



AN
AGE GAP
ROMANCE

Twisted

LITTLE
FANTASY

IVY ARNOLD

TWISTED LITTLE FANTASY

IVY ARNOLD

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“I have something for you.”

Nick, my friend, reaches into the pocket of his charcoal Etro suit pants and pulls out a small piece of paper, pushing it across the table in my direction. I pick it up and unfold it. An address, nothing else. A smirk on my lips, I scrunch the paper into a tight ball and toss it back in his direction. Whatever this is, I’m sure I want no part of it.

It’s Wednesday night, and we’re sitting in a bar across the road from my surgery clinic. It’s been a shit of a day and the last thing I want is to be dragged into Nick’s latest escapade. Being the high-profile lawyer he is, Nick’s every move is gossip, so I know it’s in my best interests to stay as far the hell away from this as I can.

“You’re not even the littlest bit curious?” He looks shocked, his jet-black eyes dancing with amusement.

“Not even the slightest,” I tell him honestly. “Especially since I know it’s likely going to land me in some sort of scandal or another. Have you forgotten that you were almost kicked out of the firm last month?” I remind him.

“First of all, how was I supposed to know she was the boss’s daughter? Second, I’m a senior partner. They can’t kick me out. Besides, this is completely different,” he says dismissively. “Trust me.”

“The number of times I’ve heard you utter those words make me certain I *don’t* want to trust you,” I chuckle, smirking as my friend is distracted by a group of passing women,

giggling and chattering to themselves. I clear my throat and my friend tosses me a sheepish grin as he averts his attention back to me. “Just like your wife probably shouldn’t trust you, huh?” I can’t resist digging.

“Fortunately for me, we’re not talking about my wife,” Nick replies. “We’re talking about my latest extracurricular activity. Or more specifically, the club.”

“The club?” I chuckle at how serious his expression is right now. “Is it in an underground basement? Do you wear black robes and have a secret handshake while you chant to the gods above?”

“Don’t mock me, man. This place has been handcrafted especially for men like us,” he informs me, as if I didn’t just tell him I didn’t care to know any of the details. “I’m talking complete anonymity, Logan. Any and *every* fantasy you have locked away in that dirty little mind of yours fulfilled by the finest girls. Or guys. Hell, you can have both if you’re into that kind of thing.” He lets out a chuckle as he rubs his clean-shaven jaw. “I’m telling you, there’s nothing quite like walking into that private room and finding some pretty little thing blindfolded, on her knees, and ready to bark like a dog while I take her up the ass, or whatever else I decide to make her do.”

“I’ll take your word for it,” I tell him, rubbing my lightly stubbled jaw, ignoring the twitch of my cock. “Though it’s not like you to be discreet,” I can’t help adding. “I thought half the fun was making sure your sexual indiscretions get back to your wife.”

“What can I say?” He splays his hands, a smirk plastered on his lips. “Even I have kinks that the whole world doesn’t need to know about.” He slides the crumpled-up note back over to me and looks me in the eye. “Don’t tell me you’re not tempted. I know how much you value your privacy, especially with the divorce going the way it is. This place exists on its reputation alone.”

I pocket the note, knowing he’s right. The very public and bitter divorce I’m going through has *almost* been enough to

ruin everything that I had worked so hard to build. All because my bitch of a soon-to-be ex-wife thought fabricating an improper relationship between me and her then seventeen-year-old daughter, Layla, would be a great way to milk me for as much money as possible. Lucky for me, she has retracted her accusations, but not before ruining the innocent relationship Layla and I had.

Well, at least it was innocent on the surface. I might have raised that kid as my own from when she was five years old, but once she hit sixteen, it was hard to look at her because of the woman she was blossoming into. But I never acted on those thoughts. Not that any of that matters now. I haven't seen Layla since her mother and I first separated, nearly a year ago. She would be eighteen now. In the prime of her life. Probably in university, letting boys who think they know how to please a woman touch her, pleasure her...

My jaw tics as I push her out of my thoughts.

The point is, Nick is right. Another scandal right now would ruin me. But I *do* need an outlet, a way to release some of this tension I insist on keeping close to my chest. And the more I think about it, I have to admit the thought of a woman being at my beck and call, to fulfil whatever sick and twisted fantasy I like, is *very* appealing. Wetting my lips, I form the words I know I'm probably going to regret saying at some point.

"Fine. Arrange me a meeting."

Nick's eyes light up. "I knew you wouldn't be able to resist. You'll be thanking me for this, you'll see."

"We'll see," I chuckle.

I'm not putting too much hope in my old friend being right about this. If there is one thing I know, it's that I'm impossible to please and somehow, I doubt some pretty girl in a blindfold with no self-esteem is going to change that.

“Zip me up?”

Zoe, my best friend, flashes me a smile as I clamber off her bed and step forward, securing the sexy, red satin dress to her perfectly proportioned body. Eyes narrowed, she studies herself in the full-length mirror, before giving a satisfied nod, while I watch on in envy. Another outfit that must have cost her more than I make in a damn month. My friend is not rich, I know this, so I have theories about how the hell she can afford all these new outfits.

Stripping.

Sex work.

An eighty-year-old sugar daddy.

Whatever she’s got going on, I wish she would hook me up.

“How are things with your mum?” Zoe asks, securing her dark, wavy hair back away from her face with a glittery clip.

“Awful,” I groan, throwing myself back down on the bed. “I can’t wait to move out, but I’m struggling as it is to keep up with my classes, and that’s without the added pressure of a job.”

My strained relationship with Mum is nothing new. When she’s sober, we can almost have a normal mother-daughter relationship, but drunk-every-night Melanie becomes a clingy, insecure, selfish, dependant whore who puts any ounce of

male attention ahead of everything else, including her own daughter.

It's been worse than usual lately, with the divorce proceedings dragging on longer than expected. I shift, ignoring the pang in my chest, thinking about Logan. God, I can't believe it's been a whole year since I last spoke with him. He was the closest thing I'd ever had to a father, so I was upset when Mum ruined everything by cheating on him. I follow his career in the media and while I have thought about reaching out to him more than once, I always talk myself out of it.

Things just feel awkward between us now, especially after the lies Mum spread about his relationship with me. He never acted inappropriate toward me, no matter how much I might have wanted him to. I doubt he even thought about me like that.

“You can stay here as often as you like, you know.”

I smile, grateful for my friend, but we both know her tiny apartment is barely big enough for her, let alone a roommate. An occasional sleepover is fine, but it's hardly a long-term solution.

“Thanks, but I'll figure something out. What I need is a job that will pay me ridiculous amounts of cash for doing practically nothing,” I hint, hoping she'll spill the tea. “What's with the sexy, ridiculously expensive dress, anyway? Hot date?”

“Uh, not exactly...” Her gaze falls as she avoids eye contact, a true telltale sign that she's keeping something from me.

“Okay, Zo.” My blue eyes narrow. “What's going on?”

“What do you mean?”

“Come on, Zo.” I wave my arms over the mound of dresses on her bed. “All these new clothes and the cash you've been waving around. Something is up. Are you a secret spy?” I tease as colour fills her cheeks. “Out with it, Double-oh Zoe. We're besties, right?” I plead. “You tell me everything.” I reach for her hand, sensing that she's breaking.

“Fine, I’ll spill, but only if you stop looking at me like that.” She groans, giving in. “But you have to promise not to tell anyone.”

“Who am I going to tell?” I snort.

Zoe sits down on the bed next to me and presses her lips together. I’ve never seen her so nervous, like what she’s about to tell me is even bigger than the theories I’ve got running around in my head.

“Okay, so I have this job at a club—”

“What kind of club?” I interrupt.

“Stop cutting me off and I’ll tell you.” She rolls her eyes, pushing a rouge strand of hair back behind her ear. “It’s basically a club offering sexual services to people who want to remain completely anonymous because of their very high-profile jobs.”

I blink at her. “You mean like celebrities and politicians and stuff?”

She shrugs. “I couldn’t tell you.”

“You couldn’t tell me?” I repeat with a laugh. “Or you *won’t*?”

“Honestly, I couldn’t, even if I did want to. I never see who I’m with. It’s the whole point of the club,” she explains. “I’m blindfolded before I go into the room, and I’m not allowed to take it off until after the client has left.”

“You never get tempted to peek?” I tease her.

“Sure I do, but I don’t.”

“What stops you?” I prod, sure if it were me, I’d have that blindfold off so fast the guy wouldn’t know what hit him. What’s he going to do, sue me for the twenty dollars in my bank account?

“The fact that I’d get my ass sued if I did. The NDA they make you sign is serious. Like pages and pages long kind of serious. Not only that, I like my job and it pays really well. I don’t want to do anything to jeopardize it.”

“So, what kind of things do you do?” I ask, wide-eyed. I have never known anyone who has been paid for sex before, and I have to admit, I am curious. “Is it just sex and blow jobs and stuff?”

Her eyes shine. “Mostly it’s pretty basic, but there are a couple of clients who like to push the limits. Even though you can’t see them, after a while, you get to know their kinks well enough that it’s easy to figure out if you’re with a particular client.”

“Wow,” I shake my head, shocked to learn this about my friend. “How did you get the job?”

“My cousin works there. She put a good word in for me.”

“Kind of like the good word you’re going to put in for me?” I bat my eyelashes at my friend. Her eyes widen and she shakes her head vehemently.

“What? No, I can’t—”

“Please, Zo. You know how desperate I am,” I plead. “I’m five seconds away from selling blow jobs on the corner. At least this way you’ll know I’m safe.”

I’m only half joking, too. That’s how far I would go to get me out of that house. I had even thought about approaching a strip club to enquire about dancing, but what puts me off is the thought of ending up somewhere with a bad reputation, especially since I know nothing about the business. Sex doesn’t scare me, which makes me perfect for this. I’m confident in my own skin and I’m certainly not a prude. At this point, anything would be better than living with my mum. She moved her latest ‘fling’ in with us after meeting him two weeks earlier in Fiji and now blames me because her creeper boyfriend can’t keep his hands to himself. It’s gotten to the point where I avoid being home as much as possible to escape his attention and the inevitable fight with Mum that always follows.

“I’ve only been there a few weeks,” Zoe protests. “I can’t ask them—”

“Then get your cousin to vouch for me,” I interrupt, refusing to give up. “Please, Zo. I’ll owe you big time if you do this for me.”

“Fine,” she sniffs. “Leave it with me and I’ll see what I can do.”

“You’re the best friend in the world,” I shout, wrapping my arms around her.

“Yeah, yeah,” she grumbles and twists out of my embrace. “I’ve got to get to work. I’ll call you later, okay?”

“Okay.” I give my friend a cheeky smile as I follow her out of her room. “Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”



LATER THAT NIGHT, I settle in front of the television with my latest university assignment, fully making the most of having the house to myself. Mum is out on another drinking bender with her boyfriend and with any luck, they won’t be back until well into tomorrow.

My phone pings. I pick it up, my interest piquing when I see Zoe’s name. I click open her name and read the message.

ZOE:

Get your ass over here.

I glance at the time. It’s almost eleven in the evening on a Wednesday night.

ME:

Now?

ZOE:

Yup. I scored you an interview, but it has to be tonight.

My heart skips a beat. Holy shit, she actually did it.

Jumping off the couch, I race upstairs and rummage through my closet, looking for the one decent sexy dress I own that will get me through this interview. I don't let myself think too hard about what I'm about to do, because this is all so far outside my comfort zone it's not funny. The bit where I said I was confident? I lied. I've had exactly three sexual partners in my life, two of whom were long-term boyfriends.

What if I'm not cut out for this?

If it gets me out of this house, then I don't have a choice.

I have to make this work.



IT'S NEARLY midnight by the time I make it to the address Zoe sent me. I'm sitting in a room in the back of what appears to be a deserted office space in the industrial area in the outskirts of Melbourne. I'm not sure what I was expecting, but this isn't it. The place looks more like a car repair shop than a secret, elite men's club. When I arrived, I was so unsure of where I was, I called Zoe to confirm the address.

"You'll need to sign this."

The woman sitting across from me gives me a steely-eyed stare and raises a perfectly arched eyebrow as she pushes a piece of paper across the table to me. She looks to be in her sixties, and with her short, silver blonde hair and perfectly made-up face, she's not exactly who I imagined running a high-class prostitution ring, but whatever.

My hands shake as I reach over and retrieve the form. I quickly scan through the document. It's a straightforward NDA, stating that I won't reveal anything about what I am told or see from this point forward. I read through it a second time, then I take the pen from the middle of the table and sign my name.

"Okay, now let's get down to it." She leans back in her chair. "This is an adult entertainment club unlike any other you've been to."

That wouldn't be hard, considering this is a first for me.

"Do you have experience?" she demands.

I feel my cheeks heat. "Well, I mean, I'm not a virgin—"

"I meant experience working in this industry," she cuts in with an irritated roll of her eyes. "You wouldn't believe the number of pretty girls like you who waltz in here thinking they're cut out for this kind of thing, only to choke when it gets down to the nitty-gritty. And I don't mean choke in the good way, either."

"I don't have experience," I admit. "But I promise you, I'm a fast learner and I..." I take a deep breath, well aware this isn't going quite as well as I hoped. "Please. I really need this job. All I'm asking for is a chance."

She looks at me for a moment and then nods.

"You're lucky the innocent, inexperienced act is so popular right now. Fill these in, we'll use it to best match your skills with the right client. You'll also need to have a full STD panel before I can put you on the books."

I nod, taking the folder full of paperwork from her. I flick through the stack of papers, my heart racing. Now that I've been accepted, it all feels a little more real and I have to admit, I'm scared.

"Come back in the morning with your forms and a letter from your doctor. All going well, you'll be able to start this weekend. Do you have any questions?"

I shake my head. I'm sure the second I leave, I'll have all the questions in the world, but right now, my mind is blank. She nods, pushing her chair back as she stands up, then walks across the room to the door, holding it open for me.

"Welcome to the team, Layla."

I let out a breath I didn't know I had been holding on to, my mind freaking the fuck out. Am I really doing this? What if it is obvious to the client I have no idea what I am doing? Marianne has assured me that will play in my favour, as I will be paired with someone who is into the whole inexperienced

act, but it still plays in the back of my mind. If I don't do this well, then I am stuck in that house for at least until the end of university.

I shudder at the thought and force myself to snap out of it.

I am going to rock the shit out of this, because I have no choice.

LOGAN

It didn't take Nick long to arrange me an appointment with the owner of the club, Marianne. After an initial meeting with her to discuss the finer details of my membership and what I'm hoping to get out of the experience, I'm back and ready to play.

Located deep in the heart of the industrial area of East Melbourne, it looks more like a car repair shop than a sex club. The only giveaway that all is not what it seems is the burly-looking bald guy dressed in an expensive suit standing by the door.

Unbuckling my seatbelt, I open the door and get out. This whole thing feels weird because I've never paid for sex in my life. Never needed to. The thought of having all the complications taken out of a relationship before it even begins is appealing enough for me to be here right now, with the added benefit of being able to play out a few fantasies I have tucked away in my mind. I am confident I am going to enjoy this experience, and with the exorbitant price I am paying, I damn well better.

"Hey there. My name's Logan." I give the big guy blocking the door a smile.

He stares at me for a moment, before he mumbles something into the earpiece he's wearing, then he nods, stepping aside.

"Go in."

I push through the heavy wooden door and step inside. People dressed in expensive suits and fancy dresses whisper and laugh as they huddle around small tables. Jazz music plays softly in the background, giving the place a relaxed, yet classy atmosphere. I relax immediately and head over to the bar that stretches the full length of the far wall. The barman greets me with a friendly smile.

“What can I get you?”

“A whiskey. Neat,” I murmur, after scanning the shelves stocked with every spirit imaginable. “I’m looking for Marianne.”

He nods and motions for me to sit. “I’ll let her know you’re here.”

I settle back on a stool and people watch while I wait. Nick wasn’t kidding when he said this place was exclusive. In the last few minutes alone, I have recognised two high-profile politicians, a B-grade movie star, and a handful of sports stars who struggle to keep their business out of the public eye. I down my drink in one mouthful and motion for the barman to bring me another. I’m on my third drink when I see Marianne approaching me.

“Logan. Great to see you again. Let me show you around.”

I fall into step behind her, and we stroll through the bar area and through a closed door.

“Down here we have our lowest-tier rooms,” she begins as we enter a brightly lit hallway. “They are very simple, filled with basic amenities and very private, meeting the needs of many of our clients. This level gives you access to the room, along with any girl you please. If you decide you want more *individual*, tailored experience, we can discuss what upgrades are available to you.”

“Upgrades?” I repeat, half expecting her to ask me if I’d like fries with that.

She nods. “We have many variations to enhance your experience here. You can upgrade the room, the props, the girl, the number of girls. Or boys...you can even pay to have a girl

or boy exclusively yours.” She smiles. “Some people don’t like sharing their toys. Some like sharing their toys with *many* other people.”

We go up to the second level where the rooms are bigger, fancier, and a shitload more expensive. One whole wall is lined with every kind of prop you could imagine, from whips and paddles to every type of toy invented. As nice as the rooms on this floor are, there is something about the floor below that really resonates with me.

There is one particular fantasy I haven’t been able to get out of my mind for days. Layla is sixteen and I’m sneaking into her room while her mum is fast asleep in our bed. Poor Layla is scared, her eyes clamped shut under her blindfold, as she bends over that little bed, waiting for Daddy to come in and fuck her hard from behind.

“Do you have any questions?”

Marianne’s voice knocks me back to reality. Shifting my position to hide my arousal. I shake my head, my lips tilting upward into a smirk. “How soon can I start?”

“Do you have the forms I gave you and your clean STD report?”

I pull out the results I received from my doctor earlier today, along with the forms she had given me to fill out yesterday, and hand them to her. She scans them and then gives me a satisfied nod.

“Then you can begin right now. What are you in the mood for?”

“Someone young, inexperienced and eager to please, preferably petite, dark hair and blue eyes, though I know she’ll be blindfolded. And I want her in one of the rooms downstairs.”

I press my lips tightly together, it not lost on me that I had pretty much just described my stepdaughter. I looked her up on social media the other night. Found her profile and stalked through a few of her pictures. Hell, I even stroked one out

while scrolling through a few pics of her in a bikini. The damn thing was so tiny it barely covered her sweet little pussy.

Fuck, I hadn't come that hard in a long time.

Now that I'm here, I thought why not make the most of these sick little fantasies I've been playing over in my mind with someone I can pretend is Layla?

Marianne nods confidently. "I think I know just the girl."



I PAUSE BRIEFLY outside the room, a flutter of anticipation rushing through me. I'm not nervous about what to expect behind this door—more curious than anything else. Honestly, I am just looking forward to being able to play out this fantasy and not having to feel ashamed about it. Turning the handle, I push open the door and step inside the small room. My eyes widen as I suck in a breath, because fuck me. This girl doesn't just look like Layla.

It *is* her.

Even with her eyes covered with a thick black satin ribbon, I know it's her. No fucking doubt about it. She kneels before me, naked, apart from the blindfold tightly wrapped around her eyes, her beautiful curves, firm, rounded breasts taunting me, her sweet little nipples jutting out. She bites her lip, like she's hesitantly waiting for me to say or do something, but I'm frozen on the spot. I'm so fucking turned on I can't think straight.

How the fuck is this happening?

"Hello?"

Her raspy voice floats out from between her full, red lips, sounding somewhere between a question and a statement. I don't reply, instead, I slowly circle her, taking her all in, my mind processing what I'm seeing before me.

My sweet little Layla...this is *not* how I imagined running into you again.

It's pointless even pretending that I am not going through with this, because I am. It's the perfect scenario because she'll never know it's me and I will be able to do every little thing I've ever dreamed of doing to her since she was old enough to start looking like the woman she is now.

Does it make me a creep that I used to fantasise about my own stepdaughter like that?

Probably.

But at least back then, I was man enough to stop myself from taking it any further than my thoughts. Now things are different. She's legal, for one. She's here consensually, even if she has no idea it's her stepdaddy who's about to fuck her like she's never been fucked. Who cares if I was the closest thing she had to a father while growing up?

My mouth waters; my fingers itch to reach out and touch her. She's mine for the taking, in this sterile room with people fucking and dancing and drinking behind every wall.

Her head tilts as I circle her, just following the sound of the motion. There are goose bumps on her upper arms and her nipples are hard against the cold air. I resist the urge to cover her with my jacket because I can't stand the thought of losing sight of any piece of her.

Besides...there are much better ways to warm her up.

All of which involve stuffing her with my cock.

There's a small clipboard on a table at the side of the room. On it, the girls are given a checklist of things they do not agree to do. I sneak a glance at Layla's, surprised to find it almost entirely blank. No—or very few—holds barred.

I smirk. *That's my girl.*

I walk up behind her and draw her long, dark hair through my fingers, pushing it over her shoulder so it falls in front of her. She shivers, shoulders rolling against the sensation. Her hands are clasped behind her back, resting in the cradle of her spine. Her back arched, accentuating her perfect little breasts and that gorgeous ass.

My cock stiffens as I kneel behind her, one hand clenching restlessly in her hair, on her shoulder, the other finding its natural place on the crease of her thigh. She's waxed smooth, so there's only soft skin when I tease the very tip of her slit. She shivers, bites her lower lip, and spreads her knees a little wider to give me better access.

"Hands on your knees," I rasp into her ear, noting how she shivers and obeys immediately.

Good girl, just as obedient and sweet as she always was.

I push my middle finger between her lips, and she gasps. She's so warm and already soaking wet. I can't help but smile again, kissing her cheek.

"Is this all for me?"

She whines quietly. “Yes, Sir.”

Sir.

She only called me that once when she was a kid, the first time her mother brought me home to meet her. Soon after, it was ‘Mr. Russell’, then, finally, Daddy, as affectionate and easy as if she were my own child. I loved her like my own daughter, even later, when my fantasies began to include things no father should ever do. I would have done anything for her. Until her mother fucked me over, and then I never saw her again.

Until now.

“Call me Daddy,” I murmur.

“Yes, Daddy,” she obeys, her soft voice barely audible.

Fuck, hearing her call me that hits me harder than I anticipated. I can’t help sliding my fingers down farther, curling them so that they barely dip inside her warm, wet body. She mewls so prettily, drawing in another sharp breath when my other hand cups her breast and I squeeze her peaked nipple. She bites her lower lip, her knuckles whitening as she rocks back on her knees.

For the first time, I glance around the modest room. There isn’t much in the way of furniture. Behind us, there’s a small utilitarian bed, like something built into a sleepaway camper, with thin, clean white sheets spread across it. There’s a small mat that she’s kneeling on, and then shelves with lube, condoms, towels, and extra sheets above the side table where her checklist is.

I’ll move her to the bed eventually, but for now, I’m just enjoying exploring my new toy. Desire coils around inside my stomach like a snake, audibly hissing with impatience in the base of my skull. I spread my fingers and slide them back until I can find and pinch her clit, rubbing slow circles as my other fingers tease her nipple the same way. She’s so responsive, arching into my touch, her thighs twitching with the urge to draw together so she can grind against my hand.

My cock is so hard it's starting to ache, throbbing in time with the rush of blood in my ears. I bare my teeth against her jaw and pull away abruptly, shoving myself to my feet and circling around in front of her. My shoes nudge the inside of her knees, making her spread them out wider. She's impressively reactive, knowing exactly what I want without me having to verbally ask. Which is good, because I don't want to talk too much, in case she recognizes my voice. As much as I'd love for her to know it's me, I can't take the risk.

I wrap her hair around my hand and yank her upright, sighing when she flattens her hands to my thighs and rubs them up to keep her balance.

"Open your mouth," I command, watching as she parts her lips and tilts her head up.

If she weren't blindfolded, those devastating blue eyes would be piercing right through me.

Would she smirk as she recognised me, as sly and full of attitude as she used to be?

Would she call me a dirty old man and taunt me for wanting to fuck my stepdaughter?

Or would she want it just as bad as I do, and whine, moan, and beg Daddy to fuck her stupid?

I have no way of knowing, not right now. So, I pretend she wants this as much as I do. I've thought about it often enough—some quiet nights when her mum was out with her friends and wasn't due back until sunrise at the earliest. Nights when the rain came down hard outside and she'd beg me to stay up watching movies with her because she didn't want to sleep on her own while it was storming. Of course, I couldn't let her sleep in the same bed as me because I didn't want to risk waking up with her pressed against my rock-hard morning wood. That didn't stop me thinking about it all the fucking time, though.

What would happen if she got brave and brazen enough to knock meekly at my door in the middle of the night while her mum was at work, hair messy and slim body draped in

oversized clothes, even at sixteen? She'd curl up in a thick blanket and I'd hold her, trying desperately to sleep, while imagining her ass cradled perfectly up against my cock, her scent on my pillow, her body shivering from cold in my arms, just like she is now.

Swallowing, I bite back a groan. I can't help pushing my thumb between her full, red lips, pressing down on her tongue. She accepts it easily with another sweet sound, settling on her heels close to me, practically straddling my feet. I twist my hand, work my forefinger in, then my middle finger, just to see if she'll take them. She does, so eager to please, closing her lips and sucking on them hard.

Fuck, her mouth is so hot and wet inside. I knew it would be, of course, but having the reality suddenly presented to me is enough to knock the wind out of me. I open my belt with my other hand, yanking the tail hard until it comes free and I can reach the button and zipper of my slacks. I push my fingers deeper into her mouth, sucking in a breath when she takes them with ease, tilting her head up so her throat is nice and open for me.

With a low growl, I push my slacks and boxers down enough to free my cock, taking it in my hand. I'm already leaking at the tip, so I use my thumb to smear precum down my cock, clenching my jaw to stop myself from making a sound. I pull my fingers out and wrap them in her hair again, tight at the back of her head.

"Mouth open," I remind her.

I hold my breath as I slowly feed her the head of my cock. She lets out a sweet, quiet moan at the first taste. I can imagine her lashes fluttering, dark over her blushing cheeks. She tightens her lips and sucks immediately, easily taking the first few inches as I watch her, rapt and breathless.

I quickly put my other hand in her hair, holding her head still and widening my stance, forcing her knees to spread farther apart, and keep pushing my cock deeper and deeper into her mouth until I feel her gag. She tenses but doesn't pull back. I'm able to push my cock all the way into her mouth

“Good girl.”

Her throat clenches up around me, delicious spasms that are almost enough to have me coming before I can help myself. It’s clearly been too fucking long for me, but now that I have her here, on her knees and ready to serve me, I’m determined to make this last.

I can’t help pulling back and fucking her throat harder, gritting my teeth when she just *takes it*. Fuck, there’s no way I can just do this once, I already know that. Panting, I twist my fingers in her long hair, nails catching on the edge of the blindfold. It would be so easy to rip it off, to show her who I am, but that would mean it’s all over, and I can’t, *I can’t* lose this.

Keeping my pace even, I give her a chance to breathe as she whines and sucks my cock over and over, her nostrils flared and lips sealed tight around me, smearing saliva and precum all over my shaft. I touch her throat as I press deep, feeling it bulge around me whenever I’m all the way inside her. A muffled curse escapes me, my orgasm creeping up on me far too fast.

No, this can’t end yet.

I pull out abruptly with a snarl.

“Get up,” I order her, watching as she scrambles to her feet, while trying to catch her breath. I guide her to the bed and push her down onto her back. “Spread your legs nice and wide, Sweetpea. Keep them open for me, okay?”

She obeys with a small whimper, knuckles white as she grips the backs of her knees and opens her legs wide. She’s flexible. I’ll make sure to take advantage of that.

Later.

I step up close and grab her hips, yanking her to the edge of the bed and rubbing my cock through her slick folds, growling at the sheer *heat* emanating from her. She’s so wet, I know she’s going to be so soft around me, my stomach clenches with the need to be inside her.

I hold myself back, barely, instead pinching her nipples until she squeals and arches into the touch, head tilted back, mouth open in a ragged gasp. I drag my nails over her chest, down her stomach, across the backs of her thighs.

“Daddy,” she whines. “Please. Fuck me.”

I smirk, though I know she can’t see it. Christ, does she sound pretty when she begs. In answer, I slap my fingers down hard over her clit, making her gasp and squirm. But she’s a good girl—perfect for me, at least—and keeps her legs obediently spread. I watch the flush darken on her cheeks, watch it spread down her chest and, curious, I slap her again, sharp, over her red, wet lips. She bites her lower lip hard and shivers.

She likes that, I realize.

Good.

I spank her pussy again, watching her toes curl, her thighs tremble, stomach tensing as she shakes and tries to keep still. One of my hands teases and toys with her nipples mercilessly as I shove two fingers inside her, crooking them up and curling fast. She moans, *loud*, at that, a full-body shudder running through her at the sudden sensation.

Fuck, she’s going to be the death of me.

I pull my fingers out, spank her folds, and then shove them in again, taunting her with fullness only to bring back the sting. She’s starting to sweat, little hairs clinging around her temples and the side of her neck. I slide my hand up to her throat and spread it wide, groaning under my breath when she merely tips her head back in invitation.

“Perfect,” I whisper, unable to help myself.

She moans again at that, a hazy, pleased smile stretching her mouth wide. I have to be inside her, like right now, or I’m going to blow my load. I pull my fingers out and replace them with my cock, slamming home in one single, hard thrust as I lean over her and capture her mouth in a kiss.

She cries out for me, letting go of her legs but keeping them spread as she clutches at my clothed shoulders, kissing

me back just as passionately as I start up a fast, brutal pace inside her. She feels even better than I could have imagined, tight and soaking wet and hellfire hot. I grab her thighs hard and fold her in half, trying to fuck her as deep as I'm able to with every thrust.

“Please,” she gasps, moaning like she's in heat, kissing, wet and open-mouthed, down my jaw and neck. “Please, *fuck*, you feel so good, Daddy. I can feel you move so deep inside me, *God...*”

I have no idea if she's been trained to say these kinds of things, but even if she was, I doubt she's that good of an actress. I can feel her clench and tighten around me with every thrust, feel how hot and tense she is. She likes this, I can just tell. I could always tell when she was happy, ever since she was a little girl.

She's mine now. She'll be mine forever, if I have my way.

I snarl into her ear, turning and biting down on the arch, my orgasm coming for me with a vengeance. “Touch yourself,” I command, groaning when she obeys me immediately, reaching between our bodies and rubbing her clit in quick circles. She starts to bear down instantly, already close, and whimpers into our kiss as she comes.

Fuck, that sound is my undoing. I hold her down by her throat and her thigh, groaning low as I thrust my cock as deep into her as I can, and let go, filling her up with what feels like *years* of pent-up release. The high is so fucking good, it feels like it will never end, my cock twitching as I empty myself into her tight little hole.

She rocks her hips like she's just as desperate for it, sighing prettily and lazily rubbing her swollen clit to draw out her own orgasm. Her other hand pets down my arm, ending at my wrist as my hand gentles on her throat. I drag my hand down to her chest to feel her rushing heart, finally able to catch my breath.

When I'm finally done, I pull out of her. A thick bead of white leaks out and I immediately push it back in with two

fingers, smiling when she moans. I pet her clit in reward, relishing how she shivers against my touch.

“Good girl,” I growl. “You did so well for me.”

She smiles. “Thank you, Daddy.”

Sweetpea.

My heart thumps as I sit on the edge of the bed and listen to him leave. My body is in a lather of sweat, my mind racing as I try and piece together what the fuck just happened. Did he really think I wouldn't recognize his voice? Sure, I haven't spoken to him in ages, but he pretty much raised me for most of my childhood. When he spoke, I was *sure* it was him and any doubts I did have were erased the moment he called me Sweetpea.

He used to call me that name all the time. Back then, it gave me comfort, made me feel like someone was in my corner. Now, hearing him call me that raised all sorts of dirty, twisted feelings inside me.

I shiver again, unable to wipe the dazed smile off my face. I can't believe this is happening. Though he never touched me like that when I was growing up, there were plenty of moments where I had wanted him to. The moment his fingers grazed over my skin, something awoke inside me. A feeling that I never knew existed. Fantasies were one thing, but experiencing it for real and still wanting him just as much?

That's so messed up.

Yet my nipples harden just thinking about what we just did.

The security guard sticks his head in, ruining my little moment. I take the hint and gather my things, then go back to

the dressing room to ready myself for my next client. When I walk inside, Marianne is waiting for me.

“You can go now, Layla.”

“Go?” I stare at her in shock. “But I’m only halfway through my shift. Did I do something wrong?”

Anxiety eats away at my stomach as doubts begin to creep in.

What if Logan said something to her to make her fire me?

“Quite the opposite,” she gives me an encouraging smile. “Your last client has paid to have exclusive rights to you. You’ll be rewarded substantially and in exchange you need to make yourself available for him every evening.”

“Wow, okay,” I beam, my eyes widening in shock.

As I pack my things, I bite back a smile. I’m fucking thrilled he wants to see me again and even more excited that he wants me exclusively. Does the thought of me with someone else drive him crazy?

I hope so.



OUTSIDE, I call Zoe, bursting to talk to someone about this. I know I can’t give too much away, but I can at least tell her about the exclusivity.

“Are you kidding me?” she hisses when I tell her. “You have one fucking client and he makes you exclusive? Girls have been there for *years* and never been given that kind of deal.”

“I guess I’m just special,” I tease.

“Special is right,” she grumbles. “You must be costing this guy a packet, which means you’ll be swimming in cash for doing sweet fuck all. I should get a bonus for bringing you in. Was it at least good sex?”

“It was fucking amazing,” I breathe, reliving the experience over in my mind.

I’m so tempted to tell her about Logan, but I stop myself. Not just because I’m worried about her judgement, but also because I don’t want to mess this up. I’m really looking forward to seeing him again.

“So, did you...*you* know,” she teases.

“Did I what?”

“Did he make you come?”

I blush. I came harder than I ever have in my life, but I feel so ashamed admitting that.

“I enjoyed it much more than I was expecting to,” is all I say.

“It’s a thrill having your sight taken away from you, right? The only thing you have to go on is a voice and the way he feels. He could be absolutely anyone and you’d never know.”

I bite back a giggle, because she has no idea how much truth her words hold.

LAYLA

MARIANNE:

Client request: Wear something sexy that you wouldn't want your daughter to leave the house in...

I bite my lip as I reread the text message that came through just before I left home. Marianne told me that occasionally the client might make requests ahead of their sessions, usually about clothing they want a girl to wear or a particular way they want their girl to act. There's something extra dirty about this particular fantasy considering I *am* really his stepdaughter. He has to know who I am, right? Even with the blindfold, there's no way he couldn't have realized who I am...

Which makes him just as sick as me.

Excitement pulsates through me as I walk into the back entrance of the club. I barely slept at all last night because every time I closed my eyes, I was right back there in that room, reliving every single last detail. And when I finally gave up on getting sleep, I did what any girl would do—I internet-stalked him, then touched myself while staring at photos of him.

Pushing my way into the changing room, I do a last-minute touch-up of my make-up, then I slip into the sexy dress Zoe insisted I have until I get my first pay cheque. The tiny spaghetti straps and plunging neckline frame my breasts

perfectly, leaving very little to the imagination. The soft, shimmery silver-coloured fabric cuts out so high that it barely covers my ass. What would Logan have said to me if I tried leaving the house wearing this when I was sixteen? Would he have secretly thought about how much he wanted to fuck me?

Yep, this definitely meets the brief.

Wetting my lips, I perch on the utilitarian bed, while the security guy adjusts the blindfold firmly over my eyes and reminds me not to take it off for any reason at all. I know the rules—anonymity is everything, it's the whole premise of this club and while I would never break them intentionally, it has me wondering, what would happen if the blindfold slipped off?

My heart jumps in my throat at the thought of Logan knowing that I know it's him. I squirm, pressing my thighs together as I feel myself getting wet with the anticipation. I want him to touch me and put his hand on my throat and call me his good girl again. I want to scream Daddy while he slams his cock into me and teaches me a lesson.

Footsteps approach, and I smile to myself. I listened to those same heavy footsteps for years, praying they would stop outside my bedroom door. Of course, they never did. Even if he thought about me like that, he was too much of a straight arrow to fuck his underage stepdaughter. Things are different now, of course. I'm not underage, for one. And he's only my stepfather by name. But part of me hopes that when he fucks me, he's imagining he still has that power over me.

He enters and closes the door loud enough for me to jump. There's a moment of silence, and then a low growl escapes his mouth that has me biting my lower lip.

“And where do you think you're going, dressed like that?” he says darkly, approaching me and yanking me to my feet. He doesn't seem to care if I recognize his voice this time, and it makes a thrill run through me. I gasp as he grips my wrist with force, his free hand grazing my ass, brazen and sure, like he does this all the time. “You really think I would let you leave

my house dressed like a slut? You think I don't see how all the boys look at my little girl?"

My eyes widen beneath the blindfold, even as I choke on air, whining and grabbing his shoulders as his fingers curl under my dress and rub me through my panties.

So, we're really going there.

If I wasn't already blindfolded, the room would be spinning from how hot that makes me.

"I—but, Daddy, I like this dress," I say, jumping straight into character without a moment of hesitation. I smile when I hear him groan in my ear, his grip on my wrist tightening. He's already hard, his erection pressing at my hip as he continues to lazily paw at me through my panties, shoving my dress up so my ass is bare. "Don't you think I look pretty?"

"You look good enough to eat," he snarls. "Everyone will be looking at you. And that's the problem, isn't it? No one should be looking at what's *mine*."

He tugs the seat of my panties to one side, and I tense with anticipation, spreading my legs so he has room. A second later, sharp pain followed by a sting comes as he spanks me, right over my folds, the unexpected action making me moan and cling to him tighter. He spanks me again, his other hand, greedy and rough, gripping my ass before his palm comes down there, too, hard enough to make me gasp and arch against him.

"I'm sorry, Daddy," I say, biting my lower lip as he rubs between my lips and roughly over my clit. "I don't... Don't be mad at me. I'm sorry, I'll be your good girl, I promise."

He shudders against me, baring his teeth against my jaw before he yanks on my hair and kisses me roughly. "That's right, Sweetpea," he purrs, dark and low. "But I might need some convincing that you're really sorry. You wanna show Daddy how good you can be for him?"

I nod eagerly, so turned on I can barely stand. "*Please*."

"Get undressed," he snaps, yanking on my dress. I step back and pull it over my head, leaving me standing there in

only my panties. I bite my lower lip again, feigning shyness and pretending to cover myself with one hand. “Ah, no.” He grabs my wrist tightly, pulling it away. “I need these off, too.” He motions to my underwear. “Let me see all of you.”

I shiver and obey him, slowly pulling them down my thighs and letting them drop to my ankles before stepping out of them. I haven’t been in these rooms enough to confidently move through them blindfolded, but he doesn’t make me move farther than a step before he takes my hand again and guides me back to the bed.

“Sit,” he commands, and I do, on the edge, knees pressed together and hands on my thighs. “Now, spread your legs for me, baby. Nice and wide.”

I tilt my head up and even though I can’t see him, I imagine him standing there, his dark, soft curls peppered with grey, his piercing brown eyes burning holes right through me. I imagine his strong, stubbled jaw tightly clenched as he looks down over me. I spread my legs, the anticipation killing me. I so badly want to see him, to look him in the eye as he fucks me.

“Mm, God, yes...”

His hands, big and warm, touch the outside of my knees. I can hear him moving. He’s kneeling down, probably staring right at my pussy. I can imagine him, hungry, eyes darkening as he takes in how wet I am. My cheeks heat at the idea of him looking at me like that and how much I like the feeling.

“Do you let any of those other boys look at you like this, Sweetpea?”

I shake my head. “No, Daddy,” I say softly.

“But you put the idea in their heads, don’t you, naughty girl?” he insists. “I bet you tell them how wet you are for them.” He releases a low growl, slapping his hand against my pussy. “I can’t let you think this is proper behaviour, baby. I need to teach you a lesson. You’re going to take your punishment like a good girl, aren’t you?”

Oh, *fuck*.

“Yes, Daddy,” I say, nodding, wiping my tongue across my dry lips. “Anything.”

And I mean it. I hope he knows that right now, I would let him do anything to me. I can almost hear him smiling. He stands, and I hear more rustling of clothing, then his hands are on me again, picking me up and turning me around so I’m on my hands and knees on the bed.

“On your elbows, baby,” he purrs, dragging his nails up my spine. Shaking with anticipation, I go, and moan when his hands flatten on my ass.

The bed dips as he kneels behind me.

The first slap is loud, more sting than force as his belt hits my ass, but it’s enough to startle a cry from me. I clench my fingers in the sheets as he spanks me again, on the other cheek, heat spreading out all over my body. My toes curl and I drop my head, moaning and pressing back against him. He laughs, a dark and rough sound, and spanks me again, three times on each cheek, each hit harder than the last.

“Daddy!”

I choke out the word, the pain building up to a simmering warmth, racing along every nerve. He never raised a hand to me when he was my stepfather, never showed a single violent inclination, but the *idea* that he would is so hot... My heart is racing, knowing that he likes this just as much as I do. I’m so turned on that it’s getting hard to think straight.

“Daddy, please...”

“You’re taking your punishment so well,” he purrs, rubbing over my stinging skin. “You’re such a good girl.”

I sigh happily. I love how dirty that sounds coming from him. I hear another rustle, and then gasp as I feel his thick, leaking cockhead rest against my entrance. I want to push back so badly, but his grip is strong, and I can’t move. I spent the rest of that first night thinking about how good it felt, how big and thick his cock was, how perfectly it fit inside me. My mouth is dry thinking about getting it again.

He groans roughly, rubbing his cock through my folds. I'm so wet already, practically dripping all over him, coating his cock with my juices. I blush at the feeling, spreading my knees a little wider, letting him sink even farther inside me.

"That's it, baby. Good girl," he praises.

I moan as he pushes inside me, stopping at just the tip. Fuck, it stretches me so nicely, but it's not deep enough for what I really want. I want what he did the first time, rough and fast and desperate like he just couldn't help himself.

"Daddy," I whine.

"Almost done, baby," he murmurs, rocking his hips just to tease me before going still again. I gasp, shocked when he spanks me again, harder than the last few times. It makes me clench up around his cock, which suddenly feels huge when I do it. He spanks me again, and every time, I tighten around him. It's such an awful tease, so close to *perfect*, and I abruptly realize this is part of his punishment.

I shiver, dropping down to my chest and stretching my arms out, surrendering to it. I can't stop how I shake, every inch of me electrified and burning hot. Nonsense noises spill from my mouth as he continues to hit me, occasionally breaking up the burn with rough grabs of his hands and dragging his nails up and down my back.

Finally, when I've lost count and I know my ass is going to be red and sore for days after, he digs his nails into my hips hard enough that he's sure to leave marks. He growls roughly as he slams into me again.

"That's my girl," he rasps, thrusting inside me, all the way, as deep as he can get. The noise I let out at that isn't even human. "That's my good. Fucking. Little. Girl." He punctuates the sentence with another thrust, rough enough to jolt my entire body.

I can't help but melt into it, practically screaming for it after being denied for so long. He bends over me, all his weight hard to bear but I do it, loving how pinned and covered

I feel under him. He reaches between my legs and rubs my clit, tight fast circles just how I prefer to touch myself.

I come with a muffled scream into the sheets, bucking up against him, I can't help myself. The orgasm is so powerful I think I might black out for a second, because when I come to, I'm on my belly on the bed, his grunts loud in my ear, his arms wrapped tight around my chest.

"*Fuck,*" he snarls, fucking me with abandon, every thrust delicious torture on my sensitive insides and my abused ass. I merely spread my legs as wide as I can, unable to catch my breath with him relentlessly fucking it out of me.

"Daddy," I gasp. "Oh, *God,* please, please, *please,* fuck me, Daddy, come inside me, I'll be so good for you, I'm your good girl, I want you to fill me up, Daddy, *please.*"

"Jesus *fucking* Christ."

He rears up, hand tight on the back of my neck to keep me down as his pace stutters. He presses deep, and goes still with another rough noise. I moan softly as I feel the bloom of warmth inside me, his cock twitching as he fills me with his cum just like I asked for.

I know there's a huge, dopey smile on my face, but I don't have enough brain cells to rub together to give a shit. I want to take off the blindfold and watch his face when he comes. I want to tell him that I know it's him and that I'm okay with it. Then we wouldn't have to pretend. He's still technically my stepdad, and he's the closest thing I've ever had to a father. I like thinking about him that way and I'm pretty sure he feels the same way.

But I don't say anything. I can't. Not just because of this job but because I have no idea how he will react. For all I know, he will freak out. There is a tiny part of me that still wonders if he really knows who I am. It's ridiculous because I am sure he knows it's me...but what if he thinks I'm just some random chick here to fulfill his dirty incest fantasies?

No, I can't let him know I know.

Not here, at least. Not yet.

LOGAN

The last two weeks have flown by, and I find myself thinking about Layla constantly. I know the obsession is interfering with my daily life and my work because I can barely make it fifteen minutes without thinking about her, without a sharp ache forming low in my stomach, that's a mix of anticipation and longing. I want to be around her all the time, to hear her voice and kiss her, to lose myself inside her every minute of every day. No one has commented how distracted I am at work yet, but I can feel myself slipping as I torture myself with thoughts of what she's doing when she's not with me.

When we're at the club, when she's being the perfect obedient girl for me, it's easy to forget that the outside world exists. It's too easy to lose myself inside her, in the feel of her skin, the press of her hands, the scent of her—and then me on her. Then all too quickly, I'm finished and it's time to leave. That's when things begin to unravel.

What does she do when she leaves me? Does she have a boyfriend? Does she go out dancing, taking home random strangers for a quick, casual, no-strings-attached night of fun? The thought unsettles me more than I want it to. Possessiveness and jealousy for these nameless, faceless strangers wells up in me without conscious thought. When she's at the club, I know she's all mine, but outside of it, she could belong to anybody and there's nothing I can do to stop that.

Unless I take matters into my own hands.

I know where her mother lives, so I start there. With any luck, she will still be living at home, making it easy for me to track her down. It's easy to find the neighbourhood again, a place I haven't gone to for what feels like a lifetime. I park outside her house below a broken streetlight and wait, not even sure what I expect to see. A quiet night in, curled up with a book by the window so I can watch her read?

Not likely.

A car turns the corner behind me, and I lower myself in my seat as it passes by. It's another girl, around Layla's age, her face dolled up and hair done like she's going out. I watch with narrowed eyes as the car drives up in front of Layla's mother's house, shifting into park, the horn honking once.

Less than a minute later, Layla steps out of the front door looking like my own personal wet dream. Her hair lays long and straight, a shiny waterfall down her back, her dress, bright blue and clinging to every curve of her body. I can already tell she's not wearing a bra from the sharp peaks of her nipples that threaten to slice through the flimsy material. Something ugly and wanting twists in me at the thought of pushing it down and up, wrapping it into a tight belt to hold her body still while I take her from behind.

Fuck, she's so beautiful and graceful, like a living muse.

It's crazy how far I will go to make sure she's mine and only mine, but I can't stop myself. My mouth waters with venom at the thought of another man looking at her with the same dirty thoughts I have. My knuckles go white as I clench hold of the steering wheel. She gets into her friend's car with a grin and they drive off.

I count to three before following them, making sure to stay far enough away that I don't raise suspicion, but close enough to keep them in my line of sight. They end up at a bar I have never been to. It's one of those places for those just barely of legal age with loud bass music pumping out onto the street, a few tables with heat lamps and fairy lights to illuminate a patio where people can smoke or hang out outside.

They park, and so do I, a few spaces away from them. I watch them head inside, laughing as they walk arm in arm. I wait for a full minute before getting out of my car and creeping to the edge of the parking lot, where I have a view of the patio but not much else.

I'm debating whether it's worth the risk to head inside to watch her, not knowing the layout or if it would even be possible to remain out of sight, when I see Layla and her friend come back out with bright pink cocktails in hand. They claim one of the tables as their own, close enough for me to see them but not close enough to hear what they're saying.

It isn't long before the first lot of brave men approach. Two of them this time, each of them claiming a girl for their attention and striking up conversation. I know all the moves, I was a young boy once, too. I know the benefits of flanking an object of desire, taking a friend each, suggesting a group hangout that will inevitably lead to them pairing off and having a drunken fuck on the nearest available surface, like the backseat of his car.

My mouth twists without my permission.

The guy flirting with Layla is her height, stocky and broad, very much the classic male model type with slicked-back blond hair and a too-wide grin. He oozes confidence and keeps leaning in close to Layla, whispering right in her ear, one hand on the small of her back like he's physically marking his territory. It's fucking indecent. He may as well be pissing on her for how obvious he's being.

My fingers curl at my sides, instinctive rage roaring up in me at seeing this bitch of a boy touch what's mine. Even worse, to see Layla flirting back, fluttering her lashes and pouting her lips around her straw every time she sips her cocktail. She has her weight on one leg, hip canted out, bowed slightly forward over the table so her ass is barely covered by her dress. It makes me see red, consumed with the thought of walking up behind her and pushing her dress up to fuck her right there, in front of everyone, staking my claim publicly.

She's going to pay for this.

I don't know how long I stand there, watching her flirt with Mr. Magazine Cover, but eventually he must offer to get her a drink, or something comes up, because he leaves. Her friend and his friend are already halfway to hooking up, hanging off each other and sucking marks into each other's necks.

Layla's nose wrinkles, she rolls her eyes and mutters some excuse, before finishing her cocktail and leaving it on the table. She takes her phone out of her bag, probably to call an uber, then she starts walking towards the parking lot. Towards me.

This is my chance.

Watching her flirt with that man, knowing she's out just offering herself up to everyone, makes me see red. I wait until she passes me before I lunge, covering her mouth with one hand and pulling her against my chest hard and sudden enough to make her huff in surprise, a startled scream muffled before it can escape my fingers.

"Shh, Sweetpea," I growl to her, the nickname impossible to hold back. She's tense in my arms, but not fighting. "You've been a bad girl tonight, haven't you, baby?"

She whines and squirms against me, but also relaxes at the sound of my voice.

"I've been watching you," I continue, wrapping my arm around her waist and subtly guiding her back into the shadows, towards my car. Her eyes are closed, her throat working to swallow as she breathes hard through her nose. Yet she still doesn't fight me. She knows it's me—or at least, the stranger in the club. "Seeing you flirt with those boys. Letting them touch you, allowing them to put their hands on what's *mine*. Clearly you need a reminder of who you belong to."

In the back of my mind, I know what I'm doing is absolutely fucking insane. There's no way this ends well, even with her knowing it's 'Daddy', even though she's not fighting me as I lead her to my car. I'm careful not to show her my face as I shove her against the passenger seat. I reach for my tie,

unfastening it and pulling it free so I can wrap it around her eyes and tug it into place.

Layla shivers, biting her lower lip, relaxing as she gets her bearings and puts her hands on the top of my car. She bows her head, and I can't help myself, I have to touch her. I run my hand down her stomach and then under the hem of her dress. I force my fingers between her legs where she's warm and soft, brushing my thumb over her slit, through her soaking wet panties.

That better be all for me.

She whines, arching into my touch. With a snarl, I yank her back and open the door before guiding her inside. She doesn't fight me, she just sits pretty, demure and blindfolded as I circle to my side of the car. I get in, and turn it on, peeling out of the parking lot like I'm on a mission.

She's silent for the car ride, and for the time it takes me to park and get her inside and up to my bedroom. That passes in a blur for me, no thought in my head other than getting her to bed and forcing myself inside her. I can't think of anything else.

"D-daddy," she finally whispers when the bedroom door closes behind us. Her skin pebbles with goose bumps, her pale cheeks flushing as she warms up. "Can I please take the blindfold off now?"

"No," I growl, terror gripping me at the thought.

She can't know it's me.

If she sees who I am, her *stepfather*, then this is over.

There's no way she'll want anything to do with me once she knows who I am, and I'm not ready to let go of this fantasy just yet. Not to mention the hell that would break loose with my divorce settlement if her mother got wind of this.

I take her with one hand at the back of her neck, the other gripping her hip tightly, and kiss her like I'm starving for it, because I am. Finally, with her lips on mine, I feel close to sane again. She gasps, dropping her bag and clinging back to me just as tightly. There's something about not being in the

club that makes this feel so much more *real*, as though she really is mine, as though she wants me just as badly. This isn't about the money for her. She doesn't care about the job. She let me kidnap her from a fucking bar and let me drive her to an unknown location, blindfolded and trusting...

Is she fucking crazy? Am I?

I push her backwards until the backs of her knees hit the bed and she falls onto it with another quiet, startled gasp. She leans back as I continue to kiss her, tugging on her hair until she bares her throat for my mouth. Fuck, I could ruin her right now, and I think deep down, she wants me to.

"Spread your legs, baby girl," I growl, relishing how she stifles a moan and does just that, legs opening for me wide enough that her dress rides up to her hips, showing me the white lacy thong she's wearing beneath. My mouth waters, but there's no venom at all this time, just unbridled desire.

I fall to my knees in front of her and shove her thong to one side, no other thought in my head but getting my mouth on her as quickly as possible. She moans loudly, falling back onto the bed and clutching my head with both hands, her fingers knotting in my hair.

"F-*fuck*, Daddy, mm..."

My eyes close as I lose myself in the taste of her. I force my tongue inside her, then lick over her clit in the harsh, fast strokes I know she likes. I take only a moment to spit on my fingers before thrusting two inside her, crooking them up to rub her sweet spot while I continue to suck her clit. She's so warm and tight around my fingers. My cock *aches* with desire to get inside her, but I force myself to wait until she's taken care of.

I have all the time I want now. No contract obligations, no payment rate, no one else waiting to use this room. Just her and me and whatever desire she'll let me sate.

"Oh my *God*," she mewls, digging her nails into my scalp, her back arching as I continue to fuck her with my fingers and tease her clit mercilessly. I have no interest in drawing this out

for her, I want her to come and come hard, I want her to know that *I* know how to touch her, that I know how to fuck her, that no *boy* could possibly compare to me. “*God*, please...” Her thighs tighten around my head, shoes kicking off as she digs her heels into my shoulders, grinding her centre against my face. “Oh my God, *fuck*, yes. Logan!”

My eyes fly open as I hear my name. She screams my name again and again as she comes hard around my fingers, her body shuddering violently with the force of her orgasm. My heart pounding, I shove myself to my feet the second she’s done and pull my tie free from her eyes.

Fuck.

She knows.

Gasping, she blinks up at me, wide-eyed and flushed but there’s no repulsion there. There’s no disgust. Just open desire and desperation as she reaches for me and pulls me back down for a passionate kiss, like she’s known who I was all along.

I fumble with my slacks and shove them down, freeing my cock and burying myself inside her slick, tight pussy. She whimpers for me, nails digging into my back as I fuck her with abandon, so turned on and so full of a chaotic mix of emotions—surprise, hope, lust—that I can’t hold myself back.

“Tell me how bad you want this, Layla,” I croon in her ear.

“So bad,” she moans, her hands in my hair, down my back, grabbing my ass to urge me on, raking back up like she can’t get enough of me. “*Daddy*, please, fuck me,” she begs.

Hearing her say that while staring me dead in the eye is too much. I shove myself into her as deep as I can and snarl as I come like a freight train, filling her up as I’ve done countless times before. This time feels different, though. This time neither of us are hiding from who we are, or what we want.

I get about thirty seconds of afterglow before clarity returns. I push myself up, still buried inside her—I can’t leave her yet, I just can’t—and stare down into her eyes. She smiles at me, blushing and nervous, and gently brushes her fingers along my cheek.

It's such a tender and affectionate gesture that it's difficult to speak.

"How long have you known?" I demand. "*How* did you know?"

"Since the beginning." She drops her gaze momentarily and wets her lips. "I thought it was your voice on our first night," she admits, her voice barely a whisper. "That was cemented when you called me 'Sweetpea' for the first time..."

I close my eyes, sighing. Of course. I used to call her that all the time, as I tucked her into bed or when I put a bandage on her grazed knee, when she was just a kid.

She lets out a nervous giggle, prompting me to look at her again. Worry clouds her eyes as she waits for me to process this. She knew the whole time. She knew I was her stepfather, yet she still let me touch her. She still let me *fuck* her. Which means if I'm dirty and twisted for wanting her, then she's just as fucked up.

"Why didn't you say anything?" I ask.

"At first I wasn't sure you realized who *I* was," Layla replies, swallowing hard enough her throat clicks, her eyes wide. "I was worried you'd stop, if you knew that I knew."

"Do you want me to stop?" I don't know why I'm even asking her that. Even if she wanted to end this, I couldn't. I want her too much.

She shakes her head. "Not even a little bit."

The confession makes a shiver run through me, my cock twitching inside her. Her lashes flutter and she bites her lip, open desire and satisfaction written all over her face. I kiss her, cupping the back of her head so it lingers, so I can really enjoy how her mouth feels on mine.

"You really are my dirty little girl, aren't you?"

She nods, breathless and smiling. "I think I've always wanted you," she admits. "Back then, I knew I was too young for you, and then there was the whole mess with Mum, but..."

She blows out a breath, her cheeks flushed with colour. “Now, you’re all I can think about. All I *want*.”

It’s like every fucking fantasy I’ve had for the last two weeks is coming true. Her, beneath me, beautiful and twisted and so perfect, wanting me back. I barely manage to resist pinching myself to be sure I’m not dreaming.

“You have no idea how much I like hearing that.”

She smiles, happy and radiant as she’s always been, and wraps her arms around me as tight as she can when I kiss her again.

“So, am I the first girl you’ve kidnapped, or are there others?” she quips.

“You’re the first and the last,” I promise her with a wince. “Not my finest hour, but I started to imagine you with other men and it was driving me crazy. I had to make you see that you were mine.”

“I’ve been only yours since that first time,” she admits. “Once I realized it was you...well, let’s just say you’re all I’ve been able to think about. I even stalked you on social media.”

“You did?” I chuckle. “We’re even more alike than I realized.”

“Well, I stopped myself before kidnapping you,” she teases. “But I kept imagining what it would be like if you found out that I knew who you were...what it would be like to have this out in the open.”

“And?” I prompt.

“And I’m looking forward to more of this.” She wets her lips and smirks at me. “*Daddy*.”

She laughs as I roughly pull her onto my lap.

“Baby, you’ll be getting so much of me you’ll be begging me to stop.”

LAYLA

MUM:

Where are you? If you're living under my roof, I expect you to be home more than one night a week.

I wince. Over the last month, I *have* been spending a lot of time at Logan's, but to be honest, I'm surprised she has even noticed my absence. I feel bad for half a second, then I remember why I have been trying so hard to escape. Her creep of a boyfriend.

Even if he wasn't in the picture, though, I think I would still be spending just as much time with Logan. I am embarrassed to admit just how much I enjoy being with him. We have always gotten along well, but these past few weeks our connection has deepened to a level I never dreamed was possible.

Fuck. If Mum ever finds out what I have been doing with the man who is still technically her husband, my *stepfather*... there is no way she would understand.

Logan walks in and gives me a curious smile.

"Everything okay?" he asks.

I nod, tucking my phone under the cushion. "It's just Mum, wondering where I am. I guess I should go home, at least pretend I'm living there," I half joke.

"Come back over tonight?"

“I have to work,” I murmur, my cheeks heating.

His eyes darken and I can tell he doesn't like that idea. We hadn't spoken about my job at the club since he kidnapped me and took me back here. As much as I've loved being here with him, after calling in sick for a week, I know I have to go back to work or I will lose my job. I have no idea how things are going to work though. Does Logan still have me exclusively at the club? That seems pointless now we're seeing each other but finding Logan hasn't changed the fact that I need to move out and I need money to be able to do that. I frown, just the thought of being with someone else besides Logan making my skin crawl.

“There's no way in hell I'm letting my girl go back there,” he grits out. Sinking onto the couch next to me, he pulls me onto his lap.

“I need to work,” I protest, gasping as he grips my ass cheeks and grinds himself against me.

“Move in with me,” he says like it's the simplest thing in the world. “Problem solved.”

“You want me to move in with you?” I squeak.

“Why not?” He chuckles and nods his head. “I love having you around and you've told me how bad things are with your mum. You're an adult, remember? We're not breaking any laws. And it's closer to university. Did I mention how much I love having you here?”

Wow. My heart thumps as I consider his proposal.

Can I actually do that?

I can just imagine how that conversation will go down.

“Sorry, Mum, I'm moving in with your husband, who I'm sleeping with, by the way.”

“Great, have fun!”

“But your divorce...” I protest. “If it gets back to Mum that I'm staying here, she might use it against you.”

“That’s my problem and nothing you need to worry about. Hell, you don’t even need to tell her about us until you’re ready,” he adds, as if reading my mind. “Just say I offered to help you out. Or don’t mention me at all and tell her you’re moving in with a friend, if it makes you feel better.”

Hmm, that’s not a bad idea...

Zoe will cover for me for sure. And it’s not like Mum has seen how tiny her apartment is. If she ever came over, I could say I sleep on the couch...

No. This is crazy...

Isn’t it?

The more I think about it, the more I warm to the idea. The thought of going to sleep and waking up next to Logan every night is very appealing.

“Can I speak with my friend first?” I ask. “I need to make sure she’s okay with covering for me.”

Logan kisses me on the forehead. “Take all the time you need.”



I TEXT Zoe and ask her to meet me at the coffee shop just down from her apartment. She’s already there when I arrive, and two coffees sit on the table. Her eyes narrow as I sink into the booth next to her.

“Something happened.”

I laugh innocently and take a sip of my drink.

“What do you mean?”

“Come on, spill. Did your sugar daddy propose or something?” Her eyes widen. “Oh hell, no he didn’t!”

“Calm down, nobody proposed,” I assure her, laughing. “But you’re right. There is something I haven’t told you. Remember the client who asked for me exclusively?”

“How could I forget?” she snorts.

“Well, he isn’t exactly a stranger to me.”

“You *know* him?” she gasps, her brow furrowing as she glares at me. “Who is he?”

“My stepfather.” I hold my breath, not sure how she is going to react. “Logan.”

“You kinky little bitch,” she squeals, reaching over to slap me on the arm. “He’s so fucking hot. How did you figure out it was him?”

“His voice, the way he spoke to me,” I confess. God, it feels good telling her about us. “We’ve been seeing each other for a month now, outside the club. Things are getting serious.”

“How serious?”

“Enough that I’m considering moving in with him,” I say, biting my lip. “I mean, it’s not like I just met the man. I’ve known him for years—”

“It’s a bit different, though,” she points out. “I mean, he’s not tucking you into bed and calling you a good little girl anymore—” Her eyes widen again. “Shit, you *really* are a kinky little bitch! No judgement from me, girl. If that’s what floats your boat, I say go for it.”

“I’m glad you think that, because I need you to cover for me with Mum. For obvious reasons, she can’t know about this.”

“Say no more,” she assures me, just like I knew she would. “Tell her you’re living here.”

“Thanks, Zo. You’re the best.”

I throw my arms around my friend, getting more excited about the idea of living with Logan by the second. A month ago, I never would have dreamed this would be my life but now I can’t help but feel this is meant to be.

“**B**itch, get over here now,” Zoe hisses through the phone when I pick it up. “Your *mum* is here and she’s mad.”

Shit.

I grab my bag and keys, then burst out the door and head to my friend’s place—where Mum thinks I have been living for the past month, calling Logan on the way.

“Mum is at Zoe’s. She knows something is up. I think we have to tell her.”

He sighs. “I’ll meet you there.”

Living with Logan has been perfect until now. I love spending time with him, and not having to worry about getting assaulted at home has meant I can focus more on my studies. As a result, my marks are up, and I am happier all around. The only thing still holding me back is the fact that Mum doesn’t know about Logan and I.

I know we need to tell her, especially now things are getting serious between us, but I am scared how she’s going to react. At least their divorce is now finalized, so she can’t try and screw him over for more money—something my mother would totally do.

Mum is sniffing around the living room at Zoe’s when I burst through the door. My face flushed, I throw my bag down on the couch and smile at her.

“Mum,” I pant, catching my breath from running up two flights of stairs. “I didn’t know you were dropping by.”

This is the first time I have seen her at *all* since I moved in with Logan.

“Yes, well, I thought I should finally see where my daughter has been living.” She gives me a suspicious look as she glances around. “It’s smaller than I was expecting. Where exactly do you sleep?”

“On the couch,” I say, waving off her concerns. “It’s much more comfortable than it looks.”

“Oh, cut the crap, Layla. The look on your friend’s face when she opened the door, coupled with the fact that almost none of your things are here. Tell me the truth. Are you in some kind of trouble?” Her eyes widen. “Are you *pregnant*?”

“God, no,” I snap, no idea why she would jump to that conclusion. “Of course I’m not. I just...” I stop, not exactly sure how to tell her. Is it better she hears it from me, or the both of us? Just then, there’s a knock at the door. Zoe side-eyes me as she walks over to answer it. Mum’s eyes widen when Logan strolls into the room.

“Logan,” she sputters. “What are you doing here...” Her voice trails off, then she turns her narrowed eyes onto me. “Oh, you’ve got to be fucking *kidding* me.”

“Surprise,” I say weakly.

“How long has this been going on?” she demands. “I swear if you put your hands on my daughter while we were together —”

“He never touched me,” I cut in.

I almost laugh at the irony. Now she suddenly cares if I’m being touched? What about her last three creeper boyfriends who couldn’t keep their filthy paws off me?

“Layla and I ran into each other about two months ago. We got to talking and realized there was a spark there, so we explored it,” Logan explains smoothly, sliding his arm around my shoulders. “I suggested she move in with me when she

confided in me that your current so-called boyfriend kept hitting on her.”

“Maybe she wouldn’t have had to worry about that if she didn’t walk around my house dressed like a slut,” Mum snarls at him. I blink at her, my mouth hanging open in shock. How dare she call me that. It couldn’t be further from the truth, but even if it was, who cares if I did dress like that? It doesn’t give any man the right to treat me like his property.

“Are you seriously blaming your daughter right now?” Logan growls at her. Then he lets out a harsh laugh. “Just when I think you couldn’t surprise me any more, Melanie, you manage to.”

“This from the man who’s hooking up with a girl less than half his age, who was like a daughter to him from when she was five years old?” she hisses, her face inches from his. “Spin it however you like, Logan. We all know you’re the real creep here.”

“Okay, that’s it,” I snap. I walk over to the door and yank it open. “You’re right, Mum. Logan was like a father to me. He was a better parent than you’ve ever been, right up to the point where you screwed everything up. So just get the hell out.”

Mum glares at me, then she snaps her mouth shut and stalks over to the door.

“Don’t come crying back to me when this ridiculous relationship blows up in your face,” she spits, before storming out.

Shaking, I slam the door closed and walk over to the couch to sit down. Logan sits next to me, wrapping his arm around me. I feel instantly calmer, locked tightly in his big embrace. Zoe shakes her head and sinks into the seat opposite us.

“Wow, I guess that could have gone better,” she mumbles.

“And it could have gone a lot worse,” Logan replies, like he’s trying to lighten the mood. “She’ll come around. Once she sees that we’re serious about each other.”

“I hate that I even care what she thinks. She’s been such a shitty mother to me for all my life, yet I’m always trying to get

her approval.” I let out a laugh, annoyed at how much she gets to me. “Well not this time. I refuse to let what she thinks get in the way of what I want.” I turn to Logan with a new sense of determination. “I’m glad she knows about us. Now we can stop hiding our relationship. We can go out. We can kiss in public.”

“We can do *lots* of things in public now,” Logan murmurs, nibbling on my earlobe. I giggle as his fingers creep along my thigh, while Zoe makes a face opposite us.

“Gross. Get a room, you two,” she complains.

“I should get back to work,” Logan grumbles, getting to his feet. I take his outstretched hand and stand up. “Will I see you at home later?”

“Of course,” I say, feeling giddy all of a sudden.

Home. I can’t describe how that word makes me feel. It’s been so long since I felt at home anywhere and to have found something so special with Logan feels amazing. He tilts my head up, his strong hand cradling my chin. Butterflies dance in my stomach as he gives me a deep, lingering kiss.

“You really think we’re going to last?” I ask him softly.

“I have no doubt,” he promises without hesitation. “I waited so long for you, Sweetpea. Now that I have you, I’m never letting you go.”

EPILOGUE

Twelve Months Later

“**Y**ou really want to spend your last night as a single man with me?” Layla teases, biting down on her bottom lip as I wrap a lock of her dark hair around my finger.

“I want to spend *every* night with you,” I tell her, meaning every word. “You ready to become my wife, Sweetpea?”

“You know I am.” Her cheeks flush with colour as her electric blue eyes burn through me. “I would have eloped the day after you proposed, if you’d let me.”

“I didn’t want you to regret not having a proper wedding,” I remind her.

I proposed to Layla six months after she moved in with me. Of course she said yes, and we planned the wedding to fall over the major holidays to fit in with her studies.

Layla insisted she wanted to skip the wedding and jump straight into the marriage, but I talked her out of it. I was sure her mother would eventually come around and she would regret not having her there to celebrate with us. Turns out, I was wrong.

Layla and her mother haven’t spoken since the night Melanie found out about us. Melanie didn’t show up to our engagement party, so it was no surprise when she didn’t RSVP

to the wedding, either. Layla pretended it didn't bother her, but I know it did. I just wish there was something I could do about it.

Layla smiles at me, but it doesn't quite meet her eyes.

"You sure you're okay?" I ask her gently.

She nods and forces a smile. "It's stupid. I don't even know why her not being at our wedding is such a big deal for me. It's not like she was much of a mother, even when she was in my life. I guess I just wanted someone from my family to represent me, you know?"

"If it makes you feel better, I could walk you down the aisle as your stepdad?" I can't resist teasing.

"And give me away to yourself? Creepy." She makes a face as she whacks me playfully on the arm. "Really, I'm fine. The most important thing is I'll be marrying you." She gives me another kiss then places her hands firmly against my chest and backs me toward the door. "Now, it's time for you to go. Zoe will be here soon. And it's bad luck for you to see me the night before the wedding."

I smirk. "I'm sure I can change your mind if you give me a chance..."

Backing up against the door, I tug her closer to me and kiss her roughly on the lips. She gives into me, her lips pressing against mine as she fights back a smile. Her happiness turns to surprise when I spin around so she's the one against the door. I push her head to one side, baring her neck and lick my way along her collarbone, while simultaneously lifting her top up to reveal her bare breasts. She groans as I cup them, squeezing them against my palms.

"You know how wild you make me when you don't wear a bra," I mutter, flicking my tongue around her nipples until they both jut out. Forcing her legs apart, I reach under her skirt and push aside her panties like they have no business being there. "Tell me again how it's time for me to go?"

She moans in response as I slide my finger along the folds of her pussy. She's wet, her body preparing for the pleasure it

knows I'm about to give her. Kneeling down, I bunch her skirt around her waist, then hitch her leg up over my shoulder.

"God," she hisses, nearly losing her balance when I place my mouth over her pussy. Her fingers grip my hair as I fuck her hard with my tongue. "Yes, yes, yes!" she cries as I draw circles around her clit, sucking and rubbing as she wriggles in my grasp.

"You taste so good, Sweetpea. Daddy wants to fuck you so bad right now," I growl, nibbling on her soft flesh, the sight of her such a hot mess above me making me hard as fuck. All I want to do is bend her over and stuff my cock into her, but before I get the chance, someone pounds hard on the door. We both jump about ten feet in the air.

"Bitch, let me in!"

Shit. Talking about bad timing.

Eyes wide, Layla clamps her hand over her mouth to keep from laughing. We straighten ourselves up as Zoe continues to pound on the door, demanding to be let in. When we're both presentable, Layla yanks it open. Zoe eyes us both suspiciously.

"I'm not even going to ask what I just interrupted." She points at me. "You. Out."

"Fine, I'm going," I grumble, rolling my eyes. I turn to Layla, giving her one last kiss, letting her taste herself on my tongue.

"Finish that tomorrow?" Layla asks, her blue eyes sparkling.

I narrow my own eyes and smirk. "You can count on it, Sweetpea."



WITH LAYLA still on my mind—and my breath—I get into my car. I'm supposed to meet Nick and some of the other guys for drinks, but my head isn't in it. My bachelor party last weekend

was more than enough, with Nick insisting on going all out, complete with strippers and an over-the-top high-end pub crawl. I went along with it to appease him, but the last thing I want is for tonight to get out of hand, like things usually do when my best friend is involved.

Honestly, I don't buy into the whole last night of freedom bullshit anyway. I'm getting married because I love Layla. My priorities have changed. And right now, Layla's happiness is the thing that's most important to me. I will do whatever I need to do to make sure tomorrow is the best day of her life. Even if that means trying to convince my ex-wife to accept that her daughter is marrying me and come to our damn wedding.



POUNING on Melanie's front door, I shift impatiently, waiting for her to answer. She flings open the door, her eyes narrowing when she sees me standing there. She looks annoyed to see me, but not all that surprised.

"What do you want, Logan?" She reeks of alcohol, which doesn't surprise me. "I don't have any other daughters for you to—"

"Cut the crap, Melanie," I say harshly, cutting her off. "You need to call Layla and tell her you've come to your senses, and you'll be at our damn wedding tomorrow."

"You really think banging on my door in the middle of the night is going to change anything?" she snarls, her eyes flashing with anger. "Why should I listen to you?"

"Because you'll regret it if you don't go, I promise you." I sigh, realizing that riling her up isn't going to do anyone any good. "Look, I'll be honest with you. I don't give a damn what you do, but for some reason I don't quite understand, Layla is really upset you're not going to be there. Even with all the shit you've put her through, she still wants you in her life. If you miss our wedding, you might lose your chance to make

amends. It's about time you did something to put her first, don't you think?"

I stalk off before she can react, climbing into my car without looking back. If there is one thing I know about my ex-wife, it's that she is as stubborn as they come. Even if she realizes she is in the wrong, her pride will get in the way of making things right. I doubt me confronting her has made any difference, but I had to try.

For Layla's sake.



THE NEXT MORNING, I stand next to the celebrant in front of all our guests, waiting for Layla to arrive. I didn't sleep much last night, a mixture of nerves and excitement keeping me awake. All I could think about was how fucking lucky I am to be marrying such a beautiful, amazing woman.

I scan the crowd again for Melanie, like I've been doing since I got here, but I still don't see her. My little talk with her obviously did nothing. Again, I'm not surprised. In our twelve-year marriage, she made a career out of ignoring every damn thing I ever asked of her. Why should this be any different?

Layla's better off without her.

I glance up the aisle again, just as the white limo pulls up. My heart races as I watch Zoe gracefully step out first. I nearly fall over when I see the next person climb out. It's Melanie, followed by my stunning, soon to be wife. The long white silk gown she's wearing clings to her body, highlighting every damn curve. As amazing as she looks in that dress, I can't wait to tear it off her. She's fucking perfect. My eyes meet her tear-filled eyes. She smiles at me, her expression telling me everything. She takes a deep breath, then as the music begins, she makes her way down the aisle, to me, toward our new life together.

"I'm the luckiest man in the world," I mutter when she reaches me, after what feels like an eternity.

My heart thumps in my chest as I stare at her, in awe of how beautiful she looks right now. She takes my hand and beams at me, her eyes overflowing with tears.

“I have no idea how you did it, but thank you,” she whispers.

“I’d do anything for you, Sweetpea.” I give her a shit-eating grin and tug her closer to me. “You’re my princess now.”

The End

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ivy Arnold writes spicy age gap romance that you can devour in one sitting. Follow her below to stay in the loop for news and new releases!



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