

Part Fourteen

Serena's POV

It's been about a week and a half since I told Roman that we need to slow down. I regret it.

He's been respecting my wishes, meaning that he only sleeps over like once or twice a week now and we only go out to eat.

Don't get me wrong, I love spending time with Roman. I just miss spending more time with daddy

Also, he's been really tired lately. He hasn't said anything to me, but I notice that when he sleeps, he sleeps

Usually, he would wake up first. But I've been waking up before him.

I bet it's his job. I feel bad, because I don't want to him to come over my house or take me out when he's tired.

Today, I don't have to work at my mom's salon. Omg what if I surprise him at his job! This way, he won't have to go out of his way to see me and I can just meet him at his job or at his house.

It's 1 p.m. so, I can make him something for lunch, too.

I'm the only one home today, Farrah's with my mom at her salon.

I decide to make him some birria tacos. A er I finished, I refreshed my curls and threw on a pretty knit set.



When I walk into the huge building, I was overwhelmed. It so big.

But, I easily spot the receptionist's desk and made my way over there.

The receptionist is a woman and she's so pretty. She has dark brown hair and green eyes, her lips coated in a dark red lipstick.

When I approach she greets me and asks, "What can I do for you?"

"Hi, I'm here to see Roman Mikhailov."

"Do you have an appointment?"

Shoot, I didn't think about that.

I tried to hide my frown, "Um, no. I don't. Is there anyway you can tell him Serena's here?" I ask her.

"Yeah sure. Just give me one moment."

She picks up a phone and she murmurs something into it.

"Okay, he says to go right up to his office." She smiles, she so nice. Then she gives me directions.

"Alright, thank you so much."

I almost run to his office with our food, in excitement. I didn't get a chance to see him yesterday but we did talk briefly last night.

His office building is nice and big. It's nicely decorated with employees over it.

I get in front of his office door and I get a little nervous and shy. What if he thinks I'm clingy? I mean I am a little bit, but what if it's too much?

I finally get a little courage to knock on his door and says, "Come in."

As soon as I walk through the doorway, I bump into his large body. He was right in front of the door?

I look up at him to see him holding in laughter. I frown at this, is he laughing at me?

He bursts out laughing, lazily wrapping his arms around my waist. "I was wondering when you were going to knock on the door, baby. I heard you whispering to yourself." He says in between chuckles.

I get embarrassed and I lightly seat him on the chest and say, "I brought you lunch."

He smiled and then leans down to kiss all over my face.

"Okay, okay, okay, E-enough." I laugh.

When he's done with his torture, he grand my hand and leads me to his desk. This gives me a chance to see his office. I like how the building is covered in glass but his office has actual walls, and it feels homey.



I put the food on his desk and I did on his lap. "I think you'll like what I made." I say. I lightly bounce in excitement.

He grabs my hips to stop me from moving anymore. I ignore it.

"Are you ready?" I tease, looking up at him with a big smile. Then I decide to kiss him real quick because he looks so handsome.

A er I finish setting it up Roman says, "That smells really good, baby. Thank you so much, you didn't have to do that for me." His eyes full of tenderness and love.

I wrap my arms around his neck and tell him, "I wanted to, and I really miss you. You've been so busy and tired lately, that I wanted to make sure you're taking care of yourself."

"I love you." Roman says.

I gasp, surprised at his confession. My eyes tear up. I've been wanting to tell him forever, but I've been scared to because I thought that he would think I was crazy. We haven't been together for that long. But I'm so happy. I love him so much.

"I love you." I responded.

He kisses me, hard and passionate. I give him the same energy.

The kiss quickly turns heated and sloppy. But I love it, his mouth feels so good on mine.

I moan into his mouth. He puts his hands onto my bum and squeezes, making me moan louder.

Roman's... daddy's large hands go up my skirt. Now he's grabbing onto my underwear covered bottom.

My hands go into his hair as we intensely kiss each other. I slowly grind into his growing parts underneath mine. We moan together at the action.

He moves from my lips, still kissing me, and makes his way to my neck. It feels so good, daddy's lips all over me.

Then he stops. He stops and lifts his head to make eye contact with me.

"Daddy," I whine. "Why'd you stop?"

One of his large hands wraps around my throat. This makes me stop whining instantly. Is it bad that I love when he does that?

"Is it okay if I touch your pretty little parts, printessa?" He asks.

I immediately get flustered and shy but I nod anyway.

"I need words, little girl." He squeezes the sides of my neck a little more.

"Yes, daddy." I reply.

I've never been touched down there before. But wherever daddy touches, it feels good.

He slowly and sensually moves his free hand down my body to where my parts are.

He teases me by tracing the outline of my lace panties. I bite my lip in anticipation.

I'm hairless down there, that's how I like it. Just being hairless make me feel so much cleaner and lighter, personally.

When his fingertips finally touch my clit, I gasp and moan, lightly. Then I hide my face into his neck, trying to keep quiet.

But daddy takes me head out of his necks and tsks, "No. Let me see that pretty face, little girl." He moves his fingers down to feel my folds.

"So wet." He smirks.

I'm panting and moaning in daddy's lap as I come down from my third orgasm. Yes, the third one, all from his glorious fingers.

I try to catch my breath as daddy licks his fingers. I don't even have enough energy to scold him or feel embarrassed.

He then reaches into one of the drawers in his desk and cleans up my thighs and private area.

Then I turn around to see the food sitting there. "Oh no, it's probably cold now." I exclaim. It had to have been at least 15 minutes.

"It's okay, printessa. We can always heat it up."

He says.

"But it won't taste the same." I frown. "This is all your fault, daddy." I lightly swat his chest.

He wraps his arms around my torso, pulling me closer to his large body. "Don't act like you didn't enjoy it." He says. I still frown, but this time I'm blushing.

He heated up the food and now I'm dipping the taco into the sauce and I feed it to him. My smile wider than the cheshire cat's. "So, do you like it?" I ask.

His face scrunches up and he gags when he swallows. He doesn't like it. My smile starts to go away.

"Sorry, baby, but that doesn't taste very good. It tastes horrible actually."

My eyes start to water, so I put my head down so he won't see. Then I say, "I'm sorry, I thought you would like it."

Then, I feel his body shaking and I look up. I see him laughing.

"I'm just kidding. It tastes really good, baby." He chuckles.

I swat one of the arms around me and say, "That's not nice."

"I know I'm sorry, princess." He kisses me forehead and says, "Can I have another bite?"

Hey y'all! I hope y'all enjoyed this chapter! Let me know what you guys think about this one!

Also this book is growing so fast! Y'all are crazy. This book is almost at 9,000 reads!

Remember to drink water and treat your body and take care of yourselves please!

Continue reading next part