



*Enticing*  
**THE SCROODGE**

j e s s a k a n e

# ENTICING THE SCROOGE

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CHAPTER  
**ONE**

Edison

“GODDAMN MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER FOR THIS,” I growl.

My footsteps pound down the hallway of the east wing of my home. Another set of steps scurries along behind me, belonging to my bespectacled assistant, Ben. As we reach the staircase leading down to the main floor—and ballroom—the sound of string music reaches my ears and I cringe at the familiar Christmas tune.

“Not only do I have to deal with people in my house, I have to spend the evening listening to *this?*” I direct this over my shoulder at Ben who clutches his clipboard a little bit tighter, a sweat breaking out on his upper lip. “Already, I can’t wait for this night to be over.”

“I hear you, sir,” Ben returns nervously. “It is a rather tedious tradition.” He hesitates—and then, God help me, something like joy dances behind his glasses. “But wouldn’t it be wonderful if you found your bride among the women we’ve invited here tonight? Oh, can you just imagine a spring wedding—”

“No. As a matter of fact, I *won’t* find it wonderful whatsoever. My great-grandfather Ebenezer made it a stipulation in his will that his male heirs will not see a dime of their inheritance unless they marry. My grandfather and father have both carried on that tradition to honor his memory or I would not be entertaining half the town tonight in hopes of

finding one decent woman among them to call my wife.” I shake my head over that infuriating word. *Wife*. “Mark my words, this tradition ends with me. I won’t put my future heir through this.”

“Good of you, sir,” Ben says, though he’s clearly disappointed. “Though maybe you will be surprised tonight. There are more than a few women downstairs worthy of carrying on the Scrooge name. Every God-fearing woman of marriageable age that I could find.”

I sigh, grinding the heel of my hand into my eye socket. “Yes. Good. I don’t intend to spend a lot of time with this wife, but if I must attach myself to someone, she might as well be an upstanding member of society. It will be best for business.”

“Well said, sir.”

I roll my eyes at Ben and begin my descent to the lower floor, the Christmas music growing louder with every step. The ballroom comes into view, and I must admit, my housekeeper, Marla, did a good job of making my cold house look warm and inviting. Fresh pine garland hangs from the ceiling, candles flicker from the surfaces of strategically placed table, Christmas lights are wrapped around posts and banisters.

Wouldn’t my great-grandfather be so pleased?

“That makes one of us,” I mutter, striding into the room, already scanning the women in the room, highly doubtful that one of them is going to catch my eye. Why am I doing this in the first place? I’m already a millionaire many times over and if the real estate business continues to boom, I’ll be swapping that M for a B in the next decade.

Technically, I don’t *need* to marry, but apparently, I have a sliver of a conscience. And it won’t allow me to give up the fortune that the men in my family worked so hard to maintain. As a man who values business and money above all things, I simply can’t allow it to be transferred to the bank, which is what will happen if I don’t find a bride by Christmas.

My entrance has caused the festivities to grind to a halt, everyone staring at me, the man who seldom leaves his home. Why would I? My office is located upstairs, and I have a housekeeper to stock my fridge. If I left the house during the day, I would have to associate with *people*. Good God, I'm already bored just thinking about it.

Roughly half of the guests tonight are women and a lot of them are smiling at me, tossing their hair, a few of them even sending me a wave. I barely resist the urge to return upstairs without delay and get back to work. When I need sexual release, I have my car brought around and I drive a few towns down the interstate to a club where nobody knows my name. It's the kind of seedy establishment where it's understood that phone numbers won't be exchanged and the encounter is a one-time thing. I get myself off quickly with a willing woman in one of the rentable rooms and return home without delay.

That establishment has seen the last of me, however. Because I'm being railroaded by a bunch of dead male relatives into saddling myself with an unwanted woman. Putting a ring on a stranger's finger and producing children to carry on the family name. I suppose *someone* must find these female party guests attractive, but it isn't me. They are lackluster and boring and predictable. To be fair, I've never lost my head over a woman. Not once.

It's just not possible.

I'm the opposite of a romantic.

The only thing capable of making my heart race is a good business deal.

I pluck a glass of champagne off a passing tray, down it in one gulp and hand the empty glass to Ben without looking. I'll have to start making the rounds soon, considering candidates to take my last name. Where to start, though? "Which one of these women would you say is most respected in the community?"

Ben launches into a spiel about someone named Jordina who organizes the church bake sale every year and boasts an impeccable pedigree, but his words turn muffled and fade into

nothing when a young woman passes by the ballroom window. She's outside in the cold, her hair in long, chestnut tangles, her nose red from the low temperature.

Our eyes meet through the glass for only a split second...

And the floor drops out from under me.

I'm in a complete free fall, my heart catapulting up into my mouth.

"Who...who is she..." I shoulder my way past Ben, this horrible fear crystalizing in my blood that I won't get outside in time to find her. That she'll get into a car or sucked up into a void before I manage to get outside. But when I throw open the heavy, double front doors of my house, there she is. Standing on my porch.

Begging.

She's a *beggar*.

If her tattered attire didn't make that obvious, the bowler hat filled with coins and dollar bills would. My sliver of a conscience is making itself known right now, condemning me for noticing the high mounds of her tits, the fullness of her mouth, the lushness of her hips. She is utterly beautiful underneath the layer of street filth. She devastates me just by existing. And I can't seem to form a single word. I can only stare at her in reverence.

Whoever sent this girl out into the cold is going to pay dearly.

"For the children," she whispers in a soft voice. "Could you spare some change for the chil..." She lists to one side, her eyes turning glassy. "S-sorry, sir..."

And then she drops like a stone.

"*No!*" I roar, lunging forward to catch her before she hits the ground.

Her hat full of coins and singles overturns, scattering in every direction, the dollar bills blowing away in the wind. She hears her collections hitting the stone of my doorstep and it rouses her. She tries to twist away, obviously to retrieve the

hard-won money. “Oh no, the children need it. They won’t eat \_\_\_”

“Ben!” I hold fast to the girl, tossing her up into my arms and desperately trying to warm her against my chest. My assistant appears to my right, fumbling his clipboard. “Gather her money back into the hat and put it somewhere safe.”

The tension drains out of the girl and she goes limp as spaghetti in my arms.

Panic twists in my throat like a blade.

“Someone getting me a fucking blanket,” I rasp, stumbling away from the draft entering through the open front door, using my back to block her from the cold. Now that I’m further into the light, I can see her too-pale cheeks, her blue lips, the little veins in her eyelids. My stomach sinks to the bottom of a lake. *Who did this?* Who would send this fragile girl out begging? She can’t be more than eighteen.

Voices swell around me and I realize the party guests have filtered out of the ballroom, taking their turns craning their necks to see into the foyer. Men and women alike. No. No, I don’t want them looking at her. *I don’t want anyone looking at her.*

“Forget the blanket, I’ll warm her upstairs,” I say, mostly to myself, tucking her protectively to my chest and hastening toward the staircase. “Call the doctor and prepare her something to eat. Immediately!”

Time feels like it is standing still as I stride to my bedroom, urgency rattling my bones. She is still limp. If it wasn’t for the faint pulse fluttering at the base of her neck, I would fear her dead. I’m bouncing back and forth between rage and helplessness, my world upended. She is too light in my arms. She hasn’t been properly cared for. I want to light the fucking roof on fire.

As soon as we’re inside my bedroom, I lay her down gently on the foot of the bed, tearing down the heavy covers while my heart beats heavily in my ears. Picking her up again, I settle her on my sheets and cover her in the bedclothes. Not



enough. Nothing is going to be enough. I cross the bedroom, turn the key in the fireplace and bring the flames roaring to life.

Going on instinct, I strip down. Body heat.

I'll give her my body heat.

*You'll give her everything*, whispers a voice in the back of my head.

It alarms me.

What the hell is happening here? What changes are taking place inside of me?

In the space of five minutes, I've gone from calm and collected to a savage protector. So be it, though. I can't do anything but obey the orders of my body, my...heart.

Wearing nothing but my briefs now, I'm on my way to climbing into bed with the girl when there is a hesitant knock on the door. "Sir?"

It's Ben.

"What?" I snap. "Did you call the doctor? She is frozen solid."

"I did, sir. He will be here as soon as possible. But there is something important I feel I must speak to you about."

"Fuck," I grit through my teeth. Of course, I want to ignore Ben and warm the girl, but he wouldn't be interrupting me if the news wasn't extremely important. It's not his way. Maybe this thing he needs to tell me will give me some clue to her identity.

Her life before she met me.

There is only *after* now.

"What is it?" I ask, ripping open the door.

My assistant is momentarily taken aback by my lack of clothing, but he recovers quickly. "I'm sorry to interrupt, sir, but the women downstairs have passed on some delicate information about our unexpected guest." He nods toward the

slight form buried beneath my comforter. “Her name is Blessing Wakefield. The women claim she is a thief who steals from the church. They say she is a liar, an opportunist and...”

“And what?”

“They tell me it can’t possibly be a coincidence that she showed up on the same night you were looking for a bride.”

When those words finally penetrate, my first instinct is to deny them. Bullshit this girl is a liar or an opportunist. One glance at her and I knew she was the purest angel.

Unless...

Am I being duped? For the first time in my life?

I’ve never experienced this chaos in my chest before. Is it the work of a con woman?

I’ve never seen her in town before, yet she shows up on my doorstep while I am in the process of selecting a bride. Moving from the streets to the biggest house in town would be a trade up for her. A trade up for anyone. Am I being played for a fool?

“There’s only one way to find out,” I mutter, kicking the door shut.

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CHAPTER  
**TWO**

Blessing

*OPEN YOUR EYES. You have to get up.*

I left the children at the orphanage without anything to eat, save a few scraps of week-old bread. My plan was to beg as long as possible, until I had enough to fill their bellies through Christmas, but I wasn't expecting the temperature drop. One of the youngest kids is using my coat as a blanket, so I couldn't bring it with me and...

Where am I?

All I remember is passing the huge estate on the edge of town, the interior lit up in a beautiful glow. I saw a man inside—a hard, mean man—but something told me he could help. The last thing I remember is him opening the door and shouting. My money...I must make sure no one takes the money. I have no other way to buy food.

I start to rouse myself, but the warmth of the bedding makes my movements lethargic. It has been so long since I was this warm. This comfortable. Lordy, these sheets must be woven from the finest of cotton. It's glorious against my skin and I can't help but moan.

"The angel wakes," says a deep yet dry voice somewhere in the room.

Briefly, some cool air meets my exposed thighs and then I'm warm again.

Much warmer.

Because I'm being hauled up against a body.

A *male* body.

My brain is urging me to fight off the uninvited attention—where am I? Who is this?—but then I'm pressed up against the heat of his chest and I whimper, burrowing closer. I was wrong before. *This* is the warmest I've been in a long time. He produces heat like an oven and my chilled bones rejoice the closer I get to him.

“Would you like me to get on top of you?” murmurs the deep, unknown voice.

Maybe I'm dreaming.

Yes, I must be.

There are some very kind people in this town who donate regularly to the orphanage, but none of them would bring me into their beds like this. Maybe I'm in the final stages of hypothermia, delirious and sinking into oblivion. If so, I must fight against it. There is no one else to care for the kids. Only me. The money I spilled...I need to retrieve it. I need to reach the market before it closes for the night or they'll go hungry again.

“Please, I have to get up...” I slur, my limbs refusing to cooperate.

“Right now, you only need to get warm.” A weight presses down on top of me and I make a hoarse, urgent sound, opening my legs so it...he can get closer. Goodness. This man is thick and heavy and warm, smelling of woodsy aftershave. He pushes me down deep into the mattress and I lift my knees around his waist, wrapping myself around him involuntarily, desperately trying to soak up his heat. Oh, it has been so long since I wasn't freezing.

Wait, though. Wait. The moments are moving too quickly.

I'm in a strange man's bed. He's on top of me.

*What are you doing, Blessing?*

“Who...who are you?” I manage into his neck.

His chuckle is darker than I expected. At odds with his welcoming touch. “I wonder if perhaps you know exactly who I am, angel.”

I search my foggy memory bank. Even my thoughts are slower than usual. How long has it been since I ate anything? Days? “I...are you the man who lives in the big house?” I whisper.

Do I sense disappointment from him or is that my imagination? “Yes, I’m Edison Scrooge, the man who lives in the big house. But you knew exactly who you were coming here to meet tonight, didn’t you?”

Confusion muddles my thoughts even further, like trying to see through a blizzard. “I don’t know what you mean,” I say breathlessly, my hands tracing up and down his back, taking the chill from my palms. “I was collecting money to feed the children...and...and now I’m here...”

“Oh, is that right?” His skepticism is obvious, but his mouth is open and breathing hard against my neck. He tastes me with his tongue and groans. “You are really trying to sell this innocent beggar persona, aren’t you? Drop the act, angel. I know the truth.”

Now, I’m so confused, I can barely make sense of what he’s saying. “What truth?”

Slowly, his hands wind up the hem of my dress. The garment was already around my thighs, but he rucks it up to my hips now, eliminating one of the barriers between our private parts. Now there is only my thin panties and his underwear and oh...

*Oh, my goodness.*

What is that?

Something big and heavy and *long* presses to the valley of my sex and slowly, slowly, grinds down, an extended groan ripping up the man’s throat.

Edison.

I'm beneath Edison Scrooge.

The richest man in town—and the least generous, by all accounts.

“Tell me your secret out loud,” he cajoles in my ear, his lower body starting to move in measured rolls that seem to make his shaft stiffen more and more, his hands capturing my wrists and imprisoning them on either side of my head. “Tell me you came here to trick me into making you my wife.”

“Your *what?*” Now I'm waking up. “I'm only eighteen, sir. And I have no plans to marry. I was simply passing by, hoping for some kindness so I could afford to feed the children at the orphanage—”

His derisive snort cuts me off. “The children at the orphanage. Listen to you. How could you expect anyone to believe such a cliché sob story?” He drags his tongue up the side of my neck again, breathing hard into my hair. “You came here to entice me—and it fucking worked. I'm going to take care of you from now on. I don't give a damn what anyone has to say about you—they've said much worse about me. But I need you to be honest now, Blessing. You're not going to make a fool out of me.”

Pressure starts to build in my throat, prickles sprouting behind my eyes. “I truly don't know what you're talking about, sir.”

“*Edison*, baby. Get used to saying my name.”

For some strange reason, I do want to hear his name roll off my tongue. Perhaps because...despite his confusing accusations, he is the strongest, most handsome man I've ever seen up close. His close-cropped beard is well groomed, hugging the square curve of his jaw. Even in the dark, I can tell his eyes are light hazel, such a delicate color. They are at odds with the rest of him, which is far from delicate. He's robust and muscular and...and...that part of him rubbing between my thighs is beginning to feel good.

*Really* good.

“Edison,” I whisper, that single word causing a languidness to unlock in my tummy.

His thumbs dig into the smalls of my imprisoned wrists. “That’s a good angel.”

My breath hitches in embarrassment when I start to notice a spreading dampness on the crotch of my underwear. Does he feel it, too? I hope not. It can’t be normal. I need to get out of this bed before he notices my unusual situation. I really should go. But he curses into my neck and bucks his hips harder this time and an encouraging gasp sneaks out of me. Before I can stop myself, I’m lifting my hips, begging silently for him to grind me back down into the mattress—and he does. Aggressively.

“See, you’re trying to play a virtuous virgin, but your body shows signs of experience.”

“I have no experience.”

“Liar.” He settles his forehead on mine and gazes down on me, his face flushed, eyes almost black now with what can only be male arousal. “A beauty like you couldn’t walk two blocks in public and stay pure. A man would break. A man would steal that cherry, damn the consequences.”

My confusion only deepens. “My what?”

“Your virginity,” he enunciates.

“I...yes,” I stammer. “I’m a virgin.”

“Impossible.” He releases one of my wrists, trailing his knuckles down the side of my breast, my ribcage and hip. He shifts his hips to one side and begins to yank down my underwear, his breath turning shallow. “Are you going to make me prove you’re lying or are you going to start being real with me?”

“I fear you’ve mistaken me for someone else, Edison—”

“You could never be mistaken for anyone else,” he rasps, his attention falling to the juncture of my thighs. To my sex. His hips keep my right knee pinned open, so there is nothing I can do to shield myself. He’s seeing my naked flesh. The

wetness. There's nothing I can do to stop it—and I'm not sure I want to. Not when he's visibly overcome by the sight of me.

He likes what he sees. A lot.

And I'm powerless to stop a fresh surge of moisture from coating me there.

“Lord have mercy,” he chokes out. “That’s a hot little cunt.”

His words are unfamiliar to me, but something inside of me likes them. His obvious crudeness makes me shudder with excitement, even though I don't know what he's saying. I think he means he likes my sex. And I...can't help *wanting* him to like it. I can't help tilting my hips and letting my left thigh drop wider, his answering groan giving me goosebumps.

“Listen here, little girl.” He trails his right thumb down the seam of my flesh, his left hand still manacled my wrist on the pillow. “This is your last chance to take responsibility for coming here under the pretense of begging on behalf of some orphans, when your real motive was to land a rich husband.”

“I wouldn't do that,” I protest. “How would I even know you were looking for a wife?”

His thumb parts my wet core and teases me with a knuckle, fondling a spot that makes my hips wrench up off the bed, the breath fleeing from my lungs. While I'm reeling from the foreign sensations, he speaks to me in a hard voice. “Maybe you heard gossip about it at the church while you were stealing.”

Reality hits me at once.

Stealing. The church.

All the women downstairs in their evening gowns.

He's been fed those lies about me—and he believes them.

Unexpectedly, his doubt regarding my character hurts. How can this man touch me so knowingly, yet condemn me at the same time? He's the first man to touch me intimately and he believes me a thief? I've never stolen anything in my life. I've only made the mistake of being in the wrong place at the



wrong time. I was begging on the steps of the church one afternoon when the collection plate went missing, but I would *never* take money that wasn't freely given. "I've never stolen a thing, Edison," I say, begging him to look at me, to see the truth of my words. "Won't you believe me?"

There is conflict in his expression. He wants to trust me, but the skepticism wins. "Very well. You want me to prove you a liar?" His touch travels lower, to the breach of my body, his middle finger nudging gently inside of me. "You want me to prove you're not some innocent do-gooder who accidentally happened to pass out on my doorstep?"

"Yes," I whisper. I'm not sure why.

Maybe I want to break through to him. Maybe I just want to be believed. Trusted. I don't know, but I bite down hard on my bottom lip and try not to cry out when he pushes that thick digit deep into my body. His confidence slips almost immediately, a furrow forming between his brows. But he doesn't stop. My channel stretches to allow his finger deeper and it's definitely on the verge of hurting...hurting...

There's a light tear inside of me and pain blooms in my abdomen.

Not *all* bad pain. Some of it is the sharp anticipation of what's to come next.

Pain of...need, I think. Perhaps lust?

But the edges are jagged with inexperience, the ache of being invaded for the first time.

I cry out at the discomfort and Edison pulls his finger out of me quicky, holding it up to the light to reveal the red proof of my innocence. "No." His chest starts to puff up and down wildly. "Blessing. *No*. Oh God. What have I done?"

I'm unprepared for the indignation that bombards me. It's swift and righteous.

*Finally.*

I've been the subject of false accusations before and now that I've been vindicated, even if it came at a steep cost, I feel

almost...powerful. Too powerful to let this man continue touching me. I don't care how broken he looks now that I've proven myself to be honest.

Tears crowd tightly behind my eyes and I yank my wrist free, bounding out of the bed.

"Come back here, angel," Edison begs raggedly, cradling his bloody finger to his chest like a prized possession. "Please lie back down and let this bastard beg for forgiveness."

"I never want to see you again," I sniff, pulling up my panties and running out of the room. A man with a doctor's bag walks side by side with a man in spectacles. They regard me knowingly, obviously making assumptions about what I did with Edison in that bedroom.

"Blessing!" Edison roars in the doorway behind me, while jerking his pants up and engaging the zipper. "Do not leave this house. You live here now. You live with *me*."

"Never," I say, trying to pass by the two men in my path.

"Don't let her by," Edison commands, beginning to storm toward me. "But so help me God, if either of you lays a finger on her, *I will snap them off one by one*."

He's going to catch me.

The unholy fire in his eyes says he's never going to let me go.

If I'm being honest with myself, there is a part of me that wants back into his arms, to surround myself once again in all that warmth and protectiveness. But the betrayal, the fresh accusations, the test of my innocence are too fresh.

Thinking fast, I kick the spectacled man in the shin. "Sorry," I squeak when he doubles over. And I vault past him, sprinting at top speed down the hallway. On my way out the door, I pick up the hat full of money, wrap my arms around it protectively and exit the mansion as fast as my legs will carry me. Into the cold.

When I glance back once, I see the women from the church watching me leave from the windows. They are the

ones who told Edison lies about me. Will one of them be his bride?

I shouldn't care. I shouldn't give it another thought, so why does the possibility of Edison marrying another cause tears to burst from my eyes? There is no time to examine my complicated emotions now. I turn and continue to run determinedly into the night, resigning myself to the fact that I'll never see Edison again in my life.

Although his anguished roar of my name from the doorstep of his home does cause me to wonder if I'm wrong...

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CHAPTER  
**THREE**

Edison

THERE IS no word to describe my rage.

I have done this. In the space of an hour, I have found and lost the greatest treasure of my life. How? *How did this happen?*

Blessing vanishes into the night and the world crumbles around me. She has ripped out my soul and drags it behind her now through the snow. I am empty. And I am boiling. *I will find her.* Blessing will become my wife or time and space will cease to have meaning.

Cold air blasts me in the face, but my misery is too vast and I feel none of it. I can only think of her delicate skin out there without a coat. Without my arms around her. I can feel only her fragile body beneath mine and her earnest pleas to believe the truth. Her truth.

My fists turn into mallets and I bury one of them in the foyer wall, plaster and dust flying everywhere. Gasps and whispers abound around me, but I don't give a shit.

My ire needs an outlet.

I turn my head and lock eyes with a pale Ben. "Who told you she stole from the church?" When he doesn't answer right away, I grab him by the lapels of his jacket and shake him. "Who the fuck was it?"

Slowly, without taking his eyes off mine, he points to a group of women.

Three of them. Huddled together with matching expressions of dread.

“You vipers will get the fuck out of my house. *All* of you will.” I let my assistant drop into a heap and approach the women in measured steps. “But if you tell me where to find Blessing, I might decide not to evict each of you from your homes. Of which I am the landlord, if you’ll recall. I own most of the property in this town, but you already knew that.” My temples are ringing with irritation. Denial. Worry. *Where is Blessing?* “That’s why you’re here angling for a proposal.”

One of them gasps. “You wouldn’t evict us. At Christmastime?”

“You’ve deprived me of my angel. I didn’t even have a chance to *feed* her. Watch me.”

Another one of the women looks worried. Maybe she has half of a brain cell. “Blessing is an orphan. When the caretaker of the orphanage died a few years ago, Blessing took over the responsibilities.”

Jesus, everything she told me was the truth. I didn’t believe her.

I am just as bad—no, worse—than these women.

“She’s been running an orphanage since...since she was *fifteen?*”

“Didn’t have much of a choice, I suppose,” one of them says, shrugging. “It’s just past the southern border of town. Half a mile from the church.”

“She passes by on foot every day,” sniffs the third woman. “I stand by my belief that she snuck into the church and took the offering a few months ago. Who else would have done it? She needs it more than anyone with all of those mouths to feed.”

“She didn’t take a dime,” I growl, digging my fingertips into the palms of my hands to keep from ripping my hair out

by the roots. “But if she did, she would have deserved it. The money should have been given to her freely. Isn’t that what a church is supposed to do? Help the less fortunate...”

As these words come out of my mouth, I realize I am an utter hypocrite.

I have the deepest bank account in town and beyond. And I’ve done nothing to help the less fortunate, have I? Not a damn thing. Is this the lesson my great-grandfather Ebenezer learned all those decades ago?

Money has no value without love.

Without her.

My cynicism wouldn’t allow me to believe such a selfless, innocent creature could exist and now I might pay the ultimate price for it. Can I change enough, do enough, to win her back? To make up for my inexcusable behavior in my bedroom?

To make her give me a second chance?

I don’t deserve her. If I was Blessing, I would never speak to me again, either.

My chest feels like broken glass as I stumble from the room. “*Get out. Everyone out.*”

The sound of my footsteps carrying me up to my bedroom is drowned out by the stampede of guests toward the door. My assistant follows me muttering apologies, but I can only shake my head and demand to be left alone. I enter my bedroom and immediately, the scent of our mutual arousal hits the back of my throat. I’m ashamed how fast my cock turns rock hard. It’s inexcusable. But my body has found its mate. I can hear her whimpering and wrapping her legs around my hips, so trusting and curious about my dick.

I’m already unzipping my pants as I stumble to the bed, groaning when I see the red droplets of her virgin blood in the middle of my fitted sheet.

I position my hips over the spot and drop down, rubbing my cock vigorously against the wetness. Closing my eyes, I imagine it’s the stranglehold of her pussy, untouched and yet

so ready to be fucked. “Did my angel soak herself?” I grunt, pumping roughly on top of the blood stain, remembering the wonder in her eyes when my cock swelled more and more, parting the lips of her young cunt through her panties. “I know you want to make it easier for Daddy, because you’re such a good girl.”

Oh God, I’ve never spoken like this to anyone.

Never even fantasized in this way. Is it wrong?

I don’t know. I’m not the man I was an hour ago. I’m grinding my cock on a blood stain and picturing all the ways I’m going to spoil Blessing. New clothes. Bubble baths. Decadent desserts. I’ll feed her bites of chocolate while she bounces on my big dick.

Then I’ll fill every remaining corner of her with my seed.

“I know you’re only eighteen, baby, but it’s time to become a mother. I’m sorry, but it can’t wait. Let me deeper.” My hand shoots out, gripping and twisting the pillow, my oxygen supply running low, my balls heavier than lead. “*Deeper,*” I shout, my hips slamming into the mattress so hard, the bedframe is creaking. Sweat drips down my spine. The tight pocket of her pussy starts to pulse around me and my body shakes, shudders, prepares for a climax—

But no.

Hell no.

I don’t deserve it.

I don’t deserve to spill a drop after what I’ve done.

The only thing I’m worthy of is purgatory, so that’s where I leave myself. Under the strain of imminent release. I collapse onto the mattress and bellow my pain into the fitted sheet, my cock and balls in pure agony. I force myself to stop rutting my hips in a search for friction and I live inside hell. I force myself to exist without her.

And I lay awake all night planning how I’ll win her back.

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CHAPTER  
**FOUR**

Blessing

I SWING the hammer down on the radiator, trying to kick it into higher gear. It's so cold in the house that the kids can't even get out of bed. Everyone is huddled in their threadbare blankets, breath visible in the frigid air, but the radiator sputters and continues to pump out minimal heat. Ten minutes later, I'm shivering as I make breakfast for everyone, which consists of watered-down oatmeal, a couple of raisins sprinkled on top of each bowl.

"Thank you, Blessing," says Thomas, a nine-year-old boy who has been with us so long, I think of him as my little brother. "What are *you* going to eat?"

I ruffle his blond hair. "You're a growing boy! Don't worry about me."

He looks down at his oatmeal eagerly but makes no move to pick up the spoon. "We all worry about you." A beat passes. "You look really tired lately."

"Me?" I try to act surprised, but I'm not. I saw my reflection in the mirror this morning and barely recognized the exhausted girl staring back at me. "I'm just fine. Don't think about anything but getting stronger. You're going to try out for the hockey team in January, aren't you?"

He ducks his head and smiles, obviously pleased I remember. "Yeah."



“I can’t wait to attend a game.” I poke him playfully in the belly. “Better get eating.”

“Okay, Blessing,” he says reluctantly, finally digging into his oatmeal.

I manage to maintain my smile until I’m out of Thomas’s room, but it vanishes when I turn into the hallway, my hunger pains reaching a fever pitch. I stumble into the wall, unsure if I’m shivering from the cold any longer...or if it’s fear. How much longer can I keep these children fed? Can I care for them if I can’t even feed or clothe myself?

For a brief moment, I allow myself to imagine the immense warmth I experienced in Edison’s bed last night. I recall the tantalizing scent of food that hung in the air throughout his house, no doubt emanating from his party. What if I went there now and asked for his help? He called for me last night as I ran away. Maybe he cares about me...a little? Would he help us?

No.

No, before he put his finger inside of me, I swore a bond was in place between us, formed quickly and wildly in one glance. One touch. But I must have been wrong.

Those kinds of things don’t happen. Especially to a destitute orphan.

A bell rings from upstairs. It’s Cassie. She has a sprained ankle and can’t come down to prepare her own food, so I need to bring it up to her. Despite my exhaustion, I spur myself into action, scooping oatmeal into a bowl, fretting over the lack of raisins—

A sound of a car engine roaring to a stop outside of the orphanage makes me freeze.

The only people who ever come here are social workers and we’re not due a visit. Pretty much the entire world has stopped working for the remainder of the year, since Christmas is three days away.

Who could that be?

I set down the spoon carefully and cross the creaking floor to the front door, peering out warily. We are one young adult and a house of children. It never escapes me for a moment that we're unsafe. That we could be a target for predators, so I keep the latch engaged while peeking into the deserted street in front of the orphanage.

My pulse goes haywire when I see who is approaching.

In an impeccable blue suit, snow-white shirt and gold watch...it's Edison Scrooge.

"Oh, my goodness," I breathe, backing away from the door.

I'm alarmed when my loins throb, my nipples waking up against the front of my nightshirt. What is he doing here? I suppose it wouldn't have been difficult to find me after I mentioned the orphanage last night, but why has he come?

At six o'clock in the morning, to boot?

When Edison knocks, my hand flies to my throat, mouth drying up.

"Blessing." He knocks again. "Angel, are you in there?"

My body begins to cry out for his heat, almost like it knows he's the ultimate source of comfort. Even though he hurt me. Even though he's cruel and didn't believe me. I shouldn't answer the door. I meant it when I said I never wanted to speak with him again. But my body betrays me, shivering, aching to be back in his arms. And in the end, my body wins.

Disappointed in myself, I unlock the door and ease it open, staring up, up, up at the harshly beautiful man who took my virginity with his middle finger last night. He's so tall—and *broad*—I must have been too delirious to notice last night.

"Angel," he breathes, sounded winded, taking an eager step toward me.

I lunge backward out of his reach, crossing my arms over my middle protectively.

“Who is there?” comes a chorus of voices from all over the house, boys and girls, young and old. “*Blessssssiiiiing.*”

I’m horrified when my eyes fill up with tears. It’s at this very moment that the overwhelming responsibility that has been placed on my shoulders increases to an unbearable weight. “There is no money. There is no food. I don’t know what to do,” I hiccup to this man I should hate. “Everyone is counting on me.”

“Now you’re counting on *me.*” His big chest dips and rises. “I won’t let you down again.”

I’m uncertain what to do, how to feel about him, so I simply stand there as Edison circles the room, his face transforming with more and more denial. “This is where you’ve been living?” he says thickly, his face losing color as the low temperature registers. “It had to be one of the only buildings in town that I *don’t* own. I would never allow such poor conditions.” He clears his throat, visibly pulling himself together. “Who is the landlord?”

“Art McTavish.”

He nods for a moment, then turns and wrenches the front door back open. Briefly, I see a man standing outside before Edison’s body blocks him from view. “Ben, go buy enough food to feed a fucking army. Bring it back here right away. While you’re at it, track down Art McTavish and tell him I would like a word.”

“Yes, sir.”

The door closes again. He stares at me. I stare back, trying not to let my lip quiver.

“This is inexcusable. There will be heat by nightfall, angel. I promise.”

I want to run and leap into his arms, because it feels so incredible for someone to take care of me for once. I’m so relieved the children will eat soon. That they’ll be warm. But I’ve been on my own for a long time, no one to guide me, and I’ve learned to be wary of charity.

Nothing is free in this world.

“What...what do you want from me?” I swallow hard. “In exchange.”

“Your forgiveness,” he says without hesitation. “For now, that’s all.”

“For now?”

His eyes squeeze shut. “Blessing.”

“Yes?” I whisper.

“You are ready to drop. Forgive me so I can hold you.”

His plaintive tone wears down my willpower to nothing and I stumble toward him, sobbing when he swoops me up into his arms. “I forgive you,” I whimper, circling my legs around his waist as he wraps me in his expensive wool coat. I cry into his strong neck, my body shaking against him.

“I’m here now, angel.” He sounds overcome, his fingers combing through my hair, his mouth open against my ear. “Everything is going to get better. You will never spend another day hungry or cold as long as you live.”

“And the children?”

“They will be looked after.” His arms tighten around me and he rubs his stubbled cheek against the top of my head. “My wife won’t have a single worry. Not one.”

Panic explodes in my veins. “Wife?” I struggle in his arms, but he doesn’t let me go. “So much for only wanting forgiveness.”

“Goddammit, I didn’t want to overwhelm you,” he growls, his expression turning more and more worried as I wiggle around to free myself. “Stop fighting me. Save your strength.”

“I’m not marrying you.”

“I don’t agree.”

My frustration is not enough to fuel my struggles, not when I’m so weak from lack of protein, and I slump against him, exhausted. “When I marry someday, it’s going to be for love.”

We are chest to chest and I can feel his heart pumping riotously. “You will have to settle for trust. Marrying for trust. And comfort. I don’t foresee you learning to love me.”

My nose wrinkles and I raise my head to look at him. “Why not?”

He appears to be confused by the question. “I...no one ever has. I’m not the kind of man people love. Even my parents preferred me to remain away at school while they traveled. And such.” He clears his throat hard, quickly hiding the fleeting spark of sadness in his eyes. “But I can provide.” His gaze falls to my mouth. “I can satisfy your body. Thoroughly.”

A wave of arousal passes through me, but I fight through the crush. “You’re trying to distract me from what you said.” I give him my fiercest frown. “Of course, you can be loved. Anyone can be loved.”

“Does that mean you’re willing to try?”

“No!”

“God help me.”

Half a dozen children come clambering into the kitchen at once, knocking into each other and various pieces of furniture, gawking at the visibly rich man holding their caretaker so intimately. This time when I struggle, Edison lets me stand on my own two feet.

And I’m glad to be free.

Really. I am.

When my teeth begin to chatter from the lack of heat, Edison takes off his coat and bundles it around me. And I can’t help but wonder why he doesn’t think anyone can love him. I’m not going to find out, unfortunately. Becoming a wife at eighteen is unwise. Plus, I have the children to care for. There is no time to lie in bed for hours. Beneath him.

*I can satisfy your body. I plan to satisfy it. Thoroughly.*

My face flushes. He’s watching me closely while fielding questions from the children about his job, his big house and

how much his suit cost. His tone is patient and I give him a grateful smile that he returns. He actually *smiles* and my heart floats up into my mouth.

Oh no.

He was handsome before. When he smiles, he's devastating.

"I'm not marrying you," I mouth at him.

His smile only deepens.

Somehow, I don't think he believes me.

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CHAPTER  
FIVE

Edison

BEN ARRIVES with twenty grocery bags full of takeout containers from the local delicatessen and I've never seen people eat so fast in my life. The children shove fistfuls of French fries into their mouths and chomp on burgers, not bothering to wipe their mouths. Of course, my future wife doesn't sit down and eat, she flits around the tiny dining table making sure the children get enough down their gullets.

That is, until I hook an arm around her waist, pull her down onto my lap and hold a grilled cheese sandwich to her lips. "Eat."

"I just want to make sure—"

"No."

"Eat, Blessing!" one of the young boys yells from the other end of the table.

I'm going to give him a hundred dollars. Maybe a thousand.

Blessing is still trying to wiggle off my lap. "I just want to make sure Paul doesn't choke—he eats too fast—"

"Angel," I beg into her hair, the clawing misery becoming too much to bear. "*Please.*"

She blinks at me, surprised by my agonized tone. Doesn't she realize it's killing me slowly the longer she goes without

food in her stomach? I've been living a mile away from her all this time. I could have been caring for her, but I didn't even know she existed. Knowing I laid my head down on the pillow every night and slept while she suffered is going to haunt me for the rest of me life. "Very well," she murmurs, still looking at me curiously. She sinks her teeth into the grilled cheese and moans, her eyes glazing over. Taking it out of my hands, she eats the half of a sandwich in five bites, covering her mouth as she chews.

My gratification knows no bounds.

Taking care of her is more intoxicating than I could have imagined.

She doesn't even need my coat anymore, because my body heat is sustaining her.

This sense of responsibility forces me to recall the prior evening when I fantasized about her, calling myself Daddy. I am fulfilling that role now, petting her hair and wiping crumbs from her mouth with a napkin. Holding a milkshake to her lips to drink, my pulse speeding up when bliss crosses her masterpiece of a face. Her head tilts back and I zero in on the tiny pulse at the base of her neck, wishing we were alone so I could lick it.

So I could care for her in other ways.

Is it our age difference—twelve years—that makes me feel this way? Like her protector, her provider, her...Daddy? No, I don't think it's our ages. This privilege that throbs inside of me is only for her. It would be for her, no matter her age. It simply is. As soon as I saw her pass my house, I became the man who makes her whole. And she became the girl who makes me whole.

Now I just have to convince her of that.

Good thing I'm an expert at making deals.

"Hey kids." I gesture at my assistant. "As soon as you're done eating, Ben is going to bring you outside to play soccer for a while. While I speak to Blessing."

"I am?" Ben squawks, mid chew.



In lieu of responding, I give him a hard look. He still has a long way to go before I forgive him for last night. Feeding me unverified information about Blessing. It's my fault for listening, sure, but I'm not reasonable when it comes to her. At all. Therefore, he's still in the dog house.

"We don't have anything to talk about privately," Blessing informs me.

"I beg to differ," I say, standing up with her cradled in my arms. "Kids, which way is Blessing's bedroom?"

"She sleeps in the attic," they call back to me.

Anger wraps its hands around my throat. "In the fucking *what?*"

"Language!" Blessing gasps.

I grind my teeth together and storm toward the staircase leading upstairs, daring her to struggle with a sharp glance. We haven't even gotten to the attic yet, and my chest already wants to explode. "No," I say adamantly. "Please tell me you haven't been living in the attic space. I won't survive that knowledge."

"It's really not so bad."

There's no way to hide my skepticism. Three narrow, treacherous staircases later, we reach a ladder. Mentally preparing myself for what I'm going to see in the attic, I settle Blessing onto her feet. "After you."

"You go first." She crosses her dainty arms. "I don't want you to look up my night shirt."

"I am absolutely going to look up your night shirt."

I'm sure she believes her frown is terrifying, but it's adorable. And a relief. The meal has brought the color back to her cheeks and she no longer seems listless and weak.

It's only the beginning.

This time next week, she'll be rosy, warm and well fucked in my bed, her belly full of the finest food I can find. I'm going to bathe her in exotic oils and spoil her with obscene

jewelry and make her need me. I won't fool myself into thinking she'll ever love me. But I can make her crave me. At least, I can do that.

With an indignant huff of breath, Blessing climbs the ladder and I stand below, watching her lush buns flex with every step, her too-small panties riding up the crack of her ass. My cock grows behind the zipper of my dress pants, hardening, lengthening, eager as hell to experience that mercifully tight pussy that only my middle finger has had the pleasure of breaching.

Christ, my need to rut her is overpowering.

I'm actually jealous of my goddamn middle finger.

As much as I want to climb this ladder, lay her down and fuck her heat until my balls are no longer in horrific pain, I'm a smarter man than that. If I'm going to convince her to be my wife, then I'll need to control myself and employ a strategy.

With that in mind, I follow Blessing up the ladder, my distended cock dragging against every rung, the friction making me hornier. When I reach the top, I barely stop myself from lunging for her. But I do. I do, because she's wringing her hands in front of a makeshift bedroom. I'm relieved to see there is sunlight coming in through a small, round window. She has arranged a privacy screen around a twin-sized cot, which rests on the floor, covered in tidy pink sheets. A neat pile of clothes and a single pair of worn-out shoes sits nearby, along with a short stack of books.

"My angel has lived a hard life," I say around the pang in my throat.

She lifts her chin. "I'm not your angel."

"Aren't you?" Slowly, I eliminate the distance between us, one measured step at a time. "If I put my arms around you right now, you won't melt against me like we're two halves of the same mold?"

Uncertainty dances across her features. "N-no."

"Oh?"

Briefly, her gaze ticks downward and a flush spreads across her cheeks. “That part of you is hard again. The part I felt last night.”

*Good girl. Look at my cock.* “You felt it between your legs.”

“Yes,” she whispers, her brow quirking. “Sometimes it’s hard and other times...it’s not?”

“That’s right.” I reach down and massage the steel ridge jutting out from my lap. “Although I doubt it’ll ever be completely soft around you.”

“Why?”

“My cock gets hard when it needs to fuck. I will never not need to fuck you.”

That statement flusters her. “We shouldn’t be speaking like this.”

When she tries to escape around me, I sidestep and yank her up against me, onto her tiptoes—and by God, does she melt. Like butter in a hot pan, her muscles lose tension and her head falls back, her petite body conforming to mine. “That’s right. Go soft for me.” I easily lift her up and urge her thighs around my waist, groaning when her pussy meets my erection and presses down deliciously. “Go soft everywhere.”

“Edison...”

Does she realize she’s pouting and talking like a baby? I don’t think so. I think this twisted hunger inside of me is alive and well inside of her, too.

Daddy and little girl.

“Edison, what?” I prompt, sliding a hand into the back of her panties, molding her supple right cheek in my grip, purposefully jostling her pussy against my dick. “Tell me what’s on your mind, angel.”

She takes several shallow breaths. “Um. Why were there so many women at your house last night?”

“What women?” My mind has been wiped clean of any female but her, so it takes me a beat to understand the question. “Oh.” I shake my head. “That’s nothing you need to concern yourself with. As soon as you walked past my window, there was no one but you.”

“But what if I hadn’t walked past your window?”

“But you *did*. Thank fuck.”

God, her little pout is making my balls hang heavier. “Why were they there?”

“Blessing. What is this? You can’t possibly...be jealous?”

A groove forms between her brows. “I don’t know what I am!” she cries.

Urgency runs wild inside of me and I take two big steps, laying her down on the cot and coming down on top of her, pressing her down with my body and looking her hard in the eye, so there is no way for her to escape me. I need her to acknowledge what I’m going to say and believe it as fact. “Listen, angel. I fucked your blood stain last night like some kind of sick animal. I paced until the sun came up so I could track you down and make you my wife. This earth might as well be empty of any other woman but you. For *eternity*. Is that clear?”

Two seconds tick by. “But why were they there?”

“Jesus.” This is really going to hurt my chances of bringing her home today and marrying her tomorrow. “Fine, angel. I am required to marry so I can receive my inheritance.”

Her lips part slightly. “Is that why you want to marry me?”

“*No*. I want to marry you so I can spend my life worshipping at your fucking feet.”

A minor head tilt from Blessing. “Seems pretty convenient that we met on the exact night you were shopping for a wife.”

“You say convenient. I say maybe God doesn’t hate me after all.”

She sucks in a breath. “God doesn’t hate anyone.”

“Oh yeah? My dick has its doubts. Stop *squirming*, baby.” Groaning, I let the weight of my hips drop, pinning her to the mattress. “Better yet, keep it up.”

“What will happen if I do?” she whispers, still shifting her lower body slowly.

Torturously.

*Fuck.*

“All right, Blessing.” I drop my face into her neck and moan my misery. “I see no one has talked to you about the birds and the bees, but I can’t do it right now, baby. I can’t talk about my cock cramming into your pussy without physically doing it.”

“C-cramming?”

“Yes, cramming. Jesus, a gallon of lube won’t get me in there without a serious effort.” I lick a path from her shoulder, up the side of her neck, savoring her decadent flavor. “Fact is, you’re tight as fuck. And I’ve got a monster between my legs for you, Blessing. He missed out on the blood, but he’s going to satisfy himself with your wall-to-wall orgasms.”

Her pussy flexes against my cock and I make a strangled sound.

“You liked hearing that.”

“I don’t know,” she whispers.

“Yes. Which part?” I pin down her lower body hard. “Orgasms?”

No flex. Of course not. She has no idea the pleasure in store.

“Monster?” I whisper against her mouth. The tiny muscles of her cunt squeeze noticeably and dear God, it’s everything I can do not to rip her panties off and fuck her to high heaven. “You like knowing my dick is big?”

Visibly embarrassed, she starts to writhe around in a breathless struggle. “S-stop.”

“I’m never going to stop.” I reach up beneath her nightshirt and drag the panties down her thighs, tossing them over my shoulder. “I’m going to ride you on my monster morning noon and night. I’m going to put it in your mouth, between your tits and up your asshole.”

She’s gasping by the time I slide off the edge of the bed and kneel between her gorgeous thighs, her body trembling. From need this time, not the cold, thank God.

“But I’m not going to fuck you until there’s a ring on your finger. I want to plant myself deep and drill you backwards and sideways knowing I’m your husband.” Seeing her pussy again is like ingesting drugs that hit me right away, make me salivate, my cock straining painfully. “Sweet Jesus, how can something so perfect be real?” I pry her thighs open wider and spit on that hot little slit. “*Mine.*”

“N-no, it’s...it’s not...”

“Tell me that again in a minute.”

I kiss the wet valley of her flesh from top to bottom, then I use my tongue to part it gently, her sugary sweet fragrance causing semen to bubble from the tip of my shaft. I lap at her smoothness, licking the entirety of her pussy with the surface of my tongue. Pausing only for a second to savor the way her tummy hollows in anticipation of the unknown, I twist the tip of my tongue against her clit, her shocked whimpers music to my ears.

I go rough on that little nub, pursing my lips against it, rubbing slowly side to side, before bearing down on it with the flat of my tongue. My fingers move of their own accord, that lucky bastard middle finger slipping into her ultra-snug hole, burrowing inside up to my knuckle, then further, until she’s clamped down around the whole thing, like a good girl.

Looking her in the eye, I flicker my tongue against her clit.

“What do you say, Blessing. Is your pussy mine now?”

“Yes.”

“Say it again.”

*“Yes!”*

“Good girl. Now I’m going to make it come on my fucking face.”

I eat her like she’s my last meal. She is. The only sustenance I’ll ever need. I take her thighs and drape them over my shoulders, attending to her clit relentlessly, adding a second finger inside of her and pumping rhythmically, milking her soaked cunt with my digits while she whines above me, her hips unable to keep still.

“Edison!” she cries out, twisting my hair in her fingers. “I don’t understand.”

No way I’m stopping to explain to her what an orgasm is. She’s just going to have to feel it, because it would take an army to drag me off this delicious thing. She’s so creamy and sweet, I could feast off her for the rest of my life. I’m dribbling come everywhere inside of my pants, making a nasty mess, but I don’t care. I care only about the way she’s beginning to clench around my fingers, her breath coming in confused bursts.

“Do it,” I growl against her flesh. “Come on Daddy’s face.”

Her hips twist and she screams, moisture leaving her and turning my jaw to glistening. I hold her bucking lower body down with a forearm and grind my tongue on her clit while she comes, my fingers fucking her like a cock now, deep and thorough, heightening her pleasure, making it last and last until she finally collapses onto the cot, staring blindly at the ceiling.

I fit my body onto the bed as much as possible, gathering her into my arms while ordering myself not to roll her over face down and fuck her, finally finish myself. I’m so hard, it’s complete agony. But there is a deal to make first—and it takes precedent over anything else.

“When you become my wife, Blessing, I’ll never stop making you feel like this.”

She blinks up at me dazedly. “Can’t we be boyfriend and girlfriend or something? I just met you.” She snuggles into me, her face molding to my neck. “I’m too young to get married.”

“It’s the inheritance, angel. If I don’t marry by Christmas, it goes to the bank.” Talking to her about money feels like a violation of the moment. Who cares about money when there’s her skin against mine? Her breath in my neck. Still... “All that hard work of my father, grandfather and great-grandfather will be gone...”

The solution hits me at once.

The answer that has been eluding me because I’ve been so starved for her. Still am.

And now I know the path to take to lock her down forever.

“Blessing, if you agree to marry me, I will give the entirety of the inheritance to the children. I’ll have it split evenly among them and they will have a secure future, a more comfortable present. Never want for anything—”

“You would do that?” she breathes, going up onto her elbow to stare at me in disbelief. “In order to marry me?”

I take her face in my hands, guiding our foreheads together and writhing them side to side. “Angel, I would gift wrap my soul for the devil to marry you.”

She takes several bracing breaths before nodding, and whispers, “Then I will marry you, Edison Scrooge.”

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CHAPTER  
**SIX**

Blessing

I STARE at my reflection in the mirror, barely able to catch my breath. I'm not sure I've caught it once since yesterday when I agreed to become Edison's wife. Now I'm in his posh mansion, in a room with a roaring fireplace, looking at myself in a wedding gown. Edison lives in a world where he pays people to move quickly and precisely as he wants them to, so he was able to find me a wedding gown overnight—and I must admit it's beautiful.

Even if it is a little daring for my taste.

The bodice is sheer with long sleeves and is dotted with jeweled snowflakes. The back is open all the way to my hips and in front, my breasts have been plumped up into the sweetheart neckline and dusted in sparkles. The tailor was only able to perform cursory alterations and we couldn't find proper shoes on short notice, so the hem is slightly long and my bare toes peek out from underneath the satin.

Am I really doing this?

Marrying a man I barely know at the age of eighteen?

Oh yes, I am. There was no way I could turn down his offer.

It's a dream come true, knowing the orphans will be cared for. That they'll be able to pay for clothes and opportunities such as travel sports teams or college. I would never deny

them that. I would do a lot more than marry a stranger to secure their future.

Is Edison really a stranger, though?

I watch in the mirror as my face flushes pink, the memory of what he did to me in the attic flooding my mind. He put his tongue *there*. He kissed and nibbled and sucked my most secret place and the result...well, I can't stop thinking about it.

I can't stop wanting more.

*I've got a monster in between my legs for you, Blessing.*

My thighs clench together and I grow momentarily dizzy. Words such as those shouldn't make me feel anxious and unfulfilled, should they? But there is something about the knowledge that Edison, a gentleman, has a secret part of himself, too, that excites me. And it excites me even more knowing it's an untamed part that he can't seem to control. It grows and pulses and tests the limits of his pants when we're close to each other.

There's an undiscovered hunger inside of me that wants to satisfy his...cock.

It's called a *cock*.

Such a raw, filthy word.

He wants to put it in my mouth and in between my breasts. The memory of him informing me of what he wants—needs—starts a wonderfully heavy pulse between my thighs. So I must have feelings for Edison. Those feelings certainly include lust. That doesn't account for the jealousy I experienced finding out how close he could have come to marrying someone else.

I wouldn't have liked that.

Not one bit.

I'm pouting over the recurring thought when there's a knock on the door.

"Angel, it's time," comes Edison's deep voice through the heavy wood.

My heartrate kicks into overtime, but I take a deep inhale and order my nerves to stop racing in circles. “I-I’m ready. Come in.”

Edison sweeps into the room, looking impatient in a suit, but he stops in his tracks when he sees me, nearly causing the preacher and Ben to collide with him from behind. I’m still facing the mirror, so Edison can see my back and the reflection of my front.

And I can see his face.

The way his eyes darken, the swell of his Adam’s apple bobbing in his throat.

As soon as his initial shock wears off, he begins coming toward me slowly, one step at a time. It’s no wonder he’s shocked. I’ve been bathed and exfoliated; my hair has been primped and curled. I’m wearing makeup for the first time in my life.

“Oh my God,” he breathes when he reaches me, his hands sliding over my hips from behind. “Your beauty defies description, Blessing. I’m a lucky son of a bitch.”

He carefully brushes aside the curtain of my hair and drops his open mouth to the nape of my neck, dragging it along my shoulders, kissing me as he goes.

“It was my intention to marry you downstairs in the parlor, but that’s no longer an option. We will exchange vows as close to the bed as possible.” He eliminates the final inch between our lower bodies and lets me feel his rigidness against my backside, his hands tightening almost painfully on my hips. “I’m desperate for you, Blessing. Fucking desperate. As soon as you’re pronounced my wife, I’ll be mounting you.”

I’ve never had so little control over my body before. My neck muscles give way, my head falling back on a gasp. A rush of wet heat arrows toward the juncture of my thighs. There’s a relentless tingle in my nipples. I should take offense to the phrase *I’ll be mounting you*, but it only makes me feel funny. Hot and achy.

“I don’t understand the way you make me feel,” I whisper, letting my head rest back on his shoulder. “I have no experience, but...”

“Tell me,” Edison demands into my neck.

“When I imagine us together in bed, you’re...you’re being so harsh with me. You pull my hair and c-call me vile names, swat my bottom and move so roughly on top of me.” I duck my head shyly. “I don’t know where these ideas are coming from.”

As I’ve been explaining myself, his breathing has turned remarkably shallow, his chest expanding and hollowing on rasping pulls of oxygen. “Christ. When I called myself a lucky son of a bitch, that was an understatement.” Our gazes lock in the mirror, his tongue tracing the lobe of my ear. “You were aptly named, Blessing. That’s what you are.” His magical mouth trails down the slope of my neck and back up to speak in a low voice into my hair. “You’re an angel outside of bed. A goddamn saint. My princess to spoil beyond her wildest imagination. But when you’re beneath me, you want to be fucked like a horny little whore. Is that right?”

“Oh my,” I whimper, my sex clenching painfully. “Yes, I... think...I think so.”

I can barely keep my balance. My knees turn to jelly and Edison wraps an arm around my hips to hold me up, his hips pressing to my bottom indecently. Humping me onto my toes and groaning into my neck. “Sweet hell, I won’t make it through these vows.”

“Are we ready to begin?” says the preacher, his voice tugging at my subconscious. My gaze flies to his reflection in the mirror and he appears to be sweating, tugging at his collar with one finger. I’ve seen him before. Many times. He is constantly shooing the children away from the church steps, ordering them to go beg somewhere else. Or claiming they’ll dirty the steps, simply by sitting on them.

This man only *pretends* to be righteous and holy.

I don't want to pretend like him. I want to be exactly as I am.

I'm not sure where the dark impulse comes from, but suddenly I want to scandalize this man, because it's how I feel in the wake of hearing the words *horny little whore*. I feel powerful and exhilarated and awake. Maybe I'll make him even more uncomfortable than he is now. As uncomfortable as he's made me and my charges feel in the past.

I turn in Edison's embrace, push up on my toes, raking every inch of my body up his powerful torso and I settle our mouths together. "Is it bad luck to kiss before a wedding?"

Edison is a smart man, so he recognizes the change in me. His eyes narrow, even as he hauls me higher against his body, leaving my toes inches above the floor. "Why are you tempting me when I'm already on the edge?"

"I like you on the edge," I murmur back, telling the truth. Feeling compelled. "I like it." I brush my lips across Edison's. "I want to taste it."

Goodness, I practically *feel* the arousal overcome him. Feel his control desert him.

His nostrils flare, eyes nearly pitch black, then he captures my mouth on a strangled moan. Starbursts plume on the backs of my eyelids as the luscious taste of him whips through me, causing my tummy to flip-flop. Each time he takes my lips in a hot slant of wetness, his tongue touches mine briefly. Too briefly. Until I'm whining for it, clutching at his collar and begging wordlessly for him to lick the inside of my mouth. Finally, his tongue slides fully between my lips and he claims me, unquestionably. He kisses me until I'm without breath, my brain fuzzy and heart hammering.

When he breaks away to let me breath, he looks me in the eye and begins winding the skirt of my wedding dress around his fists. "*Preacher*," he growls, backing me toward the bed. "Start the ceremony *now*."



## Edison

I'm not sure what's gotten into Blessing, and Jesus, I'll have to find out later.

My cock is so stiff and swollen in my pants, there's a chance I could be done in one thrust. For one, she's a fucking bombshell in this dress. She was *already* incredibly beautiful. I had no idea how I was going to get any work done with her living in my house. But in a push-up bra, dusted in glitter and confessing her naughty secrets to me? I'm out of control.

I'm so horny and turned on that I'm barely aware of the two other men in the room.

I can only flatten my little bride on the bed and attack her pouty fucking mouth, groaning over the enthusiastic way she responds to me. Whimpering and opening her thighs for my hips to settle in between them. We're making out. I'm making out with my fiancée during the wedding ceremony, our mouths insatiable. Starving for more.

Vaguely, I hear the preacher speeding through the opening section of the wedding ceremony. Words about God and man and duty—and yes, I crave the privilege of being responsible for this girl for the rest of my life. But right now, it feels as though my only responsibility is to this pussy. She's asking for it. Asking for a dirty fuck with her legs spread, dress around her waist, her cunt already wet. Yeah, I can feel that moisture through my fly, hot and eager and soaking into the material.

*When I imagine us together in bed, you're...you're being so harsh with me. You pull my hair and c-call me vile names, swat my bottom and move so roughly on top of me.*

She has no idea what that confession has done to me.

I'm ruined. I'm reborn. I'm fucking *obsessed* with this girl.

“Do you, Blessing Wakefield, take Edison Scrooge to be your lawfully wedded husband?” asks the preacher, his voice unsteady.

It's torture taking my tongue out of her sweet mouth, but I manage the feat long enough for her to answer. "I do," she hiccups.

I'm already unzipping my pants when the preacher turns his attention to me, asking me the same question. "Do you, Edison Scrooge, t-t-take Blessing Wakefield to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

"Yes," I grit through my teeth. "*God yes.*"

The preacher stumbles toward the door, dropping his Bible in the process. "Y-you may...you may..."

"Fuck the bride?" I suggest roughly against her mouth.

I grip my cock and guide it between her legs, moaning like an animal during mating season to find she's wearing no panties. Her hole is slippery and inviting and I'm too overcome with lust to do anything but tuck the head of my cock inside of her, slide an arm beneath her hips to keep her steady—and drive myself home, into the tight wonder of her cunt, my balls slapping loudly off her supple ass cheeks.

"Oh fuck. Fuck! *Motherfucker.*"

Ben backs out of the room while mopping his brow, along with the preacher, but they remain in the doorway, watching with clear conflict—and something darker—in their expressions. They remain there too long for my taste.

"More. *More!*" she cries out beneath me, my miracle of a wife.

"Get the fuck out," I growl at the men, beginning to pump. "Oh my *God!*"

I simply can't believe she's real. I'm dreaming. No way she's squeezing me so perfectly, her pussy suctioned around me, drawing on me with hot pulsations, flexing and tightening. And so drenched, my cock squeaks a little every time I ram it deep.

"I'm being too rough," I choke out. "Tell me to stop. Tell me to slow down."

“No,” she moans, her fingers twisting in the back of my loosened pants and urging me forward, spurring me on. “I love it. I need it.”

A ripple of dread goes through my balls. I’m not going to make it much longer. Not with her baby-talking at me. Not with her pussy so sweet and addictive. In the interest of making love to Blessing long enough to make her orgasm, like she deserves, I press her knees up to her shoulders and bear down with my lower body, slowing my thrusts down, grinding into her slick hole. “You need what, baby?”

Her glazed eyes find mine and she flexes her tiny muscles around me. “I need your monster, like you said.” She bites her lip. “Does it like me?”

I know she’s talking about my cock, but there is a beast inside of me that grows more and more ferocious the longer I’m inside of her. She could be talking about both. “My monster loves you,” I pant against her lips, pumping inside of her again like a dog. Can’t help it, can’t help it. “It’s not sure how it ever came without you.”

She searches my eyes innocently. “Came?”

My God, she doesn’t even know that a man ejaculates and here I am, fucking her inexcusably hard, my balls pounding off her tight ass. It’s so bad that it’s criminal, but not even God himself could stop me now. “You remember the way your pussy dripped all over my face yesterday?” She flushes, but she nods. “My dick is going to do the same thing inside of you. It’s going to fill you with sperm, so you can bear me sons.”

Jesus. The way my explanation excites her is a dream come true. I actually feel her pussy release a fresh, hot wave of wetness and I thrust into it frantically, my mouth moving over hers, kissing her sexy sweetness, desperately trying to absorb every perfect part of her.

“You can come on my cock, little girl,” I grunt in between sweeping tastes of her mouth. “Same way you came on my tongue.”



She squeaks, gasps—and then she’s coming.

Having a wet, shaking orgasm.

“Fuck!” I roar, overwhelmed by Blessing. Everything about her. From her innocence to her innate sexuality. She’s everything a man could dream of. “What made you come like that?”

“I...I don’t know—”

“Yes, you do.” I grab her by the throat, squeeze her just enough to revere her, not scare her. “You tell Daddy *right now*.”

Another orgasm plows into her and she screams this time, her thighs flailing, back arching up off the bed. “Oh! It feels so good!” Her fingers delve into my hair and she twists the strands around her fingers. “It feels best when you call me that. Call yourself...the other thing. And I don’t know why.”

Ah, I see now. Her hunger mirrors mine. Blessing is my perfect match.

Heaven sent.

I’ll cherish her every moment of every day.

And at night in bed, I’ll fuck her like she’s forbidden fruit.

I’m an animal now, ripping the wedding dress from her body, sending it in shreds to the floor. She’s limp from pleasure, her rosy body a naked temptation. I should wait until she recovers from her back-to-back climaxes, but I can’t. The need inside of me is too urgent and must be slaked immediately.

Blood pounds in my temples, the need to conquer and dominate turning my muscles, my cock to steel. I flip her face down like a predator and tug her ass high into the air, slapping it roughly. Six times. Hard paddles of her pretty tush. Not only because she told me she envisioned being spanked, but because I sense she has needed a male hand to discipline her for a very long time. I’m that man now. I’ll always be that man.

When I can't take the clawing lust any longer, I guide my dripping shaft between her thighs, tuck the head inside and lean down to speak at the nape of her neck. "You're not an orphan anymore, angel. Daddy's home."

My first thrust from the back—and my words, no doubt—spurs her into a ruthless, twisting third orgasm that has her screaming and struggling through the pleasure beneath me. She bucks so wildly that I have to hold her down to fuck her, my balls releasing their pressure after five violent pounds of her pussy.

I bellow at the ceiling, the intensity of my peak obliterating the past, the future, blurring everything into the now, the rhythmic squeezes she grants me, the sheen of her smooth skin, the rapacious beating of my heart.

"I'm in love with you," I say, my seed still shooting into her, my hips grinding, my lap slapping wetly off her buttocks. "I'm fucking burning alive for you. Mine. Mine! I love you, I love you, I love you..."

I collapse on top of her giving body, my breath in short supply but my heart overflowing. Out of necessity, I gather her roughly against me and breathe in the wildflower scent of her skin, memorizing the beats of her heart. She comes to me willingly, holding me tight like she'll never let go. But she doesn't return my vow of love.

It's then that I realize her body and presence and hand in marriage won't be enough.

Yes, I already told her I'm not a man people can easily love, but now...I think I might die if she *doesn't* love me back. I *require* her love.

And I'll do everything in my power to obtain it.

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CHAPTER  
**SEVEN**

Blessing

I WAKE UP IN A DAZE.

My stomach isn't growling. I'm warm. My first emotion isn't worry about where I'm going to find today's meal for the children. I'm...carefree. For the first time in my life.

Mostly.

Until now, this very moment, I never realized why I was so against getting married.

I'm too young, sure. But there's more to my anxiety.

What if Edison gets sick of me? What if he decides to abandon me?

To some, that might seem like an unfounded fear, but not only was I left on the doorstep of a church when I was an infant, I care for a dozen children who were also given up by people who might have loved them at one time. Abandonment is a very real thing in my life.

And the reason it scares me so much is...I have very confusing feelings for Edison.

Strong feelings.

I almost wish I didn't so I wouldn't have to be vulnerable.

But our first night as husband and wife unlocked something deep inside of me. Not just a sexual appetite and

adventurousness I didn't know existed, but...affection. He's not in bed with me right now and I miss him. I want a hug. I want to be kissed and fussed over.

I want...my Daddy.

Lord.

My abandonment issues are all twisted up in my attraction to Edison. I spent my whole life as an orphan waiting for someone to come claim me, love me, but I expected them to love me as a foster daughter. Not a wife. With Edison, the line is blurred. I should be horrified, right? Only, he makes that blurred line feel right. He makes it feel exciting. Daring. Naughty, but safe.

*You're not an orphan anymore, angel. Daddy's home.*

My breath catches, toes digging into the soft mattress. I stretch my arms up over my head and take stock of all my sore spots. Not sore enough to keep me from being aroused all over again, though. The memory of last night alone is making me wet and since I'm naked, that moisture is spreading down my inner thighs, which are still sticky from my husband's sperm.

The bedroom door flies open and I scream behind my teeth, before going limp. It's a maid waltzing into the room with a tray of food.

A tray of food.

Someone is serving *me* breakfast?

"Good morning, Mrs. Scrooge," sings the maid, setting the tray down on the edge of the bed and stepping back to fold her hands. Immediately, I like her. She has kind, twinkling eyes and a Christmas wreath brooch attached to her uniform. She's the grandmother I never dared dream about. "I've made you an assortment. Eggs, sausage, potatoes, pastries. Coffee and hot chocolate."

"Hot chocolate?" I breathe, my lips pulling into a dreamy smile. "Really?"

"Really." She tilts her head at me. "I'm here to bring you whatever you want. And I think I'm going to enjoy this part of

my job very much.”

“Did you eat breakfast? There’s enough for two.”

She softens further. “I ate already, Mrs. Scrooge.”

“Please, call me Blessing.”

Her head bobs once. “Very well.” She crosses to the window and tugs open the curtain to reveal a white wonderland of snow. Edison’s house is so tall that I’m looking down on the tops of all the houses throughout town, all of them topped in white, smoke curling up out of the chimneys. “Merry Christmas Eve.” Before I can say it back to her, she continues. “Edison is seeing to some business this morning, but he requests that you be ready to go out later this afternoon. He’s taking you on an old-fashioned sleigh ride, then an evening at the opera house. I believe they’re putting on a special Christmas show.”

My head is spinning with plans. I never have plans unless they include begging or fixing the broken radiator in the orphanage, let alone something so exciting.

Guilt trickles into my throat. What about the children?

How are they?

Who is caring for them? Are they warm and fed?

I miss them.

I chew my lip. It’s morning time. Edison and I aren’t going out until much later. I have more than enough time to check on the children before we leave.

“Thank you, Mrs....”

“Marla.”

“Thank you, Marla.”

As soon as she closes the door behind her, I throw off the sheet and eat breakfast naked, giggling in between bites. Today is going to be a great day.



## Edison

That day has gone to total shit.

I expect my angel to be ready and waiting for me when I'm finished working. Well, she's not. In fact, she's not even in the fucking house and no one knows where she's gone.

In the span of two seconds, I've gone from calm to panicked.

"What do you mean she isn't here?"

Ben and Marla trade a wide-eyed look.

"She was here this morning," Marla says. "I brought her breakfast and informed her of your plan."

"Did she seem...upset?"

My God. What if I was too rough with her last night?

My blood turns icy at the prospect. She seemed to enjoy my aggression and manhandling, but maybe I'm remembering it wrong. It was her first time with a man and I went hard on her innocent body, slapping her ass, riding her without mercy. Maybe I'm a horrible husband and she regrets marrying me. Has she left me?

A jagged sound escapes my mouth and I turn my back on Ben and Marla, spearing my fingers through my hair. Where has she gone? Where...

"She's at the orphanage," I say, before repeating myself, louder this time. "She went to check on the children."

I hope.

"Didn't you tell her we hired a new caretaker for the children yesterday?"

"We've been busy."

“Did you mention to her that you threatened to kill the landlord unless he fixed the heat?”

“No,” I growl. “She’s supposed to simply trust me to take care of everything.”

“Ohhhh,” Marla says, looking anywhere but me. “Sure. That’s reasonable.”

A tic begins behind my eye. “It sounds like you’re implying the opposite.”

“Who me? No. I’m just the maid.”

“Ben, bring my car around. Have the sleigh pick us up outside of the orphanage in an hour,” I shout, storming up the stairs. I throw open the closet, which I had stocked with Blessing-sized clothes before the wedding and I rip out the dress I envisioned her wearing tonight for the opera. It’s made of ivory silk and has a long slit up the side. Thin straps. The color reminds me of her wedding dress and I want to remember yesterday at all costs.

Currently, I have a tailor repairing the dress she wore for the ceremony because I can’t bear to have that keepsake ruined. Maybe I’ll be able to convince her to wear it for me again, from time to time. Just so I can remember the moment she agreed to be my wife.

When I realize I’m staring into the distance like a lovesick sap, I growl behind my teeth, gathering a pair of shoes and a warm coat from the closet. With those items in hand, I tear out of the house and slide into my waiting car, speeding down the driveway and turning in the direction of the orphanage. It only takes me five minutes to get across town, thanks to the lack of traffic on Christmas Eve and as soon as I arrive, I enter the building without knocking.

After all, my goddamn wife is inside.

“Blessing!” I shout, striding down the narrow entryway into the kitchen, a change of clothes for my wayward spouse in hand.

I’m prepared to be angry, but I’m hit with nothing but relief when I see her stirring something that sits boiling on top

of the stove, the new caretaker standing beside her looking impatient. It's clear that Blessing is too distracted to hear me calling her name. Or perhaps she's so accustomed to people shouting her name in this house that she's learned to tune it out.

"You can't add too much water or Jackie won't eat it," she explains to the caretaker in her patient, musical voice. "But if you don't add enough, then Gunther won't eat. It's a very delicate balance, you see."

"I think I can handle porridge, Mrs. Scrooge," the caretaker sighs. "Just like I can handle making beds and administering medicine."

"Of course you can," Blessing assures her.

"I'm a certified caretaker. I have twenty years of experience."

"Yes, I know, but these children are very special, you see —"

"Wife," I say, my heart feeling awfully heavy. "Angel."

Blessing drops the spoon and turns around. "Edison!" She glances at the window and seems to realize at once that she's lost track of time. "Uh oh."

Oh, dear God, she's so beautiful, my chest can't take it. "You didn't inform anyone you were leaving," I say, trying to be stern.

"Am I supposed to?"

"It would be ideal," I say in a whopping understatement, closing the distance between us and tipping up her chin. "So I don't worry that you've left me."

A groove forms between her brows. "You thought *I* left *you*?"

My attention snags on her tone of voice. "Why do you say it like that?"

A child pipes up from an apparent hiding place beneath the kitchen table. "Because, mister, people usually leave *us*."



I don't like the uncomfortable way my pulse is rollicking.

Blessing won't meet my eyes.

I don't know my wife's fears, I realize. And that is unacceptable. "Blessing." I stoop down until she can't avoid making eye contact. "You can't possibly be worried that *I'll* leave."

Her bottom lip starts to tremble. She shrugs jerkily.

It costs me a serious effort not to pick her up and rock her, but I sense this moment requires a serious discussion. There is no way in hell my wife is going to be scared of me leaving. Doesn't she realize how preposterous that is? Have I not made it clear that I'm obsessed with her? "How can I take away your fears if I don't even know what they are?"

"I'm used to keeping everything to myself," she whispers.

"Not anymore." It's getting hard to control my breathing. "Is that understood?"

"Yes, Daddy," she whispers. As if she spoke without thinking, now she jerks back and blinks several times in a row. "I...I mean—"

I drop my mouth to her forehead. "You meant exactly what you said." My lips trace down and find hers, drawing her into a slow kiss. "I was sent to boarding school as a child and rarely spoken to by my parents. Holidays passed and they didn't arrive. Obviously, I haven't had a hard life like you, but I know a little bit about being left behind. Set aside."

"I'm sorry you know what it feels like," she says, sincerity shining in her eyes.

Her compassion humbles me so thoroughly that it takes me a moment to respond. "Since we both know how awful it feels to be left behind, we're going to agree here and now never to do that to each other. We won't. Because we know how terrible it feels." I coax her into a gentle kiss. "There's also the important matter of me being sick at the thought of spending a single day without you, baby. You can safely trust I'm going nowhere."

She searches my face, breathing, “I believe you.”

Such a simple show of trust and I want to roar my pride at the sky. “Good girl,” I manage, winded. “Go get changed.”

She nods, but quickly turns conflicted. “I just want to show the new caretaker one more thing—”

“You’ve been taking care of everyone long enough, angel. It’s time for you to be cared for.” I press the dress and coat into her hands. “I plan to do a very good job of it.”

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CHAPTER  
**EIGHT**

Blessing

WHEN I WALK OUT of the back room in my dress and evening coat, Edison straightens abruptly from his lean against the kitchen counter. He drags a hand down his open mouth and shakes his head. “Dear God, I’m never going to get used to you.” He crosses the kitchen and takes my hand, bringing it to his lips where he plants a hot kiss on my knuckles. “I’m suddenly regretting our opera plans,” he says for my ears alone. “I’d bring you home and fuck you straight into tomorrow morning, but I’m trying not to be selfish.”

My response is a jumble of incoherent sounds so I simply snap my mouth shut.

Edison chuckles and leads me out the front door. “Bye children!” I call over my shoulder. “I’ll miss you terribly and I’ll see you soon!”

And then the front door opens and my life takes the shape of a fairytale.

There is a shiny red sleigh waiting outside the front door of the orphanage and it is *massive*. Two giant Clydesdale horses are harnessed to the front. A red-cheeked driver tips his hat to us. It’s like an oasis in the snow. I couldn’t have envisioned something so grand in my wildest fantasies. Before I can catch my breath, Edison is lifting me into the sleigh, which is laden with furry, cream-colored blankets and I sink into them with a giggle, all but disappearing from sight.

The sleigh dips with Edison's weight and then I'm being fished out of the blanket quicksand and settled into his lap, my bottom right in the center of his lap, the backs of my thighs pressed down onto the strong fronts of his. I nuzzle my back into his chest and he tips my chin up so he can kiss me from above. It's meant to be a sweet kiss, I think, but...

Lust digs its teeth into me.

It happens so fast, my head spins. The sleigh has begun to dash through the snow and my heart mimics that fast pace, pounding in my chest. It's not only lust that has me twisting in Edison's lap and purring into deep tongue kisses, it's... happiness.

I've been rescued.

All the years I've spent dreaming about a savior coming to the front door of the orphanage and ferrying me off to a safe, secure life...it has actually happened. Logically, I know I haven't been *adopted* by Edison. He's made me his wife. But the parallels between my hopeful dreams and his heroics are impossible to ignore. That line that my mind has already blurred between Edison and an adoptive father figure is growing blurrier and my body only seems to respond with feverish need. Maybe I should take a deep breath and straighten my thoughts in the correct direction, but that thick root between his thighs is growing, growing, drowning out every ounce of good behavior left inside of me.

The sleigh travels over a series of bumps and my butt bounces up and down in Edison's lap, earning a low groan from his mouth. He breaks our kiss, tips his head back and sucks in a lungful of cold winter air. "If I keep kissing you like this, Blessing, we'll never make it to the opera." He curses, laughs without humor. "Even if I take you home, I'll probably end up buried in you before we make it up the stairs, you've got me so hard and raw, baby."

"Mmmm." I drop my head back onto his shoulder, close my eyes and arch my back, letting my wicked fantasy spin itself together around me. "But you can do whatever you like with me now that I've been adopted, right?"

Edison goes very still beneath me, but his chest dips almost violently on an exhale. “Blessing...”

“You signed the papers and paid to keep me,” I whisper, circling my hips slowly in his lap. “You own me now, don’t you?”

His shaft throbs against my sex. “Oh...Jesus. Angel, I’ve confused you by calling myself your Daddy.” The sleigh carries over another threesome of bumps and he starts to pant. “We need to rein this in before it goes too far.”

“I want to go too far,” I murmur. “I think I...need to.”

“And it’s my honor to fulfill your needs, but I don’t know if we should...*play* like this.”

“*Play*,” I moan, loving the sound of that word. The feel of it on my lips. It’s a word that was foreign to me growing up in the orphanage where we were seldom given the chance to be frivolous. That word—*play*—is freedom. “Yes, I want to play.”

He’s breathing hard, his manhood is swollen between the cheeks of my bottom, but there’s still a thread of resistance left. And I have the power to snap it. He’s given me the power I’ve been lacking for so long and I’m drunk on it.

I unbutton my coat with nimble fingers and tug it open. I’m hidden by the mountain of blankets...and so are his hands when I guide them to my breasts. His palms slide into the silk neckline of my gown, palming my bare mounds with possessive yet conflicted hands. “Did you adopt me so you could use me for pleasure in the dark, Daddy?”

“Stop,” he utters hoarsely against my ear. “Oh, God. I *can’t*.”

“Play,” I whine, pressing my breasts into his hands. “Please.”

“*Fuck*.” Several seconds pass, his breath forming big plumes of white vapor into the air. “That’s right, Blessing. You’re going to be my little girl in the street and my fuck toy in the sheets. Is that what you want to hear? That I’m going to dress you in ribbons and bows during the day and use those

same, innocent ribbons to tie your hands behind you back at night so I can rail you like a slut?”

Warm nectar snakes through the flesh between my legs and I gasp at the sensation, the pride I feel over growing moist for him. “I won’t tell anyone,” I promise up at him in a soft voice. “Not if I want to keep a roof over my head and food in my belly. My body is a fair payment.” I spread my legs open so each one is draped over his thighs. “Would you like to make sure?”

“Oh *God*.” The game we’re playing is making him feel guilty, but the telltale hardness keeps me pushing, because some part of him loves what we’re doing as much as I do.

“Don’t you want to know if you bought a tight one?” I whisper.

At that, his control fully snaps, unleashing a strained growl in my ear.

He blocks us from view with a blanket, then wraps his big left hand around my throat, gripping it tight. The fingertips of his right hand walk down the center of my body to my spread thighs, winding the hem of my dress up until I’m exposed and then he cups my sex roughly, making me gasp, the passing scenery around the sleigh turning even blurrier. “Fuck. I’m going to love coming in this grateful pussy.” He slaps my wet flesh and the sting is sharp at first, but it’s followed by a rush of painful arousal. “Forget how to say no right now, little girl.”

“Never. If I say no, you’ll send me back.”

This part of the game conflicts him the most, but he’s too turned on to deny me. “That’s right.” His middle finger parts me and delves deep, jiggling roughly. “You try to keep this brat hole away from me, you’ll be sorry. It’s mine now.”

“I’m *all* yours,” I agree on a gasp.

“Right again. I paid for all of it. Asshole and mouth, too.”

“*Yes, Daddy.*”

“And I’ll be test driving both.” He fills me with a second finger, pumping them in and out slowly, before withdrawing

and giving me a few stinging smacks. “Starting with that mouth. Get on your knees and suck it like a grateful orphan.”

Excitement rushes through me. I’m the embodiment of a fulfilled fantasy. Perhaps it’s not a fantasy I ever expected to have, but this blurry area between right and wrong makes me feel hot everywhere. Exhilarated. Poised on the edge of something life changing.

I turn in Edison’s lap and slide down to my knees, hidden behind the privacy of the blankets, the white noise whooshing around us. There’s an enormous bulge waiting for me and I work to free it from behind Edison’s zipper. As I perform the task, he shoves his thumb into my mouth and I suckle it greedily, my anticipation growing to a fever pitch.

When Edison’s sex springs free of his pants, I can barely believe my eyes. It’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen. Tall and proud and girthy.

“Oh, Daddy...” I whine, licking along the thick vein that runs all the way to the tip. “Oh, my goodness. It’s perfect.”

“*You’re* perfect,” he grits out, momentarily breaking character. I can’t see his face, but I can sense him refocusing on the magic we’re weaving. “Now get it down your pretty little throat, before I stuff it down.”

I almost climax in the wake of that harshly delivered order. Almost. I’m left right on the razor’s edge as I dive forward, covering the bulbous head with my mouth and trying to fit as much of his ample, throbbing flesh as possible. Immediately, I choke, tears pressing to the backs of my eyes. But I don’t give up. I force myself to breathe through my nose and slacken my throat muscles, managing to bring Edison’s shaft deeper than before. Then deeper, deeper, until he brushes the back of my throat.

“No. No...you can’t be...” he pants. “You can’t really be sucking the full length of it.”

I force myself to allow another inch, before releasing him with noisy pop, laboring to catch my breath. “Well?” I pout up at him. “Are you going to keep me, Daddy?”

Lust twists into pain in his face and he tangles his fingers in my hair, pulling me close to his engorged shaft, strokes it twice, then ejaculates all over my face. “Son of a bitch! Look what you made me do,” he grinds out. The white substance continues to leave him in beautiful spurts and I stick out my tongue to catch some droplets, eager to know his taste, which seems to increase his pleasure tenfold, his fist stroking in a blur, features contorted in sweet agony. “Oh, angel. Lick it up. Lick up that fresh milk like it’s your supper. Good girl.”

I do as he commands me, eagerly, loving the taste of his pleasure, pride rippling through me over being the one to bring it forth.

As soon as he’s finished climaxing on my face and tongue, he yanks me back up into his lap, his breathing shallow as he uses a handkerchief to wipe off my face. He doesn’t look the same as before. There’s a new light in his eyes and it sends a shivering thrill down my spine. He was obsessed with me before, but our game has turned him into a man possessed. “I’m never letting you out of my fucking sight, do you understand me?” He shakes me by the shoulders. “If word got out what you’re capable of...”

“What do you mean?”

He struggles to focus. In fact, he seems to be watching the driver suspiciously, as well as every passing vehicle or pedestrian. Is he worried they’re going to steal me? Surely not. “You are a saint. A sweet, beautiful, selfless angel.” He wraps me in his arms and holds me close, speaking into my hair. “But when it’s time to fuck, you become a little spank bank fantasy and that combination...it’s something every man dreams of. And never finds. But I’m the only one who is ever going to experience you. Is that clear, my Blessing? I will hire an army to guard what I’ve found. My wife. My love.”

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CHAPTER  
**NINE**

Edison

I'M MOVING THROUGH A DREAM—AT least, that's how it feels.

We are in the lobby of the opera house and everything appears to be moving in slow motion. I'm sweating, a goose's egg stuck in my throat. Every man is looking at Blessing. Of course, they are. She is eighteen, fuck-mussed and braless. Her mouth is puffy from blowing me, her eye makeup smudged from the gallon of come I pumped onto her innocent-looking face. Was I insane to bring her out in public?

Do the men we pass think I don't see them adjusting their cocks while they ogle my wife? They want to steal her from me. They can sense she's a phenomenon. The paragon of goodness and virtue, until she gets a little tongue in her mouth and suddenly, she's naughty in a way that would make me feel ashamed if she didn't enjoy the way we played so much. Almost like it invigorates her, makes her feel alive.

I don't deserve her.

I have done nothing to warrant the gift that is Blessing.

My angel who dotes on orphans at the cost of her own comfort.

My little girl who spreads her legs nice and wide for her man.

I'm in heat. Full-time lust.

Even now, as we approach an usher to bring us to my private box, I'm erect. I'm fucking *dripping* for another go at that cunt. And she's back to being her guileless self, smiling breathlessly and marveling over the chandeliers, the finery surrounding her. I'm going to make sure she gets used to it. I'm going to motherfucking spoil her every chance I get. She will never know another moment of pain or panic from this day forward.

Oh, dear God, I love her so much.

What can I do to make her love me back?

I stare down the usher when he has the poor judgment to look at my wife's tits. "Do you like the opera house, angel?" I ask Blessing through my teeth, guiding her up the stairs, careful to block her rear end from view of anyone standing below.

"Oh yes," she breathes. "I slept outside of it a couple of times when the orphanage got too crowded, so I've seen it through the windows, but nothing could compare to seeing it in real life. It's magnificent."

Her casual admission about sleeping outside in the cold nearly chokes me. "I will be purchasing it for you immediately."

"I...*what?*"

"It will be named after you. It will be yours." I thought my announcement would make me feel better, but the back of my neck is still tight. "I can't stand the thought of you sleeping outside, baby. It tears me apart."

"I'm sorry. I won't mention it again."

"No. No..." At the top of the staircase, I take her by the shoulders and lean down until we're eye level. "You should tell me everything. Never hold back with me. I only meant...I wish I knew you were out there sooner. Maybe I would have realized sooner that life is about more than money and business deals. Life is about...*you.*"

Jesus, that speech made me vulnerable as hell, but when her eyes turn dreamy, I don't regret it for a second. "Edison?"

“Yes?”

A pink blush spreads on her cheeks. “I...I have big feelings for you. Real ones.”

Joy almost lifts me off the carpeted floor. “You do?”

She bites her lip and nods. “I was attracted to you the night we met, but...I didn’t know I would grow to feel...more.” She steps closer, reaches up and wraps her arms around my neck. “*You’re* making me feel more.”

“I don’t know what I’m doing, but I’ll try to keep at it,” I manage to rasp.

“Okay, husband,” she murmurs.

And then she does something I’m not expecting. We’re on the top floor of the opera house. It’s a more elite crowd up here. They are dressed to the nines, mingling, preparing to enter their private boxes. Blessing and I are already the center of attention, as I am the most prominent man in attendance and word has likely spread that I am recently married to a former orphan and beggar. The speculation must be rampant.

But when Blessing wraps her thighs around my hips in the middle of the lobby, she very likely sends the gossips into a tizzy. My wife isn’t even conscious of her actions. She’s just looking me in the eye, existing in our own little world and doing what feels right. And what feels right is her pussy touching me at all times.

Around us, the crowd whispers, stares and speculates.

I don’t give a flying fuck.

“Is there somewhere we can go so I can suck on your cock again, Daddy?”

My knees almost give out. What have I done to deserve this? Nothing. That’s what. But it’s all going to change. I’m going to change my whole life’s philosophy to make her proud to call herself my wife. “No, Blessing. It’s your turn,” I say against her lips. “I haven’t made you come yet and that is a fucking crime.”

It's torture to take my eyes off my wife for a second, but I'm sensing a change in the room's atmosphere, so I scan the room above her head. Men are angling themselves to get a better look at Blessing. Some of them have noticeably tented their pants and are too entranced by her to bother trying to hide their arousal. One man turns and walks to a dark corner of the lobby and positions himself behind a heavy drape, his vigorous arm movements making it obvious that he's jerking himself off.

She's exuding pure sex and it's affecting everyone.

Especially me.

She gave me the best orgasm of my life twenty minutes ago, except for the one I had in her pussy last night, and my balls are already back to swollen. My tongue is thick in my mouth and my pulse is hammering out of control.

When some of the crowd begins to edge closer, I know I must act fast.

She's the ultimate prize and everyone wants to compete.

Over my dead fucking body.

With a growl intended to ward them off, I stride to my private box and lock us inside. Blessing is oblivious to the danger her magnetism has put us in.

Fists are now pounding at the door, but she doesn't appear to hear them, her eyes merely scanning my face nervously. "What's wrong, Edison?"

"You don't hear them knocking?"

"Who?"

The raps increase in volume and number. Dear God. I press her up against the door and pin her there with my hips, while fishing my phone out of my pocket. I quickly dial Ben. "Call security at the opera house. *Immediately*. They want my wife. They are beating down the door for her. And when you're finished doing that, send a security team here to escort us out. They'll be with her permanently going forward."

“Yes, sir,” Ben says. As if he fully understands the appeal of my wife inciting a mob?

Oh, he finds my angel attractive, does he?

I’ll fucking fire him in the morning.

“It’s going to be okay,” she whispers into my neck, wrapping her legs tighter around my waist. “There’s nothing to be scared of—”

“Of course not. You don’t have to be scared. Not when I’m around.”

Is that the truth, though? I don’t know anymore.

I’m just as horny and frantic as the people on the other side of the door.

I’m taking her ripe ass in my hands and kneading it worshipfully, my breath coming in grunts. I’m humping her against the door even as they beat on it, demanding to be let in. I’m wrong. I’m sick and obsessed and there’s nothing I can do about it. I’m controlled by my infatuation with Blessing and it’s too powerful to resist.

“Shhh,” I say against her mouth, letting go of her right ass cheek in order to lower my zipper. “Just focus on me. Everything is going to be all right.”

She nods trustingly, her eyes flaring with need when I tuck the tip of my cock into her warm, wet hole. “Focus on you,” she repeats, nodding.

“That’s right.”

They pound louder on the door, the handle starting to twist.

Before she can grow alarmed by the added threat, I buck home inside of her cunt to distract her—and sweet Christ, it works. She throws her head back and whimpers, those luscious little tits popping out of her gown. “Repeat after me.” I suck one nipple into my mouth, drawing on it tenderly. “Daddy’s got me.” I lick the other nipple with the flat of my tongue, making her writhe anxiously on my length. “I’m safe.”

“Daddy’s got me,” she hiccups. “I’m safe.”

I rear back and pound into her, getting sordid satisfaction out of this mob listening to me bang my perfect wife hard enough to shake the door on its hinges. “I’m never going to let anything happen to you. Going to protect you at all costs. You’ve taken over my heart and soul.” I rake the side of her neck with my teeth and fuck her thunderously against the door, squeezing her bratty ass in both hands like a miser with two fistfuls of gold. “Baby, you’re so wet and tight, I can’t take it. I can’t fucking *breathe* when I’m inside you.”

Her eyes are glazed, mouth open in a pleased O. “Harder. *Harder.*”

“Jesus, you’re going to make me erupt.”

“I...I...” Her pussy starts to ripple around my dick and I pump harder, faster, making her tits bounce wildly, sending me to the brink of insanity. “Ohhh, Edison!”

She doesn’t just come, she gushes like a fucking dream, releasing her perfection all over my shaft. And as she’s climaxing, she spreads her thighs open wide, as if she wants me to see what I’ve done, the havoc I’ve wreaked on her. The sight nearly undoes me, my thick cock stretching her opening, her flesh hugging me so sweetly.

I’m seconds from my peak when I hear security wrangling the people outside the door. The last remaining tension leaves my wife and with a gentle yet mischievous smile, she drops her legs from around my waist, turning around and pressing her palms up against the door.

“You said you paid for me mouth *and...*” She blushes while rolling up the back of her dress, angling her hips and showing off that piece of art also known as her rear. “A-and this...”

She’s talking about her ass.

Offering it to me?

Right now?

Yes. Yes, I want every single inch of her to bear my claim. My marks. My scent.

I'm barely coherent as I stumble forward and yank the babe up onto her toes, humping her brokenly, guttural sounds tumbling out of my mouth. I'm overcome. Horny doesn't even begin to describe what I am. My cock is so sensitive, and the friction only makes it worse, makes me *crazed*. Before I can check myself and order myself to go slow, I'm lifting her off the ground with my left forearm and guiding my cock to her asshole with my right.

"Relax for me, angel." I spit on her hole and the head of my dick, rubbing myself over that back entrance with unleashed glee. "It's going to be uncomfortable. Just remember I love you, baby. So much. So fucking much. You fit me in this tiny asshole, I'll buy you two opera houses. I'll buy you this whole fucking town and eighteen more. One for every year you've graced this earth."

"All I need is you," she whispers, pressing her ass back into me, accepting another inch with a sexy whimper. "I don't need possessions."

"You just need to be possessed."

"Yes," she moans.

And I slide home into her tight rear channel, feeling her start to shake, as if the pressure is too much. Or she's overcome from being claimed. I don't know. All I can do is bounce her ass in my lap, my middle finger busy in front playing with her clit. My brain is in a red fog of lust, my dick in heaven, and my heart ready to burst out of my chest.

"Did you buy a tight one?" she whispers, looking at me over her shoulder. "Are you going to keep me, Daddy?"

Not again. She can't go there again.

I love it, but it's wrong. It's right. It's *everything*.

My balls seize up automatically at the implication that I've adopted her to be my sex toy. It's not true, but something about it is twisted just enough to wake up something indecent inside of us both.

"Hell yeah, I got a tight one. The tightest. I'm keeping you. Forever."

Once again, her pussy starts to spasm, but I feel it in a new way now. From the untouched end of her. It's more powerful than an earthquake and I am unable to do anything but throw her up against the door and bury myself balls deep in her ass and shatter. I shatter like fucking glass, shards raining down everywhere, my wife convulsing in front of me, taking my come hungrily, squeezing her butt cheeks together rhythmically and working my spend out of me, like she wants to save every drop.

Before I'm even finished, I'm planning the next way I'm going to fuck her.

On the floor of my office. In the shower. Under the stars in Tahiti.

She has satisfied me beyond my wildest dreams.

Yet deep inside of me, there is a longing that hasn't been quenched—my desperate desire for Blessing to love me back. I don't think I'll be able to think straight until I have her heart. But what if God's way of punishing me for my life of greed is to give me this girl...without giving me her love, too?

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CHAPTER  
TEN

Blessing

IT'S CHRISTMAS MORNING.

I settle my feet onto the floor and stand, only to stumble sideways. My left knee dips and I wobble, my head momentarily dizzy before the bedroom very slowly comes into focus.

I have been mauled. By my husband.

Manhandled.

All night.

And my throat is sore from screaming at him to keep going.

When we arrived home from the opera, Edison was still suffering from the delusion that people were after me, determined to take me away from him. I couldn't calm him down. Not with kisses and whispers and cuddles. Not even the security team flanking us on the way home was enough to give him peace of mind. It took hours of lovemaking to free him of the paranoid glint in his eyes—and I'm not sure I'll ever be the same again.

My husband is obsessed with me in a very unhealthy way.

In between bouts of sweaty, animalistic sex, he rose from bed to check the windows to make sure they were locked, he pushed furniture in front of the door to keep intruders out. All

while muttering, “They won’t take her from me.” After which he would come back to bed, roll me onto my back and bring me back to the brink of ecstasy with his tongue between my legs. By the time he mounted me, he was in a fury, growling his possessiveness while the headboard slammed against the wall.

This morning, I can barely walk.

And I feel like a queen.

With a grinning yawn, I stretch my arms up over my head.

As obsessed as my husband is with me...I’m pretty sure the feeling is mutual.

*Pretty sure.*

I’m not sure what puzzle piece is missing, but we’ve been married such a short amount of time. Surely, I will figure it out in due course. Or the worry will correct itself.

I pause in front of the mirrored armoire, noticing the squiggly line between my brows. Ignoring it, I open the door and remove a big, fluffy robe and wrap it around myself, belting the sash. I slide my feet into slippers that somehow already have my initials monogrammed into them and leave the bedroom—

Laughter.

My feet shuffle to a stop.

I know that laughter.

It belongs to the children.

What are they doing here?

A smile blooms on my face and I start to run down the hallway, holding onto the banister as I speed down the staircase and throw open the front door of the house. Christmas explodes across my vision. Snow falls from the sky, all of the trees in courtyard are decorated with lights that shine in the dim morning light. Somewhere in the distance, bells jingle merrily...

And there is Edison.

Having a snowball fight with the children.

His hair is a mess and he hasn't shaven. He's wearing his dress pants from last night...with snow boots. And a big overcoat.

One of the younger children hits him with a snowball, square in the forehead.

I hold my breath.

And he laughs.

It's the most beautiful sound I've ever heard in my life. Deep and booming and a little bit rusty. Now my legs feel like they are going to collapse for an entirely different reason. He shapes up a snowball in his gloves and lobs it carefully at one of the younger girls, obviously being careful not to inflict any damage, but she collapses in the snow giggling, like she's been hit by a torpedo. I start to worry that she's going to catch a cold, until I realize all of the orphans are wearing coats. Brand new ones. Gloves and hats, too.

Did Edison do this? Of course, he did. No one else would. My eyes flood with happy tears and I sniffle, that small sound turning every head in my direction.

"Wife. You're awake," Edison breathes, his eyes going from carefree to possessive as they land on me. "Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas, husband."

"Blessing!" the kids shout in unison, many of the smaller ones rushing over to throw their little arms around my waist and squeeze me. I kiss each one of them on the head, hugging them in return, my heart growing fuller and fuller with every child that greets me. And when they run back into the yard to resume their snowball fight, I throw myself into Edison's arms.

"Thank you. This is the most wonderful Christmas present I could ask for."

"Oh, angel," he says, kissing my hairline. "You haven't seen anything yet."

“What do you mean?” Rather than answer right away, he scoops me up and carries me into the house cradled to his chest, closing the door gently behind us.

“When you returned to the orphanage yesterday, I realized how much you would miss the children. That you would always miss them. Therefore, I purchased the house next door to ours. They will live there with the caretaker and you will be able to visit them whenever you choose.” He brings me into the guest bathroom, settles me onto the vanity and closes the door, that dark paranoia returning to his eyes from last night. “Let me clarify, you will be able to visit them *with your security team*, Blessing. You go nowhere alone.”

I nod, breathless, overcome by what he’s telling me. “You...you bought them the house next door? That must have cost—”

“There is no amount of money I wouldn’t pay to make you smile,” he says, as if that is a fact set in stone since the beginning of time. “They will live comfortably and receive their educations and when they are adults, the money from my inheritance will be waiting for them.” He pauses, frowns. “I didn’t like the idea of them in that broken down building. Repairs can only go so far, Blessing.”

“Oh, Edison,” I sob, pulling his head down so I can plant kisses all over his face, my heart pumping merrily in my chest. “I love you. I love you.”

When he stares back at me, stunned and hopeful, I realize what I’ve said.

And I realize it couldn’t be any truer.

This is it—the final puzzle piece. Edison understanding the love and responsibility I have toward the orphans. Feeling those same emotions himself. Compassion and care. I knew deep down that he was capable of it.

“You love me?” Slowly, his hands cup the sides of my face, his chest lifting and shuddering down. “You mean that?”

“Yes,” I whisper, a hot tear slipping down my cheek. “I mean it. I love you.”

For a moment, he closes his eyes, as if to savor my vow. “Of course. Of course, the thing that makes you fall in love with me is a good deed that benefits someone besides you. There is no one in this world with a bigger heart than my angel.” He slants his mouth over mine, using his tongue on me until I’m moaning. “Your love is the greatest Christmas present I could ever ask for. Dear God, I’m the luckiest man alive.”

He unbelts my robe and pushes it off my shoulders, his eyes blackening at the sight of my nakedness. Enticingly, I arch my back and shake my breasts for him, allowing his hands to press open my knees, so he can look at my rapidly dampening sex. “Is it selfish if I ask for one more present?” I purr.

“Anything,” he groans, stroking the bulge in his pants. “Name it.”

I pout subtly, knowing it makes him crazy. “Teach me how to ride you, Daddy.”

He makes a startled, guttural sound and squeezes his fly. “You’re going to make me come in my fucking pants.”

I slide off the sink and slowly strut to the bathroom door, opening it, stepping out and into the empty house. Edison follows behind me, breathing hard, his hand moving vigorously inside of his unzipped pants. And when I get on my hands and knees and crawl up the stairs, completely naked, he follows behind me on his own hands and knees, panting and cursing.

I’m sure to let him see everything and how it’s turning me on to tempt him. I pause occasionally to bend all the way forward, slide my knees open and wiggle my butt. I giggle over my shoulder and toss my hair playfully and by the time we reach the bedroom, my husband is nothing short of deranged.

He snatches me off the floor and throws me down roughly on the bed, angling his hips to enter me, but I close my thighs swiftly and shake my head. “I want to ride you.”

“I have no patience to teach you this morning, little girl. Look what you’ve done to my cock.”

We are in the center of the bed, Edison kneeling with his pants around his knees, sweat covering his brow. And I quickly reposition myself so that I’m no longer on my back, but kneeling in front of him. “Please? I’m a good student,” I murmur, taking over the privilege of massaging his big, swollen shaft.

“Christ, I can’t say no to you,” he says through his teeth, his gaze riveted by my small hands traveling up and down his length. “Especially...”

“Especially what?”

His expression turns tortured. “I was a monster last night, angel.” A muscle jumps in his cheek, followed by a tick of his right eyes. “I’m still a monster this morning. Letting you play on my lap is the least I can do, before I flip my sweet wife over and hammer her tight cunt again.”

My lungs expel their contents. “You’re *my* monster.” I push on his chest to indicate I want him to lie on his back and he does, unbuttoning his shirt while he watches me. A king awaiting his pleasure. And oh yes, I’m going to give it to him.

“I’m the *only* one who’ll ever give you pleasure,” I whisper, straddling him.

I let my growing obsession with him bleed into my eyes and it excites him, his cock jerking and slapping off the inside of my thigh. “That’s right, wife.”

Reaching back, I guide his shaft to my entrance, rubbing him in my wetness, before impaling myself with a loud slap of my ass meeting his thighs. A triumphant sob from my lips.

Edison’s mouth opens but no words come out. His hands fly to the headboard, wrapping around the wrought iron slats, his breath coming in quick hisses. Edison has never put me on top, but the image secretly turns me on, so I’ve been practicing in my head, fantasizing about what I’ll do when he finally allows me to turn the tables.

Now, leaning forward, I brace my hands on his thick shoulders and squeeze the muscles of my sex as tightly as possible, making quick, horny circles with my hips. “I just want to rub my clit on Daddy,” I whine, my lips on top of his. “Is that okay?”

The groan that leaves him makes me shiver hotly. “*Baby*. You’re going to kill me.”

I pick up the pace until his eyes glaze over. “Don’t die before I give you your Christmas present,” I say teasingly, nipping his jaw and dragging my pointed nipples through his chest hair. “That would be a shame.”

“I can’t believe you’re mine,” he chants, jaw slack. “I can’t believe you’re *mine*.”

“But you haven’t seen everything I can do yet,” I murmur, licking the side of his neck, all the way up to his ear, before clamping my teeth around his lobe. “You haven’t seen all the ways I can make you come.”

“You could do that by batting your eyelashes at me,” he pants, reaching out to grip my butt in his hands, clamping down and urging me on roughly. “Ohhhh, little girl, you’re making me insane with those hips. Fuck. *Fuck!*”

I’m making myself insane, too. The promise of pleasure tingles in my clit and nipples, my toes beginning to curl, tension raking up my spine, poised to release. If I don’t give him his Christmas present now, soon I’ll be too limp and sated to do so.

I straighten back into a sitting position on Edison’s lap.

I pull my knees up beneath my chin and I spin around, muscles of my sex contracted, all of my weight concentrated on my husband’s erection. And it creates a wet, twisting effect that sends a wave of unimaginable sensation to my core. This is friction like no other. I spin and spin, using one hand on his hips to push off, and every time I turn to see his face, his handsome features are more and more blissed out.

“*Jesus Christ*. How did you...how are you...” His knuckles go white around the wrought iron. “Goddamn you’re

such a sweet, innocent whore. *My* angelic, little whore. They all want your pussy. They all want you, but you're mine. *Mine.*"

That vile word—whore—tickles me down deep on the inside, exciting me, encouraging me. Makes me feel confident in my ability to give pleasure. It's my job.

"Merry Christmas, Daddy," I whimper, my orgasm vibrating through my center, strings pulling taut and snapping, letting me fly and fly, my butt scooting in every direction trying to find an anchor, knees squeezed to my chest, making him swell inside of me to the extreme.

His powerful back begins to arch up off the bed, a thunderous shout exploding out of his mouth. "*Blessing!*" I've never seen him shake so violently as he geysers inside of me, his spend leaking and squirting out of my flesh, I'm at capacity so quickly. "I love you. I love you." He rears his hips up and curses. "*I fucking love you.*"

"I love you, too," I whisper, lowering my legs and flopping down on top of him, listening to the riot of his heart against my ear. "Thank you for rescuing me, my sweet Scrooge."

"You have it backward." Still breathing hard, he kisses my temple. "My angel is the one who rescued me."

I pout jokingly. "We rescued each other."

His grin spreads in the darkness. "Deal." Before I can smile back at him, I'm rolled face down, his heavy body pinning me to the mattress, his shaft already stiffening again. "Please," he grunts against my ear, already humping me desperately. "I need this tight ass for Christmas, too."

I give him a mock stern glance over my shoulder. "No."

His hips don't stop slamming into mine. "No?"

I giggle and shake my cheeks in his lap. "You can have it *every* day, Daddy."

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# EPILOGUE

Edison

*Five Years Later*

I PROWL the floor of my office, waiting for Blessing to return from some last-minute Christmas shopping. The house is filled with happy scents of the season. Wood burning in the fireplace, pine, cinnamon. It's no longer simply a house, it's a home. Because of her.

Christmas was once a chore for me. All the carolers warbling off-key outside of my door, people skipping work to be with their families for weeks on end. It baffled me. Infuriated me.

That was before I met my wife.

I divide my life into two sections now. Before Blessing. And after Blessing.

I don't even think I would recognize the cold, cynical man I was prior to her showing up on my doorstep. And I never want to go back to that dark place—that's why I must guard my wife at all costs. I'm *not* being paranoid. They want what's mine. All of them.

You've witnessed what she's like in bed, right?

Over the years, she's only gotten hotter. Tighter. Hornier.

My dick is a metal fucking pole between my legs twenty-four seven.

She sucks it and creams on it and rides it backwards while babbling baby talk at me, while I'm working, when I'm off. I pounce on her and bend her over furniture, out in the backyard, in public. We're filthy fucking animals.

And she's still a sweet, compassionate angel the rest of the time.

I don't think you understand. She has driven me fucking *mental*.

You might think she'd understand her appeal by now, considering she can bring me to my knees simply by sniffing. If she even looks like she's *thinking* about crying, my world ceases to spin. And she has cried over the years, of course, because we've had two children and hormones can be complicated bastards. So my world has stopped spinning many times. You should have seen me when she was pregnant with our first child—I grew a full beard because I flat out forgot to shave. I couldn't sleep for picturing her in pain. Two weeks before her due date, I flew the best doctors in the country to my home, so she would have the best care.

Thankfully, we have decided to stop at two children—and that was my angel's decision because she was worried about my mental health. I can't blame her. We're already dealing with my jealousy and possessiveness and wild obsession with her, we don't need to add my fear of her experiencing pain to the mix.

When I hear the mechanical whirr of the gate opening outside (I had it installed five years ago to keep the mob out), I stride to the window, relief setting in when I see my wife arriving home with her security team. Our four-year-old hops out of the black Mercedes and runs to the house next door where he'll no doubt play with his best friend, Jasper, one of the newer orphans for whom we haven't yet found a home.

You wouldn't believe what my wife has done with the orphanage. Between having two kids and dealing with my obsession, she has found time to revamp the orphanage into an

educational facility. It's a home for these children and while they are living within its walls, they learn valuable trades and she prepares them for the future. She's an utter phenomenon and I am all too proud to stand by her side when she holds charity dinners. Although, as I'm sure you can imagine, I stand at her side to make sure no one thinks of laying a fucking finger on her.

They know. They *know* she's the only one of her kind. They know she's spun from pure magic and they want to steal her from me, but I'm ready. I'm always balanced right on the edge, waiting for someone to try to take her, so I can absolutely detonate.

Through the frosted window, I watch as Blessing carries our sleeping one-year-old son into the house. The security team carries her packages in behind her—and I wait, breathing in and out steadily, forcing myself not to scare her. I wait until she has settled our son into his nursery. Then, slowly, I cross to my office door and toe it open, letting a creaking sound drift into the hallway.

Blessing knows damn well what it means.

A moment later, she steps into my office, closes the door and leans back against it.

I'm only capable of holding myself at bay for another second before I rocket forward and flatten her roughly against the heavy wood, allowing her no room to escape. She cries out while I rake my teeth up the side of her neck, my right hand reaching beneath her skirt to grip her pussy. "Give me the names of the people who coveted this while you were out."

"N-nobody. Nobody!"

"Don't be naïve, little girl, everyone you passed on the street wanted it. Give me their names and I will take care of it."

"Edison," she whispers, cupping my face. "Even if someone else wanted me, it wouldn't matter. There's only you. There will only ever be you."

Paranoia and suspicions claw at me. Not about her. I trust my wife implicitly. It's the world I don't trust. Her appeal is too vast. She weakens the wills of men.

Why can't she see what we can see?

Watching her closely, I peel the panties down to mid-thigh, brushing my fingertips side to side on her smooth mound. You don't understand, she is made of silk. Snug, wet silk. What man could retain his common sense knowing her pussy is nearby? Certainly not me. It hurts to exist and *not* be inside of her. "I'll ask you one more time. Who wanted to touch it?"

"No one." She lays kisses along my jawline. "No one."

I drop my hand, curl my fingers into a fist and punch the doorframe. "*Stop lying to me.*"

Blessing bows her head, a touch of guilt cresting in the depths of her eyes. "S-someone might have propositioned me at lunch. I was j-just coming out of the bathroom."

"*I knew it.*" With a shaking hand, I yank down my zipper. "And what did you tell him?"

"I told him the truth," she whispers.

I whirl Blessing around and drag her down to the carpeted floor, pushing the pulsing head of my cock just inside of her snug opening. "Which is?"

My wife flutters her eyelashes at me innocently, even as she unbuttons her shirt and peels it open, revealing the perky tits that I can never keep my hands—or mouth—off for long. "I told him my Daddy is going to get him."

"*Good girl.*" I drive myself deep inside of her with a strangled shout, already on the verge of nutting. She's tight as a whip. Soaked. It's impossible to make love to her slowly when she's milking me, moaning and lifting her butt to meet my pumps. "He's been warned."

"And so have I." She lifts her knees and clenches her cunt, robbing my lungs of oxygen. Seriously, you've never felt anything like it. If my balls could talk, they would be cursing a

blue streak. “If I want to go out, I deal with the consequences when I get home.”

I catch her mouth in a hot kiss that turns her wetter, sweeter, and I reach down to tickle her clit with my ring finger —also known as my favorite finger, because it bears the proof that I’m this perfect creature’s husband. “Tell the truth, angel. You love my consequences.”

Mischief kindles in her eyes. “No, Daddy,” she purrs. “I live for your consequences. I love them like I love you. Powerfully. Endlessly.”

“Baby, I love you, too. I love you more than my heart can stand.”

She kisses me sweetly, granting me a long look of affection, then clamps me harder within her sex, making me grit and curse, my vision turning blurry. “Give me the consequences harder? Please?” she whimpers. “You should make sure you bought the tightest one.”

My manhood is replaced by beasthood. “Oh *Jesus*...”

What choice do I have but to fuck my angel with frenzied hunger?

*You see this?* You see what she does to me?

She has me turned inside out. I’m a mess. A greedy, overprotective lunatic.

An addict to my wife’s body and all I want is to mainline her.

I am lost in her and never want to be found.

You want her too, don’t you?

*I fucking knew it.*

**T** HE END

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