

Unrepairable Love /

I married a man novel alternative.

Chapter 121: You Are Safe Now

“I had extra food if you want to stay and eat,” Matt blurted out, seemingly coming out of a trance.

“My dogs have been home too long without a potty break,” she said.

“Is your husband out of town?” I asked softly, and she smiled. She smiled at him.

“You can say that,” she said, and Matt walked over, took a pack of food from the bag, and handed it to her. “At least have one to go; I got way too much,” he said. She stared at it for a moment before taking it.

“Thank you, Matt,” she said softly before spinning on her heels and basically running out. He stood there, staring after her.

“Dude, what the heck was that?” I asked, amused, and he sighed.

“She is so beautiful,” he said, settling back into his seat. He looked at me and then back at the door.

“I hope I didn’t oversleep. I didn’t think you were interested in her, but if I am wrong, just call me off,” he said. I shook my head, chuckling.

I hadn’t told him about Justin and Amelia; everyone knew we would be living together, but that was the extent of it.

“No, man. Just be careful; I’m not sure what’s going on with her and the husband,” I said. He nodded thoughtfully.

“When she came in the day after Christmas, her ring was gone. I’ve been working here for the past ten years, and I’ve never seen her come in without her ring,” he said, and I snorted.

“Stalker much?” I raised my eyebrows. Very interesting.

“Hey, she’s my dream woman; how can I help but notice?” he retorted.

“Well, she’s an amazing woman, and I’ve only known her for two weeks, so I can’t imagine what knowing her for ten years is like,” I replied, eating some food.

“If I see you coming in tomorrow, I will lock you out of the building,” he said as we parted downstairs in the lobby.

I chuckled, shaking my head. I was ready to be back in my bed, but I knew it wouldn’t be the same without Justin and Amelia. I felt bad for having neglected her the last few days, but I was glad they would both be back tomorrow. I pulled into the driveway, feeling like I’d lived here for years. As I made my way inside, I was oblivious to the lights being on in the kitchen. I dropped my suitcase on the chair and took my coat off, hanging it up. There was a bottle of wine on the counter, and I immediately went for it. I definitely needed something to take the edge off, so I poured a glass and went to the fridge to find a snack. I didn’t end up eating that much with Matt.

“Doruld, is that you?” It was Amelia’s voice. My head shot up as she rushed into the room and jumped into my arms. I held her tight, almost shocked to see her.

“Oh, baby girl. I thought you were coming tomorrow,” I said once I got my bearings.

I pulled her back and dropped my lips to hers, gripping her tightly. She whimpered almost in pain, and I pulled back immediately. Only then did I notice the handprint-sized bruise on her cheek. Anger filled me as my gaze fell to where my hands were. I pulled up her shirt to see her right side; from under her breasts to the top of her hip was completely covered in a dark reddish-black bruise.

“Holy shit,” that came from Justin because I was completely lost for words. I looked up at her face to see tears pooling in her eyes. She started to open her mouth to say goodness knows what, but I shook my head at her.

“The next words need to be what the fucking happened to you, and who the hell I’m about to kill,” I said slowly; the tears dropped down her cheeks.

“And this is no way in hell that the stairs did that,” Justin added.

I had to look up at him because the fury in his voice was so dark, it was almost unrecognizable. She began to sob, and Justin came up behind her and, almost as if she were made of glass, placed his hands on her shoulders and leaned her into his body. I didn't miss the slight flinch that went through her body and the look of pain that crossed his face as well. I assumed this wasn't the first time she had flinched at his touch, so I stepped in so that she was fully surrounded by us. Not to be scared, but to feel the counter-hurt of our closeness. She rested her head on my chest as more sobs escaped her.

"Please, babe. Let's help you," Justin said, the anger turning into pure worry.

She reached up and wrapped an arm around my neck and turned slightly to wrap one around Justin's neck as she pulled us closer to her. Her sobs quieted to sniffs as she clung to us for dear life, and we let her. We needed her to let it all out so that we could talk. I felt like shit that I didn't go with her; I didn't think for one second that she would be in any kind of danger being alone. When I looked at Justin, he was looking at me, and the look he had was what I'm pretty sure he could see on my face. We weren't there to protect her, and now someone had hurt her.

Amelia POV:

I was running. It was almost dark outside, and the sky had a pretty orange glow that I loved so much. That is why I always ran at this time, even in January; Maryland air was warmer than usual. I had only needed a long-sleeve shirt for the slight breeze that was brushing across my cheeks, and there was a dark figure running towards me. I didn't think anything of it because this was a common path to run on. I heard footsteps coming behind me, and the pace was fast. I glanced back and it looked like a man, but I couldn't make out his face. I picked up my pace; the trail was almost over, and then I would be surrounded by a neighborhood and a lot of lights. My lungs began to burn, and I pumped my arms. The person in front of me was about to pass, and they looked at me. I felt like all the oxygen left my body as I struggled to breathe. I was almost to the clearing, but hands reached out and pushed me, and I lost my footing and landed hard on the ground and on my side.

"You little whore," the voice said. I looked up, trying to see the face, but now it was just a blur in the darkness. I knew that voice; I knew those words.

"Who gave you the right to move away?" He said. Pain radiated through my side as a blow struck me on my exposed side.

Over and over, I screamed in pain, something I had never felt before. Hands shook me roughly, and another blow, this time to my face.

“Shut up, bitch, no one can hear you anyway.” The kicks kept coming.

I cried out for help as the hands became rougher, shaking me. I reached out to grab whatever I could to pull me away from the relentless torment, and there was something just in front of me that I grabbed onto for dear life. It was firm and strong, and I knew if I had enough strength, it could save me.

“Wake up, Amelia. Wake up, babe, it was just a dream.” It was Justin’s voice. I felt the tears running down my face and gentle hands wiping them away.

My surroundings were fading away. I wasn’t on the trail. I wasn’t with those horrible men; I was in a soft bed, and the smell of my men surrounded me. I opened my eyes, a loud sound filling my ears, and I winced at the bright light stinging my eyes.

“You’re okay, baby girl. Please, you are safe; you don’t need to scream anymore.” It was Donald. I looked at him and finally realized I was the one making that loud sound.

I stopped screaming, panting and drawing in my breaths. The worry on his face was etched with a twinge of pain. I looked down and saw a trickle of blood rolling down his arm—the arm I was holding onto; my nails had broken the skin and sunk into his flesh. I gasped as I pulled my hand away.

Chapter 122: Let Me Help You Relax

“I am so sorry,” I whispered, feeling the tears return. I sat up in bed; the pain radiating through my body was real. My side hurt from my bruised ribs, and my breathing was ragged as I leaned back against the headboard, looking at both of them. Justin’s eyes were filled with muted concern as he watched me, and as he reached for me, I flinched unconsciously. The hurt in his eyes was noticeable, and I wasn’t scared of him. I knew he would keep me safe, but my brain didn’t seem to communicate that to my body.

“I am sorry,” I said again, my body shaking. He came closer slowly and pulled me gently into his arms.

“I am sorry, babe. We should have been there with you,” he said, almost tearfully, and I shook my head against his chest.

“No one could have known this would happen,” I said, trying not to show the bruising on my ribs, which made it uncomfortable. Donald and Justin exchanged glances.

“Babe, we should take you to see a doctor,” Justin said, and I shook my head.

“Yes, I think that’s a good idea,” Donald added, moving closer. I wanted them near me, but I was having a hard time not being jumpy.

“I was taken to the hospital in Maryland. My ribs are bruised but not broken, and everything else is just... visible,” I said to them.

I saw the look that passed between them. There was so much anger in Donald’s eyes, and I knew he wasn’t mad at me, but I could never tell him who did this. He had too much to lose if he lost control.

“Who did this to you?” he asked, trying to control his voice. I looked away from his face; I couldn’t lie to him if I was looking into his eyes.

“I don’t know. It was dark, and they never gave me a chance to see them,” I said softly, looking at my hands.

The room was quiet as my words sank in, and I didn’t dare look up. I felt a soft hand on my chin, and my face was raised until my eyes met Donald’s.

“If you’re not ready to talk about it, say so, but baby girl, don’t ever lie to me,” he said so softly that chills ran through my body. He held my gaze for another second before climbing off the bed and going into the bathroom. He was mad, really mad, and now he was mad at me. Justin held me silently, not saying a word and not moving, just being there. I don’t know if he was mad, but I found comfort in his arms. Donald walked out of the bathroom and out of the room, not looking at me. I wanted to cry. I am so used to fighting my own battles that I don’t want to drag others into my mess. Would he even want me to work for him anymore? There was no way his daughter would be safe until that man was gone for good, and the realization that I would probably be jobless and thrown out hit me so hard that I felt physically sick. My men would no longer be mine.

I felt Justin’s hand brush my shoulder before he kissed it. The smallest spark of arousal hit me. Now wasn’t the time, but I had missed his touch so badly. His touch made my pain fade as if it were medicine. The kiss moved to my neck, and then his lips grazed softly over the bruise on my cheek. The gentleness surprised me.

“Let me help you relax,” he said softly, turning me in his arms with extreme care. Our eyes met, and I nodded softly. He laid back, pulling a pillow under my hips and back, and it definitely made lying down less painful. He kissed me long and slow, keeping all his weight on his arms. I wanted desperately to feel the weight of his body on mine, but I knew that would be painful. Our lips parted, and the heat from his body disappeared. He moved the covers off me as he began kissing my thighs, spreading them wide before I felt him lift and latch his lips to my ravaged pussy, sucking my clit into his mouth through the fabric. I moaned, the sensation sending endorphins flooding through my body, and I reached down and tangled my fingers in his hair.

“Justin,” I panted, and he continued his delicious torture. I wanted to feel his warm lips on my pussy without the fabric separating us. As if he heard me, he reached up and ripped my panties off. There were no spare undergarments around, and his breath hit my clit a second before his mouth did. He was so skilled with his tongue as he licked and sucked, never slowing as my orgasm threatened to shorten this to mere seconds. He fucked me with his tongue, and he moaned as if it was bringing him the same amount of pleasure I was getting. I came so hard my vision darkened, and a very unattractive sound left my lips as he sucked up every ounce of release I had to give.

There was no more pain, only pleasure, and the relief that I felt good and whole again. I smiled, unable to do much as sleep took over.

Justin POV

I followed the sound of thumping until I found Donald, shirtless and pouring his anger into my punching bag. His torso was soaked with sweat, and his muscles strained under the brutal punches he was delivering. Every time I see this man, I am in awe of his physique; the muscles in his back are something professional bodybuilders would take pride in. I have never seen a man's back and felt myself growing hard. This was definitely a first for me, but then again, this whole relationship was a first.

My gaze returned to him, punching the bag, and he didn't wrap his hands. I could see red smears of blood on the punching bag, which immediately sobered me from my stupor. I rushed over to him and pulled him back mid-swing. He whirled on me, fist raised, and looked almost feral, blood on his fist. I realized the blood wasn't coming from his knuckles; they were a little banged up, but the skin hadn't broken. It looked like his arms were a bit of a mess where Amelia's nails had pierced him. When he saw me, his hands dropped to his side, and he reached for me, pulling me into his arms. I felt the tension

leave his body as I wrapped my arms around him. He had a couple of inches on me, so I was able to turn my head into the crook of his neck and kiss him easily.

“I am sorry, I was lost for a moment,” he said so softly that you would have been surprised to know he had been beating the hell out of the punching bag. I unwrapped my arms and slid my hand up his chest, cupping his neck in my hands, meeting his eyes.

“I am fucking mad as well, and try all means, beat the hell out of that bag if that’s what you need to clear your head. But when you are done, Amelia needs us,” I said, our foreheads touching. He closed his eyes and sighed.

“I am sorry. I walked out like that. I didn’t want her to see me like this, and I was on the verge of snapping. I am fucking pissed off that I wasn’t there to protect her, and I am pissed off that she was lying about it. If she doesn’t talk to us, then who is she going to talk to? She has no Emily, and that her fucking employer was no help in the past because he found her again,” he said. I felt his body tense, his hand now resting on my waist.

I dropped my hands to his shoulders, loving the feel of him in my hands.

“Yes, I am mad that she lied, and when she is in a better headspace, bodyguard be damned, I will burn the world down if this ever happens again. Secondly, I am hiring her a bodyguard, not only for her but for Emily as well. Thirdly, who is he?”

His eyes met mine again, the fire and anger fading.

“Her fucking ex, of course. I can’t think of anyone else who would hurt her like that.”

I thought about it. I hadn’t put things together, and I instantly felt stupid.

Chapter 123: You Taste Like Her

“Tucking shit, that was a problem, and a big one. Because if he was cowardly enough to follow her on a run and take others, he may try to find her again,” I said, thinking how cowardly a person her ex could be.

“I promise you that we will do whatever we can to keep her safe. No trips alone, no extended periods of time without her or at least one of us, especially

when we are at work. Unless she has protection in the form of a bodyguard of some sort,” Donald said, and I nodded at his words.

“And that we will collectively protect her mentally; no pushing her away, not degrading her, or letting her know that we will stop the world just to keep her safe, warm, and comfortable.”

I watched him carefully as he spoke; the words were almost identical to the ones I wanted to talk to him about. We were on the same page in every sense of the world, and it made my feelings for him grow even deeper. I groaned.

“Fuck, you took the world right out of my mouth,” I said, smiling softly, and he crashed his mouth to mine. I wrapped my arm around his neck and pulled him as close as I could get him. I felt his hardness, and as much as I wanted him to bend me over and release the rest of the frustration inside me, I didn’t want to leave Amelia alone for long. I broke the kiss, panting, and our faces were still so close that I could feel his warm breath on my lips. His eyes were dark and filled with lust, and I knew mine matched his.

“Let’s get back inside; I need to dress your wound; you are getting blood all over the place,” I said; he smiled softly.

“I like that you wanted to take care of me,” he said, his voice getting deeper. I hummed and backed away from him; this man will have me useless if I don’t create some space. His smile broadened into a beaming grin that made my heart shudder.

“Tuck,” I said under my breath, making him quirk an eyebrow.

I turned and walked out of the door. I needed to get bandages and cream to take care of his arm, and I felt his presence following me as I walked into the kitchen. I grabbed the first-aid kit under the sink and pulled it out; when I turned around, he was right behind me. I swallowed hard; the urge to lick him was strong, and I don’t think I have really ever just wanted to lick someone before.

“You taste like her,” he—

“And I desire to taste you again,” he said, dipping his face into mine until our noses touched.

I groaned, dropping the kit and wrapping my arms around him. He lifted me and sat me on the counter, moving his lips down my neck while lowering his

hands to pull up my shirt. His hands on my exposed skin as he pulled my shirt up and over my head made me shiver. His mouth dropped to my nipple, and he tested his tongue over it; the sensation made me drop my head back and moan. Seven fucking days has been too long to be separated from him, from both of them. His head dropped lower as he grazed his lips down my body and over every inch of my skin. The light sensation sent blood right to my dick.

“Donald,” I gasped as he dropped lower and kissed the bulge in my shorts.

He stood back up and pulled me off the counter and back onto my feet before sinking to his knees in front of me. The sight was absolutely breathtaking as he slid my shorts down, my dick springing out right in front of his lips. He didn’t hesitate to suck the head into his mouth, rolling his tongue over the tip, and a guttural groan left my mouth as I gripped his hair in both hands, noticing how much longer it had gotten in these past few days. He opened his mouth wider and let me pump slowly in and out until I touched the back of his throat.

“Fuck, yes, baby,” I groaned; this man had a magical mouth.

I gripped his hair harder as I rolled my hips faster; he rolled his eyes up at me and smiled around my dick, and I shuddered. He was just incredible, and he wrapped his hands around my ass, squeezed it before taking a finger and lightly brushing over my hole. I whimpered at the delicious sensation; he closed his eyes and leaned in, taking my dick deeper. I closed my eyes and threw my head back as he sucked me harder. I could fucking stay here all day with my dick down his throat. He shocked me by impaling a finger deep into my asshole, and I bucked my hips, crying out and cumming down his throat. He made a choking sound as cum filled his mouth, my dick slamming against the back of his throat, and some spilling down his chin. He swallowed most of it, groaning, and removed his finger and released my dick with a pop. He stood up and came in close.

“Clean my face, baby,” he said. I leaned in and licked the cum that dripped down his chin.

Definitely something new for me, but damn, it was erotic. Our lips met gently as I came down from my high. He hummed as he pulled back.

“That was sexy as fuck, baby,” he says softly before bending to pull my shorts back up.

“I don’t think we should leave our sweet girl in bed alone much longer? Do you?” I shake my head, still a bit dazed.

Chapter 12: You Taste Like Her

He led me vipstamm where I wrapped his arm around me before we put me to bed. I stayed awake long enough to listen to the water run as he showered and then hummed on the other side of Amelia. When I heard his breath even and the soft snores, I drifted off.

Chapter 124: Touch Me, You Won’t Hurt Me

I was currently lying in bed with Amelia, who was wide awake. She woke up about an hour ago but acted as if she were asleep. I had been awake since six o'clock when Bastin rolled out of bed. He asked me to take the day off and keep our girl safe and happy. I knew one of us needed to stay home; I was expecting him to, since I was already working a lot and could just continue that cycle through the week. It was only Friday, so he would have a weekend off.

I had to hold my tongue when he all but ordered me to stay in bed so that I didn’t wake Amelia, who was using my body as a personal body pillow. I loved it that she was, but Bastin wanted to get up and “lum a proper prodige” before he left for work. Now I had my sweet girl in my arms, and a small part of me wondered if she was afraid to face me this morning. Her back was to me, but her body was contoured against mine, inch for inch. It was comfortable lying here with her, but I needed to apologize for my actions last night so that she would relax. I looked down at her and slowly brushed her hair back from her neck. A shiver ran through her as my fingers grazed the delicate skin of her back. I leaned down and pressed my lips to her neck, and she whimpered, giving herself away.

“Good morning, gorgeous,” I greeted. I was semi-erect, and I knew she could feel me as she pressed her ass back against my dick, making me grow even harder.

I was very horny last night. I wanted to bend Justin over the counter and fuck him to oblivion, but I refrained. I don’t know why; I know he wouldn’t have minded, but I didn’t want to unleash my frustrations on him. So I made him cum, and that was all the satisfaction I allowed myself. Now, I didn’t think Amelia was in any condition to fuck, but I wasn’t going to pull away because she might get the wrong idea. She turned onto her stomach, the warmth of her

body leaving me. Her eyes were slightly puffy, as if she had been crying, and she climbed to her hands and knees, then sat back on her haunches.

“I am sorry, I’m sorry to both of you,” she said softly, her eyes dropping to her lap.

I watched her, and for the first time, I realized how young she really was. Sixteen years younger than me; her maturity level is high, but right now, she looks absolutely deflated, showing her innocence. I sat up, leaning my back against the headboard. She was wearing an oversized t-shirt she took from Justin’s closet, and I loved the way she looked in his clothes.

“Come here,” I said. She crawled towards me and straddled me, her arms wrapping around my neck and her face tucking into my neck. I felt the warm drops of tears on my bare chest as she silently cried, and it broke my heart that she was feeling so low.

“Baby girl, it is okay. I am not mad at you. Last night, I was upset at what happened to you, and I apologize for the way I stormed out. I didn’t want you to see me like that, so I had to take a breath,” I said, almost through gritted teeth because she was rocking her hips against my erection, and it was painful not to act on it.

I didn’t even know if she knew she was doing it. I pulled her back so she would look at me, pressing her hips down so she would stop grinding on me and I could think. I wiped the tears off her cheeks, cupping her face in my hand.

“I just need you to promise that you will not keep anything from me onwards. I can’t protect you properly if I don’t know what is going on.” Something shifted and suffered.

“Is it going to fire me and kick me out?” she asked in a quiet voice.

“Why would I do that, baby girl? Especially now when you need us the most. That thought never crossed my mind, nor Justin’s, so don’t let it cross yours again. You are staying with us. We are postponing our trip until we get some extra things in order, and Emily will stay with my parents for a few more weeks until you are healed up properly. But we are not letting you go,” I assured her. Fresh tears welled in her eyes, and her lip quivered.

“My baby, don’t cry,” I said, gently leading her face to mine and kissing her.

The kiss deepened fast, and her moans quickly followed. I desperately wanted to sink inside her, but I also didn't want to cause her more pain.

"I don't want to hurt you if you are in pain, baby girl," I said, and she smiled softly.

"Take the pain away," she said breathlessly, rolling her hips and grinding down on my dick.

"Turk, you have to stay on top, and I don't hurt you," I said, giving in.

It didn't take much. She nodded and slammed her lips back onto mine. I reached down and slipped my hand over her pussy, which until now I didn't realize was—covered. "What the hell." She was already soaked. She pulled me out of my shouts and stroked my painfully hard dick from base to tip, never breaking the kiss. I sank a finger inside her, making her groan, and she continued to tease my dick. She broke the kiss and looked down at me; I removed my fingers from her pussy. She moved to her side and slid up and over my dick. I was careful where I placed my hands; I didn't want to hurt her anyway.

"Please, four-liner, you won't hurt me," she said before she sank down on my dick. She moved closer.

We moaned together as I slowly filled her. I pulled her shirt up over her head and wrapped my arm around her uninjured side, cupping her ass and pulling her closer. She was fucking tight; I could cum right now with the sheer motion of her hips rocking. I let her take what she needed from me as our lips locked again. I reached up with my free hand and squeezed her nipple between my fingers, making her cry out as she started to bounce up and down, and her clit rubbed against me every time she sank down.

"Yes, baby, take what you need from me," I groaned against her mouth.

Her hands slid up, and she pushed me back, resting her hands on my chest and leaning down, slamming herself down on me over and over. The sound of her pussy against my body was fucking erotic. I gripped her thighs and continued her pace when she began to slow, bucking my hips up and into her. Her delicious moans filled the room.

"That's it, baby. Cum for me?" I said, and she immediately orgasmed, screaming out her release. I gave it a...

I loved how fucking loud she was. I carefully repositioned us so that she was on all fours, and I pushed her chest down so that her ass was sticking up for me. I gave her a hard smack, making her squeal before bending down and kissing her ass cheek. She moaned, her body still trembling slightly. I repeated with each cheek, smacking and kissing until she was whimpering and asking me to fuck her.

“Please, Donald. Please, fuck me, I need you,” she half-sobbed from sexual frustration.

“Umm... was one orgasm not enough for you?” I teased, rubbing her reddened ass. When she turned...

She shook her head, turning her face into the bed, and I reached down and massaged her clit, making her legs tremble and her body shake. When she raised her head again, she was sobbing. I stopped and turned her gently.

“Why are you crying, baby girl?” I wiped the tears away.

“I just need you so badly,” she said, reaching for me, and I repositioned myself so she wrapped her arms tightly around me.

I pulled her hips up and entered her again, our moans filling the room. I sat back on my feet and held her; we fucked slowly as her face tucked into my neck. The emotions running through me were unnerving, as probably for the first time ever, I wasn't fucking someone because I needed the release or just for fun. I don't know if I could even call it fucking or making love. She came hard, her pussy clenching around me as she held onto me for dear life. I slowed my thrust as I waited for her to come down from her high; her arms went slack around me, and she was breathing deeply. I laid her on the bed, pulling out of her, and her eyes were closed. I kissed her lips and got off the bed. I went to the bathroom and turned on the tub, dumping in some Epsom salt to help soothe her body. When I went back in the room to get her, she was curled in a ball, looking at me.

“Come on, baby girl. Take a soak with me,” I said, reaching for her.

She climbed into my arms without any reservations, and I eased us into the water, satisfied with her groan of pleasure. She rested her head on my chest, her back to me as she lay between my legs.

“Do you feel better, baby girl?” I asked softly, running my hands up and down her arms.

“Yes,” she whispered.

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When I woke up, it was dark outside, and I was lying in Donald’s arms. He was wearing shorts and was bare-chested. I was in one of Justin’s t-shirts. Damn it, we fucked so hard that I passed out. Eight orgasms in a day! I reached down between my legs; he had cleaned me up, but my pussy was so swollen. Gosh, would I be able to handle this man’s crazy high sex drive? I smelled something delicious filling the house; he must have cooked while I was out. I tried to sit up, but his arms tightened around me.

“Not yet,” he groaned. “I want to hold you a little longer.” His words made warmth slide over me. He had had me all day and still didn’t seem to have enough. I pinched my arm to check if I was dreaming, but all of this was real.

“Have you heard from Justin?” I asked, relaxing into his chest.

Justin had texted me a few times throughout the day, making sure I was okay and telling me he was thinking about me and that his day was slammed with meetings. It was sweet; I didn’t expect it, but it was thoughtful.

“He’s on his way back home,” he replied. “I got a text not too long ago.” He dipped his head and kissed the top of mine.

“It was amazing spending the day with you,” he said softly. “I fucking missed you while you were gone, no more solo trips.”

“I promised,” I said softly, his words warming me. “I miss you,” I added. “You too.”

Chapter 126: Don't Hurt Anyone Because of Me

Today was fucking exhausting. First, jet lag is an absolute bitch, and I had a million and one meetings. I couldn’t even talk to Amelia aside from a few texts. Donald assured me she was happy and they were having a good day. I felt like I would totally spoil that because I had a bitch of a headache and I was grumpy. I slammed my car door and got out without even realizing how frustrated I was.

I took a few deep breaths, struggling with the negative energy. The cold air brought me calm as I walked inside my house. The smell of delicious food filled my nose; the Christmas lights were still on, and the fireplace was going. I

briefly considered taking the lights down, but I might leave them up. Soft jazz music played from the media station.

Pomald was standing in the kitchen, chopping something and wearing a long-sleeve compression shirt and tight dark jeans that showed off his ass and left nothing to the imagination. Amelia was lounging on the couch, flipping through a magazine and humming along to the music. I felt my chest tighten at seeing my house, not simply as I walked in, but as a place I felt lived in and had everything I'd ever wanted. Donald looked up and smiled. I smiled back at him, forgetting all the frustration of the day.

“Hey, handsome. Dinner is almost ready,” he said, coming over and placing a kiss on my neck and then my lip.

I hummed, placing my hands on his hips and pulling him against my body. I could fucking get used to this greeting. I heard Amelia and broke the kiss just in time to watch her as she flung herself at me. She loved doing it, and I loved holding her. I shifted my hold to make sure I wasn't hurting her.

“Hey, babe,” I said as she nuzzled my neck.

She mumbled something, but I couldn't hear. I placed her on her feet before placing a kiss on her lips. She tasted like Donald, which was so strange for me to consider. I pulled back and smiled at her; she looked good, happy, and glowing, and that made me smirk. They'd had a fun day; she took my coat off, smiling back up at me.

“Have a good day?” she asked as I removed my suit jacket, ready to be free of it.

I didn't have to wear a suit, but as the face of the company, I found it important, especially when I was younger. So many people didn't take me seriously in a polo and khakis, so now Justin Creed in a suit just stuck. A good day, but I am exhausted,” I replied, giving her a smile. I didn't want to bring the negativity of my day home, not to my girl.

“Let's get you fed, and then you can rest. I hear jet lag is a bitch,” Donald said, pulling down plates and loading them with lasagna, one of my favorites.

He went to the dining room and set them down.

“Damnit, I can get used to this,” I said, kissing his neck before I took two plates and went to the table.

Amelia followed, setting down napkins and forks. I watched how she visibly winced as she sat down. Her hand dropped between her legs, and she bit her lip. I wanted to reach across and take her lip out of her mouth and take it into mine. Donald came in with a steaming plate of garlic bread and a salad. He disappeared, returning with a bottle of sparkling water and an ice pack for her before going back to the kitchen. She immediately put it between her legs, understanding me, and I laughed to myself. They must have fucked all day for her to be that sore. Her eyes met mine before darting away.

Was she shy? I knew why they had been doing it all day? I would definitely have to revisit this later, preferably when I was balls deep inside her.

“I asked her,” changing the subject of the discussion I was having to myself. I know she likes wine.

“I am taking some pain relief, so it is best that I don’t miss it,” she said, her demeanor immediately dropping.

I owned it; I didn’t want to make her sad. I reached for her hand, and she let me take it. I was relieved she didn’t flinch away. That had killed me yesterday, and she gave a soft smile.

“I am okay. I feel as safe as I could possibly be with you two,” she said. I gave her a soft smile.

Donald came back with a bottle of wine and poured two glasses before sitting down. We dug in and ate in silence as we savored the delicious food.

“Wow, Donald, this is the best lasagna I have ever had,” she exclaimed between bites.

“Thank you, it was the first thing I felt like I learned how to cook,” he said, grinning at her.

“Despite owning so many restaurants, I can barely boil water,” I mumbled. They giggled, and Donald chuckled.

“That is okay, luley. I will always cook for you from now on,” he said, tapping his knees.

I liked when any part of his body touched mine. We finished eating, laughing and talking about some of the most random shit. Eventually, Amelia began to clear the table, and I watched her carefully; my focus immediately cued into

the way she favored her uninjured side. I hadn't forgotten about the Incident. I just wanted us to enjoy a few moments together before we had to go there. When she was disappeared in the kitchen, I turned to Donald, who was studying me. The intensity of his stare told me that he knew what I was thinking.

"I was waiting for you before talking to her about it. It upsets me when I think about it. Still, I don't want to get heated and make her jumpy; she has been doing very well today," he said in a low tone. I could hear the water running in the sink and dishes being loaded into the dishwasher, so I knew she couldn't hear us. I nodded silently, biting my lip.

"How many times did you guys have sex that she needed an ice pack?" I asked, actually surprised at myself for bringing it up.

It didn't bother me; I was genuinely curious, and he tilted his head slightly, maybe unsure where my emotions were. I didn't say anything to reassure him; he didn't have anything to be worried about. His eyes flicked to the doorway and then back to me.

"Four or maybe five times, I think. She has a very high libido," he said slowly, studying me.

My eyebrows raised. I knew we were both horny men, but damnit, his dick must be fucking raw.

"Wow," I said before taking a sip of wine, and his gaze didn't leave my face.

"What made you change the subject so abruptly?" he asked, his forehead creasing.

I thought about it. I don't know why, but I did. I was curious, though. Being with both of them was the most sex I've had in one day, even in my twenties. I didn't know that was possible without assistance. But they were both healthy and physically strong; those were all good things. I was about to come up with a bullshit answer because there was nothing I could say that would make him believe I was just genuinely curious and not jealous when Amelia walked back in.

"Justin, Donald and I went car shopping today," she said, beaming.

Donald and I had discussed this at Christmas; he wanted to make sure I was okay with him buying her a car. I didn't mind as long as she had what she

needed. He was thoughtful when it came to money; we both had a lot, and we both wanted to spoil her, but it wasn't a dick-measuring competition. I smiled at her.

"Yes, I saw the lovely beast of a car in the garage. But we need to talk before you start going on a random joyride," I said; her smile faltered, and she nodded solemnly.

I stood up, and the sound of my chair made her flinch. I silently cursed myself. I walked over to her, lifted her into my arms, and walked us to the living room. I settled on the couch with her on my lap and pulled a blanket over us. She snuggled in closer. I was grateful that she wasn't flinching because she was afraid of us. Donald settled in next to me and draped her legs over his lap before draping one arm behind me on the couch. His closeness distracted me for a moment, but I collected myself.

"I know this isn't something that will be easy to talk about, but we need to know everything that happened so we can keep you safe," I said as softly as I could.

Her eyes immediately began to fill with tears, and because of her pure vulnerability, I saw on her face how young she actually was, and that made me pause. A very smart woman, beautiful and mature, but underneath all of that, she was still a young woman who was alone in the world and probably used to fighting her demons without anyone to help her. Donald reached up and softly brushed the tears that slid down her face.

She was...

"I don't know what we can say to make you believe that we will do anything to keep you safe. Her eyes, letting the rest of her tears cascade down her cheeks, you," she said in a whisper.

"I just don't want you two to hurt anyone because of me."

"We won't let anyone hurt you. We will keep you safe," he said gently, and she turned her face into his hand. She closed her eyes.

Stuck With My Three Home Boys

Chapter 127: He Is Dominant In Nature

Chapter 177: He Is Dominant In Nature

Amelia didn't want to have this conversation. She was embarrassed, and she would have to share a secret that would make the situation make sense. She moved to get off Justin's lap and stood up. He looked disappointed but didn't stop her as she began to pace. She knew he liked physical touch; he always seemed to relax more when touching one of them. She noticed Donald took his hand and squeezed it reassuringly. They were both such good men, and she hated that after today, they might write her off.

"I know we had a small discussion about our past, but I didn't tell you everything," she said, pausing and watching them exchange a look before refocusing on her. She sat in the chair facing them and stared down at her hands as she began.

"I wasn't faithful to my boyfriend, Matthew, the last year we were dating. One of my clients was into phone sex; he just wanted us to talk, and we talked about everything every day I worked. It got to a point where we mutually felt attached to this man, and we exchanged numbers. We began texting all through the day and night. I didn't know what he looked like, and he didn't know what I looked like. We just shared a connection in such a way that I wouldn't call it friendship, and he began to send me flowers and little gifts when I was having a tough day. Sometimes, he would send me food on days I was studying late and hadn't eaten. He did everything I wanted from my boyfriend, except physically." She paused, looking at their faces.

"He had known I was in a long-distance relationship for most of the time we were talking, but when he found out we had broken up, he asked me to come visit. He lived in Dubai and bought me a flight ticket and a hotel, which I reimbursed him for. I didn't want to feel indebted to him, mostly because I didn't know him beyond our conversations. So I went to Dubai on spring break, and we met. It was great; we didn't have sex or anything because, even though I was stupid enough to fly to see a complete stranger, there was something slightly off about him that made me not ready to take that step." She took a deep breath.

"After I rejected his advances, he didn't pressure me, which was nice, I guess. I stayed for a few days, and we spent the day and night together at the hotel he'd lodged me in. When I left, I never heard from him again; texts and calls went unanswered. After a few days, I stopped trying. I was so depressed about it, but maybe it was what I deserved since I was the one who cheated." She looked at them again, and there was no judgment on their faces. Their faces looked carefully guarded; they were silent for a while, and she waited for them to process what she had just said.

“Did Matthew find out?” Justin asked carefully.

“I didn’t think he knew.” A flash of his face came into her memory.

“But a few days ago, when I was running on the path I always ran, he was there, and also the man from Dubai. They met at a medical conference, and he saw a picture of me on Matthew’s phone. It was such a random coincidence, but he apparently told Matthew everything, and when they told me the story, he ended with ‘all whores need to pay for being whores,’ in his words.” She paused, emotions overwhelming her.

It was embarrassing that she had stooped so low as to cheat instead of breaking up with Matthew when she knew it wasn’t working out. She clenched Donald’s hand into a fist at her words. He was pissed, and she didn’t know if it was at her or at what had happened to her, but she decided to continue. She was already in a hole, anyway.

“Matthew had hit my face, making me fall to the ground, and the man from Dubai started kicking me, calling me terrible names. Matthew made him stop and told him maybe I should just be treated like the whore I was.” She stopped; the next part made her hands shake.

“They started touching and tearing my clothes off. I couldn’t keep the tears back, and Justin reached out and pulled me onto his lap again. Both Donald and him took my hands into theirs...”

“They started touching me, and when I tried to fight back, I was pinned to the ground.” She shivered, remembering Matthew’s cold, rough hands on her body and the other man’s wet, disgusting mouth.

“When I tried to move, they would slap me. They didn’t rush, and they didn’t seem to care about being caught. When I had enough breath after crying and being kicked, I began to scream, but they shoved my underwear into my mouth.”

Donald was vibrating with anger, and Justin’s eyes were glazed with tears. She didn’t know why their emotions were so intense because of...

“They ran away, threatening that it wasn’t over. A man and his son had heard me scream and began looking for me. I was half-naked, but they covered me with a coat and called the ambulance. I am so grateful to them because I know they would have probably killed me or worse.” She finished, letting a sob take over.

Justin pulled her down to his chest, and she felt Donald's arms around her as well. She sobbed; she had been so scared and alone, and she hated it. She hated that she couldn't defend herself and that this had even happened in the best place. She never thought she would be the type of person to resort to talking to another man while in a relationship, but she had been so lonely, and the man from Dubai had been such a comfort. She didn't know he would be this unattractive, much older man, even though he sounded nice on the phone, and they connected in such a natural way. She definitely didn't expect him to be a gorgeous talkative doctor with clear eyes and a gangster hat. He had been low-key controlling, from the way she dressed when they went out to what they ate, and it threw her off because he hadn't come across that way on the phone. It was a big lack of...

"What are their names?" Donald asked in a dangerously soft tone as she finally stopped crying.

Chapter 127: He Is Dominant In Nature

She told him their names. Her great-aunt was very religious, and she knew they were both Bible names of great men, but Matthew and Mark were nothing like that. He turned her face towards him, gently wiping the tears off her cheeks.

"Amelia, everyone makes mistakes. Emotionally attaching to someone outside your relationship usually means you aren't getting what you need from inside your relationship. You have to be honest with us if you aren't getting what you need from us; you have two men now, and you shouldn't be lacking in anything. We don't want to control you, but we do want to keep you safe and happy." He said it, and there was no judgment in his tone, no anger, not even disappointment.

She sat up on Justin's chest and studied him. This man, who for the entire day, made her feel like the most important person in the world. She knew his daughter probably was, and then his parents, but he never made her feel like she was less than. Fresh emotions overwhelmed her; this is what she thought she was getting with Mark. Someone who cared more about her than just getting sex. But was it even possible that she was being blind here, too? It hadn't even been a month since they started their relationship, but she felt like it had been longer. She looked down at Justin; he looked exhausted, but she knew he wasn't going to rest until they had gotten some things straightened out. He also showed her that he cared in more ways than one; he came to Maryland to pick her up when she was perfectly capable of heading home on

her own. He probably didn't even know how much that meant to her, coming from a relationship where she didn't even get calls on her birthday.

"I promise I won't hide my feelings from you guys. I won't ever make that mistake again," she told them. Justin looked satisfied with her answer, and Donald gave her a small nod.

"We still have so much to talk about, but Justin needs to rest up because he's fighting his exhaustion right now," Donald said, gently massaging his head. Justin made a small whimpering moan that made her smile. She watched his eyes roll back and close as he enjoyed it.

"I will clean the kitchen; we are still home tomorrow, which will be nice," she said, standing to her feet, and Justin reluctantly released her.

"Get a shower; I will help clean up, and we can all go to bed," Donald said, kissing Justin's neck before bringing his face to his...

She loved the sight of their affection for each other and how naturally it came. She didn't think either of them had experienced a same-sex relationship before, but they didn't seem bothered or uncomfortable in any way. Donald broke the kiss first and stood up, pulling Justin up to his feet. He smacked his ass and ordered them to go upstairs. She smiled at the sleepy but obviously horny man as he shuffled upstairs. She knew she couldn't go again today; she was so sore, but maybe Donald was okay.

"You should go with him; he needs some sexy time, too," she told him, and he gave her a long look, almost as if he were torn by the idea, and she shrugged.

"I have gotten wonderful attention all day, and I would love to give him affection, but I don't think I could handle any more and fully satisfy him." He bit the inside of his cheek.

"I don't think he needs to be fucked; I think he needs to fuck," he said, and she raised her eyebrows.

Would he bottom for Justin? He was very dominant in nature, but do dominant men like to be fucked, too?

Stuck With My Three Hottie Bows

Chapter 128: I Love That You Need Me To Cum

I wanted to bring something up, but I didn't think it was the right time. I knew it would be insensitive. I felt his erection pressing against my pants when he finally let me go. I hurried upstairs because I needed to relieve the pressure before I could even attempt to sleep.

When I got into the shower, I lubricated my dick with oil and started masturbating. My hand was cramping, but I couldn't get any relief. I was tired and frustrated by what happened with Amelia. Did she really think we would push her away because of her past? Honestly, it didn't bother me. Her boyfriend was a bastard who neglected her. I'm not saying what she did was right, but who could blame her? She thrived on attention, even if she wouldn't specifically ask for it. I knew this from the first time we fucked her; she responded to my attention in the most delicious way. The thought of her body beneath mine sent pleasure shooting through me, and I thought I would cum, but I came up empty.

"What the hell," I muttered, adding more oil to my dick. It was frustrating that I needed their touch, but the idea that my body needed them lessened the frustration. I was about to give up when I felt a hand on my back. I knew it was Donald almost immediately. He slid his arms around me and wrapped his hand around my hand that was pumping my dick.

"Didn't you tell me you needed this, babe?" he said into my neck. I groaned and leaned my head back into his shoulder, dropping my hands. The sensation that shot through me had me staggering, and I came almost immediately as he sucked hard on my neck. I'm sure he left a mark, and I collapsed afterwards, relief washing over me. He hummed, placing small kisses on my neck and shoulders.

"I love that you need me to cum; it's been the same for me," he whispered.

"You and Amelia, my body belongs to you both, and you two are the only way I can satisfy my hunger. I will never be able to go without you both again," he said.

I wrapped my arms around his neck as our lips met. I was still hard; the orgasm only took the slight edge off. I needed more of him. He backed me out of the shower briefly, breaking our kiss to grab a towel before having me on my back on the bed. Our kiss deepened as he straddled me, his dick grinding against mine. I took control. I needed him so badly; if I got any closer, I would explode. I kissed down his body until I reached his large dick and immediately took it into my mouth. If someone had told me that one day I would be

addicted to another man's dick, I would have called them crazy, but now I can't deny it.

“Oh, fuck yes, your mouth is incredible, baby,” he groaned, sitting up on his forearms so he could watch me.

I had him all the way to the back of my throat and still was able to wrap two hands around the base of his shaft. I could cum from the sensation alone. I bobbed my head up and down, using my tongue to add extra sensation. The urge to gag was a little less than last time, so I pushed him deeper into my mouth.

“Tuck, baby. Oh yes,” he purred, taking one hand to the back of my head and gripping a painful fistful of hair. The pain sensation was so foreign, but my body loved it. He took control, thrusting hard and deep into my mouth and making me gag, but I loved it. I reached down and stroked my dick in time with his thrusts.

“I am going to cum; your mouth is heaven. Damn it,” he moaned. I rolled my eyes up to see the euphoric look on his face before his eyes rolled back and my mouth was filled with his cum. I don't know how he swallowed all my cum before, but I made a mess; cum shot out of my mouth as I spluttered around his dick.

“Fed,” he moaned. My eyes watered, and I knew my face was a complete mess. I released my still-twitching dick.

He watched me use a towel to wipe my face, and I was about to lay next to him when he tossed the lube bottle to me.

“Are you done?” he asked almost teasingly. I smirked; he had a lot of stamina to be able to fuck all day long. I shook my head, smirking again.

“Then put some lube on your dick and fuck me,” he said, and my eyes widened; my dick jumped in excitement. He’s going to let me fuck him? He chuckled at my surprise.

“You think I’m going to let you have all the fun and not want to join in?” His smile burned away my nervousness.

In all honesty, I didn't think I would be fucked in the ass, but damn, it was a sensation I would never get tired of. He was a big man, and my body still craved every delicious inch he gave me. I popped the top of the lube and

coated my dick. I slowly pumped it up and down, watching his eyes follow my hand as he sat down on his lap. I added more lube to my fingers before washing down and spreading his legs so that his asshole was exposed. I brushed a lubricated finger over the puckered hole and then another. I pushed my fingers in slowly, past the resistance, and his muscles contracted.

“Holy fuck,” he gasped. When my fingers were buried all the way in, I pulled them out and repeated it again. I watched as his dick grew hard again, and I could tell he liked the feeling. It’s a hidden sensation that most men never get to experience, but it was pure bliss, and I was happy to be able to give it to him. I added another finger, and he cried out, reaching for his dick and pumping it in time with my fingers.

“Holy shit, that feels amazing, baby,” he groaned.

“Tuck, I need your dick,” he said in a commanding tone. I loved how fucking dominant he was and that he takes what he wants with no shame. I removed my fingers and positioned myself between his legs. I pushed them up more, loving to see him spread open for me. I held onto his legs as they were up in the air and pushed my painfully hard dick inside his hole. The overwhelming sensation of the tight grip of his ass as I pushed in had my eyes rolling back. His loud moans filled the room with anguished pain and pleasure.

“Tuck, you feel amazing,” I groaned as I pulled out and back in, pushing deeper. He was in another space as I fucked him slowly; each thrust pushed in deeper and deeper. I released his legs and leaned down, our chests pressing together. He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me close. I pumped in and out slowly, our lips connected so that we were fully enwrapped in each other. We fucked, kissing our lips and necks and pulling each other’s hair, groping each other’s asses until he started trembling again and came between us. I followed him over the edge, filling him up until my cum began to spill out of him.

“Fuck, that was amazing,” he whispered into my neck after our collective moans turned into pants.

“Yes,” I mumbled. I was dripping with sweat and now needed to shower again.

We both did. I pulled out of him, and he groaned. I put a towel under his ass, and it caught my cum that was sliding out, and gosh, the sight was hot. I helped him up as we walked to the bathroom. I turned the shower on and walked him in. I stepped out to turn on the bath and rejoined him in the

shower, helping him wash his body. I loved rubbing down his body; he was sculpted to perfection, and I love to study his body.

“Would you do it again?” I asked after we had both rinsed off and we shared a few kisses. He raised an eyebrow.

“Of course, why would you think it wouldn’t happen again?” he asked as we headed to the tub, and I shrugged. I feel like I am surprised daily by this man; he was open to really exposing all aspects of this relationship, and it was refreshing. I settled back in the tub, and he climbed in, placing his back on my chest. I fucking love bathing after sex, and I’m glad they both indulge me.

Amelia walked in a few minutes after we got in the tub and quickly joined us. This was just everything to me, having them both.

Chapter 129: I Had No Plans Of Leaving You

The rest of the weekend flew by too fast, and Monday arrived before I felt we'd had enough time together. Matt's private security business, connected to the company, helped us find a personal bodyguard for Amelia and set up a more robust security system for the house. They set up shop in the empty garage, which would undergo renovations to make it more comfortable.

We didn't want her to feel suffocated, but when she was home and we weren't there, the guards would be watching over the house. If she had to go out, she would be accompanied by one, and the other would keep an eye on the house. I personally think Justin, being so well-off, would have had some sort of security, even in a French-style neighborhood. His net worth was substantial, making his home an easy target, especially when he was living alone.

It was a good thing Matt had men ready so we could both go to the office. We hated to leave her, but she insisted she had a lot to do; I couldn't get anything done because I was worried sick. I'd gotten a security check-in, but I wanted to be there to keep her safe. A phone buzzed, pulling me out of my self-imposed funk.

“Hey, Mother, how are things over there?” I picked up the call; it was my mother, and a smile spread across my face.

“Hey, Donald. Everything is good, but there's something important I need to discuss with you. Can you video chat right now?” she asked. Her tone sounded conversational, but her words worried me.

“Yes, sure.” I switched to my computer and called her via FaceTime. She was sitting in the kitchen and looked good, so I didn't anticipate bad news.

“We were approached by scouts from the Hellywood Academy at the young authors' event we attended on Christmas Eve,” she began, and my breath caught. Hellywood was an elite boarding school for advanced children. Their program was specifically designed for younger students so they had a safe space to finish school and begin college, up to the master's level. It's an invitation-only school; otherwise, I would have enrolled Emily already.

“They told us they would be in touch, and I just got a formal invitation in the mail, inviting her to enroll. The semester starts in three days, but they're willing to give her a late start since they reached out so suddenly,” she finished, and I stared at her speechless.

This was amazing news, but I also knew Amelia would be crushed. She was so excited to work with Emily, but this was also an opportunity for Emily that I didn't think I could pass up.

“I know this is a lot, and that you hired someone specifically for Emily, but now that she knows about being invited to the school, she's already started packing and asked me to call you on her behalf,” she added, and I chuckled; that was just like my daughter.

“Send me the information so I can call the school,” I said, and she nodded.

We talked a little longer before saying our goodbyes, and I immediately called the school with the information I'd been given. The school was upstate, so she would be a lot closer to me, and I didn't want to be the type of father who seemingly discards their child to a boarding school, but this one was different. She would get the best education money could buy. I knew Amelia would do a great job, but when Emily kept advancing, that's when it would start to become a challenge. I was on the phone with the head of admissions for a good hour, ironing out details. The school was fifty thousand per semester, which was a bit cheaper than I expected, but still a significant amount.

When I got off the phone, I pulled up Justin's schedule to see where he would be. Luckily, he'd booked off office time for the next hour, so I went to find him. I got to his office, and he gestured for me to come in. He was on a call and didn't seem too happy, after the holidays exposed the company's strengths and weaknesses. There were two branches, in particular, that underperformed significantly on the west coast, and I needed to visit them before we left for

Australia. I walked over to the large floor-to-ceiling windows that took up one side of the room; from a high-rise building, the city was beautiful. It wasn't nearly as large as other cities, but it was a decent size and not as crowded.

"Hey," he said softly, walking over and giving me a kiss. This was the first day back at the office together since we started this relationship, and I enjoyed being able to see him at work. I wrapped my arms around him and pulled him in tight.

"I need to talk to you about something," I murmured against his neck.

He pulled back and led me to the small sitting area in his office. He'd taken his suit jacket and tie off; his sleeves were rolled up, and a couple of buttons on his shirt were open. He looked incredibly sexy.

"What's up?" He said and walked over to a small bar area and pulled out two sparkling waters, handing me one and opening the other for himself.

I relayed what had happened over the last couple of hours, and he listened patiently. He was very good at schooling his expressions because I couldn't read him, and when I finished, he sighed.

"So what do you want to do? I don't think we could have him without Amelia for the duration of the Australian tour," he said slowly, and I shook my head.

"There's no way in fucking hell that I would be okay with leaving her behind. I just know she was excited about the whole thing, and this news would crush her," I said, leaning back onto the couch and shutting my eyes.

My head was beginning to hurt; everything was going to be perfect, and now I had a feeling she would hate me. The pounding in my head grew as I thought about it, and dread filled me. I felt a tight squeeze on my hand and opened my eyes, meeting the cool eyes of the man I was beginning to love. Wow, did I really just think about love? Am I falling in love? I was so cautious of these emotions because they've fucked me over in the past. I also know this feeling isn't just for Justin but also Amelia. This was all so new to me, and would they accept that I have such strong feelings for both of them? Fuck, I never thought I would have to deal with all this again. Not that I don't want to be with them; it was just unexpected.

"Where did you go?" he asked softly, moving closer to me. I reached up and caressed the side of his face. I don't think I have ever met a man quite as beautiful as him.

“Gosh, you are gorgeous,” I said softly, running my fingers down the front of his throat gently until my hand was resting on his tight chest.

He blushed, giving his soft face a more boyish look. I grinned at him and pulled him closer to me so that he was tucked into my side. Cuddling in a suit wasn't comfortable, but I needed a few moments holding him.

“I was thinking about how I won't be able to bear losing either of you. The thought makes my heart hurt,” I said while his hand stroked up and down my chest.

“Never,” he said softly. “I have no plans on leaving you ever.”

“And job or no job, I don't think Amelia would leave so easily. We made this position for her, and I can make her another one just as good. We have a lot of employees who have children; let's brainstorm before we come to any conclusion. We did it before, and we can do it again,” he said, kissing my neck. A knock on the door interrupted us.

He gave me one more kiss before standing and straightening his clothes before calling for whoever it was to enter. It was Jocelyn, and she didn't look herself at all, and it worried me. Justin's face turned into an expression of concern as she entered.

“Are you okay, Jocelyn?” he asked. I could tell she was fighting back tears.

He pulled her into his arms, and she fell apart. I never saw her show so much emotion. She was so calm and collected through the situation with Rodrigo when everyone else was distraught. I walked over and rubbed her back with my hand; she was clutching onto Justin for dear life. Both of us exchanged a look; this was...

Chapter 130: You Look Lovely

I stayed in bed late, satiated. Justin and Donald had brought me to orgasm with their mouths before they went to work, and it had basically kept me in a drunken stupor since morning. I've read a lot of books with men who had high sex drives, but I never thought I'd be with ones who did—much less, two. I rolled over and picked up my phone, seeing a few text messages from them. There was one from each of them for every hour they'd been gone, and it made me smile.

They insisted on having security now, and as much as I'd rather not, it made me feel much safer when they weren't with me. I highly doubt Matthew or Mark knew where I was, but I also don't know how they knew where to find me a few days ago unless they were following me. I sighed, thinking about how difficult it was going to make my life now. My phone buzzed, pulling me back from where my mind had wandered. It was Justin asking me to come join them for lunch if I was awake. I smiled. I love how they always wanted to be together.

I got up and began to get ready. Most of my clothes weren't office clothes, so it took me a minute to find something to wear. I decided on soft, thick, black leggings and a fitted black turtleneck top, covering it with my black jacket. I added my shiny black low-heeled boots and a chain to match the gold accent from my watch. I didn't know they would expect me to dress up, but I absolutely didn't want to arrive in a skin-tight catsuit with half my back out.

I needed to use the gift card they gave me to update my wardrobe to make it more childish and work-friendly. I mostly wore shorts and tank tops when I worked in Maryland, but it was a bit different up here. I put on some makeup and added a couple of curls to my hair before heading out. I went to security and told them I was heading to their office and was trailed by one of them. He had a thick German accent but was built like the Hulk. Festin told me the head of security at the company had a private security company, and they were all from other countries. They were also very attractive, which surprised me. Most guys prefer to keep attractive men away from their girlfriends, but not Justin and Donald. These men didn't hold a torch for my men, but a part of me was a little concerned they hadn't thought that through. Not that I would be tempted to cheat, but given the fact that I have cheated in the past.

I tried to shake those negative thoughts away as I parked at the large glass skyscraper that housed the company. Justin had given me a VIP parking pass last time, so I was sent straight to the parking lot where all the employees parked their cars. I saw Donald's truck and pulled in next to it. I wasn't used to driving such a large car, but oh my goodness, this—my new ride—drove like a boat! I hopped out and waited for my bodyguard so he could escort me in. A very tall, oddly attractive man was standing at the security desk when we walked into the pristinely polished lobby. It oozed wealth and success. I'd been here before, but I hadn't taken time to really look around.

"Good afternoon, Ms. Ugwu. You are looking lonely today," the man said—an accent similar to my bodyguard's, but not as thick.

There was something about this man that made me forget words for a second. He wasn't what you would call Hollywood attractive, but holy shit, he was sexy as sin. I had to look so far up at him, and my neck felt like it would snap. He had a gorgeous smile that softened his hard face. He must have been in his forties or close to it because his eyes showed age and experience. His muscular arms were covered with tattoos, and he had a small cross earring in one ear. He had chocolate-brown hair and a close-cut beard that had some white in it. Goodness, I wonder where they find these men? I blinked and smiled up at him, hoping that he didn't see me gawking for those few seconds. He did and had a knowing smile on his face.

"Hi, I am not sure if we have met," I said softly, extending my hand. He took it and gave it a soft shake. His hands were large and rough, like he worked with his hands.

"I am Matt, the head of security here. We haven't met, but I've heard a lot about you from Justin and Donald," he said, walking around the desk. He said something to my bodyguard, who nodded his head and took his spot.

"I'll walk you up," he said, gesturing towards the elevator. I nodded and gave a small, awkward wave to my lackey—my bodyguard—who gave me a flirty grin in return.

I followed Matt. I knew without a doubt that these men would never disrespect Justin, the CEO of this empire, by making any moves on me, but damn, I don't know if I can handle all this.

"How are you liking the city?" he asked, pressing a button to the top floor when we stepped onto the elevator.

"I've done much, and it is cold, but I don't mind the part I've seen," I said. He smelled so good that it was hurting my head. I needed my men so badly because there is just too much temptation around me. I looked down at his hands and saw there was no ring, but maybe he had a girlfriend.

"At least we get four seasons here; back home it was cold or rainy. Not even a sunny day. I enjoy this city," he said, chuckling a little. I looked up at him, and I noticed the heat that flashed in his eyes when...

"Yes, Maryland was hot as fuck most of the year, so I think I will appreciate that change," I said, laughing a little. I immediately regretted that I had given

him the laugh I used when I worked as a sex-line operator. I don't want him to think I was flirting or to tell Justin that I was.

"What brought you into this city?" I asked, trying to change the mood.

"I met Justin and Griffin at a security conference, and I've been living here for five years and had started a small business mostly working security for the rich and famous, bringing over my kinsmen little by little as the demand grew. Now there are over two hundred of us, and we work security across the country. In this city or close to it, the only exception are the other smaller companies in England. Anything Justin or Griffin needs, my company provides, and he definitely made my dream possible and has made me a very rich man and also giving my men very comfortable lives. I would do anything for the Creed family," he said, a soft smile on his face.

I studied him, his words making my admiration for Justin grow even stronger.

"That was amazing," I managed to say before the doors opened.

The sight caught me off guard. Justin was standing there with his arms around a model-thin, gorgeous woman who looked like she was carrying. Donald was also there, carrying what could only be her bag. Jealousy hit me hard to the point of being speechless.

"Fuck, what happened?" Matt shot out of the elevator and all but ripped the woman from Justin's arms and wrapped her in his.

Only then did I realize it was their secretary, Jocelyn. My feelings of jealousy faded, especially when I realized how possessive Matt became all of a sudden. I didn't miss the secret glance that Donald and Justin shared as Matt reached out for her bag. I stepped off the elevator, and Donald took my hand, giving me a smile—the smile that was only for me. I beamed at him. I knew this man was mine, and no woman would take him away from me. His smile told me that.

I only then realized Justin exchanged a few words with Matt, who had Jocelyn tucked, possibly, under his arms. She had her face buried into his chest as if she belonged there, and I knew for a fact that there was something between them before the elevator closed and they disappeared from sight. Donald had begun leading down the hall, not waiting for Justin, who was just a few steps behind. He pulled me into an office and pressed me against the wall behind the door.

