



HIS
Babbling
BABBY



BELLA DARLING

His Bunny Baby

JOY SISTERS

BELLA DARLING

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Dedication

For anyone looking for love.



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Synopsis

Bunny Joy is floating through life.

She feels like something is missing but can't figure out what.

Not until a goliath of a man takes her breath away.

Twice her size with the largest...hands she's ever seen, Bunny is ready to climb him like a tree and beg him to keep her.

Caspian Cole is on a mission to find this elusive product his sister needs, only to run into his forever.

They say age is only a number, and until meeting Bunny Joy, he would have agreed.

But not all is as it seems with his sweet girl. She has secrets she won't share, and when the shit hits the fan, he makes a misstep that sends her running.

Every good man needs to learn the art of groveling, and Caspian has his work cut out for him in this intensely heated age-gap romance. Buckle up, buttercups, Mr. Cole is about to catch his very own Easter Bunny.



CHAPTER 1

Bunny



“Here comes little rabbit, hopping down the halls...” The stupid song continues as I duck my head and speed walk past Chester Matthews and his idiotic jock friends. Hiking the strap of my bag up higher on my shoulder, I grind my teeth as I stop at my locker a few feet away, sensing he’s ambling towards me.

“Hey there, little rabbit. How about you come keep me company tonight?” His hands grab my hips, and he digs his erection against my ass. His breath smells like garlic.

“Please don’t touch me,” I squeak out. I hate this guy, but I’m not brave enough to report him. I’ve witnessed him harass other girls over the years, and things typically don’t end well for any of them. He’s the star of the team and protected by almost every other male in this stupid school.

“Or what, little rabbit? What are you going to do?” His tongue flicks out and touches my skin, and my stomach revolts.

My eyes dart from side to side, seeking anyone’s help. There’s nothing. No one. *I can’t wait to graduate.* “Get away from me, Chester.” His bark of laughter comes off as harsh and filled with menace.

Pressing further into me, his imposing body slams me into the locker, where the metal scratches my cheek. I hiss out at the sting of pain.

“You can’t stop me, little rabbit. I could take you right here, and no one would intervene. You’re helpless. Accept it.”

The bell rings, and kids file out of classrooms. Someone bumps Chester from behind, knocking him away from me, and I’ve never been as glad to be so petite because I’m able to escape. Running away, I tuck my head down so he can’t see me and rush outside to the car my new brother-in-law insisted I accept. Until now, I’d been nervous about driving it. Now, I’m grateful.

Remaining just within the speed limits, I rush to work, out of breath and on edge. I barely have the car shut off before darting inside Fresh Foods, where I’ve worked as a stock girl for the last year. I need to brush the day off, and losing myself in the mundane task of stocking shelves helps.

“Hey, Bunny!” Ronald, the security guard sitting at the front door, greets me with a friendly smile.

“Hey, Ron. How are you?” I’m early but acting as if I’m late because I just want to be left alone.

“Good, good. You okay?” He taps his cheek, and I bring my hand up to my face, now worried there’s more than just a scratch.

“I’m good. I’ll see you later.” Sprinting to the employee lounge, I beeline for the bathroom and notice crimson droplets have run down my cheek and neck and stained the collar of my shirt. “Shit.” It didn’t feel like such a big deal at school.

Dampening paper towels, I wipe the dried blood off and grab a band-aid. It looks terrible, but it’s better than nothing.

The side of my face is sore because let's face it, Chester wasn't gentle. He was aiming to hurt me. Intimidate me. And frankly, it worked. Thankfully, though, it's the weekend, a long weekend for Easter and my eighteenth birthday, so I needn't worry about him for the next few days.



Well, the weekend has been a bust. I've spent nearly all my free time working because avoiding my sisters is easier than explaining the swollen lip and undeniable bruise that affects my cheek and neck. I've always bruised easily, but this is ridiculous.

Instead of celebrating my birthday on this beautiful spring day, I'm working until nine, with the hopes that my sister Summer will have left for her job at the club by then, and my other sister Valentine won't expect me to come to the main house. Hopefully, Roman will keep her occupied enough that she forgets about me.

When Valentine and Roman got together, I'd been ecstatic. Nobody deserves love more than Valley. She's been mine and Summer's rock since our parents died ten years ago. Last month, we moved into the guest house on the property of the home Roman basically gave to Valentine. It's a McMansion. Huge. More than we have ever known before.

Because I'm still in school, I have to live with Val, which is fine. She's been like a mother to me all my life—even when our parents were alive. Seven kids meant our parents needed help from my older sisters. Being the youngest, I have been shielded and protected. Which is why I can't tell anyone about Chester and his jerk friends at school. Valentine and Summer

especially. The three of us are like The Three Musketeers. Inseparable.

That's not to say my other sisters don't love us; it's just how it is. And that's okay. Really, it is. But sometimes, I get lonely...even when they're all surrounding me. Something is missing, and I don't know what that something is.

Maybe it's because my middle sister, Autumn, has been missing for months. Maybe it's because Valley fell in love. I'm not sure. But I feel like I'm aimlessly wandering through life now, which is quite silly because I'm still in school. I haven't had a chance to live yet.

"Excuse me?" Black boots enter my line of sight from my crouched position on the floor. Glancing up wearily, I'm met with dark-washed jean-clad legs, thick, muscular thighs, and a bulge that snatches my breath. Tattooed hands that I want to lick. As well as a chest three times the size of my body, clad in a tight black shirt that strains at the seams.

"Hi," I squeak out with a wave, forgetting I'm at work. A sexy smirk crosses the man's face. A devilish five o'clock shadow covers his jaw, and his incandescent eyes make my mouth water.

"I need a little help." His powerful arms cross over his impressive chest.

I take a cleansing breath as I blink up at him. I then get to my feet, pinch my wrist behind my back, and plaster on a smile, hoping he's oblivious to me wishing to climb him like a tree. "How can I help?" He doesn't need to know that his standing nearly a foot taller than me is a huge turn-on. I've always enjoyed larger men. Men who could swallow me whole—not that I would know. I've never been touched or kissed before.

Just icky Chester. And I definitely don't want *his* touch.

“Well, this is a bit embarrassing.” *Not if he knew how wet my panties were.* “I’m looking for Epsom salt and can’t find it anywhere.” His hand rubs the back of his neck as his eyes eat me up from head to toe. “I checked the baking aisle, which my sister said it would be in, and there’s a ton of shit there, but none of *this* stuff.”

Covering my mouth as I giggle, his glare narrows, and my eyes lower submissively. He is undeniably dominant. It’s written all over him.

“It will be in the pharmacy,” I say.

He scowls. “What the hell is it doing there.” It’s rhetorical, but I explain anyway.

“Epsom salt isn’t to add flavor to food.” I hope I’m not insulting him. “It’s usually for the body. Smooths feet, soothes sore muscles, stuff like that. I’ll show you.”

“That witch,” he mutters behind me.

At the end of the aisle, I’m stopped abruptly as a cart darts out in front of me, and the stranger must have been right on my heels because he crashes into my back. “Fuck,” he hisses, catching me around the waist so I don’t fall forward. His hand scorches hot through my shirt and is larger than the plane of my stomach.

God, he’s enormous.

Everywhere.

His erection digs into the small of my back.

“Excuse me,” the older woman apologizes and moves, but I take a moment to lean further back into him. Biting my lip to stifle my moan.

He could devour me.

CHAPTER 2

Caspian



I was ready to kill Ava as soon as I entered the grocery store. I did not want to be here. But as I came down the aisle and saw the blonde pixie on the floor, my cock grew ten sizes bigger than normal, and my heart skipped a beat.

Now, I think I'll send Ava and her new husband, Jack, on that honeymoon they've been holding off on because, surely, this is my prize for stepping foot in here. It has to be.

The way her eyes crawled up my body when I stepped close enough in front of her that she had to crane her neck back to see me was intentional. It was imperative that she see all of me. And when she stood up, barely coming to my pecs, I wanted to wrap her up and bring her home with me.

With her ass pushing back and my hand nearly wrapped around her slim body, I know she's meant to be mine. Everything in my life has led me to this moment.

"Do you know if she has a scent she likes?" *What?* Right. The Epsom salt.

"It's salt," I mutter, releasing her reluctantly. When she glances back at me, that's when I spot it. Hidden by makeup but unmistakable.

A dark bruise and a cut on her cheek.

Someone fucking touched my girl, and I'm going to rip them to shreds. Her bright smile dims when she catches my scowl. Lifting a hand, I brush my finger across the cut. "What happened here?" The question comes out more growl than request.

She steps back, taking her intoxicating scent and heat away from me. "That's nothing. Just an accident." The grin is broad but forced. In her eyes, I see a different story. One I fucking despise.

"A boy leaves a mark on you; that ain't nothing." I'm taking a shot in the dark, but from the way her eyes flare, I hit the nail on the head.

"Who said it was a boy?" She turns her back and starts walking away.

I follow along like she's pulling a string. "A real man wouldn't put hands on you." Her back straightens, and she nearly pauses but shakes her head and continues on.

It gives me a chance to admire her from behind. She's young. I can tell from her face and the lack of jadedness in her eyes. But it's more than that. She's rail thin, far more than she should be, yet her hips have the sweetest curves I've ever appreciated on a woman. Compared to her, I'm a fucking giant. Most women her size run the other way.

Not her, though.

No.

She seems to like it.

Which is what has me following along behind her like a fucking puppy, glaring at any man who dares to look in her direction—I have no problem pounding them into the ground

if necessary. As long as their attention remains on looking, only.

We turn a corner, and I realize we're in the pharmacy, stopped in front of a shelf with a bunch of shit on it that I don't think I want or need to know what they are.

"You never said if there was a scent she preferred." Her bright blue eyes stare up at me.

"Uhhh..." I draw a blank. I wouldn't fucking know.

"Our most popular ones are the lavender or citrus. But some people like eucalyptus or vanilla; peppermint, too. There's also scentless." She grabs a bag and gazes up at me again. "Do you know what she's using it for? That might help."

I snort out a laugh. "Babe, until today, I didn't have a fucking clue what this shit was."

"Oh, okay, well, this is our selection. You could always call her and ask." She places the bag back and is about to leave, and I panic.

"What scent do *you* like?" I ask before she can get away.

Her little button nose scrunches up as she glares down at the bags. "I've never used it. I'm allergic."

"What the hell were you touching it for, then?" Irrational anger gushes through my veins as I grab her hands and search for clues of a reaction.

Her laughter is unbothered as she replies, "It's in a bag. I only get hives if I touch it for a prolonged period of time." She attempts to tug her hands back, but I really don't want to let her go.

“Hey, Bunny. Jamie said you can knock off now since it’s...uh, you know.” The woman stutters and then stops, but the two seem to converse with their eyes.

“Thanks, Carly. Tell him I appreciate it.” The girl disappears back to wherever she came from.

“Bunny?” I perk up at the adorable name. It suits her.

“Yeah.” She sighs, staring at our hands. I still haven’t loosened my grip.

“Short for anything?” I can’t think of anything that suits her as well.

“Nope. Can I have my hands back?” She tugs again, and an idea hits me.

“If you have dinner with me.” I don’t know what the hell I’ll do if she says no.

She twists her wrist to look at a watch. Her lips twitch, and I stare, realizing how plump and pink they are. “Okay.” *That was easy.* “You can call your sister and see what she wants while I clock out and grab my stuff. I’ll meet you at the entrance.”

I agree and reluctantly release her hands. I watch her stroll away until she’s gone before calling Ava. “What?” she snaps. *Christ*, these baby hormones have her acting nuts.

“What kind of Epsom salt do you want? There’s a ton of scents here.” I honestly don’t even want to touch it after learning Bunny’s allergic to the shit.

“Oh! Oh, Caspian, I’m so sorry I snapped at you.” I hear the tears working up in her voice and rush to reassure her.

“It’s fine. I just didn’t want to get the wrong one. Bunny said depending on what you’re using it for, you might like

different scents or no scent at all.”

“Bunny?” She cheers right up at the mention of a girl.

“Yeah, she was helping me.” I don’t want to give too much away yet. Ava’s younger than my thirty-two years by four and has been nagging me to settle down since she met Jack and began popping kids out. She wants the cousins to be close in age. So far, she’s two kids ahead of me, with a third on the way and ready to arrive in about five months.

“Is there citrus?” she asks, sensing I don’t want to divulge any more.

“Yup. How many bags?”

“How many *are* there?” she counters.

Leaning down, I grab them all. “Six,” I reply.

“Perfect.”

I hang up and rush to the register to pay. I don’t want Bunny waiting on me. It should always be the other way around.

Paid and bagged, I head out front and wait for Bunny. It gives me a minute to calm down and think about my actions. Taking a strange girl home. Wanting to lay a claim on her almost immediately.

It appears that I’ve got some screws loose.

I used to tease Jack about how hard and fast he fell for Ava, but here I am doing the same fucking thing. It’s not that I don’t believe in love or love at first sight, it’s that I never imagined it was for me.

I’ve been so focused on Cole Mechanics over the past decade that I haven’t given relationships much thought. I’m

not ashamed to admit I've had fun with a few girls, but nothing serious, and I've never felt this clamoring need to make a girl mine until I laid eyes on Bunny.

Whenever things progressed before, I'd call it off and never see them again. Yeah, it's an asshole move, but I never claimed to be prince charming. I've always left that for the movies or Jack. He seems to have it down pat.

"Uhm, hi." Bunny's lilting voice has me spinning to face her. She looks far more casual in cut-off jean shorts with a frayed hem, a pair of black Chucks, and a t-shirt showing too much fucking skin for the public eye.

"Where's the rest of your shirt?" I think it's called a crop top. *Too late.* I realize I've messed up.

"Right. I think I'll just go home then."

Fuck. "No, wait. I'm sorry. That was such a dick thing to say." *Fuck. Am I messing this up more?* "It's the protector in me. I spent years watching my sister wear the same thing and always hated the idea of guys staring at her. Jack does it now."

Her head tilts; she's inspecting me, determining if I'm worth her time. "My sister's husband controls everything she does and wears. I don't want that for myself."

"Sounds like a dick."

"He's not. He's...perfect," she sighs, and I want to punch this fucker in the face. "She loves it. It works so well for them. She gives up all control, but honestly, he's the one who's powerless because he'd do anything for her. Has, in fact." She sighs again. "I don't know what I'm trying to say, just that I'm my own person. I don't want to be told what to do or wear."

I've heard of relationships like the one she's describing, and while I like to be in control and can be an ornery asshole, I

don't want my woman under my thumb without her desire to be. "Wouldn't dream of it."

She nods. "I realized inside that I don't know your name."

Reaching out, I take her hand. "Caspian Cole."

"Caspian." She says my name, trying it out, and my dick jumps and weeps. "It suits you." Her smile is sunny, showing off her perfectly straight white teeth, and this time it reaches her eyes. "So, what are we doing for dinner?"

Shit. I hadn't thought that far. "How about I cook for you?" We don't need the distraction of a restaurant; I want her focus entirely on me.

Fretting at her lip, she appears about to decline when instead she shocks me by nodding her head and saying, "I'll follow you, then?"

After helping her into her Mercedes E-Class Coupe—my brows raise at the money this thing costs—I get her phone and dial mine so we have each other's numbers. A girl that young, driving a car that expensive, has me wondering about all kinds of things.

CHAPTER 3

Bunny



What was I thinking? I'm an idiot. This man could be a serial killer for all I know. I could disappear tonight, and no one would realize because I'm the dumbass who didn't tell anyone where I was going, that I left work early, or who I was with.

From the truck he drives—an old 70's pickup—to the house he lives in, Caspian Cole is a contradiction. Although, the pickup *is* restored. But his home is massive. Nothing like Roman's; nobody has money like my brother-in-law, but still huge with its three stories, four-car garage, and huge wrap-around porch.

“Your house is beautiful,” I say again as I sit across the island from where he's cooking at the gas range, which I imagine cost ten grand, easily.

Everything is open concept. A living room sprawls out behind me, the kitchen has double French doors that open onto a beautiful deck with a hot tub, and despite the limited acreage, there's a generous-sized pool outside as well. The laundry room is on the second floor, with a bathroom, two guest rooms, and an office, even though there's a den down here with sliding barn doors if he wants privacy. Then a level above that, there are four bedrooms. Two have a shared

bathroom between them, and my first thought when I initially saw this was that it would be perfect for the kids; however, I bit my lip and shut that down rather quickly. The main suite is expansive, nearly half the size of the floor plan, with two walk-in closets, a generous attached bathroom with a jacuzzi tub, and even a makeup room with the biggest built-in vanity I'd ever seen. And the last bedroom remains a blank slate.

“It’s my parents’ old home. I grew up here. Once I bought it from them, I added on the third floor about four years ago after I renovated the rest of the house first. The basement is still unfinished.” The pride in his voice is attractive to me. I squeeze my thighs together to help with the pressure I feel building.

“Do you mind if I look around outside?” He turns from the stove, a delighted grin across his face, and nods.

Sliding apart the French doors, a light breeze wafts in, tempering my overheated skin. What I missed out back earlier was that there’s a seating area off to the side and a garden lining the fence. “Is that a vegetable garden?” I pop my head back inside to ask him.

He shuts off the burner on the stove before joining me. “It is. My mom started it, and I never stopped.” He grips my hand, our fingers weaving together naturally, and I follow him down the steps as I’m brought over to a large oak tree with an attached swing. “I replaced the ropes last year when my nephew became old enough to play around on this thing, so it’s sturdy.” He nods his head for me to take a seat.

As soon as I do, I’m given a light push. I close my eyes and enjoy the carefree moment of it all. Tilting my head back, the swinging slows until I’m halted, and I feel Caspian’s hand on my cheek, holding me in place as his lips cover mine.

His bristle is rough against my delicate skin, but I love it; the tantalizing scrape likely leaving a red mark. I enjoy the idea of him marking me.

Without much effort, he picks me up and whips me around so he's holding me. My legs barely wrap around his bulkiness. His hand spans the area of my ass completely, and when I delve my fingers into his hair, scratching his scalp and tugging on the short strands, a growl erupts from his chest, and before I know it, he's carrying me inside.

"Fuck, you taste good," he mutters, nipping my lip before diving back in and sweeping his tongue through my lips. Licking along the cavern of my mouth, exploring and taking everything he desires from me.

I let him.

I want him.

I need this man who was a total stranger yesterday, but my soul sings that he's mine now. My heart pounds in my chest, telling me he's meant to belong to me. So, when I register us falling onto a soft mattress, I surrender myself over to Caspian freely.

I don't stop him when he pulls my shirt off and groans out a curse as he realizes I'm not wearing a bra. He attacks my teacup-sized breasts like he's been starved for them his whole life. I lift my hips when I feel him yanking on my shorts, pulling them down and off my body with little effort.

My eyes roam appreciatively across his chest when he strips his own shirt off. Drinking in the tan skin, the bulking muscles, the dark dusting of hair that leads down to where my fingers are now trying to remove his pants.

Stripped naked, the frenzy of need slows to a simmer, and when he settles between my thighs, petting my pussy with his firm calloused fingers, my back arches as an unexpected orgasm tears through my body.

I'm light, floating on a cloud, when I feel him thrust once, tearing through my virginity and settling in deep. "Fuck, motherfucker. Bunny, why didn't you tell me you were a virgin?" He appears tortured, wanting to take care of me but not happy to leave my body.

"Because I needed it real and raw; I wanted you to lose control." *I want all of his unbridled passion.*

Dropping his head onto my shoulder, his body shudders as I work to adjust to his size. He's a very big man; I should have known that would be true everywhere.

"Please, Caspian. Please don't leave me." Kissing across his temple and cheek, I hold him tighter. I know he's at war with himself.

Finally, he groans.

Finally, he sinks his body into mine.

Finally, he begins to thrust.

Gently at first. Drawing out leisurely, then re-entering excruciatingly slow. I want to scream. I want him to lose control.

"Caspian," I gasp when he bites my neck, sucking the flesh into his mouth. He's going to leave his mark.

"Never felt anything so good as you, little one." Biting my lip, my body melts at his praise. "Ah fuck," he hisses as his hands move down to my hips, clasping me tight. Holding me

in place. “This feeling should be illegal. It’s too good. Too fuckin’ good.”

Lifting my legs higher, he sinks deeper, and I grow lightheaded, barely hanging on to consciousness. I feel his legs spread, his powerful thighs coming to rest just under my ass, and he grasps my wrists with both hands, bracing them above my head.

His hips pound into me. Soft, sweet Caspian is no more. This man is on a mission, and I am here for it.

“Come with me, little one. Give me that pussy juice.” His words, the full feeling of him, all of it, blurs my vision. My skin tingles. I’m skyrocketed out of my body into euphoria, and I never want to come back down.

“Fuuuuuckkk,” he groans in my ear, the sounds vibrating through his frame as I feel heat assault my insides. Coating my walls, soaking into my very core. Growls radiate from his gravelly voice box as he finally crashes from his own high.

“Caspian.” I whisper his name. He grunts. “That was amazing.” Rolling us over, he remains hard inside of me. His hands caress across my body, working me up and twisting me around under him. I’m positive I’m purring.

“Never letting you go,” he murmurs. Butterflies erupt in my belly, and I want to believe that. With everything in my soul, I want that to be true, but it’s one night. I need to keep my head firmly on the ground regarding a man like him.

CHAPTER 4

Caspian



“**D**ude, if you keep growling like that, you’re going to scare away the customers.” Jack throws a greasy rag at me. I catch it before it hits my head.

“She hasn’t texted me back yet.” I can almost feel his eyebrows hitting the roof.

“She? She who? Does Ava know? Shit, man, when’d you meet her?” Glancing up from the hood I’m under, I roll my eyes at him. Jack used to be a hardass, then Ava knocked him on his *ass*, and now he’s a sappy motherfucker.

“Her name’s Bunny. I met her while shopping for that stupid salt your wife needed.” His gaze lowers at my glare, and I see him fighting a grin. “Fuck.” *The fucker*. I know exactly why he couldn’t get it for her now. “We spent last night together, and now I can’t get ahold of her.”

“Ever think you were just a good time for her?” I throw my wrench at his head for that one. Fucker catches it with a laugh.

“She was a virgin. There was no fucking around for her.” *I’m positive*. Yeah, she was shy this morning, but we spent all night fucking and making love. I’m certain she’s sore at this point, but she was all-in during our bedroom Olympics.

“Shit.” My head pops up. “Did you scare her off?”

I’m shaking my head before Jack finishes speaking. “Not a chance.” Not with the way she clung to me before climbing in her car and leaving.

“Did you try actually calling her?” His hands raise at the glare I shoot over at him. “Hey, man, just asking.”

Slamming the hood shut on the Camaro I’ve been working on, I walk away, ignoring the smile our receptionist Juliette shoots my way, and lock myself in my office. After giving the customer a quick call to let him know his ride is ready, I recheck my phone, and fucking finally, bubbles are popping up under her name.

Bunny Baby: Sorry! My sisters have been grilling me since I got home.

Me: Busy tonight?

I already want her again. There’s something erotically addictive about her. I can’t get her off my mind, and everywhere I look, I swear I smell her musky scent.

Bunny Baby: I’m just about to shower then head to work till eight.

Me: Come over after.

I’m not asking. I fucking need this girl in an unhealthy way.

Bunny Baby: I can’t stay the night...

I glare at my phone.

Me: Why not?

Bunny Baby: My first class is at nine.

So, she *is* in college. I wonder what she's majoring in. I'll have to ask after I finish devouring her before convincing her to stay the night anyway.

Me: I'll see you tonight.

She doesn't need to know my plan yet.

Bunny Baby: Miss you.

Fuck. This girl. She gets to me, and I know, I fucking know, I'm going to marry her. We didn't use protection last night, and I nudded in her tight cunt at least half a dozen times. I don't plan to stop, either.

Me: Miss you back.

"Looks like she texted you back." Jack leans against my office door. I throw a pen at him, he ducks, and it lands on the floor in the front office. "Brock's here for his car. You want to go over it with him, or me?"

"I will." Shoving my phone in my pocket as I get to my feet, I greet Brock with a handshake before showing him into the garage and explaining that he needed new spark plugs along with his oil change. Ordinarily, I don't handle such basic repairs—I have an apprentice for that—but Brock has been a longtime friend of mine, and no one else will do when it comes to this car of his.

With that transaction squared away, the rest of the day drags on. I'm tempted to stop in and see Bunny at work but force myself to wait, and decide to make her a charcuterie board for dinner and pick up some ice cream for dessert.



I figured she'd be here shortly after eight since she doesn't live far from my place, but when 8:45 rolls around, and she still hasn't shown, I begin to worry and start obsessively checking my phone in case she calls or texts.

By nine, I'm stationed out on the porch with my second beer in hand and ready to lose my shit when I see the headlights of Bunny's car coming down my street.

She parks in the driveway and is slow to get out, but when she does, I damn near swallow my tongue. First is those damn Chucks, followed by her tanned and slender legs, all that creamy flesh just waiting to be feasted on. She's wearing a short blue summer dress covered with little polka dots, and the straps are so thin they might as well not be there at all.

Maintaining my cool as she strides towards me, her hands fidgeting in front of her, I can tell she's nervous.

"Hi, Caspian." My eyes slide away from her to look out over the street.

I'm pissed as hell with this girl. "Bunny." My dick, however, is more than ready to greet her.

Her feet shift, and she can't stand still as I wait on her to explain. Finally, she sighs, and I think she's either going to turn around and leave or sit next to me; instead, the little minx crawls into my lap. Legs spread wide across my thighs, knees resting against my hips on the hard wood, delicious little cunt snuggled right up to my dick, and her arms wrap around me as she leans her head against my chest. Listening to my rapidly beating heart.

How the fuck am I supposed to be mad now?

"My phone died," she begins. "There was a meeting after my shift that lasted longer than I thought, or I would have

called.” *Well, fuck.*

It’s not until I slip a hand into her hair that her body relaxes, and she melts into me. “Charge your fucking phone,” I demand. Her head nods, and we sit like that for a while. “When’s the last time you ate?” I feel her belly grumbling against mine.

Her shoulder lifts in a casual shrug. “Breakfast, maybe.”

“Maybe? What do you mean, maybe?” How the hell doesn’t she know? Standing up, I hold her in my arms before whisking her inside. This damn girl needs a keeper.

“I was doing laundry and cleaning up around the house. Then my sisters cornered me, and I’m not sure if I ate,” she babbles out her excuse.

“What the hell am I going to do with you?” I don’t expect an answer to my grumbled question.

“Feed me?” Her blue eyes blink up at me as I set her on the counter. “Ohhh, this looks divine.” She pops a juicy raspberry into her mouth, and I’m jealous of the way she moans over the damn morsel. I want those noises when my cock is balls deep in her mouth, fucking down her slender throat until I feed her a bellyful of cum.

I don’t say anything as she eats the food I’ve laid out for her. Instead, I grab another beer for myself and a bottle of water for her and sit on the stool in front of her. She’s fucking starved, I realize, and I wonder how often she forgets to eat.

“How was work?” I finally ask when she begins to slow down, having demolished half the board. Bunny can pack it away.

“Fine. Boring. Stock shelves, clean floors, same thing, different day.” She guzzles half the water before setting it

down.

“You like it there?”

Her shoulder lifts and drops. “It’s okay. A way to make money for now. Until I figure out what I want to do with my life, it works.”

“What *do* you want to do with your life?” I almost hold my breath, waiting for her to answer.

“Honestly?” Her eyes peek at me through her lush lashes, and I nod. “I want to spend a few months traveling around the world, fall in love, and have as many babies as I can.” Her answer surprises me, which must show on my face because she laughs. “Real ‘new world’ of me, huh? With seven of us, my mom stayed home to raise us until they died. My best memories include her being home every day after school. Breakfast in the morning, dinner at six, homework at seven.” A blush creeps up her chest and into her cheeks.

“Ain’t nothing wrong with that.” I’m right there with her. Ready, willing, and able.

“Tell that to my sisters Winter and Christmas. They think I’m insane for wanting to rely so much on a man for my stability and happiness.” *It bothers her that they don’t support her dream.*

“Winter and Christmas? Bunny, Valentine. I’m sensing a theme here.” My joke draws a smile from her.

“Don’t forget Summer, Autumn, and Trixie. My parents were *real* original. But they knew what they were doing.” Her smile grows fond.

“So, who grilled you this morning?”

“Summer and Valentine. I’m closest to them. There’s barely a year apart between each of us. Valentine just married Roman Heart.” My eyebrows shoot to my hairline, making her laugh. “Yeah, that’s the one. He’s great, though. Loves Valley obsessively. He’s the brother I never had.”

“And Summer?”

“She just started working at some hot new underage club a few months ago. She’s fixated on that right now. Loves being able to go to work and be safe. There was an incident not long ago; she doesn’t trust so easily now, but the owner is a great guy.”

“She okay?” Bunny’s head nods as she eats a grape before feeding me one. Noticing the time glowing on the stove is near eleven, I sigh, “Classes at nine, huh?” She confirms. “Guess I should let you head on home, then.” No matter how much I want her to stay so I can bury my dick in her for the rest of the night.

Sliding off the counter into my lap, she pouts, “I know I have to, but could we have five more minutes?” I can’t deny this girl a damn thing. Her smile grows bright as the sun at my nod.

Stealing her lips in a kiss meant to singe her toes, we get so lost in each other that nearly an hour goes by before I’m tucking her into her car with instructions to charge her phone, eat breakfast, and call me in the morning. She nods, lips still pouting, and takes off.

CHAPTER 5

Bunny



I hesitate walking into school. The day is sweltering hot, so despite my desire to wear pants and a sweater, I'm in another pair of cut-off shorts and a loose t-shirt. After Friday's incident with Chester, I'm not keen on being here. I don't want his slimy hands touching me again.

After two periods go by where I don't see or hear from him, I sit down for lunch and pull out my phone to text Caspian. We had a quick conversation as I was running out the door late, a granola bar shoved in my pocket to eat when I got here, but I forgot about it again.

Me: Lunch time!

I send him a picture of my sandwich, apple, and a diet soda I grabbed from the vending machine. He's quick to respond.

Caspian: That's it?

Me: Well, plus the granola bar I forgot to eat for breakfast.

Almost as soon as I hit send, he's calling.

"You told me you were eating as we were talking, Bunny." The exasperation in his tone has me worrying my lip.

"I had intended to."

“But?” How does he know me so well already?

“But I forgot. It was in my pocket. I was going to eat it when I got here, but I was late. I’m eating now, though.” I take a loud bite of my apple to prove my point.

His warm chuckle sends chills through my body. “You working tonight?”

I nod but then remember he can’t see me. “I have tomorrow off.”

“Good, you’re coming over, and I’m going to feed you so much you’ll be full for days.”

“Full of you, I hope.” My eyes widen at the brazen words. I hadn’t meant to say that out loud.

“You’d better believe it.” His heated voice dampens my panties.

Chester plopping down next to me, dries up any lust I was feeling. “Who you talking to, baby?” he whispers in my ear, biting my jaw hard enough to leave an imprint.

“Who the fuck is that?” Caspian shouts loud enough that everyone near me hears him.

“A loser who refuses to take a hint.” Chester’s eyes widen at my remark. I’m a little shocked myself. I’ve never spoken to him like that.

“I need to bust his kneecaps?” The menacing growl emitting through the line sounds hot as hell, but he’s not here to do anything about the state he’s put me in.

Staring Chester in the eye, I respond, “No, he’s just a small-minded boy who needs to be put in his place.” Gathering up my lunch, I shove it in my bag and walk out of the cafeteria. “I should go, or I’ll be late for my next class.”

“Did you finish eating?” I love his concern for me.

“Not yet, but I will.” That’s a lie. Chester touching me suffocated my appetite.

“You sure I don’t need to come fuck this guy up?”

I laugh humorlessly. “Yes, he’s just a mindless fuck boy being led around by his tiny penis.” I don’t realize that Chester heard me say that until I hang up, and he follows me into the girls’ bathroom.

“Who the fuck do you think you are, you little bitch?” He slams me into the sink, my head bounces off the mirror, and the delicate skin splits open, blood immediately trickling down my face as he grabs a fistful of my hair. “I’ll show you who’s a fuck boy.”

His hard length shoves into my ass as he yanks my head back and bites me again, leaving teeth impressions in my neck. His free hand moves to the front of my shirt, shoving up the top and roughly fondling my breast. I’m going to have so many bruises I can’t explain, and none of them will have healed by the time I see Caspian again.

Tears stream down my face until the bathroom door opens and another student enters. Chester is so cocky that it doesn’t even phase him.

“Get the hell off her!” the girl, a cheerleader, I think, shouts at him, fisting his shirt in her hand and pulling until he releases me.

“Fuck off, Tabitha. The bitch deserves it,” he seethes, ready to attack me again.

Tabitha steps in between us, crossing her arms. “Stay the hell away from her, Chester.” Like me, she knows reporting

him won't do a damn thing. They stand off for another minute before he spins around, cursing, and leaves.

I haven't moved and can barely breathe, so when her hand touches me, I jump to the side, hitting the air dryer and likely bruising my shoulder as well.

"You okay, Bunny?" Surprised that the girl knows my name, I give a sharp nod. Tabitha ignores my skittishness and grabs some paper towel, dampening it before reaching for me. "Just gonna clean up some of this blood. We should go to the nurse, nonetheless."

I don't respond as she helps me tidy up. I'm unsure what to say because she's never spoken to me before. I didn't even know she knew who I was.

"Thank you," I finally get out through my raspy throat.

Her smile is genuine as she nods her head. "You have Chemistry this afternoon, right?" I nod again. "Good, I need a new partner. Lizzie hasn't got a lot going on up here"—she taps the side of her head—"so we're failing, and I know you're super smart. Do you mind?"

Surprised by her request, I accept, and she applies a bit of makeup to my neck to cover up the developing bruise. God, I hate Chester.

The afternoon passes with Tabitha sticking to me like glue before the final bell rings, and while walking to my car, I spot Chester and his group of friends before they do *me*—thankfully—and Tabitha and some of her cheer friends encircle me.

"Girls gotta stick together," she says before coaxing me into giving her my number.

This entire day has been weird. I was happy for the most part until Chester, then Tabitha striking up a friendship threw me off-kilter, so when I arrive at work, I nearly forget about the cut on my head and the bite marks on my jaw and neck. I probably look like I was attacked by some wild dog, but I manage to cover them up enough that nobody says anything. Nobody I work with, anyway.

“Been texting you.” Caspian’s gruff voice has me spinning so fast I nearly fall off the ladder I’m standing on, putting some excess product up on one of the shelves in the bakery aisle.

Turning to the opposite side so he doesn’t see the new marks, my heart threatens to beat out of my chest. “Sorry, it was a weird afternoon.” That’s not a lie.

“How so?” He cocks his head and tries to catch both my eyes, but I keep my gaze averted as I move things around. If he sees me full-on, he’ll recognize that something is wrong and demand answers.

“A girl I’ve known for years decided we needed to be friends today. I didn’t even think she knew my name.” It was kind of nice. I just hope she’s being honest because I don’t think I could handle the betrayal.

“She a nice girl?” I nod. “Then good. You deserve that.” He’s quiet for a minute, and I feel nervous. “You eat that lunch?” *Shit*. “Fuck sakes, Bunny.”

“Sorry.” I had intended to. Chester ruined that for me.

“When do you have a break?” Alarmed, my entire body freezes. “I know you have one,” he challenges.

Glancing at my watch, I realize it’s coming up. “In about ten minutes.” Dread fills my stomach with lead.

“Good. I’ll grab us some food and meet you at the tables out front.” He waits for me to acknowledge him before leaving.

Dropping down on the ladder, I cradle my head in my hands. Everything is about to blow up, I just know it.

Putting my stuff away, I head back to the employee lounge to apply more makeup in the false hope that he won’t notice. But he will. Caspian sees everything about me.

Heading outside, the heat has me fanning my face. Caspian sits at the outdoor seating area with a couple of burgers, fries, and a gigantic milkshake.

I take two steps before he detects it, his face going from happy to angry in the blink of an eye. “What the hell happened?” His finger traces my jaw, where the first bite mark resides, then my head, where the cut hides in my hairline. “Don’t tell me nothing. Those are teeth marks in your jaw, and that cut is jagged.”

“I don’t...” My throat constricts as I swallow past the emotion bubbling to the surface. “I really don’t want to talk about it.” He glares at me, and it’s clear he wants to argue. “Please, Caspian.”

I’m a foot away from him when he finally grasps my wrist and pulls me into his lap with an angry growl. “This goes against every fiber of my being as a man who wants to do everything I can to protect you, but for now, yes, I’ll let it go, but you have to eat everything I feed you.”

I nod as he lifts a crispy french fry to my mouth before taking one for himself. The hot, salty flavor tastes like heaven on my tongue. Before long, I’ve eaten the entire basket of fries, half of the burger, and most of the shake.

“No more.” I shake my head. If I do, I might explode.

“Fine,” he grunts and takes the burger for himself, eating half of it in one bite. I don’t know why I find that so sexy, but I squirm in his lap. “Stop, or you won’t be going back to work.”

Giggling, I kiss his cheek and thank him for making me eat. I was starving but hadn’t realized it until he offered me the food. Even though I was dreading Caspian catching me in my current state, I’m thrilled he came.

“Uh-huh. You don’t get to leave until I get a proper kiss.” Standing up, he pulls me back into his arms; one hand encircles the back of my neck, and the other cups my ass. Holding me tight to his body, Caspian leans down and devours me.

It’s a claiming for all to see, and I can only hang on for dear life before he swallows me whole.

Leaving him and returning to work is the hardest thing I’ve ever done. But I manage, and rather than head home afterwards, I go straight to his house.

CHAPTER 6

Caspian



The doorbell rings, and I debate ignoring it because I know Bunny will be home soon and calling me. I don't want to miss it, nor do I want to be interrupted. Getting up from the couch as the insistent ringing continues, I throw the door open, prepared to yell at whoever is on the other side.

“What the hell?” Bunny stands on my front step in a pair of sandals and another enticing dress. “What are you doing here?” Not that I'm upset about it.

Her bright smile dims at my shocked attitude, which sounds far grouchier than I intend.

“Sorry, I thought...uhm...I thought I would surprise you. I'll go.”

I yank her inside by the front of her dress before she can move. Slamming the door shut and locking it, I flip lights off as I haul her delicate frame over my shoulder and carry her upstairs.

“Surprised me is all,” I tell her as she clutches the back of my shirt. “Always happy to see you, Bunny.” Dropping her on my bed, I shed my shirt as fast as possible before flipping her sandals off and dropping my pants.

Crawling between her legs, her smile is shy but inviting. I make quick work of her panties and pull the dress up and over her head. Her hands move to cover her breasts, but my headshake stops her.

Despite our nudity, rage plows through me faster than a bullet train when I view fingerprints on her tender flesh. I know for damn sure they aren't mine. I'd never mark her like that. These are full-on bruises.

"Who the fuck touched you?" I let it go at dinner because my desire to get her fed overrode my instinct to kill the motherfucker who put hands on her, but now I'm re-evaluating. "Don't fucking tell me it's nothing."

Blowing out a breath, her eyes stare straight at the ceiling. "I'm handling it," is all she says.

Cupping her cheek, I force her to look at me. "Bunny, some asshole is touching what's mine. I'm not going to sit back and let it happen."

I ripple with anger, but she's not deterred. Her hands caress up and down my chest, soothing the beast rising inside me. "I'm not asking you to. I'd just like the chance to deal with it first."

"You're playing with fire here," I warn before sliding in between her legs, brushing my cock against her already swollen clit. "I haven't even touched you," I groan.

"Don't you know I'm always ready for you?"

Fuck. *Fuck*. I'm so fucking gone for this girl. "I know, little one, I know." And I do. Fuck do I know.

Lowering myself into the cradle she's availed to me, her thighs wrap tight around me, and I reach between us, gripping my cock and dragging it through her soaked slit. Bunny

exhales with a sweet, addictive little moan that has my dick dripping with pre-cum all over her pussy, smearing it with her slickness.

A sudden image of Bunny round with my baby has me spurting on her clit. Fuck what I wouldn't give to make that come true. I have no idea if she's on the pill, but we haven't once used protection, and now, we never will.

“Please stop teasing me, Caspian. I need you so much.” And I'll always give my Bunny baby precisely what she wants and needs.

Pushing through her silky cunt, her back arches, and I grow dizzy. She's so fucking tight. Every time feels like the first. Soaked and desperate, she takes my girth to the hilt. I fill her up so full that there isn't an ounce of room to spare.

Desperate to be part of her again, my strokes are deep and rough. “Harder,” she begs me, her nails digging into my hands where I hold her.

Jerking my hips forward, driving my cock into her again and again, the bed shakes with the motion. Pillows fall to the ground, and I'm blinded by lust, but fuck, she feels so damn good.

“Oh God,” she gasps, her eyes widening with shock. “It hurts, Caspian. Oh, it hurts.” I pause, and she snarls at me. “Don't you dare stop.”

A haughty smirk plays at my lips until her walls tighten around my shaft, and I'm lost to the lust again. Slamming into her, my balls slapping against her ass, there's nothing but us. Me pounding into her tight cunt, her crying out her pleasure as it tears through us at the same time.

“Caspian!” she moans, bowing into me. There’s no space between us as I explode jet upon jet of cum inside her unprotected womb. Thick ropes of my seed fill her up until there’s no room left and it spills out onto the mattress below, coating us in our sticky passion.

Barely able to breathe, I capture her lips with a feverish need to stay connected to her. I fucking love this girl.



I spent all night buried inside Bunny’s inviting cunt, not fucking, but hard as a rock and cuddling her from behind. The vixen is a witch, and even though we weren’t in the throes of passion but simply enjoying each other’s bodies, I came in her twice more. Just from touch alone. That’s never happened to me before.

I petted her clit through a few orgasms, too, leaving her breathless and purring like a kitten. She’s fucking hot as hell when she’s needy.

“Is that coffee I smell?” She pads into the kitchen in her little dress from last night and is shoeless. My eyes roam up and down her body, imagining her pregnant and barefoot in this kitchen for the next few years. My dick grows instantly hard.

Pouring her a cup, she takes it from my hands before I can ask how she likes it and guzzles it down. “Don’t like it sweet?” You don’t meet many women who drink it black.

“Nope!” She smiles as she gets a refill. “But you need a dark roast.” I blink down at the container labeled dark roast. “Okay, darker.” She shrugs with a playful grin on her swollen lips.

“Class at nine again?” She nods. “Ava’s having a BBQ tonight with some friends. Any chance I can convince you to come with me?”

It’s her turn to blink in shock. “Meet your sister?” I confirm. Stalling, she takes a long sip of coffee and lifts her eyes over the rim of the mug. “Are you sure we’re ready for that?” I don’t remind her how many times I’ve come in her succulent cunt because she’ll likely throw hands with me—the woman is scrappy—so I give a brief nod. Her mouth screws from side to side. “Okay, but I’ll have to go home first so I can change and not look like I’ve been bored to tears all day with annoying lectures and work that’s not hard enough.”

“Not hard enough?” I ask, hoping she’ll tell me more. She doesn’t elaborate, so I let it go. We have all the time in the world.

“I need to go; I have to change and shower.” My head shakes. “What?”

“Baby, if you shower, you’re washing my scent off you, and other boys will come sniffing around.” I’ve shocked her into silence once more.

Gulping down the rest of the hot brew in her cup, she frowns at it. “I’m bringing over my Death Wish Dark Roast tonight. If you’re going to keep me up all night, I need the good stuff.”

“Don’t shower,” I growl against her lips as I drag her in close to me. I hate the idea of another man anywhere near my girl.

“Don’t worry, Cas. I’ve got this.” She holds up the shirt I wore yesterday as she dashes for the front door.

“I’ll pick you up at five,” I call after her as she gets in her car.

With a wave, she’s gone in less than a minute. I hate that she has to leave so early because she has nothing to wear here. I wait until she’s in class to text her and tell her to bring a few changes of clothing with her tonight. I know she won’t be ready to move in yet, but that doesn’t mean I can’t start the process early.

Jack shows up at the shop late, and from the smug look on his face, it has to do with my sister and bedroom activities I’d rather not think about. “Shut up,” I tell him before he can say a word.

His laughter follows him back to where he starts on an oil change for some punk kid who had no idea that cars needed upkeep. “Ava wants to know if you’re coming tonight.”

Not looking at him, I drop my bombshell. “Yeah, Bunny and I will be there.”

A tool clatters to the ground as he stares a hole through my back. “Shit, you’re totally gone for this girl.” I glower at him, and he laughs again.

“In what universe have I not been gone for her since I laid eyes on her.” I haven’t even tried to hide my infatuation with Bunny. No point. She’s my endgame. I won’t hide that.

“Hey, Caspian.” Juliette purrs my name from the doorway leading into the shop, and I raise a brow at Jack, who shakes his head. He’s teased me for months that the girl has a crush on me, but I’ve never believed him. Now that I hear it, I must have a word with her. Nip it in the bud, so to speak.

“What’s up?” I don’t look at her; she doesn’t need encouragement.

Her heels clack against the cement floor as she walks over to me. Ridiculous shoes to be wearing in a mechanics shop if you ask me. “Well.” Her hand slides up my back to cup my shoulder before gliding down my arm. “I was thinking you’d take me to dinner tonight. Or come over, and I can cook for you.”

I know an invitation for sex when I hear one. “Got plans tonight.” I shrug her touch off and catch the frown on her face from the corner of my eye. I can already tell she’s not going to take this rejection lightly.

Bending over so her elbows rest on the side of the car I’m working on, her tits damn near spill out into my face. “Perhaps I can change your mind.” She gives a little wiggle.

“It’s a family thing,” I try again.

“That’s perfect because I’m practically family. I’ll go with you.” I hear Jack groan from his position a few feet away.

I need to let her down, but I don’t want to hurt her feelings. She’s worked for me for years and is relatively good at her job. I think. I don’t pay enough attention, I guess.

“It’s invite-only from Ava,” Jack finally grunts, saving me. He’s never cared about being an ass to anyone. It’s part of his charm. Or so Ava says.

“Ava loves me,” she replies, making Jack snort again.

“She thinks you’re a leech.”

I bite my lip to keep my laugh contained.

“Caspian! Are you really going to let him speak to me like that?” Sighing, I stand up and fix an amused glare on my brother-in-law.

“Jack, don’t be an ass.” Turning to her, I explain, “I don’t mix business with pleasure.” My words are firm and final as I walk away to find a tool I don’t need, but after a minute, she stomps her foot and clickety-clacks back out the way she came.

“That’s about to bite you in the ass,” Jack warns, and I have a feeling he’s right.

CHAPTER 7

Bunny



“It’s not that big of a deal, Bunny.” Summer rolls her eyes at me as I discard the fourth dress I’ve tried on.

“He’s already smitten with you,” Trixie says from her position on my bed.

I was surprised to find her here when I got home from school. I’d texted Summer that I needed her help choosing an outfit, and Trix was called for shoes, but I didn’t expect her input in person. So now I have to match my dress to the black ankle-biters she brought me. They’re sexy as all get out, but I’m not used to wearing any kind of heel. Even if it’s only a one-inch lift and, thankfully, without the slimness of stilettos.

“What about this?” Valentine exits my closet with a pair of cut-off jean shorts—my favorite thing to wear—and a loose crop top. Nothing too revealing, not fancy, but casual enough for a BBQ.

“Yup,” Summer and Trixie respond.

“Can I wear that with these?” Trixie rolls her eyes at me as I hold up her footwear choice.

“Of course, you can. They’re casual boots, and they give you a bit of edge.” I listen to her; she’s got a good eye for fashion, so I agree.

Slipping into the shorts, I pull the top on after. The back has a slit from the neckline to the hem so when I move, you get a small flash of skin; not enough that I have to forgo a bra, however.

“He’s here.” Valentine glances up from her phone. “Roman’s talking with him.”

“Oh god.” Roman is amazing; he fell into the role of brother and protector like it was nothing. Which means he’s grilling the hell out of Caspian. Likely worse than my sisters will.

Shoving my feet into the boots, I grab my small purse, tossing the strap over my head, and rush up to the main house. My sisters jog behind me, laughing the whole way.

Slipping in through the back door, I make my way to the front entry and pause just as Roman warns, “If you break her heart, it’s going to make my Val upset, and that’s going to piss me off.”

“No plans of breaking anything.” Caspian’s assured voice washes over me like a warm wave of love.

“Holy shit,” Summer whispers from my side as she peeks around the corner.

“He’s huge,” Valley mutters.

“I bet he’s good in bed.” Trixie laughs loudly when I spear her with a glare. Both men turn to look at us then.

Coming out of hiding, I lift a hand in a wave. “Hi,” my voice squeaks. A slow grin spreads across Caspian’s face as his eyes wander up and down my body. I love the way he looks at me. It’s intoxicating.

“Ready?” he asks as I approach. Valentine has already melted into Roman’s side, and I know Summer and Trixie aren’t too far behind me, staring at him.

“Yeah, uhm, these are my sisters: Valentine, Summer, and Trixie.” I roll my eyes at their giggling.

“Nice to meet you, ladies.” He tips his head as his hand wraps around my back, fingers tickling across my bare flesh.

“Don’t be out too late!” Trixie calls as we walk out of the house and to his vehicle. After buckling me in, we head to his sister’s house, which is only about twenty minutes away. The entire time, he holds my hand, and despite the quiet and my nervousness, I enjoy our closeness during the ride.

As we pull up on the block, I’m surprised at how many cars line the street—about a dozen or so. I thought this was going to be a small get-together, but as we approach the house, I see there are a couple of dozen people here.

“Don’t be nervous,” he reassures as we walk to the backyard. His hand holds onto mine, likely so I don’t run away. *He doesn’t know it, but it’s a real possibility.*

“What if she hates me?” Another thought occurs to me. “Are your parents going to be here?” Oh my god. I’m not prepared to meet parents.

His chuckle is affable as he explains, “Ava will love you. And no, our parents are currently in Paris celebrating their fortieth anniversary.”

I feel weak-kneed at that revelation. “That’s amazing.” Momentarily, I forget my fear.

“You brought her!” I hear the squeal before being tugged into a nearly suffocating hug. Good thing I’m used to these; Summer can strangle a girl. Pulling back, she holds onto my

shoulders, a warm smile illuminating her face. “I am so happy to meet you. Caspian never brings girls around, so I know he’s serious about you, which is a relief because I really didn’t want to have to take care of his bachelor ass forever.”

“Language,” a man grunts as he comes up behind her, wrapping his hands around her pregnant belly and kissing the side of her neck.

“My husband, Jack. He’s a grouch, but I love him anyway.” Ava’s laughter is followed up with a scowl from him.

Caspian pulls me out of her grip and into his arms. It’s quite evident how much larger he is than me like this. I notice a few people staring, but I ignore them because being in his arms gives me the confidence I didn’t know I needed.

“I’m delighted to be here and dying to know, did he ever bring you the Epsom salt?” Ava blinks and then laughs as she nods.

“He brought me all of it. He was in such a hurry after meeting you that he couldn’t have left much on the shelves. I’m stocked up for at least a year now.” A blush creeps up my face. “More guests! Don’t leave too early; I want to chat some more.” She’s gone as quickly as she came.

“Told you she’d love you,” Cas growls in my ear. Turning in his arms, I wrap mine around his neck and push up on my toes to kiss the tip of his chin since I still can’t reach his mouth.

“Yeah, yeah, you were right.” Finally, he gives me his lips before taking my hand to pull me around the yard with him. We stop at a cooler to grab some drinks—a Coors light for him and a Dr. Pepper for me.

We're having fun and laughing, talking about everything and nothing at all, when I hear, "Little rabbit, is that you?" I'm not prepared. *What is happening?* My entire body rigidifies as Chester approaches.

Caspian glances between the two of us, a frown on his face. "How do you know Chester?"

Clapping Caspian on the back, Chester answers before I can. "Dude, I didn't know you were into high school chicks. But this one, man, she's a freak."

I go cold at Chester's words. He wouldn't know what I am because I've never given him the time of day; he's only ever tried to take from me.

Caspian's hand drops from mine, and there's an iciness in the way he looks at me. "High school?" His voice is low, angry. Betrayal lurks in his stare.

I blink up at him, at the way he says the words. I didn't mention I was in high school; it never came up. I didn't realize it mattered. He knew I was in school. He knew my classes started at nine.

Sucking in a sharp breath, it dawns on me that he must have thought I meant college.

"Yes." I bob my head as well because I don't know if my voice worked. My ears are ringing, and I can't hear anything around me. My sight is wonky as tears crowd my vision.

"Bro didn't know," Chester laughs. "Didn't know you were so cunning, little rabbit."

Ignoring my tormentor, Caspian reaches out a hand towards me before dropping it and ordering, "Let's go inside." I do as I'm told because I'd rather not be left alone with Chester. I hate him more now than I did before.

Once we're inside, away from everyone, chills overwhelm me, freezing me from the inside out. Wrapping my arms around my waist, I wait for Caspian to speak.

"High school," he repeats.

"I graduate in a couple of months." I can't look at him. From the tone of his voice, I can tell he's furious with me. I should have told him right from the start, but I was eighteen and didn't realize it would be a problem. I should have, I guess. *I'm so stupid.*

"Jesus fucking Christ, Bunny. Are you even eighteen?" His exhale appears exasperated. "No, don't fucking answer that. If I don't know, I won't want to toss myself in front of a bus."

His words sting like a slap to the face. I respond anyway, "I am eighteen." I think I hate myself more than Chester right now.

"When?"

"What?" I dart a quick look up at him and cringe. The hurt I witness is like a punch to the gut.

"When did you turn eighteen?" Experiencing his reaction now, I know he'll hate my answer.

Shuffling my feet, needing movement to warm me up, I reply, "The day we met."

"Fuck me." He drops into a chair near his hip. "You've made me a fucking cradle robber, Bunny. Fourteen fucking years." Yeah, I most definitely hate myself an extra heap right now.

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry doesn't turn back time," he snaps; I flinch.

I don't know how long ticks by before I say, "I'm going to call a ride." My foolish heart hopes he stops me.

"That's the best fucking idea you've had since we met." That shatters me.

Biting my lip, I quietly rush outside and walk a few houses away so no one sees me. Pulling out my phone, my first instinct is to call Valentine or Summer. But they'll have a million questions I don't want to answer.

Instead, I call Roman. He picks up on the second ring. "What's up?"

"Are you with Valentine?" It's a stupid question because he likely is.

"No. She's in the kitchen with your sisters. What's wrong?" I hate that he can read me so easily. Roman's astute, though.

"I need a favor, a big one, bigger than I have any right to ask." I'm babbling.

"Okay..."

"I need you to come pick me up." I rattle off the address and hear him tell my sisters he has to run out for a bit.

"Care to tell me what's going on?" My head shakes as I lean against a fence and slide down to my butt in the lush grass.

"Not right now. And, Roman, I need you not to tell my sisters about this yet. Please." I know he's not going to like this.

"I don't hide things from Val, Bunny; you know that."

“I know. I do. But can I just have a day or two to figure this out?” My chest feels like it’s cracking wide open.

“Only if you tell me what happened.”

“When you get here.” He agrees and hangs up. I press the heels of my hands into my eyes for a moment, then drag my knees up to my chest and watch the road for Roman’s Land Rover.

Spotting Caspian standing on the sidewalk in front of his sister’s, his eyes focused on me, fury etching every line of his face, I hide my head again. I’d rather be buried in the sand than talk to anyone right now.

“Hey.” Startled, I look up to see Roman kneeling in front of me. “What the fuck happened, Bunny?” His eyes are glued to where Caspian stands, watching us.

My chin wobbles, and my throat tightens. “I ruin everything, Rome.”

His eyes soften as he shakes his head and picks me up, depositing me in the passenger seat before having a stare-off with Caspian and getting behind the wheel.

I lay it all out for him, leaving out the assaults I’ve been dealing with from Chester, and hold my breath, waiting for him to respond.

Scrubbing a hand across his jaw as he parks in front of the cottage house Summer and I live in, he finally speaks. “You’re not wholly at blame here, Bunny. You look young, so fucking young, and if he never asked, that’s on him. But, fuck, you may be eighteen in years, but your life experience is much older than that. You’re mature because of the shit you’ve gone through.”

“Thanks, Roman.” *But I’m still to blame.* Though, it’s nice to know he doesn’t hate me.

“Look, if he doesn’t get his head out of his ass and see things from your perspective, hear you out at the very least, then he doesn’t deserve you.” I pretend to agree, not really believing his words. With a promise to talk to Valentine in the next couple of days, I head inside and lock myself in my room for the night. Eventually, the tears just take me away. I can’t hold them back anymore.

CHAPTER 8

Caspian



Two fucking weeks.

Fourteen fucking days.

Too fucking long.

I've called her a couple of times. Texted, too. Nothing personal; just checking to make sure she's okay. I don't leave messages when she doesn't answer, which, so far, I'm batting a big old zero. Not once has she answered when I called.

I'm an ass. I know I am.

Breaking things off with her was the right thing to do, but I could have been nicer about it. Instead, I made accusations that I could see broke her heart, but my mouth wouldn't fucking stop.

When I text, which has been about every other day, she's responded twice. One-word replies. Yes or no. That's all I get from her. She's not the only one suffering here. Until Bunny, I'd never known love like that, which meant I'd never experienced heartbreak.

I sure as shit feel it now.

Eight-fucking-teen. I still can't believe it.

Ava was pissed.

Not at Bunny. Oh, no, my baby sister was pissed at me. She grew even angrier when I told her what I'd said and how I allowed her to leave. She insisted that age was just a number and had no effect on experience. And I know from comments Bunny has made that she's had a hard life. She's not some immature girl looking for a thrill with an older man.

What we had was genuine. It was special. It should have lasted for fucking ever. Wiping a hand down my face, I'm unsure if I can beg her to return to me. Morally, I don't think I should, but, man...fuck...I crave her goodness. Her sweet smiles. Her innocent moans.

Fuck.

I can't be thinking about shit like that.

Fuckfuckfuckfuck.

"You're going to break that," Jack mutters as he walks past. I look down at the spark plug in my hand and notice my white-knuckle grip. "Look, I know you don't want to hear it, but I'm saying it anyway. You're a fucking dick, and you don't deserve her."

Shocked at his words, I stand up too quickly and whack my head off the hood of the truck I'm working on. "Fuck! What the hell, man?"

"Your cousin is a fucking dick, and he did that on purpose. He poked the bear, and you fucking roared at the wrong person." His arms are crossed over his chest as he stares me down, feet spread apart like he's waiting on me to attack.

"What the hell do you know?" I mutter. I'm not in the mood for this shit.

"Seriously? I know you had a good thing going. Yeah, she's fucking young, maybe too young, but let me ask you

this; if you met her in six weeks, after her graduation, would your attitude still be the same?" I open my mouth to say yes, but I realize maybe that's not so true. I don't know if I'd feel the same.

What bothers me most is that she was underage just twenty-four hours before I met her. *She was seventeen just the day before.* And if I'm totally honest, I'm more aggravated about the fact that I didn't even know it was her birthday. She never said a damn word, and now, I have to wait a whole other year before I can celebrate her.

Fuck.

I'm still contemplating a future with her. Which can only mean that the answer to Jack's question is no; I wouldn't be bothered in six weeks, so why the fuck am I bothered now? She's technically an adult. And I know she's smart enough to follow her own mind. She knows what she wants in life; we talked about that shit. Her head is on straight.

Straighter than mine, it seems, because I'm a fucking idiot.

Retrieving my phone, I notice she hasn't responded to my text from this morning, asking how she is. So, I shoot her another one.

Me: Come over tonight, I wanna talk.

There's no response, so I have no idea if she will, but I'm going to proceed as though she's said yes because I need to see her. Talk to her. Hold her.

I just fucking need her.



I've been sitting on my front porch since I got home at six in the hopes she'd show. It's after nine now, and I'm wondering if she had to work, and that's why she can't be here. Around ten, I notice headlights beaming down my street, and for a quick second, my heart skips, praying it's her.

As the Land Rover pulls to a stop in front of my house, I realize it's not her but Roman instead—the brother-in-law who most likely hates me after the way he found her when he picked her up.

“You know,” he starts, “two weeks ago, I told Valentine she couldn't come here and cut off your balls when she discovered her baby sister hadn't left bed in two days and was still lying in a puddle covered in more tissues than blankets.”

Reaching into the cooler next to me, I offer the man a beer as he sits next to me. I have a feeling I'm going to need it. “And now?”

“You know there's seven of them, right?” I concur. “Four want your dick on a chopping block. One wants your heart.”

“The sixth?” I have a feeling that's Autumn. Bunny said they hadn't heard from her in a while.

“Still missing,” he groans. “But I get the feeling she'd like to rip your heart out of your chest, too.” I nod. I'd deserve all of it. “She gave me her phone three days ago. Said it only made things worse.”

“Yeah, I figured as much.” Hanging my head, I don't have a fucking clue what to say or do.

We sit for a few minutes, drinking, listening to the night share its sounds before Roman finally says, “She fucking loves you. She's miserable. Hasn't been sleeping, and I don't think I've seen her eat since shit hit the fan.” That, more than

anything, worries me. She forgets to eat on the good days, so now she must be starving.

“Valentine arranged for her to take time off from work until the summer rolls around, and she only agreed to that because she has a couple of exams coming up that are a big deal. Bunny hasn’t applied to any colleges. Truthfully, she doesn’t want to go, but she doesn’t want to let her sister down, who has been saving for this for years.”

“Why are you telling me this?” I’m honestly surprised at how loose he is with any information.

“You’re a fucking idiot, man.” I agree. *I know that.* “I haven’t been around these girls long, but Bunny, she’s fucking different.” My head tilts in question. “She talks to me in a way she doesn’t with her sisters. They don’t know why she wanted out of the system at the beginning of the year.”

“Do I want to know?” I have a feeling I do, but it will send me into a fit of rage.

“Probably not, but I’m telling you because *she* won’t. After Summer aged out, Bunny was moved. To a single mom with two other kids in her custody and a brother who lived in the room next to hers.” I see the anger rise in Roman’s eyes.

“Don’t. I’ll kill him.”

“He’d deserve it. It was a month before Valentine and Summer could get Bunny out. She hides that shame from everyone. She hides everything from her sisters. They have no idea that she feels like a constant burden. They don’t have a clue that Bunny wants to travel and pop out a dozen kids.” *Things she’s already told me.* Things I want too.

Son of a bitch.

She’s not eating or sleeping.

We never used protection.

“Yeah, I can see it on your face. You think she’s pregnant.”
A smirk crosses his lips. “I suspect she is, too, because I’ve walked in on her throwing up every day this week.”

Scrubbing my hands up and down my face, I need to act. Not just because she might be pregnant, but because she’s the love of my fucking life. I broke this shit; now, I must fix it.

I just need to come up with a plan.

CHAPTER 9

Bunny



Pulling up in front of the mechanics shop I saw on my way home, I get out, hoping the leak I discovered in the school parking lot was water from the heavy rain last night and not from a hole somewhere. I'd hate to disappoint Roman by not caring for this car properly.

I know it's brand new, but I also understand that things break regardless of age. Take me, for example; I'm irreparably broken these days. I go to school, then home, where I spend all my time in bed sleeping or crying. I've never known despair like this. I've never had my heart broken. I didn't even hurt this much when my parents died. Or maybe I did, and I just don't remember it. Either way, it's not the same.

They died. *He* threw me away.

Not that I didn't deserve it. I did; I know it. I wasn't prepared, is all. Is anyone, though?

"Hi there!" The perky receptionist smiles at me. It's not necessarily friendly, more forced. "How can I help you?"

Exhaling a breath, I tug the bottom of my sweater down. I've been cold for weeks. It's been nearly a month since I've seen or spoken to Caspian. I even gave my phone to Roman because I couldn't take his texts anymore.

Hooking a thumb over my shoulder, I say, “I think my car has a leak.”

She rolls her eyes before looking down. “Sure. I’ll get my boyfriend out here to take a look at it. Have a seat.” I don’t miss the subtle hint about the man being her boyfriend. She’s warning me off.

If she only knew I wasn’t interested. Besides, I’m wearing ripped sweats, and a baggy sweater, my hair’s a mess, and I have bags under my eyes. I think I’ve lost weight as well. Which makes sense since I barely eat anymore, and what I do eat, I always wind up throwing up anyway.

“Darling.” The receptionist opens a door behind her desk. “There’s a little girl here who needs some help.” *Nice*. Insult the customer. I can’t help my own eye roll now. I hear the rumble of a man’s voice but not what he says. She pops back out. “He’ll be out in a minute.”

Closing my eyes, I lean my head back against the wall, hating having to be here. It reminds me too much of Caspian. *The smell of oil and gas*. He always brought the smell with him. There was spice to it, too, from his body wash, but he could never entirely scrub the day away.

Until now, I hadn’t realized how comforting I found it, nor how much I’d come to miss it. It’s ridiculous. *I’m* ridiculous. But I can’t stop it. No matter how much I want to, I can’t wipe away my love for Caspian.

“Bunny?” My eyes pop open when I hear his voice. Did I conjure him up? *Nope*. No, I did not. I watch as he rounds the counter, rushing over to me. “What are you doing here?” There’s no anger, just curiosity.

“Bunny?” the girl snorts. “The one who tricked you into sleeping with a little girl?” My nausea returns. He’s moved on, I realize. This was the man in the office.

When he doesn’t correct her or scold her even, because her words are clearly an insult, I gather my things and get to my feet too quickly, dizziness taking a grip, and I nearly tumble to the floor. Ironically, it’s Caspian reaching out for me that sets me back on my feet. Shrinking away from him, I hand him my keys and explain, “I think it’s leaking.” If I’d known this was his shop, I never would have come here. I’d have happily crashed on the side of some road and died there.

“Let’s take a look.” He wants to touch me, but he doesn’t. Instead, he holds the door open for me, and we head outside.

For a month, I’ve been uncharacteristically cold. Even though it’s been in the nineties nearly every day, I can’t seem to get warm. Heat eludes me. I’m cold and dead inside.

“When’d you notice the leak?” he asks, banging on the garage door until it lifts. Jack stands there, and I can see he’s about to say something, but instead, his mouth shuts as he stares at me.

“At lunch,” I reply. My words sound clipped because I’m flustered and feel breathless. *He’s moved on.* Meanwhile, I continue to be harassed by his cousin. That was a huge shocker. Falling head over heels in love with my tormentor’s relative shoved me over the edge without a net. There was nothing to catch me, and I’ll wear the scars for the rest of my life thanks to it.

Chester has gotten worse since discovering that Caspian and I had been together. It doesn’t matter that we no longer are. He’s taken a perverse joy in assaulting me when he finds an opening. I reported it after he trapped me in the girls’

bathroom for a second time and shoved his hands down my pants. Nothing was done about it, just as I suspected.

Tabitha and her cheer squad have taken to standing up for me, thankfully. It's not often I eat alone anymore, and I always have someone in a class with me. They're pretty familiar with Chester and his ways. I just wish someone would knock him down a peg or two.

Caspian pops the hood as Jack brings over some wheeled thing that I think you lay on to look under a car, but I'm not sure.

"How are you, Bunny?" His voice is soothing, like I'm a frightened rabbit about to bolt. The irony in that isn't lost on me. *I am.*

"Fine. You?" I try civility, but truthfully, I'm one comment away from falling apart.

"Good. Ava's looking about ready to pop that baby out but still has a couple of months left to go." I smile up at his excited face. Despite his gruff demeanor, he is an excellent dad.

"I'm happy for you both."

Caspian clears his throat, drawing our attention. "Just excess rainwater. Likely spilled out when you parked this morning."

I acknowledge his comment, glad that it's what I thought, but wanting to be certain. "Thanks for looking." I hold out a hand for the keys, and my sweater slides off my shoulder. The damn thing has always been too big.

I flinch when Caspian's hand lifts to touch me. "What is this?" he asks, trailing a finger along the outline of Chester's

latest bite mark. When he did it, I ripped out of his grip, and it tore my flesh.

“Nothing.” I pull the side back up. I don’t need him to feel sorry for me.

“That’s not nothing. This shit still going on?” I look away, my palm still out. “For fuck’s sake, Bunny, you have to let me in on who’s assaulting you.”

“I have to go,” I say instead. The keys are placed in my hand, and I jump in the car, racing out of the parking lot faster than I’ve ever driven before.

Once I’m clear, I head to the water. I need time alone. Time to think. Away from the stifling love of my sisters. Right now, I need time away from Caspian.

I wasn’t prepared to see him. I hadn’t expected it, and my heart is breaking all over again because not only has he moved on, he was being kind to me.

CHAPTER 10

Caspian



I hadn't meant to let a month go by. After Roman came to see me, I intended to formulate a plan to win Bunny back. It started with giving her a bit more time, and before I knew it, it'd been a whole month since I'd fucked everything up.

Seeing her yesterday was a wake-up call. She's lost weight. She hasn't been sleeping. She looks like she's barely hanging on.

When I saw the torn skin on her shoulder, it took everything in me not to make her stay until she filled me in on who was hurting her. It wasn't until I was talking to Ava that it hit me.

Fucking Chester.

Football golden boy.

Waste of fucking air as far as I'm concerned.

His parents allow him to get away with everything, so it wouldn't surprise me one bit if his entitled ass was harassing women and hurting them. What pisses me off most is that we share DNA.

So here I am today, sitting out in front of Bunny and Chester's school, waiting for the final bell to ring. I called Roman last night and filled him in on Bunny's visit to my shop

and explained that I had a plan, but he needed to figure out a way to ensure she was waiting for a ride to and from school.

He appealed to her practical side and said he was taking her car in for a complete inspection and that it'd be ready for her by the weekend. He felt guilty, I'm sure, but my promise to fix everything convinced him to help me out.

Leaning against the side of my pickup, I notice kids shuffling out the front door a minute before the bell rings. A few eyes wander towards me but quickly seem unbothered and move on. A few looks linger, wondering what the hell I'm doing here, and I even find that a group of kids take a seat at a picnic table, obviously figuring something is about to happen.

I hear my cousin's raucous laughter as he bursts through the entrance with a group of football players, and I hold myself back from smashing his face into the wall. What most of these pissants don't know is that Chester might be a football golden boy, but he failed tenth grade due to all his fuckery, and he's nineteen, about to turn twenty, which means he's fair game to me.

"Caspian, my man!" The idiot misses my contemptuous glare as he claps his pals on the back, bragging about me. This fucking clown hasn't got a clue left in his rattled brain. As he strides forward, confident that I'm here for him, I see the front doors open again as a group of girls in cheer uniforms exits.

Nestled in the middle of them is my girl, looking frail, hurt, and run down. As Chester gets within arm's reach, I grab the scruff of his neck and slam him face-down on the hood of my truck. "Yo, man, what the hell!" he screeches, drawing the attention of everyone nearby.

I'm older, and I know better, but it doesn't damper the rage coursing through me when I catch Bunny's frightened eyes.

Crooking my finger at her, her body moves towards me before her tired mind can tell it no. Another girl follows closely behind her, and I wonder if this is the one she was telling me about.

She's wary as she approaches, rightfully so, but I gently clasp her fingers anyway, bringing her towards me. I lay a gentle kiss at her temple, and she shudders before locking her knees into place.

"Why are you here, Caspian?" *Christ*, even her words come out fatigued. I fucked up so bad.

"He the one who's been touching you?" Her eyes dart between the two of us, unsure how to answer.

"I ain't do nothing she didn't want," Chester cries out. I slam his face down again.

"Shut the fuck up, boy. Nobody gives a shit about you." My words soften as I speak to her. "Bunny baby, tell me. Please."

"Yeah, it's him. He's done more than bite and nip at her this week, though." The friend speaks up.

"Tabitha." Bunny hisses her name. I'm glad this girl befriended her; Bunny needed it.

"No, Bun, the school won't do anything. You reported him for assaulting you this week, and their solution was to write you up. This fucker nearly raped her, and nobody has done a fucking thing about it. She hasn't gotten more than three seconds of peace in weeks because of him. He's gotten crueller in the last month, and frankly, if you don't do something, I'm about to run him over." Her hands slam on her hips, and the other cheerleaders beside her pipe up, reinforcing similar sentiments.

Teachers have come outside by now, some looking impressed, others appearing pissed. The pissed ones are the ones I assume have been giving my fuckhead of a cousin a free pass.

“Caspian!” Jack’s voice from behind me has me glancing over my shoulder to find him with Roman, Valentine, and I think one of the sisters I haven’t met yet. I feel rabid as he collects my cousin from my hold. “Can’t take care of your girl if you’re behind bars, man.”

My eyes narrow, but I release my hold on the boy as Jack drags him away. “Fine, but you better be taking him straight to a police station.” He assures me that’s the plan.

Turning my attention back on Bunny, I cup one hand around her neck, and the other goes to her lower back, dragging her into me. “I fucked up.” Shocked eyes shoot up to mine. “I’m so fucking sorry, little one.”

Leaning down, I place a gentle kiss on her lips, inhaling her surprised gasp and loving the way her fingers dig into my chest. Pulling back takes all my strength. I don’t want to let her go.

“Come home with me.” It’s Friday night, and I’d like to spend the weekend spoiling her rotten and proving to her that I’m not as big of an ass as I’ve acted.

“Bunny?” Valentine’s questioning voice has Bunny stepping back.

“Why should she? You broke her heart,” the other sister snaps at me. I deserve it.

“Which one’s that?” I ask my woman.

Her eyes dart to the two women here to protect her. “Christmas.”

I step closer to Bunny and place an arm around her, holding her at my side. Her head leans against me, and I feel the exhaustion weighing down her body.

I tell the sisters, “I’m taking her home with me. Come by tomorrow afternoon, and you can chew me out all you want. Until then, I aim to feed this one and put her to bed.” Picking my Bunny baby up, I easily slide her into the passenger seat of my truck. She doesn’t fight me, and I don’t know if that’s because she wants to come with me or she’s just that worn out.

“We’ll be there at noon,” Christmas says with a warning. Nodding, I accept the bag Tabitha hands me and head to the driver’s side. I’m not sure what Jack has planned for my cousin, but it had better include charges of some kind because, otherwise, I’ll kick the punk’s ass myself.

“You need anything?” I slide a glance over at my passenger. Her head rests against the window as she looks out the front.

“No...”

I let the silence surround us until we get home. I wasn’t lying when I said I intended to feed her and put her to bed. It’s the only thing on my mind right now.

Arriving at my place, Bunny doesn’t move; I’m not even sure she knows where we are. Getting out, I pluck her from her seat and carry her inside, where I’ve got food made and waiting in the fridge.

Laying her gently on the couch, I drape a blanket over her legs before grabbing the plate of sandwiches, a bowl of fruit, and two bottles of orange juice I bought this morning and bringing them to her.

Flicking the T.V. on so she doesn't feel the need to fill the silence or worry about me trying to talk to her, I crack open the juice and encourage her to drink before handing her a triangle of sandwich and placing the fruit bowl in her lap.

"Please eat, Bunny." Her hollow eyes meet mine, and tears spill freely. "Fuck." I can't stand seeing her like this. I lift her legs and drop down onto the sofa, cradling half her body in my lap. "You eat; I'll grovel." I wait until she acknowledges me and brings a corner of the sandwich to her mouth.

"I didn't handle things well. I figured you were young, knew I had to be at least ten years your senior. When you talked of school and classes, I foolishly thought you meant college. High school didn't even occur to me." It should have. I see the signs now. Her gaze drops, and color drains from her face, what little of it she had.

I lift her chin with a gentle touch. "The fault is mine," I tell her. "Neither of us thought to concern ourselves with the possibility that you being barely eighteen would be a problem. And it's not, Bunny. I need you to know that."

"The things you said..." I fucking wish I could punch my own head in for that.

"Were stupid, irrational, and fucking ignorant. None of it was aimed at you, not really. I was mad as hell at myself because if I'd met you one day earlier, I'd have walked away. I know you would have told me your age then. I don't doubt it for a fucking second." I pinch the bridge of my nose at the idea of walking away from her. "I said some stupid, fucked up shit to you that day, and you know what I was most pissed off about?"

"What?" she whispers, and I hear a hint of life in her voice.

“That I’d have to wait an entire fucking year to celebrate your birthday.” She blinks a few times before a giggle escapes on a puff of breath, and Christ, I nearly weep at the sound. “As soon as you walked away from me, I knew it was a mistake. My reaction, letting you go, my words. None of it mattered once you were out of my sight because the only thing I want in this life is you by my side. If our age doesn’t bother *you*, it doesn’t bother *me*.”

“What about your girlfriend?” The sadness returns to her eyes.

“What girlfriend?” I think about that, but nothing comes up.

Her eyes dart away before she speaks again. “The one in your shop.”

“Juliette? Oh, she is so fucking fired.” That rancid-ass bitch. “She say something to you yesterday?” Bunny nods, her lips in a thin line. “No, she’s not my girlfriend. Never has been; never would have been. I should have fired her months ago. I wish I had. I’m sorry, baby. If I’d known she said that to you, I would have shut that shit down immediately.”

She gives me a subtle smile, takes another bite of her sandwich, and I’m pleased to see she’s finished two triangles off already. There isn’t a damn thing I won’t do for this girl, and if it means burning down the world to gain her trust again, I will, without question or hesitation.

CHAPTER 11

Bunny



Decision time.

It's been a month since Caspian showed up at my school, whisking me away to his house and baring his heart and soul to me. Apologizing in the only way he knew how. I wasn't unaffected by his words then, and I'm not now. When he reassures me that my age doesn't matter, I believe him.

I've forgiven him for the things he said because, honestly, it wasn't entirely his fault. We were both shouldering the blame, and it took us a couple of weeks to figure out that, despite the hurt we felt, it made us stronger.

Since that night, we've not slept apart—either at his house or in my guest cottage. But we've never gone further than kissing and cuddling. I won't lie and say it doesn't bother me. It does. I miss the feeling of his body moving inside mine, the dirty things he would whisper in my ear when I came apart for him. I need that connection again.

As I stare down at the stick in my hand, feeling the emergent bump growing in my belly, I know I have a decision to make. This tiny bump seems to have popped up overnight because it was not there yesterday, and I know that as soon as Caspian sees it, he'll realize.

I'm pregnant with his baby.

I'm thrilled.

I don't know how he'll feel.

And before I tell him, I need to clarify his feelings for me. I think he loves me, but he hasn't said the words; yet, neither have I, even though I've wanted to. I've been bursting at the seams to say it, but it never feels like the right time.

Is there even a right time?

I'm starting to think there isn't. You just sort of blurt it out and either have it reciprocated or get rejected.

I don't believe rejection will be his reaction, however.

"I knew it!" Summer screeches over my shoulder, startling me.

"Shut up," I hiss back at her.

"You're going to be an amazing mom." Her arms wrap around my waist, rubbing the little bump as she lays her chin on my shoulder. "Have you told Cas yet?" I shake my head. "He's going to die and think he's gone to heaven."

I turn to face my sister. "I don't want him to stay because of this, though." The fear is very real for me.

"He put his cousin in jail for you, Bun. I don't think a baby will scare him off." She laughs until she realizes I'm not joining in with her.

Yes, Caspian made sure the justice system threw the book at Chester for all he's done to me, and when other girls started to come forward, they had no choice. The school was forced to release the complaints against him, and I think there are pending charges against some of the teachers.

“He hasn’t told me he loves me yet.” I don’t know why that’s so important. He shows me in a hundred little ways all the time.

“I wish like hell you understood just how special you are. How easy to love you are. And I really wish you knew what we all do, and that’s that he loves you so fiercely it consumes him.” She’s right, of course. I know she is. Caspian always does things for me, including showing up at school to ensure I eat lunch every day because I still forget. “Hell, I bet he already knows.”

I frown at her. “How would he know that?”

Her eyes roll as she explains, “He is so in tune to your emotions and body that I’m sure he didn’t miss the fact you haven’t had your period in the two months you’ve known him, and I bet he sees the way your breasts are filling out and the slight flare in those slim hips of yours. If he doesn’t know for sure, then he definitely suspects.”

Thinking over the past month, I realize she’s right. He’s always on me to rest and eat. His hands are constantly on my body, and there’s no way he’s missed my morning, midday, and evening sickness. Because it hits me at all times of the day.

“How do I tell him?” I want it to be special.

“Well, I’d say it’s about time the two of you spend a little more time at his house because once he knows for certain, he won’t be able to control that leashed lust he’s constantly carrying around.” I giggle at her word choice. It seems silly, but she’s not wrong.

“Will you help me?” In a burst of energy, Summer begins running around my room, throwing everything I own into

suitcases that appear out of nowhere. “Were you prepared for this?”

Her eyes roll at my question. “Bunny, I have been waiting for this day for three weeks now. The fact he hasn’t yet moved you in there himself is a damn miracle.”

It’d be a lie if I said I wasn’t surprised, too, because I expected it weeks ago, as well. Which I suppose might be why I’ve felt insecure all morning. Caspian is passionate about me in a way that I don’t see him with anything or anyone else.

Surprisingly, it takes some time to pack up all my things, which, sadly, is not very much. As we’re loading it into my car, Valentine comes out with a huge grin on her face and nods in satisfaction. My sisters tried so hard to hate Caspian, but he won them over fairly quickly with how well he’s taken care of me, and I’m so grateful for that. Even Christmas has begun to warm up to him, which is a miracle.

“You’re going to surprise him?” Her belly protrudes quite a bit now, and I’m so excited to be having a baby with her. Valentine is the mom I needed growing up, despite the strain I realize it put on her. But she never shied away from taking care of me.

“Summer decided to kick me out,” I tease.

“Hey! It’s not my fault that stick popped up pink.” My eyes widen at her. I had wanted to tell Caspian first.

“You’re pregnant?” Valley’s stunned tone has me biting my lip. I’d hate to disappoint her.

“Yes.”

She’s contemplative for a moment too long before a smile brightens her face, and she wraps me up in a bear hug. “I’m so happy for you both as long as this is what you want.”

“It is.” *I think*. I’ve always wanted children, as many as I could have, but truthfully, I hadn’t imagined finding the love of my life so quickly.

“Good.” She waves Summer and me off as we drive away.

The ride to Caspian’s fills me with so much excitement. I’m not even worried that this is what he wants anymore because it’s been obvious from the start that he’s been thrilled to have me here. With him being at work now and me having the day off due to final exams at school, I know this is one thing I can surprise him with.

Summer helps me get everything inside and put away quickly before she kisses me on the cheek and takes off again. I’m left alone for the rest of the day to decide best how to pull this off.

CHAPTER 12

Caspian



Bunny Baby: I'm at your house.

That's all she said, and I didn't get a chance to respond because the day was so fucking crazy. I wish she'd call it *our* house. I wish she'd move in. Unfortunately, she doesn't appear ready for that yet, but since she's here now, I'll do whatever I'm able to convince her that we're meant to be forever. She's it for me. Full stop. I'll never let her go, not even if she wants me to.

As soon as I shut the engine off, I'm out of the vehicle and running into the house, nearly right through the door, when I realize it's locked. *Shit.*

"Bunny?" I call out before I notice a trail of petals leading upstairs.

Locking the house back up, I take the stairs two at a time, stripping off my shirt as I go. Even if she's not ready to be intimate yet, I need to feel her naked flesh against mine. I crave it like an addict. I can't go another day without feeling her quiver under my touch.

"Baby?" Soft music plays from behind our closed door. I open it slowly and see a sliver of light beaming from the bathroom.

Her humming makes me smile; she does it when she's nervous. Cracking the door open with the toe of my shoe, I lean against the frame and watch her. Up to her chin in bubbles in the oversized tub, her head is leaning back, eyes closed, candlelight flickering around the room, making her glow.

"Are you just going to stand there?" she asks without looking at me.

"Nope." I don't need to be told twice. I've never gotten undressed faster in my life. Sliding into the tub, I'm quick to pull her into my lap. Her legs straddle either side of my hips as the water bounces around us, spilling onto the floor.

"I moved in," she whispers against my lips, hands delving into my hair.

"Oh yeah?" You won't hear a complaint from me.

"Mmhmm," she moans against my mouth as my dick pulses with need against her needy cunt. "Do you mind?"

"Fuck no." I groan as she rubs herself against me.

"I really miss you," she sighs, laying her head on my shoulder while one hand sneaks down between us. I practically go blind when she takes my cock in her fist, pumping it once, twice, three times, slowly...gently.... With not enough pressure to assuage my need for her.

Aiming it where we both want it to go, she sinks down my length, moaning out her pleasure with a whimper. Kissing up my neck, she nips my jaw before sucking my bottom lip into her mouth. "Caspian?"

"Yeah, baby?"

"I love you." I can't help my visceral reaction. My hips jut up into her, planting me as far as I can go as I pick her up and

take her to the bedroom. Her giggle is more carefree than it has been in forever.

“You love me?” I lay her down on the bed, unconcerned that we’re soaking the hell out of it. “Good, because I fucking love you too. So fucking much it hurts.”

Kissing Bunny is instinctual. Covering her mouth with mine as my hand slides into her hair, her thighs widen so she can cradle me deeper against her. My cock pulses in her welcoming heat, and my hips piston forward without thought.

“Caspian!” she gasps as I let her mouth go.

Our rhythm comes as naturally as the sun setting and rising every day. It’s meant to be. We’re meant to collide in the sweetest of ways, always.

Wrapping my hands around her back, I hold Bunny close to me as I bury my face in her neck, absorbing her sweet honey scent like it’s my own. “More, Cas, please.” My girl loves getting dicked deep inside her greedy core. I love it, too, but right now, I want slow and sensual. I want her bursting with desire, and when we finally come together, it’ll be all the sweeter.

I should have known she’d have other plans, however. She always does. And I’m here to give her whatever she desires. Her hips rise and fall to meet me thrust for thrust until I pin her to the bed.

Gripping her tight, I lean back up, resting on my haunches so she’s spread out before me like a decadent little snack. My eyes roam across her flesh, her hooded eyes, the delicate line of her throat, and the pink blush that’s flushed out across her perky breasts. Peaked nipples begging for a nip.

My entire body freezes when my eyes reach her rounded belly. It's slight, but it's noticeable now when yesterday, it wasn't. Splaying my fingers out from my hold on her hips, my thumbs rub gently across her quivering belly.

"Bunny, baby." I look up at her eyes. "You got something to tell me?"

Raising her arms above her head, her neck arches as she sighs, her slick walls rippling around my cock, sucking me in deeper before she finally flashes me that brilliant smile of hers that has me caving to her every whim.

"I'm pregnant, Caspian."

I think I must black out because the next thing I know, she's got me flipped onto my back, and she's sitting atop me like I'm her throne. Biting her lip, her fingers digging into the muscles of my chest, Bunny's hips slowly begin to swivel. Leisurely at first, before she catches a rhythm and makes my head spin.

"Fuck, Bunny, you're fucking perfect." My hips rise into her, throwing off her rocking and hitting that spot inside I know she craves. Her face flushes, and she's about to combust. "Give it to me, baby," I grunt, driving further into her.

Harder.

Faster.

Pommeling up and down on my dick until she collapses on my chest with a scream. Her feverish breaths have her panting like she's run a marathon, but I'm not finished yet. Apparently, neither is she because with each thrust I inflict on her, she bites my chest, sucking the flesh between her lips and constricting her hot little cunt around my dick until I'm left with no choice but to let go.

Pleasure rockets through me and filters into Bunny because a second later, she's sobbing into my chest as another orgasm sweeps through her body, and I'm spilling my cum deep inside of her eager pussy until we're both breathless.

Rolling her to the side, I smooth the hair off her face and stare into her love-drunk eyes as she smiles up at me. "Pregnant, huh?"

She nods while biting her lip. "Are you angry?"

Rolling her over onto her back, I spread her thighs wide as I slip down her body, kissing her belly. I hold her in place. "Your mommy's a little crazy, don't you think?"

"Caspian." The emotion in her voice has me glancing up at her. Fuck, she's perfect. She doesn't even realize how so.

After peppering her belly with kisses, I crawl up her body, licking between her succulent breasts before laying a gentle peck on her lips. "Marry me." It's not a question, suggestion, or anything but a demand.

"What?" Gripping either side of my face, she lifts me so I'm gazing into her welcoming blue eyes, swirling with emotion.

"Be my wife. The mother of my children. The keeper of my sanity and heart. Just fucking be mine, Bunny."

Her head is nodding before I've even finished speaking. "Yes, yes to all of that!"

Our start was intense, the middle was rocky, and our end will last a lifetime.

Epilogue

BUNNY



Three years later.

“**M**ama!” My sweet two-year-old son comes barreling full-steam ahead when I walk in the door. As soon as he’s in my arms, I feel a sense of home.

“Baby.” Caspian is next, kissing my cheek as his hands roam over me.

“I missed you boys, too.” I went overnight for a girls’ weekend in Tampa Bay with Tabitha. We haven’t seen much of each other since she went off to college and I started popping out babies. Not that either of us would change a thing, but that last summer before she left for New York, we grew incredibly close.

“Got something for you.” Caspian grins as I put our son down. For two, he’s built like his father. He’s going to be a big boy, and I can’t wait to watch him grow up.

“What’s this?” Caspian leads me to the counter, where he’s used butcher paper to cover the surface and arrange one large charcuterie board. It’s become our thing since that first night. “This looks delicious.” I pick up a blueberry and pop it into

my mouth with a moan of satisfaction as the bitter sweetness explodes on my tongue.

Now pregnant with our second child, at six months along, my biggest craving is fruit. I would love any sort of berry, and Caspian is only too happy to serve me.

“This one!” Our son holds up a strawberry for me next.

Caspian’s arms circle around my back, and he holds me close, our little one kicking at his hands. “Really missed you, babe.” He nuzzles my neck, kissing along the column until he reaches my jaw. Turning my head, he steals my mouth in a savory kiss that leaves me breathless within half a second—wanting so much more.

“Missed you back.” I smile against his lips.

It’s so hard yet incredibly easy to believe this is our life. The heartbreak from our beginning has long been forgotten, but this man continues to show me every single day just how much I’m loved, and I can only hope I’m returning the favor in kind.

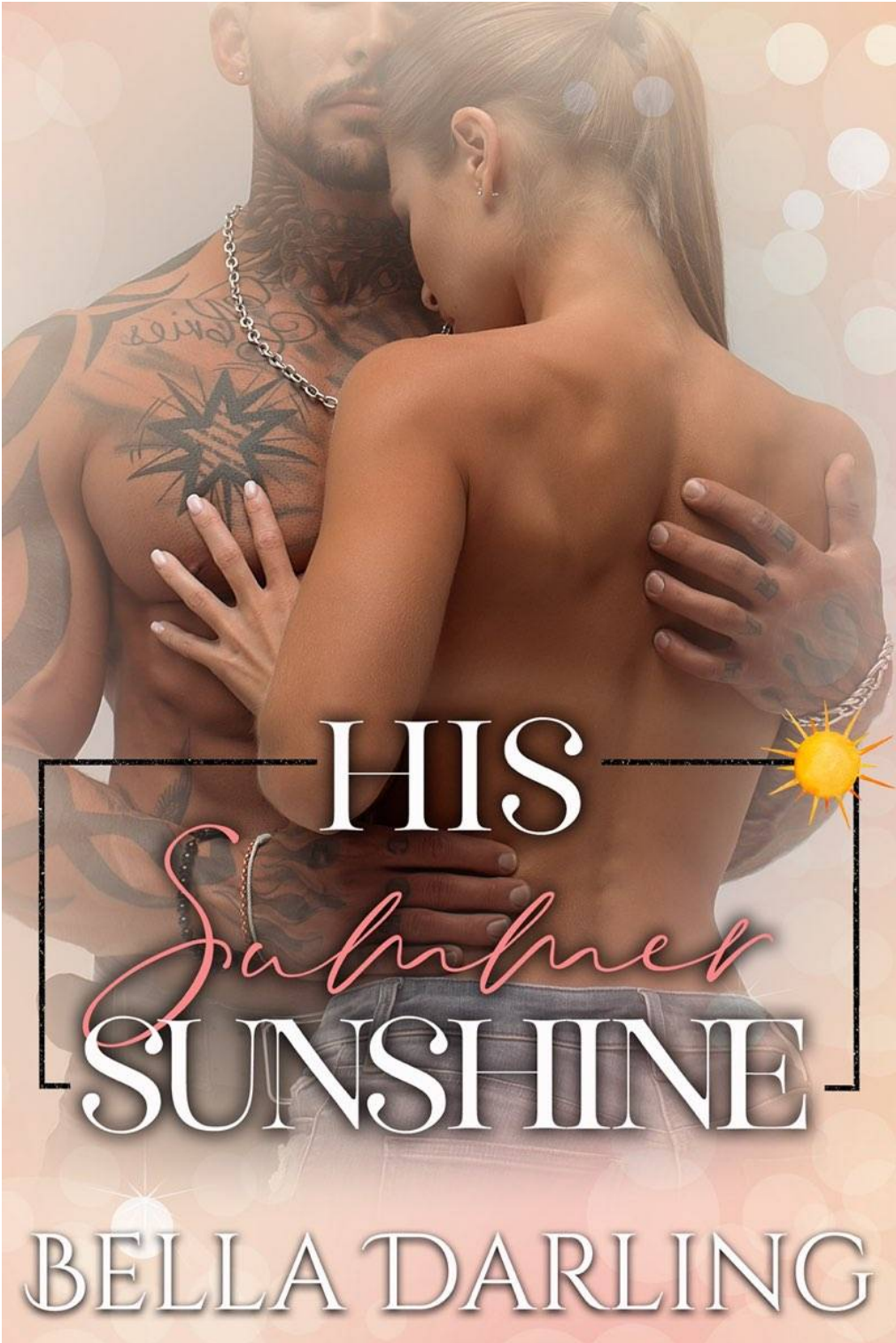
A lifetime with Caspian will never be enough, but we’ll surely make it worth it.

The End!



I hope you loved Bunny & Caspian’s story. Want to read more of the Joy Sisters? Keep scrolling for a peek of Summer’s story.

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HIS

Suburban

SUNSHINE

BELLA DARLING

His Summer Sunshine



“Hey Sum!” Hitting the cool down button, I glance over at Mateo, the grandson of the owner of the boxing gym, Hank.

“Hey Mattie.” I wink when he growls at me. For twelve, he looks more like he’s eighteen. The kid is built like a tank and stands at least five inches taller than me.

“You always call me that.” But that whine gives his age away. I don’t know why he was so drawn to me from the first time I entered the gym but anytime he sees me, he always comes by to say hi.

“Mattie suits you.” I tell him as the treadmill slows. A loud clatter from the back makes me jump and nearly lose my footing.

“You’re kind of clumsy.” Mateo laughs while eyeing me up, making sure I’m okay as the speed decreases again.

“I guess.” I don’t expand on why. He doesn’t need to know that everything makes me jump.

“You ever gonna explain about the scar?” His hand reaches up to touch his jaw, near his ear, where my scar is. I shake my head. “I bet it’s a cool story. You fought off a gator didn’t you or maybe a shark!” He jumps and cheers.

I wish it was so cool. My smile is tight as he mimics a shark attack and how I must have fought it off. “Mateo!” A sharp male voice from a few feet behind makes me jump again and this time, I do lose my footing.

“Oh shit, Summer!” The boy calls out as I’m about to go down, face first and add to my collection of scars.

Suddenly I’m stopped, hanging midair as strong arms are circled around my waist. Lifting me away from the wayward treadmill and placing me on my feet on the linoleum floor.

“Careful sweetheart, wouldn’t want to mess up a pretty thing like you.” Scrambling out of the mans hold, I step a few feet away. Digging my fingernails into my palms to school my features and erase the fear from not just falling but him touching me.

“Whoa, Dad, that was so cool! You caught her midair!” Mateo is off the walls hyper now.

Clearing my throat, I finally look at him and I’m sucker punched. The wind knocked from my lungs. He’s handsome. Sharp jaw line, thick lips, crooked nose, high cheek bones, and eyes so light blue I could get lost in them.

“Thanks, for that.” I wave to the treadmill that’s still running. Stepping up on the one next to it, I shut the machine down. It flashes my stats before I can stop it.

“Ninety minutes at full speed?” His voice is deep, rusty, like he doesn’t talk a lot. “That’s not good for someone your size.”

I bristle at the comment. Forcing myself to ignore the fear at his sheer size. He’s as tall as my brother-in-law Caspian but he has more muscle, which doesn’t seem possible. And his entire body is covered in ink.

“I’m used to it.” I say, reaching for my water bottle and towel. Wiping the sweat off my face, neck, and chest, I gulp down the rest of my water. Needing a reprieve.

“I’m Asa, Mateo’s Dad.” Looking between the two, it makes sense now. With how big the boy is.

“Summer.” I don’t offer more. My voice feels cold and robotic.

“She’s the best Dad, she has this super cool scar on her jaw, but she won’t tell me what from. I think it’s a shark attack or maybe a gator.” Standing next to me, Mateo inspects it closer.

“Pops was looking for you, needs some help.” Asa tells his son who mutters his disappointment before wandering off to find the older man. “He bothering you?”



His Summer Sunshine is coming June 21st. Join my newsletter to get notified of the release. [CLICK HERE](#)

About the Author

Welcome dirty darlings to my writing. I'm Bella Darling and with me you'll find sexy, smutty, romance, that'll make you tingle in all the right places. Follow me for updates and new releases.

