

Chapter 1

"Hey," he said as he sat next to me at the bar.

I looked at him from the corner of my eyes. A very good looking man. "Hey," I said smoothly and grinned, shifting myself to face him better.

"Now, what's a doll like you doing, sitting by yourself?"

I chuckled and bit my lip. "Waiting for you, I suppose."

He gave me a lustful grin in response. I shivered slightly when his hand found a place on the small of my back.

"You're quite the sweet talker, eh?" He leaned closer.

"Like candy," I retorted.

He laughed. When he did so, it felt so genuine. Gave me chills.

"May I have your name?" he asked, with a smile. Oh, how bad I just wanted to squash my lips against his.

"Caleb, but most call me Cal. Yours?"

"Lovely name, Caleb. I'm Victor."

I loved the way my name just rolled off his delicious lips. I would never get tired of hearing his deep voice call my name.

"Pleasure to meet you, Victor," I said with a smile.

"Doll, the pleasure is all mine," he took my hand in his and pressed a kiss to it.

"Now," he continued, "that the pleasantries are out of the way, would you enjoy going somewhere more... secluded?"

I thought he'd never ask.

Chapter 2

Your pretty face is all you have going for you, my father always said to me. He was a rude man, my father. My mother's usual words were, "Listen here, Caleb, people will use you. You can't let them, if you do, you're forever under duress." At the time, at age twelve, I didn't understand.

I remember when I was younger, about fifteen, maybe. My father slapped me, for what reason I couldn't remember. You're too much like your mother, he'd say. I guess I was. But that never bothered me. My mother was my world.

"What are you thinking about," Victor asked, running his fingers through my hair. We just had sex. He was good. No, amazing.

"How good you are at sex," I joked. He laughed, and I loved it. It felt so real.

We had this friend with benefits type relationship for the past six months. I didn't mind, not at all. He made me feel good, physically and emotionally. He was one of the few men who stayed after. Pillow talk, some called it.

"You think a lot, I like that," he said. It was an odd thing to like, I thought.

"You're weird." He rubbed my back, letting out a chuckle. His chest vibrated against my head.

There were a few minutes of comfortable silence.

"I never liked the quiet," he said. "When I was younger it just made me overthink. I don't like to think."

Why would he tell me something so personal? To just his sex partner? I didn't reply, hoping he didn't take it as an insult. I was never really good at expressing my feelings.

"You seem to like it, though," he continued, "I like that."

"You like a lot of things about me," I drew circles on his chest. He was muscular.

"What is there not to like?" he questioned.

Only everything, I thought. I decided not to say it out loud. I grunted in response.

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The water ran soothingly down my skin, cleaning the crevasses of my body. Hands from behind me rested on my stomach. Victor was reluctant to leave and instead told me something like, "Let me help you clean up."

How nice, eh?

Victor rubbed his fingers into my hair, lathering soap in. "You use cheap shampoo and conditioner. How is your hair still in such pristine condition?"

I shrugged, turning to face him. "Good question. Genetics, maybe?"

He looked into my eyes, then focused on my hair once again. "Mm. Your mother must be a beautiful woman, then. Because her son is breathtaking."

That made me laugh. He was always ready to compliment. It was a sweet gesture.

He rinsed out my hair lovingly. I kissed his lips, wrapping my arms around his broad shoulders.

We were at it again.

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A seemingly endless supply of comedic television took over. There was nothing to watch on this late Sunday night. Or, early morning, if you want to get specific. It was 3 am.

I clicked on something random, settling into the coziness of my comforter.

On the telly, a woman came barging into the bedroom to see her, assumed, lover in the bed with another woman.

"What? Who is she?" The woman shouted. She stopped to the bed, as the man stood up, wrapping the sheet around himself leaving the other woman lying naked.

"It's not what it looks like! I swear!" His face looked exasperated. Liar, I thought, you just fucked her.

Disgusting.