



let's play
pretend



**DANI
WYATT**

let's play pretend

Dani Wyatt

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by Dani Wyatt

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dedication

A NOTE TO MY READERS:
I appreciate every one of you.

For all the girls that played special games in the closet.
It's time to come out.

Dedicated to P. You asked for
All that dirty 'zesty play. Here you go. Don't get me banned.

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NEWSLETTER

let's play pretend



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chapter **one**

Hannah

THERE IS no triumph in my return home.

“Five years this freakin’ door has been half off the hinges!” I throw my hip into the crooked back door on a grunt, then my sister and I add in unison, “Stupid door.”

It’s a twin thing that is equal parts fun and annoying.

The faint scent of cigarette smoke fans the flames of my irritation as we step inside. A year ago, our father promised he would quit smoking in the house. To celebrate his commitment, Brigid and I spent a whole weekend scrubbing the nicotine stains from the kitchen walls, then re-painted in a cheerful lime green with white stripes.

I note the window above the sink standing open, allowing the hundred and five-degree heat in *and* there’s a cigarette shaped burn mark on the crisp white paint of the windowsill.

With gritted teeth, I toss my messenger bag on the counter, scaring Puddles, my three-legged Calico, from her sleeping spot on the chair.

“Sorry, Puds,” I murmur, offering an apologetic ear scratch, then proceed to brush the errant ashes from the sill with one of our custom tie-dyed magenta-colored dishrags.

“The director didn’t even give you a chance,” Brigid says.

“Right? I took like *one step* inside the audition room. *Sorry, you’re not what we’re looking for. Next.*”

“That whole set up was super *sketch*. *Girl Laying Down* makes it sound like porn. And I wouldn’t want you laying on any of Larry’s Discount Mattresses anyway, even for a commercial. Did you see them piled up? They probably all come pre-infested with bed bugs.”

“Maybe it’s a sign. I’m not going to be the next Margot Robbie.”

Brigid bends over, pressing her palms to the floor; knees locked. Her raw linen tank top slips up her back as she presses her nose to her calves. A moment later she releases her stretch, moving into an effortless Dancer Asana.

The closest I get to yoga—or working out at all—is watching MMA rounds on YouTube.

What can I say? The brutality relaxes me. I can’t explain it and I don’t want to. It’s my guilty pleasure and if watching bloody, sweaty men beat each other until they look like raw hamburger gives me a moment of peace, everyone just mind ya business.

Brigid meets my eye, holding the pose with annoying ease. “If it’s a sign of anything, it’s that Larry doesn’t know a good actress when he sees one. Next time, you’ll kill it. You know Dino DeLaurentis called Meryl Streep an ‘ugly thing’ in Italian at the audition for King Kong? Did she quit?”

I shake my head. “No, she didn’t.”

“Damn right she didn’t,” Brigid says with an encouraging smile.

She’s mothering me. I do the same for her when it’s called for. Our twinness is strange. We are opposites in looks. She’s lithe and sophisticated with her thick auburn hair and show-stopping emerald eyes. Totally worthy of a cover shot on *Town & Country*.

She tops my five feet two inches with another seven and her body is runway ready.

I’m this odd mixture of nearly white-blond hair and black-coffee eyes with dark brows. I’ve got double D’s and a Kardashian trunk, but my arms and legs lack any real substance and the freckles I inherited from God knows where seem to double in number every year.

It’s as though I got in the back of every line in the DNA department and the gods just threw whatever was left over my way.

Despite our lack of resemblance, my sister and I have been each other’s peanut butter and jelly our whole lives. Dad did his best at being a mom and a dad but truth time, he fell way short on both counts.

“I’ll make you a smoothie. Extra strawberries.” Brigid grins, releasing the

Asana and turning toward the antique Frigidaire we repainted a bright teal blue when we re-painted the kitchen.

She gently shoos away Puddles, then Murphy, a black, fuzzy Dachshund mix who is always either in the kitchen waiting for scraps or bolting out the front door. We already have a two-hundred-dollar vet bill this month from him trying to chase down a low-riding Cutlass.

The refrigerator handle clunks as Brigid hums *Let the Good Times Roll*, pulling out a bowl of cut up strawberries, then soy milk.

She frowns, shaking the carton. “Dad didn’t get groceries like he promised.”

I screw up my face fighting back a sigh of disappointment. I’ve seen the past-due notices in the garbage can. One of them from Desert Shore Mortgage Company is of particular concern.

My dad has indulged mine and Brigid’s dream of bright lights and back-end royalties since we graduated high school this past May. Brigid is doing regular theater work, and with the commercial gig, I wanted to be able to say *look, here’s a paycheck* instead of *look, here are the animals I helped rehome from the shelter this week*.

And when I say re-home, I mean to *our* home.

I sniff as tension knots up my neck. We both know the grocery store is right next to a private poker club, so the appearance of food usually depends on if the cards are in his favor that day or not.

Brigid closes the refrigerator, fussing with the messy bun that secures her waves of otherworldly auburn tresses as anger bristles over my skin. Like our looks, we have diametrically opposed ways of dealing with our father. She’s more the head-in-the-sand while I’m more the get-your-shit-together.

Muffled noise from the living room draws our attention toward the hallway that connects the two rooms.

“What do you fucking want from me? Blood?” Dad’s voice hints at how desperate he is. “You were supposed to find me a new deal and you keep saying *tomorrow* or *next week*.”

“That’s all you have to say?” It’s my pseudo-Uncle Greg that replies.

Brigid nudges me with her elbow. “I knew he owed someone,” she whispers, tugging her black yoga pants out of her ass. “But Uncle Greg? You know he once broke a man’s legs for not paying him. *Both* his legs, Han. *Both*.”

I inch through the door, but Brigid shakes her head.

“Hannah, don’t. That’s Dad’s business—”

“Oh right,” I hiss. “And when the Sheriff shows up to kick us out that’s not our business either?”

She looks torn, but when I slip out she follows. We creep down the hall as the straining A/C overhead chugs and clunks, mixing with Greg’s hearty laugh.

“You owe *me* money and I’m supposed to get you the gig to pay me back?” Greg releases a hard exhale. “I’ll give you ‘til Monday.”

“How am I supposed to get twenty grand by Monday? I don’t have twenty *bucks*. Oh, hey...” Dad pauses. “You... you got a pack of smokes I can borrow?”

An awkward moment of silence follows as I imagine Greg rolling his eyes.

Then an incoming text pings. Two pings. Then another.

Brigid and I stand frozen in the dim light of the hallway where a smattering of our school pictures hang in a row down the wall. Dad only bought our school pictures when he was on a hot streak. So, about half the years are missing.

“Shit, Denny. You must have picked up a lucky penny today.” Greg finally breaks the silence with that heightened shrill they both get when the scent of money is in the air. “Just got a text about a guy I know. He’s looking for something *particular*.”

“What’s particular?”

More text tones, a few seconds of silence as my innards twist and the muscle above my left eye twitches.

Finally, Greg says, “He needs someone to play his daughter.”

Brigid arches an immaculately micro-bladed brow as I cover my mouth with my palm.

Someone to play his daughter.

Don’t think Dad can pull that off.

A fly buzzes by, sneaking its way through the small opening in the door.

“What’s the job?” Dad clears his throat, swatting at the fly that’s made a beeline for his nose.

“Easy money,” Greg answers. He dominates the room; a three-hundred-pound Lothario complete with open shirt and balding head. “Twenty-grand upfront, and twenty-grand on Monday once the deed is done. All she’s gotta do is pretend to be this guy Hawk’s daughter so that his mark believes it.”

“That’s it? For forty-grand?” Dad’s voice approaches falsetto. “Hannah? Or—”

“Brigid. Brigid’s perfect. That look she has. It’s rich. Distracting but natural. And, a little bit...I dunno, like more of a pushover.”

Brigid screws up her face, her cheeks going a deep crimson, and even though I wouldn’t want the job, jealousy pangs in my chest.

It’s always Brigid.

Every. Single. Time.

“This isn’t an ask, Denny.” Greg’s voice hardens and my sister’s words come back to me.

Both legs.

“Don’t worry.” Dad slaps his palms together with a vigorous rub. “These community theater bullshit deals aren’t gonna cut it. Time she grew up a little. Both of them, for that matter. I know Hannah is trying but she’s gonna have to dump that volunteer gig because this house is filling up like Noah’s fucking ark. I raised those girls on my own and now, I gotta bring them back down to Earth. Brigid will do this. I’ll make sure.”

Heat rises through my core and blazes over my skin. He doesn’t even know who this guy is. Or how dangerous he might be. Or really anything besides some vague notion that there’s forty grand to be made. Brigid is a sacrificial lamb to the end game.

Money.

Always money.

Which is ironic since we never seem to have any.

“Don’t crush their dreams, Denny,” Greg says. “Brigid got a boyfriend?”

“Uh, why? What does that matter?”

Greg looks back at his phone and shrugs. “No reason. Guy just asked. Wants to be sure no jealous boyfriends are gonna show and fuck things up.”

“Okay, no. No boyfriends.” Dad’s momentary concern evaporates. “So, forty grand...”

I push by Brigid and through the door, throwing my hands up and tossing a disgusted glare at my dad, then Uncle Greg.

“Hannah Banana!” Greg bellows with that Tony Soprano charm, arms open. “Hug for your uncle?”

Brigid follows me in but stalls a few feet inside the door.

“The hug bus has left the station,” I say, with staccato sharpness as Greg’s mask of charm slips. I turn to my Dad. “We *heard* you two muffin

heads. You don't think Brigid should decide if she wants to do this? And, come *on*," I press my fists to my hips, taking a long breath, attempting to restrain my temper. "What kind of name is *Hawk*?"

"It's called a nickname, *Hannah Banana Montana*. You always take everything so seriously," Greg says from his place beside the plastic chair under which sleeps my most recent furry acquisition from the shelter.

"Someone has to be serious in this family." I look at dad who is inspecting his feet and pretending to cough. Apparently, I'm the only adult in the room, so I steady my breath and press my palms to my blazing cheeks, looking at Greg. "And don't call me that. I hate that name."

Brigid pulls her perfectly porn-plump lips into a tight smile as she meets my eyes. "It used to be funny."

You're not the one that got called Hannah Montana from second grade on.

Greg puts a hand over his heart then says, "You're like family. I wouldn't let anything happen."

"Family doesn't break family's legs." I huff, turning toward my sister for support. "You want to weigh in on this? It's you they're selling."

"Nobody's selling anybody and nobody's breaking anybody's legs. Let's just calm down." Greg closes his eyes on a horse style snort, his gold and diamond pinky ring glinting in the dusty streaks of sunlight peeking through the front shades.

My pseudo uncle stands silent with a flat look, his lips pressed tight, the shiny top of his head traversed by a pitiful amount of his comb over. He's wearing a slick blue suit with a white shirt open at the neck. A thick rope gold chain with a crucifix is tangled in his exposed black jungle of chest hair.

Even at six feet three, he's put a dent in some all-you-can-eat spreads for sure.

Dad comes over, grabbing my forearms. "Who knows, this Hawk might have *LA* connections. That would help out."

You mean it'll help you out.

I huff, shaking his hands away.

He swats at the buzzing fly which now has taken a strong interest in his forehead, then turns to Brigid. "This is your decision. Not mine. Not Hannah's."

Brigid tugs at her bun, then runs her hands down her face curling her shoulders forward. "Yeah. My decision."

She gives me a helpless look, her atomic green eyes full of indecision.

When we were little, if we went for ice cream, or out to eat, she always waited for me to order, then said, "I'll have what she's having."

"*Please, Brigid,*" Dad begs, using prayer hands and bent knees, looking more like he needs the bathroom than he needs the forty-grand. "It'll be over before you know it. And you might even have a good time!"

"*It'll be over before you know it and you might have a good time...*" I repeat in a mocking tone, adding, "Sounds like what everyone says about losing your virginity."

Greg's the only one that reacts, with a nod and a snort.

"What do you think?" Brigid turns her pleading eyes my way. "With forty-grand we could get our own place, a car... *some more dogs...*"

Right on cue my blind and deaf seventeen-year-old Pomeranian, Oscar, wakes from his place under the chair, stretches, then bumps into my dad's leg. He pulls back his lips, baring his four remaining teeth on a growl. He hates men. Especially my dad.

"*Wait!*" Dad hops on one foot with his attention now more on Oscar than pity-guiling Brigid into the acting job. "*No more dogs and—*" Oscar nips at the back of his sandal as he hops away, lowering his voice, flicking his eyes back at the dog who is now wagging his tail at the wall. "Baby, *I need that money.*"

"I was joking," Brigid says, rolling her wide, Bo Derek eyes.

"He could be here inside of an hour for a little audition," Greg chimes in, heading the ship into shore, flashing a cripplingly white smile that shows off his new veneers.

Even if Brigid says no, the rest of the day will be filled with Dad brow-beating her until she gives in. Because with me, he knows that won't work, but with her?

She's got soft spots where mine have calloused over when it comes to our father.

A yes right now will just save time.

"Okay." She sighs, throwing up her hands as I do the same on a huff.

"Thank you, *thank you,*" Dad says, then fist bumps Greg. "This is going to be *great*, just trust me, girls. Have I ever let you down?"

chapter two

Dietrich

ONE LAST DEAL, then I'm out.

If I live that long.

The concrete landing pad below wavers in the soul crushing Vegas heat. The rhythmic *thump thump thump* of the helicopter blades matches the pounding in my temples.

The chopper reeks of stale cigarette smoke and vomit. Sort of like most casino floors at four AM.

This month's home base for me is the Presidential Suite at The Venetian with a high rollers pass to use the private elevators and back hallways that keep me from the incessant press of tourists that pack the massive hotel and casino every day of the year.

Hotel life suits me. My possessions fit into three large trunks along with a few suitcases and I'm comfortable in the orderly environment of a high-end hotel. Room service and a private concierge can bring you anything.

For a price.

A gambler's life has treated me well, thanks in most part to my superhuman ability to read people.

Or, otherwise called, The Art and Science of Body Language.

It's a horrible title for the book about my life I've been writing on and off for the last four years. One I'll finish as soon as I secure this last deal and who knows? Maybe there's a Hemingway inside me waiting to be set free.

Less the suicide. And the drinking. And the divorces.

Okay, never mind Hemingway.

I open and close my left hand as the helicopter shakes around me. The aching in my knuckles is from a little lesson I delivered in the basement of an abandoned warehouse a few days ago. The blood washes off but as the years pile on, the pain takes longer to subside. My morals may be painted in shades of gray, but there are things I do not tolerate.

One of them is hurting animals.

The other is selling humans. Especially children.

I took it upon myself to cut a lock open on the back of a U-haul a couple weeks ago that was sitting in a vacant lot waiting for some flesh peddler to pick up his cargo.

Fucking mafioso fuckers I'd worked with successfully in the past decided to get deep into a new revenue stream and I caught some intel on an incoming 'shipment'.

I should have stayed at the blackjack table talking to this rich lady who couldn't stop staring at my cock. Margaret Malcom. Her husband died couple years ago without a pre-nup and she took control of nine figures of cash and other assets as well as some high up contacts.

I could have swindled her out of a few hundred grand there and then, but dumb fuck that I am, I pocketed her info for use at a later date and made my way into the stink of the Vegas night to set twenty-eight people free.

Wasn't my smartest move. My years of doing profitable business with the Zeneli fuckers bought me an out but it's one chance and if I don't bring it in, I may get away now, but those guys are like bedbugs. They'll wait you out for years but eventually, *eventually* they get their pound of flesh. Or in my case, as Zeneli said, he'll feed my heart to his beloved white tiger.

Named Cruella.

Fucking dipshit.

Fuck this hot as fuck town with its shitty tasting water and everyone trying to out-rich everyone else.

The piles of money never gave me a hard on, it was the win. Manipulating people and reading them before they even knew what was happening. It was a rush, but not anymore. The only last micro-thread tying me here is this glimpse of a girl I caught when I dropped off a barely breathing little matted Maltese to my private contact at the Vegas animal shelter could weeks back.

I was focused on saving the dog when I caught sight of the back of one of the workers. Fairy tale ice queen blonde hair hanging down her back, nearly touching her fucking ass.

Jesus, that *ass*. It went on for *daaaays* and I wanted to bury my cock in it and never come back out. I haven't stopped jerking off thinking about her since, which for me is way out of the fucking ordinary, especially since I never even saw her face.

Fucking weird.

But, I had to focus on the dog and get back to the owner I left chained to a pipe waiting for karma to come calling.

Hi, it's me. I'm karma.

Outside of my work, my only hobby is quietly saving dogs that got the shit end of the stick in one way or the other, and then ending the fucking miserable lives of the ones that harmed them. Other guys play golf, I do this. It's the closest thing I've had to a feeling of purpose.

But, aside from that little blonde distraction which does not serve me right now, I need to make introductions and manipulate some old money casino builders into taking a deal with my former associates.

It won't be the sexiest deal I've ever made but it's got the best payout.

My life.

But I need a daughter. Before tonight.

And therein lies the rub, because despite getting what I thought was the perfect girl lined up a week ago, turns out, she had a big fucking flaw.

Loose lips sink ships.

She took me as a man that could be led around by his dick, as if I'd give her the opportunity.

I told her I had zero interest in fucking her and I wouldn't even remember her name after this job was done, she took that as a challenge. I've got eyes and ears around Vegas and it didn't take long, even in her low rent circles, for word to get back that she needed a lesson in keeping my name out of her mouth.

She got it.

So now I'm desperate.

I glance at the screen as my phone buzzes and grind my teeth.

It's Zeneli Xhaka, the *Krye*, or street boss of the group that I used to work with before I set their human cargo free.

He's a fucktard with a Godfather complex but right now, I gotta take the

call.

“What?”

“Mr. Belotti. I have a car waiting for you on the tarmac. You will take it.”

“I’ve got my own.”

“No. My driver will keep me informed of your location.” He pauses. Yeah, I’m temporarily screwed but I’ve never been in a situation that I couldn’t unscrew given enough time. “Have you found your beloved daughter yet?”

“Nyet,” I growl.

Zeneli chuckles. “That is Russian, Mr. Belotti. In Albania we say *jo*. But I’m hoping the next time we speak, the answer will be yes. You were the one that said by presenting yourself as a family man, even providing bait for Margaret Malcolm’s virgin loving son, you would surely make our deal proceed. The only reason you are alive is because you’re useful to me. Don’t make the mistake of changing that.”

He hangs up and I squeeze the phone so hard silk thread-like cracks crisscross the black glass.

I could take him one on one if that had been an option. I’ve enjoyed my share of good food and wine and I’m carrying about forty pounds worth of cover over my core but knowing how to fight and win isn’t just about fists. There’s an X factor; you either have it or you don’t. It’s what got me through SEAL training.

But Zeneli has an army behind him. A black-hearted, creative and obedient one. I’ve been around when they schooled others on the repercussions of fucking with their business. I’m not clean either, I’ve got plenty of blood and dead bodies in my history, but I’m tired. I’m fifty-two years old and I don’t sleep.

I’ve lost the ability to feel pleasure. I’m a walking dead man so it’s get out and try to find what makes me alive again or just be dead.

The chopper sets down with a bump and the whirring of the blades slows as my face stares back at me from the window next to my seat.

I *look* fucking dead. The gray at my temples and the creases around my eyes remind me more and more that time is not infinite. Despite the flatline of emotions in my features, I’m impeccably put together as always. My hand-stitched gray suit is creaseless, my white custom-made shirt is open at the collar, no tie. I might have packed on a good forty pounds over the years but I’ve never been vain about myself. I like good food, but I’d take hundred to

one odds I could still lay out anyone that came at me.

I look rich and I am. *Quietly* rich, not the boisterous, tacky kind you see at the craps tables where flip flops and three hundred dollar sweat pants scream *look at me*.

I don't need to stand out. I need people to want to get close to me. They need to trust me. Feel good around me. That's the magic.

I tried to buy off my error in judgment with Zeneli but he wanted something else. He'd gotten some noise about my new friend, Margaret Malcolm, who is now the pivot point for putting together the deal that will buy back my life.

A black Bentley stretch is waiting when I step out and cross the landing pad, the blazing heat swirling in the air, and as I climb in the back of the car, my phone buzzes.

I take a moment to breathe and settle myself.

I'm running out of time to find my daughter, which is key to the deal.

Out of all the ways to try and get Margaret to trust me in the short amount of time available, I had to lie about being a father. I lathered it on thick, with a story about being thrust into fatherhood eighteen years ago, when an ex showed up on my doorstep with a chubby ten-month old, paternity papers, a diaper bag and the news that she had to high tail it out of town for skimming on drug mule deals and she was never heard from again.

Margaret was insanely enamored with my rise-to-the-occasion fatherhood. The idea of being a father never occurred to me in real life. The way I've lived, there hasn't been room or time to have a relationship with more commitment than a few hours of company, let alone a child.

But bringing my *daughter* to her over-the-top bullshit charity affair is just the trust magnet I need.

I blow out a breath, shake my head and look at my phone screen as the driver eyes me from the rearview.

"Where to?" he asks with a thick Eastern block accent.

"When I know, I'll tell you," I answer, because right now I'm not sure.

There's an email notification in my anonymous encrypted Proton account I use only for my contacts at various animal shelters around the country. This one is from my contact at the Vegas PSCA which I decide to read before anything else.

D,

As promised, I wanted to update you on the condition of 'Micro'. She is

going to live, thanks to you. She will be fully rehabilitated, and a home found for her according to your guidelines. Your most generous donation, yet again, allows us to provide top level care and re-homing to the best adopters possible.

Your continued support and intervention on behalf of the animals means the world to us and them. We do wish to publicly thank you, but respect your wishes to remain simply, 'D'.

I ball my fist then stretch out my fingers as the pleasant memory of the popping sound of every finger on that worthless fucker when I dislocated them will remain with me forever. I give zero fucks that I was the one that ended his life. I would have killed him ten times if it were possible for what he did to that dog. Most of my soft spots have scarred over, but not when it comes to dogs. I have my reasons.

But, what about the blonde...

I shake my head and click onto the most recent text.

GREG HUNTER: I have an actress for you. She's perfect.

ME: Send me the address.

I've known Greg for maybe five years which is a long time in Vegas. He's got some scratch, but he's a lowlife loan shark when it comes down to it.

I give the driver the address and close the privacy screen, leaning back onto the cool leather seat.

My recent recurring daydream of a life away from here on some sandy beach without the stink of broken dreams and stale liquor washes over me.

I close my eyes, my head rest on the top of the set then clear my mind and go to that quiet space I've cultivated with an unlikely mediation practice over three decades.

I breathe as the images turn vibrant. I'm on the beach under one of those fucking palm frond umbrellas with a smoking hot little triple cherry virgin-looking blonde giving off Marilyn Monroe vibes, and she's rubbing a nine-month round belly, wearing this tiny as fuck yellow string bikini.

Her face isn't clear, but I know who it is. I know exactly who it is.

Her epic double-D's are spilling out of the tiny triangle top. She's got a ring on her finger with a ruby the size of a Sweet Tart. It's the ring my mother put into my hand on her deathbed. It was the only valuable possession she managed to hide from my POS father who left us both high and dry when I was ten.

My dick springs to life, thick as a corn cob and I practically double over like I've taken a fist to the gut.

It's the girl from the shelter. I know it.

I'm fucking losing it. I need to get the fuck out of this town.

In my vision, the girl is smiling and so am I. That's how I know it's not real. I never smile.

chapter **three**

Dietrich

I'M SPORTING a battering ram of a boner when the car stops outside the two stories of crumbling plasterwork and peeling paint a few blocks from the POS Stratosphere Hotel and Casino.

I consider beating off in the back of the car and leaving that fuck Zeneli a little dried-up DNA, but I need to get this shit sorted and buy back my life.

There will be plenty of time for a one-eyed blast off to visions of sexy, barely legal blondes.

The house attached to the address Greg gave reminds me of where I grew up in Miami, reeking of desperation with its dirt yard and a 1990's Cadillac Seville in the driveway with red duct tape on the taillights.

I grab the folder with the information I've put together on my "daughter" and let myself out of the car.

I'm halfway up the cracked concrete path when Greg bursts out of the front door with his arms as wide as that shit-eating grin on his face.

"*Hawk!*" He uses my nickname like we pledged Phi Kappa Bullshit together back in the day.

I nod. "Where's the girl?"

He pats my shoulder, guiding me to the door. "You're gonna love her. She's nineteen, has done some stage work, and is the daughter of a very good friend. She'll do whatever because," He leans into my ear as I push him away and he finishes in some super, double secret code ring voice, "her father owes

me.”

“Fine, but no doe eyes or crocodile tears when I don’t massage her ego.”

“She won’t let you down, man. She’s gonna be fucking Meryl Streep for you,” he replies, cocking a brow on a theatrical mafioso sniff.

The toe of my black Santoni loafer barely touches the first step before a flash of brown fur comes balling out the door, ears pinned back at a dead run.

“Oh fuck.” Greg sticks out his foot, trying to block the furry escape artist. “Hannah is going to kill me for letting that dog out...”

Greg’s too fat to make a move so I spin, and in one long stride, I’ve scooped up the little wiener dog by the belly before he gets pancaked by the garbage truck that’s whizzing by. Lucky for the people that live here, he’s clean, smells good and has a green neon collar embroidered with the house address.

Doesn’t look like I’ll have to dislocate any fingers today.

“Jesus, didn’t think you could move that fast.” Greg scratches his forehead as I step through the door with the dog wiggling in my hand.

I set him down inside and he throws me a lopsided look, wags his tail, then trots across the room and down the hall. “Why’s that?”

“Well, don’t take this the wrong way, but you’re a big guy but you got reflexes like a fucking cat.”

I grit my teeth, moving inside as the pounding in my temples intensifies. I brush a twitching finger over my forehead, scanning, checking corners, hallways, absorbing every detail.

Someone with some talent took hold of the decorating. The furnishings are thrift and IKEA but it’s got a warmth and quirky sophisticated style like one of those overpriced boutique hotels in Palm Springs. There’s a bright yellow plastic chair in the corner and a gray mid-century style sofa with cheerful floral pillows against a wall. The buckled and stained wood floor is partially covered with a vintage looking yellow and brown hooked rug.

It’s all very Salvation Army but someone is trying to make this shit hole a home and it gives me an unusual stab of sadness. There’s also this caramel and sugar scent in the air that has my mouth watering.

I wonder if it’s the girl I’m hiring that put in this effort, and if she knows that if she fucks up this weekend, she might get me killed.

Might get her killed too.

I draw a breath through my tight throat and my spine stiffens as I take in more of that sweet and savory scent, as a guy with dirty blonde hair and a

spray tan appears in black polyester golf shorts, a blue polo and fake Gucci slides.

With dirty white socks.

I scoff at the caricature, half expecting his eyes to flash with dollar signs like in those old Looney Tunes cartoons.

“Denny Wesley,” he says, jutting an eager hand in my direction.

“Hawk,” I respond, ignoring his offer to shake.

“Denny is the old friend I told you about,” Greg says with that tweaky, excited tone that tells me they need me way the fuck more than I need them. At least, I’ll let them think that. “His daughters are like family to me.”

Daughters. Plural.

“Good to know.” I nod, listening to my vertebrae pop as I crack my neck. “So, where is this actress?”

“She’s coming,” Denny says with a slap of his hands. “You wanna sit? I can get you a beer—”

I shake my head. “You have thirty seconds to produce this girl. Then, it will take me ten seconds to know if she’s going to work or not.”

“Of course,” the father mutters. “Brigid is *perfect*. She’s been involved in theater since she was ten—”

I cut him off. “You now have ten seconds.” I press my fingers to the bridge of my nose and growl at the sound of a fly buzzing overhead. I fucking hate flies for more reasons than most.

A fuzzy little black and white dog is snoring under the yellow chair as I scan a smattering of photos on a mantle. To my surprise, I’m drawn to one. It’s clearly the father, with two little girls wearing cowboy hats as they stand on the edge of the Grand Canyon.

Fast, light footsteps come from behind as a charge prickles the air.

“We were supposed to be going on vacation.” There’s a blonde angel nodding toward the picture frame in my hand and her voice is more music than words. The sight of her nearly buckles my fucking knees. “Our father forgot to tell us we were on our way to Vegas and to our new home.” She waves a hand toward cracking paint and brown stains on the ceiling above. “To this day I don’t like surprises.”

Tunnel vision takes over. Blood rushes through my ears.

Is it her?

No. Can’t be. There are thousands of blondes in this town, but I’m a man that has an uncanny knack for micro-details and I’d give it hundred to one

odds that *this* girl with *that* ass is the same one from the shelter.

Her dark-chocolate brown eyes bore into mine. She's smaller than I first assessed, but curvy and soft in all the right places, with those platinum blonde waves falling over her shoulders and around her childlike face, framing the pink magic of her cheeks.

She's got on this fuck-you sort of gray tank-top with "Nope" written across the swell of her life-giving tits. Her earlobes are decorated with silver earrings that look like little ninjas. She's all business up top, but on her lower level she's sporting a gauzy white skirt that skims her knees, paired with white Keds tennis shoes and no socks.

Her lips are spun sugar and, fuck, her hips are swollen curves of rich softness and I want to cross the room and shove my face into her cleavage and wear her tits like earmuffs.

If I could regress into an infant and feed off those mother earth breasts for the rest of my life, I'd do it. My mouth waters as I imagine the sweet spray of her milk meeting my greedy tongue. I wonder for a moment if I'm being punked. This town is so full of fakes and falsehoods, this could be some kind of set up and the joke's on me.

I shake my head. My sixth sense tells me there's no false foreplay going on here.

She's fucking perfect.

Any audition would be superfluous. This girl is already it. Already mine.

My *daughter*.

She's a cock stiffener extraordinaire, and she doesn't even know it.

My dick throbs down my pant leg, struggling for space as it spurts wet warmth onto my thigh. I've never reacted to a woman this way. I've had my share of stress relief in the form of pussy, but it was always something I calculated and worked into my schedule when necessary.

Another thing, I've never looked into a female's eyes when I fucked. I'd always turn them away while I did the deed but right now all I'm thinking about is her brown beauties rolling back in her head while I stuff her full of every fucking inch of me.

I never questioned why I fucked in such an impersonal way until now. Now I know.

None of them were her.

Of all the women I've seen in this world, none have been close to this extraordinary. She fits my depraved fantasies to a 'T'.

Fantasies I've never acted out or acted upon. But, my darkest secrets spring to life like a field of sweet corn in June. The thick irony dripping over me like cream.

The only thing that's ever gotten me off is the thought of me as a father getting it on with my daughter. Not as a child, that shit turns my stomach.

But, barely legal, having Daddy teach her all about first times? Sure.

Or, in her twenties, coming home from college after blowing her finals and Daddy comforts her with a nice ass fuck to clear her mind? You bet.

Oh, and one of my favorites...she's running her ass around the house on her birthday wearing nothing but one of Daddy's dress shirts unbuttoned down to her navel. I give her a ripe red ass and a lesson on what happens to a cock tease. I face fuck her until she's got a throat full of my cum and her cheeks are wet with tears. Then to top it off, a good-hard pounding on the hood of the new Mercedes I just bought her as a birthday gift.

But, all of the fantasies end with her in my lap, curled close as I pet her head, kiss her forehead and tell her what a good girl she is.

You make Daddy so proud. Even when you misbehave, you'll always be my little girl.

I've got hundreds of scenarios, some more depraved than others.

I never felt bad about it either. Fantasy is fantasy, right? I never planned to procreate and who the fuck knows why we light up for certain things. I have a flexible moral code so what goes on inside my head is no one's business.

The cherub that's going to play my daughter for the next two days stares at me in silence. Hard core images of bending her petite, curvy body over that threadbare couch and plowing deep until my seed is spilling down her thighs makes me groan as my cock shoots out another gob of sticky seed.

Slap, slap, slap. My swollen rhinoceros balls smack against her sloppy pussy as she whines for me to stop as I say, 'Never. Now, tell Daddy to fuck you harder...'

"This is my *other* daughter, Hannah," Denny cock-blocks my fantasy, introducing her as though this angel is a disappointment, then adds, "Where's Brigid?"

He shoulders her aside to look up the stairway and fire explodes in my chest.

I want to break every bone in his fucking body for disrespecting her.

"She's in the shower," the angel says as a halo forms around her. Her

irritation is clear in the set of her jaw and the tension on her forehead. “I saw the limo pull up. Brigid said she’ll be down in five.”

My dick throbs as she hits me with a challenging look, but my focus is on that barely legal little baby maker between her legs.

“She’s perfect,” I grunt as my airway constricts and my balls spasm.

The apples of her cheeks turn hot pink and years of reading people as bait come into purposeful use.

Her eyes dilate.

Her breathing becomes faster and shallower.

A flush covers her chest. Her nipples perk up.

Her fingers extend and clench as her lips fall open, eyes wide, swallowing.

I can smell her fucking innocence and I want to rip through it with a depraved hard hate-fuck for making me feel this way. This is a job. I have to focus.

I extend my hand, holding out the file. “This is the information for my ‘daughter’.”

She shakes her head. “Oh, no. I’m *Hannah*. You want my twin-sister, *Brigid*—”

“I want you,” I cut her off and she falls silent, her mouth frozen in a sexy as fuck little ‘o’ shape.

I take a second and think of all the filthy things I want to do with those lips but I also catch the ‘twin’ thing and for a second I wonder if it was her or her twin that I saw at the shelter.

My dick says it’s her but in this new world of Dietrich ‘Daddy’ Belotti, I’m doubting myself.

“*Hannah*,” her father hisses, teeth clenched with a flash of anger in his desperate eyes. I’d forgotten anyone else was in the fucking room but now I’m back to wanting to stuff his head up his ass for talking to her at all, let alone like she’s done something wrong. “If Mr. *Hawk*... wants you instead, that’s fine. Either of the girls would be happy to take the job.”

I want to throw him out the front window for treating her like her opinion is irrelevant. But I also want this girl, and he’s willing to give her to me. That’s good, because she’s coming with me tomorrow one way or the other.

I wonder what I’d do with her if her fucking father and that Guido in training Greg weren’t here? I’d have her stripped down, grabbing her ankles, her plump ass turned up while I spit on her tight little hole then slide in there

deep while she gives me those innocent doe eyes, telling me how much it hurts.

Ouch, Daddy, it's too much. I don't think I can do it...

Take what I give you. You'll learn to like it soon enough, little girl. It's your job to take care of your Daddy no matter how much it hurts.

“I want you,” I repeat, and notice the way her nipples have finished hardening into points through that word ‘Nope’ on the front of her tank top. “You,” I repeat and her eyes light up like it’s fucking Christmas.

She’s all wholesome and factory original. Hard to find here in Vegas. You can get fucking Botox at the corner liquor store and implants are buy one get one free all over town.

But, not her. She’s got sweet as pie cherry cheeks and million-dollar cotton-candy lips. She’s half teenager still and my dirty old man rises up to take control. I’ll play her daddy. Driving her teasing ass to school with her panties full of Daddy’s sticky seed, then wait behind the building for any pubescent dick that took a two second look at what’s mine and leave them in a pool of their own blood and saliva.

Yeah, she’s too young for me. So what?

I shove the folder her way and hand it off so her quivering fingers brush mine and the contact sends a jolt of heat up my arm. Her touch is soft, and I can’t remember that sensation being quite like this. With a nod, she sinks down onto the couch and opens the folder on her lap.

Her brown eyes narrow as she studies the new identity inside. An unsteadiness takes me as I watch. I settle onto the plastic chair to my left, manspreading to offer my errant dick some breathing room as I enjoy the vision of the angel in front of me. She’s far too fucking young for an old fuck like me but my dick and my reason are not on speaking terms at the moment.

The ancient as fuck old black and white fuzz ball of a dog wheezes to his feet when I sit, stumbling out from under the chair, his milky white eyes focused on me as Denny sucks in a breath.

“Watch out—” He starts as the dog shifts at my feet. “He’s mean.”

“Uh huh,” I say as I reach down and snap at the floor. The dog wags its crooked tail, limping and tripping as he turns in a little circle then collapses over the toe of my shoe on a relaxed sigh.

My angel glances at me from beneath long eyelashes. “That’s Shelby. He hates men. Someone tied him up by his back leg for years because he was trying to bite everyone. That’s why he limps like that.”

“People suck,” I growl, wondering if I can find out who the shitstain was and bring him my own brand of justice as I give the now sleeping dog a two fingered scratch behind his ear. “Make him feel safe. He’ll forget all about the past.”

“You have a knack.” Her eyes brighten. “We could use you at the shelter.”

And there it is. Fucking fate, you filthy motherfucker.

Her gaze locks on my stiffy, which is battling its way from down my pant leg toward my hip, then finally finding its less uncomfortable resting place straight up to the left of my zipper as I choke back a grunt. There’s no way she didn’t just see that. The swollen fucker is visible from the top of the Stratosphere sky needle.

She throws me a dead eye stare, and I make no move to cover my boner. For a second, it’s just us, then she blushes on a smirk and goes back to the file.

Finally, she closes it, folding her hands, staring me down as the A/C in the ceiling above strains under the oppressive heat outside and that fucking fly returns, buzzing straight past me on its way toward Hannah’s father.

“So, is there anything not in the file that I should know about... *Jamie.*” It’s a challenge wrapped in a question, but her voice is light and airy, like that fucking ocean breeze in my vision. My chest constricts like I’m having a heart attack.

The image of her sitting at the table with me rushes back, only this time, it’s like a vice grip on my balls because in this version, she’s naked and my cum is dripping off her chin while she smiles with drops of my jizz dotting her breasts, mixing with the milk streaming from her palm-sized cotton candy pink nipples.

I imagine spinning her around, pressing her cheek to the table and taking handfuls of those big milkers. Her swollen belly is sexy as fuck as I sink my dick into her tight warmth, securing her hands behind her back while pounding into her warm cunt like I’m trying to fight my way out the other side.

Daddy’s needy, baby. You tease me then wonder why I have to do this. I have to get off using your hot little teenage hole because you make me. Fuck, you make me do it.

Jesus, this needs to stop. I can’t let my dick control things or I’m going to start making stupid decisions.

I clear my throat, ripping my eyes from her tits. “Nothing else. Memorize what’s in there. Anything else you can make up as we go along. Don’t reference your real life *at all*.”

She squints on a smirk and I start counting her freckles.

“You’re Daddy’s best girl,” I mutter, so fucking lost in my fantasy I barely notice the look from Greg and her father. “Gotta play my part. You’re mine.”

“You mean for the weekend,” she says, shifting on the yellow cushion.

Fuck, no, I want to tell her. The weekend? This is the rest of our fucking lives, little girl.

“Sure, let’s play pretend for the weekend. That’s the job. I’m your Daddy. Get used to calling me that.”

She worries her teeth on her bottom lip, her eyes drifting closed, chest rising, lungs filling, then she holds that breath, her peaked nipples calling out for my teeth as I start counting freckles again.

I’m up to fifty-five and I realize I’ve been staring at her in silence, as the two limp dicks stand there like they’re waiting their turn to take it up the ass for a quarter.

“Daddy,” she murmurs, and clutches the file in her lap as the blush on her cheeks deepens. Her nipples practically speak through the thin fabric of her tank top, saying, ‘*Come suck on us. We’re lonely...*’.

Soon, my precious angel. Soon Daddy will take care of all your princess needs.

Finally, she tosses the folder on the chrome and glass coffee table and gives me a smile that makes me want to close the deal right this second, stuff the forty grand in her father’s pocket and take her out to the car to eat her out spread eagle on the hood.

But, I’ll entertain myself with my fantasies for now because her fucktard of a father and Gary are both staring at me.

Gary?

Greg.

Whatever.

The only name I care about is hers.

Hannah.

She taps the toes of her white tennis shoes on the wood floor, and with a snap of her tongue gives me what I need. “Very well, Mr...”

“*Belotti*,” I supply, a grin tugging at the corner of my lips.

“Very well, Mr. Belotti. What would you like me to do for the *audition*?”
Ride my dick until your eyes pop out. Then keep riding it for the next hundred years.

I shrug. “Show me what you got, baby girl.”

She raises an eyebrow at the use of the pet name. But she needs to get used to it.

Once I’m committed, I never retreat. And fuck yeah, I’m committed.

Or I should be, maybe.

Her eyes dart to Greg, who she beckons with a curling index finger. She whispers into his ear before he grabs the file, his eyes scanning the contents.

“So, okay, audition time. *Jamie...*” He starts, clearing his throat as I murder him with my eyes for being that close to her and fucking breathing the air around her. “What college you go to?”

“NYU,” she replies with a sing song lilt to her sexy voice. It sounds natural. “I’m studying art history. *Despite* my father’s reluctance, because, as he says, ‘hobbies don’t pay the bills, Jamie. Hobbies don’t pay the bills.’” She lowers her voice, her hands in little fists on her hips, imitating me with a furrow in her brow and it makes my chest tight and my mouth water knowing I’m on her mind.

I take over before Greg can jump back in. “My daughter wouldn’t have to worry about paying the bills.”

I shoot her POS real father a look and he gets super fucking interested in those cheap ass knock off man-slippers he’s wearing again.

Her gaze flicks to me with a hint of irritation and I love the challenge and dangerous fire in those café-mocha-colored eyes. I don’t remember how long it’s been since I felt fear, but I’m overtaken by a dark wave of it right now.

Fear of me waking up and realizing this was all a dream.

Fear that something would ever happen to her.

Fear that she will disappear, and I spend the rest of my life dismantling the Earth trying to find her.

She crosses her ankles as she leans forward, challenging me with the next move in our little game. “But of course. Above all else, my father just wants me to be happy.”

“I’m going to do everything in my power to make you happy.” I lean forward as well, my forearms on my spread knees as the throbbing in my balls doubles and my cock damn near splits the crotch seam on my Kiton suit pants. “I’ll give you things you didn’t even know you wanted. Then, make

sure you say please and thank you.”

Denny splutters. “Now just hold on, that doesn’t sound—”

“My father and I have always been usually close,” Hannah says, adding a sweet, melodic laugh. “Makes some people uncomfortable. Although, I admit, I have gotten painfully jealous in the past when he’s been out with any other women. I like to be the only woman in Daddy’s life.”

Then, she winks.

She fucking *winks* at me after calling me Daddy and the world stops spinning as I battle back the load that wants to release from my painfully heavy balls. If I hadn’t been sold before, I am now. I’m ready to turn this whole charade on its ass and just take her to the little white chapel and marry her right fucking now.

I clear my throat, giving up on controlling my hard-on. “You have the job. I’ll text Greg the rest of the instructions.” I turn to Denny. “When I pick her up, you get the first twenty. When it’s done, you’ll get the rest.”

I need to get out of here, get some air, and remember that she’s just my daughter for *the weekend*. All those fantasies of white chapels and baby-bumps need to be washed away in an ice-cold shower back at my room.

Even if things were different, it still wouldn’t be right to get involved with her. I’ve got too much history with too many fucking bad people. If the wrong person took note that I cared about someone else?

Dangerous at best. She deserves to be more than potential leverage for the kind of people I’ve spent my life fucking with.

I’m two steps from the door when I pass the bottom of the narrow stairs and catch sight of another girl frozen mid-step, staring at me.

“Oh, you must be Eagle,” she says, forcing a broad smile, flipping her sleek, straight tarnished copper penny hair over her shoulder. She’s taller than Hannah by several inches, and she doesn’t have those gorgeous freckles. The seventy-six I’ve counted so far are fucking perfect, but there’s enough of a likeness to this girl that I make the easy connection it’s her sister from the photograph.

I don’t even care about the mistake with my name. I never liked that nickname anyway and I need to get out of here. “Yeah, I’m Eagle,” I grumble, checking there are no dogs about to run out before I open the door into the blazing Vegas heat.

From over my shoulder, she says, “I’m Brigid. Are you leaving? Did I get the part?”

And with that, I'm gone.

chapter **four**

Hannah

WE'VE BEEN DRIVING a half-hour in the blazing midday sun and I've spent the whole time thinking how Dietrich would look with his clothes off.

Which is probably ironic, given that he phoned Greg minutes after he left yesterday and demanded my exact measurements. My *naked* measurements, to be specific.

I've never taken them before and *Hawk* wanted every. Single. One.

My skin was on fire as I twisted the measuring tape around my body, imagining it was Dietrich tying me up.

Or down.

He wanted my measurements so he could send me damn near a whole new wardrobe, including bras and panties that were surprisingly tame. Hanes white cotton low rise briefs and several white cotton bras with one exception: a black lace panty, bra and garter set which I spent an hour trying to figure out how it all worked.

How women wore garters and hose every day is beyond me. Just getting them hooked onto those little sliding holder deals had me twisted in a pretzel and watching YouTube videos trying to figure out why it was so ridiculously hard to get the whole set up to work.

The packages arrived a couple hours after the 'audition' and Brigid and I spent the rest of the evening opening everything like it was the Christmas morning we'd never had.

Besides the clothes and shoes from Dior and Chanel, Burberry and Jimmy Choo, there was French Perfume, custom made shampoos, conditioners, and soaps, along with this incredible over the top, full set of orange and brown Globetrotter luggage to carry it all in. It's enough clothes for a month fit for an actress that's winning Oscars not taking some shady roleplay gig for a weekend. He sent a phone as well, all set up with his number only programmed in. It was a great surprise since Brigid and I have been sharing a shitty pay-as-you-go Motorola since Dad quit paying the cell phone bill six months ago.

There were also four bottles of some high-end vitamins with a note that said it was a requirement of the job that I take them with a full glass of water twice a day.

Daddy's Orders.

I guess his "daughter" is a spoiled princess.

And I'm a little jealous.

Of myself, apparently.

"It pleases me you followed my instructions on your attire for today. You'd bring most men to their knees in that outfit."

I glance at Dietrich and shiver as the limo hums along the freeway.

"Doesn't seem to be working on you," I answer, the tension palatable in the back of the limo as Dietrich takes in the white lace Prada wrap dress with a silk ribbon belt, complete with a bow above my ass all paired with a pair of scarlet patent leather Jimmy Choo pumps. "I feel a bit like a virgin sacrifice."

"Well, that's because I'm not most men, but you say 'virgin sacrifice' one more time and I'll be putting you on your knees."

I can't tell if he's playing with me or not. I've never wondered what men look like naked, but with this man? It's hard to think of anything else.

I want to see the muscles in his back. The way his torso broadens when he takes a deep breath. How defined are his abs? He's a big guy. Burly, I guess you'd say. Like a powerlifter that enjoys a good burger and a beer but dressed like a billionaire on the cover of a romance novel.

I think it's sexy the way his belly pushes out just over his belt and his arms and legs strain against the slick fabric of his navy-blue suit. Imagine an intense and grumpy, fifty-year-old Henry Cavill with a dad bod.

Freakin' hotter than Vegas in July.

The A/C blows against the sheen of sweat on my skin and I fight off a shiver.

“Too cold again?” Dietrich flashes those eyes my way, a symphony of every shade of blue in Monet’s palette with subtle, wise creases at the corners that make me swoon. He taps the thermostat button that serves my side of the Mercedes’ back seat, raising it a few degrees and taking the chill out of the air.

Since we started driving, he’s adjusted the temperature for me seven times. He has a spooky sixth sense about my climate control needs and it’s sort of comforting but also a little creepy.

I can’t help thinking he’s got a read on my x-rated thoughts with that hint of a sexy smirk and the way the lines at the corners of his eyes deepen.

When we met, in those first seconds, I felt as though he was *assessing* me. Cataloging every detail.

Watching my breathing, the twitch of my fingers, the dilation of my irises and the temperature of my skin. The way my nipples sprung to life. I was sure he could sense the dampness in my panties.

Mind reading is impossible, of course. I mean, there are hit shows here in Vegas with those mentalist types and they are incredible but surely Dietrich doesn’t possess that level of skill when it comes to reading me.

And my smutty romance thoughts.

I wonder how thick his dick is? It looked quite respectable behind his slacks yesterday in the living room...

He coughs, covering a chuckle.

“What’s funny?” I snip, running my hands up and down the goosebumps on my bare arms.

“Funny?” He sniffs, covering his mouth with his sexy man hand.

“Yeah. You chuckled.”

“Nope. I don’t chuckle.”

“You smiled then.”

He shakes his head but I catch his lips in a distinct upturn and jab my index finger his way.

“Right *there!*” I sputter on my own laughter. “You *smiled*, right there.”

“No, I didn’t.” His face returns to a solemn mask.

“Well, you *did*.”

“Impossible. If I smiled, I’d know. Probably crack my cheekbones.”

“Impossible is right.” I snort. He’s stoic and stern but I sense a layer of softness under the overbaked crust. “As in, *you’re* impossible. *Daddy*.”

It’s as though all the air in the car disappears and I’m left gasping as

Dietrich's fingers tighten on the edge of the leather seat until his knuckles turn white.

You went too far, Hannah. The Daddy thing is just for the event, not for right now.

"I was just practicing," I manage, unsure how far I'm supposed to take this roleplay and embarrassed that I may have tiptoed into the forbidden garden. "I'm sorry, I think I'm confused about how this all works."

My cheeks flame as my insides churn.

"I should have been more clear. If you are confused, from now on, that is my fault, not yours." Dietrich's low and thick tone hints at some dark emotion I can't pinpoint but the dampness between my legs intensifies. "You are my daughter from this moment forward. You need to feel that in your heart and down into your bones to make it believable. As well, just like a good daughter, you will do as I say. Are we clear?"

With that eerie ability to read my emotions, Dietrich reaches over and clasps my hand, sending a wicked wash of heat through the center of my soul as I manage a nod.

"Daddy will be difficult sometimes, little one. But I will always have your best interests at heart."

The conviction in his voice confuses me. Is he playing his part or is he a straight up psychopath?

"Yes, Daddy," I mumble with a clawing lust tearing at my insides and pulsing in my most sensitive, sopping wet parts. This daddy-daughter roleplay is heady and intoxicating in ways I didn't predict.

"Now," he starts, squeezing my hand. "I think we need to have a talk and I want you to face me while we do."

He unbuckles my seat belt, gripping my shoulders and giving me a half turn in the seat to face him.

"Is there something I should know about the job that wasn't in the folder?" I swallow the golf ball sized lump in my throat as his blue eyes rove over me, his features flexing with a hint of the growl that seems perpetually rumbling in his thick chest.

He shakes his head as his jaw squares, and I'm wedged between my girlish fantasies and the reality that this man could be a serial killer and I'm serving myself up with a smile.

"No. Forget about this being a job. You are my daughter. I made that clear, didn't I?"

I nod, tugging my knees tight. There's something about him that convinces me he knows what's best and maybe, just maybe, I should dive into this headfirst.

"Yes, you did. I'm sorry."

"Good, now, I have put this off for too long. But, it's time. There are things you need to know. Things a daddy needs to teach his little girl. Special things." His dark voice whips through me like the winds of a summer storm.

The goosebumps on my arms traverse down my back and prickle down the skin on my legs.

"What things?" I ask, my eyes drifting along the outline of his body, the spinning heat gathering in my core making me feel shameful because the thoughts attached to it are wicked.

"Well." His voice fills the back of the limo and my entire mind, as though he's right there taking me from the inside out. "It's hard for parents to talk to their children about these things, but you need to know this is a safe place for you. Nothing you say will disappoint me or surprise me. You must be completely honest at all times."

"As Jamie or Hannah?"

"*You* are my daughter. The name is irrelevant." The stir his words creates inside me makes the car feel as though it's spinning on ice. "First, this should be easy, have you ever kissed a boy?"

"Just a boy? What about a girl?" I glare as a shiver runs through my shoulders. I'm wickedly turned on, yes, but I'm still me and my snarky temper oftentimes overrides my reason. "You only care if a boy kissed me, but if it's a girl...let me guess, that would be okay? Oh, and you might like to watch?"

The fire in his eyes turns from playful to angry and I wonder why my self-preservation instincts didn't factor in before now. I'm locked in the back of a moving vehicle with a stranger that has what could be referred to as a sketchy background at best.

He growls and I feel it down into my marrow. "A good Daddy cares who you kiss, the gender is irrelevant. But, I'd lay down a thousand to one odds that given the choice, it would be someone of the male persuasion you would have kissed. You plan on being a pain the ass princess the entire weekend?"

I twist my lips, shaking my head. Damn his calm and those sexy lips I can't stop imaging on mine.

"Let's get back to the question," he says, "but with an emendation, since

you've veered us off course a bit. Have you ever let a boy kiss you *or* touch you?"

On that last part he shifts in his seat, straightening his spine, and I note that his fingers curl into tight fists of tension.

"Well," I start, deciding to go with the truth. "I've kissed lots of boys."

That repressed growl intensifies as his body stiffens. "How. Many. And who were they?"

I shrug, adding, "I am not sure. My sister and I set up a kissing booth on the front lawn when we were ten after a man showed up in the middle of the night demanding money from our father. We only made a dollar and fifteen cents, and I kissed six boys and she kissed twenty. That whole story sort of encapsulates my life so far."

A vein stands out on Dietrich's forehead, and he rubs his eyes for a moment as my heart thunders in my chest.

"Jesus. And since *then*, any other kissing or touching?" It sounds like each word hurts, and I notice he hasn't taken his fingers from his eyes.

"No. My interest in boys never recovered. They were horrible kissers as well."

He grunts on a dark chuckle. "As *my* daughter you will never kiss a boy, not for money or any other reason. Not again. No boy will touch you either. This precious body that's pure and untouched is mine now. As your father, it's your obligation to do as I say. Do you understand?"

Dietrich's hand falls from his face, regaining its prior shape as a fist as he leans forward, stroking the hot little button between my legs with his eyes.

"Yes," I squeak.

Oh, God, take this needy daughter's lust for her father far, far away before I blow this whole deal by throwing myself at him and relieving this pounding ache between my legs on his hand-stitched suit.

"Would you like to learn what a *good* kiss feels like?" he asks, and my toes curl as his chest fills, stretching the white shirt over his thick pecs and forcing the buttons to strain.

God, you are not helping.

"I guess." I shrug. "Yes, someday."

"Not someday. Today. Now."

I'm not sure if that's a question or an offer or what, but the sensations coursing through me are voting for *today* and *now* and with *him*.

I shiver as he shifts on the slick leather occupying the area between the

two seats as his fingertips hover over the hem of my dress.

“Only, one more question before we get to your first real kiss, baby.” I note the lines around his eyes deepening as his tongue glances over his white teeth. The day of beard growth along his jaw and around his mouth is peppered with silver, reminding me this man may be in his fifties. But he’s the most attractive specimen I’ve ever encountered. “When you think of kissing, do you get wet down here?”

I gasp as he slides his thick fingers up my inner thigh, brushing his knuckles over the spot on my panties that covers the area that’s been tingling since he walked into the house yesterday.

“Y—yes,” I stutter on a nod, “when I think about kissing...and other things.”

I cling to the idea that telling the truth serves me right now, but honestly, I’m pretty certain most of my frontal lobe is already offline.

“Ah, well, we will certainly have to have a talk about those *other things* as well. But for now, I want to focus on kissing. So just relax, baby, I’m going to show you what it’s like to have a man kiss you in a grown-up way. Part of being a father is making sure you learn things the right way. You’re very innocent.”

“But, I don’t always *think* innocent things. I think about grown up things. Dirty things. Things I shouldn’t think about.” I mumble as his masculine scent invades my nostrils, his massive body hunching forward, his shoulder brushing mine as his fingers dance on the outside of my panties making my insides clench.

“It’s okay. I’m just showing you how to do it right. That’s what a good daddy does. Shows you the ways of the world. Now, Daddy’s going to kiss you.”

That’s the last thing I hear before his lips are on mine. He’s warm and God he smells so good, and my eyes drop closed as the world outside disappears.

It’s impossible to breathe as his lips mount mine and the pressure of his fingers between my legs intensifies. The rumble from his chest vibrates, shifting into a growl.

God, he’s kissing me, *really* kissing me, and my body curls and shakes as he strums between my legs.

All the quiet shame I’ve carried about wanting this connection with a man wells up in me like long repressed grief. It’s been the secret I’ve carried and

kept from even Brigid.

The dark thoughts and desperate *ache* I've felt for so long made me think there was something wrong with me. I've *wanted* with a wanting so deep and desperate that I pushed it away twice as hard.

I couldn't let anyone see my weakness. I couldn't admit, even to myself, that the depraved fantasies and dreams of an older man taking control could ever be real.

I know he's too old for me, but my body doesn't care.

Dietrich fills my mouth with his tongue, and it feels strange and exciting as tight moans catch in my throat. I don't know what to do with my hands or how to breathe.

Our tongues lash and twist as he pushes deeper, the scrape of his short beard connecting with the soft skin around my mouth. His hard chest crowds me against the car as low, frustrated, desperate sounds fall from our lips. The reality, that I'm kissing a man older than my own father, heightens the curling tension below my belly button.

There's so much wrong with what's happening right now, but my clit thinks it's a freaking Mardi Gras.

In fact, it's begging for more...*friction*. I cock my hips into his touch the best I can, his massive body containing me in the confined space.

His low grunts stop and his tongue moves into the hollow of my cheek, then across the front of my teeth until he pulls back, his forehead furrowed and I feel a sharp stab to my chest thinking I've done something wrong.

"Was that okay?" I ask in a breathless gasp, barely recognizing myself. "Did I do it right?"

I'm so desperate for this stranger's approval I get a glimpse of what it must be like to get lost in a part.

He's not your father. He can't fix the broken parts inside you from a lifetime of disappointment at the real man that was supposed to be your hero growing up.

"It was perfect, baby." He withdraws his fingers and the loss of that magical strumming and his lips have me feeling empty. I'm addicted already and I feel like a carpet has been pulled from under my feet. "Now, I'm going to tell you more about how grown ups do other things. You may have heard things at school or from friends, but it's time you learned what I want you to know about sex."

Flames lick at my cheeks. The reality is our own father never had *the* talk

with me and Brigid. It was simply never brought up and like so many other things, that responsibility as a father apparently didn't apply to him.

"I know about...sex," I stutter, but realize the truth is, I know the bare bones basics and I'm pretty sure Dietrich has parsed that out already.

"Is that so? And from where did you learn this information?"

Still corralled by his closeness, but with a quivering in my belly, I answer, "Books... mostly. Some friends at school."

"Well, I can tell you that books and friends did not teach you what I'm going to teach you. And, I know it feels funny, but you don't need to be embarrassed. You liked the kissing, didn't you?" He brushes my hair behind my ear, his delicate touch surprising me as his eyes narrow, turning down toward my tits. "We're going to do some show and tell. A little game to help you learn."

"Okay." It's all I can manage, curious where the hard ass, take no prisoners Hannah has gone. Then I remind myself, I'm Jamie now, so anything goes...

"Good girl," he says, like those words delight his tongue as the car moves through traffic and in a sudden shift of energy, his hands are on my hips, aligning me with his eyes as he curls the hem of my dress to my waist. "Take your panties off. We're going to do some question and answers."

I stall, frozen in the ice of his gaze as his thick fingers tuck the roll of my skirt into the belt holding it in place, exposing my bare thighs. The cool air conditioning hits the hot wetness on my underwear.

He tilts his head and I realize too late, he told me to do something...

"Did you forget you are to do as you are told?" Dietrich narrows his eyes, as my ability to communicate with my extremities seemingly evaporates. "Very well, I'll do it myself. Daddy wants to see how pretty you are under your panties and I do not like to wait. You should know that by now, Jamie."

In an abrupt tug, Dietrich whips my underwear down my legs, leaving them stretched between my ankles, which makes the whole moment feel filthier than if he'd removed them completely.

"I—" I stutter, my insides crocheting themselves together as his hands drive my knees apart with my ankles still cuffed by the white fabric.

"When you don't do as you are told, it tries my patience, and I will take matters into my own hands. That can take many forms, little girl. But, for now, we will move on with your lesson. First, anatomy they don't teach you in high school...do you know what a clitoris is, baby, and *where* it is?" His

voice runs from hard to soft in the blink of an eye.

I nod. "Yes."

"Good." He stares at my exposed femininity, nostrils flared, then flicks his steel blue eyes back to mine. "You're shaved. That's fine but from now on, I'll do the shaving so you don't accidentally hurt yourself. I'll make sure every hair is gone without so much as a nick. So, no more shaving yourself, clear?" I nod, my mouth forming the shape of the word 'yes' but no sound comes out. "Now, legs wide...I want you to show me with one finger where your clitoris is."

Is this really happening?

That's what I'm asking myself as my trembling finger moves on its own to the apex of my sex, sliding over the wet, smooth flesh, stopping on a shiver when I feel the hard bump.

"Here," I purr as I rub the aching spot in small, soothing circles.

"Very good. You've touched that little bump before, I can tell. I like that. Daddy's going to touch it with you. You ready?" I nod, then the pad of his finger joins mine as my jaw hinges open and my head falls back. "Let's do it together."

Our digits slide into one another, spinning around the needy spot until I think I may split wide open. Instinctively, my knees widen as I push up on my tiptoes, wanting, wanting, *wanting* that sweet relief I've been able to give myself only a handful of times in my life.

"*Daddy's little girl.*" Dietrich sings the melody of that innocent song into my ear, his mouth settling on the crook of my neck, licking a spot that seems directly connected to my clit. "See, that's so nice, isn't it? Daddy and his little girl, doing this together."

Who is this man? He was a wall of stone with the disposition of a honey badger back at the house, but right now? He's this confusing mashup of Mr. Rogers and Lex Luther.

"You know what goes in here, don't you?" His thick voice warms my neck as he slips a finger to my opening. "That hard part you see swollen in my pants when I look at you is going to fit in here. Softness and hardness. I'll push inside, then when it feels so good I can't stand it another second, I'll spurt something of mine deep and that will make a baby. Daddies aren't supposed to do that with their daughters, but I will. It will feel good... It feels good now, doesn't it?"

I blabber something unintelligible and nod, nod, nod as he spins his finger

at my opening, my hips twisting as his words push me faster and faster toward the darkness.

“I’ll just put the tip inside. Close your eyes, imagine it...”

My eyes flutter closed, wild rockets of tension and pressure buck in my center and it’s two fingers now, pressing into my tightness then stalling as my body begs for more.

“Feel it? I’ll push just the tip inside like this...”

“Oh *fuck*—” The muscles of my back spasm as his fingers press impossibly slow into my body.

My vision flickers back to life, seeing Dietrich’s brow furrow, nostrils flaring as his free hand tugs at the V-cut neckline of my dress, grabbing the bra he instructed I wear and dragging it down, forcing my breasts out into the cool air. The fingers of his other hand squeeze one nipple. Then the other, connecting the pain and pleasure from above with what he’s doing below.

His rough palm cups the weight, rolling my nipple between his fingers as his other digits slide in and out of my opening while his thumb conquers my clit.

“This is your first lesson, and from the way your tight little pussy is soaking my hand I’d say you like my teaching methods.”

The power of speech has abandoned me as an orgasm bursts to life inside me. It’s not like the other fluttering moments of pleasure I’ve given myself. Oh no. This is a bullet train screaming down the tracks.

“You are my perfect girl. Fucking perfect. I’ll give you another lesson soon. You’ll find out what a man’s cock looks like up close and exactly how it works. You’ll wear my cum all over you like a second skin. We will take our time, but Daddy’s been patient for so fucking long. I can’t promise I’ll go slow or not take you before you’re ready.”

His mouth moves to mine, his warm tongue licking the seam of my lips as I break into a pleased sob of desperation for the release that teeters inside me.

“No part of you will be off limits. I’ll spread your ass cheeks and lick that forbidden spot before you take every inch of me inside.”

“Daddy,” I croak, writhing and clinging to his shoulders as he works my nipple and my most intimate places like a maestro.

His fingers stretch my opening as the pad of his thumb plays my clit in rough circles, harder, harder, harder until I’m burning in a sea of delicious shame.

“That’s it. That’s a good girl. You’re going to come aren’t you, baby?”

“Yes,” I hiss as the muscles in my center clench, tension gathering in the backs of my calves as I begin to shake and moan.

“You will wear my cum soon, little one. That will be lesson number two. I’ll teach you how I like to be touched with your hands and your mouth. You’ll suck my dick as I eat that slippery pink pussy of yours. So many lessons Daddy will teach you.”

His teeth rasp on the nape of my neck and I make a stuttering sound in my closing throat as the dizzying pressure inside me explodes again.

“That’s what a good girl does. Show Daddy how you come, little girl. Come on my hand, soak my fingers, then I’m going to feed your pleasure to you and I’ll taste it from your lips. Do it. Come for Daddy now, baby. It’s okay...*Now.*”

His demand is my on switch. My lower half twists and I go off like the fountain at the Bellagio.

“Beautiful soaker baby. Makes me proud. You’re going to be the fuck of my life.”

Pleasured waves drown me as my release drips down my legs and everything feels unreal. I’m so high I imagine sitting at the top of the sky needle that I’ve watched out the window of my bedroom every night. I bolt farther upward as Dietrich whispers vile, wicked things in my ear. Cursing and pinching me through the onslaught of emotions and sensations.

His fingers focus on the button of pleasure, pulling more, more, more out of me until I’m spent and boneless, slumping against the slick leather seat, wetness streaming out of me as he laps at my neck.

As I come down, my throat feels raw and my body sore and wrung out. But I also feel safe and cared for, in a strange and lustful way.

“That’s Daddy’s girl. You took your first lesson so well. Makes me proud. Now, here, open your mouth...”

From below, his fingers appear glistening and webbed with my juices as he pushes them past my lips, feeding me the savory flavor of my pleasure.

As his fingers depart, his lips move in, joining me in the taste of what my new father has created.

I’m re-born as Jamie. Rebellious, sinful, naïve but willing.

A voice through the intercom interrupts, announcing our approach to our destination.

“Let’s put you back together, little one.” Dietrich pulls his handkerchief

from his pocket and sweeps it up and down my legs, then eases my panties back into place, organizes my breasts into my bra, fixes my dress and even licks his palm and smooths down my hair. “There we go. Ready for polite society once again.”

He folds the white handkerchief, then holds it to his nose on a long inhale before securing it back inside his jacket pocket.

I straighten in my seat as the driver turns the Mercedes toward a security shack at the entry of a wide street with high driveway gates and houses so far back, I catch only glimpses of terra-cotta roofs and the tops of palm trees. The driver announces our destination is ahead on the right and the knots in my belly tighten.

It’s not just the houses and the wealth, or the titillating unknown of playing the part of his daughter.

It’s this other game we seem to be playing. One for which I am completely unprepared.

chapter **five**

Hannah

DIETRICH SHIFTS back in his seat as we make our final approach to our destination, his gaze lingering on me as he traces his tongue across his bottom lip.

“I’ve tasted many delicacies in my life, but you, baby, are by far the sweetest. I’m losing my mind thinking of how good you will taste when I get to drink straight from the tap.”

I swallow the gathering saliva under my tongue as the flavor of my orgasm and his kiss lingers in my mouth.

Heat licks its way down my chest and across my cheeks as I remind myself yet again I’m playing a part.

The mind-numbing climax he pulled out of me while indulging in what I know is dark, incest sort of play has me buzzing and questioning how things will escalate from here.

Seems Jamie’s got no issues walking on the dark side.

The phone Dietrich gave me to use for the weekend buzzes and he nods toward the sound.

“Go ahead,” he says, and why I look to him for permission I’m not sure, but knowing he gives it, somehow doses me with a hit of dopamine.

It’s Brigid texting. I programmed her number into the phone when I got it, and it’s one of only three.

Daddy.

Sis.

And Denny. Not Dad. It wouldn't do for someone to find that and start asking questions.

Sis: Don't forget to light me up with an 'I'm okay' message every few hours. I'll be mad crazed if you don't, so...if you don't want me emptying the last of the Cherry Garcia...

Me: Aye, aye, Captain. I'm doing...fine and you've been Garcia clean for a month. A day at a time, sis, a day at a time.

Sis: lol, righto matey. Oscar misses you, he bit dad on the butt when he didn't bother to check the sofa before he sat down.

Me: hahaha okay, I gotta go, we are entering Stronghold...lol

Sis: okay, good luck and check in! I'll keep my phone close. That Hawk dude is hot. Just sayin'. Old. But hot. Take a selfie with him and send it to me...but don't do anything I wouldn't do...xoxo

Heat blazes though my center as Dietrich leans over to read the messages.

"She says I'm hot. Seems your pussy agrees." He brushes his knuckles over the heat of my cheek. "I love when you blush. Reminds me of when you were little. You were sweet and naughty from the moment you were born."

This roleplay is making me dizzy and I drop my chin to my chest, wondering how I'll possibly get through the next two days with this gigantic riot going on in my center.

Dietrich reaches for the phone, holds it at arms length, leans back as I stare up into the screen and he taps the button taking a picture of us together.

"There, send it to her. And I want it as the wallpaper on the phone."

I clench my inner muscles as the world starts spinning out of control, pressing my thighs together as I attempt to refresh my focus. The car pulls down a palm-lined driveway.

In Vegas, if you have an expansive lush, green lawn, that says more about your wealth than the car you drive or the clothes you wear, because keeping grass alive in this life-size Easy Bake Oven takes some heavy coin.

But *this* place is Architectural Digest worthy. Which is one of mine and Brigid's other dreams. I'd love to design the interior of a home that earns a spread in that icon of a magazine.

The Spanish-modern monolith with terra-cotta roof peaks that looms ahead is elaborate but classic. Wide windows stretch along the front, offering a voyeuristic glimpse into a life I can only imagine.

This place reeks of the kind of money my father has been chasing his

whole life. The realization that this job might be above my pay grade cracks through my needy daydreams. I sit up straighter, tensing the muscles along my spine as Dietrich's warm hand steadies me.

"You are going to be fine, baby," he rumbles, using that superhero sixth sense as the sedan rolls to a stop on the bumpy brick driveway. My gaze stalls on the thick veins shifting over the bones in the back of his hand.

He's got the hands of a God. His fingers are long and just the right amount of thick, and my insides wince, wondering what they would feel like giving me a good ole finger bang as they say in some of the filthiest of my smutty books. They were certainly good at multi-tasking a few minutes ago, teasing my entrance and lighting up my clit until the world shifted and I heard angels sing.

See? It's nice, isn't it? It's okay to feel good, baby, that's what a good Daddy is for, to make you feel good.

How I'm fine with what's happening here I'm not sure, but this sort of play acting is obliterating my inhibitions. I'm sure there are many regrets waiting for me on the other side, but for now? I'm Jamie Belotti and this girl has earned some feel-good distraction, so break a leg, Hannah. Jamie has taken over.

A tuxedo-wearing valet swings open my door, and the heat outside invades the carefully controlled atmosphere of the car. I feel the sweat gathering in the dip of my collarbone and in my cleavage. In a flash, Dietrich is at my side, helping me to my feet as I stumble in the five inch heels. In the bright sun, his dark hair seems woven with silver, framing his hard-lined features.

Features that are one-hundred-percent focused on me right now.

He smells like one of those expensive candles with a leather and evergreen scent. His warm hand settles on that spot on my back just above my ass that makes my insides flutter and clench. It's as though he's driving me forward, using an invisible steering wheel because he doesn't need to say a word for me to move wherever he aims.

Two younger valets pull our luggage from the trunk as he guides me without a word toward the mansion's carved front door as I concentrate on every step. The entrance is worthy of a medieval fortress, complete with black-suited security guys wearing earpieces, who nod to allow Dietrich through without a pause. We must be early because there aren't many other cars and there's no buzz of a party coming from inside.

Dietrich raises a fist to knock, but the door swings open on a spooky creak before his knuckles can graze the wood.

A woman in a high-necked silver and black sequined gown greets us with a gregarious smile. Her dress looks heavy and hot but there's a decadent rush of cold air that envelops us from inside the house.

She's slightly older than Dietrich and I'd guess she's had some work done on her face, but it's high end for sure. No hush-hush trips to Brazil for back-room Botox for her.

There's a polished glamor to her style, but there's far too much makeup around her stormy gray eyes and I catch a flash of delight as they land on Dietrich.

"*Dietrich!* Welcome, and I see you did, in fact, bring your lovely daughter." Her attention sweeps over me, her eyebrows frozen on her emotionless face. She manages a tight smile, letting me know my presence is nowhere near as enticing to her as Dietrich's. Her silver hair brushes her jaw in a meticulous bob, and I'm momentarily blinded by the chandelier of diamonds stretching her earlobes unnaturally low. I fake my smile as well, but I'm better at it. "You are as beautiful as your father said, Jamie."

Father. Shiver.

"Thank you for extending the invitation to include me, Miss Malcolm, I'm a huge supporter of the arts," I say with sticky-sweet politeness and a dash of curtsy for effect. She soaks up my genuflection but there is something about her that sours my stomach and chills the residual heat left by the deviant interactions between me and Dietrich in the back of the car.

"Oh, *please.* Call me Margaret." She pronounces her name as though she's yawning. *Maaaaargaret.* Those gray eyes flash back to Dietrich as though I've turned to vapor. She doesn't hide the way her gaze roves over him as her tongue glances in slow-mo along her plump, red-lined lower lip. "Such a polite girl. So many parents these days seem to have no control over their children whatsoever."

"She made it easy. Having kids is a blessing," Dietrich starts and, damn, he's *good.* I almost believe him. "Especially a perfect little girl like Jamie. I'd love to have more children. But, I wanted to focus on Jamie and not bring anyone else into our lives that could disrupt her home." He turns to catch my eyes, and Jesus, he's piling it on thicker than a bar hooker at The Mirage. I swear, on my Meryl Streep signed copy of the *Out of Africa* script, when he said that bit about wanting more children? My ovaries went into *spasm.* I

honestly heard a little *pop pop* sound as my eggs jettisoned themselves into my womb. “Jamie is very obedient.”

Obedient?

That word has never applied to me but coming from Dietrich, I’m instantly wet again and I realize, he’s got some voodoo magic that would make Shin Lin look like an amateur.

My heart skips and sputters as I struggle to find my metaphorical footing in the current scene we are playing.

Chillax, *Jamie*. What happened in the car was a game. Intricate and high level, but a game nevertheless. It was a test at best. This is no time for girlish fantasies of white chapels and little Dietrich’s running around.

Greg said Dietrich dumped the last girl after she caught feelings for him.

The last girl...

I recover as best I can, elbowing him in the side. “Oh, Daddy, you do love obedience. His other love is training dogs. I think he uses the same techniques on them as he did when he raised me. It’s a gift.”

Margaret ignores me, offering Dietrich a tour of the estate, which he accepts, and it’s a welcome distraction from the chaos going on in my reproduction system.

We move through the opulent living and dining rooms. There are flowers everywhere and the rooms are staged for the charity function tonight. I wish my focus could be on the impeccable decor of taupe fabric, museum-worthy antiques and artwork but it’s not.

Margaret hangs on Dietrich and I remind myself this is all for show and come Monday, my carriage is turning right back into a pumpkin.

But, I can’t help that every time she giggles and pats his arm, I want to tear those earrings straight through her thin, fleshy earlobes. I’m using an inordinate amount of energy to keep my expression pleasant and not knock her feet out from under her with an MMA style leg sweep.

I have no idea how to execute such a move, but I’ve seen it done plenty of times. And the vision of *me* doing it is making me ridiculously happy right now.

By the time the endless tour gets to the kitchen, I’m annoyed with *Dietrich* for entertaining her flirtatious giggles and soft touches. And yet, he’s not exactly feeding into it either.

He’s playing his part perfectly.

He’s paired his sexy, menacing glare with the slightest of an upturn in the

corner of his lips. I wouldn't call it a smile really. Not like I saw in the car, anyway. That makes me happy as a rat in a box of Fruity Pebbles because I don't want him smiling at anyone else.

Ever.

Stomp. Stomp. *My Daddy.*

I take a breath and close my eyes for a beat. *Get a grip, Hannah.*

I lean into my pretend daddy because no matter how I try, I can't fight the gravitational pull he has, and I want to save my energy for my leg sweep with Margaret later.

She guides us through the kitchen, which smells of rich roast beef and cream sauce. I was too nervous this morning to eat and now dinner seems so far away I consider swiping a few of the canapes from the baking sheet as we pass.

Margaret clasps her hands together, centering my focus as she turns to Dietrich. "I can't wait to introduce you to Bill and his partners. They are so looking forward to meeting you and hearing your ideas on solving the staffing issues everyone is having in the industry these days. They understand you have connections that may be mutually beneficial."

"That I may," Dietrich replies, then quickly pivots. "You are pulling out all the stops for tonight. The MOMA is lucky to have you on their side."

She's girlishly pleased with Dietrich's compliment but even I know it's a deflection. He has the grifter's gift, a way of making people think they're the most important thing in his world while gaining their trust.

Which makes me wonder, is that exactly what he's doing with me?

She grabs onto Dietrich's left biceps as though she's marking her territory, and that leg sweep vision comes back, only this time it's coupled with a shoulder dislocating arm bar. My guilty pleasure of watching brutal MMA take downs on YouTube may finally come in handy.

"Daddy," I whisper as Dietrich tugs me closer to his right side, pulling his arm away from *Maaaargaret* on his left, as the throbbing in my southern hemisphere returns with a vengeance.

"Yes, baby?" he says in that rumbly, wonderful Daddy tone.

"Can we—"

I'm cut off by Margaret's excited squeal as though Jesus himself has just entered the room. "There you *are*, my precious boy!"

A young man, probably a few years older than me, with a mop of unkempt brown curls and red rimmed eyes saunters into the room with his

hands shoved into the pockets of his rumpled designer suit.

“Dietrich, Jamie, this is my son, *Jeremy*.” Margaret straightens her spine like he’s her crowning life achievement. “Jeremy, Dietrich and his daughter are joining us for the event tonight and will be our house guests for the weekend. Jeremy is home from NYU for the weekend. He’s in pre-law. Did you say you’re at NYU, Jamie?”

Did I?

I’m not sure. Even if I did, I didn’t think she was listening to me. Too busy undressing Dietrich in her mind, or so I thought.

Oopsie. This could be a problem.

“It’s a big campus,” I suggest, hoping for no more questions.

Jeremy looks me up and down while licking his overly plump lips, making me shudder as Dietrich’s body hardens next to me. His hand slips down on my belly, pressing me behind him. His chest fills, shoulders square as he steps into Jeremy’s space.

Jeremy’s gaze is fixated on me, a goofy grin plastered on his lips as he sidesteps Dietrich.

“Enchanté,” he greets with a thick, cartoonish French accent, then plucks my hand from my side and raises it toward his face. “It’s always a pleasure to have such beautiful *young* guests. Especially ones staying the weekend. I’ll surely sniff out your room.”

He tugs my fingers toward his lips.

Yuck. Super yuck.

In a blink, I’m tugged into the warmth of Dietrich’s side, his arm locked around me like a python. I fight my urge to wrap my arms around his waist and do a subtle little dry hump against his thigh.

Dietrich low-key snarls toward Jeremy.

Like, lip curling *snarl* and I swear those baby blues of his have turned red.

Then, he draws a breath that seems to collect all the available oxygen from around us.

My lungs burn and the tension in my center shoots up my back as I fuss and flutter, playing the shy, offended daughter, because, what the hell? I don’t remember ever having my own father step up for me like this, so I’m going to ride this Daddy wave right into paradise.

“Whoa there, pops. Just being polite.” Jeremy raises his hands on a mocking grin.

“I don’t like anyone touching my *daughter*.” Dietrich manages with a restrained politeness, but it sounds more like, ‘Step back or your balls are going to end up in the punchbowl’.

Margaret pats Jeremy’s shoulder. “I assure you that my Jeremy didn’t mean any harm. He’s always been too charming for his own good.”

“Clearly,” Dietrich rumbles.

“My apologies,” Jeremy mutters, scratching the back of his neck with no attempt to hide the way his eyes are fixed on my tits. “But I’ll be sure to grab you for a dance later.”

“That won’t be happening,” Dietrich says and it doesn’t feel like he’s acting.

Margaret’s eyes darken but Dietrich doesn’t budge and neither do I.

Margaret sniffs as Jeremy snaps his tongue in his cheek, shooting finger guns my way, then wanders off whistling as Margaret sweeps her hand forward. “I am certain the two of you would like a chance to settle in before the festivities. Allow me to show you to your accommodations.”

As we walk, she drones on about Jeremy and the long list of his superhuman abilities as my upper thighs slip and slide together thanks to the way Dietrich is still hugging me next to him. Then, at last, we step through a door into a living area larger than my entire house. It’s tufted and tucked with sumptuous velvet and fabrics that cost more than my father makes in a year. The scent of white roses fills the air. There are several vases scattered around, filled with the fragrant flowers and I quickly calculate that the cost of those flowers could easily pay the mortgage on our house for two months.

“This is your suite, with connecting bedrooms.” Margaret gestures to two adjacent doors like a flight attendant pointing toward the emergency exits. “Jamie, I think you’ll be comfortable in here.”

We move toward a door to the left and Margaret turns the knob, swinging it open and a blast of Swedish sauna heat takes my breath away.

“*Oh my God*,” Margaret squeals, pressing her fingertips to her lips.

Dietrich and I lean forward, getting an eyeful of the disaster inside.

“Warm in there,” Dietrich says as he winks my way.

“I don’t understand...” Margaret flutters and flusters. Inside the room, the expansive leaded glass window is shattered, the oppressive heat from outside taking over. Shards of glass cover the floor and the bed as a black drone the size of a double large pepperoni pizza is buzzing and twitching on the satin pillows.

“Nooooo...the photographer was taking aerial images of the event. He must... He must have...” Margaret murmurs, shaking her head. “I’m so embarrassed, there are no other bedrooms available. I—I... I suppose I could put Jamie in the pool house.”

“No,” Dietrich snaps. “We don’t mind sharing a bedroom, do we, babygirl?”

Gulp.

He slips his fingers into mine as I do my best to stay in character.

He continues with, “Back in the days before I was the man I am now, we had a tiny one bedroom bungalow and Jamie would climb into bed with me almost every night. It will be like old times. Isn’t that right, angel?”

He pins me with those hypnotic blue eyes and my insides turn to warm goo.

Gulp.

One bed.

“Oh *no*,” Margaret chitters. “What would people think?”

“Like I give a shit what they think,” Dietrich says as Margaret’s eyes go wide. “Forgive me, I’m not one to worry about what other people think. Wolves don’t consider the opinions of sheep, am I right?” Dietrich challenges her with a nod. “Understand, as a father and a family man, Jamie is mine to protect and there are male guests here. She will stay with me. Subject closed.”

The room spins as Dietrich’s hand sweeps down my back.

“I... suppose...” Margaret says, her lips attempting a frown. “I’ll have extra sheets delivered for you to make yourself comfortable on the Davenport, Dietrich. It’s not really designed for sleeping, so I don’t know how you’ll manage.”

“I’ll manage,” Dietrich grumbles as I clench my inner thighs, unsure if I can remain upright much longer.

“Very well,” Margaret says. “Your bags are there. I’m so embarrassed about this.”

“We will just keep that door closed. It will be our secret,” I say with saccharine sweetness, smiling as she glares back. Then Dietrich leads her to the door, saying a polite goodbye as he turns my way.

“We will have some secrets of our own, little girl, won’t we?”

chapter **six**

Hannah

“PLAYING DADDY IS NEW TO ME,” Dietrich admits as he allows his hand to rest on my hip. “Though, I could definitely get used to it.”

My eyes round in surprise, but I play it cool and keep the banter going. “Sorry, Daddy, you only have me for the weekend.”

He grins. “If that’s the case, we have a lot of family dynamics to squeeze into a few days.”

As his fingertips graze my collarbone and his lips rasp against the nape of my neck I realize I’m losing Hannah piece by piece. She’s broken and shattered on the floor and it feels like Dietrich is re-building me one touch, one word, one deviant thought at a time.

This isn’t a job, not now. He’s not my pretend father. We aren’t in the house of his client.

I’m becoming Jamie and I wonder for a moment if Dietrich is his real name or if that’s his cover as well? It doesn’t make sense that it would be, because he’s associated with these people and I doubt using some fake name for the weekend would be to his benefit.

“Are you like this with all your make-believe daughters?” I question, though I’m floating so far above my own head right now that it doesn’t even sound like my own voice.

“No.” He dips his head to breathe into my ear. “Just you. I want to know things a father shouldn’t. I want to teach you more things that most would

think are wrong, but we know better, don't we?"

I draw quick, shallow breaths. "What kind of things?"

"Well, I want to know what makes you weak, what makes you moan, what makes you dream and cry and laugh. And I want to teach you about the ways of grown ups. How a man makes love to a woman. How you'll use your mouth to give me pleasure. I'll teach you to kiss me in special ways, and I'll do the same to you."

"I want that."

"And why do you want me to have the honor of all these things, baby?"

Dietrich's tongue grazes my neck as his fingers work the zipper on the back of the dress.

"I just—" I stammer, finding my voice. "I just felt things when I saw you. My body told me things I'd never known before."

"That's because you need a Daddy, don't you? A man that will be so much more than a fumbling fuck in the back of a cramped car, only to leave you once he tears open that little untouched pussy of yours."

"Yes." My head falls back as his breath warms my skin, faster and harder as he works the dress off my shoulders.

"Good," he husks, his voice breaking as my dress falls around my feet. "Perfection."

He eases back, leaving me standing exposed in the white cotton bra and panties he instructed me to wear under the dress and the pink heels that have my ankles aching along with the quivering muscles of my inner thighs.

"Walk for me. Show daddy how a big girl walks in her dress-up shoes."

I can't believe I'm doing this but instinct has me running wild. I steady myself and turn toward where he's pointing at the window. I take small, calculated steps on the Turkish rug that covers the floor, balancing myself on the heels, curling my hands into little fists as I try to keep my balance.

"Lovely. I can't wait to stuff that little fuck hole of yours full of my cock. You're making me so hard, baby. You're making Daddy ache. You know that? You make things hurt."

When I get to the other side of the room, I do a half turn and see him stroking himself.

"Wow." I mutter. "That *does* look like it hurts. That's...huge."

My own aching re-doubles, seeing the size of his cock straight out and being worked by his hand.

"Your Daddy has been blessed with size, but don't worry. That pussy will

be good and hungry by the time I stuff you full of me and breed that womb of yours for all the world to see.”

“Breed?” I mouth as he snaps his fingers, pointing to the wooden chair on the other side of the room pulled out from the desk.

“Yes, I’ll teach you all about breeding later. Right now, you walk to that chair and sit. Open your legs, but don’t take your panties off. I want to just look at what’s mine. Then I’m going to lick and kiss you like a good Daddy should.”

My knees wobble as I traverse the floor, thankful for the support of the chair. As I look up, Dietrich is a few steps away and I see the gleam of creamy liquid on the tip of his manhood, his hand locked around the granite girth.

There’s red lust in his eyes as he straddles me on the chair, petting my head as his cock grazes my lips.

Arousal pours out of me, ruining my panties again as he makes a pained, choking sound from above.

“Don’t be scared, baby. It won’t hurt you. At least, not at the moment.”

My body stiffens as the slick tip glides along my lips. “I don’t know what to do. I’ve never seen a cock before.”

“That’s good. Get used to this one. It’s the only one you will ever see up close and personal. Soon enough it will spread your warm little pussy wide and take that beginner cherry of yours, and that will hurt, but that’s for later. Right now, you’re going to give it a little kiss right there on the slit.” The weight of his hand settles on the top of my head, keeping me focused as I pucker my lips and swallow, kissing the spongy, swollen flesh while lust whips through me. “Very good, now put your fingers down inside your panties and tell me what you feel.”

I stutter and shake as I push my fingers between my belly and the elastic, down, down until I touch the heat and let out a broken whimper. “Warm. Wet. Tingly. Achy.”

“Very good. All good things. You should remember from now on, Daddy likes you wet. Whenever I’m around, that pussy should be soaking and ready for me. Now, don’t ignore my cock, give it a french kiss, like we did in the car. Lips and tongue around the tip, just the tip for now. Baby steps. You’re still learning.”

Oh Jesus, Jesus, why does the way he talks to me make me so hot?

I tilt my head back and watch as the barest glance of my lips on the tip

makes lines form across his forehead. Then I open wide, sucking it gently and winding my tongue around the slick head, his eyes rolling back white for a split second as he curses between clenched teeth.

“That’s the prettiest thing I’ve ever seen. My cock between those bubble gum sweet lips. You’re doing great, making me very proud. Now, one more lick, then it’s time for the next part of your lesson.”

My breath escapes in a sad exhale when he pulls his cock from my mouth with a little pop, then wrestles it back behind the fabric of his pants and zips it into its prison as he steps back, using the tip of his shoe to nudge my feet apart on the wood floor.

“It’s very hard for me not to stuff every inch into that little fuck hole of yours, but I’m patient. For the moment. Now, take your fingers out and slide those panties off, then get rid of the bra. I want to see how pretty you are sitting there in your birthday suit for me.”

If I wasn’t sitting down, I’d be on the floor. Hannah is long gone and this girl Dietrich is re-building with his Daddy voice would do anything he asked.

I swallow back a sob as I release the clasp of my bra and let it slide down my arms, then wiggle out of my panties and pile them on top of the other white fabric before willing myself back into a sitting position. My body cries out for relief, my skin prickling, practically twitching as it begs to be touched by him.

“Here I am,” I say, fighting for breath as Dietrich stands silent, then drops to his knees in front of me, his lips pulling back into a snarl.

“Here you are is right.” He leans forward and gives my belly button a kiss, then licks down my belly as I gasp and grab onto his shoulders. “I knew my little girl had the prettiest cunt in the world, but close up, it’s even better. So pink and wet. Now, hold onto my shoulders, I’m going to give you French kisses now down here.”

I arch into a knot as he parts my folds and spreads my legs with his shoulders, his tongue licking its way through me for the first time, making me shudder and see stars.

Dietrich out groans me as his tongue moves around my soft wetness, his hands pushing my legs open as the sensations begin to roll through me like a storm.

I’m bucking uncontrollably within seconds, as his lips suck on that sensitive nub while his tongue wiggles and swirls, faster and faster, until the storm brewing inside of me unleashes.

The roughness of his beard warms my soft flesh as he pokes at my opening, stabbing and spinning. When I nearly fall off the chair, his hand centers me again, pressing his face harder into my soft spaces as his tongue returns to the apex of my sex, chaos catapulting around inside me.

He eats at my pussy like he's been starved, his narrow eyes latching to mine with a darkness that pushes me closer and closer to the edge.

"My little girl tastes better than I imagined. Extra sweet and so tight, so fresh. You kept it safe for me. That's a good girl."

I utter something unintelligible as his fingertips dig into my breasts and he grinds his teeth against my pulsing sex.

He rakes his tongue up and down as the spinning inside me intensifies and I lock my ankles around his waist, grinding myself into his mouth, my hands tearing at his hair.

He's cursing as he feasts, his brow furrowed with the effort, and I feel the pulses of pleasure all the way through to my ass. I shout out from behind clenched teeth as the spinning inside me turns into a sucking black hole. I'm at the top of the needle, roaring toward the sky as I shake and quiver, allowing my body to lose itself in the pleasure of this man's mouth.

I'm soaring into space as the tension reaches the tipping point and there's no going back. I'm jettisoned into the atmosphere, into the cool emptiness of space, riding that needle as his tongue laps and lips suck and I'm twisting and shaking as he guides me into the infinite beyond.

His calloused fingers poke softly at my opening as his tongue flicks on my soaking flesh, sending me into orbit again.

I'm spent, slack, and when I'm falling back to earth, he's catching me, holding me, saving me.

"That's my girl," I hear in the distance as I'm lifted, boneless, and he turns me toward the desk, face down. The smooth wood is cool against my breasts and my cheek, as his hand lays heavy on the center of my back, holding me steady. "Now, one more thing you're going to do for me. Your body is relaxed and ready. This is going to go in your other hole..."

There's some noise from behind as his hand leaves me for a moment, then returns only on my butt cheek. His fingers slide with cool ease down the crack as I gasp, pushing to lift myself as his hand comes to secure me in place.

"What are you doing?" I stutter through the orgasmic haze.

"Getting you ready. I told you all your holes are mine. I don't know when

I'll use this one, but for now, I'm going to prime it so you'll be ready. Be still and relax..."

Pressure against my back entrance sends another wave of lust through me. Cool liquid on the smooth tip of something makes me wince and hiss but after a moment of intense pressure, I exhale as my body settles around the stem of something Dietrich has placed inside of me.

"What is it?"

"It's a butt plug. An inflatable one. What's inside you now is small, but with this..." He moves into my view holding up a pen shaped remote control. "I press this..."

I suck in a sharp breath, babbling incoherently as the object inside me starts to vibrate and inflate.

He clicks the pen again and it stops, leaving me quivering, saliva gathering under my tongue.

"It's going to be a fun night."

There's a quick tap at the door and Dietrich gives me a look. "Stay," he says, and if I could speak I'd tell him right now, that's not a problem.

I'm not sure I have the power to move.

I listen to the sound of his steps, then the door.

"Yes? I'm sorry, Jamie is getting dressed. I apologize, it's not a good time."

"Oh, sorry." It's Maaaaargaret. "I'm sorry to bother you, but...guests are starting to arrive. Don't take too long or you'll miss the fun."

"Thank you, Margaret," Dietrich rumbles. "We certainly won't want to miss any *fun*."

A moment later, he's back by my side, helping me stand, his hands roaming down my body as he presses his forehead to the part of my hair.

"I'll get dressed," I murmur, my hands shaking as they settle on his forearms.

"Yes, but first, I have something for you."

I turn as he steps away, unzips his suitcase and pulls out a lavender satin box with a thin white silk bow. He steps toward me and stalls me with his gaze as he holds it forward.

"For tonight," he says with a twitch of his left brow, drawing my gaze to those blue eyes that could do battle with any spring sky.

When he flips open the lid, the last of my power to stand is lost. Luckily, he's there to catch me as he chuckles, sitting me on the sofa, the plug in my

rear distracting me while he secures the diamond and ruby choker around my neck.

“Perfect. Daddy’s little girl is going to look so grown up tonight. Now, go get dressed. We have work to do.”

chapter **seven**

Dietrich

WITH A DEEP SATISFACTION, I watch as Hannah scurries away into the bedroom, her round ass jiggling as she goes. I click the remote and listen to her yelp as the plug pulses inside her ass which gives me an oddly warm feeling of satisfaction.

I'm with you even when I'm not, baby.

I can't wait to see her in that dress. I picked it out myself and paid double the price to make sure they altered it to fit her exact measurements.

I'm salivating at the thought of it, shredded and strewn across the bedroom floor.

Hannah may think this is only for the weekend, and I'm not going to spoil that fun. I like the idea of a time limit, of having to cram a lifetime into a couple of days. But the truth is, I can't let her go. Not on Monday and not ever.

She's mine, now and forever.

My phone vibrates and I pull it out on a huff, gritting my teeth. It's fucking Denny. I walk toward the window where my bag is sitting on a chair and answer.

"What?"

"H-Hi, Hawk. I'm just calling to see how things are going."

"They are going fine."

He stammers and mutters something I don't bother to decipher. Then he

clears his throat and tries again. “It’s just... I really want to make sure that she’s doing a good job. That you’re happy with her. And... and of course that *she’s* alright.”

“She still has a phone, Denny. You can check in to see how she’s doing. If she’s not answering you, then I take it she’s busy or doesn’t want to talk to you. She’s not a hostage here.”

Well, if she tries to leave she will be, but he doesn’t need to know that. Denny sighs and starts again as I groan.

“I just want to be sure—” he stutters.

It’s annoying the fuck out of me. I abhor weakness.

“Just say what you need to say.” I step toward the bedroom, easing open the door a few inches, noting the four posts on the bed.

Perfect for tying Hannah up while I convince my sweet daughter that Daddy has needs.

“Just—” He’s still fucking talking and saying nothing.

The bedding will need to go. I want white sheets only. When I tear into that cherry of hers, I’m sure there will be blood and I’m going to cut out that evidence of the moment I make her mine and carry it around in my pocket for the rest of my fucking life.

The moment I claimed my *daughter* as my own.

Fatherhood is beginning to grow on me.

Maybe I was cut out for being a dad...except what I have in mind involves a lot of deep fucking and teaching my little princess what good girls do in the night when Daddy comes in to read them their bedtime story.

I’m a filthy fucker. Sweet Hannah is corrupting *me* with her pink cheeks and her freckles. That’s a turn of events I never imagined.

Denny’s verbal diarrhea streams through the phone. “I need that money. There. I said it. If I need to call Hannah and give her some feedback from you, you know, dad to daughter sort of straight talk, no punches pulled, I’ll do it. She needs to *perform for you.*”

Fuck yes, she’s going to perform. In ways you might not like. But, who knows, you are a fucktard so maybe you wouldn’t care that I’m planning on taking that virgin purity of hers and turning it into Daddy’s own cum sucking sex toy tonight, and banging a baby into her so she can never get away.

That sound good there Daddy-o?

As for straight talk, if any Daddy is going to give her a talking to, it’s going to be me.

“She’s fine,” I say, tapping the red circle and ending the call.

He’s in deep with someone. But, for the moment, I tuck that away and focus on my priorities.

Getting the Zeneli fucks settled so I can find a life that won’t put hers in danger.

Fucking my bride to be.

But, not necessarily in that order.

The bedroom is opulent in an oppressive way. Everything is perfectly in place. It’s gold leaf and polished burl wood and century-old Turkish rugs.

It’s so fucking contrived it’s boring me to fucking death. The door to the bathroom is closed and I wander back into the sitting area to stop myself from going in there and deep dicking her for the remainder of the weekend.

Pressure builds behind my ear drums as the newness of what Hannah is creating inside of me turns to frustration.

I pick up an antique enameled porcelain vase, stuffed with fresh-cut white roses, and throw it against the wall.

The shattering of the porcelain feels like I’ve opened a window and the rush of spring air is swirling around my face.

There.

Nothing in the world is perfect and people that try to make it look that way are only trying to hide the level ten chaos and insecurity going on inside them.

I like a little chaos. I like broken pieces. I like to take impossible tasks and try to figure out how to make them happen.

I walk over and pick up the shattered porcelain. I place each piece on the top of the table from where it came, laying them out in a pattern of my own that is more pleasing than the original form. The roses go among the destruction, then I step back and admire the beauty of what I’ve made.

The soft sound of the shower coming on has my dick hard as stone. A fury builds in my gut as I think of the water coursing down her body. Touching what’s mine without my permission.

I’m fucking pissed.

At water.

My fingers curl into fists as every thought is of what I would do if I was in there with her. I would do it, but I know myself. The next time I touch her, it will be the full Monty. We will need more time than we’d have right now, so I’ll just suffer my blue balls and get the necessities out of the way so I can

buy back my life and make one with her.

I distract myself by pouring a dram of whiskey from the decanter on the sideboard and cross to the window, staring out at the clear horizon, imagining this new possible future with a girl I barely know.

My pretend daughter. The vision is as clear as it is confusing. We're standing on the balcony of a villa overlooking a sea as clear and blue as the sky is today. The breeze catches her hair, tossing those blonde curls across her face and fluttering her white dress. It's so fucking simple.

A tightness gathers in my chest that's a tangle of hope and fear. I'm losing the Dietrich I've built for the last thirty years. The indifference I've honed and crafted is shattering like that vase. What's being rebuilt in its place, I'm not sure, but I do know I want to re-build it with Hannah.

A life. Together.

If this deal comes off the way I hope, it will leave me free. The millions I have squirreled away will be enough to build the home of her dreams, with rooms for all the children I'll fuck into her. I already have the house. Far, far away from here. All it needs is final signatures for the rebuilding work that's needed.

But it would never have been a home. Not without her. And now it will be our home.

If she wants to be an actress, I'll manage her. Be by her side so no one fucks with her. Because that business is as filthy as any and I'll stop the heartbeat of anyone that thinks they can screw with what's mine.

Get a hold of yourself, I tell my silent reflection in the window. You've spent a handful of hours together and you're ready to buy the farm with this girl.

I let the warm liquid burn down my throat, then set the empty glass aside and psych myself up for an evening of frustration as I watch her, knowing we're playing these parts. The stakes have multiplied. I have to make this work. I need my freedom.

Hold on to Dietrich Belotti just a little longer. This is business.

I take a deep breath, distracted by the steel-hard erection pressing against the seams of my underwear. I wait until the shower is off, keeping my polite position by the window until I can't stand it another second.

I stomp to the door, rapping my knuckles twice. "I want to see my little girl in that dress. I'm getting impatient."

"Okay, just a second," she answers.

I could barrel in. But I want a whole visual moment of her going from little girl to pretty woman.

The anticipation sends a jolt of excitement through my already stiff cock as I wait, wondering what I'd do if I walked in on her right now.

Fuck the charity, fuck the guests, fuck Margaret.

Well, not really *fuck* Margaret. I'd rather my dick fell off.

Eventually the door opens and Hannah's decadent teenage body stands in the doorway.

Her eyes linger on my crotch before snapping to my face. It's only now, in the fading light from the large window, I notice the faint ring of gold around her brown irises.

And just as I suspected, the dress I bought for her looks as though it were tailored with her in the room. It's satin, with an elegant v-neckline and thin straps over her shoulders, and it hugs every gentle curve before falling from her thighs downward.

She's offset the light purple with a plum lipstick that begs to be smeared across her blushing cheeks, sullied by my cock pressing into the depths of her velvety throat. I look past her into the room at the bed, and grip the door frame with restraint as I fight every instinct within me not to push her onto it and fuck her.

"Ready, babygirl?" I grit out, letting a glimmer of flirtation slip into my voice as I offer her my arm.

"Yes, Daddy," she fires back without missing a beat.

I reach into my jacket pocket and click the button on the remote pen, inflating the plug for a second and watching her body tense as her plump lips fall open.

"Don't forget, I'm always inside you."

She shakes her head on a grin as we make our way out of the suite and toward the stairs. From below, the rumbling sounds of a party coming to life drift upward. As we saunter into the forming crowds, I take in the angel next to me. She's breathtaking.

She deserves a life of luxury.

I can make that happen for her. If she'll let me.

A waiter stands in front of us, holding a tray of crystal champagne flutes bubbling with golden liquid.

"Champagne?" he asks with a bow of his head, but I catch the way his eyes dance down Hannah's curves.

She doesn't notice. But I do. Fuck.

"Can I?" Hannah asks, deferring to me. It lights up parts of me long frozen in darkness.

I nod, taking two glasses and dismissing the waiter with a glare. As I hand her a glass, I brush my lips on her ear. "A little celebration of you learning how to still look cute while you take Daddy's cock down your throat?"

I glance my tongue along the shell of her ear when I hear the screech.

"Dietrich, darling!"

Fucking *Maaaaaargaret*.

She places a hand on my shoulder and flashes me a pearly, painted red smile. "Dietrich, darling, you must come dance with me. I saw you come in and requested my favorite waltz."

"Later," I say, working to keep from grinding my molars together as I rest my hand just above Hannah's ass. "I'm not going to leave my daughter in the company of so many strangers."

"I see..." Margaret eyes us both before straightening her posture and nodding once. "Very well. I respect your duties as a father. But know you can't ignore me all night!"

She adds a wink at the end, then flutters away, waving to someone else. I almost kick her in her skinny ass to get her gone faster.

She's not that smart, but she's fucking rich. She's fronting about half of the money for the new casino, so with her on board, the other investors will fall in line or risk losing her backing.

The orchestra starts the next song as the room begins to bustle and prickle with the energy reserved for rich people pretending they're here to actually give back and not just have a huge, mutual circle jerk.

With a shake of my head, I lean in close to Hannah. "Time to dance with Daddy."

"I... I don't dance," she stammers as I lead her toward the floor, where other couples are swaying and moving around on the parquet floor.

"Really? Well, you'll have to get over that."

She narrows her eyes. "Why?"

"When you're up for roles in musicals, what are you going to say? I don't dance?"

"I..." She sighs. "I don't think I'm ever going to be up for roles in musicals. Or anything else. Brigid is the actress, I'm just—"

“Perfect,” I tell her. “What you are, is perfect. And if I have anything to do with it, your name will be up in lights in no time.”

“If you have anything to do with it?”

I pull her against me, leaving no doubt the effect she’s having on me as my cock presses up between us.

“I’ll move fucking mountains to make your dreams come true, baby.” I squeeze her tiny, warm hand, adding pressure to the one that’s resting on the small of her back. “Just follow me and relax. No one exists in this world but you and me.”

She is out of her element, but I see and feel her relaxing as I guide her body with mine.

“You know how to follow, Jamie. Your body instinctively knows what I want. Can’t wait to put that to the test again later. You’ve been a perfect student so far, learning all about the birds and the bees and things grownups do in the dark.”

With every step and sway, I let the world fade into a fuzzy filter around us. I’ve never fucking danced like this before. I remember my grandmother teaching me to waltz in her tiny apartment, where my mother and father would drop me off when they’d take off for a sleazy bar or God knows where.

This is the simplest pleasure I’ve ever allowed myself. Thoughts of those ocean breezes and breeding this perfection of a girl come back to me in a wave.

I’m holding my future in my arms.

Over the years, I’ve been in the hands of death more times than I can count, but nothing has made me feel more alive than this simple dance with Hannah Wesley.

In the span of a few hours, this little girl has taught me that love is a real feeling and it’s re-building me from the inside out.

“So, you know your cunt is going to welcome me soon, like smooth cream into hot coffee.”

She snorts, a hand flying to her face to cover her mouth before letting it go. “Which one am I? The cream or the coffee?”

She laughs, and so do I, her brown eyes widening as her freckles dance on her warm cheeks.

“Now, that’s a laugh, Daddy.”

I don’t fight it. I nod and enjoy the moment before changing the subject.

“What made you want to be an actress?”

“I don’t know,” she exhales that warm, bubble gum sweet breath into my chin. “I mean, my sister helped, but it wasn’t really that. It was...” She shakes her head. “It feels a little pathetic.”

“Nothing about you is pathetic.” I brush my hand across the width of her back, tapping my fingers over her ass where the plug is. “I promise I won’t judge.”

“Brigid and I were left to ourselves most of our lives. We were always trying to make the house look better. Moving things around, decorating. Watching HGTV and movies became our escape. It gave me a way to live lives that were better than my own. Or at least more exciting, in ways that didn’t feel so dark and overwhelming. My parents met at an audition. They both had dreams of fame but that didn’t pan out. I think Dad hopes one of us will strike gold with our acting. Or, truthfully, he thinks Brigid will strike gold.”

My heart breaks, but her story only makes me more determined to make those big dreams of hers a reality. She will never feel second best again.

“Well, from what I’ve seen so far, you’d be a clean sweep for an Oscar. You aren’t just acting when it comes to us, are you? You *are* my daughter.”

“It helps to have such a talented leading man,” she says, her eyes lingering on mine. “Or, should I say, leading Daddy...”

“The latter. You call me daddy. No matter who’s around. And yes, I am your leading man and you have no idea just how talented I can be.”

She lowers her gaze, her chest rising and falling as I scan the eyes around us, jealousy boiling in my blood for any man that’s looking her way.

Luckily for them, they’re not.

“And what...” She gulps. “What do you do? Apart from hiring unknown actresses to play the part of your daughter for unknown reasons.”

Blackjack. Private rooms running high stakes poker games. Roulette for fun. But, the big money is in Ponzi schemes. Money laundering. High risk investments that I’ll get backers on, before pulling the rug out but making sure I look like I’ve taken as big a hit as everyone else.

Smoke. Mirrors. Money.

“A little of this, a little of that.”

Her nose scrunches adorably and it’s taking all of me not to stuff my tongue down her throat, giving zero fucks who is watching. But, getting through the next twenty hours playing these parts will set things up for us for

life. I need to stay frosty and keep on task.

But, there's something about this girl. The walking dead man I was is thawing. I want to live and not just for me.

For her.

For us.

For what I could be with her at my side.

As my muse. My babygirl. My wife. The mother of my children.

All the potential rushes through me with a crushing level of emotion I've never felt. My vision blurs. She's quickly defrosting the ice block of my heart but I remind myself, if I'm in danger and she's in my life, she's in danger.

And that is an impossible price to pay.

Stay in your lane, Dietrich, get this one done right. Then, oh then, it's game on, little girl.

"How descriptive," she teases. "Is there anything at all I'm *allowed* to know about you?"

I tilt my head side to side, debating on what I want her to know. I've never been ashamed of where I came from, but since the moment I met her I've wanted to be something different. Something better. The kind of man that deserves someone like her.

"I'm from Florida." I decide to tell her a cent of truth. "I grew up on the wrong side of the tracks and I didn't have a lot of resources to get out of that situation. So, I made any deal, did any job it took to get me out of that crappy little neighborhood and never want for anything ever again. Recently—"

I pause, and shake my head, but she holds my gaze.

"Recently?"

"It's nothing," I start, but then decide, what the hell? If I'm in, I'm all in, and she needs to know that there's more to me than this con. "Recently I've been writing a book. On and off. How to read people, how to see what they want from you. Everyone wants something."

Her warm eyes linger on me, studying. "And what about you? Do you have everything you want in life?"

"I thought so. But recently I've had a change of heart." I lean in close, as I whisper in her ear. "Like your lips around my cock. If you fuck as good as you suck, I'll have you bred with me in no time. You'll give your father the ultimate gift. Your lollipop cherry and a baby on top."

I pull back, watching her pupils turn to pin pricks as crimson rages on her cheeks. But she doesn't pull away. She doesn't tell me to fuck off or knee me

in the balls, which I'm sure would be appropriate.

I have to grit my teeth not to pull her away and find some bathroom or dark corner to bury myself between her legs and fuck her senseless.

"Careful what you say, Daddy," she whispers back, eyes flashing as the song ends. "Someone might hear."

I lock my lips onto her earlobe, grinding my thick erection into her softness as I tug her head back by the hair, whispering through clenched teeth.

"Mine. As my daughter you belong to me. I'll do with you as I please. I'll breed that little baby maker of yours, you'll lay there on those white sheets, opening your legs, inviting daddy in. When I push all the way deep, taking that innocence you've teased me with for so long, you'll say 'Thank you' and I'll reward you by filling your womb with my load. Hot and sticky, baby, just how you like it."

Hannah's body goes limp and I hold her upright until her muscles come back online.

"This is crazy," she hisses, her eyes unfocused, and I catch Margaret giving us the stink eye.

There's no way she could have heard me from her place by the champagne fountain, but she's getting balled up I can tell. I need the space to focus and with the scent of Hannah's sweet tart cunt close to me, I'll never get this deal wrapped up.

Margaret waves at me and Jeremy smirks at her side.

"Behave now, little girl," I warn with a stern pat on her ass. "We're going to go over there, you be polite and then I'll take you for a walk and we'll have some playtime."

She pouts. "I wouldn't dream of misbehaving. Though, I'm getting curious what would happen if I did."

Me too.

We are all smiles as Margaret greets us and introduces the two of us to the other investors that hang on her every decision. Seems she has her own sixth sense about when I'm losing interest. I take a hearty sip of my drink and try to focus on the business and numbers spilling from the men's mouths.

And yet, all I can truly focus on is getting my dick inside Hannah.

Jamie.

Whatever her name may be from now on, she's mine. All her holes are mine.

Mouth, ass, and pussy.

I already know I'd kill for her, and I need to show her she's all fucking mine.

chapter **eight**

Hannah

IMAGES OF LEG sweeps and MMA moves make my shoulders tense as not only Maaaaaargaret but a few other of the cougars in the crowd eye up my Daddy.

I played my part to perfection, standing there while Margaret introduced Dietrich to a gaggle of old white guys who entertained her with just enough attention to make her feel part of the crowd. But I've not been out of high school long. I know when the popular crowd is just using someone as a means an end.

What that end is, I'm not sure, and I don't care.

I probably should, but I'm lust dumb with Dietrich so close, and all I can think about is when we can be alone again.

I wander off for a few minutes, not far enough that Dietrich needs to follow, but far enough that they can talk about whatever big money deal is so important a man needs to hire a girl to be his fake daughter. How that fits in, I'm still not sure, but again, I find myself not caring about much besides this new man that has me spreading my legs and taking inflatable plugs up my ass.

Which, by the way, he's been inflating a little at a time throughout the evening at the most inopportune times. He has a sadistic streak, but it's difficult to ignore the fact that I'm teetering on the edge of an orgasm from both the physical sensation of what's inside my rear end and also the power

play it's creating between us.

I know I'm half in love with him already, ridiculous as that sounds. I know my heart's in danger but there's a pin prick of hope that's guiding me towards an unknown outcome that could be everything I've ever wished for.

When I look back, Dietrich is exchanging words with Jeremy, who eventually tosses me a grin and wanders off, whistling again, and I fight the urge to flip him the bird.

Dietrich crooks his finger toward me with a half nod, stepping toward the open glass doors that lead to an outdoor dance floor and into the darker back lawn of the estate.

I follow without hesitation.

We casually stroll through the crowds of partygoers and finally step out into the night air. Vegas cools down quickly once the sun sets, and I instinctively cross my arms over my chest to hide the pinpoints of my nips pushing out on my dress.

"Don't cover up. Not when you are with me." Dietrich pulls my arms down as he walks us toward a path out to the dimly lit gardens and gazebo.

A heat dares to come over my cheeks and I shrug, clearing my throat. "I don't think my dad would quite like if everyone at this party saw my goodies."

The weight of his hand on the base of my neck makes me shudder as he says, "I think Daddy wouldn't mind everyone seeing what they can't have. Because she is his."

I bite the inside of my cheek as my insides flutter and pulse. It shouldn't be so hot to play into this daddy/daughter taboo. But with him, I want to fan the flames just as high as they can go before they consume us both.

"So, can I ask you a Hannah and Dietrich sort of question, Daddy?" I know I'm not supposed to know anything about him, but we are playing our parts, so he can lie if he so chooses. He nods, so I continue. "Do you live here in Vegas? I heard Uncle Greg say something about you flying in the other day."

"I live everywhere. And nowhere. No roots. I am not sure I've found a place to call home yet."

It stirs something sad deep inside and I want to do something to make him feel better. Nurture him, give him something that feels like home.

But as I open my mouth, I realize I don't think I really have somewhere I feel is like home myself. I have Brigid, she feels like home. And all my

rescue animals. But the structure where we live? Not so much.

“I hope you find it soon,” I tell him, pulling my lips into a line.

“I think it’s closer than ever before.”

My heart flutters and I beat back the notion of romantic and real-life things to come for us.

With cheeks bright red, I turn my attention to the vast green lawn. There are spherical lights strategically placed along the paths and shrubbery, with draped cloth and ribbon acting as guides to keep people off the grass. And the lake has lights floating along the surface. It’s gorgeous, especially with the backdrop of a clear night sky and the tips of the Red Rock mountains in the distance. We are too close to the city for there to be many stars, the bright lights of casinos and entertainment venues blocking out all but the brightest specks in the night sky.

“Margaret did a great job planning the party,” I comment as we stroll along.

“I suppose if she does anything well, it’s set a mood,” he quips.

“Oh?” My jealousy sparks, no matter how I try to push it down. “Have some personal experience of her *mood* setting?”

“Would that be a problem, little one?” he coos, his fingers daring to sift through the loose strands of my hair at the nape of my neck.

“Maybe,” I mumble.

“Are you envious of women in Daddy’s life?”

My body temperature continues to rise as our taboo play returns.

“Doesn’t every little girl want to be the only woman in Daddy’s life?”

A smile creeps across his sexy lips and melts me. The moon catches on the gray in his hair making it flicker with silver light. “Then it shall be so,” he grumbles, putting his hand to his chest. “I swear it, baby. You are the only woman in my life.”

Dietrich offers me his hand, as we reach the gazebo next to the lake. I let him steady me as I step up onto the wooden structure. His hands loop around my waist as he spins me to face him. And when he pulls me close, I feel the thick erection throbbing against my hip as we start to sway to the music wafting out of the estate.

A smattering of other guests walk the grounds as well, darting glances our way, but none seem intent on joining us. Thank God.

I melt against Dietrich and follow his lead without question.

The way he’s staring into my eyes makes me question everything I’ve

ever known about men, courting and love. All my life, with no better example than my own parents, I thought relationships were just hard work with no reward. They take blood, sweat, and tears to even look like they're functioning properly. Even on your best day, they can find ways to make you want to choke the life out of them.

And yet, in the reflections of Dietrich's eyes, I know with him it would be as easy as breathing.

Hold onto yourself there, Hannah. Remember you are both *acting* and you are getting lost in it all.

A fly buzzes around Dietrich's head and his demeanor turns hard as one of his hands darts out, grabbing the fly then smashing it against one of the wooden posts. "Sorry, I hate flies."

"I see. Anything about them in particular? They're annoying but you seem to have a particular vengeance when it comes to them."

"It's nothing. Ugly past memory."

There's a ripple in his cool mask and suddenly I see him as a little boy. He's got a past and I'm betting there's a whole lotta darkness there.

"I'd like to know. It's okay for Daddies to tell things too. It might help."

He holds me against him taking a long breath as his cheek rests against the side of my head. After a long moment, he starts in a low voice next to my ear, "When I was young, my neighbor had a dog. Just a mutt he kept tied out on a line in the back yard. I used to feed it my dinner scraps. Make sure it had water. Played with him through the fence. The neighbor didn't take care of him. So one night, I decided I was going to get him out of there. Where I was going to take him, I wasn't sure, but I knew I couldn't listen to him yelp and scream when he was being pummeled by my piece of shit neighbor. I waited until late one night then snuck into the yard under the fence. Normally the dog was right there, wagging his tail and jumping up when he saw me. Not this night. I followed the flies to his doghouse. I was too late."

"Jesus. That's horrible. I'm so sorry."

He nods, straightening his spine. "His owner was sorry too once I got ahold of him. But, that's a story for another time baby. I don't want to ruin the night." His body softens as the music reaches a crescendo as our bodies sway to the beat of the distant music, but with each measure we press tighter into one another. I can feel his erection pressing into my hip, and he allows a hand to drift between us, pinching one of my nipples through the dress.

I flinch and gasp.

I'm soaking wet, and the object in my ass has me constantly on the edge of orgasm. As the pace of the music speeds, we are practically dry humping instead of dancing, the scent of his cologne and the hint of alcohol on his warm breath intoxicating to the point where I'm willing to do anything he asks.

I feel every micro-inch of his hardness as we move together. It's a lead pipe rasping against me as our bodies finish moving to the end of the song.

Before the next one can start, Dietrich's soft touch turns hard as he presses me against the railing of the gazebo, knocking the air from my lungs.

"Grab the railing and be still."

I draw an open-mouthed breath, gripping the wooden surround as I face the enchanting glow of lanterns floating on the lake.

A shiver rolls through my body as the fabric of my dress slides up the backs of my legs until cool air dimples the flesh on my bare butt and I hiss and wince when Dietrich gives the plug in my ass another pump full of air.

"Oww." I say, turning to give him a pout. "It's getting pretty big."

I whimper, glancing around, wondering if anyone can see the bare flesh of the back of my body in the dusky light.

"Everything I do has a purpose, you need to remember that," he murmurs.

I wriggle backward, taunting him. "And, what would be the purpose of an inflatable butt plug at a party, Daddy? It's not like anyone else would know you're controlling me with a pump of air inside my rear end."

"You're about to find out."

chapter **nine**

Dietrich

HER NOSE IS SCRUNCLED up like she's having the time of her life. Cute. And if I'm being honest, I want to fill her days with every experience she deserves. A lifetime of scrunched noses and chirping giggles.

But, right now, there's something else I'm going to give her.

Right up her tempting virgin asshole.

"Ten inches of Daddy's dick is about to slide into this ass." I grab a handful of her hair and tug. "I'm taking that cherry on the white sheets of our bed later, but right now, I need relief and I wanted your tight beginner ass to be ready. So, the plug has been doing the prep-work, but it's time for the main event, baby."

"*Anal?*" she says in a shameful hissing whisper. "Now? *Here?*" Her voice cracks as I rub the masterpiece curves of her ass, kneading them and digging my fingertips into the soft flesh.

"Right here, right now." I reach into my jacket pocket and pull out the items I brought in preparation for this moment.

"But, wait, I mean—" She's cute as fuck scared, but I'll keep her safe. Destroying my daughter is not part of my fantasy. "People don't usually *start* with like...butt stuff."

"You learned that from your books?"

My cock is so hard, it's going to take all my willpower to do this right.

She drops her head, her hair falling in a white waterfall around her face.

“I don’t know, it’s just... I’m not sure I’m ready.”

“I’ll get you ready. This is just another little lesson for you. Now, look out across the lawn, see those people?” She raises her head as I set down the few items in my hand onto the small table to my left, then release her hair. I reach down and unzip my fly, letting out a groan of relief at the freedom. “You’ll have to be quiet so they don’t know I’m fucking this ass while they watch. Sliding all up inside you while you smile and keep our secrets.”

I curtain the back of her dress over the top of her ass, then orchestrate her position against the rail so she looks like she’s standing.

“Push your ass out,” I say with a soft smack, making her gasp as I lay my throbbing shaft against the crease of her butt cheeks, moaning at the warm contact.

“W—wait,” she stutters, cocking her hips back so her butt cheeks wrap around my girth. “You’re really going to do this? Here?”

“Baby, when Daddy says he’s doing something, he’s doing it. My daughter should know that about me by now. Now, take a deep breath, this plug is coming out.”

My balls ache with the weight of the seed they’ve been producing since the moment I met her as I pull away from her warmth and press the button on the remote pen to deflate the plug. Then I reach over and squirt lube on my fingers and swirl it around her tight muscle and the stem of the plug.

“Oh God,” she mutters as I pull one of her butt cheeks toward her hip, exposing the black rubber device.

“Deep breath,” I repeat, as her body quivers and I twist the plug, making a slow exit so her tight virgin back door doesn’t clamp down. “Very good.”

The last of the plug slides out and I set it on the handkerchief I laid out on the table, then quickly reach down and lube up my dick as she exhales.

She turns her head and drags her tongue across her bottom lip. “Those people are looking.”

“So, wave.” I shrug as I line up the weeping tip of my swollen dick with her puckered entrance and tense my ass, applying forward pressure.

She hisses and cocks her head over her shoulder, her eyes filled with fear, but I guide her to face forward with a tug on her hair.

“Wave to them, baby. Wave to those people as I take your virgin asshole out here where everyone can see. Fucking dirty girl, letting Daddy do this to you. You make me hard because you know you want me to feel good, this is another way you’re going to do that for me from now on.”

With some hesitation, her hand releases the rail, fluttering upward in a halting wave. And to my thrill, as she gasps, the crown of my cock spreads her tight ring and the couple on the other side of the lawn wave back.

“Fuck,” I groan, laying down another soft smack on her ass, grabbing the base of my cock with one hand while holding her hip with the other. “So fucking tight.”

She’s breathing hard and her insides clamp down, practically biting off the tip of my dick as it battles to get inside her.

“No, no,” I say as I try to catch my breath and angle my hips to give her another soft push. “Relax. Count with me... One, two...”

A soft moan slips from her lips as she falls into the rhythm of the numbers with me.

“Three, four, five...”

Her ass softens, letting me slide the tip inside. She gasps as the ridge stretches her, then her body settles in again and I hold back any more forward motion for the moment.

“You’ve got Daddy’s dick inside you. You doing okay there, baby?”

She nods on a breathy hum. “My Daddy issues are sure coming in handy this weekend.”

“You’re doing great. I’m proud of you. Now, the next inch is yours. You push back and take what you can. But you have to take at least an inch. If you can do more, even better, but let’s start with an inch. I know it’s a lot, I’m a big boy, but I want to see you give it your best effort.”

She lets her chin fall to her chest as I reach up and encourage her, slipping my hand up her back and looping my fingers around her throat, urging her head back and up.

“I’ll try,” she says, the warmth of her body making my cock throb.

“Good girl. That’s all any Daddy can ask, for you to try your hardest.”

Tension tightens her body as her torso fills with a long breath and it’s as though I feel every micro movement and thought she has through the grip of her ass on my shaft. It’s all new for me, too. I’ve never wanted this from anyone before and have never indulged in more than relieving my base needs with my dick in a pussy over the years. After a few years in my twenties, I even drew the line at kissing. I didn’t like that contact. Too intimate. I’ve never tasted a pussy either until I tasted hers. In my own way, I’m full of virgin territory.

“Easy, baby.” I encourage as her body slips back, taking in another

generous inch before Hannah winces and I stroke her neck with my fingers.

“So fucking good, baby. Ease up. Let Daddy just enjoy feeling you for a minute, warm and tight. How good does my dick feel up inside your dirty little hole, baby?”

She answers with another little backward thrust. “I can’t believe how good it feels. So good.”

“You want more?” I feel her body loosen and the sight of my dick entering her tight little hole makes me bite back the urge to rut into her like a madman.

“Uh huh. More.”

“Good. You’ll get it. I know your Daddy issues are going to need lots of attention, baby, and I’m going to give it to you. Over...” I roll my hips, giving her another thick dose of my cock as my breath escapes in a rush. “And over, and over...”

My heart feels like it’s going to burst from my chest as Hannah squeals and wiggles. Her whimpers and winces are beautiful and I’m in fucking heaven.

She’s begging me for more with her little quips and shimmies, and a moment of regret tugs at my gut. I never wanted love. Never chased this sort of pleasure with anyone I would care about. And now that it’s here, it’s running me over like a herd of elephants.

But, then again, I’m shocked at how much I want this with her. Only her. If I’d been three wives down with a brood of child support receivers, this experience with Hannah wouldn’t be even close to as special.

My thick cock jerks inside her as we stand connected in the evening air, and another strolling couple throws a glance our way.

“They’re watching you take your father’s dick in your ass. Smile at them, show them how much you like it.”

Her body opens for another slow inch of entry as the party guests both raise a hand, waving as the evening breeze prickles on the cool lube. I’m halfway inside when I can’t take it anymore and start to rock back and forth, in and out, her sphincter smooth and milking as I move.

“God, Daddy...”

“You’re gonna have your first ass fuck here, baby, and you know those people know. They know your Daddy is slipping up in your ass while they watch.”

I grab her hips and give her another thrust, enough to let her know who

she belongs to but not enough to cause her real pain.

“Now, just hold me inside you. I’m almost all the way in.”

“I want it all,” she whimpers on a shiver.

“Me too, baby. You make me want it all. With you. But, I want you to just stand there, I’m going to fill you with the last few inches.”

She moans, her elbows locked as her fingers grip the railing, her head falling back.

“I want to feel you come inside me. Will I feel it this way? The books say that all the time, but I want to know. I want to feel how much it feels good for you.” She rocks with me as her body stretches and takes me down to the root and I practically black out from the pleasure.

“Let’s find out together.”

I withdraw a few inches, looking down to see the pink ring contract around my girth, then slip back inside. Her warm constricting walls make it hard not to nut in the first stroke, but her body is primed and I want to feel her go off with me.

“Daddy’s all the way in now, baby. You did so good. Now, a little harder, a little faster...” I rock and thrust as I hold her hips, going deep as she cries softly for more.

“I feel—” Her insides start to ebb and squeeze, ebb and squeeze, and I reach around to slide a hand into the front of her dress, searching for that hard pebble, pinching, then ease in and hold. “Oh God, don’t stop. More, please. I want to move.”

I wrap my other arm around her waist, locking us together as I enter and exit, a few inches, then a few more until I’m straight up fucking her little virgin ass while the other guests mingle and wander the pathways in front of us.

I breathe against her ear, huffing and puffing like a fucking dragon as my dick gets strangled by her slipknot of a backdoor. “They know Daddy’s fucking you. They’re watching. You like being Daddy’s cock warmer, don’t you? Ass, mouth and soon...” Sparks dot my vision as her inner walls clench and her body starts to twitch and convulse.

I slap my hand over her mouth as she goes off and I’m walking a razor’s edge.

“Come in me, please,” she murmurs into my palm as her pussy gushes warm liquid onto my thrusting dick and down her legs.

My fucking legs are shaking. Sweat breaks across my forehead. “I’m

going to come, baby. Daddy's going to let his load go deep inside. I want to know if you feel that hot seed when it comes out. You tell me...here I go. Fuck—”

I pump my hips in rapid fire motion like a dog, then nut so hard in violent waves of pleasure my vision blurs and the world around us goes silent.

I wrap my arms around her waist, plunging deep, holding the softness of her against me as I spurt and unload in desperate choking gasps.

“I feel it.” She moans in broken gasps. “I feel it.”

That's the last thing I hear as the world closes in and the muscles in my body spasm, my head pounds and I come completely fucking undone.

When I regain awareness, I look up as several guests across the lawn stand, pretending not to stare as Hannah's body goes limp and I steady her back against my chest, my rock hard cock still nestled to the hilt in her tight ass.

She's impaled on me like a puppet on a stick and I want to be inside her every fucking day for the rest of my life.

“I'm going to slide out now, baby,” I grunt between heaving breaths. “You'll feel all that yummy Daddy cream coming out of you, but that's how I want it. Then, I'll take you back to our room, your legs all slippery and sticky with your cum and mine. Then, I'll give you a nice bath and take care of that brave little back door of yours. Now, I'll count to three, then I'll pull out. Get ready and count with me...”

“One.” She whispers with me.

“Two.” Our voices stronger together now.

“Three.”

Ahhh, my cock sighs. Both of us already planning what's next.

White sheets. Virgin daughter. Obsessed Daddy.

It's cherry popping time.

chapter ten

Dietrich

I JUST ENJOYED my first bubble bath. Fuck it all, this girl will have me painting her fucking nails and dressing up for a princess tea party if I'm not careful.

I'd never tell anyone, but I'd do it. For her. All of it.

I took care of her with a bath, making sure her ass wasn't harmed in its virgin voyage, but seeing her in those bubbles all alone, pouting for me to join her, was more than I could stand. So, before I knew it, I was stripped down and sinking into the warm water with Hannah against my chest, my fingers in her pussy making her beg for Daddy to give her relief.

Which I did. Three times.

She was nearly unconscious from all the endorphins and the drop after, so I slipped her into one of my dress shirts and tucked her into the bed for some rest. I made sure she drank two bottles of water, took the B12 and other vitamins I sent to her house, then slipped out to get back to business.

Get this deal fucking done by whatever means necessary.

That's playing on repeat inside my head as I take the curved staircase down to the main salon where the drinking and deal making is happening. The sounds of the orchestra and the main event have died down, but this is the time where things are sealed with handshakes and bourbon.

Through all my years in the game it's never been for anything but selfish reasons: Myself, the money and of course the excitement. Then I decided to

grow a fucking conscience, and that's when I get myself in over my head.

And even that wouldn't bother me, but now I have something I care about. The girl I just put into a bubble bath and sang to, then tucked her into bed, came all over her tits and her face, then tore myself away to deal with business has settled a new, dark fist in my gut.

If Zeneli found out about Hannah, she would be used against me, of that I'm fucking sure. But it's not just Zeneli. I've made plenty of other enemies over the years that may feel the need to dance back into my life for a little crudité of revenge.

I knew the moment my cock was in her ass she would be mine forever. What says perfect more than a girl that will take a hard one into her virgin back door out in the open where people might see?

Nothing, that's what.

My foot hits the marble floor off the last step when Denny is texting me again. I only tolerate his nagging because he's her father and she has some familial connection to him. Same with her sister, Brigid. They're my family now, and I protect what's mine.

Denny: Hannah can have a temper. Just if you need to put her in her place, it's okay. Do what you need to do with her.

Fuck. If he only knew. But, as much as I want to try to care about him because he's Hannah's father, what the fuck? This guy texts a stranger who has his daughter at an unknown location that he approves of me doing whatever I want to her? He's a fucktard of the highest degree.

Me: I can appreciate you're anxious about this, Denny, but you have to trust that I've got this. Everything is going to work out.

I'll make sure whatever debt he has going on is square, because if it isn't that will affect Hannah, and I'm not about to let anything hurt her. Then, I'll pay him to get the fuck out of her life or give him a second option that's not nearly as pleasant for him.

Money isn't a problem for me. I offered the Albanians ten million to smooth over our little disagreement. Zeneli didn't want it. He wanted to play with the big boys in a more legitimate way. He wants to be part of the popular crowd. The old white guy's club. Fucking ego. It will be his downfall but that's not my problem.

Hannah is.

Margaret is all fluttery hands and come-hither eyes as I tuck my phone away and walk through the entry to a wood paneled room with a coffered

ceiling and a long bar set up across the back. I recognize some of the men with her from earlier but there's only one I want to meet.

William Glover.

He's the brains behind the new casino complex, with Margaret's money behind him. He's got enough politicians in his pocket to make anything he wants happen.

"Bill Glover?" I ask, nodding to everyone else but letting him know they are all secondary. "Margaret speaks very highly of you. You're the man to talk to if I want to get things done in this city." I pause as we finish our handshake, and gesture to Margaret. "She's quite something, isn't she?"

That earns me a blushing smile. She's so fucking easy.

Glover nods on a swallow of his whiskey, and from the slight curve of his lips, he knows I'm blowing blazing Vegas sunshine up Margaret's ass.

And he approves.

"She certainly is. Margaret says you are the man to meet to put something together that will solve our staffing issues and reduce our human resources obligations by half. Over ten years...that will make us all rich." He smiles. "Who am I kidding? We're already rich. *Richer*. That's always the goal, isn't it? Keep the money where it belongs." He chuckles like only rich old white guys do, like life is just a game and keeping everyone else from playing is the ultimate score.

I nod and launch into inconsequential bullshit. Give, give, give, then ask. Sales 101.

I laugh at every lame joke, ask questions, get them another drink, then another. I ask more questions, reading more into what they don't say than what they do. Then, I ignore them.

I say nothing.

First one to speak loses.

Lather, rinse, repeat. It's patience that takes home the trophy.

Within an hour, Bill would eat out of a dog food bowl if I told him to.

I assure him my connections will solve his staffing problems. I have him on the hook, and now, it's time to leave him hanging without mentioning the specific details of the deal that will save my life.

That's a calculated risk, and one I have to take. Never act like you need them, that's the first rule of the con.

The second rule is, never leave when someone is ready to shove money at you. But tonight, those hard and fast rules of the past are watered down

whiskey. The top shelf straight shot is waiting for me upstairs.

I've laid a foundation and my instincts tell me, walking away now is the move to make. Make them want what you have, then make them think they can't have it.

Hannah is the deal I need to bring home tonight. I'm obsessed with how she smiled when I relieved myself all over her tits and her nose like I'd just delivered ten dozen roses. Taking her ass like that, out in the open and before I claimed her virginity, might have been harsh, but that little girl makes me lose my mind.

I know her pussy is going to change my life forever. My vision of stretching her rookie baby maker full of my dick on those white sheets can't wait any longer. I'm addicted and I already know that hot pink playground is going to rule me every fucking day from now until they put me in a box.

I shoot her a quick text as I exit the ballroom.

Me: You being a good girl? I'm on my way to feed you another round of Daddy's special cream in that special spot that tingles when I give it kisses. It's cherry popping time, baby.

She doesn't answer

The last ten steps to the door of our suite feel like an eternity. Turning the knob, I'm greeted with another gift.

And this gift nearly doubles me over.

"Hi." Her sweet voice wraps around my heart and tugs.

She gives me that girl-next-door smile while standing by the window, wearing the black lace garter belt and lace topped stockings that were part of the wardrobe I sent her. But the cherry on top? She's got her hair in two high pigtails while she sucks on a round, red lollipop.

"Where'd you get that?" I nod toward the candy on a stick she's wrapping her tongue around and my cock hardens into the density of petrified oak.

She shrugs. "*Maaaaaargaret* said if we needed anything just to call down on that phone."

She bobs her head toward the desk, her blonde pigtails bouncing around her face.

"And you asked for a lollipop?" I advance through the room, raking a hand over my face.

"*Cherry lollipop.*"

I raise my brows. "That's going to be the only cherry left in this room very soon."

I steady a shaking breath, fighting the urge to obliterate this sweet, beautiful girl with my hands and my obsessed hard on. I enjoy the expanse of bare flesh on display for a few beats, letting the decadent fantasies play out before I trust myself to step her way, double locking the door behind me.

“How was work, Daddy?” she asks, crinkling her nose and twisting her toe into the floor.

She’s an angel sent from heaven, probably to judge me for my sins.

There are a multitude to choose from, and I’m about to commit another.

I close the space between us, the heat palpable as I approach. As soon as I’m close enough I glance my fingers over her bare shoulder, pushing her hair behind her ear and reveling in the way she shivers but does not withdraw.

“I thought you looked divine in that dress tonight, but...” I lick my lips. “You look better without it.”

I tilt back her head to look into her eyes, and brush my thumb across her cheek, taking a moment to memorize the delicate bones beneath her skin as I count a few more of her freckles. Then I pull her close, crushing my mouth to hers without giving her any out.

“How’s my little girl’s ass feeling?”

“Feels like someone warmed up a ten-inch sausage inside it. It will live to serve another day. Just hopefully, not today.”

A throaty chuckle surprises me as it climbs up my throat. “No more ass sausage today, baby. I may use you, I may make you sore, but I will always keep you safe. Your pussy is going to give me a sweet gift tonight.”

Hannah runs her fingers along the top of her tits, then twists them on the end of one of her pigtails, feigning deep thought. “You mean a gift like something that rhymes with...*hair*?”

I strip off my jacket as my balls swing low in my boxers like they’re full of molten lead, my dick as hard and as thick as an oak branch. If she pouts and calls me daddy right now, I’m damn sure I’ll blow. I’m an old fuck lusting after a girl that’s about three breaths beyond jailbait, but from the look in her eyes, she’s as hot for me as I am for her, which has got to be the sixth wonder of the fucking world.

“Yeah, princess. You’re funny. But I’m about to fuck that cherry flavored smirk right off your face.”

She twirls on her toes, wiggling her butt as it spins by with only a thread of black lace in the crack of her cheeks. I’m practically tearing my shirt off, then whipping my belt from my pants as I kick my shoes off leaving me in

my pants and nothing else.

“Well, if you don’t want me to be funny, what do you want me to be?” she asks, biting into her bottom lip.

Jesus. She’s a miracle.

I strip off my socks, practically falling over as my erection throws my center of gravity off, then recover as I focus on the way the translucent black fabric is giving her the cutest fucking camel toe. I see her. The real her.

“Well, little girl, let’s play pretend.” I battle my pants and briefs down over my angry swollen johnson, stepping forward naked as her eyes tell me she knows I’m about to call her cute little bluff. “I want my daughter to give me a show. You’re my favorite actress, so, I’m going to tell you how to act, and you do it.”

“Isn’t that what we’ve been doing?”

She’s tough and sharp and uses her dry humor to put people in their place, but not me. I know what my baby needs and I’m a strong enough man to give it to her.

“This is a little different. I like obedience, you should know that already. So, you do as I say. Down on all fours.” I snap at the floor in front of me, pleasure peeling inside of me as her eyes fill with confusion. “Now,” I add with another snap which breaks her momentary trance. “And lose the lollipop. Your mouth is going to be busy with something else.”

She tosses the lollipop, then lowers her supple curves down onto her knees, the straps on the backs of her thighs indenting in the flesh of her ass as the weight of her tits falls forward in the front of the black bra.

From the thrill in her brown eyes, my little spitfire likes to be ordered around just like I figured. She’s had to be tough and run her world, but deep inside, she longs for someone to take away that responsibility and that someone is me.

A heated smile decorates her crimson lips as she locks her elbows. Her shoulders shift back, chin up with her teeth in her bottom lip, waiting for my next command.

“That’s my good girl.” I step forward in a slow circle around her, admiring every angle, then reach down to stroke her hair from front to back a few times before resuming my position in front of her.

My dick stands tall, weeping at the sight as it begs to unburden itself from the painful throbbing in my nuts. But all that spunk is going directly into her womb this time.

“You like that necklace?”

“Yes.”

“Did you realize it was a collar?”

She pinches her brow on a squint. “I thought it was a choker. There’s a difference.”

I nod at her fire. “There is, but it is in fact a collar. That’s a symbol of ownership.” I stall, reaching down to try to soothe the pain in my dick with a few strokes, lubing up the head with the stream of precum dripping from the slit. “Now crawl here.”

I nod at the spot in front of my feet.

She doesn’t move, as I expected. My pulse turns to rapid fire as she challenges me with her eyes.

“You can’t own people. That’s slavery and I’m sure you realize that’s illegal.” She tosses her head back, making her tits jiggle as the pink of her nipples does battle with the top edge of lace on the cups of the bra.

“Your father does not need a lecture from a little girl on legalities. I’m quite aware of the law and I’m quite aware that I break it often, if and when it suits me. As my daughter, your job is to do as I say. You can do that, can’t you?”

She gives that a moment of consideration before she shifts her weight on her knees, bringing one forward, then a hand, then a knee back and forth until she’s cat crawling forward, making my heart fucking sing.

“That’s a pretty little kitty. You are a good actress.” My dick twitches and I fight away the fear that I’ll never get myself all the way inside her. “Now, sit up like you’re begging, and pant... You’re a dog now. You like dogs don’t you, baby?”

Another moment of hesitation, but it resolves faster this time and pride swells in my chest when she shifts back onto her heels, hands up like little paws and her tongue lays out over her bottom lip.

Pant, pant, pant.

Her cheeks flush a deep red that matches her lipstick as she acts the part and this man that’s here with her isn’t the man that walked into her house the day before yesterday. I’m having fucking fun.

Fun.

The closest I’ve come to fun in decades is torturing assholes that mistreat their pets.

Now, here I am with a pet of my own.

Fucking weird but I'm so fucking turned on by her obedience and her willingness to do what pleases me, I've got visions of white chapels and happily ever afters.

"You want this, don't you? You want your treat." I fist my shaft, aiming the head toward her outstretched tongue as she nods with excitement in her eyes.

What kind of young beauty would do this for a man as old as her father with enough bulk to know that I should be hitting the gym more often?

A beauty that's getting paid.

The thought comes unbidden. The old cynical Dietrich coming to the fore momentarily. But I push him back. This is real. It's not just a transaction.

Her smile fades as though she's read my mind. I swallow back my own insecurities for the moment. I'm claiming her as mine. Worthy or not, she'll never know another man's touch.

"Lick it," I grunt in an attempt to distract myself from the other train of thought.

"Like a dog?" She breaks character and I consider that for a second.

"No. Like my daughter." I blurt it out without hesitation, the full force of my deviant fantasies coming forward. "I raised you, didn't I?"

A flash of doubt crests her face as lust and darkness do battle in my core, my thoughts starting to scramble.

Is it too much? Too far?

She answers for me. "Yes. But, I don't know how to do it."

"You want me to teach you?"

She nods, her hands dropping to the tops of her thighs, eyes lighting up like the fourth of July, and I don't give a shit that I'm paying her right now.

She flutters her lashes as she stares at my face, waiting for instruction.

"After I give you a quick lesson on helping Daddy relax, I'm going to tear into that soft teasing gash of yours. I want you to know what it means to be owned by me."

Her fingers wind up the sides of my legs and the way she's looking at me like I'm Christ himself has my ego filling the room. I want her to want me, I do, but there's a dark part of me that's overriding reason and ignoring reality.

Blood fills my cock to the point the skin is stretched so thin, I'm about to pop as I admire her beautiful curves and wish I could lick her everywhere at once.

"Just pretend it's that lollipop you had earlier. Lick and suck on the tip

just like you did. Then, when Daddy can't stand it one more second, I'm going to put my little girl on those white sheets and fuck my ownership into you. You'll never leave Daddy, you understand? That's what this is about, making sure you know, just because you grow up, doesn't mean you get to leave. Now, lick."

She's frozen for a beat, but it doesn't last. In a moment, she's walking her fingers up my thighs, slipping them around my shaft and bringing it down to her warm lips.

"Like this?" She presses her mouth to the head and I nearly blow. "I have to hold it like a lollipop too, right, Daddy?"

I'd pay her every cent I ever made to make me feel this way. "Just like that. Keep going, a little more lips and tongue, then suck on it inside your mouth for a little bit. It feels good for me."

Her youth and innocence are as intoxicating as any controlled substance. Her lusty fragrance tickles my nostrils as she draws my manhood between her eager lips.

"Now, move your hands like this." I reach down and ease her grip up and down, moving along the shaft as I rock into her face, my hips jutting forward, giving her a few more inches as her eyes round and I'm hit in the face again with what a fucking pervert I am.

My ethics have always been slippery, but as she looks up at me for guidance from under those dark lashes, I'm conflicted.

But not enough to stop what's happening here.

No. There's no off switch on this freight train.

She jerks me off with her hands while sucking the tip just like that fucking lollipop and I nearly blow. Her eyes are glazed and I know I can't take much more.

She releases me for a second on a panting breath, asking, "Did I make you feel good?"

Fuck.

"Yes, baby, but it's time for your next lesson. You're going to let Daddy inside you now with his cock. You've kept that pussy of yours tight and untouched for me, but I can't wait anymore. It's time you learned what grown up men like to do when they get into bed with their little girls."

She's moaning *Daddy, Daddy* as I reach down and grip her hair, half dragging her on her knees to the bed before throwing her, bouncing, onto the mattress. I finally tear off the black lace as she wiggles and fights just enough

to make me earn it.

“Ouch. That’s too rough.”

“You’re going to have a big ouch in a second, baby. But just like when you skin your knees, I’ll kiss it all better when we’re done. Now, you’re gong to make me feel good again, but it’s going to hurt you for a minute, you need to be brave.”

I fist my erection and line it up with the slick heat of her opening, muscling her hips apart with my body.

Her legs welcome me with wide spread knees and a look of pure devotion on her face. “I want you to feel good.”

“I will, every fucking day from now on, baby. Whenever I want.”

She’s soaking the tip of my dick already. Her body readying for what’s to come.

“I don’t know if I can. Big, so big.”

“Your body was made to fuck, baby. The first time is rough, but I can’t stop. Daddy can’t stop”

“It’s okay. I deserve it. I know I’m bad sometimes. I just want you to be happy.”

“When you’re bad, it makes me want to teach you. Train you. And one way I’ll do that is to fuck you until you can’t think anymore. You think too much, baby. Sometimes you’re just going to be Daddy’s fuck sock. Hard and rough and dirty. That’s what little girls need sometimes.”

Her dark chocolate eyes blink as she babbles something I can’t make out, as I buck my hips, fighting for that first inch inside her, but her barrier is fighting back twice as hard.

“Let Daddy in,” I grit out as the animal inside me takes over. I lean down and give her a soft kiss, the last softness I’ll be able to muster, but I want her to know when I fuck her like a whore, I’ll still love her like my little girl. “Let’s count to three again. Daddy’s got you... Ready?”

One.

Two.

Three.

“I’m taking your cherry, baby.”

Sobs start to rip from her throat and I stop them with my palm. There’s willingness in her eyes and the way she arches her hips in offering. But fuck, she’s a tight as a fucking knot.

“Come on, baby. I’m not stopping until every inch is inside you, you

gotta let me in there deep.”

I let her mouth go, replacing my hand with my mouth and tonguing her deep in a soothing kiss as her body goes soft. I take the moment and betray her with a rutting thrust that rips away her innocence in one stroke as she screams into my mouth, her body engulfing the first few inches as I go fucking blind.

The new battle begins, to hold back from spewing my semen too soon as I lower my hands to her tits, digging them in. I release our kiss and rake my teeth down her neck as my ragged growls fill the room.

Her heels press into the bedding as her thighs hug my hips.

The effort it's taking to keep from unloading inside her makes my temples throb, so I slow my movement, letting her body wrap around me for a minute while I struggle for sanity.

“You doing okay, baby? Daddy's almost all the way in, you just have to hang on.”

“I'm trying.” She weeps as I lock my elbows, easing another inch into her drenched tightness.

“I know you are. You're doing a great job. I'm proud of you. Just a little bit more.”

I hold my gaze on hers, waiting for the tension to leave her face before I thunder through the rest of the way. She's so stunning, the effort showing on her face as she does her best to be brave.

When her hips start to wiggle, I know she's ready.

“You want more?” I clench my teeth, holding back the spurt of semen that is fighting its way up from my balls. “Look at me baby. I want to see your eyes.”

She nods, her lips parted in sweet shallow breaths as she does her best to focus on my face. “It hurts.”

“I know it does.” I start stroking again, faster this time, barely in control as her fingers reach up and thread themselves through my chest hair.

“But I'm ready. I want it all.”

I grab at the sheets, dig my knees into the mattress for leverage and deliver the last four inches in a teeth gnashing roar that must be heard through the halls and down into the ballroom, but I don't care. I keep my eyes pinned on her face. I want to watch her like this forever. I've never looked at a woman when I fucked before, and I can't imagine having any memories of another face looking back at me right now.

The bed rocks and knocks on the wall as I go full on breeding crazed. I've never come inside a woman before. Never gone in without latex either. The intimacy of what we are doing balls in my chest. Her eyes roll back as I thrust forward. Hard. Harder. Harder. Until my flesh is drenched with sweat.

The stranglehold she has on my dick weaves the pain and pleasure into a beautiful tapestry. My chest is tight, the muscles in the backs of my legs knotting as her body squeezes and releases over and over, milking my semen up from my balls and I'm delivered into paradise.

Her sobs turn to moans as I mark her flesh with my teeth, turning into a blind mating beast.

I pinch the soft flesh of her neck between my teeth as I rock back and forth, my balls slapping on her ass, heavier and heavier with the weight of what they need to deliver into her willing womb.

I impale her over and over as her moans alternate with screams.

"I'm so full of you. It's like you are everywhere inside me."

Fuck.

"I am, baby. I'm in every part of you. Feel what I'm going to give you now." I grab her jaw and center her eyes on mine. "Your baby maker is going to take Daddy's cum now. Soak it all up. Make me proud."

Her body tightens as her legs start to shake and I shove myself as deep as her cunt will allow. She digs her fingernails into my chest. I want her to come with me. Before me. So I bite into my cheek to hold back my ejaculation.

"Yes, please. It feels good. So good. I want to feel that good feeling too. The one you gave me with your special kisses, Daddy."

Fuck, she's going to bury me. So sweet and so dirty. There's not a more addicting combination in the world.

"Daddy loves you," I hear myself say as a fist twists in my belly. The truth of those words settles deep as I grind my lower body on her clit, holding myself back until she's gotten hers. "Say you love me, baby. Daddy wants to hear you say it while he's balls deep in your wet little cunt."

She arches her hips and rubs her clit against me, the walls of her body squeezing as the sweat gathers between our flesh. Her hips are rolling now with my movements and she clenches her teeth as her legs tighten around mine.

"Let it go, baby. Let it go, I've got you."

"I love you, Daddy." She purrs as her eyes cinch closed and I snap my teeth.

I burst as the first grip of her orgasm milks the stem of my dick, semen shooting up in spurt after spurt as my insides feel like they are being ripped apart. Her slick, eighteen year old virgin pussy takes my full load raw.

“I’m yours!” She babbles as the room disappears and I deliver my final savage blows to her battered torn pussy.

Shudders take over as I pour the deepest parts of my deviant soul into this young, sweet girl’s body.

“Yes you are. Now, take what Daddy gives you. Here’s some more.” Another climax spasms through me, shredding what is left of my reason as I pump, pump, pump my sticky seed inside her. By the time I’m done, her body is twisted like a pretzel up against the headboard and I realize she’s gone from being a means to an end.

To my very purpose in life.

“You’re mine now forever. You’re going to ride the Daddy train for the rest of your life.”

“My Daddy.”

She whimpers as I pull her limp, sated body onto my lap, keeping her mounted on my cock as another wave of ownership and love wells up inside me.

“My little girl.”

chapter eleven

Hannah

I'M BARELY conscious but I know I'm safe.

Sore. But, safe.

Dietrich's heart beats against mine as he humms and strokes my hair, his thick erection still pulsing inside me. My body is slick with sweat and there's a wincing pain between my legs but I'm comforted and content.

I vibrate as he groans and it resonates down into my core. His thick chest heaves up and down as his damp silver and black chest hair rasps on my breasts.

Who have I become in less that two days?

Did Hannah just lose her virginity to a strange man pretending to be her father?

Or was it Jamie playing a part?

More pornography than what I thought the part would be, but I'm oddly settled about it all.

The agony and excitement churn inside me as his thick cock keeps me spread wide, the tickling in my clit growing as he rocks me against him.

I wiggle and adjust, finding a spot that's not as hot and sore as I let the sensations roll through me.

Excitement.

Shame.

Lust.

Confusion.

Hope.

As his hands travel up and down my back, I flex my inner muscles, the tangled tension in my center yearning for more of what he has.

“Daddy?” I whisper into his chest as the scent of salty sweat and liquid sex climbs in the air.

“Yes, baby?”

I tilt back as he lowers his chin to look into my face.

“More.”

I barely get the word out before Dietrich has me up and off the bed.

“You see that?” He nods toward the sheets as he slips out of me in one wet sloppy gush of our combined pleasure. “You let me take that bloody cherry of yours and now you’re asking for more?”

Dots of red and swirls of pink decorate the white fabric but the lust inside my head is still begging for more.

“Is that bad?”

He shakes his head, the enormity of him coming into full focus as he takes my hand. “No, it’s proof that you will belong to me forever. You kept yourself just for me. Are you sure you want more?”

My nipples gather and tingle as the heady daddy daughter play comes back to me in seductive waves.

“I’m sure. I know there are lots of other ways to... You know... Do it.”

He raises a brow, that hint of a smile he so rarely gives making my heart patter against my sternum. “And what way is it my little girl wants to learn about next?”

I shrug, “Maybe, like you in back, me standing? Hands against the wall?”

“Jesus.” He closes his eyes and my heart drops, wondering if my request is silly or not possible. “I’m trying to get ahold of myself here. I was already too rough with you. I tore through that virgin hole of yours with a battering ram.”

I tug my lips together and push up on my toes. “I liked it. I never thought much about how my first time would go, but I think... Maybe I’m one of those girls that likes it a little rough. I mean, I had two orgasms and everyone says your first time is horrible. Didn’t feel horrible to me.”

I shrug.

Dietrich sweeps his arm around my waist, tugging me across the room, and shoves me against the drapery as he kicks my feet wide.

“You’re a naughty girl.” His voice deepens as rough fingers grab at my hips, angling them up and back like he did in the gazebo. “As long as you are only naughty for me, I’ll forgive you.”

Dietrich roars and his sex plunges into me from behind as my hands slide on the silk fabric that covers the window. He shoves my face onto the cloth-covered hard surface as his thickness enters me, making wet, sloppy sounds as our combined juices ease the way.

Truth is, I like seeing and feeling him come undone because of me. Knowing that it’s me that makes him come with such filthy cursing as though I’ve done something terrible feeds a dark seed inside of me that I’ve never revealed to anyone.

He drives into me like an animal, fury heating his breath on the back of my neck, my hair tangled in one hand as my body slips on the curtains with every stroke.

His balls slap against me as his other hand comes down in a hard smack on the side of my ass, making me cry out.

“You want another round of Daddy’s candy in that pussy, don’t you? You want to make sure I’m a fucking animal for you, mating you like a dog in the backyard under the moon.”

All I can do is grunt as his erection grows inside of me, the pin pricks of pain returning as he destroys me and turns me into someone new.

He’s impaling me with every inch, thrusting so hard, my feet come off the floor and the drapery slides under my hands and my chest. The chill of the glass replaces the silk and satin as Dietrich bellows behind me.

“Fuck, *fuck*, Daddy’s close, baby. Give me that sweet shower like last time. I want to feel you milk me like a good little kitten.”

Rough fingers pry my soft petals open from the front and grind onto my swollen clit while I slide back and forth on the window with a squeak, squeak, squeak.

As the pleasure swirls inside me, I push my hips back, giving Dietrich a deeper angle, when I look forward again, the drapes are now curtained around my shoulders as I look out on the lawn.

“Dietrich...” I stammer, trying to find the words to let him know what’s going on.

“I see it,” he grunts as he continues to fuck me hard and fast, grunting with his effort. “Let them look, little girl. You’re mine and I’ll fuck you all I want. Let the whole world see who you belong to.”

Margaret is staring up with shock and horror etched onto her face. The light in our room frames our bodies putting us on display in the darkness outside.

“Margaret,” I hiss.

He pulls back, and just as I think we are about to go into panic clean up mode, Dietrich growls into my ear.

“Nothing more we can do now but finish,” he huffs and pile drives his dick into me so hard, I’m lifted off my toes. “If you think I can stop now, you’re wrong. I’m putting a baby inside you tonight, little one. Daddy’s baby is gonna have a baby.”

He’s raw dog style humping me now. Hips bucking and teeth sending bolts of pain down my back as they dig into my shoulder.

I squeeze him with my inner muscles as his grunts get louder and louder.

My sweat makes the window slippery and it squeals and squeaks as I slip and slide, taking all Dietrich is giving.

He’s become my everything in less than two days. He’s my hope and my safe place. I barely know him but I know I can’t live without him. His enormous body grinds up and down my back as the sloppy sound of our sex fills the air.

“So close, a few more pumps and you get your prize...”

Boom, boom, boom

There’s a loud pounding on the door that freezes Dietrich inside me.

“Mr. Belotti?” It’s a man’s voice. “It’s Sargent Falco, LVPD.”

“Fuck, fuck, *fuck*,” Dietrich grits out, his cock still thick and hard inside me. “What the fuck do you want?”

“We need you to open the door. I have the Margaret Malcolm here, I can enter, but I’m giving you the opportunity to open the door.”

“One minute,” he yells, sliding out of me as I gasp. “Stay here.”

I don’t have much choice, since my legs are non-functional at the moment. He returns with a white robe in his hand and a white towel around his waist, his massive hard on clear through the terry cloth fabric.

“Here.” He slips my arms into the robe and ties it at my waist, easing me over to the nearest chair and helping me sit. “You okay?”

I nod, breathless, barely worried that there are police at the door.

“Good girl, I have about thirty seconds...” He reaches into the opening of the towel, tugs out his angry looking hard on, then spits on the head and grips it with thick fingers. “Get your face down here. I’ve got some nice cream for

you to wear.”

He tugs at the massive organ only a few times before he grunts curse words and strings of white cream spurt from the tip all over my cheeks, my nose and drip from my forehead.

“Fuck yeah...” he groans as another knock comes on the door.

“Mr. Belotti, I’m opening the door, or kicking it in.”

Dietrich gives me a grin, wraps his hands in my hair and tousles it around into a wild mess. “Perfect. You just sit there and be good. I’ll take care of whatever this bullshit is.”

My eyes widen as he opens the door. There are two uniformed officers standing there with Margaret, who is glaring at us with vicious eyes.

“He was having sex with his daughter!”

The two officers eye him suspiciously and flicker their attention to me before going back to Dietrich. “Is this true, sir?”

“No,” he huffs.

“Everyone *saw you!*” Margaret hisses. “You put on a show for God’s sake! You’ve embarrassed me and ruined the entire function. I want him put in prison and her as well! She’s an adult, it’s illegal. *Incest.*”

Dietrich winks at me then turns back to the officers, addressing them on a bored sigh. “You guys don’t give a warm pile of shit if I was balling her, do you?”

The police look at Margaret, then at each other, then they both seem to relax, hitching their thumbs into their belts. The taller one snaps his tongue on his teeth as the dark-haired shorter one clears his throat. “Technically, she’s right, it’s illegal. Is this your daughter, Mr. Belotti?”

“Only in spirit.” Dietrich tosses a smile my way and I blow him a kiss, then smirk at Margaret, forgetting for a moment that if Dietrich doesn’t get his deal done, I don’t get paid.

Margaret’s jaw drops, but then her mouth snaps shut and she shakes her head “That’s not true, he’s lying. Make him prove it.”

The cops roll their eyes and mutter to one another before asking, “Can we see some identification for you both?”

Dietrich motions for me to stay put while he goes into the bedroom, emerging with my wallet and pulls his own out of his trousers laying over the back of a chair. It only takes the police a moment to take a look then hand them back.

“That doesn’t prove anything! They could have different last names.”

“Young lady.” The taller one nods my way. “Is this man your biological father?”

I keep my eyes on Margaret, then answer. “No, but he is my Daddy.”

Dietrich’s chest fills and his smile tells me he’s proud and that’s worth this whole ridiculous moment.

Margaret is still standing there, fury clear in every detail of her face. “I can’t believe you. You’re both horrible. Get out of my house! Any business we possibly could have had is over. If you are not out in ten minutes, I’ll send security to escort you.”

“Whatever you say, Marg. Ten minutes probably isn’t enough for us to finish,” Dietrich says as I click my tongue in my cheek and shoot her with double barrel finger guns.

Then Dietrich slams the door in her face.

chapter twelve

Dietrich

I CAN STILL TASTE Hannah's cum as I step out of the door to Margaret's estate. The desert might be hot during the daytime, but at night there's a distinct chill. I take off my jacket and drape it over Hannah's shoulders, and she pulls it close, but I don't think that's about the cold. I think that's nerves.

"Everything will be fine, babygirl," I tell her. "Trust me."

She turns and meets my eyes as the car I ordered pulls in at the end of the driveway. I car *I* ordered. No fucking Zeneli goon driving this one.

"How?" Hannah mutters, shaking her head. "I messed *everything* up. I'm not sure what was actually riding on this whole set up... But for forty-thousand, I'd imagine it had to be a lot."

I take hold of her hands, feeling them trembling in mine, and a growl escapes my lips. The thought of her scared about her future is unacceptable. We are each other's future, now and forever.

"You did nothing wrong, baby. I was the one balls deep in my daughter's hot little velvet cock sleeve up against the windows. Not that smart, I'll admit, but I'll fix it. Me. That's my job. You're perfect and you always will be."

I see a flicker of trust in her brown eyes, but the truth is I'm not sure there is a fix for this. The Albanians won't get their deal now, not when Margaret goes all incest hysterical, telling Bill Glover how I was Daddy-dogging my little girl for all the world to see.

As soon as Zeneli finds out, he'll be warming up Cruella for an appetizer that will come straight out of my chest.

Which, sure, doesn't give me the warm fuzzies, but that's not what's tightening my throat right now.

If he knows I'm connected to Hannah, he'll use her to get to me. Then he'll kill me.

I need to get to him first. It's the only way. Him and about ten of his higher ups. I need to create such chaos, the battle for control within the organization will far outweigh any interest in tracking down Hannah.

Me, sure. They'll come for me eventually. But by the time they get all the guts untangled and the fight for top spot is settled, it will be years and I'll be vapor by then.

It's a long shot. In all likelihood I'll be dead before I get through the door. But I have to try. If my death can save her life it will be worth it.

Perhaps I should send Hannah back to her father, cut this off right now while the heartache might be minimal, but if I have one night left to live, I want to spend it with her. I want to leave this world with the taste of her on my lips, the scent of her on my skin, the feel of her wrapped around my cock. No one will see us and no one at the party would be able to trace her back to her real life.

My selfishness rages forward. I need this. I need her.

One night. If that's all I get, it will have to last me a lifetime.

"I should probably go home and face the music with my father. I know you're not going to want to pay me now. My dad will need a plan. He might run. He's done it before, and Brigid and I will have to go with him." The crack in her voice nearly does me in.

"You're not fucking running. You're coming with me." I brush the hair away from her face, stroking it down her back and giving her shoulder a squeeze. "You played your part perfectly. You were..." I pause on a sniff, considering what to say, then it flows from my lips like warm honey into tea. "You *are* the perfect daughter. My perfect daughter. I'll pay off your father's debts, and make sure you have whatever you need. Forever."

"You mean that?" Her eyes are glassy as she stares up at me, the driver stepping out of the car and waiting patiently.

As he should, I've paid him enough.

"I play a lot of games with people, baby, but I promise I never will with you."

It's the truth. I've never considered much what would happen to my money after I died. But that's changed. If something happens to me, somehow I have to make sure every last copper penny goes to my daughter.

Is that how I really think of her now?

I shake my head. It's wrong but I don't care. She's my daughter and my fuck toy.

My muse and my baby mama.

If I live long enough, she'll be my bride.

It's very backwoods, thinking of her the way I do, but what the fuck. I've had half a century and I've just now found my reason for living. Playing out the incest fantasies she's inspired isn't hurting anyone.

"You're coming with me," I reiterate, not one to let gray areas linger. "Sometimes you won't have a choice, baby. Daddy knows best."

"Okay," she says, nodding. "I mean, yes. I want to go with you, I don't want to go home."

The driver loads our bags into the car, then climbs in, and I tell him the destination.

Hannah doesn't want to go home, and right now that house is her home. I don't have anywhere better to give her, and if I did, that could tie us together, so her going back to her shitty hovel for now fits best into her being safe.

Why didn't I ever put down roots? Why did I always have to play the next hand, run the next con, make enemies bigger than any one man can handle?

Why, just when I get something I care about in my life, mine is more than likely coming to an end?

"What's the matter?" Hannah asks, and I realize I'm rubbing my temples, mumbling to myself.

I shake my head. "It's nothing. Just details. Work stuff."

Putting my arm around her, I pull her in close. She snuggles down as we drive, and before long I hear her start to sigh in her sleep, content and without a care in the world.

I take the opportunity to pull out my phone and send off a quick text to my lawyer, telling him to be here tomorrow morning, and giving him the basic details. I also have funds I can't touch for the time being, somewhere far from here, but he knows about them and I make him promise Hannah will get the lot if I can't change my will before the Albanians take me out.

He won't double cross me, because I've faked my death once before and

he knows it. There will always be an element of doubt about whether I might return, furious, should he fail to pass on the money to Hannah.

I then book a single plane ticket to the Caymans, leaving tomorrow night. Open ended. It's where my house is that will be our home. No private jets this time, no first class. She might need to quietly get out of town for a while to keep her safe, and I want to make sure I've thought of everything and made plans.

"We're here," I whisper in her ear as we pull into the hotel parking lot, and she stirs, looking beautiful as she comes out of sleep.

I don't take my jacket from her as I guide her in through the lobby, to the bank of elevators and then up to my room. It's orderly, clean, and elegant, but there's only so many hotel rooms you can see before they all blend into a single bland, unremarkable image in your head. What I want, is to make a life with her, but I don't see how I can possibly have that.

Spending one last night together is the next best thing.

chapter **thirteen**

Dietrich

SOMETHING PULLS me out of sleep with a jolt, and for a moment I lie, listening and staring, wondering if this is it and hoping it isn't.

No sound of breathing, no sound of a gun being drawn back, no voice telling me to get the fuck out of bed. Just silence.

Deciding I must have imagined it, I reach out to the other side of the bed for her, and hit nothing but air.

She's gone. But where? To the bathroom?

"Hannah?" I call out, but get only silence back. I raise my voice a couple of decibels. "Hannah?"

My heart starts to thunder as I push the sheets aside, standing naked in the dark. I flick on the bedside lamp and see nothing. No sign of her.

Her clothes are gone from the floor, her shoes missing from by the door.

I rush to the bathroom and throw open the door, but I already know what I'm going to see. Nothing but darkness.

It's then that I spot the cell phone I gave her along with the necklace and a note on the writing table.

Mr. Belotti,

Thank you for making me feel special, and like a dumbass. I told myself I'd be honest so, I loved being with you. Being Jamie was fun and sexy and I don't believe in regret so I'll figure out the lesson in all of this someday.

I know it has to come to an end, and I understand my part in screwing

things up. Note to self...don't have sex up against windows. It's messy in more ways than one.

So, yeah, you got a text confirming your flight to Grand Cayman. Don't forget your sunscreen. You're a pretty pale guy.

I'm taking your jacket because it's cold outside and in all the stuff you bought for me there was no coat and I don't want any of it anyway. I think it's best if you don't contact me.

*Your pretend daughter for a minute,
Hannah*

I let out a howl of rage as I cross the room, picking up my phone and looking at the text message blaring out on the lock screen. Confirming my booking on a one-way private flight to the Cayman Islands.

One. Ticket. Today.

Fuck.

I've never pulled my clothes on faster. I rush out of the room like a madman, thumping the elevator button for the lobby so hard it cracks the plastic.

It's all a mess. I couldn't explain to her what I was doing, because I would have been forced to tell her everything, all about the work I did for the Albanians, all about how I screwed up their business model when I found out they were smuggling humans like cattle. All about the fact they'll kill me if I don't get this deal done.

I couldn't put all that on her.

But now she thinks I was going to run. Without her. And I'm not sure which is worse.

"I need a car." I slip the security guard outside the front door a hundred bucks. "Like now, man."

He shrugs. "I'll call for one. You want an Uber or a limo?"

"Man, I need a *car*," I implore, my voice near pleading, which I wasn't sure I knew how to do. "It's about a girl."

He stares at me for a beat, then nods, reaching into the inside pocket of his jacket and hands over a key on a silver chain. "Been there, man. Been there. Take mine. It's a piece of shit, but it will get you where you're going. Just get it back to me by six, okay? It's all I got."

I pull out my phone. "You got Cash App?"

He nods, snapping his tongue along his top teeth. Then gives me his Cash App ID.

I tap my screen, then shove my phone back in my pocket. “That should do it. I won’t have time to bring your car back, get yourself something nice.”

He pulls out his cell and does a double take when he looks at the screen.

“*Allllright*, man.” He hisses on a nod, holding out a fist for me to bump. “Go get your girl, man. It’s the burgundy Buick LaCross. You gotta stomp the gas to get it to start.” He raises his hand, pointing toward the elevator to the left. “Sub level four, section 8. Gate will open when you pull up.”

I nod a thank you and break into a run.

What feels like hours, but is only a few seconds later, I throw open the door to the old Buick with blue and black duct tape holding up the driver’s side window and slide in, stomping the gas twice then turning the key.

It’s sputters to life, coughing and testing my fucking patience but eventually, the engine smooths and thank fuck, cool A/C blows from the vents.

The sun is just peeking up over Red Rock and for a second the world stops. I had twenty-four hours of perfection with her. She looked at me like I meant something. She played with me in the sweetest and most deviant ways without judgment. There’s no fucking way I won’t bring the most important deal of my life home. I’ve never lost anything I wanted before and I’m not going to lose the one thing I really want now.

The car heaves and lurches down Las Vegas Blvd. as I pull out my buzzing phone. It could be her, she could have gotten my number from Greg...

That bubble bursts. It’s an unknown number but I’m pretty fucking sure who it is. I’m also sure I know what he’ll be calling for. An update. I have to think fast.

“These things take time, Zeneli. You want results, you’ll leave me the fuck alone for another forty-eight hours.”

Will that be enough time to grab Hannah and get out of Vegas?

There’s a light chuckle. “Mr. Belotti... This is Bill Glover.”

I don’t have time for this. If he’s going to try to shame me over fucking my *daughter* against the window, fuck him. Jealous motherfucker. He can go fuck himself with a scalpel.

My fingers shake as I go to end the call and hear him say, “I want to continue our conversation. I’d like for you to arrange the meeting with your people and I’ll set it up with mine. I tried to find you this morning but

apparently, you left in some haste last night.”

I bring the phone back to my ear. “Yeah? Pretty sure ole Margaret there gave you an earful.”

“Made my day,” he laughs. “Made my fucking day. Mr. Belotti, I don’t care who you fuck, family or not, this is Vegas for fuck sake, but I do love that it got Margaret Malcolm’s panties in a twist. She’s a fucking pain in the ass who happened to be married to one of my best friends and my business partner. I’ve got her under control, she’ll come through with her part of the financing. I made sure I got her name on the dotted line already.”

“You want to go ahead with the deal?”

“I want my problem solved. You offer something no one else has. I don’t care where your people find their staffing, I just care that they bring it in like you said. Under budget and without the usual bullshit.”

“Done.”

“Put us all together in the same room next week. You name the place.” There’s a pause, then, “One other thing... Is Jamie really your daughter?”

That question hits me hard in the heart.

In my deviant mind, yes, she’s my daughter. She’s also going to be my wife and my fucktoy until the end of time. But, until I can get her far away from here where we can never look back and no one will ever come looking for me or mine, I need to play this out right.

“Naw. She’s nobody. Just a girl for hire. I don’t have any family. Or friends. It was all business.”

“I respect that. You played that well until you decided to nail your fake daughter up against the window.”

“Yeah, well, I live dangerously. Next week we’ll put the ink on this deal and you and my people can take it from there.”

I hang up and call Zeneli, my heart thundering with each second until he answers.

“We’re set. Next week, get your people ready. I put you guys together, what happens from there, it’s on you.”

This is it. I’ve got an ace in the hole and everything I never knew I wanted is falling into place. Now, I just have to keep Hannah on the down low until I can get us out of here. I hate that she’s suffering, thinking I was going to leave, but right now that’s working in my favor. I’ll take that flight myself, get our new life set up, fly back, finalize the deal between Glover and Zeneli, shake hands, disappear with my daughter—and her sister if she wants

to come—and fucking live happily ever after in paradise.

Simple. Right?

Right?



A crackling voice on the plane’s intercom breaks through my lusty Hannah daydream. “The seatbelt sign has been turned on,” the flight attendant announces as the small commuter plane jostles in the turbulence. “Please return to your seats.”

There’s a bump and a few concerned yelps from around me but I’m focused out the window at the gray streaks of clouds. Leaving Hannah has me twisted in a way I could have never imagined before two days ago.

Eating is impossible and I thought drinking would settle me, but it only heightened the crushing fear that she’s back in Vegas alone. Sure, this is the right play, but sometimes doing the right thing is fucking hard.

My trip to Cayman has two goals.

First, I have land and a house there. I visited once, right after I received the signed deed from a lady I semi-conned into ‘selling’ it to me in a classic old tax evasion grift. She was a thirty something drowning in generational wealth and most of it was going up her nose or into her veins. I never even fucking touched her, and a week after I took ownership of the property, she took a dive into her backyard pool and never came back up.

Turned out, she didn’t treat her little teacup poodle very well. I didn’t like that.

No one ever questioned her signing over the property to me and aside from one visit to put my eyes on it and set up some ongoing services, it’s just been sitting. Same as it was when she owned the place. It’s crumbling, it needs some work before I can move Hannah in, but the foundations are all there. It’s a solid property on a large plot and it will be a home we can love.

There’s a flash of blue out the window, then it’s quickly enveloped again by the angry sky and the plane lurches to the left. A few carry-ons tumble out of the overheads and a woman is crying and praying in Spanish in the row behind me.

Turbulence in a small plane like this always feels like the end of the fucking world to the nervous or inexperienced. I barely notice, my dick

twitching as I think of sleeping tucked inside Hannah's constricting canal. She was so knocked out, she didn't know I slow fucked her while she slept, delivering another thick round of spunk onto her cervix. From there, I left my dick in that paradise. Then, I must have passed out because the next thing I knew, I woke up to that fucking note and knew I had to get things straight and quit fucking around with my life.

So, besides the property and the house, I've got cash in a numbered lock box at the bank as well as my anonymous numbered other accounts. I need to make sure all those funds are accessible when we arrive. I can't get her down here then have no way to keep us safe and living in the manner in which she deserves. It also allows some distance between us in case anyone catches a sniff of a connection.

I play out every minute we spent together. Recounting those freckles and all the times she called me Daddy. All the times she made me laugh. I'm losing myself in this new version of me and after fifty odd years, I finally see a rainbow and she's the pot of gold at the end.

I've always thought happy endings were for suckers. Turns out, there's a little fairy tale happiness out there for us all.

I reach into my pocket and withdraw my phone. Tapping the screen and pulling up the single photo I took of her while she slept. Her lips are slightly open, and her hair is a wicked mess around her pink cheeks but she looks like a fucking doll.

I've never taken a picture of anyone on my phone unless it had to do with work.

This picture is personal.

I stare at it for a long moment, a softness settles in around my heart and I think of the possibility that I've got my spawn cooking in her hot little womb right now.

I could be a father...

Boom.

The pressure behind my eardrums pops and a loud screeching sound tears through the inside of the plane along with a chilling woosh of air.

The lady behind me screams as an ear-splitting cracking sound shakes the plane.

The flight attendant on the intercom is barely audible above the roaring wind that's coming in from the rear of the plane: "Brace for impact! Seat belts on. Heads down. May God be with us all."

chapter **fourteen**

Hannah

ONE YEAR later

I hear Ruth screaming from upstairs as I head round the side of the house. Brigid's good with her, but babies cry, that's one thing I've learned over the past three months. I'm grateful for my sister's help. She could have walked out just like Dietrich did, never looked back, kept all her acting income for herself, but she didn't. She stuck around. Because that's what family does.

"Get the fuck out of our house!" I hear her voice as I reach out for the kitchen door, and my heart leaps into my throat.

This again?

Have they hurt my baby? Please tell me they haven't hurt her...

"You borrowed five fucking grand, bitch! You haven't even paid me the interest. You think we're going to just forget about that because you're losing your home? No fucking way."

"We don't *have* any money, asshole! Why can't you get that through your thick fucking skull?"

"And we've told you, there are other ways to pay off your debt. Sweet little thing like you, you'll be clear inside of a week."

"I'm not a prostitute."

I hear the crunch of a fist connecting with bone, and fury washes over me.

As I put my shoulder to the swollen old door, I hear another punch thrown and his growl. “You’re whatever we say you are. You think being a whore is so bad? I can make things much worse. I can make that baby stop fucking screaming, for a start—”

The door flies open, and I don’t waste a second. Brigid is crying, hanging onto the kitchen table for support as she clutches her face, blood trickling from her lower lip. She tries to tell me to stay back, but there’s no way that’s happening.

As I move forward, I notice Oscar aiming himself blindly at the intruder’s legs, reaching him before I do and latching on.

“You touch my baby, you fucking cock sucking coward, I’ll kill you.” I scream as I launch myself at the stranger, grabbing my phone from my pocket as the first solid weapon that comes to hand.

The thug screeches hysterically as I use it to club him right across the face.

He throws a punch that connects with my arm, but he’s trying harder to avoid Oscar’s attack, dancing around as he tries to free himself from those powerful jaws. He might only have a few teeth, but Oscar knows how to use them.

“Get this fucking mutt away from me or I’ll shoot him!” He draws a gun, but I knock his hand away, and get pistol-whipped across the shoulder for my trouble, my phone skittering across the tabletop right under his nose. “I’m fucking warning you!”

Then he glances at my phone, and it’s like a light goes on in his eyes.

“Oh, you have bigger problems now, sweetheart. Much bigger problems.”

“Get *out* of our house!” I scream, pushing him toward the kitchen door. “Out! Go tell your stupid boss we’ll get him his money, but my sister is not going to come work for him.”

Oscar growls but I pull him back as the thug retreats.

“This ain’t fucking over, bitch. I’m going to be back, and next time I won’t be alone—”

He falls silent as Oscar lets out a low bark, then turns and flees for the door. And I go straight to Brigid.

“We shouldn’t have borrowed that money,” she cries. “This is my fault. You and Ruth should go. Get away from here. I—”

“This isn’t your fault, Brigid,” I tell her, grabbing a bag of peas from the freezer and pressing it against her face. “We needed the money. Me, you and

Ruth. You did what you thought was best. If this is anyone's fault, it's Dad's. And Greg's. We had forty grand before they decided to lose it all. And did they stick around to help pick up the pieces?"

She shakes her head, tears trailing down her cheeks.

I kiss her forehead and stand, giving Oscar a fuss behind his ears. "We need to leave. The house foreclosure is in two days, I say we stay until then, enjoy sleeping in a bed while we can, then get in the car and go."

"Where?"

"Away from here. I don't know. I don't care. I've got waitressing experience now, I can get a job somewhere and take care of us. But we can't stay here. That guy will be back and he will want his money. Zeneli won't let this drop."

"Did you notice how he changed when he saw your phone?"

I nod, remembering the look he gave. I cross the kitchen and grab the smashed phone from the table where it fell, studying it. There's nothing there, no messages, no alerts. Just that stupid selfie of me and Dietrich that I haven't had the heart to delete.

Because despite what I might say, a part of me still loves him. Stupid, I know, after all he's put me through. If I had any sense, I should be wishing I never met him. My life before was bad, but since Dietrich it's only gotten worse.

The only light in that darkness is Ruth. And Brigid. We promised to make our own family different from how we grew up, but we're sort of sucking at it right now.

But still. I loved him. I did, and I can't change that. Will I ever be able to delete that one and only photograph I have of the father of my child?

I don't know.

But my time here in Vegas has come to an end.

chapter **fifteen**

Dietrich

AS THE PRIVATE jet hums around me, approaching Henderson, I have no fear. How many people in the world have survived a plane crash then went down in another one?

The odds are so minuscule I'd lay my bet down on never again.

I rub the spot above my eye where the pain never seems to stop. The rough skin reminds me that not only do I have a new name, I have a new face. Which, doesn't bother me. I never cared what I looked like.

From an aesthetic standpoint, I understand it's less pleasing with the hard, stretched, thicker skin where the burns healed, and the jagged reminder that they basically had to staple what was left of my mangled forehead back onto my cracked skull. It's not without its downside though. Splitting your head open and breaking sixteen bones leaves some aches behind that no amount of Advil will soothe.

I'll suffer. I won't medicate with anything that would dull my senses. I need them all to make things right.

Out of the fire comes the phoenix, as they say, and somewhere in the hospital, in those months where my memories were a black hole, I rose.

When I came out of the coma, the hospital staff gave me the two things found on my person when they brought me in barely alive. The first was a ruby ring I had in a box in my pocket when they found me in the wreckage. It was my mother's, the one she gave me when she died, and I take it

everywhere I go. And the other was a folded scrap of paper with a note, from who I wasn't sure.

I owe you, man. Whatever you need.

Then a phone number.

It took months for my rehab to have me walking again and able to hold my fucking spoon myself. But, that ring kept me going. There was something about it that told me it was the key to everything.

Then, one morning when I was strong enough, one of the staff walked with me down to the beach. I stood there, the ocean breeze lashing around my robe as I fingered the ring in my pocket. As I withdrew it, the sun caught in the center of the stone, flashing a streak of red across my vision, and I said her name.

Hannah.

From there, a deluge of memories overwhelmed me. There are still some gray fuzzy areas where details are lost and times and places don't make sense, but my focus was clear. I dialed the phone number on the note, but it wasn't Hannah. It was someone else, someone I didn't expect, but someone who it turns out owes me. Just like the note said.

I don't like favors. Giving or receiving. But I'll bend all my rules for Hannah. I needed a plane. Even in Grand Cayman, chartering a plane without ID proved beyond the resources I had at my disposal.

"Mr. Georgio," the captain's voice comes through the intercom in the bedroom. "Please retake your seat at your earliest convenience. We'll be landing in Las Vegas in thirty minutes."

It feels strange to be called by a different name, now that I remember my real one. Dietrich Bellotti. Or, I guess that never was my real name either. It was an alias, a fucking amazing deep fake alias, but still. Not the name on my birth certificate. The identity I left behind decades ago.

The new one I created is part of them both. My mother's last name and my old first name. Seemed fitting.

I'm headed back to reclaim my life. Or, the only part of it that matters. I've got a new life set up in Cayman with a house and all the money I'll ever need to provide for her. Only problem, that voice attached to the phone number gave me some bad news. The whole fucking thing fell through.

They can do what they like with me, if they can find me.

But if they harm a single fucking hair on Hannah's head, hell will be a vacation compared to what I'll do to them.



Two hours later, my limo pulls up outside the rundown old house, parking down the street as I watch through my binoculars. It's more of a shithole now than a year ago, with its cracked concrete driveway, the beat-up old Cadillac and the expanse of tan dirt for a front yard. I hate that she's been here without me. I hate myself. For what, I'm not sure, but I fucked something up. I feel it in my bones.

I watch her come out of the door, making my heart seize. She's wearing a too fucking short black skirt, a tight white sleeveless button up shirt with a black bow tie. Her blonde hair swirls around her shoulders and my dick is hard.

Hard. Hard. Hard.

It's eleven o'clock. Third shift at the casinos.

I'm not ready to show myself so I tell the driver to follow as her Cadillac pulls out of the drive. We hang back as she takes a couple of turns, heading downtown, and I watch as she goes into a shitty old casino three blocks from the old strip.

"Wait here," I tell the driver.

He won't go anywhere. My benefactor told him to look after me.

Inside the casino, I see her in the bar, and I want to kiss her and tell her everything is going to be all right. I want her to ride my face and flood me with her liquid cunt candy until she remembers who her Daddy is.

But she looks through me like I'm not even there, standing behind the bar pouring cheap whiskey.

"What can I get you?" she says as though I'm the king of this shithole but the music of her voice nearly crumples me to the floor.

It's rehearsed. She's acting and I don't think she even really sees me. She doesn't meet my eyes. I'm just another sad sucker on my way out of town. "Nothing." I answer but that's a lie. I just don't want a fucking drink.

I slip into a dark corner booth where I can stare at her without drawing attention. God, she's beautiful. If she'd seen my eyes would she know it was me?

I'm in jeans and a white shirt. Lots of things have changed. Wearing five thousand dollar suits on a tropical island didn't seem practical and turns out, casual is comfortable. I'm in a new fucking season of my life and there are benefits I didn't expect.

One of the patrons at the counter whistles, his red beard and bloodshot eyes telling me this isn't his first port of call. "Hey, bubble butt, another whiskey and have one for yourself, too. Then, come lean over the counter here and show me those tits."

She smiles, it's fucking fake but I'm gripping the edge of the table until my knuckles turn white. That smile should be for me. I watch her pour his drink, then throw him a little wink as he laughs, shifting in his seat, battling back a boner I'm sure.

Because I am.

"You're too pretty for a place like this." He keeps on, changing his tactic from crude to caring.

"Thank you," she says on a teasing wink. "I'm just working here while I'm waiting for my prince charming to sweep me off my feet."

"Well, maybe I could be him? Gimme a kiss and find out."

She smiles again. It's fake but I see red.

In a second, I'm out of my seat and my fist connects with his bony jaw. He goes sideways fast, coming right off his stool as he scrabbles against the counter, managing to stay on his feet. His fist swooshing through the air, but I swipe it aside, step forward and swing again, feeling my knuckles squish into his eye socket.

"*Stop! Read the sign, no fucking fighting!*" She screams, throwing a whiskey bottle at my head, but I'm too far gone to care.

I step forward again, grabbing the guy by his collar and hauling him to his feet. He's maybe thirty, thirty-five, so twenty years or so younger than me, but some things you don't forget. Like how to be a tough motherfucker.

He throws another punch but it's pathetic. My fist is in his gut so fast and so hard I wait for the contents of his stomach to spew from his mouth.

"*Stop fighting!*" She barrels out from behind the bar with a baseball bat.

Fucking temper on my little angel.

I grunt, marching the guy forward, doubled over and groaning, and toss him out into the street. Then I turn, slamming the door behind me.

"*Get out!*" Hannah screams, pointing the bat at the door as I meet her eyes. "Get out before I call the police."

I shake my head, stepping forward. "I'm never fucking letting you out of my sight again, babygirl. Never. Not for a second."

She hesitates as I grab the bat and drop it to the floor where it rolls a few feet away as recognition flits over her features. She knows who I am. "I..."

told you to get out,” she says, her tone flat but her eyes alive.

“Make me.”

“I... I’m calling the police...” She reaches for the wall phone, her fingers shaking as they settle on the receiver.

“Who am I?” I ask, moving through the pass and behind the counter. The other patrons are staring. I don’t care. Hannah takes a step back, but it’s half-hearted. She wants this as much as I do, she just refuses to believe. “You know,” I tell her. “Who. Am. I?”

“No, I—”

I crowd her with my body against the sink where two glasses topple over, shattering on the floor, and my lips are on hers. The kiss is deep and meaningful, telling her everything I wanted to tell her before the plane crash, before the coma and amnesia. Before I disappeared.

Our mouths know the truth, and she sinks into the kiss, letting me hold her up as I devour her, sliding my hand down to her ass, between her legs, hearing her moan as I press my thumb against her clit.

“Daddy’s home,” I murmur as the kiss breaks, and she shakes her head.

“No. No. I don’t want you here.” Tears crest her bottom lids, and my heart skips a few beats. “You left me. You. Left. Me.” Shock has turned to hot anger, and I don’t blame her but I also don’t care.

“I’m never fucking leaving you again. Come on.” I nod toward the door, sweeping my arm around her waist like a python and squeeze.

She digs in her heels, pulling away. Her eyes flashing with that temper that only makes my dick throb more. “I said *no*. I’m not going anywhere with you. I’m working. I—”

“My girl doesn’t have to worry about money.”

Her eyes narrow. “*Really?*” she scoffs. “Well, I’d like to know what I was supposed to do for the last year. Perhaps I should have gone back to *Maaaaaargaret* and asked for an allowance?”

“I’m here now.”

“So I see. And where were you when I needed you? You have another Jamie in another city you went to play games with?”

I clench my jaw, drawing a deep breath through my nose. I’m tempted to simply grab her, sling her over my shoulder, spank her ass for being bratty and march her out of here. “You see my face?” I say, trying to stay calm, but there’s only so much I can take. “You think I flew off to Brazil for a little rejuvenation and hung out for a year drinking fucking pina coladas?”

She folds her arms over her chest, but not before I notice the twin points poking through her white shirt. “So, what happened?”

“Come with me. It’s a long story.”

“I have to stay until closing.” She glares.

And I’m done.

“Everybody out,” I grunt. And when only a few people start moving I raise my voice. “Right *fucking* now. We’re closed.”

“You can’t do that.” Hannah crinkles her nose, shaking her head.

“I can do what the fuck I want, even if I have to buy this place. You need me to do that, or are we going to go back to yours?”

She taps her foot on the sticky laminate floor as I give every person in the room a look, sending them toward the door.

When the place is empty, I grab her around the waist and sling her over my shoulder, walking us out and she finally concedes. “Fine. I’ll drive, you follow.”



Hannah

Dietrich doesn’t seem to notice the bassinet in the corner and the rack of drying bottles on the counter by the sink. I’m relieved.

I’m lost in a whirlwind of emotion and confusion as I look at the man sitting in front of me at the table.

His face is a twisted mess of scars and pain but his eyes... Oh, God, they are my Daddy’s eyes, there’s no denying that.

“We need to be quiet.” I nod toward the front of the house where the stairs lead to the bedroom. “The baby is sleeping with Brigid.”

“I guess I missed a lot while I was away.”

“I concur.” I leave it at that as the tingle in my nipples tells me I’m still in love with this man.

“Where’s your father?” he asks, looking around at the boxes in various stages of packing.

“Doing two to five. I don’t want to talk about that.”

Dietrich slides his hand behind my neck, resting his forehead on mine and releases an uneven breath, but I'm still hurting.

"I needed you and you weren't here."

"That will never happen again." He raises his head, his eyes full of sorrow. "I didn't wake up for three months. Then it was another eight before I remembered anything. I left to keep you safe. To secure a future for *us*. For you. I had to go and I was going to come right back."

"Things are different now."

"Nothing's fucking different. Not with us." His lips are on my neck and my resolve is weakening. "Daddy would never leave you. Not by choice."

"You mean that?"

"You're my special girl." His blue eyes rove over me as I run my palm upward, trying to cover the black and blue mark before he sees.

Those words send a jolt of heat over my skin as my throat tightens and Dietrich pulls something out of his front pocket, turning up his hand to reveal the most incredible ruby ring I've ever seen. My mouth hangs open as my legs start to shake.

"You have to believe me. You are everything. You make me smile. I can't live without you. I've never felt whole before you. I want to spend every day waking up with you. Washing dishes and doing all the things I've missed my whole life. I've never thought of forever with anyone before, but without you in my life, I don't want another day. Please, baby, marry me. Just say you'll marry me."

I should say no. There are a million reasons why this is a bad idea. The timing is bad, it doesn't make sense right now but I'm not listening to reason because I crumple into the chair, nodding as my heart celebrates.

The ring is on my finger before I can tell Dietrich about the baby. The words lodge in my throat as he pulls me onto him, my legs wrap around his back and I feel the hard muscles as I grab on.

"Where's a bed? Closest one."

I point down the hall where Brigid and I have turned my father's old bedroom into a reading room with a daybed and an old chair we repurposed from a dumpster.

I'm shaking with need as goosebumps form over my skin and his tongue lashes with mine. All the hoping and wishing I've done over the last year comes true in that moment.

His fingers tangle in my hair as I cling to him and he presses his body on

top of mine on the daybed.

“It’s small.” He grunts as he stands, stripping off his t-shirt and I see the tangle of scars covering his thick torso. “But we’ll make do.”

Buttons pop and ricochet around the room as he rips my shirt open, my pink nursing bra exposed but he’s hell bent on my southern hemisphere.

“Daddy’s missed your taste.” He flips my skirt up, yanking my panties down my legs and driving his tongue deep into my opening as I bite back a scream and release a long overdue orgasm on his new face. “That’s my fucking girl.”

He’s up again, jerking own his zipper and plowing into me without a word. He’s pumping in and out before I have time to steady myself but his thrusts are savage. My breath is driven from my lungs with each beastly drive going deep, deeper, deeper.

He covers my screams with his palm, his hot breath against my ear.

“Daddy’s missed his little girl’s cunt. You’ve kept it safe for me, haven’t you? You’ve not let anyone else touch what’s mine.” He bares his teeth against my jugular as I shake my head wildly back and forth.

“No one. No one ever.”

“Good fucking girl. Your whole life is with me now. Get used to that. You’ll not breathe without me next to you. I’ll feed you and pay for you and give you everything that sweet little heart desires, but you’ll take care of me too, won’t you?”

I nod, his pace wild, the bed knocking off the wall with his manic drives in and out. “Yes, yes...” I manage between being pummeled. “Your cock doesn’t seem to be any worse for wear.”

He releases a low chuckle against my throat. “That’s right. You’ll be sucking and fucking your husband every day from now on.”

He grinds his body into my throbbing nub, his eyes on mine as he slows, rocking his hips in circles as stars flicker in my eyes and I come undone. I scream with satisfaction as his mouth crushes on mine, the hot gush of his release filling me as his hips buck and the apex of our frenzy has me cursing the past and dreaming of the future.

His face looms over mine as I focus, this new man looks like a stranger but feels like home.

He pushes up on his arms. “I neglected these tits for too long.”

The shivering of the milk letting down makes me squirm as Dietrich tugs back the wet cotton and freezes.

“There’s milk coming out of your tits.” He stares for a long moment, his eyes seeing things he missed in his lusty haze. “And you’re bruised. What happened?”

I draw a shaking breath. “Which explanation do you want first?”

His cocks slides out as he collapses onto the bed next to me, pulling me onto his lap, fingers looping around my milk-soaked nipple then tracing the bruises on my forearm.

“Bruises,” he says as his forehead furrows. “Then milk.”

I give him the short version of the loan shark which he takes in with fire in his eyes. Then, it’s time for the big reveal.

I point to my belly, tracing my finger up and down my new tiger stripes and watch realization wash over his hard features.

“Baby? But, you said no one else touched you?”

I shake my head, sitting up as he tugs me onto his lap. “No one touched me but you. Do you have brain damage? You can’t put it together?”

“My baby?”

“Yes, Daddy. Your baby. Her name is Ruthie.”

“Her?” His eyes sparkle as he kneads my leaking breast. “A girl,” he says as he tugs my other breast from the cup of my bra.

“Yes, a girl, named Ruthie.”

“Can I taste?” His eyes stay pinned on my milk which is now low key spraying in tiny streams from my nipples.

“It would be helpful. I’m engorged, I need to pump.”

“No pumping.” His mouth is one me in a flash and the erotic relief it gives pushes me close to the edge.

He draws my nipple deep, his fingers finding my heat as he suckles and drives two thick digits in and out of me until I’m spinning again, arching on the bed as he feeds and finger bangs me straight into heaven.

chapter **sixteen**

Dietrich

“WHAT THE FUCK have you done to her?” The scream cuts through the blessed silence, Hannah sleeping under me warming my cock and the next thing I know I take a fist to the side of my jaw. “Get the fuck off my sister!”

Brigid tries to come at me again while I’m tugging my boxers back into place. She’s got bruises on her face, a cut bottom lip and a scratched jaw. Put that together with the bruises on Hannah.

The sound of the baby crying reminds me I’m a father now. A real father.

I wanted to go see Ruthie as soon as we came up for air, but Hannah said if we wake her, she will be up the rest of the night and she needed her Daddy for a few hours to make her feel safe. She was so soft around my cock, we hung onto each other and fell into a hard sleep.

I get my underwear situation sorted just in time to deflect Brigid’s next blow while backing across the room.

“You better run! Run right back to Zeneli and tell him I’m coming for him. You hurt my sister, you die.” She turns to Hannah. “What the hell did he do to you? Can you stand?”

“What *about* Zeneli?” I ask, cutting through the hysterics as I get my still half hard johnson under cover. “How do you know that name?”

She falls silent, glaring in confusion as her tongue plays with her top lip.

It’s Hannah who speaks. “Brigid, it’s Dietrich.”

“What?” Brigid turns away and stares at her. “What’s Dietrich?”

“*Him.*” She points at me. “He’s Dietrich.”

“No fucking way. That’s not...” She turns my way and glares, then her eyes go wide as she shakes her head. “Dietrich? As in, Hawk??”

I nod. “Yes, Hawk, Dietrich. I think you even called me Eagle once. I had an accident, lost my memory and my face, got a new one but I’m back now, tell me what’s happened with Zeneli.” I glance from one to the other. “Somebody start fucking talking.”

Brigid drops onto a chair, shaking her head. “We borrowed money. There’s this guy, someone Greg knew. He said he had a boss, someone named Zeneli, and he loaned us what we needed. Just a little. But then we couldn’t pay it back and there was interest and... He said I could work it off in other ways.” She meets my eyes. “That’s why I thought you raped Hannah. I thought it was to teach me a lesson. Either I do it or she does...”

I growl low in my throat. “Zeneli.”

“We had no choice,” Hannah says, pulling on a pink robe, covering her leaking tits as the baby cries louder. “Don’t do anything. Zeneli is a really bad guy. Like level ten.”

“I know Zeneli.”

Zeneli threatened the mother of my child. My wife, as soon as I get that deal in place. And he harmed my sister-in-law.

Fucking dead man.

“I’ll be back. Get packed.”



As I walk back in through the door, I rub my knuckles. They’re battered and bruised. Painful. They’ll take a while to heal, but I like the pain. The pain reminds me that the world is a little better now than it was a few hours ago.

The sun is coming up as I walk into the kitchen and find it empty. I drop my bloodstained pistol on the table, grab a glass and fill it with water from the refrigerator, then sit and take a welcome sip.

There’s a creak from behind me, but I don’t turn as I speak. “It’s done.”

I feel Hannah’s arms around me, and wince a little at the pain in my shoulder.

The bullet was in and out. Clean. But it’s going to take a few weeks to heal.

I reach up and back, and pull her into my arms. The only thing I feel is love. I need her. I want her. Our lips press against each other and she frowns when she sees the blood and the bullet hole in my t-shirt.

“Zeneli will never touch anyone again,” I tell her. “And animal control will be taking care of a white tiger.”

I shake my head, remembering how the stunning creature was chained to a wall behind a fucking gold throne chair.

“I have a house in the Caymans. We can start over. You, me and Ruthie.”

As I think about the baby, the ache in my chest that I haven’t seen her yet becomes unbearable, but I had to make sure things were safe for all of us.

I’m desperate for that first glimpse, for that first touch. My child. Something I never thought I’d have.

“I can’t start over,” Hannah says, frowning. “What about Brigid? She’s helped raise Ruthie. She’s as much a mom to our daughter as I am. I can’t leave her here and disappear off into the sunset. I don’t want to. I love her. Where will she—”

I press my finger against her lips, silencing her words to a mumble. “Brigid too,” I tell her. “Of course, Brigid too. She comes with us.”

“No. She’s a good actress. Way better than I ever was. She’s getting roles, maybe not much at the moment but she is. I can’t ask her to leave her dreams behind.”

“I want to go.”

I hear the voice from behind me, and turn, pain shooting up into my neck but I’m frozen in silence.

Brigid is standing there. With my daughter cradled in her arms, giving me a little smile.

“You took care of him?” she asks and I nod.

“Him and a few more. They’ll be sorting out the bodies for a while.”

“I want to go,” she repeats. “You said you loved Dietrich. You said he was the father and the man you never knew you wanted. You have to go, and I’m going to go with you.”

I nod as she hands me my daughter for the first time, and I take her into my arms, cradling her and Hannah at the same time.

Hannah stares at her sister as my eyes start to burn and my heart inflates against my chest wall. “What about acting?”

“What about it? I only did that for you and Dad. I had this idea that I could take care of everyone, take care of you both, if I got famous. I don’t

even like it most days. I don't like being the center of attention, you know that, I'd rather just be... I don't know... decorating people's houses. With you."

"You sure?" Hannah asks, her eyes returning to mine as I start to cry, holding Ruthie like she's going to break into a million pieces any second.

"I hate Las Vegas," she scoffs.

"Me too," Hannah says. "I've hated this place ever since the moment we moved here."

I hear them talking but there's a fucking miracle in my arms. I'm shaking as I kiss our daughter. Then I kiss Hannah. And I reach out and take Brigid's hand in mine, not bothering to fight off the tears. "Let's go. The plane's waiting."

Wait. I turn to Hannah, fear tightening around my torso.

"You have a car seat right? She has to have a car seat..."



The plane is already prepped and ready to go when we get there, but as we step out of the car Hannah makes a gagging sound, holding Ruthie against her chest.

"What's *he* doing here?" She glances at me, and I don't bother to fight off the smile.

"This is Jeremy's plane," I tell her, then turn to him. "Come to see us off?"

He chuckles, but his eyes are on Brigid. "Something like that. But now that I think about it, I could use a break away from my fucking mother. Cayman is calling. You got room for one more?"

"Yes," Brigid answers before any of us can say a thing. I turn her way and see the blush rise on her cheeks as she mumbles the next words. "I mean, it's your plane."

Hannah shakes her head. "No way. No. I'd rather walk."

I start to laugh at that, and Jeremy tears his eyes from Brigid long enough to speak to me. "Tell her, man. She's going to hate me for the rest of her life if you don't."

"Fine," I say, even though I was enjoying the moment. "Jeremy was my inside man on that job. Let's just say, I got him out of a tight spot with some

old friends of mine. Something money couldn't fix. He owed me and when I put together he was Margaret's son, I called in a few favors. Then one more when I needed a private plane." Hannah's staring at me, then Jeremy, as I finish. "He also flew the drone into our room on my request. Forced proximity can be an intoxicating aphrodisiac. Not that we needed one. But, I like stacking the deck in my favor."

"That was *you*?" She glares at him.

Jeremy nods. "You're welcome, by the way. And when this guy called me out of the blue a month ago, I got him sorted out with a new ID, flights where he needed and a bit of spending money to get him going."

"You kissed my fingers," she says, still sounding disgusted.

"Yeah, what can I say? I do play a good asshole. Shall we get this bird in the air?" He glances at Brigid as he says it, and I hear her squeak, but she doesn't say any words.

I put my arm around Hannah's shoulders and pull her in close. "Jeremy's a good guy, but if he tried to kiss you again, I would have taken him out."

"My big strong Daddy," Hannah says as Ruthie looks up, and I let her grab my finger and as I guide my family to the plane, tears burning down my cheeks.

I've never been more sure of a bet in my life. This is my final play and I've hit the jackpot.

chapter **seventeen**

Hannah

FOUR YEARS *Later*

I rub my foot over the hard length pushing out on the front of Dietrich's swim shorts, admiring how handsome he is in the morning sun as we sit at our round cocktail table, down among the palm trees on our private beach.

"You're like fine wine," I purr, pulling down my barely there yellow swimsuit top and rubbing my breasts. "You want another milk facial?"

Dietrich looks up from his laptop where he's been tapping away for the last hour. "Daddy always wants your milk."

"I think that's what keeps you so young looking. All the breast milk. If you're not drinking from the fountain, it's spraying in your face, or on your dick."

"You know you love sucking your milk off my cock."

I nod as he reaches over and takes one of my swollen breasts between his hands, rolling the heavy flesh back and forth as the tingling sensation has a stream of warm milk spraying onto his face.

He opens his mouth, tongue out, eyes closed as he squeezes and shakes his face back and forth in the white spray, making motorboat sounds as it drips off his chin and onto my calf.

I take a look at my phone, knowing that Jeremy and Brigid will be back

with the kids soon.

A grin pulls at my lips. “You’re impossible.” I shake my head as he leans forward and latches on hard, tugging my nipple to the back of his throat as my eyes roll back and I’m immediately soaking wet.

He mumbles around my nipple but I’m already in heaven. This life we’ve made has been sown with the seeds of a love I never dreamed was possible. It’s not what everyone wants but it’s exactly what we need.

I stroke the sides of Dietrich’s face as he suckles and tugs me to stand, then reaches down and releases his cock from his swim trunks, never missing a beat with his mouth on my breast.

He grunts, tugging at the threads on the sides of my bikini until my bottoms are around my feet and I settle onto his cock, already drenched and throbbing for what I need. He hums as he strokes my bare lips, smooth as silk from his up close and personal shave this morning.

Another of the million ways he’s takes care of his girl.

Dietrich has stayed virtually the same since that day we met, if maybe ten pounds heavier—which he also blames on the breastmilk.

I, on the other hand, have filled out and softened. My already plump body has taken on more curves but my husband only uses them as more surface area for him to kiss.

Feeding him like this has become one of the greatest pleasures in my life. My husband suckling at my breasts is the most intimate thing I can imagine. Doing it while also taking his cock inside me, is a huge bonus.

Literally.

I think not only does he not age, but his cock seems to get bigger with each passing year.

Blessing and a curse.

I wonder sometimes what would have happened if it had been Brigid that had taken the job with him. Would they be together? Or would we still be stuck in Las Vegas, bailing my father out after every bad deal?

The thought is fleeting, because we start rocking together, faster and faster as he moves to give equal attention to my other dripping nipple, both of us sighing as he pulls the milk from my breast, the erotic pleasure tingling from my nipple down into my toes.

“We don’t have much time,” I say as the knots of tension tangle below my belly button.

“Enough time.” Dietrich comes up for air, milk drying on his face and

wet on his lips as he pulls my face to his, grunting with effort as he fucks up into me, his tongue driving into my mouth.

He's got the libido of a fifteen-year-old but I'm not complaining. My Daddy takes care of me every day in a million different ways.

"You gonna be a good girl and make Daddy come?" He hisses into my neck as he thickens inside me.

"I'll try," I murmur back in my teasing little girl voice. "I always try hard, Daddy."

"Hard is right. Now, fuck Daddy like you mean it. Like you love him."

I push onto my tiptoes in the sand, rocking my hips up and back, his hands running up and down my back, then one lingers on my ass, slipping between my cheeks and pushing onto the tight ring of muscles and I shudder and moan.

"Remember the first time I got in this ass? With all those people watching? I knew you were mine right then. I knew you were perfect. My daughter, taking her Daddy hard and fast in that naughty little hole."

Our movements become frantic as the edges become sharper and sharper, the seagulls calling overhead as the rolling waves rush onto the shore.

"I love you forever, Daddy," I whisper through the pleasure of my building climax. He never tires of me telling him, because he never had anyone but me say it before. Not even his mother, who he knows loved him in her own way, but she never said the words.

"Good girl. I love you too, baby."

We thrust and rock and kiss until the magic comes unleashed, and Dietrich latches on again, drawing from deep inside me as our insides twist and turn with the pleasure we love to give one another.

Just as we reach our peak, I hear the *beep beep* on his phone, indicating the front driveway gate has opened and Brigid and Jeremy and the kids are home.

My sister and my unlikely brother-in-law are not only family, but our best friends. They have their own crazy love story, and I'm happy beyond words we both found our princes at the same time.

They live on the southern end of the area where our property borders theirs. Jeremy paid a hefty premium to so Brigid could be close to me and Ruthie. Ruthie calls her Mamaw and I couldn't have made it through those first months without her.

Dietrich and I got married in a little white chapel the day we landed here

in Cayman. He had a fake passport, of course, and it's all sort of legal, but none of that matters. Over time, he revealed more about his life, his past and his memory is still spotty in places but I accept him as he is and he does the same for me.

The freedom we have with one another allows us to show our true selves without fear of judgment or reprisal. My big burly man is everything I wanted in a father as well as a husband and a friend and a smoking hot lover.

He ticks all my boxes and when we are out in public, we never tire of the shocked looks and gasps we get when he grabs my ass, sticks his tongue down my throat and calls me his daughter.

Good times.

My dad is out of prison and Dietrich invited him here to live near us, but he's working on some big deal. Although Brigid and I are a little sad and miss him, until he gets his life straight, Dietrich says it's for the best and I agree.

The Zeneli group was in such shambles after Dietrich shook up the top layers, they splintered into other smaller groups that have been battling each other ever since, and they could apparently care less about finding Dietrich.

Acting doesn't have any pull for me anymore. Or Brigid. But we did set up a small design agency that has blossomed into a real business. We only take a handful of clients a year, very high end, and if it's not fun, we just walk away. Money isn't a problem. I don't know how much we have, but I know there's not a financial worry left for me in this world. That was Dietrich's promise and I will say, that man doesn't break promises.

He's on his third book under a secret pen name. He loves the writing and also funds a new animal shelter on the island. He disappears now and then, coming back with swollen knuckles and a few cuts and bruises, usually with a sad story and a new dog for us to nurse back to health.

I don't ask questions. But, the house is filling up with four kids and seven dogs, not to mention the cats and whatever else wanders in asking for a home.

"You happy you took the job?" Dietrich asks, swiping the back of his hand across the silver and black scruff of his beard.

"What job?" I ask, lost in my thoughts.

"The one and only paying acting job of your life. To be my daughter."

I hear the kids screams and laughter in the distance as Dietrich eases me up and off his erection, helping to secure my bathing suit bottoms back in

place, then pushes the fabric between my drenched and sticky pussy lips with a smile.

He loves my cameltoe.

“I’m still playing that part.”

“Yes, you are. And you will be for the rest of your life.” Dietrich kisses me then breaks into a jog as the kids come running down the path to the beach. He scoops up Ruthie and Taylor as Emmet crawls behind trying to keep up. He throws them both over his shoulders then starts galloping around like a horse making the girls scream with delight as Taylor sits up with a toothless grin clapping.

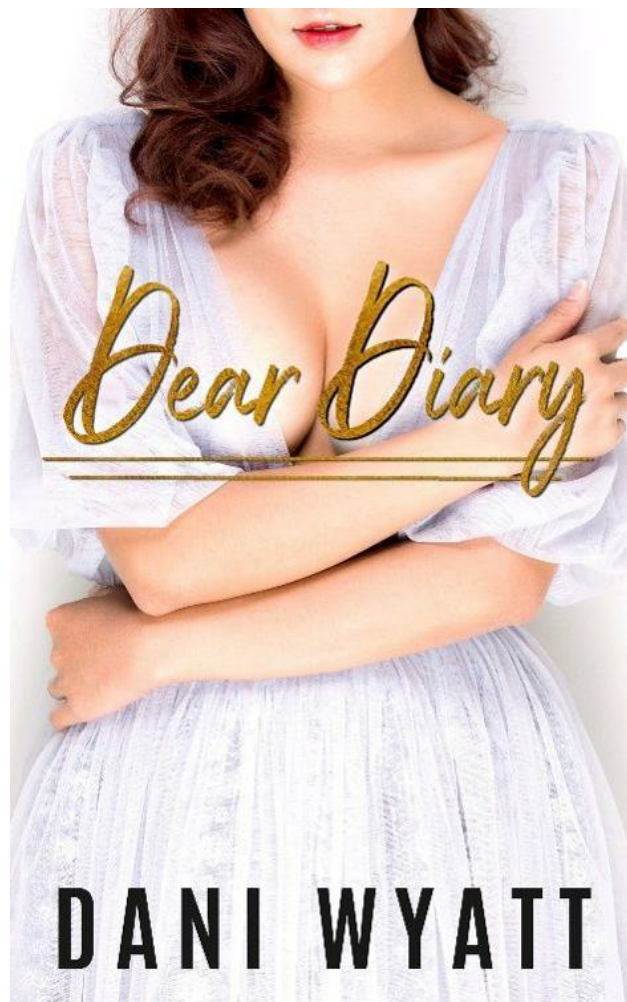
My daddy has made me so happy and he’s the father I never had to my children.

I’m lucky beyond words. Life hasn’t always been good, but it’s ended up great and I’ll take all the challenging days from then until now, knowing I get to spend the rest of my life with the perfect man for me.

My Daddy.

try this little girl

Want more Daddy time?
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DEAR DIARY BLURB

Dear Diary,
If it's just a fantasy, why does it feel so wrong?

Whenever I close my eyes, I hear his voice...
It's okay, no one's going to know. You should feel good too. Here, I'll show
you how...
What's wrong with me?

I can't stop wondering what it would be like to have a man think of me in that
certain, special way. To treat me like his porcelain doll and then do things to
me like I'm a filthy plaything.

His filthy plaything. His baby girl. His everything.

I want to look up to him. I want to count on him. To feel his presence even
when he's not with me. To know, beyond anything, he is the one that believes
in me. The one that wants what's best for me. The one that will draw the line
and not hesitate to correct me when it's crossed.

I want to feel the sting of his hand while he puts me over his knee. Telling me
it's going to hurt him more than it hurts me but it's what's I need.
I'm a grown woman for Christ's sake. Wait, is twenty considered grown?
IDK, but, deep inside, there's still a little girl. I could never tell anyone the
things I think about. It's embarrassing.

I'm supposed to go to some fancy uptown bar after work tomorrow where the
drinks cost more than I spend for groceries every week. But, maybe that's
where I'll see him from across the room and he'll see me. And we'll just
know.

Anyway, it's just a fantasy, right? And fantasies are better left as fantasies. At
least that's what everyone says.

Okay, it's time for bed. Maybe he'll sneak in my room tonight, slip under the covers with me, tell me I'm such a good girl and he's going to show me just how good. At least in my dreams that is...

Good night Diary. Keep my secrets for me while I sleep.

xoxo

Chastity

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Take one billionaire alpha-a-hole, one whip-smart intern trying to survive a cut-throat summer at one of the biggest advertising and marketing firms in Manhattan, mix in two secret fantasies and SHAZAAAAAM. This older hero and his one-and-only find out maybe two wrongs do make a right. There are some missteps, a bit of danger, frilly panties, a butt plug and one very grouchy Macaw but never fear, there's no cheating, insta-love for days and a happily ever after guaranteed.

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about dani

Dani Wyatt used to feel bad about having such dirty thoughts. Luckily, one day, she decided to start writing them down. Her ultra-obsessed, alpha heroes have a wicked possessive streak and an insatiable libido. Her heroines are intelligent, quirky, and worry about having too much muffin top. So, if you like your insta-love over the top, super-hot, and always a happily ever after, you're in the right place.

She's fighting middle age like a warrior and lives an average life battling gravity. When she's not writing, she is probably laughing about some irony (like the fact that A-1 Steak Sauce is vegan), reading, riding her horse, or looking cross-eyed at some piece of technology sent to ruin her day.

Thank you.

I have so many amazing people I've met since I started putting my naughty thoughts on the page. To some of the first fans who supported me, the bloggers,

fellow authors who have been more than generous with their time and opinions, as well as the other professionals that put up with my particular kind of crazy, thank you.

...you guys remind me every day that when we support each other, everyone wins.

xoxoxo