

AMELIA'S FORBIDDEN ROMANCE

Chapter 1: "Packing The Emotional Baggage"

"since when Tyler?", "who else you been with", "how long have you all been fucking?" "don't lie to me, you owe me that much"; I asked, lamentingly. This was all too unreal, I couldn't believe it, fucking Megan Graham, hottest blondie in all of Business Analytics, I really stand no chance in comparison, besides how many other *bimbos* has he been banging, to think she left a voicemail saying how much she enjoys his cock, that's- that's just vile! Tyler and me have been together more than a year now, I know him, rather, I thought I did- he doesn't like wild and bitchy, he liked dorky, not-so-pretty; me, at least that's what he said, how stupid, should've known it was just a theatrical act.

"I dunno why you're losing your temper, I said I was sorry, it was just a misconduct in one fleeting moment"; a defensive Tyler professed.

"you don't know why I'm losing my temper? Maybe, just maybe it's because you were fucking Megan while you lied to me! I was the love of your life, remember?"; I yelled in-between tears, "you know what, I don't ever want to see your stupid face ever again, just fuck off and die, Tyler!"; I continued, now really crying, I am stupid, that's impossible, I'm still gonna meet this fucker in class tomorrow, hell, for the next three years. Why the fuck does this always happen? Meet a guy, he's absolutely perfect and things are even *perfecter*, then he fucks you over unequivocally. I've been thinking about Jeff all too often as things with Tyler took a sour turn, well Jeff and Cory and Jiven, you know, for a nineteen year old, I've been in more than a few relationship, but one thing was always a certainty; it ends, it never lives *til* forever, they leave, I push them away. Jeff was dissimilar though to his counterparts, there was something about him, something special, maybe it's all just nonsensical and everyone feels so of their first loves. The long story version is sad, here's an excerpt less saddening, he was the sweetest guy I've ever known, genuinely sweet, he wanted love, the true kind, he thought he had found it with me, but at the time I was young and dumb, still am, I got scared, I withdrew, pushed him away, I reckon I'm still paying for that mistake, I lost a good one, a true one. That's it, that's just it, it's me, I'm the problem, I always manage to screw my relationships up, every single time. I theorize; 'you only love and/or get truly loved once in a lifetime', I've had mine with Jeff, futility chasing that high again; with that I withdraw from the dating scene, can't get hurt any worse, can't destroy any more good things, I'm resolving to do this.

I'm a total mess, lovelorn, weighed the fuck down with tons and tons of never-ending school work, I'm beyond relieved the summer break gets ever so close, I need a break- scratch that, I'd need two. Mother had cryptically hinted I come spend the summer break with her, well her and her husband- yup, that's my mother always cryptic and calculated. I hadn't even seen his face, not until now as I peruse mother's social like I were a stranger stalking, Batista Stefano, he's Hispanic; my step-father, a jawline you could chip wood off a log with, the air of utter mystique about him, eyes so dreamy- what, what the fuck am I doing? I can't be swooning over him, he's my mother's husband, shit! I need to focus. A Google search later, I find he's very well in the American upper class, wouldn't expect anything less from mom. I'd hold something against him, only that I had been raised all my life by mom, my real father fucked off whence he got mother pregnant, real asshole, huh? Really can't blame him, he prolly dodged a bullet, bolting,

cause mother is, well, mother. I've got to get myself to go, it's only polite I be there, show some sort of support I guess, it's been a whole year since their wedding, This is so not gonna end well... I'd better saddle up cause the ride's a bumpy one. The Ice-witch (mother) awaits.

Chapter 2: "Fire, Ice and Stefano"

"Hey, so this is the Amelia I've been hearing about? right here in the flesh, an absolute pleasure to meet you"; an enthusiastic Stefano said, enveloping my right palm with both of his.

"how have your Academics been treating you?"; he added, peering into my eyes, with fervent sincerity, only a moment spent with him and I could tell eye contact was his thing. Before I could form a thought, a voice cuts in abruptly from a distance; "she's doing Business Analytics, of course it's been good, doesn't want to join her mother in Law, probably best, she can't handle the workload, can she?"

"ahh, good to see you too mother, you could at least have let me come in first"; I responded immediately with a feigned smile. The distasteful banter with the Ice-witch; my personal favorite. Mother is a Viper; slithery, vile, and murderous-terribly impossible, She's the personification of strong (a tad too strong even), independent, powerful and well, radioactive. It's been made more than crystal that she thinks I'm weak, unimportant, irrelevant in the powerful, intellectual scene, of which she's very well a part of.

"I hear also you two are the best of friends, hmm, it's just cute watching you all act like you don't secretly love each other"; Stefano stated jokingly, amidst a wide, honest smile. Oh Stefano, I know my Ice-witch mother, she doesn't love anyone or anything but herself and her *magnitudinous* success. To say I loathe mother, is to say the Pacific is but knee-deep; a gross understatement.

Enough about mother, ahh the house, it is a modern day villa, screaming rich and entitled- an actual condo by a lake; glass panes for walls so the bland blue of the water could be seen from the living room and mostly everywhere else. Grey and *unpristine* decoratives about, I guess it's the rich and powerful's M.O, it just screams sociopathy. Just as I am about to settle into my room, top floor of the glass villa, amazing view, only, I do not care much about views and nature- mother enters, scanning the room as though it wasn't part of the house prior to my arrival; a tactic she's fashioned a long time now; avoiding contact with my eyes like I were Medusa. "you look well, I'm happy you are here, really"; Mother said in one breath, rushing the words like she was embarrassed saying them and was gonna punch the walls immediately after this conversation. "I know you don't mean that, you do not have to be polite, you never are"; I responded indifferently, unpacking my bags. "listen, you're my daughter, I just want the best for you, always have, you just can't see that, you don't even want to, you hate me too much to"; she continued, feeling the bed sheet texture like any of that mattered, like it wasn't her mechanism. "Playing the victim, are we?, Hmm, you hate me too much to let me have my life, have something other than yours, if it isn't up to your standards it's crass, absurd, I'm a disappointment, remember? Not good enough, not 'you' enough, I don't even know why you'd want me here, don't bother, don't answer that, I'm gonna change now, do you mind?" I blurted, a tad emotional, neutralizing some of the emotional tension with an excuse to buy some alone time; a mechanism of mine own, could we be alike?

"dinner will be ready in half an hour, see you down stairs"; she announced as she made for the door. She wasn't far but I remarked in a loud tone, a bit sarcastic; "didn't know you could cook"

I would be fraught about eating dinner, only that mother wouldn't bother envenoming my steak and Caesar salad, I'm too Inconsequential to her, I'm unread in her figurative radar.

“so as a Business Analyst, what would you say is the ‘how’ to a successful business?”; an ever so enthusiastic Stefano asked whilst chewing softly on a remarkably minute piece of celery.

“uhmm, there are a thousand and one ‘how’s, I think, it’s more of a ‘why’, why do you want to have a business, is it to do well, or to really succeed, and why, why do you want to succeed?, if you answer yourself that truthfully, the numbers and logistics more or less just falls in place”; I responded after a brief pause, speaking rather meticulously, staring into nothingness as I did, god, I love Business Analysis. Stefano seemed ridiculously impressed, staring with awe into my eyes, lips spread wide, enunciating his bushy moustache, smiling- fuck, he’s so hot, just staring at me like that, I swear I’m definitely not creaming my panties. Mother cleared her throat, terribly predictable, I knew she was about to interrupt our moment, throw a shade at me, belittle me, you go mother, get at it already; “In the real world, which, Lia knows decidedly little about, it boils down to determination, strength, how much do you want to succeed, what prices will you pay and at what cost? a living witness of that? Me” she interrupted, talking and stopping for sporadic sips off the glass of white wine in front of her, poised, for effect.

“of course mum, that’s you, formidable as ever”; I sighed almost immediately.

“What? is there something wrong love?”; mother asked feigning ignorance, fucking fucker, trying to make me look stupid, very well played. Stefano watched with concern not knowing whether or not to intervene. I had totally lost any little appetite I had, at this point I’m just warming the cutlery in my hands and letting my steak go cold.

“ah, been meaning to ask, how have you been faring on your bookstore salary? College can be expensive, even with a scholarship”; she bit again, seeming to be enjoying her meal while she mauls my appetite.

“I really don’t want to do this, Mother, not now, not here”; I confessed, drawing my seat backwards, about to leave.

“Tell me, Lia, do you think I’m such a terrible person?”; mother bit yet *a-fucking-gain*,

“I fucking hate that name, you know it, it’s your sick mind game and, I don’t know, are you a terrible person? So strong and resilient, we never once had dinner together, why now? why the fuck are you playing motherly, wife material!? Poor guy doesn’t even know what kinda shit he’s got himself into”; I spat wrathfully, what the actual fuck, did I just play into her hands? This was the end-game all along, get me to humiliate myself, lose my shit, she held a mirror for me, and my facade was repugnant, I’m a train-wreck, a massive emotional imbalance, fuck.

This bed is so fucking cozy, like it’s absolving my soul, it’s such a great feeling, the luxury of the rich, I’d also need a pain absolver, it’s all just philosophical really, why wouldn’t my life be a mess- I’ve got both mommy and daddy issues. Pinch me If I sound too delirious but Stefano is by the door, walking towards me. “Hello again Amelia, well, dinner went well”; he said, gesturing if he could sit by me on the bed. I’m sitting up, discombobulated.

“I’m sorry about earlier, you didn’t have to hear that, as you already know, my mother and I are not great, really, I don’t think we’ve ever been”; I apologized, is this man really smiling, does he ever stop?

“hmm, I understand that, emotions un-bottling, earthen jars taking more than they can hold, I see your pain, really, you’re juggling a lot of shit and it just gets messier, I understand how you feel, I truly do”; he

asserted with intense warmth and feeling, no doubt that he's thrice as hot when he's got his serious face, but he's got it all wrong, he's lying to me, it's a generic and boring one, he's my mother's husband, he's her's, he should go to her with his fakeness and shit, they are a perfect match, fuck him, I don't care for this shit.

"shut up, just stop with the rubbish, how could you possibly know how I feel?, it's a generic lie that won't work on me, please leave me alone"; I said, losing control over my tear duct, letting a few drops fall freely.

Then he says; "you're right, how could I, how could I possibly know what it feels like to second-guess yourself every minute of every day, cause a parent whom you expect all the love and recognition from turns their back on you, doesn't even see you, disregards your existence. You're in a play, in a match, receiving a prize and you look into the crowd, scanning the audience and you never see them, then you remember you don't matter to them, you're just a godforsaken disappointment, the mistake they would change in an heartbeat, later you're alone with your thoughts, thinking, if I weren't me, and I were somebody else, maybe then they would love me or at least, acknowledge my plight, what if, what if I put in a little more work, I do everything in accordance to their standards, and you do that, you do everything right, but it's an inside joke and you don't get it, but he does, your subconscious, and he laughs at you and laughs a little..."

"stop, stop, I get it, that's- that's, that's exactly it, how do you...? what happened to you?"; I interrupted, with a shaky voice, by now my face was soaked with tears, he wasn't lying, he understands me.

"my father, my father was hostile, he'd beat me, verbally abuse me, to him it was training, a spar for the real world, I see now there were bits of truth in that, still, it was no way raise a child, it was unacceptable, no way to treat an offspring, he had me at terrible points, I had thought about killing myself, killing him, killing myself and him, but in his final days, laying helpless on a pee-soaked bedsheet, when the tobacco soot had finally clogged up his lungs, I felt nothing, looking at him, nothing at all, he felt so small, so beneath me, so small I couldn't bother feeling anything for him, even with his worsening conditions, his last words to me were; 'Stefano, you will never amount to anything', well, he couldn't say it in one go, the coughing and wheezing made it a lot less interesting, there and then, I thought; 'see it through, be there when it all ends, hold tight, they'll come around, and if they don't, ever, it's on them, in a way, they are the victims, victims of their small mindedness and myopia, not everyone can/should bear to witness your greatness, not even family, cause, fuck family"; Stefano told narratively, while I listened, wet eyes, muggy eyelashes, he was so philosophical, so smart, so fucking touchy feely, in this moment the only thing I want to do, is lean in and kiss this perfect man.

"in your emotional speech at dinner, you mentioned me, thank you, thank you for caring, it was sweet"; he added. Wait, is this a father-daughter thing, god, I hope not, I mean I do, he's married, what the fuck am I thinking? Of course this is a father-daughter relationship, only, he's my step-father. He touches my face, swabs his thumb across my tear path, wiping it away, slowly, fuck it, I'm too wet to think, and I don't mean my eyes; I pull him closer and kiss him fervidly, I pull away almost immediately to look directly into his eyes as though reading his mind, is this right? Absolutely not, but does it feel right? Hell-fucking-yeah it does. He pulls me in this time, we breathed into each other's nostrils, we shared sloppy spit, it was as though we were chewing our lips, I'd never kissed like that, never, I'm rubbing his muscular toned shoulders and back, he's found my stiff nipples through my blouse and making them

even stiffer as he caress and pinches, so expertly he needed only one hand, the other was tracing its way through my pant and into my panties. Fuck, this man, I fucking love this man- no, no, no scratch that, that was just circumstantial, I swear. He's fucking me with two fingers and kissing me so tightly, I'm moaning I'm into his mouth,

Jesus-fucking-Christ could this be anymore perfect? At this point I'm just trying not to cum in his hands, trying and still so close to failing. "yes, yes, I love it, you're the best"; I detached my mouth from his, to moan, eyes tightly closed. I came so hard and long, soaking my pants and the sheets. "I love you, I love you, I love you"; I murmured as I open my eyes slowly, lips pouted, gasping for air. "Christ on a fucking bike, was this just a wet dream!?"; I'm asking myself, perplexed. Did I just have a nocturnal emission with my step-father, finger-fucking me in it? He had left the room long, after the speech and realization that we both share the same cares, my mind added a little more narration, fuck, am I falling for Stefano?

Chapter 3: "What Could Go Right?"

I'm still here, against all odds, Stefano's speech had convinced me, I ought to see it through, for closure, for reasonable doubt, I'm sorry mother, you're stuck with me. The way he looks at me, the way he smiles, the squinting of his diamond eyes- does he know I came to a hallucination of him, cause every word from his mouth, every look on his face was pure seduction, bewitching, like something from a porno, and I am loving every bit of it. I'm telling myself every time he touches my shoulder and smiles at me; 'it's a father-daughter thing, he is your step-father, it be not sexual'- do I believe it? decidedly not! Not like I've ever once felt a fuzziness like this before, but anytime I do feel a fuzziness about a man, they always have another side, one I choose not to see, one that always comes back to bite me in the ass, Stefano can't be any different, it's just simple maths, I've got to be smart, look into him, make sure he's perfect, even though he stands to me: The *Perfectest Man*. It was all just perspective, the principle, stating; 'you see what it is you want and find what it is you seek'. I began to notice a pattern, naturally, cause exactly that I sought, he was one to never have phone calls publicly, calls which he had all too frequently, at all times of the day, he claims they be work-related; a woe of running a company at the top ten of the fortune-500, neat, but I suspect, something more, possibly sinister. He is an Italian immigrant in a foreign country, how did he come into such wealth, such *noblilty*- hard-work, resilience, resourcefulness, destiny; sure, that checks out- but then again, it could in actuality be my terrible experience with men, messing with my mind, emotional fail-safes and whatnot, here I am, pushing him away before I even have him, do I even want to have him? Who am I kidding?, of course I do, but he's my step-father, my mother's husband, but fuck her, she's been a bitch, I could have him, could I? Does he even want me?, fuck, stop me if I've said this before, but- I'm an emotional mess!

I walk into mother pulling two wheeled backpacks and still managing a sling bag and an handbag, before I could ask what was happening, she said; "I'll be gone for, *uhmm*, I don't know, as long as I need to be, It's your aunt Mariel, she's in terrible condition, barely survived a car crash some time last week, to think I bought her that Hyundai, she still owes me a third from the installments, talk about bad investments and illiquid assets, I knew you'd want to come, but a ticket costs \$650, fucking Aer Lingus, I'm spending \$1050 for first class, you'd have to sell a kidney, right? I mean, on a book store attendant's salary, that's got to hurt. And I'm such scum of the earth, aren't I? You wouldn't take my money even if it'd save your life. Lia, my honest and noble daughter"; with a sarcastic sigh, leaving me struggling to process my thoughts, how fucking dare her, of course I'm poor, but that's not even the point- and, Hyundai? This woman has to be worth at least fifty million American and she buys her sister, her only sister, an Hyundai? And requests *installmental* payments? She is cold, well, at least she's going to see her, that should count for something. I'm sorry if I'm not more concerned about the Aunt Mariel part, I don't really know her, from what little I know, she's a good one, most definitely an antithesis of her Ice-princess sister; mother, so, it is sad, I am concerned, reasonably, but at least she didn't die, right?. Mother adds, turning the door knob with Stefano striding, as though chasing her, for a kiss, a romantic confer and proly a hand to lift her undoubtedly over packed luggage; "evening flight to Colombia, should be good, and...don't die yet, daughter". She was right about one thing though, even if it meant me dying, I still wouldn't take her money, she started it though, not paying a bill, not buying me a single thing, since, since I was old enough to remember. Some fucked up training for the real world, hard-work and shit, I call bullshit, an excuse to boycott your own fucking child, show them how truly disparaged,

hated they were. I was 17 preparing for college (which I worked alone; my scholarship) and there she is offering me her money, 'you'll need it'; she says. I didn't "need" it, a 7 year old, but I do, a 17 year old? Cool story. Wouldn't accept shit from her, then I'd truly let her in my life, let her further antagonize me, I'd lose whatsoever littlest dignity I still have left. I really hope she has a great flight, I truly hope the plane doesn't crash, hope both engines of the plane don't go out to a storm and lightning, plunging mother as she screams frantically and shits herself, into the watery deep of the Atlantic, and she doesn't necessarily die on impact but manages about the wreckage and just as she swims to surface with the enthusiasm of survival, a great white rips her in two in a swift swoop and she doesn't even know when it all ends, but it's ended, she's just torso and *half-shark-chewed-appendage* wafting about the *bluey* depths; *meals-on-wheels* for crabs and lobsters and *octupi*, really any godforsaken thing down there- I'm okay, I promise, I'm okay.

Wait does this mean, does this mean I'm home alone with Stefano? Man of dreams, quite literally, my step-father? What could go right?

Chapter 4: "...And Then They Fucked"

"no, no, keep the glasses on, I love them, really fucking hot"; Stefano told me stuttering, pulling my arm as I had tried to take my glasses off.

"do you bang all your step-daughters this fucking good?"; I asked disconcerted, utterly stunned with pleasure, fingers halfway into his bare butt-crack, grabbing one of his sweaty muscular buttocks.

"no, just the smart, smoking hot ones"; he struggled to reply in-between sweaty, deep, long thrusts.

"me, I'm smoking hot, you really think so?"; I asked, taken aback, loving the thought of it.

"just shut up already"; he added, kissing me- no, no, this is not a kiss, he's literally tongue fucking my throat, in a bid to shut me up, I fucking oblige, Daddy. "don't you dare fucking stop, fuck me!"; I'm crying, fuck me six ways from Sunday, literally, this is the best feeling in the world.

I'm folded like an office flat file, knees kissing my shoulders, I look into his dilating pupils, those ocean eyes, he's real, this is real- I look a little lower, I see his *girthy* 8incher wrecking my shit, glistening with all my juices, reddened with all that traction, all the involuntary squeezing of my vagina walls, it slides, three short strokes and two longer ones, sequentially. I've come on his cock thrice- scratch that, I just did again, *quarce*. I thought I had had sex; how naive. This man really knew how to wield me, destroy me, drive me pleasure-drunk; and boy, was I a susceptible passenger? I'm asking myself 'will he ever stop', and 'will he never stop'? You don't know how it feels to think of so much and so little at the time, to be sore and still hungry for more, just a little more, on the brink of death, hyperbolically, but paradoxically alive. He flings me over with so much eagerness, lust, it begs the question if he too had a wet dream of me, if he's thought about fucking me, at least once- possibly, it isn't too farfetched, he called me smart and smoking hot -the thought of that still makes me hornier. Fuck me sideways- like he heard my inner bitch, he's kneeling before me, my left leg on his right shoulder while my other leg laid between his spread thighs, just underneath his balls, he pounded erratically, scratching an figurative itch on my sexual person, in this position he could very well hit all corners of my drenched cunt, all at once; I'm questioning reality and space and time, cause I feel feelings I've never felt before, unexplainable with words, I need to show you, you need to feel it for yourself. How did I get here, how did I get to cry my step-father's name in a moan, while he went to work on my pudenda, how's my sweaty body being fucked bloody by this beautiful, sexually beast, on my mother's, (forgive my aptness) matrimonial bed.

True, I threw myself on him but it was as though unsuspecting chum into carnivorous waters, forcing candy on a child, I can see it, it is beyond crystal, he yearns to fuck me, he's yearned, I could tell he's giving me the best, his best, and I am obliged, beyond chuffed.

Rewind exactly, uhmm, 42minutes earlier;

"uhmm, I need some help, my necklaces are tangled"; I said, walking past Stefano, practically inviting myself in, I was pushing my luck, inappropriate to knock on your step-father's bedroom door when it's just you both home alone, most especially with a flimsy pretext as such- unsure of the resulting outcome, I clutched my pearls (quite literally), hoping he'd bite- he seemed prepped for a shower,

shrouded with a thick cotton robe whose belt he was repeatedly tightening, is he bare under that robe? I wonder, guess I'm not the only one clutching on to something.

"they don't particularly look tangled"; he asserted, responsively. Of course they don't, that's whole fucking point, dummy.

"at least, look closer, will you?"; I cajoled, "you know you can touch me, right"; I added, an incentive, as he just stood behind me, motionless- his every breath was a heave. He traces a finger along the necklace, slowly, meticulously, I could feel his warm breath on my bare neck, he spreads out a palm and gently grasps my neck from behind (the warmth of his hand, that thermal sensation, I swear, I came a little on myself), "your speech the other day was poetic, soul-full, it touched me in more ways than one, because of it I'm going to stay a while, Thank you"; I remarked, somberly, he whispered; "it was the truth, I'm happy it helped", "uhmm, all done"; he adds, "thanks"; I responded, timidly, turning to a gaze-lock with his eyes, "you're in my way"; I managed to say, overwhelmed by his scent, his presence, the whole fucking moment. "I know"; he replied, looking intensely into my eyes, this shit was breaking my soul. I'm standing vulnerable to his magic, he leans in and sensually bites my lower lip, softly pulling it outwards, call me Sherlock fucking Holmes, all I need now is the hat, cause my deduction was spot on, judging from the ridiculous bulge on his crotch, he was indeed naked underneath that robe, soon enough, we were kissing like there's no tomorrow, he's violating his step-daughter's tongue, throat; mouth, with his. I'm losing a lot of *timidness*, I'm more aware, self-conscious, I want this, I need this. I'm jerking his bare cock off with both hands from the parting of the robe, if I had continued any longer he'd have spurted in my hands, my legs and the floors, so he pushes my away, rips my dress off (it was a Walmart \$20 floral gown, I had worn better), now it's just my round, sweaty, D-cup tits and what's left of my dress hanging along my abdomen. He's flung me onto the bed, my back against the bed headboard, legs arched as though I were squatting, I wasn't wearing any panties (predictably), he's discarded of the robe he was wearing, he's standing before me a whole, masculine, muscular, sex beast, and his cock? I swear the mother-fucker had abs; his shoulders, his breasts, his abdominal muscles, hips-detailed, sexually provocative, like a Michelangelo sculpture.

Fast forward some more;

"that was the best feeling I've felt ever"; I confessed gasping, *unmounting* from his cock as we bough ejaculated. "I know, I felt it too"; he said, admittedly. We are now laying on our sides, face to face, cheek to cheek, happy; sexually satisfied. There's this smile on his face, this serenity about us, this fuzziness building inside me; what sort of *mesmerization* was this, Am I in love with Stefano?

"this never happens again, right?"; I asked, a trick question, while I hope to god I got a contradictory answer.

"why not?, this was, this was perfect, I never want to not feel like this, if, but only if you want that too"; Stefano blurted without a second of thought, this man, he just knows the exact words that melt my heart.

"but, my mom, you're married"; I complained.

"that could change, I really want to feel like this every day, all day, I- I love you"; he asserted, adjusting my flowing hair, while the intense eye contact remained, "I'd need that shower you deprived me of now"; he continued, jocosely, planting a kiss on my forehead, jumping off of the bed. What did this man

just say!? Did he mean that? Of course he did, the fuzziness in me was off the charts, I felt tears trickle from my eyes and his semen from my battered cunt and I thought to myself; 'I am locked in, this is undoubtedly not a one time thing, he feels the exact same as I do, we are in love'. It felt nice, it felt really nice- the kiss on my forehead, the butterflies in my belly, this warmth in my heart. As I lay on his bed, rubbing my hands on the sheets, perceiving his scent on my body, I tell myself; 'This clandestine sexual encounter might very well be the first of many, and boy, do I like the sound of that?'

Chapter 5: "Secrets and Amelia Laid Bare"

'How long could a shower possible take? Is he rubbing one out, thinking of me?'; I thought to myself smiling, but I'm immediately disturbed by his beeping phone, truthfully, it has in fact been beeping for quite a while now. "you've got messages!"; I yelled to him, staring mischievously at the vibrating phone. He hadn't responded, maybe he didn't hear me yell- the shower running, the bathroom door. I snatched the phone without a thought, well, with one thought, actually; 'now let's see what he might be hiding, cheating? Another family? A gambling addiction? Only one way to find out'.

My knees weak, arms are heavy, but there's no vomit on my sweater already, neither am I eating mama's spaghetti. An employee was trying to reach him, it seems, about? A drug deal!? They are calling him *El Chapo!*; As in, notorious drug lord *El Chapo*, leader of the *Silanola* cartel- nefarious drug running company and violent criminal organization (a gang whose activities has claimed at least eight thousand lives in the last decade) *El Chapo* has managed to elude capture and run circles around law enforcement for thirteen years and counting, he's believed to have his base somewhere in Mexico, but no, he's here, in the US, under their very noses, undoubtedly smart, hiding in plain sight; a dark secret I sort, an even darker one I found. Color me stupefied, so, sweet-calm-intellectual Stefano was actually, *El Chapo*- a mob boss, running guns and drugs, warring gangs and still managing to maintain this faux nobleness, talk about an A+ poker face. 'Never again, never again'; I told myself, I know I've said that one too many times to take me seriously, but, never again, and this time, I mean it, Stefano is bad news, the worst. Every sense of ecstatic fulfillment in me, prior to this revelation dwindled, expectably. I noticed instantaneously; 'I'm naked, lying in this monster's bed, shit'. Raising my head to alight off of the bed, I see him, standing by the bathroom door, gawking, how long has he been there? fuck, is he going to kill me?- a wave of fright rippled through my bones, clutching the bedsheet tighter to my chest. The words from his mouth after what seemed to be a standoff, were unexpected; "I'm sorry, I, I can explain", of course you can, I bolted, heels touching head, as though I were running for my life, I very well might be. He stood, still, watching as I fled from him, like a bat out of hell.

How could I be so stupid, how could I fall once more for a terrible man, the most terrible of them all, moreso my step-father, does mother know? She's evil, but not against-the-law, drugs and guns evil, I doubt it. Naturally I locked myself in, I dodged him, we lived '*neath* the same roof, but never met, I tracked his coming in and going out, I wasn't ready to see him, I don't think I ever will be. Shit, it was so clear, it was such a given that he'd be bad, I saw the red flags- silly me thought it was a carnival. As wrong as it all was, I can't stop thinking about him, his smile, his composedness, the sex- oh my fucking god the sex, the totality of my thinking faculties absolved by the thought of that fuck; rough and slow,

hatefully passionate, *romantastic*. Only Stefano knew how to wield me, and I longed for a good wielding, his; cause in his hands I was a *Katana* with a Japanese swordsman. We all have demons, it would be more than a little self-righteous of me to judge one for what he was, when I too, cramp skeletons in closets- they say love conquers all, this seems a first step, a parameter to be conquered if I did truly love him, I've never being surer of anything more, I love Stefano; *El Chapo*, whatever he was- I'd accommodate it. So against all sense of reason and logicality, I'm here, clad in the skimpiest of sex suits, savouring his odour from an overcoat on the coat hanger, I'm a tiger in the savanna; stealthy, laying wait for my prey- only, this is a more sexual expedition; a seductive ambush in his study. I've played the moment in my head more than *recollectable*, he walks in, unsuspecting for a quiet read, he meets me, stunned, tries to apologize, explain, I shut him up with a kiss and beg him to fuck me on the study table and on the floors and on the book racks,

he obliges- as simple as A-B-fucking Orgasm. I hear the door knob turn, I spare the overcoat my ravenous lust, preparedly sit on the study table, lips pouted, legs spread, as poised as a cobra.

This isn't Stefano, shit! My fucking uterus was visible through the ridiculous lingerie- I'm looking at him and he's looking right back, I'm as dazed as a deer in a headlamp, a thousand and null thoughts crossed my mind. His bald head, those brown eyes, the wide shoulders,

the pseudo-formal fashion sense, this is Ramon! Stefano's nephew! My perusal of mother's socials had asserted.