

Unexpected First

Samantha

I don't know what has gotten up Dashawn's a*s, but he has been a grumpy gus ever since the meeting ended. He had all of a sudden snapped out my name and told me to gather my things and follow him.

He then asked me to print out ten contracts that he said needed to be signed, but I didn't see why because he wasn't meeting with those clients until after the New Year, but whatever, I do as I'm told. But it was like he was trying to keep me busy. By four, he snapped and said we were done for the day.

"Do you have a bag packed or do I need to stop by your house?"

"No, I have a bag ready," I said, holding up my travel bag.

"Good, let's go, we're wasting daylight."

His long strides had me running behind him. I had my bag, my tablet and business phone, and the box of contracts he told me to bring with us.

When exiting the elevator, we were stopped by a long-legged blonde. She had a tight black blouse on that had the top two buttons unbuttoned. I could see the top of her red lacy bra and I rolled my eyes. The skirt she wore was small and hit mid-thigh. She had on five inch stilettos that had my toes curling in sympathy with her feet.

"Dashawn, where have you been? I missed you. You haven't called me in weeks."

"Sheryl, I've been busy. Why would I call you?"

She blushed and looked at me, giving me the evil eye.

"Well, I thought we hit it off when we went to dinner."

"We had a business meeting to talk about one of your clients."

"But, I thought, like me, you felt a spark," she said, leaning closer and folding her arms under her br*ast so they were literally in his face.

"Well, I didn't. So if you will excuse me, my PA and I need to get going."

He walked off, and I gave her a huge f*ck you smile. She glared at me and sneered.

His driver was waiting, it was the same prospect as last night. I smiled at him and he averted his eyes. Okay? I got in the back when he opened the door. I was surprised when Dashawn got in next to me.

"What?" he asked at my look.

"I thought you would be riding your bike."

"I don't ride my bike to the city. It stays home at the compound."

"Oh."

"Prospect, bag," he said.

The prospect handed him a travel bag. I watched as he stripped off his suit jacket, and then started unbuttoning his shirt. My eyes widened as his chest and then his abs came on display. He was ripped as f*ck. Not an ounce of fat. He wasn't too bulky but he had muscle. Bigger than five years ago. There were the initials CKT on his left shoulder inside a heart. Under that was a bigger heart with the word Mom in it. I smiled, that was sweet.

"Who is CKT?" I asked.

He looked at me, "Cia, Kimber and Thalia. Tally is our youngest sister."

My heart melted, he had his sister's initials.

"That's sweet," I said.

He gave me a small smile. He put on a white t-shirt that fit him like a second skin. Then he started to unbutton his pants. I gasped and turned my head.

He chuckled, "It's okay sweet girl, you can still ogle me."

"Um, no, that's okay."

I heard rustling and then his throat cleared. I looked at him. He had put on a pair of black jeans and was now lacing up a pair of biker boots. The last thing he put on was his leather cut. He went from suave, gorgeous businessman, to hot as f*ck biker in the matter of minutes. I looked at his cut. I saw the Treasurer patch, above that was an LOC patch. On the other side it said Money. There was a giant State of New York patch and then NYC in the middle. There was a patch that said MAMA AMBER with a tiny heart by the M and one by the R and under it said RIP. Under that patch was a set of small angel wings. He saw me staring.

"Mama Amber was my father's first wife and the angel wings were their baby. She was killed when she was pregnant. We honor them because if she

hadn't died, my sisters and I wouldn't be here. My father loved her fiercely. My mother wanted her spirit to live on for him."

"That's very brave of your mother. Not many women would do that."

"It's true. But she is my father's soul. I have never seen a man love a woman like my father loves my mother. Well, I guess that's not true. All my uncles and grandfathers love their women just as fiercely. But my father and mother's bond is something else. They went through a lot. I want a love like theirs. I'll only make one woman my Old Lady. I will love her with my whole being."

His stare was so penetrating as he looked at me.

I smiled at him, "I hope you get that. I would like love like that too. But, I don't think it'll ever happen for me. The only person I thought I might have had a future with betrayed me. I'm too scared to open myself up to pain like that again."

"You mean that a*s Elliot?"

"No. I guess I should rephrase that. Avery I thought was my soul sister, I saw us growing old together. I loved her. Not s*xually, but like family. Men come and go, but soul sisters are supposed to be forever. Her betrayal hurt the most. I've

never been in love before. But if a best friend can betray me and a boyfriend that I was considering giving myself to, I'm afraid a man I give my heart to could betray me as well. Why would I want to put myself through that?"

"So, what? You'll be alone forever?"

"I don't know. Maybe if there was someone I connected with, they could change my mind?" I whispered. I looked out the window. I didn't want him to see the longing in my eyes. I vividly remember the connection we had five years ago.

"Then why agree to go to lunch with Mike?"

"What?"

"Why did you agree to go to lunch with Mike if you don't see yourself having a future with him?"

"Well, how can I know that if I don't get to know him?"

"He's a womanizer, Samantha."

"Aren't most men?"

"No! I'm not."

I c****d my head. He may not be a womanizer, but he was a liar. He said he didn't have a girlfriend, but he bought that necklace for someone.

"What, why?"

He leaned towards me, my breath hitched, he grazed his fingers down my cheek and leaned in to whisper in my ear.

"Because I said so. You'll be under my protection while we are there, and I don't want you near him."

He went from suave businessman to possessive biker in zero point two seconds.

He nipped my ear lobe and to my embarrassment I moaned. He leaned back and looked into my eyes. I don't know what he saw, but he then leaned down and lightly brushed his lips against mine. His tongue snaked out and licked my bottom lip. I gasped, and he took advantage and plunged his tongue into my mouth. I have never been kissed like this. He consumed me. I don't know what came over me, but I moved while still kissing him. I pushed him back and climbed onto his lap. My skirt was stretchy and moved up my thighs. He plunged his hands into my hair and controlled the kiss. We nipped at each other's lips and sucked each other's tongues. I started to grind on the bulge that grew under me. I could hear myself whimpering.

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were hot and I moaned. My shirt was off the shoulder and had a stretchy neckline. All he had to do was push it down and help me pull my arms out. I had a white strapless lace bra on with a front clasp. He opened it and my br*asts spilled out. He ripped his mouth from mine and looked down.

"F*ck, they're gorgeous like I knew they would be." He cupped them and I gasped.

When I was younger, the make-out sessions I had with Elliot were all over the clothes. He always tried to go under my shirt and in my pants, but I never allowed it. I couldn't believe I was allowing Dashawn to touch me now. But I wanted it. I don't know what it was about him, but my body wanted his touch.

He pinched my n*pples, and I moaned, my head fell back at the sensation and I circled my hips, grinding down harder on him. The next thing I knew, he had me in his mouth.

"Oh, God!" I shouted. He nibbled and tugged with his teeth. He sucked on me and I felt this tightening in my lower stomach.

"Dashawn?" My body started to tremble. I was moving faster and faster on him.

I didn't know what was happening. I never felt comfortable with myself, so I never touched myself, but right now I wanted to be touched so badly down below.

Dashawn switched to my other n*pple, he gripped my hips in his big hands and shoved me down as he thrust up, and I exploded. Holy f*ck, the sensation that went through me had my body trembling. The moaning and cry coming from me was almost a sob. I felt a liquid heat pool in my underwear. As I came down, I looked at Dashawn.

"You are so beautiful when you c*m."

"Is that what I did?"

He looked shocked. "Baby, are you telling me, you've never c*m before? What about when you touched yourself?"

"I've never felt comfortable doing that."

"Oh, my sweet girl, you really are innocent."

"Money, we're almost at the gate."

My eyes widened, I had forgotten about the driver. My face flamed. How could I forget about the person driving the car? Shame suffused me. I scrambled off of him and closed my bra and put on my shirt as fast as I could.

"I am so sorry. You must think I am such a sl*t. I forgot about him."

"Hey, I think no such thing. I loved watching you c*m, and I love even more that I was the first person to ever give you an orgasm." He then mumbled something and I asked what?

"Nothing, come here," he said, gesturing to me.

I leaned towards him. He fixed my hair and as I watched him, he had a small smile on his face and his eyes were so soft and beautiful.

"You will cancel your lunch with Mike," he said to me as he leaned back.

I was taken aback and blinked at him.

"Do you understand, sweet girl? I won't allow another man to feed you that I don't approve of, and no one will touch what is mine."

I was speechless. What did he mean? What is his? I stared at him incredulously.

"Nod if you understand," he demanded. I was still in shock at his words, but I numbly nodded.

"Good girl," he said smugly. I was so confused.