Love at First...

By : jhanery

Here is a story of a girl who fell in love with a guy right at the very first time she laid her eyes on him. But how could she say it when they met in the most awkward situation? The girl as a prostitute and the guy as his customer.

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Love at First... : Chapter 1

LOVE AT FIRST . . .

Hi , my name is Sherryn McCord, 25 years old. I've been living alone since I was 18. My parents died when I was only 17 because of car accident. We used to be rich but because I didn't know how to handle our family's financial wealth, and my father wasn't able to make his last will and testament, obviously for inheritance, our relatives deceived me. They said that they will manage our assets until I turn 18 and they will transfer all the money under my name, but they didn't. On my 18th birthday, our family lawyer went to our house. That was the biggest surprise I've ever received aside from the death of my parents.

The lawyer told me that our relatives, on my father's side, took all the money and transferred under their name. I wanted to contest! But he just said there was nothing he could do. I asked him why he didn't come to me by the time my parents died. He said he was so busy, and he didn't think I would understand anything about the law! Right then, I couldn't help myself but cry.

When I graduated from high school, my relatives kicked me out of my own house. I was so angry then. They said I should've been thankful they let me in and financed my education. "You could manage yourself and live on your own!" Right at that moment, I swore to God, I'd to anything to get what's rightfully mine.

That day also, I found a bakery. It wasn't in a good condition, but who am I to complain? All I wanted was to have a job and a place to live in. The owner, Mr. David, welcomed me and was very happy to have me in his shop. I met Alina there, who turned out to be my best friend, until now. She was very jolly, and has a good sense of humour. She told me a lot of things about her and so did I. When she knew what just happened to me, she invited me to live with her in a studio-type apartment. Of course, I said yes! She was so kind. She's 2

years older than me and was only 10 when her mom died because of breast cancer, 15 when his father married another woman. *"At first, everything was okay,"* she said. "But after they get married, the woman showed her true colors." She was 17 when she left home and started living alone.

How unfortunate we were! I know, right? But now, everything's falling into place. By the way, we are prostitutes, and we're not ashamed to say that. People may judge us as long as they want. But who cares? Sometimes, I wanted to say, 'can you feed us? Can you give us money?' But I'd rather stay quiet and do what's best for us. Alina is all I have. Are you curious how we end up being like this? Okay, lemme tell you.

I was already 21 and Alina's 23, when a man came to us as we were walking back home. He gave us calling card and said he's a manager of a club. We didn't want to work as prosti, but two weeks later, Mr. David-owner of the bakery, said he had to sell the shop to a rich businessman. That was when we decided to work to the club. I think it's so natural for me to say we were shy, at first. Oh yeah! Nothing's so new about that. Why wouldn't we? Showing our sexy body to those sinners who are cheating their wives and girlfriends! But mind you people, our club isn't just any other club. It's exclusive for the rich, only! But the tips and personal salary depends on our job performance. Alina and I are very picky who to sleep with. Usually, we just sit there letting those guys to touch us just so we won't have to have sex with them. We're very wise when it comes to things like these. We use our brain, not our heart.

Right now, we're heading to the club. We already moved out from our old apartment and found a 2-bedroom apartment that will suit our lifestyle. As we reach the club, our staff, Romeo, automatically get the keys from me. As we come in, the scent of different kinds of expensive perfume brush our nostrils. As usual the atmosphere is so wild. Music's loud and very sensual, everyone has their own partners. It's a four story club, the ground floor serving as the main, 2nd to 4th floor are meant for those who want to have some privacy.

Alina whispers in my ear, "What the f*ck, old guys are everywhere!" I laugh.

"Honey! You are so bad! They make us rich! C'mon, let's move."

Hours passed and I'm getting bored so I've decided to come see Alina, who's with a guy, maybe 40. "Hi handsome, can I borrow my friend for a while?" I said that with the sweetest tone I could possibly do.

"What?" said Alina, looks like she's enjoying herself, and I don't!

"I'm bored, can we go now?" pouting my lips, which makes me cuter, she frown.

"Hey, are you insane? I just started with him. Seems like he has a thick wallet over there." Alina looks at the direction of the guy and waves her hand.

"Oh yeah! I can see that. But what am I... sup... posed... to... do...?" my jaw drops as I see the guy entering the room. He's the most handsome guy I've ever seen.

"Oh...ohhhh... alright, yeah! I think we really have to go." Alina sees him, too. And she knows, so badly, the kinda guy I want.

"What the hell are you talkin' about?" I say without looking at her. My eyes are glued at my dream man. "Didn't you just say you have client over there?"

"Honey? Didn't you just say you're bored already?" Alina starts giggling. I know she is just teasing me.

"Did I? I don't remember I just said that. C'mon! I still have one more client." I shooed her, and starts walking towards whoever he is. All I know is that I'm so much attracted to him.

"Good luck! Give your best shot!" Alina yells and walks to his client.

"Hi. Can I do anything for you?" OMG! He's even more attractive at close-up! But he's a snob huh? He doesn't seem to care I'm here! I clear my throat two times, so he'll notice me. *There you go!*

"Ohh hi! I'm sorry. I didn't see you." He's so serious, and talks to me without even smiling.

"Looking for someone?" I begin flirting with him. I am not usually this kind of prostitute who seduces a guy to be noticed. Only because *I know* they could easily be attracted to me without even if I won't exert much effort. But this guy is totally different, he acts as though he's not affected by my charm.

"Yes... I mean no." Hmmm, if what he's looking for is a prostitute. I'd prove to him, the best is already right in front of him, so he won't ask for more.

"Okay, let's do something about that. Do you want anything? Beer? What?"

"Actually, I'm just-"

"Oh c'mon, do you want to dance?"

"I think I'll just leave." Before he could take his second step, I grab his arms and kiss him straight on his lips. He groans. *You like that huh?* Our kiss lasts for 5 minutes, most probably.

"Let's go somewhere else."

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:: I did not bother to put pictures on the characters that aren't so important. Hope you guys don't mind.

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Chapter 2

"Let's go somewhere else." He whispers in my ear, I slowly nodded. We check in, in one of the rooms upstairs. As we come inside, he immediately hugs my body so tightly and kisses me. I'm feeling so hot. First time that I feel this some kind of need and so much heat even ice or water can't subside. Our lips taste every inch of pleasure for a quite awhile, like a real couple missing each other's tenderness.

"Uhmmm, let me take a shower first, hmmm?"

"Okay." He pulls my hand and we, together, come inside the shower. He pulls my dress up my head and throws it somewhere. He lowers his head and meet my lips, while unlocking and taking off my tube-bra. "You're so beautiful." I felt like those words are so true and come from his heart so I hug him. Then he takes off his shirt and unclasps his belt then holds my hands guiding it to touch his chest. I caress his broad shoulders, while he, taking off all the clothes left in our body. He turns on the shower, grabs the soap, and washes my whole body. He concentrates first at my breast and I love the way he pinches my nipples and caresses my whole breast. I know he's so used in doing these stuffs. I bet many girls underwent this whole thing with him, but I don't care. I just want to enjoy every second and very inch of the moment now that I'm here with him. He moves his arms, brushes his fingers through my skin, and reaches for my clit. He's moving so seductively, I couldn't help myself but moan.

I begin to caress his body, too. I grab the soap from his hands and started to rub it gently on his skin. Then I lower my head and slightly bit his nipples. He held my head and pushed it downwards. I figure out what he wants me to do as I look at him. His eyes are closed then I look straight on his c*ck; it's so hard and erect. I release the soap from my hands then stroke that huge thing.

"Uhmm..." he moans as my soft hand touches his manliness.

"You like that, hmmm?

"Uhuh. You're doing great!" Then I open my mouth and starts playing with the head of his cock. "Shit! I like that!" I want to deep-throat him, but I could only have half of his on my mouth. I keep doing that for more or less, 10 minutes. Then he pulls me up. "Let me take you to bed." He grabs the towel and dries my body then I wait for him as I lay myself in the bed. He joins me after only seconds; he kneels down on the floor, pulls my both feet and spread my legs apart. Without any warning, he plays with 'my' over and over until I reach my orgasm and squirt my cum all over his face.

"Want me to shower again?" he laughs softly as he wipes the cum off his face. I smile.

"Of course not! You've got some work to do pretty boy!" I pull him on top of me then spread my legs to give him full access then he holds his manliness and aims it on my p*ssy.

"You ready, hmm?" He stuck his head on my neck kissing it and giving small bites, when he sensed my head nodding. He quickly pushes his hardness on my hole.

"Oh!" Hearing that, his thrust becomes slower. For some time, he kept on doing that while his one hand is caressing my breast and another hand pressing my butt.

When I feel like I adjusted myself to his hugeness, I extend my both hands on his butt pulling and pressing them towards me. He understands it, then his thrusts become faster and faster. Only moans can be heard, skins smacking and hitting each other. As we reach our climax, his thrusts grow, faster than ever, and I know he's about to cum. "Uhmmm...." And before he could shoot his loads inside me, he pulls his c*ck and shoot em on my belly.

He rests his tired body on the bed, and then I grab some tissue on the bed-side table and clean our body. He looks at me with his brown eyes. "What?" I'm getting conscious the way he stares at me.

"You don't seem like a usual prostitute, you know?" He moves and leans his back on the head-rest of the bed, then pulls me towards his body. I hug my left arm around him then he continued speaking. "We had sex already, but I still don't know your name."

"I'm Sherryn... Sherryn McCord."

"Francis Bradley."

"Is this your first time here?"

"Actually, yes. I came here to look for my friend."

"Okay. To be honest, the first time I saw you, I thought you were looking for a prostitute... *like me."* My voice, for some reason, turn down with those last two words. He laughs.

"*No*. It's my first time to sleep with... someone like you. And I guess, I might actually come back next time, well. Maybe!" I feel glad that I'd see him again, but knowing he's not sure. I suddenly get sad. We talked a lil bit more, then he get up.

"I hate to ask this... but how much?"

My eyes open up wide, as if my eyeballs are going to come out. I feel *so* stupid, but I pretend it was nothing. *You're a prostitute!* I remind myself. I honestly thought he's different, that he could love someone like me. I never thought that he'd offer me money like what customers used to do after they enjoy and satisfy their needs, I don't care if he did that just to show me he's just being polite. All I know is that I'm offended! *I won't let you humiliate me just like that! If you treat me as bitch, nothing more but a plain bitch! Then so be it!* "Well... Since I enjoyed you. $100 would be fine." I say it with disgrace and sense of humiliation.

He looks shocked with my reaction, but didn't say a word. Shaking his head, he pulls the wallet from his pocket and gets some money. He gives me $200.

"Hey! I said I only need a hundred dollars!" the insult I supposedly aimed for him bounces back on me.

He creates a disgusting grin on his lips which makes me even more furious, seems like he's playing a game on me. And I hate that! "You did pretty well! Keep it and I expect a better performance next time."

He walks out of the room then the door closed. I feel so weak and I want to cry. But then I decided to stay strong. *He's never going to love me! He won't love any woman of my kind.* After I completely compose myself, I prepared myself to get out of that room and meet Alina, whom I'm sure, waiting for me to tell her my story.

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Chapter 3

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"Oh hi? I've been waiting for you. I thought you'd never get down here!" Alina welcomes me with that happy smile on her face. I pretend like I am happy too, so she won't notice how devastated I am. She starts asking me what happened and I just tell her how great Francis in bed and she is *so* excited to hear more. But I really am so tired. I don't even want to talk about it anymore.

"Ali, can I just tell you the rest of the story, tomorrow?" sigh. "I really am tired, that guy totally drained my energy. So..." Alina just stares at me, she seems convinced with my excuse.

"I understand. Want me to drive?" I nod.

Without her alive energy escaping her body even if it's already 3 in the morning, she drives the car and head home.

After cleaning myself and changing my clothes, I go straight to my bed and sleep.

For 3 nights, Francis hadn't show up in the club so I don't expect anymore. I don't want to disappoint myself for nothing. But at the 4th night, the moment I step my right foot in the club, I immediately see him. 2 girls are already flirting with him and I know them! Raquelle and Adora! *You fucking slut!* I smile when I turn my eyes on Francis because he doesn't seem to enjoy himself with those 2 bitches. I nod to Alina and she instantly understands what I'm thinking.

I walk towards one of our clients whose age is quite the same as Francis, maybe a little bit older, but that's fine. I walk pass through them making sure Francis sees me. When I'm already 2 yards away from him, I look back at him. And I'm right; he's been looking for me. Then I walk straight ahead sitting beside my chosen customer.

"Hi handsome!"

"Oh hi! Wow, you've got sexy body." I flirt with this crap for some time waiting for Francis to come for me. There was not a single minute I hadn't glance at their side. And couple of times, Francis' and my eyes have met. But I did nothing. Then finally! He walks towards us.

"Excuse me, can I borrow her for awhile?" His eyes are burning, and I know he couldn't take it anymore. He looks so angry, *or jealous,* but he still acts respectful.

"*No*... She's my girl. Can't you see?"

"Dude, I asked for her in the best way I can!"

"And I told you there's no way she's going to leave this table!"

"Oh yeah? I gotta tell you, I'm not in the mood to negotiate things. So if you don't want me to dig every inch of your face, I advice you now, get outta this place and leave Sherryn." The guy I approached to awhile ago, comes closer to Francis. They are almost at the same height, but Francis is more masculine.

The guy chuckles. "Are you threatening me huh? Or you just wanna make a scene? If that's what you want, I'll give it to you." the voice of the guy turns louder, he really started yelling to get attention then starts laughing when he face Francis once again. "Seriously bro! You really would fight to death for this whore? Holycrap! She's a fucking slut dude. You can't-"

Without saying a word, Francis hit the guy's face. The prostitutes are yelling, some are calling for the bouncer to stop the two, and the other customers are shouting, witnessing such a great fight. I really am so impressed how tough Francis is. But it's not the right time to just stand up. I immediately run to call the bouncers who already have heard what's going on. Upon reaching the area, two of the bouncers quickly hold Francis who's bursting in fury. And the 3rd one help the bastard 'guy' get up on his knees. His nose is badly bleeding and lips are cracked. Having beaten up, the guy rushes and get out of the place wiping the blood running from his nose.

The manager of the club comes out from nowhere. "Hey! What the hell had just happened here?" he's waiting for somebody to answer him, but no one did. "Sherryn!" He shouts, calling my name. I approach him. "Could you please tell me what's the meaning of all this mess?" Somehow, I feel relieved when people start to back up and continue whatever they wanna do.

"Jack, I'm sorry... I" Jack is somewhat like gay, we only knew that, when we decided to work for his club.

"You don't have to say sorry, I started it." Francis comes to the rescue.

"Oh hi sir? So you were the one?" Like me, I think Jack also got mesmerized when he saw Francis, but he's far more professional than me, even if I consider myself very good at dealing with stuffs life this, I know he won't just let it pass.

Jack glares at me, then to Francis. "Yes."

"But sir, it was all because of my *Sherryn*, over here. Darling, I want to talk to you in private." Jack looks at me straight to my eyes and I feel nervous. *Damn!* "Excuse us sir, but I really *need* to deal with some things with her! Sherryn, follow me." Francis grabs my arms as I am about to take my first step.

"She doesn't have to have word with you. I'll take her with me now." Francis pulls his wallet from his pocket, after giving Jack 500$, he gets out of the club with me and drive with his car.

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Chapter 4

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"Why did you do that?"

"Did what?" He says without even detaching his eyes on the road.

"Pull off the car." I say calmly. I am waiting for him to do it, but he didn't, instead, he continues driving and I have no idea where he's taking me. "What the *fuck* is your problem? I said pull off the car!" he looks at me; I guess he sees the irritability in my face so he stops and parks the car at the side of the road.

"I'm taking you to my place."

"O yeah? Did you hear me say *I like* the idea*?"*

"I don't need your approval, okay? So *please,* just shut your..." he stares at my lips then swallow up. I don't know what he's thinking, he just looks straight ahead to the road again and starts the engine again. "...just shut up. Don't worry, I won't harm you."

"I know." He looks at me for a second then smile.

"Good." He drives the car in full speed, and we reach our destination without talking. He takes me to this bungalow, yet big enough for a single person to live in.

"You live here?" I ask.

"Yeah. C'mon, I'll show you around." He holds my left hand and gives a mild grip. I smile secretly. His house is so neat and organized. I sit on the couch then he walks towards the kitchen.

"Are you hungry?" I hear him say, shouting from the next room. I decided to follow him, I hope he won't mind.

"You cook?"

"Uhumm. I live alone so I surely need to learn how. You?"

"Of course, want me to show you?"

"Sure." He's got pretty much everything I need in my recipe, within 20 minutes, I finished my own version of *adobo,* It has sweetness on it, which I really like compared to the traditional one.

"Hmmm. It's delicious." He looks amazed and I love the expression in his face.

"Geeze! Cut the crap, will you?"

"*No,* seriously, this is *so* good." He eats like he hasn't eaten for days. "So, aside from being a great cook and having an oozing sex appeal, what more do I have to know about you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I want to know you better She."

"My life isn't really interesting."

"Hmmm, okay. I'll start. I'm Francis Bradley, 30 years old, lawyer. Mmm, what else?" he paused a little bit and seems like he's really thinking. *So you really are serious about this, huh? "*Can't think any more right now."

"Why do you wanna know me? And in the first place, why did you take me in this place?" I lean closer to him. But instead of answering my question, he stands up and gets the dishes to clean. I wait patiently till he finishes it all. I didn't even bother to help him cause I know he just did that to have some time to think before he answers me. Well, he surely has something in mind; I just can't figure it out.

When he had finished all of it, he pulls a chair and sits in front of me. "Do you really want to work as prostitute all your life Sherryn?"

"No."

"Then quit."

"Why?" I lean my back onto the chair and fold my arms across my chest. He leans closer to me and put his arms on my thighs, seemingly imprisoning me by his presence.

"I want you Sherryn, and I'm a hundred percent sure you want me too." He starts kneading my thigh, he's turning me on so I stand up.

I remember how embarrassed I was the last time we spent time together, maybe he's just playing a trick on me or something. "So? Why would I care if you want me? And about me wanting you -" chuckle. "- it was all an act in my part. It's my job, remember? I flirt to earn *money."*

"Liar." He stands up and kisses me, but I do not respond.

"You finished? We're not in the club, so I don't have to-" he kiss my lips again, I didn't know that he is just waiting for my mouth to open up so he could penetrate his tongue inside my mouth easily. I try to escape, but he's locking me with his strong arms. When I stop struggling, his kiss becomes passionate and gentle. I get carried away by his charm, *again,* and kiss back. I miss him. I miss being with him. I miss everything about him. The kiss grows deeper and my knees are getting weaker. I cross my arms around his neck for support and he hugs my body tightly. How I wish we can stay this way for as much as we could, how I wish he'll no longer act and show me as if I'm nothing to him.

"Mmm, I knew you were lying Sherryn." The kiss has ended but his arms are still tightly circling my body. "You don't have to pretend like you don't want me, because it clearly shows."

Using my free right hand, I pinch his belly so I could get away from him. Finally he takes his arms away from my body, he looks quite hurt but he's still smiling, he's annoying me already by that naughty smile but it looks cute. I take two steps back and cross my arms around me. "I'm not pretending *okay*! And will you *please* stop smiling?!"

"If I stop, will you come to me?"

"*No."* A huge sigh comes out from his mouth.

"Ok Sherryn, I'll stop this nonsense game, but can we please sit down first, I have something important to tell you." I'm thinking twice whether to let him get into my nerves or not, but finally I sit down. I just want this thing to be over; first, I don't really know why he brought me in his house. Second, he's unbelievably very nice to me; he's acting like we've been friends for a long time. Third, everytime he's making out with me, it makes me feel like he's not doing that just to satisfy himself, it feels like he's doing that because he really likes kissing me, and that's not usual for someone who's so successful as him, being a lawyer. I'm not degrading myself; I just don't see the point of him, liking a whore like me.

"Okay, tell me your motive once and for all so I could leave this place as soon as possible."

"You're not leaving my house... *yet."* He pauses for awhile, trying to see my reaction but I stay quite so he continues. "The first time I saw you, I told you, I don't really picture you out as a slut. There's something different about you that makes me think that you're genuine. I need your help Sherryn."

I sigh. I'm touched because of what he said. But I'm worried that he's just taking me for granted. "And then?"

"My parents fixed a marriage for me." He stands up, and I could see he's really pissed off. "I don't like the idea Sherryn, I really don't! I'm 30 years old for Pete's sake, but my parents have been doing a lot of dramatic gestures lately which *surely* driving me nuts! I can't just ignore them, I'm their only son."

"So what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to act as my fiancÃ©e. Only for awhile, I just need to make them believe I'm soon getting married with someone I love so they won't force me to meet that... *shit!* I don't even know the name of the girl!"

Silence. It's not enough to say that I'm hurt to hear that he's just going to use me. But at the same time, I kinda like the idea, it means I'd get the chance to be with him, *for a while. So that's why he's been so nice to me.*

"Ok, I'm in." He excitedly grabs me in my shoulders and hugs me. I'm not a mellow dramatic person, but everytime I'm with him, my heart just sinks and my body softens like jelly. I feel so vulnerable, so unlikely me, cause I've been living my life with my tough personality.

"Great! Wow, I don't know what to say. Thank you Sherryn! C'mon, it's time you'll know more about this place." He grabs my hand and shows me around. There are two bedrooms in the house; he first shows me the masters bedroom which is obviously his room. The second one, according to him is going to be mine, for the mean time. I sit down in the bed, then he sits beside me.

"I know it makes you feel like I'm just using you. But I swear I want that idea to get out of your mind. I'll treat you kindly. I promise!" He smiles; I know he's telling the truth, he holds my hand then looks at me in the eye. "You'd probably wonder why I decided to give this room to you instead of having you in mine." He draws a naughty smile. "I ahh... I must admit, aside from the fact that I really am drawn to your sex appeal, I also like having sex with you. And I might not stop myself, every night, getting you near me if I don't do this. It's the least I can do to- "

I stop him from talking by lightly pushing my index finger against his lips. "I understand. You don't have to explain, I know the feeling cause, I too, like having you inside me. I mean it's not that I-"

This time, he's the one who stops me from talking, but doing differently, he directly kisses me on my lips, if this happened to be a game, surely, I wouldn't know who'll win...

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Chapter 5

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I wake up the next morning feeling a little pain in certain parts of my body. Something happened to us the night before, and I can still fully remember every bit of the moment. I look at my right side and here he is, sleeping like a baby. I lay sideways to face him and don't even dare to touch his face, even if I *really* want to. I don't want to rudely wake him up, I just want to stick to this moment when I can explore with my eyes, every inch of his face. 'Cause when that time comes that we have to end this relationship, I don't even know what it's called. I don't know if I'd get the chance to see his angelic face again.

A bit of a move of mine and I can feel he'll soon wake up. I close my eyes and pretend to be sleeping. Then seconds later, his firm arms hug my body then he tilts his head on my neck, moving even closer against my body. His breath is tickling my senses, and I sure am about to laugh but I try my hardest not to. I guess he feels I'm shaking so he unclasp our bodies quite apart then as he looks at me, I immediately cover my face with my palm then laugh so hard.

"Aha! So *you* were already awake huh?" there's a slight grin on his lips and his happy eyes flashing on me.

Still laughing a little bit, I say "of course not!"

"Ohh. Okay, well. Then I guess I have to wake you up." With that, he moves on top of me then starts tickling me. Damn, I'm like laughing myself to death and he's still not stopping. So I move and push him to the other side of the bed to take my revenge, then move on top of him, which I figure, isn't such a great idea. I'm totally naked and I forgot the only cloth that's wrapping my body is our blanket. It's too late to run and hide because he's already seen my body and he's already holding my fist, not too tight, just enough for me not to get away. His face is looking so serious and I know I turned him on because I can totally feel that hard thing down there.

I clear my throat because it's slowly getting dry due to this sudden burst of sensation. "Okay, *whatever* it is that's running inside that head, just... *just let it go okay?"*

With that grin on his face, he pulls me towards his chest, then whispers in my ear. "I don't think so."

Soft moans and bed cricking are the usual sounds that could be heard in that room for the next hours. I don't even know how long it took us to get outta there to finally not dare to touch each other, but finally, we made it.

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For the next days, I can say I love how these all thing work for us. I'm happy everyday, and I could see he's happy too. But I'm here on purpose so I can't fully enjoy the stay. His parents called a couple of times and I'm grateful how excited they are to hear my voice and looking forward to finally meet me. I'm just worried that they might be expecting me to be the woman who deserves their son, I know I don't, so I *realize* I have to be good at pretending to impress them, and make them believe that it's all real. I can act in a way riches do, I mean I grew up as one, and I still haven't forgotten how it feels like, but things have changed so there is no reason to even think about it. But I haven't thought I'd come to this point where I'll need to get back to what I used to be. At least forget about my current status for a while.

"Hey." I'm just watching *The Bachelor* when Francis comes. He usually arrives at this time, 8 in the evening, so I'm sort of already expecting him, but unlike the usual thing, he doesn't change his clothes in his room after

kissing me, instead he just sits beside me. "What's that show you're watching?"

"The Bachelor. How was your day." I shrug and face him.

"Good."

"Okay, anything else?" He also faces me then puts his right arm on the backrest of the couch, more like hanging it on top of my shoulders.

"Actually, yes. I ahh- " I lean closer to him then raise my eyebrows for more emphasis. It's thrilling me, and I don't like it. "I just wanna ask if you might wanna come?" His face seems to be pleasing me.

"Where?"

"Party."

"*Party?*" I repeat it with a disgusting expression, but not too much.

"Yeah. With friends in this bar. You'll love it. They called me before I left the office and I think it's a great idea for them to know you."

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why do they need to know me? I'm only here for your parents to save you from an unwanted marriage. So *no*. I'm not coming."

"But Sherryn, it'd be a good to have a great time, *with me?"*

"Look, I'm having a great time with you, *here.* I'm taking a break from loud places like *bars and clubs.* So...?"

"Yeah, I understand, I just thought you'd consider, I guess if you won't come, I might as well stay here with you." I hold his hand. I don't wanna disappoint him but I won't change my decision even if he shows me that puppy looking eyes.

"I'm sorry, but I don't like you to bore yourself here, your friends are waiting for you. So go."

"Nah." That's sweet and it really makes me smile.

"C'mon. Don't be ridiculous, I know you wanna go there. Besides, it's been awhile since the time I got here." He just nod then stands up.

"You sure you'll just stay here?" I nod.

"Yeah." Hearing that, he walks to his room then gets out with sexy looking attire. Wearing a black polo shirt perfectly fitting his muscular body and that pair of jeans hugging his beautiful thigh, I can't seem to take my eyes off him. For a second, I find myself wanting to come with him. But I stop myself and just concentrate with what I'm watching. He approaches me to give me a kiss.

"I'll get back as soon as possible. Are you gonna be fine here?" I put a smile on my lips then slightly nod signalling him to go.

After he leaves, I can feel the difference. It's fine that he's not here during daytime. But for 3 weeks now, I'm already used to having him, cuddling with me. It could be here in this couch or in his bed, but usually in my bed because he doesn't let a day ends without spending the time with me. Sigh. I stand up. I'm a little too drawn up with this setup a little too deep than expected. I guess I'll just go with the flow and see what happens next...

THANK YOU GUYS FOR READING! PLEASE DO LEAVE A COMMENT BEFORE YOU LEAVE :)

SMILE.LOVE.PRAY.AND BE BLESSED.

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