

Xandry

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STORYPDF

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Chapter 1

Ho-ing Around

XANDRY

“Tell me again why should I come with you?” I asked my cousin, Pyke one more time as he pulled his car to a halt at the private airport and directly onto the tarmac. If he didn’t barge into my apartment and pick me up by himself I didn’t have a plan on going with them because I was still far from ready to face Camila again. Besides, I sent him a message that I couldn’t make it, but Pyke is Pyke—he didn’t buy my excuse.

“Have you not apologized?” he asked back, grabbing my dark brown leather duffel bag from the backseat of his car while I ambled defeated at his back.

“I did, but—”

He stood up, closed the door a little bit with force, sighed, and gave me a sympathetic looked.

“Xandry, she forgave you, and don’t beat yourself up. Camila has the kindest heart on the planet, and whether you like it or not you’re still coming with me. End of discussion.” Pyke hastened to the jet waiting for us.

“I know, but they’re not my family, and I’m not comfortable around them.” Or maybe I am, but the guilt is overpowering me.

He stopped, turned to face me, and smirked. “Really? And where are you comfortable with?”

I smirked back. “In between women, tits, pussies, and asses. Should I go on?”

“Behave there, asshole. You will not stick your dick around anyone who has a hole. Don’t put us in trouble again, Xandry. I mean it.” He turned and climbed up the airstair of the jet with HugKingWill printed in red—it would be too long to write the Hughes, King, and Williams.

“Welcome aboard, Mr. Williams!” The flight attendant not older than I gestured her hand to the aisle. I’d traveled by this jet more than I could count since Williams merged its forty-five percent share to the Hughes and King industries two years ago. Dad had a restaurant business with Uncle Hawk as well.

Speaking of the attendant, she was cute with cat-like eyes, but I promised Pyke to behave and not create troubles, so I just gave a polite smile and muttered thank you.

I sauntered to the massive lounge area where everyone was already sitting in the long elegant cream leather seats on both sides. A muted flat-screen, flashing foreign exchange rates mounted on

the glossy cherry wood veneer wall. A single red tulip on white porcelain slim vase and a laptop on top of the dark red glossy square table.

Camila was already sitting on Pyke's lap and kissing his head like they had not seen for over a year. Kyland Wright, Pyke's bar manager, and his close friend was lying on the long comfort sofa.

Camila shifted her gaze in my direction, eyes glowing with warm fuzzies. "Oh, hey, Xandry! Thought you ran away," she said with a laugh, stood up, and walked toward me.

My brow slowly cocked when Camila grabbed my hand and dragged me out of the lounge. I forced myself to follow her to the two-row seats where we were going to settle throughout the flight.

"Guys, let's go to the seat and buckle up. We're taking off in a few minutes," Pyke announced.

The captain's voice echoed overhead simultaneously, announcing the jet would take off in thirty minutes.

"Thank you for coming, Xandry!" Camila smiled genuinely, taking a seat beside Pyke across mine.

"My pleasure." I extended my legs on the wide space between our seats.

"Really, if Pyke didn't drag your ass out of your apartment, will you still come with us?"

I shrugged and replied, "I sent him a message that I have to run some errands."

"Yeah, you were busy snoring in your bed when I came, and you mean an errand is stroking your little dick under your blanket," Pyke snorted.

"Pyke!" Camila scolded.

"You're forgiven, man!" Kyland yelled.

"Kill, he already apologized." She exhaled.

"Yeah, but he still bet on you." He frowned.

I scoffed at Kyland's remark.

The jet lifted off. The moment we were airborne it shook and shimmied.

"You should be thankful, I found Pyke because of him." Camila glared at her cousin. Kyland wanted to say something but shut his mouth up, instead, he groaned in annoyance.

I understood him for being protective of her. If someone did that to Saphoera, I'd gone ballistic and choked him to death with his own junk.

I noticed Kyland was watching with amusement to the two lovebirds in front of me. I felt something inside me that I couldn't quite put my finger on by how Kyland apologized to her and how Pyke and Camila's relationship ended well.

Jealousy?

I diverted my attention to the empty cream wall and swallowed the thickness forming in my throat. Throughout my teenage and adulthood, I never experienced a boyfriend-girlfriend relationship. It was my choice. One time, I saw Saphoera crying because of a guy she had a crush on asked her friend for a date instead of her— she cried all night. It turned out he was a total jerk.

I loved Saph more than anything, though she was nosy of my personal business and bitchy most of the time, I knew what she was doing was for my own good.

I was in searing agony when she ignored me for a month after she found out what I did to Camila and my best friend--the pain was excruciating, and it felt like I was bleeding inside.

I adjusted the seat when the seat belt sign was off and closed my eyes. The flight would not take more than two and a half hours to the hometown of Kyland's fiancée, Bianca. According to Pyke, Kyland's mom and Bianca arrived yesterday. I drew the shield down to block the sun. My plan was to sleep throughout the flight since I didn't have a woman with me to cuddle like Camila.

I knew I'd be bored to death for two days—no hot woman, no club noises, and only the neighing of horses or maybe a rooster crowing to wake me up in the morning—no warm thighs, perky tits, and soft skin were draping over me. That was how the countryside looked like, wasn't it?

A nudge on my shoulder woke up straight into the unfamiliar surrounding. The humming of the pressurized cabin pulled me back out of my silent reverie.

"We're landing in a few minutes. You might wanna freshen up." Camila settled back to her seat and looked like she had re-touched her makeup.

I shook my head and rubbed my sleepy eyes. "I'm good."

"So, are you still—"

"Ho-ing around?" My eyebrow perked.

She rolled her eyes. "I was about to say, sowing your wild oats. You haven't met your the one, Xandry. Just saw you know, I was glad that you made a bet with Pyke, not that I'm saying what you did was right, but I didn't have the courage to admit that I like him with or without knowing about the bet."

Here you go again, the confrontation that I always hated. I breathed deeply. "I'm glad. And feel guilty, thanks to you."

"And you lost your car." She laughed.

I scratched my scalp unknowingly. "Yeah, you know I love that car. It was Saph's birthday gift, and Pyke knew it."

Camila laughed again. "Sorry, Saph must be angry at you."

"You don't have any idea. She didn't talk to me for a month. Not because of the car though, but for what I did to you." I pursed my lips, holding my smile.

"I can't give it back to you, Xandry. I gave it already to my brother."

"I've no plan on taking it back, Cam. That was meant to be yours. I'll just buy a new one for me."

"You seem so close to your twin."

"I am. It's like we're connected, not only by blood, or we're twins but I can feel if she's happy or hurt. I know it sounds crazy, it's just... I love Saph so much and I don't think I'd survive if something would happen to her. And I will do everything for her." And I can't let her feel when I'm hurt because of my failing relationship that's why I avoided it at all costs.

"You're actually sweet and loving. How come you've never had a girlfriend? You're actually a perfect boyfriend material." Camila gestured her hand at me in disbelief.

I laughed. She's beautiful, I could see why Pyke fell in love with her so fast that even I had seen it coming. Her brown eyes flashed with love and enthusiasm.

"You just said I haven't met my the one, yet. Wherever she is, I hope it won't happen sooner because I'm not retiring from ho-ing around anytime soon."

"You're such a dick." Pyke slapped my back and sat back on his seat.

"Been told."

"You'll get STD, Xandry. I'm worried about your health." Pyke eyed me with concern.

"Don't be. I just got my result last week and I'm clean as a whistle."

"And you will continue until your dick falls off?" Camila asked in amusement and didn't care at the word dick even if Pyke was around. I grimaced at the thought of it falling off.

"We should arrange a date for him. What do you think, Love?" She grabbed Pyke's hand and kissed it.

Jesus, can't these two get enough of one another even in front of me?

Pyke shook his head. "He never runs out of date, Babe. That's the problem. He needs to stop dating."

"That's impossible," I retorted.

"Well, he needs a serious date."

"He doesn't do."

"What should we do?"

"We can't do anything. He'll stop whenever he wants or when the time it won't stand anymore," Pyke answered.

I rolled my eyes. "Seriously, stop talking about me like I'm not here in front of you. Actually, I didn't have a date for three weeks now."

"Why?" the two asked in unison, surprised.

"Is that why you slept all night?" Pyke asked again with a laugh. That's one of the reasons.

"I made a deal with Saph to stop fooling around for a month," I said truthfully, feeling ashamed which never happened for me even admitting the truth. What made me ashamed of now? I didn't know.

"I should give her a new Dior bag. Why you didn't tell me?" Pyke grinned.

"You never ask, asshole. And you seemed busy with your new family." I loved mine, but I'm kind of jealous of how Pyke managed to be with his and Camila's every weekend. I didn't see he had this thoughtful nature in himself, or maybe Camila was the reason for all of his changes?

Does a manwhore like me ever change?

Chapter 2

Who's Xandry?

BLAINE

Ben started munching the protein chocolate bar after I'd done buckling him at the back seat, then I started the ignition of my car. I pulled out from the driveway of our two-story small country house— my parents' gift on my twenty-second birthday last month.

I gave birth to Ben when I was only seventeen and his father was not in the picture anymore. Ignoring people calling me a bitch was difficult on my part, but I stood up for my own decision the moment I confirmed I was pregnant.

I was so overwhelmed with joy and for being a newly single mom-- it made me burst into tears. It was the best feeling in the world when I first cuddled my son after eighteen hours of labor.

"Why do we stay at Nana and Dada, Mommy?" Ben gabbled.

I looked at him through the rearview mirror. "What I said about talking when your mouth is full, Ben?"

"Mommy."

"Yes, baby?"

"I'm already a big guy."

"You'll always be my baby, Ben."

"Why are we staying with Nana and Dada?"

"Your Auntie B arrived last night. We'll stay there for two days."

"Am I allowed to eat Nana's cookies and pies?"

"Of course, but not before each meal, okay?" My parents spoiled Ben so much since he was the first grandchild of the family. They gave him everything that I couldn't afford. Even at a young age, my parents already exposed him to gizmos which I was against over their decisions. The only thing I agreed upon was the Smartwatch because of the GPS program installed. I just loved my son so much and he was the best thing that had ever happened to me. Ben was an intelligent kid and understood the reason why did I limit his screen time.

I turned right off the street toward the iron-wrought gate. The yellow lamps illuminated from my parent's French-style house. The DIY jar lanterns hanging from the trees were already lit up. They danced along to the wind creating a stunning and bedazzling glow around them.

Mom and Dad were thrilled when Bianca informed their forthcoming visit. Of course, they had planned everything meticulously, and the first on their long lists was to order Dahlia, lilies, and tulips since Mom had only daffodils, Gerbera, black-eyed Susan, coral bells, and Marigold at her flower beds that Dad had to hire a landscaper for them.

I pulled the car to stop. Meeting Kyland's family was giving me a knot in my stomach. Even my labor never made me antsy. Okay, it was a lie because the pain was indescribable.

What if they won't like us? I released a deep breath.

"Are you ready, baby boy?" I hopped out of the car and opened the door for Ben, and that was when I heard footsteps approaching.

"Sis!"

I turned to Bianca's voice on my back. "Bitch."

"Mommy, that's a bad word."

"B, oh, my God! I missed you so much." I wrapped my arms around her and hugged her tightly.

"Silly, I missed you, too." She gained weight and her baby bump was very prominent. She looked at me from head to toe. "Wow! Where did those fats go? You look sexy, Blaine."

"Mommy?" Ben called my name repeatedly.

"Wait, B." I unlatched his seat belt and helped my son get off of the car.

"Oh, my! Baby bunny Ben is that you?" B knelt in front of my son who was already pouting because of the nickname B gave him. Bianca held his arms and pulled him into a hug.

"Easy, B, he's my little guy."

Bianca pulled away, kissing him on his cheeks, and Ben kept wiping them off. "Look at you, you grew up into a handsome young boy. I missed you so much, Baby bunny Ben."

"We met you at my birthday last year, B." I rolled my eyes. She wasn't able to come last month when Kyland was in the hospital for two days.

"I know, I missed your birthday day, but I missed this little guy as well."

"Baby," A deep baritone voice called from B's back. That must be Kyland. He stopped and smiled.

"You must be Blaine."

I felt Ben's tiny hand gripping mine.

Oh, dear! He looked scary. Tattooed guys never scared me, but Kyland was the exception. He looked intimidating in person than in pictures. With piercings on his brow, nose, lower lip, and tattoos peeking from his shirt--no wonder Ben gripped my hand as soon as he had a sight of Kyland. They looked cool on him though, and I couldn't blame Bianca for falling hard for him.

I swallowed hard. "Hi. Welcome to our humble abode and to the family, Kyland." I released Ben's hand and gave Kyland a hug.

"Thank you, Blaine!" He looked down at my baby beside me and bent with amusement. "And who are you?"

"Why did you hug Mommy?" Ben scowled at him.

"Because Mommy here is like my sister."

"But Mommy doesn't like guys," Ben replied, making Kyland laugh.

"But I'm different."

"How so? What's that?" Ben pointed at Kyland's nose.

"Ben, that's rude. Sorry about that. Ben is just curious about many things."

"It's alright, Blaine. He's a smart kid. Nice to meet you, Ben, I'm Kyland." He extended his fist.

Ben tentatively bumped his tiny fist to Kyland then smiled, showing his toothy grin.

Kyland left with our bags like they weigh nothing.

"He seems nice, B, but he looked scary," I affirmed and bumped my arm into her causing her to giggle.

"Scary?"

"Scary hot." I rolled my eyes and giggled with her.

Ben was already walking toward the door like he used to do.

"Seriously, how are you, Blaine?" She snaked her arm around my waist.

We were always closed since she was only a year older. We shared secrets, and she knew that I was dating a jerk, but I didn't listen to her because I was totally blind and in love with him. It also broke her when she found out I was pregnant and my boyfriend ignored me and left out of town. The last time I saw him was when my parents' lawyers let him sign that he had nothing to do with my child. Dad made sure that the documents he signed were airtight.

"I'm good, B. I'm happy actually."

"Not dating?"

I shook my head. "Heck no! I need to focus on work. I have a kid to feed and nobody wants to date a woman with a kid."

"That's not true, Blaine. You're a hot momma."

"You just said that because I'm your sister," I countered. I knew she used to cheer me up but I doubted myself since I've never been in a relationship after my pregnancy.

"I'm not only saying that because I'm your big sister, silly. You look younger and hotter."

"I guess so, thank you. You will get back in shape after your baby is born, B." I rubbed her baby bump.

"Let's get inside so that you can meet Kyland's family."

The smell of mom's cookies and pies wafted in the entire house. There were sets of eyes staring at me, making me feel self-conscious.

"Guys, this is my little sister Blaine."

I barely heard the voice of my sister as I glanced at the people sitting on the sofa in awe. Were these people real? Did they just come from reality TV?

"Blaine, Oh my, you look beautiful." Cam pulled me into a hug. We met twice since she and Bianca were best friends for years.

"Well, you looked hot with a post-orgasmic bliss," I whispered the last three words.

"That's my fault," said the man who looked like an underwear model. "Pyke here, milady." He took my hand and kissed it, making Cam chuckle.

"You better stop it, man, if you don't want to bust your head with a shotgun," Kyland joked.

"Nice to meet you, Blaine. I'm Camila's fiancé."

"I know, but you look nice in person than in the video," I replied.

"Video?" His brow knitted.

"Forget what she said, Pyke," Bianca interjected.

"I'm Carissa, Kyland's mom." She still looked stunning at her age in light makeup and white formal suits.

“Nice to finally meet you, Carissa. I’ve heard so much about you from B and Cam.”

Bianca went to check mom in the kitchen after the introduction. A few minutes later, she came back, and I still haven’t heard from Daddy.

“Wait, where’s Xandry?” asked Camila.

“Who’s Xandry?”

“My a— my cousin. He went out with Bob,” Pyke answered.

“Oh, Okay. I’ll go, help mom,” I volunteered.

“You know mom doesn’t need help.” B rolled her eyes and chuckled.

“Where’s Ben?”

“Saw him in the kitchen,” B replied.

“I’ll just say hi to mom. I’ll be right back, guys.” I walked to mom’s favorite place in the world and already named after her, Brenda’s kitchen.

The handmade oval-shaped kitchen island was crafted to perfection from slabs chestnut wood. Daddy spent money on her stainless steel appliances— from the two-door fridge to the wall-mounted convection ovens, latest espresso machine, her stand mixer, and all utensils used for cooking. And she could make anything edible into an amazing meal.

“Sweetie, dinner is almost ready.” Mom pulled out the roasted lamb from the oven. The smell of spices made my stomach grumble.

I gave her a quick kiss on her cheek. “Let me help you, Mom.”

“Thank you, sweetie, but everything is ready.” She still managed to stay beautiful even she was bustling for hours in the kitchen.

That’s what I thought. Mom could manage everything even she had to feed the whole town. That was how amazing she was.

“Where’s Ben?” I asked when I didn’t find my son around.

“With your dad and Xandry. Go and tell them the dinner is ready, sweetie, please?”

“They went to the barn?”

“No, Your dad wanted to show Xandry our horses.”

“What is he gonna do with the horse? It’s not that he will bring one to New York.” I strode to the back door of the kitchen, not waiting for her to chide me for being rude to the visitor.

The barn and the stable were not far from the house. “Daddy,” I called, then I heard two men talking. One voice that I instantly recognized was my father’s and the other one who owned a deep and husky voice must be Xandry. He was laughing at something to what Daddy had said. My son was laughing with them too.

Not a moment later, I heard the soft crunching footsteps then the door slid open.

“Blaine, what are you doing here?” Daddy faced me, still smiling.

“Mom asked me to come and tell you the dinner is ready.”

“Just right on time, we’re actually done here. Ben is with Xandry,” he said casually.

I stared at him in disbelief. Call me paranoid but I didn’t trust my son to anyone that he had just met. “Why did you leave him alone with a stranger?”

His brows arched. “Who’s a stranger? Ben likes him, Blaine, which is unusual for your son to easily trust someone he just met.” Dad laughed and walked away, leaving me standing alone, shocked to my core, and did he just wave his hand at me?

“He could be—”

“A Serial Killer?”

Chapter 3

What Are Those Holding Hands All About Anyway?

XANDRY

This place was surprisingly incredible. I didn't even know that a barn and horse stable would ever get my interest, not until tonight.

Bob and his family bred, trained, and sell horses. They hired workers and experts to maintain their horses' health, including diet, grooming, and performance.

The damn horse stable was bigger than my apartment. From the bottom of each stall hinged door was made of wood with bars attached in elegantly U-shaped allowing the head of the horse to move freely. It had windows and fans for ventilation and didn't even smell disgusting at all. There were saddles, stirrups, headgear, halters, and bridles hung on its corner.

"That's Applejack, Bianca's horse." Bob pointed to the horse with a tall and slim figure. He said it was a thoroughbred and one of the most expensive horses that originated from England.

Then he went to the next stall with a little darker than Applejack's chestnut, but with finely chiseled bone structure and arched neck. "That's Blaine's—"

"That's Mommy's Queen," said the boy named Ben.

"Mommy?"

"Yes. That's mommy's," Ben repeated.

Wait, Blaine is a mother? And this boy is her son? I thought—shit! Yeah, he called Bob Dada. So, why am I so surprised? Maybe because Blaine was younger than Bianca to have a four or five-year-old boy.

"Arabian horse. I bought that from Dubai four years ago. Queen already bred."

"How long does it takes to have a baby horse?"

"A foal, Xandry. Eleven months," Bob chuckled.

I knew a lot of cars but not a damn horse, old man. I chuckled inwardly.

"Thandry, Mommy's beautiful, right?" Ben pulled my finger, making me look down at him.

"Your mom?" I discreetly smirked.

"No, the horse." He jumped pointing his tiny finger at the horse.

"Yeah, she's gorgeous."

"No, it's a he, Thandry," he eagerly corrected me.

Bob and I laughed at how he called my name. "Yes, he's gorgeous. Wanna touch him?"

"No, but I rode with him before."

"Are you even allowed to ride alone, little guy?" I ruffled his dark blond hair.

"Blaine took him with her. She was an equestrienne before she got pregnant with Ben." Bob's voice suddenly dropped, and I wondered how did she look like riding a horse.

"Why did she stop?"

"Mommy take care of me. Come and touch Queen. She's sof and shinee,"

I laughed again. I've never been entertained by kids, but this little guy already grew on me.

"Hey, Queen," I murmured as I ran my hand over the horse face. It was smooth and silky indeed.

"Queen bites if he does not know you, Thandry," Ben said.

I quickly pulled my hand, making him bark into laughter in amusement.

"Hmm, you got me there, little guy." I squinted my eyes at him.

Ben's grin grew wide as he walked backward cautiously. In one swift move, he was already in my arms. I lifted him up like he weighed nothing, and it made me easier to swing him over my shoulder like a sack. He giggled at my back, grabbing a handful of my hair. Ben continued laughing as I placed his legs on my shoulders.

"Let's go home," I announced as I walked out of the door. "Hold on tight, okay?"

"Yes, sir."

Hearing Bob and a woman whispering made me slow my pace.

"Why did you leave him with a stranger?" Judging by her voice, the woman was pissed off.

The angry woman had hands already propped on her hips.

"He could be—"

"A serial killer?"

The woman snapped her head at me. Her eyes widened--the most beautiful and rarest teal blue eyes I've ever seen. Holy shit! She's Ben's mom. How wonderful?

She had the same round small face as Bianca's but her nose was smaller than her sister. Her champagne blonde hair was curled in a luxurious foamed cascading on her shoulders. Her pink tongue flicked between her full lips in a nervous way.

Fuck me! Those lips. Damnit, she's Ben's mom for the love of fuck!

An image of her lips made my cock suddenly thicken. I shook the thought out of my head and inwardly groaned at how my shitty brain worked.

Her eyes grew wider the moment her gaze landed on my shoulders. "Ben, get down. What do you think you're you doing up there? I told you not to talk to a stranger, Ben. You're not gonna have Mom's cookies tonight!" She tried to pull Ben down, but I was too tall for her five three or four inches height.

"Mommy, this is Thandry."

"Just get down, Benoyce Arthur. I mean it, now!"

"Wait, Blaine," I said as I tried to bend down.

"You don't call me as—" She abruptly stopped, looking at her son then pressed her lips into an angry line.

"Say it," I dared her.

"Say what?"

"What you're about to say." I cocked my brow, challenging her. I may be an asshole, but I never cuss in front of children.

"I'm not gonna let him hear it."

"Good." I bent my knees to squat and place Ben to the ground. "I'm not a stranger, Blaine. I'm here with your sister."

Ben got down silently. I admired him on how he quickly obeyed his mom's words.

"Come here, Ben, let's go home." She offered her hand to her son, but Ben didn't grab it and just glumly glanced at his mom's opened hand.

I grabbed it instead. Tighter. And let the electricity zap into our hands. Her hand was warm, soft, and very feminine. My heartbeat instantly quickened just the feeling of her delicate skin on mine.

Blaine pulled her hand back forcibly, shooting me a glare.

"Not yet, gorgeous." Not yet, not now, or maybe not ever because she feels so damn good.

"I'm Xandry by the way. Nice to meet you, Blaine." I smiled and shook our hands.

"I don't care who you are, Xander." She broke the stare, looked down at her son, and calmly said, "Come here, big guy,"

"It's Xandry. Alexander Henry."

"I said I don't care!"

"Do care about your child then, sweetheart. He's a good kid." I gave her a calm-the-fuck-down-looked.

"Don't teach me about how I should discipline my child, and I know he's a good and smart kid."

I grabbed both of their hands and walked out of the stable.

"Let. Go. Of. Me." She hissed. Instead of doing so, I let go of Ben's hand and closed the door behind me.

"We're going in the same direction, to your house, right? So I'm coming with you. I might get lost on my way." Which was impossible. I looked at Ben. "Wanna come up?"

He nodded enthusiastically--hazel eyes filled with hope.

"Not a chance, Ben," his mom disagreed, making his shoulders sag.

I inwardly rolled my eyes and looked at her intently. "Will you do everything to make Ben happy?"

Her eyes narrowed. "Of course, what stupid question is that?"

"Then let me carry your kid."

"Look, Alexander. I love my son but I don't want him to get close to you then you'll be gone in two days," Blaine whispered.

"At least make him happy while I'm here," I whispered back.

"You don't get it, Alexander Henry."

My lips formed into a smirk. "I like the way you say my name."

"Ass."

"Mommy." Ben's eyes bouncing between me and Blaine.

"I said, us, Baby. Me and you."

“And Sandry...” Ben trailed off making me grin from ear to ear. Now, it’s Sandry. There was progress right there, little guy.

“See, Ben likes me.”

“That’s what I don’t like.”

“Let’s go home.” I knew what she meant, and I couldn’t argue with her when she was right. I gripped her hand as she stomped beside me. She was wearing tight jeans with a pair of knee boots.

Who does the fuck says a woman doesn’t look sexy wearing knee boots? But angry Blaine was a lot sexier than any woman I’ve ever met.

“Sandry, can we come back there again?” The boy asked while his mom was raging beside me.

“Of course.”

“Do you know how to ride a horse?”

“Don’t lie,” Blaine interrupted quietly.

“I’ll try, Ben.”

“Mommy can teach you.”

“No, Ben. He will be busy with Auntie tomorrow, right Xander?” She arched a brow, her eyes still filled with anger.

Was she really trying to mispronounce my name on purpose? Like I care.

“I can excuse myself from them. I’m not actually needed so you can show me around, right, Mommy?” I cocked my brow with a mischievous smile to Blaine who just threw back a glare.

“Mommy teach Sandry how to ride a horse, please?”

“Please, Mommy? I know how to ride but a different kind of horse.” I smirked at her.

Her face turned red and redder as we reached their porch. I let go of her hand because I didn’t want to die with a hole in my head.

She quickly grabbed Ben’s hand as soon as she freed from my grip. “Let’s go, Ben.”

“See you later, Ben.” A wide smile spread across my face as I waved to the smiling boy.

“I thought you’re lost. I almost call the sheriff for a search and rescue team. Thought a bear attacked you out there.”

My smile instantly faded with Kyland's sarcastic remarks. "I can still tell them our threesomes, Kyland," I warned him though it was a joke and a jerk moved, but damn him if it didn't piss me off.

"I never had a threesome with you, asshole. And stay away from her. What are those holding hands all about anyway?" His tone deepened.

I faced him, meeting his flinty eyes. "I don't think it's any of your business, Kyland. She's a grown woman—"

"A beautiful, intelligent, and who happened to be a heartbroken, a single mom who loves her son very much. She's vulnerable and she's not a type of woman who you fuck, so fuck off! Or I will warn her and tell her about your ventures and what you did to Cam."

"You don't dare do that." My nose flared. He might be close to Pyke but if he was going to try to mind my fucking business then he didn't know who the real Xandry was.

He laughed, making my body quiver. "Try me, man. Let me remind you, you are here because of Pyke, and this is my moment to prove that I deserve to be Bianca's husband. Don't you dare ruin it, or I will fuck you to the hell and back."

Chapter 4

Oh, My God! He's Not My Guy

BLAINE

My eyes nearly pop-out from each socket the moment I had the first glimpse of Xandry. I've seen handsome guys, my ex was considered handsome, but he was an asshole.

Xandry was extremely gorgeous, cocky, charming, and exuded the playboy-aura. And I had a thing with those qualities that led me to early pregnancy, so that was a no-no.

Most handsome guys were assholes and women made them what they were. And I've learned not to stroke their ego.

This man was tall--damn tall that I had to crane my neck with my five foot four just to look up at him. His cerulean blue eyes were checking out on me. My face heated in embarrassment when I remembered what I was wearing. Nothing fancy.

It was not that I was going to jump into him if I wore a pretty dress because he was gorgeous, but I happened to know how to appreciate a good looking guy. Kyland was good looking and so as Pyke, but their handshakes never made my body seized.

It had been five years since I felt this kind of touch--a touch that sent sizzling of electricity through my body. It felt so good that I had to swallow the moan before it embarrassed me in front of my son, but the more I held my moan, the more my body was on fire. I couldn't help but grip his hand back to cease down the intensity, but it was just getting worse like a charge of current electrified between us about to combust.

Damn this hormone. Damn this spell had been dried for so long. Damn him!

Why did he have to be so hot? So damn hot! His hotness lured me in, made me want to lean on his broad chest, smell his musky and manly scent, trace my fingers on his sinful lips, to his five o'clock shadow, to his square carved jaw and that cleft chin. Just the thought of it made my nipples puckered against my bra and ache between my thighs.

Get a grip, Blaine! He screamed danger. A danger to my already shattered heart.

Everyone was already on the table when I got back from my room to take a breath and relax.

"I'm sorry, I let you wait for me, guys." I took a seat between mom and Camila, across Xandry. And for the umpteenth times, our gaze collided, and his eyes were like magnets that could lure any woman into his bed.

Why did he have to be so hot? That's the second time now, Blaine. And that bothered me. Just his smirk was already a lot to take in, what more the entire package?

I took a little amount of every food Mom's prepared because I was starving and I knew her cooking skills.

"Hmm, wow! Brenda, this is delicious." Kyland shoved another forkful of Mom's potato salad into his mouth.

"Thank you, dear! I hope Bianca cooks for you. Believe me, food is really through a man's heart, B." Mom glanced and smiled at my sister across the table.

"I did, mom, but yours is the best," Bianca replied.

"This is really amazing, Brenda. I think I should ask for some recipes from you if you don't mind," Carissa commented.

"Oh, no problem, dear. I'm glad you like it."

"Don't you have any plan to open a restaurant?" Xandry asked, and my eyes dropped to his mouth. Those red full lips curled to smile when he saw me ogling at him.

"I love to cook, dear, but only in my kitchen," Mom answered enthusiastically.

"You're welcome anytime, Xandry. I'd be glad to show you around," Daddy suggested.

"Really? I'd love that, Bob. I want to see some of your horses and explore this place a little." Xandry's eyes lit up, giving Daddy a megawatt smile, then to me. "I like Queen."

The word explore shot dirty thoughts in my brain. I wanted to hit my head for being stupid.

"I like Queen too," Ben agreed, sitting between me and Mom. And he was rewarded with a kiss.

"Who's Queen?" Pyke quickly asked.

"Blaine's horse," Kyland answered.

Dinner ended well. These people were awesome. I learned Xandry had a fraternal twin. His family was rich. His grandmother married Mike King who owned the Hotel Chains and restaurants. And Cam's father was King too.

I never missed Kyland threw glares at Xandry many times throughout the dinner. Was there something going on between them?

Everyone retired to bed early since they didn't take some rest before dinner. Mom insisted on them not to check-in at the hotel in town since our home had enough rooms for all of them.

I went to my room after I put Ben to his bed and he was actually late for his bedtime, so, no more bedtime story.

Daddy turned the room next to mine into Ben's bedroom since he was always here every day when I had to help Daddy at his office. I ordered supplies for the horses, contacted and e-mailed for possible buyers, and monitored our workers.

My mind went back to those cerulean eyes, the smirk on his full lips, and his warm hand. Oh, God! I squeezed my eyes shut.

Damn you, Xandry! You will be gone before I can blink. You will be gone after tomorrow, and my life will be back to normal.

My phone vibrated on the nightstand causing me to sit abruptly. I couldn't remember the last time I got a phone call during this hour. My heartbeat accelerated. I blindly tapped the nightstand and grabbed my phone. It was four in the morning.

Why was he calling me at this time?

"Uncle Max?" I asked, my sleepy head had not yet fully-functioned.

"Blaine, sweetie, sorry to wake you up, but I can't close the bar if I have to leave this young man here alone." Daddy's older brother owned the best and the only bar in town.

We usually spent some time every Saturday night because the Hays band played acoustic songs every weekend.

I sat straight, furrowing my brows in confusion. "Young man? Then why are you calling me if you can't close the bar?"

"He's not our regular and the accent. I've never seen him before, and he kept mumbling your name. Is he your guy, Blaine?"

"My guy, no!" My eyes widened. "Wait, can you describe him for me?"

"Tall, dark blonde—"

"Blue eyes, dark brows, squared jaw, athletic, ho—" I stopped, realizing how did I describe him to my Uncle. Ugh! Blaine, he's fudging your brain.

"Yeah, that's him, darlin'."

"Oh, my God, Uncle! How did he even get there? He's Bianca's friend."

"Now I get it why Bob invited me to come tomorrow."

“Yeah, Bianca’s friends are in town. Is he drunk?”

“Just drive over here, sweetie. Auntie is already waiting for me.”

I rolled my eyes inwardly. “Be there.”

I quickly put a shirt, short shorts, and shoes on not bothered looking at myself in the mirror. I gargled with mouthwash, then grabbed my phone and keys, then walked out of my room.

I sent a text to Mom and Daddy that I was going to pick up drunkass Xandry at the bar.

After fifteen minutes, I’m already parked in front of Max’s Bar. The green neon lights were still on, but only Uncle’s truck left parked in front.

“Uncle?” I called as I pulled the door open.

“Come in and take a look at your friend,” Uncle Max chuckled beside Xandry. His head was already dropped against the table.

“You can just leave him alone here, you know. And he’s not my friend.” I crossed my arms over my chest, scowling at him.

“Ouch! Blainie, you wounded me,” Xandry murmured.

“I never doubt he was your guy that’s why I let him drink when he asked what’s the strongest I got.”

“Oh, my God! He’s not my guy! Now tell me how I’m gonna carry him home.”

“I’ll help you get him into your car.”

“Fine, I’ll take him to my home. That’s the nearest before he passes out.”

“Good idea. Get up, young man.” Uncle Max put Xandry’s arm around his shoulder and helped him to get into his feet.

“I’m already twenty-three, Uncle.” Xandry’s slurs made me laugh.

I walked towards the door and held it for them.

“I love the way you laugh, Blainie. That’s the hottest fucking laugh I’ve ever heard. His remarks caused my face to heat in front of my Uncle.

I knew he was drunk, but it was a long time ago since someone complimented me and not from a drunk ass like him.

“Easy, boy, you might not get back home alive,” Uncle Max said with a laugh.

“I am serious, old man.”

“Stop it, Xandry. You’re drunk. You won’t probably remember that tomorrow.” I followed them and opened the passenger door. Once he got inside, I bid goodbye to Uncle.

“I can manage to take him inside the house, Uncle. Go home, and I’ll see you in the afternoon tomorrow.”

“Are you sure, sweetie? If he will do anything—”

“Uncle, don’t worry, I’ll cut his balls off before he can do anything.”

“Okay, sweetie, take care.” He waved and went into his truck.

I closed the door and pulled my car out to the driveway. “What do you think you’re doing, Xandry? Getting drunk in a place you’re not even familiar with?”

“I’ve got enough threat today, Blainie.” He leaned his head against the window, sounding pissed.

“Threat? From whom?”

“It doesn’t matter. Anyway, I’m not used to following rules, Blainie.” He rubbed his temples.

“My name is Blaine and not Blainie.” I groaned and glanced over.

“I know but I like to call you Blainie. I’m okay with Sandry, Thandry, Xander, and Alexander Henry.”

Ben called him Sandry and Thandry made my stomach churn because Ben had never been closed to any man other than my family. And it freaked the hell out of me.

Chapter 5

No One Gets Jealous

XANDRY

So fucking awful!

My head was pounding, my muscles were aching, my limbs-- and holy fuck my back. How did I get into this goddamn awful couch? Who made this kind of thing? It was made of fucking rock.

I bolted upright, making my head to throb when the realization hit me. I had to squeeze my eyes shut as my vision started to blur and spin. My lips were dry as a desert.

After rubbing my temples a few times, I opened my eyes slowly and looked down. I'm wearing the same clothes yesterday, my shoes were taken off and perfectly aligned atop the chocolate and cream shaggy rug. What the fuck did I do last night? I was sure as hell what I had right now was a hangover.

I looked around in the small living room. It still looked brand new with wood wall paneling, but I wasn't sure what kind of wood it was. It looked so cozy and homie. A set of colorful sofa with drapes and square cushions to complete the country-style looked.

The floral curtains were draped to both sides of the floor to ceiling window, giving me the full view of the trees and iron wrought chairs outside. A few baskets of plants hanging from the porch with blooming small, delicate, and colorful flowers.

I stood up and walked to the wall where the photo gallery displayed. The black and white baby photos in black frames caught my attention. Those photographs must be taken a few days after birth.

"That's Ben on his five days old." The voice from my back startled me from snooping around.

"You could've given me a heart attack." I turned to see the gorgeous woman I've seen in the morning.

Blaine was only wearing a baggy baby blue shirt with baggy sweatpants, yet I couldn't take my eyes off of her.

"Good morning! You can take a shower there." She pointed at the door to her left. "Kyland dropped by to bring you some clothes."

“Good morning, Blaine! How did I get in here? This must be your house.” I felt a heat crept across my face. I’ve never been this reckless, but Kyland pissed me off.

“How did you get into the bar alone?” She stared at me intently, propping her hands on her hips.

“Um, a guy name.” My brows knitted, trying to remember that guy. “Toby? Tanner, T —”

“Troy? How did you meet Troy?” she inquired with a quizzical looked.

“I was walking to the stable then a truck passed by and stopped, so he asked me where I was going and the rest is history.”

“That’s our caretaker. You can’t just wander around like that, Xandry. You don’t know anyone in this town.”

“It’s not that there is a psycho lurking around, is it? Unless there is a woman who wants to kidnap me and uses me as a sex slave.” A smile curled my lips, strolling my eyes from her head to toe. I wondered how did it feel like to feel her skin beneath those baggy clothes.

“It’s not funny. Who threatened you by the way?”

My brows furrowed. “Threatened?”

“Yeah, you’re bubbly when you’re drunk, you mentioned something like someone threatened —”

“What else did I say?”

A flush crept across her cheeks and shrugged dismissively.

“Blaine, did I say something inappropriate?” I walked closer to her.

Fuck! She really looked gorgeous when she was blushing.

“Did I say you’re beautiful?” I smirked and arched my brow.

“Go and hit the shower, Xandry, and you stink.” She walked toward the hallway and yelled. “I’ll prepare breakfast.”

“Thank, Blaine!” I kinda liked it here. This place was so different from the noise and pollution of the city, but sad to say I was going back home tomorrow, which made my stomach knot in dismay.

I quickly went into the small shower room after stripping my clothes off. My head was still pounding, and I badly needed a painkiller. That man named Max offered me the strongest bourbon he had that caused me to doze off in two shots. I used to drink at Night Stalker, but I never had that strong, and I was known to be a light drinker.

Kyland got on my nerves that forced me to go out in the middle of the night.

I wrapped the towel around my waist and walked out of the shower room. I found a small medicine cabinet but it was empty, just a new toothbrush and a toothpaste Blaine must have ready for me.

After brushing my teeth, I glanced myself at the mirror and rubbed my two days old scruff that needed a shave. I quickly rinsed my face then opened the door.

A gasp escaped from Blaine's mouth made me grin. "How long have you been watching me?"

She rolled her eyes. "Don't be full of yourself, Xandry. I just wanna give you your clothes. We are not used to seeing someone walking half-naked in our house." She pushed my clothes into my chest.

"Does it bother you, Blaine? If I walk half-naked in your house."

"Well, let me tell you, Xandry, this is my house, my rules!" She glared at me.

"That doesn't answer my question, sweetheart," I teased her and I found it amusing to see her angry. The angrier she looked the hotter she became.

"Wear those clothes, or you will go home with just a towel."

I just raised my brow to her threat. "You wouldn't mind if women in this town ogle at my nakedness?"

"Why would I care?" She crossed her arms over her chest and scowled.

"Okay, I'll walk to the town with just a skimpy towel that barely covers my ass and asks where is the police station because I'm lost to find my way back home." I gave her back my clothes and walked past her.

"Xandry!"

"Yes, sweetheart?" I paused and turned, smirking.

"Wear these and my son is waiting in the kitchen." She pushed it back to me and stomped away.

I chuckled and wore my clean clothes quickly. My mind went back to the reason why I was here, yet here I was, flirting with Blaine. I was sure they were cursing me for making another trouble, instead of behaving like a well-mannered person.

"Morning, Sandry!" Ben was sitting on the chair in front of his breakfast with a glass of milk.

"Hey, buddy. Good morning!" I gave him a grin and ruffled his blond hair.

"How would you like your coffee?" Blaine asked with a coffee pot on her hand and two red mugs on the counter.

"Black, sweetheart." I took a seat beside Ben, wearing a smile on my face.

"Would you mind if I sit beside you?"

"You already seated." He giggled causing his small dimples to appear on his round face, then he scooped his cereals.

"Oh, sorry. Promise I'll behave next time." I shifted my gaze back to Blaine. "You two only live here, Blaine?"

"Yep." She placed a mug of steaming coffee in front of me, a plateful of pancakes, and a bottle of syrup. She placed another plate full of scrambled eggs and strips of bacon.

"Thank you." I sipped my coffee.

"Do you need painkillers?" Blaine asked, taking a seat across the table.

"Yes, if you have."

"I'll take it for you." She started to stand up but I stopped her.

"Eat your breakfast first, sweetheart. That can wait." I smiled genuinely.

Ben giggled beside me. "Mommy said we can't see Queen because we will have a barbecue today."

"That's sad, but maybe we can see Queen after," I said, looking at Ben.

"It's okay if we won't. Anyway, we will have a barbecue later," Ben replied and shrugged his tiny shoulders.

"My family invited some family friends for the barbecue in the afternoon," said Blaine.

"Then we should go right after our breakfast," I agreed.

I just joined Ben in the living room while Blaine was cleaning in the kitchen. Moments later, she excused herself to go upstairs.

I wandered around the living room, but I didn't find any family picture. What happened to Ben's dad? Or was he just a sperm donor? Blaine looked so young to have a four or five-year-old kid, but I had no doubt Ben was her own. He got her face nose and lips, but Ben had whiskey-colored eyes, and hair was darker than Blaine's.

"Stay right here, buddy," I told Ben who was playing a game on his iPad, and I left when he nodded.

I climbed up the wooden stairs and knocked softly at the probably Blaine's room. "Blaine?"

"Just a sec," she called from the inside.

I leaned on the wall and waited for her. A minute later there was no sign of Blaine and I was a kind of guy who easily ran out of patience. I squeezed the doorknob and unlocked open.

“Blaine?”

Her eyes widened to see my head popping on her door. I knew I was an ass for invading her privacy, but I couldn't keep the question inside my brain any longer.

Her hair was curled messily. She put light makeup on her face like I used to see on Saph's. Her lips were painted with light shimmery pink, and I'm so tempted to lick it off. I had to clench my jaw to avoid doing things that complicated my situation. My muscles ached and vibrated more for trying not to lose control as I watched her rubbing her hands over her knee-length white sundress in a nervous way.

“You look gorgeous.” My lips spread into a smile.

“Can't you wait down?” Instead of saying thank you, she snapped.

“Where is Ben's dad?”

Her eyes narrowed to slits. “I don't think it's any of your business, Xandry. You invaded me enough, but I was doing this because my family asked me to be nice to their visitors. So please, act like a visitor and stay out of my business.”

“I don't mean it that way. I'm sorry If I asked you out of nowhere. I just don't want to find someone pointing a shotgun at me or worse blowing my head off from afar.”

“No one can harm you while you're here with my family.”

“So, no one will get jealous if someone will see us together?” I raised my brow, demanding an answer.

“No one gets jealous, Xandry, and don't get ahead of yourself. I'm not sleeping with you.” Her glare could slit my head in two.

I barked into laughter. “Now, look who get ahead of herself? What I mean is, if you are mine I don't agree with you on letting a stranger sleep in her home and I don't share, Blaine. You're gorgeous and every man will give a fucking second look at you, and just as of now, I want to kiss your lips until it draws blood, rip your tiny dress out of your body, and taste every inch of you. And that's not it, I want to fuck you hard enough until I'm drained, satisfied, and collapsed breathlessly on top of you.”

Chapter 6

Wetness Protection

BLAINE

Jesus, why did he have to be so damn sexy in the morning? His sexy hair looked in need of a haircut, but it did work on him, in fact, my fingers itched to run through it and wipe away from his forehead. I'd never known that even my soap smelled good on him that it never did on me.

Crap! What in the ever-loving heck happened to me? I'm a single mom for god's sake. I needed to focus on my son and not to some hot— jerk. A huge jerk who wanted to bury his manhood to anyone had a hole.

I was taken aback by what he said before he left me alone. My room was my little sanctuary, but I couldn't just push him out even the tension already thickened in the room that made my heartbeat quickened in my chest. Blame it on my dry spell.

Jeez, calm down!

His bright and warm cerulean blue eyes never missed meeting mine. He was playing catch with Ben. Why did he have to be so nice to my son? I didn't want Ben to feel sad when it was his time to leave. I'm sure Ben would understand if he was not going to see him again, but of course, he would probably ask why he had not seen Xandry around.

I released a shaky sigh and closed the door behind me.

"Is everything okay?" He sauntered closer.

"Yeah, why wouldn't it be?" I answered flatly.

"You just heaved a sigh, sweetheart." He looked sincere, brows knitted.

"Don't sweetheart me, Alexander, twenty-three." I regretted once those words left my mouth because he just chuckled and shook his head in amusement.

Funny, huh?

"How did you know my age, Blaine Noelle?"

"Jeez, how I hate that name." I wrinkled my nose in disgust. It just reminded me of my ex who called me Noelle because Blaine was too masculine and plain for him.

"Why? It's beautiful. You're just like Saphoera, she doesn't like her name as well."

My brow arched. "Saphira? Like from the Eragon?"

"Yeah, but spelled differently."

"I mean who's Saphira?"

"My twin, sweetheart. Saphoera Hannabelle. My parents had fun naming their children. My mom's Samantha Lorraine, Dad's Alexander Phoenix. They kinda mixed them together and gave me his first name my granddad's name Henry. Saph was from my grandmas."

"Wow, but stop calling me sweetheart. I don't like Ben thinking that we're close Alexander Henry Williams."

"Nah, it's Alexander Henry Archibald Williams." He grinned like an idiot. A hot exuded idiot.

"That's sounds ancient."

"Give me the keys and let me drive. My great grandparents were originally from England."

"That tells it all."

"That's what Mom said when she just started dating Dad." He smirked, something on that smirk that held promises which made my heart skip its beat.

I threw the keys to him and he effortlessly caught them with one hand. I guessed he used to play catch. Or what other games does interest him? I placed Ben in the back seat and fastened his seat belt before I got to the passenger seat beside Xandry.

My mouth gaped when I saw them fist-bumping like they didn't just meet yesterday. It made me so damn worried.

We arrived at my parents' house in silence, only the country song humming from the radio that kept him from not hearing to my thundering heartbeat.

Uncle Max and his sons were already on the porch. Finley and Riley strode to us as soon as our car parked in front of the house. Xandry stiffened, jaw clenched, and readied to launch his whitened knuckles that unknowingly gripping the steering wheel tighter than necessary.

I quickly unbuckled my seat belt and opened the door. "Finley!"

Finley served as one of the Marine-corps who'd been deployed to Hawaii. He was always closed to me like a big brother and had been very supportive of my decisions the moment he heard about my pregnancy, and he just broke a few bones of my ex.

"Look at you, baby girl." He wrapped his arms around me and lifted me up causing me to yelp in surprise.

"I miss you, Blaine. Where is my little boy?" Finley scanned the truck and landed his eyes on Xandry who was already silently getting out.

"My turn, bro." Riley pulled us off easily. He chose to help his Daddy running the bar instead of following Finley's dream to serve in the military.

"Who the fuck is he, Blaine? And why the fuck is he driving your car?" Finley's voice thundered.

"And don't effing say about eff when there is a kid around, ass-gator!" Xandry hissed, trying not to let Ben heard what he said as he moved toward my cousins. They were of the same sizes and height. Holy hell with all these testosterone exuded guys.

"I'm just her F—"

"A sperm donor?"

A sharp breath escaped my mouth. "Xandry!"

Before I could recognize my own voice, my cousins laughed out loud, high-fived each other, and said, 'I like him' in unison.

"What?" I grunted in disbelief as I watched Xandry's brows furrowed in confusion.

"Finley." He extended his hand with a wide smile, making a few lines at the corner of this his eyes visible.

Xandry looked down at his hand, still confused.

"Leave him alone, Finley!" Uncle Max yelled from the porch.

"I'm Xandry." Finally, he gripped Finley's large hand like his and did the same to Riley.

I released another sigh and opened the door to Ben.

"Uncle Vin, Uncle Ri!" He jumped into his uncle as soon as he was freed from the seat belt.

"Careful, Ben."

"Let's get inside, man. We're about to start the barbecue," said Riley, leaving me alone beside my car utterly dumbfounded.

I chose the round table away from the grill smoke with my best friends Olive and Charlie.

My cousins lit the fire of the two huge grill stands. These two guys knew how to grill like in a five-star restaurant. Mom made her famous salad, pecan, and peach pie. Auntie Miranda prepared some veggies too.

Bianca was laughing with Cam, Carissa, Auntie Miranda, and my mom while Daddy, Pyke, Kyland, Uncle Max, and Xandry chatted with the local beers on the table. My parents always invited close friends and relatives when we had a family gathering, and I was used to be around with our people.

“Holy ball of effing fire, who invited those bitches?” asked Charlie with wide eyes.

My blood rushed quickly to my brain when my gaze landed on the two bitches walking toward my mom’s table. “Who invited them?”

“I asked first, Blaine. Answer me,” Olive’s voice vibrated with anger.

My anger toward them had never been dropped off. Genesis and Jasmine were total bitches since high school until now. I heard Genesis was sleeping with my ex while I was pregnant with Ben. It didn’t matter that time because I cut my contact with him, but damn it if it didn’t hurt since Genesis was my friend once. Couldn’t she at least respect me? Then, here came Jasmine who hurt Finley beyond repair and never supported my cousin’s dream in the military. She broke up with him a month after he left for enlistment through a letter because she didn’t believe in a long-distance relationship and all her blah blah blah.

“Oh dear, Lucifer hail in hell come to me and burn Genesis’ ass on fire, blind her eyes for gawking at my best friend’s man,” Olive continued bubbling.

I and Charlie locked our gaze in disbelief, then looked at Olive whose nose was flaring.

“Best friend’s man?” Charlie asked with raised brows.

“Not you, Charlie,” Olive corrected without breaking her glare at Genesis.

“She will get charred just by your eyes and no need to call for Lucifer, Olive”

“Oh, God, you know I have a thing for a British accent. I love Tom Ellis,” Charlie announced.

“I know, and why it is related to what we are talking about?” I tilted my head to Charlie’s side.

She rolled her eyes. “Your mom said, Xandry’s great-grandparents were from England,” emphasizing the last word.

“And so?”

“Oh my, God. You’re so dumb! You should start watching the Game of Thrones, The Crown, and The Last Kingdom, duh! And oh, Meghan Markle got married to Prince Harry and they’re expecting their first baby. See? Prince charming does exist.” Charlie rolled her eyes.

I sighed with exaggeration and narrowed my eyes at Charlie. “Game of Thrones is a fantasy. And did you forget that it’s his last day today? And you should probably don’t break your gaze at him

because tomorrow you won't see him again. Duh!" I dropped the duh with exaggeration and rolled my eyes back at her.

"So, you don't mind if I will ask him for a make-out session at the barn after the dinner?" Charlie asked, arching her brow to see my reaction.

My eyes slightly widened and my jaw dropped. Not only that, I felt a burning sensation in my chest. "Sure, I don't care. He's not my visitor anyway." I shrugged and looked at Xandry who already in front of one of the grill stand to chat with Finley.

I closed my mouth and swallowed down the lump forming in my throat. I couldn't think of Xandry's full red lips kissing my best friend. My frown deepened when I noticed at the corner of my eye who was walking toward Xandry offering him a tong. Xandry smiled at her and muttered something causing Jasmine to flirty smile back.

"Damn if he isn't the hottest-sweetest-wetness inducing man I've ever seen," Olive declared.

"And damn if I don't need a wetness protection program starting today." Charlie was laughing with Olive made me snort.

"Did I sense jealousy?" Olive bumped her shoulder to me.

"Why would I get jealous?" I asked with ugly laughter that got everyone's attention.

Damn it! I mentally face-palmed and repeatedly cursed under my breath.

A flush crept across my cheeks. A heat pricked my skin in embarrassment. My two stupid friends giggled beside me while I covered my face with my hand and sunk down on my seat.

"Oh, dear. I'm definitely gonna lick those abs." Charlie gripped my hand stronger than necessary that grabbed my attention.

"Holy mother of heaven," said Olive.

I stiffened on my seat when Xandry walked toward our direction, wiping his face with his shirt, now his well-defined eight damn-licious abs on full display, making my mouth water lavishly.

Chapter 7

I'm Leaving Tomorrow

XANDRY

Blaine was frowning when I met her gaze. I wondered why her friends were laughing while she was displeased. Excusing myself from Finley and Riley who were busy grilling the marinated ribeyes, I wiped the sweat off of my face.

Speaking of the gorgeous woman who fogged my brain with lust and made me hard too painful to bear was ogling at my abs. Most girls loved abs than a man's brain, and I loved their mouth all over me.

Nice.

"Hey, girls." I waved, and they were already smiling back. The brunette girl from Blaine's left was also beautiful and the strawberry blonde as well, but Blaine was very attractive with her huge eyes.

"Mind if I join?"

"Aren't you—"

"Of course, take a seat, Xandry." The brunette quickly butted in, making my brow cock.

"Thanks, you know my name. Got a name beautiful?" I smiled genuinely, and the last thing I wanted, for Blaine to get ideas that I was flirting with her friend.

"Charlie." She offered her hand, and I gladly took and planted it to my lips, making her giggle.

"I'm Olive, more beautiful and sexy, but I know you disagree because Blaine is gorgeous, right?" She winked, and I grinned.

I did the same as I did to Charlie, then sat across Blaine who was displeased to see me sitting with them. "Women are beautiful, but there is always someone that you can't take your eyes off of her."

"Like Genesis?" Charlie asked.

"Genesis?" I asked back, furrowing my brows in confusion.

"Yeah, did she ask you to check her dog Bennie?" Blaine asked in a sharp tone, looking beyond pissed.

"Wait, that girl who offered me tong?"

"Yes, she named her Chihuahua Bennie to get on my nerves," Blaine answered flatly.

So, that woman had a history with Blaine, huh? She was flirty back there, though she had a good pair of tits, she just didn't interest me the way Blaine did. And not even my cock jerked after showing me her flirty smile.

Charlie shrugged. "She said she just like that name."

I pressed my lips into a hard line. A few seconds passed by we were still in uttered silence. I nodded like I understood why Blaine was so mad at her. Why did that Genesis girl here anyway?

I admired Blaine for raising that boy all by herself. That douché bag vanished after sticking his dick on her.

I released all my anger to the fire on the grill stand after finding out about the sperm donor. If someone did like that to my sister, I wouldn't think twice punching his face, cutting his dick off, and throwing it to the Paga crocodile pond with his pulped balls. He shouldn't have used his dick if he wasn't aware of the consequences.

I had sex with many women, did something kinky, and I admitted that I was just a guy with a huge appetite toward hot sex. It may just a no strings attached sex, and they were clearly aware that I didn't do relationship, but I made sure I never abused their body and hurt their feelings.

It was hard enough for me to see everyone hated my guts and turned away from me like I committed a goddamn murder. Realizing my damn mistakes was like a punch to my gut and made you wanted to repent big time.

If I happened to knock up someone, I would never turn my back on the woman who was carrying my child. And that was why there was affordable protection invented for dicks.

"Why did she do that?" I asked them silently.

"She slept with Blaine's ex," Olive said, wrinkling her nose in disgust, and made my mouth form an O shaped.

"Guys, please, it was a long time ago," Blaine interjected.

"Yeah, but I still hate them. Again, who invited them?" Charlie inquired, side glancing at Olive.

"It's just a dinner, I'm sure after this they will go home when they won't get anything they want," said Blaine.

"What they want, sweetheart?"

Her two friends giggled, their lips were both pressed trying hard not to burst into laughter.

"What's wrong?" I arched my brows and looked at them in curiosity. These girls were close friends of Blaine and they knew how to annoy her when they wanted.

Olive shrugged. "Nothing."

"Then why are you two giggling?" Blaine shot them an intense glare, making them both shut up abruptly. A smile formed on my lips on how she quickly stopped her friends from embarrassing her further.

"I had fun, girls, but I need to go and help them." I stood up and glanced down at Blaine. Our gazes met, and she looked seemingly disappointed. I smiled at her and walked back to the guys.

"Oh, my God. He's hot!"

I inwardly shook my head, though I used to hear that line, coming from Blaine's friends made me smile in amusement, though I wondered if Blaine was affected by her friends' remarks.

I was barely breathing after the dinner and never been so full in my entire life, until tonight. The food at home was delicious and cooked by our family chef to perfection. What I loved about this dinner was the no strict table manner, like we laughed at Riley's jokes, talked about non-business-related topics, and it was a damn good new experience for me.

These people were awesome.

Finley came back carrying two acoustic guitars and gave one to his twin. Carissa, Miranda, and Brenda went inside the house. Bianca was already leaning on Kyland's shoulder and so as Cam to Pyke.

The twins started strumming a country song. The girls were already leaning against the table with awe on their faces as they listened to Riley singing in a deep-bass baritone voice.

Holy shit! He had a good voice. He could be the next modern Johnny Cash.

Blaine relaxed beside me after the two women left early, and Ben was already in bed.

"Do you sing, sweetheart?"

Her head tilted to my side and rolled her eyes. "Meh, can't even sing nursery rhymes."

"I play the piano in high school."

"Of course, that's the typical rich kids' first instrument," she reacted, and I never missed the sarcasm.

"That's a little harsh, Blaine, but I'm not rich. I'm just one of my dad's employees."

"But your bank account is loaded."

"Yes, I won't deny that, but I still pay my own bills. My family might be loaded, but I went to school like you and I know dad won't hand me a position easily without my qualifications."

"Your dad seems a good guy."

"He is and Mom too."

She looked back at her cousin started to sing another song. She suddenly rubbed her hands on her dress anxiously.

"Are you cold?" But the weather didn't seem to give us shiver, besides the night was so beautiful complementing with the jar lanterns dangled above us were giving a romantic vibe. The wind was just right, enough to caress our skin in a feather-like touch.

She shook her head and whispered, "I'm fine."

"Then stopped fidgeting because you looked nervous to me." I grabbed her hand on her thigh and squeezed it causing her to stiffen. "Relax."

She breathed deeply and focused back to her cousins as I started to draw circles on her hand, making her loosen a bit.

Christ! If it didn't feel so good to hold a woman's hand without flirting to get into her pants.

"I think we should retire, guys. They have an early flight tomorrow." Bob stood at the door and announced, making me sigh in disappointment.

After bidding goodbye to Blaine's friends and Max's family, I retreated inside at a lazy pace.

"Xandry, sleep, and don't go anywhere." Pyke stopped at my door before I could get inside.

"What made you think I'll go anywhere?"

"Don't you think I didn't notice how you look at Bianca's sister?"

"And what's wrong with looking at her?"

"You want to get into her pants, Xandry. And then what?"

I breathed deeply. "Look, you can't control me in which pants I want to shove my dick in. And I don't have any intention of doing that to Blaine." That wasn't exactly true because fuck me if I didn't have already blue balls since I got here. "So back off and save your lecture to someone else because I'm leaving tomorrow."

"Good night then."

I got inside and closed the door without replying to him. Why did they have to always think of me that way?

I got into my bed after taking a shower and pumping my cock with my hand. That felt good to release my sexual frustrations since I laid my eyes on a hot mommy.

Fuck! What was I thinking? I was sure I would forget her once I got back home and there were so many available pussies for an easy lay.

Fuck again! My deal with Saph and I almost forgot. I groaned, slumped my body on the bed, and closed my eyes. A soft knock forced me to sit on the bed with a huff.

“Coming.” I sauntered toward the door, pulling it open.

“Hi, um, sorry. Did I wake you up?”

My jaw dropped to see Blaine already on her green frog printed PJs. I shook my head like an idiot and I was still tongue-tied to respond with my heart was pounding wildly in my chest.

“Um, I just wanna say thank you for talking to my son. He’d never been closed with someone who he barely knew. So, thank you.” She gave me a small smile and started to turn her back on me.

I grabbed her wrist, and she stiffened. “Where do you think you’re going?” I looked from side to side to make sure nobody saw us and grabbed her inside the room.

Her eyes widened and whispered, “What do you think you’re doing?”

“Saying my goodbye properly.” Before she could protest, I yanked her against me, cupped the back of her head, and crashed my hungry mouth against the softest lips I’ve ever kissed. She tasted minty. Does this mean she come knocking on my door and expects me to kiss her?

I swallowed the gasp that escaped from her surprise and licked her lips to encourage her to open for me. I dove my tongue into her mouth as soon as I got a chance. She moaned, digging her short nail into the skin of my arms, which made me groan. Her moan sent a soft vibration in our entire body and burned my body into flames.

I tilted my head to deepen the kiss as I pressed my body against her when I felt her kissing me back as hungry as I was. I lowered my hand to her thigh and she immediately wrapped her legs around my waist. Quickly, I backed her against the door causing it to slam.

She grabbed handfuls of my hair and yanked them as if she was begging for more. A groan rumbled from the deep of my chest. She sucked my tongue, bit my lip so rough, yet so sexy— the pain zinged through my aching and hard as rock cock that made me almost pass out.

Fuck! This woman can kiss.

I pushed her harder and ground my thick erection to the warmth between her thighs. Pressing myself against her body, I kissed her hard, but it wasn't nearly enough and I wanted more than just a kiss to satisfy the beast filled-lust deep inside me.

My heart ached for beating so fast with her bra-less soft breasts pressed against my chest. Her puckered nipples were rubbing through her thin clothes as we get lost in our punishing kiss.

My heartbeat accelerated further as I fought hard not to come in my boxers. Damn! That would be embarrassing.

Our body was on fire, and it was hard to bear, then she suddenly whimpered in our mouth. The realization hit me hard, she was heading towards her climax.

I was breathless and thunderstruck. "Let go, sweetheart."

I ground my hips in circular motions until she broke our kiss and shuddered violently. Lurching her head on my shoulder, she gasped for air and moaned breathlessly.

Chapter 8

Just Flirt Back

BLAINE

That was the most humiliating thing I ever did in my life, but one of the audacious moves I've made. What the heck came into me knocking on his door? Was it taking my best friends' advice or was it because that was what I wanted to do?

After running for thirty minutes around my parents' property, I quickly hit the shower, then tiptoed to the kitchen, and planned to prepare breakfast for our guests since I woke up earlier than my usual routine.

I thought everyone was asleep, but to my surprise, someone was already up. I jolted to stop when I saw a familiar figure sitting on the stool with a steaming mug on his grip.

I glued to my own feet even though my mind screamed of running back. My body had a brain on its own and was gaily humming for him again. Tingles spread fast on my skin when I met his mesmerizing cerulean blue eyes, widened in surprise. Instantly, I was on fire and melted for his heat-filled gaze.

"Morning." His mind-boggling smile made my inner wall clench, reminding me of how he made me feel last night.

Why did he have to smile at me this way? I bet he looked hotter when angry.

Stupid brain.

"Come here, Blaine," he said in a low tone—enough for me to hear.

"I'm just gonna grab bottled water. I run out of stock in my room," I said, still unmoving.

Poor excuse. I inwardly snorted.

"Come and take water then." His brow arched as if challenging me.

In weakened knees, I walked toward the fridge far enough from him. I was glad that he was leaving today, but the other side of me wasn't telling the same. I knew he wanted to sleep with me, and he didn't have to say it out loud, and that was what bothering me. Or am I misjudging his flirtatious actions?

I opened the fridge, releasing the breath that I've been holding for too long. A squeal slipped my mouth when I closed the door, Xandry's chest was only a few inches from my face.

"Why did you run away last night? And don't tell me bullshits that you didn't like what happened back in my room, Blaine." Just by his deep voice tingled all over my body.

The bottled water was still in my grip, pressed against my chest. My head slightly tilted back as he towered and moved his face closer to me. Undoubtedly, my eyes were wide enough like scared prey.

His heart-stopping eyes were beseeching an answer. "Blaine, I barely sleep last night and caught up between knocking on your door or sleeping with a hard-on. That's why I'm here waiting, and I wanna talk to you. Will you really come down if you know I'm here?"

Looking down, I swallowed hard and shook my head.

"Fair enough." Xandry slowly nodded. "Did you...regret it?"

I tilted my chin and met his gaze. "That's the problem, Xandry. I never regretted it, in fact." I shrugged. "It's been a long time since I felt that way, so what's the point of lying when I supposed you knew already the answer."

"Good, because I've never felt that way too, but there is a but, isn't it?"

"Yeah. What happened last night won't ever happen again." I walked past him but he easily caught me around my waist and pressed himself against me.

"That's just the beginning, sweetheart. Believe me," he whispered to my ear, making me shiver. My reaction made him chuckle with satisfaction.

Egotistic jerk.

"That's what I thought. I can make you come countless times and I promise you, you will writhe beneath me, scream and moan my name over and over again until you realize that we made for each other."

Just the warmth of his breath sent searing heat down my spine. But that was it, and I was going to die with sexual frustration because I'm not going to fall for his charm and there was no way I'm going to have sex with Xandry Williams. He was leaving today anyway.

If he would stay here for long I would definitely have a good time with him, but I didn't trust myself and might fall to the wrong guy for the second time around.

It scared me big time.

I sighed internally.

"Not happening, Xandry." I took off his hands and strode away before I would die of hope.

"Wanna challenge me?" he asked, making me stop--something deep inside me exalted with excitement.

"No, Xandry. The last time I did I ended up knocked-up and left by my ex."

"Because he was a bastard, Blaine," he stated sharply.

"And you're not?" I cocked my brow, meeting his gorgeous eyes.

"Look, Blaine," he paused and breathed. "I had sex, lots of sex. I never had girlfriends. Call me an asshole if that's how you look at me or make you feel better because I was until I hurt my best friend. My sister was pissed at me, and I dealt with her not to have sex for a month, but look at me I'm still alive and didn't die yet with blue balls because since I met you all I could think was how did it feel like to be buried deep inside you."

My face heated with his boldness. I blinked and tried to deem what he just confessed. My heart warmed to the thought of there was still a man who wanted me in his bed despite having a kid.

"What did you do?" I asked softly with curiosity as I made my way closer to him.

"I forced Pyke for a bet." His eyes filled with regret and sadness.

"With Cam?"

He slowly nodded, looking guiltier than ever. Sharing his secrets might be hard for him but here he was, opening up easily to me.

"Oh, my God." I found my hand on my forehead.

"I know, but I want you to know before somebody else will tell you."

"You acted like a schoolboy, Xandry. What came into your mind to do like that?"

"I don't know, maybe because I've never seen Pyke in such trouble over a woman when Cam turned him down."

"But that was wrong."

"I know and I lost it." He chuckled, but seemingly ashamed of what he did.

"You deserved worse than losing."

His lips curved in a sad smile. "And got punches from Pyke and Dad. Saph ignored me for a month and I lost my car, too."

"That was quite a story," I commented, leaning my arms on the countertop.

“A very embarrassing story.” He leaned his elbows on the counter with a smug smirk on his lips, eyes taking leisure strolling on my face, to my neck, and down to my chest.

Heat crawled up my neck and all over my skin. “Are you hungry?”

“Yeah, I already imagine eating you in every way possible.” His smirk widened into a full grin.

I rolled my eyes and ignored how much his dirty words affected me. “Dream on, playboy.”

“You know Hughes and Williams don’t give up easily, Blaine Noelle.”

“Good luck! I’m not gonna see you starting tonight anyway.”

“I’ll see you at the wedding, sweetheart.”

“Just shut up, Alexander Henry.” I laughed, playfully slapping his bulge biceps, and started opening cupboards for the pancake mix.

“I knew it, sweetheart. You came here to prepare breakfast.” He slapped my ass playfully causing me to jump.

“You!” I quickly turned to face him.

“I’m handsome but an asshole who has an incredible ass, and so damn attracted to you, yes.”

I rolled my eyes and placed down the bag of flour. “You better help me and use your incredible ass, Xandry.”

“My ple-ass-sure, sweetheart.”

“Stop talking about ass already. Grab some eggs and milk from the fridge, please?” I placed two glass bowls and two whiskers. “Crack some eggs into this bowl.” I pointed to the empty medium bowl in front of him.

“Okay, how many?” He started cracking an egg carefully while biting his lower lip. “What?” He stopped and looked at me with a quizzical raised brow.

“I thought you don’t know how to crack an egg.” I did my chore—pouring a good amount of milk, eggs, sugar, and a pinch of salt, and waited for the butter to melt in the microwave.

I whisked vigorously to mix it together when the microwave dinged.

“I’ll take it,” Xandry announced. He brushed by me, bracing his hand on my lower back as he passed. Jesus, it was making me catch my breath again.

It felt good that someone like Xandry helped me making breakfast. I wondered if he used to do this with women he had sex with.

He placed the melted butter on the counter and started whisking the eggs like a celebrity chef. I suddenly remembered Jamie Oliver who I used to watch on his YouTube channel. I didn't pay much attention to his cooking but mostly on how hot he was.

"Do you have cheese, bell pepper, tomatoes, ham, spring onion, and cilantro?"

My brows raised and I stared at him with awe. Smiling, I pointed to the fridge.

"I really like this ass." He playfully slapped my ass again. "Can't wait to feel that on my hand."

"Dream on." Come on, Blaine. Just flirt back. He's gone before you can blink. Olive's voice echoed back in my brain.

"I will, for a week, sweetheart."

I was beyond stunned to see how Xandry easily chopped the veggies one by one on Mom's chopping board. It was like watching a live cooking show.

He quickly grabbed a pan and turned the stove on while my eyes balled at every move he made. He drizzled some olive oil, throwing the chopped bell peppers, then grabbed the panhandle and quickly tossed it a few times.

"Are you just gonna ogle at me or you're going to start with your pancake? This will be done in a few minutes. I wanna eat my food still warm, sweetheart."

"I'm done with the batter."

Xandry opened fire for me and placed a pan beside his'.

"Thank you."

"Welcome. You should start calling me, babe, baby, love, or sweetheart."

"Meh, Xandry is better. Thanks for the suggestion though."

"Fine, but you're always welcome to call me baby in bed."

I laughed carelessly. "Oh, my God. Get your mind out of the gutter, Xandry."

"What time Ben will wake up?" His voice suddenly turned serious.

I stopped pouring the batter and stared at him. "Why?"

"I wanna see him before we leave. Are you sure you don't wanna take my number?"

I laughed, shaking my head in amusement. I looked at him. "For what?"

“You might wanna talk to me since it’s been a while.” He shrugged with a smirk on his face. “And maybe when you are lying alone in the bed tonight, can’t stop thinking about me and wish you have it.”

“Oh, God. Please, Xandry, stop embarrassing me than I already am.”

Ugh! For crying out loud, you’re not a virgin anymore. Charlie’s taunting voice hit into my thick skull.

“Embarrassing? Since when the pleasure embarrassed someone?” Xandry looked at me with an intense stare. “I think that’s not the right word to describe what happened last night, in fact, it should be mind-blowing. I wish the taste of your mouth won’t go away for a lifetime.”

I looked down and swallowed hard, couldn’t anymore form a word. It was indeed a mind-blowing kissed. In fact, I was like a horny teenager experiencing her first intense orgasm.

“I can’t wait to taste you again, Blaine.”

“Me too, Xandry.”

Chapter 9

She's A Package Deal

XANDRY

These were the shitty fifth days of my life since I got back to work. I kept on scribbling something on the white sheet but nothing came right. The trash bin was already half full of crumpled papers.

My mind always went to the sweetest lips I've ever tasted every time I had something in mind. I gave my number despite her protest, but I guessed she intended not to call me since I promised not to call her first. I was still hoping and impatiently waiting for two days to see her again at her sister's wedding.

I always wondered what she was doing every day. I even imagined her riding Queen. Did Ben give her a hard time? I talked to Finley over the phone but I chickened out every time I wanted to ask him about Blaine. And since when I can't pull my shit together?

I tapped the pen on the new empty sheet. Hopelessly, I put the pen down and leaned my back on my chair, clasped my hands behind my head, and squeezed my tired eyes shut.

"Hello, twinnie!" Saph's voice jolted me to sit straight. Her dashing smile brightened my mood right away.

"sup, Lady Gaga?" I teased, grinning at her sudden glare. It annoyed her when I called her by that name, and she was aware I was mocking her. Saph loved every Lady Gaga's song and memorized every lyric in all albums. It pissed me off because I couldn't fully understand why she loved her music when there was some music worth listening for.

"You didn't go to dinner, brother." She took a seat on my desk after throwing her bag on the empty chair.

"Hmm."

"That's all?"

"I called mom that I was tired, and I stayed at my room all night if you doubted I broke our deal."

She grinned sheepishly. "Another week won't kill you. So, tell me what was that frown all about?"

"Frown?" I looked up at her with brows drawn together.

"Yep, when I came in, and don't lie to me, Xandry, I'm your twin remember? I can sense when something is troubling you." She met my gaze with a concerned look.

"I'm good, Saph." I grabbed her hand and squeezed it.

"That's not gonna work. Pyke and Cam mentioned a blonde during your trip and you didn't tell me something about it."

I rolled my eyes and snorted. "Of course, they did."

"So, are you gonna share it with me? And you promised not to keep secrets from me again, brother."

I inwardly groaned when she used the word promise between us. "I was thinking to open a new restaurant in that town. Dad might agree with the plan since they have only two restaurants with over two hundred thousand pop. What do you think about my idea?" Changing the subject might help her stop asking about this issue. I glanced at Saph who just gave me a blank look.

"Come on, sis. Help me with this idea. I want Dad's approval."

"You want to open another five-star restaurant with only two hundred thousand heads, are you insane?" she asked, looking at me as if I was out of my goddamn mind.

"It doesn't have to be a five star, Saph, and I don't need to use our restaurant's name."

"And what name will you give?" Her brow arched. "Bumblebee? Bubble Guppy? Blue moon? Bloody hell? Blue balls? Beautiful Blaine?" Her lips curved into a smile—a widened mischief smile, and that made my eyes narrow at her.

"What else did you know about her?"

"That you can't keep your eyes off of her and she happened to be Kyland's future sister-in-law?"

"What else, Saphoera?" My face tightened. I didn't like the idea that she had to find it out from someone else. I was planning on telling her if I had already a chance to win over Blaine.

"That's all. We just talked about her when Mom informed me that you couldn't come for dinner."

I stared at her intently, but I knew Saph was not a type to lie at me. "It was nothing, Saph. She didn't like me but I still found her interesting." I lied. Because the more she pushed me away the more I wanted to pull her closer to me.

I knew she felt our connection. That infuriated me. I've never been confused in my entire life on why she had to fight against it. We were both single and consenting adults so what was wrong to have some fun? And it might lead to something more--something special. I knew it would feel amazing once we shared something together.

"Tell me about her." Saph walked to the chair and sat so that she could face me.

I shrugged and shook my head. I didn't know how I was going to tell her because she might laugh her ass out of my stupidity. "Well, she's beautiful."

Saph groaned with annoyance, "Of course, she is, otherwise you won't give a second look. I want to know what do you like in her, brother, and I know you have something to tell me better than that."

"Um, she's nice."

"Ugh! You're awful." Her face reddened, lips curled in irritation.

"Fine, she has the gorgeous teal blue eyes, beautiful face with tiny dimples just beside her pink full lips, shorter than you in two inches, has a gorgeous ass and tits. Um, she flirted back there but never been snarky and bitchy. Interestingly, I felt the tension between us, but she tried to fight it. I was a little pushy, but she never gave in into my charms. I gave her my number, but she never called me or even a hello, and that's depressing!" I threw my hands in the air and sighed exasperatingly.

"Ouch."

I shot her a glare. "That's it? After my long speech, all you have to say is a single word Ouch?"

"So, are you going to be serious about this?"

I leaned back and rubbed my face. "I don't know, Saph. I had a few rejections but didn't hurt me the way she did. She's just... I don't know, sweet? Stubborn?"

"Sweet? Maybe you're barking up the wrong tree, Xandry. You've never slept with a sweet and innocent girl before." The problem is she's not that innocent.

"I don't know. It's hard to explain but I like her and she's the only tree I want to bark. I don't know why I expected her to call me. She's far and I'm sure she already forget about me." The disappointment coated in my voice was thick. Saph noticed it too.

"Maybe I can help you, brother, but I want to make sure if you really like her and she's not only your one-night stand girl."

"I know why she's guarded, sis." I sat back straight and stroked my brow. "A jerk hurt her, and she thought I was just like him."

"Oh, that's terrible, no wonder she's guarded, and she thought you will just do the same. But you said she likes you too."

"Yeah, not verbally but I could see it in her eyes, her gestures, and her... kiss."

My sister bolted upright. "Wait! You two already kissed."

Why did she sound surprised by her brother? Didn't she know my charisma over women?

"Yeah." I licked my lips and smiled at her. I could still remember the feeling of her sweet supple lips on me, her moan, shudder, whimper, and her touch were just like yesterday. My stomach fluttered at the thought of seeing her again in two days.

"Holy! And?" She sat down and giggled, eyes glowing in eagerness.

"Are you sure you want to know the details?" I cocked my brow.

"I'm not asking you to elaborate on the details. I want to know what happened after that."

"Nothing. She ran back to her room then when I talked to her in the morning she said that was the problem because she liked it but that's it."

"It's because you're hundreds of miles away, Xandry." She curled her lips into a sad smile.

"That's why I'm asking your help with the restaurant, Saph, please? I might get a chance to talk to her again in two days but that's all, then what's next?" I groaned in frustration.

"Silly, sometimes you're stupid. Get a vacation, idiot."

"That's harsh. Silly, stupid, and an idiot? Did you forget we shared an amniotic sac? It means—"

"Stop it and focus on how to plan Project Blaine."

"Okay, I'm all ears."

"Okay, first be patient." Her words made me scratch my head.

"I don't have that."

"Then have it, brother."

I rolled my eyes. "Okay, what's next?"

"Be nice to her."

"I can do that. I mean I was nice to her. Okay, maybe a little pushy but I didn't do anything inappropriate."

"Be honest."

"I was brutally honest, in fact, I told her that I lost in a bet and I'm a man-whore." I cringed at the last word. I totally admitted that my rep preceded me.

"That's good. Then you need to take at least a month vacation and stay there."

My eyes widened. "What?"

“Yes, prove it that you’re not an ass anymore, Xandry.”

“There is another important thing you have to know, Saph.”

“What is it? Did you knock-up someone?”

“No, I didn’t, silly. Blaine has a boy. And she’s a package deal.”

Chapter 10

They're Just Friends

BLAINE

Camila hired a team to make the bride-to-be looked stunning. It led by Antoine who was humming in the enormous bridal suite to Bianca's favorite song. The entire room smelled roses—her favorite flower plus there were roses everywhere in different colors and sizes— I could see Cam pampered her so much.

She raised the Champagne flute in her reflection through the mirror with the most beautiful smile I've ever seen from her, then gushed, "I'm getting married, sissy!"

Normally, when talking about marriage it made my stomach twist and shoot a searing pain in my heart, but today it was my sister's day and I couldn't be any happier for her than anyone in this world.

Unlike me, it was like bringing disgrace to my family for having a kid out of wedlock, but my family was supportive, accepted Ben, and loved him unconditionally.

I took the Champagne flute from her hand, smiling back. "You're getting married, future Mrs. Wright." I sipped and placed it down. "You're not drinking that."

"I know but I still have to sip at the reception." Bianca rubbed her baby bumped beneath her silk robe.

In two hours, she will be marrying the man who worshiped her and not just to be her husband but to be the father of her baby in her womb.

"I noticed Xandry was gawking at you like you were the last truffle on the planet." She smiled genuinely. This was the first time we talked alone after they flew back last week.

I took another sip of the Champagne that supposed to be hers. I needed a little of this on my system when discussing Xandry. "I'm sure you know him better and warn me to stay away from him, B."

"I know, Blaine. Kyland and Pyke were just like him before they have me and Cam. My point is, you're missing something big just to live in the past. Remember when I got home because of my ex? That was humiliating, and I hated guys over the years, but that old me changed when I met Kyland. I supposed to stay away from him because he screamed bad news and he's my best friend's cousin, but I couldn't just control the pull when he was in front of me."

I held her hands and smiled at her. "I've never seen this coming that you're marrying a hot tattooed and a pierced guy, but I'm so happy for you, B."

"I know, right? But we are not talking about me right now."

I rolled my eyes. "This is your wedding day, aren't we suppose to talk about you?"

"Blaine, it's okay to learn from your mistakes, but you should try and explore other things out of your comfort zone. You're a young mom and did a good job on that part, so it's about time to look after yourself. Talk to guys, go out on a date, fool around, and enjoy hot sex."

"Oh, my God! What happened to my sister?" I burst into laughter. The hairstylist shrugged and smiled at me like he just confirmed my sister was right.

"You're hot, Blaine. Yesterday Xandry came to me before we left to pick you all at the airport. I knew he was about to ask something about you, so I cut him off to back off and say my sister is not his sex toy when it stops working he can throw and buy a new one."

My mouth gaped at what Bianca just announced, and I couldn't help but listen to her intently.

"He said, I know you're gonna say that but I'm not asking permission from you. I just come here to tell you if Kyland and Pyke have the right to fucking live happily ever after, I do have too, quote and unquote." Bianca grinned from ear to ear.

"To be honest, he's not the type of guy that I want to bring to our parents. He's kinda lewd, forward, pushy—"

"But hot as hell?"

"Okay, he's handsome—"

"You mean gorgeous? Do you know he—"

"Had a bet over Cam and had a lot of sex, in short, a man-whore? Yeah, he told me."

"Oh, good. You don't have to bring him to Mom and Dad, Blaine and if he will invite you over a cup of coffee, a dinner, or a drink just say yes." She looked at me in the eyes. "When was the last time you had sex? I mean a hot kind of sex."

"B!" Everyone in the room gave me an innocent shrugged as if they didn't hear anything kind of looked, and it made my face heat of embarrassment.

"That's what I thought. You need serious lube to your dry vagina," she said like it was normal to talk like this with all these people around.

"B, did Kyland do this to you?" I laughed at the absurdity.

"Maybe and maybe not." She just shrugged it off.

"It's just, there is something about him that I can't pinpoint."

"Like he's giving you butterflies in your stomach? And he's sex on a stick?"

"He didn't and no."

"Liar!"

"He's too cocky and—"

"You like cocky, in fact, you're asshole ex is cocky."

"That's the problem."

"Blaine, he can blow your mind and make you forget about his cockiness. I'm five months pregnant but we still have hot sex."

"Stop it, I need to go and check our parents." I jerked to stand up and made my way toward the door before she could change my mind. I blew a kiss for her. I didn't want to ruin her make up that those people worked hard for it.

"I love you, Blaine."

"I love you too, B."

Kyland and Bianca got married at the huge garden in front of the beautiful Victorian mansion of late Cameron King. B was wearing a straight cut maternity wedding gown with intricately beaded waistband emphasizing her baby bump. I, on the other hand, chose a dusty pink gown with A-line lace back and an illusion cut on the front. The bridesmaids were wearing elegant sheath pink dresses and the groomsmen wore dark grey tux except for the groom and his best man, Levi who both wore black tuxedos.

I shed tears when they exchanged vows. No matter how bitter I was about marriage, I was still so happy for both of them.

Xandry caught me checking him out a couple of times. He was gorgeous as hell in a tux and a dark blonde slicked-back hair. I tried to avoid him throughout the ceremony and at the reception, until it was my turn to slow dance with Daddy.

"Can I cut in, Bob?" Xandry tapped Daddy's shoulder.

"It's about time." Daddy kissed my cheek, tapping Xandry's shoulder then left us alone. Then I was in Xandry's arm and the music suddenly changed into slow.

He took my hand with his and slid down the other on my back, making his fingers touch my exposed skin. Damn, it feels good.

"You're holding me tight," I said in a shaky voice.

"I'm making sure you won't run and avoid me again."

I pulled my head back and scowled. "I'm not avoiding you."

"What do you call in avoiding my gaze, every time I walked closer to you, you walked away, every time our gaze met you looked away, huh? Ben talked to me and gave me a hug, said he missed me and you on the other hand?"

"I was not avoiding you," I mumbled.

"Call it whatever you want, Blaine, but you look beautiful tonight."

"Thank you. Not bad yourself either."

"I know, you kept gawking at me."

"Aren't you too—"

"Just shush. I missed you. Why didn't you call me?" He pulled me closer making my breasts press against his broad chest and not giving me a chance to pull away, then he dipped down to whisper in my ear. "Can't wait to kiss you again."

His words were like a promise--it made me shiver, and my body hummed in anticipation. "There will be no again."

I pulled myself when I felt him loosen his grip. I could feel his disappointment, but that didn't stop me from walking away.

I found my son dancing with Camila. "Hey, guys! Seems you both enjoy dancing together."

"Hey, Mommy. I'm dancing with Cam." Camila let him turn around making him laugh.

"Looks like you are, big guy." I looked at Cam who looked beautiful than ever. "God, your home is gorgeous."

"Thank you. The caretaker did an excellent job of maintaining the house for two decades." We took a seat in front of the bar counter. Ben was already with Mom.

"So, when is the wedding?" The bartender placed down our drinks. I grabbed mine and took a sip of the sweet and bitter taste of the Phoenix's princess.

"We don't have an official date yet, but Pyke wants it even next month, or at the end of this year."

“Wow, he’s that eager for you to be a Mrs. Hughes, huh? I’m so happy for you, Cam.” I genuinely said, squeezing her hand, and she squeezed it back.

“You’ll find your Mr. Right, Blaine, and I’m glad you loosen up a bit.”

I chuckled. “I did miss a lot of my life, didn’t I?”

“Not really, you’re still young, and you have a lot of life ahead of you. Let’s just say, you just open another page of your life right now.” Her eyes shifted to my side.

I followed her gaze and that was when I saw their friend, Megan was laughing at whatever Xandry was whispering in her ear. It made me scowl a little bit in annoyance like a jealous girlfriend. He just said he missed me not long ago and now he was already flirting with someone else.

“Don’t mind them, they’re just friends, and I know Megan won’t sleep with Xandry when his brain is fuzzy with someone else.”

I returned to Camila whose already smiling mischievously at me. “What?”

“Something really changed with Xandry lately.”

Before I could answer Cam, a woman’s voice made us look over to our left in unison.

“Cam!” A gorgeous blonde was wearing a white slicked dress walked towards us with a huge smile on her face. Her features and blue eyes lit up, and she looked so familiar as soon as she got closer

Chapter 11

She's Drunk, Xandry

XANDRY

My sister walked to Cam and Blaine with a huge smile on her face. I prayed inwardly and hoped she was not going to spill embarrassing stories about me.

Focusing back to the woman in front of me, Megan giggled when I mentioned about Finley, though she stole glances more to Riley than him.

"I'm not sleeping with a country guy," she protested.

"And why is that?"

"It would be hard for us even for a booty call, duh." She rolled her eyes, sipping her drinks.

I smiled broadly. "But you like him."

Her brow raised in disbelief. "You're serious about it? Since when you're doing a matchmaking thingy?"

"I am not. Look, Meg, give him a chance. He's a good guy."

"And he looks like have a huge dick."

I barked into laughter, shaking my head in amusement. Seriously, this woman never filtered her mouth. "There is only one way to find out." I stood up. "See you later, Meg."

"Go, get your girl."

"Soon to be." I winked and walked away.

I lowered my pace when I noticed sissy looked so engrossed over their conversation. They looked like they were planning on some pranks, then suddenly barked into laughter making me stop to a halt.

Thankfully, the bride announced the obligatory bouquet tossing. The single ladies including my sister gathered in front of the large staircase ready to catch the bouquet.

Seriously, was she going to catch that? I didn't hear Rexwell talking about marriage, but they seemed happy together. And I'd loved to hear it before my sister would pop out a kid.

Blaine sauntered to the girls beside Cam. I leaned on the counter and grabbed my drink as I watched them readied. My heart did a little thundering inside my chest if Blaine would possibly catch the flowers. Does it mean she'll gonna get married next? A sudden wave of nausea twisted in the pit of my stomach to the thought of Blaine was getting married to the other guy.

My jaw locked painfully that my teeth would crack if the bartender didn't pull me out of my deep thoughts.

"The glass will break in your hand, man."

I looked at him and that was how I missed who caught the bouquet. A sudden roar from the crowd caught my attention.

Shit!

Camila jumped up and down showing the bouquet in her hand. I thanked God under my breath and poured the drink into my mouth.

Then it was the turn for the groom to throw the garter. Of course, my stupid pussy-whipped cousin was on the front line. I chuckled and said, "I'm not needed there, right?"

I watched Kyland walked to the staircase where his wife stood before. "Come here, dumbass or I will throw you out of the house!" Kyland waved and yelled at me.

"I'm not gonna catch that garter and slip it into Cam's leg, skinny-ass," I protested.

"Just come here, bro," Pyke called. Levi, Finley, and Riley were already there. Forrest was brooding but he stood still without protest.

"Fine, but I won't catch that thing." I walked towards them and stood at the back like a statue. Before I could blink Pyke already jumped to catch the garter. In one quick move, the garter was on his hand.

"Hell yeah!"

I clapped my hands and shook my head. "No one dares to catch that, pussy-whipped."

"Soon, you'll be the new member." He winked.

The DJ played the song and blared on the speaker, and the crowd roared as soon as Pyke slipped the garter on Cam, then they started dancing, and so as everyone.

I sat back at the bar and ordered another drink as I watched Blaine swaying her hips with her cousin. If I haven't known they were cousins I'm damn pissed off and already ripped his hands off of Blaine. I admitted that I'm kind of an Alpha ass when it came to her which was weird because I

never cared any woman even I just had sex with, but with Blaine, I wanted her all by myself. Period.

“Wanna dance?” Meg asked.

I shook my head. “You should go and dance with Riley.”

“I turned him down.”

My brow furrowed. “Why?”

“Because he’s hot and just by his touch could light me into a fire.”

“And what’s wrong with that?”

Meg took a seat beside me. “You don’t get it, do you?”

I looked at her, more confused. “No.”

“God, you’re so dumb, Xandry. I don’t want a relationship. Don’t you get it? And he looks like a guy who wakes up early morning to make breakfast and bring it to bed and kiss me each morning. I love sex, but I’m not the right girl for him.”

“Tell him then.”

“I know for a fact once I sleep with him I can’t have sex with anyone again. I want him again and again and until he will fall for me. I can’t break B’s cousin’s heart.”

“You have a heart, Meg. You might like him too. Try him. Maybe he’s the right person who can mend your broken heart.”

She laughed bitterly. “I like him. And I’m not broken, Xandry.”

“Then what are you afraid of?”

“I’m damaged.” That’s it. She left me alone dumbfounded. I closed my mouth when I couldn’t see her head from the crowd anymore.

I found out where Blaine and her family checked in one of the King’s hotel. Thanks to Pyke I got a hotel room just right next to Blaine’s.

I left ahead of them and listened to the noise from the outside of my room like a creepy stalker. I showered and changed into a shirt and sweatpants. I lied down and watched the damn clock every damn ten minutes. No, every minute, and waited patiently for them to come.

An hour passed by, there were still no signs of them. I stood up and walked to the door in dismay. I opened it and leaned my head against the doorjamb, crossing my arms over my chest and waited.

Where is she?

I yawned loudly and rubbed the back of my neck, then my phone rang suddenly. I sprinted towards the bed, grabbing my phone and answered. "Yup?"

"Man, thank, god. I can't find a hotel. How many King's are in this city?"

I laughed in amusement over Riley's question. "Seven."

"Fuck you, King's!"

"Don't you have a driver with you?"

"We have but I told him to the same hotel as to where Kyland and Bianca's, then he already left. We are stuck here in the lobby."

"Idiot, that's not the same hotel as to where you're staying. They are staying near the airport because they have an early flight tomorrow for a honeymoon."

"Come on, man, I don't wanna disturb the newlyweds. How do we get back?"

"Give the phone to the receptionist."

"I'll give it Finley because Blaine is already sleeping on my lap."

"What the fuck?"

"Calm down. She sleeps when she gets drunk."

"Give it to Finley," I quickly replied.

"Hey, man, sorry for the bother."

"It's alright and let me talk to the receptionist. Do you want to stay in that hotel or do you want the old one?"

"If it's possible I want to go to our hotel. Our things are still there."

Poor country guys.

"No one will touch your things but you might wanna change your clothes. Just let me talk to the receptionist." I heard heavy footsteps of Finley over the phone. Then faint voices of him and a female voice must be the receptionist.

"Mr. Williams, good morning, how may I help you. I'm Anne of King's Hotel."

"Yes, Anne. Good morning. Call a valet to send my friends back to Manhattan."

"Anything else, sir?"

"That's all, thank you."

"You're welcome, sir."

Forty minutes later, I quickly opened the door when I heard shuffling and muffled voices.

"Thank fuck!" Finley remarked.

"That didn't take long," I affirmed.

"Yeah, thank you, man. This woman will get her lecture when she wakes up in the morning." Riley carried sleeping Blaine in a bridal style.

"Shit! I didn't have her bag," Riley announced.

"Shit. Let her sleep in my bed. I'll sleep on the couch," Finley replied.

The wheels in my brain suddenly worked. "That won't be necessary, bring her into my room. I've got a large bed and a huge couch."

They both looked at each other in disapproval.

"Look, If you think of me as an asshole, and you're both right, but I'm not into a drunk girl who won't even remember what I did to her when she wakes up. I'm just suggesting." I shrugged innocently, shoving my hands into my pockets.

"Yeah, I really need a soft bed tonight and I'm totally drained to even argue with sleeping arrangements," Riley agreed.

"Bring her in." I opened the door wider and walked inside. "If you don't trust me you can all sleep here and I'll take yours." I hoped they wouldn't agree.

"No, man. I already bothered you a lot." Riley placed down Blaine on my bed, and she stirred, dipping her face on my pillow.

My heart warmed at the thought of her liking my smell. But she's drunk, Xandry.

"See you in the morning, man. Thanks so much!" They both shook my hands and bid goodbye.

I locked the door, glancing down at sleeping Blaine with a smile on my face. I yanked my shirt over my head and pushed down my sweatpants. "Look how fate brought us together, Blaine. I was just dreaming of sleeping beside you and now it's going to come true."

Chapter 12

What About Us?

BLAINE

Oh God, this was a total disaster! My head was pounding and my throat was dry. I opened my eyes and wandered around. I'm definitely not in my room. This was way bigger than mine, but I saw my suitcase beside the door. I was about to drag my feet out of the bed when I noticed I was wearing the same dress. How the hell did I get in here?

I was pretty sure I was dancing with my cousin and drinking at the bar, then I just fell in love with that drink and I couldn't just stop drinking until I felt the effect of the alcohol on my system and it was too late to stop.

I lied back down and stiffened when I smelled the pillow. Damn! How can I forget this smell? The same smell when I knocked on his door and the same smell when I danced with him last night.

Sitting straight on the bed, I felt suddenly dizzy. I massaged my temple when I noticed a shadow hovering over me. I slowly tilted my chin and ta-da! The white towel wrapped around his narrow waist, his eight packs abs making my fingers tingle. Then I glanced up at the handsome face of Xandry, freshly showered. His hair was still damped, droplets of water ran down his exposed shoulders to his broad chest.

Shit me! This is crazy!

"Morning, sweetheart," he greeted with delight.

I covered my face with my hands, feeling mortified. I'm sure I looked like shit—with bedhead, smeared makeup, and had a terrible headache. Could I possibly have sex with him last night? I pressed my thighs together in response. No. Did I hit on him? Maybe—

"I'm sure you would remember that, sweetheart. And you're sore, probably can't walk for a week, and you're still naked." He offered me a glass of water and a bottle of painkillers.

"Oh, god! You're a God's gift." I took the water from his hand making our fingers graze. There you go again, even in my fuzzy state I still had reactions.

He gave me two tablets, and I swallowed them immediately and drank the water in a gulp.

"Thank you, Xandry." My voice was coated with regret and disappointment in myself. How could I be so reckless and got myself drunk? I felt guilty—

“Shit! I need to go.” I stood up and searched for my purse.

“Sweetheart, you go take a quick shower, that would make you feel better.” He said coolly and held my arm.

“No, thank you. What time is it? Oh, god, I’m such a terrible mother,” I said, rushing out my words.

“Blaine, stop and calm down. You still have a hangover.” Xandry followed me and held my arm again.

“Let me go, Xandry.” I jerked from his grip.

“Blaine, if you think something happened between us last night, don’t think so low of me now. Don’t get me wrong, I’d love to do that, but I want you to remember it as the best sex of your life. You slept on your way back and your cousins forgot to bring your bag, so I suggested that you could stay in my room instead of asking for a key card at the reception.”

“I’m sorry if I bothered you last night.” I turned to face him. God, he looked so yummy and very aphrodisiac in the morning.

“Enough ogling me, I’m starting to get a hard-on, Blaine.” He smirked and found it amusing while I felt guilty for thinking of him as hot.

“I’m not ogling at you. At least wear something because you’re distracting me.” I rolled my eyes and grabbed my shoes on the floor when he turned his back.

“You’re not going anywhere, Blaine.”

I inwardly groaned when he caught me tiptoeing to sneak out of his room. “I have a son, Xandry.”

“I know and never forget that, but you will have breakfast with me before I send you to your room.”

“That sounds great, but I really should go and thanks for letting me sleep in your bed.” My stomach suddenly growled. Embarrassing.

“Stubborn as hell. I called your mom when I woke up and told them you passed out last night, and you will call as soon as you wake up. I also checked up on Ben, but he was still sleeping, so stop worrying about them, Blaine.”

My shoulders drooped in defeat. Xandry drew the curtain causing the sunlight to stream inside his room. There were two chairs and a small coffee table on the corner and in front of the window, and now I saw the beautiful skyscrapers shining like gems from the outside.

“Go freshen up if you don’t want to shower. Cam’s driver sent your purse and it’s on top of the chair. I went to your room and brought your suitcase if you might wanna change into something comfortable. I will call room service and it’s almost lunch.”

“You won’t let me go, do you?”

“Let’s have breakfast, Blaine. I’m starving.”

“Fine and I could use some caffeine. Can I take a shower first?” I dragged my suitcase to the bathroom door.

“Go ahead.”

“And um, Xandry?”

He looked at me, brow arched. The look alone made the kaleidoscope to flutter wildly on my stomach.

“I’m expecting you already fully dress when I get out of the bathroom.”

“Are you sure you don’t wanna invite me in?” He smirked, but I knew he was just joking. “I was in a hurry and thought you might escape if I took long in the shower.”

“No, and that was not my fault.” I shut the door, making him chuckle.

I dried my hair and changed to a ruffle cotton eyelet top, dark blue pants, and three inches red plumps Bianca gave me during their visit. I applied light make up to look presentable in front of Xandry. Admittedly, I wanted to look good because he intimidated me and made my insecurities to raise high like the skyscrapers surrounding us.

How could he look so gorgeous at all angles? I wondered why he didn’t audition to be an actor or a fashion model because he definitely belonged there.

“Wow, you look gorgeous as always.” Xandry was already wearing a dark blue button-down shirt and dark jeans. His hair was always unruly that made him looked ruggedly masculine and fresh.

“You looked fully dress too.” I inwardly chuckled at my stupidity, but I managed to return the smile.

“Hope you like what I ordered,” he said as he sat down, placing the phone into his lap.

There were several kinds of food on the table—slices of Baguette, cream cheese, hummus drizzled with olive oil, olives, pita bread, scrambled eggs, pancakes, and two cups of steaming coffee.

“Who else will join us for brunch?” I asked as I sat down on the empty chair across the table.

"Me, you, sexy Blaine, and hot Xandry." He took a plate and place a small portion of each food and handed it to me.

"Thank you. I bet he is."

"I know, and she is definitely sexy." He took another plate, putting the same as he offered to me.

I started eating my food, and we stole glances at each other in silence. "That was so embarrassing," I said out of the blue.

"What was it?" He sipped his coffee, glancing at me. His eyes were dancing with humor.

"What I did last night. That wouldn't happen again."

"It's okay to drink, Blaine, as long as you won't get yourself drunk alone."

"Yeah, but I was stupid. I just like the taste of the drink the bartender offered, and I'm a light drinker."

"I bet you were. What did you drink anyway?"

"Phoenix's princess?" I said with uncertainty.

Xandry dabbed his lips with a napkin and laughed. "Are you sure?" His eyes gleamed in amusement.

"That's what the bartender said last night." I shrugged.

"Well, you're right. That's Dad's favorite for mom's."

My eyes widened in realization. "Oh my, God! The name." I laughed and shook my head in disbelief. "How did I not think of that?"

"Because you were bowled over with that drink. Dad was broken beyond repair when he broke up with mom. He went every night for a month to the Night Stalker Club now owned by Pyke. He was getting tired of what he had every night, so he mixed something for himself and taught the bartender. And for the whole month, he ordered the same drinks, then it was named after him when he kept babbling about his princess every time he got drunk." He smiled that could melt iron.

"Wow! That's so sweet. Your dad loved your mom so much back then."

"Yeah, Mom tried to fight her feelings for Dad because he was a playboy before they met, but Dad was determined, persuasive and a little presumptuous. He went to school and asked mom for a lunch date because he thought mom was avoiding him."

"They broke up for some reason, but Dad never stopped sending her book every day for three months to show her how much he loves her."

I felt my face wet and didn't realize I was already crying until Xandry's thumb was wiping my tears.

"I didn't mean to make you cry, sweetheart."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to cry too. It was a beautiful love story." I laughed nervously, wiping my tears away and shrugged. "I guess I'm just a hopeless romantic."

"It was beautiful indeed. Do you believe in happily ever after, Blaine? Do you believe in destiny?" He asked and looked at me in the eyes intently making my heart pound harder in my chest.

"I believe in those, Xandry, though I know it mostly happened in the movies, in books with fairy tales' ending. But I believe Bianca and Kyland are destined to be together, so as Pyke and Cam, my parents, and your parents—"

"What about us?"

Chapter 13

I'm Not Gonna Kiss You, Sweetheart

XANDRY

What the fuck was I thinking back there? And she just shrugged, asking me back the same question with sarcasm. I like her, that was for sure, otherwise, I'm not doing all this shit that I've never done before. And whatever this tension between us I knew this was just sexual frustrations and nothing couldn't do with jacking off or a woman to scratch my itch when my deal with Saph was over. But every time I thought of another woman made my stomach twist and my cock didn't show interest.

Blaine was devastatingly sexy, but why am I not jumping on her yet? Ridiculous, wasn't it? She was like a forbidden fruit on my reach but protected with an unbreakable shield. And her focus was on raising her child and not some sick relationship with someone like me. So, I'm a goner.

The fact that I'm not breaking a deal with Saph made me believe that I had actually self-control over temptations and abstinence wouldn't kill anyone has a hormone, would it?

"Mommy!" Ben launched into his mom, and Blaine lifted him as if they've never seen for years.

"Oh, big guy, you're getting heavier." Blaine hugged her son and put it down, kissing his entire face.

"Gross." Ben looked cute wrinkling his nose and wiping off his face.

"That's not nice. Did you miss me?" Blaine asked, rubbing the tiny arm of Ben.

He nodded then glanced up at me with a wide toothy-grinned. "Nana and Dada said we're going out with Sandry."

Blaine looked surprised and stood up, giving me a quizzical looked.

I shoved my hands in my pocket and shrugged. "Bianca and Kyland left for Paris this morning and Carissa met your parents already, I think it was the right time for your family to have dinner with me so, what do you think?"

"We already agreed, Blaine. Up to you if you want to stay in the hotel all night." Bob stood up and shook hands with me.

I hope she won't.

Brenda kissed my cheek and Blaine's. "We're leaving tomorrow morning, sweetie."

"Fine. How about—"

"That's them," Bob announced and opened the door, then Max, Miranda, and the twins emerged from the door.

"Hey, Xandry. Where are you taking us for dinner?" Finley asked excitedly.

"Wait, how come I wasn't aware of this?" Blaine countered.

"Because you will say, Oh, no thanks, Xandry, that won't be necessary. I was already a bother to you for sleeping in your bed last night. I know I snore and dro—" Finley stopped imitating Blaine's voice when he got a hit on his arm.

"You allowed me to drink." Blaine's face was famed pink.

"You two enough," Max reprimanded.

Finley just laughed at his Dad. I suddenly remembered Saph and my parents when we had a fight over small things.

"Um, our car will be here in thirty. We can go down to the lobby if everyone is ready," I cut off.

"Don't you think it's too early for dinner, Xandry?" Blaine's eyes quickly came back to me, asking hesitantly.

"Just shut up, Blaine." Riley wrapped his arms around her and squeezed her tightly.

She groaned and struggled with all her effort to loosen from Riley's hug. "Ouch! You're so huge. What's wrong with you guys?"

Blaine glared at her cousin when she got free, then to me making my smirk instantly fade.

I shrugged, looking innocent while my hands were busy with Ben, lifting himself and used me as a swing, which I didn't mind at all. This boy grew on me as quickly as I liked Blaine.

My phone vibrated, I excused from Ben, fished out my phone in my jacket's pocket.

"Excuse me." I walked out of the door and pressed the answer button.

"Dad?"

"Where are you?" Dad's voice sounded firm and pissed off.

What had I done wrong this time?

"I'm still at the hotel, what's wrong, Dad?" I asked quickly because I couldn't discuss with him over the phone when I had a plan on taking Blaine's family for dinner.

"Tell me, Xandry."

My brows furrowed. "I honestly don't know what you're talking about, Dad. Care to tell?"

"Do you think I don't know you booked the yacht?"

Fuck! I will strangle you, twinnie.

"Dad, I can explain."

"That's not how to impress a girl, Xandry."

"Dad, I'm not trying to impress anyone."

Dad seemed to relax. "Then tell me what you're doing?"

"I don't you, ask your daughter."

Dad barked into a laugh. "I see, okay."

Wait, did he just laughed at me?

"Wait!" The line beeped. Did he just hang up on me?

"That old man!"

My phone beeped for an incoming message from the driver I contacted earlier. I quickly replied and got back inside.

Max asked, "Is everything okay?"

"Yup." I smiled genuinely. "Is everyone ready?"

The twins yelled in unison. "Let's go!"

We rode in two separate elevators. Blaine's eyes widened when she realized we left alone in one of the elevators. Everyone including Ben rode with her parents.

"Wanna go with them too?" I raised my brows before I pressed the L button.

"Sure."

I quickly grabbed her arm when she stepped forward. "One more step, your family will wait in the lobby for an hour. I will press you against this elevator wall and taste every inch that I'd missed the last time I did, Blaine. Your choice," I said firmly, sounding serious as fuck that made her stiffen like a movie character turning into a stone.

"Good. Now come here," I ordered. My voice deepened and I felt the temperature suddenly raised high.

She moved backward but not close enough for us to touch. She was slightly tense and I knew she could feel me being aroused without even looking at me.

I wrapped my arm around her waist, clenching my jaw, and did everything I could to control myself from grabbing her and feel her against me. "Relax. I'm not gonna kiss you, sweetheart. Don't get me wrong, I'm dying here, but a kiss won't be enough for my satisfaction."

"Do you always talk like this?" Her voice was a little bit shaky.

"Like what?"

"Innuendos."

"I have a dirty mouth and a shitty brain. Added to that, I am left alone with an extremely dangerous damn sexy woman as fuck in the elevator. The dirty thoughts of what I imagine doing to you are running in and out of my brain as we speak. I had never felt these burning needs, Blaine, but I had to pull back not to break the barriers, do you know how difficult is that for me?"

"You're such a lewd," she chuckled nervously, "I'm not going to sleep with you, Xandry."

"I know, sweetheart," I chuckled too. At least not now.

I barely holding my control with my blood was raging up in my entire body and the nonsensical thoughts fuzzing my brain didn't do any good either.

She quickly turned around to face me with narrowed eyes like lit torches. "Then why are you having so fun torturing me with sex talk?"

I smirked. "Because you tortured me worse."

She gasped with wide teal blue eyes and slightly dilated pupils. She swallowed, pink crept on her gorgeous face.

My eyes landed on her full red painted lips. Now, I was the one swallowing hard. My cock jerked and hardened painfully and too difficult to ignore.

Fuck. Me.

Before I could grab the back of her head. The door slid opened.

I cursed all the curses known to mankind under my breath.

The same arrangement of the car ride which will take forty-five minutes to our destination without traffic. Finley, Riley with Ben joined us and let their parents ride with the SUV alone.

"Have you seen a sea, Ben?" I asked him who was sandwiched between the two huge wolves at the back of my car.

He shook his head.

"Do you want to see a boat?"

He nodded repeatedly, eyes glimmered with excitement.

"Where exactly are you taking us, Xandry?"

"Nothing really dangerous, Blaine. Just relax." I groaned when my phone vibrated. I ignored it, but I could feel Blaine giving me burning me with a quizzical glare.

I cursed silently and grabbed my phone. I didn't know why I had this idea that I didn't want her to think the call was from a woman. Am I turning into a pussy-whipped?

"Answer it, Xandry. That might be important," said Blaine annoyingly.

"Yeah, could be your girlfriend." Riley smiled with mischief.

"Really?" I glanced at him over the rearview mirror, and his smile widened.

"Blaine, did you call me?" I asked her, shifting my gaze to the passenger seat.

She ignored my question and shot me a glare. Her cousins laughed loudly causing Ben to covered his ears.

"So smooth, man. Smooth move." Finley clapped his hands. His body shook with laughter.

"That's not funny, Xandry," Blaine sneered, crossing her arms over her chest. And I couldn't help but grin because she reacted exactly as I figured.

"You're kinda acting like a jealous girlfriend over there, Blaine Noelle." Riley wiped his tears from his eyes.

She shifted from her seat. "You will pay for this, Riley Adam." Her frown deepened. "And you Xandry, just wait for my payback."

"Uh-huh, Are you gonna stay here long to plan for your payback?" Finley asked with amusement.

"I don't have to be here to do it, duh!" she said sarcastically and rolled her eyes.

"Guys, don't make Blaine angry or I will press this exit button and throw you out of the car," I warned them that got their attention.

"Really, this car has ejected seats?"

With a challenge looked over the rearview, I asked, “Want me to try?”

Their eyes widened and quickly held on to the door handle comically making Ben shake to laugh.

I parked the car at the Marina parking area. The twins quickly got out of the car leaving Ben alone. I strode to open for Blaine and helped her out. Ben called out since the two idiots already nowhere to be seen.

The weather was cold but not freezing enough. The air was humid and salty but the sky was clear and safe enough to be in the sea over tonight.

I wanted to give them a good time before they headed back to their hometown. The thought of this was going to be their last night here made my stomach churn.

Then I realized what I was doing. I’m actually trying to impress her.

Chapter 14

Okay, I'm Overreacting

BLAINE

Oh, my God!

I couldn't believe Xandry brought us here in the Marina. I've seen sailboats and ships but not a real yacht—A luxurious, world-class freaking yacht. Damn rich people!

"Hey guys, I'm here!" Saph called out, waving her hand on us.

I thought all the rich city girls were bitchy, gladly, Saph was not one of those people. She was funny, smart, outspoken, and babbly. I could totally see the female version of Xandry on her.

"Blaine!"

Oh hell, no! can I go home now?

No matter how I wanted to experience this yacht, the insecurities hovered over me like thick, dark smoke. She was not just gorgeous like her brother, but she was the definition of perfect, wearing hefty price tags of dress and just her bag, oh, Lord, I've been drooling over it for a month now since I first saw at the official global site.

"Saph." We instantly hugged, kissing each others' cheek like we're best friends and nothing like we just met twenty-four hours ago.

"Hey, Ben. I didn't get a chance to meet you yesterday but I'm Saph, your mom's friend," she cajoled, but Ben clung to my leg tighter, shoving his face against my coat.

"Mommy?" I heard Ben calling my name, but I couldn't take my eyes off of Xandry who was rubbing the back of his neck as if he was not expecting Saph to be here.

"It's okay, Ben. She's Xandry's sister."

"But she's a girl," Ben murmured, and I ran my fingers through his curly hair.

"Yeah, I'm Xandry's sister, see?" Saph turned her face left and right, convincing Ben to see the similarity between them.

"But Uncle Ri and Uncle Vin are guys, and you and Auntie B are girls." His voice was shaky and barely audible.

"Sometimes it's like that, Ben, but I'm a good girl you know, and I love kids." She laughed with amazement.

"Since when?" I almost jumped to Xandry's voice. He was already on my front towering me with a heart-stopping smile on his face.

"Oh, stop it, Xandry. I'm trying to talk to Ben." Saph playfully slapped her twin's leg.

"He doesn't trust anyone easily, Saph. Give the kid a break." Xandry looked down at Saph in front of Ben.

"Sorry about this, Blaine. I don't know my sister will actually be here." Xandry gave me an apologetic look.

"I heard that."

"It's okay, I'd loved her to join us. The more the merrier," I said truthfully, though my stomach quivered at the thought of Saph around. I'm trying to avoid questions about what was between me and Xandry because I absolutely had no idea what was going on between me and him.

"Let's go, sweetheart."

"Let's go, guys," Saph told us with a grin.

"What was that all about?" I asked Xandry as I watched my family marching to the deck with his sister.

"Don't mind Saphoera." He took Ben's hand, and my son willingly grabbed Xandry's.

"You go ahead, Xandry. I'll follow you."

"Why?"

"Your sister is here. Don't you think you should be with her?"

"Blaine, I didn't invite her to this dinner and even so, she doesn't want to be with me. You and your family are my guests."

I shut my mouth up when Ben started talking to Xandry like they were old buddies. Considering my heart hasn't gone back to a normal beat, I didn't have the guts to argue with him. This dinner had cost Xandry thousands of dollars.

Xandry toured us around the yacht. The upper deck had the master and VIP suites with an open balcony, main bar, and a dip pool. A helipad on the sun deck. Guest suites, mini gym, massage, sauna, and Jacuzzi were at the lower part and the dining area, minibar, and kitchen were on the main deck. That was how huge this yacht was.

"This is incredible, Xandry. Do you own this?" Mom asked as we reached the upper deck. Everyone awed in amazement.

"How I wish I can afford one, Brenda. My friend, Sean asks my opinion about this one, this is the third one we checked and hopefully the last," Xandry answered.

So, this is all about, huh? We're here because of his friend.

"How do you like this, Blaine?" he asked me as he gazed around the dining area surrounded by glass windows showcasing the peaceful sea and twinkling lights from the city.

We settled on the long elegant table. Everything looked perfect, from the China wares to the cutlery sets, wine glasses, and single-crystal candle holders. But one thing caught my eyes was the WR intricately embroidered on the table napkin with a red and golden thread. The green and white hydrangeas and pink garden roses as tall centerpiece made my mom's eyes gleam in wonderment. No doubt, Xandry definitely came from a rich family.

"Sweetie, Xandry is asking you." Mom grasped my knee under the table as pairs of eyes pinned on me waiting for my answer.

"It's not that I can afford to buy one, but this is actually ravishing," I praised. Despite the cold weather outside and the room was air-conditioned, his stare still made me sweaty. Where does my confidence go?

"Which part do you like most, Blaine?" Saph asked excitedly.

"Um, the dip pool?" My brow arched as I wasn't sure about my answer.

"I like one of the guest rooms," Finley said.

"Of course, brother," Riley agreed, and I could feel he was inwardly rolling his eyes.

"How about you, Ben? Do you like anything here?" Xandry asked him.

"I like all," he mumbled.

"Of course, you do." Dad ruffled his hair, and Ben giggled with gaiety.

We moved to the lounge area with a dim-lit interior with a famous classic piano piece softly played in the background. Two L shaped maroon seats on the opposite side with a dark glass center table. A grand piano on the corner and the double bass on its side. The Bar was in the far corner with two bartenders on the counter—one with dark skin and the other was Asian.

Ben yawned beside me. I knew it was past his bedtime so I excused from them to avail one of the suites.

"I'll put him to bed, sweetie," Mom volunteered.

"No, Brenda, stay here, please. Let me put him on the bed." Saph stood up.

"No, Saph. I'll do it." Xandry scooped Ben, placing Ben's head on his shoulder before I could blink.

My jaw dropped at his kind gesture, followed by the thousand butterflies fluttering on my stomach, and never in a million years, I thought of Xandry tucking my son to the bed.

Okay, I'm overreacting. But, hey! That's Xandry we are talking about. That was kinda hot watching him reading bedtime storybooks to kids.

"Sit down, Blaine. Let him put Ben to sleep. Ben seems close to my brother and he doesn't like me." Saph pouted.

Riley shook his head. "It's not that he doesn't like you, it's just he has Blaine and he's looking for a daddy figure."

A gasp escaped my mouth. My face heated with embarrassment. I wasn't thinking of Xandry playing the daddy role, but the absence of a father figure for Ben made my heart break.

"He doesn't mean like that, sweetie," Mom cooed.

Dad cleared his throat. "Blaine is fine with it, but she can't stay single all her life, Darlin'. Sooner, she will realize what we are trying to say is for her own good."

"Dad," I groaned.

Why can't he just stop?

I'm quite edgy because, in an instant, I was the hot topic of the night. I was thankful that they talked about this without Xandry around or else I wanted to jump into the sea and swim back to the port.

"Oh, silly. You're still young and attractive, and I'm not telling you to go out on a date with random guys, but at least meet new people like Xandry, Saph, and Megan." Mom smiled with mischief.

I just stared at my parents with utter shock. And what did they think I was doing? Not having friends?

"You really should move here, Blaine. I know one empty apartment just next door to mine. You might wanna extend your stay and I'd love to show you around," Saph suggested gleefully.

"I'm sorry, Saph, but I can't leave them. Thanks for the offer though," I answered genuinely.

"We can take care of ourselves." Dad nudged Mom. "And I always take care of Queen if that's what you're worried about, right, honey?"

Mom nodded. A warm smile curved on her lips.

"No way. I have a new home and I love it there," I answered stubbornly.

"Ben will go to school next school year, Blaine. Don't you have a plan to enroll him at the exclusive school? We can definitely afford to pay for his tuition and it's my grandson we are talking about," Mom insisted.

"Of course, I have. I learned just right from the college in town, so what's wrong with it this time?"

"You still have a lot of time to plan and change your mind, Blaine. Don't rush things, but think about your parents' suggestion, honey." Auntie Miranda grasped my knee.

I nodded. "Thanks, guys."

"I was just like you, Blaine. Stubborn and always stuck to my opinion, but sometimes I was a little bit impulsive. I also came from a small town before I met Max." Aunt Miranda's words made me think of the opportunity to apply my four years of a college degree to a proper job.

"Thank you, Auntie. I'll think about it."

She smiled. "Oh, honey, I know you want what's best for your son."

"My twins' mom died during labor and I promised myself that I will never re-marry again and it was hard to take care of my two sons then running the bar at the same time, and I struggled a lot. Don't think I regretted having you, boys." Uncle Max looked at his twins, and they just grinned like idiots in return. "But the moment I met Miranda walking into the bar and asked if I could give her a job I knew she was the one for me. And let me tell you, Blainie. My twins instantly got closer to her and they even called her mama."

So, what exactly is this all about?

"If I ever move in here it's because I want a good life for Ben and me but I'm not looking for a relationship, Uncle." And that was when I met the cerulean eyes as soon as the last word came out of my mouth.

Mortified!

Chapter 15

A City Boy Turned Cowboy

XANDRY

The Harrises and I settled at the bar lounge. Talking about business was not the best topic I wanted to indulge when I was on the yacht, but that was what the oldies were enjoying at this moment while I was currently mind-fucking Blaine.

The Harris' twins were already at the spa room with the best masseuses with the relaxing androgynous scents of sophisticated oil mixed of sandalwood, violet, and vanilla, or probably the sensual aroma of the sweet almond oil.

Saph and Blaine were lounging at the deck—their faint laughter was tempting me enough to join them, but that was their girls' time.

One of the reasons why I brought them here was to spend time with Blaine and not sitting in front of these oldies while listening to the topics out of my interest, but I was not to be disrespectful, was I?

My girls walked inside with still a smile on their faces. Blaine's eyes gleamed with joy as they both sat in front of the counter, crossing her legs that I once felt wrapped around my waist. I broke my gaze before the zipper of my pants would break open.

"Maybe you should visit sometimes, Xandry." Max must have caught me ogling his niece.

Busted.

"Huh?" Great, Xandry.

"You can visit there sometimes," Bob said, sipping his fine drink.

"Of course, I was thinking of opening a restaurant there, but I have to settle it with my dad first."

"That would be a great idea, honey," Brenda agreed, clasping her hands together in excitement.

I heard their conversation earlier, convincing Blaine on moving to the city. Now, I second thought about my plan. The actual reason why I suggested opening a restaurant because I wanted to be near her. It may be sounded lame, but I liked her a lot that I was willing to change my lifestyle. I could see Pyke and Bash grinning and mocking me, saying 'A city boy turned cowboy.'

Last month, I'd never seen myself in this situation. If I hadn't go with Pyke, my life may not change a bit and I was still the old leg-spreader Xandry with nothing but to work every day and spread

woman's legs every night until tonight—I was not trying to impress Blaine--what I was doing was stepping to the next level with her. Now, I somehow had planned my life for the future, and that included a serious relationship.

I had not come to a conclusion of marrying Blaine, but if she was the one for me, then it would definitely happen in the future. Quite frankly, the thought didn't scare me a bit, in fact, it amazed me how attraction or connection between two people could change a life.

"Hey, what are you smirking of?" Saph's voice made me blink in surprise.

"What?"

"You're daydreaming, twinnie."

"It's night, Saph," I snorted, "guys, you can avail anything here. There are a spa, sauna, Jacuzzi, and suites if you might wanna take a rest." I thought it was time to make my plan into action.

"I definitely need a massage, Darlin'." Bob grinned at his wife.

"I want that Jacuzzi, honey," Miranda announced.

"I'll stay at the bar. I'll need to call Rexwell. He just landed in Italy." Saph stood up and shot me an intense glare.

"What?"

She rolled her eyes as if telling me I was the dumbest, then shifted her gaze to Blaine whose laughing with the Asian bartender. My blood suddenly rushed to my brain, making my face flush as anger set in.

"We'll go and avail the massage, honey. And thank you for this wonderful night." Brenda kissed my cheek.

"You're welcome. We will be back to Marina in the morning, so take your time." My hands already shoved into my pockets as they already balled into fists.

I blew an exasperated sigh when everyone left and narrowed my eyes to the bar counter where Blaine was still talking to the bartender.

Gritting my teeth in fury, I warned, "You might wanna swim back to the port."

He cleared his throat. "Can I get you a drink, Mr. Williams?" he asked tentatively with lacking eye contact.

“Orders. First, take my fucking order seriously. Second, do your fucking job that what you were paid for, and lastly, don’t fucking flirt with my woman.” Blaine gasped beside me, but I ignored her out of annoyance.

“Xandry!”

“Mr. Williams, I was—”

“Don’t!”

“My apology, Mr. Williams.”

I turned my gaze to Blaine, and her eyes slightly widened, her face was flushed probably from the effect of the alcohol, or from the anger of how I was overreacting. I looked down at her half-empty drinks. She was drinking the same—her new favorite Phoenix’s Princess.

I inwardly smirked. “Is that your first shot?”

“You’re a little harsh, Xandry,” she hissed, glaring at me.

“I can be harsher, Blaine. Or worse,” I tell her truthfully.

“But he’d not done anything wrong. I was just asking about the mix, but he didn’t tell me.”

Shit! I’m mortified. “Is that all?” I joked to lighten her mood.

“What else would it be?” she asked back in a sharp tone, brow arched. “And FYI, I don’t know how to flirt.”

“You just flirted right back there,” I smirked, and her cheeks tinged red like a cherry.

“Give me a drink like hers.” I looked at the bartender, then he nodded to confirm. “What’s your name?”

“Chester,” he answered shortly and cautiously, and I glanced down at his nameplate and nodded.

“We’ll be there.” I pointed to the deck with comfy seats.

“I’ll bring your drinks shortly, Mr. Williams.”

I glanced at him for seconds. My attitude a while ago didn’t impress Blaine. “Just Xandry.”

“Sure, Xandry.” He nodded.

“Shall we go, milady?” I gestured my hand, making her chuckle.

A few minutes later, Chester brought our drinks. We settled on the cream upholstered seat with a thick blanket wrapped around us. Her hair was windblown by the salty breeze, and she was just utterly gorgeous. The night was peaceful with a few stars twinkling in the dark sky.

The thundering of my heart was louder than the humming of the vessels as our body pressed side by side. If this was not Blaine, I was a hundred percent sure that I already pounded her pussy in one of the suites of this yacht, and she was probably counting her orgasms on her toes at this moment.

I didn't usually follow the dinner rules, we got the dessert first before the damn main course. This whole thing was killing me with frustrating aching blue balls. But this was Blaine, and I'm willing to wait if in return I got to taste her again. And be my girlfriend.

She hadn't said a word, just watching the bubbles of the sea as the yacht sailed smoothly further, then she took another sip of her cocktail drink.

"You're addicted to that, sweetheart," I stated.

"I won't be drinking when I get back home," she said in almost a whisper.

"Do you want to know the mix?"

She shook her head. "No."

"But you asked him."

"Yup. I didn't mean I will mix it at home, just out of curiosity."

"I trust you, sweetheart, and you are damn good at self-control," I chuckled, raising my brow at her.

"How so?"

"You can still keep your hands off of me." I watched her reactions closely, then again she blushed. Her gorgeous eyes were bright and glossy and lips slightly parted.

"Stop looking at me like that. I'm barely hanging on a fine thread."

"I don't know what are you doing to me, Xandry," she murmured, bit her lip, then sighed, and averted her gaze to the ocean.

"I don't even know how to answer that because, to be honest with you I'm a little bit confused about these things between us and these are all new to me, but I never doubt that I like you. A lot."

"I like you too, but I'm scared."

Well, my heart did a little flip-flop in there, then there was a word scared that did a sudden waved in the pit of my stomach.

"What are you afraid of? Me, hurting you? I will never intentionally do that. That's the reason why I never enter into a relationship in the first place. I don't wanna get hurt as well, but right now, it seems everything is out of my control, and all I want is to talk to you, be right here beside you, hold you, and kiss you. And fuck! I badly wanna feel you."

"I was broken once by someone just like you—"

"I'm not like him, Blaine. I will never abandon you if you're pregnant with my child."

"You don't know that."

"I'm an ass, I get that, a little pushy, rude, maybe overconfident, but I didn't knock-up someone and left her alone." I noticed her flinched. "I'm sorry, shouldn't have said that."

"It's alright. I'm over it already, Xandry, and I'm sorry for judging you. You're right, you are way better than him."

"Good to hear that," I whispered, kissing her head. "Does this mean we are now dating?"

"Ha!" She pushed me away, and I threw my head back laughing.

Fuck! I love this feeling.

"I can't date you. I'm going back to my hometown and you're here—your life, business, your job, and your family. And damn it, you're rich! And I can't just leave my home and my family to be with you."

"You wounded me, sweetheart." I pressed my hand over my chest dramatically and faked my grimace.

"I'm just saying the possible scenario." There was a disappointment in her voice though. At least she thought about dating me.

"I know, sweetheart. Just leave everything to me, and you don't have to adjust. Let me do the adjustments." There was a slim chance that she would agree to this.

Slim.

And that made me hopeful.

"I can't let you do that. That's unfair." Her face contorted into a frown.

"Life is unfair if we think of it as an unfair, sweetheart, but just trust me, and I want you to be a little patience for me, can you do that, for us?" I cupped her face and ran my thumb over her soft cold cheek. Her brows met together, but her eyes were sparkling and gleaming as I stared at her filled with hope and longing.

At least we were on the same page. Then I glanced down at her lips that tasted like heaven, soft, and warm—wishing that I could taste them again.

I pressed my lips against her parted one for seconds, then I pulled back. Blaine stared at me with confusion—her lips slightly pouted in dismay. I gave her a calculated smirk, cocking my brow.

“Why did you pull back?” she asked hesitantly, probably finding hard to admit her desire of kissing me.

And so I committed, I leaned down and crashed my lips into hers, and she immediately kissed me back, raking her fingers through my hair, fisting, and pulling me into her with desperation.

I thought my heart burst out of my chest as it was hammering hard when our kisses intensified, making my whole world spin and body hum with desire.

Her tongue battled with mine—her drinks flooded as I shoved my tongue deeper into her mouth, tasting her, demanding for more, losing in her sweetness.

She shuddered and moaned hotly into our mouths—it was carnally seductive. A guttural groan escaped my throat, and my cock violently jerked in my pants.

I’m dying—dying of lust and desires—dying with hard on that had never been this strong in my twenty-three years of life.

Her breathing came like a rush across my face, hitting me in a warm caress. Her eyes were dark and glossy—definitely turned on as I am.

“Jesus, Blaine.”

Chapter 16

You're Too Much For Me Too

BLAINE

There was no denying that my attraction toward Xandry was on top of the universe, and I could see in his eyes that he felt the same. He was under my skin since I met him, and yet, I kept pushing him away for being scared of hurting myself again. Now, I was sure I couldn't or rather wouldn't push him anymore.

I felt lighter that despite me having a kid, he still wanted more than sex with me—he wanted a relationship. There was nothing wrong with giving myself another chance to be happy, right? Besides, that was a long time ago, and I couldn't hold grudges against someone who had nothing to do with my miserable past relationship. It's unfair.

"Sweetheart, what's in that pretty head of yours?" He stopped kissing my neck, leaning his hands against the back of the door of one of the suites, and caged me in his powerful arms. His eyes bore into mine, still swimming with lust and confusion.

"Nothing, why did you stop?" I was surprised that I could still talk straight despite my brain was full of anticipation and excitement. I could feel the hot wetness flooded between my thighs and I've been imagining filthy things between me and Xandry this past couple of days.

"You're tense. I'm not forcing you into something if you're not ready. We can take it slow," he whispered, and I sagged against the door, reaching out to steady myself.

Hearing him said of taking it to slow made me wither like a plant in summer. "I think we passed the taking it slow thingy."

His eyes lit up, showing me his megawatt smile. "Are you sure?"

"Very. You can't just stop when I'm so turned on and ready for you," I chuckled at my bluntness.

We stared at each other for a moment. The tension was filling the space between us made me difficult to hold on any longer. My thumb traced his plump lower lip and my heart warmed with pride that I was responsible for it.

His tongue darted out to graze my thumb, and I curled my toes at the sensation he caused—it almost made me moan, so deliciously erotic.

Damn!

I pulled his head down in one fluid motion, pressing my lips against his. He sighed in relief, and so was I.

This is it. This is happening.

Finally.

His lips caressed mine softly, and I opened my mouth willingly as I felt his tongue tracing my bottom lip, then our tongues met, collided, and danced rhythmically with needs and desires. He pulled back and ordered with thick and hoarse voice. "Take off my clothes."

This was so hot. When my ex-boyfriend ordered me, it made me flinch, but with Xandry it was like an aphrodisiac, making my body hum and ignite with excitement.

My lips curved into a smile, and I didn't waste any second. I shrugged off his coat, and he took off my mine. I unbuttoned his shirt while he was busy doing mine.

My body stiffened when his fingers grazed at the white line of my stretch marks on my breast. They were only visible when closed, but it still made me feel insecure.

I shifted my head to the side and looked away because I didn't want to see the disgusted look on his face, but to my surprise, Xandry kissed softly each line.

"You're beautiful, Blaine. And I'm so proud of you," he mumbled, and I bit my lip when the tears welled in my eyes. Then he dropped to his knees, and I gasped, squeezed my eyes shut, and prepared myself for him to back out, run away, and never look at me again, instead, he undid the button of my jeans, pushed it down, and kept the elastic band of my panties. He pushed it down to my thighs, to my legs, and pulled it off my feet.

He leaned forward, tracing soft kisses on the stretch marks on my stomach, and it made me shudder. "Sweetheart, don't you ever feel ashamed of this. These are the reminder of how beautiful and good mother you are. I know what you're thinking when I touched these lines."

I looked down at him, and my breath caught over when I saw not only the desire in his cerulean blue eyes but the tenderness he felt for me. My tears suddenly fell down my face, making him look confused and panic.

He quickly jerked on his feet, cupped my face, and wiped my tears. "We can stop it now if this is too much for you." Then kissing of my forehead just blew my breath away for his sweet gesture, and I've never thought of this sweet side of him.

"You're always too much for me, Xandry. Too cocky, too forward, too pushy, too hot, too handsome, and now you're too sweet," I chuckled with my harsh truthfulness, tracing my fingers

on his thick neck, down to his broad chest, running my thumb on the bud of his nipples, and down to his hard abs.

A guttural groan escaped his throat then he smiled sweetly. “Well, you are too much for me too, too much to sink into my brain of how gorgeous you are, too honest about your feelings, take too much of my control not jumping into you of how hot and sexy you are. You broke too much of my rep, sweetheart.”

I dropped to my knees to unlatch his belt, undo the button of his jeans and zip it down. Pulling down his jeans, my eyes widened of how visible his bulge was—it made me swallow hard of how unbelievably I made him turned on.

“You have no idea how badly I want you right now, Blaine.” His voice was almost shaky, but he managed to step out of his jeans.

“Probably as bad as I want you,” I told him honestly. There was no point in lying when the room was filled with lust.

I stood up indecisive. This time I didn’t know what to do next—seemingly, my brain had been plagued with desire over Xandry.

But of course, Xandry was an expert over this and may have had sensed my expression. He cupped the back of my head, crushed his lips on mine, and kissed me with pure hunger and desperation. He shoved his tongue into my mouth without mercy while unclasping my bra and threw it carelessly. Then his hands cupped my warm and heavy breast, clearly wanting his attention.

I stroked his scalp, clutching him closer as we deepened the kiss, moaning, teeth-clashing, tongues colliding, bodies grinding, and it was almost hard to bear. My head swam with pleasure. I’ve never been so turned on in my entire life that made my body burn, hotter than the highest boiling point. My inner thighs clenched, aching with needs.

Xandry broke the kiss, and I shuddered involuntarily for the sudden loss of his lips. He kissed, sucked, bit my neck, nibbled, and teased my earlobe causing me to moan desperately.

“Oh, Xandry.” I sucked in a deep breath when his hot mouth found my breast, sucking and pulling my nipple between his teeth. His free hand kneading the other, fingers playing with my nipple.

“I’m—oh, god.” I threw my head back with a soft cry.

His mouth was suddenly gone, leaving me cold and aching. I gasped when he picked me up into his arms and lied me down carefully on the bed. He strolled down his gaze on my exposed body with appreciation.

I eagerly opened my legs apart to welcome him when he crawled up in the bed, hovering me. He gave me chaste kisses, making me pant as he traveled down to my abdomen then dragged my panties to my thighs, my legs down to my feet, and threw it down the floor. He knelt between my legs, pushed my legs further apart, and straddled me.

I sucked in a breath when I felt his fingers tracing my trimmed-curls and to the proof of my arousal on my wet flesh.

“Xandry, I-I want you now, please.” And he quickly glanced up at me, making my face flush.

“Remember when I said I wanted to taste you?” Without bothering for my answer, he added, “now, this is the time, sweetheart.”

While his eyes glued to me, he carefully sank his finger in causing me to let the air out of my lungs, eyes widened, and hips flexed upward.

He pulled out.

“Fuck! You’re so hot, and so tight, Blaine.” He completely lay down on his stomach, my legs on his shoulders, my hands fisted on the sheets, and my eyes squeezed shut because I knew what was going to come next.

My ex never went down on me, and I didn’t get to know how does it feel, but I heard and read that it felt amazing. I couldn’t help but moan out of excitement as I was going to experience it now.

He parted my nether lips gently, and I couldn’t help but felt grateful that somehow he made me feel special. Xandry wasn’t the same person in bed, the way he boldly talked when we first met was too different from who he was right now.

“Oh, God!” I was surprised at the sensation of his scorching tongue licking my center.

“Hush, sweetheart. This room is not soundproof unless you want your family to hear us. You’ll scream as loud as you can when just the two of us.”

“It just... it feels good.” The feeling was so powerful that it made me tremble.

“I know and I’ve just started.” He circled his tongue on my sensitive nub, licking, sucking, then licking again.

I fisted my hands tightly onto the sheet, bit my lip, and squeezed my eyes shut to stifle the moan that was at the tip of my tongue.

“Oh, God.” My hips flew upward as his tongue did his promise that indeed he was just started.

“Shh,” Xandry soothed me gently then back to his deed again. He slowly moved on me, and my head threw back at the pillow, my brain swam with so much pleasure, and my body was hotter, tingled, vibrated, taut, and ready to explode.

My inner walls were clenching, shaking violently as the tension was building down my belly as he continued like he couldn’t get enough of me. One moment he sucked me and licked me harder the second he made it soft, and it made me cry softly in desperation—tears fell at the corner of my eyes.

“Xandry, please?” I pleaded desperately, and he teased me even more. His tongue fluttered at my so sensitive nub, inserted his fingers into me, and thrust slowly then fast until my visions blurred with so much wanting to come.

My knees weakened, legs trembled, and my body erupted violently. My inner muscles clenched, and my body stiffened momentarily and I let out a bubbly groan.

Now, I know how it feels.

“You know, I’m not done yet, right, sweetheart?” I barely heard and comprehended his words.

“You okay?”

“I’ve no words left to say,” I tell him softly and honestly, looking down at him already fully naked.

His hard, thick, and magnificent manhood sprang forth, and I just couldn’t take my eyes off his pride and glory.

God, help me.

Then I blinked and swallowed the bile rising up my throat. My stomach churned sickly when I came back to reality.

The foil of condom froze as he was about to tear it by his teeth. “Is everything okay, sweetheart?”

I swallowed again. “Um, uh—”

“Blaine, you can tell me if you’re not ready, it’s really okay with me.” It was for him, but not for me, and I badly wanted to return the favor if he didn’t want to continue unsheathed.

“It’s not it, Xandry. I have allergies to latex,” I told him honestly. I should’ve told him before we did this, but I totally forgot when he was so hot and drowning me in his kisses and touch.

“Oh,” that’s all he said, and it worried me because let’s be honest here, he was sexually active, and I, on the other hand, had never sex for five years.

Seconds ticked by with deafening silence. And It’s killing me.

I looked down at my fingers guiltily. “Yeah, I should’ve told you this before—”

“Do you trust me?” he asked softly, handling a piece of paper on me.

I looked up at him. He had a small hopeful smile on his lips. “I came here ready, not only to have sex with you, but to start a relationship with you, Blaine, and I trust you. I know you’re worried about my sexplorations.”

“Are you sure? I’m on a pill since I stopped breastfeeding.”

“So, that means those are all mine now?” He pointed at my exposed breasts.

I snorted, “Such a baby.”

He threw the condom hurriedly, crawled back to bed, and on top of me. “Just so you know, I never had sex without protection.”

“I completely trust you,” I whispered as he leaned in to kiss me with his hard body pressing down on me.

“I trust you too, Blaine. Completely.” He slowly pressed down his hard length to my center, and I felt my heart was about to burst with warmth and tenderness.

We both groaned as he slowly sank into me. Inch by inch.

Then deeper, and I pushed back my hips to let him in completely. I could now feel awash of tension, desperation, and frustration in us over these weeks. We both sighed deeply in relief, eyes locked together as he was all inside me.

“Fuck! I’ve never been so speechless.” His eyes were dancing with desire. His face was flushed, and we’re both slicked with our sweat, but I couldn’t care less when we were in this so intimate moment.

I craved him. I hungered him. I desired him like I never did to anyone.

Reaching my hands to his taut muscles and back to his soft blond, I pulled him into me and kissed him. He began to move, in and out in a short thrust, then pulling out completely, then thrusting back.

“It feels good—so damn good!” he growled, and I couldn’t help but closed my eyes and felt these feelings that I’ve never felt before.

It was so damn euphoric.

I opened my eyes slowly and found him staring at me intently with such hunger in his eyes causing my heart to falter the rhythm.

“You’re so amazing.”

“So do you.”

He kissed me hungrily—almost painful as he sped up his rhythm, and all I did was wrapped my legs around his waist as our hips thrusting and ground one another—it was wild and monumental, and I never felt like this before.

I broke the kiss and I was breathless as my pending orgasm was about to explode unaware. It felt so good and I never wanted this to end, but my legs trembled, and I’m drained out of energy while Xandry was pounding on me ruthlessly. Each slap of our skin made me cry softly in pleasure.

Pulled. Thrust. Slap. Moan. Groan.

Faster.

“Xandry, I’m gonna—” I whimpered as I wrapped my arms around him unable to let go.

“Almost there,” he grunted, “come for me now, Blaine.” He thrust faster.

I hung onto him as I shuddered in pleasure—so violent that I shattered underneath with ecstasy.

Xandry slammed into me, threw his head back, and screamed. “God!”

Chapter 17

I'd Rather Dig Horses' Shit

XANDRY

After hearing Dad's faint deep voice telling me to come in, I walked inside. He was sitting behind his glass top desk. His office was modern and boring surrounded by glass walls. There was no decoration other than his chair, the desk, two chairs in front, a small coffee table, and a single file drawer. No family photos, paintings on the wall, nor rags.

Alexander Phoenix Williams had a principle that family would come first, and he made sure to leave the office on time and spend time with us. He had a high ceiling symmetry dark-stained wood office and library at home he shared with Mom. My mother, Samantha collected all the books published by her publishing house plus the books she had when she was young. She was also a fantasy-adventure author under the pseudonym of Hanna Andry.

Dad's fingers were linked together on top of his desk without uttering a word.

"Hey, Dad," I greeted, offering him a smile.

"Have a seat." His face remained neutral, and that made me a little nervous, in fact, my hands were getting sweaty inside my pockets.

"Why did you ask for a vacation?" he asked skeptically.

"I've been working for three years and I haven't asked for a vacation, so I guess it's about time." I already prepped my answer because I knew Dad would question me when I passed my request to his assistant two days ago.

"Are you sure that was it all about, Xandry?" His voice was low, but there was something in it that gave me goosebumps and churn my stomach.

"What are you trying to say, Dad?" I stayed relax despite my agitation was crawling under my skin.

Dad didn't answer, instead, he pulled his drawer, took something, then threw them on top of his desk.

My jaw instantly tightened, making my teeth grind. My heart started to race in my chest.

There were pictures of me and Blaine taken during the wedding while I was dancing with her. The other was when I helped her into my car and my hand was on her back, then when I was holding her hand and Ben was on her right, and the last picture was when I was kissing her at the airport.

"You followed me?" My eyes narrowed at Dad. I was already standing and gestured to the pictures scattered on top of his desk. "This is an invasion of my privacy. I can't believe you did this, Dad."

"When I heard you had something over a woman for the first time, of course, I was curious," he growled, looking at me with a mixture of disgust and anger on his face.

"To the point that you have to hire someone to follow me? Can't you even ask your own son face to face?" I took all the pictures one by one.

"And that's the reason why you want to take a month vacation, Xandry? To be with some—"

"Someone like what, Dad?" My breathing went heavy. "Someone like Blaine? A hometown girl? A single mother who raised her child alone? Well, your PI clearly didn't do his job pretty good and didn't dig into her deepest secrets."

"Xandry, look at your sister."

"And what about, Saph? Is this because she has a multi-billion dollar heir at her disposal?" I swallowed the thickness in my throat for saying something against my sister because Saph had nothing to do with this.

"You can find someone —"

"Someone like Harriet Hirtington?" I replied quickly.

"Because I know her family and she grew up in this city."

"Oh, Dad, please. You don't know anything about that brat."

He knew nothing about that woman whom my parents were pushing me to go out on a date with. And I'm aware of what she did all her life because we grew up together. Her messes didn't get out publicly because her dad was a public figure and they had money to wipe out their dirty little secrets from the media. And I better strangled myself than going out on a date with her because I knew for a fact that once I did that, I'd be tied and ended up pulling the trigger directly into my head.

"You're not going to that town again, Xandry," Dad ordered firmly, face flushed red.

"You might forget I'm a man, and you can't control me anymore. F— to hell this damn job! The trust fund! And I don't need them." I huffed. Another surge of anger flowed through me.

"Don't use that tone on me, Alexander Henry! You are being disrespectful!" Dad's voice thundered with anger.

I knew I just poke the bear, but he controlled me enough and I couldn't let that happen again when I somehow found the light to where my life I wanted to be.

"You've controlled me enough and I did what you wanted me to be. I stayed here instead of going with Bash to London. I gave up my supposed to be modeling career and instead of walking the runway I walked the path you chose for me, and now what? You still want to be your trained puppy over dating a woman?"

"At least try to date a decent woman!" He slammed his hands on his desk and leaned, pinning his intense glare at me. And he just shocked me the almost that made me jump with fear. The last time I had a confrontation with him was about the stupid bet with Pyke over Cam.

I breathed deeply trying hard to calm my nerve and my chest constricted while my heart was excruciatingly aching inside.

When I gained enough courage, I stood up to my defense and said, "Don't you f— dare talk to me about decency! She is the most decent, strong, willed, and beautiful woman I've ever met. You don't know anything about that woman you are trying to push me with. You better ask your PI to dig into her background. And you've just wasted your money over Blaine because you can't stop me from seeing her."

"Is that so, son? You will give up the things that I built for years over that woman?" he challenged me with determination. I knew Dad's patience was wearing thin, but I had to say something on my behalf.

"If it comes to that, yes. I finally found something important in my life, Dad. And don't take that away from me because I better give up this..." I raised my hand and looked around. "Everything you want me to be is not me and not making me happy either."

"You clearly throw your dreams away, Xandry. Do you want to stay in that place? Go, but don't ever come and ask for my help and I will pull out your trust fund at this instant."

"I'm old enough to work for my ass, Dad. And you might forget mom came from a small town too," I snorted.

"Your mom is different!"

"And Blaine is different as well. Is it because she has a child? I'm even proud of her for being a single mother, Dad."

"Are you out of your goddamn mind, Xandry!"

I raised my hands for surrender, shaking my head of disappointment. I could see Dad was not fond of my relationship and he was damn disappointed with me but I could care shitless. This was my life and I stood for what I believe made me happy. Over the years, I was under his control and now I wanted to try spreading my wings and explore my life and be happy without him nagging at me.

I stepped backward, reaching for the door. I paused, turning my head and he was still in the same position, raging with anger. "I'm not giving this up, Dad. And I'd rather dig horses' shit than literally make myself insane dating that spoiled brat who knows nothing about life than painting toenails and going out shopping until her feet give up." I quickly pulled the door open and stormed out from his office.

"Whoa!"

"Fuck!" My hands quickly on the slender woman's waist and I instantly knew that smell.

"Twinnie, how'd the meeting go with Dad?" Saph's eyes wandered with curiosity, then suddenly filled with sympathy.

I released her from my arms. "I fucked up and this all because of you. You can't just keep your mouth shut and you know what dad did?"

She quickly shook her head, brows furrowed, and gave me a quizzical look. "What?"

"Don't play dumb with me now, Saphoera. I'm in a shitty mood for your innocent shit." I strode past her, but I could hear her heels clicking against the floor. She was following me.

"Wait! Xandry, hold on!"

I quickly turned around and narrowed my eyes at her. "What?"

"Whoa! I get it, Dad didn't approve our plan, right?"

"You really don't know anything?" I asked her, searching for a lie in her eyes, but I knew Saph inside out, and lying was not her best trait. I was a little harsh by throwing my anger on her and I loved Saph to death not to spare what had happened in that room.

She rolled her eyes. "No. Now, tell me."

"Dad ran a background check on Blaine and literally shoved into my face who Blaine is when Dad threw the pictures on his desk."

"No way. Tell me he did not do that," Saph said in disapproval.

"Why would I lie to you about that? And why don't you go and ask your father yourself?" I sneered, pressing the L button on the elevator. I was still beyond pissed and not in a mood to discuss with her, but she was the only person I could trust right now. I was sure Mom had known about this as well.

"You know I like her, brother and whether Dad likes it or not as long as it makes you happy, I'm on your side and I saw how Blaine looked at you and not just because you have a pretty face but she

clearly adores you, Xandry. And I've never seen anyone who looked at you that way other than wanting to get a taste of Xandry Williams."

My heart melted at Saph's words. I knew the first time she met Blaine she instantly liked her. She had been babbling about what they talked during the wedding and on the yacht when they had a girls' moment together. She said that Blaine liked me and was just afraid if I just wanted to be between her thighs and left her after I got what I wanted.

"Thank you, Saph. That makes me feel a little bit better. I don't know what to do without you." I looked at her, smiling genuinely.

"I know, brother, and that's why I have a little surprise for you." She wrapped her arms around me and kissed my cheek.

My brows arched high, eyeing her with curiosity. "Is that supposed to make me feel better?"

"Way better, twinnie. It will if you will move your ass quickly." She gave me a goofy grin.

"What did you do, Saph?" I asked as we walked out, her arms were still all over me ignoring the people with us in the elevator.

"Your suitcase is at the reception and a gift for Blaine and a toy for Ben. Your flight will leave in less than three hours, the cab just arrived and you better hurry your ass up and make up for your girl for the five days you've missed." Her smile widened, and I was grinning back like a fool.

"You're shitting me, right?"

"But you have to be back on Sunday night. Good luck and enjoy your weekend, twinnie."

Chapter 18

Who Else Could Kiss You Like That?

XANDRY

Riley was so damn ecstatic when I sent a quick text before my flight to pick me up at the airport. I just wanted to surprise Blaine and now this dude was hugging me and kissing my cheek.

“Stop it, I don’t want these folks to think I will fifteen you.” I wiped my cheek playfully and wrinkled my nose.

He laughed loudly and got back to his truck after I loaded up my suitcase and two paper bags in the back seat. “So, Blaine doesn’t know you’re coming, huh? And how long will you stay?”

My stomach sank that I had only a weekend with her. “Two days.”

“And you’ll travel back and forth like this?” He pulled out of the airport parking lot.

“I have a job there, so yeah.”

“Blaine avoided relationship since you know, but I’m not blind not to see what’s between you two...” he trailed off, and this was what I was not good at— a confrontation between man to man over a woman. In short, I’d never done before.

“I’ve no plan on hurting your cousin, Riley, and I have a sister.”

“I know, dude, and trust me, I’ve never seen Blaine so energetic and happy since she met you. I’m not trying to stroke your already huge ego, but I’m glad she finally gets back to her life. It’s not that she wasn’t happy before you came along, but ya know what I mean?” He glanced at me, and I nodded.

“This is all new to me, and I don’t know how to make this works. I just have to follow my instinct, I guess. But honestly, I was jealous as hell when I saw my cousins, Bash and Pyke, then Kyland. They’re happy with their women snuggling with them. I thought my life was perfect back then. I had everything—a job, money, women at my disposal, unlimited sex, and all those shits, but I was actually not completely happy. There was still a missing piece, and I’m glad I found it here. With Blaine.”

Riley chuckled. “Whipped.”

"I know, shut up. I'm not asking Blaine to marry me right now, but if she's the one." I shrugged.

"And if this thing will work between us, I'd love to be with her for a long time, so you don't have to threaten me."

"You probably already know her last relationship didn't end well." I could hear the pain in his voice, but as much as I wanted to punch that douchénozzle to a pulp, my priority now was to make up for what she missed in her past relationship.

"I'll punch his throat if he ever shows up to Blaine." I didn't even know what to do if that bastard would show up and ask her to rekindle for the sake of their kid.

"She's at her dad's office working and Ben is with his Nana. I'll bring your things to her house."

"Thanks, man!"

"And oh, if she will not let you stay at her house which is totally impossible." He smirked. "Give me a call, and I'll let you crash in my cottage." He parked his truck in front of the small concrete building that must be Bob's office.

Riley pulled away immediately, leaving me only a traced of the country's summer dust.

I stopped walking towards the office when I noticed the barn's door swung open. My heart was instantly pounding in my chest to see the back of my gorgeous Blaine.

She had a phone pressed against her ear and seemingly angry with her hand propped on her hip. She was wearing a thin peach-colored shirt. The neckline was slightly draped down her sun-kissed shoulder. Her denim shorts were barely covered her ass matching the worked boots that looked sexy on her long toned legs. Her hair was messily tied in a bun at the top of her head but she looked devastatingly gorgeous showing off her long soft neck.

"Well, do something because I won't allow our horses to die of hunger. You received my payment and I was expecting my order to be here yesterday," she snapped as I walked slowly closer to her who was still engrossed in her conversation to even notice me.

"I know it did not happen before that's why you make sure to follow up the delivery."

I stopped when I was about a yard away and my shadow was already hovering her.

"Okay, great. Call me as soon as you have good news." Blaine pushed the phone into her short's pocket and blew an exasperating sigh then turned around, yelping.

I instantly cupped her head and crashed my lips into hers—kissed her hungrily and poured all my frustrations for five days without her in my arms over my kiss—as this was the most desperate kiss of my life.

She stiffened in surprise for the briefest moment, then tried to push me away attempting to say something, but I deepened the kiss, even more, lightly biting her lower lip to silence her then dove my tongue deep into her sweet mouth. And there you go—my cock hardened as if recognizing Blaine.

She kissed me back the same way as I kissed her. Christ, how I missed her lips, her taste, and the softness of her body pressed against me. It's heaven on earth.

Instantly, I cupped her sweet ass, and she wrapped her legs around my waist, and I walked towards the barn, pushing the door open.

With my leg, I kicked the door with a slam and pressed Blaine against the wall while my mouth and tongue were busy devouring her from all angles.

She moaned against our mouth, and it made me more insanely desperate, grinding my ever hardened cock against her core. A feral groan tore out of my throat.

"Xandry?" she breathed out, breaking the kiss. Her eyes widened in surprise. Her lips were well kissed, red, and swollen.

"Who else can kiss you like that?"

"What are you doing here?"

"Enough for this chit-chat, and I'm too hungry for you. Give me a proper welcome, Blaine." I slammed my lips against her once again, and she found the hem of my shirt, pulling it up over my head, then we were back to kissing like two crazy starved people couldn't get enough of each other.

She pulled her shirt off and unclasped her bra throwing down the ground carelessly. She unhooked her legs around my waist and hurriedly undid my jean's button while I was busy sucking her gorgeous tits, tugging her hard nipples slightly with my teeth then licking again to make her desperately crazy with needs.

My jeans and boxers were pushed down, and I helped her unbuttoning her shorts when I was sucking her other tit. Blaine grabbed my cock, stroking me slowing with her warm, rather searing soft hand. My lungs froze with contract and my body was on wildfire—she was making me lose my goddamn mind.

When her shorts and panties pushed down below her knees, my heart melted to find her dripping wet before I even inserted my finger into her slicked and warm pussy.

She missed me just like I did.

Blaine moaned, and I groaned aching with desperate needs to be inside her. I quickly pulled out and released her hand to me, angling my cock into her.

Brushing my cock against her wet entrance, I thrust into her making me hiss, and Oh, fuck!

This feels fucking amazing!

She felt so hot—molten hot that almost brought me down to my knees.

With my hands on her ass, she wrapped her legs around my waist, pushing her quickly against the wall. Then our body pressed together, I was buried so deep into her as she properly welcomed me home—not caring where we were.

Oh, lord, it was so beyond fuck-scintatingly amazing. And no words could describe when I was inside her. The most intense sex in my entire life.

So raw.

Her back arched, throwing her head back and moaned loudly. The most amazing thing I've ever seen.

My mouth went to her neck—sucking, kissing, licking, and biting that made her tremble violently. I rotated my hips viciously against her then thrust into her.

Harder.

Faster.

Rougher.

She clenched my cock beautifully causing my head to spin with so much pleasure and raw of needs, overwhelming my entire senses.

She clawed her fingers painfully into my skin, intensifying the sensations as we moved rhythmically. I couldn't help but stare at her magnificent gorgeous face, then our gaze met, and I knew she could see right into me deeply as we both bared our souls together. I kissed her once again with my extreme bliss rushing down my spine, threatening to explode.

She just blew my breath away when she screamed my name with pure ecstasy.

And I've never been so sure in my life and immensely fulfilled that I made the right choice of being here with her today.

I knew this was not just lust and sexual frustration—this was beyond sex, and I and Blaine were something. Something worth fighting for.

We were both breathing heavily, and I was so boneless to even move, but we were in a barn with all the hays, tools, and tractors surrounding us.

"Welcome back," she said lazily, eyes satiated.

“You just welcome me back home, sweetheart, giving me the best orgasm that I almost passed out. And being here with you is the best choice I’ve ever made.” Suddenly, my chest constricted, and Blaine noticed my discomfort.

“What’s wrong?” There was an obvious worry in her voice.

I put her down carefully onto her feet, took her discarded clothes on the ground, and helped her to wear her panties.

She laughed—carefree laughed. “I can do it myself, Xandry.”

I lifted my gaze up at her. “I know, sweetheart, but I was responsible for you being naked in front of me.

She lifted her foot and shoved it to her pink cotton panties. Her face tinted pink, and I grinned at her because she could’ve worn a little more sexy than cotton panties, but it melted my heart to see the real Blaine.

“Don’t feel embarrassed for me. I love everything about you and these panties.” I kissed her covered pussy, and she let out a sharp breath. “Are the sexiest fucking panties ever made, but you are sexier without these.” I kissed it again and stood up to help her wear her bra.

She took it from me instead, wearing it quickly. “We should go before someone can come.”

I quickly put my clothes on, dusted off, and ran my fingers through my hair. Cupping Blaine’s face, I kissed her once again and said, “I missed you.”

A sweet smile curved on her lips. “I missed you, too.”

Chapter 19

Stop Threatening Blaine's Property

BLAINE

After taking Ben from my parents' home, we went home immediately to prepare our dinner. Mom was so happy to see Xandry and we had to spend lunch with them—she had to impress him with her new stew recipe.

I made a simple creamy white lasagna—Ben's favorite since he'd been asking me for over a week now, but my mind was somewhere else. I guessed I was starting to be a terrible mother for Ben, yet he never complained although he didn't miss to ask about Xandry occasionally.

The fact Ben liked Xandry so a lot, terrified me, and the last thing I wanted was to hurt my son and to keep him under false pretenses.

This was my first time having a man in my life since his father, and I couldn't help but question myself of how was I going to explain to my son if Xandry was done with me?

"Sweetheart, I think I heard the oven dinged." Xandry already prepared the table as he insisted on helping, he placed the wine given by Saph in the fridge a while ago.

Saph sent me a text to enjoy her brother. It was hilarious and embarrassing at the same time because she knew exactly the reason why Xandry came to see me— he was expecting a lot of hot sex and multiple Os.

"What's in that pretty head of yours, sweetheart?" I blinked when I heard Xandry's amused voice. He might have an idea of what was I thinking. Am I really like an open book to him?

"Just remember Saph's message." I gave him a diablerie smile, and Xandry snaked his arms around my waist and hugged me from behind.

"Can't wait for Ben to sleep, and I finally have a chance with you all by myself," he whispered in a lusty voice, and I couldn't help but pressed my thighs together and bit my lip for the anticipation. But the other side of my brain was damn scared that he would give up on waiting for us to have time alone.

"Something's really bothering you, Blaine. What is it?" He held me to turn myself around and face him.

"I was just worried that you might get tired of me, of us..." I trailed off, not trying to be affected than I already am, besides we've just started to even start talking about the future. "...that you have to wait for us to have free time alone."

His brow arched. "Do you think I don't know that? I like Ben, Blaine. I'm aware that he comes first above everything, and that's why I like you so much." The amazement filled eyes locked to mine. "I would never want you to prioritize me first over Ben in the first place. That little guy means to me, too. He needs you and hopefully, he will need me in the future because I'd loved to be by his side." He kissed me quickly while my mouth was still hanging open.

I was beyond shocked to the core. In a good way.

I blinked trying to sink-in all his words. Never in my million thought that Xandry would ever care about my son. I was so damn wrong about him after all.

Xandry was not just a man on a stick, but he had a huge heart as well. Thinking of falling for him was terrifying, but life was not always about perfect and happiness, it was also about pain and sacrifices.

"Let's eat before Ben falls to sleep. We can't be late for the band tonight, can we? And we still have to take him to your mom." He kissed my forehead and grabbed the path holder.

"Yeah. Are you sure you want to go to the bar?" I asked hesitantly. I knew the country music was not his thing or he might just agree with Riley out of shyness and kindness.

"Yep, sweetheart. We are going."

"I think we have to drink that wine later?" I suggested, grinning. I didn't want to go fuzzy since there were drinks there too.

We ate with a few chat and Ben grinned most of the time when Xandry asked if he liked the new toy Saph gave him.

Mom was already on the porch waiting for us to take Ben.

"Are you sure this is okay with you, Brenda? I mean we can just cancel and go home. The movie and popcorn are great, you know," Xandry said.

"Ha! Honey, this is my grandson and my daughter we are talking about. And you came all the way here from New York just for two days." Mom waved her hand, shoosing us.

"Call us if—"

"Sweetie, take your man away," Mom exhorted, making Xandry laugh.

"Sleep and be a good boy, big guy, okay?" I kissed Ben's forehead, and he nodded and yawned. "I love you, baby."

"I love you too, Mommy."

"Hey, buddy. I'll see you in the morning?" Xandry said, offering his fist for a bump.

Ben grinned lazily and bumped his tiny fist into Xandry's huge one.

"Let's go," I announced after kissing Mom good night.

Fifteen minutes later, we were at Max's Bar. It was crowded than the usual Saturday night. The Hays Band was already on the small stage singing a country hit song. The tables were full and so as the bar area.

"Wow! This is awesome. I can barely remember the last time I was here," Xandry commented, seemingly surprised.

"Lovers, over here!" Riley yelled from the bar full of patrons. Now, all eyes were on me and Xandry, but I couldn't care less what they thought of me. And it was not like they always saw me with any man other than my ex.

Xandry's grip tightened around my waist possessively as we walked towards the bar counter.

Damn, I love his possessiveness.

It was a typical country bar with meticulously hand-carved dark wood counter, stools, and liquor racks, but above our head were the antique lamps from our great-grandparents home. The two classic beer barrels were donated by the local beer maker that we were proud of.

"Wow, man. This is a great night," Xandry commented delightfully.

"Better than NYC, huh?" Riley smirked, after their manly-hugged on the counter.

"I think it is now." Xandry laughed.

"Guys, give my best buddy here a seat, please?" Riley said with respect, and two patrons stood up willingly. With a warm smile, they shook hands with Xandry and moved to the long bench at the corner of the bar.

"Have a seat, Blaine." Xandry led me, making me stiffen, then eyed me cautiously. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," I muttered, sitting on the stool with a twisted stomach.

"She'd never came here with a dude, I guess." My cousin grinned at Xandry, placing two bottoms up beer mugs.

“Good to know.” Xandry grinned back. “So, who are those guys? You should be there singing, man.”

“Our local guys. Nah, they need gigs,” he answered proudly and looked at me. “You okay, Blainie? You look tense.”

I nodded and sipped my beer silently. I felt Xandry’s warm hand squeezing my knee, making me look up to him. “Yeah?”

Thankfully, before he could ask me inquisitively, the crowd roared and clapped when the song ended.

“Guys!” My head snapped to the familiar voice at my back.

Crap!

“Is this the reason why you ignored our text? Because someone made your hands busy?” Charlie said with a drawl, arms snaked around Xandry’s and my shoulder.

We always met here every Saturday to watch the Hays Band. Charlie had an eye for the lead. My face heated with guilt because I completely forgot to reply to their messages. Or something was plaguing my brain.

“Don’t ask the obvious, Charlie. Our friend here is preoccupied with Ls, right Xandry?” Olive winked at me.

Xandry was already shaking, trying to hold his laugh. With his innocent looked, he raised his hands to surrender and faced my best friends. “I really don’t know what are you girls talking about. And what Ls means exactly?”

“Oh, it’s a girls’ thing,” Olive quickly answered because Charlie would definitely tell him what did it mean.

“Fine, don’t tell me. Let’s go there to the table. I’m not aware this bar is crowded like this.” Xandry stood up, and we followed him.

“So, Xandry, how long are you gonna stay?” Olive started, strolling her eyes from his head to his chest. If I knew she had no interest in Xandry I’d be jealous as hell, but I knew we would not betray each other over a guy.

“I’m leaving tomorrow night, so I have her all by myself until my flight. No calls, no text, and no visiting her until I’m gone.”

“Oh, my god. I love your possessiveness.” Charlie’s eyes widened in awe. “So, is this serious now, Xandry?”

“Ask her. I know you girls don’t keep secrets, right?”

Charlie laughed out loud, and my face burned in guiltiness when Xandry eyed me intently.

“Well, whatever she says we also don’t share that with our guys.” Olive shrugged.

“Fair enough. We guys don’t usually share each others’ secrets if we are serious with our girls. What happens in the bedroom, stays in the bedroom.”

“Oh?” I was surprised to blurt it out.

“Yup, sweetheart. I know my friends are having sex or whatever they do with their girls, but that’s it. I don’t need gory details, that’s normal and we respect each others’ privacy,” he confirmed, and my jaw just dropped for his honesty.

“I like you already, Xandry—”

“And there’s a but, right?” Xandry cut off Olive.

“Definitely!” Charlie assured.

“Another threat?”

“Absolutely!” Olive confirmed.

“Girls, as much as I love your concern for me, that’s really unnecessary,” I told them. “We already discussed this, and he seriously doesn’t budge.”

“I know, Blaine. He’s hot with all alpha male thingy on you like I can see right now where his hand is under this table.” Olive pointed out, making my eyes widen. “See, that reaction,” she added playfully. “You, Xandry, I love our best friend, but make sure you can keep your junk inside your boxers while you’re hundreds of miles away from Blaine,” Olive continued.

“Sorry to disappoint you girls, but I don’t wear boxers, so stop threatening Blaine’s property.”

“Really?” they yelled in unison.

“Liar,” I countered with a fluttery feeling in my belly. My property, huh?

“Well, right now, sweetheart,” he confirmed, and I just stared at him with utterly shocked while my friends giggled like school girls across the table.

“I just wanna prove to these girls how serious I am and one thing is not to lie to them.” He shrugged while my mouth was falling open. “By the way, you’re gorgeous when you’re blushing.” He winked.

I broke my incredulous stare and drunk my beer while my heartbeat was racing in my chest.

“Easy, we have a wine to drink.” He clapped with the crowd when the band took a break with the last song.

“Well, I’ve no words to say anymore. You just shocked us, X.” Charlie drunk her beer after raising it to cheer with us.

“X? is that how she called me when I’m not around.” Xandry’s eyes glimmered with amusement, squeezing my thigh under the table.

I swallowed, ignoring the scalding sensation of his hand on my thin summer dress. It was like I wore nothing because his touch penetrated through the thin cloth I was wearing. My skin tingled. God, what he was doing to me? He made me like a sexual creature yearning for his touch and orgasms. No, I made myself to be this, because I couldn’t resist him, but I couldn’t blame myself for wanting Xandry as well. He was just an utterly hot male specimen with a huge sexual appetite and a very generous lover.

“Sweetheart?”

“Yeah?” Crap!

“Enough drinking beer. I think you’ll get blitzed sooner.” He tucked my hair behind my ear affectionately, making the two sing.

“I’m fine. I’ll just need to use the restroom,” I excused and totally needed to cool down. I couldn’t honestly believe I was easily aroused by just being near him and just his simple touch made me wanting for more. His touch was like a drug. A very dangerous drug.

I knew the girls followed me, so I breathed deeply to loosen up, then I saw my best friends in the mirror standing beside me with a sad-looking on their faces.

“So you read our messages?” Olive started.

I nodded glumly. “When did he get back?”

Chapter 20

Not Tonight, Not Later, And Not An Hour. Now, Xandry

XANDRY

Something was wrong with Blaine. Everything around here was pleasant—from the music to the booze. Even the people were warm—tipping their heads to acknowledge my presence. Her friends were enthusiastic and witty, but Blaine seemed distant and restrained.

Riley joined us later, and damn if this wasn't a fun night—a good way of forgetting Dad's anger for a while. Thankfully, he didn't shower me with calls and messages like he used to do. I guessed he finally accepted my decisions. Or he was planning something.

"You okay, sweetheart?" I asked her for the umpteenth times because she was still tense. And all I could think of a reason was the people would gossip about seeing her with a man for the first time.

I didn't know how to crack her open. Blamed it on my-fucking-self for being so ignorant about dealing with relationship troubles.

But we are not in trouble, are we?

"I'm good, just a little tipsy, I think." She looked outside the window of her car. Again.

"I already have a remedy for that. Are you sure you don't wanna pick up Ben before we head home?" I was a little relieved that Ben was sleeping at his granny. Call me a selfish bastard. I don't give a shit.

Why bother picking him up when he was safe and comfortable in bed? Now, I got a chance to be with Blaine alone for the night.

"Sleep is all I need, Xandry. We'll pick up Ben in the morning. He'll get grumpy if he doesn't get enough sleep."

"So, you'll sleep as soon as we get home, huh?" I teased, and her lips slightly curved up but remained wordless. "Okay, then, I'm kind of tired too. It's been a long day, right?"

"Yeah, definitely a long day," she agreed, mumbling.

"Absolutely a long day."

"Totally."

"Completely."

“Certainly.” She hopped out of the car as soon as I parked in front of her home.

The silver crescent moon was shining brightly upon us, making Blaine look gorgeous as ever, and I didn’t think I could sleep peacefully now that I had a chance to do the things that had been clouding my brain these past weeks.

I was already at her back before she could unlock the door of her home. “Whatever is bothering you right now, you know I’m always here to sort things with you, Blaine. We’re on this together, so your problem is mine, too.” I held her arms, and she turned around and faced me.

I cupped her head and gave her a soft and slow kiss, and she sighed in our mouth. Her lips were velvety soft and the taste of her cherry lip gloss and the beer she drunk flooded my tongue.

“Are you sure you wanna sleep right away?” she murmured softly against my lips, a hint of regret coated her voice.

Breaking the kiss, I looked at her with a smirk. “Am I nuts?” Then I slammed my lips into hers, kissing her brutally and savagely. My tongue dove into her mouth, tasting her, claiming her, devouring her while my hand was between her thighs, and she was already soaking wet against her panties. She moaned as soon as my fingers delved inside her, unmoving.

“Blaine, we need to get inside or you might wanna make your dark fantasy comes true.” I pulled out my hand and tasted her. “Never been sweeter.” My voice thickened with lust.

She laughed lustfully, eyes were glassy and dreamy. “I don’t have a sexual fantasy but you might wanna fuck me here against the door.”

“You’re drunk, Blaine.” My stomach churned. No matter how much I wanted to fuck her but she was drunk.

“I’m not, X—”

“Like X-tremely hot, X-tra large, X-traordinarily gorgeous, triple X mind?”

She barked into laughter. “I’ll kill them.”

“So, am I really those, Blaine?” I closed the door behind her and pressed her against it. My cock was already painfully hard, straining against my pants, grinding on her.

“You missed, well-Xperienced in bed, X-tamina as a horse, se-X-y as hell.” She bit her lip seductively, and fuck me if it didn’t make my cock jerk and heart hammer in my chest. My body was buzzing and my brain barely functioned with so many lustful thoughts.

“What else I am to you, sweetheart?” I kissed her lips softly, to her jaw, to her neck, and she let out breathy moans.

“Oh, um... oh god, that feels good,” she murmured as I continued kissing her neck, nibbling her earlobe, and letting out a hot breath, and she shivered.

I pulled her dress off of her head, leaving her only a white lacy bra and tiny lacy panties.

“Gorgeous, you always take my breath away. What else, Blaine?”

“Um, I can’t concentrate. Can you ask me later? A-after you fuck me thoroughly.”

“Such a dirty mouth,” I grumbled and kissed her mouth because fuck me if it didn’t turn me on. My cock ached, urging to be buried deep in her pussy.

“I still remember what you said, actually promised me right in this house, now ready to fulfill that promise, Alexander Henry?” Her brow cocked in a challenge.

“Always ready for you, Blaine.”

“Xandry, your phone,” Blaine murmured lazily against my chest. Her warm breath caressed my skin.

I’ve never been drained and almost passed out after my third orgasm, and Blaine on her six. I pressed her against her door, ate, and fucked hard as she wanted. Two orgasms for her and one for me. On her hardest sofa ever made as she rode me to fucking euphoria—another 2:1. And last on her bed where I made love to her slowly until we both reached the nirvana.

I’ve never been a cuddling person. On our first night at the yacht, I wasn’t able to cuddle her because her family was there and as much as I wanted to eat her more, I respected them. Before they were done with relaxing sessions we were already back to the deck. Like nothing ever happened.

Now, Blaine was in my arms—her delicate fingers gently stroking my chest, hair tickling my face, legs tangled with mine, and her bare pussy warmly pressed against my thigh. My chin tingled and maybe with a little bruise as she bit it last night—her new favorite part of my body. This is so sexy, Xandry, sexier than your abs—it was the best feelings and made me never want to get up and just lazily rolled with her in her bed all day long.

On the floor, my phone buzzed again. I regretted bringing it up before we had the wine and made love. I fucking hate phone—that’s for sure.

“That could be Saph, Xandry.” She playfully traced her fingers down to my abs, making my cock instantly stiff with anticipation.

"If you won't stop, I will completely ignore that call." I looked down at her, and her smile was brighter than the sunshine streaming through the window.

If I wasn't so tired I could curse the sun for shining right into the room because that was what woke me up early. We both forgot about a damn window because last night we were busy with something else—pleasuring ourselves rather than thinking about drawing a damn curtain. It didn't matter anyway.

"Get up, lazy ass," she giggled.

"You made me lazy when your naked gorgeous body is pressed against me." I sighed, dragging myself out of the bed as soon as Blaine released me.

It was only seven in the morning.

"What time should we pick up Ben?" I stood up, turning around, and I caught Blaine gawking at my half-mast cock with interest. "Naughty little thing in the morning, Sweetheart?"

"Um, wear something, Xandry." She met my gaze, grinning with a shade of pink-tinged on her cheeks. "Nine o'clock."

"So, you heard me?" I grinned back.

"Yeah, my brain was not fucked to oblivion, but I'm sore, Xandry."

I barked into a hysterical laugh because hearing my woman talked dirty was hot as fuck, but as much as I loved her talking filthy I better not to encourage her as she might blurt out on Ben.

I picked up my phone. The missed calls were from Dad and Mom. Suddenly, my stomach twisted sickly. My mind went through bad things to the fact that not a single call from Saph made me worry like hell.

"I'll make some call, Sweetheart." I met Blaine's worried look, and I had to swallow the thickness forming in my throat. Blaine just nodded glumly with understanding, but I could feel the sudden uneasiness crawling under her skin.

I dialed Dad after wearing my jeans I found on the living room's floor. "Now, it's time you call." I didn't miss a bit of his sarcasm.

"Good morning, Dad. Too early for you to call up. What's with the urgency?" I squeezed my eyes shut, preparing for his outburst.

"Get the hell in here in an instant if you don't want me to bring you back here by myself." I could feel the vibration of anger in his voice.

"I'll be there tonight," I answered coolly.

“Not tonight, not later, and not an hour. Now, Xandry!”

I flinched at his voice and blurted, “I-is Saph okay?”

“Your sister is fine, Alexander Henry. It’s your damn problem the reason you need to be here!”

I tossed my phone on the sofa and nothing I could do than raked my fingers through my hair, scratching my scalp with irritation. My teeth clenched tight, and I didn’t care if they crack. There was nothing I could possibly think at this point other than Dad was trying to make my life fall apart.

“Seems the call was not good news.” Blaine’s arms snaked around my waist, kissing my bareback, and I squeezed my eyes shut to embrace the feelings of her warm skin on me. Her touch was all I ever wanted at this moment.

“Yeah, I can’t think of anything I did wrong, Blaine, but I had to go back to see what’s going on.” I felt her sighed deeply—not in relief but from the disappointment of me leaving earlier than the plan.

Facing her, I wrapped my arms around her tightly, burying my face at the crook of her neck and inhaled her smell deeply into my system because in less than two hours I would be miles away from her again.

“I promise I’ll be back as soon as I can.”

Seeing Blaine didn’t say much when she sent me back to the airport made me cranky. My old man got to be sure this matter that we were going to discuss was important than life and death because I will go AWOL for a month to make up for Blaine for the sadness I’ve caused of leaving early.

Fuck! I’m a pussy-whipped.

With furrowed brows, I strode inside our home. I received Dad’s text earlier to meet him in his main office. I breathed deeply and thought of Blaine instead of what might be the topic he wanted to discuss.

Without knocking, I pushed the double-door open with full force and it almost knocked me off the ground when I saw who was sitting across Mom.

Chapter 21

It Was Pretty Phenomenal

BLAINE

“Did he call you yet?” Olive followed me with her horse, Rory as I rode Queen silently.

I needed this moment, but my best friend never allowed me to be alone.

The last time I had a heart problem was five years ago, and she and Charlie were always by my side up to this moment. They both had been heartbroken, and I was there for them as well.

That’s what friends do, right?

Now, the table had turned again. On me.

“He will call,” I answered nonchalantly. I didn’t want to talk so much about Xandry. The food I prepared was spoiled, even inside the fridge. I’ve waited for him for two frigging weeks, and no image of Xandry appeared on my door. I received three messages on his first day since he got back to New York, then he called that night that he was pretty tired with his last famous seven words.

I need you to understand me, Blaine.

“It’s only been two weeks, right? I’m sure he will call. He might be busy with businesses, you know, being the heir of Williams—pressured and all that,” Olive continued, trying to cheer me up.

I appreciated the effort, but it didn’t help. The more she mentioned his name the more it constricted my chest.

“Yeah, you’re right. He might just extremely busy, right? To even return my call or reply to my text,” I countered sarcastically just to silent her.

The sky was blue—it reminded me of his eyes. A few clouds hanging loosely in places. I inhaled deeply the fresh air blowing my face as Queen trotted slowly to the riding trails, and I had thousands of acres of beautiful scenery to see than to sulk and think of him who might not be doing the same because if he did, he could’ve just frigging sent me a frigging text, and that was making me furious.

“I’m sorry, Blaine. I’ll stop asking if you don’t wanna talk about him right now, but you should eventually let your anger out of your chest,” Olive cooed.

I rolled my eyes inwardly for her being right.

And yet she has been talking about him every damn minute. She knew the feeling of being ditched—Been there, done that.

“We’re just started dating, Olive. There was nothing to sulk about. We don’t have a lot of memories together and thank, God, it ended so soon before I fall for him. It was just sex.” It was like answering my own asininity. The truth was, that was one of the best moments of my life. Everything was almost perfect.

I hopped down my horse and so as Olive. We tied the ropes to the small tree trunk together. I was supposed to show him this small lake inside my family’s property that day he left and now, I was here without him.

“Don’t you feel anything for him?” she finally asked when we seated on the cow grass, facing the lake. The birds sang on the trees, instead of feeling relaxed it made me sullen.

I shrugged, watching as the water flowed freely. “I like him. I missed him,” I admitted.

“And hot sex.” She giggled and suddenly stopped when I shot her a sharp glare, and she muttered sorry.

“And the hot sex,” I added. It was pretty phenomenal.

“So, he’s really good in bed, huh?”

Oh, you have no idea, girl. I’ve never been to heaven, but I thought that was the feeling when I reached the peak of ecstasy.

“You don’t have to answer me, Blaine. No wonder you’ve been so bluer than the pacific ocean when he didn’t come to visit. He’ll come around, trust me.” She moved closer, wrapping her arm around me.

I hope he will.

“We should go back.”

I could only think of one thing, he was done with me, but I couldn’t just get his words out of my stupid brain that night before we fell asleep ‘the best sex of my life’, so how was I able to believe that he was done with me when he promised to come back? Wasn’t sex an important part of the relationship?

I still had a small hope. If I could wait five years for the man of my life, surely I could wait another five more days, five weeks, or five months, or even five summers if he would still come back to me. I had the patience for him. And he made a promise after all.

"Mommy, the door!" Ben called out from the living room. He was still trying to finish his Lego.

"Ben, go wash your hands. Lunch is almost ready." I sprinted past him to the door when the doorbell rang again.

Out of excitement, I forgot to inquire who was behind the door. A sharp breath escaped my lips. My eyes widened, unable to believe he was on my porch. A sudden coldness wrapped around my skin. At that moment he was the last person I wanted to see.

"What are you doing here, Ethan?" I found my voice shaky with so many emotions swirling all over me.

It had been five years since the last time I saw him. Uneasiness, angst, spitefulness, and anger rapidly filled my senses. Why he had to come back to this town that he abandoned years ago? And the last thing I wanted him where to be was in my house.

"Seems like you're not surprised to see me at all. I guess your friends have told you I was in town." He didn't change a bit other than his brown hair was cut short. His face matured and had more muscles than the last time I remembered.

"Why are you exactly here?" I asked, ignoring the millions of worries forming in my senses. And I regretted right away. I shouldn't have asked if I was not ready for his answer.

"I came to see you and him," he simply answered, and I almost had disgusted snort.

And him.

And him.

It echoed in my ears, making my heart pound wildly, nearing to explode as my chest heaved out of rage, my fists were already shaking violently of the urge of punching him on his face. Since when did he remember he had donated his sperm?

"Relax, Noelle." Oh, dear how I hated it when he called me that name.

"Relax? Get out of my property, Ethan," I hissed, gripping the door handle shakily, and tried not to catch Ben's attention. I didn't want my child to see me being violent in front of this man and I couldn't lie to Ben once Ethan revealed who he was to him.

"I will not go anywhere without seeing my son, Noelle. The reason why I didn't come last week because I had to go back and talk to my lawyer."

"About what?" I asked immediately, fear surged through me, making me almost shiver. My legs and my knees weakened. "Didn't you sign the papers in front of our lawyers that you had nothing to do with my baby? Did you forget that?"

"I still had a fight. Believe it or not, right now I can have what was his name?" he snapped his finger.

And that's it, I felt the sudden rush of my blood into my head, clouding my vision with fury. I slammed my hands and pushed him hard enough on his chest causing him to stumble and roll down the wooden stairs on my porch. "Get out of my house, off of my property, Ethan! And I swear to God I will call the police for trespassing and attempted kidnapping of my son!"

He quickly stood up to his feet, dusting himself off then barked into an arrogant and evil laugh. His eyes alighted with deviltry causing my blood to boil. "Really, Noelle?" A sly grin spread on his lips, conveying he had something to use against me. "Should I see you in court then? Well, good luck because the moment I show the judge what's on my phone. They will definitely take my side because you fucking slut just fucked inside the barn and on that fucking door!" he blustered.

I shook my head, denying that he was lying. And no matter how much I tried to hold my tears, it didn't take long before they fell from my eyes. "You are lying! You have no proof and you signed the papers stating you were no longer have the right to my son!"

"You might forget your cousins threatened and hurt me. I can also use the medical report against you. And these videos alone will win my case, babe, trust me, so you better allow me to see my son." He was sure determined about this. I couldn't see any joke in his mischief eyes. He took his phone out of his pocket, tapped the screen, and faced it to me.

My tears poured down on my face like a heavy rain when I saw that he wasn't joking. My trembling hands covered my mouth as I watched the video with blurry sight. It was a video of Xandry kissing me, my legs wrapped around his waist, the slamming of the door, and the shaking of the barn's wall. Then he swiped the screen. The video started to play where Xandry's hand was between my thighs.

Shaking to cry made me breathless. How could I be so reckless? And the man who was supposed to be here by my side when I'm in trouble was not here anymore.

"A-are y-you blackmailing me with that?" I stammered, and he ignored my question, instead, he gave me a satisfied smile. "Please, don't do this, Ethan. His name is Ben, Benoyce Arthur. Please don't take him away from me. He is my life, my everything." I wiped my tears from my face and walked towards him with wobbly knees.

"Why did you let him fuck you, Noelle? Of all the people why Xandry fucking Williams?" He threw his hands in the air grandly. "Do you know who is he? He is a fucking slut." His voice was pure disgust and disdain, but I couldn't care less. I just wanted my son and I was willing to do everything for Ben.

“How do you know him? We’re not together anymore. It was just a fling, and we’re over.” I just broke my heart. Again.

“Then, let start over,” he said quickly, and my eyes widened in shock. He broke my heart and now he was coming back. I loathed him over the years for turning his back on me when I needed him the most. He didn’t want my baby and now he wanted to play his role as a father?

Preposterous!

“It’s not that easy, Ethan. You hurt me, you broke my heart. I raised my child alone and I can’t let you in my life and in his life—”

“But you allowed the man-whore into his life, right, Noelle? And how can I not be when I’m his real father? Or should I raise him alone by myself.” Then that was it. He left me alone standing shocked and shattered.

Shutting the door closed, I leaned against the door, dragging my body down as I hugged myself. I cried without restraint for I didn’t know how long until my lungs struggled to function.

I needed air.

I couldn’t breathe.

The pain I felt at this moment wasn’t something I ever wanted to feel again. I could live of losing Xandry, but I’d rather die than losing Ben. I’d been strong for a long time and I didn’t have it in me anymore.

And when I opened my eyes, a pair of sad hazel eyes locked to mine.

Chapter 22

So, It's A Girl, Huh?

XANDRY

Weeks earlier...

My Dad was in his chair behind the desk. Mom was sitting in front of him, but what I wasn't prepared to see was Sunshine, and I was not entirely stupid not to get why she was here with a baby bump.

A sudden flush of adrenaline tingling through my body when the realization hit me like a sucker punch to my gut. She's pregnant.

I went to her apartment after I had a fight with Pyke to confront her about the issue. She was the only one who heard my conversation with Pyke about the bet. Then, we ended up on her bed, got drunk, but Sunshine denied we had unprotected sex since we both saw the wrappers of condoms in her bedroom when we woke up in the morning. And everything was vague to me.

Seeing her in my dad's office answered my unanswered question. I closed my gaping mouth and reluctantly walked towards them with legs that weighed tons. It was not that I could change anything, but I was so damn ashamed of myself for being irresponsible and reckless.

Why didn't she show up when—fuck! Suddenly, Blaine crossed my mind.

Blaine

Did Dad do all these to stop me from seeing her?

Raising my hands to ward them off from talking, I started with Dad, "I have no idea about this. If you did this to stop me from seeing—"

"Your dad doesn't know about this until last week, Xandry." Sunshine didn't meet my gaze and seemingly looked flustered on her seat.

"Last week? Then why you didn't show up before? Not until I found someone who makes, oh, made me happy." I took a deep painful breath and closed my eyes to calm down.

"Xandry, respect her decisions. It's done, and you two made this together," Dad said with a guttural roar.

"Honey, we're here for both of you. I saw the proof that the baby is yours." Mom stood up, rubbing my tensed arms.

"I've no doubt, Mom. I-I'll take full responsibility for the baby," I said without a doubt, making Mom sigh deeply in relief.

Sunshine looked pale, muttering tearfully, "I'm so sorry, Xandry."

My brows rose up. "What are you exactly sorry for?" Despite the possibility of losing Blaine, I couldn't think of this responsibility as a sort of crushing weight of my freedom, in fact, it made me think of Ben and this child she was carrying.

"Xandry, she's not feeling well. Give her a break," Dad groaned.

"Dad, I'm not gonna hurt the mother of my child." I turned to face Sunshine. "Can we talk? Alone."

She nodded slowly and stood up, giving my parents a small smile.

"Xandry, don't be hard on her," Dad reminded me, and I rolled my eyes without uttering a word, placing a hand on the back of Sunshine.

She gained weight compared to the last time I saw her. She looked paler and seemed fragile that when she collapsed she would definitely break a bone or two.

"Are you okay?" I looked down at her, and she just nodded and walked slowly outside Dad's office.

I guided her to the second floor of our house and to my old room.

"Have a seat." I motioned her to sit on the couch. It seemed that she badly needed a rest.

Then she burst into cry making me frown. Were all pregnant women like her? It was annoying but that must be her hormone just like Saph when having a PMS—moody.

Shit! Saph. Did she know about Sunshine?

"Why are you crying?" I sat beside her and unknowingly rubbing her back to make her feel better.

What we had was pure sex, and I didn't have feelings for her romantically, but she had my baby and as much as I wanted to get free from all of this, my baby came first.

I looked around my room and realized I was going to be a dad. Yesterday, when I had dinner with Blaine and Ben, I was imagining playing baseball with him, sending him to school, attending his game and recital, and going to park together like a real family. Now, I had another priority in life. My chest constricted at the sudden swirling of emotions when I thought of Blaine.

Will she ever accept my baby? How was I going to divide my time between her and my child?

"I'm so sorry, I was just scared," she started between hiccups.

"Relax, Sunshine, you are not alone anymore. I got your back, and you have me and my family now. You don't have to carry it all by yourself." I suddenly remembered she had no more parents.

She babbled when she was drunk. She blurted out on how she worked two jobs and had to stop a year before she went to college. Now, because of our recklessness, she was pregnant, but I was relieved that she chose to keep the pregnancy despite my rep over a relationship and was far ready for being a father.

"I have nowhere to go, this...this is my last option, and I can't give birth on the street, can I? I don't have a family, Xandry. I have no job b-because I-I can't stand long waitressing at the coffee shop," she choked out her words, and my chest tightened in sadness that it had to happen to her.

"I had to use my saving for prenatal vitamins, and I still have to buy baby clothes, diapers, crib, and my doctor gave me another medicine, and I'm on a strict diet too. My terror tenant gave me a week extension to provide the rent. I-I don't know what to do, Xandry. I-I'm so sorry." She was bubbling, then sobbed again, and I couldn't help but pulled her into a hug, tucking my chin into her blonde locks. Her hair reminded me of Blaine.

"Your dad told me you are with someone, and it's killing me with guilt coming to you."

"Hush, Shine. I'm glad you chose to keep it, but how I wish you told me earlier so that we can sort it out and plan it together, and I'm glad that you never chose to get rid of your pregnancy." To be honest, before Blaine came into my life, the idea of being a father or stuck in a relationship never crossed my mind, but right now, it might not be awful.

"I was afraid that you might not like it, you know? How you live your life is far ready to have a child."

I chuckled bitterly, "Well, I might, but now I changed."

She looked up at me with wide eyes, shaking her head slowly. "What happened to a leg-spreader Xandry? You seemed not you. Are you being possessed?"

I rolled my eyes.

"Uh-huh, she must be very pretty, but I still feel guilty, you know, so, tell me about her."

"Don't be, Sunshine. Let's not talk about her right now. So, when is your next appointment?"

"Wow, to someone who never dreamt of having a kid you surprised me again." She stood up, pulled tissues, blew her nose, and muttered an apology. "I have to see my doctor frequently than normal pregnant women."

My eyes widened, cocking my head. "Are we having twins?"

She shook her head and looked down at her fingers. "I was born prematurely because mom had complications just like I have right now. I was diagnosed with pre-eclampsia."

My brows furrowed. "What does that mean?"

"I have high blood pressure. I noticed when my hands and feet were swelling and I had a constant headache. I may be the worse pregnant woman when talking about morning sickness. The doctor explained that if I ignore it, it will affect the baby, worst-case scenario, she won't—"

"She!"

"Whoa! Calm down."

I barked into a laugh. "I forgot to ask the gender. So, it's a girl, huh?"

"You're kinda weird, so weird." She laughed, playfully slapping my knee. "Weird but in a good way." Yeah, you're kinda weird as well.

"Deal with it, Shine. So, tell me about this preclam thingy."

"Pre-eclampsia. The baby will not grow normally because of the fewer nutrients she receives from me. I could have a seizure when my blood pressure shoots up, and I could have a premature birth."

I cleared my throat. "I'll come with you to your next appointment."

"That won't be necessary."

I stood up, propping my hands on my hips. "The hell not! That's my child too. And you, stop your job at the coffee shop."

"I was fired last month because the doctor advised me for bed rest when I collapsed at my work."

"Damn it, Sunshine! How can you be so careless?"

"Stop blaming me, I wasn't aware." She took a deep breath. "Okay, it was my fault. I ignored the doctor's advice because I was in denial of having a complication and I couldn't quit that job, though I already learned that in nursing subjects."

"You don't have to worry about the expenses anymore, food, vitamins, medicines, your bills, everything, I'll cover it. You will stay in my apartment." Whoa! I was surprised to say it easily. Last month, I had never planned on having a roommate, but now I just offered Shine to live with me.

Fuck me!

"I'm not staying with you. You don't have to do this. Mrs. Williams made an appointment for me with the new doctor."

"I know Mom did that because she thought I will run away from my responsibility. Let's do this together, Shine. For the sake of our child."

"Xandry..."

"Sunshine, you don't have an apartment anymore. Let me take care of you and my child, at least to keep you safe because your complication is too risky for you and the baby. What happened in the coffee shop won't gonna happen again while you're in my care, got me?"

"I don't want to give you trouble. With her."

"We are friends, right, Sunshine?"

"Yeah, and no sexing with a friend."

"Good. And don't worry about Blaine. She will understand me." Will she?

Night Stalker Club

"Another shot?" Forrest asked, shooting me a cold and flinty glare. What I did wrong with him this time? Like I fucking care.

Blaine didn't answer my call nor replied to my text. The last time I talked to her was when I just landed. It's been twelve fucking hours I had not heard anything from her.

My world started spinning. No matter how hard I tried avoiding alcohol, I couldn't because for the first time in my life I had no clue what to do. I didn't have any idea how to tell Blaine and sure as fuck she was going to end the relationship we had just started. And I couldn't let her do that because we were so damn perfect together.

The moment I saw Ben without a dad, I fucking swore to myself that I would never abandon my child, and even so, I'd make sure I was going support the baby. And I fucking going to be a father in less than four fucking months. And it scared the living shit out of me. How am I gonna be a good father to her? I had no clue.

"Man, long time no see." A familiar voice from my back slapped my shoulder.

I squinted my eyes, smirking. "Look who's here. Where have you been, Hall?" Standing up from the stool and almost stumble, I shook his hand and a brotherly hug.

"Good to see you too, Xan." Hall was my classmate in college. We used to be buddies but we lost contact after it. I heard he went to Boston for a job offer, then met a loaded woman then they dated.

"Have a drink with me." I sat back. "Wood, give my friend a drink."

"So, how're Boston and Boston's chicks?" My voice started to slur but I could still see him clearly. He didn't change a lot. Now his face seemed looked familiar.

Damn it! I'm drunk.

"Quit my job there. I'm back in my hometown and just get back with my ex." He sided glance at me then sipped his JD.

I nodded, feeling guilty as ever over Blaine. "Good for you."

"How about you?"

"Got a gorgeous girlfriend and I'm gonna be a dad." I gave him a knowing grin.

"What?" His eyes widened, not with surprise, but with shock, and I didn't miss the gleam of deviltry and dispassionate in his stare, then hid in those dark brown eyes. Almost unsympathetic.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes?" My brows met, and he drunk his whiskey in a gulp, then grimaced. "So, getting back together, huh?"

"Yeah, with my kid. And she's still hot as fuck."

"Wait, you have a kid, too?" My chest tightened and my stomach twisted sickly for some unknown reason.

"Yup, a four-year-old boy. And you know what? My girl still sucks like an angel."

Chapter 23

I Will Squeeze You Like A Lemon

BLAINE

Being back in New York City reminded me of something we had back at the yacht, but I was here not to reminisce about what happened in the past. I am here for Bianca.

“Blaine!” Bianca called out enthusiastically as if I was the only person standing at the airport.

“Silly.” A wide smile curved across my lips as I walked toward her, and she was getting bigger. I wasn’t big as hers when I was roughly in the first week of the third trimester.

“I miss you, sis.” She squeezed me into a tight hug, which I badly needed it right now. I was thankful Ethan didn’t show up again. Ben didn’t ask why I was crying that day.

My emotions were over the edge when her advice flashed through me. I was not blaming her because it was completely my own choice to believe that there was something between me and Xandry, Bianca just boosted my confidence.

“I missed you too, B.” I bit my lip and took a deep breath as my eyes started to water. Then we broke our hug, and she moved to Ben who was already grinning at her.

“Good to see you again, Blaine.”

“Me too, Kyland. How’s the honeymoon?” I gave Kyland a quick hug. Bianca filled me up over the phone and through video calling. I could see the happiness and amazement in her eyes as she continued telling me about the places they visited in Paris.

They were back last week since Kyland had to get back to work and Cam was planning for the baby shower tonight.

“That was awesome.” He smiled—a smile that reached his eyes, making me so happy for them.

“Let’s go home,” B announced, holding Ben’s hand. Kyland was already carrying our luggage to place at the trunk of his Mustang Shelby.

“We can stay at the hotel, B,” I suggested. They were newly married, and I didn’t wanna hear their sexual escapades in the bedroom. If my memory served right, they still had glorious sex even at her stage of pregnancy.

“No way, sis.” She shifted on her seat and rolled her eyes at me. “You and Ben are staying with us. We have a new apartment, remember? And it’s three times bigger than our old one.”

“Yeah, Cam’s wedding gift to both of you.”

“I’m paying her. That’s too much of a gift.” Kyland looked at me through the rearview mirror.

“Like Cam will let you,” I retorted.

“I know, but I’m persistent.”

“Just take it, Kyland. You are like her big brother, and a gift is a gift,” I advised.

He nodded. “I know, Blaine, but it feels like she’s paying me back.”

I snorted. “Really? What you both shared when you grew up together, how you stood by her side when no one else did, that can’t be bought at any price. She loves you so much, Kyland. I think she just wanted to share what she has with the people she cares about.”

“I know, sis. I know Cam very well,” B agreed.

The huge apartment was already decorated with pink balloons, hanging pink elephants, pink paper fans, pink ribbons, and pink life-sized bears. There were pink cupcakes with pink frosting, pink finger food, and pink champagne glasses—in short everything around the living room was pink. We were like being transported to the pink cotton candy factory. Even the room smelled like sugar.

Megan, Cam, Kiara with her newborn baby boy, Fourth, and Bianca’s co-workers were here, too. These girls were awesome. Somehow, I forgot my recent dilemma when the party started.

I was surprised Saph was not around. To what I knew, she was close to Cam and Bianca. And it was impossible she wasn’t invited.

I chose not to talk to Bianca about what was going on between Xandry and me, besides there was nothing to talk about, right? But I could feel that she had a lot of questions to pop and a lot of things to say to me.

We talked, laughed, and I shared my motherhood experience with Ben.

“You’re a strong woman, girl. I really admire you,” said Jedd, Bianca’s co-worker who was Amy Schumer’s looked-alike. She was funny and free-spirited.

“Thanks, so here is my gift to you, dear sister, and I know you will be a great mother.” Kissing her cheek, I offered the box wrapped in pink ribbon.

She sniffed. “Thank you, Blaine.”

“I know it’s not much—”

“Oh, shut up, sis. I love everything from you—”

“Oh, really?” I wagged my brows playfully. “Remember what I gave you on your sixteen birthday?”

She laughed. “Oh, my God! Don’t remind me, please. I still have it in my closet back at home.”

“What’s her gift, B?” Cam asked her with curiosity.

“It’s not really a pretty thing to share.” She continued laughing, then quickly untied my gift, and I smiled at her. Her eyes widened and mouth fell open.

“Oh, wow! I suddenly want to get pregnant!” Megan gushed when she saw my gift, making Cam and Bianca snort in unison.

“Oh my, god! Where did you get those? Can I order online?” asked Kiara, the redhead gorgeous woman with Fourth on her lap.

“Well, you can, but I attached the letters and patches by myself.” It was a simple three pieces onesie—pink for the baby, red for Bianca, and blue for Kyland. “I watched videos for four hours on YouTube, so I need a credit for that.” I laughed. “And then, ta-da!” I proudly showed them the finished products. The baby onesie had a small pink elephant with ‘I’m pretty in pink’. For her was ‘Hot Mommy’ and for Kyland was ‘If looks could Kill’.

We stopped to a halt when the doorbell rang. My eyes landed on Bianca, but Camila got on her feet and walked to the door. I got a chance to sip my Champagne as I felt empty in the pit of my stomach.

“Blaine,” my sister cooed, and I smiled timidly. My heartbeat suddenly fluttered to whoever was on the door.

“She can’t just be a little early, can she?” Camila commented with sarcasm.

“Of course, I would not be Saphoera Williams if I showed up early, right?” Saph’s voice made me gasp, and I could feel her rolling her eyes at my back.

I honestly missed Saph and whatever happened between me and Xandry would not affect the friendship I started with her.

So, I stood up and spread my ever bright smile at her. “Saph!”

“Blaine!” she yelled, eyes widened, launching herself at me. “Oh, my god. Why didn’t I think that you’ll be here? I could’ve come early.”

Rolling my eyes, I wrapped my arms around her and kissed her cheek. “Then, you are not Saphoera Williams.”

Saph came back to me after giving pleasantries to everyone. “You know we have a lot to talk about, right?” she started, giving me a small smile. Sadness swam in her blue eyes— the eyes that reminded me of a lot of her twin. I could feel that she was holding something larger than life with the possibility of breaking my heart in pieces.

Her standing in front of me was like seeing the sad version of Xandry. It made my chest constrict and want to help get rid of that sadness.

I managed to ignore her words. “So, how are you?” I sauntered to the table of drinks. Her high heels clicked against the floor as she followed me. I poured Champagne into a glass and offered it to her.

She took it and muttered thank you. “Don’t play dumb with me, Blaine. You should’ve known me that I’m not letting you go without a talk. I will squeeze you like a lemon until I get the answer I want from you. Give him a benefit of the doubt.” Her voice was soft, yet coated with sorrow.

“A benefit of the doubt? Your brother and I had a fling, Saph, and it was over weeks ago. And what we are going to talk right now does not involve your brother anymore.” I sipped again. My muscles quivered violently as I was far from ready for the next words she was going to throw to me. Just a word fling was breaking my heart into two.

“To what he told me, it was not a fling. You know we don’t keep secrets, Blaine.”

Great!

She toyed with the stem of the glass, and I sensed hesitation. “Something happened—”

“Oh, my god! Is he okay?” I rushed out of my query. My heartbeat thundered in my chest. I placed the glass on the table when my hands started shaking.

She nodded slowly. “He will be. And I promise you he will come around.”

“He... he just stopped calling, you know. He didn’t answer nor reply to my call and message, so I stopped it and thought we were over...” I trailed off, seemed losing my words. My shoulders sagged like I drained all my strength after my admission. Honestly, I was still hoping for him to show at my door and explain. But the question was when?

“I know, and I’m sorry. But he cares so much about you and Ben. Believe me, Blaine,” Saph said sincerely.

Why can’t Xandry tell me this?

What was so hard about telling the truth?

“What really happened to him? He received a call from your dad when he was with me, it sounded urgent though. Your dad seemed angry, so I figured he was in trouble.”

"I just need you to understand and trust him. He has some issues to fix, but I promise you it doesn't involve you."

"Come on, Saph, you can't just tell me like that."

"It's not my place to tell, I'm sorry."

"Stop saying sorry. You can't keep me in the dark, Saph. Don't I deserve to know? It directly came from Xandry that my trouble is his and his trouble is mine. Please, tell me what's going on? How big his issues are? For the love of God, I'm his girlfriend!" My voice rose. I stopped and looked around. I had to press my lips together to stop my chin from trembling.

Pairs of eyes pinned directly at me, but there was no judgment in their gazes, and all I could see was sympathy—especially in Bianca's. I averted my gaze and looked down, feeling guilty for ruining my sister's baby shower party.

"I'll drive you to his apartment. He works at home this week," she suggested though it sounded an order to me.

"I-I'm not ready." I stammered and swallowed the thickness forming in my throat.

"You said that you are his girlfriend, Blaine. My twin's girlfriend. Now, grow some balls— no, tits because whether you like it or not I will send you tomorrow morning or I'll drag your ass out of this apartment. I will kidnap baby bunny if I have to, to force you to see my brother. He's a mess without seeing you, happy?" She kissed my cheek. Without waiting for my answer, she smiled as if nothing happened. "Sorry, girls. So, let's have some fun, yeah?"

My chest tightened, heart ached, eyes stung, and I swore I was already falling for him.

Chapter 24

Goodbye, Xandry

BLAINE

Saph parked her car in the parking area of the Williams' building. She said this was bought by her dad, Phoenix when he found out Sam, her mother was staying in this building during their breakup.

I wasn't in the right mind agreeing to Saph or maybe I was, but I was dying of finding out what was going on with Xandry.

"I already talked to the doorman and Jun is expecting you. As much as I wanted to come with you, I have a meeting in less than an hour. You'll be fine, Blaine." She kissed my cheek.

I nodded. "Thanks for helping me, Saph, or are you doing this for your brother's sake?"

She frowned. "You are my friend, Blaine, and I care about you too."

"I should really go and I have to go back before my son will find out I'm gone." I kissed her cheek and got out of her car. I was approached immediately by the doorman in a dark blue uniform.

"Ms. Harris?" The bald thin old man asked politely.

"Yes, it's me, and you must be Jun." I smiled, and he nodded.

"Yes, Ms. Harris, Ms. Williams called up earlier to give you assistance to her brother's apartment." He pressed some keys on the security system must be the private elevator. Then the door slid open.

"The elevator will stop on the eleventh floor. Mr. Williams' apartment is at 11-B. Have a great day, Ms. Harris!" Jun pressed the number eleven button then stepped out.

My breathing quickened as soon as the door closed in front of me. My heartbeat thudded violently when the elevator lifted up with a light humming. The new song from the pop artist with big boobs and big butt played, though I was not into pop, it made me relax a little bit.

I was mentally counting as the number button lit up. Eight. Nine. Ten, then my breathing stopped. Eleven.

Ding!

I walked out with wobbly legs like gummy worms under the sun. I instantly saw his apartment and I've never been so nervous that my underarms were dripping with sweat. I licked my lips

repeatedly as I stopped in front of his thick wooden door with its number engraved against the golden plate.

I reluctantly raised my hand. One deep breath, I pressed it and heard the faintly default doorbell sound. I rolled my eyes.

Seriously, Xandry?

A small hope crawled up my skin, and I couldn't help but smile that I was going to see him again and finally to clear things between us.

And I was caught off guard. Shocked.

Dumbfounded. That made me frozen in my place. My world spun around me, then suddenly stopped before I'd lost my balance.

"You must be Blaine." The woman around my age smiled at me—a genuine but shy smile. We've got the same natural blonde hair, blue eyes—hers were sky blue, same height, skin paler than my tanned one, bigger than me—I mean yeah, definitely bigger than me on her abdomen part. She's pregnant. Just like Bianca or maybe my sister was a month ahead of her.

Bewilderment stirred through me. Fear shot me right into my head. Arrow pulled straight to my heart—my instant broken heart.

My mouth gaped, questions forcibly stocked into my brain.

I blinked.

She was pregnant.

At Xandry's apartment.

"Um, I must knock at the wrong door. Sorry, I'm kinda hard at reading numbers," I lied because there was no way I was going to stay here long enough, "so, um—"

"You knocked on the right door. You came to see Xandry Williams, right?" She opened the door wider, then smiled politely.

"Um, yeah, but I uh, I changed my mind." My chest constricted. I didn't have to be Einstein to get what was going on. This was exactly Saph was saying to understand her brother.

"Please, come in, Blaine." She gestured.

My eyes widened, realizing she called me by my name. Again. "How did you know my name?"

She nervously chuckled. "Let's get inside then. I promise I'm harmless and it's obvious in my state that I can't harm a fly. I know you have questions—a lot of questions, but Xandry is still having

trouble finding his courage to tell you. He was afraid that you might end up things with him and he's not ready to lose you."

"What are you saying? Why are you saying this to me? Who are you? Are you—"

"I'm Sunshine." She walked toward the elegant couch that might cost my Queen. "You can ask me anything."

Oh, what a name?

"Why would I ask you? And why would I even trust your answer when clearly you are the reason why Xandry shut me out?" I knew I was bitchy and mean. I was just finding this conversation preposterous and awkward.

"So, you know all about this?" She motioned to her big baby bump, but there was something wrong with her. She was catching her breath, pale, and looked bloated compared to B. And I was not like her when I was pregnant. I was a little thin because of my terrible morning sickness that lasted longer than normal.

She is sick.

I shook my head. "I'm sorry for bothering you." I turned to walk away from her. I blinked to hold back the tears that threatened to fall, but the more I did, the tears already fell down my face.

"Just let me explain, Blaine!"

I stopped and turned around. "You don't have to. I was in your place once and I know the feeling, Sunshine. I really do. Please, don't tell him that I was here." I barely saw her walking toward me.

"I won't."

"But?"

"If you will listen to me first."

I was crying the whole time she explained her situation—crying for her suffering and sacrifices, for my pain, for Xandry who somehow learned something from me—for being brave and took his own responsibilities without a second thought.

My past life sardonically laughed at me like a villain—how I suffered from the people's scrutinizing eyes, for my pregnancy, for my boyfriend left me leaving without a trace, but I still considered myself lucky because I had a family and friends by my side when I stumbled and fell—unlike her.

She didn't much have of a choice. It hurt me of losing Xandry, but I wouldn't let myself interfere with his life now he had more priorities than our relationship. I was proud of him though, but I was broken inside as well.

Sunshine was a brave woman and somehow, I saw myself in her and there was no way I would ever get in the middle of their lives. I was there once, and it hurt like hell to take care of a child without a partner to hang on. I was not selfish enough to let her baby took the same path as Ben—growing up without a father.

"Sweetheart, is that you? Blaine, talk to me, sweetheart, please? I'm sorry for not calling you and replying to your messages. I know I was an asshole, a coward, and—"

"Xandry, let's end this." I bit back the excruciating pain in my heart. I readied a box of tissue in my bed because I knew I needed it.

"Sweetheart, I'm coming this weekend, okay? And I beg you to trust me on this."

"Please, don't. I know..." I breathed, closing my eyes not to be emotionally wrecked, were in fact, I already was. "I know the sex was good. You're a good person too, Xandry. Believe me, you are, but I can't be with you when you're far from me. A long-distance relationship doesn't work for me, for us." I lied. "And I have needs and you have, too, and I only see you every weekend. And it was not enough for me, Xandry." I sounded like a slut, but I didn't care and I couldn't tell him the real reasons.

"My love, please don't do this to me. Not now, sweetheart. We can figure this out together. We are one—"

"But it doesn't look like that, Xandry. For weeks! For goddamn weeks you gave me a silent treatment, kept me in the dark and you didn't damn care about my feelings!" I shouted, throwing my free hand in the air and poured all my anger out on him.

"I know, I know." Xandry seemed struggling to find his words, and I knew how difficult this was for us but I made my decisions.

We are over.

"Oh, you do?" I asked sarcastically.

"It's just, something came up and I needed to figure things first and—"

"And it's over, Xandry. Thank you for everything though. I just want you to know that everything I felt for you was real."

“Let’s talk about all of these when I see you on Saturday, Blaine, and not over the fucking phone! Have mercy on me, please?” Mercy? Fudge that mercy! He didn’t even have the guts to tell me because he thought I wouldn’t understand him.

How wonderful!

“Don’t go there. I moved away and I’m not gonna see you again.”

“Fuck!” he erupted, labored breathing roared through the other line, then followed by clattering. Xandry must break or throw something. He was mad, and I was silently shaking, trying hard to hold my scream of anger, frustration, and pain.

“Is this because...” He must be grinding his teeth. “Because of?”

I waited.

“Because of...of I’m gonna be a dad?”

“Goodbye, Xandry.”

Chapter 25

You Are Clearly Insane

XANDRY

I was wholly unprepared for the sharp stab of the pain at the left side of my chest. I hadn't seen and talked to her for over two weeks and it opened up the fresh waves of longing and searing pain when she broke up with me. Over. The. Fucking. Phone.

I lost her.

Let's end this. These three words repeatedly electrocuted my brain. I took another sip of the scotch Forrest filled me. I ignored his cold and stoic look and gestured him to pour me another shot, and he didn't hesitate. And that confirmed my suspicion that this guy hated my guts. For whatever reason, I didn't have any idea.

"Hmm, if it's not my dear cousin," Pyke sang, took a seat beside me, and Forrest quickly placed down a cold beer for him.

"I'm not in a mood for chit-chat, Pyke. I came here as a customer and not a cousin, so, fuck off." I gulped the last shot of the scotch, willingly took in the burn into my throat, hoping to numb my brain and my broken heart.

Two weeks ago when I left, I kept my things at her home with the thought of going back sooner because I was sure that I was falling for Blaine. She stole my heart—no, I willingly offered it to her. Then, I just broke my promise. I screwed up big time.

My dear old man threatened my good damn trust fund and my job, and he was willing to pull out his connection so that I couldn't be able to find a job if I would go and see her again. I thought I able to convince that I was a responsible man when I wholeheartedly took the responsibility for my child, but I was terribly wrong.

I had savings in my account, but not enough to last for years now that I was going to be a father. Sunshine had nothing left, and she couldn't work with a condition like that. She needed me, a roof to stay. We needed money for our bills, for her appointment and medicines.

"Congratulations, Xandry! I can't believe you'll be the first to be a dad before everyone. But I am proud of you." Pyke patted my back, and I knew he was genuine, but I was not in a mood to have a heart to heart or pep talk right now.

Don't get me wrong, I never regretted taking the responsibility. I was just heartbroken for the first fucking time and it was awfully painful and driving me insane.

"Thanks, and I got to go." I stood up, patted his back, and walked away without bother looking at Pyke again.

I needed to get home before I got drunk to oblivion.

My coffee suddenly tasted like shit when Blaine's words slapped me hard on my face.

"You don't have to come with me, Xandry." Sunshine's soft voice made me look up at her.

She had been here for over two weeks, and I couldn't believe it was even possible for me to have a roommate. I gave her credit for not invading my privacy. She stayed in her room when I was at home. We barely saw each other if I didn't have to check on her if she was okay. She was true to her words not to bother me, and I was so damn thankful for that.

I cleared my throat to lessen the awkwardness surrounding us and assured her, "I said I'm coming and we're on this together, okay?"

She maybe woke up long before I did because she finished her breakfast and already took her vitamins, the bottles were already on the top of the counter. She was already wearing a pink maternity dress Mom had shopped for her.

"Then at least groom yourself, Xandry." She pouted, wrinkling her nose as she raked her eyes all over me.

I scratched my growing scruff. "Leave me alone, Shine. I'll do if it will affect the baby, but if it won't then let it be it."

"I-I'm—"

I raised my hand. I knew she was going to apologize like for the nth times.

Standing up, I poured the coffee into the sink. I couldn't drink it anymore. My stomach churned, wondering if Blaine was sulking like me. Did she even think of me? How was Ben doing?

Damnation! I'm going insane. I needed to put myself together for the sake of my baby girl.

"Let's go. Do you have anything you need?" I asked Shine whose again keeping her distance and biting her lip.

"That's not good for the baby, Sunshine. I feel like you regretted telling me." I took her bag from her.

I didn't have feelings for her like how I felt for Blaine, but I did care for her because she was the mother of my child, a friend, and she was so fragile and alone. Somehow, I could see Blaine in her, but Blaine was luckier than Sunshine—she had a family and friends at a time like this.

My sister didn't like her at all. She never showed her ass up here, even to check on me other than her last text 'Everything will be okay, brother dear' and it was filled with sarcasm, I must say.

The doctor, Mom's suggested was older than I expected. Dr. Higgins was in her late fifties, she was well-experienced for a case like Sunshine had. Thankfully, the lab results were better than the last time Sunshine did. Mom checked up her diet strictly and had her own low salt food at home. Her weight decreased as well and her limbs were less swollen.

My heart thudded when I started looking at the monitor and wasn't aware of what should I expect to see.

My mouth hung open to see the small baby with a big head as the sonographer moved the thingy over Sunshine's growing belly. My baby was really moving, her heartbeat was fast and strong. She pointed to the monitor with measurements of the baby limbs and the head circumference and was around twelve inches long and weigh a pound.

I was beyond overwhelmed and relieved at the same time and Sunshine saw my reaction and rolled her eyes at me. I frowned.

My baby was already twenty-three weeks old.

"This is better than I expected, Ms. Price. I suggested you continue your maintenance and diet," Dr. Higgins stated after Sunshine did her ultrasound, and Sunshine gratefully thanked her.

"You're welcome, dear. Your next appointment will be next month, but if you feel anything different even the slightest, you call us immediately."

I went back with Sunshine to my apartment. My work was overloaded in my office. Dad didn't consider my excuse even he knew I had to be with her for her appointment, I guessed this was the way of his retribution for accidentally knocking-up someone.

I scratched the back of my head when I looked down at the last spreadsheet on my desk. My eyes burned, my neck stiffed, my ass was hot for sitting so long, and my stomach just grumbled. Fucking right. Work helped me for keeping my brain busy from not thinking of Blaine, but didn't lessen the hurt inside my chest. It still ached like hell, feeling hollow that something was missing.

"Fuck!" As I glanced down at my wristwatch. It was five in the afternoon. No wonder my stomach grumbled because it was almost dinner, and I just missed my lunch.

The good thing was I worked in my study at my apartment and the kitchen was just a few steps away. It was quite a relief.

A smile curved from my lips when I heard a muffled voice of Saph in the kitchen.

I know you can't stand long not seeing me, twinnie.

"You shouldn't be here in the first place. I know you planned on all of these because you know my brother is rich," Saph's sharp voice made me stop to a halt.

What did she just say?

My jaw clenched. I knew she didn't like Sunshine, but she didn't have to be mean to her. I couldn't believe she wasn't on my side.

"I don't want to be here, Saph—"

"Oh, for the love of God, don't Saph me," Saph cut her off with a distasteful tone, "we are not friends and never will be. If you think you let my brother knock you up you can now get closed to the treasure and have something from my family, you're wrong. You will have nothing, ended up on the street after you deliver that child."

"I don't want anything from your family, M-Ms. Williams, I swear to God," Sunshine responded with a shaky voice as her chin trembled.

"Then get out of this apartment, you don't belong here! My brother is in love with someone and for Pete's sake have some self-preservation. You just broke them up. You broke my brother's heart because of your goddamn baby!"

I couldn't believe this. I couldn't believe her. I shook my head in annoyance and in disbelief.

"I'm leaving," Sunshine whispered, tears were already behind her eyelids.

"No, you're not!" I walked closer to them, and they both startled with my voice, clearly not expecting my presence.

Sunshine wiped her tears, cowering herself with her arms wrapped around her body while my sister was standing tall with her arms crossed over her chest like a predator, and owned this fucking apartment. She was maybe my sister, but I didn't give her the right to insult the mother of my child.

Heat flushed through my body. My muscles quivered and I glared at her. "What do you think are you doing, Saphoera?"

"You heard us, so why are you asking?" she asked sarcastically, remained in her place, unmoving while Sunshine was sobbing and cowering at my back.

"I was happy to hear your voice earlier. I thought you came here to see me and congratulate me on being a dad, but I was wrong, instead, you just insulted the mother of my child, and the last time I checked I didn't give you the right to do that, sister. If you can't accept her or me being a dad or yourself to be a future aunt then you are not welcome to come here anymore."

Saph eyes widened and mouth gaped, truly not expecting to hear that from me, but I had a lot of bullshit to even welcome her nuisance insults over Sunshine.

She swallowed. "I can't believe you choose her over me, Xandry. I never expected you to be this low because of her." Pointing at my back.

My nose flared. "Don't, Saphoera." I took a deep breath to control my rage. "If you still love me and value me as your twin, please leave now. You already disrespect her and my decisions. I think that's enough. You crossed the line and you know for fuck's sake she's sick and she's not allowed to be under stress."

"Well, you are clearly insane. I helped you out solving your problem, but you chose her over Blaine—"

"Wait, what?" My blood rushed through my brain like a hurricane. My hand was already on her arm gripping her as she started to leave.

"Oh, she didn't tell you, did she?" she asked sarcastically, jerking her arm off from my grip.

"I-I made a promise not to tell him."

Chapter 26

Mommy, Please, Help Sandry

BLAINE

Oh, my God!

He is here.

He came.

He stood there like a fallen angel. His eyes landed on the sign posted on the glass door.

How did he find out I lied?

He had a scruffy and looked rugged. I meant, he was still handsome though, with disheveled hair, dark circles under his eyes. His crumpled clothes like he had been sleeping on it for days, but I still wanted to jump on him right now. Get a grip, Blaine.

My heart leaped in my chest and my skin instantly tingled in anticipation of his kiss, his touch, and him inside me. Crap!

Holy crap!

The door swung open and chimed. He walked inside, then stopped and roamed his bluer eyes around like searching for something. Or maybe for someone.

I froze in my place, knees weakened to his presence. My hand gripped the counter for support as his eyes landed on Ethan. A large hand grip on my waist made me more stiffen.

This was my first time to meet Ethan since our last encounter. I had to agree with him in return for his silence.

Oh God, please.

Then before I could blink the customers yelled in unison. Xandry's fist was already on Ethan's jaw, sending him sprawling down the floor. He hovered Ethan, furiously punching him repeatedly on his face.

My eyes widened, I stood still while looking down at them rolling as Ethan got a chance to punch back Xandry. I flinched, their fists and faces were both bloodily stained.

"Mommy, please, help Sandry." I blinked, realizing my son was watching all this time. My hand instantly on Ben's eyes, though it was too late because he'd already seen what happened.

"Oh, my God! Enough!" But my voice was like nothing to them as they continued punching each other.

The two men walked toward them to pull them apart from doing further damage than they already got, and they started scaring patrons as well.

"You fucking asshole, you hand on my woman again you will get more than punches!" Xandry's angry and possessive voice thundered. He breathed heavily as Keith, the bulky man wrapped his arms around him to prevent from launching another punch to Ethan.

"You're an asshole, fucking manwhore! She is not your woman if you haven't figured out yet. She was mine before you even came here and swung your dick around!" Ethan pissed off Xandry more, but they were both held tightly to even make another move for another round.

"Stop, stop! You both are disrespectful to the people around here and my son is listening for Pete's sake. Show some manners, and for the love of God, I'm no one's property!" I yelled, and Xandry's sad eyes bore into mine, and I had to swallow the emotions that threatened to show up.

"I will sue you, asshole—"

"Ethan!"

"Oh, for fuck's sake, Noelle! He was the one who came here and punched me in the first place, and everyone here has witnessed who'd assaulted me," Ethan sneered, showing his bloodstained teeth.

"Stop cursing, Hall! We have audiences and some are minors." Xandry's adrenaline has still not dissipated.

"Oh, just now you realized what damages you had caused?" I sarcastically pressed, "you shouldn't have on each others' throat if you think before you do it in the first place."

Finally, Keith let go of his arms when he tended to regain his posture, and so as Ethan on the other side. Xandry had a swollen face and eyes and bleeding mouth.

Ethan got a good punch on him, but Xandry gave him good damage to his face as well. At the corner of my eyes, the owner nodded with understanding with a small smile on her lips.

My face flushed with embarrassment. I'd just realized I was the reason why they were fighting. And for the love of God, I didn't remember them giving them right over me.

"Stay away from her and my son, Williams, and go back home before I will put you in jail!" Ethan threatened, and my stomach suddenly lurched.

A sudden coldness hit my bone, making me shiver. My eyes were already wet as the tears finally fell down to my cheeks.

“Sweetheart—”

I raised my hands to stop Xandry from getting close to me. “I can’t be with you, Xandry. I’m back with Ethan.”

He stopped and chuckled bitterly, and I could see the hurt and sorrow shadowing in his eyes. The most beautiful eyes I’ve ever seen were no longer sparkling, they were now filled with questions and disappointment. “You’ve got to be kidding me, Blaine. Don’t do this to me, I told you I’m coming and here I am. Just let me explain.”

Ethan laughed with mockery while some eyes were still on us and others were back in their seats. “Don’t bother, Williams, just get the fuck away from here—”

Xandry eyes narrowed into slits, finger-pointing at Ethan. “One more word coming from your—”

The doorbell chimed, making Xandry stop. “What’s goin’ on here?”

My body had gone rigid to the sheriff’s voice. Someone must have called him.

And of course, Ethan started, “Arrest this man who just came out of the blue and punched me on my face.” Showing his bruised face to the officer, but the officer shifted his gaze to Xandry who had the same damage.

“Um, officer—”

“Noelle!” Ethan cut me off, and I got tongue-tied as if he reminded me of his threat.

“It’s okay, Blaine. I’ll go with him willingly,” Xandry murmured, looking down at the floor as if he was suddenly ashamed of what he did earlier.

“Now, let’s forget what happened, shall we? And no one will let this out, what happened here, stayed here,” Belinda, the owner announced.

“Why the hell didn’t you tell us, Blaine Noelle Harris?” Riley growled, his hands already on his hips.

I drove to the bar after calling him for an emergency and my parents were already here before I and Ben arrived. I guessed, someone informed them of what happened at the coffee shop not so long ago.

“He can’t get close to you and my grandson, Blaine. You knew what he signed for.” Daddy narrowed his eyes at me, and I sat down the chair, cowering from them.

I didn't know how to tell them about the video on Ethan's phone. I still had a little respect for myself. And what would my son think about me when he grew up knowing my affair had gone viral?

"Blaine, you better talk, or I'm going to jail for murder if he laid his hands on you. I can't believe you are stupid enough to take him back and allow him to get closer to your son! He blackmailed you, was he?" Riley was beyond pissed as he continued, and I just looked down at my hands on the table.

"Whatever happened between you and Xandry, I don't wanna know, sweetie, but you have to tell us what provoked him to punch Ethan. I guess he doesn't know Ethan was—" Mom hesitated as she didn't want Ben to know about his relationship with his father. "And you two didn't end well?" Mom added.

"I don't think Xandry will come here to punch him," Daddy concluded, "so you better talk, Blaine. You can't let that man sleep in jail while he's miles away from his family. I better go to the station. He's my responsibility now." Daddy quickly on his feet, and it alarmed me.

"Daddy, I already broke up with Xandry and I don't know why he's here all of a sudden. I think he found out about Ethan," I implied.

"And you?" Riley asked, eyes pinned on me remorselessly.

"There is no and you," I mumbled.

"But it doesn't tell like it, Blaine," Riley said unapologetically.

Tears welled in my eyes. "He said he has a medical report of how you and Finley beat him up—"

"And you listened to that ass—to him?" He leaned his hands on the table, breathing heavily.

"That's not it, okay!" I jerked to my feet causing the chair to stumble down.

Riley stood up straight with brows furrowed in confusion.

"H-he threatened me—"

"He can't fu—fudging do that to you, Blaine. Why didn't you trust the papers? The lawyers! Your fudging family! Me! I'm here all your life for eff's sake!" His eyes widened with anger and disappointment.

I shook to sob. "I said that's not it," I said stubbornly and looked at them with blurry sight, and they patiently waiting for me to continue, "Ethan saw me and Xandry, and he has videos of me and Xandry on his phone."

I heard Riley cursed and walked out of the bar. The door slammed after him. I hugged myself for the embarrassment I'd caused to my family, to myself, and to my son.

"Sweetie, we can solve this chaos if you just tell us before it comes to this. You know he can't do that to you. What he did was wrong, he invaded your privacy, and he trespassed on our property." Mom rubbed my arms and kissed my forehead.

"No, Mom. He will appeal to the court that Riley and Finley forced him to sign the contract and he will show the videos of my misconduct and for being an irresponsible mom. He will use it against me to get the full custody of Ben. He has Ben's DNA and nothing's gonna change that." I looked at Ben. He sat where Dad had seated earlier, playing his The Flash figure.

"So, he used that to threaten you? How about Xandry?"

"Ethan told me to stop seeing him, and I don't know how Xandry came here because I already told him that I moved to another city."

"Let's go to the station, Uncle Bob." Riley came back inside. "Xandry called me earlier to confirm if Blaine is still here, and I told him you never leave."

"Why did you tell him?" I asked, glaring at him.

"Why not? Why would I lie as you did?" He glared back. "You just put that man in jail, Blaine. This is because of your narrow mind and you don't trust your family. And God, Blaine, are you out of your mind? Did you forget what that piece of sh— did to you?"

"Do you think it was easy for me, huh? For God's sake cut me some slacks here. Because it hurts like hell. I care about my son and I was hardly breathing when I thought of him would be taken away from me. I'd rather die, and you all hated me than losing my son to that piece of sleazeball who broke my heart? The moment I was happy, suddenly, it was taken away from me. Do you know how does it feel?" I glanced at Riley. "Of course, you don't because you never fall in love and never get hurt. For Pete's sake, I care about Xandry and I just ripped my heart out of my chest when I broke up with him, and you have to ask him the reasons why I did that. I don't want another baby to be raised without a mom because of my selflessness."

Chapter 27

You're Pregnant?

XANDRY

Last night, Saph and Sunshine confirmed Blaine went to my apartment to see me. Undoubtedly, she knew everything about me, and Sunshine was having a baby.

I spent several minutes back in my office bemoaning of her lost, it only told me one thing, she didn't want me, but Saph made me not to give up. Until I saw what was in her eyes today. The way Blaine looked at me, I knew she cared —her eyes filled with surprise and longing, then suddenly replaced with sadness.

The motherfucker Ethan Hall caught me off guard when his hand gripping Blaine's waist. I knew he did it on purpose. Just the thought of what he did to Blaine during her pregnancy, all I cared about was to punch and end him. I completely lost control and there was no way I let him take Blaine away from me.

She. Is. Mine.

How did I miss the sign? The way he looked at me back at the Night Stalker, of what he said? Did they really— I pushed the thought out of my head because it was already driving me mad.

It had been thirty minutes, but it felt like I'd been here thirty hours in this filthy holding cell. I came willingly since the officer was kind. And now, Saph thought I and Blaine got back together. I wished that was what happened. Not like this.

Breathing deeply, I placed the ice pack back on my aching and bruised face where that motherfucker punched me. Thankfully, I didn't need another surgery like how Pyke did damage to my nose.

While in my deep thoughts, I heard footsteps approaching, then her soft voice. And I almost fell down from the concrete bench where I lied down. Before I could decipher, I was already in front of her with only steel bars separating us.

Blaine looked like she'd been crying. Did he hurt her? My teeth gritted with anger.

"Are you okay?" she whispered.

I looked into her eyes. I held the bars and leaned my forehead. "I'll be fine, sweetheart."

“Why did you come, Xandry?” Her words were laced with pain and curiosity. At least she wasn’t angry anymore.

“Because I don’t follow rules, threat, and I can’t fucking accept that you broke up with me over the fucking phone.” I kept my eyes pin at hers and I swore I saw her eyes sparkle.

“It seems that you don’t.”

“Fuck yeah.”

“Xandry, there is a lot of things you don’t know—”

“Clearly, sweetheart. The fact that Ethan fucking Hall was Ben’s dad caught me off guard, and you took him back after—”

“I didn’t.”

“But?”

She shook her head, finding hard to form words, and it made me want to blow the bar off that separated us.

“Please tell me it’s true, Blaine,” I begged and I would do everything just to find the truth on why she broke up with me and how did Ethan end up here.

“Ethan is Ben’s dad, that’s right,” she confirmed, and I found my fucking bloody fingers on my hair, pulling it out to know if I was having a nightmare because I wanted to wake up, but this was real.

“How come I didn’t hear anyone and you mentioned him?”

“Because we chose not to, for the sake of Ben.” She shrugged.

“What is this? Like he who must not be named? Then why did you break up with me if you’re not back together? I need to know the reason, Blaine. I deserve it.” I looked at her in the eyes, and she looked down.

I slipped my hands out and caught her hands. The moment I felt her warm and soft hands, my pain washed away. She was like my heroin—so addicting. Call me fucking whipped, I don’t care. My body just came back from death—that was how her touch affected me.

“Blaine,” I called again, and she lifted her gaze up to me. “I know you know about Sunshine. That’s why I’m here.” I wished I knew what she was thinking.

Blaine bit her lower lip, and I couldn’t help my muscle not to tighten because I missed how her lips on my skin.

"I swear to God, I never knew I had unprotected sex with her. I know this is inappropriate to talk about it right now, but this might be my only chance and I fucking grab it. I went to her apartment after I had a fight with Pyke. We got drunk then it happened, I asked but she denied until—"

"I'm not judging you."

"You saw my latest test, Blaine. I'm clean."

"I'm not worried about it."

"That's why I didn't tell you about this, and I know I'm coward and I don't wanna lose you, Blaine. But it seems that you..." I swallowed hard. My heart just bled out "I just, I can't. You mean so much to me, God knows how much, but... Sunshine has nowhere to go."

"I know, Xandry. I talked to her."

"But you can't accept me with a kid," I bluntly told her.

She blinked her tears filled eyes, shaking her head. "No, Xandry. I was so proud of you for taking responsibility for your child. I never see that in you, I underestimated you and clearly, I don't know you well and I admire you for that."

"Then what's wrong?" I breathed deeply. My energy drained a long time ago. I couldn't believe this was so hard confronting her. I had to respect her decisions no matter how hard and how it was going to hurt me, but on the second thought, I couldn't just let her go without doing everything to win her back.

"If you think because we are having a baby and we will be going to stay together, you're wrong there. I will remain a friend to her because she is the mother of my child. Even now, I never kiss or touch her. We only see each other when I check up on her because you know she's sick. I go with her to her appointment because that's the right thing to do. We don't have a connection like we have, Blaine. I don't wanna touch, kiss, or hold another woman than you. I only want to be with you, inside you, and no one else."

She gasped and her pupils slightly dilated, and my cock started to harden even in this fucking cell.

"Believe me, Blaine. I never had sex or touched myself since I left you that morning. Look at me," I told her, and she complied. "Do I look like I care about sex when I can't even fucking take care of myself? So tell me why? Don't I deserve to know, sweetheart? If it's because of Sunshine, she is not a threat, trust me. She won't be staying in my apartment after she gives birth. I have full custody of my child, and she will continue her college as I promised. I'll be paying her bills until she finishes school. She will have her time of visits and has her right as my child's mother. But that's all. We can't be together as a couple because my heart already belongs to someone, Blaine." I wiped her

tears as she sobbed. I wanted to pull her into my arms and hug her tightly, but we were in the station for damn's sake.

"I can't be with you, Xandry. I'm so sorry." Her voice cracked. She pulled her hands away from my grip, and my heart just shattered. A sharp knife stabbed into my heart. A cannonball of emotions settled on my gut. Sadness, loss, ache, and anger to myself.

"Oh, my God! Blaine?" My sister yelled the moment she saw her. Despite being heartbroken, I felt relief she was here.

"Saph, what are you doing here?" The looked on her face alone, she was totally surprised that my sister was in town.

They hugged each other while I was still trapped inside. "Oh, my, brother! When Riley called I wasn't expecting to see your face beaten up, now nobody believes we are twins, Alexander Henry." She laughed hysterically, making me roll my eyes.

"I'm locked up, Saph, can't you see?" I gestured my hands in between bars.

"Well, we agreed to talk to Blaine and not to beat up Ethan freaking Hall. And don't worry, Rexwell is on it now. Just watch out what will happen," she said proudly.

"Wait, your boyfriend is here?" Blaine asked with wide eyes.

"Yes, we had his jet."

"Oh, of course, rich people do that a lot."

Harrises invited us to have a late lunch with them at the restaurant after my release. Sean threatened Hall that he wouldn't be able to find any job if he wouldn't drop the complaint. I punched him once for blackmailing Blaine. After deleting the videos, Sean broke it and stomped it on the floor until he was satisfied.

"If he will come to you again, let me know," Sean simply said to Blaine.

"Thanks for the concern, but we can manage to solve our own problems, son. This thing will not have happened if Blaine didn't keep it from us. We knew he was back to town, but I never thought he had the gut to see Blaine again," Bob explained.

"He won't dare set a foot into our land if he doesn't want a hole in his chest. This time I won't hold back." Riley still looked pissed, muscles flexed on his arms.

"I agree and I still can't believe he's, well, he is Ethan Ass-hall." I glanced at Blaine.

"He's still Ben's father."

"By DNA. The last time I checked he never cared, not even a dot," Riley countered.

"Man, congrats, Xandry! You're gonna be a dad," said Sean.

"You're pregnant?" the Harrises' eyes bulged, pinning at Blaine.

"No!"

They all sighed. "Oh, thank God, because I'm gonna break someone's jaw." Riley gritted his teeth, eyeing me with intensity.

"I knocked up someone," I told truthfully, "before I met Blaine." Everyone went silent with my confirmation. All my guilt had been thrown out of the window. I released a breath when they looked at me without judgment in their eyes.

"Congrats, son!" Bob started, "You'll gonna be a good dad, Xandry. I saw how you are with Ben." Yeah, but your daughter doesn't like me anymore.

We had to leave the town as we didn't want dad to find out about our escape. I didn't get a chance to talk to Ben, and it made me sad. Sean's private jet was already waiting for me at the tarmac, but I wanted this last chance to talk to Blaine.

"They're waiting for you," she said shyly.

"Don't care. Don't I even get a kiss? Give us a chance, Blaine," I suggested stubbornly.

She smiled—a genuine one. "We're friends, Xandry."

"If you mean friends we can kiss, touch, um, can be both naked on my bed—"

She playfully slapped my arms. "Friends."

"Then we'll see after my baby is born, but we keep in touch, right? Like we talk every day, video call, text, chat, e-mail, and I can still visit you every week?"

"My God, Xandry, you're unbelievable!" She laughed, propping her hands on her hips.

"Just kiss already! We have a flight waiting!" Saph yelled from the jet's door.

Blaine opened her arms. "Come here."

I happily wrapped my arms around her tightly. And God, if this was the best feeling in the world after what happened earlier, my worries were all gone. I dipped my face into the crook of her neck,

kissed it, and inhaled her smell because there was no guarantee if I got a chance to do this with her again.

Chapter 28

I'm A Pain in the Ass

XANDRY

Cursing under my breath, I saw how the time slowly moving by on the wall clock. These past nine weeks of my life I'd been to heaven and hell. Hell as I drowned myself with work when Blaine had friend-zoned me. The pain seared through my heart was hard to ignore. And heaven— we still talked, but I was a greedy asshole. It wasn't enough. And I still missed her terribly.

Thankfully, Sunshine and the baby were healthy. Last week, she asked me to watch an erotic movie with her. It wasn't new to me, but the hardest part was watching the egotistic jerk male lead fucking a woman by his own terms. It made me think of being balls deep with Blaine and my aching attention-seeker of a cock hardened like a rock before the scene got to the best part. My body was buzzing with the desire to taste Blaine, to be between her legs, and to be buried deep in her sweetness. The heat of lust spiked through my veins. And it was embarrassing that Sunshine was aware of it. What had gotten into me agreeing to watch that movie with her?

Then she made a move, and I almost kissed her. Reality slapped me right through my senses that it was wrong. I bolted out of the room before things got awkward between us.

Though Blaine and I were just friends, it felt I was betraying her. And damn it! How did I survive with my cock secured in my pants for nine fuckless weeks? Because I'd rather spent time talking with Blaine over the phone, then jacking off than sleeping with someone else. It was hard—painfully and awfully hard not to see her and touch her like I used to do, but I had grown patience in me. I know she's worth a wait.

My phone buzzed. A smile curled up on my lips. "Hey, sweetheart, miss me already and can't wait until tonight?"

"Uh, I shouldn't have called." I could feel her eyes rolling. "Bye, Xandry."

I sat straight. "Sweetheart, don't you dare. I was just joking."

"I know, silly. Um, I'm just calling because I and Ben are coming tomorrow—"

"Wow! You and Ben are coming to see me, that's wonderful. I know you can't friendzone me any longer. You missed me so much, and I do too, it aches." Holy shit! It didn't sound right.

She laughed carelessly, and my smile widened. My heartbeat raced just to hear her voice. “No, Xandry. We’re coming because I have to see Bianca. She had cramps and begged me to come.” Of course.

I rubbed my forehead and slumped my back to my chair. Disappointment made me frown. “Oh, I see.” I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. “Just so you know, I keep my promise not to visit you. You know how hard it is for me, but patience is one of the virtues, right? Blaine, I miss you so much—”

“Xandry, we already talked about this—”

“I know, I’m sorry. I’m terrible at shutting up. It’s just... I really miss you and staying away from you tore me apart, then I can’t make a move because we’re friends, but I-I like you a lot.” I love you.

My heart stopped.

“We’ll talk about it after a few months, Xandry. If you still into me when you already have a baby, then we’ll see it from there.”

“We are good together, Blaine. You know it.”

“I know. Anyway, I don’t want you to be surprised when we bump into one another.”

A laugh rumbled in my chest. “I was actually hoping. Now I know there is a chance of seeing you and Ben, I might plan it out.”

“Is that so? Now I regret telling you. I shouldn’t have called.” The joy in her voice was obvious.

“I’m glad you did. Tell Ben I said hi.” A warm filled my chest. I missed that little guy a lot. I always thought of him smiling down at my baby when the time came.

“I will. Got to go, Xandry.”

“Sweetheart, wait!”

“Yeah?”

“Aren’t you expecting us to meet?” I closed my eyes, bit my lip, and readied for her answer.

She sighed. “I wanna see you—”

“But?”

“There is no but, Xandry, because it is normal to meet a friend,” she answered cautiously. Now I started to hate the word friend.

Fuck! It sucks.

I cleared my throat. "What if we kiss?"

"Then I won't see you again."

"So, do you think you can keep your hands off of me after nine awful weeks of not seeing my gorgeous face, my cleft chin that you love, my arms, my abs, and my...?" I teased, smirking.

"Of course, I can—"

"But I surely can't."

"Then I shouldn't—"

My phone beeped for a waiting call, I checked it. "Hold on, sweetheart, Sunshine is calling."

Blaine muttered okay. I kept her on hold and answered Sunshine. She might need something. Lately, she was a little bit anxious, but she didn't complain other than constant sighing.

"Shine?"

Labored breathing reached my ear. "X-Xandry, I-I n-need you. Oh, God!"

"Sunshine, what's going on? Are you okay?" The sound of my heartbeat thrashed in my ears, making my thoughts scatter.

"X-xandry, I'm not feeling so well!" A primal scream echoed from the other line, and that gave me more panic.

"I'm on my way, Shine. Stay calm, and I'll call 911. Just relax, okay?"

"I can't. I-I t-think I'm gonna die. I-I can't breathe, X-Xandry." The breathing through the earpiece of my phone showed she was gasping for air.

Christ!

Quickly, I stood up and grabbed my keys. "I gotta hang up, Shine. I need to call an ambulance. Hang on, please. Help is on their way." I hang up the phone, dialing 911, and rushed out of my office.

I ran my jerky fingers through my hair most of my drive after talking to Mom. Panic seeped through my veins when I thought of something that happened to Sunshine and my child. I was not a devoted type of person, but I remembered and prayed to God and angels to save them both.

Stomping my foot to the brake pedal, the tires screeched as I parked in front of the apartment building, but I couldn't see an ambulance around. Panic struck me again. Haven't they arrived yet? That's impossible.

I strode right into the lobby and relief washed over me to see my mother standing there. My stomach quivered. “Mom, where is the ambulance?”

“Oh thank, God!” She pulled me into a hug.

“Mom, please tell me they’re okay?” I asked in a shaky voice. The chill wrapped around my skin despite the warm embrace of my mother.

Mom pulled away quickly. “Let’s go to the hospital. The ambulance arrived early, Jun opened your apartment to let them in. They’re leaving when I arrived, so I got her things before I came down.”

She rubbed my arms repeatedly. Pain flooded in her eyes. “According to the EMT, she was unconscious on the floor, barely breathing, cold, and profusely sweating, honey. Did she missed taking her meds?”

“Not that I know of, Mom. H-how about my baby?” My eyes watered, and I barely saw Mom in front of me. My world slowed down in an instant. Emptiness swallowed my chest.

“They will be okay, Alexander. Stay strong for your child and Sunshine. They both need you. Now let’s go to the hospital. You need to be there in case Dr. Higgins wants your decisions, you know that right?” Mom nudged me, and I hardly nodded. Her words had not sunk in well. Then she dragged me towards the revolving door.

My body numbed throughout the ride with Mom, and I barely saw the street as we rode to the hospital. It was all blurry. I never thought of how important Sunshine until today when she was on the brink of death. I thought she was just a friend, but she was more than that to me—she was a part of my daughter, and my daughter was my life.

I loved my daughter just like how I love Blaine—more than anything. I loved Blaine so much that I thought it hurt less to rip my heart out of my chest thinking of living without her, and now it doubled the hurt knowing I could possibly lose my daughter before I even got a chance to see her.

I followed Mom’s quick pace inside the hospital and still feeling lost and shock. I knew this was real, goosebumps wrapped around me like a fucking fog. It made me feel claustrophobic. My skin turned clammy and the sweat dribbled down my forehead.

The two doctors approached us as soon as they recognized us and explained what happened to Sunshine. And to be honest, I didn’t understand anything. It was like they were talking in a foreign language.

I brought my shaky hand to my forehead and wiped off my sweat. I closed my eyes.

Please.

Please.

Breathe, Xandry. I opened my eyes and looked at them.

“Your girlfriend’s blood pressure fluctuated that’s why she suddenly collapsed, Mr. Williams. The baby is already in distress as of now and we need to save the mother and the baby by performing an urgent cesarean section, but the patient is unconscious and we cannot explain and obtain informed consent from her.” A male doctor explained, and I didn’t even care to correct the girlfriend part.

“I explained to Sunshine that this could possibly happen, Xandry,” Dr. Higgins recalled.

I licked my dry lips. “I am a legally authorized representative on her behalf. I have a copy of the power of attorney signed by Sunshine and I can call our lawyers to confirm it.”

Mom gave me the papers tucked on the clipboard, and I took it without uncertainty. I got a pen from the doctor. In a moment like this, I needed strength, but my strength was not here with me. I shut my eyes closed and took a deep breath.

Focus...

Breathe...

I glanced down at the paper, it was a general consent for medical and surgical procedures. It stated the doctor who explained, the proposed procedure, the risks and benefits, the complications, the witness, and the date—meaning my baby and Sunshine would be okay. I signed and gave it back to them.

“Please do everything to save them,” I pleaded.

The doctor said, “We will do our best, Mr. Williams.”

Then that was all, they left me and Mom, and I almost collapsed like they forcibly took all the strength I had left.

“They will be okay, honey. You might not understand what they said earlier, but though your baby is preterm she will be able to make it. She has to stay in the neonatal intensive care unit for a while, but she will be okay.” Mom kissed my cheek. We both sat down on the cold bench outside the green door of an operating room.

“Your dad and Saph are on their way.” Saph still not in good terms with Sunshine, but she stayed civil during our family dinner when I invited Sunshine to join us.

“Thank you, Mom. I don’t know what will I do without you.” I smiled at her no matter how hard to do it right now. The fact that my two girls were fighting for their lives scared me to death, but there was still a hope left and I was holding onto it.

“We will always be here for you, honey.”

"I love you, Mom. I know I'm a pain in the ass and a huge disappointment to you and Dad, but I'm on my way of playing a part of a grown man."

"I love you so much, honey. You made us proud, and don't ever feel ashamed of standing to your own decisions. Being a parent is a huge responsibility and it won't be easy and it always scares you of might doing the right decisions for your child, of not being able to provide what's good for her, but that's the best part because it makes you a strong person, Xandry. We were once in your shoes, it scared the heck out of me when I found out I was pregnant, but when I first held you and Saph, I cried a river of joy."

I chuckled. "So, is that why you slept all the time, and Dad had to move your appointment?"

"Yes, part of that and your dad was so excited and pushy. I kept on denying that the pregnancy tests I bought were expired, though I had checked it many times and they all gave me the same result. Then when I felt the first kick, I cried and felt overwhelmed because I couldn't believe there were babies inside me. I was the happiest mom in the whole world, Xandry. You and Saph are my life—"

"And how about me, Princess?"

Chapter 29

Everything Didn't Matter Anymore

BLAINE

Disappointment swamped over me like a strong wave. Xandry held my call and chose to answer Sunshine. I hated the feeling of being affected when it was my idea to be just his friend. It was harder than I thought. Jealousy slapped me like a bitch.

We talked over the phone almost every night and he never forgot to tell me how he missed me. It was like a broken record, but it made my belly flutter despite our friend-zoned status. He reminded me of his relationship with Sunshine, but I couldn't help to think of the possibility that he was going to choose her when the baby came. It scared me to death. My feelings were stronger each day, and I already prepared myself for losing him—of breaking my heart again because I knew how much I loved Xandry.

"What's with the stony expression?" Olive pulled me back to reality.

"More like she just swallowed a bitter pill," Charlie countered, "I thought you talked to Xandry earlier."

Pressing my lips together, I nodded slowly to confirm.

"Then what's wrong? Isn't he excited to see you?" Charlie queried.

"I'll be with Bianca all the time and not gonna see Xandry," I admonished, inwardly groaning of my stupidity because let's face it, I didn't have to call him if I was just going to see Bianca. Honestly, I was excited to see him even as a friend.

"Liar liar," Olive snorted, "You don't have to say anything because it's pretty obvious, Blaine, you are just excited as him," she intoned.

"It's been like three months?" Charlie asked.

"It's only two months and a week."

She rolled her eyes, sipping her hot beverage. "What really happened with the call? We're not here to guess."

I let out a heavy sigh. "We're not done talking when Sunshine called, so he kept me on hold then I waited until like ten minutes, then he just hung up on me. He didn't call back until now."

"He will call tonight, darlin', trust me. And you shouldn't be annoyed if he won't call, just friends remember?" Charlie taunted.

"In love with a friend? Well, that sucks," Olive pointed out.

"I am not," I countered stubbornly. "You two are not helping. I should go and find new best friends." I stood from my chair dramatically.

"Just accept it, Blaine Noelle. You are in love with Xandry. You wished you never let your ego to skyrocket. See? Now you are hurting," she reiterated, and my face heated. I hated to admit it, but they were right.

I glared at them for good seconds and walked out of the café, ignoring them seething. Regret was not the best option, but I couldn't help it. I was a grown woman who could decide and stand for my own words. If they would start a new relationship for the sake of their child then I had to accept that Xandry was not the right one for me. It was better this way, though my feelings were already too late to ignore.

Xandry had nothing but so kind and real. He showed me the true meaning of a relationship no matter how far the distance was. He was passionate and never judged me. He cared for my son, but I chose to be selfish and didn't give us a chance. It just, nothing could change the fact that Xandry and Sunshine shared something—a bond through their child. Stronger than anything.

"Blaine, wait!" Charlie yelled from my back.

My heart ached fiercely, vision clouded with unshed tears. Sighing, I stopped and turned to face her. "I never regretted my decisions, Charlie. If you can't accept it then leave it that way. It's done."

"I'm sorry, we were just messing with you." She gave me a guilty grin, shrugging. "Half-messing, okay? We know you love him whether you admit it or not. I bet Xandry does have an idea of how you feel toward him, but when the storm slows down, don't waste the time telling him, Blaine. I know he feels the same way toward you."

I stared down at my feet, nodding gently. "Thanks."

"You should go and pack. We'll send you tomorrow, okay? I love you, Blaine. We love you." Olive kissed my cheek and so as Charlie.

"Call us as soon as you land, Blaine," Daddy reminded, and I kissed him on his cheek.

"This is not the first time I travel with Ben, Daddy." I gave him a reassuring smile.

"I know, sweetie." Daddy knelt down in front of Ben. "And you little guy, kiss Aunt B for me, okay?" He ruffled Ben's hair that already reached his collar.

"Okay, Dada. I'm tell Auntie that Nana loves her and the baby." Ben wrapped his arms around Daddy's neck.

"Okay, enough of the drama. It's just a three days trip." I walked towards Charlie and Olive who were standing outside Olive's car.

"Tell us the details on your first meet after like nine years. Every. Details."

I rolled my eyes. "Wait until I come back then I'll think about it."

"I can do that, I don't wanna disturb you while moaning underneath Xandry's hard body and hot abs," Olive whispered in my ear made me giggle.

"See? That's what I wanna see. I'll expect you walking limply, rosy cheeks, twinkling glassy eyes when you come back." Charlie kissed me on my cheek, finally letting me go.

The two hours of flight felt like an eon. Good thing, Ben was not grumpy when he woke up from his nap. My phone rang as soon as I turned it on and I thought it was Kyland who might be waiting already outside. My heart leaped into my throat. I was grinning like I just received a precious gift.

"Hey, just arrived," I answered out of excitement. And I completely forgot the thick of bitterness inside my heart that he didn't call back.

I waited and didn't hear anything other than deep breathing. My brows joined together. "Xandry, what's wrong, baby?" It caught me by surprise that I just called him baby. It was my first time, though I imagined calling him a thousand times already.

"Blaine, I'm finally a dad. I'm a dad, sweetheart, and that was the best feeling I've ever had." He sounded like grinning as he told me the good news and continued babbling. "She was so tiny, Blaine, so cute, so beautiful. I'm so excited to touch her, but the doctor didn't allow me yet, said to keep her in the incubator for a few weeks."

My eyes stung, watered, and blurred my sight while he was babbling about his child. How did I feel suddenly bitter, jealous, and hurt? It felt as if someone stabbed me right through my heart repeatedly, and it didn't hit deep, but it still hurt like hell. What kind of person had I become? I should be happy for him, but I couldn't and I couldn't fool myself either.

"Sweetheart, did you not hear me? It's earlier than I expected, but thankfully, God! Sunshine made it through. She had to undergo a cesarean section and she's in the recovery room right now. The doctor said, she will be okay—" He sounded so excited and happy while I was hurting in vain. So, this was why he forgot to call me last night because he was with her? With his new family.

Tears fell from my closed eyes. I bit my lip to stifle the sob that I was barely holding. Why did it have to hurt this way?

“Um, thanks for calling. Congratulations, Xandry! I’m so happy for you.” Am I? “Anyway, I really have to go. Um, I’ll call you soon,” I rushed out my words before I cried out from humiliation and mourning, then hung up.

“Mommy, why are you cryin’? Is that Sandry you talk to?” Ben pulled my hand, staring at me with confusion in his eyes.

Wiping my tears, I knelt down and pulled Ben into a hug. I nuzzled his neck, inhaling his fresh baby scent deep into my soul, and clung to him.

Ben is all I need.

Everything didn’t matter anymore.

“I’m just happy to see Auntie again, big guy.” I kissed his forehead, cheeks, and nose, and he giggled sweetly. Yeah, that was what mattered most. “I love you, baby bunny. You are the only one I need.”

After pulling myself together, I took a deep breath and walked with Ben out of the airport’s door. I can do this. I always did this and now, I was stronger than before. I knew I couldn’t avoid listening to B and Kyland talking about Xandry, and I knew they might hear the news that Xandry was already a father, but I could do this.

A bitter chuckle escaped my throat. Unbelievable!

I gasped. My jaw dropped. Abruptly, I stopped mid-stride with wide eyes. My silly heart did an erratic beat and a stupid fluttery feeling in my belly escalated.

Chapter 30

She's Just Gorgeous. Period

XANDRY

Have you seen your life before your eyes? It's a phenomenon even scientists believed that your life history flashed before your eyes in your near-death experienced, but I was not dying. Far from it, as far as I knew. The moment I saw my baby inside the transport incubator, everything flashed back like a black and white movie.

My legs weakened as I reluctantly walked toward the glass window of the Neonatal Intensive Care Unit. It was overwhelming, yet terrifying. Overwhelming that I was a dad. I couldn't wait to touch her, to cuddle her, hear her first cry, change her diaper, feed her, watch over her all night till she fell asleep. A lot of things came into my mind—protective instinct was one of them, scaring boys away, purchasing shotgun—scratched that—hiring a bodyguard was less brutish.

Hell, it's terrifying. I raked my trembling fingers through my hair, then rubbed my palms to my face—my wet face. Xandry fucking Williams was a crybaby—who cares! I should probably stop cursing for good. And how was I going to be a better dad if I didn't even know myself if I was a better person in the first place?

"Congratulations, Son! You're a dad." Dad enthusiastically slapped my back and gripped my shoulder with a shake.

"Oh, brother, are you crying?" Saph laughed, shaking her head with amusement. She wrapped her arms around me and kissed my cheek. "I'm so proud of you—not from knocking-up someone, but for standing at what you believe. Lately, you've just proven how big guy and responsible you are, twinnie. I'm happy for you."

All I did was nodded at Saph while biting my lip as my emotions swamped over me— those feelings that warmed your heart and at the same time, clenched your stomach kind of way. I continued staring at the unit, to my baby in particular where her tiny space was at the center.

A female petite doctor with a white medical coat walked inside from an adjacent room, then she talked with the nurse wearing a flowery scrub suit with a maroon stethoscope around her neck.

A moment later, the door from our right swung open. Muffled noises of machines and from the staff erupted. The petite doctor walked out with a wide and warm smile on her face. "Mr. Williams, congratulations!" She extended her hand, and I gripped it for a handshake.

“Thank you, Dr.—” Her name was written on the left side of her coat. “Li. Is there any chance I can see my baby?” I hesitated, “and the mother?”

“I wanna see her, too, Xandry,” Saph interrupted.

My parents moved closer. “We really wanna see them,” Mom said excitedly.

“The mother’s doctor might explain to you her condition and she’s still under closed observation, and as for the baby, Mr. Williams is allowed for a few minutes and he has to wear a gown to get inside,” Dr. Li explained, and we agreed in unison, except for Saph who sighed in dismay.

“Sure, you can go ahead and see your child, son.” Dad gripped my shoulder.

“Am I allowed to take a picture of her?” I was even smiling at the doctor. I couldn’t wait to capture every moment of my kid. My heart pounded faster in anticipation.

I followed what they called the policies and procedures. I would do anything just to take a glimpse of her. The smell of clean and disinfectant hung thickly in the air. My heart nearly stopped the moment I looked down at her. She was so tiny, wrinkled and dark pink skin, and with a light short blonde hair. Her eyes were closed, but there were tubes, cords, and many things attached to her. It almost scared me if this wasn’t good for her.

“Hey, baby Sammer. It’s your daddy.” A light warm chuckle rumbled in my chest calling myself a dad. “I can’t wait to hold you, hug you, and kiss you, you know?” My voice sounded muffled with the mask I wore.

My eyes stung with tears welled in the back of my eyelids, I sniffed. “I can’t wait for you to be in my arms, Sammer. Daddy and mommy love you. Your Grandy, Gramma, and Auntie Saph say hello and they can’t wait to see you, too.” I stared down at her, wondering if she heard me and silently thanking God for giving me such a wonderful blessing.

I showed the pictures and a video for my parents. And they ooh and ahh in amazement. I was lucky that my parents and Saph were still here supporting me despite I was nothing but a disappointment. It lessened my worry about how I might handle everything if Sunshine and Sammer were going home. Sunshine and I already planned everything together. Sammer’s things and room were readied last week as the doctor warned us in advance that Sunshine might have early labor.

Sunshine’s blood pressure shot up during the operation. Thankfully, there had been no other complication so far. Anytime from now, she was going to wake up when the drug washed out of her system.

Honestly, I hated hospitals. It made me sick, besides the fact that most people came when they were sick and the last time I visited a hospital was to fix my broken nose. It reminded me of how awful I was that day. But seeing Sunshine suffered and sacrificed a lot for our child made me want to be in her place. I cared a lot for her. That was the truth.

I sat down on the chair beside Sunshine's bed. She lied down peacefully like she hadn't been fighting for her life a few hours ago. The machine that helped her breathe was off of her, but there were still cords and a probe attached. Color started to appear on her cheeks.

"Hey, Sunshine, guess what? Our baby is great and she is perfect. She got our hair, you know. I don't know if she looks like you or me, but nonetheless, she's beautiful. It's kinda hard to tell, but it doesn't matter, right? What's important is you're both safe." I let out a sigh of relief, gripping her slightly cold hand.

"Thank you for giving Sammer into my life. I know thank you isn't enough, but still, I'm saying thank you." I chuckled. "I know I'm babbling, I-I just can't believe that we are parents. So, get well soon, Shine. I can't wait for you to see our child. She's so beautiful, just like you." I stood up and leaned to kiss her forehead.

"Hey, Xandry. I heard about Sunshine. How's she?" I answered a call from Cam as soon as I walked out of the hospital. I guessed Saph had already spread the news to everyone.

Blaine.

Fuck!

I completely forgot I was keeping Blaine on hold when Sunshine called and it was already morning. I hadn't gotten asleep for more than twenty-four hours. I stayed in the hospital no matter how much my parents and Saph forced me to go home to get some sleep. But I was stubborn as hell to leave even I knew they weren't going home soon.

"Cam, it was so sudden, but Sunshine is recovering. My baby is still in the NICU and might stay there for a while."

"Congrats, Daddy Xandry!" she gushed.

"Yeah, thanks, can you believe that? Your fiancé is so slow. Look at me now, I'm a dad and he isn't." I laughed, unlocking my car.

"I heard that, bitch!" Pyke yelled, laughing. "Congrats, Daddy-ho!"

I groaned. "Stop calling me that, asshole. You know I've changed already, and I don't want my kid will learn her first word from you."

"When can we visit them?" Camila was back on the phone, but Pyke was still laughing in the background.

"It's not a visiting hour at this moment. How about when they're discharged from the hospital."

"I hate hospital, Xandry, but I wanna see your kid," Pyke said.

"I hated it too, but it's my kid we're talking about, Pyke. And you don't know the feeling." I laughed at the end.

"Keep us updated. If you need help or anything we're here for you, you know that right?" Cam said, and I smiled alone inside my car. She had a huge heart and Pyke was so damned lucky to have her.

"Thanks, Cam! It means a lot to me. So, is that means you're going to help me babysit my baby?"

She laughed—a rich laugh. "Of course, if I don't have work. I and Pyke will help you with that."

"More like you'll use my kid to practice diaper changing, mixing formula, is that all?" I joked.

She laughed again. God, this woman was ecstatic and free-spirited. "Yeah, something like that, if you will let me. Just kidding, Xandry, but I'm serious, if you need us, we're here for you. Anyway, I gotta go. Blaine is landing soon, and I got to pick her up at the airport."

Shit! My mouth gaped, but I managed to shut it close quickly. My chest tightened as if something inside me might crash.

I cleared my throat. "Um, Cam?"

"Yeah," she answered almost immediately.

"Can I pick her up instead?" I closed my eyes and prepared for her rant but it didn't happen.

"Thought you'd never ask." I could feel the grin in her voice.

"Thank you."

Fuck. Me.

She just damn knocked off me of my feet. She was beautiful than ever. My heart did an erratic beat, and I thought it leaped out of my ribcage, making me hard to breathe.

My mouth fell open. She hadn't seen me yet. Her hair was a little messy and shortened just above her shoulders. Her face was slightly pale, but she was still the gorgeous human being I've ever met.

It's because you're in love with her, asshole. Words echoed from my little foggy mind.

She wore a white shirt—a tight shirt and nobody would've ever thought there was once a human being inside her flat stomach. And kill me if her blue ripped jeans were not perfect for her. It made her legs look toned and long.

She's just gorgeous. Period.

Then, she met my gaze. She looked shocked as I was—abruptly stopped mid-stride. My brows joined together as I admiringly stared at her eyes longer, but they were red, and her nose as well.

Shit!

Did she cry after we talked over the phone?

Chapter 31

It's Sammer With A

BLAINE

Anxiety shuddered through my nerves as I watched Xandry sprinting toward our direction with the most gorgeous and glorious smile I'd ever seen. He was wearing a crumpled white shirt, sleeves rolled up his elbows, and dark grey pants. His disheveled hair was longer than the last time I saw him. He had dark circles under his eyes and days worth of scruff.

Ben was already jumping with excitement beside me. "Mommy, it's Sandry! Mommy, look he's coming!" It didn't end there. He slipped his hand off my grip and ran toward Xandry.

"Ben!" With trembling fingers, I covered my mouth, my eyes bulged as I watched Xandry lifted up him into a hug. My son wrapped his arms around Xandry's neck and legs around his waist.

Oh. My. God.

"Ben, you seem not too excited to see me, huh, buddy?" Xandry tickled Ben as soon as he put down to his feet.

Ben giggled, blocking Xandry's hand with his tiny one. "Mommy said, I won't see you, so I pout."

Xandry smile widened, eyes gleamed, and brow cocked. "Is that so? So, Mommy is not happy to see me, huh?" Then he stood straight and lifted his gaze on me.

Our gaze locked, his magnetic blue eyes made my heart stop beating. Heat spread from my neck up to my face.

"Sweetheart, don't I even get hi?" He swallowed, eyes suddenly turned dull. He propped his hands on his waist, releasing a disappointing sigh. He bit his lip and nodded gently, then looked down.

I was still tongue-tied to respond and trying hard to compose myself from not jumping into him. He had no idea how I missed him like crazy, but I didn't forget the fact that he was already a dad and no more fooling around like he used to do.

I cleared my throat. "I'm sorry, I wasn't expecting to see you here. Are you picking up someone?"

His eyes quickly lit up. God, If I don't love those eyes. "I'm picking up my babies. Blaine and Ben."

My brows squished together. "But, um, Cam is coming for us. A-aren't you... um, busy?"

"I talked to Cam hoping that if I could be the one to pick you both up, so, she agreed. She's on her way to Bianca's apartment right now." He shrugged. "And no, I'm not busy with my babies."

"Congrats again! You're a daddy." It didn't sound sincere though. My chin trembled. I inwardly groaned. My chest squeezed every time I thought of his new role.

"Thank you, Blaine! It means a lot."

"Sandry, you have a baby?" Ben's eyes glimmered, craning his neck to look up at Xandry.

"Yes, wanna see her picture?"

"Yes, yes! What's 'er name?"

"Ben," I called.

"It's okay, sweetheart." Xandry looked at me, then back down to Ben.

"I'll show you when we get to the apartment, does it sound okay to you?"

Ben nodded enthusiastically.

"Let's go, sweetheart. Let me take your luggage," he volunteered.

"That won't be necessary, we can just hail a cab from here. I know you have a lot of things to do, so, um, thanks." I held on tight to the cart handle like a complete fool.

"But Mommy I want to go with Sandry," Ben pleaded, using his puppy eyes as he used to when he wanted something that I couldn't say no.

"Ben, he is busy."

"Mommy he is not. He comes to see us, right, Sandry?" Ben looked at Xandry to beg.

"Blaine, I'll send you to Bianca's apartment. Don't fight over this and besides, I'm already here."

We ended up going with Xandry. He popped some questions, and I answered as truthfully as I can. He and Ben continued talking like old buddies as I watched the city passed by like a blurred array of colors outside his car window.

"You seem distant, sweetheart. What's wrong? Did Hall show up again?" Goosebumps crawled my skin upon hearing Ethan's name. It never occurred to me that Xandry knew Ethan back in college. It didn't surprise me if he got a scholarship program because he played football well. His family had A supermarket chain, but not as rich as Xandry's family. He didn't finish his senior year and just vanished. I guessed he transferred to one of the schools in New York.

"He left for good. He e-mailed me once, but I don't wanna discuss this here," I said dismissively without looking at him because he was just going to awe me with his sexy smile. Nobody knew Ethan begged through an e-mail asking if he could see Ben, but I ignored and didn't reply.

"I respect it. Then what's bothering you?"

"Nothing, Xandry. Just drop it."

"It feels there's something, Blaine. I'm not as dumb as you thought I am, you know. Is it because of the call yesterday?" I could feel the desperation and frustration in his voice and the intensity of his stare on me. It warmed my skin, shook my senses, clenched every muscle fiber in my body.

"I understood you were busy, and it's not that I owe you any explanation, is it?"

"Then at least look at me when we're talking."

I faced him—and I just stared in shock. I saw the vulnerable Xandry. He looked broken, in pain, and begging. For what?

"I'm happy for you, truly."

His brow arched, but his eyes remained sad. "Are you? Because I can't feel and see it in you."

The horn erupted at our back, making him groan in annoyance for interrupting us.

"You okay there, buddy?" He looked at Ben through the rearview.

"Yes. I wanna see your baby," Ben said, and my mouth gaped.

"Sure, buddy but she's still in the hospital. I will bring you and Mommy there when Mommy has free time, right, Blaine?" He grabbed my hand, and I almost startled on my seat. It reminded me of where it exactly explored on my skin and deep inside me.

"Relax, sweetheart. Friends can hold hands." A chuckle of amusement rumbled in his throat. "If you think something has changed in me because I'm already a dad, you're wrong. Just give me some time to settle things for a couple of days or a month. Sunshine just had an emergency operation yesterday—"

"Oh, God! Is she okay?" I blurted out. How am I so dense not to realize it was still early for her to be in labor. I was being bitchy, bitter, and selfish all this time while Sunshine was fighting for her life.

"Yeah, she made it. Good thing she called me up while she still can. She was already lying unconscious on the floor when the EMT arrived. They instantly performed a CS when she arrived at the hospital because my baby was already distressed. I'm sorry for keeping you on hold and not able to call you back sooner."

“God, how can I be so dumb?”

“Dumb?”

My face heated.

“You are far from a dumb, sweetheart, in fact, I know exactly why you acted that way. We still have a lot of things to talk about. Remember when you said when my baby is born?”

Before I could respond he opened the door and walked out leaving me frozen in my seat.

Bianca was huge compared to her image in the FaceTime. “I know I’m a mommy elephant.” She struggled standing up from the couch. Kyland was the one who opened the door for us.

I laughed, helping her to stand. “Are you sure you have a legit doctor that said you don’t have triplets there?” I moved closer, slightly bumping to her round belly larger than a watermelon. I hugged and kissed her cheek. Ben already wrapped his tiny arms around Bianca’s leg.

“I asked the same.” Cam hugged me from behind. “And you’re welcome,” she whispered.

“For what?”

She smiled evilly, and I playfully hit her arm. “You’ll pay for that.”

I eyed Xandry and Kyland on a deep conversation. I heard nothing but murmurs, but the way he moved, talked, and the smile that reached his eyes, I knew exactly what they were talking about. God, how I love him even more.

“Did he tell you?”

“Why are you whispering?” I asked with curiosity, “they know, right?”

“Oh, so he told you?”

“Yeah, it’s not a secret.”

“No, he doesn’t want to keep secrets with you,” she corrected.

I shrugged. “So?”

“He told me, you two will talk after his baby arrived, so it’s starting today.” Her beautiful brows arched.

“His baby and his—” I blinked. “The mother is still in the hospital. It feels like I’m so greedy and impatient. I’m not just gonna push myself between them. I like him and I’m still his friend.”

I jumped when Xandry and Kyland barked out laughing. I turned to face them and so as Cam beside me.

“What was that all about?” Cam asked them in amusement.

“We were trying to imagine how are we going to stay awake, changing diapers, and feeding our babies every night,” Kyland guffawed.

“I can work at home, dude,” Xandry countered.

“Yeah, you and your rich ass can hire a dozen of nannies,” Kyland retorted.

“I’m not gonna hire nannies. I’m gonna take care of my child alone,” he said confidently, feeling everyone’s eyes on me as silence filled in the entire apartment.

My jaw dropped.

Kyland finally broke it with an unbelievable tone. “Are you nuts? You can’t handle it alone, dude.”

“If Blaine did that all by herself, why can’t I?” What is it about me and taking care of a child?

“It’s because she had her mom and B when Ben came,” Cam answered.

“Well, I have Mom, Dad, and Saph too.” His brow cocked stubbornly.

“How about Sunshine?” Kyland asked, and I saw Xandry’s eyes pinned at me, making me standstill.

My heart hammered in my chest for whatever he was going to say.

“I arranged everything to her liking. She has an apartment on her own and I set a fund for college to finish her nursing degree. She can go back to work as she likes when she’s in her full strength. She can come and visit our child whenever she wants. We still remain friends.” His gaze never broke mine as he continued.

“I know I’m an asshole but she can’t even feed herself, what more taking care of our child. And we can’t be together because I want someone in my life and she knows it. What happened already happened and I’m just thankful she let me be a part of our child’s life or else I’m still clueless until now. I never regretted—”

“We’re not judging you, Xandry.” I cut off. In fact, I’m proud of you and I wanna hug you so tight for being a wonderful and hot dad—

“Thank you, Blaine.” He smiled tightly. “I got to go, guys. I’ve been up for almost thirty hours.” He turned to me when everyone seemed so shocked to say something with his admission. “Blaine, can you walk me out, please?”

“Um, sure.”

“Buddy, come here, I’ll show you her pictures.”

Ben stormed in front of Xandry, his eyes glowed as he looked at the screen. “Wow, she’s so tiny! Can I play with her?”

“Sure thing, buddy, when she’s a little bit bigger.”

Cam took the phone from Xandry after showing off Ben. Bianca and Kyland saw the pictures as well while I was feeling like someone had stabbed me right to my chest.

“She’s so cute. I think she got Xan’s nose,” B cooed.

“Lips too,” Cam added.

“It’s her mom’s hair.” Xandry’s arm wrapped around my waist, making me tenser.

I walked out with him to the elevator box. My heartbeat kept fluttering when we stopped in front.

“It’s Sammer with an A,” he started.

“Huh?”

“Her name.”

“It’s beautiful.”

“It’s mom and hers.”

Chapter 32

Will She Ever Accept Me and Sammer as a Package Deal?

XANDRY

My gut was tied into a thousand knots. The kind that it took days to settle. I could feel the hesitation in her action, see the confusion and worry in those eyes, but above all, there was hope in that embrace. I could feel the pulsating of her vein, the quickening of her heartbeat— only for me.

I left her though my heart told me not to. At least her heart didn't lie—and that was what I was holding onto.

I had plans for tomorrow, so I slept like dead the moment I rested my head down against my pillow.

The constant ringing of my phone woke me up from a deep slumber— it was a call from the hospital, telling me that Sunshine had wakened up.

“Hey, how do you feel?” I smiled down at Sunshine still on her bed. She looked better—a light pink color tinged on her face, though her body was still weak, she was able to seat on the bed without support.

They transferred her to the private room I paid for her, but the close monitoring by her doctors continued.

“Better, I guess. Thought I died that day,” she chuckled softly, then winced.

“You're not gonna die, Shine. We're going to witness together when Sammer walks down the aisle, have kids, and grow old. Should I call a doctor to check you up?” I asked, holding her hand, which was surprisingly warmer than yesterday.

“No, thank you. I'm fine. I have a strong pain threshold. When I can see her again, Xandry?”

“You've just seen her, Shine. You need to fully recover your strength. We don't want to open your wound, do we?” I'd learned from her nurse that she wouldn't stop whining if they didn't allow her to see Sammer before I arrived. That was actually the reason why the hospital called me early—they thought I might be able to convince her to calm down.

“Fine,” she mumbled, seemingly unimpressed with my decision, but I couldn't put her life at risk again. We had to follow the doctor's advice for her and our child's benefit.

“She’s beautiful, right? Wanna see her pictures? I have them.” I’m glad it excited her to see our daughter despite the fact that she almost died from complications. I pulled out my phone from my pocket, tapped the gallery icon, and offered it to her.

The tears fell down her face, lips quivered to smile as she looked at the photos I took yesterday. She touched the screen gently like touching the delicate face of our baby. “She’s beautiful, Xandry. I didn’t get a chance to hold her longer. I suddenly felt dizzy in front of her.” More tears rolled down her cheeks. “Thank you so much for everything! I might be dead without you and I wouldn’t get a chance to see and hold her.”

“I won’t let you die, Sunshine. I’ll do everything in my power to save both of you even if I have to put my life at risk,” I assured her, wiping the tears from her face.

“I wish I could see her again.” She sniffed, and I pulled some tissue and gave it to her.

“Just get better and you’ll see her again.” I held her hand and promised. “She weighed four pounds, the doctor said when her weight will be doubled and able to adjust to the temperature of the environment and able to breathe all by herself, she can come home with us. Mom and—” A soft knock on the door cut me off. “Speaking of the devils, come in!” I released her hand and stood up.

Mom, Dad, and Saph came in. After what happened with their last encounter I wasn’t expecting Saph would be here with pink glossy balloons on her hand with ‘Welcome to the Williams Family, Baby Sammer!’ in golden print. Mom had a bouquet of flowers on her grasp.

“Congratulations, Sunshine!” Dad moved closer, kissing her head. “I’m glad you’re awake. How’re you feeling? You know you’re like a family to us, so whatever your plans after this—”

“Dad.” It wasn’t the right time to talk about her future, though it was not a secret on both sides, still, with her condition, she couldn’t process it all.

“It’s alright, Xandry.” She pasted a small smile on her face.

“What your dad is trying to say, Xandry. Nothing’s changed, we are still here for her,” Mom explained, and I didn’t say any more.

“Well, congrats, mamasita!” Saph placed the balloons down the floor and smiled at Sunshine.

“Thank you, Ms. Williams.”

I rolled my eyes and glanced at Saph. “Call her Saph, Sunshine.”

“Yeah, I’m sorry about what I said and how I treated you before. It was wrong to judge you, now I’m an Aunt Saph, I think we should start over and forget the past, right?”

“Good,” I muttered.

"Thank you, Saph. You know it was not my intention to get—you know, pregnant." Sunshine shrugged with teary eyes.

"Oh, you two stop being dramatic and I can't wait to see Sammy—"

"Sammy?" I cocked my brow to Mom.

"Yeah, she can't be Sam because you've got one." Mom propped her hands on her hips and her brow raised.

"That's not what I mean, Mom, but did you just gave my daughter a nickname?" I laughed enthusiastically.

"Of course, and I can't believe my children have grown up and I'm a grandma. I still remember when you peed while I was changing your diaper, Xandry, and you know you're little—"

"Oh, Mom, please, It's not little anymore." I shook my head, again and again, feeling my face heated talking about my Rosy boa turned into an Anaconda.

Dad burst out laughing, kissing Mom on her head. "Don't insult his little snake, we don't have little Sammy if, you know?" he whispered, though it was loud enough to make Sunshine's face tinged rosy.

Jesus H. Christ!

"We're still young, Princess. So, we should probably arrange a welcome party for our first grandchild, what do you think, Sunshine?" he added.

"That would be awesome, Mr. Williams."

"It's just Phoenix and Sam, honey."

"I'm excited to invite my friends, yay!" Saph almost jumped with excitement, and I looked at her quizzically.

"What?" she asked.

"Nothing. Sammy has to stay for at least six weeks until she gets her body weight to normal.

"Good to know, son. You did your homework." Dad slapped my back with a chuckle.

Sunshine yawned after the nurse gave her an injection. We left the hospital separately after a short visit to my child.

Saph held my arms before I could get inside my car. "Xandry, I know you sent Blaine to her sister's apartment."

I turned to face her, waving my hand to our parents leaving in their car. "So?"

"So what? Are you two back together now you're a dad?" Now, she was back to the nosy cat.

I rolled my eyes. "Do you think it's too early to talk about my relationship?"

"What I mean, how do you handle it when Sunshine still has to stay in your apartment?"

"So? Blaine knew Sunshine and I only share Sammer."

"So, it's okay with you if she let Ethan stay in her house?"

And that caught me off guard. My hands already fisted at my side, my face turned granite and my muscles tensed simultaneously at the memory of how I saw him touching what was mine.

"That's what I thought."

Seething, I said through gritted teeth, "It's different."

"How is it so different?"

"They don't share Ben, and Hall signed that he had nothing to do with the child."

"And that's my point because you have full custody and yet, you allow her to see your child anytime she wants. Where is your privacy then?"

"Are you telling me that I should kick Sunshine out of my child's life?"

"Not kick out, but figured it out soon. At least she should see Sammy every weekend or you send her when Sunshine has no classes, then you have time for yourself and to spend quality time with Blaine."

My brows furrowed because Saph had a point, but I was stubborn to accept my own mistakes, so I walked out instead. "It's too early to talk about it, Saph. I really should go, take care, twinnie. I love you." I got in my car with scattered thoughts.

"Do you have a date?" She knocked on my window and grinned with mischief.

"No, I don't have a date," I answered nonchalantly, buckling the seat belt.

"A friendly date then?"

"Stop it, Saph, I have to work now I have a child to feed." It was nothing new between me and my twin, I'd always tried to shoo her away when she got too nosy.

"Don't lie to me now, brother. You will always come to me when you're in trouble." She winked, still smiling mischievously, then blew me a kiss.

“Welcome to my apartment!” I greeted them with a wide smile on my lips as I opened the door, then I stepped aside to let them in.

Blaine agreed to see me as a friend and for Ben as he kept on asking about me since I left yesterday. She refused for dinner at the restaurant. I didn’t get it why though, but I didn’t pry. I was glad she agreed otherwise I didn’t get a chance to see her again. She wore a simple above the knee cut white lace dress that fitted immaculately on her figure.

“Sandry, you have a big home!” Ben gushed, wandering his eyes around as he sauntered inside, leaving me alone with his mom at the front door.

“Thanks, buddy. And thank you for coming, Mommy Blaine!” I planted a kiss on her cheek.

A red flushed all over her face. “I know you’re a busy dad right now, but thank you for inviting us. By the way, how’s Sunshine?” she asked, seemingly guarding her words.

“My pleasure, sweetheart. Sunshine’s doing great, but still on bed rest. The doctor will allow her to walk once her dizziness subsided.” I placed my hand on her lower back as we got inside to my spacious entryway which opened up to the large living room. I called the housekeeper when I came back from the hospital. I invited them to my white custom-made couch where I let them settled in while I was going to prepare our dinner— just taking the red wine out, more or less.

“I wish I cooked this food,” I said when she appreciated the dinner I ordered. I could cook, but I didn’t have much time and not as delicious as this steak that the meat melted in my mouth.

“It’s yummy, Sandry.” Ben grinned, then licked his lips.

“Thanks, buddy! I’m glad you like it.” I smiled at him, then I looked at Blaine. “That’s from our restaurant. I was planning to open a new branch or a restaurant on my own in your town, but I guess I have to postpone it for a while.”

“Oh, well then, let me be your first customer.” Her voice registered surprise and lips spread into a striking smile.

After the dinner, we watched *The Good Dinosaur* on the full HD TV screen attached to the stone wall and down was an opulent electric fireplace.

Blaine sandwiched between me and Ben with a bowl of cheesy popcorn on her lap. Inwardly, I groaned when my foot accidentally rubbed against hers as she crossed them together.

Damn you people who made friendzone a big thing!

“No way, his dad is not gonna die,” she remarked when Henry saved Arlo before he swept away by a flash flood on a rainstorm.

“Have you not watch this movie?” I leaned my head on her shoulder and grabbed a handful of popcorn from her bowl. My heart thundered in my chest as I smelled her sweet and feminine perfume. The feeling of her warm and soft skin pressed against mine almost made me moan. My skin tingled, hummed, and flushed.

Shit!

Her head turned to look at me. “No, I thought this is a little hard for kids.”

“And yet, you let Ben watch. We can play another movie, I have rented other animated films for Ben.”

“I want to watch this, Mommy,” Ben protested, craned his head, and looked at us.

“Sure, baby. Cover your eyes if you don’t wanna see something, okay?” Blaine raked her fingers through Ben’s long hair just as I slightly raised my head to watch her doing it. Ben nodded obediently.

A warm filled my chest with her small gesture to her son. I almost dreamed of her doing this to Sammer. But, will she ever accept me and Sammer as a package deal?

She didn’t take you back, asshole! Who is so ahead of himself now?

“What?” She gave me a quizzical look.

I raised my head. “What what?”

“You chuckled. When was the last time you cut your hair?” She swept the hair on my forehead. The closeness of her face made my heartbeat gallop. I could feel her red wine smell-breath warming my face.

“Do you want me to cut it?” My voice turned raspy and deep. My cock reacted happily to her touch— it hardened, twitched, and strained against my pants.

Fuck!

She stared at me intently, warmly, and admirably. Her gorgeous eyes darkened and ablaze with desire. I was sure as fuck she saw how shamelessly turned on I was through my eyes.

My jaw clenched.

She moved her gaze down to my lips, unconsciously biting her red-coated plump lip. And it drove me insane as I stared longer at her and not being able to slam mine on hers.

What a beautiful tease!

Chapter 33

Don't You Dare Talk About My Child As If You Care

BLAINE

We almost kissed if Ben didn't save me from a serious humiliation. I couldn't blame myself for being drawn to him because I knew how it felt like to be kissed by Xandry. On the other hand, I wanted to hit myself in the head for thinking of kissing in front of my child. My heart shrank as I pressed my lips tight, ducking my chin against my knees as I continued berating myself in my mind.

And friends don't kiss, do they?

A soft knock got me back from frowning. I composed myself. "Come in, B."

Bianca emerged from the door and let herself in. She looked like hiding her life-size Peppa pig plush doll under her silky light pink nighties. She locked the door softly behind her. Ben was already sleeping in the other room.

"Why are you still up, hot mamma?" I eyed her quizzically as she sat on my bed like we used to do back in our home when we talked about boys.

"Kyland has a night out with Pyke and Levi," she answered shortly and it contradicted the way she looked at me.

"Ask away, B." I leaned my back against the headboard because this was going to be a long night.

"Fine, so how was your date?" A meaningful grin plastered on her face.

"That wasn't a date, silly. We had dinner and watched Arlo." I rolled my eyes to my idiocy.

She kept grinning maliciously and pressed, "A dinner and a movie together, are you insane? It was a date and don't pull that excuse on me now, sis. We used to do this when it came to boys, and we don't keep secrets."

I shrugged. "Maybe it was, and we almost kissed—"

"What?" she shrieked.

"Omigod, B! Calm down, I don't want to take you to the hospital if your water breaks."

Her eyes widened just like her smile. "So you'll let me give birth here instead? Don't answer that. Then what happened?"

"I totally forgot Ben was with us." A laugh erupted first from me. We grasped our hands together as we continued laughing like teenagers. God, I missed this.

"I know Xandry is hot and all. I can't blame you if you can't keep your hands off of him. You should be proud of him, Blaine, he changed a lot, you know."

I pursed my lips and nodded.

"So are you two back together?"

Looking down at our hands, I took a deep breath. My stomach knotted to how our relationship was going to work out, now we both had kids. Was he worth a sacrifice?

I shook my head, lifting my gaze to Bianca. "He asked to have a little patience for him until his baby is out of the hospital. Should I..."

"Should you wait, you mean? Does he worth it? Ask yourself, Blaine." Is he?

My brows met together.

I liked Xandry a lot. I loved him. Our situation made it hard for us to start a relationship together. We tried once and it worked, but things had changed when he got someone pregnant and now he had another priority, yet, he still wanted to be with me. But until when? When we both realized we were just wasting our time? Would I ever sacrifice my time with my family and my job to move here near him?

Flutters spread in my stomach as I got my answer. I nodded. "He is, B. He is worth a wait."

Bianca's lips curved into a genuine smile. "Good to know."

Bianca left after we talked for another hour. She wanted me to be with her when she had irregular contractions. After the ultrasound, her baby was safe. I was just like her when I was pregnant—tend to panic to a small thing.

I lied down, staring up at the plain cream ceiling when my phone buzzed. My heartbeat quickened. A grin spread across my face as I blindly searched for my phone.

"Hi," I answered.

"Well, hi to you too, sweetheart. Waiting for my call, huh?" I could feel the teasing smile on his lips.

God, how I missed those lips on me. My muscles tensed everywhere.

"Don't let it get into your big head, Xandry," I retorted, and he rewarded me with a laugh.

"You called me baby, Blaine. Come on, I wanna hear it again."

A heat flushed on my face. "Not happening, I used to call Ben baby when I got worried, so that was not meant for you." I bit my lip.

"But you were worried about me, weren't you?"

"Yeah, I was."

"Not so hard to admit, it is, sweetheart?"

"What will you get with this, Xandry?" It was irrational but I wanted to know his point.

"You, Blaine. I want you to be open and honest with me, show me how you feel when you're worried about me, and if you care. We don't have to lie to one another."

"So, are you saying that I was lying to you?"

"No, sweetheart, you denied."

My mouth fell open. He was right. I cared about him. I was worried when he didn't call. "Fine."

"Good. Anyway, I miss you and I wanna hear your voice before I get some sleep. I declined when Pyke invited me to go out with them." His voice was relaxed and slow. He could be in bed already.

"Get some sleep. We talked every night, Xandry. And I was just with you earlier tonight."

"I know, sweetheart. Can you blame me for dreaming of you being here beside me?" He must be grinning.

"Shut up and sleep." I rolled my eyes.

"Haven't you ever thought of me being naked on top you, pressed against you, hot and hard inside you while I'm in ragged breathing trying to control my orgasm? Haven't you ever thought of me between your thighs savoring every drop of your sweetness?" His voice turned raspy and deep. I could hear his breath hissing over the earpiece.

My eyelids instant dropped as heat flooded between my thighs. I pressed them together. My nipples tightened into peaks. My body burned, making me feel hot under my blanket. Sweat formed on my skin, making me damper.

"Are you wet, sweetheart?" he whispered.

"Yeah. I mean no! T-the air condition is off, I need to turn it on," I stammered, reaching for the remote on the nightstand.

He laughed softly, clearly amused while I cursed silently. I squeezed my eyes shut as heat flushed all over my face.

“That’s what I was talking about, sweetheart. We don’t hide our feelings. Let’s be honest, okay? Confession, I’m harder than rock right now just thinking of you beneath me. What I said earlier, it had been my wet dreams since I had not been buried deep inside you for weeks. Can’t wait to feel you again, Blaine.”

My chest heaved. “Well, blame it on my lack of experience. Since when the last time I’ve been in a relationship and a man actually made me horny like this? I can’t even remember I fingered myself when I had phone sex with Ethan because he can’t turn me on the way you did. So, cut me some slacks if I’m kind of keeping my feelings to myself!” I breathed hard when it dropped to my final word.

“I’m glad he’s an ass because he just gave me the privilege of fulfilling what he didn’t make you feel. You’re a wonderful woman, Blaine. You need to be treated like a goddess.”

“Get some sleep, Xandry,” I dismissed though my heart thundered in my chest with his promises.

“Okay, sweetheart. Are you sure you don’t need my help?”

I groaned, “I’m fine.”

He laughed. “Sure you are, but I might need—”

“Xandry, we’re not gonna do this over the phone.” With wide eyes, I covered my face with my free hand.

“So, I’ll come instead?”

“That’s not what I mean.”

“I know, I know. I’m just teasing you.”

I ended up saying yes just to shut off Xandry. Knots twisted in my stomach as we got out of his car with flowers on my hand. My knees wobbled as I walked with Xandry toward the hospital lobby. He wanted me to see his baby before I and Ben will go back home. I refused to take Ben with us because I had this feeling that my child could get something from the hospital. Call me a freak, but I knew how stressful it was when your child got sick.

“Relax, Blaine.” He looked down at me, squeezing my hand. “We can go to the exit door and kiss the hell your nerves away.”

I rolled my eyes. “I’m fine.”

“We talked about this last night, sweetheart. It’s just my baby and you met Sunshine. She is a good person.”

First, we went to see Sammer. She was so cute inside the incubator. I've seen premature babies lived normally once they got out of the hospital. I hoped for Sammer as well.

Xandry squeezed my hand again before knocking softly on the private room 402.

I instantly recognized her voice and said to come in. Xandry didn't let go of my hand, making my gut to flip. We were not in a relationship and yet, here we were, holding hands together.

"Hey, you look better, Shine!" Xandry greeted. "Remember Blaine?"

I swallowed, unknowingly gripping the bouquet of flowers tighter.

She sat on the bed wearing a white and blue hospital gown. Her hair was messily tied into a bun. She didn't look paler than before, but she still had a patient aura.

I reluctantly walked closer to her bed. "Congratulations, Sunshine! I met your baby, and she's beautiful," I said shyly.

"Thanks!" She gave me a small smile.

"Flowers for you." I offered, and she took it, muttering thank you.

The tension suddenly thickened in the room when none of us talk. Xandry tapped on his phone with knitted brows.

The silence was nerve-racking.

The talkative Sunshine I met before had turned speechless. She placed the flowers beside her and just stared down at the bouquet like they might grow into vines and magically crawl all over the room.

Finally, Xandry cleared his throat. "I'll go get some drinks. Do you need anything, Shine?"

"No, thanks. I'm good," she replied softly.

"Sweetheart, a cup of coffee?" His hand touched my spine, and I nodded.

"Have a seat. I'll be right back, okay?" He kissed the side of my head.

I sat beside Sunshine's bed. A slight chill ran down my spine as I side-glance at Sunshine who was now shooting me a glare. Before I could protest to Xandry, the door already shut behind him.

"Do you think I will let you get in between us?" I froze to her voice as sharp as a blade.

Slowly, I turned my head to meet her gaze. "I'm not getting in between you two, Sunshine," I defended.

“That’s not what I saw a moment ago. I am trying to have a family if you haven’t figured it out. How did you feel when you raised your son without a father by his side? Did it hurt? I don’t want Xandry to raise our child alone. I know he is far ready for this, and I can’t let him do that when he brings different women every night to his apartment while our child is with him,” she spat out, and I thought she had no strength to raise her voice. I was wrong.

I was terribly wrong and completely blindsided by her fake kindness. I thought she was this kind, innocent, and fragile. I gave up nine weeks of my life away from Xandry and sulked at the corner because I thought I was hurting her.

I stood quickly from the chair, causing it to screech against the floor. “Xandry is not like that! He is the most responsible person I’ve ever met. I thought you both arranged who will take care of Sammer.”

“Don’t you dare talk about my child as if you care!” she fumed, guarding her lower abdomen as she spoke. “And you don’t know anything about Xandry. I want him to change while we are raising our child together, so you better go back to your town and don’t show your face ever again because I and Xandry are still living in together!”

Chapter 34

I Desperately Want You

XANDRY

“No, you’re lying!” Blaine exclaimed, then chuckled sarcastically.

I carefully closed the door behind me, and they haven’t noticed me got in. I shifted my gaze between Blaine and Sunshine, who was crossing her arms over her chest, lips pressed together. Her eyes narrowed back at Blaine.

My brows furrowed. “Lying about what?” I moved closer to Blaine, and their posture turned rigid like a deer caught in the headlights.

“Your coffee, sweetheart.” I gave her the medium cup.

With a short and jerky movement, she took it and mumbled thank you.

Sunshine cleared her throat, causing me to shift my gaze back to her. “I was telling her that—”

“Xandry.” Blaine grabbed my arm. “I told her—”

“Xandry,” Sunshine called out from her bed, and I quickly looked at her. She was clutching her abdomen, grimacing.

“Sunshine, are you okay?”

“Xandry.” Blaine gripped my arm. My gaze ping-ponged between them.

I blinked. “Wait, wait!” I raised my hand to stop them. “Girls, is everything okay?” I stared at them attentively. I was confused about what was going on. They had seemed in an intense confrontation when I got in, now, none of them answered. I waited, raising my brows.

“I was telling her—”

“Yes, in fact, she’s glad I extended my stay until Wednesday,” Blaine cut off Sunshine. Again. She was grinning, but there was something off about it. Then she turned her head to look at Sunshine whose eyes widened with surprise.

Blaine was still gripping my arm, and I looked down at her. “Wait, you two were talking about your stay for another two days?” I asked in disbelief, not nearly convince.

She nodded repeatedly to confirm. “I’m gonna call Daddy though and re-schedule our flight, what do you think?”

Somehow, I managed to smile sincerely. “Really? So we’ll have another date?” I was literally grinning. If she did this for me, I would be glad to make the two days with her memorable.

“Another?” Sunshine asked a little louder.

“Yeah, I told you we had a date last night at his apartment. We had dinner and watched a movie, right, Xandry?” Blaine answered with a brow arched at me.

Sunshine didn’t say anything, but she looked like she was holding something. She breathed heavily as she looked away. Her face turned red, pressed her lips together to a thin line, and stared at the window with intensity.

I ignored her, whatever it was I was going to have a one on one talk with her when Blaine was not around. This must be the effect of the drug she received. This couldn’t be the baby blues she told me about when she was still pregnant.

“Can we go now?” Blaine asked.

I kissed the side of her head. “You wanna go now?” It didn’t feel awkward to show a little PDA even with Sunshine around. She was aware of my relationship with Blaine. And I and Sunshine were just friends.

She took a quick look at Sunshine who was still in the same position for over a minute, then she nodded. “We have to take Ben from Bianca. I can’t stress her out.”

“Okay.” I released her hand and walked toward Sunshine. “Shine, we’re leaving, okay? Call me if you need anything.” I leaned down and squeezed her arm, and she just shrugged. “Take a rest, I’ll see you tomorrow.” I waited for her to answer, but it didn’t happen, instead, she just gave me a cold shoulder.

Something didn’t add up.

“Get well soon, Sunshine. We are going to have a party for Sammer when she gets home.” Blaine smiled at her—still, something in her smile that I had not seen before.

“Yeah, a party it is,” Sunshine snorted and sang, “Bye.”

Wrapping my arm around Blaine’s tensed shoulder, we silently walked out of the hospital to the parking lot. I couldn’t help but not think of what really happened earlier. I knew Blaine wasn’t completely honest with me. What was she hiding? I knew it had nothing to do with the extension of her stay, but on top of that, I was totally cool with it.

If they happened to fight over me, for what reason? Sunshine had nothing to do with me romantically. We had Sammer, that was the only thing that bound us together. Blaine can’t be jealous of her, can she?

I would be crazy without Blaine in my life, but I couldn't push Sunshine away, at least not right now. She had not crossed the line. And I made a promise to her, and I couldn't choose between Sammer and Blaine either.

Do I really have to?

She was sipping her coffee when I talked. "What happened back there?"

Her body stiffened. "What happened?" she asked innocently, blinking.

"Sweetheart, you were not you back there." I rubbed her arms, showing her I was on her side.

She huffed a breath and said in a low tone, "I thought she's nice,"

My brow arched. "Sunshine?" I chuckled. "She's nice, sweetheart. She must be in discomfort, just give her a break and you know she'd been through a lot these past few days." I watched her closely. "Thought you two get along."

"That's what I thought, too, but she changed." With her slumped posture, she looked away for an overlong moment with a downturned expression.

My chest ached to hear it from her. There was no way Blaine would lie over it. But I couldn't see Sunshine was being mean to her as well. It seemed just not right. What did I miss? She never demanded or asked anything, and she was glad about the agreement Dad and I had come up with.

"I want us, Blaine. God knows how much I want us, but I can't push Sunshine out of my life. We had an agreement, and I tend to keep it that way."

"I understand, Xandry. I want us, too. I was just surprised at how she reacted when you left to buy coffee for us." She shrugged, finally, she looked up at me with her dull blue eyes. "You're probably right, maybe she's in pain. I'm such an inconsiderate bitch."

"Don't. Don't say that to yourself. You're the most considerate person I've ever met, in fact, you wouldn't be here with me if you're not."

"Let's get inside the car, shall we?" She grabbed the door, but it was locked.

"Can't wait for me to be a little gentlemanly, eh?" I teased with a fake British accent to lessen the tension.

"You are too gentleman for me since I arrived." She giggled, getting into the car.

I rounded to the driver's side, getting inside and locked the door. I latched my seat belt when I sensed her gaze on me. I stared at her intently, studying her softened features.

Her eyes were already swimming with humor. Her lips slightly curved, holding a laugh. She buckled up and straightened her posture like the seat was only made for her.

She's just gorgeous.

My stupid heart pounded an erratic beat the longer I glanced at her soft red lips. Jesus, when was the last time I tasted that sweet plump lips? So tempting that made my cock instantly thick and hard against my pants. My skin tingled and hot as lust sieged my body, desperate for what she could give me.

I unknowingly licked my lips, imagining biting the bottom as she—

Fuck!

I shoved off the thoughts with a disbelieving chuckle rumbled in my chest and shook my head.

She unbuckled her belt, shifting on her seat to face me. "Are you just gonna stare at me or kiss me already?"

My mouth fell open, but her hand was already on my jaw, thumb under my chin. Her free hand went at the back of my head, pulling me closer to her.

That's it. In one quick motion, I unbuckled my seat belt, my hand found the back of her neck and crushed my mouth to hers. Fuck friend-fucking-zone! I needed to taste her, to take her, to have her, to be buried deep inside her, and to be one with her.

On a sigh of relief, she opened her mouth to me, and I coaxed, prodded, wanting more from her. Her hand was grasping my hair, the other was clutching my skin. The longer we kissed the desperate I became. I swept my tongue into her mouth, tasting her—she tasted coffee and sweet. God, she's pure sweetness. Lust consumed me—overwhelming my brain—aching her with desperate needs like she controlled the air I breathe.

Her grip loosened on my arm, pressed her palm over my galloping heart—it was just at the right place. And I swore I could feel its beat sped up. Only for her.

I deepened the kiss, licking every corner I could get. My name slipped in a whimper, making me groan in pleasure, in pain, and in blue balls. My dick was too overwhelmed with the heat of our intense kiss. It was fucking long—too nine weeks long. And I was losing my grip. My sanity was slipping away.

I broke the kiss, breathing heavily. "Blaine."

Fuck! I blinked, trying to orient myself.

I completely forgot we were still in the parking lot. I forgot everything when I was with her. *Everything doesn't matter when I'm with her.* No, it matters because she's my everything.

Shit! That was sexy when she pushed her lips to me—she wanted more. And I fucking wanted more. It was just, I couldn't get enough of her. And damn it! We are still in the parking lot.

I'm such a greedy asshole.

"Yes." It was barely audible.

"I desperately want you."

"Let's go home."

Chapter 35

Believe me, Blaine. I'm the Lucky One

BLAINE

That was the longest ride ever. The car smelled sexual tension. Billions of nerves in my body were hyper-aware of it. It was hard to normally breathe when your heart sped up of anticipation and of being turned on at the same time.

I couldn't count the curses he threw when the traffic light turned red.

We barely got inside his apartment before he slammed his mouth over mine—kissing me savagely, devouring my mouth, pushing his tongue inside, and stroking with mine. His hands traveled my back, under my shirt, then down, grasped my rear, and moved south, cupped my heat—a spot that turned my world upside down causing me to gasp to his scorching touch through my jeans. My breast ached, my nipples already hardened longing for his hot mouth.

I gasped as he lifted off my shirt above my head. He shrugged off his coat with a soft thud on the floor. I tore open his shirt—buttons flew everywhere with light clatters.

“Oops, sorry,” I teased as I was catching my breath.

“Fuck! That's hot,” Xandry groaned, blindly unbuttoning my jeans, and I planted kisses on his broad chest, down to his hardened nipple. Licking it, he rewarded me with a hiss and shudder.

“My room, sweetheart. Wrap around me, now,” he ordered, and I willingly obliged with a wicked smile on my face as I could feel his hard length pressed against me.

When we finally got inside his bedroom, we both tossed ourselves to the bed causing the air to knock out of my lungs—not from the impact, but from our body pressed tightly together and his length deliciously pushing against my heat. My back arched against the mattress in response, and finally, let go the moan I was holding on.

I reached impatiently to his head, pulling him closer to me—kissing him hungrily, nibbling, licking, and grinding myself into him. The friction alone was driving me crazy. I could have my orgasm effortless because I was so damn wet and incredibly turned on.

Xandry muttered against my mouth, making me stop, “A little impatient, aren't we?” His eyes were ablaze with desires.

Staring at him angrily, I taunted, “Nine months, Xandry, and if you have plans to wait for another minute I'll finger myself.”

I wrapped myself around him, trying to get on top but instead, he grabbed my hands and pinned them above my head.

“Are you sure about staying? Because I might call your daddy and tell him you want a month vacation.” I knew he was just messing with me, but I was a little impatient for another trick. I badly want him like the air I breathe.

“Are we really going to talk about Daddy right now while my mind was totally blank of being a horny doll?”

Xandry released my hands and helped me to be on top. “Show me how horny you are, Blaine.” He smirked wickedly. His voice was so deep and raw, igniting the heat into a wildfire down my belly.

I instantly moved out of bed, standing up and stripped naked in front of him and his king-sized bed.

His eyes traveled my body from head to toe with adoration, he mumbled, “Fucking gorgeous.”

I crawled back into bed to undo his belt, unbutton his jeans and pull it down with his boxers until they were off his feet. I excitedly grabbed his rock hard length from its base, making Xandry to hiss and jerk violently.

A gasp and groan with pleasure escaped his gorgeous lips as I wrapped my mouth around him. He tasted manly, salty, and Xandry—the taste that I missed most. I started by bobbing up and down while I began rocking my wet center against his legs.

“Fuck! Enough, sweetheart. You’re killing me with your mouth and your pussy all at once.”

I sucked him hard, pulling him out of my mouth with a pop.

Xandry cursed, sitting on his bed with his knees bent together. He gripped my arm, pulling me closer to him and uttered a grunt, “Ride me.”

Then I sunk in and rode him—him all inside me. My body shuddered and I purred like a kitten as I savored the feeling of him stretching and filling me completely. Xandry’s mouth was on my breast—tugging my nipple, biting, and sucking it while I was in euphoria. My back arched, angling, and pushing my hips to take all of him.

Unable to stop myself, I rocked harder, faster against him. Xandry’s hands were on my rear, gripping it tightly that could leave handprint—the reminder of what he did.

“God, Blaine!” he grunted, breathing through his nose. I could feel him pulsating inside me. I continued rocking him until every muscle my body clenched, tears formed at the corner of my eyes as they rolled back of satisfaction. Moans, groans, and slaps of our skin filled in the room.

Xandry lifted me up as if he got my cue that I was almost on the edge. He placed me on my back, my legs were on his shoulders as he started pounding on me harder and ruthless. Oh, God! An erupt of pleasure almost blackened my vision. I shook violently, my legs wobbled, and my breathing was uneven when I came with a powerful rush. And Xandry let out a guttural roar of ecstasy, releasing him all inside me.

“Are you sure about staying here for another two days?” He gave me a bowl of ice cream.

“Do you want me to?” I lifted my gaze from the bowl, and he was sipping his beer, eyes down on me.

He took a seat beside me on his couch and patted his thigh, inviting me to sit on his lap. “Do you have to ask me, Blaine?”

I moved to sit on his lap. “I just wanna make sure we’re on the same page.” I scooped and shoved the ice cream into my mouth. I moaned the sweetness of the strawberry melting in my tongue. I offered a spoonful to him, but he shook his head.

“Not into that. To answer you, after what we did less than an hour ago, are you still doubting my intentions? I want us, Blaine. Like how we were before.”

I looked at the bowl and toyed the light pink melting ice cream. “I want us too, Xandry. I’m willing to move here since you couldn’t possibly do it.”

He kissed the side of my lips, making me turn to get the right angle. I kissed him back—our kiss was sweet and slow until I found myself grinding into him. Again. I just couldn’t get enough of this hot man anytime soon.

When we pulled away, he looked at me intently as if surveying an answer on my face. A fluttery feeling in my stomach erupted.

Then he asked, “Would you be my girlfriend?”

My heart did a little jump. No, it stalled. Oh, God, what he did to my heart was completely out of control. I’ve waited for it for months and now, finally. “A little too late to ask me, don’t you think?” I mumbled.

“I know, but I want to ask you like a man,” he ended up with soft laughter. “I’m serious, Blaine.”

I chuckled, “You are obviously never asked anyone before, aren’t you?”

He shook his head with amusement on his face. “No.”

“Should I consider myself lucky?” I ran my thumb on his jaw, one of many things I loved on his body. He just looked so sexy with his cleft chin. I bit my bottom lip as I controlled myself not to bit it again.

“Believe me, Blaine, I’m the lucky one. I thought I completely lost you when I found out I was having a kid.”

“You didn’t judge me back then, Xandry, so why should I now? I thought I lost you, too.” I planted a kiss on his soft and swollen lips. “And I’d love to be your girlfriend, baby.” Then I uttered a thank you silently.

He moved his face closer, parted his lips, and locked them into mine. He cupped my face, moving his lips with full passion—pouring his feelings into the kiss. A kind of kiss that sent shivers right through me. The things he did with his lips were unbelievably insane. I closed my eyes and let out a soft moan of satisfaction as tears welled up behind my eyelids.

I just love the way he makes me feel.

We both were catching our breath when we pulled our lips apart. “I-I—”

I almost jumped on his lap when the phone vibrated on the coffee table. I sighed when my gaze landed on the screen. My chest tightened as I looked away to the muted TV screen.

The vibration went on and off. My brows met when Xandry didn’t pick it up to answer the call. When I turned my head right, his brows drew together, staring at me intently.

He took a deep breath. “Blaine, you’re worried about Sunshine, aren’t you?” He grabbed and squeezed my hands. “Trust me, Sweetheart. You don’t have to worry about her and I won’t let her get in between us.”

“I’m sorry. I had a terrible history when it comes to a relationship.” My voice cracked as I stared down at our intertwined hands.

He kissed my nose, then smiled sweetly. “I promise, I would never intentionally hurt you. Just be strong for us and we can work these things out together. I am the one who always terrified about this relationship because I have no clue what to do. I don’t know if I am doing the right thing or if I make you happy, or if I give you what you need and want. I just follow my heart and gut, Blaine.” He took a deep breath.

“Before you came into my life, all I did was to give orgasms and a few jokes to make it not too awkward after sex then we went separate ways. I’m telling you this because I want to make an effort for us. It’s how important this relationship for me. You changed me, Blaine. Now, I will make sure no one will come between us. I’ll stop them even if it’s my family.”

Chapter 36

And There He Was...

XANDRY

“So, are you two like really official now?” Pyke asked with a wicked grin. He and Sean exchanged a look with amusement plastered on their faces.

I knew what he meant by that. The ‘I told you so’ kind of shit. I sat on the long black L-shaped lounge with Bash Hughes. His grandpa, Mike King married my grandma.

“Now you know what we meant, leg-spreader?” Bash hit my abdomen playfully, making me jerk and laugh.

“Don’t tell me you’re still sticking your falling off dick to someone’s pussy?” Sean reacted.

“I doubt it, Rexwell. He’s a pussy-whipped. I mean pussy, a single pussy. I saw how he was losing his shit when he thought Blaine might leave him,” recalled Pyke, “he looked like shit.” And laughed out loud.

I gulped my beer, cursing silently. If I hadn’t known they were screwing up with me, I already walked out of this VIP Lounge without a second thought. But we all grew up together, so I was used to this, except for Sean. The last time I was the center of their conversation was when Pyke forgave me. Bash was able to pull his shit together with his best friend, the redhead, Kiara Trinity was now married to him. Well, Sean seemed never had a huge fight with my sister. Just the thought of Saph crying made my chest constrict, but she seemed a big girl now—could handle her love life on her own. Seeing Sean looked like a lovesick puppy over Saph made me feel relieved.

“Hey, talk to us!” Bash nudged me. “Stop thinking about your wild sex with hillbilly girl.”

My body suddenly tensed, my blood rushed up to my brain. I shot him a glare. “Don’t you fucking call her that, Bash! She happens to have a name.”

“See?” Pyke clapped. “That never happened before. Name one girl he defended over?” He snapped his fingers to everyone.

Wait, what?

“I doubt if he remembers any name. Well, except Sammer’s mom,” Sean cited.

“I’m not an asshole like Pyke who can’t remember the girl he was pressing against the door,” I said nonchalantly, rolling my eyes.

Bash shook to laugh because he remembered exactly what I was saying. It was Pyke first encountered with Cam. “Now, he’s speechless,” he added.

“Come on cuz, we are not talking about my not so very appealing encounter with Camila.” Pyke scratched his head.

In the dim-lit room, I could still see his face burning red with embarrassment. “Then we will not talk about me and Blaine.”

“Let me tell you then,” Sean started, “there was one guy... who flew to a girl’s hometown when he found out she knew why he had been off the radar. He punched her ass-Hall ex, causing a week headline on the local newspaper. You know what’s on the headline?” Sean barked into laughter, and I sighed heavily over his exaggeration.

“Go on, tell us already, Sean,” Bash said impatiently.

“The issue was immediately pulled out. Saph threatened the editor-in-chief to sue her. That’s not funny and who read that kind of shit anymore?” I pointed out to lessen my annoyance. I received an hour of berating from Dad as soon as he found out what happened back there. Of course, my sister couldn’t just shut her mouth about it, she had to tell Sean.

“Hey, guys!” Speaking of the devil, the devil herself was wearing a red dress. Sean quickly turned his head to the voice at the door. He stood up, and I looked away and didn’t wanna see what was next.

A groan rumbled in my chest as everyone had girls tonight, well, except for me. Jealousy crawled up my skin like a fucking tarantula. And all I wanted was to bail out of this fucking room.

With a sullen look down the glass table, I picked up my beer and gulped it again—now, it tasted like horse pees.

“Hey.” A soft voice made me almost dislodge my drink into my lungs. I quickly swallowed.

The beer bottle slipped from my hand, falling down the carpeted floor with a thud. My heart slammed, then thumped wildly inside my chest. The sweet fucking adrenaline overpowering me. I lifted my gaze, Blaine was standing at my arm’s length like a fucking wildest dream. Sweet baby Jesus, am I dreaming? Am I drunk? No.

“Blaine?” I asked with a halting and disbelieving voice.

She smiled shyly at me. “Expecting someone’s company?”

“Hell no. I wasn’t. I mean no. I thought.” I swallowed hard.

“Oh, no. He’s not gonna faint, is he?” Kiara laughed in amusement.

“Xandry, take her hand already and let her sit, duh!” I could see my sister’s eyes rolling with my foolishness.

I raised and offered my shaky hand, and she grasped it quickly, then I pulled her to sit on my lap. Wrapping my arms around her, I inhaled her sweet smell of peach and vanilla. Fuck, I’m so fucking in love with this girl. I was fucking annoyed at Sunshine’s call when I was about to pour out my feelings to Blaine.

She meant more than anything to me, and I was fucking sad to the core when she was leaving tonight. She even told me not to send her to the airport as it would be hard for her as well. The last two days of my life was beyond phenomenal, and I was sure as hell I could spend the rest of my days left with her.

My heart just melted—she was really here in my arms. I closed my eyes for a moment, feeling her warm, soft, and familiar skin pressed against my face. Then I lifted my gaze, “I thought you left?” I asked reluctantly, almost whispering. And I noticed the room was dead silence. I looked around to find them staring at us.

With narrowed eyes. “What’s with that fucking look?” They didn’t judge me though—they were all amazed and relieved. My gaze met my sister’s eyes, and she smiled at me sweetly.

“Can I at least sit down now?” Blaine mumbled shyly.

“No,” I quickly replied. “I thought you left the city.”

“I supposed, but B was adamant that I should join the girls and see the famous Night Stalker Club,” Blaine explained, looking down at me. Her eyes were mesmerizing and bluer than ever.

I ran my nose on her exposed arm causing her to slightly shiver. “Glad you’re here. I thought I had to bail out because I can’t stand them having girls while I am alone. I’d rather talk with you over the phone than watching them eating each others’ face.”

A soft sweet chuckle erupted from her throat. “Now you don’t have to be a jealous, pretty boy. B called our parents and faked she’s not feeling well. Ben is with her and Kyland.”

“Does it mean you’re mine all night?” I smiled wickedly, and her face turned crimson red.

“Ugh, let’s have some fun!” Saph interrupted, and I turned my head on her.

“Can you stop eavesdropping on someone’s conversation, Saphoera?” I chided, but deep inside I was glad. I knew she went there to pick up Blaine.

“A simple thank you will do, you know?” She pouted. Sean laughed, shaking his head beside her.

“Thank you, Saph,” Blaine expressed.

"No. Not you, Blaine," Kiara protested.

"Okay," I agreed, "I am overwhelmed and I am... happy that you guys did an effort to take Blaine with you. I'm just lucky to have you, guys. So, thank you so much. I really mean it," I expressed wholeheartedly.

"Now let's go down and dance!" Kiara stood up and her husband, Bash followed.

Blaine stiffened on my lap.

"We don't have to join them," I cooed, caressing her hand. Dancing might not be her thing at a nightclub like this.

"I'd rather sit on the stool down than here. This place smells dollars— too extravagant for me."

"Oh, come on, lovebirds, stand up, and let's go to the dance floor." Cam pulled Pyke's hand, then pointed on us. "You two will join us."

"We'll be there shortly," I agreed.

When everyone eventually left, I cupped Blaine's head to lean down. She brushed her lips on me like a temptress. I did as she liked, our breaths caressing our face. But the gentle kiss was like a torpedo rushing towards between my thighs, making my sanity toss out of the window. I deepened the kiss and pushed my tongue in, tasting the sweet peach of her mouth. She moaned, grasping my hair, and rocked her sweet ass against my thickening hard cock.

"We should stop because I swear to God, one more grind I'm gonna rip your sexy dress off your body and push you against this seat." I gritted my teeth. I was losing my self-control, but Blaine was far from the women I used to fuck and forget. She's my girlfriend.

"Let's go and dance," she suggested in a shaky and soft voice, standing up and almost losing her balance.

"Sweetheart, easy, I don't want you getting hurt."

"I can't relax on your lap, baby." She laughed nervously.

My heart leaped every time she called me baby.

"I need to cool down as well," I said as I watched her re-coating her pink swollen lips. I had to look away because I might imagine things with that gorgeous mouth.

My cock was still throbbing with attention, but I wanted to do something with her aside from our spectacular sex.

"When is your flight, sweetheart?" I asked when I managed to cool down a little.

“Tomorrow.” She pressed her lips to even the color, then faced me.

“You look magnificent tonight, Blaine.” I strolled my gaze down her hot as hell body. Her dark blue dress made me not able to look away. It had a sexy see-through back with a low-cut deep V neck that almost shown her belly button.

“Yeah, your sister is so kind.” She smiled genuinely, then motioned to herself. “She made sure I couldn’t say no. She brought me a dress and shoes, then fixed my hair and makeup.”

“You don’t have to wear anything like that, you’re always gorgeous in my eyes. I’d love to see you behind that dress as well.” My bluntness always made her blush.

She was just adorable. And I really wanted to show her that I was not fucking joking about our relationship and that involved respecting her in all her ways.

“Happy father’s day, baby.”

I chuckled. “Yeah, I can’t still believe I’m a father. Thank you, sweetheart.”

We ended up on the hot stuffy air of the crowded dance floor. It smelled of sweat, body spray, and beer breath as we moved against sweaty dancers to move past them. The strobe lights worked for the crowd. The loud pop music was blaring through the sound system. While everyone was turning their smooth and practiced moves to the beat, we looked like we’re on a prom. Blaine’s body was stiffed as a slab, but I didn’t fucking give a shit.

“Relax.” I wrapped my arms around her waist, pressing myself into her soft curves.

“The last time I danced was at the prom and I had already Ben that time. My date was a friend who happened to show his true color the night after!” She yelled to my ear, laughing.

“That was terrible.” I laughed with her. “I went to prom with my classmate and ended up—I’d rather not continue.”

She threw her head back laughing, her arms were snaked around my neck. And my eyes landed on her neck.

And God, it’s sexy as fuck.

I started swaying my hips, and she did the same, then swayed her hips more, making her grind into me—holy! She was hot and sexy.

“You’re making me hard,” I whispered to her ear. And we both barked into a loud laugh until my eyes landed at the VIP lounge. The glass window that restrained the noise was wide opened. And there he was, standing there with all his glory like a fucking God, and stared down directly at me with so much intensity that made my body freeze and shiver.

Chapter 37

Are You Threatening Me?

BLAINE

Xandry helped me out of the crowded dance floor to the bar, then talked to the broody tattooed bartender. He wore all black just like all the bartenders with him. If Kyland was scary, this man screamed danger—dangerously handsome in mysterious ways, but there was something in him that seemed warm—his eyes? The way he side-glance at me. He was quite a good looking guy if he happened to smile just a little bit. He nodded at Xandry, then turned to me as I slid to sit on the dark bar stool.

“Can I get you something to drink? It’s in the house, ma’am.” His voice was friendly and warm, but he kept his stoic looked the same.

The whole bar was opposite of Max’s. This one flashed with modern designs with a dim-lit interior that was perfect for New Yorkers’ vibe.

I smiled shyly. “Yes, a Phoenix’s princess, please,” I swore his lips curled into a smile, then nodded and mixed my drinks.

He expertly mixed it as if he could do even his eyes were closed. “You don’t come here often, do you?”

My brow slightly arched. “How so?”

“Haven’t seen you around,” he answered shortly like he was going to get a ticket when he talked more than five words.

“Don’t tell me you have hyperthymesia who remembers every customer will come and go every night,” I tested and didn’t wait for him to reply when I saw the hesitation in his dark eyes.

“Is it because of Xandry? Your regular customer who happens to pick up a girl every time he comes.” I didn’t feel jealous nor flinch. I was aware of his sex life and it was not a surprise to me anymore.

He closed his gaping mouth then blinked. “Here is your Phoenix’s princess, ma’am.” He placed it down the counter, not meeting my gaze anymore.

“Thank you—”

“Forrest.”

"Thank you, Forrest. I'm Blaine." I extended my hand, and he reluctantly gripped it.

I sipped my drink that had been grown on me. The bitter-sweet of it reminded me of Xandry's parents' love life.

My brows suddenly squished. "Wait, your Kyland's friend, right?" I pointed at him with wide eyes like saucers. "You were at my sister's wedding."

"Yeah, I was there," he simply confirmed.

"Now I remember you. You're the one who left early."

"I'm not used to attending occasions like that, in fact, that was my first time in like forever. But I can't say no to Bianca." He chuckled at the end.

"You seem a good guy, Forrest, a little bit scary, though." There was something mysterious about him that I couldn't place it, though I was not good at reading people, still, there was just something cool about him.

"Been told."

Then he told me how he started working here and how he met Kyland. His uncle owned a tattoo shop where Kill worked there before, then quitted when Pyke promoted him as a manager of this club.

"Um, where is the restroom?"

"Use the one just on the right of the VIP's door where you sat in."

I nodded. "Thank you. If Xandry happens to come looking for me, please tell him I just went to freshen up."

"Sure."

I followed his instructions. It was not hard to find since I was only good at one thing—direction.

My hand froze in the air before it reached the golden door handle. Xandry's angry voice was somewhere in one of these rooms. Was he fighting with someone?

One room was ajar and that was where his voice came from.

"You're never good at following my order, son. When are you going to learn and understand success doesn't come easy? You have to earn it. You have priorities and yet, you added another one to your long list." A deep husky voice prodded firmly.

"I know that and what do you think I was doing these past years? Not working my best shot to prove I deserve a seat? I've been working hard just to earn a managerial position at your company,

and it's been three years, Dad, yet I am still your provisional employee. Haven't I proven something to you at all?"

He's talking to his dad.

"You did nothing other than disappointment, Xandry, and that's what you've proven to me, of how irresponsible you've become. You impregnated someone now you have a kid and still, you have time to fool around!"

My hand clutched my mouth to stifle the squeal. My eyes widened in shock. And his dad was talking about me and Xandry?

Oh, my God!

"Leave my relationship out of it. I took care of Sunshine and my child like a responsible person does. And I did my job as your best employee. I've never been late for all my reports. And my work was excellent because you taught me how to do it right, you were the best mentor I had for years. Why can't you just be happy that I've grown up and done my choices?"

"Relationship, since when? Grown-up? Show me, Xandry. When instead attending the charity event at the Hirtington you chose to be here. Everyone was asking about you and I had to lie to them because my dear son was busy fooling around with that woman! Haven't you learned enough from your mistakes, Alexander Henry?"

I squeezed my eyes shut, trying not to get it into my head. I breathed deeply and took all the pain right into my heart.

"I told you I don't like to attend charity events. Why didn't you ask Saph instead? Those people's intentions are not even genuine. They want publicity, attention, and investments."

"You can't run away from that responsibility, Xandry? How can I trust you with what I invested for almost thirty years when the simple thing I ask, you can't even do it right? I'll let you know on your birthday if you are capable of running our business or not?"

"What does it suppose to mean?" Xandry's alarm tone didn't get an answer from his dad.

I hurriedly got inside the restroom, closing the door slowly, trying not to create a sound. I leaned back, closing my eyes shut and breathed deeply.

"What happened to you?" I startled to Saph's voice in front of me. She was facing the mirror, re-coating her eyelashes—already long eyelashes.

With shoulders slumped down, I walked closer to her. I stood beside her and looked into her eyes through the mirror. "I'm a little drunk. How long have you been here?"

"I watched Xandry left you at the bar, so I followed him, and he's with Dad. I knew what were they going to talk about, that's why I went back to the lounge." She observed me. "You heard them, didn't you?" she added.

I shrugged, looking down at my red-painted fingernails. "Accidentally."

She giggled. "Yay! You're so in love with my brother. Just don't let Dad's words get into your pretty head." And she bumped her hip on me.

I gave her a dull look. "I like your brother and I'm not gonna lie to you."

"You don't have to, Blaine. Your eyes speak louder than words."

"You mean actions?"

"No, your eyes are very expressive, and let me tell you, Dad sometimes is very daddy over us, especially to Xandry, since he's the eldest. Dad tends to be very firm and oppressive toward him because he wants to train and watch Xandry success at a young age. Dad didn't have a good relationship with my grandpa, but that doesn't mean he wants Xandry to feel what he'd been through. He just loves us so much. I hope you understand that." She breathed deeply. "He wants Xandry to take the business seriously and focus on what's on his plates right now, you know what I mean? But Xandry is Xandry, who doesn't like following orders when it concerns his personal life."

I nodded slowly. "Um, I should go and check up on him." I lifted my gaze, and she smiled at me.

"Atta girl."

I walked out of the restroom and it was already dead silence. The VIP room we occupied before was empty, and Xandry was not in the main bar when I looked down from the thick glass window.

Taking a deep breath, I closed the door silently and another door closed simultaneously, making me freeze in my place. My heart thudded wildly in my sternum when I turned around to see the old version of Xandry staring down at me tenaciously.

My lips dried instantly to his intense stare. A shiver of fear slid down my spine. My eyes bulged out when he didn't move and blink just like me. I thought we didn't expect to meet in a circumstance like this.

I looked down. "G-good evening, Mr. Williams!" Tremors worsened on my legs when I started walking to my left trying not to bump into him.

"Blaine Harris, am I right?" His voice was cold as ice. I couldn't help but shiver inside like a ghost just passed by my weak soul.

"Yes, sir." I lifted my gaze tentatively, meeting his.

His brows furrowed. "So, do you know me, Miss Harris?" His tone remained the same. Cold and calm. The more I stared at him, the more intimidating his look had become.

"Not the same as you knew me, I guess." I ignore the shiver he made me feel, the coldness of his voice, the lump forming in my throat, and the knots in my stomach. I was a grown and strong woman, who had a kid and was falling for his son. I had not done wrong to him, because loving someone was not a mistake.

"Yes, I know who you are, in fact, I know a lot about you more than you'd expected, your family, where you came from, and who's the father of your son, Blaine Noelle Harris."

I almost snorted, but if I had to be with Xandry I should respect his father because I didn't want Xandry disrespecting my parents as well.

"Yes, that's me, sir."

"So, it was okay with you dating my son even if he has a kid?" It almost caught me off guard because I knew it was a trick.

"Xandry didn't care I have a kid either, sir. If he accepted me for who I am, then there's nothing wrong with him having a kid, besides, he takes full responsibility of being a father to his child."

"And I'm proud of him, being a single parent is the hardest task ever a person would experience. I'm glad my family was very supportive of my decisions when I chose to have a kid at a very young age. I'm proud to be a single mom, of how I nurtured my son to be an intelligent kid as he is, it's the best gift someone would ever receive. I'm not ashamed, Mister Williams. It's not a disease nor a crime, you know, and Xandry had never stopped talking about Sammer, I can see it in his eyes that he loves his daughter more than anything." A heavy feeling lifted off my chest, and he didn't scare me anymore.

"That's why I want you to stay away from him. If you managed to take care of your son alone, he can do it too, can he? He has family and friends, just like you. I can hire a nanny for his daughter and he doesn't need distractions than he already has. I'm sure you know what I mean, and you know what I'm capable of, Miss Harris."

"Are you threatening me?"

"Does it sound a threat to you? I want him to focus on his life, our business, and his daughter just like how you did for four years without him in your life. I'm taking you as an example here, Miss Harris since you turned out to be a good mom and your son turned out to be an intelligent kid as you said, then you must stay away from Xandry for good."

Chapter 38

Tell Me You're Not Gonna Leave Me

XANDRY

My stomach churned as I walked out of Dad's, determined to prove to him that I deserved to be happy and the position he had for me at the Williams was mine. I did everything I could and it wasn't my goddamn problem if he wasn't satisfied with the effort I did. Hell, I didn't fucking care anymore.

Gasping for some air, I walked outside of the employees' exit of the club. It smelled cigarettes, pees, vomit, and alleys, but I couldn't care less. All I wanted right now was to scream all my frustrations out of my fucking life, then made love to Blaine in my bed all night.

Fuck!

"Hey."

I turned to face the voice calling me from my back, and to my surprise, Blaine looked like she was carrying the world on her shoulder. Closing the space between us, I cupped her face and searched for the answer in her eyes. "What's wrong, sweetheart?"

She shook her head, pressing her soft and sweet lips against mine. "Let's go home."

The word home had made my stomach knot and flutter, but every Dad's word already registered in my mind.

"I'll call Pyke we're leaving," I informed her.

"Don't bother. I bumped into him when I was searching for you. He told me where I could find you and he knew we're leaving. He'll tell the rest," she answered without meeting at my gaze.

"Seriously, sweetheart, what's going on? I already got a lot on my plate right now, I don't have the strength to guess, so please, just tell me already." I held her as we walked to the parking lot.

She stopped when we were near to my car, then took a deep breath and looked at me—that looked alone was unnerving and telling me something was wrong.

"I talked to your dad," she mumbled.

"What did you say?" I asked as if I didn't hear it right. My heart thudded, making me harder to concentrate.

"I was looking for a restroom and Forrest told me that there was one at the lounge..."

"Then how did you know it was my dad?" My eyes narrowed. My nose flared if Dad could possibly brainwash her.

"I heard you two arguing—"

"And you listened?" My approach was a little harsh.

Her eyes widened, pain glinted in those beautiful blue eyes. "I didn't mean to—"

"But you still listened and why couldn't you just walk away, Blaine? Why did you have to listen to us arguing?" I knew it hurt her if she knew we were talking about my relationship, and I knew it wasn't just it, there was something else.

She meant so much to me, and the last thing I wanted was to hurt her and her running away.

She nodded slowly. "I couldn't." She bit her lip to control her trembling chin. "He was talking about us, Xandry. How could I just ignore and walk out when he seemed to know something about me?"

"I didn't want you to listen..." I lost my words. I didn't know how to explain because I knew it could hurt her.

"He didn't like me for you, you can tell me, you know." Her voice started to shake.

"The hell I care if he likes you or not. I don't give a fuck, Blaine! I have my own choice and I don't need his permission to date whoever I want. I didn't tell you because I want you to trust me. I was handling it just right." I held her arms tight and shook them.

"It was not your first argument with your dad, wasn't it?" Tears fell from her eyes, and it just broke my heart.

Fuck! It hurts.

I licked my dry lips and nodded. I swallowed the pain and bitterness down my throat. "When I came to visit you. Dad knew that Sammer could be mine. He met Sunshine when she went looking for me. My parents asked for a DNA test, but they didn't tell me right away, not until a week later. When they had the result that confirmed Sammer was mine."

"Xandry, I want the truth, please. How did he know my full name and my child? Did he had someone to dig on my past?"

Wiping away her tears was much painful to me than what I was about to tell her, knowing I was the reason why those beautiful eyes were shedding tears.

"Yes, sweetheart. Dad did it. He wanted me to date somebody, but you know I don't do such a thing, not until I met you. I'm sorry."

"J-just send me to my sister's apartment, please." She walked away toward my car and got inside while I was alone, shocked, and didn't have any idea what to do.

I got inside and started the car, revving the engine, and drove off. A few minutes later, I couldn't stand the tension surrounding us anymore. It was tearing me apart. "Talk to me, sweetheart. I don't like the silence between us. It's killing me."

"He told me to stay away from you that if I managed to take care of my own child without someone like you, then you can do the same thing. And that you are a strong and responsible person," she explained, still looking out of the window.

"Is that what you're about to do? Staying away?" My grip on the steering wheel made my knuckles crack. I was terrified of what she would tell me next. I had to breathe deeply as many as I could to avoid losing my concentration to the road ahead of us.

I couldn't help but not to get pissed at Dad for talking to Blaine. Wasn't it enough what he said earlier that he had to talk to her as well?

"Did I listen to him?" She yelled, then sobbed.

"Fuck!" I slammed my hands repeatedly to the steering wheel. "Just stop crying for God's sake, Blaine. I've had enough and I don't know what to do anymore!"

"Then stop the car and let me out of here!" She yelled back, pulling the door handle open. It was already locked before she could put us into an accident.

"Are you trying us to get killed? Think about your son before you'll do something you might regret in the end!"

I stole glances at her. Her fingers trembled, still sobbing on her seat. And my eyes began to mist.

I rubbed my face with irritation, frustration, and pain. "I'm sorry, okay? I shouldn't have done that. It just... I'm worried about Sammer, about my life, my life without you, my job. Dad threatened—"

"T-to fire you, cut your trust fund, then eventually lose your custody over Sammer." She choked out a sob. "I got that, Xandry. I wish I could help. That's what a girlfriend should do. Don't get me wrong, I can't stand the thought of being away from you. I care a lot about you more than you ever know, but I can't let you lose what you deserve to have. Sammer needs a dad, just like Ben needs me. I don't want you to suffer because I choose you or you choose me."

"It feels like losing everything if I lose you, Blaine. I still have friends and a sister to help me. If Dad will fire me and take everything from me, they can still help me, lean me some money to start my

own business, I can work for them as well, but how many Blaine in this entire world?" I laughed sarcastically. Pain seared my heart in a fucking way. "I won't let you leave me if that's your plan, sweetheart. I did that the first time he threatened me if I could, but I'd rather start from the bottom than searching for another Blaine that doesn't even exist. So, let's get out of the car because I'm not sending you to your sister's apartment." I turned off the ignition and got out my car, running around to her side.

"I'll stay for the night. Bianca texted that Ben is already sleeping." She walked away again, still sniffing.

"As you wish, sweetheart, as you wish."

The elevator ride was full of tension. "You're going home tomorrow, at least let us settle this out. I don't want you leaving me angry."

"Fine. What do you wanna talk about?"

"When we get inside."

As soon as I locked the door behind her, I pressed her against the door. "Are you leaving me, Blaine? You're going to fucking leave me, aren't you?" I asked in a low and primal voice. "Is that what your heart tells you?"

Her eyes widened as the two saucers. "I don't want you to lose everything."

"Damn it, Blaine! Answer my fucking question."

"I'm not worth it."

"The fuck you don't. You, Ben, and Sammer are only matters to me. Believe me, please? Don't make me do crazy things because I'm already crazy. Crazy over you!"

"I-I can't do this." Her red lips trembled, and it is driving me crazier with lust, anger, and pain.

"The fuck you can't!" I clamped my lips onto hers, thrusting my tongue into her mouth when she gasped, to taste her sweet agony. I didn't care if I wasn't gentle. I wanted her to feel that we both needed each other when the world was crashing down on us. When she kissed me back with hunger, the unbearable torment traveled down my cock.

Blaine sagged against me, sighing to our mouth. She wrapped her arms around my neck. Her fingers grasped my hair, pulling me closer as if I was her oxygen.

I broke the kiss, leaning my forehead on hers. "Tell me you want me as much as I do. Tell me you're not gonna leave me. Tell me you want us as the air you breathe?"

"I-I want you, I want us. God, I don't think I can live without you."

Enough of this—

I kissed her—demanding, teeth clashing, tongues tangling, and body grinding. I fumbled to the hem of her dress, tore it apart from her delicious body.

She released my hair and ripped my shirt off, sending buttons to scatter everywhere. She panted as I unclasped her front clasp strapless bra—releasing her sweet and delectable breasts.

She gasped and moaned as I bent and sucked her red cherry nipple into my mouth and as I simultaneously slipped my finger on her thong covered swollen lips. I released her peak with a pop.

“Undress me,” I ordered through rasped breath, tearing her thong apart.

She hurriedly fumbled to unbutton my jeans, then pushed down to my knees. I hissed and groaned as my cock released from its cage. She reached down, impatiently rubbing it on her wet and ready lips. And I plunged into her, making her cry out. As if on cue, she wrapped her leg around my waist, and I grabbed her ass and lifted her, pressing ourselves against the door. Her breasts pushed against my chest as I thrust into her. Hard and rough. My neck corded, trying not to lose control.

I groaned, feeling her slick walls like a glove around me. My heartbeat grew wild and unsteady. Her breathing came in hoarse sobs as she buried her face on my shoulder. Her spasms clumped my cock made my head swam with savage and intensity of bliss I had never known.

Chapter 39

I Never Told Him How I Feel

BLAINE

Mom placed some potatoes to the preheated oven, and for the first time in like forever she allowed me to help in her kitchen. I was back home for almost a week now, but we hadn't gotten a chance to spend time together. She invited me or rather forced me to stay for dinner, and I knew there was something she wanted to talk about so urgently.

I sliced some red radish and tossed them into the bowl. I left Ben with Daddy in the living room as they tried to solve some puzzles on his iPad app.

Mom sighed deeply as if she wanted to say something but holding it back.

"Just say it, Mom." I watched her moves closely as she wiped her hands with the flowery kitchen towel Bianca had slipped into my luggage for her.

She finally moved beside me, tapping her short fingernails against the wooden countertop. "So, what is your plan, sweetie?"

I slowed down slicing and met her gaze. "What plan? For Ben?"

"For you and Ben, sweetie, and please don't hide things from us again." Her sweet voice laced with concern.

"I will enroll Ben at the private school downtown, Mom. I inquired online last week," I answered carefully. I cared a lot about Xandry. I planned on moving to New York since my parents told me it was better for Ben to start with an excellent education, but after my encounter with Mr. Williams, I had to set it aside. I was not a coward nor giving up what I had with his son, but I couldn't risk Xandry and Sammer's future because of my own choices.

"I thought you plan on moving to New York."

I put down the knife. "I can't stay away from you and Daddy, Mom. My friends are here and my life—"

"But your love life is there, Blaine."

My brow arched. "My love life?"

"I know you like Xandry more than your dickhead ex."

“Mom!”

“What’s wrong with saying—”

I raised my hand to warn her. “Don’t say that again.” I ended up laughing.

“It’s true. Now answer me, young woman.” She crossed her arms around her chest with a serious look on her face.

I sighed. “Have a seat, Mom because this is kind of a long story.”

She moved and sat beside me, and I faced her. “Xandry’s dad did a background check on me and well, the woman Xandry had gotten pregnant. She agreed to do the DNA test to prove Xandry was the father of the unborn child.”

Mom listened to me attentively.

“He threatened to pull out Xandry’s trust fund and fire him if I won’t stay away from his son. You know rich people were connected with money. I can’t let him lose everything because of me, Mom.” My voice shook at the end. I grabbed her hand, and she squeezed me back.

“How about Xandry?”

“Well.” I chuckled sadly. “You know him. He’s determined that we’re good together and the threat can’t stop him from being with me.”

“If he fights for you, sweetie, then you should do the same. Fight for him, for yourself, for both of you. That guy loves Ben. He’s good with kids and I’m not gonna guess if he is good in bed—”

“Mom,” I whispered.

“How about the mother of his baby?”

“They signed an agreement that Xandry gets the full custody of the child since Sunshine was barely living when she went to see him. She has to finish her school too. So, his family offered her an apartment and a fully paid college plan and some cash.”

“So, I met Mr. Williams at the club, and we exchanged words.”

“He threatened you, was he?” Mom’s voice turned sharp. Her posture went rigid.

I nodded glumly.

“Sonof—”

“Mom! What happened to you? You kept on cursing.”

“I’ll let Miranda talk to him,” she simply answered.

“What Aunt Miranda has to do with Mr. Williams?” My brows met together.

“They used to date.”

“What?” My eyes bulged. My hand slapped my mouth. I swallowed hard, staring at mom in disbelief. “Why the hell nobody told me about this?”

“We don’t usually talk about what happened a long time ago, sweetie, especially what happened to Miranda before she appeared in this town.”

“Mom...”

“The FBI offered her a new identity after they caught a drug dealer who used and killed her mom. Miranda’s mom was using her to date Phoenix, that’s Xandry’s father while she was secretly sleeping with Phoenix’s dad, Henry. Miranda and Phoenix broke up, but there was something in her mother that made her pursue another plan, so she blackmailed Phoenix to break up with Samantha, Xandry’s mom. Later she found out, that bitch was not actually her real mother.”

“Oh, my god, that’s terrible.” I kept on listening to Mom while goosebumps crawled my skin as I had to hug myself.

“The FBI able to save Miranda before the group of drug dealers kill her, but too late for her mom. So, they gave her money and a new identity to start over and that’s how she ended up at Max’s bar. She was Gabrielle Cox.”

I wiped my tears and sniffed. My chin was trembling to Aunt Miranda’s life she had before. “Then Phoenix and Sam got back together and got married.”

“Samantha has a good heart, Blaine. I can’t blame Phoenix for being overprotective over his children because he’d been a lot. His father beat his mom and he and Hawk, his brother let their mom escaped to New York to start a new life. And after what happened to him and Samantha, I completely understood. He fought their relationship because he felt in his heart that Samantha was the right one for him despite the circumstances.”

“I know, mom. Xandry’s dad sent a book every day to prove how much he loved Samantha. He even bought a building where Samantha was renting an apartment to help her payout the rent. That time she just broke up with her ex and just started living in the City. That’s what Xandry and Saph had told me.”

“It was a lovely story, Blaine. And I want you to do something for me, sweetie. Fight for you and Xandry. Fight for what is right. If you think and feel that Xandry is the right one for you, fight for him. True love comes once in a lifetime, and I don’t want you to regret not doing the right thing. Me and your dad fight for our love as well, and we are still happily married until now—”

"Oh, please, mom, don't tell me the gory details. That's just ew, awkward." I laughed, wiping my tears from my face, but they kept pouring down like rain.

"So, sweetie, do you love Xandry?"

I shook to cry and launched myself into Mom, and she caught me midway. I wrapped my arms around her and poured my frustrations and pain over what Mr. Williams could possibly do to Xandry, my love, and hope toward his son.

"I never tell him how I feel. Do you think it's too late, Mom?"

"Not when you hurry your ass off."

"Mom!"

"Are you sure you don't need help?" I asked Kyland as he lifted the last box inside my apartment. Yes, my apartment.

I ignored Xandry's message with an angry emoji. And he kept on sending. The last one made me snort.

XandryTheGreat: Blaine, I'm mad at you. You will not get orgasms from me, woman.

"You ask me when I've got the last one?" He laughed, wiping off his sweat from his forehead.

"Can't thank you enough, Kill." I decided to surprise Xandry by not telling him I moved to New York. I got Kill and Cam's old apartment. I was lucky it was still on the lease. I found an animal clinic online not far from the apartment, but the school I found for Ben needed a thirty minutes ride. Bianca lent me her ford since Kyland didn't allow to drive yet.

"No need to thank me, Blaine."

"Kilan, can I come and see Aunt Bianca?" Ben gave Kill puppy eyes, making him difficult to say no.

"No, Ben, not now. Kill is exhausted."

"But, Mommy, I can't see Sandry and Aunt Bianca too." He pouted, slumping to the brand new brown couch in our small living room.

"Okay, I'll see if I can take you to Xandry, but I can't promise, Ben."

"Just promise, Mommy, and call Sandry already."

Kyland laughed, shaking his head with amusement. "I think I'm done here."

"Kill, thanks so much. I'll drop by sometime tomorrow. I need to see B as well."

"No worries, take your time to adjust. Shall I call a pizza delivery for both of you?" he offered, but I had already in mind.

"Don't bother, Kill. Thanks a lot though, go home and give B a Swedish massage. She's been blowing my inbox."

"Call me when you need anything, okay?"

I nodded and smiled at Kyland as he waved goodbye to Ben. I looked around at our new apartment where I and my son were going to start a new life together. My parents were glad about my decisions and they helped me out choosing some appliances online. The furniture had arrived yesterday, including my bed and Ben's.

Kyland had asked the landlord to re-paint the entire apartment and change the old sink in the kitchen into a new one. Bianca and Meg helped each other to make it homier for us when we arrive. Our clothes and a few photographs were the things left that I was going to arrange.

"Wanna go see Xandry, baby bunny?"

Ben's eyes lit up with excitement. He stood quickly, sprinting toward me, then wrapped his tiny arms around my thigh. "Let's go, Mommy!"

I laughed, ruffled his hair, and grabbed the keys.

"Are you ready, big guy?" I asked Ben as I pressed the doorbell on Xandry's apartment.

Good thing, Jun recognized me instantly and he didn't need to call the tenant. Saph didn't have any idea that I moved already though we still chatted with each other. I was afraid she couldn't keep secrets to her brother.

Hustling of footsteps made my heart thud in my chest. I squeezed Ben's hand as my nervousness arose.

The door swung open. "I know, Shine." Xandry wrapped his arms around her and kissed the top of her head.

My blood rushed in my ears, making me want to scream to stop from tingling. My heart ached like it had been stabbed with knives simultaneously. Tears formed at the back of my eyelids when his most gorgeous blue eyes staring back at me with wide eyes and as shocked as I was.

Chapter 40

Behave When There Are Kids Around

XANDRY

Days went by uneventful. I submitted the first half-year report a week earlier than I used to, but Dad, well, he wasn't impressed. During our family dinner, I was like an invisible person to him, until after dinner when I walked to his office. Dad was in the red lounge chair with an empty glass, where he usually sat when not behind his desk.

My stomach rolled. "What's the deal with your silence, Dad? Did I happen to develop some kind of invisibility?"

He didn't reply or move. He kept staring at the old painting owned by his late father, Henry Archibald Williams.

"Are you going to ignore me throughout our lives? Until one of us is eventually dead? Because I have no plan on leaving Blaine if that's the reason why you're doing this to me. You talked to her but it didn't scare her away, in fact, I'm asking her to move in with me. With her son. Just do me a favor not to be harsh on her. Treat her civilly at least."

"I'm happy with her, you know? I was thinking you'd be proud of me when I stopped chasing skirts. I like her a lot, Dad. You're once just like me, sleeping around with different women, but when you met Mom, you changed, you've proven something, and this is what I'm doing. I never thought I-I fell..."

"... I fell in love with Blaine, it was like I didn't have a choice, I couldn't control feelings, myself, and the last thing I knew I was running after her, pursuing her. I thought of her a lot, missing her when she's not around, feeling empty when I don't hear her voice. Then my heart beat faster when I see her as if it was made for her. And if you took away the only person that made me happy like I am right now, then it just like you took your own son's life, Dad."

"I love you, you, Mom, and Saph. So much it hurts. But there is something that I want, something that I need, that you all can't give it to me, something money can't buy, something that she can only offer. Her heart, Dad."

"Good night." I walked out of his office, not brokenhearted because he didn't talk to me. A smile curved on my lips with satisfaction. I walked out contented—like all the burdens had been taken away from me.

The moment I looked into Blaine's eyes that night, I knew there was something stolen from me. I kept pushing the idea out of my brain that 'the one' didn't exist, that what we had was merely sexual, but how could I keep denying when I saw my friends smiling at their girls like they were their fucking world? And now I saw myself in them—smiling for Blaine. Because she was my world.

"Honey." Mom's melodic voice brought me back from my little deliberation. "Do you have a minute?"

I paused before I reached the door, smiling at her. "Mom, do you really have to ask me that?"

She smiled back—a smile of pride. "How is she?"

My brow raised. "Sammer? We went to see her this morning, and she's doing great."

The doctor was surprised by her progress. She gained weight and her skin was not too wrinkled. She might be released from the hospital earlier than the six weeks plan.

Sunshine discharged from the hospital last week and stayed at my apartment. She admitted she was harsh with Blaine back there, but I forgave her when she apologized.

"Not Sammer, honey. How's Blaine?"

My eyes grew a little wide. "She's okay."

"I mean, how are you and her?"

"You don't have to pretend to like her, Mom. If you don't like her, it's fine with me, really." It was a total lie. I needed a healthy relationship with my family while I was doing my best with Blaine. I knew there were going to be ups and downs, but nothing was impossible with a good talk and understanding each others' differences. Thanks to the books I read while waiting for Sammer's visiting hour.

"You know I'm happy that someone stopped my son from, what do you call it? Ho-ing around? I should really use that word for my next book."

"Do you use that kind of word in writing fantasy now?" I asked doubtfully.

Mom whispered, "Don't tell your dad and Saph that I am writing an erotic book."

I barked into laughter, shaking my head in disbelief. "You write that kind of genre, since when?"

"I'm just trying some genre." She shrugged. Her eyes twinkled.

"Where is my sister?"

"Xandry," she warned.

"I'm not gonna tell her, Mom." I rolled my eyes. "But eventually, you have to tell her because I don't hide something from twinnie, you know that."

"Just follow your heart, honey." She grabbed my hand, then finally kissed my cheek. "I love you so much, Xandry. And I'm so proud of you, you should know that."

"I know, Mom. And I love you back." I wrapped my arms around her, squeezing her tight.

"Wew! What a sight."

"Come and join us, twinnie."

Saph joined, hugging mom from behind.

"You two really have grown up, it was like yesterday when I fought with your dad of going to my appointment."

"Don't make us cry, Mom," Saph said.

The family driver dragged the last Sunshine's suitcase towards the door. Thickness grew in my throat as I watched her walked slowly. The doctor let her ambulate to fasten the healing process of her wound.

Releasing a deep breath, I called her name.

"Don't be soft on me now, Xandry."

"I'm not, silly, I just wanna make sure there are no hurt feelings between us."

"None on my account." She poked my chest. "We're good."

"You know you can always call me if you need anything. And you can always visit Sammer and when we are going to bring her home together."

She nodded and shrugged. "I feel guilty, you know. It feels like I sold her."

"Don't you ever dare say that, Sunshine!" I exclaimed. It startled her. "I-I'm sorry. I don't mean to yell at you. She will be with her dad. I'll take care of her and protect her with my life. You are still her mother and nothing gonna change that. You can't take care of her while you're still studying. I want to make it easy for you."

She released a deep breath. "Glad to hear that, Xandry. Please tell Blaine that I'm sorry."

The ringing of the doorbell made us stop.

"That's the driver. He can't just wait for me down and he has to come. Anyway, tell Blaine to treat my baby right."

"Of course, she will. She's a good person, Shine."

"She really cares about you, Xandry. I saw it in her eyes."

I grabbed the door open and hugged her. "I know, Shine." Kissing her forehead.

Sunshine stiffened, pushing me away. Later I realized someone was watching us.

Blaine's blue eyes widened as mine and filled with unshed tears. I couldn't remember how I released Sunshine and walked toward her.

My heart leaped up to my throat. A smile spread across my lips. "Blaine, what are you doing here?" I cupped her cheeks, but her body still stiffed. "Sweetheart." I leaned over. My lips were a thread apart until someone pulled my shirt from my back.

"Hey, there's a kid watching." Sunshine slapped my back.

"Um, you seem busy." Blaine's chin trembled. "We'll just come back sometime."

"Sweetheart, no," I disagreed, cursing under my breath. "This is not what you think it is."

"Poor excuse," Sunshine countered, but she was actually laughing.

"Stop it," I chided.

"I'm going to my apartment for good, Blaine. What you saw is we're just bidding goodbye. I told him that I was sorry for how I acted at the hospital. I know it was wrong. Since you're already here, I apologize. If you happen to take care of my child in the near future, please take care of her as yours, the way you take care of Ben." Sunshine grabbed Blaine's hand, took a deep breath, and smiled. "You're a good mother, Blaine." Then kissed her cheek.

"Hey, pretty boy." Sunshine slowly knelt down in front of Ben.

"I'm not pretty. I'm a boy," Ben answered shyly.

"Okay, big guy. I'm Sammer's mom, Sunshine. I bet you wanna play with Sammer when she grows bigger, right?"

Ben nodded slowly.

"Treat her like a sister, promise?"

Ben nodded again. "Promise."

"Good." She kissed his cheek and stood up, facing me. "Behave with there are kids around."

I snorted beside Blaine, crossing my arms over my chest. "I'll send you to the car."

"I can walk. Bye, guys!"

I watched her back until she got inside the elevator, then turned to Blaine. "Sweetheart." I pulled her into my arms and squeezed her into a hug. "You're here."

"I am." Sarcasm laced in her voice.

"Nothing to get jealous, Blaine." I released her and looked down at Ben, grinning. "Miss me, buddy?" I lifted him. He squealed then laughed.

"Let's get inside, sweetheart," I invited her in while Ben was still in my arms.

She walked reluctantly beside me.

"You are angry with me when I should be mad at you for ignoring my calls, texts, and you kept me seen all the time? But I'm glad you and Ben are here though. We have a lot of things to talk about, Sweetheart."

"I know."

"Put me down, Sandry," Ben requested. "Can I watch Arlo again?"

I put him down and pressed some keys on the remote and let him settle on the couch. "Want something, buddy? A chocolate drink, berries juice, cookies?"

He turned his head, grinned, and shook his head.

"Okay, buddy. I'll talk to your mommy in the kitchen. Just yell out when you need something, okay?"

"Okay."

I grabbed Blaine and took her to the kitchen where Ben couldn't see us. Then I pressed her against the fridge, slammed my mouth on hers, and kissed her like I've been craving for. Her hands instantly in my hair, fisted, and pulled me closer. My hands were on her neck, thumbs stroking her cheeks. My tongue thrust into her mouth, stroking with hers. Her taste was familiar like always was. With mouth colliding, teeth-gnashing, and scattering thoughts, I was fighting every impulse not to lay her down on the counter and eat her out just to wash out her jealousy in her system as she screamed my name, and losing her mind to what I promised to give her.

My cock strained against my pants as she moaned and I was afraid Ben might hear it from there. I pulled myself together and kissed her loudly on her swollen lips, then on her forehead. "Thank you for the surprise, Sweetheart."

“You’re mad at me, huh?”

“If this is the season why you’re ignoring me, it’s all worth it. Stay here tonight.”

Her eyes widened. “No, I just wanna spend dinner with you, and Ben asked to see you.”

“Sweetheart, please. You won’t stay here long and I want to spend some time with you.”

“Not tonight, baby. I need to arrange my things and the delivery I ordered online will arrive tomorrow.”

“What delivery?” My brows knitted.

“Appliances for my apartment.”

“A-apartment?” My eyes bulged.

“Yeah, we finally moved closer to you.”

“God, Blaine, I love you.”

Chapter 41

Noelle?

BLAINE

My heart accelerated and I was worried I might pass out. I just stared at him with wide eyes. His eyes glowed when he said the five words earlier.

“Y-you l-love me?” I asked in disbelief.

“You heard it right.” He loosened his grip on my waist, completely releasing me from his arms. He stepped backward and ran his fingers through his hair, then propped his hands on his hips.

“I-I just wanna hear it again, you know.” I shrugged and looked down, licking my swollen lips that his taste was still on them.

The tension suddenly thickened when he didn’t talk. I lifted my gaze and that was when I saw him grinning with eyes filled with humor and love.

He stepped closer, cupping my face. “I love you, Blaine Noelle Harris. So much. I’ll make sure to tell you this every day until you believe me, and I’m going to make you feel it too. I love you since I rushed to see you and press you against the wall of the barn.” He traced his thumb on my lower lip with his gaze still meeting mine. “I love you, sweetheart.”

I looked up to hold the tears forming in my eyes. Closing my eyes, I pressed my lips to his, and he kissed me softly. Then I opened my heart to him. “I love you, Xandry.”

He pulled me into a hug, then kissed the top of my head. “You love me beyond all my faults, Blaine. You never gave up no matter what you heard about me. I thought my life fell apart when you broke up with me, but I stayed strong for the sake of Sammer. And I knew for a fact that it was not over. We are not over.”

I looked up to meet his gaze again. “You didn’t judge me either, pretty boy. Honestly, I was so scared to trust my heart with someone again, but I can’t just stop myself from wanting you, needing you, and thinking about you every single day.”

“What can I say, I’m irresistible.”

I slapped his chest that made him chuckle.

“We crossed the bridge, sweetheart, and that brings us here together. Thank you for being near to me. It means a lot. Why don’t you and Ben stay here with me instead?”

“Are you crazy? I have an apartment, Xandry.” I opened his double door built-in fridge. “Wow! What do you have here? Is it always like this?” I ended up grabbing a diet soda which I didn’t know what I should pick. His fridge was filled with beverages, energy drinks, dairy products, and his weekly meal prep.

“I paid someone to do the grocery for me.”

“Wow, rich guy! Have you been to a grocery store, pretty boy?”

He slapped my rear, making me jump. “Stop calling me pretty boy. I’m okay with just baby.”

“I’m hungry though. Can you at least feed me?” I gulped the soda and walked past him.

“Sweetheart, that will upset your stomach. Let’s order dinner then. It will take time to cook unless you want some sandwiches. What Ben usually eat at dinner?”

“We can have pizza. He can eat anything light.”

“I’ll order us pizza, then.” He grabbed my wrist. “Sweetheart.”

“Yeah.” I faced him, brows furrowed when he seemed uneasy.

“I want to tell Ben that we are together. Is that okay with you?”

My heart raced. “Of course.” You have no idea how it means to me. “He’s a smart kid, though I never introduced any guy to Ben, he likes you already, Xandry, so stop fidgeting.” I squeezed his hand.

“Glad you didn’t introduce Ethan to him.”

“No, not yet. I told him he was my friend in high school, and Ethan was fine with that.”

“I’m kinda nervous, I love Ben, I want him to understand what’s going on between us and I don’t want to lie to him.”

“I’m glad you still consider telling him this. It means a lot to me.” I couldn’t help but hug him tightly when he always thought of Ben’s feelings in all of these. How could I be so lucky to have Xandry in my life? He’d nothing but so supportive and considerate, and it had been proven to me that I made the right choice this time.

“I want him to like me, love me, and treat me as you know... I hope... I’m... I want to—”

I rolled my eyes as I watched Xandry stammered. “He’s gonna love Sammer.”

Xandry suggested to put Ben to bed, and I was standing outside the room waiting for my son to sleep. After Xandry told him the story about the brave knight, Ben asked something that made my chest clutch in surprise. “Why did you kiss Mommy?”

And I swore, I heard Xandry gasped. He then cleared throat and asked carefully. “How did you know?”

“I was calling Mommy, but she didn’t answer. So, I walked to the kitchen and I saw you kissing her.” His voice was soft and calm, making me release the breath I was holding while waiting for my son to answer.

“Do you know what... um, boyfriend means?”

I bit my lip, waiting patiently at them. Ben must have shaken his head.

“Boyfriend means, um, someone likes the girl dearly, so—”

“So you like Mommy?” I could feel Ben’s eyes wandering at Xandry.

“Yes, I like your mom,” he answered quickly, “I like your mom so much. I love her, buddy.”

“I like you too, Xandry,” Ben replied eagerly. “I love you too, you and Mommy.”

My hand instantly on my mouth to stop from bursting. My tears fell down my eyes as I dragged myself down to the floor. This time not with sadness, it was with so much relief and happiness.

“I love you too, buddy.”

“Um, one more thing. Is it okay if I will bring someone home? And I’d like you to meet her, buddy.”

“Your baby girl?”

“Yes, that’s her.”

“Okay.”

I stood up and wiped my tears when I heard him said, “Now, time to sleep.”

I stayed on the couch for a while as a feeling of weightlessness surrounding me, until I heard light footsteps approaching. Xandry’s hands gripped and massaged my shoulders.

“Aren’t you damn perfect? Let me guess, it went well.” I threw my head back to look at him. And this should be a sin for him to be so hot daddy.

He pressed his lips to me, and I instantly kissed him.

“Let’s go to bed, sweetheart, and let me show you how perfect I am.” He smiled wickedly, offering his hand.

I stood up, throwing myself into him. He caught me, lifting me up as I wrapped my legs around his waist. This is going to be a long night.

"I want you," I told him as he rocked my hips on his bulge, straining against his sweatpants.

"You have me, and I want you more than you want me. Kissing you, touching you, fucking you, loving you, making you feel good until we both lose our damn mind and collapse barely breathing," he assured before he dove his tongue inside my mouth, making me moan desperately.

I woke up with a hand caressing my thigh and the soft voice of Xandry. I assumed he was talking to someone over the phone. I tightened my arm and legs around him.

"Jesus, Saph, let her take some rest. She has an apartment to fix today." And I'm sore for what we did last night.

A small smile curved on my lips when I remembered what we did in his kitchen. We ended up hungry and had another round before we could start to dig our food.

"I know, but she's fully booked—"

"Don't you dare— She's with me all day, Saph—Shit!" he groaned. "I'm gonna tell her, okay? No, not now, this is so important to me, little sister."

"Bye, Saph," he groaned again. "No. Bye."

"You're hard," I said as I traveled down south. He hissed and grew harder as I started rubbing the top of his crown. His breathing went unsteady and grunted as he moved his hips to follow the rhythm of my hand.

"I can get used to this, waking up with your hands all over me, on my cock—" His voice went raspy and thick. "Fuck! That feels good, Blaine." His hand moved between my thighs and stopped where he intended to be and slipped his fingers inside my already wet heat. Then he lied down on his back as I continued stroking him.

"Come on top and ride me, sweetheart."

"Blaine, I want to invite your family to my birthday party next month," Xandry said as we stopped at an empty bench in the park. He decided to bring Ben here after we went to see Sammer. It was good news when she hadn't had apnoea anymore and her body temperature adjusted quite fast to the environment.

I sat down. Xandry followed as I watched the families walked through the small bridge above the pond where fake flamingos stood tall. Vendors scattered with toys and balloons.

“Blaine, wait here, and I want your answer when we get back. I’ll buy something for Ben.” He stood up and grabbed Ben’s hand. “Come with me, buddy.”

I watched them as they walked away. My heart melted watching them walking together as if they were father and son. Ben was jumping in excitement at what Xandry had told him.

I was interrupted by the ringing of my phone and it was from an unknown number.

“Noelle?”

My stomach suddenly twisted. I looked around like some sick paranoid, searching for Ethan.

“What do you want?” I asked firmly as the anger pricked my skin. They said not to ask when you were not ready to hear the answer because I knew exactly why he was calling.

“I’m not calling to make any trouble, Noelle. Just hear me out, please?” Please? Wow! He seemed calm compared to how he threatened me back there.

“You have a minute to talk.”

“I want to see Ben.”

“No, you won’t!” I gritted my teeth. My hand trembled as I gripped my phone pressing against my ear.

“Please, Noelle. I’m not gonna make trouble. I’ll do whatever you want and I won’t break any rules, I promise. If I ever did, you can ask for a restraining order. You don’t have to tell him I am his father. All I want is to see him. I swear I won’t cross the line. You stay with us all the time. I already made mistakes, Noelle, and I won’t do another next time, please?”

“We already move to New York, Ethan.”

“That’s good. I found a job here as well. Please consider my request.”

“I’m going to talk with Xandry about this first.”

“Sure. I’ll call you again.”

“No, wait for my call.” I ended the call when I saw Ben and Xandry approaching.

To my surprise, I wasn’t scared after talking to Ethan, in fact, I felt relieved. I took a deep breath and smiled at the gorgeous guys of my life.

"You okay, sweetheart?" Xandry sat beside me, gripping my thigh. Ben played with his kite like the other kids around. The weather was windy and I could smell the earth and leaves in the air.

"Ethan called."

"What the fuck he want from you?" Xandry hissed for Ben not able to hear him.

"Calm down, pretty boy." I smiled. For the first time, I didn't feel bothered talking about Ethan and Ben's connection.

"What does he want?"

I told him everything I talked with Ethan earlier.

"Ask your parents if they're okay with this. If they agreed then you can meet him, but you will go with the driver and he will stay beside you and Ben all the time. I don't trust him whether he is Ben's father or not."

"Okay. Now chill out—"

"Don't pretty boy me again or you might wanna see your pretty ass with my handprint on it."

"I'm so threatened."

"We'll see. Should I leave my teeth marked on that gorgeous ass instead?"

"Whatever, pretty boy."

Chapter 42

Everything Will Be Okay, Baby

XANDRY

Our birthdays had always been a bash. Mom chose our grandma's mansion as the venue, and instead of the usual party we did at Night Stalker since we turned twenty-one, it was different this time. Dad's business partners, family friends, and relatives were invited and of course, Rexwell, Hugheses, and Kings. On my part, I invited Blaine's family and friends.

Unfortunately, I and Dad barely talked these past few weeks other than he said he was glad that Sammer had finally discharged from the hospital. So, as I tried to be a good son, I respected his silence and stayed away from trouble as much as possible.

I had been talking to Rexwell if he could offer me a job after this party and he was willing to help. Dad was supposed to announce my position tonight, or maybe he had another plan on humiliating me in front of our guests, or finally, he decided to give me a seat in his company, otherwise, I had to sell something, and take the money, my sister, she offered to start my own business.

The Mansion filled with excitement, besides the overwhelming decorations, the classical music played by the chamber orchestra, the expensive Champagnes, five-star buffet, and the high-class my parents had invited, and the people I loved were around still, I thought I could pee in my pants of the nervousness I felt the moment I stepped inside the mansion.

Blaine noticed my tension, but her being in my arms had helped me a lot. Last week, I informed her what could possibly happen tonight and she just chuckled and ignored my words, as if she was telling me 'you're going to be just fine.'

The lights from the chandelier suddenly blinded me, and the people around stopped like someone had switched them off.

Blaine's hand tightened around my arm. "I think I'm gonna die tonight before this party ends." The nervousness on her voice thickened.

I plastered a fake smile and waved to the guests like I was a mayoral candidate. "Relax, sweetheart, no matter what happens tonight, you're not gonna leave me, right?"

"Oh, shut up, pretty boy, it's your birthday. One thing I can assure you is you'll end up hot, sweaty, and catching your breath at the end of the night." She promised me with a squeeze, and with that, I was relieved.

"Happy birthday, honey!" My mother approached us. And as if on cue Blaine loosened her hand around my arm. Mom kissed my cheek, then her eyes twinkled when she saw the woman with me for the first time and smiled brightly at her. "Blaine, glad to finally meet you! Xandry hid you long enough from me for weeks." She pulled Blaine into a hug.

"Nice to meet you too, Mrs. Williams."

"Just Sam, dear."

"Sam."

"I'm glad you came and my husband didn't succeed scaring you away."

"And I'm glad I made the right decisions," Blaine replied proudly. I should really make her scream tonight.

"Thank you for making my son so happy, Blaine. I can see now why my son defied his father." Squeezing Blaine's hand.

"You have no idea how much your son makes me happy too, Sam."

"I have many ideas, dear. I definitely saw the sparks between you two when you arrived. It screamed love and sex."

"Mom," I warned with a groan.

"Oh, we've been there once, so I know exactly how it feels, honey. Nothing to be ashamed of." She laughed lightly, and Blaine's face covered with a blush.

"I'm not, but now, you might succeed in scaring her away."

"Just admit it, Xandry. Your mom is actually right. Remember what I promised you earlier?" Blaine teased and barely holding on to burst into laughter.

My eyes widened to her sudden boldness. I closed my gaping mouth and processed what she just said in front of my mother.

Mom's arm already snaked around Blaine's waist like they had not just met a moment ago.

"See? You really should read my book—"

"Mom," I warned. Again.

"Book?"

"It's an erotic romance, honey," Mom whispered.

A red-tinged on Blaine's cheeks made me shake my head in amusement.

My eyes landed on Ben with Blaine's family. Finley cleaned damn well in a black suit and tie. I'm glad Blaine's best friends Charlie and Olive made to be here tonight. But no matter how much I wanted to bring Sammer with us, she was with her mom. Sunshine returned the invitation with RSVP. She said that was not her thing no matter how hard we convinced her. She just wanted to spend some quality time with Sammer. The planned party for Sammer was on hold due to my birthday party with Saph.

"Mom, let's go and meet—"

"Oh, my God! Gabby?" Mom strode towards Blaine's family not caring for our guests and the Sapphire blue dress she wore. It was kind of fitted on her figure and the high slit almost revealed her upper thighs. She hugged Miranda tightly like a long-lost family.

"It's a long story," Blaine murmured.

"You knew something and you didn't tell me?"

"Oh, shut up, pretty boy. It's not my story to tell."

"You haven't learned, huh?"

She moved closer and whispered, "If I got orgasms why would I?"

"I can give you in one of these rooms, sweetheart. Just say a word."

"I'm not gonna ruin my dress and makeup."

"You look damn gorgeous, my sweet Blaine." I strolled my gaze from head to toe. I was dumbstruck of how she looked so ravishing tonight.

"You've said that for like nth times, Xandry."

Her hair pulled up with a few curls that fell stylishly. Some gold shimmery eyeshadow applied on, making her teal blue eyes stand out. Her blood-red lips were hard to ignore as well, and I promised to clean it with a hard and punishing kiss after the party. She wore the pair of diamond teardrop earrings I bought for her with the dress last week.

She and Saph chose the floor-length red dress with a long V neck cut that showed most of what gave me a steel-like hard on. This was going to be a hard and long night in controlling myself from ripping the dress off of her body and fuck her hard till I lost my goddamn strength.

Rough, slow, then hard and slow again. Just the way she liked it.

It didn't meet my taste, not because it wasn't perfect for her, but her back was bare. Her ass only with black thong could catch every male's attention at this party. And that made me want to throw

knives at every male guest we had. Only a thin rope with Swarovski that kept her dress on her body.

“Happy birthday, son!” Bob hugged and patted my back.

“Thank you, Bob. I’m glad you’re all here.”

“You look rich and famous in a tux, bro,” Finley said.

“And you look like a mayor in your suit, man,” I replied.

The light turned dim and the music changed. Saph in a black sophisticated floor-length dress walked toward us. “Can I borrow my brother?”

“As long as you’ll return him back to me,” Blaine answered quickly.

“Dance with you later, sweetheart.” I kissed her on the cheek.

“Go and break a leg.”

Most of the guests danced along to classical music playing. And I watched Bob and Blaine danced as well. But Dad had nowhere to find.

A moment later, we exchanged partners, and Blaine was in my arms. “This is the best birthday I’ve ever had, Blaine. This time I have the priceless gift in my arms.” My heart started to beat faster as I watched Blaine smile at me. A smile that made me swoon. These past days were perfect. My life with her was the happiest I’ve had.

“You’re so cheesy.” She wrinkled her nose.

“Like I care as long as I make you smile, give you orgasms, make you scream, so I can be cheesy as I wanna be.”

“You forget you make me the happiest woman on earth too, Xandry.”

“Now my cheesiness is contagious, but the feeling is mutual, sweetheart. I love—”

The mic squealed, the music stopped, everyone stood silent, and my heart thundered. My chest and throat constricted, making my tux tighten. And I wanted to rip it off from me. Sweat formed on my forehead, my skin tingled, and my hands trembled with sudden feelings I hadn’t felt before.

“Everything will be okay, baby.” Blaine squeezed my hand. “Breath.”

I nodded and closed my eyes, releasing all the negative thoughts out of my mind.

“Good evening, everyone!” Dad’s voice echoed in the entire mansion. He seemed relaxed, but I’d seen him a hundred times during meetings and on many occasions and I knew how he could be calmer in front of people.

“Thank you all for coming to celebrate my loving and wonderful twins’ birthday! Alexander Henry and Saphoera Hannabelle are the most precious gift I and my wife we ever have. They worth more than anything in this world to us and for the past twenty-three years, they served as our light, our inspirations, and the center of our world,” Dad paused and his gaze landed on me.

“You both have grown-up into more than what we imagined that every parent wished their children wanted to be. We love you both with all our hearts and souls, my children. Happy birthday to Xandry and Saph!” Dad raised the champagne glass and everyone followed. I raised and sipped mine and didn’t even remember how I had it.

Wait, he was not going to say something other than that? Did he change his mind?

He didn’t move though, then he spoke again. “As a father, I want to give everything to my children. I want them to have everything this world can offer. Xandry, you’ve proven to me what you’ve got, son.” Why do I feel there is a but coming?

Suddenly, my world spun around me. I could hear the pulse in my ears. Something inside me quivered. Then, someone caught my eyes at the corner of the ballroom floor—Harrett Hirtington. My brows met together when she raised her flute to me.

What the fuck is she doing here? Of course, a close family friend!

“As your dad, you make me proud, so proud that after what changes your life lately, you still stand for what you believe.”

Me, being a father was not a secret to everyone anymore. “You deserve whatever you have accomplished, but—”

And that was when my world fell apart like a fucking Domino. Despite that, I felt hands squeezing mine tightly. My ears rang, and I wanted to scream for him to stop so I could run away.

Murmurs erupted around the crowd, and I couldn’t handle any more humiliation than I thought I was ready. Pairs of eyes pinned on me. Those were pity and judging.

I shifted my gaze back to the stage where Dad still stood proud and tall. To my surprise, I saw something in his eyes.

Chapter 43

What If She Would Say No?

XANDRY

Dad looked at me with pride. “Xandry deserves something better. As a Vice president of the Williams holdings, I turned over my position to you, as of yesterday, so, Congratulations, son! And I’d like also to welcome my son’s fiancée’s family—”

“What!” Blaine exclaimed beside me.

“Harrises, welcome, and enjoy the party. And son?”

“Go ahead, Xandry,” Mom whispered, and I couldn’t remember how she got beside me. Everything just happened in a blur.

I was thrilled, scared, and overwhelmed as I walked down the aisle to the stage, and everyone moved back, giving me the way like I was about to be crowned as their prince. Funny, I was in a second of ditching the party and yet here I am, walking toward Dad.

“You didn’t propose?” the first thing he asked.

“Seriously? Did I just hear you said my fiancée’s family?”

“Your sister told me you bought a ring, so I thought you already proposed, and what are you waiting for?” Our brows were knotted as we whispered to each other.

“Timing, Dad! You literally ruined my plan and you almost gave me a heart attack back there. You haven’t talked to me for months, and now, you just promoted me and ruined my entire plan?”

“Yesterday,” he corrected, “and you’re not happy with that? Just so you know, I don’t want you to hurt a woman who had been through a lot. She has a kid, son, and I was not sure if you were serious and so sure to pursue someone who has a kid. I am your dad, Xandry, and I wanted to know your intentions toward Blaine first. I wanted her to stay away from you before she will fall for you and ended with a broken heart. I wasn’t so happy with you just fooling around with girls, especially when you are about to be a dad. Then I saw something in your eyes when you told me you love her and the kid. I couldn’t just watch you with a broken heart, could I?”

“I love you so much, Xandry. Since you are serious about her and planned on moving together, and you chose her over our business, that’s when it hit me that you are in love with her. I’m sorry.”

“Sorry for what?”

"It's you and your sister's birthday party tonight, and I'm so proud of you, VP. We will talk later, and I have guests and your future in-laws to entertain." He pulled me into a hug.

The crowd roared and clapped.

Saph and Ben walked towards us. She pulled off the microphone. "Good evening! Since my brother had stolen most of our moments, the little guy here, Benoyce Arthur would like to say something, right Ben?" She placed the microphone closer to Ben's mouth.

The crowd went silent. The kind of silence that tingled my skin with anticipation. And all I could hear was the blood rushing through my ears. Our guests waited patiently.

"Yes," Ben answered, making everyone awe at him.

"Saph, what are you doing?" I eyed my sister with curiosity. What was this all about? Why does this night full of surprises?

She turned and winked. "Trust me." Before I could reply, she said, "Good." She smiled widely—wickedly while I was still overwhelmed with what had happened earlier and what was about to happen at any moment.

Before I could decipher, everyone moved to the side like they understood something, leaving Blaine standing alone in the center of the crowd— still her focus was on us and to her son.

The orchestra at my back started playing the music softly. Then Saph gave the mic to Ben, and he took it willingly as if Saph made a good deal with him to behave. Ben was close to me than my sister, but they went out for ice cream at least twice this week.

Ben grabbed my hand and pulled me, making me look down.

"Yes, buddy?"

"Go with Benoyce, Xandry," Dad pressed.

Ben blew the mic and patted it to test if it worked or not. His move was calculated. We stopped a few steps away in front of his mom. I shrugged innocently when I met my gorgeous Blaine's gaze. And that, she realized she was standing alone in the center of the crowd.

"I can't sing, buddy," I joked.

"We are not going to sing, Xandry. Trust me, okay?" He pronounced my name right.

"Okay, I trust you, but what are we exactly doing? At least spare me so I can participate."

"Hush." He placed his finger on his lips. Then he faced his mom. "Mommy." Ben's tiny voice echoed throughout the mansion. Everyone still waited with anticipation.

“Xandry loves you so damn much and you told me you love him, right?” Then he pushed the mic to my hand, and I grabbed it, still puzzled by his calculated moves. I looked at Blaine who looked gorgeous than ever but still standing like a statue with a surprise looked on her face.

Ben pulled out something from his tailored tux. The small and square black velvet box to be precise. He grabbed the mic from hand and that was when the crowd gasped.

My mouth fell open. I groaned inwardly when I realized what we were doing. Saphoera!

“So, do you know what you’re doing?” Saph asked as we danced together like we used to do many times I could remember. We used to come together to a family and business events since we both didn’t have dates back then.

“Of course, I know.”

“Did you write down what you’re gonna say? We don’t want to record your stuttering proposal.”

“I don’t stutter anymore even when I’m nervous, sister. The last time I did that when I was nine years old.” I rolled my eyes. Who would have thought that Xandry The Great stuttered?

“I just wanna make this perfect for you, you know. This is your first proposal and hopefully the last.” She turned around and I caught her on her waist.

“Of course, this will be my first and last proposal,” I said confidently, “I’m just going to say how much I love her and how much I want her to be in my life as my fiancée, then my wife. That’s all, easy peasy.”

“That’s all? Don’t you think she knows it all already? Don’t you have something to say to make it more memorable and unforgettable for both of you?” Her perfect dark brow arched, clearly unimpressed.

“What? Should I write a poem for her instead? Tell her how we met and how her teal blue eyes instantly captured my heart? Don’t you think it’s so cliché, twinnie? And Xandry the great won’t do things like that.”

She rolled her eyes. “I just want it perfect, but if you’re too confident with what you’re doing then fine.”

“Saph, since when I lose my confidence over a woman?” I smirked.

“And that woman happens to be your the one, the love of your life, your future fiancée, and future wife. Make it special, Xandry.”

I will. Saph is right.

Then, my gaze locked with my gorgeous Blaine while she was dancing with her dad. And after this, she was going to be in my arms, locked in my heart, bound with my soul, my life partner, and mine, forever.

"I will."

"Shit!" Of course, my sister. Again.

"That's a bad word," he said through the mic.

"Sorry. But shouldn't you open that first, buddy?" I pointed to the box, amazed. I was already grinning. My heart had been galloping like Queen.

"Got it." Ben slipped the microphone in his pants' pocket this time and flipped the box open. He looked up at me with a confident smile on his face. A smile that said, see? I know what I'm doing, dude.

He cleared his throat like a grown man, making everyone laugh with amusement. "Um, you love Xandry, right, Mommy?"

I glanced back at Blaine, and she nodded slowly with teary eyes. She twisted her fingers nervously, then smiled at me. My heart beat a rapid staccato. Despite her nervousness, she was still the most gorgeous woman I've ever seen. That's my gorgeous Blaine.

"Marry him, please?" He knelt beside me, and my lips spread to a full-blown smile. A kind of smile that made Blaine's knees weak.

What if she would say no?

Fear pounded through my veins.

So, I followed suit, kneeling beside Ben.

Chapter 44

Operation: Project Blaine

BLAINE

I was in the shower when I heard a soft knock. I knew who was in there without looking through the misty glass wall. So, instead, I pressed my naked and wet body against the glass door. I wiped it to see Xandry's reaction.

"You want me to join and take you there again?" he asked, smiling mischievously.

"What do you want, pretty boy?" I asked then bit my lip.

He groaned. "Don't give me a hard-on when I'm about to meet your cousins, sweetheart. And I'm sure as hell I'll think a lot about that wet body while I'm with them."

I opened the door. "You always go out after sex—"

"Lovemaking, Blaine."

"Okay, lovemaking, since we're back to town three days ago. What are you all up to?"

"Wait, were you jealous that I spent some time with your cousins and Troy?" His brows furrowed. His face expressed sadness.

"No, baby. I was just wondering what were you doing with them. And I'm not worried because I know my cousins are good people."

"We just spent some time at the bar, grabbed some drinks, but tonight we will be at Riley's house."

"Okay, go ahead, you don't wanna be late." I tiptoed to kiss his lips. "Take care. I love you."

"I love you."

I continued my shower. It had been two weeks after his birthday party with Saph. His parents invited us over dinner last week and that was the first time I felt welcome to their family. Mr. Phoenix Williams seemed friendly and relaxed around me throughout the night. He even apologized for ruining Xandry's plan proposal and asked me how was my job.

Xandry asked me again to move in with him since we were already engaged. I packed our things on the same day and moved to his apartment.

My relationship with Sunshine had been better and we both loved Sammer. We spent some time together over a coffee when I sent Sammer to her apartment.

Ethan met Ben once a week. I didn't want to be selfish for my son and for him. One day Ben still had to know the truth about who his real father was, so I told him. It almost broke my heart when I saw him cried and asked me why his father was not with us and why his father didn't love him. Ethan showed and proved to Ben that he could be a good father to him, and Ben started talking to him.

I didn't believe there were such things as perfect, but my life with Xandry was close to perfect. I got the job as a receptionist at the Furry Veterinary Clinic owned and managed by Dr. Alden Switz while Xandry was a vice president of Williams Holdings.

Saturday was our special day since Sammer was with her mom and Ben was with Ethan, so we had the whole day for us, but tonight seemed was not going to be our night.

I heaved a sigh and wore my pajamas. Ben was already sleeping in his old room. My eyes landed on the picture of me with Olive and Charlie, and I couldn't help but chuckle to the two of them were together. I was shocked when they told me they were in love. I mean who had ever thought that they were found themselves liking each other. Xandry laughed his ass out and said 'wait, they're both into pussies?' But I'm happy for them as long as they were.

I grabbed my phone when it buzzed. "Hello?"

"Blainie? Xandry is in trouble, I mean not in that kind of trouble. Just uh..." A thick southern accent from the other line answered, which I instantly recognized it was Troy.

My heart thundered. "What do you mean he is in trouble? I thought he's with you and Riley? Where is he?"

"Blainie, uh, he... um."

"Just talk, Troy! Where is he?"

"Um... he took Applejack with him and the horse didn't recognize him, so—"

"Oh, my God! He doesn't know how to ride a horse and how the hell did he get it? Why the hell did you not stop him?"

"Um, he asked me—"

"And what the hell are you waiting for? Follow him before he gets hurt! Where the hell is Riley?"

"Um, Riley is drunk." It sounded like a question than a statement.

"What the hell, Troy? Don't tell me Xandry is also drunk!"

"Um."

“Don’t um me or I swear to God I will let Queen kick your balls off!”

I changed into jeans and a shirt after I hung up on Troy when he got to tell me the details. My chest ached as I tried controlling myself not to freak out. If something happened to Xandry, I’d rather die. There was a cliff at the end of our property and some wild animals I didn’t want to think about. What if he fell and hit his head? What if he broke some bones? Oh, my God, his family was going to hate me for life. And I was going to lose Xandry forever.

“Troy!” I called out as I reached the barn and Applejack was not in here, and so as for him. I quickly climbed up to Queen as soon as I pulled him out of the barn. It had been years since the last time I rode him, but it felt just like yesterday. I missed this side of me. Riding a horse was always one of the best memories I had here.

The moon rose fully in the sky above me, it should have been so romantic with the weather was just so perfect for a moonlight ride, but Xandry scared the hell out of me. Queen galloped through the vastness of our land. I couldn’t help but breathe in the green and fresh smell of the earth.

“Xandry!” I called out as I followed the trail. My anger against myself rose when I realized I could have called him first and asked where he was. I guessed this was the effect of being a panicky person. My voice just echoed around, and I got no answer in return.

“Xandry, for God’s sake!” My bare skin was cold as ice, making me shiver of worries and for being terrified. I didn’t realize I was already crying throughout my ride until my eyes blurred with tears. I should have wakened up everyone and helped me out finding Xandry, but I wasn’t thinking straight. All I could think about was finding him and hopefully, he was safe.

I was near the border of our property when a small light slipped into my view. I couldn’t have mistaken it was in the lake. Queen trotted faster and he followed my command. My heart leaped as I rode closer to the light.

A shiny dark brown horse stood beside the tree. It was Applejack. Two torches lit up on both sides of the familiar figure that I had been searching for a good thirty minutes already. His hands shoved into his jeans pocket in a relaxed way. My tummy did a little rumble of happiness that he was okay.

“What took you so long to find me, sweetheart?” He smiled. A smile that drew me like a magnet. His face glowed in the luminescence of the full moon above us.

I quickly hopped down and ran towards him. I tiptoed and grabbed the back of his head and crushed my mouth into him. He gasped, and I forced my tongue between his teeth and took him. His hands found my back and pressed his body against me. His hard erection poked into me, and my legs quivered and almost gave up the way it reacted to him. It always felt this way. I devoured

him, and he did the same. He yanked my hair and plunged his tongue into my mouth to take charge, and I gave in.

Oh, God! How could I ever get enough of him? Just his kiss could bring me to the edge. It had always been like this for these few months we were together and I couldn't wait for more years to come. I could definitely spend the rest of my life with the man that I loved more than I ever loved someone.

He broke the kiss and trailed kisses on my face, eyes, nose, and my lips again, then he bit my bottom lip.

"Baby, you should have planned something in coming here." I pulled my shirt above my head, then unbutton my jeans shamelessly.

"Of course, not a bad plan to start from the desert before the main menu, right? You know me already I don't follow shits." His voice was thick and hurried.

I quickly yanked off his shirt and he was already undoing the button of his jeans.

"Lie down now, Blaine," he ordered.

"And you know how it turns me on when you are so bossy, pretty boy," I chuckled and pushed down my panties. I paused when I looked down. "You were not lost, were you? Did you plan all these? The call of Troy, Applejack, and the three nights you've been going out to see Riley."

He smiled and rubbed the back of his neck. "Can we talk about this later?"

"Definitely! I can't wait no more." I lied down on the blanket like a good girl with a grin plastered on my face.

He grabbed his length and stroked a few times, then he finally lowered himself down between my thighs. "I'm sorry if I worried you." He kissed my tummy, up to my erected and hard nipple, kissing it gently, then move to the other and gave the same gentle kiss. He smiled at me. His blue eyes twinkled under the moonlight.

My eyes watered when I remembered I was planning to show him this place before he left that day. Xandry pressed his lips to mine and kissed me slowly. He slid his tongue to my mouth and I ground myself into his hard length with a moan. But Xandry was kissing me with passion and fire and I couldn't wait for him to be inside me anymore.

"Baby, inside me now."

I nearly exploded when he found my wet folds with his fingers. He plunged his two fingers inside me. I ground into him. He thrust into me, in and out, rubbing my G-spot and I almost passed out.

My head threw back, catching my breath, rolling my eyes back as I continued moving in rhythm with his fingers.

“Come for me, sweetheart. All over my fingers.” And so I did, in a violent rush. I writhed against him and whimpered when I felt the loss of his fingers.

He must feel my dismay. “Not done yet, sweetheart.”

Before I could take another breath, he spread my legs wide and shoved his face between them, then devoured me. He then sucked my clit and then thrust his tongue inside me.

“Oh, God!” I screamed and couldn’t contain the feelings anymore.

Then he pulled out, and thrust into me again, then sucked my clit again. My impending orgasm was building faster than I ever imagined. My inner muscles clamped his tongue. Then he pulled it out and replaced it with his fingers. Again.

“Sweetheart, do you trust me?” His voice sounded unsure.

“With all my life, Xandry. Why are you asking me now?” I couldn’t even recognize my own voice, but he didn’t answer and just ate me up again. My hips bucked up uncontrollably. I found myself groaning, moaning, and writhing as I pushed my hips into his face. Then his finger breached that no one had ever touched me there. I tensed.

“Should I stop?”

“No,” I answered eagerly. “It just no one tried there, but I want to do it with you.”

Xandry slowly pushed to the rim of my hole. “Relax, it would sting a little, but I wouldn’t go further than my finger.”

“Why not?”

“You’re not ready for my cock, sweetheart,” he chuckled.

“Oh, okay,” I agreed with a little disappointment.

He slowly inched farther, I and closed my eyes and felt his finger slowly went inside me. And it stung a little bit, but the pleasure became unbearable when his mouth back into me as he sucked me while his finger thrusting in and out of my ass.

“Oh, God, baby!” I cried out and writhed as my walls and muscles clenched everywhere. I started to convulse as the climax unfurled within me, making me explode I never thought I would ever be.

Not able to process what had happened, Xandry thrust his length into my heat, but instead of doing it harder, it was slower.

When I regained back my sanity, I grabbed his ass, wrapping my legs around his waist to deepen into me.

“I love you, Blaine. So much, sweetheart.” Then he made love with me, kissing me slowly while we move in rhythm under the moonlight.

“I love you more, Alexander Henry.”

Epilogue

Intimate Mirror Room

XANDRY

The sun shone through the scattered clouds as I sat down on the fine sand beside my wife. Yes, my wife. I literally kidnapped her when she was with my sister stressing out about planning our wedding. When I figured out she had not traveled outside the country, I pulled out some of my connections. Well, one of the perks of being a VP.

And here we were on the beach of Harbour Island in the Bahamas and got married not longer than five hours ago. And we just broke the bedposts of the hotel bed earlier. But still, I couldn't help but turned my head on my wife, lying peacefully on the sand with only a skimpy yellow two-piece swimsuit, sunglasses that covered her eyes, but I knew she was staring back at me. So, I strolled down my gaze to her neck where she still had a hickey on its right side and at the swell of her left breast. The light stretch marks on her flat stomach made her sexier and hotter.

Lately, I imagined many times if there was a life inside her womb. I wanted to have kids with her as well, but we didn't get into that topic yet.

Then finally, my eyes landed on the tiny bikini, barely covering her waxed pussy.

"Stop staring at me like that, husband." She lifted her sunglasses above her head and looked at me.

"You are my wife, and I can stare at you in any way I can."

"Wow! How did you become suddenly so possessive and territorial?"

"When you are barely covering what's mine I should be territorial."

"Is that why you gave me all these?" She pointed out to her bunches of hickies. "To mark your territory?"

"Nah, I was just carried away that you are already my wife." I leaned down to kiss her forehead.

My heart melted the moment she said I do. We might haven't had our families around to witness our I dos, but what mattered most was we were married, and our souls and hearts were bound together. I didn't think I could still wait another moment than to marry her, so I cried when she said her vows. Yes, I cried. And I'm so damn whipped. I never dreamt of having a life as perfect like this, having a job, a home, a gorgeous wife, and my beautiful children. My own family. My entire world.

“We still have to tell our parents. Your dad is going to—”

“Nope, this is his idea.”

“What?”

“I told him you were stressing out about the wedding despite us hiring a planner, then he told me to sneak out with you and fly to Vegas, But why in Vegas when you haven’t traveled outside the country?” I winked at her.

“How about Saph?”

“She will forgive us if you’ll tell her we’re planning on expanding our family?” I grinned.

“What do you mean?”

“Don’t you want a baby on our own?”

Her face lit up. “Are you sure about it? Or maybe babies, you know, twins.”

“Never been sure, wife. Or maybe triplets.”

“God, how much I love you, Xander.”

“Don’t call me that again, Blainie.” I laughed, remembering how annoyed she was when I first met her.

“Okay, then, let’s go and find another room and make baby or babies all night, husband. Then do whatever you want afterward.”

“Sounds like a plan, sweetheart.”

Her eyes grew darker, bluer than ever as I closed the door behind us. My cock instantly hardened when I saw the anticipation in her eyes. I kissed her lips and she kissed me back, pressing my hard erection in her lower belly.

Her eyes widened, wandering around the room I chose for us. “An intimate mirror room?”

THE END