

**TURBU  
LENCE**  
*THE EPILOGUE*

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<http://najlaqamberdesigns.com/>





*For you*  
*Only you...*

# Author's Note

Dear Best Readers Ever,

If *Turbulence* was your first book of mine, I have to let you know two things: 1)

Thank you! I'm extremely grateful that you took a chance on my second attempt at writing an erotic romance novel. Whether you hated it or loved it, I'm simply humbled you gave it some of your time.

If *Turbulence* was not your first book of mine, and you've been a member of the awesome "F.L.Y. crew" for a while, you already know that I typically avoid writing epilogues for my novels. As a matter of fact, out of all the novels I've written, only *one* has ever been originally published with an epilogue.

For this reason, I almost always either A) Launch a free weekly serial for the novel's characters on my blog, B) post an extension for the characters on my blog, or C) publish the epilogue completely separately from the novel. (For *Turbulence*, I decided to go with the latter. For now... :-))

I promise that it's never my intention to *not* write an epilogue. It's simply a habit: I have a nonfiction background that spans several years and I'm simply used to writing the words "The End" and nothing more at the end of a story. Nonetheless, since I'm clearly writing *fiction* these days, I will be sure to include one from now on.

I promise. :-)

Thank you so much again for letting Jake & Gillian into your lives, and I truly can't thank you enough for being the best readers a girl could ever ask for.

F.L.Y.  
(Effin Love You)  
Whitney G.

PS—Yes, I've already written the epilogue for my next book (a secret book), so no worries! (You can add it to your to-be-read list on Goodreads here<sup>1</sup>)

PSS—If you want to read previously released epilogues and the free serial I mentioned, you can find all of it on my website here<sup>2</sup>.

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1. <https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/23286982-untitled>

2. <http://www.whitneygracia.com/2016/09/epilogues.html>

**TERMINAL E:  
EPILOGUE**



*Six months later...*

# GILLIAN

~BLOG POST~

Oh, New York! New York! New York!

I've fallen head over heels in love with you, again. I miss you when I'm away for more than a few days at a time, and each time my flight nears the Manhattan skyline I know that this is where I truly belong.

On weekends, and from my condo in the Madison at Park Avenue, I watch all those high hopes and dreams float up and down your Hudson River. I even catch whiffs of success from the open windows on Wall Street. Except this time, I don't have to wonder if that 'success' will ever reach me.

Everything I've ever wanted is now mine.

I wish I could adequately put into words how the last six months have literally flown by, how each and every moment has so seamlessly strung together and led me here, but I only have a few minutes to write this post.

I'm sitting right outside of a bookstore, getting ready for my final tour stop, and impatiently counting down the minutes until I see *him* again. Ever since we made up at that rooftop party, my life has effortlessly entwined with his, and I never want to let go.

I'm more than in love with him, and even though he attempts to act like he has no idea what I'm talking about, he always says, "Fuck...I love you, Gillian," whenever I fall asleep in his arms.

Yes, we still argue from time to time, and yes, every single one of those arguments ends with him taking me against the bookshelf, or in the shower, or in bed... And sometimes, even when we *need* to argue about something, we don't even bother. We just skip straight to the best part of us. The sex.

I highly doubt our love will ever be perfect, or that it will become any less messy as the years go on, but it's 'us' and I wouldn't wish for it to be any other way.

I want 'us' until the end.

Only us.

Write later,

\*\*Taylor G.\*\*

7 comments posted:

JakeTROLL: I could have sworn we agreed that you were not going to start another private blog, "*TAYLOR G.*"

TaylorG: No, we agreed that I would never turn my new private blog into a book. (How did you find this???) And are you seriously asking a writer not to write anymore?

JakeTROLL: "A writer to stop writing" would read much better, but I would never ask you to stop writing. (You left your laptop open. And only one "?" is necessary.) I'm only asking you not to write about *us*, since you've done it already, and I'm your only goddamn follower. Deactivate this blog, or else.

TaylorG: Or else? Or else, *what* Jake?

JakeTROLL: Unless you would like me to write and release my own version of events in *Turbulence 2*. I believe my version will be far more well written. Far more truthful.

TaylorG: You wouldn't dare...

JakeTROLL: *Try me.*

**\*\*BLOG DEACTIVATED\*\***

# GATE E1

## JAKE

*New York (JFK)*

I took a sip of water as my least favorite doctor tapped her fingers against a boardroom table. I'd been sitting in this Elite Airways holding room for over an hour, waiting for the final piece in this long and unnecessary investigation to be over.

It'd taken three months for the National Transportation Safety Board to determine that Flight 491 was the result of maintenance failure, two more for the Pilots Union to determine that I was mentally fit to fly again, and one more for Elite to decide that they had more questions they needed to ask.

"Captain Weston?" Dr. Cox cleared her throat. "How many times do I need to repeat my previous question?"

"Until it starts making sense."

"Okay." She began to speak slowly. "Did you or did you not tell your copilot to call control and ask to climb when you returned to the cockpit?"

"I did."

"Good. Do you recall what happened after? Like, the actual scene?"

I stared at her, unsure of where this was going. I'd answered this question one too many times in other interview rooms already.

"It's not a trick question, Captain Weston. Just tell me *exactly* what you remember. It could be anything from the way the sky looked, the sounds you heard in the cockpit. What all do you remember?"

*Everything.* "Nothing."

She flipped her papers over, continuing to rattle off familiar questions. As she spoke, the minutes before the crash came into clearer view and I tried my best to block them, but it was no use.

The sound of screaming passengers (and Ryan) was something that still crossed my mind every night. That, and a slight feeling of guilt that I wasn't completely able to prevent the fatalities in the end.

"Okay, last question." Her voice snapped me out of my thoughts. "The cockpit voice recorder confirmed that you and your copilot complied with emergency protocol, but we wanted to clear up one final thing for our own reasons. Did you or did you not say the following words before flight 491 began descending into the waters? And I quote, Fuck...I love you, Gillian."

"What does that have to do with this investigation?"

"*Look.*" Her voice was firm. "I need you to answer the question, Captain Weston."

"And I need you to ask me something worth answering."

"Fine." She picked up a remote and the screens on the wall lit up in a flurry of gray and white static. Then, the unreleased sound-bites from the cockpit voice recorders began to play.

"We're in a stall," Ryan's voice was shaky, but loud and clear. "Do I thrust up?"

"No. Just hold steady." It was undeniably my voice. "We'll just reset it until we're in steadier air. As long as you didn't already attempt to do that without me, we'll be fine."

"And if I did attempt to do it?" A long pause. "If I did attempt to do it, is there another plan?"

Sounds of us frantically hitting controls and asking the passengers to brace for impact came next. The faint sound of screaming from the cabin followed. And then there was a loud "Error! Error!" from the plane's dashboard before a stretch of spine-chilling silence.

"Fuck..." My voice appeared on the tape once more. "I love you, Gillian."

The tape came to an immediate stop and Dr. Cox looked at me with her eyebrow raised.

"Did *that* refresh your memory, Mr. Weston?"

"Slightly."

"Good," she said. "We're finally getting somewhere." She clicked her pen and scribbled a few notes onto her pad. "Thank you for cooperating over the past few months and completing all of the required evaluations with us here at Elite and the NTSB. As we stated to the media, maintenance was the leading factor in this

incident. We're not out to suspend you from flying or blame you for any part in this."

"Then why am I still blacklisted from working for other airlines?"

"I'm not sure." She gave me a sympathetic look. "You don't think you'll return to flying for us again?"

"I highly doubt it."

"Fair enough." She flipped through a few papers, humming to herself before looking up. "Well, I think that's it on my end. Do you have any questions for me?"

"Yes, actually."

"Really?" She smiled. "Ask away."

"Can I leave now?"

"Ugh, of course." She slid me a paper to sign, a clearance form that confirmed I'd completed every step of the investigation process.

"Thank you." I signed my name and returned the paper. Relieved that this was over, I walked to the door and stalled before twisting the doorknob.

"Wait a minute." I looked over my shoulder. "I do have a question."

"Yes, you really can leave now, Captain Weston." She waved me away. "And no, we won't call you anymore until it's time for you to personally talk to Human Resources. There, all answered."

"I'm being serious," I said. "Why did you ask me about the words I said on the cockpit voice recorder? No one else has asked me about that over the past six months, so what's the sudden significance?"

"Oh, um..." Her cheeks turned bright red and she shook her head. "It was on my list of things to ask you today. That's all. No reason, really."

"There definitely is a reason, and I want you to tell me." I stared at her, giving her a look that let her know I wasn't leaving this room without an answer. "*Now.*"

"It was for personal reasons. Strictly personal reasons."

"You and me don't have a *personal* relationship, so what reasons, Dr. Cox?"

She slipped her hand into her purse and pulled out a copy of *Turbulence*, her cheeks turning a darker shade of red. "I just—I just really wanted to know if any of it was true or not. And, outside of her getting some planes and airport codes wrong here or there, it was. So, thank you for confirming my thoughts as a reader." She paused, and then she smiled wider than I'd ever seen her smile before. "Do you think you'll ever propose?"

*Jesus Christ...*

I rolled my eyes and immediately left the room with her calling after me, but I didn't look back.

"Would you at least sign my copy?" She yelled. "Or, better yet tell me how I can get in contact with Taylor G. so she can sign it, maybe?"

\*\*\*

Later that night, I picked up a stack of Gillian's recently read books and returned them to the shelf according to their color and genre. I'd long given up on arguing with her about how I preferred to have the books in my library arranged. That disagreement always ended in sex, and the books remained how *she* wanted them.

And that was only one of the many concessions I had to make when she moved into my condo months ago. The guest suite was now her private writing space, her familiar strawberry scent infiltrated our shared sheets every night, and her habit of overturning my Coke cans in the kitchen each time she came home had yet to go away. That, and her best friend Meredith came over no less than three to four nights a week so they could "catch up on star ratings and talk about sex." (I made sure I always had something to do or somewhere to be whenever the hell that happened.)

Even though I hadn't flown a commercial plane since the incident, I chartered private ones from Signature and personally flew her to each of the cities on her book tour. And in between the shared flights, the toned down arguing, and our incomparable fucking, I'd finally realized that we were *both* a special brand of psycho that undoubtedly belonged together.

Glancing at my watch, I started to text her and ask where she was, but I saw three new messages from my father.

Nathaniel: Hey, Jake. You got a minute?

Nathaniel: Jake, I know you see this message...This is definitely your new number.

Nathaniel: I thought you were going to give me and Evan another chance to talk to you...It's been months, Jake. Please answer. Please...



My finger hovered over the reply button, but I couldn't bring myself to tap it. I deleted the messages, just like all the others he'd sent.

I'd read his last article in *The New York Times* over a hundred times. I'd even watched all the pre-recorded interviews he'd conducted on morning TV shows, wanting to believe that he was genuinely sorry for all he'd done, but it still felt like he was only doing a public apology tour to keep Elite's clean image. And even though he'd said the words "I'm sorry" to me in the hospital, I still wasn't sure if he'd meant it or not.

I returned to typing my message to Gillian, but she suddenly walked into the condo with an arm full of bags.

Setting them on the counter, she walked right over to the collectible Coke cans and began overturning them one by one. Humming to herself, she moved a few more things around, and then her green eyes finally met mine.

"I didn't see you." She blushed. "I thought you said you would be in that interview until five."

"We got done early." I walked over and pulled her close, pressing my lips against hers. "What's in the bags?"

"Stuff for tonight, to prevent you from claiming you need to leave and get something."

I raised my eyebrow.

"Your dad's first live interview," she said. "You promised me you would try to watch it last week. You said you would give it at least thirty minutes."

"I said *thirty seconds*." I trailed my finger against her mouth. "There are plenty of other things I'd rather do tonight than watch him lie on live television."

"Well, we can discuss that *after* the interview." She stepped back, slowly pulling things out of the bags. "Wine for you, coffee for me, gourmet desserts from your favorite bistro, and two new crossword puzzles. Guess what their special themes are?"

"I'd rather not."

"Then I'll just tell you." She smiled. "The first one is about anomalies. The second one is about long-term commitments."

I knew better than to respond to that. I took the bottle of wine from her hands and motioned for her to sit on the couch. Since I was certain she wasn't go-

ing to let us get out of watching the interview, I cooked a quick dinner and took my seat next to her.

Flipping through the channels, I stopped when I saw my father's face on CBS, when I saw the headline at the top of the screen: *Disgraced Elite Airways CEO Finally Breaks Silence*.

"With the shocking news of Elite Airways CEO Nathaniel Pearson still making its way through the airline industry, we bring you a very special segment," the blonde reporter across from him said. "Tonight, the CEO joins us for an exclusive one on one interview."

My father smiled weakly at the camera, but the reporter's face remained stoic.

"Mr. Pearson, let's just get right into it. Why did you lie about your wife being killed in your airline's only fatal crash? And *where* exactly is your wife if she's not deceased as you wrote in *The New York Times*?"

"She's...That's personal. And I lied because—"

"Actually," she said, cutting him off. "Not only did you lie, but you and your son—Evan Pearson, seem to have worked so thoroughly for years to cover this up."

He didn't say anything to that comment. He simply stared at her.

"And, if that wasn't enough, with you and your company being the so-called pioneers of the 'Family First' campaigns in aviation, you disowned your own biological son. A son who eventually worked for your airline. How can you ever expect the American people to trust your company again? How can we believe *anything* you have to say tonight?"

"I don't know, Christy. It all depends on if you *let me* get the chance to say anything tonight," he said, and for a split second I remembered we shared the exact same sense of humor.

"My apologies," she said. "Let's back up a bit. We do have a full hour after all. Is there anything you want to say before we get into the questions?"

"Yes." He looked directly into the camera. "Jake, if you're watching right now, I'm sorry. I'm *very* sorry for everything I've done to you. For ruining our family in more than one way—with your wife, your mother, and your brother..."

Gillian moved closer to me—entwining her hand with mine, as he stalled on the question.

"I want you to know that I meant every word I wrote in that article, as I'm sure you haven't opened any of the letters I've sent you." He looked as if he was on

the verge of tears. “Part of me feels like I don’t have much time before you change the channel on me so...I will do whatever it takes to make things right between us. All of us. I know it doesn’t seem like my offer was genuine, but the ‘FCE’ still stands, and I would love nothing more than for you to helm Elite and—”

I turned off the TV.

“Well, he definitely still knows a part of you well.” Gillian took the remote from me and turned the TV back on. “If by chance I’m reading you wrong right now, just turn it back off and we’ll do something else.” She extended the remote to me, but I didn’t grab it.

Instead, I pulled her into my lap and watched the entire interview. And I knew, five minutes before it ended, that my father had easily charmed his way back into the arms of the gullible public.

When the reporter thanked him for coming and smiled, I turned off the TV before the show’s after analysis segment could begin.

Gillian slowly turned around to face me, her eyes meeting mine. “I think you should consider his offer, Jake.”

“And why is that?”

“Several reasons.”

“I can only think of three.”

“Well, one, I think that deep down you want to start over and be close to your family again,” she waited for me to respond, but I remained silent. “Two, you know you would be very good at it.”

“And three?”

“Three is...” She paused. “Three is because you’d give a certain someone unlimited first class flights whenever she wanted them.”

“I’m pretty sure you already get that from me now.” I wrapped my arms around her back and stood up, holding her against me as I walked toward the bedroom. “That wouldn’t change whether I considered his offer or not.”

She looked as if she was about to say something else, like she was about to launch into one of those long monologues that still drove me up a wall from time to time.

“I’ll think about it.” I covered her mouth with mine, biting her bottom lip before she could get a single word out. “Let me think about it. Anything else you’d like to discuss?”

“Actually, yes.” She looked slightly nervous all of a sudden. “It’s about *Turbulence*.”

“Then in that case—” I tossed her onto the center of the bed and hit the lights. “We can discuss it tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow? Why can’t we talk about it right now?”

“Because *right now*,” I said, “you’re going to sit on my face and I’m going to eat your pussy until you can’t take it anymore.”

“Jake—” She started to say, but I pressed my finger against her lips and pulled her on top of me.

“Until you’re too tired to say another goddamn word...”

# GATE E2

# GILLIAN

*(In flight)*

*The next day...*

I collapsed on top of Jake, my hair matted and my skin slick with sweat, as we flew over the Carolinas. My body was still recovering from the night before and I'd been far too tired to ask him why we needed to take a private flight so early in the morning.

All I could remember was him waking me up and telling me he couldn't wait to do "this" any longer. At first, my heart jumped with the idea of a proposal, but that thought was quickly shot down when he said we were heading to the outskirts of Florida to meet with his father.

"This is only a consideration meeting," he said softly, looking into my eyes. "I need to get this over with for myself."

"Good." I nodded, and he changed the subject.

"Did you ever finish that crossword booklet I gave you last week?"

"The one about popular phrases?" I shook my head. "I did all except one. I told you they were way too easy."

"So, I take it you'll be finishing the ones you *supposedly* bought for me yesterday?"

"I was already halfway through one of them." I smiled. "It's not my fault you don't finish them as fast as I do." I sighed as he ran his palm up and down my back. "Jake, I really need to tell you something. Now. Not later."

"Is it about the epilogue?" he said softly. "You told me about that in your sleep already."

"Yes and no."

“It can’t be both.” He narrowed his eyes at me. “Is it really an epilogue or is it a part two?”

“It’s just an epilogue—a random, secret release for the readers.”

“And how many random, secret words does it take to say, And they fucked happily ever after?”

“Four thousand. My agent said the original novel ended too abruptly so...”

“So, quite naturally you couldn’t tell her no.”

“Exactly.”

Silence.

“Okay, Gillian.” He rolled his eyes. “That’s it, then?”

I swallowed, half nodding, half shaking my head.

As if he could tell I was struggling to determine my answer, he took the lead.

“Whatever it is, is it bad?”

“No...”

“Can it wait?”

I didn’t answer.

“Gillian, can it wait until we get back home?”

“I’m not sure.” I wasn’t sure why this was so difficult. I’d rehearsed this a million times over the past few days. “How long are we staying in Florida?”

“Two days.” He continued rubbing his hand against my back. “Regardless of what I decide, we’ll go back in six months and meet him in person again for the final answer. I’ll need you to be there.”

“I probably won’t be able to make that trip,” I whispered.

“Did your publisher schedule you for another book tour?” He looked into my eyes. “I thought you were done for the year as of last week.”

“No, it’s—” I could barely hear my own voice. “It’s just because pregnant women aren’t really supposed to fly during their last trimester.”

“*What?*” His hand suddenly stilled against my skin.

“You heard me, Jake.”

“*I think* I heard you. What did you just say?”

“I’m pregnant.” I stared into his blue eyes, trying to gauge his reaction. “I’ve been trying to tell you all week.”

He blinked.

“I didn’t want to do it before your dad’s interview because I knew you needed to think about that, and I didn’t want to bring it up when we visited your mother

the other day either. Even when she said she wished ‘her Jake’ would hurry up and have kids, I just...” I wasn’t able to read him at all right now and I wasn’t sure why. “I’m honestly really excited about starting a family with you, so if you’re not, that’s okay. *I’ll* still be happy, but don’t think for one second that this means you won’t give our child your all because you will, Jake. *You will.*”

He didn’t say a single word. He just stared at me.

“And one last thing,” I said. “Since you’re going to sit there and be silent...I meant what I said in that blog post even though you still try to deny it for some reason. There’s no other man for me, and there’s no other woman for you, and I know you know that Jake. You know that down to your marrow. And if you don’t want to marry me so soon I get that, but I’d be lying if I said I didn’t want—”

“Stop talking, Gillian.” He cut me off with a kiss. “Just stop fucking talking.” He wiped the stray tears away from my face and kissed me again until they stopped. Then he pulled a crossword puzzle out of his bag and handed it to me.

“After everything I just said—” My voice cracked. “You shut me up, and you want me to start a crossword booklet?”

“No, I want you to flip to the only page you didn’t finish.”

I took it from him and flipped to the last page in the book. Raising my eyebrow, I couldn’t believe I didn’t notice this before. All of the clues were exactly the same, and the shape of the puzzle was as beginner-basic as they came.

Fourteen letters. Four-words. Popular phrase from a man to a woman proposing love and long term commitment.

*Will you marry me?*

“Will you marry me?” I looked up at him, fresh tears welling in my eyes. “*Will you marry me?*”

“Yes,” he said, slipping a massive diamond ring onto my finger. “But technically, I did ask you first.”

I was utterly speechless, and I’m pretty sure he liked that.

He pulled me close and kissed me, whispering that he was more than happy about the baby, and then, before I knew it, he was pulling me into his lap and we were lost in ‘us’ again.

## GATE E3

JAKE WESTON, 'SECRET' BIOLOGICAL SON OF EX-CEO,  
NATHANIEL PEARSON, TO HELM ELITE AIRWAYS

—*The New York Times*

NEW CEO TO HOLD FIRST PRESS CONFERENCE IN NEW YORK  
CITY

—*The Wall Street Journal*

ELITE AIRWAYS #1 AIRLINE AGAIN, PROFITS SET TO DOUBLE UN-  
DER NEW CEO

—*Flying Magazine*

ELITE AIRWAYS CEO, JAKE WESTON, MARRIES AUTHOR OF 'TUR-  
BULENCE,' TAYLOR G., IN PRIVATE CEREMONY

—*People*

TURBULENCE RETURNS TO BESTSELLER CHARTS AMIDST  
CEO'S MARRIAGE: FANS SAY NOVEL'S TIMELINE ADDS UP

—*Entertainment Weekly*

ELITE PUBLIC RELATIONS DEPARTMENT DENIES ALL CLAIMS IN  
TURBULENCE, ENCOURAGES MEDIA TO 'MOVE ON'

—*USA Today*



AUTHOR TAYLOR G. REVEALS FIRST IMAGES OF NEWBORN SON,  
JAKE C. WESTON II, IN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

—*People*

PENGUIN ACQUIRES \$2M RIGHTS TO PILOT'S ACCOUNT OF  
PREVIOUS AFFAIR WITH FORMER STEWARDESS, NOW WIFE.  
WON'T CONFIRM OR DENY 'TURBULENCE: PART 2'

—*The New York Times*

**\*\*The End\*\***  
(*Again...for now :-)*)

Be sure to click here to sign up for my mailing list<sup>1</sup> to receive updates about my next book(s)!

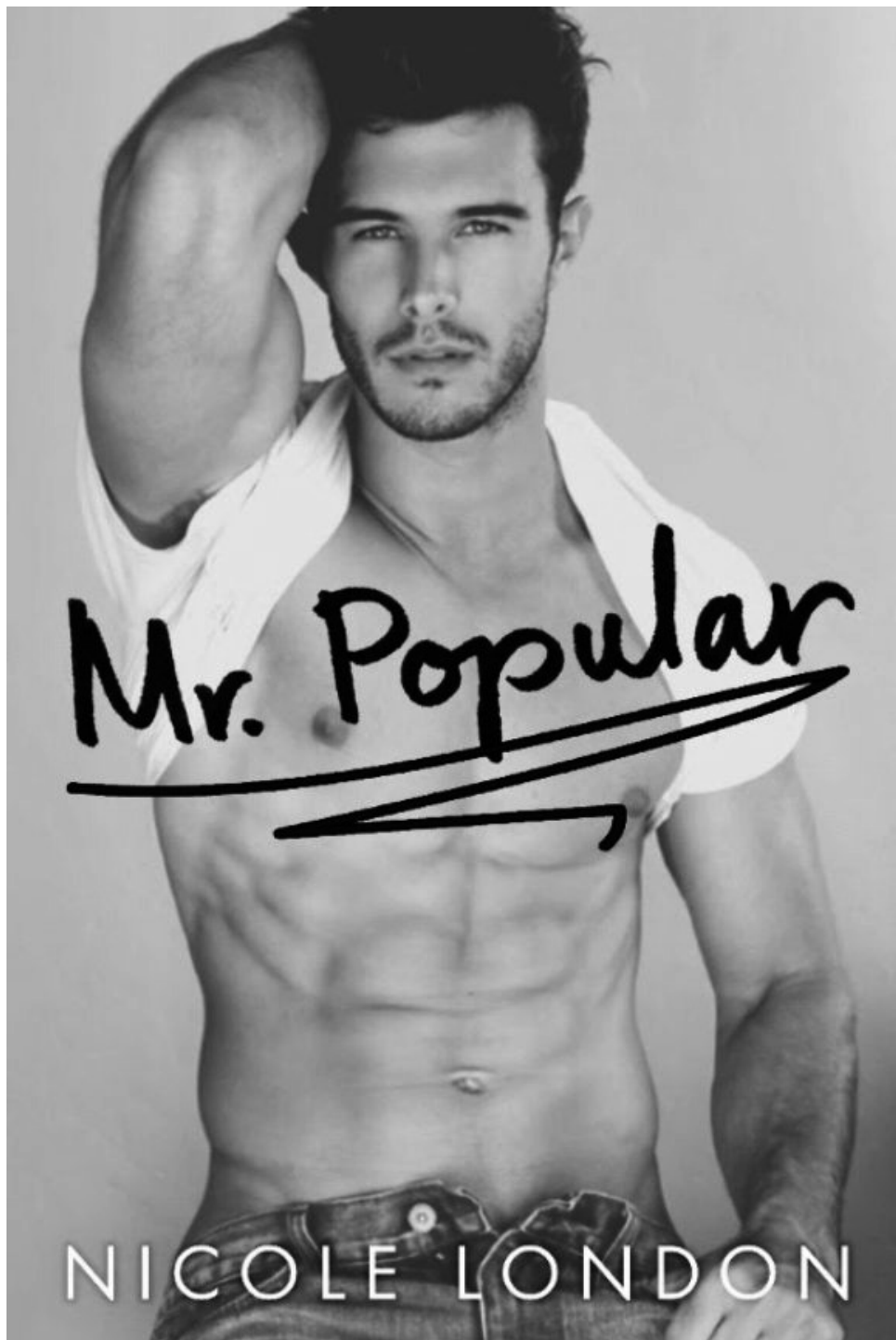
**\*\*Also, if you haven't read my first erotic romance, *Reasonable Doubt*, all three volumes are currently available in one set! (You can find all purchase links here<sup>2</sup>, or find a sneak peek at the end of this epilogue! :-)**

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1. <http://whitneygracia.us8.list-manage1.com/subscribe?u=210b03e34b5377329a9d66b86&id=5f25d9eb12>

2. <http://www.whitneygracia.com/p/reasonable-doubt-full-series.html>

# **Mr. Popular by Nicole London**



Mr. Popular

NICOLE LONDON

## Synopsis:

*He was Mr. Popular.  
I was his best friend's younger sister...*

I hated him. He hated me.

We were never more than two people who were *forced* to tolerate each other.

Every summer, we saw each other at the same summer camp, and avoided each other like the plague.

Until one summer changed everything...

We agreed to move on.  
But neither of us wanted to.

Now I'm finally in high school (it's his senior year), and I'm trying my hardest to forget what happened, and trying hard like hell to remember why we can never be together.

*He's still Mr. Popular.  
And I'm still his best friend's younger sister...*

Sign up for Nicole's mailing list to receive an instant update on release day!

Link to sign up:

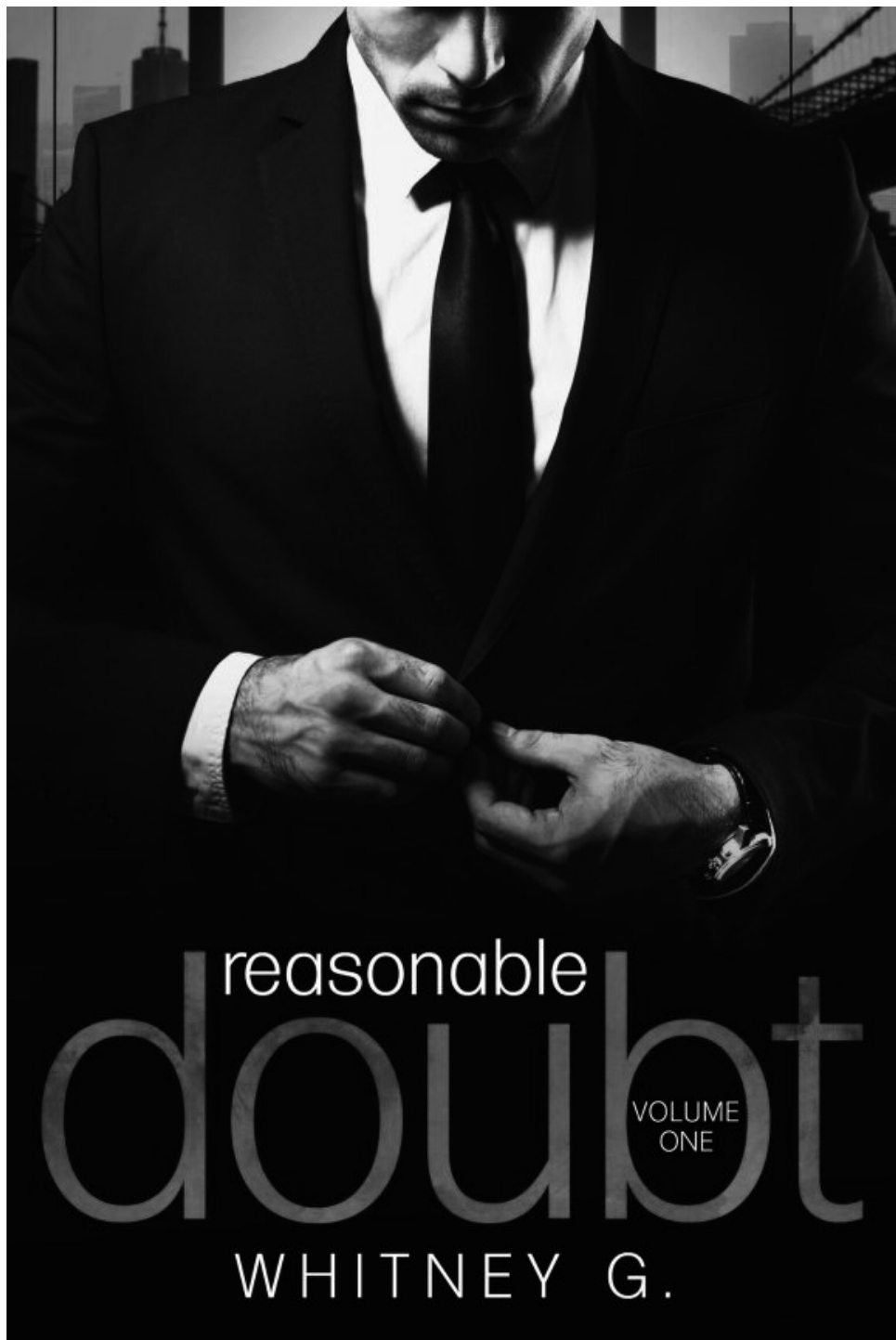
<http://eepurl.com/bkhKNX>

Link to add *Mr. Popular* to your “to-be-read” list on Goodreads:

<http://bit.ly/250fpAX>

# **Reasonable Doubt by Whitney G.**





reasonable  
doubt

VOLUME  
ONE

WHITNEY G.

## Prologue

Andrew

New York City is nothing more than a shit-filled wasteland, a dump where failures are forced to drop all their broken dreams and leave them far behind. The flashing lights that shined brightly years ago have lost their luster, and that fresh feeling that once permeated the air—that *hopefulness*, is long gone.

Every person I once considered a friend is now an enemy, and the word “trust” has been ripped from my vocabulary. My name and reputation are tarnished thanks to the press, and after reading the headline that *The New York Times* ran this morning, I’ve decided that tonight will be the last night I ever spend here.

I can’t deal with the cold sweats and nightmares that jerk me out of my sleep anymore, and as hard as I try to pretend like my heart hasn’t been obliterated, I doubt that the agonizing ache in my chest will ever go away.

To properly say goodbye, I’ve ordered the best entrées from all my favorite restaurants, watched *Death of a Salesman* on Broadway, and smoked a Cuban cigar on the Brooklyn Bridge. I’ve also booked the penthouse suite at the Waldorf Astoria, where I’m now leaning back on the bed and threading my fingers through a woman’s hair—groaning as she slides her mouth over my cock.

Teasingly darting her tongue around my tip, she whispers, “Do you like this?” as she looks up at me.

I don’t answer. I push her head down and exhale as she presses her lips against my balls, as she covers my cock with her hands and moves them up and down.

Over the past two hours, I’ve fucked her against the wall, forced her to bend over a chair, and pinned her legs to the mattress while I devoured her pussy.

It’s been quite fulfilling—*fun*, but I know this feeling will only last for so long; it never stays. In less than a week, I’ll have to find someone else.

As she takes me deeper and deeper into her mouth, I tightly tug her hair—tensing as she bobs her head up and down. Pleasure begins to course its way through me, and the muscles in my legs stiffen—forcing me to let go and warn her to pull away.

She ignores me.

She grips my knees and sucks faster, letting my cock touch the back of her throat. I give her one last chance to move away, but since her lips remain wrapped around me, she leaves me no choice but to cum in her mouth.

And then she swallows.

Every. Last. Drop.

*Impressive...*

Finally pulling away, she licks her lips and leans back against the floor.

“That was my first time swallowing,” she says. “I did that just for you.”

“You shouldn’t have.” I stand and zip my pants. “You should’ve saved it for someone else.”

“Right. Well, um...Do you want to order some dinner? Maybe we could eat it over HBO and go at it again afterwards?”

I raise my eyebrow, confused.

This is always the most annoying part, the part when the woman who previously agreed to “One dinner. One night. No repeats.” wants to establish some type of imaginary connection. For whatever reason, she feels like there needs to be some type of closure conversation, some bland reassurance that’ll confirm that what just happened was ‘more than sex,’ and we’ll become friends.

But it *was* just sex, and I’m not in need of any friends. Not now, not ever.

“No, thank you.” I walk over to the mirror on the other side of the room. “I have someplace to be.”

“At three in the morning? I mean, if you just want to skip the HBO and go for another round instead, I can...”

I tune out her irritating voice and begin to button my shirt. I’ve never spent the night with a woman I met online, and she isn’t going to be the first.

As I adjust my tie, I look down and spot a tattered pink wallet on the dresser. Picking it up, I flip it open and run my fingers across the name that’s printed onto her license: Sarah Tate.

Even though I’ve only known this woman for a week, she’s always answered to “Samantha.” She’s also told me—*repeatedly*, that she works as a nurse at Grace Hospital. Judging by the Wal-Mart employee card that’s hiding behind her license, I’m assuming that part isn’t true either.

I look over my shoulder, where she's now sprawled across the bed's silk sheets. Her creamy colored skin is unmarred and smooth; her bow shaped lips are slightly swollen and puffy.

Her green eyes meet mine and she slowly sits up, spreading her legs further apart, whispering, "You know you want to stay. *Stay...*"

My cock starts to harden—it's definitely up for another round, but seeing her real name has ruined any chance of that for me. I can't stand to be around anyone who's lied to me, even if she does have double D tits and a mouth from heaven.

I toss the wallet into her lap. "You told me your name was Samantha."

"Okay. *And?*"

"Your name is *Sarah*."

"So what?" She shrugs, beckoning me with her hand. "I never give my *real name* to men I meet on the internet."

"You just fuck them in five star hotel suites?"

"Why do you suddenly care about my real name?"

"*I don't.*" I glance at my watch. "Are you spending the night in this room or do I need to give you cab money to get home?"

"*What?*"

"Was my question unclear?"

"Wow...Just, wow..." She shakes her head. "How much longer do you think you'll be able to keep doing this?"

"Keep doing *what?*"

"Chatting someone up for a week, fucking her, and moving on to the next. How much longer?"

"Until my dick stops working." I put on my jacket. "Do you need cab fare or are you staying? Check out is at noon."

"Do you know that men like you—*relationship avoiders*, are the type that typically fall the hardest?"

"Did they teach you that at Wal-Mart?"

"Just because someone from your past hurt you doesn't mean that every woman after her will." She purses her lips. "That's probably why you are the way you are. Maybe if you tried to actually *date* someone you'd be a lot happier. You should take her out for dinner and actually listen, see her to her door without expecting an invitation inside, and maybe bypass the whole 'let's go fuck' in the hotel suite thing at the end."

*Where are my keys? I need to go. Now.*

“I can see it now...” She can’t seem to shut up. “You’re going to want more than sex one day, and the person you want it from is going to be someone you least expect. Someone who will force you to give in.”

I pull my keys from underneath her crumpled dress and sigh. “Do you need cab money?”

“I have my own car, dick-face.” She rolls her eyes. “Are you really this incapable of having a regular conversation? Would it kill you to talk to me for a few minutes after sex?”

“We have nothing more to discuss.” I put my room key on the nightstand and walk toward the door. “It was very nice meeting you, Samantha, *Sarah*. Whatever the hell your name is. Have a great night.”

*“Screw you!”*

“Three times was more than enough. No, thank you.”

“Things are going to catch up to you one day, asshole!” She yells as I step into the hallway. “Karma is one hell of a bitch!”

“I know.” I toss back. “I fucked her two weeks ago...”

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