



PASSIONATE  
BEAST

AMARIS RICCI

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## **Dedication**

To my Honey K. - Resistance was definitely futile. I have never met a man like you who has come through his own hell and still remains a gentleman. One who is not afraid to love, respect and cherish his woman. You know your flaws and not afraid to admit to them. You do not criticize, insult or belittle when you are angry. You continue to display all the love and attention I need. Thank you.

## Prologue

"I need to look at the car cuteness, stay put for daddy, I will be back in a minute."

Samantha watched her father from the backseat of the car. He popped open the hood and stepped out onto the road. One minute he was there and then he was gone from her eyesight. She heard an awful thud which would haunt her for years to come.

She saw a man rush from his car to her father's side, giving her a quick glance. He bent his head to her father's mouth and then she watched as he slowly slipped away. The man rested her father's head on the ground and covered his face with his jacket. He got up and made his way towards her, opened her door, lifted her into his arms and took her into the nearest restaurant. He ordered a light snack for her and went to talk to a policeman who had just arrived on the scene. She sat and ate in silence trying to comprehend what had just happened. The stranger pointed her out to the officer and made his way back to her. He sat in the seat next to her for a few minutes, glanced quickly at his watch and studied the pretty little dark child staring back at him.

"I have to go little one, the officer will take you home soon. I'm sorry about your father, I lost my parents a while ago but I turned out okay and so will you. Is there anything else you need before I go?"

"What's your name sir?" Her thick British accent brought a smile to his face.

"Marcus Waithe."

She nodded and continued to eat. Marcus stood up, kissed her on the top of her head and made his way out of the restaurant.

## Chapter ONE

Most millionaires love to show off their wealth but Marcus Waithe was a humble man who made an honest living by providing women with a product they can trust. His parents died in a car accident when he was 19 and they had instilled a sense of worth in him that he has not forgotten. He was determined to be the kind of man they not only wanted him to be but to live by example. He finished college at 20 majoring in Biology. He also studied Food and Beverage Management, Physics, Aesthetics and Chemistry. He started working at a department store promoting ladies products and the CEO just happened to notice there was always a crowd of women at his sample booth no matter what time of day it was. He stood in a corner and watched in awe as Marcus worked. No matter what was being sampled that day, sales went up by at least 30%. He called Marcus into his office at the end of his first week. He could sense the apprehension in the young boy and he decided to have some fun with him.

"Have a seat Marcus, I wanted to have HR here but I think what I have to say trumps anyone in my employ."

"Sir? Did I do anything wrong? If I did I apologise and I endeavor to correct my mistake."

Mr. Tuscanni smiled inwardly. This was going to be a cinch.

"I realise you have a way with the ladies, I don't pay you to flirt, I pay you to promote the products in my store."

"Sir, if I may be blunt, the ladies don't come to buy the products, they come for the attention I give and the products are just a bonus to make themselves feel good. From what I understand, sales for each line have gone up by over 25% since I came to work on Monday. If the end result is to actually sell the product my flirting won't hurt anyone."

"What would you like to do with your life Marcus? If you can convince me that honest success is in the forefront of your mind I will personally see to it that you achieve it. You have 3 minutes. Go."

"The products you sell are not made for everyone, I want to create a 'one product suits all', so no matter who she is, where she works or what she is doing, she will *feel* like a woman. Women control the market not always with money but

a mere suggestion that a product is worth buying and sales will increase daily. That is my goal."

"I will setup a lab here and provide you with the best scientists in this region. You have 6 months, you will present the product to the board and if they approve I will fund everything for one year, after that you are on your own. Give me a list of what you require and we will be ready in 2 weeks."

"Will you retain the rights to the line, how much is the pay back and in what time frame?"

"Everything will be handed over to you after a year, if the line is successful, I will take 25% of sales during that time period."

"How soon can I see the contract?"

"Contract? Word of mouth is fine by me."

"In that case I cannot accept your offer. Have a good day sir." Marcus stood up to leave.

"You are smarter than I thought Marcus, if you had said okay to no contract I would have sent you back to work in the booth. You will have it in 2 days."

"Thank you for your confidence in me sir, I promise I will make you proud."

They shook hands and Marcus floated back to his booth where a hundred ladies were waiting to be pampered.

Marcus and his best friend Caleb were inseparable. Caleb was his right hand man throughout the 6 month period and the day for presentation was a week away. They were sitting in a bar having a beer. They had finished everything they needed to do and decided to sit back and relax.

"We need to find us some women Marcus, we are old men already and have not been laid. We are ruining our reputation."

"We don't have a reputation Caleb." Marcus replied laughing.

"My point exactly."

"Tell you what, after we present, we will go and find some hot girls and take them out, how's that sound?"

"Fine by me."

A week later, Caleb and Marcus sat in the boardroom waiting for the board to rip their idea to shreds or help them on their way to being rich.

At 9:30 am on the dot, Mr. Tuscanni entered the room via his office door and the outer door to the boardroom opened and 12 men and women walked in. Marcus got up and walked over to the screen and waited. Caleb got up and walked to another door and nodded to his friend.

"Good morning ladies and gentlemen, please open the folders in front of you and we shall begin."

"I am not here to beg you for money, I am here to knock your socks off so I won't need to beg you for money." There were chuckles from everyone. The ice was broken.

"I present to you 'Black Passion'."

Caleb opened the door and 20 ladies came in wearing uniforms from all job types, from maid to corporate to construction. Each one held a black gift bag and gave one to each board member, the remaining 7 made their way to the seats provided for them.

"Women are mothers, teachers, CEO's, scientists, florists, secretaries etc. The one thing they all have in common is that they want to 'feel' like women no matter where they are. Black Passion is made from natural herbs and spices with no harsh chemicals. Take a look at the ladies around you, their ages range from 18 to 65 and have been using Black Passion for 2 months. A woman's body chemicals change over the years and Black Passion changes with you, it allows your skin to breathe and not take over. The line consists of Perfume, Body spray, Body Splash, Lip Gloss, Body Butter, Bar Soap, Bath Gel, Lotion and Face Cream. We took Black Passion a bit further and we are offering the one thing that makes a woman feel like she can take on an army, anyone know what that is?"

A female board member smiled and said "Chocolate of course!"

"Chocolate of course. We have created the darkest, richest, most mouthwatering 84 bar chocolate the world has ever seen with 85% cocoa. This is our selling point, the chocolate is healthier than any on the market and anyone can enjoy it. This will be called 'Dark Symphony'. If you look into your gift bags, there are samples of each product. Feel free to sample at this point while we take a break."

Marcus gave his winning smile and he nodded to Mr. Tuscanni and then left the room.

Caleb folded over resting his hands on his knees.

"You are something else Marcus, if they don't buy into this they are in a sad state of affairs. I guess I am up next. Wish me luck buddy."

"You are the best I have, you don't need luck."

They each took a bottle of water from Mr. Tuscanni's personal assistant and made their way back inside the board room. The scents that filled the air was soulful, the board members were laughing and sampling their goodies all seeming to be satisfied and excited.

Caleb stood at the front this time and waited until the chatter died down.

"Ladies and gentleman, this is my favourite part of our presentation. This is where I tell you how much money it will take to launch a successful promotion and product and then how much money Mr. Tuscanni will have when he retires in 50 years."

More chuckles and laughter.

"An injection of 250 thousand got us to this point and our projections for growth will see that figure 10 times over in less than 2 months. Black Passion will be sold worldwide, we took the liberty of asking around to find out what women want, and we have provided it. We intend to have each product in the line available on its own and as part of a gift set. When you approve, we will produce 250 thousand gift sets within a 3 week period. On the launch night, orders will be taken onsite to ensure we begin selling. Now, a gift set will contain whatever the customer needs, so you can have a combination of any of the products. This allows maximum customisation. After the launch we will run a special for College students, present your ID at any location and get 25% off. Then mothers, secretaries and so on. This will allow each sector to be infiltrated immensely. We will have several delivery trucks wrapped with each line as we go along. Our projections show that within a month we will see a profit of over 2.5 million dollars and this is only from the gift sets. The chocolate will be sold separately and the first 1000 will be given to each person who purchases a complete gift set. Let that sink in for a bit. 2.5 million in a month. At the end of 6 months we will introduce another product and weed out the unsuccessful ones. The selection of each product will determine what the gift set costs, once again a customisable option for the woman who doesn't need everything. Now, since we have catered to



all women, our next line will be for men, this I shall keep a secret. If you have any questions, Marcus and I will be available to answer them in a few minutes. Thank you for your patience and we hope you are as excited as we are."

## **Chapter TWO**

Caleb took a deep breath and made his way to Marcus who hugged him and sat down. Marcus glanced at Mr. Tuscanni, he was looking pleased with his gift bag and when he sat at the head of the table, everyone went quiet.

"I'm sold, yay or nay."

All hands were raised.

Marcus and Caleb beamed knowing this was their dream come true. Marcus had told Caleb what he wanted to do from college and he was in it all the way. Congratulations were offered, the ladies intermingled with the members answering questions about their own personal experiences with the product.

When all the excitement died down and only Marcus, Caleb and Mr. Tuscanni were left, the boys sat down, in a daze.

"Sir, I can never thank you enough for this opportunity. I won't let you down."

"I have to tell you a secret Marcus, I was going to fund your project with or without the board. I just needed you to be confident in your own product to present it to them and they have influence on markets around the world. You have done well. I want a new contract, I will take the 25% until the initial investment is paid off and from the looks of it you should be able to do that in a year's time. I am handing over the line to do as you see fit, I would suggest you stick to the plan you already have, it is sound. Don't get cocky, markets change on you and you don't want to be caught with a dead product on your hands. I am here if you need help with anything. Now, I am going home and give this gift to my wife, if it's as good as you say, expect a baby in 9 months."

The men all laughed and shook hands again.

Two years later, Marcus and Caleb stood on the top floor of BP's corporate office. Everything had gone as predicted, women were buying up Black Passion like crazy. They had bought an old plant site at the end of their first year and now

employed 2000 staff. The factory was located in a complex on the property but you had to drive to get from one building to the other. Their secretary knocked on the door and when she pushed it, a man with a toddler stepped in from behind her.

"Mr. Tuscanni, how good to see you and how is my god-son doing today?"

"Horsey!"

Asani Marcus Tuscanni got down from his father's arms and ran to Marcus, who picked him up, twirled him on his back and ran all over the office screaming like two madmen.

"Okay, enough you two, geeze Marcus you spoil him rotten. I was in the neighbourhood and decided to pop in and see my two favourite boys. All is well?"

"Yes sir, we introduced two new products in the last 3 months and sales are up and climbing. If this continues we will have to get a new plant and setup another HQ in another state. We have tripled sales in every state in the US. Canada sales are climbing as well. Right now we have the market locked but I want to broaden the scope a bit and add something extremely different. Don't know what that is yet but I will think of something."

"Take a vacation, that always helped me in the past and still does, don't work all the time, it's not healthy." Tuscanni smiled.

"Duly noted Sir."

"Okay Asani, time to go, say by to God-Father and Uncle Caleb."

"Buh bye." Asani giggled.

"Vacation? Where would you like to go?"

"Barbados, I hear the beaches are awesome and the people are friendly. We can leave in a week after we see the models for the next product line."

"Done, Barbados it is."

Over the next week the boys made preparations to take a week off and have some fun. They had been working for two and a half years and this would let them take the pressure off for a bit.

On the day of the model screening Caleb was on his way to get some coffee from the snack table and a woman passed behind him wearing a familiar scent. He spun around spilling coffee on his shirt to look at her. He almost dropped the cup and what was left in it when he caught sight of the graceful way she walked. She did not have the sought after physique of the average model. Her breasts were ample. Her hips were broad and attached to a backside that made Caleb's mouth

water. Her shoulder length natural plaits were thick and look like short pieces of shiny black rope attached to her scalp. She made her way over to the sign up desk and took a seat amongst the other models.

Marcus saw her as well and he was about to approach her when he saw Caleb's face and quickly changed his mind. Caleb was a shy fellow and usually the ladies hung all over Marcus so if Caleb was interested, he would let him have a go. Just then the young woman looked up and saw Caleb staring at her and she blushed and looked away.

Caleb looked at Marcus and pressed two fingers over his heart and raised an eyebrow. Marcus nodded. Caleb stood in the center of the room and got everyone's attention.

"Ladies, I have a few questions for you, this will determine how far you get today. You each have an application form, write your answers on the back and hand them to Mr. Waithe. If the answer to the first question is none please leave."

"What Black Passion product are you wearing right now?"

All the women except one began writing. Caleb smiled inside. YES!

The women began filing out shaking their heads. The natural haired beauty was left.

Caleb continued asking questions as if nothing happened.

"How many products does Black Passion currently offer?"

"What is the relationship between Mr. Waithe and me?"

"Why should Black Passion hire you?"

"Would you like to go out on a date?"

The young lady continued to write on the paper. When she was finished she handed the sheet to Marcus and went back to her seat. Marcus looked at the answers and laughed out loud.

"Ms. McKonnie, you have the job, it seems my esteemed effendi has lost his tongue now. We will be contacting you soon."

"Thank you Mr. Waithe, Mr. Adams, have a good day." Jylyan stood up, shook hands with Marcus but when she reached out to shake Caleb's hand, he did something that shocked all three of them in the room. Caleb took Jylyan in his arms and kissed her as if she were the last woman on earth. When he broke the kiss and let her go she staggered back and so did Caleb. Marcus was staring at the two of them with his mouth open.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to, oh geeze." Caleb went over to a chair and plunked down in it.

"It seems we have two options Mr. Adams, either you fire me or stay away from me, I won't date my boss." With that she left without a backward glance.

"Help me out Marcus. She could sue us for sexual harassment. God what got into me? Marcus, hello, snap out of it man. I'm dying here."

"Marry her Caleb. I have never seen you lose control and she didn't back down either. She is beautiful, smart too with her answers, why did you pick her for the job anyway?"

"She was the only one who wore one of our products, I got a whiff when she walked by me. I'm in love Marcus, I feel drugged. We can't fire her, she is perfect for our image."

"I agree with that, she is humble too, not stuck up at all and she is a natural in every way, not even wearing any make up and she is a bombshell. Tell you what, we don't have any rules written or otherwise about dating staff and if we did I would make an exception. Go after her and get the best of both worlds."

Marcus wondered if he would ever feel that way with a woman, still a virgin at 24 and he really wasn't interested in having a girlfriend right now anyway. They wrapped up business for the day and went home to pack for their trip to the sunny island of Barbados.

On the way to their airport Caleb was talking to Jylyan on his cell.

"Promise you will be here when I get back. I'm not letting you go and neither is the boss. Promise me Jylyan. Great, we are almost at JFK, I will call you during the week. Okay bye."

"Hooked, you poor sob."

"If you think that's bad, wait 'til you hear what her expectations are."

"I'm already intrigued."

"She said she doesn't want me to treat her like how men treat models, as if they are just clothes hangers, she has feelings and if I can't respect her in all ways, don't start. She can afford to pay for whatever she wants and does not expect me to lavish her. If we decide to make a go of it, she won't tolerate me being with any other woman and if I do decide to, I have to be man enough to let her go first."

"When's the wedding?"

"That's another thing, she won't have sex with any man but her husband, and if we can date for a year she would consider marriage if we are on the same page."

"Right..... so when's the date?" Marcus laughed.

"If she says yes in a year, 6 months after that. I can hold out for as long as she wants."

"I'm glad for you Caleb, you deserve happiness."

"So do you buddy, you will find someone too."

"Maybe, my friend, maybe."

They got onto the plane and settle in for their 4 and a half hour trip to a week of bliss. Caleb drifted off to sleep and Marcus spent the next few hours planning the next promotion for BP. Just as the captain spoke a Flight Attendant walked by Marcus' seat and he glanced up to see a pair of green eyes staring back at him.

"You need to put on your seatbelt sir, we have begun our descent."

"Oh sorry. Thank you. Are you staying over in Barbados?"

"Actually yes I am. This is my last flight for the year, I start my Pilot training in a few weeks."

"Would you like to go out with me?"

"Sure why not, I live there, I can show you around if you like. Here's my card. Give me a call when you get settled. Enjoy the rest of your flight."

Marcus took the card and put it in his pocket without even looking at it. He nudged Caleb and told him to look out the window. Barbados came into view and it was breath taking. The outlines of the cane fields, houses, buildings and playing fields. As they got closer the coast line winded with hotels, boats and they could see people on jet skis, and surf boards. He watched as they approached the airport and pretty soon, the plane landed with a bump and they taxied into terminal.

They made their way through customs and immigration and someone whispered "That's Marcus Waithe and Caleb Adams, they own Black Passion."

Marcus grinned with pride. They saw a man holding a sign with their names on it and they made their way over to him. He took their bags and led them to a white limousine. As they got to the hotel, the driver got out and opened their doors and took their bags to reception. Marcus heard laughter behind them and when he looked around he saw the flight attendant whose card he had in his pocket. He waved at her and she made her way over.

"Seems fate has pushed us in the same direction. I brought my flight mates down, they are staying here 'til the next flight out. What do you say, let's go out and have some fun or are you tired?"

"Caleb, 'wanna join us?"

"Sure why not, makes no sense wasting a night on sleep. Let's get checked in and we will meet you back here in 10 minutes."

The boys checked into their rooms and made their way back down to the lobby. Marcus had taken the time to look at the card and her name was Lisanne.

"So where are we off to, Lisanne?"

"Fancy or island style?"

"Island style of course."

"Let's go get some food first then we can hang out and get to know each other."

Lisanne drove them down Bay Street by an old fish market, she made her way to the counter and ordered three fish and chips with salad and three Banks Beers. Caleb got caught up with some people who were chatting about politics and although he was finding it hard to understand their dialect, he understood most of it and was able to add his bits and pieces. Thing is, Barbadians are so adaptable, they can switch from their dialect and speak perfect English. So when they heard his American accent, it was all over from there. They treated him as if he was one of their own.

Lisanne told him they would head down to a picnic table on the beach and he could find them there. As Marcus sat down he realised he felt none of the apprehension usually associated with meeting women. They began talking about their work and when Lisanne found out who Marcus was, the conversation changed slightly.

Lisanne asked for samples of BP for herself and her friends. Marcus cringed inward slightly, he had expected this but wished it wouldn't happen. He told her he would send some for her after all she did buy food and drinks for them without knowing them. All he had wanted was for someone to wait until they offered the products as a kind gesture and not automatically.

Lisanne could not believe her luck, to be out with not one but two millionaires. She couldn't wait to tell her girls. She took lots of photos and sent them to her BBM friends.

Caleb was enjoying himself with the locals and didn't realise the missing two. Back on the beach, Lisanne was sizing up Marcus, she had to have him before the night was out if not she would miss a great opportunity. What Lisanne didn't know was that Marcus was not the run of the mill rich man. He was an old soul with a huge heart and she was about to be the first woman to see him at the most vulnerable point in his life.

She glanced around to see if anyone else was on the beach.

"Would you like to have sex with me Marcus?"

"Sure why not but I don't have any condoms."

"Be right back."

Lisanne left him and went to her car and fished into her bag for a pack of condoms and made her way back to the beach.

"If you want to do this the romantic way we need to go back to your hotel. If you want to do it island style we can stay here, your choice."

"Here is fine." Marcus said with not a hint of nervousness in his voice.

Lisanne bent her head to kiss Marcus and he returned it with disguised expertise. Pretty soon she was straddled over his lap, she had gotten rid of her panties in the car earlier and she was wearing a short flare skirt. Marcus was wearing a beach shorts and polo shirt.

He figured he would never see her again after they left to go back home so what the hell may as well enjoy himself in the meantime. There was no spark for him, no chemistry in the kissing. He took a condom from her and put it on. He had unbuttoned and opened his pants while they were kissing heavily. There was not much foreplay on his part and when Lisanne tried go down on him he refused because he didn't want to do it to her. In the back of his mind he was ridiculing her for having sex with him within hours of meeting but he was no better than she was.

"Are you ready for me?"

"Yes Marcus, I want you."

Lisanne was not prepared for him at all. Marcus could be described as well-endowed by some women because of his thickness, other women would describe

him as short. Either way Lisanne had a bit of trouble sitting down on him and when he was all the way in, she asked him to stop for a bit. The moment he probed at her entrance he waited for the feeling of euphoria, it never came. Lisanne started to move up and down on him and within a few minutes she was caught up in the throes of her orgasm. Marcus waited until she finished and then he began. He was brutal with his thrusts, he wasn't sure if he was trying to stop her from coming back or maybe this was the way he was since he never did it before. Sure enough, he shuddered his own release physically but emotionally ..... he felt dead.

He eased the now almost subdued Lisanne up from his lap and gently pulled the condom off and threw it in a garbage bin a few feet away. He took a tissue from his pocket, wiped himself off and went back to Lisanne.

"I never expected that, you were great, can I see you again tomorrow?"

"Sure, let's go get Caleb and get back to the hotel, I'm beat."

There were no endearments, no I enjoyed myself on Marcus' part. No attempting to get closer to her, or steal kisses when no one was looking. He felt numb but brushed it aside when he saw Caleb dancing to a calypso with a beer in his hand. He was drunk as a fish.

"Come on buddy, let's get you back to the hotel and in bed."

Lisanne lead them back to the car and she drove them to their hotel. No one spoke a word, well except Caleb, he was singing "When I hear her voice, I hear the love song." He picked up a local song sung by Mark Lord a popular singer with a voice like no other. When they reached, Marcus got out said goodnight and took his friend inside. While Caleb slept, Marcus couldn't even close his eyes. He never figured his first time would be with a stranger and to make it worse he didn't enjoy it at all. At least the first time was out of the way now and it only happens once maybe next time it will be better.

## **Chapter THREE**

The next day Lisanne called to say she would pick them up and take them sight-seeing and then lunch, Caleb said he wanted to go jet skiing so Marcus declined and said he would see her the next day. They inquired at the hotel where they could find jet skis and the Concierge pointed them to a young man walking across the beach. They caught up with him, paid the money and waited their turn.



"Did you have sex with Lisanne?"

"Yep and it's not worth talking about, she is a nice girl but I can see trouble in the future with her. Did you know she posted pics of us on Facebook? I had to ask her to take them down this morning."

"Sorry buddy, I was hoping your first time would be something to brag about."

"It's okay, I think I know what to look for next time but not with Lisanne."

"We don't have to go anywhere with her, I'm surprised she hasn't brought her friends to take photos with us. That we do not need. Oh look it's our turn, let's go scare some fish."

The boys spent half hour on the skis, then Marcus wanted to go parasailing, so Caleb left to go order food, and Marcus got fitted with the harness and was receiving instructions from the man in charge.

As soon as he was finished he made his way over to the table and umbrella Caleb was seated at. He had ordered CouCou and Flying Fish with sweet potato and pickle on the side and lemonade for himself and a Chicken and vegetable Pelau with mango juice for his buddy. They sat and ate and talked about business, and life in general. When they were finished, they rented a hired car and they decided to get lost in the country side. They spent the day just driving around talking to the locals and having fun. Eventually they reached back to the hotel and decided to have room service. Marcus checked in with Black Passion HQ and all was running smoothly, sales were still on the rise and numerous requests were coming in for customised gift sets. When he hung up, he wanted to cut the vacation short and get started on the next line.

"Dude enjoy it while it lasts because when we get back my brain is going to be on and popping."

"On and popping! The tag line for the teen line. Geeze you are brilliant!! I taught you well grasshopper."

"Ya know what I am gonna let that slide, come tomorrow I am gonna set up Lisanne to pester you into another roll in the sand. Goodnight Mr. Waithe."

"In your dreams buddy, in your dreams."

The next morning sure enough, Lisanne rang their room and invited them out. Marcus pleaded with Caleb to find a reason and Caleb deserted him in his time of need so he agreed to meet her in the lobby after they had breakfast.

As soon as Marcus saw Lisanne and her entourage, he got an instant upset stomach. Lisanne had brought all of her friends to see the Black Passion men. Caleb took it better than Marcus, who was threatening to get security and throw

them out. When Lisanne reached them Marcus put on his business face but his voice belied his expression.

"Good morning Lisanne, I would appreciate it next time if you let us know if we are having company, especially a mob."

"If you don't want us here, we can leave, I was just having some fun, what is your problem?"

"You are my problem Lisanne, we are here on vacation from all the stress of work and you bring a posse. You should have asked us first damn it. On second thought, maybe one of them can warm my bed tonight 'cause you sure don't rock my boat. Caleb let's go."

The boys walked over to the giggling mass of hair spray, spritz, gel, make up, tight clothes and high heels.

Marcus flashed his winning smile.

"Good morning ladies, are you spending the day with us today? It was so nice of Lisanne to bring you along. Let's go have some fun shall we! Much to Marcus' surprise they actually had fun with the girls but Lisanne spent the day fuming as she wasn't the center of his attention.

When the day was over, everyone was plum tuckered out. The boys decided to call it a night and head back to their room. Lisanne had other ideas. She invited herself and a friend back to the room by asking a friend of hers at the hotel. She got an extra key and the two of them slipped into the room. Marcus heard when the door opened and motioned to Caleb to stay silent.

The two girls tiptoed into the bedroom and when they were inside, Marcus and Caleb yelled from inside the closet. They girls shrieked and scrambled to the bed - half naked of course.

"Well what do we have here? Two stowaways. What shall we do Caleb?"

"Throw them out, I'm not interested."

"Get out both of you!"

".....but Marcus, you haven't touched me since Saturday and Sheena can keep Caleb company."

"Lisanne, let me make this plain and clear, you don't excite me, not even a little bit, I have no intention of touching you again while we are here. I am sure not all the women of Barbados are anything like you but so far you haven't made an impression. Let me share a little secret with you. Men with money can have anyone they want, why would you try to trick me? Wouldn't it be smart to be as genuine with me as possible? That way I would give everything you need no

questions asked. You think I don't know what you are doing but I do. I heard you tell Sheena you plan to poke holes in the condoms and try to get pregnant. Yes I heard. It's not 'gonna happen. So get your clothes and get out now before I call security."

The girls bowed their heads and left without a word.

The boys took their showers and when Caleb came out he glanced at Marcus sitting at the dining table with his head in his hands.

"What's up buddy, you look like you got run over with an emotional mack truck."

"Will it always be this way? Women trying to get with me for money. Why not get to know me and if we click enjoy each other and the money will come. Gosh, I am trying to stay true to my parents' teachings but seeing Lisanne and her friend plot and scheme is a real turn off."

"Now you know why Jylyan appeals to me so much. She is humble and she doesn't fall for extravagant things, so I won't need to be buying her a Benz when I upset her. You will find *'her'* someday, I promise and when you look back none of this will have mattered."

"I hear you my friend, I am glad I have you to keep me grounded, I would probably have strangled Lisanne by now. Let's get some sleep, a few more days and we are outta here and back to the grindstone."

They went to their respective rooms for a good night's rest.

## **Chapter FOUR**

Day 4

"What would you like to do after breakfast?"

"Work actually!"

"What?"

"Wait, it's not what you are thinking. Since we've been here I have not seen a store with our product. I've seen commercials on the channels but none in the stores. I would like to go to the departments and talk to the Managers and encourage them to buy."

"Good thinking and since we know the product better than anyone, who better than to promote it?"

"Great, let's go."

The boys spent the day going around to the bigger department stores and they were well accepted. By the end of the day, every single store had placed orders for the coming month. As a gift Marcus promised to send extra to give away.

The next few days were filled with hikes, swimming, local food and minimal partying.

Marcus wanted to do some last minute shopping and told Caleb he would meet him at the airport. He took the hired car and made his way into town. He found handmade items, a few local treats, he would share with the staff members he was closest to. After making his last purchase, he was driving up Broad Street and was about to overtake a parked car, when a man stepped out from in front of it and was swiped from view by a car swerving on his right.

He screeched to avoid hitting the drunk driver's car and came to a stop. He got out and made his way over to the man lying on the ground. He glanced at the car with the hood popped open and there was a sweet little girl in the back seat staring at the man on the ground. He knelt down and the man was saying something but he had to lean in close to understand.

"Sam, I love you Sam." He let go of Marcus' hand and drifted to his death. Marcus took off his jacket and placed it over his head and torso. He got up, went to the car and lifted the little girl out and took her to a nearby restaurant, ordering something for her to eat and drink. There weren't many people around and the restaurant was empty. He had asked the cashier to call for an ambulance and to call the police as well.

He saw the ambulance pull up and the police shortly after. He stayed with Sam until he saw an officer come into the restaurant since it was the only one open. He got up and went to talk to him, while keeping his eye on the bright eyed sad faced child. He told the officer what he saw and said he was on his way to the airport to catch his plane back to the US and he couldn't stay and he could be contacted on the numbers on the card.

He went back to Sam and asked if she needed anything else and said that he had to go. She asked his name and after he answered she continued eating. He got up kissed her on her head and left with a heavy heart, he knew the pain that would follow.

Caleb noted the change in his friend.

"Bro what's up?"

"I just saw a man get swiped by a car in front of his daughter, I wanted to run but everything came back Caleb, I saw my parents all over. His last words were for his daughter. I didn't even tell her. I took her for something to eat and handed her over to the cops, my heart was breaking for her. I hope she has a family to support her, she will need it. At least I had you."

Caleb knew he didn't need to say anything so he just smiled and got comfortable for their flight.

The boys felt refreshed, they slept on the flight and decided to avoid the office until the next day.

Every so often the soft brown eyes of a little 12 year old girl haunted his dreams.

They had bought a house together and were glad to be at home. They cooked their own meals and cleaned up after themselves. They even took turns grocery shopping. They lead humble lives and the money was just bonus.

The months flew by and business was getting better as time passed.

Marcus was at the office on his cell with suppliers when a knock came on his door. He looked up to see his secretary with a scowl on her face.

"Sir, there is a Lianne here to see you, I have insisted she wait but....."

Mrs. Simmonds was pushed aside and Lianne stepped into his office. Marcus nodded to his secretary and she closed the door and left.

"Marcus darling, how are you? I flew down to start my course and decided to look you up."

"Well this is surely a surprise, I never thought I would see you again. I am doing great and yourself?" His tone was all business-like and impersonal.

"I came to apologise to you. In all sincerity I was caught up with the idea of who you were. I've never been with anyone famous before, I just reacted badly. Can you forgive me?"

"I will think about it. I don't want anyone around me who just wants to use me Lisanne, so if that is on your agenda go back the way you came right now. Another thing, never barge into my office, my secretary is there for a reason. If I was in an important meeting you would have ruined it. Don't do it again, understood?"

"Understood. Can we go out to lunch? I'm buying."

"Sure, give me a few minutes. Wait in the reception area for me."

Lisanne got up kissed him on the cheek and left.

Ten minutes later, Marcus went to Caleb's office and found him in a deep lip lock with Jylyan.

Jylyan pulled away embarrassed.

"Sorry boss."

"If there any woman in my employ who can get away with kissing Caleb it's you, no worries. Buddy, Lisanne is here, we are going to lunch."

"Be careful bro, we know what happened last time."

"She seems a little less vindictive and she apologised, but my eyes are opened this time so I know what to look for and she offered to pay for lunch." He winked at Jylyan, turned, locked the door and pulled it in, giving them privacy. He was glad for his best friend but a twinge of jealousy lingered and he brushed it off just as quickly as it came.

Lunch was not as bad as he expected. They went to an Italian pasta shop and had iced tea and Buffalo wings with herbed fettuccini. They talked about work and the classes Lisanne was taking. When lunch was over, she paid the tab and they walked slowly back to BP HQ. Marcus decided to test Lisanne.

"Would you like to go to dinner later?"

"I.... I want to make up for my behaviour and I would really love to be with you again but I am still getting used to who you are. If we go to dinner promise you will take me back to my hotel and not even make a suggestion at sex."

"Fine by me. Where should I send the car?"

"The Comfort Inn."

"Nice place, see you later then." He kissed her on her cheek and left.

The days flew by quickly. Since Jylyan was the only model they had chosen for the new line, photo shoots were complete, they were in full media mode. Print ads, tv and radio and Caleb would serve as spokesperson this time since he had a

personal interest in this line. What Jylyan did not know was that Caleb was ready to propose. He secretly made it apart of the promotions with Marcus' approval of course.

The launch date was a week away and Caleb was nervous as hell.

"Calm down bro, she won't refuse. I can tell she is as much in love as you are. Stop wearing a hole in the tile."

Launch day came and Caleb tried to act like the man of steel.

The decided to launch at HQ to avoid high booking fees. The main foyer was adequate enough for at least 500 people. The Media reps were already set up and everything was a go. A screen was placed strategically so no one would see the goodies behind it.

Marcus Caleb and Jylyan made their way down to the foyer and as soon as they stepped through the doors, cameras flashed immediately. They made their way in front of the 20 foot screen.

"Good morning ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to the newest line of products created by Black Passion. We give you 'Dark Fire'."

The screen opened and folded backwards and when the moving stopped, the brand logo was nestled by the two halves of the screen. The oooh and ahhs could be heard amongst the flashing of cameras.

Caleb stepped up to the microphone and began to describe each product in the line and then his plan kicked in.

"As you can see, the line is HOT and what makes it so hot is not only the product itself but this lovely lady standing next to me, epitomises the naturalness in each and every woman. Dark Fire was created to bring a woman's natural beauty to the surface without taking over. Caleb went on to describe each product in the line and he emphasized that no matter what age or part of the world you lived in, the products are 100% effective.

"Ladies and gentlemen, a special thanks to our Dark Fire model - Jylyan McKonnie."

Jylyan waved and bowed.

"Now for the finale. Every man has a dream to meet the perfect woman. Most of us spend our lives sifting through thorns to find that rose which takes our breath away. Well, I found my rose."

Caleb nodded to Marcus who pressed a button. A pole that was placed in the middle of the room revealed a platform and a large closed Red rose was seated in

the middle. When it came to a stop, Caleb walked over to it took the rose in his hands and walked back to Jylyan. He held out his hands and she took the rose and the rose petals opened up to reveal an emerald engagement ring. Caleb got down on one knee.

"Will you marry me Jylyan? You are everything I ever needed in a woman, your humility keeps me on a level that allows me to see the good in people. I love everything about you and I would love to spend the rest of my life with you." He bowed his head and held his breath.

"Yes Caleb, I will." The applause almost shattered the windows and doors in the foyer. Yes, that day was a good day for Black Passion.

Everyone present got a gift bag.

## **Chapter FIVE**

Two more years flew by quickly, Caleb and Jylyan were blissfully happy. Marcus had just ended his torrid relationship with Lisanne, she cheated on him with a pilot. It was kinda' awful how he found out about it. He had booked a flight on the plane she was co-piloting on to surprise her and he was the only one seated in first class as he was always early. He saw two pilots come in for the pre-flight check and they thought no one was on the plane. They stopped at the cockpit door and engaged in a deep kiss. The man decided to be adventurous and undid her shirt and proceeded to suck feverishly on one of her breasts. Marcus never made his presence known. He decided he would wait for the perfect moment and perfect it was. When the flight was cruising at 30,000ft. He signaled to the flight attendant. He whispered something in her ear and her face registered surprise but she knew who he was and knew he could influence water from a bar of soap. She did as he asked. Soon enough, Lisanne came out of the cockpit and when she saw Marcus, her face lit up.

"Honey, I didn't know you were on this flight."

"Yes Lisanne that's probably why the Captain had his mouth planted on the same breasts I had mine on a few nights ago but hey such is life. I hope he was worth it. Have a good day."

Lisanne stood there with tears in her eyes and she knew it was over, so rather than protest, she left and went back to the cockpit.

"What's the matter sexy?"



"My boyfriend saw us earlier, he just broke up with me."

"You have a boyfriend? What's his name? Just in case I have to shoot him."

"Marcus Waithe."

"Why does that name sound so familiar?"

"Owner and CEO of Black Passion products."

"Are you nuts? He owns 20% shares in this airline. How stupid of a bitch could you be? I guess we are over as well, I love my job way more than I could ever love you and this is our last flight together as well, I never want to see you again."

Suffice to say, Marcus left his anger on the plane, he could have her fired but decided she would have to suffer from her own mistakes with no influence from him.

In the years that followed Marcus found himself getting involved with extremely hi-profile women. The unfortunate thing about these women was no matter how much money they had, he had more and they were always needy, clingy, possessive and downright stupid. His next mistake was a movie star and she cheated within 6 months. The next was a singer and she lasted a year before she cheated as well. Marcus decided he was not going to call any female his woman, he would take what he needed and that was that, if they offered he wasn't refusing.

Caleb on the other hand was worried that his unwavering affection for his wife was too much for his best friend to bare. They were mulling over the figures for the last quarter.

"Jylyan is thinking of leaving BP."

"Offer her more money, she is the best thing to happen to us."

"She is leaving because of you buddy."

"Did I say something to offend her? I will apologise, she is a wonderful lady."

"No, no, she loves you almost as much as I do. We don't hide from each other but she seems to think we are flaunting our marriage in your face while you have so many issues with the women you date. Is she right Marcus? Does me being happy bother you?"

"Dude, are you kidding me? You and Jyl are the lights in my tunnel. I am just glad you didn't have to go through this crap. You found your rose remember? Tell her I say if she leaves I will make sure no one else hires her and she will have to come back on all fours." Marcus smiled.

"I know buddy I just needed to hear you say it. We will chat later, I have to go look at the samples for the next line. I have something else to tell you and I need your permission to go ahead with it."

"No you don't, I trust you with my life, the company is bonus. Spill your bright idea."

"Jyl is pregnant. She told me just before she said she was leaving. I needed to know how you felt about everything before I told you. She doesn't really want to leave and she wants to work up until her water breaks. I created a line for expecting mothers called - 'Ignis Lumiere'. It's Latin for for...."

"Fire and lumier is french for light, yes I know."

"I was going down to test the samples and then bring them to you for approval."

"You don't need it, I was thinking of making you my partner instead of V.P. what do you think?"

"Honestly, I am honoured but with a baby coming I need to be there for Jylyan. I want to spend as much time with her as possible, especially since she still plans to work. Do you understand?"

"No explanation needed mi amigo but as it stands I will make you a partner anyway and you can keep V.P. status for public purposes. You will make the same as I do now, I won't have it any other way."

Caleb walked over to Marcus and hugged him. Just then Jylyan walked in and saw them, her thoughts flashed across her face and she tried to hide them but it was too late.

"I came to talk to Marcus but I realise you already did, I will go pack my stuff."

"Jylyan....." Came Marcus' warning tone.

"If you leave I will sue you for reneging on your contract and your grandchildren will be paying off the debt. I love Caleb as a brother and anything that makes him happy makes me happy, ya' got me? I love that the two of you are so affectionate, it gives me hope that someday I will have what you do, so you can quit worrying about the nut brains I date. No more talk of leaving."

He walked over to her and kissed her on the cheek, hugged her close and left.

"I love that man." Caleb said to no one in particular.

"You and me both honey."

## Chapter SIX

Marcus and Caleb were now 30 and they managed to remain grounded despite their amassed wealth. Caleb had moved out from the home he and Marcus shared and he and Jylyan bought one about ten minutes' drive away. They were expecting their second child and Uncle Marcus already bought everything the child needed. He was already spoiling his second god-child rotten and his parents let him simply because with the spoiling came discipline, values and all-round love and affection.

Sitting in his office Marcus' thoughts drifted to the little girl from 6 years ago.

He wondered how she handled her father's death and what she looked like now. He brushed the thoughts aside and began to take a good look at his life. He was lonely and desperate for unconditional love from a woman. Lisanne left a bitter taste in his mouth and every woman since then did nothing to erase it. He found himself always angry at them, blatantly insulting them to their faces, and every so often he would lash out physically. Yet, they didn't leave. These women were seen in the public eye as gorgeous, intelligent, successful women but when they were with him all he saw was selfishness, greed and stupidity. When he got up from his desk, he called it quits. He started calling all the women he was sexually involved with and told them it was over and never to contact him again. Some protested, some cried and a few let him know they could do better with someone else who had money. He no longer cared.

He flashed back to one night he was with a super model and they were arguing about the lies she was telling people about him. She threw a bottle at his head and he grabbed her by the throat and slapped her a few times. She cried and cried and said she would tell everyone he was abusive but the next day she called and apologised and wanted to see him again. He apologised as well and had a platinum and diamond bracelet delivered to her suite. She wasn't the first. In total Marcus hit about 4 of his women and initially they complained but they never left because of who he was and what he was worth. He no longer wanted this. His parents would be ashamed and Caleb as well. He made a vow to stay alone until the right woman came along. He would set a mental list of the core values she should possess and he would see where it went from there.

Not even realising while walking and thinking, he had taken the elevator down to the car park and there were only a few cars as Saturday is an off day for BP

office but not the plant. Jylyan had suggested he have a kind of in-house store in the building for people who lived nearby and they could do tours once a month. The store started off in a small space and within a month Marcus had expanded to the entire ground floor. It was now known as The Black Passion Experience. They offered all the products from the first to the current line, keepsakes, pinups of the models and when they did the tours, Marcus, Caleb, Jylyan and all the models would come down for autographs and to talk with the customers personally.

He walked over to his Infinity and as he opened the door, two men stepped out from behind a van. One pointed a gun at him and the other one spoke.

"Give me all your money and you won't get hurt buddy."

Marcus slowly turned to see the two men who turned out to be two young boys but what caught his attention was the woman standing behind them. She was tall, slim but with broad hips and a backside he could sink his teeth into. He couldn't see her eyes as she had on sunglasses but a grin flickered across her face.

"My gun is bigger than yours buddy, now let the man go and we can all go home in one piece."

The men didn't even hesitate, they ran to their van got in and screeched off. Marcus made the mistake of looking to see what the plates were so he could report them to the police but when he looked back to thank the kinky haired beauty, she had run to her car, gotten in and she screeched off as well.

"I think I'm in love."

The following days had Marcus in a tizzy, he couldn't get the dark temptress out of his head. At one point he told Caleb about her and he laughed at the demise of his friend.

"I can smell a wedding, Marcus has finally been bitten. Welcome to my world."

"I have to find her first."

## **Chapter SEVEN**

"Crunch time for 'Ignis Lumiere', launch is in a week, are we ready?"

"Yep, Jylyan finished proofing the shoot last week, she looks awesome with her belly, wanna' see the ultrasound?"

"I already have one, your wife loves me."

"She loves me more."

"Oh gross. Let's go get lunch."

The night of the launch Marcus and Caleb were confident the line would be successful as usual. They were right. All the top department stores made orders in excess of 5000 items. Marcus had left the celebrations and was sitting at his desk when he flicked to his security screen overseeing the foyer and there she was.

"Jenson, there is a lady wearing a short red flare skirt and black halter top standing by the chocolate display. Give her a personal invitation to my office suite please."

"Sure thing sir."

Marcus sat and waited with mental fingers crossed. He watched as Jenson escorted the young lady to his personal suite next door to his office. Jenson left the way he came and entered Marcus' office via the outer door.

"Her name is Samantha Gamble. Would you like a file on her?"

"Nope she is going to tell me all I need to know, can you bring a complete gift set from the previous line for me and one from this one."

"Sir may I be straight with you?"

"Sure Jenson, what's up?"

"She isn't like the others sir, she has this uniqueness about her that's refreshing. On the way up in the elevator, she asked me how I was doing. None of your lady friends ever cared to ask. I am an old man and I can tell she is special, treat her nice boss."

"Jenson I have to agree with you and you don't need my permission to speak freely, you have been with me from the beginning, and you know all my secrets and bad habits and I have never overheard anything that went on in my home or office. Maybe this one will save me from going down that road."

"Sir, I believe she will. You need anything else before I go, the wife wants me to bring home something chocolaty for her."

"Take what you need from the stock room, tell the Mrs. she hasn't sent me any carrot cake recently and my withdrawal symptoms are beginning to kick in."

"Sure thing boss, have a good night."

Jenson returned with two large gift bags and rested them on the desk, giving Marcus a mock salute, he left for the night.

Marcus watched as Samantha made herself comfortable on the sofa and took in her surroundings. There was no snooping to see what she could discover, she just sat with her legs crossed, bag resting in her lap.

Marcus took a deep breath, picked the bags up and when he opened the door, Sam gets up to face him and what she does next totally floors him. She walks over to him and wraps her arms around his neck and the proceeds to kiss him with a hunger that removes the atmosphere from around them both. Before he could even kiss her back she stops pulls away and goes back to her seat on the sofa.

"Sit down Mr. Waithe I can't save you this time."

Marcus chuckles and sits next to her on the sofa.

"Well Ms. Gamble, it seems as if I owe you my gratitude not to mention my life although at this point I would like to proclaim that you ran away before I could thank you. So for starters these are yours." He hands her the bags. She takes them and rests them on the floor next to her feet. She turns to face him and for the first time Marcus gets the full effect of her bedroom eyes.

"Stop me Mr. Waithe."

"From what Ms. Gamble?"

"This."

Sam climbs onto Marcus' lap and pick up the kiss where she left off.

"Oh hell no!" This time Marcus matched her hunger with his own. He skimmed his hands over her bare legs, they felt heavenly. He pushed his hands all the way up until he could caress her well rounded ass cheeks.

Sam's heart was racing inside her chest, she had dreamed of this man all her life and now she was kissing him. She had to go all the way, if she changed her mind now she would regret it forever.

Marcus pulled back and looked into her eyes.

"Are you sure?"

"More than anything Marcus."

He stood up lifting her with him and walked over to the bedroom. Gently resting her on the bed he sensed a slight nervousness in her but his need to be with her was growing along with his erection which seemed to have extended over the

years. He wanted to be patient, to hold back the pent up years of frustrating women but this young lady was bringing out the beast in him. He wanted to ravish her and make her forget any man she had been with before. He stripped down to his boxers and crawled into the bed. He had never brought a woman there before, some things he kept to himself but this woman was making him break all the rules, he vowed to keep just a few weeks before.

Marcus slid down by Sam's feet and started to kiss from her toes all the way up to her forehead as he started back down the same path, he stopped at her breasts and slowly pulled down the zip revealing a pair of heavy rounded breasts. He noticed a few stretch marks and figured she had lost and gained weight at some point. He raised her up, unhooked her top, pulled it over her head and threw it on a chair nearby. He paused for a bit and then took a nipple in his mouth. He felt her shudder as if she was cold. His hands caressed her stomach and the other breast until she was breathing deeply. He lifted his mouth from the now hard nipple and continued to kiss his way down. He pulled the sash at her side and her skirt fell open. She was wearing black satin panties which also had ties at the sides. He pulled on them and they too fell off her. He pulled her to a sitting position to rid her of anything cloth. Laying her back down, he kissed each leg, massaging all the while. He could smell her scent wafting up to his nostrils. She smelt womanly fresh no perfumed creams or soaps, just good old woman.

He realised she had spread her legs slightly so he encouraged her by teasing her with his hand. She was clean shaven and he could see her essence coating one of her thighs and he knew she would be ready soon but oh he just had to taste her.

He changed from his kneeling position and hooked his arm under one leg and lay down flat on his tummy. He eased forward and softly licked the pink flesh peeking out. Sam took a deep breath.

"Oh Marcus!"

He took this to mean she was enjoying his touch, so he continued. She rested her hands on either side of his in effort to increase his pressure on her.

"I want you inside me Marcus please, I can't wait anymore."

Marcus moved as if he was in a trance. He watched her face as he positioned himself at her womanhood. He pressed into her slowly and as Sam closed her eyes and winced in pain. There was no turning back now. Marcus felt something give away inside her and even though he had never been with a virgin before he

somehow knew. He couldn't speak, this was the most wonderful thing he had ever felt in his life. He pulled back and tried not to notice the tear Sam was wiping away from her face.

He waited a few moments and then he slowly slid inside her. She moaned softly. He never knew, never thought a moment like this would ever come to him. This beautiful woman gave herself to him without all the drama usually accompanied with it. He wanted to make this special for her, he rested on his elbows and kissed her softly, letting her know she was special to him. She wiggled her hips a little to get comfortable with the feel of him.

Marcus took the cue and began moving inside her. He took his time not wanting to hurt her but she would have none of that. She wrapped her legs around his waist and used them as leverage. She raised her hips in sync with his. Marcus changed rhythm and began to speed up.

"Deeper please, I need all of you Marcus."

Finally a woman who appreciated his love making, she wasn't afraid to ask for what she wanted and this excited him even more. He changed position again, without detaching himself from her he rolled over onto his back and slid back against the pillows. Now sitting astride him, she was in control. He held onto her hips, showing her how to move.

Sam took over effortlessly and she grabbed the head board and slid back and forth against him and her body felt strange, she felt her tummy grow warm and she felt slightly lightheaded. She threw her head back and Marcus couldn't stand it anymore. He placed his hand on her lower back and swung his legs off the bed and stood up.

"Hold onto me honey." Honey? Since when does he call a woman honey?

She wrapped her legs around his waist and laced her fingers at the back of his neck. He lifted her up and down on him for a few minutes but it wasn't enough, he couldn't get close enough. He went back to the bed and eased out of her, turned her over and spread her legs apart. He entered her from behind and she collapsed on her chest. He let her get accustomed to the position and when he started to move she was right there with him, but it still wasn't enough.

He pulled out and changed position once again. He lay her back on the bed and it wasn't until she looked into his eyes he figured out what to do. He needed



her to tell him what she wanted again, he was waiting for her to have an orgasm, it's what he was used to.

"Tell me how to please you Samantha."

"I just want you Marcus, nothing more nothing less, whatever you do I will be satisfied."

He crawled between her legs once again and this time he felt a rush of passion that over took them both. He wasn't vicious as he had been with Lisanne and the others because in the forefront of his mind, this woman was untouched by any man but him. He needed to brand her as his and only his. He drove into her fiercely and she welcomed it. She was meeting his passion with fervor.

Marcus felt his entire body burst into a thousand pieces and when he spoke her name she knew she would love him forever.

On his final thrust Marcus whispered "Take me, take all of me" and he emptied himself inside of her.

For a full ten minutes, all that could be heard was heavy breathing. Neither of them spoke, they couldn't.

Marcus decided the cramp in his leg was getting worse and he need to get up before he pancaked Samantha. The realisation of his actions hit him twice. The first one hit him when he saw the blood on the sheets then when he saw some on himself. He never thought to protect himself with this stranger. Never before had he gone skin to skin with a woman but this dark beauty made him second guess himself, she made him want to give her everything she needed in life without asking. She totally blew him away.

He got up and went to the bathroom to rinse himself off. When he came back she was still in the same position. He sat on the bed next to her.

"Didn't you think I would notice?"

Sam looked up at him and the tears began. For the first time since she saw him in the parking lot she was ashamed at her actions.

"Oh geeze honey please don't cry, you should have told me. Come here." He lay down next to her and wrapped his arms around her as she cried softly.

Glancing at his watch it was just after midnight. Would she want to go home or would she like to stay.

"How old are you Samantha?"

"18."

Marcus let her go and flew off the bed.

"Yebat!" He swore in Russian.

"Vy uzhe sdelali" She whispered.

He saw her tears begin to flow again and he lay back down next to her.

"Why did you do something so reckless and with a stranger no less? Why Samantha?"

"You don't remember me do you? I was 12 when my dad's car broke down and when he got out to take a look, a drunk driver swiped him. You got out of your car and went over to him. He died in your arms."

"I remember that day, I was on my way to the airport and I saw what happened, wait..... his last words were "Sam, I love you Sam", that was you?"

"Yes you took me inside the restaurant and paid for something for me to eat, you spoke to the policeman and you told me your name. I have seen your face every day since then. I tried to look for you but it's only recently I saw your name pop up on the internet as the owner and CEO of Black Passion. Dad and I had moved here after my mother died and we were on vacation in Barbados for his birthday. Then it was my luck the men tried to rob you. I had come from the store and was about to get into my car when I saw them. It's only when they pulled the gun, I knew I had to do something. I didn't expect it to be you. I had to leave but after searching for you for all these years, I needed to see you again, so I followed the website and I saw the next launch date and decided to go just to get a glimpse of you. When you sent for me, I thought you figured out who I was, either way, I had to give you something to say thank you for what you did. I know you couldn't save him but your kindness toward me after stayed with me."

"So, you figured you would repay me by giving me your virginity?"

Sam lowered her head. He made it sound so awful. He touched her chin and pulled her head to face him.

"I gave you me and my love and at this point I am not sorry. I am not after your money I have my own. You won't be seeing me again unless I'm pregnant and that will only be to tell you about the baby. Thank you for the gifts, I will cherish them."

She moved to go get dressed. He stopped her.

"Oh no young lady, you aren't going anywhere. After what we just shared, I am not letting you out of my sight. You will tell me everything that happened in the last 6 years and then I will decide what we will do next. Wait..... you speak Russian?"

Sam laughed and started to tell him about the days after her father died and everything up until now. By the time she was finished she began to yawn and she

simply curled up in Marcus' arms and fell asleep. She mumbled while she was drifting off "Ich liebe dich."

Marcus swore his heart burst out of his chest.

So much for questioning if she wanted to go home or not. Marcus relished the feel of her, he had no inkling to ask her to leave, or to get away from her. He knew what he had to do and he hoped she would agree. When he sensed she was in a deep enough sleep, he got up and made a few phone calls. When you have as much money as he did, people got out of bed to do your bidding.

When Sam awoke up about an hour later and as she stirred, she realised Marcus was snoring lightly. She ran her hand over his chest and across his tummy.

"If you don't cut that out I am going to pin you to the mattress."

She continued and much to her delight, Marcus leapt up and in one swift move, pinned her to the bed.

"You are going to be sore in the morning."

"I don't care Marcus, you are worth it to feel as good as I do now."

Marcus made love to her slowly and he realised that she was still a bit shy in some areas but she responded like they had been lovers for years. This time they both drifted off to sleep.

Sam awoke around 5:30am to find herself under covers and without a stitch of clothing on. The heavenly aroma of pancakes and mint chocolate cocoa tea drew her to the kitchen. Wrapped in a sheet, she padded to where she smelt the food. Marcus was sitting at the table in a pair of shorts. He did not look happy.

"Sit."

Sam sat immediately as if she were about to be scolded by a Principal.

"First things first, this is for you." He handed her a green velvet box. She opened it, snapped it back shut and dropped it on the table.

"Um, that's a ring."

"Yes Sam but hear me out before you say no."

"You haven't asked."

"Will you marry me?"

"No." She giggled.

"What kind of 18 year old giggles while carrying a 9mm Sig Sauer?"

"The kind who knows how to use one. Back to your proposal."

"Leibst du mich?"

Sam's head snapped up.

"You speak German?"

"Yes, answer me."

"Yes Marcus I do love you."

"I just needed to hear you say it again. We will get engaged for 3 years and get to know each other, do this the right way. If on your 21st birthday you decide you can't be with me, keep the ring and we will go our separate ways and remain friends, no animosity. If you are ever in trouble call me first."

"Okay."

"Don't you want to think about it first?"

"No, Marcus, I love you, whatever you want from me you shall have."

"I have stipulations. You are going back to school. You will not be spending anymore of your own money and no sex until after your birthday. You will move in with me, you can decorate your bedroom how you see fit. I will turn your house into a bed and breakfast so the staff will remain employed. I will give you a new car, credit cards and an expense account. Vacations will be spent travelling and only with me. When you are finished school you will come to work with me if you haven't decided what you want to do."

"Okay but I only have one stipulation."

"What's that?"

"I know men have needs and if you have sex with anyone, do it away from our home, I can handle anything but that."

"Would it bother you if I did?"

"I would be lying if I said it wouldn't. I want you right now, I can still feel every kiss on my body you made. I can feel a sweet sensation between my legs as if you are still inside me. I would rather you not share yourself with someone else but I can't make those demands on you."

"I just made them of you."

"I don't want anyone else but you so it will be easy. I have a concern we really need to talk about."

"Go ahead."

"I didn't ask you to use protection and we made love twice. What if I get pregnant?"

"We will get married right away, if you don't want marriage, our child will have my name, that's not up for debate. I would just have to add his name to my will. In fact, we will get married if you are pregnant, no other man will ever touch you unless I am dead."

"One more thing. Unless you want to surprise me, can I go with you to buy certain things, like the car and sometimes I need you to go with me to buy things, like grocery shopping. For me that tells me what I want is important to you. I will try to live up to your standards."

"Honey you already do, especially when it comes to something like saving a man who has a bigger gun than you do."

"You do?"

"I will show it to you someday. Now, I have to stick to a tradition."

He got down on one knee and spoke.

"Samantha Gamble will you marry me?"

"Yes Marcus I will."

He kissed her, they finished breakfast and made plans for her move.

## **Chapter EIGHT**

Sam decided she wanted an Acura, she had already moved into Marcus' house and she woke up one morning and he had already left for work. Sitting at the table under a glass warmer, was a bagel with creamed cheese, a slice of carrot cake and a cup of vanilla cocoa. A suspicious box was next to it labeled 'open me Sam', in Marcus' handwriting.

She giggled and popped open the box - keys to her car. It was parked out front with a huge bow on top.

Just as she sat back down to eat her cell rang.

"Good morning honey, do you like it?"

"I love it. I don't have any classes today, would you like me to meet me for lunch?"

"I would love that. Hmm tell you what, pick up something from Saberos and come up to the office, today is going to be a long day and I don't want to waste time going out to lunch then have to wait for it."

"Great, see you around 1pm then. Love you." She hung up.

Sam cleaned up the breakfast dishes and decided when she got back she would make dinner for her fiancée. She took down some chicken and checked for vegetables and potatoes.

She went to her wardrobe and picked out a yellow halter top dress flared from the hips to her knees. Wedged heel Canvas shoes with a yellow band across the toes, bag to match and she let her hair down.

She bought lunch and made her way to BP offices. Most of the staff greeted her with a smile, a nod or even complimented her on her attire. The elevator dinged for the top floor and when she stepped out into the reception area, heads turned, keyboards stopped clicking, and people literally froze to look at her. She kept a smile on her face and as she passed she said good afternoon. Some responded, some didn't. One woman stuck up her nose and whispered to her colleagues 'She is Marcus' latest whore, she probably thinks she is better than the rest of us.'

Sam stopped and turned to face the woman. The floor went completely quiet.

"Ya ne shlyukha! If you would spend more time working rather than gossiping about people who clearly have no interest in your opinion, maybe you would be a better person and say good morning. Now if you will excuse me my 'fiancée's' lunch is getting cold." She wiggled her hand displaying her ring.

Sam turned around to see Marcus leaning against the wall with his arms crossed. She lifted her chin and made her way over to him.

"Mne ochen' zhal, no ya nikomu ne pozvolyu neuvazheniya vas."

He doesn't respond but to the surprise and respect of everyone within eye sight, he takes her in his arms and the kiss he plants on her was enough to ignite a nuclear warhead, launch it and combust it internally.

When he pulls away, he takes her by the hand and leads her to his office, Sam glances at his secretary and she winks at her.

"What did she say about me to set you off?"

"She said I was your new whore and I probably thought I was better than they are."

Marcus pauses at his door and Sam could read what he was about to do.

"No my love don't fire her, she will suffer every time she sees me and know that we belong to each other."

Marcus shrugged. He would make the woman suffer in his own way. She just earned herself a demotion to the factory.

They went into the suite and sat at the dining table.

"Let's have lunch, although....."

"What's wrong honey?"

"I don't want to wait Marcus, I want to be your wife now. I know we only made love twice but I'm finding it hard not sleeping next to you. Do we really have to wait?"

"Sam..... don't let gossip change our plans. I don't want anyone else in my life but you. We can do this and I need you to get to know me before you commit to me, trust me and put your doubts to rest. You are worth the wait. I lay in bed every night aching for you, silently speeding up the time. Please give us this and do it the right way."

She nodded and started to unpack lunch. They ate and talked about their upcoming vacation to the Maldives.

Caleb came in around 1:30 and the office was abuzz with the news of Sam in the building. Marcus had told him about her and if she can cause this much buzz she has to be a knockout. On his way up he recalled what Marcus told him.

"Buddy she is beautiful. She speaks Russian, German and Italian. She can ride a horse, ski, swim. She laughs at my jokes, she verbally disagrees with anything she doesn't like. She buys me gifts Caleb. I'm worth millions and if she passes by a store and she sees something she knows I will like she buys it and leaves it on my pillow. It's killing me not to touch her again. A few more years and she's mine. If she doesn't marry me I will kidnap her and get her pregnant. If I am this happy now, when she says I do I'm gonna burst into flames."

"Welcome to my world buddy. I told you it would happen."

Caleb stopped at Marcus' secretary's desk and sat at the corner.

"Is she in there?"

"Oh she is in there alright, she fixed Marcy for calling her Marcus' new whore and in another language too. You can go right in, I have a feeling they are just eating lunch and talking, and the light on his extension is still on."

Caleb pushed the door.

"Marcus. Where are you?"

"In here buddy."

He walked up and when Sam turned at the sound of his voice, his jaw dropped.

"I am sure you already have cleaners for the floor, your jaw is not an acceptable object for the task. Good morning, I am Sam, it's finally nice to meet you Caleb." She stood up and offered her hand.

"Marcus, oh man Marcus, I'm married, and she is beautiful."

Sam laughed.

"Why thank you kind sir." In her English accent.

"Hands off buddy, Jylyan would kill you 40 different ways if she saw you with your hands on another woman."

"Only 40, I am sure I can think of about 100." They looked around to see Jylyan standing at the door.

"You must be Jylyan, Marcus has told me all about you and you are more beautiful than your photographs."

"Gosh Marcus, when's the wedding, I love her, you can have Caleb back."

"Hey, I'm right here!!" Caleb protested.

"Sorry to barge in but the entire building is buzzing since Sam arrived. The men are lusting, the women are fuming, and it's really funny. I just had to see who got Marcus to propose."

"Hey, I'm right here!!" Marcus protested.

"You two clearly spend too much time together. Come on Caleb, let's leave these two love birds alone."

"Sure, 'wanna go practice on baby no 3?"

"Race you to your office."

They bolted through the door laughing.

"I see it now Marcus."

"What honey?"

"Why you want us to wait, that's what you want to build with me, trust, comfort, compatibility, happiness. Oh I love you so much."

She got up and sat in his lap and rested her head on his shoulders.

They sat that way and talked for the rest of his lunch hour. Then he told her he had to get back to work and he would see her at home around 6pm. They kissed and she left.

Same went home and started dinner. She loved cooking for Marcus and he loved coming home to her.

"Do you like cooking Sam?" He asked as he put a fork full of his salad in his mouth.



“I love cooking for you Marcus, you eat out at lunch and as long as I don’t have any evening classes, I will make sure food is here when you come home. Isn’t that my role as your wife?”

“Sam, I am an old fashioned man but I don’t want you to think you have to cook for me. You should be out with friends your age, partying, I wouldn’t stop you.”

“You wouldn’t come with me either!”

“Only if you felt comfortable enough.”

“You asked me to marry you and I said yes because I love you with all my heart, why would I not be comfortable. I want to spend the rest of my life with you, I don’t care what others thinks, that’s what you told me. Don’t let others dictate how we live.”

“Yes I know Sam but.....”

“But what?”

“Your friends may tease you because I am older and have a reputation.”

“Honestly, my friends are dying to meet the BP men. They are always asking me to bring out you guys but I don’t want them to use either of you because of me. I buy stuff for them from each line.”

“No more of that, I will keep stock here for you. Tell you what, we will have a formal engagement party and announce it to the world. We will be in the spotlight for a while can you handle that?”

“You forgot who my parents were? The spotlight was my life until they died.”

“The women will come after you.”

“Siggy is always loaded buster!”

“Okay, so we will pick a date and invite the crazies.”

“Can we have it at the guest house? The grounds are big enough for about 600 people.”

“Not a problem. Enough talk, put the dishes in the washer, I need to show you something.”

Sam did as Marcus asked.

He stood up and held out his hand, she took it and he lead her upstairs and out on to the patio adjoining his bedroom.

He sat on a chair and pulled her onto his lap.

“Marcus what’s wrong?”

“Shhh I just needed to feel you. I missed you today after you left and thank you for standing up to Marcy.”

“Oh Marcus, she should be glad Siggy was here.” Sam nestled in his lap and rested her head under his chin.

“Sam....” Marcus’s body was responding to Sam’s heat and scent.

“Yes Marcus?”

“I need you so badly.”

“Then take me Marcus.”

“Sam you are so young to be tied to me. You should have waited a few more years.”

“No, I spent 6 years searching for you and I don’t want anyone else. I understand why you want to wait but watching my father die has shown me how fragile life is and now that I have you, I can’t let you go. Please don’t send me away.” Sam started to cry.

“Shush, no tears, if I send you away I would be miserable and Caleb would have my head. God a few more years will be the test of time.”

“We can have fun in the meantime can’t we? I mean without going all the way.”

“I don’t want to risk it, I may lose control. No, we can be strong for each other. Come, time for bed, I have a long day tomorrow and you have an early class. Have you checked the accounts on the guest house recently?”

“Yes, I found a few problems but I think I can sort them out.”

“Someone is stealing?”

“Oh nothing like that but a few of the bills came in a little higher than usual. If I cross check with the amount of guests for that period it would balance out.”

“Okay, if you need help just ask.”

“What I need help with is for you to be inside me. Oh Marcus how am I going to do this. I ache for you.”

“Wait a minute, something just occurred to me.”

“What?”

“We made love twice the first night and you didn’t have an orgasm.”

“Was I supposed to?”

“Well yes, that’s the idea, for both of us to have pleasure.”

“It wasn’t an issue for me, I was happy to just be with you.”

“Let’s rectify that shall we!”

“I don’t understand.”

Marcus did not reply, he wrapped his arms around Sam and got up from the chair. He put her to stand and quickly took her clothes off.

“Oh you are just perfect.” He lay her back on the bed and got in next to her.

Marcus was in turmoil. His body was in a state of imperial arousal. He spent the last two hours teaching Sam about her body and its reactions to his touch. He gave her her first orgasm and she cried in his arms until she fell asleep.

He wanted to take her but he decided not to and take care of himself instead. He eased out from her and headed to the shower. Closing the bathroom door he took off his clothes and set the water to warm. He was half way through his task when the door opened. The shower was open, no doors, railings or shower curtain, so he could not possibly hide what he was doing.

“Did I do something wrong?” Asked a sleepy Samantha.

“Wrong? No honey why would you ask that?”

“You got out of bed to do that when I have perfectly good hands.”

Marcus groaned.

“Well for one I didn’t want to wake you and doing this is not a requirement of you.”

“Let me be the judge of that.” Sam stepped into the shower and boldly removed Marcus’ hand and took over.

Marcus was sitting on the bottom of the shower, staring at Sam who was sitting between his legs facing him.

“Who taught you that?”

“No one, I just did what I thought you would like and I watched for your reactions. You didn’t like it?”

“Oh I loved it more than I can explain. I just don’t know how long I can keep my hands off you ‘til we are married. It’s late, shower with me and get some sleep.”

## **Chapter NINE**

The next three years passed with a flurry. They spent a vacation in Maldives for a week, Poconos for a week, 2 weeks in Telluride, a week in Croatia, a week in Jamaica and 3 weeks each in Egypt, Disney, Hawaii.

Black Passion was the hottest thing in the cosmetic world. Marcus and Caleb were both happy in their relationships. Ignis Lumiere was still raking in the dough years later. They had added a few products for new born babies as well. The feedback from customers was that Jylyan was a working mother, her face never looked like a made up doll. What they didn't know is that the make-up artists loved her, a light foundation for lighting effect and that was it, the only time she was really done up is if the shoot called for it. She would be seen at the booths talking to mothers about the products and they loved her.

Two weeks before Sam's 21st birthday, she had finished her final exam in Business Management. She and Marcus had decided she would take Caleb's job and he would take up partner since their second child was already three. She would get her degree and do other subjects to accompany what the degree did not offer. She didn't expect Marcus to be home but when she saw the car she got excited. She parked in the car port and entered through the kitchen. When she got to his bedroom door it was slightly open and she could hear the shower running. She pushed the door and what she saw was enough to make her run away. A woman was naked in his bed. She was laying on her stomach and did not hear Sam. What she did feel though was a 9mm pressed up against her temple.

She screamed.

"What the ....."

Marcus grabbed his towel and fled into the bedroom to see Sam with her gun up against Cassie's head.

"Sam honey put the gun down. Cassie what are you doing in my bed. Get up and get out!"

"All this time I trusted you and the one thing I asked for you couldn't do. Do you have any idea how much this hurts?"

Cassie grabbed the sheet and covered herself up.

"Do you actually think he could love you?"

"I need to talk to my fiancé, Cassie shut up, get dressed and get out."

"Not anymore, I'll be gone by the end of the day, you can have him."

"Like hell you are. After all we shared, you are just going to throw me away because of what you 'think' I did? Cassie you're still here. GET OUT!"

She scrambles up and scuttles from the bedroom. She will have to get a taxi since she came in Marcus' car. Marcus locks the door behind her, walks over to a now crying Sam, takes the gun from her hand and places it on the dresser.

"Now sit your angry, gun-toting mistrusting butt on my bed and listen to what I have to say."

"I don't want to hear, I will believe everything you say because I love you so much and you will use that to keep me here. Please don't."

"I said SIT woman."

Sam sat down.

"I had a meeting today and Cassie is the marketing specialist for the company we were pitching to. I needed some documents and I had a copy here which was closer than the office. We were looking over them and I spilt drink on my pants and decided to take a shower as well. If I knew of her intentions I would have handed her the documents and sent her back by taxi. The last woman I touched was you. I have never been with anyone in or out of our home. I thought you knew me better. How could you think I would disrespect you in anyway and in our home, do you really think so low of me? Why do you doubt me with only two weeks to go Sam?"

"It's me I doubt, I love you with all my heart but somehow I can't make you love me back. I feel as if you tolerate me and it makes me feel inadequate. You don't love me Marcus, I see that now. Don't make me wait two more weeks for you to let me go, do it now."

"You promised me three years, two weeks is not going to kill you." He got dressed and left to go back to the office.

A week and a half passed and they were both miserable. Sam decided to surprise Marcus one Saturday for lunch. When she got to his office his Secretary wasn't there and the door was ajar. No one else was working on that floor. She heard voices and stopped to listen.

"Touch me, I miss you. Don't you love me anymore?"

"Of course I love you and I always will. Close the door before someone sees us."

Sam peeked inside and her heart stopped. Standing in front of Marcus' desk was a tall naked blonde. Sam didn't confront her this time, she knew Cassie after the last episode. Sam ran from the office, across the floor. Her anger was building and when the elevator stopped at the bottom floor she burst into the foyer. The Security Guard watched as she ran and buzzed the exit door. What he didn't count on was her running right out in-to the street and smack dab into an oncoming car.

Five days later, Sam awoke to the sound of talking. She tried opening her eyes and when she managed to do that, she saw balloons, flowers, streamers, and a banner saying Happy Birthday Sam. Her eyes darted to the origin of the voices.

“Where am I?”

Marcus rushed over to her.

“Honey, you’re in the hospital. You were in an accident.”

“Why are you here?”

“I’m your fiancée why wouldn’t I be?”

“Can you please leave, I don’t want you here.”

“Sam wait a minute now, you’ve been in a coma for five days, I need to know what happened to make you run into the street.”

Sam coughed. Marcus handed her some water.

“You are really going to stand there and lie to me again?”

“Again, Sam.... I don’t know what you are talking about so please be clear before I leave this hospital.”

“Just go Marcus, I knew you couldn’t last but I hung on anyway. I will come for my stuff when I get out of here. I don’t want to marry you anymore.”

“Sam, please tell me what I did so I can fix it. You are giving up without a fight.”

“You can’t fix my heart Marcus if you are the one who broke it in so many pieces. Please just go.”

Sam turned to face the window.

Marcus stood next to the bed in a total daze. He didn’t know why Sam had a change of heart but he intended to find out.

Caleb barged into his office one day to confront him.

"Dude, you suck as a best friend, god-father, uncle, brother in law and fiancé, what the hell did you do to Sam. Jylyan sent me to beat you up, she says Sam hasn't been over to baby sit the boys recently either. What gives? Did you hurt her?"

Marcus relayed what happened back at the house.

“She didn’t move out, she left everything and went back to her old home. She never even came back to the house. I haven’t seen her since she asked me to leave the hospital.”

"Jesus Marcus, Jylyan would have put Cassie in a coma. Do you really know how that affected Sam? That girl worships the ground you walk on. There has to be something more since she didn’t leave then. Unless....."

“Unless what?”

“Sam had the accident last Tuesday right?”

“Marcus, think. Tuesday, the day you fired Cassie for having sex in your office!”

“Holy shit. Caleb. You think Sam saw Cassie and thought she was there with me? That’s where the food came from. Cassie said they didn’t order any.”

“Fix this Marcus, I want cake and playdates for the one on the way.”

“Congrats.”

“Yeah this is the last though, I’ve put my wife through enough torture, we both want a girl, whether she comes or not we are both gonna get tied off.”

“I made a big mistake Caleb. I thought if I held back my feelings until she was ready to get married, I wouldn’t get hurt if she decided to walk away. She thinks I don’t love her. If she knew how I feel she would know I’d never do that to her and with Cassie especially. Before if she decided not to get married, I would kidnap her and kill anyone who tried to find her.”

“Sam is the woman for you, you have waited for her for years, fix this!”

“I will buddy I will.”

Caleb left and Marcus made some phone calls and put his plan into action.

Sam was sitting at home doing some paper work for the guest house and all of a sudden the room felt small. She looked up to see Marcus standing in her doorway.

“Don’t Marcus.”

“Try and stop me Samantha. You are going to hear me out if I have to tie you to the front of my car.”

“You can’t bully me Marcus, I’m not Cassie. Go back to her because it’s not me you want. You never did.”

“Samantha I am taking you home and I am not in the mood for your stubbornness. We need to talk and I will not do it here. I won’t say it twice.”

“I am not going back to your house, either we go somewhere neutral or I don’t go at all.”

“FINE! I have the perfect place. Now get up and let’s go.”

Sam told the staff she would be back later.

She got into the car and put on her seatbelt.

“You have no right to speak to me that way after everything you have done.”

“Once again you have shown me you have no faith in us. You are always willing to throw us away for what you THINK I did. Damnit Sam. All this time,

wasted. Ya know what. I am done talking. When we get to the location I will continue this before I crash the car and kill us both.”

Another 20 minutes later, Marcus pulled into the marina. He saw the look on her face.

“Yes we are going sailing.”

He parked, got out and opened Sam’s door. She got out and waited for him. He stalked off with angry steps and didn’t even check to see if she was following.

He stopped by the boat and turned to see her reaction. It was worth it.

“You named it after me?”

“It’s your birthday gift. I never got the chance to give it to you because you shoved me out of your life. Now get on board and I will tell you what you were afraid to accuse me of without the hints and Morse code.”

Sam climbed aboard and Marcus spoke to a man nearby and within 10 minutes they were slowly leaving the marina. Marcus was fuming. At him-self, Cassie, his accountant and at Sam.

Out in the open waters Marcus brought *The 9mm Sam* to a stop. Sam was sitting on a deck chair, looking lost. Marcus hadn’t spoken another word since they left the marina.

He walked over to her, pulled a chair in front of her and sat down.

“You have told me you loved me in 15 different languages since you moved in with me. We have spent the last three years going places I NEVER took any woman before. No woman has ever lived in my house other than Jylyan and she doesn’t belong to me. I have never bought an engagement ring for anyone. I have treated you with respect and lived up to my word of not touching you again until we got married. Yet, you Samantha Maralyn Gamble have accused me of cheating on you and never gave me the chance to defend myself.”

“What’s the point, if you had told me you didn’t once again I would have believed your lies twice. I can’t anymore, it hurts too much. Tell me what did I do so wrong that you needed to have sex with Cassie. Just before my birthday. I begged you to let me go before my accident and you said I could trust you, that nothing was going on.”

“I didn’t have sex with her then, and I didn’t this time either.”

“Oh God please don’t lie to me again, I would rather you hurt me with the truth.”



“Honey, listen to me. It was not me in the office. Why didn’t you confront the people you saw? If you did you would have seen it was not me. Cassie and my accountant have been seeing each other since I threw her out of my house. It wasn’t me. Caleb was the one who figured it out. He was on his way up in the other elevator while you were going down. He rode with you to the hospital and called me. I was in a meeting with a few Department CEO’s to bring in more business.”

“Don’t lie Marcus, please I beg you don’t lie to me.” She started to cry.

“Honey, no, I have never lied to you about anything. Call Caleb, talk to Jylyan, ask Mr. Tuscanni, he was the one who chaired the meeting.”

“They would all lie for you.”

“They wouldn’t and all threatened to disown me if I didn’t fix this. Caleb stormed into my office this morning. Jenson left flowers at the hospital for you and he ran the risk of being fired and told me in no uncertain terms I was a jerk. He warned me you were special and he would quit too.”

“It doesn’t matter whether you did or you didn’t do, you don’t love me. That will always hurt more than anything.”

“There you go again. You think I don’t love you.”

“You never told me, how would I know?”

“A few weeks before you came into my life again, I had sworn off women. I needed more than just sex or a pretty face. I needed substance, someone my parents would be proud of. Let me tell you a secret. I used to be abusive towards the women I dated. Everything they did frustrated me. I would insult them, hit them and they always came back not because they loved me or thought they could change me but because of my money and status. The day those men tried to rob me, you took my heart and ran away with it. The night we made love put my life in total perspective. I knew I had to convince you to be with me.”

“You never had to convince me Marcus, don’t you understand I would have given you whatever you asked of me because I know that I would never be with anyone else but you. I wanted you to be my first but I thought you would not want me after you found out who I was. I was so happy when you proposed and then Cassie in your bed made me think twice. Seeing her there took away something from me and no matter how you spun it, I would have believed you but twice? I cried so hard, Annie didn’t know what to do.”

“She called me.”

“She did?”

“Yes, but she didn’t know what had happened. No one knew but you.”

“I should have known but I thought you didn’t love me. I’m so confused.”

“The night you found me in the bathroom, why were you upset?”

“I was upset because you gave me such pleasure but you didn’t want me to share in yours.”

“Think about it Sam, I was hard as rock and it would have been so easy to go out and find a willing woman but I didn’t. I stayed home with you. I spent every day at your bedside. When you asked me to leave I did because it was what you needed me to do. I stayed away because you needed space to sort things out. I waited because it was the right thing to do. I won’t wait anymore. We are getting married and you will stand at the altar and say yes or I will kidnap you and you will never see anyone again. I will make love to you every day and you will have all my babies. I sold the house and everything in it so we can start again.”

“You don’t love me Marcus.”

“Yes I do Samantha. I always have. I wish I had told you sooner, then you would not have had so many doubts and Cassie would never have been an issue. I love your hair, the way you smile when we sit at breakfast. I love when you bring me lunch and we sit and talk. I love that I am filthy fricking rich and you still buy me things and never the same thing twice. I love *you* Sam. I love you and I know it because I have never loved another woman. You gave yourself to me and I am offering myself to you. I have never met a woman like you. You have given me the one thing I searched for all my adult life - unconditional love. Would you do me the honours of becoming my wife because I love you and I want to spend the rest of my days with you? Will you marry me Sam?”

Samantha lifted her head and stared into Marcus’ eyes.

"Yes, oh Yes Marcus I will."

## Epilogue

2 Years Later

"Oh look at him he is so beautiful!"

"Just like his mother."

"Thank you for believing in me my love."

"No honey, it was you who loved me without even knowing me and that love kept me by your side and now we have a wonderful baby as a result of that love."

THE END.

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