

Breaking the routine

(Derek)

"Are you coming or not?" Jake called out from the door of his sleek, black sedan, the impatience clear in his voice.

I'd been meaning to take a break, and tonight was my chance. I promised Jake I'd join him, and I intended to follow through.

At 32, I was the owner of Stone Real Estate, a company I built from the ground up. On paper, I had everything. Success, money, a lifestyle most people dream of.

But lately, it wasn't enough. My parents' relentless matchmaking had turned my life into a parade of "suitable" women, none of whom truly interested me. I wanted to find someone on my terms, someone who understood me. Not just a name on a list.

"Coming," I called out as I pulled on my jacket, feeling a strange sense of relief to escape the usual grind, if only for a few hours.

The bar Jake picked was packed, the kind of place I used to frequent before work consumed my life. As we pushed our way through the crowd, I tried to let the noise and energy pull me away from the stress.

"We don't take ourselves too seriously here," Jake said, signaling for drinks at the bar. I leaned against the counter, casually scanning the room, trying to tune out the business that was still in the back of my mind.

That's when I saw her.

She was sitting alone at a corner table, lost in thought, her posture slightly slumped, like she was carrying the weight of something heavy. There was something familiar about her, the way she held herself, the slow, contemplative sip she took from her glass.

Then it hit me.

Olivia Weston.

I'd seen her at company events before, usually alongside her husband, Aaron — one of my employees. We'd never had much interaction beyond polite exchanges, but I knew Aaron well enough to dislike him. If it weren't for the lack of concrete reasons, I would've red him a long time ago.

I was curious as to why was she here, alone. I nudged Jake.

"I'll be back in a minute." Jake gave me a questioning look but shrugged as I made my way over to Olivia's table.

"Olivia, right?" I asked as I approached.

She looked up, startled. For a brief second, I saw that she recognized me, followed by weariness in her eyes.

"Derek Stone," she said, her voice soft but surprised.

"Aaron's boss." I smiled at her when she said that.

"That's me," I said with a nod, sliding into the seat across from her.

"I didn't expect to see you here. Is everything alright?" She hesitated, her eyes dropping back to her glass, fingers tracing the rim.

"It's been a rough day," she finally admitted.

"I just needed to clear my head." Something inside me softened. I wasn't a stranger to long, draining days, but there was something deeper in her tone, something I couldn't ignore.

I felt an unexpected urge to help her, to offer her some kind of escape from whatever had her looking so lost.

"Sorry to hear that. Is there anything I can do to help?" I asked, trying to keep my voice light.

Olivia gave me a small, almost grateful smile, though the sadness lingered in her eyes.

"That's kind of you, but I think I just need a distraction." I glanced over my shoulder at Jake, who was still chatting with the bartender.

"How about joining us for a drink? A change of scenery might do you some good." She hesitated for a moment, as if debating whether or not to accept, but eventually, she nodded.

"That sounds nice." I guided her back to the bar, introducing her to Jake, who greeted her warmly before ordering another round.

As we settled in, I noticed Olivia's posture relax slightly, but there was still an edge of tension in her movements. Something happened to her, and I felt drawn to understanding what it was.

"So, Olivia..." I started to say.

"You mentioned needing to clear your head. What's been going on?" Her face clouded, and I could see her struggling with whether to share her story or not. After a moment, she sighed, looking down at her drink.

"Today... Today was my birthday, and Aaron handed me divorce papers. He's been having an affair with my sister and I also found out that I'm adopted." A surge of anger shot through me. Aaron, that bastard and her family, I didn't know her well enough to make any excuses for her. But no one deserves to be treated the way she was, especially on her birthday.

I swallowed my fury, focusing on the pain I saw in Olivia's eyes. She was trying to hold herself together, but I could tell it was taking everything in her not to break down.

"I'm so sorry, Olivia. That's... that's awful," I said gently.

"You don't have to go through this alone. If you need to talk or just... forget about it for a while, I'm here." Her eyes met mine, and for the first time that night, I saw something there, a vulnerability that called to me, that made me want to protect her, to take her pain away.

She exhaled shakily, her composure beginning to slip slightly.

"I thought I could handle it. I thought I could just... get through today. But I can't." Before she could stop herself, her shoulders shook, and she covered her face with her hands.

I didn't think twice. I reached out, resting a hand on her back, offering silent comfort. She leaned into me, her body trembling as she let her emotions spill over.

"It's okay," I whispered, my arm wrapping around her.

"You don't have to hold it together. Let it go." For a few moments, she cried, her body warm against mine.

I held her, feeling the rise and fall of her breath as she began to calm down. When she pulled away, her cheeks were damp, her eyes red but grateful.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to fall apart like that," she whispered, wiping at her face.

"You have nothing to apologize for," I said, my voice firm but gentle.

"You've been through hell. If you want, we can leave. Get something to eat? Maybe somewhere quieter." She hesitated, then nodded, her expression softening.

"I'd like that." After I spoke to Jake, who wasn't ready to leave as yet, I drove us back to my place.

A comfortable silence fell between us as we left the noise of the bar behind. Once inside, I led her to the kitchen, offering to make a simple meal.

As I cooked, I could feel her watching me, her presence stirring something in me I hadn't expected. There was a connection, an unspoken pull between us, and I could tell she felt it, too.

"Derek... I feel so lost tonight," she whispered.

"I don't know why, but... I don't want to be alone." Before I could respond, she stepped forward, her lips brushing mine, soft and tentative.

The kiss was electric, charged with a need neither of us could ignore. I pulled her into my room, our kisses deepening, the connection between us growing stronger with every touch.

This wasn't about the past or the pain. It was about finding something real in each other, something that neither of us had expected but both desperately needed.

I guided her into my room without thinking, our kisses becoming more urgent. I took my time exploring her body, savoring every touch and every caress. Olivia's hands roamed over my back, her breath soft, eager gasps. I kissed her neck and shoulders, feeling her shiver under my touch.

We tore at each other's clothes, not wanting to wait any longer. Then I picked her up and carried her to the bed while kissing her at the same time.

I gently lay her down and pulled away so that I could look at her. She's so beautiful, tender, and soft. She just needs someone to care for her, and I would be happy to help.

I bent down and kissed her again, not stopping until she was moaning out loud. My lips left hers, and she moaned as I made my way down to her soft neck.

Slowly, I placed gentle kisses there while using my feet to part hers. I took my time kissing her until I was at her breasts. Her nipples were already stiff and waiting for my tongue.

After I was done, I reached over in the drawer, took out a condom then, slipped it on, and positioned myself between her legs once more.

I would have sucked her pussy as well, but that was too much and I wasn't sure if she was ready for that.

So, I took my time guiding my dick inside her pussy that was already wet and waiting for me.

After she got used to my length, I made love to her the way that she deserved. Making her cum while screaming my name.

It was at that time that I realized that this alone was making me fall for her. I would have to leave my feelings for another time though, because tonight was just about pleasuring her.

Which was exactly what I did.