

As If I
Wouldn't
Fall

He'd trade his
freedom for
one touch.

jessa kane

as if i wouldn't fall

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Ayla

I CAN'T BELIEVE I damaged my car.

I'm usually so careful when backing in and out of spaces in the library parking lot, but this afternoon I backed straight into a pole. My rear bumper has a giant dent in the center. Looking at it clogs my throat with panic and floods my eyes with hot moisture. No, no, no. This car belonged to my mother. It's the most precious possession I've ever owned. Will *ever* own.

When she died, my father sold all her possessions, because it was too painful for him to look at them. This car is all I have left of her. But I'm a senior in high school and don't have the money to repair the old Volvo, but I can't bring it home like this. My father will kill me.

Two years ago, on the morning I turned sixteen, I woke up to find my mother's car sitting in the driveway. It had been sitting in the shed since her death, the engine dead, upholstery ripped, one of the windows cracked. But that morning, I found it shiny and restored in front of the house with a giant red bow on the top. It is the only kind thing my controlling father has ever done for me and now I've ruined it.

I slide my fingers into my dark brown hair and force myself to survey the damage one more time, tears slipping down my cheeks. There's a reflection in the rear window that stops a sob from building in my throat, however. The vehicle

repair shop across the street from the library. I turn and look at the building, my heart starting to race a little faster. I walk past the repair shop all the time—and as usual, *he's* standing in the opening of the garage.

Watching me.

Like he always does.

Flynt Porter.

Or as I like to call him, my shadow.

He's a high school senior like me, but he doesn't look like one. Most of the boys in my grade are awkward and greasy and gangly, but not Flynt. He's a man. At six foot two, he towers over most of the teachers, let alone the other students. When he walks down the hallway with his worldly swagger and tortured eyes, the boys scatter and the girls sneak peeks from behind their locker doors, but no one ever speaks to him. He's like a living legend. The boy who essentially raised himself, on account of his absent parents. He's been working at the garage since he was thirteen, living upstairs and making his own way.

He's the most beautiful person to ever exist.

His body is strong. Thick. His jaw appears to be cracking walnuts at all times. But his eyelashes are so dark, it almost seems like he's wearing makeup around those piercing green eyes. And for some strange reason, he has chosen me to watch.

To follow up and down the hallways. To every class.

I'll never figure out how our class schedules match exactly, but they do. Every year since the beginning of high school. He sits behind me, never saying a word, just grinds that jaw and stares at the nape of my neck while my stomach does acrobatics. As a result of Flynt's undivided attention, no one talks to me, either. I don't know whether to hate him or love him for it. I'm not a very social person. I just like to keep to myself, read my fantasy novels and dream of the future. Where I'll go. What I'll do. It's kind of nice not having the pressure of friendships and boyfriends demanding my attention.

But every morning, I wake up and wonder if today is the day Flynt will speak to me. It never is. But considering the horrible dent in my bumper, it appears I'll be the one approaching him. What other choice do I have? I'll beg him to fix my mess, if needed. I'll pay him in installments. I'll do his homework for the rest of senior year. Whatever I must do to restore my mother's car. It's all I have left of her.

My pulse is flying as I get into the Volvo and carefully drive it across the street.

There's a flash of surprise on Flynt's face when I signal that I'll be turning into the garage, but it disappears just as quickly. He steps back and watches me slowly glide into the concrete bay. I turn off the engine and sit in the silence for a long moment, my eyes locked with Flynt's through the front windshield. Goodness, he looks ever more like a grown-up in this environment. In those coveralls. His huge shoulders look like they could bust through the seams at any moment, his dark hair tangled around the collar.

When he strides toward the driver's side, clearly intending to open the door for me, I make a small sound and press a hand to my belly. It's flipping uncontrollably. What am I thinking coming in here? It's so secluded. We're the only ones in the garage. I've never even spoken to Flynt, now I'm going to ask him for the favor of a lifetime?

He opens the door, ducking down slightly so he can see me. "Hello, Ayla."

Thank God I'm wearing a padded bra, because this first time Flynt utters my name in his smoky rasp, my nipples turn to hard little pegs. I reach for the hem of my skirt and tug it down automatically, but it's still too short to reach my knees. Does he notice my thighs trembling?

"H-hey. Hey, Flynt."

He coughs into his fist, his eyes closing momentarily. Because I said his name?

Then he steps back and swipes a hasty hand through his hair. "What do you need?"

“Um...” *Stop being a coward*, I berate myself, and finally climb out of the car. He watches me under hooded eyelids, his chest swelling, and I get the feeling he wants to surge forward. Pin me against the side of the car. But that might be my nerves wreaking havoc on my imagination. I’ve never been alone with a member of the opposite sex before. “I b-backed into a pole at the library.”

He stops breathing. “Are you hurt?”

I shake my head rapidly and the tension seeps out of him. “No. Not at all.” I walk toward the bumper, his footsteps following behind me. “I don’t know what happened. I *know* that pole is there. I tried to stop, but...I think my foot must have slipped.” Oh God. Seeing the dent in the dim, yellowish light of the garage makes it look ten times worse. To my horror, liquid heat creates pressure on the backs of my eyes, a chill blowing down my spine. “This was my mom’s car. I should have been more careful. I should have been paying attention.” I look up at Flynt. “But I braked. I *know* I did.”

He stares at me for long moments, before slowly shaking his head. “My angel doesn’t cry.” His right hand lifts, hovering over my face for several beats, explosions taking place behind his eyes. Then his thumb slides across my cheek, collecting moisture in one, warm sweep. “My angel comes and tells me her problems and I fix them. It’s about time you figured that out.”

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Flynt

CONTROL YOURSELF.

I repeat those two words to myself day in and day out. Whether Ayla is in the vicinity or not, I must concentrate on my behavior. Focus on reining in these impulses that apply only to her. Impulses that feel as though they've existed in me since the beginning of time.

Get inside of her.

Get her pregnant.

Claim her forever.

I should be ashamed of myself. The thoughts I have about this innocent fantasy novel enthusiast in her knee socks, driving her sensible Volvo around town, clutching her science textbook to her chest when she walks down the hallway, no idea I want to carry her out of the school over my shoulder and take her in a field, her ankles pressed back to her ears.

They're sick, my thoughts.

Worse, they're hereditary.

That's why I have to resist them at all costs.

Thank God there is another, more powerful force inside of me that helps keep the dark hunger at bay. Love. I've loved her since day one of freshman year. When she walked into

homeroom, broken from the loss of her mother, but so valiantly brave. So strong and intelligent and full of dreams—I can see them in her eyes on those brief occasions she glances at me. I want to make every single one of those dreams come true.

So I control myself.

My urges are a direct conflict to Ayla's dreams. That makes them the enemy.

Even now, standing in the silent garage with her tears wetting my thumb, I am going too far. I'm revealing way too much, but I can't help myself.

She came to me. She finally came to me.

“Y-*your* angel?” she whispers now.

“That's right.” Control yourself. The mantra doesn't quite work this time, unfortunately. Not when she's standing so close, looking so fucking beautiful and we're alone. Alone for the very first time. I prop a forearm on the roof of the car and lean down until our foreheads are less than an inch apart. “My. Angel.”

“You've never even spoken to me.”

“I speak to you without words, Ayla. And you hear me loud and clear.”

“No, I...I don't.”

“Oh yes, you do.” Can't help it, I push a little closer until her tits touch my chest and I hiss in response, finally allowing myself to privilege of touching her forehead with mine. “What do I say to you in class?”

She shakes her head. Wets her lips and takes her time formulating a response. Am I making her dizzy the way she's making me dizzy? “It's m-more what you say to everyone else,” she whispers, finally.

“And what is that?”

“Stay away,” she whispers.

My dick is as hard as nails, just hearing her breathe. Feeling the swell of her tits, touching her precious face, finally having her words directed at me. I'm in paradise. "Good girl."

Is that a soft moan?

No. I can't be so lucky.

"I don't understand this," she says. "I don't understand what's between us."

I'm obsessed with you. I want to put my child in your belly.

The mere fact that you exist drives me borderline insane.

But I'm going to keep my pants zipped if it kills me. Freshman year, Ayla stood in front of the class and gave a presentation about how she plans to travel across Europe, float in the Dead Sea, hike Machu Pichu. I see those aspirations in her eyes every day. Her dreams are going to take her away from me in the not-too-distant future. If I get her pregnant, I will crush those dreams. My father did it to my mother. Saddled her with a baby on purpose, so she would never be able to leave this town. My grandfather did it to my grandmother.

It's a Porter curse—and I won't inflict it on my angel.

With every ounce of willpower in my blood, I push away from her and turn my back, my voice thicker than molasses. "It's probably for the best that you don't understand what's between us, Ayla. Just know that if you have a problem, you can come to me and I will fix it." I look back at her over my shoulder, needing to make sure she grasps the gravity of what I'm telling her. "That will *always* be the case. Until I'm dead and buried. Understand?"

Her chest puffs quicker. "Why?"

"Ayla." I shake my head, silently begging her to drop the subject. If I inform her of the depths of my feelings, if I speak them out loud, they'll consume me. And I'll consume her. "Let me take a look under the hood. Can you pop the latch?"

She shakes herself free of her seeming trance. "But...it's just my bumper that's dented."

“You said you braked, angel.”

She chews her lip. “I could be mistaken.”

“If you said you braked, I believe you. Something else could be wrong.”

“Oh. I...thanks.” I’m surprised to find gratitude in her eyes as she leans into the passenger side to open the hood. “Thanks for believing me.”

Who wouldn’t believe anything that comes out of this girl’s mouth? She’s honest and forthright. She’s innocence personified. I start to question her, but the hood springs up. After a short hesitation, I lift it the remaining distance, using the metal arm to keep it aloft. I check her fluids, visually scanning for anything amiss. Nothing jumps out at me, so I jack up the car slightly and slide beneath the rear on my wheel board.

Her brakes are shot.

I can see it immediately.

My blood runs cold calculating how long she’s been driving with them like this.

Trying to keep my composure, I wheel back out from beneath the Volvo and stand up, cleaning my hands off on the rag from my back pocket. “Ayla, it’s your brakes. You’re going to need new ones.”

Her breath leaves her in a giant rush. “How much is that going to cost?” She doesn’t even give me a chance to respond before she’s pacing and wringing her hands. “It’s going to be a fortune, isn’t it? Especially including the bumper. My father is going to be so disappointed in me. He fixed it up and gave it to me on my sixteenth birthday. This car was my mother’s. This is all I have of hers. He’s never trusted me with anything this important.”

Why the hell not?

This is not the first time I’ve had negative thoughts about her father. The first time was when I found Ayla’s mother’s car under a bunch of garbage in their shed. I couldn’t stop myself

from driving it out of there. Fixing it up for Ayla. No matter who got the credit.

I just wanted her to be happy.

“Your brakes weren’t working properly, Ayla. That’s why you hit the pole.” The blame she’s placing on herself makes my chest ache. “It’s not your fault.”

“I can’t afford to fix the bumper, let alone the brakes.” Before I know what’s happening, she’s lunging for the driver’s side. “I shouldn’t even have come here. I can’t pay you—”

“Whoa whoa whoa.” I catch her around the waist at the last second, lifting her feet off the ground. I carry her to the front of the car, savoring every second of her back against my chest, and I settle her backside onto the hood. Allowing my hips to occupy the space between the open V of her thighs is a monumental mistake, but it’s one my body makes without consulting me. I’m a large man, so my lower body presses open her legs even wider than I anticipate and...fuck. *Fuck.*

It happens. I see her panties.

Sheer beige ones.

Her virgin slit is visible through the thin mesh and I shudder, my testosterone clamoring so loudly it almost drowns out the voice of reason.

Control yourself.

Focus on the issue at hand. *Focus.* For her.

“I told you I would fix your problem, didn’t I?” I ask hoarsely, tilting her chin up. “It’s going to take me a little time to find these brakes, okay? This is an old Volvo. But I will find them and make your mother’s car as good as new. I just need a few days.”

“But...won’t it cost you a ton of money?”

“You let me worry about that.”

Our mouths have gravitated closer to each other. I can taste the sweetness of her tongue and I’m not even kissing her. I *can’t* kiss her. I’ll lose control. I’ll give in to my urges and

plow a baby right into this sweet angel. Even now, I'm sweating, dying of thirst, my cock rigid. One time is all it would take and she'd be carrying my kid. I'd have her. She'd be mine.

These illicit thoughts are causing my hands to move of their own accord, sliding up the outsides of her bare thighs. Stopping just short of lifting her skirt all the way to her hips, my fingers balling into tight, shaking fists.

"Oh," she says, her eyebrows drawing together. "I see."

"You see what?" I question her, raggedly.

"Sex," she whispers, her face painting itself pink. "You want to have sex with me in exchange for fixing the car."

I've never had the devil inside me sink his teeth in so deep.

Her assumption is incorrect, I would *never* ask for sex from this girl in exchange for a favor. Doing a favor for Ayla is the honor all by itself. But what if I *was* that depraved? Would she go through with it? Would she let me fuck her on the hood of this car?

I moan into her neck just picturing it. Her skirt up around her waist, those knee socks crossed on the small of my back, my cock burying itself over and over again in all that tight angel flesh. Releasing my come so deep that not a single drop could escape afterwards.

What if I just tested her intentions?

Would she fulfill my fantasies in order to repair this car?

You are a fucking scumbag.

You don't deserve to breathe the same air as her.

Sick motherfucker. Get your head right.

"I'm not trading car parts for sex, Ayla," I say, forcing my palms down flat on the hood. "And if a man ever asks for your body as payment, you come find me so I can kill him. I'll bring you his fucking head on a platter."

Her lips part as she struggles to play catch up. "You're just going to do it...for nothing?"

“Not for nothing. For *you*.” God help me, her eyes turn a little dreamy and I’m back to wanting to hike up her skirt. See how fast I can make her moan. “I just need a few days, angel.”

She blinks rapidly, visibly shaking herself. “That’s fine. My father is out of town on business until next week—”

I clap a hand over her mouth. “Are you out of your mind telling me that?” I lean forward bringing us eye to eye. “Ayla, do you realize how goddamn beautiful you are? You can’t just go around telling men you’re going to be home alone.”

“Normally I wouldn’t,” she whispers, when I take my hand off her luscious mouth. “I’m not thinking straight.”

My groan comes from the pit of hell. “Why? Tell me.”

She shakes her head, her color deepening.

I gnash my teeth. “Ayla.”

“I’m not thinking clearly, b-because I can tell you want to kiss me.”

Spend overflows from the head of my cock and I slam my hips against the front of the car to cause myself pain in order to restrain myself. It doesn’t do a damn bit of good, though, and I continue to throb angrily against my zipper. I should back off right now. Go handle my erection with a vigorous fist while I think about ripping off those nude-colored, mesh panties with my teeth. She acknowledged my attraction to her out loud. We’re finally here and it’s almost too much to bear. “Yeah. I do want to kiss you. To start. Do you know how long I’ve wanted that?”

“Freshman year?” she whispers.

“That’s right.”

A little shiver passes through her, as if she’s caught off guard by my honesty. “Why don’t you ever...try?” Her brow quirks with curiosity. “Or ask me out on a date?”

Oh. My sweet, innocent girl. “It’s complicated, Ayla.”

She straightens her back. “I can keep up.”

Her tits are still bouncing after sitting up straighter so quickly and I watch them, salivating like the wolf in a fairy tale. She has no idea what she does to me. Every move, every wiggle, breath and flutter of her eyelashes is Armageddon. “I’ve never asked you out on a date because I don’t want to split a pizza and make small talk. That’s too ordinary for us.”

Ayla processes this slowly. “Then what would your ideal date with me...look like?”

“My answer is going to scare you. I would rather blow my brains out than do that.”

“I won’t be scared.” And then she does something I never could have expected. Breathing nervously, she lifts her right hand and runs featherlight fingertips down the front of my work shirt. “Tell me.”

My control falters and I struggle to regain it, but I can’t. Before I am aware of my own movements, I’m grabbing the sides of her skirt and yanking her pussy tight against my lap. Leaning over her on the hood of the car while she stares up at me, wide-eyed. “It starts with our wedding and you taking my last name.” I lick across the seam of her mouth. “It ends with your panties my floor and the police showing up because you’re screaming so goddamn loud in my bed, the neighbors think I must be killing you.”

I watch her pupils dilate into black saucers and immediately regret every single word that just came out of my mouth. Ayla came here because she needed help. Not to have her innocent mind tarnished with the filth that’s floating through mine.

“I’m sorry,” I breathe. “I have no right talking to you like that—”

“Why would I scream?” she interrupts, her tits heaving. “Would it hurt?”

My heart squeezes like a tomato in a vise. “I will never, ever hurt you. Do you understand me?”

She nods vigorously.

Does she have any idea her knees keep lifting, lifting, bringing her thighs up around my hips? Or is she doing it without thinking?

I press my lips against her ear and whisper, “You’d be screaming because it feels so good when I fuck you, Ayla.”

Her inner thigh muscles jump against my hips and I drop my face into her neck, groaning. “I didn’t know that was possible.”

“Careful, baby,” I groan. “Or I’m going to prove it on the hood of this car.”

Is it my imagination or is she tugging me closer now by the material of my coveralls. “Have you changed your mind about taking sex for payment?”

“No,” I manage hoarsely. “I haven’t changed my mind. It’s payment enough just to look at you. To be this close to a masterpiece.” I rake my mouth up the valley of her tits, inhaling her incredible scent. Memorizing her texture. “I’ll repair your car and ask for nothing but a smile in return.”

She’s restless beneath me, writhing between me and the car. A little more of this and I’ll come in my pants. *Jesus Christ* the way she moves. “And then what?” she asks, her fingers plowing into my hair in a way that I’ve always imagined her doing. So often that I can barely breathe now that it’s happening. “And then we go back to never talking? Just sitting near each other in class and pretending this never happened?”

It’s pure and utter heaven hearing her sweet voice in my ear while our bodies are pressed together so intimately. This is what it would be like if we were married and had children. I could have this kind of access to her every single day. “I don’t think I can go back to the way things were now,” I admit, against my will.

Without thinking, I slide a hand under her ass and mold one taut bun in my hand.

She gasps and arches her back, thighs falling wider...and *Christ. Christ.*

If I don't stop this now, I'm going to take her virginity right here. Tonight.

I know how it ends.

I swore I'd be the one to learn from the past.

I'm not going to saddle this angel with a baby at eighteen. She'll eventually hate me. Resent me. The life will drain from her eyes when she realizes the future she could have had if I'd never entered the picture. I've seen it happen.

Break the pattern.

With a tortured shout, I pry myself off the sweetest place on the planet and hurl myself across the room, adjusting my dick with a prolonged wince. "I'll fix the car. You have to go. *Go.*"

"I..." I turn and watch her slide off the hood of the car, visibly bewildered, her hair a mess. "Did I do something wrong?"

"No. *God*, no. You couldn't do anything wrong if you tried." I rake agitated fingers through my hair. "It's me. I have a sickness when it comes to you."

"But—"

"*Run, Ayla!*" I bellow, picking up the closest metal wrench and throwing it back down, rattling the tools laid out on the worktable.

"*No!*" she shouts back, even though she's shaking with nerves. "I don't want to run."

"What do you want, then, huh?" I fist my cock through my pants. "You want this?"

She blinks rapidly several times, her cheeks turning a deep shade of rose. "What if we t-try going on a date?" I stare at her incredulously, positive I heard her wrong. "We can find a happy medium between splitting a pizza and...and...the thing you said."

"Making you scream so loud the neighbors call the police out of concern?"

“Yes, that,” she whispers unevenly.

Is this really happening? Or is this one of my Ayla fantasies and they have slipped even more into unrealistic territory than usual? “Why would you want to go on a date with a man who wants that kind of shit from you?”

“I don’t know. That’s what I was sort of hoping to figure out.”

“On our date,” I bite off, heart slamming side to side in my throat.

“Yes.”

“No.” *Hold on. Just a little bit longer.* “I’m fixing your car and that’s it. I’m saying no for your own good.”

“If you just wanted to fix my car, you shouldn’t have touched me. Because now I...I think I want more.” She presses her palms to her flaming cheeks. “I guess I’ll see you in school.”

I’m a marble statue. I can’t move as she turns and runs out of the garage, her skirt fluttering around her thighs. If I couldn’t detect her scent hanging in the air, I would swear none of the last half hour ever happened. But her presence is everywhere now. On everything. Inside of me, tearing to pieces.

Ayla just saw more than a glimpse of my dark side.

And still...she wants to go on a date with me?

Never in my wildest dreams could I have imagined it.

I can’t say yes. I can’t allow myself that honor. Because I know where it would lead. Exactly where I said it would. There are no happy mediums. I’m ferocious where she’s concerned. But even as I forbid myself from saying yes to the date...

I find myself caving. Fast.

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. . .

Ayla

AT SCHOOL ON MONDAY MORNING, nothing looks the same.

Nothing feels the way it usually does.

All weekend, ever since those stolen moments with Flynt at the garage, I've been caught in a hazy trance. I replay the way he spoke to me on a loop. I hear his rasp against my skin and no matter how many times I think of him admitting what he wants to do to me, I grow unbearably hot. Yet I shiver at the same time. My heart hasn't stopped racing.

It was on the hood of my car that I realized what I'd been feeling for Flynt all along. All those years he watched me, followed me through the school hallways...I was on the verge of lust. And now, I've been speared by it. Straight through the middle.

I spent Saturday and Sunday working on an English essay. It should have been easy, but I continually found myself rolling onto my back and staring at the ceiling. Eventually my hands would smooth up my thighs. They would reach my hips and press down on my tummy, before raking higher to my breasts. I imagined my hands belonged to Flynt.

I imagined him on top of me. Making love to me.

Hard enough to make me scream.

And it's a good thing my father is out of town, because my imagination caused me to moan loud enough to fill the whole house.

Flynt's touch awakened something raw and undiscovered inside of me in that garage. It's so intense, I'm more than a little scared of it. I'm pathetically inexperienced, so I don't even know what it takes to satisfy whatever is churning inside of me. But I know Flynt is the one who is supposed to do it. It was him all along. My body knew the answer before my head.

This cauldron of sudden feelings for Flynt is bubbling over as I stand at my locker, waiting for the bell to ring for first period. Voices around me are muffled. Everyone seems to be moving in slow motion. I'm tightening and releasing in places that I'm usually unaware of. Between my legs, deep in my belly. Even my fingertips stretch and contract, like they can't stay still. I'm trying to keep my breathing even, but my chest rises and falls too fast. So fast. Does anyone notice the change in me?

The world goes utterly silent inside of my head when Flynt appears at the top of the hallway. My pulse misfires and I almost drop the chemistry book that I'm holding. Several students are watching me with open curiosity, so I whirl around and try to hide my pink face behind my locker. I can't help but peek through the slats as Flynt approaches, however.

Goodness, is he even more magnetic than usual this morning?

In a black T-shirt, faded jeans and boots, he doesn't wear clothes like most high school boys. No, that shirt clings to his muscles like hot, melted wax. His dark hair is still slightly wet from his shower, and he doesn't bother with a backpack. He walks with purpose. Not a hint of self-consciousness, like the other boys.

No, he locks in on his target—me—puts his head down and weaves through the traffic in the hallway, determined to reach me. Just like every other weekday morning. Except this time, my skin is hotter than the surface of the sun. I know what

his muscles feel like shifting on top of me. I know he gets hard for me. And I've asked him out.

I can't *believe* I asked him out.

It happened so fast. I'm still not sure what gave me the courage, except I could feel him trying to build a barrier between us. The same, thin one we've existed with for four years. But after the incredible wakeup call he gave my body, I couldn't stand the idea of taking a step backward. I want to experience his hands on my thighs again. I want to know what my body is craving. He's the one who is supposed to show me.

All weekend, I've been wondering how he is going to act toward me today. Silent and intense, as usual? Or will he talk to me?

I don't have long to wait for my answer, because he reaches me.

I hold my breath as he steps up beside me at my locker.

There is a mirror taped to the inside of my door and I watch him inhale my scent, his whole body seeming to seethe with restraint. With his mouth hovering an inch from the crown of my head, he says, "Why are you hiding, Ayla? Is somebody bothering you?"

It's impossible to miss the dark trace of violence in his tone.

What would he do if someone *was* bothering me?

"No," I manage breathily. "I'm just not feeling very social."

A pause ensues. "Is that your way of saying you don't want to talk to me?"

"What? No." I spin around so quickly, I bump his chest with my chin, my breasts dragging along the ridges of his upper abdomen. Flynt hisses a breath in response, his right arm shooting out to wrap around my hips. He hauls me against his body. Up onto my tiptoes, right there in the school hallway. For long moments, there is nothing else in the world but his

labored breathing above my head, the growing protrusion against my stomach.

“Stay right where you are, Ayla. Or everyone is going to see my erection.”

My knees turn to jelly. “Okay.”

“Fuck.” His Adam’s apple slides up and down. “How am I going to walk you to class like this?”

“I can...make it there on my own.”

He releases a dark laugh. “You have no idea, do you?”

I tilt my head back to look at him. “Idea about what?”

“If I didn’t shadow you from class to class, boys would be swarming around you like bees to honey. It’s why I’ve never been absent.”

It’s on the tip of my tongue to deny that crazy statement, but there is something more important that I want to address first. “So you don’t want other boys asking me out, but you won’t say yes to a date with me, either?”

“Believe me, I know it’s complicated.”

“Like I told you on Friday, I can keep up.”

His lips press into a stubborn line.

And I didn’t know I had it in me to be so indignant. So frustrated. But apparently, I’ve transformed into a new person over the course of the weekend. Flynt thinks he can shake up this wild combination of feelings inside of me and not... nurture them? Explore them with me? On top of that, he thinks he has the right to warn others away from me when he refuses to go on a date with me himself?

I’m not accepting that.

It takes a concerted effort to wiggle out of his hold, but I manage to do it. Once I’m free and no longer blocking him from the view of other students, he has to turn quickly toward my locker to hide his very noticeable stiffness. “Ayla,” he grinds out.

“Excuse me,” I say, lifting my chin. “I’m late for class.”

“Don’t you dare take a single step without me.”

“I’ll do whatever I please. It’s not like we’re dating.”

“*Dammit*, Ayla. You don’t understand—” he begins.

But I’ve already turned on a heel to stride down the hallway, my chemistry book pressed to my chest to hide my puckered nipples. I feel naked without Flynt’s looming presence behind me...and I’m surprised to find I don’t like it. I’m untethered. Don’t feel as safe and secure. If I wasn’t hell bent on making a point, I would go back and wait until he could walk with me. Something stops me from giving in, though. A combination of self-respect and the refusal to accept half measures from Flynt. Not when I can feel how much he wants to give me more.

I want to give him more, too. I want to give him everything.

When I walk into chemistry class, everyone looks up in surprise. The period hasn’t quite begun yet, so students are milling around, gossiping at each other’s desks. “Holy shit,” says one of the girls. “She doesn’t have her bodyguard with her today.”

A boy in a football jersey elbows his friend. “Finally.”

With my pulse fluttering, I cross the room and set my book down on my usual two-person table. Flynt has always been my silent partner in chemistry and I assume he will be again today. When he eventually makes it to class. But the football player has other ideas. A sudden chill coasts down my back when he slaps his book down beside me, leans an elbow on the table and levels a cheesy grin in my direction.

“When I woke up this morning, I didn’t think I’d finally get my shot with Ayla Barnes.”

His shot?

Why is he talking about me like I’m some coveted trophy?

Surely Flynt wasn’t correct about boys swarming me if he isn’t around.

“I, um...” I wet my lips, furiously trying to locate the page for today’s lesson. “I don’t know what you mean.”

“Oh, come on. You don’t know every guy in this school would give his left nut to take you out?” His gaze crawls down my body and back up. “Show you a good time?”

“That’s...” I shake my head. “That can’t be true.”

“Why don’t you let me prove it after school—”

A fist slams down on the table. Hard enough to make several surrounding girls yelp and levitate my textbook off the table by several inches. Flynt is standing behind the football player now, his expression icy cold with malice. “If you walk away now, I *might* let you live,” Flynt says to the rapidly paling athlete. “But talk to her again, motherfucker, and you’ll be watching the rest of the season from the sidelines in your full body cast.”

The football player scrambles away in a blur.

All I can do is stare into Flynt’s mutinous face. I keep my chin firm, even though it wants to wobble. Even though I want to throw myself into his arms and apologize for being so naïve.

He throws his books down on the table and drops into his stool.

Without saying a word, he drags my seat closer. Closer. Until our thighs are touching.

Then he leans over and growls in my ear. “I hope you’re ready for the fallout of what you’ve done, little girl.”

My whole universe explodes with color.

Little girl.

What is wrong with me that my legs squeeze together from thigh to ankle over those two words? I almost fall straight off my stool. Can everyone in class see that my heart is galloping a million miles an hour?

“What do you mean?” I whisper.

“You want a date? That’s what you’ll get.” He reaches over and grips my bare knee, squeezing it until I gasp from the unexpected pleasure. “And a hell of a lot more.”

This is the longest chemistry class of my life.

I want to ask Flynt what exactly he meant by *a hell of a lot more*, but the teacher starts class, letting us know we’ll be doing an experiment with our partners. Flynt only leaves my side long enough to collect the materials from the front of the room, before we’re in close proximity again. But this time, for the sake of the experiment, we’re standing.

This isn’t the first time we’ve worked together in chemistry. Normally, Flynt keeps a bit of distance between us, though. Not today. While I’m busy looking down through the microscope, he presses in tight behind me. He takes hold of my hips and guides my bottom back into the curve of his lap, letting out a gruff sound of satisfaction into my neck.

In class.

“Flynt,” I hiss.

His fingertips bite into my hip abductor. “Stay right where you are.”

I check to make sure the teacher isn’t watching us. Thankfully, she’s busy guiding another pair of students through the steps of the experiment. “This isn’t appropriate.”

“I tried to be as appropriate as possible with you, Ayla. Then you showed up at my garage and flashed your wet, virgin pussy at me. You let another man run game on you. Now we’ve got a big problem.”

Try as I might to refrain from being turned on, it quickly becomes a losing battle.

He’s so strong and capable and the way he touches me is so *knowing*. Like he’s been studying me his entire life. He massages my hip while his lips move in my hair and my

eyelids start to flutter, my backside starting to make a home in his lap. Working side to side, gratified by the friction of skin on denim. “That’s a good girl,” he rasps. “Don’t forget to take notes. We have to hand in that sheet at the end of class.”

I drop the pencil three times before filling out the worksheet.

Once again, I search out the teacher. Is she watching us? Walking in this direction?

“Ayla,” Flynt chides in my ear. “You let me worry about who is looking.” I have no warning before his hand disappears beneath my skirt, his fingers delving down the front of my panties. “You just enjoy yourself.”

I suck in a breath and order myself to pull away. There’s no other option, right?

Flynt can’t touch me like this at school! We could get expelled—

His middle finger moves like firm silk over that sensitive nub between my legs and I jerk backward, swallowing a whimper at the last second. “Oh. Ohhh. We can’t.”

“I walked in here and found that meathead ready to slobber all over you. I’m not in a reasonable state of mind.” The pads of his fingers stroke that enlivening spot, slow at first, then faster and faster. “Now you’re going to come on my fingers while he watches.”

“What?” I’m already starting to tremble. “Who?”

“Look at him. Let him see how good I make you feel. *Only*. Me.” Slowly, slowly, he presses a finger inside of me. Not all the way, just enough to brush against the barrier of my innocence and halt my breath in my throat. “That little pipsqueak wouldn’t know how to touch an angel like you. He’d fumble around and try and copy what he’s seen in all the shitty internet porn he’s been watching. But he wouldn’t get it wet enough and he’d only last fifteen seconds.” I’m dazed, I’m reeling, but I manage to glance over at the football player. He’s watching, slack-jawed, from the neighboring table as Flynt starts to rub my clitoris in fast circles, his low groan echoing in

my ear. I look down. The football player can't see my sex, only Flynt's hand moving with intention underneath my skirt. Still, this is utterly crazy. It has to stop.

But I can't seem to form the words.

Not with pleasure bearing down on me so quickly.

"Flynt—"

"You know, I haven't watched a single minute of porn since freshman year. No need. I've been fucking you in my head twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, since the first time I saw you."

My sex clenches and grows wetter.

Is it possible I like the way he speaks to me?

Is it possible I *like* Flynt...laying claim to me in front of the football player?

"You asked for this when you walked to class alone and let someone else think for a second they might have a chance with you, Ayla. I have to double down. Mark you while he watches, or I'll go fucking insane." I'm on the verge of something magnificent. So close. So close. My toes are curled, thighs quivering, my inner thighs growing slicker by the second. "Grind that tight ass in my lap. Work my dick. Show him who your Daddy is, baby."

I moan out loud.

Right there in the middle of class.

I'm being projected straight out of my body to a place I've never reached. Never even thought to look for. I've touched myself during moments when I felt something stirring inside of me, but I never could have imagined I was seeking *this*. It's color and light and sweet, torturous relief. It feels bad and good at the same time. The small, untested muscles of my core bear down and pulsate as I claw at Flynt's pleasure giving hand, every part of me flushed and dewy.

In class.

The bell rings.

I can't fill my lungs. Can't do anything but collapse backward against Flynt's sturdy chest, totally and completely depleted. When I manage to crack an eyelid, I realize in horror that our chemistry is watching the scene play out in shock. "Miss Barnes? What is—"

"She's feeling a little under the weather," supplies Flynt, lifting me into his arms with ease. "I'm going to bring her to the nurse's office."

Either my chemistry teacher buys that explanation, or she doesn't want to deal with the alternative—that one of her students just had an orgasm in class—because she nods vigorously, waving Flynt toward the exit. "Let them through, everyone."

On the way past the football players desk, Flynt pauses and looks the pale-faced student dead in the eye. *Mine*, he mouths, carrying me out into the rapidly filling hallway.

Show them who your Daddy is, baby.

Those words ricochet around my head. My reaction to something so...twisted is something I could never have anticipated. I liked Flynt calling himself Daddy. Referring to me as little girl. It made me feel coveted and protected. It made me feel safe enough to let go.

Instead of taking me to the nurse's office, Flynt kicks open an exit door and brings me outside, the cool mid-morning air rushing over my fevered skin. His jaw looks like it's trying to crack walnuts, as usual, his big chest heaving up and down.

This is when the reality of what just happened starts to crash over me.

I start to struggle in his arms. "Let me down. Now."

"No."

My throat constricts. "I can't believe you just did that."

He presses his forehead against mine. "You gave me no choice. I *warned* you."

Unbelievably, when he's this close to me, my pulse clamors in the hopes of a kiss. *Pathetic*. "You're not in a

position to warn me about anything.”

Flynt does set me down on my feet then, his ten long fingers diving into my hair. “Tell that to my fucking soul, Ayla.”

It takes me a full ten seconds to catch my breath. “You... you just gave me my first orgasm out of jealousy. It shouldn’t have been like that.”

My words seem to penetrate the air around him. He winces, his dangerous rebel’s face losing some of its color. “I went insane. You made me insane.”

I shove at his shoulder. “You made *yourself* insane. Stop blaming me for *your* behavior.”

His eyes remain closed for long moments. “This is why I tried to do the right thing. I’m not normal when it comes to you. I want to *ruin* you, Ayla.”

“No, you don’t,” I whisper, undone, shaking my head. “You just feel so *much*. We can find a way to channel it the right way. Can’t we?”

He laughs without humor. Turning and pacing away, he rakes his hands down his face. “Not a hope in hell.”

Anger and sadness clash inside of me, making my stomach pitch. “Then I guess this is the end of the line.”

I turn to stalk away, but I only make it one step before my hair is wrapped around his fist and his mouth is moving hot against my ear. “It’s never the end for us.”

Tears pool in my eyes. “We’ll see.”

I leave him staring after me, knowing he’ll follow. Knowing it deep down in my bones.

We don’t speak for the rest of the day.

But his regard, his protectiveness, is more potent than ever.

four

. . .

Flynt

I **KNEEL** in her front yard with my fingers buried in the soil. When she comes to the window and looks out at me, I beg for forgiveness with my eyes.

She snaps the curtains shut and I rasp her name like a dying animal.

Having Ayla angry with me is like having a circular saw cutting into my throat.

She's right. What I did is unforgivable.

Her first orgasm should have been as perfect as she is. There should have been candlelight and music and just the two of us. Now she's going to have this horrible memory for the rest of her life, all because I'm a jealous prick. I deserve to feel like this. Like I'm dying a slow, torturous death. I deserve to feel like my bones are made of razor wire.

I followed her home after school, of course.

She took the bus, thanks to her car still sitting half-finished in the garage. One more part. I need *one more part* to repair her brakes and it's the hardest to find. The most expensive. I'm going to scour the county tonight and have it ready for tomorrow morning.

Maybe she'll forgive me, then?

In order to finish the repairs, I'll have to leave her front yard, but my body weighs a million pounds. I'm made of concrete. Sorrow presses me down into the earth—as well as shame. Because I can't stop obsessing about how her pussy felt against my fingertips. When I was in middle school, before I ever laid eyes on Ayla, I had experiences with a few older women who came into the garage and hit on me, perhaps not realizing how young I was. None of them were anywhere near as smooth and ripe as Ayla. As wet and sweet and tight. I expected her to be perfect, I didn't know she would blow my fucking mind.

Made for me.

I'm salivating just knowing she is inside that house.

The beast inside of me wants to rip the door off its hinges, throw her down on the ground and lick her between the legs until she accepts my apology. My muscles seethe, screaming at me to follow that instinct. But although she might forgive me while in the throes of pleasure, I think she would still be pissed at me afterward.

No, I must do better.

She's worthy of more.

With my heart bleeding in my chest, I stumble to my feet, realizing dazedly that night has fallen since I started keeping vigil in her front yard. I get into my truck and force myself to turn the key in the ignition, telling myself I'll be back. I'll be back.

The farther I get from her house, the more my insides shrink in on themselves. I feel dizzy and dehydrated while driving through town on my way to the garage...

And that's when I see it.

Parked just off the main avenue is a car nearly identical to Ayla's mother's Volvo. A newer model by one year, maybe two. Close enough to have the part I need. The one I'll use to repair her prized possession and earn her forgiveness. Problem is, I'd have to steal the part.

If I don't, it could take me weeks to track one down.

Thousands of dollars I don't have.

No. I can't wait. I need my Ayla back or I'm going to die from the pain of her disapproval.

With determination blazing in my gut, I go to collect my toolbox.

I've never bought roses in my goddamn life, but this morning I purchased every bouquet they had in the supermarket. After repairing Ayla's car, I drive it out to her house and park it in the driveway, just like I did when she turned sixteen, only this time I couldn't find the giant bow. Not on short notice. The roses will have to do.

I spend the hours before sunrise cutting the flowers free of their cellophane wrappers and strewing them everywhere. On top of the car, inside the car, on the pathway in front of her house, the front doorstep, in the mailbox. I'm so intent on making the scene perfect for her, I don't realize the thorns are tearing my hands to shreds the entire time. Not until I'm finished and it's almost time for Ayla to leave for school.

"Goddammit," I mutter, looking down at my clothes and finding them covered in blood. "There's no time to go home..."

The front door of the house opens. My chest seizes.

There's Ayla. She backs out through the opening and locks the door, not seeing me right away. My dick begins to stiffen at the sight of her, even faster than usual now that I know how juicy she gets when I finger her. How she sounds moaning from pleasure. And she's wearing my favorite skirt today, on top of everything else. That red denim one with the zipper in back that runs right between her ass cheeks. How many times have I dreamed about lowering that zipper and letting the skirt fall to the ground? Thousands? Millions?

It's warmer than usual out today, so she is wearing a white satin tank top today with thin straps. I've never seen it before.

It must be new. Black lace outlines her tits in a tempting triangle. And if she thinks she's going anywhere dressed like that, she's wrong.

My blood heats, throat going dry.

I have visions of dragging her back into the house and forcing her to change, but somehow, I manage to restrain myself.

Calm down.

You want her to forgive you, not hate you even more.

Ayla turns around at the top of her stoop and gasps, stopping short. Her hands lift to her mouth to cover it, her eyes furiously scanning the yard. I wonder what it looks like from her perspective, hundreds of roses covering her front lawn and footpath. Maybe it comes across psychotic, but that can't be helped. That's what I am when it comes to her.

"Flynt," she breathes, her hands dropping away from her mouth. "What is all of this?"

"Do you like it?" I sound like I'm suffocating.

She seems too overwhelmed to answer. "That's...my car. Did you tow it here?"

"No." I take the keys out of my pocket and approach the stoop, holding them out to her, thankful the blood has dried on my palms, so I don't get it all over her keys. "I drove it here. It's fixed."

Her eyes well with moisture. "Really?"

"Yes."

She swipes at her cheeks. "You said it would take weeks."

"I sped up the process," I say gruffly, my chest on fire at the sight of her happiness.

When she finally tears her eyes off the car, she looks down at me—and much to my dismay, horror transforms her perfect features. "Flynt!" She drops her backpack and scrambles down the steps. "Y-you're bleeding." Her fingertips race over my

upper body, searching for the source of the injury. “There’s blood everywhere.”

“It’s okay.” Having her this close to me makes me feel like I could explode. Just burst into fragments. “It’s dry now.”

“It came from your hands,” she says miserably, picking them up and examining them. “You didn’t take care with the thorns.”

“I didn’t take care with you, either.” I drop to my knees in front of Ayla, burying my face in her stomach, my arms wrapped around her legs. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry.”

After a second, her fingers slip into my hair, stroking me. “You didn’t have to mutilate yourself in order to be forgiven.”

“I’d have done way worse, if necessary,” I say, half of my words slurred, because the feel of her fingers moving in my hair is incredible. “Tell me I’ve made you happy.”

“You’ve made me happy,” she whispers.

I moan my relief into her stomach. Merciful angel. She has spared my life.

“Now come inside so I can bandage those cuts on your hands.”

I’m already shaking my head no. “I can’t go inside.”

“Why not?”

Even after yesterday, she doesn’t understand, does she? I’m out of control where she’s concerned. “I don’t trust myself not to rip off your skirt as soon as we’re through the door.”

“Oh.” Her pupils expand as she puffs that single word. “Would you feel better if I just brought the first-aid kit outside?”

All I can manage is a curt nod.

It takes all of my willpower not to grab her as she turns and disappears inside. *Don’t follow her. Don’t you dare.* By the time she returns, I’m shaking from the effort of remaining at the bottom of the steps. I watch through bloodshot eyes as she

sets down the tin box and gestures for me to sit down beside her.

“What exactly are you going to do?” I ask, eyeing the orange bottle in her hand.

She cuts me a measuring look. “Disinfect your cuts and then—”

“But...it’s a waste of time. They’ll heal on their own.”

Ayla pauses in the act of uncapping the bottle. “Why would you think tending to you is a waste of time?”

My shoulders feel jumpy. “I’ve always healed on my own.”

For a long moment, she stares up at me in the early morning haze, trying and failing to hide her sympathy. Then she takes my wrist and tugs until I have no choice but to drop down onto the step beside her. “No one has ever bandaged you up before?”

I can’t seem to speak. My throat is too tight. I shake my head, instead.

When she takes my hand and turns it palm-side up in her lap, a shudder goes straight through me. “I wasn’t touched hardly at all. Growing up.”

Why the hell did I say that out loud? It makes me sound pathetic.

“Don’t even think of feeling bad for me, Ayla,” I say through my teeth. “I’m fine.”

“I feel bad for the little boy.” She dabs some of the disinfectant onto my palms. It stings slightly, but I’ve experienced far worse pain. For instance, having her cross with me. So I don’t wince or make a sound. “As for the man, I wonder if you...well, I wonder if the reason you get so overcome when we touch is that...you’re starved for human contact.”

My brows snap together in confusion. “But I’m not starved for contact from anyone but you. For *years*.”

That simple statement of fact renders her momentarily speechless. “That does sort of shoot holes in my theory.” She starts to wrap my hand in a white strip of fabric and I listen carefully so I can hear her breathe and swallow. “But the fact that you weren’t touched at all growing up might still account for it affecting you more than most.”

“I don’t know. Maybe.” I close my eyes and examine the sharp, constant churning inside of me. The one that is always in effect when Ayla is close. *Lay her down in the grass and get her pregnant. Get your fucking sperm inside of her.* I shake my head to dislodge those urgent thoughts. They have no place here when this sweet girl is fixing my wounds. *Try and be less of a bastard.* “Maybe you’re right,” I choke out, truthfully. “When I touch you, I do feel like the void inside of me is being filled to overflowing.” I jerk my chin at the bandage she’s winding around my fist. “You patch me up in more ways than once.”

Her eyes are softer than I’ve ever seen them. “And yesterday...”

“Yesterday...” I swallow hard, shame closing in around me. “No one has even been permanent in my life. No one has ever been mine. Until you. You’re *mine* and I got...scared when I saw you speaking to someone who could...”

“Someone who could what?”

“Be normal for you. I’ll never be that.”

“Normal has never interested me that much.” She looks down at her lap for long moments, then shocks the hell out of me. Because when she lifts her gaze to mine again, she’s pure sex. There’s been a tear in her innocence and she’s giving me a peek to the other side. I absorb it like a greedy beggar, groaning and shifting on the steps to accommodate my swelling cock. “I don’t think I’m normal, either, anyway,” she whispers.

“Why?”

Somehow she manages to look shy in the middle of all that sultriness, leaning in to rub her lips against my ear.

“Because...I liked it yesterday when you called yourself...”

I grab my dick in a vise grip to keep it from erupting.
“Daddy?”

She hums in affirmation.

Holy fuck. I didn't see this coming. Calling myself her Daddy was something I planned on apologizing for, once the bigger transgression was safely out of the way. But she *liked* it. Son of a bitch. It goes without saying that I loved it, that taking that role for her felt inevitable, but never in a million years did I expect her to want more of that talk. That...play.

Take her inside.

Hold her down.

Flood her fucking womb while she calls you Daddy.

My God, I can't stand this temptation anymore. I'm drowning.

“What does it mean that I like you being called that?” She glances back toward the house, turning a little pink. “Is it because...do I have issues? Am I just a cliché?”

“As if you could ever be a cliché.”

A corner of her mouth lifts, eyes appreciative. “I call *him* father. We...we're not close. He pretty much just tells me what to do. There's no affection. Not like when my mom was around.”

“I'm sorry about your mother, Ayla. I'm not sure if I ever said it out loud.”

“Thanks,” she whispers, searching my face. “I should be saying sorry to you. I know what love feels like, because of her. I'm not sure...you ever did. They left you alone so young.”

Because they were unhappy with this life. The same life I want to inflict on Ayla.

But I can still save her, can't I? Save her from me?

“You’re going to be late for school, baby,” I say on a shudder.

Her lips are so close to my ear. “Let’s ditch.” Need is written all over her features when she pulls back slightly and my body throbs, desperate to ease her. “Take me to the lake.” Ever so slightly, she touches the lobe of my ear with her tongue and my balls harden to stone. “No one else will be there this time of day.”

The lake.

Young people in our town go there to make out. And much, much more.

“Ayla...if I bring you there...”

“I know.”

“I’m going to fuck you every way I can bend you.”

Her breath releases in a giant rush. “I know.”

I’ve snatched her up around the waist and lifted her off the stoop before those words have faded from the air. This is my chance to put a baby in her belly. Make her mine forever. She’s *asking* me for it. No...now she’s wrapping her legs around my waist and kissing my neck, begging me softly with her little mewling noises. I’m royally fucked.

One last shred of decency must be left inside of me, though, because I ask, “Are you on birth control?” The part of me that is desperate for Ayla to have a bright future and everything she wants hopes the answer is yes. The beastly part wants it to be no. “The pill? Anything?”

She blinks a few times. “Uh-huh. I’m on the pill.”

I’m not sure which side of me is winning—the depraved animal or the conscientious boyfriend—but I can only nod and carry her eagerly to the car, firmly ignoring the ripple of intuition that she’s not telling me the truth. And being fucking elated by her lie.

five

. . .

Ayla

I LIED.

It's a *big* lie.

I'm not on the pill. I turned beet red when the doctor brought it up at my last physical. My father was in the room, too, and he couldn't even look at me for days afterward. At the mere *mention* of birth control. Now I'm going to the lake with Flynt and it's understood that he's going to...that *we're* going to...

Basically, my virginity is as good as gone.

In lieu of fanning my face, I roll down the passenger side window and let the morning air attempt to cool my fevered skin. It doesn't help. Flynt's hand is under my skirt, massaging the top of my thigh. His expression is nothing short of wolfish and he can barely keep his eyes on the road. That heated gaze rakes over my breasts every few seconds, his breathing growing more and more labored, the zipper of his jeans straining.

I'm really doing this. Giving myself to Flynt.

Last night, I fully intended to remain mad at Flynt for the rest of my life. He could sit in my yard until the end of time looking like death warmed over and I wouldn't cave. Not. A. Chance. Even if I *was* lying in bed sweating, tossing and

turning thinking about how he touched me in chemistry class. Like he knew every single inch of me by heart.

No matter how hard I tried to replicate what he did to give myself release, nothing worked. It's him. He's part of the pleasure. A huge part. And there's no denying it to myself, especially when I walked out of my house today and saw the roses. My mother's car, restored. In that moment, I felt myself topple backwards into love.

I've been poised to fall for years, but it has finally happened.

I'm in love with Flynt.

Maybe I should give myself a day to think about what I'm really doing here. I'm potentially surrendering the future I have planned...for another one entirely. If I have unprotected sex with Flynt, there's a very good chance I could get pregnant. And there's something inside of me, something deep and dark and undiscovered...that *loves* that possibility. The thought of carrying this man's baby stiffens my nipples into tight buds and makes me want to pet myself in between the legs.

When I imagine him thrusting inside of me until he spends, when I think of him leaving a part of himself inside of me, I get so breathlessly excited, I can't sit still. I want it now.

What is happening to me?

I have to restrain myself from climbing into his lap at a red light and begging for him to release inside of me right now. *Right now, Daddy.*

Before we reach the lake, I should tell Flynt the truth. That I'm not on the pill. We could use a condom and I could visit the doctor tomorrow, *actually* get on the pill and do this right. It's not fair to take the choice out of his hands. He's only eighteen. Obviously, he doesn't want a baby yet. What man his age does? He might have claimed he wants to marry me, but for all I know, he meant ten years in the future. When we're the right age.

But we draw closer and closer to the lake and my mouth stays closed, keeping my lie locked deep inside. I don't want him to hesitate. Or back out. Nor do I want a single thing between us. Something new and sordid inside of me has taken over and it feels good. For now, it feels so glorious, I couldn't turn it off if I wanted to.

When we reach the lake, the sound of him pulling the parking brake is louder than a thunder crack. The sudden silence in the car means it's impossible to ignore our heavy breathing, how it picks up speed the longer we sit there. In order to try and slow my zooming heart, I look out at the lake, inhaling and exhaling, but I'm barely seeing the still blue water or the sunshine reflecting off the surface.

"You wouldn't happen to have a blanket in the trunk, would you?" he asks, the sheer depth of his voice causing my skin to prickle everywhere.

"Actually, I might," I respond, trying to sound normal and not like my hormones are ziplining across my stomach. "I went to my cousin's peewee football game a couple of months ago. It was early in the morning and I knew I'd get cold."

He stares forward for a beat, his mouth twitching. "I like the image of you sitting on the bleachers wrapped in a blanket like a burrito."

"I wouldn't have needed a blanket if you were there," I say breathlessly. "You'd have kept me warm."

As soon as those words are out of my mouth, I want to die from embarrassment. I flush clear to my hairline, wishing I knew how to be cool for five seconds. Honestly, I sound like someone from a corny, old black and white movie.

"Ayla."

I can't look at him. "Yes?"

"Say more shit like that." He reaches across the center of the car and cups my cheek, brushing his thumb along my bottom lip. "I mean it. Say that shit all the time. When there's a thought in your head, just trust that I want to hear it."

Warmth runs through my midsection, then erupts into a swarm of butterflies. “Okay.”

His thumb presses gently to the center of my lower lip, tugs it down and his gravelly growl fills the interior of the car. “What am I going to do about this mouth?” he murmurs.

Kiss it. Please.

“Say it out loud for me, Ayla.”

“Sorry,” I whisper, unlatching my seat belt. “Kiss it. Please.”

Flynt seems almost pained by my request. Like it’s too much. Too overwhelming. Long moments pass while he leans back, adjusting himself in his jeans. And then he pulls the lever on the driver’s side seat to put some extra distance between his big body and the steering wheel. Before I can prepare myself, he’s lifting me off the passenger seat and dropping me down onto his lap in a straddle position and... and...

Flynt’s head falls back and he moans loudly, his prominent jaw going slack.

I cry out. Wiggle closer, my movements desperate.

That first downward press of my sex on top of his erection is mind blowing. My panties rasp against the denim ridge as I shift my hips, testing the friction and immediately, I have to stop. It’s too good. From this position, gravity allows me to find so much pleasure. I tilt my hips and grind a little, my breath releasing in a hot rush when Flynt’s hands slide into my panties and take tight hold of my backside, rocking me as we pant against one another’s mouths.

“Is this how we’re going to...do it?” I ask, rubbing my cheek against his bristled jaw.

“Maybe.” He sips at my upper lip, his eyes glittering with something I recognize as obsession. And it doesn’t scare me like maybe it should. “But not until the second or third time. I want control the first time I’m between your legs. I’ve been waiting too long only to end up at the mercy of your hips.” He slides a finger beneath the strap of my tank top, easing it over

the curve of my shoulder and down my arm until my left breast is exposed to the morning light.

His chest shudders violently.

“Your tits grew so much during the summer between freshman and sophomore year,” he murmurs, his finger circling my nipple until it’s pouty and distended. “I had to jerk off in the bathroom every day between first and second period.”

“Y-you did?”

“It drives me crazy that you’re surprised.” He yanks down the opposite strap with a lot less patience than the first time, biting down hard on his lip at the sight of both breasts at once. “You skip down the hallway without a bra, not a care in the world, these precious things bouncing around like you’re being fucked. And you wonder why you need a bodyguard.”

I’m half delirious already, staring at his mouth. Watching it move and listening to the gruff words coming out of it like I’m hypnotized. Maybe I am.

“Bras are uncomfortable.”

“Oh yeah? So is an erection in public.”

I giggle against his mouth. “Sorry.”

He lifts his hands and closes them around my breasts, his expression worshipful. “As soon as I feel that cherry burst...” He strums my nipples. “All will be forgiven.”

He’s so hard, so thick against my panties that I’m compelled to ride him, my hands coming to rest on the back of the driver’s seat, my hips slowly grinding up and back. The combination of the friction between my legs and the electrified tingles he’s creating by fondling my nipples is blanketing my vision in some kind of mist that makes this feel dreamlike. A fantasy. And that feeling makes me buck a little faster.

That’s when our mouths meet for the first time. In the midst of an already frantic situation. And so there is no buildup. We’re licking into one another’s mouths with hunger and intention, his knuckles clamping down around my nipples

until I'm whimpering, moving my hips faster, our lips opening wider with every kiss. We're nothing but carnal creatures, sustaining ourselves on the wet glide of tongues and the clashing of teeth.

"*Fuck!*" He gives an upthrust, pinning my bottom against the steering wheel. "I've been waiting forever to do that."

"Kiss me?"

"Yes. Yes," he says in between kisses of my face, throat and eyelids. "I'm broken at the end of every day from resisting you."

"Don't resist me anymore."

"Oh, don't worry."

I'm lifted out of the car with my legs wrapped around his hips. Immediately I'm slammed up against the side of the vehicle, Flynt's mouth hot on my neck, biting and licking and sucking at my sensitive skin while his hips ram up, up, up, jostling my legs until my shoes fall off. "I'm not going to be able to stop touching you long enough to get the blanket," he rasps, leaning down to suck my nipple into his mouth, drawing on it lovingly. "I'm sorry, Ayla."

"We'll find some grass," I say absently, more concerned with his magical mouth and how to keep it on me, giving me these great, sweeping waves of sensation. "Or in the lake..."

"Yeah." Flynt's voice is ragged as he stumbles back from the car, carrying me with him.

That's when we both see it's a good hundred yards to the lake.

"The lake is out," I say, planting kisses all over his face.

"You read my mind."

Up ahead is a cluster of trees with soft, green grass beneath and Flynt strides in that direction. When we've almost reached the shade, he takes hold of the waistband of my panties and rips them down the middle. And then he's laying me down, looming above me with the very devil in his eyes, stripping off his T-shirt and showing me his bare chest for the first time.

It's big and cut and rippling, just like his arms, a gold chain making a U shape beneath his collar bone and the sight of him makes me wetter. Makes me *squirm*.

He unzips his jeans with impatient fingers, his gaze zeroed in on the juncture of my thighs. "I've been a monk for four years, waiting for you. I'd have been a monk for a hundred fucking years, long as I knew my angel was waiting on the other side." He comes down hard on top of me, before I can see the flesh he fists and tugs out of his pants. "But we're both about to become dirty whores for each other, aren't we? Whatever the opposite of holy is, that's what we're going to be. I've already got you ditching school to fuck by the lake, don't I? Pussy wet, titties covered in suck marks." He wraps a hand around my throat and squeezes. "Such a bad little girl."

With the growling of those five words, all hell breaks loose inside of me.

six

. . .

Flynt

DEEP IN MY BONES, I knew she would be like this.

A perfect animal just waiting to be set free from her cage.

We're equals now, humping each other in the grass, yanking and tearing at clothing, my teeth leaving marks on her shoulders, her tits, before racing back to her mouth where I get my sustenance. Lord *almighty*, her tongue has the sweetest taste on the planet. I lap at it, suck it into my own mouth and suction our lips, trying to drag her essence into my soul, but it's not enough. I'll never, ever be full of her. I'll always be starved. She's going to drive me past insanity into new terrain, where there is only her soft skin and pussy and voice.

I still have my hand wrapped around her throat and she traces my grip with her fingertips, revels in being pinned to the ground by force. Her thighs are open, her tight, virgin cunt waiting like a pagan sacrifice. She wants to fuck even though she's never done it before. God help me when she gets a taste. I'll be rutting her before school, in between classes and nonstop on the weekends. Her father is going to hate me with every fiber of his being.

Especially once her stomach begins to swell.

At the reminder that she's almost certainly lying about being on the pill, I have to reach down and jack my cock several times. It's so sensitive. Harder than it's ever been. My

balls feel like they're in a death grip. Holy shit, I *am* a bastard. Instead of calling her on the lie and being a decent man, I'm going to lock this girl down so hard, she'll never question that she belongs to me. I'll knock her up so fucking good and fast, her head spins.

My nobility has thinned to nothing in the face of her needs.

"You going to make me a daddy, baby?" I grunt without thinking, because who could think with a tongue like hers in his mouth? When she looks up at me with slightly guarded eyes, I realize what I've said and rush to correct myself. "*Your* Daddy, Ayla. That's who I am, aren't I? You've always known, even if you didn't understand."

"I still don't understand. I just know...I really like when you call yourself that."

I kiss and lick my way down her body, covering her tits in a sheen with my tongue, wanting her to be sloppy and swollen and covered in me. Wanting to claim the girl who will rule my head and heart until the day I die. "Maybe it's something I can't explain to you with words." I raze her belly with my teeth while unzipping her skirt, tearing it down her legs and throwing it over my shoulder. Now she's naked except for the silk tank top that's circling her waist. On a scale from one to ten, she's a thousand. *Jesus Christ*. "Maybe I have to show you."

Bathed in the sunlight, her pussy is like fresh, succulent fruit.

"When I say I'm your Daddy, I mean I'm responsible for you. For everything about you. But especially this." I run my thumb up the valley of her cunt and watch that little nub peek out at the top, asking for me. So eager. And I'm not capable of making her wait. God no. I bow my head and worship her with a deep lick, teasing her clit with light side to side swipes of the tip of my tongue. "I'm responsible for satisfying this. So well that your legs shake when I get home from work because you need to spread them for me so fucking bad."

Ayla grows even more wet, right in front of my eyes. Her hips can't stay still.

“You’re a gift from God, little girl,” I growl against her pussy, rubbing her center with my tongue, testing the tightness of her entrance, my cock starting to drip into the grass in response. Because Jesus, I knew she’d be snug, but I have no idea how I’m going to get more than a few inches inside without hurting her. Maybe it’s impossible. The thought of causing her even an iota of pain makes me want to drown myself in the lake. “I have to tell you something, Ayla,” I say, turning up the speed of my flickering tongue against her clit, keeping at it until her thighs are wrapped around my head and that bud is starting to pulse.

“What is it?” she gasps, yanking at the ends of my hair, pulling me closer, lifting her hips.

“I’ve got a real big dick, baby,” I pant, trailing my tongue back up the middle of her sweet, heaving body, my fist wrapped around the appendage in question. “And you’re awfully tiny. I might have to force it a little the first time.”

“Force it?” she whispers, eyes glazed with lust.

I hum deep in my throat, breathing, trying to keep the beast inside me at bay. *Don’t you dare lose control until she’s enjoying herself.* What if she doesn’t, though? What if I snap as soon as I’m deep in that lush cunt and I can’t stop to comfort her or make it better? After four years of maintaining strict control, I’m being offered the ultimate feast and I don’t know how I’ll react in the midst of so much pleasure. In the midst of Ayla.

“Shhh,” I breathe against her mouth, tucking the head of my cock up against her entrance and stroking myself in the direction of heaven, grunting and panting like a dog. “Maybe you’ll like getting forced a little,” I groan against her lips, before working my cock head into her tight slot, pressure already starting to bear down on my lower back and loins. I’ve been dreaming of it for four years, never truly accepting that it could happen. But it is. Ayla Barnes, my violent obsession, is on her back with her legs open, asking to get pregnant.

Just fucking *asking for it.*

I'm plowing deeper before I can stop myself, another inch, another, a few more, until my balls slap off the taut cheeks of her ass, that coveted barrier tears away—and I roar into her neck like a conqueror, memorizing every detail of the moment, absorbing all of it like a sponge. The involuntary pulsations of her pussy. God, she's wrapped around me so tight, I feel like a criminal. I devour the sight of her staring up at the sky with wonder, her back arched off the ground. But I can't tell if she's in awe or in pain.

"Ayla," I manage through gritted teeth. "Are you okay?"

"It hurts a little," she breathes, turning her head to meet my gaze. "I love it."

"I don't understand. It hurts *and* you love it?"

She nods, shifting beneath me so sensually, I grit my teeth to keep from howling. "Force me," she hiccups, her head falling back into the grass, her dark hair spread out like wings. "Force me, Daddy."

I knew it.

I knew it would be like this.

But being given the green light is almost too damning. This is the point of no return. This is us embarking on something dark and messy and obsessive, but there's no stopping. No way out. And neither one of us wants to locate the exit.

Get her pregnant.

Force me, Daddy.

Teeth gnashing, I lose any remaining grip on self-control and I plant a forearm across her shoulders, taking her in the grass with sharp pumps, entering her with increasing violence and she only moans louder, the muscles of her pussy flexing in welcome around me.

"Oh, you thought I was possessive before? Just you fucking *wait*." I lean down and scoop my hips at a new angle, making her squeal. Yes, squeal. Like a trapped brat. And we both fucking love it. She excites herself with that childish

sound and watching her realize it is excruciatingly perfect and again, utterly damning. No way off this dark path. Thank God. “There might be days you hate me for sending you back into the house to change your tank top or put on a bra, but I’ll fuck you until you’re smiling at me again. Won’t I, Ayla?”

“Yes,” she whimpers. “Yes.”

My spend is so heavy in my balls that I’m wincing as I thrust. Too good. Too fucking good. I should have beat off before taking her virginity because her first time needs to be incredible and I’m already poised to pop. I try to keep my eyes closed and focus on the unreal sensation of sliding in and out of her wet pussy, but I have to look. I must see her at all times. And my God, she’s so beautiful, the most breathtaking sight in the world, her lips parted in astonishment, her tits shaking with every rough slap of my hips. I’ve never seen her eyes so blue, so luminous and they’re focused on me.

Encouraging me to fuck her like the beast that I am.

“I hope you like the view, Ayla,” I growl, falling forward to sink my teeth into her ear lobe, jerking her knees higher around my waist and bearing down harder. “You’re going to be seeing it for the rest of your life. Death will have to bring an army to drag me off you.”

Her eyes flash with something akin to possessiveness. I know what it looks like because I’ve seen it in my own eyes when I think about her while looking in a mirror. It’s a singular kind of ominous gleam. “I won’t let Death take you.” She pouts that bottom lip and buries her heels in my ass. “You’re *mine*.”

It’s a wonder I don’t spill everything I’ve got in this moment. I grit my teeth and flex my stomach as hard as possible, somehow managing not to come over my girl claiming me. Verbally. Out loud. It’s my most coveted dream come to life. “Ayla’s man,” I chant in her neck. “Ayla’s man. Top to bottom. Through and through. Always have been.”

The tempo of her breath is starting to change. She likes the angle of my hips. It’s working for her so I don’t shift, don’t stop, just continue to use the trunk of my cock to rub her wet

clit, giving it a firm grind here and there, until she's rocking upwards into those grinds and making these urgent mewling sounds that wreak havoc on my balls.

I groan deep in my throat, lost in the grip of her body. "Baby likes that, doesn't she?"

"I love it," she whimpers.

"You're about to show me how much you enjoyed your first ride at the lake, aren't you?" I'm starting to sweat, strain, my loins on fire with the urgency to nut. Just a little bit longer and she'll hit that peak, too. *Come on, hang in there. If only she wasn't so fucking tight.* Levering myself up slightly on my left fist, I slip my fingers down between us. I thrust deep and rough, hold myself there and stroke her clit rapidly, watching a rush of lust transform her features, her back slowly, slowly arching until she screams. "Ahhhh there we go, little girl." She clenches around me with such force, it feels like she's going to squeeze my dick off in the best way. I feel every little milking tug of her cunt, her sounds of pleasure echoing in my ears and engraving themselves onto my soul. "Been waiting a long time to fuck that scream out of you. My favorite sound before I ever heard it."

When I start to sense she's coming down from her orgasm, my restraint evaporates. I allow the furious need to ejaculate to rush in from every direction and it's so intense that I feel like a monster. I feel like a fucking monster when I flip her over face down, twist my fist in the back of that silk tank top still circling her waist for leverage, and pump into her pussy roughly from behind, giving a hoarse shout of her name the first time my lap slaps off that tight, round ass.

"Four years of sitting behind you in class. Watching this butt twitch down the hallway in those little tramp skirts while I got harder and harder and *fucking harder.*" I drop my chest to her back and whisper in her ear. "You owe me this. Don't you, baby? You owe me something nasty. Clench that pussy up tight. I'm taking my payment."

"Take it, Daddy," she gasps.

Obviously, I'm screwed after that. Having her call me Daddy while I'm raw-dogging her is a nightly fantasy of mine. I'm a goner. I punch my hips several more times, every muscle in my body straining violently, like a volcano preparing to erupt. And I do. I slam into her so hard, we collapse into the grass, a firestorm raging inside of me, tension blasting out of me like cannon fire into Ayla's sweet, giving heat. I shake and drip sweat and curse while seed leaves my body and flows into hers. Putting life into her body. Creating life with my obsession.

I don't think I knew how riddled I've been with stress I've been for the last four years until I'm depleted. I've been sick with the need to impregnate her and I feel temporarily cured, my muscles going slack, my bones turning weightless.

I lay down beside the love of my life in the grass, wrap my arms around her for dear life and praise her to sleep while I gaze up at the sky and dream about our future. A future that will almost certainly include a baby. Babies. A family.

And she *wants* that, too. I didn't read her wrong.

Right?

seven

. . .

Ayla

IT HAS BEEN the best week of my life.

Ever since Flynt took me to the lake, I've been floating through life like an inner tube on a lazy river. My father doesn't know what to make of my constant smiling, so he just hides even more securely behind his newspaper at the breakfast table every morning. I've been wearing turtlenecks to school, because I'm covered in scruff marks and love bites and other reminders of my man. *My man*. But I covered the ones on my neck in makeup today because I'm feeling... naughty. I'm feeling sexy and I'm sensitive in the oddest places, like the nape of my neck and the backs of my knees. I want to tempt Flynt.

Honestly, he's tempted by me when I'm in a turtleneck, so maybe there is no need for my short, plaid skirt and the white blouse that barely buttons over my breasts. Today feels special, though. My period is late. It was supposed to arrive yesterday and still hasn't. Somehow, I'm already positive I'm pregnant. No need for a test.

I *feel* his life inside of me.

How could I not when he's put it in me so many times?

Just this week, we've been down to the lake six times. Before school, after school and once when Flynt needed me terribly during fourth period. Every time I think about him

moaning in the rear bed of his truck with my ankles around his ears, I encounter a rush of wetness. Euphoria. He makes my body feel things I didn't know were possible and I do the same for him.

We mate like animals.

Flynt tells me the magnitude of attraction isn't typical. It's special. It only happens once in a lifetime and to some people, not at all.

I'm going to tell him I love him today.

Right after I seduce him.

I'm going to put him in the best mood possible and then tell him I lied about being on birth control. He will forgive me, right? Yes, I believe that. The way he speaks about us being together forever...he means those things.

What if he doesn't want a baby right now, though?

We're only eighteen.

Will he understand the gravitational pull I felt to get pregnant with his baby? Will he understand that I craved having his child inside of me to the point of pain? I barely understand it myself...and it's too late now to be anything but happy. I *want* to have Flynt's baby.

I just hope he wants that, too.

Flynt is waiting for me in the parking lot when I pull into my usual space—and holy moly, he is so incredibly gorgeous. Even more so now that he isn't dripping with constant tension. Leaned up against the side of his truck in his boots, jeans and wind-tousled hair, he looks well satisfied. He likes the red marks he leaves on my inner thighs, so he hasn't shaved in a week, giving him a dark, dangerous shadow on his jaw. My pulse is racing out of control before I even put my car in park and step out of the driver's side.

As soon as Flynt sees me, he pushes off the truck, his dark eyebrows winging toward his hairline. "Ayla," he chokes out, his gaze devouring me top to bottom. "Get back in the car."

I was expecting this. “Why?” I ask, casually. “You don’t like my outfit?”

“I like it too much.” He jerks his chin at the students passing by. “So will everyone else.”

I round the front bumper of my car and slide onto the hood, leaving my legs to swing carefree in front of me. “I’m leaving it on. It makes me feel pretty.”

His eyes soften slightly, but not completely. “You’d be pretty in a potato sack, baby. But if you walk through the hallway in that outfit, I’m going to end up murdering somebody.” He reaches me then, groaning as he steps between my thighs. “Goddamn. You wore the panties.”

He has a serious thing for my nude mesh underwear because I was wearing them the first time he saw beneath my skirt. The day at the garage.

“Mmmm.” I nod, tug him closer by the front of his shirt. “Wore them just so you could take them off.”

“*Ayla.*” Eyes glittering with need, he swoops in and kisses me hard. “You’ve missed too much class this week, thanks to my dick. I can’t keep allowing you to ditch school.” His gaze falls to my breasts and he licks his lips. “I want to be a better boyfriend than that.”

My heart turns over. “You’re the best boyfriend.”

“Am I?” There’s something like guilt in his expression, but it quickly ebbs and I wonder if I imagined it. “I could be better. I could be helping you secure a better future, instead of...”

“Instead of what?”

His mouth presses into a stubborn line. “That outfit doesn’t darken the doorway of this school, *Ayla*. I mean it.” An idea seems to occur to him. “Stay right here. I have a sweatshirt in the rear cab of my truck...”

Flynt throws a warning look at a group of passing boys, then leaves me briefly to open the truck’s back door and root around. While his back is momentarily turned, I hop off the

hood of my car and start heading up the path toward the entrance. A moment later, I hear the truck door slam and a growl of my name. My blood pumps faster as I pick up my pace, smiling flirtatiously at Flynt over my shoulder, beckoning him with a crooked finger.

He catches up with me inside at my locker.

I'm not shocked whatsoever when he spins me around and backs me up against the cold metal door, my back connecting with a *thunk*, drawing the attention of several surrounding students. I wonder what we look like to everyone else. The quiet, straight-A student and the big, bad loner, making love to each other with our eyes, right there in front of everyone. Is our mutual obsession palpable?

Flynt tilts my chin up and whispers against my mouth. "What game are you playing, little girl?"

"I'm not playing a game," I retort, subtly rubbing my breasts side to side against his chest. I'm pregnant with this man's baby. It's a thrill that electrifies me, makes my heart race and my breath sound pitifully thin. "But if you *want* to play one..." I whisper, watching his eyes go black. "I know for a fact that there is no one using the AV room this period."

"It's too risky." His stiffness is beginning to prod my stomach. "Come on. I'll take you down to the lake."

I make that whiny sound that drives him wild. "I can't wait that long."

He swallows a moan. He's so turned on now that his eyes are growing unfocused, sweat beading on his upper lip. "Ayla, I'm trying to do right by you—"

"I want you in my mouth."

Every iota of his breath leaves him in a rush. "*What?*"

"Last night, I dreamed about giving you a blow job. Now I want to do it in real life."

I'm not lying. I've daydreamed about it. Extensively.

How he would taste. How he would instruct me.

I don't think he realizes that he has lifted me off the floor and pinned me against the locker, his hot, harsh breaths pelting my lips. "There's just one problem with that, baby. My cock won't fit in your little mouth. Don't you think I would have fucked it by now?"

Maybe the skirt was a mistake.

My panties are so soaked by now that the insides of my thighs are beginning to turn moist and there's nothing to hide my reaction. "It *will* fit."

"Jesus, Ayla. I can barely get it in your pussy." He presses closer, so close that my thighs are perched on his hips. "But maybe..."

"What?" I ask, searching his eyes.

He shakes his head, as if to clear the idea away. But he visibly can't. It lingers. "You could lick it—" He cuts himself off with a groan. "You could lick it. And..."

"Tell me."

His mouth moves to my ear. "You could suck on my balls."

I writhe on his hardness ever so slightly. "I'll do whatever you want."

That pronouncement has him searching my eyes. "What's going on with you? Do you need to talk to me about something?"

Not now.

Not until he's in that relaxed, affectionate place we always end up in after sex. That's when I'll tell him I love him. That's when I'll tell him about the baby. "Is it that surprising that I want you?" I lean in and kiss him. A decadent, winding kiss that makes his erection swell. "I always want you."

The bell rings.

Students groan, locker doors slam and there's a flurry of activity around us as everyone runs for class. But we don't move. We just continue to stare into each other's eyes, at least

until a male administrator knocks on one of the neighboring lockers. “All right, love birds. Get to class.” *Rap rap rap.* “This behavior is totally inappropriate.”

Flynt turns a glare on the man that should probably chill me to the bone, but it only turns me on. “What I do with her is none of your business,” he rasps to the man. “Fuck off.”

I turn my head long enough to watch the administrator go pale and scurry away, but then I’m purely riveted by Flynt. He pries me off the row of lockers and strides down the hall, hooking a right toward the AV room. I rub our sexes together as we walk, my mouth and teeth and tongue racing over his neck. *Ohhhh.* And then his hands clutch my bare butt and I almost climax. Seriously. I’m so primed for his touch and to touch him in return that by the time we enter the dark AV room and lock the door, I’m frantic to get on my knees.

Watching him unfasten his belt from my kneeling position does something to me. An internal ripple so intense that it makes me gasp. Makes me reach under my skirt and palm myself, grinding my flesh against the heel of my hand.

He sees the change in me and slows down, making a meal out of dragging the leather belt through the denim loops of his jeans. “Why do you like this?” he asks, studying me, expression heated. Hungry. Anticipatory.

“I don’t know.”

“Did your father ever use his belt on you as a kid?”

I’m already shaking my head. “No. No, he never hit me.”

His chest rises and falls. “Thank God.” He folds the belt in half in his hands and cracks the leather together. There’s an answering spasm in my tummy that spreads such a ticklish sensation in its wake, I almost can’t stand it. My fingers are inside my panties now, petting, spreading wetness, bringing myself closer to the edge. “It just...it seems like something a Daddy would do.”

“Yours.”

I nod like an obedient pupil and down comes his zipper.

Flynt has never let me see his shaft. He covers me with his body or turns me around on my hands and knees before I can get a glimpse. He says it will scare me. But I'm so desperate to see it now that I hold my breath, my hands steepled together like a nun in prayer.

He takes it out of his jeans in a white-knuckled fist and drops the ample weight of it, letting it bounce, along with his balls, into view. It's so stiff, it sticks right out and...oh my God. It's thick and ruddy and long. So long.

And my name is tattooed on the side.

Both sides.

"*Flynt*," I whisper, tears springing to my eyes.

"Well?" He steps forward stroking himself, shadows dancing in his blue eyes. "Does it scare you?"

I take a moment to ponder my answer to the question. Obviously, the tattoos have been there for a while. If they were a recent addition, he'd have been bandaged. Or in recovery mode, unable to have sex. This proves he's been more than a little committed to me for quite a while. Obsessive is a better word. But...

"It's beautiful," I say honestly, scooting forward on my knees. "It only excites me."

Flynt groans.

I watch breathlessly as a single white drop appears on the smooth slit of his sex and my body begins to hum like an engine, heating, a sound of pure hunger rising in my throat. For Flynt's part, he looks almost overcome by my eagerness.

"Wrap both of your hands around it slowly. *Slowly*, baby. I'm trying really hard not to come on your face."

My panties turn sodden over that imagery.

Is that something he would like?

Would *I* like it?

I want to find out. I want to find out every single thing about lovemaking with Flynt and I hope we never reach the

bottom of the well of possibilities. I want to touch him and explore with him for the rest of my life. Starting now, when I take him in my hands, marveling at the combination of strength of smoothness. Flynt hisses in a breath. And as I begin to stroke him, he gets that look in his eyes. The one that says the sweet boyfriend has checked out and the dominant man has taken his place. I love both of them with all of my heart.

Flynt's fingers slide into my hair and tighten around the strands just enough to make me gasp. Then he steps forward. Comes so close that I have no choice but to let his thickness slide into my mouth. Salt immediately foams down the back of my throat, Flynt's fist shaking in my hair, his breath turning to hoarse bursts of air.

I drop one of my hands from around his shaft, using it to pull him closer by the loosened waistband of his jeans—and I suck noisily. My knees squeak on the ground trying to get near to him as possible and I work, work, work him into my mouth in the rhythm I've memorized from having him inside of me. I know he likes the pace somewhere between slow and fast and I give him that now. I give it to myself.

"Fuck, baby. A professional without a minute of practice. Just like our first trip to the lake, huh?" On his next pump, he goes slightly deeper, pausing to make sure I'm not choking. I'm not. I'm just struggling to get my lips wide enough. He's only halfway in and I don't think I can take another inch without gagging. Nor can I open my mouth wide enough. *"You were horny for me as soon as I lifted that skirt. Knew exactly how to make me come. Knew how to take a beating between your legs. Didn't you, little girl?"*

I moan brokenly around his flesh, his dirty speech making me hotter than the surface of the sun. My whines are equal parts turned on and frustrated because I want all of him in my mouth, my throat. I want him to own me. Every inch.

"I know, Ayla. I know you want the whole cock, but it's not happening. Believe me, I'm already the most satisfied man on the fucking earth. I get to bury this thing in your pussy." He pushes deep inside my mouth and holds, tilting my head back.

“Whenever I want,” he grits. “So you keep that little thing wet, do you understand?”

I nod, finding unimaginable pleasure in being obedient.

It’s something I never expected to find in myself, but Flynt would burn the world down to make me happy, so being dutiful when we make love feels good. And right. Because I know how much time he spends honoring me. Considering me. Serving me.

I’m so desperate to do the same for him in this moment that I find a reserve of courage inside of myself. I take a deep breath, and another, until I reach a state of calm. I relax the muscles of my throat and allow his huge sex to travel deeper, deeper until Flynt’s heavy balls are pressed up against my chin and he’s making these wild, choking sounds, vibrations coursing through his strong body.

“I can’t believe...oh my God. *Oh my God*. How...”

Enjoying the fact that Flynt is at a loss for words, I bring my hand to his balls, cup them and roll them gently in my palm, his erection growing inside of my throat as a result.

“Fuck. You have to stop that. Stop or I’m going to choke you, baby. *Stop*.” But somehow, I know that can’t happen, that he’s only being protective, so I swallow, flexing my throat muscles around the plump trunk of his sex—and then I’m gasping for air, filling my lungs, because Flynt has yanked himself out of my mouth.

There isn’t a second to orient myself before I’m being lifted into the air. My feet hover above the ground for a few seconds and then my back is thrown up against the wall. A ripping sound is the only clue that my panties have become a casualty and then he’s entering me, driving me up the wall with a strangled yell into the curve of my neck.

“Don’t you ever do that again. *Ever*. I have to forget that happened, Ayla, or I’ll get greedy.” He draws my thighs up around his hips and hits me with hard, fast thrusts. “I won’t be able to keep my cock out of your mouth and I’m already having that problem with your cunt, aren’t I? Can’t leave the

poor little thing alone. *Won't.*” He surges forward, pinning me hard, entering me with the aggression of an animal. “If you keep spoiling me like a king, I’ll never let you see the light of day. No normal life for you, just my bed, the lake, the backseat of my car. I’ll turn you into a fuck toy, if you let me. *Don't let me.*”

“You could never do that,” I hiccup into his neck, the pressure of my imminent orgasm beginning to be too much. Too full and too close. “You couldn’t lock me up.”

“No,” he pants, pressing his forehead to mine. He looks at me with so much affection that a rush of euphoria crashes through me. “No, I couldn’t do anything to hurt you. I couldn’t lock you up, just tell me I’ve got you locked *down*. Say it over and over and over...”

“You’ve got me locked down.” I tilt my hips and bear down into his grinds, my eyes widening as the pleasure starts to take me. “I’m yours. You’ve locked me down.”

“Forever, Ayla. For fucking ever.”

My neck loses the ability to hold my head up and I whimper, “Forever.”

That single word seems to shoot Flynt over the edge and we both go soaring together, groaning against each other’s open mouths, my legs wrapping around him and squeezing, his hips circling, grinding, our movements frantic as we work the final drops of frustration free.

I have no idea how long we stay like that, fluids dripping from our intimate parts where they join, our shallow breathing eventually turning more even. After a while, I start to notice a slight increase in tension in Flynt’s shoulders. I lift my head to find him looking at me with so much fiery intensity, I can only stare back in awe and wait.

“Is there anything you want to tell me, Ayla?”

At first, I have no idea what he’s talking about. My brain has been wiped clear by the last fifteen minutes of sweaty lovemaking. I barely know my own name.

“What do you mean?”

He gives me a warning look. “Ayla.”

Oh my gosh. My whole plan for the day comes back into focus. I need to tell him I might be pregnant. But before I can say a word, he speaks again.

“I’ve known your cycle by heart since freshman year.” He tilts his head, studies me. “When it’s that time of the month, you take bathroom breaks after second and fifth period to change your tampon.” He shifts his hips and I’m so sensitive that I suck in a breath. “As far as I can tell there’s nothing inside you right now except for me.”

Is he mad? I study his face. The downturned corners of his mouth. The way his dark eyebrows knit together, his gaze glittering.

Oh God, he *does* seem angry. Is he mad at me for getting pregnant? Does he already know I lied about being on the pill?

Of course, he’s going to be mad. He’s eighteen and I’m about to saddle him with a baby. What was I thinking? How could I be so impulsive?

Is he going to break up with me?

“Flynt—” I sob.

But I don’t get a chance to say another word, because the door to the AV room busts wide open. I scream at the sudden noise. And when several cops stride into the room, one of them flipping on the lights and blinding me, I cling to Flynt as hard as I can. *What is happening?*

“Mr. Porter?”

Flynt is so busy fixing my clothing to hide my nudity, he answers almost distractedly. “*What?*” he snaps, murder crackling in his eyes. “Don’t fucking look at her.”

“You’re under arrest for stealing car parts.” An officer steps forward with a pair of handcuffs and my life flashes before my eyes. “We’ve got you on camera, son. The owner of the car is pressing charges. Now, I see you’re a little busy...” He shares a chuckle with the other officers. And my principal

is there, too. *Oh lord.* What is going on? “But I’ve got to Mirandize you and bring you down to the station.”

“Take one step closer to her and I will snap those cuffs closed around your throat,” Flynt growls, shielding me with his body. “And I said, *don’t look at her.*”

“Sorry, son.” He lowers his voice for our ears alone. “But you broke the law. Time to face the music.”

“Stolen car parts?” I ask Flynt in a whisper. “Not...not the ones you used to fix my car...?”

His jaw stiffens but he doesn’t answer. Thoughts are whirring behind his eyes a million miles an hour. His chest heaves, sweat breaking out on his forehead. Adrenaline has caused Flynt to stiffen again inside of me.

Apparently, no matter the situation, good or bad, my body responds to the stimulus the same way. I bite down on my bottom lip to hold in a whimper, struggling not to shift my hips. Flynt must feel me growing wetter, because his tortured gaze whips to mine. “Give me five more minutes with her,” he growls, flattening me roughly to the wall. “One more time and then I’ll come along without a fight.”

“You’ve had your fun. Let’s go.”

The officer starts to close the distance between us and Flynt gives me an upward drive of his hips, making me whine in that high-pitched way I can’t help sometimes. And my boyfriend is fucking me in front of the whole police force. Bucking frantically, snarling into rough kisses, his fingertips biting into the flesh of my ass to hold me steady. I don’t care about who is watching, though, I only see Flynt. I can only be extra desperate for him because they want to take him away from me. He stole car parts—and deep in my bones, I know he stole them for me. I’m the reason he’s going to jail. Maybe worse.

“I’m sorry,” I sob, salty wet tears sliding down my cheeks to flavor our hungry kisses. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry—”

“All right, that’s enough.”

The officer finally grabs hold of Flynt's shoulders, yanking him as hard as possible away from me. I slide down the wall and hide myself with my clothing, watching in horror as he arrests Flynt. Several more men are required to come forward and help wrestle him into cuffs when he struggles, teeth bared, eyes wild. "Ayla," he shouts. "Ayla!"

"*Jesus*, son," the officer says, gaping at Flynt's erection. "Look at that thing. No wonder she couldn't wait until after class."

I lunge onto my knees and carefully zip Flynt back into his jeans. I reach for his face, but I never make contact. He's already being dragged out of the room, the whole scene blurring around me behind the veil of confusion and denial and tears.

"Flynt!"

"Ayla!" Six men are dragging him out the door, but he twists around to look at me one final time. "This isn't over. We are—"

Someone fires a taser and Flynt jerks, his face contorting with pain.

I scream loud enough to hurt my own eardrums.

It's the last thing I remember before losing consciousness.

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Flynt

I THOUGHT I was a beast before, but compared to who I am now?

I was docile.

The separation from Ayla has driven me mad.

It has been a month and I've already inked her name onto my body so many times, the letters have blurred together in an illegible maze of loops and slashes. I've needed pain on the outside to distract from the utter misery shredding my insides to ribbons. The guards hate me and I can't afford a lawyer, so I get no phone calls. I get nothing but darkness. They won't even give me a pen or pencil to write letters to my Ayla because they're worried that I'll stab them. Myself. Others. And I probably would.

I'm starting to hear voices. I want to rip the skin off my bones.

I'm going to die without her. I have no idea how long I'm going to be in here.

But knowing Ayla is on the other side of these bars, unprotected and pregnant, is the worst form of torture imaginable. I damaged my vocal cords on day one by shouting her name. I speak in a permanent rasp now. They allow me into the yard for an hour a day and I hit the weights like a man possessed, pumping iron until my arms and legs have been

exhausted. That exertion is the only thing stopped me from going completely insane.

I have to get out of here.

I have to get back to her.

Would I steal those car parts all over again to give her back the gift of her mother's car? Yes. I would just be more careful. If I'd taken more precautions, I might be inside of her right now at the lake. She'd be milking me with that tight, sexy pussy, titties wet from my mouth. I can't even fathom how good she'd taste between her legs while carrying my baby. I'd kill for a sample of it right now. One lick and I'd come on the dirty floor of my cell.

Why didn't I tell her I love her sooner?

I was in the middle of declaring my love, my intention to marry her and raise our baby together as soon as I got released, but they tased me. They tased me and she passed out and I've been in hell even since. Pure fucking hell.

I lunge to my feet and wrap my hands around the bars, pressing my face between the metal slats until it hurts. "AYLA."

Ayla

My father found the pregnancy test in the trash can three weeks ago.

Ever since then, my home has become a prison.

I won't allow my daughter to humiliate me by walking around school with a swollen stomach. My daughter, a teen mother? God almighty. No one is going to find out. What would they think of me? Your mother would be humiliated. I can either send you to live with my brother in Montana or, by God, you'll stay in this house until you've delivered the bastard and put it up for adoption. Your choice.

He wouldn't listen when I told him I wanted to raise the baby.

I could never give this life I created with Flynt to a stranger. I just couldn't.

I want to bring up this baby, even if I have to do it by myself.

It's likely that I will have to do it alone. My memory of the afternoon Flynt was arrested has started to take different shapes. My grief and panic over being without Flynt is clouding everything. But I remember his anger and irritation. I remember him shouting *this isn't over*. That's the last thing he said to me. And now I'm starting to wonder if he was referring to our argument not being over, as opposed to our relationship.

Why else hasn't he called or written even *once*?

There has been no communication and every day he leaves me in silence is like another brick being piled onto my chest. I force myself to eat for the baby, but it's like choking down dust. Living without his touch and his voice and scent and presence is an unbearable state of being and I cry. I cry so much, I've run out of tears.

I don't even know when he's being released from prison. I called the police station, but they only snickered at me, obviously recalling my behavior the day Flynt was arrested. How shamelessly I needed him. How shamelessly I still do. My body is *starving*.

Does he hate me? Does he wish me dead because I'm the reason he went to prison?

I'm lying on my side in bed, but restlessness forces me up now, passing through the house like a ghost into the backyard—the only outdoor space where my father will allow me to go. When I hear an electronic whir as I step onto the grass, I glance up and spy a camera mounted to the roof. He's watching me from work, making sure I don't leave. I'm not sure how he'll punish me if I disobey him, but I can't risk being thrown out onto the street when I'm pregnant. When this

baby arrives in seven months, they will need a roof over their head.

With a broken sound, I lay down in the center of the perfectly manicured lawn on my side, curling into myself and dreaming of Flynt and those afternoons at the lake.

He'll never take me there again.

But at least I have the memories.

Maybe in time I'll learn to be grateful for that.

Flynt

Three months have passed by the time I'm let out of prison.

I'm released on a Wednesday morning, and I tear through the gate like a madman, my bones rattling with desperation. She'll be in school at this hour, so that's where I'm going. There is no way in hell I'll bother stopping at home or tracking down my first decent meal in ninety days. No. Fuck that. She's the only fuel I need.

There is no one to give me a ride back to town, so I take the bus. Passengers eye me warily, some of the women even disembarking the bus at the sight of me. I find my reflection in one of the windows and acknowledge that I've changed. Endless, scorching misery will do that to a man. I've packed on about ten pounds of muscle, my tattoos have climbed up my neck to the underside of my chin. There is a look in my eye that promises death to anyone who tries to stand between me and Ayla.

After an hour, the bus lets me off at the stop in town and I march through town, heading straight for the school, ignoring the expressions of alarm on the faces of people that I pass. Ayla won't be alarmed and that's all I care about. I exist solely to see her again.

I'm worried about one thing and one thing only. Going back to prison. Because that's what would happen if anyone laid a finger on her while I was gone. They'll have to throw me back behind bars covered in blood.

I reach the campus. Students scatter when they see me.

The principal steps into my path, as if to stop me from entering the school, but one look at my face and he steps aside with an audible gulp. It's almost lunch time. She'll be in health class. I'm going to carry her straight out of here, drive us to the lake and fuck her until we forget the last three months of hell. Then I'm going to marry her. Today. Tomorrow. As soon as possible. I've had a taste of living without her and I realize now how foolish I was all those years, thinking I'd be able to let her go when we graduated high school.

I'd have followed her wherever she went. Stalked her.

Eventually given in and taken her to bed without a rubber.

It has been inevitable since the first time I saw her.

Ayla is my forever. And I desperately need to hold her and tell her that.

I'm inside the school now, right outside the door where we would have been spending third period, if everything hadn't gone to hell. It takes my whole reserve of willpower not to kick the door down. Instead, I wrench it open and step inside.

"Ayla!"

Several students drop to the floor to hide behind their desks. Shrieks fill my ears.

I don't see her. I don't fucking see her anywhere.

"Where is Ayla Barnes?" I slam my fist down on the closest desk. *"Where is she?"*

The teacher steps forward hesitantly. "Ayla hasn't been in school for several months."

"Nobody has seen her in so long," a girl whispers near the back row.

My world slides sideways, like fried eggs off a hot frying pan.

I hear nothing else that's said because there is a deafening siren going off in my ears. Nausea roils in my stomach and rises in my throat. I stumble from the classroom and start to run. I see and hear nothing as I run to Ayla's house, my leg muscles on fire, lungs in a permanent seize. I won't speculate on where she's been or if something happened to her, because I'll go even madder than I am now. I'll go berserk.

My heart is pumping wildly as I reach the end of her driveway and sprint to the door, pounding on it while shouting her name hoarsely, prepared to rip it off the hinges, if necessary.

"Mister Porter," says an older male. "Leave now or I'll call the police."

I turn in a circle but see no one. Where is the voice coming from?

There's a mechanical buzz and a small movement just above the door. A camera.

Someone is watching me and speaking to me through a camera.

And that somebody must be Ayla's father. But I don't remember these cameras from before. I don't remember the extra locks on the door, either.

"*What the fuck is going on?*" I roar at the device. "Is she in here?" The possibility that occurs to me next sends my blood into a boil. "Are you *keeping* her in here?"

"It's for the good of our family, Mister Porter. You are not to have any contact with her, do you understand? You have done more than enough already."

"More than enough..." My heart is crumbling in my chest. I'm still not one hundred percent sure what is going on here, but it's becoming unbearably obvious that my girl has been suffering in my absence. She's been suffering because of me.

A sound rips up my throat, raw and pitiful, and I reach up, ripping the camera from its perch, throwing it clear across the yard.

“Ayla, if you’re in there, stand back.” I’m just about kick in the door when I sense movement to my left. The curtain moved. I’m positive. She’s in there. But she won’t let me in. Oh God, she hates me. I got her pregnant and left her alone. Left her helpless to the whims of a controlling father. She is never going to love me now.

The emptiness tries to knock me to my knees, but my excruciating need to see her again keeps me standing. It takes three kicks to break the door down and then I’m inside, hooking a left at the end of the entryway, going toward her bedroom. Of course, I know which one is hers. I’ve lost track of how many times I came here to watch her sleep over the last four years. Just to make sure she was okay.

“Ayla.” I kneel outside of her bedroom door, dropping my head into my hands. “Open the door. *Please.*”

“You shouldn’t be here,” comes her murmur from the other side of the barrier—and I nearly come in my pants at the sound of her voice. “H-he’ll call the police—”

Denial rips at my insides. “Don’t tell me you’ve been in here for three months, baby. I’ll *die.*”

Several seconds tick past, giving me my answer and I slam my head into the door.

“He means well,” she says. “Sometimes it’s hard to see that he loves me, but...”

“This isn’t love. This is captivity.”

“I know,” she whispers. “But I just keep thinking about the time he gave me my mother’s car for my sixteenth birthday. He does care sometimes, doesn’t he?”

My chest twists viciously. “Open the door.”

Her breath quickens. “No.”

Pain cuts through me like a freshly sharpened blade. I’m itching to kick this door open, too, but the bedroom is small.

There's too much of a chance I could hurt her. If a single splinter touched her skin, I'd be inconsolable. "I think you might have a little bit of Stockholm syndrome, Ayla."

God, I want to hold her. Rock her. Tell her everything will be all right. If she would just open the door. Maybe there is only one way to break through to her.

"I have to tell you something. I was never going to...tell you the truth, because I wanted you to believe your father was a good man. You *deserve* a good father. But..." I rub at the dryness in my throat. "I'm the one who left your mother's car for you in the driveway on your sixteenth birthday. With the big red bow. That was me. I spent months fixing it up."

Silence.

I squeeze my eyes closed.

"You did a presentation on it during freshman year. An object that has special significance to you. Remember? You spoke about your mother's car. And it was just rotting away in the shed. When I took it to the garage to work on it, your father didn't notice it was gone."

"No." Her voice is faint. "He told me *he'd* done it—"

"There was a honeysuckle air freshener hanging from the rearview and three spares in the glove compartment. How would I know that?"

I get no satisfaction from the gasp on the other side of the door. A quiet sob.

"Ayla, *please*. Don't cry." I grind my forehead against the wood. "I did it because I love you. I've loved you since you were fourteen and I'll fucking love you until you're a hundred and fourteen. Open the door and let me touch you. I'm so fucked up. I *need* you."

The knob remains still. "I'm afraid."

"Afraid of *me*? No." I slam my head off the door again. "*I am your safest place.*"

"Will you still feel that way when you find out I lied?"

Confusion breaks through my desperation. “Lied about what?”

“Being on the pill,” she whispers.

It takes me several moments to figure out what’s happening here. And I realize I’m the biggest dummy alive. We never cleared up the mistruths between us. I was on the verge of getting her to confess her pregnancy when I was arrested. I’ve been too overwrought and crazed for the last three months to acknowledge the fact that Ayla doesn’t know. She doesn’t know that I was aware of her lie from the beginning. She has no idea that I’ve been dying to get her pregnant since I first laid eyes on her.

“Ayla. Baby.” I kiss the door, pretending it’s her, pressing my stiffness into the wood and wishing it was her pretty flesh. “I knew. I knew all along you weren’t on the pill.” My cock is getting harder by the second just talking about this. “Are you pregnant with our first child on the other side of this door?”

Instead of answering out loud, Ayla unlocks the door and slowly lets it open, revealing herself. *Oh, sweet mother of God.* She’s the most delicate, exquisite vision I’ve ever seen in my life. In a tank top and panties, her soft skin glows in the sunlight. Seeing the slight swell of her tummy sends my pulse spiking, hammering. A hot shiver goes through my dick and balls.

And her *face*.

Those tear-stained cheeks and big eyes. I would welcome the chance to die for this girl.

“How did you become even more of an angel?” I say gruffly, walking forward on my knees and wrapping my arms around her waist, kissing her belly over and over. This is all I’ve been dreaming about for four years. My deepest wish has been granted and a sense of rightness is locking into place. Mine, mine, mine, mine, mine...

“I could say the opposite about you,” she breathes, hesitantly combing her fingers through my hair, her tears splashing onto my shoulders. “You look like the devil.”

“That’s who I turn into without you. The fucking devil.” I gain my feet slowly, dragging my open mouth up the center of her ripe body, my fingers working my zipper down. “But to you, Ayla? Right now, I’m God.”

I scoop her up so fast that she gasps—and then, oh Christ, I’m finally back in heaven. I’ve got Ayla’s legs around my waist, her pussy rubbing around on my hard cock. Tears are running down her cheeks and she’s searching my eyes, her lips trembling. “You’re really not mad that I lied? That I got pregnant on purpose?”

“Sweet, innocent girl.” I sit down on the edge of her bed and lean back, watching my right hand massage the pussy I’ve been obsessing about every second of the last three months. “I’ve been wanting you pregnant so bad, most days I think of nothing else. I was going to do the one good deed of my life and let you escape me, escape this town. I didn’t want to saddle you with a baby like my father did to my mother. Like my grandfather did to my grandmother. The women in my family always wished for more, outside of this place. I didn’t want to make you a prisoner here and make you hate me. Then you had to go and show up at my garage looking so beautiful...and God help me, fertile as fuck.” I twist her panties in my fist and rip them clean off, baring her tight, glistening pussy to the sunlight. “I sensed you were lying about being on the pill. And I fucked you even harder knowing you weren’t protected.”

The doubt finally flees from her eyes. “I don’t want to go anywhere where you aren’t. I only wanted to leave this town to find happiness, but here it is. With you.”

Our restraint vanishes. She scoots forward on my lap and wiggles around on my cock. Starved for a look at her tits, I yank down her tank top and bounce her on my knees, watching them dance for me.

“I’m warning you now, Ayla, I’ve been too miserable to beat off.” Pain and pressure build between my legs, making me groan. “My plumbing is so backed up, I won’t be able to tear myself off you for a week. If you weren’t already pregnant, we’d fix that real fast.”

Her eyes turn a sultry shade of blue that I recognize well. It means she's horny.

"Maybe *I* won't be able to tear myself off of *you*," she teases, reaching down and fisting my dick, dragging it through her wetness. We take a few seconds to moan, to kiss and reunite with each other, then her expression turns serious. "You told me you loved me, Flynt."

"There is nothing truer in this world, Ayla."

"I love you, too," she whispers against my lips, tears making her eyes shine.

Then, because she's utter perfection, she sinks her tongue into my mouth and lowers herself onto my cock at the same time. Twisting her hips as she kisses me.

"Ayla," I groan, breaking free of the kiss, already panting. "I wasn't kidding. I'm already about to flood you."

She shakes her tits at me. "Do it, Daddy."

I almost black out. "Oh. *Fuck!*"

Outside in the front yard, a car door slams and I know it's her father.

The knowledge in her eyes says she knows it, too.

"Do it. Come inside me," she repeats, starting to buck her hips frantically. "And then take me away from here and never let me go."

I'd promise her the moon, the sun and the stars any time she asked, but especially right now when she rides my cock like she's trying to win a contest. My balls are in my fucking throat. *Jesus Jesus Jesus*. I hear the front door of the house open and surge to my feet, slamming her bedroom door closed and keeping it shut with my left hand, using my right to ride her up and down, faster, faster, biting down on my lip to keep my grunts from turning into bellows of pleasure.

"Ayla!" He pounds on the door. "That convict better not be in there with you."

Her head falls back and she exhales shakily, tightening her pussy muscles until I can do nothing but grind her up against the door roughly and ejaculate, gripping her ass in my hands. Somehow, I manage to stay silent during the best climax of my life, even while I'm shaking and my eyes roll back in my head. I don't stop thrusting until the insides of her legs are dripping with my spend. And I'm still hard as a rock for her.

"You trust me to take you away from here, baby?" I ask in between deep breaths. "You trust me to take care of you and this child?"

Her eyes shimmer with love. "I trust you, period."

My throat cinches up so tight I can hardly speak. "I'll never let you down."

We keep the door locked long enough to pack Ayla's most important things and clean myself off of her thighs. Then we walk straight past her father out the front door, the knowledge that Ayla is eighteen and he can do nothing to stop us plain on his face.

We walk out the door a little uncertain of our future...

But totally confident in each other and our love.

And I know it's going to be a beautiful ride.

epilogue

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Ten Years Later

Ayla

I WATCH from the upstairs office as my husband rolls out from beneath a Mercedes, his shirtless, muscular torso covered in sweat and grease. My palms slide slowly up my inner thighs, dragging my skirt to my hips. I'm alone in the office—that's how Flynt likes it. We bought the auto body shop a couple of years after graduation and I took over the administrative side of things while Flynt remains downstairs in the shop. We tried hiring employees upstairs, but it didn't work. Me and my husband need to be alone too often to have people around. As it is, we've already been caught making love by several customers over the years. We were already a source of fascination for the community after what happened a decade ago, but now everyone blushes when they pass us on the street.

Yes, we're something of a folk tale in this town. The convict who impregnated the good girl, stole her out from under her father's nose, marched her back into school the following day so she could finish degree. By the end of senior year, I was visibly pregnant, but I didn't care about the whispers in the hallway. I had my soul mate to hold my hand.

And we had plans.

We married at the courthouse the day after we graduated and lived above the garage for two years while scraping money together. Then we bought the garage. I put my academic prowess to good use and adjusted some old business practices, started advertising and found us another garage under foreclosure. We fixed it up and made it our second location.

Now? We own ten auto body shops.

But my husband and I continue to work in the first one, because it's our home. It's where we made our first happy memories on our own. The first night when we made love for hours in the creaking bed and he promised to provide for me, always. That scary morning when I went into labor with our first child and Flynt could barely think straight, he was so sick over my pain. The time my father came into the shop a year ago and asked for our forgiveness, admitting that we'd done well and proven him wrong.

Done well is an understatement.

We live in a beautiful home now overlooking the lake where Flynt took my innocence. Where we fell in love. At night, sometimes we still walk down there. He lays me down on our patch of grass, crickets chirping in the distance, and he enters me like it's the very first time. It always feels that way. New and exciting and urgent.

And unprotected.

It's why at age twenty-eight, we have five children. Four daughters and a son.

They're in school this morning. The same school I attended growing up. And their grandfather is picking them up afterward and taking them out for ice cream. That gives me and my husband the whole day alone. He's walking up the stairs now toward the office with a purposeful look in his eye, telling me he knows exactly how to spend the afternoon.

I'm already out of breath.

Of course, I am.

This man is covered in different versions of my name, his devotion to me obvious in every single thing he does. He was big and strong in high school, but now he's a beast. He kept up the weightlifting after prison and all that strength is on display right now as he comes to a stop in the doorframe of the office. His gaze drops to my legs and I tug down my skirt, as if self-conscious. Letting him know I'm in the mood to play.

His eyes darken dramatically, his greasy chest heaving in the dim office lighting.

"It's time for your lunch break," Flynt says, his voice like salty rocks.

"Oh." I stand up in front of my desk. "Thank you."

I start to move past my husband, but he catches my elbow. "You'll be taking it here."

"I will?" I have to tip my head all the way back to look him in the eye. "Why?"

"Because I'm your boss and I say so."

This is one of my favorite games. I'm already beginning to flush, my pulse racing faster. "You might be my boss, but I'm free on my lunch break. To do whatever I want."

"Wrong." He picks me up by the waist and drops me onto the desk. Lazily, he starts to unfasten his belt buckle. "You're still on the clock."

"Legally, I'm—"

His snort interrupts me. Roughly, he shoves my legs apart and goes down on his knees, examining my panties up close. "I knew it." He twists a knuckle against my entrance through the barrier of my underwear. "You got soaked up here watching me."

"N-no..." I try to close my thighs, but he won't let me. "No, I—"

"Don't deny it." He tugs the material to the right, baring my sex and I have to grip the edge of the desk, I'm so turned on and excited. "You're a horny little girl." He spits on my

flesh and delivers it a sharp slap. “That’s why I hired you. For *my* lunch breaks.”

I try to slide off the desk. “No.”

He crowds closer, preventing my feet from touching the ground. “Open your thighs. Feel me turn that no into a yes.”

“I don’t want to,” I whine, even though I’m clenching, pulsing, ready to beg him to fill me. “You’re all greasy.”

“That’s your favorite part,” he rasps in my ear, his hands yanking my butt to the edge of the desk. While I feign struggles, he fists his erection and uses the smooth steel of it to shift my panties aside. And then he rams himself home inside of me, my scream splitting the office air in half. “Oh yeah. Oh...that’s ripe and tight for Daddy.”

I slap him in the face and he grunts, catching my wrists and holding them behind my back. Baring his teeth and looking me square in the eye, he starts to rut me hard, butting the desk up against the office wall over and over again. Rattling the paper trays and stapler and coffee mugs.

“Still no?” he breathes against my mouth.

I moan in response, arching my back.

He laughs into my neck, takes both sides of my backside into his hands and thrusts harder. This is the exact moment the game ends, because we’re too frantic to keep it up. Our mouths meet and meld together, my teeth snapping at his bottom lip, before we dive in and deepen the contact, tasting and reveling in one another’s mouths.

“Lunch break,” he growls, grinding into me hard enough to make my toes curl. “*I’m* the one who feeds you.” Slowly, he pumps out and in, groaning gutturally as he does it. “And you give me this fucking feast in return, don’t you? This wet, sexy cunt that drives me a little crazier every day. You know, I can feel when you open your thighs up here. I feel it in my cock.”

“I can’t go an hour without wanting you,” I gasp, because he’s pummeling me now in quick, deep drives. “You’re so hot down there, I can’t concentrate.”

“That so, baby?”

“Yeah,” I pout.

He surges forward, breathing erratic against my lips. “You might understand one tenth of how I feel. It’s not enough that you’re alone up here where no one can experience you but me...I’m still jealous. I’m jealous of the fucking air in this office for touching your skin. I’m jealous of the air you breathe, because it gets to be in your lungs.” He slams his hips forward, making me cry out. “Breathe me. Breathe *me*.”

My orgasm erupts suddenly and intensely, my legs trembling violently, hot moisture rushing to where I’m joined with my husband. My husband who loves me so furiously, he can barely stand the pleasure as it rides over his features and turns them slack, his spend fountaining inside of me, scalding hot and thick.

“That’s baby number six,” he pants, dragging his tongue up my neck and cheek. “I might give this pussy a day off when we get to ten.” The last of my climax causes me to clench around him and he moans, slamming a fist down on the desk. “Forget I said that.”

I giggle drowsily into his neck, letting myself go boneless.

Knowing he’ll catch me—and he does. He lifts me off the desk and settles me into his lap, stroking his fingertips up and down my spine. “I love you so much, Ayla,” he chokes out. “Thank you for being mine. Thank you for building this life with me.”

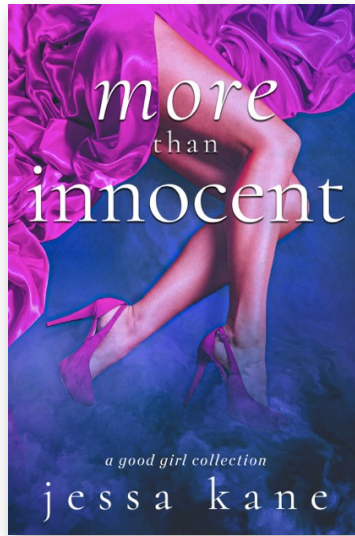
“I love you, too, Flynt. More than my heart can take sometimes,” I whisper against his greasy shoulder. “But thank me in another seventy years. We’re not done building.”

“That’s right.” He tucks my hair behind my ear and looks down at me, affection overflowing from his eyes. “We’re never, ever done.”

THE END

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