

# Unrepairable Love /

## **I married a man novel alternative.**

### Chapter 141: We Almost Lost You

I winced, the pain in my back from the movement making me moan softly. Recovery would be a bitch, but I was glad I at least had an opportunity to recover. I felt eyes on me, so I opened one eye, then quickly the other. A beautiful little girl with dark curls and pretty eyes was staring at me. She was sitting on the bed, and for a moment I thought maybe it was an angel coming to take me; the sunlight seemed to halo her. Not that I actually believe in all that, I was probably just high on morphine. But it was a bit scary and ethereal all at the same time.

“Oh, you’re awake!” the girl exclaimed excitedly. She looked so young, maybe five or six years old, but she sounded so much older. I immediately knew who she was—my back grimacing at the sharp pain that shot down it.

“Emily?” I asked, a smile coming to my face. She was a remarkably little girl, and she beamed, the mature look on her face adding a girlish hint to her demeanor. “You know me? I wasn’t sure if my father talked about me. Most men with children aren’t super popular in the dating scene,” she said, shifting so we were comfortably facing each other. I grinned. I think women love men with children, but I didn’t say that to her.

“Anyway, I am Amelia,” I said, extending my hand. She took it gently; instead of shaking it, she just held it. Her eyes welled up.

“When I heard about the accident, I got scared. He’s the only person I have left,” she said, her bottom lip quivering. I sat up all the way and pulled her into my arms.

“Oh, sweetheart, he’s okay. Car accidents are scary, but he’s okay and just will need time to recover,” I said to her. She willingly came into my arms, crying softly.

I stroked her hair and let her cry it out, poor baby. I remember how I felt when I lost my parents; it wasn’t the same as having a family member to raise you when you knew you had parents at one point in time. She eventually sighed

and buried her face against my chest. I smiled; she may be intelligent and older than her years, but she was still a child that needed love and affection.

“We are here for you, too,” I added softly, kissing the top of her head.

We stayed like that for a long time before she finally pushed up, looking me in the eyes. I reached down to wipe the tears off her cheeks.

“So are you going to be my mother now?” she asked almost shyly.

“Emily!” It was Donald’s voice, and we both looked toward the door to see him being rolled in by a nurse.

Justin was on his feet and rushed over to my bedside. He looked exhausted, dark bags under his eyes, and I knew for a fact that he hadn’t slept. He reached to touch my face; he covered my hand with his and closed his eyes, releasing a long breath.

“You have been asleep for over forty-eight hours; we were getting a little worried,” he said, pausing. I thought it had been maybe the next morning, but two days? He looked at Emily, and something in his face changed; he reached out for her and picked her up. She settled comfortably in his arms; I could tell that she had become very comfortable with Justin.

“You are too old to be held, Emily,” Donald said, and he was aided into his bed. His eyes met mine, and he smiled softly, and I smiled back. Aside from the bandages and some slight bruising on his face, he looked well.

“How are you feeling, baby girl?” he asked as the nurse pushed his bed up next to mine. Justin must have paid a lot of money for them to break all these codes because I knew for a fact this didn’t happen.

“I am okay; my back just stings a bit,” I replied, and he nodded, reaching for my hand. I turned so I was lying on my side, facing him, and took his hand. The nurse came around and started changing my bandage, and I noticed Justin took Emily out of...

“She is beautiful,” I said. He smiled, and tears sprang to his eyes. She has taken to Justin like a moth to a flame; it was amazing to see them together. I haven’t seen her actually act her age probably since she was three years old. I felt like my little girl has grown. But with Justin, it was like she doesn’t have to be mature and she *can* be a child. He said, and his...

His expression changed, and concern filled his eyes. We stared at each other silently until the nurse left the room and we were alone. I knew this man loved me, but I also knew the love he had for his daughter was unmatched.

“We almost lost you,” he choked out, fresh tears rolling down his cheeks.

“But you saved me,” I whispered, the tears making my voice sound thick with emotion.

I saw the flash of regret in his eyes before he looked back in the direction his daughter went. I knew why; he could have died protecting me and leaving his daughter all alone in the world. That thought alone broke my heart, but I knew it broke him more.

“Donald?” I called, getting his attention back to me.

“I know how important your daughter is to you. I never want you to feel guilty about putting her first. I know how much you love me, and I know how much you love her. A father’s love is the most special thing in the world, and I would never want to put myself in front of that love,” I said to him.

My father died when I was a little girl, around Emily’s age, so I knew what pain she would go through when she lost her father. We silently watched Justin and Emily talk in the hallway as if they had known each other for years.

“You know, he wasn’t lying when he said he really wanted children,” he said, and I smiled softly. It was something to behold, watching how happy he looked with Emily.

“I am sure she wouldn’t mind having two fathers,” I looked at him and grinned.

“I am sure she would love that,” I added. He was about to say something when Justin and Emily walked in, giggling about something.

“Father, I don’t want to go away to school. I want to stay with our new family,” she said, bounding over to the side of Donald’s bed. I knew he would give her anything she wanted, but Justin stepped in before Donald could say anything.

“The smartest girl in the entire world wants to give up going to the best school in the world for gifted children to stay with a bunch of old folks?” he asked her. He was leaning against the wall opposite our beds, and she turned to face

him, putting on a pretty face. Donald's eyebrows shot up as if he had never seen that face before. Something told me that he hasn't.

"What if I go, and when I come back, you all are gone?" she asked softly. I could see her lip quivering even though she was young; I could tell she struggled with the abandonment of her mother. She was too smart not to know what happened. Justin walked over to her, went to his knees, and sat back so that they were eye-to-eye.

"Sweetie, Anselia and I are not going to leave; we are here to stay. We love each other, and true love never abandons, no matter how tough life gets, and we will love you just as much. We will be here for every holiday and event and award ceremony. You can get homesick, and we will be there; just because you are going to school doesn't mean you aren't going to be a part of this family," he said softly and reached up and wiped the tears that were rolling down her cheek.

Donald began to cry silently as well; I squeezed his hand. He didn't have to do this alone anymore.

"And as long as your father is okay with it, if you absolutely hate it there, I personally will spare no expense making sure you have the education you want and where you wanted it," he added, looking over at Donald, who smiled through his tears. Justin smiled back, his eyes glistening, and he looked back at Emily and pulled her into his arms.

"Do you promise?" she asked into his neck.

"I promise."

## Chapter 142: I Have Some News

The next week was a blur. I wasn't allowed to leave the hospital for a week, so Justin escorted Emily to school along with my parents. We would all visit as soon as we got things settled. Amelia had been quiet over the next couple of days, only talking when I directly asked her questions. I could tell the guilt from the accident was eating her up, and she decided not to talk about it. I let her stew for a few days; the pain medication didn't give me a clear head all the time, and I wanted to have this conversation at home when we were both off pain relief.

It was finally time to go home after being in a cramped hospital room for twelve days. Her hack had healed enough that she didn't need to be re-

bundled every five hours. Now, stone a day. The next two weeks, Basin and I had to play catch-up with work. Griffin had talked to us about needing all hands on deck before we left for Australia, especially since he was in the process of planning a surprise wedding for his partner.

Innes and I worked closely together, and we became very close. She was an amazing woman and smarter than anyone I have met at her age. I also recently found out she has a photographic memory like Emily, and when I confronted her about it, she just said she was good at remembering things, but it definitely was more than that. Amelia was coming to the office today to have lunch with Justin and me. We still kept the relationship a secret, for the most part, deciding to until Griffin's wedding. Only the personal security at our homes, Matt and Boerlyn, knew about it, and, well, my family.

I headed to Justin's office, knocking before entering. His head was down as he concentrated, his face pinched up, studying some papers.

"Hey, baby," I said softly. His head shot up, and he looked at me.

A smile smoothed out his face as he stood up and walked over to me. Our lips met instantly as he wrapped his arms around me. I was aroused, but something had been keeping us from having sex. We got up and went to bed at separate times. It was like we were all different now. He pulled back and smiled; I saw the heat in his eyes, but he turned back to his desk before I could read more into that.

"I have some news," he said. I nodded, going to sit in front of him. He shuffled some papers around.

"You know the fifth floor that had mostly been used for random storage?" he asked. I nodded again. It was strange to me that I'd accidentally gone there one day.

"I was talking to Griffin, and we came up with an idea. We currently have seventeen employees at this location with children under school age. We have ten employees expecting, and I know Deborah and Taylor are in the process of trying to adopt. If we total up all the children, including after-school age, we will have up to one hundred plus, from newborn to fifteen years," he said. I furrowed my brows, unsure where he was going with this, but I let him continue.

“Griffin expressed his desire to have the fifth floor turned into something useful. A few employees he’s talked to have expressed concern about the difficulty of finding suitable childcare, especially on days they work late. And now I think we have a solution,” he continued. A knock on the door made him pause. He stood up and walked me to the door. Amelia was on the other side, a small smile on her face.

“Hey, baby girl,” he said, pulling her into his arms.

It was hard to hold her because her back was still sore as she wrapped her arms around his shoulders. I stood up and watched them. She wasn’t as cold to Justin as she was to me. I knew the fact that I was stabbed and had a daughter really bothered her. She had mentioned in the past that her parents died when she was a little girl and she only had a great-aunt. I think the incident triggered some hidden trauma. Justin led her over to me, and I leaned down to kiss her softly on the lips, reaching up and pulling her towards me by putting a hand on the back of her neck. She moaned softly as I deepened the kiss, and pleasure rolled through me at the sound. I broke the kiss and smiled down at her; the tight-lipped smile she returned broke my heart.

“I’m glad you came a little early, Amelia. I was just filling Donald in about this new endeavor the company is about to take on,” he said, returning to his seat.

We both sat and faced him. I reached for her hand because I needed to touch her. She let me hold her hand, and I was relieved. Justin recapped what he told me.

“Amelia, because we already have you contracted with our company, we wanted you to be the first to have the opportunity to take on the role as director of this project. The pay would be a lot more than before; you will get all the benefits of a full-time employee of the company, and you will have access to the funds set aside to get it up and running. Once it is up and running, we would like you to sign as a permanent employee of the company. You would only answer to Griffin and myself, but you would have full control over the program,” he finished and sat back, waiting for her response.

I looked over at her; this was exciting, and I knew she would want to find a job even though we told her we would provide for her. I could tell she wasn’t sure about just being a housewife.

“Wow, I don’t know what to say. I would love that,” she said, sounding shocked.

“Great, we will have a contract sent to your email by the end of the day. Rodrigo and Logan are available to go over it with you anytime this week as lawyers, and you’re welcome to retain a lawyer outside the company that understands as well. This is your career, and we take it very seriously,” he added, and she nodded.

“I’m okay with Rodrigo and Logan. I know they are among the best lawyers in the county,” she said with a nod. He gave a satisfied nod and shifted out of CEO mode.

“Great, I made a reservation for a restaurant in thirty minutes; I didn’t want to eat in the office today,” he said, coming around his desk. His phone rang and he looked at it and cursed.

“Damn, I have to take this. Donald, can you show her the fifth floor, and I will meet you down there as soon as I am done with this call?” he asked. I nodded and stood up.

She followed suit and followed me out of the office. She was wearing a beautiful green twill set with a corset top and matching high-waisted pants and coat that fell just to her shins. She carried a large black bag and had matching stiletto boot heels.

“You look amazing, by the way,” I said to her, closing the door behind me, and she smiled softly.

“Thank you. I felt like I needed new clothes; all mine were nanny clothes, and everyone around here dresses so nice,” she said softly, and I smiled.

“I bought most of my suits before I moved here; I have always been extremely casual aside from a chef’s coat,” I told her, and she giggled.

“Chef’s clothes are sexy,” she said, side-eyeing me.

“Umm, I will remember that the next time I cook at home,” I said, walking a little closer to her.

As we passed Joanna’s door on the way to the elevator, it swung open, and she rushed out, arms full of paper, almost plowing right into Amelia. She paused and looked between us before a beautiful bright smile lit up her face.

“Oh my goodness, you must be Amelia!” Joanna exclaimed, sticking out her hand, and she shook it.

“I have heard so much about you; it is nice to finally meet you,” she said and turned to me.

“Donald, could you be a dear and let me use your printer? Mine’s jammed, and I don’t have time to wait for support,” I nodded.

“Oh, thank you so much, you are the best. I will have to catch up with you guys later; I am so behind on these menus for a presentation I am doing in an hour,” She skirted off towards my office.

“Umm, was that Joanna?” she asked, and I looked at her.

“Yes, she usually isn’t that frazzled,” I said, chuckling and watching her eyes follow Joanna, soaking up her appearance.

“I didn’t know; I didn’t expect her to be so exotic,” she said almost in a whisper.

## Chapter 143: Everything Can Be Custom Made

Katz and Kanna walked down the hallway. I had only heard them talk about her. She was not what I was expecting. She was young, almost the same age as me, with cascading ginger curls surrounding a beautiful caramel complexion and pretty eyes. She was very exotic and absolutely gorgeous. I don’t know why I was feeling a twinge of jealousy all of a sudden.

I know she was with three men and is getting married, but knowing she worked so closely with Donald was unsettling. I know my “girly brain” was out to get me. I looked away from her, trying to avoid catching Donald's eye because he would never cheat, but I couldn’t help but think about the idea of them working late together alone. Donald’s aversion to anything impure is well-known. I haven’t really looked at him since we came back from the hospital; he’s such a beautiful man, and to have his full attention on me now felt... validating. It was like he knew what I was thinking, and I looked away, continuing to walk towards the elevator. He followed me silently, stepping into the elevator behind me and pressing the button. I studied him while he watched the numbers go down. I was being stupid; this man treated me like a queen, and I almost left again, but I knew I couldn’t. We didn’t even look at him. After we got back home from the hospital, I was overwhelmed by what had happened, but I let them be. I avoided having any type of conversation.



I needed to stop avoiding them and face whatever would come from this. It has been three weeks since Matthew and Mark were taken away, and I honestly don't know what happened. There were no police except to ask about the incident; it's like it didn't even happen. He stepped off the elevator onto a suspiciously quiet floor. When I looked around, I realized it was because no one worked on it. It was very large, just like the other floors, but it was just a wide-open space.

"Lists of potential," he said, and I nodded. There were three bathrooms on the floor: one private in a small office around the corner and two large ones on either side of the floor.

"I could see this working," I said, walking over to the large floor-to-ceiling windows. "I would draw up a plan and maybe work on a construction team."

When Justin told me his plan, I was so excited, but I didn't show it. This would be the ultimate dream job. I had been so excited to work with Emily and was very down about the fact I wouldn't, but still happy she got into an amazing school. But this job takes care of that for sure. Until I sign official papers, I am not going to get my hopes up too much.

"Justin had someone—there was a company that did all the construction for them when they first bought the building," Donald said, leaning against the wall. I nodded momentarily, speechless when I looked at him. My mind flashed back to the first time I had met him at the hotel and how my stomach fluttered with butterflies from looking at him, almost like it was doing right now. Why am I so nervous right now with my own man?

"Amelia?" he called softly, bringing me back to reality. "What is going on?" he asked. "We went through hell and back, and it feels like you never came back." He took a few steps towards me. "Then Emily asked if you would be her mother, and it seemed like you freaked out even more." My eyebrows shot up.

I remembered her asking, but I thought she was joking. Was she really serious about wanting me to fill that role? I hadn't been bothered by that; I was more aware of how close Justin and Donald were and how well Emily flocked to Justin. I loved to see it, especially knowing he wanted children, but something about seeing it made it feel very different. I took a small step towards him, who now looked like he was bracing himself for a blow. I was about to respond when the elevator pinged and the doors opened: Justin strode out with a tall man. The man was very attractive in his own way, but of course, standing next to Justin, he didn't hold a match. He had a mischievous look on his face as he

smiled; he had salt-and-pepper hair with dark eyes. He was a little bit older than Justin.

“Donald, Amelia, this is Joseph. He is the one who remodeled the building for us; it was a coincidence that he was here today, but I thought you should meet him,” Justin said once they were close to us, and he extended his hand first to me and then to Donald. He definitely wasn’t from this country, but I couldn’t place his accent.

“I happened to be dropping off some updated permits, but Justin told me he may have some work for me to do,” he said with a cheeky grin and extended his card. “Justin told me you would be spearheading this project; whatever you need, this is my personal number. Going through the company might get you tanked to the bottom of the list, but my friend Justin and this company will definitely be a priority job.” He said, and I took the card with a small thanks.

“We were excited about this; it may be a couple of weeks before we reach out because we just told her today. But I appreciate everything you do for us, man,” Justin said.

## Chapter 141: Everything Can Be Custom Made

“We were just about to head out, so I would walk you out,” he said, and Joseph nodded. We all headed to the elevator; they made small talk, but I wasn’t listening. This job was really happening. When we made it to the lobby, Jocelyn came over to us, well, more to me.

“Ms. Ugwu, can I have a word?” she said with a polite smile on her face. She was extremely beautiful, tall with an amazing figure, even though it seemed like she wore clothes that may be slightly too big. Her long hair was slicked back into a ponytail, and I could tell her hair was all natural. She must have worked hard to keep it nice and long and healthy. I stepped to the side with her, and she handed me a tablet that was enclosed in a case.

“This is for you; it has an updated contract and benefits as well as salary. If you can get it done by the end of the week, we can start you on the payroll for the upcoming pay period. You can meet with Justin to set up a timeline for how he would like things to progress and details. I also wanted to let you know that there is a position for an assistant for you to aid while you are in Australia; I added candidates to a file for you to review.” I couldn’t take my eye off her as she explained.

“I know you have a few weeks now before you leave, so you should have time to conduct interviews. We have a conference room on the tenth floor that is available for you until we can get you an office situation on the fifth floor. If you have any questions, my number is plugged into the contract on the tablet.” She said everything without missing a beat. She handed me a card with some words written on it.

“This is your password to get on the tablet; all other essential passwords are in a secure document on the tablet on the home screen. With this tablet, you will have direct access to me and the partners at all times through our encrypted message system. Do you have any questions?” she asked with a bright smile. I was silent for a moment while I took in all the information.

“I think I am okay; I will review all the documents before the week is out. Thank you so much, Jocelyn. Is it okay to call you that?” I added; she beamed at me and nodded.

“Of course, well, I will catch up with you later then,” she said before walking away. I watched her in awe; she seemed like such an amazing woman, and I hope I get to know her better. A hand landed on my lower back, and I looked up into Justin’s beautiful eyes.

“Are you ready, baby?” he asked. I smiled and nodded. He dropped his arms but stayed close to me. I am sure most of the security already knew we were together, but I stayed close. Donald followed us after exchanging some quiet words with Matt, and Jack was also waiting at the door. I knew he followed us around but he kept his distance. I didn’t realize Joseph had stepped out. Justin led us to a long black Cadillac, and I looked around for his truck.

“What happened to your truck?” I asked; he smiled, opening the door for me. I paused, expecting it to be a normal Cadillac, but to my surprise, it was like a mini-limousine on the inside. Four brown leather seats facing each other with lots of legroom as well as a small refrigerator system.

“It is at home; I had this custom-made and delivered to the office. If we are all going to be working here, I thought it only fitting that we had a car that can transport us all comfortably. I also have one of my men going through chauffeur training along with some defensive driving courses. Until then, Jack will be driving us around for the next week or so,” Justin said, helping me in. He climbed in and sat next to me while Donald sat across from us. It was spacious and comfortable inside, which was nice. There were also tray tables you could take out if needed to work or eat.

“I didn’t even know they had stuff like this?” I said, and Donald smirked.

“Almost anything can be custom-made,” he chimed in, and I smiled.

Only rich people think like that.

#### Chapter 144: You Are an Absolutely Vision

I studied Amelia as we headed to the restaurant. She was in the car, but I also felt like she was nervous about something. I think I caught them in a serious conversation before I interrupted them. I glanced at Donald and saw him studying her intently; he flickered his eyes to me and gave me a tight-lipped smile. He was...

I planned on bringing it up at lunch, after this morning when we woke up to find her asleep in another room. I was fucking pissed. She claimed she was using the closet, and sat on the bed and accidentally fell asleep, but I definitely called bullshit on that. Mostly because we all went to bed together, so I don’t even know how she thought I’d believe that. She was doing everything in her power to be distant, and I was sick of it. I knew Donald was torn, so I planned this lunch and I made sure she couldn’t get out of it. I purposefully called ahead and booked out a large section of the dining room for privacy; not just because of our conversation, but also because Donald was a celebrity, and in the past few weeks, he’s been besieged almost everywhere we go. This particular restaurant doesn’t have a private dining area, but it’s one of my favorites. We rarely eat out, and because Donald loves drinking, we also end up having several drinks whenever we are home, and today I needed to talk.

It was a little past the normal lunchtime, but the restaurant still had a good crowd. We were able to be seated in a corner where no one could see us; it was a booth, so naturally, we sat her in the middle. We exchanged some small talk before ordering.

“Venu book beautiful today,” I said. She smiled politely with a small thanks.

Donald and I looked at each other briefly. Our relationship with each other has been weird, to say the least. Not because I’m not crazy for him, just because it’s weird when we’re intimate and Amelia wants to not be with us. We both ended up stopping because our minds were on her.

“So, I am curious to know what is going on?” I began once we got our drinks and appetizers. She paused, bringing her fork to her mouth.

“What do you mean?” she said. I silently took a deep breath because this woman wasn’t going to make this easy.

“Since the hospital, you haven’t let us touch you. I haven’t even seen you naked. I’m not even sure who helps you with your bandages because you don’t let us. It’s extremely confusing and frustrating that you have pulled away from us almost completely.” I paused, making sure I kept my tone from getting too loud. Her eyes began to fill with tears, and I reached out and took her hand.

“You went through something extremely traumatic, and you are dealing with the aftermath all alone. But you don’t have to be; we are here for you, and we want to be here for you. But we can’t if you push us away.” I added, reaching up and wiping the tears that began to roll down her face. Donald’s leg began bouncing nervously as we waited for her to say something.

The silence lingered longer than was comfortable, but I didn’t want to push her. She seemed conflicted.

“I haven’t let you touch me because I am not comfortable in my own skin anymore. I have an ugly fucking scar that covers my back and it is...” she paused, choking back words. Donald took her other hand, scooting closer to her.

“It just makes me feel so unattractive. I am with two of the hottest men in the world, and I am mangled.” She finished, lowering her eyes to her lap.

I had no idea she was feeling this way, and it broke my heart. She was the most beautiful woman I have ever met, and for her to be feeling so low about herself...

“None of you have initiated anything physical with me, and it makes me feel even worse,” she added so low that I almost didn’t catch it.

“My love, I am so sorry if you have felt rejected. I thought I was doing the right thing by letting you heal,” Donald said, moving even closer so that their hands were touching.

“We haven’t been physical without your approval. You are part of this relationship, and it feels wrong to be able to enjoy each other if all of us cannot be part of it,” he added, and her eyes finally looked up into his, and I could see the pain in his face. The same pain I feel now, knowing how rejected she feels.

“You’re the most beautiful man in the room, inside and out. No scar will take that away,” I said. She turned her eyes to me, and a flicker of hope...

Did the truly knowing her make our love fade? I wanted so badly to ask her if she thought we were shallow men, but I knew if I did, it would be letting my frustrations get the best of me. I cupped her cheek, bringing her face to mine and placing a kiss on her lips. I could feel her body tremble slightly at the contact before I pulled back and looked into her eyes.

“I love you, sweetheart, and I’m going to change that,” I said. She nodded softly, swallowing hard.

I had a feeling if I could slide my hand down and touch her, she would be...

“When we’re home?” she asked softly, desire showing in her eyes. Our bodies craved hers just as much as she craved ours.

I nodded, releasing her face.

#### Chapter 14: You Me An Absolutely Vision

“Of course, babe,” I replied.

Within the next fifteen minutes, we were on our way back home. We got our food to go and dashed out of there. I pulled her into my lap and brought her face to mine, kissing her the way I couldn’t in the restaurant—her clothes were slightly restrictive, so Donald came up behind her and helped me take them off. The partition between the driver’s seat and the back was tinted, so I knew we had complete privacy. I broke our kiss, looking down at her in just a strapless bra and matching panties. I slid my fingers down her and over the lace covering her pussy. I was right; she was soaked through and made me hum.

“Our girl is so wet, Donald,” I murmured, pressing my lips to her neck. She whispered as I pressed down on her clit.

I turned her to face him, and he didn’t hesitate in dropping his mouth to hers. The way the seats were arranged, even on his knees, he could reach her mouth. I moved the partition up from between the seats next to me, making it more of a bench seat. Donald wrapped his arms around her, pressing her into me and kissing her desperately. I knew he had been missing her without him even telling me; it was written all over his face when we were at home. I noticed how he would stare at her longingly, and she didn’t even realize it. He

groaned, dropping his hands down to the top of my pants and working to unbuckle and unbutton them. My rock-hard dick made it hard for him to do so, and I helped him. He broke the kiss and sat back on his haunches and ripped her panties open. He dropped his face on her pussy, making her moan and press into me harder as her hips bucked upward.

The sound of his mouth on her was erotic, and I groaned, widening my legs and shifting so that my dick was resting between her ass cheeks. I felt his tongue lick the head of my dick as she lifted up and began to rub her pussy over my shaft. The sensation was amazing, and I let out another sound that I couldn't identify. I have gone years without sex with no problems, but I craved my babies more than anything, and not having them for over two weeks had driven me close to insanity. I lifted her up more so that I could enter her tight pussy; she gripped my hand as I entered her, and I knew it wouldn't last long at all.

"Fuck, you feel so amazing," I groaned through gritted teeth as I pushed myself into her, soliciting a sexy moan from her.

This, by far, was not the most comfortable position, but we were all too desperate to wait. She bounced up and down on me, letting out delicious moans, and Donald dropped his face between her legs, sucking on her clit and making her clench around me.

"Oh my goodness, Donald," she gasped, entwining both her hands in his hair.

I pounded into her faster, wrapping my hands around her and not giving her an inch of space. It was so good to have her in my arms again; within seconds, she was bucking as her orgasm hit her hard and made her scream. She pulsed around my dick, and I knew I was going to explode. I pulled out of her, and immediately Donald's mouth wrapped around me, and I spilled into his mouth. I moved my hand down and pressed on her clit, not letting her orgasm fade.

"That's it, babe. Give us everything," I whispered through gritted teeth as he sucked the fucking life out of me.

Damn, I missed his mouth. Even after I finished cumming, he was still sucking me, and I was still hard as a rock. She climbed off me and dropped to her hands and knees in front of me, ass sticking up. She took my dick from Donald and wrapped her mouth around me, looking up at me with those beautiful eyes. It was such a sexy sight, and I smiled at her, wrapping my hands around

the back of her neck and thrusting up into her mouth. She kept her eyes on mine as she let me fuck her mouth.

She doesn't have a gag reflex, which is like the most incredibly sexy thing I have ever experienced. I have never been with someone who could take as much of my dick as could fit while gazing at me, so I didn't hold back. I flicked my eye up to see Donald behind her, his dick in his hand. He pushed inside of her, and his eyes rolled back. I looked back down at our girl, taking both our dicks, and grinned.

"You are an absolute vision, babe," I groaned.

A pleasant look crossed her face as we filled her from both ends. I prayed this meant that all the distance was over and we could go back to being the happy couple that we were.

#### Chapter 145: You Want My Dick?

It was cramped, and a quick, rushed job, but honestly, after Talin, I'd say it ranked a little higher on my list. Kastin's eyes when Toelia asked to go home—that's where we are now. What I didn't know was that it chewed his face as she... well, almost physically pushed his dick down her throat. It wasn't lust I was seeing anymore, but pure adoration. I knew he was having a hard time with it; it frayed his relationship with me. He still kissed me, and cuddled with me in bed, but he'd been quite distant.

Tunes con mej mine novim, and he smiled, the lack of exploration clear in his face. I smiled at him. Even after taking his large slick, she was still amazing. I pinned my hand to the side of her hips and pounded harder, looking down at her. She had a large bandage on her back, and the most random pang of... who helped her put this on? There was no way she would apply it so well on her own, and the only people here were security. My mind came back to the present as she began to spread...

...num all over my dick. I slowed my thrust and enjoyed the feeling, even though my mind was now rolling with the idea that another man had touched her. When she came down from her high, I realized we were in the garage at home. I'm not even sure how long "fack" had lingered to disappear, which was good because I was overprotective at the moment and maybe a bit feral. I wasn't going to ruin the moment for Justin and Amelia, but we were going to have a talk about this.



Justin pulled her up off the floor and onto his lap, kissing her. I was glad to see them like this, but that feeling of unease hadn't quite left me yet. She reached back for me and pulled me towards them. I sat next to him and kissed them each in turn. Justin reads me so easily and gave me a look of confusion when he broke the kiss, but I averted my eyes. This was his moment, and I didn't want to ruin it...

"Let's get inside," I said softly, pulling away and going to open the car door. Justin removed his suit jacket and covered her just in case, and I grabbed our food after they exited the car and followed them inside, leaving the door open to the lingering scent of sex. Justin carried her right upstairs, but I stayed back. I wanted to join them, but I needed to talk to Lack. I looked down at myself to see if I was presentable and quickly washed my hands before heading outside. I don't think Lack would have touched her, but the other guy—he was new, only around since we came back from the hospital. I walked into the converted security room to find Lack watching the cameras. He stood up when he saw me and I couldn't tell if he knew what we were doing in the back seat, but I'm sure he did. I looked at the other guy, who didn't even acknowledge my presence.

"What do you want, Mr. Kehin?" Lack asked. He was a man of few words, so every time I heard him talk, it surprised me how thick his accent was.

"Just wondering if Amelia came to talk to you guys this morning?" I asked, and his eyebrows furrowed. He hadn't seen her today until it was time to take her to the company. My shift began at ten, but Moco was here before me, and the other guy would be working, Lack said, gesturing to the man who still refused to acknowledge me.

The man finally spun in his chair, looking at me. He had a cocky expression on his face that pissed the hell out of me. He stood up.

...mming and asked me to change her bandage, and I've been doing it for a while now." The look on Jack's face was probably how I was feeling.

"Get your shit and brad back to headquarters; you will be reassigned!" Jack snapped at him, and the look on the man's face morphed into fear. He nodded quickly and turned to gather his things.

"My apologies, Mr. Kelvin. I was unaware this was happening. It is unacceptable. I didn't think I would need to tell my guys something as simple as: 'Don't touch the client.' I will have both of them reassigned and get new

ones, along with briefing them on some more specific house rules. It won't happen again." He said, bowing.

I was a little shocked how swiftly he handled the situation without me actually having to do much.

"Thank you. I appreciate how you handled the situation," I said, extending my hand. He looked at my hand and smirked before taking it. He definitely knew...

...he'd be here until Matt sends some others," he said, and I nodded.

"Plexia, let me know if there is anything else I can do for you. I will probably just be..."

He beaded back to the house and was immediately greeted with the sound of her cries of pleasure. I smiled; they were really not done. I locked the door and bounded up the stairs to our room. Justin was now naked and relentlessly pounding into her on the bed. I love watching them fuck; it was so erotic, almost as good as fucking them myself. I slowly removed my clothes before going over to join them. I grabbed the lube on the way, coating my dick, which was now hard as a rock.

"Oh my goodness," she cried out, wrapping her arms around him and pressing their bodies together.

"Oh, fuck!"

Chapter 145. You Want My Dick—

I climbed onto the bed and ran my hand down his back; he slowed his thrusts, turning his head and looking over his shoulder. He gave me a sexy smile before turning back to kiss her. He was in the perfect position for me to take his ass, and I poured a generous amount of lube, massaging his hole and prodding it with my fingers. He groaned, pushing his ass back towards me so my fingers went deeper.

"Umm, you want my dick?" I asked, and his fucking whimper—he let out almost made me cum.

"Please," he begged. I removed my fingers and pushed the head of my dick into his ass slowly. He groaned as I moved in deeper.

“Oh fuck,” I groaned as I slowly bottomed out inside him.

For the first time, he didn't cum immediately from penetration, but I could tell he was close. He kissed her deeply while pushing back into me, and the sounds they were both making were sexy as fuck. She began to orgasm under him, and I could feel her trembling through Justin.

“Fuck... yes,” I moaned. I pulled out and turned them so that Justin was lying beside her on his back.

I laid in between his legs and entered him again; he groaned, pulling her close to him and wrapping one arm around me. It was so hot and messy because we were so desperate for each other, but so intimate, and we kissed each other. I shifted my weight to one arm as I pressed into him deeper, taking his mouth while caressing her body. He moaned into my mouth, and I moved faster, turning my head and kissing her and dipping my fingers between her legs and pressing them inside her. She cried out against my mouth as I fingered her to the rhythm of my pounding into Justin's hole. I didn't know, but they both began to cum at the same time, turning their faces to each other and kissing. It was so fucking sexy that I pulled out and let ropes of cum shoot over them.

“Fucking hell,” I groaned, pumping the last of my cum out and breathing hard. I sat back and looked at the mess we made and chuckled.

Damnit, they really did make me come apart. Justin and Amelia were breathing deeply as I slid off the bed and into the bathroom. I wanted to just drop next to them and cuddle, but we were a bit messy. I turned the shower on and got in quickly, washing off. I got out and wrapped a towel around my waist and began to grab her, whom I sponged down, keeping her bandage from getting wet. When I went back to the room, Justin had changed the bedsheets so I could lay her down before he went to shower. I snuggled in with her, laying on my side so I could see her. I took a moment to admire how beautiful she was.

“Are you staring at me?” she asked, her eyes closed and a soft smile on her face.

“Umma...”

She opened her eyes and turned her head to look at me. She didn't shy away from my gaze like she had been doing the last couple of weeks. Instead, she tilted her head up so our lips brushed gently.

“I love you, Donald,” she said in a whisper against my lips, making butterflies erupt in my stomach. I haven’t heard those words in so long that it was like medicine to my broken heart.

“I love you too, Amelia,” I mumbled before pressing my lips harder against hers and kissing her deeply.

## Chapter 146: Emily’s Mother

The next five weeks flew by, and I was busy during that period. We visited Emily, who was an incredible girl with a wonderful sense of humor. One of those times, we attended the private wedding of Joanna, Griffin, Bradrigs, and Legen. I had seen them all around multiple times, especially since I’d been preoccupied with preparing to work remotely in Australia.

Things with my home life were... complicated. We were mostly normal, but there was a definite tension between Donald and me. Although he backed me up and supported me, he made it clear our bond was strained unless we went out and acted like a couple. But there was still a list of everything I needed to pack for a six-month trip, and then a knock came. I opened the door and...

It was something and it hugged the hell out of me. I was contentedly home, and checking the door made me pause to answer it. It was probably a lack of concern on the other person's part.

“Good morning, Mrs. Upru. There is someone at the front door requesting to speak with you. Her name is Carol Chima, and she says she is an old friend of Donald’s. I can send her away if you want,” he said. The name sounded familiar, but I couldn’t place it.

“No, it should be okay. I will go meet her,” I said. He hesitated, as if he didn’t want me to meet a stranger alone.

“I don’t think Donald’s friends would have friends who were as demented as the people in my past,” I said softly. Something in his expression hardened, as if he was replaying that awful day we almost lost our lives.

“You can never be too careful,” he said, and I smiled at him.

“Why don’t you call Donald? I will entertain the guest. He should be home soon.” He hesitated at my words but finally gave in and left.

I headed to the front door and opened it. A tall, beautiful woman stood there. She had to be at least six feet tall, even with her heels. She had beautiful eyes and a perfectly sculpted face, and I instantly knew who she was—not because I had seen her before, but because her curly black hair and eyes were identical to Endy's. She must be her mother. She looked down at me, sneering, and I knew I looked like a mess. My hair was in a messy bun, and I was wearing yoga pants and one of Justin's t-shirts. Shit, why didn't I change?

"Ummm, hello," I offered, my voice coming out much smaller than I intended. She smirked, and I immediately knew she was going to be unpleasant.

"Hi, I must have the wrong house; you're just a girl," she said. Her voice was honey-sweet, but her tone was laced with poison.

"I was told Donald lives here. I am his wife."

My blood ran cold at her words. Donald never mentioned being married before, but if this was Emily's mother, it made sense.

"Donald isn't here," I said, trying to sound unconcerned and smiling.

"Oh, I know. I found out his little plaything was at home, so I decided maybe we should have a little chat." She pushed past me and into the house.

"This place is beautiful," she said.

"Donald is on his way home," I lied; I wasn't even sure if Jack had reached him.

"Oh good, I'll still have time to say what I needed to say to you," she said, plopping down on the couch by the fireplace.

She sounded gracious, but even then, I'd already decided she was a bitch. I sat across from her.

"Can I offer you something to drink?" I asked. This was my home; I wasn't going to let her make me feel inferior. She studied me, crossing her legs.

"You're not his type. You're too short, and your hair is too short. He likes long hair. You're also way too thin, and he likes women with nice, large breasts and a... well, which you lack. He clearly just used you for sex, and you wouldn't be the first. I've met all the little sex workers he's hired." She paused, her words hitting me like a ton of bricks.

Was she insulting me? Had Donald done this before? I was speechless, nausea churning.

“I am the only woman he will ever love because I gave him Emily. No one can match that,” she said bitterly.

I was about to respond when the garage door opened, and two sets of footsteps rushed in.

“Amelia?” It was Donald. He found me before I could respond.

#### Chapter 146: Emily’s Mother

Justin was on his heels, and I saw the anger flash in his eyes as Carol stood, a seductive smile on her face. I noticed Justin’s eyes reacted exactly as mine did when I first saw her. She was probably the most beautiful woman I’d ever met, physically. She sashayed over to Donald and attempted to put her arms around him, but he gripped her shoulder and held her back.

“What the hell are you doing here?” he snapped, her smile vanishing.

“I’ve missed you, baby,” she said with a pout.

“You told me if I wanted to come back, you would always be waiting.” Her words cut like a knife, and I noticed Justin felt them too by how he stiffened. Donald gently pushed her back so she was out of arm’s reach.

“You know fucking well I didn’t say that. I informed you, when you fully abandoned our daughter, that if you ever wanted a role in her life, I wouldn’t keep that from you. You and I never had a chance in hell of being together again; I could never love someone as cold and heartless as you. Someone who doesn’t love my daughter as much as she deserves,” he said, venom dripping from his tone.

I had never heard that tone from him before. Even when upset with me for keeping secrets, he’d never spoken to me so coldly.

She seemed unfazed by his words, except for scowling when he mentioned Emily. How could a woman hate her own child so much? I stood up, and Donald’s eyes landed on me. The warmth and love that filled his cold eyes when he looked at me was so intense that, despite some of her harsh words, I knew it couldn’t be true. She noticed and looked back at me, scowling.

“You’ll get tired of this little whore soon enough and will come crawling back to me because you...” She was cut short as Donald stepped toward her almost violently, gripping her shoulder.

“Firstly, if you ever disrespect my woman, the woman I love, I swear you will regret it. You forget who helped you get where you are today and how quickly, with one phone call, I can absolutely ruin your career,” he hissed. Justin moved around and stood behind me; I knew he was also angry at her words.

Donald released her and stepped back, as if being near her disgusted him.

“Secondly, you better be fucking glad you’re my child’s mother and that I don’t hit women. Because if you insult my woman again, I will make sure the only job you can get is scrubbing toilets in bowling alleys.” His words struck home as she shook slightly. She may be heartless, but she obviously values her work and success.

“And last of all, get the fuck out of my house, or I will personally have one of the guards throw you out,” he spat.

Something about the way he defended me made my heart flutter. She took a step back, blinking rapidly. I guess he shut her up. She turned and stormed to the door and disappeared. He rushed over to me, placing his hands on either side of my face and crashing his lips onto mine, kissing me with an intensity I hadn’t felt from him before. Justin’s hands held my hips securely as I was sandwiched between them. Donald hesitantly broke the kiss, leaning his forehead against mine.

“Are you okay, baby?” he asked, and I nodded.

At first, I swear I thought I’d be insecure about that woman being here, but after the way he acted, I knew he didn’t want her and had no feelings for her. I looked into his eyes, and there was no regret, no doubt, or anything that made me feel like he was just putting on a show. He meant every word. He pressed his lips to mine again, kissing me repeatedly until I was putty in his hands. I felt Justin’s erection against my back and Donald’s against my stomach as they both began to rub their hands over me. Almost as if to see if I was okay, I giggled into his mouth, making him break the kiss and look down at me.

“I am okay,” I said softly.

“I promise, she was only here a few minutes before you guys got home.”

“I am so fucking glad we were on our way home already when Jack called,” he said, sighing and nuzzling my neck.

“Me too,” I mumbled.

Chapter 147: You Have My Heart

Chapter 117: You Have the Heart

We spent the next couple of hours making love. The entire conversation with Carol had made Donald very on edge, and he had to make sure Amelia knew she was the only woman for him. It seemed he also made sure I knew I was his, too. He left the bed a short while ago to make dinner and told me to stay put until he called. Amelia had been sandwiched between us. We had definitely planned on going out for dinner, but I don't think Donald was up for that.

I couldn't imagine how hard it was for him to see her again. I know he doesn't love her, but she is the mother of his daughter, even if she was a terrible one at that. I wanted to go console him a little, but I didn't want to leave Amelia alone either, so I waited until she woke up. Her sexy little moans as she woke made my dick stiffen, even though I don't think I could actually perform after the marathon we'd just had.

“Hey, baby,” I said, kissing her forehead.

She moaned a happy little response, draping her legs over my body. Her eyes opened suddenly.

“Where is Donald?” she asked, almost frantically.

“Cooking dinner,” I replied, and she sat up, looking down at me.

“You think we should leave him alone?” she asked softly.

“Not actually, but I didn't want to leave you alone either.” She smiled, leaning down to kiss me. Then she noticed it was only me in the bed.

“I am a big girl; I don't need to be cuddled every time someone says something hurtful to me. I would never be able to function if the two of you always waded in to protect me,” she said. I didn't respond right away as I watched her get up and find some panties and a bra.



I sat up, leaning my head against the headboard and watched her. I know she is not a child, but I also know that she has been emotionally abused before, and I never wanted her to feel threatened by anyone.

“You are everything to me; you and Donald are my world. Nothing and no one is going to change that, but baby girl, you have been through some things. Even if you say you are a big girl and can handle your feelings and emotions, what kind of man would I be if I didn’t give you the emotional and physical protection you deserve, even if you think you don’t need it?” I watched her stop to look at me. I climbed out of the bed and walked over to her, cupping her neck in my hands.

“Please don’t deny me this.” I dropped my hand and placed it over her chest.

“I love you too much to let someone else come in and break what was mine to protect,” I said, and watched the tears pool in her eyes as she took in my words.

I know our relationship didn’t start off as well as it should have; we were obsessed with lust all the time, and over the past few weeks, I have realized I haven’t given her the emotional stability I know she needs, even if she claims she was fine.

“You have my heart, Justin, and you always have. I have forced myself to be so emotionally disconnected in fear of being hurt almost my entire life that letting you in is hard,” she mumbled.

I need to say that to Donald. I honestly don’t think he has been himself since the accident. He was so worried about you,” I said, wiping the tears that had slipped down her cheeks. I kissed her softly on each cheek. She pressed herself closer, and my dick decided to wake up, and I placed my hands on...

“Baby, you know you are incredibly sexy and fucking irresistible, but right now is not the time.” She pouted at my words, and I smiled softly.

“I know you have not been in a relationship that had more emotional connection than physical, but it’s all we do—fuck each other and never talk; we will continue to always be walking on eggshells.” She drops her eyes and takes a step back.

“In my past relationships, if there was a fight or disagreement, we seemed to just fix it with sex. We didn’t talk or communicate.”

I sat on the bed and studied her. It didn't help that that was what we had done for the past few months, and I sighed.

"You were with a boy, but now you are with grown-ass men. Yes, we love sex, but sex will always just be sex if there is no emotional connection," I say carefully. She bites her lip, a serious expression on her face.

"Talk to me, kale. You have my full undivided attention," I said.

She began to cry, her eyes welling occasionally. There was a long gap of silence as she collected her thoughts, and she finally stopped. She turned to face me.

"There is something about the beginning of our relationship that made me be a little closed off. I felt like I was more of a sexual addiction rather than..."

I wanted to spend what little time we had with... She started, and my expletive fell, but I tried my best to school my emotions and not butt in until she finished.

"It's not true, but up until the car accident, I felt that way. Then the accident—the way the two of you protected me, even though both of you have The Low, more than I do, but you willingly risked your lives to protect me. I knew for a fact you both loved me without a doubt, but then in the hospital, that Donald protected me knowing his daughter is the most important person for him—to recklessly risk his life for me—was eating at me." She started sobbing, tears sliding down her face. She wiped at them. I saw movement behind...

I realized Donald had come upstairs and was listening quietly at the...

(He would have still been alone, but it hurt to know how upset he was. Not because I wanted him to be proud of saving me, but because he could have, and Emily would be all alone. He had every right to be guilty about his decision, and then Emily asked if I was going to be her mother, and it broke my heart. Emily needs and deserves a mother, but I don't know if I am stable enough right now. I have had such a fucked-up past; I didn't even have a mother, so would I know how to be one? How do I know Donald would even want me to be one to his daughter?) She paused again, and my heart hurt at her words.

This is what happens when we don't communicate with each other. How long would she have let these feelings fester? Unless she ran away again? She seemed to...

“Listen, babe,” No matter how hard it is to talk about what you are feeling, there is no way we can continue this relationship if you hide your feelings from us. If it is a purely sexual relationship you want with us, it is not going to work out because Donald and I love you so much.” I paused; my eyes flickered to his. I could see the tears welling in his eyes from across the room. She was still unaware he was there.

“But we want this relationship to work; we want you to be a mother to our children. I don’t know how to be a father because mine was never present in my life, but I know it is something I can learn, and I know all new parents deal with that learning curve. I am sure Donald did, and we will be together.” I paused and stood up, walking over to the bed.

Baby, I never liked Donald more than you, or vice versa. You two came into my life at the same time and stole my heart at the same time. Donald and I may be more touchy-feely with each other because we have physical touch personalities, but baby girl, there is no loving one of you more than another. I love you both so fucking much. I am sorry if you have ever felt like an afterthought, I told her, pulling her into my arms, and my eyes met Donald’s, and I saw the pure veneration on his face.

I knew it was time for him to have a talk with her, so I pulled back and looked down at her.

“Talk to Donald, baby, and figure out what it is that is keeping you from him; this awkwardness needs to go away. We are a family, and we really need to start acting that way,” I said, and she nodded reluctantly.

“I will keep an eye on the food while you both talk,” I said, kissing her softly on the cheek before going to my closet and pulling on some sweats and leaving the...

I prayed this approach worked because I honestly didn’t know what else to do.

## Chapter 148: I Want to Be the Mother of Our Children

We were silent until Justin completely left the room, and she was putting her clothes on, which I was glad for. Her body was irresistible. I don't know when our intimacy began, but I was incredibly glad I had planned on talking to her because I was kind of tired of using our bodies instead of our words. It wasn't like I had initiated the intimacy, so I was to blame for the terrible communication. Her cheeks were tear-stained, and I studied her face. Coming

home to find Carol around the woman I loved was terrifying. She had a way with words and knew how to tear someone down with mere words. I know what she said—humiliating my girl. I went to her and took her hand, leading her to the couch by the window. I positioned them to face each other before making her sit down, and I sat across from her.

“Let me apologize to you first. Carol should never have been here, or even known where I lived. I called my mother, who always sees the best in people. She believed Carol when she told her that she wanted to make things right with me. So, she gave her our address. I am so sorry that happened. I will make sure security knows never to let her near you again,” she said, reaching out and grabbing my hand.

“Donald,” Abe stopped me. I couldn't read her expression, but she seemed pained. She had treasured me many times. So you don't have to...

Donald, I was a bit frazzled, but you have never made me feel like any of the things she said. I know your mother is a wonderful woman and would never do anything to hurt us.” She came out of her seat and knelt on her knees in front of me. Tears welled up in her eyes, and a wave of emotion washed over me.

“I love you, Donald,” she blurted out, her voice cracking.

“I didn't even know if I understood what love was until I met the two of you. I feel awful that all this terrible stuff happened, and I put you both in danger. It was eating me up inside. You both have so much to live for, so many people counting on you that...” Her voice broke, unable to continue, and I could see the weight of her guilt overwhelming her. I knelt down in front of her, my heart pounding in my chest, and interrupted her before she could finish.

“Don't, Amelia,” I choked out, my voice thick with emotion.

“Bad things happen, but I would rather have faced them with you than you deal with them alone. If we hadn't been there...” I trailed off, unable to finish the sentence, and the thought of her being hurt, or worse, was something that still kept me up at night.

“Whatever guilt you are carrying, drop it,” I pleaded, wiping the stray tears off her cheeks. I would risk my life for you a hundred times over, and I will always do my best to protect you. I would give up my life for yours because that is

how much I love you. She was openly sobbing now, and I pulled her into my arms, my heart breaking knowing she had been carrying so much guilt.

I waited patiently as she released all her pain through tears, knowing I couldn't let any confusion or miscommunication go like this again. She must have been miserable these past few weeks; I know I had been. I lost track of time as she cried in my arms, and when I finally looked up, it was dark outside, and the only light came from the hallway. Her sobs had turned into sniffles, and I gently shifted so I could see her face.

"Are you going to be okay, my sweet girl?" I asked softly, and she managed a smile—perhaps the first genuine one I had seen in a week.

"Yes," she croaked, her voice raspy from crying.

I smiled and leaned down to kiss her. She moaned into my mouth, wrapping her arms and legs around me. I stood up and sat back in the chair, her body pressed against mine. Her kisses got me so fucking hard, and I know she felt it too. She liked the lass and looked at me.

"You know that question you asked me a few weeks ago when we were looking at the fifth floor in your company?" she asked, rolling her hips against my...

A surge of pleasure ran through me.

"Yes, baby," I responded.

I thought about that question every day. I needed to know if she would want to be a mother to my daughter, but I also knew that was a lot to ask. She pushed off my lap and stood up, and I saw her eyes flicker down to the tent in my sweatpants, and the desire that filled...

"Sorry, I wouldn't be able to say what I needed to if I was distracted by..." Her voice faded as she gestured to my erection. I smirked, relieved that was what she...

"My dick," I finished the sentence for her, and she bit her bottom lip at my words. Her nipples were hard against her tank top, and my mouth watered. I looked up at her face so that I didn't get distracted, and she began to wring her hands and pace in front of me.

"So, at the hospital when I met Emily, I fell in love with her. The thought of her being a part of my life brought me so much joy, but then I saw how she

interacted with Justin and how the three of you interacted together, and I guess I just thought maybe I wouldn't fit in," she whispered. My brow furrowed, and I stood.

"Wouldn't it fit?" I asked, confused by her words.

"Sometimes I feel like a third wheel, and I didn't think I could be in a committed relationship if I didn't feel like I had a role in it," she said, and fresh tears came to her eyes. I closed the distance and cupped her face in my hands.

"Oh, baby girl," I murmured, pressing a gentle kiss to her forehead. "You fit so perfectly into my life that if you ever left, I would fall apart. When you ran away, I couldn't function, and if it wasn't for Justin, I wouldn't have made it at all. We were all new to navigating this relationship with three people, and if we don't communicate, how would I know how you feel about certain things? I am so sorry if I have ever made you feel like you aren't as important to me as Justin." I wiped her tears away with my thumb, and she nodded, understanding in her eyes.

"I want to be the mother Emily deserves," she said softly, her voice filled with emotion. "I want to be the mother of all the children we would have as a family; it is all I could really think about when it comes to the future. I don't have a mother, and I know how hard that is. I would never want Emily to experience the rest of her life without one."

I smiled, touched by her words. She would be a wonderful mother because even with all the confusion of the last few weeks, she had already been the person Emily needed.

"I just want you to know that Emily has already considered you her mother. She refers to you as Mansa, even though I told her we needed to make sure it was okay with you first," I mumbled.

The look of joy that filled her face made my heart so happy. Carol never once exhibited this type of happiness when it comes to Emily, and that always hurt so much.

"I told her that I haven't talked to you about it yet, and she told me what is there to talk about? Anyone who treats me as well as Amelia does and loves me more than words can express is fit to be my mother. She knows how much you love her; she is just waiting for you to tell her."

She wrapped her arms around me and jumped with excitement. She pulled back and kissed me hard, and then a few soft kisses that made me melt.

“Oh my goodness,” she squealed.

“I have to call her now.” She pulled away from me and went looking for her phone, and I smiled.

“Baby girl?” I called after her. She stopped and looked at me.

“Emily is at dinner now; we can call her before bed.” Her shoulders sagged slightly, but she nodded reluctantly. I went to her and pulled her into my arms.

“I don’t want her to go another second without knowing how much I care about her,” she said, her voice muffled against my chest.

Her words struck a chord deep within me, and I couldn’t hold back my tears. I held her tighter, feeling a surge of emotion. My daughter would finally have the love she deserved, and I felt, for the first time in years, like I had actually done something right.

Chapter 149: Bose Babe

Chapter 13: Mass Babe

Donald and I stayed upstairs for a little while, hugging and kissing. It felt different, not merely sexual, but with a newfound connection deeper than the physical. I was so glad we had that talk, especially before we spent six months exploring Australia.

The night was answering, not because we had sex, but because we were close with each other, with no more tension or unchecked feelings and emotions. It was just one family together and happy. We all tucked Emily in before she went to bed, and she said goodnight to us, calling me Mama, Justin, Papa, and of course, Donald, Daddy. In any other situation, I would probably find it extremely weird that she was at that level, but after what Donald shared with me and seeing Carol, I could tell she just craved a stable family environment, no matter how advanced she was.

The next morning, I came later than I would have liked; we were so comfortable when I woke up, sandwiched between the two people I loved most in the world. I wanted to stay there forever, but today was interview day for

my new assistant. I had narrowed the candidates down to three women, all around my age and newly graduated from the University. We had one week until our flight to Australia, so I planned on spending the next week with all three candidates to see if we would get along, as well as to see how they would work with Luke. I sighed just thinking about the busy week I would have. My men worked extremely hard, but they were off until Australia. Aside from picking out candidates as assistants, I haven't done any work since I left Maryland. I was getting lazy, I giggled at the thought.

"What we so fume?" Justin asked from behind me, placing his hand between my breasts and pulling me tighter against him.

"Today is my first day working in months; I have been a bit lazy," I said, and his deep chuckle rumbled against my back.

"I would say don't worry about it since you are with the boss, but Griffin and I made a deal that we would never play favorites, even if it was for love," he said, shifting and kissing my neck.

"Would you like some breakfast and coffee before you leave? I will go down and make it while you get ready for work," he added, his warm breath tickling my ear.

I shivered and turned to him slightly, pressing our lips together. He moaned and pressed his hips into me so I could feel his morning erection. I would have to leave that for Donald, who was still snoring slightly, deep asleep. We broke the kiss, basically panting but having the self-control to not go any further. We were making progress on that front, even if it had only been for a few hours.

"I would love some coffee, but I can grab something at the cafe at work," I said to him, giving him another soft kiss.

He smiled against my mouth before he slid out of the bed, and I reluctantly got up and went into the bathroom to get ready. Midway through my shower, I felt a body come up behind me, taking the loofah from my hand and washing my back.

"Excited for your first day?" Donald's sleep-filled voice asked after gently massaging my back and down my arms with my body conditioner.

I moaned at the feeling, once again wanting so badly to stay at home with my men. I just nodded in response, leaning back against him while he massaged the front of my body, taking his time around my breasts. I moaned again when



he pinched my nipples and brought his mouth down to my neck. He slid one hand down and cupped my pussy and squeezed. I basically poured out his name.

“Donald, I can’t be late,” I moaned, feeling his hard dick against my back.

“I’ll make sure you aren’t late, I promise,” he said, turning me and lifting me up.

I intimately wrapped my legs around him moments before he slid in deep. I cried out, dropping my head to his shoulder, and he pounded into me while I held on for dear life. We didn’t have a lot of shower sex, or anywhere he was showing just how strong he was, and I loved it. I kissed his neck before lifting my head and finding his lips; he shifted me so that my legs draped over his forearms, and his grip on my waist controlled my entire body as he fucked me hard. I know my scream filled the whole house as I relished in the pleasure. With each thrust, my clit rubbed against his hand and stomach until I gripped onto him tighter, and my orgasm crashed over me. He pounded me through it, and another one washed over me before the first faded.

“That is it, baby,” he murmured against my lips, sending shivers down my spine.

His words, with the closeness of his embrace, heightened every sensation in me, and moments later, as the last tremors of pleasure faded, he gently pulled out and set me down, ensuring I was steady on my feet before releasing me. We shared a few more kisses, and he whispered words of praise onto my mouth.

“You are more relaxed, rose. Ready to be a badass boss babe?” he asked jokingly, and I threw my head back and laughed.

“Never in a million years would I have thought those words would come out of your mouth,” I retorted. He grinned, flashing his beautiful smile and giving me one more kiss before turning off the water. He stepped out and wrapped me in a towel.

“I got something for you, for your first day,” he said, wrapping a towel around his waist and disappearing into my newly renovated closet that used to be Justin’s upstairs.

Both of them shared his original closet, and I got on with all my things. I didn’t even have enough clothes to fill it up, but Justin assured me that wouldn’t be

the case forever. Donald returned with a black bag filled with fluffy white tissue paper. I am not sure where it was stored because it wasn't there last night when I changed into my sleep clothes.

"Every boss babe needs these, especially on her first day of work," he said, and I walked over to the ottoman that was outside my closet and sat on it while I opened the bag. I pulled out a large tan box labeled Dior. I gaped and pulled out the most expensive shoes.

"Donald?" I gaped and looked over the glossy Louboutin heels with red bottoms.

These were my dream shoes, and I had told them about it when they asked me what was the perfect outfit to wear on your first day of work. It didn't cross my mind that they would be getting them. I jumped up and threw my arms around him.

"Oh my goodness, Donald, I love them," he chuckled.

"I'm glad; it was a bitch trying to hide them from you," he said, and I smiled.

"Hurry and get dressed so we can see you off and you aren't late; Justin would kill me if he knew I kept you from getting to work on time," he gave me another kiss and walked out. I rushed to my closet and pulled out the black and white striped contrast details blazer dress.

I found it on a website that I used to buy my clothes from before I was with a billionaire and a multimillionaire. It seemed more "me" than the high-fashion stiff I had bought on my last trip to Paris. I am my men's boss, at least. The outfit was comfortable, and I was sticking with it. I slipped into the shoes that fit perfectly and looked in the mirror. I didn't look like a boss babe. I took a deep breath and headed downstairs, and my shoes were making the sexiest clicking sounds.

"Oh, here she comes," Justin said as I rounded the corner to the kitchen. I rolled my eyes when Donald took a picture.

"Are you serious? Why do I feel like it's my first day of school?" I said, trying to act annoyed even though I loved how they were acting like proud parents.

A part of me was also kind of weirded out; they were my boyfriends and not my fathers. I paused, thinking about that for a moment, completely spacing out. Was I with these men who were extremely paternal because I lacked that

in my childhood? I immediately felt a little sick at that thought. I really didn't have any sort of normalcy in my life growing up. I had a great aunt who was fifty when I was just three years old. She technically shouldn't have been able to be my legal guardian because she was almost bedridden. I sighed, thinking about the memories I tried to block out my entire life. Why the fuck were they creeping up now?

"Baby girl, what just happened? You were all smiling, but then it was like you retreated?" Justin said, walking over to me, and I shook my head quickly. I will not ruin this day with my crazy thoughts. I smiled at him and wrapped my arms around him.

"Everything is okay, I promise. My mind just wandered, but I am fine," I said into his chest.

"I am also a little nervous, so that may be getting the better of me," he held me out at arm's length.

"You will do great, remember you are in charge. This project is yours, baby, and the only person who needs to approve anything is me and Griffin. No one else, so don't worry; you are great with people, and you know what you are doing. Take your skills and do your thing."

His words made me feel emotional; I loved the encouragement and reassurance he was giving me. He released me and went to grab another gift bag.

"This is from me," he said with a cheeky smile.

I raised one eyebrow; I thought the shoes were from both of them. I put my crossbody messenger bag down and my jacket and took the bag. I opened it carefully and gasped. A black Paloma Louboutin bag was staring back at me in all its black and red glory.

"I can't have my girl who is a boss now carrying a messenger bag. I am sorry, babe, but it was the only thing that you have that I don't like," he mumbled.

I had told him that I didn't like briefcases after he found my laptop in my messenger bag that I used all through university. I snorted at his retort and leaned up.

"This is too much, but I know you won't let me get something cheaper. So thank you, it truly is amazing."

“You had your chance,” Donald said as a knock came on the door.

That was the signal that Jack had the car ready. I gave them both another kiss and then grabbed my coffee while Justin switched my bags over.

“I love you both; I will check in when I can,” I said and walked out of the house.

## Chapter 150: You Got the Job

Amelia, a beautiful, curvy, chocolate-skinned woman from the company, was standing by the security desk. Matt handed her back her identity card and she went to sit in the cluster of comfortable chairs in the middle. I checked my phone; I still had twenty minutes before everyone was supposed to be here. I gestured for her to come over. I knew her name, but decided not to look her up on social media. They’d passed a background check, and their references were excellent.

“Hi, I’m Amelia,” I said, extending my hand. She smiled, almost as if relieved it was me, and stood up to shake my hand.

“I am Amala Opi, it is nice to meet you,” she responded.

She was a bit shorter than me, even in stilettos, and was wearing a form-fitting dress that flowed into a fiery pink skirt with a pair of strappy heels. I loved the way her hair fell straight down her back to her waist—absolutely perfect, in my opinion. I also loved the bright pops of color in her outfit and her muted, almost natural makeup.

“You look amazing, by the way. I love how the colors complement each other beautifully,” I said, and her smile widened, some of the nervous tension she’d been displaying easing.

“Thank you. I wasn’t sure about the vibe here, but when I saw you come in, I was relieved. I have seen a lot of the same type of muted outfits, and I didn’t want to stick out,” she said in a hushed tone.

We chatted, attracting a curious look from Matt. He smirked when our eyes met, and I knew he’d been told to keep an eye on me.

“Come on, let’s grab breakfast while we wait for the others,” I said, looking at my watch.

We had twenty minutes before we were supposed to meet in the lobby. She nodded, and we headed to the elevator. Over the next fifteen minutes, we talked about literally everything. I knew we would get along great, and a part of me wanted to just send the other two candidates home, but I couldn't play favorites. I promised myself I would give each of them a fair shot.

Amaka is a local, even though she attended one of the best universities. She moved back to this city three months ago to stay close to her mother, who was sick with cancer. She had a pretty successful career as a plus-size model and used it to cover her education fees, but now, with her mother's illness, she needed a more steady income.

"Plus-size modeling isn't big here, so when I saw this opening, I jumped at the opportunity. I have worked as a personal assistant for a few fashion designers and a couple of photographers in the last six years, in between modeling contracts, so I was grateful my experience and my degree would give me a chance," she explained after I asked her what made her apply here.

"Well, your references spoke highly of you, but I need someone who doesn't need me to hold their hand, especially since for the first six months, I will be in Australia. I need someone who can take initiative and get the job done while I'm away." She nodded, soaking up everything I told her.

I glanced at my watch; twenty minutes had passed, and we needed to go back downstairs. When we got to the lobby, no one else was there. I told her to say hello to Matt.

"Are any of my other potential assistants here?" I asked.

"No, ma'am," he replied and nodded.

If they weren't here in the next ten minutes, I would be forced to give the job to Amaka Ogu, which I wouldn't be too sad about. I headed back to her.

"Before the architect arrives, I will need you to work closely with him while I am away. So it will be imperative that the two of you get along," I said, sitting next to her, and she nodded.

Or rather, the architect, in all his silver-fox glory, walked in. She glanced over at where I was looking, and it didn't escape my notice, either, the way her thighs pressed together. I stood up, extending my hand to him; his devilish smile lit up his face.

“Hello, Amelia. It is a pleasure to see you again,” he said, leaning down to kiss me on both cheeks. (He and his brother met him in England, and it surprised me; they knew a lot of people from out of the country and in this city as well.)

“Hi, Jonny. It is great to see you again. This is my new assistant, Amaka Ogu. She will be working closely with you while I am overseas with Justin and Donald. Amaka, this is Jonny; he has decided to personally spearhead this project for me.”

When Jonny’s eyes met hers, I knew for a fact there was some history. His smile broadened as he shook her hand, which I noticed was trembling slightly. I would have to pull her aside to make sure it wasn’t a bad interaction they’d had in the past.

“Hi, Amaka,” he mumbled her name; his tone sounded like pure silk.

She bit her lip at his words. They had been together, I was sure of it. She must be around my age, and this man could be old enough to be her father, but I wasn’t mad about it.

“Who would have known our paths would cross again after all these years?” he purred, his accent thickening.

“M-Mr. Jonny,” she stammered.

“I would never have thought it would,” she said softly.

I stood there as their hands stayed connected and they stared at each other. I love a good romance, especially the long-lost-lover kind.

“Well, it looks like my other two candidates won’t be getting the job. I don’t tolerate tardiness; let’s head to the fifth floor, and we can get started,” I said, turning towards the elevator, and I had fast-clicking heels following—

“Wait, does that mean I got the job?” she asked in a hushed whisper when she caught up with me. I grinned at her and handed her the tablet that was stashed in my bag.

“If you want it, that’s it,” I said, and her beautiful eyes glistened with unshed tears as she nodded quickly. I smiled at her; I may be happier about it than she is.

“We will talk about all the details when Jonny leaves,” I whispered, and she nodded again, dabbing the corner of her eyes with a finger.

Jonny stepped into the elevator behind us, purposefully standing next to her. I watched as his eyes roamed down her body slowly and then hardened; I hoped he could focus today.

The next two hours, Jonny and Amaka were nothing but professional, the spell seeming to release them as they worked with me to get started on the groundwork of this project. When he left, almost reluctantly handing her his card for business reasons—which I almost snorted at—I turned to her, eager for details.

“Oh my goodness, Amaka. You have to spill the beans about what that was all about,” I said. She blushed and set the tablet down, taking a deep breath.

“Just after my sophomore year of college, I spent the summer in Ogume working as the assistant to the creative director of May & Bare. Even in a busy company like that, there was so much leisure time, so I would go out and explore. I love music, so I went to an opera house; it wasn’t the most expensive or glorious one, but it was known for new up-and-coming artists. Well, when I got there, apparently, it was sold out for the night, and I was devastated to the point of literal tears. It was silly, I know, but I had been so excited to experience opera, and my silly self didn’t think to buy a ticket online. Anyway, Jonny was walking up as I was trying to get a taxi but failing. He offered to help but saw me crying and asked what was wrong.” She looked up at me.

“I told him everything, and this silly little smile crossed his face. He invited me to his box as his guest and told me a woman as beautiful as I am should have everything she could ever want.” She paused again, her eyes growing distant. I gaped at her in surprise.