

A romantic couple is shown in a close embrace, nearly kissing. The woman, on the left, has long brown hair and is wearing a vibrant red, sequined, backless dress. The man, on the right, has a beard and is wearing a white shirt under a dark suit jacket. They are positioned against a dark background filled with numerous small, out-of-focus light spots, creating a bokeh effect. The overall mood is intimate and glamorous.

Claimed

A Billionaire Bad Boy Romance

Pooja Gupta

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Chapter One

Tanya

"Tanya, hurry up. The annual function is about to start." I hear my best friend, Anika's voice from the door. I glance at my wristwatch and realize she is right. The college annual function is about to start and here I'm, struck with the zipper of my dress. After several attempts, I manage to pull the zipper up and smile at my victory in the battle against the zip.

"Coming in a moment," I reply, straightening my dress. I collect my stuff, then pushing the door of the washroom open, I step out to come to face Anika. She looks as excited as ever. I have never seen her like this before.

"You look happy, what's the matter?" I ask her as we begin walking through the college corridor to the auditorium.

"Kabir Singhanian is coming to attend our annual function as chief guest." Anika squeals. I notice as the smile on her face widens. I should have known. Kabir Singhanian is a former student of St. Louis college and currently, a top Indian businessman, youngest as well. The success he's achieved in the short span of time is commendable and inspiring.

"That explains the excitement among the girls," I mutter under my breath. Looking around, I see the girls gushing about him. Not surprising though. The girls in the college are crazy about Kabir Singhanian, well most of the Indian girls are. From what I have heard, he is an eligible bachelor in the town with a great female fan-following.

"Aren't you excited?" Anika questions.

"Nope! He is just another rich guy." I reply almost immediately. I stay away from the guys like him. They scream danger. Especially the billionaires who think the world starts and ends with them.

Anika and I walk inside the auditorium. Students start to fill in, Anika and I walk over our seats and settle ourselves in our respective seats. I look around when a hustle-bustle starts, indicating our chief guest has arrived. I tilt my head to get a better view, my gaze fell over the college dean entering the auditorium along with the man of the evening. My gaze shift over the said man. I let my eyes take in his sight, He's wearing a black three-piece suit with white dress shirt and a black tie. I won't lie. He's one fine man with gorgeous features. My eyes travel over his tall, lean and built body.

"God! He's so hot." I hear Anika's voice from my left, her voice breaks my reverie. I realize I was staring stupidly at him and avert my gaze away

from him.

“He is fine.” I lie through my teeth.

The college dean escorts him to his seat. He settles down in and the dean takes his seat beside him. I’m sitting a row away from his seat. I observe him as he gets engaged in a conversation with our college dean, Mr. Maheswari.

From far, he seems like any other Richie I’ve come across in my father’s parties. The pride visible on his face and confidence reflecting in his every move adds a charm to his personality, but then there is some darkness surrounding him as well. He looks intimidating. Someone dangerous, the kind people like me should stay away from.

“Tanya, what are your plans for the Saturday?” Anika’s voice once again breaks my reverie. I curse myself mentally for zoning out.

“Dad is hosting a party this Saturday, to announce my brother’s engagement with his girlfriend. I’ll be busy.” I tell her. Though I hate the parties with great passion, I have to attend most of them due to my father. My Father's one of the big personalities of the town, media keeps an eye on him, thus he makes sure every family member is present in the party, to sell the perfect family picture to the world when in reality my family is anything but perfect.

“Another night of pretense.” Anika murmurs. I nod my head in agreement.

The function ends with a motivational speech from Kabir Singhanian. He’s good with words, I must admit. When he speaks, he forces people to listen to him. The confidence and self-assurance are hard to miss. And it’s admirable.

I rise from my seat and walks out of the auditorium along with Anika by my side. She’s still in her dreamland. She’s gushing about Kabir non-stop and it’s creeping me out. *How can someone talk about a stranger so much?*

“Tanya, I’ll be back in a moment,” Anika says to me, stopping outside the auditorium exit door.

“Where are you going?” I raise an eyebrow.

“In search of my prince charming,” Anika replies with a dreamy look. I narrow my eyes at her.

“You are crazy,” I exclaim.

“Yep! Crazy about my prince charming.” She gushes. Anika turns and walks away to the opposite direction while I walk to the cafeteria. I can’t go a minute without food anymore. The hunger is driving me crazy.

With my mind wandering around the food, I walk aimlessly. Letting my instincts lead me to the cafeteria.

“Hey! Watch out.”

I stumble on my steps but a strong grip on my arms holds me from falling on my face. I look up to meet the eyes of my savior. And it’s none other than the great Kabir Singhanian himself.

My breath hitches in my throat. I straighten myself and tuck a strand of hair. A habit when I’m nervous.

“Are you alright?” Kabir asks me.

“Yes. Thank you for saving me.” I give a small smile to him. It takes a great amount of courage to not to stutter in front of him. I look up at him. He’s a few inches over six foot, His huge frame hovering over my tiny one compared to his big one. His broad shoulders and deep dark eyes intimidate me. He’s staring at me, straight into my eyes. I force myself to look away, not being able to withstand his penetrating gaze.

“Are you Mr. Rishi Shekhawat’s daughter?” He asks me as a look of recognition crosses his features. I’m not surprised to know he knows who I am.

“Yes. Tanya Shekhawat.” I introduce myself to him.

“I have heard a lot about you from your father.” He says.

“You know my father?” I ask him.

“Yes. We have worked together on some projects in the past.” Kabir replies with a small smile tugging at his lips. I must admit I have never seen a man look so handsome while smiling. He should smile more often. I conclude.

“Oh,” I give a nod, “I should leave. I have some work.”

I excuse myself when my stomach growls. I need to get something in my stomach before I faint due to hunger. I wave at him as I walk away from there.

The moment I reach home, I hear some chaos from the living room area. After keeping my handbag aside on the table, I walk in there. My mother Anita and sister Kriya are having an argument over something I have no idea of. But since when do they need a reason to fight? They don’t go well

with each other, due to my mother's nature. My mother likes to throw her decision down others throats which often result into an argument with the opposite side person.

"What happened, guys? Why are you both arguing?" I question both of them. I move and stand before them. Kriya and mom turn to me when they notice my presence.

"Mom is asking me to entertain her business associate." Kriya screams at top of her voice. I cover my ears. *Does she want my ears to bleed?*

"I just asked her to show my client around the city. He's new here." My mother defends herself. I hold back the urge to narrow my eyes at her, being very well aware of her intentions behind the 'showing-around' excuse. It's not the first time she's tried to send kriya to her business associates with not-so-good intentions. She never tried it with me, but I have heard enough how she sends the young female employees of her company to please her clients. Nonetheless, I'm disgusted with my mother and her low thinking. For her, there is nothing beyond money and social status.

"Mom, Stop using her to get your work done. If your clients are really interested in doing business with you, they will do it without bringing sex in between." I tell my mother and she doesn't look pleased, to say the least. I have pissed her off, but I couldn't hold back myself this time.

"Tanya," Mother bellows, "Stay in your limits. You are a kid, so behave like one."

"I'm not a kid, mom. I understand what you are trying to do." I say to her in a firm voice. From where I got this confidence to fight against my mother, I have no idea. I have never talked to her disrespectfully before and even she knows it, the look of surprise on her face tells that.

"You don't understand a thing, Tanya. You don't. Life isn't a fairytale you think it to be. To get something you desire, you have to sacrifice a little." My mother replies back in a sharp, crisp tone. I flinch away due to the venom she spits while talking. I didn't know my mother can be this heartless. But I guess that's what the thirst for more money does to a person.

"I have no interest in arguing with you over this topic." I say to her, "It's useless."

I turn on my heels and walk away to my room. Kriya follows me behind.

"That was surprising." She exclaims as I enter the room with her behind me.

“What was surprising?” I shot a question at her. I throw myself on the bed with a sigh, closing my eyes, the day has been tiring and I need some rest.

“I have never seen you talking to mom like that,” Kriya replies back.

“It’s about time mom realize you are not some commodity to use for her benefits,” I tell her, shooting a pitiful look her way. Our mother is harsh on Kriya most of the times. She forces her decisions down my sister’s throat all the time and it irks me. Our father doesn’t treat her or me and my brother like that, but he isn’t a sugary sweet father either. He stays too busy with his business and abroad trips to take time out for his kids. We don’t have any complaints from him. We stopped expecting anything from him a long time ago, thus it hurt less when ignores his family for one or other reason. We, as children, realized he has own way to make us feel loved-by giving us money to fulfil our wishes.

“I’m going to meet Aman, cover up for me,” Kriya tells me as she turns to leave. Aman is her boyfriend, but my parents don’t approve of him since he doesn’t come from a rich background. She meets him secretly. She loves him too much to leave him just because he doesn’t have a wallet full of cash. I respect her and help her to meet him as much I can. She truly loves him and it’s visible in her eyes. I make sure she doesn’t get caught by any of our parents.

“Sure,” I mumble, my eyes verge of closing. I’m a moment away from slipping into a sweet slumber. The sound of the door closing reaches my ears and I know Kriya is out of the room. I pull the covers on and snuggle into my blanket to get some sleep.

Chapter Two

Tanya

A few days later...

Sapphire Hotel, Mumbai.

I look around the party hall with bored expressions. It's supposed to be one of the entertaining parties of the town, but I can't find a thing entertaining around. The party is filled with people from a rich background, all the biggies of the town, a few big Bollywood celebrities as well, but nothing is appealing. The females dressed up in designer clothes are chattering, giggling away while making fun of people who look underdressed according to them while the men are busy with god knows what. Women talks or drinks may be, or it can be business talks also. I have no idea, but I know it's not something of my interest. The same kind of people attending the same kind of parties. I'm bored to death. The soft music playing in the background causes me a headache.

There's nothing I won't give up to get away from this torture.

"You look bored." I hear a voice from behind. I turn my head sideways and a tall figure comes in my view. A smile makes its way to my lips.

"Brother," I beam, throwing my arms around him to pull him into a bone-crushing hug. He hugs me back. I giggle as he lifts me off my feet and twirls me around before he makes me stand on my feet. I grin at my brother, he is my savior-my key to freedom.

"You wanna sneak out?" My brother, Aryan asks me. I nod my head frantically in a positive reply. Of course, I want to get away from this torture.

"Be back before 12, and take my car." He tells me, holding out his car keys for me.

"Thank you, Brother." I stand on my toes and place a soft peck on his cheek as I grab the car keys.

"Take care of yourself and no adventures, Kiddo." He warns in a playful manner, but I know even he knows I won't get myself into trouble. He trusts me with that and I won't ever do something that will break his trust on me.

"Promise."

I look around to spot my father. I see him with his group of friends, engrossed in business talks, probably. It's my chance to escape, my mother isn't in the view either. I take the back side door of the party hall and slip into

the hotel lobby. Not wanting to get caught, I hurry toward the exit.

Grinning to myself, I mentally do a victory dance. The thrill to get away from my parents takes over my conscience. I love being the rebellion they don't expect me to be.

"Tanya," I froze in my place when I hear a deep voice from behind. I know the owner very well and it's not someone I look forward to meeting. In fact, if it's my hands, I'll send him off somewhere with no return ticket.

"Mr. Malhotra! What a pleasant surprise," I turn around and a sugary, fake smile plastered on my face. There he's standing, My mother's business partner, Shivam Malhotra. A man in his late forties but as creepy as one can get. I'm half of his age but he never leaves a chance to hit on me. The way his lust filled eyes roam over my body send chills of disgust through me and the fact he's married with two kids is even more disgusting. Can't he focus on his wife instead of chasing young girls? I hate people who cheat on their partner. And there is nothing I loathe more than this man.

"What are you doing? You were supposed to be in the party, weren't you?" He questions him. His gaze seems to fix on my cleavage. Anger bubbled up inside with an urge to smack his face. I control myself, somehow. I don't want an article published in the newspaper tomorrow with a headline-Business tycoon Rishi Shekhawat's daughter punched a man in the hotel lobby last night.

My father will kill me for causing damage to his image.

"I stepped out for some fresh air." I lie, of course.

"Oh, really?" He seems surprised, "I must accompany you then, it's not safe for a beautiful woman to roam around alone in the night."

I snort. *It's not safe to roam around with you, mister.*

"No thanks, Mr. Malhotra. I'd like to be alone." I tell him as politely as I can, but inside I'm holding myself back from beating him black blue. Who the fuck does he think himself to self-invite to accompany me?

"I'm not taking no for an answer, Tanya. I'm sure, even your mother will agree if I talk to her regarding this." Shivam says. Panic fills in as he mentions my mother's name. There is no way in hell she should know about my stint. She'll ground me for a month or two and I'm not up for it.

"I said no, Mr. Malhotra," I tell him firmly. How hard it's to understand a no is a no? Well, men like him don't get the message right till someone knock some sense into their thick skulls. And in Shivam's case, I don't mind being that someone.

“Tanya,” Shivam trails off. The creepy smile on his face makes me shudder in disgust.

“She said no, Malhotra. Stop harassing the girl.” A loud voice comes, the authority and dominance are hard to miss. A shiver ran down my spine hearing the familiar voice. I look over Shivam's shoulder at him. My eyes travel up his tall figure. He's standing there in all his glory.

“Singhania,” Shivam sneers as Kabir come and stand next to me, his eyes never leaving Shivam. I peer at his tall and strong body frame, dress in a gray suit with white shirt, he manages to take my breath away, yet again. The anger visible in his brown orbs and his expressions hard, he looks hot. I realize these two men aren't on great terms, the mutual dislike is palpable. Not that I care. I just want to get away from Shivam.

“When will you stop poking your nose in my matters?” Shivam looks at him in distraught and disgust.

“What's the fun in that?” Kabir smirks, “I'd love to have a few words with you, but I'm in a hurry. Excuse us please.”

A tingling sensation run through along with the length of my spine as Kabir slides his hand in mine. He holds my hand in a firm grip. My insides melt at his close proximity as he pulls me outside along with him. I let him.

“Stay away from him. He's no good news.” Kabir warns as he stops in the parking area. He releases my hand and stands, facing me. We are standing too close, I don't take a step back. For some reasons, I like being close to him.

“I know. That's what I was doing if you might have noticed back in there.” I reply, not liking the tone he'd use. For god's sake, I'm not a fucking child. I'm an adult and know how to take care of myself. “I could have handled him myself.”

I defend myself, looking up at him to find a glint gleaming in his eyes. I expect his comment, but he says nothing.

“Are you going somewhere?” He asks me instead.

“Yes. Away from this craziness.” I mumble. He looks amuse. I bite my lower lip to stop myself from laughing. “Thanks for the help, Mr. Singhania. I have to leave.”

I turn to leave but halt in my steps when I feel a soft grip on my wrist. I tilt my head to see him holding my wrist. I arch an eyebrow up at him, questioningly.

“Why are you always in a hurry to leave?” Kabir questions me. He

pulls me to him, I come crashing against his chest. I grip his shoulder to support myself and glare at him.

“How can you pull me like this?” My face hardens.

“Answer me, Tanya. Why are you always in hurry to leave?” He questions me once again, ignoring my glares. Anger grows at his audacity to ignore my words. I look in his brown eyes, they are warm and dark.

“Because unlike you, I have work to do.” I smile sarcastically. A smirk pulls up at his lips, and I’m ashamed to admit he looks sinfully gorgeous with that cocky smirk.

“What kind of work are you referring to, Miss. Shekhawat? Roaming around alone in the night? Or getting harassed by an asshole?” He arches an eyebrow at me and stares down at me with a questioning gaze.

“That’s none of your business, Mr. Singhanian,” I tell him, trying to get his grip on me. “And leave my hand, I have to go.”

“I want to meet you. Tomorrow evening, sharp 5 o’clock at Cafe Sweet-Sin.” He tells me in a commanding tone. *What’s this man made of?*

“I don’t wanna meet you, so I’m not going to come.” I declare with finality.

“Then I’m not leaving you.” Kabir shrugs casually.

“Mr. Singhanian, are you high?”

“No. I want to take you out.” He says like this is the most casual thing he’s talked about. I look at him with my mouth slightly open.

“Is that how you ask a lady out? No wonder you are still single.” I smirk at him. He says nothing, he pins me down with his intense gaze.

“You seem to know a lot about me,” He smirks, “And for your kind information, I’m single because I want to, not because I don’t have women pinning for me.”

Cocky bastard! But still, he’s sexy.

I shake my head. I need to get a grip on myself and not to lose myself to his sexiness. I shall keep in mind he’s the man I’m to stay away from.

“I’ll see you tomorrow evening, Tanya.” He tells me as he leaves my wrist. I shoot daggers at him.

“I’m not going to come,” I reply back stubbornly.

“Then I don’t mind coming to your house and take you away.” He replies back with an even sexier grin. I groan inwardly. Can’t he ask me out like a gentleman? I may agree.

“Wear something red for our date.” Kabir takes the hold my palm and

brings it close to his lips. My breathing quickens as he kisses the inside of my palm.

“Drive safely, sugar.” He steps back and walks away inside the hotel while I stand there in a daze, not being able to wrap my mind around what just transpired a moment back.

The second meet with the man I may not or may like and he's forcing me to go out on a date with him. Is he insane? Or even worse, Am I insane to find his dominance attractive and not running away from him the first chance I get?

Either way, he's driving me crazy.

Chapter Three

Tanya

“And he asked you out like that?” Kriya looks astonished after hearing about my last night encounter with Kabir Singhania. I don’t blame her. I’m in the same state as hers. I’m not able to believe a man like him asked me out like that. “That guy is crazy.”

“I know,” I sigh. “Now what should I do? Should I go to meet him? What if he turns out to be a psycho killer?” I ramble, looking over at my sister for help.

“You should go. I mean, he doesn’t have a bad reputation when it comes to women.” Kriya says to me, “And what harm a date in a public place can do?”

She’s a valid point there. I have done a little search on him and find nothing that says he is a bad man. Though the said man has temper issues and is pretty known to lose his control when things are not according to his wishes, that’s not my concern. It’s not like I’m going to spend my whole life with him and it’s just a date.

Maybe, Kriya is right. I should go. He’s intriguing, handsome, though not the kind I’d go a date with, but then there is always first.

“And it’s time you take a little risk with men. You haven’t been on a real date till now,” Kriya’s voice brings me out of my reverie. I groan inwardly at the mention of my previous dates. Nothing worth remembering. I went on a few dates with boys from my college and none of the dates lasted longer than an hour. Boys of my age don’t hold my interest. I find them too immature and they all just want to get into my pants. It’s not something I want. I want a real relationship with a real man who knows what he wants in life, instead of a college-going boy who doesn’t even know what he wants.

“How was your meeting with Aman?” I ask my sister.

“Pretty good.” She mumbles, “He proposed me for marriage.”

“What? And you are telling me this now?” I scream in excitement. A wave of happiness runs through me.

“Tanya, I hope you know I can’t marry him without having dad hunting me down.” Kriya sighs. My smile disappears and I look at her with sympathy. Sometimes, I really wonder what’s there in money? A person’s happiness supposes to be above everything else, but that’s not the case in our family. We care about everything but each other’s happiness.

“Don’t worry, Kriya. Everything will be alright,” I tell her, placing a comforting hand on her shoulder. How I wish to help her, but what can I do? There is no way I can win against my parents. I hate the helplessness I feel at times like this.

“Thanks, sissy.” Kriya wraps her arms around me and hugs me tightly. I pat her back, to comfort her.

I pull my car to a stop and get down from the car. I straighten the floral printed dress I chose to wear today. Knowing this is more like a casual meet, I went for a casual look. And this is the perfect occasion where I could wear this dress. Letting go of a breath, I walk in the cafe Sweet-Sin. A great place to hang out with friends, or for casual dates. A small bell rings as I walk in through the glass door. I have been here quite a few times with my friends and I know the most of the staff members personally. It’s a nice place and I mentally thanked Mr. Singhanian for choosing this place for our first date, if that’s what I can call.

I look around to spot Mr. Singhanian. God save him from my wrath if he’s late.

“Miss. Shekhawat, here,” I hear his voice from a distance. My eyes roam around till they settle over him. I smile to myself and move toward him, taking slow yet steady steps. The butterflies fluttering inside my belly make me aware of the nervousness I shouldn’t be feeling.

He’s just a normal guy. Get a grip!

I tell myself, but even I know he’s anything but just a normal guy. He’s above that. He’s special.

“I’m impressed to see you are on time,” I tell as I approach him. He rises from his place and greets me with a smile that makes my belly do flips.

“Tanya,” My name rolls off his tongue. A shiver ran down my spine, and there’s no denying I love how my name sounds in his husky, deep voice. “Thanks for coming.”

He wraps an arm around me and gives me a side hug, catching me off guard. I cover my surprise and return the hug. I take a note how good he smells. The masculine, woodsy smell engulfs my sense and holds me captive to him. It’s oddly comforting.

I pull away from him. Kabir pulls a chair out for me, I thank him and sit in the chair while Kabir takes the seat across me.

“I’m surprised you came.” He voices out his surprise. I bite my lower lip.

“What else could have I done, Mr. Threatener?” I mock smile at him. He lets out a chuckle and my heart skips a beat. The way my body reacts to his every gesture never fails to surprise me.

“Tell me something about you, Tanya.”

“What do you want to know, Kabir?” I look in his eyes.

“Everything,” He replies almost immediately. “I want to know everything about you.”

The huskiness in his voice causes a little ache between my legs. I look over at him, he looks dead serious. Where is this leading onto? He doesn’t look playful. He’s serious and it gives me a thrill. He’s staring through me.

“Well,” I trail off, “I’m a final year student as you already know, and I’m just like any other normal girl.”

I shrug casually.

“I don’t think you are just like any other normal girl,” Kabir tells me. I can feel the sincerity in his voice.

“And what made you think that?” I voice out my curiosity. I look at him perplex. It’s amusing to see myself looking forward to hear his thoughts about me, and I secretly hoped they are positive. When was the last time I cared what a man thinks about me? Never. I mean, I have found one or two guys attractive in the past, but even then I never cared to know their thoughts about me, nor did I try to impress them.

“You are not an ordinary girl and you are here with me is proof of that.” He smiles down at me. My breath hitches in my throat as my mind wraps around his words.

“You are so full of yourself,” I mumble. He’s about to say something but stops when the waitress arrives at our table to take the order. She passes the two menu cards to us. I look through the menu, tempting to order to something delicious to treat myself and make this date even more amazing.

“One mocha and a chocolate pastry,” I tell the waitress as she scribbles down the order on the paper then she turns to Kabir.

“One latte for me.” He tells her. The waitress smiles politely before she walks away to get our order.

“Kabir, on a serious note, why did you ask me out? Out of all the girls, you came across in the college?” I question him, not being able to keep my curiosity to myself. In Aryan’s words, I’m a curious kitten who wants to

know everything and I certainly don't disagree with him.

"Isn't that obvious?" He questions me back. The darken look in his eyes makes me want to look away. He makes me feel fuzzy inside.

"No. Tell me. I want to hear." I say to him, stubborn though, but it doesn't matter as long as I get to hear why did he ask me out.

"I want you, Tanya." He confesses as bluntly as one can. My body stiffens for a moment and I stare at him with wide eyes. Is that man for real? But I must admit, I admire his honesty and confidence. I have never met a man before who openly admits what he wants.

"You are crazy," I mutter under my breath.

"For you, Miss. Shekhawat." He replies back with a smile. I shake my head.

"We are strangers, Kabir. What do you know about me to claim you want me?" I ask him fiercely, letting my practical thoughts take over my attraction and lust for the guy before me.

"My desire isn't dependant on the span of time I have known you for. I saw you that day in the college and realize you are the one I want." His every word melts my heart a little by little.

"But I don't know anything about you," I tell him.

"Then let's get to know each other. Give us a chance to know each other better," Kabir replies quickly. This man has an answer to my every confusion. I realize. I look at him thoroughly, to see if he meant every word spoken. There's honesty in his eyes.

"Alright," I take a deep breath. I have decided what I want. I'm ready to take a risk. He's the first man who could force me to change my thinking and give into the desires I didn't even know existed till now. "I'm ready, to give ourselves a chance."

Chapter Four

Tanya

A few days ago if someone has asked me I'll be dating The Billionaire Kabir Singhanian, I'd have laughed. It wasn't on my list, for sure. But we never know what fate brings us. In my case, fate brings me a dangerous man I'm attracted to. The attraction, the desire I feel for Kabir is something I have never experienced before. I don't want to give away a chance at happiness just because he isn't the type of guy I hoped for. Though, he's proving himself to be better than the man I dreamt of, for myself. It's too quick to judge, I know.

The cell phone buzzes, catching my attention. My lips curve into a small smile seeing his name flashing on the cell phone screen. I pick up the call without wasting a moment. Ever since we have started dating, he never fails to call me before going to bed, and I look forward to our late night conversations. It's the best way to end the day.

"Hello, Mr. Singhanian."

"Hey, sugar. How are you?" I smile at the endearing he'd kept for me. It's sweet and sounds sexy when he calls me 'sugar' in the huskiest voice he possesses.

"I'm good. Tell me about yourself, how was your day?" I ask him back.

"Tiring, but productive. I bagged an important deal." My smile widens as my mind registers his words. I feel happy for him. He's been working hard on a deal from a past few days.

"Congratulations, Kabir! I'm happy for you." I beam. The happiness reflects in my voice and I'm sure he can feel that.

"Thanks, sugar."

"I don't need your thanks, mister. I need a treat." I tell him.

"Then let's meet tomorrow. I'll come to pick you from college, 3 o'clock sharp." He replies immediately. I grin to myself, this is what I need. I need to see him in person. As much as I love our phone conversations, I prefer meeting Kabir and spend time with him alone.

"Sure," I chirp happily.

Next Day...

"Where the hell were you yesterday? I called you so many times but every call went unattended." Anika looks at me with her brows knit together. I can see suspicion in her eyes. I realize she doubts I'm hiding something from her. I turn my head away from her. I'm in dilemma, whether to tell Anika about Kabir or not. I feel terrible hiding an important news of my life from her, but I have no idea how she'd react to it. I can't just ignore the fact that Anika has a huge crush on Kabir. She dreams about him more than she eats in a day.

God! Am I betraying my best friend? I question myself, but can't find an answer. To be honest, I don't want to let go of the chance to be with Kabir. He intrigues me. He forces me to feel for him. He makes me crave him. I have never felt this way about anyone before. And that explains my single-forever tag. I want that tag to leave me since I have found the right guy. He's offering me everything I wanted from a guy. He's ready to take things slow and let ourselves know each other. It gives me a sense of security. He's mature, and he surely knows what he wants.

"I was out on a date," I tell Anika when I realize she's still waiting for my reply. Anika raises an eyebrow at me, amusement sparkling in her eyes.

"Who's the guy?" She asks, excitement lacing her tone. I get her. It's not every day I tell her I went out a date.

"Kabir Singhanian," I reply in a low voice. I watch her expression with curiosity. I have decided to tell her truthfully about me and Kabir, knowing if she finds out from somewhere else, it'll hurt her more.

Anika's eyes widen, shock written all over her face. I shake my head and snap my finger before her face which breaks her trance.

"Are you fucking serious?" She screams.

"Sh. Have you lost your mind? Why are you shouting?" I hiss as I cover her mouth with my palm. I don't want the whole college to know about Kabir and Me. I don't want to be the center of attraction.

"Don't hush me, woman. You went on a date with Kabir Singhanian, the Kabir Singhanian. I can't believe." Anika gushes. I roll my eyes at her over-enthusiasm.

"Don't you mind?" I ask her.

"What?" She throws a questioning look at my direction.

"I'm dating him. Is that okay with you? You like him, don't you?" I ask her, holding my breath as I wait for her answer. I don't want bitterness between us due to a guy.

"He's just another celebrity crush, silly. I'll get over him soon and it's not like there was anything possible between us." Anika shrugs casually. I feel the surge of happiness seep in and I hug her tightly, throwing my arms around her.

"Thanks, babe." A sigh escapes my lips.

"Silly. I'm happy for you." Anika murmurs aloud.

I smile to myself. I pull away from her and glance at my wristwatch.

"Gotta go. He must be waiting for me outside the college." I tell Anika before I turn on my heels and run out the college premises.

I walk to a little distance away from the college and a smile forms up my face when my gaze falls over his black audi. I walk over the car and open the door and slide in on the leather seat beside him.

"Hey!" I turn to him and greet him with a wide smile. I let my gaze roam over him. He's wearing a casual black tee and a pair of blue denim. To put together in simple words- He's sexy. I inhale a deep breath, the man in front of me never ceases to amuse me and makes me to lose my control over myself.

I hold my breath in as Kabir leans close to me. He cups my cheek in his large palm and places a soft peck on my cheek, near my lips. A tingling sensation runs through my body to reach my sex and I shiver slightly. I could still feel the softness of his lips against my flesh.

"How was your day at college?" Kabir asks me with the huskiness in his voice.

"It was good. Where are we going?" I ask him back as he ordered his driver to drive away to a destination unknown to me.

"To my penthouse. We can spend some time there before we head out for dinner." Kabir replies. I nod and stare out of the window. "Tanya,"

I turn my head to look at him when he calls me. My heart starts to beat faster as he shifts close to me and wraps an arm around me. I feel the urge to melt into his arms then and there, but I control myself, somehow.

"You missed me?" He asks, whispering into my ear which makes me feel ticklish. I'm not used to such male proximity, but then it's nothing I can't handle. On second thoughts, I want to experience it with him.

"Yes," I admit to him as my lips curve into a shy smile. I watch as the edge of his lips tilt in a smile. He places his palm on my bare knee and my body goes stiff for a brief moment before I relax. Why did I choose to wear shorts today? I question myself when I feel his gaze roaming over my bare

legs. It's not uncomfortable but surely turns me on. The wetness between my legs makes my whole body tremble with lust and it's confusing to my own self.

"You have such sexy legs," Kabir compliments, he rubs my knees gently then moving to my thighs. In two weeks of courtship, this is the closest we have when it comes to physical intimacy. He'd always controlled himself around me whenever we have met, surprising me to a great extent. His eyes always speak how much he wants to strip me out of my clothes and take me. The raw, primal lust in his eyes scares me as well as turns me on, but he'd always been in control, knowing I don't want to rush into things.

"Kabir," I place my hand on his which was rested on my thighs, but he'd intentions to move up. He arches up an eyebrow at me questioningly. I shake my head and signal towards his chauffeur. I don't want an audience when I romance my boyfriend. Kabir looks at me for a moment before he lets out a sigh and nods his head in understanding.

"Fine," He close eyes to calm himself down, "But don't think I'll leave you when we reach penthouse."

He smirks down at me and his intentions crystal clear in his eyes make my insides clench in anticipation of what's coming my way next.

"Kabir, I'll be heading to Delhi next month for my brother's wedding," I inform him about my plans. I'll be in Delhi for a week and I have no idea how am I going to spend that time away from him.

"Will you stay back if I ask?" He asks me.

"Nope! I can't miss my brother's wedding." I reply to him with a cheeky grin, but I'm serious.

"Then I guess I'm going to have to follow you to Delhi," Kabir replies back, his lips tilt in a sexy smirk. My eyes widen at his words. I look up into his eyes and could see the intensity that shakes my entire being. He meant his words and it gives me chills to see he feels the same way about me as I do about him.

It's amusing. It's just a week and I find difficult to even think of not seeing him for a week. I blame him for messing up with my practical side. I can't seem to think straight.

"Sir, we have reached." The chauffeur speaks. It breaks my trance, I look at Kabir and find him staring down at me. I shudder under his hooded gaze. He's staring through me, making me feel naked.

"Let's go, sugar." He says. The chauffeur opens my side of the door for

me. I step out of the car. Kabir follows my suit. He walks over and stands beside me. I raise my gaze and a sky touching, glass building comes in my view. Kabir slides his hand in mine to get my attention. He tugs at my hand and walks inside the building premises. I follow him behind. We walk in the lobby, the man seated behind the desk greets Kabir with a salute. Kabir gives a nod in acknowledgment and we walk over the elevator.

The doors slide open and we step inside the elevator car. Kabir turns to face me as soon as the doors slide close.

"Which floor?" I ask him.

"Thirtieth." He replies. I press the thirtieth-floor button and the lifts whisk us to the thirtieth floor in a few moments. I'm growing nervous. Though I'm comfortable enough to spend alone time with him in his house, I still feel a little nervous, but I have decided to not to let my anxiety ruin my moment with him.

Chapter Five

Tanya

Kabir and I step out in the corridor as the elevator doors slide open. He leads me to his penthouse door. Kabir punches the security code in then unlock the door. He pulls me inside along with him and shut the door close behind us. I don't have a chance to react as he wraps his arms around my waist and pulls me to me.

"Now I can do what I have been waiting to do since the day I laid my eyes on you." He says and before I know, his lips come crashing down to mine. My eyes widen in astonishment and my heart thumping against my ribcage that I fear it'd come out any moment. I slide my arms around him and gain composure over my raging emotions. I pull myself up and find myself giving into him. I kiss him back. Our lips mold into a messy, passionate kiss.

Kabir holds me close. Our bodies are pressed up against each other, I could feel the heat radiating off him. It makes me shiver as a wave of pleasure surged through me. I moan into the kiss, he starts to smooch my lower lip. I shudder at the feel of his lips against mine.

"You taste divine." He whispers against my lips. I'm breathing heavily as he pulls away from me, but still holding me in his arms, securely. "You are beautiful."

He's staring down at me like I'm the only one in the world. His hooded gaze lingers over my face. It makes me feel conscious. I have never been in a situation like this before. He leans down and pecks my lips softly.

"Come. I'll show you around." He pulls me along with him. I let my focus shift to my surroundings for the first time since we arrived. The penthouse is everything I expected, classy and modern.

"You live here?" I ask him.

"Yes." He replies. Kabir pulls me inside a room which I guess to be his bedroom. The master bedroom painted in the theme of red and off-white color. A king-sized bed in the middle of the room and some furniture around.

"Do you like the room?" Kabir asks me. He's standing behind me with his arms around my waist, his palm rests flat against my belly gives me chills.

"I love it. Your house is beautiful." I tell him honestly. The house gives cozy, homely feels.

"Glad to hear." He mutters under his breath. A loud gasp escaped my

lips as he picks me up in his arms in bridal style. The heat rush to my cheeks, I look over at him.

"What's going on in your mind, mister?" I ask him.

"You will know soon," Kabir replies, his lips tilt up in a devilish smirk. Sexy. That's all I can think of. He's sexy.

"Kabir," I grunt. He chuckles and throws me on the bed, gently though. I look over at him.

"Remove your shorts, Tanya. I want to taste the sweetness between your legs." He commands me. His deep, dark voice sends me over the edge. I clench my legs together to get rid of the ache. I lift my gaze and look at him, he's waiting for me to make a move. There's nervousness within. I have never been intimate with a man before, but with him, it's different.

"C'mon, sugar. It's just you & me." He whispers softly. The look on his face encourages me and gives me the much-needed confidence to bare myself to him. Hesitantly, I move my hands and unbutton the white shorts I'm wearing. The fog of lust starts to cloud my mind, making me feel slightly dizzy.

Kabir places his one knee on the edge of the bed. My gaze meets his intense one and I shiver. Kabir helps me to get me out of my shorts. He tosses the shorts aside somewhere on the floor while his eyes remain fixed on my lace panties covered core. I feel the urge to crawl and hide somewhere, but his intense gaze holds in place.

"Kabir," Without my acknowledge, a moan escapes my lips as Kabir lean and rub my clit over the thin material of white lace panties. I arch my back as pleasure rides through my body. He adds a little pressure and rubs my clit.

"You are so wet, sugar." He growls, turning on furthermore. He parts my legs open and settles himself in between. I hold my breath in and watch him in anticipation. With his thumb, he rubs circles around my clit and I can't hold back myself moaning aloud. *What's happening to me?*

"I'm going to take your panties off and lick that sweet pussy of yours." He tells me. The most intimate part of my body tingles at his words and my breath hitches in my throat as he rips my panties off me, leaving my sex bare to his hungry eyes.

"Mm- softness." He traces my wet folds, sending shivers down my spine with his touch. He kneels down, his head buried between my legs. The sight is enough to make me reach my orgasm.

"You smell heavenly." He mumbles against me. His voice vibrates against my already sensitive core. Kabir slides his palms under my ass and pulls me up in a way that my pussy is pressed up against my face.

"You are so beautiful, Tanya." His words forced me to melt down.

"God! Kabir," I bite my lower lip hard as he flickers his tongue over my wet folds. I close my eyes shut and enjoy the sensation. I don't think any moment can be perfect than this. I feel the tension grip my body. He licks me, bite onto my clit which has me screaming his name. The desires burn in. He sucks me, taking me to another world of bliss. He brushes his lips against my folds then nibble them hard, his tongue dips into my virgin opening. The heat of his mouth press against my core spreads through me.

I throw my head back and moan his name with utmost pleasure. I grip the sheets in my fists. My body tenses up and I let it go with a loud cry. My juices flow out, he licks me up. I clench my legs, a tingle runs down my spine due to the orgasm. I pant heavily for air, trying to gain control over myself, but find hard to do so.

Kabir makes me sit up on the bed. He stares down at me like I'm the most precious thing he's ever seen. My face warms up. The looks he gives me when we are together, always make my whole tremble. I wonder what he's thinking at the moment. Does he feel the same as me about what just transpired between us?

"You drives me crazy, Sugar." He mumbles softly. He leans and presses his lips against mine. I could taste my tangy juices on the tip of his tongue as he slides his tongue in, next to mine. I wrap my arms around him and kiss him back, smooching his lips with renewing energy.

Suddenly, he grabs my hand and soon enough I feel the soft flesh of his rock hard cock. A gasp escape my lips and I pull away from the kiss in a jiffy moment. I didn't even know when he unzipped his pants. I look down at his crotch. My eyes widen at the sight of his manhood, aiming at me proudly.

"Whoa! You're... huge." My jaw drops. It's the first real cock of my life, and I secretly hope last as well. I want him to be mine, forever.

"Fuck, Sugar." He growls as I stroke his entire length. His hardness throbs in my palm. "Did you feel it? You do this to me."

Kabir runs his palm through my silky locks. I lick my lower lip, my insides clench with need. I grow curious as I watch his cock grow in my palms, feeling the veins of his cock pulsing.

I bend my head down to his crotch. Anticipation running through my

veins. I place a soft peck on the tip of his cock, his not-so-little-guy twitches in response. I open my mouth to take him in, but before I could, a loud ring catches my attention. I groan aloud when the cell phone ring disturbs our moment. I raise my eyes and see the same frustration in his eyes. I bite my lower lip to stop the laugh. It's kind of cute to see him like this, desperate for my touch. I keep stroking him while he reaches for his cell phone in his pocket.

"Hello," He picks up the call, his voice rough and hoarse, arousing me once again. My brows knit together in confusion then worry wash over me as his expression change into shock from frustration. He glances down at me while I stop my act when I hear his next set of words. "I'm coming there... I'll be there in 15 minutes"

He ends the call and slides his cell phone back in his pocket.

"I'm sorry, sugar. My friend has met with an accident, I have to rush to the hospital." He tells me. Kabir pulls his cock back in and zips up his pant. I watch him in worry. He's in distress and I wish to help him.

"My driver will drop you home and I'll call you at night," Kabir informs me. I nod in response. I get down from the bed and starts to get dress. I keep stealing glances at him. The sight isn't pleasant. The worry, concern, and fear are visible in his brown orbs, making me feel restless. I don't want to leave him alone.

"Are you alright, Kabir?" I ask him.

"I'll be." He tries assuring me with a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

"I'm sorry, sugar. I'd to leave." He apologizes.

"Don't apologize, Kabir. Your friend needs you, you should be there." I tell him and give a smile to him to assure him I'm not upset.

"You take the car. I'll call my driver to pick me up." I say to him, knowing he's in no condition to drive.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes." I move toward me and hug him, hoping it'll give him some comfort. I feel his body stiffen for a moment before he relaxes in my arms. He tightens his hold on me, almost squeezing me.

"Thanks, Sugar." He smiles at me as he pulls away from the hug.

Chapter Six

Kabir

"Hey, buddy. How are you feeling now?" I ask my best friend as I enter in the hospital room. Sadness seeps in seeing Rohan injured. He's like a brother to me and it hurts to see him on the hospital bed.

"Alive and kicking." Rohan passes a wide smile to me. I glare at him, anger coursed through my veins. Here I'm worried for him and he's joking.

"How did you got into an accident, dumbass?" I question him in a stern voice, masking my concern and worry.

"It wasn't my fault. A drunk driver crashed his car into mine." Rohan tells me. I nod in response, running a hand through my messy hair. I walk over and sit down on the stool next to the bed. I examine his injuries, he'd a broken wrist and a wound on his head and a few scratches here and there.

"You look awful," I tell him.

"I know that," He narrows his eyes. "Shanaya is going to kill me."

I laugh at his ply. His girlfriend Shanaya is the only person Rohan is scared of. It's actually funny, though.

"Your girlfriend is crazy." I murmur.

"I know," He nods his head in a positive response. "Tell me about yours. How is she like? Possessive or over possessive?"

"Possessive. But I like that." I reply. I have seen possessiveness in her eyes, and I know she isn't someone who share what's hers. I understand that very well since I feel the same. I don't share what's mine.

"Dude, do something and get me out of this hospital. I'm feeling sick in here." Rohan says to me. I shake my head, but even I know how much he hates the hospital atmosphere. I'm not a fan of hospitals either. It's a reminder of the painful incident of my life. Even the mere mention of hospital brings painful memories I want to forget.

"I'll talk to your doctor," I reply as I get up and walk out of the room.

The moment I step out, my smartphone buzz. I take out my smartphone and a small smile appears on my face when I see a message received from her. Tanya, the girl who's ruling my mind since the moment I laid my eyes on her.

Tanya: How's your friend? Is he alright? Call me when you are free.

I read the message and smile.

Me: He's alright now. I'll call you once I reach home.

I type down the message and hit the send button. I shake my head to get away from her thoughts but find hard to do so. The images of her naked cunt flashes before my eyes and my cock come back to life. I want nothing else than to rush back to her and finish what we started earlier in the evening. There's so much I want to do to her, and claim her virgin pussy. But this isn't the moment. I have to take care of my injured friend and I better stop thinking about my sexy, virgin girlfriend. I tell myself.

Next morning, I reach my house after safely dropping Shanaya and Rohan to their home. Rohan is much better now and doctors discharged him with few instructions to take care of. I know Shanaya will take care of him, better than anyone else.

Getting out of my clothes, I hit the bed, Naked. I could still smell her in my bedroom and It makes my cock twitch. I badly need a release. I haven't been able to get the feel of her soft lips wrapped around my cock out of my system. I want more. I crave for more.

After getting a taste of her innocence, It's difficult to pull away. She's everything I expected her to be when I first laid my eyes on her. Innocent, sweet, and feisty. A deadly combination for a man like me. I cup my balls, they feel heavy. I massage them while thinking of her, of her sweet pussy. I run my large palm along with the length of my cock. *She's a cock tease.* I think to myself. I still remember how she stroked my cock, feeling every inch of me. How much I wanted her to take me in her warm mouth and suck me off. I increase my pace and pump my cock in my palms, cum starts to leak in my hands. I press my cock in the almost punishable grip. My balls tingle and precum starts to ooze out. I close my eyes and give into the sensation.

I myself didn't realize until now how much I wanted her to be here, beside me. So that I can show her what she does to me. With a loud grunt, I came all over myself. I pant heavily for breath and lean back to relax before I cleaned myself up.

Then I hear the doorbell. My brows knit in confusion, no one comes to visit me without informing me first. I let out a frustration-filled sigh and get up. I walk over my closet to take out a pair of track pants. I'm sure the visitor won't be pleased seeing me naked when I open the door.

I wear the pants and walk out in the living area, then to the front door. I open the door and look up to find Tanya standing there. My gaze roams over

her, clad in a white knee length, cotton dress, she looks like an angel.

"Hey! I hope I haven't disturbed you." She passes a shy smile to me. I shake my head, then grabbing her hand I pull her inside.

"I missed you," I admit it to her as I wrap my arms around her and pull her in my arms. I inhale into her fruity fragrance, the way she smells never fails to arouse me.

"You were so tensed last night, so I thought to visit you. Are you alright? And how's your friend now?" She asks me in one breath. I let out a chuckle at her cuteness.

"I'm good now, so is my friend. He's in his home now, resting." I tell her and watch relief wash over her.

"That's good," She mumbles. I stare at her angelic face. She's the nicest person I have come across. I want to own her. I want to cherish her till my last breath, but is it possible? The past that connects us to one another will never let us be together. And I'll never be able to give myself completely to her till I get over the past.

I shake my head to clear my vision. My head starts to feel heavy, I don't think I can think about past without feeling disappointed with myself. I need to come clean about the past with her. I have decided.

"Kabir," Tanya calls me sweetly, my body aches for her. It's surprising. When I met her for the first time, I didn't know I'd get so attached to her. My body screams for her. And the innocence gleaming in her eyes make my heart pound. She's too fucking good for a bastard like me.

"Did you had your breakfast?" She asks me with concern.

"Yes," I nod, "What about you?"

"I had mine. Do you really think I can stay away from food?" She laughs and the melodic sound of her laughter sends chills through my spine to my balls, my prick twitches, making it presence noticeable.

"Kabir, something is poking me..." Tanya mumbles. She pulls away from and stares down at my crotch. Her eyes widen and cheeks reddened as she eyed the bulge in my pants.

She giggles. She moves her hand and cups my hard-on in her small palm. "It's hard."

"For you," I tell her. I have never felt such raw need for someone before. I want to lay her down and claim her virgin cunt. I grunt when Tanya squeezes me. *The little tease that she is.*

"Don't push me for something you are not ready for," I warn her.

"Who said I'm not ready? If I wasn't, I wouldn't be here." She replies. I look straight into her eyes, her eyes darken with desires and lust. I waste no moment and scoop her in my arms to take her to my room. The girl in my arms has teased me enough, it's time I show her who she is messing up with.

I walk in the room, then over the bed. I make her sit on the bed and stand before her.

"Kabir," She bites her lower lip. My crotch against her face, I want nothing else than have her plump lips wrap around me.

"Take your dress off, Sugar," I tell her in a commanding tone. By the look on her face, I know she likes when I dominate her in the bed. It turns her on and I'm pleased to know.

Tanya reaches the zipper of her dress on the back. She hesitates a little before she pulls down the zipper. I move forward and help to get her out of her dress. I throw the dress away on the couch placed across the bed, then shift my attention back to my girl. She's in her inner wears, white lacy panties and matching bra that compliments her sun-kissed golden skin.

I can feel my cock aching and begging for her. I let my gaze roam over her body, memorizing every part of her. She's beautiful.

There's something about her I couldn't pinpoint it, but there's something that makes her different from others. Maybe it's her innocence, or the pure heart she possesses, or everything about her.

I hold her hand and make her stand on her feet, my eyes remain fixed over her chest. She's tits quite big for a twenty-year-old. Her perky, round breasts had all my attention.

"Perfect." I groan. I cup her breasts in my palms and give a hard squeeze to them, earning a loud moan from her. She raises her eyes and looks at me with innocence twinkling in her eyes as I fondle her breast with aggression.

"Kabir," She clings onto me like her life is dependant on me, I have no complaints.

"I won't be gentle, Sugar." I whisper roughly into her ear.

"Who asked you to be gentle?" She questions me. I stare at the natural seductress she turns out to be. She has me wrapped around her finger and I don't care. She's all I want. "There is nothing I can't handle."

I groan, her hands ran down my chest then to the south, she places her hand over the bulge in my track pants. I grind her body against mine. Every inch of me is aching for her.

“Lay down and spread your sexy legs for me, Sugar.” I tell her. She runs her tongue over her lower lip and looks at me through her thick eyelashes, something she does when she’s nervous. I lean down and drop a sweet peck on her lips, to ease her nervousness.

Tanya obeys me. She lays flat on her back on the bed and her legs spread wide. Her glistening kitty bares to me. She’s breathing hard, waiting for me to make a move.

I pull down my track pants, leaving myself naked. My hardened cock sprang open, precum leaking from the head. I run my palm over my length, it’s throbbing hard. I grip her knees and open her legs wider as I settle myself in. Tanya lifts her gaze up to meet mine. I smile down at her which she returns with her charming one.

“I’ll do it now, tell me if you want me to stop,” I tell her, though I doubt I’ll be able to stop myself if she asked. Nevertheless, I’ll respect her wish. As much as I want her, I respect her as a woman and want her constant when I claim her.

“I don’t want you to stop.” She replies to me, weakly. She’s aroused and needs her release. I’m more than willing to give her that.

I touch her wet pussy, tracing her virgin opening with my thumb. I feel her shiver under my touch. She moves and pushes her pussy against my hand. She wanted more than just touching.

“Stop that, sugar. I want you ready when I slide my cock in your pussy, else I’ll end up hurting you which I don’t want.” I tell her in a no-nonsense tone. She stops in her act and looks at me with cute, adorable pout.

I slide my three fingers in her cunt, making her arch back and moan my name aloud. I move my fingers in and out of her cunt while I place hot, urgent kisses on her belly, sucking her soft flesh. Tanya writhes beneath me as pleasure rode her body.

“You are so wet, Sugar. Tell me who does that to you? Who makes your kitty needy for cock?” I start to rub her clit roughly.

“You. You make me feel this way.” Tanya moans in utmost pleasure. She rocks her body against mine, but I pull my fingers out of her cunt. I replace my fingers with my cock. I brush the tip of my cock against her opening, parting her pussy lips. My cock leaks more cum and I wonder if I’ll last longer. I need to gain control over myself. I can’t cum just yet.

I close my eyes shut and focus on giving pleasure to my baby-girl. I reach down and squeeze my balls, they feel heavy.

“Kabir,” Tanya moans, “Please, I want you.”

“So do I, baby,” I tell her. I take in her sight, naked and sprawled on my bed. I’ll be the only man to witness her like this makes my heart swell with pride.

I lubricate my cock with her juices mixed with my cum. I push the tip of my cock in her cunt, her pussy clenching my cock. I know it’ll take time for her to get adjusted to my size.

I lean over, whispering sweetly into her ear. “Take deep breaths, sugar. The pain will be gone before you know.”

I slide my cock in, breaking her barriers. Tanya clenched her eyes shut and the pain visible on her face. I was halfway through it and I could feel my cock throbbing inside her pussy, her walls clenching my cock in a way I felt I’d burst.

“Sh. Stay still.” I pat her belly with a gentle caress, stopping her from moving which will increase the pain. I smile when I feel her relax under my touch. I pull my cock out and could see her virgin blood smeared on my cock.

“My sugar is no longer a virgin,” I croon softly in her ear. My smile widens when seeing her cheeks heating up. The pink hues make her look more adorable.

As the pain subsided, I slide my cock in, taking what’s mine. I thrust deep into her, letting her get adjusted to my size.

“Kabir,” She gasps, “-faster!”

I obey her without a delay. I increase my pace and thrust deeper into her warmth. I watch as my cock buried deep inside her. Her needy cunt takes me in. Reaching between us, I rub her sensitive clit furiously, her body wriggle beneath mine. I look up at her face, she’s biting onto her lower lip. A growl erupts deep from my chest at the sight before me.

I thrust harder, roughly and she seems to like it. Her greedy cunt leaks some juices. I slap her pussy, earning a loud moan from her.

“You love that, don’t you, Sugar? You love when I play with your pussy,” I grin at her. She looks at me, her darkened gaze met mine, kindling a fire within.

“Kabir,” She’s nothing but a screaming mess beneath me and I love it. Moments later, I feel her body tenses up and she came undone with a cry, I followed her behind. I shot my seed into her and stayed in.

I lean over and nuzzle my face in the crook of her neck while not pulling out of her cunt. My cum starts to leak out of her pussy, trailing down

to her asshole. Both of us care less. She wraps her arms around me and snuggles in my arms.

“That was...” Tanya trails off, “magical.”

I press my lips to her forehead, leaving a sweet peck while not being able to stop myself from smiling at my cute love.

Chapter Seven

Tanya

Throwing one of his tee-shirts over my head, I walk out of his bedroom. The black tee-shirt is oversized and covers me till my thighs, I move to the living area to find him seated on the couch and drinking what I guessed to be scotch.

“Hey, what you doing?” I sit down on his lap. After the amazing sex, the need to feel his body against mine has increased. I want to feel him as close as possible, all the time. Kabir places the glass down and slides his hand around my waist, holding me still.

“Are you alright?” He asks me. He lifts his other hand and tucked a few strands of hair behind my ear. I shiver as he did so. I love when he touches me like I’m a glass doll that’d break with his touch.

“I’m perfectly fine, why did you ask?” I ask him back.

“I thought you must be feeling sore. We were pretty wild, weren’t we?” His suggestive grin makes me blush harder than ever. I’m sure I look redder than a cherry at the moment.

“I’m fine,” I tell him, a shy smile tugging at my lips. I like his concern. He makes me feel special and I love the feel. He treats me like a girl would want her man to treat her. And the thing that he puts my comfort over everything else makes him different from others.

“So you are ready for me to take you for the third time?” His eyes darkened while his hand rested flat on my thigh starts to move up. I let out a small gasp when his fingers caressed my sex.

“No panties... good girl.” He croons in my ear, grazing my earlobe with his teeth. A moan escapes my lips without my acknowledge. I look over at his face, he’s a smile spread across his face and it manages to take my breath away like the every other time he smiles.

“Not now, I have to leave for home,” I tell him, even though I don’t want to leave him, I’d to reach home. It’s getting late at night and my mother doesn’t approve of me staying out of the house late at nights. She’s overprotective when it comes to me while she is pretty eased out with my siblings.

“I don’t want you to go.” He tells me while continuing to rub me down there. I start to lose my mind to the sensation his touch created within me. I couldn’t find the will to fight against him.

“I’ll meet you tomorrow. I have a day off from college,” I tell him, fighting with my instincts to let him take me, on another ride of pleasure.

“What are your thoughts about a quickie before you leave?” He asks me, his husky voice makes my leak more juices. He slips his one finger inside. I shift a little on his lap, giving him better access to my pussy. I look into his eyes, he didn’t want me to deny, not that I was going to. How can I deny my man when I want to give him everything I own?

I give a small nod in response. My heart skips a beat when he shows his pearly whites off. “Ride me, Sugar.”

I bite my lower lip hearing deep, husky voice. I get off his lap and pull the tee-shirt over my head, leaving myself naked while Kabir got rid of his tee-shirt and pants. I move and sit, straddling him. I place my hands on his shoulders for support while he holds my waist in a firm grip. I shiver, his erection poking my center.

“God!” I close my eyes. I move my hand between us and angle his cock against my entrance. I’m dripping wet and he slides in without any difficulty, though I’m still getting used to his to cock size.

Kabir grunts and his hold tightens around me. He fills me in. The feel of having him buried inside me gives me a thrill. I lean over and press my lips against his, kissing him feverishly. I tilt my hips slightly when I push down, rotating my hips in circles, feeling him inside me. I close my eyes as pleasure run through me, his cock stretches me. Sweat Beads formed up on my skin and my breasts bounce as I bounce on his dick. Taking every bit of him inside my needy cunt.

I open my eyes and look at Kabir, he’s groaning in pleasure and the sight manages to arouses me.

“Tanya, babe...” He growls. I increase my pace, I rode him like a pro I never know I could be.

“You’ve such perfect breasts, Sugar.” Kabir grabs my breasts in his palms and fondles them roughly. He pinches my nipples, making me moan, then he moves his hands to my bareback. He caresses my bare back, then moving down he grips my hips and raises his own to thrust deep into me with long, deep thrusts. I give him the charge, gripping his shoulders for the support. I arch my back, the pleasure is too much to take in. A soft cry escapes my lips as the head of his cock hits my sensitive spot.

He slips his hand between our bodies and reaches my pussy, he starts to rub my sensitive clit with his thumb.

“It feels amazing being inside this hot cunt of yours.” His dirty words fill my ears and I let out a moan.

“Kabir,” I cry out in pleasure, my head falls back. The sound of my ass cheeks ramping his thighs is audible against our voices. I feel I’d burst, the adrenaline rush shakes me. “Keep doing that.”

I manage to say. He rubs my clit furiously while thrusting his cock deep into my cunt. My body is on fire and I’m over the edge. With a few more powerful thrusts, I let it go with a loud cry. He follows me behind and emptied himself inside me.

“Sugar,” He whispers softly as I snuggle in his arms. Our naked bodies entangled and I hold onto him, possessively. I still can’t wrap my mind around the fact that the man in my arms is mine. Only mine.

Kabir parks the car outside my mansion and turns to face me. A boyish grin adorning his face makes me smile as well. He looks deliciously handsome when he smiles.

“I hate to see you go,” He admits. His eyes darken as his gaze lingered on my face more than required.

“I hate to go as well, but what can I do? That’s my house,” I tell him in a soft voice. He let out a sigh and lean over to capture my lips in a heart-searing kiss. I grab onto his biceps for support and kiss him back with the same urgency.

“I’m taking you out to lunch tomorrow,” He says to me as he pulls away from the kiss.

“Is it a date, Mr. Singhanian?” I ask, teasing him.

“Yes, Miss. Shekhawat. It is a date.” He confirms. I giggle as he leans in and pecks my lips.

“Gotta go,” I tell him. I pick up my handbag from the backseat and got out of the car. “Bye, Kabir.”

I blow a flying kiss to him before I walk inside the house whereas he drives away back to his house. I walk inside and move to my room, at the moment I want nothing but to sleep. My body demands rest.

“Where were you since morning?” I stop in my track when I hear my mother’s stern voice from behind. I turn around to face her.

“I was at Anika’s place.” I lie through my teeth. There’s no way in hell I’m letting my mother know about me & Kabir yet. I want time for myself

and Kabir before I tell any of my family members about my relationship with Kabir. “Did you had any work with me, mom?”

I look over at my mother with questioning gaze.

“It’s about Kriya. She’s eloped with her lover.” My mother sneers disgust visible in her eyes as she discloses the news to me.

“What?” My eyes widen, but surprisingly, the news didn’t shock me much. I was expecting this. I have seen my sister longing to be with Aman without a worry of the world. I’m happy for her, for the first time in life she chooses her happiness.

“Yes. Do you have any idea where can she go? Or any idea about her lover’s house?” Mom questions me. Somehow, I control the urge to roll my eyes, even if I knew where she is, I wouldn’t tell her and ruin my sister’s chance at happiness.

“No, mom. I have no idea.” I tell her in a calm tone. Mom nods in response and walks away from there. I shake my head at her high headedness. My mother believes she’s above everyone and I hate that.

Turning around, I walk away to my room. Once inside the room, I lock the door and move to my bed. The tiredness of the day finally getting onto me as I hit the bed.

“You sister eloped with her boyfriend?” Kabir asks me to confirm after I told him about the conversation I’d with my mother yesterday.

We’re in a restaurant, having lunch over light, random talks. I love this time with him where we meet and talk about anything and everything. I’m falling for him, I have realized that and I have no regrets. I’m falling deeper for him and it’s a blissful feeling.

“Yes. My mother is going crazy,” I let out a sigh.

“Expected from her,” Kabir mutters under his breath.

“What do you mean by that?” I question him to clear my confusion. He doesn’t seem to be fond of my mother and I know there’s a reason behind it. And being aware of my mother’s nature and her crook ways in the business, I don’t blame him if he doesn’t like her. I mean, there are very few people who genuinely like my mother.

“Nothing. Let’s not ruin our mood talking about unnecessary people.” He replies. I can’t help but frown at him. Though, I know my mother is not the purest soul on the earth, I don’t like Kabir talking about her like she’s

some piece of dirt. She's still my mother.

"You don't like my mother." It's a statement rather than a question.

"Who'd like a homewrecker?" He retorts back

"Excuse me?" I look at him, anger bubbling up within me with an urge to destroy something to take my anger out. Even though I know my mother can be a bitch but she isn't a homewrecker.

"You heard me right, Tanya. Your mother is a classified bitch who bed my elder brother every other night." Kabir sneers at me. I look into his eyes to see if it's some kind of sick joke, but all I can see was honesty along with anger.

I forget to breathe. It's too much to take in.

"Tanya, I didn't want to break your heart, but it's true," Kabir says in a soft voice. He hands me a glass of water. I numbly hold the glass and take a few sips of water.

I sit there and wait for him to continue, not being able to decide what's right and what's wrong.

"My brother, Ishaan Singhanian met your mother a few years back for a business collaboration. He was married at that time with a baby on the way. He'd a perfect family, a perfect wife who loved him to bits, but he ruined it with his own hands by getting involved with your mother. Ishaan's wife got to know about their affair and ended up losing the baby due to stress. She was admitted in hospital for weeks, on verge of losing her life. Till this day, She hasn't recovered from the trauma of losing her child. And you know, what's the worst part? My brother doesn't care. He's happy in entertaining your mother in bed." Kabir let it out, and his every word breaks my heart.

My mother has wrecked someone's house and is cheating on my father. It's painful to even think about. A lone tear escapes my eyes without my knowledge.

"Does my father know?" I ask him.

"No. Your father is too ignorant for his own good." He replies.

I stare down at my plate, my heart breaking every moment. Everything feels messed up. My head feels heavy and tears blur my vision.

What the fuck is wrong with my mother?

Chapter Eight

Kabir

I hated to break this news to her, but I'd to tell her what kind of tramp her mother is. That woman ruined my happy family. She ruined the woman who's a dear friend of mine and also a sister by heart. Every time I look at Alia, Ishaan ex-wife, my heart breaks into pieces to see a happy go lucky woman now living a lifeless life. It's been five years and she still hasn't recovered. She hasn't moved on while my brother is enjoying with Anita Shekhawat, adding salt to our wounds.

I was in college when all this happened, It took our happiness away. My mother died seeing her family breaking. She'd a weak heart and loved her children, especially Ishaan. He was the apple of her eye and when he betrayed the family, she couldn't take it. She died in the same hospital Alia was admitted at that time. I was helpless, couldn't do anything except to watch my family falling apart.

"Kabir, can I ask you something?" I hear Tanya's voice from beside me. I look at her. After leaving the restaurant, I brought her to my house since she wasn't in a condition to go home and meet her mother. It pains me to see her like this.

"Yes, sugar."

"Even after knowing what my mother had done to your family, you accepted me. Why?" The look in her eyes melts my heart. The vulnerable, innocent woman in her has stolen my heart once again.

"When I met you, I'd no plans of getting involved with you, knowing your family history and how we are connected. But I couldn't stop myself, no matter how much I try. You were everything I wanted, still, you are. And you are not at fault, then why should I punish you, Sugar?" I whisper softly, I wrap my arm around her and pull her into my embrace. Relief washes over her. She visibly relaxes in my arms.

"Did you really thought I'd punish you for something you have no fault in?" I ask her, though it's heartbreaking to see her doubting me, I don't blame her for the uncertainties she has about us. I'd have reacted in the same way if I were her.

"I don't know. I was scared." She mumbles.

"You know, I wanted you the moment I laid my eyes on you. You are special, sugar." I confess. A smile tugging at my lips, I close my eyes as I

drop a kiss on her forehead. She melts into my touch like always.

“Kabir,” She calls me in her ever so smooth voice that holds the power to bring me down to my knees. No matter how powerful I’m for the outer world, I always find myself weak in front of the woman in my arms. This woman makes me feel a lot of things I never felt before.

“Yes, love.”

“Can I stay back for the night? I don’t want to go back home and face my mother.”

“You don’t have to ask, Tanya. This house is as much as yours as it’s mine.”

I lean in and press my lips softly against hers. She melts into my arms like every other time. I love that. I love the trust she shows in me, and it gives me a reason to not to ever break her trust. No matter what.

The next morning...

I growl into her mouth and push her against the glass of the shower cubicle. The cold water running down our naked bodies did nothing to reduce the heat. Tanya clings onto me and kisses me back as I devour her mouth. She moves her body against mine, creating friction.

“Aren’t you getting late for office. Mr. Singhania?” She asks me as I pull away from her mouth.

“No.” I bend my head down and take her peak in my mouth, I swirled the tip of my tongue around her erect, faded pink nipple. Tanya releases a moan and arches her back in pleasure. I fondle her other breast while my other hand slides down and angled the tip of my dick against her opening.

“Kabir-” Tanya moans in absolute pleasure as I slide my cock in. I claim her mouth once again as I thrust deeper into her. She cries into my mouth. I increase my pace and drive myself harder into her. The feel of buried deep inside her burns me. I couldn’t stop myself but fell for her a little more.

“Your lips...” I whisper against her lips, her lips were swollen and cause an urge to claim them once again. I brush my lips against her soft petals and feel her shiver feverishly I wrap my arms around her waist and pull her body up, Tanya wraps her legs around me. It gives me easy access to her wetness.

I drive my cock deeper into her. The tip of my cock hits her G-spot and

Tanya lets out a cry. *Fuck! I love this woman.* Ever since I have met her, there's never been a dull moment in my life.

I close my eyes and focus on giving her the best orgasm of her life. I work myself in her cunt, increasing the speed of my thrusts. Every sensuous moan that leaves her lips drives me crazy and pushes me to the edge. Tanya digs her nails into my shoulders and let go off with a loud cry. She's panting heavily, trying to recover while I continue to rock her body with deep thrusts.

"God! You drive me crazy, sugar." I growl in her ear. I tighten my hold on her, possessively. My balls tingle and I shot my seed into her and stayed in.

I lean over and nuzzle my face in the crook of her neck while not pulling out of her.

"I'm taking you out for lunch," I tell her, as we step out of the shower cubicle. I hand over her a fluffy white towel and take one for myself. She covers her body with the towel and walks out of the washroom. My eyes watched her till she disappeared in the room, but she looks happy with my lunch plan. It's to make it up to her, knowing our last lunch date didn't end up on the happy note when I disclosed about her mother's true nature.

"What would you like for breakfast?" Tanya asks me, as I walk into the room with a towel wrap around my lower waist. I look over at her, she's dressed up in a pair of denim shorts and white loose tee-shirt. I shot a smile her way. She looks so comfortable in here and it warms my heart to see her accepting me and my house as hers.

"Anything would do," I tell her. Tanya smiles and heads out of the room while I turn to take my clothes out to get ready.

Once I was ready, I head out of the room to the kitchen to find her working around the kitchen with a smile tugging at her lips. I can't help but grin at the sight before me. It's fucking amazing to see her so comfortable in my house. I'm the kind of person who enjoys privacy and takes control of everything in my life, but when it comes to talent, rules don't apply. My control is slipping away and I can't bring myself to complain. For once, it feels good to lose myself to someone.

"I'm making us some pancakes," Tanya tells me as she notices my presence in the kitchen. My cock jerks up in the response to her melodic voice, I cup my crotch in my palm and squeeze my hard-on in a punishable hold. The bastard refuses to calm down. I could feel the throbbing cock

pressing up against my zip, but this isn't the time to get some action. I have an office to attend. I remind myself and walk toward her to help her.

I wrap up the meeting and get up to leave the conference room with a hope to rush home and spend some time with Tanya. It's been a hectic day and I need her around me. She's been on my mind since I walked into the office this morning. I'd no intentions to work today, I wanted to rush home and be with her, but meetings lined up today were unavoidable, needed my presence.

I pull out my cell phone and message Tanya to meet me up at my place in half an hour. It also reminds me to ask her to move in with me. I want her around me all the time and I hate the distance between us due to not living together. I want to go home to her waiting for me every evening. And I'll make sure it happens soon because I don't think I'll be able to live in peace with our current situation.

The ring of my cell phone breaks my trance. I glance at the cell phone kept on the table. I grab the cell phone off the table and slide my finger on the screen, accepting the call.

"Hey, sugar," I speak on the phone.

"Kabir, I'm in deep shit. Can you come to meet me? I'll be outside my house." Hearing the panic in her voice, I feel my own heart beating rapidly.

"I'll be there in 15 minutes," I answer as I get up and grab my car keys off the table. I waste no time and head out of the office. I want to reach her as soon as possible, the tremble in her voice while she spoke to me, had me in distress.

I curse under my breath as I get into the driver seat and start the engine. I'm gonna destroy anyone who's dared to cause trouble to my sugar.

Chapter Nine

Tanya

I never knew what kind of person my mother was until Kabir pointed it out. She is a selfish woman. She proved it today by fixing my marriage alliance with Shivam Malhotra to seal a business deal. How can someone be so selfish? I couldn't understand. But I realized one thing, my parents don't really care about anything apart from their business.

"I'm not marrying this man." I sneer at my parents who are standing in the living room along with Shivam Malhotra. I wish my brother was here, but he was in Delhi with his fiancée. He is lucky to escape our parents' tricks and is marrying the love of his life. I'm happy for him but I envy him as well.

I look over at my father who stands there unaffected by everything. I shake my head, I have never seen such a weak man before. Couldn't he stand up against his wife for his kids?

"Tanya, stop the drama. You are marrying Mr. Malhotra and that's finale." Mom announces like it's the happiest news of the moment. Apparently, it's not.

"He's already married, and even if he wasn't, I'd never married such low life." I retort back.

"He'll get a divorce from his wife very soon." Mom replies, aggressively. Her eyes spitting fire as she stares at me.

I scoff, my gaze shifts over the said man. It's repulsive to even look at him.

"Manners, Tanya." My dad snaps.

I narrow my eyes and turn to take my luggage. I have every intention to leave the house as soon as possible. The need to get away from these people was strong.

"I'm leaving," I announce. I start to walk toward the main door when my mother's voice stopped me from behind.

"Take another step and we'll forget we ever had a younger daughter. You'll not get a penny from us."

Her words pissed me off. My eyes flare in anger, I tilt my head as I look over my shoulder at my parents. "That's fine with me. I'm very well capable of taking care of my financial needs."

I tell them and walk away from there. It was stupid if they thought I'll stay back for money. Money was never the top priority of my life. Happiness

was. Of course, money is important, but for me, happiness comes first and unfortunately, no money can buy it.

I glance at my wristwatch and frown realizing he should have reached by now. I called half an hour back but there is no news of him.

A sick feeling rises in the pit of my belly. Something is wrong. My heart whispers.

Betrayed.

That's what I'm feeling at the moment. He ditched me when I needed him the most.

It's over between us. All I wanted was revenge. Your mother destroyed my family and I destroyed you. We are equal now.

Hope to never see you again, Miss. Shekhawat.

With vengeance, Kabir.

I read the text sent to me by him, again and again. I couldn't believe he sent it to me. It was all revenge. Bloody revenge. I tried calling him numerous time but my calls were ignored and after some time I gave up calling, trying to save the only thing I'm left with-self respect.

"Kabir," I cried harder, burying my face in my palms. Tears are streaming down my cheeks and my heart is bleeding. The emotional pain is too much to keep inside.

"Tanya. Are you alright, honey?" I hear Anika's voice from outside the door.

"I'm alright, Anika. Can you give me some time alone? Please?" I speak with difficulty, hoping she'll understand. When Kabir didn't come to pick me up, I came to Anika's place. I couldn't go back home after what happened there. I left them, for good.

"I'll be outside if you need anything. And please, stop crying." I hear her response than her footsteps going away. I whimper. I fell back on the bed and buried my face in a pillow, the sound of my cries muffled. All the moment I spent with him are flashing before my eyes, making me want to shout out.

The pain refuses to go away.

I trusted him so much. I trusted him with every fiber of my body and the way he repaid me is heartbreaking. My heart was torn apart, a part of it refused to believe he could do this to me while the other part was bleeding

due to his betrayal.

I hate him for doing this to me.

A week. It's been I last heard from him and I doubt I'd hear from him ever again. Days have passed but my pain hasn't decreased a bit, if anything, my situation has worsened. I'm not able to overcome his betrayal, no matter how hard I try. It's there. Imprinted on my soul.

And the scars imprinted on the soul never go away. They remain.

The shrilling sound of my cell phone ring snaps me out of my trance. I grab my cell phone off the table and glance at the screen. Kriya's name flashing on it. I swipe my thumb across the screen to pick up the call.

"Hello, lil sissy." I hear her chirpy voice from the smile. A small smile touches my cheeks, knowing at least someone close to my heart is happy. Kriya deserves every bit of happiness she's getting after marrying Aman. They got married a few days back in a small ceremony in a temple. I along with Anika attended the wedding and gave our wishes to the couple. Kriya was glowing in happiness and we knew she'd made a right decision to get away from the people we have got in the name of parents.

"Hello, K." I greet her with a small smile in my voice. It feels so good to hear her voice and talk to her.

"Are you fine, Tanya?" I hear her concerned voice.

"I'm better now," I lie through my teeth, but I have no other option. Kriya is constantly worried for me since I told her about everything. I don't want her to spend the initial days of her marriage worrying about me instead of spending time her husband.

"Don't lie to me, Tanya. I know you better than anyone else." She snaps.

I bite my lower lip. She's right, though. She knows me better than anyone else. She has always been like this, the big protective sister making sure I'm happy.

"Kriya, I'll be fine. It may take time, but I'll get over him." I say to her, but I doubt own words. Is it easy to get over the man who rules your mind all the time? It's not.

"Tanya, can I say something?" Kriya asks, sounding unsure.

"Yes. Please." I reply, assuring her.

"From what I know about Kabir, he isn't a guy to cheat a girl like this.

What if someone is playing you both?" Kriya raises a doubt. I frown at her words, wondering why is she talking like this when everything is clear? His text and actions after that cleared his intentions to me. It was truly a game to him. A sick game.

"Rubbish. It was all revenge, for what mom did to his family." I bellow, but Kriya's words have sowed a seed of doubt in me.

"I don't know. I have a feeling something's not right. I could be wrong as well," Kriya replies back.

I let go of a sigh. "I'm not going to run behind him, trying to know what went wrong."

A girl has some self-respect.

"I'm not telling you to run behind him either. I'm just telling you to find out if mom has any hand in your breakup." my sister explains her thoughts. I think over her words, my mind analyzing the whole situation.

"You are doubting mom?"

"Yes. She's tried so many tricks to throw Aman out of my life." Kriya's words reach my ears and I'm taken back to the time when Kriya told me how Mom was trying to get Aman, a poor man out of her rich daughter's life. I chose not to believe her back then, but now I'm doubting my judgment.

"I'll see to it," I mumble onto the phone and ended the conversation.

Chapter Ten

Tanya

I step out of the Delhi airport and take in a deep breath, looking around to spot my brother, Aryan. His wedding functions are to start from tomorrow and I'm nervous, to say the least. My family will be there as well, but it's not something I'm worried about. It's Kabir I'm worried about. He'll be attending the wedding as well due to his close business connections with my brother. I don't how I'll react seeing him again. While a part of me hates him for doing whatever he did to me, a bigger part of me craves for him.

"Whoa! Where are you lost, teddy bear?" I snap out of my trance when my brother, Aryan appears before me and shakes me a little.

"Bro!" I push the sadness in back of my head and threw myself into his arms. He hugs me tight and twirls me around. I laugh.

"How's my little bear?" Aryan asks me as he puts me down to my feet.

"As awesome as they come." I put the best smile I could muster at the moment. I don't want him to know about the mess I'm in and worry unnecessarily. One sibling doing that is enough, I guess. "Let's go to the hotel, bro. I wanna meet my would-be sister-in-law."

I grab his arm and nudge him. I didn't give him a chance to catch my lie and drag me to the car parked across us.

I let go off a sigh and throw myself on the bed, exhausted after the cocktail party my brother hosted. Surprisingly, I'd a nice time in the party. I met my sister, Kriya and her husband, Aman. I'd a nice time with them and my brother and his to-be bride, Sneha. The bride-to-be is the sweetest person I have come across. I have met her a few times before tonight and we do go well with each other.

I ignored my parents who were present as well along with Shivam Malhotra who had a smudged look on his face throughout the evening. His presence irked me. I'd an urge to go and smack him across the face, but Kriya held me.

Kabir will be coming tomorrow. A voice in the back of my head reminds me. I close my eyes, his face flashes before my eyes. It's so annoying that I'm still pining for him, but what can I do? My heart doesn't

understand he won't come back.

Nevertheless, I have decided not to chase him.

"Tanya," I hear Shivam calling me from behind. I stop in the hallway and turn around to face him. Shivam comes and stands before me, a smug look on his face enough to infuriate me.

"What do you want?" I grit my teeth, anger coursing through my veins.

"I heard your lover boy left you," He puts up a fake sad smile and looks at me, showing his sympathy. I narrow my eyes at him, I know for a fact that he is anything but sympathetic towards me.

"Stay the fuck in your limits, Shivam." I ball my fists at sides, trying hardest to not to lose control over myself.

"I'm just being nice, Tanya. He didn't deserve what he had and let you slip away. I won't." The edges of his lips pull up in a creepy smile that sends a chill through me in disgust. He's disgusting.

"Even if you are the last man left on this planet, I won't come to you. Stop dreaming." I sneer at him. I turn around to leave when a hand yanks and I'm pulling back with force. I yelp, feeling a painfully tight grip on my arm. Shivam pulls me to close to him and in reflex, I pull myself back, wanting to get away from him.

"What the fuck are you doing? Leave me this instant, Shivam." I scream at him, yanking his hand off me using all my strength. His touch disgusts me. I feel like thousands of insects crawling on my skin and it's not a nice feeling.

Slap!

I slap him right across his face. I was seething with anger and he didn't do anything but add more to it. I didn't regret raising my hand.

"You bitch," Shivam growls and lunges for me. He grabs my arm and pins me against the wall behind me. I close my eyes from the impact, my head collides against the wall and it hurts like a bitch. I struggle to get myself free from him, but he is strong to fight against. He is using all his strength to keep in place while I wriggle to get out of his hold.

"Girls like you don't understand sweet talks, do they?" He sneers, his eyes gleaming with evilness makes me shiver in fear. My heart is beating loudly against my ribcage from the fear and anger of being held by him.

Shivam inches his face closer to me but then he moves back, someone

pulls him off me. I gasp for air and fell forward, but I manage to not to fall. I stand on my feet and raise my head to see my savior.

My heart leaps at the sight of him. *Kabir*. It whispers.

“How dare you lay a finger on her?” Kabir growls. He is seething in anger and if I hadn’t known him enough, I’d have run away in opposite direction by now. He looks dangerous. He grabs Shivam by his collar and raises his fist to punch him. Shivam falls down to the ground from the impact of the punch and coughs, the corner of his lips bleeding.

I tear my gaze away from him and look over at Kabir who doesn’t look satisfied seeing his situation. From the looks of him, Kabir is going to kill Shivam. His reaction confuses me as well as angers me. What does he think of himself to play with me like this?

As much as I appreciate him saving me from Shivam, I do not appreciate how he can still make my heart flutter with his presence. Shouldn’t I be disgusted to even breath in the same air as him?

“Kabir, no!” I’m rudely pull back into the reality when I hear a loud female voice. I look up to find a woman holding Kabir back from lunging at Shivam. A frown appears on my face at the sight before me and I can’t ignore the pangs of envy that shot through me.

The woman holding his arm looks in her late twenties and she seems pretty close to him. Their body language speaks aloud. Kabir visibly calms down when he looks at her and it makes me sadder. He’s moved on.

I don’t even realize when Shivam scurries away from there, my eyes are staring at Kabir numbly.

“So, She is your new whore?” Before I know, those venom dripping words escape my lips.

“What the fuck did you say?” Anger flashes across his orbs and he takes a step closer to me with intentions to hurt me for saying something like this, breaking my heart furthermore. He’s never looked at me with anything but affection.

“I asked if she is your new whore, the one warming your bed?” I have never been so bitter to anyone in my life, but then he does possess the power to bring out the both worst and best in me.

“Tanya!” His loud voice booms in the hallway and if I ain’t angry as well, I’d have flinched away.

“Aw. So possessive for the new toy?” I mock him with a sugary smile and it seems to anger him even more. I care less.

Kabir opens his mouth to say something but the woman behind him holds his bicep and hushes him.

He's mine! My heart screams, but I control myself from saying it loud. While the practical side of me knows he doesn't belong to me anymore, the other side of me in love doesn't believe my practical side. It's confusing, but it's love.

"Losers," I mutter under my breath and walk away from there to my room, with every step I take, tears roll down my cheeks. The heartache returns back with such force that I find hard to breathe.

I enter the room and shut the door behind me hard, taking my anger, my frustration out on it. Stupidity, I know. But I'm in an emotional mess. I'm hurt, angry, and frustrated with every turn my life takes. I lean against the door and give into to the urge to cry my heart out.

Chapter Eleven

Kabir

Watching her walk away from me and not being able to do anything to stop her is the most painful feeling I have ever experienced. She isn't to blame. I am.

I created the whole mess, but I was helpless. Fucking helpless. The urge to destroy something grows in the pit of my stomach, but I control myself. This isn't the right time to react. I tell myself.

"I'm sorry on her behalf, Alia." I turned to the girl I love as a sister. She didn't deserve the bitter words Tanya spoke about her. And what's more heartbreaking is my Tanya's transformation. She isn't the same girl I fell for. She is bitter and distant, and I'm to blame.

"It's perfectly fine, Kabir. She's going through a lot, we can't expect her to interact with you like nothing has happened." Alia gives a small comforting smile. I nod my head while not being able to digest the change in Tanya. If only I wasn't forced to break her heart.

"Let's go," I say to her. I lead her to her room and once she is inside and closes the door, I go to my room which is next to Alia's.

The past one week has been hard. The people I loved were in pain and I couldn't do anything. Not a nice feeling to experience. We were played by the people who were once ours. I still remember the day Tanya called me to meet her urgently, I was on my way to reach her when I received a call from Alia.

"Yes, Alia?" I pull over the car and pick up the call.

"Kabir, can you come home?" her panic filled voice reaches my ears, alerting me.

"Alia, What happen? Are you alright?" I ask her with urgency in my voice. Ever since Ishaan has exited from our lives, I have grown close to her. I'm overprotective like a brother when it comes to her.

"Ishaan is here. Please come." Alia says to me and hangs up the call, leaving me bewildered. Panic rushed through me along with confusion, we haven't heard from him in a long time. He left to never come back.

"What the fuck is he doing there?" I run a hand through my hair in frustration. Worried for my sister's safety, I take a U-turn and drive away to Alia's house while hoping Tanya is alright. I'll reach her as soon as I kick that cheating bastard out of my sister's house.

After some fifteen minutes of a drive, I reach her home. I park the car in the porch and hurry inside.

"Where is he?" I question Alia as I enter the living room. Alia rushes to me, the look of fear in her eyes is enough to wake the beast in me.

"Brother," I hear Ishaan. He's sitting on the couch in the living room.

"What the fuck do you want?" I grit my teeth, anger coursing through me. He rises from his seat and comes to me, taking slow steps and a sly smile tugging at his lips. His presence infuriates me, I have never been fond of people who cheat. Ishaan is one of them. He broke his own house and ruined two lives, of his wife's and the unborn baby who died.

"Easy, brother. Easy." Ishaan's smile widens.

"Ishaan, I'm in no mood to joke. Say what do you want and leave from here." I snap, anger getting better off me.

"I have a deal for you," Ishaan says, getting his cell phone out from his pocket and handing it over to me. "See,"

I tear my gaze away from him to look at the screen and what I saw shook my entire world. I close my eyes in disgust and throw the cell phone away on the ground. The cell phone scattered in pieces.

"Tch. tch. I have many other copies as well," Ishaan let out a mechanic laugh.

It was Alia's sex tape. I didn't see it fully, but enough to know it's real. Ishaan's face is blurred in the video but Alia is recognizable. Disgust washes over me. I didn't know he'd stoop so low in life.

"Bastard!" A loud growl escapes me. I seethed in anger and lunged at him, Ishaan laughed.

"If you don't want the world to see your darling sister's colorful life, you will do as I say." Ishaan pulls himself out of my grip and looks over at me with evilness gleaming in his eyes.

I tilt my head and look over at Alia who's crying bitterly. I closed my eyes and that was the moment I fell weak before the love for my sister and gave into Ishaan's demands. For the time being.

Ishaan's sole intention was to get me to out of Tanya's life and he was using Alia to get his work done. The mastermind behind this whole fiasco was Anita Shekhawat.

I'd to do what I did, to Tanya. I needed to save Alia's dignity because if Ishaan had released the tape, her whole life would have got ruined. I couldn't let that happen. She's the only family I'm left with. I couldn't let anything

happen to her.

But I haven't given up on Tanya. If Anita Shekhawat thinks she can kick me out of her daughter's life, then she doesn't know who I am. I don't give up.

Tanya is mine and no one, no one can snatch her away from me. And I have got a perfect plan to trap Anita and Ishaan in their own game. But I have to wait a little more to put my plan into action. Till then, all I can do is hope for Tanya to remain strong.

Once I clear the mess, I'll win her over.

I along with Alia move toward the wedding hall. The wedding ceremony has started and I grow eager to catch a glimpse of my woman. Tanya is avoiding me, not that I expect her to come running to me after what I have done to her.

And now she thinks Alia is my girlfriend. Great.

I wanna clear her confusion but don't know how.

"Kabir," I snap out of my trance when Alia shakes me. "I'm going to meet Sneha. Why don't you go and meet your lover girl and clear her misunderstanding about you and me?"

I shake my head at my sister, she giggles and walks away to her friend and the bride. I was about to move away to meet Aryan when I spotted Shivam. Anger returns back with full force, remembering the last night incident. That bastard dared to lay his hands on my woman.

I move toward him, last night he got away easily but not today.

"Shivam," I tap his shoulder to get his attention. I need to get him away from the public eye, not wanting to create any drama in the ceremony and ruin someone's day.

Shivam turns to me and a look of fear crosses his features. A smirk pulls up at my lips, he's all bark and no bite.

"I need to talk to you," I tell him in a stern voice.

"What do you want?" Shivam stutters.

"Come before I drag you from here. It won't look good, right?" I arch an eyebrow at him, a satisfied smile makes its way to my lips as he shudders in fear under my gaze.

I move out of the wedding hall, Shivam follows me quietly. It's good, for him.

We move to an empty hallway and come to a halt. I turn around to face him.

“I told you to stay away from Tanya, didn’t I?” I question him, pinning him down with my hard gaze. He should be glad I haven’t killed him yet.

“Her mother wants me to marry her and I’ll marry her,” Shivam smirks, making me surprised at how he sounded. But I’m not surprised to know about his marriage alliance for Tanya. I expected it long back. Anita wants to use Tanya to grab a big fish in the business market who can help her in her business. Who else can be better than Shivam Malhotra?

“I heard your elder son is involved in drug peddling. I wonder how media would react to it?” I say after a moment of silence. Colors drain off his face and he looks at me wide eyes. “Don’t be shocked, Malhotra. I know much more than this-even about your illegal business. Your men peddle drugs to college students-I have a whole list.”

“Say your price to keep your mouth shut.” Shivam grits his teeth, he balls his fist at sides.

“I want you out of Tanya’s life forever,” I tell him in a deadly serious tone.

“What if I don’t?” Shivam cocks an eyebrow.

“Then I’ll send one copy to media and one copy to CBI office. I’ll destroy you and your business.” I look into his eyes, threatening him to go against me. He wouldn’t. He knows the consequences of his action. It can cost him his business and everything he has.

“Fine.” Shivam agrees. “You can keep me away from Tanya, but don’t think even you can have her. Anita has made sure to keep you away from Tanya.”

He has a crooked smile on his face, mocking me. He doesn’t know what future holds for him.

“You don’t have to worry about that. You stay away from her and you will be fine.” I tell him. Shivam shakes his head and walks away from there, leaving me alone with my thoughts when I sensed her presence.

I freeze in my place as she steps out of her hiding place and stands before me. Tanya crosses her hands over her chest and glares at me.

“Explain.”

Chapter Twelve

Tanya

I'm glad I followed him and Shivam. I heard their conversation and everything started to make sense. The reason behind his betrayal was as clear as the sun on a sunny day. I look over at him, wanting to hear the whole truth from him.

Kabir grabs my hand and drags me to his hotel room, I let him. I'm too eager to get the answers to my questions to care about anything else. The past one week has been a torturous hell, I want it to end. Being away from him has never been easy, now all I want to wrap myself in his arms and forget everything.

He opens the lock and pulls me in the room along with him. He closes the door behind us securely.

"Now would you explain what the hell is going on?" I ask him, pulling my hand away from him which earns me a glare from him. I ignore him and sit down on the edge of the bed, looking up at him expectedly.

Kabir let go of a sigh. "Your mother and Ishaan blackmailed me. They have Alia's private video which they threatened to release if I don't go away from you."

I gasp in shock, looking at him like he'd grown two heads. For a moment I refuse believe mom could do this, but then I know better than to trust her. She has shown her true colors to me by trying to fix my marriage with Shivam. An immense amount of hatred for her consume me, making me want to go and shake some sense into her. It would be useless, though.

"What are you going to do now?" I ask him, worried for him and his sister as well. She doesn't have any fault in this but still, mom drag her along in this mess.

"I need time to get out of this mess. I need all the copies of her video and destroy them." He replies. I get up and throw myself into his arms, not being able to see the helplessness in his eyes. He isn't the one to feel helpless in any situation, but I know my man is a fighter. He'll come out stronger than ever.

"And the girl you saw me with last night was Alia." He clarifies.

I bite my lower lip, burying my face in his chest even more. He tightens his hold on me and holds me close. I couldn't look up at him in his, the harsh words I said to him last night are making me feel so guilty. The last night

behavior was uncalled for, but I guess my jealousy got better off me.

“I’m sorry,” I mumbled softly, hoping he heard me.

“It’s alright, but never doubt me again.” He says with a smile in voice. I tilt my head up and pass a smile to him, it feels so great to be back to him-my home.

“I won’t,” I promise, and make one to myself to never distrust him again. I’m regretting not confronting him before and let myself assume worst about him when I know him like no one else.

“I love you,” I stand on my toes and press my lips against him.

“I love you, too, sugar.” He whispers against my lips before capturing my lips in a soulful kiss that makes my toes curl and heartbeat to speed up. I slide my hands in his neatly gelled hair and deepen the kiss, pouring all my feeling in it.

Kabir’s hands travel down to grab my ass, he pulls me up, making my belly feel funny when I feel his rock hard cock poking my belly.

“You are already hard,” I giggle, pulling away from the kiss.

“You have no idea how difficult the past week was,” his eyes bore into mine. “I missed you.”

“I missed you, too,” I place a soft peck on his cheek.

“You are looking hot in this saree,” Kabir takes a step back and looks at me from head to toe, letting out a wolf whistle. Heat rushes to my cheeks and I look away, unable to withstand his penetrating gaze. “You should wear saree more often, you look sexy as af.”

He grabs my bare waist and pulls me in his arms. I place my hands on his shoulders and looks at him, he was wearing a black three-piece suit with white dressed shirt and black tie. He looks handsome than ever, his flawless looks have always been my weakness.

“You don’t look bad yourself,” I whisper, trailing my finger down his cheeks to neck seductively. I stand on my toes and bite his lower lip, causing him to groan out loud. He pinched my bare belly, my body jerks up in response. He laughs, staring down at me with his eyes darkened in lust.

“Get yourself out of this suit, I’m gonna eat you today,” I tell him and step out of his embrace. Kabir raises an eyebrow at my commanding voice but says nothing. He obeys and starts undressing while I work on to get myself out of the sari. First I undid my diamond studded heavy earrings and bracelet and placed them on the table next to the bed then I worked on to unpin my saree and discarded it off me. I leave my black lace panties and

matching bra on, and turn to face Kabir who was staring at me throughout the time I undressed. I raise an eyebrow at him while trying to control my blush. God! How can I blush every freaking time we are together?

“You enjoyed the show?” I tease him.

“Fucking yes!” He winks, his gaze shifts to the thin waist chain I’m wearing. I forgot to take it off.

“Don’t take it off,” Kabir tells me when I reach out to take it off. I give a positive nod in response and watch him as he pulls himself out of his slacks, leaving himself just in his boxer briefs. The bulge in his briefs makes me gulp down, desires pumping through my veins. My head feels heavy and the pull I feel toward him strengthened.

He removes his boxer briefs, his rock hard cock springs free, making me swallow hard. He reaches out and strokes his thick and ready while watching me like a hawk. He jumps on the bed on his back, stroking himself to a hard erection.

“Bounce on me, Sugar.” he says.

I swallow hard, the organ in my chest pounding rapidly. I’m in awe of the man I claim to be mine. He is a blessing in my otherwise dull life. He grabs my hand when I reach near the bed and pulls me on top of him. Our naked bodies entangle together, reminding me how much I’d missed this feeling.

I sit straddling him, causing him to groan as I rub myself against his arousal, slowly and teasingly.

“You are gonna regret teasing me, sugar.” Kabir warns, but I don’t pay attention to it. Ripples of sensation run through me as the urge to have him fill me up seeps in. I couldn’t hold myself any longer and lower myself on his cock, taking him in. He grunts while I let out a low moan, pleasure riding me. He’s filling me fully, stretching me to fit in. The feel of having him buried inside my warmth makes me both moan and cry in ecstasy.

Kabir holds my waist in a firm grip to hold me in place as he raises hips his and moves his length in and out of me, a little by little. He takes his own time, giving the pleasure we both are yearning for. I throw my head back and close my eyes to relish the moment.

I take the charge and move my body, rolling my hips to feel him deep inside me, groaning out loud from the sensation. Kabir lay back and watches as I ride him, his hooded gaze fixes over my breasts, they bounce along with me, giving him a show he likes.

“Fuck! I love your tits,” he growls, reaching out to grab my breasts in his large palm. He fondles them roughly, then tugging at the sensitive buds, making me cry out in delight. I bounce on him, taking him as deep as I could, to my heart’s content, bringing both of us to the edge.

A smile touches my cheeks, looking into his eyes. The beautiful pair of eyes that holds my world. “I love you, Kabir.”

“I love you, too, sugar.” he smiles, I lean over and press my lips against his. Kabir tightens his hold around me and rolls over the bed, taking me beneath his muscular body. He pounds into me, I clench my walls around him as my climax nears.

A few deep strokes and I let it go, crying out loud his name. He follows behind soon and wraps in his arms. Our naked bodies entangle, recovering from the sensation that’s riding through us.

Chapter Thirteen

Kabir

A few weeks later...

“Shivam Malhotra along with his Son was arrested by the CBI officers yesterday in the drugs peddling case. His other illegal businesses were revealed as well after an investigation. The news has spread like fire, almost every news channel is covering the news.” my assistant gives a brief information about Shivam Malhotra ongoing case.

“And what about Anita Shekhawat? What she’s up to these days?” I ask him, looking away from the laptop screen at him.

“Sir, her company was caught bribing the lobbyist to get a bill pass. She’s looking for a way out.” Ronak informs me. I smile, this is the news I was looking for since the day she blackmailed me, using Alia as a bait.

I dismiss Ronak and lean back in the leather seat. Whatever happened with Shivam was my plan, but what’s happening with Anita is karma. And I have every plan to use this opportunity to secure Alia’s future.

I grab my cell phone off the table and dial Ishaan’s number. At the third ring, he picked up the call.

“Hello, big brother.” I greet him with sarcasm dripping my tone.

“What do you want, Kabir?” he hisses in anger, earning a chuckle from me.

“I have got a deal for you and Anita,” I tell him.

“What kind of deal?” Ishaan asks curiously.

“I can help you guys out. Let’s meetup and discuss.”

“3 o’clock at restaurant blue moon?”

“Sure.” I end the call and dial my attorney’s number to tell him to get the papers ready.

“Kabir, what kind of deal you were talking about?” Anita Shekhawat asks me, seated across me, she looks anxious. The controversy has done enough damage to her and her company. Her company’s shares price have fallen down and investors has pulled from investing her new ventures which leaves her in huge debt.

She’s in too deep with her business partner Shivam arrested.

“I’m ready to invest in your project,” I tell her. Money isn’t a problem to me, I’m ready to do anything to get these people out of my and Tanya’s lives, and also make sure they don’t cause any harm to Alia.

Anita and Ishaan share a look then look over at me with eyes full of doubt.

“And what do you want in return?” Ishaan raises an eyebrow.

“Your sign on these papers,” I say, pulling out a stack of papers from my coat’s pocket and place them on the table before them. Ishaan reaches out to read them.

“These papers are to assure me you will never release the tape. If the tape gets leaked, you will pay one billion to Alia.” I explain, observing their expressions. They don’t have any other option left, due to the current controversy no other investor would invest in their new venture.

“Why should we sign it?” Anita questions, an arrogant smirk pulling up at her lips. The woman seated across me never fails to amuse me with her arrogance.

“No one is forcing you to,” I reply. “But I wonder what will happen to your dream project. I heard bank canceled your loan application.”

I smirk, enjoying as she looks away from me to hide her weakness. I’m sure she doesn’t like giving into her helplessness before me, but there is no other way left for her.

“Fine. We’ll sign it.” Ishaan speaks after a moment of deep thinking.

Anita takes the papers and signs them, Ishaan does the same then hands over the papers to me. I take them and keep them in my pocket safely.

“You will receive the cheque by tomorrow morning,” I tell them as I rise from my place to take leave.

The next morning, I wake up to her hot breath fanning over the nape of my neck. I open my eyes and take into her sight. She’s sound asleep, her naked body pressed up against mine. I can’t help a smile. She looks so cute like this. And she is finally where she belongs.

Tanya moved in with me yesterday. We can be together without having to worry about her mother. Anita has learned her lesson, she’s at my mercy. The business she loves so much is stable because my company is investing in hers. She’s getting what she’s wanted since forever.

“Mm-” a soft sound coming from my left breaks my trance. I look over

at her, she's waking up.

"Good morning, sugar," I mumble softly, lifting my hand up to tuck a few strands of hair behind her ear. Her eyes flutter open and a smile makes its way to her lips.

"Good morning, big man," she rolls over the bed, coming on top of me. She wraps her arms around me and rests her head against my chest. She breathes softly, stirring something inside me. Having her so close to me always makes my heart beat faster.

"What are your plans for the day?" I ask her, running a hand through her locks.

"I just wanna be with you," Tanya whispers, brushing her lips against my nipples. She starts placing soft kisses down my chest, making my morning erection even harder. I tighten my hold around her and roll over the bed, taking her body beneath mine. She giggles softly, her eyes twinkling in happiness which makes my heart swell with pride.

"You love being a dirty girl, don't you." I tickle my nose with hers.

"As if you don't like it," Tanya whispers. She holds the nape of my neck and brings me closer, brushing her lips softly against mine. I shiver from the pleasure. I can never get tired of the feel of her lush lips against mine. I pull her in a deep kiss, pouring every emotion in it.

I pull away and move down to her neck, kissing my way down. I gently bit her soft flesh, then licking the mark with the tip of my blazing tongue.

"Not now." Tanya pushes me away gently.

"What?" I stare at her wide eye, "You can't fucking tell me that-"

"I can," she giggles. "I have college to attend."

"You can't leave me in this state," I tell her, the throbbing ache in my cock is intense and there is nothing else I want than to bury myself inside her warmth.

"Oh, poor you." she kisses my chin. "My exams are starting from today, I hope you remember?"

"Tanya," I mock glare at her while cursing her exams mentally.

"The least I can do for you, is a quickie in the shower." she offers, a smile tugging at her lips and naughtiness twinkling in her eyes beautiful eyes is hard to miss.

"Then what are we waiting for?" I raise an eyebrow. I get up and pull her into my arms, picking her up in bridal style. Her melodious laughter echoes in the room as I carry her inside the washroom.

Epilogue

Tanya

5 Years later...

“Sh. You will wake the kids up.” My husband whispers in my ear. I tear my gaze away from him and steal a glance at the opened door of the nursery. After a lot of struggle, we managed to get our two months old twins to sleep. It’s tiring to handle two at a time, but both of us are enjoying every bit of this new journey.

Sometimes, I really can’t believe how far we have come together. Our love, our needs to have each other as close as possible hasn’t decreased even a bit. It has grown with every passing moment.

It’s two years to our marriage and every moment was blissful. I’m truly lucky to have him in my life because I really don’t know what would have happened to me if he hasn’t entered my life. I probably would have ended up with an old rich man chosen by my mother.

I close my eyes, the mere thought of my mother sends chills of disgust through me. My mother hasn’t changed a bit, but she’s stopped interfering in our life. Kabir makes sure she doesn’t cause any harm to us or people related to us.

My reverie breaks as he shoves his cock inside me in deep, powerful thrust, taking me by surprise.

“Kabir,” I mock glare at him

He lets out a chuckle, he moves his entire length inside me. I moan, feeling myself stretching to take him in. My whole body trembles, pleasure ripples through me.

I clutch his shoulders tightly, unable to contain the overflow of emotions. Kabir leans in and nuzzles his face between the swells of my chests. His lips brush against my nipple before he takes my peak in his warm mouth.

I arch my back and cry out from the pleasure, throwing my head backward. He ruts me, taking everything I’d to offer.

“You are going to be the death of me one day,” Kabir murmured, pounding into me. He pins me down with his body and fucks my brain out. I writhe beneath his body, moaning, and craving for more. I can never have enough of him. The need to be with him never die down. “Moan for me, sugar.”

“Kabir,” I moan, opening my legs wide for him. My head explodes as an orgasm rode through me. I bury my face in the crook of his neck, inhaling in his woodsy smell. He rams into me, deep powerful strokes till he finds his own, shooting spurts of hot semen straight to my womb.

He rolls over the bed, taking me on top of him as he gasps for air. He doesn’t pull himself out of me and stays still. His hands travel to the south to grab my ass cheeks. A soft sigh leaves my lips, I rest my head on his chest and hug him close. My heart beating in sync with his soothes my soul.

“We should get up. Alia is coming over for dinner, remember?” I say. Alia got married last year to Abhinav, the guy who used to work with her in an IT firm. She’s happy and is expecting their first child. It makes me so happy to see her happy because I feel extremely guilty for what my mother did to her. She’s finally getting what deserved.

“Five more minutes,” Kabir murmurs, tightening his hold around me. I can’t help a laugh.

“Your five minutes will never end.” I say to him, closing my eyes to enjoy the feel of being in his arms.

“I love you,” he presses his lips against my head.

“I love you, too, Kabir.” my lips curve into a small smile, my cheeks catch fire. It happens every time he confesses his love.

THE END

Forever Mine

Chapter One

I want a divorce.

Coming home to her husband and hear him say those words wasn't something she expected when she returned back from her short vacation with her mother and sisters. A look in his eyes and she knew she'd lost him, forever. He didn't want to live with her, nor did he loved her anymore. His eyes were as blank as a canvas. There was nothing for her in his eyes and she lost the battle even before a fight. She couldn't bring herself to fight for something that's not hers anymore. He wasn't hers to claim, though legally he was still her husband. He wasn't the same man she married a year back. The emotional bond she shared with him was missing. She couldn't connect herself to him. She expected an explanation from him but got none. He moved out of the house the very day and next day, she received the divorce deed.

She was torn. He'd tore her apart and she doesn't think she'll ever recover. The wounds were still fresh and ran deeper.

It took her days to realize it was happening. She was getting a divorce. Why? She'd no idea. He refused to tell her what went wrong. But she knew, he didn't want her anymore. He'd fallen out of love with her. And She didn't even know what was her fault. She'd been an ideal wife to him, taking care of him and his house while expecting very little in return, then what went wrong?

He'd moved into with his girlfriend, the one he was cheating on her with. She got to know through a common friend and it was the last blow her already broken heart could handle. She wanted to be free from him, though her heart was still beating for him, her mind was filled with disgust for him. She loved him, but she didn't want him back. She knew.

"Good morning, Anya." She turned around when she heard a sweet, feminine voice from the door. The voice broke her reverie, looking around, she realized she's once again lost herself to the memories of past.

"Morning, Aisha." She passed a small smile to her colleague cum friend. She hated the sympathetic look Aisha passed her way. The same kind of looks she'd been receiving from people around her ever since the news of her divorce was out. Her private life was no longer private in the office due to her ex-husband and his current girlfriend who works in the same office as her, but in a different department, for which she was glad. She didn't have to

see their faces every now and then.

“Are you coming to the party tonight?” Aisha said as she stepped into the cabin. Anya closed her eyes and a sigh escaped her lips remembering the office party to celebrate the successful 30 years of the company she’s to attend in the evening. All the employees were expected to attend the celebration, but she was having second thoughts.

“I don’t know,” Anya trailed off. She didn’t want to attend the party, given her current situation. She knew her ex-husband will be there as well, with his girlfriend. She doesn’t want to face him because no matter how much she shows herself to be strong, her heart still bleeds at the thought of him with another woman. “But I’ll try to come.”

Aisha nodded her head, a small smile tugging at her lips before she turned around and strode out of the room. Anya shook her head and sat in the chair comfortably.

“In my cabin, Miss. Rao.” The intercom buzzed and she heard her employer’s husky voice. Her eyes widen slightly knowing he was office early today. She grabbed a pen and pad off the table and headed out of the cabin, to her employer’s cabin which was next to hers.

Anya knocked on the door twice before she entered in. The enchanting smell of her employer’s cologne filled her lungs as she walked over his desk. Her eyes traveled over her boss, Rihaan Kapoor, the one fine man who’s known for his sharp brains and sinfully sexy looks.

She’d been working for him from past one year and she couldn’t come up with anything bad about him. From what she’s observed, people both fear and respect him for the man he is. An enigma indeed.

And he was the only person who wasn’t interested in her personal life after her divorce news came out. It increased her respect for him, not that she expected a billionaire like him to be interested in an ordinary employee’s life. He treated her professionally, though he knew every detail of her personal life and she appreciated it.

“Good morning, sir.” She passed a smile to him when he looked up over at her from the file in his hand.

“Good morning, Miss. Rao.” Rihaan returned the smile with his own best one. Anya couldn’t help but notice how beautiful his smile is, for the first time. “Can you call Miss. Sophia Kaur and cancel the lunch I’d with her. Send her an apology note with a bouquet on my behalf.”

Anya nodded her head and mentally noted the task. It wasn’t something

new to her. She was pretty familiar with his lifestyle and the women he date. In fact, She'd been the one handling the women on his behalf who don't last longer than a few days or a week maximum. He'd a taste in women, every woman he'd dated had been skinny models. Sophia Kaur was an exceptional, though. Daughter of an important business associate. She was his date to a charity ball a few days back and she knew her boss wasn't really interested in her but had to tolerate her because of her father. Apart from that, She hasn't seen any woman with him in past two or three months. She couldn't remember when was the last time she arranged a date for him. He was keeping his love life low. She believed.

"I'll do that, sir. Anything else?" Anya brushed her thoughts aside and turned to her boss.

"That's all for now, Miss. Rao." He said in a smooth, cultured voice she'd ever heard. No wonder women fall for him. She thought to herself, looking over at his face. He was an epitome of perfection with a body to die for. He was strong, muscular yet not bulky, more of built and lean. His sharp facial features and ocean blue eyes can make any woman go weak on her knees.

Anya shook her head to get away from her thoughts which had taken a wrong route. It was inappropriate to think about him like that. And how could she forget her divorce was still pending? She was getting divorced from the man she loved and she shouldn't be thinking about another man. It was wrong on so many levels.

"Sir, You have a meeting with Mr. Smith in half an hour." Anya gathered her thoughts together and informed him about the meeting. She mentally patted herself for being able to maintain the professionalism with her posture and tone. She couldn't afford to let him think about her to be one of those women who threw themselves on him. She wasn't one of them. She admired him but for his hard work and passion for work. Nothing else.

How can someone be so cruel to someone like her? That was the only thought running through his mind as he watched her walk out of the cabin. The petite woman he calls his secretary has been an object of desire to him ever since he laid his eyes on her a year back when she first walked in for the interview. He'd never witnessed something so pure, so angelic before. She made his heart skip a beat and cock twitch in his pants, all at the same time. It

never happened before. He'd been with many women before, but none come even close to her. She caught his attention with one glance and he hadn't stopped dreaming about her since then.

She was that kind of woman who demanded respect with her appearance. She carried that aura around her, and the soft smile that always adorned her face can make any male fall on his knees before her, begging. She didn't even know what kind of power she possessed. She was beautiful. Ever so graceful and elegant, everything a man would want in his woman. And as much as he hated, she was extremely loyal to her husband. While women throw themselves at him, she maintained a dignified distance from him. She'd been thoroughly professional and he admired it, though he hated it as well. He knew she was the woman who would never betray her nuptial vows and it helped him to keep a distance from her as well.

He wanted to stake his claim over her the moment she walked in his cabin, but her marital status stopped him. He didn't want to be the reason of her broken marriage. It wasn't him. He was a selfish bastard but not a homewrecker.

Although he was disgusted with himself at times for wanting and desiring a married woman, but it wasn't in his hands. His heart and body yearn for her. He'd even dated women after her arrival, to get over her. It didn't work and he stopped trying a few months back. He'd decided to figure out his feeling in another way than using other women to get over one. But before he could figure out what does he want, the news of her divorce spread around, giving him a ray of hope. He'd always envied her husband for having her, but his happiness knew no bound when he first got to know about her divorce. It was the hot topic around. He hated her ex-husband for crushing her heart, but he was thankful she got rid of the cheating ass her husband was. She deserves better than a man who couldn't stay faithful to her.

The ring of his cell phone brought him out of his reverie. He grabbed his cell phone off the table and glanced at the screen.

Sophia Calling...

He groaned inwardly seeing the name flashing on the screen. He'd expected her call since he'd canceled the lunch he was supposed to have with her. He couldn't bear her fakeness for another day thus he'd to cancel the lunch plan. He was regretting the moment he asked her to be his date for the charity ball he attended a few days back. He needed a date for the ball and he found her perfect. She was sophisticated and mingled with his business world

people with ease. He didn't want to give her false hopes regarding him, but the woman never knew to take the hints.

"Hello, Sophia." He picked up the call even though he'd no intentions of doing so.

"Rihaan, Why did you cancel the lunch? I was looking forward to spend some time with you." Rihaan heard a sharp, edgy voice from the other side of the phone call. He narrowed his eyes and could imagine her with a fake pout. She thinks it makes her look cute and desirable, and he wished he could tell her how fake she looks when she try to act younger than her age.

"A meeting with father came up suddenly, I couldn't avoid." Rihaan trailed off, having no interest whatsoever to talk to her.

"Aw. That's sad," Sophia crooned from the other side. An urge to tell her off build up in, but he controlled. "I'll meet you at the party tonight. We can spend some together then,"

Sophia sounded hopeful, but he'd no intentions of entertaining her more than he already had. He's a woman to win and he isn't going to waste his time behind people who mean nothing to him.

"I'll talk to you later, Sophia." He murmured onto the phone. Rihaan ended the call and placed the cell phone back on the table as he leaned back in his chair. As soon as he closed his eyes, Anya's angelic face appeared before him. She'd that affect over him. Her thoughts had surrounded him, and he wouldn't be lying if he says he hadn't stopped thinking about her ever since she'd put her foot in his cabin.

He'd spent uncountable sleepless nights, thinking off her while stroking himself. It felt so wrong yet so right. He cannot wait to show her what she does to him. Once she is his, he'll show her what it feels to be loved by a man. He'll shower her with his undivided attention and love. He'll give her every fucking happiness of the world.

Chapter Two

Rihaan looked around the party hall, hoping to catch a glimpse of her, but he couldn't spot her. He hoped she'd attended the party. A growl escaped him when he spotted her ex-husband and the woman hanging on his arm coming his way. He hated the sight of her ex. Anya's ex-husband, Armaan reminded him of the pain he'd caused Anya. The pain in her eyes was still raw and he hated it. He could see she was still suffering his betrayal.

Rihaan knew how much it pained him to see her broken after the news of divorce came out. He wanted to rush to her and embrace her in his arms, tell her everything would be fine, but he stopped himself. It wasn't the right time to show his emotions to her. It was a torturous month to maintain the professionalism between them.

"Good evening, sir." Rihaan came out of his trance when he heard Armaan's call. He blinked his eyes and look over at Armaan and his girlfriend, Alisha. His expressions hardened as he stared at them.

"Good evening, Armaan. I hope you guys are enjoying the party." Rihaan mumbled, a mocking smile pulling up at his lips. He felt pity for the guy in front of him, for losing an angel like a woman he once had.

"We are, sir." Alisha beamed. Rihaan narrowed his eyes at her, she was clinging onto Armaan like her life depended on him. He knew the reason behind, it was to show her claim over Armaan and to hurt Anya. The latter angered him. He will not tolerate anyone hurting her, especially these two. They had done enough damage to Anya.

"Excuse me," He turned around and walked away from them before he could lose his temper. He didn't want to create a scene at his party and ruin the night for his father. His father, Aarav Kapoor started this company thirty years back from scratch. His father had built this empire and tonight, they were celebrating his hard work.

He headed to the drink counter and ordered himself a strong drink, to calm his nerves. He wanted nothing but have a glimpse of her at the moment. The waiter slid the glass across the table to him. He picked up the glass and gulped down the drink in one go. The bitter liquid burned down his throat and he closed his eyes for a moment.

"Hello, sir." His eyes snapped open when he heard a soft voice greeting him from behind. He very well knew the owner of the voice.

Rihaan turned around, to face the woman who'd taken away his peace.

His eyes darkened as he took in her sight. She was dressed in a black knee length dress that hugged her curves perfectly. Her long, wavy, brown hair open and he felt an urge to run his hand through her locks while he kisses her perfect, pouty lips covered in blood red lip color. She was dressed to kill. And the decision to wait for some more time before making a move on her, came biting him. He doubted he'd be able to control himself tonight when she was looking like this. So angelic.

"You are looking beautiful, Anya." He complimented her, his eye drinking her in. There was nothing he wouldn't give up on to call her his. A smirk pulled up at his lips when he noticed her shiver slightly when he pronounced her name. It was the first time he'd addressed her by her first name and he felt like he owned it.

"Thank you, sir." She mumbled softly, the pink hues spread across her cheeks gave him some kind of satisfaction. The smile on her face was a real one, unlike the smiles she had been giving to show others she was alright.

"Would you like a drink?" Rihaan asked her, taking a step closer to her. Her sweet, warm floral fragrance filled his senses and a low growl escaped him.

"Um- Sure," Anya replied after a moment of hesitation. Rihaan nodded then turned to the waiter.

"One martini for the lady please," Rihaan looked over his shoulder at her. He noticed how she was looking around, probably searching for someone. She looked awkward and uncomfortable. Anger bubbled up inside him when he realized who she was searching for.

"Lucky bastard." He cursed her ex under his breath, for still holding a place in her life. Rihaan turned to her with her drink, controlling his urge to put his stake over her and show her who she really belongs to.

"Are you searching for someone?" Rihaan questioned, hoping his voice hadn't given away the anger he was experiencing. He observed her closely, he could see she was looking uncomfortable suddenly and he was aware of the reason as well. To their right was standing the reason of her distress-her ex with his girl. "You are still not over him."

He stated the obvious fact. His facial expressions hardened as he stared at her, deep down he hoped for a negative response from her. But he was expecting too much too soon.

"I'm not him to forget everything so easily," He heard her soft whisper. His heart stopped for a moment, noticing the pain in her voice. "It'll take time

for me to get over him completely, but I'll."

Her response brought a small smile on his lips.

"Here," He handed her the drink. Anya thanked him as she took a sip from the glass. "You are a strong woman, Anya."

She passed a small smile to him and it made his heart skip a beat. He wondered how she manages to do that to him every time. How can one have so much control over another?

A comfortable silence prevailed between them which was broken by a business associate who took him away to introduce him to some delegates. He hated to but had to leave her alone in the party when all he wanted was keep her with him.

She was determined to not to let him affect her in a way he wanted. The sight was painful but nothing she couldn't handle. She tore her eyes away from Armaan and Alisha who were lost in one another. She felt a known fury raging inside her at the sight of the woman who she called her friend. Alisha was the first friend she made when she joined the company. And the very same woman betrayed in the most brutal way. Alisha had been seeing Armaan even when he was married to her. They cheated her, taking advantage of the trust she had in them. She loathed them for doing this to her, for being insensitive toward her feelings. But it was enough. She'd enough of him ruling her emotions.

"He's an asshole." She heard a voice from her right side.

"Tell me about it." Anya tilted her head and looked at Aisha with a smirk.

Her gaze moved around, hoping to meet her boss once before she leaves for home. It was past midnight and she wanted to reach home and hit the bed. It had been a tiring day, emotionally. Facing Armaan and Alisha together wasn't easy when they were hell bent on shoving their affair on her face.

"Aisha, I'm leaving for home. I'll see you on Monday." Anya said to Aisha who hugged her and said her goodbyes.

"Anya," She was near the exit when she heard her boss calling her from behind in a deep voice. Anya stopped in her tracks and turned around to face him. She still hasn't got used to him addressing her by her first name. Every time he'd say her name, she'd felt an electric shiver run down along the

length of her spine. When he pronounced her name in his dark, cultured tone, she felt he owned it. She never found her name so appealing before.

“Yes, sir?” She chided herself for having such thoughts about him, and he was to blame. Something has changed in his behavior towards her, she couldn’t pinpoint what it was but something has changed. The way he was looking at her wasn’t how an employer should look at his employee. Her body grew warm under his intense watch and she blamed the alcohol for doing this to her.

“Are you leaving?” Rihaan asked her as he took a step closer. Her breathing hitched in her throat at his close proximity. He looked more handsome from close. She concluded as she continued to stare at his face with something she could call admiration.

“Yes, sir. It’s getting late,” Anya murmured softly. She raised her hand and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, in nervousness. She doesn't know why, but she was feeling fuzzy inside with him around. It never happened before, though she’d always found him deliciously attractive. But then she was married to Armaan and she wasn’t the one to cheat.

“I’ll drop you.” He said in a firm tone.

“It’s alright, sir. I’ll manage.” She refused politely, but the look in his eyes told her he wasn’t going to take no for an answer.

Anya felt a shiver ran down her spine as her soft gaze met his darkened one. She was taken back by the emotions she saw in his ocean blue eyes, but she shrugged it off. The alcohol in her system was forcing her to imagine things that are not true, nor ever will be.

“I’m not asking you, Anya. I’m telling you.” Rihaan told her in a sharp tone that sent a chill through her. His dominating personality was something that turns her on at times, making her feel guilty for feeling this way about her employer, especially when she was going through a heartbreak. When she still wasn’t over her divorce.

“Okay,” Anya replied meekly.

She felt her head heavy as she followed him behind. She couldn’t understand what was happening, but she knew, when he’s around, Armaan’s betrayal seems less painful.

His chauffeur opened the backseat car door for her. Her lips curved into a hesitate small smile as she slides in. Rihaan followed her move and sat in beside her and gave his nod to the chauffeur. She’d shared numerous car rides with him before, but It felt so intimate for some reasons, though his

chauffeur was still present.

Her chain of thoughts was broken when the car engine roared to life and they drove away in silence.

“Your new address, Anya?” Rihaan asked, breaking the silence.

Anya tilted her head and looked at him in surprise. Hardly people at her workplace know she’d shifted to a new house. It was painful to live in the same house where she lived with her husband. His memories were haunting her and that was when she made a decision. She moved into a new house on rent agreement while looking for a house to buy.

She brushed her thoughts aside and told him the address.

“Anya, I don’t want to sound noisy, but why did you move out of your house? You loved that house, didn’t you?” His query caught her attention. She hesitated for a moment, she’d never had any kind of conversation with him other than business related. She was feeling awkward to talk about her personal life with him, but a part of her wanted to let it out.

She hadn’t spoken to anyone about her divorce, not even to her mother and two sisters who were busy in their own lives. And she wasn’t ready to spill out the details. Getting a divorce wasn’t something to proud of in her family. In her family, women are expected to stick to their men, no matter what. Though her family knows about her divorce, she hadn’t told them what happened, not that she herself know why her husband suddenly decided to leave her.

“I was getting suffocated in that house. It was too much to take in and I needed some space from him.” Anya whispered softly. She stared at her hands placed on her lap. She didn’t know what was going on in his mind, but she hoped it wasn’t pitying. She’d enough of it from her family and people around her. “And I want to forget him.”

“It’s good to know you are trying to move on.” He said to her, his lips pulled up in a soft smile that took her breath away. She knows he is a handsome man, but when he smiles, he looks like a Greek god.

Anya tore her eyes away from him, her own thoughts about him were taking a sudden turn and it confused her as much as it scared her.

Chapter Three

A few months later...

She was going to throw up, Anya thought as she stared at the couple in front of her. In the middle of the office cafeteria, two were kissing. Anya felt disgusted and tore her gaze away from her ex-husband and Alisha. She continued munching her sandwich while thinking how it didn't pain anymore to see him with another woman. She'd got over it and made peace with the fact that he was never hers. Few months of dating and a year of marriage looked facade to her now, almost making her believe she was living in an illusion. And the reality was harsh, but she preferred it. It was better than living a life full of fakeness.

Anya could stand and say she'd got over him, completely. The divorce had finalized last month and those months away from him helped her to realize how empty her relationship was with Armaan. He'd never put anything in their relationship to make it strong, it was just her who was putting efforts to make their marriage work. He loved her, but that was it. He never made an effort to make their relationship work. Love wasn't enough for a relationship to last longer. And for once she felt glad to get away from him. It was for better.

After his departure from her life, she rediscovered herself and was finally giving time to herself which she never did when she was with Armaan. It was always him. She regretted making a wrong man center of her world.

"So what are your thoughts about this? Should I say yes to Shawn?" Anya looked at her friend, Aisha who was blabbering about a guy who'd asked her out, but she was reluctant to say yes.

"If you are interested, then why not? He's a good guy," Anya told her as she took a sip from her cola can.

"And handsome as well," Aisha gushed, making her laugh. "It's time even you start dating."

Anya stopped in her act and looked over at her friend, a sigh escaped her. She hadn't thought about it, yet. She had been busy in getting her life back on track after the divorce and fighting her attraction for a certain man. She got no time to think about anyone else while fighting her growing attraction for her employer. Off lately, she'd been staring at him more than required and he wasn't helping her either with his intense, hunger filled

looks. And he'd started to take her everywhere he goes which was rare before. She was his assistant but rarely accompanied him to dinners and parties. He always had a date ready for those, but it has changed in past a few months.

He'd made sure she accompanied him wherever he went and it was taking a toll on her heart. His masculine scent surrounding her always had driven her crazy to an extent of losing her sanity. She didn't want to feel this way about him, it felt wrong yet so right.

But she also knew he'll never desire a broken woman like her. She wasn't his type, to begin with. She wasn't skinny blonde. She was curvy and her wavy long brown hair didn't make her the type of the woman he'd want. But then what about the looks he'd been giving, off lately? She questioned herself but came up with no answer.

Anya shook her head to clear her mind. She decided not to ponder over what he feels for her. It'd complicate her life more than it already was.

"I don't think I'm ready for it, yet." She replied to Aisha who was waiting for a response.

"But you can't spend your whole life mourning over an asshole." Aisha reasoned.

"I'm not mourning over him. I just need time to sort myself out before jumping into another relationship." Anya explained herself out. Aisha hummed in response and smiled slightly.

"I got it," Aisha gave a look of understanding.

"I have a meeting to attend with the boss. I'll talk to you later." Anya gave an apologetic look to her as She got up and gathered her stuff before she headed out of the cafeteria. She was walking toward Rihaan's cabin when she bumped into someone. She was about to fall backward flat on her ass when a firm hand stopped her fall.

"What the-" Her words died down in her throat as she raised her head and stared at Armaan. She pulled her hand out of his hold and looked at him.

"Careful, Anya. You could have got hurt." Armaan sounded concern causing her to narrow her eyes at him.

"You don't have to worry about me, Armaan." Anya spat harshly. He should be the last person to worry about her. She thought to herself with bitterness. She stifled a laugh at the irony of the moment. The same man who'd brutally crushed her heart was concerned about her getting hurt from a fall.

“Anya, can’t you forget what happened?” Armaan let go of a sigh.

“I have,” She hissed. “And I have no interest whatsoever in talking to you. You mean nothing to me.”

Her firm tone made her point clear to him, she hoped. She doesn’t want anything to do with him.

“Really? So I mean nothing to you?” Armaan sneered as he took a step closer, much to her displeasure. She felt uncomfortable around him. She never thought there will be a day when she’ll feel uncomfortable around him. It taught her an important lesson - nothing is permanent in life.

“Yes, Armaan. You mean nothing to me, now leave my way. I have work.” Anya took a step back, knowing very well she’d bruised her ex-husband’s ego. He’s a fragile ego since the start, due to which she used to keep things she didn’t like about him to herself, but not anymore.

Anya raised her eyes and looked straight into his chocolate brown eyes, challenging him to take another step toward her. She wouldn’t mind hurting him, she’d enough of the shit he’d been throwing her way.

“You are fucking someone?” Armaan questioned, harshly.

“That shouldn’t bother you, Armaan. We are divorced.” She retorted back. “Now get the hell out of my way.”

“No. First, answer me, do you have anyone in your life?” Her anger was increasing seeing his stubbornness.

Anya fumed at his audacity to question her when he was the one to cheat on her and leave her for the other woman.

“Hypocrisy at its best.” She murmured in annoyance.

“What’s going on here?” A strong voice boomed there. She straightened up herself and looked over Armaan’s shoulder at him, Rihaan Kapoor who was standing there in all his glory, looking pissed off. She hoped she wasn’t the one to trigger his anger.

“Mr. Singh,” Rihaan growled as he came and stand next to Anya. She noticed the look of pure loathing he was shooting Armaan’s way. “I don’t think I pay you to harass my employees.”

His voice cold as ice sent chills through her. She watched as her ex-husband flinched away under Rihaan’s watch. She bites inside of her cheek, stopping a smile from forming up her face.

“I was just talking, sir.” Armaan defended himself.

“I don’t think so,” Rihaan snapped. Anya felt her belly flutter as he glanced her way, giving her an assuring look that said - he’ll handle. “This is

my last warning to you, Mr. Singh, if I ever saw you misbehaving with her or anyone for that matter, it'll be your last day in the office."

Rihaan warned him in the no-nonsense tone that even Anya felt an undeniable need to submit to him. The aura he carried along was too strong to ignore. But what surprised her more was the way her body reacted. Her nipples hardened against the silk blouse and a little dampness in her panties made its presence known. She wondered if someone can get aroused just by hearing a voice. Sexy voice, though.

Anya jumped in her place when she felt a warm hold around her wrist. She looked down at her wrist then shifted her gaze to the owner of the hand holding her. His touch was so different from Armaans. He held her hand like he owned the right. There was possessiveness in his hold, yet not hurting her even a bit.

"Leave from here." Rihaan barked at his face.

Anya held back her amusement when she watched Armaan scurried off.

"Are you alright, Anya?" Anya felt her inside melting when she turned to him and found him staring at her with those soft eyes. She shuddered, feeling his thumb drawing circles on the back of her hand.

"Yes," She breathed. "Thank you."

Anya tried to smile and managed one without giving away the nervousness she was feeling due to him. Rihaan said nothing but lead her to his cabin, she followed him quietly while thanking her stars that no one was around to watch them. It was the lunch break and all the employees were either in office cafeteria or out to eat. She didn't want employees talking about her and Rihaan in an inappropriate manner.

Rihaan pulled her inside the cabin and locked the door behind them, taking her by surprise. She blinked and looked around the cabin, suddenly finding the interior interesting than anything else. Her eyes widened when he brought her hand up and examined her bruised wrist.

"Next time he lay a finger on you, I'm going to kill that bastard," Rihaan growled. Anya could feel the anger radiating off him and for once, instead of getting scared, she found it comforting. He cared for her and as much as it surprised her, it pleased her as well.

"It's alright." She mumbled, she reached out and rubbed his arm tenderly to calm his anger, and it worked, surprisingly. She felt his body stiffen under her touch before he relaxed.

"It's not," Rihaan protested. He held her wrist and brought it close to

his lips.

Anya closed her eyes and a hiss escaped her lips feeling his lips against her flesh. She'd never experienced such tender touch before. An electric current ran through her body and she could feel her body getting heat up due to his close proximity.

"Sir," She whispered. She couldn't understand what was happening, but she knew she wanted it.

"You are made to cherish, not to hurt," Rihaan whispered as he wrapped an around her waist and pulled her closer. A gasp escaped her, her fuller breasts came crashing against his sculpted chest. It's months she'd been so close to a man, and being close to Rihaan does something to her heart. He was intimidating with his 6'4" height, his broad shoulders and the sculpted body was huge compared to her frame, yet she felt safe around him.

Anya held onto his arm and looked into his eyes while hoping he hadn't heard her racing heartbeats. She was not a teenager to behave like this around a man, then why was her body reacting this way? She couldn't understand.

She could see all kind of emotions swirling in his ever so expressive eyes. She debated, whether to give into her lust or not. She hadn't really thought about being in any kind of relationship after Armaan. She doesn't do casual sex either. And she doesn't know if she was capable of handling a relationship after what happened with Armaan. She wasn't strong enough to handle another heartbreak.

Before Anya could proceed further with her thoughts, her mind went black when his lips came crashing down at hers. He swallowed her gasp and kissed her deeply, leaving her with no option but to kiss him back with the same intensity as his. She wrapped her arms around him and held onto him as her legs wobbled. Her spine tingled with a sensation she could barely recognize. It wasn't something she'd ever felt before.

Anya fisted his hair and yanked him closer, unable to bear the distance. She wanted to feel him against her, skin to skin. Somehow, she controlled her urge to strip him off his clothes and quench her thirst.

He pushed his blazing tongue into her mouth, making her moan into the kiss. He devoured her mouth. She arched her back against him as his palm brushed against the side of her breast. Her nipples hardened against her silk, white blouse and the dampness in her panties worsen, reminding her of the ache between her legs only he could soothe.

Anya was left breathless when he pulled away from the kiss.

“Dinner with me tonight?” Rihaan asked. He caressed her cheekbone with his thumb.

She lifted her eyelashes and looked at him, unsure if she’d heard him right. Was her boss asking her out?

“Are you asking me?” Anya asked to confirm, feeling even stupid to ask him such question.

Rihaan let out a throaty chuckle, his eyes soften gradually.

“It’s just you and me, Anya. Of course, I’m asking you.” He murmured softly. He leaned in and pressed his lips against her swollen ones. “I have waited so long, not anymore.”

The adrenaline rush was overwhelming. Anya could feel her closed heart opening up again and every resolution to stay away from him flew away as she continued to look into his deep as ocean eyes. There was something in him that told her to trust him.

Her lips curved into her a smile as she nodded her head in a positive response. She couldn’t trust her voice at the moment.

“I’ll pick you by 7.00 in the evening.” His boyish grin took her breath away. She hadn’t realized till now that how much she loved seeing him smile.

“We are getting late for the meeting,” Anya whispered when she found him staring at her with hungry eyes. She giggled while he frowned at the interruption. “Mrs. Brown must be waiting for you in the conference room.”

“Don’t think I’ll let you go so easily,” Rihaan grumbled. “Leave before I lose the last string of control and end up making love to you on my desk.”

Deep red hues spread across her cheeks at the look of desperation in his eyes. He was restraining himself and she could see that. Her blush deepened seeing the sexy smirk playing across his face. She pushed him a little and ran out of the room, trying her hardest to control her rapidly beating heart.

Chapter Four

“So you finally got the guts to ask her out?” His best friend, Aaron asked. Rihaan who was getting ready for the date with Anya, glared at him. But he even knew his angry glares has no effect over Aaron with whom he’d grown up.

“I was giving her a chance to get over that bastard. When I claim her, I want her to be just mine. I want all of her, not just her body.” He growled at the end of his sentence. The reason he’d waited for her was his need to have all of her. He wanted her to get over her ex completely. Because he didn’t just want to claim her body, but her soul as well. He wants to own her, and he will.

He sees his future with her. She’s someone he wants to grow old with and start a family.

“So she is over her ex?” Aaron’s voice broke his trance.

“Yes,” Rihaan answered, confidently. Anya was an open book to him, he could read her inside out and he knew she’d got over her ex.

“Cool,” Aaron mumbled. “When I get to meet her?”

“Probably soon,” Rihaan replied, he smiled at the thought of introducing her to his family and friends. He’d never brought a woman home and introduce her to his friend or family members, but Anya was different. He wants her to get used to his lifestyle and be comfortable around his people. He’d love to see her bond with them one day.

Rihaan said his goodbyes to Aaron before he left for home. He’d arranged for a lavish dinner in one of her favorite restaurants. He hoped she’d enjoy. He was surprised with even himself how he remembers every single thing about her.

The drive to her home was half an hour long, gave him enough time to gain control over his raging emotions. He didn’t want to goof up and make a fool out of himself, though it wasn’t the first time he was taking a woman out on a dinner, it was definitely special. None of the women he’d dated in past held the power to make his heart beat faster. He’d never been in a relationship, It was just sex. Nothing more, nothing less.

But with Anya, his emotions were involved and he didn’t trust himself around her for some reasons.

He pulled his car outside her house and got down. He walked over the door and pressed the doorbell. He waited patiently for her to open the door.

Moments later, the door clicked open, revealing the woman he'd lost his heart to.

Dressed in a simple red colored tube dress with her long hair open, she took his breath away. His gaze moved over her from head to toe, taking in her sight. The dress highlighted her curves, and his fingers ached to trace every curve she's got. He pondered over his decision to dine out. The sight in front of him was just for him to see, he didn't want people to look at what's his.

His hard-on pressed up against his pants made him aware of his painful state. He shifted in his place, hoping she won't be able to see the bulge in his pant, her appearance has caused.

"You look beautiful," Rihaan complimented her and watched in satisfaction as pink hues touched her rosy cheeks.

"Shall we?" He held his hand out of her, remembering the dinner he'd planned, although every part of him argued. He wanted to take her inside and strip her out of the dress and fuck her. Raw.

Anya placed her hand in his and passed a heartfelt smile to him.

"So, where are we going?" Anya asked as they moved to the car.

"The Italian restaurant where we dined last month." He answered, his mind taking him back to the night a month back. It was a business meeting with his financial advisor where she accompanied him.

"That's my favorite." She beamed.

"I know," Rihaan showed his pearly whites off.

He opened the door for her and closed the door as she hopped in the passenger seat, mumbling a quick thank. Taking quick steps he walked over the other side and got in the driver seat.

"Sir,"

"Call me Rihaan." He interrupted her. It was the time she drops the formality between them. Rihaan thought to himself and looked at her with an encouraging smile.

"Rihaan," Anya whispered, more to herself, but he loved the way his name rolled off her tongue. He couldn't wait for the moment he'd have her screaming his name in ecstasy. Very soon. He told himself.

"Rihaan, last time I checked, you weren't fan of Italian cuisine much. What happened now?" She shot a teasing look his way.

"You happened." Rihaan laughed, remembering the last time they had Italian, he complained about it to her. Italian wasn't something he preferred before. "And I want to try new things, with you."

His gaze gradually softened as he stole a glance at her. He's never seen a woman so perfect before. So real.

He was falling for her and he'd no regrets.

Anya looked around the fancy restaurant he'd brought her to, for the dinner. It was one of her favorites in the town, and she was glad he chose this place for their date. She'd no intentions, but couldn't stop herself from comparing him to Armaan. Armaan had never done something for her he didn't like, but Rihaan put her above himself. He didn't like Italian but still, he wanted to try it out for her. It might be a small thing, but it touched her heart.

Over the meal, they had talked about their lives, their likes, and dislikes. She got to know him better. Till now she knew him as her employer, but tonight she got to know him as he is. And it felt surreal. While organizing dates for him in the past, never a thought crossed her mind that one day she'd be his date. She loved the change, and that was she needed in the life. She guessed.

Anya realized Rihaan was different from the men she comes across every day. He wasn't man of many words, but he was a man of his words. He was demanding but knew when to stop. He respected her wishes and it spoke volumes about him. And he was sexy. Period.

She'd hard time to keep her hands to herself throughout the dinner. In a white tee shirt with blue denim and a black leather jacket, he looked delicious. She'd never seen a man who looks so handsome in casuals. She wondered if he looks better in formals or in casual, or may be both.

"The food was delicious," She moaned as she relished the last bite of the mushroom risotto.

She looked over and caught him eying her with lust brewing in his eyes.

"Keep moaning and I'll forget we are in public." A low growl escaped him.

"Rihaan," She looked away, flushed.

"You look cute when you blush." He murmured, his voice held a touch of amusement.

"What's so amusing?" Anya raised an eyebrow at him.

"You," He was quick to reply. "You are too innocent, for your own

good.”

She frowned. “Is that a bad thing?”

“No. It’s rare.” His gaze darkened, sending a shiver down her spine. Never she had a man who looked at her like he was looking at her like she’s the one. “Don’t ever change yourself for anyone.”

Anya felt her lips curving into a smile at his words. He surely knew his way around the words. She felt she’d melt into a puddle if he kept looking at her like that.

He slides his hand in hers, taking her by surprise. Anya tightened her hold onto his hand as they stepped out of the restaurant. It was a peaceful evening in a long time where she enjoyed herself, and surprisingly, she didn’t want the evening to end.

As they reached the parking area, she stopped him. He raised an eyebrow at her, Anya didn’t say anything instead bridged the gap between their bodies.

“Thank you,” Anya stand on her toes and pressed her lips against his. She smiled against his lips as he wound his arms around her waist and captured her lips in a messy kiss. Her spine tingled feeling his lips against hers. He gripped her hips and pulled her closer. Her insides churned in anticipation. She could never get tired of the jittery feel when he’s around.

“Let’s go home.” Rihaan breathed against her lips as he pulled away.

Anya nodded her head, not being able to trust her voice. Her stomach was doing weird flutters due to his close proximity. And she hadn’t felt this way in ages. She felt slightly dizzy with the desires alluring. She herself didn’t realize when they got into his car and drove away to his home.

Rihaan opened the door and entered inside with Anya in his arms in bridal style. She was amused to see his strength as he carried her with ease. A gasp escaped her as he threw her on his king sized bed. He didn’t give much time to gain control over her senses and claimed her mouth in a sensuous kiss. His huge frame hovering over her feminine one. She buried her hands in his hair and kissed him back.

A sigh escaped her. Things were getting heat up between them and the ache between her legs made its presence known. His hands moved over her body, his fingers traced every curve of her then finally reaching her round, perky breasts. His expert hands fondled her breasts.

Her toes curled up as a wave of pleasure rode through her. She moaned into the kiss. Her kitty aching in need of a release. She wanted to feel him there. Fill her with his cock and take her to the heights of pleasure.

She gasped as he pulled away and rolled over the bed, his hand rested on her back moved to unzip the zipper of her dress.

“God,” Anya moaned, as she grinds her lower body against his. She could feel his hardened length poking between her thighs. “This is my favorite dress and I want it to remain in one piece.”

Anya told him after sensing his wild intentions to rip the dress off her. She rose and sat on the bed beside him. She could feel his eyes on her as she removed the dress off her body.

“I could have gotten you another dress,” Rihaan grumbled. He grabbed her hand and pulled her beneath. Anya couldn’t help the giggle that escaped her. She leaned up and pressed her lips against his.

“I hope these are not your favorite?” He asked, his fingers tugging under the waistband of her red lace panties.

“Nope.” Her eyes gleaming with a naughty glint.

A gasp escaped her as he ripped her panties off, his little act aroused her even more. Anya reached her back and unhooked the bra as he helped her to get out of them. She watched him with a little nervousness as he moved away. His hooded gaze roams all over her naked body, taking in everything she offered. Anya felt an urge to crawl and hide her body from his predatory eyes, but he held her in. He refused to look away and the look in his eyes was pure pleasure. She couldn’t move, her body was paralyzed and she wanted to experience how it felt to be loved by him.

He was breathing heavily, lust clouded his vision. She felt something inside her stir.

“Perfect.” He mumbled, his eyes fixed on hers. “You are so fucking beautiful.”

He attacked her swan like neck with hot urgent kisses. She lay there beneath him, naked and willing to submit. His touch burned her with desires she never felt before. His palm rested flat against her bare belly gave her chills, it felt surreal to feel such emotions. It was strong and overwhelming. She didn't know what was happening to her, but she was loving it.

“Rihaan,” A moan escaped her as he pinched her erect her nipples. He played with her pale pink nipples causing a shudder to ran through her body. She found herself getting wet, her juices were leaking out and she hoped he’d

do something to soothe the ache.

Anya held her breath when she felt his hand moving south.

“Fuck,” She heard him curse. A hiss left her lips the moment his cold fingers touched her labia lips. She moved her hips, to feel more of him but he stopped her. “Stay still.”

Her body frozen at his commanding tone. He spread her legs and settled himself between her legs. He glanced up at her before his gaze shifted between her legs. His eyes visibly darkened and a growl of approval erupted deep from his chest. He reached out and spread her pussy lips, his thumb drew slow circles around her clit. Anya shuddered and moaned at the sensation.

“You smell heavenly,” Rihaan moaned, nuzzling his face between her legs. She arched her back in pleasure, the sight of his face buried in her core was so arousing, so intimate.

“God!” A loud gasp escaped her as he flickered his blazing hot tongue through her wet folds. The heat in the pit of her belly grew. She fisted the sheets in her fists, to contain the excitement running through her veins.

Chapter Five

She tasted sweeter than he thought she'd. Her tangy, sweet juices filled his mouth, left him craving for more. He licked her lips, drawing circles around her clit. He'd never tasted something so sweet, so pure before. She was everything he wanted in a woman. He fell a little more than before for her. She writhed, moaned under his spell. Her response to his touch brought him to the edge. She was made for him, just him. He thought.

"God. Don't stop," She pressed his head into her core.

Rihaan tightened his hold around her thigh while his other hand rested flat against her belly, holding her in place.

"Rihaan," Anya moaned as he drove his tongue deeper into her cunt. Her moans ignited a fire within he'd never known existed before. His length hardened, he could feel his throbbing veins ready to burst.

"So fucking perfect," Rihaan mumbled against her cunt. He focused on her pleasure, taking everything she offered. His cock leaked some cum in his pants, her intoxicating smell engulfed his senses, blocking every other thought from his mind. He gave long lick against her clit, making her moan his name aloud. Rihaan felt her body tense for a brief moment and he knew she was on the edge. He pressed his thumb against her opening, she was dripping wet, his two fingers slide inside in a sleek moment. He could feel her walls clenching his fingers in. She was tight and he couldn't wait to bury his cock in.

"Just like that. I'm close," Anya gasped for air.

Rihaan increased his pace and thrust his finger deep inside her while licking her clitoris with renewed energy. He never felt so wild before. A few more thrusts and she came undone, shouting aloud as orgasm rode through her.

He lifted his head and stared at her while she panted for air, her skin flushed from the orgasm. He loved the sight.

"You are overdressed. I feel odd one in here," Anya voiced out once she got hold over her uneven breathing.

Rihaan smirked seeing the look in the sultry eyes. She looked so innocent yet so seductive. He pulled his body up and sat facing her as he got himself out of the tee-shirt. His throbbing cock was pressed up against the zipper of his jeans, aching for release. And he didn't want anything but be buried deep inside her. He pulled himself out of his jeans and looked into her

darkened eyes.

“You want a taste?” He asked, his large palm cupping his crotch.

The edges of his lips pulled up in a smirk when she nodded her head frantically in response.

“Would love to,” She lifted her gaze and her mesmerizing gaze met his intense ones. He swore under his breath. He’d never found a woman so beautiful before. Sprawled on his bed, naked, she looked like an innocent sin.

Anya knelt down on the bed before him. Her eyes never left his as She reached out and placed her hand on his hardened length and a hiss escaped him. She tugged her fingers under the elastic band of his brief and pulled them down, revealing his steel length.

His cock twitched in the excitement he’d never known before as she leaned in. Confident in her move, she placed his luscious lips on the tip of his throbbing rod.

“Fuck.” His hands moved in her silky locks. His balls tingled as she gave a long lick over his shaft. His hold tightened on her hair, but not painful. He’d no intentions whatsoever to hurt her.

She swirled the tip of her tongue around the head and he felt it was his undoing. He’d to close to his eyes to restrain himself from coming so soon.

“Yeah- just like this, baby. Take me in.” He glanced down at her. She looked perfect as she took his length in her mouth. Another wave of pleasure washed over him. He closed his eyes, relishing the feel of her warm mouth around his cock. Anya bobbed her head and sucked every patch of him. His cock throbbed in her mouth, ready to burst.

He was on the edge when he grabbed the back of her nape and pulled her up, she’d a frown on her face.

“I want to cum inside you for the first time,” He told her, his dark tone dripping with lust. He leaned in and pressed his lips against hers, replacing her frown with a smile. “Lay down and spread your sexy legs for me.”

He noticed the shudder ran through her at his commanding tone. He got that she liked it and it made him smile. Rihaan tracked her every move as she did she was told to. His spine tingled as he stared at his naked beauty, lay on his bed. He smiled. She was the first woman he’d brought home and it felt so right. She belonged there, with him.

“You have got such a nice, tight cunt.” He mumbled, his gaze shifted between her legs over her shaven core. Her pink kitty made him ache and beg to fill her with his seeds.

Rihaan stretched his hand and take a condom, Aaron had left behind for him today, out when a hand stopped him. He raised an eyebrow at her, questioningly.

“I want you to take me bare.” Anya voiced out the desire he’d. He wondered if she could read his mind.

“Are you sure?” He asked.

“Yes. No barriers between us,” She rubbed his arm, looking into his eyes, her eyes gradually soften.

“Your wish my command, sweetheart.” Rihaan grinned. He leaned in and kissed her pouty lips as he settled himself between her legs. The tip of his cock poking against her center. He felt her shudder underneath him. He held her gaze as he rubbed the head of his cock through her slit. Anya clutched his shoulders for support.

“Rihaan,” She moaned his name aloud as he pushed himself in, entering her in one sleek moment. He drove himself in, making her arch her back in pleasure.

“You are so tight,” Rihaan grunted, her tight walls were clenching his throbbing cock in, almost painfully. He pulled himself out then thrust in, with a force that had her screaming his name. His long, thick shaft stretched her.

“Does it feel good?” He asked, looking down at her.

“It does. It feels incredible.” She moaned. Anya rotated her hips, creating friction between them. He pinned her down and thrust faster into her fragile body. His head felt heavy with the animalist lust brewing within him. He felt wild.

He was living on his fantasies and he couldn’t hold himself back. Not that he wanted to.

He threw her legs over his shoulders and buried all his nine inches inside her channel. He reached between their bodies and touched her wet clitoris with the pad of his thumb. He started drawing slow circles around him while concentrating on her pleasure than his own. He closed his eyes and gritted his teeth, stopping himself from cumming.

“Rihaan, faster.” Her moans aroused him furthermore. He’d never felt so wild before. The need to own her completely took over and he increased his pace. He drove himself deeper and harder into her warm body. He took everything she offered and gave her everything he’d.

She owned him.

Rihaan nuzzled his face between her bouncy tits. They held him

captivate. He groaned at the softness of her boobs. He fondled them, squeezed them and toyed with her nipples.

“God, you have such a perfect tits.” He growled, biting onto her pale pink nipple.

“Ah- Rihaan,” Anya moaned in utmost pleasure. She threw her head backward and moved her body in sync with his. She twisted, writhed beneath him as she begged for a release he’d be glad to give.

He slowed his pace and thrust back into her aggressively. Her body rocked against his as he felt her orgasm building up. She was close, so was he. Reaching between their bodies, he started rubbing her clit furiously. He pinched her sensitive nub as he let his cock go deeper into her.

A few more thrusts and she let it go, crying out her orgasm. He felt her body shiver under his. He held onto her possessively as he shot his load inside her with a powerful thrust. He filled her in with his creamy white cum, mixed with her own.

“Rihaan,” Anya crooned, nuzzling her face between the crook his neck. He rested his body against hers as they recovered from the earth shattering orgasm. He didn’t pull his dick out, he stayed inside her, loving the feel of her warmth wrapped around him.

“It was amazing.” She giggled, pulling her sweaty body away from his, but he pulled her back, refusing to let go of her just yet.

“We’ll be doing it a lot from now on.” He mumbled huskily, his voice held a promise he’d fulfill at any cost. He hoisted his head and looked at her, as expected he found her flushed. A deep throaty chuckle left him.

“You shouldn’t laugh at me,” Anya told him with a pout that had his cock coming back to life inside her.

A gasp left her lips, he knew she felt it too.

“Ready for another round?” He asked, but the look in her eyes told him he didn’t need to. Her eyes darkened, almost night black with lust swirling within. He loved that look.

He pulled his cock out of her channel and thrust back into her warmth. She cried out as he drove himself deeper into her.

Rihaan stole a glance at her before his mouth descended down to hers, pulling her in a heart searing kiss as he took her to the heights of ecstasy for the second time in the night.

Chapter Six

The next morning, She entered the office premises with a smile plastered on her face. She didn't even remember when was the last time she was so genuinely happy. The night she spent with Rihaan was the one of the best night for her. It was memorable. No man had ever done so much for her. He did.

This morning, he brought her breakfast in the bed, then they had a shower together after which he dropped her home to get ready for the office.

"Morning, Aisha." She smiled at her friend as she walked past her desk.

"Morning, babes." Aisha got up and followed her to her cabin. "Someone is glowing."

Anya nibbled her lower lip at her comment. "I'm not."

It was a futile attempt, she knew.

"You are such a bad liar." Aisha laughed. "But I'm happy for you. Finally, you found someone."

"How did you know?" Anya asked, unable to contain her curiosity. She wondered if she was this obvious to give away hints to people around.

"It's written all over your face. I haven't seen you this happy in ages." Aisha replied and she'd to agree with her. She hadn't been happy in a while. She didn't have a reason to be happy, but she found one. Last night.

"But that doesn't mean I'm with someone." Anya mumbled.

"Oh shut up, woman. The hickey on your neck says it all." Aisha grinned, more of an evil grin.

"Freakin' hell." Anya cursed under her breath and her hand went up to her neck. In her excitement to meet him again, she'd completely forgotten to take care of the marks he'd left on her. He'd left a few marks on her last night, marking her his and she cherished them, but they weren't for others to see.

"I'll be back in a moment," Anya said to Aisha then rushed out to the washroom to take care of the matter before anyone else from the office sees them and cause her embarrassment. She wasn't ashamed of the marks he'd left on her body, but she didn't want her sex life to become a talk of the office. She wanted her life to remain private for the time being.

She stood in front of the mirror in the ladies washroom and examined her reflection closely. She could spot a two or three small hickies on her skin, visible to eyes. She felt her cheeks heating up as the memories from last

night filled her mind.

Anya took out her concealer pen and foundation to get the work done. It took her a few minutes to hide the marks. She buttoned up her blouse and stole one more glance at her reflection before she headed out.

She ignored the teasing looks Aisha threw her way as she walked past her desk. Her feet took her to boss' room, knowing he must have arrived by now. Her spine tingled and heartbeat rose as she stood outside his cabin. Her insides churned in anticipation as she knocked on the door twice before she pushed the door opened and stepped inside.

"Good morning," Her words died down and smile vanished when she noticed Amanda, a famous model seated across him. She knew the woman very well, and the very sight of her shoot pangs of jealousy through her. Amanda was the woman Rihaan had dated in the past and was pretty serious about her as well if she remembered correctly. There had been many articles in tabloids about them. Amanda was the sexiest thing on two legs. She was modern, well mannered and beautiful. Someone who would suit a billionaire like him.

But what was she doing here now? She wondered.

"Good morning, sir." Anya composed herself and shifted her attention to him who looked visibly uncomfortable. She pushed the nagging feeling in the back of her head and said. "Sir, you have a meeting with HR head."

"Cancel that, honey. He's taking me out." Amanda interrupted. Anya observed her, Amanda was dressed in a pretty turquoise dress, ready to step out on a date. The sight of the supermodel left a bitter taste in her mouth. She'd met her a few times before and she'd never felt such hatred for someone before today.

Anya looked over at him, with hopeful eyes. She couldn't understand what was happening, but she hoped he wouldn't insult her like this after what they shared last night.

Her mind took her back to the time when she'd arranged dates for him, it didn't bother her back then, but it did, now.

"Postpone the meeting, Miss. Rao." He crushed the little hope she had. Something broke inside her and she knew it was her healing heart. The ache was worse than what she felt when Armaan dumped her. It was strong and even more painful.

"I'll do that, sir," Anya mumbled. She fought an urge to cry out in agony but didn't want to give him satisfaction. He'd hurt in a way no one had

before. “Anything else, sir?”

She looked straight into his eyes, searching for any kind of emotion in his eyes, but his ocean blue eyes were blank.

A sigh escaped her, she shook her head in disappointment and strode out of the cabin. As she neared her own cabin, her eyes filled with unshed tears.

He proved her wrong. He was just like any other man in her life who’d just used her then discarded her.

Maybe she expected too much too soon.

She shouldn’t have given into the carnal desires. She wasn’t a match for him. And how can she expect a man like him to fall for a plain jane like her?

But what about last night? A small voice in the back of her head spoke, taking her back to the memories of last night. It was beautiful. He looked so happy to be with her, then what happened this morning? Was it just sex?

Anya felt her heart breaking with every thought of him.

“I hate you, Kapoor.” She cursed under her breath, wiping away the lone tear that escaped her eyes. She slumped down in the chair and picked up the file off the table. She buried herself in the work while trying to ignore the ache in her chest.

The day passed by, she hadn’t heard from him nor he returned back to the office. She wondered if he was still busy with Amanda. Throughout the day she was just thinking about him and what he must be doing. Her imagination ran wild and the fact that he was with Amanda didn’t help her either.

Chapter Seven

He swore under his breath. His calls were ignored so were his text messages. She'd been ignoring him since yesterday and he couldn't even do anything about it. He wanted to explain why he did what he did yesterday, but he hadn't got an opportunity.

A large amount of anger consumed him. He'd never liked someone ignoring what he'd to say, but he couldn't even blame her. He'd messed up big time. His silence yesterday in the cabin had given her enough reasons to ignore him, then throughout the day one work or other kept him busy, leaving him no chance to meet her.

He cursed Amanda for making a re-entry in his life. He'd dated her briefly in the past before he'd to dump her. She was falling for him and he didn't want that. It was supposed to be a no strings attached arrangement and he wanted to keep it that way only. He'd to break her heart in the process, but he cared less. Amanda knew about his conditions when they first got involved.

He brushed his thoughts aside. Amanda wasn't important, Anya was. He'd to reach her before it gets too late.

Rihaan opened the car door and stepped down. He walked over the main door and pressed the doorbell. He was impatient. It was Saturday noon and he was sure she'd be home.

After a few torturous moments, the door was opened. He felt the air changed as his gaze met hers.

"What are you doing here, sir?" Rihaan looked up at her. She didn't look pleased with his arrival, but he cared less. Once he's done with her, she'll be on her knees, begging him to make love to her.

"I want to talk to you." He told her. He grabbed her arm in a possessive, firm hold and pulled her inside while closing the door behind them. Anya was baffled to react.

He safely locked the door and moved to the living area. He'd been to her house before when he'd come to drop her home.

"Rihaan, leave me." He heard her anger filled voice. "This isn't how you behave with a woman."

"You left me with no other option." Rihaan sneered. "I have been calling you since last night, but you-"

"Why were you calling me? Got bored of the supermodel already?" She

mocked. He felt the level of his anger increase. She was testing his patience. He could feel his control slipping away and he didn't want that. He wasn't an ideal person to deal with when he was angry, and he didn't want to show his anger to her. She wouldn't like it.

"I'm here to explain about yesterday." He spoke in a strained voice. His eyes hardened as he looked at her. She looked hurt and disappointed, and it pained him.

"What about yesterday, sir?" The formality in her voice irked him. "Or do you want to discuss how amazing your date was with supermodel Amanda compared to the one with me?"

"It wasn't a date." Rihaan hissed. He pulled her to him, her soft breasts came crashing against his, created havocs in his senses. Anya struggled to get out of his grip, but he held her still. He refused to let her go. He knew she'd trust issues and he was ready to work on them, with her.

"Don't lie." Anya retorted back. "She was dressed up and I saw how you didn't object when she canceled the meeting on your behalf and said you are taking her out. What was I supposed to make out from that?"

"It was a fundraising event which I attended with other fifteen individuals of the city," Rihaan explained her.

"And she was your date for the lunch?" Anya questioned him. Rihaan could see hurt gleaming in her dark orbs.

"I'd to attend the lunch with her. I promised her long back," He brought his hand and cupped her cheek in his large palm as he made her looked into his eyes. He hoped she'd see he was speaking the truth. "If it were in my hand, I'd have canceled the lunch, but it was important."

Her gaze lingered on his face. He knew she was observing him while debating with herself if she could trust him. He hated that she'd doubts about him, but it wasn't her fault. She didn't have a good experience with men in her life. But he will show her she can trust him with her everything.

"Amanda has a blabbering mouth, if she'd got the wind of what's going on between us, she'd have twisted things her way and spit it out to the world. That's why I didn't react yesterday. And trust me, there is nothing between her and me. We parted ways months back. She meant nothing to me." Rihaan whispered softly. He leaned in and pressed his lips against hers. He didn't want the world to gossip about Anya and her position in his life. She deserved better than tagged as one of his flings. His world can be tricky and dirty at times and he didn't want to pull her along. He'd keep her away from

any kind of hurt and pain.

“I’m sorry for assuming worst about you.” Rihaan heard her low mumble. Looking down into her eyes, he found her in tears.

“Sh. No tears.” He hushed her. “But you deserve punishment for ignoring my calls.”

He growled in her ear, his hands traveled down to grip her ass cheeks. A gasp escaped her lips as he pulled her up, his nails digging into her ass.

He smirked seeing the blush adorning her cheeks.

“Where is your room?” Rihaan asked. His hand slipped inside her tank top, feeling her smooth skin under his fingertips. She’s the softest skin that always leaves him craving for her. He moved his hands up and cupped her breasts, he gave a firm squeeze to her right breast.

“Second room on the left,” Anya mumbled, her voice was naturally husky with a hint of lust. He smiled.

He grabbed her and threw her over his shoulder, taking her by surprise. He started walking toward the room to his left.

“You have got a nice ass.” Rihaan chuckled when he heard her comment. He pushed the door open and stepped inside the room. He walked over the queen-sized bed and dropped her down, earning a loud gasp from her. She tilted her head and looked at him through her thick eyelashes.

“On your fours, Anya. I’m gonna spank all the doubts you have about me out.” He growled at the end of his sentence. The edges of his lips pulled up in a devilish smirk when he watched as her eyes widen and mouth formed a perfect O shape.

Anya shuddered under his gaze and he felt his heartbeat rising. He’d always loved the way her body reacts to him. “Anya, now.”

She gathered herself up and got on her fours, her ass up in the air. He placed his one knee on the edge of the bed and moved closer to her. He tugged his finger under the elastic band of her of PJ bottoms and peeled them off, followed by her silk white panties. Her lush ass cheeks and pink butthole tempted him like nothing else. His cock came alive. He could feel his cock throbbing with an untamed need to be buried deep inside her. He placed his palm firmly on her ass, giving a hard squeeze.

Anya jolted as he smacked her across the right asscheek. A loud moan escaped her lips. Her cheek bounced and he could see the faint pink finger marks on her whitish skin.

“Tell me, do you believe when I say I want you in my life?” He asked

while rubbing her bottom. Anya moaned when he slapped her other cheek.

"I do," Anya gasped for air. She pushed her ass into his hand as he caressed her skin with tenderness. The flushed skin of her bottom had his cock leaking some cum in his pants.

"Next time, I mess up, can I expect you to confront me instead of running away from me?" Rihaan questioned her. He unbuckled his belt and pulled down his zipper. It was getting uncomfortable, his cock wanted to be free and buried deep inside her.

He pulled himself out of his slacks and pushed down the boxer briefs he was wearing. He glanced at his hardened length, he could see the throbbing veins. His head felt light with all his blood rushing to the south. He palmed his cock while eyes remained over her pink asshole.

"You are the most precious thing in the world to me." He leaned in and whispered in her ear. The tip of his hard on brushed poked against her hole and she shivered. He felt it.

"Rihaan," A moan escaped her.

"Turn around and see what you do to me." He commanded. An urge to let her know what she does to her crept up and it was untamable. He wanted her to know how much effect she had over him.

Rihaan flipped her over. Her eyes visibly darkened as she took him in.

"This is what you do to me every time I look at you." He mumbled as he gave a few hard strokes to his erected length. She swallowed hard, eying him with a passion he'd never seen before in a woman's eyes.

The look of affection in her eyes wasn't hard to miss amidst the lust. It was strong. He knew she desired him more than she herself knew.

"See, how hard I'm for you." Rihaan gave a firm squeeze to his cock, almost painfully to stop himself from coming. It was getting difficult to control when she was looking at him like that. He glanced down at his swollen dick, the cum was leaking into his hands and he could

"Um- I want you inside me." Anya moaned. She crawled up and parted her legs wide for him.

"Fuck." A growl erupted deep from his chest at the sight of her pink kitty glistening with her juices. The last amount of control slipped away as she moved her hand and parted her lips, giving him perfect view of her tight opening.

Rihaan settled himself between her legs and took her hand.

"You aren't allowed to touch yourself," He whispered, staring down at

her.

“Meanie.” She pouted.

“I’m gonna show you how mean I can be.” Rihaan murmured. He adjusted his cock against her opening and pushed himself in. Anya let out a cry as he filled her completely. “God. You are so tight.”

He moved his entire length in and out of her channel in a slow motion, wanting to devour every inch of her. Her channel flexed around him and he growled in appreciation. He’d never felt such strongly for anyone before and it was almost surreal, but he wouldn’t have it any other way.

Anya moaned in utmost pleasure as he increased his pace and drove himself deeper into her. She clutched onto his shoulders and moved her body along with his in sync.

“You are so fucking beautiful, Anya.” He growled in her ear. His mouth descended down to hers and kissed her thoroughly. He rubbed her arms as he moved down, placing soft kisses on her neck. He felt her pussy pulsed, her walls clenching his cock in, he groaned at the feel. He moved his hand between their bodies and started rubbing her wet clit. Her body tensed up beneath his as he thrust deeper into her warmth.

“Let it go, baby. Cum on my cock,” He whispered in her ear. He tightened his hold on her as she came undone beneath him, crying out as a deep orgasm burned through her.

It was his undoing, he emptied himself in her womb. He felt her arms around him as she clung onto him for her dear life, making him smile for some reasons. He cuddled her in his arms and it felt strange yet so right. It was like she belonged there, in his arms. She did.

He’d no intentions of letting her go.

Chapter Eight

Anya had never been a fan of Monday mornings, but this morning was different, she could feel it. Waking up in his arms was the most amazing feeling she'd ever experienced, and she'd give up on anything to experience that again. Her body molded into his like it was a part of him. It was so natural.

She smiled as she walked into the room with the breakfast tray.

"Good morning, Rihaan." She found him seated on the bed. Her breath hitched in her throat when he looked up and his drowsy eyes met her soft ones. He passed a smile her way which she returned gladly.

"Good morning, love. You look lovely today," Rihaan complimented her. She could feel his intense gaze roaming over her body and it gave her chills. "You should wear white more often, you look like an angel."

Anya could feel her cheeks on fire. Her eyes dropped in shyness, It has always been like that. He made her behave out of her character at times like this.

"Breakfast," She mumbled. She placed the tray on the table next to the table and looked up at him. "Hurry up, mister. We have an early meeting to attend."

"We can give it a miss if you want," Rihaan replied, grabbing her hand, he pulled her on his lap. She looks at him, a smile tugging at her lips as he raised his hand and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear.

"We have spent the whole weekend in the bed, aren't you tired?" She questioned. The thought of their weekend together turned her on. They had made mad love to each other whole weekend, only stopping to eat or rest for some time. He showed her a whole different side of him and she loved it. He was more open to her and let her in. He didn't hide his desire and want from her and she felt touched knowing he desired her the same way she did.

"I'm never tired when it comes to you. I can make love to you all day," Rihaan told her and she didn't doubt his words. He'd already done that. "You drive me crazy."

A moan escaped her, feeling his lips nibble her earlobe in a most sensuous way she was known to. "Oh God."

"Move in with me." His words caught her attention, bringing her back to her senses and an audible gasp escaped her. She opened her eyes and looked at him with wide eyes. "I want my every morning to start with you."

If she'd any doubts left about him, vanished the moment she looked into his eyes. His eyes were gleaming with honesty and yearning.

"I'll take care of you." He kissed her cheek.

"I know." She mumbled. "I'll move in with you."

She wanted it as well. She realized.

She wanted her every day to start and end with him. She wanted him around her, always.

An uncontrollable shiver ran down along the length of her spine when she felt his large palm rested flat against her belly. Her stomach did strange flutter she was still getting used to.

"You know, you could get pregnant?" He asked. The huskiness in his voice made her heart go frenzy while the images of her belly round with his child growing inside her filled her mind.

"I know," She whispered. She felt her heartbeat raised as her gaze met his darkened one.

"I can't wait to see your belly round with my child," Rihaan said to her, rubbing her belly while his eyes never left hers.

Anya smiled. She couldn't wait either.

"Don't you think it's happening so soon? Just a few days before, we were just colleagues." Anya trailed off.

"I have waited so long for you." He admitted. She looked up in surprise. "and I don't want to miss a moment with you from now on."

"I don't want to either. You make me feel things I have never experienced before." She made a confession of her own. She held his hand and intertwined her fingers with his.

"All the good things?" He teased.

"All the good things." She confirmed as she leaned in and kissed him on the lips.

A few days later...

Anya glanced at her wrist watch umpteenth time. Rihaan was in the middle of the meeting with his investors and she couldn't wait for the meeting to end and see him. She couldn't understand what was happening to her. Why was she behaving like a teenager in love? She couldn't comprehend, nor did she want to.

After moving in his penthouse, the bond has grown stronger. She could

feel. They are closer than before and she couldn't be happier.

It was everything she wanted since the start. A loving partner who'd reciprocate her feelings in the same way as her.

"Anya," A familiar voice called out to her, breaking her reverie. She looked up from the file and a frown appeared on her face, finding her ex-husband at the doorway of her cabin. "Can we talk?"

Her frown deepened. What does he want to talk about? She wondered.

"I'm busy, Armaan," Anya told him in a bored tone.

"Please, Anya." Armaan stepped in, much to her displeasure. She rose from her place and turned around, facing him. She hadn't heard from him in past few days, not that she wanted to. He kept his distance from her which she appreciated. She didn't want anything to do with him. She'd moved on for her and didn't want the shadow of her past mooning over her present.

"What do you want to say? Be quick." She snapped at him.

"I broke up with Alisha." He broke the news. She looked at Armaan in confusion, having no idea whatsoever why was he informing her about his break up.

"So?" Anya raised an eyebrow. "It's your personal life, why are you telling me?"

"Because you are part of it," Armaan replied.

"I was, but not after our divorce." She narrowed her eyes. She'd a fair idea where this was leading onto. And she knew what she wanted.

"I regret leaving you." Armaan stepped forward, making her take a step back on impulse. "Can we get back together? I promise to never hurt you again."

Anya stifled a laugh. "No. I'm not a toy for you to play with. You destroyed what we had and now I've moved on for good."

She told him as clearly as she could. Even if she wasn't with Rihaan, she wouldn't have taken him back. He wasn't worth the pain she went through due to him. The love she had for him faded the moment he left her for the other woman. And he wasn't the one for her, she realized it late, but she did. They were never meant to be together, that's why even after putting her hundred percent to their marriage, it never worked.

He was never satisfied with her and had to look for comfort in another woman's arms. She'd no complaints. Separation from Armaan taught her to live for herself and she grew as a person, and most important, she found her match in Rihaan. Rihaan Kapoor, the man who showed her how it felt to be

loved by a real man. Being with him, she realized what was lacking in her life and what she needed.

“Armaan, leave from here. Please.” Anya turned to her ex and told him in a strained voice. She didn’t want to create a scene at office thus told him nicely, but Armaan didn’t budge from his place.

“I will, but tell me who is he?” Armaan questioned her with such authority that infuriated her.

“I don’t find you important enough to discuss my personal life.” She scoffed.

“Who is he, Anya?” He repeated his question.

“It’s me, Mr. Singh.” A voice came from the door. She looked up to find her man standing there in his glory. The blazer jacket was missing, his hands shoved in his pockets and sleeves rolled up to his elbows. He’d a scowl on his handsome face yet he looked sexy. She noted.

She watched him as he walked in, taking long strides. He came and stand right next to her, leaving an inch gap between their bodies. Her senses were blocked by his woodsy smell, she couldn’t bring herself to think about anything else at the moment. It was him that mattered. She’d her eyes fixed on him, his strong presence didn’t let her look at anything but him.

“Were you saying something to my girlfriend?” His husky voice brought her back into reality and that’s when she realized Armaan was present there as well. Anya felt she’d melt into a puddle of lust when he wrapped an arm around her and pulled her to him. His hold around her was possessively tight and she felt safe.

She tore her gaze away from him and turn to her ex, the shocked look on Armaan’s face was something she couldn’t help but find funny. She expected it. She was sure he’d expected her to wait for him all her life.

“You and him?” Armaan questioned her to confirm.

“Yes,” Anya passed a small smile to him then tilted her head to look at the man of her life. Her eyes soften up as she looked at him.

“I think she’s made it clear to you she isn’t interested in you. Now leave before I forget you are still an employee here-” She felt a wetness between her legs grew seeing Rihaan’s possessiveness. He went and stake his claim over her. “She’s mine.”

His hold around her tightened. She relaxed in his arms, finding his presence soothing and the heat radiating off him was comforting and at the same time arousing. But she wanted more. She wanted to feel him, skin to

skin, without any barrier between them.

She heard the door closing sound and looked around, only to realize Armaan had walked out. A wise move on his part. She believed.

Armaan was in no position to fight against Rihaan.

"I'm gonna transfer him to another company." Anya turned to Rihaan when she heard. She didn't say anything to him on the topic. It wasn't something important.

"I missed you." She stood on her toes and pressed her lips against his. The distance was too much to bear. She kissed him with a love she didn't know was there. He pulled her closer and deepened the kiss. Her head felt hazy with desires alluring within. She felt wild.

Her spine tingled feeling his hand traveled down to her breasts. He squeezed them in his palms, making her moan into the kiss.

"The door is open," She mumbled as she pulled away from the kiss. She shuddered when her gaze met his darkened ones. He stepped away from her, unwilling though. He walked over and securely bolted the door then came back to her.

Her lips pulled up in a shy smile, she let go of a shaky breath, calming her nerves. He moved closer and claimed her lips in a wild kiss. He smooched her lips, taking her lower lip between his then giving the same treatment to the upper one. He clutched her waist as he pulled her closer, his sculpted body pressed up against her soft one.

A gasp escaped her feeling his hard on poking her belly. Her insides churned in anticipation of what's to come.

"Get yourself out of this dress before I shed it in pieces." He told her. She didn't miss the urgency in his voice and it aroused her furthermore. His eyes held her in as she reached and pulled down the zipper of the white formal dress she chose to wear today. He watched her every move like a hawk as she pulled the dress down and stepped out of it. His eyes roamed over her body, taking her in. She was feeling shy, wanted to hide but he held her in.

Rihaan undid her bra and her tits tumbled out. He cupped her tits in his large palms and fondled them. Her nipples were erect and sensitive, begging to be touched. He brushed the pad of his thumb against her faded pink nipple. She jumped in her place as a sensation ran through her.

"Oh god!" Anya threw her head back and moaned in utmost pleasure when he leaned in and took her peak in his warm mouth. He circled her

nipple with the tip of his tongue, setting her off. She clutched his shoulders for supports as her legs wobbled.

“Rihaan,” She moaned. “I want you inside me. Now.”

She didn’t think she could handle any more torture. Her pussy was aching with a primal need to be filled with his seeds. Anya moved her hands between their bodies and started unbuckling his belt, he helped her. He pulled himself out of his slacks and pushed her on the table.

“Someone is impatient.” He teased as she hurriedly removed the white cotton panties she was wearing.

“I’m a very, very needy person.” She slurred. She parted her legs wide for him.

“And I’m here to fulfill your every need. Always.” Rihaan smiled as he settled himself between her legs. He spat on his palm and ran it over his hardened length. He stroked himself a few more times before he positioned himself against her opening.

“Fuck.” She heard him grunt as he pushed himself in. A wave of pleasure shot through her as he filled her completely. She clenched him in, feeling his cock throbbing inside her. She closed her eyes to relish the moment. It was so fucking perfect.

“You are squeezing me in,” He growled as he moved his cock out then shoved in, earning a loud moan from her. “I love that.”

Anya rotated her hips, creating a friction between them as he drove himself deeper into her pussy. She’d burst with the overwhelming pleasure building up in the pit of her belly.

“You are so fucking perfect, Anya. I can never get enough of you,” He leaned over and held her tight as he pounded in her warmth. She was writhing beneath him.

He nuzzled his face in her breasts. “I’m gonna burst.”

“Oh god,” She gasped, he pinched her labia lips and rubbed her wet clitoris, setting her off.

“Rihaan, I’m gonna cum.” She cried.

“Then let it go, baby.” Rihaan increased his pace and thrust into her soft body. Anya clung onto her as she cried out her orgasm. Anya panted for air. The orgasm was intense, ripped through her body, leaving her gasping and craving for more.

Rihaan followed her behind and came inside her, filling her completely. She could feel his sticky cum mixed with hers trailing down her thighs. She

cared less. I

“You smell like me.” He nuzzled his face between the crook of her neck. She could feel the smile in his voice and it made her smile. He was yet to pull his cock out, but she liked the feel of him filling her. It was incredible.

“I like that.”

“I like that, too.” She snuggled in his arms.

Epilogue

Two years later...

"She is so beautiful." Rihaan gushed, staring down at his five-month-old daughter in his arms. It was love at first sight, the moment he laid his eyes down on the little angel Anya gave birth to, he lost his heart once again. She was a replica of her mother with his baby blue eyes.

"She is my daughter," A pride filled voice came from behind him. Rihaan looked over his shoulder at his wife who was wrapped in a satin white sheet. His cock came to life, knowing she wasn't wearing anything underneath the sheets.

"Angel is daddy's girl." He pronounced, to tease his wife but to an extent, it was a truth. Angel was more close to him, but he was sure she loved her mother no less. He leaned in and kissed his daughter on the forehead before he made her lay down in the crib then he turned to his wife. It'd been two months to their wedding and his need for hasn't reduced even a bit, if anything, his love and desires for her are increasing with every passing moment.

"Since you father-daughter duo has made a team of your own, I feel left out," Anya complained. He let out a chuckle. Reaching over, he grabbed the sheets and pulled them off her, leaving her naked to his eyes. He got on the bed then on top of hers.

"I have a solution for that," He cupped her breasts in his palms and fondled them, making her arch her back and moaned his name aloud from pleasure building up inside her. Her body has grown extremely sensitive after she gave birth, and she'd grown more curvaceous, driving him toward the edge of losing his sanity. He leaned down and suck on her nipple while squeezing the other one. He felt her body shudder under his and it made his cock twitch in his pants. The way her body reacts to him never fails to amuse him. She was so responsive to his every touch.

"What?" Anya whispered in a hoarse voice.

"Let's have another baby. A brother for our angel." He whispered in ear. He felt her body shudder and it made him tightened his hold around her.

"I like the sound of it." Anya whispered back.

The last string of control snapped and he pinned her down on the bed, his body hovering over hers. He grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her face up as he claimed her mouth in a hungry kiss. Anya wrapped her legs

around his waist and kissed him back with a fierceness he'd never known before.

Rihaan broke the kiss and moved down to her neck, leaving a trail of wet kisses. She arched her back and moaned his name. His big hands cupped her fuller breasts and squeezed them in his palms. Her breasts drive him crazy, the softness. He felt wild, desires alluring within had him craving her more than his next breath. He needed her to live. To breathe.

"Anya," A growl erupted from his chest the moment he felt her tiny hand on his cock. She rubbed him over the clothing material of his boxer briefs, the only barrier between them he wanted to go away. "You are killing me."

He grunted. She pulled down the boxer briefs, freeing his throbbing cock. Taking him in her hands, she stroked him, first slowly then building up a pace. He'd to close to his eyes, refraining himself from cumming in her hands so soon.

"Fuck." Rihaan cursed under his breath. Raising his gaze, he looked at his wife who'd no idea what she was doing to him, may be he did had an idea but chose to ignore. He felt he'd burst from the pleasure she was providing. He reached for her hand and stopped her, causing her to frown at him. He shook his head and pinned her head above her head.

"I'm going to cum deep inside your pussy," He told her. He looked down into her dark brown eyes. Her eyes were shining with love for him and the seductive smile spread across her lips told him she wanted him as much as he wanted her.

Anya opened her legs wider as he adjusted his cock against her opening. He smirked as he rubbed the head of his cock through her slit, making her writhe beneath him. He teased her for another moment while she groaned in annoyance. She'd never been the patient one and he was very well aware of it. His smile widened as she rolled her hips, wanting to feel him as much as she could.

"Rihaan, do it now." Anya snapped, then moaned aloud as he drove himself into her soft body in a rough stroke. She arched her back and begged for more.

Rihaan stared at his wife who took all of him greedily. Every moan that escaped her had him throbbing hard inside her. She looked so fucking perfect, sprawled on their bed in her birth suit. Something about the sight gave him chills. She was his. His only.

“I love you, sweetheart.” He leaned over and pressed his lips against hers. Her pussy clenched around his shaft at his words. He could feel her orgasm building up, his own was. His balls tingled and felt heavy. He closed his eyes and grunted, her walls clenched him in. Her body tensed beneath his for a moment and she came undone, crying out aloud as her orgasm rode through her.

Rihaan flipped her over and thrust harder and deeper into her. He was close.

“Any,” He held onto her possessively as he emptied himself, shooting his cum into her womb.

“Mm- I love you, too, Big man.” She opened her eyes and passed a hazy smile. She pulled him down on the bed next to her and cuddled in his arms. She placed soft feathery kisses on his chest, causing a sigh to escape him. He loves when she does it every time. He tightened his hold around her and pulled in his arms, closing his eyes, he once again lost himself to her.