



POOJA GUPTA

*Sold*  
to the  
**BILLIONAIRE**  
A STEAMY BILLIONAIRE ROMANCE

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# Chapter One

Rhea

Mom was behaving weirdly around me. I turned eighteenth last week and I have noticed a drastic change in her in the past one week. It was like she wanted to talk to me about something but was holding herself back. I was curious as well as confused. Though my mother's mood swings weren't something new to me, her concern for me was. From past few days, she's been over concerned for me. She got me some new dresses and a new laptop that I wanted. She was taking special care of my diet and making sure I was comfortable and getting everything I needed. She wasn't like this before. I mean, she did care for me but not to this extent. She'd put herself first. Always.

It was the reason my father abandoned her. He married her out of love. He loved her deeply but they had compatibility issues. They were married for a little over a decade before he decided to call for a divorce. He'd enough of her cunningness and selfishness. She separated him from his parents due to her inability to adjust with his parents. Father parted ways with her and left me as well with mom. Last I heard, he got married again and was expecting his first child with his new wife. After that, I never heard from him. It strained my relationship with my mother as well. I held her responsible for the loss of my father.

"Hey, Rhea! Where are you lost?" Ankit, my friend's voice snapped me out of my trance.

"I zoned out. Sorry." I apologized to him. He brushed it away with a smile.

"It's getting late. Come, I'll drop you home." Ankit said to me. I nodded my head in a positive response. I got up and gathered my stuff as we left the dance academy for my home.

I'd been learning dance since a young age. Dance is my passion. Though I didn't want to pursue it professionally, it was for my own satisfaction. I love losing myself to the art of dancing. It soothed my soul and dancing took me to another world where it was just me and my art.

Ankit dropped me home on his bike. He parked the bike outside my house. I got down and thanked him for the lift.

"Oh c'mon, Rhea. What are friends for?" Ankit nudged me. He said goodbye and drove away.

I turned around to walk into the house when I spotted a brand new white colored car parked on the porch my house. The car was a beauty to stare at. It was one of the most expensive cars. But what was it doing outside my house? I remember reading an article about this car a few days back. The company was yet to launch this model in the Indian market. It wasn't ours because there was no way in hell we could afford to buy such luxurious car. This car cost more than what my mother earned in a whole year. And that says a lot because my mother's pay is really good. She works in one of the biggest companies in the country as an HR head to the company's Mumbai branch.

We'd a visitor. I heard the voices coming from inside as I neared the main door. I frowned, wondering who's come to visit us.

I brushed my thoughts aside and opened the door with the help of the spare key I'd with me. I closed the door behind me as moved inside the house. I live in a two storey beautiful house my mother herself designed. Everything in here has her name written over. The interior screamed about the taste of the owner of the house. It was sophisticated and fancy. Just how my mother liked her things.

As I moved to the living area, I was welcomed by the sight of my mother laughing over something the stranger seated across her had said. I tore my gaze away from my mother and looked over at the visitor we have tonight.

*Holy fudge!* My eyes widen slightly as I took the sight of the stranger. He was a man in his early thirties and he was deliciously handsome, to put together in simple words. He was tall, I could tell even if he was sitting down. He'd broad shoulders and I could see the muscles even though he was wearing a three-piece suit that seemed to add more to his personality. My eyes lingered over him for more than required before I shifted my gaze to his face. He'd a hard look on his handsome face and I immediately felt an urge to reach out and touch his face.

*Snap out of it!* My inner voice chided at me for having such thoughts about a man I barely knew.

"Oh, honey! When did you come back?" I heard mom's sugar-coated voice. I raised an eyebrow in amusement at the endearing mom used for me. I couldn't remember when was the last time my mother called me so lovingly. Probably never. She wasn't a sweet talker.

Something was fishy. I was certain about it.

“Just now, mom.” I walked over and stood beside the couch she was seated on. Mom grabbed my hand and made me sit beside her, then she turned to the stranger with a wide smile plastered on her face. It made my doubts stronger. Mom looked too happy and it was not normal. My mom is one of those ladies who smile less and shout more.

“Mr. Kundra, this is my daughter-Rhea Sharma.” Mom gave my intro to the man seated across us. I shifted nervously in my place when I felt his hot gaze over me. I shivered inwardly. He was watching me with an intensity that shook my core, observing my every move and it made me nervous. I was as inexperienced as they come in the men's department. I didn't know what to do or how to behave when he was watching me like he wanted to eat me. Never had a man gazing at me like that.

I should be creeping out, but surprisingly, I wasn't.

“Rhea, he's is Vikram Kundra-my boss. CEO of my Kundra empire.” Mom turned to face me. Through her eyes, she signaled me to greet him.

“Hello, Mr. Kundra.” I turned to the said man and greeted him with a soft smile. He didn't smile back. *Arrogant Bastard.*

I looked over at him, into his eyes. He was staring at me with an unreadable expression. I couldn't tell what was he thinking at the moment.

“Hello, Rhea.” He spoke. My name rolled off his tongue and I felt goosebumps all over. His voice was smooth and deep, stirred something deep within.

I was clueless about his sudden visit, but I sat there quietly and listened as he and mom talked. Well, my mom talked and he listened. He hardly said anything throughout the conversation while mom refused to stop talking.

“I'll see if dinner's ready.” Mom said suddenly as she rose from her place to her feet. She passed a sugary smile to him and walked away to the kitchen, leaving me alone in the room with Mr. Handsome.

Silence prevailed in the room. Either of us didn't speak and it was uncomfortable for me, for some reasons. Usually, I prefer silence, but not today. I could feel the tension between us and couldn't decide what was happening to me. Why was I being so conscious around him?

“What do you do, Rhea?” Vikram Kundra asked, breaking the silence. Thank the lord. I didn't think I'd have been able to take the silence anymore.

“I'm in the first year of the college,” I answered, fidgeting with my fingers. He made me nervous for some reasons. He was intimidating. Dark.

“Interesting.” He murmured. He leaned back in his seat and kept his

eyes trained on me. He was seeing through me, making me feel I was sitting naked before him. He could see through me.

I huffed when he didn't continue the conversation. I sat there, waiting for mom to make an appearance and break the tension in the room. It was so thick that I could cut it down with a cutter, and the man before me did nothing to make the situation better. If anything, he made it more difficult, his intense gaze over me made my insides tremble.

I straightened myself when Vikram rose from his place and walked over. He stood before me, his huge frame hovering over me. I squirmed in my seat. I lowered my eyes and stared at my hands placed in my lap. My heart was pounding hard in my chest and my palms were sweaty.

"Rhea," He called out for me in his dark, edgy tone. My eyes widen at how my body reacted to his call. A strange dampness down there made its presence known and I clenched my legs together to get rid of the sweet ache.

"Yes," I fumbled as I rose to my feet and stood before him.

"Look at me when I'm talking." Vikram barked. I flinched away and my head snapped at him in shock. The authority in his voice was hard to ignore.

His facial feature softened as our eyes met. His chocolate molten eyes darkened visibly as he stared at me. A shiver ran down along the length of my spine under his penetrating gaze.

"Go, pack your stuff. We'll be leaving after dinner." He told me and walked away from there after placing a pile of papers in my hand, leaving no place for me to question him about what he just said.

To clear my confusion, I decided to read the papers and what I read, turned my world upside down.

The papers stated I was to stay with Mr. Kundra for a year and serve him in exchange for the huge amount my mother owed him. The papers were signed by mom and me. My signature scribbled down on the papers confused me.

My brows furrowed. I didn't remember signing any such papers. I tried hard to remember when I signed any official document last.

*Fuck!* I cursed under my breath as my mind took me back to the evening of my birthday last week. Mom made me sign some papers stating they were legal papers related to the new house she's buying on my name. I shouldn't have signed without reading.

"Mom!" I shouted out for her and marched off to the kitchen to



confront her. Only she could tell what the hell was happening.

## Chapter Two

Rhea

“Mom, what the hell is happening?” I pulled my mother into the nearest room and questioned her. Mom looked away from me, her eyes cast down in guilt. A frown appeared on my face, my heart was thudding in my chest in fear.

“Mom, I’m asking you something. Answer me. What are these papers? What the hell is happening?” I questioned her once again, feeling annoyed at her silence.

“You’ll have to go with him.” Mom said to me, looking straight into my eyes. I raised an eyebrow at her. “I sold you to him.”

I watched as she masked her guilt with something unreadable and looked over at me with blank eyes.

“Are you freaking serious? You did what?” I screamed at her, losing the last thread of patience I was holding onto. How can I mother do this to her child? Her only child?

“I took a huge amount in the loan from the company a few years back. I failed to pay them back.” Mom confessed. I could feel tears accumulating in my eyes as realization dawned on me. This was happening in real. She'd really done this to me.

“And this is how you are paying the company back? Selling me out to the owner?” I bellowed. I was torn apart by her. I was betrayed by the only person I trusted the most. I expected her to protect me, but she failed me. She broke my trust.

“What else could have I done? I’m in huge debt, Rhea.” Mom cried. She clutched my arms and cried, keeping her head on my shoulder. Her tears were soaking my top. If it was any other day, I’d have wrapped my arms around her and console her. I’d have done everything to make her stop crying, but not today. I let go of a sigh. I couldn’t bring myself to sympathize with her.

Mom brought it upon herself. And I’d be the one paying the price. Mom spends more than she earns. She loves her luxurious life a little more than she loves me. “If you didn’t agree to go with him, he’ll put us behind the bars, Rhea.”

I closed my eyes as the feeling of helplessness seeped in. I hated it. I hated my mother for putting me through this.

“But why trade me? Why don’t you sell this house and pay his money back?” I gave a suggestion to her.

“And where will we live? On roads?” Mom questioned me aggressively. I furrowed my brows together. What was it with her? There was no remorse in her eyes.

“Rhea, pack your stuff. You are going with him and that’s final.” Mom said with finality in her voice. Her nose flared up as I glared down at her.

“I’m not, mom. How can you allow a stranger to take me away?”

“You’ll see me dead if you didn’t agree. Death is better than spending a life behind the bars.” Mom cried. A lone tear escaped my eyes at her words. She was using the old age trick against me. Emotional blackmail.

And I fell for it, even after knowing this was what she wanted. But then I also know her threats weren’t empty. She was very well capable of doing what she’d said. She was capable of taking her life. She’d tried once when my father left her. Our maid saved her back then.

My relationship with her has always been bitter-sweet. No matter how much I fight with her, I’d never want to be the reason behind her sadness. And I definitely didn’t want to be the reason for her death. She was the only parent I was left with.

“Fine. I’ll go with him.” I said in a low voice, looking away from her as she flashed a smile to me. I was such a fool. I knew. “But don’t think I’ll ever forgive you for doing this to me.”

I pushed her hands off me and strode out of the room.

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I leaned back in the car seat as Mr. Kundra told his chauffeur to start the engine. I’d so many questions running through my mind. I was leaving my home behind, to go with the man who my mother sold me off to. Although, I have no idea why a man of his stature would buy a girl. He could have got any beautiful girl without all this. No?

“Where are we going?” I asked him after finding my voice.

“My place,” Vikram answered shortly and busied himself in his cell phone. I groaned inwardly. He was purposely ignoring me. Why did he buy me when all he wanted to do was ignore my existence?

“Can I ask you something?” I asked him.

He tore his gaze away from the screen and looked over at me. “Sure.”

“My mother said-” I started off. I wanted to talk to him about the deal

he'd with my mother.

"Not here." Vikram interrupted. "We'll talk about this at home."

I nodded my head in understanding, not that I'd any other option left. He probably didn't want the chauffeur to hear our conversation.

I leaned back and closed my eyes to calm my nerves. From outside, I may look calm and composed but inside, there was a storm going. I was shaken by the happenings of the evening. Somewhere, I still wasn't able to believe mom had done this to me. She sold me to her billionaire boss.

Why did he buy me? For what? It was something that was haunting me. I didn't know his intentions and no matter how handsome he was, I couldn't trust him blindly. He was still a stranger. He could be a potential rapist or a murderer.

*Freak! I'm stuck.*

Another fifteen minutes of drive and we were stopped outside a villa. A freaking royal palace if you ask. I stared out of the car window in awe.

"This is my home," I heard his deep voice from my side. "-now yours as well. You'll be living with me."

I was surprised when he addressed his house as mine as well. His words were a bitter reminder of what happened tonight. I'll be living with him in this beautiful house, but I doubt I can call it my home.

Vikram got down from the car and came over to my side. He opened the door and held his hand out for me. I hesitated for a moment before I placed my hand in his. An electric shiver ran through me as he tightened his hold on my hand, almost possessively.

Ignoring the sensation his touch caused me, I stepped out of the car. I drew a sharp breath as the chilly wind caressed me. I was quite sensitive to cold.

Vikram seemed to notice me shivering, he stepped closer and wrapped an arm around my shoulder as he pulled me into his warm embrace. His gestures forced me to wonder who is he, the cold man who paid for me? Or the good guy who's taking care of my comfort?

"Get the luggage inside and place it in my room." He looked over his shoulder at the chauffeur and told him before he turned to me. He stared into my eyes and his hold around me tightened. "Let's go inside."

Vikram led me inside the villa. I relaxed in his arms, surprised with my own self to know how comfortable I was feeling in his arms. I shouldn't be. He was the man who destroyed my life. Well, not literally, but he did it. In

some way.

“You didn’t have your dinner properly. Would you like to eat something?” Vikram asked as we moved into the villa. It was everything I expected. Beautiful and modern with the contemporary interior.

If I wasn’t in a situation like this, I’d have sprinted off to explore the villa myself.

“I’m not hungry.” Food was the last thing on my mind. I won’t be able to eat anything until I get some answers from him.

“Let’s go to my room.” He said. Vikram led me upstairs to his bedroom. He pulled me into the room and closed the door behind him. I stood there, too numb to react. I was alone in a room with a stranger. A sexy stranger, though.

I didn’t know how to react. I’d never been in a situation like this. I’d never been alone with a man before. Ankit was different. He was more like a brother, but this man was different. He made me feel things I’d never felt before.

I raised my eyes and looked at him to know what was he up to. I frowned when I found him standing near the bed, typing furiously on the phone. I fumed. I marched toward him and snatched his cell phone away. He looked up and glared at me, but I cared less. He’d no rights to ignore me.

“That was a really important official mail I was replying to. Give my cell phone back.” Vikram said to me in a hard tone.

“I don’t think it was more important than me and the questions I have in my mind.” I retorted.

Vikram closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

“Fine.” He grabbed my hand and made me sit on the bed. He stood to face me, his huge frame hovering over me, made me shiver. He was over six foot with broad shoulders.

“Whoa! Can you sit down, big man? You are quite intimidating like this.” I said to him.

The edges of his lips tilted in a small smile. And boy! He’d a breathtaking smile. It made him look more handsome if that was even possible.

Vikram said nothing and sat down on the edge of the bed.

“What do you want to know?” He turned to me and asked.

“Why did you buy me? And for what?” I questioned him. I might be inexperienced when it comes to men, but I wasn’t dumb. If he thinks he can

use me for his pleasure, then he's certainly wrong.

## Chapter Three

Rhea

“Your mother owed a huge amount to my company,” Vikram said as he reached out to grab my hand in his. I didn’t object. There were so many other things going through my mind and I didn’t want to think about how much his touch affected me. It’d distract me from the matter in hands.

“I know that,” I mumbled. “But that doesn’t explain why you chose to buy me instead of getting your money back.”

I was feeling helpless and it wasn’t a pleasant feeling. I didn’t know what was happening to me and my life. What my future would be? Will he discard me once I’m of no use to him?

*Was this even real?*

“Your mother offered you instead of money,” Vikram answered shortly.

My heart dropped hearing that. It was heartbreaking to hear mom chose money over me. After dad left us, we were each other’s only support. We confided in each other in our thick and thin times, then was it easy for her to throw me away from her life?

“And you accepted her offer? Why?” My questioning gaze lingered on his face.

“It was not a bad offer, was it?” His eyes bore into mine. I shivered from the intensity in them. He leaned over and brought his face closer to mine. “You are precious than any money.”

A gasp escaped my lips. The woodsy, manly smell of his cologne filled my lungs, blocking my mind from everything else. It was no good.

“Why did you buy me? What are you going to do with me?” I moved a little away from him, earning myself a displeased look from him.

“I liked you, so I got you for myself,” Vikram replied me as he rose from his place and walked over to the door. I sat there, unable to move. His words made my heartbeat race and cheeks flush. He sounded so confident while speaking. He knew what he was doing and it made me scared as well as excited.

Vikram opened the door and got my luggage bags inside. His chauffeur must have left them outside.

I opened my mouth to ask him another question but he didn’t give a chance to me.

“Enough of your questions, Rhea. Change into your nightwear and go to sleep.” Vikram said to me as he moved into the room and placed my bags near the closet.

“Fine.” I huffed. I rose to my feet and looked at him. “Can you show me my room?”

If I was going to live in this house, I better get comfortable.

“This is your room,” Vikram replied with a casual shrug.

“What?” I cried out of shock. “Are you kidding me? I’m not sharing the room with you.”

“You don’t have any choice, Rhea. You will do as I say, and you are staying in this room with me.” Vikram said in a tone I’d hard time to argue with. I wanted to scream, fight against him, but I changed my mind after seeing the hard look in his eyes. He wasn’t someone to mess with, I could tell.

“I have made space for your things in the closet. You can arrange your stuff tomorrow.” Vikram told me. I stood there, watching him with open mouth. I was amused seeing the audacity of this man.

He was so bossy.

“Are you going to change or do you want me to help you out?” Vikram raised an eyebrow, challenging me. The glint in his eyes told me he was very well capable of doing what he’d said. And as much as I liked the sound of him helping me out, I didn’t want it to happen. Yet.

“I’m going,” I said. I walked over and got my pajamas from the suitcase.

“Where is the washroom?” I asked him. Vikram pointed to the door behind me. I didn’t waste a moment and hurried to the washroom. I needed a little time away from him to get my thoughts together.

I closed the washroom door behind me and leaned against it. His presence was messing up with my insides. I have never really thought of having a man in my life before, nor did I ever felt attraction toward any man before. Vikram was altogether a different case. He’d given me a huge reason to dislike him, but I couldn’t bring myself to do that. He was arrogant, but his charming personality compensated that.

Living with him won’t be that bad. It will be fun actually.

My lips pulled up in a lopsided smile as a thought crossed my mind. Enough of being a damsel in distress. It was a time he realizes what he’s got himself into.



With that thought, I stripped out of my clothes and changed into a pair of comfortable pajamas, then I moved out in the room. I found him seated on the bed. A sigh escaped my lips. How does he manage to look more handsome every time I look at him?

If being so hot was a crime, he'd have been serving a life sentence in prison.

"Hey, Mr. Kundra." I brushed my not-so-good thoughts aside and greeted him with a sugary smile.

Vikram looked over at him. He threw a suspicious look my way after seeing my smile. It was the first time I've smiled since I met him.

"Is everything alright?" Vikram asked.

"Yes. why wouldn't it be?" I asked him back. I walked over the bed and stood before him. I crossed my arms over my chest and stared down into his intense brown orbs. "You don't want me to sit and cry over what happened, now do you?"

"No. of course not." He replied. He grabbed my hand and pulled me on his lap. A gasp escaped me. I wasn't expecting such move from him. Vikram wound his arms around me securely and I tried hard to ignore the sensation that ran through me. I could feel butterflies dancing in my belly, making my insides clenched.

"Can I sit there?" I asked him with politeness.

"I like you here better," Vikram answered as he tightened his hold on me even more. I sighed. It's going to be torturous. I leaned against him in his arms, not being able to control the way my body reacted to him.

I clutched his shoulders and got myself comfortable in his lap, and an involuntary loud gasp escaped me when I felt something poking my ass. It didn't take me long to realize what it was and it made me blush furiously. My cheeks were on fire and I didn't dare to look up at him. It was so... hot?

My heart paced up at the thought of him being hard. For me.

"You did it to me," Vikram admitted bluntly. He leaned in and grazed my earlobe with his teeth. I bite back a moan. The muscles in the pit of my belly tightened and an uncomfortable ache was felt between my legs. I shuddered in his arms. My emotions were all over the place, scaring me to an extent. I have never experienced such emotions before. I closed my eyes shut to fight the sensation.

"Ah!" A soft moan left my lips when he grazed my earlobe with his teeth, sending ripples of pleasure through me. My nipples hardened against

the tank top I was wearing. I was shocked at how my body responded to his touch and craved more. My body was burning in the need. A need I couldn't really understand.

Confused by my own thoughts, I pushed him away slightly. I needed some space to get my thoughts together and it won't happen if his hands remained on me. His touch was a sweet assault on my inexperienced body. He didn't protest as I pulled away from him. While keeping my eyes cast my eyes down, I tucked a strand of hair behind my ear in nervousness. "I'm feeling sleepy."

He let go of a sigh he was holding onto. He looked relieved. Why? I have no idea.

"Let's sleep," Vikram muttered under his breath. He rose from his place with me in his arms. He'd pick me up in a bridal style, surprising me with his strength. I wasn't fat but wasn't skinny either. I was a little curvy and did weight enough, but he was holding me up like I weigh nothing.

I looked over at his face and frowned finding his face as blank. He doesn't show his emotions, he hardly gave away anything. I couldn't trace any emotion in his eyes except for hunger. Hunger. For me?

I gasped, realizing he wanted me. I gulped down the lump formed in my throat. It was a strange feeling. I have never been wanted by a man before and his want for me was visible crystal clear in his eyes. It made my heart flutter.

Before I could react, Vikram made me lay down on the bed and pulled the blanket over me before he slid down in the covers beside me. My stomach did a weird flutter. Again, I have never shared a room with a man before, let alone the same bed. I bite my lower lip as nervousness bubbled up inside me. My whole body went stiff when he moved closer to me. I tilted my head slightly and looked at him. Vikram plopped himself up on his elbow and his intense gaze met my soft one. A shiver ran through my spine, my insides clenched as he rested his palm flat on my belly.

"Is everything alright, Rhea?" Vikram asked me in the huskiest deep voice I have ever heard. It was soothing to ears.

"Yes," I stuttered.

I can't seem to think straight when he's around. *Get a grip on yourself.*

"Then why do you look so nervous?" Vikram asked.

"Who said I'm nervous? I'm not." Liar. I didn't want him to know how much he was affecting me.

Vikram shook his head and muttered something under his breath I failed to catch. I let it pass. I didn't have any energy left in me to fight with him right now.

"You can relax and sleep. I'm not gonna do anything to you without your consent." Vikram said before he laid down on his side of the bed and closed his eyes to sleep. I stared at him for a moment before I turned my back to him and took a deep breath to calm myself. I trusted his words. He does look like a man who sticks to what he says.

And I felt safe with him around me. It was strange since I know him from the past few hours but I chose not to ponder over it. I already had enough on my plate, I wouldn't want to add another confusion to the list.

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The breakfast was served and I was seated across him at the breakfast table. The chef had laid out the variety of dishes on the table, making my mouth water. Food has always been my weakness. I served myself some pancakes with maple syrup and pour some orange juice into a glass before I started my breakfast.

"Mr. Kundra," I called out.

"It's Vikram." He corrected me. He looked up at me and waited for me to continue. I smiled, having his full attention over myself.

"Okay. So, Vikram, I was wondering if I could continue my dance classes and college?" I asked, looking up at him with a hopeful look.

"Of course, you can. My driver will drop you and pick you up from college every day." Vikram replied me. I frowned at the last part of the sentence. I didn't need a chauffeur. I'd like to continue my life as it was before, at least outside this villa.

"No need for that. I can manage on my own."

"I'm not asking you, Rhea. I'm telling you." He replied in a stern voice. I narrowed my eyes at him. I'm not a child to get such treatment from him.

"Roll your eyes one more time and I won't hesitate to spank all the bad manner out of you," Vikram warned. His voice was low and dangerous, sending arrows straight to my core.

"You can't do that." I bellowed.

"You wanna try me, sweetheart?" He raised an eyebrow as if challenging me. I swallowed my saliva and looked away from him. The looks he was giving me currently made me all hot and bothered, and it was such a

shame.

“I’ll leave for college after breakfast.” I murmured and shifted my focus to my food. I heard his sexy chuckle and it worsened my situation.

I need to get a grip on myself before I lose myself to him.

## Chapter Four

Rhea

“Do you want a ride back home?” Ankit asked me as we exited the dance academy. The mention of the home left a bitter taste in my mouth. There was no home now. The place I called home wasn’t mine anymore, nor did I’d any other place to call home. Mom destroyed everything I’d.

“No. I’ll manage.” I smiled at him.

“So, what are your plans for this weekend? You wanna join me on the road trip to Goa?” Ankit asked me as we started walking outside the academy gate.

“I don’t know,” I mumbled. I didn’t want to go, to be honest. I wanted to clear up the mess my mom has created first then do anything else.

“C’mon, Rhea. It will be fun.” Ankit probed, making a cute face.

I shook my head at him and laughed. He could be a drama queen at times. We have been friends for a past few years and he’d been quite a support to me. Always been there.

“No. Another time, maybe.” I said to him.

Ankit was about to say something but stopped when a speedy car halted near us. I rose my eyes to look over at the car. It was his. Vikram’s.

“Whoa! What a beauty.” I heard Ankit’s dreamy voice. I tilted my head and looked at him, Ankit was staring at Vikram’s car with his jaw dropped. I didn’t blame him. Vikram’s car was one beautiful lady.

I shifted my focus back to the car. The driver seat door opened and Vikram stepped out in all his glory. He was dressed in a navy blue three-piece suit with white dress shirt and a tie matching his suit. He looked breathtakingly handsome. I nibbled on the side of my lower lip as I continued to stare at the fine man-god created.

“Hello, Rhea.” Vikram greeted me in his deep voice as he came and stood beside me. He wrapped an arm around me and pulled me closer, his eyes remained over Ankit. He’d Ankit pinned down with his hard gaze. I couldn’t understand what was it, but it did annoy me. He didn’t have any right to glare at my friend like that.

I turned to Ankit who was confused and was staring at the arm wrapped around me. Vikram had a firm, possessive hold around me-as if staking his claim over me.

“Rhea, who is he?” Ankit asked me, looking at Vikram then at me.

I was tongue-tied. I didn't know what to answer him when I myself had no idea who Vikram Kundra was to me.

"I'm Vikram. Vikram Kundra." Vikram introduced himself to Ankit. "And you are?"

"I'm Ankit. Rhea's friend." Ankit held his hand out for him, but Vikram ignored it and turned to me. It infuriated me. His arrogance will be the only reason if I decided to kill him one day.

"Let's go, sweetheart. We are getting late." Vikram said in a soft voice. And my treacherous body betrayed me once again, my insides melted at how awesome it sounded when he called me sweetheart.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Ankit. Bye." I waved at Ankit as Vikram led me to his car. I let him. I didn't have much control over my body with his hands on me. His simplest touch could create havoc in my senses.

Vikram opened the passenger side door for me and I slid into the seat. He walked to the other side and hopped in the driver seat.

"I didn't know you had taken up the driver's job." I smiled sarcastically at him.

"Your sarcasm can land you in trouble, Miss. Smart-mouth." He stole a glance at me then focused on the road as he started the engine and drove away.

"Whatever," I muttered and looked out of the window. Silence prevailed in the car. Neither he nor did I try to break it for a long time. The torturous time of my life which ended when he spoke.

"You will stay away from that guy." His bossy tone reached my ears.

"Excuse me?" I was surprised. Did he just tell me to stay away from my friend? "Ankit is my friend. And who are you to tell me to stay away from him?"

I let the anger get me.

"A friend who wants to fuck you. That guy has all the plans to get in your pants." Vikram growled in anger. Possessiveness reeking off him and if I wasn't pissed off, I'd have wasted no moment before wrapping myself in his arms. He looked so hot going all possessive for me.

*You are going off the track.* I chided myself mentally.

"You are mistaken," I told him.

"Really? I know, Rhea. I know how a man looks at the woman he wants." He sounded angry. His knuckles have turned white and he wasn't hard to read. He wasn't an ideal man to mess with right now. "If you don't

want me to show that boy his fucking place, stay away from him. For his betterment.”

I didn't miss the warning in his voice. My body shuddered when he tilted his head and looked into my eyes. The air thickened in the car. I didn't know what happened to me or what forced me, I reached out to touch his arm. I wanted to calm him down. His body stiffened under my touch as I rubbed his arm in a soothing manner. He inhaled a sharp breath and concentrated on the road ahead. His muscles relaxed and I could feel angry leaving his body.

I let go of a sigh. He needs some anger management classes.

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I stormed into the villa, Vikram followed me behind. I didn't wait for him to catch up with me and I hurried upstairs to our room. Our room? Yeah. That's what I have decided to call it till I'm here. I have got my stuff arranged in his room and made myself comfortable like I was living here for ages. I didn't have any other option. He left me with none, and I'm making peace with the fact that I'll be spending the coming year with him.

“Rhea,” Vikram called out as he entered the room behind me. I ignored him. I threw my bag on the couch across me and moved to the washroom when an arm yanked and I was pulled hard. I yelped as I came crashing into something hard. It was his rock hard chest.

“Don't you dare to walk away from me.” Vikram hissed in anger. I tilted my head and looked into his eyes. My baby blue eyes bore into his brown orbs. I shivered as He tightened his hold around my waist and pulled me closer, leaving barely any gap between us. The heat radiating from his body made me feel hot. My body trembles as a wave of lust washed over me.

“You can't treat people associate to me with disrespect.” I gained control over myself. He was making hard for me to keep thoughts straight.

“I won't if they know you belong to me and keep away from you,” Vikram replied back. I bite my lower lip. His eyes followed my movement and something flickered through his brown orbs. I wanted to look away from, but he didn't allow him. He held me in. I couldn't tear my gaze away from him.

He held me captive to his charm.

“You are mine,” Vikram whispered. His face descended down to mine, my breath hitched in my throat as I waited for his lips to meet mine. I

clutched his shoulders and inched closer to his face.

“Vikram,” I whispered hoarsely. And then I didn’t know what possessed him, he claimed my mouth in hot, toe-curling kiss. I moaned into the kiss and found myself responding back to his kiss with the intensity I’d never known before.

I stood on my toes and deepened the kiss while holding onto him for my dear life. Vikram pushed me against the wall behind me and kissed me with aggression. I couldn’t do anything but responded back to him, matching his passion. I slide my arm around his neck, pulling him closer. Vikram bit my lower as he slid his hand inside my top. A tingling sensation ran through my body. His palm lay flat against my stomach made me feel fuzzy inside.

My hands find their way into his black locks. The kiss started off as a slow turns into wild, passionate one as we kissed. My body grew sensitive to his touch. His hand moved inside my top, feeling my flesh under his fingertips. He traced every curve, his sensual strokes were arousing. I moaned. I wanted more. I needed more

“You taste sweet,” Vikram whispered against my lips.

He pulled away from the kiss slowly and smiled down at me. Heat rushed to my cheeks as I realized the position we were in. he’d my body pinned against the wall with his body pressed against me. My body fitted perfectly in his.

“I hope you don’t have any complaints from me now?” Vikram asked, I could hear a smile in his voice and it made me smile. He was so calmed and relaxed, and I could connect with him. He still had got that brooding intense look in his eyes, though. I didn’t mind.

“I’m hungry. Let’s go.” I didn’t answer his query, instead, I grabbed his hand and dragged him out of the room. He seemed surprised but didn’t say anything. I liked that we weren’t arguing.

“So, what will you have, Miss. Sharma” Vikram asked me as he entered the kitchen. He moved to get the apron then turned to me, expecting me to answer.

“You know how to cook?” I raised an eyebrow at him.

“Yes. I used to live alone in states, so I learned cooking to save time and money.” Vikram replied as he efficiently moved around the kitchen to get the needed ingredients to cook something I have no idea of.

“States? You used to study there?” I asked him, eager to know more about him. Since I met him, he’d remained a mystery to me. He made me



curious to know him more closely, find out the secrets he's hiding behind his hard personality.

"Yes. I did my graduation from Harvard University, then moved back to India to start my business." Vikram answered. I smiled, impressed with him.

"So we have a Harvard graduate in the house. Huh?" I teased him. My eyes sparkled up when I found a small smile tugging at the corner of his lips. I jumped and sat on the edge of the kitchen counter, facing him. Vikram shot a worry-filled look my way. "Be careful."

"What are you making us?" I asked him while controlling my leaping heart. I liked the concern he's for me and shows in his little gestures.

"Spaghetti alla puttanesca," Vikram spoke in a perfect Spanish accent. I couldn't help a giggle.

"Sounds yummy, chef." I smiled. Vikram returned the smile with his own small one and it still managed to take my breath away.

Like always. I was a goner. Officially.

*Great.*

## Chapter Five

Vikram

Her laughter echoed in the dark as she ran on the sand barefoot. It was close to midnight when she demanded to go to the beach. I brought her to the beach. The need to fulfill her every demand has always been strong-even when she wasn't with me.

Two years. Two fucking years I have waited for her. She was sixteen when I saw her for the first time. She'd accompanied her mother to a wedding function. And the moment I saw her, I was a goner. She was dressed in an elegant knee length white dress. She looked like a fucking angel with her long wavy dark brown hair down and baby blue eyes gleaming with purity. She was mine to take.

She was an angel. Beauty with brains, and innocence that could bring any man to his knees for her. But I'll be the only man she'll ever know intimately.

For a year, I controlled myself. She was off limits. On a few occasions, I did see her, but nothing more than that. It was hard keeping myself away. For the first time, I was so attracted to a woman, I wanted her for myself. She was perfect. She was a simple outgoing girl who lived her life to the fullest. I lost myself in her simplicity.

It was around a year back when her mother, Aisha Sharma got to know about my fascination with her daughter. Aisha approached me with a deal. A deal that could make little Rhea mine. Aisha owed a huge amount to my company and she offered her daughter in exchange for the money she owed me. I'd no reasons to deny.

But I decided to wait for another year, till Rhea reach her legal age. So when she turned eighteen last week, I told her mother to explain the situation to her and send her to me. But that selfish woman was too much of a coward to explain. I decided to go myself and brought her home, where she truly belonged.

"Vikram, What are you doing there? Come." I heard Rhea's chirpy voice calling for me. The beast in my pants twitched in my pants hearing her sweet voice. This was the effect she's on me. I looked over at her, she was playing in the water and the little white dress she was wearing clung to her wet skin like a second skin. I groaned inwardly at sight before my eyes. She was such a seductress, teasing me with that sexy body of hers. She didn't

seem to notice what her state was doing to me.

Taking slow strides, I walked to her. Rhea was splashing the water over herself, but when she spotted me, she launched herself at me. I wrapped my arms around her little body and twirled her around. My heart skipped a beat when I heard the melodious sound of her laughter reaching my ears. It was amusing how she's wrapped me around her little finger. I have no complaints.

She's a light in my dark world.

"Put me down, Vikram." Rhea giggled. My lips curved into a small smile as I made her stand on her feet but didn't let go of her. I held her waist and brought her close to me. She looked up at me through her thick eyelashes, she stirred something in me.

Before her, I didn't think I was capable of feeling for anyone. She made my dead heartbeat and as cliché, as it may sound, she lit up my life with her presence.

"It's so amazing here, isn't it?" She asked me, her eyes sparkled up with strange kind of happiness. She was truly happy to be here.

"The only thing I find amazing is you." I murmured. A smirk pulled up to my lips, finding her blushing under my gaze. I held her chin and made her look up at me. "You are so beautiful."

I took a few tendrils of her hair and tucked them behind her ear gently, having a clear view of her face. She's round angelic face with soft plum lips and doe-like baby blue eyes. A groan left me when my gaze fell on her quivering lips. An urge to claim those rose petals seeped in and I couldn't control.

My mouth descended down to hers. Rhea closed her eyes and moved her mouth closer, giving an open invitation to the beast within me. I captured her soft lips in a soft, slow kiss. This one was soft and sensuous compared to the first kiss we shared earlier in the day. I held her close as I kissed her thoroughly. Deeply.

She tasted sweet. Of strawberries.

She was addictive.

A whimper left her lips as I pulled away from the kiss and moved down to her neck, smoldering her skin with hot urgent kisses. I couldn't get enough of her. I wanted more. I wanted all of her.

Rhea arched back, giving me more access to her neck. I placed soft feathery kisses there, nibbling and biting her soft flesh. She melted into my

arms and the occasional soft moans that left her lips aroused me. My cock was rock hard and pressed up against the zipper of my jeans, cutting through it.

A large amount of lust was consumed. I could feel my control slipping away.

“We are in public place,” I heard Rhea’s low voice filled with hesitation.

I pulled away, unwillingly.

“There is no public,” I told her. I cupped her face in my palm and stroked her cheekbone. A tremble ran through her and she tightened her arms around my torso.

“We shouldn’t be doing such things.” Rhea voiced out.

“Such things?” I raised an eyebrow, my questioning gaze lingered on her face.

“I’m not supposed to feel this way about you. You bought me.” She was going through a turmoil. I could understand. She was getting attracted to the man who took her away from home. But it was needed.

I needed her more. And her greedy mother didn’t deserve her.

“It doesn’t change the fact you want me as well,” I said to her, leaning over, I brushed my lips against hers. Again, and again.

“I’m confused,” Rhea mumbled against my lips.

“Give it some time. Everything will be alright.” I told her. Rhea didn’t say anything, she leaned against my body and rested her head on my chest as a sigh escaped her lips.

We stayed there in the same position until I found her asleep. She was sound asleep in my arms as I picked her up and carried her to the car.

## Chapter Six

Rhea

I was wrong. I was so freaking wrong to think he'll let me go if I act like a brat and annoy him. I did try my best. I threw tantrums the whole day, made unnecessary demands to annoy him, but to my surprise, he endured all. He even took me to the beach last night to fulfill my demand. I hadn't expected him to.

But my growing attraction to him was the cause of my worry. Was it right? To fall for the man who brought you for the unknown reasons?

I brushed my thoughts aside and moved to the living area. It was time for him to return back home from the office and I was looking forward to spending some time with him.

"Ma'am, do you need anything?" Asha, one of the household asked me. I denied her with a polite smile and settled myself on the sofa in the living area.

"Don't anyone else live here?" I asked Asha who was going toward the kitchen. She stopped and turned to me.

"Sir lives alone." Asha answered. I nodded my head and Asha walked away to the kitchen to continue her work.

I leaned back on the sofa to relax. It was Saturday and I didn't have college or dance classes. It was a boring day. To sit ideally at home and doing nothing has never been my thing.

After some time, I opened my eyes when I heard footsteps nearing. I straighten myself when I spotted a couple in their late twenties entering the living area. The man was dressed in a black suit and he resembled Vikram a lot while the woman next to him was in a red tube dress. She was beautiful. I'd to admit.

My brows knitted in confusion as the couple settled themselves across me on the sofa. They looked familiar to the house and even the servants seemed to know them.

Who the hell are they? Didn't Asha say no one from Vikram's family lives with him? Are they his friends? I don't know much about his family and his friends. In fact, nothing. We have never talked about his family, nor did he mentioned them once in two days of my stay here.

The couple looked at me then at each other, confusion written over their faces.

“Who are you?” The woman asked me.

“I’m Rhea.” I introduced myself, not mentioning how I’m related to Vikram. They don’t need to know, do they?

“I’m Shanaya and he’s Virat, Vikram’s brother.” Shanaya introduced herself and the man seated beside her. My eyes shifted over to the man who’s Vikram’s brother. Virat resembled Vikram a little. He’s not as tall and muscular as Vikram is, but he’s good looking. Not more than Vikram.

“Are you his friend? He’s never brought a woman home before.” Shanaya asked me curiously. She did look that type of a person who wants to know everything. Both of them were eying me with curiosity. I shifted uncomfortably in my place.

“Yes,” I said, awkwardly. I didn’t know how to react to the situation, but it felt good to know he’d never brought a woman home before. I was first. *And hopefully, last.* A voice in the back of my head whispered.

“Where is Vikram?” Virat asked as he leaned back on the sofa. His eyes remained on me, making me feel uncomfortable. Not a fan of being watched.

“He must be on his way to home.” I pressed my lips together in a tight smile as I answered. I held back the urge to tell him off. It won’t look good. No? I have been taught to respect guests, no matter how annoying they are. Mom would skin me alive I dare to misbehave with guests.

An awkward silence prevailed and I cared less to speak. I’d no interest to entertain them. I pulled out my cell phone and started going through the text messages, replying to some while ignoring some.

“Vikram!” I heard a loud girly voice and looking up, I found out it was Shanaya. She was smiling widely and walked toward Vikram who’d just entered the living area. I narrowed my eyes when Shanaya threw herself into his arms, literally. She hugged him tight as she greeted him with a wide smile. I felt a tug in my heart. Something burned inside me as I watched them together, I was still to know what Shanaya was to him. A friend or a relative, or worse, an ex-flame.

Vikram pulled away from Shanaya and looked over her shoulder at me. He passed a small smile to me which kind of made me feel wanted between the people I didn’t know.

“Hello, brother.” Virat rose from his place and greeted his brother with a hug. Vikram returned the hug with a bored expression, making me curious to know about the equation he shared with his brother.

I straightened my posture and put my cell phone aside as Vikram came and took his seat beside me while Shanaya and Virat sat across us. Vikram slid his hand in mine and tightened his hold, making me look up at him in surprise.

“So, what brought you guys here?” He asked in a pure business tone.

“Well,” Virat trailed off. “Dad wants to meet you.”

“Why?” Vikram shot back.

I sat there, confused. I’d no idea what was going on but could make out he doesn’t share a nice relationship with his family.

“Something business related,” Virat mumbled, stealing a glance at me before he turned his attention to the man seated next to me.

“I’ll see what I can do regarding this,” Vikram said after a moment of thinking.

“Okay, guys! Enough of the serious talks, let’s talk about something fun now.” Shanaya beamed, interrupting the serious conversation both the brother were having.

“What it is, Shanaya?” Vikram asked, narrowing his eyes. He didn’t seem to mind Shanaya’s over-enthusiasm and they looked pretty close, confusing me furthermore. In the short span of time I’d spend with Vikram, I know he wasn’t the type of guy who easily gelled up with people. He was reserved and barely came out of his shell, but he was more eased up with this woman. I didn’t like his closeness to her.

*He’s mine!* I wanted to shout out loud but didn’t. I was feeling more confused than ever. The growing attraction and need to be with him were driving me crazy. Everything is so overwhelming, and the more I try to fight it, the more I find myself craving him.

“I’m throwing a party this Saturday night at blue moon club and you are coming,” Shanaya said to him, then she looked over at me.

“Not that you need a reason to party but still, what the reason for this one?” Vikram asked Shanaya in a playful manner.

“I starting a new clothing line.” Shanaya giggled. “And please don’t forget to bring your friend along.”

“Sure. We will come.” Vikram answered and it irritated me that he didn’t think of consulting with me first. I did expect him to ask me to know if I want to go or no, but he didn’t. Stupid men. They think they have the right to take every decision without having to give any explanation to anyone.

I didn’t say anything until the guests left.

“You could have asked me if I wanted to go before saying yes.” I voiced out my thoughts once we were left alone in the room.

“We will not go if you don’t wanna go,” Vikram replied in his dark, deep voice. I huffed. I didn’t expect him to agree with me so easily, but it was nice of him to consider my thoughts.

A smile touched my cheeks but it vanished the moment I thought of him being close to another woman. No matter how messed up I am when it comes to him, I don’t wanna see him with another woman. It burns me from inside, tears me apart and it’s not a nice feeling.

“I want you to stay the hell away from that girl.” I rose to my feet and told him in a no-nonsense tone. I didn’t like how over friendly she was with him and he didn’t mind.

“Excuse me?” He raised an eyebrow at me. He rose to his feet, causing me to take a step back to look at his face without having to sprain my neck.

“You heard me right, mister. I don’t want that girl anywhere near you.” I told him, pointing my index finger at him. He didn’t seem to be affected, instead, he grabbed my wrist and pulled me to him. He caged me in his arms.

“Jealous?” He cocked an eyebrow. His hands teasingly moved around my waist, sending tingles down my spine to my core.

“Jealous? You wish.” I scoffed.

“Shanaya is my best friend and she’s dating Virat,” Vikram told me. He held my chin and made me look up at him, into his eyes. Something transpired in his eyes and I could see through him. He let his guards down and I could see the man he is, for the first time. The real him.

“Still I don’t like her,” I mumbled.

“You are possessive,” Vikram concluded. I looked away from him, but couldn’t disagree. He was right. I’m over possessive over things I own. I don’t like to share and it’s more to do with the fact that I was an only child in the family and pampered to death. It continued even after my parent’s divorce, Mom has always fulfilled my every demand, good or bad doesn’t matter. She never paid attention to it actually, she’d just want me to leave pestering her.

“Like you aren’t.” I rolled my eyes.

*Slap!*

A gasp escaped me when he slapped my ass. I looked up at him wide eyes.

“Don’t you dare to roll your eyes at me, you little brat.” He whispered



in a dangerously low voice. His large palms cupped my ass cheeks and he pulled me up. The muscles in inside me churned with anticipation, feeling his hardon poking my belly. My stomach did a funny flutter and a ticklish feeling ran through me.

"Erm- I think you have got a problem down there, Big man." I mumbled, my cheeks flushed when I heard him chuckling at me.

"I like your choice of words." Vikram muttered under his breath.

"Whatever," I mumbled. "Why don't you go, take care it?"

I pointed at the bulge in his pants. He was huge. I could tell. I'd never seen a man's thing before and I wanted to see his, but I controlled myself. It was so embarrassing to have such thoughts.

"Take care of it? How?" Vikram tightened his hold around and pulled me closer so that I could feel his hard as a rock junior even more. The glint in his eyes told me he was teasing me.

"Cold shower, or whatever you guys usually do." I couldn't believe we were really having this conversation.

Vikram smirked down at me. My heartbeat picked up as he leaned over and brushed his lips against mine.

"I have a better idea," He whispered. "Why don't you help me out?"

"What?" I pushed him away. I looked at anything but him, he made me nervous. In a good way.

"C'mon, Rhea. You know what I want." Vikram held my arms and looked into my eyes, his orbs darkened with lust. The look on his face was of pure hunger. He wanted me, and he didn't even care to hide.

"Shut up, you shameless creature." I blushed. "I have never done it,"

"There is always a first time. And there is nothing wrong to get sexually involved with a man who wants you and you want him as well." Vikram let out a frustration-filled sigh. When I didn't say anything, he grabbed my hand and guide it to his crotch. I was numb and didn't protest as he placed my palm over the tent in his pants.

A shiver ran down along the length of my spine and my sex tingled with a kind of sensation I have never really experienced before. It pierced through me.

"See, how hard you make me," Vikram said, pressing his hand on mine which was rested on his hard-on. I felt his hard as a rock length under my touch and craved for more.

"It's hard, your-" I struggled to find words. Vikram guided my hand as I

started rubbing him while hoping there was no barrier between me and him. I wanted to feel him, skin to skin.

"Cock." He completed it for me. I let go of a shaky breath.

I kept my eyes on his face, enjoying the look of pleasure crossed his features. He removed his hand from mine and let me do whatever I wanted. I pressed his cock, adding a little pressure which earned me a loud groan from him.

"Fuck! It feels so good, baby." Vikram said to me, smiling down at me. The real smile of his which I have never seen before. It made me happy to know I could make him smile.

I wanted to do more but stopped when I became aware of our surroundings. Househelp were still in the house and could walk in on us.

"Vikram, we are in living area. What if someone sees us?" I voiced out my concern, not that I was ashamed to be seen with him, but it would be an embarrassing moment if someone walked in on us.

"God! You are going to be death of me one day." Vikram muttered under his breath. He grabbed the hold of my hand and dragged me to the nearest room. He closed the door behind us as we moved inside. He left my hand and worked on his belt to undo it.

I held my breath as he undid his pants and pushed them down along with the boxer briefs. My eyes widened and an audible gasp escaped my lips as his huge length sprang open. It was long, thick, and fully erected. A lump formed in my throat as I continued to stare at his thing. He's blessed down there. I'd to admit.

*Holy fudge!*

My head felt heavy with lust alluring within. I ran the tip of my tongue over my lower lip, licking it wet. My palms were sweaty and aching to touch, feel every bit of his monstrous cock. I wanted to explore him. And I was going to, no matter what.

## Chapter Seven

### Vikram

With that sultry look in her eyes, Rhea looked straight out of one of my fantasies. I have waited for this moment, to claim her. She was eyeing my cock with such hunger that it made me leak some cum. I was painfully hard and my cock was throbbing with undeniable need. I have never been so hard before. I felt I'd burst if she didn't do anything.

I'd never craved for any woman's touch so much like I craved for hers.

"Fuck," I cursed as I felt her tiny palm wrapped around my shaft. Rhea took her own time and stroked me in a slow, torturous motion. I grunted.

Closing my eyes, I'd to stop myself from cumming in her hands.

She tucked few hair strands shyly behind her ear, her cheeks were flushed and she looked ravishing.

"Look at me, Rhea," I commanded, wanting her to look into my eyes so that I could see what she's feeling. Her eyes are a mirror to her soul. I could read her like an open book and know what was going on with her.

"Vikram," She whispered and I lost the control. I grabbed her free hand and pulled her against my chest.

"Tighten your hold and stroke me harder," I told her, nuzzling face my face between the crook of her neck. Rhea worked on my command and tightened her hold on my cock and stroked me, harder and faster. My heart was thumping loudly in my chest as pleasure was building up.

I cupped her face and kissed her on the lips. I closed my eyes to enjoy the softness of her lips. I was addicted to her taste and wanted to find out if how her pussy taste. I bite her lower lip and slide my tongue next to hers as she opened up for me. I thrust my cock into her hand, finding my climax nearing.

I slid my hand down to cup her breasts in my palm. Her breasts were still blossoming and fitted perfectly in my hands. I fondled them gently, trying to control the beast inside me which wanted to come out and take her. Raw.

"Ah-" A moan escaped her lips, igniting a fire within.

Her hardened nipples pointed at me, I pinched them, earning off a loud moan from her. Rhea leaned against me and sigh escaped her. I pulled away from the kiss and moved down to her throat, I licked the base of her throat then bit her flesh, marking her mind.

Rhea continued to pump me in and out of her hand, increasing her pace. She set me off.

“Fuck. I’m close, baby.” I groaned as I came undone in her hands. Rhea gasped as I shot my load into her hands, covering her legs as well. Thick spurts of my cum ran down her bare legs, forcing me to think how fucking good it would have been to cum in her warmth.

Soon. It will happen soon.

I watched curiously as Rhea brought her hand close to her nose and sniffed it. The little act of hers aroused me. A growled erupted deep from my chest.

“Rhea,” I murmured, brushing my lips against her. “Let’s clean you up, then I have a surprise for you.”

I wanted to return the favor, but first I needed to clean her up. As much as I liked her covered up in my cum, I’d to clean her up.

From now on, it’ll be just about her pleasure. This is how it will be. Everything will be about her pleasure and her happiness.

Rhea looked up at me, her eyes gleaming with happiness and a small smile made its way to her lips.

I’d planned a whole evening for her. Just her and me.

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“Vikram, where are we going?” Rhea asked me, tilting her head to look at me. She was curious and it made me chuckle at her. She looked cute, staring up at me like a child wanting a candy.

“Five minutes more and you will know,” I said to her and shifted my focus back to the road. It was difficult to keep my eyes off her and drive, but I managed, somehow. She was wearing a knee-length floral printed dress with her long black hair down. She looked beautiful and the sight of her untouched beauty kept me shifting in my seat.

I was hard. Again.

My erection was painful and I couldn’t even reach to stroke myself to a release. Not when the temptress herself was sitting next to me.

“Vikram,” Rhea called out. “Can I ask you something?”

“Yes, Rhea.” I stole a glance at her.

“You were not pleased to meet your brother today, why?” Rhea asked after a moment of hesitation. Anger coursed through my veins at the mention of my half-brother. He’s not someone I’m fond of.

“He’s my half-brother.” I corrected her, and It seemed to confuse her even more. I debated with myself, to tell her about my family’s past or not, but decided to tell her anyway. She’s right to know about it when she’s going to spend the rest of her life with me. “I was five when my mother died.”

A small gasp escaped her and pain filled her eyes as she reached out to rub my arm. Her touch was comforting.

“After some time of her death, my father remarried. He said it was for me, I needed a mother figure.” I let out a dry chuckle. The memory was still afresh in my mind, mocking me for years. “It was a fucking lie.”

“Vikram,” She whispered. She’d a firm grip on my forearm, scared that I might break something. I didn’t blame her. I was seething with anger.

“A year after his second marriage, Virat was born and he got busy with his new family,” I gritted my teeth as the memories of the years I have spent yearning for my father’s love came haunting me. I have spent my childhood and teen years watching my father being a perfect father and a perfect husband to Virat and his mother. It was heartbreaking to live like that. Alone.

I don’t hate Virat and his mother for what happened to me, but I could never warm up to them. I cordial with Virat because of his connection with my best friend, Shanaya while I ignore my step-mom. My step-mom, Rekha is a sweet woman but I could never accept her as my mother. It was my mother’s place.

“Once I turned eighteen, I moved out to live my life on my own. I got a scholarship in Harvard and rest you know,” I completed. A deep sigh escaped me when she wrapped her arm around my chest and rested her head on my shoulder as she hugged me tightly. I was surprised.

“You are such a strong man.” She whispered, placing a soft kiss on my shoulder then going back the position she was in earlier. Embracing me in her warmth.

I’d hard time driving the car straight. I just wanted to wrap my arms around her and show her how happy she made me.

I pulled over the car and turned to her. I held her chin and made her look into my eyes.

“I don’t want you to think about it and ruin your mood. It was my past and I have gotten over it.” I said to her. I didn’t want to ruin the evening for her, nor did I want her to pity me. I just wanted her to know about my past life and that was it. We won’t ever talk about it again.

Rhea passed a small to me and nodded her head in agreement, making

me smile.

“That’s like my girl,” I whispered, leaning down, I pressed my lips against her forehead. She closed her eyes as I did so.

I pulled away and straightened myself in the driver seat and started the engine.

## Chapter Eight

Rhea

Vikram told me to not to think about his past, but I couldn't help myself. Knowing about his past helped to know him more intimately. What he'd gone through made him what he's today. And I could understand him to an extent. I could understand his aloofness from the world and reserved nature, and somewhat anger issues as well.

A messed up childhood can spoil future, no one better than me can understand. My heart went out to him. I could see the pain still fresh in his eyes. The pain he tried too hard and he was successful to an extent, but I could see through him.

"Here we are." Vikram's voice brought me back to the reality.

I stare out of the window to find out we were outside the way that led into the forest.

"Whoa! Forest?" I turned to him, surprised. "Do you have any plans to kill me then bury my body in the forest?"

A chuckle escaped him. "I have no such plans, princess."

"You never know with a brooding businessman." I wriggled my brows at him.

He narrowed his eyes, but I could see a smile tugging at his lips. It made me smile. It felt good to be the reason behind his smile, and I realized I love doing that. Making him happy.

"Let's get down. Your surprise is waiting." Vikram said as he opened the car door and stepped out. I followed his suit and got down from the car.

"Wow!" I breathed in the fresh air. I spread my arms and closed my eyes to enjoy the cool breeze caressing me.

A pair of arms wrapped around me from behind and I leaned against him, finding comfort I never knew before. I have stopped overthinking about my growing attraction to him and what future hold for me. I was just enjoying the present.

"Let's go." I looked at him and smile.

Vikram slid his hand in mine and lead me on the path to the forest. I let him. I trusted him to not put me through any discomfort.

As we walked a little into the forest, a beautiful cottage came in view. And I grew confused as Vikram led me to the cottage.

"Vikram, whose cottage is this?" I asked him.

“Ours,” Vikram replied.

“Ours?” I stopped in my track and questioned him.

“Yeah. I purchased it last month for us.” Vikram answered and before I could ask anything else, he dragged me inside the cottage. And boy! The cottage was as beautiful as it was from outside. It was a two storey cottage and had every kind of luxury a mankind would want.

*He must have spent a good fortune to buy it!*

“This is my surprise?” I tilted my head to look at him. A smile was there on my face which refused to go away.

“Yeah- the first one.” He replied.

“Is there more?” I asked excitedly, no one has ever done anything romantic for me and it kinda made me excited. I was a die-hard romantic person by heart who’d always dreamt of a fairytale romance.

“Yes,” He whispered.

He bent down a little and picked me up in his arms, taking me by surprise. I huffed. I could never guess what he may do next. He’s so unpredictable. I felt the numerous butterflies warring within my belly as he started walking. I wrapped my arms around his neck and held onto him as tight as I could.

Vikram took the stairs and reached the second floor. I looked around, observing my surroundings.

“This is our bedroom.” Vikram murmured as he pushed the door open with his leg and stepped inside. It was a simple yet elegant room with an off-white theme, a bed placed in the middle of the room and there was some other furniture as well I didn’t pay much attention to.

“Mm- this looks so romantic,” I muttered under my breath as we stepped into the open balcony. Scented candles were lit up and a table for two was placed in the middle.

“You did all this for me?” I asked him. I was still in awe of the man who’d gone out of his comfort zone to make me feel special. He wasn’t the type of guy to such cheesy stuff, I knew since the start.

“Yeah- well, my assistant did the decoration, though.” He admitted with an awkward expression. I couldn’t help a giggle.

“You are cute,” I pressed my lips against his cheek, leaving a sloppy kiss.

“Cute isn’t a word to appreciate your man.” He mumbled, staring at me. I let out a laugh, finding him adorable, but I refrained from saying this to



him.

“Ouch!” I yelped when he pinched my waist. I looked at him and glared, but he looked least bothered.

“Never laugh at your man,” He whispered darkly, sending chills through me. I’d an urge to stuck my tongue out at him but didn’t. I was famished and didn’t want to continue arguing with him.

“Fine. Now put me down, mister. I’m famished.” I said to him. Vikram obeyed me and made me stand on my feet. I pressed my lips together and looked at the efforts he’d put to make this dinner special.

I pulled a chair out and sat down while Vikram took the seat across me. A various dishes were placed on the table. I extended my hand to serve myself and him but he stopped and started serving me. He surprised me, yet again.

“So, you like the arrangement and the cottage?” He asked.

“Yes.” I hoped my smile conveyed my happiness.

“But why this sudden dinner plan?” I asked him, munching on the delicious roasted chicken and the vegetables, next I tried the vegetable biryani. It was my favorite. I moaned at the delicious taste as the perfect blend of spices melted in my mouth.

“I thought you needed a little change. Past couple of days were hard on you,” Vikram trailed off.

I smiled. It was sweet of him to think about me. I hadn’t expected it from him. Kindness.

“Thanks. It feels good to be here,” With you.

“I’m glad to hear that.” His gaze met mine and my heart skipped a beat.

“Vikram, you never answered, what you wanted to do with me after getting me to your home?” I asked him the question that was haunting me since forever.

“I just wanted to get you,” Vikram replied with a casual shrug.

“Well, if you so badly wanted me, you could have approached me like a normal man,” I said to me with a hint of smile in my voice.

“I suck at that. You would have run away in the opposite direction.” His lips pulled up into a sexy smirk.

“You can’t be that bad.” I raised an eyebrow.

“Trust me, I’m.” Vikram shook his head, the small smile tugging at his lips took my heart away. He was the most handsome I have ever laid my eyes on. The tip of my tongue tapped against the corner of my mouth. I stared at

him shamelessly, he was the one to be blamed.

I was losing my head over him, and I didn't care.

## Chapter Nine

Rhea

My eyes snapped open in the middle of the night when I felt a hand crawling inside my tank top. My heartbeat sped up, realizing it was Vikram's hand, exploring my body. He was still asleep, though. The soft sound of his snores was the only audible sound in the darkroom and it was the only reason I tried to keep my cool. It was hard to do so. His touch burned me, made me tremble with lust. My breath hitched in my throat when I felt his hands moving to my breasts. What was the hell happening?

After the dinner, we decided to spend the night in the cottage. The bed in the bedroom was not as big as the one at his villa thus we were sleeping very close to each other. More like we wanted to.

In sleep, I'd shifted closer to him and he'd wrapped me in his arm. I was sound asleep until his hand slipped inside my tank top and it made me all hot and bothered.

Could a simple touch be so arousing?

I opened my eyes and turned a little into his arms, making sure not to wake him up. I looked over at his face. He was in deep sleep and made me wonder does he even know what he was doing to me? Now his palm rested flat against my bare belly, created havoc in my senses. The heat grew between my legs and I ached to touch myself to get some kind of relief. I shifted closer to him, almost clinging to him as I started grinding my lower body against his. My heart was beating loudly against my ribcage and my body was trembling with lust. He's aroused desires in me I couldn't tame. I wanted him. Bad.

I threw a leg around his torso for better excess. His hard erection was rubbing against my cottony material clad pussy, making me want to rip every barrier that separated us. I was wearing a tank top and white cotton panties to bed. It'd caught Vikram's eyes earlier, but he refrained himself from making any move, instead, he'd pulled me into his arms and talked about random things. I liked that about him.

He was putting efforts to know me, not just my body.

I felt movement beside me and before I knew, I was on my back with his huge form towering over me. I raised my eyes to meet his and was gone seeing the hooded in his brown orbs.

"What were you doing, Rhea?" He murmured, leaning in to nuzzle his

face between the crook of my neck. I let go of a shaky breath as his cold lips touched my skin. A shudder ran through me and my head exploded from the emotions I was experiencing. My mind had blocked everything else out and all I could remember was him.

“Vikram,” I moaned his name in a low whisper, his hands moved down to explore my body in the most sensuous way known to mankind. He set my body on fire. I burned for him.

“Stop me before I lose control,” Vikram whispered in my ear.

“I don’t wanna stop you.” I found myself answering without any kind of hesitation. I didn’t want him to stop. Not now. Not ever.

Vikram didn’t need any other invitation. He cupped my face and claimed my mouth while his hand traveled down. His fingers played with the waistband of my panties, making my insides churned with anticipation.

He kissed me thoroughly, my toes curled and I reciprocated his kiss. He pecked my lips. Again, and again. Till my lips were swollen from his sweet assault.

“Fuck,” Vikram murmured against my lips. He slipped his hand into my panties and an audible gasp escaped my lips. His fingers ran through my sleek folds, reaching my hole than going back to my sensitive clit. My body jerked up, the pad of thumb rubbed my clit furiously. I moaned out loud. It was such a sweet torture. My body pulsed with lust and a strange feel rose in the pit of my belly.

I grabbed the back of his neck and captured his lips in a heated lip lock. I needed it, to calm my raging hormones. It was a futile attempt. The more I get a taste of him, the more I get addicted to him, and the more I crave him.

I moaned into the kiss when he plowed his finger inside my tightness. My muscles clenched as a wave of pleasure washed over me. It was intense and had my body trembling. He slipped another finger in and moved them in and out of my channel in a slow rhythm, bringing me to the heights of pleasure. I writhed beneath him, whimpering when he broke the kiss and stared down at me. His hooded gaze lingered on my face for a moment before his lips curved into a small smile, making my heart beat faster.

“Vikram,” I whimpered when he pulled his fingers out and brought them near his mouth. He licked them clean, moaning at the taste. I bit my lower lip, the sight was so arousing.

“You taste sweet,” Vikram leaned over and pressed his lips against mine. My cheeks heated up, I tilted my head and buried my face in the crook

of his neck. He let out a chuckle. "You are so cute."

I wrapped my arms around him and rolled on the bed, coming on top of him. Vikram looked over at me and arched an eyebrow in amusement. I couldn't help a giggle.

"Fuck," A growl erupted from his chest as I sat straddling him with my legs on either side of him.

"So, Mister. Kundra. Were you saying something?" I asked, lowering myself and rubbing my core against his erection. He threw his head back and groaned out loud. I laughed. It was alluring to see how much I affected him.

"Stop unless you want me to fuck you hard." his dirty words held a promise I'd want him to fulfill. I didn't stop and continued rubbing myself against him. The feel of his erection poking my pussy was torturous. Pleasurable.

His hands came to my hips to hold me in place as he started grinding his hard-on against my panty clad pussy. I bite my lower lip, stopping the moan that was about to escape.

"Show me your tits, sweetheart." He commanded, and I found myself working on his words. I grasped the hem of the tank top and pulled it over my head to discard it off me. My tits tumbled out free. Vikram reached out to fondle them. He pinched my dusky rose nipples, making me jump in my place, but he pushed me down on his cock.

"Oh god!" I moaned. It was so erotic to watch him rubbing himself all over me. I could feel tension coiling in the pit of my belly, reminding me I was close to letting go if he continued for another moment.

But he stopped, earning a whimper from me.

Vikram flipped us over. He crawled between my legs and tugged at my panties. My panties were discarded somewhere on the floor and I lay there, naked, inviting to take me. I wanted it as much as he wanted it.

For the first time in life, I didn't regret losing control over myself.

## Chapter Ten

Vikram

I pulled myself out of my slacks and got on the bed, my eyes never leaving the naked beauty sprawled on the bed, inviting me to stake claim over her untouched body. The years I have waited for her were worth everything. I have her where she belongs. In my life, in arms, and in my bed.

“You are so beautiful, Rhea,” I said, getting up on the bed. I ran my hands down her sexy legs and felt her shiver under my touch. My face colored, making my cock twitch. I have always loved the way she responds to me.

I parted her legs and moved between them, my eyes taking into the serene sight of her bare cunt. I couldn't wait to feel her warmth wrapped around my cock, but first, I wanted a taste of the sweetness residing between her legs. I have been craving for it. I reached down to wrap my palm around my shaft and gave myself a painful squeeze. I leaned over and nuzzled my face between her legs, the smell of her arousal hit me, pushing me over the edge. I ran my tongue through her wet slit, then latching on her, lapping her juices.

Rhea cried out from pleasure, she writhed and moaned for more. I brought her to an orgasm. She came undone on my tongue, sending chills to my cock. “So fucking beautiful,”

I murmured against her pussy lips. Rhea was breathing heavily, her eyes closed, and the look of pleasure on her face was my undoing. I pet her pussy and got up.

“Are you on birth control?” leaning over, I asked her. I stared down at her glowing face.

“No,” She mumbled in a low voice.

“We will take care of it, but there is nothing can stop me today,” I told her. I'll take her bare. The first time I make love to her, I didn't want any barrier between us. Rhea clutched my shoulders, waiting for me to take her pussy. Raw.

I reached down to grab my cock and positioned the head against her opening. Rhea shuddered beneath me. I ran the tip of my cock through her slit and pushed myself in, grunting at the tightness. Her walls clenched me in as I pushed myself in, breaking her virginity. Rhea cried and clung to me. I buried my cock inside her sleekness and gave myself to the sensation. It was

everything I expected.

“Fuck,” grunting, I pulled myself out and thrust back in. Rhea arched her back, her eyes rolled back from the pleasure riding through her. I watched as my cock buried deep inside her. Her needy cunts took me in. Reaching between us, I rubbed her sensitive clit furiously, setting her off. I felt her body wriggle beneath mine.

I pounded into her softness, taking everything she'd to offer. She was nothing but a screaming mess beneath me and I loved it. Moments later, her body tensed up and she came undone with a cry. I followed behind. I shot my seed in her and stayed in.

I leaned over and nuzzled my face in the crook of her neck while not pulling out of her cunt. She wrapped her arms around me and snuggled in my arms.

It was the moment I realized I need her more than I need oxygen to breath.

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“What do you want to talk about, dad?” I spoke dryly on the phone. It was my father and I'd no interest talking to him early in the morning and spoil my mood. Not after the amazing night with my woman.

I tilted my head to look over at her. Rhea was fast asleep beside me, snuggled up in a blanket that was covering her nudity from me. Seeing her like this stirred something in me and my cock came to life once again, but it wasn't the time. I didn't want to wake her up, knowing she slept late at night and needed rest. I smiled, reaching out to stroke her cheeks. She looked so adorable, I'd hard time controlling myself from parting her legs and slide my cock inside her softness.

But for the moment, I enjoyed watching her sleep. It was soothing.

“Vikram,” I snapped out of my trance hearing my father's voice.

“I'm hearing,” I said, not feeling an ounce of guilt for zoning him out. Over the years, the emotional connect faded between me & him. It was partially because of his new family and mainly because of his ignorance towards me. But I have gotten over that phase. Now when we speak, it's all business.

“Can we meet up today? I want to talk about next our business merger.” Dad said from the other side.

“Not today. Tomorrow I'm free. I'll be at your place by 5 in the

evening.” I replied after a moment of thinking. While I have become emotionally detached from my father, I kept my business relationship with him strong. It was profitable for my company and for his as well. When two biggest companies in the country collaborate, the result is bound to be profitable.

“Mm-” A sleepy moan from my right brought me back to the reality. I ended the call and placed my cell phone aside before turning to her.

“Good morning, sleepyhead.” I crooned softly in her ear. I trailed a finger down her soft cheek, smiling when she shivered under my touch and let out another soft moan. It made my cock hard with lust pulsing through me. It’s surprising how my cock reacts to her every little gesture.

Rhea grabbed my hand to place it under her head and continued sleeping, amusing me with her antics.

“Rhea, I know you are awake,” I whispered to her.

“No. I’m not.” She murmured with her eyes closed.

A smirk pulled up to my lips. “Really?”

“Really.” She confirmed, snuggling more to my side. I let go of a sigh. I slipped a hand under the blanket and grabbed her perky round tits in my palm. I roughly fondled them then pinched her hard buds. She gasped.

“What the-” Rhea jerked up. She opened her eyes and glared at me. “That’s not how you wake a lady up.”

“That’s my way to wake you up,” I replied, leaning over to press my lips against hers. I needed it to keep myself sane. The need to own her has always been so strong that now when I have her, I didn’t want to stop touching her. I want her near me all the time, drowning me in the pool of her affection.

“Mm- Vikram,” A soft moan escaped her when my hand traveled south and cupped her bare pussy in my large palm and pressed it, earning off another moan from her.

She grabbed the back of my neck and pulled me closer to claim my mouth. I was a goner. She’s me wrapped around her little finger and I wasn’t ashamed to admit.

She’s the woman I’m gonna rest of my life with.



## Chapter Eleven

Rhea

The beautiful day we spent in the cottage has changed almost everything between us. I felt connected to him in more than one ways. I was falling for him hard and fast, and I didn't have any control over it, nor did I wanted to control my growing attachment to him. I chose to go with the glow and listen to my heart which seemed to have succumbed to his charm. I could still goosebumps, thinking about the countless times we made love. I have never felt so alive before. It was perfect, every time I came undone in his arms, he held me close, whispering sweet nothings to me. He made me feel loved.

"What are you thinking?" A pair of arms wrapped around me from behind and I was pulled into his arms. Raising my eyes, I looked over at our reflection in the huge mirror in the washroom.

"I was thinking about my prince charming," I said with a dreamy sigh in my voice. His arms tightened around me possessively.

"That better be me," he whispered in my ear darkly.

"I doubt." I teased, knowing I was pushing all his wrong buttons. But what else could I do? I love when this alpha male goes all possessive for me. It was such a huge turn on when he came and claimed what's his.

In a swift moment, he turned me around and claimed my mouth in a hot kiss that sent chills through me. His hands traveled down to cup my ass and he pulled me up. I wrapped my legs around his torso and deepened the kiss, with heat growing between my legs, I felt an animalistic urge to rip his clothes off and bury his all the ten inches of pure pleasure inside me.

"You are mine," He whispered against my lips.

"I don't know. Why don't you show me instead?" A sly smile pulled up at my lips, my eyes gleaming with naughtiness. He stared at me with hooded eyes. Bending my head, I dipped my face in the crook of his neck. I left feathery soft kisses down his neck, feeling him as he shivered from my touch. It was pleasing as well as arousing to see I affect him the same way he affects me.

Vikram carried me inside the shower cubicle and put me down to my feet. I raised my eyes to look at him, our gaze met and a shiver ran down to my core.

"You shouldn't have teased me, princess," Vikram spoke softly, his

gaze lingered on my face for a brief moment before he shifted his gaze to my heaving chest. He grasped the hem of the oversized tee shirt I was wearing and pulled it over my head, my breasts tumbled out, bared to his hooded eyes. He cupped my face, looking into my eyes, the pad of his thumb ran over my cheekbone softly, then his hand traveled down to my neck, brushing against my skin, then going down. The back of his hand brushed against the side of my breast, causing an involuntary sigh to escape me.

My breath hitched in my throat and heartbeat sped up. He cupped my tit and gave a firm squeeze to it. I bite my lower lip in anticipation, butterflies were fluttering inside my belly.

“Your tits are so fucking perfect,” He growled, sending a shiver down my spine. His gaze darkened as he leaned in and nuzzled his face in the valley of her breasts. My hands went to his hair to hold him tight. He groaned, tilting his head a little, he took my hardened bud in his warm mouth. My whole body jolted as a wave of pleasure rode through me. His touch shot arrows to my core, leaving me aching for him all over again.

“Vikram!” I moaned from the pleasure. He swirled the tip of his blazing tongue circling around my dusky rose nipple, then bite it down gently. I wound my arms around him and yanked him closer, my body burned for him.

He pushed his lower body against mine, making me very well aware of the bulge in his pants. My insides churned and it was such a strange feeling, had my whole body jolting up. My fingers ached to wrap them around him and feel him.

“Mm- stop teasing me,” I pouted in annoyance. He touched me yet restrained himself from giving what I wanted.

Vikram looked at me and let out a throaty chuckle. I pouted my lips. “You are so bad.”

“Am I?” He arched an eyebrow, bending over, he brushed his lips against mine, over and over. I shivered feverishly from the sensation and pushed myself more into him. His hands reached down to undo my short shorts. He then went down to his knees. I passed a small smile to him when he looked up at me, he returned the smile, taking my breath away.

“Perfection,” He murmured, running his hands down my legs, his fingers played on my bare thighs, driving me crazy. I clenched my legs together when the ache between my legs grew uncomfortable to stand straight. Vikram who noticed this smirked at me.

“Bastard,” I muttered under my breath, but he heard me and I was rewarded by a slap on my tits, they bounced and my hardened nipples pained. A stinging pain shot through me, followed by a wave of pleasure.

Vikram pulled my shorts down along with my white lace panties. He took his own time, feeling me up. His touch gave me goosebumps and I grew greedy for him. I stepped out of my shorts and kicked them away.

“Vikram, I want you inside me,” I begged, I wasn’t up for foreplay. I needed him more than I needed my next breath. It was so torturous, yet I loved it. Vikram let out a chuckle, he placed a kiss on my pussy and rose to his feet. His hands firmly rested on either side of my waist to bring me closer to him. His one hand traveled down to grip my thigh as he pulled me up, hooking my leg around him. He’d me pinned against the wall, settled between my legs, he positioned the head of his cock against my opening.

I couldn’t help a moan. He drove his length inside me, a little by little. I clutched his shoulder blades and closed my eyes tight, unable to withstand the overflow of emotions. He rolled his hips and pulled himself in and out of me, at a slow pace, pleasuring me.

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“Vikram, where are we?” I asked him, looking out of the car window at the five-storey building.

“At my father’s place. We called over for dinner.” He replied while getting down from the car. He came over to my side and opened the door for me.

“Your father’s place?” I voiced out my confusion, sliding my hand in his, I stepped out.

“Our companies are collaborating together for a project. So, to discuss things, he planned this dinner” Vikram explained with a soft smile.

“Then why did you ask me to accompany. I don’t know anyone here.” I whispered in a low tone, feeling nervous about having to meet his father. I’m not prepared to meet his family, even if he doesn’t share a normal bond with them, they are still his family members.

“You know me and that’s enough,” Vikram replied. I was about to protest when he hushed me, placing his index fingers on my lips. “I’ll be by your side all the time. I promise.”

I nodded my head, feeling a little confident after hearing his words.

Vikram slid his hand in mine, tightening his hold as he led me into the

building. We walked past the front desk, the man seated behind the desk greeted him with a salute. Vikram acknowledged it with a polite nod and moved toward the elevator. I followed him behind quietly, observing my surroundings.

“Vikram,” I called out to him as we stepped into the elevator. Vikram turned to look at me and waited for me to continue. “Won’t your dad mind my presence at the family dinner?”

“No. He asked me to bring you along,” he replied.

“He knows about me?” I raised an eyebrow at him questioningly.

“Virat told him,” he answered. “And this isn’t a family dinner. We are meeting to discuss business.”

I narrowed my eyes at his last sentence and opened my mouth to say something, but before I could, the elevator stopped on the 4th floor and the doors slid open. We stepped into a hallway.

As we moved toward the door, the nervousness returned back with the double force and I clutched onto his hand, amusing him. He said nothing, for which I was glad. I wasn’t up for his smart comment. To be honest, I’m scared of his family members reaction after meeting me. What if they didn’t like me? Or found me too childish and unfit for Vikram?

They are just his family members, not mafia people. Relax, girl. I told myself, inhaling a deep breath to calm myself. Tilting my head a little, I looked over at Vikram who was watching me with amusement twinkling in his eyes.

“What?” I snapped.

“Nothing,” he murmured, staring down at me for a brief moment before he bends his head a little and pressed his lips against my head, making all the worries to vanish into thin air.

*You’re whipped, girl.*

## Chapter Twelve

Vikram

My stepmom greeted me with a hug and a peck on the cheek before she pulled away and looked to my left, at Rhea. Her features softened up.

“Hello, Mrs. Kundra.” Rhea greeted her with a soft smile.

“Hello, Sweetie.” Rekha returned the smile. She welcomed us in and we moved to the living area where my father was seated along with Virat and Neha-daughter of father’s best friend.

“Hey, Rhea.” Virat passed a smile at her. Rhea returned the smile then her gaze shifted over my father who was watching her, observing her. He was trying to read her. Being an experienced businessman, he’s a good sense of judging people. I was sure he’d like her, not that I really care about his opinion about my personal life.

“Dad, she is Rhea.” I introduced them to each other. Dad rose from his place and came toward her.

“She’s beautiful,” Dad said to me before he turned to face Rhea. “Hello, Rhea. I’m Ranvijay.”

Rhea smiled shyly. “Hello, Mr. Kundra.”

I tightened my hold on her hand, assuring her I’m right beside her. I know for a fact that she doesn’t like being in between new people, but still for me she came, it makes me happy.

We settled down in the living area. Rhea sat beside me, holding my hand as I talked to my father about random stuff then getting into the business.

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The dinner went well as expected. Rhea was more at ease as time passed and it was a pleasant sight to watch her mingle with people I have as a family. I may be not emotionally close to them, but they are still an integral part of my life. And nothing would make me happier than have her to accept them as a part of my world.

“Hey, where are you lost?” Rhea’s voice brought me back into the reality. I turned to my left and smiled down at her, wrapping an arm around her shoulder as I pulled her onto my lap. A soft sigh left her lips as she melted into my arms. She wrapped her arms around me and rested her head on my shoulder.

“Vikram,” she whispered. The huskiness in her voice stirred something within. I tightened my hold on her, a sigh escaped me as I did so. I loved the feeling of her soft body crushed in my arms. “I need to get some of my stuff from my place. Can you take me there tomorrow?”

“Sure thing, sweetheart.” I smiled.

“Thanks,” she placed a soft peck on my cheek.

I was about to say something but the ring of my cell phone stopped me. I groaned at the interruption, but Rhea seemed to find it entertaining. She was trying hard to not to laugh, covering her mouth with her palm. I shot a mocked glare her way, but it only made her laugh.

“You are incorrigible.” I narrowed my eyes at her. Stretching my hand out, I grabbed the cell phone and frowned finding it was Shanaya calling me this late.

“Yes, Shanaya,” I answered the call. Rhea’s form went stiff at the mention of Shanaya. She didn’t like her, but I couldn’t understand why. She has no reason to dislike Shanaya, especially be jealous of her. She should know my eyes are set only on her. I’d never look at another woman like I look at her. My mind and heart, both belong to her. Just her.

“Where the fuck were you last night? You missed my party, how dare you?” Shanaya accused me.

“Shut up, drama queen.” I rolled my eyes at her never-ending drama. “and show this attitude to your boyfriend, not to me.”

I pulled Rhea closer who looked least interested in my conversation with Shanaya. I bite back my smile. Her jealousy was cute and made me feel loved.

“Okay! But on a serious note, why didn’t you come?” Shanaya asked.

“Well, I was out of the city,” I told her with honesty.

“You and your work.” Shanaya groaned. I could practically imagine her pulling her hair in frustration.

“Next time, may be.”

“Yeah. You better not miss my next party, else I’m gonna tell all your secrets to Rhea.” Shanaya’s giggle reached my ears.

“Whatever. I keeping the phone, because unlike you, I have to sleep.” I ended the call without waiting for her response. Had I continued the conversation, she would have eaten my brain with her talks.

I kept my cell phone aside on the table and turned to Rhea, who was looking at me with a cute pout.

“You don’t like Shanaya?” I raised an eyebrow at her.

“Yeah! Just like the way you don’t like Ankit.” she retorted back, sticking her tongue out at me. Childish, I know. But that was the thing that pulled me towards her. She was lively, childish at times. She was the perfect spice to my otherwise dull life.

“That guy is seriously into you,” I said, bitterness filled my mouth as I remembered the way he stared at her. He wanted her. The adoration and lust in his eyes clearly told he didn’t see her just as a best friend.

“He is not.” Rhea defended.

“He is, Rhea.” I sighed, “I’m speaking it from experience.”

“Okay. Maybe you are right, but still, it doesn’t change the fact I think of him as a brother I never had, and I’m totally into you to care about anyone else,” Rhea replied with a small smile, looking into my eyes.

I returned the smile. “I love you,”

I closed the distance between our lips and kissed her deeply. She cupped my face in her palms and kissed me back, with the same intensity and passion as mine.

“I love you, too, Vikram.” She breathed against my lips before pulling in for another heated kiss that made my mind go blank. Nevertheless, I kissed her back.

“Ouch!” I threw her on the bed on her back. She didn’t have the chance to react as I parted her legs and settled myself in between. Rhea raised her eyes to look over at me with a slight frown which was later replaced with a smile as I leaned over and left a small peck on her forehead.

“Are you wearing your panties?” I asked, my palm traveling down her stomach to between her legs, to check myself if she was wearing anything underneath the oversized white tee-shirt she was wearing.

“No,” Rhea mumbled softly, then moaned as my fingers touched her sleekness. She bit her lower lip, her eyes darkening visibly. I couldn’t control anymore, lust coursing through my veins with the double of force. It was primal.

I reached down to pull my cock out, it was throbbing hard with a need to be buried deep inside her. I pulled my briefs down to my knees and stroked my entire length.

Rhea was waiting for me, with her legs wide open and pussy bare for me to come and claim. I didn’t need an invitation. I angled the tip of my hardwood against her opening and pushed myself in, in one deep stroke.

"Oh, god!" she arched her back, crying out from the pleasure. I filled her in completely, loving the feel of having her all wrapped around me.

I started to move in and out of her softness, grunting every time she clenched her pussy around my cock. I leaned over and nuzzled my face on her tits, grabbing them in my palms to push them together. I could barely contain the excitement in, my orgasm was building up in.

"You feel so good," I crooned softly. Rhea buried her hands in my hair, tugging at them mercilessly. I cared less. I closed my eyes, worked my hips, pounding in her like a starved animal till she came undone, crying my name out. She melted into my arms, surrendering herself to me as I cuddled her, still thrusting into her soft body to find my own release.

I growled her name out loud as I shot everything I'd into her, I came like never before. Rhea held me close with her eyes closed and the look of pleasure crossed her features. I couldn't help a smile, I live just to see that sight before me.



## Epilogue

Rhea

*2 Years Later...*

"Hey, Sweetheart." mom greeted me with a hug and a kiss on the cheek. She smiled at me. I returned it with an awkward smile. I wasn't on talking terms with her after what she did to me. Though it proved to be a blessing in disguise, I couldn't forget her betrayal.

"Hey, mom." I greeted her back, looking around the hall to spot Vikram somewhere. He'd gone to talk to his father regarding some business deal while I chose to stay back, and enjoy the party.

"Are you pregnant?" mom asked, excitement lacing her voice as she stared at my four months pregnant belly.

"Yes," I smiled softly, rubbing my small baby bump. It came as a surprise to me & Vikram when we first got to know about my pregnancy. We never talked about having babies, but it was such a pleasant surprise. Vikram was the happiest, and seeing him happy made me feel blessed. I couldn't wait to hold our little one in my arms.

"You didn't tell me?" mom complained, sadness visible in her eyes.

"You lost the right to complain long back," I told her, looking away from her.

"Yeah, right," Mom mumbled.

"Hello, Mrs. Sharma." a familiar voice came from behind. I tilted my head to look over at my husband, Vikram.

He came and stood behind me, wrapping his arms around from behind. I leaned against him, his woodsy smell casting a spell over me yet again.

"You okay?" he asked, leaning over to press his lips against my head. I nodded my head in a positive response. I was more than okay. He was there then how could I not be okay?

"Sorry, Mrs. Sharma. But we are in hurry to leave," Vikram turned to my mother and spoke in a neutral voice. He didn't give a chance to mom to say anything, he held my hand and took me away from there.

I let him lead me out to the parking area. "Party isn't over yet, mister. Where are you talking me?"

I was pinned against his white SUV the next moment. I looked up at him, the edges of his lips tilted up in a smirk. "It's been long I had my wife."

"You just had her in the evening. Remember?" I croaked an eyebrow.

“Don’t you know how crazy I go when I don’t get to be inside that sweet cunt of yours?” he whispered into my ear. I bite my lower lip, his dirty confession made me wet down there. Due to my pregnancy hormones, I was horny as well.

“Let’s go home,” I could barely manage to whisper. My head was feeling heavy with the desires alluring within. He smiled, the freaking hot smile that always make me feel fuzzy inside.

The ride to the home went in a blur. I didn’t know how and when we got home, my mind was occupied of all kinds of naughty things we’d be doing tonight. I couldn’t think straight.

Vikram got us to our room, somehow. The moment he closed the door behind, he’d me pin against the door.

“Mm-” my moan muffled, he captured my lips in a kiss that had my insides trembling with lust. I tugged at his hair, deepening the kiss. My body was on fire, his touch ignited a fire within. It was going to burn both of us. I pushed my lower body against him, wanting him like never before.

“You want me, you want it rough?” Vikram breathed against my lips, brushing his lips against mine, again and again, till they were swollen. His hands moved down, rolling my dress up then bunching it in my hands to hold it up for him. I did. I couldn’t want longer to have me filling me up.

I threw my head back, closing my eyes tight as he ripped my panties off. My clit throbbed between my lips, I was so turned on. I heard him pulling his zipper down, I didn’t open my eyes and wait for his next move with excitement building up within. The fog of lust made me feel dizzy. I bit onto lower lips, the tip of his cock brushing through my slit. I clutched his shoulders, crying out his name as he ploughed himself into me, deeper and faster. He grabbed my leg and wrapped it around his waist to get better access.

“God, You are so horny, aren’t you?” he grazed my earlobe with his teeth, sending chills down my spine. I was on the edge. “You are so wet, taking my cock so deep in you,”

“Vikram,” I moaned out loud, his words pushing me over the edge. I pushed my body against his, moving my body in sync with his to match the movement of his thrusts. Few hard thrusts and I lost myself to the sensation. He held me close, making me realize how perfect life was.

THE END