

Santa
DADDY

Warming Up

COCCO



MAYRA STATHAM

WARMING UP COCO

SANTA DADDY

MAYRA STATHAM

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BLURB

She's been driving me insane from the moment she walked into my office. The way her smile brightens a room makes the feral animal inside of me come to life.

I've kept my hands off Coco Sanchez for a year. With every passing day, my obsession grows and warps into an insatiable hunger only she can sate. The holidays are right around the corner, and I'm tired of her thinking I hate her. I'm ready to make a move.

The weather is on my side when an unexpected blizzard helps my plans in making Coco mine. I'm going to make it work to my advantage. Snowed in and trapped, she's not sure what to make of me.

Coco may not know it yet, but this Christmas, I only have one wish: For this daddy to warm her up. Forever.

PROLOGUE

COCO SANCHEZ

He looked like his head was going to explode. I felt a little bad, but not really.

Lucas Star was a pain in the ass on a regular day, but it seemed I personally brought out the worst in him. For whatever reason, he hated me and loved to make my life a living hell.

“Miss Sanchez, what did I say about your perfume?” I frowned and fought the need to roll my eyes. My hands stretched out over the keyboard. I had to force them to relax.

If I didn’t, I might be tempted to toss the laptop toward him in the hopes of hitting him in the head.

“Not to wear it anymore,” I muttered, not bothering to look up at him because I knew just how much that annoyed him.

The man had had the audacity to ask me, and me alone, to stop wearing perfume. As if I smelled bad or something. If he only knew perfumes, like shoes, were my weakness. I bought the good stuff. I studied scents and scrimped and saved to buy the ones I loved. But he had acted like I bought some cheap discount bin scent that smelled worse than a skunk.

“If you’re not wearing it, why does it smell like that?” he growled. I looked over the screen of the laptop and masked my annoyance.

“I don’t know what you are smelling, Mr. Star.” I smiled tightly. I knew it looked fake, but I didn’t care. The man had pushed me too far. An animalistic growl vibrated through him, and it was more than clear he was frustrated and annoyed with

me. “Is there anything else I could do for you?” I asked, giving him my best bored expression.

He hated when I did that, when I seemed indifferent.

I should quit. *I really should.*

No amount of money was worth suffering this kind of abuse. But I was so close to paying off my student loans. I knew Lucas Star’s pay was more than competitive. There was no way I could go anywhere else and get paid what I made taking his crap.

Heck, it wasn’t like I hadn’t tried. Any time I applied to work for a different department in his firm, I got called into HR with a raise. One I had a feeling he’d put in to keep me under his thumb. I never got a call for even an interview. Something told me all the roadblocks set in my way were thanks to Mr. Star and no one else.

Which made no sense.

He hated me.

He hated me, while I loved him. I shivered at the thought. He made a face that snapped me out of my thoughts. I knew that look. He looked like he was ready to murder me.

“Why are you cold?” he accused. I blinked, masking any and all emotions I felt inside that were slowly bubbling up to the surface.

“Why do we breathe?” I responded. His stupid beautiful lips thinned.

“Maybe if you dressed a little more appropriately, you wouldn’t get cold.” There was no holding back my eyeroll then.

“You know what?” I stood up and grabbed my purse.

“What are you doing?” he asked, but I ignored him as I tossed on the cardigan resting on the back of my desk chair. “Where are you going?!” he now barked. My eyes drifted up to his face, and my heart, my stupid hopeless heart, broke a little. It felt like Lucas’ face was set in a permanent scowl whenever he looked at me.

“To lunch,” I muttered. I had been ready to work through lunch and cancel with my friend Serena. But he’d pushed one too many buttons. I needed a break from him, or else I’d do something stupid.

Living in Los Angeles was not cheap. Rent was sky-high. The cost of groceries was insane. I needed my job.

Working for Lucas Star was a means to an end. If I wanted to get my loans done and over with, I had to keep working for him. One day, I would be out of that debt and finally be able to breathe financially. Then I ‘d quit. I’d quit, take the bar, and open my own practice.

I just had to stay focused.

Space away from the world’s worst boss would help.

But being who I was—my dad had always warned me my mouth would get me into trouble—I turned to look up at him.

“And just so you know,”—my jaw clenched—“I am dressed within your dress code.” *I am dressed like a freaking nun!* “If you have an issue with it, maybe you should talk to your HR department.”

“You need to sit back down.” He pointed at me, and my brows bunched. “Lunch is being delivered in a couple of minutes,” he muttered before storming off and slamming his door. I stared at the closed door for a moment and shut my eyes.

My hands shook.

I hated him.

I hated how much he couldn’t stand me and how attracted I was to him despite his sour attitude. I had no idea why I felt that pull toward him. Maybe it was because of the things I liked and the toxic men I attracted?

Whatever it was, I knew it would never work out. The fact he seemed to loathe my very existence only helped.

“Five, four, three, two, one,” I counted down before opening my eyes. “You can get lunch yourself,” I muttered under my breath.

I opened my purse and reached for a little tube I kept in there. I brought it out and spritzed around my office and the small hall that separated us while I made my way to the elevator. It was petty of me, but I couldn't help myself.

Lucas Star could shove it!

Lucas Star

I watched her spray that damn perfume into the air through the security cameras I had in the hall and in her office. My hands fisted at my sides, and a throbbing started to ache in my head.

Not the one between my shoulders but the one between my legs.

The woman was impossible.

I watched her stand in front of the elevator. She was going to leave when I had ordered her to sit back down. The little brat was pushing my buttons, poking a sleeping bear. She had no idea, no clue, how fucking crazy she made me. How fucking obsessed I was with her.

She shivered again, and my brows bunched tightly.

Coco was always cold.

And I knew all I wanted to do was warm her up.

CHAPTER I

LUCAS

She was in there.

In an apartment that was in a shitty neighborhood she paid way too much for. My hands fisted tightly in my lap. My patience was running out. My control was slipping through my fingers, and for the first time in my forty-one years on earth, I wasn't sure what to do.

The right thing, the thing my saint of a brother Shep would do, would be to let her go. Transfer her to someone else's department so I wouldn't have to see her anymore. *Like that will stop you*, a voice spoke up in the back of my head. I clenched my jaw.

The right thing would be to set her up at a different law firm.

I had plenty of friends who would take care of her and let me pay her salary. Coco Sanchez deserved to work for someone who wasn't so damn obsessed with everything about her he couldn't see straight. Who didn't know how to act right around her because of the feelings he felt for her.

But I'd be damned if I put my sweet Coco in the hands of some other asshole who could swoop in and claim her.

I watched the light in her apartment turn back on after she'd turned it off an hour ago. Yes. I'd sat in my car for over an hour. A prickle of concern nibbled at the back of my mind. When she turned the light in her bedroom off, she was usually done for the night.

I knew that for a fact.

I had my driver take me to the same spot night after night since she started to work for me. There was never a night I didn't know when she went to bed. Whether I was parked across the street, cloaked by the darkness of night, or through the little camera in her bedroom, the sole one I allowed myself to hide in her place so I could keep a better eye on her.

My fingers itched to reach for my phone and pull up the camera, a camera that would let me know what my sweet Coco was up to.

“Sir?” My driver called out, snapping me out of my thoughts.

“Yes, Emile?” I met his dark gaze in the rearview mirror.

“Would you like to stay longer or head home?” he asked without judgment in his voice. I opened the app on my phone, zooming in on her form sitting cross legged on her bed. Coco sat in the middle of it, her eyes staring out the window.

Can she see me? Did she know I was out here?

I pulled at the screen, zooming in further, and the thing in my chest, an organ I didn't know actually felt shit before I met her, clenched.

My girl was crying.

She was crying, and all I wanted to do was get out of the car and rush up the five flights of stairs to get to her. But I didn't.

“Home.” My voice sounded scratchy. I hated having to leave when she was upset.

Emile started the car just as she stood up and moved toward the window. I could make out the outline of her body against the sheer curtains that did shit to hide the silhouette of her body. Emile drove off, and I prayed she didn't notice my car driving away.

The entire ride home, the city could have burned around me, and I wouldn't have noticed. Not when my attention was laser-focused on the woman on my phone. She wiped away the

tears and reached into her dresser. When I saw what she pulled out, the oxygen in my lungs seized. A hoodie.

My hoodie.

The one I had tossed off before I took a shower in the adjoined bathroom I had in my office. A sweater that had mysteriously gone missing a couple of months ago, one she swore she had no clue what I was talking about when I asked if she'd seen it.

The little minx had lied to me. *Coco lied to daddy.*

I rolled my neck from side to side and rested my free hand on my thigh when I watched her bring it up to her face and breathe in my scent. My knee started to bounce as I glanced out the window to check where we were. Emile needed to hurry me home, or I was going to take my dick out and stroke it in the backseat of the SUV like some kind of feral animal.

An animal she had brought to life.

A beast.

Who the fuck did I think I was kidding? Did I really think I could do the right thing when it came to her? I had genuinely tried. Shep had warned me to put space between her and me.

But I hadn't been able to.

I'd really put up a fight. If anyone knew the extent of my obsession, they would be in awe of the fact my control hadn't snapped before this. She pulled my hoodie over her head and got back into bed, not bothering to turn the light off. She was covered in my sweater, the fabric engulfing her. Jesus, she was so much smaller than me.

Younger than me, too.

I was fourteen years older than her.

Too old for her.

My thumb stroked her body on the screen while I let my mind run wild. Why had she woken up crying? It wasn't the first time I'd seen her wake hard in the middle of the night.

What woke my sweet girl up from her dreams that she had to seek out my hoodie that obviously brought her comfort?

And why the fuck was I wasting time staring at her through a screen instead of having her in my bed and in my arms to comfort her?

“Sir?” Emile’s voice broke through my thoughts, and I glanced up. “We’re here.”

“Thank you, Emile.” I nodded and got out of the car, waving goodbye before making my way into my house in the hills. I hated driving, especially in LA traffic.

I opened and shut my door, locking it behind me. I kicked my shoes off out of habit and went straight to my wet bar.

I needed to make a move.

I was exhausted of acting like I didn’t give a shit about her. Like she wasn’t the sole reason I got up in the morning to start the day. Like she wasn’t the one thing I looked forward to the most.

Coco Sanchez was beautiful. But it was more than her smooth flawless skin, angelic face, and shiny dark locks that made my hands itch to touch her. It was her. Inside and out. The woman was smart, witty, and fucking hilarious with the biggest freaking heart I had ever seen.

She was too fucking good for me.

I was the kind of man who had promised himself he didn’t need anyone.

I’d learned that early on, the hard way. You were supposed to be brought up by people who loved you unconditionally. Instead, my parents couldn’t have given two shits about me or my brothers, Sheppard and Trent. The only one who cared if we ate or not was my grandfather, who was as indifferent and as emotionally challenged as a rock.

I knew my childhood factored into how I treated people and kept everyone at a distance. I didn’t do friendships or relationships other than the kind that were regarding my

business. Even then, I knew some perceived me as cold. A jerk.

I didn't get close.

I had never been tempted.

Until Coco.

Coco and her big brown eyes and smooth olive skin that tanned beautifully during the summer. The last year had been unbearable. A year of keeping my hands to myself. Driving myself insane with want. I needed her. I hated how she had driven me to do all sorts of whacked-out shit, including putting a camera in her apartment.

With the money I had, it would have been easy to hire someone to do it for me. I could have had it done with a snap of my fingers. But there was no way possible I would have let another man walk into her place. It was hell enough trying to keep assholes from the office to stop sniffing around her. Not that I blamed them.

I understood them all too well.

I felt the pull of those fathomless eyes. The way the scent of her sweet skin mixed with vanilla and caramel mingled and swirled together. The notes made you hungry to fill your lungs completely and your mouth water for a taste of her flesh on your tongue.

I rolled my head from side to side before while moving to pour myself a drink, then walked to the floor-to-ceiling window. The thing was tinted, so I could see out, but no one could look in. The city was dark, lit up by the surrounding buildings and cars making their way this way and that. I had only been home for five minutes, yet I missed her.

Jesus, I was fucked in the head.

I grabbed my phone and stared at her for a moment. Wrapped up in her blankets, wearing my hoodie, her leg kicked out from the cover. The woman who was tormenting me slept calmly, almost peacefully, while I knew sleep wouldn't come until I stroked myself raw. There were nights I

jerked off two, three times thinking about her and all the things I would do to her, and it still didn't take the edge off.

I couldn't keep living like this.

The way I'd treated her was wearing on her. Trying to keep her at arm's lengths was starting to backfire. I needed to do something fast, before it was too late.

My eyes caught sight of the calendar I kept in my kitchen, and I frowned. It was already December. Christmas was right around the corner.

Christmas.

Just like that, I knew what I was going to do. I pressed a kiss to the tips of my fingers and touched her face on the screen before closing the app. I had work to get done if she was going to be mine by Christmas.

CHAPTER 2

COCO

I shifted in my seat as I forced myself to stare out the passenger side window.

If I didn't, I'd give in to the temptation to glance at my boss, who was driving the huge, black SUV that rivaled a tank. He did it with so much confidence that no matter how annoying he could be, I found it devastatingly sexy.

He cleared his throat, and my head had a mind of its own as it turned to look at him.

I'd been shocked when I woke up to an email saying he needed me to accompany him on a quick trip yesterday morning. When I arrived at the office to try and talk him out of it, Lucas had been nowhere to be found for the first time since I started to work for him. Not only had he not been at work, but he ignored every email and text I'd sent throughout the day. I received a text just as I slipped into bed, letting me know he would be picking me up at six A.M. sharp.

The side of me that was more than halfway in love with him was dying to go with him. I still had no idea where we were going. I stared outside at the winter wonderland of the snowy mountains in north California, worried I hadn't packed correctly.

"Are you doing okay?" he asked for the umpteenth time, and I frowned. That was another first. The genuine concern he showed was starting to chip away at my walls.

"I'm fine," I clipped and winced. Being defensive around him had become a knee-jerk reaction.

And he didn't deserve it.

He had shockingly been nice from the moment he picked me up and we headed to the private air field, from where a plane the size of my apartment had flown us to Tahoe. Maybe my nerves were still frayed from the turbulent flight and the way he had covered my hand with his and told me not to worry, that everything would be okay.

He'd been more than nice.

Never having seen that side of him had me feeling a little unsteady. Like I was still sleeping somehow and dreaming the whole thing up.

"Would you like something to drink or eat?" He pointed out the windshield, at a billboard for a diner that boasted the best chocolate chip cookies in three counties. *Well, that's tempting.*

"Do we need to get to wherever we are going by a certain time?" I asked.

I was still in the dark about where the hell that was what the hell he needed to do. He'd been tight-lipped about it, changing the subject any time I brought it up.

"No, we have time." Another first.

The man was like a machine when it came to work. He didn't stop. His schedule was always booked solid. The man never rested, and I knew this because I was always by his side. One meeting after another, never taking a moment between projects.

He even worked weekends. Which in turn made me work weekends.

"Okay, if you're sure," I answered.

We'd been on the road for an hour, and after the flight we'd had, the idea of stretching out and have a little something to eat sounded good.

Not five minutes later, he was pulling off the highway and into the roadside diner. "Wait for me," he ordered, and I

frowned again. My eyes widened with surprise when he hurried out of the SUV and he rushed to my door.

The man was full of surprises. Dressed a lot more casual than I was used to seeing him, he was breathtakingly handsome. Not that Lucas wasn't good looking on a regular basis. He was. He wore a three-piece designer suit like it had been made with him in mind.

But there was something so masculine, rugged almost, about seeing him against the snowy mountain background dressed in a cream-colored cable-knit sweater and faded jeans. He almost seemed a little more approachable.

I shook the thought away.

I knew better than to make wishes on the impossible. I had given my heart to my college boyfriend, baring my soul and everything I liked in and out of bed, only to have it used against me. Love and happily ever afters might work for some, but I wasn't one of those people.

It took too much trust and faith to let myself be vulnerable again.

Lucas opened my door, and our eyes connected. *Maybe it wouldn't be work with him?* my heart whispered, and my lungs seized. There was something about the way he looked at me, something a part of me wanted to believe in.

"Be careful. It's icy," he warned. His tone sounded a little harsh but nothing out of the normal.

Just like that, he helped me remember the man I was used to.

Lucas wasn't some softie. He was ruthless and mean. The more I reminded myself, the better.

"Coco, are you okay?" he asked, and I blinked, unable to hide how good his concern made me feel and the way I shivered. "Shit! You're cold." He opened the back passenger door and came back with a deep green hoodie in his arms. One I'd seen him wear after a workout.

“Here.” He offered me the sweater. I opened then shut my mouth. There was too much going on in my head to trust myself to say a word. I almost wanted to pinch myself to see if I was actually awake.

Lucas, being on a roll of surprises, started to bunch the material and pulled it over my head. And I just let him dress me, covering my body with his hoodie, surrounding me with his scent and warmth. Once he was done and pulled the hood over my head, he looked at me with an almost smile on his face. The closest I’d seen to the real thing.

“Warm?” I nodded, unable to trust my voice or what the hell would slip past my lips.

But he wasn’t done rocking my world. Not even close. His large, warm hand found mine and pulled me close to his side before he shut the passenger door and led the way into the diner. The place was cozy inside. Decorated in reds and whites, and a couple of Christmas trees twinkled brightly all around the space.

“This is cool.” His lips brushed against the shell of my ear. That was another first. Lucas avoided sharing space with me like the plague. Yet he was plastered to my side. And for some forsaken reason, I couldn’t find myself to push him away. Not when he was warm and smelled almost as good as the cookies I wanted to try.

An older lady with snow-white hair asked if we needed a table for two, and Lucas nodded. The whole moment was a blur. All I focused on was the way his hand rested at the small of my back. The heat of his touch permeated through the fabric of his hoodie and the thin material of the long-sleeved blouse I was wearing. His touch stayed long after we sat down.

I stared at the menu but couldn’t read a thing.

I couldn’t seem to steady my erratic heartbeat or the hope that started to bubble up inside of me. *No! He’s a walking red flag!* I tried to remind myself, but it was useless.

He never touched me.

He never moved in close, at least not on purpose.

There had been one time, three months ago. The elevator had filled up when we were heading down. He'd been forced to stand behind me, close enough I'd felt his body heat radiating in waves against my back.

"What are you thinking about?" His deep voice snapped me out of the memory and momentary freakout.

"What?" I croaked, dropping the menu to meet his jade-green eyes.

"What are you think about?" he repeated patiently. I swallowed.

There was no way I could admit I'd just been thinking about him brushing up against me in a crowded elevator or how much I wished he would have sat next to me instead of in front of me. Or how I'd been in love with him, but he couldn't seem to breathe the same air when we were in the office.

"Coco, are you okay?" He frowned.

"What are you ordering?" I asked in a high-pitched tone. "I was thinking about what I should order," I lied, wincing at how stupid I sounded.

He stared at me for a beat. I wasn't sure if he believed me, but he didn't question it if he didn't.

"I was thinking about the egg white omelet. You?"

"Umm, I'm not really sure." My eyes skimmed the menu, but nothing made sense.

"You haven't had breakfast," he noted quietly. "They serve it all day here." I glanced down at the breakfast side of the menu. Sure enough, he was right. *Wait, how does he know I haven't eaten yet?* I was about to ask that when he kept talking.

"We could order some of those famous chocolate chip cookies to share."

"You? You like cookies?" I teased, because no matter how shocked I was with the way he'd been acting, I was still me.

"Who doesn't like cookies?"

“I’m pretty sure before this, I would have said you were the only person on earth.”

“Why?” His lips twitched. Stupid me, I wanted to make my boss smile.

“I’ve never seen you eat anything sweet.” His gaze changed. His light green eyes seemed to darken as something between us changed.

“Maybe”—he leaned in closer, his big hands covering mine, and my eyes widened— “maybe I wait for the right time to indulge.” His eyes dipped from mine down to my mouth. His smoldering gaze felt like a caress, and I shivered. “To indulge fully in something sweet.” His voice sounded scratchy, yet I was the one who cleared her throat.

“Oh...” *Oh?* I sounded like an idiot. A breathy, almost panting idiot. “So... you like cookies?”

“Yeah.” My eyes were on his mouth. I was fully captivated by the way his tongue sneaked out and slid across his perfect white teeth. “Cookies always hit the spot.”

There was something in the way he was looking at me, the way his green gaze darkened that told me he wasn’t exactly talking about the holiday treat. Lucas leaned in closer, causing my breathing to turn shallow. His thumbs stroked the top of my knuckles, leaving little trails of fire on my skin.

I wanted his touch all over me.

Oh yeah, he was talking more about the chocolate chip cookies advertised on the billboard.

“Well...” I forced myself to tear my hands away from his hold, and I hated how disappointed I felt when he let me go. “What are you going to eat?” I asked and felt my face heat up when he looked at me in a certain kind of way. *Certain kind of way? Stop being a hopeless romantic, Coco! He hates you. He can’t stand you! Whatever you’re seeing is due to sleep deprivation!*

“Did you forget already?” His brow rose. “Egg white omelet,” he reminded me, and I nodded, trying my best to conjure up some kind of sassiness or attitude.

“Shocking,” I smarted off, but it fell flat. “I mean, you always go with the healthy stuff.”

“And you think I should indulge on this trip?” He shifted in his seat across from me. Nothing but natural light streamed through the huge window next to us. It made my fingers itch to snap a picture of him.

I wanted to remember him like that forever.

Relaxed and calm.

Almost like he was having a good time.

“What’s that?”

“What?”

“Whatever is making you think hard.”

“Me? What makes you think I’m—” The words died on my tongue because he moved fast, once again leaning over the table to touch my face.

“You get these little lines over the bridge of your nose.”

“How would you know?”

“I think you would be surprised about what I know about you,” he shared, and for a moment, we stared at one another.

“What’s that supposed to—”

“Hey! I’m Diane. I’ll be your server today! Would you like to hear the specials, or do you know what you guys would like to order?” Our waitress broke the moment, making me forget what I’d been about to ask him.

“I know exactly what I want,” he drawled slowly, and when I glanced up, his hands were still touching the edge of my face and his eyes were pinned on me.

Like he was suggesting I was what he wanted.

And as stupid and hopeless as it was, I wanted that to be truer than anything in the world.

CHAPTER 3

LUCAS

My knee bounced with nervous energy I didn't attempt to hide when she was gone.

We had just finished eating a late breakfast when she got up to use the bathroom.

“Here you go, honey. Warm chocolate chip cookies and two glasses of ice-cold milk. Will there be anything more?” Diane offered.

“Yes.” Our eyes connected. “Could I order one of your deluxe Christmas cookie boxes? The ones in the wood tray?”

“Of course. Do you want to choose or—“

“Just assorted, but make sure you add a couple extra chocolate chip walnut cookies, if possible.” Those were Coco's favorites.

“Sounds good, hun.” The older lady winked. “You two are a great-lookin' couple. How long have you been together?” she asked with genuine interest.

“A year,” I muttered. Not that Coco knew she became mine the moment she stepped foot into my office and started tormenting me.

“That's great. You guys are adorable!” She smiled. “Are you headed to Serendipity Bluffs?”

“Yeah. I rented a cabin that overlooks the lake.” I glanced toward the bathrooms to make sure Coco didn't overhear.

“Romantic, especially during Christmas time and with this snow.” She grinned. “I’ll bring your box once you guys are done.”

“Thank you.” She nodded and walked away. The moment I spotted Coco, I stood, and she stared at me.

“Are we leaving?” Her eyes bounced between the cookie plate between us and me. My girl had a sweet tooth that couldn’t be denied.

“No.” I shook my head. “I was just, umm... stretching,” I lied. I’d bounced up like a happy Golden Retriever at the very first sight of her. Her lips twitched like she didn’t believe me. And why would she? Coco was fucking smart. She might not have gone to the severe lengths I did to get to know everything about her, but I had a feeling she hardly missed anything and knew me well, too.

She slipped into the booth, and I wanted nothing more than follow in, sit right next to her on the bench seat. So damn close our thighs touched. *One day*. My heart hoped.

“So, where are we going?” she finally asked again. Now that we weren’t in the city anymore and away from being able to escape, I was ready to slowly start letting her in on my plans.

“Serendipity Bluffs.”

“Serendipity— is that a real place?” I grunted with a nod. A beautiful, blinding smile started to form on her face.

“That’s such a pretty name for a city.”

“Pretty,” I muttered.

Pretty was her.

Pretty was the way her eyes sparkled and her smile made everything brighter. But I couldn’t say those things to her.

Not yet.

“Eat.” I pointed at the cookies between us, and her head tilted.

“Only me? I thought they were for both of us.”

“I’ll have some,” I promised even though that wasn’t the kind of dessert I was craving. The only cookie I wanted was sitting in front of me, and it wasn’t on a fucking plate. Coco reached for one and set it on my plate before she served herself one.

“They’re still warm,” she noted happily, but I was recovering from the fact she’d served me before herself.

She served me first.

“Lucas?” Her eyes searched mine, and I could see the concern laced in her dark stare. She served me first.

I’ve never had anyone serve me.

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah.” My voice sounded hoarse in my own ears as emotion clogged my throat. “How are they?” I watched her pick up the cookie. She puckered her perfect mouth and blew gently before taking a bite. The whole sight was innocent enough, but in my eyes? With how obsessed I’d been, how quickly I was losing my hold on every shred of sanity and decency, obsessed with her the last year, the whole thing was the most erotic thing I had ever witnessed.

Until she made this little sound when she chewed.

I knew that little fucking sound would bounce around my head like a damn ping-pong ball until I heard another. Her eyes fluttered shut, and when she opened them, that look of satisfaction had my cock leaking cum, rubbing uncomfortably against the denim of my jeans.

“These are amazing,” she sighed. Her dark chocolate gaze nailed me in place. “Have one.” She pointed at the plate in front of me. I picked it up, mechanically took a bite, and chewed. Food had always been something I ate to fuel my body. Nothing to savor or enjoy, not really.

But she wasn’t wrong.

The flavor of vanilla and milk chocolate chips with a hint of cinnamon bloomed on my tongue while I stared at her and chewed the Christmas treat.

“Good, right?”

“Perfect,” I mumbled, not talking about the sweet treat but about the woman in front of me.

“Thank you.” She reached for my hand and squeezed.

“For?” I frowned, feeling a little guilty. I’d technically lied to her. Dragged her from LA and up to the mountains under the guise of work.

“For stopping here for me. I didn’t realize how hungry I was until I started to dig into my breakfast.” I frowned harder, hating the idea of her needing to eat.

“Should we order some lunch to go?”

“Oh, I don’t know. How far are we from...”

“Serendipity Bluffs.”

“Serendipity Bluffs,” she repeated with a cute little smile.

“Should be about an hour out.” I glanced out of the window and frowned.

“What is it?” she asked, turning to look out.

“The snow’s picked up,” I noticed. The black Tahoe I had rented was almost covered completely in snow.

“Hey, you two.” Our waitress popped by with a smile and impeccable timing. “How are the cookies?”

“Amazing!” Coco answered. “I don’t think I’ve ever had a better one.” She picked up a second and ate it with a smile.

“I’m glad, honey. Is there anything else I could bring you two?”

“Just the check.” I pressed my lips together. “Is this a normal amount of snow?” Diane looked out the window and shrugged.

“Well, snow up in these parts can be a little unpredictable,” she shared, and I could have sworn her blue eyes almost sparkled. “The news is saying the storm is going to turn into a blizzard, but not until two more nights or so. You should be

okay to make it to Serendipity. I just hope this storm doesn't cancel all their events. That would be a shame."

"Events?" Coco asked, and I could see the excitement start to bubble up inside of her.

"Yeah, hun, they have all sorts of Christmas stuff going on up by the lake. You two lovebirds will enjoy it."

"Oh, umm..." She glanced at me, and I could tell she was waiting for me to correct Diane. Over my dead body. "That, umm, sounds lovely, but I don't think we will have time, right, Lucas? With work and stuff? Wait, who did you say we were meeting?"

"I didn't." I turned to look at our waitress. "Could we add two lunches to go as well? Something that will keep, if possible."

"Of course." She winked at me. "I got you two covered. I'll be right back with your things and the check." I nodded and picked up another cookie. I chomped down before chugging the milk.

My head was filled with what would happen if this blizzard did indeed kick in earlier or snowed us in. I quickly realized I couldn't have planned anything more perfectly. The idea of being alone with my little temptress for a couple of days during the holidays sounded perfect.

I picked up a third, three cookies more than my system was used to, when Coco coughed, drawing my attention to her. I tried to mask the surprise of finding her staring at me.

"What?" I clipped a little too brusquely, and I saw some of the light in her eyes dim slowly. *You big fucking idiot!*

"Ah... there you are. I was starting to think you got abducted by aliens last night or something," she teased, but I could almost see her building up the bricks around her.

"Hmm," I huffed.

"Lucas, it's a cookie, not medicine." She pointed at the fourth cookie in my hand.

"Excuse me?" I asked, meeting her gaze on me.

“The cookies.” She pointed. “You’re eating them like you hate it more than you hate me.” She rolled her eyes, and something ugly sank in the pit of my gut.

Is that what she thinks? It couldn’t be further from the truth.

“I don’t hate you,” I whispered, never taking my eyes off her.

“Really?” Her lips twitched, and my hands suddenly itched to swat her perfect ass and try to tame a little bit of the brat I saw shine through here and there. They clenched beneath the table. I didn’t even know if she had the same interests I did when it came to the bedroom. “You could have fooled me.”

“I don’t,” I reassured her, but I knew it wasn’t enough.

“Right.” Her eyes dropped, and she reached for another cookie, but it was the last one. I watched the hesitation before her eyes met mine. “Want to split it?” she asked, ignoring the conversation we’d just had.

“Coco,” I started, but our waitress had amazing timing yet again.

“Here you two go.” She dropped a big brown bag with handles lunch on the table. “That little something you asked for is also in the bag, and here is the check.” She handed me the slip.

“Thank you.” I grabbed my wallet from my pocket and pulled out two crisp hundred-dollar bills. “Here you go.”

“Oh! That’s too much, umm...”

“Merry Christmas,” I mumbled, ignoring the way Coco stared. Like she could hardly recognize me.

“Thank you. That is incredibly generous. Have a good stay and drive safe.”

We stood, and I grabbed the bag then reached for her hand with my free one.

“Lucas—” She started to say, but I cut her off in case she was going to ask why I was suddenly touching her. I wasn’t

sure myself. It was like one small caress had broken me, and I couldn't keep my hands to myself.

"Come on, we still have a little bit of a drive to go," I muttered under my breath.

We walked out quietly, but one thing I was hyperaware of was the fact she didn't let go of my hand. If anything, her hand wrapped around mine.

I had a feeling it was going to take more work than I'd thought to win Coco's heart. But as I watched her settle into the passenger seat and pull the seatbelt across her front, I knew I wouldn't have it any other way.

Anything worthwhile took work, and Coco was more than worth the effort.

CHAPTER 4

COCO

The higher we went up the mountain, the heavier the snow fell around us.

The scenery was beautiful. Tall trees covered in the fluffy stuff as snowflakes hit the windshield. It felt magical. Like we were driving straight into Narnia or something.

But I had to admit, never having experienced weather like that, I had a white-knuckled grip on the door handle. If Lucas was worried, he didn't show it.

Then again, it was rare to see the mask he wore drop from his face.

Usually, that ticked me off. It made me think of him as some kind of tinman without a heart.

But while he drove and I tried not to freak out about the narrow roads, steep inclines, and sharp turns, I had to admit there was something soothing about the calm way he drove. It eased my anxiety. If that wasn't enough, about thirty minutes into the drive, he gripped the steering wheel with one hand and covered mine with the other.

My eyes kept dropping to watch. Lucas Star, my bosshole to rival any other bossholes, the man who had requested I stop wearing my perfume in the office and acted like he couldn't stand sharing the same air, was holding my hand!

And not just to drag me from place to place, how I would have imagined it might have happened if he ever put his hands on me, but he was holding it with such a tender, gentle touch that it made my mind spin.

I didn't know why, but I did know I didn't want him to stop.

I smiled quietly, stealing glances at him here and there while we drove to a mountain city with an adorable name for who knew what reason.

My thoughts ran wild. Letting myself pretend things were different between us.

What would it feel like if Lucas were mine? If I were his?

My imagination went down a dangerous road.

One where I let myself daydream we were on a getaway for Christmas. *Together*. That he wasn't just my jerky boss but my lover. *My daddy*. My college boyfriend had known all about my kink. Being my first love, young with stars in my eyes, I had shared all about my kink and preferences, but his possessive ways turned abusive.

Physically and emotionally.

Until one day, I looked at myself in the mirror and knew I had to get out from under his thumb. A daddy, a real one, wouldn't be hurtful. Not the way my ex had been. A daddy, a man, would be supportive instead of trying to tear down my self-confidence at every turn.

Daddy.

I glanced at Lucas. His green gaze was laser-focused on the road while he hummed along with the Christmas carols that played softly. *Who would have thought he even knew the lyrics to Christmas carols?*

I'd always known my interests were different than most. After my relationship in college all but exploded in my face, I learned a lesson. I dated here and there, but nothing came from it.

And I never admitted my likes other than to my best friend, Serena.

I wondered, not for the first time, if Lucas Star had a dirty side.

A filthy-mouthed one that could keep me in line, yet a softer side, too. One that would baby and spoil me. Not with things. I made my own money to buy materialistic things, but spoil me with his attention and time. The thought almost made me giggle while breaking my heart at the same time.

Lucas was all about work.

He had no hobbies or interests. I might not be his favorite person, but when you work closely together, usually six days a week for the last twelve months, you got to know one another pretty well. I gave up trying not to stare. I openly watched him.

His profile was so handsome, so masculine. All I wanted to do was curl up next to him, cuddle into his arms, and feel his lips at the top of my head while he mumbled sweet nothings against my hair. *What would that feel like?*

His hand squeezed mine as if he could somehow feel my gaze on him. But he didn't say anything. He just kept driving while Christmas music played on the radio.

I was attracted to a man who despite having just assured me didn't hate me, the way he'd behaved the last year would say otherwise. I was inexplicably drawn to him.

His confidence. Natural swagger.

The way he controlled every and any space he stepped foot into.

It was more than alluring. It was addicting to me.

Imagining he could care about me even half as much as he cared about his work had me feeling all warm and fuzzy. Maybe I was not only sex deprived but touch deprived, too? Maybe that's what messed with my head and had me wishing for impossible things any time I looked at him.

I might have what some would call a submissive side to myself, but that was behind closed doors. I was an independent woman. I had gone to law school and graduated with honors. I just hadn't taken the bar. *Not yet.*

I would one day, but for the moment, I was working to pay off my student loans.

But one day, I'd find a man who would love, cherish, and protect me. Love me for who I was and not want to change me.

Someone who was a little obsessed with me and wanted the best for me.

What would Lucas think about his assistant fantasizing about him? Wishing she could call him daddy? What would he think about the fact I got myself off almost nightly to the idea of being his, and how he would devour not only body but my heart and soul?

My lips twitched at his possible reactions.

In my dream world, he would be more than okay with it. But realistically? Lucas would probably frown so hard, a light breeze would be all it took to make his face stay that way.

But I had no doubt Lucas Star would make a great daddy. That stern way of his, he would probably more than happily spank my bratty side into submission. My face heated up at the thought as my eyes dipped to the hand holding on to the steering wheel.

Big and strong, with light callouses at his palm.

I was afraid that was the only side to him. Would he have a soft side for the good girl in me?

"That's us." His chin jutted forward, and I turned to see what he was talking about, then my eyes widened.

"Holy smokes," I whispered. The beautiful modern wood cabin was beautiful. It looked like it was two, possibly three stories. "Is this just for us?" I asked, my stare fixated on the gorgeous house.

"Of course. Who else did you think would be here?"

"I don't know. It's just so... big." I turned to look at him.

"That's what she said." I blinked at his words.

Was that a joke? “Did you honestly just make a joke?” I grinned, and he simply shrugged.

“It’s just the two of us.” The two of us. God, why did that sound so good?

“The two of us,” my voice cracked. “Wait, how long are we going to be here? And who are we meeting?” I peppered him with questions.

“Breathe, Coco.” He sighed. “Stay in the car,” he ordered again like he had at the diner. Once again, he jumped out. Again, I watched him round the SUV and make his way to open my door.

Lucas Star held my hand and opened doors for me?

Was this all a dream?

Did I hit my head in the middle of the night and suffered a concussion? Or maybe I had entered some kind of parallel universe?

“What’s that look about?” His dark brow rose.

“What’s happening?”

“We’re getting out of the car, and going to head into the cabin—”

“No. I mean here. Between us?”

“Between us?” His mossy gaze dropped to my lips. “What would you want to happen between us, Coco?”

“What would I—” The words died on my tongue.

The question was too loaded for me. The answer would terrify him.

“Whatever.” I shook my head and reached for my bag and the bag from the diner. Both of which he took from my hand without saying a word, extending his hand for mine.

And because I was a glutton for punishment, and as my dad liked to say, I loved la mala vida, I took it and let him lead the way. We made it to the front of the cabin, where he let go

of my hand to unlock the door. When he turned toward me, there was something in his gaze.

Something I couldn't put my finger on.

"Coco?"

"Yeah?" My voice sounded raspy in my ears.

"I don't hate you."

"You mentioned that," I sassed, and his lips twitched.

"I mean it."

"Okay."

"I need you to believe that." There was a plea in his tone I had never heard.

"Lucas—"

"Before we step inside, I need you to know that. I don't hate you, not even fucking close," he rasped. My heart picked up speed.

I wasn't sure why he'd changed his tune or what was happening. Lucas Star was not the kind of man who asked people anything, much less begged them. I would know. I knew firsthand how ruthless he was closing deal after deal. He was as successful as he was because he didn't take shit from anyone. He didn't beg or plead ever.

But there he was. Standing all tall and handsome, his green eyes searching mine with something I couldn't read but I knew in my gut wasn't hate or annoyance.

"Coco." My skin was covered in gooseflesh at the way he said my name. I loved when he said it. "If I ever made you think that, please forgive me." His steady, deep words made me shiver.

"Okay," I answered, shrugging my shoulders. "I believe you don't hate me," I found myself saying.

I never would have expected to say those words, much less believe them, but there was something in the air between us that made the walls I'd built around my heart start to soften.

He might not have knocked them down completely—I wasn't naïve enough to think it'd be that easy after a year of being treated in a certain kind of way by him—but being who I was, I was willing to give him a chance.

He moved in, closing the small space that separated us in front of the door.

Right or wrong, I had a feeling the moment we walked over the threshold, things would never be the same.

CHAPTER 5

LUCAS

“I’m sorry for being... difficult,” I rasped. Difficult was an understatement, and we both knew it. Having her so damn close, her scent and warmth were too much. Shit, even the soft sound of her breathing had me on edge. I was close to coming out of my skin.

As I stood at the door of the cabin with Coco and her big brown eyes that sparkled as she stared at me with innocence and temptation all at the same time, all I wanted to do was toss her over my shoulder after kissing her like she belonged to me.

Not yet, a voice whispered in the back of my mind.

I had to win her affection first.

I needed her to know how I felt when it came to her. I had to do right by her if I wanted us to last. I wanted nothing less than forever.

“Difficult?” She smirked, giving me a glimpse of dimples at her cheeks I hardly ever saw. *Oh yeah, Coco Sanchez is mine. For always. My endgame.*

“No offense, Mr. Star, but you can be a lot more than difficult.” Jesus, even the sassy attitude she tossed my way made it hard for me to focus.

“True, but—” She shivered again, and I scowled. “Shit, you’re cold.” *What the hell have I been thinking?* Talking outside with her when all she was wearing to protect herself from the low temperature was my hoodie. Her teeth started to chatter, and I opened the door. “Let’s warm you up, Coco.” I nodded, silently inviting her in.

When she brushed past me, I had to stifle the groan that threatened to escape. I loved the way her body felt against mine. Shutting and locking the door with my back to her, I tried to find some kind of control. Something to hold on to so I didn't royally screw up. Remind myself of why I'd told myself throughout the last year I had to keep my hands off her.

When I glanced at her over my shoulder, all those reasons and excuses no longer made sense to me. Who the hell was I kidding? They had stopped making sense a long time ago.

"Oh, wow," she gasped. "This place is incredible." She smiled, and my feet moved on their own accord. I didn't stop until I was right in front of her, so close she had to tilt her head back, especially since she was in flats. "Lucas?" she whispered my name, and my hands left my side and took hold of her hips. "What are you—"

My jaw clenched. There was so much I wanted to tell her. More than apologies and begging her for forgiveness for the way I'd acted the last year. But I couldn't string two freaking words together. A deep sound vibrated inside my chest, and I felt heat between my pecs. My eyes dropped to find her hand there.

She wasn't pushing me away.

The tips of her fingers stroked my chest. Up and down with a soothing touch. Almost like she could feel how tormented my thoughts were. How torn I was.

"Why are we here, Lucas?"

"I told you work and—" I started to say, but the words quickly died on my tongue. We both knew I was full of shit.

"The truth," she whispered. I opened and shut my mouth.

I hadn't expected her to touch me, to make a move and put me on the spot.

Fuck.

"The truth is I brought you here to get you away from the city."

"Why?"

“Because...” My jaw clenched almost painfully. One of her hands rose and cupped my face.

“Why did you want to get me out of the city?” Her voice was soft, and I felt like a goddamn fish out of water. Every answer that came to mind felt like too much. Like it had the possibility of scaring her away.

To claim you.

To mark you.

To make you mine.

Everything was too extreme.

“I’ve been an asshole,” I started slowly, “a jerk of a boss and wanted to take care of you.”

“Like a vacation?”

“Hmm,” I grunted, knowing very well this wasn’t what that was.

“Usually,” she started, and I could tell whatever was about to come out of her mouth was going to be sassy as hell by her tone alone, not to mention the way she looked like she was fighting from falling into a fit of giggles, “when an employer gives their staff time off, said employer doesn’t say where they can go and accompany the employees on their vacation.”

“Smartass.”

“Better than a dumbass.” She didn’t hold back her giggles, and the sound of it so close to me while she touched my chest fed something in my soul.

“I wanted to get you out of the office to spend some time alone... together.”

“We’re usually alone at work,” she reminded me.

“Without worrying about work.” I rubbed the back of my neck. “I’m not good at this, Coco.”

“Good at what?”

“Flirting. Letting someone know I’m... interested.” Interested was putting it mildly, but I didn’t want her to run

out of the cabin and into the woods.

“Interested?” Her hand dropped from my face but rested on my chest, right over my heart. I wondered if she could feel how that damn organ was close to popping out of my chest and right into her hands.

“More than interested,” I rasped, dipping my head down. “Coco, you need to step away,” I suggested yet pressed my forehead against hers.

“Why?” Her breath was sweet. Like the chocolate chip cookies we’d shared at the diner.

“Three hundred and sixty-six days, baby girl,” I drawled slowly. “That’s a long time trying to keep my distance and not steal a kiss.”

“What?”

“That’s how long I’ve been trying to keep my space from you but...” She swallowed.

“I don’t understand.”

“You will,” I promised.

I forced my feet to move. I stepped back and took hold of her hand, not missing her gaze drop to how I held her. “Let me show you the place.”

“Not to be a party pooper but, Lucas, I didn’t pack and most certainly didn’t dress for a snowy getaway.” Just like that, she let the subject go. I wasn’t sure if that was good or bad, but I’d figure out a way to bring her around.

“Do you trust me?” I asked. The millisecond it took her to answer felt like forever.

“Of course, I do.”

“Good.”

“Wait, what does that mean?” She laughed, but I ignored it. I had planned everything and made sure the cabin was not only fully stocked but ready for her. I told her she didn’t need to bring anything for a reason.

“This is the living room. Kitchen.” I pointed, then kept walking. “Stairs.” I continued unnecessarily while she followed behind me, her hand still in mine.

“That’s a bedroom.” I pointed to a shut door. “Another room there”—the master I hoped we would eventually share—“and this is a den slash library of sorts.” I showed her, and just like I expected, my girl froze.

Her eyes turned to saucers as she looked out at the space. I let her hand drop from mine, and when it did, she took one big step in then froze again. Her hands moved up to her lips as she studied the space.

Floor-to-ceiling windows that overlooked the forested backyard, bringing the outdoors into the house. Big flat screen TV mounted over a fireplace and a huge, oversized sectional that looked like it would be a great place to relax. The space was decorated for Christmas, lit up with strings of twinkling lights.

When I had asked my brother for a recommendation of where to stay, he didn’t disappoint. This room alone was worth the drive.

Her reaction was priceless.

“Lucas,” she whispered my name so damn sweetly, a droplet of fluid pearled up at the tip of my cock. I couldn’t wait to show her the deck on the third floor that gave you a perfect view of the lake.

“Do you like it?”

“You did this? For me?” I nodded. My tongue felt too big for my mouth. I cleared my throat.

“I wanted you to know you’re special to me.” *Special?* Jesus, I sounded so damn old.

“Special?” Her head tilted as her wavy hair swung over her shoulder.

“Important,” I corrected.

“I’m special and important to you?” I nodded. “Lucas...” She licked her lips, and the sight of her pretty, pink tongue

swiping her mouth, leaving the plump pink flesh shiny, was too much for me.

I moved in closer, but she didn't step away. She simply stood in front of me. Brave and bold. Her eyes met mine head on. I didn't overthink. I simply picked her up, and she smiled.

"What are you doing?" She laughed as her arms wrapped around my shoulders.

"Showing you something." I carried her out of the loft area and into the master bedroom. It was presumptuous of me to think she would share the space with me. If she wasn't ready for that, I'd deal and sleep in the extra room.

But my girl would be staying in the master regardless.

It was why I'd made sure the room was set up just for her.

"Is this..."

"Your room," I mumbled, kicking the door open, never letting my eyes move from her face. I soaked in every emotion that played out while she soaked in the space.

"Lucas," she whispered as she looked around. "Are those..."

"Clothes?" I guessed. "Yes. Anything you might need. Boots and shoes, too." I set her down and watched her move closer to the walk-in closet that held everything. "The dresser has a couple of other things, if you would like to change into something more comfortable." She peeked at me from over her shoulder.

"Are you asking me to change into lingerie?" Fuck. My face heated up, and I knew I was blushing when she giggled at my expense.

"There is lingerie, but I meant clothes to lounge in," I clarified and knew I'd surprised her.

"How did you do this? How did you know my sizes and..." she peppered me with questions. Coco licked those pretty lips again, and I had to bite away a groan.

I wanted to lick her lips, her neck.

Fuck, I wanted her to let daddy lick her from head to toe and everything in between.

“That doesn’t matter.” I ran my fingers through my hair. “I’ll leave you to rest and get lunch set up.”

“You’re not staying in here? I mean, with me. I mean—” Now she was blushing. It was fucking adorable.

“I will if you want me to. But I want you to know I am okay staying in the bedroom across the hall if you’re better with that as well.” I shook my head and stomped toward her, picking her up once again only to sit on the edge of the mattress, her sweet tiny body straddling mine. Her eyes widened the moment I set her right on top of me, and I knew why.

The fucker between my legs wasn’t settling, and I had a feeling he wasn’t going to until he got what he wanted.

“You’re hard,” Coco wasn’t shy to point out.

“I want you,” I confessed.

“Lucas—” I shot her a look, and she quieted.

“I’ve wanted you for so long.”

“So, why be... like you were an—”

“Ogre, I think is what you called me once.” She blushed, and I had a really hard time not smiling at her. “I’m not good at this, Coco. You’re so much younger than me and work for me.” I exhaled roughly as my head dipped down and rested against hers. “This last year has been the best and the hardest of my life. Do you have any idea how hard it was on me having the girl of my dreams, the girl who drove me insane, so damn close to me, yet have to keep my hands to myself?”

“Lucas.” I saw the worry in her eyes. Then she shocked the hell out of me. “I’m not good at this stuff either. I had a bad relationship once and...” She opened and shut her mouth. “I’m different,” she shared so damn softly I almost thought I’d imagined it.

“Different?” I frowned. “What does that mean?”

“It means what I like... well, umm...” I could feel her nervous energy bounce off her in waves.

“Coco.” I pulled back. My hands cupped her face as my heartrate picked up. Could she possibly be telling me we had one huge thing in common? Was my girl going to give me the one thing I’d thought might be impossible to get from her?

I was a controlling son of a bitch.

I knew that about myself.

I was demanding and cold in the boardroom, but it wasn’t only there where I needed control. That desire leaked into things in the bedroom. I’d played in sex clubs but never had someone of my own. I’d never felt the need or pull toward anyone except Coco.

Expect for my baby girl.

“The things I like... in a relationship... in the bedroom, Lucas...” I smiled at her and stroked the apples of her cheeks. Her skin was so damn soft.

“Whatever it is, whatever you like or want, it’s yours, baby girl.” Her breath hitched at the endearment, and hope sprung to life in my heart and soul.

I was too old for her. Too bitter and cold. But I would do anything to be her daddy. I just needed her to give me a little trust to show her how far I would go to become her everything.

Because she was already mine.

CHAPTER 6

COCO

Butterflies flapped their wings in my belly like they were competing for a god medal.

He's smiling.

Actually smiling down at me!

His hands touched my face like I was made of the finest china as he stared at me like he couldn't believe I was real.

"Lucas." His name slipped past my lips when all I wanted to call him was something else. Something that might scare him away or make him think differently of me.

"All you have to do is ask. Nothing will put me off. Not when it comes to you, Coco," he promised. I felt my body melt further into his hard one. And hard he was. Long and thick against the apex of my thighs. I had to fight myself from squirming and writhing on his lap like a cat in heat.

"We just have to be honest with one another from here on out." His jaw clenched. "I know that's rich coming from me, right? I made you think I hated you when honestly, I don't know how the hell I lived so long without knowing you were out there in the world." My eyes stung with happy tears at his words.

I still couldn't believe this moment, this beautiful, perfect moment was real. It was better than any daydream and fantasy I'd ever had.

"What do you like, Coco? What do you need from me, baby girl?" My sex clenched every time he called me that. "Be

a good girl for me. Tell me.”

“Daddy.” When the word slipped past my lips, I lost sight of him. Not because he pushed me away and ran.

Nope.

I lost sight of him because the moment he started to move in closer, my eyes shut. I felt his lips against mine in the most beautiful, hungry first kiss known to man. His lips skated over mine with an urgency that had me holding on. Moving my mouth with his, giving him as good as I got. I wanted to believe and hope everything he was pouring into that moment matched what I’d felt for him all year.

What I’d tried and failed not to feel.

“Daddy,” I panted against his lips before pulling in a breath. My lungs burned from loss of oxygen, but he wasn’t done. His lips skated to the edge of mine and then lower. From my chin and into my neck. “Oh god, Lucas.”

“Uh-uh,” he grunted, “you know what to call me. What I need you to call me, baby girl.”

“Daddy.”

“Yes,” he hissed, opening his mouth wider as he sucked and nipped at my sensitive neck. I felt like a firework with a its fuse lit that had started to spark up to life and was about to explode.

All from a simple make-out session and some necking.

“Daddy, I... oh god,” I groaned, unable to stop my hips’ natural instinct as they rolled against his hardness.

“Good girl, such a fucking good girl for daddy.”

“Lucas, Daddy, I’m so... so close,” I whimpered.

“Good. Stay there. Walk that edge for me just a little longer, baby.” He hoarsely panted against my skin. His lips felt great, and the five-o’clock shadow on his face only added fuel to the wildfire inside of me.

“Oh,” I squeaked. His hands gripped my hips, keeping me still over his erection.

“Not yet. Be a good girl.”

“But I need to come,” I whined, all and any inhibitions gone. He pulled back, and when our eyes connected, I had no idea how I knew what he wanted from me, but I did. His green gaze bore into me as my hips started to work against him.

Back and forth, his hands at my hips pulling me, leading the way as he drove me closer and closer until I was at the point of no return.

“Keep those pretty eyes on me,” he gritted through his teeth. “Look at me. Let me see my girl feel good. Come for me,” he demanded roughly. The jaggedness of his tone made me wetter. I was about to smart off and say something about not being that easy, but I didn’t.

I couldn’t.

Not when the man had a hold on me like no other. Somehow, just the sound of his voice, his filthy demand, was enough for me to do his bidding. I came hard. My body went taut, then I trembled on his lap as my orgasm not only washed over me but took me under.

Like a riptide, the waves of pleasure almost felt endless, almost too much.

But I wasn’t scared of never coming back up or falling off his lap. Not when Lucas held me in his arms like I was a prized heirloom while he whispered into my ear what a good girl I’d been for him.

All the while letting me discover a side of him I would have never believed existed.

“Hi,” he smiled the moment my breathing returned to normal.

“Hi,” I whispered.

“You did so good, baby.” I couldn’t stop myself from preening under his praise, resting my head against his shoulder. “In case you missed it, baby girl, I like your kind of different.” My lips parted as my eyes grew heavy.

“Hmm,” I sighed happily.

The day of traveling and uncertainty with the lack of sleep from the last couple of days added with the amazing orgasm caught up with me. Before I knew it, I started to drift off. “Thank you, Daddy.” I yawned.

“Anything for you,” he vowed, and because my walls were down, I found myself thinking about how much I cared about him.

How I’d fallen in love with Lucas Star the moment I’d walked into his office.

All without realizing I said the words out loud.

CHAPTER 7

LUCAS

I love you, *Lucas*. Coco's sleepy words drifted in and out of my mind while she slept. I'd drawn the covers over her precious body to make sure she was nice and toasty before I slipped out of the master bedroom.

I walked around the cabin and checked everything was okay then locked up. The snow hadn't stopped. It might have created a beautiful winter wonderland for us to enjoy, but I wanted to make sure we were safe and sound while we hid from the world and I did my best convincing her to give me a chance. To make her mine.

I'd never been happier to have talked Shep into stocking the cabin for me. I owed him big for coming and setting it up. Not only were the kitchen and wet bar fully stocked, but he'd had someone decorate the cabin with Christmas trees strung up with lights as well, making the entire space look even more magical. Not to mention a couple of floral bouquets I spotted in the master bedroom and living spaces.

I shot him a text thanking him before I hurried to prepare lunch. I took the things we brought from the diner, smiling at the surprise our waitress had added for us, to the den on the second story.

As I scanned the space, an idea popped into my head, and for a split second, I hesitated.

What if she thought I was being cheesy?

Who the fuck cares? You need to show her you care! That you're in love with her!

Her sleepy words floated through my head again, and my chest burned with longing. *I love you, Lucas.* She was only a couple of steps away, yet I missed her. I had a feeling she wouldn't remember her sweet confession, and I was okay with that.

I'd more than happily share how I felt about her, and soon. I was done keeping my feelings bottled up.

Fuck it! I set up an indoor picnic close to the floor-to-ceiling windows that happened to be right next to one of the fresh Christmas trees. The warm white twinkling lights sparkled and shined next to the fireplace I turned on.

I got to work hoping my girl wouldn't wake up before I was done. Just as I finished tossing the last pillow onto the ground, I felt her enter the room. When I turned, the smile on my face died quickly.

"Hi." Coco waved shyly as she tightened the belt of the emerald-green satin robe she was wearing. An emerald-green robe and nightie I had chosen just for her. The moment I saw it, I'd known it would look amazing against her olive complexion.

"Hey." My voice sounded like gravel. Sweat started to form at the back of my neck. Jesus, Coco was beautiful. Inside and out.

And I didn't deserve her.

I was a cold motherfucker, but I would make it my life's mission to become a better man. My beautiful woman walked toward me in the set of lingerie I'd hoped yet didn't think I'd see her wear this trip.

Shit.

I knew she was too good for me, but there was no way I would ever let her go. Not after knowing what her lips tasted like and the way she looked when she came on my lap.

"I changed into something a little more comfortable," she shared almost shyly.

“I see that.” My tongue felt too big in my mouth. Coco stopped right in front of me, and my chest rose and fell heavily with my hands fisted at my sides. I had just gotten her off on my lap, and now she was tempting me to take and claim so much more.

For a moment, I wondered if I could talk her into marrying me before we headed home. That’s how serious I was about her. How sure I was that she was meant for me and I for her.

“Is this okay? Dress code wise, I mean?” she teased, but I couldn’t do anything but stare at her. My eyes greedily ate up the way she looked. I didn’t miss the peaks of her tightened nipples straining through the robe and nightgown she was probably wearing below. How her more than a handful breasts jiggled with every breath she took.

“Coco.” I swallowed, trying to find a way to warn her from pushing me too far. I was harder than granite and needed to be inside her tight little body more than I needed to breathe.

You need to calm the fuck down! a voice scolded. Make this about her. Don't be more of a selfish prick than you've already been this year.

“Yes?” she asked before pulling her plush lower lip into her mouth, biting down on her flesh. She reminded me of how beautiful she’d been just a little while ago while she dry humped against her daddy to find her orgasm.

“Be good,” I warned. She gifted me with sneaky, little smile. She glanced over my shoulder and blinked. The sauciness in her gaze softened, like I’d surprised her in a really fucking good way. Jesus, I would work my hands to the bone to receive that look on a daily basis.

“What did you do?” She smiled at me.

The sight of it was so blindingly beautiful, I couldn’t help myself. I pulled her closer, eradicating the mere inches that separated us, leaned in, and pressed my mouth on hers. The kiss was too fucking short for my liking, but I had to pull away. I needed to show her what I wanted was more than a

hookup or a fling. I was working for the long game. The moment I pulled away and our eyes met, her stomach growled.

“Lunch,” I muttered, pulling her toward the picnic area.

“A picnic,” she noted as her dark eyes sparkled. “This is beautiful, Lucas.”

“It’s not much and sure as hell isn’t as beautiful as you.” I glanced at her and didn’t miss the pink tinge on her cheeks. “Let’s eat, and then we can do whatever you want,” I offered, thinking my girl would like to go out and play with the snow or maybe head into town to one of Serendipity Bluffs’ winter events.

“Anything?” I had a feeling she wanted to do anything but leave the cabin.

And I sure as hell wasn’t going to complain.

CHAPTER 8

COCO

“How did you do all this?” I asked for the millionth time. Partly because I was curious, I hadn’t been asleep that long. Another part of me kept asking him because of how he blushed.

Lucas Star, the world’s worst boss and bosshole extraordinaire, was actually capable of blushing! Who would have guessed?

“It’s nothing. Just some pillows and blankets and—” I reached for his hand, and his wrapped around mine immediately. *It feels so right.*

“Thank you,” I whispered, unable to hide the emotions in my voice and probably on my face.

My dad always said, if my mouth didn’t say it, my face would definitely show someone how I felt. I thought I’d learned how to school that after working for Lucas the last year with how crazy he drove me, but it seemed I was an easy nut to crack. Not even an entire twenty-four-hour period, and he was tumbling down the walls around my guarded heart.

“This is the sweetest thing anyone has ever done for me,” I confessed.

“How is that possible?” His voice seemed to vibrate against my skin.

“I don’t know.” I shrugged.

“You really telling me there was never...” His voice drifted off, and he made a face.

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“Ask,” I pressed, knowing very well I was about to put myself in the hotseat.

“There was never anyone? A guy? Boyfriend or other...”

“Daddy?” I guessed and watched as his jaw shifted from right to left, clenched so tightly, I had to lean in and touch it to sooth the tension away.

“You’re going to hurt yourself,” I whispered. His eyes connected with mine. His gaze was steady and intense, silently pleading with me to share a little bit of myself.

“There was someone. Once. In college.” My eyes moved to the floor-to-ceiling window and stared at the snow falling, coating the ground in what looked like white fluff. “He wasn’t very nice. He thought the whole daddy/baby girl dynamic was a power move. A way to make himself better than me.” I kept staring at the wooded space outside despite feeling his gaze on me like a warm caress.

One that made me brave enough to talk to someone about what happened with my ex for the first time other than Serena.

“At first, it was little things I shrugged off thinking it wasn’t a big deal or nothing but a poor choice of words on his part. But slowly, if you hear you’re worthless or stupid or, I don’t know, how you don’t measure up to other girls or that you’re lucky you found him because otherwise, you’d be living life alone because there is no way anyone else would want you... you kind of start to believe it.” I swallowed and felt him shift.

Lucas moved to sit behind me. his long legs bent at my side as his front covered my back, engulfing me with his body heat. My eyes fluttered shut.

“After that, he’d do things that... left marks in places no one else would see but me. When Serena, you know, my friend who works up on the top floor with the sports agents?” He grunted. “She had to leave law school, and when she did, it got worse. He didn’t care if anyone saw the marks.”

“Fuck,” he cursed. Wrapping his arms around me tighter.

“A week before graduation, I realized I was late, and when I stared at myself in the mirror thinking about having his baby, I felt so... hopeless. I was about to finish law school. I was so close to living, you know? The thought of having a little girl and one day, whether he changed or not, she’d find out how her dad treated me, how I’d let myself be treated...” I shook my head.

“Thankfully, I started my period the next day. Turned out stress and losing weight mess up your menstrual cycle.” I smiled, trying to lighten the mood. But Lucas just kissed my satin-covered shoulder.

“Anyhow, one night when he came at me and I was so tired of being scared, I fought back.”

“What? Really?” I could hear the concern in his voice.

“Yeah,” I laughed at the memory. “I still have no idea how I let him do the things he did to me. I pushed him back, picked up one of my heels from the floor, and threatened to stab him in the balls if he didn’t leave. It wasn’t until I opened the door to my dorm, with other people around, that he believed I would do just that. I shouted at him that we were over, that I didn’t love him, that what we had wasn’t love. Not when he hurt me the way he did.”

“And he did? Leave?”

“Yeah.” I smiled. “I think he knew the end was coming. That we didn’t have a future. Not a real one.”

“That couldn’t have been easy, fighting for yourself the way you did.”

“I was the stupid one who put herself in—” His fingers touched my chin and turned me so our gazes connected.

“Don’t do that,” he demanded almost sternly. “Don’t put yourself down. You took a chance on love, put your heart on the line and trusted someone else to protect it. Fucking that up was on him for.” My nose stung while I blinked away unshed tears.

“Thank you.” My lips trembled. I tried to smile through the tears, but they had a mind of their own. A couple escaped and started to roll down my face, but Lucas wouldn’t have that. He brushed them away with the pads of his thumbs.

“I haven’t... you know... tried again. Not after that.” I felt the need to explain.

“I don’t blame you,” he muttered. “Fuck.” I watched as he winced, and my brows bunched.

“What is it?”

“You went through that, and I treated you the way I did this past year.” His green eyes opened. Pain shined in them.

“Lucas—”

“No.” He shook his head. “I’m fucking sorry, Coco.”

“What about you?” I asked, changing the subject. “Have you ever taken a chance on someone?”

“She’s in my arms as we speak.” My body relaxed on its own accord, melting into him.

“Lucas,” I whispered.

“I’ve never been in a relationship. Never had a girlfriend. And most definitely have never been the guy you take home to mom.”

“My mom would love you.” I giggled. He looked at me like he didn’t know what to do with me. “I’m serious.” I rested my cheek on his chest. “Lucas?”

“Hmm?”

“What are we doing here?” I asked as I stared outside. The sun was starting to set, and the sky was a flurry of beautiful colors. Colors that might have clashed and not matched anywhere other than in the sky at sunset.

Kind of like Lucas and me.

“Baby girl, Coco, look at me,” he ordered. I turned to meet his green gaze. “Right now, I’m trying to show you I have another side to me when it comes to you.”

“Daddy?” I asked and watched as his nose flared.

“Yes,” he rasped. “Daddy is there for you any time, any place,” he vowed, and I knew he wasn’t just giving me pretty words. He meant it. “But honestly? Fuck.” He cleared his throat. I could see a flash of worry in the pools of his eyes before it disappeared. “I should wait to tell you this. I should play it cool, let you get to know me nice and slow so I can earn your trust and not rush you.”

“Why do I have a feeling you don’t have a patient bone in your body?”

“Because you know me. I might have been a dick of a boss, but when you really think about the past year, all the time we’ve spent together, even if I forced you to work overtime and kept you way too late... you have to know... I love you.” My heart warmed inside my chest. “There wasn’t a moment I didn’t worry about you. From making sure you ate well, to your safety and ensuring you got home safe and sound, to taking care of those damn student loans.”

“What?”

“You didn’t accept my offer to pay them off.”

“You said it was a program your company offered,” I argued, “I didn’t want to take that opportunity away from anyone else who might have needed it more. I was getting by just fine.” He shot me a look. I chewed on my lower lip before I groaned. “Okay!” I sighed. “Maybe I didn’t take you up on it because I was being a brat, and maybe...”

“What?”

“Maybe... I didn’t want to finish paying my student loans... yet.” His brow rose, and he looked at me like I was crazy. A laugh escaped from me.

“What I mean is,”—I shifted and moved, turning my body to straddle his thighs and rest my hands on his shoulders—“you’ve been the worst. You know that, and I know that, but I didn’t make it any easier.” His lips twitched, and my breath hitched.

In the last three hundred and sixty-six days of knowing him, he'd never smiled, and now, today of all days, he was handing them out like Oprah did free cars. And each one felt like a miracle. A gift. One I knew I wouldn't take for granted.

"I didn't make things easier. I have a bratty side." That earned me a full-fledged smile. "But if I'd paid off the loans, I'd have to get ready to take the bar, which would have meant me leaving you. Despite you being bosshole of the year... I don't know... no matter how hard I tried to not like you, not want you... I still did."

His eyes shut, and his forehead pressed against mine. "You have any idea what a gift you just gave me, Coco? You telling me that? I love you, Coco. I think I fell in love with you the moment I saw you interviewing for the position through the security cameras. But love isn't something I know a whole lot about."

"Lucas—"

"I didn't grow up in a warm home with a caring family. Shit, my parents didn't care if my brothers and I ate. Emotionally I thought... I thought I wouldn't be good for you, so I tried to make you, force your hand to quit because I couldn't be the one to let you go."

"I tried to quit," I reminded him. "More than once." He nodded.

"Yeah, I couldn't let you do that either."

"Why now?"

"I'm done waiting. This last year has been torture, driving myself insane with needing to be around you, doing things that might..." His voice drifted off, and his green orbs dropped from mine.

"You've done things that, what?" I asked. His eyes rose and locked with mine. Smoldering and intense. I had a feeling I knew what he was hiding. "What have you done?" I asked as my chest rose and fell. My head tilted as I watched him stare at me.

“Driving myself insane with needing to be around you. Making sure you were okay, safe and sound at all times.”

“Lucas? Have you been watching me?” My body felt like I was trembling from the inside out. No. Trembling wasn’t the right word. *Vibrating*. Maybe I was as sick and crazy as he was if the idea of Lucas Star, my daddy, watching me turned me on. My chest pressed tightly against his, my hands on his chest between us. Lucas’ hands wrapped around me tightly, almost like he was scared I’d run away.

Little did he know it would be the opposite. Maybe we were more alike and perfectly matched than I’d thought?

CHAPTER 9

LUCAS

“Coco,” I strained her name through my teeth.
“Were you watching me?” she repeated slowly, so damn softly I couldn’t breathe.

She knew. She knew, and she was going to push me away. I couldn’t have that.

“Coco—”

“It’s a yes or no question, Lucas.”

“Daddy,” I corrected a little too brusquely. “I don’t want you to be scared. Not of me. Never of me, baby girl.”

“What makes you think I’d be scared of you?” My eyes dropped to the pulse point at her neck. It thumped away erratically.

If she wasn’t scared... did that mean?

“You were made for me,” I answered. “I knew that the moment I met you face to face. when I watched you through the security camera during your interview, I was interested. I couldn’t deny the pull I felt. A spark of interest that came to life. But fuck me, Coco, that little spark turned into an ember that caught my soul on fire for you when we met. You made me want and ache for more.”

“Lucas—”

“Yes,” I hissed. My hands gripped her hips tighter before I slid them up her back. “Yes, I watched you. At first, I followed you home. I hated you taking the bus those first couple of

weeks. Do you have any idea how freaking beautiful you are? How many men stared at and coveted you without you knowing it? Clueless about the way they watched you?”

“The company car,” she whispered, and I nodded.

“Yeah. You wouldn’t take the freaking driver I offered you or the rides I pleaded you take—”

“You tried to boss me around.”

“I know.” I swallowed. “I’m not good at this. I don’t know how to share my feelings and be more than who I am.”

“All I want is you. I don’t need you to be anyone else.”

“What if I’m a jerk and you hate me?”

“You are a jerk,” she confirmed, but there was something, a softness in her dark gaze that caused me to breathe easier. “You’re a jerk, but like you told me, I should tell you, too... I never hated you. No matter how much I wanted to... I didn’t have it in me. Not when—” Her chest rose and fell, and I felt the air around us change. It turned warmer, thicker. And it had nothing to do with the heater kicking in.

“Not when what, Coco?”

“I couldn’t hate you because I loved you... Daddy.” I couldn’t stop my reaction if I had a gun put to my head.

My mouth crushed hers while my hand cupped the back of her head. I didn’t ask her to open her mouth for me. I plundered and conquered. Deepening the kiss. A deep guttural sound escaped from me, and I forced her to swallow it. But she didn’t push me away, didn’t pound on my chest to pull away.

No, not my sweet Coco.

Coco kissed me back.

Giving as good as she got while her own hands moved from my chest to the back of my head. I felt her fingers in my hair tugging on the short strands, making me hungrier and needier for the woman on my lap.

“Coco,” I groaned. She mewled. “I love you, Coco. Fuck, I love you so damn much.”

“I love you, too,” she whispered. Her tongue swiped my lower lip, creating a deep ache at the base of my cock.

“Fuck, baby girl,” I growled.

We made out in front of the window. Our mouths tangled while our hands explored our clothed bodies. Both hunger and heat grew between us.

There might have been a snowstorm happening outside, hell, it was probably a blizzard for all I knew, but there was a wildfire inside the cabin I never wanted to put out.

CHAPTER 10

COCO

I pulled my mouth away from Lucas' and immediately missed his taste while I tried to get my eyes to focus on the man in front of me.

God, he was beautiful.

Tall, strong, with a green stare that could easily talk me into doing anything and follow him anywhere, including through the gates of hell. Not that he would ever put me in harm's way. I knew it my gut.

I felt safe with Lucas. If I thought about it, as annoyed or frustrated as he made me the past year, I'd always felt safe with him. I wasn't nervous or worried about how he would treat me, or even if I would get lost in the dynamic of what we could be. Not when I knew I wholeheartedly trusted him.

"Lucas," I panted while I tried to catch my breath, but nothing came out. I wasn't sure what I wanted to do or say.

"Anything you want." His green gaze searched mine.

"What do we do now?" The question spilled past my lips without me overthinking it, and it only made me realize just how right this was.

How right we were.

Even with our past, he felt like home. It's why I'd bratted off and responded the way I did when he'd pushed my buttons one too many times. Subconsciously, I'd known I was safe around him. My hands moved to hold his handsome face.

"I mean, we love each other..."

“You’re mine,” he answered like those two words explained enough.

“I’m yours? Just like that?”

“Baby girl, you’ve been mine.”

I had been.

I knew it in my soul.

It was why, no matter how frustrated I’d been or how much I tried to be annoyed by him, I could never get myself to hate him. Not truly. Not when the love I felt for him was so much greater.

“You’re mine, and I’m yours.” His right hand reached for my left and settled it over his heart. “You’re right here.” He tapped my fingers against his hard chest. “You brought this to life. You gave it purpose.”

“You mean more than to pump blood and keep you alive?” I teased, and his eyes went unbelievably soft.

“I love that little smart mouth.” He smirked. “But yes. you gave this man in front of you a bigger purpose than to run a fucking company that honestly doesn’t make a big difference.”

“Don’t say that.”

“You, just you breathing, changed my life. You need to know that,” he rasped.

“So, does this mean you and—”

“We’re together. Not for the weekend. Or the holidays. Even for a long fling. This thing between us, baby girl,”—he lifted my hand and kissed the tips of my fingers—“this thing between us is forever.”

We’d never been on a first date. We hadn’t had sex or met one another’s family or friends. Yet his words, what he was asking for, wasn’t too crazy of a thought.

“You really believe that, don’t you?”

“You bet. And if you’re not one hundred percent sold on me yet, that’s okay. I believe more than enough for the two of

us.”

His promise made me feel all warm and cozy inside.

I didn't overthink. I just felt and let my heart lead the way. It might have been wrong once upon a time, but that was the beauty of mistakes and relationships that didn't work out. They gave you an opportunity to not only learn, but they taught you so much about yourself. I leaned in and kissed him again.

One moment we were sitting in the picnic area he'd set out for us, and the next we were both on our knees, facing one another. My hands rushed to the hem of his sweater, and when I started to pull it up over his abdomen, his hands captured my wrists.

“Coco,” he groaned, leaning down to rest his forehead on mine. “There's absolutely no rush. We can make out, sleep in separate bedrooms... you don't need to feel like we need to...” He swallowed hard, almost like every word he said and the ones that would soon slip past his lips left a bad taste in his mouth. “We don't have to have sex. Just sitting by the fire or watching a movie with you in my arms is fine with me, baby. Daddy just wants to make you happy.”

My eyes dropped to the tenting in the front of his pants. There was no denying how much he wanted me, how much it would cost him to back off and try to take things slow. But I knew in my gut that he would do just that. He'd happily take things at a snail's pace if I asked him to.

My daddy would do anything for me.

I swallowed at the realization of how true that really was. My hands dropped the material and fell to my sides.

“Coco?” He called my name, but I didn't answer.

I stood and held my hand out for him. He frowned but took it, standing up. I looked up at him. We were both barefoot, showing me exactly how much taller he was than me, bigger and stronger. I lifted the hand I still held up to my lips and kissed his knuckles, never letting my eyes waver from his.

From the look on his face, I had a feeling he knew what I was up to.

I didn't need to wait.

"I want you, Daddy," I whispered. "I want all of you."

"Coco—"

"I don't want to wait," I cut in. My hands fisted the soft material of his sweater. "Please, Daddy." I knew very well I wasn't playing fair.

His jaw clenched, and I knew he was biting down on his teeth. He wanted me as badly as I wanted him, but he was trying to be the good guy. If only he knew he didn't have to try. He already was.

"Lucas, please." I wasn't above playing dirty. My hands lay flat against his skin. It was warm. I was fascinated by the way his muscles contracted under my touch. "Daddy, I ache." His Adam's apple bobbed before he nodded tersely.

"Okay." His voice sounded like gravel. I lifted the knitted material of his sweater up his torso until I couldn't reach further, and he helped chuck it off.

"Wow," I gasped at the sight of him. His hands dropped, and I watched his thick, long fingers scratch the dark hair on his chest.

"I'm a little hairy," he pointed out with a scowl.

Now that I knew where he stood when it came to me, I knew how to read him a little better. The pissy look wasn't due to being upset or angry. He was feeling a little self-conscious. My hands moved up and down through the pelt of hair on his broad chest. It was thick but soft. I smiled.

"I like it." I did. I couldn't wait to rub my body against him. His hands dropped to my waist, and my eyes moved to watch him. I could hear the heavy panting of his breathing as he worked the belt of my robe off. Before he untied it, I was met by his green gaze.

"Are you sure?" he asked again. I nodded, wide-eyed and breathless. I couldn't find a way to put together a small three-

letter word. When he untied it, my eyes fluttered shut as his hands moved up my arms and pulled the soft material off my shoulders, tossing it behind him.

“Look at you. I knew you would look like a goddess in this little nightie,” he rasped. “Such a good girl for me. Fuck.” His fingers stroked the tiny little strap at the slope of my shoulder. The other had already slid down, exposing me little by little. “You look so fucking beautiful in this, but I want to snap these little straps and rip it off your exquisite little body.”

“Lucas,” I gasped, but he shot me a look before he shook his head.

“None of that, baby girl. What do you call me when it’s just us, with no one around, behind closed doors?”

“Daddy,” I answered. It was probably wrong to so many, but for us, it just was. It made as much sense as breathing.

“Good fucking girl,” he growled.

His head dipped, and he pressed his lips to my shoulder in a barely-there kiss. His hands dropped to my front. The tips of his fingers traced my collarbone before he cupped my breasts, brushing the turgid peaks of my nipples. I moaned.

“Daddy,” I whined, the sensation of his touch zipping and zapping through my body. My thighs pressed together tightly. I could feel the wetness between my legs.

“Be a good girl, Coco.” His voice vibrated off my satin-covered skin while his hands dropped to the hem of my nightie. He skimmed the black lace, and when his eyes met mine, I felt my knees weaken. “No turning back now. You know that, right, baby?”

“Yes. Please, Daddy.”

“Good girl,” he praised.

Lucas made sure he dragged the pads of his fingers against the skin of my thighs and then higher. His hands were so big it felt like there wasn’t a part of my front he didn’t touch as he pulled the nightie up and over my head, tossing it on the growing pile behind him.

“Look at you.” His gaze devoured me with a hunger I felt.

“You’re not naked, Daddy,” I whispered.

“I will be,” he promised darkly. I trembled.

“I need more of your touch, Daddy, please,” I begged softly. “I ache. Please.” My eyes opened and met his intense gaze.

“I got you, baby girl. Fuck, I got you. Today, tomorrow, and always,” he vowed.

Before I could blink, I was in his arms like a groom carried his bride, and he settled me down carefully onto the stacked blankets and pillows. The lights flickered, but the ones on the tree stayed lit while a quiet fire roared in the fireplace. But we weren’t worried about figuring out what happened to the power. His mouth dropped to touch my lips while his body covered mine. Then he was done gently savoring. He nipped and bit at my neck, then my shoulder, before he moved down slowly, not leaving a centimeter of my body untouched until he was between my legs.

“Daddy!” Our eyes met for a second, and I would never forget the way he looked as he stared at me and opened his mouth, taking that first taste of me. Sealing my future as his when he got to work eating me.

It wasn’t graceful or sweet.

The need had been building for too long to be soft.

The push and pull of acting like we couldn’t stand breathing the same air when all we wanted and needed was to be connected as one had finally come to an end. I was his, and he was mine.

I squirmed and writhed below him, but he didn’t let go. His strong hands were banded around my thighs, pulling them apart while he built the pleasure I knew he, and he alone, could only ever deliver.

“Daddy! Oh god, Daddy!” My voice cracked as something inside me started to coil and tighten. He had just started, yet I

was ready to explode. He pulled away and tsked me knowing just how close I'd been.

“Not yet.” His eyes glowed. “My pretty girl is going to glitter up when I'm ready for her to come, do you understand, Coco?”

“Daddy,” I whined.

“I'm in charge here. Do you understand, baby girl?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I agreed easily as he settled in. He stroked the inside of my thighs, and I squirmed at the ticklish feeling. “Daddy.” I giggled and squirmed. His lips pulled up into a smile that reminded me of a fox.

He pulled my legs up and made me rest the heels of my feet on his muscular shoulders. I was completely exposed to him in that position. I should have been embarrassed by how open I was and everything he was seeing.

“Look how damn wet you are. All this baby girl candy for me, Coco?” he taunted. His finger stroked my slit up and down, avoiding my clit.

“Daddy,” I strained.

I tried to move my bottom closer to his face, and the deep sound of his chuckles made my skin burn with need. “What did I say, baby girl? Daddy's in charge here, not this perfect little pussy. If daddy wants to tease his sweet little princess cunt until she's a writhing, messy puddle, he's going to.” The depth of his voice filled my soul and covered my skin with goose bumps. “You're going to let me.”

“But, Daddy,” I tried to argue, but I couldn't say another word when the tip of his pointer finger slipped inside me. “Fuck,” I cursed. My back arched off the makeshift bed beneath us.

“Such a dirty mouth, baby.” he teased before he kissed the inside of my thigh. “Don't worry, Coco, it can be our little secret.” My pussy clenched at his dirty words, and my face heated.

“Daddy,” I cried out.

“Shh, let me take care of you the way I’ve been dreaming of,” he drawled softly, and take care of me he did.

His tongue swiped at my sex. Up and down, side to side, all while his finger inched deeper inside me, little by little, until he was pressed to the hilt. I tightened around him.

My toes curled and my thighs started to quake as he built the need inside me higher and higher. “Come!” he demanded, shoving a second finger into my tight pussy.

Like his good girl, I did as he ordered and came.

My body shook and my back arched off the blankets I was lying on top of. And he didn’t stop. No, Lucas Star kept fingering and tasting me until one orgasm barreled into another. He cursed in a low voice and moved between my legs. In the back of my mind, through the soft buzzing that was left behind from the high he’d gifted me, I could hear the sound of a zipper being pulled down.

Then he was there.

His large masculine, slightly hairy body was on top of mine. When he hitched one of my legs over the small of his back, I weakly wrapped my arms around his neck.

“Take me.” His scent and warmth surrounded me, and I sighed happily. He felt perfect on top of me. I’d pictured it a million times, wondering how our size difference would work in the bedroom, but obviously, I had nothing to worry about.

I reached up and kissed him softly and sweetly before I pulled back.

“Make me yours, Daddy.” He didn’t hesitate or blink.

His eyes locked on mine, and I knew I would never forget the moment he sunk into my body in one long, rough thrust. “Oh my—” My voice cracked.

There was a burning sensation that came with the stretch as he molded the walls of my pussy around his length. Long and thick, curved in a way that when he started to move, I felt my eyes start to cross. I’d never felt whole more than in that moment. He felt right and so damn perfect.

“Daddy,” I cried out. His name slipped past my lips as a chanted prayer.

No longer was he my playful, sweet daddy. The man moving in and out of my body was a beast, a monster, but in the most beautiful way. My body craved him and the savage rough side he showed me. I clung to him, my nails digging into his flesh.

“Fuck, fucking hell, you feel so damn good. Shit, Coco! Goddamn!”

“Our secret,” I whispered, and he nodded, his eyes flashing.

“Our secret,” he panted. “Coco!”

“Daddy.”

“Take me, take me good,” he grunted. I watched a bead of sweat roll down the temple of his strained face. He moved back a little so he could look at where we’re connected.

“Look at this tight, little pussy.” His nose flared. “Swallowing me up so good. Taking every inch of her daddy’s cock. Jesus. You’re such a good girl.” His hand moved between our sweaty bodies, and he started to press on my clit in a circular motion.

“Lucas!” I cried out.

The first shot of his release spurred my orgasm to the surface. I came crashing down like I’d been shot into the air by a Mack truck. We didn’t let go of one another. We held on to one another tightly as ribbon after ribbon of his warm release flooded me from the inside out. He gave me some of his body weight for a moment while we caught our breaths.

He rolled over and pressed me into his body. I shivered as the sweat on my skin started to dry, but I didn’t have to reach for a blanket. No. Daddy pulled one over us and made sure to tuck me nicely into his side. His arm was beneath my head, my leg draped over his thigh while he stroked my hair.

“That was fucking incredible, Coco.” I glanced up at him. His eyes were already on mine. His green gaze softened while

he shuffled me up his body so we could be at eye level as we lay side by side.

“Did I hurt you?” I shook my head, and Lucas kissed the tip of my nose so sweetly that it made me tremble.

“Daddy?”

“Hmm?” His chest rumbled. It felt good as he rubbed it against mine with how close we were pressed tightly together.

“Can we do that again?” His hand swatted my ass, and I giggled.

“We can do that any time you want.”

“Yay,” I whispered. “I love you, Lucas.

“I love you, too. Rest for me, okay?”

“Okay, Daddy.” I sighed softly before sleep got the better of me, and like a good girl, I drifted off.

CHAPTER II

LUCAS

She stared up at me with those big brown eyes of hers, and my heart felt too big in my chest. How was it possible that after a life of not knowing love, it was standing right in front of me? Choosing me, wanting me, and needing me despite my worst?

I was a bastard. My lips tipped up, and I gave her a challenging look. I lost sight of her chocolaty gaze as it dropped to the outfit I'd chosen for the day.

To say it was skimpier than anything she'd worn the last couple of days was an understatement. For the past three days, we'd been snowed in together with nowhere to go. We didn't mind. Fuck, if I was honest, I was so damn glad Mother Nature seemed to be on my side to steal time away with Coco.

We'd been insatiable after we broke the seal. There wasn't a spot inside the cabin I hadn't taken her or kissed her or touched her. And I was creative, which my baby girl showed her appreciation for.

"You want me to wear..." I nodded. My gaze never wavered from where she stood. The snow had stopped, and we were finally able to get out and explore, but once Coco noticed the hot tub on the deck off the second-floor living space, I'd had one thing and one thing in mind.

She sucked her pretty bottom lip into her mouth. My hand rose and held her chin. Her eyes flared, and a pretty tinge of pink painted her face. With the pad of my finger, I pulled it out.

“You’re going to hurt yourself, baby. Don’t do that.” I winked. “I’m the only one who is allowed to bite this, understood?” I loved the way her eyes glittered up at me.

My girl was so damn sweet.

I had discovered so much about her in the last couple of days. With the power spotty, we hadn’t bothered to turn on the TV, choosing to play boardgames and talking instead. Hell, we’d even lain together on the huge sectional, her body covered in nothing but my cable-knit sweater, a pair of lace panties, and nothing else while we each read.

I didn’t visit Serendipity Bluffs that often, but with Coco in my life, I could see that changing. With the cabin as the backdrop to where we finally got together, I knew I was going to buy it. And soon.

“Coco? No more biting your lip, unless”—I pressed my forehead against hers— “unless I’m inside you when you do it.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she answered with a hint of attitude, and fuck if my dick didn’t love that.

The thought of claiming and discovering every side of her because she trusted me completely with all of her drove me crazy in the best way possible. I was starving for her like a man who hadn’t woken up to his minx licking his dick like a freaking melting ice cream cone. Just the reminder of the morning made my body temperature kick up a couple of notches.

“You getting sassy with me, little girl?” I drawled slowly and watched her lips tip upward.

“What if I am?” she taunted, and I took the bait.

I kissed her long and hard.

Passionately, because when it came to Coco, there were no sweet, easy, or small kisses. Her eyes were still shut when I pulled away. I watched her eyes open slowly. The desire in her hooded gaze had my balls drawing up tightly. I pointed at the tiny black bikini on our bed.

“Put that on, and I’ll meet you in the living room.”

“Where’s my robe?” She looked around. I grinned.

“In the living room.”

“You want me to walk around in this?” She lifted the top, and I had to reach down and grip my cock for some relief. Shit. The fucking top was tiny, and I couldn’t wait to see her in it.

“Yes.” I cleared my throat. Her eyes moved down and up my body, and when our gazes locked, I knew she liked the effect she had on me.

I forced my legs to take me out of the room and toward the living room, where we spent most of our time. I walked over to the door that led to the deck that held the hot tub. It was already turned on and bubbling. Steam clouded the space in the cold temperature outside.

I set our robes and extra towels down and checked on the glasses of champagne I’d brought out for us. I wasn’t a fan for the bubbly drink, but being with Coco, having her be mine, and finally hear her call me daddy? Shit!

I couldn’t help but feel like celebrating.

There was no doubt the last couple of days were, hands down, the best of my life. Any time with my girl was my favorite. We got to know one another on a whole other level. Talked about everything under the sun. From our families to our time at school to our favorite foods, as well as our goals and fears.

We hadn’t left a topic untouched.

I’d never gotten to know anyone the way I got to know Coco.

I walked back inside, and when I turned, there she was. At the doorway to the big space, she stood dead center between the glass French doors. My tongue immediately felt too large for my mouth. Her tight little body was on full display in the bikini, leaving nothing to the imagination. Her tanned skin popped against the black swimsuit.

My mouth watered.

I wanted to kneel at her feet and lick up her little pussy, which by the way she was pressing her thighs together would be wet and warm and fucking ready for daddy.

I curled my finger at her, and I knew to brace when she started to run toward me. Jumping up into my arms, wrapping her legs around my waist while my hands held her perfect little ass. I loved her playful side. Shit, I loved every side of her.

“Hi.” She beamed at me, pressing her lips against my scruffy cheek.

“Hello, gorgeous.” I grinned like an idiot. “You look fucking incredible.”

“Dress code approved?”

“Fuck, yes. You should wear this in my office every day. I’ll send a memo to HR that this is your uniform.”

“You’re crazy.” She laughed.

“What? I’ll get it for you in different colors.” She giggled, but then I frowned.

“What is it?”

“Maybe that’s not such a great idea.” My eyes moved to the line of her delicate neck then to the way the small triangles hardly held her tits in.

“Why not?”

“I wouldn’t want anyone to see you like this. Maybe I’ll just move your desk into my office, and we can work with the doors locked. Block out the world.”

“You’re too much.” She rolled her eyes, and I hitched her core against my length.

“I thought you liked just how much I am.” That earned me soft eyes and a pretty blush in what was my new favorite shade of pink. “You ready to take a dip?” Coco glanced over my shoulder and made a face.

“It’s going to be cold,” she complained.

“It’s okay. I’ll keep you warm.”

“Promise?”

“With all my heart.”

“If you’re sure it’s safe and we won’t freeze.” She winked. I walked us toward the hot tub then made sure she got in carefully, with me right behind her.

Once we got used to the warmth of the bubbling water, she didn’t try to sit across from me, hell, even next to me. Nope, my girl took her seat right on my lap, straddling my thighs. Her eyes hooded when she felt my hardness against the softness of her badly-covered pussy.

“Coco.” I tried to sound stern but knew it was pointless. Not when we both had the same thing in mind.

“It feels good in here.”

“Warm enough?” I asked, drawing some water up to her bare shoulders and rubbing them a little bit.

“It’s hot, but in a good way.”

“I’ve been taking your pretty little pussy too hard too often,” I groaned. I knew she needed to relax and let her body soak for a while, but by the way she played with the back of my hair, I knew she had other things in mind.

“I’ll never be too sore to take you, Daddy,” she whispered, and I groaned.

“Coco, I’m trying to be good here.”

“I bet you’ll be good here.” She grinned up at me with a sparkle in her eyes. “You’re good everywhere you take me.” The little minx had a dirty mouth on her, and I fucking loved it.

“You know what I mean, Coco.”

“I know,” she sighed and leaned closer. She kissed my cheeks right then left then right again. “I’ll be good.”

“Hmm, I have a feeling that’s not true,” I teased.

“What’s the saying? Be good or be good at it?” I chuckled at her sassy mouth I loved so much. She was the whole package, and I had no idea what I’d done in a past life to deserve a chance, but I sure as hell wasn’t going to fuck it up.

We sat together for a moment, her body on top of mine while our hands explored and rubbed out knots. “That feels so good,” she sighed as I worked her neck. “I knew you would be great at massages,” she confessed quietly.

Our eyes met, and I moved to hold her face with my hands. “I’m so sorry it took me a year to—”

“Shh.” She shook her head. “That’s neither here nor there, handsome.” She blinked and then shrugged. “I think the way we started... I don’t know, it worked out perfectly for us.”

“How do you figure?” I felt her settle in closer to my body. Her hands cupped my cheeks.

“Because we didn’t rush into it. You knew me, and I knew you. If someone can love you at your worst, I don’t know, I was thinking, maybe that forever you keep talking about is possible.” Something vibrated inside my chest, and I tugged on the back of her hair, careful not to hurt her. Her lips parted.

“You say pretty shit like that, and I’m going to need to take you to show you just how possible forever is.”

“Daddy,” she moaned, her lips parted in a perfect little o.

“You want that, don’t you, little girl? You want daddy’s dick in you, rooted so deep inside of you we have no idea where one of us begins and the other ends.” She trembled at my dirty words. The steam surrounding us turned the little skin we had exposed slick.

“Oh god, Lucas.” She slid against me. “Daddy, you’re hard.” My head fell back. I prayed for control, but I knew there wasn’t much of it with every time she shifted against me.

She writhed and squirmed until she settled her pussy over my length. But that wasn’t enough for her. No, my greedy girl loved her daddy’s dick as much as I loved giving it to her. I held her waist when she started to work her hips. Steam

surrounded us, and despite the slight chill in the air from the temps and snow, the heat of the water protected us.

“Daddy,” she whined, “You’re so hard.”

“I am.” I grinned wolfishly, never stopped stroking her shoulders. “I’m always hard when it comes to you, baby girl.”

“I love you.” She sealed her words with a kiss. “Daddy?” she whimpered against my mouth before peppering kisses to my chin and the edge of my jaw.

“Hmm?” My dick twitched with the way she looked at me.

“Can I ride you?”

“In here?” My nose flared. The fucker strained against the material of my swim trunks, doing anything in his power to try and get inside of her. She nodded with a hooded gaze. “My baby girl needs daddy’s dick?” She nodded. My jaw clenched.

We’d just sunk into the water, and she was ready to ride me like a cowgirl in heat. Coco took my silence as permission. Her delicate hands dropped into the water and started to pull me out of my swim trunks. The moment her hand wrapped around my length, my eyes shut. I felt her mouth leave trails of heat from my jaw down to my neck while her naughty little hand stroked me.

Calmly.

Slowly.

Up and down with just the right grip. Fuck me. I knew what she was doing. She was teasing me. Flirting with danger. Resisting Coco was so damn hard.

“Shit, baby girl.”

“Is that okay?” She decreased the pressure of the hold she had on my dick. I growled with frustration.

“Are you playing me, Coco?”

“I’m playing *with* you, Daddy.” She smiled and bit her lip. Fuck me, she looked so good staring up at me. Watching what she did to me was turning her on. I could tell by the way she kept rubbing her pussy against my left knee.

“Coco.” I was on edge. Her grip tightened, and her strokes started to speed up.

“Is that better, Daddy? Am I doing better?” Her voice hitched.

“Naughty little thing. Fuck me.” My head fell, and my hips got into the mix. I started to thrust into her hand. There was no stopping it. I couldn’t. My control snapped. Meeting her thrust for thrust.

“Fuck,” I cursed. “Coco, fuck! You keep this up, I’m gonna come in your hand,” I gritted.

“Come for me,” she whined her sexy little request. It could have been so easy to give her what she was asking for. My naughty little thing had a way with my body.

“Coco,” I warned, because I didn’t want to come in her hand. But my girl was feeling rebellious. She smirked and shook her head. The little brat thought she could control me, lead me by my dick. With every stroke, she was making it impossible for me to stop her.

“Coco,” I strained, my body taut, my face tense.

“Come for me, Daddy.” I shifted and surprised her. I reached for her arms, carefully twisting them behind her.

“You want me to come? I’m gonna come inside you.” I held both her delicate wrists in one hand, making sure I had a firm grip. “I’ll be damned if I come in your hand when I can come inside your pussy.”

“Daddy,” she whined. I shook my head. I was on a hair trigger, hard and aching. My dick felt like I was ready to shoot off. All from a hand job. The woman was going to drive me crazy in the best of ways. With my free hand, I reached between us and ripped off her bikini bottom. Coco gasped, her eyes wide as her breasts rose and fell.

“Lift those good girl tits for daddy.” She shifted up, moving her body so she straddled mine, and I leaned in, pulling the material to the side so her tit would fall out and I could suck on her dark nipple. I pulled one into my mouth and sucked.

Hard.

When my tongue rolled around the hardened flesh, she started to squirm, trying to get away from my hold as I kept her in place. I let go of her nipple with a pop and didn't bother to look at her when I went to do the same to the other side. I suckled and pulled on her nipple then bit down.

"Daddy!" she cried out. I smiled while I spent my attention on her breasts.

We were in a secluded cabin. We might not have neighbors, but I really fucking liked the idea of her cries being carried off into the chilly breeze. I wanted anyone who ever saw her, heard her, to know she belonged to me.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Please, Daddy!" I let go of her nipple and shifted us out of the tub and onto the edge.

"Ride me," I demanded. She got onto my lap, her hands on my shoulders, before she took me like a fucking champ. In and out, tip to base was shoved into her tight little cunt.

"Jesus, just like that. Such a good little fucking girl for daddy."

"Daddy," she whined adorably while I gritted my teeth and my toes curled.

"Fuck, baby girl," I rasped.

"Ohmygod, yes!" she cried, and I felt it before her face transformed.

My girl's little pussy milked my cock. Her inner muscles clenched around me while the wet squelches of our bodies slapping together felt like it almost echoed in the air around us. "Fuck, fuck, fuck. Such a good girl." I gripped her waist, lifted her up and down on my cock like my own little cock sleeve.

Once, twice, five times before I found my orgasm pummeling me over. I spilled my seed deep inside her hungry cunt. She clenched and milked me. Pulling my cum deeper and further into her body. My greedy girl wanted to suck my balls dry.

We were just starting out.

Reasonably, I shouldn't have been so damn hungry to breed her, but the thought was fucking tantalizing. Not that it would take root. She was on the pill. But one day... One day, I'd breed her, make her belly nice and round with my babies. Until that happened, I was more than okay with practicing.

"Wow," she sighed, burying her face in my neck and pressing a kiss to where my shoulder and neck met. "It feels so good when you come inside me."

"Hmm," I grunted. I looked between us. My thickness was still rooted deep inside of her. "Lift up, baby, let me watch." Coco's body rose, and together we watched my come slip from her pussy and coat her thighs. "I fucking love seeing my cum on your skin."

"I like wearing your cum, Daddy," she answered honestly.

Right or wrong, our dynamic worked for us. Like two pieces of a puzzle, we'd come together, and I was more than ready for a lifetime with her. I'd beg, borrow, and steal for every minute if it gave me just that much more to keep loving her.

"I love you, baby girl."

"I love you, too, Daddy."

"That's Santa Daddy for you today." Her eyes widened.

"Christmas Eve is tomorrow."

"So?" I shrugged as we both stood.

I reached for the robes I'd brought outside for us and wrapped her up, nice and cozy, helping her into the dry slippers that were waiting for her.

"How about we go inside, and you sit on my lap and show me how good you can be at being bad?" Her lips twitched.

"I thought I just did that, Daddy."

"Hmm, how about we start like that again and see where we end up?" I offered. Coco trembled, and I scowled.

“You’re cold.” I picked her up like a groom would his bride and carried her into the house. The heater had kicked in, making the cabin nice and toasty. I sat her down on my lap, her legs draped between mine.

“Better?” I asked the moment I pulled a blanket over her. Because warming up Coco was my number one priority.

“Perfect.” She leaned in and kissed me.

“So, tell Santa Daddy your Christmas list.”

“Hmm, I don’t know...”

“Come on, don’t be shy. What do you want for Christmas?”

“Nothing. I have everything I’ve wanted right here and now.” She smiled, and I knew she meant it.

“Hmm, you trying to butter me up, little girl?” I teased, knowing very well she meant every word. I wasn’t being conceited.

No. I understood because it was exactly how I felt.

My entire life, my whole heart and world was sitting on my lap. And fuck me, I didn’t know how life could get any better.

EPILOGUE

LUCAS

I kicked the snow off my heavy boots, boots I never thought I would look forward to wearing, but fuck me, a lot had changed in my life.

I'd happily retired early four years after I finally claimed my girl all for myself. Before that, she took time off to study and prepare to take the bar and passed with flying colors. Just like I knew she would. My woman was as brilliant as she was beautiful.

When we returned to Los Angeles, I'd talked her into moving in with me before Valentines Day and had my ring on her finger before the Fourth of July. My brothers worried I was rushing things and getting in over my head. They couldn't fathom what she meant to me. But the moment they met her and saw us together, they understood it. They got why, after living over four decades without her, I'd do anything to keep her by my side forever.

"Little girl!" I called out and walked into the cabin.

I'd bought it and given her the keys with the deed as an early wedding present when we started to plan our day and she couldn't seem to like any places our wedding planner suggested. The moment I handed her the keys, I knew by the look in her eyes she had decided. Sure enough, on the first anniversary of when we got together, we got married in the backyard of where we were finally able to let our guard down and take a chance on one another.

Coco and her best friend had opened their own practice, and a little before they started, we got a beautiful surprise. We were expecting. Pregnancy hadn't been easy, and an emergency C-section had me ready to go and get snipped, but she'd shut that down. She said our daughter needed a brother or sister.

One of each joined our family two years ago.

As a family of five, it was hard to get some time alone, but I'd called in favors. The kids were at their Uncle Shep's house in town, and we were at our cabin taking some much-needed time together.

Alone.

"Coco!" I called out, shrugging my jacket off and kicking off my boots. I'd gone down to the small little diner that had the cookies she loved. "Baby girl!" I searched the living room and kitchen on the first floor then hurried up to the second.

Taking two stairs at a time, I could feel the blood start to pump harder and warmer through my veins. We'd returned to the cabin time and time again, but since the kids were usually with us, I was looking forward to spend some special playtime with my wife. *My baby girl.*

I didn't bother to look in the master bedroom and went straight to the den when I saw her from where I stood at the doorway. She was outside. The little minx was dressed in a cute little white silk and lace camisole and short shorts that had little ruffles at the bottom, making her ass even more perfect.

She was leaning against the railing with a book in her hands as she read. I had to adjust myself because she was about to get punished. And knowing my Coco, she would love every moment.

I ripped my sweater off and undid the top button of my jeans. I grabbed the hat on the couch, shoving it into the back pocket of my pants. I made sure to grab the thick knitted throw blanket before I made my way outside.

The air was cold from the snowfall Serendipity Bluffs got the week before Christmas.

“What do you think you’re doing, little girl?” I asked in my most menacing tone. She turned. Fuck, looking at her still hit my heart and soul like a first.

Every time our eyes locked reminded me of just how lucky I was. How fucking blessed I was to have this woman in my life, even when she drove me mad. We loved one another, but that didn’t stop us from butting heads. We did, but we always got through each struggle stronger and closer.

“Reading... Daddy,” she added at the end with a wicked little grin.

We still played.

Our daddy, little girl dynamic was still intact, but like much with life, we’d had to adjust. Her moaned *Daddy’s* and my dirty words were a lot quieter and muffled nowadays. Unless we found a moment to be alone when I could enjoy her scream her pleasure.

It’d been too long.

I moved toward her and draped the creamy thick material over her shoulders. She pressed her body into mine.

“What are you wearing, honey?”

“Why? You don’t like it?” she sassed. I pressed my front into her so she could see just how much I loved it.

“You know I do,” I groaned. She opened her mouth to say something when a cool breeze picked up and she shivered.

I groaned and shook my head. I lifted her up, and she had no problems wrapping her sexy legs around my waist.

“I’ve told you, it’s too cold for my little girl to be out there in almost nothing.”

“But, Daddy,” she whined. I tsked her. I held her tight with one arm and reached behind me for the Santa hat I put on my head.

“Uh-uh, that’s Santa Daddy to you.” Her eyes sparkled with unadulterated lust.

Oh yeah, my girl was ready to play, and that was more than fine with me. As long as I kept Coco nice and warm, we’d play all through the night.

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Mayra Statham resides in Southern California with her three kids and husband. When she isn't writing or hanging with family, you can find her hidden behind a romance novel while enjoying a highly caffeinated drink.

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Stupid Cupid

Lucky Charms

Friendsgiving Chronicles

Buttered Up

Drizzled Up

Stirred Up

Whipped Up

Friendsgiving Chronicles Boxset (With exclusive content!).

Martinez Brothers

Naughty Kisses

Risky Kisses

Sneaky Kisses

Martinez Brothers Box Set (Contains exclusive content).

Mountain Lakes Series

Booked & Hooked

Towed & Owned

Roasted & Toasted

Kappa Sweets Series

His Smarty Pants

His Hot Tamale

His Airhead

Her Goober

Her Butterfingers

Timeless Series

5 More Minutes

Minute by Minute

Last Minute

Right Men Series

LIE

STEAL

CHEAT

DRINK

Right Men Series boxset (Contains exclusive content!).

Beech Grove Series

Burning Bridges

Donut Tucker Out

Knoxed Up

[More than a Knight](#)

[Quite Frankly](#)

[Kissing Gabe](#)

[Little Black Dress](#)

[Mamacita Needs a Margarita](#)

[Good Night, Ruby](#)

Never Too Late Series

[Longing For You](#)

[Wishing For You](#)

[Lucky For You](#)

Six Degrees Series

[Crown's Chance at Love](#)

[Etched in Stone](#)

[Carried Away](#)

[Davenport Harbor](#)

Danes Brothers Series

[Served Hot](#)

[Knocked Up by the Best Friend](#)

[Mr. Fix-It](#)

[Locked In](#)

[Curvy Fit](#)

Standalones

[Already Home](#)

[Advanced Spanish](#)

[Cookies & Kismet](#)

[Merry & Bright](#)

[Mistletoe Wishes](#)

[Remind Me](#)

[Slow Ride](#)

[Something Worth Saving](#)

[Swept Away](#)

[Taking Chances- Storybook Pub Anthology](#)

[The Do-Over](#)

[Until Blaze](#)

[Zaiden- A Scrooged Christmas](#)

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