races with all the naughty ways her hand could help me right now.

“Is it the audio you’re working on?” she presses.

She looks so earnest. My shoulders sag in resignation and relief. I nod.

“Sometimes it’s easier when it is a certain kind of character,” I say, “Mafia don, billionaire, knight, professor, hockey player, private detective chasing paranormal beings—even a new dad—it’s a persona I can play with and put on. But ‘boyfriend on date night?’”

“What’s wrong with date night?” The corners of her lips turn up.

“Nothing. Except I’ve done about a hundred of them now. I’m trying to keep it fresh but sometimes I feel like I’m phoning it in.” I take a sip of water, my mouth suddenly dry.

“It doesn’t sound like you are.”

I choke on my water. We stare at each other, her face looking as shocked by her admission as I feel.

“I mean—in your audios...not just now...” she stutters.

“Y-you listened to my audios?” I cough but there must now be water in my lungs, because I’m finding it hard to breathe.

She makes an impatient sound. “That idiot Tony forgot to tell me—among other things—exactly what kind of audios you make. I was organizing your scripts and decided to read one of them and...” she looks away and shrugs. “I looked up BKS and did the free trial.” Her gaze meets mine again. “You really are good, you know.”

“Thank you,” I say around a mouthful of salami and nerves.

My head is reeling. She’s been listening to me—when? While she works? Fuck that sounds wrong. But so damn hot. Does it turn her on, listening to my voice, knowing I’m just a couple of walls away? If she gets even half as aroused as I do with almost every thought of her—

“So, listen, I have an idea,” she continues, as if I’m not close to spontaneously combusting with the dirty thoughts running rampant in my brain.

“I’m all ears,” I say.

“You should let me record with you.”

I must be hallucinating. “What?”

“Change things up a little. Run through your lines with me. ‘Acting is reacting’, right?”

I nod.

“So, use me.”

Oh, baby, you didn’t just say that.

“I can fill in the dialogue. We can make it more of a conversation and maybe you can figure out how you want to play it.”

I put down my sandwich.

“And you’re okay with that?” I ask. “It won’t make you uncomfortable?”

Will it make *me* uncomfortable? *Most definitely in these jeans.* Why the hell didn’t I wear something looser? *Like what, gray sweatpants? Like that would have made things less obvious.*

She shrugs again. “It’ll be fun.”

That’s what I’m afraid of.

It’s a tight squeeze in the closet with another person here. I brought one of the dining chairs in since she insisted I keep my task chair. We huddle in front of my laptop screen, me reading the script as she ad libs the listener’s part.

Where the words felt dry, heavy, and lifeless in my mouth before, they now roll easily off my tongue. Her retorts have me eager to respond, to banter. The air in my stupid closet feels charged, every exchanged word and breath crackling against my skin. If Sunshine is similarly affected, I can’t tell, though she’s giving me the sassiest

smile and the mischievous gleam in her eyes makes my pulse race. If she ever looks at me like that for real, I'll be a dead man. Dead, buried, probably haunting her forever.

Then her hand rests on my thigh. My heart comes to a complete stop. *Breathe, idiot. See? She's just using it as support so she can take a closer look at the screen.*

Her fingers tighten around my jeans. Actual brain malfunction this time as her nails gently scrape the rough material. *Robinson, do not, DO NOT freak this girl out by getting turned on right now.* My dick gets the message loud and clear but is determined to give me the big middle finger.

I'm flustered and trying desperately to deflate this fucker with thoughts of fluffy kittens, puppies, anything but the weight of her hand so close to where I've been imagining it the last few days.

I look back at the script for my next line. A strangled sort of sound comes out of me when I read it. I knew this was a bad idea. *Abort mission. This is going to blow up in our faces.*

She looks up at me, expectant, waiting for me to say my line. *Fuck it.* I lean into the microphone—which puts me even closer to her—and whisper: “Are you going to be good for me, kitten?”

Her hand curls again, and I swear I see her shiver.

Our heads are so close now. Her summery perfume and whatever fruity shampoo she uses wraps around me like ghost hands, drawing me even closer.

I sigh, dropping my Mr. Robinson voice for a moment. “Hey, listen, this is where it gets kinda—well, where things really get going. Don't get me wrong, you've been great, this has been great, just what I needed. But maybe you—*mmph!*”

My task chair rolls back a little with the force of her lips against mine. I pull back. “Sunshine, what—?”

She grabs the arms of my chair and wheels me closer.

“Yes, Mr. Robinson,” she says, and my name on her lips is enough to make my dick rise to full fucking attention, “I'll a good little kitten.” She rises up in her seat. Her tongue licks the seam of my lips, teasing me to let her in. I open my mouth with a groan.

“I don't think my next line makes sense with that,” I manage to say between kisses.

Her laugh is husky now, sexy as hell. “Forget your lines, Robinson.”

Sound advice. My brain cells have completely abandoned their mission anyway and formed a new one: bask myself in Sunshine's warmth before she goes away.

Our kisses grow more heated, our bodies moving to get as close to each other as we can. I kiss her neck, loving the little gasping sounds she makes as I continue downwards. She leans away, grabbing the hem of her shirt and pulling it over her head.

“Damn,” is all I could think to say at the sight of her.

“Let's just dispense with all the clothes, yeah?” she says.

No need to tell me twice. I shed them all—sweater, shirt, and jeans—leaving just my boxer briefs on.

“Well now, we're right where we started, Robinson,” she says with a grin.

“Trust me, I would never have guessed when I barged into my kitchen in just my underwear on Monday that this is where we'd be on Friday.”

She puts her hands on my chest. “Me neither, honestly.”

“Tell me what you want, Sunshine,” I say, hands wandering over her arms, her breasts, her sides. So soft. Better than I imagined, which I didn’t think was possible.

“I want you to do to me exactly what it says in the script: eat me out then fuck me.”

I laugh. “Oh, shit, of course—you’ve read it already. Did listening to my audios turn you on, Sunshine?”

“Yes.”

“Well then, let’s find out if you like the real thing better.”

I push my chair back and slide to my knees. I place my hands on her thighs and look up at her. “May I?”

When she nods, I slowly peel her underwear down her legs. Fuck. Everything about her really is perfect. I spread her legs wider and lean in to taste her. God, it’s intoxicating.

I explore her with fingers and tongue. Her fingers comb through my hair, pulling tighter and tighter as she calls out my name. The pain is sweet, letting me know I’m pleasuring her, worshiping her the way she deserves.

Her orgasm is even sweeter, coating my mouth and chin. If I never tasted anything else again I’d die a happy man.

She’s sprawled out on the chair, blissed out. When I rise up, she pulls me in for a kiss, tasting herself on my lips.

“You still want me, Sunshine?” I ask, my knuckles brushing against her cheek.

“Yes, please.”

I grab whatever clothes I can find to form a makeshift cushion. Laying her down, I brace myself on my elbows above her. I kiss down from her neck, sucking and nipping at her nipples, earning more delicious sounds from her.

“Robinson—” she calls between whimpers. I push up, sliding my cock up and down her slit, coating it in her wetness before notching it in her sweet pussy before pushing in.

She moans my name again, a desperate, drawn-out sound. I take my time, slowly sinking into her until our hips touch.

“You okay, Sunshine?”

She nods. “Don’t stop, please.”

No. There’s no way I’m stopping until we’re both a sweaty, wet, sticky mess.

I start to move, rocking into her. Her arms tighten around my shoulders, legs wrapping around my waist, spurring me on.

“Faster, baby. Harder. Please.”

Fuck. Having a partner tell me exactly what they want always riles me up. I follow her commands, the delicious friction of my cock rubbing her slick, satin-soft inner walls sending waves of pleasure through me.

“I’m so close. Robinson. Oh god please—!”

I rock back to my knees and grip her hips, adjusting their angle so I can go deeper. Her moans turn into high-pitched keens, heels digging into my ass cheeks as she all but strangles my cock. Fuck. I need her to come soon.

I bury my nose in her neck. The scent of her perfume mixing with the smell of our sweat and lust, turns my blood into molten lava, rushing down to where our bodies are joined.

I drop a hand to her pussy. "I'm right there, Sunshine," I whisper, rubbing her clit. Her legs begin to shake. "That's right, be a good girl and come."

Her hips buck, back arching as she cries out. She's so tight around me, so tight and so damn good. My release barrels through me, my hips moving frantically as I chase it. Black spots dot my vision as I thrust into her one, two, three more times, spilling into her.

Oh sweet fuck. My spine feels tingly, liquefied, my arms nearly giving out. I lower my head so our foreheads are touching, giving us both a chance to steady our ragged breaths. Her body continues to pulse around my cock. I shiver, overstimulated, but too spent and satisfied to pull away.

"Sunshine," I sigh when her aftershocks finally subside.

"Hmm," she says, fingers tracing over my shoulders. "Why Sunshine? I like it, but why?"

"Because you brighten my day. With coffee," I say, nuzzling her neck. She giggles.

"And snacks." A kiss to her clavicle. She outright laughs this time.

I push her hair back, my expression sobering. "You just make me feel warm, you know?"

She looks down, but nods.

I roll to my side, drawing her in for a cuddle. Movement from the desk catches my eye.

"Oh, fuck, we're still recording!" I jump up. She's laughing again, probably at my bare ass as I'm scrambling. "Let me just stop it," I say, hitting the spacebar. I exhale.

"Can you send me that?" she asks. I turn my head, surprised. "What? That was hot." Her sassy smirk returns. "But definitely better in person."

I shake my head, making sure I save the file on my personal server instead of the shared company folder.

"I'll send it to you later. I just want to hold you right now. C'mere," I said, lying back down and folding her back into my arms.

"You don't have to report this to HR, do you?"

"I hope not," I said, thinking of my mortification when Richard said he'd seen my ass on camera. "Not unless you'd like to file a complaint."

"No complaints here, sir."

I swat her behind. "Don't call me that unless you mean it."

We lie together, feeling each other's heartbeats.

Then: "You'll need to re-record this audio I'm guessing."

"Yup. Richard needs it before next week."

She sits up. "Okay. Well, I'm going to finish my to-do list for the day. Then I'm going home."

My stomach drops. Was that it, then? Wham, bam, thank you ma'am?

She snags her bra and panties from the floor, then turns to me. "And, if you're a good boy and finish all your work, I'll meet you for dinner later."

Oh thank god. "A good boy, huh? Maybe over dinner I can convince you to put your roommate out of a job."

"I can't do that! He pays half the rent," she says.

"What about on a consultant basis?"

She doesn't answer, grabbing one of my hoodies instead. "Mind if I borrow this?"
"Take anything you need, Sunshine."

I watch her slip her t-shirt back on before shrugging into the hoodie, which hangs down to her thighs. I probably should start dressing too, instead of sitting on my naked ass gawking at her, but I'm ready to let go of this—of her—just yet.

"You sure you don't want to stay here a little bit longer? It's nice and warm right here." I point to the empty space underneath my arm.

She kneels and kisses me, hard. "Get to work and get it done, Mr. Robinson," she says. "The sooner you do, the sooner we get to have dinner. And dessert."

Dessert, huh? I grin. "Yes, ma'am."

She winks at me before sashaying out.

My head drops back against the wall. *Strike three for Anthony. All right, Robinson, get dressed and record this fucking audio. Then we can meet our Sunshine, have a glass of red and some fucking dessert.*

My Sunshine. The thought warms me.

But first things first. I grab my phone and dial a number, unsurprised when it goes straight to voicemail.

"Hey, Tony. We need to talk when you get back."

THE END

A SHARED KINK

Written by MDF3

(A fanfic of Life Is A Beach) - Listen to the original audio [HERE](#)

My body had felt tingly and light since getting off Facetime with Gallo last night. It had been almost a month since the festival, AKA since we had our wild sexcation, and since then we had started planning a few trips together for more music festivals. I was starting to feel his physical absence in my life deeply and not just because of the sex...but also definitely because of the sex. I was feeling restless to the point that my little toys weren't really satisfying me anymore even after I had orgasmed several times. Then, as if he could sense my frustration, Gallo had told me about a guy he wanted me to meet.

Apparently, Gallo had a college friend staying nearby this weekend that he had mentioned me to, and his friend was interested in meeting me. I could only guess how in depth they had talked about me, but this friend must know quite a bit for it to be going this far. My phone vibrated.

Gallo:

facetime me when you see this baby.

I grinned and immediately started the call.

"Hey, Baby. That was fast." His soothing voice made my brain fuzzy still even though I had been listening to it for months. "Shouldn't you be getting ready?"

"I was just trying to pick out my outfit." I crooned. Seemed like I wouldn't have to worry about that much longer.

"Well, it seems I texted at the perfect time then. Why don't you show me what you're working with, Baby." I loved that Gallo choosing my outfits had become a regular tradition for us since our trip; this time around it felt even more invigorating because it was like he was getting me ready to present to his friend, like he was showing me off.

"Alright. Let me grab some of the things I was thinking about." I bit my lip as I set the phone down on my dresser.

I had already set some lingerie sets on my bed. For some reason I was having trouble choosing between a red lace bra with gold chains hanging over the cups, and a black bra with gold lace. Both could be strapless if need be. I decided to try on the red; for some reason my brain kept sticking on it and how sexy the chains would if I were being fucked...I shook my head and took a deep breath. Only a little bit longer and I could let loose.

I pulled the bra and matching panties on and then grabbed my phone off the dresser. "Oh. My. *God*, Baby." Gallo hummed.

"You like it?" I crossed my arms behind me and did a little shimmy to make the chains rock back and forth.

"Fuck, Baby. Hard to believe you've got something better than this up your sleeve." I angled the phone down to show him the matching panties. even turned to give him a peak at the ass I knew he loved so much. "Damn, look at that perfect ass. So juicy I just wanna take a

bite out of it.”

"Too bad. I miss having your teeth marks on me." I bit my lip again which had turned from an occasional habit to a tool I used religiously to drive Gallo crazy.

It was like my own secret weapon, one that was on a decidedly long list in my arsenal. I knew it was working when I saw a little twitch in Gallo's bicep that was the telltale sign he was adjusting himself. Of course, spotting it just made my mind wander to other things and my mouth started to water.

Goddamnit! I need to go to horny jail! Bonk!

"Okay, wear that tonight, Baby." Gallo snapped me out of my horny thoughts. "We should move on if you're going to be ready in time to go to the hotel. I know myself well enough to know I won't be able to control myself much longer." I pouted my lip, but I also knew he was right, and as much as I would love to have hot phone sex, I didn't want to spoil the treat Gallo had arranged for me. A few moments longer and neither of us would be able to control ourselves.

"Fine," I crossed my arms to press my breasts together and sauntered back over to my dresser. "I guess I should help by taking away some of the temptation then." I set my phone back down and let it fall to face the ceiling. I giggled at the sound of cursing.

"Now, that's not what I meant you tease! Hey, I'd still rather be looking at you than at the ceiling!" I heard him say through chuckles while I picked out a few dresses from my closet. After trying on a few different options, relentless flirting, and cheeky teasing we settled on a lilac purple satin dress that flared out at my waist and ended mid thigh. It had holes on both sides that revealed the skin on my waist. The front of the dress had a cowl neckline that dipped low enough to show some cleavage as well.

"Mm, yes. You look like a slutty little princess just begging to be fucked." Gallo murmured as he continued to admire the dress.

"I should finish getting ready then. I wouldn't want to disappoint your friend." "You could never disappoint anyone, Baby, but I guess I should let you get ready. Robinson said the hotel is expecting you, so you can get a key card in the lobby." A shiver of excitement with just a slight hint of apprehension moved through my body. Sure, I had a high libido, but no one could get me turned on like Gallo. What if it wasn't as great as I thought it would be? Was getting off really more important to me than my relationship with Gallo? What if this changed things for the worse?

"Baby," Gallo's voice brought all the gears in my head to a jolting stop. "You know you can say your safe word at any time. This stops as soon as you want it to." I dragged my eyes down Gallo's stern features and couldn't help a genuine smile.

"I know. You too." I whispered.

"What?" He seemed shocked. I couldn't decide whether to be worried or sad that he didn't think he could tell me if things went too far for him as well.

"If you feel uncomfortable with me sleeping with someone else just... pull on my leash." I smirked at my own phrasing. "I'll come back to you. Because at the end of the day your pleasure is mine, and if you're not enjoying yourself, there's no point." Gallo chuckled.

"Okay Baby. I promise I will let you know if things go too far." We sat in silence for a few moments until I felt a tightening in my chest that made my breathing stutter. "Now go finish getting ready. How you're going to make this picture any sexier I am intrigued to see..."

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As I entered the hotel, I was too tunnel visioned to take in the hotel closely. It wasn't five stars or anything extravagant, so there wasn't anything to gawk at. I skipped up to the front desk and grinned at the man openly staring at my cleavage.

"Hello! I'm meeting someone at the hotel. He said he left my name at the desk." I gave the room number and showed my ID.

"Excellent, I've got that in my notes right here. Here is your room key. Enjoy your stay!" "Thank you; I'm sure I will." I hummed. I bat my eyelashes and bit my lip. I could've sworn I saw a slight blush rise to the man's cheeks before I turned away and made a b-line for the elevator.

Before I knew it, I was at the hotel door twiddling my thumbs and wondering what I should do with myself. *Should I knock? If he wanted me to knock, would he have told the front desk to give me a key?* Deciding to throw caution to the wind I swiped the key card and crept into the room.

Inside it was dimly lit and spacious with a king size bed and a dresser with a large flatscreen tv, but it was the view out of the floor to ceiling windows that had my full attention. The room was on a high enough floor that I could see the roofs of the surrounding buildings and the lights dispersed throughout the city.

"That's quite a view." I started at the deep voice and spun to face the new arrival. "It is riveting." I smiled as I raked my eyes down the man who would be my attentive host tonight. He was wearing a pair of navy-blue dress pants and a white button up shirt with the top three buttons undone. A sport coat that matched his pants was draped over his arm. "I wasn't talking about the city." I could almost feel his eyes trailing up and down my body making me shiver.

"Hm, neither was I." I bit my lip eliciting a dark chuckle from the man I could only assume was Robinson.

"Gallo was right when he said you were a mischievous little vixen."

"Oh? What makes you say that?" I tilted my head and began to take a few slow steps over to Robinson. As I got closer our height difference became more apparent. With my heels on I was at eye level with his chin. I stopped with a few feet of space left between us creating a kind of tension that urged me to move forward, but I resisted.

Instead of responding Robinson only smirked. "My name is Robinson, but for our purposes today, you may call me sir."

"Yes, sir." I purred. A few moments passed of us just looking at each other before Robinson turned away, breaking the building tension.

"Sit on the corner of the bed facing the window. Enjoy the view; I have something I need to do."

"Yes, sir." I turned around slightly miffed and sauntered over to the spot Robinson had indicated. Of course, the "fuck you" gene in my body was trying very hard to make me turn around. I fiddled with the silky fabric of my skirt while I counted the cars passing by. Every sound behind me spiked my curiosity. I played with the idea of finding out what Robinson would do if I turned around. Would he be harsh like Gallo and punish me with pain or did he have a different way of doing things than his friend?

Before I could find out, Robinson spoke up behind me. "Okay, little minx, you may turn around." I swiveled on the corner of the bed and gasped. In the span of a few minutes Robinson had set up a tripod with a tablet facing the bed I was sitting on, and on the screen... "Gallo?!"

"Hello, Baby. You didn't think I was going to let you have all the fun without me." I couldn't breathe for a few moments.

"You're going to watch?" I whispered. While Gallo seemed to like the idea of me fucking someone on his orders, I always felt he wasn't interested in actually seeing it happen, which I understood despite being disappointed.

"Well, I know how much you enjoy being watched, and Robinson and I have had

experiences like this before; if I'm going to watch anyone else touch you, Robinson is the best option. I don't know that I'll be able to do this in the future, but I can try it, and we can both see how we like it. Does that sound good to you, Baby?"

My head bobbed up and down so fast I thought it might fall off. The corners of my lips were sore from how wide I was smiling. Any attempts I made to hide my enthusiasm failed outright.

"I think she likes the surprise, Gallo." Robinson chuckled.

"That's true, Baby? You do look fucking thrilled."

"I am, Daddy! I'm so glad you're here!"

"Well, alright then; let's get started. Tell Robinson your safeword, Baby."

"Green for go, yellow for slowdown and red for stop."

"Is that understood, Robinson?" Gallo's tone was grim and threatening, more so than I had ever heard it before. Not how I would expect him to talk to a friend, but it made my chest flutter watching him look out for me and make sure I would be taken care of.

"Loud and clear, Gallo. I wouldn't dream of hurting such a lovely vixen." They shared a look and Gallo's features shifted from severe to cocky.

"Alright, Baby. Let's start slow, shall we? Why don't you go give Robinson a kiss. Show him what that mouth can do." I eagerly strode up to Robinson and wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled his lips to mine. His lips were surprisingly soft, but he kept his arms at his sides. It triggered something in me, as if he were setting a challenge. Heat pooled in my veins. If he wanted to see what I could do, I would happily oblige.

One of my hands raked through Robinson's hair before I clamped my fingers shut and pulled ever so slightly while my other hand balled up the front of his crisp shirt to pull him closer. Robinson let out a satisfying hiss, and I took advantage of the opportunity to bite his juicy bottom lip.

I pulled away slightly and heard Robinson curse. Gallo chuckled.

"You're playing with fire, Baby." I giggled. "You really want Robinson to ravish you, don't you?" I looked away from Robinson's blissed out face to look at Gallo sitting shirtless with his knees spread and his hand subtly gripping the hard outline in his jeans. Drool pooled in my mouth before I gulped it down.

"Yes, Daddy. Please I do."

"That can be arranged." When I turned my head back to Robinson my breath hitched. It was like turning away from a puppy and looking back to find a wolf. He grinned at me with hooded eyes, and I could feel the tension in the air ready to snap...yet for some reason Robinson still kept his hands at his sides like he was waiting for something.

"Gallo?" *What!?* I glanced between the tablet and Robinson wondering why he didn't just pounce on me until-

"Go ahead." And just like that a light bulb went off in my head just a little too late; after all, Gallo was the game master, and Robinson and I were just players. I gasped as I went from standing on my own two feet to having rough hands wrapped around my thighs and lifting me to rest on Robinson's waist. My grip tightened in Robinson's hair. He growled before descending on my lips like a starved man. It was a whirlwind of sensations that coaxed a plethora of embarrassing whimpers and moans out of my lips. But who cared about staying quiet when they had big strong hands squeezing their thighs? Definitely not me.



Robinson took full advantage of my inability to stay quiet by teasing his tongue in and out, grazing my tongue, flicking my lips, and then every so often when I was desperate to taste him, my tongue would chase his into a trap that would leave me panting while Robinson sucked on my tongue like it was candy.

"Lock your legs around me, Princess." Instinctively I locked my ankles together, and he slid his hands up under my skirt to my ass. "Mm, fuck. What a perfect ass." Robinson spoke through our kiss.

"Mmph, yeah. That's what I always say." Gallo's voice was shaky; the same way he sounded when he was feeling pleasure. I could just imagine the hooded stare, mouth hanging open while he panted and stroked his rock-hard cock.

"Lift that skirt up for me, Robinson. Let me look at my perfect ass." Robinson gathered the silky material in his hand and lifted it up my back. "Yees. That's it. Fuck you've got me rock hard, Baby." I grinned and circled my hips which ended up killing two birds with one stone. Both men groaned as I ground down on Robinson's considerable bulge and showed off for my virtual daddy.

I'm rewarded with a swift hard smack to my ass cheek.

"You are a fucking tease aren't you, Princess?" I giggled and ground against Robinson even harder. "Fuck!"

My stomach dropped as I fell backwards onto the soft hotel bed. The sudden lack of physical touch made me squirm. I snapped my thighs together to block my now soaked panties from the open air, too sensitive to handle the loss of Robinson's heat.

As I continued to squirm, I glanced over at the tripod. There I watched Gallo stroke up and down his rigid length. It was glistening with whatever lube he was using, but it reminded me of all the times he had me on my knees in front of him lubing him up with nothing but my spit. I bit my lip and flicked my tongue out as if I could actually reach his cock from the bed.

"I think she deserves a punishment for being such a fucking tease. Don't you, Gallo?" Robinson spoke as he began to unbutton his now rumpled dress shirt.

"Fuck yes, Robinson. She is such a naughty girl; she needs someone to show her some discipline. I think *she* should feel what it's like to look...not touch." I whimpered and slid my hands down my stomach. I gripped the material above my panties.

"Ah, ah, ah, Princess. Hands up. Over your head." I shivered as Robinson's gravelly order worked its way over my skin, and I couldn't help but obey. I stretched my arms far over my head and hummed like I was stretching. I was briefly thrown back to a memory of Gallo comparing me to a cat, and I laughed at how accurate that felt in the moment.

"What's so amusing, you slutty girl?" Gallo hummed. I laughed again and part of me wondered if I had become delirious with adrenaline.

"I feel like a cat, Daddy." I admitted. Both Robinson and Gallo burst out laughing with me.

"Oh yeah? you feel like my little sex kitten baby? You look like you are absolutely loving this." Gallo had paused his stroking and instead was just gripping his cock at the base. "I am, Daddy." Robinson entered my peripheral, and I flicked my eyes over to see him holding a tie. He threw it on the bed before it dipped under his knee.

"As much as I would love to rip this dress off your body, I have a feeling you would be upset if it got ruined, so let's get it off you before I tie you up, Princess." My breath hitched at how sweet that was. Sure, I liked to really let loose when I got the chance, but this dress was the most expensive one I owned. I had lost too many nice, expensive panties to overzealous partners.

Robinson leaned down far enough to place a few kisses on my neck before biting

down on the curve of my neck.

"Oh, fuck!" I gasped. Robinson pulled the straps down my arms until the top of the dress fell below my strapless bra, and I could pull my arms out. Robinson kissed lower to the curve of my breasts and dragged his fingers over the red lace before pulling lightly on the chain. "Did you wear this just to show off for me, Princess?"

"I got her all dressed up for you, Robinson. She loves it when I tell her what to wear, and she was so excited to show off for you."

"Mm, what a perfect little girl wanting to show off for sir, wanting to make your daddy proud." I purred, the room around me started to feel somewhat hazy. It was absolute bliss to hear how good I was for pleasing these men.

"Arms up, Princess." I raised my arms and felt the silky fabric of the tie against my wrists wrapping around and through them until they couldn't move.

"What's your color, baby?" Gallo called. Through my horny haze I barely managed to moan out "green!"

"Okay, princess, let's take a look at these perfect breasts." Robinson murmured before cupping them over my bra and squeezing hard. My back arched wanting to feel his hands on me more, harder. Robinson kissed over the curves of my breasts again before he pulled the cups of my bra down over my nipples and the next thing I knew, I couldn't breathe normally because my nipple was in his hot wet mouth; his tongue flicked my nipple up and down before sucking hard and releasing it with a pop.

"Suck on those perfect tits Robinson. Bite down on her nipples. She likes it rough." Robinson did as he was told and took one perky nipple between his teeth and bit down.

"Yes! Please, Sir!" I didn't even know what I was pleading for. I was struggling to form a coherent thought when Robinson was rolling my nipple between his teeth and flicking the hard bud with his tongue. Meanwhile, he was pinching my other nipple between his fingers. "You like that, slut? Love it when Robinson plays with your nipples?"

"How about I check and see just how much she likes it." Robinson's fingers grazed down my stomach and the exposed cutouts on my side until he reached the hem of my skirt and pushed it up. The next thing I felt was his whole palm cupping my cunt over my panties.

"She's fucking soaked, Gallo. So wet for us. You're so fucking hot, Princess." He pulled the gusset to the side and dipped a finger in. I could hear how wet I was just from the squelching of Robinson's finger rubbing my pussy. It was so erotic, such a clear indicator of the effect Robinson was having on me as well as the added benefit of Gallo watching the whole thing. I could feel his gaze on me like a gentle caress heating up my insides and multiplying the sensations of Robinson's hands. All of my senses were being overwhelmed and I just wanted to sink deeper into the pleasure.

"You're so juicy, I think it's time for me to have a taste of this wet pussy." Robinson growled. My hips bucked up in anticipation and my stomach clenched.

"Don't forget to keep those hands up, baby. You're still being punished for being such a teasing slut. Stay still and let Robinson do whatever he wants with you." Gallo was stroking his cock again while he watched Robinson play with me. I felt like a goddamn sex doll on loan; it was invigorating, and I reveled in the complete and utter lack of control.

Robinson began to work his way lower, kissing and caressing down my stomach and sides to my hips; my attention was split between what I was feeling with Robinson and what I was seeing with Gallo. Gallo looked absolutely feral with his head tilted down and his eyes narrowed. It was impossible to tell exactly what he was looking at, but all that mattered was I had his full undivided attention.

When Robinson's tongue licked my exposed slit, I shivered and my eyes wanted to drift shut, but I forced them to stay open, to keep staring at my beautiful, strong daddy. Robinson's tongue circled my clit, and my vision grew spotty.

*Smack!* Robinson's hand came down on my inner thigh, and I snapped back into focus. "Stay with us, Princess; focus on what we're doing." I nodded and cried out when Robinson smacked my other thigh. I bit my lip as the sensitive skin began to tingle. "Use your words, Princess. Tell Sir that you understand."

"I understand, Sir!"

"Fuck, Robinson; I can see your handprints on her skin, so fucking red and beautiful. Fuck, I'm so fucking hard, baby. Do you feel good? You like me watching while another man eats out your wet fucking pussy?"

My hips bucked up into Robinson's mouth uncontrollably, but he pinned them down a moment later. I was completely helpless to escape the sensations, and all I could think about was how turned-on Gallo was watching me be pleased by his friend.

"Whatever you want, Daddy." I gasped.

"What was that baby? You need to speak up if you want me to hear you from here." He taunted.

It was hard for me to form words as I felt my insides begin to tense and heat, but I managed to cry out between my gasps and moans, "whatever! You want... Daddy!"

"Such a good slut. You sound so close, baby. Are you going to cum?"

"Yes, yes, yes, fuck!" I couldn't stop babbling as my body shook with the effort of holding in my orgasm. "Please, please, please..."

"Mm, I'm close too baby. I want to watch you cum on Robinson's fucking tongue, oh fuck." Gallo's rhythm on his cock increased and his breathing stuttered. "Cum baby! Cum now you fucking whore, oh shit!" Stars exploded in my vision as my whole body spasmed with my release. I bit into my lip and groaned out in ecstasy. Robinson continued to lap at my sensitive pussy until I had to beg him to stop, which took a hot minute since I was enjoying the pain of overstimulation quite a bit, but even I had my limits.

When Robinson surfaced, he gave a cocky smirk and deliberately licked his swollen lips. "Delicious... want a taste?" I laughed and nodded.

"Yes, Sir." I purred, still slightly out of breath. Robinson's lips were on mine in a matter of seconds, and I could taste the tangy flavor of my juices on his tongue. With Robinson pressed flat against me I could feel his bulge on my sensitive core. My body spasmed when it rubbed up against my sensitive clit.

"You sensitive, Princess?" I nodded as it seemed the only sounds that would come out of my mouth were pathetic little whimpers. "Aw, poor girl," he kissed my lips, "but I'm not done with you yet. I still haven't cum. Don't you want to make me feel good too?"

"Yes, Sir. Please. Wanna taste." Robinson gave me one more kiss before he pushed off of me.

"Alright, come here, Princess." Robinson grabbed me by the tie around my wrist and dragged me to the edge of the bed, eye level with his boxer clad bulge. Somewhere along the way he had lost his pants, and I had been too caught up in my pleasure to notice. At that angle, Gallo could see the silhouette of my mouth wrapped around Robinson's Cock. My skin buzzed

with awareness and my legs were still shaky, so I spread them wide to give myself a more solid base. Necessary considering my hands were cinched together.

"Are you ready, Princess? Ready to take my cock?"

"Fuck, use her throat Robinson. Whatever you've got, she can take it like a pro. She's a real cock slut."

"Oh, yeah? Gonna take my cock nice and deep down your throat, princess?" In response I dropped my jaw open and stuck out my tongue.

"Fucking hell." Robinson muttered and shoved his boxers down. I didn't even have time to take a close look before Robinson was tapping my tongue with the tip of his cock. He didn't seem to be in a patient mood. My point was proven further when Robinson began working in and out of my mouth slowly at first and then at a more frantic pace.

"Fuck yeah, go deeper Robinson; she likes gagging on cock and taking it nice and deep, don't you, Baby? Make Robinson cum down that slutty throat. There you go!" I gagged as Robinson pushed all the way forward, so my nose touched his stomach. My eyes rolled back; I couldn't breathe with such a big cock lodged so deep in my throat and it was making my head fuzzy. My throat convulsed around his thick cock; my back arched.

"Fuck yes, Princess. Fuck, your throat feels so good." Robinson pulled out all the way to the tip, and I gasped and left my tongue over the head. "You ready for me to fuck this throat, slutty girl? You wanna take it deep? "

"Yeeessss, Sssir!" The next second Robinson's hand was buried in my hair and pulling me forward into his thrusting hips. I relaxed my throat as I let Robinson use me like the fuckdoll I was. The fuckdoll I had turned into on Gallo's orders.

My eyes rolled to the side to see Gallo watching, entranced. His dick was hard again, but he didn't touch it. I could tell how badly he wanted to leap out of the tablet and plow me from behind while his friend fucked my mouth.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum. I'm gonna cum down your fucking throat."

"Make sure to swallow all that cum, Baby. Fucking take it!" Both their words sunk into my skin like an aphrodisiac. Robinson's moans became louder as his thrusts became erratic until he did one final thrust deep into my throat and came. I gulped down his cum without a thought.

"Good girl, Princess. Deep breaths. Good fucking girl." Robinson bent down and devoured my lips. His hand wrapped around my throat to steady me and lay me back onto the bed.

"Such a good little slut for us, Baby. Perfect as always."

"Absolutely. Keep breathing, Princess. In and out. That's a good girl." I allowed my body to come down from the pleasure high I had been brought to. My eyes were drifting shut. "Damn, I'm fucking hard again." Gallo groaned.

"Me too."

*Huh?!*

# SUBMISSION

Written by Jonelle Phoenix

(Fanfic of Alpha/Omega dynamics BKS has audios about) Listen [HERE](#) to an Alpha/Omega story written by Ellie and ArcticFox

## Backstory

*Listener is a 33 years old unsuppressed Omega. She's a headstrong, businesswoman who's climbed her way up the ladder at her company. Listener goes to a club to hang out with some friends, only to discover her fated Alpha mate (VA) but misses the chance to find out his name. By a twist of fate VA is hired to Listener's company and finds out he's a younger man (25 years old) whose Alpha nature is suppressed by meds. Still, their workplace romance grows and one date night (and a very intense Omega heat later) leads to Listener and VA having sex and becoming pregnant and claiming (marking) each other.*

*While unexpected, both are happy at this occurrence. They settle into this new relationship and the responsibilities that come with it. One of which happens to be VA getting a rut while Listener is pregnant. He's hesitant at first since Listener is carrying his baby but quickly loses his resolve and proceeds to have intense sex with Listener.*

\*bold italics mean VA Alpha voice

\*regular italics is VA inner thoughts

After finishing your work week, you both decide to chill at her place and watch some anime.

You try to listen to her commentary but you're having a hard time concentrating on the show as she smells luscious to you. You pick her up and put her in your lap, and she giggles at the action.

"You're getting so plump. It makes me want to devour you," you grip her body tightly, and she leans in closer to you. You move to her mark and bite on it. She gasps as she gives in to the sensation.

*Fuck she feels good.*

You continue to kiss and bite her, as her moans get louder. Her scent is picking up and it's driving you crazy.

*Shit, she's making me hot.* As the thought leaves you, your heart fills with instant dread.

There is a real concern in her voice, but the only thing you can think about is putting space between you two as fast as possible. You leave to go to her bathroom and lock the door. You splash some cold water on your face as your body temperature heats up rapidly. Even in the bathroom, there's no respite for you. All of her products invade your nose. Her shower gel, her lotions, even her god damn hamper serve as catalysts to your worsening condition.

Her voice comes out softly. She knows what's happening to you. You rest your forehead against the door knowing she's right there on the other side.

The more she speaks, the harder your member gets. It's like having the world's worst mosquito bite. Your skin is crawling as you slam your fist against the wall.

***Take her and fuck her. What are you waiting for?!***

This dark thought- which screams of Alpha, comes so fast that it scares the shit out of you. Finally, you recover enough to answer her.

"I- I've never had a full-blown rut, Omega. I don't know what I'm like. I could hurt you--or the baby. I couldn't forgive myself if I did. If you call my friend Tony he's-- he's a Beta. He can help me get home. And--and ride it out." You can feel that dark part of you clawing its way up.

Her pleas send your mind and body into a real crisis as you weigh the pros and cons of your next move.

***She's our mate. She wants it just as bad as us.***

*But we could hurt them.*

***We won't; she's tough, and she was built for this. She can handle it.***

You can feel her moving away- as her scent starts to lessen. You run your fingers through your hair in frustration before you give in to what your body wants. You open the door and see her standing completely still. Her arousal is like a siren's song to an unfortunate fisherman, the heat beats down on you so hard that you rip your shirt off to get some relief. As you walk closer to her, you look at her closer than you ever did before. It's like seeing her through different eyes.

Her legs are on full display since all she has on is an undershirt and panties. Her hips are jutting out more, and her back shows that she's sweating, despite it being chilly in



the apartment. Her ass is slightly bigger than when you first met, a fact that is quickly confirmed since more of her ass is peeking from her cheeky panties.

***Her ass will be good and red once we're done.*** Your cock twitches at the thought.

Finally, you're standing right behind her. Her breathing is shaky while yours is steady. You turn her around and observe her further. She already has her neck presented to you. You lean in and kiss her, noting how her body trembles at the closeness. It's making your instincts beat against your chest as you try your best to remain in control.

"Omega. If at any point I hurt you. Fight back. Do you understand?" For the first time, you use your Alpha voice. You never did it before, but you needed to be sure that she would think of herself first.

"Yes, what?" You bring her head up so you can look her in the eyes. Her pupils dilate as her instincts kick in.

***Now, let's have some fun.***

You push her until her back is up against the wall. Her chest rising and falling, taunting your most primal desires. You reach out and squeeze her breasts and nipples. Wet spots emerge on her shirt over her tender nipples.

*Interesting,* you think to yourself.

In a sudden motion you rip her shirt. She gasps as she stares at you. You move to taste this liquid. As you suck on her nipples her legs rub against each other as she creates friction for herself. Your heightened senses let you savor the taste of her. You kiss her collarbone, lick her neck and bite your mate mark. All of it turning her into putty in your hands. You kiss her passionately, nipping her lips intermittently. She remains complacent as you exert your dominance over her.

You get on your knees and bring your nose to her temporarily covered pussy. Her cotton panties are dark with her slick. You take a deep breath as you inhale the scent that drives you wild. You use the tip of your nose to poke at her clit, forcing out a small giggle from her and a growl from you. You can't wait any longer. Moving the panties out of your way you shove your fingers inside of her and savor the moan she lets out. Your hand wraps around her thigh while she hooks her leg over your shoulder. Your tongue explores the folds of her pussy. Her hands run through your hair as she adjusts your head's position. You stick one more finger inside of her. Now, with three fingers inside of her, you increase the speed and pressure.

“Yes, yes that’s it. Fuck.” Her breath quickens as you methodically lick her clit up and down. Her legs are shaking as she struggles with the sensations you are giving her. You feel her tighten around your fingers as she moans loudly. Her body hunches over as her first orgasm hits her. You place her leg down making sure she’s steady before lifting her up into your arms bridal style. Her head is near your chest as you make your way down her hallway. You feel her tongue dart out and lick your nipple quickly making it cold and hard. You look down at her and are taken aback from the expression on her face. Her face looks so young and tentative you can’t help but hold her even tighter. Your overprotective instincts are kicking in overtime as her frame appears smaller in your hands.

*She’s so beautiful.*

You kiss her forehead as she mewls at your affection. You enter her bedroom and gently place her on her bed. Her legs close shut causing a growl to come out of you without warning. She whimpers as she opens them back up. Interestingly enough, you notice that her smell is taking on a different scent. There’s the ever-present arousal that drives you mad but under it, there’s timidity. It’s turning you on in a very big way. You take some of her slick and pump yourself, completely entranced by this woman. You can’t help but stare at her. Not when you can remember what it was like when you first saw her. She looked so *fucking* good, and so out of your league. You never thought in a million years you would be mated to her. But alas, here she is, mated to you, carrying your baby and offering her body to help you through your rut.

Her skin is turning red from your intense gaze so you stop pumping and wait. She moves forward and wraps her mouth around your member. Her skill when it comes to blowjobs is above anyone else that you’ve slept with. You don’t know if it’s just because she’s your mate, and has a sixth sense on how to please you or her extra years of experience gives her an advantage, but she is hands down the best. Even now, you are forcing your cock as far as it can go and she just takes it. You want to keep face fucking her but you know what you really want is lower. You let her head go as she coughs. There’s spit and pre-cum all over her mouth and the excitement it brings is otherworldly. You quickly turn her around and fill up her holes. One finger in her butt, and your cock in her cunt.

She only resists for a moment before she is meeting your thrusts. You lean over her, snapping your hips with all the power you have. You nip her shoulders leaving marks in their wake. You remove your finger so you can smack her ass. Even with a pillow covering her mouth you can clearly hear her cursing. You smack each cheek repeatedly until you feel her go stiff. Her upper body shoots up as she screams out. You don’t need

to hear anything else as you push her all the way down so her ass is up. You pound into her so strongly that the bed is banging against the wall.

You feel the familiar swell as you cum hard and deep inside of her. Under you, you feel her slick slide down your ball sack. You can see wet marks on her pillow from where her mouth is. You kiss her spine multiple times as she inhales and exhales quietly. You are surprised when your swelling goes down quickly, then you realize you're right back up again. She seems to notice it as well because she brings her upper body back up in the doggy position. She looks over her shoulder and gives you a nod. Your dick twitches inside of her as the reality of the situation really hits you.

This rut is just beginning.

As much as you love fucking her from behind, this time you want to see her face. So you pull out, causing her to whine at the loss of your member. You shush her playfully as you grab her hip and turn her on her back. Your eyes drift over her naked body. Her face has a beautiful blush, and her body has a matching hue. You take her legs and pull her closer, her legs dangling off the side of the bed. She bites her lower lip as she spreads her wet lips for you. You take your dick and rub it slowly against her clit. She moans continuously as you do this for several minutes. She lets go of her lips so she can play with her nipples as you continue playing with her clit.

She pleads with her eyes before closing them in slight frustration. You take the opportunity while she's not looking to dive right back in. She takes in a breath of surprise as you start to fuck her. It's a steady pace for the moment. You remain in control but you know your real instincts will kick in eventually. You focus on her breathing. Each push from you makes her moan. She surprises you when she hooks her hands underneath her legs, allowing you even more room to go deeper. Since she's clearly enjoying this you place your hands under her knees and continue to fuck her. The steady sound of her moans, the bed shifting and you grunting over her fill the room.

She looks at you and you can feel the connection between both of you. It's much more than the physical for you. You are taking in every minute of this experience with her. When she was in her heat you blanked out. You were so caught up in her smell, and her body that your mind went on autopilot. The only signal coming through to your brain was to claim her, knot her, *love* her. This time it's almost like you are hyper-aware. Everything is in laser focus. You've never been this dialed-in before.

Things you didn't notice before are blatantly obvious to you now. Like the way she bites her lips. It's not just a normal biting of the lips. She takes a breath, and little by little

sucks her bottom lip into her mouth and her top teeth latch on, making her lips change color before she slowly lets go and licks the spot her teeth were on. Her hands wrap themselves in the sheets in tight fists. When she opens her eyes to look at you she gets self-conscious and looks away making you smirk. When she lets go of the sheet, she bites her index finger as your dick easily pokes the insides of her pussy. You've never given too much thought about the shape of your penis but now, you thank God for the slight curve in your dick.

She makes grabby hands towards you. However, you don't want to lean over further and place your weight on her. You shake your head no as you continue with the pace you've set.

She begs while her lips pout sexily towards you. You blow out a quick air of annoyance. You know it's not her fault. Your rut is doing things to her personality just as much as it's doing to you.

"Okay, but you gotta cum first," you instruct her. Taking your thumb and pressing it on her clit, she wiggles as her back lifts somewhat from the bed. You do short, quick thrusts as you move your thumb in circles. Her breathing is becoming shallow as her voice gets louder. She grabs the wrist that is preoccupied with her clit, the wrist at the source of her wild pleasure. Her grip tightens as she moves in quick jerks. You feel the buildup of wetness around you. A clear indicator that she just came.

You pull out of her wet hole and sit beside her splayed out form. When she looks at you, you make a gesture with your head indicating she needs to get up. She nods her head and gets up, using your shoulder to keep herself steady. She stands in front of you, her hands resting lazily on your shoulders before leaning in and kissing her mate mark. You massage her thighs and suck on her nipples. She reacts by using her teeth to graze over the mark. Your body is getting hotter as you move your head up to kiss her. With her standing directly in front of you, it makes your hands roam all over her body. You bask in her natural glow.

*So this is what they mean when they say 'You're glowing',* you smile inwardly as your head rests in between her breasts.

You listen to her heartbeat. It's beating fast and strong. It's the beat your soul marches to now. You drag your hands up and down her back watching her eyes slip closed. She lowers herself onto your lap. Her legs wrap around your lower back, while your dick slides back into its favorite place with ease. Her facial expression is one of relief and pleasure. Her hands take the sides of your face and she kisses you. Her tongue swirls

around your tongue as her warm breath ghosts over your face. Her arms wrap around your neck. She takes the reins and moves her hips back and forth. Her moans flood your ears as you busy yourself with licking her neck. Sex has always been something that you enjoyed. But it's almost like the sex you had with other women was an appetizer. She's the main course and dessert.

Your hands latch onto her sides as you start guiding her movements. She follows your lead, grasping you tighter than before. Her stomach pokes yours, a reminder that you still have to keep some semblance of control over yourself. You take your hands and place them under her thighs. You make eye contact with her and she just tightens her hold. You thrust upwards over and over, while she moves downward to meet your thrusts. The sound of your thighs slapping against each other makes it hard not to lose yourself.

She moans silkily in your ear to be fucked harder.

***Stop holding back! Fuck her up!*** The unbidden thought resurfaces clutching your heart and making it hard to breathe. You watch her face. She looks to be in some type of euphoria. She's absolutely blissful as she continues to follow your lead.

*Does it really feel that good to her?* You can't be sure but you know you want to see more of it. So, you push upwards further making her take a quick breath. Her eyes pop open to look directly at you. Even though the pace is fast when you look at her eyes, everything seems slower. The only indicator of your true pace is the background noise.

She pleads directly in your face for you to knot her. Her words stoke the fire that's already raging inside of you. You grip her thighs tighter and fuck her harder than before. You pump into her for as long as you can until you swell up and unleash a massive load in her. You throw your head back in ecstasy as she takes the chance to attack your mark. Which adds even more pleasure for you.

"Fuck, I love you girl," you breathe out as she licks your Adam's apple before she brings your head down and kisses you softly. She tightens her hold around you. Her chocolate scent is invading your pores as her sweat mixes with yours. You caress her back softly with your fingertips.

She smiles against your face. You place lazy kisses on her neck and shoulders. The action makes her purr softly. It's becoming apparent to you that she entered subspace. While her hold is tight her eyes are glazed over like she's out of touch from reality.

“Hey baby, you’re doing so good. But what would make Alpha happy right now, is if you would come back down now. Come on, you can do it. You’re my special girl,” you whisper softly in her ear.

“Yes, baby. My special girl. My Omega who is helping take care of me. Alpha still needs you, remember?” You gently nip your mark in the hopes it will strike a nerve, and break through the subspace.

“We’re not done yet, but it's getting better. That’s all thanks to you baby. I love you so much.” You take your hands and place them on the sides of her face. Your eyes search hers, hoping she will acknowledge you, and then you see it. She blinks in rapid succession before her eyes look at you instead of through you.

“There she is. That’s a good girl. Thank you for coming back,” you smile sweetly at her, rubbing her head gently. Her eyebrows furrow in confusion.

“You went to subspace my love.” You feel your knot start to go down, but at least this time it takes a little longer than before.

“Don’t worry, you’ll be okay. It just means that after all this is done I’m gonna have to take extra special care of my special girl,” you smile at her giving her a nice warm squeeze on her arms. She places her head in the crook of your neck.

“I have to warn you though. Next time I’ll have to use more pain to keep you alert. I don’t want you to slip back into subspace without me being ready for it,” you explain to her.

“You be a good girl for Daddy. I’m going to get some water and a warm cloth for you,” you poke her nose with your index finger as she giggles.

*God damn, she’s so cute.*

“I will,” she adjusts herself so she can lay on her back, completely fine and totally at ease. You move quickly to her kitchen and grab a bottle of water and a straw, then collect a warm cloth.

You spot an energy bar, and wolf it down in seconds. You turn to walk away, but then grab two more energy bars, eating the second while holding the third.

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You re-enter the room and take in the sight before you. She's laying on the bed with her eyes closed, but her legs are propped up and open. A silent invitation to you. She's ready when you're ready.

"Here Babe, I need you to eat and drink this," she sits up and takes the energy bar, eating it swiftly. You place the straw to her lips. She sips gingerly at first but quickly picks up her pace. A quick and loud burp comes from her and she covers her mouth embarrassed.

"Well done, baby. It's better out than in. Besides it was cute," you pinch her cheek causing her to smile. She pushes the bottle away and lays back down, legs still open. You take the opportunity to slowly wipe her thighs and then her pussy. Her hips move forward as she's still very much sensitive. Her arms are outstretched on both sides of her body as you continue to clean her up. The act of cleaning her gets your dick hard.

"Baby, I'm gonna need you now," you keep your voice low but strong.

She intentionally drags every finger over her nipples causing them to harden. You continue to watch her hands move back and forth. You lick your lips subconsciously as she entices you more and more. You can feel the heat climbing its way back up your spine.

"Doggy style, baby," you tell her, squeezing both her thighs tightly until you see your handprints. She reclaims the pillow and turns over. She adjusts the pillow so her ass is at a perfect angle. You move behind her, kissing and leaving hickeys all over thighs. You are rewarded with long drawn out moans. As you continue to kiss her legs, your hand hovers over her right ass cheek, before coming down with force. She takes an audible breath before she hisses at the pain. You massage and kiss the area you just hit softly. When her body relaxes you do it again to the other cheek.

She groans out as the slick starts to coat her lips once again. You spank her three more times on each cheek, making sure to massage each spot and pepper it with kisses. Her body is trembling as you take her slick and coat her asshole. You lean in bringing your tongue to her rim.

She exclaims in shock. You've never eaten her ass before. So you're not surprised by her reaction. You lick all around her hole for several minutes before you stick two fingers in. It doesn't take long for you to open her up. Since you've been together, you've had anal sex on several occasions.

She's moaning like crazy as you take your other hand and play with her swollen pussy. When you pull back you can tell she's ready to take you. You sit on your knees as you line up. You slowly push into her asshole, taking care not to hurt her. She does an amazing job of keeping herself relaxed and still. She even takes her hands and spreads her cheeks further apart so you can go in deeper. When you reach the end you don't move, giving her a moment to adjust to the feeling. You pull back to make sure she's ready. Once you see you can move with relative ease you start to fuck her.

"Damn, you feel good, Babe," you compliment her as you drive your dick to the hilt. You move back and forth with some force. Trying to stay in the present and not let your Alpha nature take over. However, she's so warm and tight, it's taking everything in you to keep it together. But, you quell those emotions and keep the steady pace you've set.

Her voice comes out whiny and high-pitched as she edges closer. Her ass is starting to clench you tighter as you keep going, making sure to play with her clit the entire time.

She practically screams as a warm gush of liquid comes from her pussy. Coating your hand, the sheets below her and some of her pillow. You slow down momentarily as you look at your hand.

"Babe, you just squirted for me!" She looks back at you dumbfounded before you carefully take your dick out of her ass. You take a nearby wipe from the nightstand and wipe your cock off. Then you move the pillow out of the way and swiftly put it in her pussy. She tries to communicate but you are already fucking her.

"Almost done, baby. Just a little more. Good girl. Taking care of me like this. I love you," to her credit she bucks into you as you start to swell. You let her fuck herself as you find her clit once again. The noises she makes are completely different.

She squirts again as you growl and knot her. Her body goes limp but you hold her carefully, before placing her down beside you. You kiss her head while reveling in the feeling of being nestled in her cavern. Her body is twitching erratically so you wrap your arms and legs around her to still her movements.

"You okay, Omega?" You watch her body language since you can't see her face fully.

She mumbles and nods. Silence envelopes the space as you softly trace circles up and down her leg.

“I don’t know what I did in my past life that earned me the honor of being your mate, but I am forever grateful. I’ve never felt more alive and happy than I do right here and right now with you. I promise to protect you and our child. My life is yours,” you whisper.

She asks incoherently to repeat what you said.

“Nothing baby, go to sleep. I love you.” You cut out the light as sleep finally takes you.

# GALLO OF GREED

Written by Bituwyn

**TAGS:** [married] [cunnilingus] [riding] [switch] [spitting] [emotional] [orgasm denial] [good boy] [begging] [daddy]

*Fanfic of We Are Forever part 1 written by Mimue (listen [HERE](#)). This is a few years into the future. My take is still about a man about to lose his wife but he makes up for it in spicier ways.*

Legend: words in *italics* are thoughts.

## Part 1

“Thank you Tony, let me know if there are changes in that account.” Hanging up, immediately I’m hit with the searing pain behind my eyes. Seems like it’s been trying to grow into the size of an elephant by the end of the hour.

*Italics are for thoughts: Fuck, forgot lunch again. What the hell time is it?*

The phone trills again and I’m reminded that I really should get my assistant, Tony, to dial the volume down. Everytime it screeches I just want to take it and hurl it through the wall which isn’t the greatest thing for anyone’s reputation. I like to believe I’m a firm but gentle boss at work just don’t fuck me over, I’ve got a penchant for cruel and unusual punishments. And at home, a loving dotting husband, the only lie about my life and, no, I’m not proud of it but there seems to be more work and even more stress than there is time to make up for it. I promised my wife before she slipped my wedding ring on, everything is for her, for our future. How do I explain that every meeting outside normal working hours could make or break me? Or that staying hours on end at the office means I can be that much closer to achieving the legacy that I’ve dreamt my whole life for? She’ll see when we get there, I know she will.

*Phones are essential to the work must... not... break.*

I have at least 5 more meetings today, the wicked shall never rest. I’ll eat, sleep, fuck and do all the other normal human being stuff when I’m dead and, no, my wife is not happy about it. These days in the office, for every problem solved it’s ten times worse than the last.

*I should tell Tony to fix the damn phone’s volume.*

I finally look up when my eyes feel like it could pop out from its sockets. Pain is the only thing that reminds me I’m alive. I’m so tired, beyond it really. My whole body is so rigid and tense I can actually feel and follow the nerve endings exploding from my lower back and everywhere else. There was no room for mistakes or breaks. There never is. Granola bars are my only “food source” throughout the day, the only thing that can give me enough energy to

power through another meeting where, after, I'll have time for another granola bar: one bar equals one meeting. It had protein and nuts and shit... you're right, I can't even convince myself anymore.

At the moment I don't have the energy to drive home so I slump in my chair, cross one leg over the other and welcome reprieve with eyes closed. No energy. So much for energy bars... *Probably my fault for not eating a proper meal- wait did I send that email to Tony about the- shit... I didn't.*

Later, I hear a distant ringing. I know it's my cellphone but the dream was too damn good.

\*ring\* \*ring\*

It's our wedding day. My wife, resplendent in her white wedding dress, the lacing of the bodice enticing and yet sophisticated as she always is. Everytime I look at her, all I can think of is perfection. Sighing, I hear my personal phone going off a little closer this time, I know this is a dream. It's one I have often.

\*ring\* \*ring\*

But my favorite part was happening. The way I zero in on her lips saying I do, I could feel my own face break into a smile. I don't know how but I could just feel my heart smiling. I can almost see the love radiating from both of us.

And I'm suddenly hit with the thought that I don't remember the last time smiling felt like that. It feels weird on my face like clothes that no longer fit, a little scratchy on the edges too.

The dream turns cloudy, darker, as I realize I can't even remember her smile anymore.

\*ring\* \*ring\* \*ring\*

Heart feeling like it's about to start a race I'm not prepared for, my eyes fly wide open and my whole body jumps. It takes a moment for me to recalibrate.

I'm in the office, it's darker. Cold sweat ran from my hairline to the back of my ear. The air around me was so indescribably eerie that it took a second to understand the deafening silence after each ring. The building shut down for the evening while I slept. A call from an unknown number, a text from my wife telling me dinner is where it always is, on the island, and that it was... 3:48 in the morning. *Fuck...* This was a new low for me. Collecting my car keys and phone, I head out. I sent a quick text, my heart still pounding, "on my way home, sorry." Not enough, I shake my head.

The streets were quiet and void of other cars. What did I expect? It's literally dawn. On top of that, it was raining hard. Had I woken in the middle of a damn apocalypse? *Shit not with the Aranessi deal tomorrow.*

My clothes drenched and heavy with the rain, I stepped through the threshold of the house.

Immediately, my body reacts turning into solid ice, dread. It's an ungodly hour.

*Something is wrong.* Quickly, I scan the living area as best I could with no light source, relying mostly on sound. The squeaking of my shoes out of place in this vacuum of emptiness. There it was, the house was too silent. It felt like the very air was disrupted. I would not be not be scared out of my own home. Fuck that. Everything looked as it should but it's like I entered a different reality.

That's when I saw red drops on the pristine white floors, my heart almost stopping when I realized they're red petals, just rose petals. Scattered all around, with the dining table set for two, an arrangement of sushi we both love, a plate of penne vodka pasta from our favorite spot, and bouquets of roses of different sizes.

In the scattering of red petals were framed pictures of the milestones of our life.

A photo of the two paper coasters with a dart board drawn on it: the night we met - a standup comedy bar in New York.

A picture of our first selfie at the cafe just down the street, the morning after the best time of my life.

Crossed legged, cheeks squished together, wearing matching red plaid pajama sets: our first Christmas.

On a balcony, at the cabin: our first honeymoon.

A final picture of when we got married in the backyard of this house, kissing each other for the first time as husband and wife, red roses falling all around us. Right next to it, her engagement and wedding ring.

I surveyed each and every single photo until my heart sank and I couldn't feel the beat of it anymore. She's gone. I walked into this eerie house and felt her absence immediately. Palpable and so undeniably cold. This can't be real life.

*I missed our anniversary.*



She calls and I never answer. She has been reaching out to me for months in every way she could have and I'm fucked in the head because I let it happen.

The only prevailing thought I had once I rose out of my devastation was, "I need to find my wife." She could be anywhere.

Where would she go to find solace?

I slid the wedding ring into my pinky, it fit nice and snug, it won't go anywhere.

## **Part 2**

"How the fuck did you lose your wife?" My wife's best friend loves me on most days, but not very much at the moment. I expect her to chastise me, it's well deserved. After a moment of silence, "You forgot to cherish her."

"This is so not the time for a Suite Life of Zack & Cody reference, Clarinda." I groaned.

"Wait, are you fucking serious? She's really missing?" She took a second to breathe and came back firmly, "I'm going to make a few calls on my end. But if you don't get her back within the hour I am calling my connections at the police station. Then, after she kills you, I'll double kill you, got it?"

"Okay..." the hollowness in my chest grew to the size of a black hole.

"I've gone to the park we love to go to, the restaurant she asked me to go a million times just this year alone... god I'm a fucking prick." I was turning onto the interstate.

"I told you not to fuck up, Gallo."

"Not helping, Clarinda." I grit my teeth again.

"... Fine. Call all the hotels you two used to go to like a pair of horny teenagers." It was actually a great idea if only I hadn't already tried.

"I did, nothing. I'll call back when I need your help but please, please, call me when she calls you. I just need to know if she made contact with anyone, please."

The pulsing in my neck made my tie feel like a noose. Loosening it, I felt goosebumps all over my body.

I hung up, I felt like the answer was right there staring me in the face, mocking me, so close yet so far from reach. Every one of my calls ends straight to voicemail. I left many. My

voice was shaking in them, I don't give a damn. The rain lives within my bones now and I think I'll never be warm again, knowing I have no right to ask her where she is.

A car behind cut in front of me and I had to abruptly brake as the car honked past. I felt light headed, so far from reality. That's when I remembered *the cabin in the woods, our cabin*. It's an hour and half drive. She could be there. Making a very big, very illegal u-turn, I floored it.

Our honeymoon spot. *That's where she has to be*, I kept chanting in my mind.

The weather got even worse. Hail. I've got no protection against this kind of weather, nevermind the car. *Fuck the car, Gallo, just get me to my wife...*

*What if I find her and she tells me she wants a divorce. I can't handle that. I don't deserve that... Do I?*

Hot and fast, a tear slid down. The ache deep in my chest won't go away no matter how deeply I try to breathe it out. It's the guilt, eating me whole.

"Get it the fuck together, man." I thought about all the decisions I've made that have come down to this moment. I make it to the destination in less than the time it should have taken me, back up the hill taking me back to our honeymoon. I can't go anywhere in this weather anyway. I'll have to check in.

### **Part 3**

She's here. I know it. I can feel her here.

I know which cabin, it's the same one, has to be. There's no one at the desk so I race back outside, up the stairs that leads to the cabin, not wanting any questions, just my wife safe, sound, and back to me.

I'm knocking softly on the door not wanting to scare her.

"I'm sorry. I am so fucking sorry, baby."

"Please. Open the door."

She opens the door and the first thoughts in my head: Beautiful, red rimmed eyes, face puffy from crying, hair wet... stunning through and through.

I stay by the door because I know I'm not welcome yet.

“There’s no explanation that wouldn’t sound like an excuse. I fucked up, please, I want to make it up to you.”

The blank stare she’s giving the floor tells me she’s listening but I want to run to her, scoop her up and let her nuzzle in the crook of my neck. But I stay rooted until she gives me permission.

“My work is cut throat and it’s all I’ve ever wanted. But at the expense of you, baby. *Never.*” I don’t remember the last time I’ve cried but suddenly I’ve been doing it all damn day.

“I got scared out my fucking mind. It scared me that starting my own business without my father’s approval nor anyone else in my family, it felt like I had to become my job. I never want us to struggle so I created a life where that wouldn’t even be a possibility. Not for you, our kids, or even our kid’s kids if you still want to have my babies...” I’m rambling. I’m not a man, just the shape of the one I used to be. “If I knew I’d lose you in the process, my dreams for us would have changed in an instant.”

It took her some time. She wants to say something, I can tell by the way she almost meets my eyes but it drops to the floor so many times. I wait, bated breath and give her patience and space to do whatever with me. “Baby, I can’t go back and change the past but I can change what happens from now on.”

“I need you more.” She wipes away a tear with the sleeve of her bathrobe. “I don’t need to have all of the capital in the world to know that.”

“I’m an ass.”

She meets my eyes at that. It was our code word when we were first dating and me not knowing how to apologize but she gave me the grace to eventually figure it out over the years. It was a placeholder before I learned to communicate and not become my father. Jokes on me, I’ve reverted back to him in the last year. “I’m sorry, baby.”

She walked deeper into the room and like a moth to a light I followed her, closing the door behind me.

“I love you and I am so grateful for you.” She stopped, pushed her eyes with the ball of her hands, she was thinking, recalibrating. I wish she just said what she meant like she used to. But I don’t get to have her uninhibited right now, I have to earn that back too. “When you decided to focus on your career I wanted you to, I encouraged you because it’s what you loved. I need my husband. Not a workaholic, not a savior or a hero. Just you.” She turned to the window and hugged herself. I focused on the fact that she didn’t say “needed” she said “*need.*” I held on to that so fucking tight.

I slowly placed myself in front of her. I lifted her face to meet mine, she felt both the warm caress of my hands cradling her beautiful face and the heat of my body down hers. I wanted to ground us. To come back to us.

“Baby,” I whispered into her hair. She let me hold her. It was a massive win and I pushed thorough, “I’m going to make this right even if it kills me-”

“Don’t you get it?” I’m sure the confusion was plastered all over my face. “I don’t want all or nothing. I know you, you don’t ask for help because you think you don’t deserve it.” She holds me and sees right through me. “I know your dad did the strong and silent thing but you aren’t that, babe. You can be strong and loud.”

“I can...” I hesitate because that’s such a change from who I’m used to being. I find my eyes unfocused and grazing the shape of her chin.

“Gallo...” I take a deep breath and look into her eyes because the way she says my name makes me feel alive and I want her to never stop saying it. “Everything will still be okay after you take care of yourself. It’ll be even better because you’re better.”

“But how?”

“You trust me?”

“Only with everything I’ve got...” I crack a smile when she does and I swear it’s like a bright sun after the storm.

She chuckles lightly. The dark circles under her eyes and the red rims she’s sporting tell me I have work to do. But we’re swaying together and it feels just like before, it’s a start.

“We’ll figure it out. One day at a time. But for now, call your office and tell them you’ll be out for the week, I’m feeling very little stingy with my husband.” My body freezes with all the deadlines. I don’t know how long I freeze but when she gently stands on her tiptoes and kisses me, I come back to myself. She whispers against my lips, “One day at a time, baby.” I relax into her embrace again.

“I didn’t deserve that kiss.” I say into her shoulder and then it moves with laughter.

“You drove all the way here under torrential rain, the worst this coast has seen in a decade. You deserve it.” Eyes boring into me again, “I will forgive you but right now. You have some making up to do...” she wants me to work for it and she knows I will.

“I’m so sorry I let greed with money blind me. I need you, that’s all I need...” I gave myself permission to kiss her and she gracefully let me.

“The money helps,” a smile playing on her lips. “So it’s not all for nothing but if it’s you over money I’d choose my husband any day.” As she traced the bone of my brow, I held her hips a little tighter fighting the urge to palm and squeeze her ass. She wouldn’t let me, I know, but I sure as hell will grovel for it.

“What do you say about getting in a hot tub and lounging with your wife all day with room service?” I was nodding yes and leaning in for a kiss.

“Let’s get you out of your wet clothes then... and then we can discuss some *arrangements*.” Smiling mischievously, I can tell the sparkle in her eyes isn’t quite right. She wants something from me I’m not sure I’m worthy of at the moment.

“I don’t know if I deserve that, baby.” I try not to cringe.

She’s peeling my drenched white button down, speaking carefully in a whisper, “And what about what I deserve?” Point taken, I hold fast to her and kiss those doubts away. Like me, she’s gasping for more.

“Everything.” I moan into her mouth.

“Hm?” She makes a confused noise from the back of her throat and that rumbles deep in my cock because it’s so close to a moan. It’s embarrassing how much I want her but, right now, I need to be the kind of man she’s asking for until the day I’m forgiven. Because I may have done it in her name but I also fed into my addiction: my greed for money, for work, or legacy or whatever it was. I don’t even remember anymore.

“You,” I kiss her so deeply, one hand caressing the back of her head. She moans instantaneously, “deserve,” my cock pressing to her midsection, “everything...” She quickly steps forward to press me firmly against the wall, how I got here, I have no recollection. I tower over her, caging her, as she presses herself onto me.. “And more...” But as I stare down at her, I know she has all the power.

“Untie my robe.” She says softly but not to be mistaken for weakness. This woman, *my wife*, has me by the heart and tonight I’m here to be reminded.

I do as I’m told and I’m met with pure nudeness. I gasp at it, how have I been able to stand not seeing this all fucking year? Must have lost my damn mind.

But as natural as her submission was, her experimenting with dominance made us a match made in heaven and I fucking love it.

“Make two fingers wet for me.” My usual words in her mouth, and I, in her usual position.

I stick my ring finger and middle finger out and spit on them, with my thumb I spread it all over my fingers. I turn my hand around and repeat.

She walked backwards, never taking her eyes off me. Stopping at the edge of the bed, she spread her legs wide, and said, "Come, Gallo."

This version of her makes me weak in the knees. I knew what she wanted. Knees on the wooden floor, like a prayer I whispered. "May I?"

"May you what?" She said firmly. More firmly than I've ever heard her say. She's been on edge for months, needing relief, she could kick me in the nuts and I'd thank her.

She was a sopping fucking mess, slick dripping between her thighs, pussy weeping to be touched. With my voice dripping with velvet, "May I fuck your pretty pussy with my fingers and mouth until you cum on my tongue?"

She looks me dead in the eye, scoffs, and says "You think you deserve that?"

Determined but trying to control myself, I say, "No... but you do." I'd do it all on her terms, this ring was going back to its rightful owner.

"Then you have permission to eat my pussy, Gallo." It's my pussy, I've called it that the day I started eating her out, she called it hers on purpose, another power move.

Looking up at her as she meets mine with indignation, I play with her pussy with my fingers first. Saying hi to the neglected pretty thing to make sure she still remembers me. She twitches a little, a moan escaping her lips that she tries to trap by biting her lip. Adorable.

"Hi, did you miss daddy?" I talked to *my* pussy. "I'm so sorry, pretty baby, I've been gone too long." She was about to protest when I licked a warm tongue from her entrance to her clit, not breaking eye contact. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head but she quickly shook it off and forced her eyes back on me.

"Keep eating me out while you take your tie off. Put it around my neck. Keep it loose." She demands, breathless.

As I sucked softly at the pretty clit, I tug my tie off and don it on her and her nakedness. I become insanely hard. She's even wetter now. I'm leaking precum and I know I have to adjust with my dick growing, the position wasn't helping. I don't move to make myself comfortable. She's making such pretty noises. She can't control them anymore.

My cue to grab one thigh from under to keep her as close as possible as she writhes and the other hand busy playing hooky with her g spot. In earnest, I eat her out exactly as she needs.

She's been pent up for far too long, close to cumming in just a few minutes.

"Mmm! Baby, please!" I keep my pace just the way she's begging for it until her release leaves her panting and temporarily in a post orgasmic bliss. I take both of her thighs in my arms from under and softly lick and kiss her release, my saving fucking grace.

She reaches for me and I rise to meet her lips. She's kissing me like I've come home from a battle lost and she's just glad I'm here.

"Need you, Daddy..." It's the way she says it that undoes me. She needs me to remind her how present I can be with her, she wants to be taken over and then taken care of.

"I've got you, baby." I kiss and cradle her closer to me. "I'm here now." Drawing her thighs around my waist I vow, "I'm never leaving you alone again, angel." She rocks her hips to meet mine. I wait for her to do it again, to ask for me again. When she does, I respond in kind. I rock into her so she feels what she's doing to me. I'm telling time to stop for just a damn second when I kiss her reverently and deliberately time my hips so it meets hers with the same fervor. I'm rock hard and poking out of my pants and she's in a frenzy trying to get to it.

I break the kiss and whisper right in her ears, "unzip me and hold me in your hands." She does as she's told easily. "Such a good girl. Hold me at the base tight... tighter, honey..." I grunt in pleasure.

*"Please, please..."* She whispers desperately.

I tuck her in close to the crook of my neck both to have her near but to keep her in place. With the tip of my dick to her entrance, I sank home. I rock back halfway, making her whimper, so responsive. Snaking a hand to her hip, I pushed in a little deeper than last time, she clenched. "Fuck..." I cursed through my teeth. Her heat, wetness... I can barely hold it together.

It takes a few more thrusts before I feel like she's used to me again. "Hi, angel," I say with soft thrusts, kissing her on the forehead, she's sighing, moaning and writhing.

"You're so fucking wet for me." I mumble between breaths.

For a long while, time was imagined. The room was reduced to the sound of flesh against flesh, the rhythmic creaking of the bed, and whispered praises and promises intermingled with 'I love you's'- the sounds of what seems to be like hymns and worship. I'd worship her, make her a saint every time she cummed on my cock.

After cumming for the third time, she was more than ready to use me some more.

Gently pushing me off with both my cock and I at full attention, she points to the chair by the window. Freeing myself from my pants, I walk to it and sit. With a blanket covering the chair, she climbs on top of me with her hand out, "spit on my hand," she commands, no edge. I spat. The drool is still hot and sticky as she preps her own pussy, she aligns my cock with her entrance and sinks on to it with one fluid motion. I shout without meaning to and she shuts me up with the hand I spat on by clamping on my mouth and riding me mercilessly. I can hear her huffing and puffing as she changes her positions from rocking, to grinding, using me.

"Baby..." I warned her, I'm about to come undone and I needed another orgasm from her.

She gives me the death glare, "No."

Changing position so that she's turned from me and all I can see is her beautifully arched back and her ass. It has me grunting and thinking about all the reasons I shouldn't cum but it makes me hungrier for it. "Oh god..."

"You can do anything you want to me except cum." She's grinding into me and rubbing her clit. I sank deeper on to the couch so I could be fully underneath her and fuck her from the bottom. She's screaming in pure fucking pleasure as I drive deep into her. I slapped her ass and it made a delicious sound through the room, it had her clenching so hard I could convince myself to cum but I am nothing but a devoted soldier: no cumming. I did it again and again until I got the final orgasm from her. Now that? Felt better than cumming. I ignore my deeper instinct to cum deep inside her, kiss her cervix with my hot cum and stay there all night.

Satiated and with a small smile on her lips, I picked her up and laid her on the bed. Gently, before I got off the bed to make a call to room services, she caught me by the hand, "make yourself cum. I can still see how hard you are. Cum for me, my love. Right on the edge of the bed."

And for her, I stood right at the edge fucking my own cock with my hand. She slid closer and played with my balls. "I love cumming for my wife..." I made myself cum at the vision that my wife is. Didn't take long, I had to shut my eyes, letting the orgasm climb from my balls to my spine. I hadn't cum in so long it nearly blinded me.

When my breathing evened out, "Good boy," she purred with the most beautiful smile. "Come to bed."

Body spent, I clambered up to bed next to her. She draped her body over mine as I gave her more kisses. "Let's get in the tub for old time's sake."

At some point, we ordered room service, ate, laughed, fucked, talked, made love, and then fell asleep. Repeat. I'd take time off work. Before tomorrow came, I had already called work



and told them I'll be on vacation for next week, and to make all the necessary arrangements. I'd make my empire function without me at their necks all the time. I'll bake a cake every week, whatever it takes. I'll dine, fuck, and love her to both of our hearts content. I'm a lucky man, I'll never forget again.

# UNBELIEVER

Written by Another Other Jen

(Fanfic of Gift Of Life. Listen [HERE](#))

*Vampires aren't real.*

Rain lashing the road, making the asphalt reflective as a river, churning and bubbling in the watery headlights.

*They don't exist.*

The car bucked on the uneven surface. The wheel slipped and spun under her suddenly sweaty palms.

*Vampires aren't real.*

Lightning blinded her. Trying to hold steady, to not panic and overcorrect as her brain struggled to catch up with what was happening. Too late.

One last, flashing image of the tree her car was about to collide with as the vehicle veered off the side of the road, sailing over a ditch coursing with runoff water. She was already airborne; she couldn't right the wheel.

A crack of thunder roaring overhead, like a bark of cruel laughter.

The voice in the back of her mind, speaking with chilling clarity: *if vampires aren't real, then this is how you die.*

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Liza groaned and dropped her head into her hands. "Tell me you're kidding."

Sam stared at her in that innocent way only they could. "Vampires are very in."

"In... fiction? Do I *really* need to tell you that vampires aren't real?"

"There are more things in heaven—"

"Maybe. Maybe the world is full of strange things, I'm not arguing that. I'm just saying that Dracula and Lestat and Count Chocula aren't among them."

"Do you want the job or not?"

She groaned again. "You know this isn't what I got my P.I. license for."

Sam only shrugged, their impressive cleavage briefly heaving almost entirely out of the top of their sparkly bustier. “Sorry. I don’t have a cheating significant other for you to check on.”

Fair actually, and either way, Liza really needed the cash. Her bank account was overdrawn again and rent was due in less than a week. Still, this felt wrong.

“I mean, it’s one thing to run a stakeout in the woods looking for Bigfoot or something, but you really want me to tail some random guy just to prove he’s not a vampire?”

“Of course not! That’s ridiculous. You’re supposed to prove he *is* a vampire.”

“Vampires aren’t real!”

Sam stared her down. “His name is Téo Oanaxi and he was just brought on as the new nocturnist at Vancouver General.”

“Nocturnist?”

“Right? Tell me that job title doesn’t scream vampire.”

“What does it mean?”

“Apparently, it just means a doctor who works the night shift. But! But! A vampire would need to work the night shift, wouldn’t they? My point stands.”

“Goddamn it, Sam.”

“People are excited about vampires. I want to talk about things that people are excited about on my podcast. That’s what bolsters my audience numbers. High audience numbers bring in sponsors. Sponsors let me pay old, dear friends to do me silly little favors, like look into the new, hot doctor at the local hospital.”

“The ‘local hospital?’” Like they were in some small town and not one of the biggest cities in Canada. VGH getting a new doctor didn’t feel podcast worthy, even if they were calling him something as arcane sounding as a “nocturnist.”

“I’m just saying. A doctor would have ample, unquestioned access to blood, wouldn’t they?”

Liza sighed.

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She could remember the steady pulse at the base of her friend’s neck in a way she couldn’t have been aware of then. It fed the fire burning at the back of her throat. The thirst.

She hadn’t been “close” with anyone since cancer had swept both of her parents away within an awful, two-year span. But Sam was the oldest friend Liza had, and the only one she’d kept up

with through the transition from college to unglamorous adulthood. They'd hugged dozens of times. Their scent wound subtly through Liza's memories.

She could smell it now, intertwined with her dream of that afternoon. It had never made her so aware of the sharp prick of her own teeth before.

~~~

Téo Oanaxi was a sight in a lab coat, no doubt, but he looked more like he should be lolling around on a beach, in white linen, in some artsy and confusing cologne commercial. Model handsome, yes, but more. He was ethereal.

Liza could kind of see how the rumors had started, and that before you got to how reclusive he was, living in a big house in that ridiculously posh neighborhood in West Vancouver. It was a neighborhood where privacy was prized. People paid a lot of money to live there, and to not have to rub elbows with all their neighbors.

Even for that sort of place though, even for only having been there a month, he'd already gotten a reputation for being aloof. Most of the time no one saw him come or go. His place stayed dark. He didn't annoy his neighbors with a lot of company or loud noise. The attractive divorcee next door was a bit annoyed by how little she saw and heard of him.

No one had anything bad to say, though. He was friendly. Pleasant. He had a good bedside manner for putting stressed and panicky patients at ease. A nice voice, *that* came up a surprising number of times. And of course, the phrase "the new hot doctor." It wasn't unwarranted.

Most important for her purposes though, over the past month, he'd been spotted around town a number of times during the day. At the bank, gassing up his car, once at a grocery store.

It was rule number one about vampires: they can't go out during the day, everyone knew that.

She dutifully snapped her candid pics of Téo, brazenly out in the gray, drizzly Vancouver noontime, on his way out of a hardware store. Easy. Case closed.

But.

It was just routine to have started with online research.

Some people didn't like social media, sure. Some people were careful about keeping their online activities private. It made sense to her; Liza was one of them. But to have no online presence?

No vestigial Facebook, no abandoned twitter, no old posts on fossilized web forums. Nothing she could pull up with any combination of his name, birthdate, known associates, or previous locations. No pings with reverse image searches.

That was curious, actually.

There were records of previous employers, the university he'd attended, the high school, but there were no pictures that went passed ten years ago, anywhere, on the business or school websites, or on any of the very much still extant social media of other employees or students. Maybe he'd always been reclusive. Maybe he'd been a shut-in from birth, or had overprotective parents, or or or.

It made that inquisitive corner of her hindbrain light up with curiosity.

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*Blood in the water. Blood on the air.*

Liza was hurting and she was afraid and she knew she was dying.

Alone, in a storm, in the dark, on the side of a little road so far outside of town, the taste of her own blood terrified her. Did it mean she had a punctured lung? Or had she just hit her face in the wreck?

There was glass everywhere. She couldn't move her legs. It was hard to breathe—because her chest was collapsing or because of the panic? Her hand flailed weakly at the car door but she couldn't push it open.

Would she die of exposure, pinned there in the car all night? Would she drown, if the water kept rising and she couldn't get out?

Was it already too late, regardless? Glass embedded in an artery, some unseen, necessary *thing* inside her crushed; vital fluids ebbing away into the water that filled the ditch, while she was too cold and in shock to recognize it?

Then he came like an angel, suddenly leaning in at the side of her car. So handsome. His voice so soft and calm.

It was the first time she got to hear Téo Oanaxi for herself, and experience his particular bedside manner, although it took a moment to make sense of his soothing words.

“Be not afraid” is what angels were supposed to say, but she knew he wasn't one, and honestly, she *was* afraid. So, so afraid.

She knew, by then. Or maybe she didn't know for *sure*, but she knew, and she should have been even more afraid of the easy way he soothed her. The gentle way he touched her; his soft, calming voice talking her through breathing.

~~~

How he could be at once an open book and yet still such a mystery was intriguing, and Liza hadn't been intrigued by any man in a long time.

P.I. work made her cynical. Men were cheaters. Women were too. If people had secrets, they usually revolved around that. Sometimes more venal forms of dishonesty: embezzlement, petty theft, tax evasion sort of thing. But for her money, whatever else was going on, they were always *also* cheating on their partners.

Téo, for his looks and charisma, seemed to be strikingly, almost monastically single. On the run from a bad relationship? A wife and kids he'd lost interest in and abandoned? If so, they were hidden deeper than she could dig up.

Liza didn't know why she was still looking. She had the pictures of him in daylight for Sam, so there wasn't any point in continuing the investigation. She was just delaying the promised paycheck.

Finding out about the cabin outside of town felt like her first break in the case, though. Even if there was no case to break.

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Her head cleared as he got her calmed down, as he got her to breathe. Her thoughts steadied and aligned.

*I saw you, she thought. I saw what you did. I know what you are.*

He wrenched the jammed door off the car to get her out. He didn't just force it open, he left it lying in the ditch, in the ever-rising water, ripped from its hinges.

She knew he'd be able to smell her blood. She could smell it herself. Surely it was even more obvious to him. He was nothing but gentle with her though, making a mockery of the lengths she'd gone to, running from him.

The only time his voice had shifted from that soothing calm was when she'd reflexively tried to pull the glass shard out of her thigh.

~~~

No, she had no reason to think she'd find anything, and no real idea of what she was looking for, but Liza drove out to the cabin anyway. Ironically, she was going to be staking out the woods after all, and she wasn't even looking for Bigfoot.

She used a satellite map to figure out a good place to pull off the road and hide her car. She had binoculars, her phone, and her fancy camera with the extreme zoom lens, along with a full bottle of water and a roll of toilet paper. Provisioned, she trekked out to the cliff she'd chosen. Far enough away he wouldn't see her, but with a good view of the cabin.

It was a bit of a misnomer, at least for her idea of what the word meant. The Oanaxi “cabin” was a three-story chalet, jewel-bright, windows aglow under the darkening sky.

Windows were good, especially all the long, floor to ceiling ones on the first level.

It didn't take long for her to home in on Téo, conveniently sprawled on a couch in the open living room, reading a book. An actual book, not just a document or app on some device.

She was experienced in the dull business of stakeouts, so she settled in to watch the man read.

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As the afternoon turned into evening, the sky only grew darker, and Liza wasn't such a city girl that she didn't know it was a storm and not just the coming night that was threatening.

She was ready to call it, head back to her car, back to town, text Sam the pics, and stop dodging her landlord for another month.

Then she noticed the door to the cabin opening.

The warm orange glow of the lights inside were already spilling out across the porch and yard. Téo stood silhouetted, and the long shadow he cast across the ground was like a straight, dark path to the tree line.

A light drizzle had started to fall. She thought maybe he was just stepping out to enjoy the feel of it on his skin, like she did sometimes, but he kept walking, letting the door swing shut behind him. She lost him as he reached the cover of the trees, and she fumbled to trade her binoculars for the camera and its better low-light viewing.

It took her a while to spot him again, the distant, dark-clothed figure of a man. He wasn't even what she saw first—it was the flashing white tail of a deer, bounding towards the cabin. Thinking she'd just been distracted by the movement, she almost panned the camera further on, before she saw, yes, definitely Téo this time, following the deer at a slow and deliberate pace.

If he hadn't clearly been unarmed she'd have said he was hunting it, but barehanded, through the rain?

She did her best to track their winding path through the trees, as the rain fell heavier and thunder rolled ominously from beyond the mountains. It looked almost like he was herding the deer, if keeping just enough distance to avoid driving the thing into a panic.

She couldn't have said what it was about the way Téo was moving that set her on edge. What primitive part of her was reacting to his stalking stride. She held her breath when the doe finally broke the cover of the trees and leapt out into the glow of the cabin's lights, freezing, as if startled to find itself there.

Téo moved so fast she couldn't track it. One minute he was still hidden well back in the bushes, in the shadows, then he was in the yard with the deer, his arm around its neck, dragging it to the ground while it kicked and struggled.

He didn't have a gun, it didn't look like he even had a knife, but the deer went down with him gripping its throat. All she could think was he was choking it, maybe breaking its neck with his bare hands.

It was pouring by then, sheets of freezing water, slicking her hair to her head, and his hair to his head, as he lay with the deer in the mud. It had quickly stopped struggling, its legs a limp tangle. If he hadn't been just outside the cabin, bathed in that warm, homey glow, she wouldn't have seen the shining darkness all over his mouth when he raised his head, or the wide, glistening gash in the dead doe's throat.

He hadn't broken its neck; he'd ripped it open with his teeth.

*But vampires aren't real.*

She'd shoved her camera into her backpack and run for the car.

~~~

Liza felt as limp and helpless as the doe, as Téo carried her to the far side of a large oak. An older twin to the one her car was wrapped around. She was cold and shivering, but his arms didn't warm her. He'd given her his jacket and she'd never received a garment straight off someone's body before that didn't have any lingering warmth to offer, but his didn't.

He had a heartbeat, she thought, as she rested her head against his broad chest, but maybe it was just her own she was hearing, pounding in her temples as she tried not to panic and prayed not to die.

Too much blood. He hadn't just said she'd lost a lot of blood, he'd said *too much* blood.

She didn't want to die. Not even in the arms of a beautiful, sweet-voiced man. In the mud. Like the doe.

All she could do was brace for him to drop the mask and reveal the monster he was underneath it. But he just kept reminding her to breathe, cradling her close, promising that he'd do whatever he could to save her.

Until even suspicious, unbelieving Liza had to wonder if he meant it.

"I don't want to die," she finally mewled, panting, shivering, feeling the cold, creeping tension, stalking her. Herding her towards an end she couldn't see.

"You won't, dear one. I'm not going to let you."

She licked her lips and looked at him, even though it was difficult when he was so impossibly attractive and so close and probably the last thing she was going to see before she died.

“I know what you are,” she said through chattering teeth. “You could save me. Make me like... your... kind.”

“My kind?”

His tone hinted at nothing but light confusion, but she was afraid if she said it more plainly he would just argue, sensibly, that vampires weren't real. She was used to being lied to, it went with her job, but she didn't want lies from him.

Still, she'd say whatever she needed to, to live.

~~~

She sat up in bed and looked around, but Téo wasn't there.

Her throat was dry and burning. God, she was thirsty.

She brushed the back of her wrist across her mouth, pressing her lips against her fangs. They hurt.

Where was Téo?

She stood up out of the bed, one hand hovering over the mattress in case she fell, because he wasn't here to catch her now. But she kept her balance and successfully attempted the short walk to the door of the bedroom, bolstering her confidence.

He'd brought her to the cabin, she'd known that, but this was the first time she'd stepped out of his bedroom. It was disorienting to stand at the top of the stairs and look down into the open first floor that she'd been staring into for so long just before she'd... died? She wasn't sure that was the right word, but she didn't have another that made more sense to her.

Téo definitely wasn't in the house, and she felt a little annoyed that he hadn't told her he was leaving, and a little worried that she'd been abandoned.

Then she heard a car door slam out front and she hurried down the stairs.

She could see through the wall of windows that it wasn't him, long before she reached the door. Part of her wanted to bolt for the safety of his bedroom.

Another part of her had already caught an enticing scent, better than fresh bread or chocolate or coffee, and she couldn't have turned away if this precious, second chance at life had depended on it.

Sam was picking their way through the mud in front of the cabin, a worried frown knitting their brow.

Liza licked her lips.

Sam reached the porch and froze, peering through the glass of the front door, frowning. They smelled amazing.

“Liza? Is that you?”

She knew if there was one thing that she could *not* do, it was to open that door. She dug her hands into her thighs, Téo’s shirt bunching up in her fingers. She wasn’t wearing anything under it.

“Yeah.”

“Are you okay? I’ve been worried sick! You haven’t answered your phone, your landlord hasn’t seen you, I got worried enough to start calling around at the hospitals and finally got someone at Vancouver General to tell me you were out here.” They leaned closer, practically pressing their scandalized face to a glass pane, the better to glare in at Liza. “At *Doctor Oanaxi’s* mountain cabin.”

“I’m okay,” she managed, struggling to not claw at the door like a starving dog. “You should go home, Sam. I’ll text you later.”

She’d have to figure out what happened to her phone first. For all she knew it had drowned in the car with her camera and her binoculars. She winced.

“Not until you come out and tell me face-to-face that everything is really okay. That the dreadful doctor hasn’t, I don’t know, kidnapped you or something.”

She let out an annoyed huff. “Téo didn’t kidnap me.”

“He’s Téo now?”

“That is his name. You know that.”

“I know I didn’t expect you to blow off the job I gave you, blow me off, and then shack up with the prospective—” They paused and lowered their voice. “—*vampire*.”

And for the first time, Liza couldn’t make herself say it. “Go home, Sam.”

“Not until you come out here and let me see you’re okay.”

She found herself reaching for the doorknob. Sam was just on the other side, maybe she didn’t even need to go all the way out. Maybe if she just opened the door it would be enough, and they’d leave.

She inhaled deeply as the door swung open and her heart sank. The scent hit her with a force, no more barrier between them, and she knew she wasn't going to be able to just watch Sam walk away. Her stomach clenched but her fangs throbbed.

"...Liza?" Sam said uncertainly.

She stepped stiffly out onto the porch.

Sam gasped, reeling back, Téo practically materializing in front of the doorway, stopping Liza's slow creep towards her friend.

"She's supposed to be resting," he said, gentle but firm. She imagined it was the same tone he'd use to announce that visiting hours were over.

"Why can't I see her?" Sam demanded.

"You can and you are. But she's recovering from a serious car crash and she needs her rest, not to be walking around outside, half naked."

"If she's that injured, why isn't she at the hospital?"

"Because she didn't want to be. And she's not 'that injured.' She just needs rest. I'm happy to offer her the space to do it."

He hissed subtly when Liza clutched at his arms. She didn't know if she wanted to grab him or shove him out of the way to get at Sam. His flinch brought her back though, and she forced herself to relax her grip. He'd warned her about newborn vampire strength.

She took a deep, steady breath, and the scent of his body washed over her, different from Sam's. Distracting. She wanted to sink her teeth into his chest.

He'd talked about vampires reveling in pleasure mixed with pain, but he'd been gentle as he'd pulled her from the ruin of her car, and gentle when he'd introduced her to the pleasures of her new life. Since then he'd fed her and she'd rested, and she found she was craving something other than gentleness now.

She looked past him at Sam, puffed up with worry, ready to defend her, suddenly struck with guilt that it seemed she'd lied to him when she'd said no one would miss her. She shook her head and gestured vaguely at the cloudy sky. "He's not a vampire," she lied.

Her friend gasped.

"Look: it's broad daylight. He's just a doctor who works nights. And a nice guy. I'm okay. I promise, I'll call you later."

"I'm not a *what*?"

She couldn't tell if he was genuinely surprised at the open accusation in front of her mortal friend, or if he was just playing along.

"Liza!" Sam snapped.

She shrugged. "I don't have time to go into things now. I'm sorry."

Sam's glare moved back to Téo, annoyance mellowing again into true worry. "If you're sure you're okay."

"Promise."

She leaned against him, like it was getting hard to stand on her own strength, but really, she was just nuzzling into the back of Téo's arm, smelling the blood running under his skin. Smelling the man she needed for so much more than blood.

She swallowed heavily and listened to Sam's brisk footsteps. The slam of the car door. The sound of them driving away.

Téo relaxed as he exhaled. "That could have been very bad, dear girl," he said wryly, his back still to her.

He stiffened again as she tested the edges of her teeth against his triceps. Carefully, not breaking the skin yet. God, but she was thirsty though.

"Yeah. Thanks for not letting me do something I'd regret."

"I never would."

She believed him.

She could smell the forest, deep and green and wet, little lives playing out in its shadows, tasty traces of food-smell that made her burning mouth water. The doe was long gone but she thought she might still be able to smell it. A sour tang of death, a soft whisper of spilled blood, almost lost in the mineral, earthen smell of the muddy yard.

She could hear wind sweep over the crests of the mountains, static in the clouds above them, even a distant thrum she realized was the ocean, kilometers away.

It was all too much, but that was okay, because Téo was there.

*He* smelled like fir and cedar, fresh wood, old wood, and sweat. She could picture the pull and stretch of muscle as he raised an ax high over his head and swung it down heavily to split a pine log. It would explain why he was wearing the short-sleeved tee shirt with no over shirt, not that she was complaining.

"I'm hungry," she said.

He turned and she caught him, pressing up against him, kissing him, drinking his breath.

He jolted in surprise, but pulled her close as if it was an old habit, a solid wall of muscle, warm now that she was like him.

She wanted to crawl inside him, to dig her way into his beating heart. She clawed his arms and the smell of blood hit her and he gasped.

“Fuck!” he muttered, then lifted her and slammed her *ungently* into the side of the cabin, beside the open door.

There was no softness, nothing giving in the weathered wooden beam that framed the door and the windows beside it, and none in Téó’s hard body, pinning her. His cock was a rod of iron against her belly and the way she moved in instinctive answer to that promise made him gasp again. Then growl and show his teeth.

She laughed, delighted that his fierce expression could so closely match the ferocity she was feeling. He’d lifted her off her feet, so she curled her legs around his hips. His smile broke with a twist, wry; he shook his head at her.

It was her turn to gasp when he caught her wrists and pinned them above her head, pressing hard, so she could feel the grain of the wooden beam, leaving her without leverage. There was only the pressure of his hips holding her up.

“You’re supposed to be resting,” he said, his voice rougher than she’d heard it yet, and only a little chiding.

“I don’t want to rest. I’m a vampire. I want to celebrate being alive.”

“That’s what vampires do, hmm?”

“That’s what this one does, since if I wasn’t a vampire, I’d be very dead.”

He frowned. “Don’t say that.”

He shifted his grip to hold her wrists with one hand, freeing the other to sweep down her body and raise the hem of the shirt, already pushed up by the way she’d been moving against him, leaving her cunt bare against the denim of his jeans. She gasped and arched her back, rocking against his cock.

“*Shit*. My dear, beautiful girl, we should be taking things slow—”

She broke from his grasp and wrapped her arms around him too, before lunging forward to sink her fangs into the base of his neck. She didn’t release the bite or try to drink, she just held on and savored the heady, glorious taste of life.

Instead of trying to pull her away he braced his hand against the wall and finished freeing himself from his jeans with the other.

In moments he was adjusting her hips, raising her, and thrusting up hard inside her with such force the wooden beam of the cabin behind her groaned.

She didn't release her teeth from his neck and he arched against her mouth as he found his rhythm, pounding into her. If she'd still been human it might have shattered bones, and it was only one more reason to be grateful. Now she could not only take the full brunt of his passion but meet it with bucking hips that almost forced him back from the house.

Her nipples were diamond hard, pressing into his chest, aching for attention, but that small frustration only fed the hunger. Despite that, it felt right that they hadn't started with anything more than the basest, most animal connection of cock to cunt.

The thirst made her wild, riding his thrusts set off sparks along every nerve as their bodies crashed together like storm clouds, striking lightning between them.

She finally had to pull her mouth away from his throat to catch her breath, every heavy pant stirring up the scent of his blood to taunt her, until she lowered her head and nursed from the wounds she'd made, slaking her thirst.

As if that was permission granted, he growled again and his thrusting intensified, waves of sensation rocking her changed body, her sharpened senses, until he came, and seconds or maybe years later, she did too, her head falling back from the mess of his throat so she could scream her pleasure at the sky.

Damp and wrung out and multiple hungers satisfied, for the moment, she was quiet as Téo adjusted his grip so he could carry her back into the house.

Her chin rested wearily on his shoulder but she gave the cabin wall a thoughtful glance as he shut the door.

"This place is pretty sturdy, right? We wouldn't have, uhm, damaged it just now, would we?" she asked, thinking of his splintered headboard. "All those windows would make an unholy mess if they came down."

He laughed, but she didn't hear his answer because she was already dozing off again.

# UNTITLED

Written by Anastasia Baas

*Fanfic of Still Mine* ([LINK HERE](#))

“How was your trip?” He asked. I tried to ignore him as I picked at my stocking-covered thighs. I looked down at the brown leather seats of the expensive car. I was used to his nice cars by now but this is the first time he’s had a driver. A lot of things had been changing. Slowly but surely, his lifestyle was coming out of the clear. It was exciting and new at first but it was quickly becoming worrying.

“Are you still mad?” He asked while sitting across from me in the car. “I don’t even know why I bother asking. I can see it on your face.”

I’d been ignoring him the whole ride. We were on our way to fly back home. I went to New York to visit a friend for her birthday. It was an amazing time. Until I noticed one of *his* men across the street from a restaurant we were in. He was having me followed. Did he think I was stupid?

“I didn’t have to come get you. You should be grateful.”

“Excuse me?” I asked. My temper from the last 48 hours was tipping over.

“Now she speaks” He chuckled.

“I didn’t ask you to come. You came on your own.”

“What was I supposed to do? Continue arguing with you over the phone? Don’t be ridiculous.”

“What’s ridiculous is having me fucking followed.”

“We’ve talked about this already.” His dismissive manner made me more combative.

“No, we haven’t actually. Telling me not to worry about it, isn’t a conversation!”

He looked at the partition that separated us from the driver “Keep your voice down.”

“I need answers.”

“I wanted to make sure you were ok.”

“So you have someone stalking me? A phone call wouldn’t suffice?”

“Yeah, ‘cause you answer the phone whenever I call.” He scoffed. The sarcasm added to my temper.

“Forgive me for not being at your beck and call like one of your men.”

“That’s their job.” He said, ignoring me while typing on his cellphone. Most likely working as always. I took a moment to look at him for the first time since he picked me up from the hotel. He was wearing an expensive suit like he usually did but this time there’s a coat over it to protect him from the New York cold. He frowned and typed more on his cell phone. He looked so good and I’d missed his face, but then I remembered I was mad.

“Where the hell are we going?” I said looking out the window of the car. The turn for the airport had passed.

“To the plane.”

“He missed the turn,” I said before knocking on the partition. It rolled down but before I could answer-

“Ignore her. Roll it back up.” He said without taking his eyes off the blackberry in his hands. “Sit back and shut up.”

I’m taken aback. “You’re acting upset with me? After what you did?”

“I’m not in the mood for your bullshit right now, Baby.” Whatever is happening on the screen of that little blackberry is upsetting him. I can tell. I roll my eyes and sit back “Good girl.” I rolled my eyes. I didn’t want to be good. I was upset. I was upset and determined to show him.

The car pulled onto a paved lot. There was a plane with staff hustling around surrounded by guards, some of them armed. I had never been on a private plane before. Was that usual? I wasn’t going to ask. I was already upset. I must admit it was nice. For a split moment, I was glad he flew here to get me. Better than dealing with the busy airport.

“Jesus Christ...”

The car stopped. I pushed my door open and started to make my way out. I was pulled back into my seat. He leaned over me and closed my door. “Aht Aht! You know how this goes. I go first and come around to get you. That doesn’t change because you’re having a hissy fit.”

“Is that what you’re calling our fight? A hissy fit?”

“We don’t fight. That would require me to be upset with you.” He said before getting out of the car. He didn’t see how that melted me a little and I was grateful for it.

I sat in the car for a minute. It was taking him longer than usual to get me out. Flying protocols I guessed. It gave me time to build my annoyance with him again. When he finally opened my door, I rushed out. “About time.”

He ignored me and turned to a man beside him standing in line with a few more men all dressed alike. “Get her bags.”

We make our way to the aircraft. In the line of guards, I saw the man who was following me a few days prior. He was across the street from the restaurant but I knew it was him. He locks eyes with me. His face doesn’t slip from the blank stare they all seem to have. While passing I slowed down a little. “If you’re gonna follow me, be sneakier,” I said to him.



“Don’t! Tony, ignore her.” I felt a pull on my arm as I was dragged to the plane and up the steps. When we’re inside, I’m thrown into a seat. “Your mouth is your biggest fucking problem.” He said angrily as he strapped my seatbelt on.

“I can put on my seatbelt. I’m not a child.”

“Then stop fucking acting like one.” He said. He was so close to me, I could feel his breath on my lips.

I didn’t back down. “Get away from me.”

He sat in the seat across from me, glaring as he did his seatbelt.

We both stayed quiet until we were up in the air. A woman came to tell us we could take our seatbelts off and then offered us food and I declined.

“She’s gonna eat.” He said while looking at me.

“I said no thank you.”

“Get her food.” He said, ignoring me like he usually did. “And a drink for me. My usual”

“Yes, sir.” The woman said before scurrying away.

“What the hell is your problem?”

“You not eating is my problem.” He took the glass of water in front of him and set it on the surface in front of me. “Drink this.”

“No.”

“Drink. It.”

“Or what?” I said with a need to see him just as angry as I was.

“Look, I know you’re upset, but you’re testing me.” He said before standing. He walked to the other side of the plane. I roll my eyes closed and ignore him. I opened my eyes to look out the window for a second and immediately regretted it. Window seats are always my last choice for a reason. I squeezed the arms on the seat.

“Take this.” I heard him say. I open my eyes to a pill next to the cup of water I’d abandoned.

“What is it?” I asked, reaching for it.

“It’ll help with the nerves.”

I moved it around in my palm. I looked at him across the aisle from me. The back of his chair is leaned back now, His tie is undone a little and his jacket is off. His legs are spread. I can’t help but look. God, he looked good. “What? You think I’m gonna drug you? You don’t trust me now?”

“Can you blame me?” I said before throwing my head back to take the pill. I grabbed the cup and drank from it. He said nothing. I didn’t notice it at first but the smell slowly started to move

toward me. I looked at him again. His eyes were already on me, smoke from the last puff of his cigar coming from his lips. "I thought you stopped smoking."

"I started again."

"When?"

"Yesterday. The second after getting off the phone with you."

"Didn't know I was such a stressful burden."

"Don't put words in my mouth." We stare at each other. His eyes ran down my body slowly. They stop for a second at my chest, then move down to my stockings. "Take your jacket off."

This time I did as he said without arguing. I slowly unbuckled myself and stood. I shimmed my jacket off and threw it on the seat across from me. I stared at him the whole time. I sat again, crossing my legs in a way that gave him a higher look at my legs. He took another puff from his cigar. "Can you even smoke in a plane?"

"If it's your plane." He shrugged, "There's nothing I can't do, Doll."

The woman came with a tray. She turned to him but he pointed my way. "Her first." the woman nodded and turned to me. "Always."

She sat the tray down and began to move the plate on it in front of me. I thanked her while looking over to him and he was still looking. She turned to him and set a small glass of brown liquid in front of him. "Thank you. Stay in the front. Don't come back until I call for you."

"Yes, sir." She said before making her way to the front.

We silently stared at each other, waiting for the other to make the first move. I grabbed the glass and took another drink.

"Eat."

"I don't want it."

"Not hungry?"

"Not for this," I said before I could stop myself. He smiled a little and chuckled. He leaned forward to bring the glass in front of him to his lips. I squeezed my thighs closer together. I'm irritated and my fly anxiety is making it worse. I want to be close to him.

He took his time with his drink. He sat back, still holding it in one hand, and he motioned me over. "Come here." He said it low and sensual, in a way I couldn't defy.

When I got in front of him I dropped to my knees. I rested my head in his lap, I wanted him to stroke my hair and soothe me but both his hands were full. He did nothing and it frustrated me. I nuzzled my head further up into his lap. I started to rub my hands up his thighs. I squeezed them and whined a little. The pill hadn't kicked in and my heart was racing. I needed him. I needed him to calm me. "Shh. Take it out." is all I needed him to say before I was undoing his belt. He reached over me to put the drink back down onto the small table.

Before I could wrap my lips around him, he gripped my hair and pulled me back. "Not so fast." He pulled my hair to tilt my head back more. He leaned closer to me. "I haven't gotten my kiss yet." He kissed me for the first time since we reunited. He groaned and I swallowed the noise. He wrapped his other hand around my jaw pulling me closer. This time it's me who makes the noise. "I missed you so fucking much." He said it so low I thought I imagined it. He let go of my jaw and sat back, still holding my hair so it was not in the way. "Go ahead."

When he finally gave me the green light, I wanted it in my mouth so badly. I licked a stripe under the base of him, tracing a vein. The saliva dripped off my tongue with greed. "Good girl. On your knees...in those pretty little shoes I got you. Daddy takes such good care of you, doesn't he? Yeah, I do. Ah, fuck." I finally took him whole. I went slow, trying to get all of him in, my nose pressed against his pelvis. "Shit. Even if you don't see it."

I bobbed my head. The pill started to kick in. I forgot where we were and the anxiety of being as high as the clouds didn't have a hold of me anymore. All I can think of is him. Him and his dick, and the noises it makes when I suck on it.

"Such a good girl. Only when you're on your knees for me. Is that what it takes?" He thrust forward once. "Huh?"

I was enjoying it, truly I was. But then the devil on my shoulder reminded me that I was supposed to be upset with him. I pulled off and left sloppy kisses down to his balls. I pulled one into my mouth and sucked. He let out an airy moan and I smiled a little. 'Bite him' the little devil whispered in my ear, so I did. I pushed it out of my mouth, gliding my teeth across it slightly. Not enough for it to hurt, but enough for him to feel it. He tugged on my hair. "Don't do that."

I pulled his cock into my mouth again, repeating all the things that I knew he liked. He began to moan louder, I took him out again, going down the other testicle. I looked up to him, his head was thrown back and both his hands were in my hair now. I don't know where the cigar is but it's long forgotten now. He looked so good like that, so peaceful. 'He doesn't deserve peace right now.' the devil said. Then I bit him again. "I said don't- get up." He pulled me off of him and up to my feet. He dragged me to the back of the plane. He slid a small door open and pushed me in. I stumbled in and caught myself on a bed.

He stepped in and slammed the door shut. He locked it. I climbed further up the bed as he came closer. I crawled backward to keep eye contact with him. He pulled his belt off and threw it to the side. Then his tie. He grabbed my ankles and pulled me to the edge. I gasped in shock right before he kissed me. The thoughts in my head evaporated along with the air in my lungs. He grabbed my hands and brought them to the top of his shirt, telling me to undo the buttons. He grabbed my hair and tilted my head back, he moved to my jaw and neck, kissing, sucking, and nibbling on every inch of skin he could find. My hands struggled to finish the task of removing his shirt. I let out a yelp when I felt him bite near my shoulder. "see how it fucking feels?" he asked against my skin. I pouted and whined. "Oh, shut up...before I bite your pussy next."

I pushed his shirt off of his shoulders and he pulled mine over my head. My bra followed. He gripped one of my breasts while kissing the other. I whimpered when I felt him bite. "You bit me twice. Now we're even". He said before pushing me back. I lift my hips to pull my skirt down. He yanked it off of me, then flipped me over. He took my heels off and they clattered to the floor. He squeezed my foot then trailed his hands up my stockings. He rubbed on my ass before gripping and

ripping a hole down the middle. I moaned and put my chest on the bed, leaving my bottom in the air for him to play with. "I'll replace them. I always do."

He pulled my panties to the side to see me. "Fuck" he groaned. I felt his fingers lightly rubbing up and down my slit. I moan and try to push back on his hand, he keeps his distance. "I wanna fucking eat it." He said in a low voice. "but you don't deserve that do you?"

"Please."

He bent down towards me "Just a little. Just a taste." His mouth covered me and we both groaned. I grip the sheets next to my head. One of my hands reached for his head. He grabbed it and pinned it to my back. "Hands to yourself."

He stood again. I didn't know what he was doing but when I felt the skin of his thighs against my legs, I assumed he was undressing. He pulled my hips back. He slid his cock up and down my slit, spreading my juices onto himself. When he finally slipped in we both made noises of relief. He put a hand on the middle of my back and pushed. "Stay down. Right there. Stay like that." He picked up a rhythm and grunted with every thrust. I took it well at first, stretching my hands out and gripping the sheets around me. Then, he leaned over me, one hand by my head, hitting an angle that made me scream out for a second. I thought of the pilots, of the woman who served my food. I buried my head into the sheets and reached back to push against his stomach. He grabbed my wrist and pinned it to my side "Don't! Don't push me away." His tone changed and he came closer to my ear. "Don't push me away. Yea. Let me in. Let me take care of you...Keep you safe." He kissed my shoulder before sitting up again.

"You're so fucking wet. Is that from being a brat? Does acting like that turn you on?" He smacked my ass. "I bet it does. Come're" He sat on the edge of the bed and pulled me on top of him."Ride me. Come on. On your feet." His hands stayed by his sides and I whimpered, feeling unstable without his arms around me.

"I'm gonna fall."

"You're not. Go." I slid down onto him and he threw his head back for a second. I gripped his shoulders, digging my nails in a little. He lifted his head to watch my breasts, his eyes glazed and slightly unfocused. He looked so perfect I couldn't help but kiss him. He pulled my hair as I rode him. I reached for his other hand, bringing it to wrap around my waist for support. I started to feel my legs give out. He pulled back, leaving me to fend for myself. I whined out and buried my head in his shoulder. "You don't need help. Right? Isn't that the point? You're a big girl?" He pulled my hair making me sit up straight again, leaning in to leave kisses on my neck. "Blowing up my phone during a meeting...being disrespectful when I finally answer. What was it you said?" He asked. I felt him everywhere. My neck, my shoulders, my chest. On me. In me. He made it so much harder to keep going. My eyes were closed in serenity. He pulled my hair again and said, "Repeat it."

I struggled to remember our conversation from days ago. "I-."

"You don't need my what?"

"I- I don't need your help," I whispered. I could barely breathe and now I was slightly embarrassed.

I feel a sting on my backside. "Speak up."

"I don't need your help."

"Mhm and what else?"

"Or your- ahh fuck!" I looked down at his hand which found its way between my thighs.

He pulled my head back so I was looking at the ceiling. "Finnish."

"I don't need your help or your.." my sentence got lost in noises I had no control over.

"Stop your whining and Finnish." His tone went straight to my core. "or my what?"

"Or your protection."

"Or my protection." He chuckled. "Now look at you. Begging for it."

I'm on my back again before I can even blink. I spread my legs a little and reached for him.  
"Please."

"If only you could see yourself from my point of view." he crawled up to me "Perfect and powerless...Well not entirely. You have so much control over me."

He kissed me and I could feel his weight on top of me. He was everywhere. It clouded my mind and made me crazy. He pushed into me slowly and deeply. I let out a mixture between a gasp and a yelp. He shushed my noises away while kissing me. I could barely breathe with his thrusting and his kisses stole every weak breath I managed to pull in. I turned my head in search of air. He settled for kissing my cheek and neck, lips not leaving my skin for even a second. I could feel his teeth against me as he spoke. His voice was lighter now, letting me past his tough demeanor. This was my favorite part of having him inside me, having him like this. His voice made me feel even weaker. I let out a moan as my stomach turned to mush for him. "I missed you. Three days is too long, Baby. way too long. If you think I'd last four without you..you're crazy."

I could feel myself building. I tried to fight it back. I didn't want it to end. I wanted him like this forever. I let out deep shaking breaths while fighting my orgasm that was creeping onto me, making me clench onto him. He hissed and grabbed the pillow next to my head. His kissing stopped. "...drive me crazy, you know that? I need you too much." I finally looked at him. He was staring at me already, a look in his eyes I rarely got to see, but I loved it when I did. I reached for his face and laid a hand against his cheek, he turned to kiss my palm. "It scares me."

"I'm here," I said softly. I raised on my elbow to get close to him. I can see down between us now. His stomach muscles were clenched and his skin was slick with sweat. I moaned out at the sight. I bit my lip and looked up to him. He leaned in to kiss me again.

"Look at me." He said. "Look me in the fucking eyes." His hand reached between us and began to glide against the sensitive parts of my folds. I squealed and grabbed his wrist. My knees closed against his hips. "Hey!" I looked at him. I loosened my knees.

He touched his forehead to mine. "I don't know what I would do if something happened. For as long as I'm alive, you'll be protected." My stomach clenched and I wasn't strong enough to hold myself up anymore. My head dropped back onto the pillow and he followed, speaking right in my

face. "You can hate me for it, as long as you're safe. As long as you're with me. You hear me?" My brain is somewhere in heaven, refusing to answer him.

"Tell me you forgive me. Let me know," He said into my ear.

"I for- fuuuck."

"Do you?" He asked, slowing his pace. I nod my head, eyes half closed. "Show me." He picked his pace up again. My juices were everywhere now, dripping as my hole made room for him, inviting him in to touch places I forgot existed.

There were so many things I tried to say but my mouth and brain weren't in coordination anymore. Everything came out in a jumbled mess of sobs. He kissed the worries away "Shh. I know. I'm sorry. I want to protect you...Protect what's mine. Tell me you're mine. Say it."

"I'm yours" I forced out, encouraged by his guiding nods.

"Mhm, and I'm yours. Say it."

"And you're mine."

"All yours. All fucking yours." He pushed behind my knee higher and buried his head into my shoulder, going harder. I was breaking and he could feel it. "Mhm. Come on." I slapped a hand over my mouth as his tip hit against a deep part of me. "Let it out. No one can hear you up here. Just me and you..against the world." Something snapped in me and I started to quiver around him. "Ah fuck. There she is."

For a moment there's nothing but us. In the sky. In the clouds. I breathed out and my orgasm hit me like a truck. He didn't stop. He kept going, getting onto his knees, and pulling my hips to meet his. "Ride it out." He put his weight on his hands holding my waist, putting more power into his thrusts. I let out a whine and arched my back. He slipped out of me. "No!" He growled, "Don't push me out! Don't push me out." His hand dropped between us to grip himself. He rubbed his dick up my slit once before pushing back into me. "There we go. Right where it belongs. Right where I belong. Fuck. Stay right there. Keep me inside. Put your knees higher." He was barking out orders faster than I could keep up with. He's bossy when he's about to come. He puts his hands behind my knees and pushes them to my chest. Then the air is pushed out of me and suddenly it's hard to breathe again..

"Ugh, you feel me? Aww poor, Baby. Do you feel me in your tummy? I know. Shh. I know. I've gotta dig you out." He let out a growl that made me clench around him harder than I was before if that was even possible. He felt it. "Fuck. You want every drop. I know."

The room around us shook a little, then harsher again. I grabbed his arm in panic. His eyes were focused on the area where we connected. He didn't look up at me when he answered "It's turbulence. We're fine, baby." It happened again and I shut my eyes tight and grabbed the pillow under me, pushing it to my face. His pace stayed the same, while he came to comfort me, the pill from earlier not taking my fear away the way he thought it would. "Shh. Hey, we're ok. I'm right here." I traded burying my head into the pillow to burying it into his neck. I held him tight not letting him leave me.

"I know what would make my baby feel better. I'm gonna give it to you."

“Please?” I begged, excited to be warm and full.

“It’s coming.” He said, “I want you to come again. Fuck, I want your pretty little cunt to milk me.” He forced me back so he could have access to my breasts again. “..throbbing and pulsing..sucking every single drop deep into it..Fucking chri-” His tongue licks around my nipples and his fingers played on my clit again. I try to push his hand away but he doesn’t budge. The nerve is sensitive from his abuse. Another hurricane builds deep inside of me and all I can do is take it.

I pulled against his waist, kissing my anxiety away at his neck. “Please, Daddy.”

“Oh, Fuck.” He said. He went quiet after and I could feel the squirts of him filling me.

I pulled him closer. “I’m coming.”

“I know. I can fucking feel you. Take it. Take it from me.” He rushed onto his knees again looking down. “Oh, Baby, you’ve gotta see this.” He wrapped a hand behind my neck and pulled me up a little. I look down to see us both covered in our juices. They mix and pool at the base of him. “Look at it. Baby, look at us. Making a fucking mess.” He shoved me back down before kissing me. We’re both moaning in each other’s mouths, swallowing every sound. He grunted as he gave me harsh slow strokes, letting out what he had left.

We lay there still and kissed slowly. Everything was sloppy between us, from the kissing to the mess between our legs. He attempted to pull out of me but I quickly pulled at his waist. My brain was still clouded by the pleasure of my orgasm and all I could get out was a panicked “Stay.”

“I’ve got you.” He kissed my forehead. “I’ll stay right here inside you.” We stay like that for a while. Just lying there with him on top of me. I ran my fingertips up and down his back soothing the both of us. We’re quiet until he finally speaks. “I’m sorry.”

“I know.”

“I should have communicated with you.” He lifted his head to look at me. “I want you safe.”

“I know, I just don’t want to be spied on.”

“And I get that completely,” he sighed and rested his forehead against mine. “I don’t know what to do. I don’t like seeing you upset but I’m not compromising your safety. I’ll die on that hill.” His eyebrows scrunched. I giggled. “What?”

“What are you thinking? That’s your thinking face.”

“I have a thinking face?” He asked, smiling. His smile made me smile even more.

“Yea. What are you thinking? Talk to me.”

“It’s a stupid idea. Well, it’s not stupid but..”

“What?”

“I won’t need them to sneak around you if you had a guard.”

I rolled my eyes “OK, get off of me.” I said pushing against his shoulder.

“No seriously think about it. You’ll be safe, you can set boundaries with them, and they’ll respect your privacy. It’ll be better for everyone.”

I rushed to put my clothes back on as he moved to the edge of the bed. “Better for who?”

“Everyone! Do you-” He stopped himself and took a deep breath. “Just come here. Please.” I stood in front of him and he grabbed my hands. “You asked why I always get out of the car first...I’m gonna tell you so you can understand.” He pulled me into his lap. “When I was a little boy..on New Year’s Day.. I’ll never forget this.” He shook his head and I could tell he was disturbed, “I was with my grandparents. My parents were two cars ahead of us. We arrived at a restaurant we were having dinner at and uh..” I kissed his head for support. “My grandmother was shot. Right in the head. I saw the whole thing...Her blood...It was everywhere, on the pavement, the window, my suit...”

“I’m sorry.” was all I could think to say.

“My grandfather was destroyed. It was the weakest I had ever seen him. And I vowed I would never be that helpless to the people I love. I can’t be helpless with you. I need you to understand. It’s ok if you don’t like it, but I need you to at least understand.”

I sit for a while thinking about what he’s told me. He isn’t gonna stop sending them to watch me. I couldn’t even be mad at his reasoning. “What’s his name?”

“Who?” he asked, confused.

“The guard you’ll give me.”

He understood I was accepting and his smile settled in. He kissed me twice before answering. “His name is Tony. He knows your schedule already so it should be easy for you both to get used to. It’ll be fine. I’ll formally introduce you two when we land.” The look of contentment on his face wipes away any worry I might have had about the idea of a guard. “Did you eat before I came to get you?” I said nothing. “I fucking knew it. I’m gonna go get your plate.” He sets me on the bed to get dressed. I stand but he stops me. “No, stay here, I’ll get it.” He looked at me with a smirk “and get undressed again.”

“Did you eat?”

He looked at me with a confused look, as if he didn’t ask me the same question five times a day. “Me?”

“Yeah.”

“ No, no, no. I take care of you. That’s how this works.”

“No, we take care of each other.”



He smiled as he zipped his pants up “ I was busy.” He finally admitted.

“You work too much..”

“Don’t worry about it. I’ll get the plates and we’ll eat together. Ok?”

“Ok.”

“Ok.” He kissed me and then ran off.