



SECRETS

IN THE DARK

B.SOBJAKKEN

secrets in the dark

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Note from author

All characters are of legal age and have no relation to each other.

This novella includes but are not limited to: dubious consent, age-gap, breeding, and cheating (not between main characters).

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*To all the horny bitches who told me to go for it.... These will always be
for you... xoxo*

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Chapter One

Emma

I sit up, disoriented, as I blink at the darkness. I swore I had heard something pull me out of my sleep. Squinting my eyes as I glance at my phone, I groan when I see it's midnight.

Flipping my pillow over, I'm about to lay back down when I hear a muffled thud. *Is someone knocking? This late?* I would kill whoever it was, physically or figuratively, depending on what they wanted.

With a huff, I get out of bed and storm to my front door. When I glance through the peephole, my breath catches. The man standing there looked like my uncle. My gorgeous, kind, and ridiculously tall uncle Jamie. The uncle I had a teenage crush on growing up.

I calm my beating heart and pull on a blank face. The last time my aunt caught me ogling her husband, she scolded me for my inappropriate behavior. How unbecoming it was to lust after an older man, a taken man who was also family. She slapped me when I reminded her that he wasn't my family and we had no relation other than being married to her.

That was six years ago at my high school graduation, and they haven't returned since. Jamie had taken over the company branch in London, and my aunt jumped at the chance to join *real* high society. Whatever the fuck that meant.

Another knock shook me from my thoughts, and I realized I still needed to open the door. When I did slowly, my stomach dipped nervously at the beaming smile aimed my way.

"Little Em, I'm sorry to wake you," he apologizes, his eyes widening when the porch light floods the doorway. I didn't have a chance to swoon at using the old nickname because embarrassment quickly replaced it. I had answered in my sleepwear, a thin tank top and panties. I cross my arms over my chest and glance nervously around him, expecting another tongue-lashing from my aunt.

Jamie clears his throat and sheepishly holds up a small duffel bag, “it’s just me.”

I frown, “what are you doing here?”

“My flight ran late. I couldn’t get a hold of anyone at the main house,” he points a thumb over his shoulder, “I remember your dad saying you live on the back estate property. Can I crash here tonight?”

Nodding, I open the door wider and step back. “I converted the guest bedroom for my office, so you’ll have to take the couch.”

“I’ll take anything. Serena and I were supposed to arrive yesterday, but all our flights got delayed, and we missed some connecting ones. She decided to stay an extra day in New York to visit a friend before flying in,” he chuckles, but I can see the exhaustion on his face. His lips were pursed, and the wrinkles near his eyes aged him.

He looked older, and it made him devastatingly more handsome. The softer features I was drawn to when I was eighteen were gone, and his cheeks were sharper, the days-old scruff giving him a rugged appearance. His body was more prominent too, his arms more defined under the light jacket he had on. His dark hair was longer and tousled, but I figured he would have it slicked back like usual if he hadn’t traveled. I could see his enormous thigh muscles as he walked past in his jeans. I blinked. I was ogling him again. Thank god it was just us, and so much for my crush being long gone.

“Yeah... well, it was always about what she wanted,” I reply. I’m sure a considerable amount of time had passed with my staring, making it more noticeable. I scratch the back of my neck and give him a weak smile, “Sorry, tired.”

Jamie nods, but he wasn’t looking at me. It was as if he was trying to avoid glancing at me. “I’ll let you get back to sleep. The blankets still in the ottoman?”

“Yeah,” I give a small wave, “Goodnight, Jamie. It was nice to see you again. I’m glad you and my aunt could attend my sister’s wedding.”

Jamie's head snaps to me, seeming stunned that I was dismissing him so quickly, "Sorry to wake you again. Give me a hug, kid."

I can't hold back the flinch from the sentiment, I felt like he was trying to set a distinct boundary or something. My aunt was the youngest sibling out of my grandparent's four kids, and Jamie was even younger than her. Him calling me kid was almost insulting, but I move forward and give him the world's most awkward side hug before quickly stepping away.

"See you in the morning," I mumble.

"If you wake up early, don't worry about being quiet. I sleep like the dead." He calls after me, but I hurried to my bedroom, shutting my door without a response.

After an hour and a half of trying to use the tv to distract myself from the fact he's a room away, I turn it off to hopefully get some sleep. It's only a few moments of silence when the door clicks open, hallway light leaks in, and a shadowy figure fill the doorway before it shuts and darkness takes over again.

"Jamie?"

He doesn't say anything, and I don't hear footsteps before I feel the mattress shifting. My heart pounds as I wait silently, his presence noticeably getting closer. I don't dare move though; uncertainty is keeping me frozen. His chest is warm against my back, and I stiffen as his arm wraps around my waist, pulling me into him. I almost yelp when I feel the hot erection pressing against my ass. My panties barely covered my cheeks, and now I knew he was completely naked.

His hand moves to cup my breast through my tank top, his thumb giving my hard nipple a quick stroke.

"Hmmm... it's been so long," he mutters into my ear, his breath sending shivers down my spine.

“Jamie?”

He shushes me, “Give me this, Serena.”

My blood turns cold, extinguishing the flames that had started to build. He thought I was my aunt. How could he be confused about that? Did they commonly sleep in different rooms?

His hand starts to drift down, and my stomach contracts when he reaches my underwear.

“Jamie, wait—“

He doesn't hesitate before his finger slides along my wet folds and pushes inside me. I gasp, arching against him in shock. His other hand slides underneath my neck and palms my breast again. It's been so long since I've been touched. After my failed attempts to move on as a freshman in college, I haven't bothered dating since.

Figuring he would realize soon, I decided to go with it as long as possible. I grab the hem of my shirt and pull it off, lifting myself briefly onto my elbow. Now my uncle's fingers squeeze my breast tighter, pinching my nipple as I rock against his hand, slowly fucking me.

I reach back and tangle my fingers in his hair, tilting my head to kiss him.

He chuckles against my lips, “Does my wife want to get fucked?”

“Yes,” I groan. He pulls his fingers out and moves me onto my back, sliding my underwear off and climbing over me. My chest is heaving as he presses soft kisses along my collarbone and makes his way down. His tongue swirls around my taunt nipple before sucking it into his mouth, and I buck into him, my pussy getting wetter. They've always been a sensitive spot for me, but the fact my forbidden crush was sucking on them ravishingly heightened it all. His cock slides against my center, and I moan when his thick head bumps into my clit.

I wrap my legs around his waist and reach between us as he feasts on my breasts, sucking and squeezing them.

Positioning his cock at my entrance, I pant, “Fuck me... husband.”

He grunts as he pushes forward, my pussy stretches to accommodate the massive length.

“Oh my god, you’re so—“ I cut out in a choked cry when he bottoms out, a pleasurable pain burning me.

His head drops against my chest with a moan. “Fuck you’re so fucking tight, baby. And wet.” I want to preen at the astonishment I can hear in his voice.

I dig my heels into his ass, grinding my hips against him. “Please, *please*. More.”

Jamie lifts his head, and I feel his stare on me, and I’m afraid he’s starting to clue in I am not Serena. I pause, waiting to see what he’s going to do.

He groans, leaning back to kneel between my legs. He grips my hips and pulls me with him, his cock never slipping out. Jamie pushes a pillow under my back, and I’m memorized by the expertise of his quick movements. His thumb drops to where we’re connected, strumming my clit, and he slowly pulls out to the tip before pushing back in.

My hands squeeze the bedsheet to my sides as he picks up his pace. My mouth falls open in awe the longer he fucks me; it has never felt like this. If I had known it was like this before, I would never have tried to find anyone else.

“Feel good?” I rasp, wanting confirmation that he’s enjoying this as much as I am.

He grunts again, dropping my legs to drape over my body, and I wrap my arms around his neck. Jamie starts to pound into me, and I can’t control the sounds out of my mouth. This wasn’t real; my uncle wasn’t fucking me so hard that white dots were spotting my vision.

“So-“ *thrust* “-fucking” *thrust* “-tight” *thrust*, he hisses between hard strokes.

My pussy clamps around him as I start to come, I cry out from the intensity, and Jamie pushes his tongue into my mouth

to swallow it. His loud groan echoes as he follows me over the edge. I can feel the jerk of his cock as his cum coats my insides. I have a momentary panic that he's coming inside me, but I honestly wouldn't care if he knocked me up. I would be honored to have his children; we would make beautiful babies.

We stay for a moment, catching our breaths before he sits back.

He pulls out slowly, his fingers gathering the leaking cum and pushing it back into my pussy. "Gotta keep this perfect cunt full."

My stomach dips at his words, and my pussy clenches onto his fingers. I already wanted him to fuck me again. I lay silently as he rubs me with his fingers, and when he's done, he flops down next to me and pulls me into his chest.

"Sleep, baby," he says softly, kissing my temple.

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Chapter Two

Jamie

I awake to the feeling of a warm mouth on my cock; I reach down to gather her hair in my fist, blinking at the room's darkness. I could see some light peeking under the long curtains across the room. Since when did we have those?

"Fuck, you feel so good," I groan, pushing deeper into her throat. My balls tighten when she swallows around my head with a small gag. I close my eyes again, letting my head fall onto the pillow. I can't remember the last time my wife had given me a blowjob; she always thought it was beneath her. She rarely let me go down on her, either.

She hums, letting go with a pop before I can feel the drag of her nipples as she climbs over my body. I grab onto her waist, surprised at how tiny it feels, but I don't remember her body that well. I feel her hot pussy on top of my cock, the wetness making me want to slide against her and gather it all up, But the thrust of her tongue into my mouth has me grunting in shock; I didn't mind the taste of myself, but I'm surprised at the act coming from her.

She grinds against me, dragging her wetness along my shaft just like I wanted, and I grip her harder, dying to be inside her.

"Lift up. I need to feel you," I moan into her mouth, and she nods. I position myself at her entrance, and we sigh as she lowers herself onto my cock.

I wasn't going to complain, my wife was never one to be enthusiastic in bed, and I was going to take everything thrown at me. She starts rocking against me, setting a faster pace than usual, almost desperate. I slid my hand up her back, grabbing her neck and pulling her down to kiss me again, my other hand squeezing her breast. I pause for a second when her breast fits perfectly in my palm, it is a lot fuller than usual, but her soft mouth breaks my wonderment as our lips move together.

She was also more vocal this morning, and I swallow her soft cries and gasps as I match each twist of her hips, thrusting up into her. When I feel the clenching of her pussy, warmth slowly draws up my spine, desperate to follow her over. I wasn't sure how long we fuck like that, but I didn't want it to end. Who knew the next time she would be in a playful mood.

“Come on my cock, baby,” I demand, twisting my hand into her hair to pull her head back as I thrust harder, “Then I'm going to fill you up.”

She hates when I speak during sex. And while she hated it, the thought of breeding her always turned me on. I tense for the click of her tongue in disgust when I realize what I said... I want nothing more than to become a father.

“Please, please, *please*,” she begs instead. My grip tightens as I struggle to hold back my release, and her pussy starts to flutter around me.

At the same time, an alarm clock goes off next to us and lights up the dark room with flashes. I lock gazes with the woman above me, her blue eyes widening.

“Emma?” I exclaim and then throw my head back, shouting, “*Fuuuckkkk*,” as I come deep inside my niece.

“Oh god,” she cries out, her cunt rippling as she comes again with me. I can't stop the small thrusts into her as I keep filling her tight hole with my cum. The thought of my niece full of my seed makes my cock jerk and spill more, coating her walls.

I let go of her, my hands dropping to my side, and she collapses onto my chest, both of us panting. The pressure of her body on top of mine was euphoric, but I was afraid to touch her. It made it seem more real if I did.

“If it makes you feel better,” she says, her fingers running small circles around my nipple. “You already came inside me last night.”

I know I should push her off or at the very least, get my cock out of her pussy, but I can't gather the energy to do anything. My body is tense, but I have never come so hard.

“It doesn’t,” I mutter. Last night? I run a tired palm down my face. I knew I shouldn’t have taken that sleeping pill, but my episodes were few and far between. I never expected something like this could happen. Shame burned in my gut at the disappointment I felt. I don’t remember anything from last night. I shouldn’t want to remember the first time I fucked my niece because there shouldn’t have been a first time or a second time.

She pushes onto my chest, sitting up and leaning over to grab her phone. The curtains on the window open, letting me take in her naked body. Her perky breasts jiggle as she settles back onto my lap, pushing my shaft deeper inside her. Our mutual mess drips down my cock.

“Jesus,” I hiss, unable to control the hardening of it. Emma giggles, my hands coming up to stop her from moving. “We have to stop. This shouldn’t have happened.”

“But it did,” she shrugs, cupping her breasts and playing with her nipples as I watch, “what’s one more time?”

I let out a laugh, shaking my head. I didn’t know what happened last night and thought she was someone else this morning. If I wanted to be honest with myself, the signs were there, but I ignored them.

One of her hands drags down her stomach, coming to play with her clit and causing her to clench around me. My hips move slightly with the pressure, and I grit my teeth at the throbbing need to move in and out of her.

“One time,” she pouts, “one time where you know who you’re *fucking*. Who you’re filling up with your cum.”

My cock twitches at the reminder. I squeeze her hips tighter before loosening my grip. She smiles as if she won, and it makes me angry. I sit up, grabbing her around her throat and then around her thigh, flipping our position. She was treating this like some kind of game.

“You want me to fuck you?” I whisper against her lips, my tone hard and cold, “I could lose *everything* because I stuck my dick in your cunt.”

“I think you liked it,” she nips at my bottom lip. I squeeze her throat tighter, and her mouth opens, but I feel her pussy drenching me. Fuck, she would be turned on; she has always been the black sheep of her perfect little family. We were the outliers trying to be molded into something they weren’t. Emma had always been my favorite.

I let go to grab the back of her knees, gathering her legs and pushing them into her chest. I pull out and slam back into her.

“Oh fuck,” she screams, tears coming to her eyes as I pound into her. I knew my size wasn’t a comfortable one, and I usually was a gentler lover, but the need to fuck her hard was immeasurable. To punish her for taunting me into doing this again.

My jaw aches from how tense my body is at the power force I’m using, “you like that?”

She can’t speak as tears trail down her face but nods. Her hands come up to wrap around my wrists, and it falters my rhythm before I continue, and I squeeze harder, knowing she is going to bruise from my grip. The thought of her wearing my marks had me fighting back my release. Why was she making me feel like a teenage boy fucking for the first time?

My wife had never liked to be fucked rough, no matter how much we warmed her up for it. She treated sex as a transaction, dangling it before me when she wanted something. I looked down to see where I was disappearing into my niece and groaned at the sight. Her pussy was so puffy and red from how rough it’s been treated.

“Come inside me,” Emma begs, and I snap up to look at her. Considering the desperation seeping into her face, she didn’t realize what I was genuinely thinking about.

“Yeah? You want my cum?” Her hand drops between us, rubbing at her clit. I slow my thrusts, pushing deeper with quick strokes.

She nods frantically, “I want to leak you all day. I want the reminder that you fucked me and the hope that maybe in a few weeks, I could be growing your baby.”

“Emma, fuck,” I grunt. The image of her petite body swelled with my child, her engorged breasts begging to be milked, causes me to come instantly. I push my cock as far as it goes, wanting my seed to take root in her womb.

“Yes, yes, yes,” she pants as she comes with me. I let go of her and drop my body over hers, tilting her face to mine.

I kiss her, letting myself enjoy this moment. She was everything I wanted in a woman, and this was the best sex of my life. She moans, her hands coming up to tangle in my hair. My hands slide along the curve of her ass, holding her to me for a few more heartbeats. I pull out with a sigh, laying down next to her, and throw my arm over my eyes. The silence is tense as neither of us moves an inch. I wasn't sure where to go from here. I had fucked my niece three times in a few short hours, my body felt drained, and my heart was heavy. The last time would do me in since I consciously chose to continue.

“I won't tell anyone,” her soft voice says.

“And if I knocked you up?” I turn my head toward her, and she was already facing me. Her dark hair fanned out on her pillows, her lips swollen and red, her bright blue eyes watching warily. She was absolute perfection; I swallowed to coat my drying throat.

She shrugs with a small smile, “It's not like my family is involved in my life. I could easily lie about who the father is.”

My stomach twists, and my fists clench, “It is *my* child. I am the father.”

Emma bites her lip, and my eyes are drawn to the motion, blood rushing to harden my cock again. I was sick; I shouldn't be reacting to her like this. It was like my body couldn't get enough.

“I'm not sure what you're saying then, Jamie. You don't have to be—” She sits up, tying her hair up in a messy knot on her head as she crosses her legs and faces me fully. I follow her up, my back leaning against the headboard, as I drag her sheet and cover us both up. The longer I had an unobstructed

view of her leaking pussy, the higher the chance we wouldn't get out of bed.

"Okay, I should tell you. If I am pregnant, I'm keeping it," She says, "You don't have to be involved. We can take this to the grave." Emma chuckles, but I don't see the humor in the situation.

I run a hand through my hair and give her a pointed look, "Emma, I would never leave you to raise our child. I had the choice to pull out."

"But you didn't." No, I didn't because I was a sick bastard who wanted nothing more than to breed the gorgeous creature before me.

I shook my head, and I could hear my phone ringing in the living room. Getting out of bed, I paused to the side of it. "We need to discuss this more, okay? Go shower because I'm sure your parents are finally waking up and will check on me."

She nods but calls out to me as I reach the doorway, "Do you regret it?"

I squeeze the frame and hang my head, "I don't know," I say honestly. What I felt and knew I should be feeling were two different things.

Closing the door, I leave her to get ready and grab my bag on the floor next to the couch. I quickly pull on sweatpants and a shirt. A glance at my phone showed the missed call was from who I expected. I shoot off a text in reply and go to her kitchen. We probably had about 20 minutes before her family reached the guest cottage, so I start pulling breakfast items out. I also open the closest window, paranoid that the stench of sex was in the air.

This morning left no doubt that my already failing marriage was ending. Serena hasn't been home in months, and I don't even remember the last time I spoke to her. It was one of the reasons I had the damn sleeping medication. My anxiety about wherever or whatever my wife was up to plagued my thoughts constantly. Not because I cared for Serena, that ship had sailed years ago, but because she had a nasty mouth on her. She was

one comment away from never coming home if she said it to the wrong person. At the suggestion of my therapist, I started to take the pills, which were life-changing. The only downside was sometimes I went into episodes, and I didn't remember anything; the last time, I ordered an entire entertainment system for my house. I never thought I could have sex with someone while I was technically asleep.

I hear a knocking as I finish the eggs and put the bacon into the pan before moving to the door.

"Got it," Emma's soft voice says behind me, and I watch as she starts toward it instead, confused about how long she's been there. I was lost in my thoughts for longer than I realized as I went through the motions of cooking.

Her parents mutter to themselves as they follow her back into the kitchen, and Emma slides onto a stool at the counter. Her mother watches her displeasingly and stands closer to her husband.

"Jamie! It's been a while," Rupert grins at me, coming to shake my hand and pat my back. I smile back and nod at Anne, who stands awkwardly.

"Serena doesn't enjoy traveling much," I tell them both, sneaking a peek at Emma. She's fidgeting with her phone, her bare legs crossed from what I can see under the dress she had put on.

"Where is my sister?" Anne asks, looking around.

I turn back to the food, "Should be arriving soon. I was just making Emma and me breakfast as thanks for letting me crash here. I woke her up pretty late last night. Should I make some more?"

Anne's face twists, "Emma and I have the wedding brunch later. We shouldn't be eating beforehand."

Her father comes to lean against the counter near me, "I'll take a plate. It will be a long day while we hit the greens."

"A few pieces of bacon and eggs isn't going to ruin my appetite, mother," Emma sighs, her voice gliding over me, setting my nerves on fire. Could they feel the tension in the

room? The way her sigh was so similar to the way she gasped when I pounded—

“So brunch? That’s more relaxing than golf,” I say, hiding my erection in front of the stove.

“Not a golfer?” Rupert laughs, and I smile weakly at him. No, I wasn’t at all. Spending half the day in the sun, pushing a small ball around with a stick while all the men brag about who they are cheating on their wives with, wasn’t my idea of fun. I clench my jaw when I realize I can now brag about the same accomplishment. Even if Serena didn’t respect me, I was never one to stray.

“It’s a horse and pony show,” Emma snorts, “Nothing relaxing about a bunch of women making catty remarks and judging each other’s appearance.”

“Exactly,” Anne agrees, finally stepping closer, “which is why we don’t have time for you to eat. We need to get you to Crystal so she can do your hair and makeup. Maybe I can get Robby to come and let out some of the seams of your sister’s clothes, and you can bring a more suitable outfit.”

I look over my shoulder as Emma glances down at herself, biting her lip. I think she looked beautiful; the white dress made her skin appear more bronzed, like summer and darkened her hair. The yellow sunflowers scattered through the fabric, brightening her blue eyes.

“Anne,” Rupert warns, looking between them. I have a flicker of appreciation for the man. I knew both treated their children like trophies to show off to their friends, but I could sense some of the love when he cautioned his wife for criticizing their daughter.

“Camilia Wentworth will be there,” Anne hisses, “Her son Douglas is returning from his first Navy Tour and will attend the wedding. We both think it would be a good opportunity for them to meet. If she looks like a heathen at the brunch, Camilia might reconsider.”

There’s a deafening silence as we all absorb her words. I’m sure Emma is shocked by the matchmaking happening before

her, but I can't control the burn of jealousy that courses through me. My hand tightens on the tongs, and I aggressively pull off the bacon and slam them onto the plate, my jaw aching from how hard I'm grinding my teeth.

"I thought that all stopped with his death," I whisper to Rupert, who shifts uncomfortably.

"It did. She can always decline," He says, "Anne, darling, if a simple white dress deters Camilia Wentworth from our daughter, then I would say that's for the best."

"Is it, *darling*? For the best?" Her tone is dripping with venom, and I roll my eyes, reminded of Serena using the same voice on me.

"Mom, can't you just let it be for now? Ophelia is getting married. Let's settle into that first before moving onto me," Emma leans over the counter, grabbing a piece of bacon and sliding off from the seat to stand with a small smile, "Let me grab some shoes, and we can leave, okay?" She directs her last words at her mother as she turns around.

I watch her walk back to her room for a few seconds, the dress swaying around her hips, and I desperately want to see if they're littered with finger-shaped bruises. I snap my head forward, thankful her parents have been distracted with bickering with each other instead of where my attention had fallen.

I clear my throat, "So, which course are we playing today?"

Rupert beams, excited to move on from his daughter's affairs and today's activities for the men. He doesn't even stop when his wife and daughter give him a kiss on the cheek before leaving themselves. I feel a soft brush of fingers along my lower back, and my dick twitches at her touch. I want to grab and kiss her goodbye, but my attention doesn't stray from her father's. I've stopped listening, instead thinking about the next time I would have a chance to get her alone. Thinking about how I shouldn't want that, but there was no point in fighting this. I had already slept with her, what would it matter if I continued. And if I couldn't, it would be a long weekend.

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Chapter Three

Emma

“Thank you,” my older sister whispers as she sits beside me. She wore a pale pink dress similar to our mother’s, a floppy white hat to match, and her wrist and neck draped in jewels. I know she was thanking me for indulging in all these wedding activities.

I give her a tense smile before kissing her cheek. She has happily become a replica of the other women in our family, sending a bitter taste into my mouth. Just another reminder that I was unlike them. My dress was the only one with a design or pattern. Everyone else had different solid pastel colors. The only difference was who wore dresses or a skirt/jacket combo.

She smiles back, “I love the sunflowers.”

Sipping the mimosa, I cross my knees, leaning back into my seat as the women around me continued greeting each other and finding the assigned seats at the table. “Mother said it was childish.”

Ophelia sighs, grabbing her glass and settling into the chair closer to me, “She doesn’t understand that you’re a free spirit. You’re not meant to be caged by this life.” She lifts her glass and waves slightly around us.

I held back the grimace because it wasn’t entirely true. If my family knew me, they would know I wanted nothing more than to be a mother, the perfect housewife. But if there was a man, who tried to give me everything, and all I had to do was spread my legs every night for him to fuck another child into me, I would marry him. I wanted to be surrounded by children and the love I never saw growing up. I just didn’t want to do all the society schmoozing every weekend, the galas and dressing up, the useless board meetings on a foundation that rarely donated the money they had.

Clenching my thighs, I tried not to think about how close I was to that possibility now, and with the man I never believed I could have. What I thought was a silly teenage crush on an attractive male figure in my life, and my nighttime fantasies paled in comparison to how he really is. His touch wasn't gentle, I could never have guessed the monster hiding in his pants, and the dirty words that spilled from his mouth were unlike anything I'd experienced.

“What are you two girls whispering about?” My aunt Serena sneers from across the table, her nose tilting up as her narrowed gaze stares down at us. She had arrived sometime in the morning, visibly upset her husband didn't pick her up from the airport, and we've all been paying for it since. Her nasty comments continued the entire time we had gotten ready at the main house and walked to the gardens.

How sore my pussy is from your husband's giant cock is what I desperately wanted to say.

Instead, I gave her a saccharine smile, “How nice it is that everyone could come out for Lia's wedding.”

My sister nods, “We have missed you, Auntie.”

Serena lips twist, and she turns to my mother, “When are you marrying off the unruly one?”

My eyes widen at her tone, and even my mother looks taken back, sparing me a glance as she frowns. “Our children are free to marry who they choose.”

I bite the tip of my tongue, unsure why she wasn't mentioning that she had planned to be a matchmaker this weekend.

“Well, she's not getting any younger. Ophelia is already 30 and just getting married. I know how much you wanted grandchildren,” My aunt snipes, taking a long sip.

“My god,” my sister mutters under her breath.

“She does have a grandchild. Our brother Michael has a daughter,” I tilt my head at my aunt. Her lips purse, and I know she wants to comment on the fact my brother and his girlfriend were not married. I wait for the word bastard to drop

from her vile mouth, I would defend my niece no matter how my behavior was deemed inappropriate in the social circle. Even if my mother wouldn't do the same, which is why my brother has nothing to do with us.

She glances at my mother before turning back to me, "Of course, my mind slipped for a moment."

I hummed, "I heard that happens with age. Curious if that's also the reason for the infatuation with children. You never had any of your own, right? A little late now?"

"Emma," My sister hisses, and my mother gasps. I lean back, wanting to point out that no one has scolded my aunt for her behavior all morning.

Serena stares blankly at me, blinking once before smiling, "I like her tongue. I can finally see the family resemblance."

My stomach turns at the reference, and I frown. I didn't want to be like her at all. I look at my sister, an apology in my eyes for the way I was acting at her wedding brunch. I had let her provoke me into acting the same way she does.

"And I never did have any; I never wanted to. By the time father found a man somewhat worthy of marrying, I never could fathom being forever tied to someone like that," She says, a laugh leaving her lips. "Not that didn't stop Jaime from trying."

My mother drew in a breath, "W-what are you saying? Did he force you?"

I clench my fists, waiting for her answer. I knew Jamie wasn't that type of man deep down, but my aunt was the type of vindictive woman to lie about it.

She waves my mom's worries off, "No, no. He's been rough a few times, but that's a man for you. No, he tried to give an ultimatum a few years ago. He said he wanted a child or would remove me from the company."

Ophelia leans forward, "Our family's company? Could he do that?"

“No,” My mother says, “Our lawyers would never allow that. It would have said so in the prenuptial agreement, which is why we had one drawn up for Theodore.”

My sister nods, and I want to roll my eyes. As if Theodore would ever leave her, this was his golden ticket to everything he could want.

“Exactly, I laughed in his face,” Serena smiles, “It’s been the perfect marriage ever since. I do what I please, and he does god knows what.”

“And that’s the perfect marriage for you?” My brow furrows, and she nods.

“You’ll understand once you marry. The less they care to check on you, the more freedom you are granted.”

I exchange glances with my sister, “I would think you would want to marry someone because you love spending time with them.”

She scoffs, “Delusional fairytales of a child. You want a partner who will look good on your arm and paper, but behind closed doors, they leave you alone.”

“My mother and father are always together,” I point out, and my mother smiles. I didn’t return it because I wasn’t thinking about it romantically. My parents were always together and never home, happy to leave us in the care of nannies. My mind wondered if there would ever become a point where I got sick of Jamie’s presence, and it didn’t seem possible. And when that particular daydream added small children surrounded us, I couldn’t understand pawning them off the strangers.

“We were one of the lucky ones,” My mother explains, sipping on her drink and glancing around before leaning towards us, “Out of all your grandfather’s matches, we truly found happiness with one another.”

“Matches?” My mouth falls open, looking at my aunt’s twisted face and then at my sister, “like an arranged marriage?”

They nod, but my sister looks just as shocked as me. “You and dad were arranged?”

“So were Jamie and I. He was the only decent man left on this side of the pond and handsome enough to put up with it,” Serena chuckles, and my lips curl. I take a sip quickly to hide it.

“I didn’t know that was a thing. I didn’t know our family did that,” I say, and Ophelia nods. Her expression looks thoughtful.

“Did you guys set up Theo and me?” She asks, and our mother frantically shakes her head.

“No, darling. As I said, we allow you to choose who you want. Since your grandfather passed away, your father has been in charge of the entire estate, and the inheritance rules were stripped away.”

I grab Ophelia’s hand, giving it a quick squeeze in support.

She smiles before getting up, “I’m going to walk around and thank everyone for coming.”

My mother stands, “I’ll join you.”

We sit silently for a few moments after they leave, I swear I can feel my aunt’s gaze, but I’m staring at the house.

“What are the men doing?” I ask, peeking toward her and confirming that her watchful eyes haven’t left me.

“Golfing. What else would they be doing? You think the men would be so unrefined to go to a strip club?”

I push my tongue against the back of my teeth to stop myself from snapping at her, my fist clenching around my glass as I breathe. “No, the strip club wasn’t my first thought.”

I knew they had set off to golf hours before our brunch had started, but I doubt that was the only plan for the day. I wanted to know the chances of seeing him again before I trek back to my tiny sanctuary away from this.

“You know, your beauty will eventually fade,” my aunt says, sipping her drink as her eyes drag down my body. I scowl at her and shrug; who doesn’t know that your looks change as you age.

She raises a singular eyebrow, “Don’t care? You should. It might feel enchanting now... to temporarily be the center of someone’s world, but just remember they wouldn’t be with you if you didn’t look the way you do.”

I lock my gaze on her, my stomach twisting as I try to decipher her hidden meaning. Did she know about Jaime and me? Is that possible? She wasn’t even here last night, and there was no way she could have heard it from someone else.

Her lips pull into a wicked smile, “Just a thought.”

“Thanks,” I drawl out, looking away, “I’ll take it into consideration the next time I need to ponder why a man might be into me.”

She cackles, the noise grating against my nerves. “You do that, little Em.”

Chapter Four

Jamie

I never imagined the ache I would feel being away from her. It hadn't been 24 hours, and I missed her; it made me feel crazy. At my age, I've never felt anything like this. How could I feel something so strongly about someone so swiftly? But it wasn't that quick; I have known Emma and her family for over a decade. I had watched her grow from a teenager to the young woman she is now. I wondered how she felt about me. I was pushing forty, young enough to start a family, but not with someone her age.

Debating the consequences of getting caught, I knew I wouldn't get any sleep without seeing or touching her. I didn't want to chance another sleeping pill incident, even with my wife sleeping next door. Jumping into a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt, I held my shoes in my hand as I crept down the hallway. It was dark, the moonlight lighting the floor, and soft noises pierced the air as I passed the doors of everyone sleeping.

I couldn't breathe fully until I reached the back door, slipping outside and into my shoes. Glancing at the house one more time before taking off in a jog to the back corner of the estate, I hoped she was still awake or at least alone. That thought made me pause. What if she wasn't alone? How could I explain showing up at the door in the middle of the night?

The lights are on when I reach her cottage, and I think about looking through her windows before deciding it is a little creepier than I wanted. Knocking on her door, my heart pounds as I pray she is alone.

Her door flings open as she smiles at me, "Hi."

"Hi," I breathe, smiling back.

"I was hoping you would come by tonight."

Warmth spreads throughout my chest, "Well, let me in then."

Her blue eyes widen as she hurries back with an apology. I chuckle and grab her around the waist as I push the door shut with my foot. She giggles as I pull her to my chest, my hand wrapping around her neck. I kiss her soft lips with a moan, and her hands glide under my sweatshirt, my stomach clenching at the scrap of her nails. We stumble backward as we continue kissing, I lead her to the couch and drop down, pulling her to straddle my lap.

Her hands grip my shoulder as she pushes back, settling her center tightly against my dick.

Emma's eyes are dilated, her cheeks are flush, and she bites her lip, staring at me. "I almost felt like I imagined it. Last night."

I drag my hands up her ribs, teasing the underside of her breasts with my fingers, "It certainly doesn't feel real."

Stroking her hard nipple, I move her shirt further to pull the taunt bud into my mouth. My tongue swirls around it before I bite it lightly. Her hips jerk forward, grinding her pussy against me.

"Wait-" she gasps, her nails digging into my skin. I let go of her nipple with a sloppy pop and leaned against the cushion, locking my gaze with hers.

I can see her swallow before she pulls her shirt off, and my attention is drawn back to the perfection that is her tits. "You better say what you need to say quickly, baby."

She nods, "I want this. You. I want you, but," Emma trails off, looking up at the ceiling for a few seconds before turning back to me, her eyes glistening, "What happens after?"

"After the wedding?"

"Yeah."

What happens when we're no longer within a few miles of each other. That was the question, wasn't it? There was no question that I wanted her, especially after spending so much time with a woman who never showed me kindness. A woman that never showed me true passion, that never offered me a fraction of the warmth I see in Emma's eyes right now.

I smile at her, tucking loose hair behind her ear, “I settle my affairs overseas and come back here with you. What happens after that is up to you, my love.”

She sucks in a quick breath, “You wouldn’t want me to move there?”

“No,” I shake my head, settling further into the couch. My hands gripping the swells of her ass to keep her pussy snug against my cock, her warmth soaking through, “I never wanted to move there to begin with. I only did it to appease your aunt and your grandfather, but... the position I was in is being eliminated, and I have enough investments to retire if I wanted.”

“My family’s company?” She asks

“No, I haven’t worked for your family in a long time.” I stare at her pointedly, not wanting to discuss those logistics.

Emma nods, glancing towards a closed door which I assume is her home office, “I haven’t either. They wanted me to, but I couldn’t be trapped like that.”

“Any other worries?” I tease my fingers along the waistband of her thin sleep shorts and her stomach contracts.

“If I am pregnant, I want to run somewhere far away from all of them,” She whispers, dropping her forehead to mine, “I can take my work anywhere.”

“Whatever you want,” I say against her lips, “You wouldn’t have to worry about a thing but to grow our baby.”

She smashes our mouths together, and I groan, tapping her hips to lift so I can take her shorts off. She obliges, and my clothes are quick to follow. Her hand wraps around my cock, kissing down my neck as I shut my eyes, taking in her touch. The feeling of being wanted has my dick so hard that I’m afraid I will come sooner than I want.

“What do you want first? My mouth or my pussy?”

I hiss at her words, tangling my hand into her hair and tilting her head back, “You talk like that. I will come all over you before I can enjoy either one.”

“Please,” she moans, straddling me closer and rubbing my tip along her wet pussy, “paint it all over my skin.”

I let go of her to grab her hips and thrust up, impaling her on my cock. She grunts, dropping her head onto my shoulder and panting. Her pussy is so fucking tight and warm, I can feel the walls fluttering as she accommodates to my size. I should be gentler with her and make sure she’s prepared for it, but I can’t seem to wait. My impatience almost had my control snapping, the need to be buried inside her was overwhelming. I drag a hand up her back as she starts to rock slowly, and I pinch her chin to look up at me.

Kissing her forehead, I move my other hand to rub her clit, “Did I hurt your little pussy?”

She shakes her head, biting her lip and wrapping her hands around my forearms. “I loved it. I felt you all day.”

“Yeah? You like to be reminded that you took my big fat cock and let me fill you with my cum, baby?”

Her eyes roll back, and she nods, grinding her hips quicker. I pinch her clit, and her rhythm is thrown off, her body jerking. I take the opportunity to switch our positions, throwing her down onto the couch and climbing back between her legs. She wraps them around my waist, and my palms slide up her back and grip her shoulders.

“You want me to fuck you hard? Pound into your perfect cunt? Make it all puffy and tender again?” I whisper into her ear, licking the shell of it.

She shivers, her nails digging into my back. “Fuck me, *Daddy,*”

“Oh, fuck,” I hiss, my cock hardening painfully. I can’t hold back the savage pace I set upon her, thrusting my cock as deep as it can and back out. Her tight pussy greedily gripping onto me and pulling me back in with each stroke. Her mouth is open, but no sound is coming out, her eyes squeezed shut as I kiss any skin I come into contact with.

“I need you to come, baby, please,” I gasp, my fingers digging into her as I hold her tight against me. I need her

closer somehow, I need *more*.

“Oh god,” she cries out, her whole body trembling and her pussy tightening to the point I can barely move without fear of being pushed completely out. I lean back and push my thumb across her clit, flicking it quickly.

“Fuck fuck fuck,” she chants, her head shaking back and forth as she comes. I watch in awe, the sweat glistening on her skin with each wave, and I groan when some of the pressure is released, and I can move again. I only have a few more pumps before I come, dumping a whole load of my seed.

Emma drags me down for a kiss as I’m still coming, and I lick her lips, savoring her sweet taste.

Sighing, I drop my head into her neck as we calm down, her hand absentmindedly twirling in my hair.

“It’s never been like this before,” she whispers.

My heart skips. One because I felt the same way and two because I was jealous at the thought of other men having my Emma.

I look up at her. “I’ve never felt anything like this before either.”

I can see she wants to say more, and I wait, but the wariness drains from her face, and she smiles. “Are you staying?”

“I shouldn’t.”

She nods, “but are you?”

I smirk at her, cupping her breast and pinching her nipple, “if I had it my way, I would never leave. But someone will eventually come to my room in the morning.”

“Can I ask you something?” She whispers, and I nod. I move our positions on the couch, so I’m laying on my back, and her sticky body is thrown over me, my hand resting to cup her ass.

“Is it true that your marriage was arranged?”

“Yeah. It was.” I shut my eyes, not wanting to discuss this part of my life, but knowing Emma deserves the truth.

“Why?”

Sighing, I squeeze her closer. “Your family is wealthy, but your grandfather was a bastard. He wanted to ensure his money was never touched by anyone he deemed unworthy. All his children were forbidden to marry unless it was something of his choosing, or they would be written out of the estate.”

Emma is silent as I talk, her soft breathing calming the rage that was starting to build. “Some families he chose agreed willingly, but my father fell prey to his trap.” I swallow, coating my dry throat. My father had died before he could see that I got everything back, “Your grandfather seized control of our assets and lorded it over, demanding an arrangement or he would leave my family in ruin. My older brother was already married, so it left it up to me.”

“Why your family?” she asks, her nails clenching into my skin, and I want to smile at her anger.

I shrug, “I think we looked the part, had the name to back it up, and he had the means to force our hand.”

Emma kisses my chest, and I sigh, wanting to stay like this forever. “I’m sorry, especially since you got my bitch of an aunt.”

Chuckling, I nod, “Yeah, she was something.”

“Do you love her?” She asks after we lay in a few moments of silence.

“I thought I did,” I answer honestly. Emma doesn’t say anything, and we leave the conversation at that. There wasn’t much to add, even if our marriage was a farce. You spend enough time with someone, and you grow to care about them in some aspect. After a while, I hear Emma’s breathing change, and my chest warms at the fact she fell asleep on me. Putting thoughts of Serena away, I move her body closer and snuggle in, closing my eyes to cherish the feeling of someone in my arms for once.

Chapter Five

Emma

I awoke the following day alone, with a blanket tucked around me and water on the coffee table in front of me. I don't have a second to feel disappointed he left because of the thoughtfulness that he made sure I was taken care of. I can't keep the smile off my face as I shower, grab everything I need and head to the main house to get ready. Everyone was so busy with the reception's last-minute touches and the wedding party's beautification I didn't have time to look for him. I can feel him with every squirm as I sit in the chair for my hair and makeup. Before I know it, it's time to walk down the aisle with one of the groomsmen.

My sister's wedding was beautiful. I could see their love shine through their eyes when they exchanged vows at the altar, it took everything in me not to glance at Jaime in the crowd. I knew he was dutifully sitting beside my aunt on one of the front benches. I could feel his heated gaze warming my body and making my nipples inappropriately hard. Thankfully the chilly weather could explain that away, the pastel green silk dresses my sister had chosen for bridesmaids left very little to the imagination. Our hair was pinned half up and half down in curls, only falling down my open back.

By the time they kissed, and we were all asked to stay back for photos, I was brimming with anticipation to get to the reception. I wanted a dance with him, to have his hands on me in front of everyone. Not even my aunt could ruin my mood as I thought about the opportunity to smile at him openly and chat, which appeared innocently.

Ophelia beams at me, pulling me in for a hug, "I'm married." She whispers excitedly in my ear.

"You're married," I say back, smiling.

Hers drops fractionally as she looks over my face, "You'll find happiness soon, Em. I can feel it."

“I hope you’re right,” I hug her again. I step back and wave towards her new husband, “Go enjoy your day.”

Looking back at him with warm eyes, she laughs, “I think we might be a little late to the reception.”

I choke on my spit, not expecting that from my follow-the-rules sister, “well then... Go get your freak on. If they ask, I’ll act like you’re behind me for as long as you’re gone.”

Ophelia rolls her eyes, “They won’t notice. We still have all the family photos to do tomorrow morning. You know mother already has the alcohol circling.” She skips off to join the rest of the wedding party, and I make an Irish exit, not wanting to be roped into more photos.

I slip off my heels and walk barefoot across the large grass field. The one thing I appreciated about my sister’s taste was her usage of the acres our family home sat on. She found a perfect spot for each event and made everything more convenient.

I can see the large white tents in the distance and break off towards the house, determined to use the inside restroom because I would be damned to use the staged outhouses for the guests. It was a little rustic, and I wasn’t sure how my mother sold it to her friends. Snickering at that thought, they were probably the fanciest port-a-potties she could find.

The staff nods at me as I walk past them, making my way to the closest bathroom on the first floor. The temporary peace of being alone was nice.

I barely register that I’m being pulled through the door before I’m turned around, a rough kiss silencing me. His hands let go of my arms to palm both breasts as his tongue licks the seam of my lips.

“It’s been torture to wait all day,” he says against my mouth. I moan, my hands tangling in his hair and pulling him back to me.

His hand glides to my ass, squeezing it before lifting me, and I wrap my legs around him. Jamie carries me over to the counter, letting go and turning me to face the mirror. His hand

presses onto the middle of my back, and I lean over the cold surface, my elbows squishing my breasts together.

He slides my dress up, exposing my ass to the chilly air with a sharp smack. I gasp, my hip digging into the marble as I jerk forward.

“Look at me,” He commands, his fingers sliding up my wet slit as I hear the metal clicking of his belt being undone. I tilt my head back, locking eyes with him through the mirror. Two of his fingers push into me, and my mouth falls open in a silent cry. “Already so wet for me.”

“Fuck me,” I hiss, pushing back into his hand. “Please, they’re going to notice we’re gone.”

Jamie doesn’t argue with me, pulling his fingers out to line himself up at my entrance and sliding in. My head falls forward at the burn of the stretch, and I wasn’t sure if I would ever get used to it.

“Fuck, how do you feel so good every time,” he hisses, his fingers kneading my ass and dragging me back onto his cock with every thrust.

I smirk, clenching around him purposely, “Because my pussy was made for you.”

He nods, licking his lips, his eyes roaming over my face. “You’re so beautiful.”

“Jamie..” I sigh, wanting desperately to kiss him again. His eyes flash as if he can read my thoughts, his pace picking up.

“I’m gonna fuck my baby into you,” he grunts, his gaze never leaving mine, “I’m going to fill you with my cum every day till you’re swollen with my child. And I will keep doing it because I need this, I need you.”

I tilt my head back, “*please.*”

Jamie leans forwards and presses kisses along my neck, his breath staggering as he continues to fuck me. He nips at my shoulder, his fingers touching my clit.

“Oh god, I’m coming,” I cry, my body trembling as the tense build finally topples over.

“Yes, *yes*,” he groans as he spills inside me, his cock pulsing with each splash of his cum. My pussy flutters, pulling it deeper greedily.

He kisses me softly as we both come down, and he pulls out, grabbing paper towels to clean me. I push away from the counter, fixing my dress and hair in the mirror. Jamie circles my waist with his arms, kissing my temple as we stare at each other.

“I’ve been thinking about it all day. I think I can have everything settled within a month or two. But you’re mine, Emma. You understand that? I’m serious about us,” his hand drifts to my flat stomach, “I’m serious about this.”

I swallow, nodding. “You’re not going to fuck her, are you?”

He winces, “No, baby. I only want you.”

I know it was unfair of me to ask him of that, but I didn’t want to be sitting in my empty home, waiting on him. And he’s across the ocean, fucking his wife. No matter if they both claimed to be in an empty marriage. My aunt liked the image of being his wife, and I was afraid she would try to sink her claws into him again. However, I was technically the other woman, who was I to ask for loyalty?

Jamie must see the despair on my face because he turns me around, kissing my forehead, nose, and lips. Sighing, he pulls me into his chest, and I wrap my arms around him, “Our marriage was over long before any of this happened. Even if I had wanted to fuck her, she was never interested.”

I squeeze my eyes shut, not wanting the reassurance but knowing this would be the best time to say anything, “You thought you were fucking her that first night.”

He grips me tighter, “Who else was I supposed to imagine? Despite all her faults, I was faithful to her. I took the vows of marriage seriously.”

“Until me,” I grimace, “Did I force you to break those vows?”

He's silent for a moment. "Do you know why we never came for your college graduation?"

I shake my head. His hand comes up and tangles in my hair, pulling my face back so I would look at him.

"Your mother had sent the invitation with photos. I had noted how *painstakingly* beautiful you were growing up to be. Serena blew up on me, calling me a pervert and disgusting," Jaime swallows, his eyes roaming over my face, "She was right. Weeks passed, and she refused to let me touch her... I had a little to drink, and that was the first night I fantasized about you. The photo of you halfway out of the lake in the white dress... It had stirred a longing in me."

I smirk, "You jerked off to my photos, Uncle Jamie?"

He laughs, pulling my hair tighter, "You fucking brat."

"I had a crush on you since I was sixteen," I admit. His eyes shine in joy, telling me he already knew. I shake my head and push him away. "We have to get back."

"Wait," He says, cupping my face with both hands, "Emma, I have always loved you, but that love is changing and getting stronger every time we're together. I need you to understand and hold onto that. Don't let any uncertainties and doubts come between us, no matter who they come from."

He's warning me about my aunt as if I didn't grow up around the vile bitch. I knew the minute she found out about us, she would do anything necessary to destroy him and me. "I don't know how you survived so long with her, but I'm glad you'll finally be free... and mine."

His face shutters before he kisses me deeply, pushing all his longing into it, and I kiss him back. I smile as we finally break apart.

"We have to get back if I show up even later than the bride, people will notice."

He nods, "I know. It's getting harder to let you go."

"Soon," I whisper, and he kisses my lips again.

My smile drops when I leave the bathroom, stopping short at who is waiting across the hall. Jamie runs into my back, his arms wrapping around my waist.

My aunt's eyes drop to the motion, narrowing. She's standing against the wall, and dread fills me, wondering how long. Did she stay there and listen? I was madder at the thought of our private moment being invaded than the fact she caught us.

Jamie's arms tighten, pushing us forward without letting go of me, "Serena."

She scoffs, "My dear husband."

"Husband?" Jamie mocks, his chest rumbling behind me as he laughs, "I haven't felt like your husband in a long time."

"So you jump at the fresh young tramp who throws herself your way?" She sneers, disgust filling her eyes as she stares daggers at me.

"Wasn't it you who said you prefer a husband who leaves you alone behind closed doors? Did you never think someone would be waiting behind that door?" I smirk at her. Jamie pinches my waist before moving me behind him.

"You little bitch—" my aunt starts, but Jamie clicks his tongue.

"Don't start your hysterics, Serena. We didn't plan this, but I wasn't going to deprive myself of the chance to be with someone I truly want," his voice goes cold as he steps closer to her, "and I do want her. More than anything, you should remember that and think carefully about your next move."

Serena's lips are thin, and they stare at each other before she shakes her head. "You've ruined yourself, your reputation, everything you stand for to get your dick wet. I hope she was worth it, I'm going to make sure everyone knows the type of person you are before the night ends."

My stomach twists, I grip his elbow, and he glances down at me. Jamie gives me a reassuring smile before turning back to my aunt.

“Perhaps we should tell everyone who you are. Alice and Kelly would be curious about the afternoons you spend with their husbands. Or even the head of the débutante foundation, everyone has been wondering how you got into that board. Or how about—”

My aunt’s face pales with each word Jamie says, she throws up a well-manicured hand, “ Stop. I understand. You’ve been trailing me for months.”

“Years,” Jamie corrects, “I’ve had divorce papers drawn since your father died.”

She shakes her head. “I’m too old to be remarried. We can keep this a secret.”

My heart sinks at the suggestion, I didn’t want to be the mistress in their relationship.

Jamie doesn’t let me entertain the thought. “No, she’s going to be mine in every way.” He wraps his arm around me again, his hand stopping to hold onto my stomach.

Serena glances at it, and I can see her visible swallow. “They’ll never accept her child, especially from you.”

“We don’t care about society,” I whisper, putting my hand on Jamie’s chest and curling into his body. His hand slides to my hip, and he squeezes it.

“Serena,” Jamie says softly, “I’m asking as the person who never wanted this marriage but did everything to make you happy. For once, please give me this.”

I swore I could see her eyes glisten, but her head turns before I could confirm. She doesn’t say anything and walks away from us silently, heading towards the doors that lead into the back garden.

“Jamie!” I exclaim, going to follow her, “she’s going to tell everyone.”

He stops me, pulling me tighter against him. “She’s not. Deep down, she knew this would ruin your sister’s wedding. I’m sure we’re safe for the night.”

“You think she’s going to tell everyone regardless?”

He shrugs, leaning down to kiss my nose. “That’s just who she is. As long as she’s not spreading lies, I’ll allow her to act how she wants about the situation.”

“I thought we would have more time,” I tell him.

Jamie’s jaw tics, “so did I. I wanted to make sure we were in a good place because we broke the news to your family.”

He sighs, and I smile weakly up at him. “I want this. I’m not afraid of how we will get there.”

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Epilogue

Emma

Six weeks later

The ringing noise of the FaceTime call has me bouncing on my toes. I tear off the plastic wrapping of the box as I wait for him to answer, pulling out the instructions. My phone rests against the bathroom mirror so he can see everything clearly.

I hear the connection and glance up as he smiles, “My love.”

My heart flutters at the greeting like always, and I blow a kiss, holding up the stick. “Wanna hear me pee, or should I mute myself?”

“Is it time already?” He asks, glancing at his wrist.

I nod, “Yeah. I just woke up, and my tummy hurts because I need to go so badly.”

He chuckles, “Well, take the test. I need to know if I fucked my baby into you.”

“Yes, *daddy*,” I smirk and move out of the frame, letting my smile drop.

I hated doing this over the phone, but Jamie hasn’t been able to move back just yet. And there was no way I could wait sooner than the first day of my missed period to find out. I needed some light at the end of this tunnel.

Serena had done what she promised and told my parents exactly what she had overheard as soon as the last guest left my sister’s wedding.

It’s been a dramatic disaster ever since. My parents were livid and threw Jamie out that night. I followed him, and we found a hotel room. The next day my sister showed up to talk with us. She was more accepting than everyone else, but I

could see her discomfort. We stayed in the hotel room until he had to return to London.

My parents allowed me back into my house since Jamie was back overseas, but they weren't speaking to me. I didn't understand why they were so upset, considering they all loved him and knew much my aunt barely tolerated him.

Sick of how I was being treated in my home, Jamie found me an apartment closer to the city, and my parents had paid for movers to collect everything, so they didn't have to see either of us.

Unfortunately, my period started a week and a half after the wedding, and I cried all weekend at the realization I wasn't pregnant. Jamie flew back from London and stayed the entire two weeks after that. He promised that he was sure he had planted his seed in my belly this time.

I smile as I finish and wash my hands, setting the stick upside down on the counter.

"How long?" He asks. I can see he's in the car, so he must have just finished his afternoon meetings. It hadn't taken us a few days to adjust to the time difference, but now I was a pro at calculating.

"It says two minutes."

He nods, and we just stare at each other through the phone. "I miss you."

"I miss you too," I say, my cheeks blushing at the open affection he constantly shows me.

His eyes drift to the top of his screen before sighing, "Let me call you right back. Do not peek without me!"

I frown, "It's like 30 more seconds. Can't you wait?"

"I'll call right back," he says, hanging up without another word.

My mouth drops open, and I'm stunned and hurt. Glancing at the pregnancy test, I'm tempted to check without him because fuck him. That was rude.

I groaned in frustration before grabbing my phone and walking out of the bathroom. I couldn't let my annoyance take away this joy from us. He wants to know as badly as I do, so whatever happened must have been significant.

I check the time, and only a minute goes by, and I sink further into the couch as I wait for him to call back, my knees bouncing with impatience.

I'm in the middle of a text to tell him that a test is only valid for ten minutes when I hear the sound of my door opening. I stand up while he fills the doorway, my heart pounding.

"You're here," I breathe.

He smiles, opening his arms for me to jump in. "Do you think I was going to find out I'm a dad over the phone?"

I can't stop the tears as I run to him, wrapping my arms around his neck and legs around his waist as he lifts me. He kisses me and carries us further into the apartment and towards the bathroom.

"You ready, my love?"

He puts me down and pulls my back into his chest as we stand at the counter.

I nod, nerves making my hands shake as I reach for the plastic tube.

I flip it over, and he leans into me, both of our breaths catching at the plus sign sitting in the small window.

"Fuck," he whispers, his voice cracking. "It's happening."

"It's happening," I nod and look up at him.

"I love you," he says, looking down with tears.

Stalk me



Lover of all things forbidden and taboo. Sprinkle some breeding in it and you got perfection.

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