

She Will Be Mine

Dashawn/Money

I hate these f*cking events. I hated being in a tux, I hated dress shoes and I hated mingling with all these rich stuck-up a*sholes. Out of the thousand people here, maybe a handful didn't suck. Like my grandfather who was making a beeline towards me right now.

"Dashawn, my boy. I missed you. You work too hard and don't come around to the house as much."

"Sorry Grandpa, I just have so much going on right now. Hello Gigi. I'd like you to meet my PA. This is Samantha Buchanan, Samantha, this is Derek Krew, my grandfather and my Gigi Wendy."

"Hello, it's nice to meet you," she said, holding her hand out.

My grandfather looked at me and I nodded. He knew who she was. I've talked about her with him. When he encouraged me to look for her, I told him she was busy building her career and that someday I would seek her out. But she came to me, and I was f*cking ecstatic.

"Hello, Samantha, my aren't you beautiful," Gigi said to her. I nodded, agreeing. And then I chuckled because there her blush came. That had to be the most adorable thing about her. It was back then and still is now.

"Thank you, Mrs. Krew."

"No, no, you call me Gigi."

"Oh, but..."

"Better listen to her my girl, what my Wendy wants my Wendy gets, and you better not call me Mr. Krew, you can call me Grandpa, or Derek."

I smiled as she became ustered. She was so polite she didn't know what to do with herself. Grandpa and Gigi talked to us a little while longer, but then we were both pulled in different directions by different investors. Although Grandpa retired, he still kept his nger on the pulse of the business, and I appreciated all his networking.

I introduced Samantha to a number of clients and shareholders. There were a lot of famous people here tonight, and to my surprise she didn't go all fan girl on any of them. That was until Roger Storm walked in. He was an A-list actor that Star Media represented. He was your typical Hollywood heartthrob with black hair and light brown eyes, chiseled features. He had a square jaw and a bulky muscular frame. He made a lot of action movies, and he was shirtless in a lot of them. He was also tall and ruggedly handsome. I looked around and saw a number of women sigh, including Samantha and, to my amusement, my Gigi. Grandpa did not like that and neither did I.

"Oh, my God, that's Roger Storm. I absolutely love his movies. He's one of yours, right? I saw his dossier in the folder I was handed with all the clients you represent. We should go say hi," Samantha gushed.

I let her drag me over to him. I gritted my teeth as we came in front of him, and he smiled down at her. MINE, MINE, MINE, I wanted to yell. F*ck where was my bad a*s biker persona when I needed it. The green-eyed monster was coming forward, and I didn't know how to handle it. I've never been in this situation before. Even when I saw the video of Heather cheating. I didn't feel possessive towards her, but with Samantha, no f*cking way. Dude better look away before I shove my st down his throat.

"Well, hello, beautiful," he said. I watched as he picked up her hand and brought it towards his lips.

NOPE!

I blocked her hand, and he kissed mine, and I took her hand gently out of his.

"No," was all I said. His eyebrows shot up, and then I stared at him and I felt the bad a*s biker come forward. He paled instantly. Yeah, mother f*cker, touch her again and die.

"Mr. Storm, I am Samantha Buchanan. I love your movies. Especially Coming Home. You played the war soldier so well. I actually believed you knew what being in combat is really like."

"Well, little lady, I do. I was in the Army before I became an actor."

"Oh," she sighed. She f*cking had hearts in her eyes. Absolutely not.

"It's nice to see you Roger, keep up the great work," I said.

"Thank you, Mr. Krew."

We walked off, and I took her to the dance oor.

"Isn't he wonderful? I cried, watching Coming Home. The action was superb. His acting is on a whole other level."

I grunted. I really didn't like her thinking about other men. I didn't know what was wrong with me. Yeah, I liked her. I have thought about her a lot over the years. I was not the type of guy to get jealous or possessive. But, I think with her, it's different. Maybe I just needed to f*ck her and get her out of my system. We didn't have any rules against that at work. People can date as long as it doesn't interfere with work. We've never had a problem. But, I don't think one f*ck is going to do it.

She was talking and talking and for some reason I didn't mind. I usually took Heather to these kinds of functions. It shut her up her whining. I haven't touched her since the last time, but she was convenient, and she also knew where we stood. She was temporarily banned from the clubhouse when Joker was still with us, but now that he was gone she was allowed to come back. I hadn't seen her since he left two weeks ago, and I was ne with that.

"Samantha, do you want him? I can make that happen. I can set you up on a date."

I held my breath. She looked up at me confused, and then she realized what I was saying.

"Oh, no, no. He isn't my type at all. I've seen him in magazines with a different woman every time he goes somewhere. He'd probably break my heart, and I don't ever want to feel that again. Never again."

"What do you mean? Surely you've had relationships," I said. She was f*cking gorgeous. She had to have men chasing her all the time.

"No, I don't date. I told you that. My last boyfriend was when I was 17. I told you I saw him and my best friend together. It tore me up. Not so much him, but her. So, I don't get close to anyone. Well, except my cousin Nat. She's like my best friend."

"Wait, are you telling me you haven't had a boyfriend since you were 17?"

"Um, yeah," she said, blushing.

"Samantha, are you a virgin?"

Her blush turned beet red. Holy sh*t she was a virgin. My plans for her just went out the window.

"Sorry, not my business," I said quickly. But I knew, it was written all over her. My c*ck that has been semi-hard for her all night, sprang to life. She was a f*cking virgin. I would be the only man to ever be inside her. I twirled her around the dance oor, and she let out a little laugh. Her eyes lit up, and her smile was radiant. I couldn't take my eyes off of her. I needed her like I needed air in my lungs. I just wasn't sure how to go about it. I have never seduced a virgin. Heather and I were virgins, but it was a bunch of fumbling and lasted all of ten minutes. I was the only one that was satised in that encounter. I made it up to her later. But this was different. I needed to make a romantic plan, right? There was a piece I knew about in the auction but haven't seen. I had an ohmage in my brain of her wearing what I wanted and nothing else. Maybe I needed to think of something different. Well, it didn't really matter, because one way or another Samantha Buchanan was going to be mine.