



**BABY BREEDER**  
*Session 2*

*Bred to the Mafia*  
**BEAST**

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

**LAYNE DANIELS**

*Bred to the Mafia Beast*

# DANIELS

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***Bred to the Mafia Beast***

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Edited by Brynn Paulin

Cover by Booking' It Designs

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# *Pirate Problems*



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*Dear Reader,*



*“YOUR HEART AND MY HEART ARE VERY, VERY OLD FRIENDS” -  
Hafiz*

Do you believe in love at first sight? As a romance writer, I think it's kind of a requirement for me to believe in it. But even better, I have my own love at first sight tale. It may not be as dramatic as Perla and Ev's experience, after all, no one needed to die. It's still pretty dang perfect as far as love stories go. I so often see pieces of myself and Mr. Mine in the stories I write. Ev's OTT adoration of Perla is absolutely drawn from the way Mr. Mine loves me.

My fondest wish for all of you as the new year begins is that you've found people to love as immediately and unreservedly as Perla and Ev love one another. If you haven't found that person yet, then my hope is that this is the year they show up in your life!

Until next time,

XoXo,

Layne

# CHAPTER

# *One*



## PERLA WALKER

THE SNORE IS LOUD ENOUGH TO WAKE THE DEAD. WHICH I'M kinda wishing I was right now. Because what's more awkward than being stranded at a stranger's house, wide awake, while everyone else is asleep?

Everyone, including the house's owner, who isn't even aware I'm here. I'm an unannounced guest of his little brother, Rory, my best friend and the guy saving me from spending winter break on campus. Alone. Which hadn't bothered me until I saw who was scheduled by the university to be the faculty monitor for our dorm over the holidays.

So, yeah, I guess some things are more awkward than lying here, wide awake, in Rory's bed while he's dead to the world asleep next to me. Including the soundtrack of his brother's snores from down the hallway. Trying to avoid TA Perry Hurd and his creepo handsy self all break would be way, way more awkward.

Rory left out some pretty important details when he convinced me it would be fine to come home with him until spring semester starts in a few weeks. Starting with the fact that when he said his big brother's house is "gigantic" what he really meant is "built for giants." Everything in this place is Goliath sized.

Up to and including this bed in Rory's room, which is big enough for me and my bestie and maybe even a few more pals. I'm glad for that part. Much as I adore him and am thankful for his rescuing me from the clutches of a gross creep, cuddling up to Rory at night is not on my agenda. At all.

Both of us are freshman at the university, and we live in the same dorm, though we're both in single dorm rooms. Me because my micromanaging father thinks it's a risk to give me so much one-on-one time with anyone he can't control. And Rory? Well, the way Rory puts it, his brother's a stubbornly

overprotective lunkhead. Rory swears his brother still thinks he's a child.

I understand what that's like. My father barely let me come to college, at all. As it is, I'm two years behind most everyone else in our year. Twenty to their barely eighteen. And maybe, I did go a little bit wild those first few weeks of school.

I think I deserve a little bit of slack for living it up the first chance I got to be out from under his thumb. It sure was fun, too. 'Til I caught the eye of the teaching assistant for my Chem 101 lab. Having a stalker definitely put a halt to enjoying my freedom at school.

At least, I don't have to worry about Perry for the next three weeks. Rory swears his brother Evander's place is safer than Fort Knox. And since my dad's traveling to give my new stepmom a safari adventure, I can relax without his stifling attention, too.

Okay, maybe, relax is a stretch. I have zero chance of sleeping through the racket coming from Rory's brother's room. I thought Rory told me his brother was traveling for work and wouldn't be here for at least a week. Mentally, I map the layout of the house. We got here earlier this evening, but I'm pretty sure I remember a home gym and rec room with an enormous couch and movie screen set up on the other side of the kitchen and dining room.

I bet the snoring wouldn't be nearly so loud on the other side of the house. Recessed lighting along the baseboards in the hallway lead the way while heated floors keep my toes nice and warm as I navigate the darkness. This house is truly as luxurious as Rory promised.

In the recreation room, the couch is every bit as deep and plush as I remembered from the quick tour Rory gave me. It's also far enough from the bedrooms for it to be nice and quiet. Wrapping the blanket I stole from the bed around me, I climb onto the couch and curl up at one end.

The last thought I have before sleep finally claims me is, it's no wonder Rory's brother treats him like a little kid. As humongous as everything in this house is, Rory probably looks

like a small child just sitting in a chair. I certainly feel more petite than I can remember ever feeling.

**CHAPTER**

*Two*



## EVANDER ALLARD

I HAVE A WOMAN IN MY BED, AND I HAVE NO IDEA WHO SHE IS. Alright, that's a bit of an oversimplification. This girl didn't intend to be in my bed, and despite the semi still twitching in my sweats from watching her sleep, nothing sexual has happened. Yet.

Yeah, I'm well aware she came into the house with my kid brother. My alarm system notified me of her presence as an additional heat signature as soon as they came through the door. Once I got a look at the security cams and watched Rory leading her around my home, the urge to hustle along the last leg of my business trip was magnified by a million.

If I could have made the Allard jet fly faster, I would have. As it was, we didn't land until hours after the pair of them had gone into his room for bed. His bedroom is one of the few places in the house where I *don't* have cameras. So as much as I need to know whether the two of them are together, I can't be sure.

I really, truly hope they aren't because as much as I love him, this girl belongs to me. One look at her heart-shaped face with its pointy little chin and button nose, and I was a goner. Through the monitor, I watched her smile at my brother, those obscenely lush lips parting to reveal tiny white teeth in a perfect little row, and it no longer mattered that it was him she smiled at.

All I could think about was stretching that pillowy bow-shaped mouth around my cock and gagging her until tears stream down her face. Right there on the company jet, I'd had to shove myself into the commode and beat my meat for relief. I'm so enormous the door to the lavatory couldn't close while I stood inside it, but I was too hard up to give a shit about privacy.

Every instinct demanded I storm in the house and rip her away from Rory. That in itself is a mindfuck, considering I've devoted my life to two things only. Protecting the Allard family's security and safeguarding Rory's future.

There's a little voice in the back of my head insisting she can't be that important to him. He's never mentioned having feelings for someone in any of his classes. We talk at least a couple times a week, and I'd for damn sure remember if he mentioned caring enough about a girl to bring her to my house.

Do I feel any guilt for peeking into his room to spy on the two of them when I got home? No. I sure the fuck do not. In all truth, finding Rory asleep on top of the covers and the girl beneath them is probably the only thing that saved my sanity. I'd tried to go to sleep after that, figuring I'd wait until morning to lay claim to whoever she is.

But not even an hour had gone by when a buzz from the smartwatch on my wrist woke me. Motion sensors detected her movement through my home, and I found myself trailing behind her like a stray hound. I watched her tiny little fingers trail along my belongings as she moved through the house, stalking her into the theater room where she climbed onto my couch and immediately fell asleep. The whole process had my cock turning to painfully achy steel in my sweats.

"Who're you?" Throaty and low, her voice is far more sultry than her bubblegum looks had prepared me for. There's no fear, no panic at awakening in a different place than where she fell asleep. No worry that there's a stranger watching her sleep.

"Ev Allard, Little Mouse. This is my house. My bed." The only bed she'll be sleeping in from now on. I don't add that last part. It might freak her out.

"But I thought... Isn't this Rory Clune's brother's house?" A tiny line of concern wrinkles above her nose in the space between two dark sable eyebrows that arch in confusion.

"It is. Clune was the name our parents gave us. Allard is the name I earned." It'll be the name I give our children, once I've



bred her, but I also leave out that part. Wariness creeps into her expression, and I know I need to set her mind at ease, even if she isn't ready to understand she belongs to me now.

“Um, okay.” The way words drawl like thick syrup, rich and raspy, from her decadent little mouth makes me want to chain her to this bed and force her to read out loud every night. “But why am I here? In your bed? Where's Rory?”

My brother's name on her lips has fury thundering through me. The idea of another man on her mind while her shiny curls are spread over my pillow is wholly unacceptable. Even if the man in question is my own brother. Even if she was his first.

**CHAPTER**

*Three*



## PERLA

THE NAGGING FEAR THAT'S PLAGUED ME SINCE TA HURD cornered me in the faculty hallway is missing. Completely illogical given that there's an enormous stranger I've never met sitting in a chair next to a bed, staring at me as if I'm the solution to every to every equation. Logic isn't present in this moment.

"My brother's in his own bed. Where you're no longer allowed. In fact," he pauses and waits 'til I meet his intense gray eyes, so icy and cold, with my blue ones, "you're to stay out of his room entirely. Understood?"

"N-no? Why can't Rory and I—" I stammer.

"Rory and you nothing. Nada. *Rud ar bith.*" Each word lands like a hammer in the quiet of the morning around us.

"Roader bee?" The sounds are clunky in my mouth, and his eyes soften a bit with mirth at the way I butcher the words he just said.

"It means 'nothing at all,' Little Mouse. Because whatever you two were, it is no more. I love my brother; I do. But he made a big mistake, bringing you here, if he thought to keep you."

The pop of knuckles accompanies his growling speech, and I look to see his fists white knuckling his knees. Even leaned forward as he is, in the armchair dragged to the side of the bed, his manspread looks powerful and intimidating. His hands are big enough he could palm my head like a basketball.

This should definitely be scary. Especially with a freaking giant looming over me, issuing orders. This man is absolutely nothing like my best friend. Rory gives off golden retriever energy and gentle caring. Ev, I think that's what the man said is his name, radiates power and menace.

I don't feel threatened by his intensity. In fact, though it's a different sort of comfort than I felt when Rory promised to

protect me. It somehow feels like Ev Allard will do even more to keep me safe.

“Keep me? Rory wouldn’t try to keep me. I’m a person, Mr. Allard. People can’t be kept.” Part of me wants to poke at him. Prod him and watch all that leashed power unravel.

“There’s where you’re wrong, Little Girl. Rory brought you into *my* home. When you look around, everything you see here belongs to me. Mine to protect. To possess. He brought you here, Perla Walker, and now that I’ve seen you, learned your name and who you are, you belong to me.” Wicked hunger blazes in his eyes as they rove over me.

His attention moves from my eyes to my mouth in a stare so profound it feels like a physical caress. It’s almost leisurely how he moves his focus down my body, tugging the blanket away from me without brushing his fingers against my skin. When I’m lying on the bed, bare but for my sleep shirt and panties, his heated gaze returns to mine.

“And what belongs to me, I keep. Now, tell me you understand that you and Rory are over. Say you understand, so I don’t have to kick out my own brother.”

This is not the loving and supportive brother Rory’s been bragging about. No way would the brother, who Rory says practically raised him when their mom flaked out, talk like this about him. For the first time since I opened my eyes and saw this enormous stranger staring at me, fear creeps in.

“As if, big bro! What the heck are you doing, scaring my bestie like this? I promised her she’d be safe here, and you’re acting like a caveman. What the fuck, Ev?” Rory comes bounding into the room and leaps onto the bed next to me like a circus acrobat.

He’s all grins and laughter, so contagious with his puppy-like energy even the stern man who says he owns me now cracks a small smile. Shaggy blond hair, completely different than his brother’s tightly shorn coal-black style, flops over his brow. He puffs it into the air with a toothpaste-y gust of breath then grins at Ev and me.

“What’re we doin’ in here, hmm? Get lost on the way back from the bathroom, Perlababe?” His eyes ping-pong between me and his brother, awareness slowly dawning as Ev’s stern look returns.

“I don’t know how I got here, Rory, but I think I should go back to your room now. Don’t you?” The tension arcing from Ev to me is thick and confusing. I need a minute and some breathing room to figure out what’s going on.

“Little Mouse, I told you his room’s off limits to you, now. Don’t make me punish you for breaking my rules. Not so early in the day, hmm?” Ev speaks casually, but the massive paw he rests on my leg just above my knee feels like a shackle.

Completely inappropriately, I wonder what kind of punishment he has in mind. A dull throb between my legs reminds me how close his hand is to my center. It’s so big it nearly spans the length of my thigh. Fiery heat tingles every inch of skin being touched by his rough palms and fingers.

“Um, maybe I could have some coffee before we talk about punishments and household sovereignty?” I try injecting confidence into my tone, but judging by the smirk he gives me, Ev is fully aware he’s turned me into a puddle of turned-on and confused co-ed.

**CHAPTER**

*Four*



## EV

THERE'S NOTHING ROMANTIC BETWEEN THEM. SEEING THE DUO together, it's so obvious the only thing they're sharing is friendship. If I'd had the patience to wait until he introduced me to her, it would have been apparent. I would have saved myself hours of internal self-flagellation .

Not that I regret scooping Perla's sleeping body from the couch in my media room and installing her in my bed where she belongs. Watching her sleep, surrounded by the blankets normally stretched over my bulk, had been a revelation.

I've seen my brother when he's pining for a girl and when he's besotted with one. This morning, fussing over Perla as if she's a bird with a broken wing, he's neither. Oh, he's chivalrous and nurturing, rushing to the coffeemaker ahead of us to start her a cup. But there's a brotherly vibe to it all that screams platonic connection.

The moment the two stepped foot into my place last night, I began making inquiries. Security footage gave me her image for facial recognition software to begin digging into her background. Snap judgments aren't typically my thing, but one look at her, and I knew she belongs to me. Which makes whatever's going on to bring her here my business.

Even more so, now I know I don't have to take her from my brother. At least, not romantically. He's obviously attached to her and feeling some sort of overprotective impulses. Nothing in the quick and dirty background dossier I've received from the bots currently scrubbing her digital footprint explains it.

"Sit down, kid. Let me get breakfast started. You're a shit cook, and you know it." I hip-check Rory to nudge him away from the coffee machine. When he turns to take a seat, I quickly swap out the coffee pod he'd selected for Perla's coffee for a decaf brew. Caffeine won't be good for the baby, so it's best she gets used to decaf now.

Not a single bit of me was kidding about breeding this girl. In thirty-three years of living, I've never felt the drive to imprint my genetic material on another human being. Point of fact, it's something I've actively avoided. Raising Rory after our mom dipped when he was eight and I was twenty-three was more than enough parenting for me.

At least, that's what I've believed all these years. Now, it's as though one glimpse at her and biological compulsion has taken over. My body is tense from holding back the urge to pull her beneath me and rut my kid into her belly. She's so tiny, and I'm so big. I bet her little tummy pops within just a few weeks of being knocked up.

"Why are you even here, Ev? I thought you were going to be incommunicado for the next few weeks? It's why you sent me back to campus the day after Christmas?" He hadn't wanted to go back to school early, but I've never liked the idea of him here alone. He's too trusting and would be an easy mark for an enemy trying to weasel their way into the place.

As the one-man tech security specialist and digital clean up crew for the Allard family, this place is locked up tighter than the US Mint. That makes it a target our enemies would love to hit. Not a problem when I'm in residence, but Rory's sweet and gullible. It would be too easy to trick him into allowing access. I've sheltered him from the darkness I walk in as the beast of the Allard mafia.

Glory and Hunter Allard are good people. Well, good as far as criminals go. Hunter Allard and I went to school together. And when he joined Xavier Kingston's underworld operation, he let me tag along for the ride. He also made sure I had advance notice when my junkie mother traded my kid brother to a Kingston rival for drug money.

By pledging my life to Kingston, I was able to earn the favor of him rescuing Rory before anything terrible happened to him. Our mom, loaded with a bag of cash and fuck knows how much methamphetamine, never came around again, and Rory's been mine to care for ever since. Meanwhile, I've been indebted to Kingston.



When Hunter and his bride, Glory, ended Xavier, my debt transferred to the Allard family. Unlike owing Xavier, being in Hunter's debt is an honor, and it's why I changed my name to Allard. Serving Hunter may mean I'm on the wrong side of the law more often than not, but that's never bothered me. Even the occasional trip to do their bidding isn't a problem now that Rory's not a little kid anymore. Not that I relished being out of town while Rory's on class breaks.

Fortunately, my scheduled trip ended with lightning speed, thanks to some new connections by Hunter's second in command, Maxen, and Maxen's new woman, Cynbel, a stone-cold assassin. The group she worked for helped us, so the job I thought would take weeks only took days. Which is good. Now, my schedule's wide-open, and I can figure out why Rory brought his friend, Perla, with him for the last part of winter break. And I have time to claim her with a permanency nothing can ever refute.

**CHAPTER**

*Five*



## PERLA

“YOU’RE STARING.” IT’S INTENSE, BUT I ADMIT THE SHIVERY feeling isn’t unwelcome.

“Don’t ask me not to stare when looking away is impossible.” There’s no apology. Just the unrelenting heat of his dark gray gaze on my face.

“Um, okay?” I honestly don’t get this guy. He practically bit off my head, ordering me to stay out of his brother’s room. He carried me to his room while I was asleep and then guarded me to make sure I didn’t go wandering through his house again.

Now, he’s gonna stare at me as if he wants to eat me up? And saying stuff like I belong to him and he can’t not stare at me? Make it make sense.

“Eat your breakfast, Mouse. It’s the most important meal of the day.” Ev gestures with the spatula to the overfilled platter still steaming in front of me. It’s loaded up with scrambled eggs, cut fruit, sausage patties and toast. Way more than I can eat, even for a dinnertime meal. It’s definitely too much for right after waking up.

“Damn, what’s gotten into you this morning? See, this is why I never bring friends around, Ev. Can you ease up some? So fuckin’ bossy, dude.” Rory’s attempt to lighten the tension is in vain. Not that it stops him from diving face first into his own plate of food the instant his brother places it in front of him.

“Eat your food, kid. Then you need to go facetime Glory and let her know you’re still in town. If she finds out you’re spending the rest of break in town and not visiting her, she’ll cry. Then Hunter will be Hunter, and none of us need that.”

I know Glory Allard is like an aunt to Rory, though I don’t think she’s much older than he is. Then again, Rory’s more than a decade younger than his older brother, if I remember the

family tree he described on the way here. It's all a bit fuzzy, considering I wasn't expecting to meet any of these people. The house was supposed to be empty.

"Crap, I didn't even think about that. You gonna be in the shit for coming back early? Guessing you're only here because the security system notified you..." Rory's got a guilty flush to his cheeks that makes me nervous.

He was so convincing when he persuaded me to spend the rest of break here, away from Perry Hurd and his grabby hands. I'm starting to think it was selfish of me to expect him to be able to save me from my problems. The last thing I want is to cause trouble for him.

"I can just go, Rory. I really didn't mean to cause problems." Nerves make my voice shaky. Rory's my first real friend. The first person to be kind to me for reasons other than scoring points with my father. And this is how I repay him? By pissing off his brother and maybe getting both of them in trouble with his aunt and whoever Hunter is?

"You're not leaving, Mouse. Sit down and eat your breakfast like a good girl. You need the nutrients." Ev's immense palm cups my shoulder and gently pushes me back into the chair. His hand is so big his pinky curls around my upper bicep and his thumb curves midway up my neck.

Now that I've met him, it makes more sense why everything in this house is practically double the size of regular furniture. Evander Allard is easily the biggest man I've ever seen. Not just the tallest, either. He's got one of those barrel chests like old-time strongman boasted on circus posters.

I have no idea how a man as enormous as Ev manages to run an internet security department for Allard International. Just trying to picture his thick fingers poised over a computer keyboard makes me want to giggle.

Somehow, I manage to keep the laugh at bay. A good thing, considering I'm feeling more hysterical than humorous. The last thing I need is Evander Allard realizing how nervous he makes me. Showing this giant predator any weakness feels like an animal of prey giving its belly.

I don't think he'd hurt me. Not physically at least. But there's something about the way he stares that makes me think he sees more than I'm prepared for. Power and dominant energy radiates from him, and my hand moves forkfuls of breakfast to my mouth without conscious decision on my part.

"Good girl. See how easy it is to give me what I want?" His eyes are warm with approval I almost feel physically petting every nerve in my body.

"What you want?" The words tumble from me, and my attention ping pongs from Rory to the giant who's apparently his brother.

"Yes. What I want, Mouse. For now, what I want is your obedience when I tell you to eat your breakfast. And look at you, being such a good, good girl." The praise washes over me, bathing me with an acceptance I hadn't realized I've been missing.

I'm way more used to the more dismissive way my father treats me. That is, when he's not pointing out all the ways I'm a disappointment. I know being away from his condemnation and strict rules is why I spent my first semester of college partying and wearing the most scandalous clothes I could find.

It was immature to be twenty years old and rebelling like a preteen, but I'm done beating myself up over it. And really, whether I was partying too much or not, there's no excuse for the way Perry Hurd has been behaving. My dresses are not invitations to my body, no matter how short they may be or how much he might want to believe otherwise.

I wish I had one of those dresses on right now, then maybe, it *would* be an invitation because there's no denying the way my body is waking up and noticing all the ways this enormous near-stranger is affecting me.

**CHAPTER**

*Six*



## EV

RORY CLOCKED MY INTENTIONS FOR HIS LITTLE GIRLFRIEND pretty quick. It's not as though I'm making a great mystery of them, but I'm relieved we can avoid the dust up that would come from stealing his girl.

"Where'd Perla go?" Rory rushes into the kitchen after disappearing to get showered and dressed for the day. He races through life with an exuberance I never got the chance to indulge.

Rather than jealousy, being able to watch him embrace joy and normalcy has always been enough for me. I've set aside my wants and wishes to make sure he has the chance to be the captain of his own destiny, unencumbered by honor debts and crime family expectations. Yeah, Glory and Hunter would no doubt release me if I asked, but at this point, they're as much my family as Rory is.

"Shower. Now, explain what the fuck is going on before she gets back. I want to know everything." Taking a firm tone with Rory isn't something I typically find myself doing. Even during the teen years when kids can be little assholes, he was pretty well behaved.

"You mean you haven't digitally stalked every minute of her life up to now?" He smirks, secure in his right to tease me.

"I'm asking you, Ror. What's going on with you and this 'not girlfriend' that has you bringing her to my home when I'm out of town?"

Of course, I already have script running to scrub the internet for her electronic footprint, but I want to hear this directly from him. Not just because I can count on him to give me fleshed-out details, but because the nuance of his explanation will give me necessary information about how he feels about her.

They both claim they're not dating and never have. I don't get any pining vibes from either of them, but I need to be positive Rory hasn't buried unrequited feelings for this girl deep down.

"We met in Freshman Biology and got paired for lab. You know I don't get close to people much." Rory pauses and watches for my reaction. It's actually one of the things we've argued about. I've worked hard to shield the kid, yet he walks through life with his guard too high. Always waiting for the shoe to drop and betrayal to come.

I guess some scars from our parents are bound to linger. Glory tried her best to be a mother figure for him while she parented her stepdaughter, Snow, but in those days, we were all living under the violent thumb of Xavier Kingston. None of us could totally protect the kids. Especially, considering Glory, Hunter, Maxen and me were impossibly young ourselves.

"I can see how a girl like Perla would slip past those walls you've got built, kid." Holding back the lecture about his closed-off attitude is the right play. Rory's shoulders relax from up around his ears, and his eyes sparkle with happiness.

"If I'd known you were gonna pounce on her like a lion goes after a gazelle, I'da brought her around sooner." His lips quirk up in a grin that has an answering smile lifting my own lips.

Yeah, my brother's clearly got love for Perla Walker, but the ring of authenticity when he jokes about setting us up assures me he's not *in love* with her. With that hurdle gone, I just need to know why she's hiding out with him here at my place. I'll deal with whatever the problem is at the same time I get her fertilized and locked down. Which is to say; fast.

"She's here now. You did good bringing her to me. To safety. I need to know what we're dealing with, though. Before she gets down here and whatever the shit is upsets her."

Rory's smile drops away as he gets down to business explaining how he found out the grad assistant who teaches one of her classes has been harassing my woman. Stalking my girl. Showing up at her dorm and making her afraid to be alone.



Motherfucker's on borrowed time, that much is for sure. When Rory tells me how Perla's father told her it's no more than she deserves since she insisted on a school so far from home, I add him to my list, too.

My sweet little mouse has had a lot of disappointment and mistreatment at the hands of men who've messed up their jobs of caring for her. Their fuckery is my gain, because now she's mine. She's mine, and they'll reap what they've sown.

**CHAPTER**

*Seven*



## PERLA

“RORY?” I CAME OUT OF THE BATHROOM ATTACHED TO EV’S bedroom, the one he insisted I shower in while Rory got ready in his own, to find the door to Rory’s bedroom locked.

I’m unsure what I’m supposed to do now. My bag with all my clothes is on a shelf in Rory’s closet. The sleep clothes I wore to bed last night managed to disappear from the floor just inside the bathroom during my shower. A dollar buys a donut I know what the answer to that mystery is.

Sneaking in and swiping my clothes seems like something Ev would absolutely do. He was watching me sleep for crying out loud! The man disregards boundaries. Oddly enough, when Perry ignored boundaries, it was scary and infuriating. When Ev does it? Well, it’s a good thing I’m not wearing panties. They’d probably go up in flames.

Not that anyone would know with the way I’m wrapped in Ev’s robe. The fleecy fabric drapes and folds around me almost the way a blanket would. A train of navy blue fabric trails on the floor behind me, every shuffled step I take reminding me how much bigger than me he is.

“Rory? Ev? Somebody?”

The house is enormous. The furniture is enormous. The man is enormous. My voice echoes through the silence and floats down the stairs I’m too nervous to descend with this much material twisted around me. The absolute last thing I need in this dumpster fire of a winter break is to actually break myself tripping down the stairs.

“Not another step!” Ev’s command rips through the silence. Stomping booms follow as his big-ass body thunders up the stairs until he’s eye level with me. I’m at the top landing, and he’s at least three risers lower than me. Because I needed another reminder that the guy’s a giant, I guess.

“Back to our room, Mouse. You’re not wearing any clothes.” He lifts me into the air and over his shoulder with as much effort as I sling on a purse strap.

“Well whose fault is that, you neanderthal? You can’t just steal my clothes and use it as an excuse to keep me in your cave!” Why am I the one who sounds winded when he’s the one carrying me around?

“You don’t need those cheap rags. You deserve nicer things. Until the clothes I’ve ordered arrive, I like you like this.” He lays me down on his bed then towers above me where he stands beside it.

“There’s nothing wrong with the clothes I brought, Ev.” I swear I woke up in an alternate universe. This is wild.

“They’re in another man’s room. I don’t know where they came from. From who. You don’t need them, Perla. My job now is to make sure you have everything you need.”

He’s so boldly possessive. I should be scared. Generations of strong women must be rioting from the afterlife, watching as I simper and let this hulk steamroll right over the top of me. Add it to the tally of the shit I get wrong in life, I guess. Because for the first time ever, a man is taking charge and bossing me around in a way that doesn’t make me want to run away.

“What if I need panties? What then, Colossus?” He keeps calling me Mouse. We’ll see how he likes a silly nickname. His lips curl into a smirk, and I know I’ve made a miscalculation.

“You only need panties if you’re going out, Sweet Girl. And since you’re stuck here until everything is resolved with the asshole who’s been stalking you, that’s not happening. Ergo, you don’t need panties.”

Thick fingers toy with the belt of his robe where it’s keeping the swirl of fabric tied tight at my waist. The heated way his eyes track the rise and fall of my breasts, even buried beneath the warm fleece the way they are, makes my breathing even more choppy.

It's a cycle that loops between us. His scrutiny rings my chimes, the arousal visibly observable in the way my body responds. And in response, his stare becomes even hotter. More predatory.

"H-how do you know about Perry?" The words trip out before I can bite them back. I pinch my eyes shut tight, not wanting to see the same disgusted pity as my father had had when I asked for his help. All I'd asked my dad for was some money so I could get an apartment off campus. One with a doorman for security, maybe. That went over about as well as a lead balloon at a circus.

"Eyes, Little Mouse. Don't hide from me," Ev orders. When my eyes find his, there's no disgust. Only the fire of lust and possession that's been there since the moment I woke up and saw him for the first time.

"His behavior isn't your fault. No matter what anyone has tried to say. Tell me you understand that." There's no room for argument in his tone. I nod.

"Good. And as your man, I'll be taking care of that situation. So feel free to focus on more pressing matters." The way he smirks should be licensed as a weapon of panty-melting destruction. But again, I'm not wearing any. And, forgive me for being dramatic, but...my man? It's a bit too early for those types of claims. At least for normal guys. Ev Allard doesn't strike me as the normal guy type though.

"What pressing matters would those be?" I have a strong hunch I already know.

"This one, for starters." He grabs the enormous bulge behind the zipper of his slacks, the filthy words so unexpected I can't hold back my giggle.

"Little Mouse, you'll give me a complex if looking at my junk makes you laugh," he teases.

"Somehow, I doubt that'd be true even if I cackled like a hysterical hyena." Because there's no way a man this virile relies on anyone else for validation.

“You may have a point. And I do like seeing that perfect smile. Let’s save the jokes for later, though. I need total focus for this part.”

Fire licks over me everywhere his eyes take me in. I’m not certain what this part is, but my body’s overruling everything in this moment.

“What’s there to concentrate so hard on?” I ask. I walked into that joke, and I brace myself with a mental reminder not to laugh at the rejoinder I’m sure is coming. Ev goes another direction. A more serious one. At least, the look on his face is fiercely solemn.

“On the only thing that matters, Sweet Perla. Putting my baby in that fertile little belly of yours, so I can watch that tummy swell up with our child. Making you mine, forever, in every way that counts.”

**CHAPTER**

*Eight*



## EV

I SEE THE QUESTIONS MOUNTING IN HER EYES. BUT BETWEEN the adrenaline racing through me from seeing her drowning in my robe at the top of the stairs and the lust that's been choking me since laying eyes on her, my control's shot.

"Forever's a long time, Evander Allard. Even for an old guy like you." Her reminder that she's much younger than me doesn't have the sting it could since Rory already told me about her late start in school.

"You doubt me? Doubt I can protect you? Give you everything you dream of?" It wouldn't be shocking if she did. We don't know each other, after all. Still, there's knowing, and there's *knowing*. The way I *know* she's it for me.

"We just met. There's no way you can even know what I dream of. You can't be so certain of me already. What if I'm a horrible person? A serial killer?"

So sweet. So innocent. She obviously has no idea who or what I am. A killer? Her? Me, on the other hand? Well, not everything I do for the Allards is behind a computer monitor. Not that this tenderhearted little mouse is ready to learn all of that.

My thoughts briefly go to the women of the family. Glory and Cynbel are both vicious killers in their own right. But Snow? Glory's stepdaughter is soft and innocent in ways the lot of us have always striven to preserve. If we can shelter Snow from the ugliness involved in our less than above-board activities, I know I can do the same for Perla.

"You wanna be a killer, Little Mouse?" I lift my eyebrow and smile at the angry little mewl of argument she gives me.

"You know what I meant, Goliath." She huffs. I have no doubt she'd stomp her tiny foot if she were standing.



But she's not standing. She's on her back, under me like a good girl. As adorable as she is, all flustered and fighting with me, I need to distract her from this battle of wills. I want her to submit to me. Willingly. I need to get her addicted to my cock until I can make her fall in love with me. Then she won't doubt I can make her dreams come true. She'll know that together, *we* are the dream.

Instead of arguing with her, I climb onto the bed and brace myself on my elbow and knees, boxing her in. Her eyes go comically wide at the move, the pupils of blowing out with awareness. All her hesitation vanishes like early morning fog in the heat of a summer sunrise.

Her lips part beneath mine as though welcoming a conquering knight home from the battlefields, and I sip from her mouth with as much greed as a man starved of comforts while at war. Perla sighs when my tongue tangles around hers, and my cock pounds so hard behind my fly I'm afraid I may wind up with damaged junk from the force of it.

Our breaths pass back and forth until I'm dizzy with it, and I know her much smaller body must feel the deprivation of air even more. I break our kiss and work my way along her angular jawline to lick and nibble at the taut cords of her neck. She's so delicate and small compared to me, though I'm sure beside other women she'd be considered plus size.

Her curves are a roadmap to pleasure, and I'll spend a lifetime exploring every bit of the journey. Her moans lift octaves higher when I discover sensitive spots. She catches her breath and wriggles beneath me in anticipation when I bite and suck at places less erogenous. But nowhere is she as responsive as when I make my way between the lapels of my robe to get at the lush abundance of her tits.

"Once you're good and bred, when there's a baby fed by these perfect tits sleeping in the nursery across the hall, then Little Mouse, I'm gonna drink my fill, too." My words have her legs snapping against my waist, arching to grind her center against my painfully hard cock.

She might be unwilling to give me the words, but her body's providing all the consent I could ask for. I wrap my lips around the stiff knot of nerves at the center of one puffy areola, the bumps and ridges furling around it tighter and tighter when I roll it between my teeth. I tug at her other nipple with my fingers, plucking at it to mimic what my mouth is doing.

“This is so fast, Ev. Are you sure? I have so much baggage, but if you stop—”

I cut her off with a sharp bite to the tender bud. I love the way her squeal turns to a gasp of delight. My sweet girl likes a bit of pain with her pleasure, and I aim to please.

“There's no stopping, Perla. Not unless you truly tell me to. Are you telling me that?” Much as I genuinely hope she doesn't put on the brakes, I know I'd never push her if she wants to slow us down.

“Don't stop. Please don't stop. Just...just please don't break me.”

She doesn't have to ask. I'll never do anything to hurt her. I know she's talking about her heart, though, and the last bit of doubt hiding in the bottom recesses of my soul disappears. I may be the one driving, but Perla's moving at warp speed right alongside me.

**CHAPTER**

*Nine*



## PERLA

THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME I'VE HOOKED UP WITH A GUY I barely know. After years of being a perfect daughter, a model on the shelf my father could trot out to impress business associates, college was a freedom I didn't know how to handle. All those parties were opportunities to preen for the male gaze and play up the looks my father had been so quick to order me to keep under wraps.

No matter how many places I looked, the freedom didn't quite feel the way I'd envisioned when I'd daydreamed about finally getting it. It was hollow, almost. Sure, being wanted is flattering and ego boosting. But the highs haven't seemed worth the lows that come from letting boys use my body even if I'm using theirs in return.

I partied so hard I barely passed my classes, which is another reason dear ole dad refused to help me get away from the dorms. His mind's made up that I've made my bed and I should taste what it's like to lie in it. I got lucky when Rory showed up at exactly the perfect moment to be my white knight. I'm still unsure why we click the way we do, but I've never met anyone who makes me laugh the way he does when he does his impression of old school mafiosos in the movies.

He also promised I'd be safe at his brother's house, and so far, he's kept that vow. Although I'm sure he didn't mean for me to wind up quite so thoroughly under the protection of his big brother. I have no clue exactly what Ev does for Allard Holdings, and Rory's always somewhat vague about the details. When I asked him if he planned on joining his brother in working for the Allards, Rory made some comment about having to prove he's a worthy member of the family.

I didn't understand what he meant until I met his brother and saw this house. Even the best IT professionals don't have the kinda money a place like this costs. I ought to be more worried about what all this means, but honestly, I'm not.

The only thing I can focus on at the moment is the way Ev's mapping my pleasure zones the way a cartographer memorializes undiscovered horizons. His nonsensical whispers against my skin vibrate my nerves until my entire body feels like a tuning fork being struck by a mallet over and over.

"You're my treasure, Perla. The most glorious reward fate could ever devise, one I surely don't deserve. I'd sooner break my own heart than give you cause to shed a single tear," Ev growls against the soft squish of my tummy before biting down on a fleshy roll and suckling his mark onto my skin everywhere his mouth touches.

His talk of breeding me aside, Ev's entire focus has been on keeping me safe and making me happy. If it's wrong to fall into the way he's making me feel, I'll face it later. I'll take this chance, run this risk, and find out whether this chemistry between us can fill up that hollow hole inside me.

"Then have me, Ev. Make me yours. We'll figure out the rest as we go," I whisper, almost afraid to hear them, fearing they break this spell weaving around us in the quiet of Ev's bedroom.

It's all the encouragement he needs. Ev pushes and tugs at the miles of fleecy robe twisted around my lower body even as he tears at the button down and slacks he wears. It's the same pristinely starched business suit he was in when I opened my eyes in this very bed to find him watching me sleep. A distant brain cell ruminates over the realization the man apparently traveled through the night to find me in his home, installed me in his bed while I slept like the dead, then engineered every minute of today toward the goal of getting me back into his bed. This time, naked.

Power floods my veins, warring with the need he ignites with every touch. Kiss. Lick. Bite. The way this man craves me above everything is a heady sensation. I've been wanted in the past. Desired even. But this is next level.

"That's my good girl, Perla. My sweet, good girl," he rumbles into my ear before taking the tender lobe of it between his

teeth and nipping. Stinging pleasure moves like molten lava through me, and my hips arch up in search of friction.

Slippery, hot silk over steel parts my thick lower lips as his erection gets trapped between us. The fat mushroom-head of his cock nudges against my clit, and I see stars. Ev, observant as he is, takes note of the fireworks dancing in my spasming muscles and works his hips in a swivel that grinds his hardness against that nervy little button of pleasure.

“You like that, don’t you? Just. Like. That.” He punctuates each word with a hard thrust against my sensitive clit. I’m already about to come, and he’s not even inside me yet.

“Need to taste this sweet pussy before I fill it with my cum. Once I get my seed in there, not a moment will go by when you don’t taste like a mix of the two of us. You understand what I’m saying, Mouse?”

“Filthy forever, Goliath. That’s what you’re promising.” My reply has a wicked grin spreading over his handsome face as he slides down my body until his shoulders push my legs as wide open as I can get.

“Fucking right, Mouse. So fuckin’ right.”

# CHAPTER

# *Ten*



## EV

EATING PERLA'S FLAWLESS PUSSY IS THE REASON I WAS PUT ON this earth. There's a simple perfection in the way her thick lower lips open like petals as her legs spread wide for me. Lust shimmers wet and fragrant from where it pools at the opening of her body. I bump my nose against her clit in my haste to get my tongue into the wetness, and she writhes beneath me like a wanton siren.

"Yes, oh yes, please!" Perla gasps.

"No need to beg, Little Mouse. Only to have patience." Much as my cock would love to rush to the part where it gets to pound her into the mattress, I know better.

Her curvy body was built to welcome every inch I've got to give it. Doesn't mean she won't balk if I bring it out before she's sated and relaxed from a few orgasms. So for now, I'm keeping my cock out of her warm cunt, even if it feels as if I'll die if we don't fuck soon.

I focus my attention on her body's cues and devour her pussy like the meal it is. I work first one, then two fingers, inside her tight channel as my tongue jiggles the hard knot of her clit.

"I want to taste your cum, Perla. Don't hold back. You're going to come so many times tonight your womb will suck up every drop of me."

I'm unsure why my drive to see her round with my baby is so intense, but I can't deny how hot it will be. It's not solely about possessive urges, my claiming her, either. I need to know we've created a life together. That a piece of us will walk this earth as a testament to our coming together.

I want more than my seed taking root in her body. So much more. I want the kids watching cartoons on the floor in the living room while I sneak kisses from their mom and cook a big Saturday breakfast. I want conferences with teachers, who



tell me how smart and brave my kids are. All of it. Everything I never cared about before Perla.

“You keep talking about filling me up. When you gonna make good on it, huh, Goliath?” she sasses.

“That smart mouth is gonna get you in trouble,” I growl into her pussy. I smack my free hand against the side of her ass. Not hard enough to hurt, but good enough to leave my hand print on the fleshy globe. Her squeal turns into a wailing moan, and my fingers squelch through even more of her slick arousal.

“Bring it on, then,” she challenges.

So I do. I press a third finger inside, her dark pink opening paling as she stretches to take my thick digits. Curling them upward and dragging the tips against the spongy patch deep inside her front wall rewards me with that first orgasm.

“More, I need more. Ev, please fuck me!” she begs.

“Told you to have patience. Now, be a good girl and let me drink my fill of this magical pussy.” My dick screams at me to give her what she wants. I’m still unsure she’s prepared enough, so I start the process of working her into another orgasm.

When she’s come on my face another two times, her pleas have become incoherent babbles, nonsensical words as her head thrashes from side to side. Ebony curls tangle and gleam, spread out in a midnight halo over my pillows. Tears streak down her temples from the exertion of riding wave after wave of pleasure.

Finally, her muscles give way to exhaustion, and her legs fall to the bed in a split so wide even my big-ass shoulders fit between her thighs. Her tiny fists are still white knuckling the sheets beneath her, and I can’t wait to feel those sharp purple-painted nails digging into me instead of the mattress.

“Now, you’re ready for me, Mouse.” I’m more than ready, too.

It feels as if it’s been years since I’ve unloaded my balls, instead of mere hours since I stroked myself stupid picturing this moment with Perla. I tear my clothes the rest of the way

off while she watches, lids heavy over eyes and still gleaming with lusty avarice.

“Like what you see? You’d better. It’s the last cock you’re ever getting.” I fist myself, the heavy weight of my dick stretched tight with what feels like all the blood in my body. The head weeps with cum and points at her like a weapon ready to unload at a target.

“Prove it, then. I want it. I want to taste you, too, though.” She wiggles on the bed as if she’s trying to compel her muscles to crawl over and gag on my cock. I can’t allow that. I’m too close to the edge already, and this load belongs as deep inside her fertile young body while I can get it.

“Later. Right now, this big, fat cock needs to fuck, and your hot little cunt needs to cream all over it, so we can make our firstborn.” Filthy promises I intend to keep.

Perla’s hand slides between her legs until those sparkly purple nails frame her clit. One finger presses along either side of the sticky, wet bundle. Her middle finger dips inside to gather more of that sweet-tart cream and swirls it around in maddening circles.

“I’m ready,” she claims. I agree.

I’m careful to keep my weight off her as I settle myself in the cradle of her body. She’s not a small woman, but under my size, she’s tiny. My cock needs no guiding to her sopping-wet slit. Before I dip inside, I grind my shaft between her lower lips soaking myself, so I’ll be able to glide right into her.

“Stop teasing me!” she orders, lust turning my sweet mouse into a greedy tyrant.

“Patience, Perla. Good girls get cock. Brats get spankings and orgasm denial while they watch their man beat off onto their tits.” It’s an empty threat. She can brat as much as she wants. Until she’s bred, every drop of my seed is going straight into her womb.

I don’t want her to know how tightly she’s got me wound around her finger, though, so I give her what she wants. My

hips pull back until I feel my head notched at her opening, and then I press forward.

Though I prepped her with as many orgasms as her body could handle, there's still resistance when I push inside. Her body's unaccustomed to anything my size, I'm sure of it.

"Relax and let me in, Mouse," I command.

"I'm trying, Goliath. It's not my fault you're too damn big for reality," she grumbles, but I feel her relaxing her muscles with conscious effort, and I press deeper into her.

"Fuck, you're so tight. So perfect." The words sound as if they're coming from someone else. Someone inhuman, they're so deep.

I work inch after inch of my aching cock into her until I bottom out. She's taking nearly all of me, and in time, I'm sure I'll be able to fit all the way to the base. This is enough, for now. I hold still to let us both adjust.

"I need...need you to move," she grunts, and I raise up high enough to see the soft pouch of her tummy bulge where I'm jammed so deep into her.

"Hold on tight, baby. It's time for your giant to give you the fuck you keep begging for." I pull out until my tip is notched at her opening then thrust back inside. One long, long stroke is followed by a long, long withdrawal. Over and over again, until she's mindless and screaming on my cock. Coming, one orgasm after another, her pussy milks the seed from me in endless spurts that slap and squirt out between us in a filthy mess.

**CHAPTER**

*Eleven*



## PERLA

EV SAGS OVER ME, CAREFUL TO KEEP MOST OF HIS WEIGHT OFF my body, but he doesn't pull out. Instead, he wraps around me like a giant koala and rolls until I'm sprawled on top of him. The experience is so different than my frantic post-coital experiences at frat parties and in the dorms.

There's no slightly panicked rush to get out from under him. No desperate grab to make sure the condom didn't slip or fail. Just tingly aftershocks that ripple and clench along his barely softened monster cock.

"Stay still, Mouse. Need to keep you full of me, so my swimmers can get the job done." He meets my gaze, his expression stern and serious.

"You aren't joking. That wasn't just super hot sexy talk. You really do want a baby with me. Already." I hear how incredulous I sound and hope I'm not spoiling anything with my doubts.

But I went to bed last night still ambivalent and aimless about my future. Sure, I wanted to get away from my overbearing father and get a degree to support myself. Beyond that? My lifetime had spanned out ahead of me, shrouded in fog. I'd had no idea what I wanted, only a surety about what I didn't want.

"Never thought about making a family before I set eyes on you, Perla Jane Walker."

Somehow, his knowing my middle name is no surprise.

"Haven't even really held a baby since Rory was one. I guess when Hunter and Glory's baby is born next month that might change. He's a greedy, overprotective king. So who knows if any of us will ever be allowed close enough to hold the little guy."

"Hunter is your boss? But you share a last name?" I have so much to learn about Ev. It should scare me to know so little

about the man dripping from inside me, but I'm not afraid at all.

This is right. I don't know how or why I'm so certain, but I feel it in my bones.

"Hunter and Glory run the family...business, you could call it. Those of us who have devoted our lives to it are offered the opportunity to show our loyalty by changing our name to Allard. It's an honor and one I was happy to claim, considering the shitty family I was born into. My brother excluded."

"Where *is* Rory?" I ask.

"No speaking another man's name when I'm inside you, baby. New rule." He smiles as he says it, though, and grinds himself against my over-sensitized mound.

"Oh, we've got rules now, huh?" I can think of a few rules I'd like to set, if we're throwing things out there. Like, if I'm his, he's mine. He'll have no other women.

"Rules for you, absolutely. Beginning with the rule you're not to leave this house without my knowing where you're going, so I can keep you safe. That rule's non-negotiable."

His scowl brings me back to the reason I'm here to begin with. Perry Hurd and his freaky obsession with me. I'm sure Rory's already informed Ev all about it, and I can't bring myself to dwell on Perry's slimy self while I'm in Ev's arms.

"I want to make a rule, too," I say.

"What rule do you think you need to make, Little Mouse?" His smirks will be the death of me.

"If you're gonna keep me, then you have to keep me. Only me. No other women. Ever. I mean it. I won't share you."

He barks out a laugh that flexes his cock where it's still shoved inside me, and we both groan. Ripples of pleasure pour through me, even though I'm too exhausted to move.

"Zero risk of that. Can't remember the last time I bothered looking at a female, much less bedding one. You're it for me. From the moment I laid eyes on you until forever. You might

not be ready for the words yet, but it won't make them less true. I love you, Perla."

He might not expect the words back, but I want to give them to him. I open my mouth to do exactly that, but an ear-splitting alarm shatters the quiet of the room.

"What the fuck? Whoever tripped the alarm has a death wish for forcing me out of this perfect pussy," he growls, menace overtaking the sweet giant I've already gotten used to.

"Stay here, Mouse. I'll get rid of whoever it is."

"What if it's Rory? You can't make him leave. He lives here!" I don't want to come between them. Rory and I have never had a second of chemistry between us, only a friendship that immediately felt like family, but I don't want Ev thinking he has to push out Rory to keep me.

"Kid wouldn't set off the alarm, he has the codes. Otherwise, neither of you could have gotten in last night. Besides, he left a couple hours ago, while you were in the shower. Something about the bookstore calling to tell him the textbook he needs to read, ahead of classes starting, arrived in stock. Now, you. Stay. Put."

He snatches his slacks from the floor where he tossed them earlier and jams in each leg. They're wrinkled to shit, but he doesn't seem to care as he storms from the room.

If he really believes I'll hide up here like a literal mouse, he's got another think he needs to think. I'm on my feet throwing on his discarded shirt the instant he closes the door behind him. I follow him downstairs, staying out of sight, and tiptoe in his wake toward the front door.

The heavy wood barely muffles the enraged roar coming from whoever is on the other side. I watch as Ev reaches into a drawer of a foyer table as he passes it on the way to the door. His hand comes out holding a scary black handgun that looks large, even in his enormous mitt of a hand.

He tucks it into the waistband of his slacks with a practiced ease that would terrify me in another reality. In this moment, it

settles my nerves to know whatever is out there, Ev's got it handled.

He throws a dark look over his shoulder to where I'm peeping around the corner.

“Told you to stay put. You'll need a punishment for disobeying me. If you're a good girl while I handle this asshole, maybe, it'll be a punishment you'll like.”

Ev's calm and cool as if he didn't just set my body on fire with lust. Bracing his feet wide, he throws open the door.

“The fuck do you think you're doing at my home, Hurd?”

It's Perry? He followed me here?



# CHAPTER

# *Twelve*



## EV

ALL MY INTENTIONS TO KEEP PERLA SHIELDED FROM THE reality of what I am are ruined by the bastard glaring at me from my front stoop. Because if this fuck thinks he can stalk my woman at all, much less come to my home in search of her, and leave with breath in his lungs, he's delusional.

"Perla! Come here this instant! Do you know who this is? You've thrown in with a criminal, you foolish girl! Get over here behind me. I'll protect you from him." His voice trembles despite the bravado he attempts to project.

"I see you know of me. Then you should also know I don't tolerate disrespect." Rory and I have never hidden our connection to the Allards, despite my taking their name while he's still a Clune.

"I do know who you are, and that's why Perla needs to come with me, where she can be safe from the likes of you." His tough talk wavers as I advance closer to where he takes several steps back.

"Come inside. Let's discuss this as men." I clap a hand on his shoulder and guide him into the house. He has no choice but to submit as I propel him deeper into my home.

There are rooms here Perla should never know they exist, and under normal circumstances, she never would. I feel her presence behind me, though, so I guess today's the day she sees me for the mafia beast I am.

I manhandle Perry Hurd past the room filled with computers that will tap into every traffic cam and surveillance video that recorded his movements from the time he stepped out of his apartment until he arrived here. Those videos will be scrubbed later. Perry Hurd will be ghosted from this earth, disappearing like Hoffa when I'm through with him.

"Wha-what do you think you're doing? You can't just—" Fear shakes his voice and makes his body tremble when I shove

him into the lone chair in the center of the dark room behind my office.

“People will notice if I disappear,” he stammers.

“I see you really do know what I am. Perry Phillip Hurd. Born in the eighth of April to Elise and James Hurd of Kansas City, Missouri.” I rattle off his biography. Not because it matters, but because it scares him.

“Your mother’s a retired dental hygienist. Your father works for the railroad. Only child. Undergrad degree in English with a minor in mid-twentieth century European literature. TAing for free in exchange for Professor Simek’s silence about the girl you stalked and cheated off of your senior year. Fuck, man, you could be a more boring cliché?”

“How do you know all this?” Shock and outrage make his voice a squeak.

“You stalked my woman here. To my home. And you’re shocked I know every dirty thing about your pathetic life? Perry, Perry, Perry. My friend, a grad student ought to be smarter than this.”

I feel Perla’s presence hovering in the doorway. Perry’s eyes cut to her. His earlier bravado is completely gone as he realizes how fucked he is.

“Perla, tell him he’s got it wrong. I’m no stalker! I’ve only tried to protect you. To show you how I care!” Far from the conquering hero he imaged himself when he stormed to my front door, now he’s reduced to begging his victim for salvation.

“The way you cared for Vanessa Gilmer two years ago, when you were both seniors? When you stalked and scared her so badly she dropped out of school?” I ask.

His head drops low, his chin bouncing against the rapid rise and fall of his chest. He’s trapped. Cornered. Forced to face the truth of himself. The truth he’s not making it out of this room alive.

“You should go back to bed,” I instruct Perla.

“I should stay right here,” she fires back.

“You don’t need to see this, Little Mouse. It won’t be pretty.” I want to spare her the visual, though the outcome won’t change. She already knows I’m a possessive man. Now, she can add stone-cold killer to the list of things she knows about me.

She shocks me. “I don’t need pretty. I need real. If I’m yours the way you claim, show me what that means. Show me all of you.”

Perry opens his mouth to speak, and I crack him across the jaw hard enough to knock him out. I don’t want his slimy voice ruining this moment between Perla and me.

“I’m not a good man, Little Mouse.” I’m not making excuses. I am what I am.

“You’re good to me, though. You’re keeping me safe. Protecting me from my stalker. Right?” She stares into my eyes, no fear in her. No shame or judgment.

“No one will ever harm you. Not while there’s breath in my body to defend you,” I vow, the promise I’m making sacred. “I’ll turn the earth red with blood to avenge every wrong ever done to you.”

“I think taking care of this one is enough. For now.” My sweet mouse isn’t quite the innocent flower I’d assumed she was. Her bloodthirst surprises me and fills me with pride.

I could have hidden the true nature of my work from her forever, and would have done so gladly to keep her innocence and naivety intact, but there’s a freedom in knowing I won’t need to. She may not be a serial killer, the way she teased just this morning or the way Max’s wife, Cynbel, actually is, but she’s tough.

“Glory’s gonna love you, Little Mouse.” And I can’t wait to introduce Perla to Glory and Cynbel. They’re the only women I’ve ever known who are strong enough to tame the mafia beasts that Allard men are.

Perla’s strength matches theirs, though it’s softer and lighter on its surface. I step away from Hurd’s crumpled form to

capture her lips in a brutal kiss, marking her with swollen lips and whisker burns.

“Alright, baby, watch me get to work,” I say.

And she does.

# *Epilogue 1*



**EV**

### **3 YEARS LATER**

I'll never get enough of seeing my wife bred with my babies, though I'm glad this time there's just the one baby. Science and her doctor may choose to disagree with me, but I'll never believe it was anything less than the complete drowning of her cervix the day we met that led to our twins' conception.

"Such a good girl, Perla. Ride me just like that." She doesn't need the instruction, but I like giving her commands and watching her submit.

My wife rolls her hips where she sits perched on my lap. Just as I predicted the day I knocked her up the first time, her body has learned to take all of me. Now, she grinds on my shaft until her mound is flush to my groin and she can get the exact pressure she likes on that greedy clit.

"You're not the boss of me, Goliath! Come on. You know what I need. Do the thing. Hurry before the babies wake up from their naps." She's every bit as fierce and demanding as she was the day she insisted on watching me kill her stalker. Only now, the demand is much, much sweeter.

I crane my neck as she presents her milky, fat tit for me to suckle while she rides my cock. I had no idea when I bred her how much we'd both love it when her milk leaks from these bountiful breasts, but neither of us can get enough.

The twins just turned two and don't nurse anymore, but with Perla about to pop with our third, a boy this time, her breasts have started producing milk again. I am a lucky, lucky man.

"Yes, ma'am!" I nip and suck until sweet, warm milk floods my mouth and her cunt strangles my dick with her orgasm. Yeah, I am a lucky man, indeed.

# *Epilogue 2*





## PERLA

### 10 YEARS LATER

The day I watched Ev kill Perry Hurd changed me on a fundamental level. Pretty much everything is B.E. or A.E.. Before or after Ev. If someone had told B.E. Perla that she'd gladly watch her lover kill a man, not just once, but plenty of times over the years, B.E. Perla would have called that person a liar.

Don't get me wrong, it's not as if I'm always watching him kill people. Or trying to. But there's the world, and there's our family. And when the world encroaches on our family, both the one we've made together, and our chosen Allard family, Ev does what needs to be done.

And if I get a little thrill watching him take care of business? Well, let's just say, being married to a mafia beast with better hacking skills than any alphabet soup government agency comes in handy.

Ev lives to keep us safe, and I live for him. For our family. But I swear on everything, if the man doesn't stop breeding me, I'm gonna sneak away and get my damn tubes tied! Six kids in ten years is more than plenty!

Our family is huge, and most of them take after their dad. Especially the boys. I live in a house of giants and giantesses. My hand goes to my stomach where baby number seven is nestled. A secret Ev hasn't yet caught on to.

He once teased his brother that he'd breed me 'til we had enough for our own baseball team. With this little one, including Ev and me, we'll fulfill that claim. But if it means a few more years of being bred to the mafia beast, well, a girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do.

*Also by Layne Daniels*

# THE VICE & VOW INK WORLD

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Poke'd

Prick'd

Indelible

Lean: Dirty Sinners MC

# GHOSH BORN MC

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[Digg](#)

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## BOOKS IN ORDER OF PUBLICATION

Kringled in Key West

Pi Means Forever: A Man of the Month Book

Vice'd

Poke'd

Prick'd

Getting Off His Naughty List

Room Twenty-Two: The Muse Between Them Club Sin

Lemon Bars & the Lawyer: Sugar & Spice Nights

Jingle Bell Jock

Kwanzaa by Kismet

Missed Kiss

Dad Bod Detective

Vanished in Denver

Teased By the Twins

Winning My Wife

Indelible

Trix's Fool

Comedy of Wrongs

The Kiss Code

Misled and Bred

Dear Huxley: Heart of a Wounded Hero

Heartbreak Beach House

The Seal's Squid

Lean: Dirty Sinners MC

The O Line

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Glitch in the Game

AFK Deployed

Snow Thanks

Humbug Hang Up

Room Eleven: Their Precious Pet

Snow Cam Do

King of the Clubhouse

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Off-Field Training

Beach Heist

UnFairest

Big MisFate

Room Fourteen: Hush

A Delicate Omission

Bred to the Mafia Beast

Bender

Digg

Fame

Polished Off

Dirty Daddies: 2021 Anniversary Anthology.

Dirty Daddies: Spring 2023 Anthology.

Resisting You: Charity Collection of 2nd Chances

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What better way to ring in the New Year than with babies?

This January, join some of your favorite romance authors as they bring you Baby Breeder Session 2, a series all about making babies. Whether it's a primal, biological need or something else driving these men to breed the women they love, what is guaranteed is these stories are going to be hot and messy. Every happily ever after doesn't have to have babies, but these men want nothing less than their women round and glowing.

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