

**The Arrangement**  
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## The Future, Together

### ANGELA

I collapsed into bed, too lazy to blow-dry my hair after the shower. The instant my head hit the pillow, a wave of exhaustion slammed into me.

It seemed like running the Gala had taken a lot more out of me than I had thought, even with Zoe's help.

I curled up into a ball, clutching a pillow to my chest as I stared out at the New York City skyline.

Why did I feel so unfulfilled?

I replayed the night back over in my mind.

The Gala had turned out to be exactly how I envisioned it. It was amazing how well our plan on paper had manifested into the real world.

Sure, the power going out had been super stressful, but thanks to Zoe's quick thinking, the Gala was an even bigger success than before.

I'd salvaged my relationship with Zoe, and I felt like our relationship could be stronger than ever.

Hannah Flintour had fallen in love with our execution and quick thinking, and she'd basically guaranteed that we'd be the first to know if she was planning another event.

So what was missing?

I sighed, knowing exactly what it was.

Xavier wasn't there.

Dad wasn't there.

Lucas, Em, and Danny weren't there.

I thought back to how I had barely made any time to visit them, sacrificing family time so I could focus on my career. There was that awful feeling of estrangement, the sense that life was taking them further and further away from me.

My career was also a source of tension between Xavier and me.

My wonderful husband just wanted to start a family with me, and the thought had me glowing with joy. My stomach flipped nervously at the thought of carrying a baby, but I knew it was something that both Xavier and I wanted.

I'd been so obsessed with event planning, so consumed with the next gig.

I groaned and rolled over, throwing my blanket above my head and shutting myself off from the rest of the world.

I loved event planning, I really did.

The challenge was gratifying. The sense of fulfillment from seeing my hard work and planning pay off was amazing.

But it didn't mean nearly as much if it came at the cost of relationships with those that I love.

I wanted to be able to share my passion with them, not choose it over them.

I threw the blankets off, sitting up, a fire burning inside of me.

My relationships had suffered because of the Gala, but that didn't mean I couldn't make it up to them.

And that started with Xavier.

### XAVIER

*I should tell Angela.*

I stared dully at the floor of our private elevator as I was carried up to our penthouse. I'd spent the day at the office speaking with board members, trying to gauge the mood of the executives before the vote at the meeting.

It didn't look good.

I'd been met with everything ranging from disinterested stares to sympathy.

I didn't even need to speak with Henry. I knew where he stood.

Worst of all was that Penny refused to speak to me.

She refused to even see me.

Couldn't say I blamed her though.

So the majority of my day was spent agonizing over what I could possibly say to sway the vote in my favor.

Frustratingly, I'd mostly come up with a blank.

*I should tell Angela.*

The thought of telling my wife I might not have a job tomorrow made me want to swallow glass. It made me want to hurl myself off a cliff into a pit of vipers.

Shame burned through me.

*You're Xavier Knight*, I admonished myself.

But more than that, I was a husband.

*What good are you if you can't provide for your wife? For your future family?*

No, I decided. ~I'll convince the board, and Angela will be none the wiser. There's no point in worrying her over something that won't happen.~

The elevator doors dinged open, and I walked into the living room, loosening my tie. This time, there was no monstrous pillow fort.

But I almost wished there was.

"Angela?" I called.

"In here," she called from our bedroom.

I walked in to find a pleasant surprise waiting for me.

Angela was standing at the window, her back to me as she looked over the city skyline. She wore nothing but one of my dress shirts, the oversized fabric ending at the top of her thighs.

She turned to face me. The buttons were undone, the shirt just barely covering her breasts, the smooth line of her stomach ending over her black-laced panties.

I devoured the sight, stirring with need.

"Hey," she said with a smirk

"Hello, beautiful." I went to lie down on the bed, and Angela crawled to me, straddling my waist. "How was the Gala?" I asked, my voice husky.

"Oh, it was beautiful, Xavier. I wish you could've been there to see it."

"I did see it. Well, some of it at least. There are already photos going around online." I sat up, my arms around her hips as I kissed her. "I'm so proud of you."

She beamed at me, and I felt my heart flutter in my chest.

"There's something I want to talk about," she said.

"Hmm?" I buried my face in her neck, breathing in the scent of her.

"It's about us." She pushed me back a little so she could look at me properly. "I know I've been really caught up in work lately. So much so that I've been kind of neglecting us."

I was already shaking my head before she finished, but she continued on.

"I just wanted to tell you that I'm sorry. I'm sorry for hurting you. I'm sorry for putting my job over us." She took my hands in hers and placed them against her chest. I felt her heart pounding underneath my fingertips.

"I swear that I'll always put the two of us first. You're more important to me than any career."

I felt myself brimming with happiness, all of the anxiety and doubt disappearing like shadows before the sun. This woman in my arms was the most thoughtful and loving person I'd ever met, and I was so lucky to call her my wife.

"Just the two of us?" I asked, my words loaded with meaning.

She didn't answer me.

She just leaned forward and pressed her lips into mine, pushing me down onto our bed.

I returned the kiss, running my tongue along her lips, begging for entry. She obliged, and our tongues entwined in a deep and passionate kiss.

My hands roamed her body, mapping out every curve like it was the first time. My touch wandered down her back, over her hips, until I was cupping her ass. I squeezed, and I felt her moan into our kiss.

She broke away, gasping for air. She began to unbutton my shirt, working her way slowly down like we had all the time in the world. I wanted to flip her over, pin her down, and take her roughly, but I resisted the urge.

Her hands unbuckled my belt, and I slid my pants off, my stiffness straining through my boxers.

She pressed herself onto my cock, her hips gyrating slowly as she ground into me. I groaned, sliding my hands up her stomach to tease her breasts.

"Xavier," she gasped, crying out as I pinched her nipples.

She pulled my boxers off, my cock swinging free as she slid her panties to the side. She positioned herself over me, teasing my tip, her lust dripping down over my shaft.

With agonizing slowness, she lowered herself onto me, engulfing me in her warmth. I buckled my hips forward, thrusting myself deep inside of her.

She screamed out in ecstasy, and my mind reeled from pleasure.

I felt her walls slide and contract around my pulsing cock as we slowly built up into a rhythm, our bodies moving in sync with one another. I grabbed her ass, squeezing her cheeks and moving them up and down to the speed of my thrusts.

"Oh god," she gasped. She was getting close. Her eyes were closed in concentration as she bit her lip, her breasts bouncing as I slammed inside of her over and over again.

*Fuck, she's so sexy.*

"Xavier," she cried. "Xavier, I'm going to come!"

I felt a pressure building within me, her pussy so incredibly tight around me.

I flipped her over, slamming her down onto her back, her ankles resting on my shoulders. She gasped, her eyes wide before I thrust savagely into her, plunging myself into a deeper dimension of ecstasy.

"Oh, fuck," Angela gasped, her eyes rolling to the back of her skull.

I nearly came right there.

My wife never swore. Hearing her scream out like that as I fucked her ...

I increased my pace, my hips thrusting frantically as I felt myself near my climax.

"Xavier!" Her back arched, her legs locking behind my neck as I felt her come, her walls practically milking my cock.

"Fuck," I grunted. "I'm going to come, too!"

"Inside of me," she gasped, still in the midst of her orgasm. "Fill me up."

I cried out as I came, my cock throbbing as I shot myself out deep inside, her pussy squeezing me dry.

We collapsed in a heap in each other's arms, her hair sticking to her sweat-slicked skin. She smiled dreamily at me before nuzzling her face into my chest.

"I love you," she whispered.

"I love you more."

"Impossible," she laughed.

I smiled, kissing the top of her head.

"I'm so excited for the future," she whispered. "I can't wait to have a family with you, Xavier."

"Me too, sweetheart." I tightened my embrace around her, thoughts of the meeting tomorrow invading my mind. I had to keep my position.

Failure was not an option.

"Me too."