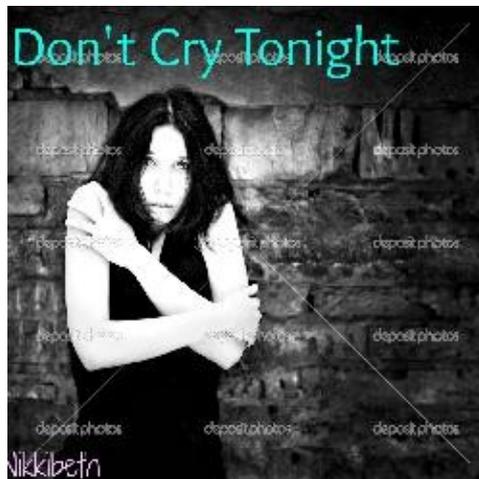


# Don't Cry Tonight

By : **Nikkibeth**

(FIISHED- AUTHOR'S PICK FOR FAVORITE STORY) Claire Opeth is fed up with her alcoholic mother, so she left home. On the way to a friends house, two sexy strangers kidnap her and take her away. She wakes up in a stunning mansion and the two men staring at her. Brent Scott is in love with her, and just wants her to love him back. Blake Scott, the younger brother, wants her to be his sex toy and slave and will harm her if needed. Claire is trapped with these men, and finds herself wanting to escape. When she can't, she has to deal with their plans. On the way, she finds herself wanting Brent more and more due to his love. Blake loves her pain and wants to cause her pain. When Brent and Claire leaves Blake, will Blake leave her alone? Will Brent win over her love?



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## Chapter 1: Don't Cry Tonight

**\*A/N: I have put Tomorrow's Promises on hold. IceBreaker (Brielle) and I talked on facebook and as I talked about this story more and more, I had to write it. This is different than any of my stories. This is dark, darker than You're Mine Now. Hope you will enjoy! I have character pictures!\***

### Chapter 1

#### *Why Are You Doing This to Me?*

Mom is on her second 12-pack of Bud Light. It's Friday night, she always drank this much. She has some man over that I never met, also a normal Friday night thing. I can hear Alice Cooper blaring out of the stereo and mom hooting and hollering and having a good time. I tried covering my ears with my pillow, but with no success, she got louder. "HEY BABY, COME OVER HERE AND GIVE ME A KISS!" Mom screamed and I can hear her moan. Fuck this shit, I cannot stand this anymore! I am nineteen, I can do whatever I want to. I will just go to a friend's house and stay there for a while, get out of this place. I threw the covers off of me and grabbed a pair of jeans, a sweater and my knee high boots. I put them on and started to throw everything into a carry-on bag. When the last thing went into my bag, I looked over at my art easel and sighed. I will buy another one soon whenever I get the money. I was in the middle of a painting right now, but it will have to wait, I will start over on it. I threw the carry-on over my shoulders and I walked out of my bedroom door and I can hear my mom make out or fucking the strange man. "Oh baby, I got to have you!" the man said and mom giggled. I made it to the living room and mom and the man is against the bar and their lips are attacking each other. I rolled my eyes and walked out the front door. What a mother she is, she should have wondered who had left, but she didn't check. I looked through the window and she grabbed the man's hand and ran to her bedroom.

It is snowing out here and it's so cold. I pulled my coat tighter around me and began to walk down the sidewalk. I miss my home in Twin Lakes, Washington. I hate it here in Tacoma. It's big and noisy and mom can do all the drinking she wants. I never knew my father, hell, she doesn't even know who my father is! Hate to say it but my mom is a bar whore. I stuffed my blonde hair deeper into my ski hat and walked more down the street, there is hardly any cars out since it's Friday. I heard a car pull up beside me and the lights are flashing. I waved my hand at them to keep going, I don't need a ride. The lights flashed again and I turned around to talk to the person and the only thing I seen is a white cloth and it smelled funny as it covered my mouth and nose. The last thing I heard is this sexy male voice saying, "I am so sorry, Claire."

I woke up feeling very warm, warmer than I was when I was outside. I jumped up and there is a fire going in a fireplace. I looked down and I am in the same clothes that I was in, but my boots are off. I looked down at the bed and it's a rich red in color and the material is satin. I stood up and I looked around. Where the fuck am I? I don't recognize this place at all! The doors opened and a blonde man came in and he looks very angry. "Fuck, I told you that you didn't put enough chloroform on the rag, Brent!" The guy said and a dark headed guy came in and shook his head.

"If I put more on it, she would have probably got killed!" The other guy said and they both looked at me.

"Who are you? What do you want from me?" I said and the both walked over so I can see them. The blonde man is very muscular and he has light green eyes. The dark haired one has black hair and it's very sleek and he also has light green eyes and he is slightly older than the blonde one.

"Claire, you are at Blake's mansion in Seattle. You are safe here, I am Brent Scott and this is my younger brother, Blake Scott," The dark headed one said and I shook my head. Seattle? I am about an hour away from home!

"Whatever you want, I will do it and I won't go to the police, just let me go!" I don't want to cry right now, it will show these two very good looking men that I am weak, and I am not weak!

"You are not going anywhere, Claire Opeh, you are staying here with us!" Blake said and ran pass them. I heard Blake curse and I ran down the huge stair case and I finally seen that I am in a HUGE mansion! I finally made it to the front double doors and I grabbed the handle and it's locked. Fuck! I looked up and Blake and Brent are running down the stairs and I ran again, to some place I can hide. I ran to a library with a billiard table and into a closet. I closed the door and sat there, covering my mouth. "Where did she go?" Sounded like

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Brent, and he sounds more worried than angry.

"When I find that little bitch, she will pay for this!" Blake said and he sounds very mad.

"You are not going to touch her!" Brent said and Blake laughed.

"Remember the deal? You get to have your little fun and I get to have my little fun with her." They both got plans for me, oh God! I got highly uncomfortable and moved my feet, but I knocked over something which made a loud racket. The doors swung open and the two men looked down at me and I began to cry. "Please don't hurt me, please!" I said and I am so mad at myself for crying.

"Oh baby, I will do much more than hurt you!" Blake said and he grabbed my arm and began to drag me.

"Blake, you promised, you will not fuck her until she's been here for three days!" Brent said and I fell to the ground as he let go.

"Fine, I will find my own release!" Blake said as he stumped off. Brent kneeled down and helped me up. I can see it now, Brent is going to be the caring one, and Blake is going to be the rude and mean one.

"I am so sorry, Claire. Want me to help you get comfortable and go to bed?" Brent said and he ran his fingers through my blonde waves. I jerked away and gave him a questionable look.

"Look, I can take care of myself. Don't touch me! Just take me to my room, looks like I have to stay here for a while," I said and he smiled.

"Oh it's more than a while!" I didn't bother asking anymore questions. I am a victim of kidnapping, and no way out. I need to do a little investigation tomorrow.

The sun is beaming through the expensive curtains and I stretched my arms and lay my hand down on the blanket. The satin cover, I am still in my kidnappers house. I jerked the covers up and I looked up and Blake, the blonde guy, is staring down at me. He has this devil glare that makes my heart race. "Good morning, ready for breakfast?" Blake asked me and crossed his arms across his muscular chest.

"I am not hungry, I want to go home!" I whined and he chuckled.

"You want to go back to your alcoholic whore of a mother? We're you running away when we grabbed you?"

"Yes, butâ " "

"That's what I thought. Listen, you have two roles here. You are going to be my little toy, giving me everything I want and need. Brent, I don't know what he wants from you, but he has plans for you too. If you don't want to get hurt around me, you better listen and follow through without argumentâ 'got it? I would have fucked you so hard last night, but I did promise I will not fuck you until day three." I swallowed loud and closed my eyes and nodded to agree slowly. I have to listen to Blake and do whatever Brent has planned for me, until I can plot my escape. "That's a good girl. Now, have you been kissed or fucked or been touched?" Oh fuck, he might hurt me! I am a virgin and I only kissed two guys in my nineteen years of life.

"I kissed before, but never had sex or been touched," I mumbled and he smiled really big.

"This should be fun. You will eat breakfast, Mary, my housekeeper, made breakfast and wear thisâ " he threw two pieces of fabric, barely any fabric really. He left the room and I sighed as I put them on. It's black lace and it's a bra that barely can contain my breast and lacy boy short underwear that barely covered my pubic area. I went to the mirror and looked at myself. I am pale, I look terrified, just the way I feel. What am I going to do?

## Chapter 2: The Plans They Have for Me

**\*A/N: I was going to wait to tell y'all why they kidnapped her, but I went ahead and put why they did in this...sort of. You know Brent's reason, but not fully Blake's reason. This story is actually fun to write.**

**Well, enjoy! Remember to comment!\***

### Chapter 2

#### *The Plans They Have For Me*

I walked down the staircase and I already can smell the bacon and coffee in the air. I tried to not smile cause I love the smell of coffee, maybe it's because mom made decaf coffee in the morning after a night of drinking. I hate the feeling of not wearing clothes, just underwear. I made it to the kitchen and Brent is reading the newspaper and he is wearing a navy suit. Blake change to a black suit and I got confused. Where are they going? "Finally, she made it down!" Blake said and he grabbed my arm and literally dragged me to the bar. Brent slammed the newspaper down and gave his brother a disgusted look.

"Really, Blake, you made her wear that?" Brent said and Blake grabbed his bagel and grinned at his brother. "Until we go to work. When is Dette coming in?" Blake said and I got confused, who is Dette? "Dette is our youngest sister, Bernadette is her real name, but we call her Dette. She is married to his huge CEO of a German company, ugly bastard but he is rich and she is happy," Blake said and I shook his head. I already hate Dette, I cannot stand gold diggers!

"I don't need a babysitter!" I said and Blake rolled his eyes.

"We don't trust you enough to leave you alone. Mary leaves right after lunch at noon, so you'll be on your own until about two. Dette agreed to watch you when we work until one of us comes home, usually Brent comes home first." Thank God the good brother comes home first, I am scared shitless of Blake! I am scared of Brent too, but it just seems like he doesn't want to hurt me.

Dette came in about fifteen minutes later with Dolce and Gabbana glasses on her head and talking on her iPhone. Yep, she even smells like a gold digger. "Alec, I am over at Blake's now, I have to stay with the girl they took. I don't know the fucking girl, she is like nineteen years old I think. I should be home around one, love you too, bye," Dette said and she got off the phone and sighed.

"Alec keeping you busy?" Brent said as he hugged his baby sister.

"Just being a protective ass hole. He thinks I will cheat on him, but why should I if he has a twelve inch cock and he is a billionaire?" Dette said and I rolled my eyes and she put her hands on her slender hips. She is identical to Blake, long blonde hair, light green eyes and a tan, yes a TAN, in December! "Is this the girl, Chloe?" She pointed at me.

"Claire, and yes, that is her. Why don't you show her around the mansion while we are gone. Brent may be home earlier than one, we just have to attend a meeting and I have to stay for a little while longer at work," Blake said and he reached over and slapped my ass. I yelped and he laughed. "Remember what I told you earlier!" He growled and gave my ass a squeeze. I closed my eyes, trying to not react to his touch and I'm successful. He let go and put on his dark shades, I have to admit, he looks good in them. Brent walked pass me and gave me a soft kiss on my cheek and don the same shades on him. The door slammed and Dette is now smacking her gum. "Come on, let me show you around," Dette said and I followed her. I stopped by my bedroom first and put on one of my loose tee-shirts and some sweat pants, I am not wearing underwear around Dette. She shown me all six bedrooms and the master bedroom that belonged to Blake, the master bathroom and four bathrooms, the billiard room that I am pretty familiar of, the entertainment room with a 52 inch television and a modern day computer, and the beautiful balcony. I looked at the balcony and imagined myself on my art easel, painting. Maybe if I am nice to the guys, maybe they will buy me one. "So, what does Brent and Blake do? What does your husband do?" I asked Dette, might as well get to know her.

"My brothers co-own together Scott Enterprises and my husband owns Fritz Corporation, both into marketing and telecommunications. My husband is one of the richest men in the world and the richest in Germany, his home country," Dette said and I followed her back into the entertainment room. "Might as well get use to this, you are staying here for a while," She said and I gave her a questionable look.

"You're okay with your older brothers kidnapping me and use me for their needs?" I asked and she laughed.

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"I like you, Claire, but yeah, I am okay with it. They talked about this beautiful blonde girl for well over a year and a half. Brent saw you first and thought about just trying to go talk to you, but Blakeâ"

"Blake what?"

"Blake is into the kidnapping scheme. He used it in the bedroom a lot, he brags about it. He thought of the whole kidnapping you thing for a whole month before they actually done it. Myself, I thought Brent would stop the whole thing, but he is so in love with you, he will do anything to have you." So, Brent is in love with me and Blake wants me as a sex toy? Shit, what wonderful plans they have for meâ NOT!

Brent showed up around eleven with a huge smile. "You can go now, Dette," Brent said and I began to get very nervous. Ever since Dette told me that Brent is in love with me, I began to be scared of him. Even though he is sweet and caring, he will do anything to me to make me fall for him. I will never fall for a man that kidnapped me! Dette waved at me and she walked out the door and the room got smaller. Brent's hair is very loose, like he ran his fingers through it a few times. His green eyes are darker as he got closer to me. I swallowed loudly and then, our noses touched. "Claireâ" He put his lips on mine and I immediately began to pull away. He growled and grabbed my face and held me. His tongue bathed my bottom lip and tried to get me to open my mouth, but I didn't want this. I want him off of me! Brent grabbed my jaw and pulled it down and his tongue began to play with mine. Why is my knees getting weak? I hate this, but my body loves this! When he let go, I immediately jumped back and wiped my mouth. "Why are you doing this to me?" I cried out and fighting my tears. *Don't you cry tonight, Claire. It's not worth it, nobody is gonna hear you!* I hear in my mind and I push it back and the feeling of the tears went away.

"Because I love you, Claire. I watched you at the art studio in town. I love your paintings and I began to love you," Brent murmured and I gasped. So, Dette was not pulling my leg, Brent is actually in love with me. I shook my head, I can't believe this! "I wanted to just go up to you and ask you out, but Blake seems to think kidnapping is the only way to get you, so I went with his little scheme. I never knew until last week that he wanted you too, but as his personal slave, or toyâ whatever."

"Then why didn't you just stop the plans?" I asked, highly confused.

"Because I need you so bad, so I just went along with it. It won't be long before Blake is bored of you and he will leave you alone. He will fuck you for probably a couple of weeks, then that is it." This soundsâ good I guess. Whenever Blake gets bored of me, maybe I can leave. I don't know if Brent will let me, but its worth a shot. Maybe I can deal with this shit for a little while longer.

\*\*\*\*\*

Blake came home the next day, kind of cheery. Brent came home first and he surprised me with an art easel on the balcony. "Where is she?" Blake said and I am on the balcony, painting a sunset scene.

"On the balcony, painting," Brent said and I heard stomps coming up the stairs. I am so scared of Blake. I stood up immediately and walked to my bedroom and threw off the shirt and pants I wore. Blake gave me red lace underwear this morning, and told me to take my clothes off when he comes home. He got really mad at me when I didn't take off my clothes yesterday, and slapped me. Brent wanted to hit Blake, but he knew that this is what his younger brother wants. "Oh Claire, are you up here?" Blake asked from the hallway and I swallowed my fear.

"Yeah," I mumbled and he walked in and he is smiling sinisterly.

"Oh baby, you look so good," He said and dashed to me and pushed his lips on me. I remembered his threat, do not fight him! I went along with it, maybe this is what he wants. I began to move my mouth with his, not liking it at all and he let go.

"One more day, one more day and I can have your sweet pussy," Blake said and he walked out the door. I forgot all about that, I am going to lose my virginity, unwillingly, tomorrow.

It is midnight, on the dot. I wrapped myself in the blankets and I heard the door open and shut. I didn't bother to look because I know either Brent or Blake comes checks on me to make sure I didn't make another escape attempt. "I'm still here, go to bed," I said and turned to my other side. The bed dipped and I felt these cold hands on my cheeks. "Day three, baby," Blake said and I jerked and looked at him. I grabbed the alarm clock and it's now 12:04 in the morning. "Do you know what that means?" He asked me.

"You will take my virginity?" I whispered and he smiled, his finger began to go down to my neck.

"Oh baby, we are going to have so much fun!"

## Chapter 3: My Innocence...Gone!

**\*A/N: I am totally enjoying writing this story. So, I decided to add another twist to the story, which I know will just add more excitement and fear for Claire. So, enjoy!\***

### Chapter 3

*My Innocenceâ Gone!*

The look of his eyes, I only seen lust. He climbed on top of me and pulled the covers down off of me. I am only in a loose tee-shirt and the red lace panties he gave me today. "Oh Claire, you're still wearing themâ!" Blake said and he grabbed my mound and cupped me. I tried pulling away, but he just squeezed me tighter. "Now, if you don't want this to hurt more than it should, I think you better listen to me, pet," Blake said and I swallowed. Oh, I forgot, I AM HIS SEX TOY! Oh God, if you hear my pleas, make this just a horrible nightmare! I know this is not a nightmare because I can feel him running his finger up and down my pussy. I grabbed his hands and pulled them away. "NO!" I yelled and he shook his head.

"You're going to fight me, well so be it!" Blake said and he ripped my shirt off and tore my panties. "I was going to prepare you and let you feel what fucking feels like, but no, you have to be a little bitch!" He climbed on top of me and sat up. He pushed his sweat pants off then put the condom on. I closed my eyes and fought the tears building in my eyes. I can hear him in my mind, from my childhood. *Crying is not getting you anywhere, you little bitch!* I shook my head when he pawed my breasts and he groaned. "Perfect tits, just for me," He moaned and I finally opened my eyes and I looked up at him. I have never looked so scary and evil in my whole life, even scarier than my mom's ex when I was seven years old. I can see how much he is enjoying this, about to rape me. He got on his hands and I can feel the head of his erect cock at my entrance. He didn't give me any warning, and I felt him forcefully pushed himself inside me. I felt pain, only pain. I can feel the blood gush out of me. Don't cry, Claire, please don't cry! I don't wanna cry! I screamed, that's all I managed to do. "GET OFF OF ME, PLEASE!" I yelled and he just pounded into me more. I can see the pleasure in his face, and I just kept screaming. I wish somebody, anybody, would stop this. His pace got quicker and I am out of breath from screaming and one single tear left my eye. I just lay there, like a dead body as he finished off inside me and came into the condom. He jerked out and I didn't feel like moving at all. "Ah, Claire, you are going to be amazing. You will eventually fall for me and want to fuck me. Good night, my pet," Blake said and leaned down to kiss my cheek, but I pulled away. "Get the fuck away from me!" I whispered and he chuckled.

"Oh baby, in a week, you will be begging for me to be inside that hot pussy of yours. It won't be long before Brent will want inside you." I cannot bare anymore of this, I will not have sex with Brent, he will end up raping me too! The door closed and I curled up in a ball and trying to rest, trying to make the pain go away. The curtains we're pulled apart and I thought it might be Blake. I jerked awake and sat up and it's Mary.

"Blake and Brent has already left. Blake requested for you to take a bath and wear anything you want. Brent has plans for you for tonight," Mary said and she sounds very monotonous. For a housekeeper, she has no personality. I went to the bathroom across the way and I started the hot water and once it was filled to the rim, I sat down in the nice hot water. I scrubbed between my legs, wanting the feeling of my virgin blood off my thighs. I scrubbed and scrubbed until I screamed. The door was pushed open and Dette is standing there with a very ugly but powerful looking man. His face is very long, nose too big and he has dumbo ears. His dark hair in a ponytail and both of them looked irritated. "What is wrong now, Claire?" Dette asked annoyed.

"I am so dirty, I want this blood off!" I groaned and she told her husband to excuse us. He closed the door behind him and Dette walked over and grabbed another rag. I lifted my leg and she seen the caking of the blood on my thigh.

"So, who done it?" Dette asked when she lathered the soap into her rag.

"Blake, he came in right at midnight and took my innocenceâ unwillingly!" I said and I held back a staggered breath from an incoming cry. *Don't you cry, no body can hear you!* I can hear him, my mom's ex husband, still. Why doesn't he just go away?

"Sounds like you need a good cry," Dette said and she began to scrub pretty hard on my thigh and it sort of hurt.

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"I cannot cry. I haven't cried really hard since I was seven." She looked at me and she looks confused. I have cried, yes, but not a heart wrenching cry, not a relief cry, just a few tears here and there. "When I was seven, my mother married this horrible man name Fred. When my mom went off to drink without him, heâ!" I looked away and I remembered the things he done. He never touched me sexually but I knew he would have if my mom didn't stop him.

"He what?" Dette asked, looking very interested.

"He hit me, slapped me and called me the worst names. I cried every time he did that and he always said something like 'Don't you cry, you little bitch'. It didn't want me to cry, because nobody could hear them and save me. So, when mom divorced him, I never ever cried, not since then." Dette stopped lathering me and she has thisâ terrified look on her face.

"I am so sorry you had to go through that, Claire. That's why you always fight to cry. I can tell you want to cry, but you don't want you because you think no body will hear you," Dette said and I snorted.

"No body will; do you think Blake or Brent would care if I cried. Blake wouldn't, he would laugh and do what we wants with me."

"Brent cannot stand when women cry, so he will hear you. When he comes home, open up to him. He cannot do anything about Blake's plans with you, but at least Brent doesn't want to hurt you in any way. He tells Alec and I all the time how much he loves you and wishes he never mentioned you to Blake." I wished that too. If Brent never opened his mouth to Blake about his feelings towards me, I would have never been kidnapped. We finally got all the caked blood off my thighs and I finished bathing. When I got out, Dette handed my tee shirt, bra (which is a normal white bra), normal white underwear and a pair of blue jeans. It feels good to be out of lingerie. Dette lead me downstairs and into the backyard where Alec is reading a book about finance. "Alec dear, Claire is finished," Dette said and he looked up and nodded. "He is not much a talker around other people. He usually just talks to me, his co-workers and family back in Berlin." I nodded and we went over to the lounge chairs beside Alec and we sat around and talked. I just want to get comfortable, but I can't. I kept seeing Blake's evil glare in my mind. I can feel his painful thrusts inside me. I heard the sliding door open and close and I feel more relaxed with this presence. "How is my two favorite women?" Brent said and I rolled my eyes.

"Just peachy!" I said sarcastically. Dette sighed and grabbed my shoulder and squeezed it. For a gold digger bitch, she is not that bad. I think I can get along with her.

"Give her some air, Brent, she had a rough night," Dette said as Alec gathered their things and they finally left. Brent sat down at the edge of the lounge chair and I looked away.

"Claire, I wish I could stop all this. I wish I ran him and beat the living shit out of Blake for raping you, but we made a dealâ!" Brent said and I sat up and threw my sunglasses on the ground, breaking them.

"Whatever Brent, fuck the deal! You are the only that really wants me here! You should kept your fucking mouth shut

and either kidnapped me by yourself or you could have been a man and just fucking asked me out at the gallery!" I am huffing and puffing and he is just staring at me with his light green eyes. I can feel them down to the very pit of my soul. He looked away as he stood up and he ran his fingers through his black hair.

"You are right, Claire, I should have kept my fucking mouth shut. Blake just wants a pussy to fuck, that's why he came up with this kidnapping thing. He is into that weird shit where he pretends to kidnap women and the woman let him! I should have been a man and just asked you out, but I am a coward!" He yelled and I stood up and grabbed his forearm and pulled his hand down so I can see his sexy face better.

"You're not a coward, Brent, just scared. We're you scared of my rejection?" He nodded to agree. "I would have went on a date with you, true!" I smiled and he finally smiled. The door opened and I can feel his gaze on me. He sounds pissed off, more than pissed.

"You two, out!" Blake said and Brent grabbed my arm and pulled me closer. He is going to protect me from Blake!. "The little bitch blabbed to Dette, she should've kept it a little secret about last night, now Dette is pissed at me for hurting her!"

"Cause you did, Blake. She is physically and mentally hurting, you never gave a shit about women in general. I will be more than happy to move myself and Claire to my place!" Brent said and I gasped. So, is the end of

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Blake?

"That is fine with me! Claire, don't think this will be the end of me. You'll be seeing me very soon!" He turned on his heel and slammed the door. I thought the hell is over with Blake, and I just had to deal with Brent, but this is not the end to my hell. What am I going to do?

\*\*\*\*\*

"It's not as big as Blake's, but it's still expensive," Brent said as he sat our suitcases on the marble floor of his Esclava penthouse. Everybody has heard of Esclava if they read that Fifty Shades books, I read them myself. I would never imagined this at all. The whole apartment is cream in color and everything is modern looking. "Your bedroom is upstairs, my room is right there!" Brent pointed at the master suite beside us. "If you need anything," He said and I crossed my arms across my chest.

"Is Dette still going to watch me in the mornings?" I asked him and he nodded.

"Yes, until I can trust you enough and Blake cools down." At least he wants my trust, but I highly doubt he will trust me. I still want to leave, run away some place far away. I am still a kidnap victim, but at least my captor I am now is sweet and kind and sexy and in love with me. That part creeps me out, the part of him being in love with me.

## Chapter 4: Fear and Love

### Chapter 4

#### *Fear and Love*

Three days has passed since Brent and I left Blake's place. Blake has not shown up to do anything to me. Every time he shown up, I hid in my upstairs bedroom and painted while listening to my iPod Brent bought me. Today, Brent is testing me, Dette is not over. My cell phone rang and I grabbed it and it's Brent. "I am still home, Brent. I am finishing up my sunset picture over the Olympia Peninsula," I said and I can hear him smile.

"Are you going to show me?" He asked and I grinned.

"Of course, and if you pay me enough, I will let you buy it." For some reason, I began to flirt with Brent for the past two days. Since I don't have to be around Blake, I am more comfortable. I am still terrified of Brent because I know he wants to fuck me soon, but I am not on edge.

"Hmmm, I know a way I can pay you," Brent said seductively and I blushed.

"Not that kind of payment, money!" I squeaked and he chuckled.

"I'll be home around one, major meeting with Alec's company today. Blake is not here, this is highly unusual of him!" I said my goodbye and got off the phone. Hm, Blake is usually up and ready to go to work. I shrugged my shoulder and dipped my paint brush into the dark orange palette. I heard something bang in the hallway and looked behind me, and nothing is there, my door is open. I shrugged my shoulders and continued my work. All of the sudden, a hand covered my mouth and I screamed into it. "Shhh," the man said and I kept screaming. The other hand of the man slapped my thigh and I screamed in pain. "Claire, I told you I wouldn't be far," the man said and he turned around and it's Blake. His blonde hair is disheveled and his suit is untidy. "I've been thinking about you and I've been quite lonely."

"Go away, I'll call Dette or Brent!" I said and I grabbed my cell phone and before I dialed anybody's number, Blake grabbed it and tossed it onto the floor. He pushed my body onto the floor and began to pull down my pajama pants. "You are still my toy, my pet. We just won't let Brent knowâright my pet?" Blake said and I shook my head, agreeing with him. "Good girl, now open your legs and take your panties off." I closed my eyes, fighting back the tears, and opened my legs and pulled my panties off. He snorted in disgust, I knew its because I am not wearing sexy underwear. "Brent lets you get a way with anything you want," Blake said and I became angry.

"Because he loves me, he wants me to feel wanted, unlike you!" I smarted off and he slapped me. I turned to my side and spit out some blood.

"Bitch, you don't back mouth me! I am going to make this as painful and quick, it will be worse than when I took your virginity!" He said and shoved himself inside and I screamed in pain. He is not giving me anytime to adjust, just fucking raping me again. He didn't even fuck me long, he lasted for about two minutes. He came inside his condom he put on and jerked out. I finally opened my eyes and the condom is covered in blood. "Go away, I'm going to callâ!"

"You ain't going to call anybody, Claire baby. If you call either Dette or Brent, I will come back over and rape you in front of Brent and beat you until you want to die! I will be here, same time, every two days and you better be fucking ready for me!" I nodded and he walked out the door and when I heard the door closed, I put my clothes back on and got back into my bed, and fell into a emotionally exhausted sleep. I want to sleep this all away, but I know that is impossible.

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"Baby, I am homeâ Claire?" Brent yelled and I still didn't get up. I pulled the covers over my head and I can hear him climb the stairs and open my door. "Why your painting not done? Claire, what's wrong?" Brent said and finally, twelve years of pinned up cries, I finally released it. I wailed loud, louder than I can even imagine. Tears flowed out of my eyes like a waterfall. All the pain I've had since I was seven, and the pain I felt the pass week from being taken away. I felt the pain of Blake taking my innocence and raping me this morning. Brent ran to my side and threw the covers off of me. He cradled me in his arms and rocked me. "Shhh, baby, just cry it out, I hate to see you cry," Brent said and I cried even harder. Fred is wrong, so wrong, somebody

## Don't Cry Tonight

DID hear my cries!

"Blakeâthis morningâ!" I said through my tears and Brent pulled me back and wiped my tears.

"What about Blake?" He asked, looking very angry.

"He came hereâraped me. I wantedâto callâyou or Dette, but he threatenedâm-me."

"Threatened you, how?"

"H-he saidâthat if I calledâyou or Dette, he wouldâcome over and r-rape me in front of you and beat meâuntil I wanted to die." Brent stood up and ran his fingers through his dark hair and paced around the room. I know he is furious with his brother, he raped me again.

"I told him to leave you alone, yesterday to be precise. He asked me if he can fuck you again, but I told him no. I told him the deal is off, you are now mine, only mine. He got pissed and ran out the door. I think he is doing this to make me madâlisten baby, you have to do something to me." I sniffed and nodded as I wiped my nose with the back of my hand. "Hate to say this, but you will let him have sex with you, but pretend to like it, so it won't hurt you. I hate to see you hurt." My eyes grow, continue to let Blake fuck me? HELL NO!

"I cannot do that, Brent. I don't want him sexually. I cannot let him have sex with me and I pretend to like it!"

"I know, baby, but remember, whenever he gets bored of youâ!"

"Then he will stop!" I remember Brent telling me that. "Okay, I will do it." He leaned in and he kissed me on my lips. His lips are so soft, compared to Blake's rough kiss. His hand went to cup my cheek, and I didn't jerk away. Huh, why didn't I jerk away? Maybe because I am getting comfortable with Brent. His tongue bathed my bottom lip and I opened my mouth freely and I can feel his smile against my lips. "Liking this?" he mumbled.

"Mmmhmm," I moaned and his tongue sank into my mouth and my hands found their way to his neck and I held him. My body responded to his tongue and my pussy began to throb. Oh fuck, I want him! He pulled me away and kissed me again, but gently. "I love you, I hope someday you will love me too," He said and I shook my head.

"Don't pressure me into it, let me take my time, okay?" I whispered and he smiled.

"At least I got a chance. I am not forcing you to do anything as well, but I really want to make love to you, soon." I nodded and bit my bottom lip. Mentally, I gave Brent and Blake nicknames. Brent is Love, since he loves me. Blake is fear, since he is a fear giver and I am so afraid of him and my life.

## Chapter 5: Absolute Perfection

**\*A/N: I LOVE this story! This chapter is VERY hot because what else, Brent and Claire finally has sex! You will see a VERY familiar face if you have read my story "You're Mine Now". After this, things get very crazy and intense!\***

### **Chapter 5**

#### *Absolute Perfection*

Shit, Blake will show up today! Brent is running through the apartment because he is running behind and I remember the exact time Blake showed up last time, ten fifteen. It is now nine forty five. I don't want him to touch me again. I can go to Dette's place and hide. "Brent, can I go hang with Dette today?" I asked and he gave me a confused look. He knows I never asked to go see her, he knows something is up. "What is it, babe?" He asked and I turned away from him and he walked over to me and kissed my cheek. "Blake?" I nodded. "He is already at work, he had a conference he had to deal with this morning. We also have another major meeting with Alec's company, he will be there until probably five, and I'm always here around noon." I sighed in relief. One day spared from Blake. I will eventually have to conquer him and fake how I am enjoying his roughness. "Thank God, I will finish that painting today, promise. Do you have a price in mind if you want to buy it?" I said and my boldness came and my finger traced the collar of his dress shirt. I looked up at him and he leaned over and placed his lips on mine. I opened my mouth and let his tongue slide over mine. I have really relaxed around Brent, he is absolutely perfect. I don't even fucking care that he kidnapped me anymore. Any woman that gets kidnapped by a sexy dark headed man like Brent would forget it in an instant. I wrapped my arms around his neck and pushed myself into him and pressed my breasts into his chest and I moaned. Oh, I want this man so bad! He let go and his pressed his erection against my pelvis and I bit my lip. "Do you want me as bad as I want you?" Brent asked with that sexy husky voice. "Oh yes, Brent," I said and his lips attacked my neck and his hands went down to my ass and grabbed it. "Tonight, we will make love. You will enjoy it with me. I will cherish you, make you feel everything that is meant to be felt, and you will come hard and multiple times." Oh god, that sounds so hot. I moaned when he gave my ass a little squeeze and I smiled at him. "Get to work, or you'll never make it!" I said and he let go of me and gave me one more kiss. "I'll be back around noon, one at the latest." I nodded and watched him walk out the door. The anticipation is building. I am actually looking forward to make love with Brent!

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"BUCK DICH!" I yelled as one of my favorite songs, "Buck Dich" by Rammstein, is blaring out of my iPod station. I am head banging and singing along and adding the finishing touches to my painting. "DONE!" I said and clapped my hands. This has to be one of my favorite paintings and I started over the song. The guitar part came and I rocked my hips and head banged again. This is just an awesome song. The song sounds seductive, I mean, it means "bend over" in German! I heard my door open and I looked behind me and it's Brent. He is smiling and he just watched me dance around my room. "Enjoying yourself?" He asked and I smiled. "Oh yeah, just enjoying some Rammstein," I said and he crossed his arms across his chest and I turned off my iPod station and walked over to him and lay my head against his shoulder. He ran his fingers up and down my arm and he sighed.

"Blake is coming over with some company," Brent said and he didn't sound so thrilled.

"Who is it?" I asked and he swallowed loudly.

"His real name is Oliver Jenkins, but he changed his name to Darin Roberts. He is our cousin, and he is into some crazy shit." I got scared over this Darin dude. Number one, why did he change his name? Number two, what is he into? Don't tell me he kidnaps women too! "He is into BDSM, you know, Domination and Submission? He is a dominant and he has women become his submissive and he whips them, ties them up and punishes them if they don't follow the rules," Brent added and I never felt so disgusted in my life. Yes, I read Fifty Shades, and that was just hot and sexy and romantic. In real life, if you actually enjoy beating women, it's kind of sickening. "Oh my God, and he is coming here?" I gasped and he nodded.

"He is moving down to Miami to escape the FBI!"

## Don't Cry Tonight

"FBI? Why?"

"Claire, he changed his name for the sixth time. When he has a submissive and they get boring, he ends up killing them. The first time was an accident, now it's just to do it. His last submissive was killed two days ago, so he found this Darin Roberts dude, killed him for his name, and moving to Miami."

"He will just find another poor girl to do the same thing, right?" I already don't want to meet this Darin dude, he sounds so evil, more evil than Blake. The door bell rang and I sighed. Brent gently grabbed my hand and we walked to the front door and when he opened it, Blake and a guy with black hair, as dark as Brent's, is smiling at us. "Well, Oliver, it's nice to see you," Brent said, sounding annoyed. Darin just grinned and then he looked at me and my heart sank to the floor. Please don't let him want to do creepy things with me!

"Well, who is this beautiful woman?" Darin said and I walked behind Brent and hid. Brent put a protective hand on my hip and just huffed a little.

"My girlfriend, Claire Opeh. Claire, this is my cousin, Oliver," he said and I just nodded. I smiled to myself, I am considered his girlfriend and I like the sound of that for some reason.

"She is sexy, ain't she Oliver?" Blake said and I bit my lip. Blake done this on purpose! He brought over their crazy cousin that is into that BDSM crap, so he can decide if I am a perfect submissive for him. The answer is not only no, but FUCK NO!

"She is fine specimen, but not a perfect submissive, so she is a no for me," Darin said and I relieved a sigh of relief. Thank God another evil man doesn't want me!

"You're right, she fights too much," Blake said and winked at me. I began to shiver, remembering the pain he has caused me. "Can I have your boyfriend for a few minutes, Claire?" I nodded and I walked upstairs to my bedroom and I began to hear some metal, sounds like Metallica. I hear a lot of laughter and yelling. Brent still loves his brother and his cousin, because it's family. He just hates the fact that they are just lunatics!

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Darin and Blake finally left, thank God. Brent hollered for me to come downstairs and when I made it, he has a glass of red wine for the both of us. Brent is a solid believer that everybody should have a glass of red wine at night. Records has shown that red wine is good for your heart, from Brent's research. I grabbed the glass and took a sip and smiled. "Trying to get your girlfriend drunk?" I said and winked at him. He chuckled and took a big gulp of his wine and leaned against the bar. My whole body has filled with desire and I need this man. I sat my glass down and walked over to him and wrapped my arms around his neck and attacked his lips with mine. He sat his glass down on the bar and his arms went around my waist and pulled me up so I am standing on his shoes. We kissed for what seemed forever and he finally lifted me into his strong arms and he carried me to his bedroom, our eyes locked into each others, my blues into his greens. I looked into his room and his room felt so warm and inviting. His room is a burgundy in color and I leaned into his shoulder. "Can I ask you something, Brent?" I said and he nodded. "Can you pretend that you are taking my virginity, making this my first time making love?" He sat me down on his bed and he is smiling.

"This is your first time making love, baby. But yes, I can do that for you, for us," he said and I bit my lip as he slid his dress jacket off his muscular shoulders and threw it into a chair. He began to unbutton his shirt, but I stood up and touched his hand. "Let me," I said and he dropped his hands and I began to unbutton his shirt. When his shirt came loose, my hands went straight to his chest, not very hairy, but dusted lightly with dark hair. I went to his arms and took the cufflinks out of his sleeves and his shirt came loose. He took it off and tossed it with his jacket. I looked down and I can see his erection straining to come out. I smiled at him and he reached for my shirt and he pulled it over my head and it joined his clothes and then my bra came off. I pressed my naked breasts into his chest and the hairs tickled my nipples and I groaned, it feels so good. I rubbed my nipples across his chest hair again, making my sensations soar.

Brent sat me down on the bed and he pulled my socks off and then, his hands went to my waist band of my jeans. He undid the button and he pulled my jeans down, along with my panties. I am now naked in front of Brent, and I wanted to be. "You're so beautiful, and mine," Brent moaned and I smiled.

"Yes, yours!" I said and his lips touched my inner thigh and he trailed up and I can feel his warm breath against my sex. I slid my fingers into his hair and his tongue began to tickle my clit. Oh fuck, I never felt like this! He slid a finger into my pussy, then another one. He went deep inside me and he found my sensitive spot and I buckled my hips, wanting more. His tongue lapped furiously at my clit and his fingers pumped in and

## Don't Cry Tonight

out of my pussy, I can come any moment now. My lower belly began to tingle and my legs began to quiver. "Oh Brent, I am so close!" I moaned and he went faster, and faster. The sensation escaped my nerves and I screamed my orgasm and his fingers got replaced by his tongue, and he lapped my juices. When I finally collapsed on the bed, I smiled. Blake may have taken my innocence away, but Brent made me have my first orgasm. He took his pants and underwear off and he climbed on top of me and I can feel him at my entrance. He leaned down and kissed me and as our tongues battled in my mouth, he pushed himself inside me and I gasped and he moaned. I threw my head back at the pleasure I am feeling right now. I am feeling pleasure, not pain. He stayed still and when I adjusted to his huge size, he began to move, really move. We needed each other for too long, we wanted to fuck! He grabbed my leg and threw it over his shoulder and he leaned into me. I can feel him all the way to my bellybutton he is so deep. I moaned and he moved in, out, in, out and it just gotten better. He bit my neck and I groaned, oh that is so hot! I already feel myself about to come already and I don't know if I can handle another heart wrenching orgasm again. I wrapped my other leg around his hips and he groaned. "I am so close, baby!" Brent said and I had my second orgasm. I shook, buckled my hips upward and screamed his name. He came and he moaned my name loudly and I can feel him fill me up with his thick come. He collapsed on top of me and I ran my fingers up and down his spine. I am smiling really big now. Even though we really didn't make love, but we had the perfect sex. No pain, just pleasure and loads of fun! He flipped me so I am on top and he is still snuggled inside me. "I love you," Brent said and I smiled down at him. I really do think I love him, too. He has treated with love, caring and he protects me from everything. Yes, I do indeed love him.

"I love you, too, Brent," I whispered and he smiled really big and pulled me down so he can kiss me. Yes, I love this man and it took kidnapping me to realize that!

## Chapter 6: Good day gone bad

**\*A/N: Yeah, I am updating like crazy. This is my favorite novel that I have ever written. This chapter is pretty bad. I also switching POV's between Brent and Claire, so you can get use to Brent. This even scared me when I wrote it. I was like "I feel so sorry for you, Claire" I better quit before I give too much away!\***

### **Chapter 6**

*Good day gone bad*

*\*Brent's POV\**

There is nothing better than waking up and having the love of your life laying across your chest. Her arms are wrapped around me and she rubbed her face against my chest. When she proclaimed her love for me, I felt like crying right then. I have been in love with this woman for well over a year. I am eleven years older than her and she doesn't seem to care. I told her my age last night after another round of passionate love making and she smiled. "I don't care how old you are, Brent, I love you anyways," she said to me and I still smile about that. Claire moaned and she opened her beautiful blue eyes and I smiled down at her. "Well, good morning beautiful," I said to her and bent down and kissed her. When I let go, she has this beautiful smile on her face.

"Good morning to you too," She said and she sat up and stretched her arms as she yawned. The sheet covering her fell and her round, perky breasts is in my view. I want to fuck her again, but I have a meeting to attend to in an hour. I will give her a romp she will never forget when I get back from work!

"I have to work today, baby, but I should be home around one," I said and she frowned.

"Can you stay in for once? I would like to get out of the house and walk around Seattle with you." That is not a bad idea. I can take her to the space needle and go to the restaurant up there and have a nice romantic date with her, tomorrow.

"How about tomorrow? I will take you on a nice date to the space needle," I asked and she smiled and she threw herself on me and kissed me. Her lips are as soft as rose petals and I cannot get enough of her sweet taste. I hated the first time we kissed, she resisted it. She tried to jerk back but once I had a taste of her, I needed more. I cannot believe I forced her to kiss me, that is highly unlike me! "That sounds wonderful! I will make dinner tonight, pot roast and roasted potatoes sound good?" She said and I nodded.

"Sounds wonderful baby, I love you, see you when I get off work."

"I love you, too." God, I feel like tearing up like a big baby now. I smiled and gave her a kiss before I walked out the door. When I got into my car, I began to think about Blake. My brother is possessed with her and he still wants to have her. Over my fucking dead body, Blake!

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*\*Claire's POV\**

Around eleven, I decided to take me a nice hot shower in Brent's master bathroom. I should just go ahead and move myself into his room, since I am in love with him and I still cannot get enough of his sexy toned body. I turned on my iPod station and a romantic song by Heart called "These Dreams" came back on and I sang along as I took a shower. I heard a door open and I smiled, Brent is home early! I ringed my hair out of the water and dried my body and hair with a towel. I wrapped my robe around me and I walked out of the bathroom. "I'm in the bathroom, Brent, just took a hot shower!" I yelled and when I walked into the kitchen, Blake and Darin is standing there. My stomach tightened at the sight of them and they look like they have something planned for me. Blake is dressed in his work clothes, a black suit with a white shirt and Darin is in a black tee shirt and tight black jeans. "Well, we meet again, Claire," Darin said and I began to step back.

"What the fuck do you want?" I asked and the men began to walk over to me.

"We both want you, Claire. I always wanted you and Oliver wants a taste of you before he heads to Miami," Blake said and I began to shake my head.

"No, please Blake, just leave me alone! You can never have me!" I cried out and tears began to spill out of my eyes and Blake tilted his head to the side.

## Don't Cry Tonight

"That is the first time I seen you cry, Claire. I have to say, you look sexy crying." Oh shit, I know that is a bad thing! I turned around and ran to the master bedroom and slammed it shut and leaned against it. I can feel the two muscular men trying to open it.

"Go away! I will call Brent!" I said and I screamed as the two men finally got the door open.

"Nobody is gonna call Brent!" Darin said through his teeth. Darin got above my head and the men made me lay down. Blake took my robe off and both men groaned. "You are right, Blake, she has a hell of a body!" Darin said and Blake gave him a evil smile.

"I go first and then when I am almost done, you take over and I get to cum all over her tits," Blake said and I wanted to throw up right then. "Got you a condom?" I heard Darin pull out something and Blake nodded. Blake sat up and Darin tossed him a condom and Blake pulled his pants down and I closed my eyes, refusing to look at his dick. I am going to fight this, I am not going to pretend to be fucked by two lunatics! Blake shoved himself inside me and it really hurts. "You are fucking my big brother, does he feel good?" Blake moaned and I didn't answer him. I began to wiggle, trying to get free but Darin is holding me down. Blake shoved himself inside me, over and over and I only felt pain. I began to cry, tears flowing out of my eyes. I wished Brent would come through the door right now and beat their asses. Blake suddenly got out of me and Darin went over and slid his condom on. "Please, just stop this!" I cried out.

"I want to have some fun with you before I go to Miami," Darin said and he shoved himself inside me. I yelled, it hurts more than Blake! Blake is above me, jacking himself off and a spray of his cum is all over my belly, my breasts and my face. I began to spit and tried to wipe it off, but Blake leaned down and slapped me twice. "Taste it, bitch!" He growled.

"NO!" I yelled and he slapped me again. Darin let out a groan and he emptied himself into his condom and pulled himself out.

"I love when a girl fights me, but we better get going, my flight is at noon," Darin said and he reached over and squeezed my ass and I smacked his hand. I knew he wanted to hit me, but he didn't, thank God! Blake leaned down and kissed a spot on my cheek where cum didn't touch and I spit into his face. He slapped me for the forth time and I can taste blood in my mouth. "See you later, baby!" Blake said and when the front door closed, I curled up in a ball on the floor, and cried.

\*Brent's POV\*

Something didn't feel right when I got home. Claire usually hears me come in and runs over and kisses me, but not today. My heart began to race, something must have happened to her. "Claire, where are you?" I called out and I went into the master bedroom and I seen her. "HOLY FUCK, CLAIRE!" I yelled and ran over to her. She is naked, covered in what looks like cum and there is blood on her mouth. She was in a ball and she is still crying. "Who done this to you?" I asked, already know what happened. I knew something was up when Blake called in because he had to take Oliver to the airport. It has to be Blake!

"Blake. Darin." Claire said between her tears. "Blake raped me first, and then Darin finished inside me. Blake. come all over me."

"Sick bastard, I keep telling him to leave you alone!" I stood up and walked around the room, running my hands through my hair. I do this when I am beyond pissed. Blake better leave my girl alone! I reached for my Blackberry and dialed his number. "Blake Scott," Blake answered and my veins became thick with anger.

"Leave her the fuck alone, Blake!" I yelled into the phone and he let out a angry sigh.

"I told the little bitch to keep it a secret!" Blake said and I chuckled.

"She didn't tell me a thing! I came home and she is covered in your cum, smelled like sex and she in a ball, crying. She did say that Oliver fucked her too!"

"He enjoyed it, big brother. Tell your little girlfriend that every time I know she is alone, I will have her. I love when a girl fights, it's a major turn on!" He hung up the phone and looked down at Claire. She finally sat up and wiped her tears and nose off with her hand. I took off my jacket and gave it to her. "Use this for your nose and eyes," I said and she tilted her head to the side. "I don't care, please use it." She shrugged her shoulders and wiped her nose and eyes with my jacket.

"I don't think he will leave me alone," Claire whispered and I sat down beside her and pulled her into my lap. "Me either, we have two options. First, I will send Dette back over here, mainly to not keep you alone. I trust you, not him. Blake is afraid of Dette, mainly because she is married to Alec. If that doesn't work, we have to

## Don't Cry Tonight

put a restraining order out on himâ!"

"What if that doesn't work?"

"Then we have to come up with a much better plan." Where is there to do if a restraining order doesn't work? I do have a place down in San Diego, we always can just go down there. Blake doesn't know about my place down there, so it's perfect. Claire snuggled underneath my arm and I wrapped my arm around her. "I love you," Claire said and I kissed her forehead.

"I love you too, baby, we will make it though this, I know we will!" I know we will, but it's gonna be hell of a ride!

## Chapter 7: The Last Thing She Wants

**\*A/N: I cannot stop writing this! This may be a pretty long story! You get to see the TRUE Blake here, and you may be surprised, or not because he is already nuts! The sex scene in here, well...I had a little inspiration from a certain song (IceBreaker/Brielle will understand LOL). It's a sexy song and the live video is just freaky and somehow...hot! Enough of this, read and comment!**

### Chapter 7

#### *The Last Thing She Wants*

\*Blake's POV\*

As Metallica blared out of my sound system, I am taking, yet, another cold shower. I cannot get her out of my mind. Claire, so young, so beautiful. I love how she fights me. I have this problem that I love to hurt women. I get turned on when they fight me, and it excites me when I hit them. Yes, you can call me a sadist. There is women out there that loves a sadistic man, but it gets boring after a while. I thought Claire would be one of those women that I will beat and let her fight me for about two weeks, and I am off to the next one. I thought wrong. Every time I see her, I just want to fuck her, hard. She had to fall in love with my perfect older brother, the one with the heart of gold. I fucking hate my brother, but without him, the company goes down and there goes my millions of dollars. I jumped out of the shower and rubbed my body until it was dry and looked at myself in the mirror. No body could look at me and can tell I have problems. It is a problem, I cannot have a regular relationship with a woman without being rough. Rough is good, but not for some reason.

I went to the entertainment center and changed songs and sat down and I began to think about Claire again. Her beautiful long blonde hair, her stunningly sexy blue eyes, her curves I need her so bad! Brent can make it where its hard for her to be alone, but he cannot stop my feelings for her, I am in love with her. I am in love for the first time in my life other than my family. No body knows about my sadistic nature. They just think I like to role-play, and that's going to stay that way! I enjoyed fucking her along side with my right-hand man, Oliver. Oliver understands me, he is a sadist as well, and he does his sexual needs though BDSM. I think that is a little over the top, but that's what he does and I do what I do. I know I am not the perfect person, I was not the perfect child. Everybody adored Brent growing up. I was the wild child and I think I began my sadistic adventure then, I became happy when I hit somebody. I hit my brother a few times and slapped around Dette as well. My parents we're not thrilled, so I was punished a lot. Brent went on to college, and things got worse. I didn't have a big brother to hit around, just Dette. Dette became a strong woman and when she fought back when I was seventeen and she was fourteen. Dette freaking scares me sometimes and when she got married to Germany's biggest and richest entrepreneur, I feared her. I know she has connections if I harmed anybody she likes. Since she is buddies with Claire, I have to be a little careful. I need to come up with plans to get Claire alone. I know Brent, he will bring over Dette to watch Claire now. I need to get around her somehow, but how?

\*Claire's POV\*

"Oliver AND Blake raped you? That is fucking bull shit!" Dette said when Brent explained to her what happed the next day. She sat down on the couch and ran her fingers through her blonde ponytail. "There is something seriously wrong with Blake. He's been like this since what he was seven?"

"Been like what?" I asked her and Brent grabbed my hand and squeezed it.

"He loves to hit people, and he began on Dette and I. We thought it was for the attention because he was just wild as a child. When we knew it wanted to do it because it felt good, we knew something was weird about him," Brent said and I shook my head.

"Sounds like he is sadistic," I said and Brent nodded.

"I think he is because he said when he hits you and fight him, it's a major turn on for him. He has to have a sadist nature." Dette stood up and shook her head.

"We need to confront him and get him some help, Brent! He cannot go on like this!" Dette said and Brent squeezed her shoulder and shook his head.

## Don't Cry Tonight

"I think this is beyond anybody's control. He is out of control." I know Brent's right. Blake is just out of everybody's control. I don't think psychiatric help is not going to help at all. Brent kissed me before he left for work and Dette and I sat in the TV room and watched some shows. Someone rang the door bell and Dette told me to stay. I knew who it was because Dette began to yell. "WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING HERE?" She yelled.

"I ain't going to do anything to Claire, Dette. I just need to talk to her privately, please," Blake said and he soundsâ sad? I left the TV room and walked over to the brother and sister.

"It's fine, Dette. If I run into any problems, I will call for you," I said and she nodded and patted my shoulder. Blake and I went to the kitchen and I stood there with my arms crossed. What does he want from me? He looks so, normal right now.

"Listen, Claire, I have...problems," Blake said and I laughed loudly. He gave me a pissed off look. Shit, I just done something wrong!

"Yeah, from what I heard from Brent and Dette, you had problems since you we're seven!" I said and he shook his head. Blake didn't say a single word to me. He just paced through the kitchen, running his fingers through his blonde hair. He acted like he is about to pop. Is he hiding something from me, his family?

"I love you, Claire. I fucking need you so much. I think about you twenty-four seven. I love it when you fight me, I love hitting you. I love to cause you pain. I am a sadist, I have to cause pain to get turned on!" Blake said and my whole body, not just my face, went pale. My throat went dry at his admission. No, it cannot be! Blake loves me but I hate him with a passion. He took my innocence, raped me three times and one time with his crazy cousin. He right out admitted he was a sadist and the only way he can even get turned on is to cause pain. "No, you cannot love me!" I said and shook my head.

"Oh, I love you, Claire. I cannot stand there and let my brother have you all. Its obvious that he loves you and its obvious you love him. I cannot help with the feelings I have for you! I LOVE YOU!" He reached over and shook my body as he said those final three words. I pushed him and Dette walked in and cleared her throat.

"Are you done here, Blake?" Dette asked and he nodded.

"I will have you eventually, Claire, I will find a way!" Blake said and he stormed out of the apartment. I just looked at Dette and sighed.

"He fucking scares me!" I said and she hugged me tightly.

"I know, he scares me too."

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I never would realize how much I really needed Brent until I began to think about him. My pussy began to throb for him, so I made Dette leave. She was skeptical, but she left anyways. When Brent walked through the door, I pulled my clothes off and walked over to him in only my sheer pink bra and matching thong. I threw my arms around him and kissed him. When we let go, he is smiling at me. "Well, I like that entrance better than the others," He said and he gasped as I tore the buttons off his dress shirt and began to nibble on his chest.

"Fuck me, Brent and fuck me hard!" I groaned and he didn't have to be told twice. He reached down and gathered my body into his arms and carried me to the bedroom and sat me down. I pulled my panties off and then took my bra off as he stripped for me and he kissed me. His tongue dominated my mouth, oh yes I needed this! I ran my nails down his chest and over his nipple and he growled. He pushed me to the pillows and crawled on top of me and his hand cupped my pussy. He slid two fingers inside me and I gasped. His thumb went to my clit and it almost became too much for me. I moaned and rocked my hips against his hand and his fingers hit my g-spot repeatedly and I can already feel the build up. My stomach muscles began to tighten up and my legs began to quiver. "I am so close!" I moaned and his fingers and thumb moved faster. My orgasm came fast and I can feel my juices coat his fingers. He gave his fingers one more shove and then he pulled them out. He licked his fingers and he smiled. "You taste so good, baby, here tasteâ !" He said as he slid his two fingers into my mouth and I sucked on them. I taste sweet and salty at the same, I taste good! Brent leaned down and I can feel his head at my entrance, but I have other plans. I flipped over and I am looking down at him. "Help me, I never done this before," I moaned and Brent grabbed my hips and help me slide down onto his dick. I groaned loud and he filled me completely. He moved my body up and down slowly at first, but I fucking needed him so bad. I began to move, really move.

## Don't Cry Tonight

I bounced up and down fast and hard and Brent is in total ecstasy. "Oh fuck, baby! That's it, fuck me hard!" Brent moaned and I went faster and harder and Brent sat up and we are nose to nose now. Brent leaned down and bit on my bottom lip and he thrust up, making me scream. I can already feel myself about to come, so I bounced harder. I came and I came hard and I screamed and wrapped my arms around Brent's head and pulled him to my chest. Brent kissed the side of my breast and after my orgasm subsided, he flipped me, now I am on the bottom. He grabbed both my legs and he leaned against him, and I can feel all of him, deep inside me. He pounded against me, in and out, repeatedly. "I am so close, baby," Brent groaned and I sighed.

"Come for me, Brent!" I moaned and a few seconds later, he moaned my name and I can feel him fill me up with his come. He collapsed on top of me and I ran my fingers down his sweaty back. I can only hear our breathing and I cannot open my eyes. He rolled off of me and gathered my body into his arms.

"Well, that was very good, I have to say," Brent said and I laughed.

"I just filled up with this overpowering need for you, and I just attacked!" I said and he chuckled.

"You don't hear any complaints from me, baby. I always need you, sexually and I need your love." When he said that, I sat up because I remembered Blake's little confession today. Should I tell Brent? He deserves to know that his brother has gone completely bonkers!

"Blake came over today. He didn't touch me, but he scared the living daylights out of me," I mumbled and he sat up and grabbed my hand.

"Dette told me, she said that you were pale when she came to check on you. What happened?" Brent said and I gulped down my fear and looked into his eyes.

"Blake admitted everything to me. He said he was a sadist and he can only be turned on by beating women and when they fight him. He also said that he loves me. That part scared me the most, more than him admitting he is a sadist!" I covered my face with my hands and shook my head. I looked up into Brent's eyes and I can sense anger. "He wants me so much, but I hate him! I hate him so much, Brent! What are we going to do?"

"First off, I don't think he loves you. He tells women that he fucks that all the time. I think he said that to try and win you over, but he didn't win." Brent smiled and it made me smile. Yes Brent, you won, you got my love! "Second, he also can be so crazy that he really thinks he loves you. I seriously want him to get help, but I don't think it can help him in his situation."

"Probably not, I just think we need to talk to him in a stable environment and hope for the best." Brent pulled me into his lap and I lay my head in his lap as my hair lay across it. He ran his fingers through my hair and he sighed.

"I love you, Claire. You are so strong and beautiful," Brent said and I snuggled in his lap, it's so warm!

"I love you, Brent. More than I can ever imagine!" I said and I can sense his smile. Can talking to Blake really help him, I don't think it will go too well as he hope it will!

## Chapter 8: Overwhelming Fear

**\*A/N: Things are getting interesting now! Now not only Claire is scared, Brent is and you have to read and find out!\***

### **Chapter 8**

#### *Overwhelming Fear*

Ever since Blake admitted his love and being a sadist to me, I feared him more. He came over every day after work with Brent and he just stare at me. It kind of creeps me out, so I go to my bedroom, which I share with Brent now. Brent and Blake came home around one this afternoon, and something is going down in the living room. "Blake, we really need to talk," Brent said and Blake shrugged his shoulders and all three of us went to the TV room. When we all sat down, I grabbed Brent's hand and held it tight. I just had this bad feeling in the pit of my stomach. "Blake, I have come to realize that you are in love with Claire. Well, she told me because I knew something is wrong when I seen her the other day," Brent said and I cleared my throat. Glad he didn't mention that I told him about Blake after our fast and hard lovemaking!

"Yes, I love her, Brent. I never wanted a woman like Claire until I had her. Once I fucked her, that was it," Blake said and he leaned back and he just stared at me. Quit staring at me, you making me want to throw up!

"But you are a fucking sadist, you cannot have a normal relationship without hitting a woman!"

"So? I had loads of women who loves being with a sadist. What do you want from me?"

"Blake, we think you need to get some help. You been like this for twenty-one years. If you really want a normal lifeâ"

"But I love the way I am! I've done this for so long, I don't know anything else!" I kind of feel sorry for Blake. He has beat and caused pain for so long, he cannot have a normal life. Now he is in love with me, the girl that is in love with his brother.

"You cannot have Claire, she is so fucking scared of you that she hides every time you show up!" Brent is now getting very angry.

"Oh I will have her, she will be mine, Brent. I like the fact that she is hiding from me, I like to play hide and seek! Oliver and I had to kick the door down to get her last time."

"Quit it now, Blake, or I will get the police involved with this!" I think Brent just realized that we really do need a restraining order on this.

"You will go that far to protect Claire, Brent?" Blake said, sounding pretty shocked and surprised.

"Yes, I love her, Blake. I will do anything to protect her from the likes of you!" I leaned against Brent and rubbed my face against his shoulder and smiled.

"I love you, too, Brent!" I said and Brent wrapped his warm arm around me. Blake stood up and raised his hands in the air.

"Well, do what you want to do, Brent. I will maintain our professional relationship, but I don't know if I even want to consider you my brother anymore. You took my woman!"

"I AIN'T YOURS, BLAKE! I WILL NEVER BE YOURS!" I yelled and he just looked down at me and winked.

"Yes baby, you will be mine eventually. Better be careful because you may never know when I will be around!" Blake put his aviator glasses on and he walked out of the TV room and out the apartment. I sagged into the couch and covered my face with my hands. Brent pulled me closer and kissed my temple.

"I guess we better head to the police department and get that restraining order out," Brent said into my hair and I nodded. I know this hurts him so much, he has to exclude his own brother from his life, but he loves me, so he needs to.

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"So, he raped her three to four times and one of those times is with a cousin? Why can't you just press charges against him?" A young police man name Officer David asked me. Well, Officer, I could press charges for rape AND kidnapping, but that means I have to press kidnapping charges on Brent, and I don't want that!

"He is mentally ill, Officer. He doesn't need to be arrested. I think just a restraining order should be enough for now. If he does it again, I may press charges," I said and he nodded.

## Don't Cry Tonight

"Well, just sign here and here and we will get it activated." I sighed the two places that he pointed out and gave it to him. Brent pulled me closer and the officer put in the computer.

"It's done, another officer will go over to his residence and serve him the restraining order. I really hope this helps you, Miss Opeth," he said and I nodded. We left the police station and Brent drove us to where he promised to take me a few days ago, the Space Needle. I climbed into the back seat and unwrapped my dress Brent bought me yesterday, and he took me to the store. I am now able to get out of the house as much as I want to, but I have to call Brent to let him know where I am at. I know he knows I am not going anywhere, but I think he is just scared about Blake. Now since we got the restraining order out, I think I can go out on my own safely. I pulled the dress out and its emerald green in color and its strapless and it will hug my body tight. I pulled my top off and then my pants. When I reached for my bra, I peeked up and Brent is looking at me through the rear view mirror. "Keep your eyes on the road, Mr. Scott," I said and he winked at me and his eyes went back on the road. I finally slipped the dress on me and grabbed the matching stilettos and clutch and climbed back into the front seat. I pulled the visor down and fixed my hair and added the finishing touches on my makeup. Finally, done! I looked over at Brent and he pulled into the Space Needle and parked his car, oh yeah, his car is an Audi A8! I stepped out of the car and wrapped my matching wrap around my shoulders and Brent came to my side and wrapped his arms around me, making me very warm. We walked inside and we went up the elevator and made it to the top of the Space Needle. This is so amazing, I always wanted to come up here! "Welcome to The Needle Restaurant, do you have any reservations?" the lady said with a smile.

"Yes, Scott party of two, please," Brent said and the woman looked on her screen and she walked us to a table right by the window. The sun has already set and the stars are shining and it's just absolutely stunning. The Seattle skyline is staring at us and I just stared at it back. I never knew I would be here, a small town girl and a daughter of a bar whore, would be here! "Do you want our daily wine, the 2003 Chardonnay?" The waitress asked and Brent waved her off. Chardonnay, is that a white wine? Brent is a red wine kind of man. I looked at the menu and I found something I wanted, which is a grilled chicken and avocado wrap, and sat my menu down. Brent sat his down and the waitress came with the bottle of wine and poured the glass for us. We ordered the food and Brent raised his glass. "You look absolutely beautiful, Claire. I love you so much. Here's to our relationship, hope it last forever," Brent said and I smiled and clicked his glass with his.

"I hope our relationship lasts forever, also," I said and sipped the wine. Our food came and the waitress lit a candle for us and sat in the middle. Oh, this is so romantic! The room got dark and I began to look around, and nobody is here. A man on a violin came and began to play a song for me and I began to cry. I grabbed the napkin and began to dab my eyes to prevent my mascara and eyeliner to run. "You done this, for me?" I cried and he grabbed my hand and he smiled.

"I just wanted you to know how much I really love you. I want to apologize for what I done to you this past month, you know what I mean," Brent said and I nodded. He don't want the restaurant to know he kidnapped me, smart move!

"I forgave you three times already, just drop it! I love you, Brent Scott!" I said and I leaned over the table and gave him a kiss with all my feeling into it. The candles, the violin player, his love— what a night! When Brent opened the door to the loft, my mouth attacked his. I wrapped my arms around him and Brent is wrestling his dress jacket off. He lifted me up and his hands are on my ass and I wrapped my legs around his waist and he carried me to our bedroom and he put me down as gently as glass. He went to the side zipper of my dress and he unzipped me, revealing my thong and nothing else. I sat up and unbutton his shirt and pushed it off his shoulders and off his body. I ran my teeth across his nipple and he groaned. I went to his pants and unbutton them and jerk his pants and boxers off. I got on my knees and I looked up and his green eyes are staring into mine. I leaned forward and licked the pre-cum on his head and he moaned. I pushed my down and I went as deep as I can handle. I went back up and repeated the process. I went faster and my hands went to cup his balls and Brent ran his fingers through my hair. After a few minutes, I know he got close and he pulled me back. "I want to come inside you," He whispered and I pushed my body back to the pillows and he pulled my underwear off and crawled on top of me. He pushed his dick inside me and I wrapped my legs around his hips and moaned. We only had hard and fast sex, this is passionate love making. Brent leaned down and kissed me as he moved in and out of me ever so slow. I don't want this fast, I want to feel this. I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him back, pushing my tongue inside his mouth. His movements became

## Don't Cry Tonight

faster and I began to feel the familiar feeling in my stomach and my legs began to shake. "I am close!" I moaned out and he pushed himself inside me once then twice and I groaned, coming hard and I can feel him fill me up with his come as well. He rolled over and I am on top and I lay my head down on his shoulder and he ran his fingers up and down my arms. "I love you," I said and he kissed my hair.

"I love you, too baby," Brent said and I finally got off of him and he wrapped the blanket around us and we went into a nice restful sleep.

Around one in the morning, as I snuggled in closer to Brent, I heard this huge noise coming from the front door as glass is being broken. I screamed and Brent sat up and immediately grabbed his sweat pants ran into the front lobby as I stayed in bed. I can hear him push glass from our door, cussing at the damage, and I knew I have to see what is going on. I grabbed my robe and wrapped it around myself and walked where Brent is.

"Be careful, Claire, there is glass everywhere!" Brent said and he kneeled down and picked up a red brick with a piece of paper wrapped around it. He ripped it off and unwrapped the paper. "Brent, this is what you fucking get for putting a restraining order on me. You done this so you can have her, the woman I love. You took her away from me, and I will find a way to get her, and you will fucking regret taking her! Your brother, Blake," Brent read and I walked over and just stared at the note. Blake is more sick than we thought.

"I thought the restraining order would stop him in his tracks, but he is not going to stop," Brent said and he began to walk back into the bedroom and he is mumbling something.

"Brent, what's wrong? What are we going to do?" I asked on the way back to our bedroom. Brent is sitting on the bed, his head in his hands.

"I have a plan C, but it requires us moving," Brent said and I looked at him. Moving, as in moving to another place? Blake will probably know where it is, how will that work? "This place I have, Blake has never known about it. I kind of hid it from him, as my escape plan in case he went ape shit, like he is now," Brent explained.

"That sounds good, so where is it?" I asked and he sighed.

"San Diego." I just stared at him, astonished. San Diego, as in San Diego, California? That is well over a thousand miles away! Well, if it will keep Blake away, I am willing to leave Washington for my safety. I smiled down at him and ran my fingers through his black hair.

"Well, I always wanted to live on the beach," I said and he smiled.

"Well, let's get packing. We leave in the morning." As Brent went and gathered our things, I looked out at the Seattle skyline, this will be the last time I will see it. We have to hide from Blake, and we have to leave the state to hide!

## Chapter 9: This is Paradise

**\*A/N: This chapter is a "Break" chapter from Blake. Blake is not in this chapter, but he will be for now on from the next chapter. I think there is at least four more chapters in this. By the way I am writing I will be done by Wednesday LOL. I am not going to go back to Tomorrow's Promises after this, I got another story in mind. I might go ahead and post the character pics for it, but whenever I get my mind back to Tomorrow's Promises, I will write it again. This chapter has surprises, yes surprises with an s! Enjoy!\***

### Chapter 9

*This is Paradise*

*Two Months Later* ;

San Diego is total heaven. For February, it's pretty warm down here. So warm that I can wear a short sleeve shirt and some jeans. I am use to the cold and snow of Washington. I sank my toes down in the sand of our own private beach and smiled. This is paradise! I thought Brent just bought another bachelor penthouse here in San Diego, but no, he bough a beach house, really mansion. It's a gorgeous house that faces the Pacific Ocean and the backyard is a beach. Brent is at work right now, he built another business down here and its highly successful. He wanted to just expand the one in Seattle, but then Blake will find out where we are. Blake has not found us yet. He tried calling us a few times the first few weeks that we we're down here, but Brent told him that we are in a better place and we cannot get much happier and changed his phone number. I still cannot three months ago, I was kidnapped and I hated both men with a passion. Now, I am happily in love with Brent, living the good life in San Diego with him. As I sat there, I touched my belly, it's getting bigger. I am gaining a little of weight, could Iâ Brent never uses a condom, Blake did. Could I be pregnant with Brent's child? I stood up and ran into the house and grabbed myâ yes MY, car keys and drove to the nearest store. Brent surprised me with an Audi A4 and it's just beautiful. I never had a car in my life, I always just drove my mom's. Speaking of my mother, I finally talked to her a month ago. She sounded very mad when I told her I ran away to San Diego. "Why couldn't you just tell me your problems, baby girl?" She had said to me.

"Because you know what the problem is, mom!" I said to her.

"My drinking? Has my drinking affected you that much?"

"Yes, mom, you need some help, but I am happy right now. I am in love with my boyfriend and we are so happy. If you sober up, I will get Brent to send you tickets so you can come see me."

"I will sober up baby, I am so sorry for this!" That is the first time in my nineteen, I'll be twenty next month, years of my life that my mom wants to sober up. Brent was more than happy to pay for her treatment, and she is currently in a rehab facility in Vancouver, making a lot of progress. She has went thirty-five days without a drink of anything.

I made it to the health department and I had to wait in the waiting room with a bunch of young teenagers with their angry mothers. I know why they're here, the same reason I am, a pregnancy test. At least I am nineteen, not fifteen or sixteen. They called my name and they weighed me, and I gained ten pounds, wow! They took my urine specimen and they took me to an exam room. A young brunette doctor came in and she smiled.

"Hello, I'm Jennifer Carter, your pregnancy test is positiveâ !" Jennifer said and I smiled really big. I am having a baby, Brent's baby. It cannot be Blake because it's been almost three months since he last raped me AND he used a condom all those times he did rape me. "If you strip your pants, I'll do an ultrasound to see how far along you are," she added and she left the room. Should I call Brent and tell him now so he can be here? Yes! I want him here to see his child! I knocked on the door and a nurse, an older woman, answered.

"Um, can you hold on the ultrasound? I want my boyfriend to be here," I asked and she smiled really big.

"Of course, she has a few patients to do anyways," She said and I nodded. I grabbed my cell phone and dialed his office number. I told his receptionist that it's Brent's girlfriend and she immediately sent me through.

"Baby, what's wrong?" Brent asked worriedly.

"Nothing, everything is perfect! I have some news for you," I said and I can feel the excitement build up even more.

## Don't Cry Tonight

"What is it?"

"I'm pregnant!" I almost yelled out those words. There is dead silence at the end of the line and I think I even hear sniffing. Is he crying? "Brent?" I asked now worried.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes Brent, it's yours. Blake always used a condom on me and he hasn't touched me for almost three months. Please come down to the health department in Coronado, they are fixing to check how far along I am."

"I am on my way, grabbing my keys!"

\*Brent's POV\*

I am going to be a father, a father! Blake always used a condom on her. Thank God the bastard didn't get her pregnant! This is a dream come true, I always wanted children and it's even better to have a family with Claire. She even sounded happy about this. I pulled into the parking lot and ran inside the health department and told the receptionist that I am here for Claire, and she opened the doors for me. "Exam room three, they are prepping her for the ultrasound," The nurse said and I went down the tiny hall and opened the door to the exam room. Claire is covered up from her hips down and her knees are flexed. Wait a minute, I thought an ultrasound came from the top. A brunette woman turned around and she smiled at me. "You must be Brent, the baby's dad, I am Jennifer, her doctor. I am fixing to do a transvaginal ultrasound. She is not that far along and we cannot tell how far along she is with a normal ultrasound," She explained and I shook her hand and sat down beside Claire. I grabbed her hand and kissed it. "I love you, baby," I said to her and she had a couple of tears come out of her blue eyes.

"I love you too, and scooter too!" She said and I laughed. She's already referring our baby as scooter. It's cute, so I'll call him or her that too. The doctor put a condom on the probe and lube it up pretty good and she sat down between Claire's legs. She told her to relax and she pushed the probe up. I know this is uncomfortable for Claire, so I just kept rubbing her knuckles with my thumb and looked at the screen. "There he is!" Jennifer said and she paused the screen. Claire and I got closer to the screen and I seen our baby, not really big at all. I smiled really big and wiped the tears from my eyes and I heard Claire sniff. I grabbed my hanky from my pocket and gave it to her and she wiped her eyes. Jennifer done some measurements on the baby and she then printed out the picture. "You are six weeks pregnant, so one and half months pregnant. You said your last period was in December twenty-fourth, so this makes your due date at September thirtieth," Jennifer said and I smiled. My baby's birthday is around my own, which is September twenty-first. Maybe he will be early and my birthday gift is the birth of my baby. "Congratulations you two, I will make an appointment next month for your check up. The nurse will give you all the information and answer any questions you may have." "Thank you, doc," I said and I shook her hand again. I think a little celebration is in order!

\*Claire's POV\*

Brent and I got home straight from the health department. I loved the excitement in his eyes when he seen our baby. When I parked my car in the garage, Brent is already at my door and he lifted me up and carried me to the door. Our eyes stayed connected as he carried me down the hall to our bedroom and as we went down the hall, I stared into the empty bedroom, our baby's future room. I smiled and he opened the door to the master bedroom and he lay me down onto the bed. He walked over to the stereo in the room and a sexy song came up and he put it on repeat. "It's Stripped by *Shiny New Toys*. I heard it the other day in the office from the receptionist's computer and she said this makes her girlfriend go wild!" Brent said and I raised an eyebrow. Wow, he has a lesbian as a receptionist, I don't have to worry about her paws being on him. The gentle woman's voice came on and he began to take my shirt off and then my bra. I closed my eyes as he gentle fingers went down between my breasts and down to my naval. *Let me see you stripped, down to the bone*! this song is very erotic! I breathed in and when his fingers left my heated skin, I opened my eyes and Brent is taking his shirt off and he leaned down and kissed me. This song is really pumping my hormones up and it made me want Brent so much. *Let me hear you speaking just for me*! When Brent let go of me, he looked around and I know he has a few ideas. He left the bedroom for a few moments and he came back with his hand behind his back and he grabbed a tie from the dresser and he tied it around my eyes. Oh my, this is so hot! "Let your senses soar," Brent whispered into my ear and bit down on my ear lobe and they are already soaring. I felt his hands take off the rest of his clothes and I can hear him take the rest of his off. I can feel the hair of his legs on mine. The song has repeated, I love this song now. I

## Don't Cry Tonight

began to feel something soft against my neck and he trailed this item down to my collarbone then my breasts. He went around one nipple then the other. I moaned and the item went down to my naval and circled my bellybutton. This feels so good and gentle and I needed to know what this item is. Brent dragged it down to my sex and rubbed it up and down my slit and I raised my hips up. I grabbed the item and it feels like a flower. I pulled it to my nose and it's a rose. He is touching me with a rose! I never had heard of this out of television and books! "Oh my God!" I moaned as he pulled the rose back from me and he touched my sex with it again. The rose disappeared and all of the sudden, I feel something very cold and wet at my nipples. It's ice! He rubbed the ice cube around each nipple, made a trail to my belly button and he tossed the cube onto the floor. I can feel the warmth of his tongue on my nipples and I raised my body up, wanting so much more. He licked all the water up and he followed the trail down to my bellybutton and got all the water up. Where did this come from? Whatever it came from, I don't want it to go away! He took the blindfold off and leaned and pushed his tongue into my mouth and our kiss became fevered. He pushed his dick inside me and I groaned and threw my head back. I remember the nurse mentioning that sex feels better when you are pregnant, and I believe her. I never felt like this in my life, I already feel like coming! I wrapped my legs around his waist and dug my nails into his back as he pumped in and out of me. "Oh baby," Brent said and I leaned forward and nibbled on his neck.

"Fuck me!" I groaned and he growled and he fucked me, hard. I can feel him all the way to my bellybutton and I can feel my orgasm build up. "I am close baby!" Brent groaned and he started to pump harder inside me and I exploded and he joined me as we moaned our orgasms together. He immediately got out of me, probably because of the baby, and pulled me into his arms. His hands went down to my belly, and cradled where our baby sleeps. I joined his hands with mine and I smiled. "Still in shock, we are already starting the life I always wanted. I got the woman I wanted, and she is pregnant with my baby," Brent said and I smiled. "But, I have to add just one more thing," Brent sat up and grabbed his boxers and he walked to the dresser and opened the drawer. The song is still going, and I don't care, it's a good song! He pulled something out and he walked over to me and he asked me to sit up. I kept the sheet on me and he grabbed my left hand. "Claire Opeth, I love you, and I would be so happy ifâ" He opened the box and a gold ring with a heart shaped diamond is smiling back at me. I covered my mouth with my hand and tears began to slip out of my eyes. "If you be my wife. Claire, will you marry me?" He asked and I began to cry in happiness. The only that came out of my mouth is a whimper then finally, "Yes," I said and he smiled as he slid the engagement ring onto my finger and he got back on the bed and kissed me. This is a dream come true. A dream home, a dream life, a baby on the way and I am getting married. Blake is practically out of our lives, what can go wrong?

## Chapter 10: Come Out, Come Out, Wherever You Are!

**\*A/N: After these two chapters, there is two more. The ending will have a lot of action and maybe, just maybe, will be posted TONIGHT! These two chapters now are kind of short, but a lot of shit happens in them! Enjoy! Remember to check out the character pictures of the upcoming story, "Lust and Desire".**

### **Chapter 10**

*Come Out, Come Out, Wherever You Are!*

\*Blake's POV\*

It's been three months since I touched Claire, two months since I seen her. They are gone, up and vanished into thin air. I talked to Brent a few times, but he just tells me they are gone and they are happy, then he changed his number. I cannot track them, the only clue I found is in September, Brent bought a house for twenty million dollars, but it doesn't say where. I am at work right now, facing the Seattle skyline, wondering where the love of my life is. She could be right under my feet, laughing at me. "Mr. Scottâ" Elisa, my assistant, said as she came in. I turned around and her fake tits are about to come out of her top and her square frame glasses just looksâ hot on her. Her brunette hair is curled around her tits and she looks scared.

"Yes, Elisa," I said calmly. I've been on the edge ever since Claire left. Maybe that is why everyone is afraid of me. Good, I want them afraid, it will make them work harder!

"Alec Fritz is on the lineâ" When Elisa mentioned Alec's name, it gave me an idea. If Brent would tell anybody where they are, it would be Dette.

"Okay, I'll take the call," I said and I grabbed my phone and Alec answered.

"I am rescheduling the meeting until tomorrow at nine, is that fine? I have a lot of shit to do here at work right now," Alec said and I smiled. Good, he was suppose to be here an hour, I can make a little visit to my baby sister's place.

"Is Dette home?" I asked him.

"Yes, why?"

"Um, I was going to pay a visit to her. I haven't seen her in a long time."

"Blake, if she tell meâ"

"I am not going to lay a single finger on her. I just want to see my baby sister." Alec sighed and he finally gave me the go ahead. Good, let's see what Dette knows about Brent and Claire.

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I parked in the driveway of Dette's mansion and I walked up the white steps and rang her doorbell. I can feel the anger build inside of me and when she opened the door, I pushed her against the wall. "WHAT THE FUCK?" Dette screamed and I growled.

"Now, you will tell me where Brent and Claire is or I will hurt you!" I growled and I can feel her squirm underneath my grip. I want her scared, scared enough to tell me.

"Fuck you!" She blurted out and I slapped her across the face and she grunted.

"Now listen, Bernadette, if you don't tell me where they are at, I will kill you and then come back and kill Alec, understand? Now, tell meâ" I said through my teeth.

"You ain't got the fucking balls to kill me!"

"Oh I will kill you!" I reached behind me and pulled out my pistol out of my waistband. I put the cold end on her temple and then smiled at her. "Now, tell me or you and Alec will die today." Tears began to fill in her eyes. That's what I wanted to see, my baby sister whimpering in front of me. Where is the tough bitch now?

"Sanâ Diego," Dette whimpered out. Did she really say San Diego?

"Where, say that again?" I asked her and pressed the gun harder against her temple.

"SAN DIEGO! Iâ I don't know where, but that's where they are at!" I put the gun back into my waist band and smiled at her. I reached over and I hugged her, what a good baby sister!

"Thanks, Dette," I said as I left her mansion. I got into my car and pressed the Bluetooth button and dialed a man I know that can look up people. "John, Blake, I got a lead on Brent and Claire. They're in San Diego, find out what you can on their location. When you tell me, I will be heading down there!" I said and the man agreed and we got off the phone. Oh, I am coming, Claire, and you will pay. You will pay!

## Don't Cry Tonight

\*Dette's POV\*

I kneeled on the floor, crying. Blake has gone completely loco on us! He has not been right for well over twenty years, but he has gone way to far, over Claire! I am so afraid for her right now. When Blake finds out about her being pregnant with Brent's baby and being engaged, he might go ape shit on them! I can still feel the gun against my head. He was going to kill me if I didn't tell him where they are at. I couldn't risk Alec's life, I love him so much. People always thought I married him for his money. I know Alec is not a male model, but he is sexy to me. It's the dark hair and dark eyes that had me. When people portrayed me as a gold digger, well I gave them what they wanted. I regret doing it, I know Claire thought that about me at the beginning, but I gave her the true Bernadette Abigail Fritz! The nice side of me that adores her husband, loves him more than his life. I would give my life for Alec, that's why I told him where Brent is at, I don't want Alec hurt.

Alec came in and he seen me kneeling on the floor. "Dette, what happened?" Alec said and I jumped into his arms. He feels so warm and smells like his cologne and coffee.

"Blake, he has gone mad! Heâ he threatened to kill us if I didn't tell him where Brent and Claire is at. I told him," I said and looked down at my feet.

"Why did you tell him, he wouldn't kill you!"

"He had a gun at my head. He said if I didn't tell him, he would kill me right then and come back and kill you. I couldn't let him come kill you." I began to cry again and he ran his fingers up and down my back.

"Baby, I would give my life for you, I love you," He said and I smiled.

"I love you too, but we need to warn Brent about Blake. Once he contact John, he will have his address and he will be going down there. What will happen if he finds out about the baby and the engagement?"

"Baby, I don't know, but go call them. They need to know!"

## Chapter 11: Fearing for My Life

### Chapter 11

#### *Fearing for my Life*

I covered my arms as Brent talked to Dette. "He held you at gun point? Fuck! I completely understand and I am not mad at you, Dette. You are protecting you and your husband. I will contact the police down here. No, you don't need to come down here, we will be fine," Brent said and he said his goodbyes and then he looked over at me, and I knew right then, something is wrong.

"What happened?" I asked him and he shook his head and sat down on our bed.

"Blake came into Dette's house, held her at gun point, wanting to know where we are at. She didn't want Alec killed, so she told him where we we're," Brent said and I sagged to the floor. I touched my belly where Scooter is at and I cried. Blake is on his way, probably right now as we speak, to find us. What he has planned for us, or me, is frightening. Brent stood up and opened the dresser beside me and he pulled out a silver pistol.

"Baby, I bought this last week, in case this happened. If Blake comes in and he has a gun, get this and if you have to shoot him!" Brent's voice shook. This has to really hurt him. He held his sister at gun point and he is highly dangerous. What if he brings that gun down here? "You can shoot him. I love him, but if he harms you and my unborn child, do what you need to do to protect you two."

"Iâ never used a gun!" I squeaked and he grabbed my hand and helped me onto my feet. We walked onto the beach and there is targets up and ready.

"Hold the gun in front of you!" Brent said and I done just that. "Don't put your finger on the trigger until the moment you are going to use it. Put the sight on the target and then pull the hammer down!" I done just that and pulled the hammer down. "Then when you are ready, shoot." I put my index finger on the trigger and pulled it. It jerked me back a little and I knocked over the glass target. We practiced for an hour or so and we went back inside. I stared at the gun and I swallowed loud. I might have to use this on Blake, to defend my family. I cannot imagine the terror in Dette's mind when her own flesh and blood had her at gun point. If someone had me at gunpoint, I would have done the same thing, I would tell them anything to protect my family. "You hungry, baby?" Brent asked from the kitchen. I don't feel like eating, but I need to eat.

"Yeah, what are we having?" I mumbled and I walked into the kitchen and he put a poached egg and a few strips of bacon on my plate. I grabbed the bacon and nibbled on it. Brent put his hands on the counter and frowned.

"Blake will not touch you, or he has to deal with me," Brent said and I sighed.

"What are we going to do? I am so scared!" I began to cry and he walked over and wrapped his arms around me and held me tight.

"I will not let that bastard hurt you or our baby. How about this, we will go to the mall tomorrow and do a little baby shopping? I know we won't find out the gender until around May, but we still get some toys and little things. Does that sound good?" I nodded and he leaned forward and kissed my forehead. "Now, finish eating, the baby is hungry!" I laughed and he goosed my ass and I reached over and goosed his. He leaned over and put his lips on mine and slid his tongue into my mouth. I moaned as he tickled my palate with his tongue and his hand went up my skirt, underneath my pants andâ !OH BRENT!

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"No, this can be highly dangerous!" I said as I put a pointy rattle back on the shelf.

"Baby, every toy will have a danger, we just have to watch Scooter close!" Brent said and I sighed. He is right, I think I am being a tad over protective over Scooter already, and he is not due for another seven to eight months! I put the rattle in the buggy and we gathered a few more items and a woman, heavily pregnant, grabbed the same toy as I was going to get. "Sorry, you can have it!" I said and she beamed a smile and put the toy in her buggy. A cute blonde girl is behind her and she hid again. I kneeled down and smiled.

"Hi there, care to say hi to me?" I asked her and she leaned forward and waved. Brent and I laughed and the mother smiled.

"Samantha is highly shy around strangers. So, how far along are you?" The woman asked.

"Six weeks, we are due in September," I said and Brent wrapped his arms around me.

## Don't Cry Tonight

"Well, Sammy is two years old and this one in here is due in three months and it's a boy. I am Tanya, what's your name?" Tanya smiled and I made the introductions for me and Brent. "And this is Scooter, say hi to Tanya and Samantha!" I said to my belly and all three of us laughed. I said my goodbyes to Tanya and Samantha and we finished up our shopping in the baby store. Brent took us to the food court and ordered us a pizza to eat. This is our first time shopping for our baby, and it was just fun! "So, our first baby shopping trip, exciting?" Brent asked and I laughed.

"Yes, very. I just cannot wait to see what the baby is, so I can go haywire on the clothes!" I said and he smiled.

"Well, next time I have to buy some furniture for the baby as well." We ate our pizza and as a pregnant woman, I have to pee every ten seconds. I gave Brent the look and he laughed. "You just peed like five minutes ago!" He said and I frowned.

"Give me a break, I am pregnant!" I said and he kissed my cheek and I walked over to the restroom just outside the food court. I used the john and when I finished, I went over to the sink and washed my hands. Before I washed them, I took a good look at myself. My face is glowing, well, it's the pregnancy glow. I ran my fingers through my hair and then turned on the sink. As I washed my hands, I heard the door open and close. I thought it was another woman going to use the restroom, but none of the stalls opened. I shrugged my shoulders and turned off the faucet and grabbed a paper towel. When I about made it to the door, I felt a hand on the back of my head and lips on my neck. "I found you, Claireâ" the voice said and chills went up my spine. No, it cannot be him! I jerked loose of his grip and opened the restroom door and yelled, "BRENT, IT'S BLAKE!" and Blake dragged me back into the restroom and grabbed my head and pushed me against the wall. My head began to hurt really bad and everything went darkâ

## Chapter 12: The End of Lunacy

**\*A/N: I got pretty antsy to get this chapter out. I have a few fans that couldn't wait for this to come out. Also, the Super Bowl is fixing to come on, so I needed to get this published or everybody had to wait and that would be bad for some people. This has to be the most action I ever wrote and it was nailbiting for me! Enjoy!\***

### **Chapter 12**

*The End of Lunacy*

**\*Brent's POV\***

I heard Claire yell for me, Blake is here. Oh fuck! I ran and tried to follow her voice, and I found Blake. He turned around, Claire over his shoulder with a bleeding head and unconscious, and he is smiling at me. I gathered my fists and began to run after him, but he began to run as well. I tried to follow him but I lost him within seconds. This mall is way too busy. How can he pass the security holding a woman with a head injury over your shoulder? I stepped on a piece of paper and I kneeled down and it has my name on it.

*Brother, meet me at Hotel Johnston, room 621 in two hours. We have a lot to discuss. Blake.*

I looked out into the crowd and I never felt this angry in my life. Blake, you better not lay a fucking finger on Claire! This is not going to be a gentle discussion, I am going to kick your ass! I ran back and gathered the baby toys and her things and headed home. I am going to gather a few things before my visit with my brother to rescue my family.

**\*Claire's POV\***

I woke up with a terrible headache. I tried to reach for something for my headache, but I looked up and I seen Blake. He is leaning against the windowsill and we are high up, somewhere. His tie is loose and he is staring at me. He looks different. He looks more angry, even crazy. His blonde hair is messy and he is holding a glass of scotch. "Ah, you're awake. You've been knocked out for almost two hours. Brent should be here in a few minutes," Blake said and I jerked up and touched my head. I can feel the cut in my temple where he pushed me against the wall.

"What do you want from me?" I cried out and he laughed.

"First off, I love you, remember? Second off, I told you that you will never get rid of me. I searched and searched the whole time you left and I finally got a clue from Dette."

"Why did you held her at gun point? She is your sister for fucking Christ sakes!"

"I needed to know, and I also found out a few more things about youâ!" He sat his glass down and he walked over to me. I scooted back, to get away from him and he sat down on the bed. He touched my lower stomach, and I gasped. Oh shit, he knows about the baby!

"Looks like I am gonna be an uncle. It's a shame I didn't knock you up, but I am the smart brother, I always used protection. What's thisâ!" He grabbed my left hand and looked down at the engagement ring and he squeezed my hand to the point I felt pain. I jerked back and he even looks more angry. "SON OF A BITCH!" He yelled and the door opened. Brent is standing there, looking like a tiger ready to pounce on his prey.

"BRENT!" I yelled and he ran over to me and wrapped his arms around me.

"Oh baby, are you okay? The baby okay? How's your head?" He asked, touching my cut.

"Me and the baby are fine, but Blakeâ!" I said and Blake laughed.

"Ah, true love, so ooey gooey that it tingles your heart," Blake said and his words just made me cringe in my soul.

"What the fuck do you want from us?" Brent asked, keeping me in his arms.

"Brent, I want to fucking beat your ass right now. First, I got mad that you knocked her up, sloppy job, brother. Do you ever use a condom? Oh yeah, you fucking proposed to her! You know I love her!"

"But you are insane, Blake! You need help!"

"NO THE FUCK I DON'T!" Blake ran over and grabbed Brent and he threw the first punch. Brent stood up and pushed Blake against the wall.

"I'm going to kick your ass, Blake. You hurt Claire for the last time!" Blake said and he head butted him and Blake done the same back. I covered my mouth, crying. Why did this have to happen? I touched my stomach

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and I cried even more. Baby, your daddy is saving the both of us right now. I heard the fighting stop and I looked over and I gasped. Brent's hands are in the air as Blake held his gun at him. "Don't you fucking move or I will blow your fucking brains all over this wall!" Blake said and he rubbed his head against his shoulder. "Put. The. Gun. Down, Blake!" Brent said nice and calm, but Blake didn't budge. I looked over at Brent and he motioned with his head to his waist band. I looked down and the pistol is in his waist band. I walked over slowly and the gun is now pointing at me. "Claire, stand beside your man," Blake said and I scooted closer to him and quickly grabbed the pistol and held it behind me. "This is such a pretty picture, ain't it? Two lovers, together, at gun point," Blake said and he chuckled. His eyes are twitching, not a good sign. He is now over the line crazy. "NOW!" Brent yelled and I pointed the pistol at Blake, but Blake immediately grabbed Brent and wrapped his arm around his shoulder and his gun at Brent's temple.

"Claire, put the gun down before I blow your fiancÃ©es head off," Blake said and Brent shook his head.

"Don't do it, Claire. Shoot him!" Brent said and I began to cry.

"Drop the gun, Claire, or Brent's a goner!" I remembered Brent's training with the gun, I lined the target to Blake's forehead and I pulled the hammer down. "Don't you dare!" and I pulled the trigger. The gun jerked me back and I looked up and Brent got loose of Blake's grip as the gaping bullet hole in his forehead bled out. Blake's eyes are fixed on me and he fell to the ground. I pointed the gun again and shot him again, and again in the chest. After I seen his chest stop moving, I dropped the gun and got on my knees. I couldn't breathe, I killed somebody. I killed Brent's brother because he wanted us dead. He wanted me dead. He wanted Scooter dead. I wrapped my arms around myself and rocked, trying to get rid of the overbearing chill that ran over my body. He needed to get killed, he was going to kill the man I loved. The man I am going to marry. My child's father. "Claire!" Brent whispered and he kneeled down beside me and wrapped his arms around me. "Shhh, it's over, he's gone," He said and I can hear the police running down the hall. "SAN DIEGO POLICE! WE GOT YOU SURROUNDED BLAKE!" a man yelled. Brent let them in and they seen Blake's lifeless body on the floor. "I shot him. He about killed Brent," I gaped out. An officer wrapped his arm around me and he escorted both of us out. We made it to the police cars and they wrapped the both of us in blankets. They got both our statements, even told them about him raping me back in Seattle. "This man is one crazy son of a bitch, captain. She put a restraining order on him for raping her, and he still came down here to get her," a younger officer said and the captain nodded.

"I think we can rule this as self defense. Thank you Mr. Scott, Miss Opeth, we will call you if we need anything else," The captain and we both thanked him. News vans surrounded the hotel steps as the coroners pushed Blake's dead body in a body bag and demanding to know answers. The Captain told us to stay still. "Captain Barker, what can you tell us what happened here tonight?" A African American woman said as she shoved the microphone in his face and a few camera man came over and took our pictures. I hid my face in Brent's arm and he pushed his hand into the camera, telling them to FUCK OFF!

"Blake Scott was insane, in need of psychiatric help. He had raped Miss Opeth countless times and her fiancÃ© and his brother, Brent, helped her escape from Seattle to San Diego. Scott found them and he kidnapped her and held Brent at gun point when he found her and Miss Opeth shot the man in self defense. That is all I am releasing for now," The Captain said and he helped escort us to Brent's car, dodging camera men and noisy news reporters.

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I could barely walk by the time we made it home. Thank God those reporters didn't follow us home. Brent lifted me into his arms and carried me to the bedroom. He sat me down and he took my clothes off and I just stood there like a stump. Even though Blake had to die, I am still in utter shock that I killed him. "Come on baby, you need to rest," Brent said and he pulled the blanket back and I lay down and he covered me up. Before he completely covered me, he leaned down and kissed my belly and there is tears in his eyes. "Brent, Scooter and I are fine. We are alive, thanks to you," I whispered and he leaned forward and cupped my face and kissed me. He crawled on top of me and he took his clothes off in the process and I reached for my underwear and took them off. "I love you so much, Claire, I needed to save you and Scooter. You two are my life," Brent said and he pushed his dick inside my wanting pussy. Oh, I needed this. I needed this to forget the events that took today. He fucked me deep and hard. I wrapped my legs around and my face is buried into his neck. I ran my hands through his hair and he shoved inside me once more and I came, hard. Ever since I

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got pregnant, I come a lot easier as well. "I am so close, baby!" Brent said and I rocked my hips against his and he came inside me. He pulled out of me and I put my head against his beating heart and I smiled.

"You are safe now, Claire. You don't have to worry about him anymore," Brent said wrapping his arms around my waist.

"He's gone, it's all over. You better call Dette!" Brent's cell phone rang and he reached over and he looked at me. It's Dette. He answered it and put it on speaker phone.

"It's all over the news! Is it true, Claire shot Blake?" Dette said, sounding like she is crying.

"I had to, he had us at gun point and held the gun on Brent! He was going to kill him," I said and I began to cry.

"I don't care that you killed him, Claire, are y'all okay? Alec and I have been so worried! Is our niece or nephew okay?"

"All three of us are okay. We don't have to worry about anything anymore. The madness is over," Brent said and I lay back against the pillows and finally went to sleep, excited about the next day without wondering about Blake coming to get me. Blake is gone, really gone!

## Chapter 13: Epilogue- Heavy Metal Family

**\*A/N: Wow, I finished this story in record time. The other reason behind me writing this quick is because there is a slight chance I can lose the internet...again. The next story I will steady myself LOL. I decided last night that this chapter will be either football theme (since I watched the super bowl) or Heavy Metal theme (Cause I love to listen to it and head bang)...and I went with the metal theme. Thank you so much and you can look up these songs "Rein Raus" and "Buck Dich", both by Rammstein, on youtube. Funny, I picked the guitar player of Rammstein for Brent, hardy hee har har! The new story will be out soon!\***

### Epilogue

#### *Heavy Metal Family*

#### *Two years Later*

I can hear the guitar from here. Brent invested into a electric guitar a few months after we got married. Now, he is pretty damn good. He got lessons from Rammstein's Richard Kruspe because he knew that I am a huge Rammstein fan. "REIN, RAUSâ REIN, RAUSâ !" Brent sang and I laughed. Our children, I had twins, a girl name Rose and a boy name Bradley, is bouncing in front of them. I cannot believe they are fifteen months old today. Rose's blonde hair is in a ponytail on the top of her head and Bradley dark hair is just like his father's, messy and just adorable.

Brent and I got married three months after Blake got killed. We had a small wedding for a few family and friends. I finally met Brent's parents, which we wanted to hide the fact that I killed their son, but it was all over the news about him kidnapping me. They we're in total utter shock. They just told us that they knew something was wrong with Blake, but not that bad. They we're a little angry with me, but they forgiven me over the years. We went Blake's body back to Seattle to be buried, but we have not stepped into Seattle since we left. Brent expanded Scott Enterprises into San Diego, which made Alec and Dette move. I never knew how much Dette really loves Alec. I can see it in her eyes and emotions how much she loves him. They have a happy two month old name Christoph, which is a very common German name, from what they told me. My mom has been sober since she entered the rehab almost three years ago. She moved down to San Diego to be closer to me and we are closer than ever. She works at a health clinic as a receptionist and she is engaged to be married to a man that she really deserves, a man that will treat her right.

"More daddy!" Rose said and put her tiny hands on Brent's knee.

"More!" Bradley said and Brent laughed. He loves being a father. He said it's the greatest joy in the world to wake up knowing he gets to see his daughter and son. I always joked around and said "What about your wife?" and he always said "I will never get tired of waking up next to you, Mrs. Scott." Brent looked up at me and he always can get me going by just looking at me. He played "Rein Raus" again because the babies love that song. My mom said that I am plain evil for letting the babies listen to metal, but Brent played the music on his guitar through my pregnancy and after they we're born. They got use to it. Just thank God they don't understand German but this song is highly erotic and it turns me on every time I hear it. "Ich bin der Reiter, du bist das Ross. Ich steige auf, wir reiten los. Du stohnst. Ich sag dir vor, ein Elefant im Nadelohr. Rein, Raus..." Brent sang and the babies danced and I laughed. They just look so cute. Rose made circles around Bradley and then he joined her. They are just a joy to watch. When I looked at Brent, I can see the lust in his eyes. I know this song turns him on too. "That's enough babies, nap time!" Brent said and the kids began to argue. "Now, don't act like that, mommy and I won't take you to the pizza place tonight if you act like that."

"Good, daddy!" Rose said and Bradley nodded his head, to agree. I grabbed Brad and carried him to their nursery and as Brent laid Rose down, I looked at my son. I prayed everyday that my kids will never know of their Uncle Blake. It's been a little over two years since his death, and he is barely spoken of, but everybody has that fear. Dette mentioned what if they find out about him? I responded saying "We just tell them about him." My son has his father's light green eyes and I ran my fingers through his black hair, just like his father's. Brad went to sleep as I kissed his forehead and I went over to see Rose and she is slowly going to sleep. She has my blue eyes and blonde hair, and she has Brent's smile. It warms everybody's hearts when she smiles. I kissed her forehead and Brent is waiting on me in the bedroom. I entered the room and he is on the bed, naked

## Don't Cry Tonight

and holding his guitar. He began playing "Buck Dich," and I laughed. I got closer to him when the chorus came and I "Buck Dich", or bent over. The music stopped and Brent's hand went up and down my panties that are soaked and he stood me up and took me to the pillows. He took my sweats and I looked down and I smiled. He has a hard-on and I reached up with my hand and grabbed it and began to stroke it. He closed his eyes and threw his head back and I stroked it faster. "Stop baby, I need inside you," Brent moaned and we took the rest of my clothes off and as Brent slid inside me, he grabbed my breasts and nibbled on one nipple, pinched the other. I bucked my hips higher, feeling him much deeper than before. I cannot get pregnant because I have the Implanon in my arm. We want children in the future, but not now, we want to raise Rose and Bradley a little more. His movements became more harder and faster and I began to pant. He will push all the way in, making my toes curl and then almost taking himself all the way out, making me pant, wanting more. I can feel my muscles in my pussy began to tighten as I got closer to my climax. "I am so close, Brent!" I cried out and he growled, which is a major turn on for me, and he fucked me harder. I climaxed and I bit my lip so the babies won't hear me and Brent came not that much longer after me with a low grunt. I rolled on top of him and ran my fingers down his chest and the light chest hair tickled my fingertips. "The kids are amazing aren't they?" Brent said and I smiled.

"Funny little boogers; I still remember the shock on our faces when Dr. Carter said 'Um, you have twins'," I said and

Brent laughed.

"I about passed out, you just stared at the ultrasound picture and didn't say a single word," Brent said and I giggled.

"Well, I am glad I had them, they are just the light of our lives. You are the heart beat and the breath of my life, you keep me alive."

"Baby, you are my life source too, if you go away, I will die." I lay against his chest and let his arms surround me with warmth. I will never stop loving this man. The man that kidnapped me three years ago. I don't even care about that anymore, I am actually glad he did. I just wished he done it by himself, without Blake. But, I am really glad Brent came into my life, and Rose and Bradley as well. I fell asleep in Brent's arms and dreamed of my future, Brent and I together, watching our children play on the beach. What a life!

## Don't Cry Tonight

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