

Chapter 28: Rhys

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I'D TRIED TO RESIST. I REALLY HAD.

Perhaps I would've succeeded had Bridget been beautiful and nothing else. Beauty, on its own, meant nothing to me. My mother had been beautiful, until she wasn't—and I don't mean physically.

But that was the problem. Bridget wasn't beautiful and nothing else. She was everything. Warmth, strength, compassion, humor. I saw it in the way she laughed, in her empathy as she listened to people's problems and her composure as they railed to her about everything they thought was wrong with the country.

I'd known she was more than a pretty face long before this trip, but something inside me snapped last night. Maybe it was the way she'd looked at me, like she thought I was everything too when I was nothing, or maybe it was the knowledge she could be ripped away from me at any moment. She could get engaged next week and I would lose even the possibility of her forever.

Whatever it was, it erased every bit of remaining self-control I had. Costa Rica had been a crack, but this? This was full-on obliteration.

The grass rustled as Bridget and I made our way through the fields toward the gazebo. We'd snuck out after everyone had gone to sleep, and even though it was late, the moon shone bright enough we didn't need the lights from our phones to guide the way.

Was what we were doing—what we were about to do—a bad idea? Fuck yes. Ours was a story destined for a tragic ending, but when you were already on a train headed off the cliff, all you could do was hold on tight and make every second count.

We stayed silent until we reached the gazebo, where she walked to the middle and took it all in. Besides the chipped paint, it'd withstood the test of time surprisingly well.

"No one comes here?" she asked.

"Not a soul." I'd done my research. The town had a small population, but it sprawled across vast acres of farms. The inn was the nearest inhabited building, and everyone there was asleep. I'd made sure of that before I texted Bridget to meet me in the lobby.



"Good." Her response came out slightly breathless.

Southern Eldorra was far warmer than Athenberg, and we could get away with not wearing jackets even at night. I'd donned my usual uniform of T-shirt, combat pants, and boots, while Bridget wore a purple dress that swirled around her thighs.

I drank her in, not missing a single detail. The wisps of hair curling around her face, the nervous anticipation in her eyes, the way her chest rose and fell in time with my own uneven breaths.

Part of me wanted to march over, hike up her skirt, and fuck her right then and there. Another part of me wanted to savor the moment—the last wild, beating seconds before we destroyed whatever was left of our boundaries.

I was a rule follower by nature. It was how I'd survived most of my life. But for Bridget, I would break every rule in the book.

It only took six weeks of being apart from her and another six of fucking agony for me to accept the truth, but now that I had, there was no going back.

"So." Bridget tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, her hand trembling. "Now that we're here, what do you have planned, Mr. Larsen?"

I smiled, slow and wicked, and a small, visible shiver rippled through her body.

"I have lots of plans for you, princess, and every single one ends with my fingers, tongue, or cock inside your sweet little cunt."

I didn't waste time beating around the bush. This had been two years in the making, ever since I stepped onto her driveway and saw her staring back at me with those big, blue eyes.

Bridget von Ascheberg was mine and mine alone. It didn't matter that she wasn't mine to take. I was taking her anyway, and if I could tattoo myself onto her skin, bury myself into her heart, and etch myself onto her soul, I would.

Her eyes widened, but before she could respond, I closed the distance between us and grasped her chin with my hand.

"But first, I want to make one thing clear. From this point on, you're mine. No other man touches you. If they do..." My fingers dug into her skin. "I know seventy-nine ways to kill a man, and I can make seventy of them look like an accident. Understand?"

She nodded, her chest rising and falling more rapidly than usual.

"I mean it, princess."

"I understand." Definitely breathless.

"Good." I swiped my thumb over her bottom lip. "I want to hear you say it. Who do you belong to?"

"You," she whispered. I could smell her arousal already, sweet and heady, and I couldn't hold back any longer.

"That's right," I growled. "Me."

I grabbed the back of her neck, pulled her close, and crushed my lips to hers. She wrapped her arms around my neck, her body warm and pliant against mine as I plundered her mouth. She tasted like mint and strawberries, and I wanted more.

Needed more.

My heart was a loud drum in my chest, beating in time with the throbbing in my cock. All of my senses sharpened to near-painful clarity—the taste of her on my tongue, the feel of her skin beneath my hands, the smell of her perfume and the sounds of her little whimpers as she clung to me like we were drowning and I was her last lifeline.

I backed Bridget up against one of the wooden beams, shoved her dress up around her hips, and parted her thighs with my knee. I reached between her legs and hummed in approval when I found her slick and bare for me.

“No underwear. Good girl,” I purred. “Because if you’d disobeyed my order...” I nipped her bottom lip and thrust a finger into her tight, wet heat, smiling when I heard her gasp. “I’d have to punish you.”

Her hips bucked up when I pushed another finger inside her. I worked them in and out, slowly at first, then speeding up until I was knuckles deep inside her and the filthy sounds of my fingers fucking in and out of her mingled with her moans.

Bridget’s eyes were half-closed, her mouth half-open. Her head fell back against the beam, exposing the slender length of her throat, and her entire body trembled as she neared orgasm. I slowed my pace at the last minute, earning myself a frustrated groan.

“Please.” She clutched at my arms, her nails digging tiny crescents into my skin.

“Please what?” I thrust my fingers into her again, hard, until her body bowed and she let out a tiny yelp. “Please what?” I repeated.

Sweat beaded my skin, and my cock strained at my pants, so hard it could pound nails. I was fucking dying, desperate to get inside her, but I could also watch her like this all night. No fake smiles, no inhibitions, just pleasure and wild abandonment as her pussy convulsed around my fingers and coated them with her juices.

So fucking beautiful. So fucking mine.

“Fuck me,” she gasped. Her nails dug harder into my biceps until a tiny bead of blood welled on my skin. “Please fuck me.”

“Such a dirty mouth for a princess.” I worked my cock out of my pants and slid on a condom using my free hand before I yanked my fingers out, lifted her up, and hooked her legs around my waist.

“You know there’s no going back after this.”

“I know.” Bridget’s eyes were wide and trusting and glazed with lust.

My chest clenched. I didn’t deserve her, but fuck it, I was beyond caring.

No one ever said I was a good man, anyway.

I positioned the tip of my cock at her entrance and waited for a heartbeat before I slammed into her with one forceful thrust. She was so wet I slid in almost frictionlessly, but I could still feel her pussy stretching and struggling to accommodate my size.

Bridget cried out, her walls clamping around me like a vise, and I let out a string of curses.

Hot. Wet. Tight. So tight.

“You’re killing me,” I groaned. I dropped my forehead to hers and closed my eyes, picturing the unsexiest things I could think of—broccoli, dentures—until I mustered enough control to continue.

I slid my cock out until just the tip remained, then slammed forward again. And again. And again.

I set up a fast, deep, brutal rhythm, making her take every inch of me until my balls slapped against her skin and her moans became screams.

“Shh. You’ll wake people up, princess.” I pushed the neckline of her dress down. Her breasts bounced with each thrust, her nipples pebbled with arousal, and the sight

almost set me off.

I gritted my teeth. Not yet.

I lowered my head and licked and sucked on her nipples while I savagely fucked in and out of her tight, clenching pussy.

By that point, I was more animal than man, driven by nothing more than a primal need to bury myself into her as deep as I could and claim her so completely we would never get each other out from under our skin.

Thunder boomed in the distance, muffling the sounds of my groans and Bridget's squeals.

Dimly, I realized it was about to rain and we didn't have an umbrella or anything to cover us once we left the gazebo, but I'd worry about that later. Right now, the only thing that mattered was us.

"Rhys. Oh, God," Bridget sobbed. "I can't...I need—"

"What do you need?" I grazed my teeth over her nipple. "You need to come? Hmm?"

"Y-yes." It came out as a half plea, half moan.

She was wrecked. Her hair a mess, her face streaked with tears, her skin slick with sweat and hot with arousal.

I lifted my head and dragged my mouth up her neck until I reached her ear, where I whispered, "Come for me, princess."

I pinched her nipple and fucked into her with the hardest thrust yet, and she exploded, her mouth falling open in a soundless scream while her cunt strangled my cock.

Thunder boomed again, closer this time.

I held Bridget's limp, shaking body up against the beam until she caught her breath. Once she did, I set her on the floor, turned her around, and bent her over.

I hadn't come yet—the old trick of reciting baseball rosters still worked—and my body vibrated with barely controlled tension.

"Again?" she panted as I slid my cock along her slick folds.

"Sweetheart, I wouldn't be doing my job if you didn't come on my cock at least three times tonight."

The storm broke right as I pushed into her, and rain lashed sideways at us as I fucked her against the wooden beam. Lightning ripped through the sky, illuminating the pale curve of Bridget's shoulder as she clung to the railing for dear life. She'd turned her head sideways so her cheek pressed against the wood, and I could see her mouth fall open as she struggled to catch her breath between my thrusts.

I wrapped her hair around my fist and used it as leverage to make her take me deeper.

"This is for all the times you didn't listen." I squeezed her ass before delivering a sharp slap that made her yelp. "This is for Borgia."

Slap. "And this is for the gardens." Slap.

My pent-up frustration over the years bloomed across her skin in pink, and a dark chuckle rose in my throat when Bridget bucked harder against me with each slap.

"You like that?" I pulled her head back by her hair until she was looking up at me with tear-filled eyes. "You like getting your ass slapped while I pound that tight royal pussy with my hard cock?"

"Yes." The word broke into a moan, and her knees buckled.

I hissed out a breath. God, she was fucking perfect. In every way.

I wrapped one arm below her waist, holding her up, and bent over her until my chest pressed against her back. I covered most of her body with mine, shielding her from the splashes of rain as I buried myself so deep inside her I didn't think I would ever get out.

I didn't want to. This right here, this was all I wanted.

Bridget. Just Bridget.

"Oh, God, Rhys!"

The sound of my name on her lips as she shattered around me again finally did me in.

I came right after her with a loud groan, my orgasm ripping through me with the force of a hurricane. I swore I lost my hearing for a second there, but when I came back to my senses, everything seemed amplified. The smell of the rain and earth mingled with sex and sweat, the sound of the water pattering against the wood, the coolness of the droplets on my overheated skin.

Bridget trembled beneath me, and I lifted her up and placed her deeper into the gazebo, away from the rain.

"You okay, princess?" My breaths finally eased into something resembling normal as I slid the straps of her dress back onto her shoulders and smoothed her hair out of her face before giving her a soft kiss.

I wasn't a sweet, lovey type of guy in any area of my life, but perhaps I'd been too rough with her. If I had my way, we would've