

Epilogue

10 years later

AnnMarie

Bo was here. I could feel it in the air. The energy of the office changed almost instantaneously when he walked through the doors. The hedge fund that Noah Jackson and I had started just out of grad school had blossomed into a half billion dollar firm ten years later. While everyone here was supposedly a professional, Bo still caused a disturbance. The men adjusted their pants and smoothed down their hair; women crossed their legs and ran light fingers over their blouses. He just had that *thing* that made all of us stand up and preen. I tried not to appear too excited. After all, I was supposed to be a hard nosed hedge fund manager. But I knew what was going to happen over the lunch hour and because of that, it was hard to even stand up, let alone pretend I was completely unaffected.

“Hold my calls, Stephen. You are free to go to lunch,” I said to my assistant as Bo sauntered down the hall toward me. His jeans, white t-shirt with its Randolph Construction logo over the breast pocket told me he’d come directly from a work site.

“Take a long lunch.” Bo knocked his fingers against Stephen’s desk. Stephen looked over at me for agreement and I nodded. Bo’s eyes ran over my jersey dress that I’d quickly thrown on this morning when Bo had brushed his lips over mine and told me he’d see me for lunch. “A really long lunch.”

Bo walked into my office, intentionally rubbing his arm across my front. My whole body thrummed and the nipples behind my well padded bra, another hasty change this morning, hardened into tight points. Bo settled his large frame in one of the two high-backed leather chairs positioned in front of my desk. With one hand, he motioned me forward. “Come here.”

I obeyed almost unconsciously. My body knew what was in store and had been in a state of anticipation since the condo door closed behind Bo this morning. I knew that my clothes would be mussed and my panties would be wet. I knew that my attention would wander and my nipples would be erect. I’d thrown off my wool skirt and silk and lace bra and exchanged the outfit with this jersey dress which had promised to be wrinkle-free no matter what. We’d see.

The lock of my office door sounded overloud in the room. When Freedom Funds moved into these offices in downtown Chicago, the contractors outfitting my offices gave me knowing looks when I asked for locks. I passed it off as client security but I’m not sure they bought it. I know Stephen suspected the locks and long lunches we ordered him to take had nothing to do with business.

The clink of metal against metal as Bo unbuckled his belt almost made me come. A shiver ran up my spine and I paused, taking a moment to gather up a modicum of composure. I moved slowly toward him, taking my time, drawing it out as much as I could. His eyes were darkening, evidence of his own desire.

“Lift up your leg and place your knee here.” He patted the seat of the armless, low backed chair. I rested my knee on the outside of his thigh and Bo drew a hand up my ankle, the calluses of his hand evident through the nylon of my stockings. My pussy tightened instinctively, and I drew in a swift breath.

“It’s been at least,” Bo paused and looked at his watch, “five hours since I’ve had my mouth on you. That’s about four hours and fifty-nine minutes too long.”

No disagreement from me. Bo’s hand had found its way under my skirt and his big fingers were stroking my upper thigh. I’d have answered him but my mouth was too dry. Instead, I just nodded. He squeezed my leg in approval.

“Now you’re gonna need to do two more things, Sunshine,” Bo instructed. I was willing to do anything so long as it meant that his mouth was on me somewhere. “You lift that skirt and show me your pretty pussy with one hand and you rest your other on the chair over my shoulder.”

My hand drew up my skirt slowly, to tease him like he was teasing me with his fingers running up and down my upper thigh in long strokes. He would come close to touching my aching center and then back away. Bo knew how to play the game, though. The slower I drew up my skirt, the more languorous his strokes. I had a business meeting in an hour and a half. I shouldn’t be dallying. I finished pulling up my skirt and smiled slyly at Bo’s quick inhalation. I was wearing a delicate pair of panties which were nothing more than a complicated webbing of string that left the front exposed, covered my pussy lips and crisscrossed in the back, making web-like patterns on my cheeks.

“Lift your skirt all the way up and turn around.” Bo made a circle with his finger. I shook my head no and raised one eyebrow in challenge.

Instead of coming after me as I had expected, Bo unzipped his pants and drew out his cock, almost fully erect and a dark red color. He slid his large frame even further down the chair until his shoulders were below the back. His large hand engulfed his cock, and he began to stroke it slowly.

I dropped my skirt and fell toward him but he shook his finger at me. “Tut tut, Sunshine. I told you to turn around but you didn’t. I guess you don’t want this.”

“I do want it,” I complained, pushing my lower lip out.

“Don’t pout, just turn around,” Bo replied darkly. “And don’t forget to lift up your skirt like I told you.”

His hand was squeezing and stroking his member in long, sure, strong strokes. Bo's orders were making me so horny right now. The tiny crotch of my panties were soaked and my mouth was watering at the idea of sucking that beast into my mouth. I lifted the skirt up again slowly and I placed three fingers at the front of my mound. Bo tsked again and I dropped my hand and turned for him. The back of my panties was a web of woven string leaving most of my bottom bare.

"Bend over." The order came but the hoarseness revealed Bo was just as affected as I. Just his voice caused me to pulse and throb. I couldn't wait for him to touch me. I moaned a little, letting it out this time, thinking about Bo's tongue between my legs or him above me with my legs over his shoulders and his cock pressing against the spot deep in the back of my vagina. The first time Bo hit that spot I passed out. Now it makes me come long and hard.

"You're thinking about something naughty."

"I'm not," I gasp out but we both knew that was a lie. The evidence was between my legs.

"You're dripping down your thigh. I can see it."

I whimpered. "Please, Bo."

Bo

"Please what?" I grinned a little at her soft sighs of discontent. We'd woken up late this morning and I didn't get a chance to have the breakfast that I wanted. My crew said I was in a bad mood. They'd like me better this afternoon.

I didn't always come and have lunch with AnnMarie, usually only once a week lately. But I almost never missed an early morning quickie. Gotta start out with the breakfast of champions and the most delicious morning treat was between AnnMarie's legs.

Watching her arousal trail down her thigh and the back of her knee was so hot I almost came in my hand. Her tight ass thrust high into the air as she leaned one hand against the front of her desk was like a red cape in front of a bull. I wanted to charge over to her and mount her. Then pull out and eat her until she screamed so loud that Jackson could hear her at the other end of the Freedom Funds office suite.

I wanted everyone to know she belonged to me as much as I belonged to her. Her one thirty client would come in and see AnnMarie in her power suit but underneath, her body would pulse with the secret evidence of our lusts.

"Nice," I complimented her. "Now turn around."

Her eyes were glazed over. That was some fantasy she was having. "Are you thinking about my tongue between your legs?"

She nodded her head.

“Then come over here.” I crooked my finger toward her. She stumbled toward me, her four inch heels with the delicate straps around her ankles almost failing her. I let go of my dick and steadied her. I pulled on her hand until her face was close enough to kiss

“I love you,” she whispered against my lips. This time the organ in my body to respond was my heart rather than my cock. Every time she said those words, and she said them daily, I’d feel a little squeeze right there on the left side of my chest. It’d never get old hearing it.

I took her lips then, caressing them with mine. I ran my tongue across the bottom and then the top before plunging it inside. She tasted of mints and my cock hardened in delighted remembrance of one time when she sucked on a peppermint and then deep throated me. The tingles from the menthol drove me nuts. Today I was going to lick her until she sobbed and then I was going to bend her over her desk and take her so hard she’d still be feeling it when we met at home tonight.

“Love you too, Sunshine.” I whispered. I ran my tongue down the side of her neck and. The dress she had on hung open and I could see the pendulous weight of her breasts inside her light blue matching bra. I had to see her without her clothes on but first I needed to taste her. I was aching to have my tongue on her, to lap up her juices and suck her little clit.

I pulled the hand I was still holding up so it rested on the back of the chair and said, “Hang on Sunshine.”

A choked sound reverberated from her but the arm that rest at the top of the chair tensed as she braced herself. I placed one palm on the inside of her thigh, rubbing the moisture that had been steadily escaping her. Her free hand came down to clutch and stroke my cock. I couldn’t have that or I’d come before the show even got started. I lightly stroke the wet cotton that covered her pussy lips and she jerked backward.

“You’re gonna have to hold your skirt up because I’m using two hands,” I told her. Her expertly manicured fingers shook but she gathered the cloth in a grip and held a fist to her belly. The folds of the fabric hung down and framed her mound like the curtains in a theater. I palmed one ass cheek in my hand and pulled her closer so I could breathe hot air across her sex. She shivered in response.

The anticipation was killing us both. “You like these panties?” I asked her.

“Yes, kind of.” That was code for rip them off with your teeth but buy me new ones later. I liked these though. I let go of her ass and drew the panties down her legs, dragging my thumbs across the front of her pubic bone, down her thighs and then I let them drop. AnnMarie quickly stepped out of them and pushed her sex back to my mouth.

I smiled again. My girl knew what she wanted. I pressed open-mouthed kisses along her bare pussy. "Kneel up here," I urged her.

When both her knees were situated on other side of my thighs, I sunk down in the chair. One hand I wrapped around the back of her ass and the other I used to spread apart her lower lips. I inhaled the sweet scent of her arousal. The rasping of her breath told me how ready she was.

I began to lick her in long slow sweeps from front to back using the broad flat of my tongue. Her thighs tensed and she let out a low cry and came suddenly. The wait was too much.

"Oh Bo," she started to say, clearly frustrated by that unfulfilling mini orgasm.

"Shh, Sunshine," I told her. "I got you."

"You told me when you left this morning that you were coming and that's all I could think of," AnnMarie choked out.

She'd gotten herself so worked up before I arrived that she was barely able to stand. I understood it now and felt bad. Her next one was going to rock her world.

This time I wasn't so leisurely. I took hold of her little clit between my teeth and sucked her in. I teased that little nub furiously with my tongue. My hand lifted her slightly higher so I could get better access. My fingers stroked her outer lips and then I slid my index and long finger into the wet swollen tissues. I was so hard but I wanted to make her come with my mouth and fingers first. I opened my mouth wider, inhaling her while I kept up a steady rhythm with my fingers. I slid a third finger inside, stretching her.

She'd given up holding the skirt in her hands. It fell around me, shrouding me in green tinted darkness.

Her hands were gripping my head as she ground her pelvis against me. Her thighs tensed and I felt the tissues contract around my fingers. I didn't waver my pace but increased the pressure. The scent and taste of her made me wild. I growled against her skin and she answered me with a long, low moan.

"S'close," she panted. Every nerve ending in my body was alive for her. My cock throbbed. I needed to be inside her but first I wanted to taste her sweet release on my tongue. I curled my fingers forward and dragged them down her interior tissues and she let out a scream which she quickly muffled with her one hand. We'd have to talk about getting some sound proofing in here. I loved hearing her cry out with pleasure. I repeated the gesture and that was all it took. Her pussy gripped and released my fingers as the contractions of her orgasm took over her body. Her soft thighs shook and the weight of her body pressed against mine as she lost the ability to even brace herself against the chair. I slipped my fingers out of her and even that gentle movement wrenched another shudder from her.

I kept one hand cupped between her legs as she slowly slid down to rest her ass in my lap. I reached between us and adjusted myself. She ran her hands down my face in a soothing motion, wiping the wetness around my mouth with her fingers. I licked at them, not wanting even a drop of her arousal to escape me.

"That was pretty godlike, Thor," she teased. "You've made me dumb. I'm not sure I can work anymore."

"I've got another project for you," I admonished. "Don't go to sleep yet."

"Does it have to do with the angry looking thing between us?" AnnMarie had taken my dick and started stroking it softly. The head did look purple and red and angry as she'd said.

"Yes, my cock needs to be inside you or no one from my crew is going to work with me again." I joked but it was probably true. I was a bear if I didn't get regular doses of AnnMarie.

"We can't have that." AnnMarie reached between us and started to stroke me lightly across the tip. "But I just don't know what to do with this."

The innocent. I loved that game. "Is this your first time, honey?"

AnnMarie caught her lip between her teeth and nodded. Ducking her head into the crook of my neck, she whispered. "That's the first time I've had anything inside me."

I smiled wildly. Three years of dating and seven years of marriage and our sex life was still as exciting as fuck. "I can't believe that." I played along. "You're tight but so pretty. You've never had a boy touch you before?"

"Never." AnnMarie paused. "I mean, never under my clothes."

Her hand was still playing with my cock and we were going to have to do something about it before I spilled all over her hand. "This is called a penis." I held the base of my cock in my hand and pinched hard, hoping the pain would help diminish some of my excitement.

"Penis?" AnnMarie repeated as if she'd never heard the word before.

"Yeah, and Sunshine, it's going to go inside you but I promise I'll go so slow for you."

She shivered in my arms at the words. AnnMarie had an active imagination and I could see that a few pictures of our past escapades were filtering through her brain right now.

"I'm going to spread apart those delicate lips between your legs, Sunshine, and I'll place my cockhead at the entrance. You're tight, so so tight, but I'll be gentle when I push in." Her breathing was increasing again but so was mine. "Your body is made for me. Your tissues will open and then hug my cock. Your walls will lubricate my

passage and as I push in and pull out, my cock will drag along every tiny nerve ending inside of you."

"Is this what they call fucking?"

This time *my* breath caught. I loved it when she talked dirty to me. "Yeah, fucking. I'm going to lift you over to the desk right there and you're going to lean against it, okay?"

"Isn't that something a good girl wouldn't do?" AnnMarie tried to look scandalized but a smile played around her lips and mischief was bright in her eyes.

"Good girls love this position," I said. I held up two fingers. "Scout's honor."

I had never been a scout but fuck me if AnnMarie didn't scoot over to that desk and put her ass in the air, I was going to come right then and there. I pushed to my feet, a little unsteady given that all the blood was centered between my legs. As I promised, I carried her over to the desk and set her on her feet. She was still wearing her thin, spiked black heels with the ankle straps. AnnMarie laid prostrate across the desk, pushing the keyboard aside and presenting her golden ass for me. I could see the swollen lips of her pussy between her legs and part of me wanted to drop to my knees and feast on her again. Her cunt looked delicious.

I pushed my jeans down around my thighs just enough so I could get my cock out. I rubbed it between her legs, coating it with her juice. She was so wet again. "Are you always this wet?" I asked her.

"I don't know," AnnMarie responded. "I've never done this before."

"I think you are always this wet. Did you think about me today?"

"Yes, I did." AnnMarie wiggled her ass. I slid just the tip in and she groaned. "Come on, Bo."

Apparently the game was up. "What do you want?"

"I want you to fuck me so hard I see stars."

I almost shot my load right there. I squeezed the base again to make the sensation subside. I grabbed her ass in both hands and pulled her back onto my cock until my balls were slapping against her. "Is this what you want?" I said through gritted teeth. Her recent orgasm had swollen her tissues and she was extremely tight, squeezing me like a sleeve. When she didn't answer, I asked again as I thrust in and out of her in sharp, strong jabs. "Is it?"

"Yesss," she cried. I placed one hand on her butt and leaned forward, covering her lithe body with my big one. I took her chin in my hand and turned her face toward me so I could kiss her. I had to have my lips on hers, feel her sweet tongue battle

mine. She returned my kiss with her own fervor. I pulled out completely and flipped her over.

Pulling her to the edge of the desk, I raised both her legs and slung them over my shoulders. I thrust back in and her arms splayed wide as she tried to gain purchase against the slick surface of her desk. A box fell onto the floor and then a package. I braced one hand on the side of her head and she turned and bit my wrist. I felt her coming and she pressed her mouth against the side of my wrist to muffle her cries.

"Goddamn, Sunshine," I growled at her. I wanted to shout and stuffed my own hand against my mouth to prevent myself from making too much noise. I felt myself coming and pulled out. Stroking myself, I sprayed the last of my come on her thighs, mound and belly. Her eyes were languid now, all mischief gone. She looked well fucked and completely replete. I rubbed my come into her skin. My woman, I thought as I pressed my seed into her pores. We are one.

"Marking me again?" AnnMarie asked but she wasn't upset. I knew she liked it when I did this. My private way of showing her how much I loved her, how much I wanted to be part of her every second of the day. She was so far under my skin that I was sure my heart wouldn't beat without her.

"I heard sperm was good for your complexion." AnnMarie's complexion was perfect, a creamy color with faint pink at the tips.

"No one but you is looking at my thighs and stomach," she said wryly.

"And no one better or else you'll have to visit me in prison after I've killed them," I half joked. "But are you saying you want me to come on your face next time?"

She scrunched up her face but then she melted against me. "I love you."

AnnMarie

I left the office early. The knowing looks from Stephen, my assistant, and Noah, my business partner, drove me away after our meeting with two newly minted tech millionaires. We explained why Freedom Funds was the best hedge fund in the business. We were small but dynamic and had outperformed the S&P 500 every year since we opened our doors six years ago. We were closing in on a half billion dollars of investments, in part due to Bo's seed money matched by Noah's earnings from various franchises he had bought and sold while he had fought professionally as an MMA fighter.

Noah's past status as a Marine and a fighter had impressed the techies but ultimately I hoped they went with us because we were so damn good at what we did.

When I got home to our Lakeshore drive condo, I saw that Bo had picked up our sweet thing, Charlotte. When I had gotten pregnant in grad school, I was ecstatic and devastated at the same time. I wanted Bo's child so much but I was scared that all my plans were going to be disrupted. Bo spent a half hour coaxing me out of the bathroom after the stick I'd peed on was positive.

"Are we ready for this, Bo? I'm in my first semester of grad school. We've just moved in together. I'm terrified."

"Sunshine, are you kidding? We got this." He hugged me tight. "Goddamn I'm so excited. Let's call everyone."

"No! We can't! Not until after the first trimester," I cried.

"Why not?"

"Because a lot of women lose their babies during their first pregnancy and I don't want to have to explain it if I do." I held a fist to my stomach and teared up again. I was scared of having the baby but now that I knew I had the tangible evidence of Bo and my life inside of me, I'd do anything to keep him or her.

This cautionary statement threw Bo into action. He lifted me into his arms and carried me straight to bed. When I reached for him, he batted my hands away and tucked me inside the covers until I was like a burrito.

"Bo, what are you doing?"

"We can't have you losing the baby," Bo replied, smoothing down the covers. He disappeared into the bathroom and I struggled to unwind myself from the straight jacket he had made for me.

"What are you doing? Stop moving." He had come back with a washrag but dropped it when he saw that I was about to sit up. Rushing to me, he pushed me back against the pillows and we engaged in a comical slapfight as I tried to sit up and he kept trying to force me down.

"Bo, if activity is bad for me, do you think we can't have sex?"

This froze him. The wild panicked look on his face would have been funny if the thought of not having sex with Bo wanted to make me cry too. Everything was making me cry today.

"You have to see a doctor today." Bo sat up. "We need to know if you should stand up, work, have sex. Did I mention have sex?"

I nodded. "I'm pretty sure I can stand and work, Bo. There are a lot of women who are pregnant and hold down jobs. I even saw a pregnant woman at the gym the other day."

The look of horror on Bo's face made me giggle and then I thought about what having a baby meant and sobered up immediately. "Should I quit grad school? You just started a new construction business here and I just started classes. Maybe it makes sense to have one of us at home?"

Bo slid down on the bed beside me. He rolled me over on my side and tucked me into him. His knees pushed up against mine and he wrapped a long arm around my waist, pulling me snug against him.

"We're going to be just fine, Sunshine. You finish your degree up. We've got nine months to hit it hard then we'll get some help around here when the baby comes."

"It's more like seven months."

"It'll be great." Bo's hand smoothed over my belly. "Our baby is in here." His voice was hushed, awed.

I placed my hand over his, twining our fingers. "I know."

The next day I told my advisor. She steepled her fingers and peered at me with disappointment. "There are options, you know."

My hackles rose. "I thought feminism was about having it all."

"Your focus will change with a child. You won't be as hungry. You won't want it as bad." She leaned over the desk. "You can quit now if you'd like."

"You don't know me." I stood up and shouldered my bag. "I don't quit. Ever."

I thought my mother would be thrilled to be a grandmother but even she seemed to be unhappy. "You and Bo aren't even married, honey. Are you sure you're ready for this?"

By the end of the day, I was overwhelmed and spent an hour in the bathroom crying. I'd turned on the faucets so that Bo wouldn't hear me if he walked in before I had my act together. When he walked in, my eyes were dry and I had a smile on my face.

"I'm trying out a new spaghetti sauce recipe."

"What's wrong?" Bo said, dropping his stuff by the hall closet.

"Nothing's wrong," I chirped. "Why would you say that?"

I'd put foundation on and made sure I looked perfect. No signs of distress. I didn't want Bo to think for a minute that I wasn't thrilled about having our baby. I was thrilled. I just wished every one else was.

"Because you have make up on and a fake smile." Bo wrapped both arms behind me and nuzzled my hair. "You're bad at faking."

"I didn't want to worry you," I mumbled.

"How long have we been together, AnnMarie?" His mouth was tracing the veins in my neck and I tipped my head to the side to give him better access.

"Almost four years," I said.

"And in the four years we've been together have you ever once not wanted to know what was bothering me?"

"No." I exhaled and rested the spoon on the side of the pan. Turning, I wound my arms around Bo's neck.

His mouth came down and the tender love he had for me passed between our lips, soothing the wounds of the day. His tongue traced my lips and stroked the interior recesses of my mouth. I let him make love to me with just his mouth. Without breaking our connection, he reached down with his hands and pulled me against him, wrapping my legs around his waist. This wasn't exactly a sexual act or a prelude to love making. This was Bo's way of telling me that no matter what happened outside, our world was filled with endless love.

He carried me into the living room and sat down in the big leather chair that was big enough to fit two people. His mouth broke away from mine and kissed my neck, my shoulder. Large hands smoothed my front, caressing my breasts over the button down. He made no effort to take this any further.

"I told my advisor and she suggested that it wasn't a good time for me to be pregnant." I placed my cheek against his chest and listened to the steady thumping of his heart. "Then I called my mom and she said that we weren't married. She's not married and still had me."

"I thought we weren't telling anyone?" Bo said.

"A few people. Not our friends though."

I could feel Bo shake his head. "I'm telling my mom then."

"Sure." At this point, I didn't care. Bo was silent for a long time.

"Let's go to bed, AnnMarie," he said. "There's nothing in there but us."

"Okay, Bo."

Bo carried me into the bedroom and spent what seemed like hours loving every inch of my body. It was dark when I woke up. I had drifted off after he'd brought me to my third release. I grabbed my smartphone and clicked the on button to check the time. It was eleven thirty. Bo's side of the bed was empty. I ran a hand over the sheets and the space was cold, suggesting that he had been gone for a while.

As I laid there I began to hear music drifting out of the living room. It was a slow, sultry music heavy on the saxophone. Something that Bo ordinarily would not listen to. I wondered if we had company. I got up and pulled on one of Bo's old Central College t-shirts. Rummaging around, I found a pair of boxers with lipstick marks that I'd bought Bo as a joke. He preferred to go commando. I rolled the waistband several times and then stepped out of the bedroom. Lights flickered on the floor and at first I thought the place was on fire. Then I realized that there were hundreds of tea lights lining the small hallway from the bedroom leading into the living area. In between the tea lights was a carpet of red rose petals. I felt like I was walking on silk. The roses' fragrance was heady. As if I had dropped into another world, I moved gingerly down the hall. At the end of the hall, I saw more candles on every surface and more roses. Bo had covered our small table in a white cloth and he was sitting there in a tux that he'd bought to wear to Noah and Grace's wedding.

When he saw me, he dropped to his knee and held out a blue-green box with a white bow.

I covered my mouth with my hands and dropped to my knees in front of him.

"No, no," Bo said, "you're supposed to stand up for this."

He pushed me upward but I was so unsteady on my legs that I had to lean into him. Tears were forming and I couldn't hold them back.

"Why are you crying, Sunshine?"

"I'm so happy, I guess." I didn't really know why I was crying, only that there was so much emotion inside me that I felt I would burst if I didn't let it out.

Bo shook his head. "I think I loved you from the moment I saw you in class."

"Biology?"

"No, Advanced Economic Theory."

"But we never talked in that class."

"AnnMarie," Bo said with exaggerated patience.

"What?"

"This is my show. You need to stop asking me questions."

I made a show of zipping my lips.

Bo took a deep breath and tried again. "I think I loved you from the moment I saw you in Advanced Econ Theory." He emphasized the class name and rolled his eyes. "We've been together for nearly four years and I can't imagine life without you. My life would be so dry and boring without you. You're my other half. If you don't marry

me, I'm not sure I can wake up tomorrow and believe that there is a future worth living."

He unwrapped the box and pulled out a velvet box. Pulling the top open, he held up the box again. Nestled into the silk was a beautiful diamond antique setting with a huge round diamond in the center. It looked like something that a woman in the nineteenth century would wear, with delicate diamonds set all around the larger one and studded throughout the band.

It was absolutely gorgeous and exactly what I would've have picked out for myself. A perfect blend of old and new. I felt myself tear up yet again.

"What is with the waterworks?" Bo stood up and lifted me in his arms. He pulled out a chair at the elegantly set table and cuddled me close. He still held the box in his hand and I could feel the side of it pressing against my waist. I reached behind and pulled it out of his hand.

"Put it on me please." I offered him the box from the cradle of my hands. Bo's smile was more bright than all the candles in the room put together. He plucked the ring out of the box and slid it on my finger. I was glad his hands were steady because I was trembling. When the ring reached the base of my finger I clenched my fist around it, unnecessarily because it fit perfectly.

"Did you think that this was never going to happen? Is that why you're crying?" Bo took his big thumbs and swiped them across my cheeks. He leaned in and pressed soft kisses all over my wet face.

"No, it's just unexpected and everything. I hope you're not asking because I'm pregnant." I worried my lower lip between my teeth.

Bo shook his head. "Marry me, AnnMarie. There is no future without you. Without you, I can't face another day. You are my today and all my tomorrows."

"Yes, God, yes, Bo." I let my lips be captured by his, our tongues tangling and stroking against each other.

I felt him grow hard under me. He rearranged my legs so that they straddled either side of him, the arms of the chair spread me wide. He pressed me hard against him, the moisture between us from my arousal rather than my tears now. His lips firmed and his kisses became harder, his tongue moving in and out of my mouth in a rhythm in keeping with his steady rubbing of his hardness between my legs.

"I love you Bo, love you so much." I whispered these words between open-mouthed, wet, sex charged kisses. I dug my fingers into his hair and leveraged myself up against him. It was not enough. It would never be enough. His hand reached down between us, under the borrowed boxers. At the feel of the soaked cotton, Bo let out a long, low groan into my mouth which made me tighten around the fingers he'd slipped inside me.

"I can't wait until you are riding me, Sunshine," Bo grunted.

"Right here," I panted. Riding his fingers, hard, I repeated, "Right here."

I don't remember what was on the table, but it was pushed down to the floor, off to the other side. Bo pushed me back on the table and tore the underwear down. Hoisting his elbows on the table, he lifted my hips until my pussy was level with his mouth.

"I can't fucking believe my baby is inside you. God, I was hard all day thinking about it."

"Please," I begged. My hands clutched at the white linen table cloth and I wondered where we got it. We didn't own white linen. We didn't own tablecloths. But at the touch of Bo's mouth against my pussy, thoughts of table coverings dropped away. My entire focus was on his touch between my legs. He held me with one hand under my buttocks, his other hand was busy thrusting between my legs. I squeezed his head between my thighs and drummed my feet against his back which made him release a throaty laugh. He loved to make me crazy. He loved hearing me beg and there was no shame in asking for what I wanted with him.

"I need you inside me right now," I cried. The torture he was working with his tongue and fingers was too much for me to take. He bit my clit and then sucked it hard while curling his fingers inside of me. His thumb pressed right below my clit while he worked the whole area with his mouth. Thrust, pluck, suck. It was all too much. I couldn't hold it in anymore and I came all over his mouth and tongue. He hummed as he lapped up my release. I could feel the vibration against my pussy.

"That's a good way to start our celebration." Bo grinned at me when I raised up on my elbows, dazed from the force of my orgasm. He wiped his fingers on the table cloth and leaned up over to blow out the candles that rested precariously on the edge of the table.

"Let's go to bed then. I ache for you," I told him.

"Where do you ache?" Bo pressed a kiss on my neck. "Is it here?"

"No, lower." But I tilted my neck to the side. He suckled lightly which raised goosebumps all over.

His hand slid lower and drew a finger over my taut nipple. "Here? Is your heart empty?"

"No, my heart is so full it might burst." I captured his hand and brought it up to my lips. "I'm empty in my pussy. I need your cock filling me up. I need your come inside me."

"Oh fuck me." Bo bit his lip and gritted his teeth when I dragged his hand down between my legs to the tissues still swollen from my arousal and release. He stroke me lightly. "Not until you go to the doctor."

I rubbed up against him but he took his hand away. "Let's go to the bedroom and cuddle."

Rather than pout, I simply pushed up off the table and walked down the hall to our bedroom. No amount of arguing was going to move Bo from this position. He was always trying to make me happy but there were a few times when he put down his foot and I had to give in. The first time was when I was thinking of going to the University of Chicago for a two year MBA program in the College of Business. Bo insisted on paying for it. I told him Roger had offered but Bo was mulish. He was going to provide for me and that was that. The second time was when we got this apartment. I had no job and Bo was paying for my grad program. I wanted to get a job and rent a cheap apartment. Bo took one look at the "goddamn slum" as he called it and presented me with this place a day later. It was in a perfect location just north of the University and full of up and coming young professionals. Even though I managed Bo's trust he'd managed to buy the entire building without me knowing. When I learned that the building was a business venture with his best friend Noah, I just gave in. I sensed his not having sex with me until I went to a doctor was going to be one of those moments.

But I had my own plans. Cuddling my ass.

Once inside the bedroom, I pulled off my tshirt. My underwear was in shreds somewhere in the dining room along with the rose petals and the candles. I crawled on the bed, knowing Bo was behind me watching the whole time. His sullen silence was heavy in the room. He didn't like I was using his favorite thing—my body—against him. Knowing he couldn't see me, I allowed myself a smug smile. I opened my legs as I crawled toward the headboard so he could see the wetness that was coating me, just based on him looking at me.

"I know what you're doing and it's not going to work," Bo said hoarsely but he had followed me into the room and when I looked over my shoulder I could see his eyes were glued on my ass. I wiggled it a little just to taunt him. He covered his eyes and flipped off the lights. I laughed low and husky. Turning around, I rested my back against the headboard and pulled my legs into a lotus position so I was completely open to him. The tea lights in the hallway were still flickering and illuminated the front door. Bo stood there in his tuxedo, the white shirt untucked and the vest and coat hanging open. The fine wool of the pants were tented in the front. Bo was commando once again.

I felt decadent totally nude while Bo was mostly dressed in his finest clothes. It was very naughty and turned me on even more. I crooked my finger for him to step forward.

There was cuddling that night but not until long after I'd broken down Bo's self-control and ridden him to heaven.

18 Years Later

Bo

"Have we got sunscreen?" AnnMarie called out.

"Yup, and the towels, the hair conditioning thingy, and goggles." I winked at Charlotte who covered her mouth to stifle a giggle. Her pleasure was infectious and I couldn't suppress a smile. Leaning down I pressed a kiss on top of her sandy blonde hair and stared into the blue eyes that were a mirror of my own. Charlotte was a beautiful child, a perfect replica of AnnMarie's fine beauty. She was unmistakably my daughter though with her shocking blue eyes. I never really appreciated how arresting the color was until I saw it in her eyes.

"See," Annmarie had told me, "that color of blue should not be allowed in humans."

Part of me agreed. I didn't want to see my little girl using those blue orbs on any guy. Already at twelve, Charlotte was drawing the attention of much older boys who looked at her wavy blonde hair and her already lithe legs and had visible inappropriate thoughts that made me want to pound them into dust. Somehow fate had given me this delicate beauty and Noah two brawny sons. Noah piously said it was because he was a good boy and had waited patiently for Grace and that I'd been too free with my favors.

Had I known that the price of promiscuity was that I'd get a daughter that would've attracted more attention than the naked cowboy in Times Square, I would've kept my dick in my pants. Goddman Jackson. I heard AnnMarie and Grace talking about how great it would be if their eldest, Nathan, would marry Charlotte. Maybe when Charlotte was thirty. I loved Noah like a brother but the thought of his son putting a penis inside my daughter made me want to pulverize Nathan. Now we were going on a boating trip with the Jackson family. Noah, Grace, and their two boys. Fourteen-year-old Nathan who looked like he was eighteen and twelve-year-old Nicholas who was dating some eighth grader. The whole idea made me scowl.

"Whaddaya got underneath your cover up?" I asked Charlotte. She had some thigh-length terry cloth sweatshirt on. Maybe she should put some pants on.

"My swimsuit, Daddy. I'm going to tan a little."

"Tanning's bad for you." I frowned. "What swimsuit? Let me see."

"No." She had a mulish look on her face. I didn't like it.

"Why not?"

"Because you'll make a big deal about it. I'll cry. Mom will try to intercede and we'll all be late."

"Does your mother know what you are wearing?"

I could see Charlotte fighting her urge to roll her eyes at me, a gesture that we strictly forbade, but she replied, "Yes." Her self-control was admirable. Obviously a trait she got from her mother. Except in the bedroom. AnnMarie had very little self-control in the bedroom. A little teasing and Sunshine was begging me for something. Often the begging was accompanied by pulls on the hair or my head being squeezed between her thighs. Damn she was strong, and mouth-wateringly sexy, I added mentally, as she walked down the hall of our Lakeshore drive condo.

We'd moved here with Noah a year ago, sharing the top floor of a new development that I had spearheaded. Lately I've spent more time in suits than jeans and a hardhat and I missed the work, but I loved looking around the city and seeing my mark on it. My granddaddy would've been proud.

Part of the problem with Nathan was that he was constantly in and out of the house. Our kids treated these two condos as interchangeable homes. Nicholas and Charlotte went to school together. Nathan acted like a big brother to both of them but from time to time I caught him looking at Charlotte with not so brotherly thoughts. I'd have to talk to Noah about this. Maybe on the boat this afternoon.

The summer temperatures had been unbearably hot but we'd not gotten out on the lake since school was out due to my finishing up a construction project and Noah and AnnMarie celebrating the billion dollar mark on the hedge fund they co-managed. But we were getting away this weekend. We were taking Noah's boat up from Dusable marina up to Noah and Grace's North Shore residence. Grace lived out there on the weekends, preferring to get away from the city but AnnMarie and I loved being downtown, running along the lake together and making love with our balcony doors open so we could hear the lapping of the waves against the beach at night when the traffic of the cars couldn't cover the sound.

AnnMarie was as beautiful today as she was when I first saw her at Central College eighteen years ago. At forty, her ass was still high and tight, two beautifully rounded globes that made it hard for me to keep my hands off them. Her hips were a tad wider due to the birth of Charlotte but I loved her womanly figure. Today in her boy shorts and tank top, I had to fight the urge to drag her into the bedroom for a pre-boating quickie. Maybe I could make use of the stateroom on Noah's yacht. I wondered if there was a word for having sex in the bathroom of a watercraft. Was that like the twenty-thousand leagues under the sea club? I'd have to ask Noah today.

I figured he and Grace had used their stateroom bathroom more than once.

"Can you believe this?" Noah stood behind the wheel of the yacht. He had a captain or driver for the yacht but Noah preferred to steer everything. It was hard to be in business with him because of this but you just had to wait him out. Or that's what I did when I let him invest in my first building. While we coasted through four years of deployment in Afghanistan and then four years of college, it worked because I was content to let Noah direct our craft. Once I stepped off, though, I realized what a pain in the ass Noah could be when he wasn't getting his way. I once speculated about his bedroom activities to AnnMarie but she made me stop.

"Don't talk to me about that," she'd ordered.

"Why?" I shrugged. I'd been drinking some good Scotch a businessman had sent me for finishing the building of his project early and saving him a shitload of money.

"Because I can't think of Grace that way. Or worse, Noah. I see him nearly everyday. Now I'm going to think of him standing around with a whip in his hand and shirtless."

"Can't say I like that," I'd told her. I'm the only one she should be fantasizing about with his shirt off. I smiled a little at the memory of how I'd imprinted myself on AnnMarie's memory. Noah's nudge against my shoulder shook me out of my reverie.

"Do you play *Captain may I* with Grace?"

Noah's implacable countenance showed a slight red flush and I slapped the dashboard of the yacht with glee. "Goddamn, I knew I was right."

"Your bedroom life is so sad that you have to speculate about mine?" Noah said, raising an eyebrow and trying for superior, but I'd seen this guy shit in the desert and wipe his ass with a wetwipe so that wasn't working with me.

"No need to be embarrassed. Should I call you Mr. Grey?"

"Fuck off, asshole."

"You do look a little like James Spader. Do you leave her tied for long?"

"Goddammit, Bo Peep, you don't shut up about Grace and I'm going to shove that life jacket down your throat."

I didn't say another word but mostly because I was laughing too hard. Noah was easy to get worked up if you knew his buttons and that crazy possessive motherfucker hated any Grace talk. Of course, if I was honest with myself, I didn't like to hear anyone say anything about AnnMarie in a sexual manner. That thought shut me up and I apologized.

"Sorry man, just popped into my head when I see you steering your own boat with the captain you probably pay a hundred dollars an hour cooling his jets downstairs in your galley."

"It's two hundred dollars and it's worth it."

"Two hundred dollars." I whistled. "No, Noah, I can't believe this. We've got the world by its balls."

We both looked down to the prow of the boat where Grace was showing AnnMarie some pictures she had taken of the kids. Speaking of the kids, mine was stretched over the edge of the boat, her ass in the air next to Nicholas. I followed the sight line backward and sure enough there was Nathan staring at her ass. My hand dug into the polished teak of the yacht's dashboard.

"Pull back, hoss," I heard Noah say. "What the hell? I just got that relacquered and I think you put gouge marks in it."

"You okay with having a eunuch for a son?"

"That would be a negative. Why?"

"Because if Nathan doesn't start looking at something else, I'm going to go down and use the fishhook on his twig and berries."

"I don't think you're allowed to harm your godson."

"I didn't know my godson was going to want to defile my precious daughter."

"He's just looking," Noah said mildly but he gave a quick jerk of the wheel which caused everyone to tumble to the left. Charlotte sat her ass on the bottom of the cushioned seat but now Nathan was staring at her chest. I cursed her early development. Why wasn't AnnMarie there covering Charlotte up with a towel until only her eyes were seen?

"Is Mal still in Dubai?"

"You can't move to Saudi Arabia and expect your daughter to wear a burka."

"You don't know that." I grunted. "I respected every woman I slept with. I shouldn't have been punished like this."

"You shouldn't have made babies with AnnMarie," Noah retorted. "Hot women usually have good looking kids."

"I could've had sons."

"Don't let her hear you say that."

I sighed loudly and ran a hand through my hair. "God, I know. I just feel helpless now that she's entering her teen years. I'm terrified. AnnMarie read some stupid piece about sexuality and made me have the talk with Charlotte."

Now it was Noah's turn to laugh so hard I had to take over steering the wheel.

"You're an asshole," I muttered.

Noah just laughed harder. When he could breathe, he stood up and patted me on the back. "We're raising Nathan right. Someone is going to fall in love with Charlotte and spirit her away. Why not Nathan?"

"Yeah," I said sullenly. "Could be worse."

"Could be a lot worse," Noah said. "My boys are good boys. They aren't going to break girls' hearts. I tell them all the time how Grace was it for me. You've been with AnnMarie for just as long. It's what they see and all they know. They both want that. Nathan, particularly, knows what he wants and doesn't waver. Remember the dog?"

Nathan saw a stray when he was four years old at the park. He went back every day without his parents knowing and slipped that dog food. One day that dog didn't show up and Nathan was distraught. When we finally figured out what had happened, Noah and I had combed that park for the damn dog for days but couldn't find him. Finally Noah offered to get a different dog for Nathan. Nathan refused. He didn't want a different dog. He wanted Hobo, as Nathan had dubbed him.

Several months passed and Nathan had been despondent but he still returned to the park, leaving little bits of bones and bread. The food was always gone but we'd figured other park creatures had taken it. Finally, a month before Christmas, Nathan had forced his nanny to take him out again in the cold and there was the dog, one ear missing, limping and so scrawny it looked like a rat. Nathan wouldn't leave without that dog and he sat outside in the cold for at least two hours until Noah left work to come and get him and the dog.

Hobo was old, although we didn't know how old, and lived in relative doggy luxury. No other dogs lived in the Jackson household because Hobo was the only one for Nathan. So yeah, if Nathan felt that way about Charlotte, there were a lot worse options.

"No sex until she's thirty, though," I said.

Noah shook his head. "Let's just hope they avoid teenage pregnancy."

"I swear you are trying to give me a heart attack here and then AnnMarie will kill you, destroying Freedom Funds and making our kids orphans."

"Thanks, Disaster Dave." Noah clapped me on the shoulder. "Let's get the captain up here doing what I pay him two-hundred dollars an hour to do and you and I drink some Evan Williams 23 bourbon I brought."

Later that night when AnnMarie and I were both boneless from our lovemaking, she rolled to her side and propped her head up on her hand. "Did you see Nathan staring at Charlotte today?"

"Yes," I grunted. The thought of it still got my blood boiling. "Can we send her to a nunnery? Mal's in Dubai. I think Charlotte would look good in a burka."

AnnMarie pinched me. "No nunneries; yes, let's visit Mal in Dubai; no to the burka. We aren't Muslim."

"I don't like those answers."

"Seriously, though, is this new? I've never seen him act like that around her," AnnMarie said.

"Like what?"

"Awkward, confused, a little mean." She dropped down next to me and placed her head on my shoulder. I pulled one of her legs over mine and savored the warm feel of her wrapped around me. I liked positioning AnnMarie so that her softness was artfully arranged around my body.

"A little mean?"

"Yeah, when they got out of the water, she was shivering and Nathan threw a towel at her saying she should wear more material in her bathing suit if she didn't want to be cold."

Huh. "So he's just now developing feelings for her and it confuses him. How long do you think the mean stage lasts?" I pulled my fingers through AnnMarie's dark hair, marveling at the shininess. I liked wrapping it in my fingers and around my cock. Having it hang on either side of my head like a privacy curtain as she moved on top of me, her little hands pressing into my chest as she moved up and down.

"Why?"

"If it lasts a long time then maybe Charlotte will start avoiding him."

"You can't keep her a little girl forever."

"I don't want to. Just until she's like thirty or so."

"We had sex in our twenties."

"Okay," I acquiesced. "Twenties then."

"You feel really magnanimous, don't you?"

"Yup."

AnnMarie laughed.

"Do you know how much I love you, Bo?"

"Yeah, but I like to hear it. How much?"

"I would give up Freedom Funds if I had to, to keep your love."

"A half-billion dollars, huh? That's it?"

"No, that's not it. I'd give up everything in my life but you and Charlotte. I feel like we could be happy as long as we were together, no matter what."

I hugged her. Security meant so much for AnnMarie. The money meant security for her. It meant she didn't have to rely on anyone but herself but I liked that she felt she needed me. That I was her security because she was my whole world. Her and Charlotte. For all my complaints to Noah today, I wouldn't trade my girl for a thousand Nathans, that little shit. I loved the both of them. They completed me in ways I didn't even realize I needed completing. I'd been aimless before I met AnnMarie and I thought I was living a satisfactory life. Fighting and random women were all I needed. But she came into my life and made me realize that all that was worthless. I shuddered when I think of how different my life would've been without her.

"I love you more than Freedom Funds. More than my need for security," AnnMarie said. "I'd love you even if you left me, even if you had another family that you found to take care of." Hot tears hit my shoulder and I know she was thinking of her mother who had never married and had always loved a man who couldn't leave his wife. "I'd love you if the world came to an end and all we had was each other because you, Bo Randolph, are enough for me. I don't need anything in my life other than you and Charlotte. When I met you in Central I was so afraid even though I pretended like I was strong. Your silent strength made it easy for me to face my enemies. Knowing you always had my back made me feel stronger, braver, like I could conquer the world. Your steady and unwavering love has made me reach farther and higher than I could've on my own. I don't think that the English language is powerful enough to express my love for you. Love isn't even the right word. You give me life, Bo Randolph. You are my life and I can't wait to live out the rest of it by your side."

Well, shit. The only way I could respond to that was by making love to AnnMarie again. And again until the only sounds in our bedroom were our bodies affirming the promises we'd made each other.