



# EASTER DADDY

AMAZON BESTSELLING AUTHOR  
LENA LITTLE

# **EASTER DADDY**

---

YES, DADDY: BOOK 33

LENA LITTLE

© 2023 by Lena Little

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

If you see this book anywhere other than Amazon, it is a stolen version of this story. My stories are exclusive to Amazon and can only be purchased through Amazon or read through Amazon's Kindle Unlimited program.

# CONTENTS

Free Books

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Chapter 13

Epilogue

Extended Epilogue

Also by Lena Little

## PREVIEW

My obsession with Lily began two seconds after meeting her.

I've always been married to my job, so this attraction throws me.

She's everything I want and more. So much more.

The only problem?

She's my stepsister.

She's supposed to be off-limits.

I'm supposed to look after her.

But what everyone doesn't know is I've already staked my claim on her.

She's mine. All mine. And not just this Easter, but forever. Always.

My father, her mom, the press, and society may not approve. So f\*cking what.

It's not their happiness on the line now, is it?

# **FREE BOOKS**

Get free books from time to time by signing up for my mailing list...

[www.subscribepage.com/lenalittle](http://www.subscribepage.com/lenalittle)





Sometimes, I resent myself for the soft spot that I have for my old man.

Most of the time, I'm harsh. Ruthless. Merciless. Doing whatever I need to do to achieve my goals. I'm not the worst person in the world, but a certain level of ruthlessness is necessary for my 'line of work.'

But when my father requests something? I cave, my resolve collapsing like a line of dominoes. Usually, his request is nothing major. However, today, he wants me to do something that I legitimately detest.

I'm already in a situation I aggressively dislike, I even dare say, hate. My company, a biodegradable plastic manufacturing company by the name of PlantPlast, is hosting an Easter egg hunt for children, using biodegradable plastic eggs, and my presence is needed.

I've never liked Easter egg hunts or children. Even as a child, I disliked both, finding both my classmates and the stupid hunts my parents made me participate in to be quite annoying, so today should be about as fun as eating nails.

And just to put the icing of shit on top of the cake (also made of shit), my father has requested that I give my new stepsister a job at the hunt. I don't know this girl. I've never met her, but what I know of her is that she is 18. And if there's one thing that I know about 18-year-olds, especially 18-year-old girls, it's that they're annoying. Very fucking annoying.

They're legally adults, and have the freedom of adults, but do not know what to do with their newfound freedom. They still think and act like—they still are—teenagers.

But what can I do? I'm helpless when it comes to pleasing my father.

Sighing, I button up my shirt in the mirror, hoping to God that this girl isn't too annoying. That she isn't going to irritate me with any childish behavior. Hell, being surrounded by children in and of itself will probably be immensely irritating.

As I stare into my deep blue eyes in the mirror, I see that I look exhausted. I am. I got about two hours of sleep, even less than usual for me. I was up all night, organizing last-minute adjustments to this stupid Easter egg hunt that I already hate, despite it being two hours away.

I want to be the first one there from the company. I always try to be. It's this dedication to my job that has gotten me to be where I am today. And that dedication is something that I try to stick to, that I try to keep, no matter what. It's one of the reasons why I have avoided romance of any kind. I don't date.

"This old man better know that I love him," I mutter to myself as I drive to my destination—Lavender Pastures.

Aside from the security and manager, I'm the first person there. I go into autopilot as I greet them, not being particularly interested in any of this. I hope that my boredom and distaste for the entire situation aren't obvious on my face.

"Well, Mr. Lewis, the parents of the children will be arriving in about two hours or so. We'll finish setting up now. Feel free to go wherever you want on the property."

I nod stiffly as the manager, Janice—or is it Janette?—speaks to me. Children. I am not looking forward to that.

Sighing, I go back to my car and sit inside, AC on blast, reclining against the cool leather and waiting for time to pass. I check my emails, respond to some of them, and read some files and documents sent to me by my assistant. I find that prompt responses to these things are always best. It shows

both respect for another's time and a sense of seriousness about the whole matter, whatever that may be.

At first, I think that the car pulling up beside me is a parent. That is, until I actually look closely at the vehicle, only then recognizing it as my father's.

Sighing, I mentally prepare to meet this girl for the first time. I'm slightly curious about her—only slightly, though. For the most part, I just want to be left alone.

My father is the first one out of the car, standing to his full height and firmly shutting the door behind him. I get out of my car to greet him.

"Dad," I call once I open the door. He's smiling at me, but that is typical of him—he's a jovial old man.

"Hey, Li," he says with a smile, his crow's feet clearly on display. "And could you at least try to not look so sour? You might scare her away," he says jokingly.

"She'll live," I mutter as I watch the girl alight. At first, I don't get a good look at her face, but even then, my initial impression is she's gorgeous. Breathtakingly gorgeous. And when she turns her head, eyes locking with mine, I find myself speechless for a moment.

She's stunning, absolutely exquisite. She has the most beautiful, deep blue eyes, with pretty lips, a cupid's bow obvious and prominent. Her face is framed by ringlets of dark hair, falling past her shoulders, caressing her clavicles on their way. And as we look into each other's eyes, I see the full breasts on her chest rise slightly as she inhales before speaking.

"Good afternoon," she says in a clear voice. It's high-pitched, not in an annoying way but rather in an almost childish way. Almost childish, yet distinctly grown. It's difficult to describe and paradoxical. It's melodic, the sweet sound of her voice wrapping around my head and caressing my ears. Warm and sweet, comforting, like warm apple pie on a cold winter day.

Then, she smiles at me, the corners of her pretty, full lips curling upwards, and at that moment, I imagine what they

would feel like wrapped around my cock. Alternating between sucking it and letting me fuck her throat.

Thank God the car is between us. Still, I lean against it to hide my raging erection as my father is on the same side as me. How embarrassing that would be if he found out my feelings for her not even a minute after meeting her.

“Well,” Dad says, “I’ll leave you kids to get to know each other better.”

“I’m thirty-nine, Dad,” I mutter. “Not a kid.”

“Whatever,” he says playfully. Then, we’re left alone.

“Good afternoon, Lily,” I say to her, realizing that I have not responded to her yet. “I’m Liam Lewis.” I walk around the car once my erection has softened enough for me to move. I have to see the rest of her, see the rest of what she looks like. Is her body as beautiful as her face? What about when she’s naked?

No, no, no. Stop. You cannot be thinking of that right now.

I listen to the internal voice because as I look her up and down, I become painfully aware that I have nothing to hide my wayward dick behind. And fuck me, is she beautiful. Her body has the perfect proportions. A small waist and wide, firm hips. I’d love to grab her by those hips and—

No.

“Would you like to go inside?” I ask, fixing my eyes on her face. I can’t lose control. I can’t. She’s my fucking stepsister, for fuck’s sake. And she’s only 18.

You don’t know her, and she’s not actually related to you.

That damned devil on my shoulder whispering justifications into my ear is so hard to resist. I see the way that the girl looks at me, too. I know she’s attracted to me. I can see it in her eyes. It wouldn’t be difficult to get exactly what I want from her, but that would be wrong.

“Sure,” she says.

This poor girl has no idea the type of shit that I’d love to do to her. And for the sake of sparing myself from embarrassment, I

can't afford to be thinking about that right now. But later tonight, I know that I might end up fucking my fist at the thought of her.

I slow my pace, allowing her to walk ahead, my curiosity getting the better of me. The building is big and white with a purple sign that read, "Lavender Pastures's Office."

She doesn't need me to show her the general direction to walk in, but I want to see her ass. Not to think too hard about it and go hard in my pants again. I just want to see it, and when I do... it's perfect. It bounces with each step she takes. I'd love to grab it, to spank it, to—

"Hey. That door, right?" she asks me, breaking my train of thought. She's pointing at the glass doors under the purple sign and looking over her shoulder at me.

"Yes," I say roughly through clenched teeth. Her eyes widen. Perhaps she sees something on my face that scares her. And maybe, that's not such a bad thing.

I can't have her. I know it's absolutely forbidden. I cannot have her.

But fuck do I want her.



I detest nepotism. Specifically, I hate nepotism for myself. I don't ever want anything in life handed to me. There's a certain pleasure in knowing that you worked for something before you got it. And I've always liked that.

So what does it say about me that I got my first job out of high school because of exactly that? Because of who my stepbrother is? My stepbrother whom I don't even know.

Liam Lewis.

Not just a billionaire but the owner of PlantPlast, the biggest biodegradable plastic company in the world. I've seen photos of him from years ago around the house but nothing too recent. Even those were beautiful, but I thought it would be better to see him in person than online before our first meeting. Even as my stepdad drove me to the pastures, I had to resist the urge to look him up. And boy, am I glad that I didn't.

It's been fifteen minutes since we entered the main building, and I can't stop stealing glances at him. He's sinfully attractive, so damn hot and sexy. He has a chiseled jawline that can cut paper, his deep blue eyes dancing with wicked intentions, a perfect nose, and lips that look like they were crafted to please women.

Now and then, our eyes meet, and when they do, I almost swear I can see lust and arousal in them, but I can't be completely sure.



“Excuse me,” he says roughly, before getting up. That’s okay, though. At least now, I don’t have to look at him anymore. At least now, I don’t have to see him giving me that look. As soon as he’s out of the room, I exhale deeply. This is getting to be too much for me.

Just then, the manager, Janette, walks into the room.

“Good afternoon again, would you like to help us paint the eggs?” she asks with a kind expression.

“Sure,” I say with a nod, getting up.

I follow her into another room, and I’m momentarily thrust into darkness—only for a moment, though. The light flickers on, illuminating the room around me. The room is decorated with childish décor, and on the floor before me is a clear, plastic box with several solid-colored Easter eggs. They are light colors—blue, green, pink, purple, yellow, and orange. I wonder why the designs weren’t printed onto them. If he runs a multi-billion-dollar biodegradable plastics company, why not print the designs onto the eggs? Why have them bare? Perhaps he prefers them that way. Or maybe he isn’t particularly concerned with this.

Or, perhaps he did it on purpose so that I could have more to do in my job.

That makes me highly uncomfortable, the thought that part of my job might have been manufactured for my sake. I hope that it wasn’t. I hate to be that girl who just got in because of who she knows and not because of what she can do. Maybe, I shouldn’t have accepted my stepdad’s offer. Then again, if I didn’t, it would have looked somewhat rude and ungrateful.

Shaking off my feeling of unease, I take the box she hands to me.

“This box is also a PlantPlast box,” she says with a smile. If he weren’t my stepbrother, I would probably work at his company because I’ve always had an interest in environmental issues. So not only is he devastatingly attractive, but he’s also making a good difference in the world. I wonder if he’s passionate about it or if he just wants to multiply his wealth.

I'm led to yet another area in the building, where the smell of paint is strong and tons of art supplies are everywhere. She quickly fetches a couple of paint buckets before leading me near the cafeteria so I can start painting.

I always got good grades in art, and I make quick work of it. Aside from my passion for the environment, I love working with children. At the very least, I got a job that I like. If I must partake in nepotism, I might as well enjoy it.

One good thing about this is that it's temporary. It's only for one day, only for today. So soon, I will be able to move on and find a job elsewhere. I just really needed the money, and I didn't want to look rude.

Once I'm done painting the eggs and they've sat long enough to dry, I pack them back into the box and carry them out of the cafeteria. Janette is right there in the main receptionist area with a parent and a little girl.

Perhaps I could try nannying. I've nannied little cousins before and I think I'm good enough at it. Today, however, I need to do it along a trail outside and for more than thirty children. Thirty children that I, along with their parents, will be in charge of. One by one, families file into the office, little kids bouncing with joy and excitement. I loved Easter egg hunts as a child, and I still do.

While the children wait for the hunt to begin, I go out to hide the eggs at certain points in the pastures. What I'm not expecting is for Liam to join me and help me hide the eggs.

"So," he says in a rough voice as he carries the box while we walk to our first destination—the barn. "Are you going to college?"

"Yes," I confirm. "I am, but I want to take a gap year."

"Really, now?" he asks. "And what do you plan to do with that?"

I cannot read his tone. Whether he's being judgmental or curious, I don't know. I answer him anyway.

"Get a job," I say. "Probably as a nanny."

“That won’t look particularly good on a resumé,” he comments. “I can give you a job,” he tells me, looking directly into my eyes. They’re beautiful, and for a moment, as we both stand there, neither of us moving forward, I feel as though I might drown in those depths.

I look away first.

“No, thank you.” I shake my head as I start walking. I don’t want to look rude or ungrateful, but working for an entire year for him because of our relationship? As a handout? I don’t think I could stomach it. “I want to feel as though I’ve earned it,” I tell him, “if I’m going to work long-term.”

He just shrugs. “Well, my offer still stands if you ever change your mind.”

“Thank you.”

“And as I said, nannying isn’t exactly the best thing to write on a resumé. You want to go for jobs that add value to your experience.”

I nod my head. He’s right, of course, but I wasn’t planning on resumé-building this year. I just wanted to get some life experience.

When we make it to the barn, there are, unfortunately, no horses. My favorite animal is a horse since it’s the closest I can get to a real-life unicorn. Horses might not be there, but Liam is, and I’m suddenly very aware of the fact that we’re alone and it’s semi-dark in here. His blue eyes, made darker by the shade, look me over lazily, and I can feel them drinking me in.

He’s eye-fucking me.

Well, that’s what it feels like, and it scares me. Not because I think he will hurt me but because if he feels the way that I feel, this is dangerous. It’s bound to end badly. He’s my stepbrother, and it’s wrong for us to fulfill these desires.

“I think we should put one here,” I say to him, placing an egg on a bale to break the tension.

“And in one of the stables,” he says. He picks up one egg himself and goes into a stable. “You paint well,” he calls to

me.

“Thank you.” That’s the only thing I manage to say because all of a sudden, my throat is dry and I’m parched.

We don’t talk much for the rest of the time that we’re alone together. Once I get to the children who are now lined up outside, I breathe a sigh of relief as I don’t have to be alone with him anymore. Liam now attempts to school his features into a neutral expression. It’s an attempt because I can clearly see the discontent on his face. He doesn’t want to be here. I figure it’s the children.

I’m having a good time with them, though. One girl in particular, Stacy, is my favorite. She’s sweet and holds my hand the whole time. Liam lingers a little bit behind, and a few times, I almost forget he’s there. Almost, because I can’t fully rid him from my mind.

“Can I see you again?” Stacy asks me sweetly once it’s over.

“I don’t think so,” I say to her. “I’m sorry, sweetie. But I had a great time with you. I hope you enjoyed it, too. Bye!”

“Bye,” she says sadly. Dejected, she walks away, her mother’s hand on her back. I almost call them back, telling her mother that I can nanny her. But I remember what Liam told me.

Why am I listening to that? This year isn’t about a resumé or any career-related stuff. It’s about me finding myself. Yet I can’t bring myself to go against his advice. I don’t call the girl or her mother back.

As I stand there, I lock eyes with him again. I want to look away but I can’t and once more, I find myself having wayward thoughts. But this time, they go beyond an innocent crush.

I want to fuck him. I want him to take me back to the barn, bend me over a bale of hay, and fuck me until I’m begging him to let me come.

Biting the inside of my cheek, I turn my back to him, scared he might read my thoughts. My panties are already soaked, and I rub my thighs together. I’ve never felt this way about anyone ever. I’ve always prided myself on being level-headed. Now, I’m here in front of my stepbrother, having filthy fantasies.

But I can't have that.

I can't have him. It would be wrong.

It's forbidden.



LIAM

**E**ver since I saw her yesterday, I can't stop thinking about her.

She's beautiful. Absolutely fucking stunning, with a body I want to explore with my hands and mouth. I keep imagining her naked, which feels so wrong considering her age.

I'm twice her age and way too jaded for her. Maybe it's just my hormones talking to me, trying to justify fucking her. I shouldn't be trying to justify it at all. I should be ashamed of myself and partly, I am.

It's 2 a.m. and I can't sleep. I have a raging erection, and I can't stop thinking about her. I have work in a few hours. Even after a 30-minute cold shower and endless tossing and turning, I'm still stuck here, hard and horny for my fucking stepsister.

If I'm being honest, it's so damn difficult to not be attracted to her. She's perfect, so perfect. Before meeting her, I was totally fine growing old alone. I mean, I had an empire to run. But now... Shit.

I want her. I want her in my bed, in my home, sharing a life together.

"Fuck's sake," I grunt, getting out of bed. Maybe walking around the house will help. I definitely can't go on the road with this boner, so I'm stuck in here. Luckily, I don't have a live-in helper, so I don't have to worry about going downstairs and scaring the shit out of anyone with my very obvious boner.

With a sigh, I head to the kitchen and grab a glass. I pour myself some whiskey and toss it back, wincing at the burn and waiting for a bit of relief to wash over me.

It never does.

“Oh, fuck me,” I hiss in annoyance.

I guess it’s either a cold shower or my right hand. I don’t have that much of a choice unless I want to show up to work with a hard-on and scare the living daylights out of my secretary. I won’t think of her, though. I won’t think of Lily.

I sit on my large bed, my hand brushing against the soft cotton of the comforter before going to my sweatpants. My hand palms my dick through the front of the pants before I pull them down, letting my large cock spring free.

It’s hard, throbbing, and ready. I spit on my hand and rub it all over my staff. I close my eyes and my imagination immediately conjures Lily’s face.

No, no, no. I cannot be thinking of her right now. It’s wrong.

Why? It’s not like you’re actually fucking her.

No. I can’t....

But it would feel so good if I did.

The problem with thinking of her right now is that thinking that can lead to other things. Other more sinful things, like actually making a move on her. Actually trying to fuck her.

Make love to her....

What the fuck is that? Making love to her? So my raging inner desires want to be her lover now?

Honestly, she was so damn sweet at the Easter egg hunt. She was beautiful and just perfect in every way. I want to be in her presence, and that isn’t a good thing, but surely I can resist.

I shouldn’t doubt myself. Surely, I have more self-control than that.

I shouldn’t think of her. I also shouldn’t walk around with an erection all day, thinking of filling her with my manhood. But



I need some relief.

Wrapping a hand around my rock-hard cock, I think of all the things I would do to her—the way I'd bend her over and fuck her if I had the chance. I would have loved to fuck her over that bale of hay we saw together, and the worst part is I know she's attracted to me, too. I know she wants me, that my feelings aren't one-sided. And that makes resisting her all the harder.

She has such a high, sweet voice, and I wonder what else is sweet about her, if she's as perfect as I feel she is.

The things I'd love to do to that girl. My hand becomes more and more aggressive the more I think about it, about her, fucking her, eating her out, whispering sweet nothings in her ear as I bring her to new heights of pleasure. I want to know what her pussy tastes like. What it would look like. Would it be fat and juicy, with warm, creamy nectar? Would it taste and smell as heavenly as I imagine it? How would her pussy feel as it clenches around my cock?

I fuck my fist into a frenzy with thoughts of Lily's tight inner walls milking me, her high-pitched cries and mewls sounding melodious to my ears. I would love to hear her crying out for me, crying my name, calling me "Daddy."

With a low grunt, I lie back as I come, my seed spilling onto my stomach and covering my skin. I would love nothing more than to make that little fantasy I just had a reality, but moments after I'm spent, the realization of what I just did sinks in. I just masturbated to the thought of my eighteen-year-old stepsister.

My hot, young, sexy, perfect stepsister...

Who is eighteen fucking years old. Fuck. I fucked up big time. I shouldn't have because now, I won't be able to stop thinking about sleeping with her. Being with her. I may have found a slight amount of satisfaction for now, but tomorrow? The day after? Next week? I've opened a can of worms, I know it. The fantasies won't stop at this. Fantasies that probably won't be limited to sex.

Why? Why did I just do that?

Yawning, I lie back in bed, the comforter feeling soft against the bare skin of my back. Despite my guilt, I feel my body begin to relax. Now, I can finally get some rest.

Sighing, I go to the bathroom and wipe the come off my body with a rag. I put my dick back in my pants and walk back out of the en suite bathroom before crawling to my usual spot on the bed and pulling the covers over my body.

I close my eyes, drifting off to sleep. The last thing I see before going under is Lily's smile behind my lids, and I know that having this girl as my stepsister will be a challenge.

---

I'M MISERABLE.

Just like the day prior, I only got about two hours of sleep before going to work, and sleep deprivation pisses me off. I'm dog tired, and I have a mountain of work to do, work that I feel rather unenthusiastic about at the moment. I want to go home, to put it off for another time, but I can't.

I can't drive home like this, either. I'll have to nap in my office once my work is over, even if it's just for an hour. As for Lily, it's no surprise that she's always in the perimeters of my mind. I'd blame it on lack of sleep, but I'm no liar. Maybe it's a good thing we don't live under the same roof as it gives me better control over my...urges.

My phone rings and I see my father's name light up on the screen. I answer it almost immediately.

"Hi, Dad," I say, picking up the phone.

"Hey, Li. You free this Sunday?"

"Yeah, why?"

"I need you to come over. It was Lily's birthday a month ago, but we're throwing her a surprise party."



I've never really been one for big celebrations. So when my eighteenth birthday came and passed with us only going to a restaurant, I was okay with it. But I had a feeling that my mom wouldn't let it stay that way. Ever since then, I have been waiting for the party that I knew she would more than likely throw while hoping that she doesn't.

The first thing that clued me in that today was the day is the fact that my birthday was exactly four weeks ago, and I know my mother. She's not into celebrating on random days. Exactly a month ago? Perfect.

The second thing is the way that she's smiling at me, unable to contain her obvious excitement all morning.

"You good?" I ask her. She's basically bouncing in place beside me as we stand in the kitchen.

"Yes," she beams. "I'm great!"

I just raise my eyebrows at her before opening the fridge and taking out some grapes. She really is a horrible actress. I know since she hasn't said anything about a party, she wants to hide it. Unfortunately for my dear mother, she can't act if her life depended on it.

"Good to know, Mom."

"So, how are you?" she asks me. "Are you feeling okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm good."

"You sure?" she asks with the biggest, goofiest grin.

“Yes, Mom. I am,” I say with a small smile. I’m glad that she’s so happy. It will make whatever she has planned worth enduring.

I wonder if Liam will be there. Now that would definitely make everything worth it. I like him, way too much to be honest. Fantasies of being with him flood my mind, captivating me, and I feel like a pathetic schoolgirl thinking about such things.

He’s my stepbrother, and with our age gap, he would never want me. I know he’s attracted to me judging by the way he looked at me at the Easter egg hunt, but he’d never act on it. He’d never want more than what we have.

But what if he did? What if we could actually be more? Be together?

What the hell am I talking about? He’s my stepbrother! He’s forbidden. I can’t have him. It makes no sense lusting after him, pining for him, hoping that he’ll be at my birthday party when I’ll never be able to satisfy this yearning I have for him.

I can’t ask her if Liam will be there. I have to at least pretend to be surprised later on. I’ll do it for her. I’ve always wanted to do little things to make my mother happy. This is just one of them.

She throws her arms around me and kisses my forehead.

“I love you so much, darling,” she tells me. “And Jackson loves you, too.”

“I know.” Jackson has always treated me like his own daughter, which makes wanting to be with his son all the more disgraceful. “Love you too, Mom. Love you both,” I say, my voice muffled by her shoulder as she’s a few inches taller than I am. As a child, I was always short for my age. I had hoped that I would grow out of it. Unfortunately, I didn’t.

I go about my day like it’s a normal Saturday, pretending that nothing special awaits me. When 1 p.m. comes and goes with no sign of any excitement, I begin to wonder if I was wrong in assuming that today would be the day they throw me a “surprise.”

Thirty minutes later, Mom takes me to the supermarket, insisting that she needs help choosing what cheese to buy, which I find more than a little suspicious as she usually does grocery shopping alone. My little hypothesis is proven correct when I return to the house to find balloons and flowers everywhere.

“Surprise!” she shouts, and everyone jumps out at me from behind the couches and pillars in the foyer—my dad, stepdad, two best friends Sara and Monica, and Liam.

I do a double-take. No, I’m not dreaming. No, I’m not seeing things.

Liam is here.

He’s standing in front of me in his over six feet of pure sexiness. This is what undiluted sex appeal looks like, and I feel a rush of wetness down below.

God, I want him. I want him so damn bad, and knowing that he wants me too is frustrating. The air changes when he’s around. Why did he have to be my stepbrother? Then again, that probably isn’t the only issue for him. He’s most likely thinking of our age gap, too.

Why did I have to be so young? Why did he have to be so much older than me? Truth be told, I find his age to be appealing, but I doubt he feels the same way.

“Happy birthday, Lily!” they all shout in unison, and I can’t help the smile that blooms across my face. I don’t like celebrations, but this is touching. I feel... appreciated. Loved.

And a flood of romantic desire for Liam.

I have a sudden image in my mind of the two of us walking along the seashore together, holding hands, talking, and kissing. The little fantasy is only a few seconds long, but it’s alarming because it’s...romantic.

My feelings go beyond sexual desire, so I know I’m in trouble. Big trouble. I can resist the urge to sleep with him, but when you genuinely like someone? That makes it all the more difficult to not approach him.

Stop it. He's off-limits, so are you, and you both know it.

But he's just... the epitome of masculine perfection.

Thankfully, my mother pulls me into a tight hug for the second time today, cutting off my train of thought, and I hug her back with almost as much energy. Her zeal is honestly difficult to match.

"I got you the nicest present," Sara says to me. "You're gonna love it, I promise!"

"I'm sure I will," I tell her. She always gives nice presents. Last year, she gave me a Hello Kitty plushie, a reminder of the show we watched religiously as kids. I still have it sitting on my dresser where I see it every day.

She usually gives me plushies, something that I love to collect, and they're always nice.

"I have a present for you, too!" Monica says happily.

I wonder if Liam got me something. If he did, I wonder what it would be. I try to fight it as my thoughts go back to him, but since he's standing right in front of me, smiling slightly, I can't win that fight. I start thinking of him holding me in his arms, devouring me, and making me moan. I can tell he's bossy, and it makes me wonder if he's like that in the bedroom, too. I mean, I wouldn't mind him taking full control and instructing me.

Maybe he takes me to dinner after, his eyes only focused on me and with every other female drooling over him and envying me. Maybe he slides a ring onto my finger and asks me to marry him. Of course, I say yes, and maybe he kisses me deeply in full view of everyone, not caring what they think.

And that's how I end up getting wet and googly-eyed right there in front of him. This is absolutely ridiculous, not to mention embarrassing. Proposing? Seriously? How did I get there?

"You okay?" he asks me softly. I'm staring. Whatever I feel for him, he can see it in my eyes, and I'm probably not hiding it very well. I can only hope that no one else saw, but when I

find Sara's perceptive eyes narrow at me, I know I've been caught.

"Y-yeah," I stutter. "I-I'm fine. Good. Perfect, actually." He nods slightly, almost as if he's agreeing with me. Does he think I'm perfect? That's not what I meant, but is it possible that he feels that way about me? Or am I looking too deeply into a nod? I probably am.

Turning to my friends, I give them a sheepish grin.

"Thank you," I say to them. "For this. I... I really appreciate it."

"No problem, El," Monica says. "You know we love you."

"Yeah, I know."

---

"THIS IS... WOW."

Sara gave me a small plushie of two turtles. One is happy, but when you turn it inside out and see the turtle on the other side, it looks sad. The happy turtle is green, and the sad one is blue, both of which have shells a darker shade than the rest of them. I flip it back and forth in my hands, fascinated by the concept. I've never seen anything like it before. The closest thing I have to it is a topsy-turvy doll, something Sara also gifted me.

"I knew you'd like it," she says with a smile, her long, raven-colored hair framing her face.

Next, I move on to Monica's present, which is a Pandora charm of a teddy bear. Yet another reference to my love of plushies.

When I reach for Liam's present, he looks nervous as if he's worried I might not like it.

With much anticipation, I tear open the present and see a box. I immediately register that it looks like a watch box, but when I read the label, I gasp in surprise.

*Cartier.*



Usually, I would disapprove of someone giving me a gift that expensive, especially someone I hardly know, but considering he's a billionaire, I don't really mind. This is chump change for him.

"Thank you," I say, gratitude saturating my voice as I look at the box.

"It's nothing," he says with a slight smile and what looks a lot like relief. Relief that I like it, probably.

I know that it really cost him nothing, but it means a lot to me.

"Open it," he says. Gently, I do. I open the box and see a watch with what appears to be diamonds built into the face under the crystal.

"It's beautiful," I breathe.

"Try it on to see if I need to remove any links," he tells me. I obey him. Of course, I do. I like it when he tells me what to do, even if it's something totally non-sexual.

"It's a bit loose," I comment.

"I can fix it for you," he says. "Let me see your hand." He reaches for it, and when his skin touches mine, I swear I feel as though my hand has caught fire.

Our eyes meet and I gasp softly before he looks down at my hand again.

"Four links." His voice is husky as he trails his thumb on the inside of my wrist. "I'll remove four of them."

"Um. Thanks," I say hoarsely before clearing my throat.

I don't know what he's doing to me, but I've never felt so aroused in my life. My core clenches with need, and it's all I can do not to climb him like a tree and ask him to give me a different kind of gift.

My breath hitches and I lick my lips. I shouldn't have done that, though, because his gaze is suddenly at half-mast and a muscle twitches in his jaw.

Apparently, it's not just me. He feels it, too.



## LIAM

I pace in my old room. I finished fixing her watch fifteen minutes ago, but now, I don't trust myself around her anymore. I almost, ALMOST, slammed my mouth to hers and crushed her small body to mine—fully aware that both our parents were in the same room.

Gritting my teeth, I scrub a hand over my face. I know I need to face her again. It will look suspicious if I leave without a word. But shit, my body seems to have a mind of its own. I can't possibly go back to the party with this tent in my pants now, can I?

But I have to. It's her birthday, for fuck's sake, and I have to give her back her present.

"Fuck me," I groan under my breath before finally exiting the room and heading out to meet them again.

She's sitting on the couch, as beautiful as ever, waiting for me to return. When she sees me, her eyes light up and she smiles, making my heart slam in my chest. Half the time, I want to be buried deep inside her, and the other half, I feel the need to just be with her. Work has always consumed me, and each day was a series of documents, negotiations, strategies, and success.

With Lily, I find myself thinking of a different future. Still with an empire, of course, but with her by my side, housing my babies, living THE life. It's completely different from the "me" a week ago and that thought unsettles me, so perhaps I

should distance myself from her. I should try to avoid situations where I'm alone with her.

Then, I realize I am alone with her.

"Where is everyone?" I hand the watch back to her, and she puts it on her wrist.

"Your Dad drove my friends home. Mom went with him to say hi to Sara's mom."

"So it's just us?" I ask her, realizing too late how my words sound.

She gulps. She's nervous.

I made her nervous, and I feel guilty about it.

"Yes," she says, and I just nod my head before taking a seat. Well, this is awkward. Really fucking awkward.

Here I am with the girl I like, neither of us willing to make a move because of how ridiculously inappropriate it would be to do such a thing. We both know that and we're both fighting it hard. I clench my fists, trying to physically restrain myself from reaching out, pulling her onto my lap, and kissing her like a madman.

"So, do you want to go to the garden?" she asks me.

"The garden?"

She nods her head softly, looking at me with her big doe eyes.

"Yes, I planted some elephant ears there."

"When?"

"Last week."

Blood is rushing in my ears, making it hard to follow this small talk.

It's just her and me. We're alone.

We can do whatever we want and nobody would know.

She's just a few inches away. All I have to do is make the first move. And when I do, there's no going back.

“Okay,” I say, shaking my head, both to say “yes” and to clear it of my foolish little fantasies.

I follow her outside to the garden that I remember frequenting as a child. My father would take me there and tell me about all the plants, something that I was never really interested in. But from her? I’d love to hear it. I’d love to hear anything, actually.

“So, to be honest, I didn’t really plant them in the ground, just in these pots I bought. I think they look pretty.” She laughs softly and adds, “Okay, maybe that sounds conceited.”

“I think it’s beautiful,” I tell her truthfully, but I’m looking at her.

“Yeah? Well, since it’s close to Easter... why are you looking at me like that?” she asks me, her forehead furrowing.

“Like what?”

“Like you’re laughing at me.”

“I’m not,” I say immediately.

“Then why are you smiling?”

“I like your voice,” I say honestly. “I like listening to you speak about something you’re clearly passionate about.”

She nods. “Okay. Right. Where was I? Oh yes, elephant ears. So. They’re my favorite plant.” She interlocks her hands behind her. My mind is only half following this conversation, the other half is down south.

That little demon in my head won’t shut up. We’re alone. We can do anything we want.

“Any reason why?” I ask, forcing myself to focus on what she’s saying and not how her cleavage looks up close.

“They remind me of my grandma. She died a few years ago.”

“I’m sorry to hear.” I reach out and squeeze her shoulder.

“It’s okay,” she tells me quietly. “She was really sick, had pancreatic cancer that spread pretty much everywhere. At least she isn’t suffering anymore.”

I don't know what to say to that, so I just nod my head. She smiles slightly and gazes off into the distance. "She had many elephant ears around her house when I was growing up. She loved them and said that there was a strange magnificence about them. And I have to agree. Or maybe it's just because they remind me of her. I don't quite know."

"I like them. The elephant ears. And I think they go really nicely with the pots."

"Thank you," she says, smiling up at me. Lust pools deep in my belly, seeing that smile, and I realize how much trouble I'm in, falling apart for this slip of a girl.

"You mentioned taking a gap year. You didn't like school?"

"I prefer being out of it, to be honest. Looking for work. It was... restrictive for me."

"In what way?" I ask her curiously.

She chews her lip in contemplation before speaking. "I could never relate to my classmates. Most of them would only talk about parties and boys—two things I wasn't interested in. Except for Sara and Monica, I found the others insufferable."

"I also helped out with the bills, so I was either working or studying," she continues. "When Mom was busy, I took care of our house. I love my Mom, but sometimes, she can be too carefree. She even forgets to eat most nights."

Lily gives me a sideways look, a soft smile playing on her lips. "Sometimes, I wonder how it's going to feel to give someone full control of my life. Like for once, I don't want to think about anything. Does that make sense? Being free from making decisions and just letting someone else decide for me? Take care of me?"

Fuck me.

Words lodge in my throat and I step closer to her. A lock of hair sticks to her forehead. Instinctively, I tuck it behind her ear. She gasps.

I should stand back and shove my hand in my pocket, perhaps walk back into the house. That's what I should do, what a half-

decent stepbrother would do. But these past few days, my thoughts have been anything but decent.

“Lily, I’d love to take care of you.”

With a finger under her chin, I tip her face and her eyes widen. She swallows hard and licks her lips. That’s when I knew I’m done for.

My whole body burns with anticipation and just when I’m about to claim her mouth, I hear the unmistakable sound of my father’s car rumbling in the driveway.

Perfect timing, Dad.

Lily tries to push me away. With her hand on my chest, I wrap my fingers around it and pull her closer to me. Her face is just inches from mine, so I dip my head low and graze my nose along her jaw, inhaling her scent.

“See you around, Lily.”





LILY

I t's the morning after my party, and as I stand in the garden outside, I couldn't stop thinking about Liam, the gift he gave me, and how we almost made out while our parents were already in the driveway.

I take out my phone and scroll down my playlist, looking for anything that won't fill me with thoughts of him.

Why can't I get this man out of my damn head? I listen to a song that had absolutely fuck-all to do with him, and he creeps his way back into my mind. Again. It's like a sick joke, like some kind of curse.

Falling for someone you can't have? Pain. Agonizing. I hate it.

---

I'VE DECIDED to listen to classical music and try to think about him as little as possible. I play Cello Concerto in E Minor by Edward Elgar. It sounds beautiful yet melancholy and is one of my favorite pieces. I put it on repeat and turn it up as it plays through my earbuds.

I busy myself with cleaning my room, using it to distract myself, and it works. That is until someone knocks on my door. A crazy thought passes through my mind. What if it's Liam? It isn't impossible. It's his father's house, after all, and I'm hoping it's him.

“Come in!” I call, yanking the earbuds out. My mother enters the room. I sigh, disappointed that I’m disappointed. I need help.

“You okay?” she asks with a frown.

“Yes! Yes, I’m okay. I just feel... a bit lethargic,” I lie. “But I’ll be okay.”

“Hmm. Maybe this will lift your spirits. We got something else for your birthday. You love that band, um, Red River Vandals?”

“Yes, they’re my second favorite band.”

“Which one’s your favorite?” she asks me.

“AC/DC.”

“Oh, well. We got you tickets to see them. You and I.”

My eyes widen with shock. “When?”

“Next Saturday,” she says as she wraps me in a hug. “You deserve it, hun.”

I’m so surprised I can’t even say anything to her at first. But after about half a minute of open-mouthed silence, I finally speak.

“Thank you... so much!” I shout. “Thank you, Mom, I... Wait, you don’t like rock music.”

She shrugs. “I get to spend time with you.”

I nod my head. “Okay. Okay. Well, thanks again, Mom. RRV. Oh my God. If I met Grant, I would just die.”

“Who’s Grant?”

“The lead Singer,” I tell her.

She just smiles at me and wiggles her eyebrows. “I can tell you’re gonna have so much fun.”



LIAM

I swear I can still smell her.

She has this sweet, almost floral scent that's stuck in my head. It's faint but definitely noticeable. My obsession apparently knows no bounds. I can't sleep. Again. Because of her. Why did I go to that party? Why not just give Dad the present and have him fix it for her? And why did I stay afterward and almost kiss her?

My lust is like a raging fire, consuming me. I find myself alternating between my desire to bury myself to the hilt inside her and making her my wife. There's no in-between.

I wonder, as I reach down to grab my staff, if she's doing the same thing as me right now. If she's thinking of me as she touches herself. If she thinks of me as often as I do, thinks of the possibilities if we weren't stepsiblings. If she dreams of a life—a future—with me.

One day, I'm going to fuck her so hard, she can feel me for days. Make her cry out my name. Spill my seed in her snug walls. Put babies in her.

She will be mine.

But for now, I must settle with my right hand.

---

I REMEMBER the last time I was at a party like this.

It was about a year ago and filled with out-of-touch rich people, just as it is now. I might be rich, but I don't think I'm out of touch. I try my best to surround myself with people from all walks of life to get a good perspective. Everyone here is dressed in ten-thousand-dollar dresses and suits, not that it means much to someone who wipes their ass with that kind of money, which is a good description of the people here.

Why am I even here on this very Saturday night at a masquerade ball? I don't have much choice, really. One of my biggest investors is throwing this ball, and I felt as though I had to at least show up.

He saw me about half an hour ago, though, and I'm seriously considering leaving. Thoughts of Lily rush through my mind, captivating and consuming me. How is she doing? What is she doing? Is she thinking of me? Ever since I got here, several women have been eyeing me from across the room now and then. They shoot me looks of invitation, looks that tell me they're interested. The thing is, I don't want any of them. I just want her. She's all I can think about and it's driving me up the wall.

I don't want to be here. I really don't. I've never been a particularly sociable person, and now, with only one person on my mind, I feel even less sociable than I usually do, which is saying a whole lot.

I suddenly wish to be as far from this party as I possibly can. I leave in a rush, getting into my car and driving to a gas station to get some gas and Hot Cheetos. As I drive, all I can do is wish she was in the seat beside me.

"Oh, fuck me," I groan, getting out of the car to fill my tank. It's cold and lonely. It has never bothered me before, but knowing Lily is just a few minutes away from me but I can't have her is pissing me off.

When I'm done pumping the gas, I head towards the small shop.

"Good evening," a young man says from behind the counter.

“Hey. You got any Hot Cheetos?” I ask him as I’m not particularly familiar with this gas station. I’ve been here a few times, but they renovated it.

“Um, yeah. Check aisle three.”

Ever since I was a child, I liked spicy food. I don’t remember the first time I had Hot Cheetos, just that I’ve loved them for as long as I remember knowing how they taste.

But now I’d love to know how Lily tastes...

Fuck. There I go again, thinking of her in the most inconvenient times. I left the party behind, and I just wanted some damn snacks to clear my mind. But damn, I’d love to eat her, lick her, and nibble on her sensitive button.

And just like that, I’m getting hard in the snacks aisle of a gas station store.

Dammit, why does this have to be so hard?

Why do I have to be so hard?

I want to act on these urges, these feelings that I don’t even know how to properly describe, feelings that I’ve never felt about anyone before. I can’t, though. I can’t do that to her, to my family, and especially to my father. He’d be so disappointed in me.

Lily is young. Way too young for me. She doesn’t know what she wants, mature or not. I would be taking advantage of her. It would be wrong.

Then again, everyone is different. She might be mature enough to handle being with me, to handle the press badgering her about me. She might have the maturity to face the world with me.

No. Stop it. Stop trying to justify it. You can’t be with your stepsister, Liam.

I pick up five packs of Hot Cheetos. I generally don’t eat junk food, but I love these. It’s my guilty pleasure. With my erection subsided, I turn to take them to the cashier, only to stop cold in my tracks, seeing someone who I wasn’t expecting.

“Lily?”





**A**s I stand in the gas station shop, I see the very person whom I have been actively trying to not think about.

Liam.

He stands there in a three-piece suit, towering over me. He's so good-looking it's enough to drive most women mad. And I definitely fall into the category of "most women."

"Good evening, Lily. What are you doing out so late?" he asks me. He looks at me curiously, and I feel as though he just asked me if it's past my bedtime. I feel so small and young in front of him.

"Hey. Um, I wanted some Canada Dry. And to go for a drive." Truth be told, that drive was in an attempt to clear my head of him. And then I find him here. Could this be a sign? A sign to give into my desires? That we both should?

Even if I do... that doesn't mean that he will, too. He probably sees me as absolutely forbidden and off-bounds. And even then, he might not like me the way I like him. Sure, he's attracted to me, but does he want more?

Just because he doesn't want more doesn't mean he wouldn't sleep with you. He's attracted to you. There must be a way to get him to do it.

No. I shouldn't be thinking about this, be entertaining these thoughts. And it wouldn't be enough for me, anyway. I want more than that.

“What’s that?” I ask, pointing to a red object dangling from one of his hands as he grasps bags of Cheetos in his hands.

Not just any Cheetos, Hot Cheetos. My favorite. We like the same foods. Still, I have to fight the urge to roll my eyes at myself when I realize I’m using the fact that we like the same foods as a possible sign that we should give in to temptation. Something as arbitrary as food preferences. I really am desperate for an excuse.

“Um, nothing,” he tells me as I inspect the object, recognizing it as a red mask meant to cover only the eyes. The kind of mask that one would wear at a masquerade party.

“Okay,” I say, unsure as to why he doesn’t want to talk about it.

“It was for a silly costume party, that’s all.”

“Alright.”

“Would you like me to follow you home?”

“Um, why?”

“It’s late and you’re a young woman.”

“This is a safe area.”

“I know, but someone got robbed here recently.” It was the only person to get robbed here in the past year, but I choose not to point that out.

Should I let him? Then again, what’s the worst that can happen? We wouldn’t really do anything with our parents in the same house as us. That would be stupid. Reckless. We’ll be fine. And how would it look if I said no? He might think I’m hiding something.

“Sure, you can follow me,” I tell him. “Wait, don’t you have work tomorrow?”

“I’ll be fine,” he says.

“Okay. Um, I just wanted some ginger ale, so I’ll just get some.”

“Sure.”

Nodding my head, I walk past him and to the fridges of the little shop, only to see that there's no Canada Dry. That's disappointing. It's my favorite ginger ale out there.

I start wondering if he likes it, too. How much do our tastes align?

Would he like how *I* taste?

What. The fuck. Is wrong with me?

"They have Schweppes," I hear a voice say behind me. I'm so on edge tonight that I jump slightly.

I gasp and turn to see him standing there, still holding the mask and snacks. He frowns when he sees my hand on my chest. "Huh? Oh, right. Yeah. Thanks."

I reach into the fridge and pick up the beverage, my heart racing in my chest because of his proximity. Why does he have to have this effect on me?

"Are you alright, Lily?" he asks, his voice husky and deep. It's beautiful, alluring, and so damn sexy. I want to hear that voice telling me all sorts of sinful, filthy things. That I'm a good girl, or maybe, even that I'm naughty, as he sinks his cock into me.

That he loves me. Wait, what?

"Yes," I lie. I'm not okay. I'm a pathetic mess every time he's around me, and he seems so collected, so composed, even though he's attracted to me, too.

But what if... what if I'm imagining his attraction to me? What if it's just wishful thinking, and when I look into his eyes, I'm seeing something that isn't there?

"Alright," he says. "Let's go."

He's a gentleman. Offering to do this for me only shows me how sweet and kind he is, and it makes me like him even more. He's so much more than simply sexy. He's sexy and sweet, which is a deadly combination.

I follow him, walking behind him as I imagine the muscles of his back flexing under his shirt. I've never seen him in a state of undress but from what I saw through his clothes at my

party, his physique is godlike. He's probably very strong. Strong enough to pin me down as he drills into me—

Stop. Stop it now.

When I get to the cashier, there's a boy probably about a year or two younger than I am, and he gives me a slightly flirtatious smile. I offer a polite smile back but try to keep it strictly friendly so he knows I'm not interested. I hope he doesn't ask for my number, and luckily, he doesn't.

"He likes you," Liam comments as we walk to our cars.

"I know, but I'm not interested in him."

"He's in your age group."

"He's too young for me. I like men who are older than I am." Too late, I realize that I've just entered dangerous territory. I hope he doesn't feel as if I'm referencing him, that I'm being forward because I genuinely was not.

"Hmm." What could that mean? He doesn't say anything else, though, and neither do I, deciding it would be best if I just keep my mouth shut.

When we get to our cars, he finally speaks again.

"I'll see you when we get there. I'll probably stay a while to chat with my father." I'm secretly glad to hear that he'll be staying a while because I genuinely like being around him.

But it is with a slight sadness that I realize he would probably want to speak to his father alone. I won't be getting any quality time with him tonight, it seems.

As I drive back home, I look into the rearview mirror now and then, glancing at him to see how far behind he is. He trails me closely, being directly behind me all the way there, not once allowing another car to get between us.

Once we arrive at the house, I let us through the gate with my gate remote. We both park, exit our cars, and walk to the garage entrance together.

"Thank you," I say to him as I unlock the door with my key.

“You’re welcome,” he responds. I open the door and step inside, only to see my stepdad sitting in the foyer with his phone. He likes to just sit there sometimes, on the fainting couch.

“Hey, Uncle Jax,” I say to him.

“Hey, kiddo, you’re finally home. Li? What are you doing here?”

“I saw her at the gas station, so I trailed her home,” he tells his father. “Wanted to make sure that she’s safe.”

“Awe, look at you, looking out for your sister,” he says.

I cringe. Sister. I do not want to think about him in that way.

“In all fairness, Dad, we hardly know each other. I wouldn’t rush to call us siblings just yet.” So he eventually plans on calling me his sister? For the second time tonight, I think that perhaps I was imagining his attraction after all.

Or, maybe he’s just saying that for his dad’s benefit. I shouldn’t be hopeful about that, but I am.

Liam sits beside his father and starts talking to him. That’s my cue to leave.

“Well, goodnight,” I say to them, heading towards the staircase. “I’m gonna shower and go to bed.”

---

“SO ARE YOU GONNA FUCK HIM?”

“What? No,” I say to Sara, hearing her chuckle into the phone.

“Please. I saw the way you looked at each other at the party.”

“So? Doesn’t mean we have to sleep with each other.”

“Whatever,” she says in a playfully dismissive tone. I can almost hear her rolling her eyes, and it makes me smile.

“Dude, he’s my stepbrother!”

“Emphasis on the ‘step,’” she tells me. “And you hardly know each other. You’re basically strangers. Girl, nothing’s wrong

with fucking him.”

“Tell that to everyone else. My mom, his dad, and the press. Oh, God, the press. What if we fuck and it leaks to the press?”

“So?”

“It could ruin his life! What do you mean ‘So’?!”

“He’s a billionaire. He can get away with anything.”

“That’s not how that works,” I say to her slowly, like explaining to a child. You can’t simply have the world find out you fucked your stepsister and then “make it go away.”

“Sure,” is all she says in reply.

“Listen. The press can be brutal. And you know how people are. One scandal and they pull out of a company. I don’t know much about business mumbo jumbo, but I know that.”

“Okay, okay. Don’t fuck him, then. Resist it.”

“I will,” I say. And to the best of my ability, I know that I will. And I have good reason to. “Besides... I think I’m falling for him so sex alone wouldn’t be enough.”

There’s a pause.

“You sure?” she asks. “You barely know him. How many times have you seen him again?”

“Three,” I whisper, feeling absolutely pathetic.

“How many?” she asks, not hearing me.

“Three,” I say a little bit louder.

“Okay. Well, I think you’re confused.”

I sigh. “Maybe. I hope so.” But honestly, I doubt it. I know what I’m feeling, and it’s way more than sexual attraction.

Sleeping with him won’t solve anything. I’ll only end up craving more.



**M**y chat with my dad was relatively uneventful. The main reason why I went there was to follow her home.

As I sit on my bed, I wonder what he would think if he knew I wanted to get intimate with his stepdaughter. Make love to her, show her the world, and then some. What would he think of the romantic and sexual fantasies that plague my mind?

I cringe at the thought of his response. Not only is she my stepsister, and not only does he see her as a daughter, but she's also eighteen. I would never get his blessing.

She claims to have a preference for older men, but that could be someone in their early twenties and not a middle-aged man like myself. She's way too young for me, but that knowledge doesn't seem to deter my brain from formulating all sorts of excuses to justify seducing her. I don't think I'll give in. I think I'll do the right thing.

At least, that's what I hope.

I need a distraction, so I make a reservation at Up High. I can't just dine anywhere because the paparazzi are sleazy bastards. That means I have to go to places they can't easily access. Luckily, Up High is one of the most exclusive restaurants in my area.

I haven't had lunch there alone in a while, and I figure it will be relaxing for me. Work ends early on Monday. Perhaps being alone and forcing myself to relax is one way of dealing with the stress in my life, even if just for a little while.



Before I head to the restaurant, I go for a walk in the park, making sure to wear a cap and a pair of sunglasses to cover my face. I find that being here tends to clear my mind.

Normally, I don't let anyone get between me and what I want, but it's my father. I can't just shrug him off and kick him out of my life. I'm pretty sure Lily won't like that either.

Another thing that's bothering me is the press. I don't give a rat's ass what they write about me, but they'll have a field day writing about my 18-year-old stepsister. And that's something I will never allow. I won't let them hurt her. With those two things in the way, it's pretty fucking hard to pursue Lily.

Do I want her in my bed and my life? Absolutely, but I don't want anyone shaming her or dragging her name for being with me. I'll protect her, no matter the cost. I'll protect her even if it means tamping down my desire.

Perhaps, one day, things will change. Maybe I just need time. But the question is, should I spend that time avoiding her or trying to gradually get used to her in small doses? Maybe lunch at their house every Sunday? Perhaps, flooding would be best. Being around her to the point where she no longer has this effect on me. But that's a tricky line to tow. It might end up having the opposite effect. I'm already obsessed with her as it is.

My phone rings in my pocket, and I curse as it pulls me back to the here and now.

It's my father.

"Hey, Dad."

"Hey, Li," he says. He's excited, I can tell. "So... I have great news!"

"Okay," I say. "Go ahead."

"You know that restaurant you're always going to? Mile High?"

"You mean Up High? Yeah."

"Well, Lily got a job there!"

I sit there in slight shock and a pinch of dread. I'm not ready to make my decision just yet.

*You could always cancel your reservation.*

No. I won't. I can't avoid her forever. And if I'm honest with myself, I want to see her...badly.

"Isn't that great, Li?" he asks me with much glee. Even though he can't see me, I feel my lips curl up into a tight, forced smile.

"Yes," I say as convincingly as I can, "it is."



I feel excited. And nervous.

It's my first day at work, and Jackson told me Liam eats here frequently. I'm not surprised. Up High is one of the most exclusive restaurants in the city. The only reason why I even got the job is because I have experience being a waitress. I worked at a Chinese restaurant called Lynn's Garden during the summers when I was 16 and 17.

This time, no one helped me get this job. I did it on my own, which I am proud of, but honestly, I probably wouldn't have chosen this restaurant if I had known definitively that Liam frequents it. I should have expected it, though.

But what are the odds that I'll see him on my very first day? And it's a Monday. I'm sure he's busy. He probably doesn't even have any time to eat. I know that some days, my mother comes home from her job as a clinical psychologist starving because she didn't get the chance to eat in between patients. But every night, Jackson forces her to eat before she goes to bed. I wonder if Liam has someone who makes him eat.

I wonder if he has a girlfriend.

How had that not occurred to me before? The man could be in a whole relationship and I would have no idea. I'm probably here falling for someone's partner, which would be more pitiful than anything else.

Sighing, I pull out my little notepad as I walk into the dining area. Not that I need it, I can remember large orders in my head, but I write them anyway just for the sake of

thoroughness. That and one mistake in a place like this, especially on my first day, would probably send me through the door.

I go straight to table 8. I was told that a lone man was sitting there. I stop dead in my tracks when I see it's Liam.

It's midday. It's midday and he's not at work.

He's sitting in front of me, waiting to be served. And I'd love to serve him, in more ways than one. He's dressed in a suit, and the sight alone is enough to make dirty thoughts slam into my head.

The pants and jacket are the same shade of navy blue, while his shirt is white and his tie is black. He's sexy. So damn sexy. And handsome. And perfect. And I'm staring at him instead of taking his order.

"Good afternoon, Sir," I greet him. As soon as those words leave my lips, his eyebrows shoot up. I don't know what I should call him. Mr. Lewis? I can't just call him Liam, can I? Not here. Formality is mandatory in my job even if I know the customer. I cannot call them by their first name unless they tell me to.

"Don't be a stranger. It's Liam. And I already know what I want to order."

"Okay, go ahead."

I try to focus on my notepad, but my hand is shaking. The way he looks at me... it's as if I'm something on the menu. It's unsettling but so damn hot. At that moment, I'm sure he feels something for me, that I'm not delusional after all.

He might not be falling in love with me, but he feels something. But I must keep my composure, no matter how aroused I am right now. This job pays well and from what I've heard, the tips pay even better. The tips were pretty good for the two summers that I worked at Lynn's Garden, but the clientele here is a far cry from the people who frequented Lynn's.

"I would like the chicken alfredo, please."

“Any food allergies or lactose intolerance?” I ask him.

My question makes him smirk.

“No, no, I can eat the cream.”

My knees buckle slightly. I look at him sharply, and he gives me a broad grin. He knows the effect his words have on me. I’m getting wet for him. Again.

Now, I’m sure he’s fucking with me. I’m certain of it. And I want to fuck with him back, but I can’t. I have to be professional. He doesn’t.

“Alright,” is all I say to him.

He smooths his expression into a neutral one, one I can no longer read, perhaps because I refuse to rise to his bait. I close my notepad, give his orders to the chef, and head to the bathroom.

“Fuck,” I hiss. “Oh, fuck.”

Quickly, I wash my face, trying to wash away my filthy thoughts. It doesn’t work. A million and one ways of him fucking me. Coming into the bathroom and locking me in a stall with him before having his way with me, fuck me silly.

It is silly, these stupid fantasies that I keep having of him. But I can’t help it. Even when I clear my mind of all the smutty thoughts, they come creeping back in and I hate it.

“He’s your stepbrother,” I whisper to myself. “You can’t.”

I look up at myself in the mirror. I look as though I’m in tatters, and I feel it too. I can only hope that when I go to check on him later, he doesn’t fuck with me again.

---

“LIAM?”

“Yes?” he asks, looking up from his meal and dabbing the side of his mouth.

“Are you enjoying your meal?”

He smirks at me again, and it's similar to the dirty one he gave me earlier.

"Yes," he says. "It's great." He clears his throat, looking at me normally once more. "When does your shift end?"

"At four."

"I'll come back and give you a ride home when you're done."

He's so bossy he doesn't even ask, just tells me. I don't mind, though. Like I said, I like it—way too much, in fact. He leaves shortly after that.

The rest of my day goes by rather quickly and without much incident. One older lady is particularly condescending, but I'm so accustomed to things like this that I just let it roll off me. I ignore it. I know that many cannot do that, but I've gotten used to it. I'm jaded, but some people never get to my level. Some are always affected by the patronizing attitude of some customers, and I truly feel sorry for them.

When he returns for me, I'm already waiting outside.

"Had a bad day?" he asks with a frown as he comes up to me.

"No, why?"

"Your shift ended two minutes ago and you're already outside."

"I just didn't want you to have to wait too long for me," I say to him.

"Oh," he says with a nod. "Okay." If I am not mistaken, he seems slightly bothered by this, judging by the way that the corners of his lips turn down slightly.

"What's wrong?" I ask. He sighs.

"I don't like making people wait on me, either."

"Oh, okay. I mean, I wasn't here that long. I got here about thirty seconds before you, so it's fine."

He nods his head and leads me to the car, his hand on the small of my back. I stiffen because his touch always does things to me.

For the first part of our drive, neither of us says much. When we're about halfway home, however, he starts to talk.

"Lily?"

"Hm?"

"What do you want to do?" he asks me.

"Be an environmentalist."

"What degree would you get for that?"

"Environmental Studies at FIU."

"Hmm." Was he expecting something more...extravagant? Or perhaps something mainstream. He seems to really be contemplating my words, but the conversation makes me wonder what he did at university if he even went. I don't see his father accepting him not going, though. Then again, Liam is probably very strong-willed to have gotten to where he is in life.

"What did you do in uni?" I ask.

"I have an undergrad in business administration. No master's or Ph.D. Drove my dad mad," he says with a chuckle. "That is until he saw my success and realized I wasn't gonna fail in life. But I'm the first to admit that I got lucky in some respects."

"Like?" I ask.

"That I had the parents I had. That I got to go to university, that I got the opportunities I did. I met the right people, the right investors to help me along, investors who I would be nowhere without. Back when I started up, we didn't have Kickstarter or Indiegogo, or GoFundMe. Either you met the right people, you got connections, or you sank. And I was lucky enough not to sink."

"You still need luck with crowdfunding," I say. "You need it to be seen by people who want to invest in your project. But I see your point. It makes it easier."

"Yes," he says. "It does."



He clears his throat. “If you want, you can work at the company with us until you go to university. That job will suit you better than working as a waitress.”

“It would, but I don’t want a job just because I’m your stepsister.”

He smiles slightly as he looks at the road ahead of him.

“I figured you’d say something like that, but you need some amount of help if you’re gonna make it in this world, Lily.”

“I know, just not that much help. I want to feel like I earned it.”

“Fair enough.”

He doesn’t say much else on the way home, and when we get there, the other cars are gone. My mother and stepfather aren’t here yet. That’s to be expected.

“What time does Mauve usually get home?” he asks me.

“Mom usually gets home at about eight. Uncle Jax at about seven.”

“So we’re alone,” he points out.

We look into each other’s eyes, and I suddenly feel it. The electricity crackling between us, the flame of desire flickering at our skin. I see it in his eyes, the lust and adoration, and he leans forwards slightly.

I close my eyes, wanting more than anything for him to kiss me.

“You can say no,” he murmurs in a gravelly voice, giving me the chance to back out of it. “You can—”

“Kiss me,” I command.

And he does. It starts slow and unhurried, his tongue exploring my mouth, tasting every inch of me. But the moment I clutch his shirtfront and moan, something snaps in him.

He pulls me closer, his hands on either side of my face. His kiss becomes frantic, demanding. I match his passion with my own, and when we finally separate, we’re both breathing hard.

“You okay?” he asks me, resting his forehead on mine.

“I’m perfect.”

“Yes,” he says with a smile. “Yes, you are.”

We get out of the car together, and he follows me into the house. I lock the door and turn around to find him with his hands in his pockets, eyes blazing with heat.

“What’s wrong?”

He massages the back of his neck with one hand. “Let’s go to my place.”

I lean against the door to support myself. My bones are turning into melted wax. I’m equally nervous and excited. “Are you sure?”

“I can’t take it anymore, Lily. I want you. If I keep denying myself, I’ll go nuts.”

He closes the distance between us, resting his hands above my head and looking down at me. “You’re mine. I knew that from the moment I saw you. We’ve been doing this little dance, and it has to stop.”

Liam softly sucks my lower lip and I grow wetter with arousal. I’m already so primed for him. His rigid manhood is pressing on my stomach and I clench my thighs, desperately craving to have him inside me.

“Then, let’s go.”

---

HIS HOUSE IS NO MANSION, but it’s pretty close to it. Admittedly, I was expecting it to be bigger. I always envisioned Liam to be living in the lap of luxury. For someone with his wealth, this is pretty tame.

“What?” he asks when he sees me looking at the house.

“Nothing.”

“You’re lying.”

“I just...expected it to be a little bit bigger and maybe more luxurious.”

He shrugs. “The bigger the house, the more lonely it feels when you’re in there by yourself. In my defense, this is just one of my properties. I enjoy solitude, but sometimes, the silence is unbearable.”

“That’s understandable,” I nod. “I get it.”

“I wouldn’t mind living in a mansion with you, though,” he tells me.

Time seems to slow, and I know whatever I say next is important to him, to us. I grab his hand and touch it to my cheek.

“I wouldn’t mind that, either,” I whisper.

He smiles at me and I yelp when he scoops me into his arms. When we get inside, he leads me up a flight of stairs. I look around me, and he’s right, it’s pretty eerie when you’re living alone in a place as big as this.

“You have no help? No servants?” I ask him.

“No,” he tells me. “Never felt the need.”

“You’re... different,” I say when we arrive outside of a room that I assume to be his bedroom. He frowns.

“How so?”

“You’re not how I expect a billionaire to be. You could have people doing everything for you, cleaning up after you, and there would be nothing wrong with that if you paid them to do it, but you don’t.”

“I like being in control of my own life,” he tells me, opening the door. “In every way.”

Like everything else in his house, his bedroom is minimalist. No junk, pops of color and other furniture save for the bed. It’s all neutral colors and so...Liam.

“If you want to stop at any time, Lily,” he says, “please feel free to tell me.”

“I know, but I won’t.”

He backs me to the bed, and I fall on the soft mattress. Just then, I remember something so I sit and hold up one hand. True to his word, he stops.

“I have to tell you something.”

“Okay.”

I search his handsome features, wondering if what I’m about to say will be a dealbreaker for him.

His heavy-lidded gaze softens. “Is this too much too soon for you? I can—”

“I’m a virgin. I’ve never done this before.”

There.

For a few agonizing seconds, he just stares at me, his eyebrows drawn together. Whether in amazement, disappointment, or confusion, I don’t know.

“Lily.”

“Do YOU want to stop now?”

“What? No!”

“I... It’s just that... I have no experience, so I’m so—”

“Don’t you dare apologize to me. Fuck, Lily.” He kneels in front of me, taking my hands in his. “Why are you saying sorry?”

“Because I’m scared of disappointing you.”

“Never.”

“So it’s not an issue?”

“You mean that I’m your first and last? It’s a gift, Lily, not an issue.”

Liam stands up and runs a hand through his hair. I’m at eye level with his raging erection and electric heat scorches up my spine. Apparently, he’s not done talking.

“Your first time should be special.”

“It is, Liam. It’s with you.”

But he’s not listening. “I should take you out on a date, maybe rent the entire...”

“Liam, stop. Just make me yours.”

With a groan, he grabs me by the waist and lifts me. I wrap my legs around him, locking at the ankle. He slants his mouth to mine, biting my lips playfully. “What are you doing to me, little girl?”

“Just trying to get you to fuck me...Daddy.”

He releases me before he begins to disrobe. I stare at him as he unbuttons his shirt, unbuckles his pants, and pulls down his underwear. His cock—giant and magnificent—springs free, jutting proudly against his stomach.

With trembling fingers, I let my dress fall to the floor. Without taking my eyes off him, I unclasp my bra, only standing in front of him in my flimsy thong.

“Shit. You’re fucking gorgeous.”

Warmth blooms in my chest, but I can’t help worrying about his size. I’m too small for him. It won’t fit.

He probably sees the look on my face because he says, “It’s alright. I’ll be gentle. At least at first.”

Liam claims my mouth again as he gently lays me on the bed. He starts to trail kisses down the column of my throat. His hand squeezes one breast while he takes the other into his mouth, his tongue licking and sucking the taut peak. He moves lower until he’s facing my pussy. I’m about to sit and ask him why he’s stopping when his tongue traces circles on my clit.

I hiss, clutching the quilt and arching my back.

With his hands on my thighs, he eats me with wild abandon, alternating between my clit and tight, wet depths. He slings my legs over his shoulders as he plunges his tongue inside me. The sensations overwhelm me and it isn’t long before my orgasm rushes to the surface, making my legs shake.

I feel boneless, but he's far from done with me. He stands up, wipes the sheen beside his mouth with his thumb, and sucks it clean.

He wraps a hand around his dick and pumps it once.

"I'm going to ask you one more time, Lily. Are you sure you want to do this?"

I nod eagerly. "Yes, I'm sure."

He smirks before walking over to me and getting onto the bed, his body hovering over mine. I place my hands on his shoulders, squeezing slightly. He doesn't break eye contact as he positions himself at my entrance.

"This is going to hurt, Lily," he informs me. "And for that, I'm sorry."

"That's okay. Just—fuck! Oh, fuck," I groan as he slams into me, sharp pain coursing through my body. He doesn't move, and I realize how fast the pain subsides. Slowly, he pulls out before slowly sliding inside again. He does this a couple more times, and I begin moving with him.

"Oh," I moan, wrapping my legs around his hips, and he groans in pleasure as he pushes himself all the way into me.

"Are you alright?" he asks, his voice dripping with lust.

"Yes, Daddy," I tell him before realizing what I said. What I just called him. Fear overtakes pleasure, and I'm wondering if he'll think I'm weird or if the whole dirty talk is a turnoff for him. His tool twitches in response, and I know he likes it.

"That's a good girl," he tells me, looking into my eyes, fiery lust burning in them, scorching me and adding fuel to the fire of my own desires. He continues to thrust as he buries his face in the crook of my neck.

"Call me that again," he grunts.

"Yes, Daddy!"

Just like the first time, my orgasm crashes into me from out of nowhere and I ride the wave. When it hits, it consumes my

entire body in flames of pure bliss, licking at every nerve. My snug walls pulse around his massive staff.

He wraps an arm around me, using it to drive deeper into me.

“I’m coming. Fuck, I’m coming, baby.”

He moans into my mouth as he comes, the warmth of his seed coating my depths.

When he’s done, he pulls out and lies behind me. He pulls me in close, spooning me from the back. We stay like that for a few minutes before I turn to face him. “I want to stay, but if I don’t go home, they’ll get suspicious.”





LIAM

I did it.  
I fucked Lily, and I fucking loved it.

Would I do it again? Hell yeah.

Do I have any regrets? Absolutely none.

Whatever I felt for her before I took her virginity and claimed her as mine, it only got stronger, so much stronger. I just need to think about how to tell our parents. It won't be easy, and my Dad will most likely flip out and accuse me of taking advantage of her.

I'll take it—all of it—because she's worth it.

For the first time in a long time, I'm in a good mood as I enter my office. Every employee on this floor must be wondering why I didn't come in yelling at everyone.

It's almost lunchtime when my secretary tells me someone's here to see me. It's surely not my Dad because he doesn't even knock anymore. My body senses Lily even before I see her. She closes the door and stands there in her yellow dress, looking both innocent and tempting.

This day just got more interesting.

I walk to the front of my desk and lean against it, crossing my arms over my chest. "Lock the door."

Even from this distance, I see her eyes widen and her mouth forming an "O." But she does. Then, she stands waiting for my

next command. I like this submissive version of her, the way she waits for what I tell her.

Without a word, I crook a finger and motion for her to come closer. When she's just a foot away from me, I stand to my full height, grab her by the waist, carry her to the other side, and place her on the desk. Her dress hikes up, and I smooth my hands along her inner thighs, stopping on her mound. Her thong is already soaked.

“Fucking wet and ready for me, princess?”

She bites her lower lip and nods almost shyly.

Sitting down, I hold her gaze and spread her legs wider. Pushing her thong to the side, she's glistening wet and my mouth waters at the view. We don't have much time, and I know someone will knock in a few minutes, so I slide my tongue inside her and she gasps.

She tastes so fucking good.

I lick and suck a few more times before sliding in one finger. Her legs tremble and I add another finger, pumping into her until she's writhing on my desk.

When I suddenly stop and stand, she groans in disappointment. I unbuckle my belt, let my pants fall to the floor, and take out my rigid erection. Grabbing her by the thighs, I lift her and slowly slide my cock into her wet, tight depths.

Fuck.

Lily wraps her arms around my neck and my self-control slips when she starts riding me. I stop thrusting and let her have her way.

“Daddy!” she moans and I know she's close. With my hands on her ass, I sink myself deeper into her and she thrashes wildly in my arms, her inner muscles clenching around me. My balls draw up tight, electricity running from the base of my spine.

I grunt and feel my warm come coat her walls.

This girl.

She's going to be the death of me.



LILY

I try not to look guilty as I leave Liam's office building. My legs are still slightly shaking, and I wonder if anyone can smell sex all over me. I chuckle as I realize I don't care. Liam's mine and I am his. We're past the point of caring about what others think. Okay, maybe that's a bit of a lie because we're a bit worried about our parents. It's something we haven't talked about yet.

I reach my car and I'm about to get inside when I hear someone call me. Thinking it's Liam, I turn around with a smile, only to see it's my volleyball team coach back in high school. He's around Liam's age and is pretty buff, which isn't surprising since he's a bit obsessed with going to the gym.

He's running towards me with that creepy, lecherous look on his face. "I wasn't sure it was really you. Wow, I haven't seen you in months, Lily."

"Yeah." If he's sensitive enough, he can tell I'm not interested in talking to him.

"You look good." He's eyeing me appreciatively, and I don't like it. He's looking me up and down, stopping on my breasts and smiling like the pervert he is.

"I need to go."

"Wait." I recoil when he grabs my arm. "I just wanna talk. How about we grab a coffee and catch up?"

"No. I have to go home." I try to shake off his hand but he's not letting go.

“Oh, come on, Lily. You’re playing hard to get again. Aren’t you done with this game in high school? I know—”

He doesn’t finish his sentence because someone grabs his collar and throws him to the ground like he weighs nothing. Coach is no lanky guy, but Liam towers over him, a murderous glint in his eyes. At that moment, he has danger written all over his features.

“Who the f-fuck are you?” Coach sputters. He stands up quickly and brushes dust on his pants.

“You don’t get to ask questions, asshole.” Liam walks closer until he’s standing just a few inches from Coach. He’s so much taller and bigger than him, and Coach must have realized that because he steps back. “Let me make something clear. You don’t touch any girl who doesn’t want you to. If she says no, you stop and leave. You don’t force yourself and you don’t back her into a corner. Lily is mine. If I see you anywhere near her again, I won’t hesitate to pummel your disgusting face.”

Coach pales. He darts his eyes from Liam to me, his earlier smugness replaced by raw fear. Without another word, he runs to his car.

Liam doesn’t take his eyes off him until he leaves. Then, he turns to me and takes my face in his large hands. “Are you okay, little girl?”

I nod. I can’t form the words because nobody has ever come to my defense like that ever. Liam... Liam makes me feel safe and protected. I’m so hot for him right now, and it takes all my restraint not to bend over the hood and ask him to take me.

“I won’t let anyone hurt you, okay? I won’t. I promise you.”

It’s at that moment when I realize... I’m in love with him.



LIAM

**R**age. That's what I felt when I saw that other guy touching her, holding her arm. I was seeing red, and if Lily wasn't in front of me, I would've broken his bones and enjoyed every minute of it.

No one touches my girl. No one but me.

All this time, I've been too wrapped up in how everyone will think about us, but I'm done. I'm fucking done.

Lily is mine and she will be for the rest of our lives. This is no infatuation or passing sexual attraction. She's IT for me. She's my life now and damn if I let anyone come between us.

After what I witnessed, I want her more than ever. Fuck the press. Fuck everyone. All I want is her. And I think I know how I'm going to get her.

I'm going to confess to my father, profess my love to her, and get his blessing. Even if I don't, hopefully, she'll see my effort and it will lift some of the reservations that she feels towards me now. That's what I'm aiming for. It sounds stupid, but it's the best I can come up with at a time like this. I've wasted too much time, and I no longer want to spend another moment without her by my side.

It's no longer just MY future. It's OUR future from here on out.

When I arrive at the house, I get out of the car and grab the bouquet of roses with me. Things are bound to get ugly in a



few minutes, but I need her to know I'm in this for the long run.

I love her. I think I loved her the moment I first laid eyes on her and it's only gotten stronger since. Absolutely infatuated with, captivated by, and in love with this girl.

Yes, I'm twice her age. Yes, she's my stepsister. So fucking what.

I've gotten past that. I'm over it. I don't care about the consequences as long as I get her. If this story breaks and every single investor pulls out of my company, I'm still set for life. I have more than enough in my bank accounts. I'll find something to do, some work to occupy my time. And if my dad doesn't like it, he'll get over it one day.

I called to tell them I was coming over to talk to Lily. That it was a surprise so they shouldn't tell her. My parents are expecting me, but she doesn't know what I plan to do.

When my father opens the door and sees the roses, he raises one eyebrow at me.

"Li, what is this? What are you doing?" he asks. I wonder if it's obvious that I'm going to do something I shouldn't, if I'll even get let into the house now. But just then, Lily appears behind him, peeking over his shoulder. She's in pajamas, her hair messy, and I've never seen a more beautiful girl.

"Hey, Dad. Lily, I need to have a word with you," I tell her.

"Um...."

"I love you," I say, holding up the flowers so that she can see them, "and I'm sorry it took me this long to ask you to—"

"Liam, what the fuck are you doing?!" my dad shouts.

"Dad," I say, "I love her."

"Is this a joke?"

"No."

"Get out," he orders in a voice I haven't heard in years. It's the voice he would use when he grounded me. And even though he's now old with salt-and-pepper hair and crow's feet

showing his age, I get flashbacks to that time when I was a teenager.

“No,” I respond. “I love her, and I know she loves me, too. We didn’t plan on falling for each other, Dad. We’re not even doing anything wrong because we’re not related by blood.”

“Liam...” It’s Lily who speaks this time, her voice soft and gentle. “Don’t throw your life away for me. Your reputation. Your relationship with your dad. Please.”

“You’re worth it,” I tell her. “You’re an adult. You can decide. I’ll take care of you, Lily. I’ll make you happy for the rest of our lives.”

Dad grabs me by the front of my shirt, and for an old man, he’s strong as hell. His vein pops out of his forehead, a muscle twitches in his jaw, and at that moment, I’m almost sure he’s going to have a stroke. And if he does, it would be my fault. Maybe this was a bad idea.

“I said. Get. Out.”

He releases me, and I nod my head.

“Okay,” I say, turning my back and heading back to the car. I didn’t even get to give her the flowers, but at least, we’re no longer hiding.

“And don’t come back until you can contain yourself around Lily.”

I hate that it hurt my father, that I hurt my father. But this thing with Lily is not something I just want to throw away. I can’t let her go. I won’t let her go. What we have is forever. I want her as my wife, the mother of my children, my better half.

Dad knows I never half-ass anything, so he knows, down to his very core, I’m not playing around with Lily.



TWO DAYS PASS and it’s radio silent. I don’t hear from my Dad or Lily, which is fine because she told me they’re calmly talking to her, with emphasis on calmly. On the third day, I

can't take it anymore—not seeing Lily, not holding or touching her, and not coming home to her.

I'm about to head to Dad's place when my phone rings and I see his name pop up. I realize that even if he says no to our relationship, nothing's gonna change. Lily will still be mine.

“Hello?”

“Li?” Dad is no longer furious, so I guess that's a good sign.

“Hey. What's up?”

“Listen. Mauve and I talked to Lily, asked her about you, and really listened to her. She's 18 but Mauve says she's always had a good head on her shoulder.” I hear him sigh, and I know this conversation is difficult for him. “Lily asked if we're okay if you dated another 18-year-old that's not her and we actually couldn't answer her.”

I don't say anything or interrupt him. I can tell he's gathering his thoughts. “What I'm saying is, you're right. You're not blood-related. If the roles were reversed and you married each other first before I laid my eyes on her mother, that won't stop me from pursuing her and making her my wife.”

Finally, I release the breath I didn't know I'd been holding.

“So, you're okay with us? I have your blessing?”

“Yes, Li. You both have it.”

I couldn't disconnect the call fast enough, rush to my car, and drive to their house. Some pieces just fall into place. And now, I'm ready to take it to the next level.

---

WHEN I GET to the house, I am let in rather quickly. It's Lily who opens the door to the house to greet me. She throws her arms around my shoulders, hugging me tightly.

“I've missed you,” she tells me, whispering into my ear.

I pull back, looking her in the eye when I speak to her. “I've missed you, too, little girl.”

Pausing, I lead her to the living room. I run a thumb across her cheek. “God, you’re beautiful. I swear I could feel the ground fall from under me the first time I saw you. I thought I’d get over my obsession, but no. You made me believe in love at first sight.”

She pins me with a look and tilts her head to the side. “You... You love me?”

“Lily, baby. What the hell do you think this is about?”

Before she can answer, I ask her, “Where are our parents?”

“In their room. I think they wanted to give us some privacy.”

Perfect.

Reaching into my pocket, I pull out the box with the teardrop diamond ring. She gasps, looking at me in disbelief, as though she can’t believe that I’m about to do this. I honestly can’t believe it, either. Even as I get down on one knee, this doesn’t feel real. It feels too good to be true.

“Lily, will you marry me?”

Tears well in her eyes and she nods. “Yes, Liam. Yes!”

# EPILOGUE

One Year Later

I never imagined I could be this happy.

It's been a year since I married Liam only three weeks after his proposal, and I just gave birth to our first son a few weeks ago. We named him Lucas, as it's his father's middle name, and we wanted to honor their relationship, especially since his love for me almost drove them apart.

"He's beautiful," Liam says as we watch him sleep. "Just like his mother. And he's the first of many."

Having a baby changed me in ways I didn't know possible. I'm excited to go home from work, to see both Liam and Lucas. They're perfect. Life is perfect...well, almost. I have my own struggles too, especially because I never really got my pre-pregnancy body back.

"What are you doing?"

Liam catches me looking at my stretch marks and thicker thighs. Blush blooms in my cheeks and I look away. He notices and raises my face to his. "What's going on, princess? Tell me."

"Do you still find me attractive? I know I gained a few pounds, but—"

"Of course. You're the sexiest, hottest, most beautiful in the world."

"Don't lie to me, Liam."

“I’m not. If you can see what I see every day when I look at you, you’ll understand. I love your curves. I love how I can be rougher with you in bed, knowing you won’t break in my hands. You’re perfect, princess. Always have been.”

Tears spring to my eyes, and I kiss him lightly.

“I love you,” I tell him.

“And I love you,” he murmurs back. He nips on my earlobe and whispers, “By the way, I need to tell you something.”

I stop, suddenly anxious. “What’s that?”

“We’ll get a nanny so you can go back to school,” he tells me and he laughs at the visible relief on my face. “And I’ll stay home more.”

“You’ll take time off work to take care of Lucas?” I ask in surprise.

He frowns.

“Why is that a surprise?” he asks me.

“Because you’re married to your job.”

“No, little girl, I’m married to you,” he tells me before kissing my forehead.

And this is why I love him. Well, it’s one of the reasons, anyway. He always puts me first and always does things as a team. He’s sensitive to my needs, even those I don’t directly say to him, and so in tune with my moods.

“I love you,” he says, tipping up my chin and claiming my lips.

“I love you, too,” I say when he pulls away.

This. This is my happily ever after.

# **EXTENDED EPILOGUE**



I was never really fond of children until I had my own.

Lucy, Lilah, and Lyle—my two-year-old triplets—run around the living room in circles as we all wait for their mother to get home. I usually work at home while Lily is doing fieldwork.

“Mr. Lewis?” Alice, the nanny, calls to me from behind.

“Hmm?” I ask, turning to look at her. “Yes?”

“I’m leaving.” I look at my watch. It’s 5 p.m., time for her to head home.

“You called a cab?” I ask. Her boyfriend is usually the one to pick her up, but I don’t hear his loud car outside.

“Yes,” she says with a sharp nod.

“Alright. Well, I’ll see you tomorrow morning,” I tell her. At that exact moment, Lily walks into the room. I hadn’t realized that she was back, but the garage is on the other side of the house and her car is fairly quiet.

“Afternoon, Mrs. Lewis,” Alice says. “I’m heading out. Bye.”

“Bye,” we both say at the same time, just as the triplets rush over to their mother, hugging her legs. She rubs their heads lovingly.

“Where’s Lucas?” she asks.

“In his room. Drawing, I think.”

“Is he drawing on his walls again?” she asks in a stressed voice.

“It’s not the end of the world if he is.”

She nods her head. “You’re right. It isn’t.”

We sit on the couch together, and Lyle clambers onto his mother’s lap while my daughters sit on either one of my knees. I want to call Lucas, but I don’t want to disturb him. Luckily, he comes outside with a drawing in hand.

“Were you drawing on your walls again?” Lily asks him.

He shakes his head. “No, Mom,” he tells her.

“Good.”

“I drew us,” he says to her, holding up a piece of paper to show us a drawing of our family. It’s Lily and me, with me holding two small children in pink, and Lily holding one in blue, while another child, presumably Lucas, stands between us.

“Aww,” Lily says in her beautiful, high-pitched voice. “I love it, Lucas!” she tells him, and he beams at her.

Lucas takes his place beside his mother so we can watch TV together. We settle on *SpongeBob*, his favorite show.

As we watch the episode about the Alaskan Bull Worm, Lucas keels over on the couch laughing. His laughter is infectious, and the toddlers start laughing, too. Lily is just smiling in contentment. The sound of my children laughing is melodious, like a symphony of joy, and it brings me great happiness to see my children and wife so happy.

I think my family is absolutely beautiful. It’s honestly the best a man can hope for. After all my years of living a life of isolation, I’ve finally found my tribe, the people who complete me.

I’ve found my peace.

*The End.* Thanks for reading!

Did you know you can get free books from time to time by signing up for my mailing list? Just click the link below to

sign up so you'll be the first to know about new releases and  
get the next free book when it's ready...

[www.subscribepage.com/lenalittle](http://www.subscribepage.com/lenalittle)

## **ALSO BY LENA LITTLE**

### **Yes Daddy Series**

Book 1: Daddy Next Door

Book 2: Bossy Daddy

Book 3: Paying Daddy's Debt

Book 4: Daddy's Halloween

Book 5: Daddy's Italian Friend

Book 6: Russian Teacher

Book 7: Daddy's Housekeeper

Book 8: Possessive Daddy

Book 9: Protective Daddy

Book 10: Daddy's Destiny

Book 11: Dear Daddy

Book 12: Russian Doctor Daddy

Book 13: Daddy's Christmas

Book 14: Italian Mafia Stalker

Book 15: Daddy's Friend

Book 16: Possessive Policeman

Book 17: The Debt Collector

Book 18: Her Hitman

Book 19: The Goalie's Girl

Book 20: Hitman's Target

Book 21: Daddy's Secret

Book 22: Stepbrother Daddy

Book 23: Daddy For A Day

Book 24: Stepbrother Daddy's Christmas Eve

Book 25: Guardian Daddy

Book 26: Terror of Tuscany

Book 27: My Irish Stepbrother

Book 28: Valentine's Day Daddy

Book 29: Stepbrother Firefighter

Book 30: Paying My Daddy's Debt

Book 31: Texting The CEO

Book 32: Defending Daddy

Book 33: Easter Daddy

### **A Possessive Man Series**

Book 1: Jealous

Book 2: Possessive

Book 3: Stalker

Book 4: Discipline

Book 5: Obsession

Book 6: Control

Book 7: Motorcycle Man

Book 8: Possessive Puppy

Book 9: Possessive Mechanic

Book 10: Lawyer

Book 11: Nanny For The Italian Mafia

Book 12: The Italian

Book 13: Butcher of Belfast

Book 14: Addiction

Book 15: Psycho Professor

Book 16: Principal Obsession

Book 17: Psycho Cop

Book 18: Possessive Pitcher

Book 19: Possessive Surgeon

### **Dad's Best Friend**

Book 1: Dad's Policeman Friend

Book 2: Dad's Italian Mafia Friend

Book 3: Dad's Blacksmith Friend

Book 4: Thanksgiving With Dad's Best Friend

Book 5: Dad's Doctor Friend

Book 6: Christmas Eve With Dad's Best Friend

Book 7: Dad's Jealous Friend

Book 8: Dad's Russian Friend

Book 9: Dad's Navy SEAL Friend

Book 10: Dad's Cop Friend

Book 11: Halloween With Dad's Ex-Best Friend

Book 12: Baby For Dad's Best Friend

Book 13: Dad's Mafia Secret

### **Her Bad Boy**

Book 1: Opposites Attract

### **Jealous Psycho**

Book 1: Jealous Cop

Book 2: Jealous Fighter

Book 3: [Jealous Firefighter](#)

Book 4: [Jealous Protector](#)

Book 5: [Jealous Boss](#)

Book 6: [Jealous Lawyer](#)

Book 7: [Jealous Italian](#)

Book 8: [Jealous Detective](#)

Book 9: [Jealous Savage](#)

Book 10: [Jealous Serial Killer](#)

Book 11: [Jealous Stepbrother](#)

### **Claimed**

Book 1: [Claimed](#)

Book 2: [Her Protector](#)

Book 3: [Protective Cop](#)

Book 4: [Security](#)

Book 5: [Protective Artist](#)

Book 6: [Hot Cop](#)

Book 7: [Claimed By My Stalker](#)

Book 8: [Claimed By The Convict](#)

### **Her Mafia Man**

Book 1: [Baby For The Mafia](#)

Book 2: [Paying Dad's Italian Debt](#)

### **A MMF Ménage Romance**

Book 1: [Her Two Doctors](#)