

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is sitting on a bed with white linens. She is wearing a white lace bra and matching white lace underwear. She is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a soft expression. The background is a light-colored, possibly pink or beige, wall with a white headboard.

raising

his

angel

JENNA ROSE

RAISING HIS ANGEL

JENNA ROSE



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ABOUT THE BOOK

Cooper has been Mandy's legal guardian for the past six years. He took her in after her father abandoned her and the courts deemed her mother unfit. But Mandy is no longer a sweet, innocent young girl – she's blossomed into one heck of a woman, and that's causing some serious problems for Cooper.

Mandy can see there's something going on with Cooper and his feelings for her, and teasing and toying with him brings her such delight. The more he resists, the more she wants him, and she's not the kind of girl to give up easily. She'll have Cooper no matter what he, or anybody else says.

Warning: this book is completely over the top, absurd, unbelievable, and a wild ride just about having fun. If that sounds like something you're into, click now! But don't say I didn't warn you first ;)



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COOPER

I'M NOT AN ANXIOUS MAN. I don't get nervous. I'm nearly partner at a very notable law firm here in Connecticut and have spent my time in courtrooms during high-profile cases. But right now, here in my own home, I'm nervous. And why is that? Because today, Mandy, my 18-year-old sort of step-daughter, is coming home from her graduation vacation.

Okay, she's not *technically* my step-daughter. I took Mandy in when she was 12, after the courts deemed her mother unfit to look after her. My firm handled the case, and I knew she'd just be funneled into the system, and since she and I had already developed a good rapport after spending some time together, I thought me taking her in was the best option.

Her father had been in and out of her life throughout her childhood before finally disappearing when she was 11, and her mother was a sex worker who would rather spend any money she made on drugs than on Mandy.

So I took her out of the slums where she was barely scraping by and into my house on the outskirts of town, where I took care of her for the next six years.

And things were great for most of them. Mandy and I got along great. She was happy to have a stable home and someone to look after her, and I was just glad to have something other than a big empty house to come home to after the hard days at the office.

But then after a few years went by, something awful happened. Puberty came and hit Mandy like a truck.

All of a sudden, Mandy wasn't the sweet, young, innocent little girl I was used to looking after any longer. She was starting to mature into a beautiful woman prancing around my house in skimpier and skimpier outfits as though she knew exactly what she was doing—teasing me. Toying with my masculinity like it was a game to her.

It became harder and harder for me to be in the same room with her—even the same house with her. Going home at night after work was something I no longer began to look forward to. I began to dread it.

I knew I wouldn't be able to pull my eyes away from her or stop the terrible thoughts that were beginning to fill my mind. Thoughts a legal guardian of a girl her age just should *not* be having.

So I started to stay later and later at the office. I knew that was irresponsible of me. Mandy needed me at home to look out for her, and I wasn't about to pass her off on some babysitter either. So I stopped that right away and made sure I went home where I belonged.

But it was torture sharing the house with her as her body continued to mature. Pure torture, and I felt like a total monster for all the thoughts I was having about this girl—this pure little innocent girl I was supposed to be looking out for.

But what could I do? The thoughts that invaded my mind with every glance I shot in her direction were impossible to stop. And that's why, as soon as she graduated high school, I sent her on an all-expenses-paid, celebratory trip with her friends to Italy and Croatia, just so I could get a bit of a respite from the tension that had been building and building over the last few months—a tension that's about to come crushing back on me in a few minutes when Mandy comes walking back through that front door.

And *that* is why I'm nervous.

“Christ,” I mutter as I down my whiskey and take the glass over to the sink. I'm not a big drinker, but I figure maybe a glass will be enough to calm my nerves and settle me down before seeing her again.

And then it happens.

The doorbell rings, causing my heart to skip a beat.

Why the hell is she ringing the bell? I think as I walk to the front door. Then I remember that I had her leave her house key here instead of taking it with her on her trip, just to make sure she wouldn't lose it while she was away.

I take a deep breath, twist the deadbolt, and open the door.

“Daddy!” Mandy cries out when she sees me.

She's two shades darker than she was when she left, which makes sense from where she was vacationing, and her perfect teenage tits bounce like overfilled water balloons as she throws her arms in the air and comes at me for a hug.

I want to dodge it, as I can see she's not wearing a bra for some reason, but how could I do that? It would be so awkward.

So I don't. I let her hug me, and I hug her back, feeling the soft perfection against my chest as she squeezes against me.

And goddamn she smells divine too. She must have bought some brand-new European perfume while she was out there. I try not to get lost in the moment, but fuck if I couldn't hold her here like this with my eyes closed and just breathe in her magnificence while the blood flows into my cock.

I gently break the hug and take a step back. “Hey, honey.” I smile, doing my best to keep my composure. I notice her friend, Sarah, is standing beside her with her luggage. “Oh hey, Sarah. How are you doing?”

“Hey, Mr. C.” Sarah smiles back. “My parents aren't gonna be back for like an hour, so Mandy said you wouldn't mind if I just hung out here for a bit.”

“Yeah, that's no problem,” I reply. “Come on in.”

Normally, I'd be a bit annoyed by Mandy bringing someone over like this without asking me first. There are rules in my house, and she's expected to abide by them, but today I'm actually relieved. Having Sarah here will help ease some

of the tension of having Mandy back and maybe keep my mind (and eyes) off how goddamn sexy she's looking.

But of course the first thing I notice as the girls step through the foyer is Mandy's ass and just how it jiggles in the olive green yoga pants she's wearing. Is it possible she's somehow gotten hotter since the last time I saw her? I mean, it's only been two weeks.

"So you girls have a good time?" I ask. I've got to do anything to get a conversation started and get my mind off her ridiculous curves. "I hear it's gorgeous where you were."

"Oh, *so* beautiful!" Sarah groans. "I can't even."

"It was amazing, Daddy." Mandy smiles. "I'll tell you all about it, but first, do you mind if I borrow some shorts and a shirt of yours to wear? All my clothes need to go into the wash—including what I'm wearing."

"Of course, honey. Grab whatever you'd like," I say.

Mandy's face lights up, she lets out a tiny little squeak and leans in and kisses me on the cheek before skipping off upstairs in the direction of my room. It takes everything I have in me to keep my eyes from snapping to her sweet little ass as she mounts the steps. The older she gets, the thicker and more sculpted that thing has gotten, and the harder it's been for me to think of other things while I'm lying at night with my cock in my hands.

Instead, I turn to Sarah and smile. "So your folks abandoned you, huh?" I joke, knowing Sarah's humor. She cracks up laughing and nods.

"Yeah, I guess they figured they'd just dump me off on you. Too bad for them I'm already eighteen or you could have adopted me too!"

"Oh, I didn't officially adopt Mandy," I reply. "I was just her legal guardian."

"Ah, I see." Sarah nods. "I didn't even know there was a difference."

This whole conversation is putting me crazy on edge. Just having Mandy back in the house is bad enough, but now discussing my guardianship over her with all these thoughts running around in my mind has me feeling like a bad, *bad* man—and the more I look at Sarah, the more I’m starting to think that she knows *exactly* what I’m thinking about Mandy.

“How’s this, Daddy?” Mandy’s voice from the top of the stairwell instantly snatches my attention away, and I turn to see her in a pair of my gym shorts that she’s folded over several times to make fit her and one of my T-shirts that she’s rolled up at the sleeves. It’s an outfit that really should not be sexy, but on her, it’s absolutely killer.

I don’t even know what to say as she comes down the stairs, so I just crack a dumb joke. “Looks like you’re ready to play some tennis.”

Mandy smiles as she jumps the last two steps and lands beside me, causing her rack to bounce beneath my shirt. She flicks her eyes to Sarah. “What do you think? Should I show him?” she asks devilishly. Sarah bites her lip and nods.

“Show me? Show me what?” Mandy puts her arms behind her and twists mischievously. She’s never looked more adorable, but whatever it is she wants to say, she’s hesitant about it.

“What is it?” I press her. “What do you want to show me?”

“Okay, but you have to promise me you won’t be mad, okay?” she replies, stepping closer. My chest goes tense. Mad? What could she have to show me that would make me mad?

“Okay,” I reply slowly. “I promise.”

“He’s gonna like it, Mandy,” Sarah snickers. “Just show him.”

“All right!” Mandy giggles. She steps forward so she’s standing just a few inches in front of me, so close that I can smell her sweet European perfume and feel the heat radiating off of her body. Her tits are so perfect that even in my T-shirt, they are sculpting the fabric around their sweet curves. It’s

unbelievable how sexy she is. I'm surprised she wasn't offered a modeling job while she was over there.

“So...*this* is what I got in Croatia, Daddy.” And with no more hesitation, Mandy turns around, lifts the hem of my T-shirt, and I see it.

On her lower back is a tattoo—what some might call a “tramp stamp”—of *my name* with a little heart beneath it.

My jaw drops.

As her legal guardian, I should be irate. A tattoo without asking me first? And of my name? What are people going to think if they see that?

But as me—Cooper Collins—I couldn't be more turned on. My cock flexes beneath my pants as I picture her bent over with me gripping her by the hips, staring down at my name imprinted on her beautiful lower back.

“D-daddy?” Mandy asks, glancing back at me over her shoulder. “Do you like it?”

THE END

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[Rescued By the Roughneck](#)

Jess was on her way home on a stretch of long Texas highway when suddenly her car breaks down on the side of the road with a busted fuel gauge and no gas in the tank. On top of that, she's got no cell service to call for help. What she does have, is a big, muscled, Texas roughneck who offers to give her a place to stay for the night.

Liam is smitten when he sees the beauty stranded on the side of the road in front of him. He knows immediately she's not from around here, and that there's little chance of a blue-collar guy like him getting an upper-class stunner like her. But what choice does she have other than take shelter with him until morning?

But Liam has no intention of letting Jess go tomorrow. He's been waiting until just the right time to start building the perfect future for himself, and with this sweet

MANDY

“DADDY?” He’s just standing there looking at my tattoo, but he hasn’t said anything in at least twenty seconds, and it’s getting slightly awkward. “*Daddy?*” I say, much louder this time.

That seems to work. He blinks and looks up at me and gives me a sort-of smile.

“Huh? Uhm...I mean, you really should have asked me first, Mandy.”

Uh oh. Mandy? He only calls me by my name when he’s upset. Usually, he just calls me honey or sweetie or something like that.

“You’re mad?” I say, tilting my head down and looking up at him with a flutter of my eyelids.

“Well...no,” he replies, but I can tell he’s lying. “I mean—a tattoo is a big deal, and I just think you should have run it by me first.”

Sarah shifts her feet uncomfortably beside me, clearly not wanting to get stuck in the middle of something she’s not a part of.

“But I’m eighteen now, Daddy. Don’t you think that’s a little much?” I ask him. “Do I really have to ask permission for every little thing?”

“But a tattoo isn’t a *little* thing, Mandy,” he replies. “And can you please call me Cooper?”

“You...you don’t like it when I call you Daddy?” I ask him. Cooper glances over at Sarah and then back to me and sort of shakes his head.

“I just think...well, I’m not *really* your dad, am I?”

Okay, this isn’t going the way I thought it would. I wasn’t totally sure about getting the tattoo when we were in Croatia, but Sarah was the one who convinced me it would be fine and that he would like it, and I was actually excited to show it to him when I got back.

I thought I’d get a *different* kind of reaction out of him, but now it’s like everything seems to be going wrong.

“Well, no...” I reply. “I guess calling you Cooper just seems kind of formal...” My heart is sinking, and every part of me just wants to rush upstairs to my room, close the door, and have a good cry.

But that would be so immature of me, especially after spending two weeks on a vacation that Daddy just paid for. Not to mention Sarah is going to be here for the next hour.

So I bite my tongue, choke back my tears, and take a deep breath. “Well, Sarah and I haven’t eaten. How about she and I treat you to some dinner? I learned to make this really great pasta dish while we were in Italy. I could cook it for you. That is if Sarah will be my sous-chef?”

“Hey, it’s the least I can do.” Sarah smiles.

“Great!” I exclaim, taking Daddy’s hand and leading him into the kitchen. It may have only been two weeks, but it feels like two years since I’ve touched, or even been around him. I’d forgotten just how strong his grip is.

He immediately takes a seat at one of the high-top stools at the counter as Sarah and I go to the pantry and fridge and begin getting the ingredients together. The dish is relatively simple—just a basic pasta dish with sauce and some homemade meatballs—but the recipe is fantastic, and homemade always tastes better.

“So how was it having the house all to yourself for two weeks?” I ask as I start measuring out the pasta. “Did you miss

me?”

Daddy scoffs and frowns back. “Did *you* miss *me*, Mandy?”

I nod emphatically. “You know I did.”

“Well, there’s your answer then.” He smiles.

“I crush this garlic, right?” Sarah asks, holding up a clove.

“Yup,” I tell her. “Mash it right up!”

Despite his long-sleeve Henley that he’s wearing, Daddy does look like he hasn’t been skipping out on going to the gym while I’ve been gone. I always wondered how the other guys at his firm felt working alongside him, considering he looks like a former football star turned lawyer.

On top of that, his face is stunning, like he could quit his current career and go into male modeling if he felt like it.

Normally, his caramel brown hair is swept back and held there with some kind of product when he goes to the office, but it’s down today and slightly shaggy and carefree, which gives him a sexy, boyish charm look that I always love and find so attractive on the days he spends at the house.

But what always gets me the most about Daddy is the way he oozes confidence more than any other man I’ve ever met in my life. Even when we first met during my court case back when I was a little girl, he just stood out among every other man around—and he still does. He’s like an ancient king trapped in a modern man’s body. I’m just constantly drawn to him.

“Can I do anything to help?” he asks, getting to his feet. That’s so typical of him. I try to do something nice for him to repay him for doing something nice for me, but he just can’t help himself; he has to volunteer to help out. That’s how nice of a guy he is. But could you really expect less from the man who took me in when I most needed it?

“You could slice these tomatoes—” Sarah starts to say, but I immediately cut her off before she can hand him the knife.

“No he can’t!” I snap, pressing him down with both hands against his muscular chest. “He can just sit there while we do *all* the work!” I point at him like a police officer giving him directions. “*You* just sit there and make yourself a drink or something. Just let us do this for you, okay?”

Daddy smirks back at me, nods, and puts his hands up like I’m holding a gun to his head.

“Okay, okay. I was just offering.”

“Yes, because you’re too nice,” I reply. “Speaking of which...have you started seeing anybody while I’ve been away?”

I really shouldn’t have just come out and asked like that, but the question just sort of slipped out of my lips on its own. Maybe it’s from having spent the last two weeks with a bunch of gossipy teenage girls, but I really want to know what Daddy’s been up to and what’s going on with his love life.

I probably shouldn’t have asked in front of Sarah either, but it’s too late now.

Sure enough, Daddy glances uncomfortably over at her before looking back to me and shaking his head. “Nope. Nothing poppin’ for me right now.”

“Aw,” I groan, feigning concern. “Why not?”

“Why not?” he chuckles. “Because I’ve been too busy looking after you, that’s why.”

His words go straight to my chest and cause my heart to start pumping at an unreasonable rate for what it should be during dinner preparation. I look back at him, but this time, *I’m* the one who doesn’t know how to respond.

Thankfully, Sarah breaks the silence for the both of us. “Hey, look at that! My parents are home early. They said I can grab an Uber back to the house.

“Oh, are you sure you don’t want to stay for dinner?” Daddy asks.

His voice is deep, gruff, and sexy. God I’ve missed it being overseas.

Sarah glances at me, then back at Daddy and smiles politely. “That’s all right. I’m sure they’re excited to see me, just like you were excited to see Mandy after she was gone for so long.”

Obviously, Sarah can sense the tension in the house and is doing her best to excuse herself. And that works for me. Being alone with Daddy is the one thing that’s been on my mind since the plane landed.

“Okay, just abandon me then, sous-chef,” I tease. “But tell your parents I say hi.”

Sarah laughs and pretends to swat at me with the garlic press. “I will.” She leans in and whispers, “And *you* make sure to tell me how dinner goes.”

“What’s *that* supposed to mean?” I giggle quietly back as she walks past me to the door. But all she does is smile, grab her suitcase, and step outside to wait for her ride.

I turn back to see that Daddy has already started boiling the water for the pasta in the Dutch oven. “Just can’t help yourself, can you?” I ask him.

“Well, now that it’s just us, I can’t let you do all the work yourself, can I?” he asks. It’s crazy to me that with a charming smile like that, he’s been single all these years.

I skip over to him and start slicing the tomatoes. “You know this shirt smells like you,” I say casually.

“Is that a bad thing?” he asks.

I shake my head. “No. I like the way you smell.”

Daddy nods. “Mandy, I’m...not sure we should be talking this way.”

“Why not?” I ask, turning my eyes to his. I could get lost in them if he would let me. God I’ve missed him.

“Because I’m your...”

“My what?” I ask with a smile. “My *step-dad*?” I tease, wiggling my hips and pushing closer with a smile. We both

know that's not the case—I just want to mess with him and see how he reacts.

Daddy sighs and puts a hand over his eyes. “Are you toying with me, Mandy?”

“Toying?” I ask. “Of course not, Daddy. How would I be toying with you?”

“Cooper,” he replies quickly. “I asked you to call me *Cooper*.”

“I know,” I moan. “But it just doesn't *feel* right, Daddy.” I lean against his shoulder and pout out my lower lip. It really does feel like ages since I've seen him. How could it only have been two weeks?

“Mandy...” he says in that gentle, sexy voice that drives me crazy. “You're old enough to know what you're doing. Don't pretend you don't know what you're doing.”

I press my body even harder against his, but Daddy doesn't back away. My breasts cup around the taut muscle of his thick bicep, and I feel him swell with an intake of breath.

“What am I doing, Daddy?” I ask.

He looks at me, his eyes large and filled with hunger as the water on the stove comes to a boil.

“This is...this would be so wrong, Mandy,” he finally says as his strong, heavy hand brushes up against my bare thigh.

“Would it, though?” I reply. “We're not related. You never adopted me. What's so wrong about it? Like you said, I'm old enough now...”

I reach out and mirror his movement and let my hand touch the iron-like muscle of his thigh. For a moment, he doesn't react, but then something seems to shift within him, and he moves away from me.

“I...I don't know, Mandy. I've looked after you since you were a little girl—”

“Yes, but I'm not a little girl any longer, am I?” I ask, taking a step back. “Or do you need reminding?”

And without hesitation, I take the hem of my shirt—of Daddy’s shirt that I’m wearing—and lift it up over my head and toss it aside, fully exposing myself to him.

COOPER

THERE SHE IS—THE girl who has driven every terrible and wrong fantasy that I've had since the time puberty took hold of her and sculpted her into the woman she is today. Her tits are more perfect than I could ever have imagined, and I'm staring at them completely bare in front of me as I feel pulses of blood between my thighs driving my cock harder and harder.

This is bad. This is *really* bad. I should not be thinking about the things I want to do to her right now—about how incredible it would feel to have her lips wrapped around my hard shaft and then how divine it would be to fuck that insane rack of hers before unleashing my cum all over her cute little chin.

I've seen the outfits she's been wearing around the house get skimpier and skimpier, but I figured she was just being oblivious as to what she was doing. But now I can see she had something else on her mind.

"Daddy?" Mandy whimpers, her lips in an adorable little pout. I realize I've been staring and haven't said anything in a while.

"Y-yes, Mandy," I stammer. "I know you're a woman now. It's...very obvious."

This seems to please her. She smiles and bounces in place, causing her perky titties to jiggle in a way that makes my cock jerk beneath my pants.

"So I don't see the problem." She smiles.

"Well, it's not just you..."

“In Europe, they’re much more progressive about these things,” she giggles with a little skip that causes her blond hair to swing and brings her closer to me. “It’s just Americans that are uptight about stuff like this.”

I nod. “Yeah, well, we happen to live in America.”

If only we didn’t.

She has perfect, pink little nipples that are practically making me salivate as I try not to stare.

I was lying when I told Mandy that the reason I hadn’t been seeing anybody else was because I was too busy looking after her. I mean—I was *sort of* telling the truth, but truthfully, I guess a part of me was always reserved for Mandy, and I never fully realized it until now.

Behind me, the water boils over, and I hear it splash over onto the stove.

“Oh, Daddy, look out!” Mandy skips past me, perfect breasts bouncing, and turns off the burner, averting the minor kitchen disaster. She moves over to the opposite counter and bends over to grab a handful of paper towels, giving me a full view of her incredible ass in my gym shorts, and all I can think about is what it would be like to tug those down, spread her open, and slide my rock-hard cock inside while staring at my name tattooed right above that glorious view.

“Thank you, sweetie,” I say as she comes back to the stove and begins mopping up the mess. My own personal, topless kitchen maid. What more could I ask for?

“Of course, Daddy,” she replies with the cutest wink in the world.

I just can’t help myself as I watch her take the soaking towels over to the waste basket. I follow her over and lean in, pressing my lips against her neck, desperate for her scent in my lungs and her taste in my mouth.

She stops, closes her eyes, and pushes back against me as I kiss up to her earlobe and gently take it between my teeth, relishing in the sensation of her delicate skin—in just how soft it is and how soft the rest of her must be.

And all that does is force me to slide my hand up the flat warmth of her stomach until my fingers reach the base of her right breast. She gasps as I cup it and presses her ass back against my hard cock, barely contained behind the fabric of my sweatpants.

“You’re hard, Daddy,” she whispers.

She’s called me Daddy before, but hearing her say it now—while we’re doing this—just hits differently. There’s no hiding what’s happening between us now. No containing my desire for her, or hers for me.

This is dirty. This is wrong. And maybe that’s why I’m getting even more turned on by what we’re doing. I just can’t stop myself as she grinds back against me, moving her hips like one of those girls doing a TikTok video.

I grab her hips, feeling her womanly curves as she moves, then slip my fingertips down the hem of my gym shorts that she’s wearing. She tilts her hips for me, helping me as I pull them down, exposing the skin of her ass. And as if this wasn’t already driving me wild enough, the fire inside me reaches a whole new level when I see my Mandy is going commando beneath.

I can’t stop myself. I spank her *hard* on the right cheek, drawing a gasp from her perfect lips.

“Oh, Daddy,” she moans, looking back over her shoulder at me. “I thought you said this was wrong.”

“So is *this*,” I reply, spanking her hard on the other cheek, making sure she’ll have matching red handprints. “No panties, you bad little girl? These are *my* shorts, you know? What were you trying to do? Leave your sweet scent all over them?”

A devious flash comes across her eyes as she bites her lip at me. My balls draw up beneath my hard cock. I’m ready to explode already, and she hasn’t even touched me.

“You must think I’m a bad, *bad* little girl.”

With a quick movement, I spin her around to face me. My shorts drop to the floor, leaving her fully naked before me. “I’m *sure* of it, baby.”

Her sweet cheeks blush bright red as I drag my hand up the inside of her soft thighs to the crux where they meet while keeping my eyes fixed on hers. I'm burning for her already, but when I feel the smooth, completely waxed skin of her little teenage pussy, I go absolutely crazy.

"Do you like it?" she whispers. "I had it done the day before we flew home."

She takes my hand and gently rubs it across her bare mound as she keeps her eyes focused on mine. It's completely bare without a hint of hair.

"So soft," I say, practically hypnotized by the sensation. I look down and see her tiny little slit, pink and glistening with wetness, enticing me, practically calling out for my hard cock.

She's so willing, so ready. I wonder how long she's been thinking about this too. How long those little outfits of hers were being used to plant thoughts in my mind—thoughts that I really should not have been having.

But right now, I really don't care. Right now, I only care about what's going on *right now*.

With a single motion, I lift my shirt off and toss it behind me. Mandy's eyes move across my body, and she doesn't even try to hide it.

"You're in such good shape, Daddy." She reaches out and traces the lines of my chest with two fingers. "Better than most lawyers, I bet."

I chuckle. "Don't let the other guys at the office hear you say that."

"Oh, I won't," she says, pressing her tits against me. "I won't go *near them*. Just you."

She's a smart girl; she knows just what to say to get me going.

"Am I going to be the only one standing here naked?" she asks. "Because that doesn't seem very fair to me."

Just what to say...

I reach out, grab her by the wrists, take both of her hands, and place them on the hem of my sweatpants. She looks at me with a split-second of confusion before she realizes what's going on as I use her wrists to guide her hands to take down my pants.

The elastic band of my briefs beneath catch on my hard cock for a moment, but only a moment—then it springs out with all the lustful force that's been pent up in me since she walked in the front door.

“Oh my God!” Mandy squeals when she sees the size of it. She practically jumps back, causing her big tits to bounce. God, they're beautiful. Her eyes go the size of dinner plates, and her jaw just about falls off from gaping so big. “Daddy, *what is that!?*”

I grab her around the waist and pull her to me, letting my shaft slip between her thighs, teasing her little slit with what's to come.

“*That*, my sweet little thing,” I growl, “is what's in store for you. Didn't expect it, did you?”

Mandy shakes her head. “N-no...”

“And it's your first time, isn't it?”

She nods, turning me on even more. I've watched over her closely these years, so I was pretty sure no other boy or man had claimed her cherry, but now I know for certain that I'll be the first to take it.

“Don't worry, sweetie,” I tell her, brushing her golden hair back behind her ear. “I'll be gentle...at least at the beginning.”

COOPER

“SPREAD YOUR LEGS, MANDY,” I tell her as I get down on my knees in front of her. “Let me see it *all*.”

Mandy lets out a sexy little whimper as she does what I tell her, and I bring my face right up to her sexy little slit as I push her back up against the counter. Her delicious little cunt opens up for me, exposing its fresh pinkness.

I lick my lips before pressing my tongue inside. Her sweetness is overwhelming, and she’s already dripping with wetness. Already so aroused.

Mandy moans as I trace the valley of her pussy from her innocent, untouched hole all the way up to her little button of a clit and apply the slightest bit of pressure. Her entire body quivers, and I look up to see her grasping the counter with both hands as if holding on to steady herself like she might fall if she let go.

“Daddy...” she breathes as I flatten my tongue against her button, soaking my lips and chin with her juices.

I reach up and coat my fingers in her wetness, then reach down and begin stroking my cock in an attempt to ease *some* of the painful desire for her that is coursing through my body.

I could stand up and slip my manhood inside her and bring my torment to an end, but I haven’t finished what I’m doing to her yet. My face buried between her thighs and my tongue teasing her closer and closer to her climax is the greatest place I’ve ever been, and there’s no way I’m going to stop now.

Mandy's sopping wet, 18-year-old virgin pussy dripping all over my mouth has me hard as a rock, and every single stroke from my hand sends a pulse of pleasure straight through me.

She's starting to quiver now. Her cute thighs are starting to clamp down around my face as she gets closer and closer to the inevitable.

"Oh my God, Daddy," she whimpers. "I'm...I'm...I'm..."

I groan into her hole and look up at her, her gorgeous breasts swaying back and forth as her body shakes. She's right there now, and all I have to do is apply a little more pressure to coax her over the edge. And that's exactly what I do.

With my tongue flat and tense, I lap hungrily at her clit, pumping my cock with my soaking wet hand.

A loud moan escapes her lips, and she snatches at my hair as her entire body shakes like she's just been terrified by something and a fright is running through her.

"Daddy!" she cries out as her climax rips through her. I hold my tongue where it needs to be and look up at her beautiful, sexy body as it writhes and bucks against my mouth. Not even in my wildest dreams could I have imagined her looking this good during this moment.

I feel her pussy drip even wetter on my lips and tongue and wait until she starts to come down before I get to my feet in front of her, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand.

"You like that, baby?" I smile. "You like how Daddy tongued your little pussy?"

Mandy nods, panting hard, her hair falling across her face. I brush it back and lean in to kiss her. She kisses me hungrily back. Our tongues meet, and I reach behind her to cup her ass and pull her closer.

The tip of my cock presses against her fresh teenage pussy, and I feel myself starting to lose control. I need to be inside her. *Now.*

I lift her with ease up onto the counter and lay her down onto her back. Her eyes go wide, and she looks up at me as I take her legs and spread them open. Her pussy looks *so* unbelievable now—like it’s welcoming me inside. And even lying down, her tits are absolute perfection.

I take the tip of my cock and gently press it against her wet, glistening hole. I don’t know who I’m teasing at this point, her or me.

“Don’t worry, baby,” I tell her. “It will only hurt for a second.”

“But it’s so big, Daddy,” she whimpers. I can hear the hesitance in her voice. “And this girl, Carrie, on the trip. She was telling me that her first time with her boyfriend hurt a lot.”

I lean down and kiss her, letting the crown of my cock gently spread her open. She lets out a sharp intake of breath as she begins to stretch ever so slightly.

“Well, obviously that *boy* didn’t know what he was doing,” I say with a smile.

“But you do?” she asks, pouting her lower lip but smiling with her eyes. I trace her pout with my tongue and nod.

“You bet your sweet, perfect little ass I do,” I tell her. “Now take a deep breath. It’s time for Daddy to take that cherry.”

Mandy’s always been a good girl and pretty much always done as she’s told, and this time is no exception. She takes a deep breath that causes her chest to expand and her breasts to rise, and as she does, I drive my cock fully inside her with just the right amount of pressure and speed to make sure she isn’t in too much pain.

Her pussy clenches down around my girth as I break her cherry, giving her what she’s wanted and taking what I now realize I’ve needed since she became the full-fledged woman that she is today.

She cries out and wraps her arms around me as I drive every single one of my inches inside her, burying the entirety of my manhood inside her untouched hole. And then I leave it

there, giving her time to adjust to me being inside her. I feel her stretch around me and watch her face as all the tiny emotions go through her.

Christ, it's the greatest feeling of my life. Absolute, pure bliss. So soft, so wet. So what if Americans are going to scoff at us and say that we shouldn't be together? Mandy is mine now. I've claimed her, and I'm going to keep her. This little virgin pussy belongs to me now, and there's only one thing left to do with it.

I start pumping, slowly at first, and not with my whole cock, but just using the tip so she can get used to it. Hell, even *I* need to get used to how incredible she feels. If I was to start thrusting away like a madman, I'd be blowing my load in seconds.

"Daddy!" she gasps, her eyes glued down to the action going on between her thighs. "I—I can't believe it."

"What can't you believe?" I ask her, leaning in and letting my lips gently caress her earlobe.

"I never thought it would fit," she whispers.

I smile, picking up the pace. "It feels good now, doesn't it?"

She nods. I can feel her body starting to relax beneath mine. "Yes, Daddy. It doesn't hurt like I thought it would."

"You're doing great, baby," I tell her.

"Do you—do you like it?"

I lift myself up so I can look into her eyes. I almost can't believe she's asking me such a question.

"Are you kidding? I am in heaven, baby girl. Your sweet little pussy is making my cock feel *so* good. I'm doing everything I can right now not to come already."

This seems to make her *very* happy. She reaches up and grabs me by the neck and pulls me down for a really deep kiss. She wraps her legs around me and begins to buck her hips against me as I fuck her, digging deep into her cunt with my

cock, ferociously hammering away at every unexplored inch of her sweet little hole.

Maybe we should be doing this upstairs on the bed, but there's no way in hell I'm going to interrupt what we're doing right now so we can resituate. I'm way too into it. Way too into *her*.

"You're so fucking sexy," I growl, fucking her harder—faster. I kiss down her neck to her tit and take her nipple in between my lips and suck it.

I've never had a pussy so perfect in my life, and I know for a fact there isn't a more perfect pussy out there.

"So are you," she whimpers.

Every bit of hesitation I had before this seems to have been wiped away. It's like a dam inside me was exploded and my desires have been completely unleashed. I want to worship at the altar of her body, spend endless amounts of attention on her perfect breasts, and devote hours and hours of time to pleasuring her pussy.

I can feel my climax rising up inside of me. The rational part of me knows that I should probably pull out, but I can feel Mandy's body beginning to shake beneath me, which means she's getting close too.

And I also feel the completely irrational, man part of me screaming that I should coat her little cunt with my cum and fully complete the process of claiming her as mine. Pulling out of her as I finish would just totally ruin the experience. There's no way I can do that.

"You're doing so well, baby," I grunt, thrusting hard, watching her tits bounce with each and every stroke. "I can't believe you take it so well."

"I love it, Daddy," she says, sucking her lower lip at me. "I'm so close again."

"I am too," I growl. "Fuck, baby. You're so goddamn good."

I lean down and lock lips with her as I bury my cock deep inside her pussy. She screams into my mouth as she goes off, and as her climax rocks her, my own orgasm hits me like a freight train.

It's unlike anything I've ever felt before. My cock explodes, unloading a torrent of my warm seed that completely fills her up. I can feel it leaking out as I hold it there as she shakes, the walls of her cunt clenched around my girth, accepting everything I give her.

It's unreal. It's perfection.

We rock together as we both start to come down. Slowly, our lips twist into smiles, and our eyes meet. My cock is still hard, and I could probably fuck her again, but this is her first time, and I should probably give her a chance to recuperate. I slowly slide out and hear the sound of my cum dripping out and landing on the floor.

"Wow," Mandy whispers. "That...was incredible."

"It sure was," I chuckle. "I told you it wouldn't hurt like that girl's silly boyfriend."

Mandy giggles. "You were right, Daddy. Of course you'd be better than some silly 18-year-old boy."

I lean down to kiss her, but before I can, Mandy is already up and on her feet and walking over to the stove.

"What are you doing?" I ask her. She looks at me like I've just asked her the stupidest question in the world.

"What do you mean, Daddy? I still have to make you dinner."

With a smile, she turns back to the counter and gets back to work. Yeah, I really am the luckiest guy in the world.

MANDY

I'VE NEVER COOKED naked before, but it's turning me on—despite the fact that I just had sex.

Cooper looks like an emperor sitting across from me, sipping from his glass of whiskey, the slightest grin on his face as he watches me. His eyes are just so gorgeous. His body is covered with a thin layer of sweat from what we just did, enhancing the look of his muscles. I guess it's kind of like how bodybuilders oil themselves up before a competition.

I finish chopping the last tomato and add it to the simmering sauce and start on the basil.

“So you learned this in Italy?” he asks.

“Yup.” I nod with a smile. “All the girls wanted to go to this really famous restaurant, but I wanted to try this cute little hole-in-the-wall place, so just Sarah and I went. And it was *so good*, and the old man who ran the place was so nice that he asked me if I wanted to know his *secret recipe*.”

“Wow.” Daddy smiles. “You must have made quite the impression.”

“Well, he left out the crucial ingredient, of course,” I laugh. “But it's still *really good*.”

This is the first time I've actually truly cooked for anybody before. Sure, I've heated things up for Daddy before—frozen pizzas or Pop-Tarts or packaged Ramen or things like that—but I've never actually made anything from scratch before. And I have to say, it feels incredible.

Maybe it's coming back from Italy that's made me want to cook for Daddy—seeing so many of the old Italian mothers cooking for their men. Even a few of them asked me directly if I cooked for *my* man.

I had to confess that one, I didn't have a man, and two, I didn't know how to cook.

Their faces...

"I've got to say"—Daddy grins—"I've never felt more like a lucky man than at this moment right now."

I feel myself blushing as red as the tomatoes I just diced. "Oh, yeah?"

He nods, looking like a leading man from a Hollywood film.

"If only I could tell the boys at the office about you."

My heart wants to sink, and it does a little, but I don't let it go far. We're going to have a nice dinner and nothing's going to spoil that.

"Yeah? They'd like me?"

"Oh, without question." Daddy chuckles. "Especially Mark. With all the problems he's been having with his wife, Tiffany, lately?"

"What problems?"

Daddy just shrugs. "He's sure she's cheating on him—she's sure he's cheating on her." He just waves a hand in the air. "It's a whole big mess."

"What do you think?" I ask, tossing the basil in the sauce. We're almost ready to eat. The smells in the kitchen are starting to take me back to that little hole-in-the-wall restaurant in Italy.

"I stay out of it," he replies. "I don't need to be involved in *any* work drama."

There's that confidence again. So many guys at my high school would love to insinuate themselves into other people's drama like a bunch of teenage girls. Such a turn-off. Maybe

that was one of the reasons I never dated in high school. I just could not bear to go out with any of them.

“I love that about you.” I smile.

“What’s that?” he asks.

“That you don’t get involved.” I take the pasta strainer and set it in the sink. “Like some kind of drama queen.”

“I’ll leave that to the girls on your trip,” he teases as he gets up and goes to the cabinets for the plates.

I burst out laughing as I strain the noodles. “Are you calling my friends drama queens?”

Daddy leans in and plants a delicate kiss on my neck that sends shivers down my spine. I take the plates from him and use the tongs to start serving up the pasta.

He squeezes my boob as he passes, and I watch the muscles of his back flex and tighten as he walks to the table and sets our glasses down at our chairs.

I swallow hard and try not to gawk. He’s such a gorgeous man, but I have a job to do right now, and I want to do it right. I can’t be distracted by such perfection.

“What would you like for a drink, sweetie?” he asks, turning to me. “Seltzer, cranberry juice—”

“How about a little red wine?” I ask.

Daddy’s jaw drops, and I burst out laughing as he looks at me like I’ve lost my mind. “What did you say?”

“A little red wine?” I repeat, trying to keep a straight face.

“You *do* know how old you are, right?” he asks.

I can’t help myself. I start giggling. “Of course I do.”

“And you have to be twenty-one to drink, Mandy,” he says.

“Daddy,” I laugh. “I’ve been in Italy for the last two weeks. You *do* know what the drinking age is there, don’t you?”

It takes him about two seconds, but he gets it.

Daddy bursts out laughing and leans against the table to steady himself. “Oh my God, Mandy. I thought you had lost your mind for a minute,” he bellows. “You really like screwing with me, don’t you?”

I slide around the corner of the counter and press up my body up against him. “Mmm, *screwing* with you? Yes, I think I do.”

Daddy smiles down at me with his gorgeous eyes, and I let my lips hang open to accept his kiss. For that moment, the entire world seems to fade away. It’s not until he slides his hands up my lower back and presses his body against mine and I feel something warm and *hard* between my legs that I remember what we’re right in the middle of.

“Oh my God, the dinner!” I exclaim, breaking our kiss.

“Oh, right.” Daddy laughs. “We wouldn’t want to ruin that, now would we? Not after you worked so hard on it.”

I nod and look down at the bulge between his legs, so thick it’s like it’s threatening to tear through the thin fabric of his briefs.

“Right,” I reply. “We wouldn’t want that.”

My stomach growls. I’m actually starving, but I’m also still dying for another taste of this man in front of me.

“Come on.” He smiles. “Let’s eat. I want to taste this meal of yours.”

I guess Daddy can see in my eyes that I can’t do it on my own, so he takes me by the hips and turns me around and walks me back over to the counter, where I finish plating the meal. I start to take them over table, but Daddy takes them from me before I can.

“Nope, that’s my job.” He smiles. “It’s the least I can do after you did all the hard work.”

“Such a gentleman,” I say, following him over to my seat. This is true, but he doesn’t bother hiding his gaze as he drags it up my naked body as he takes his chair across from me. And

although I feel myself blushing again, I have to admit that I absolutely do not mind. In fact, I love it.

I watch as he twists his first bite of my meal around his fork and places it in his mouth, remembering just how incredible his lips felt when he had them between my thighs.

All he's doing is chewing, but there's something so sensual about it. I'm slightly on edge as I watch.

Will he like it? Did I do as good a job as the restaurant did? I know I don't have that one secret ingredient, but it can't make *that* big of a difference...can it?

Seconds later, Daddy's eyes light up.

"Mmm, Mandy, this is good." he says happily. I take a deep breath of relief. "You did a great job!"

"Really?" I ask. "You're not just saying that?"

"Come on," he chuckles. "Would I lie to you?"

"I don't know," I reply. "I mean...you *are* a lawyer."

Daddy sets his fork down and gives me a playful frown. "Now that's hitting below the belt."

COOPER

“YOU KNOW, Sarah asked me if I’d ever been naked in the hot tub. Now I can tell her I have.”

I smile at Mandy from across the water, the tan humps of her bountiful breasts peeking over the bubbles. She’s like a goddess lounging in front of me, both of her arms spread out on either side of her, the tips of her hair wet from the water, her gorgeous green eyes fixed on me making me feel like the luckiest man in the world.

Every second I look back, I feel myself falling deeper and deeper for her—deeper and deeper in love with a girl I should *not* be in love with. But goddamn it if I’m not finally letting it happen.

“Really? You never snuck in here one night when I wasn’t home?” I ask her.

“And how often was that?” she counters. “You were always so responsible.”

I laugh. “Well, that’s true. Up until now, I guess.”

Mandy tilts her head down and gives me the naughtiest look imaginable. I feel myself getting hard beneath the water. “Oh? Are you feeling like a *bad man*, Daddy?”

“What do you think?” I smile.

She giggles. “Doesn’t that make it even more fun?”

I wonder if she has any idea how much raw sexual energy she gives off. She’s driving me absolutely crazy, and I don’t

know what I'm going to do with myself now that I've given in to her.

"Is that why you got that tattoo?" I ask. "Because it was *naughty*?"

Mandy's eyes flash, and she bites her lower lip. She's absolutely adorable. So sexy. I could just watch her for hours.

"Partially," she says softly. "But it's not just *any* tattoo, Daddy. It's *your* name."

I grin at her across the hot tub. "And here I was thinking I was looking after a good girl."

"Would you like me to be good, Daddy?" she asks, giving me innocent eyes that I know she's faking.

I shake my head back at her. "You know I don't, baby. Not after what happened tonight."

Truthfully, I should be giving her a talk right now about how what we did was wrong—about how it can't happen again and how we need to go back to our previous relationship where I am her legal guardian, and she obeys everything I say.

But I just can't do that. I've tasted the sweet paradise that is Mandy—both literally and figuratively—and there's no going back now.

She lets out a little happy squeal and pushes herself through the water and over to me and into my lap. My cock has been pretty much hard this entire time, but as soon as I feel her soft little body against mine, it turns into a rod of hard steel between my legs.

This is the life. Relaxing here in the warm water with a gorgeous girl in my arms, holding her perfect ass with one hand and cupping one of her breasts with the other.

"You know...*technically*...now that I'm eighteen..." Mandy says slowly, "you're not even really my legal guardian anymore. You're just some guy I live with. A really, *really* sexy guy I live with."

I stare back at the girl who has been fueling fantasies of mine since she has been old enough to have a body capable of

causing my cock to get as hard as a rock. Christ, how had I not even thought of that until now?

“Yeah, I...I guess you’re right,” I say back just as slowly. “Although I don’t know how many other people are going to see it that way.”

Mandy’s lips twist into a sexy smile. She turns in my lap and mounts me, then reaches between my legs and wraps her fingers around my cock.

“Do we really care about those other people, though, Daddy?”

Her fingers move in an up-and-down motion beneath the water, and I think about what she’s said. Do I really care? Or do I just want to be with her?

And as I look into her big green eyes and think about what my life would be like without seeing them staring back at me every day, I realize the answer is pretty simple.

I need her more than anything else in my life.

“No, baby,” I whisper as I move in for the kiss. “No, we don’t care.”

I WAKE up in the morning with a smile on my face and Mandy under my arm. I open my eyes to the golden blond of the back of her head and the gentle curve of her shoulder peeking out from beneath the blanket.

This is what heaven feels like.

Gently, I lean in and kiss her on the neck, causing her to stir in her sleep. I wait and watch for what must be a minute or two before she wakes up and rolls over to face me.

“You look so adorable when you’re sleepy,” I say with a smile. She smiles right back at me but hides her face with the sheet.

“Stop!” she giggles. “I look awful.”

“No, you don’t, silly,” I chuckle as I try to pull it down so I can look at her, but Mandy’s a squirmer and a fighter and does

a great job staying hidden. “I look like a goblin in the morning!”

“A goblin?” I laugh. “You look as sexy as ever, baby.”

Like an acrobat, Mandy rolls out from under the covers and out of bed and races for the bathroom, giving me an incredible view of her ass in the process.

“I need to shower!” she calls back.

I swing my feet out of bed and stretch. “Mind if I join you?” I call back. “I could use one too.”

“Oooh, that sounds nice!”

Mandy’s already in the shower washing her hair and face by the time I get in, and seeing her standing there completely wet and covered with suds would have me hard in seconds if I wasn’t already sporting a righteous morning wood.

I step into the shower, grab her hip, and pull her right up to my body. The feel of her curves against me is just so sexy. I slip my cock between her thighs and start thrusting, using the friction to jerk myself off.

She clearly likes this and looks up at me as she bites her lower lip, ready and willing for whatever I want to do next.

My balls are tight, ready to explode. I reach up and grab her big tits with both hands and squeeze. A moan falls from her lips that only excites me more. We’re both soaked from the shower, but I can feel the wetness from her pussy coating my cock. She’s horny just like I am.

I twist her away from the spray of the water and force her down onto her knees before me. “Open your mouth, baby,” I tell her. “It’s time for *you* to learn how to suck *me*.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

I hadn’t expected her to reply like that, but I like it.

She opens her mouth, exposing her pink tongue like a landing strip for my cock. And that’s right where I set it too. Leaking with pre-cum, hard as steel, I press it forward

between her sweet lips, into her mouth and between her cheeks.

The wetness and the warmth hit me all at once. I groan and brace myself against the tile wall as she starts to suck. I know she's never done this before, but damn if it doesn't feel incredible.

I reach down with one hand and cup her breast as I start moving slowly in and out of her lips. She moans, and I feel the vibrations all the way up my shaft, causing me to thrust forward with my hips. It's a completely involuntary reaction. I know I shouldn't do it, but I just can't help myself.

Mandy gags and coughs and pulls back, and I instantly feel terrible. I snatch her under the arms and lift her to her feet.

"I'm so sorry, baby," I tell her. "I didn't mean to choke you."

"It's okay," she says, clearing her throat and wiping at her lips. "I-I liked it."

Christ, this girl is a little devil. She likes gagging on my cock, and if I wasn't so goddamn turned on right now, I would force her back down on her knees and gag her with it some more.

But I just can't take it any longer. There's something else I need right now, and I think that by the way I'm looking into her eyes, she knows just what that is.

"Turn around, baby," I tell her as I snatch her by the hips and press her up against the tiles. She gasps as I grab her ass and spread her open, and as I look down, I see it—my name—right there on her lower back.

I spank her hard before I press my cock against the entrance to her hole. I rub my tip around, feeling the wetness, coating my crown with her arousal.

"Don't tease me, Daddy," she whimpers, looking back at me over her shoulder.

"Yeah, you want it, baby?" I ask, pressing my tip inside, drawing a gasp from her. "You want my cock to fill you up?"

She nods with desperation. “Yes, Daddy. Please,”

I love teasing her—hearing the tone of her voice as I play with her. But I’m only toying with myself at the same time.

I can’t hold out any longer. I thrust fully inside, bottoming out inside her pussy.

We cry out together. I seize her hips and begin pumping, not holding back this time.

“Rub your clit, baby,” I tell her. “Use two fingers and play with it while I fuck you.”

Mandy obeys immediately, reaching down between her legs as she begins to follow my command. She tilts her head back toward the ceiling, her mouth hanging open as though in a silent scream.

“Getting dirty in the shower,” I tease, leaning in to trace a line up the back of her neck with my tongue. “You really do bring out the naughty in me.”

Mandy’s mouth twists into a smile as I continue to pound her. I feel her pussy begin to clench down on my cock as I snatch her hair with my fist and tug, wrenching her body back, emphasizing her already dramatic curves.

She looks like an absolute goddess. With every single thrust, her ass bounces against my cock and her tits swing, slapping against the tile wall with an audible smacking sound. Even with the water falling down on us, I can feel her wetness dripping down all over me.

“I’m so close, Daddy,” she moans, moving her fingers back and forth faster between her legs.

“So am I, baby,” I growl as my cock stiffens inside her, reaching the point where explosion is inevitable. My balls are taut, and my cum is ready to be unleashed. “Come for me, baby. Let me feel it.”

I close my lips around her earlobe and continue thrusting as best I can, but my cock is being squeezed by her hot cunt like it’s a closed fist. I can barely even move as I try to fuck her, but it’s no surprise why.

Mandy goes off, and a moan bursts forth from her lips. Her entire body quivers, and she reaches back to grab hold of my leg for balance as her climax rocks her.

I hold her steady with one hand but reach out to brace myself against the wall as my own orgasm hits me like a truck. I thrust hard one last time and spray my seed as deep into her as it can go.

We find each other's lips and deeply kiss as our climaxes ripple through our bodies, pulse after pulse of pure pleasure, an intensity I've never known until now. If my lips weren't wrapped around hers right now, I'm pretty sure I'd be screaming from just how good this feels.

Finally, as we both begin to come down, we pull back and smile at each other.

“Can we do that every morning, Daddy?”

“I think that sounds great.” I grin, pecking her on the lips. “And I've got a great idea for the rest of the morning.”

“You don't have to go to work?”

“Not today.” I shake my head. “Today is a day to celebrate my girl being home. And to do that, what do you say we go spend a little money on you?”

MANDY

THE CAROZZA BOUTIQUE. I never thought I would set foot in this store, but here I am with Daddy, picking out *any* pair of heels I want as a treat for me returning home.

I already picked out a gorgeous white top with these frilly arms that I really wish I had during my trip that they're holding for me at the register. Daddy said I could get some more things, but this place is expensive, and I'm already feeling guilty being here, so I told him that the top and a pair of shoes would be enough.

I feel like some kind of celebrity being in here with him. There are four women on staff, and all of them are making it obvious that if I need anything from them, they'll be by my side in a second. But at the same time, they're not making it awkward by staring or lurking or anything like that.

They are, however, shooting the occasional glance at Daddy. And honestly, I can't blame them.

When we first walked in, the girl that greeted us wasn't able to hide her reaction.

"Well, hello!" she practically blurted out as she looked him up and down. "How are *you* doing?"

Daddy chuckled, and I think she must have realized her blunder because she quickly corrected how she was speaking from that point on. But she and the rest of the girls' mouths were pretty much hanging open as he strode into the store with me on his arm.

I'm pretty sure Daddy noticed too, because once we were inside, he took my hand and kissed it like I was a princess. It was like he was letting them all know that he belonged to me—that he was taken and none of them could have him.

“Anything you'd like, baby,” he told me, loudly enough so they could all hear. “And then we'll go *home* and relax.”

Home. Just to further let them know that this wasn't some kind of sugar-daddy relationship or anything like that. I'm not his side piece or girlfriend that he keeps while his wife is back at the house. He's taking me *home* after this.

“So what do you think of those?” Daddy asks me, coming over to the chair where I'm sitting, trying on a delicate pair of mauve-colored heels unlike anything I've ever worn before. They have an intricate strap that goes up the ankle that I've been playing around with and have just managed to figure out.

“I don't know.” I smile, extending my leg for him to see. “What do *you* think?”

Daddy's eyes light up as he takes a look, filling me with warmth. Nothing makes me feel better than when he focuses on me like that.

“*Very* sexy.”

“That's what you said about the last pair,” I giggle.

“Well, it was true,” he grins. “I can't help it if you've got killer legs that look amazing in almost everything.”

“Stop it.” I smile, feeling myself blushing. He's been laying it on thick with the compliments since we got into the store. I don't know why, but I'm loving it. It's been the perfect start to the day, after how we woke up and shared the shower together, then the breakfast sandwiches we got at Gino's just up the street, and now this wonderful trip to the shops. I feel like I've been swept away into a dream courtesy of Cooper, my Disney Prince.

“I think you should get these,” he tells me. He leans close and whispers, “And I think we should get out of here before I take you in the back and fuck you in one of the changing rooms.”

His words snake through me with a lustful tingle that nearly throws me backwards. “Oh my God, you’re naughty,” I whisper back as I begin to unbuckle the right heel. But Daddy stops me and looks up at one of the saleswomen.

“I think she’ll take these,” he calls out. “Is it okay if she wears them out?”

The woman’s face brightens. “Absolutely. That’s no problem at all.”

“They’re a little formal for what I’ve got on, don’t you think?” I ask him, glancing down at my jean shorts and white halter top.

“That’s what makes it such a cool outfit.” He winks. “You’ll be like one of those rich girls from Calabasas or Beverly Hills flaunting her daddy’s money. Only this time it’ll be your *daddy’s* money.”

My jaw drops as he slides past me and gives me a sly little pinch on the butt on his way to the register. I don’t even know what to do with myself as I watch him hand the saleswoman the box my heels came in and then his card. She also rings up the top that she’s been holding for me and places it in a gorgeous bag with the boutique’s name on it.

I finally snap out of my stupor and come up beside him as they’re finishing checking out and take the bag from her.

“Here you go,” she says with one of those knowing smiles women give to other women that lets me know she approves of what I have with Cooper but is also a little jealous. “*Enjoy.*”

“Oh, I will.” I smile back.

We step out of the boutique, Daddy’s strong hand around mine, my pussy throbbing with desire as he leads me toward the car parked up the block. My whole body craves his. I had him just hours ago, and I still need more. That’s the effect he has on me. It’s brutal.

I can’t even make it all the way up the block before I’m pushing him up against the wall to kiss him. His body is so strong and firm it’s like trying to push a giant, but he lets me because he knows what I want and he wants it too.

There may be passersby, but I kiss him in full view of everybody, and I'm pretty sure I hear a guy down the street call out and clap. "Hell yeah!"

We both laugh, breaking our embrace.

"We need to get back to the house," Daddy whispers.

"Yeah, we do." I nod. But then something over his shoulder catches my eye. An incredibly beautiful woman is marching straight toward us.

She's wearing a tight black dress that's a bit formal for not attending an event, but it's also insanely sexy and shows off her incredible curves in a big way. She also has a pair of matching black heels that are clapping on the ground with every one of the precise steps she's taking in our direction.

"Um, Cooper...?" I say, as the woman strides our way like a Bond girl.

Seeing the look in my eyes, he turns just in time as she reaches us, but what happens next, I never could have expected.

The woman wraps her hand around Cooper's head, pulls him to her, and brings her lips to his.

They kiss. And not just a little kiss either. They kiss like long-lost lovers who haven't seen each other in years. Open-mouthed and everything. There's no doubt there's tongue involved. And when I see it, my heart absolutely shatters.

My knees go weak. I'm not sure whether I should scream or collapse into a heap.

Cooper breaks their embrace and pushes her back with one hand.

"Tiffany, what are you doing?"

Tiffany, Tiffany...where do I know that name from? My brain starts spinning like a tornado, sending splinters and debris crashing against the inside of my skull.

And then it hits me.

Tiffany is Mark's wife. Mark, the man from Cooper's office who Mark was sure was cheating on him. And apparently, she was sure he was cheating on her too.

But it can't be that...that she was cheating on Mark with *Daddy!*

How can I even think that? How could he have even pulled something like that off?

I mean, I guess he could have plenty of time away from me while he was at the office. And he was definitely in a hurry to send me away to Italy and Croatia right after graduation. I thought it was just him being nice and treating me as a celebration for finally finishing high school, but could it really have just been him wanting to get rid of me so he could spend time with this woman?

"Come on, Cooper," she coos, her voice sultry and sexy. "Mark's not here right now. You don't have to pretend."

"Pretend?" Cooper scoffs, glancing back at me. "Tiffany, don't be ridiculous. I'm not—*pretending!*"

He takes a step toward me, but my heart rate is racing, and I'm so on edge that I feel like I'm about to explode. I step back and raise my hands defensively.

"I—don't—" I stammer, searching for words.

"It's okay, baby," he says. "This is all just—I don't know what she's doing here, but this is all a big misunderstanding."

"Misunderstanding?" I repeat. I don't know what he could have said here, but that sure as hell wasn't it. "That's what you're going with?"

Tiffany circles around and presses her body up against him. She's not wearing anything underneath—I can tell by how hard her nipples are and how they're poking out through the thin fabric of her dress.

"Cooper, you don't have to hide what we have from her," she purrs. "Mark knows. He's cheating on me with some waitress. I'm leaving him. Our entire marriage is a sham! You and I can be together!"

Pure panic floods through me. The entire world seems to slow down as Cooper shouts something back at her—something I can't even make out. I'm doing my best just to keep myself from losing all control.

Behind him, I see the door to a black Mercedes Benz open and a man step out. A suited man who I recognize.

Mark, Tiffany's husband. The man from Daddy's office.

He strides quickly across the street toward us, fists balled tightly at his sides. Tiffany glances back over her shoulder and sees him. She cries out just as he reaches us. And that's when the panic and heartbreak inside me reaches a height I can no longer bear.

I've been completely played, and I have to get the hell out of here.

And even though it's nearly impossible to run in heels, I do my best. I turn around and toss my bag from the boutique into the street and run, only carrying my broken heart.

MANDY

“SO AM I your legal guardian now?” Sarah asks with a little smile meant to bring some levity to the situation. I’m sitting across from her on the floor of her room, each of us sipping a hot chocolate that her mom was nice enough to make for us, contemplating the end of the world.

“Well, *technically*, now that I’m eighteen,” I start to say, but then a surge of sadness comes over me like a wave of nausea, and I wave my hand and collapse onto my back. “Fuck it, never mind. Yes, you can adopt me. As long as that means I can live with you.”

“Can you even adopt an eighteen-year-old?” she asks. I groan.

“Just go with it, okay?”

Sarah laughs. “Okay.” She leans forward and pats me on the ankle. “I really am sorry, okay? What can I say other than men suck?”

“Yup.” I nod. “Men suck.”

I told Sarah everything after I managed to run away from Cooper and Mark and Tiffany and their crazy altercation on the street in front of the boutique, then call her and have her come and get me and take me back to her place. I know it’s only a temporary situation, but I definitely can’t go back to Cooper’s house right now.

Cooper’s house. For some reason, it just doesn’t feel right calling it *my* house any longer.

The heartache burns in my chest. How could my life change so drastically twice in such a short period of time? I thought everything was going so perfectly, and now I feel like everything—literally everything—has collapsed out from under me.

“All the faith I put into him, Sarah,” I sigh. “I *really* thought I knew him.”

“Well, that makes sense,” she says. “You have known him for a while.”

Then something occurs to me, and I groan with everything inside me. “Oh, God. You know what I just thought of?”

“What?” Sarah asks.

Instead of telling her, I get up onto my knees, turn around, and lift up the back of my halter top. She was there when I got it, but seeing it now, after all that’s happened, will really just drive the point home and maybe let her feel some of what I’m feeling right now.

“Oh...” she says flatly.

“Yeah,” I reply, letting my shirt fall back down. “Now I’ve got to get that removed.”

My heart pounds in my chest as my anxiety continues to rise. I can’t stop thinking about the mistake I made putting my faith in Cooper, about the obstacles I’m facing now moving forward. I can’t just go back to living with him after what’s happened. How would that work? Talk about awkward.

Sarah must sense the negative energy emanating off of me because she stands up and comes over to me, takes me by both hands, and lifts me to my feet.

“Come on,” she says, her voice cheery and uplifting. “We’re having a girls’ night. Junk food and movies!”

“Sarah...” I groan in protest.

“We’ve been lying around here moping for the last three hours,” she says. “That’s long enough for *any* guy. It’s time to have some fun!”

She's right. I know she is. But that doesn't change the fact that I feel like a slug right now, and all I want to do is crawl under a big pile of blankets and go to sleep. Still, I let her lead me out of her room and downstairs into the kitchen. There *is* no way I'm going to let Cooper ruin any more of my day.

"So popcorn?" she asks, pulling a bag from the cabinet. "Or are you more in an ice cream mood?"

"Popcorn. Definitely," I reply. "Ice cream is just going to make me cold inside, and I don't need that."

Sarah laughs and takes the bag over to the microwave. I go to the fridge for drinks, but just as I'm fishing through the wide selection of seltzers, the doorbell rings.

We both glance at each other. Her dad is at work, her mom is out with friends, and neither of us is expecting company.

"Did you order something?" I ask her.

"No," she replies, going to the window that looks out to the front. She peers out, and whatever she sees causes her to gasp and leap back out of view. "Oh my God!"

"What?" I ask. "Who is it?"

Sarah races over to me and whispers, "It's him. It's Cooper!"

My heart leaps in my chest, and my blood pressure instantly shoots up to lethal levels.

"No," I hiss. "It can't be."

"It is!"

"He must have—he must have figured out this would be where I'd go!"

How could I be so stupid? Of course he'd figure out I'd go to Sarah's house. She's my best friend; where else would I go?

I slink around the kitchen door into the front hall and glance at the front door, which has a frosted glass window. I can see his outline standing there, which somehow makes this a million times worse.

His arm raises up, and the bell rings again.

“Come on, Sarah!” his voice calls out. “I know you’re in there. I called your dad, and he said you were home. Open up!”

I look back at Sarah, whose face is plastered with panic. “What do I do?”

My body is quivering as I shrug back at her. “I don’t know,” I whisper. “I—open it, I guess? But *do not* tell him I’m here!”

I trade places with her and duck down behind the island in the kitchen as she goes over to the front door. “Coming!” she calls out, doing her best to sound as normal as possible. Then, taking a deep breath, she opens the door. “Hey, Mr. C. How are you?”

I wish I could see what was going on, but ducked down, I can only hear him as he steps inside.

“Where is she, Sarah? I know she’s here.”

“My mom’s not home, Mr. C.—”

“Not your mom, Sarah,” he snaps. “Mandy.”

“Mandy? She’s not here,” Sarah replies. She’s doing a good job acting, but I don’t know if he’s going to buy it.

There’s a long pause. He’s either glancing around or staring her down. I wish I knew which one.

“Do you forget what I do, Sarah? What my profession is?”

Uh-oh. This isn’t good.

“No, Mr. C.,” she replies.

“So you remember I’m a lawyer, right?” he asks. Even *I’m* a little afraid of how he’s sounding right now. I can’t imagine how Sarah’s feeling.

“Yes...”

“So do you really intend to continue hiding Mandy here and face the consequences when I find out later you were lying to me?”

My heart is racing now. I can't continue to let Sarah go through this—not after she's been so good to me and was ready to comfort me after the day I've had.

I stand up and call out, "Stop!" My voice rings out loudly enough that it can be heard by Cooper while I make my way out of the kitchen and into the front of the house where he's standing. "I'm here. It's okay, Sarah. You can go. I'll let you know if I need you."

"Are you sure?" she asks, her eyes filled with concern.

"I'm sure," I tell her with a smile. She places a hand on my arm and then goes upstairs to her room. I wait until I hear the door shut before I turn back to Cooper. "So...you *knew* she was cheating on Mark because you were the one she was cheating on him with."

"No, baby—"

"*Don't* call me that," I snap, my body trembling. I can barely even look at him right now.

"Okay," he says softly, like he knows I'm two seconds from running again. "Mandy, that's *not* what was happening at all."

"What was happening then?" I ask.

"Well, from what I gather, last week Tiffany walked in on Mark with another woman—a secretary from the office—and so to get back at him, she decided to arrange it so *he* would see *her* with another man from the office."

"Oh, give me a break," I scoff, on the verge of laughing.

"It's the truth," Cooper replies firmly.

"How would she even pull that off?" I ask. "There are so many variables..."

"Apparently—and again, I just learned all of this today—Tiffany knew Mark had been following her," Cooper says. "So she followed us to the boutique and staged the kiss."

A thread of belief is beginning to sew itself into my mind. God, how badly I want to believe this. But still, he could be

making all this up to save his ass.

“Okay, but—”

“Look, I’ll prove it to you.” Cooper takes me by the hand, and a torrent of emotions flow through me. I want to pull away. I want to kick him in the shin. I want to pull him to me and kiss him. But I don’t do any of those things. I just let him lead me outside where I see Tiffany standing with her arms crossed, leaning against a pink Porsche.

The urge to rush her and yank every single hair out of her head comes across me, but I somehow resist.

“Tiffany, did you and I ever have an affair?” Tiffany purses her lips and slowly shakes her head. “Sorry, I didn’t hear you.”

“Nope,” she replies.

“So why did you kiss me and act like we were having one?”

With a deep sigh, she replies, “Because I wanted to get back at my butt-sucking husband who was cheating on *me*.”

“And am I coercing you to say this in any way?”

Tiffany shakes her head. “Nope.”

A sense of relief sweeps over me as Cooper squeezes my hand. “Go on then,” he says. “Get outta here.”

Tiffany doesn’t need to be told twice. She hops in her ridiculously colored Porsche and takes off. Cooper turns back to me, his face filled with concern. He reaches in to brush my hair out of my face, and I even let him.

“Now do you believe me?” he asks.

I sort of nod. “I...I think so.”

“You know what we’re also going to do when we get home?” he asks.

“W-what?” I’m not trembling quite as much anymore.

“We’re going to look at all the security footage I have from the house that shows that *no one* came over to the house for the two weeks you were gone,” he replies. “Especially no ugly

pink Porsches.” I burst out laughing as tears begin to stream from my eyes. “And you’ll see that I leave the house for the office, then come back home when work is over, and that’s my schedule. Nice and basic and boring, with no room for an affair with a woman that *isn’t you*.”

I’m crying as I nod. “That’s okay, Daddy,” I tell him. “I believe you. I believe you.”

His big arms sweep me into his embrace, and I throw mine around his massive chest, tracing the muscles of his back with my fingers. I don’t think I can take much more of these ups and downs from this emotional roller coaster.

He squeezes me with just the right amount of pressure and lifts me up so I can wrap my legs around him. I feel his lips against the skin of my neck, then seconds later, they meet mine, and we’re kissing. I pull back and stare into his eyes and feel a rush of joy penetrate my being. Even though we’re in front of Sarah’s house, *this* is home, right here in his arms and his eyes.

“You know I made a stop on my way here?” he says, a twinkle in his eye.

“Yeah? Where was that?”

“Well, it’s better that I show you rather than tell you,” he says as he sets me down.

I gasp and cover my mouth with one hand as he drops to one knee in front of me and pulls out a tiny blue box from his pocket.

“Daddy...” I say, my voice shaking.

He opens it and shows me the most beautiful sparkling diamond ring I’ve ever seen in my life.

This can’t be happening.

“I know we haven’t had the most conventional relationship, Mandy,” he says with a smile. “And that not everyone will approve. But marry me, Mandy. Marry me. Be my wife, be with me forever, no matter what anyone else says.

I'll take care of you like I always have, for the rest of our lives, wherever life takes us."

My jaw is practically on the floor. I know I'm supposed to speak here, but I can't.

"Will you make me the happiest man alive and be my wife?"

I nod and manage to whisper out a "Yes..."

Cooper's face explodes with delight as he slides the ring onto my finger. It fits just right, and I leap back into his arms, locking my lips onto his.

Our naughty little secret is about to become not so secret, but I'm okay with that, and so is he. We love each other, and whatever the rest of the world thinks of that is not going to get in our way.

EPILOGUE

MANDY

TWO MONTHS LATER...

“ARE you sure you want to do this?” I ask Daddy as I lie on the bed watching him going through his closet. He’s packing all his suits to be shipped over to Italy for the move. He turns and glances back at me.

“Are you sure *you* want to? I mean, you’ll be leaving Sarah behind.”

“She’s going to school in California,” I reply. “The time we’ll get to hang out is already going to be cut down dramatically. And this way, she’ll have an excuse to take trips to Europe.”

Daddy smiles, then leans down to kiss me. It’s been two months since I said yes to his proposal and six weeks since he let me know that he’d been offered a job at an Italian-American law firm in Rome and asked me if I’d be interested in moving there.

“I’ll only take it if you want to go too,” he told me. “But I remember how much you said you loved it while you were there, and it would also be a fresh start for me and you. No judgments from anybody. It would just be us and our love.”

I didn’t even have to think about it.

“Yes,” I told him and immediately signed up for online Italian lessons.

Daddy already has an apartment picked out for us that's to die for, and I just can't wait to get there so I can see it in person.

"Your firm must be sad to be losing you," I say to Daddy.

"They're not happy about it." He chuckles as he continues packing. Our flight is the day after tomorrow, and I'm pretty much finished with everything I have to do, defying the stereotype. "But they wished me well, which I appreciate. They offered me a *lot* of money to stick around, but no amount of money could convince me to give up my dream of Italy with my dream woman."

"You really should have been a songwriter," I smile. "You have such a way with words."

"I dunno about that," he chuckles. "I need to bring home the bacon for my missus, and I doubt I could do that singing."

He comes right over to me with a sexy grin on his face, and I get all giddy inside like I still do when I'm around my beautiful husband-to-be. My heartrate quickens as he leans in and kisses me, his two-day stubble scraping gently against my cheek.

Mine. All mine.

As I always do when we kiss, I twist our engagement ring around my finger with my thumb. I don't know why I do it—just a silly little habit, I guess. Or maybe it's just a reminder to me that it's there and that he put it there and that I belong to him.

He pulls back and smiles at me, then kisses down my neck and down to my belly. He looks up at me, his eyes glistening. "You think you'll be all right on the plane? How's the nausea been lately?"

"It's been okay," I say. "So I hope I'll be all right too, but then again, I've never been pregnant on a plane before."

It was just a few weeks ago that we found out I was pregnant. I wasn't sure how Daddy would react. I don't know why, but part of me still thought maybe he wouldn't be ready just yet, but he totally freaked out with excitement, grabbed

me under the armpits, and lifted me up like he was the happiest man in the world.

“That’s incredible!” he kept saying over and over. “You’re pregnant!”

I know it’s silly for me to think that it was the very first time we had sex that resulted in my pregnancy, but that’s what I choose to believe. And so does Daddy.

“That’s great.” He smiles at me, coming back up to find my lips with his. “I can’t wait to see your little baby belly.”

“Are you serious?” I gasp, sort of smiling at the same time. I haven’t start to show really at all just yet. “You don’t like my nice flat tummy?”

“Oh, of course I do.” He smiles. “But I’m sure you’re going to be absolutely sexy when you’re nice and pregnant too.”

I’m blushing. I feel so secure around him, but it’s still going to be a big change to go through, and I’m still coming to grips with it. Still, nothing can stop me from how excited I am.

“Do you think my boobies will get a lot bigger?” I ask him.

“Oh, I bet they will.” He grins, slipping a hand up my shirt to cup my left breast. “And that will be fun for me too.”

He’s such an amazing man. Everything he does makes me feel so wanted and sexy. I don’t even feel like a goblin anymore when I wake up in the morning or like I have to rush off to the bathroom to shower and pretty up before I let him look at me.

“I can’t wait to get married to you,” I whisper as he slides the other hand down my loose pair of flannel pajamas I’ve been wearing around the house today.

“And *I* can’t wait to get married to *you*, my love.” He smiles back as he looks into my eyes. There I go getting all giddy inside again. It never fails. Every time. “And we’ll already be in Europe for our honeymoon.”

“Who could ask for anything more?” I smile as he leans in for a kiss.

“Not me,” he says. “I’ve got everything I need right here.”

EPILOGUE

COOPER

FIVE YEARS LATER...

THE FIRST THING I do as I step through the door is undo my tie and toss it aside, then set my bag down and kick off my shoes. I'm about to call out for my wife when I see her come around the corner from the living room, barefoot, hair down, wearing nothing but a sheer white robe and looking like an absolute goddess.

“Wow,” I say. “Aren't you a sight to come home from work to.”

“You think so?” Mandy asks with a teasing wink as she takes slinking sexy steps toward me.

I had a long, intense day at the office working on contracts for a massive intercontinental deal between two corporations, and Mandy clearly thought she'd do something nice for me when I got home. It's not like she doesn't look nice every day when I get back, but this is something special.

“I sure do,” I reply, stepping up to her and taking her into my arms. She's so warm and soft, and immediately all the tension I've been carrying from my day at work is lifted, and all I can think about is what I'm going to do to her. “Where is Benny?”

Benny is our four-year-old boy who brings both of us so much joy. Mandy made it through her pregnancy without any issues and delivered him just the same. I was able to take a

couple weeks off work to be with her when he was born, then work remotely for several after that. The new firm has been incredibly understanding with paternity leave.

“He’s already asleep,” she says with a sultry smile. “We went to the park earlier, and he wore himself out playing with some of the boys there.”

“Ah, you let him wear himself out, didn’t you?” I ask, parting my wife’s robe to expose her breasts. They grew during her pregnancy and while she was breastfeeding—somehow getting even nicer than they were when she was eighteen—and they just stayed that way. They’re simply magnificent now.

Mandy bites her lip and looks up at me as I cup them and squeeze her nipples between my fingers. God, she’s a gift. A gift given to me, and then she gave me a gift—my son, Benny.

“I wanted some time alone with you, Daddy,” she whispers. “And I thought you might like some with me, given how hard you’ve been working lately.”

I feel my cock getting hard as I feel her up and gaze at the obvious excitement in her eyes. No matter how many times I have her, it will never be enough.

Over the years of our marriage, our sex life has grown to be strong and fierce. I’ve taught her just how I like things, and she’s expressed to me the same thing. She loves it when her daddy takes control—when he’s dominant and wields power in the bedroom. When I want it, I let her know, and I take it, and that turns her on more than anything. Sometimes we both get so turned on that we have to cancel plans we’ve already made so we can take care of each other. Whoever said romance fades after marriage is a crazy person—or they sure as hell weren’t talking about us.

I love surprising my wife when she’s doing something by sneaking up behind her, threading my fingers through her hair, and bending her back for a deep kiss while I slide my other hand up her shirt to cup her breast. I hold her so tightly that even if she wanted to get away, she would have no chance. By

the time I bring my hand down to tug aside her panties and feel her pussy, she's always already soaking wet for me.

Sometimes I skip the foreplay and just slide right inside her. Other times, I drag it out until she's literally begging for my cock. It all depends on my mood.

"Well, you were right, baby," I growl, sliding a hand down between her thighs. "I have been working hard, and nothing would satisfy me more than an evening undisturbed with you."

Mandy smiles back at me. I lean in and kiss her, feeling the arousal between her thighs as she starts to undo the buttons of my shirt. I lift her into my arms and carry her into the living room as my cock turns into a bar of hot steel, ready to stretch her and pound her and pleasure her until she's panting my name into my ear.

I lay her down on the couch beneath me and pull her robe all the way back so she's fully exposed, lying there like a goddess of sex. I kiss a path from her tits up between the hollow below her neck to her lips until we're kissing again as she peels off my shirt. I shrug out of it then toss it aside as we both go to work getting me out of my pants.

They come off quickly, and I kick them aside and look down at her, stiff as a board and marveling at her beauty.

"God I love you," I tell her, my voice low, smiling with my eyes. "I feel like I don't tell you that enough."

Mandy smiles back at me. "You tell me every day, Daddy."

"Do I?" I smile. I know I do, but for some reason, it doesn't feel like it. Mandy reaches up and pulls me down on top of her by my arms.

"You know you do," she whispers. "And you know I love you too. Now are you going to fuck me? Or are we going to just keep talking?"

I chuckle and lean down to inhale a lungful of her scent. This is just another reason why I love her so damn much. She knows just how to break my balls, and she has no problem doing it.

I thrust inside her without hesitation and hear her cute little gasp fill my ears.

“You mean like that?” I tease, filling her completely.

“Oh my God,” she exhales. “You are a naughty, *naughty* man.”

“You’re naughty too,” I reply, thrusting in and out as I brush back her hair and look deeply into her eyes. “Isn’t that why we love each other so much?”

Mandy giggles. “All I know is that I love you.”

“And I love you.” I smile. “And that’s all that matters.”

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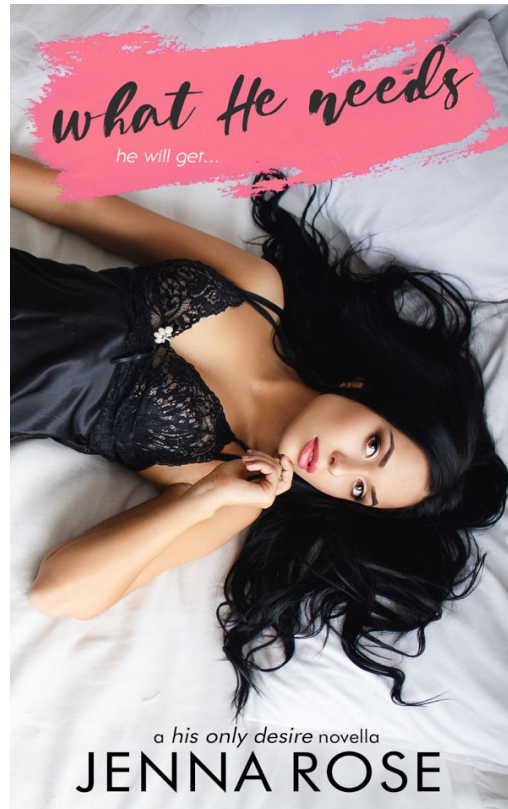
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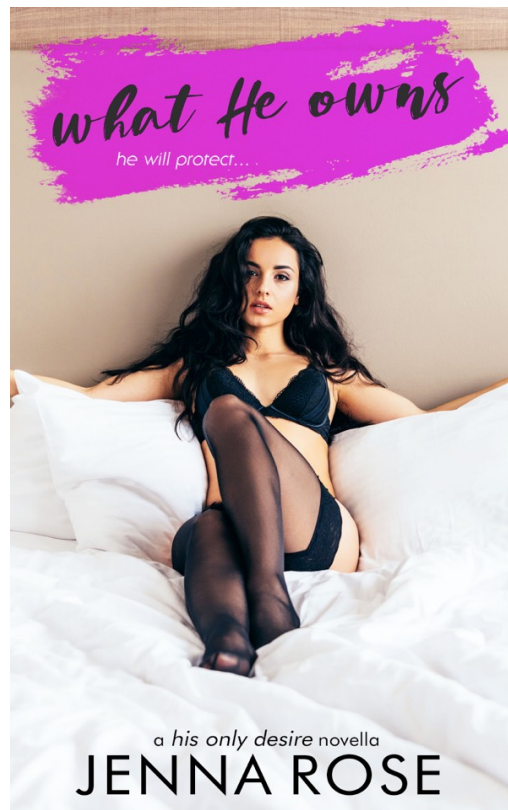
WHAT HE NEEDS



Percy Rankin is professional fighter, but he's also a professional ladies man who needs to clean up his image. So when his manager suggests paying a nice girl to be his fake-girlfriend and stand by his side when the cameras are snapping, Percy figures why not? What's the worst that could happen?

But then he sees Whitney, a proper, gorgeous, innocent music student studying violin, and everything changes. There's nothing fake about his desire—a desire he's never felt for anyone. But Whitney isn't falling for it. She knows guys like Percy and won't be convinced that this "relationship" is anything more than just business. But Percy has fought for everything he has in life, and he's not going to stop until she's his...

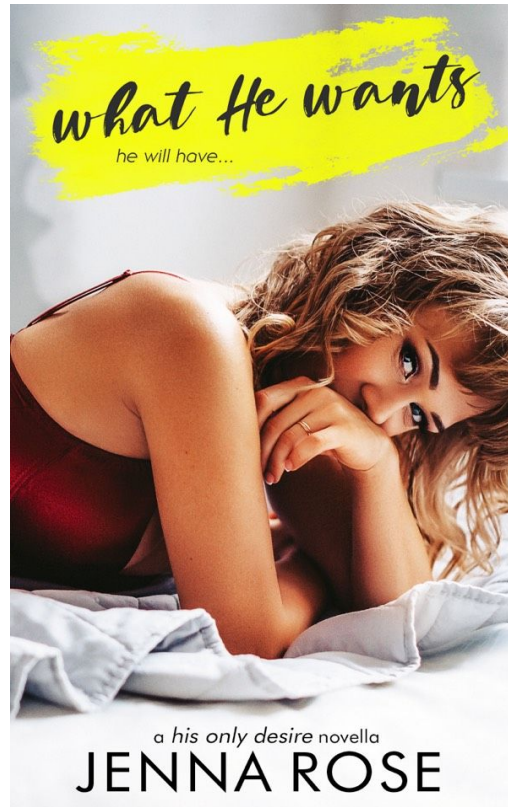
What He Owns



Gwen Thompson is hot on a story involving town development and corruption. The trail leads her to the home of Harrison Night, billionaire-playboy-business-man. All she wants is an interview, but when the rakish bachelor looks at her, Gwen knows he wants to do a lot more than answer her questions.

But Gwen won't sacrifice her integrity; she backs off. But Harrison wants her, and didn't get to where he is today by giving up on what he wants. He agrees to the interview, but on one condition: he and Gwen have dinner together first. Gwen agrees, but she is a professional. She's here for the story and just the story. At least, that's what she keeps telling herself...

What He Wants



While working undercover to bring down a dangerous crime boss, Fletcher becomes entranced by the girl living across the street. He keeps his eyes on her. Watching. Waiting. She's an angel in the wrong part of town, and he's going to make sure she's safe—no matter what.

AURORA IS STRUGGLING, working, saving her money for school, but one night she sees something she shouldn't have and suddenly, she's whisked away by a mysterious man who claims to be her protector. But he wants something from Aurora—something she's never given—and she's not sure if she can.

DON'T WAIT! Grab your copy and fall in love with these alphas today!