



# MY BF'S BIG DADDY

AMAZON BESTSELLING AUTHOR  
LENA LITTLE

# **MY BOYFRIEND'S BIG DADDY**

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MY BOYFRIEND'S DAD: BOOK 5

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# LENA LITTLE



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## PREVIEW

When my son comes into the office to inform me that his girlfriend will start working in my company, I almost throw him out onto the street. No one tells me what to do, least of all this good-for-nothing boy who acts like he's entitled to everything.

I'm ready to tell the girl I'm not hiring, but when she steps into the room and meets my gaze, I feel naked hunger all the way to the marrow of my bones.

I want her. But she's off-limits. I shouldn't even think about how my body goes haywire in her presence. I shouldn't think about her. Period.

But when she breaks up with him, my conscience is nowhere to be found.

I burn with the need to have her and mark her as mine.

And Blair...she may be young and innocent.

But she knows.

What *Daddy* wants: *Daddy* gets.

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BRIAN

“**W**hat do you mean she’s going to start working today? Did I wake up in a different universe where you’re the boss?!”

I’m fuming. Actually, fuming isn’t even the word for it. I’m so angry that I think smoke is coming out of my fucking ears. Damn it, of course, Tanner would decide to dump something like this on my plate at the beginning of the week before I could even get my bearings. I just walked into the office thirty minutes ago!

The absolute last thing I need is my spoiled son *telling* me, not even asking, that he brought his girlfriend to work in MY office. What in the actual fuck is wrong with this kid? Did the boy think this multi-million empire is a playground?

Beckett Enterprises is the mark I will leave in this world. It’s mine, and Tanner acting like he can make the rules here in my territory is annoying as hell.

“It’s not like she’s gonna be your secretary.” Tanner shrugs. I notice he hasn’t even put on a suit today and is still in jeans. “Just the office bitch.”

Annoyed fury morphs into something darker, and I’m sure it comes through in the way I ask, “You’re calling your own girlfriend a bitch?”

“What? Like that’s not what you call these chicks doing menial jobs like photocopying documents and making your coffee.” He laughs, crossing his arms. “She’s just eye candy. You can pay her minimum wage or whatever.”

I simply stare at my son, a muscle twitching in my jaw.

*Absolutely not. I don't demean women in any way, especially the ones who are helping me run my company, not yours. Mine, I think.* Out loud, I tell him, "No. I don't. They're a vital part of the organization, no matter how big or small their contribution, and your clear inability to understand that shows me just how ignorant and disrespectful you are...and how you're nowhere near ready to take over the reins of this company, no matter how much you think it's a done deal because your last name matches the one on the top floor of the building."

Resigned, the boy holds up his hands. "Okay. If you won't budge, then can you at least tell her no? I'll bring her in."

Splaying my hands on the desk in front of me, I lean forward. "Why don't you do it, boy? You're the one who promised her a job. Be a man for once."

Tanner shakes his head. "Just tell her no and then we'll leave."

"You will do your own dirty work, Tanner, but since I'm feeling generous today, you can bring her in and I will back you up after you tell her at least."

About thirty minutes later, my son opens the door and brings his girlfriend in.

As asinine as it is for me to have to fire this girl before she even starts, it's at the back of the list of things I'm worried about for the day. Halfway through making a mental checklist for the morning, I hear the door to my office creak and the soft sound of footsteps on the Persian rug. But when I look up and see the girl, every single thought about turning her down flies out the window.

Oh, fuck. She is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

My eyes travel the length of her, drinking her in, taking in her toned legs and perfectly pert ass, which is being hugged by a tight black pencil skirt.

Her torso is covered by a lacy camisole that dips between the sweetest, fullest pair of breasts I've seen on a woman, and an open blazer that matches the skirt. She's short and probably

only reaches my shoulders. Thinking of what she'd look like bent over my desk immediately makes me hard.

The girl is wearing a pair of high-heeled sandals, but they are clearly not comfortable since she is already shifting from foot to foot. Her wavy blonde hair is in a low ponytail, but it's so long that it brushes her back. I can already imagine what it would feel like clenched in my fist as she's on her knees in front of me.

Shit. Shit. I can't be thinking like this.

"G-good morning, Mr Beckett," she greets, a blush coloring her cheeks as she realizes the way I'm looking at her.

Tanner clears his throat. "Dad, this is Blair. My girlfriend. Remember I told you I was bringing her in today for an interview? And Blair, this is my dad, Brian Beckett."

She blushes harder this time. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Beckett."

I stand, but only halfway so she can't see my hard-on, extending a hand for her to shake. "Likewise, Miss Blair. Call me Brian."

I hold her hand for a little longer than I should, and she pulls away, tucking a lock of hair behind her ear. "It's nice to meet you too, Mr. Beckett."

I chuckle. She's cute, and I love the way her voice sounds when she's nervous. "Now, as for your employment..."

Tanner looks up. "Oh, yeah, about that..." He glances at his girlfriend. "Blair, Dad said—"

"Tanner," I snap, and he shuts up instantly. I turn my attention back to Blair, and I'm obsessed all over again. The words come out of my mouth before I can stop them. "Blair, you'll be brought on as my photocopy girl. It's a good entry-level job. You start today. Tanner, get her a pass."

I turn back to my computer, my mind running at a thousand miles a second. I've just hired my son's girlfriend as an assistant. But, I know I can't go back now. Something inside me is screaming that she's mine, and I can't let her go. I won't.

Tanner be damned. He doesn't even know how to treat her properly.

"Oh, great!" Blair smiles, and the joy on her face makes my heart slam against my ribcage.

"Well, okay. Great. See you later, Dad," Tanner says, a bit confused, and he leaves.

Which means that it's just me and Blair now.

I'm not done with her, not yet. Not until I've staked my claim. I don't know what it is that draws me to her on an almost primal frequency, but I'm not in the mood to search for answers. All I know is that beautiful, innocent Blair is about to find out how a real man treats his girl.

She's in my world now, so I just have to show her that here, I am king. And she'll be my queen. Even if she doesn't know it yet.



I was ready to bolt.

My asshole boyfriend apparently didn't even think that his dad didn't want me in here. I asked him repeatedly if he had his father's approval, and he said yes. The moment we leave this building, I'm breaking up with his sorry ass.

He opens the door, takes me by the arm, and drags me into his father's office. Great. An absolute gentleman as always. As if hearing every word he said about not wanting me here isn't embarrassing enough.

Then I see his dad, the man who doesn't want me, and something sizzles in the air between us so intensely that it takes my breath away, making me clench my thighs reflexively. He's the hottest man I've ever laid my eyes on, and that includes his son.

The moment our eyes met, he might as well have set me on fire.

I've never felt an emotion so strong that it's almost tangible, but now...now I know exactly what it feels like. And it's overwhelming. I can barely breathe. The man in front of me is the definition of ruggedly gorgeous. Tall, dark, and handsome is a cliché, but I think it's perfect for him. Standing around 6'7, his hair is peppered with silver, but it looks incredible on him, and his jaw is chiseled, a perfect match to the rest of his masculine features.

He's wearing a suit, which is no surprise, but the crisp, white shirt is rolled up his forearms, revealing thick, muscular

forearms, and I can't help but wonder what they'd feel like around my waist, holding me while he kisses me. I shiver, my heart starting to pound in my chest. This is Tanner's dad? Holy shit. And why am I having dirty thoughts about him? I'm so confused.

The man's gaze is intense and focused, and I have a feeling it's a lot more than his desire to have a few words with me. But before I can analyze him further, Tanner speaks.

"G-good morning, Mr Beckett." I stammer, mentally chiding myself for making such a pathetic first impression. Oh my god, the way he's looking at me! I shift, feeling suddenly self-conscious.

"Dad, this is Blair. My girlfriend. Remember I told you I was bringing her in today for an interview? And Blair, this is my dad, Brian Beckett."

I feel my face get warmer with every minute his eyes are on me. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Beckett."

"Likewise, Miss Blair. Call me Brian," he tells me and holds out his hand.

When his big hands wrap around mine, sparks zip through my belly. The feeling is so overwhelming I almost pull back, but his thumb grazes my knuckles, making me pulse with need.

"It's nice to meet you too, Mr. Beckett."

I'm so frazzled, and I hope he doesn't see me shiver. My brain is trying to work out why my heart is racing and my skin is warm. Way too warm. I've never had a reaction like this to someone, especially not a man, and especially not an older man. It's unnerving.

"Now, as for your employment..."

I look up. Oh, yeah. My stomach sinks, and I'm almost certain that this is when I get kicked out of the building. And fired. Probably both. My boyfriend's dad, who owns a company and is a powerful man, does not have the time to train his son's girlfriend on how to copy documents.



But instead, Brian continues, “Blair, you’ll be brought on as my photocopy girl.”

Wait. What? He just offered me a job even though he doesn’t even know me. I thought Tanner said he didn’t want me here...but my goodness, I *really* want this job. Not for all the right reasons, either, but that’s something I’ll have to examine later.

Feeling a smile come across my face, I chirp, “Oh, great!”

Mr. Beckett—no, Brian—nods his head. “It’s a good entry-level job. You start today. Tanner, get her a pass.”

Tanner’s face falls, but he nods. “Well, okay. See you later, Dad.”

His son leaves the room, and then we’re alone. I swallow nervously. What did I just get myself into? How can I work for my boyfriend’s dad? Why am I so nervous, and why do I feel hot all of a sudden?

“Blair.” Brian looks down at me with dark, intense eyes. “Why don’t you stay here with me and I can give you a rundown on your duties?”

I nod, smiling, and he steps closer, so close that he’s standing right in front of me. I have to tilt my head up to look at him, and my breath catches in my throat. His body is so close to mine that I can smell him, and the scent is intoxicating.

“So... You’re my son’s girlfriend. And you’re going to be working for me now.”

I nod again, and he takes another step forward. I take a step back. And another. And then, before I know it, I’ve hit the wall behind me, and he’s still coming, and he’s right there, inches from me.

“And as such,” he growls, his voice low and seductive. “You’re going to listen to every word I say. Is that understood?”

“Y-yes, sir,” I whisper.

He chuckles, and I feel a thrill run through me.

“Good. Now, let’s go over your duties. I think we’re going to be working pretty closely, so don’t fall behind.”

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EVERYONE LOOKS at us strangely as Brian walks me through the office building. It’s clear to me that no one knew there was going to be a new hire today. The office manager finds me a desk quickly enough, and Brian sweeps me away again to the copy room.

The thing is...I know how to use a photocopier. I’m still in college, but I’m slated to graduate early with my bachelor’s in business. Taking a year off to live and work here in New York wasn’t a decision my mother was thrilled about, but I was restless. But still...this isn’t my first job, and a photocopier isn’t exactly a difficult machine.

So why do I let Brian Beckett, Tanner’s DAD, stand behind me and show me exactly which buttons to press, close enough that I can smell his warm, spicy scent? Oh yeah, because I’m so turned on by even hearing him talk that it’s short-circuiting my brain. I’m so drawn to him, and I should know better, but it’s impossible not to let him take the lead.

“Like this,” he says, and his hands close over mine.

My breath hitches, and my heart goes wild. His touch sends a jolt of electricity through me, and I know he can feel it too.

“You’re shaking,” he growls in my ear.

“I’m sorry,” I whisper. “I’m just nervous.”

He chuckles, his deep voice vibrating through me. “Don’t be. You’re doing great.”

I feel a rush of pleasure, and I lean into his touch. I can feel his breath on my neck, and it’s making me wet.

“Now,” he continues. “Press this button here.”

I do, and the machine starts humming.

“Good girl.”

He's not talking about the copier, and we both know it. But I can't help myself. I need to hear him say it again.

"Now, what?" I ask, trying to keep my voice from trembling.

"You're so good at following directions, Blair," he murmurs. "Are you always this obedient?"

"No," I admit. "Not always."

"Only for me?" he jokes, and I nod.

"Yes."

"That's good, Blair. Because I'm gonna teach you how to be a good girl for me."

"Brian..." I breathe, pleasure starting to sing through my nerves, and his hand tightens around mine.

"Shhh," he whispers. "Just relax, Blair."

His hands slide down my arms, and I'm shaking again. My breathing is coming in short, ragged gasps, and I'm not sure if I'm going to make it through this without melting into a puddle.

"Let's try again."

His hands come back up to cover mine, and I bite back a moan. Lust fogs my brain when his erection presses against my ass, and I curb the urge to wiggle and seek friction.

"Now, press this button."

I press the button, and the machine starts whirring again.

"Very good." His lips brush my ear. Just when I think things are going to crank up to levels I'm not sure I'm ready for, I feel the heat of Brian's body pull away from the back of mine. I think I hear him cursing under his breath, and when I pivot, he's just finishing adjusting his belt.

"Is...um...that all?" I ask. Brian looks like he wants to say no, but we're already on thin ice much too quickly.

"Yes," he rumbles. "The office manager will give you your logins for the system, and you'll be able to find your assignments there."

Brian leads me back to my desk, but from there, he disappears, and I'm left alone with nothing but a state-of-the-art computer and a lot of confused emotions.



## BLAIR

I can't stop thinking about what happened earlier today and the way Brian's hands felt on mine. I can't get his voice out of my head, and I keep replaying the moment when he was so close to me I could feel his breath on my skin.

It's torture, and I can't concentrate on anything. My thoughts are running wild, and all I want is for him to come back and tell me what to do again. I want him to put his hands on me and make me obey his every command.

As soon as I get home from work, I run upstairs to take a shower. The tiny efficiency I'm renting is only mine for the summer. The actual renter, a tech guy I didn't even meet face to face with, will be back in the fall, so everything in the place is his. I don't mind, though. Living in New York was always supposed to have been an adventure and not something permanent.

I need to cool off, but the second the warm water hits my skin, I'm thinking about Brian again. I close my eyes, and let the fantasy play out in my mind. I imagined his hands on me, his mouth kissing and licking my body...

Oh, no. This isn't good. I have to get a hold of myself. I can't think about him like this. He's my boyfriend's father, and that's just wrong. But...oh, god. Why does it feel so right? I've never wanted anyone like this before, and I can't stop myself from thinking about him. It's like I'm addicted to him. He's like a decadent Swiss chocolate, or a glass of sweet white wine after a long, hot day.

I take a deep breath and try to calm down. I turn the water to cold, hoping it'll snap me out of my daydream.

It helps...a little, at least. Once I'm out, eating cold Chinese food leftovers on my futon, I start to contemplate what I need to do now. The work wasn't difficult, and for the pay, it's a spectacular opportunity. However, I'm not sure how I can be in the same office with Brian every day, knowing he's so close and wanting him so badly. It's a temptation I can't afford to give into.

I take a deep breath and try to clear my head. I can't let myself think about him like this. It's wrong. But I can't stop thinking about him. My thoughts drift back to the way he looked at me and the way his voice made me tremble. I can't get the memory out of my mind.

I guess the only thing to do is figure out how to live with it. Maybe being around him more often will dull the energy between us. Or maybe I won't even see him again. I mean...he is the CEO and I'm just a copy girl.

It's not a problem. I'll be fine. I can do this. I can make it through one day without thinking about him. It'll be fine.

One thing has been made painfully clear, though. I need to break up with Tanner...fast. I don't plan on letting anything happen between me and Brian, but if it does, I definitely can't still be linked to his son.

Tanner is going to freak out, though...I just know it. He's always been pushy and possessive, and while the thrill of dating someone carefree like Tanner was fun at first, I've quickly grown annoyed with him. He doesn't like being told no and thinks he can get whatever he wants all the time. We've kissed, but nothing else, even though he bitches and moans about wanting to go further each time.

That's definitely not happening. I haven't done that with anyone, and whiny Tanner isn't going to be the first. My phone rings, interrupting my thoughts.

It's him. Shit.

"Hey, baby."

“Hi,” I say, trying to sound casual.

I can hear that he’s in his car, driving with the windows down. “How was your first day? I didn’t even get to see you before the end of the day.”

I’m not sure why Tanner is surprised by that, considering he’s bragged to me multiple times about how his ‘job’ with his dad’s company isn’t something he takes seriously and how he comes and goes as he pleases. “Um...it was okay. I think I did pretty well.”

“Good. I knew this was the right move. Dad isn’t exactly a pushover, but I figured you’re cute enough that he’d let you stick around.” Tanner snorts. “He’s got the money to spare after all.”

“Thanks...” I wrinkle my nose in distaste. “But I don’t want to just be a pretty face, Tanner.”

Of course, he’s dismissive of me. He always is. “Yeah, yeah. You’re a boss babe. Whatever you need to hear, Blair. Anyway, I was thinking, since you have to work tomorrow, we should go out tonight.”

Absolutely not. “Oh, um, I don’t know. I’m kind of tired.”

“Come on, baby. It’ll be fun. Let’s go get some drinks and celebrate. I’ll pick you up at seven.”

“Okay.” There’s nothing that could possibly be worse than going out with Tanner tonight after spending the entire day lusting after his dad, but I’m not one to argue and Tanner always complains until I give in anyway.

He’s smug when he says, “Good. See you then, baby.”

Crap. I can’t do this. Tanner might be an asshole, but he’s still a person. “Tanner, wait. Actually, I think we need to talk...”

“What’s wrong, babe?”

Am I really about to break up with him over the phone on the same day he got me a job? I feel ungrateful, but not enough to stay. Thinking about Tanner trying to paw all over me after a few drinks makes me feel physically ill. I’ve always hated how



he liked to grab me even if I told him to stop. “Um...I’m sorry. I think we should break up.”

“What? Why?” he snaps, incredulous and almost yelling.

“It’s just not working out.”

Shock morphs to anger quickly enough. “Seriously? Are you fucking kidding me right now?”

“No, I’m sorry. I’m really sorry.”

He guffaws, the laughter cruel. “Yeah, whatever. You’re just using me so you can go fuck my dad. Don’t think I didn’t notice.”

Uh oh. I jump up from the couch and start to pace, full of nervous energy. I feel like a deer in the headlights. Surely I haven’t been caught this fast? “What are you talking about?”

“Don’t play dumb. You’re a bitch, and I saw you making eyes at him. You in that tight, little skirt. I should have known what you were really after.”

He hangs up, and the phone is dead. Well, shit. That went about as well as I expected. And he’s probably going to tell his dad. Double shit. I’m not worried about Brian firing me...but I am worried about how Tanner will react if his dad tells him not to bother me.

I sigh and put my phone down.

This is such a mess.



BRIAN

**S**he's everywhere.

I've avoided her for three days now, but somehow, Blair is fucking everywhere. I swear I smell her scent, honey, and daisies each time I turn a corner. She works on a totally different floor than my office, but we keep running into each other. On the elevator, in the cafeteria when I go down for a coffee...everywhere.

And she's more beautiful each time.

It seems like my interest in Blair hasn't gone unnoticed by Tanner if the barrage of complaining text messages he sent me is any indication. He never explicitly says he knows there's a connection, but he's been demanding I fire her, complaining like a pathetic boy about how she dumped him for no good reason.

The idea makes me snort. Why is he even surprised? There are endless reasons for Blair to have dumped Tanner. The fact that there's something hot and secret between us is just one of a million. But his insecurity over her being in the office has caused him to become more and more aggressive, and I can tell Blair's feeling the strain. Besides, he's not above calling her names, so what did he expect really?

I have a feeling I'll have to put a stop to this soon.

My phone vibrates and Tanner's name lights up the screen.

*Dad, please. Blair doesn't belong in an office. She's inexperienced, and she's been such an ice queen. Please get*

*rid of her.*

The words are like gasoline on the embers burning within me. My son thinks he can come here to my office and tell me who should work and who shouldn't. That he's trying to use me, his father, to control a situation where he clearly fucked up, is a slap in the face. And now he's going to start telling me who belongs and who doesn't?

Oh, hell no.

My son may be older than Blair, 24 to her 19, but he's a boy. He has no fucking idea what the world is really like, and he has no place dictating terms. And that goes double for his girlfriend.

Well, no. Not his girlfriend. My Blair. MINE.

I text back, *Get your ass in my office, NOW.*

*No, Dad. I'm not coming to the office if you're just going to bitch at me about this.*

I'm done playing around. The boy is in his twenties, and it's high time he learned some goddamn respect.

*That's the third time you've disrespected me today, Tanner. Now, do I need to come down there and drag your ass up here, or are you going to walk like a man?*

There's a pause. *I'm on my way.*

Apparently, public shame is still a powerful enough tool to get Tanner to fall in line. My blood is boiling. If he wasn't my son, I'd be giving him the ass-kicking of a lifetime right now.

I wait until he knocks on the door before telling him to come in. He's got a defiant look on his face, and I'm not going to stand for it.

"Have a seat," I command and he obeys. "I'm sure you're aware of why you're here."

He shrugs. "My ex-girlfriend is working for you, and I don't think she's qualified."

"Is that so?" I lean back in my leather office chair, raising an eyebrow. "Is that why or is it because she broke up with you?"

“The first one,” he insists. “She doesn’t know what she’s doing.”

The thing is, Blair has been a great worker so far. She’s smart and quick-witted. Even if I didn’t want her badly enough to burn the world down to get to her, she’d be a good employee. Better than Tanner, anyway. “Oh, really?”

“Yes. Really.”

“So, tell me. Why bring her here in the first place, demanding that I hire her, and then immediately changing your mind when there’s turmoil between the two of you? You made the decision to have me hire her, Tanner, and now you have to live with your stupidity. She wants nothing to do with you anymore, and with the way you’re acting, I can’t say that I blame her. She’s a sweet, smart, gorgeous young lady who doesn’t deserve your bullshit.”

Tanner throws his hands up in the air. “Are you serious, Dad? You’re taking her side over your own son’s?”

“I guess I am,” I confirm. “She’s not your fucking enemy. I am.”

“What?” His voice becomes small, maybe even scared. Good.

“You’re being an idiot. And until you start acting like a fucking adult, I don’t want to hear another word out of you. And, I’ll tell you something else. If you keep acting like a brat, you’re not going to have your job, either.”

“You can’t do that! You can’t run the company forever. I’m your only son.”

Leaning forward with my elbows on the table, I grit out, “I made this company and will take it to the grave with me if I have to. I suggest you start treating your father with respect. That goes for Blair too. You don’t treat her like she’s a toy. In fact, I don’t want to see you or hear about you speaking to her again. To you, she’s a stranger. Got it?”

His eyes are wide, but he’s nodding. “Got it.”

“Now get out.”

Tanner leaves the room, and I feel like a weight has been lifted off my shoulders. I've decided Blair, and the time is now.

I'm going to make her mine.

---

SHUTTING THE OFFICE DOWN, I don't expect to find anyone still working. But of course, with the way the universe has been fucking with me, I see a light still burning in the copy room and the silhouette of someone inside. A curvy, familiar silhouette.

Taking a deep breath, I walk over to the room and peer inside. Just like I thought, Blair is inside, working and looking frustrated. Seeing her feel any kind of negativity pisses me off, and I'm determined to get to the bottom of it.

"Blair," I rumble, and she jumps, whipping around to face me.

When she sees that it's me, she looks sheepish. "Oh. Hi, Mr. Beckett. Sorry, I was just trying to catch up on a few things so I'm not so behind tomorrow."

"Well, it's time to go," I tell her. "There's no way in hell I'm leaving you here alone." Then, I take a risky chance. "Why don't you come to the top floor? That's where my penthouse is."

Her eyes go wide as saucers. "You live here? In Beckett Tower?"

"It's a lot nicer than it sounds," I laugh, pushing my hands into my pockets. "I like to keep an eye on my empire."

"That makes sense." Blair shuffles her pile of papers nervously. "But, um. No, I have an Uber on the way, actually, to take me back to my apartment."

Disappointment is sharp and cutting, but I don't let it show on my face. I should be relieved she isn't so trusting as to go up to the apartment of a man she barely knows. Still... I'd like to have sweet Blair alone all to myself. Now and forever.

"In that case, I'm walking you out."

“Oh, you don’t have to do that, Mr–”

“Blair I swear if you call me Mr. Beckett one more time and not Brian, I’m going to have to punish you.”

Again, her eyes go wide, but this time she blushes too, the innuendo as clear as day. “Sorry, Brian...but...um...you don’t have to walk me out.”

Leaning against the door frame, I ask, “But do you want me to?”

Her voice is small when she answers, “Yes.”

We descend the elevator together, combustible chemistry brewing between us until it’s almost at a boiling point. I’m all too aware that it’s just her and me in the entire building and that no one would disturb us if I wanted to have my way with her right here and now.

She’d be all too willing, I can tell. The way she sways closer to me as the elevator lowers and the stars in her eyes when she tilts her head back to look at me...well. Those things speak even louder than words.

In the lobby, the lights are low, and there’s a car idling outside of the doors, waiting on my sweet Blair. I don’t want her to go. I want her to stay with me, to admit that she belongs in my arms and not in whatever shithole New York apartment she must be inhabiting. But I know if I push her too far, it will be even harder to seduce her. I have to be patient.

Blair clutches her hands in front of her and inhales. “Brian, I just want to say that it’s been so nice working here at your company. Thanks for taking a chance on me.”

I’m going to kiss her. Fuck, I know I should give it more time, but I’m going to kiss those sweet lips right here and now. My body is already starting to go rogue.

“Blair,” I growl.

She takes a step towards me, and then another, until we’re toe-to-toe. My pulse is pounding, and all I can think about is her mouth and how soft it will be against mine.

Just then, the sound of a horn blares from outside, and she jumps back, startled. It's her car, waiting to take her home. Home to some shitty apartment where she'll spend her night alone, thinking about me. I can't have it. I can't have her leaving here, not yet. Not like this.

"Ignore it," I tell her, my voice gravelly with desire. "It's just you and me, Blair. Just you and me."

My hand comes up to cup her jaw, and she lets out a soft gasp, her eyes fluttering shut. She's perfect. So fucking perfect. My thumb brushes over her lower lip, and I feel her tremble under my touch. Her skin is so soft, and she smells so sweet. It's taking everything in me not to push her up against the wall and claim her mouth. But I know I have to go slow. I can't scare her off.

"Blair, you're driving me crazy," I murmur, my lips ghosting over her skin. "I can't stop thinking about you."

Her breath catches in her throat, and she opens her eyes, staring up at me. "Brian," she whispers, her voice trembling. "Somebody might see us."

"So? I don't care about them. I care about you." I brush a strand of hair from her forehead. "You're perfect, Blair. Perfect."

"Brian..." She leans into my touch. I know she wants me as badly as I want her. I can see it in her eyes, hear it in the hitch of her breath. But she's holding back. She's scared.

"Don't be afraid," I tell her, my voice low and soothing. "Let me take care of you, Blair. Let me show you how good it can be."

"I... I've never..." Her words trail off, but I understand.

She's nervous. But I'm still going to kiss her. Kiss her like a man starved. I burn with the need to stake my claim, but her lips will have to do...for now.

"Just relax, Blair." My hand tangles in her hair. "I've got you."

And then I kiss her.



Her lips are plump and yielding, and I can't help but groan as I pull her body flush against mine. She feels so fucking good. Better than I imagined. She melts into me, her arms coming up to wrap around my neck, her fingers tangling in my short hair. She tastes like heaven, and I'm drunk on her scent.

"Mine," I growl against her mouth, and she gasps, her eyes darkening.

"Yes," she breathes, her voice barely a whisper.

That's all I need to hear. I crush my mouth to hers again and kiss her hungrily, my hands roaming over her curves. She moans into my mouth, her body pressed tightly against mine. I can't get enough of her. She's everything I've ever wanted. Innocent and just as drawn to me as I am to her.

We break apart, both of us breathing hard. She looks dazed and beautiful, and I smile.

"This is just the beginning," I warn her. "Every time you step into this building, you'll be proving to me more and more that you know you're mine, sweet Blair."

I let my hands fall away, even though every bit of my manhood is screaming at me to touch her, more and more and more. "Now go, before I can't let you."

Blair bites her bottom lip, and she doesn't move a muscle.

"Now," I command.

She swallows and turns, scurrying out of the lobby and into her car.

My body is still on fire for her, but she's gone, and now the only thing left is to take care of myself. But the thought of jerking off with the taste of Blair on my tongue is not what I want. No, the only thing that will satisfy me is having her completely, and I'm going to make sure she understands that the next time she steps foot into this building.

Until then, I'll dream of her. I'll fantasize about her body and the way she trembled under my touch.

But tomorrow... Oh, tomorrow is a new day.



BLAIR

The past few days have been a whirlwind. I've been working hard, learning the ropes, and trying to stay away from Brian.

And trying to stay away from Tanner, but that's another challenge altogether.

Tanner is easy to avoid. I blocked his number, and word around the office is that he doesn't come by the building much anyway. Brian, though. Even when I'm not near him, I can't escape him. His face is on all the framed news articles and awards posted around, he leads the team meetings, making steamy, extended eye contact with me, and we just seem to keep running into one another.

Then, of course, there was the way he kissed me last night, there in the dark foyer of the building, his tongue in my mouth and his hands on my body. I can't forget it, can't even try to move on from the thoughts of how hot it made me, but what if it was just a one-time urge? If it isn't...well, then...when will he kiss me again?

Not that I'm complaining, but it's certainly making it hard to forget him or to desensitize myself to his presence like I had planned to.

I'm so caught up in my thoughts that I don't realize someone's standing in front of my desk until a shadow falls over me. When I look up, I'm face-to-face with Brian, and I suck in a sharp breath. There's an intense look in his eyes, and he looks

even more handsome than usual today. I feel my heart rate quicken, my whole body fully aware of his nearness.

“Mister...Brian,” I greet him, hoping the heat in my cheeks isn’t too obvious. “Is there something I can help you with?”

He smiles, and it makes my heart skip a beat. “Just wondering if you had a little extra time before our team meeting.”

“Of course,” I reply, standing up and gathering my papers.

We head towards the conference room, and my thoughts run wild as I think about why exactly he might want to see me early...and alone. Being alone with him makes me feel nervous and excited at the same time.

“I was looking through your work, and you’ve been doing a great job. Keep it up and you’ll be moving up the ladder in no time.” He speaks as we walk down the hall, his hand brushing my shoulder as he talks.

“Thank you, sir. I’m trying my best.”

He chuckles, his voice a deep, low rumble that sends shivers down my spine. “I can tell.”

We reach the conference room, and he holds the door open for me. “Ladies first.”

I walk into the room, and he follows, closing the door behind us. I’m suddenly aware of how isolated we are and how huge the room really is when it’s empty. What in the world could he want from me? Is this about the kiss from the night before?

I’ve replayed it over and over again in my head endlessly, and being here alone with Brian again feels all too familiar.

“Take a seat, Blair.” He gestures to one of the chairs.

I do as he says, and he takes the seat next to me, leaning in close. There’s a gleam in his dark eyes, and lust starts to flutter in my belly. “Now, Blair, we’re going to have a little chat.”

I fold my hands in my lap, trying to keep calm. “About what, sir?”

Brian’s gaze is dark and full of meaning. “About you.”

Blinking a few times, I ask, “Me?”

“Yes, you, Blair. You’re a very special girl.”

“Oh, thank you,” I giggle nervously, and I’m kicking myself mentally as soon as I do. I’m supposed to be taking this seriously!

“And you’re a hard worker. That’s important to me. I don’t let just anyone have a job here. But Blair,” His voice is a whisper, and his breath is hot against my ear as he comes even close to me, turning my chair with his hands on the arms. “You can’t be all work and no play.”

“What do you mean?” I think of how feverish he can turn my skin, how I pulse down there whenever he’s this close.

“You’re smart, but you’re new to this. That’s okay. We’ll take it slow.”

“Brian, I—”

Slowly, Brian presses a finger against my parted lips, silencing me. “Shh, Blair. Let me take care of you. Just do as I say, and everything will be fine. Can you do that for me?”

I swallow hard and nod. “Of course.”

“Good girl. Now, we’re going to play a little game. All you have to do is answer my questions and obey.”

Confused, I lean back from his touch. “What is this supposed to accomplish, Mr. Beckett?”

“Nothing yet. For now, you’re just going to sit there and listen to me. Got it?”

Something about his tone gets me all excited. I love this bossy side of him. “Yes, sir.”

“Good. Now, here’s what’s going to happen. You’re going to listen to me, and then I’m going to ask you a question. And, when you answer the question, you’re going to call me Daddy.”

“What?” All of my thoughts come to a crashing halt. If I had any doubts that this was something naughty, they’re all gone now.

This is certainly something very, very naughty. And my god, I like it. I don't know what that says about me, but that single word has me rubbing my thighs together, already feeling something sticky in my panties.

"You're going to call me Daddy and say, 'Yes, Daddy.' That's it."

Pulling at the fabric of my skirt, I ask, "But, why?"

"Because from now on, that's exactly what I'm gonna be for you. I'll take care of you, make sure you have everything you need, and keep you safe and happy. Do you want that?"

I play with the word in my head, and something shifts within me. Let him take care of me? That would mean I'll stop worrying about pretty much everything, and I've worried enough for two lifetimes.

Daddy.

God, why does it sound so good? So sinfully good. And I realize I just don't like it. I love it.

Licking my lips slowly, I finally answer. "Yes, Daddy."

"Good girl. Now, follow the rules and I'll take good care of you. But if you don't, then I'll have no choice but to punish you. Understand?"

Even the mention of a punishment sounds like a lustful promise, and part of me wants to be naughty to find out what it is. Christ, what's happening to me? "Yes, Daddy." The words send a little thrill through me, which isn't something I expected.

"Good girl. I hope you're ready because we're just getting started."

I shiver and try to keep calm. This is it. There's no turning back, not that I want to.

Brian leans in closer, his eyes locking on mine. "Now, Blair. Do you like your job so far? Have I made it comfortable for you?"

“Yes, Daddy.” The words come easily now, and the feeling of letting go is strangely freeing, like a huge weight lifting off my shoulders.

“Good. Tell me, is there anything you’d like me to do to make things easier for you? Do you need me to be nicer to you?”

“No, Daddy.”

Brian seems pleased. “Really? Are you sure?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Hmm, okay.”

I’m both confused and turned on all at the same time. Is he playing games with me? What is he doing? Doesn’t matter what it is because I’m all in.

“Now, tell me. How is your job treating you so far? Has anyone been rude or disrespectful?”

I bite my lip, not sure how to respond. I know he’s talking about Tanner, but should I mention him? Brian did say that if I didn’t obey, he would punish me. I guess I have to tell the truth, even if it involves the one person I don’t want to talk to when I’m here alone with his dad, playing into his obvious seduction.

“There’s been one person who’s been a bit disrespectful.”

Brian doesn’t seem surprised. I wonder if Tanner has tried to turn him against me already. “That’s what I thought. What’s his name?”

“Tanner. Tanner Beckett.”

Brian nods. “Ah, yes. My son. How is Tanner being disrespectful, Blair?”

I blush. “He’s...he’s rude. Abrasive and insistent. He’s always blowing up my phone and acting like I owe him something. Tanner doesn’t want to take no for an answer, sir.”

“And what does he say in these messages, Blair?”

I look away. “He...he keeps messaging me rude things. But I blocked him.”

“Good girl. You did the right thing. Now, is there anything else you want to tell me about Tanner? Any other way he’s being disrespectful?”

I shake my head, and he rewards me by carding his hands through my hair, pulling out the hair tie that kept my ponytail in place, and throwing it aside.

“Don’t worry, baby. You’re doing fine. Now, tell me. What do you like about this job? Do you like it when I touch you?” He emphasizes his point by wrapping his hand in my hair and tugging my face closer to his.

“Yes. I like it when you touch me.”

“Mm, good. And do you like it when I give you orders? Do you like being a good girl for me, Blair?”

Oh my god. This is the hottest thing I’ve ever done. I’m sure he can feel me shaking and can probably smell my arousal. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Very good. Now, tell me. What is your favorite part of your job, Blair? Do you like seeing my face in the halls and thinking about me fucking you senseless? Is that what you like about this job?”

I can feel my face heat up. Too far, too fast. I swallow, my mouth so dry now, and breathe, “Mr. Beckett, I—”

“You can leave at any time, Blair. You’re not a hostage. I won’t dangle your job in front of your face. But if you stay, our game is about to get a little more physical.”

“You won’t fire me if I walk away?”

He smirks and pulls his chair away from mine. “No. You’re free to go if you’re not interested or if this makes you uncomfortable. No is no.”

The thing is, I’m interested. Very much so. I want to see this through. I want to see where it leads us.

His hand is still in my hair, and my heart is still racing. “I’m staying, Mr. Beckett. I’ll obey.”

“Good girl. Now, what do you say?”



“Yes, Daddy.”

Brian laughs, low and slow, and it’s like his voice is touching my skin. It affects me so much. “Good girl. Now, stand up and strip.”

“W-what?”

“You heard me. Strip. Take off your clothes.”

“Why?”

“You want to know why I want you naked? Because, Blair, I want to see you. All of you. I want to look my fill.”

Why? Why am I so turned on by this? He tells me I can walk away any time, but god, I don’t want to. He’s ignited something in me, and I just want to burn.

My eyes flicker towards the closed conference room door, completely aware that there’s no lock to it. “Someone might walk in,” I warn. My voice is high-pitched and nervous.

“Then you’d better hurry.” He smirks but doesn’t sound like he’s joking. He doesn’t sound like he’s playing around. No, he sounds hungry. Desperate. Like a wolf looking at his prey. Prey that he wants to devour.

Without taking my eyes off him, I push myself to my feet. With trembling fingers, I unbutton my blouse. It’s hard to keep my hands from shaking as I reach the final button, but Brian helps me out by sliding his big, rough hands under the fabric and pushing it over my shoulders. His fingers skim my bare skin, and goosebumps rise in their wake.

“Such a good girl,” he murmurs, and it makes my heart skip a beat. The praise sends a thrill through me, and I can’t deny that I’m enjoying it. Thoroughly enjoying it.

“You’re beautiful, Blair. So fucking beautiful.” His hands slide down to cup my breasts, his thumbs teasing over the lace of my bra. “Are these for me, baby?”

I bite my lip and nod. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Then I want them bare.” His fingers pinch my nipples until they’re hard.

A moan slips out before I can stop it. The sensation is both painful and pleasurable, and I don't know how to process it. Whatever the feeling is, it goes straight to my pussy, which is getting wetter by the second.

Brian smirks and tugs harder, eliciting another moan from me. "Do you like that, Blair?"

"Yes, Daddy." My voice is weak and shaky. It sounds strange like I'm not even the one speaking. But I'm enjoying this too much to care.

"Good. Now, finish getting undressed. Let me see all of you, baby." He steps away, giving me space.

It's a strange feeling, being so close to someone, yet still having so much space between us. I wonder if he's going to touch me or if this is just a show for him. Maybe he's trying to prove that he can control me, that he's in charge, and that's it. Or maybe he's just testing the waters, seeing if I'm into this. Whatever the reason, I'm not complaining.

Slowly, I reach behind myself and unzip my skirt. The fabric falls away, pooling around my feet. I step out of it and kick it aside, leaving me standing in only my bra, panties, and heels.

"God, Blair. You're a dream. A wet fucking dream," he growls and grabs my ass. "You're making me so hard, baby. So fucking hard. I can't wait to be inside you."

My head feels like it's full of cotton, the cool air of the conference room making me all too aware of just how exposed I am right now. When Brian says he wants to be inside me, I have to pause and force myself to really think. Because we can't go any further until he knows something about me—something I'm a little embarrassed by and I'm afraid might make him change his mind about me.

Nibbling at my bottom lip, shifting from foot to foot, I force the words out. "Brian, I—I'm a virgin." I blurt the words, and my heart drops when he looks at me, confused. It seems silly and a little bit ridiculous, but somehow, admitting it to him makes it feel more real.

He raises his eyebrows, and a dark smile curls his lips. “Really? So, you’ve never fucked before? Don’t worry, baby. I thought that was the case from the first moment I saw you.” His voice is a growl, and I can’t help but sway into him. His words are dirty and forbidden, and they make me feel hotter than hell.

I shake my head, and his grin grows wider. “I’ll be the first, then. And the last.”

I can’t answer. I can’t think. I can’t breathe. I can only nod. Because yes, I want all of those. First and last? I can’t imagine having anyone else.

“This changes things,” he admits slowly, stroking the stubble on his chin as he muses. “I think we’ll take it slow for you, baby. Today, I’ll make you feel good. And then we can go from there. What do you think about that?”

“I’d like that, Daddy.” I’m practically panting with excitement. This is everything I’ve ever wanted. And now that it’s happening, now that I’ve given myself over to the inevitability that we’re really going to be sexual, and that Brian has all the control, I can’t wait to have him. Or, I guess I can’t wait for *him* to have *me*.

Brian grins and wraps his arms around me, pulling me against his chest. “I’m glad to hear that, baby.” He reaches around and unhooks my bra, his fingers brushing against my skin as he does. “Let’s get this off you. I want to see your gorgeous tits.”

My heart races as I slide the straps off my shoulders and let the lace fall to the floor. He groans, his eyes glued to my bare breasts.

“So fucking perfect. Like a goddess.” He leans down, capturing one nipple in his mouth. His tongue swirls around the sensitive peak, and I moan, arching into his touch. It’s unlike anything I’ve ever felt before, and I can’t get enough of it.

“Does that feel good, baby? Tell me, do you like it when I suck on your tits?”

“Yes, Daddy. It feels so good,” I whimper.

Brian groans and switches to my other breast, his teeth scraping against my nipple as he sucks it into his mouth. It's like a bolt of electricity, shooting straight through me and leaving me panting.

"Please, Daddy. Don't stop," I breathe.

Brian chuckles and pulls away. "I could suck on these little pink nipples all night, Blair, but I think I want to touch the rest of you too."

His hands trail down my body, his fingertips ghosting over my skin. They reach the waistband of my panties, and he teases his fingers along the edge.

"Is this what you want, Blair? Do you want me to touch you here?" he asks and slips his hand between my thighs, jerking the panties down until I can step out of the drenched lace.

His fingers find my wetness, and I gasp. "Yes, Daddy. Please. Please, touch me."

He slides his fingers between my folds, finding my clit and circling it slowly. "That's what I thought. You're so fucking wet for me, baby."

Sounds that I've never made before pour out of my mouth as he strokes me, his touch sending waves of pleasure through me. "More," I tell him, pushing my body against his searching hand.

With a growl, he lifts me effortlessly, planting my ass on the conference room table in front of him and pushing my knees far, far apart. "Greedy girl. I'll give you more."

His fingers work my pussy, his thumb rubbing slow, tight circles around my clit while two of his thick, strong fingers explore my entrance. They don't press in yet, but Brian is making it clear that it won't be long. My eyes are screwed shut, my legs quivering, so I don't see it when he lowers his head and sucks that sensitive bundle of nerves between his lips.

But I definitely feel it.

I feel it, and it sends me rocketing towards my peak. He's barely started touching me, and already, I'm on the verge of exploding.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," I moan, my head falling back, my hands tangling in his dark hair, holding him to me as I grind my hips against his mouth. The way his lips and tongue are moving is driving me out of my mind, the wet sounds of his mouth filling my ears.

He growls against my pussy, his fingers working faster, and the vibration sends a shockwave through me, making my whole body shake. It's wet and hot, and I can't get enough of this. Oh, god. I can't get enough of my ex-boyfriend's dad eating my pussy! I'm shocked at myself, but Brian has me feeling too good to linger on the thought for long.

Slowly but deliberately, he begins to penetrate me with his fingers. My body tightens, trying to fight the invasion for only a second before everything starts to relax. With small thrusts, he finger-fucks me, going deeper and deeper each time.

Finally, he pierces something deep inside of me, and the pain is a quick shock among all the pleasure. I gasp, stiffening in discomfort, but Brian doesn't stop. He licks and sucks at my clit until the pleasure is so much that it erases the pain completely.

"Now you're ready for when I shove my cock right here in this tight, little pussy." He thrusts his tongue inside me, fucking me with it. His thumb presses down hard on my clit, and it's too much. I'm coming undone, my entire body quivering, my hips bucking wildly as I come hard on his face.

"Fuck yes, Blair. Come for me, baby. Come all over Daddy's face."

He doesn't let up, his mouth and fingers continuing their assault on my pussy, sending wave after wave of pleasure crashing through me. I'm moaning, screaming, and begging him not to stop, and he doesn't. He keeps going, bringing me to the brink of insanity.

When I finally come down from my orgasm, Brian pulls back, a wicked grin on his face. “You taste fucking amazing, baby. You’re going to make Daddy very happy.”

I can only whimper in response.

He moves up my body, kissing me hard, and I can taste my own juices on his lips. “Let’s get you dressed,” Brian rumbles against my lips. “The meeting starts in five minutes.”

He helps me put my clothes back on, but I’m still completely dazed, the feeling of satisfaction still humming through me.

This is going to be a hell of a team meeting.



BLAIR

I 'm working late again.

But this time, it's not because I have extra work to do before that night's over. It's because of the email I received right before I was going to clock out. Not to my work email either but to my personal address. I read it, over and over again, and it chilled me to my core.

Right there on the screen in black and white is an email from an anonymous address that's just a string of numbers.

*I know what you've been up to, Blair Wright. I know that you were dating the heir of Beckett Industries, but when they didn't make you rich quickly, you moved to the CEO himself.*

*Are you fucking that old man, Blair? Is he buying you nice things? Designer bags?*

*It's time for you to quit. If you don't, I'll ruin your professional future by revealing all of this to the entire building. And then if you still don't quit, I'll leak it to the media, too.*

*I bet that won't go over well for Mr. Beckett.*

*Have a good night, Blair. Think it over*

The implications were clear. If I didn't quit and get out quietly, by next week, this whole thing would blow up. Well, fuck that, I wasn't going to go down without a fight. If there was blackmail, it was time for me to fight back.

Except...I can't deny that I'm scared. Whoever has this information has to be somewhere close, and the idea of



walking the short walk from the Uber to my apartment makes me feel sick. What if I'm attacked?

So I linger in the building much longer than necessary. Eventually, though, I know I have to leave. So I sign off, pull my hoodie on, and start for home, trembling and always looking over my shoulder.

Well, at least one good thing comes out of the email. I'm definitely too scared to think of the confrontation I'll have if Brian sees me leaving the building alone again.

Cradling my phone to my chest, I step out into the night. My ride still isn't here, and the app keeps crashing. Once the door closes behind me, I know I can't get back into the Beckett building, and it makes my stomach clench.

God, someone could come up behind me right now. I take a few steps onto the sidewalk, and I'm so afraid that I don't know what to do with myself.

Then, I see the figure across the street, dressed in all black, his face hidden by his hood. He raises a hand in my direction, and my knees turn to jelly.

Hands shaking, I open our work messaging app, hoping that someone might still be inside the building and could let me in. Of course, there's only one person online.

And of course, it's the man who lives in the penthouse. The CEO and owner of the company.

The man who ate me out on the conference table. Brian Beckett.

I have to call him. What choice do I have? The man across the street isn't moving, but he isn't leaving either. Maybe Brian can give me a ride home, but I'm so frightened and disturbed that I hope he'll bring me to his penthouse for a few minutes. At least for a glass of water.

Steeling myself, I click his contact and press the call button. He picks up after two rings.

"Blair, is something wrong?" Brian answers immediately, sounding strong and safe. Just hearing him relaxes me some as

the night wind pulls at my hair.

“Mr. Beckett, it’s kind of complicated. Listen, I’m still at the building. Could you come let me in? The Uber app crashed, and I’m locked out.”

There’s a long pause, and then Brian says, his tone deadly serious, “I’ll be there in two minutes, baby. Is something going on?”

“I-I’ll tell you when I see you,” I say faintly, closing my eyes to keep from crying. This is overwhelming. “Thank you, Mr. Beckett. I’ll be in front of the building.”

“And Blair,” Brian adds softly. “How many times do I have to tell you to call me Brian? I think we’re well acquainted by now.”

He disconnects the call, leaving me a little shell-shocked. Looking across the street, I find the man with his hand back in his pocket, stepping out of my sight. It’s subtle, almost as if he meant for me to see him put his hands in his pockets to put me at ease, and it sends a deeper chill through me. It rings so false, and I would bet my life that he’s dangerous, hands hidden away or not.

What if whoever has this information doesn’t only want me gone? What if they want me dead?

A car finally rounds the corner, and the sign in the window tells me it’s my Uber. The driver slows, beckoning to me, and the driver’s window slides down as he shouts angrily, “Let’s go, girl! Hurry up!”

Then, the door to the office building slams open, and Brian is there, shirtless and in nothing but a pair of silk pajama pants. He’s running toward me, and he has his cell phone in one hand. I feel faint.

“Go into the foyer,” he tells me, squeezing my shoulder as he passes by me. “I’ll pay the cab and send them on their way. You’re coming up with me.”

I don’t have time to protest because he’s already crossing the street, and he’s giving the annoyed driver his credit card. Brian crosses back over to the sidewalk, heading right toward me.

“You are in so much trouble,” he threatens, though his face gives away his concern.

“For locking myself out?” I reply faintly, holding onto him as he tows me back into the building. My face hurts from trying not to cry.

Brian punches the elevator button, turning to cup my face. “You know what I mean, Blair. For staying late and leaving alone. But that’s a discussion for later.”

We stand side by side in the elevator, and Brian is all business as he types out some text messages as we ascend to his penthouse apartment.

“Brian,” I say weakly, gripping his arm in my hands. “There was a man.”

“I saw him,” Brian growls. “He got in a car across the street. I called a friend from work to find out what they could do about tracking his location.”

The elevator dings on the top floor, and Brian lets me out, pressing the button to lock the elevator and keep anyone else from getting on. “Tomorrow I’ll take you to your place so you can pack your things. Enough for a week. You’re staying with me.”

I freeze in his doorway, shaking my head. “No, no, that’s too much. You can’t. I have my own place. You’re my boss.”

At first, he laughs. “Blair, when has that stopped us before?” Brian pauses, running a hand through his hair and looking at me pensively, one hand on the door. “Think carefully, Blair. I have security, and here you’re safe. You will not win this argument. I won’t compromise your safety ever.”

My chest rises and falls, and I stay rooted to the spot, my feet feeling like they’ve taken root in the ground. What he’s saying is true.

He’s my only safety. That much I’m sure of. And I know he’s never going to hurt me. He’s bossy and a little demanding, but the safest place for me is right beside him.

“Okay,” I say weakly, walking through the doors and following Brian into his luxurious apartment, dropping my hoodie on the floor. For a moment, I’m so weary that I think I might collapse then and there, but Brian stops, picking up my discarded hoodie and draping it over one of his chairs. “Can I get you a drink, Blair? You look shaken.”

All the adrenaline I had has drained right out of me, and when he moves to stand in front of me, blocking my view of the large city beyond the glass, I go up on my tiptoes, looping my arms around his neck. I rest my forehead on his chest. “Yes, please.”

His big hands wrap around my waist, slipping down to hold me by my hips. “What else baby? We’re going to discuss your misbehavior tomorrow. For now, I just want to make you comfortable.”

I nibble my bottom lip, thinking, when he adds, “There’s a hot tub on the terrace.”

Oh. Oh, that does sound nice.

Nodding, I mumble, “The hot tub sounds good.”

Brian scoops me right up into his arms, carrying me like a bride over his threshold out onto the penthouse terrace. Even though it’s chilly and the terrace is bare save for the bubbling hot tub and some towels sitting beside it, I don’t feel a shiver. Because this is so secluded.

I’m safe. I’m out of the cold. I’m in Brian’s arms, where no one else could ever touch me.

“Obviously, I don’t have a suit,” I tell him, cheeks burning.

“I wouldn’t let you wear it anyway,” he rumbles, already stripping out of his own clothes. “Don’t worry. I’ll be just as bare as you, baby.”

It’s dark, and I can barely see his body, but the fact that he really is going to be naked makes me break out in a cold sweat. I want this man. I have ever since the very moment I laid eyes on him, and it’s finally starting to be impossible to stop my longing when I watch him shrug his pajama pants off.

Brian cuts such a handsome silhouette even in the dark when I can't see him clearly.

He's already seen me naked, so it shouldn't matter if he sees some shadowed version of me here on the terrace, but it does. This is all so new to me, and it gets to me so strongly that I can hear my pulse pounding in my ears as I slip everything off, piece by piece.

He holds his hand out to me, helping me step into the steaming tub. The jets are on, and I groan as I let the warm water heat me through, right down to the core.

What I don't see is Brian grabbing one of the handheld jets, adjusting the setting, and sticking it in the back of the tub so it massages my back. And god, it feels so good that I actually moan. He lowers himself into the tub, keeping his distance at first.

"So are you going to tell me what was going on out there or are you going to wait until tomorrow?"

It comes out naturally, not harshly or in anger. Because I am so tired, both emotionally and physically, the truth of it all just spills out of me. Maybe I should have just told Brian about the email first thing instead of trying to handle it myself.

"I'm scared, Brian. Something is going on. Something is wrong."

"Tell me what's going on, Blair. Leave nothing out."

Beside me, the man who I'm trying so hard to resist reaches under the water to lay one hand on my knee in comfort, humming low in his throat. It makes a pleasant thrill run down my spine, and somehow, even such an innocent touch from him is attractive. It makes the need to feel his hand in other places all the stronger.

But... I need to focus on what he's asking me. "It started with this weird email I got earlier today. I think it's all connected."

"Have you been harassed, Blair?" Brian shifts in the tub, and I swear I can hear the cogs in his brain turn as he tries to piece it together himself. Brian barely knows me, but I can already tell that he's possessive.

“Yes. I think whoever it is must be at work. This person... they know that I’ve been involved with you, and that I...um... dated Tanner before. They threatened to make it public knowledge. I don’t even know who it is either. The address was just a string of numbers.”

Brian sits up in the tub, running his hands through his hair. “If you can send that information to me, I can start analyzing it to determine what information is being collected. I have plenty of information analysts on staff.”

And just like that, he has a plan in place. I stare at him, chewing my lip. Maybe it’s the steam in the air or the hot water around me, but his words send a thrill through me. Maybe...

Maybe Brian Beckett isn’t just turned on by me. Maybe he cares for me. Deeply cares for me.

He isn’t the only one. I care for him too, especially after he just rescued me without a second thought. This is not some small fling. My heart does double time inside of me. What I wouldn’t give to have his arms around me, holding me tight. God, my chest aches for this man’s touch.

“You’re quiet,” he says, brushing my quickly dampening hair over my shoulder. “Why don’t you come here and let me hold you?”

Yes. Yes, I want that more than anything right now.

A few drops of water slide from my neck, tracing a path right down my breasts to where they meet the bubbling water, and I want him. There’s no use trying to fight it. I know it with every aching inch of my body. This man already has me.

“Come here.”

I shouldn’t give in. I shouldn’t go to him. If I do, there’ll be no stopping me. I’ve come this far down the path of temptation. But as he reaches for me, his big strong body emerging from the water, he leans in and kisses my shoulder, causing an eruption of goosebumps all down my body.

But worse than that, the lips continue, moving up the side of my neck in teasing little nips. Finally, the other half of my

resolve melts away into dust, and I'm rising in the water, the last clinging bits of dignity dripping from me as I do just what he asked.

I go to him.

It doesn't matter anymore that I shouldn't do this because he's whispering against my skin, "This is good, baby," and his hands are framing my shoulders and kneading there. Tired and thrumming with need, I lay my head on his shoulder and sigh. This is wonderful.

Better than I imagined.

"Lean forward," he mumbles into the space behind my ear.

What he's giving me is already so good, causing me to let out a soft little sound of contentment. I know he heard it when his hands slide from my shoulders, going around my ribs and pulling me back and flush against his chest.

"I can just hold you." He breathes the words into my ear. "But I'd be lying if I said I didn't want more, sweet Blair."

I nibble my bottom lip, shifting against him in the hot tub. The city lights twinkle beyond, dangerous and beautiful all at the same time, but I know right here, with Brian, I'm safe.

Safe enough to let him take my virginity, though?

*Yes, my heart whispers, acknowledging that I've never ever felt this way before. Yes, you do. Throw caution to the wind. Do it, Blair.*

I know it's been some time since he made his statement when Brian gently prompts, "Blair?"

Just the thought of giving myself over to him fully makes butterflies launch in my stomach. I'm afraid, but I can do this. I want to do this. I've never had a connection like the one I have with Brian, and something tells me that I never will again.

This is it. He's the end-all-be-all for me. It doesn't matter if he's my boss or my ex-boyfriend's dad. I'm so sure that the universe has made the decision for me, and that I've always

been destined to end up here in this hot tub in this penthouse with this man.

Getting ready to fuck for the very first time.

“I...” I start, trying to figure out the best words for something that feels so momentous. “We can do more if you want, Brian.”

His lips quirk in a smile. “I do, Blair. I want you.”

I shiver in his arms, his words like a caress across my skin.

“You’re not too nervous, are you?” he asks, pulling back to search my face.

“A little,” I admit. “But not enough to stop. You... You make me feel safe, Brian.”

His smile is a flash of white in the dark.

“I don’t ever want to make you feel unsafe, Blair.”

“You don’t. I promise.”

“Good,” he murmurs. “So good, baby. Now, how about we get out of the water and go dry off somewhere a bit more comfortable?”

I nod and watch as Brian rises, water sluicing off his body, his cock bobbing heavy and hard. It looks big, too big if I’m being honest. How is that supposed to fit inside me? He wraps a towel around his hips and holds out his hand for me, and I step out of the water.

“Such a pretty little thing,” he says. It makes me blush, and it also makes me feel special, cherished for the first time since I can remember.

He leads me by the hand back to his bedroom and I pause, suddenly shy.

“Don’t be afraid, Blair. Let’s get dried off.”

I follow him into the bathroom and he grabs a fluffy white towel, drying himself off quickly and turning his attention to me. Brian is so tall and just packed with muscle, but his skin is



warm and velvety against mine. I'm not exactly dripping wet, but he towels off my arms and legs anyway, taking his time.

It's intimate and sweet, and I can't help the butterflies in my stomach that are just multiplying now, unstoppable.

He hangs the towel back up and then, slowly, he tugs me close to him, his hand splayed against my lower back. "Tell me, sweet Blair. Do you want me?"

I nod.

"I'll let you look your fill. Just know that you have to touch me too. Can you do that for me, baby?"

"I...yes, Daddy."

His smile is a flash of white in the dim light, and he steps back from me, letting me drink in the sight of him. He's gorgeous, tall, and broad, with thickly corded muscle and a light dusting of dark hair across his chest. His skin is smooth and tanned, and his cock is thick and heavy between his legs, pressing against the towel. I can't help but stare, and he lets me, standing still while I take it all in.

When I'm done, I meet his eyes, and he's got a look on his face that I can't quite place.

"Do you like what you see, baby?" he asks, his voice a low rumble.

I nod, not sure what to say.

"Good. Come here, then. Let Daddy show you how to touch him."

I do as he asks, letting him draw me close. He takes my hand and places it on his chest, his skin warm and soft under my fingers.

"Just like this, Blair. You can touch me anywhere." He leans in to brush a kiss over my lips, wet heat blooming between my thighs.

I let him guide my hand, stroking over his chest and down his stomach, pausing at the waistband of his towel. He nods, and I slip my hand beneath the fabric, cupping his cock. He's hard

and heavy in my palm, and I marvel at how different he feels from me.

“That’s it, baby. Just like that,” he groans, and I squeeze a little tighter, making him moan.

It’s a heady feeling, knowing I can make him feel good. It makes me feel powerful, and it spurs me on. I stroke him slowly, feeling him throb in my grip.

“Fuck, Blair. Your hand feels so good on me,” he growls, his breath coming in ragged pants. I lean in and press a kiss to his shoulder, my lips brushing over his warm skin. I can’t get enough of him.

Brian pauses, taking the edge of the towel and pulling it off so it pools on the floor beneath us. I inhale sharply, seeing him totally bare under the bright bathroom light and not hidden by the darkness like he was in the hot tub.

With a grin, I take his cock in my hand once more, stroking him slowly from root to tip. His skin is hot and smooth beneath my fingers, and I can feel him pulsing with each beat of his heart.

“Just like that, baby. Just like that.” His hands move to cup my ass.

His touch is electric, sending shivers of pleasure up my spine.

“Does that feel good, Daddy?” I ask.

“Yes, baby. It feels amazing. But now, let’s focus on making you feel good, okay?”

He guides me back toward the bed and lays me down on my back, his eyes drinking in the sight of me.

“So beautiful.” His fingers trail over my skin. “Are you ready for this, baby? Are you ready to give yourself to me?”

“Yes.” No hesitation or doubt. Not anymore.

“Good. Then let me take care of you.”

He moves down my body, his lips and tongue worshipping every inch of skin. He takes his time, kissing and licking and sucking until I’m a trembling mess beneath him. Brian lingers

on my chest, teasing and nibbling my nipples, making them hard and achy.

“Please, Brian. Please,” I beg, not even sure what I’m asking for.

“Don’t worry, baby. We’re just getting started,” he promises and continues his slow, torturous exploration.

He reaches the apex of my thighs and inhales deeply, a groan escaping his lips. “Fuck, you smell so good, baby. I’ve thought about tasting you on that conference table again and again. Do you know how many times I’ve stroked my cock remembering the sounds you made for me?”

With that, he dives in, his mouth working me over like a man possessed. His tongue is relentless, licking and sucking at my pussy, and I start to pant. He eats me out like a starving man, his hands gripping my hips, keeping me still. I writhe and moan beneath him, lost in the pleasure.

“That’s it, baby. Let me hear you. Let me know how good it feels.” His words are muffled against my pussy.

I can feel the heat building inside me, and I know I’m close.

“Oh, god, Daddy. I’m gonna come!” I cry out, and he doubles down, his tongue working me over even harder between moments of sucking at my clit.

I fall apart, my orgasm crashing through me, leaving me shaking and spent.

“You taste so fucking good, baby.”

I can barely catch my breath, but he’s not done with me yet. He crawls up my body and positions his cock at my entrance, rubbing the head against my clit, teasing me.

“Do you want this, Blair? Do you want Daddy’s cock?”

“Yes, Daddy. I want it. Please.”

He groans, and the tip of his cock presses against my pussy. “Relax, baby. Just relax and let me take care of you.”

Slowly, oh so slowly, he pushes inside me, stretching me open. At first, it burns. His cock is so much bigger than his fingers,

and my inner walls struggle to stretch and accommodate his length. But Brian is patient, and as I lie sucking in desperate breaths beneath him, I can feel him filling me up, inch by inch, and it's unlike anything I've ever felt before.

"Are you okay, baby?" he asks, his voice strained.

"Yes, Daddy. It feels good."

"Good. Because I'm going to fuck you now. I'm going to fuck you hard and deep and make you scream."

He starts to move, his cock sliding in and out of me, his pace increasing with each thrust. I know, deep in my bones, that this is more than sex. It's more than fucking or even making love. This is a claiming, pure and simple. I know, with startling clarity, that I'll never be the same after this.

The sound of our bodies joining and the scent of our sex fill the air, and it's intoxicating. He's so deep inside me, and I can feel him throbbing, his cock growing even harder as he gets closer to his release.

"I can't wait to feel you come." He ducks his head down and captures my mouth in a searing kiss, his tongue sliding deep. He breaks the kiss long enough to add, "And I can't wait to fill you with my come. Do you want that?"

"Yes," I whimper. "I really want it."

Brian hitches one of my legs over his shoulder, angling his body so his cock is entering me at a different angle than before. He's going deeper than ever, and each time he pushes inside, he hits some secret spot inside me that feels so good I'm seeing stars. Everything narrows down to the pistoning of his hips and the way my orgasm is coiling inside of me, ready to snap at any moment.

With my hands gripping his shoulders, nails digging into his skin, I start to spiral. Brian fucks me hard and deep again and again and again, and before I can take another breath, an orgasm so intense that it makes me scream hits me *hard*.

Every nerve in my body is firing, every muscle tightening and releasing, my pussy gripping Brian's cock over and over. It's ecstasy. It's heaven.

Then, he groans, his thrusts going unsteady. His cock twitches, and then he's coming, his seed spilling deep inside me. It's a strange sensation but a welcome one, and I whimper as he fills me, dragging my own climax on even further.

We're both panting and sweaty, and he nearly collapses on top of me, his body warm and heavy.

"God, baby. That was amazing." His lips brush against my neck.

I hum in exhausted agreement, still too stunned to speak.

He rolls off me, pulling me close. "Don't worry, baby. There's plenty more where that came from. I'll make sure you're satisfied every single time."

I can only hope he's right. What he just did...it could get addicting. Even as I drift off asleep, I find myself vibrating with anticipation for the next time.

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MORNING DAWNS SLOWLY, and while Brian isn't in bed with me, there's a bouquet of red roses and a note waiting instead.

*It read, Good morning, baby girl. You've got the week off, but if you feel so inclined, you can do some remote working starting tomorrow. Don't forget to send me the email from the stalker.*

*I'm sending a driver to come and take you back to your apartment to get clothes for a week like I said, and afterwards, to the spa. You can get everything you want, baby. I've already given them my card.*

*I figured you might be a little sore after last night, but I don't plan on letting you get much rest. So make sure they get you nice and relaxed.*

*See you tonight for dinner.*

*Brian*

The butterflies are back in my stomach, fluttering fast and furious. No one has ever treated me like this, so sweet and caring. A girly little part of me wants to roll over and kick my feet in the air. A spa day! I've never even been to a spa before. It's not cheap, and being a poor college student, it's not an option.

Though it doesn't take me too long to realize I better get on up. I don't want to keep Brian's driver waiting. As I slip out of bed, I'm completely aware of every move I make because almost all my muscles are sore. Brian worked my entire body over and made me reach a level of ecstasy I didn't think was possible.

I take my time showering. I wash and rinse my hair and body slowly. It feels good to have this kind of luxury. It's so warm and relaxing. For now, I'm going to try to just live in this moment.

Once the water turns cold and I step out of the shower, I dry off and put on a hoodie and yoga pants. That's as good as it's gonna get. I finger-comb my hair and throw it up in a messy bun. When I step out of the bedroom, the scent of fresh coffee and bacon is strong, calling for me to follow. I go into the kitchen to find a nicely dressed woman putting food on the plate.

"Hi," she says as she glances at me. "Where would you like to eat this morning?"

"Just here. Thanks," I tell her, feeling just a little bit awkward. Does Brian really have a cook on staff?

"Very well." She starts to load a plate with the breakfast food, looking at me out of the corner of her eye. "My name is Mila. I'm Mr. Beckett's housekeeper and occasional cook. He told me you'll be staying here for a week or so. If you need anything, don't hesitate to ask."

"Okay." I walk up beside her, grab my plate, and hop up onto the stool there at the breakfast bar.

Wow. Having live-in staff is a new level of wealth I didn't think I'd ever encounter. I make sure to give her a polite smile,

assuming it might be a bad idea to have her think ill of me.

The first bite of eggs is spectacular. They are creamy, cheesy, and perfect. It's almost a shock to my system. It's so much richer and more delicious than the basic groceries I've been buying for myself. I don't even consider calories either. I'm eating it all.

The bacon is crisp. It's perfect with the eggs. If I wasn't horny for Brian, I could very well become aroused by this damn food.

Twenty minutes later, Brian's driver comes up.

"It was nice to meet you," I tell Mila as the driver comes into the room.

"Yes, yes," she responds. She still seems less than thrilled with her orders to babysit me. But Brian still must suspect something since he thinks my emails are a threat, so I guess he must have given his housekeeper instructions to take care of me.

Oh well. I might be annoyed, having to watch out for someone on short notice, but I'm determined to make her friendly with me if I'm going to be here for a week.

This thought gives me pause. When did I decide that it's totally okay to stay here in this luxurious penthouse with Brian Beckett for a week? Just last night, I was hesitating a bit, and now, I have no problem with it.

Somehow, he no longer wants me to deal with everything by myself as I usually have. It's not what I'm used to, but I can't deny how it's both liberating and comforting. My own mother is hardly around enough to come to my place, much less make me breakfast.

It doesn't matter that he didn't cook it himself. He still thought to have the food ready for me. That counts for something.

I head down the elevator with the silent driver, an older woman with steel gray hair. Sometime later, when the driver pulls up in front of my apartment, she says, "My name's Greta, and I'll be picking you up in one hour for the spa. If you're a

minute late, I will inform Mr. Beckett immediately. I hope you understand. He's concerned for your safety."

There it is again, Brian using his staff to keep tabs on me. Maybe I should be alarmed or offended. I mean, I'm an adult after all. But I've also never had this much attention showered on me. And it's just his way of making sure no one can harm me. "Very well, Greta. Thank you."

I decide not to waste time. I'm just as eager to get to the spa as I'm sure Greta is to drop me off. So I throw some clothes, underwear, pajamas, anything I might need for the next week into a suitcase. With the extra time I have, I pack some work outfits just in case and, at the last minute, add some makeup in too. I grab my purse, jewelry, and keys and lock the door behind me, rushing out to the elevator.

Taking a second to look back at my apartment building, I briefly worry that I'm being too rash and making a mistake. But then the memory of the man in all-black raising his hand towards me and the threatening email floats through my mind, and I know that I'm making the right call.

Plus...spending time with Brian has been incredible. I don't want to give it up, at least not yet. This might be a week to remember.

The path my life is taking starts to change, and as the doors of the apartment building shut, I wonder how until now, I've never imagined falling in love. Can Brian really change that? I mean, maybe he already has.

When I walk out of my apartment, Brian's driver is parked at the curb. I slide into the car, and Greta starts driving. We sit in silence for a while before she finally speaks up.

"So. How does this make you feel?" she asks.

"What do you mean?" I furrow my brow, confused.

"He's twice your age," she tells me. "Don't you find it odd that he's suddenly so invested in your life?"

I shake my head. "No, I don't. He's worried about me, and he wants me safe."



Her words make my blood boil. How dare she say that about Brian? It's not like that. He genuinely cares about me, and I care about him too. Luckily, the driver doesn't make any other comments. I guess it's possible his staff might just be loyal to him and worry that I might be taking advantage.

Little do they know that Brian wanted me from the beginning, just like I did him. Everything going on between us is mutual. I'll just have to convince them all that our feelings for each other are the real thing.

All the thoughts about anything else dissipate when I focus on the spa day I'm about to experience. I'm giddy with excitement.

We arrive at the spa within minutes, and I step out of the car into a tranquil setting. Everything is exactly what I imagine it to be. Rose petals are scattered here and there, with floral bushes strategically placed throughout the gardens. The waterfall fountain and the bubbling stream complete the peaceful look of this particular resort. Once I'm inside, spa attendants lead me into the main building and introduce themselves to me.

"You can call me Sandra," one of the younger women, maybe about my age or slightly younger, says.

"Hello, Sandra. I'm Blair. I'm so excited to be here."

"Wonderful! This is going to be the best day ever. Trust me. I'm gonna take care of you."

I follow her, and she shows me to the locker room. "First we'll have you change into one of our robes, and then we can get started."

"Sounds perfect."

She helps me change and leads me back to the treatment rooms.

"This is the facial room." She gestures toward a large room with several reclining chairs. There are a variety of facial treatments set up on tables next to each chair. "And over here is the body treatment room."

She continues to guide me through the facility.

“Finally, the massage room.”

I have a feeling this is the best room of all. The walls are covered with deep red, velvety material. The floor is rich wood, the lights are dimmed, and soft music is playing in the background. All around us, the aroma of lavender fills the air. I take a deep breath, inhaling the calming scent.

Sandra leads me to a large, padded table in the middle of the room. “You can lie on this and relax. Do you have a preference for what kind of massage?”

“Not really. I’ve never had one before.”

“Oh! Well, then. Let’s do a hot stone massage. It’s my favorite. I’ll have the masseuse come in soon.”

“That sounds wonderful.”

“Okay, lie down and I’ll see you in a bit.”

She leaves the room, and I lie back on the table. I feel relaxed already. This is exactly what I needed. The masseuse comes in and introduces herself as Mary.

“I’ll start by warming up your muscles. Then I’ll use the hot stones to really release the tension.”

I let my eyes flutter closed. “Sounds good.”

I’m not sure what to expect, but it’s amazing. Mary works my muscles until they feel like butter. Then, she uses the stones to continue to loosen them up. By the time she’s done, I’m like jelly.

Sandra returns once the massage is done, giving me privacy to sit up and pull my robe back on. “Now, let’s get you to the steam room and sauna.”

She guides me through the rest of the facility, showing me where the steam room is and then the sauna.

“Take your time in there, and when you’re ready, we’ll move on to the pools.”

“Thanks, Sandra.”

I step into the sauna, and it's blissful. The heat and the humidity surround me, and I breathe in the fragrant air. It smells like eucalyptus, and it's refreshing. I sit and enjoy the warmth for a few minutes before heading over to the steam room. The experience is the same, and I relax further. After a while, I decide it's time to move on to the pools. I'm ready to cool off. Sandra meets me at the exit to the steam room.

We head to the outdoor area, and the pools are magnificent. There are three of them, each a different size and shape. They're surrounded by lush greenery, and the water looks inviting.

"Go ahead and pick the one you want," Sandra tells me.

I choose the medium-sized pool and slip into the warm water. It feels so good on my skin, and I feel utterly amazing. I've never had a more calming day in my life.

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ONCE I GET BACK to Brian's apartment, smelling like lavender and eucalyptus and feeling almost boneless, I expect to find him waiting for me. He's not, though, and as soon as I walk into the bedroom, my phone pings.

It's a text from Brian, telling me he'll be a little late for dinner, but we'll have it out at the terrace once he gets back. Smiling, I reply with a heart and scroll through social media for a few minutes to pass the time.

It's when I get to my email that things change. There's another message from the stalker, and just like before, it makes my blood run cold.

*You think you're safe, Blair, but you're not. I'm closer than you think, and I'll be coming for you soon. Do you think that, after what I told you yesterday, you can just run to Brian's penthouse and hide away? Just wait. You won't know when or how, but it'll happen. Everyone will know what a little slut you are. I promise you.*

My hands are trembling, and I'm not sure what to do. I could tell Brian, but even if he hasn't displayed it to me yet, there was an air of violence about him when he came to let me back in the building last night. I don't want anyone to get hurt, and Brian said he had someone looking into the incident anyway. And I'm fine, really. This person hasn't done anything yet, and who knows, they might not even be capable of anything.

With a sigh, I shut my phone off and decide to explore Brian's apartment while I wait for him. Maybe if I distract myself, the fear will go away.

The kitchen is massive and filled with high-end appliances. The marble countertops are immaculate, and the island in the center is huge. It's the perfect place for cooking, and I can imagine having a party here, with the grill and the bar on the terrace.

The living room is just as luxurious. It's big and open, with plush couches and a huge TV. There's a fireplace, and the floor-to-ceiling windows offer a breathtaking view of the city. It's amazing. I head upstairs, and the first thing I see is a huge home gym.

The next room is the master bedroom, and it's just as amazing as the rest of the house. The king-size bed is made of dark wood, and the comforter is a rich navy blue. It's been made, any clues as to what he and I did last night long cleaned up, and it makes me feel flushed just to remember it all. The floor is covered in a thick, plush rug, and there's an en suite bathroom.

It's a little too big for one person, and my cheeks flame when I realize what that means. Maybe...Maybe Brian won't mind sharing this space with me. Maybe we can live together here.

I push the thought away. That's crazy. I've only known the man for a few days, and it's way too soon to be thinking about moving in together. Besides, what if he doesn't want to? What if he wants me to stay in my own place? What if—

“Blair? Baby, are you here?”

I shake my head, push the thoughts away, and step out of the bedroom. “Yeah, I’m here.”

Brian’s eyes light up when he sees me, and he strides over, wrapping his arms around me. “How was the spa?”

“It was amazing. Thank you.”

He lifts my face with two fingers under my chin, kissing me soundly. “Of course. Anything for my girl.”

*My girl.* His words fill me with warmth. I like how that sounds on his lips.

“Come on,” he says. “Let’s eat. I’m starving.”



I spend most of the week with Brian, being pampered and adored. We go out to eat at fancy restaurants, and we visit the local museums and galleries. On Thursday, we even go for a helicopter ride. It's magical, and I'm falling for him faster than I ever thought possible.

By Friday, though, I can't help but feel restless.

I've enjoyed the week off, but I'm used to working, and I want to do something productive. So I grab Brian before he leaves and ask if he would mind if I worked remotely for a little while.

"Of course not, baby. If you want to work, you can work."

"Thank you," I tell him and kiss him. "I'll be done by tonight, I promise."

"Good." He smiles and smacks my ass, sending me off to work.

The hours fly by working in Brian's home office, and before I know it, the day is over. But it isn't just the work day that's over... if our original timeline is still standing, the day after tomorrow will be time to pack up and go home. As I gather my things from the office, a pang of sadness hits me. This week has been incredible, and I'm not ready to go back to reality.

I move to shut down the computer, but then, a new email pops up. I have a bad feeling about what it might entail. We've both ignored the existence of the stalker for the most part, Brian

working behind the scenes to try and find the person's identity. I never showed him the second email, too worried that he'd put me under lock and key out of concern for my safety. I also thought that maybe once the stalker realized I wasn't scared, they'd give up.

Now, though, the little red icon indicating a new message blinks, and I know I'm screwed.

This message is the worst yet, ending with a demand to meet in person.

*Hey Blair,*

*It's me again. I've enjoyed our little correspondence, and I have to admit, it's been pretty funny watching you try to ignore me. But I'm tired of playing games now, and it's time for you to meet me face-to-face. Don't worry, it won't be dangerous. I just want to talk.*

*Meet me tonight at 5 pm at the address below.*

I swallow hard and click on the attachment, bringing up a Google Maps page. It's a small coffee house not far from here. If I'm quick, I can be back before Brian gets home, and he won't even know I was gone. Obviously, I can't ask Greta to take me, but I have enough money in my account to take a cab.

It's a bad move. A ridiculously stupid one, honestly, but if I tell Brian about it, he won't trust me anymore...and if the stalker doesn't actually show up, Brian will keep me isolated until he's found.

All of our dates, all of the wonderful time we've spent together...I don't want to ruin it. If I meet up with the stalker, maybe there's a way I can pay him off. I'm not making all that much at Beckett Industries, but maybe I can take out a loan or something.

Whatever the cost, I have to try.

I look at the clock and curse under my breath. I only have an hour, and I have to get changed and get to the coffee shop before the stalker arrives.



Hastily, I grab my bag and head to the closet where my suitcase resides, rifling through my clothes for something. In the end, I settle for a pair of skinny jeans and a T-shirt, throwing a hoodie on top for good measure. It's the best I can do on short notice.

My stomach churns with anxiety as I grab my things and rush out the door. This could be the biggest mistake of my life. But if it is, I have no choice. As I head out to meet my fate, all I can think is that I hope this will all be over soon.

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MY STOMACH IS TWISTED into knots as I step inside the coffee shop. I'm early, so I order a drink and sit down at a table, trying to look casual. I don't know what to expect, and the uncertainty is killing me. There are a few people in the shop, but no one pays me any attention. My heart is pounding, and my palms are sweaty.

I glance at the clock, and it's 4:55. Five minutes until the meeting. I take a deep breath and try to calm my nerves.

Suddenly, the bell above the door jingles, and a man walks in. He's wearing a black hoodie, and his face is hidden by a baseball cap. My stomach lurches, and I know it's the stalker. He sits down at the table across from me, and his gaze is intense.

"Blair," he says, his voice low and menacing. "It's time we had a chat."

I swallow hard and nod, my hands trembling.

"Why are you doing this?" I ask.

He laughs a cold, harsh sound. "Because you're a slut, Blair. You're a fucking whore, and I'm gonna expose you for what you are."

His words cut like a knife, and I flinch. "How dare you? You don't even know me!"

“That doesn’t matter. You’re fucking Brian after you didn’t get what you wanted from his son. That’s disgusting.”

“No, it’s not! I barely even dated his son, and it’s different with Brian. We’re in... Well, he cares for me, and I care for him.”

He laughs again, shaking his head. “You’re pathetic. Do you know what? At first, I was just doing all this because Tanner hired me to, but I can’t deny that I think you need to learn a lesson too. You’ll do anything for money and status, and now that you’ve got it, you think you can just run off and be a normal couple with Tanner’s dad? Please.”

My temper is rising, and I’m barely keeping it in check. “We can be a normal couple. What is wrong with you?”

“With me? How about we focus on what’s wrong with you? Your whole life is a fucking lie, and you’re the worst kind of person. A gold digger. Someone who will sell herself for money. And Brian...”

“Brian is going to make you regret the day you were born, you fucking prick.”

We both look up at the deep voice coming from behind the stalker and there, still in his suit from work, is Brian.

And he looks furious.

“Get the fuck out of here. You’re not worth my time or Blair’s.”

The stalker sneers and stands up. He may be tall but beside Brian, he looks almost like a child, with Brian towering over him. “You think you can threaten me, old man? I’m not scared of you.”

Brian scoffs, shaking his head. “You should be. Because if I ever catch you anywhere near Blair again, I’ll fucking end you.”

With that, Brian grabs the stalker’s collar and hauls him out of the coffee shop. I can hear them scuffling outside and the sounds of a fight. My heart is in my throat, and I can barely breathe.

A moment later, Brian comes back inside. He isn't even disheveled, but he looks darkly triumphant, and I know the stalker has gotten his due.

“Get in the car, Blair. I have a few things to take care of and I expect you to be waiting patiently for me back at the penthouse.” His voice is rough and annoyed. My stomach is churning with nerves, and I'm all too aware that I've made a big mistake, but what can I do now except obey?

With tears in my eyes, I exit the coffee shop and find Brian's driver waiting. I slide into the backseat, and as the car pulls out into the street, I lower my face into my hands and sob.



BRIAN

“**Y**ou have no idea what you’re getting yourself into, you fucking idiot,” I growl, shoving him away from me.

The stalker is a college-age kid, probably someone who used to work in the mailroom or something at the company. The kind of person who’s so bitter they would try to ruin an innocent woman’s reputation.

“Who are you to tell me what to do, anyway?” the kid sneers.

I chuckle, shaking my head. “Blair is mine. You don’t fucking touch what’s mine.”

His face pales. He’s finally realizing he fucked with the wrong man. I crack my knuckles and roll my shoulders, preparing to beat the shit out of the fucker.

“If you ever come near Blair again, I’ll end you,” I say and land a solid punch to his jaw.

The kid stumbles back but doesn’t fall. He wipes the blood from his mouth and glares at me. “Fuck you.” He spits and lunges forward, swinging his fist wildly.

I dodge the punch easily and deliver a blow to his stomach, knocking the wind out of him. The kid crumples to the ground, and I stand over him, resisting the urge to kick him when he’s down.

“This is your last chance,” I say. “Stay the fuck away from Blair. Next time, you won’t walk away.”

He coughs and nods, and I turn and walk away, leaving him broken and bloody on the sidewalk.

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NOW THAT HE'S taken care of, it's time to go back home and take care of someone else—Blair who, if she's a good girl, will be waiting for me to return. Getting an alert from the tracker I slipped into her backpack that she had left on her own had put me on alert immediately. Something instinctual told me she was in danger, and I've never been more unhappy to be right.

While racing to the coffee shop, the tech guy I had put on the case of the stalker calls to tell me he has news. Blair, connected to the penthouse internet, had logged into her emails. This allowed him to see both the email she had received earlier this week and the one she had gotten just a few hours before telling her to meet at the coffee shop.

I'm pissed, but I can't be surprised. I was hiding things from her too. Most glaringly, that I've been putting things into motion to make sure she never moves back into her apartment. But I was doing it for her own good, and I would have told her the truth if the situation had gone down differently.

The point is, she needs a firm hand. Someone who will hold her accountable and keep her safe, even if it means making decisions without her knowledge.

Once I arrive at the penthouse, I take a deep breath and enter the elevator, steeling myself for what's to come. No matter how many deep breaths I take, I'm fuming. Fucking fuming. But seeing her in one piece waiting for me in the center of my penthouse foyer makes a wave of relief course through me. God, when I thought she might be hurt...

“What the hell were you thinking meeting that prick alone?” I bite out. “He's been making threats all week and you think the right move is going alone?!”

Blair's throat bobs as she swallows, tears forming in her beautiful eyes. “I just wanted it to be over. I wanted things to be easy for us.”

“Well things didn’t go easily now, did they, Blair?” I curse under my breath, stepping away from her and folding my hands behind my neck. I can still feel the soreness on my knuckles from knocking the kid out. I could have broken him if we hadn’t been out in public. “Now I’ve got to pay off the cops, I’m sure, and we still don’t know why he was bothering you.”

“I do know,” Blair says, her voice so small that it’s barely audible. “It’s because Tanner paid him to do it.”

Instantly, my entire body feels chilled. “Tanner...as in my son?”

She nods. “It was revenge. For us getting together.”

“That little fucking shit...” I’m going to have to confront him now too, but at least I know there isn’t any immediate harm coming Blair’s way. A bribe is a lot easier to deal with than a genuine threat. Pacing the foyer, I try to plan my next move, fury making it hard to think.

And Blair is still right there, waiting, her hands folded in front of her and misery written on her gorgeous face. I guess I have to do something about her before I deal with Tanner. The thought of punishing her in the sweetest way possible makes me smile just a little bit, a ray of anticipation piercing my anger.

“Take off your clothes, Blair.”

Her eyes go wide. “W-what?”

“You heard me,” I snap, pointing at the floor. “Take them off and lie down.”

Her cheeks are pink, and she hesitates for just a moment before slipping out of her heels and undoing her dress. It slides off her curves and pools on the floor around her ankles.

“All of it,” I command, and she peels off her bra and panties.

God, she’s beautiful. Her skin is flawless, her body ripe and perfect, and her breasts are full and heavy, topped with pink nipples that are already hard. She’s ready for me too, her pussy

lips glistening with arousal. And I haven't even touched her yet.

"Down on the floor. On your stomach."

She does as she's told, lying down, her arms stretched over her head, and her perfect ass in the air.

I raise a hand and smack one asscheek, massaging the spot immediately. "Did that hurt?"

"A little," she confesses.

"You deserve a punishment for meeting that creep without telling me, for putting yourself in danger."

"I know, Daddy. I'm sorry," she says, and a wave of satisfaction hits me. Hearing her submit and apologize makes me rock fucking hard.

She's a fast learner. My good little girl.

I bring my hand down on her perfect ass, the sound echoing through the room.

"Such a good girl," I snarl, rubbing the red skin of her ass cheeks comfortingly.

By the time we're done, her ass is red and her pussy is soaking wet, her arousal dripping down her thighs.

"What a naughty girl, getting off on her punishment."

She blushes, but I can see the pleasure in her eyes.

"On your back, Blair. Let me see that pretty pussy."

She rolls over, her legs spread wide, and her pussy on full display.

"You're dripping wet, baby. Look at how swollen your pussy is."

She moans, her fingers finding her clit and stroking.

"No touching. That's Daddy's job."

She whimpers, but her hands fall away.

"Such a good girl," I repeat and lean down to kiss her.



She moans into the kiss, her tongue dancing with mine. She's such an eager kisser, and I can't get enough. When I pull away, she's breathless, her eyes glazed with lust.

"What should we do with that needy little pussy, Blair? What do you think you deserve?"

She pants, her hips arching towards me, searching for contact.

"Maybe I should spank it."

Her eyes go wide, and she shakes her head. "No, Daddy. Not that."

"No?"

"No, I don't deserve that." Blair almost sounds scared.

"No, you don't. Don't worry. But what do you deserve, baby?"

I've learned Blair's reactions well enough to know that she's nervous about what she wants to say, nibbling her lip and looking over my shoulder. But finally, my brave girl gets the words out. "I deserve a nice, long, hard fucking. Don't I, Daddy?"

My cock is already hard, but her words send a jolt of pure desire through me. God, I can't believe the words coming out of her sweet mouth. "Yes, baby. You deserve a nice, hard fucking."

"Then please, Daddy. Fuck me. Make me come on your big, fat cock."

"Good girl," I claim her mouth again, showing her my approval with my lips and tongue, thrusting it into her mouth in an imitation of what I'm about to do to her pussy.

I stand and pull my shirt off over my head, tossing it aside. Her eyes are on me as I unbuckle my pants and let them fall, my cock springing free. She licks her lips and squirms.

"See something you like, baby?"

"Yes, Daddy. I love your cock."

"I bet you do. Now, get on your knees and suck it."

She does as she's told, kneeling in front of me, her mouth open and ready.

"Fuck, Blair. I don't think there's anything in the world better than seeing you kneeling for me."

I slide my cock between her lips, and she moans, her tongue swirling around the head. She looks so damn sexy on her knees for me, and I can't stop myself from grabbing her head and guiding her, thrusting in and out of her mouth.

"Fuck, Blair. Your mouth feels so good."

She hums, her eyes locked on mine. I fuck her mouth, and it's so damn hot.

"I want you to swallow every drop, Blair. Every drop. Do you understand?"

She nods, and I'm so close to the edge. "I'm going to come, baby. Get ready."

She sucks harder, and the pleasure is almost too much.

"Fuck, Blair. I'm coming!"

I explode, grunting as I do, shooting my load down her throat. She swallows every drop and then licks me clean.

"That was so good, baby."

She beams at me, and I reach down and stroke her cheek. She's so beautiful, and she's all mine.

I can't wait to show her what else I can do.

"Get on the couch, baby. Let me taste that sweet pussy."

She does as she's told, and I'm rewarded with the sight of her spread open for me. Her pussy is perfect, pink and wet, and glistening with her arousal.

"Look at you, baby. So wet and ready for me."

I lean in and press a kiss to her thigh, and she whimpers.

"Please, Daddy. Touch me."

"I am touching you, baby."

"No, please. I need more. I need your tongue. Please, Daddy."

Her desperation is intoxicating, so I tease her a little more.  
“What do you want, baby? Tell me exactly.”

“I need you to lick my pussy. I need you to make me come. Please.”

“Well, since you asked so nicely...”

I lean in and press a kiss to her clit, and she moans, her hips arching towards me.

“Just like that.”

She sighs. I can't deny her, and I dive in, licking and sucking at her swollen clit. She tastes like so fucking good, so sweet and wet. Her hands find their way into my hair, holding me close as she grinds against my mouth.

“Oh, god, Brian. Please, don't stop.”

“Never, baby.”

I lick her faster, and she cries out, her whole body trembling as she comes undone.

“Oh, god. Daddy, yes! Yes! Oh, god!”

Her orgasm is powerful, and it makes me feel like a god.

She's breathing hard, and I press one more kiss to her pussy.

“Good girl. See? Daddy knows how to make you feel good.”

“Yes.” Blair's smile is content and satisfied. “You do.”

I give her one last, deep kiss, and then I sit back, sated.

“You've earned a reward, baby. How about you come sit on my lap and we'll watch a movie?”

Her smile is bright and happy. “I'd love that.”

We change into more comfortable clothes and pull out a blanket. I sit first, letting her snuggle into me. Blair climbs into my lap and curls up against me, her head on my chest.

“Thank you, Brian. This is perfect.”

Indulgently, I smile down at her and kiss the top of her head.  
“Anything for you, baby.”

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AFTER THE REVELATION that Tanner is behind the emails, I can't just let all of this slide. My own son fucking with me on that level is absolutely unacceptable. With Blair dozing in bed, bathed in the evening sun, I leave, driving the short distance to the oversized apartment I'm bankrolling for my son.

He's such an ungrateful asshole. I can't believe I'm about to have this confrontation. But it has to happen. When I step out of the elevator, the first thing I notice is the sound of the TV blaring. Fucking idiot wouldn't even realize if there's an emergency going on. He's so wrapped up in all of his electronic toys.

I storm into the living room and find Tanner passed out on the couch, a beer bottle hanging loosely from his hand.

"Tanner!" I shout, grabbing him by the shoulder and shaking him awake.

"What the fuck?" he mumbles, blinking blearily up at me.

"Is there anything you want to tell me, you little shit?" I growl, anger boiling inside me.

"What are you talking about, Dad?" Tanner says, rubbing his eyes.

"You know damn well what I'm talking about," I snarl. "Fucking with Blair's email and trying to scare her away? That's unacceptable."

Tanner rolls his eyes. "Come on, Dad. It was just a joke."

"It wasn't a fucking joke," I say, the volume of my voice rising. "You could have seriously hurt her, and you could have destroyed the company's reputation. I'm not fucking stupid. I know this is about her and me being together."

"Oh, please," Tanner scoffs. "It was a harmless prank. You're always so worried about the company. It's like you care more about the company than me."

“That’s not true,” I say, although a small part of me wonders if it is.

“Whatever.” Tanner shrugs, turning back to the TV. “You’re the one who’s obsessed with work and business, not me.”

I sigh and pinch the bridge of my nose, frustrated beyond belief. “You’re just going to have to deal with the fact that Blair and I are together. She’s mine, Tanner, and soon enough, she’ll be my wife. I don’t give a flying fuck if she’s your ex. That doesn’t matter now. Don’t pretend like that’s not the reason why you hired that fucker to email her.”

Tanner scowls. “You can’t be serious.”

I try to put all my disappointment in a single word. “Deadly.”

Tanner is still dismissive, though. “Whatever, Dad. Just don’t expect me to show up to your fucking wedding to that little bitch.”

Rage, pure and unadulterated, races through me. I grab Tanner by the shirt, haul him off the couch to his feet, and punch him hard enough to make him see stars. He’s still my son, so I aim for his jaw but not hard enough to knock any teeth out. Just enough to show him who’s still the boss.

“Don’t ever talk about Blair that way again,” I warn.

Dropping him back on the couch that he was too lax to leave, I let my shocked son catch his breath while I slam the apartment door aside to leave. I can’t fucking believe I have a son who’s so selfish and spoiled. It makes me want to vomit.

He’s going to learn respect or I’m cutting him off. I’ll figure that out when I get home. Right now, my main priority is Blair.



BLAIR

I t's been a week since the confrontation at the coffee shop, and this is the morning I'm supposed to return to work.

Brian is in the shower, waiting for me to join him, when I get the message.

The text from Tanner's burner phone flickers to life on my phone screen, illuminating the dark room with a sinister glow. My heart lurches as I see the picture he sent—a close-up of his battered face.

*Hope you're happy. My dad is so fixated on fucking you that he did this to me. Have a nice life, Blair.*

How did it come to this? Brian, the man I've fallen head over heels for, has struck his own flesh and blood. It's a betrayal that slices through me like a dagger, shredding everything that I thought I knew about him.

The shower is still running. He's occupied. If I want to get out of here, this might be my only chance.

With trembling hands, I gather my things, tears stinging my eyes. How could I have been so blind? How could I have fallen for a man capable of such violence? The love I thought was pure and unbreakable now feels tainted, poisoned by the reality of Brian's actions. I can't stay here, not for a moment longer. I need to get away, far away from the man I thought I knew. I grab my purse, fingers fumbling for my phone to call a cab.

It's still early, so when I get outside, the cab is already waiting for me on the curb, exhaust curling into the air. I give the

driver the address to my old apartment, my voice steadier than I feel inside.

As the cab weaves through the city's labyrinth of streets, my mind is a whirlwind of confusion. Brian's face, once a source of safety and comfort, now haunts my thoughts. The man I love seems like an illusion, a mirage that vanished the moment I saw that horrifying image.

I knew he beat the crap out of the stalker, but the idea that he could hit his own child...

Maybe it wouldn't bother me so much if my period wasn't late.

"Wait," I tell the driver and see him look at me in the rearview mirror. "Can we stop at the drugstore first?"

We pull up to a CVS, and I rush inside, my heart racing with anxiety. The shelves blur together as I grab a pregnancy test, my mind grappling with the possibility of another life being caught up in this mess. I'm only 19. The weight of the situation crashes down on me, and I feel an overwhelming sense of helplessness.

Back in the cab, clutching the small bag containing the test, my hands shake. Each passing moment intensifies the storm inside me. The cab ride, usually a mundane journey through the city, feels like a passage through purgatory. I'm stuck in a nightmare of my own making.

When I finally step into my old apartment, a strange mixture of relief and sadness washes over me. The familiar surroundings provide a momentary sense of comfort, but it's fleeting. As I close the door behind me, I realize I'm not just running from Brian, but I'm running from the life I thought we could have together.

Sitting on the edge of my old bed, I stare at the pregnancy test in my hands. I take a deep breath, trying to steady my trembling hands as I unwrap the test. Time stretches into eternity as I wait for the results, my mind echoing with the what-ifs and the could-have-been.



When the timer beeps, I force myself to look. I hold my breath, my eyes scanning the tiny window that holds the answer to a question I'm not sure I'm ready to face.

The small plastic stick on the bathroom counter bears two unmistakable lines and my heart plummets. Positive. The word echoes in my mind, drowning out all other thoughts. My fingers tremble as I place the test aside, unable to bear looking at it any longer. How did my life spiral into this mess? All I had to do was not take the copygirl job, not sleep with my boss...

I need to get away, if only for a moment, from the crushing reality of the positive test, the shattered trust, and my own conflicted emotions.

I leave the bathroom, needing distance from the test. Back on the futon, I pick up my phone, seeing that it's buzzing with Brian's relentless calls. I guess he's noticed that I left then. My mind races with thoughts of him—the affection we shared, the tenderness he once showed me. But now, those memories are tainted by the image of his son's bruised face and the knowledge of his violence.

The phone's incessant buzzing intensifies, a reminder of the storm awaiting me. My hands shake as I power it off, silencing Brian's desperate attempts to reach me. I'm not ready to face him yet, not until I can sort through my own feelings...and make my own plan.

A sob catches in my throat as I collapse onto the futon. The tears come unbidden, streaming down my cheeks like a river of despair. I'm torn between the longing for the man I thought I knew and the horror of his actions. How can I still want to be with him after what he did?

Deep inside, a part of me clings to the idea of being with Brian for the rest of my life. The room feels stifling, the walls closing in on me. I need air, space, a moment to breathe without the weight of Brian's actions pressing down on my chest.

I grapple with my emotions, the love I once felt warring with the reality of Brian's violence. I want to believe in the

goodness I saw in him, the tenderness he showed me. But can I ever trust him again?

At least I still have this apartment. The room feels like a cocoon, a place where I can hide until I'm ready to face reality again.

That is, until my sanctuary shatters when the door bursts open, and Brian stands there, his face etched with worry and panic. "Blair, are you okay?" he breathes, his voice laced with desperation.

I look up, my eyes swollen from tears, and manage a weak nod. "Physically, I'm fine," I say, my voice barely above a whisper. Mentally and emotionally, though, I'm shattered.

"Why did you run?" he demands, his voice rising with frustration. "I've told you before, you're mine. You can't just run and hide whenever you're upset. It's unacceptable."

His possessiveness, once something that thrilled me on so many levels, feels soured now.

"Unacceptable?" I snap, my anger breaking through the cracks of my despair. "Unacceptable is what you did to Tanner! How could you hurt your own son like that? How can I trust you, Brian?"

His face darkens, his eyes flashing with a mix of anger and guilt. "You don't understand, Blair. Tanner was out of control. I had to—"

"You had to what?" I interrupt, my voice trembling with a mixture of fury and hurt. "Hit him? Is that your solution to everything? Violence?"

My words hang heavy in the air, the truth of them echoing between us. Brian's jaw clenches, and for a moment, I see a flicker of remorse in his eyes. But it's quickly replaced by stubborn defiance.

"He's my son, Blair. I know what's best for him," he retorts, his voice strained.

"I just can't believe that you hit him!"

“Fuck, Blair. He didn’t have an ounce of remorse for what he did to you!” Brian blocks the doorway of my shitty efficiency apartment, refusing to let me leave. “And this...this is how you want to resolve things? Coming to hide out in this hell hole? You. Aren’t. Leaving. Me.”

Right this moment, I feel ungrateful. Ungrateful for all the beautiful things Brian has done for me, ungrateful for how kind and caring he’s been even when it goes against his nature.

And ungrateful for the feelings that he so clearly has for me, and that I return in kind. Do I love Brian? I’ve asked myself this question over and over, and the part that scares me is that from the very beginning, I’ve thought that yes, I do. I do love him.

Tears well in my eyes, and I try to swallow past the lump in my throat. Oh, god. I didn’t come back to this old apartment because I was scared of Brian. I came back because I was afraid of how much I loved him after such a short time.

And because I’m scared of the positive pregnancy test sitting on my bathroom counter right now. But I’ll have to deal with that later.

“Brian,” I gasp, the tears starting to roll down my face. “I’m sorry.”

All of his anger bleeds out in an instant, and he’s right in front of me, cupping my face and brushing my tears away with his thumbs. “Blair, no. I shouldn’t have yelled. Just the thought of you running from me had me so angry...”

The sobs are coming hard now, but Brian tilts my face up and slants his mouth over mine. He kisses me deeply, with such a feeling that it takes my breath away.

I don’t know how it happens, but soon enough he’s got me backed up with my legs against my little dining table. At first, I think he’s going to lift me on top of it, but he surprises me by putting his hands on my hips and pivoting me, my back to his chest.

“I want to try something different,” he rasps against my hair, lips moving to the shell of my ear. “I’m done arguing and

talking about all this stupid shit. We can't let anything and anyone come between us. I just want you."

"Yes, Daddy. I just want you, too." I'm already feeling drunk on him. Anything he suggests is on the table as long as he keeps touching me. "What did you have in mind?"

Brian's hands move to cup my ass cheeks, kneading them firmly. "I want to fuck this soft, round ass of yours, Blair."

My breath catches in my throat, and my pussy gives an involuntary clench. I've never even thought about doing that before, but with Brian, it sounds...intriguing. Everything he's done to me so far has been so full of pleasure.

"Are you sure? Doesn't that hurt?"

"At first," he answers simply. "But you know I'll make it good for you."

"Yes," I answer, and the word barely leaves my lips before his mouth is on my neck, kissing and sucking. One of his hands snakes around to my chest and yanks my dress down, freeing my breasts. The cool air makes my nipples pebble, and Brian teases one with his fingers while the other hand moves to dip between my legs.

"This pretty little pussy is already wet for me," he growls, nipping my neck.

"Of course I'm wet for you," I moan. "I always am. You're all I can think about, Brian."

His answering groan is deep and low, and it makes me shiver.

"I can't tell you how happy it makes me to hear you say that, baby. But I've got to warn you, if I take your ass, it's not going to be enough. I'll need all of you every day in every way. Is that what you want?"

I already know the answer before I even open my mouth.

"Yes, Brian. Yes. I want it, all of it. Give it to me."

"Then you've got me, Blair. Forever. Now, I'm going to get this ass ready for me, and I want you to touch yourself. I want you to come for me, baby."

I don't hesitate, sliding my hand down and between my legs, stroking my clit in tight circles. It feels so good, and with Brian's body behind mine, supporting me, it's easy to lose myself in the pleasure.

Brian is working me too, his fingers dipping into my pussy and his thumb teasing my ass. The combination of his hands and mine is too much, and I'm barreling towards the edge.

"I'm so close," I gasp, and Brian's teeth sink into my shoulder, sending me careening into an orgasm.

"Good girl," he growls, his fingers still moving. "You're doing so good, baby. So damn good."

My knees are weak and shaky, and I would have collapsed if not for Brian's strong arm around my waist.

"Can you give me one more, Blair? Can you come for me again?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Good girl. Keep touching your clit."

His fingers are gone, but soon, there's something blunt and thick pressing against my ass. I know immediately it's his cock, and my body tenses.

"Trust me, baby. Let go and let Daddy take control."

I nod and lean back into his arms, and he pushes forward. Brian goes even slower than when he fucked me for the first time, and I can see why. My ass doesn't want to let him in at first, and when he makes it inside, there's a burning sensation that has me gripping the table hard. There's a moment of pain, and then I'm relaxing, and his cock slides inside my ass.

It's unlike any sensation I've ever felt before, and high, breathy noises come out of me helplessly.

"God, your ass is tight, baby."

"Is it good?" I ask, voice shaky, and his arms tighten around me.

"So fucking good, Blair. So damn good."

We stay like that for a moment, both of us adjusting, and then, Brian starts to move. His thrusts are slow and deep, and they hit places inside of me that make me see stars.

“That’s it, Blair. Take it all.”

It’s the encouragement I need to switch from nervousness to pure arousal, my pussy clenching around nothing and my ass squeezing his cock.

“Fuck, Blair. That’s it, baby.”

Brian reaches around, finding my clit and rubbing firm circles around it. The electric pleasure builds in my core, his cock pistoning into me, driving me higher and higher.

All of the sensations collide and combine, and before I can catch my breath, I’m coming, blackness creeping into the edges of my vision. It’s so powerful that my knees feel weak and shaky. But Brian is here to hold me up, just like he always is.

He follows close behind, his cock pulsing as he fills me with jets of warmth. I can feel it even more clearly in my ass than I can in my pussy, hot and thick.

“God, Blair. That was amazing,” he breathes, his forehead pressed against the back of my head.

“It was,” I agree, feeling like the luckiest woman in the world.

“I meant what I said, you know. I want you forever, Blair. All of you.”

“I’m yours,” I promise, knowing in my heart that it’s true.

Brian pulls me closer, and we hold each other tight, our hearts beating as one.



THE PAST WEEK has been filled with a flurry of painful and hopeful feelings. Brian and I have made up, our love surviving the storm of his deeds. A sudden intensity, a fusion of passion and fear, hope and doubt, crackles in the space between us.

I've noticed an increasing sense of life inside of me with each day that goes by, a constant reminder of how complicated our situation is.

Brian has arranged a special date for tonight in the center of New York City, and there's something about his behavior that makes me think it's going to be a memorable night. He takes me to a rooftop garden restaurant that's tucked away from the busy streets below, and I'm welcomed by a sea of sparkling fairy lights as soon as we enter the magical setting. The lights cast a gentle glow over the private room, making a wonderful backdrop for what's to come. Inhaling, I notice the air is filled with the aroma of blossoming flowers.

We're directed to a quiet corner table that's decorated with pretty white roses and flickering candles. The night sky above us, which is speckled with stars, creates an appealing atmosphere. I'm captivated by the view of the city skyline, the lights shimmering like a million dreams below.

Brian's eyes connect with mine, his fingers intertwining with mine as he reaches across the table. My heart races, my nerves zinging with excitement and fear. It's time to tell him—about the pregnancy, about my love, about our future together.

"Blair, you've brought light into my life ever since we first met," he says, his eyes never leaving mine. "I've messed up, but being with you has helped me choose a new course. I don't want to think of spending one day without you, baby."

He moves, slowly standing and coming across the table. Brian, all 6'7 of him, kneels in front of me and takes my hands in his.

"I love you so much. Will you marry me, Blair?"

He digs into his pocket and pulls out a small velvet box, which causes my heart to nearly burst. He opens it to reveal a sparkling solitaire diamond ring that catches the light above us. This is not a dream. It's happening. It's really happening, and I feel like I'm about to explode with happiness.

"Brian," I say, my voice cracking. "I love you too. And there's something else I need to tell you."

He glances at me, waiting for me to speak. I inhale deeply and instinctively reach for my stomach to cuddle the priceless life that's developing inside of me. "I'm pregnant. And I want nothing more than to build a future with you, to raise our child together, to be a family."

His eyes widen with surprise, then soften with understanding and joy. He places his hand gently on mine, his touch warm and reassuring. "Blair," he rasps. "You've made me the happiest man alive...even if you haven't answered my question yet."

Through tears of happiness, I giggle and then nod, my heart overflowing with love for the man before me. "Yes, Brian," I say, my voice warbling as I brush the tears from my cheeks. "I will marry you."

When he sweeps me up into a kiss, it's the sweetest I've ever had. Brian is not a soft or gentle man, but right now, he comes close, and I love every second of it.

Mrs. Blair Beckett—it's the most beautiful name I've ever heard.



# EPILOGUE

BRIAN

“This is the life,” I say, settling into the lounge chair next to Blair and sighing contentedly.

“What’s not to like? The weather is perfect, the water is warm, and the food is delicious.” She grins at me, and I reach out and tuck a strand of hair behind her ear.

“I couldn’t have said it better myself.” I look around, taking in the beauty of the ocean and the palm trees swaying in the breeze. But it isn’t until I look back at her that I add, “And the view is pretty spectacular too.”

“Oh yeah? What are you looking at?” Blair asks, her tone teasing.

“You,” I answer, leaning in and capturing her lips in a kiss.

She smiles against my mouth, and I can’t help but smile too. I can’t believe how lucky I am to have her in my life. All the years I spent having to be a hard ass to build my company up made it difficult for me to let my guard down, but with Blair, I can. Well, at least a little bit. There’s a part of me that’s constantly looking out for her and making sure that the world knows whose wife she is.

“You’re a smooth talker, Mr. Beckett.”

“Only for you, Mrs. Beckett.”

I can go further, taking her out of that little bikini and tasting her skin under the Hawaiian sun, but sleeping in a covered tent cot next to us is our one-year-old daughter, Brooke.

We've come a long way since I first saw her at the office, and it's been an adventure. After we took care of Tanner, Blair moved in with me. We didn't want to waste a second, and it's been a whirlwind.

"It's good to have the place to ourselves for a little while, though," I say, stretching my arms above my head and sighing happily.

"I know, right? Between work and taking care of Brooke, it's hard to get any alone time."

I give a small nod. "That's why we had to take this trip, baby. It's important to make sure you get a break every now and then."

Blair gives me a soft smile, and her eyes shine with love. "You're the best, you know that?"

"Well, I try," I joke.

Seeing her so happy and content makes me feel like the most powerful man in the world. There has been nothing in my life to equal Blair. Nothing.

I steal another quick kiss but settle back onto my own lounge and fold my hands behind my head. It's been one hell of a year, but each part of it has been better than the last.

I spared no expense to give Blair the wedding of her dreams. Until my wife came into my life, I spent most of my time working. Being with her has made me want to slow down.

If Tanner was around to take over, I'd split the CEO duties with him, but he disappeared ever since I punched him over a year ago. I'm not proud of what I did to my son, but I don't regret it either. He stepped out of line, fucking with Blair, and it was my job to teach him a lesson.

Without Tanner, I have to stay the CEO for the foreseeable future. I look down at sweet, sleeping Brooke, and then over at my wife, and smile. I have loved ones to inherit the company, with or without Tanner. They just don't know it yet.

With a contented sigh, I close my eyes, and doze off into a nap, linking my fingers with Blair's when I feel her reach over

and take my hand.

I dream of Blair, the wedding, the night Brooke was conceived, and I can only think one thing.

This is the way life should always be.

# **EXTENDED EPILOGUE**

Ten Years Later

I inhale slowly, blowing out my breath and closing my eyes as I try to center myself.

Oh. My. God. Is this really happening?

Am I really about to be named the new head of Beckett Industries?

Heavy red curtains hide me, where I stand behind the podium, waiting to announce this news to the employees and shareholders. I know, right in the very front of the charity dinner that has brought everyone together will be Brian, there to support me like he always has. The thought of seeing him is the only thing that calms me down. I know he will never let anything happen to me.

This morning, when we took eleven-year-old Brooke to school and our toddler twins, Brittany and Bryce, to the Montessori Academy we have them enrolled in, Brian held my hand the entire time, soothing me when I started to freak out about what I was now about to do. I wish I was home with the babies, waiting for Brian to get back, but on the other hand...

This is right. This is what we both want—me to further my career and for Brian to be able to step down and spend more time with the kids. This is what we've worked for, what I've gotten my master's degree for. Everything has led up to this moment.

I spare a thought for Tanner, who's living in Colorado now with his new wife. For most of his life, he thought he'd take over Beckett Industries when Brian stepped down, but the falling out between father and son prevented that.

Tanner eventually left New York to start over somewhere new, and after a few years, he came back to apologize to both of us. We met his then-girlfriend, now wife, and finally, Brian's family was completely whole again. After that, Tanner forfeited any rights to take over the company, preferring to work as a ski instructor out west. It works out best for everyone.

The sound of Brian's voice breaks me out of my thoughts, and I hear him introduce me to the crowd, saying, "Everyone, please welcome my beautiful wife, Blair. She will be giving the commencement speech."

The audience applauds and the curtains pull back, revealing the hundreds of people waiting for me to speak. My nerves are almost overwhelming, and if not for the love shining in Brian's eyes, I don't think I can manage it. I step up to the podium and clear my throat, waiting until the crowd grows silent and all eyes are on me.

"Thank you," I begin, my voice quivering just a little. "It's an honor to be here to represent my husband and the rest of the board members. Over the past ten years, Beckett Industries has become one of the most successful ventures in the country, and we couldn't have done it without all of you."

More applause. This is good. This is going well. I look over at Brian, who nods, encouraging me to continue.

"Today, I would like to announce that Beckett Industries has chosen a new CEO. He or she will be able to take the company in a new direction and bring a fresh perspective. And that person is me."

I pause, allowing the crowd a moment to absorb the news.

"With the board's permission, I plan to expand the company into areas we've never explored before. There are several

charities in need of funding, and we're more than happy to support them. As for the future, well, it's going to be bright."

The crowd erupts into cheers and applause, and a few board members nod approvingly. Brian rises from his seat and crosses the room to the podium, standing beside me as the audience continues to celebrate.

"What do you say we get out of here and go upstairs?" he whispers in my ear, sending a thrill through my body.

"Sounds perfect."

Brian takes my hand, and together, we exit the ballroom.

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IT'S SO SILLY, but booking the hotel room at the same hotel where the charity dinner is being held allows us to race upstairs to be alone without the long trip home. It feels risqué. Knowing all of our employees and shareholders are still downstairs makes me feel...sexy. Naughty.

It isn't until Brian has me down to the matching red lingerie I wore for a surprise that I pause, feeling a little self-conscious when I see myself in the mirror. Two pregnancies and age have changed my body, but somehow, Brian looks just as fit and muscle-packed. He catches me looking and reads the hesitation on my face.

"Blair, what's wrong?"

"I just..." I trail off, shaking my head. "I'm not nineteen anymore."

He smirks, crossing the room in a few steps and gathering me into his arms.

"And? So what? You're a gorgeous, confident, sexy woman, and I love your body just the way it is. Now come here and let me show you how much."

I melt at his words, the tension leaving my body as I allow him to pull me close. "Really? Are you sure you wouldn't prefer I look different?"



“Blair, you’re even hotter now than you’ve ever been. These curves...” He caresses me, making my breath hitch. “...just mean that I can be a little rougher and fuck you nice and hard every time.”

A wave of arousal shoots through me at his words, and I gasp, my eyes wide as he pulls me down onto the bed and starts to peel off his suit.

“Let me prove it to you,” he says, his voice low and rough with need.

I nod, and he wastes no time, flipping me onto my stomach and yanking my panties off. His strong, warm hands grab my hips and pull me up onto my knees, and I’m instantly ready for him.

Over the next few hours, Brian proves to me again and again that he finds me perfect. And by the time he’s done, I’m convinced too.

This man...he makes me happier than I could have ever imagined. Even eleven years later, he still makes my heart sing.

*The End.*

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