

Pyke

Gia Hunter

STORYPDF

Complete English text · US Letter reading edition

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About this edition

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Chapter 1

Camila

The NIGHT STALKER CLUB is grandiloquent in red neon bold letters—it's blindingly bright as to obscure my vision.

The club is best known for elites and celebrities, but my cousin has the luck to work as one of the bartenders. I'm glad to hear the news of re-opening after the last month's incident. It means my cousin is back in his work.

Bianca presents our ID to one of the bouncers who looks huge and intimidating. He gives me a second look after glancing back to our ID on his hand. I may look younger than my age but I'm already twenty one and I just got my college degree.

The bass frequencies from the huge sound systems reverberate through my chest cavity. My eyes widen in amazement to see the virtual music playing on the 3D walls. Laser lights flash patterns to the dance floor, and it simultaneously changes colors to the beat of the music. Pretty awesome, I must say.

The DJ plays one of the most popular hit songs on the chart. People yell in excitement, hands raising in the air as they move like in slow motion.

Bianca and Megan drag me to the crowded dance floor. The smell of sweat, perfumes, and booze don't stop me from swaying my hips as I watch my friends are also dancing with me.

I grin and close my eyes. It feels good to get lost in the music thumping through the speakers. The beat of the music starts pulsating my body as I follow the rhythm.

We dance for I don't know how long until I am sweaty and slick. My breathing catches and my heart thumping wildly in my chest.

Bianca says something that I can't make out any words.

"What?" I yell.

We bark into laughter when we clearly can't understand one another. We get ourselves out of the dance floor, even so, the music is still loud for us to start chatting.

"I need a drink!" Megan yells to my ear.

I nod in agreement, yelling back, "I need a restroom!"

She leans her face closer, pointing to the empty table at the left corner of the bar. "We'll be there."

I nod then walk away, trying to find the ladies room. I groan inwardly as I see the line of women waiting outside the ladies room is longer than customers waiting on a sale.

My shoulders sag as I walk away until a strong hand grabs me on my arm. I yelp in surprise, hand flies over my chest.

A pair of brown eyes narrowing down at me. His fake blond hair is jelled up to look like a Mohawk.

“What the hell are you doing in here, Cam?” my cousin, Kyland asks.

“Why do people go to the nightclubs, Kill?” I bark sarcastically.

“Why didn’t you tell me you’re coming?” he asks, though he knows already the answer. His pierced brows meet, clearly not happy to see me here.

His mom raised us together. He’s like a brother to me. I don’t want an hour of his lecture on why I come tonight though, that’s why I did not tell him.

“As if you will allow me.” I pouted.

“It’s Saturday night and it’s too loud and crowded for you,” he says as if I haven’t noticed.

“I do have eyes, and the last time I checked my auditory nerves are just perfectly fine.”

Kyland groans, clenching his jaw. Seconds later he sighs in defeat. “Where are your friends?”

I know it’s too late for him to do anything. We’re already here, and he happens to like my friends.

“They found a table.”

He nods glumly, looking at the long line of women. “Do you need a restroom?”

“Yup.”

“Come with me.” He grabbed my wrist. Kyland is a perfect cousin though he’s overprotective and annoying sometimes.

I follow him, then he fishes out the keys from his pocket as we stop in front of the door with ‘for employees use only’ sign at an eye level.

“I have to go back to work. Get back to your friends once you’re done and lock the door after you, okay?” He inspects me from head to toe, shaking his head, then walks away without a single word.

I know he’s going to berate me for what I wear tonight. I’ll think about what to answer later, or I might shut my mouth up for the rest of his talk.

I get inside the restroom, uttering thank you. This is a hundred times cleaner than the public restroom that I'm going to use if Kyland didn't see me.

Once I'm done with my deeds, I pat my hands dry with a paper towel while taking a look at myself in the mirror. I re-coat my lips with the red lipstick I have on my purse and run my fingers through my wavy chocolate brown hair.

Closing the door behind me with a sigh of satisfaction, I walk away.

"Harder!" A voice of a woman makes me to a standstill.

My brow rises.

"Oh God, faster!"

"Fuck!" A rich masculine voice with a hint of roughness grunts. His single word gives me shiver, and something in me awakens at that tone.

I scan the narrow hallway—a dark wooden door is just a few steps away from me.

"Oh God, more! Harder!" the woman yells in between pants. "Make me come."

The man groans in response.

What am I doing?

Why am I even listening to them having sex? I'm not that naive not to figure out what they're doing. I blink repeatedly and pretend as if I am not hearing them. I shake the thought out of my head, walking away when that door bangs, making me jump in surprise. A squeal escapes my mouth.

Thump.

Thump.

"Yes, yes! I'm coming. I'm coming!" the woman screams, even louder than before.

The thumping continues.

For God's sake, Cam! Why are you still standing here?

"Fuck!" His voice dips low with a slow drawl. A voice that draws me in even more.

What's wrong with me? I shake my head annoyingly.

"Come, Tiffany!" the man commands with a growl.

"It's Brittany!" she corrects him, sounding annoyed.

Heat flushes through my body with anger. What an asshole? Doesn't he even know her name?

"Sorry. I mean Brittany," the man apologizes quickly.

I roll my eyes. I startle when the door thuds again—it rattles and might lose from its hinges.

Another thump.

"Oh, yes, Pyke!"

Pyke?

Chapter 2

PYKE

For the umpteenth times, I chuckle and shake my head in disbelief to what had happened earlier. What she did to me almost piss me off, but for some reason, I can't.

I've been sitting in my office where I just pressed that Brittany girl against the door. I gently rub my swollen and warm left cheek. Cringing, I press the cold bottled water on my affected face.

I'm more of a one-night stand kind of guy. I've never slept with the same woman twice. I make sure she knows that it's only a one-time thing before I fuck her. I love sex, but I also love my life, and I don't want a complicated relationship to complicate my life.

My mind goes back to that brunette. She's hot as fuck, but she's also furious as hell, and I don't even know why she's so pissed at me.

I pull up my boxers after taking off the used condom and throws it to the bin.

"Thanks for tonight, lover boy!" the girl purrs seductively, biting her bottom lip. She's attractive, but she's just my flavor for tonight.

"You're welcome, babe. Close the door after you," I say casually.

"We can do it again some other time, you know," she suggests, zipping her dress up.

"You know me already, Brandy. I don't do that kind of thing."

She shoots me a glare, face flushes with anger. She harshly grabs her purse on top of my desk. "You're a dick!"

"My name is Gisele, by the way!" She walks to the door, then slams it behind her.

This is what I don't like. Sometimes girls get clingy. Blowing a breath through my nose, I wash my face and run my hands through my hair in frustrations.

Why do women like things get complicated?

I get out of my office and abruptly stop to see a brunette looks so pissed.

"Did you enjoy the show? You could've joined us. That would be an awesome-threesome." Okay, that's way out of line.

Her dark brown eyes glint like an obsidian stone pierces with a fire of hatred, but there's a hint of surprise when our gazes meet. She swallows hard as her face turns red.

Why is she angry at me?

"You're such an asshole! You just made that woman cry. Are you always like this? Just wanted sex then throw them out like trash once you're done?"

She wears a fuck-me-high heel that adds a few inches to her maybe five feet and four inches tall. She has a straight and small nose that's now flaring with fury. Her red-painted lips are pressed into a thin line.

Fuck me if she doesn't have gorgeous tits. Her dress fits perfectly like it's only made for her. The V cut of her dress shows more of her juicy cleavage. What can I say? I'm a boob man.

Her flat abdomen is in full view as well. I can imagine running my tongue until she squirms and curls her toes underneath me.

I'm into a blonde, but fuck me if I'm not going to fuck her brains out. All she needs is just to ask. I love to hear her screams than shouting at me like a clingy girlfriend.

I've just fucked someone, but my cock is already on full alert.

"Are you deaf or just an idiot?"

I blink. "Is she happens to be your sister?" I don't know why I bother to ask because they don't have resemblances. Or that woman could be her friend?

She narrows her eyes again. "I already punched your face if you made my sister cry like that!"

"Then what is your problem, babe?" I smirk.

She rolls her eyes. "Did your parents not teach you how to treat a woman?"

"Wow!" I huff. I can't believe she just insulted my innocent parents over this. "Keep my parents out of it, woman. You're maybe hot, but you don't have to drag my parents to what I'm doing. You don't have the right to insult them. Who are you anyway? I don't ask them how to fuck women. I didn't hear any complaints from anyone I fucked so far. I only heard them screaming my name many times more than I could count."

Her mouth gapes. I want to bite that lip until it draws blood. I don't realize that I'm already biting mine.

"Who are you?"

"None of your business. I don't just give my name to a stranger and especially to someone like you!" She crosses her arms over her chest, giving me more view of her tits.

"Someone handsome and hot like me?" Smirking, I cock a brow, pointing at myself. I don't know why I enjoy bickering with this hot piece of a cantankerous.

"A dick like you!"

My lips spread to a dirty grin. "Hmm, you should see it yourself, babe."

Her eyes widen. If her face turns red with anger before, now, it turns as beet-red. Her mouth forms an O shape.

"That wouldn't fit." I pointed at her mouth.

She clamps it shut.

"Asshole!" She pushes me, and I stumble back.

"Whoa! Whoa! Woman, calm the fuck down!" I raise my hands to stop her.

"You're such a prick!" she screams, moving closer, then hits my hand with her purse.

I groan in pain.

"A dick!" She does another strike—harder this time, and there's something hard and cold, maybe a metal just hits my cheek, making me wince in pain.

"I know! I'm well aware I have a dick. A huge dick!" I block her strike, then it suddenly stops. My hands are still up in the air that she might do it again.

What had just happened?

"I hate you!" she spits.

A few seconds later, I hear her heels clicking in distant.

"I can sue you, woman!" I yell, lowering my arms slowly.

"Good luck, manwhore!" she yells back.

"Nice ass, by the way!" I shout when I see her walking away, swaying her hips seductively. She does that on purpose because she notices me glancing at her ass. A fine ass.

Christ!

She holds her middle finger up in the air. Instead of getting pissed, I bark into laughter.

You will pay for that, woman!

It's already morning, but my brain is still hazy with my encounter with that hot brunette. I sit on a stool of my bar without uttering a word. One of my bartenders who happens to be my friend places a glass of whiskey in front of me.

I mutter thanks. Wright turns to place the bottle back to the rack. He takes a damp cloth then stops, leans his elbows on the counter, and scans my face.

“What happened to that?” he asks with curiosity. “I don’t see you as a war freak. Did you have kinky sex with that blonde?”

I pick up the glass he offers, swirling it gently. I lifted the glass to my nose, savoring the smokiness of the neat whiskey. I drain it into my mouth in a gulp, wincing when it reaches my throat.

“I didn’t have kinky sex,” I answer calmly.

“Got into trouble? Hughes, you could’ve called me if you needed help.”

“Wright, you’ve known me since you’ve started working with me. I’ve never been in a fight, have I?”

“Do you want another?”

I shake my head.

“Need ice for that?”

I shake again.

“Do you want to talk about that?”

My lips spread into a smile. My mind goes back to that fiery brunette.

“Is it a woman?”

I arch my brow. “Since when did you become nosy?”

He laughs. “So, it’s indeed a woman, huh? What did you do to piss her off that ended her giving you a damn bruise?” He points at my left cheek and shakes his head in amusement.

If he only knows how hot she is..

“I don’t have any idea why she’s pissed at me. She just came out of the blue, questioned me, then ended up hitting me on my damn face.”

“Wow! She’s something!” Kyland laughs.

“You’ve no idea, and she’s hot! Like flaming hot!” I draw fingers of her body shape in the air.

He leans his back against the liquor rack, crossing his arms over his chest. “But you didn’t bang her.”

Sighing out of frustrations, I reply, “I doubt if I ever see her again.”

"You will, once you do, you can spank her ass till red as a punishment," he snorts and adds, "nobody says no to Pyke Hughes."

"She's not the type that I used to bang, Wright. She's a brunette," I say, pursing my lips.

"She's what?"

My head snaps at him. His eyes narrow at me. Before I can say something, his phone vibrates in his pocket.

Pressing his phone to his ear, he speaks, "Hey, Cam, are you already home?"

He mutters hmm.

"Can I bring you something before I head out?"

I try to listen, but I can't hear the voice from the other line.

Since when did I become so interested in someone's conversation?

"No, no, it's okay. I'll be home soon, okay? I'm still with my boss. We need to talk, Cam," he says firmly. His feature turns serious.

Who's this Cam?

"Okay, bye." He slips his phone back into his jeans' pocket. "Sorry about that, that's my cousin, Cam."

"Why don't you bring your cousin here?" I suggest.

"She's here earlier," he says casually.

"She?" I ask in disbelief, almost immediately.

"Yeah, my cousin Camila."

"Camila," I mutter under my breath.

"What?"

"Nothing."

Seconds later his eyes still on me.

"What? Did you develop a crush on me now, Wright? Anyway, are you gonna be at your shop tomorrow?" He also works at the tattoo shop at day time.

"Do you want a tattoo?"

“No, I want an Apa.”

Chapter 3

Camila

I don't know why do I feel so sullen all of a sudden. No man gets under my skin no matter how good he looks, but that arrogant prick affects me to the bone that nobody else does.

I can't deny the fact that he's got the look—a playboy persona look—a look that most women fall for—a look that can fool you in just a single glance he throws to you.

He has an athletic figure that doesn't have an ounce of fat other than a perfect ripped body. Well, I have not seen him shirtless, but yesterday, I know if he has muscles underneath his shirt or not. His thick dark blond hair styled in a messy way like he frequently runs his fingers through it, but he's a dick.

Yeah, he said that he has a huge dick.

How could he ask someone like me for a threesome? Do I look like a cheap? He even smirked—a cocky kind of smirk.

I close my laptop back. I just can't even concentrate on searching for a job.

Slumping my body back to my bed dramatically, I hear a soft knock on my door.

"Come in."

Kyland emerges from the door, his piercings, nose, and lip ring sparkles in the dark, then he flicks the light on. He looks exhausted, but he's still managed to smile at me.

"If you'll gonna give me a lecture for going to the club, don't waste your time," I start, tucking my blanket under my chin.

"I'm not gonna say a thing anymore, Cam. You've been a good girl and a good student. I think it's time for you to enjoy your life. Just know your limit and stay...safe," Kyland says, releasing a huge breath.

My face heats. "Safe? Jeez, perhaps can you be a little more specific than that. Like stay protected. Use condoms, maybe?"

He's aware that I've never dated other than group dates. My focus is on getting a college degree. Kyland has been there for me since birth. When I turned eighteen, he let me stayed in his apartment for free, he helped me pay my tuition, helped me to buy my car, and he also pays our bills. I can't just disappoint him and his mom. I'm also doing this for myself—for my future.

My mother was an alcoholic and a coke addict and never showed up again after giving birth to me, until today. I never heard anything from her, not that I'm interested in her after abandoning me. I don't even know if she's dead or still alive.

I never knew my parents if Aunt Carissa did not mention bits of information about my birth mom. What I know of is my mother got pregnant with me when she was just started to get a break in Hollywood. She had a one-night stand with the sperm donor, which was my father during their drunken night. When my mother informed him she was pregnant, the sperm donor denied that I'm his.

"I don't want you to take the same path as your mother, Cam, but I know you, and you are way smarter than her," he says, giving me a concerned look.

"I will never be like her, Kill," I say defensively. "I'm already adult, but I don't even know how the beer tastes like, so don't worry about me getting drunk."

The study shows that alcoholism is approximately 50% attributable to genetics, so it means those who have a family history of alcoholism have a higher risk of developing a drinking problem.

"You should know that I trust you. Just know your limitations and when to stop. You've been a responsible adult, and it's not that bad to try drinking or at least try new things. Just be careful, okay?" He stands straight, grabbing the doorknob, then stops, "Next time try to wear something decent."

I grab the nearest pillow, throwing it in his direction, but I miss it when he closes the door before the pillow reaches him.

"Are you saying that was slutty?"

"Nah, you'll grab too much attention, unless you want a guy to get into your pants. I'm serious, Camila!" he yells behind the door.

"Blame Bianca!"

Kyland barks into a laughter. I caught him glancing at Bianca a few times, but she is my closest friend. Kyland knows not to cross the line, and she knows not to break the girl's code because Kyland is the only brother I consider.

I look down at the wristwatch, Kyland's gift for me when I graduated from college. It's five minutes past four, and still no signs of Bianca and Megan. We planned to meet at this coffee shop even though they're aware I don't drink coffee. I sip my green tea latte which they think it's gross.

My head snaps toward the door when it chimes, indicating an incoming customer. My jaw drops to see who walks in. Of all the coffee shops in this city, why he has to be here? Is this some kind of a twisted joke? A prank maybe?

Closing my mouth, I sit straight, pretending that I don't notice his presence. I pin my eyes on my latte, hoping he won't see me or remember me.

My heart pounds in my chest when a body shadows in front of me—the very same man I hit and wanted to avoid.

Crap! What an awful day?

“Look who's here? If not a girl who marked my face with her clutch.” His playful deep masculine voice vibrates my entire body.

“What do you want, Pyke?”

He laughs—his rich voice makes my heart doubles the already frantic heartbeat.

He drags an empty chair causing it to screech against the dark tiled-floor. That chair is supposed to be for my friends who have not yet arrived. How convenient? Now he takes a seat in front of me, takes off his aviator glasses, and hooks it in front of his pink plaid shirt.

Pink? Wow! But he nailed it.

Holy crap! Did I just give him a compliment?

“Starting a conversation. So, how do you know my name?” he asks, smirking—a smirk that makes every woman drool. But not to me. That's a disgusting move to impress a lady.

I want to roll my eyes, but if I do, he can sense that his charm affects me.

“Who will not? When that woman just screamed your name at the top of her lungs.” I wrinkle my nose in disgust.

He chuckles, “You're cute.”

Did he just say I'm cute? I look at him, and that's my mistake—our gazes meet.

God! He looks so damn good closer. No wonder women agree even for a quickie. His eyes are a mix of gray and blue. They're gorgeous. I've never seen this kind of eye color before. His red lips curve into a smile. Of course, he catches me checking him out.

Shooting him a glare, I ask, “Don't you wanna buy a coffee? Or are you waiting for a girl to pick up here?”

He cocks his dark brow. “Will you come with me?”

My mouth hangs open. If I didn't witness what he did to that woman, I might take his offer. Might. He's a drop-dead gorgeous, panty-melter, flirty, and confident.

He's bad news, Camila! Keep that in your mind. For sure, he will just break my heart.

I blink in disbelief. "Oh, my god! You're unbelievable! Please leave me alone while I can still hold my anger against you."

"What are you gonna do, babe? Hit me? Scream for help? Perform Kung Fu tricks?" he teases, wagging his brows.

I can't fight with this man. The more I talk, the more he gets on my nerves. I sigh helplessly, slumping my back against my chair. My breathing turns heavy, trying to control the boiling of my blood in my veins.

His eyes pin to my slightly exposed cleavage.

Crap! I should probably change my wardrobe. Like I have money to do so. I should start listening to Kill's advice.

Perv! I curse under my breath.

"Look, Pyke," I pause, trying to compose what I am about to say in my foggy brain, "If you think you can take me for a quickie, you're wrong. I'm not the type of woman that you can shower with your flowery words then will go with you for a drink and will end up at the back seat of your car as we bang each other. I'm more of a relationship type who goes for a long-term, plans for the future, get engaged, builds a white picket fence, and finally starts a family."

"What about you? I don't think you've ever dated a woman that lasted a week. When a woman gets clingy with just a one-night stand or one-time banging, you will wonder why is it a woman can't be contented and just enjoy and have fun with just sex without ending a commitment? I understand that."

He just looks at me, mouth hangs open—not even a single blink.

"Pyke, for a man as a god-looking guy and attractive with a healthy inflatable ego like you, this city has a lot to offer. For you, it's like going to a shopping mall, carrying a black card who can choose any woman you want. You can even put weekday tags on their neck. But please don't count me in your shopping list." I take a deep breath, and it feels strangely good to voice out my anger.

He looks shocked but looks amused at the same time. He then clears his throat. "Well, on behalf of the male population, let me be the first one to apologize for whatever that asshole did to my dear hot vixen."

My eyes narrow. I just had my long speech, and yet he's still here and being sarcastic. And flirty. And doesn't budge.

I take another deep breath to shake off for another speech forming in my head. It doesn't scare him a bit.

"So, let's start over?" he suggests. A smile curves up his lips, and it looks genuine this time.

"No," I say flatly.

His brows furrow, clearly, not used to rejection. "Why? Do you have a boyfriend?" He sounds utterly disappointed.

"I don't have a boyfriend. It's a no—a flat-out no."

"You don't have a boyfriend, are you a gay?" he asks with a more confused look.

"I'm not. It's just...you're not my type!"

Chapter 4

PYKE

Did she just walk out? She walks out of the coffee shop with her sexy ass without looking back. That cantankerous of a woman just walked out on me.

Un-fucking-believable!

Well, that's new because women often come to me and not the opposite.

She's right though, and I never deny the fact that I love to have fun with women, and stays single. I feel suddenly guilty. This city has a lot to offer, lots of interesting people, lots of food to taste, lots of beer to drink, lots of pus—

I startle when someone nudges my shoulder. I look up to see my cousin, Xandry.

"Seriously, you look like your goldfish just died," Xandry remarks, taking a seat where that sexy cantankerous has seated.

"Don't talk about goldfish like that when Bash is around," I snicker.

He chuckles, "How's your dick?"

The waitress left after taking our order, but Xandry doesn't miss to take a look at the waitress' ass.

"My dick is just fine, asshole. Stop asking about my baby in a public place like this. They think something happens to him."

Xandry smiles, leaning his back against the chair. He scans his eyes around the almost full booths in the coffee shop.

"So, why were you frowning earlier? You didn't even notice me coming in. I called you twice, but your mind seemed so far away, probably in between woman's thighs?" He smirks.

Sometimes he is nosier than his twin, Saph but he's one of my best friends. We have a lot of things in common—one of them is we both love women. We call him leg-spreader.

"Nothing," I reply glumly. I hope he won't pry anymore.

"Are you sure? Then what happened to your cheek?" he asks, arching his brow.

My hand flies to my cheek. "I hit the door," I try to ignore his scrutinizing gaze on me.

He laughs at my poor excuse. I know he doesn't buy it. "Did a woman hit your cheek?"

What can I say? He's right. A woman hit me.

"I heard from Wright last night that there is a fearless woman hit you in your baby face," he adds, rubbing his thumb on my bruised cheek.

"Don't touch me, asshole. You could have jerked off on your way. Do you even wash your hands?" Pushing his hand off of my face, I cringe at the thought of Xandry jerking off in his car.

"I didn't touch anything or jerk off, man," he replies, showing me his goofy smile.

I grab a coffee that the waitress placed on the table. I didn't get a good sleep. That hot piece of a woman completely plagued my mind with dirty thoughts about what could I possibly do to her. I was so glad to enter the coffee shop and found her here, then boom! She walked out on me.

I thought I was lucky that I could hit on her and make her agree to go out with me, then I end up banging her on the different surfaces of the hotel room, but instead, she gave me the longest speech than the State of the Union Address.

"Hey!"

I startle. "What?" Irritation creeps in my voice.

"Spill it, man. Since when did you become so secretive? If that woman turned you down then forget it."

Scratching my five o'clock shadow, I say, "Yeah, I said something inappropriate but not enough for her to mark me like this."

He looks amused. "What did you exactly say?"

"That Brittany or Gisele or whatever her name was got out from my office after I pressed her against the door. When I opened it, I almost bumped into that brunette then I said we could have a threesome." I rub the back of my neck, feeling my face heats with embarrassment.

I've never been ashamed of sharing my active sex life with my best friends, but now I don't know why I feel suddenly reluctant to share it with Xandry.

"She doesn't know who you are, does she? Because if she knew you, she would be glad to accept your invitation. Have you seen her before?"

I shake my head. "Impossible I won't remember her if I saw her before. She's hot as hell. She's not my type though, but I swear to God if she ever gets off my mind since I met her."

Xandry's eyes gleamed, and I can imagine what's in his mind right now. Probably the same thing I thought about that brunette last night.

"But she has a big mouth," I add, wrinkling my nose.

"How big?" he asks with a laugh.

"Infuriatingly big."

"Wow! Do you think you'll see her again?"

I shrug.

"I bet on you, man. She's gonna end up in your bed, screaming your name over and over again till her throat hurts, asking for more while you take her from behind." Xandry's lips curve into a devilish smirk.

"Nah. Not interested in her. For what? I have an endless list of women. Why bother for someone who is not interested in me?" I say with a hint of dismay.

There is an unsettled feeling in the pit of my belly. I also feel a pang inside my chest.

"I bet my car. She will end up in your bed in less than a month. She's a challenge to you, Pyke."

I shake my head stubbornly. "She's nothing!"

"Really? Then why did you look so lost and sounded disappointed? Are you afraid of losing your quarter profit?" he asks in a challenging tone.

My eyes narrow. "You won't dare bet your car, Williams!" He's probably joking because his car is Saph's gift, and it means everything to him.

"It's a bet then?" He offers his hand to seal the deal.

"Wait, how?"

"Take my car if you can take her to your bed after a month. I'll take your quarter profit if you can take her to your bed in less than a month."

My brows furrow. "Don't you think I should sleep with her in less than a month?"

He shakes his head with tsks. "Nah. You will not sleep with any woman while the bet is ongoing. I'll see how can you stay sane without banging someone for the whole month."

My mouth gapes in disbelief.

"Don't you think it's unfair?"

"That's how the bet works."

It's near the closing of the club. My staff and a few patrons are the only people left. I saunter to the main bar and occupy an empty stool.

My mind goes back to the bet I did with Xandry. I know it's unfair to her, but she challenged me. She hurts my healthy ego pretty bad that no women did before her.

I don't even know how to meet her again. There are millions of women in this damn city. And a lot of ideas pop out in my brain, but first I have to know her name.

I can just offer her money to pretend that we sleep together, but just how we ended up this afternoon I don't think I have a chance of winning the bet.

I don't know why I even agree with Xandry's stupid game.

A challenge, yeah! And ego my ass! I groan in irritation.

"Same, boss?" Wright jars me out of my thoughts.

"Just give me a beer."

"No kinky sex tonight?" he teases.

I roll my eyes. "Yeah, and no annoying your boss tonight, too."

"Fine," he drawls with a huge grin on this face.

"Shut that grin off, Wright!"

His smile fades. "How's your piercing?"

I shrug. "You even have the gut to ask me if I have kinky sex tonight when I just got a piercing this morning?" I take a sip of my beer.

"I'm sorry, I totally forget about it."

"No worries."

"When does Parker come back?"

My big brother Parker was the one who recommended him to work with me.

His mother worked at one of my parent's real estate branches. Kyland stopped his college when his mother got a mild stroke. He works two jobs, at a tattoo shop in the afternoon and at the Night Stalker at night to support his mother and his cousin.

"He's coming back at the end of this month."

Parker went with Mom to Italy. Mom's grandparents own a vineyard and it's harvesting time of the year. Parker went with her since I went with Mom last year, and Dad can't leave the businesses here if they have to go both.

"It's been two weeks since they left, right?"

"Yup. Go serve some patrons and stop bugging me."

He walks away laughing.

I'm always friendly with my staff, but Wright is the closest. Maybe because I was a hard worker like him? Dad didn't just hand me this club on a silver platter. I worked my ass off for two years to prove to him that I deserved to own the Night Stalker, though my brother was not interested in a business like this, I am sure he was not going to say no if Dad offered this to him.

The club finally closed. My staff cleans the whole area, placing the chairs on top of the tables, emptying, and replacing the liquor racks. They turn off the sound systems, closing the 3D walls, and wiping everything to look spotless.

I'm a little bit perfectionist when it comes to tidiness. I don't want customers coming to me, complaining about the tidiness of my club. Even the bathrooms should be spotless before the club opens. The city sanitation inspection team also comes with an annual check-up.

Since I own and manage this club, I make sure to give my employees paychecks on time. Wright helps me with the staffing, mostly schedule because I don't want them calling me to arrange their shifts. I need a life, so I offer Wright extra cash for that.

I notice everyone left already except for Kyland.

"Why are you still here?" I ask when I notice him walking toward the same stool I seated a while ago.

"I put my cousin's car in the auto shop. She took my baby after she sent me here, then went to meet her friends," he explains.

"So, she's coming?"

"Hmm."

Before I can throw him another question, I hear the clicking of shoes in distant—that must be his cousin, but there's something in those steps that sound familiar. My heart thuds in my chest.

"Speaking of the devil." Kyland's head jerks to his left.

"Kill!"

“Fuck!”

Chapter 5

Camila

Kyland allows me to drive his red 2007 Mustang Shelby GT500. I enjoy driving this beautiful beast—it purrs like a kitten. This doesn't happen so often, so I take the chance to drive around until it runs out of fuel. For sure, I will receive another lecture from him.

I'm fascinated with cars, preferably the sports one, but I'm more of just a look and dream and draw on a piece of paper over them. I know the feeling and understand why men sometimes love cars more than their girlfriends.

I pull over at an empty space in the parking lot of the club. I take a deep breath—shaking off the thought of that overconfident jerk when I push the glass door open. The smell of fresh and clean with a mix of air freshener hit my nostrils.

I immediately hear my cousin laughing.

"Speaking of the devil," Kyland guffaws.

"Well, hello, dear cousin!" Flipping my hair over my shoulder, I walk like a runway model toward him, but my walk is cut off quickly. I stop halfway when I notice the man that I dislike—the same man that I had just spoken my State of the Union Address this afternoon.

What is he doing in here?

He curses.

"Oh, are you stalking me now, Pyke? It seems that you're around wherever I am."

This devil of a man smirks. "Hmm." He crosses his arms over his chest, rubbing his chin with his fingers.

"Wait, you two have already met?" I forgot my cousin is around and the reason why I'm here is to pick him up, not to bicker with this jerk.

"I should ask the same thing, babe. What are you doing here? My club is already closed. Have you not noticed the signage posted on the door? You can come back tomorrow." Pyke seems amused.

"Your club?" I snort. "Are you kidding me? I'm not here for your club or whoever owns this place. I'm here to pick up Kill." I cross my arms over my chest just like he does.

His mouth hangs open—he seems surprised to know that Kyland is my cousin.

"Wait, what?" he asks, facing Kyland. "This cantankerous is your cousin, the Camila? She's Camila?" Pointing at me in disbelief.

"Well, well, cousin. How did you know this jerk?" I walk closer to the bar, standing beside the counter.

"Cam, watch your mouth."

I pressed my lips tight when Kyland scolds me in front of this...jerk.

"I can't believe this hot cantankerous is your cousin," Pyke says with a laugh, shaking his head, more amused.

Kyland narrows his eyes at him. Anger flashes across his face. "Stop calling her hot cantankerous, Hughes! She hit your ass-face for some reason. She's harmless and can't even hurt a fly."

That last part was a lie. I almost killed his baby Milo when we were kids. He named his hamster baby Milo because it was looked like an ape rather than a hamster.

"Oh, really?" Pyke cocks his brow. "Then you don't know your cousin pretty well. You don't have any idea what she's capable of, Wright," Pyke says, pointing his finger at me, then continues, "You've seen my face, and I still have evidence of what she did to me, see?" Then he shows off his left cheek to Kyland.

"You deserve it!" I retort, giving him a satisfying look.

"Cam, enough!" Kyland grunts. "He's still my boss."

I snort at the absurdity. Pyke rakes his eyes on me from head to toe, then smirks again. I see he's happy to see me annoyed.

I frown, then it suddenly hit me. How did I miss the clue? He banged that woman inside the office. Could that possibly be his office? If what he's saying is true then he is undoubtedly Kyland's boss. Oh. My. God! He's not gonna fire Kyland for my behavior, is he?

"I can't believe you work with him. I never thought this manwhore is actually your boss," I say in disgust.

"Camila, I need this job, so stop insulting him before he will fire me."

I glare at my angry cousin and shut my mouth up.

"How did you two are related? You two are the polar opposites." Pyke tries to hide his smile.

"I don't think being nosy is part of the job descriptions of a boss," I answer.

"Our mothers were cousins," Kyland simply says.

Pyke nods subtly.

“How did you two get into a fight?” Kyland asks curiously, looking at me then to Pyke.

“He made that woman cry after they banged against that office’s door. Remember when I used the bathroom? Before I got back to my friends, I was shocked to hear them mo—”

“Hold on, hold on,” Pyke stops me, raising his hands. “You’ve been there listening for a long time?” he asks in disbelief.

“Yup, long enough.” Well, me the evil’s spawn, my lips spread into a devilish grin.

Pyke looks shocked, then blinks. “I didn’t make her cry. She lied to me, she said her name—”

“You called her Tiffany, but her name is Brittany,” I cut him off.

“No, her name is Gisele.”

I bark into a laugh. “And do you really believe that her name is Gisele?”

“Why would she lie?” His brows furrow.

“Hasn’t she?”

“You’re the famous Pyke Hughes, and you can’t lie your name to women, but they can,” my cousin talks, then moves his eyes on me. “Why did you hit him, Cam?”

I thought twice about telling the truth. I look at them who are waiting for my answer. Should I tell them the truth? Pyke might feel that I invaded his privacy. So, I decide, “Ask your boss.”

“She just came out of nowhere, asking me why did I make that woman cry,” Pyke answers.

“You asked me if I enjoy listening to the both of you, and you suggested we could have an awesome-threesome,” I say, mimicking his voice.

Pyke sighs in defeat.

My cousin shrugs then say, “Cam, apologize to him,”

“What?” My eyes widen. “Why would I? This is bull! It was his fault why he has a bruise right now.”

Why would I apologize to him in the first place? He was being disrespectful. This idiot expects that I will apologize. No way! Never! Not gonna happen.

“Apology, Cam-tankerous,” Pyke says, and I can see the amusement on his face.

“Not gonna happen, Hughes-dick!”

"You mean huge dick?"

Oh, crap! My mistake. Now I just inflate his already huge ego.

"Douché."

"Cam," Kyland warns.

"Let him apologize first then I'll do it after him," I suggest stubbornly.

"Seriously? After that long speech you did this afternoon you will let me the first one to apologize?" he asks.

"What happened?" My head snaps to Kyland.

Oh God! My cousin will give me the longest sermon of all the longest sermon than he did to me before.

"Nothing," I deadpan.

"It wasn't nothing," Pyke insists. This man is testing my temper.

"Are you gonna apologize or not? You've been rude," I reply.

"You're nosy, you shouldn't have listened."

"It wasn't my intention."

"But you still did."

"Stop, stop! Let's go home, Cam. We have a long serious talk," Kyland groans, clearly not impressed at my behavior in front of his boss.

Pyke chuckles. Just the way he reacts, he's saying one thing—he won.

This is not the end, Pyke Hughes. This is just the beginning.

"I'm sorry for that, Hughes," Kyland apologizes, and I want to chide him for doing that, but I am sure, he's afraid that what's happening right now might affect his job.

Pyke just simply nods and smirks, mocking me.

I stick my tongue out to him when Kyland is not looking. I am a little bit childish, but I just can't do something and be disrespectful with my cousin.

"Very mature," he murmurs.

"Dick!" I retort.

"I said, enough!" Kyland grabs my elbow. "We're leaving."

I walk away from them, heading to the door. I can't talk to him anymore. I'm only controlling my anger because my cousin is around, and I can't let him lose the job that he loves. I stop when I hear Pyke says.

"Sure, man, take care of cam-tankerous."

I stop when I hear Pyke says and mouth, "Dick."

"You'll love it," he mouths back.

"Um, Kill. I forgot to fill the tank of your car," I say, grinning sheepishly.

"What? How could you ever miss to check if it's empty or not?" He looks more annoyed.

Can't this day get any worse ever?

"Stay here, and let me ask Hughes, maybe he has a full tank," he adds.

"Let me send you both home."

My head snaps to Pyke who's already standing beside me. Goosebumps crawl up my skin. He's not too close, but I can feel the heat radiates between us. This is the weirdest night I've ever had.

"Thanks, man! We'll just take a taxi from here," Kyland changes his mind.

"Save your money for the taxi, Wright. I'll send you both, and it's already late. Follow me," Pyke casually suggests.

We have no choice but to follow to where he probably parked his car, then I hear a car unlocks.

"Wow!" My eyes widen in shock. I'm literally drooling. I want to run my fingers in every inch of his 2019 Daytona Grey Audi R8 Decennium matte. The company only made two hundred and twenty-two units, and Pyke is obviously loaded to get a unit for him. The wheels were milled two-inch bronze to match the black front lip, sills, and diffuser.

How did I know about cars? Well, I have a Bachelor in AET major in automotive designs. One day, I will design my own car, but first, I need to find a job to make my dream come true.

"Where will I sit?" I ask because the car is a coupe.

"On my lap, babe."

"Ass!"

"Yeah, your ass on my lap," he chuckles.

“Get inside, Cam. I texted Forrest, and he’s on his way to refill my tank.”

“I’ll wait with you,” I suggest to Kyland.

“No, get in the car, and wait for me at home.”

“Get inside, babe.”

“Don’t babe me, prick!”

He laughs instead of getting offended. “Fine, Cam-T.”

“Cam, see you there. And behave.” He throws me a glare before he talks to Pyke. “Hughes, send my cousin home. Thanks, man!”

“Sure. Call me if Forrest will get into you late. I’ll come back to you.”

I know I will not win, so I get inside his car with V10 plus engine with 456kW at 8,000-8250 revolutions per minute with 580Nm at 6500rpm of torque. It smells pine and musk with a hint of citrus—a mix of his car air freshener and his cologne.

I let my eyes wander around while he’s still talking to my cousin. My fingers itch to touch every surface in this beauty. I run my fingers against the Decennium logo in front of its gear selector. The navigation, media, and communication services are direct to the virtual cockpit. The dark theme exterior continues to the interior with gloss fiber carbon accents, black Alcantara leather upholstery, contrasting to the copper-colored stitching. This baby has B&O thirteen speakers and a voice control system.

How many women did he bang in here? Though this car has eighteen ways adjustable and heated seats there wasn’t enough space to have sex, or maybe here in the passenger seat? I wrinkle my nose in disgust, but who am I to judge him? My stomach twists sickly at the idea of him banging different women every night.

Why do I care?

I don’t even notice he pulls away until I see the array of lights outside the window appears.

“So, are you this awfully quiet when just the two of us? Aren’t you scared that I might bring you somewhere else?” he starts.

My heart pounds, not from his threat, but it’s just the two of us now in his car.

He’s a stranger, but for some reason, I’m not scared of being with him. Can he possibly hurt me? Like intervening in his revenge plot against me?

“Camila, are you even listening?”

My head snaps at him. His eyes are glittering, but he keeps his focus on the road. Pyke really looks good. His lips are so full and red. His tongue darts out between his lips to lick them. My thighs press together involuntarily. His long fingers are drumming at the steering wheel—the very same fingers traced in every woman’s skin.

A sudden shiver runs down my spine.

“Are you just gonna stare at me?”

I blink at his deep masculine voice gets rough.

“Who said I’m staring at you?” I ask back, turning my head toward the window.

The car becomes smaller for us. The temperature suddenly rises even the air conditioning is turned on.

“I can feel your eyes on me, Camila.”

Why does my name sound like honey on his tongue? So sweet and smooth.

Chapter 6

PYKE

Un-fucking-believable!

Of all the 49.6% of the world's population, why does Camila has to be Kyland's cousin? Why? The hot cantankerous is my friend's cousin. This is going to be a disaster.

She's gonna be my disaster!

I value my friendship with Kyland, but I can't let Xandry win without a fight. The thought of fucking her behind Kyland's back makes my stomach knot sickly. How am I going to deal with her if she hates my gut? How will I ever win in this stupid bet? And because of that woman, I'm going to lose some cash.

I feel a sudden gush of guilt. All I think is my ego and money. Money is not a problem though, I have plenty of them, but my concern is Camila. She will despise me, loathe me, and burn me alive if she will find out about this thing going on between me and Xandry.

I never beg for a fuck. I am used to flirting with women, and we usually ended up with mind-blowing orgasms. It's just not me to wine and dine, watch movies, or take them to a football match, or discuss a baseball game with them.

Just the thought of asking Camila for a date makes me flinch. She's worth an expensive dinner date, but Kyland won't be pleased, and he will break every bone in me if he gets a chance. He will know that I have ulterior motives. He knows me well that I have no interest in dating and having a girlfriend other than just getting laid.

I take a hot shower to relax my tense muscles. I am supposed to be banging someone, but I have to wait until my Apa heals completely.

I get into my bed naked; that's how I sleep. Why bother to wear something when I'm alone in my own apartment?

I close my eyes, hoping to get good sleep, but Camila's face comes to me like a flashback. I groan louder than necessary because this never happened to me before even if I enjoyed the best orgasm with a woman, and the worse thing is I didn't even fuck Camila. The thought of my dick balls deep in her warm pussy jerks my bare cock.

This is torture!

Why I even bother getting a piercing when I can't even last night without being buried deep in woman's hot pussy? I'm tempted to jerk off, but it may bleed and gives me more problems.

I pick up my phone on my nightstand and check the time. It's four in the morning. It suddenly vibrates in my hand. Who's awake at this moment?

It's Kyland. What does he want at this time? I want his cousin and not him for fuck sake.

Camila didn't talk much throughout the ride so, I didn't bother her. The last thing I want is scaring her away, but it didn't go unnoticed that she was tensed and uncomfortable being alone with me.

But shit if it wasn't tortured to be with a hot woman in my passenger seat, but I couldn't even run my fingers on her smooth exposed thighs. There was a time when her breathing quickened. Did she have some dirty thoughts about me as well?

I know she finds me attractive, but we met at the very least expected circumstance. She might have agreed with me if I ever invited her. I can see it in her eyes, though she's an expert covering it with her evilly stares.

"Wright?"

"Sorry to wake you up, man."

"Wright, you should have known by now if I'm sleeping or not," I bark.

He laughs. "I know, Hughes. Sorry for disturbing your sleep, but my stupid cousin probably dropped her phone in your car. I tried calling it, but it went to her voicemail."

My lips turn into a smirk. The wheels in my brain start spinning. "Really? Or she did it on purpose."

"I didn't do that on purpose!" she yells.

This call may be on speaker. Of course, she's listening.

"Oh, yeah? How clumsy of you? How could you drop your phone in my car? You could've just said so if you want another ride." But I want you to ride something else.

"I'm not sure if I dropped it in your car or could be somewhere else, idiot!" I can feel her eyes rolling.

Kyland is warning her.

"Do I need to check it now?"

"No no no, but if you happen to find it, just give it to Kyland tonight. Thanks!"

My brow cocks. That's the first time she says something nice. She didn't even thank me for sending her home. She's so pest.

"Wow, that's the best thing I've ever heard from you so far," I reply. It's nearly impossible to hear it from her again so I take the chance to play nice.

"Well, don't expect more." I can hear now the smile in her voice.

"Remember, I have your phone, babe. Unless you want to buy a new one?"

"We're not even sure if my phone is really in your car," she retorts.

"What if it's in there, will you ever be nice to me?" I ask, half-serious.

"If you know how to treat a lady."

My lips spread into a wide smile. This is the first time I have a good conversation with Camila since I met her. It's surprisingly good talking to her without her annoying, sarcastic, and smart big mouth.

"I know how to treat a lady just right. Give me a chance, woman."

"Stop flirting with my cousin, Hughes, or I'll cut your dick off!"

I groan inwardly when I hear Kyland's irritated voice butting in. I forget it's his phone Camila is using to talk to me.

"We are not flirting," Camila snarls.

"Then that's enough. You said what you want. Now, go to bed. I'll give your phone as soon as Hughes hands it to me."

Kyland is a strict and protective sonofabitch. I will be if I am in his position because Camila is attractive and beautiful. I am not wondering why he never brings Camila to the club because I would probably meet her then. But our stars were aligned that night, and now I am in trouble.

Don't expect it, Wright. I already have a plan in my mind.

I can't blame him for being overprotective to Cam. Kyland knows my rep over women, but there is something inside me fills with displeasure. It's freaking the hell out of me.

"Good night, Cam," that's all I have to say. For now.

"See you tonight, man."

I check my car's front seat for Cam's phone. It's indeed here. I grab her it, pressing the power button, but the battery must have been drained. I plug it into my charger and leave it there.

I had dinner with Dad at one of the restaurants owned by King. Just like the usual, Paul Hughes asked about my business. He mentioned if I have a plan on expanding my club. I was thinking about it, but it didn't come up with a real plan.

It's already ten in the evening when I get to my office. I know what I'm doing is not right, but good Lord in heaven bless me with my plan, and I hope it will work.

I place the stacks of paper on my desk; mostly receipts and some order slip for the stocks. I hear a soft knock before I can even start. I huff a large breath and lean back against my chair.

"Come in."

The door swings open, revealing the hot as hell of my cantankerous. She looks good to eat in just a dark pair of skin-tight jeans and a white sleeveless crop top with fuck-me-high heels. Her hair falls down her shoulders in large curls. She has light makeup with a cherry red lip gloss.

I lick my lips absentmindedly in anticipation.

She's in a good mood tonight because she gives me a polite smile, then gets inside, closing the door behind her. She releases a sigh.

"I'm asking someone to clean this room every day. It's germ and mecos free." Camila seems a Latina name, and she probably knows what mecos means.

Her body freezes. Clearly, she's not expecting me to be blunt with her. Now she's with me again. Alone. I can be as blunt as I want to be.

She clears her throat. "I didn't come to judge your office."

Okay?

She surprises me. She seems nicer today or she's just being polite because I have something that belongs to her?

"You disappoint me. I came prepared to hear your bickering, Camila." I smirk. "Have a seat." I gesture to the black leather couch then link my fingers together.

I can see the hesitation in her reaction.

"Do you want me to disinfect that myself?"

She rolls her eyes and finally takes her seat. "Can I have my phone now?" Straight to the point and eager to get herself out of here, I see.

I get it. This is a better idea though because I'm not sure how long can I get ahold of myself to not run my thumb and feel the softness of her tempting lips.

"Does Wright know you're here tonight?"

"Yes, I came with Kill," she says, nodding.

"Can I get you something to drink?"

"No, thanks."

"Why Kill?" I ask out of curiosity.

She gives me a dull look. "When I was a baby I couldn't talk straight like other kids of my age," she starts. "Kyland's name has only two syllables, but I found it difficult to say until I got stuck to calling him Kill."

I can't imagine her being a kid who can't talk straight because if my memory serves right she talked like she was in a political debate. I chuckle and that makes her eyes narrow.

"I just find it hard to believe," I tell her honestly.

"I talk straight by myself, but not until I was six. I start to read books at the age of four, so I read loudly to practice my speech but Kyland's name remained to me as Kill until now."

I admire her determination to talk straight without the help of an expert. I've no doubt they could afford to get a speech-language pathology that time, but perhaps practicing on her own amazed me.

I find myself nodding slowly.

She breaks her gaze on me, looks down, and starts playing the purse in her hand.

My traitor of a cock stirs when my eyes see her licking her lips.

Shit!

A few seconds pass and still, none of us start to talk again.

I clear my throat to break the silence stretching between us because all I can hear is my own breathing and my frantic heartbeat. Our eyes meet for the second time. I know she's nervous, but she wants to take her phone back. But not yet. Let her suffer for a little while—that serves as her punishment for hitting my face.

Her slightly parted lips are tempting, and I want to crush mine into hers so bad that I have to clench my jaw. I wonder how do her lips taste like, like a cherry? Are they soft like how they look right now? How does it feel kissing Camila?

“Pyke?”

I blink and push back the thought of kissing this woman in front of me.

“Yeah.”

“My phone.” Camila extends her hand.

“I don’t have your phone,” I lie.

“What?” she squeals. “Why did you tell Kyland you have it?” Her eyes narrow like a hawk ready to catch its prey.

“Calm down,” I say coolly.

“Calm down? You want me to calm down? I came here expecting to have my phone back, and all you have to say is to calm down? You clearly just wanted to play with me!” Her jaw clenches. Her chest rises and falls. She looks angrier than ever.

Christ!

“Then you should not leave your things unattended, babe.”

“It was not intentional.”

“I bet it wasn’t.”

“You wasted my time. I need to get out from here before I will hit you with my shoe,” she declares, stomping to the door.

“Wait.” I am on my feet before she can grab the doorknob.

“What?”

“Fine. I have your phone.”

Chapter 7

Camila

“What?” Megan and Bianca ask in unison.

“Why would someone give you money? Ten thousand bucks?” Megan asks again, now sitting beside me on the couch with brows drawn together.

We’ve been friends since we started our freshmen in college. I know they will be surprised because who will just throw ten thousand dollars without a catch?

“Cam, stop zoning out. Why would someone offer you money? For what? Is this some kind of scam? Are you going to sell drugs as payment or...” Bianca’s eyes widen in shock. “Is he going to pay you for sex?” She’s already sitting on the coffee table, gripping my knees.

“Will you two stop overreacting. I did not accept the offer.”

They both sigh in relief.

“I mean I haven’t thought and decided, yet.”

They exchange a look—a look as if I’m losing my goddamn mind.

“What’s that supposed to mean, Camila Leigh?” Megan asks.

“It’s huge cash, and I can buy a car, you know.”

It’s disappointing because I am considering his offer, but it feels like I’m selling my soul to the devil if I am going to take it. I’m afraid Kyland will find out where the money comes from. How am I going to tell him?

“Cam, start talking. You’re killing us here. I have millions of ideas spinning in my brain right now. Spill it.” Bianca stands up, shoots me a glare, and crosses her arms over her chest.

“Never mind, forget about it,” I say, waving my hand to cut off this nonsense topic.

They groan in annoyance.

“No, you’re not just going to tell us to forget about it, Cam. Now, you’re going to tell us, or I will ask Kyland and let him ask you instead. Your choice.”

I roll my eyes to Megan’s warning. Kyland will forever lock me in the dungeon if they will say a word about this.

Why do I even start this topic in the first place? Why am I so tempted with that prick's offer?

I was beyond angry when he offered me. I feel so cheap like a whore. I wanted to punch him, but he might sue me if I will hit his gorgeous face again.

Ugh!

I just say his gorgeous. Well, he's undeniably gorgeous, but he's still a jerk.

"Okay, just calm down."

"Just tell us already," Megan says and stands beside Bianca.

"He offered me for a Boudoir photoshoot with him."

"Who?" my friends ask in unison. They look more curious than ever.

"Pyke," I say quietly.

"Pyke!" They yell into my face with wide eyes.

I startle to their reactions. Does this mean they know him?

"How did you meet him? Did you happen to have sex with him? I heard he's huge." Megan giggles.

"Oh, my god, Megan. Get a grip." Bianca sits down and elbows her.

Bianca is beautiful with a gorgeous hourglass figure, blonde hair, and blue eyes. She's brokenhearted once. Her boyfriend broke up with her after taking her virginity. He just wanted to win a bet by sleeping with Bianca in less than a month. It was too late when she found out, and the news spread already all over the campus, and she was beyond humiliated—that was when she decided to not go out on a date again.

"Just saying you know, it's not bad to fantasize."

"He's a whore for God's sake, Meg," I tell her.

"How did he offer?" Bianca focuses her eyes on me.

I tell them how I first met Pyke and how I lost my phone.

"He gave me a phone, and I was so tempted to take it because, duh! It's the latest iPhone model. I can afford to buy, but I will not spend my money on that. I still have no luck in finding a job. I can't let Kyland do all the groceries every day now I can find a decent job." I huff in disappointment. Until now nobody calls me for an interview.

Why am I so poor? I will pamper myself if I will get a job soon. I need to buy a new wardrobe, too. I was thinking of buying something special for Aunt Carissa. My shoulders sag at the thought of not happening anytime soon.

"Why did you not take the phone?" Megan asks, smiling.

"Because he thinks Cam agrees to do a photo shoot with him." Bianca rolls her eyes to Megan.

"No, he thought it was his fault that I lost my phone," I say slowly.

"He feels guilty," Megan giggles. We shoot her a glare.

"Ugh! He's hot." She grins sheepishly. She's right Pyke is living in every woman's fantasy.

"How do you know him?" I ask inquisitively.

"Never heard of him? Ever?" Megan asks, cocking her brow on me. "He's Kyland's boss for years, and you've never met him?"

I shake my head. "Kyland will never allow me to go to the club where he works. He never invited me to meet his friends either."

That's right. He's overprotective and doesn't want to be a bad influence for me. He wants me to finish college without heart troubles. He didn't tell me I wasn't allowed to have a boyfriend, but I chose not to.

"Shut it, Meg. She's a good cousin unlike you, you knew everyone who has a dick." Bianca snorts.

I laugh. "If it's Charlie Hunnam's dick, why not?"

"He's too old for you," Bianca disagrees.

"But not his dick," I reply.

We burst into laughter.

"So, are you considering his offer?" Bianca asks, suddenly turns serious like a big sister.

I take a moment of silence, catching in the middle of considering his offer or turning it down.

"What is he going to do with those photos is the million-dollar question?" Meg asks.

"I'm not against it, Cam. Don't get me wrong, it's an art, but why you?" Bianca brows meet.

I shrug. I don't know the reason either.

“Why not her? She’s a bombshell. She has tits that you begrudged, a pair of long toned legs that could run miles, luscious lips, and not to mention a great ass better than J-lo.” Meg pointed at my body. “Look at her?”

I roll my eyes with her exaggeration. “Meg, B, I’ll think about it. It’s tempting, you know, but I still have three weeks to re-think over and decide. If I will tell him early he will give me the first half of the money.”

“Wow! He’s that serious, huh?” B asks, but she doesn’t look surprised.

“Maybe he likes you girl, he never dated though. I doubt if he offered everyone he banged,” Meg says.

“Well, he doesn’t have to, they will be glad to do it. Pyke didn’t bang Cam, did he?” B asks her.

“What if he will use it against me? I mean some kind of a revenge plot for what I did to him.”

B and Meg laugh at me.

“Seriously? Kyland will kick his ass. Friend or boss, or not, your cousin will not let it go. That guy treats you like a baby sister. I think Pyke likes you as his model. I’ve seen photos like that, and they’re amazing. They’re full of passions, sexy, and sensual,” Bianca says.

“What he’s going to do with it? Sell it to the highest bidder? Hang it on his bedroom wall? Display it at the art gallery?” Meg asks.

“Why not? It will be a beautiful, Meg,” Bianca answers.

“So, should I take it?” I ask looking at them.

They nod.

“That’s a lot of money, and maybe an automotive design is not a good career path for you,” Meg answers.

“And a nude model is my career?” I ask her, arching my brow.

“A model, not a nude model, bitch!” she answers.

“Let’s start the movie, shall we?” I suggest.

“Not until you’ll answer if you sleep with him or not,” Bianca says.

“Do tell, and I want deets,” Meg agrees.

“I told you, we only met three times.”

Their eyes almost pop out from each socket.

"Three times!" they yell.

I roll my eyes. "Seriously, you're giving me early heart problems."

"I don't believe in you nothing happened in that three times." Meg snorts.

"Meg, I don't think she will just hump Pyke because he's hot," Bianca tells her.

Meg laughs. "Did you just agree with me that Pyke is hot?"

"Yeah, now stop laughing at me."

"So, are you done despising men, Ms. Men-are-assholes-and-will-die-with-priapism?" Meg is still laughing at her.

I can't help but laugh with them.

"It's Pyke that we're talking about," she finally agrees.

"I know, right?" I ask.

"Wow, look at our little-goody-Cammy-soon-will-pop-her-cheery," Meg tells Bianca while looking at me, waggling her brows.

"Oh, please not to Pyke. He doesn't deserve your hymen, Cam. I doubt if he will go easy on you, and if he will gonna have sex with a virgin," Bianca says.

My face heats with embarrassment. I can't say anything anymore.

"Who says she's still a virgin? You may not know what she did in high school, B."

I stay silent while they're talking about my sex life like I'm not around. I feel ashamed of myself of not having a sexual experience. I feel disappointed at the same time if Pyke doesn't want a virgin partner.

Why do I feel disappointed? It's not that we have to have sex while we are posing for the photo shoot, right? *Oh, my God!*

"What?" they ask. Did I say it out loud?

"What?" I ask back.

"You just say Oh, my God," Bianca answers.

"Oh, I should pretend like we're enjoying in bed, right?" I ask, demanding answers from them.

They nod.

"Do we have to be both nude?"

"It depends," Bianca answers.

I cover my face with my hands and shake my head simultaneously.

"I don't think I can do it," I declare.

"Do what?"

My body freezes when I hear a voice from the door.

"Kyland," Meg calls my cousin.

"Hey, how are my angels?" Kyland asks cheerfully, touching my shoulder, "You okay, Cam?"

I tilt my head and nod.

"Oh, hey!"

My friends gasp, and my head jerks to the voice at my back.

"Pyke?"

Chapter 8

PYKE

For the first time, Kyland invites me to his apartment—the same apartment he’s sharing with Camila. Just the thought of her makes me edgy.

She turned me down again, twice in a row now. Okay, four times in a row.

She turned me down in a threesome. Honestly, that was a dick move. Secondly, when I met her at the coffee shop. Thirdly, she refused to take the phone that I bought for her. I’m not bribing her into accepting my last offer. I just feel guilty for lying. She didn’t take the bait when I offer her some cash. I can’t decide if I should be impressed or simply pissed off.

I must say, she’s different, but it makes me more determined to win her over. I’m a Hughes for a reason. Hughes never takes no for an answer. Everyone knows that—it runs in the blood.

Surprisingly, I miss her annoying big mouth. It’s been a week since the last time I saw her. I was expecting her to show up and tell me she finally decided to take my offer, but to my dismay, she didn’t. She’s so stubborn and difficult.

I follow Kyland to their small but welcoming living room.

Camila’s eyes grow big when she sees me. She immediately stands up, walking in my direction. Undoubtedly, she’s not expecting me to come with Kyland—I can see the glint of surprise in her eyes.

My heart thuds as she gets closer. This woman is a hot vixen, I admit that. It’s annoying that there is something in me ignites—the excitement just upon hearing her name because this shouldn’t have happened. She’s off-limits to someone like me.

The plan, Pyke! My stupid brain reminds me.

My lips spread into a mischievous grin, but Camila is Camila, instead of saying hi, she welcomes me with a scowl.

She crosses her arms over her chest. “Wow, you must be lost. Pyke Kennan Hughes, it’s not safe for you to be here in this kind of neighborhood. There are too many gangsters lurking around. They can assault you, steal your car, or worse kidnap you for ransom. I can show your way out.”

My smile grows even wider. She amazes me, or is it her clue to talk with me alone? Hmm, interesting.

"Sure," I say, gesturing to their door. I don't think Kyland will risk her safety choosing this apartment if they have a dangerous neighborhood, though their two-bedroom apartment is located on the lower east side of New York, I know Kyland when it comes to her.

"Save the sarcasm, Cam. We already talked about this many times. Be nice to Hughes, and I invited him to come over," Kyland interjects.

"It's okay, man. I want her to show me around. If you don't mind," I tell him.

He nods subtly. "Okay, bring us some pizzas,"

"Sure, any preferred toppings?" I ask. That's when I notice Cam is not alone.

"Oh, hey girls," I greet them, waving at the two girls sitting on the upholstered brown couch. They're attractive, but nothing compares to my cantankerous.

Shit! I just claim her mine.

"I'm Pyke." I extend my hand. A slender with chin bob cut dark hair shakes my hand. She smiles in a flirtatious, but friendly way, but I have my eyes already on someone else.

"I'm Megan, Cam's best friend."

"I'm Cam-T's friend, too."

Her dark brow arches. "Cam-T?"

Camila groans beside me.

"Nice to finally meet the infamous Pyke in person," the tall blonde with hourglass figure says with sarcasm. Her remark tells she knows something about me, and she's not impressed.

"And you are?" I ask, offering my hand.

"The best friend, Bianca." She walks closer and barely shakes my hand like I have a disgusting infectious disease.

"Did we—?" I ask cautiously.

Kyland clears his throat louder than necessary. Okay, I get it, man.

"Just kidding," I say amicably.

"Do you want to join us, guys?" I ask, hoping they will say no.

"You guys can go," Kyland says.

"Let's go, babe," I tell Camila who shoots me a glare in response.

“Be right back, guys.”

“Take care, Cam,” the best friend says more like a warning.

“What are you doing?” she asks firmly as soon as we get inside my car—she doesn’t beat around the bush.

“No hi and good to see you again?” I don’t care if she’s angry for showing up without a warning. I went with Kyland and not to see her. Okay, that’s bullshit. She’s one of the reasons why I go with Kyland.

“If you’re scared that I will tell your cousin about my offer, you have my word. Trust me, I will not tell a soul.” I steal glances at her as I pull my car out to the driveway.

She’s breathing heavily—she’s not so happy to see me unannounced.

“I still don’t get why do you want me to be your female model. You can just hire a professional who has experience in doing such things like that.”

“I still want you and not them. I don’t care about the experience.” I like you, don’t you get that? “It’s only a one-time photo shoot, Camila.”

“Why did you offer me a large amount of cash then?”

I look at her longer when the traffic light turns red. She’s so beautiful than ever with a makeup-free face. The freckles scattering around her nose bridge make looks her fresh and enticing. Her brown eyes are filled with intensity and questions. The more I look at her, the more I’m drowning in her beauty. I heard from Kyland that her mom is half Latina and half American. My mom is half Italian and half American, but I didn’t get Mom’s color.

When is she going to genuinely smile at me? She scowled most of the time.

“It’s not a large amount. I can give you more if that will make you agree.”

Her head snaps at my side, glaring. “I don’t know if either to feel insulted or flattered. No doubt, you came from money, but you can’t buy me for that shoot. Find someone else who is comfortable with you. I’m not the one you’re looking for.”

My hands tightly grip the steering wheel. I swallow the lump in my throat. I break my gaze from her and just focus on the traffic light that will change into a green anytime soon. I try hard controlling the anger that wraps around my system because I feel a loser and desperate, and to be honest, I am desperate. And I find this is more than just a bet.

I hate rejection. I'm used to getting whatever I want. I work hard for it, but this woman challenges me more each day—more than what my father did to me. I have only less than three weeks to execute my plan—I'm definitely running out of time.

"If I will offer you less would you take it?" I ask quietly.

"Still no."

"A job?"

She looks at me intently. "A job?"

"Yeah, a job, work, position."

"I know what job means, Pyke. I'll think about it."

I chuckle, glancing at her, "What is your dream job, Camila?" I ask with sincerity.

"I want to design a car, either exterior or interior, but I need a job even as a salesperson right now." Ah, desperate, Camila.

"I will not allow you to work as a salesperson."

Her brows meet.

Shit! I sound like an overprotective and possessive boyfriend.

"I mean why would you take a job as a salesperson if you have a better opportunity to work as a designer?" Kyland mentioned that Camila just graduated from college with automotive design.

"I've been searching for jobs. I passed tons of resumes but none of them have replied to me because I don't have experience." She desperately needs a job I get that, but I can't let her be a salesperson. Men will take her instead of a car.

Fuck! I can't imagine her flirting with men. Sick curls inside my stomach.

"I have connections, Camila, but how can I contact you if you don't have a phone?" My inner self celebrates. Good move, Pyke!

"I have a phone at home."

I chuckle, shaking my head. She's so stubborn. I open the glove compartment and grab the box, handing it to her.

"Take it. That's for you, without a hidden agenda," I tell her. "And don't tell me you can't take it or you will pay me later. Consider that as a gift."

We arrive at the pizzeria. I park my car and look at her checking out the box.

Her lips curve into a smile then wider until it reaches into a full grin. Fuck me if she's not stunning. I don't realize I'm smiling until my facial muscles ache.

"You should smile more often. You're beautiful." I open my door not waiting for her reply. I might not like what she's going to say back.

I walk to her side to open her door, but she's already getting out. I never did like this before for anyone, only for Mom and my cousins, but I don't know why I'm doing this and suddenly become a gentleman.

"Thanks," she mutters.

"For the door?"

She looks up at me. "Both?"

I can't contain my smile anymore. My heartbeat never calms a little bit, and it continues to freak me out.

"You're welcome." I pushed the door open for her.

The smell of dough, herbs, and spices makes my mouth water, adding to that are the smell of melted cheese, fresh tomato sauce, basil, and olives. My stomach almost grumbles.

I scan the Italian inspired room for us to find an empty booth. We can get something to munch on while waiting for our pizza to be done. My hand instantly places on her back before my brain can process what I am doing. I feel my fingers tingle at the contact. The sensations send right to my aching cock. I groan internally. Not right now, dude. *Please, not now.*

"Let's take a seat here," I tell her when we find a table for four. She immediately grabs a chair—the same chair I have my hand on. My hand touches hers, and as cliché, as it sounds my body reacts to our skin contact.

She freezes and gasps enough that I can hear. Instantly, my body heats at the boiling point.

I pull my hand back. "I'm sorry." I even clear my throat as it gets raspy.

"It's okay," she mumbles, taking a sit.

"Pyke!"

Chapter 9

Camila

He's not bad as I thought he was, but still, the flirtiness and cockiness are his best charms. He doesn't leave me alone without a single remark. He's also funny and cheerful.

I want to consider his offer, and he's right, it's only a one-time photo shoot then I will have ten thousand bucks in my account.

"What took you two so long?" Kyland asks as I place three boxes of pizza into our small granite kitchen island.

"I'm sorry, man. We bumped into Xandry at the pizzeria," Pyke answers, placing two plastic bags beside the pizza boxes.

"Why did you not invite him over?"

"I didn't bother him. What is he doing in the neighborhood anyway?" Pyke smirks that something the two of them will understand.

"Uh, I got it," Kyland murmurs.

My brows meet, but I remain silent. I start opening the cupboard to take some plates, then I walk to our round table.

Bianca comes over, giving me an inquisitive look. "Need help, Cam?"

"Later, B."

We decide to watch *The Other Woman* after our late lunch causing Pyke and Kyland to release a disapproval groan in unison.

"Why don't we watch a football match instead?" Pyke suggests.

I look at him who is sitting on a single sofa from my left. "I'm not a fan."

His brow cocks. "Really? But your voice is louder than the stadium."

"But your assholeness is worse than the Super Bowl, Pyke Kennan!"

"Did you google my name?"

"Like I will waste my time."

"Wow, how did you know then?"

“Why does it matter?”

“You’re interested in me.”

“I should have—” I pause and look at Kyland who is now glaring at me. Meg and Bianca are doing the same. Why are they all on his side?

“Should have what?” Pyke asks and stands up. He gestures for me to move and give him a space on the couch. My body follows before I think that he wants to sit beside me.

“Are we going to watch this goddamn movie or you two will continue bickering?” My cousin’s annoying tone makes me stop.

“Play that damn thing, and let’s watch,” Pyke agrees.

“It’s a movie, and not a damn thing, Pyke,” Meg barks. She’s a Rom-com fan. Bianca and I love romantic movies and cry our eyes out when the leads go separate ways.

“Sorry to hurt your feelings, babe, but that movie is trash,” Pyke retorts.

“That’s harsh!” I say, hitting his thigh.

“Whoa! You’re not only a cantankerous but also abusive!” His eyes widen, glittering with humor.

I ignore his lips spreading into a smile and focus my eyes on the TV screen when the introduction starts to roll. It’s hard to concentrate especially now he’s sitting beside me.

“Good to know you like kinky,” he whispers into my ear.

Goosebumps start crawling up my skin. My heart hammers in my chest to feel his warm breaths caressing the sensitive area on my neck.

“I’ll make some popcorn,” Kyland volunteers and walks toward the kitchen.

Bianca raises her hand. “Let me help.”

“I need to pee.” Megan stands up. Seriously, Meg? Her excuse makes my brow lift.

“Do I need to pause the movie?”

“No need. It won’t take long,” Bianca answers.

Pyke looks around then speaks, “Think about my offer, Camila.”

I look at him. Something flickers in his eyes. Anticipation? “Just give me time, okay?”

“Okay.” He beams at me—so breathtaking.

“Just don’t tell anyone,” I whisper.

"You have my word."

"What are you going to do with that?"

"I'll hang it on the wall," he answers, rolling his eyes. "I thought it's cool to have a picture with a woman."

"But why me?"

"You asked that many times, and I answered that I like you." His answer makes me look at him in the eyes.

"What I mean I like you to be the woman with me in a photograph," he corrects. His throat bobs as he swallows.

God, even his throat is sexy. What's wrong with me?

"But I don't like you." That's not entirely true. I mean let's face it, he's a very attractive guy, but he's a playboy. There is nothing wrong to admire a playboy, right?

"You will like me, Camila." His gaze pins on me, heat flickers in his eyes. "Sooner, you will end up being mine."

My heart thunders. My breathing quickens with the word 'mine'. He travels his eyes down to my lips, and I swallow hard and have to avert my gaze to the TV screen.

Don't fall for his charm, Cam. He's not good for you.

"Sit straight, Pyke. You're heavy." I push his shoulder away when he leans his body on me.

"Shush, I'm watching."

"No, you're not."

"Babe, just watch, okay?" He rests his head against my shoulder.

Meg silently comes back to her seat. Bianca's giggling from the kitchen makes me tilt my head.

"Don't move, and leave them alone." Pyke holds my arm.

It feels good. His warmth envelops me. My entire body screams with anticipation. My heartbeat accelerates. I let my gaze wander down at his beautiful face—he's right, he's watching—eyes focus on the screen.

I bite my bottom lip to stifle the moan to the sensation of his strong hand against my skin—it tingles and tensed. I can feel his thumb slowly caressing my skin in a circular motion. My breathing

almost turns into a panting, and I want to close my eyes so bad and just concentrate on the feelings he's giving me. My inner thighs clench as heat floods right to my core.

I just stare blankly at the screen. My brain fogs at the simple touch he does. This man clearly knows what he's doing and knows how it affects. I'm seriously on fire—ready to explode with heat.

"What are you two doing?" Kyland's voice startles me in surprise.

"Nothing!" I squeal, sounding as if someone has caught my hand in the cookie jar, and already push Pyke away from me.

"Ouch, woman!" Pyke reacts, chuckling.

Kyland laughs, and I don't know what's funny there. He just catches Pyke and I pressed together and yet, he is laughing.

"Pyke likes doing that. He's a sweet boy, Cam, isn't he? He leans on me, too, on everyone even Xandry or his cousins," Kyland sits down with a big bowl full of popcorn on his hand.

Bianca places down another bowl full of tortillas on the coffee table.

He did that because he used to it? A little pang of disappointment hits my chest. I thought he did it because he wanted to touch me. I'm so stupid. Everything he does seems to get stuck in my head easily. This has to end.

"Oh, I like that part," Megan cuts the tension, glancing at me. Her eyes are telling me something that I don't get it.

"What?" I mouth, and stand up when she mouths the word 'room'.

"Where are you going, babe?" Pyke asks.

"Don't babe me," I say through gritted teeth. I assume and make myself believe that he likes touching me.

I stomp to my room and Megan follows. She locks the door as soon as she gets inside.

"You like him." Meg grips my arms.

I swallow hard, surprised at what she blurted out.

"No, I hate him!" I know and she probably knows it's a lie.

"Don't you dare lie to me, Cam. He likes you, too."

I chuckle at the absurdity, "He likes everyone has tits and pussies."

She barks out laughing, throwing her head back. "I never thought you have this dirty mouth, Cam. He's already influencing my innocent best friend."

"No, he isn't. My mouth has been dirty since I was a kid, but I have no reason to say something naughty."

"I know you're turned on by his touch, Cam. You love it, and don't you dare deny it."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I still deny despite her warning, and my face flushes with embarrassment.

"Don't feel embarrassed. That's normal. He's hot as hell, and I can see that he's into you. And his body language—he practically screams he likes you"

I touch my face—it's warm. No, it feels hot.

"It's obvious. You're wet!" She laughs again.

My hand instantly covers her mouth. She's still shaking as she tries to control her laughter. The more she does that, the more I feel mortified.

"Don't say that, Meg, and you don't know anything. They could have heard you," I warn, taking my hand off of her mouth.

"They can't hear us," she whispers.

Ugh! This is the most awkward conversation I've ever had.

"Your reactions are too obvious when he's touching your arm, Cam. I've been watching you there. What more if he touches your clit?" she teases, waggling her brows.

My eyes widen in shock to her bluntness. Involuntarily, my thighs press together to the thought of Pyke touching me down there.

"Or how does it feels when his head between your legs?" she teases more.

"How would I know?" My lips dry instantly. My body burns with heat that I think I can light up at any moment.

"You should start cleaning those cobwebs. Do you wax? It's better than shaving. It's smooth like a baby butt."

"Stop, stop," I whisper. "I'm not gonna sleep with him. Never ever. Did you forget he's a manwhore?"

"He is, but it's just sex. If you wanna lose your V-card then he is the right candidate. He's hot and does an unforgettable one-night stand, then he walks away and forgets after that."

It hurts hearing the last part, but it's him. He's Pyke, and that's what he does. F & F. Fuck and forget.

"Does he even consider having sex with a virgin like me, Meg?"

"So, you're considering sleeping with him?"

My shoulders droop. "Will he sleep with me even he's Kyland's friend?"

"Of course, it's a one-time thing. After that, you both go separate ways."

"Don't you think things will get awkward between us when Kyland is around? I'm sure there is a chance that we might bump into one another."

"It will only be awkward if you two will make things awkward." She rolls her eyes. She has a point.

I blow a breath before getting outside my room, then take a seat beside Pyke again.

"What took you so long? You missed the best part of the movie," Pyke says.

"I don't see you watching a Rom-com. Does it deflate your ego? Or degrade your playboy-assholeness image?"

"I used to watch movies with my girls," he says casually.

My stomach lurches. The image of him on threesomes pop into my head that makes me cringe.

"My cousins, babe," he mumbles.

"I don't care."

"I watched Rom-com movies with my cousins Lizzy and Saph, and my cousin's fiancée, Kiara."

The movie credit finally rolls up. I don't understand anything in that movie other than the cheater husband loses his wife, money, and breaks his nose into the glass wall he thinks doesn't exist.

"Wright!" Pyke yells beside me. "I'll take Camila to the car show."

My head snaps to Pyke then to Kyland.

"Sure. She'll love it."

"Wait, what?"

"I'll take you to the car show," he says, pulling me into a tight hug.

Chapter 10

PYKE

“What the fuck was all about back there, Xandry?” I grab his front shirt and push him against the wall strong enough that knocks the air out of his lungs. What he did in front of Camila is unacceptable.

“Whoa! Calm down. I was just messing with you.” He raises his hands up.

We’ve been like brothers since we were just kids. If he ever crosses the line again I will not think twice to punch him and break a bone or two of his face. Thank, God, he got the message that I’m trying to send him back there.

Taking a deep breath, I release him.

“I was not gratified with what you did back there. She could’ve had suspected what was that all about.” I release an exasperating sigh.

“So, that’s her, huh?” He cocks his brow and curves his lips into an infuriating smirk. His words give a painful lurch in my stomach.

“Don’t, Xandry,” I warn him.

“Don’t what?” His smile grows wider.

“I know what’s in that sick mind of yours. Don’t you fucking get near her if you value our family.”

He barks into a laugh, slapping my arm playfully. “What happened to I’ll-bang-you-for-tonight-only, cousin, huh? Turning into a pussy?” he jokes.

“No, douchébag. She’s Kyland’s cousin.”

“No, she’s not. You’re joking, right?” Xandry’s face turns pale with wide eyes. He shakes his head in disbelief.

“I’m serious. I don’t even know what I put myself into. We should stop this. Forget about this stupid bet. This will not do us any good,” I say fishing out the keys from my pocket.

“You cannot turn down the bet anymore, Pyke. It’s too late for you to back out,” he says with a clenched jaw.

“Fine, but don’t you dare touch her. Do you fucking understand me?” I warn, glaring at him.

There is something going on in his fucking mind, and it terrifies me, but I'm going to figure it out before I will regret not doing it. I've known him since we were kids and I know exactly how his mind works.

"A deal is a deal," he demands. "By the way, she's hot. Threesomes would be awesome."

"Fuck you! Get the fuck away from here before I'm going to break your jaw!"

I wanted to punch him so badly that makes my chest tighten with anger, but everyone will suspect why I punch my asshole of a cousin.

"Good luck, Pyke!" He laughs as he walks down the hallway.

The club will not open for the next hour. I decide to come early to check some paper works, but he already ruined my night.

What is he up to? He won't dare do whatever he's planning in his playful mind because I don't give a shit even if he's my cousin if he ever double-crosses me.

"So, is she the girl?" Xandry's devilish smirk spreads across his lips as he gives Camila a scrutinizing looked from head to toe.

"Xandry, don't," I warn. My nervousness tickles in my belly.

"You're gonna lose, man," Xandry hints.

"Shut up." I grit my teeth.

"What is he talking about?" Camila butts in. She must have noticed the tensions between Xandry and me.

"It's nothing, Camila."

She doesn't look satisfied with my answer though.

"Why don't you tell her, Pyke? You two seemed already close" he teases.

"About?" Cam asks.

"It's nothing. Don't listen to him. He's just being an ass." I hope she drops it because I know for sure she's not going to like what she's about to hear if she keeps on prying.

Xandry is going to pay for this. I don't even notice my knuckles already turn white.

My older brother Parker emerges from the door when it swings open. I'm like his doppelganger. Sometimes people think we are twins.

“sup, bro? Why are you here?” My lips spread into a wide smile.

Parker pulls me into a brotherly hug. “Can’t I visit and see my little brother?” He smiles back and sits down the couch, spreading his arms wider over the back pillow.

“I thought you’re busy with your woman.” I sit back on my desk.

Parker is my polar opposite. He’s a relationship type of guy and he’s dating a restaurateur Emily Bates for almost a year. She makes Parker happier than ever. It’s sick to see someone who falls in love and looks at his girlfriend like a priceless artifact.

“About that,” he seems hesitant, but he continues, “I need your help.”

“What kind of help?” I quickly ask.

“Um, Mom and Dad don’t have any idea about this.” He rubs his hands against his jeans then rubs the back of his neck.

Why is he nervous?

“Spill it, bro. What is going on? Is she pregnant?” I ask inquisitively.

He freezes.

“You knocked-up your girlfriend, and now you’ll ask me to come with you and choose the most precious gem on the planet for her engagement ring, right?” I bark out into a laugh.

He silently nods, releasing a sigh.

“I thought you love each other like nothing can separate the both of you. So, what’s wrong?” My smile fades.

“She’s not ready to be a mom,” he pauses, “I told her I will give her everything. I will support our kid, and I even mentioned marriage, but she didn’t like the idea. She said marriage is not the answer to her pregnancy.” He needs advice, I get it, but he comes to the wrong person.

He rubs his hands on his face. “She came from a broken family, you know that, Pyke. I can’t blame her though. We didn’t plan on this, but I swear to Go, I am happy and love the idea of her having my baby in her womb. I don’t know what to do. I don’t know how to convince her.”

“Give her time, bro. She’s just shocked to find out she’s pregnant. Just stay with her, and all she needs right now is your comfort. Just support her whatever she decides.” I’ve never been in a situation like this, but I can feel the desperation in his voice.

“You surprise me, brother. For someone who had never been in a relationship, you give a good shit of advice,” he chuckles.

"I may be an asshole, but I love women in general." I laugh. That's right, I love my mom to death. I love my cousins and my friends. But a relationship is not just my thing.

"Never heard of protections, Parker?" I waggle my brows.

"I suggested to stop using condoms, and she's already on a pill. She must have missed a day or two when we traveled to Italy," he explains.

I nod slowly, tapping my finger on my chin. "She feels guilty. Emily thought she did that on purpose—in getting her knocked-up."

Parker's head snaps at me. "You think so?"

"You never thought of that, Parker? For a guy like you who had been in many relationships, you suck," I joke.

He stands up, squeezes me into another hug, and kisses my cheek.

"That's gross." I wrinkle my nose, wiping the area where he kissed me.

He just grins. "I don't know what I'm going to do without you, bro. I dearly love you. I still remember helping mom changing your diaper," he says in a dreamy tone.

"You're welcome. And stop it or I will not help you again when your heart is in trouble, big brother."

He genuinely laughs. "I hope you'll find your woman soon, Pyke. It feels like heaven when you're balls deep in her hot pussy." His mood suddenly lights up.

"I love my cock balls deep in hot pussies with protections, Parker. I don't want to knock-up someone, then what? I'm going to be a dad. I can't stomach the thought of impregnating someone." I wince at the thought of having someone knocked-up with my sperm, but thinking of my dick buried deep in Camila's pussy makes my body vibrate with excitement.

"What?" Parker asks.

"Nothing."

"Sure? Did you start dating now? What did I miss, bro?"

"Nothing has changed, Park. I'm still the same. I'm happy with my life. I don't think I will survive with the same pussy for a week what more for a month or a whole year." I feel like a complete asshole. I didn't have sex for ten days now, but I survived and not having trouble with my dick in my pants. It's weird though.

"I should probably go and check Emily."

“Isn’t she staying with you?”

“Yup, but she was asking for space, and she’s back in her apartment two days ago.”

“Two days? And you can’t stay away from her?” I laugh.

“You’ve never been in love, asshole. So, don’t laugh at me. When the table turns, I will laugh my ass out at you.” He slaps my shoulder.

“Don’t give your hopes high. That day will never come, bro.”

“It will, brother, and be prepared to be pussy-whipped.” He laughs, walking to the door. As he about to grab the doorknob, he pauses, “When you fall, you’re worse than me. Trust me, Pyke.”

His words echo in my mind while I stand still in my place.

Damn it, Parker!

Chapter 11

Camila

A week passed like a blur. Pyke did his promise pulling out his connection for my job. I did a job interview yesterday at the GhostRides Customs Shop. It ranked second in New York Auto Magazine last year. Their customers are mostly celebrities and rich kids.

Mr. Aaron Gray, the owner, and CEO of the shop who interviewed me is around Pyke's age or maybe a few years older, but he's also a good-looking guy with chocolate brown hair and hazel eyes. His build is a little bulkier than Pyke, and a few inches shorter than him.

Why am I comparing them?

To my dismay, Pyke didn't reply to my text after sending him a thank you message. I know it's not a big deal for him. I just can't help but feel a little disappointed. My finger itches to dial his number since he already programmed his number in my phonebook.

I haven't decided on the shoot, and there is a possibility that he changes his mind.

"No luck?" Bianca asks, taking the flowers from the florist.

We decide to take a walk around the flower market since it's Saturday and Bianca loves flowers. When she invited me to visit her family in their hometown, I was surprised to see bouquets of flowers in every corner of their house like there was a special occasion.

"Luck?" I steal a glance at her as we walk down the sidewalk of the flower market. This place is like a small paradise with heavenly scents coming from the fresh flowers.

"Did he reply?"

I know exactly who she's asking. "Why would he do that?"

I could have ten thousand dollars in my account right now if I didn't play hard to get. I think he already found a real model to replace me.

"Try calling him and tell him you made your decision, Cam. That's the right thing to do." Bianca never pushes me to do something, but she seems pretty confident that accepting Pyke's offer is the right decision I make.

"Do you think it's a good idea? What if he will tell me the offer is over? What if he doesn't want to do it anymore?"

"No more what-ifs, just do it."

"I don't need money anymore, B. I'm going to have a job," I lie.

I'm not sure if I will get the job, and I need money. My car won't last long, it's been in and out of the shop a couple of times. I think it's already a spot in the junk.

"Oh, come on, swallow that pride. You need that money. Let's face it you need to buy clothes for your new job and you need a new car. Who works in the car custom shop with a car older than you?" Bianca is right.

I push the coffee shop glass door open. My body freezes when I see the man that we were just talking about seconds ago. My stomach flips with what I see just a few feet away from me.

Pyke is sitting in the booth beside the window with a petite redhead across the table. They seem so engrossed in their conversation. So, that's it, huh? She must be his new model or the flavor of the day. Just by the look of her back, she seems pretty.

"Let's get out of here, B." I step back, grabbing Bianca's hand.

"What's wrong with this?"

"Let's find another shop."

"There is no nearest coffee shop around here," Bianca complains.

"Let's get out of here, please. I'll tell you later." I drag her away from the door before I catch attention and stride quickly away from the shop.

"Okay, you can let go of my hand now."

"Babe!"

My feet grow heavier as I stand still rooting to the ground when I hear the masculine voice that I missed for a week. There is a hint of surprise in his tone. And is it a joy that I'm hearing? My heart thunders in my chest. He did not call me, right?

"Camila?"

So, it's me.

"Cam, he's calling you." Bianca talks, pinching my fingers.

I turn around, clear my throat, and lick my dry lips. "P-Pyke."

A whimper escapes my mouth when a body crashes into me in a huge and strong embrace. I inhale an expensive perfume—a mix of musk and mint—the same scent that I smell in that car. His car.

Before I can hug him back, the body that makes me shiver, makes me warm, makes my heart thunders, and makes me lose in my own world is suddenly gone.

“Why did you run away?” he asks in a demanding tone.

My eyes lock with the bluest-grayest eyes I’ve ever seen—they glitter with warm and dancing with playfulness. I’m silently overwhelmed by his presence.

“Um, we changed our mind. We thought we could find another shop, right, Bianca?” I say, hitting Bianca’s arm and hopefully, she will play along.

I turn my attention back to Pyke and that’s when I notice the same woman talking to him in the coffee shop.

My impression is right—she’s gorgeous with the greenish eyes I’ve ever seen. She has the classic beauty with freckles all over her face that has no intention of covering with foundation. Her natural red curly hair and red dress make her more stunning.

She genuinely smiles at me—not the fake smile that tends to be a jealous girlfriend.

“Hi, I’m Kiara.” She offers her hand.

I swallow as I look down at her hand still hanging in the air.

She must have noticed my hesitation. “I’m not his girlfriend. This idiot here is my husband’s cousin,” she says with a laugh and grabs my hand for a handshake.

“Oh, he’s not my boyfriend either. We’re not even friends.” I smile timidly. “Not even close,” I add.

“I forced him to come with me. We checked a flower shop in that corner.” Pointing to the same building as the café. “I’m planning to add some flowers to my husband’s grand mother’s greenhouse,” she adds.

“So, did you find something you like?” I feel a hand on my back. I even forget Bianca is with me.

“Oh, this is my best friend, Bianca.”

Bianca waves her hand to Kiara and cocks her brow to Pyke, and he gives her wink.

“Why don’t you and Bianca come over and join us for a cup of coffee?” Kiara suggests. She seems friendly and sincere.

I shake my head. “Thanks for inviting us, but we really have to go. We just came here to buy flowers.” Aren’t we all are? Poor excuse. I squeeze Bianca’s hand harder. “Nice to meet you, Kiara.”

“Pyke.” Kiara looks at him.

He just shrugs. I think it's our cue to leave. He recognized me back there because I'm his employee's cousin and nothing more.

"We should probably go, guys." I smile at her one more time without looking at Pyke again.

My limbs shake as I silently walk away with Bianca.

Damn it!

Damn you, Pyke!

Why do I have to think about him? I try thinking about the hottest actors from Marvel's Universe, but they don't affect me the way Pyke does. Just his smile can solve the Chechen-Russian conflict.

I pick up my phone. Correction his charity phone.

C: Are you up?

Bianca reply seconds later

B: Yup. Sup?

C: Can't sleep.

B: Watch a movie or read a book.

I roll my eyes because she knows I don't read books a lot.

C: You suck.

B: Stop overthinking.

C: What makes you think I'm overthinking something?

B: Well, first, you never disturbed me at times like this and you always call me and not text me. Second, you never talked after what happened earlier, and lastly, don't regret whatever decision you made. That's what good for you.

C: Thanks, I guess. I love you, B.

B: You're welcome, Cam. I love you. Now, go to sleep.

B: He's an ass.

I smile, putting back my phone on my nightstand and close my eyes.

My eyes abruptly open when I hear the doorbell rings. Did Kyland forget his key? How did he drive without his key?

I stand up from the bed and lazily drag my ass to the door. I curse silently when I see through the peephole. Huffing a breath, I open the door wider.

"What do you want?" I ask a little harsher.

"Look at me in the eyes when you are talking to me, Camila," he says with an authoritative tone.

My gaze meets his. He looks more rugged and rough. His feature is firm but sexy. His gaze alone can cut me in half with its intensity.

"You don't have the right to tell me what to do. I'm not your employer. What the hell are you doing here? Didn't Kyland report to work tonight?"

"I didn't come for Kyland."

"Well, we don't have a business to discuss. Good night, Pyke." holding the door handle and plan on closing the door right into his face.

"Camila, listen to me." His strong voice turns raspy.

My gaze lock with his magnetic but sad blue-gray eyes.

Is he okay? I almost gasp at his sudden changes of emotion, but sometimes looks can be deceiving.

"I'm not interested in what you're about to say, Pyke. Just go."

He clenches his jaw and narrows his eyes on me. "You're being stubborn and difficult, babe." He sighs exasperatingly.

"You can't just show your ass up here uninvited, Hughes. After you ignored me for the whole week and didn't reply to my text, what do you expect me to do? Welcome you with open arms? I got it, you help people giving them jobs, but even a simple you're welcome you can't reply back? This morning you called me and hugged me in front of your cousin's wife, then you just shrugged off. I understand she doesn't know about your plan and I'm just one of your cousin's employees, but you shouldn't have done that in the first place."

"Are you done talking? You talk a lot for a small woman like you." A smirk forms on his lips.

I want to slap his lips hard to erase that killer smirk.

"I'm done talking, you may leave now," I say dismissively.

"Did you hear my side? That's the reason why am I hear—to explain."

My eyes narrow. “About what?”

“If you are not being snobbish, stubborn, and difficult we don’t have a problem.”

“I don’t get you.”

“I was in France with my family. My cousin Bash married Kiara—the woman you met earlier. We spent a week in Paris and Greece. I can’t believe Wright didn’t mention this to you.”

“Why are you telling me this?”

“Why are you mad at me?”

“Who said I’m mad at you?”

“Then why are you running away from me?”

“What makes you think I am running away from you?”

“Then why are you so pissed at me?”

I can’t decide if I should tell him, or what should I tell him exactly?

“See? That. Is it because you thought I ignored your text? I was planning on meeting you, but I don’t know how since Wright has no idea about my offer. Are you going to accept it now or not? Or you haven’t decided it yet until now?”

I shrug. I want to say yes, but I don’t know how am I going to react in front of the camera while Pyke is naked on top of me. Does he have to be naked?

“I get it.” He runs his fingers through his hair and nods slowly.

“I’ve never done that before,” I say shyly.

“Just trust me, babe.”

Chapter 12

PYKE

Camila's eyes mesmerize as we walk inside the showroom of the annual New York Sports Car Show. Car enthusiasts start inspecting the different car models—either customized and debut ones.

"Oh, my God, Pyke! A McLaren 570s coupé race-bred dynamics with a 3.8 litre, twin-turbocharged technology, V-eight cylinder engine with a seven-speed transmission, constructed with carbon fiber with a maximum speed of 124mph in 9.5 seconds." Her hand grips my left arm tighter in excitement.

I smile.

"Don't you know that Bruce McLaren was a race car designer, engineer, and inventor? At age of 14 he started joining in a racing competition," she adds enthusiastically.

There is nothing else sexier than a woman who's fond of cars.

Cameras flash in every corner of this huge venue. From TV to magazine reporters are conducting their interviews with the new endorser of the Jaguar F-TYPE coupé. Some celebrities and people from the upper east side are checking around.

"Babe, I will kiss you to shut you up if you will not stop talking about a person who is already dead." I look down at her red pouty lips, down to her cleavage. She wears a golden sweetheart-cut above the knee-length dress. She's literally glittering under the venue lighting.

She rolls her eyes. "I came with you because of cars."

"Ouch, babe. You just hurt my feelings." I place my hand over my chest, faking a grimace.

Photographers come to take a look at the white McLaren in front of us. An early-thirties blond-man with a camera strap around his neck comes closer.

"Mr. Hughes, would you mind if I take pictures of this car with your date?" he asks politely.

I look at Camila's reaction. She smiles sweetly at the man in front of us. There is nothing flirty in her smile, but it still stings my heart twistedly.

"Sure." I simply nod at the photographer. "Go, babe, let him take a picture," I tell Camila. Why not if that makes her happy?

"Are you sure?" she asks for my approval.

“Yes.” I nod, giving her a genuine smile.

Camila shows her killer grin then walks to the car with confidence. A woman wearing a tight red dress smiles at Camila as she approaches. She sits in the driver’s seat. Her feet with five inches white stilettos still on the floor.

My jaw clenches as I try controlling my cock from stirring. I breathe deeply when I feel the heat rushes through my system. She fixes her wavy hair to her left side shoulder, then places her hand on the steering wheel while the other is on the car’s door frame.

Camila can be a perfect car model. She smiles seductively as the photographer starts clicking. She looks magnificent as ever when the camera flashes on her.

My cock stirs when she looks in my direction. My hands are already balled into fists in my pants pockets, trying to control the effect of the gaze she’s throwing to me. She does that on purpose. Her eyes are flooded with joy and gratitude, but what affects me most is the captivating eyes that taunt me every day, and every night before I sleep.

How can I take my eyes off of her when she’s hot as fuck and gorgeous as hell?

I’m doomed! The downfall of the mighty Pyke is near.

“So, she’s the girl.” A deep baritone voice and warm breath tickle my ear.

“What are you talking about, Bash?” I don’t need to turn around to see who whispers.

“Well, my wife never stopped talking about Cam girl since you two went to the flower market,” my cousin, Bash answers.

“K is a nosy little thing, isn’t she?” I give Bash a brotherly hug.

His smile widens, eyes twinkle like a boy on Christmas morning. He’s so damn happy marrying his childhood best friend. They’re already expecting a child.

“Answer me, Pykie.” Fuck! how I hate that nickname. Only that bitch called me this disgusting name. Bash knows that it pricks me to hear it, and that’s why he does that on purpose.

“She’s only here because she’s fascinated with cars,” I answer flatly.

“Is that all? And you have to call Gray for a job? Never heard you helping someone before. Why Gray though?” he asks again, eyes still on Camila. She’s busy talking to the photographers and the woman in a red dress.

“She needs a job, that’s all.” My muscles tighten with anger.

"You know I don't trust Gray. You can pull our other connections." Bash will know the reason why I helped Camila to get a job if I asked him.

Aaron Gray has a reputation for women. The rumors said Gray torture women for sex. I don't really believe any of that shit.

Camila works in the designs and she doesn't have to meet Gray every day. He's L.A based anyway.

"I'll call the 4X4 Gear. Let her resign from her job at GhostRides. She will be safer there than with Gray." His strong voice tells me that he's serious.

My blood rushes to my ear. "Why are you doing this?" My voice sounds defensive. I know he won't stop asking until he gets what he wants.

"That's not all that I'm gonna ask, Pykie, and that's not what Xandry had only told me."

My head snaps to my cousin. "What the fuck did he exactly tell you?" I demand.

"What is going on with you and Xandry?"

"Nothing." I shrug. "What's going with me and Xandry?" Irritation creeps in my voice. A clearing of voice on my side makes me release a shaky breath.

"Bash, meet Camila," I tell Bash, ignoring the tense in my nerves. "Camila, this is my cousin, Kiara's husband, Bash."

Bash reaches out his hand to Camila. "Nice to meet you, Camila. My wife talked about the brunette she met in the flower market," he says, looking at me with a mischievous smile. "She's right, you're beautiful, no wonder Pyke ran out from the coffee shop to follow you..." Bash trails off. This asshole is having fun annoying me.

"Your wife is gorgeous. Congratulations!" A red tinge blossoms on her face.

"Thanks! So, do you like that car?" Bash asks her, pointing at the white MacLaren.

Camila's face lights up. "Oh, that's gorgeous." She smiles at Bash.

"Why do you like cars? Girls are supposed to like fancy clothes, diamonds, and—"

Camila waves her hand. "Well, I'm not like those girls," she says with a little emphasis on those girls.

My brow cocks.

Bash laughs, clearly, amused with her. If he's not married, and I trust him I might push him against the car and give him helluva of a punch.

"I love watching car racing shows on TV. I haven't seen a live car racing event though. My cousin's Dad work as a mechanic in an auto shop before he died. One time, he took us with him and showed us how they worked. Kill picked up wrenches and nuts while I walked to the man taping the hood of the car for designs. That's how I started my fascination for cars," she says with full of passion.

Why is it easy for her to share her life with someone she just meets? While she never talked to me the way she did to Bash.

They high five in front of me. That's not it, they walk together to the displayed car, leaving me alone like I don't exist. Ache shudders through my heart.

Goddamn it!

"Pyke, let me show you around." A tall blonde with red fuckable lips gives me a charming smile. I can press her into any wall in a heartbeat, but there is something inside me that stops me from doing so.

"Thanks, but I pass. I already have an eye for a ride." I hope she's not so dumb not to get what I mean.

"I've got a good ride," she purrs, playing the edge of my suit's collar.

"Trust me, I've got a better ride." My cock never shows interest. I like to fuck blonde, but now I doubt myself, and my interest somewhat changes.

She starts rubbing her hands against my chest shamelessly. No effect. She Presses her D cup size against my chest—still no effect.

"We are in a public place, sweetheart," I say as her perfume reaches my nostrils.

I love a woman who smells good. It fucking turns me on. If she did this before I met Camila, I already ditch this event or I don't even care if we are in a public place—she's already pressed against the hood of my car.

"We'll enjoy each other though," she mumbles, biting her bottom lip.

Interesting!

I scan the crowd. The place is jump packed but I still find the woman I want to do with like this.

Our gazes collide; her hawk-like glares can cut me into two. A smirk curves up my lips when she stiffens and swallows hard from afar.

"Excuse me, I need to get my girl." Taking off the hands of this woman in front of me, I march to Camila without breaking eye contact.

She drops her gaze as soon as I get closer to her.

“Take care of your girl. I like her, Pyke.” Bash meets me halfway, clapping his hand on my shoulder.

“You’re leaving?” I ask him.

“Yeah. She’s funny, and I see that she likes you, too,” he says, waggling his brows.

“I doubt that, and I never said I like her.”

“You don’t have to, asshole.” Bash walks away, but Camila is not in her place anymore.

Fuck!

I scan around the place when I suddenly hear her rich laugh. Is she flirting with that guy showing her the black Bugatti Veyron?

She stiffens when my hand finds her waist.

Fuck!

She feels good. She feels warm, delicate, and soft against my palm.

“Are you ready to go?” My voice turns deep and raspy.

“Are you done?” The sarcasm is thick in her low voice.

“How about you? Are you done?” I ask back. Annoyance creeps in my voice.

“Let’s go,” she says. “Thanks for showing me, Connor.” She smiles at that asshole.

“Anytime.” The asshole smiles back at her, and I want to punch his face to shut that smile off of him.

Anger still radiates in my body, but I choose to stay quiet. There are no fucking valid reasons to discuss with her. I breathe deeply when I find my hands tighten against the steering wheel.

“Are you just gonna stay silent throughout the ride?” It’s her first time to start the conversation. Her voice is low and calm.

I look at her then focus back to the road. I don’t want to talk to her when my anger is still radiating through me. I don’t want to end up regretting if I say something out of my anger.

Why am I angry at her anyway?

“Did you enjoy the show?” Surprisingly, my voice softens.

"Yes, that was fun. Thanks for taking me to that show."

Our gazes lock. I don't want to take my eyes off of her, but we might get into an accident if I allow my lust takes over my brain. Her eyes twinkle with warmth and gaiety.

"You're welcome," I reply quietly

"You okay?"

"Yeah, why not?"

"You've been silent." She shrugs.

"Oh, you miss my cockiness." My lips twitch.

She just rolls her eyes and doesn't say anything.

"Do you like that car?"

"Which one?"

"The McLaren."

Her face lights up, nodding. "It's hard to decide, but yup, all cars are just gorgeous."

"You haven't seen all, babe."

"Yeah, are you going to take me back there tomorrow?"

"Now, you're being greedy."

She burst into laughter. "Fine, I won't ask again."

"I'll take you somewhere better."

"Where?" She shifts in her seat to face me.

"Now, you're thrilled."

She shifts back, crossing her arms over her chest. It gives me more view of her cleavage.

Jesus, have mercy on me.

"Come in." She opens the door of the apartment wider.

I hesitate for a moment because I might do something stupid that I will regret later.

"Pyke."

“Yeah?” I blink rapidly, pushing the thought back about my fantasy on what I’m going to do to her.

“Are you getting in or not?”

“We can just go to a restaurant and have dinner,” I suggest again since she refused when I first offered her back in the car.

Her reason hurts like hell. “Let’s order pizza or Chinese. Come inside because I’m starving.”

The word starving makes my cock aches, my heart gallops, and my breathing hitches.

This is frustrating!

“I really should go. I’ll order pizza on my app and let them deliver it for you, okay?”

“Why? I just wanna thank you. You’ve no idea how much that show means to me.”

“I know, let me just take you to another show some other time.”

“Fine. Drive home safe.” A bitter smile curves up her lips. “Good night, Pyke.”

I can hear the hurt and disappointment in her voice as she grabs the door handle. Is she gonna shut the damn door on my face?

“Babe.”

“It’s okay. You’re a busy person, I get it. Thanks for your time though.”

“That’s not what I mean. I—”

Chapter 13

Camila

It takes all my strength and courage as I step forward, reach up, and tiptoe to close the gap between Pyke and me. I tug his hair, clinging into him. Pressing my lips into his soft and slightly parted lips as he gasps in surprise. I brush my lips across him in a tentative motion. To my dismay, he's not kissing me back.

Crap!

I release his hair from my grip, taking a step back.

"Is that all you've got, Camila?" His deep voice turns raspier, huskier, and even sexier.

My gaze pin on his blue-gray orbs, holding me captive and hypnotizing me. His eyes sparkle and his pupils dilate. My heart goes gallop when I feel his hand sliding on my waist, pulling me closer to him. A small whimper escapes from me.

Before I can breathe, his lips are already crashing against mine, kissing me passionately. My eyes flutter closed, and I find myself kissing him back, making our lips move in sync. I gasp for air but I can't pull away. I feel a sudden swirl at the pit of my stomach and a hot rush between my thighs.

A moan skips my mouth when he sucks my bottom lip, giving him entrance to slip his tongue into my mouth—it curls around in a teasing stroke. Our tongues meet and tangle. Our kiss turns deep and greedy—he nips my lower lip, pulls outward, then sucks it farther into his mouth. He licks before he releases my lip.

Pyke breaks our kiss with a deep guttural sound. "Babe."

God, even his breathing smells good. We're both panting. My eyes still close, feeling the vibrations in my body that makes my knees weaken. He plants a soft kiss again.

"If we won't stop right now, I'm telling you I'm already losing my mind, Camila. This is the best feeling I've ever had, and I won't regret if something's gonna happen between us because let me tell you this, I'm in a second of ripping that dress off from you."

My breathing hitches. When our gazes lock, his eyes flicker with lust and anticipation.

"Do it," I find myself giving him an answer.

I want this. It's been three weeks since I first met him, and there is something inside me screams for him, and I know that only Pyke can satisfy that needs.

“Do what, babe?”

“Rip my dress off from me.”

“Be careful—”

“What I wish for?” I look at him with all its intensity. “I know I’m playing with fire, but this is what I want, Pyke. One night with you—take it or leave me alone. No more teasing, no more bickering, and no more babe.”

“Camila...”

“Is it because of Kyland?”

He shakes his head.

“Then what is the problem? What’s stopping you? I won’t tell anyone if that’s the reason why you’re worried. You have my word.”

He doesn’t reply.

I release his hands on my waist and step back. I can see the pain in his eyes as I start to walk away, but he doesn’t stop me either. As I already feel the humiliation, I also feel frustrated and desperate at the same time.

“Lock the door before you go. Thanks for tonight, Pyke.” I sigh helplessly.

I know now the feeling of being rejected. I’ve never pushed myself to any man, only to him. I thought he never say no for sex—I was wrong.

I open my room and get inside, wiping the tears that fall from my eyes.

Kicking my shoes off, I throw my purse and flick on the lamp on my nightstand. I slipped condom inside and thought Pyke would make a move tonight. I zip the back of my dress and let it fall freely down my feet.

My body stiffens when a shadow appears on my door. I can hear my own heartbeat when I realize it’s him.

He’s still here.

Pyke saunters toward my direction and stops behind me. Leisurely, he pushes my hair to one side, then plants feather kisses on my shoulder up to my neck. My neck bends voluntarily, giving him more access.

My body hums with anticipation of what about to happen tonight. I bite my bottom lip to stifle the moan as his hot breaths make me shiver and melt at the same time.

His hands slide freely on my exposed waist to my abdomen as he continues giving me soft kisses.

Effortlessly, he manages to unclasp my black strapless bra with a hand. My nipples pucker at the sudden exposure of my breasts.

“Babe, are you sure you wanna do this?” he whispers into my ear, making me gasp.

“N-never been sure.” My voice shakes as I turn around to face him. I’ve never been exposed like this to any man, but I’ve never felt ashamed of my body to anyone.

“Fuck, Camila.” He clenches his jaw. His eyes darken as he glances down from my face to my exposed breast, down to my abdomen, and to my black lace thong. Yes, I prepared myself for tonight.

“You’re fucking gorgeous,” he groans.

“But you’re not touching me.”

My hands slip inside his coat, touching his broad chest. He gasps when my hands find his belt. I slowly lower my fingers down to his bulge, making him squeeze his eyes shut.

“Stop teasing me, babe.” He quickly opens his eyes when he doesn’t feel my hands on him.

“Wanna play, huh?” smirking, he asks in a playful tone.

You started this, so, yes, Pyke. Let’s play.

He starts shrugging off his coat, throwing it down the floor. He loosens his tie, undoes the button of his shirt one at a time, unfastens his belt, zips down his pants, and tugs them all down to his feet, leaving only his boxers.

I’m literally drooling over him. My fingers itch to touch his well-defined muscles. He’s so beautiful—his deeply carved V and his huge bulge are on full display, making me difficult to tear my eyes away.

Grabbing my head without warning, he kisses me hungrily as he cradles me in his arms.

I yelp when my body bounces on my bed. In an instant, Pyke hovers on top of me. I gasp when he rubs his bulge harder between my thighs. My world spins. My muscles tighten. He finds my mouth again, kissing me harder, stealing my breath, consuming me with every move of his lips, sucking my tongue, and biting my bottom lip. My fingernails dig into his taut arms that possibly leave marks on his skin.

He sucks my chin, my jaw, down to my neck. Goosebumps crawl into my skin as he continues nibbling my earlobe.

“Sensitive?” he mumbles. “I’ll take my time in every inch of you, babe.” He cups my breasts, kneading them, stroking my nipples with his thumbs.

My head tilts back to my pillow in response.

“These tits that have been making me insane for three weeks.” He lowers his mouth to my breast, licking my nipple before sucking into his mouth. He looks at me with his lust-filled eyes as he continues sucking and nibbling my breast.

“Pyke.” Jesus, it feels so good. My toe curls, hands gripping his hair and wanting for more. “Oh, God!” I scream, cursing silently in disbelief.

His skillful mouth and tongue travel down my abdomen. I swallow hard, licking my dry lips.

What is he gonna do? Is this what I think it is?

“You’re beyond gorgeous. I’ve been dreaming of doing this to you. You’ve been in my fantasy since I met you. Every fucking night. Every fucking second of every day.”

I swallow hard again.

“Should I stop?”

I shake my head.

“Are you sure?”

I nod.

He chuckles. How he finds it funny when I can’t anymore form a word?

His fingers find the strap of my thong, slowly slipping down while he keeps watching me with intensity.

I don’t break eye contact, showing him the determination of what I’m going to do with him tonight. Nothing is going to stop me now. I need to do this.

He forms my thong into a ball then smirks—the smirk that makes my inner walls clench.

“Wet.” He grabs his pants, and I feel my face flush—can’t deny that I’m turned on.

I abruptly sit straight. Is he leaving?

“Lie down. I’m not going anywhere until I’m thoroughly done with you.” Good.

“Oh?”

“Yeah, oh.” I can hear the laugh in his voice.

My eyes almost pop from each socket when he slips down his boxers. He's huge indeed—it bobs freely.

“Oh, my God!” My hands cover my mouth. “Is that an Apa?” I don't know why I ask.

His shaft is pierced. A small bud shines through the light from the lamp on my bedside table.

“Have you seen like this before?”

“No!” I answer.

“Then how did you know?”

I roll my eyes.

“Don't answer, and I don't wanna know.” He sounds annoyed, throwing condoms into my bed.

“I've never seen in real life, in fact, I've never touched a cock before,” I admit. This is ridiculous.

“But girls like us talk, you know.” I shrug.

He freezes from crawling to my bed. “I knew it. Shit!” He swallows hard.

“You can go,” I say slowly. My voice is filled with disappointment as I cover myself my arms, suddenly feeling ashamed.

“I'm not leaving if you think I'm not gonna fuck you because you're a virgin. I've been with a virgin once. I was a virgin at that time, too. I was fifteen,” he explains. “Now spread your legs for me, babe. I need to taste and eat you first.” My face heats even more to his bluntness.

I lie back down on the bed and spread my legs for him.

This is my only chance. I can do it. No more backing out.

“Wider, babe.”

“Can we just go to the—um.”

“To the?” He smirks.

“We don't have to do this. This is too intimate.”

“And fucking you is not intimate?” he asks, still smirking. “I'm not asking you to do the favor.”

My chest tightens, but I let my legs spread wider and let the cool air hit my wet core.

“Fucking beautiful. Look at those lips, glistening with your wetness, and so ready for me. I can't wait to finally taste you.” He licks his lips, moving closer between my legs.

I bite my lip. I feel his nose running on my exposed core.

“Pyke!”

“You smell so good, so addicting.” His warm breathing ignites every nerve in my body.

I gasp, gripping the sheet into fists when his tongue runs down my wet lips. I feel my sensitive spot pulses wildly while his fingers skillfully spread my slits.

His tongue touches my hard nub lightly, making me squirms. “Don’t move, babe. Close your eyes and just enjoy it. You’ll gonna love it.” You have no idea.

He laps his tongue from my opening to my sensitive nub.

“Oh god!” I find myself screaming.

He laps it harder in and out and up-down stroke. I gasp and moan. His hot mouth sucks mine, swirling his tongue around my sensitive part until my eyes roll back.

Pressure forms in my lower belly, making my inner muscles clench. Pyke groans in response, sending vibrations to my being causing my world utterly stop as I explode into a thousand lights.

“Are you okay?” I’m still catching my breath when I hear him speak.

Pyke swollen lips press against mine as he cages me with his arms. His chest rubs against my nipples, creating frictions—making it more sensitive. I can smell myself in him. I kiss him, tasting myself on his tongue.

“Oh, God!” His eagerness surprises me as I feel his finger penetrating my tight opening.

“Is this too much?”

“No, I want you now,” I whisper.

He chuckles, rewarding me a kiss on my lips, “I don’t want to hurt you. I need to stretch you first.”

“I want you now, please.”

Our eyes locked as he rubs his length in my wet entrance—up and down, coating himself with my wetness, and I grind, encouraging him to move.

“Greedy much, babe?” he asks.

“Not funny.”

His muscles taut, jaw clenches as he begins to push his tip inside me then he pulls himself out.

“Let me adjust.” He takes a deep breath. “Give me a sec, babe. I’m gonna explode right now if you keep on doing like that. I doing my best to control myself since from that event.”

“Stop talking.” I feel the coldness of his pierced in my opening. My mouth gapes when he pushes inside, repeating it slowly.

“Pyke, condom!”

“Fuck! I’m sorry.” He quickly pulls out, taking a condom that he threw earlier into my bed. Tearing it with his teeth, he rolls it into his thick and beautiful length.

“I’m sorry, babe. It slipped off my mind.” He positions himself on me again. His eagerness swells my heart, then pushes into me.

“You’re gripping me already.” His facial muscles tense. “Fuck me!” He groans louder.

My hands grip his arms as the pain of the intrusion intensifies. I lose my words.

“Fuck! Babe, claw me, dig your nails against my skin, scratch me, I don’t fucking care. I want you to mark me as a reminder that tonight is not a dream.” His face turns red, beads of sweat forms on his forehead. Each thrust goes a little deeper, stretching me wider.

My fingers dig on his back as he completely fills me in. My eyes flutter closed. It feels so good—amazingly good. And I’m completely lost and overwhelmed.

“Christ, babe!”

“It hurts, Pyke, but if you won’t move it will hurt me more,” I say through gritted teeth, determined to finish what we started. I find my teeth sinking against his shoulder to stop from screaming.

“Christ!” he hisses. “Babe, are you okay?”

“Stop asking! I’m not gonna die right now. Just move!”

His body shakes—laughing at me. “I’ve always thought of you this feisty, but it fucking turns me on.” He kisses my lips and thrusts slowly. “Christ! This is fucking amazing! So fucking amazing.”

He thrusts a little faster this time. “You feel so good. Open your eyes, babe. Look at me.”

My eyes lock with his—they’re burning with heat and thick with desire. After all my fighting against the tensions, it finally gives me such an emotional relief.

Each thrust goes deeper, harder as we begin to move in unison. My brain turns hazy when the pressure starts forming again—it makes me dizzy with pleasure—so intense that I can barely breathe.

“Come with me, Camila,” Pyke chokes out.

I moan loudly, meeting his deep thrust, and I barely register when I hit my climax, and Pyke’s body crashes down on top of me with a heavy breath.

Chapter 14

PYKE

Reluctantly, I pull my arm that has been draped around Camila's waist. A grin spread on my lips, and I pause when she stirs. I don't want to wake her up until I do my plan.

I never thought that last night was the best night of my life. I've had sex with many women—they were all incredible, but there's something about Camila, and what's between me and her is incomparable—our connections—it's weird but I am starting to like it now I know the feeling of being with her.

The sex was unbelievably amazing—perfect.

I've never spent a night with a woman, but last night all I wanted was to hug her tight in my arms, spooned her until we fell asleep.

I slowly drag myself out of her bed, tiptoeing and picking up my clothes scattered on the floor. I grab the keys from her dresser and walk out of her bedroom.

After wearing my clothes, I quickly fish out my phone from my pocket and type a message to Xandry.

All Yours.

I shove the phone back to my pocket when I see the message is sent. I don't care about the fucking money and the stupid bet anymore. I've got the best thing in my life. Having her once is not enough, and I want more of her—I want her all to myself. I know, I'm a greedy and selfish bastard.

Fuck! I'm pussy-field.

An hour later, I'm back to her apartment with some groceries. I didn't bother waking her up last night when she fell asleep, but she'll be up soon, and I'm sure she's already starving.

I place the grocery bags on the kitchen counter. Their appliances are old but these might still work properly.

I add some salt and pepper after cracking some eggs into the glass bowl and whisk it. I used to wake up early and cooked breakfast when I was in college. I shared an apartment with Xandry until we graduated. When dad handed over the club to me, it came with a full package—an apartment at Hughes building.

I toast some sliced bread after I'm done with the omelet and start frying strips of bacon to the same pan. The coffee is already brewing. I place two mugs down the kitchen Island when Camila stops to a halt with wide eyes and bedhead hair.

Damn if she's not the sexiest woman early in the morning.

Her nipples are poking through her orange sleep shirt. I lick my lips and flash a smile. If she only has any idea what's on my mind right now, she should have at least wear a bra before getting out of her room. I desire her so much that it aches.

I walk toward her while wiping my hands with the strawberry printed apron I'm wearing. I cup her face and kiss her like I always wanted. She tastes minty—probably from her toothpaste. I bite her bottom lip when she doesn't respond, and I'm rewarded with her moan. My dick instantly hardens.

She cups my face before I can press myself into her, instead of deepening the kiss, she pushes me away. Her gaze shifts to the counter then back to me.

"W-what are you doing, Pyke?" She snapped, still catching her breath. "What are you still doing here in my apartment?"

I blink at her questions then suddenly, I smell the burnt bacon before I can reply.

"Shit!" I quickly move to the stove and turn off the fire.

My breathing hitches. My heart squeezes in my chest upon realizing what she means.

"What are you doing?" she asks again. Firmly.

Ignoring her, I grab the panhandle and place it in the sink. The pan frizzles under running water.

"You can go now. Thanks for the last night. Just leave it there, and I'll take care of it later."

What the—?

What happened to her? Last night she threw herself to me and now she's acting like I didn't eat her up, and buried my cock inside her and pound her till she can barely whisper my name.

She suddenly turns cold and bitchy.

Ignoring her hurtful words, I speak, "Babe, let's have breakfast without bacon. I'm starving, and we didn't manage to have dinner last night. I know Kyland won't be here until tomorrow."

I feel a sudden pang in my chest. Kyland went to visit his mom and helped up with her doctor's appointment, and here I am playing a boyfriend role to his cousin.

"I don't drink coffee," she says dryly.

“Who doesn’t drink coffee?” I smirk despite she’s frowning at me. Nevertheless, she still looks hot. It’s not an easy task, distracting myself from looking down at her tits and her long legs while pouring coffee to the mug, so I place the pot down.

“You still did not answer me. Do you always cook breakfast with women you slept with?” she asks in a disgusting tone.

Is she always this grumpy in the morning? Annoyance starts to spread in my system.

“What’s going on? Last night you literally threw yourself on me. We had amazing sex. Don’t tell me you did not feel anything, something, and don’t you lie to me that you fake your own orgasms.”

She swallows hard, pink blossoming on her cheeks. She doesn’t have to answer me. It tells only one thing—she had an amazing night as I had.

I inwardly smile.

“To answer your questions, I stayed with you last night which I never did with anyone I slept with because you are different from them. You didn’t sleep with me because I’m Pyke Hughes—the man about town. You chose to sleep with me because you trusted me. What we did last night was beyond amazing, Camila. And what I am doing right now is preparing for our breakfast because we fell asleep without dinner, and I know you were hungry so, I went out to buy groceries. I wanna have breakfast with you.”

“You should probably go. I need to go somewhere,” she says, looking down the floor.

“Look at me, babe. What’s going on in that head of yours?” I ask, but she stays silent. “I’ll send you where you wanna go then.”

“I can drive and I going alone.”

Stubborn and resilient! But that’s what I like about her.

I brace myself against the countertop. My head is buzzing with anger and frustration.

“So, that’s it? Will we just pretend as if nothing happened between us? That last night never happened?” The emotions in my voice draw her gaze back to me.

“I just don’t want things—”

“Drop it, Camila! I enjoyed every second of it. I wanted to do it again— Christ! I even want you right now!”

“So do I, Pyke.” My insides melt when she admits, but there is a fucking but. Great! “We knew that last night is not going to happen again. I did that with you because it’s only a one-time thing.” Of

course, my rep precedes me. "A one-night stand like you always did to every woman you were with. I just want to... to ease the tension between us... in me."

I huff, laughing bitterly. "Really? Do you want to be like them? Will you sleep with different men as well? After this, will you go out and pick up a man in the bar? Is that why you slept with me? You gave me your fucking virginity because of what? Nobody fucks a virgin!" A shudder runs through me as the memory of my past comes flashing back.

She flinches, making me feel like a dick. I just lost my fucking mind that that was the reason why she slept with me.

"You used me. You are just like them! Like every goddamn bitch! Jesus Christ, Camila! I thought you're different." I look at her one last time. Tears well in her eyes, and I want to pull her into my arms and apologize for hurting her. Fuck me!

Carelessly, I toss the apron to the floor, walking faster from her and slamming the door behind me. I thought we could be something. I let Xandry win because I want to share something with her.

I curse under my breath as I watch her walk away from me thinking that I don't feel something in those kisses.

Did she really think that I rejected her?

I immediately dial Xandry. He picks up immediately as if he knows I'm going to call him.

"Take what you want."

"What do you mean, asshole?" I can feel the smirk in his voice.

My jaw clenches. "I'm out of this fucking bet! You win, you have my money first thing tomorrow. You will not mention this to anyone, got it?"

"How will I know how much you will get in three months?"

"Name your price, Xandry. You fucking asshole!" I roar as I catch my breath in anger.

"Hundred grand."

I roll my eyes. I've never thought he's this motherfucker asshole. I don't know what's wrong with him because he's not the cousin and the best friend I once knew.

"Fine." I hung up, not waiting for him to respond.

I'm willing to risk my friendship with Kyland because I've never been smitten with any woman before.

A cold breeze drifts and wraps my skin. Fuck! I even forget my own coat on her couch.

I jerk the steering wheel and speed off when I reach the curb causing the tires to screech against the pavement. I don't care about the fucking signboard. My knuckles turn white as I grip the steering wheel tighter.

I stop my car to a halt at my club's parking lot. I immediately see Xandry's car—Aston Martin which supposed to be mine if I win the bet. I never regret what I decided last night. Right now, she just fucking pissed me off.

I don't care about her right now. She can do whatever she wants. She's single and can sleep with anyone she wants. Jesus, just the thought of Camila screaming other man's name makes me feel like someone just rips my flesh off of my bones.

"There you are." Xandry sighs. He should be laughing his ass at me right now because he gets what he wants, but to my surprise, he looks like he just loses in his own game, and not me.

"Just wait here till I get the money," I rush my words out, walking towards the exit door. I can't even look at him without feeling disgusted.

"Don't bother, man," he mutters.

I stop and face him. "Don't you want the fucking money?"

He shakes his head with lips press into a hard thin line. He shoves his hand into his jeans pockets and looks even guiltier.

"We both lost."

My eyes narrow. "What the fuck is that supposed to mean, Xandry? Who won? Who the fuck else is in this stupid game?"

Chapter 15

Camila

Watching him go hurts, but knowing him leaving angry breaks me. What we had last night was beyond my expectations. He respected me and took care of me even we both knew it was a no-repeat.

He refused to go when I told him it was okay—he chose to say, but he betrayed me. He thought I was so naive and unaware of what was this all about.

“Be right back, I need to use the restroom.” I stand up, taking the purse with me.

“Don’t stay long. We have an appointment,” Megan reminds me.

Last week she booked a spa package for me. It includes deep tissue massage, peppermint foot scrub, seaweed facial, mani/pedi treatment, and waxing. I’m a little bit nervous about waxing when she mentioned that it hurts like hell. I used to shave my bikini line, and it always itches and grows faster than in another area.

“I need to pee.” I roll my eyes.

I walk away ignoring Megan’s babbling. I reach the restroom, get inside, and do the deeds.

After squeezing a good amount of liquid soap, I place my hands below the motion-sensor sink and let the warm water softly massages my skin.

The door suddenly squeaks open. “Can’t wait for me, Meg?” I ask without looking at the person who comes in while pulling paper towels from the rack because I know that’s probably her who wants to remind me again.

My head jerks when I hear a clearing of a throat. “Oh, sorry. I thought you are my friend,” I say, giving a smile to the waitress about my age.

She’s a tall blonde with piercing blue eyes, and still wearing an apron.

“I came here to talk to you.” I can feel the anxiousness in her voice.

My brow arches. “Me? Do I know you? I mean besides you’re working here.”

She shakes her head. “We don’t know each other—”

“But?”

“It’s a long story.”

"Make it fast, sweetheart. I have an appointment in an hour or maybe we can talk some other time if it's not important." I toss the paper towels to the trash bin and walk to the door.

"Camila." My body stiffens when I hear her calling my name.

"So, it's you."

How did she know my name? My curiosity kicks in. I look at the nameplate on her black apron.

"What do you want from me, Shine?"

"It's short for Sunshine."

Nodding glumly. "Start talking," I say, crossing my arms over my chest. I'm a little bit bitchy, but I don't know what she wants from me.

"I slept with Xandry," she starts.

I bark into a louder laugh. "Xandry? So, how does it is any of my problems? I don't think it's my business to know about your sex life, Shine."

"I know, but I also happened to hear Xandry talked to Pyke over the phone."

My laughter instantly fades. "Pyke is not my business either, and I'm not his fuck buddy."

"I know but I watched you two bickered that day." She takes a deep breath.

My stomach churns. Why do I feel she's going to say something that will upset me?

"Um, I know them both. They came here for coffee sometime. They're playboys and rich, and you know." She shrugs at the last words.

"Yet, you still sleep with Xandry..." I trail off.

She laughs guiltily.

"So, I heard everything they talked about after you left. I wished every day you will come back sooner. I told everyone to call me immediately if they will see you coming over."

"Can you please just tell me what you wanna say." I feel annoyed and anxious at the same time because deep inside I feel that this is not gonna be good.

"Xandry challenged Pyke to sleep with you."

I gasp as the coldness wraps around my entire body. My eyes widen in shock. I brace my hand against the marble vanity top as my knees weaken.

"What makes you think I will believe you?" My voice turns shaky and hoarse. I blink the tears that well in my eyes to stop from falling.

"Xandry betted his car. If Pyke can sleep with you in less than a month, Xandry will get some of his club's profit. If Pyke will sleep with you after a month which is two weeks from now, he will win and take Xandry's Aston Martin DB11. One thing I can prove to you that I'm not lying, they mentioned something, that Pyke has in his..."

I wince, feeling humiliated.

"What's in his?" I ask with hesitation, but I barely hear her answer.

So, is this what is all about, huh? Betting for me to sleep with him. That's why he's been nice, flirty, offering me money, boudoir, and a job just for me to sleep with him? He did all of these because he had ulterior motives.

Damn you, asshole!

I will make sure he lost in a bet.

After paying the taxi, I head towards his parking lot where Xandry told me to meet him. I instantly recognize Pyke and Xandry's cars parked in the same lane.

I may have used Pyke but he used me, too. It's a win-win game. I don't care if people think of me like a whore.

My nerves rack in my system causing my legs to wobble as I get closer to them. My trembling hands are formed into fists as I notice them in an intense confrontation.

"I am," I say firmly, placing all the courage in those two words. I pray and hope I'll stay stronger before I walk out of here.

Their bodies go rigid.

Pyke turns to face me with furrowed brows. "What are you doing here, babe?" He swallows hard, guilty plasters all over his face.

"To take my prize, babe," I mock.

I give Xandry a quick glance who is already clenching his jaw with his hands in his pockets.

"Excuse us, Xandry. I'll just have a word with Camila," he says with a pissed tone.

"Say everything you wanna say in front of him, Pyke. What's with the secrecy, anyway? I already knew what you've been up to for weeks." Irritation creeps in my voice, making his eyes widen when he seems to put two and two together.

His face turns pale and presses his lips into a hard thin line. Before I can decipher, a loud sickening crack and thud hit my ears that makes me yelp and jump in surprise.

Xandry falls to the ground. Pyke straddles him, grabbing his shirt while punching him on the face. Xandry tries blocking punches from Pyke but fails miserably. He doesn't fight back though even Pyke is repeatedly throwing punches him—he loses in a flurry of his punches and blinds by his rage.

It doesn't occur to me yet that they might end up in the hospital until I flinch as Xandry shrieks in pain.

"Enough! That's enough!" I shout, then wrap my arms around Pyke's waist, taking him away from Xandry when he doesn't seem to hear me.

Emotions clog my throat as I see the blood oozes from Xandry's face, realizing that it is somehow my fault.

"I said enough!" I yell at the top of my lungs. That's when Pyke stops, he quickly stands to his feet, breathing heavily. He shakes his busted and blood-stained knuckles.

"He deserves it!" Pyke bellows, looking down at Xandry who's still on the floor covering his bloody face with his hands.

"Should I punch you, too? Is this all but a game to you? You, sick sonofabitch didn't even consider my feelings! Are women just a part of your twisted game? Counting on how many women you sleep with? How very assholeish? You both are disgusting!"

"Camila, I'm—"

"What? Sorry for your lose asses? Go fuck yourself, Pyke! I despise you! You're nothing but a manwhore to me." I rebuke, and he doesn't meet my gaze anymore. "I'll tell you what. Yeah, I did enjoy last night, but I'm not trying to boost your assholeish ego. We both know that we are just fooling around. You used me, and I used you. Now we're even. Just give Xandry his money!"

"Oh, Xandry, sorry for your fuck face, dude, but I need my key and send my money to my account!"

Xandry sits his sorry ass on the ground. Still, wincing in pain. He picks his car key in his pocket and hands it to me. "It's already programmed."

I grab it quickly and stride away. "Good luck for another bet, assholes!" I wave my hand, giving them my middle finger in the air.

I quickly unlock Xandry's car—correction my car, and get inside. I bite my trembling bottom lip to control my emotions. I used myself because my anger took over me. I could have just confronted Pyke and told him what they are planning, but instead, I had sex with him, thinking it was the right thing to teach him a lesson.

I feel disgusted. I wipe the tears pouring down my cheeks and press the power button—it purrs when the engine comes to life. I should be over the moon right now that I have an expensive car, but I can't even feel the excitement.

This is my prize. Jeez, I feel like a whore.

I clutch the seat belt, then take a deep breath while my hands are gripping around the black leather-wrapped steering wheel. I startle in my seat to the loud thuds outside the window.

"Open the door, Camila! Hear me out!" Pyke hollers as he slams his fists against the window.

I press the button to roll the tinted window down.

"What the hell do you want from me, Pyke?" I grind my teeth. "Or shall I call you Mr. Hughes now?" I choke the pain and the bitter taste rising up in my throat.

"Camila, please just hear me out," Pyke begs.

"You have the goddamn time to explain if you wanted to tell me, Mr. Hughes. You have a hundred goddamn chances, but you clearly have no plan on telling me and you seemed to enjoy toying me in your palm."

"Do you think I was playing with you all this time, Camila?"

"Don't you?" I cock my brow.

"I was forced to agree," he chokes.

I bark out laughing. "Really? Are you insane? Nobody can force you if you don't want it, too. You could've given me a better excuse than that."

He shakes his head simultaneously. "It's not like that, Camila. Trust me."

I chuckle evilly as I yank the car gear, "You slept with me, weren't you? What else you want from me?"

"I want you," he whispers.

I freeze in a moment. I might believe it if I haven't found out what's behind this.

"Fuck you, Pyke! Nice fucking with you!"

I shift the gear to a drive, jerking the steering wheel. I step the accelerator and drive away. Tires screech, leaving Pyke a cloud of dust and smoke behind.

Chapter 16

PYKE

This has to be a nightmare. This can't be real.

I shake my busted and bloody knuckles that reminded me of what happened earlier. I can endure the physical pain, but seeing Camila bearing the pain in her eyes so fucking hurt, and it's all because of me—the feeling is worse than crashing my own heart.

Xandry deserves more than my punches. My knuckles will heal, but the scars are a reminder to what I've done to Camila.

What we've shared last night was more than just sex, I knew it. Camila may have used me, but I know she felt something for me. At least, during our intimate moments.

For the short time I've known her, sex means something to her, and she won't just do it with some random guy, and it's a proof why she chose to offer her virginity to me—she trusted me, but I ruined it.

It's been twelve hours since I had the best night of my life, but that's it. She hates me. I did twelve hundred missed calls with twelve hundred messages, but not a single reply from her telling me to stop I received.

What do you expect, Pyke? A little voice whispers.

I blow a breath and step into my parents' home. Every Sunday night is family night.

My mom greets me with a delightful smile, though, it doesn't reach her eyes, she's still this beautiful—she's always a happy woman. Her wavy black below shoulder hair makes her look younger and radiant.

"Hey, Mom!" I gave her a tight hug. Her warm embrace always makes me relax—it assures me that everything will be fine, but now it gives me a different feeling—anxiousness.

My stomach flips.

"Everyone's already here, Pyke. What took you so long?" Mom's soft voice makes my nerves get the best of me.

"Sorry, Mom, something came up," I say in a calm tone, but it's the opposite of what I feel inside.

"Is that so?" My brother's voice booms from the living room.

Indeed, everyone is here. What I'm not aware of is Xandry's family will be here, too. What I don't expect, the asshole is also here. I almost don't recognize him if I haven't known him since birth.

His blotchy eyes are fixed to me, surrounded with bruises and as well as his left cheekbone. He probably has a broken nose as it has slightly crooked at the bridge. His lips are swollen with a slit on his bottom lip.

I slowly raise my hand and wave at everyone, giving them a tight smile. I can't even look at them in their eyes, I feel so guilty to what I did to Xandry, but I never regret even a little bit, in fact, I will punch him again if he has plans to bet with another woman again. I admit I've done a lot of mistakes, too, but I never thought he allowed Camila to join into his stupid game.

"What's that so?" I ask Parker innocently. He doesn't respond but keeps his eyes narrow at me.

"Let's have dinner, shall we, guys?" Aunt Sam stands up to cut the tension.

My body turns rigid as she walks toward my direction. "Aunt Sam."

She cups my face and looks me in the eyes—her sad gaze is enough to tell me that she already knew what happened between me and Xandry.

"I'm not angry at you, honey. You did the right thing by teaching him lessons." She squeezes me into a hug.

Saph comes next kissing me on the cheek. She doesn't say a word though, and it freaks me out because that's not Saph—the Saphoera I knew is always jolly and noisy around us.

I can't blame her if she's mad, she's Xandry's twin in the first place.

Dad is shooting me glares throughout the entire dinner. I stay silent if I'm not being asked—I've already caused enough tensions, and I can't add another thing to butt into their conversations. I feel suffocated and I barely touch my food. I can't just ignore the fact and eat as if nothing happened earlier.

I am not worried about Xandry, but I am so damn worried about Camila. What if Kyland finds out? You should have thought the consequences in the first place, dick!

Berating myself for what has been done has no point anymore. Right now, I can still do something—I need to do the right thing even if it involves groveling to earn her forgiveness.

My dad and Uncle Phoenix come back to the living room—Dad has a glass of scotch on his hand.

I almost startle when I hear him calling my name. His jaw clenches, deep breathing is visible on his chest. I've seen Dad angry when we were just kids, but he never hurt any of us. Sometimes he came

home with bandaged wrists and hands. I asked mom once, but she said Dad has an anger problem and he'd seen a specialist.

"Your dad is calling you, son." Uncle Phoenix jars me from my deep reverie. He didn't say much throughout the dinner, but he seems calmer than Dad. He grips my shoulder and walks to his wife's side.

"In my office, Pyke," Dad growls.

I almost jump to the tone of his voice. My throat goes dry. Dad walks toward his office without waiting for me to follow him.

I stand up, shove my sweaty hands into my jeans pockets, and follow him silently. I take a deep shaky breath. I know something bad is gonna happen to me inside that room, but I'm ready for whatever he is going to give me. Truthfully, I've never been scared of Dad, not until tonight.

"Pyke," Xandry's voice makes me stop to a halt.

What the fuck he wants?

"Pyke," he calls again.

My teeth clench stronger that hurts my jaw.

I squeeze my eyes shut then face him. "What else do you want from me, Xandry? You've done enough damage that could possibly ruin my relationship with the people I care about. Do you want another punch? Because I won't let you ask me again."

"Enough!" Everyone gasps at Dad's angry voice, filling the entire living room like a rumble of loud thunder.

Before I can turn to face Dad, he's already in front of me, grabbing my shirt, dragging me, and pushing me until a hard wall hits my back. The strong impact seeps the air out of my lungs making me difficult to draw a breath.

"What the hell happened to you, Pyke Kennan? I couldn't see you as a perilous person, but you almost caused your cousin a severe head injury! What the hell was that all about?" My dad's fist still on my chest and all I can see are the anger and hatred flashing through his blue eyes. He never had let this such all-consuming rage fuels him, but tonight I see a different side of Dad. And I'm fucking petrified.

"Paul, why don't we let him explain." Mom comes in, taking Dad's hand off from me.

"Stay out of this, Sandy," Dad barks. His hand grips my shirt tighter until it drags up to my neck. His fist pushes up against my windpipe that makes me difficult to catch a breath.

“Paul, let’s talk when you calm down a little bit. You don’t have to hurt Pyke. There must be reasons why he punched Xandry.” Uncle Phoenix urges, but Dad doesn’t budge. “Take a deep breath and you’re choking your son!” Panic rises in Uncle Phoenix’s voice.

I find my hands grabbing Dad’s hand off of my neck but he’s strong enough that makes my lids flutter close. Heat rushes through my brain and I think I might pass out.

“Dad, you’re killing him!” Parker yells.

I fall to the floor with a loud thud. My hands instantly on my tight windpipe, coughing, wheezing, and trying to catch my breath. I deserve it.

“Talk before I’m going crazy!” Dad demands.

I find myself in my own shaky feet. Aunt Sam comes closer, rubbing my back.

“Let me talk,” Xandry starts.

“No. Let this stupid son of mine do the talking,” Dad roars, his hands still balled into fists.

“Okay,” I agree with a hoarse voice, “Xandry and I betted over a woman,” I confess without meeting their gaze.

They gasp in unison before a strong fist hits my left eye. My head spins. My visions blur.

“Is that true, Xandry?” Uncle Phoenix asks his son.

“Yes,” Xandry manages to answer, guilt laces in his voice.

With one eye, I see Saph pushes her twin causing Xandry to fall down on my knees. “Why did you two do that?” Saph screams at us.

“It was just a small bet,” Xandry answers guiltily.

“A small bet? So, there is a huge bet, too?”

“It’s not like that, Saph,” I answer.

“Then what was that?” Dad bellows.

“She found out then she called me, so I let her in.”

My head snaps to Xandry. “What? Fuck you, Xandry!”

“Language!” Mom chides.

“I couldn’t believe you let her into your stupid game, asshole!”

“Explain!” Dad yells.

Xandry and I explain how it started and how it ended minus the night I had with Camila.

“You will not go and see her again, Pyke. You hurt her feelings, honey. How could you that to her?” Mom says, and it hurts like fucking hell knowing Mom is angry at me.

“And you, twinnie, you’re an overprotective ass when it comes to me. How do you feel if someone will bet for me, huh? I hate you right now! I hate you both,” Saph snarls, then stomps away.

“Who’s this woman, Pyke?” Dad asks.

“She’s um.” Pairs of eyes focus on me, waiting patiently for my answer.

“Who. Is. She?” Dad demands, and he is losing his patience.

“She’s Kyland’s cousin, Camila,” I answer quietly.

Dad hovers me, giving me another punch on my jaw. My teeth gnash. I can taste my own blood in my mouth—it’s excruciating, but I need to endure the pain. I deserve it anyway.

“Did you sleep with her?” Dad roars.

“Paul, enough! Let’s talk about this without you yelling them. Calm the hell down.” Uncle Phoenix grabs Dad’s arm.

“Calm down?” Dad faces Uncle Phoenix. “How the hell I’m gonna calm with what this ass of a son did to Liv’s daughter? Tell me, Phoenix!

Chapter 17

Camila

After pulling myself together, I hit the doorbell of Bianca's apartment. She doesn't have any idea what I did last night other than going to the car show with Pyke.

I hear a rustling sound from the inside when I ring the doorbell again. I take a deep breath and ready myself to her rant once she knows everything.

The door swings open, but to my surprise, it's not Bianca—a tattoo of red dragon run from his hipbone to his pierced belly button down to his V that barely covered by his opened fly jeans. Both arms are covered with tattoos of different Celts designs and Cyrillic scripts.

"Kill, is that the pizza guy?" I immediately recognize Bianca's voice from the inside.

I skim my eyes up to see my half-naked cousin in front of me. Our gazes lock—he looks shocked to see me, too. He drops his gaze immediately, and I can see the guilt plasters on his face. His throat bobs as he swallows hard.

My eyes move to Bianca who's wearing my cousin's black shirt. She freezes in her place. My breathing gets heavy, and my face heats with anger. I know what exactly means by this—it doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure this out. But the question is, when did they start doing this behind my back?

Bianca finally regains her composure. "Cam, let me explain," she talks in a shaky voice, walks toward the door, and stops in front of me. Kyland remains tongue-tied.

"Explain what, that I just found out about your affair with my cousin? When are you gonna plan on telling me? That you two are fucking behind my back."

"Camila!" Kyland roars. "Don't say something like that to your best friend." His jaw tightens.

"Oh, really? I thought she hates guys, so was it just your facade? So that I won't suspect you two sleeping together?" I look at the two of them—Bianca's tears fall down her face. Kyland's hand slips on her waist, kissing the top of her head.

"Oh, my God! I can't believe you two lied and fooled me. I thought of you, Bianca is better than this. I can't believe you did this to me. How could you lie to me? Did you even value our friendship?" Tears well in my eyes as I speak.

"It's all my fault, Cam. I'm the one who stops her from telling you," Kyland interjects.

"Because you're just gonna use her? Then throw her like how you and Pyke did to all those women you slept with?"

"I'm not like Hughes, Camila. I love your best friend. I love Bianca," Kyland defensive tone clogs my throat, but it doesn't change the fact that they hide their relationship from me.

"Love? And yet you don't wanna let me know."

"Because I know how it will upset you," he answers, shrugging.

"And you chose to wait until I find out by myself instead? Since when the two of you become so secretive? I trusted you Kyland, and you Bianca." I bounce my gaze between. "How could you both do this to me?" My voice shakes.

"Cam, I'm sorry. Kyland wants to tell you after we... confirm—" Bianca hesitates.

My eyes widen. "Confirm what?" I ask, blinking. I can barely see them through my unshed tears.

Kyland sighs deeply. "B is possibly pregnant."

My jaw drops. There is a moment of silence, I even forget how to breathe. My body shakes at this sudden turn of event. They must have been sleeping together for a long time. Because I trusted them that no one would cross the line, I never have suspected them. I was wrong. I am wrong.

I raise my hand up when Bianca moves closer to me. "Don't, Bianca." I can't fight the tears that are forming in my eyes. "G-good luck to the two of you."

I stride away, ignoring them calling my name. I thought they won't lie to me. My only cousin and the only brother I consider is sleeping with my best friend behind my back. They betrayed me. And now they're expecting a baby. Oh. My. God.

I get inside Xandry's car, slamming the steering wheel to release the anger and frustration swirling inside me.

I sob harder until I release the frustrations out of my system. I tried to recall the way they look at each other. I even warned Kyland once, but he still chose to be with her.

Am I so selfish for stopping them? No one can control someone who he or she likes. It's a twisted fate, and even myself is a victim of it.

I launch myself to Megan and cry in her arms without uttering a word. I find her hands rubbing my back.

"Cam, what's wrong? What happened?" She's worried. The more she asks, the more I sob.

"Calm down, Cam. Let's talk about this, okay?"

I break the hug and make my way toward her purple couch, slumping down dramatically. I wrap my arms around my knees, hugging them tightly. I try harder controlling my sob until it sounds like a grunt of a pig that makes Megan burst into a laugh.

"Not funny," I complain, hitting her thigh playfully.

"Are you done crying? Are you ready to tell me what's going on? I know you've been hiding something from us, Cam. Let me call Bianca to come."

"Don't!" I hold her hand quickly before she can stand up.

"Why?" she asks, looking at me quizzically. Then she suddenly looks surprised. "Oh, my God. How did you know?"

"Wait, you knew all this time?" I am quicker to be on my feet, narrowing my eyes to her.

She slowly nods to confirm. Her lips quirk into a sad smile.

"And you did not tell me? Nobody tells me! Seriously? Who am I to all of you? Am I this worthless bitch that you can't share your secrets with, and that nobody trusts me? Did you all even consider me as a friend?"

Megan heavily sighs. "I promised to them months ago," she says silently.

"Months? Frigging months-long? Wow!" I huff, crossing my arms over my chest.

"Hear me out, Cam. I don't have the right to tell you, you know. Don't you think it's easy for me to hide this from you? No. I've been caught in the middle. Kyland doesn't want you to hate them but they're happy. They're in love. You can't control whom you fall for, can you? You have to understand them and give them a chance."

"I don't want to lose any of them if things won't work between them." I feel suddenly guilty. Megan is right.

"Kyland is a good man. Before they start seeing each other, they made a promise that nothing will get awkward if things won't work out, Cam." she pauses, "And they love you."

"You don't know that," I retort, sitting back to the couch. I look at her eyes. "How long were they seeing each other?"

She smiles brightly. "Six months."

"Six months? How could they keep that long from me?" My shoulders sag, feeling so worthless.

“They don’t wanna hurt you. Is that all you wanna know? Or there is something you wanna tell me.” Her brow raises.

“I slept with Pyke last night,” I blurt out and let the acid clog in my throat.

The sex was beyond imaginable. I can feel the connection between us. I know he feels it too, but maybe it was his tactics to lure me into sleeping with him.

“Deets!” Megan shakes my shoulders with excitement, eyes dancing with anticipation. She doesn’t know the reason why I slept with him.

“Cam, for cock’s sake, spill it, now!”

I shrug. “Nothing worth sharing, Meg.” My eyes water again. I bite my trembled lip and breathe deeply to control my emotions.

“Did he hurt you?” she asks, her gaze searching the emotions in my eyes.

I shake my head and murmur, “Not physically.”

“What do you mean by not physically, Cam? I’ll call Kyland to punch his gorgeous face!” Her voice raises.

“Just relax, Meg. It’s all my fault, and I did it willingly. I thought I feel better if I win. I thought I will be happy to see the reaction on his face once he figures out I know all along, but I didn’t. I feel dirty.”

“What do you mean? What have you done?” Her eyes widen, keeps drilling me with questions.

“The right question is, what have they done to me?”

Megan looks paralyze with shock. “Ohmigod!”

“I called Xandry to meet me in the coffee shop and made a deal with him behind Pyke’s back. Since I’m so curious about how it feels to sleep with Pyke, so I told him if I can sleep with Pyke in less than a month, his car will be mine and the money from Pyke will be mine, too. Their deal was if Pyke will manage to sleep with me after a month Pyke will win—he will get Xandry’s car, but if Pyke can sleep with me before a month, Xandry will win, and he will get Pyke’s money. And if Xandry won’t agree with my terms, I let Pyke know that I am involved in the bet.”

Meg squeezes my hand. “So, asshole Xandry agreed with you?”

“Like he has a choice,” I snort.

“They deserve to lose, Cam, but did you regret sleeping with him?” A wicked smile spread across her lips.

I look at her intently. “Do I look like a whore? I mean, for sleeping him, because I wanted to win?” I ask without breaking my gaze to read her reaction.

She shakes her head instantly. “You’re not a whore, that serves them right and as long as you enjoy the night with him.” She waggles her brows. “Now, spill the deets.”

I roll my eyes.

“He’s huge, isn’t he? Did he take it slow or did he fuck your pussy till raw?” She giggles.

My face heats to the moment where Pyke was between my legs—my body reacts. My muscles tighten.

“Oh, my God. Did he tongue-fuck you?” she asks again, but I know she knows the answer—she can clearly see it on my face.

“I’m not used to share my sex life, Megan.”

She laughs out loud, throwing her head back. “Now you have a sex life, huh?”

I hit her hand. “Stop it! That’s not funny.”

“Oh, it is, but you had fun last night, hadn’t you? How many times did he make you come, Cum-ila?”

“Why would I tell you?” I fake my annoyance.

“That’s what best friend do, share secrets.”

“But you managed to keep their secrets from me.”

“And you managed to plan all these without me.”

“I’m sorry, Meg. I know how you would react, and I need to do that.”

“As long as you’re satisfied with the outcome and you don’t feel being used.”

Chapter 18

PYKE

I haven't seen Xandry since that encounter at my parents' house. He did call me once, but I'm still pissed to even talk to him.

It doesn't bother me though, but what bothers me these past days is about Liv Mendéz. How did Dad know about Camila's mom?

I wanted to ask Kyland, but he might suspect me that I'm up to something, and he's the last person I want to piss off right now.

I stare at the bar in dismay when I can't find Kyland, and everyone is busy serving the patrons. He's never been late or ditches his work without informing me. It freaks me out of the thought that he might figure out what I did to Camila.

Forrest is giving a dry Martini to a woman in a black dress, and he doesn't even glance at the woman who's giving him a flirty grin.

Forrest Wood is a year younger than Kyland—they're both tattooed. His uncle owned the tattooed shop where Kyland works as a tattoo artist.

"Forrest, where is Wright?"

"Didn't you receive the memo, Boss?" he answers right away with a question. I might be offended if I'm not used to his sour mood. He's a serious type—kind of intimidating with six foot and four inches of a muscular physique, broody, and mysterious. A perfect bad boy persona.

"What memo?" My curiosity strikes. I let my bruises to heal before I get back to work, but the purple under my eye will take time to disappear.

"We swapped offs starting today." His dark eyes rake me in confusion.

I nod. "Did he tell you the reason why?"

"Family matter." He shrugs.

"Did he mention something like going to his mom?" I hope I don't sound suspicious. I'm so curious about Liv, but my parents never share any pieces of information with me. Kyland's mom probably knows about her cousin, but I can't just ask her out of the blue, can I?

"I really have no idea, Boss. Why don't you call him instead?" He throws me a scrutinizing look, then he finally asks. "What happened to your face?"

Sometimes, I'm curious about his personality. Forrest doesn't laugh, nor talk if not being asked. He's a loner most of the time, unless if Kyland is around. I wonder if he had a hard time growing up. He never gets into a fight, though, despite having a bad boy image—he's good at his job as well.

"I don't think it's any of your business, Forrest," I retort, shooting him an I'm-your-boss-looked.

He nods glumly. A small smile slips across his lips. "It just, Xandry happened to have a face worse than you, so I put two and two together."

My blood boils at Xandry's name being mentioned—it's like venom to my blood. How can he keep a secret of letting Camila involve in his game?

"I have to go. Do you think you can manage the club while I'm out?" I didn't wait for him to answer. "Call me if anything, okay?"

On weekdays, the club is not that busy unlike weekends—the crowd triples the number.

"Sure, he deserved it anyway," he mumbles.

I stop from getting up off the stool. "What did you say?" My anger suddenly rises up.

"He was drunk yesterday, he thought you would be here. He mentioned something," he pauses and hesitates to continue, "... something about the bet."

Taking a deep breath, I move closer to him and observe if I catch everyone's attention. "Who was here when he said that?"

"Everyone was busy, I was left alone with him. He drunk his ass out. I even called a taxi for him. I heard him said something like he lost his car in a bet, that he came by taxi," Forrest explains.

"Did you mention it to anyone?" I eye him for a lie, but I don't see any.

His brows arch. "I'm not stupid, but I know it was wrong. I could've told Kyland if I wanted to—if I wanted to sabotage your game. I unintentionally overheard you and Xandry in an argument before your brother showed up. I was just getting out of the restroom that night."

I lean my elbows to the counter and warn him. "Don't tell anyone, Wood. Kyland in particular."

"You have my word."

I nod slowly then stand up and walk away. I feel a little relief, but until when I can keep this from Kyland? Our friendship is at stake. I'm willing to take every punch he will throw to me, but I know he won't give his trust back. Xandry ruined everything.

No, I ruined everything.

I drive all the way to Kyland's apartment. The cold rain starts pouring down across the windshield, the wiper sweeps in a sad rhythm that reminds me of how sad my life lately. The lightning doesn't go unnoticed despite the tall buildings all over the city—it streaks with anger across the dark skies—a reminder of my angry cantankerous Camila.

"Man, come in." Kyland extends his arms with a brotherly hug, sadness filling his eyes. He doesn't have any idea what I did with Camila in this apartment because he doesn't give a blow to my face, yet. Guilt is slowly swallowing me up. I literally betrayed him.

"Thanks, who's with you?" I ask, scanning the silent living room. My nerve is shaking, and it's still raining outside, making the temperature in their apartment drops, it gives me shiver, adds to the thought of what I am keeping from him.

He walks me to their couch where I leaned on Camila's warm shoulder days ago.

The coat. Shit!

"You okay?" Kyland's curious voice makes me swallow.

"Yeah," I mutter. I don't realize I'm holding my breath, and my ass doesn't reach the couch yet.

"Cam is staying with Megan since three days ago," Kyland says in a sad tone, sighing exasperatedly.

Three days ago—the same day I left her in this apartment—the same day she despised me.

"Is she okay?" I ignore the lump forming in my throat.

"She found out that I and Bianca are dating," he says, rubbing his scruffy face, "She didn't take it well." Guilt is coating his voice. He's not alone. I wish he knows that.

"She never suspected, I guess."

"She warned me once, but I never listened." He blows a breath. "God, I love her best friend, and I'm serious with Bianca. Cam thought I was just fooling around. I can't blame her though, she knows our rep when it comes to dating."

I feel guiltier as this conversation goes. My soul is burning in hell as of this moment. He might feel the same if he finds out I slept with his cousin. In my defense, I slept with Camila because I wanted to. I was willing to take another step with her if things didn't crash down on us before I can make a move.

"S-she left because she found out about you and Bianca?" I inquire, sounding like shit.

Shit!

"Yup. I'll get us some beer." He makes his way toward their kitchen.

I stand up, scanning their small living room to ease my tense muscles. The small wall mounted wooden cubbies piques my interest. I grab the yellow miniature car out of the three. Surprisingly, it's heavier than it looks, perhaps, it's made from pure iron. The windshield is painted with black, a blue and two white stripes on each side—the same as the hood. I let my thumb rub the number 45 written on the top.

"Oh, that's Cam's. Dad's friend gave her on her fourteenth birthday. The other two, on her fifteenth and sixteenth."

"Thanks, so, what happened on her seventeenth?" I grab the can of cold beer he offers. We walk back to the couch. I sip the beer then he starts scanning on the TV remote and stops on the sports channel.

"He became sick then stopped his work. For seven months, we frequently visited him to the hospital, until he died."

"I'm sorry, man."

"Thanks, he treated Cam like his daughter. She was so devastated when she found out about him being sick. I enjoyed watching them like a real father and daughter together in the repair shop, maybe because Cam found a father figure in him."

"What about her real parents?" I look intently at Kyland. He can lie to me or simply ignore me of being suddenly inquisitive, but I'm hopeful he can spare a little knowledge about her parents.

"Cam never met her parents. They abandoned her, I mean, her father never claimed her as his. While her mother's pregnant with Cam, she became an alcoholic and started to snort, that's what I learned from my parents when I started asking about why Cam is not a Wright. Good thing Cam was born normal. I thought Cam is my real sister. I saw an old picture of her mom though."

My blood boils at her father. He's a total asshole. No wonder Cam hates men who fucked around. No wonder she slapped me hard on my face to teach me lessons.

"What are you smiling at?"

"H-huh?" I blink.

"You're smiling."

I ignore his question and chuckle instead, "When is she coming back? I miss her infuriating big mouth."

I actually miss her. No. I really miss her. Not only her big mouth though. I miss her eyes—the way she looked at me that night. Her lips, her taste, her body on me, her sweet pussy. My cock twitches. Shit!

“She’s still ignoring us. She didn’t even reply to our messages. Bianca still calling her every now and then, but she shuts us out completely. Megan says Cam is okay though, and that gives me peace of mind. She goes to work at the GhostRides.” He pats my arm. “Thanks for that, man. You made her happy.”

I nod slowly. His sincere words squeeze my heart painfully. I made her hate me, too.

“I just wanted to help. She’s also a friend.”

She’s mine, too. You wish, asshole!

“Just give her time, Wright. She’ll come around. Why did you not tell her in the first place?”

“She will freak out. She won’t accept it. They have this girl’s code shit.” He laughs, scratching his growing beard.

“Don’t you have a plan on shaving that? Duck Dynasty has no plan renewing for another season.”

“You’re not my girlfriend and besides Bianca loves it, she said it tickles between her thighs.” He laughs—a belly laugh.

I suddenly remember how I ate Camila’s pussy. My pants tighten. I want to taste her again. Fuck! Calm down, dude!

“How’s your Apa?”

“Healing.”

“Did you bang already?”

Yeah, I banged— Fuck! “Nope.”

“I don’t think an Apa can reduce libido, man,” he says, half laughing.

Yeah, because I only want to be buried deep in Camila’s pussy. Bare. Skin to skin.

“Aren’t you going to answer that?” he asks, pointing at my pocket. I don’t even realize my phone is already ringing.

“Oh, excuse me, this must be Forrest.” I stand up, fishing out my phone.

It’s an unknown number. I was thinking of Camila. Why would she call you, asshole?

“Yes?”

“Pyke, it’s me, Megan, remember me? Cam’s best friend?”

My eyes slightly widen. I glance at Kyland who’s focus back on the TV screen.

“Megan, yeah, of course. How can I help you?” I whisper enough for her to hear.

“I need your help. I mean, not me, it’s Cam.”

My heart thuds in my chest. “Is she okay?”

Chapter 19

Camila

Mr. Mayes, the manager looks twice older than his age of forty-five. Around three hundred pounds of six-footer bald head and a goatee man. I've never seen him smile. All he does every day is to bark at everyone. I wonder what he's carrying on his shoulder that he forgets to even realize how beautiful life is.

Speaking of beautiful, regardless of what happened days ago, I learn how to appreciate the beauty of life—that life is not perfect, life doesn't always go like how we want it to be—it's like a road, it has many bends, ups, and downs. And that's its beauty.

Pyke stops bugging me. I miss him though, but what we did that night won't happen again. And what he did to me was cruel, and I don't think if we can even be friends.

Kyland and Bianca give me space, and that's what I want at this time. I need to process everything—it happened so fast at the same time. If what Kyland said is true, then who am I to keep grudges against them. I know he won't be pleased if he will find out what I did with Pyke behind his back as well. He will get the same reaction as I did days ago.

I dial Auntie's number as soon as I get back from work.

She answers, "Hey, Honey. How are you doing?"

"I'm good, Auntie. How's your last checkup?" I feel guilty for not coming with Kyland. I chose to go with Pyke in an annual car show than to see my aunt. Kyland insisted that I should go with Pyke because it's maybe my only chance. He's probably right.

"There is nothing to worry about, honey. I'm good as new. If only Kyland allows me to work again, I'm really in good shape now." There's still growing dismayed in her voice. Since she got a mild stroke, Kyland never allowed her to work again.

"Auntie, you have enough money to support yourself. I think Kyland is right. Why don't you just move in here so that we can be a happy family again?" I've been convincing her for years, but she can't just leave her husband who's been dead three years ago. She never misses a weekend to visit his grave.

"You already know the answer to that, honey, and stop convincing me already," she chuckles.

"Auntie, please consider our offer."

"Oh, stop it, Cam. So, how's your date?"

My brain freezes for a moment.

I clear my throat. "Oh, you know it wasn't a date. He was just showing me the event when he found out how much I love cars," I reply with a little disappointment in my tone. I bite my inner lip to stop being emotional.

"Is that so? I heard he helped you to find your job, too. A man like him won't waste his busy life taking you to a car show and pulling out his connections if he didn't have a thing for you, honey."

Yeah, indeed, he did that to let me fall into his trap because he only betted on me with his cousin. They're assholes!

"You know he's Kyland's boss, right? And we're not going out again." Auntie might have noticed the sudden change in my tone.

"Honey, he will ask you again, trust me. Anyway, Kyland talked to me that you're staying with Megan right now. What happened, honey?" I can hear the worry in her voice, and that's the last thing I want her to do.

"Just giving him some privacy, Auntie. You know he starts dating and since Megan has no more roommate, I might think of staying with her for good."

"Honey, Kyland will be devastated to hear that. He doesn't want you to leave because he starts dating. That's your apartment, too."

"Auntie, we're both grown up. We can take care of ourselves and he sacrificed a lot of things for me already. I can't let him do it again, besides I've got a job. I think he should think about prioritizing himself at this time."

She sighs. "Honey, the only thing I didn't do is pushing you out of my vagina. I know you didn't like the idea of your cousin and your best friend dating together, and you happened to figure out before they could tell you. You found it as a betrayal. Kyland and Bianca were hurt when you shut them out."

"I'm sorry. I'll understand them if they just tell me right away, or I might just react a little bit, but I can't control their feelings to whom they will fall for, can I?"

"Then talk to them already," she replies quickly.

A tight smile spread across my lips. It's been days since the last time I talked to them. I honestly missed them. "I will. I'll let you go, for now."

"You're my daughter, Camila, and I love you, you know that, right?"

"I know. Take care of yourself, and I love you, too."

I sigh deeply in relief. Auntie is right, and I overreacted. I need to talk to Kyland. I always come first when it comes to his priority. He treated me like his real sister. He's been supportive of my dreams, but look what I did to him? I didn't realize that I was so selfish until I talked to Auntie.

I grab my keys on my dresser and take my purse. I almost bump into Megan who just arrived from her work. She got a job at the real estate agency two weeks ago.

"Going somewhere?" she asks, looking at me from head to toe.

"I'm not meeting Pyke, nice try though." I roll my eyes because I know what she's thinking—it literally flashes on her forehead.

"You might miss the feelings of his Apa on your 'gina!" she gushes.

My heart flips because honestly, I've been thinking about him every time I went to sleep at night. I have to soak myself in the tub to avoid pleasuring myself when the feelings are unbearable.

"See, that look? You really need to get laid if you won't consider sleeping with him again, sweetie."

"Stop teasing me, Meg. You know he's a no to re-round banging. See you later." I sprint away from her before she can reply. I can still hear her laughter when I reach the door.

"But you want to consider it, Cam!"

I huff a frustrating breath and turn the ignition of my beat up 2001 Chevy Impala. This is all I have. Who will think someone who designs a car driving a beat-up? I never use the car I won on the bet and neither touch the money, but I know it's already on my account because of the bank notification I received on that same day. Crap!

I don't even notice it's raining when I get to the parking lot.

I focus on the road despite the cold heavy rain. My wiper screeches of how old it is. It doesn't help much of wiping away the rain on my windshield, then my car suddenly idle to a halt.

"You've got to be kidding me!" I groan and hit the steering wheel when it refuses to start no matter how many times I try. I take deep breaths to calm down and think of how can I reach Kyland's apartment. I should've listened to Megan to use the Ass-ton Martin as what she calls it. I should have chosen an auto mechanic instead of a designer.

I slam the door shut after getting out of the car when Megan doesn't pick up my call. I end up leaving her a message. I shiver when the cold rain pricks my skin. I groan and curse out of frustrations that I can't even unlock the hood.

The light from the passing car makes my eyes squint. I shield my face with my now wet arm to block the incoming light. Thank God, I'm not in the middle of the road that could cause the traffic.

The car turns to the same side where my car stopped, then the driver's door suddenly open. The driver gets out of the car and walks toward my direction. I can't see the face of the driver due to heavy rain and the headlamps are still on. What I'm sure of, is he's a man because of his silhouette.

My heart gallops in my chest. My gut instinct kicks in. I've watched movies where a stranger stops the car then drugged the victim, ended up dead, and left the body somewhere deserted. I hug myself and step backward to my passenger door.

"Babe?"

My body freezes. This can't be him. I can hear the heavy footsteps as he gets closer to me.

"Why the hell are you still driving this junk?" Pyke rebukes.

I shiver at the coldness of the chilly wind, but nothing compares to the voice that once called my name when we're both panting.

My gaze locks his. Crap! He looks hot when he's dripping wet. He looks like an underwear photoshoot. I blink out at my stupidity.

"What are you doing?" I follow him as he moves to the passenger door of my car.

"Getting your things, what do you think I'm doing?" he grumbles sarcastically.

I push back the door in protest when he tries to open. "Well, FYI, Mr. Hughes, I didn't remember calling the tow company or call you to come and rescue me."

"Stop being sarcastic." His voice suddenly changes to a soft tone.

"Y-you can go back to your car and leave me alone here." Cold seeps my skin making me shiver, and my teeth start to chatter. My fingers begin to numb the longer I stand here in the middle of the God knows where under the rain.

"I'll call someone to pick up your car." He manages to grab my purse inside and lock the door again.

"And stop calling me Mr. Hughes, Camila," he says firmly.

Pyke's jaw clenches, lips press tightly into a thin line. His laser-like eyes rake from my face down to my chest. That's when I realize my white sleeveless button-up shirt is now wet and see-through. My nipples harden at his intense glare, and I know they're poking through my lacy red bra.

He grabs my arm and drags me to follow him.

"Let go of me!" I exclaim in protest.

“Stop fighting with me, Camila! You are already shivering and we will end up sick if you keep on fighting. We’re already at home and dry if you’re not so stubborn.”

“I’m not going with you.”

He stops, letting go of my arm, then shoves my purse into my chest. “Fine.”

Pyke walks toward his car and gets inside. Before I can blink, he already speeds up, leaving me standing glued to my own feet. My eyes sting as I wrap my shuddering body tighter. He doesn’t really care, does he? How can he leave me here alone?

I jump in surprise when the tires screech beside me.

“Camila, get in the car, now!” he barks, making me flinch.

I’m already clutching the seat belt before my brain can process. “T-thank y-you.” My jaw aches, trying to control from stuttering, but I fail so.

“My place is not far from here. Just hang on tight for a while.” He grabs something from the backseat.

“Y-your p-place?” My brows raise, glancing at him.

He offers me his black jacket. I grab it willingly with my trembling fingers and wear it without uttering a word. I close my eyes when his smell wafts my nose that I missed for days.

“Stop talking already. You’re freezing, and the last thing I want is for you to die from hypothermia. If you are not so stubborn you’re not suffering right now.” He doesn’t seem to be affected by the cold even his clothes are wet like mine.

“Thank you for saving my ass there, happy?”

His eyes lock mine, but he doesn’t say anything. His jaw remains clenched throughout the ride.

Chapter 20

PYKE

The coat that I offered doesn't help much for her petite body. Her body continues to shiver. My balls ache for putting myself together to stop from pulling her into my arms to warm her up. I have to stop doing so—for her own good.

I crave her. I want her so bad it makes me dizzy. I want to press her against this glass elevator wall if I can get a chance to feel her body next to me again.

I'm such a melodramatic asshole.

The water drips from her wet hair down to the crook of her neck, to the valley of her barely covered tits. Her see-through white shirt doesn't help to cover her puckered nipples poking through her red lacy bra.

I swallow hard, breathing deeply to control my tense muscles. Keeping our distance away is nearly impossible because my mind spins dirty thoughts off my tongue running down her neck to the valley of her tits. Tasting her once isn't enough, now, I'm not sure if I can get enough of her.

I notice her eyes pinning on me. Thanks to the glass wall. She's biting her bottom lip, hugging herself together. Her gaze is raking from my chest down to my abdomen, to my bulging crotch.

I clear my throat. "If you don't wanna find yourself press against this wall, you better behave and stop looking at my cock, Camila. I won't blame myself for losing my control. So stop teasing me."

She swallows hard, leaving the last view she enjoys to look at.

I release a sigh of relief when the elevator slides open, and that's the longest elevator hell ride I've ever had.

She follows me silently, checking out the surroundings as soon as we get inside my apartment.

My spacious wooden carved wall living room consists of off-white leather couches, electric fireplace, and some of my antique wood sculptures collections that I bought mostly from Europe, and my one medieval wood carving photograph that covers half of the wall.

"Follow me." Then the yellow lights illuminate the entire hallway.

"Wow," she mutters, "are all these things you have here are motion sensors?"

"No, Babe. Only this hallway."

“Why only this?”

“Because if I’m a drunk ass I can’t even flick the lights on.”

“Yeah, while your hands are busy somewhere else,” she mumbles under her breath.

“What’s that supposed to mean, Camila?” I pause after I open my bedroom door.

My gaze locks hers. Is she jealous if I’m busy touching another woman?

“Can you just give me something to change. I’m dying here from cold.”

“Come inside, before you will judge me again, no one enters my bedroom.”

“Then I’ll just wait outside,” she says and stops at the door, suddenly looks ashamed.

“Get inside, Babe. You need to soak in the tub for a while.” The thought of soaked Camila fogs my brain with an amazing view of her naked body in my tub.

“Let me use the other tub then.”

“I may be an asshole but I’m not a rapist, Camila.”

“I was not thinking about you as a rapist.”

Yeah, because you have no idea that I definitely raped you in my mind.

I ignore her retort, letting her into my room, to my bathroom that nobody gets in, yet. I start filling the tub with enough temperature of the water while Camila awaits, but she already removes the coat and hangs it on the towel rack.

“I don’t have a bubble bath. Shower gel will do?”

“I didn’t come with you to pamper myself, Pyke. I just want to change to something dry.”

“That’s the first time you called my name again.”

“Yeah, because I need to be nice to you.”

Stand up straight, facing her. “Really? I can kick you out of my apartment right now if I want to.”

“Then do it.” Suddenly, she sounds annoyed.

“Strip off your clothes, then I’ll dry them so that you can use them later.”

Without hesitation, she starts unbuttoning her jeans, shrugging them off her feet leaving only her red lace panties. She yanks off her white shirts leaving only her red lacy bra.

Is she gonna bare herself naked in front of me?

My body hums with anticipation. Blood rushes through my brain. My lips dry instantly when she reaches her back to unhook her bra.

I fake a cough. “Do you want me to jerk off in front of you?”

She pauses and turns to face me with narrowed eyes. “Then what are you still doing here?”

My eyes land on her breast. My mouth waters, my cock aches inside my pants. Clearly, this woman is the death of me—killing me with aching balls.

“I’ll go make us something to eat. I’ll place a shirt for you on my bed.” I leave without a second thought before I will join and fuck her in the tub. That’s if she’ll let me.

“Pyke, thank you!”

“You’re welcome.”

I sigh deeply in relief. My heart somersaults in my chest. I fumble some ingredients for a chicken tortellini soup from the cupboards and fridge. I’m placing a pot half full of water on the stove when I hear Camila yelling from the room.

Shit!

Adrenaline courses through my system as I run faster toward my room because I know why she’s yelling at the top of her lungs. It’s Twinkle.

“Pyke!”

I rush into the bathroom and push the door open causing it to slam against the wall. Before I can process, Camila launches herself on me, her legs wrap around my waist, her arms entwined around my neck. My arms instantly wrap around her wet and naked body in response.

Fuck me!

I missed her body pressed against mine. Her wet flesh feels like heaven on my hands—so soft, so smooth, bare, and warm. No, hot.

I hiss in a breath. With only my shirt as our gap doesn’t do any good. My smell on her is far intoxicating. How could my shower gel smell so fucking good on her? Our body heat can light up into a wildfire.

“You told me no one gets inside your room! Why is there a rat inside your bathroom? Call an exterminator at this instant, Pyke! Or I will kill it by myself!” I wince at her voice yelling into my ear.

“Babe, calm down.”

“Why the hell there is a rat inside your house?”

“Babe, you’re damaging my ear.”

“Then call someone to remove that rat!”

I groan louder and squeeze her ass. It’s a mistake. Sweet baby Jesus! My cock is in full-mast. I’m instantly aroused to the point I feel lightheaded. My hand moves up in a light caress of the lower back. My lips dry in desperate on her skin.

“Pyke!”

I cough. “Babe.” My voice gets rough.

Fuck! I want her badly. I want inside her so deep when my cock poking her warm bare pussy. This feeling is freaking insane. I’ve never been so aroused and controlled at the same time.

“Stop yelling in my ear,” I say calmly, still shaking at the end. “That’s Twinkle, Parker’s Chinchilla.” I lick my lips.

“W—who’s Parker? So, you have a pet in your apartment?”

“My brother. He’s staying at his fiancée’s apartment, so I take care of Twinkle for a while.”

“I don’t like it. It looks like a rat. I almost killed baby Milo before because it looked disgusting.”

“It doesn’t matter if you like it or not. Twinkle is a sweet little thing. She’s a nocturnal animal and sleeps most of the day. I didn’t lock the door when I left, so that’s probably how she got inside.”

I notice Twinkle is still playing her chew toys beside the tub. Camila tightens her legs around my waist causing my cock to press against her warm bare pussy. My pulses are drumming in my ears.

An unsteady breath slips from my lungs. I moan at the sweet torture she’s giving me. My breathing quickens. She pulls her head away causing our face to get closer. Her firm and warm tits still pressed against my chest. She’s also turned on just like me—her eyes are flooded with desires.

“Pyke,” she whispers without breaking eye contact.

“Stop torturing me, Babe. I’m in a second of pushing down what prevents me from thrusting inside of you,” I rush my words with a hiss.

“P-put me down,” she says quickly.

I know she won’t say no if I’ll take her right now because I can feel her hot wetness on my sweatpants. Her body trembles and feels hot. I have to squeeze my eyes shut to prevent me from grabbing her head and kissing her senseless. I can come in my sweatpants just dry humping with her. A few grinds with her can make me explode. This is the torturous night of my life!

I open my eyes only to see her face flushed, eyes still swimming with lust. I close my eyes again, loosening my arms around her as soon as I feel her feet reach the floor. Then I take a step backward.

"I'll take Twinkle and put her back to the cage." I turn around without looking back at her.

The rain still pouring outside. I make a soup without burning it even my brain still messing up with Camila's hot body. She emerges to the kitchen just when I scoop the hot soup into the bowl.

"Smell amazing," she says, showing her genuine smile.

"Thanks. I can make a good soup. I hope this time you can taste my cooking."

She sits down on the stool of my black kitchen island. The last time I made for us we happened not to eat them.

"I'm not gonna apologize for that." She blows a spoonful of soup then sip it to test the temperature.

"Oh, my god. This is orgasmic."

Fuck! My spoon drops down to the bowl. "Stop talking about orgasms."

A wicked grin spreads on her lips. We enjoy eating in silence until she speaks again, "This is really delicious. I still want to eat, but my tummy can't take another drop," she says, rubbing her abdomen.

I groan internally, instead, I reply, "I'll take that as a compliment."

"Let me do the cleaning," she suggests, standing up on the stool.

"No, Babe, you're my guest."

"But you did the cooking."

"It was not that hard. Just go to the living room, be there in a sec. Your car is already in the parking lot, but it's still dead."

"I'll check it later," she says, walking away.

Why isn't she driving the Aston Martin?

Fuck. Me!

I curse all the curses ever known to mankind. She did not wear the boxers I gave to her. My blue shirt rides up her waist giving me a beautiful view of her bare ass while she's sleeping soundly on the couch.

I sigh desperately. “What I’m gonna do with you, Camila?”

I groan louder yanking off my shirt over my head to cover what’s between her thighs before picking her up and carry her back to my room. I love my smell on her.

She stirs when I place her down in my bed. “Pyke, is that you?” she murmurs.

“Sleep, Babe.”

“Sleep beside me.”

“I don’t think it’s a good idea.”

“Then get out!” she snaps.

“That’s my bed.”

“Then why did you carry me back here?”

“I want you to sleep well.”

“Whatever.”

“You don’t mind?”

Chapter 21

Camila

What's wrong with me?

I should've been loathing him for what he did to me, but instead, I'm here in his apartment, in his bed, wearing his clothes, and lying under his blanket.

He silently crawls into his bed with only in his boxers shorts then slips under his blanket beside me. My heart is somersaulting in my chest. I can't help but awe every time his arm muscles flex. Pyke is incredibly sexy.

"I'm so sorry for what we did to you, Babe," he starts talking, facing me. He tucks his blanket under his taut arms.

"Your apology won't change anything that had been done, so stop apologizing. I'm still hurt, you know, and the last thing I want right now is to see you or to be here with you, but look at us, at me." I sigh heavily.

"You're beautiful," he says softly, looking directly into my eyes.

You're beautiful, too.

"That's not what I mean."

"But that's what I mean. I'm not asking your forgiveness now, Babe. Even if it takes a lifetime to make it up to you, for as long as you will end up forgiving me, I'll do it."

I chuckle sarcastically. "Wow, you sound so serious."

"It's because I am, Camila," he answers quickly.

"What happened to your jaw and your eyes?" I find my thumb running softly at the purple under his eyes. He hisses when my skin touches his. Electricity intensifies, and the heat makes my head spin.

"Dad hit me," he simply says.

I gasp in shock.

Pyke holds my hand planting my thumb to his lips, kissing it. "I deserve it anyway."

"Why did he hit you?" A concern is audible in my voice.

“He found out what I did to you. He was furious.” He looks guilty—pain plasters on his handsome face.

My eyes widen, jerking my hand away from him, “How did he know, Pyke?” Panic streaks in my voice. Does his dad know that Pyke had sex with me?

“We had a family dinner, Xandry and his family were there, too. Dad warned me to stay away from you.”

“Then why am I here?” My stomach knots. I’m instantly in a sitting position.

He smiles with a glint of mischief in his eyes. “You know I’m not good at following orders.” Suddenly, his smile fades. “Honestly, because I can’t stay away from you knowing that you hate me. I can’t stand the thought of what we did to you. I want to make it right. God, I don’t know what should I do.”

“We’re just human, you know. I used you, too. I should’ve just confronted you, but when I thought of the bet, it made me furious. You offered me for boudoir, helped me get a job, and you brought me to a car show, then they were all just parts of your plan to lure me into sleeping with you.” I sink my teeth into my bottom lip to stop it from trembling. It hurts knowing he did that to me because he wanted to win.

He sits up, gives me his back, and shakes his head simultaneously. “That’s not true, Babe.” Blowing a shaky breath. “I did all that because I wanted you to be happy, I mean minus the photoshoot. The photoshoot is just to prove Xandry that we had sex,” he pauses, “I thought it would be a good idea.”

I laugh bitterly. “I don’t believe you.”

His faces me. He must notice my shaky voice, then he whispers, “Babe.”

He moves closer, swallowing hard. “Please, forgive me. I know we are assholes. Why don’t you just yell at me, hit me, slap me, or throw something at me? If it would help lessen the hurt and anger you have for me.”

“Camila, what I did to you was horrible. No one ever challenged me like that. I’m not used to being rejected, but I never thought that I would like you along the way. The worse part was, everything I did because I wanted to see the smile on your face, to see your eyes dancing with joy, not because I wanted to win. I forgot about the bet when I was with you. They were all real. Everything. That night we...” He takes my hand. “We made love was real. My feelings were real, and I’ve never been so happy and contented in my entire life toward sex until I was buried deep inside you. The feelings were incredible. No words can describe when we kissed and when you were in my arms.”

"I didn't fucking care that I lost in the bet. I called Xandry before I got inside your room that he won, he could have all that fucking money. I chose you over that stupid game. Believe it or not, I was considering telling Kyland that I liked you. But I didn't get the chance." He wipes my tears from my face.

I blink to his confession. I don't know if I have to believe him or not because regardless of what he just revealed, he still lied to me.

"Is that why you chose to stay?" I ask, searching the truth in his eyes.

He doesn't break eye contact. "Yeah. It never happened before, but what we had was real, Camila. Believe me."

"I don't know what to say," I say, shrugging.

"Don't say anything. I'm telling you all of these because I just want you to know the truth. No motives. I couldn't think straight knowing you did not know my real intentions. I admit I still made mistakes."

"Thanks for telling me, I'm still mad at you though."

"I know, Babe. I know. Now, get some sleep," he says, kissing my forehead.

I lie back down giving him my back. I might be tempted to kiss the hell out of him if I look at him any longer.

"Night, Babe."

I wake up to an unfamiliar room, then it suddenly hits me about Pyke confessions last night. To my dismay, his side is already empty even if it's only six in the morning.

I walk out of his room after done with my bathroom routine. I wear his sweatshirt that I take from his closet. It smells like him—manly, musk, and a hint of citrus.

I reach Pyke's living room and appreciate the wood carved wall. My brows furrow when I notice a foot on the couch's arm. Did he sleep here all night?

I walk slowly to the sleeping Pyke, sprawling on his couch. Half of the sheet is draped around his thigh and half of it is on the floor. His slight bulging boxers look magnificent in the morning.

Perv! I mentally hit myself.

I walk closer, kneel in front of him, and stare at his peaceful face, now with a five o'clock shadow. I wipe strands of hair away from his forehead. His brows furrow, lips pout, then he sighs.

A smile spread across my lips.

"You look really cute sleeping," I mutter, rubbing the bruise in his jaw with my thumb. The color starts to fade.

"Does this still hurt?" I murmur.

"Just kiss me already." I startle when I hear his sexy sleepy voice.

"How long you've been awake?" I ask, scowling at him.

"Good morning. I'm a light sleeper, Babe." He smiles—a smile that can disappear dark clouds that threaten heavy rains.

I stand up, crossing my arms over my chest. "Where are my clothes?"

"Really? No good morning, no kiss, no smile, just a scowl early in the morning? Don't you know it's bad luck? I should've pretended I was sleeping. I might get a good morning kiss from you."

"My clothes, Pyke."

"If you had your clothes last night I might found an empty bed when I wake up, right?" He sits straight, rubbing his sleepy eyes with the back of his pointing fingers.

"Why did you sleep here?"

"You know why."

"Why would I ask you if I know why?" I ask softly.

He looks up at me, smiling genuinely then asks, "Hungry?"

"Starving."

He gestures to my side. "That's your clothes."

I glance at the single sofa and find two shopping bags. My curiosity kicks in. I check the first bag only to see women's clothing with a white blouse, dark blue pencil cut skirt, and a thin red belt. All with price tags. I check the other bag, it contains lingerie of pairs of panties and bras of my size in red, blue, and black colors. I notice another bag on the floor.

"Good morning," he says, kissing the top of my head.

I ignore Pyke's greeting and bend to check what's inside the last bag with a rectangular box inside. It's a pair of black high heels from Jimmy Choo. My jaw drops to the floor. What's this supposed to mean?

"Pyke?"

“In the kitchen!”

I stomp to where his voice came from, only to abruptly stop when I notice Pyke in front of the kitchen counter. My mouth waters, not from the tomato, but because there's nothing sexier than a half-naked man slicing a tomato with a slight frown on his face as if concentrating on what he's doing.

“Is sandwich okay?” he asks, looking at me. A smirk forms on his lips.

“Save that smirk for someone else. Where are my clothes? And don't you think you should at least wear a shirt?” I walk closer to him.

“You will gonna be late for work, Babe. Why, Camila, does it bother you if I'm wandering around half-naked?” His smirk turns into a full grin. “Go, take a shower, and change. What do you drink in the morning?”

“You're not gonna answer me, are you?”

“And you're stubborn as hell, aren't you? I asked Saph last night to shop for you because I didn't dry your clothes and even if I did, I don't think if you can wear a shirt and jeans for your work. I slept on the couch because your ass was bare. It took a lot of self-control for me that I didn't have to not take you from behind while you sound asleep last night. Don't worry I only jerked off twice in the bathroom before I went to sleep on the couch.”

My face heats with his bluntness. “Sorry if I've caused you too much trouble.”

“You are my trouble, and I love it.”

“Who's Saph?” I ask. I don't care if he finds me nosy.

“Don't get jealous, Saph is my cousin, Xandry's twin sister. She agreed to shop if I promise to let her meet you.”

“So, she will meet the woman her twin and cousin bet on?”

Pyke's facial expression suddenly changes. “Babe, that's not the reason why she wanted to meet you.”

“Give me my sandwich. I'm starving. Do you have an OJ?”

I eat my breakfast silently and so as Pyke. The tension suddenly thickens in the air. He's still frowning when he notices me eating silently. We exchange glances a few times, but none of us say a word.

I have no choice but to wear the clothes he offered me because I can't get to work late or walk around butt naked. I can say, I love the clothes and especially the shoes. Megan will get jealous of this. Saph has a great fashion sense.

I don't talk with Pyke until he walks with me to the Parking lot of his apartment building.

"Babe, I'll take you to lunch. There is a restaurant near to your work. It's Greek, and you'll love it." Pyke's hand is on my small back as he guides me out of the elevator.

"No, thank you."

"I will come."

"No, you won't."

"I'll talk to your manager if I have to if it makes you come with me."

I stop walking and face him. "Do I owe you anything, Pyke?"

"Yeah, you owe me this." Instantly, he cups the back of my head. I'm so stunned to realize he's already kissing me. Hard. His warm tongue prods against my lip, demanding an entrance. I'm so helpless to stop him, instead, I open my mouth and let him dominate me. I kiss him in return. His tongue thrusts deep and tangles with my own. My hands grasp his hair pulling him closer to me to intensify our kiss. I sag to his kiss, and all I can do is press my body against him for a complete submission.

Chapter 22

PYKE

My cock is harder than rock. I want to take her back to my apartment and bury my cock deep into her. Her dress doesn't help me from seconds to come in my jeans. Her skirt molds perfectly on her round ass and with her white blouse showing a good amount of the swell of her tits.

Jesus, she's driving me crazy beyond my imagination. I pull myself away from her before I change my mind.

"Beautiful," I whisper through heavy breathing.

"How did I owe you a kiss?" A flash of anger lights in her eyes but the amusement is in there, too. Her lipstick smear around her swollen lips.

"I asked you nicely for a good morning kiss but you chose to ignore me. Now, that's my payback. Next time, just do as I say."

"We should not kiss like that again." A regret coats in her voice as she looks down at her feet.

I cock my brow. "Like what exactly, Babe? Do you want soft and slow—"

"No, Pyke. No more kissing. Can I have my keys now?" Camila asks, offering her hand.

I fish out her keys from my jeans' pocket and hand it to her.

"Thanks!" She strides, leaving me in front of the elevator then, she suddenly stops. I chuckle at how comical she looks.

Then she turns around, scowling at me. "Where is my car?" she hollers from where she's standing.

"If you're not so eager to leave me I could show you to your car." I grin sheepishly, marching toward her direction.

"Pyke, I'm gonna be late to work. Where did you park my car?" she asks again, looking pissed.

"Your old car is in the junk." I grab the keys from her hand. "Your new car is there," I say, pressing the car key remote. The car unlocks from her back, and she almost jumps, then she turns around.

"Wow!" Her eyes widen. "Is this the McLaren from the car show?" Then eyes light up, admiring the white beast in front of her.

"Not the same displayed car but yes, the same model," I answer, "I ordered this car that night. I thought you'll gonna like it."

"Wow, congratulation! But unfortunately, I'm really running late if you won't show me where did you park my car. I mean it, Pyke. Let's celebrate later. I need to go to work." She's still scanning around the parking lot.

"This is yours, Babe." I hand her the keys back. I hooked the car key to her keys last night, that way she can't refuse to take it.

"What do you mean by yours?" She looks confused.

"Did you not hear me?"

"You're kidding, right?" Irritation flashes on her face.

"No."

"Well, I can't accept it. I'll just hail a cab," she says dismissively, walking away. I grab her hand before she can walk away from me.

"I bought this for you."

"Which I don't need it. The Ass-ton is just parked at Meg's apartment. I can't even look at it without feeling disgusted to myself." She swallows, wrapping her arms around herself. Camila averts her eyes to the street as pain and sadness replace on her eyes.

"Babe, you deserved that. You can do whatever you want with that car. Xandry and I are assholes."

"And I'm a whore!" she roars.

"Don't you ever down yourself like that, Camila! I never look at you that way." I blink, trying to control my anger because I am the reason why she feels this way in the first place.

"Take this car, please. I bought this for you," I say quietly, hoping she takes it without a fight.

"Are you buying me out, Pyke?" Her voice cracks, tears forming in her eyes.

"This is a gift. I bought this for you before we slept together. I'm not bribing you. I saw how you really like this car. Accept this, please?"

"I can't take it. I'm sorry." She shakes her head.

"Just use this, sell this, or do whatever you want. Use the money and buy a new car you like or donate the money, I don't care. Just take this. This meant for you."

"Are you crazy? This is a two hundred thousand dollar car, Pyke!"

"I still buy for you even if it's worth a million dollars."

"Why are you doing this? If you think I will forgive you easily because you bought me a car, don't even think about it, Pyke."

I want to be pissed at her, but I smile instead. Girls will jump if I'll give them cars, but Camila scowls and bickers with me instead.

"Let's go before I change my mind. I'll drive you to work then pick you up later." I walk to the passenger door and pull up the door for her.

For the first time in history, Camila jumps literally like a girl in front of the Christmas tree. She gets inside voluntarily. I quickly get inside the car before she can bark other words.

"I'll pick you up at lunch," I say, pulling out the driveway.

"Dinner."

"Lunch, Babe."

"Dinner."

"You don't agree without a fight, do you?"

"I don't want to spend lunch outside then go back to work after that."

I sigh deeply. "Fine. I'll come and fetch you."

"Good."

"Really?"

"Shut up and just drive," she says with a laugh.

"So you'll take the car?"

"No."

"Come on, Babe. You don't like the Ass-ton. Your car is in the junk—your car is actually junk. Who's beautiful like you driving that kind of junk?"

"Excuse me? That's my first car! My first salary. Kyland helped me pay that car you call junk!"

"When was that? Four years ago? You're wasting your savings to send that junk to the shop."

"Well, I'm not as rich as you, and that junk is the only car I can afford. I'm planning on buying a better car than that old one I have."

"Then we just solved your problem. You've got a better car."

"Well, it will take a lifetime before I can pay you off, idiot!"

"I'm not saying you will pay me back, idiot!"

"What did you say?" she snaps, narrowing her eyes at me.

"Idiot?" I ask faking an innocent look.

"That's rude."

"I know. I was just kidding," I say, grasping her hand on her lap, planting it on my lips, kissing each knuckle, and squeezing it. Her hand just fits perfectly as I interlace it with mine.

We stay silent as I hold her hand. I sigh in relief because she doesn't let go of my hand either, and she just feels good. I give her a quick glance. She bites her lower lip while I caress her knuckles with my thumb.

"Okay," she whispers.

"Okay?"

"I'll use the car for a while until I save enough money to buy a new one."

"Babe, why bother? Sell the Ass-ton or use the money I sent to your account. Did you even check?"

I sent the one hundred grand to her account that day, and I was sure she is notified.

"I'm not gonna use that."

"But promise me, Camila Leigh, you will use that money in case there is an emergency."

"Camila Leigh?" Her brow raises, looking amused.

"You know my full name, and it's only fair to know yours, don't you think?" I smile.

I park the car in front of a two-story building owned by Gray. The main floor is used for the shop, car supplies, and the showroom. The second floor is mainly an office.

"Thanks for the ride, Pyke." She unlatches the belt.

"My pleasure, Babe," I grab her hand before she can get out. "Not so fast."

I lean my head closer to close the gap between us and kiss her lips. My body reacts instantly. The heat of our kiss ignites right through my cock. She presses her lips back, kissing me, and grazing her tongue with mine, and I almost moan at how her soft lips and playful tongue moving against mine.

"It's okay, I can manage," she says, pushing the door up.

I know exactly why she doesn't want me to walk her to her job. My heart aches at the thought of Camila doesn't want anyone to know that I'm with her.

"Just take care, Babe, and Good luck." I give her the sweetest smile I can muster and wave my hand for goodbye.

She nods, closes the door back, and walks toward the building. I breathe deeply to calm the queasy feeling in my belly.

How I wish I can go back in time and change who I am, Camila, but I might not meet you that night if I'm not who I am today.

P: Babe, on my way.

Cam-T: Excited much?

P: To taste you, yeah.

Cam-T: I'm starving.

Changing the topic, huh?

P: I'm starving too. What do you wanna eat?

Cam-T: You

Did she just flirt with me?

Fuck! My cock hardens.

P: I'm all yours, Babe.

Cam-T: haha. Just come over, Pyke. I'm starving.

P: On my way.

Cam-T: Later. Take care.

P: See you soon.

A smile spread across my lips as I throw my phone to the passenger seat and start the engine. I reserved a VIP table at the King's restaurant due to my excitement to have dinner with her.

I am already in front of Gray's building twenty minutes later. I drum my fingers on the steering wheel after sending her a quick message.

I check the clock on my dashboard when I don't hear my phone chimes, and still no signs of her. I grab my phone and dial her number instead, but she doesn't pick up.

She's not going to ditch me, is she?

I get out of my car and stride toward the building. My heart pounds in my chest as I get inside the motion sensor glass door. Goosebumps crawl on my skin when the cool air from air condition hugs my body.

Oddly, the reception area is already empty. My stomach twists sickly. I quicken my pace to the door that leads to the showroom. She's probably checking some cars while waiting for me or perhaps, she doesn't notice my call.

I must say they're good at customizing cars, but I am not here to appreciate their job. I'm here to take my woman to a dinner date. A few lights open mainly focused on the car displays, but this place is dead silent that I can hear my own footsteps.

Chapter 23

Camila

I'm so engrossed in my new design proposal that I lose track of time. My heart is beating faster when I receive a message from Pyke, telling me he's on his way.

I stand up from my chair after closing the desktop, then I leave the room that serves as the office of the design team. I've never been excited about dinner with him until right now. The clicking of my shoes echoes in the entire showroom where I take the exit to the front door.

A gasp escapes my mouth when I almost bump into a broad chest. My hand instantly flies to my chest to steady my frantic heartbeat. I look up to the person in front of me.

My eyes widen. "Mr. Gray, my apology. I wasn't looking at my way." It comes out a squeal.

I move to my left to give him the way. He might go up to the second floor. His hazel eyes trace my face to my lips down to my chest. My face heats with his intense stare. His tongue darts out, licking his lips that gives me shiver in a creepy way at his sudden gesture.

"Cam, don't you think you work so hard?" His deep baritone voice is playful.

Cam?

"I lost track of time," I reply politely, looking down to the floor. Suddenly, my phone buzzes—it's Pyke for sure. "I'm not gonna hold you any longer. Good evening, Mr. Gray," I say, giving him a smile.

"Cam, wait," he calls before I can take a step.

I stop and face him again. "Yes, sir?"

"Cut the formality, Cam. It's just you and me now. I'm glad I catch you before you go. Let me send you home, but let's have dinner first," he says, gesturing his hand to walk with him.

"Um, I'm sorry, Mr. Gray, I-I mean, Aaron, but my friend is probably waiting in the parking lot right now."

"Are you and Hughes fucking together?" he asks with his eyes narrow to crinkle slits.

My eyes widen in surprise as his question caught me off guard.

His features suddenly change from soft to dark and about to grow horns. His evil eyes squint intently at me. His hard jaw clenches and his nose is almost flaring.

"E-excuse me?" My throat dries instantly while my heart is pounding hard in my chest.

"You heard me, Cam. Did he fuck you hard enough?" he seethes. His voice is lethally sharp as a knife.

"I-I really should go," I rush the words out.

I quicken my pace away from him, but my four inches high heels don't help me from doing so. My legs wobble with every step I make. My sweaty hands tremble as I grip my purse tightly to my chest. This place is so quiet that I can hear his strong footsteps echoing at my back. I've never been so scared in my entire life until tonight.

"You know what?" he pauses, chuckling sarcastically. "I hired you because of him..." he trails off.

My feet stop before my brain commands.

"You know you are not qualified for the job, right? You sucked during the interview, but because of Pyke Hughes, the notorious motherfucker, I was curious why did he call me, and asked me to give you a job. Honestly, you suck at what you do! And you're just an ordinary girl, but now, I know the reason why, because you are fucking him. Your mouth must be so talented in sucking his dick. You must have a tighter ass if he's still keeping you. The Pyke I knew never fucks a woman twice and never gives a damn shit even the woman tries killing herself in front of him!" The bitterness wrenches in each word that leaves his mouth, and it's like poisons spreading fast into my veins.

Despite the fear crawling up my skin, I manage to turn around to face him. I blink back the tears and press my lips together. His hard and evil penetrating stare rakes me with disdain. The unrestraint anger on his face makes me cower.

Why does he hate Pyke so much? What Pyke did to him to make him do this to me?

"W-why are you telling me this?" I choke, swallowing hard the bitterness rises up in my throat. I lean my free hand to the black car on my right for support.

"I wanted to show him that I can do better than him. He can't always get what he wants and that you don't belong to him," he hisses, taking another step closer to me. "I'll show you how to be thoroughly fucked, Cam."

Panic streaks through me. I take wobbly steps back.

What took him so long? I mentally beg for Pyke to appear. Second ticks like forever.

"I don't belong to Pyke, Mr. Gray, and I don't belong to anyone." My lips tremble.

“Liar!” His strong large hand connects my face with a hard sickeningly loud smack causing my head to jerk and my sight to spin. My purse falls to the floor as my hand instantly on my warm face in reflexive response. I wince in pain and startle a little bit.

He pushes me hard, making me stumble. I lose my balance, almost falling back to the floor, but my back hits the car that serves as my support to keep standing.

It happens so fast for me to realize what he did to me. Aaron Gray slaps me.

I cry out as his strong hand grips my throat firmly leaving me without air. My teary eyes widen in fear while gulping and gasping to breathe.

Despite the fear, I thrash and back trying to dislodge him. My fingernails dig harder into his hands to loosen his grip. I use the air left to scream, but nothing comes out.

He presses his body against mine, grinding his hard erection against my lower belly. Tears slip my eyes as I struggle hopelessly.

“Can you feel this? I enjoy watching you beg for life to fuck you, bitch!” he hisses each word through gritted teeth.

His eyes glimmer with anger. His free callous hand travels down between my thighs, slips under my skirt until it reaches to where he wants them to be. He forces his fingers into me, as deeper as he gets causing me to silently cry in pain.

Desperation to breathe take over me, my lungs burn in pain. My edge of vision goes dark.

Beep...

While my eyes still close, I breathe deeply, listening to the beeping sound of the monitor that matches my heartbeat. Curiosity pries my eyes to fully open.

I’m breathing. I’m still breathing.

How am I still alive?

I slide my eyes sideways to see Bianca slightly frowning while looking intently at the monitor.

“B,” I whisper in a raspy and hoarse voice. My throat hurts like I swallowed broken glasses as I speak.

Her head snaps at me with wide eyes, then smiles. “Oh, my God, you’re awake!” She launches herself at me, giving me a tighter hug.

"I thought I'd die without taking a sight at my niece or nephew." Tears escape my eyes. I cry on Bianca's shoulder as she rubs my back. I can feel she's also crying.

"I'm so sorry, Cam. For everything. We shouldn't hide that from you." Sadness and pain fill her eyes.

"It's alright, B. Now I realize that life is too short to dwell on the past and crappy things that we can't change." I wipe her tears from her face.

The door swings open, my cousin emerges with a luminous glow of happiness in his eyes. He literally runs toward my bed.

"Cam, Jesus Christ!" He hugs me tighter, running his fingers through my messy hair.

"I'm sorry, Kill, if I made you worry." I cry even harder on his arm. His warm body gives me comfort.

"Hush, Cam. Everything will be alright, okay? I promise you that," he ensures as he pulls himself away from me, kissing my forehead.

"That bastard won't get away for what he did to you." His voice sounds determined.

I bite lip, wiping the tears of remorse that floods in my eyes.

You suck at what you do! You're an ordinary girl!

"Hey, it's alright." Kill tries to calm me down, giving me a tight smile.

"How did I get in here?" I manage to ask him.

"Hughes," he answers while his jaw clenches. "How did he end up in your office building, Cam? I'm glad he was there, but don't tell me it was a coincidence." Kill shoots me an unrelenting stare, searching for an answer.

"Kill, don't you think it's too early for your interrogation? That can wait. What is important is he came and rescued Cam on time. She could've ended..." she hesitates, "...I don't wanna think about it." Bianca blows a shaky breath.

"Yeah, I was thankful that he arrived on time, otherwise that asshole might have done horrible things to her," he replies to Bianca, then his eyes back at me, shooting me a hawkish gaze. "Are you sleeping with Hughes, Camila?"

I'm caught off guard by his question. I flinch, and his icy words hit my bone. My heart thunders in my chest while I think of what to answer.

Kyland swallows hard, suddenly stands up from the bed, and breaths heavily with hands on his hips now pacing back and forth. Simultaneously, the door swings open, revealing the stunningly gorgeous, Pyke. How can he look so handsome even with additional bruises on his face?

My heart hammers in my chest when Kyland launches towards Pyke, throwing him a punch directly on his face. Pyke staggers backward causing his head to slam against the wall.

I jerk and yelp involuntarily at another strong blow from Kyland's fist.

"Enough!" Bianca yells at them, but Kyland doesn't seem to care—he is consumed by his rage. Pyke manages to block his punch with his arm, trying to cover his face, but he doesn't fight back though.

"I said, enough!" Bianca shouts again.

"Get the fuck away from here, asshole! I trusted you with my life, with my cousin, yet, you used her behind my back. I quit, you are not my boss anymore!" Kyland breathes heavily, shaking his bloody knuckles.

Pyke manages to stand on his shaky feet, wiping the blood out of his mouth. "I'm not going anywhere," he mumbles.

"What did you fucking say?" Kyland roars.

"Enough!" The burning sensation grows as I yell at them. I slide myself out of the bed after removing the things attached to me.

"Stop and act like normal people. You're both in the hospital for..." I swallow the ache. "... for g-god's s-sake!" I rub my aching throat while I wince in pain.

They all grimace in response while looking at me.

"Stop talking already, Cam, the doctor said you need to rest and not to swear and shout around," Kyland orders, then look at Pyke. "Hughes, just get the fuck out, and I don't wanna see your face around, especially with Camila. You've already caused her so much pain. Why did you let her work with that asshole if you knew he's a sadist?"

"How did I know, asshole? I didn't fuck him. Don't you think I will let Camila get near him if he is a sadist like what you said? For fuck's sake, I don't wanna see her get hurt, or worse seeing her being molested by that psychopath! I can't stand..." he chokes, "...I can't even stand watching her in that position." His eyes glance sideways until they meet mine with hollows of sadness, then pulls the door open, rushes his way out, slams the door, and leaves us all in stunned silence

Chapter 24

PYKE

“Camila, what are you doing here?” Seeing her looks broken makes me want to kill that bastard. I don’t know why I ignored Bash’s warning about Gray. Now, I’m blaming myself for what happened to her.

“Can I come in?” Her voice wheezes.

Her bloodshot and puffy eyes flash with sadness. She looks like she cried all day. She puts a misty pink scarf around her neck to hide her bruise, and a carnation pink gloss on her lips. She’s only wearing a simple red shirt and tight black jeans under her brown cashmere coat, but still, she manages to allure me.

“Does Wright know you’re coming?”

She lowers her gaze down. I don’t even know why I bother asking, of course, Kyland won’t allow her to see me again.

“You should be on bed rest. Your throat is not healed yet. The last thing you should do is to be here. Let me drive you home, Babe.”

“I don’t want to stay at home, Pyke. I’m gonna be insane,” she says, playing the strap of her bag.

“Babe, you almost died there. He almost...” I swallow hard. If I was just a second late, I don’t know if I can take it. “...raped you, and it’s all because of me,” I say calmly, but deep inside I’m burning with anger.

“That’s why I’m here, Pyke. I need you. I’m gonna be crazy alone in my apartment. Kyland is furious, and I just dropped the bomb on them and they didn’t take it well. Meg is out of town and Bianca is pregnant. I can’t go to Auntie Carissa with my mind like this. She doesn’t know what happened to me, and I don’t want her to worry about me. I’ve nowhere else to go, please?” Her eyes start to water. Her voice starts to tremble. God!

I can’t watch her cry again. Not again. Not when I’m around. It feels like my heart is split into two. And I’ve been worried sick since I left her at the hospital.

I sigh helplessly. “Then you shouldn’t be driving. Let me grab my keys. I’ll send you home.”

“No, Pyke!” she exclaims, “I didn’t come here just for you to send me back. Did you not hear me? I need you, I want you, and I want to forget what happened yesterday. You’re the only person who can make me forget.”

“What do you want me to do, Camila? How can I make you forget? When I am the reason why you were harmed because I ignored Bash’s warning?”

“Make me forget. Just do whatever you want to do to me, Pyke. Have sex with me.”

It catches me off guard at her last words. I have to blink to confirm if it’s coming from her, or I just misheard her.

“How does sex will help you forget, Camila?” My brow slants in strong disapproval. “He didn’t touch you. I can’t take advantage of you when you’re so vulnerable.”

“Please...” A single tear falls from her eye.

I breathe deeply, close my eyes shut, and hums the pain of knowing Gray laid his hands on her. If nothing happened yesterday, she doesn’t have to beg. I already give her what she wants in an instant. But now, I’m not a total asshole to grant her request.

“Babe, come inside, but I’m not gonna have sex with you.” I open the door wider and let her in.

“Is it because...” she hesitates.

“Because?”

“Because I’m just an ordinary girl?” She doesn’t move, just wiping her tears from her face while her gaze glued to the floor.

“How the fuck did you come up with that idea?” My voice thunders in the entire floor. She flinches the moment my words come out so loud from my mouth.

“I’m sorry, I don’t mean to frighten you.” I rake my fingers through my hair. Why she suddenly lost her confidence? The sassy Camila I know is now cowering in front of me.

“Babe, did that motherfucker say something to you?” I ask firmly, demanding an answer.

She doesn’t have to say anything. I get the answer right straight from her reaction. I pull her into a hug. She shakes to cry in my arms. I’ve never been so emotionally attached to anyone out of my family circle, but the moment I saw that bastard was hovering her, I know Camila mean so much to me.

I run my fingers on her chocolate lacks, kissing the top of her head, and inhaling her vanilla and wildflower scent.

“Forget whatever he said to you, Babe. He doesn’t know anything about you.” My voice turns raspy at the end of my words. “He is nothing but an aggressive, manipulative, and a liar,” I whisper in her ear. “Did you hear me? Don’t let his words get into your head. Let’s get inside, shall we?” I guide her into my apartment right to my living room.

"Sit on the couch, I'll get you something to drink." I kiss her forehead and stride toward my kitchen.

I come back bringing us two glasses of red wine and a bottle of water. I almost stop when I see her in the same position, staring blankly at the wall.

"Babe?"

Her head snaps at me and smiles timidly. She already took off her scarf. "I don't drink wine."

"Oh, never ever?"

She gives me a shake of her head.

"You don't drink coffee, not even wine. What do you drink then?"

"That water will do." She points at the water on my hand.

"That's boring," I joke. I place the wine glasses on the table and offer her the bottled water after squeezing the lid open.

"Thanks," she whispers.

"You're welcome. Are you hungry? It's almost dinner." I take a sip of my wine.

She glumly shakes her head.

"Babe, don't let his words get into your brain. You are a brave, intelligent, and stronger woman I've ever met. Don't let an evil win over you."

"Then prove it to me." She drinks the water. How does drinking water ever look sexy? She looks hot as her throat bobs up and down, draining the bottle to half-empty.

My jaw clenches as I think of how she's gonna swallow my cum down her throat.

Fuck! I am not supposed to think about her that way when she's almost got molested.

I don't even notice she's already staring at me intently. I place down the glass.

"Come here." I gesture my finger on her.

Camila looks hesitant. My brows raise quizzically. She moves closer to me, but not enough for our skin to touch.

"I mean on my lap, Camila." I hold her hand as she straddles on my lap, looking shy.

"Wrap your arms around my neck. Open your legs and wrap them around my waist. Move your gorgeous tits near my face."

She does as I told her to. “Does that aches?” she asks looking at my face.

“Forget about my face, Babe.” My gaze cruises her face, from her almond-shaped eyes that eyeing me demurely, down to her full lips. Her tongue darts out to lick them with anticipation.

“Don’t do that.” I let my cock poke her warm covered pussy to let her feel how hard I am. “Can you feel me? Do you know how much control I put in when I’m with you?” I can still feel our body heat regardless of the clothes we are wearing.

She answers me by shaking her head.

“Probably a thousand times compared to when I’m with other women flirting with me. That’s how strong you affect me, Babe. I’ve never been so boner that it aches so much.”

“I ache for you, too, Pyke,” she whispers.

My heart thunders in my ribcage to hear that she also wants me.

“What is your sexual fantasy, Camila?” I study her with pierced scrutiny. Her eyes widen and blink with innocence.

“Answer me, and I will make it come true.”

“I don’t know. I never thought of that,” she rushes her answer. Her face turns pink.

“What do you think of me then?” I ask, teasing her a little bit.

“Um, your tongue,” she mumbles, biting her lip.

“Where do you want my tongue on you?”

“Everywhere.”

“I think I did that already.”

“I don’t know.”

I framed her face with my hands, closing the gap between our faces. Kissing Camila is what I wanted since she showed up at my door.

I missed her lips on mine. She just tastes so sweet with pure passion and something more—something that I can be lost in our own world, and just be with her. I take her willingly in as her tongue caresses my lips. I hold the back of her head, giving her better access to deepen the kiss. Her tongue strokes mine—so slow, and teasing until I can’t hold my moan any longer.

Our hands are busy exploring the long-lost treasures that we missed to touch each other, tracing every scorching hot skin under our clothes. The kiss quicken, more demanding until the sparks

turn into a fire—a wildfire. My cock twitches against my pants as she presses her core more against mine.

She feels so good to be true. She feels like home. Camila is my home.

“Stand up, Babe,” I coo in between pant.

“I want you.” I admire her for being vocal about what she wants.

“I know, Babe. Now, just do as I say,” I insist as I caress her cheeks with my thumbs.

“Do you trust me?”

She nods.

“I want more than just nods when I’m talking to you, Babe.”

“Okay.”

“Now, stand up there on that wall?” I point to the glass wall covered with curtains.

Her desire-filled eyes dart to where I point. She stands up shakily, making her ass almost stumble on the coffee table.

“I take that as excitement,” I say half laughing.

She shifts her angry glare at me as she sways her ass towards the glass wall. “Why am I here, Pyke?” Her brows knit in confusion.

I press the remote button of the dark brown curtains. The curtains whoosh open to both corners giving the skyscrapers of the city come to view with colors of incandescent lights. I stand up and saunter toward her.

“Now you have five seconds to back out,” I hint as I lock gaze with her, searching for an answer through her eyes. “I’ll make you forget your own name if you say yes.”

Dear Lord, don’t make her say no because what I’m about to do is my fantasy over Camila

Chapter 25

Camila

My heart leaps from my chest as I walk directly to the wall with wobbly legs. My body is still vibrating to the last intense kiss we did moments ago.

I just follow what he asked me to do, not knowing what he has in mind. I made the longest shower in history to erase the traces of that bastard's touch on my skin. I feel disgusted with myself, and loathe him at the same time.

Pyke moves close to me in a slow and sensuous saunter with pure male and dominance. "Babe, are you sure about this?"

"What are we gonna do here?" I almost whisper. My voice trembles at the anticipation of he might press me against this glass wall and kiss me again.

"Just trust me, Babe," he answers with a tense jaw, eyes pin on me like a hawk, but with a glint of excitement and lust.

My eyes widen. Is he—?

"Don't go in there. I'm not gonna hang you upside down," he says with a laugh, "You know I can read you like an open book."

He grabs the hem of my shirt and pulls it over my head. Goosebumps erupt on my skin at the sudden exposure. His jaw clenches as his penetrating stare glues on me, making my heart hammer in my chest.

He walks away from me untying the golden tassel tie back and grabs the dark brown curtain, knotting them together and drags it with him. My brows furrow in confusion, nevertheless, I keep my words to myself.

"Hold this, twist it around your wrist, and don't let it go," he commands with pure dominance. I'm not used to his sudden changes of tone but surprisingly, it turns me on. "It's a DIY, but it will work. I'm not sure I can actually use this with you," he adds.

Did he use this with someone else? I feel a pang in my chest.

I twist the tassel around my wrist. I slightly pull and hold on to it—it works and doesn't hurt. It's made of two sets of polyester ropes braided together. I blow a few deep breaths to normalize my frantic heartbeat when the threads dangle and caress my skin.

He does the same as earlier and gives me the same instruction. I bite my lower lip as my breathing starts to accelerate.

It's Pyke. You can trust him.

"Um, Pyke, I'm actually—" I don't finish my words when he suddenly pulls his shirt over his head.

My mouth hangs open to see Pyke's beautiful muscles ripped half-naked body. My fingers tingle to touch and feel them on my skin.

"Don't pull the curtains too much. I'll stop if one of them falls down."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize. You will not call me by my name, did you understand me?" he asks with a voice as smooth as honey.

Why can't I call him by his name?

"I'm already Pyke to everyone. You're special to me, Camila."

"W-what shall I call you then?"

"Anything comes first from your mouth. Let's see what it is." He smirks, tracing my face with the back of his finger.

"Hmm, it's just my finger on your face, Babe." He teases with confidence as he notices my reaction because I close my eyes and almost moan at his simple touch.

"Cocky bastard," I mumble.

"Just tell me to stop then I'll stop. I'm not gonna hurt you, Babe. I'm honored that you trust me to do this with you."

He chuckles instead, tracing soft touch on my lips to my jaw, "Do you know how beautiful you are, Camila? You knocked me off the ground." His voice is so soft and tender like I can trust in it. His fingers run down on my neck. "This neck..."

I squeeze my eyes shut, pushing out the thought of what that bastard did to me.

"I wish I could... I wish this was my mouth giving you this bruise from pleasure. I always wanted to mark you with my mouth, my hands, and my teeth. To show them that you are mine, Camila."

It's Pyke. Pyke will never hurt you. You can trust him, Camila.

My heart beats wildly that it thrushes through my ears. I feel his thumb on my cheeks... my wet cheeks. I don't realize my tears fall down to my face.

“Do you want me to stop?” he asks, sounding worried.

“Please don’t. I want to remember your touch, Pyke. Not his.” I swallow hard.

“Do you still trust me?”

I nod “Yes.”

“Keep your eyes close.”

I can practically hear my own heartbeat. I hear shuffling of Pyke’s jeans as he walks away. Seconds tick by, I hear Pyke’s shaky deep breath.

You’re just an ordinary girl!

No. No. I squeeze my eyes shut, shutting off that bastard’s voice in my head.

I deeply inhale Pyke’s scent. His warm breath tickles my face. His smell makes me relax. I feel a soft cloth covers my eyes—he’s blindfolding me.

“Just hear your own breathing, your own heartbeat. Feel my touch on you, think of me, and not someone else.” He gives me a quick soft kiss on my lips. “Spread your legs a little bit, so that you won’t trip off.”

My body stiffens, my breathing hitches when I feel his hands on my back unhooking my bra.

“It’s me, Babe. Tell me to stop, and I’ll do it in an instant.”

I sink my teeth hard on my bottom lip that can possibly draw blood to control the tremble, but my nipples tighten and tingle wanting to be touched.

“If you could only see how gorgeous your tits are,” he whispers.

The tenderness of the touch of his thumbs on my nipples almost sends me to the edge. A gasp escapes from my lips when I feel his hot mouth capturing my breast. A loud snap makes his mouth suddenly gone—I just pull the ropes stronger as a reflexive response.

“The curtains, Babe.” His voice turns raspy but still sexy.

“I want to touch you.” I find my courage to voice out my needs while my arms are still stretch wide to balance my weight.

“Hush, patience. You will. I promise.” His mouth back on my breast. My head arches back as he sucks my breast, swirling his tongue around my nipple, then biting it slightly, enough to slip a moan from my mouth. It’s erotically painful. His hand kneads my other breast while the other is busy unbuttoning my jeans, and it’s frustrating that I can’t even touch him back.

Pyke does the same to my other breast, alternating the pleasure he does to me. He hums when he succeeds in pushing my jeans down my thighs.

The muscles in my arms clench. My hands grip tighter on both ropes. My legs wobble and the heels worsen the scenario.

I'm between panting and moaning when he sucks me stronger, then his mouth is gone again.

He pulls my jeans down my legs. "Stay still, I'm gonna remove these fucking jeans," he says groaning. He slips my heels off my feet then follows my jeans leaving me only in my panties.

"Fuck. Me." Words thunder out of his mouth.

"Y-you're not gonna take that with you, are you?" I reply blindly when an idea pops into my brain.

He chuckles, "Now, you just give me an idea."

"Pyke! I'm gonna walk panty-less next time."

"That serves you right for being so incredibly sexy. Now spread your legs for me. Enough of this chit-chat." He slips my panties down my legs easily then puts back my heels.

"You smell so sweet," his voice is full of desire. "You're soaked, and it drives me wild to know that I'm the reason why you're so wet."

"You don't have any idea how hard I am right now, don't you? I'll explode the moment I run my tongue into your wet pussy."

I laugh but it comes out as a choke. "I might as well explode in seconds the moment you'll do it for me."

He hums as he runs the tip of his nose on my belly button. His fingers are tracing soft touch on my legs up to my thighs.

My hands pull the curtains tighter. My legs shake as he swirls his tongue deeply on my belly button, teasing me. Then he cups my ass cheeks kneading them in rhythm.

I'm burning with desires. My hips push forward asking for more. Wet pools between my thighs and aches for his touch. Tingles spread all over my body in anticipation.

"Hold on," he orders quickly, lifting my leg above his shoulder. I moan loudly when his warm breathing teases my thigh.

"Hold tightly," he orders again. A second tick, he attacks me by his mouth.

I squeal in surprise, choking, "Ah," Gasping, pulling the curtain for support, squeezing my eyes shut while he is eating me like a starving animal.

“Aah—” I can’t think. Everything is so delicious. Perfect. Everything he does is just so perfect. I gasp as I arch my hips, meeting the thrust of his tongue into me. My inner muscles clench around his talented tongue. Ripples of pleasure spread faster all over my body, and I’m panting for the strong impact of the impending orgasm about to explode.

A scream of pleasure escapes my mouth by his one hard suck.

“Oh God, Love!”

Still breathing heavily, he places my leg down on the floor while I’m still limp from my orgasm. He releases my hands from the curtains and removes my blindfold. My eyes squint adjusting to the light assaulting my pupils.

“Wrap your arms around my neck,” he says with a shaky voice.

I do as he says and attacks his mouth. I can taste myself on his tongue as he let me dominate his mouth willingly while his hands are busy pushing down his boxers. I don’t know he already removes his jeans. I wrap my hand around his huge and smooth erection. His Apa grazes my palm as I pay attention to his crown.

He pulls his mouth away from me. “Fuck, don’t do that. I want to be inside, Babe. Please?”

My brows furrow and feeling dismayed.

“I’m all yours, you can do that later. Wrap your legs around me. Are you on a pill?”

I nod slowly.

Seconds of silence, none of us talk.

“Babe, touch me all you want,” he breaks the silence and takes my hand, guiding me to his erection.

I wrap my arms around his neck then my legs around his waist instead.

“Oh, Love,” the same word slips my mouth the moment his massive erection grazes my entrance as his Apa sends delicious frictions to my nerve endings.

Lifting me up, he pushes me up and presses me against the glass window. My body stiffens as the cold glass wall touches my back.

“It won’t crack. Open your eyes and look at me, Babe. It’s me. Just trust me that nothing bad will happen to you again.”

It’s hard to keep my eyes open when he’s thrusting deep into me, sinking deeper, and filling me completely.

“Look at me, Camila, see me, and no one else,” his deep husky voice sounds erotic. Everything in him turns me on. He’s thrusting me in and out, overwhelming me with pleasure, driving me wild without breaking eye contact—his blue-grey eyes are burning with desires.

His mouth finds mine, kissing me softly, sensual, and with pure passion, as he continues thrusting in and out until I’m building for another release.

“Come, Babe,” he says without breaking the kiss, “I’m almost there,” he adds.

My nails dig into his scalp as he quickens, deepens, and hardens the thrust while I’m being pressed against the glass with a thud in each pump he does. His mouth never leaves mine kissing me softly, sweetly as his tongue wickedly licks in my mouth.

Small whimpers slip our mouth when the strong wave of pleasure ripples through me. In seconds, one last thrust, Pyke follows me and shudders as I feel his own release inside me.

Chapter 26

PYKE

After our post-orgasmic bliss, I snuggle Camila into my arms and tangle my legs with hers while we share the small space on the couch.

I'm not used to cuddling a woman after sex—no pillow talk. Oddly, it feels good to just rest for a while without bother running away. This is my second time with her, yet, it still excites like the first time.

"You okay?" I ask her when she seems so silent.

Her brows knit as if in deep thoughts. She lifts up her chin and nods. Her glassy stare locks mine. She looks magnificent wearing a post-orgasmic look.

"I should really go, Pyke." She sighs heavily, taking my hands off that wrap around her petite body.

My body suddenly stiffens. That's the last thing I think will come from her mouth. She came to my apartment and literally begged for me to have sex with her, and now she's leaving.

"Stay, Babe. I'll send you home tomorrow," I say slowly, kissing the top of her head, and tighten my arms around her.

"Pyke, I need to see my aunt, search for a job, and talk to Kill about the complaint," she says in a soft and shaky voice, turning her head away from me.

"Babe, I'll help you with the job. I already called the 4X4. I'll come with you to visit your aunt tomorrow."

She sits up abruptly, cocking her head and narrows her eyes at me with heavy slant brows. She wraps her arms around her chest to cover her gorgeous tits.

"Don't cover your body for me." I grab her arm, but she jerks it off.

"You did a lot already. I can't take advantage of your kindness every time I need something for my life. I want to learn how to get a job on my own. You're maybe an asshole, but you did save me from that bastard. I don't know how can I repay you. I owe you a lot already."

I role my eyes placing my hands under my head. "Did you forget I am the reason why that asshole hurt you? He did that because of me." I sigh with exaggeration.

Her eyes widen. "What did you do to him? He mentioned something about a woman." She's eyeing me intently, searching for an answer on my face.

"I've no idea," I answer quickly in a defensive way. My face heats, hair stiffens at the back of the neck.

"Honestly, I'm surprised that he's here in New York. He doesn't usually come to visit his business. He has someone he trusts to do the job. If I know he hated my guts I would never let you work there. I swear I don't wanna see you get hurt. That asshole harassed you, and I couldn't even imagine if I waited long in the car," I pause releasing a shaky breath. I swallow repeatedly while pawing my hand through my hair.

"I'm gonna kill him," I hiss. My hands lock into fists. I couldn't fathom watching Camila being pressed against the car while Aaron was choking her to death.

Camila takes my bruised hand that I used for punching Aaron. She touches softly the scrapes with her thumb in a circular motion. My hand relaxes a bit with her soothing touch.

"Since we met you had nothing to do than punch everyone and being punched back." The sincerity in her voice is palpable. She averts her gaze down to my busted knuckles then bites her bottom lip.

"I will protect you with my life, Camila. You awakened something inside me since you hit my face that night." I grip her hand with my fingers while staring at her beautiful face. Flutters spread in my belly when a small smile spreads across her face.

We look at each for seconds and none of us talks to break the unnerving silence.

"I know he said something that upset you, but that was what he wanted," I pause, gluing my eyes on hers. "I was a victim too, Camila."

No one knows outside my family regarding what happened to me a long time ago, but to tell her it feels so right. She needs to know that she's not alone. That I'm here for her, for as long as she likes.

She gasps, looking pale while her mouth is falling open.

"Yes, babe. I saw myself in you when you came and wanted sex to forget what happened to you. I had a horrible past," I choke and bitterly laugh.

"I was seventeen then, you know how a horny teenager Pyke was, but I didn't have an ounce of muscle back then. I was thin and wore glasses. I didn't have fashion statements compared to Xandry and Bash. I was also pressured by my peers. They had girls, had sex, but for me? Zilch."

Camila doesn't move nor blink, but I notice her swallows.

"Remember I told you how I lose my virginity?"

She quickly nods without a word.

"I haven't had sex after that. One day, someone approached me and offered sex to me. Well, I wanted to prove to my friends that I had a better sexual experience than them, so I said yes without a second thought. She was good in bed. She taught me a lot of things until I invited her to come to my home in discreet. I liked her, and she gave me what I wanted. I was addicted to sex. Then I found out she was using me to get my dad's attention."

Camila has a horror looked on her face. She doesn't blink and just holds her breath with her hand is laying on her chest.

"She was obsessed with my dad. She used my phone to call him. Dad came to my room while... while you know, while we're having sex. She wasn't shocked though, I could still remember the gleam of deviltry in her eyes. I felt being used. I need to taste the fruit of the tree that I always wanted. You tasted better, though. He can't even make me come the way you did. That's what she said to Dad in front of me."

"You were only seventeen, did your family file a complaint?"

I shake my head. "I turned eighteen by the time Dad found out. It will humiliate the entire Hughes family if it came out to the media. I was aware of the consequences before I put myself in that situation." I wipe the tears from her cheeks.

"Don't go, spend the night with me, Babe."

She shakes her head, mumbling, "I don't think it's a good idea."

"Why is that?"

"You know why," she answers. Her lips quiver into a sad smile.

"You don't wanna let anyone sees you with me because I'm a manwhore?" My heart aches but that's the truth. I'm willing to change for her. I did change actually. In fact, I never had sex with anyone since I slept with her.

"I never thought of you like that, Pyke. I mean I did, but that was before I realized that I didn't have the right to judge anyone. It's not that you didn't make sure that it's only a one-night stand before you slept with them. And you never hurt or cheated on them in the first place."

"Then what's wrong?"

"I'm not just gonna sleep with you every time I want to scratch my itch."

My eyes widen. I can't also imagine her sleeping with another man while I'm literally a one-woman man right now.

“Are you gonna sleep with another man instead?” I choke out my words. I swallow the bile rising in my throat because honestly, that thought fucking hurts.

“No!”

“But?” I ask and curse under my breath.

“What makes you think there is a but?”

“There is, isn’t there?”

Instead of answering, she looks away.

“Just come here, Babe. I need to feel you before Wright will break every bone in my body,” I almost plead. I grab her hand and pull her closer to me.

She follows and lies back into my arms. I release contentment and utter thank God under my breath.

“I won’t allow him to punch you again,” she whispers.

“Now, are you trying to be my lady in shining armor?”

“There’s no such things like that. Did you forget that I force you to sleep with me?” she chuckles while tracing her fingers on my chest.

“I don’t think there was a force used, Babe,” I chuckle.

“Is that so?”

“Yeah,” I nod, smiling at her. “You’re so beautiful, Camila.” I grab her head, closing the gap between us.

She opens her mouth, surrendering her body to me. I kiss her slow, taking my time while skimming my fingers from her head down to her neck to her spinal column until I reach her round ass.

A soft whimper escapes her lips when I squeeze her rear. I grab her thigh to wrap her leg around my waist. My hand finds what I’m looking for. I bite her lower lip when I slip my finger into her soak pussy. Instantly, my cock grows harder. Our body sears us making my cock to twitch.

“Ride me, Babe.”

I’m so fucking hard that I want her so bad again. My cock pokes her thigh achingly. I roll myself for her to be on my top. She braces her palms on my chest for support while I guide my cock into her hot dripping wet entrance. She sits on my cock, taking me deep. She’s so tight and clamps around my cock.

“Christ!” I groan loudly, and my head jerks back.

“Oh, God!” She lets out an uncontrollable sob.

“Babe, this feels so amazing.” My jaw aches to try to control from coming. I can’t even talk straight—I’m literally catatonic.

She lifts herself, taking me a few times while staring at me fixedly. This is the best sight I’ve ever seen—she’s taking me deeply—in and out.

“Take your time, Babe. Ride me nice and slow.”

I want to arch my hips to thrust into her so deep and hard, but I want her to enjoy this experience with me. She’s so beautiful on top while she’s riding me slowly.

She’s so deep down on me until her ass press against my balls. She’s biting her lip while her head jerks back letting out a whimper. Her fingernails digging into my chest, so painfully erotic, yet I want more.

She rides me, taking me deeper she can take. Her gorgeous tits slightly bounce at my eye level. I grab her from behind while I press my thumb on her clit, rubbing in a small circle.

“Oh, God, Love,” she whimpers.

“Now, cup your tits and ride me hard.”

“Are you sure you don’t want me to come with you?”

She’s just so stubborn that I’ve been convincing her, but she wants to visit her aunt alone, and I’m not fond of that idea.

Why does she have to go there and drive for almost three hours?

“I can drive and besides, your car won’t be dead in the middle of nowhere.”

“You mean your car.” I cross my arms over my chest while watching her combing her hair in my bathroom.

“Nice try, Pyke. I already told you. Just stop insisting,” she retorts, shifting her gaze at me in the mirror. “Thanks for the clothes.”

“Don’t you think you need to rest? Your visit can wait.”

“Pyke, I’m going there, and I need some time alone to myself.”

“I’ll fill my closet with your clothes so that you have no reason not to come with me.”

"I'm not gonna come here to have sex with you." Her words just prickle my scalp.

Did we just have amazing sex? What's wrong with her?

"I'm not letting you come just to have sex with me, Camila. You should know by now." I bite my bottom lip and feel a sudden weakness in my knees.

"We are not dating, and I'm not gonna be your sex buddy."

"I'm not asking you to be my sex buddy. You still owe me a date, Camila."

"I can't quite remember agreeing to go on a date with you."

I lean against the door frame, cocking a brow. "Are you sure?"

She turns to face me. "A dinner, yeah. A date, no."

"You will just let me eat your pussy and you won't allow me to date you?"

Her face turns red, not from anger but she's blushing. "You're such a crude!" she exclaims, slaps my arm, and walks out of my walk-in closet.

I follow her out and grab her arm to let her face me. "Then go out on a date with me."

She bursts into a laugh, throwing her head back, "Pyke is going out on a date? I-I c-can't believe it." She rubs her throat and winces.

"Careful. I'm serious."

"I can't, Pyke," she chokes, pain is audible in her voice.

"Because of my rep?"

"No, Pyke. You're a good person behind that playboy image."

"Then, what's the problem?"

She gives me a sad smile, shakes her head, and walks away.

Chapter 27

Camila

“What do you mean you’re dropping the complaint?” Kyland rebukes as soon as the word drop leaves my mouth.

I sit on the couch, ignoring his sharp voice and eyes blazing like a torch. When Pyke told me who Aaron Gray is, I know I’m going to be under public scrutiny. Pyke was not happy though. Nevertheless, he didn’t argue about it. I’ve no doubt when he said he will stand by my side if I’ll change my mind.

“Are you listening to me, Camila? Why are you going to do that? Did Hughes force you to drop it?” He can literally burn this whole apartment with anger. His face turns red, nostrils are flaring, and hands already balled into fists.

“Leave him out of this, Kyland,” Bianca says, cutting the tensions in the room. She takes a seat beside me.

“Oh.” He raises his brow. “Are you on that asshole’s side, too?” he asks with sarcasm.

“No, Kill, but if Cam decided to drop, then we have to respect it. I know it’s hard for her to be in a situation like this, so, please, this is what she wants.”

“Where have you been?” angry Kyland asks and stops in front of me. I know he won’t let it go until he gets the answer, though he knows my answer is going to be obvious.

I lift my gaze up to meet his brown eyes that can slice me in half.

“Don’t tell me you stayed with Megan because I know she’s still out of town with her boss to meet a client.”

That’s what I thought.

My heart thuds as my body quickly tenses, “Why are you asking me if you know the answer? You know I’m not gonna lie to you, don’t you?” I snap at him.

“Yeah, but you never respect my words, Cam. You’ve been secretive since you met that asshole. You change a lot, and I don’t know you anymore.”

“I’m not keeping secrets alone, Kill.” My lips quiver. My words almost come out as a whisper. It hurts to hear from him that I’ve changed in his eyes, where in fact, I’m still the same person who grew up with him.

"She can do whatever she wants, Baby. She's always been a good girl—"

"And suddenly, she wants to be a bad girl now, that's it?" Kyland narrows his eyes to Bianca.

"Kyland, will you stop that? Let's hear why she decides to drop, that's what you wanted to know, don't you?"

I stay silent and just listen to my cousin and Bianca as they banter.

"Hughes is an asshole—a manwhore. He will just hurt my cousin. He will throw her like trash and never looks back once he gets what he wants from her," he responses to Bianca, but his angry stare never misses to throw in my direction.

"You don't know that. You've been his friend and have known him for three years now, Baby. Stop judging him, he may be a playboy, but he never hurt anyone. I mean, he never cheated on them. Those women just wanted to taste a little part of Pyke. Let's face it, Baby, he's a walking god." Bianca giggles, making my cousin growl.

"I can't believe you're defending Hughes over me. And you just compliment him in front of your child's father." Kyland crosses his arms across his chest, scowling at her.

"Yeah, you've said that last week that you haven't seen him with women lately. You laughed at him that his Apa might get an infection. You even mentioned him turning into a pussy. Now, it answers your suspicions."

"He might bang somewhere. He can just pick up or call anyone and bring them to the hotel. That doesn't prove him to be a lesser asshole, you know."

Pyke hasn't been with another woman since we slept together? Kyland still doesn't know about Pyke and Xandry's bet? He punched Pyke at the hospital for that incident alone.

"Yeah, he did buy Cam a two hundred grand car."

Kill roll his eyes. "He doesn't care about money, B, as long as his dick is deep in someone's pussy!"

I groan. "Did you just tell me I'm a whore, Kill? I can't believe you think of me that low. FYI, I didn't take that car. I slept with him because I like him, and I can sleep with any man I want!" I jerk to my feet and stomp to the kitchen. My emotions are swirling inside me with what happened to my life lately.

My eyes sting and start to water. I take a deep breath to stop crying again. My ears perk when I hear footsteps from my back. I don't have to turn around to know who's following me judging by the thud alone.

"I didn't mean like that, Cam. You're like my sister, and you know how I am overprotective when it comes to you even if it doesn't involve Hughes."

"Well, I doubt that now," I reply with a scathing tone. I open the fridge and take a can of soda. I flip it open and drain the content into my mouth.

"Why him, Cam?" his voice seems in pain and worry.

I shift my stare at him, placing down the soda can on the countertop. His feature softens, but his brows still wrinkling.

"I don't know." I shrug. "Just so you know, he hated himself for ignoring Bash's warning about Aaron Gray. He just wanted to help get me a job. Stop blaming him, Kill, besides, no one sees it coming."

"Why do you want to drop the complaint?"

"I dropped it already. Do you know what trouble I can get if I will continue this? Besides, who will believe me? He's the grandson of a former U.S Senator. Gray has a billion-dollar empire. Those women he allegedly abused just vanished without a trace. Nobody knows what happened to them until now. Do you want that to happen to me, too?"

"How did you know all these?" his voice softens and wonders.

"Let's face it, Kill, he's untouchable. I don't want to see my face on every page of the tabloids and flashes in every goddamn TV screen because I was harassed by the business tycoon's son."

"I'm so sorry, Cam." Kyland walks closer to me and pulls me into a hug.

"I'm so sorry, too, Kill. I made you worry a lot lately."

"I'm still not in favor of you and Hughes seeing each other. He will just break your heart. He's a notorious playboy, Cam." He kisses my forehead.

I know he won't agree with Pyke and me dating, that's why I didn't accept Pyke's offer. But the thought of me and Pyke together makes my heart beats faster.

"You were too, Kill, but look at you now, you knocked-up my best friend."

"I heard that," B yells from the living room.

"Because I love, B." Kyland smiles at me, eyes flash with gaiety.

"He asks me for a dinner date," I mumble.

"What?" Kyland shoots up his brow in surprise.

I arrived at Aunt Carissa's home thirty minutes earlier, perhaps because I'm driving a beast? It's unbelievably fast and just gorgeous on the road.

I unplug my phone that I charge before I drive here and plan to text my cousin where I am. Pyke and Kyland don't know that I'm visiting Auntie. I thought I want to stay here for a while before I can start searching for another job.

What happened to me was terrible. Luckily, I have people who care about me. I have enough reasons to focus on the positive sides and move forward. I can't just sulk at the corner and blame myself for being so careless while that asshole is living his life to the fullest.

My phone rings on my hand. It's Pyke.

"Babe, where the hell are you? I've been calling you like a thousand times. I was tempted to call Wright because you promised to call me as soon as you get home." My eardrum pierces with Pyke's furious and worried voice.

"Are you done?"

"Done with what? For fuck's sake, woman, don't do that again. I'll pay a visit to your apartment if you didn't answer my call right now. You're not gonna like it if you see me and Wright exchanging blows if he won't allow me to see you, Camila. And neither Megan did answer me."

I hear him huffs. My brows knit in confusion. How did he have Megan's number?

"Babe, are you still there? Answer me or I will track your car and be there before you can blink!"

"Whoa! That's very stalkerish!"

"Now, tell me where are you?"

"How did you get Meg's number?" Crap! My tone sounds like a jealous girlfriend.

"I did not sleep with Meg before you question my fidelity. I'm all yours, Babe. She called me that rainy night. That's how I found you on that road. She said you needed help."

"You mean, that was not an accident? You're not gonna help me if Meg didn't ask you a favor?"

"Babe, I was with Kyland and I left him to come and rescue you before someone else will. Get the point? I came that night because of you and not because of Meg's favor. Still, If I see you that night I will help you in a heartbeat. Now, tell me where are you?"

I notice a black Mercedes and black SUV parked in front of Aunt Carissa's two-story grey house. By the look of them, they ooze power and money.

“Babe?”

“Oh, I’m sorry, Pyke. I’m here in front of Auntie’s house. I’ll call you back, okay?”

“What the hell are you doing there, Camila?” He sounds alarmed and angry.

“Pyke, I’m visiting my aunt. Got to go. Talk to you later.”

I hang up the phone before he can nag me of driving here alone.

Taking a deep breath, I walk to the front porch of my aunt’s house. I swing the door screen open with a Christmas stocking hanging at my eye level. She decorated with glittering letter W on the white band. I twist the doorknob of the main door, but to my surprise, it’s unlocked.

The memories of my childhood and high school days make my emotions tender. I remember everything that happened in this very living room. Photographs of the Wright family and my photographs are proudly hanging on the wall. Auntie must have bought new sets of couches which are now a cranberry red from the old weathered wood brown.

Oddly, the living room is empty, but there are muffled voices from the kitchen. I cautiously saunter towards them to let them acknowledge my presence.

“I swear to God, this is not how I wanted to end and you know that. I’ve been trying hard to keep this away from her, but it seemed the fate is playing on us right now, and she’s close to finding out by herself.” Her voice is shaky. I recognize immediately that it’s Auntie’s.

Her? Who’s her?

“I know, Issa. I’m sorry if I put you in this situation. This is all my fault, I’m the one who told you to keep the truth from her. Now, surely, we are going to break her heart,” says a deep, husky, and controlled voice.

No one calls her Issa unless they’ve known each other so much.

“I know. I don’t know what to do,” Auntie Carissa says with a sigh.

“I wanted to gain her trust first before I’m going to tell her and she reaches the age to have everything she deserves. How can we convince her when she already thinks her father didn’t want to do anything with her?” The man tsks like in disappointment.

“I didn’t see this coming. We can’t just drop everything to her like that when she’s already with Pyke right now,” he adds.

My heart aches for how faster it beats. My jaw drops, and suddenly, my world spins. Why do I feel that I know who are they talking about?

Chapter 28

PYKE

I drive at a maximum speed limit all the way to the Wright residence. I know this is going to happen very soon since I opened a can of worms. Now everyone is going to be affected as soon as she's going to find out what's her connection to my family.

I instantly recognize Dad's car and the black SUV of his security parked in front of the two-story grey house. I give Dad's bodyguard a nod of recognition. My brows furrow when I can't find Camila's car parked around the area. Did she lie to me about being here?

I shove my hands to my black coat due to the icy cold weather and sprint toward the concrete path that leads to the house. Stand on my left is a dark green mailbox with its house number printed on its post.

The door screen is already decorated with a red Christmas stocking. I guess the Wright celebrates holidays seriously.

I pull the main door wide open since it's unlocked. This home is very welcoming. I notice instantly the family photographs including Camila's nailed on the wall. The six-footer artificial Christmas tree stands tall at the left corner of the living room, but by the looks of it, it's still half undone. A single box on the floor that must contain ornaments and Christmas lights.

My heart warms at the thought of how Cam grew up with Kyland in this home. I can imagine her wearing a red sweater and waiting for her gifts every Christmas morning.

"Mrs. Wright?" I call out when I don't recall to ring the doorbell.

Hesitantly, I step cautiously to the hallway with an eggshell white-colored wall. I stop to a halt when I hear Dad's voice. Of course, he's here.

"She deserves to know, Issa. Stop blaming yourself, it's all my fault anyway. I know this is going to happen," he sounds worried.

Anger skims up my spine. He did tell her everything. I walk faster into the kitchen and stop in front of them. Shock plasters in their faces. The woman with a short raven hair leaning on the fridge with a glass of water in her hand notices me first. She's a carbon copy of Kyland. She's maybe two inches shorter than Camila, but she has a slim figure and she still looks beautiful at her age.

Dad's eyes widen in surprise. "What are you doing here, Pyke?" Dad swallows forcibly, pushing the guilt out his body.

"I'm asking you the same thing, Dad. What are you doing here at Wright's home?" I ask without breaking my gaze on him.

"This is a business matter." Dad's fists suddenly clench.

My brows arch. "What did you tell Camila?" My voice comes out a firm, making Dad's eyes gleamed with anger.

"This is none of your business. You shouldn't have come here."

How does it isn't my business when it concerns Camila?

"And where I should be? For Pete's sake, Dad, I'm not seventeen years old anymore." My nose flares. He always treats like one since I did that mistakes years ago.

"But you still act like one. Get out of here and go home," Dad is already losing his control, but I know he's doing his best not to explode in front of Mrs. Wright.

"Guys, let's all calm down and sit down in the living room and talk about this. What done has been done. We can't change everything that already happened. Let's just pray that she will forgive Paul and me for keeping everything away from her." Mrs. Wright places the glass on the sink and walks toward me.

"We have nothing to discuss with him, Issa." He shifts his angry stare to Issa who's now standing beside me.

"Really, Dad? Did you just drop the bomb on Camila? Or did she walk in here, and finds out by herself?" My brow cocks, waiting for his honest response, but it never happens.

"Pyke, enough of this nonsense!" Dad thunders.

Mrs. Wright jumps beside me. I feel bad for the old woman. She might get a heart attack if Dad continues raising his voice in her home.

"How could the two of you connive and hide everything away from her? It doesn't matter her father's family didn't want to do anything with her, but she's a grown woman and she has the right to know what blood is running in her veins. How could you do this?" I focus my gaze on my father who is now clenching his jaw and breathing heavily.

"I said enough, Pyke Kennan—"

"Or what? Are you going to hurt me? Or kill me like how you literally killed that bitch?" I shift my gaze to Mrs. Wright who is still looking shocked. "Forgive my words, Mrs. Wright." I turn my gaze to my father who is now red with fury. "Or like how you literally killed Camila's father, and you know what?" I chuckle sarcastically. "You literally killed her, too. She almost died from choking

because Gray is keeping grudges to what happened to his sister. Now, he comes after me and used Cam to hurt me. Tell me now, Dad. What have you done to Camila?" I'm surprised at myself without quivering and cowering in front of him.

"What happened to Cam, Pyke?" Mrs. Wright shakes to cry. Her eyes pool with tears, and I feel guilty for her.

I face her. "Aaron Gray was her boss. I ignored what I heard about him and I thought he wouldn't come to New York just to plan on hurting me by using Camila."

"This is your fault, son!"

"How does it is my fault? Am I the one who impregnated that bitch and run away from her then used me against you?" I huff with anger.

"That's not true!"

"Then what's the truth? Tell me how did Cameron die?"

Dad just swallows hard, unable to meet my gaze.

"I get it. You're being selfish that all you thought was your status—money, and power and if his career is ruined you will fall down with him, too. You knew why he drunk that night before his race because you told him to abort the pregnancy of the woman he got knocked-up. You're a control freak!"

My lips quiver into a sad smile. "He was racing himself alone to fight for his life to survive in the hospital bed, instead of racing against his opponents for the championship."

"Did Mom know your little secret with Athena, that you supposed to have a baby with her?" My knuckles crack at how strong I'm balling my fists to fight the urge of punching my old man's face.

Dad launches himself to me, grabbing my coat and pushes me against the wall. "That's not what happened! And that woman almost ruined your life and you're still slapping the guilt across my face when all I did is to protect you? I'm your father, Pyke. I just did what I thought was right to protect you and our family!" His bloodshot eyes grow bigger as he holds me captive with his cold and hard stare.

I stay calm no matter how angry I am right now. I can't let the old woman get frightened while Dad is throwing his anger at me.

"That's Enough, Paul!" Mrs. Wright yells. "And you, Pyke, stop beating the dead horse!" She sobs while grabbing me and Dad in our arms.

"I need to see Camila. She drives away still shocked and she might get into an accident," she says, hugging herself.

Dad let go of me. "Get out of here before I lose control."

"Not without Camila with me." I fix my coat and look at him one more time. I face Mrs. Wright. "Sorry for my trouble, Mrs. Wright, but I need to know where Camila could possibly be right now."

"She's probably in her uncle's grave," she says, wiping her tears.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Wright." I move closer to her and pull her into a hug.

"She will always be my baby girl. Please take care of her, Pyke."

I bob my head smiling at her. I turn around and away without looking back at Dad.

"Pyke!"

"Not now, Dad."

I don't know where did I get the courage to ignore my father. I'm always his little puppet since that night happened, but since I met Camila, everything changed. I've started to live on my own without Dad's voice echoing in my brain.

Fifteen minutes later, I find the cemetery. The only thing I can hear is the soft crunch of my footsteps as I walk away from my car. So silent, only the chilly wind pricks my face making me shiver. A visible puff every breath I release as I try to calm my nerves. I pull my knitted hat down to cover my ears as my teeth start to chatter.

Why does the weather suddenly turn furious?

My eyes find the woman I am looking for. She's hugging her knees tightly into a ball and racking herself in front of the stone plate—probably her uncle. She's shaking not from the cold weather, but from crying.

I lower my pace toward her until I'm standing behind her back. She doesn't even notice my presence. I kneel down and wrap my arms around her from behind. Camila yelps in surprise, then she elbows me and tries to loosen my arms around her.

"Hush, Babe. It's me, it's me. Pyke," I whisper and realize I just scare the hell out of her. I press my face into her icy cheek and close my eyes to feel her skin against mine. "Babe, everything will be okay. Just trust me, we can do this together."

I hug her tighter and let her continue to sob in my arms. My heart breaks knowing my father is the one causing her pain.

My eyes trace the stone plate in front of us. It's indeed her uncle.

Levi Jaxon King

"No, Pyke. Everything won't be okay. The world is just came crashing down on me. I thought I don't have anyone in my life. Then I just found out the man I admired most is my uncle by blood. How did he keep it away from me? Why didn't he tell me? Am I really worthless that could shame his family?"

"I'm sorry, Babe." I sigh in frustration because I, myself don't know how to answer her.

"I thought my mother was just an alcoholic and coke addict, but she's a liar and a manipulative bitch, too. She was the one who wanted to get rid of me because she's a selfish bitch. What only mattered to her was her career in Hollywood." She turns to face me. Her bloodshot eyes are full of pain and sorrow. I just don't know what to do to wipe them away.

I blow a shaky breath. "One time, I wished I could turn back the time and be a good guy, but then, I thought I wouldn't meet someone that night if I'm not the asshole Pyke that I am. I realized things happen for a reason, Camila. Believe me, since then, I was very thankful every day for the way that I am today. Because of my assholiness, I met one of the most amazing women I've ever met in my entire life." I wipe her tears that continuously streaming down her eyes.

"Do you know who my father was?"

I shake my head. "Not until recently."

"I hated him all my life to the thought that he denied me as his." A sad smile spread across her lips.

"I'm so sorry, Babe." I press my lips to her forehead.

"I want to see my mother and slap her face to show her what she'd lost," she chuckles sadly as I caress her crimson red cheeks.

"Are you angry at my dad?"

Chapter 29

Camila

Since I'm not ready to face Aunt Carissa, for now, I agreed to stay with Pyke at the hotel. I still owe them my life even my father's lawyer paid her to take care of me since birth.

I'm still flabbergasted until this moment. I'm in between overwhelmed in finding out the truth about my father and a heartbroken that Aunt Carissa is not related to me by blood. Kill is not my cousin, but my heart says he is to me.

"Babe, I let someone bring you some clothes. You're freezing, I think you need a hot shower." Pyke cups my face to give me a quick kiss. I can't help but close my eyes and feel his warm skin on my face that gives me relief.

I nod glumly, sighing shakily. "Thanks for being here. I really don't know what to do if you didn't come to follow me." I take his hand, squeeze it, and rub his knuckles.

"I promise you that I will never leave you alone, Camila. I know this is still shocking to you, but I'm so glad that you are still talking regardless of what happened to you days ago and earlier. Just take it one at a time and let your brain process everything slowly."

"Yeah. I don't know how am I still sane after what happened," I let out a nervous chuckle.

"Because you're a strong woman, Babe. I know that the first time we met, and that's one thing that drew me to you. Nobody hit me like that in the first place." He barks into laughter, then shakes his head.

"That's not the best memory to reminisce, you know," I scowl.

"Honestly, I wasn't mad at you for marking my face. You amused me, Camila. You're really something." He smiles genuinely and walks to the door when a soft knock interrupts us.

I walk closer to the door to my left, probably the bathroom. I'm glad that he invited me to stay with him because I can't afford a hotel room like this for a night. I'd end up spending a night at the cheap motel full of bugs before driving back to the city in the morning.

I strip off my sweater and my jeans when the door squeaks open. Pyke gets in the bathroom with two paper bags on his hand.

"I asked Dad's driver to pick something for you. It has toiletries and some clothes for you."

I grab the bags from his hand and give him a timid smile. "Thanks, Pyke. I'll pay for this."

"I don't accept money as payment, Camila." He grins, his eyes glimmer with mischief.

"You're leaving me no choice, aren't you?"

"Just take a shower or you might want to soak in a tub, Babe. No Twinkle to disturb you this time."

"I'll just take a shower. I badly need one," I announce. My muscles are still sore of what we did last night. My face heats just thinking about it.

"What do you want for dinner?"

"Anything, Love—" I stiffen, my hand covers my mouth instantly while my gaze locks his in surprise. My heart somersaults in my chest.

Did I just call him love again? How did I even call him love last night? I've no idea. It just slipped, I guess.

Pyke smirks then grins. He's having fun seeing me embarrassed in front of him.

"I like that, that's the third time."

"Shut up and get out!" I snap, glaring at him. "Lock the door behind you."

"You sure you don't want me to join you?" He smiles mischievously. I know he's just trying to lighten up my mood, and it helps somehow.

"Out, Pyke! Now!"

"Yes, Babe."

I quickly take something inside the bag and ball it to throw when the door slams behind him, then a faint of laughter erupts outside the door.

I squeeze a good amount of coconut and wild orchids shampoo to my hand and lather it to my hair evenly and let the hot shower massage my scalp and my shoulder to ease the tension in my muscles.

"Who's my father?"

My aunt looks at the man in front of me for approval. Then the man nods.

"Cameron Leighton King II," my aunt answers.

My brows knit. "Cameron King?"

"Yes, honey." Aunt Issa nods for confirmation.

"Cameron King who?" His name sounds familiar but I can't quite place where I heard his name.

“The Cam King your Levi always mentioned to you. Who owned the number 45 car.”

My voice echoes in the kitchen as I laugh with absurdity.

“You’re kidding, right?” I face her. My tears start pouring down my face as I shake my head repeatedly to deny the fact.

“Because his name is not written on my birth certificate,” I smile bitterly as I look at them through blurry vision. “And of course, I didn’t even ask what’s my father’s name it’s because I was busy loathing at the sperm donor to even think about him. Bravo!” I say sarcastically as I clap my hands for my stupidity.

“I’m so sorry for hiding this from you, Camila. I made a promise to your father to take care of you, away from the public scrutiny. His legacy will be thrown out of the window if the media found out that Cameron died in an accident because he was drunk and got someone pregnant,” Mr. Paul Hughes as he introduces himself explains.

He’s a total photocopy of Pyke, the only difference is his the older version with a grey hair tracing at the side of his head and a serious looking-intimidating guy compares to a happy go lucky Pyke.

“Your mom totally lied to your aunt about your father disclaiming you. She manipulated Issa after her labor and told her that your father doesn’t want you that he paid her to remove the baby. Your father’s lawyer paid her expenses during her pregnancy and gave her two hundred grand after your birth with an NDA. That’s what she agreed upon to keep the baby from abortion.”

I wipe my tears and listen to him as he continues. Auntie Carissa is also crying with me.

“It was all my fault, Camila—the reasons why he died,” he admits as guilt flashes on his face.

“I helped him build his career as a race car driver and he was so goddamn good at that. He made his own name in less than two years. He worked hard and determined to achieve his dream. Then, suddenly your mom came to me claiming that she was pregnant with Cameron’s baby. She asked for hefty money if she didn’t want to destroy your father’s career. Because of my impulsive decisions, I told her to abort the baby and gave her money to shut up. I was selfish that I made a decision for him. I wasn’t aware Cameron was listening outside the door. He was furious that I decided for him. He chose to keep you, but your mother was not happy with that idea.”

“Then, he stormed out of my office and God knows what he did. He got drunk which was prohibited a night before his race. Two hours after he left, someone called me to turn on the television. Your father’s car flashed on the TV screen. He didn’t die right away, he was able to talk to me and his lawyer. Your mother came to his wake and made a scene—that’s how his family found out about the pregnancy, but they didn’t believe her claim.”

“How did my aunt get into this?”

“I worked with your dad as his PA. When he died, Paul took me in and let me worked in his company. Paul needed someone trustworthy to take care of you and made sure you will not go to an adoption agency. I was paid, Camila but I assure you I love you like my own daughter.” Auntie continues crying. “Kyland treats you as his own sister and my late husband treated you like his own. Your uncle Levi loved you until his last breath.”

“Why did he not tell me I’m his niece?”

“He found out about you when you were in high school and he was already on treatment. He worked at the shop because he wanted to get near to you. He treasured the last years he was with you, Cam. He chose to spend with you than his family because he thought he owed you something since his family didn’t recognize you as one of the Kings.”

“Your father had a record when she used Mr. Seb Hughes to get the media attention once. That’s why nobody believed her and they were still mourning your father’s death. The last time I saw your mother was when you turned two—she came and asked me if I could ask your father's lawyer for another money. I found out she continued drinking and became a drug addict. I told her to get help, but she got angry and threatened me to take you away from me. I called the lawyer immediately, he said, your she won’t bother me again. She never came back until today.”

“Why didn’t you tell me the truth about my parents?”

“Because I signed an NDA, Cam. I can’t let you dig around about your parents, not until you reach twenty-one.”

“So, you lied to me about them, instead.”

“Babe?”

A loud bang rattling the glass door brings me back to the present. I feel my skin hot and raw at how much longer I’m under the shower. The mist covers the entire shower glass walls.

“Babe?”

“I’m coming!”

“Yes, Babe, come for me!”

I roll my eyes when I hear the laughter in his voice. I close the shower and grab the towel, wrapping it tightly around my body.

I open the foggy glass door to see Pyke crossing his arms over his chest. "I see, you survive without me. I'm totally jealous of the shower right now. How could you spend an hour there alone?" His voice is playful.

"I'm hungry, Love," I say sarcastically.

"Start stripping me then."

"Get your mind out of the gutter, Pyke."

He laughs at my retort and always makes me forget my problems. He's like a drug that relieves every pain I feel in my body.

"The food arrives that's why I knock on the door before it gets cold. Sorry to cut your shower short. Change to something before I loosen the towel and take you back to the shower room and make you come there, Camila. I'm already tempted enough with my mind imagining you while you're in there."

"Do you always think about sex all the time?"

"Sex with you? Yeah." He smirks when he notices my reaction.

I clench the towel tighter when I feel my face heats against his intense stare, raking me from head to toe. I'm sure I'm crimson red right now adding to the longest shower I did a moment ago.

"Anyway, Dad called me up. He wants to meet us tomorrow with your father's lawyer."

My eyes widen. "Why would your dad want to meet me? And how about that lawyer?"

"Don't you think your father has no bank account? He's a famous race car driver, Camila. You are the only legitimate to have his fortune. Now, I get it why you love cars because it runs in the blood."

Chapter 30

PYKE

Camila sobs even in her sleep as I cuddle her all night. I wish I can take those pains away, especially that I'm one of the reasons why she's in pain right now. Guilt is consuming me slowly and painfully.

I always see her as a happy woman who doesn't care about the world's problem, but since that incident, she's been silent and tried to mask her emotions most of the time and pretended to be fine. I missed her irritating banter and her infuriating mouth. My heart aches every time I see her so sad, and I can't do anything.

We drive back to the city early in the morning after our breakfast to meet my dad and her father's lawyer.

Atty. Timothy Sanders Jr. reads the last will and testament of late Cameron King II. The lawyer is in his early forties, medium build, wearing a fancy black tailored suit. He took over his father's legacy who happened to be the former lawyer of Camila's father, and my dad trusts him to take care of everything related to Cam King.

I now understand why Cam King's family didn't accept Camila as one of them because all his assets—his bank accounts, businesses, houses, and car collections are left in Camila's name. And as soon as she turns twenty-one everything mentions above will be hers. She could've had those months ago, but Dad was planning on meeting her first to gain her trust before he will drop the news to Camila.

She just bobs her head to the lawyer to show she understands and follows what the lawyer is reading for her. It bothers me so much that she's with us but her mind seems outside of this earth. I know this is shocking, but she deserves everything she's going to have—every penny of it, and these belong to her in the first place. I wish I have the ability to read people's minds when I find her staring at Dad and me, then lowers her gaze if I catch her looking at me.

"What?"

She shakes her head slowly.

"So, Ms. Mendéz, I'll meet you with Mr. Hughes next year to discuss your surname. We have to change it to King to transfer the whole assets into your name. I'll give you my contact numbers, call me if you need anything," Atty. Sanders explains as he arranges the documents and places them back to his attaché case.

"I'm not interested in his assets. Why can't you just give all of them to his family?" she asks him in a low tone. I'm expecting that from her since she knows now her father was rich.

"Sweetheart, that's your father's money. You're the only one who has the right to have them all. Besides, it was all said in his last will. Your DNA matched his since you were born, but you have to change your surname to King," Dad explains calmly.

Her brows furrow while looking at Dad. "Can I just give it to you?"

My eyes widen. Okay, I didn't expect that.

My dad chuckles, "Sweetheart, you hate me, I get it. I wish I can turn back the time and take back my words, but that could change who you are right now. Your dad might be alive and you grow up with him or with his family, but do you wanna change something in your life while growing up?"

"It's been twenty-two years this guilt kept taunting me. That's the reason why I didn't reach out to you, but I'd been watching you grew up. I wanted you to grow up in a normal family. I made sure the Wright treats you well because I'm willing to put them in hell if they laid their hands on you. That family loves you despite the payment I gave them. They didn't even consider the money because they treated you as one of the Wright."

"I don't hate you." Her tears fall down her cheeks.

I stand up and move toward the black leather couch where she's sitting across me and Dad. I sit beside her after kissing the top of her head.

"Do you want to go out?" I ask, pulling her into a hug.

She might need some air or needs some time to sink everything in. I know she feels uncomfortable since we enter Dad's office.

I know this room is intimidating and luxurious at the same time that makes her feel claustrophobic. A dark mahogany paneled-wall that half of it was covered with hardbound books. One oil painting from an Italian painter worth one hundred grand. The century-old huge oak wood desk that he bought at the auction. On the left side is the liquor cabinet that God knows how much cost per bottle. Most of them are only available at the VIP lounge's bar in my club.

"Let's finish this, I'm sorry," she says in between sniffs.

I shift my gaze to Dad who's lips are pressed into a thin line. He rubs his temple while looking down at the dark glass coffee table.

Atty. Sanders clears his throat. "Shall we continue?" he asks politely to Camila.

She answers a yes that is barely audible.

“As I said earlier, we have to process the papers to change your surname first then I will transfer all the assets to your name. In the meantime, I’ll transfer one hundred grand to your account for your expenses.”

“No!” Camila exclaims.

I chuckle at her reaction. The two men look shocked at her. Typical Camila, who refuses when it comes to money. That’s what I love about her.

I freeze in my seat at the last words my brain thinks while my heart flip-flops in my chest. No doubt I love that everything about her, but does she love something about me?

“Pyke.”

“Yeah,” I quickly answer when I hear my father is calling my name.

“Son, try to convince her about the money.”

“You can’t force her, you know,” I say with a laugh.

“She’ll have million dollars in her account as soon as she carries the surname of King,” Atty. Sanders interrupts.

“Oh, God,” she murmurs.

“How do you like to work at 4X4?” I ask, facing her.

She pats her cheeks with the tissue then stares at me. God, those eyes that I’ve seen when she came and those lips I kissed and tasted. I have been dreaming of her mouth wrap around my co—my stupid cock jerks. I groan inwardly.

“I visited once during our field trip.”

“And?”

The two men listen intently to her answer.

“Lately, I was thinking about it when you told me you called the 4X4. I always dream of working there, you know?” Her eyes light up with excitement and pink creeps on her cheek. Cute.

“Is that so?”

“Yes.” She nods shyly.

“Then you have to change your surname to King.”

“Why?” She frowns. I know she wants to argue but takes a hold of it.

"I'll just talk to Dad, get inside the Car, Babe," I tell her as soon as we get into the parking area of the Hughes building that served as the office for Hughes Industries.

I stride towards Dad as soon as Camila gets inside the dark blue Mercedes Benz Dad offers as Camila's service.

"Dad, wait!"

He's about to enter his car when he stops.

"Yes, son," he says calmly. He's feature softens, but I can see the sadness in those blue orbs.

"She doesn't hate you, you know. Give her some time, she's just shocked, and I'll tell you that she has the softest heart in the world—like Mom. A feisty but has a softer heart."

Dad smiles that I haven't seen these days, then suddenly turns into a beast. "Stay away from her, Pyke."

My brows cock. "The hell I will! You can't control me anymore. Take that club. I better start from the ground if you will think I owe you because you gave me that club. I'll stay with her no matter what." My nostrils are flaring thinking of Camila is out of my sight.

"You've been disobeying me lately," he rebukes.

"Because I can't see anything I've done wrong!"

"Lower your voice, Pyke Kennan!"

"Then stay away from my relationship," I say firmly.

"How can I stay away if you will just end up hurting her? I've hurt her bad, Pyke. Enough one of the Hugheses hurt Camila, and I can't allow you to do that to her, too."

"Dad, don't you think it's unfair? What makes you think I will hurt her? For Pete's sake, I'm not you, and I-I like her a lot. Just the thought of hurting her breaks my heart. Just seeing her in pain makes my heart bleeds. Please, just..." I let out a frustrating sigh. "Just let me be with her. I've never been like this. She makes me happy, but the funny thing is, she doesn't even want to go out on a date with me."

Dad's face softens, brows arch up. "Does she know something about you, Pyke?"

I know exactly what he means, so I slowly nod. "She didn't judge me though." I sigh deeply.

"You didn't persuade her enough."

“How?”

“Why are you asking me? But if you will hurt her. I will break your bone, Pyke. Mark my word.”
He gets inside the car, leaving me alone with a jaw dropped.

I walk to our car after I regain my composure. Why does everyone want to break my bone when it comes to Camila? Am I that bad for her?

“Hey, you okay?” she asks, grabbing my hand as soon as I sit beside her in the backseat.

“Why wouldn’t I be?” I smirk at her. Dad just threatened me.

“You’re weird.” She wrinkles her nose.

“And you’re beautiful,” I say, capturing her lips before she can bark at me. She kisses me back instantly. God, how soft her lips are. I miss my lips between her thighs, too, but I need to take everything slow, and I know I can do it if I can be with her for a long time.

We break our kiss when I hear a clearing of a throat.

“Sorry, Mr. Hughes, Ms. Mendéz, I’m Carter Fitz, Mr. Paul Hughes hired me to be a personal driver of Ms. Mendéz,” he explains. He’s Simon Pegg’s look-alike but taller, military fit body, and younger than Pegg.

“Excuse me?” Camila interrupts, “I don’t need a driver and besides I’m a good driver and never violated traffic laws. The last time I check my license won’t expire tomorrow.”

“To the King’s restaurant please, Fitz.”

“My pleasure, Sir.”

“Wait, wait, Mr. Fitz, did you not hear me?” Camila argues then suddenly her stomach grumbles.

“Babe, I need to feed you.” I laugh making her hit my thigh.

“Not funny.”

I feel the car moves out of the parking lot. There is a King Restaurant not far from here that needs a reservation a month before someone can get a table. Dad will probably be there, too because Hugheses and Kings have private rooms that don’t need to get a reservation. We can request the head chef of what food we want on our plate even not on their menu.

“Welcome, Mr. Hughes,” Janet, the receptionist greets with a huge grin on her face.

“Thank you, Janet. We can manage it from her,” I immediately cut her off because I can feel my woman is rigid beside me.

“Why are we here?” she whispers.

I squeeze her hand tighter. “Your stomach grumbles.”

“I mean why here?”

“Babe, we need to eat, that’s it,” I say as I lead her way inside to the restaurant.

Only the dim yellow lights from the crystal teardrops chandelier illuminate the entire place. The high ceiling is painted with ivory color. The wall is somewhat alloy orange with photographs of King’s from 1st generations who built the hotel and restaurant business empire. The floor is covered with a blood-red carpet with a square shape dahlia red carpet under each table.

“Can we just go somewhere else?”

“Don’t you like it here?” I stop, looking down at her.

“This is intimidating, and the name alone does give me a shiver.” She shrugs and bites her lip.

“We don’t have to sit here,” I reply, gesturing to the room. “We have a place more private just for us.”

“Oh?”

I nod. “Yup, Babe.”

“Okay.”

Releasing her hand, I snake it around her waist and walk to the private lounge when I feel my hair lifts on my nape and arms.

“Well, hello, Pykie.”

Chapter 31

Camila

Pyke's body goes rigid. His eyes suddenly widen and his handsome face turns white. His hand was squeezing my waist stronger than his fingers might leave a mark on my skin.

"Well, look at you now, Pykie." A voluptuous brunette of around mid-thirties walks closer to us. She's a few inches taller than me, has a sun-kissed skin or she's probably from southern California. She's wearing a white dress that hugs her curves perfectly. Her hair is curled in large waves, but what catches my attention is her icy sapphire blue eyes staring at me with an angry glare that could slice me in two.

"Who's this girl?" she asks, emphasizing the word girl with disdain, but Pyke is still shocked to respond.

I grab his sweaty hand, squeezing it, then I take a deep breath and smile sweetly at whoever is this bitch in front of us, perhaps, she's Pyke's ex-fuck buddy.

"Oh, hi, I'm Camila King." I offer my hand for a handshake. I silently pray that she won't touch me with her filthy hand and infect me with her bitchy attitude.

My brows slight arch when I realize how I introduce myself. What if this woman knows the King? She can laugh and insult me of a gold-digger whore and say I'm insane. As expected, my hand hangs in the air. "Pyke's girlfriend," I add, pulling my hand back.

She crosses her arms over her chest tapping slightly her perfectly manicured nails against her arm. Now, her stare can burn me into char.

"Really, since when?" she asks, mocking me. Her perfectly painted cranberry red lips spread into a devilish smile.

"Since a month ago," I answer proudly.

Pyke clears his throat, then whispers, "Let's get out of here, Camila."

"It's okay, Love. Let's go to the VIP room," I say and look up at him. I can see the beads of sweat on his forehead and his posture still rigid.

Who is this woman that affects Pyke so much?

"Pykie, why don't you introduce me to your so-called girlfriend?" She rakes Pyke with her unrelenting stares, devouring him from head to toe with its intensity, then bite her lip seductively.

Anger radiates in my body that I want to poke my fingers into her eyes to the way she looks at Pyke.

“Stay away from me,” Pyke rushes his words, dragging me away.

I can feel Pyke’s sweaty hand gripping my hand back.

“Really, Pykie? Do you still cower like before? Do you still remember how we fucked? Does she even know how you screamed my name every time I made you come? Or how you ate me like you can’t get enough of me?”

Pyke stops at mid-stride. “Enough, Athena!”

I don’t realize my own gasp and how my hand instantly covers my mouth. I stand still to my feet as if I turn into a statue—an ice statue under the sun.

Oh, my God!

Is this the woman who used Pyke against his dad?

“Oh, Pykie, are you still afraid of your daddy dear?” she mocks.

“I’m not afraid of anyone. You can tell my dad yourself, for all I care. Just stay away from me. And don’t you ever mention the terrible mistake I did that I wished I didn’t do. I regretted it every-fucking-day!” His deep voice is controlled, trying not to create a scene, but his arms are shaking with anger.

I’ve never seen Pyke getting angrier over any woman before, but now I can feel his anger in each word he throws to the Athena woman in front of me.

“Regret? Now, you regretted it? I bet no woman would ever teach you how to fuck like the way I did, Pykie. This woman you are with right now doesn’t even look she can make you hard. I taught you everything. You should at least thank me, because of me you learned how to fuck, instead of feeling ashamed of me,” she chuckles when she notices Pyke is affected with her words.

Clearly, this woman has no shame left in her system.

“And you used me, did you forget that?”

“Oh, Pykie, but you learned a lot. You know, you can always come to me if you feel bored of her, I have new tricks,” she says, shooting me a disgusting glance.

“Excuse me, Athena. Your time is long over. He’s done with you before I even exist in Pyke’s life. Now, he is mine and will never be yours again. He may have learned something from you, and thanks to that, but Pyke never fucks an old woman anymore.” I eye her in disgust—mocking her moves. “He has a taste, you know, and he prefers young, fresh pussies, and firm tits without an

enhancement.” I point at her half-covered breast. “Now, back off, or else I will slap you with this clutch on my hand.” I raise my clutch bag and show her the silver buckle that I used once to hit Pyke.

She looks taken aback by what I said. If she thinks I will allow her to insult Pyke, then she underestimates me.

“He will throw you when he’s done, my dear. You may be younger than me, but I bet you don’t know anything—”

I wave my hand to dismiss her. “Oh, sweetheart, don’t judge me by my tiny body because I suck cock like a pro. I ride like a rodeo, and I can definitely tell you how much Pyke loves to take me from behind while he spansks my ass to raw.” I smirk and a wink. Oh god, where did those ideas come from?

Her eyes widen in shock like she can’t believe that I can talk dirty. Well, dirty is my middle name and not Leigh.

“He can throw me like trash once he’s done with me, but I bet my McLaren that he will never come back to you, so don’t dream too high, dear because once he’s done, he never fucks the same woman again.”

“What’s your name again?” she asks as she manages to get back her composure.

“Camila King,” I answer proudly.

“The Camila!” She claps her hands. Her face lights up like she just hits the jackpot.

“Stop it, Athena,” Pyke interrupts.

“Why, Pykie? Doesn’t she know me yet?”

“I said enough! Enough that you destroy my life, I can’t let you do that to her, too.”

“After what I’ve done, I’m still the wicked bitch to you, huh?” She laughs evilly.

“Who are you?” I ask her as my curiosity kicks in. Undoubtedly, this woman knows how to get into Pyke’s nerves.

“You don’t wanna know, Camila.” Her eyes gleam with deviltry.

“Trust me, I’m dying to know who you are.” I also wanted to punch your nose for ruining our lunch date.

“I’m Athena Gray, sweetheart,” she says with pride in her voice.

A sudden coldness hits my core as soon as the word Gray sinks into my brain. My knees weaken, making me almost lose my balance. Pyke grabs my waist before I completely stumble to the floor.

“Look what you’ve done, bitch!” Pyke thunders.

“I know who you are the moment I saw you earlier, dear. You’re Pyke’s fuck buddy who worked at my little brother’s shop. You awakened me from my long sleep, darlin’. There’s a thing about you that I’m sure you don’t know yet, Camila Mendèz. My brother told me that he marked your neck with his fingers, and I bet in your pussy as well,” she says with satisfaction.

I try to fight back the inevitable tears that I feel welling in my eyes as I listen to her. How did I forget those eyes? Now, I can see the female version of that devil as I look at her through my teary eyes.

“Just leave us alone, Athena. You did enough damage. Please, don’t break her, too,” Pyke pleads with a shaky voice.

I squeeze my eyes shut, shutting off the thoughts swirling in my brain as the tears that I’ve been holding back start to fall and sob into my own hands.

“Sure, I’ll call you later, Pykie. Bye, Camila.”

My chest constricts, making me hard to breathe as I put two and two together. Why did Pyke let me work there if he had a past with Aaron’s sister? Why didn’t he tell me that Athena is that psychopath’s sister?

I manage to stand straight after trying to calm myself. I face Pyke after wiping my tears away. I know I look like crap right now, but it doesn’t matter anymore.

“I’m so sorry, Babe,” he whispers. He looks shattered as he shakes his head repeatedly.

“Are you, Pyke? Because I’m not sure if I can trust your words anymore.” I look at him directly in his eyes filled with guilt and despair.

“Babe, please hear me out—”

“That’s the second time. Why did you not tell me her name was Athena? Why did you not tell me that she’s Aaron’s sister?” My voice rises.

I realize that we are already catching everyone’s attention since then, but nobody comes to interfere with us. Perhaps one of the perks of being a Hughes.

Pyke opens his mouth then closes again. I take a deep breath and take the courage to stride away from him before I totally lose my mind. He manages to grab my hand before I can walk far.

“Let. Go. Of. Me!” I hiss and twist my hand from his grip and walk away for good.

"Not a chance, Babe. Just let me explain, please?" His voice cracks and demanding, but I'm not going to let that affect me. Again.

I know he has no plan on telling me if we didn't meet that woman. He has so many secrets than I ever imagined. His family has so many secrets, too, that one had just unveiled yesterday. I'm not even halfway to the road of recovery then this thing happens again. My world just turns upside down since I met Pyke. I wonder what else I'm going to find out if we stay together.

I stop when I feel the chilly weather hugs my skin. I wrap my arms around my body as I start to shiver. I even forget my coat from the restaurant and just run away to prevent myself from being more embarrassed than I already had.

"Babe, wait!"

"I'm not gonna listen to you again, Pyke."

"I know I made a mistake to let you work there, but I thought Aaron won't keep grudges about what my father had done to his sister since he didn't even care about her. I never thought I will ever see her again, Camila. Believe me, because she's in Greece and never comes here."

"Yeah, like what you thought of Aaron never came to New York. I don't know what more lies I'm gonna find out from you. Look what she did to me? She humiliated me in front of many people. All I faced were troubles since I met you, Pyke. We are not good together. Let's part ways and never see each other again."

"No way, Camila!" He snorts with laughter. "I will never let you go, now, Babe, not when I know how good we are together." He tries to reach for my hands, but I take a step back.

"Let's not mention how we're amazing in bed, Babe. Don't give up on me now, please?" he pleads in a shaky voice. "I told you my deepest darkest secret that nobody knows, yet you never judge me. I'd rather die than to lose you, Camila." Pyke grabs a fistful of his hair in desperation and bites his lower lip as it starts to tremble.

I shake my head. "Goodbye, Pyke." I run toward the car that's waiting for me and get inside faster before he can stop me again. I slam the door shut and lock it so that he can't get inside. I might give in and give him a chance if I will allow him to talk to me again.

"Please, drive away fast."

There is no going back now, and it's not the right time to feel sorry for myself. Though it's hard to look at him in pain as we drive away, I have to face it and endure my own pain before I will completely fall for him.

Chapter 32

PYKE

I stare blankly at the glass wall where I made love to Camila. My apartment is dead silent, and the only thing I can hear is my own constant sighing. It's even difficult to breathe when my only companion is my guilt over her. One night, I sleep at the hotel since this place reminds me of her. I admit I got it fucking bad.

Camila wasn't supposed to find it out that way, but it's too late to blame myself for that. That bitch screwed up everything—from my life to my future with Camila.

What am I gonna do now?

You're not good at following rules, Pyke, now what stopping you? My brain still functions I guess.

My holiday didn't go as I planned—I fucked up. Even my family seemed to notice me zoning out a lot. I found them exchanging glances, but they didn't pry me though. I guess, they got the answers on their own.

I sent her messages and my Christmas gifts, but not a single reply from her I ever received nor a Merry Christmas GIF.

Should I let her go? I ask myself before I get drunk.

I don't think I can take it. My answer is the same—like a broken record. I'm drowned with alcohol every night, but all I get is a hangover every time I wake up and still no signs of Camila.

Fuck me! My brain is already twisted on how to make everything right. I screwed up big time. No more Xandry besides me, no Kyland to talk to. Bash is always busy with his family and business. Saph is not answering my call. Parker is busy planning his wedding.

Shit! I'm completely alone.

Oddly, my phone buzzes. A message from my mother telling me to meet at our house.

I spend a good amount of time in my shower and finally change to comfortable clothes that I haven't done in a century. I even shave and spray a cologne to look human in front of my family.

Shit! Camila, you're driving me insane. The only thing is keeping me sane is the daily message from her aunt telling me about Camila's whereabouts. It's creepy, I know. Issa tells me to give Camila sometime and that's what I'm doing. Honestly, it's hard to wait, but what's harder is if I'm waiting for nothing.

I find my family sitting in the gilded framed French sofa upholstered with golden damask satin. My brows knot when I notice the expression on their faces, including my beautiful mother that looks like she cried for an hour.

“Looks like I’m not having a shitty day alone, huh?” I try to lighten up the tensions around this room.

Mom smiles at me despite the sadness in her eyes. “Hello, sweetie.” She pulls me into a hug and rubs my back, then kisses my cheek.

“Park, don’t I get a wet kiss on my cheek, too?” I joke.

He stands forcibly and walks toward me. “Hey, bro.” He hugs me tighter and longer than necessary.

Why do I feel something is really going on in this family? I know Dad already told Parker about Cameron as Camila’s dad, but I feel there’s another bomb that is about to be dropped. Or it already dropped.

“You okay, bro?” I ask him and search for something on his face after breaking the brotherly hug we did.

He just presses his lips into a thin line then nods glumly. His shoulders sag and then goes back to sit.

“What’s going on, Mom?” I ask Mom who’s already sitting.

Dad doesn’t meet my gaze as he sits on a single sofa with fingers interlaced on his lap.

“Come here, sweetie. Sit beside Mom.” Mom taps the empty space on her side.

“Have a seat, Pyke. I have something to tell everyone,” Dad finally talks. His voice is soft but guarded.

I take a seat beside mom and squeeze her knee. She takes my hand and interlaces it with hers.

My stomach knots of the anticipation of what Dad is about to say. I know this is bad news since the tension and silence are making my nerves on edge.

What else should I know?

“Okay, since I am the head of this family, I don’t want to keep any more secrets. My number one priority is my family—whether I keep something from all of you or not. I’m keeping secrets, but not for my own good, for the benefit of everyone.”

"I know both of you still remember the constant traveling of your mom to Italy when you, Pyke still in high school and Parker still in college. We lied to both of you about it— we're separated that time."

I know something about this, at least that's what the PI gathered information about Dad's affair with Athena. Mom and Dad were separated for months at that time, but they're good at acting I guess. I knew and sensed something was weird, but I was busy with my life and friends to suspect something was really wrong between them. Despite that, they made sure that I and Parker still had a solid family regardless of their marriage had been through a tough time.

"Don't get me wrong, I love your mom and this family more than anything. When your mom decided to come back, I confessed to her that I was having an affair with Athena, with a contract, which I'm used to that confidentiality agreement before I married your mom. Athena signed the contract which was stated to the proper use of birth control and to terminate the pregnancy immediately but she still tricked me, then turned hysterical and tried to kill herself when I told her to terminate the pregnancy. Her family sent her away, then years later she came back for Pyke. The rest you all know what happened."

I squeeze Mom's hand and kiss the side of her head. I know Dad hurt her, but she forgave him and chose to stay with us and fixed our family again.

"This afternoon, I asked Parker to take some files from my office, unfortunately, he found something that I've been keeping for more than two decades. I may be a bad father, but God knows how much I love the two of you. To cut the story short, Parker found important documents—" Dad pauses and looks at Parker who's just playing with his thumbs.

"Parker is not my own..." Dad trails off.

My eyes widen. My jaw drops and just stares at my father like I don't comprehend what he's saying. Mom sobs beside me and feels her hand squeezing me. I look at a Mom who's staring at me then nods to confirm. I close my mouth and swallow down my now dried throat.

I chuckle, "What sick joke is this, Dad? Park is my brother? Look at us." I point to my face and to Parker who is sitting across me. "We look like twins, only Park is two and a half years older than me."

"We're not brothers, bro. We're cousins," Parker says with a huskier voice. He sounds serious and affected by this whole situation.

"This is just a joke, right, Dad?" I look at Dad and wait for him to nod, but to my dismay, he shakes his head.

I shake my head, too, and chuckle sarcastically. “What else secrets your hiding from this you-called family, Dad?”

“This is not easy for me to hide secrets like this, Pyke. This is not what I want in my life. I love Parker like my own son. I never treated him like my nephew. What happened to Camila’s father and to Parker’s dad had been taunting me every night since then.”

I’ve never seen Dad so sad until today, he seems lost. His words come from his heart.

“Forgive me, Parker, Pyke. I don’t want you both to know about this because Park had been my own since I cuddle him into my arms twenty-one years ago.”

“It’s okay, Dad,” Parker answers.

My eyes water at how soft Parker's heart is. He’s been my perfect brother, my hero, and my best friend.

“What happened to his parents?” my voice shakes.

“Before I’ll tell you both, please don’t judge him,” Dad begs.

“We won’t, Dad,” Parker responds.

I nod at Dad and turn my head to Mom and kiss her cheek.

“Perry is older than me by two minutes.”

“You have a twin?” Parker and I shout in unison.

We both look at each other then back to Dad. It’s comical if this conversation is not so damn serious.

“What happened to him? Where is he now?” I ask.

“He’s in prison,” Dad whispers.

Parker shakes to cry. He’s always been the strongest, but tonight he seems so lost. Mom stands up and moves to Parker, hugging him like she always did to us when we were sad.

“How did he end up in prison?”

Dad explains everything from start to end. Uncle Perry married his girlfriend after dating for three months. They looked perfect together—so much in love. His wife got pregnant after two months of marriage. Dad said it wasn’t part of the plan for the couple, nevertheless, everyone in the family was happy especially their parents since Parker would be the first grandson.

Uncle Perry and Reese lived their lives in luxury. Reese didn't mention her family though, until one day she asked for a divorce out of the blue. Then Uncle Perry found out that all she wanted was Hughes' fortune and unfortunately for my uncle, they didn't sign a prenuptial agreement. She took Parker away without telling her husband until someone tipped him off. He found out that she had been with a man before they even met. Uncle Perry found Parker lying on the couch crying and sucking his thumb while his wife was kneeling blowheading the other man's cock.

That was a horrible year for Hughes. Uncle Perry was charged with double murder and sentenced to life imprisonment.

I find myself wiping my eyes that I don't know I'm already crying.

"I'm sorry, Dad for judging you." I pull him into a hug, and it feels comforting after the revelation.

"It's okay, son."

"Can we see him?"

Dad nods. "Of course, after New Year. We always visit him every year. He didn't want to be visited often."

"Park?" I shake to cry in his hug, and I know he's crying, too.

"You're my brother, bro. Our fathers are twins after all. We may not have the same mother but we have the same blood running through our veins. I love you, Park."

New Year's Eve

"You two, down now!"

I hear Parker's fiancée, Emily calls us from the game room's door. I roll my eyes and check my phone for the time—it's not even near twelve midnight. Dad never allows us to spend New Year's Eve outside our home—it's part of our family tradition. He said we can only do it once we are married.

Emily calls us again.

"Seriously, is she always this annoying?" I ask to distract Parker when he almost near to the goal.

Who plays a football game on New Year's Eve? It's his idea.

"She's pregnant, bro. Leave her alone," he says, eyes focus on the screen. "Yeah!" he announces.

I know I can't beat him. We just want to kill the time and maybe forget Camila for a while.

Mom and Emily are having their girls bonding down. I never hear guests coming over either. I know Emily's family won't be here since her parents are divorced and she doesn't want to spend in either one of them.

"Let's go down before Em will let me sleep on the floor." He stands up, dusts off his dark pants, and fixes his blue polo shirt.

I stand up, run my fingers through my hair, and feel suddenly hollow. As always, I instantly remember Camila like every-fucking-second.

"Be nice tonight, okay?" Parker taps my shoulder and walks away.

"I always am, ass."

I follow him as he approaches the imperial staircases with golden and black custom iron-wrought railings. A new huge 19th-century style chandelier is hanging from the royally inspired ceiling Mom just ordered abroad last month.

I'm always excited to spend time like this with my family because I know they're the only permanent people in my life, but now my life seems incomplete. There is a huge hollow inside my chest that I know only one person can fill it, but now it seems impossible to happen.

"Hi, Pyke."

Chapter 33

Camila

My eyes widen in amazement to see Hughes' residence for the first time. An Italian-inspired mansion stands tall in front of us. Even at night, I can see the neatly manicured huge lawns, and in between the U-shaped driveway is the beautiful Trevi-inspired fountain.

A woman wearing a white blouse and black pants welcome us inside the house. Her dark hair tuck in a neat bun with light makeup on her face, and she introduces herself as Mrs. Boyes, Mrs. Hughes' PA.

The whole house of Auntie Carissa can fit into their living room alone. My eyes instantly find the man that haunted my mind every second of my day. I know for the fact that I am going to meet him here, so I brace myself as I enter the house.

"Hi, Pyke," I find myself greeting him. After my encounter with that woman in the restaurant, I asked the driver to send me to Auntie's home. I was glad when I found Kyland there. He did a great job of diverting my mind from Pyke, but I couldn't help myself not think of him sometimes. Okay, most of the time especially when I was alone.

His eyes instantly widen when he sees me. Doesn't he know his dad invited the Wright for the New Year's Eve?

"Camila," he mutters but doesn't say another word. We just look at each other for seconds until a soft hand touches my arm.

"Camila," a soft voice of a woman jars me away from Pyke then squeezes me into a hug.

"Um, hi." I smile shyly at the tall blonde with mesmerizing blue eyes. I notice her baby bump is prominent in the blue fitted dress she's wearing.

"I'm Emily, Parker's fiancée." Her smile widens. Fiancée? Uh-huh, the rat owner. That's when I notice the huge diamond ring on her left hand.

"I'm Camila. I'm sorry for almost killing Twinkle. I'm just not a pet person."

She bursts into laughter, holding her maybe four months baby bump then winks at Pyke. "I heard about that. I'm sorry for the trouble Twinkle had caused you."

Did Pyke tell her everything? My face heats with embarrassments.

“Come here and meet the boys’ mom. She’s waiting for us already.” Emily grabs my hand, and I have no choice but to follow her leaving Pyke behind.

I’m jealous of Pyke’s mother because she has a striking beauty. Her Italian blood stands out from her father’s American side. Her thick raven wavy hair is cascading down her shoulder. A body looks like she spent a lot in the gym with a strict diet during her younger years.

She hugs her boys and kisses them both on their cheeks. The guys don’t care even their mother treats them like babies. I feel a sudden pang in my chest when I see how their mom is sweet with them.

Parker indeed looks like Pyke. They dress differently though. Pyke is more casual than Parker who wears a jacket suit with a crisp shirt and pants.

Kyland shakes Pyke’s hand with his jaw clenches most of the time. I can sense the tension between them, but they seem to behave throughout the night without punching each others’ faces. He gives Parker a brotherly hug, I guess he’s of the same age as Kyland.

“Thank you, Issa, Kyland, and Camila for joining us this evening!” Mr. Hughes joins us in the living room in a more relaxed manner. He’s not the same intimidating man I met a week ago—he even smiles at us.

“Sweetheart, thank you for spending your New Year’s Eve with my family,” he says as he gives me a hug.

“My pleasure, Mr. Hughes. You have a lovely home.”

“Please call me, Paul, Cam. You meet my wife and my other son?”

“Yes, sir, and she’s beautiful.” I compliment and look at his wife who is smiling brightly at me. Their two sons chuckle.

“What?” Paul asks looking at his sons. They both shrug like identical twins.

I feel all my energy drains out answering every question they throw at me. Pyke smiles and nods every time I mention his name. They ask me from my childhood until how did I end up hitting Pyke on his face. I answer them truthfully, of course, minus the event before I slapped Pyke. I notice him freezes across the table, then sighs when he hears my answer, giving me a small smile of appreciation. Oh, God, how I miss his smile?

The food is delicious—from the entrée to the desserts. The red wine is very tempting, but before I can sip.

“Don’t, Babe,” Pyke interrupts before I can even smell the wine. Heat creeps from my neck to ears.

Everyone’s eyes focus on him—including Kyland who is eyeing him like a hawk. I take the glass of water instead as my mouth dries instantly.

“Something wrong?” Emily asks him.

“She doesn’t drink,” Pyke simply answers.

“Oh, good. At least I’m not alone.” Emily grins at me.

“Because you are pregnant, Baby,” Parker joins, “Camila is not pregnant, right?”

I almost spit out the water from my mouth. Kyland gasps beside me. My eyes widen. Dear Lord, please take me now or make me invisible. I notice everyone’s eyes are on me now, but they don’t look judgmental, more on waiting for my answer.

I look at Pyke who’s as white as the shirt he’s wearing.

I swallow hard. “Of course, not,” I chuckle and roll my eyes dramatically.

Kyland squeezes my knee under the table, and Pyke sighs in relief. Why do I feel disappointed at his reaction? Of course, he doesn’t want a commitment, duh! He doesn’t want to be a dad. Worse is he doesn’t want to have a baby with you, Camila!

“This my first time to spend at Hughes’, Cam.” Emily sighs, leaning her back against the comfy sofa at the veranda with me.

Auntie Carissa is with Paul and Sandra. While the guys are in their own world probably playing games.

“I don’t spend the holidays with my parents since I turned eighteen. They both have families on their own,” she continues.

“I’m sorry, Emily. I guess you heard about my parents, too.”

She nods slowly. “Parker is not Paul and Sandy’s, do you know that?”

“What? How? Why?” My eyes widen. That’s the last I ever expected because he looks like Pyke. How does it even possible?

“Anyway, you are a part of their family now, Cam. His dad is serving a life sentence in jail, but I think Paul talked to his lawyer and Parker’s father might be out of prison soon. Parker just found out yesterday, the point is, you are not alone, that we are still lucky to have the people who treated us as part of their family. You grow up in a beautiful home. A lot of foster families don’t treat foster children well. I grow up with Dad who isn’t always around. I once like a Cinderella who has a

terror step-mom. Dad found out how she treated me then divorced her, then Dad re-married again to another woman. Mom is somewhere in London who doesn't even care if I'm still alive or not."

"Thanks for telling me this, Emily." I squeeze her hand.

Her eyes light up. "Tell me about you and Pyke."

I swallow. "Nothing's going on between me and Pyke." My voice sounds defensive, and Emily chuckles. I wrap my arms around my self and feel suddenly exposed. My coat is thick enough to make me shiver, but I still do at the intensity of scrutinizing gaze Emily is throwing at me.

"I wasn't born yesterday, Cam. I can feel the tension building up every time your eyes locked his."

"There is really nothing going on, Emily."

"Really? You didn't sleep with him?" She raises her brow, daring me to answer.

"It's not like that."

"Like what?" I startle when I hear the masculine voice asks from our back.

"Oh, hey, Baby." Emily turns her head to Parker, then faces me again. "He has a soft heart, Cam. Give him a chance." She stands up and grabs Parker's hand.

"I'll take Em for a while, Cam. She needs to take her vitamins." Parker says, winking at me. I bet the vitamins he's referring to me is not the same vitamins on my mind.

I sigh in relief when they're finally gone. I stand up from my seat when I check the clock on my phone. It's forty-five minutes after eleven. I saunter towards the spacious hallway back to the living room on the first floor.

"It's not like that, Dad." Pyke faint voice sounds defensive.

"I thought she knows about that woman," I recognize it's Paul's.

"Not entirely," Pyke replies with a drawl.

"Why the hell did you even let her work there in the first place?"

"I don't know. I guess I was just trying to impress her since that asshole is not even coming to see his business. I've no intention of hurting her, Dad," he sounds frustrated.

"She found out, I guess."

"Yes, we ran into that woman in the restaurant after our meeting. That's how she found out."

"What?"

"Calm down, please. Athena insulted Camila in front of me. She told her everything—from our past to her relationship with Aaron. I was thankful that everyone didn't hear the confrontation or they pretended they were not listening. I'm the reason why she's hurt. I literally sent her into a lion's den. I feel guilty for not telling her."

"I know that's not your intention, Pyke. Don't beat yourself up, but you need to man up and apologize properly."

There is a moment of silence.

"I told you not to hurt her, son. I'm warning you and I'm still keeping that word."

"She doesn't want to talk to me."

"You didn't talk to her, idiot. You talked to her aunt. That's not the proper way of apologizing. You need to persuade her that you have good intentions and not just to be between her legs. I didn't let you grow up into an asshole."

Pyke was talking with my aunt? About what?

"Dad," Pyke groans.

"Yeah, you stop your womanizing venture, and it's because of her. She will give you a chance if you will apologize properly. I know she likes you, too. I made it easier for you, Pyke, and don't screw it up again."

Made it easier?

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not telling you. I know she means a lot to you. I can see how you look at her, that's how I look at your mom."

I turn around and walk back to the veranda before I can hear their entire conversation. I feel guilty for eavesdropping.

Does he really care for me?

I check the time it's two minutes before the new year. I notice Kyland sent me a text.

Kill: Where are you? It's almost midnight.

I reply immediately and stride back to the hallway.

Cam: OMW

Crap! Crap indeed. I almost break my nose into a hard chest. His smell instantly wafts my nose.

His hands cup my face and capture my lips with his—a kiss that makes my head dizzy, knees weak, makes me moan, and forget everything around me. My fingers find his hair and tug it for support as we deepen the kiss. His tongue is instantly dancing in my mouth as soon as I give him an entrance. My body hums with anticipation as he presses his hard as steel erection against me.

Pyke releases my face and cups the back of my head with his hand while the other is running on my back. Another moan slips my mouth when he bites and nibbles my lower lip. I feel a warm pool between my thighs as he presses me against the wall. I can't help but arch my hips back wanting for more.

"Happy New Year, Camila." He kisses me on my forehead.

"Happy New Year, Pyke," I mumble between panting. I open my eyes slowly when I hear nothing from him. My eyes wander around, and I can't find Pyke anymore.

Was it a dream?

I press his doorbell repeatedly in annoyance when I get into his apartment's door. How could he just leave me like that after he kissed me?

I press it again, then cross my arms over my chest, waiting patiently.

"What?" His angry voice booms as soon as the door swings open. My wide eyes rake at the sweaty half-naked Pyke in front of me. Doesn't he even wear a sweater when the weather is freezing before I came here?

"Eyes up here, Camila. What do you want?" He snaps his fingers in front of my face.

"Why did you just run away like that?" I narrow my eyes at him.

"What do you expect me to do to you? Fuck you against that wall?" he snorts.

Heat flushes through my body. "You kissed me like no tomorrow, and now you're acting like a complete jerk!"

"Because I am, Camila. If you knock on my door to get fucked, I'm not interested. Go home. Good night!"

"Wait!" I push back the door that he's about to slam it on my face. "Why are you treating me like this?" My voice cracks as my emotions reigning over me. *Did he just lie to his dad? Because I am sure as hell he was talking about me.*

"You don't want me, right? Because you are disgusted with my past? Well, I can't change that anymore, Camila. Since you're a goody-two-shoes, and I am an asshole, I realized we are not good together. Please, don't knock at my door next time because I'm not gonna fuck you again."

Chapter 34

PYKE

“Thanks for coming back, man.” I look at Kyland after serving me a drink. It’s been a week since we talked and that was on New Year’s Eve.

“I’m not doing this for you, asshole. This is for Mom and your parents.” He shoots me a glare and goes to the next customer two stools away from me and serves her a drink.

“Boss, good to see you again,” says Forrest.

“Happy New Year, dude. Tell Wright to see me in my office.” I drain the smooth as silk bourbon into my mouth and get on my feet.

“Okay,” Forrest says tentatively, eyeing me in a more confused look.

I leave the bar, walking directly to the hallway that leads to my office. The music is still blaring, but enough for me to sullen again.

My mind goes back to Camila. I stayed drunk before getting home so that I won’t remember how I hurt her in front of my door. I missed her—everything about her, how she rode me on my couch, how I ate her on that wall, and how I made love with her in my bed.

Open the door, Pyke!

You’re an asshole, don’t you know that!

Please, talk to me!

I hate you!

Those words are a constant reminder that I’m a total asshole to her. I lean my back to the door and squeeze my eyes shut to push back our memories, but I have to do this, otherwise, I’m going to hurt her again.

A knock startles me. The door swings open, Kyland is giving me a flinty and cold looked.

“What do you want, Hughes? You can just tell me there if this is related to my job.” He gets inside willingly and slumps himself to the couch.

“How’s she?” I ask in a low voice and sit at the edge of the desk.

His brows furrow, sounding surprised. “Why are you asking me? Isn’t she just living next to your door?”

"I haven't seen her in a while." Shrugging, I answer him truthfully.

"I know you're going to hurt her, Hughes. That's why I don't want her to get near you. I guess I failed to protect her." His voice is coating with regret, shaking his head repeatedly. He jerks to his feet. "Stay away from her for good. You've done enough. You took her innocence, hurt her, and now you dumped her!" His face reddens as he shoots me an unrelenting stare.

"I'm not leaving her, Wright," I reply calmly because there is no point in getting him more pissed.

"What do you call of what you did, not leaving? She's only living next door, yet you're asking me how the fuck is she!" Kyland raises his voice. His muscles flex in his arms and balls his hands into fists, ready to punch me again.

"I'm doing this for her own good. You know how much she means to me, Kyland."

I wanted to stab myself that night and felt the pain as the death took me slowly, then came back to life to do the same thing over again.

"Don't Kyland me, asshole!" he snaps.

"Believe me I hate doing this to her. I can't even think straight, but I have to figure out something before I start a relationship with her." I rub my throbbing temples. If he hates me, then I hate myself more.

"So it wasn't a relationship, huh?" he snorts, then asks me with sarcasm, "You two were just fuckbuddies then?"

"Fuck you, Kyland! Don't you ever call your cousin as just my fuck fucking buddy! Call me any names you want, but I won't allow you to insult Camila, especially when I'm around. I care about her more than I did to anyone." I blow a frustrated breath. "I just need some time to clean my mess up that I should've done that a long time ago. I want her to be with me when I'm good enough for her," I say as heat flushes through my body. I want to pull the piercings off of his skin and let it bleeds, but that doesn't help solve my problems. In fact, I badly need him to be on my side.

He looks taken aback, blinking rapidly but still, his jaw remains tight.

"I've done horrible things before, and now they're haunting me back," I say, sighing deeply as I remember the stunt Athena had pulled back in the restaurant.

"So, are you this guy who had a child then sent for adoption because you were too young back then to take responsibilities?" His feature softens. "Look, Hughes, I love Cam like a sister. I'm keeping her away from our world because I don't want her to fall for someone like us and end up brokenhearted. The truth is, I'm here because she begged me to come back to work. Bianca and Mom don't mind, said, it's all up to me."

"I'm so sorry, man. I know I risk our friendship and I know you won't trust me again. I just want you to know that I'm serious with her. What we have is more than just sex. Like it or not, once I'm ready, I'll do my best to take Camila back into my life. For good."

"What did you do that you need to stay away? That must be hard," he chuckles.

"What did she tell you?"

"Lately, I don't like Camila. She's overprotective when it comes to you and doesn't say a thing."

"That's my girl." Saying that words to Wright make my heart stops momentarily. I burst into laughter, shaking my head in amusement.

"That bad, huh?" His brow raises.

My head snaps to him. I rub the back of my neck. "Yeah." It feels good to admit.

"If it concerns her, Hughes. You know I'm always here to help."

"Thanks, man."

I release a sigh when my phone rings. I look down at the screen after fishing it out from my jacket.

My eyes widen a little bit, then I press the answer key. "Yep."

"Mr. Hughes—"

I cut him off, "Yes, Detective, just drop it if you don't have something important to say. I'm busy right now."

"You might wanna turn on your TV," he replies quickly.

"What are you saying?" I ask while I gesture Wright to the TV screen.

Wright press the remote button, the TV screen comes to life. My mouth gapes to see the face of Aaron Gray covers half of the TV screen while the other half is the live coverage of him being handcuffed and drags by the cops out of his building. I don't know if the video is playing tricks with me, but I am sure it's not because I am still taking to the Detective who's handling the case.

"Fuck yeah!" Wright gushes, then arms crossed over his chest.

"Holy fuck!"

"You know what it means, Mr. Hughes?" asks the detective cheerfully.

"I know, Detective. A promotion?" My brow arches, but I know it's more than just a promotion for him.

I hear him chuckle from the other line. “Nah. Justice.”

“Thanks, Detective.” I close my eyes and let out a huge breath.

“I should call Cam, man,” Kyland suggests with excitement.

“Not now, Kill.”

I wake up to the constant ringing of my phone on the nightstand. I groan in irritation. My family doesn’t call me at this time if it’s not an emergency. I’m not expecting any call from anyone either. For sure, I am going to throw this person into the pit of hell for disturbing my sleep. He better has something good to say to me.

I rub my eyes and pick up my phone—it’s only eleven in the morning as I check the time on the screen.

Shit!

Why is she calling me?

“Ms. Chen?” I answer lazily.

“Mr. Hughes, I-I need your help. Y-you told me to call you if she needs help, right?” Ms. Chen sounds frightened.

“Ms. Chen, perhaps you should talk calmly otherwise I can’t understand what you are about to say. What’s wrong?” My brows knit as I wait for her to answer. I sit and lean my back against the headboard, scratching my head.

“Ms. Mendéz is crying, I mean terrified. I-I mean shocked.”

“What the fuck?” My eyes widen. A sudden coldness hits my bone. “Where is she? Hand over the fucking phone and I want to talk to her, Chen. Now!” I command in a disbelieving voice.

“She can’t talk!” She shouts— maybe from panic.

“What do you mean she can’t fucking talk?” I can feel my pulse speeds in my neck.

“Just come here!”

I blink when she shouts back at me. My lungs constrict which makes me hard to breathe.

“On my way.” I feel bad for snapping at Ms. Chen when I should be thankful for that call. All she did is to inform me even it wasn’t a part of her job since Camila started working at 4X4.

I wash my face, brush my teeth, and wear a shirt and jeans as fast as I can. I jump in my car as soon as I get out of the slowest elevator ride I've ever had. That woman didn't tell me the details of what happened to Camila. I can't help but wonder what had happened to her. The 4x4 is the safest place for her to be frightened. Or did she receive bad news?

I know everything about her whereabouts because of her PA and her driver who gives me an update every day. They didn't mention anything unusual. If it's something happens to Wright, her aunt won't forget to call me. If it's security measures her driver called me already.

She starts working as a designer at 4x4 while waiting for the judge's decision on her surname, but she has an office on her own.

An incoming call overhead rings. "Answer," I command.

"Mr. Hughes, It's Fitz."

"I know exactly who you are, Fitz. Why the fuck just now you call when you could've called me earlier?" I point out. My facial muscles tighten in discomfort.

"I know, Mr. Hughes but my priority is my boss and not you," he sounds calm and professional.

"What's that supposed to mean? Where is she?"

"We just arrive at the hospital."

"What the fuck happened back there? You better tell or I'm going insane right now if you will keep me in the dark, Fitz. You don't wanna see an insane Pyke, do you?" I shift the gear to autopilot and breathe deeply to calm my rage. I pray silently, hoping she's fine, but I know for a fact she's far from fine when they had to bring her to the hospital.

"She had visitors earlier, said, Ms. Mendez's friends. She thought it's Miss Megan and Miss Bianca. Her PA called security a few minutes later."

"Jesus Christ, who the fuck is her visitors?" My eyes widen in realization. I slam my hands on the steering wheel, cursing the hell out.

This can't be. No no. This is fucking impossible!

"Where are the fucking visitors?"

"In the holding area."

"Don't let them go."

"On it. Your dad is on his way."

"Thanks, Fitz."

I should have thought about it sooner. I shrug helplessly in frustration.

Mom hugs me the moment I stop in front of Camila's room. Mrs. Wright hugs me next. I know she's been with Camila since she will only agree to move in her apartment if her Aunt will stay with her for a while.

"I'm so sorry for the trouble I've caused, Mrs. Wright."

"Don't beat up yourself, Pyke. This is my fault, too," she says, looking down at her hands.

"What do you mean your fault?" I stare at her intently.

"We didn't mention her mom is still alive."

"Christ!"

They yelp in surprise the moment my fist hits the wall. I, myself is surprised at my sudden outburst. "Is she the one who visited Camila?"

She nods slowly to confirm.

"I need to see her before I'll go insane. Seriously, I, myself is gonna be crazy with all these things happening to her lately."

After a minute to calm my racking nerves, I push the door open. Camila lies on a bed with a slight frown on her beautiful face. I missed this woman like fucking crazy.

"Hey, you're here," Kyland's girlfriend mutters with a sad smile on her face, then pulls me into a hug which surprises me. I also wrap my arms around her and pat her back.

"Hey to you, too."

"Happy New year," she whispers. "I'll leave you two alone. Don't wake her up just yet, but I don't think she will wake up sooner. The doctor gave her something that knocked her off quickly."

"Thanks, Bianca."

"You're welcome."

I sit slowly on the chair, holding Camila's warm and soft hand and plant it to my lips. I blink when my eyes start to water.

Shit!

"Why does this have to happen to us, Babe?" I look up at the plain white ceiling just not to cry like a baby in front of her. "Can't we just live happily ever after like a fairy tale? I thought leaving you

for a while would let me settle my mess before I can ask you to be my girlfriend. I want you to be proud of me, Camila. I want everyone to see us together without you being ashamed of me.”

I let the air fill my lungs before I speak again. “I know things are getting shitty lately, but I promise you now, no matter how life goes shitty I will never leave you again. Let’s face our problems together. I want you to be mine, Camila, hold you in my arms and never let you go.”

Chapter 35

Camila

Panic streaks through me when I open my eyes to a pitch black. I sit up abruptly, blinking many times and let my eyes adjust in the darkness.

A soft humming of the air condition makes me hug my knees tighter to my body as the goosebumps crawl on my skin. It smells old and dusty. The tiled-floor is cold underneath my bare feet, making my toes curl.

This is not my room.

Where am I?

A clicking of bolt indicates someone is unlocking the door from the outside. My body stiffens. The door creaks open, a yellow light slowly illuminates inside. My heart pounds in my chest when a woman's silhouette reveals.

"You're finally awake, sweetheart. You must be hungry," says the petite woman. She has the softest voice I've ever heard, but there is something in her voice that makes me shiver.

"Where am I? Who are you?" I ask in a wary tone.

"Our home. We're finally together, Camila," says the woman, takes a step inside, and closes the door behind her. The room goes black again.

I freeze in my place as fear takes over me. I squirm, hugging myself tighter, lowering my face on my knees, and waiting for what comes next. My limbs shake the moment I sense her nearness.

"Sweetheart, don't I get a welcome hug?" her shrilling voice that makes me shudder.

"No!"

"Babe, Camila." Strong hands are gripping my wrists that jolt me awake.

"Babe, it's me," Pyke whispers, wrapping his arms around me tightly. His fingers run through my tangled hair, and I find it soothing.

"Pyke," I mumble, still panting, My forehead is dampened with sweat. I swallow hard my emotions and try to control my sob.

I had dreams about my mother for over a week now. The first night, it was in the same dark room, her face was the old version of me, her voice was sweet, but her hand was cold as ice. The other night, her face was younger as she smiled at me.

Auntie assured me that she can never come and hurt me, that's how I fell back to sleep. She even suggested that I should see a doctor every time she saw me screaming and soaking in my own sweat at night. But I don't get why she suddenly appears in my dreams.

It started when I googled my mother's name and watched her videos on YouTube. There aren't many compared to my father. Cameron has a Wikipedia and a website of his company. My anger toward my mother gets stronger every time I look at her pictures and videos.

I pull myself away from him before I get too carried away. I won't deny the fact that he still has the same effect on me, but did he forget how he treated me on New Year's Eve?

"Thank God, Babe. You're awake," Pyke says as he cups my face and softly caresses my cheeks. His brows meet, a small smile spread across his face.

"I'm fine, Pyke. Thanks, you may go now," I say dismissively and look away. I know I will be fooled again if I will meet those blue-gray eyes.

"I'm staying here with you until the doctor will discharge you. Mom and your aunt left an hour ago. Bianca went home with Kyland. I give your PA an off until you need her. And I have good news—"

"Pyke, you can't just tell Gemma to have her off like that. I told you to go. I don't need you here anymore, and I survived without you," I lied.

I barely survive this morning. My world spun the moment I saw Athena in my office.

"I know I'm a huge ass that night, I said those words while my heart was bleeding, Camila, but now I'm back because I've no more to worry about those people who will use you against me. I want to start with you, and this time I want it to be right."

I jerk my hands off away from him. "No, Pyke. Like what you've said you're an asshole and we're bad together. And there is no us to start with."

Pyke swallows hard, lowering his head as he rubs his face with his palms. He shakes his head slowly. "You know, the more you push me away, the more I take two steps closer to you, Camila. I will never give up on us—"

"There is no us! We just had good fucking and messing around. That's it, and since you don't fuck the same woman again, there are no reasons for us to be fuck buddies." A painful tightens in my throat as I voice out the last two words. I know I'm hurting him, but giving him another chance will only hurt me more.

"You know, I want you more than just a fuck buddy. And you know from the very beginning how good we are together, not just on sex, but everything, you made me happy, you changed me into a better person." His jaw clenches as he releases a huge breath through his nose.

"Well, I turned myself into evil, Pyke."

"That's not true, you are the most wonderful person I've ever met. You get the best of me."

"Just go."

"I'll go, but not because I give up on us. I'm doing this for you, to give you enough time you need. Think about it, Babe." He stands up and sighs, then walks toward the door at a low pace, shoulders droop, then he stops. He looks at me one last time—our gazes collide. His eyes are liquid pools of sadness, but he manages to give me a tight smile that barely curves on his lips.

I break our eye contact and fix my gaze on the plain blue wall and swallow the guilt inside me. I know I lie to him, and he knows it. A single tear finally falls down my cheek. I can hear the beeping of my heartbeat accelerates on the monitor, indicating that Pyke has still the same effect on me.

"Why did he not tell me?" I ask Meg as soon as I get out of the shower room. Well, you didn't give him a chance.

"Well, now you know it," she answers, giving me privacy after offering me my clothes to wear.

Twenty minutes later, I walk to the living room. The curtains are drape open to both sides. Everyone is already settling on the glossy cream leather couches I chose myself.

My apartment is the same size as Pyke's but with modern interior design. I like the idea of moving out for the sake of Kyland and Bianca since they're going to have a baby.

She already asked me if I could be a godmother. I rolled my eyes and said that I would cry a river if they would not choose me, as lame as it sounds, I'm excited for them.

Paul is sitting on a chair with a phone pressed against his ear, mumbling something I can't quite hear.

Meg follows, taking a seat beside Auntie. I sit in my red lounge chair with a knot on my stomach.

"You heard the news, sweetheart?" Paul starts.

I nod slowly. "Yes, I'm glad someone has put him behind bars."

"I'm glad, too, Cam. At least Pyke can finally breathe, he's been working hard, helping the detective finding loopholes on Gray. There is enough evidence for him to spend a lifetime in jail. What's shown on TV is only what the viewers can stomach." he explains.

Pyke is helping the detective all this time?

"What do you mean?" I ask in disbelief.

"There is underground in Gray's building where he and his gang held women. Eighteen young women—aged eighteen to twenty-three. Some were high on drugs, some were barely breathing. I can't imagine what they did to those women. Gray is mentally sick." Paul shakes his head in disbelief. His face contorts with pain.

"Now I get it why that woman came to my office. She threatened my mother if I will not let his brother out of jail. She said Pyke and I were the reasons why her brother is locked up. I've no idea what she was talking about that day. Then my mother showed up out of the blue—" I wipe my tears as the event flashes back to me.

For the first time in my life, I saw her in front of me—not in my nightmare, not on the internet, but sadly, in circumstances like that.

"Honey, you don't have to say anything," Auntie says with concern.

I startle in my seat when the doorbell suddenly rings. Meg stands up and walks toward the door. Moments later I hear Pyke's voice.

"Are you sure this is a good idea? I can still go back while she hasn't seen me yet," he's keeping his voice low for me not to notice his presence, but too late for that.

"She can hear you, you know. It's okay, come here. Your left cheek deserves another mark to make it fair." Megan giggles.

"Not funny."

I still don't turn to face them, but I can hear everything. God will punish me for eavesdropping a lot.

Pyke fakes a cough and says, "Sorry, I'm late."

I lift my gaze to him. Jesus, he's hotter than ever in his unzipped slim-fit red leather jacket showing his button-down white shirt. He has days-old scruff on his face that makes him look more masculine and handsome.

"Take a seat, Pyke," Auntie tells him.

"Thanks, Issa."

“Hi, Cam,” he mumbles, taking a seat on the love seat to my left.

“Hi. My voice is barely audible. I bite my lip that trembles. Why do I feel like someone stabs my chest when he calls me Cam? Is that mean he gives up?

“Are you okay?” He sounds worried.

My gaze shifts to him. A single tear falls on my cheek at the same time. I nod, blinking to clearly see his gorgeous eyes that I missed since he left me at the hospital two days ago.

“What did you all tell her? Why is she crying?” His tone is accusing, raking his gaze at everyone while patiently waiting for their answer.

“Why did you not tell me you were helping them capture Aaron Gray?”

“You didn’t give me a chance to tell you, Cam?”

“Why are you calling me now Cam?”

Chapter 36

PYKE

"You're screwed," Dad mumbles under his breath.

I can't believe Dad said that word. Sighing helplessly, I shake my head repeatedly as I watch Camila walks away. Megan follows after shooting me a glare.

"You need to do something before you will lose her, Pyke," Dad continues.

My head snaps at him. "Do you think I don't know that? You just worsened the scenario."

"I called you here to explain not to blame me," Dad whispers through gritted teeth.

"Whatever." I jerk to my feet still glaring at him. Unconsciously, I slow my pace toward the hallway when a soft hand grabs my arm.

"Let her get some rest, Pyke—she needs it. Her sleep had been deprived lately," Issa says, sounding bothered.

"Why doesn't she get a good sleep?" I also noticed the dark circle under her eyes earlier. The most beautiful chocolate eyes I've seen are now sorrowful and frightened.

"The doctor suggested a therapist, but she said to think about it."

"Can I talk to her? I might be able to convince her," I ask hesitantly. I really want to be with her and cuddle her to sleep, but I doubt if everyone will allow me, especially Camila.

Issa studies me for a while then nods slowly.

"Thank you."

Her apartment is just the same floor plan as mine, the only difference is the interior designs, hers is modernized. I know exactly where to go if the master bedroom is hers.

Before I can knock, the door swings open. Megan's glaring eyes lock mine as she closes the door behind her carefully.

"What are you doing here?" she asks in a low tone.

"I want to talk to her," I answer truthfully.

"About what?"

"I know you hate me as much as Camila does right now, but I have reasons—" I sigh and look down the floor then sink my teeth on my bottom lip.

"And what are your reasons?" she cuts me off.

"That's why I want to talk to her, Meg. If she doesn't want me after I tell her everything, then I have to respect her decisions."

"So, that's it? Aren't you going to kneel and beg or give her the moon and the stars? If she says, you can go to hell with your reasons, that's it, you will go to hell?" she asks that freezes my brain.

I look at her for a few seconds to let her words sink in.

"I don't know." I shake my head and look down, unable to look at her in the eyes again.

"Don't insist if she doesn't want to talk to you." She smiles faintly and walks away.

Nodding, I grab the doorknob. I breathe deeply, pushing the door open and lock it slowly to avoid her from freaking out.

Camila is already lying under the huge white blanket. Without breaking my gaze on her, I step slowly toward her bed and sit beside her. Her body freezes.

I place my hand on her arm and whisper. "Babe, it's me."

"I know," she coos without moving. She doesn't look bothered I'm in her room, otherwise, she already throws a fit as soon as I enter her room.

"Are you mad at me?" I ask and rub her arm.

She turns her head to look at me, moves slowly to sit, and leans against the headboard.

"Why did you not tell me? I was so mad at you for shutting me out on New Year's Eve, Pyke—just right after we kissed."

"I know, Babe. I know."

"Do you? Do you have any idea how I felt after you did that to me? I thought we had something. I thought you like me. There's this connection we had that makes me believe the impossible. Then, you said something to convince me that I was just having illusions."

"I don't want to put you in danger again, Camila. If it takes for you to be far from me, I will do that just to keep you safe. That's what I mean by protecting you. Even if I have to watch you from afar as long as I know you're safe and happy."

"Happy?" She laughs sarcastically. "Happy? When you crashed my heart, said you don't want me and slammed the door on my face!"

"I can't remember I said I don't want you."

"It tells the same thing when you told me you don't want to fuck me and you don't want to fuck the same woman again." She rolls her eyes.

A smirk spreads across my lips. "You're really sad because of that?"

"Shut that smirk, Pyke!" Camila commands.

My smirk instantly fades. "I'm sorry for hurting you. I just want you to stay away from me for a while while I'm trying to figure out how to clean my messes, Babe. You know it almost killed me when I found out Athena came to your office with your mother to get into me because she probably knew that I was involved in the investigations somehow. I'm sorry if I drag you into my mess, Camila. I'm so sorry."

"You could've just told me about your plan, you know."

"I know, my bad."

"I don't know how did she found out about my mother." Her shoulders droop as if her energy is drained from her.

"I should've asked someone to find her first, but it was too late when my PI found her. She was already taken. Your mother admitted that Athena offered her cash."

She snorts. "Of course, when talking about money. Did you forget she sold me for a hundred grand?"

"Everything will be okay now, Babe. Athena will not bother you anymore. Aaron is gonna be locked up in jail for a long time."

"Thank you for helping them captured Aaron, Pyke."

"I just wanted to help, Babe. I thought that it might lessen the guilt inside me. I also wanted to help the family of the victims. And I made a promise to you—and maybe one way of forgiving me for what I did."

A faint smile spreads from her lips. "Can I get a hug now?"

My heart stops beating. That's the last thing I expected from her, but this is Camila—a softhearted and feisty woman that I'll do everything for her.

"That's what I ever wanted since that night I met you. You in my arms, Babe." I move closer to her, wraps my arms around her tiny body, and press my nose into her shampoo-scented hair. I close my eyes and inhale her smell deeply into my soul. Her arms snake around my body while her warm

palm rubbing my back. I can stay like this forever—this is where she truly belongs anyway—in my arms.

“Pyke,” Dad’s voice and a soft knock startles us and pulls us away. Our gazes lock, I can see a glint of wickedness in her eyes.

“We’re not done talking, Camila. Be right back.” I kiss the top of her head, stand up, and walk toward the door.

“Dad,” I call in a low tone as soon as I close the door behind me.

“You’re not staying here, are you?” His tone is enough for me to know it’s disapproval.

“I will if she’ll let me.”

“I don’t think it’s a good idea. You know she’s still frightened.”

“I know that, and that’s why I’m here.” What’s with this man minding my love life? Doesn’t he suppose to be happy I’m making progress? He just interrupted us.

“That’s not what I mean when I said to do something.”

“I know and I’ll start by making up to her. Without your constant interruption.” I cock my brows at him.

“Don’t do something stupid again.”

“Like what, Dad? Getting her knock-up?” My voice raises a little bit. Now, I can see the amusement in Dad’s eyes.

“That might be the best idea, don’t you think?”

“Wait, you want me to knock-up my girlfriend?” my eyes widen when I realize what I said. Did she hear it? I hope not.

“I’ll see you tomorrow. She requested you to be there.” Dad turns and walks away.

I mentally hit myself on the head. I almost forget tomorrow will be the decision of the judge for her surname. I get back to her still in the same position as I left her.

“You probably realize by now that I don’t mean what I said on New Year’s Eve, right?” I smile mischievously and sit on her bed in front of her.

“Which one?” she asks with an innocent look.

“You know what I mean,” I groan and roll my eyes. I know she knows what I’m saying.

“Well, you said many things.”

“Okay, let me show you.”

My heartbeat jumps when I capture her sensuous soft lips before we will continue discussing the New Year’s Eve’s incident again. I hear a moan, that’s probably mine because as always, Camila’s mouth is as sweet as ever. I feel her kissing me back, coaxing my lips. Feeling her tongue at the seam of my lips makes my throbbing cock jerks. Her tongue ravages and devours my mouth—she’s consuming me, taking my essence, my every being, and bringing me to euphoria.

It’s crystal clear, this woman is my air—that I’ll die without her in my life.

No doubt, I’m fucking in love with her.

I’m in love with Camila.

Chapter 37

Camila

"Babe, get some sleep," Pyke coos. "It's been a long day."

"Good night, Pyke." I slip back inside my blanket, feeling a little disappointed.

"I'm not going anywhere." He must have sensed my dismay. Then he says as he runs his fingers through my hair, "I'll be right here until you fall to sleep."

"I know, but I don't want you to go even if I fall asleep." I feel a little bit needy and desperate, but I want Pyke to be by my side right now. "You've been far from me for a week. Please stay."

"Are you sure?" he asks almost immediately.

My heart flutters to the thought of his excitement of staying beside me tonight. Heat spreads all over my body like a little spark could light up the fire that has been dead for a week.

I nod, close my eyes, and move to my side giving him my back. I hear shuffling of his clothes and clinking of metal, probably his belt. A moment later, my bed sinks on my back, and Pyke gets inside my blanket. Moments later, he snakes his arm under my head and around my waist, pulls me closer to him, and tangles his legs with mine.

"Night, Babe." His warm breathing sends delicious goosebumps all over my skin, igniting my already tingling body, and anticipating for more of his touch. I wrap my hand around him and let the sleep takes over me.

"Hello, Camila. I'd like you to meet someone. I'm sure you two have been longing for so long. Please, come here Olivia, meet your daughter, Camila." Athena opens my office door wider, allowing herself to get inside and the woman around my height with chestnut brown hair walks in with hesitation. Her brown eyes filled with mixed emotions. Her face has its beauty, but it's already aging with wrinkles on her forehead. She's wearing a cream cheap coat with a white blouse underneath. Her dark brown pants look baggy for her.

There is no doubt she's my mother—the mother who sold me with one hundred grand and never looked back.

I don't remember how did I get to my feet until my trembling hands press against the glass wall.

"Aren't you going to say hi to your mother, Camila?" Athena smiles with her eyes glinting evilly.

"Come closer, Olivia. Take a closer look at your daughter who's worth million dollars in a few

days.” She gestures her blood-red colored pointing finger at my mother who looks guiltier and in pain but doesn’t seem surprised to hear about money.

“Shouldn’t you two at least cry and hug each other, say sorry for the long lost times?” Athena continues while I’m still pressed against the wall tongue-tied.

My body shakes, knees wobble, and unable to stand up longer. My throat chokes, unable to speak, to breathe as I try gasping for air. Tears stream down my face as I look at Athena and my mother in horror.

This can’t be real. How did she find her?

“Get out! Get out! Leave me alone!” I yell at the top of my lungs over and over again until exhaustion takes over. I find myself sitting on the floor and let the chill seeps into my skin.

Still sobbing, I press my hands to my ear to prevent from listening to their voices and my own screams.

“Babe, it’s just a bad dream.” A faint of angelic male voice jolts me awake. “Shush, Babe. It’s just a bad dream.” Pyke wipes strands of hair away from my wet face.

“I-I s-saw my mom, t-that day. I saw her,” I stammer, still breathing heavily. My face is wet with sweat and tears.

“Let’s not talk about it now, okay? Do you want water, tea, or anything?” He cups my face with his worried eyes looking down my face, studying me. “Take a deep breath, Babe. Slow and steady. Everything will be alright.”

“No, everything will not be okay. I’m afraid to sleep again, Pyke. It’s been many nights this bad dream keeps coming back to me,” I able to speak after doing what he told me. My voice is still shaky though.

“Can you promise me one thing?”

I nod repeatedly not knowing what I’m promising to.

“Promise me you will see a therapist. I can’t see you like this, Babe. It’s killing me knowing that somehow I’ve caused this. We can arrange at least an hour per session or let her come to your apartment if you don’t want to visit her office. It’s your choice, just please consider it, Camila?”

“I’ll think about it, Pyke.” I look away, still gripping the blanket tighter into my chest.

“The sooner, the better, Babe. You can’t go to sleep scared knowing the nightmare might come to you every time you want to sleep. This is not healthy. If somehow, you care about me, about us,

please consider this, for the sake of us, for the people who care about you, Camila. They're all worried. Hell, it's breaking me knowing you're screaming at night."

"I need a hot shower." I sit on my bed, releasing the blanket that I'm clutching the whole time. I stand up and ignore the heavy sigh he releases.

Pyke pats my body dry with the soft and fluffy white towel. Then he helps me wear my red silk robe and allows me to sit in front of my ivory Barocco vanity dresser. I silently watch him dries my hair and brushes it carefully. Then plugs my dryer and blows dry it like a pro.

We stay silent all the time and I just listen to the humming of my dryer. The humming seems to relax my body, but I feel knots in my belly when I think of how lucky the woman who got his first blow-dry. I bet that's the witch who ended destroying Pyke.

"You're the first woman I dry a hair, Babe. I watched how Mom did her hair when I was a kid." He rolls the cord to the handle of the dryer and places it back inside the drawer.

How can he read my mind so easily?

"Hungry? Thirsty?" he asks.

"I want to go back to bed. Thank you," I mumble and stand up.

"Anything for my Babe." He cups my butt and lifts me up like I weigh nothing. My legs instantly wrap around his waist and bury my face in the crook of his neck. I find myself inhaling his scent and kissing his neck softly. He hums, I feel him thickens and hardens pressing against my core. My inner muscles clench to his reactions. Heat creeps on my face with embarrassments of how I'm easily turned on to a small touch.

He puts me down the bed, caging me with his strong arms. "I really want you right now, but I can't just do it every time you feel vulnerable. Sex is not always the answer." He kisses my lips softly and quickly.

"Please?" I cup his face.

"Babe..."

"Please, Pyke, I want you. This nightmare will not vanish even if you will make love to me tonight, or even if I will see a shrink tomorrow. It takes time, might be days, weeks, months, or even years."

I find myself closing the distance between our faces. He sighs and finally gives in— kissing me like I'm the most precious thing he possessed—like I'm the most beautiful thing in the world, like his life depends on me. My eyes shut close and let myself lose into the sensations of his kiss—to the

way his tongue devours me, the way he tastes, and the hotness of his fingers tracing my already flaming body.

My hands are clutching his hair for life as his fingers find my wet and swollen folds. He deepens the kiss, plunges his tongue in and out of my mouth as I press my hips to meet his talented fingers as he thrust into me at a slow pace stroke.

I want more...

I let myself lose in our world leaving the bad things behind and just feel the heat of our flaming body presses together.

"Babe," Pyke deep husky voice warns me.

"Please?" That's all I can say when I find the tip of his boxers, pushing it down to his thighs.

I open my eyes when he doesn't move. I meet an affection and lust-filled molten blue-gray eyes looking at me.

"I-I."

"Please, Pyke." I kick his boxers down his feet and hold his warm, soft yet hard length and guide it to my wet opening.

He gasps and hisses.

"I'll make love to you because you are the most precious thing I own in this world." Taking my hands, he interlaces them together beside my head.

I suck in a sharp breath when he thrusts his way in slowly, until he's all inside, filling me, stretching me with his magnificent length.

"Babe." He kisses me with each thrust he does.

A whimper escapes my lips as he nibbles my earlobe and moans when he sucks my nipples with his hot and skillful mouth, and I cry of pleasure with his bites.

I wrap my legs around his waist, taking him deeper—taking him beyond he can get in me. Deep into my soul.

"Oh, Love." Calling him love is just like he deserves it.

I can't fight these feelings anymore—whatever these feelings I have—the attractions and connections between us are undeniably real and constant—strong and bonded.

I want him.

I need him.

And if this is love, then be it.

He's my strength, my everything.

"Let go, Babe."

Chapter 38

PYKE

My mind is still hazy with mind-blowing orgasm minutes ago to notice my phone is constantly vibrating on the floor.

“Pyke, your phone.” My love, Camila squeezes my arm that draped around her waist.

“Shush, sleep,” I say between kisses. My cock hardens again into her soft moans as she responds to my light kisses at the back of her neck.

“Seriously, Pyke, that could be an emergency,” she groans, sounding irritated.

“What the hell they want at this time?” I lift my head to check the clock on her nightstand. “It’s three in the morning, Babe.”

She turns her head to face me. “That’s what I mean. Nobody calls at this—”

Her words cut off when her phone rings. We both freeze and stare at each other for good seconds.

She grabs her phone in a quick motion and looks at the screen. I grab it from her hand when I notice the caller ID. I press the answer button and sits straight. Whoever is this caller makes my stomach wrench.

“What the fuck do you want?” I growl over the phone.

“Boss? Boss, is that you?” I instantly recognize Forrest’s voice from the other line, and he sounds terrified.

“Why the fuck are you calling Camila’s number?” My possessiveness over my woman kicks in. I almost tell her I love her while I’m making love to her not long half an hour ago and now someone is calling her phone.

“Boss, are you there?” He sounds more panic, and I hear sirens from the background.

“What the fuck, Forrest?” My voice thunders causing Camila’s to stiffen. I tighten my hold on her arm and mutter sorry.

“The club is on fire.”

My eyes widen. “What?”

“There is a fire in the club, Boss,” he says word by word.

"I'm on my way." I hang up the line and quickly stand up from the bed.

"Pyke, what happened?" Panic rises on Camila's voice.

I realize I didn't tell her what happened when I'm already wearing my jeans back.

"Babe, stay here and call Megan or your aunt to stay beside you until I get back," I say as I wear my shirt.

"Pyke, what's going on? You're scaring me." She stands up stark naked, glaring at me.

"There is a fire in the club." I give her a quick kiss. "Be right back."

She grabs my arm. "I'm coming with you. Kyland is there."

"No, Babe."

"I'm coming with you!"

Camila ends up coming with me. We reach the club and the firefighter teams are already around.

Despite the firefighters doing their best to extinguish the fire, the large plume of black smoke still rolling up in the air. The flames continue leaping the upper half of the building.

"Stay here and don't leave the car, okay?" I order Camila and remind her what she promised me. I kiss her quickly and grab the keys of the club.

She nods. "Please be careful."

"I will not risk my life for the club, Babe. I'll just check the situation. My life is only for you." I hope it's understandable enough for her to know how much she means to me. She smiles at me, though her eyes still filled with worry.

I stride my way to the group of people and scan to search for Forrest. My stomach sinks when I realize Forrest called me instead of my manager, Kyland. I let Kyland manage the club since he didn't want to work back for me. I traded my position, for Camila's sake.

"Forrest, where is Wright?" I yell as soon as I spotted him.

"That's what bothers me since the fire started. He didn't tell me if he left the club like he usually did. His phone keeps ringing though, but he doesn't pick up. His car is still parked in the back."

I will ruin your piece by piece, Pykie.

"Fuck!" My heartbeat races, nearly explode in my chest in fear that Kyland might be trapped inside.

Adrenaline spikes through my system. I quicken my pace and run to the back of the club, ignoring Forrest calling my name.

“Pyke, stop! What the fuck do you think you’re doing, man?” Forrest grabs my arm to stop me.

“Stay the fuck away from me, Wood!” I jerk my arm off from Forrest’s strong grip. He might look intimidating but he can’t stop me. This is my club and my life.

“Are you trying to get yourself killed? Kyland might not be there. Who knows if he left early or his girlfriend picked him up. You know the fact that almost half of the club is already burned down. You know once you get in, you can’t get out of there alive. Let the firefighters do the job!”

“Kyland might be there, Forrest!” I pull the exit door open. My eyes are burning, nostrils singe as I’m not prepared for the thick gray smoke bursting outward.

“Pyke!” Forrest screams my name as I close the door behind me. I can’t see anything other than the thick gray smoke and rippling of orange flames, devouring the VIP lounges like a starving dragon.

If this club is not my second home, I won’t be able to move with my eyes shut closed as they sting like hell. The choking cloud of noxious smoke enters my lungs in a scorching pain, making me cough furiously.

I run blindly towards the back of the bar where the blazing flames are a little bit far from me, but still, the heat is oppressive and it feels like it can roast me in seconds.

I realize all these things here have an alcohol content—highly flammable, but I can’t let Kyland die in here. I shrug off my coat and use it to cover my nose and mouth and breathe deeply. My eyes sting and teary.

“Wright! Are you in there?” I shout as I run towards the corridor that leads to the office—his office. I slam my fist on the door as soon as I reach there while I cough the hell out as the smoke that continuously burns my lungs.

I hear heavy footsteps from behind making me stop banging the door. I grip the doorknob tightly, holding my breath.

“Sir, you can’t be here!” A fireman wearing a dark coverall with reflective striping and a black helmet grabs my arm and drags me away from the door.

I continue coughing. “M-my f-friend is in there! Let go of me!”

“Nobody is in here, sir.”

“Kyland is in here, asshole!” I fish out the key and blindly insert it into the keyhole. My breathing wheezes, my body weakens and I begin to shake. I suddenly remember my promise to Camila.

Squeezing my eyes shut, allowing the tears to fall down my cheeks. Before I can unlock the door open a loud explosion erupts making us enter the room forcibly.

“Hey, wake up, asshole.” A hoarse male voice hits my ears, forcing me to open my eyes.

It’s Wright.

I squeeze my eyes shut. It stings like hell like I wash them with soapy water.

“It’s been two days, asshole. You’re making us all worried. I know you can hear me,” Kyland says, laughing slightly.

The club, the fire, and the explosions.

My hand instantly on my face, sits up abruptly. I realize I’m not in my room when I look around.

“Seriously?” Wright laughs—belly laugh. “You thought your face is burnt, huh?”

My gaze lands on him. He has left blacked-eye, split lower lip, and a bandage around her head.

“You okay, man?” I wince when I find my throat is burning and achingly dry.

“Here, sips some water, baby boy.” He offers me a bottle of water after placing a straw into it.

I grab it from him with shaky hands and sip it continually.

“Funny how an asshole drinks like he’d been dried to death in the desert,” he chuckles.

I clear my throat when he takes back the bottled water from my hand. “Seriously, Wright. What happened to you?”

He looks serious this time. “I was supposed to be charred. I mean cremated alive.”

The text message I received from his phone is real. My knuckles crack at how strong I formed them into fists. My stomach twists making me suddenly sick. I feel guilty, he almost died because of me.

That bitch!

“What do you mean?”

“Don’t worry, Hughes, I’m fine. I owe you my life. You could’ve just left me alone there and burned alive to death.”

“Then Camila will burn me, too, right?” My eyes widen when I suddenly remember I left her in the car. “Where is Camila, Kyland?”

“She’s fine.”

“That doesn’t answer my fucking question!” I roar, then wince.

“Relax, asshole. She’s on her way. She keeps texting and asking me if you’re awake. She can’t stress herself anymore. She collapsed when she saw your unconscious body carried to the ambulance.”

I curse all the curses in the world.

“Can’t I keep her away from danger just for a fucking day?” I rub my sweaty palm on my face, breathe deeply to calm myself, and face Kyland. “Is she okay?” The worry is still wrapping my voice when I ask him again.

“The doctor discharged her after the result of her test came out.”

“I need to go home and see her. Call the doctor to discharge me, Kyland.” I drag myself out of bed after pulling out what had been attached to me. My head snaps to the door when it swings open.

“Pyke!” My woman wraps her slender arms around my body before I can blink.

“You, stupid moron!” she exclaims, then grips my hospital gown and sobs into my chest. My fingers run through her chocolate locks and bury my nose on top of her head. My free arm wraps possessively around her petite body.

“Please, Babe, don’t cry,” I whisper. My heart aches to see her crying because of me. I know I broke my promise, but I can’t tell her about the message either. I made the hardest decisions in my life that night. If Kyland dies and my conscience keeps haunting me every night or I die trying to save the person Camila dearly loves.

Because of me, the people I care about are suffering and someone is paying for the mistake I did years ago. I can’t let Kyland die because of me.

Chapter 39

Camila

The doctor allows me to go home since my test results are within a normal range. I'm under stress these couple of days. I finally agree to see a psychologist when the nightmare still keeping me awake almost every night.

Pyke is still lying in the hospital bed for two days now. His lungs are filled with smoke. The pulmonologist advised to keep him on assist control breathing to clean up his lungs. And thank God, Kyland didn't get many injuries besides a little bump on his head—no concussion, a left black-eyed, and split lip caused by that psychopath who pretended to be Pyke's relative.

What happened two nights ago finally convinces me that Pyke is important to me than anything. I keep on denying that I'm only attracted to him rather than facing the fact that I let him into my life because I trust him more than I trust anyone in my life. I sleep with him because I know my body belongs to him—my fate is to be with him. Our connections are stronger than nothing in this world can break them apart.

That night proves to me that I fell for Pyke long before I even realize I'm capable of loving him. He made love with me, wrapped me in his arms with security when the nightmare occurred. Pyke is the only person who can provide my needs, comfort me, and can make me feel the essence of a woman.

My heart explodes out of my chest along with the explosion inside the club.

There's something with that explosion that takes everything out from me, leaving a hollow inside.

My feet move to the commotion as if they have their own brain. My world just stops when I see the unconscious familiar figure on the stretcher with a face mask that supposed to support his breathing.

"Kyland!" I don't recognize my voice as I walk closer to him. But what I'm not prepared for is the next unconscious body carried by the fireman.

"No no no," I say shaking my head repeatedly. My knees wobble and I can't take another step towards him as I watch them place Pyke on the stretcher, ripping his clothes from his body in one quick motion.

"Pyke!" I hear myself calling his name before the darkness surrounds my vision.

"Why did you do that? Don't you know that I almost lost you? You promise you will come back to me." I look at him with my wet eyes, cup his face, and run my thumbs on his scruffy face. His eyes

swirl with emotions. I can't control myself anymore and finally give in, capturing his dry lips with mine. His sigh of relief warms me with excitement.

A cough startles me. "Seriously? You two will just shove each others' tongue in each others' throat in front of me?"

My face heats with embarrassment when I hear Kyland's angry voice.

"Then you can leave me now, Wright. I'm perfectly okay now Camila is right in front of me." Pyke rolls his eyes on Kyland.

"Then what? You will take her to this bed?"

"Then what's your problem?" Pyke asks with irritation.

"Go home, Kill. Bianca is already waiting for you. Pyke will be discharged soon anyway," I interrupt.

"We're not done talking, asshole." Kyland walks away after kissing me on my cheek.

"Don't mind him. He's just not used to see me kissing someone in front of him."

"You better not kiss anybody other than me, Camila if you don't want me to commit murder," Pyke growls.

"Seriously, you just woke up from near death, now you want to commit murder? Anyway, how are you feeling?" I focus my concern on him. He looks pale though, but he's still looking annoyingly handsome.

"I'll kill everyone will kiss you. I'm good as new. Wright will probably call the doctor before he leaves the hospital. How about you, Babe?"

"I'm okay," I answer him shyly. Heat crawls up my neck to my ears when I remember I'm already in the hospital bed.

"I'm sorry if I left you in the car. I can't risk your life again. I can't believe things are happening these to us. When everything gets better, something comes in between us."

"That would be the last, Pyke. Kyland filed complaints against Athena."

"Great because I'm not gonna let this go again."

"Xandry came to visit you," I tell him.

He meets my gaze. "What did he say?"

"He apologized." I smiled. "I forgave him, and you should do the same thing, Pyke."

He takes a deep breath and nods.

"I thought I'm gonna lose you." My shoulders sag at the thought of losing him. If that happens, I don't think I'll be able to be whole again.

Instead of sitting beside me, he stands in front of me, between my knees, closing the gap between us. I wrap my arms around his waist and press my face into his taut abdomen.

"Only death can stop me from being with you, Babe. I might wake up from a death as well then kiss you, make love to you if that would even possible."

I giggle in his arms. "That's kinda creepy, don't you think?"

"I can be creepy for as long as you're mine."

"Let me help you." I take his shirt off when I notice him struggling to lift his arms. He has bruises on his right bicep and down to his right hip. He explains how did he get them. My tears stream down my cheeks, feeling horrified of how he suffered in that fire.

"Get in the shower," I tell without looking at him and strip my clothes off one by one when I see him getting inside the shower room. I follow, closing the glass door behind me.

He turns on the shower into a warm temperature. I grab his shower gel, squeezing a good amount into my palm, and lather it on his back. His body tenses.

"Babe, I can still fuck you here, you know," he says with a laugh.

"I've no doubt. It sounds tempting, but I still need your strength for another time." I continue to lather on his back slowly, to his chest. I press my body against him, shutting my eyes close to feel his warm body and listen to his accelerating heartbeat that I thought I'm not going to get a chance to listen to it again.

He takes my hands, pressing them against his chest, unmoving. "I don't mind dying that night if not because of you, Camila, but I promised to come back to you, and that's what kept me from staying alive. And I can't disappoint you coming back without Kyland by my side. I know it will shatter my heart seeing you grieving his death while I'm slowly dying inside every day to the fact that I'm the reason for his death."

"Thank you, though you still risked your life."

"I'll do everything for you. I may say that many times, but I mean it. I did that because of you, but I will still do it because Kyland is also my friend."

I know I'm crying again because my eyes are stinging.

We sleep peacefully without my nightmare waking me up in the middle of the night. Pyke wraps his arms around my body protectively, possessively as if I will escape from him when he falls to sleep. I love these feelings. I love the thought of me being his.

We eat breakfast together when I find him in the kitchen flipping pancakes. He leaves early to follow up on the report of his club. I heard it needs a good renovation to get back to business. The good thing is I can't find the worry on his face despite losing his club. I'm so thankful that nobody got hurt besides him, Kyland, and the fireman who rescued them, but nothing serious other than some bruises on the fireman's body.

I text Pyke an hour before dinner.

Cam: Dinner at my apartment?

He replies immediately.

Pyke: I miss you as my dinner, Babe.

My inner muscles clench. Heat shoots in my core.

Cam: Stop with innuendos, Pyke. Dinner after an hour.

Pyke: Can't help it. I need to talk to you about something.

Cam: See you after an hour then.

Pyke: Later, Babe.

I get back to the kitchen after taking a shower and change into a black dress and black high heels. I apply some light makeup and curl my hair.

I play the playlist I arranged after he left this morning, turns off the lights after lighting some candles. I release a nervous breath when I hear the doorbell rings. I walk to my door, checking the peephole as my driver, Fitz advised me.

"Hi, just right on time," I say, smiling timidly.

Pyke's jaw drops with slightly wide eyes, then rakes his gaze on me from head to toe. I'm surprised that he has flowers in his hand.

"Are we just gonna check each others' out or are you gonna come in?" My sassiness is back. My words just come out naturally.

"Well, you look beautiful with your tiny dress that I can rip off in a split second. You just blow me away, Babe. I guess the flowers just right for the lovely dressed up." He hands me the flower and presses his lips to mine.

My heart gallops in my chest to the way he looks at me.

“Can we cut the dinner and just go to bed?” he says, smiling on my lips.

“Get in, perv.”

He laughs. “Seriously, can we skip the main and just eat the dessert?”

“Stop it! I exerted so much effort because I kinda regret not having dinner with you when I saw you lying unconscious in that bed,” I tell him honestly. “So, I hope it’s not too late to make it up to you.”

“Long overdue, huh?” He gets inside and locks the door behind him. “Fuck! Babe, I don’t know you prepared for this. I should’ve dressed something better. I-I’m such an asshole. I don’t even deserve this.” His eyes scan around my apartment.

His mother told me about Pyke’s favorite food and helped me cook. She called for a flower arrangement when I asked her for help. She’s excited than me actually because it’s Pyke’s first real date. Paul gave me some wine. Parker and Emily sent me some thank you gifts with scented candles that I’m now lighting up and Pyke’s favorite dessert that we’re about to eat later.

I squeeze his hand as we get near the dining room.

“Stop saying you’re an asshole. Dance with me?” I ask tentatively.

“Babe, thank you for this,” he says as he places his hand at my back.

“You should thank also your family.”

His brows meet. “My family?”

I nod as we dance slowly. “Your mom and your dad including Parker and Emily helped me to make this possible.” I grin sheepishly.

“You’re also my family now, Babe. You will be my real family very soon. You will have my family name. You will be my wife and will be the mother of my children. We will grow old together. But I know you want to take it slow, so let’s have it your way. And we’ve just started our first real date right now, yet here I am scaring the hell out of you about my dreams. I just have these obsessions about you and me since I first met you, but please, don’t go running up the hill because I’ll follow you even if you will go to the top of Laila Peak and ask you to be mine. I’m just crazy in love with you it hurts and it’s even hard to breath being far from you, what more living without you. I only want two things in my life, Camila, first is you, and the second is to be with you. I’m not proposing, you know,” Pyke chuckles nervously. “I didn’t even ask you to be my girlfriend yet, but fuck me if I don’t want to marry you right now.”

I don't realize how do we suddenly stop dancing. All I can do is just stare at the mesmerizing blue-gray eyes that staring back at me fixedly, caging me in with full possession. And love.

He curses under his breath.

"I sounded like a fucking idiot. I don't even have a ring. I just told you I'm not proposing, and I don't wanna scare you away, but here I am, be my girlfriend, my woman, my fiancée, and be my future wife." He takes my hand, placing something on my palm. "I'll buy you a ring, Babe. That's a promise."

"Y-you're kinda bubbling, a-are you okay?" I stutter, still looking at him incredulously.

"I know, I've never been nervous in my entire life even getting inside the brink of death days ago. I mean every word I said, Camila Leigh. I love you so much." He swallows. "More than anything in this world. I don't know how it happens. Don't ask me because I really can't answer you that, I just feel it. I know it, and I am a hundred percent sure about it."

I raise my hand to see what he gave me. "This is my car! How did you have it, Pyke? It's from Uncle Levi!" I look at him with accusation.

"I took it that night before I found you in the rain." His brow shoots up as if playing innocent.

"You stole it from me and then you're proposing a marriage with this?"

Chapter 40

PYKE

Instead of getting offended, I find myself smiling while Camila is in a deep frown.

"I didn't steal that. And just so you know, I was not proposing." I release my arms from her, taking a seat in front of the dinner.

Her scowl deepens. "So, all those words you've said were not actually true? You don't mean it?"

"What do you think?" I ask, provoking her.

She blinks, bites her bottom lip, and looks down at the miniature car in her hand.

Shit! She's not gonna cry, isn't she?

"I shouldn't have believed you, you know," she mutters.

"Come here." I gesture my hand.

She hesitates for seconds.

"Sit, Babe." I look up at her and hold her hands. "I mean every word I said. I can't live a second without you. Who would have thought I will fall in love one day? But I never regretted falling hard for you. I love you so much, Camila."

I take the car from her hand. "I should've let you find this out by yourself, but since you are doubtful about my intentions, open the compartment."

She looks at me with confusion, then looks back to the car, studying it. "I don't know it opens."

"See? You've never taken a good look at how special your Uncle Levi made it for you."

She rolls her eyes, opening the compartment after showing her the button. Her eyes widen when she finds a small folded paper stocked inside. She picks it up with her thumb and pointer fingernail, unfolds the white paper, and reads whatever written on it.

I used to play that car every night before I go to sleep, but I only found out about that paper after closing the door in her face. I was sitting on my couch when I found the small key button.

Her hand covers her mouth as she reads through. I know it was a message from her Uncle Levi and whatever it is, I know it means so much to Camila.

"Om my God, Pyke." Her arms wrap around my neck as she cries in my arms.

"I wanna see, Levi."

"Are you sure you're ready for this?" I ask her again when I see her constant fidgeting in her seat.

"Yeah, Love. I don't wanna start my session without meeting him first." She looks at me with a smile of confidence.

"How about your mother? I can't risk you again. We can just meet Levi somewhere far from her."

She squeezes my hand. "I'm the strongest woman you've ever met, remember that, Pyke?"

"That's my girl. But you can always tell me if you want to back out, okay? We'll turn around in an instant even if we're already in front of their house. But don't expect to see something fancy."

She rolls her eyes. "I know, Pyke. I saw her once and it said it all. Her dress, her hair, and face."

"Okay."

"And I'm not going there to meet her, remember?"

"I know, Babe. Issa, my parents, and Wright will kill me once they know I'm taking you there."

"They won't."

"I don't care either. As long as this is what you want and will give you closure."

"How much longer?" she asks.

I know she feels excited and terrified at the same time. She manages to relax when she finds a pop radio station in my car. She hums, drumming her fingers on her knees.

I feel relieved when she's so loosened up back to the cantankerous Camila I knew. She even moves her body and sings along to some lyrics of Pink's Walk Me Home—mostly to the chorus. A smile spreads across my lips to hear her out of tune a few times.

"Hey, I don't know how to sing, okay?" She playfully slaps my arm.

"I'm not complaining." I laugh. It's good to laugh again now she knows that I love her and she's mine to torment with my charms.

"You're not complaining, but you're mocking me." She joins laughing with me.

"You can dance though."

"Not that good."

"But you know better than me."

“What is your hidden talent, Love, besides in bed?” My heart flip-flops every time she calls me Love.

“So, you admit that I have a talent in bed?”

Her brow arches. “Do you still need an ego-booster.”

I shake my head. “I’ve got the best ego-boosting woman for life. Don’t want anything anymore.”

“I forgot to ask you about your club when is the schedule of the renovation?” she asks with curiosity.

“It’s insured, Babe. Hopefully, they can start next month. I was thinking of selling it when it’s done.”

“What? Why?”

My head snaps to her side.

“Why the hell are you going to sell the club?” She looks pissed.

“I was only planning because a lot of things happened inside that club. I want to start a new life with you.”

“You don’t have to sell that, you know,” she mutters in a sadder tone.

“Is it because of Kyland’s job at stake? I will open a new one. Don’t worry about that, and I’m still paying his salary until now.”

“I met you there you know. That club is part of everyone’s life—including mine.”

“It’s settled then. I’ll keep that for as long as you want. I love you and if that club means so much to you, then it also means to me.”

I park my car in a small untrimmed lawn with a small wrought iron table and two iron chair lounges in front of the old and rusty trailer home, and an old rectangular-shaped barbecue stand grill under the tree.

I unlatch my seat belt while Camila is just looking with wide eyes to where Levi and Liv live together.

“Babe, are you sure you’re still up for this?”

She gulps and nods at me. Her hands tremble, making her struggles to unfasten her seat belt.

“Deep breath, Babe. You can still change your mind even if we are already there inside, okay?” I cup her face and kiss her softly.

She nods. "It's now or never."

A soft knock on my window releases my hands from Camila.

"Ready, Mr. Hughes?" Fitz asks as soon as I open the door.

"Mr. Hughes, huh? And first name basis with my future wife?"

Camila giggles beside me. "We're close, Mr. Hughes. What can I say?"

"No one gets closer to you other than me, Camila."

"Wow, Camila King-Hughes. Hmm, there's a ring to it. It sounds loaded." She laughs even more.

"Did you forget you are, silly. Ready?" I get out to open her door when I notice Fitz already does it for her, and she's already saying thank you.

I groan inwardly. Instead of throwing a glare at Fitz for doing his job, I just hold Camila's cold hand, squeezing it with a silent prayer.

Fitz marches to the trailer door and knocks.

"Seriously, he's annoying me," I mutter.

"He's only doing his job to check for our safety, Pyke. Cut him some slacks."

"Yeah, and part of his job calling you Cam, right?" I sound like a terrible jealous and asshole boyfriend.

"Don't get jealous because you're too cute to be true."

"Call me if anything, Mr. Hughes."

"I know, smart-ass." Rolling my eyes.

Liv is wearing a light blue worn-out dress smiles brightly as she welcomes us to her home. She looks like Camila minus the radiant looks and age. Camila has her eyes, hair, height, and the shape of her face. There is no question she's Camila's mother. I saw some of her pictures during her younger years and the latest pictures taken at the police station when Athena forced and threatened her and Levi's lives if she would not agree to the terms.

Camila grips my hand tightly when her mother calls her name.

"Mr. Hughes, please come in."

"Thank you, Mrs. Mendéz."

We pass by a narrow hallway to a small living room that smells moth and old leather. There's a single brown worn-out couch and a small flat-screen TV mounted on the crusted cream wall. A single size mattress lies in the small room with a single door closet that separates from the living room.

"That's Levi's room. Mine is to that door before the kitchen." Liv must see a question in my face.

"Take a seat, Camila, Mr. Hughes. I made peach ice tea, Levi's favorites."

"No thank you," Camila answers quickly.

Liv nods as she presses her lips together. "Can I get you both something. There isn't much to offer, but I bake your favorite cookies—"

"I'm not here to walk down memory lane since we don't have any. I'm here for Levi," Camila's bitter and angry voice makes Liv flinch. She deserves it for leaving Camila, but I might not meet Camila if she didn't abandon her.

"Okay, he will be here sooner."

"Thank you for allowing us to visit on such short notice, Mrs. Mendéz."

"That's the best I can do, Mr. Hughes."

"It's just Pyke, Mrs. Mendéz."

"Liv is fine, Pyke. Take care of Camila," she says quickly, glancing at Camila who doesn't seem to care about our conversation. She just stares blankly at the torn painted wall. I wish I can read what's on her mind right now and her silence worries me.

"With my life," I assure her.

A moment later, the trailer door squeaks open and slams shut, making Camila almost jump in her seat.

"Mom! Who—"

Chapter 41

Camila

A gasp escapes my lips, stands on my feet when a male voice echoes in the small home. His baritone voice reminds me of his father.

An uncertain smile spread across my lips as I watch Levi stops mid-way with a shock on his face. It's obvious he doesn't know about our unexpected visit. He drops his backpack to the floor with a thud, then blinks and closes his mouth.

His dark chocolate eyes shift gazes between me and Pyke. He has Uncle Levi's skin, hair, lips, and the shape of his face. At seventeen he's tall and beefy. He's wearing his school jersey and faded jeans.

I move closer to him with a smile a little too excited. "Oh, my God! You really look like him." I cup his face, staring at him with awe. I blink back the tears forming in my eyes when I notice his body goes rigid.

Levi stays silent, and it bothers me that he might not like me being here—that's what's making me fidgety throughout the ride.

"Do you know me, Levi?" I ask in a low voice.

He swallows. His feature softens, nodding lightly. "Yes, you're Camila."

I release my hands, pulling him into a hug. I feel his hands wrap around me and pats my back tentatively.

Pyke clears his throat from my back, making us pull away. I turn my head to Pyke and smile at him with spontaneity.

"That's my boyfriend, Pyke Hughes," I tell Levi.

Pyke extends his hand to Levi. "I'm your sister's fiancé," he corrects.

I roll my eyes inwardly and face Levi again. "Can we talk?"

Levi glances at his mother for approval, then looks down at me. "Sure."

"Outside?"

He nods and leads me the way.

I follow Levi outside the house, deeply breathe in the cold breeze, and somehow feels a little relief. I don't know how to start a conversation with him. I want to get to know him and ask his childhood, our mother, and his family. I want to know everything. How come I didn't see him visited my uncle at the hospital? Why does Uncle Levi never mention he had a family?

"So, you're seventeen, right?" I ask as we stop under the tree. I face him and try to remember his dad on his face.

"Yeah, I'll be eighteen in two weeks," he answers shyly.

"Wow! We should celebrate," I say excitedly, too late to realize if he even wants to celebrate his birthday with me. I am literally a stranger to him and just came to visit him out of the blue.

He doesn't know me, surely, he doesn't trust me. What am I thinking? I don't even know if he will talk to me after this, the fact that I don't like our mother who raised him well he might not give me a chance. Levi seems a good kid. I can't sense a hint of trouble in him.

My heart aches on how he's lucky to be raised by his mother. Why do I feel jealous when Auntie Carissa raised me well too?

"We don't celebrate anymore since Dad died." He shoulders droop, sadness fills his eyes.

"I'm sorry, Levi. I lost him too, you know." I grab and squeeze his big hand.

"I know. He talked about you a lot but never told me that we have the same mother. I only knew you by your name. At first, Mom will not allow me to visit Dad on weekends where in fact that was the time I should be visiting him because I didn't have school. That's when I sneaked out and went to the hospital alone, then I saw you with a guy talking to Dad. Mom only told me when a woman suddenly knocked on our door, at first she offered Mom money. When mom refused she threatened us if mom will not go with her willingly."

"I found a letter stocked inside the miniature car he gave me. I was so excited to meet you, I should've found that out sooner. I want to know you more, Levi." I pause and think if I have to ask something more personal. "Is she treating you well?" I regret as soon as the words come out of my mouth.

Levi's brows suddenly furrow. "You mean if she hits me, let me work and takes my money? Or if she came drunk every night?" His voice is strong, but he manages to stay calm.

"I-I'm sorry." I lower my gaze, swallowing the thickness forms in my throat. He has the right to defend his mother and warns me not to see him again.

"I love my mom, Camila. My parents gave me everything despite our lives are not like yours—" he pauses, clearing his throat. "Until dad went to undergo his treatment. He had to stop working. I

mean, his real job as a car designer. We didn't have a financial problem back then, but Dad had to undergo a series of chemotherapy, though he refused at first, we got him to agree as long as we won't touch my college fund."

"Do you know how Mom and Dad met?" His lips curve into a small smile as if he's happy to reminisce happy moments of his parents.

I shake my head and let a small smile curve up my lips.

"They both attended the rehab program. Dad was a black sheep of their family back then. He knew who mom was, but he used his middle name instead of King so that mom won't find out that his brother got her knocked up."

I wipe the tears pouring down my face like a stream.

"Do you think it's easy for her to let go of you? Mom was raised by her grandmother who died before she even turned eighteen. She was passed to different foster parents until she literally ran away when she was of legal age. Then she got knocked up when she had a chance to follow her dreams."

I look away, swallowing the guiltiness inside me. I judged her without knowing what she'd been through. I now fully understand why she wanted to get rid of her pregnancy—she did not only failed to fulfill her dreams, but she had no money and family to support her baby. And it was because of me. How is she going to raise a child alone? The answer is like a sucker punch to my gut.

"I think you should give her a chance, Camila. I know she regretted letting go of you. She can't reach out to you because of the agreement she signed. But she's happy knowing you're in good hands with the family who took care of you as their own."

I nod at him. "So, are you still in junior or senior?" Changing the topic might lessen the mixed emotions swirling inside me.

"Senior, I play football. Not that good, but we get to the final in two weeks."

"Wow! You're damn good, Levi!" I slap his arm playfully out of excitement.

He chuckles, "How about you? Is he really your boyfriend or fiancé? I can't see a ring on your finger?" He rakes down his eyes on my hands. Aw, another overprotective man in the family.

"He proposed last night—maybe out of overwhelmed that he almost died saving my co—" I clear my throat when I remember my relationship with Kyland. "Kyland. But he promised to give me a ring, so that's why I still don't have a ring on my finger, and I can't remember I said yes to him thought." I laugh, feeling the heat creeps up my neck.

"Are you happy? Does he treat you well?" he asks. I am now, and I'm happy that somehow he's concern about me.

"I'll answer that." Pyke suddenly appears from my back.

"Hey, where is mo—"

"I love your sister. I don't need your permission to let her walk down the aisle with me, but you're invited." Pyke grins down and raises his brow to Levi.

"Be nice, Pyke." I poke his chest making him chuckles. My heartbeat skips a beat that it feels like we all not just met moments ago.

"I'm ready," my mother says from Pyke's back. She changes her clothes to a black and white dress and three inches high-heels with a black coat. She even puts a little makeup and ties her hair up.

"Ready?" Levi interjects.

"Pyke asked me if we can have lunch with them. I suggested the restaurant where I work. That's the nearest," my mother answers.

"Let's go. You both ride with Fitz, and we will follow you there," Pyke says then calls Fitz to instruct the address of the restaurant.

I remain my mouth shut throughout the ride. I don't know how to react and behave in front of my mother. The fact that I didn't exchange words with her makes me antsy.

"This looks great, Liv," Pyke compliments the restaurant.

The Mariachi plays softly on the speaker as we enter inside. The entire interior is like I'm transported to Mexico. A huge sombrero painted on the wall with the Mexican instrument they are famous for.

"Thank you, Pyke. I work here after my husband died. Although I don't have a problem with LJ's tuition and his college fund, I still have to pay our bills. The bank took the house since I can't pay the mortgage anymore."

My heart bleeds to hear that they lost their house because she can't afford to pay the mortgage. Is that why they're living in that old trailer house?

"Levi is on a full scholarship?" I ask.

"Yes, LJ is top in his class and he plays football. The championship game is in two weeks," she says proudly, stealing glances at her son who's seemingly blushing right now.

We get into an empty round table. The Mexican waitress smiles. "Good afternoon!"

"Carina, this is Mr. Pyke Hughes and," Liv looks at me as if she finds trouble in introducing me as her daughter or as a friend.

I wave my hand at her, smiling back. "I'm Camila, Liv's daughter." I feel Pyke's hand squeezing my knee. I can sense my mother freezes on her seat across the table and Levi's eyes slightly widen.

"Nice to meet you, Bella."

"Thank you!"

"Do you have orders yet? We have special Burrito, Chili Relleno, and Enchiladas." The word burrito drawls from her. It sounds good from a Mexican tongue.

My mother orders food for us since she's familiar with the menu and Pyke goes with her.

"LJ, aren't you going to invite them to watch your game?" Liv asks Levi.

Levi rubs the back of his neck. "Um, it's not that big, you know. And they're not used to watch in a small stadium, Mom."

"I'd love to come and watch your game, Levi. I'm not a fan, but Pyke is." I smile, squeezing his arm.

"Yeah, I'm a fan, we'll definitely be there, dude. Show me your move and make Camila and your mom proud," Pyke says. "Are you a quarterback or—"

"Guard," he cuts in.

"Wow! Man, do you take steroids?" Pyke jokes.

"Stop it," I cut in.

"Just kidding, Babe." Pyke laughs.

My mouth waters when the food arrives. I even moan as soon it reaches my taste bud making Pyke groans in response. He mutters something to behave, and I chuckle, gripping his thigh under the table.

"So, any plan for college?" Pyke asks and chews his food.

"I might take an electrical or computer engineering. I don't know or maybe business management." He shrugs. "I'll decide later once I'm in."

My mother listens while I, Pyke, and Levi exchange questions. He talks about his game, his enthusiasm for fixing electronic devices like laptops, desktops, tablets, and sometimes phones.

“Don’t you like to follow your sister’s footsteps? She likes cars. She’ll manage the 4X4 soon. Camila can also give you an internship at CK Corp.”

“Pyke,” I warn, giving him a you-will-pay-this-later look.

“Sorry,” he mutters.

“I love Dad, but I don’t want to do anything with King, Pyke. I may be a King, but only the blood running through my veins that keeps me connected with them.”

I get out of the car after Pyke parks it in front of their home. My chest caves in when I see them hop out of the black SUV.

I stroke my arms absently while walking towards them. Clearing my scratchy throat, they turn to face me.

“Um, it was really nice talking to you, Cam,” my mother starts.

“Me too,” Levi follows.

My chest tightens, my breathing quickens as I try not to burst into a cry, but I fail so. I launch myself into Levi to hug him tight and sob in his arms. Levi rubs my back, dropping his chin on top of my head. “Hey, don’t cry, we will still see you again, right?” His voice thickens.

I nod, pulling away from Levi. My eyes land on my crying mother.

“Mom.” I sob even harder when I feel her arms wrap around me. Calling her mom for the first time takes everything that burdens me for so long. I feel the solace, the closure, and the welcoming embrace as she wraps her arms around me that unbelievably soothes my shaking body. If this is how it feels to be with my mother, I will take this chance to be with her. She may be abandoned me, but now it doesn’t matter to me anymore.

“Forgive me, Camila.”

Chapter 42

PYKE

Parker and Xandry are holding their abdomen and throwing their heads back at the sofa as they laugh like idiots. I shake my head in amusement and also of annoyance while watching them laughing at me. The entire house is filled with their barks of laughter.

I'm glad that Xandry visited me and apologized to Camila. I forgave him, and there's no reason to dwell on the past since I have Camila in my life now.

My phone chimes in my grasp, a confirmation of my order I did online a few minutes ago. And the reason why the two idiots laugh their asses out at me.

As promised, Parker reminds me that I fell worse than him. I plead guilty, and I can't deny it because in less than two months I'm already engaged to Camila, compared to him and Emily of more than a year relationship.

"Christ, Pyke! No wonder you punched me like there's no tomorrow which it hurt like hell by the way. If it wasn't my fault you got punches from me, too." Xandry is still wiping his tears away.

"I told you, brother. I told you so!" Parker's face as red as a tomato as he points at me.

It's my fault that they're laughing right now because I asked them earlier if what would the girls like in a ring. I don't know that I can design my own by the diamond cut, carat, shape, color, setting, and the metal type.

A smile spread across my lips when I see the confirmation of my order. I don't even notice the two idiots are already hovering at my back. I quickly lock my phone, facing it down.

"What you both want?" I face them, cocking my brow.

"Wow, for someone who'd just burnt down his business yet you still managed to buy a ring worth—"

"Ready?" Dad walks in before Xandry can finish what he's about to say. I even want to kiss Dad's cheek for saving my ass from these two crazy idiots.

"Dad, do you know that Pyke proposed to Cam?" Parker laughs again.

"You sound like an eleven years old boy who caught his brother reading porn mag, Parker." I roll my eyes.

"I caught you once, bro." Xandry laughs.

I scowl at him. He just reminds me when I first saw a porn mag. I can still remember my reaction that night. My eyes widened and my cock instantly hardened, which shocked the hell out of me. I licked my dry lips and felt my brain stop functioning while my gaze locked at the magazine's page.

"You two leave him alone. You Xandry should get a serious relationship." Dad walks to the door, expecting us to follow him.

"Are you all coming or not?" Mom walks in next. "Xandry, you're the only single left, honey. Try dating seriously. Stop that manwhoring venture you and Pyke did before."

"Auntie." Xandry groans, scratching his head.

"Let's go, guys," Parker says, looking at me.

I can sense the worry and tension in him. I give him a short nod, assuring him that everything will be fine.

We ride in the same SUV as my parents. I hear Parker breaths deeply several times. He constantly bounces his knees and rubs his hands against his jeans.

"You okay, bro?" I ask when we're almost near to our destination.

"I'm fine," Parker answers, but obviously he's not.

"Everything will be fine, Park. Just relax, you might pee on your seat," Xandry jokes.

"I remember Parker did that, he kept drinking OJ while we're in the car. When the school gangsters confronted us, Park peed in his pants out of fear. Those kids were bully."

"I punched one of them when I met him in junior high. I was bigger than him at that time." Parker looks antsy.

"You beat that kid pretty good, Park. His parents almost gripped your throat," Dad says, looking relax than Parker. I know he's excited about today.

"That kid's parents didn't look like they really care about their kid, Paul," Mom recalls.

"Yeah, I bumped into his father. He still manages the same printing shop though," Dad says.

"Uncle, are you sure it's okay I'll come with you?" Xandry asks which is sandwiched in a seat with me and Parker.

"Of course, son. You can come with us. We will meet the lawyer there too."

"Thanks."

"No problem."

"You're not gonna faint, are you?" Xandry pats Parker's shoulder when he notices him fidgeting. Parker even shoves his hands into his pockets after hopping out of the SUV.

"I'm fine, asshole."

"I don't think you are. Just relax. I'm sure he's excited to see you in person." I speak to lessen his nervousness. I guess he doesn't want to disappoint his father.

"What if—"

"No more what if, honey. Let's get inside," Mom cuts in.

The prison complex has twelve-foot high perimeter walls with patrol guards that have alert and hard as stone expressions.

The first iron gate opens. My heart flutters as we go through some series of inspections. Dad is able to pull some strings that allow us to visit without a limited number of visitors. We follow Mom and Dad together with the lawyer as they enter the visiting room with an ivory-colored wall and dark grey floor. Guards post in each corner of the room. The built-in rectangular shape tables have long metal benches on both sides in good two meters apart.

I, Parker, and Xandry stop half-way when a chained man wearing a grey coverall arrives with two wardens guarding him. I instantly recognize who he is, so as Xandry and Parker. His head shaved bald. He looks intimidating with a full goatee, same as Dad's height but bulkier than any of us.

"Are you ready?" I ask Parker who's still staring fixedly at his father who's now talking to Dad and Mom. Surprisingly, he looks calm and collected.

Suddenly, his gaze lands on us. I can see the shock looked in his eyes from where we are standing, but I also see the anticipation in his gaze. His lips curve into a smile, then he blinks repeatedly.

"Let's go?" Xandry pats Parker who's standing frozen on his feet.

"Park?"

Parker doesn't say a word until we reach the table of our parents. They both stare at each other for a good minute. I can clearly see the happiness in those blue eyes as he stares at Parker.

Parker's shoulders shake as he walks closer to his father. He launches himself into Uncle Perry, hugging him like there is no tomorrow.

I find myself blinking as I try to hold the tears that form in my eyes. Mom is already crying sitting on the bench. Dad's lips are press together as he watches his brother hugging his son tightly for the first time in two decades. There is a huge relief in Dad's expression.

I look down, finally, the tears fall from my eyes. I wipe it away, looking back at them. Uncle Perry meets my gaze. He's already crying based on his red and teary eyes. He smiles, gesturing his hand to let me come closer to him. I walk closer without hesitation. His arms are wide open to welcome me, and finally, I hug him tighter.

"You're a big guy now, Pyke." His voice is deeper than Dad.

"Yes, Uncle. I'm glad to meet you."

"Thank you, son. Thank you for treating Parker like your brother."

"He's my best friend, too, and will always be my brother."

"I'll hope to see you again, Pyke. Congratulations!"

"H-huh?" My mouth gapes.

"I heard you're engaged."

"Yeah, thank you, Uncle. She's a wonderful woman, and I'd love you to meet her soon." I grin ear to ear. I'm still not used to being an engaged man, but hell if it doesn't make my heart flutter.

"Soon, son. Soon. That must be Phoenix's son."

"Yeah, the notorious playboy," I chuckle.

"I'm glad I came because I might regret not meeting the man who brought Parker to life. Your son is a good guy, Uncle," Xandry says after hugging Uncle Perry.

"Thank you, son."

We give them time to talk since this is their first meeting after twenty-two years.

I'm so happy to meet him. There is something inside me that lightens up. It's a huge relief that I meet another family member that almost gone and forgotten. I know Parker feels it, too. He's been asking Dad about his father, and I know he has so many questions that only his father can answer them.

They both laugh at something Parker shares with his Dad. Uncle Perry grips Parker's shoulder quite often and nods. Parker mentions about his fiancée and being soon to be a father.

"So, when is the wedding of the century?"

My head snaps to my left. "You're not my best man, asshole," I whisper to Xandry.

"I know, but I wouldn't care to be a flower boy."

"Flower boy?"

“A ring bearer then?”

“Not a chance.”

“Wow, you really change, Pyke. Are you sure you don’t want another pussy?”

“For Christ’s sake,” I hiss, laughing inwardly.

“Just kidding.”

“You should be.”

“Really, I’m happy for you. I got a brand new car, by the way.”

“Oh, what is it?”

“Camry.”

I bark out laughing causing everyone to look and glare at us, including the guards who eye us suspiciously.

“Love!” Camila snakes her arms around my neck, kissing me hungrily. She instantly wraps her legs around my waist as I pick her up inside her apartment, kicking the door with my foot.

I’m instantly a boner. “I love how excited you are to see me, Babe,” I say into her mouth.

“Jesus!” Camila’s brother, Levi groans.

I place her down to her feet and grin sheepishly. “Sorry. I wasn’t aware of someone’s with her.”

“Are you two always like this?” He sounds annoyed and amused.

“Yeah, wanna know the details?”

“Christ!” He waves his hand to drop it.

“How’s your practice, Levi?”

“Great, hopefully, we’ll get the title back.”

“You’ll win, dude. Are you staying with her for tonight?”

“Are you trying to kick me out?” His brow raises.

“Nah. We can take you to—”

“To where?” Camila glares at me. “Don’t you dare take him to the nightclub!”

"Who says I'm taking him there, Babe. He's only seventeen. I was planning to take him to the football game."

"Really?" Levi almost squeals in excitement.

"Yeah, me, my brother, Parker, Xandry, Kyland, and Camila."

"No, Love. You go with them. I'll stay and FaceTime with Mom. Don't allow him to drink, Pyke Kennan!"

"Babe, I'll kick his ass if he even tries. Trust me." I caress Camila's face, kissing her lips quickly.

"Really?" She smiles.

"Yes, I care about him, too." I give her another kiss on her eyes, nose, and lips.

"You two, please. I am still a minor," Levi butts in, rolling his eyes.

"Go take a shower, Levi.

"I'm done. You two, don't make out when I'm around."

"You are bossy, aren't you? I'm not making any promises," I say, making him groan.

"Let's go to your apartment," Camila suggested.

"Where is your mother?"

"With Auntie."

"Good. What do you have in mind, Babe?"

"You'll gonna love it." She winks and smiles with mischief. Hmm... I bet.

Chapter 43

PYKE

“Babe, I don’t think this is a good time.” The bolt of electricity sends through my cock when Camila strokes me through my bulge. I can come in my jeans if she will continue stroking me just the way I like it.

“And why is that?” She seductively bites her bottom lip. She knows exactly I can’t say no to her.

“We’ll gonna be late for Levi’s game, you know that,” I say, trying to distract myself but fail so when she begins to unbuckle my belt and unzip my jeans.

“This won’t take long, trust me, Love,” she says confidently, pushing my jeans and boxers down to my knees.

My hard and thick cock springs freely. Camila quickly down on her knees, making my cock jerks with anticipation. This is not her first time, but still, it excites me considering she sucks like a pro.

God help me.

I grab the edge of the dresser for support as I watch her teasing me. She grabs the base of my cock, stroking it slowly while her eyes are glassy looking up to me.

“Aren’t you too excited, Pyke?”

“Always, Babe, but you don’t have to do this.” Despite my protest, I still find myself following her stroke, moving my hips forward to feel the friction of our skin.

I gasp, cursing under my breath when she licks the pre-cum glistening at the tip of my cock.

“Babe,” I groan, throwing my head back when she takes me in, in a long fluid motion.

God, she looks incredibly hot with her mouth gripping my cock tightly. Her mouth is so slick, soft, and widely stretched like how I imagine her on our first met. My balls tighten, building my orgasm.

My eyes cross, I’m not going to last long. Fuck me! It makes me already hazy with satisfaction. I don’t really care if we’re going to be late for the game, all I want is to make us come together.

“Babe, I need to be inside you,” growling, my fists crack at my sides.

Camila sucks me hard one last time, then releases me with a pop. Still glistening with her saliva. I gesture my finger to turn around. “Perhaps you can push down your panties, too.”

"My pleasure." She stands up, licks her lips, and yanks up her red dress to her waist. Pushing her panties down without a second thought, she turns around giving me the full view of her round ass.

"Fuck!"

She spreads her legs wide, hands on the edge of the bed as she bends herself with her over the knee boots on.

I grip her waist while my free hand finds her wet, warm, and swollen pussy. I push my finger inside, pumping her with few strokes and pull out back when she's ready enough.

Aligning my cock into her opening, I push it slowly and bury deep as far as she takes me in, filling her completely. Holding still, I take a deep breathe not to come right away. Then I begin to move in a slow stroke.

"Don't go slow, Pyke."

I do as she wants, pumping her fast and hard until we both come and fall together to the floor while catching our breath.

"I thought you two will ditch me." Liv kisses Camila on her cheek and hugs me after.

"Sorry, we're late. I'm not gonna miss the last high school game of my brother, Mom. We just caught in traffic," Camila says as she sits between us.

I chuckle at her lying to her mom. I feel her hand gripping my knee to shut up.

"You're right, Babe, it didn't take a long time, indeed. I admire your time management. The game is just about to start," I whisper.

"Shut up." She slaps my knee playfully. Obviously, she still has a post-orgasmic glow on her face, and it doesn't go unnoticed to her mother.

"I was not born yesterday, Cam. I know how sexually active are young people like you. Fulfilling your partner sexually is always a strong foundation for your relationship."

"Oh, please, Mom. Let's not talk about sex when Pyke is around." Camila covers her face with her hands, shaking her head repeatedly.

I laugh, seeing Camila embarrassed in front of her mom is priceless. I'm happy for her, and they seem to get along well. She talks to her mother and Levi every day after her work and before going to bed.

Liv and Levi came to her apartment to celebrate the judge's decision. Everyone was there including my parents. Levi immediately gets along with Kyland like brothers. I proposed properly to her on that night and that's the highlight of the evening. I'm more than happy that she likes the ring I designed for her.

As she promised, Camila starts seeing a therapist for a week now.

The announcer finally calls the players. The stadium roars, whistles, stomps feet, cheers, and boos as the guests run to the field with their blue and white uniform. Then the home players enter. The crowd goes crazy, more roaring—it feels like yesterday when I was in high school, and now I'm about to watch my fiancée's brother which never in my life I imagine this coming.

Camila stands up and yells, "Whoo! That's my brother!" She even jumps with excitement. I'm amazed at how she's supportive of her brother that she just met two weeks ago.

"They'll gonna win, Pyke!" She continues jumping like a schoolgirl.

"Perhaps you should sit down now." I laugh. "You will lose your voice before the game starts."

"Kyland didn't play football, so I never went to any game."

"Oh?" her mom reacts.

"Yup. We worked in a café after school together, but I had to stop when Kyland's Dad got into an accident. I took care of him when Kyland and Auntie were at work."

"I'm sorry, Cam." Her mom hugs her, kissing the top of her head.

"It's okay. He didn't suffer much."

"I heard about that. Just a year after Levi Sr. died."

Cam is right, Levi's team won by five points.

"Levi!" Camila yells, waving her hand in the middle of the crowd as soon as Levi comes to view.

Levi's lips spread into a wide grin, sprinting toward us. He drops his bag on the ground, lifting his sister up. Camila yelps in surprise and laughs.

"You're my lucky charm, sis," Levi says after putting Camila down on her feet.

"Oh, come on, your team is actually good."

"Just good?" Levi cocks his brow.

Camila rolls her eyes and says, "Fine, your team is the best!"

"You said that because you don't know anything about football," I retort.

"Oh, shut up! My brother's team is the best."

"Hi, Levi!" A slender lady waves her hand at him, and Levi waves back and smiles shyly at her.

"Who's she?" Camila's eyes light up.

"My classmate."

"Just classmate?" Liv asks her son.

"Mom, you know I don't have a girlfriend. I'm not interested in dating if I have to leave for college in a few months."

"Whatever. Let's go and celebrate!" Camila claps her hands and kisses his brother on his cheek.

"And I have a surprise!"

"Cam, I'm still sweating, you know."

"So?"

"Let us all go to the car and you two can talk later," Liv says, grabbing her son's arm.

"Where are we going?" Levi asks impatiently, sitting in the passenger seat.

"To celebrate. Issa, Kyland, and Bianca will also be there," I answer.

"But where exactly?"

"Aren't you a little impatient? Or someone is waiting for you at the party?"

He rolls his eyes. "I already said I don't have a date."

"But there is a party after the game, right?" Camila asks.

"How did you know if you didn't even watch a game?" I ask.

"People talked," she snaps.

"Whoa! Cam, he's just asking. Aren't you a little defensive?"

I move my face closer to her ear and whisper, "I just gave you an orgasm before we came here, why feisty? Do you want another one in the bathroom?"

She giggles. "No! That's disgusting!"

"What's disgusting?" Levi quickly asks, making Liv groans.

"Oh, sorry," he mutters then looks back outside the window.

Fitz slows the car down in front of the Victorian mansion. The iron gate swings open, revealing Camila's home, one of Cameron's properties are now transferred to Camila's name. Camila and Levi still refused to meet their grandparents despite the constant invitation of Cameron's parents.

We hop out of the SUV parked beside the Ass-ton Martin. I remember suddenly how I laughed at Xandry who's driving a Camry.

"Is this your home, Cam?" Liv asks, adoring the three-story Victorian mansion in front of us.

"Our home, mom," Camila answers with a radiant glow in her eyes. "Do you like it?"

"O-our home?" Liv blinks her teary eyes, gripping Cam's hands.

"Yes, my home with you and Levi." She smiles at her.

She told me about her plan. All I had to do was kissed her and agreed with her decisions. She wanted a real family. Who am I to deny her if that's what makes her happy?

"What about my work? I need an hour's ride to the restaurant."

"Mom, you will not work there anymore."

"But, Cam."

"Now I know where Cam got her stubbornness," I chuckle and amused at how much they're alike.

"I have money. You can cook in our home instead. I will give you monthly salary if that's what you're worried about."

"That's not what I mean."

"Mom, come on. You've been working hard for years. I think Cam is right. You need to stay at home and cook for us instead," Levi says, convincing his mom.

"I'll think about it," Liv says.

"I often heard that from Camila." I laugh, remembering how Camila is so stubborn when money is involved.

Camila fishes something in her bag, maybe a key. "Levi, congrats, little brother! This is your gift." She extends her closed hand to Levi.

Levi just stares at his sister with knotted brows. "What's this?" He opens his palm and let Camila drops something in her hand.

"A gift."

Levi's brows furrow. "A key?" Then inspects it. "A car key?" He laughs. "An Aston Martin's key! A frigging Aston Martin?" He bursts into laughter, then suddenly stops.

"No." He offers it back to her.

Camila's smile fades, hugging herself, and looks rejected. I don't want to see her sad like this. Sighing, I move closer and rub her back.

"You don't have to give me anything to be my sister, Cam because I can't deny the fact that you're still my sister by blood. Both Mendéz and King."

"I'm not giving you a car to bribe you, Levi. I love you. You and mom are my family. And I just want to share what I have for both of you. I'm not using that car anyway. Pyke gave me a car, too. I also have a driver. You definitely need one if you will go to college, don't you think?"

"Yeah, but I don't need an Aston frigging Martin, and I'll work to buy a car."

"Take it, Levi, and she didn't buy that—"

"Pyke," Camila chides.

"Wait! How did she have it if she didn't buy this?" he asks, pointing at the car parked beside him.

"Sorry, dude, but I don't wanna sleep outside our room tonight." I laugh, walking toward the door.

Epilogue I

PYKE

A year and a half later...

It's funny to watch my wife, yes, my wife fidgeting and constantly blowing a breath. This is her first major project. I can't be any prouder of her as I watch her work hard in her growing 4x4 Gear.

Her engineers and designers worked hard every day and night to perfect their design. I awed when I saw the graphic design she showed me when I visited her at her office.

"Relax, Babe. You will get the deal, trust me." I squeeze her trembling hand.

They had a few proposals but had been turned down, said it was already on the market, but Camila never gave up and worked harder to make it more advanced and unique to attract the auto market.

"You're pretty confident," she says, squeezing my hand back.

"I am, and your project is just perfect. Trust me, you and your team did a great job. And I'm so proud of you."

"I didn't get the deal yet, Love."

“No matter what their decisions, I am still very proud of you. Just promise me you will not give up?” I stare at her intently because I know she loves what she’s doing.

“Pyke, if it’s because BK Motors doesn’t like the team’s design, still, I don’t see any reasons to give up what I love doing. And I want to make my father proud.”

“You know you own a company and that shop. You don’t have to work, just stay at home and take care of our children. I can feed you and our future family, Babe. My business is expanding, the last time I checked, It’s growing, thanks to Kill.”

Kyland is taking online management classes at night since he works during the day now they have a baby girl.

“I know, but I can’t just get pregnant every year and bear a child, you know. I want to work and be a mother at the same time.”

“And you are not good at giving me babies, Camila.”

She crosses her arms over her chest, making me look down at her slightly exposed cleavage.

“Eyes up here, husband.” She glares, snapping her fingers on my face.

Grinning sheepishly. “I like what I see, Babe.”

“Perv!”

I laugh harder. “That’s a hundred percent true. Just with you, wife.”

Camila suddenly stiffens. That’s when I see the door swings open and the BK motors team walks inside dominating the room. The CEO’s expression is blank and stops in front of Camila.

I can feel my wife holding her breath and probably expecting bad news. The CEO suddenly extend his hand to my wife. “Welcome to the team!”

Camila’s eyes widen. Her jaw drops. “Oh, my god! You’re kidding right?”

He shakes his head. “You’re right, based on the test drive yesterday, it has 67% accuracy than the latest driver-less car in the market. To make your design—”

“My team’s design,” Camila corrects.

“Yes, your team’s design is more competent. The interior is amazing. Your airbag design makes a lot safer for passengers. The odometry is far more sensitive to the obstacle and possible traffic collisions. What my team likes more is the mobile application. Your live stream coverage, alarm, and fingerprint scanner to avoid cars from being stolen are all in one app. How excellent is that? We’re glad you came to us. Congratulations, Mrs. Hughes!”

“Thank you so much!”

“Mr. Hughes, you should be proud of your wife.”

We flew yesterday to Tuscany after sealing the deal. Camila and I took a week-vacation at my grandparents' cottage. I was surprised that she chose to spend at the green surrounding than most women want—at the beach.

We had a tour around the vineyard this morning. Her face lit up, eyes widened in awe, mouth gaped open the moment she saw the grapes hanging from its vines. She moaned as soon as the fresh grape juices in her mouth, savoring the taste with closed eyes.

We had dinner with creamy tortellini and smoked sausage. The Cabernet Sauvignon has aged the flavor and aroma from the oak barrels at my grandparent's winery. Camila started to take a little sip during our engagement party. Since then, she drinks in moderation.

I wrap the towel securely around my waist, walking to our room with the veranda that has an excellent view of the vineyard. The stars twinkle in the clear dark skies with a new moon hanging above us, giving a perfect romantic atmosphere plus the lamp posted to the wall, giving a yellow glow to the veranda.

Who would have thought I have this romantic side in me? The asshole Pyke turns into a one-woman-man. Parker was right after all. I fall hard and my heart only belongs to a woman, and one pussy can satisfy me for the rest of my life.

“What are you smiling at?” Her eyes light up, glancing at me. She's wearing a deep red silk robe and thin nighties with an untouched red wine on the table.

“Since when are you so engrossed at reading?” I lean against the door frame, crossing my arms over the chest.

“I don't know, I picked this up from Bianca's table in her office. It happened this book is actually a romance.” Showing me the cover of a half-naked man.

“And since when you like reading a romance novel?”

She barks into laughter. “I'm actually having fun. The guy is an asshole and the woman is a demure type.”

“Uh, a stereotyped bad boy, playboy. I know you have a thing for that kind of guy.” I don't know why suddenly I feel a pang in my chest. She's already my wife, but still, I'm jealous of her imaginary guy.

"I never dream of that kind of guy. I always wanted someone with excellent humor, a good job, a handsome face, haven't issued a traffic violation ticket, doesn't drink—"

"A boring guy without sexcapades. A perfect guy doesn't exist, Babe."

"Then why does your face looks like you lose in the stock market?"

"Nothing, give me that trash." I grab the book in her hand. "Stop reading like this." I walk into the room.

"Pyke, that's not nice!" she yells.

"You're hurting me, Camila!" I yell back.

"How does reading book hurt you?" She gets inside, slamming the door shut behind her.

"Because you want a good guy and you know I'm not."

"Aw, you're such an immature sometimes! I fell in love with your assholeness, dirty mouth, your body, and your dick! I marry you and said I love you every single day and now you're still not convinced of that?" She looks pissed, hands already prop on her hips.

"I don't know, Babe." I shrug. "I want to be your dream guy—"

Epilogue II

PYKE

"Oh, my God, Love. Dream guy is like a prince charming who doesn't exist. Stop being a brat. Let's get some sleep." She drops her robe, leaving only her black lacy nighties with a lacy black thong.

My cock thickens, hardens, twitches under the towel I'm still wearing. I loosen the towel, dropping it to the floor.

"Uh-uh, not yet, husband." Camila shakes her finger at me.

"What do you mean?"

"Give me my book back."

"Babe," I warn.

"Then you can't sleep beside me."

"This is supposed to be our second honeymoon, Babe, not you reading that damn trash."

Her brow cocks. Now, I can see the mischievous in the smile on her lips. "Come here, husband." Gesturing her finger seductively. I crawl on the bed and position myself on top of her.

She moves her face to the side, avoiding my lips. “Not yet. Let’s play a little game.”

“I don’t like games, Camila, since that bet. I want to make love to you and fuck you tonight.”

“You’re such a crude. Listen, Love. I want to read, but since you won’t allow me, let’s have a little game based on that book.”

I groan. “You can read that after I fuck you.”

“Nope, I’m the boss tonight, you want to fuck me my way or you won’t fuck me at all.”

I stare at her for seconds, she’s serious as fuck. I groan defeated. “Fine. How does that stupid game of yours work?”

She grins. “Okay, who wants to read first?”

“Reading? Fuck me! I don’t want to read that trash!”

“That’s mean. This is not trash. The author worked hard to make this worth reading. This may be a work of fiction, but don’t you know authors—”

“Okay, okay, fine!” I sit down on the bed naked. I see her eyeing my semi-hard cock. “Like what you see?”

“Ugh! Read first. Open the book without looking, then read the page aloud while I’m putting it into action.”

I laugh, shaking my head. “So, uh— wife, you want a role-play based on the book, huh? Don’t you have an erotic romance with you? I wonder where did you get this idea.” Romance book has a sex scene in the first few chapters if they meet at the club or party, in the middle when the main characters connect each other, and of course before the ending.

“Okay, let me read first.” She takes the book in my hand.

I watch her hands open the page in the first quarter of the book.

“I’ll read, you do.”

I nod. “Okay.” I pray mentally, hoping it’s the intense bed scene. I will send a thank you letter to the author.

“Okay, here you go.”

I roll my eyes because the scene that I should do makes me look like an idiot. The female main character is an English professor at the University. This book is written from the first-person point of view.

“Happy?” I mimic as she read the teacher’s dialogue while I’m standing naked in front of her. She looks down at my cock a few times with a wicked smile on her lips.

“Yes, now, it’s your turn, Love.” She gives me back the book.

I open the book while smirking at her. “There you go, wife.” I glance down, my eyes land on the first paragraph.

“Fuck!”

Since she chooses the page, it lands on the scene that the professor is shaving her legs for her date. She wants me to take a razor and do it in front of her—not just by mimicking while she’s reading.

Camila shoots me a glare when I refuse to do the next role-play. We’re playing for already thirty-minutes and I’m getting bored. I’d rather watch Xfinity series if she doesn’t want to sleep with me.

“Come on, Pyke. Go and take a razor if you want to continue playing this game,” Camila coos.

“You know from the start I’m not in favor of your game, Babe.”

“Don’t harsh my mellow now, Love. You don’t want me to read and neither to play a game with me.” Camila pouts, then slips herself inside the blanket silently.

“Babe, I don’t want to shave my legs, can you choose another page? Promise, I’ll do it next time,” I whisper, rubbing her legs against the blanket.

“You’re always unfair. I’m not in a mood anymore, Pyke.” She turns to her side, tucking her hands under her face and mutters night.

Shit! She’s not seriously going to sleep while I’m already naked, is she?

I blow a heavy breath. “Fine, I’ll go bring that fucking razor and shave my leg, happy?” I say firmly, causing her to turn her head to my side, grinning from ear to ear.

“Yes!” She sits on the bed instantly, tucking her hair under her ear.

“You’re such a baby,” I mutter. Of course, she is. I can’t let her go to sleep angry, that’s what I’m here for—to make her happy even if I look like an idiot in front of her.

I walk into the bathroom, opening the cabinet, and take a new razor. I get back to her already sitting straight on the bed. I can even see her black lace thong peeking through her Indian style seat.

My cock goes half-mast. “Read those lines before I change my mind and tie your wrists above your head instead.”

She opens the book again in one quick motion and starts reading.

I position myself, raising my right foot to the edge of the bed. I start running the blade on my leg. I groan inwardly. It's easy since I go to a spa to wax on a regular basis because Camila doesn't like my hairy legs lately.

"I think that's enough, Love," she says, smiling at me with satisfaction.

I grab the book she offers. I pray inwardly hoping this would be the page I want so that we will end this little game she puts me in.

"No peeking," she complains.

"I'm not peeking. Like I even read this book before." Rolling my eyes, I open the book.

"Shit!"

She laughs out loud. "What should I do?" she asks me with excitement.

My lips spread into a full grin and wink. "Get down on your knees, Babe," I command, standing straight beside the bed and face her.

"No! Let me see." She grabs the book from my hand. Her eyes slightly widen, then squint, and look up at me. "I think you're cheating."

"How am I cheating? I open the book right in front of you like how you did. I shaved my legs because that was what the page you opened. Now, get on your knees and play fair. This is your game anyway, I'm just following rules."

She just pouts and doesn't move.

"See, now who's cheating?" I throw the book on the bed dramatically. I know her and she can't stand me getting angry with her for long. I walk to the closet, opening it, and grab my sweatpants.

"What are you doing?" She asks, slightly alarm. I try holding my grin because I know it's working.

"I don't wanna play your game, Camila. You're unfair." Before I can wear my sweatpants she already grabs it from me.

She places the book back to my hand and gets on her knees. "Read it loud."

I chuckle at her bossiness and I love it when she does that. My lips curved up in amusement. "Sure, Babe." I clear my throat and start to imagine that I'm the asshole student.

"On your knees, Professor Amelia," I commanded with pure dominance.

Little professor's dark eyes widened in surprise but did what I said. She bent her knees on the black plush carpet in my living room. This was what I exactly imagine—her taking my thick cock into her mouth as I pumped until it reached her throat, teary-eyed, trying herself not to gag. She raised her trembling hand tentatively to my cock. I groaned when her cold hand touched my warm skin.

Camila grabs my cock while looking up at me. Her lips smirk with cruel anticipation. I continue reading. I really should send a bouquet of flowers and thank you card to this author.

My little professor finally gripped the base of my cock, stroking it slowly. I clenched my teeth as I watched her face moving closer to my cock.

"Look at me, Amelia. Lick my pre-cum clean." I commanded. "Look at what you did to me."

Amelia did willingly. My hands fisted at my side trying not to close my eyes when the sensation intensified, making my cock jerked in her tongue.

"Open your sweet little mouth and take me all in." my voice deepened with pure lust.

Camila takes me all in, making head throws back, and loses my concentration on the book I'm reading. Her mouth is suddenly gone.

"Love, you didn't read to throw your head back." She smiles, clearly amused, and having fun torturing me.

"Sorry, your mouth just feels good."

Her soft red lips sealed my cock perfectly—just like I've always imagined when I jerked off in the shower. But her real mouth felt much better on me at this moment. I've received deepthroating, but nothing compared to these feelings when my little professor was on her knees, sucking my cock beautifully.

I noticed her choked, eyes watered, trying hard not to gag. Gorgeous.

"Babe, you okay?" I ask, realizing what I read. My jaw is already clenching. She grips my ass as an answer.

I started thrusting my cock...

I do as I read, fuck! I can't concentrate.

Christ! She's killing me. We've done this several times, but this game she puts me into is definitely turning us both on. I can't believe my beautiful wife has this playful side of her, which I love it. It's making our sex life more amazing and full of excitement than we already have.

Amelia embraced the rhythm, breathing through her nose every time I thrust into her mouth. She swirled her tongue around the crown of my cock.

“Fuck! That’s it little Amelia... That’s so good...”

“Fuck, Babe! I’m gonna come!” I announce. I meet Camila’s glassy lustful eyes. I badly want to crush my mouth into hers. Fuck me if this isn’t hot. All my thoughts scatter.

I grabbed a handful of her hair, squeezing my eyes and groaned as the savage of ecstasy forming and ready to explode. I fucked her mouth harder until her chin almost touched my balls.

“S-sorry, B-babe,” I say between panting. All she does is squeezing my ass.

I opened my eyes and met her blazing eyes as I pumped into her mouth spurting my seeds into her throat.

I see Camila swallows every last drop of my come, licking me clean.

“Fuck!” The book drops to the floor with a thud. My breathing is still heavy. “That was hot!”

She grins at me, looking amused and satisfied.

“We’re not done, woman.” I grab her arm to stand. In a quick motion, I rip her little nighties that have been bothering me all night and her thong follows next to the floor.

“Don’t complain, I’ll buy you a dozen. I want to fuck you hard as your punishment.”

“Hey! That’s not part of the game,” she disagrees, laughing.

“You lose, but I don’t fucking care.” I kiss her hungrily and furiously, shoving my tongue into her mouth in one swift move. She moans, gripping my arms as I suck her tongue, tasting myself in her.

I grab her ass, instantly, she wraps her legs around my waist, snakes her arms around my neck. In one quick move, I press her against the door, position my now hard as rock cock again and pushes into her warm, wet, and ready pussy.\

“Fuck! Can’t I ever get enough of you? But I don’t want to. I’ll die a happy man, Camila Leigh.” I kiss her lips in every thrust I do into her. Her fingers dig into my scalp—the pain jolts into my cock, giving me more urge to be buried deeper than I already am.

I love this woman so much—so much that my life depends on her. I love every inch of her, I love everything about her. And I never thought a single slap could change my life forever.

Camila is my love.

I’m hers. Thrust.

My body. Thrust.

My mind. Thrust.

My soul. Thrust.

My heart. Thrust.

My happiness. Thrust.

And my whole being. One final thrust.

“I love you, Camila.”

“I love you, Pyke Hughes.”

“Morning, Daddy Pyke!”

The End