

# Unrepairable Love / I married a man

## Chapter 151: I Am in a Very Unconventional Relationship

Amelia translated the entire opera for me because they didn't have celebrities like the ones here. Can you imagine a stranger whispering words of love and tragedy into your ear for three months? Not only that, but he had champagne and strawberries—he might as well have swept me off my feet. I was a hot mess when it was over, and he apparently was affected by it because he invited me to his house for dinner. We talked until dawn, and then he took me home to the tiny room I was renting for the summer and kissed me senseless. He begged for another date, and of course, I said yes.” Amila said, a tear rolling down her face as she spoke. This must have been the most emotional thing for her.

He was with me when I found out about my mother's illness, and he flew me home on his private jet. After work, we kissed and shared a bed, but we never had sex, the months of his making sure I was okay. We spent every day together before I was confused, all that but no sex. That was so different from what I was used to.

“What happened?” I asked, bracing myself for the blow I knew was coming in this too-good-to-be-true story.

I told him it was time for me to go back to school, which he tried to pay for, but I refused. He created this wonderful dinner and even arranged a private opera performance right in his house, and it was the most romantic thing. When all the festivities were over, he told me why we were physical to the point of almost having sex. He was a married man.” Her voice cracked on those words; my mouth dropped open, and I was lost for words.

“He was on his knees in front of me; he told me he came from a very rich family and it was required of him to marry the woman his father chose to strengthen the family business. He was married as soon as he turned twenty and graduated from the university. He was in tears, and even though my heart broke, it broke me even more to see him like that. He told me his brother had deserted the family to go to Spain, but he had to stay or it would break his parents' hearts. After twenty years of marriage, he was used to it. He didn't

hold any animosity or anger; she had become his friend, they didn't have any children though, and he started spending his time away, working because things had become rocky at home. He picked Ogune for the summer and met me." She paused, taking a deep breath.

"He told me he fell in love with me and was selfish and wanted every minute with the girl he knew he could never have. He begged for forgiveness, but he knew he wouldn't be able to live with himself if he had sex with me knowing his body belonged to another." She stood again, letting her tears flow freely.

Hearing her, I felt like listening to a woman who had years of life and pain—so much pain. To find love so young and then not be able to actually keep it must be heartbreaking. It made me want to go to my men; I had been so stupid for all the ways I had acted. I had them, and they freely wanted me. I wanted them, and no one was keeping us apart or standing in our way. I handed her a tissue to wipe her eyes; my eyes began to water. This was the saddest story I have ever heard.

"He is not married now," I blurted out, remembering Justin telling me his wife passed away two years ago.

"His wife passed away," I said in a whisper; her eyes brightened and then dimmed.

"I feel so stupid for that hope that just passed through me. It has been almost five years, even if we could have something again, I doubt it would happen. He was a rich man who took advantage of an inexperienced eighteen-year-old girl in the most fucked-up way ever." She said, trying to sound convincing.

Age-gap relationships stigma is different in other countries. What he did wasn't right, but at least he had the decency to be respectful about it. Not having sex must have been extremely hard, especially from the connection I felt in your words." I said, and she bit her lip and then smiled.

Of all the men I have ever met, he has never left my mind, and I have never let another man have my heart or my body for that matter. I just felt so guilty that I left him crying into his hands on his knees as I left and never looked back. I made sure I was on the first flight back home and blocked all his contact, but I never stopped loving him." She said, and I smiled.

"Now is the right time; there is nothing stopping you both from reconnecting. I could see the connection you had even before I knew your story." I said,

moving closer and gently taking her hand. I'm in a very unconventional relationship myself, but as long as you approach it with care, it is okay to do things differently. As long as you both agree, respect each other, and love unconditionally." She nodded and hugged me.

I can't wait to hear the rest of their story; I knew it would be hard because both their hearts have been scorched, but I knew with time, they would be able to be whole again. They would find their happiness again; who knows, that is why the almighty made their paths cross again. They were destined to be together, and I'm looking forward to that.

## Chapter 152: I Want To Get Married

Justin used a few more hours and Donald crawled back in with me, pulling me into his arms. We had been so busy the last few weeks that we never really had downtime. Even though technically, we are supposed to be packing for Australia, right before I was about to drift off...

"I need to ask you something," he said. I turned to face him, waking up fully; his tone sounded serious.

"What is it?" I asked, wrapping my arms around his back and pulling close so that our foreheads were touching.

"I want to get married." He said. My eyebrows shot up. I knew eventually we would make a commitment like that, but I hadn't thought too much about it.

"I want to get married, but I don't know how to marry both of you. I want us to have children when the time comes and to be the whole family we always dreamed of, and I know that is also your dream. So how do we do that?"

I took a moment to think about it while tracing a circle on his back. I really hadn't thought about how we would go about doing it; how we could protect both Amelia and our children.

"Honestly, I wish I could answer you right now, but we need to talk to Amelia. I don't care if you marry me or her, to be honest, as long as you are both in my house, in my bed, and we are a family here. That legal stuff doesn't matter. Regardless of the situation, you will both be in my will, and whatever children we decide to have, there is no favoring one over another. It's just legal formalities; what matters is what actually happened here." I placed a hand over his chest.

He sighed before softly bringing his lips to mine. I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him tighter against me. He broke the kiss before it got too deep, and I groaned. He chuckled but shifted so that he was on top of me.

“You know, if you would have asked me a year ago, or even six months ago, that I would ever date a man, I would have laughed. It’s amazing how love works,” he said, his weight straddling me. His dick was growing hard against my stomach, and I wanted him so bad. I heard him in the shower with Amelia this morning, but I knew from how quick it was, he was far from satiated.

“I feel the same way. I have been around same-sex relationships for most of my life, and to be honest, I have thought about it but never really too seriously. I guess I just needed the right person.” I ran a finger down his bare chest, stopping at the waistband of his boxers.

“Maybe you should take this off,” I whispered. He hesitated, shifting to take them off, then taking mine off until we were both naked. We hadn’t been one-on-one in a while; I haven’t had one-on-one time with Amelia in a while either. Not that there’s not something about the one-on-one time that you don’t get when it’s all three of us.

I am coming. I love it when we are all together, but there is...

“Fuck, baby,” he whispered against my lips.

“I need you inside me.” I leaned into his mouth. Fuck the foreplay; I ached to have him. He groaned what seemed like his approval before turning me over. His body heat left me as he went shuffling to the nightstand for lubricant.

“Tuck, I think we are out,” he said frantically.

We might be; I haven’t bought any since the first time, but I got a lot of it. He got off and I heard him rush into the bathroom. He came back and climbed onto the bed. I felt a cool drop of what I thought was oil on my ass, and I arched back, opening up for him. He added some more and massaged it into my ass with his fingers.

“This will act as the lube,” he whispered, kissing my back and then up to my neck. I arched into him, letting him know I was ready, and he pushed into me slowly. I felt the difference in the less lubricant, but I was so desperate, and it wasn’t even a big deal. I felt the urge to cum immediately, but I pushed it off. I pushed back into him as he thrust in again, picking up the pace as I adjusted to his girth.

“Oh my goodness, you are so tight,” he groaned, pounding relentlessly into me. The slight twinge of pain with the overwhelming sensation had me making sounds I usually hear coming from Amelia.

“That is it, baby. Let me hear how good this makes you feel,” he muttered into my ear, pounding into me even harder. I loved the strength he had and that he let me feel it all.

“I am going to cum!” I cried out, reaching down to grab my painfully hard dick. He turned me so that we were on our sides, and he reached around and covered my hand in his and moved it up and down my length, slowing his thrust. The sensation to cum faded a little by the change in speed, and I knew he did it on purpose.

“Not yet,” he groaned into my neck, slowly burying himself deep and pulling back out. He stayed at this pace, torturing me with pleasure as he stroked my dick and took my ass. I groaned out, reaching around and grabbed his hair and pulling on it. He hissed, latching his lips to my neck and sucking on the skin, and that was all it took as I fell over the edge, my sperm shooting out all over the bed and his hand. He moaned, whispering words of praise into my ear as he pounded into me harder, keeping a tight grip on my dick that was still leaking. He pulled out slowly and rolled me to my back, and I was still panting hard. He took my dick in his mouth and sucked me until I was rock hard again.

“Fuck,” I groaned out, pumping my hip up into his mouth. I fisted his hair as I pushed my dick to the back of his throat. He was getting better at not gagging, and it was fucking hot. He released my dick with a pop and looked up at me. I knew what he wanted without him even asking. I pushed him back onto the bed and climbed on top of him. I kissed him as I grabbed the oil and popped the top. I pulled back and draped his legs over my thighs so that his ass was lifted to the perfect angle. I poured the oil onto his hole and massaged it in and pushed two fingers inside him.

“Oh fuck,” he moaned, lifting his hips even more into my fingers. Watching him fuck himself onto my fingers was so erotic that it was hard to keep my composure.

“Fuck me,” he whispered after he worked himself to a panting mess. I removed my fingers and replaced them with the head of my dick. I pushed in deep, and we groaned out together. I leaned down and kissed him, bringing his knees

wide as I laid in between them. He grabbed me hard as I picked up speed until he was crying out into my mouth.

“Cum for me,” I whispered against his mouth, and he exploded at my words, coating both our chests.

“I fucking love you,” I whispered into his mouth. He smiled weakly in response as I continued to move slowly inside him.

“I fucking love you too,” he said, and immediately, I felt my release flow over me, and I came inside him.

### Chapter 153: I Miss Her

Anemia came back home much later than expected. Justin had been restless when she called to say she would be late. We weren't thinking *that* late when seven o'clock rolled around and she wasn't home. She told us not to wait for her to eat dinner and that she would grab something. Justin didn't like that either; we ate with him brooding, and it was interesting to see him like this.

“What is going through your head right now?” I asked him after the sound of forks and knives on plates as we ate silently, and it was starting to drive me crazy. He sighed and put his fork down; he had barely touched his food.

“I guess I'm used to working so much that it keeps me occupied. I miss her right now, and she has been gone for almost twelve hours. It is driving me crazy,” he said, running his hands through his slightly too long hair, and I smiled softly.

“How do you think she was feeling when we were gone? Probably the same, even if she never mentions it. You own the place; you could go see her at any moment,” I said to him, and he made a face.

“If I did that, she would probably make a comment about me being a helicopter parent instead of a hot boyfriend,” he said, putting a steamed carrot into his mouth.

I tried so hard to hold back the laughter that was bubbling up at the look of his pouting face. It was **f\*cking adorable**, but I knew he would not like that. I cleared my throat and looked down at my plate. I missed her too, but I also knew she would be home at the end of the day. I thought it was so sweet that he missed her, and I also knew that under regular circumstances, we would all have been at work today, and he wouldn't be feeling this way.

“Well, just know it is only temporary. We will all be at home when we get back, and there will be no sitting around and waiting,” I told him, and the garage door beeped as it opened.

Justin was out of his seat in a flash. I heard a grunt and then a giggle. I was silent for a moment and then I heard a moan. Well, I continued to eat my food, letting him have his time. After a minute, they came into the dining room. She looked tired, but she was glowing, and I smiled at her.

“Hey, gorgeous, how was your day?” I asked as she rounded the table to give me a kiss.

“Amazing, only one of the candidates showed up. One called an hour later that she was almost there, and the other one never contacted me. I hired Amaki; we got along so well, and she is such an amazing lady. She got along with everyone too; they loved her,” she said, sitting in Justin’s lap when he didn’t give her anywhere else to go.

He went to work on kissing her neck and shoulders through her dress and massaging her body. She was affected by his advance but was trying so hard to focus on me.

“That’s great, the one who should be a good fit. You worked with Jonny today. How did that go?” I asked. Her eyes closed slightly as Justin started to massage her feet. She hummed before responding in a breathy voice.

“Umm, Jonny was great. He was smitten with Amaka though; apparently, they had history. I am curious to see what happens over the next six months, but they clearly still like each other. But I am not a matchmaker of any kind, so I am going to stay out of it,” she said, leaning her head back on Justin’s shoulder.

“That feels so good, my shoes are so comfortable, but I’m not used to wearing heels for that long.”

“I will rub your sexy feet whenever you want, babe,” he said, kissing her neck again.

She cut her eyes to me and gave me a look. Justin was being super clingy, and neither of us had seen that side of him yet. I don’t think he hated it, though.

“I made some cheesecake, do you want some?” I asked her, and her eyes lit up.

“Oh yes, I can eat it in the bathtub, though. I need a soak,” she said, and Justin’s head popped up.

“No worries, I will go start the bath for you, so when you are done, you can just slip in,” he said, and gently moved her to the other seat and headed out of the room.

“Oh my goodness, what happened today? He has never been like this,” she said, and I smiled.

“He just missed you. He has been pouting since you called and said you would be late,” I replied, cutting a slice of the cheesecake and handing it to her.

It was her favorite dessert, and I made it just for her. The first bite, she closed her eyes and moaned softly, and the sound went right to my *d ck. F ck*, the sound she made is so sexy.

#### Chapter 154: I Want More Children

“How did you find out about Johnny and Amaka?” I asked, trying to ignore the intense feeling of need that just hit me. I wanted her to enjoy her food before Justin, and most likely me as well, devoured her tonight.

“From the moment they saw each other, you could feel the need coming off them. They were nothing but professional around me, but it was kind of like when I met you and Justin for the first time. I could see how much you wanted each other,” she said, licking her spoon in a way that probably wasn’t supposed to be sexy, but I was about to cum in my pants. I stared at her mouth as she took another bite.

“The kind of how you were looking at me right now,” she added in a sexy voice. I bit my bottom lip and raised my eyes to meet hers. Her breath caught, and she dropped her spoon.

“Maybe we should go upstairs,” I said, my voice coming out a lot deeper than intended.

She nodded and hurriedly stood up. I grabbed the food and followed her out of the room. I put it away and double-checked the doors before heading upstairs. I would clean up later. I took the stairs two at a time, and when I got to our room, I found Justin stripping her. He was being so frantic, and it had her giggling.



“Justin,” she whimpered when he gave up and ripped her dress open.

She wasn't upset by it, just kind of shocked, and I was shocked too. Ripping clothes off was my thing. I stepped back and leaned against the door as I watched him crash her mouth into his. The way she melted into him was sexy as f ck, but I wasn't ready to join in. I just wanted to watch for now. She reached for his clothes and pulled his shirt over his shoulder. She dropped to her knees and pulled her shirt down. She pushed him back a little so that he was sitting on the edge of the tub and took his d ck into her mouth. He dropped his head back and groaned, fisting her hair in his hands.

“F\*ck, baby. That feels amazing.” He groaned, using his hand to guide her back and forth.

I was completely hard; it was almost painful standing there and watching. His eyes met mine, and the smile he gave me was intoxicating.

“Are you going to just stand over there, or are you going to join us?” he asked with a moan.

The next few hours, Justin and Donald took turns pleasuring me. It was as if they hadn't seen me in days, not mere hours. By the time midnight rolled around, I was spent and limp from multiple orgasms, and Justin was now in the process of giving me a much-needed foot massage while I laid on Donald's chest. We had already taken another shower and changed the cum-soaked bedsheets. He was enjoying the foot rub more than I was, I'm not saying that it was bad, but he was really into it.

“You can always come by the office if you need to see me during the day. I won't be upset,” I said to him. He smiled softly and kissed my ankle.

“Most likely, I will,” he replied without hesitation.

“Are you tired?” He asked, his face growing serious, and I shook my head. I was a night owl.

“What are your thoughts on marriage?” He asked, and my eyebrows shot up, and I looked up at Donald. He smiled softly and kissed my forehead.

“I don't know, I haven't thought about it. What are your thoughts?” I asked him. He looked over my shoulder and at Donald before responding.

“I want more children,” he mumbled.

“Wait, do you want more children?” He asked me. I loved that he already considered Emily his child.

“That is good, we want more children and obviously unless we adopt. But we would need you to have them, so to protect them and you if one of us marries you.”

I thought about it; if I had a child with one of them, that child would already be protected no matter who the biological father was.

“I don’t need protection. Both of you have legacies to uphold and to pass on to your children. I think you guys should marry,” I muttered, and a look of apprehension crossed his face, and his eyes flickered to Donald, and the look turned into worry. Donald’s arms instinctively tightened around me.

“I don’t know,” he said softly, looking back at my feet. I pulled my leg down and moved so that I could look at both of them.

“Why did you both just react to what I said in not a good way?” I asked. They exchanged another look before Donald spoke up.

“Baby girl, if Justin and I married, would those feelings you had come back up?” He asked slowly. It took me a second to realize what he was referring to.

They thought that if they married, I would be jealous and feel left out. They had every right to feel that way because of how I was feeling just a few days ago, but I didn’t anymore. Not after our conversation.

“No, I am happy, content, and in love, and I know nothing will change that,” I said, and they both stared at me for a long time before looking at each other.

The looks on their faces were priceless, and they were also so adorable. Justin needed a haircut, or he would be out here with a man bun like his brother Griffin. I reached up and ran my fingers through his hair, resting my hand on his shoulder. I ran my other hand over Donald’s chest and then wrapped my arm around, pulling both of them into me. We hugged for a while, Justin turning his face into my neck and inhaling my scent.

Today was the longest we have spent apart since the hospital, and I could tell he was dealing with separation anxiety. Usually, we share an extended meal together and would stick around the office to be with both of them or one of them individually. It was sad that he was feeling so overwhelmed that I had been gone, but a small part of me was relieved that he couldn’t bear to be apart

from me for this long. I didn't know what Donald was feeling because he seemed much more composed, but that was him. Justin wore his emotions on his sleeve, which I was okay with.

"Just promise you will take my last name like Justin will," Donald stated after a while. Justin shuddered and gripped onto us tighter. He loved the idea.

"I promise," I said with a giggle.

These men were so possessive, and I loved it. We fell asleep shortly after, and I woke up to the smell of bacon and something sweet filling the air. I could tell I was in bed alone; it was early, and I instantly regretted staying up so late. Justin walked in the room with only his tight boxers on, and he looked delicious. His lean body looked tighter this morning, and his abs more pronounced; he must have worked out this morning.

"Good morning, babe," he said with a smile and a cup of coffee in his hand.

"Sorry we kept you up so late," he said, and I sat up and took the extended cup of coffee from his hand.

He has the top-of-the-line espresso and cappuccino machine, and I thanked God for it every day.

"Good morning," I said, my voice betraying me. He smiled again; he looked so giddy this morning, and I didn't know why.

"You want to f\*ck?" He asked with a cocky grin, and I choked on my coffee.

I laughed but then realized he was serious, and I looked at the clock. I would already be cutting it close at this rate, and I could see he was already hard and ready through his boxers.

*"Do you think we f ck too much?" I asked. He feigned hurt but laughed as he stood and pulled down his boxers. His d ck sprang out and was sitting in full attention.*

I put the coffee mug down and pulled the blanket off me. I slept naked most of the time, and he climbed over me and settled between my legs, kissing my neck. He was acting so strange, but I wouldn't complain, at least not yet.

"Before I do this, I noticed you don't have any more birth control pills," he said into my neck as the realization that I hadn't taken it in a few days hit me hard.

He trailed his tongue down to my nipple and sucked on it. I gasped.

“Justin, that is not good,” I said, pushing at his shoulder.

“What if...” my words faded as his tongue made it down to my torso and then between my parted legs, and he sucked my cl\*t into his mouth.

“Oh f\*ck,” I groaned, my back arching up.

He slid one arm up and splayed his hands between my breasts and pressed me down into the mattress. Dammit, I was loving this side of him. He ate me out so thoroughly that I thought I would cum ten times instead of just one.

When I came down from my high, he was looking up at me, a gleam in his eyes. He crawled back up my body and kissed me, letting me taste myself on his mouth. He spread my legs apart and teased my entrance with his d\*ck, but he didn’t push in. He was waiting for my permission.

But was I okay with the idea that I could get pregnant at any time?

## Chapter 155: You Deserve Everything And More

Amelia was hesitating, but she was considering it. I didn’t want her to feel pressured, but when I saw the birth control was out on the counter and the case empty, something changed. I wanted another child; the idea of having a little Donald, Justin, or Amelia crawling around here made me so excited.

I asked Donald what he thought, and he was game. We played rock-paper-scissors to decide who got to ask Amelia because we both wanted to. The idea of expanding our family filled me with so much joy, and him too. We both agreed we wouldn’t rush it or pressure her, but if we needed to, we would go get condoms if she couldn’t get more birth control.

“Did you talk to Donald about it?” she asked breathlessly as I rubbed my dick up her slit.

“Yes, but I get to ask you,” I mumbled.

“It’s probably not fair that you are using your body knowing I can’t resist you,” she said in a tone so serious that I immediately pulled back and went to the edge of the bed. Did she think I was using sex to get what I wanted? She burst out laughing and pulled me back to her, kissing me soundly, and relief washed over me.

“Of course, I know you are not using sex to get what you want. I know you’re excited at the idea of expanding our family, and I am too. I don’t want to go back on the pill if this is what we all want,” she said after breaking the kiss.

I slid deep inside her without needing another word, loving the feel of her tight heat wrapped around me. I took my time, making love to her knowing she was going to be extremely late, but I was the fucking CEO, and I could excuse her tardiness. I rolled her over so that she was on top of me, and I gave her control. Leaning up to suck her nipples into my mouth as she rode me.

“Umm, that’s it, baby. Ride me,” I groaned. She bounced up and down relentlessly on my dick.

She wrapped her arms around my neck and rolled her hips slowly, pushing me in even deeper. I gripped her ass and thrust my hips up into her.

“You are amazing, baby,” I breathed, kissing her neck and then her mouth. She moaned, pressing her breast into my chest.

“I am going to cum, Justin,” she gasped, her knees beginning to shake, and I took over as she rode out her orgasm, her head falling back as her body stuttered through her climax. I have never felt cum so hard and, in seconds, I followed her right over the edge.

“Oh yes, baby. I love you so fucking much,” I moaned out as I fell back onto the bed, taking her with me.

“Gosh, that was amazing,” I said through my deep breaths. She smiled against my neck, tangling her fingers into my hair.

“And now, I am late for work,” she said softly, and I kissed her forehead.

“I am sure your boss won’t mind,” I said cheekily, and she giggled.

“Bit,” she said, and I sat up and scooted off the bed with her in my arms.

“Of course, hot baby girl.”

We showered together and almost made it out before I had the urge to take her again in the shower, but we didn’t make it out. Shower sex was definitely becoming a favorite of mine. Pushing her up against the glass and taking her from behind as she screamed my name. It was fucking hot as we came together.

I eventually let her go and watched her get dressed. When she walked into her closet, she gasped before coming back to face me. Her arms were crossed, and a look of utter astonishment was on her face. Yesterday, we had my personal shopper bring over five new outfits, each with a pair of the best heels money could buy to match. We wanted to spoil our girl, and we enjoyed doing it. The new space in my old gym rooms was only a third of the way full, and she had room for so much more.

“Justin, you two don’t have to get me these things,” she said, crossing her arms.

I purposefully beamed my proudest smile as I stood up and watched her eyes eat it up. I tried not to laugh because I was totally being a mess right now.

“Our girl deserves everything and more,” I said to her, walking to her and kissing her neck. I gave her ass a smack when I pulled back, and she squeaked.

“Get dressed and meet us downstairs; you really do need to be heading to the office.” Her mouth gaped open, she muttered, and walked out of the room.

I joined Donald in the kitchen; he had made her a hearty breakfast of eggs, pancakes, and bacon to take with her.

“So?” he asked, putting his coffee mug down, and I walked over to him and pulled him into me.

“I love you so fucking much,” I said to him, and he moaned as I kissed him.

“Justin is horny this morning,” her sexy voice came from behind me. I released Donald’s mouth before turning to look at my girl. She was wearing a blue and pink blouse with sexy blue leather pants and her tan red-bottom heels. I felt a pang of jealousy knowing everyone at the office would see her today beside me. I saw a flash of confusion cross her face as I looked at her. I smiled because I realized I was scowling at the thought I was having.

“I will bring you lunch and Amaka too, just let me know what you want,” I said to her.

“You look amazing, baby girl.” She smiled against my lips but stepped back before it got too deep. Neither of us had the power to say no today.

“Sexy as fuck,” Donald chimed in, walking over and placing a chaste kiss on her mouth. I wasn’t sure where he got all this self-control from because I could

barely contain myself. A knock on the front door interrupted us, and I sighed. She had to leave.

“I will check in throughout the day,” she said, giving me another quick kiss.

“I love you,” she whispered against my mouth, and I smiled.

She gave Donald another kiss as well before heading out. I sighed, sitting on the stool at the counter. Donald slid a plate in front of me; I mumbled my thanks and began to pick at it. I hated that I felt so clingy all of a sudden.

“What is going through your head right now, baby?” he asked after a while.

I looked at him; he was here with me, then why was I feeling this way? I thought back over the last couple of weeks; it started after Donald’s ex showed up at the house. I hated that we weren’t with her when that woman was trying to hurt our girl. She has already been through hell and back.

“I don’t know, I guess I feel helpless when she is not around. I want to protect her, and I can’t do that when I am not with her,” I said softly. His face softened, and I saw that he knew exactly how I felt.

“I asked Matt to put a security guard on her,” he said quietly, and my eyebrows shot up. I wasn’t aware of this.

“I have been feeling the same way, especially after Emily’s mother showed up. I feel helpless as well, especially after the attack, and I know I can’t hover around her like I want to all day because it would drive her crazy. So that was the best option I could think of. I gave her strict instructions to not let Carol near her or even on the property of the company. I know Matt’s men are loyal, but Carol is crazy and extremely resourceful, and I don’t know what she is capable of.”

I was taken aback by his words, but I believed him.

“I will make sure we have security in Australia; I don’t want a repeat of Thailand,” I said softly, and he nodded. We couldn’t take any chances. He stood up and came to me, cupping my face in his hands.

“We won’t drop the ball this time,” he said softly before kissing me deeply.

Chapter 156: I Can’t Resist You

Amaka was waiting patiently in the lobby for me to arrive. Jonny was almost there, and I immediately felt bad that I was over twenty minutes late. My steps faltered as I saw them talking, the way she was looking at him as if he hung the moon. He was tracing small circles into her palm as they tallied, and I'm pretty sure they didn't know how they looked and probably wouldn't care either. I am certain that the two of them working together would reconnect easily.

His eyes flickered to me, and she tried to hide her smile. I cleared the dials on my key fob and made my way to them.

"My apologies for being late. It really isn't like me," I said. He stood up and helped her up as well, their fingers lingering a few seconds longer than needed before he released her.

"No worries, we were enjoying the time to catch up," he said, looking down at her.

It was a look I was familiar with. I have seen it on Canffin, Logan, and Rodrigo's faces so many times when they looked at Lonnna. I have also seen it on, and even Matt when he looked at Jocelyn. It was a look of pure adoration, and I smiled.

"Great, we can be upstairs soon," I said to them.

The next few hours flew by. Jonny was a very efficient man. He already had five different blueprints for optional layouts for me to choose from, and he explained each thoroughly until we made a decision on which one would suit our needs best.

"I have to say this one is my favorite. I will have the quote sent to you and Justin by the end of the business day," he said, and I nodded.

By the time we finished, it was already lunchtime, and he invited us both to accompany him to lunch. I declined with a smile but urged Amaka to go. After some persuasion and assuring her that I would not be eating lunch alone, she went with him, and he placed a possessive hand on the small of her back as they left. I smiled in their wake. I wondered if that was how Justin and Donald looked with me. I texted Justin and let him know that Amaka wouldn't be eating with me today and to just bring me anything.

Twenty minutes later, he and Donald arrived with a cooler of food. I was glad they were both here, and Justin, of course, was wearing a suit because he was



all about appearance even when technically off-duty. They closed the door to my office and set the blinds.

“What time is Amaka coming back?” Donald asked, setting out the food on the small table to the side of my office.

“I gave her two hours because I wanted more time with you both, and we got a lot done already today,” I replied, accepting the plate of homemade chicken stir-fry.

Of course, it was delicious, and I had to hold myself back from moaning. I hadn’t eaten my breakfast, too preoccupied looking over my game plan for the day. We fell into a comfortable silence until we were interrupted by Justin’s phone, and he sighed when he looked at the screen.

“Deborah, I need to take this,” he said, and we nodded as he left the room.

I put my plate down and sighed, looking at Donald radiating with a content look on his face. It made me happy that he was happy, even with his ex showing up. He probably never felt love like he has now, neither have I, or even Justin. I smiled at him, and when he looked up at me, he smiled back.

“What’s on your mind, baby girl?” he asked, and I shook my head.

“Just reflecting right now,” I said, taking another bite of my food under his very searching eyes.

He stood up and stretched, and I took in his tall, muscular frame. He was wearing a tight black long-sleeve shirt that showed off every delicious sculpted line of his chest and fitted black pants that showed off his sexy ass and thick thigh muscles. I almost purred; if that was possible, he was so fucking sexy, and my body didn’t work right now. He walked over to the large office window that looked out onto the busy work floor and closed all of the blinds. Then he walked to me and took my hands. I stood up.

“Whenever you are looking at me like that, I can’t resist you,” he said, pulling me into his body. My arms immediately went around his neck, and I tiptoed up to meet his lips. It felt all new, and I couldn’t help it. I murmured against his lips.

He hummed, lifting me up, and I wrapped my legs around him as he walked me over to the wall. There really was no place to do what I knew was coming in

this office, but nothing was going to stop us. The door opened, and Justin walked in with a frustrated look on his face.

“I have to run up and talk to Tiberals and Teplou right now,” he said. He didn’t see us pressed against the wall until Ketanel stormed out. The intensity completely killed the moment I was in, and when I looked at Donald, I could tell he was worried.

“I have never heard Justin talk in that tone,” he said, looking down at me. I unwrapped my legs from around him and stood on my feet. He cupped my neck and kissed me gently.

“I love you, baby, and we will finish this later,” he said, following his words with more kisses.

He pressed his body against mine and groaned, getting lost in the kiss. I moaned as I felt the bulge in his pants press against my stomach. A threat cleared its throat, and we pulled apart abruptly. Amaka was standing there with an amused-looking Jonny, and it didn’t escape my notice the look of pure lust and appreciation that passed over Jonny’s face as his eyes roamed over Donald before they looked away, and the amused look returned. I would say that in another situation I would be pissed off that he was eyeing my man, but pure curiosity was the emotion I had.

Did Johnny like men? My eyes flickered to Amaka, and I could tell she saw the look too, and she also looked concerned. Donald, of course, was oblivious as his heavy gaze was on me, and I looked up at him and smiled.

“World, I know you’ve met Jonny, but this is Amaka, my new amazing assistant,” I introduced. He extended his hand to her, and she shook it.

She smiled politely, and I was kind of surprised she didn’t give him the flirty look of appreciation most women, and even some men, apparently Jonny included, always seemed to give him.

“Donald is also a partner here,” I said. She gave me a knowing smile. It was obvious that he was my man, and the possessive part of me appreciated that she understood that.

“Nice to meet you, Amaka and Jonny,” he said, nodding at each of them in turn.

"I am going to find Justin. I will see you when you get home," he said and gave me a chaste neck kiss before grabbing his jacket and the cooler and leaving.

I cleared up the leftover plates before returning to my desk, and it didn't escape my notice that Amaka had gotten tense sitting next to Jonny. I wondered if it was because of lunch or the fact that he may be into men. I mentally decided when he left for the day, I would talk to her about it.

"I don't know why, but I was under the impression that Justin was your boyfriend," he said almost with a hard edge to his tone that I definitely didn't appreciate. I took a deep breath.

Was this man upset that I was with someone he had his eyes on?

"Yes, he is, and so is Donald," I replied, and the look on his face was priceless, and Amaka too; she was smart enough not to say anything, being this was work, but Jonny clearly didn't care.

"Both? Like an open relationship?" he asked, looking intrigued. Gosh, did he think he still had a chance?

"Not open, we are in a closed polygamous relationship. All of us are together equally," I said in a tone which I hope told him that was the end of it. He got the message, but I could tell he didn't like it at all.

We worked for another hour, the tension thick in the room. Jonny and his pouting ass finally called it a day and left. I let out a sigh when he left the office and sat back down.

## Chapter 157: Do You Love This Man?

"I am sorry, Amelia," Amaka said carefully, her demeanor completely changed. "I have never seen him like this; I am kind of shocked."

"It is not your responsibility to apologize," I said, carefully weighing my next words. "Did you know he was bisexual?" I asked. Her eyes snapped up to me, tears welling. I stood up and walked around, taking the now vacant seat.

"Oh, dear. It is nothing to cry about. Donald and Justin are both bisexual and had no idea until they met each other. It doesn't mean he still doesn't like you. Did you guys talk about possibly rekindling what you had before?" I asked, and she nodded, swiping a tear.

"I had no doubt he never forgot about me, but I was taken aback by his reaction to Donald and the way he treated you. It was just horrible," she said, sobbing.

I grabbed a tissue and handed it to her before pulling her close to me. She cried into my shoulder. Whatever happened at lunch was now ruined by his actions.

"That... this was nothing compared to how I have been treated by a man. But I am not worried; most of the time, when men who are not sure of their sexuality react like that, they don't even mean to. He will come around, and I am sure he will apologize, if nothing else, besides the fact that Justin is his friend and he wouldn't do anything to mess with this contract. But also because he seems like a decent human being," I assured her and let her cry for a while before she calmed down. She sat up straight and looked at me, her pretty eyes clear and bright from her tears.

"Take the rest of the day off. I can finish up what I need for tomorrow," I told her, wiping the last few tears from her cheeks.

I could imagine the pain she was feeling right now after reconnecting with a long-lost love and feeling like all hope was lost. She nodded and, with a quiet goodbye, she left. I worked for another couple of hours, somewhat distracted, before a deep voice spoke to me. I looked up, startled to see Johnny; my hackles went up, and he didn't look mad. If anything, he looked remorseful.

"I am the last person you want to see right now, but I couldn't work knowing I was an ass to you earlier," he said from the doorway, all the tension leaving my body. I honestly wasn't expecting to get an apology so soon.

"I am truly sorry for overstepping and disrespecting you and your relationships. It is not my place, and it was out of character for me."

"This day, apology accepted. If anything, it is Amaka that you need to get back on your good graces," I told him. He sighed and took a step forward.

"Do you mind?" He asked, gesturing to the chair, and I nodded in approval. He sat and took a deep breath.

"I am assuming she had shared our past story with you and how I had to let her go." I nodded in confirmation.

"I never in a million years thought I would ever see her again, and when my wife passed away, I wanted to find her, but I felt like she deserves better and most likely had moved on. But when I saw her yesterday, it was like this was meant to be, and I swore to myself that I would never love another woman if it wasn't her because I knew that no other woman could have my love." He sighed, his knees beginning to bounce with nerves.

"Ever since my wife died, I never let myself enjoy the company of a woman because Amaka was the only one on my mind. So I turned to men. I didn't know if I even liked men, but it was the only way I felt like I wasn't betraying her, and currently, I am seeing a man who wants more but I can't give it to him." He paused, looking down at his hands.

"Do you love this man?" I asked. He tilted his head as he studied me.

"I don't know. I was angry earlier, not because I wanted to take Donald from you, but just more... so open and honest you were about being with two people equally. I didn't even know that was possible. I promised that Amaka was the only one who could have my heart, but it never crossed my mind that I could give my heart to more than one." He spoke with such anguish, and it broke my heart.

"I am saying this as a woman who never knew you could love more than one; the worst thing you could do is deny them both love because you don't know what to do. In short, when you start a relationship like this, you learn together as you go. The key is, if you want to be with both this man and Amaka, they need to be okay with that. Either sharing or both of them being in a relationship together, but don't hide it from each other. You will only break their hearts," I explained. He studied me intently before nodding and standing up.

"Thank you, Amelia. I have a lot to think about, and I value you more than words can express. I promise, I will make it up to Amaka before the workday tomorrow. I never wanted to hurt her more than I have so many years ago." He said with a soft smile and extended his hand to me. I took it; he raised my hand to his lips and gave it a soft kiss. He was so French, and I almost giggled.

"Have a good night, Johnny, and good luck with everything," I told him before he took his leave.

I flipped back into my chair. What a fucking day?

## Chapter 158: Let's Get Married

My sister's call infuriated me, so much that I didn't realize Donald had pushed Amelia against the wall. I didn't realize anything until I was almost to the top floor; I couldn't think of anything else. I stormed into the office where Taylor and Deborah were waiting.

"You want to leave? And you're telling me this right before I'm about to be gone for months? What the hell, Deborah?" I yelled. Taylor bristled and took a step toward me, but she placed a hand on his arm, and I instantly regretted my outburst. I took a deep breath.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to yell," I said, looking at Taylor.

He relaxed a little but remained on guard. I loved that he protected my sister, even from her brothers. She's my twin, but I know they were closer than...

"We want to start a family, and my doctor told me I need to choose between work or trying to get pregnant. I wanted to get the treatment, but I can't do that if I'm here more than I'm home. I love this job, and I already know someone who would be perfect for this position, but I want this, Justin." She said, her voice cracking and her eyes glazing over. There was a knock on the door, and Griffin entered. They had just returned from their extended honeymoon.

"Respect your decision," he said immediately, and I rolled my eyes.

He's become so... calm ever since he met Joanna. I used to be the only one, but then again, he was going to be a father. I know I should be her biggest supporter, but I was shocked. I had no idea this is what she wanted. I had always been the sibling who wanted the family, and they always wanted a career.

"I think you're having a hard time with this because this is the part you always wanted. But being CEO, you can't take a step back like I can," she said softly, coming around her desk and standing in front of me.

"He thought he couldn't," Griffin said, turning to me.

"Hold the fuck up! This isn't about me!" I snapped. Her eyebrows raised, and she looked at Griffin, who returned the same look. I wasn't one to lose my cool.

“Taylor is not leaving, just me, and I wouldn’t leave until I know you have a wonderful replacement. We are all about to start this amazing stage of life, and so are you. Things are going to change, this place runs itself to an extent, and you’re also delegating more than you do. Griffin’s yours now; you both have worked so hard to have this legacy, and you should take some time to enjoy it.” She said, placing a hand on my shoulder. I sighed. I honestly couldn’t believe this. I always thought it would be the three of us...

“Why is this so hard for you?” Griffin asked, crossing his arms.

I sighed and ran a hand through my hair, which, when I thought about it, was dangerously close to being as long as Griffin’s ugly ass.

“I just never saw this coming. I thought it was going to be the three of us until we passed it onto our children,” I said softly, and she gave me a knowing smile.

“If you don’t let me do this, I won’t have any children to pass it onto. Who knows, these treatments may not work, but I have to try.” She said, tears rolling down her cheeks, and I pulled her into me. I hated to see her cry, and even worse when I was the cause.

“Deborah, I’m sorry. I will support you. I never want you to regret any of your choices,” I said. She held onto me tight and cried into my chest.

I looked over to her husband, who had a tear sliding down his cheek. I know I want children, and I would hate for him to hate me for her leaving.

“Please, let me know if I can help in any way; I know those treatments are expensive,” I said to her. She laughed, wiping her snotty nose on my shirt, and I grimaced.

“Justin, Taylor and I have made enough money to never work another day in our lives and still be millionaires multiple lifetimes over. Just be glad Taylor is here, or I would have made him leave too.” She said, and I gave her a stern look.

“Don’t push it,” I said through gritted teeth, and she laughed. Taylor came over and took her in his arms.

“You need a haircut,” he said, and I gave him a dirty look.

“You are starting to look like Griffin,” he added, and I looked at Griffin, who burst into laughter.

“Oh hell, no,” I said, and they all began laughing.

I shook my head, having to smile. I couldn’t stay upset with my family, especially over something that wasn’t bad. I sighed again. I need to find Donald and go home.

## Chapter 150: Let's Get Married

“Fuck off,” I groaned before leaving the room, followed by their laughter.

Donald was standing in the hallway, waiting. He looked worried, but when he heard the laughter, his face softened somewhat.

“Is everything okay?” He asked, pushing off the wall.

I love the way he waits, and I knew Amelia would be too if she wasn’t working. I took his hand and led him to my office and closed the door.

“I swear, things change so fast sometimes,” I said softly, grabbing water for both of us before sitting on the couch. He sat next to me and draped an arm around my shoulder. He sat there silently, waiting for me to elaborate.

“I always wanted to have a family, and I guess I lost sight of what I wanted and focused more on what I could control. Now I feel like everyone has this family and is making sure nothing gets in the way of what they want, and it’s sort of making me jealous,” I said to him. He grazed his fingers up and down my arms as I talked, and it brought me so much comfort.

“I know I have you and Amelia now, but is it too soon to start a family? We have Emily, but I know I asked Amelia if she was ready, but am I rushing it?” I asked, looking up at him and smiling.

“You know when we talked this morning about having more children? I picture her walking barefoot and pregnant in a villa on the sea in Australia. We have a perfect life, and I’m all for taking advantage of the fact that we can be together and not worry about anything. We are all on board for this life; there really is nothing stopping us.” He said, and I laid my head on his shoulder.

He was right. Amelia agreed that she wanted more children, and I had everything I always wanted. I sat up and turned to him.



“Let’s get married,” I said abruptly, and he sat up and stared at me, his lips parted.

“I don’t want to have more children without making this commitment to each other, and I know you don’t either, and Amelia as well. I want her to make a commitment to us as well, and we are to her...”

“Are you proposing to me?” he asked, one eyebrow raised, and I nodded.

“I don’t have rings, but we can go get them. We can get married in Asaba with Emily there with us before we leave.” I blurted out. I could tell he was thinking about...

“What about your family?”

“We will have a reception or party when we return. I love my family, but you both are my family now, and I don’t want anything to take that away.” He bit his lip and stood up.

He began to pace back and forth, and it made me nervous that he was so quiet about this. I checked my watch; Amelia would be working for another few hours.

“I know Amelia is okay with not being legally married, but I feel like that is the best way to protect her. You should marry her, and we will build our family that way. We will both have a legacy regardless, but I never wanted her to doubt our love or her place in our lives.” He finally said, and I thought about it.

He wanted to be married, and I was excited to fill that role. I know that was what he really wanted. But I really wanted a family, and I have one. Emily needed a mother, and I know Amelia was so...

“You and Amelia should get married, as long as I have you both in my life, I am not complaining. I don’t want you to be in another relationship where you don’t have that commitment you have always craved. I know what Carol did scared you; I don’t have those scars; I just want to be with you both.” I said. He stopped pacing and stared at me.

I knew he was thinking of another angel, but this was it. The legal stuff doesn’t matter to me, but I know deep down if he didn’t have legal papers saying he was...

“I know I can’t fight you on this,” he said, coming to me and kneeling in between my legs.

“But you will be just as much my husband as Amelia will be my wife, regardless of what the paper...”

“Let’s go get the perfect ring for our future wife,” I said, feeling the happiest I have ever been.

“says.” I smiled and placed my hands on his shoulder.

## Chapter 159: Everyone Had Friends

We spent the rest of the day ring shopping, and it was fun; we spared no expense. We honestly couldn’t decide. We knew she wasn’t into jewelry, but we wanted her to have a beautiful ring. By evening, we settled on a Neil Lane bridal diamond we saw at the local jeweler.

“Do you think it’s too flashy?” Justin asked when we got into the car. I sighed and made a mental note to never go jewelry shopping with him again. He was very indecisive, which surprised me.

“I think it is perfect,” I said as calmly as I could.

He went quiet, and part of me felt like the discussion was over. We drove in silence, only the faint sounds of the radio filling the car for almost twenty minutes.

“I know I am not easy to shop with; that’s why we have a personal stylist and shopper. When I get to regular places, it overwhelms me,” he said, breaking the silence, his knees bobbing up and down nervously. I placed a hand on his leg to steady him, and he visibly relaxed. I felt bad for feeling annoyed.

“It’s okay, baby boy. We probably could have brought a jeweler to the house if we weren’t rushing,” I said as we pulled up to the gate and reached to hit the button to open it, but it was already open.

My brow furrowed because the gate closed automatically, and there didn’t seem to be any reason for it to be open. He immediately sat up straight. My mind drifted back to the accident a few months ago and how it made so much sense for him not to have a bodyguard, since he was so capable of keeping himself safe. He said he had trained with Matt occasionally, but I think he was downplaying just how good he really was.

“Stay out here,” he said, opening the door.

“Don’t pull into the driveway. If I am not back in a minute or send you a text, call Matt immediately,” he said, and I nodded.

I wasn’t going to argue with him. He leaned over and gave me a quick kiss, seemingly calm. He closed the car door silently and made his way to the side of the gate just outside the entrance. He pushed on one of the bricks, and it opened, making me sit up. What the hell!

He pulled out a gun and checked the clip before sliding it into his back waistband and disappearing inside the gate. I checked the time and started counting. When one minute passed, I dialed Matt as instructed, worry immediately filling me. He answered on the first ring.

“Hey. Donald. What is wrong?” he asked gruffly.

“Justin told me to call. The gate was open, and he’d been inside for a minute. He took a gun,” I said quickly.

“I am on my way. Any sign of an intruder?” he asked, and I shook my head.

“Fuck,”

“Donald, I can’t see you, I need a verbal response,” he barked, and I heard a car door slamming and tires screeching.

“Shit, sorry. No, there is no sign of anyone,” I said, and he cursed again.

“Will be there in five minutes,” he said and hung up.

I sat there shaking. I felt useless, but I don’t know how to fight. Justin came out a minute later, after I hung up, looking perfectly fine. He gestured for me to come in. I pulled in slowly, looking around, but nothing seemed amiss. I parked the car and got out.

“The power is out, so the gate wasn’t working,” he said, rubbing the back of his neck.

“I never got a notification,” he added, and relief washed over me. I think we both expected the worst, given our bad luck lately.

“That is a relief. Why didn’t the new guy tell us?” I asked. He shrugged, unconcerned.

“He said it happened and he was looking into it. Apparently, the whole street is out, not just us,” he replied, pulling me into a hug.

We were definitely closer since the accident, and I held onto him tightly. Everything was okay. Matt’s overly large truck pulled into the driveway; he hopped down and headed towards us. He looked calm, so maybe he already knew everything was fine. Justin broke our hug and waited for him to approach.

“Kelly called me on my way here and told me the situation. Jack is rerouting Amelia to a hotel for you both to meet her tonight while we get this situation fixed,” he said. Justin gave him a one-handed hug in greeting.

Something about that made me a little jealous. I wasn’t sure why Matt was always Justin’s first call, even before his sister and brother, and it made me wonder if there had ever been anything between them. Justin said he had never been with a man physically before, but that didn’t mean they didn’t have a connection.

“We have candles,” he said, and Matt snorted.

“We still have a job to do, and we can’t do it if the system is down. I have a guy who can bring a generator before morning, and you all can come back tomorrow. Until then, as your security, I advise you to go to the hotel,” he said with a hint of humor in his voice, and Justin rolled his eyes.

“It’s not just you anymore, Justin. You’ve been fighting this for years, and Deborah and Taylor—no partners at the company will go unprotected any longer. Two different attacks in one year is so out of the norm, and I will not risk anymore,” Matt said in a firmer tone.

I could tell he was serious, and Justin could too. Matt was right; we all took risks being public figure millionaires without some sort of protection, and now that we wanted children, we needed to be more careful.

“Donald, I called Emily’s school to get the layout and security, and I wasn’t too pleased with it. So I sent two of my best female agents to work security for her. She won’t know; they’ll be campus security, but with your ex turning up out of the blue, I didn’t want to risk anything, especially with the three of you going overseas,” he added, my eyebrows shooting up.

I hadn't thought about that, honestly. I didn't think she would hurt Emily, but I'm also not sure how desperate she is to get under Amelia's skin, especially knowing my feelings towards her.

"I appreciate that," I said, looking at Justin, who was studying me with those beautiful eyes of his. Kelly came around the house and towards us.

"I called the power company; apparently, there was a car accident that caused the power to go out. Perimeter is secure, and the house is clear," Matt said.

The next thirty minutes, we spent packing overnight bags. Most of our things were packed anyway, so it didn't take too long. I sat on our bed, using the small amount of light from dusk coming through the windows, and watched Justin put some toiletries in a case, shirtless in a pair of sexy jeans.

"Would you say Matt is your best friend?" I asked. He paused mid-movement for the slightest moment; if I hadn't been studying him so closely, I wouldn't have noticed.

"Matt doesn't have any friends," he said with a soft chuckle, and I snorted.

"Everyone had friends," I said, shaking my head, and he turned and walked towards me.

"Not Matt. He's close to some of his men, but they definitely aren't friends. He does his job, he trains, and he goes home. There are no friends, no partners. He has a grandmother who cooks and cleans for him and her boyfriend, who's around to help at his house. That is it," he said, and his tone held something that bothered me. Was it bitterness? I know I shouldn't have, but I pushed.

"Did you want to be his friend?" I asked softly, and when his gaze met mine, my stomach dropped.

I shouldn't have asked that question. I instantly felt guilty by the look on his face.

## Chapter 160: I Envisioned Fucking You

Why was Donald asking me these questions? I didn't talk about Matt; I never talked to anyone about Matt. So what did he see that made him ask? Yes, I had feelings for Matt once, years ago when I was still figuring out my feelings towards men. So I tried to get close to him by asking him to teach me self-

defense, which led to full-fledged training. I pushed myself hard to impress him, and in all honesty, I began to love it.

Matt didn't know about the silly crush I had on him; no one knows. Not even my twin sister, and she knew everything about me. So how did Donald pick up on this after years of me keeping it a secret? I looked at him.

"Why are you asking these questions?" I immediately regretted saying that by the expression that crossed his face. He didn't respond right away, so I turned back to packing my bag.

"It's not like you to keep stuff from me, so I guess that answers my question," he said in a tone that caught me off guard. Was that fucking jealous in his tone?

"There is nothing to keep from you," I said, looking up at him as he stood up. He raised one perfectly arched eyebrow.

"I don't understand why the fuck you are lying to me right now," he muttered in a tone I have never heard before.

I didn't think I had seen him upset at me, and I didn't particularly like it. I would rather not tell him about Matt, probably more so because I was embarrassed about it, but also because it didn't matter.

"I am coming, sir. I will meet you at the hotel," he said gruffly, grabbing his bag and walking towards the door.

"Donald, I don't know why you are upset?" I said softly, and he spun around.

"Tuck the bullshit, Justin. You have never lied to me before, and it's just not shit I want to deal with right now, especially about another man," he said, hurt in his voice.

It hit me all at once—Carul. I opened my mouth, but he put a hand up, silencing me.

"I will see you guys at the hotel," he said and then left.

Fucking hell! In the one minute it took me to chase after him, he was gone. Matt was in the garage and had a weird look on his face.

“What just happened? Donald just stabbed me with the look he gave me,” he said, leaning against my car and sighed.

“I just pissed him off in the worst way,” I said quietly, turning back to the house.

I heard footsteps following me back inside. I tried to call him, but it went straight to voicemail. I tossed the phone down on the kitchen island.

“Fucking hell, are you all tracking him?” I asked, and he gave me an insalubrious nod, but I knew he wasn’t going to help me with this.

“Do you want to talk about it?” He asked with the most bored expression on his face that made me chuckle bitterly.

“You don’t want to talk about stuff like this,” I said, and he snorted.

“I am learning to,” he replied in the most sincere tone, and it made me look at him. I know over the last few weeks things have changed between him and Jocelyn; maybe he was finally letting people in.

“Thank you for the offer, but I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Does it have something to do with me?” He pushed, and I furrowed my brow.

“Why would it?” I asked. I pulled water out of the fridge and took a long sip. Thankfully, it was still cold.

“So yes, was it about that crush you had on me a few years back?” He asked, and I choked, my cheeks heated.

“You honestly think I don’t know? I read people for a fucking living, Justin.”

I couldn’t look at him; I wanted to sink into a fucking hole and disappear. My carefully wrapped secret was not a secret anymore; possibly it never was. I felt him come closer until I could see him in my peripheral vision. If this was a couple of years ago, I would melt at how close he was, but all romantic feelings I had towards him have long dissolved.

“Honestly, I thought about it. Don’t kill me for saying this, I envisioned fucking you many times. In so many fucking glorious ways, especially when we were alone. You were hot as fuck, and you know that, and don’t think for a minute that I didn’t. But honestly, with the attraction, I knew I couldn’t give

you what you wanted because I have been in love with Jocelyn from day one. I didn't know I was capable of loving more than one person until now," I looked at him, shocked by his words.

He had wanted me; I was stupid for feeling that pull. Relief swept through me; I know he was right. There would have been nothing more than physical satisfaction, and it was probably good neither of us acted on the lust.

"Honestly, I have felt stupid the past four years every time I think about it," I said quietly, finally looking at him in the almost completely dark kitchen, and he smiled.

He said with a laugh, and I nodded.

"If you had acted on it, I probably wouldn't have rejected you, but honestly, this would be so awkward right now if you had." He paused.

"Donald keeps things like this from him; he loves you. I can see it every time he looks at you. Love like this is rare because he had been hurt in the past by love. Anytime someone is hurt by past love, when they find new love, it is so much more special. Because they opened up themselves to the possibilities of getting hurt, that is how much they knew they couldn't be without you," he said so softly.

It was so quiet in the house; I probably wouldn't have heard him. He was right; Donald dealt with so much before meeting me, but he never once hesitated when it came to showing how much he loved me.

"You sound as if you are speaking from experience," I said, clearly the tears I began to feel rolled down my face.

"I have two amazing people who I love and who both have been hurt in the past. So I learn and experience something new every day," he said without hesitation, and I fully turned to him.

"Two? I only knew about Jocelyn, but who else?" I asked, shocked by this revelation. He chuckled, and I could see the twinkle in his eyes.

"When the time comes, you will know," he said.

"Come on, let's get out of the dark."



