



Dinner

Dinner

Tristin

Fuck, Fuck, Fuck no!

What the fuck do I do now?

I pace back and forth, panic settling into my bones.

Earlier, I took Grace back to our penthouse and helped her settle in. She was all quiet and compliant, not saying a word or asking about what will happen with that obsessive Ethan situation now.

It fucking melted my heart but the stabbing pain started spreading again as soon as I told her that I have matters to take care of and left for my office.

Now, I can't help my nerves.

I made a mistake. A grave fucking mistake.

To make sure that Grace helped me in my elaborate scheme of revenge, I showed her fake pictures and lied to her that Ethan had been cheating on her for a long time.

He was an asshole to her. An abusive piece of shit who hit her, liked to make her cry, and killed their child. 1

He did everything to make her walk away from his life and for that, I consider him the biggest fucking idiot in the world.

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But now, I am on the verge of getting pushed down the same rabbit hole. I should have known that I would fall for her, or maybe, I should have never drowned in my vengeance so much that I lied to an innocent woman to get her on my side.

Ethan would have fucked things up anyway. Grace and Ethan are just not made for each other.

She is made for me. Mine. All mine.

But I had to go ahead and stick my head into the sewer.

I sigh. I wanted to tell her the truth when I saw her getting hurt by that fake friend. My heart said I should come clean before she found out or before we started this relationship.

But she said she never forgives liars. Inevitably, I believe she will never forgive me if she finds out about my lies.

What do I do now?

I don't want to keep lying but the thought of losing her makes my heart hurt. I don't want to live without her. I don't want her to walk out on me only to never come back. I can not bear that.

Just this morning, everything was so peaceful, and now everything has become bullshit.

Fuck, what do I do?

What do I...

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I stop pacing and stare out the glass wall. My breaths are coming out labored as I struggle with the pain in my chest.

This is my karma. It has come to bite me in the ass, and it will not leave me alone until it takes a big chunk of my flesh.

I was an asshole to her too. A lying, manipulative, selfish fucker who hurt her so many times but she still gave me a chance. She still let me inside that sweet pussy, and told me that my feelings for her are not one-sided.

A noose tightens around my throat, threatening to kill me with guilt and fear.

If I tell her, there is a high chance that she will never forgive me, she will walk away and she will tell me that she hates me.

If I don't tell her, this guilt will eat me alive and I will continue to fear the day when she finally gets to know the truth.

Now, at this point in life, when we have just started wanting to walk together...

I think I need to come clean no matter what.

If she doesn't forgive me, I will continue to ask for forgiveness for the rest of my life.

If she walks out on me, I will simply follow her to the end of the world.

If she tells me that she hates me, then...

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My thoughts halt. It fucking makes me mad. I can bear anything but her hate.

And if she says she hates me, I will just have to be a loser and continue to stick by her side, to tell her that I love her every day. Surely, her heart will melt for me one day, right?

Yes. I will tell her. I will not hide this truth anymore.

And I will deal with whatever shit comes my way later.

I grab my phone from my desk and dial her number. She picks up the call after several rings, leaving me anxious.

"Hello Tristin?" Her sweet voice rings in my ear and the anxiety creeps up my spine.

"Tonight...do you want me to take you out for dinner?" I blurt and squeeze my eyes shut.

Fucking awesome!

Instead of telling her that I want to talk to her about something important later, I am planning a date.

But there is a high chance, she won't slam something in my face if we are in a public place for this grand event of telling the truth.

"Dinner?" She speaks after a while, and her voice is tinged with surprise.

"Yes. Would you like to go with me? Like...Like a date? A first date?"

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This doesn't sound like me at all and it only fuels my panic.

She can not tell that I am feeling fucked up, right?

" That's sudden and I don't have any clothes, Tristin. I am still dressed in your shirt and boxers. " She mumbles, making my blood rush south.

Yes, now, I want to rush back home and see how she looks in my clothes. Then I can peel them off and we can...

No.

I cough to clear my throat and get rid of the dirty thoughts. " Call Linda. She will arrange everything you need. "

" But...okay. I would love that, Tristin." She laughs softly.

Like a little love-sick dog, I smile hearing her laugh. If I had a tail, it would be wagging right now. " I will pick you up around 7. Okay? "

" Okay, Tristin. I am getting ready. " She sighs.

I wait and stay still until she hangs up. From the moment I saw her all vulnerable and injured because of me, my brain chemistry had gone wrong.

I don't feel like myself at all. I feel like I belong to her. And if I want her to think the same, I have to swallow the poison—I have to admit to everything I ever did to her.

I must give her a choice, and I hope...desperately...that she will choose me so I can show her that she didn't choose wrong.

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I will cherish her the way she deserves to be cherished.

As I wait for her in front of the building, I find myself getting restless again.

But the unease goes away as my eyes land on her. Beautiful—
Fucking gorgeous.

She is wearing a black dress that reaches her knees. My eyes lower to her pretty legs first, admiring the way the fabric clings to her curves. Then I look up, at her bare arms and full breasts.

I need to be inside her again. I need to fill her with my cum and ask her to bind herself to me forever by birthing my children, or getting married, or whatever she wants.

But those are hard topics for her and I don't want to scare her away. If...she forgives me after I tell her the truth tonight, I will work my way deeper into her heart so that one day she can open her heart to the idea of becoming my wife and the mother of my children.

We can have a family together.

I...want to have a family with this woman.

I smile as she stops in front of me, fidgeting with the bandages around her wrists.

"I wanted to cover them with long sleeves but Linda couldn't find—"

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I grab her arm and pull her towards me. Our bodies collide sending shivers down my back. Her proximity brings me relief.

Raising her wrist to my lips, I press a kiss on the bandage and take my time caressing the soft skin around it.

" You don't need to hide anything when you are with me, Little Butterfly. " I whisper, smiling at her softly.

I can work my way around her insecurities. I will make sure that she knows I don't give a damn about any scars or the past.

She is not someone I only like to fuck. She is someone...I love to talk to, someone who makes me want to do things for her that I have never done for anyone before and will never do for anyone in the future. I will let her know all about it...slowly.

" Shall we? " My smile widens when her cheeks turn red under my gaze.

" Stop staring! " She grumbles sulkily.

I can't help but chuckle as I help her inside the car. And I also can't shake off the feeling that perhaps, all of this is about to come to an end...