



THERE'S NO

Escaping

HIM

M.K. Moore

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There's No Escaping Him

By MK Moore

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For those who find love in unexpected places.

BLURB

Micah was always the fifth wheel until he met her.

Norah always gets ditched, until she met him.

There's no escaping him...

Not that she wants too...

*Don't be scared! This is a safe, instalove with a sexy
Halloween vibe...*

CHAPTER ONE

MICAH HALLORAN

Being the fifth wheel sucks. My brothers and their wives invited me to this Halloween Night Escape Room extravaganza, and I felt like I couldn't say no. We are waiting in the lobby. Our party is expected to begin in a few minutes.

"Halloran, party of five?" An extremely tall hostess asks. She's even taller than me, but I think that has to do with the crazy-ass shoes she has on. She is dressed like a convict. Makes sense. I believe that costume would go with any of the themed rooms tonight.

"Yes?" my brother, Mitchell, answers for us.

"Would you guys be okay with a single-player joining your party?" she asks sunnily.

"Ooh, yes," Gina, his wife of three days, says. She's eight months pregnant and didn't want to go anywhere just yet.

"Perfect. Her name is Norah, she is actually dressed pretty similar to him," she says, pointing to me. I have a Day of the Dead thing going on, complete with a tuxedo. It was all I could find on such short notice. Actually, it's the tux I wore to their wedding. I am a big guy, easily towering over all the other parties milling around the lobby. I used to play professional football but have given up that limelight for a more local one. I easily spot the girl. Norah. She looks like a fairy. Her face *is* eerily painted similarly to mine and she's wearing a formal gold and black gown. I don't really know what she looks like, but I am drawn to her like a moth to a flame. I watch as the hostess walks over to her and speaks to

her for a second. Suddenly, Norah's eyes pop up and find mine. Her eyes sparkle with laughter. The hostess leads her over to us.

"Hi, Norah. We are the Halloran's. I'm Gina. This is my husband Mitchell. This is Jenny and Mike. This is Sarah Jane and Matt. This is Micah. You can partner with him. He's single," she says all in one breath. That wasn't embarrassing at all. "We are going to have so much fun," she finishes, clasping her hands together. Norah looks around at us and grins, which is weird with the face paint, I have to say. Weird but adorable.

"It's so nice to meet you all. Thank you for letting me join you. I love escape rooms and the rest of my party deserted me to go to a keg party, but I wasn't wasting my ticket."

"No problem," I say. She visibly shivers when she hears my voice. I can't tell if she likes it or if she is scared. "Keg party? Does that mean you are in college?"

"Oh, no. I didn't go to college. I'm trying to find myself. I am only twenty, you see. I figure I have plenty of time, right? I'm sorry. I tend to ramble when I am nervous." I am twelve years older than her. I should stop my train of thought, but I can't. She's mine, she just doesn't know it yet.

"Yes. Plenty of time. Take it from me. Finding yourself is very important. You don't have anything to be nervous about though."

"Micah Halloran. Where have I heard that name before?" She pauses and taps her fingers on her chin. Suddenly her eyes widen. "Channel 9 news, right?"

"Yes," I say grinning. "I am a broadcaster on the six o'clock news." The best newscast if you ask me. It has the most viewers.

"Yes. You do the very informative *What's Up, Chatt* segment don't you?" *What's Up Chattanooga* is a spot I do on Friday nights about the upcoming weekend events.

"I do," I answer simply. I am enchanted by her.

"Wow. I've never met a celebrity before," she says moving closer to me. My brothers bust out laughing. No one has ever

called me a celebrity before.

“Oh God, Norah. You’ll never be rid of him now,” Matt says still laughing.

“Who says I want to be?” she returns. Her arm is pressed firmly against mine. That slight touch is enough to harden my cock. I feel like a damn teenager right now. I have never been with a woman before, but that doesn’t matter right now. It’s her. She is it. I can smell her floral perfume as it invades my senses. I will never get enough of that scent.

“Halloran Party? The Hunt is on,” the hostess says gesturing us to the door on the left. “You have two hours to escape with your life. A crazed man is on the loose. There might also be a rabid dog or two you’ll need to dodge. Use your time wisely. Follow all of the clues that lead to your salvation. Please note, if, after two hours, you haven’t come out on the other side, you will be extracted by a host. Inside, there are red buttons on the wall. They are located to the left of any door you come across. If one of them is pushed at any time during your escape, all doors will open immediately. Please only use this in the event of an emergency. It’s really hard to get the doors to reset after that. If there is an emergency out here, such as a fire, an alarm will sound and all of the doors inside your room will open. Please exit quickly if that happens. Any questions?” I can feel Norah’s energy as she practically bounces on her heels. When no one speaks up, she pushes a button on the phone in her hand and the doors swing open. “Alright then. Good luck and Godspeed.”

When the doors are fully open, we move into what looks like an open field. A hunting ground. It’s dark. There is some artificial “moonlight” but it’s not enough to really see anything clearly. I suppose that adds to the experience, but right now it’s keeping me from seeing Norah. Speaking of, she clutches my arm.

Her hand on me tightens, and I don’t ever want her to let go.

“Shall we,” I say keeping up with my family.

“We shall,” she says cordially before giggling. Even threw her gloves and my jacket I can feel her heat. I can’t help imagining her naked before me, taking my cock. I shake my head to clear those depraved thoughts from my brain. It doesn’t really work. The little fairy next to me moves quickly to keep with my stride. I have to remind myself to slow down.

“So, you like escape rooms?” I ask to pass the time.

“I do. They are so much fun. Have you ever done one before?”

“No, but suddenly I am looking forward to it,” I say honestly.

I wonder if it’s actually possible to fall in love after five minutes of conversation without even seeing her face. I’m going to say yes. It is definitely possible. Is it crazy to think that I’ll never let her go?

CHAPTER TWO

NORAH YOUNG

Holy shit. He's huge. Everywhere. As we walk further into the room, it narrows, so I have to walk in front of him, instead of beside him. My hand feels weird without his arm under it. How the fuck is that possible. My whole body feels weird, tingly to be exact. I've never been this excited or wetter, to be honest. With my back to his front, his cock digs into my back and I can feel every single ridge on it. What's that gonna feel like inside me? I have to bite my bottom lip, hard just to keep from moaning out loud. I can't believe I am even thinking like that. I just met this man and I am seriously considering letting him be my first and only. I feel like I know him. Not just because I've seen him every day for five years on the news. It is more than that. It's like my soul knows his. I wasn't even sure I believed in that stuff, but now? Now I'll be the national spokesperson on the validity of soulmates.

"You want to grab a drink with me after this?" he asks. I turn to him and place my hands on his yummy pecs. Now, I do moan a little before I stop myself. He chuckles.

"I'm, um, not actually old enough to drink," I remind him.

"Right. By drink, I mean a nightcap at my condo."

"That sounds good," I somehow manage to respond without sounding like a ninny. This man is actually making me breathless. *Breathless*. As in no air getting to my lungs. I force myself to remember to breathe. We still have to figure out how to get out of here, but I want out now. I really want to see where this goes.

My hands are still perched on his chest. He leans his head down toward me and I bite my lip. He's so tall he actually has to stoop down. His lips touch mine and he kisses me like I've never been kissed before. I can feel it down to my toes.

"Your skin is so soft," he murmurs mere centimeters from my lips. His bare hands are on my arms. I feel like I am on fire. I don't fully understand the onslaught of emotions coursing through my veins, but I realize that I've been waiting for them.

"Yeah? That was... um... wow," I manage to say. "Your face paint is messed up a little."

"Worth it." I giggle at his words.

"Maybe we should figure out some clues so we can get out of here," I say laughing.

"Are you slowpokes coming?" Jenny asks, coming back for us. "We figured out a clue."

"Did you?" I ask as Micah takes my hand in his. It is so much bigger than mine. I feel safe and altogether weak in the knees at the same time.

"Yes. We unlocked six flashlights," she giggles as she shines one of them in our faces. "Well, well, well. What have you two been up to?" she asks.

"What do you mean?" I ask nervously. Immediately, Micah's thumb caresses the back of my hand. I calm instantly.

"Y'all should see your faces. Now you look like zombies," she giggles. "Let's get out of here. I need a Sprite and all the chicken wings in Chattanooga."

"That's a new craving," Micah says.

"I know. I know. I'm the worst vegetarian in the world."

"Vegetarian?" I question as we each take a flashlight and begin walking single file down the long corridor.

"Well, technically, I used to be. When I met Mike, I had never had it in my life. My parents were hippies."

“When did y’all meet?” I ask trying to maintain some semblance of normalcy.

“Oh, eight weeks ago now. Yeah, that sounds right.”

“And you are already married?” I ask, incredulously.

“Oh yeah. You have no idea about these Halloran boys. Seriously, Norah, I don’t think any of us lasted a whole month without I do’s. Would you say that is an accurate statement, Micah?”

“Yeah. That would be pretty accurate,” Micah responds. His voice rumbles behind me. I close my eyes and let it wash over me. I don’t even realize that I’ve stopped moving until Micah crashes into me. I feel his warm breath on the shell of my ear, which causes me to shiver.

“You gotta keep moving, Fairy,” he rasps in my ear. I can feel the goosebumps prickling up on my skin.

“Oops. Sorry, Big Daddy,” I say going with the first nickname I can think of. It fits him like a glove though. He groans behind me and again I feel his hard cock digging into my back. God, I want him so bad. I start walking again and we come to the rest of his family. Soon, we are all laughing as we try to figure out the next clue.

“Never one to suffer, you wouldn’t want to let this be a buffer. What the hell does that mean?” Matt asks.

“I have no idea,” Mitchell says still laughing.

I look around the room, but I am not seeing anything that needs to buffer or rather what you shouldn’t buffer. Micah is right beside me, like my shadow. I love it. I state at the giant bookcase in front of me. All of the books on it are fake except one. *The Buffer Between Us*, a weird self-help book is the only real book on the shelf. Before I say anything, I set my flashlight down on one of the shelves and pull on the book causing the bookcase to swing open silently. I turn to look at Micah. He shrugs, so we walk through the doorway together. The bookcase swings shut behind us. Futilely, I try to open it again, but it doesn’t open from this side. Turning, I look

around the room. It looks like an old-timey study. It's well lit by a working fireplace. It's like spooky romantic.

"It doesn't fucking open," I say laughing.

"My, my what a potty mouth, Fairy," he says chuckling.

"Sorry. I can't control it, but really that's just the tip of the iceberg," I say honestly. I have the worst mouth, it's gotten me in so much trouble."

"Thanks for the heads up," he says, chuckling.

"Warnings are good for some things," I say cryptically.

"Are you as beautiful as I think you are?" he asks suddenly, shocking me.

"I don't know how to answer that question," I reply honestly.

"Try."

"I hope so," before I can get the next words out of my mouth his lips are on mine again. My arms go around his neck as he backs us up to a desk in the center of the room.

Why does this feel so good?

CHAPTER THREE

MICAH

I need her now. I should be a gentleman and wait. Wait to get her to a bed, but I can't. There's no fucking way I can wait. I can't pinpoint what it is about her, exactly. It's everything. I am not sure how we got to this point, but the fact that she is so responsive has me being more aggressive than I ever have been before. I won't let her go.

I lift her slight body up so that she is sitting on the desk behind her.

"This fucking dress," she says giggling. "It seemed like such a good, classy idea when I put it on earlier this evening. I had no idea I'd meet someone."

I kneel down in front of her reach for the hem of the dress at her ankles. She has incredibly high black heels. They are at least five inches high, meaning she's even shorter than I thought. I push the heavy dress slowly up her legs. She moans when my fingertips brush the silky skin of her thighs. I look up at her, but her eyes are closed. When I don't move any further, her eyes pop open and she looks down at me.

"Why did you stop?" she asks.

"Oh, I am not stopping, Fairy. Just merely pausing to look at you."

"There's plenty of time for that later, Big Daddy."

"Are you giving yourself to me? Once that happens, there is no escaping me, Norah."

"What if you don't like my face?"

“That won’t happen,” I tell her.

“How do you know? I could be really, really hideous.”

“Maybe I am too,” I say chuckle.

“Micah, please. I’ve seen you before. You are so not hideous.” She seems really upset by this.

“Are you that worried about it?”

“Yes. I don’t think I could handle it if you thought that afterward.”

“Alright,” I tell her taking my coat off followed by the button down. Underneath, I have an undershirt on, so I take that off. Gently, I hold it up to her face and start wiping up her face paint off. It’s not coming off easily. “This would have been much smoother if it had actually worked,” I say laughing.

“Not that I am not appreciative of your quite impressive chest muscles,” she says licking her lips, “but I have some makeup wipes in my clutch,” she says reaching for where she laid it on the desk as soon as her ass hit the wood. She pulls out the pack and I take one from it. I move the wipe over her face. This is working much easier and her ivory skin starts to shine through. When it’s all off, I stare at her for a minute, unable to form a coherent sentence as I take in her beauty. She is fucking breathtaking. I clear my throat several times in order to collect my thoughts.

“I was right,” I say thickly. She takes another wipe from the pack and begins to clean off my face.

“About what?”

“You are every bit as beautiful as I thought you’d be.”

“Oh, good. There you go, all clean,” she says tossing the wipe near her teeny-tiny purse. I place biting kisses along her neck until I get to her collarbone. “Ooh, why are you so good at this? Wait, never mind. I don’t want to know,” she says her fingers digging into my scalp. My shaved head doesn’t give her much to hold onto. I pull back and look at her. I am not sure how to say this without sounding ridiculous, because I know it will sound that way when I do.

“Norah,” I say gripping her throat loosely. “I’ve never been with a woman before.”

“There’s no need to lie to me, Micah. Everyone has a past.”

“I’m serious.”

“Micah, come on. I mean you played professional football for years. I am sure women threw themselves at you.”

“They did, but I wasn’t interested in those women. You can’t truly appreciate the woman you marry if you’ve already given every part of yourself to someone else.”

“Wow,” she says kissing me passionately.

“So, as I said before, are you giving yourself to me, Norah?”

“God, yes. I’m yours.”

“Good,” I say kissing her again. Reaching under the skirt that is still hiked up around her thighs, I find her panties soaked. With very minimal effort, I pull them from her body.

“Ooh,” she gasps.

“We’re just getting started,” I tell her as she quickly and efficiently works my belt and the snap on my pants open. Slowly, she unzips them. I let them fall to the floor, the buckle clanging loudly as it hits.

“My, my, my,” she says when my hard cock hits the inside of her thigh. “I was going to ask if you were a boxer or brief man, but commando it is,” she says giggling.

“It’s laundry day,” I say joining her in a chuckle. She looks down again, like really looks down and gasps.

“I thought it was huge when it was digging into my back but my God, you are going to tear me in two.”

“No, Fairy. I’ve got you. I told you’d be safe with me,” I say pulling her skirt up to her waist. She scoots her ass to the edge of the desk and leans back. I kiss her again, before sliding my cock through her wetness.

“I know you do,” she says wrapping her legs around my waist and locking them at her ankles. Without warning, I slide into her quickly, breaking through her virginity. I hadn’t expected this. I pause. “Why are you stopping?” she asks, her tiny balled-up fist hitting my pec.

“I’m giving you time to adjust,” I say through clenched teeth.

“I didn’t ask for time. Please. I need more. More,” she demands, moving her hips. Her cunt feels amazing wrapped around my cock. I have to give her what she wants. I am not even all the way inside her yet. Quickly, I look down and see her virgin blood on my cock and I feel like a fucking God. I also realize that I am not wearing any protection. Not that I have any on me, but suddenly I am imagining her round with my child. Just the thought has me thrusting in and out of her harder and harder until she can take all of me. She moans. “I am coming, Big Daddy,” she screams and for the first time, I wonder how thick the walls are. I don’t want anyone hearing my claiming of my woman.

“Good girl. Come for me, Fairy.” I can feel her tight pussy muscles spasming on me. I have no choice but to fill her with my seed. Leaning down, I kiss her again while I fill her full.

“Wow,” she whispers when I pull back and out of her. She unhooks her legs and I reach down, pulling my pants back up. Then my shirts and jacket go back on.

“Yeah. That about sums it up,” I tell her. She grins and I kiss her now swollen lips.

I locate her panties and pick them up off the floor, putting them in my pocket. She hops down off of the table and collects the wipes and shoves them in her purse.

“Um... Do you think there’s a camera anywhere in here?”

“Fuck. I didn’t think about that.” I am so obsessed with her I forgot to think about anything else.

Suddenly, all the doors open, and the lights come on. I can hear Jenny and Gina shouting. “We solved it. We solved it.” Norah and I look at each other and burst out laughing.

“Well, that was good timing.” She can’t stop laughing.

“I found them,” Gina shouts standing in the doorway. “We are going out for dinner. You guys want to join us?”

“No thanks. We’ve got plans,” I say taking Norah’s hand. “We’ll see you guys at Ma’s tomorrow night.” We try to have family dinner at our parent’s house on Friday nights. I’m sure that will fluctuate when grandkids start being born.

“Both of you?” Mike asks.

“Norah is my girl.”

“Called it,” Mitchell says high-fiving Mike.

“Dicks,” I say taking Norah and exiting the room.

I make a quick stop at security to see if they had a camera in that room. We leave after being assured that they just have cameras in the last room, where the actual scares happen. It makes sense to me.

Now, I just need to get my girl back to my place and love her properly.

CHAPTER FOUR

NORAH

H*oly wow.* I mean just wow. I know I have nothing to compare it to, but honestly, that was awesome. It can't be like that for everyone because if it was, no one would do anything else, ever. At this point, I'd follow him anywhere to get that dick again. Thank God for this dress it covers up the fact that I am walking bow-legged like I just got off a horse, but it was worth it. So worth it.

Outside the building, which is right downtown on Market Street, he hands a ticket to the valet. Right now, it's dark and it's gotten chilly and I didn't bring a coat. Before I can even shiver, Micah drapes his over my shoulders. I slide my arms in the way too big sleeves and breathe in the scent of his cologne. It's rugged and manly and I can't get enough of it.

"Did you drive, Fairy?" he asks while we wait for his car.

"I don't actually drive right now," I say.

"What? Why?" he asks. I can feel my cheeks getting hotter.

"This is embarrassing. Please don't laugh at me. My sister calls me every day just to laugh at me about this."

"I promise. Just tell me."

"I backed into my parents' house."

"You backed into your parents' house?" He asks, but not before making a weird choking sound.

"You're laughing," I say.

“I’m not. I just... How did that happen?”

“I was arguing with my sister, who was in the passenger seat and it just happened. I thought I put it all the way into gear. I did not.”

“Honest mistake. It could happen to anyone.”

“But it didn’t. It happened to me. Anyway, let’s just say this wasn’t my first offense.”

“You’ve backed into things before?”

“Not exactly,” I hedge. I find myself wanting to be completely honest with him.

“I hit a guardrail and the back of a Toyota at a stoplight.”

“Hmmm.”

“What? No one died. And in my defense, it was raining all three times!” I exclaim indignantly. I almost want to stamp my foot like a toddler. I say almost because my feet are fucking killing me.

A sleek black Mercedes pulls up in front of the building.

“Come on, Fairy. Let’s go. I’ll drive.”

“Gah. That’s probably a good idea,” I say giggling. I’m super impressed that he managed to keep a straight face. As soon as I sit in his passenger seat, he closes me in, and I kick off my shoes. Ah, instant relief. I always wear heels. Without them, I’m only 5’1 and I hate being the shortest person in the room. The five to six-inch heels I usually wear, balances that out. Though with Micah, I’m still really, really short. He’s probably 6’5, maybe taller. Also, I’m usually so safety conscious, but I’m not even batting an eye about going home with him. It’s pretty clear he’s not a stranger to me. When he gets in the driver’s seat, he’s practically folded into it. We take off through the well-lit streets of downtown.

“Where do you live?” He asks as we approach Highway 27.

“Why? Are you taking me home?” I asked panicked.

“No. You’re stuck with me,” he says reaching over and taking my hand. “So, tell me where you live, Fairy.” He’s rubbing circles over the back of my hand with his thumb and it makes it hard to think.

“Um... With my parents,” I say quietly. “In the Lookout Mountain area. About five minutes from the Wal-Mart.” He turns right onto the ramp and heads for the interstate. I assumed we’d go back to his place to finish what we started. I have never been more afraid of something in my life. I was afraid he was done with me. What the hell would I do then?

“Besides, I’m sure you’d like to be more comfortable than in that gown.”

“Oh God! Yes,” I say clapping my hands.

“Where do you live?” I ask. I want to know all about him.

“Signal Mountain. In a townhouse by the station.”

“Ah. That makes sense. What do you normally do on Thursday night?”

“After work, I usually go home and watch sports or reruns until I pass out. Not very rock star I’m afraid. I think you’ll change all that. I don’t want this to end. Ever.”

“I think it’s adorable. And neither do I,” I say moving our hands over to his thigh. His cock is still hard. It practically reaches his knee. “Damn, Big Daddy,” I moan.

“You are killing me, Fairy,” he groans.

“Sorry.” I pull my hand away. “Turn right here,” I remember that I’m supposed to be giving directions. “Fourth house on the left.” He pulls into the driveway and I open the car door.

“I’ll be right back.”

“I’m coming in with you,” he says unfolding himself from the car.

“You don’t have to do that,” I assure him.

“Nonsense. I want to meet your parents.”

“Alright. I just hope my dad has pants on.”

“What?”

“I mean real pants. He wears suits for work and as soon as he comes home, he puts pajama pants on. It’s like his ritual.”

“Hmm... me too.”

“Okay. Let’s go,” I say taking his hand. “Oh. My parents are really young. They had me in high school.”

“How young?”

“My mom is thirty-six and my dad will be forty in three days.”

“Your mom is four years older than I am.” I laugh. When he doesn’t, I sober up. “Oh, you’re serious. Is that a deal-breaker?”

“Fuck no. I was just stating a fact,” he says kissing me. Damn. His kiss makes me feel like I’m on fire. His hand is on my throat again. Why is that so centering. So calming. Suddenly, I hear the door swing open.

“Shit. Sorry,” I hear my dad say and slam the door. I groan. I’m sure no dad ever wants to see that.

“Come on.”

I open the door and lead him inside. My sister is sitting on the couch watching tv with her best friend, Ramon. I know she’s in love with him, but he hasn’t made a move yet and she refuses to.

“Back into anything new today, Norah? Dad’s in a tizzy,” Hilda says causing everyone including Micah to laugh. I elbow him in the stomach, not that it does anything. I want to yell at her, but I don’t. I follow my parents hushed voices into the kitchen. Inside the kitchen, my shirtless dad is talking to my thankfully wearing a sweatshirt and my Harry Potter pajama pants mom. They stop talking when I enter the room.

“Mom. Dad. This is Micah,”

“Halloran. I’ve seen you on TV,” my dad says extending his hand. “I’m Tyler and this is Juliet.”

“Yes. Nice to meet you.” He says shaking both of their hands.

“How did you two meet,” my mom asks.

“Tanya and everyone ditched me for a party at UTC. I wanted to go to the escape room haunted house thing, so I went there solo. I joined their party.”

“Good thing, too,” Micah says causing everyone to laugh. “Sir,” he says addressing my father.

“Tyler is fine.”

“Okay, Tyler. I’d like to speak with you while Norah gets changed.”

“Mama, can you help me in my room for a minute.

“Of course. We’ll leave you two boys alone.” She kisses my father before leaving the room. They always do that. Every single time one of them leaves a room or the house they kiss. I used to think it was too much but now I think I get it. What if I don’t get to come back to him? Micah must have the same idea because he spins me to him and kisses me briefly.

In my bedroom, my mom helps me unzip the dress. I clutch it to me because I remember I have nothing on under it. I go into my closet and pull on my robe. When I come back out, my mom is sitting on my bed.

“Tell me everything,” she says as I sit down beside her.

“I’m in love,” I say.

“I know, I can tell. Tell me what I don’t know.”

“I had sex in a haunted house,” I blurt out.

“Your first time was in a haunted house?” I nod. “Well, at least you love haunted houses,” she says laughing. “How do you feel?”

“So many things, mom. Amazing, older, relaxed, sore, complete, right.”

“I get it, Norah. That’s exactly how you are supposed to feel when you love someone.” She pulls me into a hug.

“I don’t think I live here anymore, Mama.”

“I know you don’t. That man has possessive written all over his face. You know, in a good way. Promise me you won’t go too far away. You and your sister are my best friends.”

“He lives in Signal Mountain. You are my best friend too. I won’t be going too far away.” We kinda grew up together. She’s only sixteen years older than me.

I take a quick shower and get dressed in a green sweater dress and for the first time in forever, flats. When we get downstairs, my dad and Micah are having a beer.

“What did you guys talk about?” I ask grabbing a Dr. Pepper from the fridge.

“I’ll tell you when it’s time,” Micah says cryptically. “You look beautiful, Fairy.”

“Thanks, Big Daddy,” I say a little too loudly since I hear my dad choke on his beer and my mom giggle.

Oops.

CHAPTER FIVE

MICAH

On the drive to my place, I can see her long legs every time we pass under a streetlight. I've never driven faster. I park in my driveway.

"Is someone else here?" she asks.

"No. That's my car too. So is that one," I say pointing to my Mercedes SUV and my 1976 Challenger.

"Come. Let's take a shower, then we'll get messy again."

"I'd like that, but I took a shower at home."

"This is home now," I say as I open the front door and turn the lights on.

"I know. Wow. This is huge," she says.

"How about I take a shower and you order some pizza?"

"I can handle that."

After giving her a quick tour of the place, I hop in the shower. I almost don't want to wash her mark, her virgin blood, off of me. Again, I feel like a caveman, but of course, I wash it off. When I come out of the bathroom, I have a towel wrapped around my waist. I am surprised to find her naked in my bed, covers already pulled back. She's got a basketball game on, which she is actually watching. She looks so small and fragile in my California King, though I know she's anything but.

"What are you doing, Fairy?" She stands and floats over to me. She drops to her knees in front of me, removing the towel

from my waist. My hard cock hits her cheek, leaving a trail of pre-cum there.

“I’m not hungry... for food,” she says gripping my cock. She pumps it up and down with her tiny hands. It looks so obscene, I’m surprised when I don’t come all over her. Then she wraps her lips around me and sucks. She’s not able to take me fully into her mouth but she does get a fair amount in there. She sucks, licks, and strokes me until she gags, then I pull her off of me. I lift her, stride the two steps to the bed, and toss her on it. Her legs are spread open wide and lick my lips. Lying flat on the bed, I place my hands under her ass and pull her wet cunt to my face. I lick from her clit to her ass before really getting into it. She screams but takes it like a good girl.

“Whose pussy is this?” I ask as I come up to my knees. Cock gripped firmly in hand, I tease her with it by running it through her folds and tapping it on her clit. Leaning down, I take her lips in a savage kiss.

“It’s yours, Big Daddy.” I groan when her pink tongue darts out and licks her bottom lip. I can’t help but slamming all eleven inches into her tiny pussy. She arches off the bed while moving her hips, trying to get more. I thrust harder and harder, my hips moving quickly. Her nails dig into my pecs while her heels dig into my ass. Reaching between us, I pinch her clit.

“This clit is mine too, Norah. It’s all mine. There’s no escaping me,” I grunt.

“Who says I want to?”

“Good girl,” I murmur kissing her again. I am not looking for reassurance here, I am just stating facts.

“Micah, Micah, Micah,” she chants louder and louder. I feel her pussy squeezing my cock repeatedly. “Micah, oh God. I love you,” she screams as she comes. At her declaration, I come so hard, I almost pass out. I drop down to her chest. I move to the side of her but not before I take each of her hard nipples into my mouth. “Too much. I’m on sensory overload right now,” she says pushing my face away from her chest. She sighs in contentment.

“I love you too,” I whisper in her ear before kissing the shell of it.

“Good,” she says snuggling into me.

Sometime later, she wakes up and I feel it the instant she does.

“What’s the matter, Fairy?”

“Several things.”

“Like what?”

“I gotta pee, I’m hungry, thirsty, and did I dream that the National’s won the World Series on Wednesday?”

“No. They clinched it in game seven.”

“Oh. Thank God.” She gets out of bed and heads for the bathroom. I look at the clock. It’s only one in the morning. I get up and find some clean shorts and head into the kitchen. I rustle up some sandwich stuff and make my girl one. I really need to go grocery shopping.

She bursts into the kitchen wearing my shirt from last night.

“I’m not on birth control,” she blurts.

“Okay,” I say shrugging.

“Okay. Just okay? You came inside of me. Twice. A lot, well a lot if what’s stuck to my thigh tells me anything.” She’s rambling. She’s nervous and it’s adorable.

“Norah. Calm down. The only question I need an answer to is do you want kids?” She takes a deep breath in an effort to calm down.

“Yes. I do. Lots.”

“Then we are good. I want them with you. Never really thought about them before tonight.” She visibly relaxes. “Come here,” I say beckoning her to me with my finger. She comes to me. Without shoes, she only comes up to below my pecs. I lift her up and set her down on the counter gently.

“Eat,” I say handing her the sandwich. She takes a dainty bite then devours it in minutes.

“Sorry. I was hungry. All better now,” she says laughing. I hand her a soda from the fridge which she drinks slowly. “I don’t wanna get hiccups. They are frighteningly loud.”

“Okay, Fairy.” I chuckle. When she’s done, I carry her back to bed. She yawns loudly. I lay her down and tuck her in before crawling in beside her.

When I woke up yesterday morning, I had no idea how much my life would change in less than twenty-four hours. I said she couldn’t escape me, but the truth is I don’t want to escape her.

Norah Young has bewitched me, and I am more than okay with that.

EPILOGUE

NORAH

Five Days Later

Five days is all he gave me. We have been engaged since the day after we met. It seems like he's trying to beat his brother's to the altar, not that I have a problem with that. I woke up this morning without him. For the first time since we met, I was back in my old bed, utterly alone and I hated it. I barely slept. How did I get so used to him being next to me already? I love reaching for him in the middle of the night and his solid build just being there. I am exhausted and honestly, I am ready for this to be over. I am dressed and ready to go. I decided to wear flats because, with him, I find that I don't mind being short in the slightest.

I am not sure what the fuck we are waiting for, but the wedding planner has us just standing outside of the doors of the church. Interestingly enough, our families are members of the same church, but we never saw each other. His family went to the 9:30 service that was over by eleven and we went to the 11:30 service. Ships in the night.

"We can take off if this isn't what you want," my dad says from beside me.

"Dad, please. I am doing this. I love him."

"I know, Norah, I was just checking," he says patting my arm.

“What is taking so long? Is he not here or something? Did he change his mind?” I ask, starting to ramble.

“Norah, calm down. He’s here. He was the first person here,” my sister says from in front of me.

“Then what’s going on?”

“Are we ready?” Suzette, the worst wedding planner in the world says coming into the hallway.

“Yes. We’re fucking ready,” I say.

“Alright, flower girl, proceed,” she says and my cousin walks in the doors. My sister follows behind her, then suddenly it’s my turn.

“I am so ready to be his wife,” I say as I walk towards him. All I can see is him and fairy lights everywhere. My heart squeezes when I finally get to him. So much so, that I stand on my tippy toes in order to kiss him. His restrained church growl gets me a little wet, but I try to reign it in.

“You look so fucking beautiful, Norah,” he whispers in my ear before the pastor clears his throat.

“Thank you,” I whisper back. I have so much more that I want to say, but now isn’t the time.

“You two good?” Pastor Linton says.

“Yes. Right as rain,” I say finally turning away from Micah to face the pastor. Micah takes my hand and holds it tightly. We opted for traditional vows and in the blink of an eye, we are being announced as husband and wife. Suddenly, his lips are devouring mine. My arms circle his neck and he’s picking me up. To applause, mostly his brother’s, he carries me out into the parking lot, and deposits me in the passenger seat of my brand-new suburban. The new car he won’t let me drive yet. He insists on driving lessons. We’ll see.

Our reception was at his country club, we danced the night away but now it’s late. We are going to his cabin for the next two weeks. Outside of Chattanooga, in Sweetwater, Tennessee. We pull up to what I think is a cabin, but honestly it isn’t what I expected at all.

“What is this place?” I ask unbuckling my seatbelt.

“My hunting lodge.”

“Lodge?” I ask raising my eyebrows at him.

“You have to admit that lodge sounds much better than shack,” he says chuckling.

“So admitted,” I say chuckling.

“I could have taken you anywhere in the world, but here, alone, no distractions, it just felt right.” I smile.

“You are right, it’s absolutely perfect.

“I missed you last night, Fairy,” he says cupping my cheek. I lean into his touch because I’ve come to crave it.

“I missed you too, Big Daddy. I couldn’t sleep without you. I am so achy,” I admit.

“That won’t do, Norah. That won’t do at all.”

“I want out of this dress,” I say moving to get out of the car. From outside the car, I watch as he reaches into the backseat and grabs our bags. As it’s starting to rain, I dash up to the porch and wait for him to unlock the door. He opens the door and sets the bags inside before he lifts me in his arms and carries me over the threshold.

“You are so strong, Big Daddy,” I gush, kissing his neck while digging my nails into the back of his neck.

“Wife, let me get the damn door shut before you drive me fucking crazy like that.”

“Sorry,” I lie. I am not sorry. Kicking the door closed behind him, he carries me to the center of the room. Looking around, there is nothing but fairy lights twinkling all over the room. There is a very large bed in the center of the room. All of the linen is crisp white. He sets me down on my feet

“You did this for me?” I ask turning to him.

“I’d do anything for you,” he says leaning down taking my lips in an aggressive kiss. The kind of kiss that if he wasn’t

holding me up, I'd fall down in a puddle of lust. I pull away from him and turn my back to him.

“Unzip me, husband,” I say looking over my shoulder at him. He grins and does as I ask, except he does it so slowly. His long, thick fingers stroke my spine as he does this. He knows exactly what he's doing. The dress pools at my feet and I step out of it. When I turn to face him, his mouth drops open. The white corset and tiny soaked thong I am wearing leaves nothing to the imagination.

“Is this my wedding present?” he asks pulling his tie off.

“What do you mean,” I ask starting to untie the corset, backing up to the bed.

“I can see how soaked your cunt is from here.” I watch as he slowly strips. By the time he reaches me naked, my corset is open, my nipples hardening as the cool air hits them. I lie back on the bed, spreading my legs for him. He crawls to me. When he reaches me, he rips my panties from my body.

“Don't tease me right now, Micah. I need you.” He lines his cock up with my opening, my legs tighten around his waist. He slides into me and fucks me hard.

“No teasing, Fairy.”

“I love you,” I cry as I reach my peak quickly.

“I love you too.”

Five days, five years, fifty years... It doesn't matter. My love for this man will never waiver.

Escape wasn't an option. Not that I ever wanted to, not even for a second.

EPILOGUE

MICAH

Fifteen Years Later

“Come on, Fairy,” I practically grunt as I thrust my hard cock in and out of her. We had gone out for the evening to a charity ball but left early. The Broadcaster Of The Year awards double as a silent auction for a children’s charity, but I donated before the ball, so I don’t feel guilty about sneaking out. However, we have a sitter for six more hours. With five kids, you better fucking believe we’ll be utilizing that. “Give me that orgasm,” I demand. We checked into a dirty motel on the seedy side of town, where I am currently fucking her like we don’t have a care in the world. At home, we have to be quiet but here she’s shouting down the ceiling the world’s most loved hooker.

“Big Daddy,” she cries as her cunt clamps down on my cock, practically sucking it. Her elegant hairstyle from earlier is long gone as her soft blonde curls spill all over this questionable bed. This hot, filthy fuck is what we both need right now. Her skin is flushed pink and she has a light sheen of sweat covering her body. She looks like a goddess under me. I’m still mesmerized by her beauty and the fact that she’s put up with me this long. I watch my cock disappear and reappear from her slit. She’s creaming all over me and I can’t get enough of it. Her nails dig into my forearms while I pound away. Shifting her legs, I spread them wider while gripping her thighs. I’m possessed right now. The driving need to possess her in every way has me fucking into her harder than I

ever have before. She must feel it too because she's meeting me thrust for thrust like a motherfucking porn queen. My own personal porn queen. Her moans are getting louder and her pussy is getting wetter with each passing second.

"Come for me, Norah," I demand reaching between us and pinching her clit.

"Oh God," she cries loudly. "Micah, shit," she screams as her back arches off of the bed. I feel her come, her entire body is shaking and with that I can feel my own orgasm rising from my toes. I unleash a torrent of come into her. Leaning down, I kiss her still swollen lips. She sucked my cock the entire time we were in the car, after working me into a frenzy on the dance floor in front of Chattanooga's elite. I had to get her out of that ballroom, or I would have fucked her right there and that wouldn't do. I pull off her and drop on the bed beside her.

"Are you okay?" I ask her when she groans.

"Never fucking better," she says. She rolls on top of me. Her slight body barely covers any of mine. She places kisses all over my chest, before sitting up, knees on either side of my hips.

"We've still got five hours," I say looking at my watch.

"What could we do with that kind of time?" she asks tapping her fingers on her chin. Fuck, she's adorable.

"I've got about a million ideas, wife." I grin before reaching for her more than a handful tits.

"Ooh, do tell, husband," she says wiggling her perfect ass over my rapidly hardening cock.

"You could slide that little pussy down over my cock and ride me, for starters." She does so and we begin anew. By the time we get home, she exhausted. She does her rounds of checking on the kids while I pay the babysitter and lock up after she leaves.

All those years ago, I was the fifth wheel. Now, I have everything I didn't know I needed. And by God, I did need her. Still do. Every day in every way is made better because of a little fairy who had no desire to escape me.

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LOVE ALWAYS,

MK

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