20 | T W E N T Y

WITH folded hands under her chin Imani watched as Richard ordered their dinner. She had to admit she appreciated the man's taste, the Italian restaurant was dimly lit, a candle sat between them paired with the richest red wine she'd ever had the pleasure of sipping. She waited until the waitress le , "so, your brother?" It was clear the topic did not sit well with her husband but never the less he leaned forward and engaged in the conversation.

Richard told her how he watched William dissolve into a shell of a man as he tried to love Robyn. How his mother became addicted to drugs, so tired through drug induced sleeplessness, broken hearted from being on his father. How they'd come home to find her overdosed, or worse called in by the police when she'd end up fucked up on the streets. He frowned remembering, watching his father try to help Robyn, putting her into rehab and caring for her when she was so intoxicated that she'd barely be able to move. "It was never enough though, Imani. Some people are broken to the core, nothing can save them from that." Richard sat back and saw his words sink into his wife's pretty little mind.

"So those months ago when you increased security it was because of her?" Imani questioned.

He nodded, "she's unpredictable and violent. She seemed to have a target out for William and..." he paused. She urged him to continue. "You. She was a er you, sweetheart."

"Was?" Imani saw a dark look flash through Richards eyes and she swallowed.

As if perfectly time, a waitress arrived with their dinner. She decided she knew enough and any more would cause more harm than good, her husband was capable of dangerous things and she had long since accepted it about him. Something told her, that the blood on him that night had not been a strangers. Above it all, her heart broke for William. The man deserved so much better than that kind of brutal destruction.

Deep in thought the couple finished their dinner. Richard placed a strong palm against the middle of her back as they returned to his vehicle. "You okay?" He murmured pressing her gently against the metal.

She reached up and took hold of his jaw, "are you?" She could only imagine the kind of trauma he'd lived through, first watching his mother destroy herself and then trying to save his father.

"Yeah babe, I've handled it." Richard helped her into the car. Looking out into the dark night he hoped his mother took the first and stayed the fuck away from his family.

* *

"Todays the day!" Imani smiled at her husband as she pulled on her dress pants and a blouse. They'd both decided to take the next few days o work to spend with William, once he returned home.

Richard looked up at her from his sprawled state on the bed. "Hmm, not sure why your ass is out of bed this early," the response was grumbled out deeply from deep within his chest. He sat up as she approached and took hold of her hips when she leaned down to press a kiss to his lips.

Imani smiled into his kiss. "Good morning, Richard. Yes, I would love for you to join me in picking up your father." She teased.

Richard pulled the curvy woman onto his lap and she automatically straddled his hips, "when are you going to make me a father," he murmured stealing her lower lip before she could deny him. The man had no idea how he'd managed to luck out so well and fucking truly be thanked the man above for giving him Imani... not that anyone even the bastard down below could've stopped him from claiming the dark sweetness.

Her slender fingers traced along his jaw, "you've been awfully persistent."

"Damn pills are killing my little babies," he pouted.

Imani couldn't help but laugh. She'd seen many emotions on Richard, but fuck she'd never seen adorable and pouty. Persistent was an understatement... The past few months he'd been taking any opportunity to plant his seed. She was sure the man had some sort of breeding kink and hell did it make her wet acknowledging it. The thought alone clenched her thighs together. Her mind dri ed c to one particular night where he'd finished while in her, it wasn't enough for her husband, Richard had pulled back out and used his cock to push his leaking cum back into her wet pussy. "Wouldn't need the pills if you used a condom," she commented.

He raised an eyebrow, flipping her over onto her back he gripped both her wrists and pinned them above her head... "Let me put a little Richard in you, Imani."

She wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled him close, "what makes you think it'll be a little boy?"

"As long as it's a little something, I'll be happy." He claimed the rapid beating pulse at her neck. "You deny me, Imani and yet I see how your sweet little pussy gushes when I plant my seed in it."

She closed her eyes and leaned into his kiss, "always so crass."

"Always so damn stubborn," he reached down to massage her pants.

Imani shook her head, "you love it, Richard." He pulled up to look at her, a warmth in his eyes that she could only describe as comfort.

"Fucking right on that, babe. Gov' let me fuck you?" The question was enforced by his erection pushing into her stomach.

She nodded, "hmm, soon as you put clothes on and pick up your father with me, like a good husband" Imani's smile grew as she saw the e ect that word had on him.

He kept her gaze long enough to ensure those words were a promise, before rising and disappearing in the bathroom. She heard the faucet turn on and stood up, straightening herself she made her way downstairs to start on breakfast. Plating the food on the island, the woman glanced up and took in the fresh handsome Richard was. He wore jeans with combat boots and a tight fitted grey tee, the man had no right being that fucking attractive. His hair was still damp from the shower and it highlighted his green eyes and bearded jaw.

The couple ate before heading to the outpatients unit. William instantly sat up when he saw the pair. Smiling as Imani broke free of Richard's grip on her waist to greet him with a hug. "Good to see you too, Imani."

"Missed you, all my lemons are going to waste without you home!" She beamed, pressing a kiss to his forehead. Imani noted how well he looked, no longer frail skin and bone, the man had a long way to go but there was a flush to his skin, a light to his irises that had long been dulled.

Richard wrapped an arm around his father and only then did he release a deep breath. The brute hadn't noticed till that moment that he'd been still waiting for the son to drop and his father to disappear like sand through his fingers. Maybe it was his own coping mechanism but a part of him slowly melded together as William embraced him back. "Let's get you home."

William stood. Imani wrapped a arm around the older man's and together they led the way back to Richards car.

Richard watch his wife and father and a warm buzz took hold of his being, instantly the two had engaged in conversations of flowers and what else they wanted to add to the backyard. He found his eyes pricke and his chest tighten. It had been years since he'd seen his father walking on his own, let alone speaking... Shaking away the feeling, he reached out to pull the car door open for William