



Broken Heart

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CHAPTER ONE

My morning has started off on a sour note. Due at work at nine, I woke up after eight thirty. I'm normally on the freeway by that time, so to say I'm late is a serious understatement.

Now I'm behind schedule and flustered. I've had my job for just over a year, and I've only been late twice. Not awful statistics, until you factor in that both times occurred this month.

I know exactly why I'm late. After years of watching *Dancing with The Stars* and thinking about taking dance lessons, I finally decided to take the leap and do it about four months ago.

Turns out I'm actually very good at it. So much so that my instructor Dina asked me to step in to dance the tango in a coming competition with a fellow student, Marcus, who desperately needed a new dance partner after his previous dance partner abruptly quit.

At twenty-five, Marcus is younger than me, but so talented and very friendly. He's ridiculously hot, and he's made it very clear that he's interested, but I don't feel a spark- though lord knows I wish I did. I've wondered if I should try to connect with him and see what happens, but I don't think it would work out.

Anyone who thinks dancing is easy has never tried it. In the past four month's I've lost eight pounds and dropped from a size six to a size four-something I'm not all together happy about. I liked having curves, and now I'm very lean. On the up side, I've gained confidence and skill, not to mention stamina.

The constant rehearsal is exhausting and I'm at the end of my interest in dancing. I've decided that after the competition I will back off to once or twice a week at most. I like it, but I don't want to compete or make it a career.

Last night's practice was especially grueling. Marcus and I practiced for six hours in anticipation of next weekend's competition. My muscles are sore and I'm completely out of sorts this morning.

Groaning, I realize that I need to tell my boss, Dante Hart, that I'm running late. Grabbing my iPhone, I send him a text, quickly typing in: "Dante . Sorry. Running late. Be there ASAP- Sabrina". Pressing send, I run for the shower.

Stepping in to the shower, I start thinking of Dante. Nothing new there, he's always on my mind, one way or another. I spent the first few months working with him perfecting my poker face. I'm fairly certain that he has no idea that I'm attracted to him, and that's a blessing. I love my job, and it makes me feel good knowing that my sister's education will be fully paid for.

My parents died in a car accident two years ago when I when I was twenty-three and my sister Brooke nineteen. We were very lucky that the life insurance money allowed us to pay the mortgage on our Brentwood house off, all of my student loans and the first two years of Brooke's UCLA tuition. When I'd applied for a job at Hart International I had done so because I needed a solid job with a good salary that would allow me to pay for the rest of Brooke's college.

I was thrilled when I was got the job. The company reputation is amazing, so I knew it would be a huge boost to my resume, and the salary was out of this world. I was hired fourteen months ago as an assistant to one of the junior executives.

A few weeks later, Dante's executive assistant Helen got engaged to the head designer at the office in Greece, and she relocated to be with him. Other assistants in the company started being called up to try their hand at Helen's job. Seven assistants tried, but they all quickly returned to their original jobs.

The building was abuzz with disgruntled assistants claiming that Dante was too difficult to work for.

Another twenty assistants above me had found ways to defer being assigned as Dante's temporary assistant, which is how I wound up as an executive assistant to the head of the company within a few months of starting.

I reflected back to the day I'd first met Dante face to face. I'd seen his photo before, of course, but I'd never met him. With everything I'd heard about how difficult he was, (to everyone except Helen) I knew it was expected that I'd be number eight of the assistants that weren't up to his standards. None of the previous seven had lost their jobs, and they all claimed to be happy to go back to their original assignments, but I didn't want to end up like that.

Not having the tenure the other assistants had, I didn't want to fumble in my first months on the job. I knew that if I could show that I could do it, I'd be able to continue to work my way up the ranks within the company.

I'd arrived for my first day as Dante's trial assistant wearing a pale gray suit with gray heels, my hair pulled back in to a tight chignon. I definitely looked the part, and was ready to "Swing for the fences" as my dad used to say. Although I was thirty minutes early, Dante was already in his office. Taking a deep breath to calm my nerves, I'd gone to the door of his office and looked in.

Dante had a newspaper spread out in front of him and was engrossed in whatever article he was reading. I was thrown off kilter by how beautiful he was. Pictures didn't do him justice, and that's saying something, since I'd never seen a bad photo of him. I'd been prepared for wildly handsome. In actuality, wildly handsome is a gross understatement. Dante is stunning.

That morning his dark hair was tousled, something I've come to find is his default hairdo, no matter what style he starts with in the morning. He runs his hands through his hair when he's thinking, happy, stressed or tired,

so it's unavoidable. Having mussed up hair does not take away his appeal, rather, it adds to it.

I drank in the view of him, his shirt sleeves rolled up revealing tanned arms with a large Tag Heuer on wrist. His shirt was stretched across what was clearly a very muscular chest. I got tingly in my stomach just looking at him that day... something that hasn't changed in the year I've worked for him.

I took a few deep breaths to center myself and gave myself a stern warning to be professional and then cleared my throat quietly.

It's fortunate that I'd had time to compose myself and school my expression, because when Dante looked up and our eyes met for the first time, I felt a jolt of energy travel through my body, like a very strong static electric charge.

I felt it everywhere, from the top of my head to my toes, and most shockingly at my core, which clenched in response. It took everything I had not to swoon or blush, but somehow I did it.

He raised an eyebrow at me, assessing me quizzically for a moment, seemingly waiting for something. I stepped forward and offered my hand. "Mr. Hart, I'm Sabrina Tyler. I'm assistant try out number eight."

He chuckled at the audacity of that statement while I smiled brightly at him as he took my hand in a firm handshake.

When our hands connected, the insides of my sex tingled and clenched again. It was as if the touch of his skin was sending a direct message in to my erogenous zones. It took a great deal of effort not to gasp, but I managed it.

Dante stared in to my eyes for a moment and then smiled. His smile was so perfect I had the thought that it likely caused grown women to

weep. Instead of letting him know he was turning my body to jell-o, I stood straighter and maintained eye contact and a professional smile.

Smiling at me he said, “Miss Tyler, a pleasure to meet you. I suddenly feel very hopeful about trying out assistant number eight.” I raised an eyebrow at him, cocking my head to the side and laughing.

Dante gestured to a chair in front of his desk and I took a seat. We spent the next forty minutes talking and going over job duties and expectations. I was surprised at how friendly he was, considering how quickly all of the other temporary assistants had defected, claiming that he was too difficult to work for.

Dante seemed fine to me, pleasant even. He told me later that I was the first of the assistants not to stutter, stammer or flirt my way through the interview with him.

I understand exactly what they were reacting to, I just happened to be lucky enough to have a few moments to school my reaction.

My week as his temporary assistant turned in to a month. After the month, I was offered the job full time. The salary was triple what I’d been making as a junior assistant, and the benefits were out of this world. It also included a top of the line company car every two years. I was delighted to take the job.

At the conclusion of my first week as his official Executive Assistant, Dante had taken my sister Brooke and I out to dinner to celebrate my promotion. We’d had so much fun that it became a regular occurrence, and a few weeks later Dante brought his brother and twin sisters along.

I loved them all right away. His brother Damien is twenty-six and a total joker. Dominique and Delilah are twenty-one year old twins, and beautiful as they are, they could not be nicer girls.

For all intents and purposes, Dante and Damien are like parents to the girls. Their mother had committed suicide when the twins were just toddlers and their father was a serious drug addict who died of an overdose when Dante was seventeen, Damien was fifteen and the twins were ten.

Dante and Damien flatly refuse to speak about their parents in any detail. If they are brought up in more than a fleeting way, one of them shuts the conversation down immediately.

I know that after their father died, they all lived from then on with their mother's younger sister, Sandra. Although they hadn't had any contact with her prior to their father's death, Dante and Damien credit Sandra with providing a stable home and allowing the girls to grow up normal.

Sandra also saved their grandfather's company. Drugs and good business decisions don't go hand in hand and their father had almost destroyed the company in the years between his father's death, his wife's suicide and his own death.

When Sandra had stepped in and taken over the reins at Hart International, she was able to stop the downward spiral and start building it back up to what it was before all the craziness had happened. That allowed first Dante and then Damien to finish high school and college with the company in place.

Dante is now the President of Hart International and Sandra is the Vice President. Damien is the chief engineer and oversees all the builds and installations.

During the past year, my sister and I have gotten close to Dante and his family. We all meet at Dante's house most Sunday's to barbeque and watch movies in his theater room.

Brooke and the twins are virtually inseparable, which is a delight. Dante and Damien have a running joke that the twins became triplets once

they met Brooke. After the loss of our parents, Brooke and I had no family left. It's wonderful to feel connected as a family again.

Over the last year, Dante and I have gotten extremely close. He's become my best friend, the person I turn to when I want to share good news or bad.

We spend most of our time together, meeting at the gym three mornings a week to run on the treadmills, going to dinners, concerts and movies.

We also travel together quite a bit for business. We've been to Thailand, London, New York City, Spain, Greece and Puerto Rico together this last year. It's nice to travel with someone so pleasant to be around.

There have been a few times - particularly over the course of the last few months- that I've thought that Dante has shown an attraction to me. He's very possessive, but I'm not sure if that's because he thinks of me in the same way he does his sisters and Brooke, or if it's because something more is there.

My feelings for Dante have evolved from a crush to an infatuation to... something deeper. I try to always be mindful of the fact that he has no interest in dating and he doesn't believe in marriage or even committed relationships, which means no matter what, he will never make a move on me.

Dante goes through women at an alarming pace. His reputation as a ladies' man is well documented. In the first eight months I was his assistant, there were five different 'liaisons'. Not one of them lasted beyond the three week mark. Something must have put him off sex for a while, because he's not had so much as a first date in the last four months.

He definitely has a type. They've all been stunning blonde haired, super sleek beauties, not one of them less than five foot ten. Dominique and Delilah call them the Dante-bots, and joke that Dante must have built a

factory somewhere to churn them out, something everyone but Dante laughs at. He normally just grimaces and looks embarrassed when it comes up and then tries to change the subject.

Damien and his best friend Spencer have a far cruder expression for them. They call them Dante's "fuck bots" They doesn't do it in front of me or the girls, but I've heard them ribbing Dante about it when they think we aren't listening. Damien's been especially brutal for the last few weeks, asking Dante how he's surviving without sex. According to something I heard Damien say, this is the longest Dante has gone without sex since he lost his virginity.

I used to find it depressing that Dante's choice in women was so opposite to how I look. I'm five foot six, my hair is long and dark, and I've got brown eyes. I'm nothing at all like the Dante-bots. I'm pretty, but I'm not in the same league as the women he dates, with their flawless faces and swimsuit model body types.

I've come to realize that it is a good thing that he has such a specific type. It helps me to keep my feet on the ground and my head out of the clouds, knowing that he wouldn't really be attracted to me because I look nothing like what is obviously his ideal.

Shaking my head, I snap back to the present, rushing to finish my shower. I've gotten in and out in less than ten minutes- which is fast for me. My morning shower is as essential to me as coffee is to Dante. Without it, I am miserable and unmotivated.

I dry off quickly and put on my bra, panties and stockings. I blow my hair dry, which I do in record time considering that my hair is currently as long as it's ever been – down to the middle of my back.

I'm definitely not operating at my highest level this morning, because when I go to put my hair up in to my work chignon, I knock the bobby pins off the counter and in to the toilet. Shit! I definitely do NOT need this. Now I'm going to have to do something I've not done even once since

starting, which is go to work with my hair down. I don't think of it as a professional look for me, which is something I strive for when I'm at the office.

Unfortunately the hair decision is now out of my hands, and I realize that I have to wear my hair down, unless I want to go toilet fishing—something I know I'm going to have to do later, but am in no position to do right now, late as I am.

I run in to my bedroom at high speed, thanking my lucky stars that I laid my clothes out last night. I pull my black pencil skirt on and pair it with a white sleeveless silk blouse, a belt and my black Jimmy Choo crown shoes and run in to my kitchen to grab a breakfast bar and a bottle of water.

At the front door I reach in to the bowl on the entry table for the keys to my car, a beautiful Jaguar XJ that might well be the best company car on earth. My hand hits the bottom of the bowl, sans keys. This means that Brooke has my car, so I need to drive hers.

It wouldn't be a problem to drive Brooke's car, if I knew where the keys are, but they aren't in the bowl, something that makes my agitation grow. I stomp down the hall to Brooke's room and fling open the door and breathe a sigh of relief as I spy the spare key on her dresser.

I'm running back to the front door when I hear that my iPhone is ringing and it's playing the theme song to "Family Guy", so I know it's Dante. He loves the show, and he made the theme song the ringtone on my phone for his calls. I don't make it to the phone in time, so I grab it as I run out the door, which I lock and slam behind me.

I quickly make my way to Brooke's car, a black Mercedes coup that our mother had bought just weeks before she and my father had died. It had become my car until I'd gotten my work car last year, and I still love to drive it.

It's blazingly hot out. I start the engine and crank the AC. The temperature display on the mirror says that it's ninety five degrees out. I sigh in frustration that today is the day I don't have my hair up and Dante and I are due to walk a building site this afternoon, and I just know I'm going to be miserable with my hair down. Resolving to drink plenty of water before we go, I throw the car in to reverse and head toward the freeway.

By now it's almost nine thirty, so traffic isn't as bad as when I normally go to work. I take a deep breath and hope that the craziness of the morning can now be behind me.

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CHAPTER TWO

I'm just starting to relax when I notice that the gas light is on. Now I know why Brooke took my car. Damn, the day isn't going to be getting any better. I let out a loud curse, but have no choice to pull off at the next exit for gas.

At the station, I pull to the pump and reach for my purse... only to realize that in the rush to get out of the house, I left it on the kitchen counter. I wonder if this day is trying to kill me, and I consider calling in sick and hiring a locksmith to get me back in to my house so I can hide from the world until tomorrow morning.

I sigh, knowing I don't have that option. Dante insists that I am with him whenever he goes to check a site, and this is the biggest build the company is doing in America this year, a super exclusive high rise in Century City which means he won't budge on me not being there. The minimum buy in for a condo in the building is four million dollars, and there are a lot of cooks in the kitchen as more and more buyers come on board with different requests.

There is no way he will go if I don't, which means he would reschedule the walk through- something that I don't want to do. It would be rude to inconvenience everyone because I'm having a bad day.

I look at the gas needle and decide I've got to risk it and continue on, telling myself that once the car is on empty, there is still at least fifteen miles of wiggle room before I run out completely, and I've only got another six miles to go. I ignore the disturbing thought that I'm not sure how many miles Brooke drove once the light came on. Praying that she hadn't driven far, I pull out of the gas station and get back on the freeway.

The day being what it is, I make it about four miles before the car starts to shimmy. This is not good. I pull over, put the top down so I don't swelter to death, turn on my hazards, and turn the car off. Sighing in resignation, I pick up my iPhone and press the entry for Dante's cell.

He picks up before the first ring even ends. I'm surprised by his tone as he growls in to the phone "Jesus Christ Rina! Where the hell are you?" For a moment, I am flustered.

I stutter a bit as I catch him up on my morning, ending by telling him that I am pulled over on the side of the freeway. I give him my general location and ask if he can send someone to come get me. I'm taken aback when he all but snaps at me that he's coming himself and will be there in ten minutes.

I shrug his annoyance off. Dante has never yelled at me, and I don't think he's about to start because I'm having a shitty morning.

I climb over to sit in the passenger seat so that I don't have to walk in to traffic once Dante arrives. I'm exhausted, frustrated by this morning's events, and now I'm sweating bullets due to the heat. It doesn't help that the car I'm in is black with black leather seats. I feel like I'm baking so I unbutton the top two buttons on my shirt and start fanning myself with the car manual from the glove compartment.

Exactly ten minutes later, Dante pulls up behind me in his black Range Rover. I get out of the car, click the remote for the top to go up and walk quickly over to his car and slide in to the seat. Thankfully he's got the air on full tilt and I turn to him with a huge smile and say, "Thank god for air conditioning! You're my hero Dante. Thank you for coming to my res..."

I halt abruptly and don't finish the sentence as I hear Dante's harsh inhalation of breath. I'm shocked to see that his eyes are glued to the open spot of my blouse.

I gaze down to see what he's looking at. Oh wow. Because of the buttons I opened, my boobs are totally popping out of the blouse. I'm shocked that the top of my white silk bra is visible. As I watch, a trickle of sweat works its way down my chest, disappearing in to the bra.

Chuckling uncomfortably, I close the two buttons I had undone. I look back up at Dante and my eyebrows rise when I see that his eyes are closed and I can hear that he is counting backwards from ten very quietly.

I'm completely puzzled by how he is acting. I wonder what I can say to defuse the tension when his green eyes open and lock on to mine. He breathes deeply in and out, and I assume that he's calmed himself down. I smile at him, but that quickly turns to a frown when he glares at me.

"Sabrina, what the hell is going on with you? You're *never* late. In fact, you're normally twenty minutes early. This is twice you've been late in a month! And Jesus! Running out of gas on the freeway? You could have been killed!" He stops his tirade and returns to glaring at me, which tells me I better say something, but I'm completely thrown off by his anger.

"Dante... I... I'm fine. I'm sorry that I was late twice. I was flustered this morning because I was running late and I left the house without my purse. I'm sorry I inconvenienced you, but..."

Dante balls his fist and slams it on to the dashboard. I jump in my seat. "Inconvenience? You're never a fucking inconvenience. Don't be an idiot!"

I gape at him, shocked by the outburst, but I stay silent, waiting for him to finish.

"I want to know what the hell is going on with you. Something is different. Why have you been late? Why are you losing so much weight? Why have you been cutting down on our morning runs at the gym? And... your hairs down. Your hair is never down at work. Something is definitely weird!"

I sputter, about to start answering his questions when he holds his hand up to silence me.

“Most importantly... Where in the hell were you last night? Brooke came to dinner without you and said she didn’t know where you were, just that you’ve been spending time with some mystery man. She seemed worried. What the hell is going on?”

I take that last bit in with a confused frown. I’m almost positive Brooke knew exactly where I was. She’s met Marcus, and I had sent her an email Sunday afternoon telling her that I couldn’t go to Dante’s on Sunday for dinner since Marcus and I would be practicing. Maybe she didn’t get it. But certainly there was no way she would ever be worried about Marcus. She’s met him, and he isn’t some mystery man to her. Dante *is* crazy over protective, so he probably just misunderstood what she said.

I reach my hand out and lay it on Dante’s arm in a calming way as I say, “Goodness Dante! I’m fine. I’m sorry that you were worried.” A look at his face shows that he is still in intense mode, with his jaw clenched.

I snatch my hand back and pull a Dante, running it through my hair. I know this means I’ve completely messed up my straight hairstyle, but I’m reacting to his frustration. My stomach feels like I’m in the biggest loop on a roller coaster.

“Look Dante. I apologize for not making it to dinner. I did email Brooke and tell her where I would be, but clearly she didn’t check her mail. There was no reason for anyone to be worried. And I told you late last week that I didn’t know if I could make it to dinner on Sunday. Don’t you remember that?”

I implore him with my eyes to calm down. He leans his head back on the headrest and lets out a harsh breath. “Yes Rina, I remember you mentioning that you *didn’t know* if you could make it. But you never said

definitively that you couldn't be there. And when you never said no, I expected you to be there. We all did."

When he turns and looks me in the eye again, I am surprised to see what looks and awful lot like hurt... or even fear in his eyes. But then it's gone and he just looks pissed.

"Dante, I'm sorry. I never meant to be impolite. I really thought you assumed I wasn't going to make it. You know I'd never intentionally bail out on my friends."

Dante is focusing on me in the strangest way as I speak. I know this look. It's the one he gets when he's trying to figure something complicated out. Why is he looking at me like this?

"Friends. Right. Ok. I guess that explains dinner," he says, "but can you tell me what the hell is going on with the weight loss and the lateness? You aren't working out with me, but you're wasting away. Should I be worried?"

I shake my head. What does he think I'm doing? "No! Remember I told you I was taking dance classes? I've been practicing as much as possible these last three weeks for a competition with a dance partner. That's the man Brooke is talking about. We practiced for six hours yesterday, until after eleven o'clock. I woke up late because I'm exhausted from dancing. Same applies to when I was late a few weeks ago."

I smile at him before continuing. "That's also the explanation for the weight loss. When you dance for hours and hours each week, you're bound to lose weight! As for my hair, in all the chaos this morning I dropped my hair pins in to the toilet. So, mysteries solved! No need to worry."

I'm confident this will have calmed him down, but if anything, he looks more upset. Before he can say anything else, a car pulls up behind us with Damien at the wheel and Spencer in the passenger seat. As usual, frick and

frack have come to the rescue. Dante holds his hand out to me, and I hand over Brooke's car key.

Dante hops out to talk to Damien and Spencer, gives them the key to Brooke's car and then climbs back in to the driver's seat. "Damien and Spence will take care of everything. The Mercedes will be in the parking garage for you with a full tank in no time."

I let out a sigh of relief as he pulls back in to traffic and we head off to work. This morning has been a wreck and I need everything to calm down. Normally it would be nice to spend a few minutes in the car in silence listening to music with Dante, but the tension is too thick for that.

I'm relieved when we pull in to the parking garage at Hart International. Hopefully now the day can reset to normal. Dante is out of the car in a flash, slamming the door so hard, the car shakes.

Of course! I get it now. He's having a shitty day too.

I open my door and pop out of the car, gasping as I walk headlong in to Dante's chest. "Jesus Dante! You scared the shit out of me!"

I laugh breathlessly and move to walk around him, but he puts a hand up to stop me, angling me so that my back is up against the car with his arms on either side of my head, giving me no easy exit.

He's *this close* to me and I feel the charge like I'm hooked up to a generator. I take a breath in hoping to steady myself, but that's not a great move because I am now breathing in the delicious and powerful scent that is Dante. It's a mix of body wash, cologne and his natural scent, and it addles my brain.

"Rina... Why didn't I know that you were dancing with some man? I feel like you don't talk to me anymore. Is something going on?"

Now he's annoying me. "Dante, I don't have to tell you everything I do. I'm an adult, and you aren't my keeper. You're completely over reacting. Nothing is going on. I'm living my life. I'm having fun. It's not like I was purposely not telling you. It just never came up. You certainly don't tell me everything YOU do."

His mouth opens and closes several times, as though he is searching for words. This is a first, as I've never seen Dante speechless. He takes a step back and shakes his head.

"Sabrina, I actually *do* tell you almost everything I do. Besides Damien, you know me better than anyone. You're my best friend. I guess I thought you shared your stuff too. I'm sorry you feel like I'm intruding."

Glaring at him I snap, "Oh for goodness sake Dante! Knock it off. I don't think you're intruding. Honestly, it isn't as though I was trying to hide anything. It just never occurred to me that the fact I've got a dance partner is something you would be even remotely interested in."

"Well. I guess if that's what you thought" he says as he shakes his head. "Sorry."

"It's all good," I say. "In fact, the competition I've been practicing for is this Saturday afternoon. You, Damien and the girls are invited... if you think you could sit through watching something like that."

I'm making a token gesture, really. I know he won't come. The idea of Dante sitting and watching ballroom dance is preposterous. I smirk at him as I wait for him to make an excuse and am completely startled when he nods and says, "Okay. What time and where? I'll email the others and see if they are free to come with me. Is Brooke going?"

Well. This is an unexpected development. I so did not anticipate him saying he would come, but I've made the offer and now I need to follow through. "It's at the ballroom in at the Beverly Wilshire on Saturday at three and yes, Brooke is coming."

“I’ll be there.” He gives me his thousand watt smile and the tension eases. He takes my arm and we start to walk toward to bank of elevators. The day finally stops throwing surprises at me, and I am relieved to move on from such an insane morning.

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CHAPTER THREE

I dragged myself out of bed early this morning to go to the gym with Dante, even though my muscles are still on fire from another dance practice last night.

Dante still seemed unsettled after yesterday morning. Nothing specific that I could point to, but he seemed... off. I found him staring at me at least a dozen times, totally lost in thought. I'm not sure what that's all about, but hopefully he will stop worrying when I show up at the gym this morning.

Throwing on a tank top, running shorts and sneakers, I grab the garment bag I loaded up last night with my work clothes for today, the bag I packed with clothes for tonight, and then I hit the road.

I'm at the health club by six thirty, and I don't see Dante, so I check in and take my clothes to the locker room, spending a few minutes organizing my locker so that I'm good to go when I get back from my workout.

Coming out of the locker room, I find Dante standing outside in the hall waiting by the doors. Smiling, I make my way over to him. He actually looks relieved to see me, which is odd.

Walking toward him I smile and ask if he's ready to run. He nods in the affirmative and we take the stairs up to the third floor and then find spots on treadmills that are side by side. Setting our speeds to warm up, we both start walking.

Over the next ten minutes, we work our way up to jogging and then we both set our speeds higher and start running. My mind clears when I run, which is why I enjoy it. It's also a guilty pleasure to watch Dante's body in motion. He's insanely hot to begin with, but when he's sweating and his

muscles are moving... oh wow. Its sex appeal in its most potent form and it gets me every time.

After forty-five minutes, we are both finished. Making our way out of the cardio area, we walk down to the second floor and then head in to the café. Dante orders us the usual- hot coffee with a bacon, egg and cheese bagel for him, and orange juice with an egg and cheese bagel for me.

I grab us a table and then sit and wait for him to bring the food over. The service here is fast, and he's back in a few minutes with our order. Taking his seat he distributes the food, and then we each dig in.

We spend a few minutes talking about a local political issue we are both interested in and then he brings the conversation to our plans for tonight since we're going to see Keith Urban.

We decide that we'll leave work around five-thirty, go to our favorite burger joint for dinner and then head to the Staples Center for the concert. It's going to be a long day, but I'm excited about the show tonight, and so is he.

After we finish eating, we head off to the locker rooms and go our separate ways. I shower and then get dressed for work in record time and I'm right behind Dante getting to the office. We're both at our desks by eight thirty.

The day passes in a blur and it feels like I just sat down when Dante calls out to me that it's after five fifteen. Grabbing my bag, I head in to the bathroom in his office to get changed, emerging a few minutes later in jean shorts, a tank top and a pair of sandals. Styling my hair back in to a loose French braid finishes the look and I'm ready to go.

Our office is empty, so I assume Dante went to change in Damien's bathroom. I settle in to the couch in the seating alcove of Dante's office and drink in the amazing view of Los Angeles.

This alcove and the view it provides is one of the star attractions when Dante has meetings with clients in his office. It is beautifully done, giving you a feeling that you're suspended high up over the city. Many a deal has been closed after clients see the scope of what Hart International is able to build.

I hear footsteps and I turn and watch Dante walk back in to the office. He's changed in to a pair of jeans that hit him in all the right spots and a t-shirt that is stretched across his gorgeous chest, sleeves wrapped around his muscular arms.

My stomach flutters and my heart skips a beat as I watch him come towards me. It's sinful how hot he is. Mentally shaking my head, I stand up and walk across the room to him.

Taking in my outfit, he runs his hands through his hair and blows out breath. "Shit Rina. I'm going to have to keep a perimeter around you tonight. Your legs look amazing in those shorts."

I grin and shake my head at him. He's such a charmer. "You're a flatterer, but I think I'm safe Dante. They're just legs."

Shaking his head, he gives a choked laugh.. "Oh sure, just legs. I don't think you see yourself very well at all Sabrina. You might want to look in to that."

I shrug my shoulders and shake my head. I'm definitely not some leggy glamazon like the Dante bots, so I'm sure he's just being nice.

Heading down to the parking garage we get in to his Range Rover and head off to our favorite burger place.

The dinner rush is starting, but we're quickly seated because I made a reservation. Without consulting with menus we both order deluxe cheeseburgers with extra pickles, French fries and onion rings, and a black and white milk shake for each of us.

Settling in to wait for the food, we start talking. I notice that Dante is fidgeting, which is unusual, but I don't know if I should comment on it or not.

I'm still thinking it through when he blurts out, "So, who's the guy you're dancing with?"

Ah. Now I get the fidgeting. He's in his detective/protector mode. I smile and answer his question. "His name is Marcus. His partner quit and my instructor asked me if I'd step in and help him, so I did."

"What's he like, this Marcus? Young? Old? Handsome? What does he do? Do you see him outside of dancing? Are you interested in him? Does he like you?"

Wow. That's quite a barrage of questions. I guess this is what he does when Dominique or Delilah date.

"He's a bit younger than I am, is a personal trainer and dances as a hobby. We've gone out for dinner after dancing, but otherwise we haven't gone out socially. He's very handsome, but no, I don't think I am interested in him."

Running his hands through his hair, he ponders my answers for a moment. "So, you haven't hung out... but you might? And what do you mean you don't think you're interested in him? That sounds like you're on the fence. Is this guy up for consideration?"

I chuckle at that last bit. "Um, what does 'up for consideration' mean?"

Frowning at me he says, "It means, are you attracted enough to consider him as a potential man in your life?"

Shrugging my shoulders, I fiddle with my soda straw. I'm embarrassed talking about it with Dante, so I avoid looking at him. "I don't know. He's

attractive. But I'm not attracted to him per say. But it's been over a year since I've even gone out on a date with anyone, and three years since I was in a relationship. I'm thinking it's time I broaden my horizons. I've thought about accepting his date requests, I just don't think I see it going anywhere. But who knows? Maybe he will surprise me. Hell, maybe I'll surprise me. It's time for me to try being attracted to someone I can have instead of being so infatuated with..."

I halt abruptly, mortified by what I just almost let slip out. This is the downside to how close we are. I share most everything with Dante, except the fact that I'm plagued by a serious case of lust for him. I just almost let the cat out of the bag.

He doesn't look at all happy when I glance back at him, and it takes him a few seconds to speak.

"So. There is somebody you're interested in. Judging by what you just said, I'm guessing it's someone you don't feel you can have. It's not a married guy is it?"

Fidgeting in my seat, I blow out a frustrated breath. "It is absolutely not a married man. I'd never do that. This is... something I won't discuss. So please, can we just drop it?"

I'm saved by the arrival of our dinner. Unfortunately this conversation has killed my appetite so I just pick at my burger. Dante must not be hungry, because he eats very little of his food either.

It's a relief when our plates are taken away and we stand to leave. Making our way back to the car, we head off to the Staples Center. I put Keith Urban on his iPod and turn up the car stereo so that it's too loud to talk, and the trip passes without further conversation.

The mood improves when we get to the Staples Center. One of my favorite things about going to concerts with Dante is the fact that he always

takes my hand once we're about to step in to the crowd so that we don't get separated.

Right on cue, once we're inside he grabs my hand and we make our way through the concourse and buy a beer to share, then head down on to the floor to our seats. My hand tingles from his touch and I've got butterflies.

It's the first time either of us have seen Keith Urban in concert, and it's awesome. He's quite the showman, and he plays all of my favorite songs. We spend the next two and half hours dancing, smiling and singing along, thoroughly enjoying the show.

After the show he grabs my hand again and we make our way to the car. We review the concert on the way back to the office garage, both agreeing that we will put him on our "must see" list for all future tours.

We're in the parking garage at work after midnight and after saying our goodbyes I climb in to my car and make my way home, still singing my favorite Keith song, "Long Hot Summer."

I'm home a bit after one, and after scrubbing my face and changing in to pajamas, I climb in to bed. As exhausted as I am, I spend the next hour tossing and turning, thinking about Dante and the conversation we had at dinner.

I know I danced a little too close to the line this time. I'd be mortified if he knew how I felt, because I just know he would feel uncomfortable, or worse, that he would feel sorry for me. I need to remember that it would probably ruin our friendship if he knew how I felt since my feelings for him are destined to be one sided and never reciprocated.

With that depressing thought, I fall asleep.

CHAPTER FOUR

The rest of the week passes without incident. Dante is tenser than usual, but I chalk that up to the fact that it's our busiest time of year at work.

I can't make our morning workouts for the rest of the week due to the fact that I spend every night practicing with Marcus in preparation for the competition this weekend. At this point, I'm just looking forward to the competition being over. I'm dancing myself to the point of dropping, and I'm ready to take a serious break.

Saturday dawns bright and beautiful, and I'm up at dawn to spend a few hours practicing with Marcus. We're at the studio together by seven thirty, dancing to the song we're using for our interpretation of the tango, Justin Timberlake's "Rock Your Body."

It's amazing how tight our dancing has been gone in these few weeks. Although it's been a crazy amount of work, I'm glad that I really put myself in to it for Marcus' sake. We are both happy with how the dance looks, and we end at ten so that we both can go get ready.

After getting ready at home, I'm at the Beverly Wilshire by one. The staging area is packed with people like me who are applying their make-up and making sure their costume is perfect. While I've not been super excited about the weight I lost, I am thrilled with how I look in this outfit.

The costume I'm wearing is white with black accents and crystals. The fabric cuts out on the diagonal under my breasts and doesn't pick up again until just under my belly button. The dress is held together with fabric on my right side which leaves my stomach, my left side and most of my back exposed. The skirt is stretchy and goes to my ankles, but has a slit up either side of my legs that is seriously sexy.

My body is so tight from all the dancing even I have to admit I look damn good. My hair is down and curled and my make-up is far sexier than what I normally would wear, but it looks right for this occasion. I twist to and fro, looking at myself in the mirror. I feel sexy and that makes me happy.

Marcus and I watch the other couples dancing on a monitor in the staging area. Everyone looks so good. When our number is called, I am surprisingly nerve free.

We hit the floor and the dance passes in a flash of twists, turns, spins, elevations and dips. Our final move is called the “open legs”, with my right leg wrapped over Marcus’ left as he dips me. I smile up at him in pure joy that we’ve made it through the dance with no missteps and I am totally caught off guard as he lowers his head and captures my mouth in a kiss before spinning me out so we can bow.

Yikes. I did not see that coming, and I'm less than thrilled by his boldness. I smile brightly at the judges, almost in a daze. We finish our bow and hands still clasped go to exit the dance floor.

As Marcus and I reach the edge of the floor, a tingle goes up my spine and I know that Dante is nearby. I can actually feel it. I look to my left and my eyes lock with his. Holy shit! His green eyes are stormy and the look he gives me is very, very dark.

I’ve never seen this expression on his face before. He looks almost incandescent with anger. I come to a halt to ask him what's wrong, but Marcus pulls my hand and brings me backstage.

After thinking about it, I conclude that Dante is probably pissed about the outfit. He’s always super weird about stuff like this, but really, it’s none of his business.

I make the conscious decision not to let whatever is bothering Dante ruin my day. He can stuff his over-protective thoughts where the sun

doesn't shine. I'm happy and I feel accomplished, and it's a moment I want to enjoy.

Marcus is beaming at me and I find myself wishing that what I felt was passion instead of just appreciation for what a handsome specimen he is.

I laugh nervously as he pulls me to his chest and he puts his forehead on mine. "You were amazing Sabrina! I am in absolute awe of you!"

Looking in to my eyes Marcus says, "The kiss. Did it bother you?"

I shake my head in the negative. "It didn't *bother* me, no. But please don't do it again. I'm interested in someone else."

"Oh. That's a real downer" he says as he pulls me across the room to sit and wait for the scoring. We sit side by side in two of the empty banquet chairs that are all around the room in silence.

When the competition is over, we take our places with the other couples, waiting to hear who the winners are. I am beyond shocked when we take third place in the amateur tango. It's a thrill.

Everything is a blur for the next twenty minutes as we take pictures with the first and second place winners, shake hands with the judges, and pose with our instructor.

Finally it's all over and everyone begins to disperse. I'm anxious to get over to Brooke, Dante and his siblings, so I tell Marcus that I've got to go. Instead of just letting me go, he asks me if I want to go to dinner to celebrate.

Crap. I really hope he isn't going to get pushy. I'm not interested in him in that way. I tell him no, but he tells me that he will call me soon and hopefully we can go get dinner sometime in the future before giving me a big hug. Holding up his iPhone he says, "I need a picture of us, from today." Holding his arm out in front of him, he takes a few shots of us

smiling in to the phone camera. I finally tell him I really have to go, and he leaves with a frown.

I'm excited about my win and can't wait to share it with my sister, Dante and his siblings, so I hurry over to where I last saw Dante. I wave when I see Dante, Damien and the girls standing together and am surprised to see that they all look... anxious. I wonder what's up.

My first stop is Brooke who gives me a huge hug. She steps back and looks at me. "My god Sabrina, I had NO idea you could dance like that! It was amazing! I'm so proud of you sis." The twins are next, and they both hug and congratulate me on the third place win.

I can actually feel the tension hanging over us. What the heck is going on? I reach Damien next, and he's more subdued than usual. "Sabrina. Wow. I'm impressed. You look beautiful, as always." He hugs me, but he actually has a concerned look in his eyes which is really strange.

Finally I reach Dante. The look he gives me could cause water to freeze in an instant. Glaring at me he says, "Sabrina. What a performance." The inference on the word performance is downright cruel.

Gesturing to my outfit he continues, "I'd no idea that you weren't going to be dressed. Don't you think you should have warned us that you'd be damn near naked?"

My eyes bulge and I simultaneously hear four gasps. Ah. This is why everyone looks uncomfortable. He's probably been in full outraged protector mode over here this entire time.

Standing tall I step forward, so that the two of us are as eye to eye as we can be, considering that I'm about 5'8 in these heels and Dante is 6'2.

"Damn you Dante. I know you're over protective, but this is a step too far. I'm clothed entirely appropriately for the event. I'm also more clothed than your last three girlfriends combined on any given night. My

‘performance’ was a dance. I wasn’t shaking it for dollar bills and I won’t be spoken to like this. I’m going home. Let me know when your attitude improves dramatically. Otherwise, go to hell.” I pivot and leave, beyond annoyed with his behavior.

I’m almost to the exit door when I hear footsteps behind me. He grabs my hand and spins me around so that I’m facing him, putting a hand on each of my shoulders. “Rina, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to be an asshole. Please don’t leave.”

Normally I’d let it go, but he’s pissed me off. I glare up at him and hiss, “Dante, this behavior is completely unacceptable. I don’t know what crawled up your ass, but you better get a hold of yourself. This is NOT ok. I won’t be spoken to like that, by anyone. I’m not a child, nor am I one of the Dante-bots. You aren’t my protector and you aren’t my father!”

“Jesus Sabrina! I don’t think I’m your father. I certainly don’t think of you as a child. I’m sorry. I guess I’m just stressed out. Let’s go out to dinner with everyone as planned. We can celebrate your win.”

Oh shit, our families. I’d forgotten all about them. What a scene! I feel like an idiot. No one has ever made me as angry as Dante just did. I step to the left and look past him to where the four of them are standing and staring at us, wide eyed.

I step back and look at Dante. “Fine. I need to go home, shower and change. I suggest you take that time to calm down. I’m not eating with you if you start acting like that again. You can pick me up at my house in an hour and I will ride home with Brooke after the movie, as planned.” I turn and leave before he can say anything else.

Fortunately there is almost no traffic and I’m back at my house in Brentwood rather quickly. I glance at the clock and see that it’s after five thirty. I’ve got another forty-five minutes to get ready for dinner which is plenty of time to get showered and changed.

I'm in and out of the shower in about fifteen minutes and ten minutes after that I've finished drying my hair. I style it in to a high pony tail and use the curling iron to make a flip at the bottom. I apply dark kohl to my eyes to create the 'cat eye' style. An application of mascara, a dash of blush and light lip gloss and my look is complete.

I've picked out a beautiful silk Akiko kimono dress for dinner tonight. It ends above my knees, and I adore the way it hangs. I add my tan Burberry platform espadrilles and a pair of gold hoops to complete the look. I'm just spraying myself with my favorite perfume, J'adore, when the doorbell rings. I'm calmer now, and I hope Dante is too.

I'm relieved when I open the door and he's smiling. He looks me up and down and gives a whistle. "Rina you look stunning. Nice dress."

I chuckle as I raise my shoulder and say "Oh, this old thing?"

He laughs too, and I'm thrilled to see that he's back to his charming self. He helps me lock up and then we head to dinner.

The ride to the Monsoon Café in Santa Monica is pleasant. Dante gestures to the iPod that is attached to his radio and tells me to put on whatever I want. After a few minutes of searching, I choose The Eagles greatest hits, and we sit in companionable silence listening to the music.

Brooke, Damien, Spencer, Dominique and Delilah are already seated when we arrive. Everyone is a bit tentative as Dante and I sit down, but once they see that we are ok, they start acting normally again.

By the time our dinners arrive, we are all totally relaxed and enjoying ourselves. The sushi is delicious and we're all having a great time sharing rolls with each other while talking about life and current events.

Dante insists that we all order desert, gesturing at me as he says that some of us have recently lost a lot of weight that we didn't need to, and desert can't hurt. I laugh at how silly he's being.

It's classic Dante- always wanting to take care of everyone, thinking that he knows best. I don't really need to be persuaded- the banana tempura at Monsoon is one of my favorite things, and I dig in to it with enthusiasm when it comes.

The meal comes to an end and we go our separate ways. Damien and Spencer both have "dates" (a generous term, they are both worse than Dante) so they beg off for the night, but the rest of us will be meeting at Dante's to watch a movie.

Once we're back at the house, Dante heads in to the theater room to set up the movie and I grab bottles of water for everyone. I know we are all too stuffed to eat popcorn, so I don't bother making any.

I'm surprised that the girls aren't here yet. We left at the same time.

Dante's phone rings and sure enough, it's them. They stopped back at Dominique's apartment to grab Brooke's car and Dominique's neighbor was having a party, so they've decided to stay with their friends. It's unlike them to bail on us, but Dante and I decide to watch the movie anyway, choosing to watch in the living room instead of the theater room since it's just the two of us.

CHAPTER FIVE

I situated myself on the chaise portion of Dante's enormous leather sectional as he put the movie in, and now I am stretched out, ready to watch. It's nice, it being just the two of us. Normally some or all of our siblings are here too. We spend a lot of time alone together, but normally not at his house, at night.

About ten minutes in to the movie, I start fidgeting. My feet are a little sore from all the dancing so I scoot forward and take the Burberry platforms off.

Dante must have been watching, because he comments when I wince as I pulled the shoes off. "What's up Rina? Did you hurt your ankle or something?"

"No nothing that serious. My arches are just sore from all the dancing. I'm sure the fact that I wear heels every day anyway isn't helping!"

Staring at my feet he says, "As a man, I love your footwear. You have amazing taste in shoes and lord knows you've got a ton of them, but I don't know how you walk in those things."

Putting the movie on pause he wanders out of the room, returning about a minute later with a bottle of lotion. He sits next to me on the couch and pats his lap. "I'm at your service. Give me your feet and I'll rub them."

I'm momentarily stunned, and consider saying no, but I don't want to draw attention to the fact that I'm skittish about him touching me. I swing my legs up on to this lap and smile. "Thanks Dante, you're the best."

I'm leaning back against the sofa with my feet in Dante's lap, watching as he puts a few pumps of lotion in to his hands and rubs them together. He

picks up my left foot and gently starts rubbing the lotion from the tip of my toes to the bottom of my calf, paying special attention to my arches.

Oh, wow. This is extremely intense. He's very, very good at this. It feels like jolts of static electricity are running up my leg, each pass of his fingers sending a current right to my cleft.

The minutes pass in silence while he rubs. When he switches to my other foot, I feel like I might combust.

Shit... this is becoming a serious problem. I actually have to bite my lip to keep from moaning. I've never gotten this turned on so fast. I can actually feel my underwear getting wetter by the second.

The air in the room feels heavy. It's almost a struggle to remember to breathe in and out.

A flush of embarrassment comes over me as I realize that I'm not doing the great job I normally do of keeping Dante in the dark about my lust for him. Christ, how humiliating. I hope he can't tell.

Raising my eyes to him, I check to see if he's noticed what's happening with me. His eyes blaze back in to mine and the look he gives me is pure heat. Oh, wow. He feels whatever this is too.

He shakes his head like he's trying to clear it, and returns to massaging. I slide my eyes closed and try to process what's happening, and my reaction to it.

When he rubs the arch of my foot again, I can't help it, I moan. My eyes snap open, and I pray that maybe he didn't hear me.

His hand slides from the arch of my foot up to my left ankle and his other hand grips my right ankle. Using my ankles as leverage, he jerks me toward him.

Yes, he definitely heard me. I'm trying to process all of this as he bends forward and kisses first one knee, then the other.

I take a shocked breath and my jaw drops as I stare at the top of his head. Raising his eyes to mine Dante asks, "Rina. I want this. Do you?"

The line is shockingly easy to cross. "Oh yes." From that moment, there is no hesitation on either of our parts. There is no awkwardness. Suddenly, it just IS.

"Thank god. I've dreamed of this," he says as he returns to kissing and licking my legs, starting at my ankles and working his way up along every inch of the skin between my ankles and my knees.

Scooting forward, he places my right leg over his shoulder and then pushes my dress up to my waist. I shudder when he makes a sound of feral appreciation as he sees my little yellow panties.

His breath is choppy, just like mine. This is a sight to behold, Dante turned on. I feel like I'm about to explode.

His nostrils flare and I know he has no doubt about how aroused I am right now. With no preamble, he put his hands on my panties and rips them open.

I watch, fascinated, as his mouth hovers just over my slit. I can feel his breath on me, and it's making me almost insane with lust. I just about cum when his right hand slides across my sex. Nothing I've ever felt could have prepared me for this.

"Oh baby," he growls. "You're so fucking wet." With that, his mouth descends on my cleft and sets to licking and tongue fucking me so good, it's like he has a road map to my body. He slips first one finger and then another in to me, sliding in and out as I stretch to accommodate both fingers.

“Fuck baby. You’re so hot inside.” He starts rubbing a spot on the inside of me that has me panting for breath and I can literally hear how wet I am as his fingers and tongue work their magic.

The spot that’s he’s hitting with his fingers is on fire and his tongue is flicking over my clit faster and faster, each pass of his tongue flinging me closer to the edge. I run my hand in to his hair and ride his tongue and fingers for dear life as my body ignites in an orgasm so intense, it’s almost scary.

Any other man would be ramming in to me right about now searching for their own release, but not Dante. He removes his fingers but keeps licking me, taking care not to touch my super sensitive clit as I start to build again.

I’ve never been gone down on like this and I’m totally outside of myself, almost in disbelief at the control and understanding he seems to have over my body.

Within a few minutes I am panting and on the edge of another orgasm. He swipes my clit with the flat of his tongue and I splinter apart again, riding the wave as he takes me with his mouth.

He still doesn’t stop, gentling his licks and sucks even more as he takes his time and works me over thoroughly. As I build, he slips two fingers back inside of me and slowly starts spreading my juices around, sliding his finger and his tongue all over my clit.

I’ve never cum more than twice in a night, but within minutes I am grinding up in to his face, on the edge of another orgasm.

Adding a third finger he starts fucking me, hard, with his fingers. I yell “oh fuck Dante, don’t stop!” Flicking his tongue all over my sopping wet slit in time with his fingers is all it takes to throw me head first in to another giant orgasm.

I'm panting and dizzy, swollen with desire as Dante makes his way up my body. He leans over me so that we are face to face and the look he gives me is steaming. "Baby, you taste so good," he says as he licks his lips.

Holy hell, Dante is a bad boy. Impossibly, I am even more turned on. His head descends down to mine as he grabs the back of my head and says "taste" before pulling me in to a kiss that is off the hot scale.

We are giving each other no quarter as we kiss, our tongues thrusting hard and hot in to each other's mouths.

This is no slow build. We are fucking each other with our tongues, and it's more explosive than anything I've ever felt by at least a million percent.

I tear my mouth from his to yelp when I feel his arousal rub my center through his pants. God it feels good. His eyes flair as though he understands what I'm feeling.

Leaning in he whispers in to my ear, "Baby, I hope you like it rough, because I'm going to fuck you senseless tonight."

It's like a gun announcing the start of a race just went off. "Yes! Fuck me hard, don't be gentle!"

I grab either side of his shirt and rip it apart, causing the buttons to fly everywhere. One hits me on the cheek, but I don't care.

Grabbing my ass, he grinds softly in to me once, twice and then a third time and I fly apart again. It's almost as if I can't not cum.

I'm not even back on earth yet as he steps back and strips off his pants and briefs. I gasp in shock as his hard cock is revealed to me. My sex clenches at how hot he is, even as my brain screams that he's fucking massive and that he probably won't fit inside of me. His cock is long and very thick. I've never been with anyone near his size.

Reaching out I grab his cock with my hand and start rubbing back and forth, trying to measure it with my hands. “No baby,” he rasps. “If you do that, I'm going to cum all over you before this even starts. I need to be inside of you.” I am stunned when he grabs the hem of my thin silk dress and rips it clean in half.

I completely lose my 'he's too big' train of thought as my sex gets wetter. It feels like I'm boiling inside. I love seeing him unglued like this. The passion is off the scale, uninhibited and savage.

He's panting as he takes his place between my thighs and pops the front of my bra open. He growls in approval as he sees my breasts for the first time.

“Fucking perfect, just like I knew you would be. Jesus Christ. You're a goddess.”

Leaning forward, he takes my left nipple in his mouth, flicking it with his tongue. It's so good, but all I can't think about is how bad I want him inside of me. I can feel my arousal dripping out of me, on to my thighs and down on to the couch.

He moves to my other breast and starts flicking it too, before he gently bites. I arch off the couch like

I've been shot out of a rocket. “Please, Dante... please. I can't... I'm dying. Fuck me!”

Grabbing his cock, he lays it on my clit and starts rubbing back and forth. It's like heaven. I wiggle underneath him, my hands around his neck as we start kissing again.

Sliding his hand down to his cock, he starts hitting my clit with it in quick repetitive movements. My eyes roll back in my head and I convulse again, shouting out my release.

He's a fucking machine. Briefly I wonder if I'm going to be able to withstand any more pleasure or if my head is going to blow off.

"Rina... I need you now. Put your legs around me and get ready." I waste no time in following directions, lifting my thighs up and wrapping them around his torso.

Taking his cock in his hand, he places it at the tip of my sex and starts rubbing the head around in a circle, wetting his dick with my arousal before he starts pushing in to me. The toughest part is getting the head of him in to me, as I stretch to accommodate him. Groaning, he throws his head back and grits his teeth. "Oh fuck sweetheart. You're so tiny and tight."

I'm gasping and moaning from the sensation of just the tip inside of me. I can't imagine how he'll get any further, but gradually he does, one excruciating inch at a time.

I've never felt this full, and he's not even all the way in. I'm surrounded by his scent, his taste, and now his cock is stretching me beyond anything I've ever experienced. It's pleasure/pain in the most decadent form.

My back arches as I try to breathe my way through his entry. It's beyond intense. He leans forward to kiss me, and puts my legs on either side of his arms. We start kissing, hard, and I'm bucking underneath him, panting and moaning, when he stills.

"Fuck! Rina! I'm in you bare. I'm not wearing a condom. God you feel fucking incredible. Oh baby, I can't stop...All I can think about is filling your tiny cunt full of my cum. Fuck! Oh god sweetheart. I've got to pull out for you."

He starts to pull out but I grab his arms and yell "No! Don't stop! I'm on the pill. Don't stop!"

He's still for a moment, and I'm starting to panic thinking that he's about to pull out and this will be over, when suddenly he says "thank god" and slams forward. I let out a scream, the sensation beyond any words I have to describe it.

With each thrust, he works more of his cock inside of me. After a few minutes, he's hitting the bottom of my womb with each thrust, the rhythm so intense, I briefly wonder if we will both combust.

Leaning forward, he starts licking and sucking on my neck. I never knew this was such an erogenous zone for me, but I'm insane with lust as he does it again and again, bringing my blood closer to the surface. I can feel the pulse in my throat hammering away.

The sensation of him thrusting, the stimulation of his mouth on my body, the smell of his skin and the sounds he's making throw me in to another orgasm, arching and moaning as I'm assailed with sensation after sensation.

He continues to fuck in and out of me, giving me no quarter. The hammering against my womb continues, and I seriously consider that I might pass out or my heart might give out, but honestly... what a way to go.

We are both moaning and gasping, the room filled with slap, slap, slap of his thrusting in to me. "Fuck Rina. This. Is. So. Good. Your pussy is incredible." Sweat is dripping off his face and running down his chest and his breath is so erratic, I think he must be about to cum.

I'm pure sensation as he continues the assault on my body when he pulls out and in one quick movement and flips me over so that I am on my knees. Grabbing the back of my neck he pushes my head down to the couch cushion and slams in to me from behind.

Oh god, he's even deeper. I've never been fucked this hard before, and it's incredible. I'm panting and trying to ride my way through this. I feel like I'm going to explode.

Out of nowhere he smacks my ass. As impossible as it seems, I am immediately wetter. I yell out “Fuck! Yes!”

He’s fucking me harder and harder and I can feel that he’s definitely at the end of his rope as his cock swells even fuller inside me.

He smacks my ass again and I scream as I collapse in orgasm. I can’t even continue to push back in to him. I’ve literally been fucked stupid.

Grabbing my hips in his hands he lifts me back up so that my knees are no longer touching the couch. With a heady growl he starts slamming in to me with such force that I wonder if I will split in two. Turning, I look over my shoulder at him, needing to watch him as he comes apart.

His eyes are locked on his dick as he slams in and out of me, but he must feel that I’m looking at him, because his eyes snap up to mine, glazed and intense.

The mid fuck look really works on him and I feel my slit get even wetter. I imagine that this is what being in heat would feel like. I’m almost out of my mind as I try to assimilate all of the new feelings that are exploding in my body.

Eyes still locked with mine, he starts to talk. “Rina baby, this is so fucking good. I’ve never felt this... fuck baby. I’m so deep inside of you. I love watching my cock slide in and out of you, seeing your juices all over my dick. I can actually see your pussy clenching me right now. It’s so fucking hot baby.”

The look on his face and the sound of his voice has brought me back. I’m so damn wet for him it’s crazy.

“Oh fuck Dante. Fill me with your cum. I want it so bad.” He gives a loud growl and grips my hips harder. I’m probably going to have the

imprint of his hands on me for days, but I couldn't care less. I *want* him to mark me.

He's literally lifting me up and pulling me on to his cock with each hammered thrust. I hold on to the couch cushion for dear life, my anchor in the storm.

"Cum again Sabrina. Let me feel you sweetheart. I need this so much." He moves on hand under my body and rubs my clit, sliding and circling all around, my arousal continuing to slide out of me. He pinches my clit with his fingers and that's it, I splinter apart again, cumming so hard I damn near pass out.

I'm gasping for air, seeing stars, and my entire body is covered in goose bumps. Dante's thrusting is less measured and more frantic now and suddenly he shouts "Yes! Fuck yes baby!" and then I feel his release blast in to my womb.

CHAPTER SIX

We collapse spent on the couch, neither of us able to move. We spend a few minutes in silence, both of us panting and trying to catch our breath. When we both can finally breathe normally, he slides out of me and helps me sit up.

Completely naked, we both sit back on the couch. The area around us is a disaster. There are ripped clothes and buttons everywhere. Holy hell, that was intense.

I'm wondering what's going to happen now. What do I say? I'm saved from speaking when Dante stands and lifts me in to his arms.

Carrying me as though I am weightless he walks up the stairs to his bedroom and then enters the master bathroom. Setting me down on the vanity, he walks over to the shower and turns all the jets on.

I sit back and enjoy the show. His body is amazing, all muscle and beauty. I've just cum more in one night than I ever have, and still the sight of him walking toward me from the shower has me aroused.

He smirks at me, almost as though he can hear my thoughts. "Oh wow Sabrina. Who knew? You're a naughty, insatiable, sex machine. What a revelation."

He stands in front of me at the vanity and kisses me. Mmm. Dante could teach kissing classes. My sex is clenching in time with the gentle glide of his mouth. Minutes pass as the bathroom mirrors steam up, the two of us locked in an embrace as we kiss and kiss.

Dante pulls back and leans his head on to my forehead. "Rina, wrap your legs around my waist. It's time to get in the shower."

I comply without have to be asked again, rubbing suggestively against his erection as he walks us across the bathroom in to the shower. The water is heavenly and I groan in appreciation.

I move to take my legs from around his waist but he stops me. “Oh no you don't sweetheart. I was going to wait, but that pretty pussy of yours is leaking our cum on to my cock and I need to be inside you again.”

He talks so dirty, it's blowing my mind. I've never been with someone who talks or fucks like he does and I love it.

Positioning me against the wall, he lifts me up and then glides me down so that the tip of my sex is resting on his cock. He stares in to my eyes as he starts sinking in to me very slowly, the moment stretching out between us, heavy and deep. The expression on his face is so serious and intense, but I can't even pretend to analyze it just now because I'm too far gone.

Like before, it takes the most work to get the head in, and my breath is coming in little gasps as he finally works his way in to me and impales me to the hilt very, very slowly.

It's so decadent. My head rolls back as I revel in the feeling of him deep inside of me, my sex clenching and trying to adjust to the feeling of being overly full. If I'd known it would feel like this, I'd have jumped in to his lap the first day I met him.

Dante trails his right hand down to my soaking cleft as he works his cock in and out of me. The touch of his fingers and the in and out movements of his dick are about to put me over the edge.

Tilting me so that he can thrust in to me at a different angle, he starts thrusting again, the penetration shallower but so intense as he hits a spot at the front of my vagina over and over, making me feel faint with sensation.

I need to see, so I look down and watch as his cock slides in and out of me, loving the sight of his fingers on me as he slowly slides in and out. I can feel myself building again, and it's like heaven.

I look up at him, and we are eye to eye. I watch as his head descends to mine and we start to kiss again. It's slower this time, and there isn't a corner of my mouth that he hasn't explored by the time he raises his head.

Each slow pump forward is getting me closer and closer to another huge orgasm. I'm so close. I can't help it; I claw my nails down his back. I have to, it's so intense. I want to mark him. "Fuck!" Dante yells. "Do that again Rina. It feels so good!" I hardly need to be asked, and I do it again. "Rina! Yes baby, yes! Yes!"

His mouth returns to mine, our tongues tangling in time with his increasingly frantic thrusts. Each forward thrust is hitting the spot faster and with more force.

I break off the kiss because I can't catch my breath. I slide my finger down to where his hand is touching my clit and I start to rub it with him. "Oh fuck Dante... I'm going to cum again."

He nods his head and picks up a little speed, "yes baby. I want it. When you cum I feel it everywhere, as your tiny pussy squeezes so fucking hard on me honey." With each thrust he is impaling me on his incredibly thick cock, my back rubbing against the hard tiles.

I see that he is trying to maintain control, but I want him as wild as I am. I take my hand from between my legs, and put two fingers in his mouth, loving that his green eyes are almost black as he sucks my fingers and his control snaps.

He slams in to me a dozen more times and just like that he starts to cum, filling me again. I detonate around him as I feel the jets of his orgasm shooting inside me.

I am completely done in by this last orgasm. I can only groan in appreciation as he pulls out of me and sets me down on the shower bench.

Thank god he's here, because I have no energy left to wash myself. He gently rubs soap all over my body, and then helps me stand to wash my hair and face before sitting me back down on the bench where I sit back and enjoy watching him as he washes himself.

When he's finished, he dries my body before carrying me to his bed. Without any further comment, he lies down and pulls me to him, my back to his front, and wraps his arm around me. Even as tired as I am, my nipples pucker and I shiver at how good his nakedness feels against my back. I consider turning over, but exhaustion starts to claim me.

The last thing I remember is him kissing the top of my head and whispering something that sounded like, "That was a dream come true baby. Thank you." I'm too drained to think or speak anymore, and I pass out within seconds.

I wake up sore and a little disoriented. The room is dark, save for the glow from a bathroom light. There are arms wrapped around me, and I feel someone's chin on my shoulder. What the hell is...?

Oh! It all comes back to me in a moment. Holy shit. I had sex with Dante. Hmm. That's a massive understatement. It wasn't just sex. It was the best sex I've ever had.

Well. That explains the soreness. It's not uncomfortable, comparable to how I felt when I started dancing and muscles that weren't utilized often started being used... and used hard.

I need to use the bathroom, which means I need to make my way out of the bed without waking Dante up. I'm so not ready to deal with him yet. I quietly work my way out of his grip and slither out of the bed, stealthily making my way to the bathroom.

I'm stunned when I see myself in the mirror. Holy hell! My lips are swollen, my hair is a mess, and I've got faint love bite marks on my neck. There is no mistaking the fact that I've just been well and truly fucked.

I touch my reflection in the mirror in surprise. Even with messed up hair and being half asleep, I have a glow about me and I shake my head in wonder.

Sex with Dante was so much better than even my best fantasy had ever been. Given the chance, I'd easily become addicted.

I take care of business and then use Dante's brush to deal with the mop that's on my head. It's too much of a mess from going to bed without brushing to fix, so I decide to jump in and out of the shower again. I'm super fast because I don't want to wake him up and I feel much better when I get out.

I rub my hair and get it as dry as I can, then brush it for a few minutes. Best I can do without a hair dryer, but at least it's straight again and doesn't resemble a bird's nest.

A quick check of Dante's bathroom drawers produces a brand new toothbrush, and I'm delighted to brush my teeth.

It occurs to me that I need to make some kind of plan. I won't just go back out there and climb back in to his bed, because I don't relish waking up tomorrow and dealing with his morning after regrets.

Oh crap. I stomp my foot and run my fingers through my hair. What the hell have I done? I shouldn't have put my feet in my lap, and I damn sure should not have moaned.

I can't regret everything that happened, but I just know this is going to make things very, very difficult. I'm not a casual fuck, and Dante doesn't do commitment of any kind.

Fuck, fuck, fuck! What if our siblings figure this out? What if I've fucked this up so bad that I lose my job?

Brooke would be devastated to lose Dante in her life. How am I going to handle seeing him with Dante-bots in the future?

This last thought makes me almost physically ill. I look at myself in the mirror and shake my head in horror. What have I done?

I realize I am riling myself up, and I take a deep breath and center myself. What's done is done. I can't go back. I can only go forward and try to do damage control now. My best course of action is to act like everything is fine.

We don't need to talk about this. I know he won't want to. I'll just make it easier for us both by having a 'no big deal' attitude. Friends have sex. It happens. (I ignore the little voice in my head that says that friends having sex is a lot easier to get over than what just happened... I can't deal with those thoughts right now)

I sneak out of the bathroom and then tiptoe out of Dante's bedroom. My last view of him before I close his bedroom door is of him lying on his back, with his arm thrown across his eyes and the comforter lying across his thighs.

I'm annoyed with myself that it takes real effort not to go wake him up with a blow job. I don't even *like* giving blow jobs. What the hell is wrong with me? Haven't I been bad enough? I need to take the memories I already have and go home.

Naked, I make my way downstairs and inspect the carnage in the living room. Shit. I forgot that I don't have anything to wear. I clean up the buttons from Dante's ruined shirt, then take my dress, my ruined underwear and his shirt and throw them away.

I'm left with a mangled bra and a pair of platform wedge sandals, and I can't drive home in that. I hit the jackpot in the laundry room because Marie, the live out housekeeper, has left a basket of clean clothes.

I thank my lucky stars as I take one of Dante's t-shirts and a pair of his Calvin Klein briefs. Paired with my platforms, it's quite a sight.

A quick look at the key hook that hangs outside of the garage shows that I'm good to take any of the cars that are out there. I grab a set of keys to his BMW SUV.

I leave a note on the counter that reads "Dante, Sorry, I had to take the BMW to get home since I didn't have a car. I will park it in the work garage on Monday. Enjoy the rest of your weekend. Sabrina."

Moments later I am in the car, flying down the drive. I use the cars remote to open and close the gate as I leave and just like that, I'm on my way home.

I drive in silence, oddly disinterested in music. I pull in to my driveway just after two thirty in the morning and I'm in bed within moments, asleep almost immediately.

CHAPTER SEVEN

I awaken to Brooke standing over my bed, shoving my shoulder and telling me to get up. Squinting at the clock, I see that it's almost nine. Wow, I crashed hard.

I'm not a morning person, at least not before my shower, so I glare at Brooke. "Why the hell are you waking me up?"

She's annoyingly chipper in the morning, something that I am in no mood for right now. Smiling at me she says "Aw. Who would have guessed? You, grumpy upon wake up?"

I give her the finger and bury my head under my pillow. "Go way Brooke, I love you, but I need sleep. Get out."

She laughs and says, "Sure. Would you like me to tell Dante to wait, or should I just tell him to leave?"

I shoot straight up from the bed in alarm. I whisper "did you just say he's here? Like, here as in he's in the house right now?"

The look on her face is alarmingly observant. I forget sometimes that Brooke notices everything.

She's silent for a moment and I prod her again for an answer, hoping to keep her from putting any further thought in to it.

"Yep. He's in the living room. I told him I'd try to get you up. So here I am, getting you up. You're sitting up, which means you really are awake and won't go back to sleep which is good, because I'm meeting the twins and Spencer at Damien's. We're going to go to Malibu for the day. I'll be at Dante's for dinner tonight so if you're going, I'll see you there. Love

you!” And just like that, Brooke bounces out of my room, leaving my door open a crack.

I hear her in the living room, talking to Dante. I don't hear everything that is said, but I catch that she tells him that she just woke me up, and then she says she will see him later for dinner.

I haul ass in to my bathroom, locking myself in as I lean against the door in a panic. Fuck! He's here. I thought I'd have today to get my emotions under control. Ugh. Apparently I'm not that lucky.

Taking a deep breath, I use the bathroom and then wash my hands and face. After brushing my teeth, I brush my hair and throw it up in to a messy bun. This will have to do. Looking down I realize that I'm wearing still Dante's shirt and underwear.

I enter my bedroom again, eager to get changed before seeing Dante, but I come to a halt when I see him leaning in my door jam, arms crossed. His eyes flare as he takes in my attire.

It's a moment out of time, the two of us staring at each other. I don't know what he's thinking, but I'm trying to deal with the reality of the fact that he was so far inside of me last night that I didn't know where I ended and he began.

The silence stretches as we stare at each other and then I notice that he's pulled something from his pocket. I watch as he unfolds it and holds it up. I see that it's the note I left last night. Why the hell does he have it with him?

I look back up in to his eyes and the look he gives me lets me know it's not because he wants to talk about my penmanship. “Rina, would you like to tell me what the fuck is the meaning of this shit?”

What the hell is his problem? I think the note was fine. “Uh. It's a note? Explaining to you that I borrowed one of your cars? I'm sorry if you're mad that I took it?”

I say all this in a squeaky voice, turning each statement in to a question because I'm nervous.

Dragging his hands through his hair, he glares at me. "Fuck Sabrina. I don't give a shit about the car. Take it. Hand the keys to a stranger and walk away. Who cares? But this! *This* is all you had to say? 'I borrowed your car, have a nice weekend.' And you ended with a smiley face? A smiley face! Un-fucking-believable. In my entire life I've never had sex without a condom. I lost myself entirely inside of you without one twice. That makes what happened last night both the best sex I've ever had, and the most intimate. Imagine my surprise when I woke up this morning to find that you snuck away in the middle of the night and left me a note like I was some one night stand that you fucked after too many drinks at a bar."

Yikes. It would appear that I've *seriously* pissed him off. I hem and haw for a moment, trying to think of what to say.

Finally I take a deep breath and just blurt out, "Dante, honestly. You and I both know perfectly well that last night was a mistake. I got up and got my ass out of there to avoid this" I say as I gesture between us.

"This tension is exactly what I don't want. I apologize that the note wasn't very personal, but I didn't know what to say or what to do and..."

He's across the room in a flash, and he cups my face in his hands. I watch in a daze as he tilts my head and covers my mouth with his. With infinite care, he maneuvers me to my bed and lays me down without ever breaking the kiss.

It's slow, passionate and unbelievably sensual. When he lifts his head I groan in annoyance and try to pull him back to me, but he shakes his head.

His eyes are locked on to mine, and he rubs the bottom of my lip with his thumb. My god, he literally takes my breath away.

“Rina, I don't think last night was a mistake. Don't ever say that again. You aren't some random fuck. I've never ever had sex with someone in my home. You're different. For me, once was not enough. Can you honestly tell me it was for you? If so, I'll leave now and we don't need to talk about it again.”

Wow. He's reacting a lot differently than I had anticipated. I can see that he wants me to answer his question, but I hardly know what to say. I finally ask the only thing that's going through my mind. “What do you see happening here Dante? I need to know what I'd be getting in to.”

He sighs as he rolls on to his back and stares at the ceiling. After a minute he rolls to his side and props himself up on his arm so he can look down at me.

“I want us to do more of what we did last night, a lot more. But I need to be straight with you. I don't want a traditional relationship, nor do I want a girlfriend. I never want to get married. If that's a deal breaker for you, I'll back off. But if you agree, let's see this through, until we agree that we don't want each other anymore.”

I'm in hell. No matter what happens now, the situation has changed forever. If I say no, it will always hang over us. If I say yes, who knows what will happen.

Selfishly, I want to continue. I adore this man, and these memories could last me forever. I don't think sex will ever be this good with anyone else. But I need to find a way to protect my heart, and I know it.

No man was measuring up to him before last night. What are the chances they will after?

He's staring at me like I'm a box he's afraid to open. I get it... he feels similar anxiety to my own, just for a different reason. He's worried I won't say yes. I'm worried about what happens either way.

Finally I realize that no matter the decision, I'm screwed. We've crossed the Rubicon. There is no putting the genie back in the bottle.

I decide to do it. I'm throwing caution to the wind and taking the option that gives me the right to touch him for however long it lasts. Of course there's going to be a price. That was a given the second he slid inside of me last night. I need to do this. I'll deal with the fallout later.

Sitting up, I see his face fall. He thinks I'm saying no. I shake my head at him as I swing myself over so that I'm straddling him. His eyes blaze as I adjust myself on his lap.

Leaning over I whisper in to his ear, "My answer is yes."

The breath he lets out is huge. He pumps his fist in to the air and shouts, "yes!"

He looks so young and happy, like he doesn't have a care in the world. I tuck the memory of his reaction in to my heart, never wanting to forget him like this.

I wiggle a little bit on his lap and I hear him gasp, and just like that, I'm desperate for him to be inside of me again.

He smiles at me and shakes his head in the negative. "No honey. This time we're going to do this slowly. I want to enjoy every inch of you."

I give a groan and a chuckle. "There's nothing wrong with fast and furious. Last night was amazing. We can get to slow later."

He gives me the sexiest smirk as he rolls us so that I'm under him. "Last night was amazing. We will so be doing that again. But I've wanted to do this for a year and I need to take this all in, to savor you."

Wow. That's a revelation! So he felt it too. I never knew. In no time at all, he has me naked again. Of course, there wasn't much to take off

considering that I was only wearing his t-shirt and briefs.

Our lips meet and we start kissing again. The smell and the taste of him is like a drug that turns me in to a pile of pure need.

The speed with which I am fully aroused around him is alarming. That's never happened before. In fact, with the two other guys I had sex with, I'd been barely lukewarm. Until last night, I'd never had an orgasm with somebody else in the room.

I run my fingers through his hair, holding him to my mouth and I shift my hips up so that my core brushes the front of his jeans. I shiver at the sensation.

Dante pulls the holder out of my hair and spreads my hair out on the bed. "I love your hair loose, like it's just for me."

He runs his hands gently up my torso. It feels delightful. Next he does the unexpected, pushing my hair back and licking my ear.

Ooh! I've never had my ears nibbled on before, but turns out it's an erogenous zone because it kicks my arousal higher. Kissing his way across my throat he gets to the other ear. I moan. "Mmm. That feels good!"

Eventually he moves from my ears and starts kissing, licking and sucking his way down my throat and chest, until he reaches my breasts. My nipples are hard and tight and it feels so good when he starts alternating back and forth, licking and sucking both of my breasts. He ignores my pleas to hurry and takes his time suckling them both.

I'm finding it harder and harder to stay still and it only gets tougher as he starts licking his way down my body.

By the time he gets to my belly button and starts making circles around it with his tongue I am panting. I get what he's saying about going slow, but I need to be touching him too.

I put my hands in to his hair and pull his mouth back up to mine so we can kiss. As our tongues duel, I start pulling his shirt off, breaking the kiss to pull it over his head.

“Take the pants off Dante. You’re ridiculously overdressed for this.”

Standing, he quickly shucks his shoes and jeans. Impossibly I get even hotter when I realize that he wasn’t wearing underwear. His cock juts out, long and thick.

I pull him down on top of me so that we can kiss again, and then I catch him off guard and roll him over so that I am back on top. “It’s my turn now. I hope you like it slow.” I give him a smirk as I lean over and mimic the things he just did to me, starting with his ears.

Rubbing my breasts against his chest, I start kissing my way down to his neck, where I give him a few gentle nips, sucks and licks.

I continue licking and kissing my way down his chest. Arriving at his nipples I do exactly what he did to me. I take first one, then the other in my mouth, and then alternate between the two. His heavy breathing and the moan he gives when I gently bite his left nipple tells me that he is more than enjoying this.

I go back to licking my way down his chest, stopping when I get to his belly button so that I can swirl my tongue around the outside. “Fuck Rina! That feels amazing.”

I murmur my agreement as I continue my journey lower. I smile at him when I reach my destination, and I reach out to grip the base of his shaft in my hand.

His eyes bore in to mine as I bend forward. I never break eye contact as I lick the tip of his cock.

I've given less than a dozen blow jobs in my life, always avoiding it because I didn't really enjoy doing it. That's not the case with Dante. I'm impossibly turned on by how hard he is, by the sight, texture and flavor of him. I could do this for hours.

I lick his cock from base to tip, learning every inch of his shaft before I finally wrap my mouth around him. Adjusting to his size, I start bobbing my head up and down, my tongue continuing to lick the vein that runs along the underside of his dick as I suck.

He's watching me with such an intense look, a mixture of awe, appreciation and arousal. His hands tangle in my hair as I start to pick up speed. I'm working the bottom half of his dick with my hand and sucking all of him that I can take, my mouth stretched to capacity.

Suddenly he sits straight up. "Oh fuck! You have to stop baby or I'm going to cum in your mouth." I shake my head and moan with him in my mouth, which causes him to gasp for air. "Fuck! That's intense baby."

My mouth pops off his dick and I give the tip a few more wet licks. Without breaking eye contact I say, "I *want* you to cum in my mouth."

He gives me the hottest look ever. "If I'm cumming in your mouth, then you're cumming in mine too."

Maneuvering us, he places me so that I am straddling his face, giving him the ability to lick me while I suck him.

Wrapping his arms around my waist, he pulls me in to his mouth. It feels so, so good. He gives an appreciative moan before he breaks away for a moment and says "Sweetheart, you get so fucking wet. You don't know what that does to me."

"I think I have an idea because you just got even harder," I say as I return to his cock, taking as much of him in to my mouth as I can. I lick my fingers and run my hand down to his balls, cupping first one and then the other in my hand, gentling massaging them. I know he likes it because he

starts licking me harder which encourages me to start sucking him faster and faster. I gasp and yelp as he thrusts two fingers inside and starts working them in and out of me. Dante can do things with his tongue and fingers that should be illegal.

I'm on the razors edge, the feeling of his fingers and tongue doing things to me that I've never felt.

I can feel myself building, and I know I'm going to cum any second. When he latches on to my clit and sucks, it's too much for me to withstand. I lose it, popping my mouth off his dick and shouting out my release as I ride his tongue, moaning and pinching my nipples as it goes on and on.

As my orgasm starts to come to an end, I go back to his cock with force. I love the sound of his moans and gasps as I take him deeper and deeper in to my mouth. Suddenly he stops me and lifts me up, turning me to face him.

"I want to cum in your mouth Sabrina, but I need to be in you first. Climb up and put me inside of you."

I don't need to be asked twice. I align his shaft with my entrance and start working the head inside of me. Once I get the tip in, I start sliding down. I'm very, very wet and it makes the entrance easier. He lets me set the pace and I ride him, loving the feeling of his dick filling and stretching me beyond anything I've ever experienced.

Within a few minutes I have him all the way in, and just like last night he is hitting a spot at the bottom of my womb that is the most incredible sensation, too much and not enough all at once.

I love having him inside of me like this, especially as he grabs my hips and helps me move up and down. He works his finger between my legs and starts rubbing my clit in a circular motion.

My head rolls back and I start moving faster. I massage my breasts and pull at my nipples, which intensifies what's happening to my body. "Fuck Dante! It's so good!"

“Oh baby... it’s so much better than good” he says. He picks up the pace a bit more and then bucks his hips up in to me, hard, and it sends me over the edge. I continue riding him through my orgasm, bucking and grinding and moaning with each thrust.

I’m just on the other side my orgasm when he pulls me off his lap. “Suck me baby. I’m going to cum.”

I quickly make my way down his body and take him back in to my mouth. The taste of the two of us is wildly erotic and I love it.

I alternate flicking my tongue over the head fast and sucking as much of him as I can in to my mouth. His hands tangle in my hair and he moves my head up and down as he moans and thrashes uncontrollably.

I know when he reaches his limit because he holds my head still and starts fucking my mouth in wild abandon. He gives a guttural cry as he starts cumming. I’ve never liked the taste of cum before, but I gather every drop in my mouth, savoring his flavor.

He looks down at me as he releases my head and I open my mouth to show him that I’ve collected his cum on my tongue. His jaw drops open and I wink at him as I swallow.

“Holy hell Rina, that was so fucking hot. You’re going to give me a heart attack!” Reaching his hands down he pulls me back up his body and gently kisses me before settling me in the crook of his arm.

We lay in tangled silence for a few minutes as we come back to earth. I’m quite enjoying listening to the beat of his heart as I lay on his chest, our legs intertwined.

God he smells delicious. I’d never thought of sweat as an aphrodisiac, but with Dante it definitely is. He’s absently running his hands up and down my arm and my back and it’s so relaxing, I doze off.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

I wake up to Dante standing over me, pinching me gently on the ass. “Ah!” I yelp. “What the heck are you doing?”

“I’m finally getting your attention woman! You really are the devil to wake up babe. Come on. The shower is running for you. Get ready and let’s go get some food.”

I pout at him. “I barely dozed off. I’m totally awake.” I hold my hands up to him so he can pull me off the bed. I’m disappointed that he’s fully clothed. “Don’t you need to shower too?”

He hugs me and chuckles as he leads me in to the bathroom. “No honey. You were ‘barely dozing’ for the last forty five minutes, so I already took one. Besides, if I get in there with you we won’t be going to lunch for a long time, and we haven’t eaten since dinner. I could eat a zebra. Aren’t you hungry yet?”

I laugh. “A zebra huh? I’ll alert the zoo to be on the lookout for you.”

I’m surprised when I look behind me at the clock on the nightstand. It’s almost noon.

No wonder I am starving! I haven’t eaten since dinner last night, and lord knows I got a hard workout.

“You’re right. Give me twenty minutes and let’s get our grub on!”

He laughs and gives me a quick kiss and smacks my behind as he retreats out the bathroom door. “Twenty minutes. I’m holding you to that!”

I’m hungry enough that I really haul ass, and I’m out of the shower with my hair damp dried and in a ponytail ten minutes later. Five minutes after

that I'm ready to go. I'm wearing my favorite light blue halter maxi dress with a pair of Ralph Lauren firama espadrilles in white. With a spritz of J'adore, I'm good to go.

We decide to go to Michael's in Santa Monica so that after we eat I can explore the shops of Third Street Promenade. Dante says he'll be happy to tag along during the shopping portion of the day and we head off.

By the time we get to Michael's I am positively ravenous. We are both so hungry we each order starters and main courses.

There is a brief moment where I wonder if this will be awkward, the two of us sitting at this table trying to figure out what to say to each other. Certainly that would be understandable- it's overwhelming that sixteen hours ago we were just friends, and now we've had mind blowing sex three times.

Amazingly, it's not awkward at all. We chat and laugh about a variety of subjects. We're definitely still enjoying each other's company, just like we always do. Only now, there is something deeper, which gives me a warm feeling inside. We share the starters, which are phenomenal, and we each enjoy a glass of the Chardonnay.

As we finish our starters and are waiting for our main courses, it seems the most natural thing in the world when Dante reaches across the table and takes my hand.

We spend the next few minutes like that, our fingers intertwined on the table, his thumb running across my knuckles in an absent motion while we talk.

The main courses come and we both dig in. It's safe to say that we had both worked up quite an appetite. I eat every bite of my Michael's burger and Dante does the same with his prime hangar steak.

After Dante pays the bill, we head out and start walking. He reaches out and grabs my hand and we wander comfortably to Banana Republic.

I know exactly what I want, so I don't meander through the store. I grab three pairs of the pleated shorts in several different colors and then grab three timeless tanks in coordinating colors and I'm done.

Dante stares at me in disbelief as we make our way to the register. I'm confused as to why. "What's the look for?"

He smiles down at me, and chuckles in amusement. "I guess I shouldn't be surprised because this is how you do everything else, but I love that you didn't wander through the store and look at every single thing and hem and haw about what you wanted."

I laugh in agreement. "It's true. I'm a lot more decisive than that. I know what I want and I don't relish wasting time. I've always been like this."

We leave Banana Republic and Dante asks where I want to go next. I decide I'm not really in the mood to shop. I've got more than enough clothes and I just feel like having fun.

We decide to head down to the Santa Monica pier and go on some rides. We spend the next few hours going on the pacific wheel, the air lifter, and the scrambler. We play games and giggle, completely relaxed and enjoying the day. It's a blast.

At three-thirty we leave the pier and head to Dante's car for the ride to his house. Today he's driving his brand new convertible black Camaro. I love this car. The top is down and the sun is shining, and the drive is fun.

He drives with his right hand on my knee, and I feel the tingling sensation of his hand on my body. It really is like a physical charge.

Suddenly, I have an idea. At the next red light I lift his hand from my leg and pull it to my lips and kiss each of his fingertips and then the center

of palm. Licking my way back up, I pull his index finger in to my mouth and suck.

He's staring at my mouth while I do this, so he completely misses me pulling the hem of my dress up. When the light changes, I pull his finger from my mouth and place his hand at the juncture of my thighs.

His intake of breath is swift and immediate. "Oh fuck Rina. You weren't wearing any panties under the dress!"

I shake my head and laugh. "Nope, I've been bare the entire day, just waiting for the right time to let you know."

His throaty growl leaves me with no doubt that this is a major turn on. He's the one who catches me off guard when he starts rubbing my already wet cleft. My head flops back on to the headrest and I moan.

Dante chuckles and gives and makes a tsk tsk tsk sound. "Oh baby, you're not going to want to do that unless you want everyone around us to know that I've got my fingers on you."

My head snaps up and I look around. There are cars in front of us and cars behind us, but no cars immediately on either side of us right now. Two can play at this game.

I turn and smile at him as his fingers continue the slow slide back and forth over my super sensitized clit, enjoying the sensation for a minute.

"Actually Dante, I think it's you who's going to want to keep it down so that the other drivers don't know what I'm doing to you."

He just has time to shoot a confused look at me before my hand descends in to his lap. Oh yeah, he's already hard. I unzip his jeans and pull his cock out.

He gasps and looks around in a panic as his dick throbs in my hand, but I'm more in control than he realizes. I wouldn't have pulled him out if there was anyone on either side of us.

“Put the top up Dante, because I'm going down.”

He doesn't need to be told twice. He hits the control for the convertible roof to come back up and I flick the air conditioner on as he closes the tinted windows.

Before the windows are all the way up I've got him in my mouth. He's so hard and delicious and I love having him split my mouth wide with his dick.

Each pass of my tongue over him is like heaven, and the taste of his pre cum is making my own arousal drip on to my thighs.

The car comes to a stop at the next red light, and I look up to see that it is the last one before we get in to his neighborhood. He looks down at me with an amazed expression on his face as I return to bobbing up and down and sucking him. “Fuck Sabrina, what are you doing to me?”

I start humming and shaking my head back and forth on his cock, palming his balls with my hand as I do so. Suddenly the car lurches forward and I hear the squeal of tires as he takes the turn.

Within a minute we're through his gate and pulling in to the garage. His breath is coming in pants as he slams the car in to park.

Once the car is stopped I do what I've wanted to do since I took him in my mouth at the light. I get to work on swallowing the tip of his cock.

It's not easy but after a few tries, I do it. I've got more than several inches of him fully in my mouth now, some of that down my throat.

He yells his approval and slaps the convertible top with his left hand as his right hand fists in to my hair. With a final wild thrust in to my mouth, he cums. I milk him for all he's worth and lick him entirely clean when he's done.

His head is thrown back on to the headrest, his breath still coming in pants and gasps. It takes him a few minutes to pull himself together, and I smile. I love seeing him out of control, knowing that I made him this way.

Finally he turns to me and says, "I don't know where the fuck you learned to do that, but if I had known it would be this hot between us, I'd have bent you over my desk that first morning and fucked you senseless. God knows I wanted to."

I smile, big. He's so amazing. "Well. I didn't 'learn' to do that on anyone. Truth is, before today I've only given a handful, and I didn't enjoy it. But I do watch adult movies when I masturbate and I picked ideas up from there. I do always enjoy sucking my vibrator before I use it, but blowjobs just weren't my area of expertise. I've never gotten as turned on with anyone else as I do with you. It makes it so easy to be naughty."

His jaw drops as I say all that. "Sabrina... you completely amaze me. You're so open. I love that you just told me that. If you knew how many nights I fucked my fist over and over again thinking of being inside of you... well, suffice it to say, it's been almost every night this year. Regardless of what I'd done that night. I've never gotten as turned on as I do with you either."

It's my turn to be breathing heavy now. The idea of him stroking his cock sends a shiver through my body. Fuck that would be hot to watch. "Well, right back at you. Every time I fucked myself this year, I've been thinking of you, crying out your name and wishing you were inside of me as I came."

He's out of the car like a shot and two seconds later the passenger door flies open as he yanks me out and throws me over his shoulder.

He fumbles a bit with the key in the garage door lock and I giggle when he finally gets the key to work and almost kicks the door off the hinges as he opens it.

We make it as far as the kitchen. Putting me down he spins me around so that I am facing the table.

Raising my dress to my waist he says, “Grab the edge baby and hold the fuck on.”

I have about ten seconds to comply before he starts pumping the tip of his cock inside of me. I’m so wet that he gets inside me quicker than before, and I hold on to the edge of the table as he pounds in and out of me, the rhythm punishing and perfect.

“God I fucking love watching while my cock goes in and out of your pussy baby.” He’s barely finished the sentence before I splinter apart, gasping and moaning through my orgasm.

He pulls out of me and turns me around so that I am facing him, then he pushes me back against the table. My legs are like jelly and I need the stability of something at my back.

Eyes glazed with arousal, he lays me on the table and removes my dress. Within seconds he is back inside of me, his cock hot and hard. I revel in the sensation, enjoying it thoroughly. I love being full of him. Even just thinking that it's *his* cock inside of me makes me quiver. I’ve just cum but I feel like that didn’t even take the edge off.

Our mouths fuse together, kissing and licking. His hands hold my hips steady as he saws in and out. I’m so hot, I need to cum fast. I slide my fingers between us and start rubbing my clit and quickly drive myself in to another orgasm.

He rips his mouth from mine and growls down at me, “god baby, I fucking love the feeling of you cumming on my cock. So good. Fuck!”

I nod in agreement. Fuck is right. I start chanting “Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me” as he moves in and out. He pauses for a minute and pulls almost all the way out.

I lean up and grab his ass and yell “no! Don’t stop!” He just chuckles as he grabs my ankles and puts them on his shoulders. With that, he returns to pounding in and out of me.

Placing his hands under my ass he lifts me further up to deepen the penetration. “Yes!” I scream.

Pulling me hard on to him he leans forward to kiss me again. He’s rubbing my clit in this position and it’s too much to withstand. I claw his chest as I start Cumming again.

My orgasm gets even more intense when I feel the first shot of his cum warming my insides. We ride each other through it, panting and touching each other.

We lay like that on the table for a few minutes, until our breathing returns to normal. I shiver when he pulls out of me. The feeling causes a mini tremor through me, almost like a small orgasm. Everything with Dante is so heightened and carnal.

He smiles at me and grabs my hands, pulling me to my feet. “We just cut it real close. Go clean up and be back down here in fifteen minutes. Do whatever you have to do to make it less obvious that you’ve just been fucked sideways,” he says as he chuckles.

I squeak as I grab my dress. Crap! Everyone will be here any minute. There would have been no explanation for any of them finding us fucking like animals on the kitchen table. I’m certainly glad we dodged that bullet.

Laughing, I smack his ass as I grab my dress and turn to leave. “Thanks for the sideways fuck babe. It was *real* good.” As I walk away, I look over

my shoulder to see him standing in the kitchen with his head thrown back as he laughs.

It turned out to be very fortunate that I'd gotten out of the kitchen when I did, because Damien arrived about five minutes later.

In Dante's bathroom I find the toothbrush I used last night in the holder. I use the bathroom, wash my hands, brush my teeth, brush and redo my hair, then apply lip gloss.

A thorough check of myself in the mirror reveals that I do not look like I've just been thoroughly fucked, but I think there is a definite satisfied glow about me. Nothing enough that I think anyone will notice. I hope.

Returning to the kitchen I find Dante seasoning steaks while Damien shucks corn. I walk over and give Damien a hug and a kiss on the cheek, then make my way to the fridge to pull out ingredients for my contribution for tonight, a tomato, mozzarella and basil salad.

I'm slicing tomatoes when Dominique arrives. She's carrying a dinner favorite, taco dip. Delilah and Spencer are next. Delilah made chicken wings, and Spencer's brought some blueberry beer. Brooke's next, and she's made seven layer salad. Sandra is the last to arrive, and she brings a lemon meringue pie.

My stomach is growling looking at all this food. I love Sunday dinners at Dante's because it's a group effort, always fun, loud, loving and delicious to boot. I love this family time.

It's a great dinner, all of us around the outdoor table, laughing and talking. After we eat, we move over to the outdoor fireplace to drink a beer and relax. The talk is jovial and fun, all of us ribbing each other and cracking jokes.

About twenty minutes after we sit down around the fire, Sandra announces she's got to go because she has an early call. The rest of us head

in to the house to watch a movie. Damien brought along a comedy called “Cop Out.”

We all take our seats. As usual Damien lays on the big couch in the front. Spencer and the girls sit in the second row in recliners, and Dante and I sit in the back row in two of the enormous seats back there. In the past we’ve always sat a seat apart, but tonight we sit right next to each other. The movie is really funny and we are all cracking up.

Normally I’d be completely engrossed, but I’m hyper alert to Dante right now. The smell of him and the sensation of the skin on our arms touching on the armrest makes me wiggle in my seat.

I slide my hand over in to Dante’s lap and enjoy his intake of breath. The look he gives me is pure heat. Raising my other hand to my lips I give him the signal to shush and he nods in agreement as I stroke him through his pants.

His hand covers mine and we hold hands as I stroke him. I’m turned on from the feeling of his hard cock under my hands. He is calling out to me on the most elemental level and I’m in a constant state of arousal. Everything with Dante is beyond hot, totally different. It’s lust on steroids. So beyond anything I’ve ever experienced, or ever thought I would.

I realize I won’t make it through the night without having him again, but I need to drive home with Brooke since I don’t have a car.

Suddenly I get an idea and pick up my iPhone to send him a text. I type: “Hide your phone and call me so that my cell phone rings. Don’t ask. Just do it.”

Reading it, he quirks his head and raises his eyebrow at me, but follows the instruction. My cell phone rings & I make a small production of leaving the room to “answer” it. I stand in the hall for about three minutes before I walk back in.

Pausing the movie, I tell everyone that I need to borrow Dante because my phone call was about a business problem. I tell them we'll be back in a few and then I press play again.

They don't even bat an eyelash as we leave because this isn't unusual. I get calls all the time during family time with issues that Dante and I have to deal with.

The second we're in the hallway and the door is closed I grab Dante's hand and tug him as I run up the stairs. We get to the second floor and I pull him down the hallway in to a spare bedroom.

I want to make sure if that if one of them looks for us that we aren't easy to find. I leave the lights in the bedroom off and close the door, then pull him in to the bathroom.

The bathroom door is still closing when he grabs me and spins me around. "Sabrina! You're a genius. I thought I was going to explode in there."

"Shh. Don't talk. We don't have time." Walking over to the bathroom counter I raise my dress and bend over, presenting my ass to him. "Fuck me Dante. Hurry! I need you now"

He unzips his jeans and his cock springs forth, hot and hard. "Are you going to be wet enough to take me?"

I turn around and give him a wink. "If I get any wetter we're going to have a problem. Don't worry. Let's do this."

Coming up behind me, he bends my torso on to the counter and starts slipping his cock in to me. I hiss in enjoyment at the sensation. I look over my shoulder at him and say, "Take me hard. Don't go slow."

He nods at me and thrusts at the same time, getting about halfway in. He begins frantically pounding in to me, filling me more and more with

each thrust. I am losing it, trying so hard not to make any loud noises, but fuck it's hard not to.

I barely keep my moan in when he reaches in to my dress, palming my breasts and pinching my nipples. I whisper, "Fuck me Dante. Faster. Hurry!"

The pace we're keeping is crazy intense. The room is silent save for sound of our furious fucking and wildly erratic breathing.

My hand slides on to my clit and I barely have time to whisper that I'm going to cum when I explode. The feeling of my orgasm sends Dante in to his, and I feel him jetting in to me.

I shiver when he kisses the back of my neck as our orgasms finish. He pulls out of me and I turn give him a quick kiss. "You have to go first. Go back in and tell them I had to go to the bathroom. I'll be there in a few."

I watch as he quickly wipes himself off and tucks back in to his jeans. When his eyes meet mine, I am instantly desperate to fuck him again. It's alarming how quickly I want him.

He shakes his head at me. "Rina, I would give anything to get back inside of you right now, but if we stay any longer, they are going to figure out that something is going on. But fuck it's hard to go. You're so hot baby. I've never felt like this. "

I nod in agreement and say "Me either. I've never cared very much about actual sex at all. I've always enjoyed fucking myself more than anything I've ever had with someone else. I've never cum with another person before. This is a first." He gasps when I say that, and I push him out the door as I chuckle.

I quickly clean myself, use the toilet and wash my hands. Fortunately the theater room is dark so I know they won't see how flushed my face is. I

return to the theater room and take my seat. Dante takes my hand in his and I settle in to the seat.

When the movie is over, we all say our goodbyes and Brooke and I head off to our house. She's driving and we have a great time singing along to Eminem's greatest hits.

We arrive at home and each of us goes to our rooms for bed. I've no sooner put on my negligee than my cell phone buzzes with a text. It's from Dante. "Last night and today were amazing. You blow my mind. Thank you."

I smile huge and I feel that I've got butterflies in my stomach. As unexpected as this all is, it's far beyond any fantasy I ever had about him.

I write back, "According to my orgasm count, I believe it is I that should thank you." I add three smiley faces and click send.

My cell phone rings almost immediately. I've the biggest smile on my face as I answer. "Hey you."

Chuckling he says, "Sabrina, are you trying to kill me? I don't know how I'm going to survive tonight. I'm so hard I could hammer nails. I'm going to be jerking my cock all night because of you!"

"Dante, you are wicked. For the record, I'm still primed and ready to go too. My vibrator is about to get a workout. I'm so turned on, it's like I didn't have a billion orgasms today."

He inhales a harsh breath. "I'd pay any amount of money to watch you fuck yourself. Jesus. Even thinking about it is making me dizzy. I'm so hard right now."

Turned on even more by his words, I slide my fingers in to my panties, finding myself hot and wet. "Oh fuck Dante. I'm so fucking wet for you. Thinking about your amazing hands, the ones that made me cum so many

times since yesterday makes me crazy. I love your hands all over my body. Oh god, and I love being stuffed full of your giant cock. You fill me so good.”

Arching my back, I slide one finger in to my sopping wet core and then start rubbing my clit with my thumb. “It’s so good Dante. I’ve got my fingers in my little pussy right now, wishing I was being stretched by that big cock.”

His breath is coming in pants and I know he’s working himself hard because I can hear his hand flying up and down his dick.

“Fuck Sabrina. I’m fucking my fist so hard right now, wishing I was in your hot cunt so bad. You feel like fucking heaven when I’m ramming this cock inside of you, your juices sliding down on to my balls.”

As he says the word balls, I start cumming. I moan and growl as I fuck myself through a hot orgasm that only gets stronger when I hear him start to cum.

“Oh god baby. So much. So much cum. I wish I was filling your pussy with this.”

Gasping for air, I pull my fingers from my core and put my hand over my heart. “Dante... that was amazing. I’ve never had phone sex before.”

His breathing sounds like he just ran around the block, and I laugh as he groans. “Imagining your fingers rubbing your little pussy, I just came so hard I almost blacked out. You’re killing me baby!”

I giggle. “Me too, but I do need to get some sleep now because my boss doesn’t like me to be late and I think he’d spank me if I slept through work.”

I love the sound of his throaty chuckle. “Your boss sounds positively awful. What a dick.”

I laugh back at him. “Oh, he’s got quite a dick alright.”

I’ve caught him off guard and he chokes a bit as he laughs. “Rina, you are amazing. I really like this side of you. Be a good girl and sleep tight. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Thanks for calling, *boss*. See you tomorrow.” He’s still chuckling as I hang up.

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CHAPTER NINE

Monday is busy to the extreme. We've got meeting after meeting lined up in order to stay on track with the Century City build. We have no choice but to work through lunch, eating with Damien and Spencer in the board room as we review revised blueprints.

Building to withstand earthquakes always makes requests from buyers challenging. I find two problems in the revised plans that I don't think we can do safely. Spencer agrees to redraw that portion of the plans, and I'm thinking that's the end of that when Damien looks across at me and winks.

"You know, Sabrina might be wasted as your executive assistant. I think we might need to elevate her to being a project manager. She catches things that even we miss."

It's very sweet of Damien to say and I smile at him. Dante doesn't seem to agree, because he smacks his hand on the table and snaps, "Fuck off Damien. Sabrina is mine and no one is taking her away."

My head snaps back to look at him and my eyes go wide. Holy hell, what set that off?

Damien gives him a mocking look, his brows raised. "Damn bro, calm down. No one is trying to *take* Sabrina. I'm just saying that if she wanted to she could be a great project manager. And you might want to chill the fuck out with the 'she's mine' shit. You sound psycho."

I clap my hands together to get their attention. "Okay boys. Put your dicks back in your pants, this isn't a measuring contest. Chill out."

I turn to my right and glare at Dante as I mouth the words "knock it the fuck off."

The two of them glare at each other for another few seconds, and then Damien throws his head back and laughs. “Rina, you always know what to say to put us in our places.”

Dante laughs too, and the two of them shake hands and hit each other on the back, and just like that the whole situation is diffused.

The rest of the day passes by in a blur. The office staff clears out around six, Damien and Spence leave after seven and Dante and I are finally wrapping up just before eight.

Sitting at my desk I’m putting the finishing touches on an email to the staff when Dante shouts, “Sabrina. Can you help me with this?”

I hit send on the email and scurry around my desk. I just know this is computer related. Dante is not enjoying our new calendar program and I spend at least ten minutes every day fixing the things he messes up. For someone who is normally so good with technology, it’s really funny to watch his frustration.

I’m chuckling when I reach his door. “What did you do now you silly…” I come to a dead stop when I see that he’s sitting behind his desk, completely naked, his hand moving up and down on his cock.

He smirks at my wide eyed shock. “Rina, close the door and lock it. Then get over here.”

I turn and leave the room, running in to the outer office. I lock the door to our suite of office space then enter his office again, turning to lock his office door behind me.

I’m all but drooling as I start to walk across the room. I undo my belt and whip the navy blue dress I am wearing over my head. I take off my thong and remove my bra, then bend to take off my shoes.

“Oh no Sabrina, I’ve had fantasies about you wearing those heels while I fucked you on my desk for a year. Leave them on.”

I nod and straighten up, returning to walking across the room to him. “What a coincidence. I’ve fantasized about being fucked by you on your desk for the last year too. I guess both of our dreams are about to come true.”

I skirt around the side of his desk and straddle his lap, his dick lying hard and hot between us. Winding my arms around his neck and twining my fingers in his hair, I lean forward to capture his mouth in mine.

Our kiss is passionate and surprisingly slow as we savor each other and the moment. Dante is running his hands up and down my back and sides, the sensation comforting and sweet, but so arousing.

I can’t help it, I start writhing on his lap and rubbing up against his dick. Tearing his mouth from mine he stands up. “Rina, I’m putting you on the desk. Lie back.”

I recline on his enormous desk, the wood cool and hard beneath me. Dante stands over me, staring down at me. “Sweetheart... You look amazing. Seeing you spread across my desk, I feel like I just won the lottery.”

I’m more breathless now because his words touch me. He says he doesn’t do relationships, but his words plant a seed of hope in my heart. Maybe this can really be something.

I stop thinking when he sinks in to his office chair and pushes my legs open. “Baby, put your hands under your knees and pull your legs back. Don’t let go.”

I run my hands down my thighs and raise my legs so that I can pull my knees toward me. I’m completely open to him and he wastes no time bending over and starting to kiss and lick all around, everywhere but on my clit.

My head thrashes from side to side on the desk. Each kiss and lick causes me to tense more, my body tight as a bowstring.

It's like heaven when he slips his tongue in to my pussy, humming and wiggling it all around. The feeling is indescribable, and I can feel my wetness flowing on to his tongue.

My heart is beating out of my chest, and I'm begging him to lick my clit. "Please Dante. Please. I need to cum so bad."

He tortures me for a long time, letting me build to orgasm again and again, backing off before I can cum.

I'm out of my mind with need, panting and writhing as he continues torturing me.

Finally, *finally*, he starts licking all around my clit. Swirling up one side and then down the other, I'm more and more liquid by the second.

He slips his middle finger in to me, but it barely takes the edge off. I pull my legs further back and buck up when he pulls thrusts another finger in.

I can feel him making a "come hither" movement with his fingers inside of me. The feeling is so intense I get dizzy.

"Oh please, oh please, oh please... FUCK! Dante please make me cum. Please. I'm going to die if you don't."

He continues the "come hither" movement and the slide of his tongue on either side of my clit, and I feel myself bearing down for a huge fucking orgasm. I'm out of breath and so ready to cum, never more ready than I am right now.

Without warning he sucks my clit in to his mouth and hums. It's like a rocket just went off in my body. Screaming, I arch my back and lift the entire bottom of my body back off the desk as I explode in orgasm.

Giving me no time to come back to earth, Dante stands and takes my hands from behind my knees, kissing each of my palms before laying them at my sides on the desk. Taking my ankles in to his hands, he aligns my slit with his dick and starts to penetrate.

As wet and turned on as I am it's a tough entry because my inner muscles are still clenching and unclenching from the insane orgasm I just had. Finally he bottoms out in me and we both moan at the sensation.

"Put these hot fucking heels on either side of my shoulders and get ready." Bracing his hands on either side of my hips he starts slowly thrusting in and out. The pressure on my clit increases when he leans forward so that our mouths can meet again. I taste myself on his tongue and it causes me to get even wetter.

His lips leave mine as he straightens back up and starts picking up the pace. This man can fuck.

"Oh yes baby. Clamp that pussy down on my cock. Take it. It feels so fucking amazing to be inside of you. I've never been in a pussy so hot, tight or wet. It's like an assault on my cock."

Every word causes me to get even wetter. I can actually hear the sounds of how wet I am as he thrusts in and out. I'm almost delirious with need.

His pace picks up, his thrusting getting faster and faster. Bending forward, he latches on to my nipple, first sucking its pebbled tip, and then biting down on it. Just like that, I explode, scratching my nails down his back as I detonate around him.

Dante continues thrusting, giving me no time to relax. We are a symphony of fuck noises, moans and groans.

He's lays his forehead on mine as he continues thrusting. "Put your legs against either side of my waist baby."

Picking me up from the desk, he backs up and sits down. Oh lord, this is amazing. I'm totally impaled on him. He helps me put my legs over the arms of his desk chair and we start moving again. Being on top of him and this open is an amazing sensation.

My head rolls back on my shoulders as I ride him. Up and down and up and down. His cock hitting that spot in my womb on each downward thrust is making me crazy.

His hands span my waist and he starts lifting me up and down faster and faster. "Baby I'm going to cum.... It's never been better. Never."

I nod my agreement because I can't even speak I'm so close to cumming. He thrusts in to me four more times and I throw my head back and shout out my orgasm. He follows, pulling me down hard as he cums in to me.

Laying my head on his chest, I listen to the thundering of his heart as I catch my breath.

We lay like that for a few minutes until we can breathe again. I'm getting used to the feeling of him running his fingers up and down my back or up and down my sides when we lay together after we cum. It's very relaxing.

Finally I have to move. My thighs ache from being spread so wide on the chair and the rest of my legs are sore from being held back while he went down on me. He helps me up and sits me back down on the desk.

I recline on my elbows and enjoy the view of his hot naked ass as he walks to the bathroom attached to his office.

He returns a few minutes later with his suit pants on and some wet paper towels. Coming back to me, he cleans me off with the paper towels,

planting a kiss on my mouth when he's finished.

Looking at the clock I see it's nine, well past quitting time. I hop up and quickly get re-dressed, as Dante finishes dressing as well.

We clean up after ourselves and leave work. Ever the gentleman, he walks me to my car. Pushing me up against the driver side door, he puts his hand behind my neck and pulls me to him for a kiss.

We stand like that for a few minutes, enjoying the experience of just making out. Pulling back he leans his forehead on to mine. "What's happening here is so.... strange. Normally the intensity wears off almost immediately. This just keeps getting better."

I nod in agreement. "That's an understatement Dante. What happened up there... it was almost too intense. It was amazing. "

I lean forward and kiss him quickly on the mouth. "I've got to go. Brooke will get suspicious if I don't come home soon. I'll see you tomorrow."

Stepping back he runs his thumb over my bottom lip. "What I wouldn't give to take you home and back to bed. I liked falling asleep with you."

I kiss his thumb and nod as I smile at him. "I'll see you in the morning," I say as I get in to my car.

Driving home I stop and get a Big Mac and a large coke, eating and drinking the entire thing before I get home. Brooke would be suspicious if I came home at this hour having not eaten, and I don't want to draw her attention to what's happening.

I manage to get in to the house without seeing her and I jump in to the shower. I throw a pair of silk boxers and a tee shirt, and then drop in to bed.

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CHAPTER TEN

Over the next five weeks, we fall in to a routine. After work each night we head to his house and make love until I have to go home. On the weekends we stay together all day.

The sex continues to be off the charts hot, which is alarming. Why doesn't the need diminish at all? I'm desperate for him all of the time, needing to be with him so bad, it's killing me.

For the first time, I found myself looking forward to Brooke going back to college. This year she's moving in to off campus housing with a friend. That means that I'll be able to come and go without her noticing when I spend the night out.

Today is moving day. Dante, Damien, Spencer, Dominique, Delilah and I are all helping to load the tiny U-Haul we rented. With all hands on deck, we make quick work of it. We've got her moved out of my house and moved in to her new apartment in under five hours.

By late afternoon we are all totally shit kicked. We make an easy decision to grab some pizzas and eat on top of boxes at Brooke's. It's a fun dinner and a good end to a tiring day.

By six thirty we are all go our separate ways. Brooke needs to do tons of unpacking and Dominique and Delilah have back to school stuff to get, so we won't be meeting tomorrow for Sunday dinner. We say our goodbyes, all of us hugging and kissing, planning to meet up next Sunday.

I'm so excited that I practically skip out of the apartment. Dante asked me to spend tonight at his house, and I am flush with anticipation. An entire night together sounds like heaven on earth.

I've got the car stereo cranked as I all but float down the freeway, listening to Green Day at full blast. Within forty minutes I'm pulling in to

Dante's driveway, primed and ready for everything I'm hoping we will do tonight.

Meeting me at the front door, he gives me a big kiss in welcome. "You're here and we finally have a whole stretch of uninterrupted time. Let's not waste a second!" Grabbing my hand in his, he pulls me up the stairs.

"This first time is going to be quick. My dick has been hard as a rock for hours watching you bend over and pick up boxes. You've got a mighty nice ass Miss Tyler."

Leaving my bag at the foot of his bed, he pulls me in to his arms. Smiling at him I nod in agreement. "I hear you. I was all but drooling watching you lift boxes and move furniture Mr. Hart."

We waste no time getting naked. Grabbing my head, Dante pulls me in to his mouth for a kiss as he maneuvers me down to the bed. My back arches as he moves his way down my neck and gives me some little love bites. "Oh Dante, I can't wait. Fuck me."

I don't need to ask twice. Flipping me over, he aligns his cock with my wet slit and starts to press forward. He sets a hard pace, and I push back to meet him thrust for thrust. "I'm not going to last long baby. Touch that pretty clit of yours and make yourself cum."

Gliding my right hand to my wet slit, I start rubbing over my clit. The sensation is better than good. Reaching further down I touch his cock as it moves in and out of me, and judging by the quickening of both his breathing and his thrusts, he likes it.

His hands slide from my waist to my breasts and the feeling of being stuffed with his cock as I finger my clit and he pulls my nipples sends me over the edge. I shout out my release, the sensation intensifying as he buries his face in my neck and starts cumming inside of me.

After a few minutes of lying together still joined, we separate and lay back against the pillows at the head of the bed, side by side.

Dante turns the TV on and flips through the channels until agree on an episode of American Dad.

We spend the next half hour lying together, legs intertwined and hands clasped together, as we laugh our way through the show.

It's such a 'normal' relationship activity that I again have hope that *maybe* this can be something.

As the show credit roll, Dante stands up and drags me out of the bed. Wiggling his eyebrows at me he says, "You ever been skinny dipping?"

He comes so out of left field sometimes, it's adorable. "Yes I have. I did it a few summers ago with a bunch of girlfriends up at the lake. It was freezing, but fun."

I have the disconcerting thought that he's likely skinny dipped with a bevy of the Dante-bot beauties, and I feel the green eyed monster rear her ugly head. "I guess you do it all the time, right?"

He shakes his head in the negative at me as we walk down the stairs. "Not with anyone else. I don't bring girls here. Ever. I do like to swim naked though."

The relief I feel is instantaneous. I know he's had tons of women, and it's something I need to deal with. But I can't deny that I'd hate the thought of being just like every other woman, like he's working through a checklist of sexual positions and experiences.

The fact that no other naked woman has been in the pool, or his bed for that matter, is a relief.

When we reach the French doors in the great room that lead to the outside, I hesitate for a second. We're a good distance back from the road,

and his neighbors don't overlook the yard, but I have to ask. "You're sure no one can see us, right?"

He shakes his head at me. "Babe, I'd never let someone else see you naked. You're all mine."

That's all the reassurance that I need, and within seconds we are out on the patio. Dante asks me to sit while he turns on the outdoor stereo system, then wanders off to do so.

I lie back on a pool lounge and enjoy the feeling of the warm evening air on my naked skin and the view of the stars in the sky. The outdoor system comes alive with Dante's U2 playlist, a band we both love.

I turn my head when I hear his approach, and I watch with appreciation as he strides toward me, totally confident in his nudity. Frankly, he should be confident. He's a sight to behold, naked or clothed.

I smile in thanks as he hands me a glass of wine. It's a delicious zinfandel, and I enjoy the burst of cold flavor as it slides over my tongue.

Taking my glass, Dante lays it on the table next to my lawn chair and pulls me to my feet. He smiles at me as he bends down and puts one arm under my knees, the other on my back.

Just like that he lifts me off my feet and spins me around. I've never been swept off my feet before, and it touches me in ways I didn't know it could. I smile and throw my head back as he spins.

I'm still laughing when he suddenly tosses me through the air, throwing me in to the pool. I surface giggling and push my hair back out of my eyes.

He's standing at the edge of the pool smiling at me, and I waste no time swimming across to him.

I grab on to the edge and look up at him, enjoying the view as I laugh. Christ he's gorgeous. My gaze travels from his feet to his face. Reaching

his eyes, I smile at the heat I see reflected back at me in his gaze.

“Dante, you’re a bad boy and you don’t play fair.” He chuckles as I say this, and I take my opportunity, grabbing his ankles and pulling him in.

He surfaces, sputtering and laughing. “Sabrina! You little sneak, you definitely give as good as you get!”

We spend the next half hour splashing, dunking, and swimming with each other, having a blast. It’s me who finally surrenders, telling him I need to catch my breath.

Pulling me to him, he instructs me to hold on. I comply and put my arms around his back, my legs around his waist and my head on his shoulder.

Wrapping his arms around my back, he gently sways us back and forth in the water. It’s very comfortable, the two of us silently enjoying the water and the night as Bono sings “All I Want Is You” on the stereo system.

As Dante sways us to and fro in the water, I wonder why on earth he thinks he couldn’t do the relationship thing. He’s so... good at this. Calm, comfortable, charming and so affectionate, he’s literally perfect. What am I missing?

Almost as though he senses that the direction of my thoughts is serious, he removes one of his hands from my back and cups my breast.

Just like that, I stop thinking. Arching, I lean back in to the water and float, my legs around his waist the only thing that holds us together.

The look on his face as he stares down at me is one of the best compliments I’ve ever gotten. He looks completely enchanted, as though I am a five star meal and the best present ever all in one.

Now that he has both hands free, he wastes no time sliding both hands up my torso and palming my breasts in his hands. I tilt my head back and stare at the stars, thinking that I'd pay a million dollars to bottle this moment.

His left hand is alternating between my nipples, teasing and plucking at them. It's an exquisite sensation and I moan. "Dante, that feels so good."

Gradually he starts walking backward, gliding us through the water toward the stairs. When he finally gets there, he sits down and settles me on to his lap. Sliding his right hand down he runs his fingers over my sensitized cleft, and I shiver in awareness.

This time the sex is slower and deeper, and feels like more, more than fucking, more than sex. As I explode in orgasm, I bury my face in his hair to hide my tear filled eyes as he reaches his own orgasm.

In this moment I accept in my head what I've known in my heart since the morning he came in to my bedroom and asked me to take this leap of faith. I don't just love him as a friend. I am in love with him.

Head over heels, lock stock and barrel, completely over the moon in love. Shit.

After we finished in the pool, we came inside to shower off the chlorine, and then curled up in bed. I watched television while Dante read on his iPad. The whole thing felt so comfortable, so right.

When I'd started to yawn, Dante plugged his iPad in and put my book on the side table. Turning out the lights, he drew me to him, just like he had the first night, my back to his front. Laying his chin on my shoulder, he gently rubbed along the curve of my hip and relaxed me in to sleep.

I wake in the middle of the night, the room bathed in darkness. My body on fire as Dante was gently massaging my cleft. Arching my back, I moaned as he continued his gentle assault.

“I’m sorry I had to wake you up baby. I tried to go back to sleep, I really did. But being with you like this, my body had a mind of its own. I need you.”

The butterflies in my stomach spread their wings, and I was breathless as I turned my head and told him to take me. Lifting my leg, he entered me from behind, the two of us both lying on our sides.

The loving we shared was passionate, slow and intense. He rode me through two orgasms before taking his own release. Afterwards I barely made it to the bathroom and back before falling asleep again.

This morning I came to with Dante shaking me. I grumbled heartily as I rose to alertness, causing him to laugh at me.

“You really are the very worst in the morning aren’t you?” My response is to tell him to fuck off.

He laughs at me. “Ouch Rina. Luckily, I know what makes you happy in the morning.” Grabbing me off the bed, he carries me to the bathroom and puts me down inside the door. “Take a shower so that you’re human again and then meet me in the kitchen.”

Turning on all the jets, I get in to the shower. As usual, the second I tilt my head back and water starts massaging my head, I perk up. Some people need coffee to wake up. I just need a shower.

I was pleased to find the toothbrush I’d used that first night still in the holder. I’d brought my own, just in case... but I can’t deny that it’s nice to see that he hasn’t thrown this one away.

Twenty minutes later I’m in the kitchen, sitting at the island in a t shirt and the pair of Dante’s briefs I took after the first night we had sex. I watch as he finishes making us eggs Benedict.

My mouth is all but watering when he lays our plates down and hops up on the stool next to me. The Benedict is delicious, just like everything Dante cooks. He's incredibly gifted in the kitchen.

After breakfast we quickly do the dishes and discuss what we will do with the day. Ultimately we decide that we'd like to spend the day at home (Dante's words, not mine... but I like them).

We both run upstairs to put our bathing suits on. He's in simple black trunks while I'm wearing a red bikini. Heading out to the pool, Dante puts some Coldplay on the outdoor sound system, and then we lie in loungers side by side and soak up the sun.

I remember that no one can see in to the yard and I decide to take my bikini top off. Sitting up, I remove it, and then go about rubbing sunscreen on my breasts. I hear Dante's rough intake of breath next to me, and I turn and give him a smirk.

We're smiling at each other when I hear my iPhone start ringing. It isn't one of the personalized rings, so I have no clue who it might be.

Dante jogs across the lawn and grabs my phone from the table on the porch. When he looks at the screen, his steps stop. The silence stretches as the phone stops ringing. "Dante, who was it?"

His body language is alarming me. He's got my phone in a death grip and he's not moving, nor is he saying anything. Standing from my lounge, I ask him again. "Dante, who called?"

Stomping over to me, he waves the phone in my direction. "It was the kissy motherfucker from your dance competition. I didn't realize you were still talking to him."

Good lord, he's jealous. What an idiot. "Jesus Dante. He's barely a friend. Yes, he's called since the competition. No, I haven't spoken to him. What the fuck is wrong with you?"

“That asshole all but mauled you in front of our families. I’d assumed you told him you weren’t available, but here he is, still calling! Tell me now, are you thinking of dating this asshole?”

For a moment, I can only gape at him. “Have you lost your mind? NO! I’m most certainly *not* thinking of dating Marcus. I’m committed to WHATEVER this is. I’ve had sex with exactly three people in my life. You, the boy I lost my virginity to in high school, and a college boyfriend. Before you, I hadn’t even had sex in the last three years. Do you really see me as some promiscuous bitch that would do something like that?”

Running both hands through his hair, he stares at me in frustration. “No! I don’t see you as being promiscuous. I’m sorry. This... Well, I’ve never cared before what anyone I was with was doing. Somehow you’ve gotten under my skin. I care. I want you to only be with me.”

Inside my head I do a little happy dance. Holy shit, I think we might be making progress! “Dante, are you saying that you want this to be a real relationship?”

The bottom drops out of my stomach as he stares at me in horror.

“An official relationship, like girlfriend and boyfriend? No! I can’t do that. I can never do that. For now, I want us to be only with each other. But I can’t be a boyfriend. I don’t want that. I will never ever commit to anyone Rina. Not even you.”

Every word out of his mouth is like a knife in my stomach, and I’m cut to the quick. I was a fool to hope this could be different. I’ve got to get the hell out of here and put distance between us.

I’m a lot of things, but I’d never give someone the satisfaction of seeing me when I’m down, and I’m not about to start. I need to play this calm, cool and collected, no matter what.

I give him a wry smile. “I’m fine right now, but someday I *will* want more. Let’s cut our losses now, to avoid that. I care about you as a friend, but since that’s all we can ever be, we need to go back to that. Now.”

He looks completely flabbergasted. “What? NO! I don’t... I need... Oh Christ. If that’s what you want... Fuck. I’d never want to hurt you. This was all very selfish of me. But that’s me. I’m a selfish asshole. That’s why I fuck and run.”

I smile and shake my head. “You haven’t hurt me Dante. I’m a big girl, and I’m fine. Everything is fine. This ran its course, and it had nowhere to go but down. Face it, we’ve been at this for going on two months, and you can only ever stomach doing three weeks anyway. You’re probably reached your capacity for being with me anyway.”

He looks as though he might be ill, and he stares at me for a moment, wordless. Finally he speaks. “I don’t feel that way at all, don’t ever think that! I didn’t want... I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. What the fuck have I done? You’re going to leave me aren’t you? You’re not going to be able to continue to work with me after this are you?”

“Dante don’t be silly. It’s not as though we had a relationship. We had sex for god’s sake. We’re fine. Don’t be such a girl.”

It’s absolutely killing me inside to play it this way, but I have pride. I need to get out of here and go lick my wounds in private.

“Ok. That’s good I guess. Um. Do you want to swim or something? Or... go see a movie? There’s no reason for you to leave now. We can spend the day together, right?”

I shake my head at him. “No. We’re done for the day. I’m good. I’m going to get out while the gettins good.” Smiling at him, I turn and walk back across to lawn to retrieve my bathing suit top and quickly put it back on.

When I cross back across the lawn he's still standing where I left him. I hold out my hand, but he stares at me blankly. "Earth to Dante. I need my phone." Nodding, he hands it back to me.

I continue on in to the house, jogging upstairs and quickly change, throwing my stuff back in to my overnight bag. Taking a deep breath, I make my way back downstairs. Dante is sitting in one of the entry way chairs at the bottom of the stairs.

He's back in outer space mode, not noticing that I've descended the stairs. I clear my throat three times before he snaps back to awareness, jumping from the chair and coming to get my bag.

I smile awkwardly at him for a moment, then step past him to walk to the door. Looking at him as I open the door, I motion him to follow me. "Come on Dante, I need to go."

Turning back to the door I go to leave, not making it far as I walk right in to a solid chest. Taking a shocked breath, I look up to find Damien looking at me.

"Hey Rina! How are you doing?" Lifting me up in a hug, he spins me around in a circle before giving me a quick peck when Dante all but yells "Get your fucking hands off of her right now."

We both turn to gape at Dante. My god, does he *want* Damien to know we were doing something? What an idiot.

"Holy shit bro. I'm starting to think you've got an anger problem. You really need to get laid, and soon. You've become such a grumpy asshole lately."

Shaking my head I turn back to Damien and use up all of the strength I have left to smile at him. "Ignore him Damien. I came over to swim in the pool and Dante's mad because I kicked ass in a lap contest. I'm on my way home now."

I grab my bag from Dante and step out the door. “Don’t be such a grump ass Dante. I was on the swim team. Of course I do fast laps!” Turning, I find Damien looking from me, to Dante, to my overnight bag. Oh shit. I hope he’s not choosing today to be super perceptive.

“Well boys, I’m going to hit the road. See you at work tomorrow. Bye!” I haul ass out the door and all but run to my car. Throwing my bag in to the back, I climb in to the driver’s seat and start the engine.

I’m just about to put the car in drive when there is a knocking on my window, and I look to find Dante standing there. I’ve no choice to but to press the button to roll the window down. “What’s up Dante?”

Crouching down next to the car, he stares at me for a second. “Sabrina. I just... I’m sorry I’m so fucked up, I really am. You’re amazing. The best woman I’ve ever known. If it could be anybody, it would be you. I just don’t ever want that kind of relationship. Ever. I’m so sorry. I never wanted to hurt you. I care about you. Please tell me you’re really going to be ok.”

I stare at him in silence for a moment, taking in his ashen face. Am I going to be ok? Fuck no. I feel like someone has ripped my heart out and run it over with a city bus. I’m dying here. But I’m committed to keeping this fucking smile on my face and walking away with some of my dignity intact.

“Dante, honestly, I will be fine. I’m a big girl. No need for you to have a guilty conscience and stare at me like I’m about to open a vein. I assure you, I’m not. This wasn’t going to work out. We’re doing the best thing walking away now. We’re going to be fine. We fucked. It’s over. We’re both rational adults. I’ll see you tomorrow at work. Now step back, and let me go.”

Stepping back, he continues to stare at me as I slip the car in to gear. He’s practically green. “Jesus bab...Sabrina. We didn’t just fuck. Don’t

ever say that. We... God, I don't even know anymore. I guess you're right. See you tomorrow Sabrina. Drive home safely.”

Stepping on the gas, I fly out of his driveway. I make it two blocks before I pull over and throw the car in park. The tears stream down my face and I lay my head on the steering wheel and sob.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

It takes me almost two hours to get home, because I have to pull over three times since I can't see through my tears. By the time I get there, my head feels like it might explode.

Migraines have always been an issue for me, but this is the worst it's ever been. It takes all my energy to get from the car to the front door. Once inside, I have to drop to my knees and crawl from the entryway, down the hall in to the bathroom in my bedroom. I pop a migraine pill and crawl in to my bed.

I wake up about an hour later, the pounding in my head still going. I barely make it to the bathroom before my stomach rebels, and I spend the next half hour throwing up.

When it's over, I brush my teeth and then close all the shades in my room so that it's pitch black before I get back in to bed. I take another migraine pill and two sips of ginger ale and blessedly fall back to sleep.

Unfortunately that isn't the end of the headache. I'm up five more times in the night, throwing up and trying to survive this migraine.

Waking up around five this morning, I still feel awful. The migraine has backed off from feeling like something serious might be happening, but I'm in no shape to drive or do anything else.

Realizing I have to tell Dante I won't be in, I take the easy way out and text him. "Dante, I've been up sick all night. Will not be in. See you tomorrow. Sorry. Sabrina."

About two minutes after I send the text, my phone rings. Of course it's Dante. What the hell is he doing up at five in the morning? I hit the button

on the side so that the phone goes to silent, and I let the call go to voice mail. Once the screen shows that I have a missed call, I power the phone off entirely. I need the silence.

Pulling a pillow over my eyes, I try to focus on my breathing so that I can relax myself back to sleep. I'm in that spot between being awake and asleep when I hear the doorbell, and at first I try to ignore it.

Eventually the ringing turns to knocking, which turns to pounding. When the pounding starts, I know exactly who's here. If my head wasn't in danger of exploding already, I'd scream.

Gingerly I make my way down the hall toward the door. The sound of the pounding is making my blood run cold. Looking through the peephole, I make sure it's Dante.

Once I'm sure, I fling the door open. "Dante, I can't stand here. You either follow me or leave." Turning on my heel, I make my way back down the hall, and back in to my bedroom where it's blessedly dark and cool.

Lying back down on the bed, I pull the pillow back over my face. I sense Dante in the room, and then I feel him sit on the side of the bed. "Rina, I had to check that you didn't just hate me too much to come in to work, but you look awful. What's wrong?"

I keep my eyes under the pillow and I whisper back to him, "Dante, I'm not skipping work because I hate you. I've got a horrific migraine. I've been throwing up all night. Please be quiet. I need this to go away."

He whispers back to me, "I'm not leaving you like this. I'll be quiet, but I'm staying."

I'm in agony, so I just say "fine." That's all I've got, because the walk up and down the hall has zapped all my strength and I feel like crap again.

I feel Dante leave the bedroom, and I assume he's gone to the living room to watch television or something. Remembering that it's time to take another migraine pill, I take it and wash it down with a sip of ginger ale, then roll over and put the pillow back over my eyes.

I'm surprised when I feel the bed dip as Dante sits back down. The bed moves a little as he moves around. "Rina, I brought your neck roll in. I heated it up. Let me put it on you."

Holding my head up for a minute, I allow him to place the neck roll around my neck. Lying back down I enjoy the warmth. How did I forget that using this helps with my migraines? I focus on my breathing and eventually I fall asleep again.

The next time I wake up, I feel better. My migraine has been downgraded to a headache, but my body feels as though I've gone ten rounds with Mike Tyson. I'm dehydrated, feel scummy, and I ache.

Doing a quick mental scan of my body, I figure that I can probably stand through a shower. From right next to me I feel Dante move. He whispers, "You're awake, aren't you?"

"Yes. Thank you for whispering, but you can talk a little bit louder. Just keep it very low. I'm going in to the bathroom to take a shower. I feel less like I'm going to die. You can go now."

I hear him blow his breath out, and I know he's running his hands through his hair. "Rina please, I can't even think of leaving till I know you are ok. Don't push me away."

I can only nod, afraid that too much talking will bring the migraine back.

"I'm going to go start the shower for you. I'll be right back." The bed dips as he walks away.

A couple of minutes later, he's back. I watch in silence, my eyes still half closed as he comes to the bed. He's naked, save for a towel around his waist.

Bending forward, he scoops me up in to his arms and takes me to the bathroom, where he makes quick work of stripping me before dropping his towel and guiding me to the toilet area. He comes back a minute later and takes me in to the shower.

It occurs to me that I could argue, but really, what's the point? He's seen me naked, and I need help. It's hard for me to even stand right now.

Luckily, there is a five foot long bench that runs the length of my shower against the wall, and he places me on it before making quick work of washing me from head to toe.

As usual, the water revives me. I relax as it washes away the effects of the migraine and the awful night I spent vomiting. The best way to describe how I feel now is hung-over. I watch quietly as Dante quickly washes himself.

When he's finished, he steps out of the shower, the water still washing over me. Through the glass doors, I see him dry himself then wrap the towel around his waist again, and then he disappears from the room for about five minutes.

When he comes back in to the bathroom, he makes his way to the shower stall, grabbing two towels on his way. He opens the shower door and turns the water off, then steps in to the stall. Standing me up, he wraps one towel around my head, then dries me with the other. Walking me to the sink, he stands with me as I brush my teeth.

Grabbing the robe I have hanging on the back of the door, he secures it around me, then carries me back to my bedroom. "I changed the sheets, so everything is clean," he says as he places me back on the bed.

Coming to the other side of the bed he sits down and pulls me toward him.

“Rina, sit with your legs crossed and tilt your head back. I’m going to brush your hair.”

He gently rubs my hair with the towel and then spends the next ten minutes gently brushing my hair. I’ve always loved having my hair brushed. It’s very calming.

When he’s done, I lay back and do a quick mental self diagnostic. Yes, I feel better. Headache is at a six which is a serious improvement. It’s dark and cool in my room, and I definitely feel more human.

“Dante, I think I feel well enough to switch off from the migraine medicine now. Can you get me three Advil and a glass of iced tea please?”

“Yes of course!” Jumping from the bed, he heads in to the kitchen. While he’s gone, I take the opportunity to get up and put on a thong and a pair of pajama shorts and a tee shirt.

Returning to the bed, I lay down, but I no longer feel like sitting in the dark. I grab the remote and turn the television on, settling on a home and garden show that won’t require me to follow along or think much. I turn the volume way down and sit back, waiting for Dante to return.

He comes back in holding a tray that has two glasses of iced tea and two bagels with cream cheese. Handing me the three Advil, he climbs back in to the bed and sits next to me. He passes me the iced tea, and once I swallow the Advil, he hands over the bagel. “I figured you could use this.”

I smile at him. “Yeah, I’m definitely running on empty. Thanks for this.” He nods at me, then turns his head and eats his bagel too. We eat in silence, and I’m glad for it.

I need to stay relaxed because I really can't afford to get so upset again. My heart can't handle it, and I know my head can't, but sitting in bed next to him while he wears only a towel is hard. Even feeling like road kill, I still want to touch him.

Gesturing to the television he asks, "What are we watching?" I shake my head and shrug my shoulders.

"Don't know. I picked some home and garden show so that I wouldn't need to follow along."

"Makes sense," he says with a nod. "How do you feel now?"

"The shower helped a lot, and the bagel and iced tea are bringing me back to life. I actually do feel better now. Thank you for all of your help. You were a lifesaver. I'm good now though, so you can go any time."

He grimaces as I say this, and I know he doesn't love the idea. "Sabrina, I'd really like to spend at least another few hours here, until I'm positive you're really okay. Can you stand to have me here?"

Wow. He's got the wrong end of the stick here. Can I stand to have him here? I think the question is whether he can stand to be here. It's such a relationship thing. In any event, I'm committed to seeing this through with a smile in my face, so I nod in the affirmative.

"Dante you know its fine. Don't be like that. We're still *friends*. I'm just saying you shouldn't feel as though you have to stay. I know you have work, and I feel bad you've missed the morning because of me."

He doesn't look too happy with my response, but he nods. "I'm playing hooky from work to take care of you because I was worried. Isn't that what a good *friend* would do?"

I giggle at the idea of Dante playing hooky from work. He's so serious about work that I can't imagine he's ever done it before.

Quirking his eyebrows, he asks, “What are you laughing at baby... umm... Rina?”

Completely ignoring his ‘baby’ slip, I poke him in the side. “I’m laughing at the very idea of you playing hooky. It’s so not something you would normally do. So... thanks for being a friend.”

Grabbing the television remote from my bedside table, I toss it across the bed at him. “I think I can watch TV now. Choose something to watch.”

He spends the next few minutes going through the guide, finding nothing to watch. We decide to throw a DVD in, and I choose *Back to the Future*.

We spend the rest of the day in bed, watching the entire trilogy of *Back to the Future* movies. In between movies one and two, he makes us macaroni and cheese.

After the third movie is over, it’s after seven. We order dinner from a local diner. I need to get out, so I take the car ride with him to pick it up. I all but inhale my open faced turkey sandwich with mashed potatoes, a sure sign that I feel much better, although I am still tired.

I’ve just laid my fork down on the table when Dante hoists me up and walks me back to the bedroom. Spluttering I say, “What are you doing? I feel better. I can walk.”

“I know you can walk honey. But you’re yawning like crazy and your eyes keep closing. You’re exhausted. It’s time for you to get some real sleep.”

I’m still dressed in the pajamas I wore today, so he’s able to drop me in to bed. I raise an eyebrow as he starts to get undressed. “Dante, what are you doing?”

“I’d like to stay the night. Don’t fight me on this. You do seem better, but I’ll feel much better knowing for sure that you’re fine and that you sleep through the night with no more headaches and no sickness.”

Good lord. When did Dante become Florence Nightingale? I wind up nodding my head at him, deciding that I’m just too groggy and worn out to even have this discussion. “Fine, you can stay.”

“Good girl. Will you mind if I answer some emails on my iPad while you sleep? I know the light could be a problem for you.”

“No problem, go ahead.” Turning on to my side, I make myself comfortable. I try, hard, not to put too much notice in to Dante as he takes his clothes off and climbs in to bed, wearing only a pair of briefs.

He’s just so damn hot. I long to rip the briefs off and ride him, but I know that can’t happen again.

Rolling on to my other side, I count backwards from one hundred, deep breathing as I exhale in and out. I got to number twenty-two, and then I fell in to a deep sleep.

CHAPTER TWELVE

My dreams are dark and sad. I'm running through the floors of Hart International, searching for Dante, but all I ever saw of him was his shadow. I opened door after door, every time entering a different hotel bedroom where I'd find one of Dante's women laying on the bed waiting for him.

Each time I'd open a door and find a woman on the bed who would laugh at me, which would cause me to run on. I ran and ran, trying to scream out for him, but my mouth refused to say his name. I could only whimper.

I woke up around two in the morning, wrapped in Dante's arms, my head cradled against his naked chest, our legs intertwined, his deep and even breathing indicating that he is asleep.

I don't immediately pull from his embrace, probably because I am a glutton for punishment. This is where I want to be every night, wrapped in Dante's arms. But I can never have that, and my heart is shattered all over again.

I need to blaze a new path forward for me. Lying here in his arms, I realize that path can't include working for him every day for years to come. I need to make a plan and explore my options.

I think I have just enough strength to get through the next few months, but beyond that, I would be destroying myself by staying.

Wiggling my way out of his embrace, I make my way to the bathroom. After I take care of that, I wander to the kitchen and pour a glass of iced tea, and then head back to my bedroom.

Climbing in to the bed, I curl on my side. I'm on the edge of sleep when I feel the bed shift as Dante pulls me back in to his arms. "Rina, don't leave me. Need you so much."

My heart leaps and my eyes fly open, only to find that his eyes are still shut because he's still asleep.

Jesus. What a mess. For one second, I'd thought he was telling me really telling me how he feels. What a letdown. I roll away from him again, needing space.

I'm on the other side of the bed for less than two minutes before he pulls me back in to his arms, settling me up against his chest.

I wait another few minutes and then slowly wiggle myself away from him again, further across the bed this time. I'm practically on the edge at this point, so I think this should be far enough away that he won't reach for me.

Taking a deep breath, I start my deep breathing again. I'm just starting to relax when he moves, pulling me across the bed and into his arms again. This time he wraps his legs around mine.

Peeking up at him, I see that he's still sound asleep, but somehow he knows each time I move away. I can see he's going to keep this up all night. Resigning myself to the inevitable, I settle in to his arms and close my eyes.

When I wake up Dante is sitting on the edge of the bed getting dressed, the light from the bathroom the only illumination in the room. As if he senses I'm awake he turns and gives me a thorough visual check.

"Your coloring is back, thank god. Do you feel up to working? Because you definitely don't have to if you still feel ill."

I yawn and nod. “I feel much better. I will be there.” Turning my head to glance at the clock, I let out a groan. “Shit Dante. It’s after eight! Why didn’t you wake me up earlier?”

“I didn’t wake you because I literally just got up too. I never oversleep.” He looks surprised, and I chuckle.

“It was probably the room darkening blinds. It makes it much easier to sleep, and sleep well.”

Giving me a smile he stands and looks around to find his shoes. “I’ve got the darkening shades at home too, so that’s not it. But I didn’t sleep very much the night before after... Um. Yeah. I guess I was just tired.”

Hmm. I guess he was up all Sunday night too. A thought occurs to me, and I blurt out, “Shit. Where does everyone think we were yesterday? Both of us calling in sick on the same day might have caught Damien’s attention. He definitely saw the overnight bag. I think I covered with the swim story, but...”

Shaking his head at me, he chuckles. “I told him the truth, that you had a migraine and were vomiting and needed someone to take care of you. He would have done the same for you, so he understood.”

I pop out of bed and go in to my closet to find something to wear. Dante comes in to tell me that he needs to run home, shower and change. Following him down the hall, I see him off then get myself ready for the day.

We’re both at work by nine thirty. Having so much to focus on and deal with is a blessing, and the morning flies by.

Damien heads in around lunch time to check on me. “Hey you, Dante said you were sick as a dog yesterday. How are you today? Seems you’re alive... or are you a zombie?”

I smile at him and chuckle. Damien is a nut. “Don’t worry; I don’t want to eat your brains. I’m feeling much better. What’s up?”

“I came to see if you wanted to go to lunch with me. I’m starving, and I don’t want to eat alone. We can go wherever you want, as long as it serves food. You in?”

Grabbing my handbag I nod. “Heck yes! I’m hungry too. Let me tell the boss I’m going to lunch.”

“No need. I’m right here,” Dante says as he wanders in to the outer office. “I’m actually going to have lunch with Sandra, so I’ll catch you guys later.”

Damien and I head out and decide on a local Thai food restaurant. I order Pad Thai and he orders a shrimp dish, and we split both. We’re enjoying lunch, shooting the breeze when he says he needs to tell me something.

“Sabrina. I know you might not appreciate this, but please know that I’m saying this because I really love you. You’re family to me. “

Oh shit. Oh shit. I really hope he hasn’t figured out that I had sex with his brother. Giving him an anxious look, I motion for him to continue.

“That guy, the one you were dancing with at the competition? I recognized him. He goes to the same clubs I do. That guy is a player. It’s been bothering me since I saw you dancing with him, but on Sunday night I saw him putting on a serious PDA show with two girls. You’ve been different lately. Happy and content... not that you weren’t happy before. Lately you definitely had a glow about you. But on Sunday, you looked upset. You didn’t come in yesterday, and today your smile isn’t real. Something is wrong. Did that asshole upset you?”

The relief I feel is palpable. He has no clue about Dante and me. “Damien, I’m barely friends with Marcus. He calls all the time, and I know

he wants it to be something, but I've no interest. Don't worry about it."

"Oh thank god. Spence and I were plotting some serious revenge on that asshole for upsetting you. If it isn't him, who are you seeing?"

Damn. He's good. I tried to draw him away from that question, but now he's doubled back to it. I shake my head at him. "I'm not seeing anyone. You probably just noticed that I was happier once I stopped dancing twenty-four seven, and got back to sleeping more than a few hours a night. Sunday, I was getting a migraine and today I'm dealing with the after effects."

The look he gives me lets me know he is dubious about this at best. Damn. He's pretty sure I just lied to him, I can tell. Being the gentleman he is, he takes my words at face value and nods, but I know him, and I know he will be watching. I need to do a much better job of hiding my feelings.

Saying no more about it, we finish lunch then head back to work. Dante gets back about twenty minutes after I get back to my desk, and we spend the next few hours answering emails and setting up meetings.

It's difficult to sit with him all day, and by six I'm completely exhausted. It took all of my energy to maintain this facade around him all day, and now I'm ready to drop.

Noticing that I'm starting to space out, Dante calls it a day. Getting in to the elevator, we head down to the parking garage. "Do you have any plans tonight Rina?"

Do I have plans? Yes. I'll be at home licking my wounds and rebuilding my defenses so I can deal with him tomorrow. Of course I say none of that and just shake my head in the negative.

"Do you want to go get dinner, or do something... anything... with me Sabrina?"

Oh, he's got to be kidding. What am I, a glutton for punishment? "Dante, at least for now, we need to spend less time together, not more."

Running his hands through his hair, he stares at me. "You're my best friend Sabrina. I miss you. Will we ever be able to be with each other again? Can you ever forgive me?"

Shaking my head, I sigh. It's like being dissected with a dull blade. "I miss you too Dante. But I'm not ready to be...friends again. Please, just give me space. I'm going home. I'll see you at work tomorrow."

Thankfully the elevator glides to a halt and the doors open just at that moment. I wave and tell him goodbye, then I leave the elevator and make my way to my car, just needing to be alone.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The next six weeks pass without further overtures on his part to spend time together out of work other than family dinner nights on Sunday, which I smile my way through each week, even though it destroys me inside.

Thankfully over the course of the last year we developed a short hand around each other and are able to get things done, but I am paying a price for this ‘everything is fine’ charade.

My nerves are shot, I haven’t been sleeping, I’m barely eating, and I’m miserable. It takes a great deal of effort to come in every day and behave like someone who isn’t completely gutted inside.

Today is the end of the sixth week of this hell, and I’m more than ready to have a two day break from dealing with it all.

Tapping on Dante’s door, I find him staring in to space, his jaw clenched. Giving a tight smile, I tell him I’m leaving. I give him no room to say anything else, and I quickly make my exit.

Damien’s getting in to the elevator just as I do, and it’s a joy to see the Hart brother that doesn’t make me feel like my heart is shattering.

Giving me his super big Damien smile he says, “Just the girl I wanted to see. The girls are coming dancing with me tonight. Are you interested? Be warned, I’m not taking no for an answer.”

I consider saying no, but really, I need to shake off my dreary mindset and start getting back to normal. “Actually, that sounds good. Where are we meeting and at what time?”

“We’re meeting at my house at eight. I’ll drive us all from there. Bring your party attitude and be ready to have a blast.”

“Sounds like a plan party captain. I’ll be there!” Laughing, we exit the elevator and head our separate ways.

I feel much lighter when I get home, happy to be going out to do something fun. I’m definitely ready to get back to having some kind of a life. Sure, it isn’t the life I wish I had, and Dante won’t be there... but, it’s something, and I need to grab on to that with both hands.

After a nice shower, I head in to my closet to decide what to wear. I choose my black Herve Leger strappy bandage mini dress with a pair of Casadei ankle wrap heels. Laying them out on the bed, I head back to bathroom and sit at my vanity.

I blow my hair dry then use my curling iron to create waves. Once I’m happy with my hair, I set about doing my make-up. The look is good, and will go well with the dress.

Grabbing a shimmery body lotion, I rub it all over. I’m annoyed as I do this, because normally rubbing the lotion on is arousing, but my sex drive went in to hibernation the afternoon I left Dante’s house. Even rubbing it in to my breasts doesn’t do anything. I’ve always been easily aroused when I run my hands over my body, but since Dante and I stopped having sex, it’s like a switch was turned off in my body.

Sighing in frustration, I head over to my bed and start dressing. I slip a black thong on, the only undergarment I will be wearing tonight. The Leger dress holds in and pushes up everything that matters, and I don’t need the extra support.

Once I’m finished dressing I head back in to my bathroom and check myself in the full length mirrors. Checking myself front and back, I can’t help but smile. I look hot. My spirits lifted, I get in the car and head out to Damien’s.

Once I get there, we all spend twenty minutes hugging and catching up, excited to see each other, then we make our way outside to the car. Damien bundles us all in to his Escalade, and we're off to the club.

The club we wind up at is one of the new "it" places, and I see why, because it has good energy. The music is loud and fantastic.

Damien has one of the tables in the VIP section reserved for us. After we take our seats on the half moon shaped banquet, we place our drink orders.

Damien's the designated driver tonight, so he gets a bottle of water. The girls all order vodka and cranberries, and I order an apple-tini. We spend a few minutes at the table talking- it's not as loud in the VIP section, another perk to going places with a Hart- then we head out to the dance floor.

It's great to dance, and I let myself go into the bass of the music. We spend the next two hours dancing and drinking. I'm relaxed and having fun, although the edges of things are a bit blurry. I've consumed more alcohol than usual and I'm extremely buzzed.

I decide to take a break, and head back to the table to have a glass of water. Buzzed is good, but drunk isn't. I don't need to wake up with a serious hangover in the morning.

As I enter the VIP area, a frisson of awareness goes up my spine. I stumble a bit, wondering what that's all about, but as I take another step forward, I see exactly what caused it.

Dante is sitting at a table with a woman- someone who fits the Dante-bot model to a T. It literally feels like someone just punched me as hard as possible in the stomach.

I'm devastated and disgusted, all at the same time. I can't even get turned on anymore, but clearly he's had no trouble moving on. I'm frozen in place as I take it all in.

Whoever this woman is, she's all over him like a cheap suit, leaning forward to give him the maximum view of her breasts and literally making goo-goo eyes at him. He looks less than thrilled, but I guess that's part of his game. While she simpers and wiggles and gives her best "fuck me now" eyes, he's got his chin in his hand, blankly taking it all in. When she leans forward to touch his face, I've seen enough. I do what I should have done to begin with and turn to make my escape. Turning to make my exit, I find Damien standing at my left side.

Shit! How long has he been standing here? When his eyes connect with mine, I see...sadness. Taking my hand, he pulls me from the VIP area, back in to the loudness of the club.

I decide I have to play this off. I shout over the music that I just saw Dante and it caught me off guard. Laughing, I move to walk around him, but he puts an arm around me and stops me.

Giving a gentle tug on my arm, he maneuvers me in to the coat check and restroom hallway. It's much quieter back here, and in my anxious state, the buffering of the sound is overwhelming.

"Sabrina. How long were you with my brother?"

I make a shocked face and start to tell him that nothing happened, but he's having none of it.

"I know what I saw Sabrina. It all makes sense now. His outburst the day I said you would be a good project manager. The overnight bag I saw as you were leaving his house that day when he was in such a bad mood. The way you've both been acting. I see it clearly now."

I shake my head at him in frustration. "Yes, something happened. But it didn't mean anything, and it came to an end. It's over, nothing to worry about. Please just let this go."

Frowning, he shakes his head at me. “Bullshit. I think it most definitely *is* something to worry about. And I know you Sabrina. It meant something. He hurt you. It was written all over your face back there. I get it now. It’s in how sad you look every day when you think no one is paying attention. It’s in the bags under your eyes that say you don’t sleep. It’s the way you’ve been trying so hard to appear happy these last few weeks. It’s been alarming to watch you be stretched so thin every day. I’ve been worried, and that’s just how I felt when I thought it was some guy I don’t share blood with. Now that I know its Dante, I’m terrified. He’s destroying you.”

It takes every ounce of energy I have to smile at him and shake my head. “Damien, what do you want me to say? I’m fine. I’m not falling apart. I don’t know why you think that. Don’t blow this up to be something it isn’t.”

Oh, I’ve made him mad. He’s absolutely furious. “Is that really how you’re going to play it Sabrina? You’re fine? Feeling good? No problems? You’ve got no feelings for my brother at all? If that’s true, let’s go say hello to him and the new flavor of the month. Shouldn’t be a problem, right?”

I shake my head in the negative. “No Damien, it won’t be a problem. Let’s go say hello.”

Shaking his head at me in frustration, he takes my arm and guides me back in to the loudness of the club. I’m totally boxed in, and I feel like I have to do this to prove to him that I’m fine.

All those thoughts leave my head in a nanosecond as we re-enter the VIP section and I see that the woman who was all over him is now sitting in his lap, holding his face in her hands as she leans in to kiss him.

I can’t hold it together anymore. I’m just not that good of an actress. Turning on my heel, I shove past Damien and escape to the bathroom. I

spend ten minutes in silence, sitting in a stall in the bathroom, trying to gather my courage to go back out.

I'm startled from my reverie when there is a knock on my stall. "Sabrina. It's Damien. Are you ok?"

Standing, I open the door. "I'm ok. But good lord Damien, you're in a women's room."

Glancing around I see several women standing, openly staring at Damien. I get the feeling the only reason they aren't yelling is because he's so easy on the eyes.

"Honestly, I don't give a shit. You're upset and you're hurting. You need a friend, and I'm here. I'm assuming you don't want Brooke or the girls to know about this. That being the case, I told them you are tired and want to go home, and that I'm taking you. I've arranged for Spencer to come get them. I've still got your ID in my pocket, and I already gave the Brooke and the twins theirs back, so we're good to go."

I almost sag with relief, especially knowing that Damien's best friend will come and take care of the girls. Spencer takes their safety almost as seriously as Dante and Damien do.

I know I've got to deal with the fact that Damien is now 'in the know', but having the girls figure it out too is not something I can deal with right now.

I nod my consent to his plan and we make our way out of the club. The air outside is hot but blessedly there is a breeze, and it helps to clear my head a bit. Damien helps me get in to the Escalade and makes sure I'm belted in.

The drive to my house is made in silence. No music, no conversation. Thirty minutes later we are pulling in to my driveway. Ever the gentleman, he's out of the car and opening my door before I even have the seatbelt off.

It makes me sad. I'll never really know why these Hart men don't want to commit, but it's a real loss for them, and to women everywhere.

Once in the house, we both make our way to the living room. Taking my shoes off, I sit on the couch and wait for the inquisition. Taking one of the arm chairs he wastes no time in asking questions. "How long did this go on?"

"The first time was the night of my dance competition. It ended the morning you saw me leaving his house." I'm surprised to feel relief that I'm finally telling another person about this.

"Shit. Yeah, that makes sense. He's always been attracted to you, and I knew he was hanging by a very thin thread the day of the competition. I just assumed he reeled it in, like he always did. Guess I was wrong."

We stare at each other in silence for a moment before I nod my head. "I only found out later that he was attracted to me. I never even suspected until that night."

Making a pfft sound, he shakes his head at me. "He was a lot more than attracted. But he damn well knew to steer clear of you. I'm furious with him right now. He knew doing this could only hurt you. I'm going to knock his ass out for that."

"No! Damien. No. This is my fault. He gave me the out, more than once. He was never less than honest with me. He told me from the get go that he would never, could never, commit. I was a fool for thinking I could handle what that really meant. I went in to this with my eyes open. I'm just paying the price now for not realizing what that would actually feel like."

"Oh hell Sabrina... Shit. It's worse than I thought. You aren't just suffering because it's over. You're in love with him."

His words break me, and before I can stop it, I start to cry. He's off his seat and hugging me in seconds. "I'm...fine... I never cr-cry in front of

people. I'm ok."

"Shh. Let it out. You need to let it out. Let yourself go for a minute. I'm here."

I give myself over to it, letting my tears fall. I figure even the strongest people are allowed to falter every once in a blue moon. After a few minutes, the tears stop falling.

When I pull back, I'm a little embarrassed to see that his shirt is wet from my tears. Grabbing a tissue from the side table, he dabs my tears away.

"You really are lovely. You manage to be beautiful even when you cry. Got to say, if Dante hadn't figuratively put up 'no trespassing' tape around you the second you stepped in to his office, I'd have come after you myself. Of course, then I wouldn't have you as an honorary sister, and that would be a loss. He's a damn fool for not locking you down."

It's a lovely sentiment, but it makes me sad because I know his problem is the same as Dante's. "Oh please, Damien. You're even less likely to commit than he is."

The look he gives me is sad. "You're right. Dante and I both learned early that commitment in our family is a death sentence. It just isn't possible. You're the real thing, and I'd have run from you at lightning speed long before it ever got to where you and Dante wound up."

I see my opening, and I take it. "Damien. I need you to be honest with me. It's time for me to know what made Dante the way he is. Can you please tell me why the two of you don't believe in relationships? What happened that you both feel this way?"

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Tilting his head back, he blows out a breath. He's silent for a few minutes, his head on the back of the sofa, his eyes closed. He seems to be weighing his words, deciding what to say. Opening his eyes, he nods at me.

“Your parents passed before we met, but there are pictures all over this room of you all as a family, smiling and laughing. I've also heard you and Brooke talk about them enough that I know that you all loved each other. They valued you both, treated you well, too care of you, parented you. What Dante and I grew up with was... the exact opposite of that.”

“I was four years old the first time I can remember our parents leaving us home alone. It wasn't the first time, and it certainly wasn't the last. They packed up and rolled their luggage out of the house. Our mother was kind enough to tell us they were going to Mexico for two weeks because she couldn't stand to look at us.”

“The reason this incident stands out in my mind is because our father broke two of my fingers when I begged them not to leave us. Broke them, told me to get the fuck out of the way, and then they left. Dante set my fingers using tape and our mother's nail files. Can you imagine? He was six years old, and he had to take care of us both because our parents wouldn't.”

He looks so sad, shaking his head in frustration before continuing. “We were told on an almost daily basis that we were ugly, unwanted, disgusting brats. They were both cruel and viscous and angry, and they made us suffer.”

I feel helpless and angry as he shares this story. It's far worse than I ever imagined. What kind of animals would do that to children?

“They were drugged out freaks and they had sex parties in the house. I can’t even begin to tell you how many nights we were forced to sleep in the shed because all of the bedrooms needed to be available.”

I’m horrified by this. “Damien, where in the hell was your family? I know your mom cut Sandra off when she married your father, but where the hell was your grandfather? Did no one see this? Why didn’t someone help?”

Shaking his head at me, he frowns. “If only it was that simple. Our grandfather knew all about it, he just didn’t care. The old man didn’t give a shit about family. He cared about the business and he cared about sex. We were just... heirs.”

“His one contribution was sending us to school. We were terrorized by him and both of our parents before we went. They told us that if we talked about anything that happened at home, we would be taken away and separated from each other. We were just kids, and the only thing we had was each other, so their threats worked. It helped a little that Spencer was in my grade. His mother was one of our mother’s friends. He was just as fucked as we were, and we all helped each other.”

“When our mother got pregnant with the twins, it was a nightmare. She gained fifteen pounds and got almost no prenatal care. You could hardly tell she was pregnant. She smoked, drank and fucked her way through the pregnancy.”

“Nothing ever stopped those selfish assholes. The girls were underweight and kept in the hospital for a month before they came home. She used that time to rest up. Once the girls came home, they were dumped on Dante and I and life went on for our parents. I don’t remember them changing even one diaper. Not one. There was an illegal woman who didn’t speak English who would come and care for them during the day, but she was dismissed every afternoon when we came home from school. We were damn lucky to have her, because if she hadn’t been around, we wouldn’t have even been able to go to school at all.”

“I guess the saving grace in all of this was that they didn’t starve us. Ramen noodles, Chef Boyardee, cans of soup, crackers, potato chips and Velveeta cheese. Those were the only foods they would buy, and that’s what we lived on. They bought cases of diapers, wipes and formula and left the rest of it to Dante and me. Every fourth Friday, our grandfather’s maid would bring us clothing for the month. Other than the food and the clothes, we were given nothing. No love, no parenting, no birthday presents, no holidays. Nothing normal families do.”

“Their behavior got more and more out of control as the years went on, as you would expect with addicts. He fucked everything that wasn’t nailed down, and she did the same. The girls were three when our mother was diagnosed with AIDS. She killed herself within a week.”

He’s gray as he pauses, and I see him struggling to maintain calm. “She... the crazy bitch left notes for Dante and I. She told us she got AIDS because our father took her happiness and destroyed her life, and she hoped we killed ourselves before we could ever destroy a woman with the toxic sludge that is in our blood. She wrote that she regretted not only marrying our father, she wished she’d never laid eyes on him, and she was certain that we would probably turn out to be disgusting sex addicts, bending women to our will, just like him.”

I’m heartbroken as he lays this all out. I can picture Dante and Damien as children, so serious, forced to do adult things long before they should have had to. I put my arms around him and hug him, hard.

“Oh, Damien... she was unbalanced. She was selfish and pathetic, and she took the easy way out.”

I hear his shuddery breath, and I know he’s crying. Softly, but he’s letting it out. I hold him for a few minutes until the emotion is back under control.

Wiping his tears away, he shakes his head in frustration. “That’s the thing Rina. I wanted to believe she was crazy. I know Dante did too. God

knows, living with just our father was even worse than having her around. Our grandfather died just a few months before she did. Once they were both gone, things got worse. His drug use escalated to epic proportions.”

“The truth of what she said didn’t come home to roost until we met Sandra. You know Sandra as well as anyone. Look at her. She shares blood with our mother, and she’s one of the nicest and most nurturing people I’ve ever met. They were raised by the same people, so our mom must have started out a lot like Sandra. Our fucked up father, who was raised by his fucked up father, destroyed her.”

Blowing out a sad breath, he continues. “Dante the girls and I got lucky because we had each other. But I will never, ever put myself in a situation where I can destroy all the joy in a woman’s life. You see me. I don’t even try not to constantly be moving from one bed to another. Dante is no better. We come from a line of sex addicts. Sure, I’m a fun guy. But how fun would I be if I wasn’t having sex whenever I wanted, or what if I couldn’t be faithful? I can’t take that chance.”

Oh fuck, this is so much worse than I could have ever imagined. His family history is shit, but it can’t define him forever. I need him to know he’s wrong about himself.

“Damien. You’re wrong, so wrong. You don’t see yourself for what you really are. You and Dante... you’re amazing men. You are nothing at all like your mother, your father, or your grandfather. You are both so committed to your sisters, to your family unit. You’ve never resented them, and you’ve been unbelievably strong. You think you’re some shallow asshole, but I know differently. You had enough room in your hearts to bring Brooke and me in to your lives, and you did it without even blinking an eye. Does that sound like men who can’t care?”

Stroking his cheek, I beg him with my eyes to listen to me. “Your only problem is that you’ve bought this horseshit that your mother said. She couldn’t be trusted to take care of you in life, and she showed herself to be completely unrepentant for her behavior by leaving you those notes. Only a

monster would do that. Whatever her problems were, they were hers. Your father didn't force her to treat you like shit. She chose to do that, and she is responsible for her actions. She compounded her sins in the end by trying to lay all of the blame for her behavior at your fathers feet. They were both evil. You need to choose to leave both of those assholes in the dust, where they belong."

Hugging him , I whisper, "You are one thousand times more caring and more amazing than your parents ever were, and so is Dante. Stop letting them live in your head. This is your life, and you deserve to be happy. You need to decide to stop letting their crazy box you in. If you don't choose to make your own life and your own decisions, they're still abusing you, even from the grave."

Pushing his hair back from his forehead I stare at him. "You frustrate me, because you have so much more to offer than you even realize. Stop choosing to fuck the easiest women that don't care if you commit or not! Take a chance! Find someone with a little depth and see what happens. Do you really have such little faith in yourself that you imagine you will go crazy and get abusive if you spend more than one or two nights with the same woman? I know, with one hundred percent certainty, that you would never do that. I know your core Damien. You want to be loved, and you have more than enough love to give."

Grabbing his face between my hands, I look him in the eyes. "Think of how much better you would feel if, instead of being afraid that you would continue the Hart legacy of shitty behavior, you chose to start a new chapter entirely. You can start a new Hart legacy, and it can be positive. You've got a lot to offer. Stop keeping it in. As long as you live in their cage, they win. You have to let them go."

Grabbing me, he hugs me to him, hard. After a few minutes, he lets out a deep breath. "I... well, I never thought of it like that. You're right though. I have been letting them continue to control me with their crazy. I'll need to think about this."

I smile at him encouragingly. "Do think about it. Surely there has to be at least one girl that you've met who made some kind of impression?"

He gives me the oddest look before he nods his head. "Yes. There is someone who makes an impression, but I'm too damn scared that I might hurt her, even though being around her makes me feel so... Well, it would never work. I need not to think about her like that because it would ruin everything. I think she knows I like her though, and fuck if I don't think she tries to make me crazy."

I can't help it, I gape at him. Who the hell could have left such an impression on Damien?

When I start to ask who it is, he shakes his head and says he can't discuss it, so we sit quietly together on the couch for a while in silence, both processing all that has been said. About twenty minutes later, I hear a gentle snore and realize he's fallen asleep. Poor Damien, he's emotionally exhausted.

I got some blankets and pillows and made a bed for him on the couch. He never even stirs when I take his shoes off.

Once I've got him settled, I head to my room and get changed for bed. I'm too tired to wash my make up off or brush my hair. Throwing on my sleep shirt I crawl in to bed. Within moments I'm out like a light.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

It feels like I just closed my eyes when I am awakened by banging at the door. It's loud, angry and continuous. Squinting at my clock I see it's almost two thirty in the morning.

Stumbling in to the hall, I see Damien already making his way to the front door. When he swings it open, Dante is standing at the door. I stop walking and gape at him. What the hell is he doing here in the middle of the night?

That thought is still floating through my mind as I see his fist connect with Damien's face.

Grabbing Damien by the shirt he pulls him forward so that they are basically nose to nose. "FUCK Damien! Fuck! How could you? How could you do this to me? You knew that I wouldn't care about anyone you fucked as long as it wasn't Sabrina. But you did it anyway. WHY? Why did you do this?"

I haul ass down the hallway yelling "Stop! Stop! Jesus Christ, stop!"

The two of them glare at each other, Dante's eyes almost black with rage. Damien shoves Dante back as he yells back at him. "Dante you stupid asshole, get the fuck off me!"

This needs to stop before someone gets really hurt. I jump in between them and hold my hands up, pushing them back from each other. "STOP! Right now. You stop this shit!"

Turning to Dante I snap, "Close the fucking door before one of my neighbors calls the cops." Glaring at me, he slams the door behind him.

I glare right back at him as I jab his chest with my index finger. “What. The. Fuck. Is. Your. Problem?”

His eyes are full of anger as he stares at me. “What's my problem? Christ, that's rich Sabrina. LOOK AT YOU! That's my fucking problem. You're half naked! Clearly I just interrupted whatever you two were doing in the bedroom. My brother, the one person in the world I knew had my back, just violated my trust by fucking the only woman I've ever actually cared about. I trusted my brother with my life, and this is what he did. And you know what? I fucking trusted you too, and I let my guard down. But you're just like every other god damn woman. You must have laughed and laughed at how you fooled me.”

Before I even know I'm actually going to do it, I slap him across the face as hard as I can. “You. Stupid. Motherfucker. I most certainly am NOT having sex with your brother.”

Damien moves behind me, and I know he's gearing up to start something. I turn and put my hand over his mouth. “You shut the hell up Damien. This is between Dante and me. I know you're pissed, but you can deal with him when I'm done.”

Whipping my head back, I glare at Dante, the imprint of my hand quite clear on his face. “This is the second time you've immediately jumped to the worst conclusion where I'm concerned. If you don't know me well enough to know I would not do something like this, you're an idiot.”

“What am I supposed to think, Sabrina? I ran in to the girls as I was leaving the club tonight. They told me you two left around eleven, very abruptly. I called Damien a dozen times to check if everything was okay, and I got no answer. I went to his house, only to find he wasn't there. I fucking panicked thinking something bad happened to you. I was half out of my fucking mind. Imagine my surprise to get here and find his car in your driveway, and all the house lights out. It's three in the morning, and you've clearly just come from your bed and you're only wearing a t shirt. You

aren't drunk, you aren't sick, and this asshole is still fucking here and his clothes are a rumpled mess, like he just put them back on."

Like a shot, Damien has me pushed out of the way and his fist slams in to Dante's face. "Fuck you asshole! This whole night is your fault. You know WHY we left the club early asshole? Can you guess? It wasn't because I wanted to bring her home to fuck, you piece of shit. We left because she looked like she was going to die when she saw you and the fuck bot of the week putting on a make out show for everyone to see in the VIP section. I didn't fuck her Dante. She would never do that and neither would I. She's like a sister to me you idiot!"

Shaking my head, I push Damien back. "Enough! I can't have to two of you fighting over me, especially for bullshit reasons. Calm down."

Dante is ashen, his eyes burning in to mine. "No! Sabrina. Fuck no! I wasn't making out with her. I swear to god, I wasn't. I was at the club with one of my friends from college, and he brought along two girls. The one that was interested in me was on me like a cheap suit all night. Yes, she kissed me. I didn't kiss her back. She climbed up on to my lap and had her tongue in my mouth in the blink of an eye. I pushed her away, and that was that. She left in a huff, and I never plan to see her again. She was awful."

I shake my head and frown. I'm horrified that any of this has happened. "Then you and I both jumped to conclusions tonight. But you should never question your faith in your brother. He wouldn't do something like that, and neither would I."

"He brought me home, we talked for an hour or so, and he fell asleep. Look over at the couch. See the blankets and pillows there? That's where Damien was sleeping. I'm wearing a sleep shirt Dante. Not a negligee. I was back in my bedroom sleeping ALONE. The only man that's ever been with me in that bed is you. The only Hart brother that I'll ever have had sex with in my entire life is you."

All the fight is gone from him. Now he just looks... sick. "Fuck. I've really made a mess of this. You don't deserve this Rina. I'm beyond sorry. I'm fucking mortified. As for you Damien, I lost my mind. I have no excuse. You've never done anything that should have made me to question you now. I know who you are, and I know you wouldn't do something like this. All this craziness... it's my shit."

Damien steps forward gives him a hug. "It's ok Dante. It's ok. I've... very recently been told that we both always think the worst, not that it's a surprise with the way we were raised. I'd probably have done the same if I were in your shoes. It isn't just your shit. It's our shit. But you need to know, I'd never do that to you, and neither would Rina. She's the real thing bro, absolutely nothing like any woman we've ever known, aside from Sandra or the girls. You already know that in your heart, or she would never have been invited to a family dinner, much less become part of our family. Think about that."

Letting Dante go, Damien turns and wraps me in a hug. "Thanks for everything Sabrina. What you said... I'll never forget it." He leans in closer and whispers in my ear, "If you can deal with his issues, give him a chance. No matter what happens, I support you and will always consider you family."

When he pulls back, he gives me a wink and kisses my forehead. "I love you Sabrina. Thank you for being... you."

Turning back to his brother, he nods. "I'm out of here. Dante, you need to talk to her. Fair warning though. If you upset her, you and I are actually going to have a real problem. Not a misunderstanding. A real problem."

Damien grabs his keys and puts on his shoes. Opening the door, he turns around and looks at Dante and me. "You know... I really love you both. I hope you can figure this out."

With that he closes the door, leaving Dante and I alone.

We stare at each other in silence, the seconds ticking by. I don't even know what to say at this point.

I'm shocked when he takes a few steps forward and grabs me, wrapping his arms around me and hugging me so tight, I can barely breathe. This is unexpected.

He's still not saying anything, and neither am I. He relaxes his hold just enough that I can breathe, but he doesn't seem to have words either.

Unfortunately, the longer I am in his embrace, the more aroused I become. I'm completely engulfed by his scent, the beating of his heart and the feeling of the muscles in his arms and chest.

I shift uncomfortably, trying to curb the need to have him on me... inside of me. It's like a current. There are butterflies in my stomach and my sex is getting wetter by the second. I can't help but to clench my inner muscles in an attempt to give myself some relief. Of course that doesn't work, it just makes it worse.

Putting my hand on his chest, I gently push him back. I'm about to tell him that I literally need space when he captures my head between his hands.

I watch as his head ever so slowly descends toward mine. I realize that he's giving me a chance to back away, but I want him far too much to take the out.

Grabbing his hair in my hands, I pull him the rest of the way toward me, moaning in relief as his mouth covers mine and our tongues meet.

I'm lost in the taste of his mouth, the glide and thrust of his tongue, the sensation of his hands in my hair.

I can feel his arousal pressing against my belly, and I shiver in response, heat coursing through my body. I rub against him, trying to get closer,

groaning when it does nothing to lessen the ache.

Without abandoning my mouth, he puts his hands on my ass and lifts me up. I moan my appreciation as I wrap my legs around him and rub against his erection. Even through my underwear and his clothes, it makes me hotter than ever.

Hands still splayed on my ass, he pulls me harder in to his erection and grinds in to me. It is like heaven and hell, all that the same time. I can only whimper as I spasm on top of him.

He repeats the motion several times, and each time my heart beats faster and my sex pulses harder.

Pulling my mouth from his, I rip the first few buttons of his shirt. Grabbing his head, I pull it back so that I can have access to his neck. Every time he rubs against my panties, I nibble and suck a spot on his neck.

“Fuck, baby. Fuck! God Sabrina... I miss you so much. I can’t wait. I can’t.”

Growling, I bite his neck, and then lick it again. I feel him start to move, and within seconds we are across the room.

Dropping down on the couch, he frees his erection from his pants then lifts me up so that my knees are on either side of his legs. Pushing my thong aside, he places his cock at my incredibly wet entrance and stills.

My eyes snap open to see what’s causing the delay, only to find him staring at me. “Rina, look at me. I need to see your eyes.”

I nod my head in understanding and lock eyes with him as he fills me in one hard thrust. It feels like all of the air left my body when he surged in to me.

I quiver and shake on top of him, struggling to adjust to the invasion. The feeling of fullness is overwhelming and it takes effort not to close my

eyes and revel in the sensation. The added intensity of looking in to his eyes is almost too much.

Dante arches his back too, but manages to maintain eye contact. “Fuck baby. There’s this feeling I get when I slip inside you. For that first second, it feels like everything stops. Everything. My heart, my breathing, my brain...it all stops, like everything is suspended. It’s the best and most intense feeling I’ve ever had in my life. I don’t even have anything to compare it to. What is this?”

I wiggle on top of him, trying hard to ease the growing insanity that is taking over my core. “I don’t know, but I feel the same way when you push in to me. It’s... like a vacuum. I lose space and time for a second. And then, it’s overwhelmingly loud and hot and desperate, all at the same time.”

Nodding at me he smiles. “Yes, that’s it. That’s it exactly. It’s like the world stops spinning and then bam! I’m hammered with sensation. I’ve never felt anything like it. It’s so strange.” I gasp as he thrusts up with that last sentence.

Sitting up straight so that we are nose to nose, he whips my shirt over my head, throwing it across the room. The feeling of the central air on my overheated and super sensitized nipples is almost my undoing.

Wrapping my arms around his neck, I savor the feeling of him deep inside of me. Bringing my head forward, I start licking and nipping at his lips in time with his gentle thrusts.

Within minutes, the need to cum overwhelms me. I’m on fire inside, and I need some relief before I lose my mind. Arching, I place my hands behind my back on his knees, giving him a better view of my jiggling breasts as I ride him.

The sight definitely turns him on even more, and he grips my hips harder, lifting me up and down faster and faster. The friction so hot, so intense, it’s all I can do not to scream.

“Do you feel that Sabrina? Can you feel what you’re doing to me? My dick craves the inside of you.”

His hands are like steel bars on my hips now, the frantic pace so fucking hard and fast, it’s a wonder we don’t catch on fire.

“Cum on me Sabrina. Cum for me. I want to watch.”

That’s all it takes to throw me over the edge. I explode with an explosion of moans, shaking and shivering as he continues thrusting inside of me.

I’m gasping for air, seeing stars and riding my way through it... I needed this so bad, but FUCK its overwhelming.

His breath is choppy at best, trickles of sweat running down his face, eyes wide with pure unadulterated lust.

His thrusting slows to a stop as my orgasm comes to an end. Lifting me off of his lap, he sets about taking his clothes off.

Once he’s naked, Dante lifts me back in to his arms and sinks his cock back in to me as he walks us down the hall toward my room.

I’m so ready to go again, that first orgasm barely slaking the need that is rolling through my body.

Stepping in to my bedroom, he closes the door behind us, then turns and presses me up against the wall next to the door as he starts thrusting again.

I love this position, my legs wrapped around his waist, hand clasped behind his shoulders. I love being closer than close, my breasts rubbing against his chest with each up and down movement. There is nowhere to go when he’s in me like this, and I revel in it.

Slipping one hand down between my slick folds, he finds my clit and starts to rub my juices all over it. The feeling of my nipples rubbing against his chest, his fingers on my clit and his rock hard cock sliding in and out of me sends me headfirst in to another explosive orgasm. With a loud shout he follows me in to the abyss, filling me with his hot seed.

When we can breath, he walks me across the room and lays me down on my bed. I groan when he slips from me. After kissing the tip of my nose, he wanders in to the bathroom.

Fuck, he takes my breath away. I'm hot, frustrated and anxious. I close my eyes and groan, trying to catch my breath.

I need to pull myself together. In reality, nothing has changed. We're still stuck in the same spot, really. I love him, but he can't commit.

He wants me very much. That much is obvious. But he's too trapped in his box, too scared to change. He needs to want to change, and I don't see that happening.

Now that I've been enlightened by Damien, I understand what Dante's issues are. But the fact is that I can't make it okay for Dante to run from me and then come back to me again and again because he can't stay away.

I'm not going to accept being the little woman who accepts the lack of any real commitment. I actually feel a bit ashamed of myself, like I've been having an affair with a married man.

I haven't been able to tell my friends about this or, more importantly, my sister. I realize now that I've been avoiding spending too much time with Brooke lately. She's smart, and she would have figured out that I'm hiding something.

Shit. I now realize that I'm going to have to do some serious thinking about how to handle this.

Coming back in from the bathroom, Dante gives me a smile as he sits on the bed next to me. The hair on the back of my neck stands straight up when I see that the smile doesn't reach his eyes.

Just as I feared, he's mentally running away again.

"Sabrina. I'm sorry about all this. I know I'm acting like an asshole and sending mixed signals. I don't want to, but I can't seem to help it. I'm so weak where you're concerned."

I nod at him and shrug, the lump in my throat leaving me unable to speak.

"I think you know... well, I think you know this can't change anything. I genuinely care about you Rina. But this is all I've got to offer."

As he speaks, I fortify myself, my decision firming up in my mind.

"I know Dante. I knew when you sat down on the bed that you were struggling. This has to be the end of the road for me. I need you to get dressed and leave. This can never happen again."

With each word, I can see the wind being knocked out of him. I almost hate him in that moment, for being such a coward that he can't see what he's denying us both.

Nodding stiffly, he stands and makes his way down the hall. Grabbing my robe from the bathroom, I follow a moment later, giving him enough time to finish dressing.

I find him standing in the living room looking uncomfortable and confused. When he opens his mouth to speak, I raise my hand and shush him.

"Here's the deal. You're leaving now. We're never talking about any of this again. Not ever. I need space from you. I won't be coming in for at

least the next two weeks. If I think I can deal with working with you, I'll come back. If not, I will let you know so you can look for a new assistant."

His jaw is all but on the floor, his eyes wide with shock. He looks completely caught off guard. Good lord. Did he really think I was going to come back to work on Monday and play this off again? What an idiot.

"I hope your silence is an indicator that you understand, although at this point, I honestly don't care."

Walking to the door, I open it wide, gesturing for him to leave.

Coming across the room, he walks as though it's the green mile. When he gets to where I'm standing, he stops.

For a moment, my heart softens. I see the little boy inside of him, wanting so desperately to take a chance. I stare at him, hoping against hope that he will realize that it's okay to take a leap of faith.

Unfortunately, the terrified man in him wins, as usual. "I guess if that's what you need to do Sabrina, I have no choice but to accept it. Let me know, one way or the other."

As he walks out, it's all I can do not to slam the door after him. Locking up after him, I make my way back down the hall to my room.

The air is scented with the smell of sex, and it makes me nauseous. I don't need the reminder of what just happened in here. Grabbing my favorite pillow, I make me way down the hall and curl up in Brooke's bedroom.

I didn't expect to fall asleep, but my mind blessedly shut down. Within minutes I am dead to the world.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

I wake up just after ten, the light coming through Brooke's blinds. She doesn't like black out blinds like I do. It's a little disorienting to wake up to so much light and I take a few minutes to lay there.

I'm just getting ready to get up when I hear the front door open. "Sabrina? You awake?"

Sitting up I yell down the hall, "Brooke, I'm awake and in your room."

Entering the bedroom, she raises an eyebrow at me. I know she's wondering why I slept in her bed.

"Brooke. We need to talk. Sit down."

Sitting down next to me, she stares at me anxiously and waits for me to speak. Before I can talk myself out of doing it I blurt, "I've been having an affair with Dante."

Her mouth pops open in shock. "Holy shit Sabrina. HOLY SHIT! I knew something was strange that morning he came over and you got all weird about it."

I nod at her, letting her know that she was right and then I spend the next twenty minutes bringing her up to speed on everything that happened. I leave nothing out- not even the fact that I'm in love with him.

Her eyes are wet with tears as she wraps her arms around me, rocking me back and forth. I sob and sob, letting it all out. Eventually my tears subside, and I'm left feeling strangely comforted by the release, both from sharing the information with my sister, and from crying it out.

When I'm finished, she leaves the bedroom for a minute to get me a glass of orange juice. After handing it to me, she flops back down on the bed as she asks, "So. You're not going to go to work for two weeks?"

I nod in the affirmative. "Right. I can't. I'm actually going to leave, go on a vacation. I really have to. I don't think I can go back to being his assistant. I'm considering asking Damien if he'd really like me to be a project manager. Or, I might just quit entirely. I'm not sure what I can deal with at this point, which is part of the reason I need to get away."

My heart constricts in my chest and I feel awful as Brooke tries to smile at me, her lip wobbling. "You're all I have in the world Rina. Promise me you won't let him chase you out of the state or anything. I'd die without you."

I'm across the bed in an instant, grabbing her to me in a fierce hug. "Brooke, you're not just my sister. You're my best friend, the only blood family I have left. I'd never leave you, and I certainly wouldn't move from the state because of a broken heart."

Her relief is palpable. Nodding, she pulls back and smiles at me. "I know that. It's just hard, you know? Mom and dad were gone so fast. You've always been the strong one, so much like daddy. You're smart, capable, confident and wise. Seeing you so sad... I feel sick inside. I've never seen you cry over a guy. Not once. You've always been so tough. I hate Dante for hurting you."

Shaking my head, I blow out a frustrated breath. "I was afraid of this. Brooke, most of what happened with Dante I did to myself. He was never anything less than honest. My friendship with him is over, but he adores you. You need him, Damien, Spencer, Dominique and Delilah. Don't push them away because I'm struggling right now. I certainly have no intention of losing contact with Damien, Spencer or the girls."

Staring at me for a moment, she ponders what I've just said. Finally, she nods. "I'll try. It's hard to think of him in the same way though,

knowing that he's responsible for your pain. No matter what you say, he's accountable for this, and I'm angry."

I nod. "All I can ask is that you try. Don't burn any bridges."

Deciding that I need to get her mind off of her anger I tell her I need to eat.

Once in the kitchen I grab a box of cereal and some milk, then sit down and pour myself a bowl. Brooke grabs a toaster strudel and the two of us sit at the kitchen counter while we eat breakfast.

Breaking the silence she asks, "Where will you go?"

I shake my head and lift my shoulders. "Don't know. I'm just going to get in the car and go wherever the whim takes me. Actually, I'd like to switch cars with you. I wouldn't feel right taking the company car on a trip like that. I know Dante won't care about you driving the Jag, so it's no problem."

After breakfast we hug and say our goodbyes. I promise to text or talk to her every day. Before she leaves we exchange car keys, and I watch her drive off.

I spent the next few hours dealing with the details of a vacation. I packed, emptied my refrigerator and then used my computer to submit a hold mail request.

After reprogramming the thermostat to vacation mode, I turned out the lights, locked up the house and turned on the alarm.

It took me longer to get on the road than I wanted, and it was after three by the time I pulled out of my driveway, heading off to god knows where.

I felt sad as LA disappeared from my rearview mirror, but I knew I'd made the only choice I could.

I decided to go to Las Vegas. It was an oddly right choice. I could blend in and lose myself in the crowds and the energy of the town. It might be just what I need.

Plugging my iPod in I crank my Foo Fighters playlist as I put the Mercedes through its paces. I make great time and am pulling in to The Mandalay Bay by eight.

The great thing about Las Vegas is that even when you at night, the place is still pumping with energy. The wait staff is friendly and as energetic as if it was first thing in the morning.

I rented a great room suite for the night. I figured if I wanted to stay I could extend the reservation, and if not, I would move on.

The room was lovely, and I made myself comfortable. I sat down on the couch and stared out at the view. I enjoyed it for a while and then ordered up some room service.

After dinner, I grabbed my iPad to read a book. My mail icon indicated I had a ton of email.

I dealt with my work emails first, setting it so that all people that wrote me would get an automatic out of office response.

When I checked over in to my personal emails, I smacked my head with my palm when I realized that Brooke had written me eight emails that went from concerned to frantic asking where I was and why I wasn't answering my phone.

A quick check of my purse and my luggage didn't yield the phone. Shit. I must have lost it. Or had I left it at home? God, I'm really a fucking mess these days.

Running to the room phone, I picked up and used my calling card to dial to get a line to call Brooke.

The phone barely had time to ring when she picks up, and right away I realize she is hysterical.

“Brooke. Brooke! It’s me. What’s wrong? Why are you crying? Did something happen?”

I barely make out that she says that everything is fine at home, because she’s crying too hard. “Brooke, you’re scaring me. What’s wrong?”

I stand up and start pacing in a panic. I haven’t heard her so upset since our parents died. I’m starting to freak out when Spencer gets on the phone.

“Sabrina? Jesus Sabrina! Are you ok?”

“Spencer, I’m fine. What the hell is happening with my sister! Is she hurt?”

Expelling a breath he says, “Brooke is okay Sabrina. I promise. I’m here because she panicked when she couldn’t get you to answer the phone. She’s with me here at Delilah’s. We’ve all been scared shitless.”

I can hear Brooke crying softly in the background, Delilah making calming noises and telling her everything is ok.

Dropping his voice a little he all but whispers in to the phone, “She thought the worst Sabrina. She was absolutely convinced you got in to a car accident. She lost it. To be honest, we all started to get scared, especially in this last hour.”

There's more shuffling, and then Damien get's on the phone.

"Oh my god Sabrina, you just aged me five years. I've never been so scared. You're really okay?"

"I'm fine. I'm very sorry about all of this. I just needed... well, I left."

Clearing his throat, he sighs. "Yes. Brooke tells me that you've gone away for two weeks. I take it things... didn't go well with Dante?"

I sigh. "No. No, it didn't go well. He told me he wouldn't change, and I told him I wouldn't be coming in for the next two weeks. I decided I need to get away, and I left. I guess I've lost my phone. I'm fine though, and I'm totally safe."

The silence stretches between us for a minute and then I'm saved by the bell from having to say anything else when he says, "Hold on a sec Sabrina. Dominique is calling me."

Damien's back on the line with me in less than a minute. "Well, never a dull moment. Dominique told Dante you were missing, and he's on his way here. I've got Spencer texting him now to let him you are safe."

Putting my face in my hand, I groan. I know Dante's going to go nuts over this.

Giving a nervous cough, Damien says, "He's going to want to know where you are."

"No! You're not to tell him Damien. I need this time. Don't make this harder on me, please. Erase the caller ID on Brooke's cell. Tell him you don't know where I am. I'm begging you."

His sigh conveys a myriad of thoughts and emotions, and I hold my breath waiting for an answer.

"Of course I won't tell him, if that's what you want."

The relief I feel is palpable. "It's what I want and what I need. You don't know how badly I need this. Can you please put Brooke on the phone now?"

“Yes. But before I do... Sabrina, you need to know that I’m always here. And I won’t betray your confidence to Dante. If you need anything, and I do mean anything, call me.”

I hear shuffling as Damien gives the phone back to Brooke.

Her breath is much more even, although I can hear little hiccups. “Oh Rina, I’m so sorry. I was so scared. I didn’t mean to create drama. I was upset after we talked today, and I guess all of the stuff about mom and dad was right at the surface.”

Immediately I tear up. I know this will always be an issue for both of us. One second our family was the center of our universe, the next second our parents were taken from us in a car accident just two miles from home. It took almost a year for me to be able to let Brooke drive anywhere without calling me before departure and after arrival. Of course my disappearing freaked her out.

“No Brooke. I’m sorry. I really fucked up by losing that damn phone. I’ll get myself to an Apple store tomorrow and get a new one. I love you honey, and I’m sorry I scared you.”

We spend the next few minutes talking about less stressful things, and I’m relieved that she’s calmed down.

We’re just saying our goodbyes when I hear a commotion in the background. The bottom drops out of my stomach when I hear Dante what sounds like an absolutely frantic sounding Dante shouting at Damien. “Your text only said you found her and that she’s okay. Is she hurt? Where is she?”

I need to get off the phone, now. “Brooke, I have to go. Hang up with me and erase the caller ID on your cell if Damien didn’t do it already. If Dante asks, you tell him you don’t know where I am. Lie and say the number came up unavailable. I’ll call you tomorrow. I love you.”

“I've got it sis. I'll take care of that now. I love you Sabrina. Sleep tight.”

As she's hanging the phone up I can hear Dante shout, “No! Don't hang up with her. Please Brooke!”

The click tells me that she ignored his request, and I am glad of the assurance that she won't tell him where I am.

Blowing out a frustrated breath, I flop back on to the bed and stare at the ceiling.

This situation is a fucking mess. What the hell am I going to do? It's not even been twenty-four hours and already I miss him so much, it hurts. The past weeks have been all but unbearable.

I don't know what the answer to all of this is. I love him. Soul deep, heart pounding and weak in the knees love. Being away isn't going to change that. Quitting isn't going to change that.

I want to see him at the end of a church aisle. I want to grow large with children we created together in love. I want to wake up and see his face every day. I want to laugh with him, cry with him, love and support him in good times and bad. I want us to celebrate our fiftieth anniversary.

It's him and only him for me. The idea of being with someone else is repellant. I realize this isn't going to go away. I can't run or hide from this. Short of getting amnesia, there is nothing that will make me forget how much I love him.

I wish there was something, anything that I could do to make him see, but I can think of nothing.

I've no sooner had that thought than I realize something. Both times that we ended things, I played it off and ran. I didn't even try to fight for us. I put my hands up and surrendered, not wanting to embarrass myself by letting him know how much I care.

I realize now that by running, I actually took the easier option. That bothers me, because I've never been afraid of anything before. Has my running given him the feeling that I don't think he's worth fighting for?

What if I stopped running away and went back to him and showed him that we could do this, together?

I'll never know if I don't try, and now that I've realized that, I know that I'm going to do it. I need him to know that he's it, that we're worth fighting for.

Rising from the bed, I repack my bag and lay my clothes out for the following morning.

I'm going back to Dante. I can't surrender until I know that I did everything that I could. If it doesn't work, at least I can walk away knowing that I gave it my best shot.

Lying down on the bed, I curl on my side and stare out at the Las Vegas skyline as I formulate my plan.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

I was so excited to get home that I was up and on the road by six. The entire drive has been a breeze and I'm parking in my driveway just after eleven.

After taking my luggage in to the house, I quickly make a call and book myself in to the local spa for tomorrow to get a massage, full waxing from my eyebrows to my ankles, color and cut for my hair and a manicure and pedicure.

Once that's accomplished, I reset my thermostat from the vacation setting, then got online to cancel my mail hold.

It takes me almost half an hour to locate my iPhone. I call it several times from the house phone but it never rings. I search everywhere, finally finding it underneath my bed. It's dead, so I plug it in. I know it will take a few minutes to charge up enough for me to be able to turn on, so I use that time to eat a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and drink a glass of milk.

Wandering back to my room, I flop on to my bed and grab the phone from my nightstand. My eyes widen in shock when I see that I've got thirty-four missed calls.

Brooke accounts for twelve of the calls and messages. Her messages start out okay, but then escalate over the hours as she can't get a hold of me. It's very tough emotionally to hear her so unglued.

There are five messages from Damien, five from Spencer, five from Delilah and three from Dominique. Their messages are progressively frantic as well.

The last four are from Dante. There is no build up with his messages. All of them are equally desperate and frantic.

The first is short. “Sabrina! Jesus Sabrina. Where the hell have you gone? Please call one of us. Please.”

The second is longer, but more frantic. “Oh god... Please. Sabrina. Please be okay. You would never ever not answer a call from Brooke and she’s out of her mind. Please. Please be okay.”

The third is angry. “Fuck Sabrina. FUCK! Why would you leave like this? You should never have left. Why would you do this? If anything has happened to you... Damn you! Why did you go?”

The last message is almost more than I can take. “Sabrina. Oh god, Sabrina. This is my fault. If anything has happened to you, it’s on me. I did this. You should never have let me touch you. I’d do anything to turn back to a time before I made you so unhappy. Before I disgusted you so much that you left. I’m praying that you’re okay.” His last words are particularly hard to deal with. “I’m so fucking scared Rina.” As the message ends, I hear him let out a sob.

Closing my eyes, I hug my pillow to me and succumb to the tears I held in while I listened to his messages. I never meant to scare anybody, and it hurts that I did this to them by running away.

I’m just getting my breathing under control when I have an epiphany. Sitting up like a shot, I smack my forehead. Holy shit! Here I’ve been thinking that I’m going to need to make Dante fall in love with me, but the messages tell their own truth.

He already is.

In retrospect, the signs have been there all along. Why didn't I realize this before?

Realizing that he's in love with me is a huge comfort. I hug this knowledge to me tight, wrapping it around my heart and letting it fill me

with courage for what's to come.

He's scared and he's convinced he can't do this, but the biggest part of the battle is already won. I'm inside of his heart now, just like he is in mine.

Now I just need to make him realize it himself, and say it out loud. He needs to embrace the feelings and act on them so that we can begin our life together. We need to move on from being two halves to being a unit.

I came home determined, but scared. Realizing that he loves me takes away all of my fear.

My strength now fortified and absolute, I head to the bathroom and get myself ready for the day.

Once I'm ready, I head out to the mall. I'm almost giddy with joy, floating on a cloud of love.

I spend the next few hours shopping up a storm. I start by purchasing the sexiest lingerie that I can lay my hands on before I set out to buy all new work clothes.

My new skirts and dresses have shorter hemlines. Not too short, but it will definitely draw his attention. Each outfit will showcase the legs that I now realize make him crazy with lust.

Paired with the beautiful garter belts and stockings I just bought, it's guaranteed to blow his mind. I can hardly wait to rock his world.

After finishing up at the mall, I headed in to West Hollywood to The Pleasure Chest. I'm definitely kicking this up several notches, but I'm game to try almost anything with Dante.

Wandering through the store, I'm surprised by how much product catches my eye. Before I know it I've picked out Japanese drip candles, pleasure feathers, silk entangle ties, dirty dice, nipple nibbler cream, lelo luna balls, lube, honey dust, body paint, body frosting, an eye mask, riding

crop, under the bed restraint system, handcuffs, vibrating underwear, a bullet vibrator, two anal plugs and a variety of erotic movies. Oh yes, things are about to get real interesting.

My last stop of the day was Frederick's of Hollywood. I'd bought some fabulous lingerie earlier at the mall, but what I wanted now was some over the top, come fuck me lingerie.

They've got exactly what I'm looking for and I buy a ton of crazy sexy lingerie. The first thing I pick is a pearl and chains teddy. It's decadent and totally sinful. After that I pick out a crochet open sides teddy, a pleated mesh teddy, a lacy suspender teddy, a caged leaf teddy, a Brigitte babydoll, a satin and lace up babydoll and a ruffled flyaway babydoll.

I've now got everything I need and then some to make my plan wildly pleasurable for us both. I'm so keyed up from the shopping alone that I come within seconds of going to him now just so I can take the edge off.

Luckily, I've got more self control than that. The payoff of waiting is going to be amazing, I just know it.

Back in the car again, I'm just picking up my phone to make a call when my cell rings. Checking the caller ID, I answer via the hands free once I see that it's Brooke.

"Hey Brooke! I was just about to call you. What's up?"

"Not much. I was just calling to check in on you. Well... and also to tell you that Dante spent over an hour last night begging us to tell him where you were. He's called me four times today asking me to please change my mind and give up the information. I've talked to Damien twice, and he told me Dante is so far up his ass begging for information that Damien is about to throttle him."

I chuckle to myself. Now that I see how much he cares, it could not be more obvious. While it's upsetting to know that he's upset, it's also a necessary part of the plan. He needs to be blasted out of his comfort zone.

“Brooke, I’m back in LA. Can you meet me at the house tonight? I want to talk to you.”

“Wow that was fast! I can totally tell by the sound of your voice that you are up to something. I can be at the house around seven. Want me to bring dinner?”

I can’t help but laugh. My sister knows me so well. “Yes, bring some grub. But make sure you don’t tell anyone else that I’m back! I will explain when you get home. I can’t wait to see you.”

After saying our goodbyes, I drive the rest of the way home with Guns n’ Roses at full blast as I sing along.

Once I’m home I make four trips from the car to the house as I take in all of my new purchases. It takes me a while to get everything put away and I’m just finishing when I hear Brooke come through the front door.

“Rina get your ass to the table! I’m here with food and I’m starving girl!”

Laughing, I make my way through the house to the kitchen. After giving her a big hug, I get out dishes and cutlery while Brooke unloads the food. She’s brought chicken parm with garlic bread and cheesecake for desert.

Pouring us each a glass of red wine, I sit down next to her and we dig in. We’re silent for a few minutes as we eat, but as we both start filling up we slow down a bit.

“Alright, spill it. You were gone for less than twenty-four hours which tells me you’ve decided... something. Tell me what the deal is.”

Nodding my head, I get started. “You know how my mind works. You’re right, I’m up to something. I came home because I realized I never

even tried to fight for Dante. I chickened out right away and ran. And that's not me."

Pausing, I take a sip of my wine before going on. "Once I came home, I found my phone. Listening to the messages from Dante I had an epiphany. Brooke... he's in love with me too. It isn't one sided. Now I need to make him realize it. I'm not giving up on us."

Nodding her head in agreement, Brooke smiles at me. "I'm so glad you realized it on your own. I really thought I was going to have to convince you that he is."

I raise an eyebrow at her and ask, "Wait. What? You just found out yesterday that he and I even had anything going on. How do you know how he feels?"

Giving me her best 'I know everything' smirk she fills me in. "Well, clearly I didn't know anything before yesterday. But when all that craziness happened last night, I saw up close and personal how he feels. When he got to the apartment, it was clear he'd been crying. He knew by the time he got there that you were fine, but he was still a wreck. I might have thought he was just upset that you'd been missing, but he flipped out when I hung up with you. He was desperate to speak to you, even though he already knew you were okay. He was so sad. It was impossible to miss. After he left Spencer, Dominique and Delilah immediately ganged up on me and Damien and got as much detail as they could out of us, because there was no way they could have missed that something was going on once they'd seen Dante."

Nodding, I ponder all that she's said. "I'm glad they all know. I never wanted to keep secrets from any of you. And it will help that they know as my plan goes forward. I'm not hiding this anymore. I'm going to completely change the way he sees relationships."

"Good for you Rina! The only way Dante will know this is real is if you show him how positive the feeling can be. What's your plan?"

Wiggling my eyebrows at her and giggling, I start filling her in. “I’m basically going to assault his senses and put him on overload. I started by hitting the mall and buying new work clothes. My skirts and dresses are a little shorter now. I bought some beautiful new lingerie, including some garter belts and stockings, which are about to become my new favorite thing.”

“Ooh Sabrina! I love how you think. Go on.”

I wiggle my eyes at her, then continue. “That was a good start, but I sure wasn’t finished. I went in to West Hollywood and hit up The Pleasure Chest. I bought a ton of super fun things that are guaranteed to blow his mind. And then to round it all out, I went to Frederick’s of Hollywood and got some crazy sexy lingerie. Tomorrow I’m going to have a spa day, the works. Full waxing, hair cut and color, manicure, pedicure and massage. My plan is to show up at work on Tuesday morning and go from there.”

She is laughing hard when I finish. “Jesus Sabrina. You’re deadly. I love that you’ve got this all worked out. He has no idea what’s coming his way.”

We spend the next hour finishing dinner and talking some more. Of course she demands to see everything I’ve bought, so I show her all the clothes and lingerie.

After that I lay out all the toys on my dresser and giggle at the awe on her face. I love that I can talk about this kind of stuff with my sister. Our mother raised us to know that sex and experimentation with someone you love and feel safe and secure with is the most natural thing in the world, and that you should embrace your sexuality and celebrate it.

She nods her approval at everything I’ve shown her. “If you don’t give him a heart attack first, he’s in for the time of his life... for the rest of his life! I wonder if this type of plan would work for me?”

Looking at her, I raise my eyebrows. "I knew it! You've been acting the tiniest bit differently lately. You like someone. Who is this guy?"

Shaking her head, she looks away. "No, it's no one in particular. I just mean... Oh, you know. I'm a little old to still be a virgin, don't you think?"

I actually find that I don't believe what she's just said about there being no one specific, but I choose not to call her on it. Instead I say, "No, I don't think you're too old to be a virgin. I wish I'd listened to mom and stayed a virgin until I met my true love. Now there will always be the snooze fest that was sex before I was with Dante and the explosion of feelings when he made love to me. It's totally different when you're in love, like night and day."

Smiling, she hugs me. "I stayed a virgin all this time because of everything mom said. But some guys don't like the virginity thing... I kind of wish I wasn't a virgin anymore."

I stare at her as I try to figure out what to say, but she grabs one of the anal plugs and hits me with it, and it busts us both up, and we spend a few minutes trying to recover from the laughter.

Not long after that Brooke and I trade keys to our cars back and then she heads back to her apartment, after making me promise to keep her up in the loop on my progress.

I spend the entire next day being beautified. My legs are waxed, I get a Brazilian wax, my eyebrows are waxed, my hair is highlighted and trimmed, I had a facial and a massage, and I ended the day with a manicure and a pedicure. Normally I go for light colors or French manicures, but today I go all out and get 'Take Me To Bed Red' on my nails and toes.

By the time I leave the salon I am smooth, buffed, polished... and ready to blow the lid off Dante's brain tomorrow.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

I'm up and in the shower by seven, beyond excited to start the day. I've missed Dante so much these last few days. I can't believe I thought I could stay away for weeks. In retrospect, that was a really dumb plan.

I spend extra time massaging lotion all over my body this morning, making sure that I'm moisturized from head to toe.

After I moisturize, I sit at my vanity and blow my hair out. I've decided to wear my hair down, and I'm very happy with the result. A touch of mascara and some lip gloss and I'm finished with hair and make-up.

Heading in to my closet, I choose my outfit for the day. Once I've made the choice, I put on a new super push up bra and a matching garter belt and stockings.

Once I've got the garter belt and stockings in place I pull on the matching panties and survey myself in the mirror and smile. Oh yeah, this is exactly what I was going for.

Next I put on my new gray pencil skirt. Unlike my old pencil skirts, this one ends above the knee, about two inches above to be exact. Slipping on a red sleeveless blouse and my favorite pair of hoop earrings, I spray myself with J'Adore and then put on my Louboutin gray straratata shoes.

The look is complete, and I know it's a home run. With that, I wander to the kitchen and eat a breakfast bar and drink a glass of milk before getting in to the car and heading off to work.

I'm walking in to the office by eight thirty, and I try to calm the butterflies in my stomach while I'm in the elevator on my way to the top floor.

Crossing the threshold in to our office suite, I take a deep breath. Day one of the plan to break down Dante's defenses is about to start.

I check the messages and make some notes before I head down the hallway to Dante's office. I get a feeling of déjà vu as I stand quietly in the doorway and stare at him. It's like being transported back in time to the first day I stood here watching him.

He's sitting at his desk with the newspaper spread in front of him, but I can clearly see that he isn't reading it. His head is in his hands and he's practically staring through the paper.

My heart stutters when I see how sad he looks. He's not as well put together as usual and he looks like he hasn't slept in days.

Saying a little prayer, I step in to the office with my iPad in hand.

"Good morning Dante. We need to go over some of the messages I just took. There seems to be some real problems with the Thailand job. Do you want me to schedule a meeting with Damien and Sandra now, or do you want to wait until after lunch?"

The look on his face is priceless. He's absolutely stunned to see me standing there. I smile at him in and raise my eyebrows. "What do you think? Meeting this morning, or after lunch?"

"Sabrina? Is that really you or am I dreaming again?"

I shake my head at him. "It's me. I'm back. We can discuss all of this later. Right now we need to talk about the problem in Thailand. It's actually very serious. When do you want to meet with Damien and Sandra?"

I can see that he's struggling to step in to work mode. "Right. A meeting. Fill me in and we'll go from there."

Striding across the office, I grab the chair in front of his desk and pull it to the other side so that I can sit next to him. While he folds up the newspaper, I discreetly pull my skirt up so that when I sit down he will have a front row view of the fact that I'm wearing garters.

Sitting down I act as though I don't notice that my thighs are exposed. Turning my iPad on, I pull up some photos for him to look at and begin flicking through them.

"These photos were just sent in by the assistant project manager. Look at the supplies Dante. They're completely different than what we've been paying for. I think someone is stealing from us."

My inner sex kitten gives a smirk as I watch him struggle to look at the photos instead of my thighs.

Unfortunately this is something we really need to deal with, and he snaps himself in to the present and focuses like a laser on the photos I'm showing him.

Grabbing his mouse I pull up the ledgers for the Thailand job and we start going through the lists of supplies and comparing them to the photos we have.

Blowing out a frustrated breath he smacks his hand on the desk. "Dammit. Someone really is stealing from us. Alright Rina, get Damien and Sandra in the conference room as soon as humanly possible. Tell them to bring their laptops. I'll bring both of ours if you head in and set up the big screen for us to look at all of this."

"Got it. I'll have them in the conference room in the next ten minutes. See you there."

The rest of the day passes in warp speed as we break down the Thailand problem and decide how to deal with it. Turns out the project manager we have over there is putting in fake receipts for the expensive supplies that we

normally use, but has instead been using cheaper supplies and pocketing the difference.

By the end of the meeting Sandra is ready to head off to Thailand, the company jet waiting to whisk her away. When Dante walks her down to the parking garage, I take the chance to talk to Damien. He's a little worse for the wear today, and I assume he was out drinking last night.

Smiling at me he says, "I so know you're up to something Sabrina. Don't think I didn't notice that your skirt is shorter than usual. I take it you've decided to fight for him?"

I nod in the affirmative. "Of course, you know I love him. I ran like a coward at first, but once I had time to think, fighting for him was the only option."

I love the smile he gives me as he steps forward and wraps me in a giant hug. "Right on Rina. He's in love with you too, even if you don't know it yet. Now you just need to make him realize it."

Kissing him on the cheek I giggle. "Oh, I've got a plan for that."

Heading back to our office suite, I pack up and wait for Dante to come back from seeing Sandra off.

When he steps through the door, I feel the charge of electricity. Standing, I walk over to him.

"Dante, we need to talk. I don't want to do it here. We need someplace private. Your place or mine?"

The look on his face is priceless. He's completely thrown that I've just taken the bull by the horns. I can almost see the wheels turning in his head as he tries to figure out what I'll do next.

Running his hands through his hair he stares at me. "Uh. Well my house is a little closer. Do you want to go there? We could get dinner."

Smiling, I turn and bend over my desk to grab my purse. I know I've just given him quite the view of the garters, and I wiggle a little bit as I straighten up.

"Your house is fine. How about you go get soup and sandwiches from the deli by your house? I'll meet you there."

"Um. Sandwiches and soup. That sounds fine. Do you have anything particular you want, or can I just order whatever catches my eye like usual?"

Oh, how I love the sound of his accelerated breathing. Giving a discreet look down, I can clearly see that he's hard as a rock. I've got him on the ropes and I love it. Giving him a smile, I nod. "Yep, just grab whatever looks good. I'll meet you at the house."

I drive like the wind to his house, running through the door with my overnight bag and making my way right to his bathroom. Throwing my hair up in a clip, I jump in to the shower to freshen up.

When I get out, I lotion up again, then put on the caged leaf teddy that I got from Frederick's of Hollywood. I brush my hair so that it's shiny and floats around me like a cloud, then spray J'Adore.

Once I'm finished getting ready, I make my way back in to the bedroom and arrange myself across his bed.

I've just gotten myself in to position when I hear him come in to the house through the garage. I can hear him wandering through the house and then he starts to call for me. "Sabrina! Sabrina? Where are you?"

Giggling silently I call out, "I'm upstairs Dante. Can you come help me please?"

I hear him as he picks up his pace and starts running up the stairs. "Sabrina! Is everything okay? Are you hurt?"

The look on his face as he skids to a stop in the doorway is priceless. Giving him my sultriest pout I nod at him as I cup my breasts. “Yes. I hurt all over, like my body is on fire.”

Running my hands down my body, I glide my fingers over my sex. I can feel how wet I am through the fabric, and I moan at the contact.

His breath comes out in a whoosh when I slip a finger under the material to touch my clit. Maintaining eye contact with him, I arch my back as my finger slides up and down on my clit. “Dante, my little pussy is on fire. Can you lick it all better?”

The look he gives me is one hundred percent lust filled shock. “Holy. Fucking. Shit. Sabrina, is this really what you want? I’m hanging on by a broken thread over here.”

Pulling my finger from my sex, I put it in my mouth and suck my juices off. “Oh yes baby. I know what I want. I want you to fuck me. Hard. Don’t even think about holding back.”

He’s a blur as he comes across the room and gets on the bed with me, grabbing my head and tilting it back as he places his lips at the pulse in my throat and bites.

My legs thrash as he holds my head still and laves my neck with his tongue and teeth.

“Fuck! Dante don’t tease. Get naked.”

Laughing at me, he steps back from the bed and strips, then comes back and helps me take the teddy off. “Damn Sabrina. This thing is hot with a capital H.”

Wiggling my hips, I help him get it off of me, sighing in relief when we are both naked.

I love the look in his eyes as he takes in the fact that I am totally naked, entirely bare before him.

“Oh my god, baby. You’re completely bare and smooth all over! Holy fuck that’s hot.”

Sliding my hand down my thigh, I rub my fingers over the smoothness at my center, drawing his attention to it that much more.

“I sure am. I got a Brazilian wax yesterday. They say that being completely bare makes sensations even more intense. Shall we test that out?”

Nodding his head almost as though in a trance, he slides me back on the bed, then straddles me. “God yes. Let’s test it out now.”

Making his way down my body, he licks and nips at me as he makes a straight trip right to my core. Pushing my legs apart with his hands, he bends forward and blows gently on my cleft.

I arch my back and squeal at the sensation. Running his hands down my legs to the juncture of my thighs, he spreads me apart with his thumbs, gathering my cream and spreading it up on to my clit. The feeling is crazy intense, and I feel my body flush with heat. Pulling my lips apart, he gently places his tongue on me and starts wiggling his tongue ever so gently.

Pinching the top of my nether lips, he goes to work sliding his tongue all over my sex. The feeling of him going down on me now that I’m bare is completely mind blowing. My juices are coming out faster and faster and he’s getting flooded with them as I undulate under his ministrations.

Growling at me, he holds my hips steady. “Mm baby. I love tonguing your beautiful pussy. It’s so good. You taste so fucking sweet down here, your smooth pussy lips under my tongue. I love that you get so wet for me. I could fuck you with my tongue for hours. I swear to god it’s like fucking magic, the taste and touch and smell of you. Every time more of your ambrosia drips down on to my tongue, it’s all I can do not to cum all over the place.”

Moaning, I put my lick the index and thumb on each of my hands and then start pinching my nipples as he fucks me with his wicked tongue.

Sliding two fingers in to my dripping wet sex, he starts sliding them back and forth in time with his licks and sucks. I'm all pants and moans as he eats me. Slipping his fingers from my pussy, he slides his sopping wet middle finger to my ass and starts pressing forward.

I gasp at the sensation as his finger wiggles around at the opening. I can feel my juices dripping from my pussy down to my ass as he works his way inside of me, and I thrash in ecstasy as he works his finger in.

“Jesus Sabrina. You're so fucking hot baby. Bear down and let my finger get all the way inside you.”

Pushing down, I feel his finger press in up to his knuckle as he works it in and out of me. Placing his mouth over my clit, he goes back to fucking me with his tongue as he works my ass with his finger.

I screech at the sensation and spread my legs more as I arch up in to his mouth, wedging his finger farther inside of me.

“You know what I want Sabrina? Someday, I want to put my cock deep in your virgin asshole while my fingers fuck this tight little pussy, making you come all over me.”

I'm literally shaking now, my heart thundering in my chest. Pulling his finger back, he adds another and then pushes back in.

“Oh fuck Dante! Jesus god. That's fucking incredible. What the hell is happening to me?”

Starting to fuck me harder with his fingers, he chuckles. “Oh baby. Turns out you like things in your ass. You just wait until I'm slamming inside this tight ass with my cock. I'm going to make you cum so fucking hard baby.”

His words send me over the edge and I explode in orgasm, screaming as he continues to fuck my ass with his fingers. “Oh god! Don’t stop, don’t stop, don’t stop!”

I cum like crazy while he fucks my ass harder and harder with his fingers and flicks my pussy with his tongue at the same time. My heart is slamming in my chest, my breath coming hard and fast, and he isn’t stopping.

Suddenly he pulls back and flips me over. Spreading my knees wide, he slams his cock in to my tight pussy in one hard thrust. I’m wiggling around on him, still cumming as I ride out the longest orgasm of my life.

It goes on and on, not stopping. My body is like a firecracker as his dick hammers at my womb. Bending forward, he bites my neck as he slips his fingers back in to my ass and starts fucking in and out of me in time with his dick.

The sweat is flying off of both of us as I pant and yell and claw at the sheets.

Arching my back, I scream in agony and ecstasy when he pushes his fingers down and I feel his cock and his fingers touching through the thin membrane between my ass and my cunt. I scream, “OH FUCK!” as my orgasm doesn’t just double in size, it triples. He slams in to me, using his fingers to push his dick down on to my g-spot through my ass.

Everything goes gray around me as I feel his cum start to jet in to me, and I literally explode from the sensation as he continues to slam in and out of me with his cock and his fingers. My last semi coherent thought is that he’s fucked me literally to death.

I’m not sure how long I was in that space, almost floating above my body. Enough time passed that he was finishing cleaning me with a wet washcloth when I returned to earth.

I'm on my back now, and I stare at the ceiling in shock. I'm not sure what just happened to me, but it was almost too intense.

Sitting up, I push my hair back. I'm all sweaty and sticky, and I make a face.

I watch in silence as Dante climbs next to me and wraps his arms around me, taking my mouth in a short kiss that leaves me breathless all over again.

“You blacked out baby, but don't worry, you're fine. That got very intense.” Chuckling, he kisses the corner of my mouth. “The feeling of your orgasm going on and on was so intense and your pussy was like a vise on my cock. Honestly, I almost grayed the fuck out too. I've never cum that hard, ever. Only the fear of crushing you to death kept me alert.”

Throwing my arm over my eyes, I groan. “Holy shit how embarrassing is that! Who passes out from orgasm?”

Pulling my arm back from over my eyes, he kisses my fingers and chuckles. “Oh baby. Embarrassed is the very last thing you should be. That was hands down the best feeling I've ever had. And that's saying something baby, because every time with you is amazing.”

God I love him. He makes me feel so good about myself. Nothing with him is too dirty or too much. With Dante I feel free to let myself go, to explore my boundaries and to give up my pleasure to him freely and without reservation.

I finally understand what my mother meant all those times that she told Brooke and me that being intimate with someone you love leaves you free to fly. It never made sense to me before, but it does now.

I see so clearly now why I was never comfortable with my first two partners. I wasn't in love with them. I was in like.

I remember telling my mother how... uninspiring sex felt to me. A memory hits me in Technicolor of her sad smile as she said, "Oh Sabrina. This is why I told you to wait for 'the one'. You'll find him honey. But until then, sex will just be sex. Don't settle for that again. When you find him, the difference will be obvious. That's how it was for me with when I met your father."

Smiling at him, I pull his head down to mine and give him a kiss, then pull him from the bed toward the bathroom. I stop on my way and grab my shampoo and conditioner from my bag, along with a little something extra I think he's going to enjoy very much.

Turning the shower on we climb in, relaxing in to the jets that are spraying us from every angle. Pushing him back to the bench in the shower, I put on a little show of washing myself, bending and turning this way and that to give him the best angle.

Once I'm thoroughly clean, I turn my attention to him. Using the showerhead hose attachment, I clean him from head to toe, back and front.

After he's clean, I stand him against the wall and keep eye contact as I drop to my knees in front of him and take the tip of his hard cock in to my mouth, swirling my tongue around and around the tip.

I pay special attention to the slit at the tip, the bottom of the head and the beautiful vein that runs the length of the underside of his dick. My tongue and mouth work together to touch every part of him, driving him crazy.

Lifting his cock up, I point it toward his stomach with my left hand and then take one of his balls in my right hand, licking and sucking and humming all around each of them.

His breath is coming in pants as I work him, giving him no mercy. Making my way back up his chest, I kiss him before telling him to bend over and put his hands on the bench.

Raising his eyebrow at me, he does as he's told. Grabbing the shower sprayer, I spray him from head to toe again, paying special attention to his balls as he groans.

Dropping the shower sprayer, I grab the little something extra I brought in to the shower in my hand. "Dante, I want you to start jerking your dick now. I want to watch. Don't turn around just do it."

He wastes no time, wrapping his fist around his cock and starting to pump up and down. Getting back on to my knees, I spread his beautiful ass cheeks and start rubbing my fingers up and down the crack, tickling his asshole as I do so.

"Oh fuck Sabrina! That's... fuck. Holy shit. It's crazy fucking intense."

Smiling, I tell him to bend over further and spread his legs, happy when he complies. Squirting some of the lube I brought with me on to my fingers, I gently start pushing in to his ass with my middle finger.

The guttural sound he lets out lets me know he likes this, and I tell him to bear down and let me in. He follows the instructions just like I did, and before I know it, my finger is all the way inside.

He sounds like he's running a marathon, his breath coming out in harsh pants as I finger him in and out, taking my cue on how fast to move from the speed with which he's stroking his cock.

After a few minutes, I pull back and re-lube, then add a second finger and work my way back in. Now I give him no mercy, working his ass hard. The harder I fuck him with my fingers, the harder he jerks his dick. Feeling around, I find what I read about online, a spot in a man's ass that makes him crazy, and I start rubbing against it.

I watch in wonder as his entire body tenses and he throws his head back and yells as he explodes in orgasm. I keep the in and out motion up,

rubbing him inside and milking him for all he's worth. With one last wild howl he collapses to his knees.

Pushing his back against the wall, I bring the shower head forward and clean us both off again before I pull him to his feet and walk him out of the shower.

Wrapping us both in towels, I help him as we make our way back in to the bedroom. I push him in to the bed before curling up beside him and laying my head on his chest.

Neither of us speaks for a few minutes. I can feel him shiver underneath me every few minutes as he gradually calms down.

Blowing out a breath he pulls me closer in to him and kisses me on the top of my head.

"That was amazing baby. Fucking amazing. I'd never have let anyone else do that to me, but with you, I just went with it. I'm glad I did. You take me places I didn't know existed."

Snuggling closer in to him, I kiss his chest and nod. "Right back at you babe. You definitely rock my world. But now I've got to be honest. I'm starving. Can we go eat whatever you brought home?"

Laughing at me he sits up. "Oh hell yeah. Let's go dig in."

I watch through lust filled eyes as he gets up from the bed, drops his towel and wanders naked over to his drawers. He grabs a pair of briefs and pulls them on, then turns and raises an eyebrow at me. "Food?"

I giggle as I sit up. "Good lord Dante. You're like sex on a stick. I see that ass in front of my face and I go all soft inside. Go downstairs and heat up the soup before I jump on top of you again"

Giving me a quick kiss on the mouth, he heads downstairs to prepare the food he brought home.

Making my way across the room I walk in to his closet and open my travel bag. I put on one of my beautiful brand new negligees, not bothering with panties.

Taking a detour in to the bathroom, I quickly brush and blow my hair dry. Seeing that the toothbrush I opened the first night I was with Dante is still in the holder, I brush my teeth. I love that he never got rid of the toothbrush. Even if he doesn't know it, his subconscious has been behaving like part of a couple.

Taking the steps at a quick jog, I head in to the kitchen where he's already got two bowls of matzo ball soup and two grilled reubens all heated up.

We're both starving, so we eat in silence for a few minutes. Once we're both full, Dante turns his attention to me.

"Rina, I almost hate to ask this because tonight has been so amazing, but I feel like I have to. I'm scared that I'm going to do something that will make you leave again. Can you just tell me... where do we stand?"

I give him my most dazzling and reassuring smile. "I left because of a knee jerk reaction. I was scared and I ran. But that's not what I wanted to do, and once I got to Las Vegas and I had time to think about it, I decided to come back. The night before, when you found Damien at my house... he was sleeping because he was emotionally exhausted after he told me the entire story about your parents. I get what your issues are now Dante, and I'm not quitting. I'm here for the long haul, and I'm not letting you push me away again."

The terrified boy inside of him is back, staring at me in shock. "You know what I came from and you came back anyway? Aren't you afraid that I'm like my father?"

Standing up, I walk across the table to him and sit in his lap, wrapping my arms around his shoulders. “Honey, what your parents did was horrific and disgusting. But in no way does it reflect on you. If anything, the fact that they were as horrible as they were but you still grew in to the man that you are today just shows how amazing you are. You don’t see yourself clearly, but I do. You’re the man that I want, and I’m fighting for you, fighting for us. Don’t even think of trying to push me away again. I won’t let you.”

He’s silent for a minute while he takes in everything I’ve just said, and then he nods. “Honestly, I don’t think I have it in me to push you away again. When I thought you were missing, it almost killed me. I’m too selfish to push you away anymore. I don’t ever want to feel that way again. You’re under my skin. I can’t promise this will work out, but I can promise that I’ll try. I won’t run anymore.”

Smiling, I kiss him first on the eyelids, then on the nose, then on the lips. “Have a little faith in me, in us. That’s all I ask.”

CHAPTER NINETEEN

The next three months fly by, mostly due to the fact that we spend the majority of every work day dealing with the Thailand issue. Once Sandra arrived at the site, she found that things were a bit worse than we originally thought, and it's been a nightmare.

The good news is that now we seem to be finally making some headway, and the new project manager started last Monday. It definitely is going much better.

Dante and I have been together almost non-stop. I spend almost every night at his house, but I do make sure to go home twice a week. I don't want to push him too hard and have him panic again.

Looking at my computer, I see that it's almost six thirty, and I'm thrilled that we've just called it a day and the weekend can now commence. We're all stretched too thin, and we definitely need a break.

After shutting down my computer and setting my purse on my desk, I quickly lock the outer office door and then stroll down the hall to Dante's office.

Stopping in the door, I watch in silence as he cleans off his desk for the weekend. My heart skips a beat just being in the same room with him. It's visceral and sometimes scary the draw that I feel to him, even after months of being with him almost around the clock.

Lifting his head, his green eyes meet mine and he flashes a big smile. "Hi baby. Did you finish shutting down?"

Nodding, I turn and lock his office door, then make my way across the office. Instead of going to where he's sitting, I head over to the sitting area

that overlooks the city, stripping as I go.

His quiet gasp lets me know that he's watching and that this is working for him. I take off my skirt, blouse and panties, but I leave on my bra, garters, stockings and heels.

Turning back toward him, I smile and crook my finger at him. "Dante, I need you now. Get your ass over here."

His husky laugh sends little tingles of pleasure all through my body, and I watch in appreciation as he makes his way toward me, stripping along the way.

He's utterly magnificent, and I am entranced by the sight of his hard beautiful body. I don't think I'll ever get enough of him.

I had planned to go slowly, but as usual one look at his naked body sets my libido on overdrive. Even though I've had him hundreds of times over the course of these last months, it's never gotten less intense.

As soon as he has all of his clothes off I'm across the room like a shot, vaulting up in to his arms and wrapping my legs around his waist.

Wrapping my arms around his shoulders, I tilt my head and meet his mouth for a kiss. I love the smell and taste of him so much. It sets my heartbeat pounding and my blood starts to boil as our tongues slide around in each other's mouths.

Pulling back from my mouth, he lays his forehead against mine. "Tell me what you need baby."

I rub my breasts around on his chest and moan. "I need you. In me, on me... you know that. Today I want you to fuck me up against the window. I've been thinking about having my tits pushing against the glass while you slam in to me from behind all day and it's making me crazy."

I love that he doesn't question or tell me it's too risqué. He hears what I want and he makes it happen, which is the same thing I do for him.

Nodding, he starts walking across the room to the outlook area as he continues to kiss me. Once we get to the wall, I unhook my legs and stand in front of him as I run my hands all over his upper body as I trail kisses and licks across his collar bone.

Catching me by surprise, he pushes my back up against the glass. "Spread your legs and stand as still as you can Rina."

I nod my agreement to let him know that I understand his request and then do as he said.

Bending forward, he pulls the cups of my bra down so that they are now pushing my breasts up but are no longer covering them. Smiling at the sight, he bends and begins my licking and sucking my right nipple. It feels so good, and the pleasure only gets better when he starts palming and rubbing my other breast.

Pushing my tits as close together as he can, he starts sucking back and forth between my nipples as I arch and moan incoherently. Taking one nipple at a time in to his mouth, he gently bites down on each one and chuckles as I shiver from the sensation.

Trailing his tongue from my nipples, he drops to his knees in front of me and makes his way to my already wet core.

Looking up at me, he grins. "Aw baby. Your pussy is already so fucking wet that I can see your juices sliding out on to your thighs. Do you think you can even last five minutes before you cum?"

Shaking my head at him, I grab his hair and pull him towards my aching sex. "Honestly, even if you only sit there and look at me like you are now, I'll probably cum in the next four minutes."

I feel the groan that he lets out from the tips of my toes to the top of my head. “Oh honey, I think the idea that you would make it for four minutes is *very optimistic*,” he says as he slides his finger in to my dripping core and begins flicking my clit with his tongue.

Putting both hands up to my breasts, I start working my nipples in time with his licking. I love looking down and seeing his face between my legs, working my pussy under his tongue with such skill.

Slipping a second finger inside of me, he begins fucking in and out of me fast and furious with a twisting motion which is making me breathless. “Fuck Dante that’s so good.”

Nodding his head in agreement, he latches on to my clit and sucks it in to his mouth, and that’s all it takes for me to hit my orgasm, arching and panting as his fingers keep fucking and twisting inside of me.

Giving my clit one last lick, he stands up between my legs. “Under two minutes. God I fucking love how responsive you are.”

Grabbing my shoulders, he spins me around and pushes me against the glass. “Spread your legs as wide as you can baby. We’re going to do this right.”

I quickly comply, moaning as my rock hard nipples make contact with the glass. It feels damn good.

His cock is rubbing all over my ass and I can feel him spreading his pre cum around my cheeks. Gasping, I rub against the glass.

Pulling my hips back toward him, he pushes in to me, the slowness of his first thrust seeming to go on and on.

His slow measured thrusts in and out are mind meltingly good. I love the way his thick cock spreads me to capacity, almost to the point of pain. It’s like he was built for me and I for him, and I love it. When he’s fully inside of me, I feel it in every fiber of my being.

With each thrust, he's starting to pick up his pace. I wiggle my ass a little and moan, reveling in his harsh exhalation. "Dante, fuck my little pussy harder and make me cum all over your giant cock. I want you to fill me up with your hot white cum."

I've found out during the last several months that he absolutely loves it when I talk dirty to him, and it works like a charm because he's now really throwing himself in to fucking me hard and fast.

"Fuck Sabrina. You're so fucking amazing every time. Clamp that hot pussy down on my cock and milk me. I'm about to flood you with my cum baby."

I cum with a cry as he continues fucking me senseless. My orgasm is just ending when he slams in to me and gets as deep inside of me as he can before his cum starts blasting in to my womb.

When he pulls back, I groan in annoyance at the anticipation of the loss of him inside of me. The groan quickly turns to a gasp as he slams back inside and his finger starts rubbing my clit as he fucks his way in and out while he cums. The sensation of being fucked, filled and fingered throws me over the edge and I cum again with a silent scream.

We stand like that for a few minutes, my body pressed against the glass, his body pressed against mine. Kissing my shoulder, he pulls out of me in one smooth movement, then turns me in to his arms and kisses the top of my head as we stand in a quiet embrace.

After a few minutes, he pulls back. "You ready to go home and get something to eat before we start round two?"

Laughing, I pinch his ass. "I'm ready. I need to go home first and throw some laundry in so that it's ready to go in to the dryer when I get back tonight."

The sudden tension in him surprises me, and I pull back and raise an eyebrow at him. “What’s wrong?”

Running his hands through his hair, he shifts back and forth for a minute before blurting out, “I don’t want you to go home.”

Smiling, I give him a quick kiss before turning to get dressed. “That’s fine. I’ll go home tomorrow or Sunday. It’s no big deal.”

Zippering my skirt up and turning back to him, I find him still standing in the same spot, looking uncomfortable. Making my way back over to him, I wrap my arms around his waist and give him a kiss on the chest before I look up at him and ask, “Honey, what’s wrong?”

Pulling out of my grasp, he walks across the room and starts dressing. A feeling of dread blossoms in my stomach at his silence. He’s unhappy about something, and he’s gone silent. I really thought we were past this.

Staring at his back as he dresses, I find myself struggling not to cry. Things were going so well. Why is he suddenly anxious?

I need out of this room, now. All but sprinting, I head back to my desk under the guise of getting my purse. Standing behind my desk, I hold my hand against my stomach as I try to calm my breathing and my racing heartbeat.

I’m trying so hard to calm myself that I don’t hear know that he’s entered the outer office until he says, “Sabrina. Please look at me.”

Dropping my hand from my stomach, I turn and face him and mentally brace myself for him to tell me that he needs space.

Taking my hand, he opens my palm and places a kiss in the center. “Baby, I’m sorry. I didn’t handle that very well. What I was trying to say was... I don’t want you to go home at all. I want you to move in with me. And not some half assed thing, I want the real deal. I want you to change your driver’s license and voter registration. My house will become ours,

unless you'd rather we found another house. I'm going to try to understand if you don't want to... but I hate the idea of living separately any longer. You only go home two nights a week at most. I know it shouldn't be a problem, but it fucking kills me. I can't sleep without you and I'm miserable. What do you think?"

My mouth is agape and I am completely blown away. This is a huge step for him. Gigantic actually. I'm so shocked, I continue staring at him for longer than it would seem he can take, and my heart twists when his eyes turn sad and hopeless.

Throwing my arms around his neck, I kiss him hard on the mouth before pulling back to answer his question. "Yes. Of course yes. I want to be with you all the time too. The only no part of what you asked is that I don't want to find another house. I love your house, and that's where we will live."

Pulling me closer against him, he captures my mouth in a deep kiss that leaves me breathless and tingly all over. Letting me go, he smiles at me. "You've just made my year, but if you ever call it my house again I'm going to spank you. From now on, it's our house."

Both laughing, we leave the office and make our way out of the office. We've been driving in together every day for months, so I climb in to the passenger seat so he can drive us home.

Grabbing the iPod, he chooses his Alice in Chains playlist before putting the car in gear and starting the drive home. Wow, home, where we're going to live... together. I'm almost giddy with joy.

We spend the next day and half at home. We swim, we cook, we watch movies and we make love. All in all an amazing weekend.

Sunday afternoon is here before we know it, and late in the afternoon we pull ourselves from bed and head to the kitchen together to get ready for family dinner.

He's busy seasoning the chicken and steak for the grill while I'm slicing fruit for fruit salad when Brooke comes in. Laying her potato salad on the counter, she hugs and kisses us both.

“Rina, I hope you don't mind but I just went to the house and borrowed a few pairs of your shoes for my internship this week. There was a ton of mail in the box, so I left it on the counter for you. Haven't you been going home at all?”

Before I can answer her, Damien and Spencer show up, Dominique and Delilah right behind them. Delilah has homemade macaroni and cheese, Dominique has pigs in a blanket, Spencer's brought corn on the cob and Damien's got wings. I'm momentarily waylaid from answering her as we all hug and kiss and say our hellos.

Pulling me up against him so that my back is against his front, Dante wraps his arms around me and then asks for everyone to listen to him.

“Now that you're all here, I've got an announcement to make. Sabrina is officially moving in with me, effective immediately. So from now on, this isn't my house anymore. It's ours.”

The look on their faces is priceless, each of them in various stages of jaw dropped shock.

Quickly regaining composure, they all smile and offer congratulations. Gesturing to his brother Damien says, “Wow bro. When you jump in, you jump in. I'm... a little envious actually. Good for you. Don't fuck it up.”

Dominique and Delilah are happy that we worked everything out and ask me if I'll be redecorating at all, which I won't be. I like the house as is.

Spencer echoes what Damien said, but adds that he always knew that I was a force to be reckoned with.

Brooke's the lone holdout. Once she's hugged us both, she's largely silent until Dante asks her what's wrong.

Fidgeting, she shakes her head. “Well. Nothing is wrong. But... it’s the house we lived in with my parents and I guess I’m sad to see it go.”

Crossing the kitchen, I pull my sister in to a hug. “Oh, Brooke... I’d never sell the house without talking to you first. Actually, I was going to suggest that you move in, either with your current roommates or new ones. The house is paid off and you wouldn’t have to pay for anything other than the utilities.”

I feel all her tension melt away, and she hugs me back hard as she laughs. “Well now I feel silly. Of course you wouldn’t just sell the house. I guess I panicked. Now that I’m doing being an idiot, you should know that I’m excited for you both. It’s written all over your faces that you’re both ridiculously happy. Good work you two!”

The rest of dinner passes uneventfully, and after dinner everyone takes their leave, but not before offering to help me move my stuff in next weekend.

On her way out, Brooke tells me that she’s going to think about who should move in to the house with her. I tell her there is no rush, as the house is paid off and she's got time.

After we finish turning off the lights and locking the doors, Dante and I head upstairs to get ready for bed. I’m just finished brushing my teeth when he comes in to the bathroom completely naked and makes his way over to me. Sliding up behind me, he puts his hands on my waist, pulling me back up against him.

Laying my head back on his shoulder, I watch in the mirror as he slides his hands down to the hem of my negligee. Leaning me forward he takes the negligee off me before settling his hands back on my waist and pulling me back against him.

Running his hands up and down my sides, he smiles at me in the mirror. “It feels more real now that everyone knows, doesn’t it? I like it a hell of a lot more than I ever could have imagined. This is our house now. We’re in our bathroom.”

I smile back at him, touched by how happy he is. I love him so much, it takes my breath away. I wish that I could tell him, but I don’t know if it’s the right time yet.

Bending me forward, he places my hands on the marble counter.

“I’d like to make love to you here, in our bathroom, with the mirrors all around us. I want you to watch yourself in the mirror as I make you cum.”

Smiling, I bend further forward, crossing my arms and laying my elbows on the counter.

Meeting his gaze in the mirror I nod. “Yes. God yes Dante. I’m so wet baby. All I could think about when we were at the table in the backyard eating dinner was that you had me on that table last night.”

Growling, he holds my waist as he positions himself at my opening. Meeting my eyes in the mirror, he holds my gaze as he pushes forward.

Biting my lip, I moan as he works his way inside of me.

“Look at yourself in the mirror baby. See what I see.”

Lifting my head, I look at myself in the mirror. My eyes are glassy and unfocused, my cheeks and décolleté flushed, my lips swollen and impossibly large.

It’s surprisingly sexy to watch myself as he fucks me, so arousing that I can’t help but clench my inner muscles all around him.

“Ah. I see that you get it now. When I’m at the office, I think of how your face looks when I’m inside your tight, wet heat. Even if people are in

the room, when I think of your face as you cum, my dick is immediately rock hard. It's all I can do not to take you right there, in front of everyone. I struggle not to touch you, to let everyone know that you're all mine. You're so beautiful baby, so perfect inside and out, and believe me I'd know. When I'm inside of you, I'm more than just inside your tight pussy. I'm inside of every part of you, just like you're inside of me right now. Physically I might be the one that gets to be inside, but that's not what this is. It's so much stronger than that. You're just as deep in me as I am in you. I feel you everywhere."

With each word, he's bringing me closer to edge, and he knows it because he picks up his pace and increases the friction. The slapping noise as he fucks in and out of me, along with the smell of his skin and the view of him as he does it, is making me so hot I'm going to explode.

"Oh god Dante. I'm going to cum so hard. Fuck me baby. Don't stop."

Shaking his head, he starts fucking me harder. "Oh baby, as if I could! I could never, ever stop. You have no idea. So good, so right...so amazing. You don't realize what you do to me baby. It's everything to me. But tonight is about you. Look at me in the mirror and don't look away. I'm going to fuck you until you can't stand."

He's no sooner finished that sentence than he starts really hammering in and out of me, sliding his hand down and starting to rub my clit.

I feel him everywhere, in every pore, as he fucks me so hard my legs almost give out. Sliding his hand away from my dripping core, he slides his middle finger in to my ass. Within a minute he's got his whole finger in, and he sets to fucking my little asshole with his finger.

When he hits the bottom of my womb with his cock and starts wiggling his finger inside my ass, I erupt, shouting my release as I look in to his eyes in the mirror, watching in awe as I feel him start spewing his release in to me.

The look in his eyes is potent and feral, his face a mask of absolute pleasure as he convulses inside of me.

Gathering me up in his arms, he takes me to bed, laying my head against his chest as we both relax in to sleep.

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CHAPTER TWENTY

One Monday afternoon about two months after Dante and I officially moved in together, Damien stops in to our office suite to see me at the end of the day with what he says is big news.

Plopping down in front of my desk, he gives me a tight smile. “Well Rina, I took your advice. I’m pleased to report that I’ve been seeing the same woman for the last two weeks.”

Smacking my desk with my hand, I let out a “holy shit!” Apparently it was a bit too loud, because it brings Dante out from his office within seconds.

“Sweetheart, is everything okay?”

Laughing, I turn and smile at him. “Sorry honey. Yes, I’m fine. But you need to hear this. Take a seat next to your brother and listen up.”

Stopping first to kiss me, he steps away a minute later and makes his way to the other side of my desk before dropping down in to the chair next to Damien.

Damien chuckles. “Jesus, you two are ridiculous to watch. You can barely keep your hands off of each other. I’ve never seen anything like it. It’s actually surprising that you manage to make it through every work day without ravaging each other.”

Dante lets out a delighted laugh. “Honestly, there are many days that we *don’t*... make it through the whole day that is. You have no idea.”

Dante gives him a mock glare. “Yikes bro, TMI. She’s like a sister to me. I don’t want to think about whatever it is you two do in here when the

door is locked. Which now that I think about it happens fairly often these days. Yuck!”

Sticking my tongue out at Damien before giving him a smile, I urge him to continue. “Damien, tell your brother what you just told me.”

Rolling his eyes at me, Damien turns to Dante. “I just told Sabrina... I’ve been dating someone for the last two weeks.”

Dante’s eyes go wide as he yells, “holy shit!”

I laugh and point at him as I say, “See! Shocking, right?”

Turning back to Damien, I immediately start pumping him for details. “Alright, tell us everything. Well, not everything. Don’t go all Dante and give us TMI. But do tell us who she is and where you met her.”

Taking a deep breath, he jumps right in. “Her name is Tally. She’s twenty-four. Beautiful. Smart. She’s very conservative and she’s won’t even consider having sex unless it’s serious. She’s making me work for it, so I can’t even go all TMI on you, since there isn’t anything to tell. I’ve not even kissed her yet.”

Dante and I exchange the briefest of looks at that. Far be it from me to say anything about who Damien likes, but as highly sexual as he is... I hope that being told no for the first time ever isn’t making him think things that he isn’t actually feeling. I know Dante just thought the same thing.

Oblivious to the look that Dante and I just shared, Damien continues. “Believe it or not, I met her through Spencer's mother. He got roped in to one of her cocktail parties and he forced me to go with him for moral support. I’d never have believed that I’d meet a girl like that in a setting like that, but there she was.”

Dante raises an eyebrow at this. Spencer’s mother was friends with Dante and Damien’s mother, and was heavily involved in the scene that

their parents were involved in. They tell me she hasn't changed much. I'm actually surprised Spencer agreed to go anywhere near her. She must have really played with his mind.

I'm surprised that Damien met someone at one of Spencer's mother's soirees. Dante and I had to go to one for business reasons, and it was just awful. Every person there was fake and over the top obnoxious.

Spencer's mother is a dish best served cold, or not at all. She's about as warm as a pit viper. I disliked her on site.

Nodding at Dante, I encourage him to speak first.

"Well. That is a surprise. Marceline's parties are notoriously filled with beautiful people with horrific personalities. I always hate going to her functions and I know you do too. Hits a little too close to home, since she was a staple at all of our parent's parties."

Damien shakes his head in agreement. "God knows that's true. That's another reason Tally was such a surprise. Imagine someone not sexually active being anywhere near a Marceline Cross party."

Shuddering, Dante nods. "Ugh. I hate thinking of Marceline and her bullshit. Continue."

"I saw her right away, of course. Like I said, she's stunning. She was there with a girlfriend who is dating one of Marceline's 'friends'. Naturally I was drawn to Tally because of her beauty, and I decided to see if she was like the rest of the trash there. I was pleasantly surprised that she wasn't."

I laugh at that. "Honey, finding someone normal at a Marceline party must have been quite a shock. Aside from you and Spencer, I can't imagine anyone else there that I'd speak to."

Nodding, Dante laughs. "Exactly! So you can see why Tally was a surprise. I've been out with her on six dates over the last two weeks. I'm

interested in seeing where this goes. It's time for me to do something about... well, it's necessary that I date. I think. The reason I'm here now is... well, I'd like to bring her to a Sunday dinner. This is the first time I've ever seen the same woman more than just a few times. I want everyone to see... I mean meet her."

Staring at Damien, Dante nods. "Trial by fire. I guess we will see if this girl is worth your time by seeing if she fits in like Sabrina and Brooke do."

I giggle and say, "Aww, that's sweet Dante. I didn't know I was a Litmus test."

Shaking his head at me, Dante laughs. "Well really, you and Brooke both are the best example of what it feels like when something works. Aside from Spencer, you're the only people we've ever embraced as being part of our unit, and Spence almost doesn't count because we've had him with us since childhood, and he grew up like we did."

I smile at him, touched by his words. He makes me so happy, it's almost ridiculous.

Turning my attention back to Damien, I smile. "Of course we'd love to have Tally come to a Sunday dinner. We could probably do it this weekend."

Shaking his head at me, Damien turns to Dante. "You moron. Did you forget that this weekend is Mike's bachelor party in Las Vegas? Damn you. You totally did. If you remembered, Sabrina would know."

Letting out a sigh, Dante says, "Shit. I really did forget about it. Rina, this weekend, Damien, Spencer and I are supposed to be gone from Thursday afternoon to Sunday night for Mike's bachelor party. I agreed to go months ago, before we were living together. I'll cancel now, of course. I don't want to make you uncomfortable."

Lifting my eyebrows, I shake my head at him. “Dante, we work with Mike every day, and you need to be there. You said you would go, and you’re going. I’m a big girl. Go have fun with the guys from work and celebrate the end to Mike’s bachelorhood. Blow off some steam and have fun.”

Eyes wide, he stares at me as if in shock. “Really, it wouldn’t bother you?”

I nod my head in the negative. “Absolutely not, why would it?”

Looking at me uncomfortably, Dante shifts in his seat. “Well. You know. It’s a bachelor party honey. There will be strippers there. No one likes their man looking at other naked women, especially not women who are bumping and grinding all over the damn place.”

I can’t help it, I let out a laugh. “Dante, I know exactly what goes on at a bachelor party. I’m fine with you going. I want you to. If I thought for one second that you’d cheat on me, I wouldn’t be with you. But I will admit... the thought of strippers bumping and grinding in front of all of you is hot. Not to mention the idea of how hot it would be to watch you get a lap dance. Actually, thinking about it now, I’m sure we’re going to have a lot of fun when you get home and tell me all about it. You’re going to be watching strippers for one weekend, but you live with me every day. I’m not worried.”

Standing, Damien gives a cough. “Oh, gross. You guys really are too much to be around sometimes. I can feel the sexual tension. I’m so out of here.” With a wave over his shoulder, he leaves the office.

Coming around the desk, Dante pulls me in to his arms. “You’re the best girlfriend of all time. I love that you aren’t some jealous harpy. I’d hate that. What I love more is that it turns you on to think about women stripping in front of me.”

Wrapping my arms around him, I smile. “Being in a relationship doesn’t mean that you never get aroused by anything else ever again. It just means that you don’t act on it. I think it’s healthy to maintain the ability to be aroused in other situations. Relationships shouldn’t be a prison. You’d have gotten hard before, and you should now. As long as you know that the only person you’re going to be sliding your big hard cock in to, we’re fine. There really is a happy medium between the craziness of your parents with their compulsion to continue having sex with anyone they wanted, and couples who expect one another to be perfect at all times with the idea that no feelings of sexuality outside of the relationship are acceptable. Both of those types of relationships would never work for me. What’s perfect for me is that we stay ourselves, and make each other truly happy.”

Bending forward and locking his lips with mine, Dante gives me a kiss that I feel in every cell of my body.

Pulling back, he smiles at me in wonder. “I am really, truly happy with you, every single day. I have no idea how I got so lucky, but I’m beyond thrilled to have you by my side. You make me very, very happy.”

Smiling up at him, I nod in agreement. “You make me very happy too. Now take me home and show me just how happy you are right now.”

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

Coming home after an afternoon movie followed by dinner with Brooke, Dominique and Delilah on Saturday night, I let out a relieved sigh that I only need to get through tonight without Dante in the house.

I feel totally safe, but I miss him like crazy. We've spent no time apart for months, and it's actually a very strange feeling to be without him.

I didn't sleep as well without him here for the last two nights, and I found myself waking up and reaching for him repeatedly.

I'm fine that he's away, but it just illustrates how much a part of my life he has become. I'm full to bursting with my love for him, and for some reason him being gone makes me feel it even more.

We've talked several times over the last few days, and I'm happy because I know he misses me too. I can't wait for him to come home tomorrow night, and I know he can't wait to be back with me either. It's adorable.

Heading upstairs, I open the door to our bedroom only to come to a complete halt when I see Dante standing inside.

My eyes take in the room in awe. There are hundreds of white rose petals on the bed and the room is bathed in candle light.

Mouth agape, I stare at Dante in shock. "What... How... When did you get home?"

He looks almost nervous as he steps forward and cups my face to pull me in for a kiss. Just like that, I am lost in him. The scent, the taste, the feel... everything he is calls out to me on the most elemental level.

Pulling back, he smiles down at me, leaning his forehead against mine. "I find I don't like sleeping without you. You're my life Sabrina. I couldn't stand to be away another day. I barely survived Thursday and Friday nights without you."

His words set off a fire in my blood, and I moan as I rub against him. Grabbing his shirt, I rip it apart, buttons flying everywhere. It's like déjà vu, back to that first night.

Leaning forward, I latch on to his left nipple and start licking and sucking it as I push the shirt the rest of the way off his shoulders.

"Wait. Sabrina, I want to ask you..."

Shaking my head, I bite down on his nipple as I unhook his belt and whip it off of him. "Whatever it is has to wait. I've been dying without you. Isn't that silly? It was two days, but I've been desperate for you. You're here now, and I need you. Please baby. Take me."

Nodding, he helps me pull his pants, shoes and socks off before he pulls my dress over my head, giving a sexy as hell growl when he takes in my braless state. The fire in his eyes as he sees my sexy red thong almost sets me off, and I can't help but to pull him in for a kiss.

Taking control, I push him back on to the bed and then straddle his lap as we continue to kiss.

Pulling back from the kiss, I smile when I see his flushed face. This is what we do to each other, and it's magical.

I begin making my way down his body, starting with his neck. I revel in the sound of his moans as I lick and bite his neck. I know how much he loves this, and so do I.

Unfortunately, I'm too hot to go slow, so after sucking on each of his nipples and giving them each a quick bite, I immediately descend on his cock.

Moaning, I enjoy the special flavor that is uniquely his on my tongue, licking him from base to tip before swirling the tip under my tongue faster and faster as I massage his balls.

Lowering my head, I set to work taking as much of him in my mouth as I can, his hands on my head guiding me up and down as I moan and hum around him.

Relaxing my throat, I take a little more of him with each downward thrust, then start working on swallowing as much of him as I can. This drives him insane every time, and it doesn't fail to do so now.

As soon as I swallow the tip of him in to my throat, he gives a loud yell as his cock explodes in to the back of my throat. Holding on to my head, he fucks my face hard as his dick squirts his release in hot, heavy pulses.

As he stops, I hum loudly and suck hard as I pull my mouth off his dick with a loud popping sound. I watch in awe as he arches his back and another jet of cum flies out of him. Bending forward, I gently lick it off the tip of his cock, then move up to lick what splattered on to his stomach.

Laying my head on his chest, I listen to the sound of his heart thundering in his chest and his breath as it continues to come in harsh pants.

Pulling me up to his face, he kisses me thoroughly before pulling back and asking me, "What will you tell everybody when I cum so hard I die?"

Chuckling, I nip his jaw. "I won't have to tell them anything. You're strong enough to withstand it."

Laughing, he rolls so that I'm under him. Smiling at me he asks, "Yes. But are you?"

I'm so hot, it isn't going to take much to get me there, and I moan in relief when he zeroes in on my nipples and starts licking and sucking my breasts.

I hear the bedside drawer open, and I know he's opened our sex drawer. It's filled with all sex toys and lube, and I clench my thighs in anticipation.

Making his way further down my body, he spreads my legs. "Pull your knees back against your chest and hold on the way I like you to."

Putting my hands behind each one of my knees, I pull back and arch, enjoying the feeling of the openness as I feel his gaze on my completely drenched sex.

"Mmm baby. You have no idea how much I missed your taste, your scent. I see now that it missed me too. You should see how wet you are. I'm going to enjoy licking and sucking it all out of you while you ride my tongue."

I gasp as his tongue descends to my sopping wet pussy, licking all around my drenched lips. Pulling my legs harder in to my chest, I rock against his tongue, completely engulfed by the sensation of his tongue and his breath on me.

Spreading my lips with his fingers, he goes down on me like a wild man. The licking, sucking, tongue flicking and tongue wiggling makes me wild and with a shout, I cum all over his face.

I'm barely back on earth when I feel something being pushed in to my pussy. Leaning forward, I watch as he works one of our vibrators inside.

Laying his hand across the back of my knees, he pushes me back so that only my shoulders and head remain on the bed as he slides the vibrator in and out of me.

Bending forward, he licks across my clit again, and I explode in another orgasm. The deepness of the penetration and the angle he's working are too much, and I scream as he continues fucking me harder and harder with the vibrator.

Pushing my legs down and pulling the vibrator out, he massages my thighs for a moment before turning me over on the bed.

“Get on your knees baby, and hold on. Tonight’s the night. I’m going to fuck your tiny little asshole right here in our bed.”

Flipping over, I lie on my back and look in to his eyes as I slide my finger in to my pussy, rubbing back and forth. “Yes Dante. You’re going to have my ass tonight. But I want to do something to you too. No questions. Are you in?”

Eyes wide, he nods at me. I love that he doesn’t ask what I’m going to do. That’s trust.

Leaning over the bed, I start digging through the sex drawer. Pulling out the lube, I toss it on to the bed. Palming the smallest of the butt plugs, I stand up and turn to him.

“Bend over the bed Dante, and spread your ass. I hear that what’s about to happen feels very, very good. You’ll have to let me know.”

He complies without question, even though his breath hitches and I can see that he’s wondering what’s coming.

Squirting some of the lube on to my fingers, I gently start working some of it in to his ass, sliding around and tickling him as I put more and more lube in to him. Once I’m satisfied that he’s ready, I grab the butt plug and lube that up too before pressing it to his opening.

“Remember Dante. Relax and bear down. I’m going to work this in to you and then you’re going to fuck my ass. I know we’re both going to feel so good.”

Groaning, he follows instruction and bears down. I watch in awe as the plug disappears in to his ass. Once it’s in place I give the end a little wiggle

for good measure, laughing when he gasps.

Standing up from the bed, he stands in front of me and pulls me in for a kiss. Once he's got me panting and pulling him in to me, he flips me over and throws me down on the bed.

“Baby. It's your turn now. Spread your ass. Hold it open for me. I'm going to lube you up real fucking good and then I'm going to slip this big cock in to your tight little asshole.”

My fluids are all but flying out of me as he pulls me to my knees and I spread my ass cheeks. Squirting some lube on to opening, he starts by working his finger back inside of me. He makes a few passes in and out, adding more lube each time.

I hear him working up and down his cock, and I turn and watch as he lubes up. Squirming, I stare at him as I feel myself get even wetter.

I watch as he grabs the vibrator and brings it back to me, then arch my back as he pushes it inside of me and plunges in and out a few times.

“Stay still and don't move. Bear down when I start getting inside of you.”

Nodding my head, I hold still as the tip of his cock presses against my tight little bud. I feel him squirt a bit more lube on to the tip, and then he presses slowly forward.

Getting the head in is the hardest part, and I struggle through the invasion, even as I bear down. Once his head passes the first ring, it gets easier and I enjoy it more and more as he starts moving back and forth.

Pulling almost all of the way out, he rubs a little more lube on. Holding my hips steady, he pushes forward and I scream. “Fuck! Oh shit that's fucking intense Dante. Don't stop.”

I am full to capacity, my pussy stuffed with a vibrator and my ass crammed full of his eight inch cock and I am almost insane with the myriad of sensations rolling through my body. It feels absolutely fucking amazing. There are almost no words to describe how good it is.

There are a lot of people out that don't like being filled this way, but I now know I am definitely not one of them. It's fucking incredible, beyond good.

I moan as he continues thrusting in and out, filling me to the brim as he thrusts in and out. The pleasure of this is almost more than I can withstand.

Panting, I yell out. "Fuck my ass harder Dante. Oh god. Fuck my ass hard baby. Harder! Faster! Oh baby it's so good!"

Picking up his pace, he's now slamming in and out of me as I chant and scream at the invasion. I'm so full, the feeling beyond intense. Packed to the limit back and front, I am engulfed by sensation as he continues working my ass.

"Oh fuck Sabrina. I see your tiny little asshole taking my big cock and it's so fucking good. Every time with you, every single time makes me crazy. Do you know what my favorite feeling is in the entire world? It's the feeling of my cock disappearing inside of you, especially when I can watch. I love watching you stretch and clench around my big dick. Right now the pressure on my dick is incredible. I can feel the vibrator inside your hot cunt from inside your ass."

I grunt and yell as he continues fucking his incredible cock in and out of my tight asshole. He's so good.

Growling in pleasure, he says, "Between the clamping of your ass on my cock and the feeling of this plug working in my ass, I'm about to fucking blow such a load inside of you honey. Are you close?"

Yelling out a string of unintelligible words as I hold on to the bedspread, some of the roses that were on the bed when I walked in to the room now in my grip, I nod. “Yes, yes, yes! Harder. Deeper! Don’t stop, don’t stop. Oh god, fuck me harder baby and don’t stop.”

I know I’m on the edge of a huge fucking orgasm, but my body goes well past that when he turns the vibrator on and starts slamming it in and out of me along with his cock. When he presses the vibrator against my g spot, I scream. “Shit! Oh fuck. It’s too intense baby. I’m going to die!”

Releasing a feral growl, he fucks me harder. “Oh baby! No you aren’t. You’re about to cum harder than you ever have, and so am I. Baby, I love you so much! You’re so fucking hot, so perfect... and you’re mine. You blow my fucking mind Sabrina. I love you.”

My heart is pounding out of my chest as tears leak down my cheeks at his admission. I’ve been holding back from saying it to him, afraid it would make him run. It’s like a dream come true that he’s saying it to me now.

Pressing the vibrator harder against my g spot, he turns it up to the highest setting and I literally explode, screaming and panting as his cock continues pumping in and out of my ass.

As my orgasm rolls on and on, Dante lets out a yell and roots himself deep inside of me as his own orgasm overtakes him. I feel jet after jet of hot cum bathing my insides and I shiver and moan through it. It goes on and on and on, his orgasm insanely long and incredibly hot.

Draping himself over my back, he covers my body with his. I can feel that we are both covered in sweat and I chuckle. “Holy hell that was fucking intense.”

Sliding out of my ass, he steps back and rolls me over before pulling the vibrator out and laying it on the nightstand.

“Jesus, you can say that again. I go to fucking heaven inside of you baby. Just to be clear, that wasn’t just passion talking. I really, really love you.”

Running my hands down his chest, I smile. “I go to fucking heaven with you inside of me too, but I knew it wasn’t just passion. It’s so much more than that. You’re mine, and I love you too. More than you can ever know.”

Rolling him over on the bed, I grab the butt plug and pull it out with a twist, watching as he shudders underneath me from the sensation.

“Not gonna lie baby. That plug was pressing a spot in my ass as I was ramming my cock in to you and it was making me almost faint with lust. I liked it a lot. I don’t know why more guys don’t know how fucking hot that is.”

Climbing up, I sit on his ass and start rubbing his back. “You fucked me even harder than usual, so I know you liked it. It was fucking amazing. I love that we feel safe with each other to explore our desires. You’re everything I ever wanted in a man. You need to know that I love and adore you more than I ever thought possible. You make me feel things I didn’t know I could. Every day I’m with you, I love you more. I’m in awe of how amazing you are. Thank you for giving your heart to me, and for trusting me with your body. I promise to protect them both.”

Kissing his shoulder blades, I run my tongue up between them and then nip him on the neck.

Catching me by surprise, he flips me off of him so that I’m lying on the bed again. Sliding over me, he bends down and kisses me.

“Everything you said Sabrina, and more. I love you so much it scares me sometimes. You’re the best thing that ever happened to me. I’m happier than I ever thought I could possibly be.”

Shifting, he stands and bends over, grabbing his pants in his hands. I watch as he pulls something from the pocket, then turns back to me.

Looking me straight in the eyes, his gaze intense and almost overwhelming, he says, "Sit up Sabrina."

I comply, almost in a daze. Why is he suddenly so intense? My heart almost explodes out of my chest when he drops to a knee and opens his hands to reveal a jewelers box.

Holy. Fucking. Shit. My mind goes completely blank as I stare at him, mouth agape.

"Sabrina Josette Tyler. From the moment you walked in to my office, you've completely dominated my life. You've made me not just a better man, but a whole man. With you, I'm complete. I want to spend my life with you. I want to have children with you. Everything I am and everything I'm going to be, I'm giving to you. From the moment I saw you, it's only been you Sabrina and it will only *ever* be you. Will you do me the incredible honor of becoming my wife?"

I nod my head as the tears stream down my face. Wiping the tears from my cheeks, I cup his face in my hand and quickly kiss him.

"Dante, you're the best thing that ever happened to me, the answer to all my prayers. You're my missing puzzle piece. I wish I could properly tell you how happy you make me, inside and out. My answer is yes! Of course yes. Always yes. No reservations. You have my heart, and now I can't wait for you to make me a Hart."

We're both laughing and crying as he opens the box and reveals the ring to me. I gasp when I instantly recognize two of the oval rubies from my mother's engagement ring, one on either side of a huge oval cut diamond. "Oh my god Dante... my parents. You blow me away. How did you get these?"

Wiping the tears from my cheeks, he kisses me. "If your father was alive, I'd have begged for your hand in marriage. I knew the without him or your mother here, I needed to ask Brooke. Three weeks ago, Brooke gave her blessing."

Clearing his throat, he smiles at me. "I wanted you to know that your parents are important to me, even though I never had the honor of meeting them. I had to let you know that they are with us as we take this next step, so I asked Brooke about your mother's engagement ring, thinking that maybe I could have some of it melted down to put in to your ring and would then save the other half for Brooke. Once I saw the ring, I knew what I had to do, and Brooke agreed. I took two of the four rubies from the setting and had them worked in to your ring. Brooke asked me remind you that the rubies meant love and passion to your parents, and that your mother would be very pleased with how loving and passionate our relationship is. She also said to tell you that she knew that if they were still alive, they would have given their blessing. The other two rubies are in a safe, for when Brooke gets married."

I can't help but to cry at how amazing he is. Without a doubt the saddest thing about all of this is that my parents aren't here, and my dad can't give me away. Having a part of them and their love for each other worked in to the ring that will be on my hand forever is just another example of how well this man knows me.

Holding the ring up to me, he looks me in the eye. "There's an inscription."

Taking it from him, I read the inside through my tears. It reads: "You are the love and light of my life."

I'm crying too hard to speak, so I pull him to me and hug him hard, pouring all of my love in to the embrace. Kissing my forehead, he pulls back, and I watch with my heart in my throat as he slips the ring on to my finger, a perfect fit.

Sitting next to me on the bed, he holds me while I get my composure back. “What kind of a wedding do you want, and how long are we going to wait to make this legal?”

I laugh at how his mind works. Already he’s chomping at the bit. The man is impossible.

“Actually, I’d like a very small wedding. Just the family. Brooke, Dominique, Delilah, Sandra, Damien and Spencer. I want a commitment, something just for us. We can have a party later for everyone else if that’s okay with you.”

Nodding his head, he smiles. “This is why I love you. We both feel the same way. The ceremony itself is sacred. I can’t wait to join my life to yours, forever.”

Standing, he pulls me in to his arms and we go in to the bathroom. Turning on the shower, he helps me inside before pulling me in to a hug.

“That first night, when you were pressed up against this wall and I slid inside of you, I knew I was head over heels, hopelessly in love with you. That first time on the couch, we fucked. But here, we made love. Everything shifted inside of me. It was fucking terrifying.”

Smiling, I nod. “I’ve been in love with you for a long time, even before I fully recognized it. I knew for sure the morning you came to my house. When you lifted your fist in to the air and said ‘yes’ after I told you we could continue, I was a goner.”

Laughing and relaxed, we shower and then return to our bedroom. Turning to him, I say, “Did our families know tonight was the night?”

“Well. I’d planned to ask you next weekend. But then I lost my shit in Vegas and couldn’t stand being away from you, and I had to do it tonight. So I called the girls this morning and told them what I was going to do. They got all the rose petals and candles ordered for me. Damien and Spence

flew back with me because I was a nervous wreck. They're all out together now and will all be here tomorrow night for a special Sunday dinner in our honor.”

I smile in wonder at this amazing man, who’s thought of everything. Hugging him, I pull him in to our bed.

“Oh Dante, it’s perfect. Just think of how much has changed over these last few months. We’ve all come so far. We’re going to be married, the girls are going to graduate from college in a few weeks, and Damien is going to bring a girl home for us to meet. Now we just need to find someone for Spencer and the whole family will be happy.”

Leaning over, he captures my mouth in a kiss. “There’s so much to look forward to. I can’t wait to greet the future with you. I love you Sabrina.”

Smiling at him, my heart in my eyes I hug him. “I love you right back.”

About The Author

Since she was a young girl, Ella Fox has enjoyed a good romance novel. Ella loves to read and has always fantasized about creating her own stories. She decided to take the leap this year, and has enjoyed the process very much!

To see who and what was on Ella's mind as she wrote "Broken Hart", check out her Pinterest.

www.pinterest.com/AuthorEllaFox

There are more chapters of The Hart Family stories to tell. Damien's story, "Shattered Hart" will be out in September 2012.

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Check out Ella's blog <http://authorellafox.blogspot.com/> for
information on future releases

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