



BREAK ME  
Daddy

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

Sara Fields

BREAK ME, DADDY



SARA FIELDS



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Fields, Sara

Break Me, Daddy

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## CHAPTER 1



*A* da Murphy

Where the hell was everybody?

For a Friday night at Murphy's, it was sort of quiet. I leaned back in my barstool, the wood creaking as I glanced over my shoulder. Most of the booths were occupied with a skeleton crowd at least, the jovial sound of laughter still ringing off the rafters above my head even for a night as slow as this.

My brothers had gone home about an hour ago. When Caitlin had arrived, she had practically dragged Cormac through the doorway, and he'd leveled her with a look that only made her smirk as if she were daring him to do something about it. The two of them were pretty cute together. The big ol' lug deserved to be happy, and I was glad to see he'd found that with her.

My eldest brother Kieran and his wife Leah had come in for a while, and he'd serenaded her with one of his favorite Irish jigs, which was a sweet thing to witness. He had a really nice voice, so much so that the entire pub went into a hushed silence as soon as he opened his mouth. It was always special when someone else recognized it too.

I wasn't sure where the twins and Aidan were tonight. They were typically my drinking buddies on the weekends.

Slackers. Here I was putting in work all by myself.

I turned back to the bar and swirled my drink unhurriedly in my hand, listening to the soft clink of the ice bouncing off the side of the glass. I took a small sip, enjoying the smooth, smoky burn of one of my favorite whiskies, the Midleton Very Rare collection. Its exceptional flavor spread across my tongue, slowly revealing the richly nuanced complexities of spiced apples, pears, and a hint of aged oak barrels.

I deserved nothing less than the best.

The small bell over the door chimed as I took another sip, my ears well-attuned to the soft, musical melody. I glanced back over my shoulder, catching sight of a very broad, tall man walking through the door.

His bright green eyes captured my attention in an instant. His gaze was striking; a golden brown surrounded the inner ring of his irises, with a deep forest green lining the outer rim. The color combination sparkled as he stepped into the light, giving off an aura of radiant energy and mysterious power.

It made me want to figure him out.

I felt a vaguely weird sense of déjà vu, but I couldn't quite place it. I studied the rest of him, taking note of his designer suit, Tom Ford by the looks of it. Such an elegant selection spoke to his sophistication, exuding a sleek, modern style that gave him an air of confidence, or even arrogance maybe. I couldn't be sure.

His cheekbones were sharp, setting off the broadness of his tense jawline. There was a thick, closely trimmed beard that covered his chin. In the darkness, it appeared to be a deep brown, but when he stepped inside and caught the light of the streetlamp outside, I could see the twinge of a much richer burgundy shade shining through.

His hair was swept to one side, like he'd run his fingers through it when he first stepped out of bed this morning, giving him a carefree edge that I had to admit was more tempting than I wanted it to be.

His gaze leveled with mine for a long moment, a bit ominous and broody, with just the tiniest hint of the threat of danger. It

was curiously mesmerizing.

I cocked my head and scrutinized him as he walked across the room. His trajectory headed in my direction, and I lifted my chin as he took the bar seat next to me.

Bold. *Very* bold.

Not many men would dare get this close to me. My name meant something in this city. I had a reputation, one I'd carefully cultivated over a number of years, and I was damn proud of it.

I was Ada Murphy.

My brothers and I belonged to one of the most powerful, well-known organized crime families in Boston, especially in Southie. We had our fair share of questionably legal gambling dens, restaurants, and various other establishments that lined our pockets. Our family was closely involved in horse races and shipping in and out of ports. We had contacts all over the world, which meant we could smuggle in whatever you wanted for the right price. For some, we provided protection, if that was what they needed.

I had been the one that had brought several top tier designer establishments under our umbrella too, not just for the profit and opportunity these places presented for smuggling, but as a respected front for us to launder our money should we need it.

I was just as much a Murphy as Kieran or Cormac, equally powerful in my own right. I operated in a world ruled by men, carving my own place in it each and every day. I'd made a name for myself. It was rare for someone not to know it. There was no spark of recognition in his eyes. As much as that annoyed me, it was also refreshing in a strange sort of way.

Dating had always been especially difficult for me, so much so that I think my last excuse for one had been more than a year ago. Most men couldn't handle a powerful woman, especially if she had more than he did. I'd gone on a great many dates where they'd obviously resented my position, not able to deal with feelings of emasculation and weakness and whatever other nonsense I wouldn't stand for in a relationship.



It didn't help that I was a really good shot, too. Men didn't like it when a woman could outshoot them. In my later dating life, I sometimes planned a first date at the shooting range just so I could weed out the ones that were simply wasting my time that much faster.

Fuck them. I deserved a man that worshipped the ground I walked on.

The mystery man's proximity was electrifying. I licked my lips, swirling my drink and noticing that it was almost empty. As much as I was comfortable being single, I was still a woman, and I enjoyed sex. I had a very healthy libido that I took care of myself most of the time, but it had been such a long time since I'd had real sex of any kind that this new prospect was seriously tempting.

I was probably getting ahead of myself. Chances were that he was just like the rest of them; a selfish, insecure momma's boy that needed someone to hold their hand through life.

I was never going to stoop that low, not ever.

"I'd like to buy you a drink," he purred, his voice a soft, husky rumble with a hint of an Irish accent. It sounded exactly as I'd imagined it would, only better. I was so taken that I found myself hanging onto every syllable with bated breath before I remembered myself. I'd always been a sucker for Irish men. In the past, I'd considered it a weakness. Right now, though, it wasn't my head I was thinking with.

"You'd like to buy *me* a drink?" I repeated, raising my brow. I wanted to see if he knew me, or knew of my name since he was the one that had come into my family's pub.

"Yes," he replied, his voice as smooth and as luxurious as silk.

"I guess I can allow that," I replied.

His gaze never wavered from mine, challengingly direct in an invigorating sort of way.

I knew the persona I gave off to strangers, and to be honest, I didn't give a shit. In the days where we were first establishing ourselves here in the city, people used to whisper behind my back, thinking I couldn't hear them, but I had listened to every

word. They'd called me an ice queen, bitch, Murphy cunt, the works. It didn't matter, because at the end of the day, they would answer to me, either with respect or a well-placed bullet from my weapon.

I didn't prefer either one.

Over the years, those whispered comments were uttered less and less, my position in the family more well-known and much better understood. I was proud of myself for that.

"What do you like to drink?"

"A martini. Angus knows how I like them," I answered, smirking.

The bartender, Angus, was Scottish, but I didn't hold that against him. He made a good drink, and that more than made up for it. He'd been working for us for a long time, and he'd grown to know the family so well that we usually didn't have to tell him what we wanted anymore. He could generally figure it out just by the look on our faces.

It was a nice perk of coming here to have a drink. Plus, we were already buying the booze anyway. Why not enjoy it?

"And how do you like them?" the stranger pressed.

"Top shelf. Seriously shaken. Downright filthy," I said smugly.

If my flirty response surprised him, he had enough self-control to keep it in check, which was extraordinary, really. I hadn't had the chance to verbally spar with a man who could keep up in a long time.

So far, he was checking several of my boxes. Time would tell if he could fill them all, but I didn't have much hope for that.

Angus' brown eyes slid from mine to the stranger sitting next to me. He raised a single eyebrow, wanting to make sure this was acceptable behavior, and that this man wasn't making me uncomfortable.

"Make it extra filthy tonight, Angus." I winked and he smirked, getting the message loud and clear.

His protective vibe was sweet, but I was more than capable of taking care of myself. I watched as he got to work, pulling a bottle of Ciroq off the top shelf, dry vermouth, and a heaping amount of olive brine. He poured it all in a metal shaker, then shook it over his shoulder until the metal turned cool and frosty. He strained the liquid into a martini glass and prepped a garnish of five delicious green olives.

He slid it in front of me and I wrapped my fingers around the glass, taking a small sip.

“I think you outdid yourself this time, Angus,” I said with a grin.

“Just for you, Ada,” he replied curtly. He bowed his head and quickly turned away to serve another customer, leaving me to my own devices.

“That’s a pretty name,” the man beside me purred.

“You haven’t told me yours,” I replied, my tone frigidly calculating.

“Shane,” he answered simply. His confidence shone as he stared me down. I swallowed at his muted challenge, not knowing how to handle his apparent boldness in competition with my own. I wasn’t yet certain he could handle mine.

“Are you new in town?” I asked. It would explain why he didn’t know me. Maybe it was by chance that he’d walked in here and sat down next to one of the owners of the cool pub he’d walked by tonight. Maybe he was bored and had a flight out the next day, and his sole mission was to get laid before he left for the airport in the morning.

Who knows. It was sort of fun to try to figure it out, though.

“I know Boston, or at least I used to. I’ve been away for a long while, a good seven years now at least, so it’s a little bit different than I remember,” he answered.

“Is this home for you now, or are you just here for travel?”

“This will be my home now,” he answered. He raised a finger expectantly to catch Angus’ attention. The bartender finished

the drink he was making with a flourish, served it, and then slid over to us in an impressively short amount of time.

We paid him well for his talent.

“I’ll have a glass of Tullamore Dew, from the eighteen-year-old bottle.”

“You have good taste, sir,” Angus replied.

“Thank you,” Shane replied. He smiled, watching as Angus reached to the upper shelf to grab the dusty bottle. He poured a double shot into a glass and slid it over to Shane, who nodded with respect. Angus smiled politely and moved on to serve someone else once again.

“The Midleton Very Rare is better,” I said, testing him a little with my typical brashness.

“It is very good, I agree, but the notes of vanilla and honey in the Tullamore Dew 18-Year-Old brings out a very interesting flavor. You can even catch a hint of the bourbon, sherry, and the Madeira casks they use in the aging process.”

The man knew his whiskey. That was a good sign.

“Where did you say that you spent the last seven years?”

“I didn’t, but I was staying with family back in Ireland. We have a plot of land on the border of Don Laoghire, right on the coastline.”

“I’ve been to that area. It’s really beautiful,” I murmured.

“Have you now?”

“Yes. I even remember walking along the beach, listening to the water. I had my first kiss on that beach, a few minutes down the way from Claremont House,” I replied wistfully.

“Is that lucky boy still in the picture?” he asked, raising his eyebrow just the tiniest bit. Was that a hint of jealousy? I didn’t know him well enough to tell.

“No. I’m a bit much for most men, him included,” I said bluntly, making no effort to hide my sense of pride.

“I see.” He sipped his whiskey. This time, I saw a glimmer of a grin, and I took that as a sign that he wasn’t afraid of my confidence.

Maybe there was hope after all.

“I grew up near there, but to the north, in Dublin,” I offered.

“Is your family still there?”

“No. My parents died ten years ago, and I moved here after that,” I replied.

“Do you ever think of going back?”

“I’ve gone back a few times since then, more for business than pleasure, though.”

“What kind of business?”

“Shipping,” I answered, being vague on purpose. I wasn’t really worried about giving away our family’s illegal activities to the cops or the feds. We’d had our hands in their pockets for years now. They needed us as much as we needed them.

I wanted Shane to figure out I was someone to fear all on his own.

“I deal in shipments, too,” he replied, his own answer equally ambiguous.

“Why did you spend so long in Ireland? Were you doing business with your family?” I leveled him with a glare as I spoke, assessing his reaction more carefully now.

“I needed to get out of the States for a little while. There was a little too much heat for me to stay here,” he answered.

“Too much heat? A woman, I take it?”

“No, the much less exciting kind of legal heat,” he chuckled.

I glanced at him with keen interest, giving him a quick once over. Had he been on the run from the law for something illegal? Had I happened upon a psycho serial killer in my own bar? The more he alluded to, the more I wanted to know about him. I had a knack for figuring people out, especially if I was going into business with them. It paid to get a leg up on

potential associates like that. Men were particularly susceptible to my strategy, and I used it to my advantage whenever I could.

“I see,” I murmured as I sipped on my martini. I’d been here at Murphy’s for several hours, and I was starting to feel the few drinks I’d had. I was only slightly tipsy, but it felt good.

Maybe this night would turn out better than I’d expected after all.

I’d come out tonight because I’d needed to be around people. It was nice to have a night in by myself at home on occasion, but my social battery required being around people more often than not. Angus was usually good company, and the nights when my family were around were especially great. My brothers—Aiden and the twins Connor and Caden—were usually the ones that brought the party, at least these days.

The three of them were still single, just like me.

“So, what brings you into Murphy’s tonight?”

“I saw the place had good reviews. If I hadn’t already eaten dinner, I would have definitely given the apparently world-famous sweet potato waffle fries a try,” he replied, grinning.

“The waffle fries are really good, but the fish and chips are my favorite. The Irish soda bread is always really fresh, too. They’re actually my favorite things here, underrated, but especially delicious. Both dishes remind me of Ireland in the best way,” I suggested.

“I’ll have to keep those in mind,” he said, his voice light.

I sipped my martini, enjoying the feel of the buzz beneath my skin. I plucked the olive garnish out and popped one into my mouth, enjoying the salty, briny flavor. I had a second one before finishing off my drink. I lifted my hand and waved Angus over.

Shane cleared his throat, and I turned my head to see that his expression had hardened. One of his eyebrows lifted sternly and I half expected him to start scolding me.

No one had the balls to do that.

“Another martini, Angus. Just like the last one,” I ordered plainly.

This was *my* bar, and I would do what I wanted in my bar. I knew my limits. I could outdrink most men. That was just a part of my Irish blood. I could more than handle myself.

Angus chuckled to himself, reading the situation between me and Shane in an instant. He shook his head, likely picturing how this might end for Shane, and began pouring the vodka, dry vermouth, and olive brine into a shaker. Within moments, I had a freshly made dirty vodka martini sitting in front of me, just waiting for me to drink it.

I pulled it closer to me and leveled my gaze with Shane’s, brashly daring him to get the nerve to scold me. We stared at each other for several long moments, the tension between us escalating to an all-time high.

It was invigorating, really.

I cocked my head to the side, smirking a little as his eyes narrowed. The glint of green in his eyes darkened visibly as he leaned in close to me. I cleared my throat, keeping still as I waited for something to happen.

In the past, I’d stood up to countless criminals. They’d tried everything with me, from buttering me up with sweet words to trying to force themselves on me because that was the world that we lived in.

My brothers had taught me how to protect myself.

But why was my heart racing? Why was there the tiniest inkling of nerves brewing in my belly from this mysterious stranger?

I didn’t want to understand it, so I pushed it away.

The scent of his cologne hit me next, making my blood surge with heated ferocity. There was a hint of Tahitian vanilla to it, but the more I concentrated, the more the scent of Indian sandalwood and Sicilian mandarin shone through. It was bold and distinctive. I wasn’t as familiar with colognes as I was with perfumes, but I could tell that it was likely pretty expensive.

That said he had good taste.

I glanced down, observing the gold cufflinks on his wrists. They were studded with diamond chips. He flexed his hand, noticing the direction of my gaze.

“You may drink your cocktail if you like, but if you do, I won’t be able to fuck you tonight because I’m not going to take you when you’re drunk, especially since it would be your first time.”

Fucking hell. The absolute *audacity* of men in this city. I knew he was too good to be true.

I sat back, tempering my response for a long moment. Who the fuck did he think he was? At first, my shock at being spoken to so recklessly reigned at the forefront. It was as though he thought he had access to my body without having to ask, like he assumed I’d go home with him and spread my legs for him just because he’d bought me a drink.

Fat fucking chance he was going to get anything now.

My furious irritation blazed, flickering red across my gaze as I leveled him with a glare. Now I was annoyed at myself, too, for even considering him in any sort of romantic light.

I loathed that my body responded to him regardless of what I was thinking. Why was his expectation making my clit pulse? Why did a tiny part of me want to test him to see what he would do?

His eyes sparkled with a challenge of his own, and for the briefest of seconds, I worried that I might have found a man capable of standing toe-to-toe with me.

No. That was fucking ridiculous. I was worlds better than him.

I cleared my throat. Wisely, he stayed silent.

“Even if I *let* you fuck me—which wasn’t going to happen before, and it sure as hell isn’t going to now—it wouldn’t be my first time,” I spat, sputtering a little with my fury. His grin only grew wider, his eyes glinting with some deeper meaning that I wasn’t able to identify.

He didn’t know me, and he wasn’t ever going to.



Even in my barely restrained state of rage, I was captivated by him, and I hated it. With my mouth set in a firm line, I glared at him as my vehemence escalated that much further.

My expectation was that he would be furious in return. I searched his expression, looking for the telltale furrowing of his brow, the angry wrinkling of his nose, and the narrowing of his glare, but I saw none of those things.

Instead, he leaned closer, only scant inches between us now. I knew I should push him away or slap him across the face, but I didn't do any of those things. In some twisted way, I was enjoying the standoff between us. I wasn't going to be the one to back off first, and it didn't appear that he would either.

“I didn't specify that it would be your first-time having sex, Ada. What I said is that it would be your first time getting *fucked*.”

His voice was low and husky, making me catch my breath as his meaning hit me. I swallowed furiously, gritting my teeth and narrowing my gaze in his direction. He didn't back down.

Fuming, I reached for my drink, wrapped my fingers around the glass stem, and threw the entire thing right in his face. The scent of olives and alcohol permeated the air between us as the liquid dripped down his face and dribbled onto his suit. He stared me down for a tense moment, before reaching for his own and taking a long sip.

In a show of authority, I signaled Angus for another. Without a word, he started making a fresh cocktail, shaking it vigorously as Shane and I sat in edgy silence. Once a fresh martini was presented in front of me, I casually lifted it off the bar and took a sip, leveling Shane with a defiant scowl.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a handkerchief, dabbing his face clean. After that, I watched as he patted at his white, button-up shirt and his jacket, knowing it was going to cost him a pretty penny to have the fancy suit dry cleaned.

Such were the consequences for speaking to me like that. He deserved to pay the price.

To my surprise, he stayed seated and continued sipping his whiskey as I enjoyed the rest of my drink.

He stood up, and I was just about to grin with my victory when he leaned in close to me. The hair on the back of my neck prickled and at the same time my nipples pebbled, safely encased within my bra and covered by my own flawless designer pant suit.

“I really like this pub. You don’t need to worry, though. I’ll be back tomorrow, and if you’re a *very* good girl, you’ll get another chance to ask nicely for your fucking,” he whispered, his voice sultry and irritatingly seductive.

“Do you know who I am, asshole?” I spat, unable to keep my fury from spiraling that much higher.

“Yes, *little girl*. I know this is your pub, and I also know that you’ve never been properly *fucked*. There’s no need to tell me I’m right.”

“Get *out* before I have my men throw you out,” I snarled, glaring daggers at him. If looks could kill, he would have dropped dead right there in the middle of the pub.

“I’ll see you tomorrow,” he winked, before he tossed back the rest of his whiskey, slid it across the bar, and turned on his heel. He walked out of the pub without looking back over his shoulder at me.

It infuriated me that he did that.

Asshole.

“Who the fuck was that?” Angus questioned.

“You didn’t recognize him either?” I growled.

“Nope. He’s a new face in town or something. Are you alright? Should I let anyone know about him?” he asked curtly.

“No. I’m fine. I’ll handle this one,” I exclaimed, trying to come to terms with my anger, pride, and the way my body was pulsing with emotion and unwanted desire. I didn’t want to admit it, but there was a small part of me that had been aroused by his arrogance.

Feeling flustered, I finished my martini much more quickly than I meant to. I slid my feet to the ground and climbed out of the bar stool.

“You good for the night?” I asked.

“Yeah. I got this. Have a good night, boss,” he answered.

I nodded curtly and gathered my coat in my arms, feeling a bit too warm to put it on.

When I walked out of the pub, my driver was waiting for me. After a quick ride, he dropped me off in front of my corner townhome on Shawmut Avenue.

I gazed down the block. My brothers lived a few houses down. Kieran had been buying several different rowhouses along this street. Many of them had been renovated for our own devices and I had chosen one for myself. With the nearly endless supply of Murphy money, the neighborhood was quickly gentrifying into something far nicer than it had been just a few years ago.

I’d chosen a corner unit with more square footage and curb appeal than any of the other houses. It also carried with it the highest retail price, but my older brother hadn’t even batted an eye when I’d settled on it. He indulged me sometimes and I knew it. All my brothers did, but I’d more than earned it. They knew I deserved it, too.

I unlocked the door and walked into the silver and violet wallpapered entryway, then flicked on the light. My gorgeous crystal chandelier sparkled overhead, catching my gaze like it always did. Decorating this place had been ridiculously fun. I’d do it again in a heartbeat. I knew that there were a few other townhomes locked in the purchasing process, so I was hopeful that I would soon get another chance to do the interior designing for one of them so I could run a bed and breakfast or ritzy hotel to add even more revenue to the Murphy bank account.

It never hurt to diversify your businesses.

Shane’s hazel green eyes flashed before mine, and I groaned out loud as I shut the door behind me. For a second, I’d let

myself be distracted by the memory of him, and his smooth arrogance had come right back to the forefront of my mind.

I climbed up the stairs to my luxurious master suite, peeled off my clothes, and hopped into my spa-inspired rain shower, switching on all the showerheads so that water pelted my skin from every direction.

It felt good.

*His hands on you would probably feel better, though.*

Fuck me sideways. I refused to think about him anymore. I wouldn't let myself. In a feat of defiance, I washed my face and shampooed my hair. When I was done, I slathered my long, red locks in deep moisturizing conditioner, and I didn't think about him once.

Did telling myself I wasn't thinking about him count?

With increasing annoyance, I started to wash my body. I started with light pressure, but I found my arousal already at a dangerous level, so I started cleansing myself a bit more firmly to avoid turning myself on any further. I used my loofah so I could avoid touching my flesh with my bare fingers.

There wasn't a single part of me that wanted to face the fact that the whole exchange had aroused me, so I stayed completely in the lane of denial as best I could. I wouldn't admit that he'd made me wet, not to myself and especially not to him.

I was Ada *fucking* Murphy.

I'd go back to the pub tomorrow and I would show him that my name meant something.

Here in Southie, it meant everything.

## CHAPTER 2



*A* da

The next morning, I woke up in my own bed, feeling refreshed and reinvigorated. I made myself a steaming cup of coffee, topping it off with sweet cream and vanilla foam. I sipped it slowly, readying myself for the day.

There were several shipments arriving at my various retail stores, some of them designer clothes, others bootleg liquor, and a few of them knockoffs. I'd gotten word that one of the crates contained an expected batch of handguns and bullets meant to bolster the Murphy armory, and I wanted to see to it that I retrieved it in person.

My phone rang and I answered it. It was Aidan.

"Word around town is some stranger was giving you grief," he said quietly. Aidan came off as the quiet, moody type, but he was fiercely protective, more so than any of my other brothers. There had been several times I'd gotten myself into scrapes when I was young and Aidan had been the one to bail me out. Sometimes that meant that he had to use his fists.

"Some rich asshole thinking he's hot shit, is all. You don't need to worry about me," I sighed.

"All you need to do is say the word, Ada. You know me," he added.

"I can handle this guy. I'm not worried. I've dealt with much worse. This guy just needs to be reminded who runs this

town.” I grinned, chuckling softly to myself.

“That’s the spirit,” he said with a chuckle.

“Hopefully he learns his lesson before he has to find out what a good shot I am,” I replied with a lighthearted laugh.

“It won’t be the first body I’ve had to get rid of for my baby sister,” he teased.

“True enough. Listen, want to meet me down at the docks in about an hour? The weapons shipment is due to arrive, and I’d like at least two of us to be there.”

“Yeah. I’ll see you there,” he answered. His tone was light, but back to business.

“Cool. See you in a bit,” I replied.

“Later, sis,” he said, and I hung up. I finished my cup of coffee and meandered into my closet. My eyes perused the racks of clothes, organized by designer label and then by color. I had devised it to rival some of the biggest celebrities out there, and I was one hundred percent certain that I had succeeded. Paris Hilton would probably be jealous, and that thought made me exceptionally proud.

For today, I choose a black pinstriped pant suit. The angles were strong, and it would present a powerful image to those I needed to deal with, including, but not limited to, Shane whoever-the-fuck-he-was.

I lifted my chin, snarling under my breath at the memory of his words. Shrugging off my aggravation, I got dressed and put on some makeup, playing up my eyes with a smoky, natural look and painting on my signature red lip. When I was done, I was the picture of money, glamor, and power.

I pulled my shoulders back and went about my business for the day. As much as I tried not to, Shane’s dark gaze flashed before my eyes unbidden, time and time again. Needing to keep things professional, I was able to hide my distracted thoughts for the most part. Having Aidan’s company was comforting for much of it, but he had to leave early in the evening for a trip to New York for a meeting with one of the

leading Italian mafia families centered there, which left my evening open.

Without really even intending to, I found myself standing in front of the pub that night. I hadn't planned on coming here, but I was vaguely curious at the prospect of verbally sparring with Shane again tonight. I didn't know why I was so captivated by him. Maybe I just wanted to reign victorious over him like I'd done with every other man in my life.

With a deep, empowering breath, I straightened my shoulders and walked through the door with my head held high. Angus was at the bar again tonight, and he grinned when he saw me. I strode forward and took my usual seat, looking over the crowd. It was much livelier than last night.

There was a man singing to a woman on the dance floor, his Irish accent ringing off the walls quite beautifully. The acoustics of this place had been one of the main draws. I smiled, remembering the first time Kieran had stood in the center of the room and belted out a raunchy jig that left the rest of us rolling in laughter.

That had been a really good day, truly the start of the Murphy legacy here in Boston.

Angus lifted a brow, glancing towards me and then back over my shoulder, silently communicating that my opponent had arrived.

I didn't look, choosing instead to nod towards my favorite whiskey. He smirked as he poured me a double. The chair next to me creaked and I sighed, hardening my expression into my token resting bitch face.

I had been told that I had one of the best on more than one occasion.

"Good evening, Ada. It's nice to see you again," Shane rumbled, his voice like a glass of water on a piping hot day. I swallowed, shaking off that feeling before I slid my eyes over to his. To my surprise, his eyes were soft, showcasing none of the animosity from last night.

I sat back, appraising him with a calculated look. I wanted him to know that I hadn't forgotten what he'd said, and I wasn't going to allow him to either.

Angus slid my whiskey in front of me, and I wrapped my fingers around the glass, taking a sip as I coldly assessed Shane. If he was intimidated at all by my icy demeanor, he didn't show it. It was beyond frustrating, but I'd cracked harder men than him before.

He smiled. "I'd like to buy you a drink, Ada."

"I already have one," I sassed.

"Have you eaten dinner?"

"Not yet," I said thoughtfully. I hadn't had the time. The arraignment at the docks had taken longer than I'd anticipated. There had been an issue with one of my European shipments that I'd had to contend with. Thankfully, the crate of weapons had come in as expected. After we finally got out of there, Aidan and I had brought the contents to our local storage warehouse. Kieran and Cormac had taken over the sorting and itemizing after that.

"Two orders of the fish and chips and a basket of your Irish soda bread," Shane said confidently. I wanted to speak up and tell him I could order for myself, that I didn't need a man to do it for me, but there was something that gave me pause. He'd remembered what I'd said last night. That was sweet in a way I didn't really want to recognize. Not many men were capable of that. In fact, there were startlingly few.

"I'll also take a double of the Tullamore Dew 18 Year," he added.

Angus gave him a curt nod. He elected to pour the whiskey first, before entering our orders into the register.

Why was I even here tonight? Sure, this was my family's pub, but I could have stayed home. I didn't need to oversee the daily happenings here. Our family had hired good people to do their jobs without needing much direction, and they did them well.



Had I actually wanted to see him tonight? Was that what he would think?

I shook my head, staring into the amber liquid of my drink like it held all the answers. Not surprisingly, I found none. Feeling slightly irritated, I cleared my throat.

Why not choose violence? I liked violence... Maybe he did too.

“So how many drinks am I allowed to have tonight?” I asked as sarcastically as I could. I leveled him with a steady glare that said that I would have as many as I wanted no matter what he said.

He chuckled softly, swirling his whiskey as he stared into my eyes with his charismatic, forest green ones. His Adam’s apple bobbed up and down visibly, giving him an ominous aura that made me feel alive.

“Two, if you want your fucking tonight.”

His enigmatic arrogance set off my anger in a flash. I sipped my whiskey, using the mundane task to delay my reaction so that I could strategize the best move going forward.

“You’re awfully confident,” I mused, my voice revealing just a hair of irritation.

“I’m just a man that knows what he wants,” he countered. His smile was warm and enticing, and I didn’t want to face the fact that even in my fury, I was drawn to him. And not in a platonic way.

I really didn’t want to admit that.

I shifted in my seat, trying to ignore the way my body was pulsing with heat. I flexed my stomach muscles, noticing that my core was squeezing with desire. With a hard swallow, I took stock of the rest of my body, furiously realizing that I was soaking wet, too.

I glared at him, blaming him entirely for this whole fucked up situation.

“You couldn’t handle a woman like me, big boy,” I challenged him.

“Let me be the judge of what I can handle, little girl.”

An answer for everything, this one. I sort of loathed it and enjoyed it at the same time. I sat back, taking a long draw of whiskey and enjoying the smooth, spicy burn as it slid down my throat. He watched me with increasingly seductive interest.

It felt good to be desired.

None of this changed the fact that it was infuriating that my body was reacting to him even a little bit. He was nothing more than an arrogant rich guy who hadn't been properly put in his place by any woman in his life. He was probably used to meek, shy girls that knelt and opened their mouths to suck his cock whenever he said the word.

I would never be that kind of woman.

I downed my drink and slid my gaze to his.

“She'll have another,” Shane called out, and Angus nodded. He was just rounding the corner with our dinner. My mouth watered at the sight of the plate, noticing that steam was still rising off it. In no time at all, I had a meal and a fresh drink sitting in front of me.

The deep-fried, beer battered cod was golden and crunchy. Beside it was a bed of crispy, golden potato wedges seasoned with salt, pepper, and whatever other spices our chef had come up with to make it the perfect dish. I drizzled the plate with malt vinegar and dug in, humming with contentment when the refreshing flavor of the light, flaky cod bloomed over my tongue.

I picked up a piece of bread and slathered it with butter. I took a big bite, sighing happily at the slightly sweet, nutty taste. It was a little bitter, but it tasted like home. It had been my mother's recipe, one of the many things we did in establishing this place to pay homage to our ancestral heritage.

“This is fantastic. You were right,” Shane murmured beside me. I popped a potato wedge in my mouth, smirking.

Of course I was. It was my pub, after all.

I ate with a certain modicum of politeness, simply because I was out in public. I finished every bite of that meal without feeling even the slightest bit of shame. I worked hard, and I deserved to enjoy the fruits of my labor, even if that meant something as simple as a freshly cooked meal in one of my own establishments.

I was worth it.

“The chef we hired is straight out of Dublin. He honed his skills there and we allow him to shine in our kitchen,” I explained bluntly.

“That was a wise choice,” he murmured, his eyes dancing.

I took a large swig of whiskey, enjoying the taste of the fine flavors melding together in a beautifully delicious harmony. When I noticed that his interested gaze had settled on me, I downed the rest of it in a show of unabashed satisfaction. His lips turned up at the corners, exposing his restrained amusement.

His eyes didn't leave me as I waved Angus down and ordered a third. The tenuous string between us tightened as I openly challenged him. By the time I had a new drink in my hands, the threads were stretched so tight that it was simply a matter of time before one of us snapped.

I didn't yet know if it was going to be me or him.

I smiled coolly. He did the same, his expression nonchalant and confident. There wasn't even a hint of disappointment in those glittering irises, which threw me for a loop. Maybe this man was different from all the others, after all.

My clit throbbed, its gentle, steady beat like a drum.

My face heated and I sat back, sipping my drink in order to cover up how flustered this whole exchange was making me right now.

“I enjoyed this,” he said, his voice threateningly husky. He dabbed at his lips with a napkin and threw back the rest of his whiskey in one big swallow. I took a deep breath as he stood up, the scent of his now familiar cologne catching my

attention. I looked up, his proximity imposing and annoyingly exciting.

I considered just how much bigger he was than me for the first time. He stood a few inches over six foot by my estimation. His broad physique filled out his grey Tom Ford suit well. He obviously spent time taking care of himself, whether that meant he lived at the gym or he took very expensive custom designer steroid cocktails, I couldn't be sure. Physical strength was one thing, though.

I knew that good strategy won out each and every time. I especially loved coming out victorious when anyone was foolish enough to underestimate me.

Without any warning, he leaned close, gripped my chin, and forcefully yanked my face up to peer back at his. I opened my lips to protest, but his mouth was on mine before I could say a single word.

Without asking my permission, he just went and *kissed* me.

It wasn't the sort of chaste kiss shared between lovers or even two people that had crushes on one another, but the sort of rough kiss that told me he wasn't interested in simply making love to me. It was a conquering with nothing other than his mouth as his fingers gripped my chin hard enough to ache. I shouldn't have reacted. I should have pushed him away, but the electric pull between us was like gravity, and I couldn't turn away.

Without meaning to, I kissed him back.

I lost myself in his rough dominance, allowing him to take over for the briefest of moments. Heat burned through my veins, my nerves igniting like a molten, sputtering volcano. I only just kept myself silent, biting back a moan at the last possible second.

I didn't want to reveal how much I was actually enjoying this, not to the likes of him, or anyone that might be watching.

When he finally pulled away, he let go of my chin, and I could feel the lasting presence of his fingertips aching along my jawline for a good long while. My chest rose and fell at his

audacity, and I finally remembered that it should be making me very angry.

“I’ll see you tomorrow night, Ada,” he assumed, and the fury I was holding back exploded.

This was my bar and he’d kissed me without permission.

It didn’t matter that I’d enjoyed it. All that was beside the point.

In a fraction of a second, I had drawn my hand back and slapped him as hard as I could across his face. I watched with pleasure as the mark from my hand glowed white for a brief moment before it turned a pleasing pink and then a remarkably satisfying red. I saw his nostrils flare for the briefest of seconds, but he lifted his chin and leveled me with a steady, cool look.

“If you come back tomorrow, I’ll send you home with a bullet,” I snarled. The bastard was lucky he didn’t get my backhand too.

His lips curled up in a slow, confident smile. With an increasing air of arrogance, he cocked his head and grinned even wider, reacting like I hadn’t just smacked him across the face.

“You wouldn’t do that, little girl. Do you know why?”

I didn’t gratify that with a response. I just glared back at him with fiery vehemence.

“Because then you wouldn’t get *your fucking*, would you?”

Immediately, I tensed, wrapping my fingers around my empty glass in an effort to keep my rage contained. I seethed as he turned to walk away, but I only let him get a few steps away from me before I reacted. Using all my strength, I hurled the glass directly at him. As if he had eyes in the back of his head, he turned and shot his hand up, catching it before it connected with his forehead. The dickhead met my eyes and lowered his hand, my glass safely encased within his fingers.

I glared, scowling as fiercely as I could manage at his foiling of my perfectly aimed assassination attempt. The whole thing

might as well have been rehearsed, like he'd known I was going to throw it before I even thought to do it.

It was exceedingly frustrating.

He walked back over to the bar and set the empty glass back down before he slid close to me. I kept my chin held high, standing my ground as he leaned towards me.

I hated that he stood above me, but there was nothing I could do about it. Even if I pushed myself to my feet, I'd be forced to touch him. There wasn't enough room to step aside without brushing my breasts against his chest. Like he could read my mind, he took another step closer and closed the distance between us.

The scent of his cologne along with the top shelf whiskey on his breath took me by surprise. As I stared into his eyes, I noticed copper flecks hidden among the gold and green of his irises. It was as if there were a ring of fire surrounding his pupils that was flickering with heat.

*Just like the fire raging inside your veins.*

"I'll be here tomorrow night, little girl, but you've been such a naughty girl that you're going to have to ask for something else before your fucking," he purred, and I hated the way I enjoyed how the syllables rolled off his tongue. His voice was low enough that only I could hear, but that didn't take away the fact that we were surrounded by people. Any one of them could turn the right way and overhear his words.

I took a deep breath, trying to figure him out before it was too late. His expression was full of supreme confidence, like he knew something I didn't.

What kind of man was he? Did he just need to hear himself talk? Was he going to mansplain my own needs to me? What the fuck did he want?

Needing more intel, I decided to give him a chance to speak. The worst-case scenario was that I called Aidan in the morning and arranged for my own personal protection to drag him out of the pub and into the back ally so I could put a bullet

directly between those arrogantly enticing eyes tomorrow night.

“And what’s that?”

He chuckled, the sound dark, and the sudden impression that I was soon going to regret asking in the first place washed over me.

“You’ve been so naughty that you’re going to ask for a *spanking* before I give you what you really need, little girl.”

I recoiled as if he had struck me, opening and closing my mouth in shock. Before I had time to react or even respond, he gathered his things and swept out of the pub in a silent flourish. There was no time to decide whether to give him flat out denial, an annoyed rejection, or anything in between.

Everything in me wanted to tell him off.

The ringing of the bell over the door careened throughout the room like a toll bell. I watched him disappear as he turned the corner, and I swallowed hard, turning back to the bar.

Angus slid another whiskey in front of me.

“Good man,” I muttered in his direction.

“Don’t let him get to you. He’s not worth it.”

“I know.” Scowling, I dragged the tip of my finger around the rim of the glass, trying to figure out how I felt about the whole exchange, and failing entirely.

I should hate every bit of the things he’d said, but there was a tiny part of me that was intrigued. No man in Boston had ever dared to stand up to me the way he did, and I chewed my lip, wondering if that confidence would extend to the bedroom.

Sure, maybe it was all talk, but maybe it wasn’t.

What if he was actually a man that could stand his ground against me? Passive men got old very quickly. It was extraordinarily boring to tell them what to do, where to touch, how to kiss, the whole shebang. Shane appeared to be the kind of guy that took charge in life and with his woman. As

aggressive as he appeared to be, I did recognize that he hadn't tried to control me.

It hadn't been like that in the slightest.

I'd been around men that were the polar opposite of him, using fear, violence, money, and brute strength to rule over those they considered weaker. Unfortunately, in my world, most of them considered women to be second class citizens.

That's what made my brothers so special, and me that much more powerful. I was everything the criminal underground didn't expect, and I used that position to my advantage every chance I got.

I sat back and slowly sipped away my confusion, enjoying the soft buzz tingling beneath my heated flesh. I breathed in deeply, trying to steady myself even though his threat played over and over in my mind as if it was stuck on repeat.

I didn't know what to do.

My mind certainly wanted to fight it, but my body had a flurry of more sordid ideas. Frankly, it was the most annoying thing I'd ever experienced in my life.

By all rights, I should shut the door in his face. I should keep him at a distance solely based on his arrogance alone, but a very deep part of me didn't want to. I couldn't tell if it was curiosity, lust, or just a simple infatuation because he was unlike anyone I'd ever had the chance to meet before.

Did I risk letting this drag out just so that I could find out?

Maybe it wouldn't be worth it, and he was the kind of man that was just far too confident about his abilities to seduce a woman into his bed.

But... maybe it would all turn out to be *true*...

I tipped back my glass and downed every drop of that deliciously spicy whiskey and swiftly slid it across the bar top. Angus reached out and caught it in a quick movement that still impressed me just as much as it had the first time I'd seen him do it. I stood up and he grinned in my direction.

"See you tomorrow, Ada?"



“Jury’s still out,” I replied tersely. His answering smirk told me that he knew I was coming back tomorrow.

The only one still questioning it was me.

## CHAPTER 3



*A* da

When the sun set the next day, I was still standing in my closet deciding what to wear. How should I approach this? Should I come in like a boss bitch, or should I take a more delicate approach? For some reason, making the right call felt like it would set the course of our entire relationship tonight. Making the wrong one would be devastating, and I wanted everything to go perfectly tonight.

I didn't know that that meant yet.

I'd been anticipating the meetup between us all day, and my body was simmering. Every inch of me felt like it was baking in a sauna, but the heat between my thighs was the most irritating of all. I wasn't even in his vicinity yet, and my panties were already wet, so much so that I'd changed into three different pairs today. It didn't matter how many times I changed. I soaked through them all.

Annoyed at myself, I groaned, searching my racks of clothes for the thousandth time. Eventually, I homed in on a new pantsuit I hadn't worn yet, a black, matte fabric with dark, forest green pinstripes made by the ever-elegant Valentino, truly a masterpiece custom designed for me.

I pulled it off the hanger and shrugged it on, taken by the romantic, femininely masculine design. The soft, delicate fabric hugged my curves like a glove, giving me an effortless formality that spoke to my position in Boston society.

It would do nicely. With an added boost of confidence, I finished getting ready, slipped on a pair of forest green pumps lined with black lace, and added my trademark red lip.

With a deep breath, I headed out the door. My driver was already waiting for me, and even though I was on edge, it took no time at all before I was walking through the doors of Murphy's. Since it was a Sunday night, there wasn't much of a crowd. I noticed a few regulars that waved to me as I strode in, and I smiled in their direction, acknowledging them with a firm nod. Shane hadn't arrived yet, and I took my usual seat at the bar.

"Three nights in a row. Some people might think we're dating or something," Angus teased, winking suggestively. I chuckled and shook my head, stifling my amusement as much as I could, but he saw right through me anyway and beamed in my direction.

"Is there any word on who this man is?" I asked him.

"A whole lot of conjecture, from what I've rummaged up so far. He's some rich dude who always pays in cash. He's decent because he always leaves ridiculously high tips, but I've got no more intel than that."

I sighed for a moment, thinking before I spoke again. "Grab a still off the camera footage and send it to me. I'll have my tech look into it. She can run him through federal facial recognition software so we can figure out who the fuck he really is," I commanded.

"You got it, boss. If you find anything else out tonight, you let me know," Angus replied, smirking. His eyes were glinting with mischief.

"You think I'm going to go home with him, don't you?"

"You've got a gun. If he tried to hurt you, I know you're entirely capable of popping him right between the eyes. You can look after yourself," he assured me with a shrug.

"That is true," I mused.

"In all the years I've known you, Ada, you've never hesitated to take what you want. You're a powerhouse, and you know it.

If your gut is telling you to go for it, I think you should,” he added, his soft brown eyes full of warm sincerity.

You know what? He was right.

“Thanks, Angus. I needed to hear that,” I finally replied, my voice quiet and contemplative.

The ringing of the bell tolled behind me, and I didn’t even need to look over my shoulder to know that Shane had walked through that door. The whole atmosphere of the bar changed in an instant, centering entirely on me and him. Angus lifted a brow and slid a glass of water in front of me. I grabbed it and slowly sipped it as the bar stool creaked beside me.

“Good evening, Ada,” Shane said, his voice as smooth as melted honey butter. I breathed in deep, basking in the scent of his cologne for a second before I turned my head and gazed back into those enigmatic eyes of his.

“Good evening, Shane,” I countered, feeling like I was gearing myself up for the most epic game of strategy I’d ever played.

Truth be told, it was devilishly exciting. With a deep breath, I braced myself, knowing I was in for the wildest rollercoaster I’d ever ridden in my life.

“Would you let me buy you a drink?” He cocked his head, his gaze searching mine in just the same way I imagined mine was his.

“I’d like that.”

With a single finger, he beckoned Angus over. Without missing a beat, he ordered me my favorite whiskey, along with a glass for himself. Angus looked between Shane and me before he pushed the drinks in front of us, trying to assess the interaction between us a bit further before he eventually moved on to serve another customer.

“You’re right. The Middleton Very Rare is extremely tasty,” he said thoughtfully.

“I know. I’m right about a lot of things,” I replied, not reigning in my confidence even a little bit. The corner of his lip perked up in an amused smirk.

“I bet you are,” he chuckled. The glint in his eyes darkened.

I didn't know why, but my cheeks radiated with heat at his response. I looked down at my whiskey glass for a moment, trying to cover it up as best I could. When I finally dared a glance up, I knew by the look on his face that he'd seen it.

“So how long are you in Boston for now? Planning on going back to visit your family in Ireland soon?”

“No. My work there is finished, and I've come back to this city for good. I consider both places home, but this will be where I live from now on.”

A dark, mysterious expression came over him and I drew back a little, wanting to ask what he meant and also not really knowing how to voice it.

“Are you looking around for places to stay now? You said you haven't been here long, so I assume you're staying in a hotel downtown?”

“I had a place lined up already before I came here. The penthouse suite at the Beacon Residences was available, and I put a down payment on it right away. I sent in a few interior designers who made the place perfect to my liking before I even stepped off my private jet,” he replied.

Why was his arrogance so compelling?

I knew the apartment building he was talking about. It was known for its stunning views of the Boston skyline and for overlooking the Charles River. It was one of the most highly sought after residences in the city center. The waitlist was miles long.

Maybe he had even more power than I'd thought.

I knew that money could only get you so far, especially here on the east coast. You needed connections, and not only the legal kind, to surpass those limitations. Sometimes you needed to call in a favor and get your hands dirty to get the job done. I'd done it more than enough times to recognize the circumstances when they were as blatant as this.

Was Shane that kind of man?

Assessing him out of the side of my eye, I let a mouthful of my drink slide down my throat. I decided to react to that information with a certain nonchalance, letting it roll off me like it was the most normal thing in the world, like he'd just told me what he had for breakfast and what he was planning to have for lunch.

"I designed my place myself. There is a certain freedom in putting together your own home in exactly the way you want it," I offered. I was proud of that, and I wasn't going to hide it.

"I can imagine. I'm a man that puts function over appearance I suppose, so I hired someone to do it for me because it probably would have taken much longer if I did it myself. I don't have that kind of time," he replied coolly.

"That is definitely something important to consider." I pursed my lips before downing the rest of my drink. I tipped my hand at Angus, who saw me and instantly poured me another.

I could feel Shane's eyes on me, so I decided to push him. I wrapped my fingers around the glass and swirled it with devious intent before I leveled him with a challenging glare.

"Do I have a limit tonight?" I asked, raising my brow with a confident air of coy seduction.

"Just one, I think, if you want your fucking tonight," he said, his voice rolling with a seductive purr. I let it wash over me like a cool rain on the hottest summer day, taking a deep breath and deciding once and for all that I was going to go for it.

I could protect myself, but a part of me knew that maybe I didn't need to with him, that this was the kind of man that would take care of me, yet still challenge me in several ways.

Maybe the two of us could be great together, but I would never know if I didn't take that chance.

I decided to take it.

With a hard swallow, I placed the still full drink back down on the counter. After a long moment, Shane reached for it, brushing his hand against mine in the process, and the electricity between us was instant. My intake of breath was

embarrassingly audible, and my blush was so hot I knew there would be no concealing it even if I tried. The contact between us only lasted for a second, but it was enough to set my body on fire all over again.

I watched with bated breath as he reached for my glass. My heart started to pound as he wrapped his fingers around it and brought it to his lips. He took a deep swallow, and I watched his Adam's apple bob up and down as my core squeezed tight in anticipation.

“Good girl.”

My blood surged with a sizzling heat at those two surprisingly delicious syllables. No man had ever dared utter those words to me before. Immediately, my mouth went dry and my clit throbbed with instantaneous needy desire. I knew that my nipples were rock hard, but I was thankful for the thick fabric of my blazer that kept that a secret, at least for now.

The two of us sat in tense silence for a moment, but unlike before, there was no anger on my part. I had made the decision to take this leap with whatever came with it, even if that meant surrendering at least a tiny bit to his confident dominance.

He sipped my whiskey, and I went back to my glass of water. The silence only caused the sexual pull between us to tighten that much further, and I caught myself thinking of where his fingers might explore later tonight. I glanced down at his lap, wondering what his cock might look like and how good it might feel thrusting between my thighs.

The more I thought about what might happen, the more worked up I got.

“Is there something you'd like to ask me, Ada?”

His voice struck me as though it had a conduit that speared right down to the depths of my being. I drew in a trembling breath, choosing not to respond right away and needing to ramp up the courage to say anything at all. When I was finally ready to break the lengthy silence, I cleared my throat and began to speak.

“Yes...”

“What do you need, Ada?” he asked, his voice gentle, noncombative, and most importantly, not pushy in the slightest. It was like he was coaxing it out of me in a way that made me feel like I had taken control of the reins, and I liked that.

The thing was that I kind of wanted him to take the reins, and I needed to tell him that somehow.

“For you to fuck me...”

The moment I said the words, time seemed to slow. The seconds ticked by with infuriating sluggishness and my heart was beating so frantically that I could feel the blood surging inside my skull. I chewed my lower lip as he turned his head to face me, keeping his cool, steady confidence just like I’d known he would.

“I believe there’s something else you need from me first, isn’t there, little girl?”

His tone lowered seductively, dipping with promise and intensity and everything I ever wanted in a single man. The only thing left for me to do was take what I wanted by giving in. I knew what he wanted to hear.

I just had to say it.

Last night, he’d told me I needed a spanking after slapping him and throwing my glass at his head in an attempt to end him. I’d spent the whole day replaying that single word over and over in my head like it had been a song stuck on repeat. I swallowed hard, trying to imagine how it all might play out. I’d seen enough references in the media to know how it could happen. He could put me facedown over his knee and slap my bottom with his hand, or maybe pin me down to the bed and whip my backside with his belt, but I knew those were only two very simple positions that I’d heard about.

What if there was more? Would it hurt? Did I want it to?

My pussy clenched, my curiosity getting the best of me. I knew myself. If I didn’t ask him for this, I wouldn’t know what it was like, and I would hate myself for missing out on the chance when I woke up in the morning.



I wasn't a woman that lived with regrets.

Plus, what I had done *had* been a little naughty, and maybe it would be hot to have a man discipline me like that for once. The more I thought about it, the more my pussy pounded with need. Licking my lips, I met his eyes and squirmed a little in my chair, trying to build up the confidence to say what I needed to get what I wanted.

"I need... I need you... I need you to spank me," I said, proud of myself for how confident I sounded at the end despite the very slight hesitation in my voice at the beginning. A sense of relief fell over me as soon as the words fell from my lips, and I knew that regardless of how this night went, I had taken a leap of faith, and that meant something.

His eyes lit up at my admission and he smiled warmly. There was nothing vindictive or cruel or even judgmental in his gaze, simply acceptance. His respect for me had only strengthened. I liked that, too.

"Then I think it's time we went back to my place, isn't it?"

He threw back the whiskey and placed it down on the bar, abandoning it so that he could press his fingers over mine. I sighed, expecting the fiery surge, and enjoying every moment of it when it hit me.

"I think I would like that," I replied.

His fingers squeezed around mine, not in a domineering way, but with unexpectedly warm appreciation. I met his eyes, and he released his hold on me. When I expected him to lead me out, he didn't. Maybe he knew that he didn't need to, or maybe he knew that him leading me out that way would make me seem weak to those watching. Either way, I appreciated the thoughtful consideration of my reputation.

He picked up his coat and turned on his heel. I followed. To my surprise, there was a limo waiting outside. He didn't wait for the driver to come out but opened the door for me himself. I nodded my thanks as I climbed inside and scooted to the other side of the car. He sat down next to me and closed the door behind him.

Without saying a word, he pressed his hand over mine. Now that we were out of the public light, his grip was much more possessive, and I found my excitement growing like wildfire before I tried to temper it back to a calmer flame. I turned my hand over and his fingers wound with mine, squeezing tight.

We said nothing to each other on the drive to his apartment. The heated tension between us only intensified that much further, and by the time we walked past the footman at the door of the Beacon Residences, it was ready to explode. He didn't let go of my hand as he led me inside and into a private elevator that went straight up to the top floor.

I sucked in a breath when the doors slid open.

Shane may have hired an interior designer, but he'd hired an especially good one. I could tell that it was a bachelor pad, but not in the typical sense. Everywhere I looked, there was a woman's touch—from the array of flowers on the kitchen table, to the embroidered towels hung in the kitchen, to the soft pillows and blankets on the beige canvas oversized couch.

Whoever he'd hired had made this contemporary penthouse feel like a home.

The elevator doors slid closed behind us, and he finally released my hand. His fingers crawled up the length of my spine and settled on my upper back. His palm was flat as he led me down the hallway. I glanced at the paintings along the walls, taken in by the abstract brushstrokes, but soon my gaze was fully narrowed in on the doorway the two of us walked through.

He'd brought me straight to his bedroom.

There was a massive king bed in the center of the room with a few extra pillows, but not so many that it was overdone. The gigantic headboard was made of quilted, grey fabric that took up much of the wall. The blanket on top was a soft grey color embroidered with a dark navy threading. There was a wallpapered feature wall with swirling, silvery greys set on a slate blue background. There was a raised texture to it that caught the eye and spoke to the cost of just that one single part of the bedroom.

There was a cute little seating nook set in the front corner of the room with windows overlooking the river, a soft leather couch set along the wall, a contemporary style desk with a closed laptop on top of it, and two matching nightstands that completed the room.

It was just as nice as the rest of the penthouse.

He'd stopped behind me and let his hand drift to the top of my shoulder. He squeezed it and I sucked in a breath, catching the very subtle dominance in the simple gesture.

"What do you need, Ada?"

The question took me by surprise. I'd already answered it, and a twinge of annoyance washed over me like a sudden rainstorm.

"You know what I need, asshole," I spat.

His grip tightened on my shoulder, and he chuckled under his breath.

"It sounds like you need me to take off my belt," he growled, and my stomach tightened up in knots while my pussy clenched hard.

I didn't know why that was so arousing. It shouldn't have been.

Suddenly, I remembered a scene just like it in the television series *Outlander* where Jaime had taken off his belt and used it quite spectacularly on Claire's bare bottom. At the time, I'd been strangely turned on, but I'd attributed it more to the hot sex the two had been having than anything else. Jaime was hot as fuck, and he sure knew how to take care of his woman.

*Even if he took off his belt.*

I pushed that thought away almost as quickly as it had occurred to me and refocused. Shane had already threatened me with a spanking. I didn't want to risk anything more than that. I was here for a fucking at the end of the day.

"You don't need to take off your *bel...* belt," I stammered, glaring furiously at the wallpaper right in front of me. My bottom clenched and my hand reached back, hesitantly

brushing against his waist and then his belt. It was soft to the touch, but from the way I remembered Claire struggling on the bed when Jaime had used it on her, it would probably hurt a lot.

My pussy clenched again anyway, like a fucking overzealous traitor.

“Then tell me what you need,” he purred behind me, his voice subtly threatening in the most delicious kind of way. There were soft, coaxing undertones to it, and I chewed the inside of my cheek, feeling a little ashamed, and aroused at the same time to have to ask for what I wanted like this. It felt hotter than I could have ever imagined, like a decadent treat I hadn’t been expecting to turn out as delicious as this.

“A spanking... and then your cock,” I breathed slowly. I almost couldn’t even hear myself, my voice was so soft, but I waited as his other hand grasped my left shoulder. His body moved closer against me, and I gasped softly when the hard line of his cock pushed directly in between my ass cheeks.

Fuck. He was massive. His erection was far bigger than I’d anticipated, and a quick shiver of nervous anticipation passed through me with a jolt. His lips brushed against my earlobe, and I pulled my lower lip in between my teeth at the same time that he bared his. Lightly, he bit me there and I was taken aback by the fiery pleasure that rocketed through me. He nipped again, hard enough to hurt, but my pussy reacted the exact same way it had when he’d threatened to take off his belt.

I tried not to think what that meant about me.

“I’m not going to be gentle with you,” he whispered.

Then he brushed my hair to the side and nipped my neck just as firmly, causing me to gasp out loud with a sharp cry. He drew away and I caught my breath.

A fucking from Shane was going to hurt, and deep down, I knew I was going to like it.

“I know,” I whispered. My voice shook just the slightest bit, revealing both my nerves and my anticipation. He trailed a

single knuckle down my throat, right over the place where he had bitten me, and I panted at the refreshingly intense sensation.

“You don’t want me to be gentle, do you?”

My chest rose and my heart pounded with a frantic intensity. It was as if he could see right through me, and I couldn’t do a thing to prevent it. Nothing I did or said would hide my true feelings. I’d been waiting for him to take what he wanted from me for three days, and I couldn’t last any longer.

“No...” I finally answered, saying it out loud mostly so I could admit it to myself.

His hands grasped my shoulders and quickly turned me around so that I was facing him. Possessively, he grabbed my chin, digging his fingers into my cheek as he turned my face up to his. I found myself feeling like an innocent fawn caught in the bright glare of an unexpected set of headlights. There was a glint of warning in his eyes as he grinned, before his lips dipped down and captured mine.

He kissed me hard, like he was punishing me with his mouth. It was aggressive in its passionate force, like he was a beast about to conquer his mate. There was a soft growl that emerged from him that sounded truly feral, and it awakened something inside of me that I hadn’t even known existed.

The want... or *need* to submit to a man like this, a man who both worshipped the very ground I walked on and took what he wanted from me in the bedroom.

I still wasn’t certain if he could be that man, but I had a feeling I was going to find out very soon.

His kiss turned mercilessly rough, and I wondered absentmindedly if my lips were going to bruise. He pulled away and I sucked in a desperate breath, my mouth aching. The heated look in his eyes seemed to dull the pain.

He reached down, gripped my blazer, and tore it open. My upper lip rolled with warning in an instant, but he was already pushing it over my shoulders so that he could tear the rest of it from my body.

“That was an expensive suit, you know,” I snarled, but the truth was that I could have it mended. I had several connections that would drop everything on their plate for a chance to serve me, but I wasn’t about to tell him that.

“I’ll buy you another,” he growled.

“It was custom,” I countered boldly.

With a smirk, he grabbed the waistband of my slacks and jerked me towards him, popping off the button that held them closed. Without missing a beat, he broke the zipper when he jerked them open with hardly any effort at all.

“The price tag doesn’t matter to me. I’ll buy you whatever you want, Ada,” he answered, his voice carrying with it a seriousness that made me believe each and every word. I shivered and stared into his eyes as he forced my pants down past my hips. In a rush, he swept his arm underneath me, lifting me off the floor. I squeaked as he carried me across the room and threw me on the bed. I yelped as the bed slammed against my back.

He moved too quickly for me to mount any sort of defense. Immediately, he was on top of me, his body covering mine. He pulled off my heels as I struggled beneath him, but it was like trying to fight off a mauling bear. His strength overpowered mine without him seemingly even trying. He forced my pants past my knees, and I tried to kick him off, but that didn’t work either.

“You can fight all you want, little girl, but you asked for your fucking, and I’m going to give it to you,” he growled.

My nipples pebbled achingly hard inside my bra. I’d chosen a matching dark green lace bra and panty set, and I quivered as his gaze feasted on my naked flesh. There was primal arousal written all over his face at the sight of me, and that made me want him more than I thought it would.

“You are the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen,” he whispered, and I could tell that he meant it. I gasped quietly as he traced a single finger down the central line of my neck, between my breasts, right to the hem of the waistband of my

panties. I watched the whole thing like it was some sort of out-of-body experience, yet the heat reminded me that I was very much a part of this. I shivered hard and glanced back up to see him watching me.

“I’m enjoying seeing you like this, but there’s something I’m going to enjoy much more in a moment,” he teased.

“What’s that?” I purred daringly.

“Seeing your beautiful, naked body trembling beneath me the moment before my cock thrusts inside your pretty little pussy,” he whispered.

My pussy clenched so hard that my body visibly tensed along with it. His gaze dropped, making the obvious insinuation that he had seen my reaction, and his lips curled up in a devious grin.

“Naughty girl. You want me to look, don’t you?”

I couldn’t answer. I turned my head, hoping to hide my blush when he grabbed my chin and forced me back. I could feel my cheeks heat even further as he stared down at me, reading the emotions written all over my face. His thumb traced roughly over my lower lip, and he groaned quietly, clearly enjoying himself.

“Don’t you?”

His tone carried a warning with it, and I whimpered softly. His stare bored down on me, waiting, and I couldn’t help it as I squirmed beneath him. His palm smoothed down the side of my hip, just grazing against my bottom cheek, and I tensed, remembering exactly what he had promised.

“Yes,” I finally managed to whisper.

He grinned, reaching for the delicate lace of my bra, and tearing it away from my body. The fabric gave way to his strength like tissue paper. In the end, he ripped my bra to shreds. Moments later, his hand descended to the lacey green bikini underwear, and I struggled a bit harder, but that didn’t matter either. In a moment, his hand wrapped around the lace, and he pulled it upwards, wedging it into the folds of my pussy.

I cried out loud, taken aback by the cruel, delicious bite. I squirmed as the fabric rubbed suggestively against my clit. Without meaning to, I opened my mouth and a soft moan fell off my lips. He tugged it gently several times, teasing me, and I couldn't stop the way my body twitched and bucked beneath him. His salacious grin only grew wider as he taunted me with my panties rather than his touch, and I whined.

With an evil smirk, he ripped them off of my body with absolutely no warning at all. In a state of disbelief, I opened my lips, not really realizing it had happened until the aching sting exploded across my overly sensitive folds. I cried out, tightening my thighs at once with a quick jerk. His knee was suddenly in between them though, keeping my legs open as I glared up at him.

I wasn't used to being defeated like this.

I fought harder, pushing against his body in a fit of movement and his was suddenly against mine. His hands wrapped around my wrists. I struggled and bucked wildly as he forced them over my head.

No matter what I did, his hold on me didn't budge.

The truth was, though, that I didn't *want* to win. I just wanted to see if he had it in him to master me, and I wasn't disappointed. This man was perfectly capable of overpowering me, and he'd proved it.

If this was something that was going to last more than one night, I hoped this was a game we would play often, one where he would ultimately always win no matter how hard of a battle we fought.

I lifted my chin in defiance.

His green irises sparkled with shiny gold flecks as if he could read my mind. He made a show of looking me up and down, casually holding both my wrists captive with one hand while he explored my body with the other. I trembled, sensations rolling through me with wild savagery. His thumb rolled over my right nipple, and I gasped, pleasure blossoming around my sensitive bud.



I whimpered softly as his hand passed over the other, but he pinched it in a feat to acquire my immediate attention. I stiffened and he released my nipple, giving me a look that told me that it could get far more painful if it needed to. I didn't know what came over me, but I challenged him with a look, and his hand immediately shot out and captured my right one. He held it between his thumb and forefinger, pinching lightly as he pulled it, lifting my breast along with it. I struggled, but he pulled harder, and the stinging pain only grew fiercer.

It blossomed around my breast, and I cried out as he twisted it in his fingers. I whined with increasing panic as the pain continued to build until he let go just as suddenly as he'd grabbed it. The ache continued to build for a second or two afterwards, and I writhed a little, trying to survive it. When it finally started to fade, I breathed a long breath and looked back up at him with a whole new admiration.

He *did* know what he was doing.

“Stay still for me, naughty girl. You won't like the consequences if you defy me.”

He kept his gaze on me as he drew back off the bed and onto his feet. He slowly unbuttoned his shirt, moving down each button with a deliberateness that made me bite my lip in excitement. He revealed the cusp of his chest, allowing the dark ink of a tattoo to peak through. The smattering of hair caught me by surprise, and I smiled, enjoying the fact that he appeared so masculine. My gaze moved down the line of his torso as he revealed his fully tatted artwork.

His physique was hard. The plane of his stomach was deeply chiseled, and the muscles of his arms were seemingly carved out of stone. I wanted to wrap my hands around them even though I didn't think my fingers would touch even if I tried.

His hands dropped to his belt, unbuckling it slowly and pulling it free from his slacks with the most suggestive look I'd ever seen. He folded it in half and laid it down on the bed. I stared at the conditioned black leather for a moment before flicking my eyes back to him. With a chuckle, he unbuttoned his pants and kicked off his shoes. He wasted no time stripping down to

nothing, and when he stood back up, I saw nothing else but the glorious monstrosity of his cock.

It was easily the biggest dick I'd ever seen. It was basically the size of a thick club, except it curved slightly to the left and was throbbing with thick, purple-veined ridges.

“Good girl. You're ready for your fucking, aren't you?”

His eyes glanced downward, taking in the swollen, needy state of my pussy. Could he see the wetness on my thighs? Was it possible that he could see it dripping from my entrance?

I could definitely feel it.

My thighs twitched, and that's when I realized they had shifted open a little bit wider than I'd originally intended. I went to close them again, but he shook his head, clicking his tongue in warning. I narrowed my eyes and cocked my head, shutting my legs as quickly as possible. A dangerous glint came over him as he climbed back on top of the bed.

He leaned over me, grabbed my wrists, and roughly forced them to either side of my head. “The belt is well within reach, Ada. Do I need to grab it?”

“No,” I whimpered, feeling heat rise in my cheeks. With building tension, I spread my legs a bit before his knee pressed in between them and forced them wider. I lifted my chin, and he released one wrist only to reach down and wrap it around my thigh. He hiked it up and the weight of his cock slapped down onto my pussy. I made a surprised sound, taken aback by the shocking heaviness while also contending with the shameful ache that came along with it.

My pussy was still apparently very sensitive from when he'd torn my panties off.

“You're soaking wet, naughty girl,” he whispered, and I shuddered with my shame. I licked my lips, deciding once and for all to own it.

“Then maybe you should fuck me already,” I dared him.

“Oh, do you think you're calling the shots now, little girl?”

I hated how my core squeezed tight in arousal from his words. I didn't want to like it. Somehow, my own reluctance made it hotter, and I didn't understand why.

"I'm a grown woman," I countered.

"You're a naughty girl who needs a hard spanking and an even harder fucking," he growled.

His cock throbbed against my pussy as his hand gripped at my bottom. I sucked in a breath when he dug his fingers into my flesh.

"You think I'm just going to slap your bottom a few times, don't you?"

The way he said it made my heart pound, and I immediately began to question my own line of thinking because he was one hundred percent correct. I *had* thought he was just going to slap my ass a few times, maybe just to get his dick hard or to get his rocks off. But by the look on his face, that was the wrong assumption. I swallowed, suddenly feeling far more nervous about what I'd gotten myself into tonight.

"Is that your kink or something? Smacking a little ass before you fuck a girl?" I sassed. I didn't know why I was goading him. Did I want an actual spanking? Did I want it to hurt a little or maybe even a lot?

I didn't know, but my pussy kept spasming just thinking about it.

"Oh, *Ada*," he chided.

My stomach clenched and I found it hard to breath. "What?"

"Your spanking isn't going to just be a few slaps to make you blush. I'm going to spank that gorgeous ass of yours bright red, and the only thing you'll get to do is take it," he warned.

I whined out loud, a bit shocked by his words.

"Is it going to hurt?" I whispered.

"I promised you I wasn't going to be gentle, naughty girl. I didn't just mean for your fucking," he warned. He shifted his hips, rubbing his cock against my clit, and I moaned under my

breath. It was almost inaudible, but when his smirk curved upwards, I knew that he'd heard it.

I rolled my lips and quite literally snarled at him, which only triggered his amusement. He rocked his hips back and forth, sliding his cock on top of my clit. Pleasure raced through me unabated, and my body started to react without my conscious thought.

“You wouldn't dare,” I whispered.

He hiked my thigh a bit higher and rocked his pelvis forward hard, his cock spearing fully into me with a single thrust. In an instant, my world splintered into a million painful fragments. My mouth opened and a quiet cry escaped my throat. I tried to slam my lips shut, but it was far too late. My body spasmed around his girth, ravaged in that single stroke as my pussy struggled to take him. My entrance burned, stretched wide open with no preparation at all for his enormous cock. My inner walls clutched at him at the same time that they tried to push him out.

*Turns out he would dare after all, but that's exactly what you wanted, wasn't it?*

His cock had looked big, but it felt even more massive fully inside me. Any bigger and I was afraid he would split me wide open. It felt like I was just at the cusp of that, and I cried out, but it ended up sounding more like a moan than anything else.

My thighs tensed around him as I screamed, struggling in those first few moments until my body finally relented and took him with as much grace as I could, which wasn't a whole lot. I bit back several whimpers. Tendrils of pain continued to flare as I tentatively looked up into his eyes.

“So fucking tight,” he purred. Slowly, he shifted his weight, pulling out his cock bit by bit as I gasped, my tender flesh already far sorer than I could have ever expected it to be. With a sense of leisureliness, he started to fuck me, forcing his big cock in and out of my body at his own pace. I tried to keep quiet, not wanting to show him how much I was enjoying myself, but it became impossible.

The unhurried, somewhat gentle fucking drove my body wild. My fingers twitched, electricity coursing through them with animalistic desire, and my hips bucked. He thrust inside me at the exact same moment, and his cock slammed in deeper than I thought possible.

The head pushed against my cervix hard, and I gasped.

“That’s it, naughty girl. You’re taking my cock so well,” he purred, and my body convulsed around him. There was no hiding the way my body reacted to him, not like this. He would be able to feel every time my pussy clenched, and he leaned downward, pinning me down with his weight in a controlled way that made me shiver with even more desire.

I glared at him, and he snapped his hips hard, sending a message with nothing more than his cock. I cried out, my body not ready for such roughness, but it didn’t matter.

It wasn’t up to me, and there was something incredibly hot in that realization. I pushed against his chest, and he grabbed my wrist, pinning it beside my head. With a knowing smirk, he rolled his hips and ground his pelvis against my clit.

An immediate jolt of pleasure tore right through me with a viciousness that I wasn’t ready for. I opened my mouth, and I couldn’t help the gasp of shock that came with it.

Then he did it again and my core squeezed tight. I didn’t want to come yet. I didn’t want to make it that easy for him, but I soon realized that I wasn’t going to have a choice about that either. I felt my orgasm start in the tips of my toes. My fingers curled around his wrist and into the blankets on the bed. I tried to hold it back, but it was as if I was trying to single-handedly stop a speeding train from careening right off its tracks.

I couldn’t stop it.

“Come for me, Ada,” he demanded, and my body gave way.

I tried to swallow my sounds and quiet the movements of my body, but there was only so much I could do. The fire moving through me soon took over completely and I lost control.

That orgasm was humiliating and truly magnificent from the first second to the last. My core spiraled, clenching down hard

as I threw my head back. Shane held me in place, fucking me with increasing roughness through my brutal climax. He groaned as I whimpered and screamed beneath him, writhing with unparalleled ecstasy that burned through my veins. It felt like I was being singed from the inside out.

My eyes rolled back, and I wound my arm around his waist, trailing my fingers down his back until I reached the firm cheeks of his ass. I clutched at it, and his muscles flexed hard as he fucked me. He slammed into me, over and over again as I struggled to survive the brutally hard onslaught of passionate bliss.

Swirling tingles beat through my limbs, taking me captive. My back arched, pressing my sensitive nipples against the coarse hair on his chest. The raw sensations overwhelmed me in an instant, and I couldn't help but moan out loud. His salacious grin was both damning and arousing as my body finally started to come down from the powerful force of such an incredible climax. My heart was beating so fast I worried it might burst out of my chest. My breathing was ragged, and I tried to calm it as best I could, but then it caught in my throat.

Shane hadn't come yet.

He hadn't even slowed down!

His cock was just as ferociously hard as it had been at the start. If anything, it was harder than steel. It forced its way inside me roughly, feeling like an iron rod that pierced deep into the pit of my soul.

"What about you?" I breathed, unable to hide the shock and minor bit of panic in my voice. None of the men I'd ever been with had ever lasted this long. In the past, they either came along with me, or they'd finished before I'd ever gotten the chance to come at all.

"I'm far from through with you," he growled, and for the first time, I was unsure of what I'd gotten myself into.

He'd said this wouldn't be sex. This would be a fucking, and I was only just beginning to truly understand what that meant.

His pelvis rocked and pistoned into me, taking my body with a renewed vigor that was terrifying and arousing all at the same time.

“I’m only just getting started, naughty girl,” he added, and my stomach did a somersault inside me.

That’s when he truly started to fuck me. There was nothing gentle about it. His cock conquered me like a king’s sword, spearing into me over and over again with a visceral intensity that took me by storm and wouldn’t let go.

My pleasure spiraled again, reaching heights I didn’t even know existed. This man wielded his cock with the sort of mastery that I’d thought was a myth, and there was nothing for me to do other than take it. I moaned and screamed, the wide girth of his cock ceaselessly stretching my body open with every thrust.

That’s when something else occurred to me.

I’d certainly had an orgasm before. I knew how to bring myself to climax, and I’d been with a few problematic men in the past that had actually made me come before, but this was something else. No man had ever made me come twice.

I hadn’t even done that.

My second orgasm hung just out of reach for several long seconds, almost like it was warning me what was about to come and how devastating it was about to be once it hit. I stared up into his eyes, noticing that he was watching me closely, as if he was enjoying the whirlwind of emotions playing out all over my face.

“You came once for me already, didn’t you?”

“Yes,” I whispered, feeling my face heat with shame and arousal.

“I want you to understand something, Ada. You’re going to come again for me. Tonight, you’re going to come for me a great many times, more than you ever thought possible,” he growled, accentuating every word with a hard thrust of his cock. I winced, the fierce bite never fully lessening, but I needed it all the same.

Instantly, a part of me flared and I knew I couldn't let him win. He wasn't going to conquer me with an orgasm or two. It would take a whole lot more than that to break a girl like me.

"I'd like to see you try, big boy," I teased.

His eyes darkened so much that they almost turned black. He didn't respond right away, instead lowering his lips to the side of my neck. His kiss was gentle, but the hand that wrapped around my throat afterwards was not.

His fingers dug into my flesh. I could still breathe, although it was a little more labored than before, but what it really did was remind me how much strength and power he had with nothing more than a single hand. He squeezed a little tighter, and the blood rushed to my head as he fucked me with brutal thrusts.

It was a truly *savage* fucking.

I screamed, rolling my body and taking every last inch like it was my lifeline. My second orgasm crashed over me with a rough kind of viciousness that swept me up and drowned me in it until it washed away every line of thought.

My world became fragmented between pleasure, pain, and everything in between. My inner walls spasmed around his cock, clamping him inside of me as wave after wave of devastating ecstasy poured through every inch of my body with wild abandon.

I writhed beneath him and still he fucked me, making it very clear that he was taking what he wanted from me and that it was definitely not the other way around.

"I haven't even begun to try yet, little girl."

His fingers squeezed, cutting off a tiny bit more air and forcing me to take light, heated breaths. My world spun with fierce desire, and I moaned as the aftershocks of my orgasm quaked through me. My throat was already hoarse from my screaming, and he hadn't even ventured close to coming himself.

I bit my lip as a particularly hard snap punished my pussy. I didn't respond to him, not knowing what to do or say, and



really unable to do anything more than survive. His mouth descended onto mine, his teeth nipping at my lower lip roughly before he claimed my mouth too.

I lost control of my body after that. A third orgasm hit me before I was even aware it was coming. I wailed and he swallowed my sounds, which just fueled that painful climax into overdrive. My thighs quivered and my toes curled. My pleasure pounded through me like a hurricane battering against an open cliffside, and I could do nothing but take it. There was a certain sense of freedom in that, like for once in my life I could let my guard down and just feel.

It was gloriously liberating.

Once I was able to gain back a modicum of control, I kissed him back. My entire body was tingling as the pace of my fucking started to slow. Had he come? Had I been too caught up in the throes of my own orgasm and missed it?

When he pulled back from that kiss, I stared up at him a bit dazed, not knowing what to do or say to stand my ground, or even if I needed to. My lips were sore, as was the rest of me, and he smiled down at me with some sort of mysterious intent that left me questioning what was happening.

Was it over?

With a malicious chuckle, he leaned down and brushed his lips against my ear.

“Now that you’re finally ready, I think it’s time for your spanking,” he teased, and my stomach dropped like a rock sinking in a dark pool.

My body was still trembling from my orgasms, so when he pulled out of me and wrapped his arm around my waist, I was already on my hands and knees before I realized what was happening. My mind screamed at my body to react, but none of my limbs answered, and his cock was slamming into my sore pussy before I could do anything to prevent it. From this angle, his cock felt even larger, and I whimpered, but then his palm settled on my bare ass.

Until this moment, I'd managed to convince myself that the spanking had all been a ruse, words meant to arouse me and show off his alpha male personality. I hadn't really thought anything would come of it, especially not like this.

Even if I was really honest with myself, I had thought he was going to pin me down to the bed and slap my ass a few times before he fucked me. Since he'd already fucked me, there wasn't really any need for the spanking to happen.

His fingers squeezed my sensitive flesh, threatening me with nothing more than a simple touch. I wanted to hate it, but my pussy clenched around his cock and exposed me in the most shameful way imaginable.

"You don't have to do that," I tried. I couldn't even say the word without fearing how my body was going to react.

"Your pussy tells me otherwise," he answered, bringing my shame boiling to the surface.

I opened and closed my mouth, unable to come up with a single smart-assed retort, or really anything at all. His fingertips trailed along my bare flesh, igniting several fiery trails that made me gasp, forcing me to face this part of me I'd kept hidden for a long time.

He stayed remarkably still otherwise, and my pussy twitched in disappointment. I didn't even understand it really. He'd given me more pleasure than I'd ever experienced before, and I still wanted more.

"Fuck you," I replied, more out of pride than anything else. I should be the master of my own body, not him, and I was having trouble grappling with the reality of that. I'd never been put in this position before and I didn't know what to do about it.

His fingers squeezed hard into my ass for a long moment before his palm came crashing down on my bare cheek. The sound reverberated off the walls like a gunshot, and I cried out from that alone. A second one hit the exact same spot, the noise a sudden explosion that took my breath away.

That was the case at least until the sting from his hand followed.

This wasn't a few slaps meant to arouse me. It really stung, and my body rolled, inadvertently grinding itself on his cock in the process. It was hard to focus on both at once, the pleasure from his impalement inside me and the roughness of his hand cracking across my bare ass.

His body twisted a little behind me, and his hand smacked the other side of my ass with as much viciousness as the first few. I squeezed my eyes shut as the stinging wave of pain washed over me.

“Your pussy convulses all around my cock with every spank, naughty girl. You're enjoying this, aren't you?”

I wasn't, was I?

I tried to ignore the pulsing of my clit and the throbbing in my extended nipples. I wanted to reach up and touch them, but I was precariously balanced on my hands and knees, and if I happened to be touching myself when his hand fell again, I wasn't sure I could remain upright.

He slowly thrust in and out of me, slapping my ass occasionally with far more force than I had thought he would ever use. My body jerked with each one. At first, the pace of my spanking was slow, and I was forced to contend with the pleasure that came after the initial jarring sound and the sting that followed.

It was probably the most shameful part of the whole thing.

I didn't want to like it, but more than anything else, I didn't want him to be right about knowing I would.

The spanking continued on, only it got faster and even harder than those initial swats, and my body continued to react. My nipples stood up more. My clit pulsed faster with every hard smack, but nothing changed the fact that his palm was far more vicious than I could have ever imagined.

A flurry of smacks punished from the top of my cheeks all the way down the backs of my thighs. My muscles tensed as I cried out, the stinging overwhelming at first, and then a low

moan escaped me as I found myself grinding myself backwards, arching my back and taking his cock even deeper as a result. He spanked the other side of my ass just as hard, and by the time he finally paused again, I was practically writhing beneath him.

“I’m not enjoying this,” I vowed, but even as I said the words, I knew they weren’t the truth.

“I can feel just how much wetter you’ve become, naughty girl. Don’t lie to me,” he scolded me as he fucked me.

Another orgasm hit me without warning. One moment, I was keeping my cries quiet from the burning, fiery sting, and the next I was screaming his name in a climax that was far more intense than any of the first three.

It was arousing and humbling in the same breath. I suffered through that orgasm, and he lightly slapped my bottom, reigniting the sting and causing my orgasm to collapse in on itself and ravage me from the inside out. He fucked me harder through that orgasm until it finally crested and left me feeling more obliterated than anything I’d ever experienced in my life.

The spanking began again.

There was no scolding. We both knew what was happening. This wasn’t a punishment, not in a traditional sense, but an exchange of power in his bed in which he was going to emerge as the victor and I, the conquered. His palm burned viciously, painting every inch of my bottom with a scalding hot flame that refused to quell.

He could have ended it with a few hard slaps, but that wasn’t the kind of surrender he was looking for.

He wanted my total and complete submission, and he knew it was going to be a fight to get it. With his cock fully impaled inside me, he punished my vulnerable flesh until the only sounds coming out of my mouth were pleading whimpers.

Then he stopped and started fucking me again. With shamefully rapid speed, I came on his cock with my bottom burning. I was so overwhelmed with pain and pleasure that I lost count of how many times it had been. Honestly, it no

longer mattered. The vicious force of his fucking still hadn't slowed, his stamina unparalleled, and I soon began to fear that he would outlast me by a longshot.

My body trembled as my head lowered to the side. Somewhere in the mix, I'd moved down to my elbows, which only seemed to expose more of my ass. He took advantage of that once more, spanking me so hard that I had to squeeze my eyes shut.

Was his intention to make me cry?

The longer it went on, the more I worried that was his goal. My breath caught in the back of my throat, and I had to blink away tears several times. I whimpered and my hands squeezed at the blankets beneath me, trying to hold on and do anything to prevent losing control. Just when I thought my tears were going to start trailing down my cheeks, his palm stopped raining down and he started fucking me again.

The absolute mindfuck of that transition did me in. Had he known I was about to cry? Had he been able to read the signs of my body?

Was he that good?

My mind whirled as another orgasm ripped through me, its ruthless intensity far more than I thought I could bear. I whimpered and moaned, but before long I was screaming his name again. My body took over for me, and I stopped thinking.

There wasn't any need to do anything more than feel.

The nerves in my body blazed with an everlasting bonfire, flickering red hot and exploding with sensation at every turn. I had trouble keeping still, but it didn't matter.

Shane had taken the reins from me long before that.

Soon, I was clutching at the bed, trying to hold on as wave after wave of pleasure tore me open from the inside out. My pussy was soaked, yet unbearably sore, and he fucked me through it all. I screamed and whimpered, and just when I thought I was going to lose control and cry from such a thorough fucking, I heard him groan behind me.

Was he getting close? Could I hope for that?

Using one of my last stores of energy, I rocked my hips back, trying to show him that I wanted him to come without explicitly begging for it.

“You came very hard for me, didn’t you?”

“Yes,” I whimpered. There was no hiding the exhaustion in my voice. It took my entire focus just to get the word out of my mouth. My heart felt like it was in my throat and my body was slicked with a sheen of sweat. Every muscle in my body was trembling from over sensitization, and there was nothing I could do to conceal that either.

“I’m going to give you a choice now, Ada. I’m going to come, but it’s either going to be in this tight little pussy or in that pretty red-lipped mouth,” he demanded.

I blushed hard.

“I’m not on birth control... I... I thought you’d use a condom,” I admitted, my cheeks heating at the insinuation. I didn’t know why telling him that made me blush. Maybe it was the knowledge that my only other choice was to have him come inside my mouth or risk a baby even more than I already had.

“Then I’ll come in your mouth this time, *acushla*, but once you’ve said your vows, I’m going to put a baby in your belly,” he growled.

My world stopped, everything careening to a halt the moment he uttered that single Gaelic word. No one had called me that for more than ten years.

There was only one man that would.

Shane *Kavanagh*.

Without missing a beat, he reached around my waist and circled his fingers over my clit with a sort of rough dominance that forced another orgasm to emerge from deep down in the pit of my soul. I screamed, my voice hoarse and shaky with pain, pleasure, exhaustion, and complete surrender. I writhed on his cock as he fucked me to within an inch of my life. He

made sure my orgasm was long over before he pulled free from my body, lifted me off the bed, and deposited me on my knees on the plush carpet beside the bed.

He stood in front of me, his hard cock jutting out from between his legs, and I gasped, blushing at the glistening wetness all over its steel surface. He didn't need to tell me how much of that was my own arousal. I already knew.

"Shane," I murmured, my voice trembling with realization.

"You thought you'd never see me again, didn't you, *acushla*?"

Truth be told, he was right. Shane Kavanagh was a name I thought I would never speak again, let alone kneeling before him about to take his cock inside my mouth after the most thorough fucking and first ever spanking of my life.

The nickname *acushla* was an Irish Gaelic adaptation of a more traditional phrase that quite literally meant 'vein of my heart.' The last time I'd heard that word had been from his lips before my family and I had left Dublin after our parents had died.

*On the night of our first kiss.*

I'd pushed that part of my memory so deep inside me that I hadn't recognized him or even his first name. He'd never mentioned his last name, but he didn't need to tell me. I knew who he was now.

Shane Kavanagh was the heir to one of the most powerful Irish mafia families besides us here in Boston, and my marriage to him had been arranged when I was still a girl by my father.

His palm cupped my face, and he trailed his thumb across my lower lip as I stared up at him, finally understanding why he had been so bold with me in the first place. He carried the same type of power that I did within my own family. He held the kind of position in this city that knew no bounds, and he didn't care what it took to get it.

Maybe that included me, too.

Long ago, my father had arranged the marriage, but with moving away from Dublin to Boston, I had thought the

possibility of it actually coming to fruition had been thrown to the wayside. My brothers weren't going to force me down the aisle. They protected me with a savage kind of brutality, and if there was even a hint of unhappiness from me, they did their best to fix it or handle it for me.

My father had been traditional, and there had been some initial worry about the match when we'd first come here, but Shane had never materialized and come calling for me, so it had fallen to the wayside. I hadn't known that he was even here in Boston until this moment.

"I didn't," I whispered softly.

"It's been a long time, hasn't it, *acushla*?"

I nodded, my body still throbbing from the countless climaxes he had rendered from my body with humbling ease.

I could still remember the last time he'd said it. I glared up at him, and he grinned, clearly amused with himself. The whole story I'd told him earlier about my first kiss had been him. When he'd pulled away and cupped my face just like he was now, he'd said the pet name with as much love and adoration as he said it with now.

"Open your mouth, *acushla*. You're going to suck my cock like the needy little slut you are, and then you're going to swallow everything I give you like a good girl, aren't you?"

I blushed. I couldn't keep still. I'd sat back on my heels and squirmed, unable to keep my eyes off the throbbing club that was his massive cock.

What took me by surprise at that moment was that I wanted to do it. I'd never once sucked a man's cock in my life. I had never wanted to. But right now, I craved nothing more than to take him in my mouth and show him that I actually wanted to get on my knees for him.

I licked my lips, and his cock jerked as I stared at it.

"Impress me, *acushla*, and I won't take you over my knee," he warned.



My pussy convulsed. My fingers twitched, and I only just held myself back from reaching in between my thighs and caressing my clit until I came once again. I opened my mouth, edging forward a bit as I approached the monster that jutted in front of me.

“I’ve never done this before,” I blushingly admitted. My cheeks flamed so hot that I thought that they might have actually caught fire. Maybe they matched my bottom, but there was a certain glint in his eyes that told me that he probably liked that, too.

“I’m going to enjoy taking a great many firsts from you, Ada, including this one. Now, worship my cock with those pretty lips before I decide to use my belt on your bright red ass,” he demanded, his dominance making me sway back and forth with uncontrollable arousal.

I nodded, not knowing what to say. He pushed his pelvis forward as I opened my mouth wider, exploring the head of his cock first with my tongue. I followed the ridge at the head of his cock with the tip first, enjoying the deep groan that emerged from him.

I grew a little bolder, circling my lips around the girthy head. His cock stretched my mouth a bit wider than was comfortable, and I secretly hoped that I would get used to it. I wasn’t sure if I would. The wider I opened, the more my jaw ached, but I kept going anyway.

The sweet taste of my own arousal mixing with his raw masculinity was more magnificent than I cared to admit. I squirmed a bit more, only just recognizing that my fingers had trailed closer to the cusp of my thighs.

I tried to keep them still and focused my efforts on taking more of him in my mouth. It was difficult to forget his sheer size as I closed my lips around him and started to suckle him like it wasn’t my first time. I knew enough to keep my teeth drawn back. Swirling my tongue around his girth was a bit harder than I’d anticipated, but the longer I went at it, the more confident I began to feel.

I dared to raise my eyes to his to find him watching me. My fingers twitched, and I smiled, or at least as much as I could smile with his big cock in my mouth. In an open act of challenge, I reached between my legs and lightly caressed my clit. I bucked immediately, not prepared for how sensitive it was from all the pleasure he'd already wrenched from me.

“Keep your hand there, naughty girl. You’ll come for me again with my cock deep inside this pretty little throat.”

I whimpered around his cock, unable to keep quiet as my fingers lightly circled over my clit. I looked up at him with pleading eyes, but the dark gleam only deepened. With my backside still stinging, I sucked his cock to the best of my ability while teasing myself to the edge. Hesitant to push myself over the brink, I held back a bit and tried to work his cock with even more enthusiasm.

He groaned and my clit pulsed so hard I almost came. The sound of my moan was stifled by his thick girth, and a harsh shudder raced down my spine.

“Don’t you dare hold back, little girl. If you don’t come by the time my seed spurts down your throat, I’ll spank that sensitive little pussy bright pink,” he warned, and that was enough to send me sailing straight over the edge into orgasm.

My muscles tensed, rippling with overwhelming sensation. I tried to do my best not to clench my jaw or bare my teeth, or to do anything that ruined it for him, but when his cock turned to straight iron steel in my mouth, I knew he was close. I screamed with the bliss of my climax, and I could feel his cock throb on my tongue. I whimpered and all at once, his come spurted deep into my mouth.

I opened my throat and started to swallow. To be honest, I’d never thought swallowing a man’s come would be something I’d ever do, but it just seemed natural. The taste of him was sweet, bitter, and entirely him. I savored every last drop as the tremors from my own climax started to quell.

Much more leisurely now, he pumped his cock into my mouth, and I did my best to clean off the shaft as best I could. My body was trembling, and I realized I had yet to pull my hand

away from my pussy. I settled it there and raised my eyes to his, looking to him for direction.

I didn't know what had come over me. Whatever it was felt good.

“That's my good girl,” he purred.

With careful intent, he pulled out of my lips and reached down, gathering me in his arms and lifting me as though I weighed nothing at all. He carried me to the bed and laid me down before curling up behind me. The warmth of his body against mine felt especially nice, and I was far too blissfully exhausted to resist fully enjoying his embrace. I closed my eyes.

This had been well worth the wait.

## CHAPTER 4



*S* hane Kavanagh

Ada Murphy was the epitome of perfection. Not only was she fully capable of taking care of herself, but she was impressively independent, highly intelligent, and breathtakingly beautiful. She was the whole package.

Any man would be lucky to have her.

When I'd walked into Murphy's and saw her sitting at the bar, I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. Immediately, my mind took me back to the coast of Ireland, imagining the two of us walking together hand in hand along the rocky shore. My father had sent me to live with my grandparents in Dublin, while he ruled the streets of Boston. His intention had been to keep me safe from his enemies until I came of age.

I remembered how the salty sea air had whipped her long burgundy locks around her shoulders as she'd turned to face me, the soft light of sunset sparkling in those deep green, soulful eyes. We'd both been so young back then, naïve to the dangers of life and what a future in our families truly meant. We'd just been excited to know that our fathers had arranged for us to be married when we became of age. They had meant to keep us apart until the day of the wedding, but the two of us had ended up finding each other one night in a dark ally in Don Laoghire, and we'd tried to get to know each other as best we could in a single night.

She'd been much softer back then, maybe even a bit shy, but once she let her guard down a little, I realized that she had a firecracker hidden inside of her. I'd been enamored, and I hadn't been able to help but kiss her that night.

I'd promised her the world once the two of us were man and wife.

I hadn't known that her parents would be murdered a short time after that night in a turf war between the Gallaghers and the Murphys. I definitely hadn't known that her brothers would decide to move to Boston, away from the tragedy that had surrounded their family on the streets of Dublin.

After that one night, I never saw her again.

I'd never really stopped thinking about her, though. My connections in Boston ran deep, and it was easy to send a man here and there to keep an eye on her, not that she'd needed it. She'd done more than well enough on her own.

It made me want to really earn her.

I traced my fingers along the delectable curve of her stomach. Her muscles tightened reflexively, and I smiled, enjoying the way she responded to my slightest touch.

When I'd come back to Boston, I'd hoped to find her. I'd known she was alive, and that the Murphys had grown to be one of the strongest Irish mafia families in the city. But what I hadn't realized was how much of a role Ada had played in that. It was obvious that her brothers treated her like one of their own, and although technically her oldest brother Kieran was head of their family, all of them made important decisions together.

They were a family unit.

The Murphys approached the business a little differently than my family. The Kavanagh's power structure was a bit more hierarchal, with a kingpin, an underboss, a consigliere, much like the Italian mafia families in the area, but with a bit more laxity. My father was a man to be reckoned with, but sitting at the head of a crime family comes with a certain set of dangers, and he'd run into one of those only a few weeks ago.

I'd left Ireland so I could come back home and bury him.

My family had been established in Boston for a long time. We'd emigrated here in the late eighteenth century and hadn't left the port or ventured further into America because we'd found our home here. We held onto our ancestral land in Ireland throughout the years, using it as a safe haven should any of us need to get out of the States for a period of time.

"I wish I could have been here to see you and your family rise to be what you are today," I whispered.

She pressed her warm bottom against my cock, and I groaned out loud with desire. A visceral need to take her again just as hard came over me, but I held back. There would be time for more of that later.

"You didn't spend all that time in Ireland just taking care of family, did you?" she ventured. Her intelligence was striking and that made my cock just as hard as thinking about sinking deep into that tight little pussy again.

"No, that wasn't the whole story," I answered.

She peered back over her shoulder and raised an eyebrow expectantly. Just like I'd thought, she wasn't going to let me get away with half-truths or vague answers.

If I wanted Ada to be mine, I had to give her all of me.

"What's the real reason you were away for so long?"

"I killed someone that I shouldn't have."

"Who?"

"Yuri Kozlov," I answered.

Her eyes flickered with recognition. "I see."

"So, you've heard of the Kozlov family?"

"They've been a thorn in our side ever since they arrived," she said, her annoyance clear from her tone.

The Kozlovs were a Russian bratva family that had started trying to branch out in Boston, but they hadn't done any groundwork to align themselves with any of the organizations

already established here. They came in with brute force, trying to muscle their way in by shaking down businesses and trying to force their position here in the city.

“Yuri Kozlov was especially troublesome. He wasn’t the boss or the brigadier, but one of the higher-tiered captains. He’d shaken down a night club, one of our most profitable ventures, and had taken a group of female hostages. When word had spread, I’d gone in right away, but he’d already smacked around several of the girls. I’d walked in with the intention of negotiating with him to ensure their release, but when things didn’t go his way, he wrapped his hands around one of their throats. I just reacted and before I realized what was happening, my gun was in my hands, and I’d pulled the trigger,” I explained.

“I’d always wondered what happened back then. Kieran had mentioned it, but we were still building our reputation here. We stayed out of it as best as we could. We knew, at least at the time, the Kozlovs were likely more powerful than we were, and our position was still precarious at the time,” Ada replied thoughtfully.

“I stayed in Ireland so long to escape the heat from the legal system, but more importantly to hide from the Kozlovs. They had wanted to take vengeance and collect on that blood debt. It was better for me to go away for a time while my father reminded them how powerful the Kavanaghs were,” I said.

“Did that work?”

“Yes. They’ve been quiet, at least up until now,” I murmured thoughtfully.

“What’s changed?” Ava’s eyes narrowed. I could see her winding through her memories, and I cleared my throat.

“The Morozovs and the Kozlovs have united together in a marriage between the heir of the Kozlov family and the daughter of the Morozovs boss.”

The Morozovs was another bratva family that had only just recently appeared on the scene, but their strategy for coming into Boston was completely different than the Kozlovs. They

had reached out to the reigning families in the city, including mine, and if I wasn't mistaken, likely hers too. Their respectful approach had been much more well received than the Kozlovs', and my father and I hadn't thought much about it until the news broke of the marriage between the two families only two weeks ago.

As far as I knew, the marriage wasn't public knowledge. To be honest, I wasn't even sure it had happened yet. I had only found out because I'd placed a man on the inside as a waiter at one of their restaurants they used as a front so they could launder money. He'd heard a whisper about it and reported it to me. Every piece of evidence I'd been able to gather since then had seemingly verified the initial report, so I was operating on the assumption that it was true.

Her subtle intake of breath told me that she understood exactly what that meant. On their own, either family wasn't much of a concern. Her family could easily overpower them, as could mine, but together the two Russian *bratva* families would be a force to be reckoned with.

"That is concerning," she murmured.

"The two of them combined is a much greater threat," I said in agreement.

"Indeed," she replied.

For a while, she remained quiet, likely thinking over what her family would need to do to ensure their current position remained secure, but I had an idea for her that might solve those issues for both our families in one go.

"You and I were supposed to be married once," I offered quietly. She tensed in my arms, but I didn't let her go. By her body language alone, she wasn't exactly amendable to the idea, but I wanted to put it forth anyway to see what she thought.

"I won't be forced to marry anyone against my will," she answered, her voice revealing that she was extremely reluctant, but underneath it all there was a tiniest hint of arousal.



“I wouldn’t force you to marry me, Ada. I know that our fathers arranged our marriage years ago, but I don’t see this like that. I would ask for your brother’s blessing, but I wouldn’t be asking for his permission. I would plan to ask you, and whether you say yes or no would be entirely up to you,” I explained further.

She was quiet for a long while again, and I returned to tracing my fingers over her gorgeous, lithe body. I especially enjoyed when she shivered with sensation from my explorative touches. When I grew bolder and took her breast in my palm, she arched against me and sucked in a breath. I toyed with her nipple as it hardened under my touch, and I pinched it softly, which earned me the most sensationally seductive gasp from her lips.

“What if I say no?” she ventured carefully.

I didn’t respond right away, choosing instead to lean over and trail soft kisses down the length of her arm. She sighed as I splayed my hand over her stomach, and she almost imperceptively leaned into my touch.

I liked that. It told me a lot.

With a soft growl, I nipped her shoulder and she moaned, the sound nearly inaudible, but I heard it anyway. Growing a bit bolder, I slid my hand down and cupped her pussy. It pleased me to find her soaking wet for me. Gradually, I slid a single finger over her clit, teasing her until she shuddered against me with building desire. My cock was rock hard, and I made no effort to conceal it as it nestled between her warm, freshly spanked cheeks.

I didn’t need to have my fingers inside her to know that her pussy had clenched right then. The explosion of tension in her body told me that.

“Then it will just make it even hotter for me when you get so needy for my cock that you ask me to ask you again.”

She stilled, not looking at me. Her body remained rigidly tense, and I waited patiently for her. I meant what I said. I

wouldn't force this on her, but I also knew that a woman like her liked to be challenged, and I wasn't afraid to do that either.

Ada Murphy deserved a man worthy of her, and I wanted to be that man.

"You think I would ask you to ask me to marry you?" she questioned, her skepticism obvious.

She wasn't used to anything like this. I continued to caress her, moving down her hip and cupping her still warm cheek. I slapped it lightly before I leaned in and nibbled on the side of her ear. She shivered as I brushed my beard against her sensitive flesh, and then I opened my mouth and whispered the words that would push her well out of her comfort zone.

"I don't think it, little girl. I'm certain of it."

She stiffened in my arms, but I'd been expecting that. Her body language read annoyance, but there were several signs that told me she wasn't totally opposed to the idea. When she spread her thighs, the silky strings of her arousal stretched between them, glistening in the low light of my bedroom. Her nipples had grown much more erect than they had been when I'd been teasing them with my fingers, and her cheeks were far redder than before.

Ada enjoyed it when I called her a little girl. It would be terribly hard for her to ever admit, but I was a patient man. If she agreed to be my wife, I'd have all the time in the world.

"I'm not a little girl, asshole," she sneered. For a moment, I thought she might stay and enjoy the rest of the night with me. I could tell she was exhausted and worn out from earlier, but soon enough, her pride reigned supreme, and she pulled away from me and sat up on the bed.

Her back flexed, the magnificent landscape of muscles tensing with her irritation, arousal, and confusion. I watched as her shoulders rounded, and she dropped her head, trying to come to a decision and being unable to, at least in this moment. Her gorgeous burgundy hair shone in the moonlight, mussed from a good fucking but utterly full of life.

She turned, peering over her shoulder back at me, likely trying to see if I would react to being called a name. When her hand dropped to her hip, her thumb just grazing her ass, I realized that she might think I'd punish her for it. I wouldn't. Ada didn't need me to punish her. She needed my support more than anything else.

“Think about it, Ada. The two of us would be a smart match,” I whispered, taking a step back and appealing to her more logical side. I reached for her, dragging my fingertips down the length of her spine and making her shiver.

She pulled away and stood up, giving me the most magnificent view of her naked backside. Her rounded, apple-shaped ass was still tinged with pink. The light peeking through the windows cast her in an otherworldly, ethereal glow, and I could do nothing but stop and gaze at her, knowing full well I would commit this image to memory and use it as inspiration every time I stroked my cock from now on.

“You're breathtaking, *acushla*.”

She raised her chin and gazed back at me, her confidence like a wild cat stalking its prey. Her strength was utterly enthralling. I couldn't look away. I didn't want to.

She didn't respond, but I didn't expect her to. Her long, lean frame turned towards me, revealing the front of her body. I sucked in a long breath, allowing myself to feast on the sight of her bare form. Her breasts were large enough to fill my palms, not too big or too small, but perfect. The shadows of the night brought out the dips and curves of her well-toned muscles. She was strong, not just mentally, but physically.

The cusp of her thighs was bare, something I'd noticed before. Either she shaved, waxed, or had it lasered away, but it seemed like exactly what I would expect from her. The result was that I could see every bit of that perfect pink pussy, especially when it was still swollen with needy desire.

Ada Murphy was flawless, and what made it even more glorious was that she knew it deep down to her core. She gazed back at me, fully aware that I was enjoying the sight of

her, and she raised her chin a bit in bold challenge. With an engaging smirk, she leveled her gaze with mine.

“I know, you arrogant Irish bastard.”

She said nothing more as she knelt down and pulled on her clothes as best she could. Most of the buttons were torn off, but there were a few left intact that barely held her clothes in place. I cocked my head, watching as she dressed with regal, understated elegance. She was beautiful in everything she did, from pulling on her gorgeous heels to running her fingers through her freshly fucked hair.

When she was finally ready, she walked out of my room with her head held high. Her heels clicked toward the door, and I watched her reach into her purse and pull out her phone, speaking into it softly as she called her driver. I listened to her stride down the hall and the telltale gentle swish of the elevator doors closing behind her.

Everything she did made me want to earn her. No... I *needed* to earn her.

I would do whatever it took to make her mine.

## CHAPTER 5



*A* da

I went home that night to sleep in my own bed. As much as I'd enjoyed his attention, his proposition at the end of the night set me on edge, and I needed to clear my head.

Even then, keeping my mind off him proved difficult. When I got home, I threw the remains of my torn pantsuit aside, making a mental note to call my seamstress and have her repair the damage if she could. I walked into my bathroom, wanting to take a shower to wash off the exertion of the night. Without meaning to, I caught sight of my bottom in the mirror.

It was still pink.

I reached down, curious to feel its warmth in the privacy of my own home. Lightly, I ran my fingertips against my still achy skin, trying to understand how I could have found such an act arousing and how I could kind of want him to do it again.

He'd threatened his belt. Would he actually use it? Would I like that too?

With an annoyed shake of my head, I turned on the shower and immersed myself in the steamy hot spray. The water droplets pelted my tired flesh, and I lost myself in the soothing feeling of it. With a soft sigh, I pressed a hand against the tile and reached for my shampoo. As the seconds passed, I grew more and more exhausted and decided that a quick shower would be better than a longer, more relaxing one. Hastily, I

washed the rest of my body and rinsed out the shampoo before dousing my strands in my favorite conditioner. By the time I was finished, I was yawning up a storm.

Wanting nothing more than to crawl into bed, I turned off the water, wrapped myself in a towel, and hurriedly tore a brush through my long locks before stumbling into bed. I closed my eyes and fell asleep in seconds.

I didn't wake until morning.

\* \* \*

The next evening, I didn't really know what to do with myself, so I decided to go back to the pub, and I refused to admit to myself that it was because of Shane. Much to my chagrin, he'd been on my mind every waking minute. I didn't have his phone number, so there wasn't a way for me to reach out to him. But even if I could have, I would have waited for him to make the next move anyway.

I wasn't desperate.

I slid into my usual bar seat, not really paying attention to my surroundings. Since it was a weeknight, the bar wasn't really that busy. When I finally looked up out of my daze, Angus was watching me with a smirk.

"You're glowing, Ada," he teased.

"Fuck off, Angus," I answered lightly.

He laughed and pointed to my right. I followed the sight line of his finger, taken aback that I had only just now noticed the vase of beautiful red roses beside a large green box with a dark grey, silky bow. I could have pretended it wasn't for me, but the parchment envelope labeled with my name in neat script left no question about it.

I reached for the envelope and Angus lifted a brow.

"I take it it was a good night, then?" he added lightly.

"His name is Shane Kavanagh," I countered, easily disregarding his taunting. I hadn't grown up around five

brothers without growing a thick skin. Angus tried, but he had nothing on them.

“Of *the* Kavanaghs?”

“The one and only. Heir to the famous Irish mafia family right here in Boston.”

“He *was* the heir, you mean. Word on the street is that the boss, Shane’s father I reckon, was gunned down by one of those bratva families that are trying to move in on our turf,” Angus explained, and I gazed back at him, vaguely recalling Kieran mentioning something along those lines a few weeks ago. It hadn’t come up again, so I assumed the leadership had just moved along to someone else that didn’t threaten our position, so it wasn’t much of a concern to me.

My brothers did their best to ensure I wasn’t involved in the day-to-day turf wars around the city. If I needed to take part, I did, but no more than necessary. Sometimes it was helpful to have a woman pull the trigger. It spoke volumes against whoever we were taking down.

It still brought shame to the men in the criminal underworld to be taken down by a woman that was just as capable as them.

I sat back with a sigh, reaching for the envelope. Slowly, I turned it around and flipped it open to pull out a small note, written in the same neat script. I wondered if it was his or just someone that worked for his family.

*I’m going to enjoy having you as my bride.*

Fucker. His audacity knew no bounds.

I couldn’t decide if I was annoyed, aroused, angry, or quite possibly all the above. With a scowl, I tossed the note aside, far out of Angus’ reach, and slid the box in front of me. I slowly untied the pretty bow and lifted the lid off the box to see what was inside.

There was another note on top of a sheet of folded green tissue paper.

*To replace what I tore off your beautiful body last night. It's one of a kind, just like you.*

No one could read the words, but I still blushed like a naughty little girl caught with her hand in the cookie jar. I tried to save face and push the note to the side, but I knew without a doubt that Angus has witnessed every moment of my extremely rare embarrassment...

He was smart enough not to say anything about it, though.

I unfolded the tissue paper and slowly unwrapped the contents. Inside was an incredibly richly designed pant suit made by Christian Dior. The colors were similar, but a richer forest green and much deeper silky black. I could tell already that the seams would hug my body like a glove. I traced my fingers along the fabric, appreciating the luxuriousness of such elegant material.

I didn't want to like it. I kind of did, though. I'd always had a soft spot for that particular designer. His French inspired style was truly decadent.

Angus must have noticed my uneasiness because he slid a rather full glass of whiskey in front of me. He said nothing as I wrapped my fingers around it. I sat back and stared at the flowers and his gift, trying to figure out what Shane's next move would be. Would he come here tonight? Would he get in contact with me some other way?

If he expected me to come back to his penthouse all by myself, he would be sorely mistaken. I wasn't the kind of woman that would chase a man.

I deserved to *be* chased.

The sooner Shane realized this, the better. My eyes drew to the flowers, counting the nearly two dozen of them. The thorns had been shorn off the stems, showing care in their



presentation. The crystal vase was studded with gemstones that cast a cacophony of rainbows every which way when the light hit it just right. It was an expensive bouquet, but I deserved that too, especially if he wanted to earn the right to ask for my hand in marriage.

I tipped back my drink as I fully contemplated the meaning in that word for the first time since he'd uttered it last night.

On one hand, I appreciated that he wasn't trying to force the marriage based on an arrangement both our fathers had made when we were children. I respected that he wasn't going to try to get my brothers to make me, either. That part didn't much matter anyway, because I knew none of my brothers, especially Kieran, would make me enter into a marriage I didn't want any part of. They wanted me to be happy more than anything, and they wouldn't accept a marriage to anyone that didn't deserve me.

On the other hand, he did seem to expect that I would say yes, that I would allow my pussy to dictate how I went about my life, and that was just something I wasn't willing to do. Marriage was a serious deal, and I wasn't going to let my lust, or whatever this was, make that decision for me.

Why was it so compelling, though?

“Angus?”

“What's up, boss?”

“What's the current word on the Kozlovs and the Morozovs?”

“They've been quiet for the most part, but I've heard a few whispers that they've been cooking up something that we should be keeping our ears to the ground for,” he answered. I lifted my gaze to meet his, noting the seriousness in his voice.

“Have any of my brothers mentioned either bratva family?”

“Kieran has. He would know the details better than me,” he replied.

“I'll give him a call tomorrow,” I ventured. I swirled my glass and took another sip.

If what Shane had said was true and both bratva families were preparing to make a big move as a united front, then it was definitely something to be concerned about. The Irish had been established in Boston for over a century and the Russians were the newbies in town. We might have to call on our oldest alliances if it came down to it.

I hated that Shane kind of had a point.

The unification of the Murphys and the Kavanaghs would certainly make that easier. Combining our total net worth and strength together would make us almost unstoppable, giving us near complete control of the city. We would easily be the two most powerful crime families in Boston, if not the East Coast.

I didn't want to give up on finding love for the sake of power, and my brothers wouldn't want that for me either, not when there could potentially be other solutions to the bratva problem if we put our heads together in an emergency family meeting.

What it really came down to was that I needed to figure out whether I wanted this or not, and what it would mean for me if I did.

I reached for one of the roses and slid my thumb over the silky surface of one of the petals. What would it be like to be married to Shane? Would he try to control me? Would he be like most men and need to be the decision-maker or head of household or whatever?

I already knew that was something I couldn't live with. My knowledge and opinions weighed just as heavily as any man's because I had a lifetime of experience in making a life for myself. I had contributed as much as my brothers had to our family's position in the city, and they knew it. If Shane couldn't recognize my worth, the two of us would never work.

Did I *want* it to work?

Honestly, I wasn't sure. I was comfortable in my life. I didn't need a man by my side to be happy. I went through each day with my head held high, proud of myself for what I had achieved and how much potential there was for the future. With each day, my family grew in prestige and power, so

much so that our children's children wouldn't want for anything.

All things considered, that didn't mean that I didn't want to share my life with someone, to share those sweet day to day moments of victory, of failure, and everywhere in between. Until now, I hadn't met anyone that I'd even considered settling down with.

I swirled my drink again, deep in thought.

It seemed so early to be thinking about such things, but in a way, it almost seemed natural. The arrangement our fathers made when we were children, the combining of two powerful Irish mafia families, and the explosive chemistry between us should make this decision easy.

Just thinking about last night made my clit throb in earnest.

With a deep sigh, I settled into the chair and watched the night crowd. Angus offered me another whiskey, but I shook my head. For a while, I just sat and ruminated over my future, hopeful that Shane would appear eventually. When he didn't, I eventually nodded my goodbye to Angus and carried my things out to my waiting car.

I gave the flowers fresh water and put them right in front of my bedroom window so they would be the first thing I saw when I woke up in the morning. I took a long, steamy bath that night to relax and try to figure things out, but it didn't provide me with any peace. Instead, my sleep that night was restless. My body simmered with need, but I refused to give in and touch myself while thinking about him.

I made that vow to myself that night, but little did I know how hard it was going to be to keep for the rest of that week.

Shane didn't come to the bar the next night either, but in his absence, he sent a bouquet of pink and white roses, along with a note.

*When you say your vows at our wedding, the only thing you're going to be wearing is your dress.*

His cocky arrogance made my pussy clench hard, and I hated it. Sort of...

Even though no one was reading his note along with me, I could feel my cheeks reddening at his blatant insinuation. Just the thought of wearing nothing beneath my dress felt far too shameful, but deep down there was a sliver of curiosity about what it might be like to be bare for him, especially when he'd be the only one that would know about it.

I'd imagined my wedding day quite a bit growing up. Honestly, it was something I think all girls, or at least most of them, thought about because it was what was always expected of us. Growing up to be a good girl who became a good wife, and then eventually a good mother. It had been the female life path for centuries.

I'd always seen myself as a career-minded woman. I was driven to make a name for myself, and that was exactly what I'd done. A wedding had always just seemed like some distant dream, and as the years ticked by, it had seemed like less and less of a possibility.

Could I really have it all?

I fingered the note, staring down at the smooth calligraphy that seemed far too neat for a man's hand. There was the slightest hint of his cologne on the paper, which put my questions to bed, or at least partially so. I sat back, fantasizing about the feel of his rough fingertips on my skin, the possessive way he'd manhandled and overpowered me, and how satisfied I'd been at the end of the night.

No man had ever left an impression on me like that. Not *ever*.

I didn't stay at the pub late that night. I ate a meal and sipped at a glass of water, but eventually I headed home for another night of self-care and relaxation. My personal masseuse arrived within the hour, and I enjoyed a self-indulgent deep tissue massage in order to work out all the knots and the tension in my body from the stressful week. By the time I went

to bed, I was at least slightly calmer, but this annoying twinge of need at the center of my core still pulsed anyway.

I ignored it that night, too.

Shane didn't come to the bar the next several nights, but he sent more flowers and gifts for me, along with the now expected cocky notes.

*You're going to be the one to choose your dress, but I'm going to be the one to tear it off you on our wedding night.*

*I can't wait to have you bare and screaming beneath me as my wife.*

*I'm going to redden your bottom on our wedding night, my beautiful bride. I haven't yet decided if I'm just going to use my hand, or give you a taste of my belt, but I'm certain you're going to scream my name until your throat goes hoarse after I'm done.*

His cockiness knew no bounds, but there was a certain sexiness in such bold self-confidence. He knew what he wanted, and that was me.

I had to admit I liked it.

The week passed slowly, and my townhome came to life with a wide variety of flowers in almost every room. He sent me expensive lingerie, decadent chocolates from Belgium, and a beautiful pair of dangling diamond and emerald earrings.

When I called Kieran to ask about the building bratva threat, he was already well-appraised of the situation. He confirmed that word on the street was that the two families had united in marriage after all. We talked about what that might mean for us for a few minutes before I asked him about the Kavanaghs.

He also verified the information about the killing of Shane's father several weeks ago.

"Shane is the head of the Kavanagh family now, Ada. He holds a great deal of power and responsibility in his role," he said softly.

I could hear Leah cooing the baby in the background. Their son was just a few months old now, and her daughter Emma was singing somewhere around them. My brother's home was so much different than it was a year ago, but it was a beautiful sort of chaos that made my heart happy to be a part of.

I didn't tell him about Shane's idea of marriage. I knew he wouldn't pressure me either way, but it just seemed like something I wanted to decide on all on my own.

When I hung up the phone, I felt no closer to figuring out what I wanted than when I had left Shane's place. That Thursday night, I stayed at home and another batch of flowers were delivered to my front door, along with a full Italian dinner of lasagna, cheesy garlic bread, and Tuscan wine. The note was hidden among the rose petals, and I pulled it out, a little impatient to know what he was thinking, and not at all trying to find out where he might be hiding. I wanted to see him again.

*Meet me at Murphy's tomorrow night. Wear a dress for me, my beautiful bride.*

My heart hammered in my chest. Unable to quell my annoyed arousal, I distracted myself by carrying the food inside before coming back to fetch the flowers. I sat down at my dining room table and ate right out of the container as I stared down at the note.

He was putting the ball in my court. Either I could meet him there tomorrow, or I could choose not to go, but that wasn't the only thing to think about. I could wear a dress, or I could openly defy him. One, to see what he might do, and two, to really understand if he was the type of man that would expect

unquestioning obedience from me, because that was something he was likely never going to get.

My thighs clenched together and my core squeezed tight. I had gone without pleasure all week, wanting to keep my vow not to touch myself while thinking about him, but also wanting desperately to come as I fantasized about that thick, long cock taking me in all sorts of wicked ways deep in the shadows of the night.

My neediness was making me increasingly frustrated and a bit sulky, but the food went a long way in making me feel better. I'd heard of the restaurant he'd ordered it from. The family that owned it had moved here only a few years ago from the northern part of Italy, and from what I'd heard, they'd made a killing sharing their traditional take on food. With every delicious bite, I could see that the rumors were, in fact, one hundred percent true.

I got up and uncorked the wine, pouring myself a glass. It was a fruity, slightly tart, full-bodied wine that paired perfectly with the meal he had chosen for me, and I knew that wasn't an accident on his part. By the time I finished, my appetite was satisfied, but the need between my thighs wasn't.

*Then it will just make it even hotter for me when you get so needy for my cock that you ask me to take you again.*

The sound of his husky voice echoed in my ear like he'd said those words to me only yesterday. I didn't want to admit it, but I wanted him. I yearned to feel his breath against my throat, his hands on my body, and his cock between my legs once again.

Lusting after a man like this was a bizarre feeling for me. There was a part of me that felt ashamed to be desiring him in this way, but I was a woman, and I had needs just like anyone else. With a harsh sigh, I put the leftovers in the fridge and grabbed the bottle of wine and my glass so I could head upstairs to take a nice, long bath.

It did nothing to lessen my need. If anything, being naked just made it worse. I sipped at the wine and eventually dressed in

my pajamas and made my way to bed, deciding that I'd had enough for the day.

In a moment of weakness, I reached down and pressed my fingers into my panties. My wetness had reached a shameful level, and I slowly circled my fingers over my clit as I contemplated the absurdity of my solitary vow not to think about him when I came by myself in my own bed.

Annoyed and sulky with my disconcerting arousal, I snatched my hand away and turned over in a huff. It took a long time to fall asleep that night, but when I woke, I blushed, knowing I'd been dreaming about him taking me over his knee for a hard spanking before he took me to his bed for an even harder fucking.

I groaned, pressing my hand to my forehead.

I was fucking *hopeless*.



## CHAPTER 6



*A* da

I decided that I would go to the pub that night after all, but in a direct challenge to his word, I didn't wear a dress like he'd asked me to. I decided on a sleek grey and black pinstripe pantsuit, one that made a statement the moment I walked into the room. For my makeup look, I went with a strong, no nonsense smoky eye and winged eyeliner. I put on my best red lipstick before I headed out the door.

My driver was waiting for me. The drive to Murphy's took only a few minutes, but every second ticked by so slowly, it was as if time had stood still. Eventually, my car pulled up in front of the pub, and I tried to keep myself calm as I climbed out of the car so that I didn't reveal just how much restless anticipation was circulating in my veins.

This time, Shane was already there ahead of me. I noticed he was wearing another marvelously fine Tom Ford suit, a sharp black matte one with a satin lined collar. His tie was a deep forest green that looked suspiciously close to the color of my irises, and I wondered if that was something he had done on purpose.

He didn't seem like the type of man that leaned on coincidence.

I sat down beside him, casting my gaze to the side as I watched his eyes move up and down my body. There was no frustration or resentment apparent in his expression at not

finding me in a dress like he'd requested. If anything, I could see a tiny hint of pride in his confident stare, and that was empowering in and of itself.

"Would you allow me to buy you a drink tonight?" he asked, his voice as buttery and seductive as I recalled. My nipples pebbled with excitement, still safely encased inside my bra, although I was hopeful that they wouldn't remain that way all night.

"I think I could allow that," I countered, smirking in his direction. He grinned, raising a hand and flagging down Angus.

"Two glasses of the Midleton Very Rare," he requested, and I dropped my gaze to the top of the bar, touched that he still remembered my favorite whiskey. In moments, we both had glasses in our hands, and he raised his, nodding in my direction. "To the future," he offered.

I echoed his sentiments and clinked my glass with his, taking a long draw and enjoying the spicy burn as it cascaded down my throat. I watched him swallow his own drink, assessing him at every moment for any further sign of what he might decide to do next.

I still didn't know what I wanted to choose. I'd spent all week thinking about it, and I was no closer to figuring it out then I was when I'd walked out of his penthouse with the taste of his seed still fresh on my tongue last week.

In a flurry of movement, he placed his drink down on the counter and stood up. He was already down on one knee with his hand reaching into his suit pocket before I recognized what was happening. When he pulled out a small blue velvet box, a tiny noise of surprise slipped from my lips unbidden at the sight of it.

He flipped it open, revealing what must have been a six or seven carat princess cut diamond solitaire engagement ring. The stone was flawless, catching the light and making my heart pound. The platinum setting was simple and elegant, letting the size and quality of the diamond take center stage.

It was perfectly suited to me. I couldn't have chosen a better one myself.

"Shane," I breathed warily.

"Ada Murphy, will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?"

I stared down at him on the floor, a bit taken aback. The entire bar had gone quiet. Actually, silent would be a better word. This was a very public declaration for any of the Murphys, but most especially me. I had a reputation, and so did he, and how I responded to this would speak volumes about both of our characters.

I cleared my throat, trying to keep calm and clearheaded. His eyes were warm and hopeful, rather than firm and expectant, as he searched mine.

Maybe there could be something to the two of us after all, but I had to be sure before I decided to give him my hand in marriage.

"I thought you said I'd have to ask you to ask me?" I questioned softly.

His lips curved up in a devious grin. His eyes grew dark with the memory of what the two of us had shared, as did mine, and only the soft rumble of his voice broke me from it.

"Only if you said no the first time I asked," he answered. His tone was simple and easy, and I decided to just go ahead and press him on the issue that I was concerned about the most.

If I became Shane's wife, I would need us to be equals, at least when others were watching.

"If I say yes, what would it be like?"

He stood up, moving closer to me and placing the ring box on the bar, right next to my drink. I stared at it as his hand caressed my side gently and then stilled as it pressed against my lower back. It was innocent in nature to those watching, but it didn't feel that way to me. He leaned down as his fingers dug gently into me, his low growl causing my inner walls to spasm as though they had a life of their own.

“In public or in *private*?”

He already knew. I sighed with a bit of relief, allowing myself to drop a tiny bit more of my guard. He was talking in a tone that was low enough for only me to hear at this point. I didn't look over my shoulder, but I knew the rest of the bar was watching us very closely as they tried to figure out what was going on with the Murphy's reigning ice queen.

I wasn't a woman known for having very many relationships with men. This was a rare moment for them to witness, and they all knew it.

“Both...”

“In public, you would be my queen.”

“Your equal,” I pressed, leveling him with a hard, intimidating look. He didn't back down, and there was something in his expression that made my heart swell with hope.

“My equal,” he confirmed with a curt nod.

I stared at him, trying to assess him for any sign of dishonesty or manipulation, but I found none. He didn't look away, gazing into my eyes as boldly as ever, and I realized that maybe he was telling the truth.

“You really mean that?”

“Every single word,” he vowed. There was an almost imperceptible tightening of his fingers on my back, and I nodded, needing to look away for a moment as the gravity of that vow fell on me.

There was another nagging question on my mind, and I needed to have it answered. As much as it was necessary for us to be equals when we were in the public eye, I wanted something very different when it was just the two of us *alone*.

“And in private?”

The silence between us hung heavy for a long moment, pregnant with sensual tension. My eyes flickered from his lips to his darkening gaze as my body came alive with passionate hunger.

“You already know how things would be in private.”

A soft gasp escaped my lips, and my cheeks caught flame. I glanced back down at the diamond ring again, hoping to conceal the crimson color to the best of my ability. I reached forward, not for the ring but for my glass of whiskey. I took a small sip and considered his words.

He was saying all the right things, but his actions were important too. Nothing he'd done with me in public had been heavy-handed or even remotely controlling. It was obvious that he knew that the reputation I'd built for myself meant a lot to me, and he had been careful to respect that.

This was going a bit too smoothly for him, and I wasn't a woman easily caught, so I decided to push him a little bit.

My pussy be damned. I was going to come out the victor tonight.

“And this is the part where I say ‘No’, and then change my mind in a few days because I need your cock, right?”

From the way his eyes were twinkling, he thought he had this in the bag. He was already counting his winnings and preparing to take me to his place for the fucking of a lifetime. I had to admit that I didn't hate the idea. A part of me actually enjoyed the thought, but I was a woman ruled by her head, not the needy clit between her legs.

“Something like that, yes,” he smirked.

He definitely thought he was winning, and I played into it, loosely plying my fingers around the box and sliding my fingertip up and down the soft velvet. I wondered if he was imagining my fingers doing the exact same thing to his cock.

“And if I say ‘yes’ right now?” I asked pointedly. I sucked in a cautious breath, wanting to confirm what I thought he was thinking, even though I already knew that he was imagining me flat on my back, scratching my nails into his shoulders as he drove into me with the strength that I already knew him capable of.

It was an intriguing fantasy, one I wanted to come true, but when the time was right.

“You know what happens if you say ‘yes’ right now,” he countered.

The meaning between his words was clear. If I did say yes right now, he would slide that ring on my finger and the two of us would leave together. He would take me back to his place, and I would enjoy being fucked long into the night.

It was so *very* tempting.

His close proximity to me was subtly mesmerizing. The fact that I hadn’t seen him all week only added to the building tension between us.

Instead of playing into his expectations, I smiled and leaned in towards him. My lips grazed against his with bold intent and he took in a shaky breath, expecting hesitation from me and finding the exact opposite. I kissed him with the same confidence as he had kissed me that first time, but I didn’t stop there.

With my right hand, I reached down and boldly rubbed my hand over the hard line of his cock. He was just as big as I remembered and rigidly erect. My open challenge was turning him on, and I liked that.

To be honest, I *really* liked that.

“If this is going to work, I’m going to have to win sometimes,” I whispered, drawing my face away just enough to meet his gaze. I made no effort to pull my hand away from his cock, enjoying the feel of him at my mercy as I stared at him in open confrontation.

He said nothing, and a long pause passed between us. He was waiting for me to make the next move. I smiled, fully satisfied with this whole encounter.

“Ask me again tomorrow.” I leaned in, brushing my lips against his ear and squeezing my fingers around his cock. He was rock hard, and I would bet good money on the fact that he was having extreme difficulty keeping himself under restraint so that he didn’t take me right there in the middle of the pub.

His palm cupped my face gently, pulling me in for a sweet kiss. As time went on, his lips pressed more firmly into mine,

possessing me, tasting me, but he only allowed it to go so far.

He kept his word. In public, we would be equals.

“I’m going to make you pay for this, little girl,” he whispered with a growl, tipping his head and lowering his voice so that I was the only one able to hear his sensual warning.

“I know... but I think you’ll be back tomorrow, won’t you?” I smirked, pulling back just enough to see the simmering arousal clear in those marvelously dark, masculine eyes. Wanting to make the last move, I leaned in and kissed him with far more ferocity than he’d kissed me. I nipped his lower lip hard enough to force him to make an audible sound, and then I released my grip on his cock, downed my whiskey in a single long sip, and walked out.

I didn’t look back over my shoulder, instead keeping my chin held high as the bell tolled over the door. I really wanted to, at least in part to see the look on his arrogantly sexy face.

More than that, though, I wanted to turn around because I wanted to say yes, and I wanted him to take me back to his place so that he could fuck me the way I needed to be fucked.

The way I *deserved* to be fucked.

*Like an absolute goddamn queen.*

## CHAPTER 7



*A* da

When I came back to Murphy's the following night, Shane was already waiting for me at the bar like I'd known he would be. From the door, he appeared to be cool and relaxed, but his mind was likely running with possibilities of what the night would bring.

Honestly, mine was too.

Tonight, I'd decided to give in just a tiny bit for him and wear a dress. I wasn't a stranger to a beautiful designer gown by any means, but my usual wardrobe consisted of a lot of power suits because the typical men in my world treated a woman very differently when she was wearing a dress versus a pair of pants.

Instinctually, I knew that Shane wasn't that kind of man.

At first glance, the pub was even busier than usual for a Saturday night. Maybe word had spread of the interaction between the two of us and they'd come to see the show firsthand, or maybe it was just an unusually busy weekend crowd. Either way, it didn't really matter.

As soon as Shane turned his head, I only had eyes for him.

I strode over to him with my head held high, noticing that there were already two drinks on the bar top. When I slid into the seat beside him, he smiled and moved one of them in front of me. He could have asked me if I wanted one, but I already



knew I would have let him buy it for me without any questions asked.

“I thought we might enjoy a glass of my favorite whiskey tonight.” He smiled, his eyes dancing with eager anticipation, and I couldn’t help but grin in return, his mood contagious.

“Tullamore Dew 18 Year, right?” I offered, returning his cheerful sentiments.

“That’s the one,” he beamed, his entire face lighting up with joy.

For a moment, I allowed myself to admire his wardrobe for the night. I appreciated how he was always put together. His appearance was important to him, and that showed every time I laid eyes on him. His suit was just as fine as any of the ones I’d seen him in before, but this one was especially nice. It was matte black with a deep green, satin trim. His tie matched, a bold black with a subtle sheen of dark green that screamed Irish royalty, and I brazenly reached for it, running my fingertips along the luxurious fabric. He didn’t pull back or brush my hand away. Instead, he looked at me with mounting curiosity, and I leaned in the tiniest bit. His gaze held mine, the heat simmering between us growing palpable. He wanted me, and I wanted him. There would be no questioning that again.

“Do you like it?” he asked, raising an eyebrow as he watched me closely.

“I do,” I replied smoothly.

“Good,” he sipped at his whiskey, and I took an emboldened swig of mine. It had been some time since I’d tried this particular maker. The notes of vanilla, sweet golden honey, and dried fruits lingered on my tongue long after I swallowed, like a warm hug from the inside out. Maybe I’d hadn’t given it a fair shot.

Without saying anything at all, he stood up, kissed my cheek, and got down on one knee. There was no need for banter between us tonight, no excessive flirting to tease each other. The two of us were here for one thing only, and that was to

secure the alliance between the two of us, or at least that was what I was telling myself.

It definitely wasn't because I wanted that big cock again.

Or to find out what life would be like as his wife.

I peered down at him as he reached into his pocket and pulled out the same velvet box as yesterday. There was no surprise when he flipped open the box and the same hush fell over the crowd as he looked up at me with the same hope, pride, and adoration as before.

The entire picture of it was magnificent.

“Will you marry me, Ada Murphy? Will you do me the honor of becoming my queen?”

My heart seemed to stop beating in my chest. My whole world centered on this incredibly powerful man kneeling in front of me and asking for my permission to marry him, and I lifted my chin in just the tiniest show of defiance. To the rest of the people watching, I would be playing the part of Ada Murphy, a woman that held just as much power as the men in my family, but he saw me for what I truly was.

A woman in need of a man worthy to stand beside her when they were out in the world, and one who wasn't afraid to put her in her place when she was in his bed.

“If I say yes, will you be gentle with me?” I asked softly, raising a single eyebrow. To those watching, it would appear that I was questioning him publicly. My voice remained low, likely inaudible to the crowd, but by the way his eyes had darkened and his lips turned up in a coy, seductive smirk, I knew that he had heard me.

He was the only one that needed to.

“No,” he growled. He grinned and I chuckled, watching his eyes darken with promise right in front of me.

Good. That's what I had hoped to hear.

“Then yes. I will marry you, Shane Kavanagh,” I answered, letting my voice carry throughout the pub. The hush remained

over the bar crowd. The two of us were in the spotlight, and I reveled in that.

“I’ll call the limo and we can celebrate back at my place,” he offered, his tone suggestive, but I shook my head. I didn’t want to wait for his car, and I didn’t want to drive all the way downtown, either.

The anticipation had gone on long enough.

“No. I can’t wait that long,” I admitted with a sly grin of my own. His eyes twinkled with amusement, and he cocked his head, trying to figure out what I was thinking.

“Your place then?”

“Not quite. I have something else in mind.” I smiled. I lifted a single finger, beckoning Angus over to me. The bartender looked back at me with unashamed curiosity, but he said nothing as I leaned over the bar and whispered a few directives into his ear.

He nodded quickly, showing me the same respect that he always had before he started moving around the bar and speaking with each patron sitting inside the establishment. He stopped at every table, every booth, every corner and soon enough, the bar started to empty.

One by one, the entire Saturday night crowd walked out the front door until it was just us. When the last person walked out, Angus locked the front door and gave me a curt nod. I smiled back at him with appreciation.

“I’ll lock up out back. Have a good night, boss,” he said to me without even glancing in Shane’s direction.

“Have a good night, Angus,” I answered.

When Angus disappeared around the corner, Shane and I were finally all by ourselves. He peered back at me with sheer respect. If I looked closer, there was almost this subtle sense of pride written on his face that I was his now, or at least as much as a woman like me could be.

“That was impressive, little girl,” he growled.

My pussy clenched so hard, I was certain I would have come right then and there if he'd put his hands on me.

"Having your own establishment like this comes with a certain set of perks," I replied, my voice trembling just the slightest bit from the arousal burning through me.

He stood up beside me, towering over me as he reached for my left hand. Slowly, he slid the engagement ring into place. I gasped faintly, taken aback by how perfectly it fit and how much of a statement it made now that it was safely on my hand.

"It does indeed," he murmured.

His fingers brushed against my cheek, and I leaned into his touch, seeking out the warm, fiery electricity that sparked between us. With a quiet sigh, I gazed into his eyes as he grazed his fingers across the line of my chin, down the sensitive flesh of my throat, and then over the line of the V-neck of my gown. His hand descended all the way down to the thin black leather belt around my waist.

With a strong jerk, he pulled me out of the bar stool to my feet. The leather bit into my torso, and if it had been anyone else, I would have snarled in protest or at least given a strong word of warning, but not with Shane. I didn't need to.

His other hand wound around the back of my neck. I was taken aback by how broad his hand seemed, and then his fingers dug into the back of my scalp, slowly fisting until he had a firm hold on my long hair. Pain blossomed in a radiant spiral, furrowing down the length of my spine as I arched up onto my toes. A small noise of pained surprise escaped my lips as he angled my face up towards his, and before I knew it his lips had captured mine in a savage kiss that made all the ones prior to it seem chaste in comparison.

I started moaning from the start.

His tongue slipped in between my lips, dancing with mine as I pressed my body against his. The bra I was wearing was thin, and my nipples were already pebbling against his chest. The soft, delicate lace teased my hard buds, and I tilted my chest

away just a little to try to relieve the needy ache. I didn't know why I thought that would work.

My attempts to outrun my desire only seemed to make matters worse.

He let go of my waist belt and slid his hand around to the middle of my back, pressing me more firmly against him. I shuddered with passionate need when the firm line of his cock pushed against my lower belly, telling me that he needed me as much as I needed him without a single spoken word.

His kiss deepened, and I was forced to relent at least a little bit to his bold dominance. My mouth was already sore, and in order to gain back just a little ground, I nipped at his lower lip. He chuckled, the sound seductively dangerous, and a shiver of anticipation funneled through me with uncontrollable ferocity.

"Naughty girl," he murmured. As if he was chastising me, he bit my lip a bit harder than I had his, and I swallowed a quiet whimper at the fierce sting that came with it.

"So, what if I am," I teased, leaping headfirst into what I knew was going to be a long, painful, but very pleasurable night. He kissed my cheek, then the cusp of my jaw, and lightly nipped at the side of my neck as he jerked my head roughly to the side.

I couldn't quiet my sharp cry that time.

He pushed a bar stool out of the way with his foot and pushed me against the bar. Pinned by his strong form, I could do nothing but stare back at him in defiance as he unbuckled the belt and tore it from my waist. Wasting no time, he flipped me around and jerked the zipper of my dress all the way down to the small of my back.

He wasn't gentle as he tore it off my body. Several seams ripped in the process, and I knew I would have to call in my seamstress for a second time to fix it.

My expensive designer clothes weren't safe around Shane.

One sleeve tore as he forced the gown down past my hips. It fell to the floor and tangled around my ankles, but he made no

move to free them. Instead, my ripped dress held me captive just as much as his body was right now.

My pretty black lace bra fell prey to his strong hands next. The delicate fabric was no match for his powerful grip, parting as if a hot knife had met a melting stick of butter. I tried to reach up to cover my breasts, but he knocked my hands away with ease. In no time at all, the only thing left on my body was a matching pair of panties.

I knew those wouldn't last much longer either.

He spun me back around roughly, letting his gaze drag up and down my body. One hand cupped my left breast, and he grazed his thumb against my hard nipple. My painfully erect bud ached, and when he dipped his head down and took it in his mouth, I couldn't help but moan out loud in sheer, unequivocal bliss.

This was heaven and hell combined into one.

His fingers slipped under the lace hem, curling around the thin cloth and tugging it up so it rubbed against my clit. I gasped, a bolt of pleasure sinking straight into my core. In a mission to try to keep my shamefully needy sounds quiet, I bit my lip and looked up at him as he dragged the textured cloth back and forth. My legs trembled as he teased me, pulling my panties a bit harder each time until I was just on the edge of orgasm.

It was at that moment that he tore them clean off.

Too far gone with pleasure already, the harsh bite of pain sent me into a sudden, blissfully spiraling climax. My thighs quaked and my inner walls fluttered wildly.

He grabbed my nipples with both hands and pinched them hard. My upper body pitched forward, but his much larger form held me in place against the bar as I writhed with pleasure. When he released my sore breasts, aching pain blossomed across the entire surface, but it only sought to deepen my already soul-consuming orgasm.

My eyes rolled, and I had difficulty holding myself up, but his arm wrapped around my waist and he did it for me. Once my orgasm finally receded, every nerve in my body was tingling

with sizzling sensation. By the look in his eyes though, this night was far from over, and that was more exhilarating than I cared to admit.

My pussy ached from the tearing of my panties, but that only added to the tempting allure of what the next several hours with my future husband promised.

“I’ve been looking forward to making you pay for teasing me last night, little girl,” he murmured.

“Have you now?” I whispered, trembling with nervous anticipation.

“I’ve decided that I’m going to introduce you to my belt tonight,” he warned, and my pussy clenched hard. I opened my mouth, my tongue going instantly dry, but I found that no words came out. I’d wrapped my hand around his cock yesterday knowing full well that I was instigating something that would be much more intense than our rough lovemaking the other night.

“Your belt...” I echoed, my stomach doing somersaults inside me. Without meaning to, I glanced downward, noticing the thick black strap around his waist. He grasped my hand and lightly pressed my fingers against it. I sucked in a breath, noticing it was soft to the touch. It was well-conditioned, maybe even freshly oiled, but I couldn’t tell for certain.

“Yes, little girl. By the time this night is over, your gorgeous little ass is going to be thoroughly marked from my belt,” he growled.

I tried to stop myself from making a noticeable sound of arousal, but I failed. There was nothing I could do to hide my curious desire. Did I want to know what it felt like? Did I enjoy the fact that he had just decided he was going to take his belt to my ass without giving me a choice?

I swallowed hard, knowing full well that the answer to both questions was a resounding yes. Even after one incredibly fulfilling orgasm already, my clit was throbbing for more. My inner walls fluttered as I wrapped my arms around his neck.

“You’re not going to be gentle with it either, are you?”

He shook his head, and my heart squeezed tight, anxious desire pooling within every inch of my body. I could feel my arousal dripping down my inner thighs. If he reached down and touched me there, he'd find the silky threads stringing between them.

“When it’s the two of us, my beautiful blushing bride-to-be, I’m going to be as rough as I want. I know you’re not made of glass. I’m not going to break you,” he teased.

“I’d like to see you try,” I dared him, kind of curious about such an alluring temptation.

His answering chuckle was husky, ominous, and so promising that my core ached. With ever increasing courage, I started to unbutton the top of his suit. With a measured roughness of my own, I pushed it over his shoulders and down his arms until it fell to the floor. I grasped his button-up shirt and tore it open myself with a daring smirk. Buttons popped off everywhere as he stared down at me like a lion readying itself to pounce on its prey.

It was utterly thrilling.

His shirt gave way to my strength, not quite as easily as my clothes had for him, but I was pleased with the result. I tugged it free from his arms, discarding it with the rest of our clothes which were in haphazard piles on the hardwood floor underneath our feet.

I didn’t back down when I grabbed his belt. Roughly, I pulled the end of it through the buckle, tugging it back as I undid the clasp with more vigor than I really needed just to make a point.

I wasn’t going to go down like a newborn fawn. I was a lioness in my own right.

I popped the button off his slacks and ripped the zipper down so hard I was certain it broke in the process. Brazenly, I slipped my hand down the front of his slacks on top of his underwear until my hand closed around his erection.

“You’re playing with fire, little girl,” he warned.



“I know,” I challenged, daring him with a single look. His gaze searched mine and then he readjusted his position, standing taller above me. It sent a message. He’d let me have control for long enough, and now he was going to take it back.

“Keep it up, and you’ll find out what my belt feels like between those pretty thighs, too,” he threatened.

Immediately, I stilled as the meaning of his words rained down over me. My thighs tensed as I closed them, and he pushed a single leg in between them, preventing me from protecting my sensitive flesh. Almost as if he was furthering the warning, he reached between my thighs and lightly slapped my pussy.

The sting from such a light slap sent my entire body reeling. My sensitive folds were still swollen with my pleasure. The wet sound was embarrassingly loud, and I bit the inside of my cheek, attempting to keep my own shock quiet.

A belting there would be a whole lot more painful.

“I just want you,” I pouted quietly, allowing my lower lip to protrude a little. His gaze dropped to my mouth, his lips following with a punishingly hard kiss. By the time it ended, my lips were a whole lot sorer, and I’d been unable to stop myself from whimpering into his mouth.

“You’re going to get a whole lot more than that, Ada,” he growled. In a rush, he reached down and freed his cock. He slapped it against my belly, and I gasped, the heavy weight and rigidity combining into a heady mixture of desire and anxiety deep in my core.

“Is that right?” I teased, smirking as I met his perilously menacing stare.

“Be a good girl and wrap your arms around my neck. You’re going to need to hold onto something for this next part,” he warned.

My heart hammered so hard it felt like it had surged right up into my throat. Tentatively, I moved to obey him. I slid my hands along the hard planes of the muscles of his shoulders and sucked in a breath when my fingers eventually collided.

Patiently, he watched me explore his body with my hands. I could feel his cock throbbing against my hip as I folded my fingers together and looked back up to meet his eyes. He was enjoying this as much as I was, that was clear, but his restraint was written all over his face. He was still holding back, and I knew he wouldn't be for much longer.

He grasped me around the waist and lifted me off the floor right on top of the bar. The remains of my dress that were still tangled around my ankles fell to the floor as he leapt up with astounding grace and settled down right on top of me, the hard length of his cock boldly nestled against the bare folds of my pussy.

"You're going to make such a beautiful queen," he praised.

"I know," I sassed back.

"But... I think it's time you screamed for your king," he demanded. He jerked his hips back and reached down, angling his cock to my entrance. His gaze held mine as he stilled. I sucked in an anxiously aroused breath, my inner walls clenching in anticipation.

Without another word, he slammed into me so hard that I saw stars. My mouth opened and a strangled cry came out, but I was far too overcome with his sudden taking that I could do nothing other than contend with my struggle.

My pussy burned from the girth of his monstrous cock, stretching me wide open. My inner walls spasmed, trying to take him and attempting to force him out at the exact same time. The pain spiraled deep into my core, and I found it hard to breathe, let alone think.

"You're soaking wet for me, Ada. You've been thinking about my cock stretching this tight little pussy all week, haven't you?"

"Yes!" I wailed.

"I like that," he whispered, his breath tickling my ear as he started to thrust unhurriedly into me. I cried out, still not used to his size, but I had a feeling that was always going to be a part of what made him and I so explosive together.

I needed to be fucked, long and hard enough to hurt.

My arms squeezed around his shoulders, my fingers digging in as his muscles flexed beneath them. Eventually, the initial pain started to subside into a more throbbing, pleasurable ache, and his thrusts started to quicken. He angled his body in such a way that his pelvis ground against my clit just right, and I moaned, feeling myself topple headfirst towards another orgasm far more rapidly than I was prepared for.

One of his hands slid underneath my head, cupping it protectively against the firm wood as his hips started to piston into mine with savage force. Up until that point, he'd been holding back.

He didn't after that.

He started to fuck me with vigorous savagery. My thighs tensed around his waist as he ravaged me in my own bar, forcing every inch of his cock into my tight channel with every hard thrust. His big cock filled me to the brim. My clit pulsed hard as my own muscles flexed with the oncoming force of my pleasure.

I tried to hold it back, but I knew it was a losing battle before it even began. Even as I pressed my lips together in my attempt to keep quiet, I could already feel the scream brewing in the pit of my belly. My thighs started to quake first, and then my hips started to rock in tune with his movements, until at long last, the oncoming wave of climax crashed over me with overwhelmingly intense force.

I screamed, just like he'd said I would.

My nails dug into his back which just made him move with increasing ferocity. Over and over again, his thick cock penetrated my spasming pussy, driving me higher into heights of ecstasy that I didn't know I could reach. My eyes rolled back in my head as my muscles flexed, tensing with one round after the next of pleasure tinged with a hint of pain.

It was rough. It was hard. It was everything I'd ever wanted and needed all at the exact same time.

His teeth grazed against my throat as my body rocked in tune with his thrusts. I cried out as the head of his cock slammed against my cervix. The wood of the bar top was worn enough to be comfortable against my bare flesh, but just uneven enough to remind me that this wasn't our bedroom.

I arched into another deep thrust, wailing as my core squeezed so tight that it bordered on agony. Every nerve in my body came alive, and before I was even aware of what was happening, I was sailing into another climax at full force.

My scream reverberated inside the pub quite spectacularly.

"I've only just begun to take what I want from you, little girl," he growled.

My inner walls clenched hard enough around him to make him grunt out loud. A tiny hope blossomed in my core that maybe he wouldn't last as long this time, but I knew it was a foolish thought as soon as it came over me.

This was far from over and we both knew it.

He drove into me with vicious cruelty as I came once again. My fingers dug in harder as my body seized with brutal savagery. My screams echoed off the walls as I struggled to hold on for as long as I could. Every nerve in my body fired all at once, then again and again as I suffered through that vicious climax. There was nothing I could do to quell its intense force, so I did the only thing I could.

I surrendered to it.

Wave after wave of blissful agony tore through me, electric shocks of pleasure driving deep down into the depths of my core with building intensity until I threw my head back against the bar top. Every muscle in my body quaked, and still he fucked me with the same ruthlessness as he had when all of this began.

A strange fear wallowed inside me. He was going to last far longer than me. By the time this ended, and he finally came, I was going to be a wet, exhausted mess. My pussy fluttered around him with excitement. As much as my head was

resistant to the idea, my body was a seemingly very willing participant in all of this.

When my orgasm finally started to dissipate into a slow, flowing trickle, my ragged breathing echoed throughout the restaurant. My clit pounded beneath his pelvis, over-sensitized and still somehow greedy for something more. His movements slowed as I tried to pull in one lungful of air after the next, but the frantic beat of my heart seemed to keep outpacing me no matter what I tried.

He pulled his hips back, removing his cock from my pussy inch by slow inch until I was completely empty. As soon as he was gone, I immediately realized that I missed the feeling of being so full of him after such a long stretch. I made a quiet noise to let him know my displeasure, and the menacing smirk that played on his lips made my breath catch in my throat.

“I enjoyed that very much, Ada, but I think it’s time I reminded you who is king when we’re in private,” he whispered.

My heart skipped a beat.

I didn’t respond, but I didn’t really need to. Still reeling from my last few orgasms, I couldn’t put up much of a fight as he jumped down from the bar and lifted me off it. With ease, he carried me over to a nearby table. Gently, but still somehow with an air of roughness, he bent me facedown over the edge.

I looked over my shoulder as his warmth disappeared, watching with growing anxiety as he strode over to his slacks. He grabbed the buckle of his belt and pulled hard, the swish of the leather against fabric menacingly loud.

I cried out in fearful arousal before I could stop myself.

Somewhere amidst all the orgasms and the hard fucking, I’d forgotten about his threat to use his belt. But now that it was in his hands, it was the only thing on my mind. My trepidation only escalated from there as he folded it over in his hands and walked purposefully back to me.

“My sweet Ada,” he purred, and I shivered, unable to take my eyes off the swinging leather strap. I gulped, squirming a little

against the table. When he noticed my struggle, he knelt down and grabbed his long-forgotten tie off the floor.

He rounded the table, grasped my wrists, and bound them in front of me. He wrapped the silky fabric several times, instructing me to try to get out of it once he was done. I struggled and quickly realized that I couldn't. His knots were as thorough and secure as they could possibly be.

When he walked back behind me, I stiffened as his hand pressed down on my lower back.

"I love how your gorgeous little ass is trembling for me, little girl. Are you nervous?"

I didn't answer then, either, and I tensed as he laid the supple leather against my waiting, vulnerable cheeks. It was just as soft as when I'd touched it with my fingers, but I had a feeling I wasn't going to be thinking that for very long.

"Answer me, Ada," he demanded, the warning thick in his tone.

"Yes," I answered, annoyed, aroused, and edgy all at the same time. I shifted a little bit and brought my thighs closer together. His foot pushed between mine.

"Spread your legs, naughty girl. I want to see how wet this deliciously tight pussy gets as I welt your ass with my belt," he growled.

I hid my face in my forearms as I inched my feet apart. My efforts weren't enough for him, however, and he forcefully spread my legs wide enough so that the view of what was between my legs must have been obscene.

"There. That's more like it," he purred.

For a long moment, I could feel his eyes on me. Every inch of my naked body was on display for him, and I shivered, overwhelmed with shame that I was bare for him like this while also desperately wanting him to look. It was a heady sensation that made my entire world tilt on its edge.

"I think it's time you learned what my belt feels like, naughty girl. That way, you know what you're risking each and every

time you tease me like that in public,” he remarked, his tone promising and haunting all at once.

His hand trailed across the length of my lower back, spreading liquid heat across my bare flesh as I waited for that first fateful lash.

My heart seemed to beat as loud as the ticking of a clock. Time slowed as I pulled air into my lungs. As I breathed it all out, the loud swish of the belt cut through the air as my body relaxed against the table.

The deafening slap of leather against flesh caught me by surprise. Had I not been bent over a table with my ass bare, I would have thought someone had shot a gun in the room. The shock of the sound was short-lived, however, as the line of fire that followed quickly took over my every waking thought.

A soft squeak of surprise fell off my lips.

The stinging pain was sharp, but it didn't stop, either. It continued to build.

And *build*...

What started as a tiny, sizzling flame quickly exploded into a raging bonfire. My arms jerked against the silk tie around my wrists, and I cried out. My first instinct was to reach back and protect myself, but his tie prevented that, like he had known I would react this way all along. The welt continued to rise and before I was ready for it, his belt lashed my bare bottom once again.

I cried out, too overwhelmed by the first strike to prepare for the second. It struck just below the first, scalding more of my bare skin in the process. I tried to use the strength in my arms to push up from the table, but his hand easily held me in place.

“That *hurts!*” I wailed.

“Good. It's supposed to, little girl.”

A third fiery lash punished just below the first two, and then my belting truly began. I worried that he might miss at one point, that the belt would strike in between my thighs, but his aim was impeccable. He punished both sides of my ass

equally, ensuring that he didn't miss a single spot from the tops of my cheeks to the middle of my thighs.

He thrashed me just as thoroughly as he had fucked me, and to be honest, I'd expected nothing less. I lost myself in the stinging consistency of the belting, the constant burn from the rising welts utterly consuming.

It was far more intense than the hand spanking he'd given me this week. The lesson was that Shane was a man to be feared, and that knowledge made my pussy impossibly wet.

With each agonizing lash, my pussy clenched hard. I wailed, struggling to take it while knowing I didn't have much of a choice. My body enjoyed that, too.

"Your ass looks even better than I could have ever imagined like this," he said out loud. The belting paused for a second, before it lightly tapped in between my thighs.

I blushed at the wet sound it made. There was a very light sting that came with it, but I knew that it could be far more vicious if he wanted it to be. This was simply a reminder that he could whip me there too if he wanted too.

"You're soaking wet, naughty girl. I think you're enjoying this."

"I'm not," I protested, overcome with my shame. His chuckle told me that he didn't believe me.

"That answer tells me that I'm not finished marking this defiant little ass," he growled.

I tensed as the belt cut through the air once again. It whipped against my bare cheeks far harder than any of the times before.

"If you want this belting to end any time soon, naughty girl, you'll start begging for my cock."

I wasn't going to last much longer, and I knew it. Even though my ass was on fire, I wanted nothing more than for him to continue the fucking I'd been waiting for all week. The belt whipped across my bottom three more times, its lash fierce enough to take my breath away before I opened my mouth and tried to get the words out.



“Please!”

“What do you need, little girl?”

Another stinging lash of fire whipped my naked ass.

“Your cock!” I wailed.

He said nothing and I chanced a look over my shoulder to see him reaching for my scalded backside. I sucked in a breath as his fingertips grazed along one of the raised welts. The fire seemed to rise with the exploration of his touch, and I arched subconsciously, pressing myself against him and seeking him out.

“Absolutely gorgeous, my sweet bride. A few of these might even leave a mark,” he murmured.

My pussy clenched hard in response. I watched the belt swing by his side for a brief second before my gaze centered on the jutting erection between his legs. There was no question that he had enjoyed this just as much as I had. His explorative touch continued down my bare cheek, until it dipped in between my thighs.

“You did need this, didn’t you, little girl?”

“Yes,” I moaned, unable to keep quiet as his fingers lightly circled over my clit. Zings of pleasure raced up and down my legs, forcing me to rise up on my tiptoes and push back against him in hopes that he might allow me to come. My pussy was remarkably sensitive, and I knew that once my fucking started anew, there would be no telling how many times I shattered beneath him.

My inner walls spasmed just thinking about it.

I whined when his hand pulled away from me, trying to keep still, but it was nearly impossible. He took a step towards me, and the heat of his cock slid through my wet folds. His rigid length didn’t enter me just yet. Instead, he teased me with his hard cock, grinding the thick rod against my needy little clit.

I gasped as he leaned over me and slid the tip of the belt underneath my throat. He quickly pushed it through the buckle and pulled it taut, using the thick leather strap as a makeshift

collar and leash. I squeaked in surprise, the sudden pressure catching me off guard. With his hand, he tightened it enough to force me to angle my body upwards as I struggled to pull in a full breath.

The pressure made the blood rush to my head, but every thought was obliterated when his cock slammed into me with no warning. I cried out, taken aback by the brutal, fiery stretch. I would never get used to that.

His hand wound around the belt, and he pulled it even more taut, using the strap as leverage as he pounded into me. All the other times before paled in comparison to the roughness of each savage thrust, but my body came alive anyway.

Each time his pelvis slapped against the welts on my scalded bare ass, a ferocious sting followed. Combined with the painfully rough fucking, my whole world tilted, and I moaned out loud. The wet sounds of my fucking echoed around the room, clear evidence of just how aroused being spanked with his belt had made me.

With anyone else, I would have had to deny it, but with Shane, I didn't need to. With him, I could be myself.

He yanked the belt to choke me, and my head whirled with the same sensation that was whirling inside the rest of my body. Fiery heat pumped through my veins, surging hotter and hotter with every passing second. My skin burned and a sheen of sweat beaded at the edges of my brows, threatening to drip down at any second. My toes curled and swept back, losing contact with the floor as Shane took complete control of my body.

My breath was shallow, the belt cutting off my air flow at least partially. I wailed, but it came out sounding more like a strangled moan. He snapped his hips brutally hard, forcing every thick inch of that monstrous cock inside me. He bottomed out, pounding the head against my cervix hard enough that I knew I was going to feel this for days to come.

His free hand gripped my right ass cheek, digging his fingers into the welts he left behind and I cried out, but my body

tumbled into the throes of orgasm before I even realized what was happening.

I started to scream from the very beginning.

He didn't let up with his thrusts or with his grip on the belt. His hold on my sore ass cheek served as additional leverage for him to take what he wanted. As a result, he gave me exactly what I needed too.

It was easily the hardest fucking of my life. His thrusts were so powerful that the table rocked, but that didn't slow him down. My thighs quaked with overwhelming desire, almost like they were trying to break free of the physical confines of my body. My torso started to roll, arching and rocking in tune with his thrusts, craving every hard inch of him inside me.

I came so hard that I saw stars.

My hands curled, grabbing onto the ends of the tie and holding on for dear life. I took a little of the pressure off my throat by pressing up onto my forearms as best as I could, but the leather dug in despite my efforts. I loved it anyway. No one had ever choked me with a belt like this before. Shane hadn't asked, either, and I adored him for it.

It made things simple. It held me firmly in place for the fucking I needed, a conduit from him to me that sent a message. I was going to stay right here and take his cock for as long as he wanted me to. Its mark was seared across my naked ass, still stinging as a reminder of how painful it could be. The wet noises of the fucking echoed around us. It would have been shameful with anyone else except for him.

There was a me that came out with him that was truly special.

My head lulled to the side as wave after wave of overwhelming passionate desire crashed over me. There was no keeping still. There was really no point in even trying. My only choice was to drown in it and hope that at the end of all this, he would be able to rescue me from the shadowy depths.

My inner walls spasmed around his cock, milking him for everything he was worth. He showed no signs of slowing, but I had known he wouldn't.

“You’re absolutely radiant when you come for me,” he growled, and that sent me over the edge again. I had no idea how many orgasms he’d forced from my trembling body at this point, but it didn’t matter anymore.

My bliss reigned free, twinged with a powerful volley of pain and pleasure that twisted into one endlessly consuming sensation. I reveled in each harsh lash of passionate desire, overwhelmed and completely taken by every agonizing moment of sheer bliss. I moaned and screamed, my sounds slightly strangled by the thick belt around my throat. He never quite let up the pressure, forever reminding me that he was in charge when it was the two of us.

He roared behind me, fucking me with brutal intensity for several long minutes as I suffered through that vicious climax. Over-sensitized, my body never stopped moving, never stopped arching into his thrusts, and I could no longer tell if my orgasm just kept going or if a string of them ravaged my body one after the other.

With a feral growl, he yanked the belt tighter and slammed into me. His rigid steel length throbbed inside me, seemingly growing harder as his fingers dug into my hip. I arched upwards as he came with a savage roar, pelting my inner walls with his hot, burning seed. One spurt after another seared my channel, throwing me headfirst into one final soul-shattering orgasm that forced every nerve in my body to combust. I squeezed my eyes shut as my climax destroyed me.

By the time it was over, I was no longer certain that my soul was still connected to my body. Tingles of ecstasy spiraled up and down my limbs as I struggled to breathe. I hardly noticed that he was reaching forward and unthreading the belt from my throat until it was already off me. With slow, leisurely thrusts, he pumped his softening cock in and out of my come-filled pussy.

I hated how a part of me enjoyed the feeling of it.

I lulled my head to the side before he finally pulled free of me. In a rush of movement, he unraveled the tie from my wrists and gathered me in his arms. Without asking, he sat down in

one of the nearby chairs and pulled me into his lap. I wrapped my arms around his neck, my heart and my body fully sated.

“I needed that as much as you did, little girl,” he purred, and I couldn’t help but snuggle against his chest. My heart was still beating frantically, and I blushed, feeling my own sweat drip down my back. His thick come pooled between my thighs, but neither of us made a move to wipe it away.

With soft, gentle touches, he massaged the achy muscles of my back, and I melted against him, too overwhelmed to do anything but try to normalize my ragged breathing and the frantic beating of my heart. His strong arms wrapped around me, holding me as I came down from such a powerful experience.

“Thank you for saying yes, my sweet Ada,” he murmured.

I curled in closer to him, lifting my head just enough to kiss his chest and then his neck. A gentle shudder of pleasure raced across his flesh, and I sighed.

This was contentment like I had never dreamed of.

My heart squeezed tight, the ice around it splintering a little for the very first time and releasing a part of me that I’d kept hidden for a very long time.

I wasn’t sure if he was the right person to share that with yet.

Time would tell.

## CHAPTER 8



*S*hane

Ada fit against me like she'd been made for me, and for me alone. Her muscles shivered every once in a while, quiet little aftershocks of pleasure cascading through her for several long minutes as I held her.

When I'd come to the pub tonight, I had hoped she'd say yes. She hadn't made it easy, and I hadn't really expected her to, but when all was said and done, the way she'd done it had made me fall in love with her even more than I already was.

Her strength and perseverance beamed with as much radiance as the sun on a hot summer's day. There was no question in my mind that she was a woman that could make it through anything and come out on top.

Ada Murphy was a badass, and she was going to walk down the aisle as my bride. She'd agreed to be mine, and I couldn't be happier. I squeezed my arms a bit tighter around her, one hundred percent certain that I had just become the luckiest man alive. I'd earned her as my bride.

I peered back at the top of her head, enjoying the way the light played off her elegant, burgundy locks. Deep red mixed with a golden brown shone through like the remains of a long sizzling campfire. Her breathing slowed and her eyelids slid closed, her body fully relaxing against mine. Eventually, when she was ready, she pulled away just enough for her sparkling emerald eyes to find mine. The color was deeper than before, a

luxuriously rich color that would rival any gemstone. One day, I'd buy her one just like it, but the jewel would have to be perfect.

"I'm going to have to start bringing a change of clothes for every time I run into you," she whispered, her voice beautifully hoarse from the pleasure I'd torn from her gorgeous little body.

"That might be wise from now on," I replied.

I made no move to rush her out of my lap. I was enjoying her naked body against mine. She shifted her legs and her cheeks reddened beautifully, telling me without any words at all that she was probably thinking about my come between her thighs right now.

*Good.*

It was going to stay there.

For a while longer, we cuddled together. Her fingers petted my chest, twirling the coarse hair smattered there, and I sighed, enjoying the feel of her feminine touch.

"I didn't expect your belt to sting so much," she whispered, her shameful arousal apparent on the edge of every syllable that left her lips.

"That was only a taste, sweet girl," I murmured, and her body tensed viscerally in response. I dropped my hand to cup her well-marked backside, and she shifted subtly, like she was offering it to me despite everything that had happened between us already this evening. I slid my fingertips along one of the raised welts and she sighed audibly.

Had this been something she had been searching for all her life? Had she kept this need for forced surrender hidden all this time? Was I the first man to see that?

I didn't plan on pressing the issue right now. I wouldn't give her anymore of my belt tonight. Her satiety was written all over her body, from the soft blush on her cheeks to the way her thighs still trembled with sensation.

I kissed the top of her head, filing that single tidbit of information about my future wife away for the time being. She curled against me, her subdued nature as compelling as her everyday powerhouse persona.

She was sheer perfection.

Eventually, she moved to climb to her feet, and I offered her a hand, which I was pleased to see her take without a fight. Her movements were shaky at first, but she slowly found her footing. When she was ready, she walked over to the remains of her discarded dress. She picked up the torn lace of her bra and panties, sighing and giving me a pointed look when she found them unsalvageable.

“I wasn’t going to let you wear them anyway,” I said with a smirk, and her eyes narrowed with challenge.

“I’d like to see you try, big boy,” she challenged, and my balls squeezed with sudden desire.

“Careful, sassy girl, or you’re going to get fucked again,” I warned.

“Don’t make promises you can’t keep,” she teased with a bold wink, her gaze twinkling playfully.

I stood up and strode over to her, swinging my arm out and grabbing the back of her neck. I pulled her in close and stared into those gorgeous green eyes. There wasn’t even an ounce of her that backed down, and I adored her for it.

“Don’t worry, little girl. I’ll be more than ready to take care of that *very* needy little pussy by the time I get you back to my place and in my bed,” I growled.

“If you say so,” she sassed, and I pulled her into a punishing kiss that pulled one delicious whimper from her lips after the next. Every noise she made was a decadent treat, and I kissed her for far longer than I’d intended just to hear several more.

When I finally convinced myself to pull away, I took the dress from her and turned it over in my hands. There were some ripped seams, but overall, it was still mostly intact as I slid it over her head.



“I can dress myself,” she scowled pointedly, and I shook my head. When she went to push my hands away, I quickly slapped between her thighs. I used the flats of my fingers, fully intending to leave a stinging impression across the still very swollen folds of her pussy. She squeaked in pained surprise, and I was rewarded with an equally delicious pout as she stepped from one foot to the other.

“I know you can, but I’m going to do it this time. If you want to keep fighting me though, I can certainly spank that pretty little pussy as bright red as your ass,” I countered. I pointedly cupped my hand against her pussy to deepen the warning, not missing the shiver of desire that cascaded across her face at my firm threat.

My Ada had something she was hiding, and I was the man to bring it out.

Her clit throbbed just the slightest bit beneath my fingers as her calculating gaze assessed me, trying to discern if it was worth the risk of pushing me when she was already so thoroughly well-used. Her intake of breath was shaky. I didn’t need to tell her that I would follow through on my warning. She already knew that well enough.

“I’ll allow it this time,” she offered begrudgingly, and I chuckled with aroused amusement.

“Good girl,” I praised, pulling my hand away. There was the slightest hint of disappointment that crossed over her face, and I took note of that, too.

My Ada was a puzzle, but I would figure her out in the end.

Much to my delight, she didn’t offer any more fight as I pulled her dress over her head. As best I could, I straightened it on her body and redid the thin black leather belt around her waist. I gently brushed my hands along her curves, enjoying the way she leaned into my touch as I carefully spun her around. By some miracle, the zipper still worked. I leaned down and took each foot tenderly in my hands. Her toenails were painted a deep scarlet red and tipped with black.

Leaning down, I kissed the top of her foot before I slid her heel back on. I did the same to the other side, only this time I met her eyes as my lips pressed against her bare flesh. I wanted to worship every inch of her to the end of my days.

I stood up and brushed her hair back over her shoulders. Her makeup was only slightly mussed, but it gave her a sensual aura that I couldn't help but admire for as long as I dared. Her eyes sparkled with delight at my soft gaze, and I smiled.

"Do you need my help to get dressed or can you handle that on your own?"

Her rebelliousness was delicious.

"You're sounding more and more like you need another dose of my belt," I warned, but I didn't mean it. I wasn't going to do anything to temper her. I very much enjoyed her defiant sass, and from the playful glint in her eyes, she knew it, too.

She smirked and didn't reply. I reached out and grasped her ass through the fabric of her dress, delighting that I could still feel the warmth from my belt through the thick material. She lifted her chin and I let go, letting her win this time.

"I'll manage," I replied with a wink.

"I'm so proud," she murmured, and I was treated to the musical sound of her laughter. I reached down and grabbed my underwear first, not wanting to break the moment so I could hear every breathtaking note.

It was truly spectacular.

I dressed quickly, noting that the button and zipper to my slacks were ruined, but I pulled my belt a notch tighter in an effort to keep them up. Ada had popped off most of the buttons from my shirt, but I was able to manage with the few that were left. When I noticed that she was shivering a little bit, I swung my suit top over her shoulders. She opened her mouth to protest, and I just shook my head. The blush on her cheeks was well worth the hard look, but then she let her guard down and smiled just a little bit.

"Thank you," she whispered.

I picked up my phone and texted my limo driver before I pulled on my shoes and socks. I walked behind the bar and poured us both a single shot of whiskey. I passed her the glass, and she downed it in one gulp, leveling her daring gaze with mine.

I did the same.

I offered her my arm and she took it. Then I walked her out of the pub, enjoying the knowledge that she was bare for me underneath that dress, wearing only my thick seed between her thighs and nothing else.

I opened the limo door for her, and she slid inside. I climbed in beside her and shut the door. She moved to sit on the other side of the seat, but I wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her against me.

She fit perfectly there.

The drive to my penthouse was quiet. When we were moments away from pulling up in front of it, my phone rang. I pulled it out of my pocket and looked at the number, not recognizing it offhand. It was a Chicago number, but it wasn't programmed into my phone. Typically, I let these kinds of calls go to voicemail. Something in my gut told me to answer, though, so I did.

"This is Shane," I said quietly.

"Thank God. I didn't know if this number would work," a man said on the other line.

"Who is this?"

"Maxim Morozov," he answered simply, and I stilled immediately.

"How did you come by this number?"

"I have many connections in the States, Mr. Kavanagh. It is not important now, however."

"Why have you called me?"

"The Kozlovs have ordered a hit on you. They ignored my discontent and decided to move forward with an effort to kill

you,” he explained.

“Is this Anton Kozlov’s orders?” I asked carefully.

“It is. I highly suggest you do not go to your penthouse tonight. You should go somewhere else for the time being,” he continued.

“Why are you telling me this? Wasn’t it your goal to align your family with his to establish yourselves here in Boston?”

“I do not approve of a man without honor,” he replied. Immediately I could tell there was more to the story of his daughter’s wedding than I had originally thought.

I didn’t let on that I knew the details of the arrangement either. Maxim had agreed to marry his daughter off to Anton, but evidently, he was quickly coming to regret such an alliance. Apparently, the grass wasn’t greener on the other side.

“What do you suggest I do?”

“Go somewhere safe for the night. Tomorrow, you and I should meet, and we can discuss options for dealing with the Kozlovs’ growing aggression in a way that suits both of us,” Maxim offered.

“We will meet at a location of my choosing,” I countered.

“Of course. You may reach me at this number. I’m looking forward to meeting you in person, Mr. Kavanagh,” Maxim replied.

“You as well,” I said, and he hung up on the other line.

My limo turned the corner, just pulling onto the street that my penthouse was on.

“Stop the car,” I dictated, and my driver immediately pulled to the side. I stared at the Beacon Residences building, what was now my home, carefully assessing the crowd along the street before I got out when a deep boom sounded far overhead. Immediately, my gaze directed upward as the windows of my penthouse exploded in a massive fireball that lit up the sky.

Several much smaller explosions followed, radiating so much heat it was as if the fire was only feet away instead of twenty

stories above us.

Ada gasped as I watched plumes of smoke rise into the night sky. Flames continued to flicker out of the obliterated windows as my home went up in smoke.

“Well, I guess your place isn’t an option now, but at least we weren’t upstairs when that happened,” she whispered quietly. Her voice showed zero signs of fear, and I was grateful for it. She stayed calm beside me.

“We have Maxim Morozov to thank for that,” I replied.

She nodded curtly. “Let’s head back to Southie for the night. My family has several safe havens that will keep us alive and unfound so we can get some rest tonight and deal with this tomorrow,” she replied.

“He wants to meet,” I offered, and her expression hardened.

“We’ll figure all of that out tomorrow,” she replied brusquely. Her sense of calm was impressive, and I found myself getting rock hard again.

“Is the place you have in mind sound-proofed?” I asked, raising an eyebrow suggestively.

“Maybe,” she replied, smirking knowingly.

She leaned forward and whispered an address in the driver’s ear before she joined me once again. With her head held high, she pressed her lips against my cheek. We drove for a while, and I didn’t ask any questions when we pulled into a dark parking lot behind a row of abandoned warehouses. We drove into a blacked-out garage which quickly shut behind us before she led me out into the darkness. Dim lights started to glow as she walked into what looked like a rotting stairwell. We went down two flights of stairs before she reached into her pocket and pulled out a key.

“Welcome to my underground bunker, Mr. Kavanagh. I hope you enjoy your stay,” she whispered mischievously.

I followed and closed the door behind me as she slid three bolt locks into place. The lights came on all at once, revealing a sprawling shelter underground. The walls appeared to be very

thick cement reinforced with beams of metal. I looked back at her with a raised eyebrow, and she shrugged, clearly amused.

“Did you design this place, too?” I asked.

“I needed somewhere to store all my guns,” she said with a wink.

“This seems awfully nice for an armory,” I observed, chuckling.

“I like nice things,” she stated rather proudly.

“That you do,” I said, grinning. Then I reached for her and slid my arm around her waist, pulling her against me. “Now, unless you want me to ruin that dress, you’ll take it off yourself and get that gorgeous naked ass in that bed.”

“Ready for round two already?” She cocked up an eyebrow, challenging me, and I chuckled darkly.

“The question is, *are you?*”

## CHAPTER 9



*S*hane

The next morning began sluggishly. I woke before Ada did and enjoyed the sight of her angelic features as she slept beside me. As if she could sense me watching, her eyes slowly opened, and her sweet smile when her gaze met mine was one that I would remember forever.

“Morning, beautiful,” I whispered.

“Morning, handsome,” she replied. She stretched, making the cutest little squeak. I hadn’t let her dress last night, so I enjoyed when the pink bud of her nipple peeked out from beneath the blanket. I dipped my head down and captured it with my mouth, teasing it with my tongue. She moaned quietly, eventually pushing me away with a reluctant groan.

“If you start that, we’ll never get anything done today,” she muttered, albeit reluctantly.

“As much as I don’t want you to be right, you have a point,” I agreed with a scowl.

She laughed, climbing out of bed and stretching again, teasing me with the sight of her gloriously naked body. With impressive confidence, she walked across the room to a set of doors, which she quickly pulled open, revealing a pantry.

The storage space was well-stocked with preserved foods, the place fully prepared for extended stays at a moment’s notice. I admired her bare ass as she searched among the shelves,

noting that several of the marks from my belt had faded, but there were a few that remained that told the story of what had happened between us last night in her pub.

Every part of her took my breath away.

She brought over a few plastic-wrapped pastries and tossed them on the bed. I rummaged through the packages, ultimately settling on a strawberry cream puff and digging into it. She picked up a decadent looking cinnamon bun and I looked on incredulously.

“I have good taste,” she replied. She finished it up and hopped in the shower. I followed, running my hands along her body occasionally as she washed. When she was done, she got out and I rinsed off, too. I was surprised to see another whole closet of designer clothing, complete with options for both men and women.

“That section will probably fit you. You’re about Cormac’s size, I think,” she guessed.

I ventured over completely naked, aware of her eyes on me. As I rummaged through the hanging suits, I saw that she was correct about the sizing. I chose a simple black suit, finding the fit to be pretty decent. By the time I was fully dressed, she was already put together, with a full face of makeup and a sleek pantsuit that gave her a powerful edge.

I pulled my phone out of my pocket and dialed the number from last night. Maxim picked up on the second ring.

“I’m relieved to see that you made it through the night, Mr. Kavanagh.”

“As am I. It probably doesn’t need to be said, but I deeply appreciate the tip off last night,” I replied.

“Of course.”

“I would like to meet this afternoon, as you suggested,” I began.

“I think that would serve both our families well,” Maxim answered.



“My men will meet you on the ground floor of the Emerald Isle at 3:00 PM. They will lead you up to a suite of my choosing, where we will make introductions, enjoy a cocktail, and discuss how we’re going to handle the Kozlovs moving forward.”

“I will see you there, Mr. Kavanagh. If there is anything else you need in the meantime, please feel free to give me a call.”

“I will, Maxim.”

This time, I hung up first.

“Come on. I need to arrange a few things before I go to meet with the Morozovs,” I explained.

She unlocked the main door and led me back upstairs. My man and my limo were still there, but I noticed at least a dozen soldiers positioned throughout the warehouse as guards.

Ada Murphy didn’t fuck around when it came to her personal protection, which filled me with pride. She pulled the door of my own limo open herself and slid inside. I climbed in beside her and my driver started the car.

“To the Emerald Isle,” she dictated, and I cleared my throat.

“You can’t come with me, Ada. As respectful as the Morozovs have been with my family, that doesn’t negate that it would be dangerous to bring you along. You should stay with your brothers while I handle this,” I said firmly.

Her eyes jerked to mine, her expression rife with amusement. She kept them locked on mine, leaving me with no question that she wasn’t going to back down on this.

“I’m going with you, Shane,” she replied, like it was the simplest thing in the world.

“Last night, little girl, I gave you a taste of my belt. Don’t make me give it to you for real this time,” I warned her.

The Russian bratva was notorious for being one of the most viciously ruthless crime families in the world. It was an organization run by men, for men, and there was little to no room for a woman in it. As far as I knew, Maxim could refuse the meeting and decide to kill Ada himself. I knew that I was

probably overreacting, but this was my future wife, and I wanted to protect her. This seemed like an unnecessary risk that I didn't want her to take.

Especially if I'd put a baby in her belly last night.

The thought was very appealing, and my cock reacted in kind, hardening into iron steel within seconds. As if she could read my mind, she leaned towards me with a smirk, reaching to pat my cock gently. There was a thick layer of fabric that kept her fingertips separated from my flesh, yet it was more than enough to make my erection rage with need.

"Tomorrow night, Daddy," she murmured, her lips raising with seductive promise and my cock grew so hard it hurt.

She'd called me *Daddy*.

Those two syllables rolled over in my mind on repeat. My gaze remained glued to her, trying to get a read on her while grappling with my painfully hard cock at the same time. That single word had sent a jolt of pleasure surging straight from the base of my spine, and I wasn't going to ignore it.

I hadn't expected her to ever utter a phrase like that. The more it revolved in my mind though, the more I liked it, and the more I wanted to hear it from her lips again.

Maybe with my cock deep inside that tight little pussy while she screamed it for me.

*Fuck.*

The image of that alone was almost enough to make me come. Her smirk widened, and I lifted my brow. Did she actually want me to use my belt on her for real? Was that something my little badass needed from me?

The puzzle of Ada Murphy had seemingly intensified.

Did she want me to punish her for defying me? I narrowed my eyes, dismissing the thought. Ada wasn't the type of woman that needed correction, but there was something else that she might be craving, and she just might trust me enough to give it to her.

The limo pulled away and Ada already had her phone pressed to her ear.

“I want everything we have on the Morozovs sent to my phone ASAP. Every member in the organization, every possible alliance, who owes who how much money. When I say everything, I mean it. Furthermore, I want a special focus on Maxim Morozov. I want to know what he does each and every day, his favorite restaurant, how he takes his coffee, the works. Send it within the hour,” she dictated, and I grinned as she hung up, not waiting for a response.

Seeing her so in her element was far more arousing than I’d anticipated. I kept quiet, fully enjoying the show.

Tomorrow, I’d put her on her knees. Today, I’d let her reign free.

She phoned her brother Kieran next. From the bits and pieces that I picked up, he wasn’t particularly excited that she was going along to the meeting with me to meet Maxim, but he understood its importance. After she explained everything, I could hear the trust in his voice as he informed her of a few integral details of his own. At the end of the call, he wished her good luck and that he would have their men on call should she need them.

She was already a powerful queen in her own right, and that’s when I truly recognized what a lucky man I was to have her at my side.

## CHAPTER 10



*S*hane

Within a few hours, Ada had an impressively extensive file on the Morozovs hand-delivered to her via courier. As we went through it together, we learned that Maxim had been widowed years ago, that he only drank his coffee black, that his favorite vodka was from a little-known distillery east of Moscow, that his shoes were a size fifteen and that he wore a massive gold ruby ring that was rumored to be full of poison should he need to dispose of someone with a simple flick of the wrist. His rule was a ruthless one, and he'd stopped at nothing to build an empire for himself and his impressively loyal *bratva* family.

It also exposed the soft heart he had for his daughter.

By the time Ada and I walked into the Emerald Isle Hotel that afternoon, I felt like I knew the man inside and out. We arrived a good half hour before he did and got settled in the presidential suite. Not only were we outfitted with a large group of men, but all of them were armed to the teeth. I placed them all over the hotel and then called a few more in to ensure that we would be protected in case this meeting went south. Additionally, there were several carefully placed cameras that would capture his likeness should we need to use it as evidence or even blackmail later, whatever ultimately proved more useful.

I wasn't taking any chances, especially since Ada had insisted on coming along with me. Lesser men might have been upset

by her blatant defiance, but I wasn't, not even a little bit. In fact, I was kind of relieved to have her by my side and to have her help through all of this. It was clear that she'd proctored alliances like this in the past, while I hadn't been exposed to a situation like this before. Much of my adult life had been spent in Ireland, and even the years I'd spent in Boston before my time overseas didn't count for much because I'd been living in my father's shadow. That was why her experience was so paramount.

There was still danger associated with this sort of thing. I could only minimize the risk so much. If anything did happen, though, I would be there to protect her. As much as I trusted my men, and hers as well, I would be the only one that would truly watch out for her. If it ever came down to it, I'd jump in front of a bullet for her. There wasn't even a question in my mind.

Ada was worth everything. I would sacrifice the world if it meant keeping her alive another day.

I sat down on the couch, and she joined me. I did nothing more than place my hand on her thigh, squeezing gently to let her know that she had my full support. Before I could say anything at all, my phone pinged with an alert from my second in command, letting me know that Maxim had arrived and was on his way up to the suite.

Minutes later, he was walking through the door with a small group of his own. I noted that all of them were big men, each and every one built like bodyguards meant to keep the rich and famous safe.

"Mr. Kavanagh." He nodded, appraising me first before his gaze slid to Ada. He bowed his head in respect, which caught me by surprise, and then he addressed her directly. "It is an honor, Ms. Murphy," he said.

"Mr. Morozov," she replied coolly. She nodded, her movement much slighter, but still partly deferential. Maxim smiled, his gaze warm and friendly. Immediately, my gut instinct told me that he wouldn't try to hurt her, but I would still be on guard all the same.

“Please, call me Maxim,” he suggested. She didn’t offer him the same sentiment, which I could tell was a carefully calculated maneuver on her part. She nodded and offered him a smile while sitting back against the couch, purposefully putting a reasonable distance between us both. It didn’t bother me. I recognized what she was doing.

This was a meeting between three very powerful families coming together to arrange a possible alliance, each one of us a figurehead in our own right.

“Call me Shane.” I stood up and offered him my hand in greeting, which he took readily. His handshake was firm and strong, but also partially restrained. From that alone, I knew that Maxim Morozov was a formidable man, and he knew the right moments to reveal that side of himself. He was a man to be feared and respected, which would make him a vicious enemy, but a ruthless ally if we played our cards right.

I was hoping for the latter.

“Thank you for agreeing to meet with me, Shane. You as well, Ms. Murphy.”

He took a seat across from us, and Ada lifted a finger. Immediately, three glasses were placed in front of us. His glass was full of his favorite vodka, a strategic move that would tell him we knew more about him than we were letting on, while she and I were served her preferred Irish whiskey. Maxim reached for his and took a sip, a flash of recognition flaring across his features.

“This is from the Mariinsk Distillery, isn’t it?” he asked.

“I’m not the biggest fan of vodka, but I’ve certainly enjoyed a chilled glass of Beluga Noble on rare occasion,” she grinned.

“There’s something that’s special in the natural water from Siberia. Nothing else even comes close to a glass of this,” Maxim said after taking a long, leisurely sip of his. When he placed it beside him on the side table, he gazed back at the two of us knowingly.

“I feel similarly about Tullamore Dew myself,” I answered with a smile.

“Is there anything else I can get you? I can have the kitchens prepare a meal for us, if need be,” Ada offered, and Maxim shook his head.

“Thank you for offering, but the vodka is more than enough.” He smiled, tipping his glass and taking another small sip before putting it down. He sat back and I scrutinized him, looking for any signs of a weapon. On first glance, I saw nothing, but I knew he wouldn’t have come in here without something to defend himself. In all likelihood, he probably had a knife in his back pocket or maybe even tucked into the ankle of his leather boot. His body language remained relaxed, which made me feel more at ease the longer we were in the same room.

I had my reservations about him, but my gut was telling me that Maxim was a decent enough guy. He treated Ada with the same respect that he did me, and I appreciated that. She deserved nothing less. If he had turned out to be dismissive towards her, I didn’t know what I would have done, but it would certainly have affected my opinion of him immensely.

All of my interactions with the man prior to this meeting had been respectful. When he’d first arrived in Boston, he’d called me himself as a show of mutual respect. It was natural that other organized families like his would move into new cities when opportunities arose, and he’d done everything he could to ensure he wasn’t stepping on anyone’s toes in the process by respecting already established territory lines. Had he not done that, I’m not sure I would have agreed to this meeting at all.

“I wanted to meet with you to discuss a few things I’ve learned about Anton Kozlov,” Maxim began. His tone was explorative, but I caught a distinct tone of displeasure at the mention of his rumored ally. I cocked my head, watching him more closely now as my own curiosity swelled.

“It was my understanding that your family and the Kozlovs entered into an alliance. The two of you cemented the agreement through an arranged marriage between Roman’s heir and your daughter,” Ada dictated, striking right to the heart of the matter.

I grinned, her candor making my cock even harder than it was already. I bent forward and adjusted my suit strategically to cover it up. I reached for my whiskey at the same time, taking a sip while Maxim cleared his throat.

“That was the rumor we had perpetuated, yes,” Maxim answered. With a heavy sigh, he leaned forward and placed his elbows on his knees. He covered his face with his hands and shook his head. “I should have done a better job profiling Roman’s son Anton before I agreed to give him my daughter’s hand in marriage,” he added as he sat back once more.

His face fell a bit, and I could tell that his regret was sincere.

“What’s her name?”

“Irina,” he answered, still crestfallen. At the mention of his daughter’s name though, his lips perked up in a small, hesitant smile, and Ada replied with a kindhearted one of her own. Maxim visibly relaxed when he saw the warmth in her reaction.

Historically, mafia families had been ruled by men, for men. If there were ever more women like Ada in the world though, they’d turn our dark, dirty underworld right on its head. If I was brutally honest, Ada could probably do it all on her own.

“That’s a beautiful name,” Ada replied.

“She was named after her mother, Katerina. I chose it for her after her mother died giving birth to her, as a way to honor her sacrifice,” Maxim answered. There was a glimmer of pain that crossed his features, but he hid it so swiftly that I questioned if it was ever truly there in the first place.

“I’m sorry for your loss,” I said quietly. Ada’s file had detailed his wife’s death back in Russia, but I didn’t want to mention anything that would make him suspicious of me or of her, especially on a topic that was so emotionally charged.

“Thank you. In the time since that alliance was initially agreed upon, several things have come to light about Anton Kozlov that have made me exceedingly uncomfortable with the match, especially when it comes to my daughter’s wellbeing.”



“Has the wedding not actually happened yet?” Ada asked, and Maxim shook his head.

“No. Our agreement was that it would take place this coming weekend. In order to cement the pairing, both of our families facilitated spreading several rumors that it had already transpired to ensure their safety up until the time of the ceremony. We didn’t want anyone to have time to order a hit on either of them while the planning stages took place,” he explained.

“And you think Anton is not good enough for your daughter?” Ada assumed, her voice questioning but still kind, and Maxim nodded, his own expression touched with resolute fury that didn’t seem to be directed at her, but at Anton. I tensed anyway, my guard rising a bit. He made no move to leave his position on the couch, though, and I eventually relaxed as best I could.

“No. There were several things that were kept hidden behind multiple firewalls that remained a secret from me until only yesterday, when one of my men broke through them after weeks of work. Gathering intel on Anton had taken a backseat to gaining footing here in Boston. It’s proven more difficult than I anticipated, so much so that it made sense to pair with the Kozlovs so that my men could stand a chance. I know things I cannot unknow now though, and I can’t willingly allow my daughter to wed a man like him. She deserves a man of honor, not the likes of that lowlife,” he spat. He took another large swig of vodka, emptying his glass in the process. Ada lifted a hand and ensured it was quickly replaced with a much fuller pour this time. He nodded in appreciation to the attendant, which I respected as well. He was a gentleman.

“Why don’t you tell us what you know?” I requested gently.

“My men uncovered a series of transactions traced to offshore accounts between Anton and a high-end escort service. He is a regular user of the service. That in and of itself wouldn’t be so much of an issue, I understand every man has needs, but we also uncovered several mistresses he has here locally. From the looks of things, he’s made no effort to cut those off. In addition, there were an alarming number of incidences of

domestic abuse that had been swept under the rug. All this being said, I am no longer comfortable putting my daughter in his hands, and I want to ask for your help in ensuring that the wedding does not occur like it's supposed to in a few days," he explained.

Ada sat back and took a sip of her own whiskey, her expression thoughtful. She glanced to me, and I leaned forward and brought a question of my own to the table.

"How do I know it was the Kozlovs that bombed my penthouse and not some twisted maneuver meant to garner faith with me in establishing yourself here in my city?" I asked pointedly.

Maxim nodded, apparently pleased at my direct approach, and raised his glass to me. "I respect your forwardness, Shane. It tells me that you're just as much of a man as your father was, and that your family will have no problem thriving under your leadership. That is not how I deal with my enemies, though. I'm sure the two of you compiled your own profiles on me before I walked through that door," he answered, grinning a little. His demeanor remained cool and collected, yet his ominous message was palpable anyway.

"That is true, Maxim. Your personal calling card is much more subtle than a bomb," Ada answered. Her answering smirk was calculated and as equally ruthless as Maxim's.

We both knew what he'd meant. The Russian bratva boss was known for carving his enemy's name into a bullet. He was also known for not being afraid to pull the trigger himself. Maxim was a man that refused to shy away from challenging things. If he gave a difficult directive, he was more than capable of seeing it to completion on his own. His reputation more than preceded him.

"Indeed, it is," he said with a smile, his cavalier mercilessness bleeding through. He glanced between the two of us and raised a brow.

"The Murphys and the Kavanaghs are allies, Maxim," Ada explained, catching his curiosity.

“I had heard rumor of this only this morning, but I wasn’t sure of the validity of such an alliance. You two would know.” Maxim swirled his drink, his gaze curiously observant as it moved back and forth between us.

“Shane asked for my hand in marriage, and I agreed that it would be a good match that would work in both our favors,” Ada continued. She lifted her chin and looked down at Maxim in a subtle way, saying without words that she knew how powerful such an alliance would be. Even through the union of both bratva families, they wouldn’t begin to approach the strength of my family and hers combined.

“You have my deepest congratulations,” Maxim offered, raising his glass in her direction.

The alliance of the three of us together was nothing to shake a stick at though. If we could barter such an agreement today, the city would be ours.

“I want to ask for help from the both of you, then, if I may,” he continued. I could tell he was choosing his words carefully.

“You want us to intervene in the marriage in some form without implicating you in the process,” Ada stated.

“Yes. That would be ideal.”

“You did save both of our lives last night, so you have my gratitude for that,” Ada responded.

“Mine as well,” I added.

“Where is Irina now?” Ada asked. I could see the wheels turning in her head.

“She is in a hotel downtown that’s currently under Kozlov control. Part of the agreement was that she would remain with their family during the planning process, and that wasn’t a problem because the communication had been open, and there wasn’t any apparent risk to her safety until I discovered all the hidden intel on him.”

“That makes things a bit more complicated,” Ada stated. She took a long, slow sip of her whiskey, her expression thoughtful. Watching her in her element like this was just as

enjoyable as tearing every piece of clothing off her body. I shifted a bit, trying to ease the pressure from the painfully hard spike between my legs.

She was going to get fucked good and hard when I finally got her to myself.

“Indeed,” Maxim sighed.

“Complicated, but not entirely impossible...” she said with a pointed grin. Her face lit up, and I could tell that she’d already come up with a solution to a problem that seemed destined to end in an excessive amount of bloodshed.

*That’s my girl.*

“Is it now?” Maxim raised an eyebrow.

“We’re going to kidnap your daughter,” Ada said, her tone simple and calm.

“Kidnap Irina?” Maxim asked, his suspicion clear on his features. I sat back, watching Ada smile. She was truly in her element. She raised her chin, her regal confidence and ingenuity shining through. It was a pleasure to witness, and I thoroughly enjoying the show, knowing I was going to tear her pretty panties right off her at the first possible opportunity.

“You have my word that she would not be hurt. The same goes for whoever might be with her, bodyguards, friends, you name it. A group of men will be selected from my men and Shane’s to retrieve her.”

“I’ll have to let my daughter know,” Maxim said, but Ada shook her head.

“No. In order for us to pull this off, she cannot know we are coming. She’s been in their hands for a fair amount of time now, and Anton has probably been putting in work to seduce his future wife, which means she might not be as cooperative as you might think. By all rights, it will be a real kidnapping performed by our men. It needs to be. If all goes according to plan without anyone tipping them off, the Kozlovs will not know who took her, thus leaving your alliance intact, as well as all three of our families safe from their retaliation,” she explained.

He licked his lips, assessing the weight of her words. She sat up straight. She wasn't finished, and I grinned, knowing I was getting to see how truly badass Ada could be.

"If we see this through, you will enter into an alliance with the Murphys and the Kavanaghs. If our word isn't enough, we can find another way to secure that," Ada pressed on.

"Can I trust you not to hurt her?"

"We wouldn't dream of it. That is not how I operate my business," I answered.

"You have my word that she will not be hurt," Ada vowed, her tone dead serious.

"My soldiers know that women and children are untouchable as well." Maxim explained, his expression dead serious.

"My family is the same," Ada replied, her vow solemn.

"As is mine," I added.

"And you're sure we can accomplish this without implicating any of our families?" Maxim questioned. I could sense his uneasiness, but I could also tell he wanted to trust us for the sake of his daughter.

"I'm sure," Ada grinned, her confidence absolutely radiant.

Fuck. She was absolutely the sexiest woman alive.

She held up her glass. Maxim and I raised our own in suit, and with a light clink, we sealed our agreement with the downing of our drinks, thus concluding our initial meeting.

I would be taking Ada back to my safehouse for the fucking of her life in just a few more hours.

She'd be lucky if I decided to let her out of bed in the morning.

## CHAPTER 11



*A* da

By the time our meeting with Maxim finally ended, we'd ironed out all the finer details and set everything in motion. Shane and I would choose several key low-level men that wouldn't be associated with any of our families to ensure that we wouldn't be implicated. Maxim would be kept informed with a call every hour on the hour once the operation began, with direct lines to both me and Shane. He'd be provided with picture evidence once she was in our custody, as well as a phone call so that he could ensure she was alright.

It wouldn't be safe to deliver her back into Maxim's hands right away, so I offered to keep an eye on her myself with the help of my brothers. Eventually, we'd return her to her father when it was safe to do so while keeping open contact between the three of us to ensure everyone's comfort, Maxim's especially.

The bratva boss had taken my hand in his fist and had shaken it with just as much respect as any man at the end of that meeting. I held his gaze for a few seconds, letting him know without words that he could trust me to ensure his daughter's well-being and safety.

He'd pressed his hand over mine right before he left. "Thank you. You have my full gratitude for this," he whispered. He didn't look at Shane in that moment, fully recognizing that this whole operation had been my idea and mine alone.

“Between the three of us, we’ll make sure your daughter is safe,” I vowed.

He nodded once more before taking his leave. He didn’t look back over his shoulder, trusting that none of us were going to stab him in the back, which was saying something in our world. The meeting had gone better than I’d thought it would, mostly because Maxim had turned out to be a much better man than I had expected. I’d been around all types of men in the world I lived in, and I could count on one hand the number of times they’d looked at me like an equal.

Maxim would make a woman pretty lucky one day. I turned my head to see Shane beaming back at me, his pride for me plastered all over his face. I smiled, knowing he was really special, too.

“I just want you to know you’re hot as fuck when you take the lead like that, my queen,” he murmured, his voice low enough so that I was the only one that could hear.

Shane understood me like no one else did. Today, he’d sat back and let me take control of the entire exchange. He was a man of his word and with his actions, he’d shown me that we were equals in public and that we always would be.

I’d made the right decision when I’d said yes to him.

I reached for his hand, and he grasped it as the room started to empty. He squeezed it tight and let go before he stood up and buttoned his suit back up.

“Last night, you took me to your own safehouse. Tonight, I’m going to take you to mine,” he said, his tone simple. He peered back at me over his shoulder, a firm glint sparkling in his eye. I swallowed hard as he cocked a thumb in his belt, and I caught his silent meaning in an instant. I hadn’t forgotten his warning, or what I’d said to him after that.

He was going to remind me how different things were between us when we got to wherever he was taking me tonight. A part of me was a little afraid, but a much louder piece of me was looking forward to it.

In private, the two of us would be free.

\* \* \*

In no time at all, we'd left the Emerald Isle Hotel out the back through a secret entrance that only Shane seemingly had access too. He funneled me into a blacked-out Range Rover stored in an underground parking lot that was filled with more than a dozen identical models. We exited through a long tunnel once we were safely inside. For several long minutes, we were the only car on the road until we drove up a ramp, through a hidden steel door, and exited out of another building several blocks down from the hotel.

In that time, we'd both made calls to the men at our disposal and started preparing them for Irina's kidnapping. There would be no rushing into this. We needed some time to get people into place and gather intel on where she was being kept, so the plan was to go through with the mission within the next several days. There was a lot of additional information we needed before we could take her, including what room she was staying in, what people had access to her, who was guarding her, the works. This was a very high-risk operation, and I needed to know every detail before it could take place. There was a lot riding on this, and it had to go perfectly.

I did everything I could think of to make that happen.

The driver took a circuitous route so that we weren't followed to a small airport outside of the city. We drove by a well-guarded tower, and I looked out the window to see a small army of men with automatic machine guns patrolling it like it was an army base. My family had significant pull in many places, but the Kavanaghs had been here for much longer, and their alliances ran much deeper. This was an example of that.

As we walked through the opulently designed terminal, I gave him a look and raised an eyebrow at the lavishness of every detail. It was obvious that someone had sunk some serious money into this place. No one made a move to stop him either, which meant that his reputation was such to ensure we were left alone.



“Do the Kavanaghs run this place?”

“Partially. I’m a sitting member on the board with a number of other people that spent enough to buy a seat next to me,” he smirked.

“Where are we going?” I asked.

“Since we have to stay under the radar a little longer, I thought I’d take you to one of my favorite properties.”

“I imagined something a little different when you mentioned that you had a safe house,” I murmured, unable to stem my curiosity. He guided me through the tiny terminal until we were led aboard an elegant private jet. I didn’t need to ask if he owned it. I was one hundred percent certain that it was his.

“What were you thinking I meant?” he smirked. His eyes were dancing with amusement, and I reached for his hand. He readily took it, squeezing his fingers around mine gently, but possessively.

“I don’t know. Maybe a cabin deep in the woods or something like that,” I guessed.

“Do I look like the kind of man that owns a cabin in the woods?” he asked with a soft chuckle. I appraised him, taking in his luxurious suit, gold cufflinks, and black leather shoes, and I shook my head, unable to keep myself from laughing along with him.

“No, I guess not,” I answered with a laugh, my mood light.

“Definitely not,” he replied.

“Honestly, I’d bet that I’d probably have to kill any spiders we found for you,” I teased.

“You seem like a girl that could handle that,” he said with a chuckle.

“I’d prefer not to,” I said, cringing. As much as I was willing to show off that I could take care of myself, spiders just made my skin crawl. There was something about all those tiny legs that made a shiver race down my spine, and not in a good way.

“What about snakes?” he asked, his grin contagious.

“I mean, I’ve never really had to fight one off before. I’d probably just let it be and go somewhere else,” I said, and he snorted.

“I’d probably do the same,” he replied with a chuckle.

“Some big, strong man you are,” I goaded him, and his eyes darkened as his grin widened.

“You’ll find out how big and strong I am later tonight,” he replied with a wink.

My stomach pitched forward, and I bit my lip, looking out the window as the plane started to taxi away from the airport. His hand reached for mine, pulling me towards him on the couch. There was no one else on the plane besides the two of us and the pilot, who was isolated in the cockpit. I sighed, thankful that we could just relax.

Shane reached over my lap and grabbed the seat belt, buckling me in. I opened my mouth to protest that I didn’t need his help, but then I thought better of it and closed it. I stared into his eyes, relishing the challenge that I saw within them. I raised my chin a little bit in the tiniest show of defiance, and he grinned.

It felt like he could see right through me, like he knew what I needed before I really did.

*Last night, little girl, I gave you a taste of my belt. Don’t make me give it to you for real this time.*

The memory of his warning cut through me, and my stomach dropped precipitously. I lowered my gaze and leaned against him, closing my eyes as his warmth surrounded me. My fingers brushed against his belt. It hadn’t been on purpose, but I didn’t stop myself from dragging my fingertip along its edge after I realized what I was doing.

What if I *did* want him to use it for real? What if I wanted to know what that was like?

I already knew what a belt felt like in Shane’s hand, but I also knew that he’d used it before in a way meant to arouse me, and it had worked. The fucking that had come afterward had been well worth the stinging marks.

Had he been teasing me? His threat had felt like the real deal, but I couldn't tell if it was safe to let my guard down like that with him.

What if I did want that? Would he think something was wrong with me if I did?

Although we hadn't spent weeks or months together yet, I already knew he was a good man. I knew that he wouldn't try to prevent me from thriving in a world that was meant for me, and that when we were around other people, we would always present as equals.

We had all the makings for something truly great.

When he and I were together, free from any judgmental gazes, things were different. Could he really be my safe space? Could I truly trust him to give me what I needed?

I'd dreamed about a man like him many times in the comfort of my own bed, but the difference here was that this one wasn't fictional. Shane was the real deal.

He knew that I didn't need him to tell me what to do. I was more than capable of taking care of myself. I had done it time and time again. I had made hard decisions and survived incredibly difficult situations in the past. All those things had made me into the woman I was today. My brothers recognized it. To know that I was marrying a man that saw that too had been a pipe dream that I'd never thought would ever come to fruition, not even in my wildest fantasies, but... maybe... just maybe Shane could be my *everything*.

I'd even been brave enough to call him Daddy.

I hadn't just called him that out of irritation or annoyance. It had kind of just slipped out, but I wasn't sorry that it did either. I'd seen the glint of arousal in his eyes when I'd said that single word, and I'd liked that. It had felt good to call him Daddy, and I wanted to do it again.

There was no missing the fact that it had made his cock really hard, too.

Slowly, I spread my hand out on his chest, feeling the need to get even closer to him than I already was. His own fingers

pressed over mine, strong and secure, and I took a deep breath. If he could be that man, it would be well worth the leap of faith, especially before I walked down the aisle and officially became his wife.

It would be nice to know if I could truly have it all with him, but was I really ready to take that chance?

His fingers started massaging the top of my scalp, petting in slow circles as I nestled against him. It felt nice to be able to relax like this, to not always have to be on the lookout for myself and to know that he was doing that for me. Even in the meeting with Maxim, he'd restrained himself, but there was still a slight protective streak that had bled through his casual demeanor. If Maxim had made a move against me, Shane would have jumped in and protected me, no questions asked.

It would have been a fight, but I had no doubt that Shane would have snapped Maxim's neck if he'd needed to in order to keep me safe. The thought of that kind of possessiveness made my heart skip a beat.

His soft touch lulled me into an even calmer state, and I found myself gradually falling asleep in his arms. By the time I woke up, the plane had landed, and somehow Shane had gotten me from the plane into an elegant limo. I groaned, feeling his strong thighs beneath me, and I reached up to wrap my hands around his neck.

With my body pressed against his, I realized that he must have carried me inside the vehicle all by himself. I opened my eyes and peered up at him, only to have him kiss my forehead with tender sweetness. A shiver of delight raced down my spine, one of pleasure and happiness and belonging all melding together as one. I smiled and snuggled in closer as the limo finally pulled to a stop.

"We're here, sweet girl," he murmured. I wrapped my arms around him a bit more tightly for a moment before I let go.

"Where is here?" I asked softly.

"New York City. My family owns a penthouse on the Upper East Side in case there is ever a need to get away for a little

bit. It isn't common knowledge, and I'm the only one with the address, plus it has some very extravagant perks that make it safer than the White House. It's the perfect place to hide out for a few days," he replied.

"Sounds pretty fancy," I smirked.

"You could say that," he said with a lighthearted grin.

I crawled out of his lap a bit reluctantly and watched as he climbed out of the car. He turned and offered his hand to me like a gentleman, and I took it gratefully. I stood up and he wound his arm around my waist. The constant contact between us cemented us together, and I relished it. The doorman nodded his head in greeting as he pulled open the magnificent wooden door, and we walked inside together, hand in hand.

The center of the door appeared to be made of thick metal. Upon further inspection, I noticed all the additional reinforced steel that made up the exterior of the building, including more inside the entryway. Shane hadn't been joking about security. We passed through one foyer and then another. The further we walked inside, the more apparent it was that the entire place could become a steel cage if necessary.

Some people built saferooms inside their houses. This whole building could become one.

Reluctantly, I admitted that this place was a bit better than mine. I didn't say it out loud because it didn't need to be said. Without a word, he led me deeper inside.

After passing through a combination retinal and fingerprint scan, we entered an elevator. He didn't press any buttons to direct it. It just started to climb. We must have sailed up forty or more floors, but I couldn't tell because there wasn't anything that indicated specific numbers or even sections of the building. Eventually, the elevator slowed to a complete stop and the doors opened to reveal yet another security foyer. This time, the entryway required him to stand in front of a full body scanner, with a dual retinal function and a pad for him to place both hands on. When the scan was processed and fully completed, a numerical pad emerged so that he could type in a seven-digit code.

The hydraulics of the front door finally engaged, and it slid open. After we walked through it, it closed behind us, and I could hear multiple deadbolts engaging as it locked us inside. This place took security to the maximum.

“How high up are we?” I asked, staring out the floor-to-ceiling windows at the tops of a sea of smaller buildings beneath us. We were fairly high up. It wasn’t the tallest building in the city, but it was certainly up there with some of them.

“I’ve got control of the entire sixtieth floor. The windows are crafted from military grade bullet proof glass, some of the strongest out there,” he answered as his hands wound around my waist. He pulled me against him, and his body surrounded mine with absolute perfection, as if it was made to fit my much smaller one. For a few long minutes, he just held me like that, and I sighed, content in the security of his embrace. Eventually, he pulled away bit by bit and slowly turned me around to face him. I could feel his eyes on me, but I didn’t look up right away.

“Are you nervous for what you have coming, little girl?” he asked, his tone gentle, yet somehow still firm.

Again, his threat repeated in my mind, and I stared down at the same leather strap that had whipped my ass not long ago. I chewed my lip, feeling myself blush. Unable to formulate words, I didn’t say anything at all, not sure if I should just go ahead and ask him for what I wanted, or if I should scrap the whole thing and just goad him into a hard fucking instead.

Should I risk it after all? What if I told him about this part of me, and he hated me for it? What if he told the world what Ada Murphy was really like in the bedroom, and that ruined my reputation for the rest of my life? Would he tell everyone that I was weak, that being strapped with a belt made my pussy wet? Would he use that to ruin me?

My mind spiraled with a thousand ‘what ifs’ and my arms wound around my waist as if they could protect me. My defenses drew up and I made a move to step back so that I could retreat if that ended up being the path I needed to take,

but he stopped me as if he could read it happening all over my face.

Suddenly, his fingers were beneath my chin, lifting it gently to force me to look up. My eyes followed last, compelled by something in his body language. His gaze was warm, and in that instant, I knew that I could trust him after all.

This was it. This was everything that I'd been waiting for.

For the first time in my life, I didn't feel like I needed to hide a part of me that I'd kept secret for a long time. I searched his gaze for a second longer, deciding once and for all to move forward and finally say the words that I'd needed to say all day.

His words hung heavy in the air, weighing down on my shoulders like an iron vice.

"Yes, Daddy," I whispered. His lips lifted, the movement almost imperceptible, but I caught it anyway. His eyes glinted with a casual, seductive darkness, drawing me in with a powerful sense of gravity.

"I like when you call me that very much. Do you like it when I call you 'little girl'?" he asked quietly.

Everything about him was pouring with gentle kindness, and I adored him for it. There wasn't an ounce of judgement in his tone, only wonder, curiosity and a not-so-subtle undercurrent of arousal.

I couldn't manage to say anything right away. I only blushed at his scrutiny while finding it difficult to summon the words I wanted to say. My tongue stuck in my mouth, fear and worry and a flurry of emotions swirling through me and holding me captive.

What if this was too much of a risk? What if I was pushing this too far?

"Answer me, little girl, or you won't get what you need tonight," he warned. My eyes searched his and although they remained warm and full of adoration, there was an inky blackness beneath all of that, like he could see right through me, and I realized that I liked that.

It made me feel free.

“Yes, Daddy,” I breathed. His answering smile made the hammering of my heart stem a little and all at once, everything seemed to fall into place.

“What do you need tonight, little girl?”

For a few moments, I stammered, a tiny shred of insecurity racing through me, but then a deep swelling of courage came from somewhere deep down in the pit of my soul, and I opened my mouth and the words tumbled out.

There was no thought, only need.

“I... I need you to... to use your belt. For *real* this time,” I whispered.

My voice trembled with my building nerves. I had at least an idea of what I was asking for. Despite the residual misgivings in my mind at the magnitude of my request, my body was already steamrolling ahead of me. Even as I stood there with his gentle fingers holding steady beneath my chin, my clit was pulsing with desire. I didn't even need to check to see if my panties were already soaked through.

I knew they were.

“Because you didn't obey me?” he pressed.

His eyes searched mine, and I gently shook my head. He and I both knew that I'd done nothing wrong. I didn't need to be punished, and what I said next would reveal if he felt the same way, too.

“No... you didn't even really want me to obey you. You wanted my help,” I answered.

There was no challenge or defiance in my voice. I said it as simply as I could, without emotion and without any sass, but with all the seriousness I could.

When his expression showed no change, I panicked for a moment, unsure of myself, thinking that maybe I'd gone too far and maybe it just wasn't meant to be. Feeling an unwanted sense of shame, I turned away, not wanting to face him should he reject me in something that was so incredibly vulnerable for



a woman like me. Would he see me as weak because of this? Would he lose respect for me now that he could see the real me that I'd never let anyone else see?

Was this the part where he'd ask for his ring back and send me home to my brothers, heartbroken, humiliated, and destined to be alone?

His fingers wrapped around my wrist as he pulled me back to face him. His grasp remained soft, but it was firm enough to remind me that he could force me to look at him if he wished to.

My heart squeezed with hope.

"You are truly very special, my little girl," he said softly, before he took his fingers from their position beneath my chin. His arms wrapped around me as he pulled me against him and captured my lips in a soft kiss that left my entire body trembling.

Before this moment, he'd simply taken what he wanted from me, and I had given it to him freely. In this moment, everything between us changed. This wasn't just sex between us. This was the beginnings of a real, once-in-a-lifetime kind of romance.

His lips explored mine with a gentle need that wormed its way straight into my heart. I wrapped my arms around his shoulders as he pulled me against him. The longer he kissed me, the more insistent he became, like he needed to taste every inch of me until he'd had his fill.

His aggressive roughness had told me he wanted me, but this kiss told me that he needed me in the same way that I needed him. It touched a part of my soul I never thought anyone would ever reach down far enough to find.

Heat burned through me, a soft hazy warmth of safety that surrounded me like a security blanket. I grasped at the edges and pulled it tightly around me, sinking in deeper with every passing second. He pulled away, but only far enough to brush his lips against mine and no further.

"I know what you need, my Ada. Tell me anyway."

There was a slight demand to his tone, but it wasn't controlling or dominant or really any of those things. Between the lines, I knew there was something else there simmering below the surface, a secret need all his own that he'd been hiding, too.

I decided to take that final leap of faith, to ask him for what I needed from him all along, not just for me, but because he needed it, too.

*"Break me, Daddy."*

After the words fell from my lips, my heart took a nosedive. All the panic left inside me welled to the surface, and I couldn't bring myself to say anything more. I hazily wondered if this was what it felt like to jump out of a plane and place every last bit of your faith in the fact that the parachute had managed to pass every test to ensure its safety, and hoping that this wasn't the one time it failed.

I think a part of me spun out of control. I had stopped breathing and my heart had started to pound as I waited for him to answer. My blood pounded in my skull, and I prayed that I wasn't making a sound because if I was, that would reveal just how terrified I was right now.

The fear of rejection was a powerful thing.

His hand cupped my face, soft and promising and full of tender sweetness that told me there was no reason to be afraid, that he was going to catch me when I fell. I pulled in a few heated breaths and pressed my cheek against his palm, finding the solace I'd known had been there all along.

*"You need me to make you cry, to tear down all your walls so that it's just you and me and nothing else left, don't you, Ada?"*

His answer made my heart pound with a savage, aroused need.

I swallowed hard, finally daring to lift my eyes to his once more. I searched his gaze, seeing no hatred, no judgement, only open acceptance, and everything I could have hoped to see.

*"...yes... yes, Daddy,"* I whispered.

“Then kneel for me, little girl. Take off Daddy’s belt and put it in his palm so he can break you with it,” he replied, his expectation clear.

In silence, he turned over his hand, and I took hold of it so I could lower myself down to the floor. A part of me was thankful that he’d chosen this spot. The plush carpet of the area rug was soft underneath my knees. My jittery nerves threw me off balance a little, and I quickly pressed my palms to his thighs to steady myself. His hand curled around the back of my head, providing support in my time of need.

He made no move to rush me, staring down at me and savoring each moment as I met his gaze. Slowly, I slid both palms up his thighs, glancing down to see the unmistakable rigidity of his massive erection before I looked back up.

“You’re really hard, Daddy,” I whispered, feeling more confident now that everything was in motion and there was no going back.

“I’m thinking about how pretty you’re going to look with tears trailing down these gorgeous, blushing cheeks of yours,” he murmured. His thumb trailed down the right side of my face, his eyes dancing with anticipation.

My thighs twitched as his words gave me pause.

“You’ll take care of me?”

“I will always take care of you, little girl. You belong to Daddy now, Ada Murphy. Forever and for always,” he answered.

“I understand, Daddy,” I whispered. My hands started to move again, seemingly of their own accord until I reached his belt. With bated breath, I pulled the tip out from the clasp and squeezed it just enough to get the metal rung free. Then, I unbuckled the thick, black leather strap, taking my time and really letting my fingertips explore the worn surface.

“I’ve had this belt a long time, little girl. I bought it from a leather shop in Dublin,” he murmured.

It seemed fitting that the strap came from the same place that both of us called home. His warm smile made my heart flutter,

and I turned my attention back to undoing his belt. Now that the buckle was free, I pulled the strap from his slacks. The gentle swishing sound made me gasp, and it immediately reminded me of the noise it had made right before it slashed against my bare cheeks.

The same sound I was going to be hearing again very soon...

With an increasing sense of reverence, I folded the belt in two and placed it in his waiting hands.

“That’s my good girl. Come with me now. Your breaking is going to take place in our bed,” he growled, and I bit the inside of my cheek, feeling small and nervous as he reached down to take my hand. With ease, he pulled me up to my feet. He led me further into the penthouse, down a low-lit hallway to a massive master bedroom. The furnishings were high-end, but I didn’t really pay them any mind because I was far too focused on what was going to happen next.

With a press of a button, a hidden compartment of the bedposts opened to reveal a set of leather cuffs at each of the four corners. I swallowed nervously. I hadn’t known he would bind me for this, but it made sense.

I wasn’t going to go down easy, and he knew it.

He turned me to face him and started to undress me. This time, he made no moves to tear the clothes off my body like all the times before. Instead, he slowly unbuttoned the top of my suit and pushed it down my arms with a sense of deference. He undressed me like I was a woman, unwrapping me bit by bit to expose the treasures of my naked body.

My pussy was a weeping mess.

With care, he guided me to stand on one foot so he could remove one heel and then the other. I stepped back down with bare feet onto the soft carpet as he stood back up. My body burned with fire as his fingertips brushed against my flesh. He unbuttoned my slacks and pulled the zipper down. His eyes stayed locked with mine as he pushed them past my hips. They slid down and pooled around my ankles until he knelt to help me step out of them, too.

Unlike any time before, he picked up my clothes and carefully laid them across an armchair close by, making sure none of them were ruined in the process. The sweetness of such a thing struck me, and I smiled a little, my heart warm.

I stepped from one foot to the other, feeling a little self-conscious now that I was only standing there in a pair of panties and a bra. When his arms wrapped around me, he pulled me flush against him before he slid his fingers up my back and easily undid the clasp of my bra with a quick snap. Gently, he guided the straps down my shoulders until the cups fell away from me, and then he tossed it aside with the rest of my clothing.

His gaze was ravenous for my body, but I could tell he was holding back. The effect of that single look was far more profound than I was prepared for, making me feel wanted and desired while also worshipped and adored.

Maybe even loved.

He moved closer to me and brushed his lips lightly against mine as he slipped his fingertips just beneath the hem of my panties. Sparks flared across my skin, and my core squeezed tight. With sweet gentleness, he trailed kisses down my neck, down the cusp of my shoulder, and then he lowered himself down to his knees.

He held my gaze as he pulled my panties down, slowly revealing the lower reaches of my belly, the cusp of my mound and finally the wet, swollen folds of my pussy. I gasped as he pressed a soft kiss there, my entire body shivering with building need. I couldn't help but lean forward a little, wrapping my arms around his head in order to keep myself standing upright.

When he stood back up, his eyes had hardened with firm, loving adoration, and I could tell that it was time.

Almost in slow motion, I watched as he tossed my panties aside with the rest of my clothes. In a rush, his arms had surrounded me and lifted me off the floor. He carried me over to the bed and sat me down on the edge. He piled several

pillows in the middle of the bed and I swallowed heavily. The set up was clear.

“It’s time, little girl. I want your hips high on the pillows. I want every inch of that gorgeous ass exposed for what you have coming.”

A shiver of aroused delight raced through me, but it was swallowed up by my willing fear. When this was over, a part of me that had never been fulfilled before was finally going to be whole.

“Yes, Daddy.”

Carefully, I turned so that I was on my hands and knees on top of the bed. With increasing trepidation, I climbed over the ominous mound and lowered myself into position. My gaze kept jerking back and forth from the top of the bed to him. The pillows hiked my hips up high into the air, forcing me to slowly come to terms with how vulnerable my naked ass was like this. I whimpered quietly as the enormity of it finally hit me.

He reached for my right arm, buckling it into the cuff and tightening it gently. The leather was soft around my wrist, yet tight enough that I knew I wouldn’t be able to slip out no matter how hard I fought. That was both comforting and terrifying at the same time, yet I willingly gave him my left hand so that he could bind it. He traced his fingertips down the length of my spine, causing shivers to cascade up and down my bare flesh. He didn’t move away once he reached the cleft of my ass, instead pressing a little harder as if to send a message that every inch of me belonged to him.

I arched my back with a soft sigh, seeking out his touch as it passed down the back of my right leg all the way down to my ankle. With tender patience, he bound my leg and then moved to the other. Biting my lip, I tried to press my thighs back together, but my legs were spread far too wide. As if he could read my mind, he slid his palm down between them. The flats of his fingers slid along my wet folds with embarrassing ease, and a very quiet moan slipped from my lips.

Then he slapped my pussy hard enough that the sting slammed over me in an instant. Unable to defend myself, there was nothing I could do other than let the pain roll through my body like it was an incoming tide. I sucked in a shocked breath and then let it out. Eventually, the sting lessened and my clit pulsed hard, a needy little thing that wanted his touch desperately.

In time, I hoped that would come.

“Do you know how beautiful you are like this, little girl? Trembling while you wait for Daddy to break you with his belt?”

“I didn’t...”

“Tell me how beautiful you are, little girl. Tell Daddy how lucky he is to have you,” he pressed, and I couldn’t help the blush that came over my cheeks as a result.

“Daddy...” I whined.

With no warning at all, a much firmer spank punished in between my thighs, leaving my pussy feeling as though it had caught flame. I cried out and he kept his palm there, threatening to punish me again if I didn’t obey him as instructed.

“I’m your beautiful girl, Daddy,” I whispered, my voice trembling as one of his fingers started to tease my clit.

“What else, little girl?”

“You’re lucky to have me, Daddy,” I whimpered, blushing and stumbling over my words. Saying the words out loud was far different from thinking such a thing in my head.

“I am lucky to have you, Ada,” he said. I didn’t have to look at him to know that he meant every word. Every syllable that came from him dripped with meaning and intent. It swept the air right out of my lungs.

“So very, *very* lucky,” he added softly, his voice reflective, and he pulled his fingers away from my pussy. I whined a bit in disappointment. He said nothing, and my desire continued to rise unabated. My pussy still stung a bit from his punishing

slaps, but the pain had mostly been muted by the passion coursing through my veins.

He laid the belt across my bottom, and I tensed, but he just kept it there for a moment while saying nothing at all. The leather was cool at first, but it slowly warmed to my skin. I felt his weight on the bed next to me, and I sighed as he brushed his lips against my lower back. Cascades of pleasure sailed across my flesh before he pushed back up and took the belt in his hand once more.

Time slowed to a crawl, every fraction of a second visceral as the leather slowly pulled away from my body. My heart palpitated in my chest, and I found it hard to focus as the world swirled and teetered on a singular focal point.

“We’re going to begin now, little girl. Daddy isn’t going to stop until he’s given you what you need. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I whispered, closing my eyes, and pulling in a ragged breath as I tested my bonds once again. I heard the belt cutting through the air and I cried out, the sound even more viciously terrifying than I remembered. My muscles tensed in anticipation, but when the leather wrapped around my bare cheeks, an incredible sense of calm came over me.

I was exactly where I was meant to be.

The expected line of fire welled across my flesh, causing the tension in my body to cascade up and down my spine in stinging ripples. My back arched, the wave of sensation swelling up and pouring over me. I breathed through it just like I’d done before, and that made it infinitely easier to take.

The scalding burn was fiercely hot. The second lash came much more slowly than I anticipated, which let the true fire build in all its glory.

Shane wasn’t going to rush any part of this. He was going to break me as thoroughly as he needed to, and then this would end, and I’d climb into his lap—safe, sated, and taken care of in a way that I’d never imagined possible outside of books and movies and fantasy stories.



This was *real*.

Several more strokes fell in slow, steady succession. Nothing about each one felt brutal or cruel, but the bite of pain that came with it took my breath away. Each lash whipped into my bare flesh with a savage intensity. The harsh snap took me by surprise, and I slowly realized that I would never truly get used to it. As the seconds ticked by, the welts left behind started to rise. The folded end of the belt stung viciously at first, and as more time passed, every inch of my skin was burning.

My backside already felt thoroughly scalded, but I knew there was so much more left to take.

Stretched out and fully bound, I could do nothing but writhe over the pile of pillows. The belt struck both sides in equal measure. The ones that were centered on the fullest part of my bottom were the easiest ones to take, but that didn't mean they didn't sting. He spent an inordinate amount of time thrashing the place where my ass met my thighs, and I slowly realized that he intended me to feel that particular spot for days.

I'd be able to feel his handiwork each time I took a seat tomorrow. It would remain our secret, but the two of us would know, and that was all that mattered.

An exceptionally hard lash struck the middle of my thighs, stinging far more fiercely than before. This was beginning to escalate. He belted me harder, and soon enough, everything was solely focused on the next fiery lash, the rising mark it left behind, and the stinging fire that came with it.

My helplessness bled through as I started to fight my bonds for the first time. I tugged my arms, wanting to reach back and comfort my scalded flesh, but the leather cuffs had no give.

The belt swung again, catching the interior of my left bottom cheek, and I cried out, suddenly fearful that the belt might catch me right in between my legs and punish my pussy far more harshly than his hand had. I tried to squeeze my thighs together, even though I knew that wouldn't help either. I flinched when all of my efforts accomplished nothing, all my struggle in vain because I wasn't getting away from this.

I didn't want to escape, anyway.

The belt slashed through the air once more, whipping me more fiercely, and suddenly my focus redirected from escaping to simply surviving. Something within me finally clicked.

I wasn't getting out of this. Shane was going to belt me until I broke, something I had willingly asked for, and this wasn't going to stop until that happened.

It was exactly what I *wanted*.

The belt kept falling. I cried out more now as the simmering fire blazed to an all-out firestorm. The thick strap cruelly whipped me, over and over, but it was as if a deep part of me had finally come alive, a need to submit to a breaking like this.

This wasn't to expose my weaknesses. It was a true revelation of my strength.

For the first time in my life, I was safe enough to give a man my full surrender, and it was glorious. The fight started to bleed out of me, draining somewhere into my soul to be called upon when I needed it once again.

My hips arched, rising to take each subsequent strike as the agonizing burn escalated at a frightening pace. There was a freedom in knowing that this wasn't ending soon, that this was going to go on for as long as it took, and I started to soar.

My head swirled, somewhere up in the clouds, as my body relented. My hips rocked, rising and falling to meet the belt and to take its fiery bite. I moaned and gasped, losing focus as my entire world turned on its axis.

I took that belt for a long, long time.

When Shane redirected his efforts almost solely to the backs of my thighs, I let out a pained cry, the sting more intense than I was ready for. He painted my sensitive flesh bright red, and my breath stuck in the back of my throat. A particularly fierce stroke followed, and my eyes watered. I blinked as my first defense mechanism kicked into overdrive.

The only people that had ever seen me cry were my brothers, and that was back when we buried our parents after they were

killed in Ireland. Since then, I'd been strong, dependable Ada. It was different now though. I had someone else I could depend on, a man that stood by my side with the strength and power to not only be my equal, but to tear me down and build me up stronger than ever before.

*My* Shane was that man.

My body started to tense, my pussy clenching and all my muscles seizing as I drew in a shallow breath. Several harder strikes followed, the pace increasing. He was pushing me now. I wasn't sure if he could read my body or if my sounds had changed enough to reveal how close I was to tears, but the hard strikes came more rapidly and with greater intensity, until all of my efforts to keep myself from crying started to fall apart.

I squeezed my eyes shut, but they kept watering. I rocked my hips back and forth, trying to avoid the lash, but his aim was true. If he wanted the end of the belt to strike right in the center of my cheek, he could do it. And he did, over and over again.

I sniffed, trying one last way to keep myself from letting go. It wasn't really a conscious choice anymore. I'd had years of practice keeping myself from taking off the mask that I wore out in public. It was basic instinct to keep a cool demeanor when others were looking and to only feel my emotions in the safety of solitude.

This was something else entirely.

Shane wasn't family. He wasn't my husband, not yet at least, and he was going to see what I looked like when I cried.

I sucked in a loud breath full of air as I careened out of control. I could feel the threads of my inner strength beginning to fray, and I knew it wouldn't be long until they ripped apart. It was only a few seconds later when a particularly brutal, thorough lash belted across the lower curves of my already scalded ass and finally broke me.

The first tear trailed down my cheek and I made a quiet sound of panicked surprise. It slid down the cusp of my cheek,

leaving a cool trail behind as it made its journey past my jawline all the way to my chin. It dripped down below me, and my gaze zeroed in on the wet circle it left behind on the quilt beneath me.

I whimpered, scared and fulfilled and aroused as a second tear fell on the opposite cheek.

No matter what I did, I couldn't make them stop.

"That's my beautiful girl," he praised, and suddenly my surrender took over. I started to sob, but still I raised my hips, seeking out more of the belt, and he gave it to me. Over and over, he whipped my ass until I slumped over the pillows and my tears pooled on the bed.

I didn't really take in the fact that he'd slowed the use of his belt, each subsequent lash heavy with purpose until he finally laid it by my side. Suddenly, his palm was cupping my scorched cheek. Gently, he squeezed it and a fresh sob broke free from me.

"Look at Daddy, little girl. Show him how beautiful you look when he breaks you like this."

There was no thinking at this point, only magnificent obedience. I turned my head and met his gorgeous, green eyes as he reveled in my complete surrender. My world drifted, floating in a haze of absolute freedom. I couldn't really discern any one sensation from another. Pain, pleasure, happiness, sadness, fear, and anger all molded into one as he gazed back at me with a wistfully soft smile painted on his lips.

*My Shane.*

"You're utterly breathtaking," he whispered. He reached for me, dragging his knuckle through the path of my tears and my pussy pulsed hard. I sniffled, but my tears were still flowing freely.

I felt so *alive*.

Every nerve inside me was brimming with life, and I smiled back at him, trying to relay in silence just how happy he'd made me in this moment. He'd demolished every last one of my walls, and now he was there to make sure I didn't fall.

“Daddy is going to unbind your cuffs now. Then he’s going to take you into his arms and into his lap, because what Daddy needs right now is to hold you.”

I nodded and closed my eyes, resting my head on the bed. I didn’t trust myself to move of my own volition yet, and I relished the tidal waves of sensation racing through me, losing myself within the swirling depths. Vaguely, I realized he was lifting each of my limbs and freeing them, but none of that really mattered.

Blood pounded in my skull and in between my legs. Desire swirled inside my core, and I found my hips rocking, but then his arms were around me and he was carrying me from the bed to the couch. I didn’t have to do anything. In a state of bliss, I wrapped my arms around his neck as he sat down and settled me in his lap.

His fingers pressed beneath my chin, and he lifted my face to his. His lips brushed my cheek, a bit tentative at first, until he was kissing my tears away with a possessive confidence that left my head reeling. I held onto him with everything I had left in me. My burning bottom pressed against his thighs, the intense ache making me realize that I would feel every hard lash for a while to come.

In a way, I was both comforted and proud. I’d taken a real belting and it had been glorious. I hoped he’d left marks so that I could enjoy every fond memory of this night for days to come.

I’m not sure which one of us held the other more fiercely, but I did know we sat there together for a long time. With his embrace surrounding my smaller form like a safe haven, my tears slowed to a crawl and soon stopped entirely. I still didn’t let go, my grip on him likely only breakable through the use of a crowbar at that point.

“My sweet, beautiful girl,” he murmured.

“My Daddy,” I said softly, my voice thick with emotion. I trembled, but no part of me pulled away. His kisses continued even though my tears had long dried. It was sweet and tender

and each one struck me like a lightning bolt straight to my unprotected, vulnerable heart.

My ragged breathing slowly returned to normal, as did the frantic beating of my heart. Occasionally, I would shiver and he'd squeeze me tighter, offering his own body heat to keep me warm.

My pussy, however, no longer wanted to cuddle. It was as if every last bit of heat inside my body had centered between my legs. Eventually, I shifted my thighs just enough to come to the mortifying conclusion that I was the wettest I'd ever been in my life. With every second that ticked by, I could feel more and more of it dripping down my sensitive folds. My pussy was desperately begging for attention, and nothing I could do or say would deny that.

My body was sending him a message, and it was only a matter of time before he discovered it. He cleared his throat and my heart leapt at the sound, wondering if he would like the fact that I was reacting like this. Deep down, I knew he would, but there was a tiny part of me that remained unsure.

“Are you going to be any less sassy and defiant with me, little girl?”

A long moment passed and hesitantly, I pulled back and stared into his eyes. Hidden within them, I saw him. He didn't want to control me, nor did he need to. His eyes sparkled with enjoyment each and every time I sassed him, even when I'd openly defied him and told him that I was going along to the meeting with Maxim. I hadn't imagined his pride when I'd taken control of that meeting and come up with a solution.

There was no part of me that needed to be spanked in order to get things done. That was instinctual for me. I had a drive to build my family to greater heights, to make better lives for me and everyone important to me. I didn't need Shane to change me, and there was nothing within him that revealed that he needed that, either. I took a chance, being completely vulnerable with him once more.

“No, Daddy.”

I watched him closely for any signs of anger, but I found none. Instead, his gaze hinted of pride, joy, and warmth, and before he said anything at all, I knew that the pieces of our puzzle had finally come together.

“Good. I wouldn’t dream of having you any other way.”

## CHAPTER 12



*A* da

For a while longer, neither of us said anything at all. We didn't need to. Instead, we enjoyed each other's company. I pressed my ear against his chest, losing myself in the steady, constant beat of his heart. It was strong, its cadence hypnotizing, and I sighed with contentment.

The longer I stayed curled in his lap, the more fervently my pussy screamed for his attention, and I started having trouble keeping still. My core tightened, the passionate desire soon becoming painful, and before I realized what I was doing, I opened my mouth and started to speak.

"Daddy..."

At this point, I wasn't even sure of what I was going to say.

"Yes, little girl?" he asked. His fingers tightened around me, holding me securely against him. I could feel the hard length of his cock against my hip. He was just as aroused as I was, and the worlds tumbled out before I could even think to stop them.

"Will you fuck me while I'm... while I'm like this?"

I waited for his answer nervously, even pulling back just enough to see his expression so that I could figure out what he was thinking before I said anything more. He smiled warmly, and my sudden fear whisked away into nothingness as his palm cupped my face. With a careful tenderness, he nibbled at



my ear and a whirlwind of pleasurable need spiraled through me like a tornado.

“Tell Daddy how you need him to fuck you.”

I swallowed anxiously, still a bit nervous. Like this, I was extremely vulnerable.

Tonight, I needed something a little different from the wild roughness that had previously defined us. With all of my defenses down, I felt tiny and small, like a fragile thing that needed a gentle loving touch in a world that was encased in a savagely dark shadow.

Honestly, I wanted it all, and Shane was the man that could give it to me.

“...gently, Daddy.”

“Like it’s his little girl’s first time?” he countered, and my pussy clenched hard.

He saw right through me. I opened and closed my mouth nervously as my cheeks flared red hot. Was this the point he’d think me weak? Would he look at me differently when we woke up beside each other in the morning?

I was by no means a virgin, but freshly broken like this, I sort of was in a way. All my ironclad defenses had fallen, and for the first time, I could feel what a man’s touch felt like when I was completely open like this.

“Don’t worry, little girl. Daddy knows what you need.”

My heart squeezed tight as he angled my chin up towards his. His lips captured mine in a sweet, tender kiss that took my breath away and set my body on fire. A simmering passion burst into life deep inside my heart, a profound and unknown sense of adoration that could only be one thing.

I didn’t dare use that four-letter word just yet.

He stood up and carried me to the bed. Using one arm, he pushed the pile of pillows out of the way and gently laid me down on my back. I flinched when my welted bottom pressed against the blankets, but I was soon overcome with

anticipation as he climbed on top of me. His lips sought out mine, and I moaned into his mouth.

His kiss was like the most decadent dessert I'd ever tasted.

I wanted his flesh against mine, his cock deep inside me, connecting us as one.

His kiss persisted, sweet and subtle and everlasting. I trembled beneath him as his knee pressed lightly against my thighs. There was no forcing me to spread my legs this time. They just opened, and I curled my hands around the back of his head, squeezing a little before I wrapped my arms around his neck.

When he finally pulled away from that kiss, I was completely breathless with need.

"Please, Daddy," I begged.

"Shhh, little girl. Trust Daddy to give you what you need," he whispered. Gently, he turned my head to the side and rained kisses down the plane of my cheek. His lips grazed against my throat, peppering me with swirling, tingly sensations that swept through me like a powerful riptide. I gasped and moaned, my body writhing beneath him.

Daddy was in control now, and I was his little girl, helpless and needy with desire for everything that was him.

Slowly, he followed the line of my collarbone and the swelling mound of my breast until he reached my nipple. He suckled me gently, swirling his tongue around my tender bud until I started quivering beneath him.

"Oh, Daddy," I breathed.

He didn't answer, instead choosing to trail several more heated kisses along my breast. I moaned in desperation, needing and wanting to fall apart beneath him while also enjoying the treacherous journey up those jagged slopes.

His mouth explored my flesh, leaving no part of my body unkissed. His descent continued onward as his lips trailed across the bones of my hips until he reached the cusp of my mound. I sucked in a breath, his intent finally becoming agonizingly clear.

He was going to kiss me there, too.

No man had ever used his mouth on my pussy. I'd never asked anyone, and no one had dared ask permission to do so either. I was the kind of woman that took a hard fucking, maybe because I was expected too, along with the fact that I wanted to, but in the end, I was a woman, and sometimes I just needed to make love.

I spread my thighs a bit wider, encouraging him. It was almost maddening when he started kissing every exposed inch of me instead of the place that I wanted him to the most. My legs trembled with barely containable desire as my body blazed with liquid heat.

I arched into the mattress, trying to press my clit into his mouth while he deftly avoided it. I breathed shakily, trying to keep myself from reacting any further, but it soon proved to be impossible. My desire knew no bounds anymore. There were no walls holding it in place, and it was running wild.

The possibilities were limitless.

When he continued teasing me, I climbed up onto my elbows. With the slightest bit of force, he used one hand directly in between my breasts to push me back down to the bed. I whined as he kissed more of me, only just grazing against my needy pussy and driving me crazy with arousal.

I drew back and dug my fingers into his scalp, trying to let him know just how much I needed him, how much I needed to come for him, but he simply drew back and pressed my wrists down to the bed on either side of me.

"We're going to move at my pace now, little girl. I'd much rather kiss this pretty pussy, but I won't hesitate to spank it bright pink if I need to," he warned.

My inner walls practically convulsed.

"Yes, Daddy," I murmured, feeling my cheeks heat.

"Now lie back, pretty girl, and let Daddy take care of you," he demanded gently, and I did exactly as he asked, my obedience natural. He continued his exploration of me as I reluctantly settled down. He coaxed my desire forward, and I responded

like a blazing wildfire. My body rolled, overcome with arousal, and then he finally pressed a warm kiss directly on top of my clit.

I shrieked, the sound halfway between a moan and a scream of surprise.

A paralyzing jolt of pleasure cracked through me, making every muscle in my body tense with excitement. My mouth opened with disbelief at the sheer intensity, and I looked down, catching his heated gaze and losing myself within it.

His tongue poked out from between his lips as he lowered himself down and dragged the tip firmly through my soaked folds. When he drew back far enough, I could see my own wetness glistening on his lips.

I blushed at the sight.

When he brought his lips back down to my pussy, the pleasure that rocketed through me was just as devastating as the first time he'd thrust deep into me. It burst through me like a sudden storm, and I arched right off the bed, unable to keep my hands off him.

I didn't try to push him away. I was only holding on so that I didn't get swept away in the endless rapids of pleasure. I whimpered and moaned as the wet warmth of his mouth surrounded my clit. I thought that was overwhelming, but then he started lavng my needy bud with his tongue as he suckled inward, the dual sensation more intense than anything I'd ever known.

My orgasm came swiftly. One moment, I was safe along the edge, enjoying the gentle ride that Shane had taken me on, and then the next I was falling into the deep, dark abyss of soul-crushing pleasure, the kind of passion that consumed me from within. My toes curled and my fingers dug in as he used his mouth to push me to heights far beyond what I thought myself capable of.

The world rushed by around me, but I paid it no mind. The only thing that mattered was his mouth between my legs.

I came so hard that I saw stars.

He didn't pull away either. I didn't know if I'd expected him to, but it felt shameful for him to be so close to me while I was coming like this. I bit my lip, embarrassed and aroused and taken in by the swirling tingles of passion cascading over me. My body rolled as I writhed beneath him, but he held me down and made me take every harrowingly magnificent moment of that orgasm.

By the time I came down, I was sucking in mouthfuls of air as if it would bring me back to Earth. Eventually, my body stopped moving, and I sighed, a little overwhelmed with how hard I'd climaxed with his mouth between my legs.

He drew back and placed a long, gentle kiss directly on my clit, and a powerful aftershock made my whole body tighten. I moaned and he surrounded my clit with his mouth. His hands held me down around my waist. His shoulders prevented me from closing my thighs. Still weak from my first orgasm, there was nothing I could do to fight off the second as he suckled and kissed my needy clit as long as he pleased.

Consumed by the delicious, wet warmth of his mouth, I fell face first into another powerful release that took my breath away. Unable to help myself, I ground my pussy against his tongue, willingly forcing myself over the brink with a harsh cry.

Pleasure radiated to the tip of my fingers all the way down to my toes. I moaned, heat spiraling through me in waves until it crested at long last. I arched against the bed as my eyes rolled back, shivering through every moment of glorious bliss until it started to fade. The aftermath was just as beautiful as the beginning, and I settled against the bed, well sated as he drew back. My clit continued to throb as he climbed off the bed.

He undressed without pomp or circumstance. His gaze held mine as he shrugged off his suit. I watched him with bated breath as he slowly unbuttoned his shirt, revealing the hard plane of his chest. My legs twitched as his hands dropped to his pants, and he smirked, catching the small display of my endless arousal.

I couldn't hide how much I wanted him, not when I was like this.

With a casual confidence, he pushed his pants past his waist, revealing his cock as he stepped one foot out and then the other. He swept over me and captured my lips in a kiss that refreshed the burn he'd ignited within me. One hand dragged down the length of my side. He stopped once my ass cheek was encased in his hand, squeezing just a little and making me cry out from the residual sting from the harshness of his belt.

"Daddyyy," I breathed.

"My little girl," he growled, peppering soft kisses along the sensitive expanse of my throat. I couldn't help but moan. I wrapped my arms around him and dug my fingers into his scalp, trembling with anticipation when he leaned forward. His cock was rock hard against my lower belly, and I arched against him.

I wanted this so very badly.

"Please fuck me, Daddy," I begged.

He kept kissing me, building up my pleasure higher and higher until at long last, he pressed the firm length of his cock against my soaked pussy. He slid back and forth, grinding the hard surface against my clit, and I was so aroused that I almost came from that alone.

"I'm enjoying myself, little girl," he whispered. There wasn't any warning or sternness to his tone, just simple pleasure which set my soul on fire. I burned beneath him as he drew his hips back, gasping when the firm head of his cock nudged against my entrance.

I tried my absolute best to remain patient, but I wanted to feel him inside me. I wanted to be full of the man that had stolen my heart. With gentle thrusts, he worked the head of his cock inside me, stretching me open gradually. My body opened for him with little to no resistance. I was so ready for this that I could hardly keep still. My hips rolled along with his, making his entry easier with each thrust.

There was no virgin barrier for him to break through, but he took me like there was. Inch by painstaking inch, he worked his monstrous cock inside me until he bottomed out. His hand cradled the side of my head like I was his most cherished treasure in the world. His eyes stared into mine, the warmth and adoration clear.

At once, I knew this was the man meant for me, and that he was more than anything I could ever wish for. This was true love, and it was all mine.

My body started to come alive. Each thrust awakened a deep place inside of me, connecting us together as one.

The muted stinging across my bottom melded with the quiet, stretching burn of his cock. As gently as he fucked me, he was still big and there was still the painful ache that came from taking a man as large as him.

We made love, our bodies moving in concert as we took and gave everything to each other. With every push and pull, blissfully intense pleasure surged through my veins, reaching so high up into the sky that I feared I'd never come down.

This time, I could feel myself approaching the bridge. With every thrust, I could feel myself moving closer and closer to the edge.

I knew I was going to come really hard before it hit, so when it swept through me like a tidal wave, I was at least partially ready for it. Shane and I had fucked before this and my orgasms with him were always hard, but this one swept all the others away as if they hadn't ever existed. I quivered and moaned, crying out from the intensity as my entire body went rigid.

He held me there beneath him, pistoning into me with tender loving care as I flew apart beneath him, shattering into a million pieces. My mouth open and he kissed the side of my neck, forcing my pleasure to even greater heights.

As I came down from my climax, he kept pistoning into me gently, gradually increasing the pace. His tender love coaxed

my desire once again, reacting just like a dying flame to dry tinder.

“We’re going to come together, little girl,” he stated.

“Daddy,” I breathed.

“You look so beautiful so full of Daddy’s cock, my Ada,” he whispered, and my skin tingled with electricity. Just when I thought our chemistry couldn’t be any hotter, it sizzled with even more torrid heat.

My arms squeezed around him, holding him tight as he took me on a passionate journey of blinding ecstasy. My fingers gripped at the back of his head.

“That’s my good girl. You’re taking me so well,” he commended, and I blushed.

“I’m your good girl, Daddy,” I echoed, losing myself in his measured thrusts and feeling myself starting to fray apart at the seams.

Every movement of his was deliberate. When he pushed inside me, he dipped his pelvis so that he ground against my clit. When the head of his cock brushed against my cervix, his lips kissed my neck, and his fingers squeezed my ass. In return, I held onto him as I rocked my hips up, taking him deeper with every thrust. I brushed my own lips against his cheek, moaning and showing him with every fiber of my being how much this meant to me.

“Come for me, little girl. Come long and hard for Daddy while he fucks you.”

My world tilted on its edge and splintered, the edges jagged as I fell apart. His cock moved into me faster now, and I could feel him losing control at the same time. He groaned and the sound drove me wild, his restrained power overwhelming in that moment.

I came and I came hard.

With a blissful scream, I hurtled over the brink. He roared with his pleasure, and I stiffened with my own as his seed surged inside of me. One spurt after another blazed deep inside as my



own climax blinded me and forced me to curl against him. I sought out his safe embrace as I came, every single wall inside of me blowing apart in sheer devastation.

It wasn't until that moment that I realized how truly we belonged to each other.

That final orgasm lasted for an eternity, and by the time it finally ended, I was a shaking mess. His cock remained inside me as he rolled to the side, taking me along with him and holding me tight.

He stayed with me, taking care of me in my fragile moments of vulnerability. Overwhelmed, I closed my eyes as my body started to shake with fierce aftershocks. When those started to quell, I began to tremble as I lay there in a bit of a stunned daze. I didn't stop shaking for a long time.

His hand caressed my cheek, his touch gentle and sweet.

My Shane.

*My Daddy.*

“Don't worry, little girl. You'll still be badass Ada Murphy when you wake up in the morning.”

His words touched my ravaged heart, and my final defense came down.

“I love you, Daddy.”

“I love you too, my Ada, for everything you are and everything you're going to become.”

## CHAPTER 13



*S*hane

For the next several days, I kept Ada to myself in my penthouse suite. I made her stay bare for me for much of that time, occasionally allowing her to wear lingerie. The sight of her naked ass was incredibly arousing, especially covered in marks that I'd left with my belt.

It was a tiny slice of heaven in a world fraught with danger.

When we both discerned that the threat from the Kozlovs had lessened, I brought her back to Boston on my private jet. In that time, we'd both worked on moving forward with Irina Morozov's kidnapping, and as soon as we touched down in Boston, there was a limo waiting for us to bring us back to Ada's place so that we could finalize everything on our own turf.

I called in several of my men to reinforce Ada's ranks, but she didn't really need my help. My right-hand man, Colm O'Brien, was especially useful in recommending loyal men from our lower ranks that would be unrecognizable enough to get the job done. By the time all was said and done, we had about a dozen men from her family and mine all set to go.

We found out that the Kozlovs were keeping Irina in a hotel they'd just recently acquired. Newly built by a Russian family that had been forced out, Tsar's Palace was situated downtown in the middle of a bustling block with a heavy amount of foot traffic from day to day. That made it easy to work our men into

position. We checked into six rooms over the course of several days, and with the help of all of our technical teams, we breached the Kozlovs firewalls and hacked into their security feeds so that we could use them for reconnaissance.

We discovered that Irina was being kept in one of the junior suites on the fifteenth floor. She could come and go as she pleased, but it seemed that she had a group of security guards at her side anytime she left the floor her suite was located on, or the building.

In preparation for the planned kidnapping, Ada's team initiated a rolling loop on the camera feeds outside Irina's door. Our men moved easily from one level to another through the emergency stairways since there were no cameras monitoring such a rarely used space so high up in the building.

We soon became very familiar with Irina's schedule, tracking her movements down to the minute. She frequented the private gym on the sixteenth floor at the same time every day, so it was easy to plan the kidnapping around that.

After a period of prolonged observation, we planned the date and time of the kidnapping for Saturday night. Most of the Kozlovs were spotted out at a local dive bar nearby. Since a lot of them were busy drinking themselves silly, there was only a skeleton crew left behind of mostly lower ranked soldiers that hadn't earned the right to go out and party on a weekend just yet.

We took Irina that night.

She was climbing the stairway up to the gym when our men rushed her. In order to keep her screaming and fighting at a minimum, Ada's man Liam used a chloroformed cloth so that she would be unconscious for much of it. We hadn't yet discerned her stance on the state of things, and none of us wanted to risk her fighting and raising an alarm that would implicate our families. Colm had wanted to go along to ensure things went smoothly, and he provided us with picture evidence of Irina's wellbeing that we passed along to Maxim to ensure that he remained comfortable throughout the whole process.

Once our team had made it out of the hotel in one piece without tripping a single alarm, Irina was transported into the safekeeping of the Murphys. Ada's brother Aidan had volunteered to keep her safe, which made Ada feel at ease. Apparently, he was one of the more overprotective of her brothers, and she was confident that he could keep Irina out of the public eye for as long as necessary. We didn't yet know how the Kozlovs were going to react to the kidnapping, and she thought treading with caution was the best thing to do.

Being at Ada's side during the course of this whole operation was a delight. Her calm, steadfast capability made me so hopelessly proud. At the same time, it was also especially arousing, and I made sure that I rewarded her with a good fucking each night we went to bed.

In the days following the kidnapping, it soon became clear that the threat from the Kozlovs was beginning to escalate further. Contrary to our hopes that they would just move on to their pursuit of power and money here in the city, the bratva family was putting a good deal of effort into tracking down and freeing their taken bride with Anton spearheading the search.

Ada, Maxim, and I had communicated our concerns several times that week to ensure that we were all informed on the happenings across the city that worked to threaten our alliance and the wellbeing of our families.

It was Maxim's opinion that as the family heir, Anton was just trying to demonstrate his power, and that nothing he was doing was because of any concern for Irina's safety. Anton's men shook down several properties throughout the city in an effort to track down information on Irina's whereabouts. The number of bombings started to increase and widen in certain areas, encroaching on my and Ada's turf, as well as several other families that had a basis in our little melting pot of a city.

When my phone rang and Giovanni Caruso had introduced himself, I knew that things had reached a breaking point. Giovanni was the kingpin of the Cosa Nostra, a figurehead in the city whose family reached back as far back in history as mine, if not further. He still had family operating out of Sicily. I knew that his reach went deep.

He and I had had a few smaller interactions in the past, but now that my father wasn't in the picture any longer, Giovanni had reached out to me due to concern about the rising bratva problem. He wanted to meet, and I'd agreed. Giovanni wasn't the type of man that made rash decisions, nor was he openly expanding his territory. He operated from a place of mutual respect, at least until that respect was broken. I knew that from my father's interactions with him.

I had grown fond of sleeping in Ada's bed beside her every night and I was in no rush to replace my penthouse. A few days after Irina's kidnapping, I was pacing back and forth in her bedroom, lost deep in thought about how I was going to approach that meeting when Ada came up behind me and wrapped her arms around my waist. Her deep blue eyes sparkled with concern as she cocked her head.

"Do you want me to come along with you?" she asked.

"Not this time, I think. Giovanni is pretty adamant about wanting the meeting to just be me and him. He and my father had a mutually beneficial relationship in the past, and I'd like to build on that. Plus, I'm sure you have plenty on your plate to take care of now that we're back," I answered thoughtfully.

"I do," she replied, her gaze trusting.

"Be careful. The Kozlovs haven't made any moves toward either of us, but that doesn't mean that they won't. Tread with caution for me," I murmured, my gaze searching hers.

"I will. I can't hide forever, though. The longer I'm out of the public sector, the more suspicious it'll look. We have to operate like things are normal and not like we're hiding a bratva boss' daughter," she assured me.

"True enough. I'll be thinking about you, though," I replied, and she smirked in return.

"Will you now? About what exactly?" she asked, her eyes glinting with sass.

"About how red your ass is going to be after Daddy takes you over his knee tonight," I teased her, and she shivered with pleasure against me.

“Very naughty, Daddy,” she said, unable to hide a smirk.

“No. It’s what comes after your spanking that’s truly naughty,” I teased, and her cheeks reddened as I reached around and cupped her backside.

“What’s that, Daddy?” she asked, her voice trembling with restrained arousal. I reached below her chin and forced her to look up at me, which truly didn’t take much effort at all.

“You have one place left that Daddy hasn’t fucked yet...”

“Yes... But *Daddy*... No one has ever...” she trailed off; her aroused reluctance positively delightful.

“Daddy is going to take that virgin hole tonight. The only thing up to you, my little girl, is how sore your ass is going to be before you beg me to fuck it,” I warned her, watching the decadent shiver of pleasure that crossed over her face at my pronouncement.

Her blush said everything.

As much as she would refuse to admit it, at least right now as she stood before me, fully clothed and the badass I knew her to be, what I said intrigued her. She bit her lip, and I searched her gaze, seeing her curiosity within those sparkling sapphires.

“Don’t worry, my Ada. It’s going to hurt, but you’re going to come very, *very* hard for me with my cock all the way inside that tight little hole. Daddy will make sure of it,” I vowed, and her lips turned up in the tiniest smile of excitement.

“Promise?”

“I promise, my little girl. Now be a good girl, or else Daddy will have to punish you before your fucking.”

She laughed, smirking back at me. “Good luck with that, Daddy.”

Her defiant sass made my cock impossibly hard. I couldn’t wait to give her the spanking she needed. Her ass was going to be bright red by the time I put her on her knees and made her bend over and spread those beautiful cheeks for me.

“I love you, my Ada.”

“I love you too, my Shane.”

She was going to blush for me before I took her pretty little virgin asshole. I was going to give my little girl everything she needed tonight.

And every single night after that.

## CHAPTER 14



*A* da

As I watched Shane walk out the door, his words remained at the forefront of my mind as well as deep within my core. I wanted nothing more than for him to drag me off to my bedroom to do everything he'd promised, but now was not the time for that. My pussy, however, had a whirlwind of other ideas.

I'd never imagined him fucking my bottom. Now that he'd threatened it, though, I had trouble focusing on anything else.

With a sigh, I reached into my pocket and pulled out my phone. Now that I was safely back in my townhome on Shawmut Avenue, my brothers and all the tools at our disposal were far more accessible. From New York, I wasn't as well equipped to deal with the increased risk from the Kozlovs. It was different here in Boston.

Since Aidan was busy keeping Irina contained, I dialed one of the twins instead. Caden picked up right away like I knew he would, unlike Connor, who always let calls go to voicemail.

"It's good to hear from you, sis. You've been busy," he chided, his tone amused.

"I've been taking over the world. What about you?"

"Impatiently waiting for my wedding invitation," he teased.

"In time... You should probably meet him first," I chuckled.



“Does he make you happy?” he asked, his concern sincere.

“He does,” I replied.

“Does he give you everything you need, Ada?”

I was thankful at least for the moment that he couldn't see the blush on my face from all the ways he *did* fulfill my every need.

“Yes,” I responded quietly.

“And he understands what kind of woman you are?” he pressed.

“He understands me like no one else ever has before,” I whispered.

“Then that's all I need to know. I trust in you to know what you need to make you happy. I still want my fancy wedding invitation, though.”

“You know me. The invitations will be spectacular. I don't do anything halfway,” I said, laughing.

“No. That you don't...” he said with a soft chuckle. “I'm sure this isn't all you called me for, though. You don't need my or anyone's approval with who you choose to put a ring on your finger,” he continued, and I grinned.

He was right, after all.

“Shane and I are pretty sure that the Kozlovs have moved their attention off him in their focus to procure Maxim's daughter, but we agreed that we should both remain careful until we are more certain that the risk to us isn't as significant. Will you and Connor meet me downtown? There's a number of deliveries I'm expecting today, including a cache of weapons that I'd prefer not to have to deal with alone. I'd ask Aidan, but he probably has his hands full keeping the girl busy,” I detailed.

“You can say that.” Caden chuckled.

“I take it she's not particularly pleased about her current situation?”

“Let’s just say that Aidan hasn’t had to deal with a spitfire like her before,” Caden scoffed. I laughed, imagining my big brute of a brother. He was protective, but certainly particular about a few things, which probably meant he and the Russian bratva princess had clashed on several fronts.

“I can’t wait to hear about it,” I said with a laugh.

“When and where should we meet you?”

“I need to be at the Burberry storefront in an hour. Are you close by?”

“We just got to the ports to pick up some deliveries ourselves. Several barrels of whiskey came in, along with a few cases of wine. We should be finished within the hour. Want us to meet you in front of the store?”

“Why don’t you meet me out back? I’ll call my driver and be on my way shortly.”

“Sounds like a plan. See you soon, Caden.”

“One last thing, Ada. That rock on your finger better be pretty big,” he teased.

“It’s big enough *for now*,” I said, laughing.

“That’s the sister I know. See you soon,” he replied, laughed heartily, and I knew him well enough to know he was beaming.

“See you soon,” I echoed as I hung up.

My brothers were certainly something special, and it made me love them all the more. Their support was important to me, and it meant a lot that they trusted me to know what was right for me.

They were probably still going to give Shane a hard time occasionally. My brothers only had one sister and their protective natures not only applied to the women at their sides, at least in Cormac’s and Kieran’s cases, but also to me.

I was family, and I would always be family.

I dressed and got ready for the day before I grabbed my purse. I checked that my gun was properly oiled and fully loaded

before I walked out to the car waiting for me. I climbed inside and greeted my driver, Seamus, happy to see his friendly, familiar face once again.

We drove off, heading for downtown. I kept my eyes on the rear-view mirror to see if we were followed as we merged onto I-90. I didn't see signs of anyone following as we entered the Ted Williams tunnel, and I sighed as we passed through the toll.

Closing my eyes, I imagined what the night would bring for what seemed like the thousandth time when Seamus slammed on the brakes. The seatbelt cut into my shoulder as my body pitched forward, the rubber squealing on the pavement as the car came to a stop.

"What the fuck?" I cried out, but as soon as I looked out the window, I saw a number of big SUVs pulling close to ours. I reached in my purse to grab my gun, but a number of men jumped out of all the blacked-out vehicles with their guns expertly trained on me.

Shit.

Seamus hopped out first. A shot rang off and I hoped it was a warning round, but then my driver collapsed to the ground. As far as I could tell, he was dead upon impact.

One man stepped in front of my car, and I sucked in a breath, recognizing him immediately.

It was Anton Kozlov.

"If you come out on your own, I promise my men won't hurt you," he called out, his accent a bit thicker than Maxim's.

*Fucking hell.* This wasn't good.

There were at least two dozen guns trained on me. None of his soldiers wavered, their loyalty to their heir perfectly clear. All Anton needed to do was give the word and my blood would join Seamus' on the pavement. They wouldn't even blink as they carried out his orders.

I didn't have much choice.

With a heavy sigh, I opened the door and climbed out, my gun pointed towards the sky in a show of surrender, and I tossed it on the ground in front of me.

“The infamous Ada Murphy. I’m delighted to finally meet you,” Anton began.

“I wish I could say the same for you,” I replied curtly, making my displeasure at this change in circumstances very clear.

“I’m sure,” he replied, chuckling.

I could hear someone approach me from behind, and I stiffened, not wanting to take my eyes off the bratva heir should he make a move.

“What good is your promise?” I asked pointedly.

“I am a man of my word, Ada. Now my men are going to take you, and when we get back on my turf, you and I are going to talk about Irina Morozov,” he threatened.

I lifted my chin as a hood slipped over my head. There was the distinctly sweet, flowery scent of chloroform as the man who’d been sneaking up behind me pressed a cloth to my mouth.

My world went black.

## CHAPTER 15



*S*hane

I was just walking out of the meeting with Giovanni when my phone rang. It was Ada's brother, Caden.

She'd programmed her brothers' numbers into my phone the other day so they could get in touch with me, if need be, but I hadn't realized it would happen so quickly. Thus far, I'd only communicated with her eldest brother Kieran about asking for Ada's hand in marriage. He'd given it freely, while also making it clear that it was Ada's choice to make, and not his.

"Is Ada with you?" Caden asked, his alarm immediately setting the hair on the back of my neck on edge.

"Not right now. I had a meeting with Giovanni Caruso while she had business of her own to attend to. We were planning on spending the evening together," I answered quickly.

"She was supposed to meet me and Connor at Burberry a half hour ago. Our men were stationed outside her home and saw her get into her car, but she didn't make it here."

"Is there any kind of tracking device on the car?"

"No. Anything traceable, or more importantly, hackable was removed. Our whole fleet is that way," Caden answered.

"Could she have made a stop along the way?" I asked.

"No. When Ada says she's going to be somewhere by a particular time, she's there, come hell or high water. My gut

feeling is that something's happened to her and that we need to act fast," he replied.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Meet me and Connor at Murphy's. Kieran and Cormac are already there. We're calling an emergency family meeting," he said quickly.

"Be there in fifteen," I answered. He hung up as I climbed into my own car.

This wasn't the way I envisioned meeting Ada's brothers, but my concern was already through the roof.

I would do whatever it took to find her, even if it meant working together with the rest of her family.

\* \* \*

When I walked into Murphy's, two of Ada's brothers had already arrived. I recognized their faces, but they all introduced themselves to me in kind.

Her oldest brother, Kieran was first. His handshake was firm and sure as his calculating blue gaze assessed me. His expression was warm on the surface, but I could tell he was a man that meant business.

"It's nice to finally meet you, Mr. Shane Kavanagh," he offered.

"And you," I nodded.

"My sister has good taste," he said, smirking.

"I'm just lucky she said yes," I replied, and Kieran smiled knowingly.

"That you are," he replied, his quiet confidence somewhat terrifying at the same time that it was pacifying. He let go and I turned to greet another one of her brothers.

"So, you're the one that's been keeping her so busy," Cormac accused, his body language a bit more confrontational than Kieran's.

“Only a little. It’s nice to meet you, Cormac,” I grinned, and I offered him my hand next.

“Of course, you already know who I am. I would expect nothing less from Ada’s future chosen husband,” he smirked.

The two of them led me into the back room where there was a larger sized table meant for private gatherings. Caden and Connor were already sitting there, waiting with glasses of whiskey in their hands. Caden slid one in front of me too as I sat down across from him.

“Whiskey is meant for business,” Caden said, his gaze narrowing for a second.

“Makes me think more clearly,” Connor winked. The twins seemed a bit more easygoing than Cormac or Kieran. Maybe a bit more on the wild side, but that didn’t stop them from giving me a once over. I grinned and gave the twins a nod of respect, which seemed to be enough for them to visibly relax around me.

Kieran sat at the head of the table while Cormac sat next to me.

“Aidan is preoccupied with Irina’s wellbeing at the moment. He doesn’t trust her enough to leave her on her own, or else he’d be here,” Kieran explained, taking a sip from his whiskey. “I’ve got men stationed up and down Shawmut to ensure Leah and Caitlin remain safe while the rest of us figure out what happened to Ada.”

“You said you were meeting with Giovanni Caruso?” Caden asked me, point blank.

“I was.”

There was a knock on the door and a hush came over the group of men.

“Come in,” Kieran announced.

We sighed in relief at seeing it was the Scottish bartender that had served Ada and me many times. I vaguely recalled that she’d introduced him as Angus.

He had an envelope in his hand.

“This arrived by courier a few moments ago. It’s addressed to you,” he said as he passed it to Kieran.

The rest of us watched as Kieran opened it, read it, and swore under his breath. “The fucking Kozlovs have taken her,” he blurted out.

“How? Ada doesn’t take risks that put her in danger. She even called me to make sure that she wouldn’t be on her own today. Connor and I were going to meet her downtown at the Burberry storefront,” I replied, unable to hide my concern.

A sense of unease brewed within my belly.

“What if they knew that she’d be on her own at some point today, that I wouldn’t be with her?” I offered, giving voice to my own worst fears.

“You think Giovanni has something to do with it?”

“No matter how I look at it, I can’t rule him out. In the past, he and my father had a mutually beneficial alliance, and I assumed that included me, but the Carusos could have other alliances that we aren’t presently aware of, including the Kozlovs.”

“The Carusos have been here a long time,” Cormac added thoughtfully.

“We have our own agreement with them going back to when our family first came to Boston, but that is simply based on territory, that we will not step on their turf and they won’t come into ours,” Kieran offered.

“As soon as we’re done here, I’ll demand a word with him,” I replied, only just barely keeping a lid on my rising concern for my future wife.

“What else does the note say?” Connor asked thoughtfully.

“Somehow, Anton found out we have Irina in our possession. He’s proposing a trade. Her for Ada,” Kieran answered. He passed the note to the twin, who shared it with Caden. They read it together before passing it to Cormac, who then handed it to me.



“You know Ada is smart. She’s not going to do anything that will risk her life,” Caden offered.

“I know,” Cormac growled.

“I’m not handing Irina over to them. I won’t risk the alliance between our families and the Morozovs, so we’re going to have to figure out a way to get Ada back. This needs to be handled delicately so that we don’t instigate a full-fledged war,” Kieran replied.

“If we go after Anton, we risk pissing off his father too, and then their focus would be fully on us, which we could handle, but we probably shouldn’t. There would be an awful lot of bloodshed if it came to that,” Cormac added.

“We need to find out where they’re holding her. I want everyone’s ears to the ground. As soon as we have that information, we can start coming up with a plan. Are we all in agreement?” Kieran asked and a chorus of “Ayes” echoed in the room.

His eyes settled on me, and I joined in, echoing my own agreement along with everyone else’s.

“Welcome to the family, Shane. Now let’s get our Ada back.”

\* \* \*

After the brothers left the private room, I called Giovanni. When he picked up, I cleared my throat, keeping a careful restraint on my rage. As much as I wanted to outright accuse him of setting me up, I had to tread carefully. Giovanni Caruso was just as powerful as me or the Murphys. If war ever broke out among our families, I’m not sure which of us would walk out alive.

“Shane,” he answered politely.

“I need to ask you something, and I need you to be one hundred percent honest with me,” I began.

I heard his chair creak over the phone as he sat back.

“What is your question?” he asked. As far as I could tell, there wasn’t any animosity behind it, but I couldn’t be certain. I didn’t know him well enough.

“During our meeting, my bride Ada Murphy was kidnapped by the Kozlovs,” I said simply.

“Those low-life *bastards*,” he swore.

“I have no idea how they knew that she would be alone, Giovanni. I need to know if you tipped them off.”

“Absolutely not. The Kozlovs have been a fucking thorn in my side ever since they started pushing into the city. They’ve blown up a number of my establishments, but I haven’t been able to get close enough to make them pay for it.”

“You had nothing to do with Ada’s kidnapping?”

“No. I’ve interacted with Ada on many occasions. She’s a fine woman. I wouldn’t wish ill on her, nor would I ever make a move against her.”

“Thank you for telling me that,” I replied, still wary even though I wanted to believe him.

“Tell you what. Let me look into a few things and I’ll get back to you. Let me assure you that I consider the Kozlovs my enemy. I didn’t set you up. If I can find anything out, that’ll prove that I’m not your enemy and that the Carusos and the Kavanaghs are allies, just like we were when your father sat at the head of your family.”

“I appreciate that, Giovanni,” I replied.

“Talk soon, Shane,” he replied, and I hung up the phone and headed out.

The Murphys had already hit the ground looking for information. I went back to meet with my own family and sent my own soldiers out on the case.

Several hours later, my phone rang. It was Giovanni. He was adamant about the fact that my enemy was his enemy. In order to prove that, he’d utilized every tool at his disposal and had been able to unearth the location of where they were keeping

her. I thanked him profusely and immediately called Kieran to deliver the news.

The Kozlovs had funneled her over to Brighton, an area of the city that was known as Little Russia. She was being kept in the basement of Kalinka Bakery, a small, successful storefront that was likely now being used to launder money. The owners had emigrated from Moscow only in the past year and likely had ties to the Kozlovs. That, or Anton had just muscled his way in and had taken over himself. Either option was likely at this point.

The five of us met back at Murphy's. The twins had procured a number of weapons which were distributed between us. Cormac had collected blueprints of the surrounding area, and Kieran had already procured a file on the owners and the neighborhoods surrounding the bakery. The plan was to break into the abandoned storefront next door through the back entryway and then blow a hole into the basement of the bakery from down below. Between the five of us, we were going to take Ada back.

It was just a matter of how many of us and how many of the Kozlovs were going to die in the process.

\* \* \*

It was dark by the time we pulled around into a back alleyway about a block away from the bakery. Cormac switched off the headlights, drove the rest of the way, and parked behind a cargo van. As far as I could tell, there wasn't anyone patrolling the alley. We moved slowly on foot anyway, cognizant of the fact that someone could be watching from above or from some hidden position further down. All of us had our guns cocked in our hands as we maneuvered through the dark shadows, our movements in concert without needing to speak.

My fury was bubbling beneath the surface, so much so that I could barely keep the lid on it. Having Ada's brothers near me kept me calm. I kept my building desire to rip Anton apart

limb by limb in check as much as I could, but it was difficult the more I imagined his hands on her.

As we approached the bakery, we held our position and took stock of the area. There was a lone soldier standing guard at the back door of the bakery. Kieran held up his hand, signaling us to stop. Conner moved ahead of him, just far enough away to slip on a pair of night vision goggles. He surveyed the alleyway and pointed out a few more additional men. In silence, Kieran pointed to each one of us and then to the men stationed around us, silently passing out assignments.

We began to move.

I wasn't a stranger to physical combat. I'd been involved in more than my fair share of scuffles in the past. Deciding stealth was more important, I holstered my weapon as I approached the backdoor. It wouldn't do Ada any good if the Kozlovs knew we were coming. That would just put her at risk more than she was already, and I wasn't willing to take a chance with her life.

The Russian soldier was busy smoking a cigarette as he strode back and forth. I waited until his back was turned before I jumped him from behind. My hand clamped down on his mouth at the same time my other arm curled around his throat. I twisted his head hard enough to knock him out cold. Immediately, his body went slack, and I dragged him out of the ally as much as possible and hid him in the shadows of a recessed doorway.

I debated on killing him for a long moment, but then decided against it. It would be a needless death at this point.

I glared down at him before I looked out to see how her brothers were doing. I watched in silence as each Russian soldier was overcome by the Murphy brothers. Like me, all of them chose stealth over gunfire. One by one, they returned to the back, their assignments complete. Cormac tested the back door of the shop next to the bakery. None of us were surprised when he found it locked.

I was just about ready to kick it open, but Kieran pressed a hand to my chest. I paused, looking at him quizzically as

Caden knelt and picked the lock in an impressively short amount of time. With his eyes sparkling, he opened it and winked in my direction with an earned sort of cockiness that I enjoyed very much.

The five of us funneled inside the abandoned storefront, making our way carefully across the floor and avoiding anything that might reveal our location. Cormac closed the door behind us, taking the tail position as we headed towards where the basement entrance should be.

It was pitch black inside the abandoned shop, so I drew my weapon out and flicked on the flashlight attachment. The brothers did the same as we opened a few doors, ensuring that there was no one in the vicinity. Once the main floor was cleared, we headed down the stairs into the basement. There were shelves full of old product, but none of that was our concern.

Cormac and Caden got to work setting up several small explosives along the eastern wall. According to city records, the cement walls between store fronts were beginning to deteriorate, not to mention it was poured only four inches thick when most structures needed to be at least double that to be structurally sound. The lack of much needed repair was going to work in our advantage tonight. I ran my fingers over the crumbling surface. Tiny grains of sand toppled to the ground at my touch.

“It’s not going to take a lot to blow through this,” I whispered.

“No. It won’t. Too much, though, and we’ll bring the entire place down on all of us,” Caden murmured.

“If we weaken it enough, we can probably use some of the tools down here to blow through the rest,” Kieran added thoughtfully.

“Don’t worry. We’ve got this,” Connor winked.

“Connor and I have had plenty of experience breaking into highly secure places. Something like this is child’s play for us,” Caden explained.

“You should tell them about the first time you tried to break into a vault,” Cormac laughed quietly beside them.

“Listen, we had some fucked-up intel and the wiring we sourced was faulty. It may have taken us three days, but we got the money in the end, didn’t we?” Connor chuckled. He seemed amused at his brother’s taunts.

“True enough,” Cormac chuckled, but the mood between them was light. They probably gave each other a lot of shit, but I could tell each of them was valuable to their family in their own right. Kieran and Cormac were both good at organizing and planning, while the twins excelled in brute force. Their skills would be useful for any organized crime family to have access to, and I was thankful that I was now a part of theirs.

I’d hate to have the Murphys as an enemy now that I’d seen how they worked from the inside.

“By the time we get in there, Ada is going to want to know why we took so long,” Kieran murmured quietly from behind us, and Cormac had to slap a hand over his mouth to keep himself from laughing out loud.

“You know, she busts my balls enough already, I don’t need to hear it from you too,” Connor mumbled, but the rest of them chuckled quietly along with him. He grinned as he pulled a few things out of a duffle bag. A few minutes passed in silence as the twins continued to work. When they were ready, they beckoned us to move to the other side of the basement, and we followed.

“Guns at the ready,” Kieran commanded, and we all prepared ourselves.

“Three... Two... One...” Caden whispered, and then he flicked a switch in his hand. Only a moment passed before a controlled explosion tore a hole through the wall. Debris flew everywhere and the air was clouded by dust for several heart-stopping moments before we burst through, guns at the ready.

The shocked faces of several Russian soldiers flew up, which I had to admit was far more satisfying than I had anticipated. They leapt to their feet, hastily pulling weapons from their

belts, but they were much slower than us, and we were on them in an instant.

There was no need for stealth anymore. The explosion had been loud enough to shake the building's foundation, which would have alerted anyone upstairs.

One of them got a shot fired, but his aim was so wild that it missed me by a landslide and struck the wrecked wall behind us, causing it to crumble more than it had already. I brought the butt of my gun down on his head hard and his eyes rolled back as he slumped to the ground.

The door at the top of the stairs burst open and our strategy to get in and out with the least amount of death possible went right out the window. I aimed at the man coming down the stairs first and pulled the trigger, hitting him right in the knee cap. He roared in agony and tumbled down the stairs, throwing another to the ground in the process.

Kieran, Cormac, Connor, and Caden did the same. Caught by surprise, the Russians were too unprepared to do much of anything before our bullets swept through the lot of them. One soldier had enough time to pull out his weapon and take aim from the top of the stairs, but both Kieran and Cormac already had their fingers on the trigger and took him out together.

After about ten minutes, the five of us were left surrounded by an alarming number of fallen soldiers. Across the room, a door swung open, and my entire world took a singular focus.

Ada's form moved through the doorway. Behind her, Anton pushed her forward, a gun pressed firmly against the side of her waist.

I swore under my breath and aimed in his direction. His answering smile was cold and malicious. I loathed him. If it were up to me, I'd put a bullet in his skull right then.

Ada's eyes met mine. Her eyes narrowed, glancing downward towards his hand. Her hand was on top of Anton's wrist, and I looked down, watching an almost imperceptible movement with her finger right above the knuckle that was poised over the trigger of his gun.

Her brothers fanned out beside me, and I stepped forward. They may be her brothers, but this woman was my future wife. I was going to take charge today.

“Anton Kozlov,” I began.

“Shane Kavanagh. Kieran Murphy,” he spat.

His gaze swept across the Murphy brothers. Kieran stepped beside me, his gaze hard and devoid of the usual warmth. He looked as close as I was to pulling the trigger and ending Anton.

“I’d say it was a pleasure to meet you, but I’d be lying,” Kieran answered.

“I’d have to agree with him,” I added.

“So, the rumors are true then. The Murphys and the Kavanaghs are in an alliance now? You’re going to marry this bitch?”

“Watch your tongue, asshole,” Cormac growled behind us.

“Who I marry is none of your business,” Ada stated, her head held high. With every fiber of her body, her courage shone through.

“I want Irina Morozov. She belongs to me. I’m not sure if you’re the ones responsible for her kidnapping, but if you know where she is, you’ll bring her back to me!” Anton roared.

Ada’s pointer finger moved again, right over the man’s knuckle. I was a good shot, and at this close range, I wouldn’t miss. Holding her gaze, I nodded and cocked my head, biding my time until an opportunity presented itself for me to pull the trigger. Ada’s knowing smirk told me she understood.

“I don’t know who you’re talking about,” I scoffed.

“If you hurt her, Anton, you’ll start a war that you aren’t going to win,” Kieran warned.

Anton’s fingers tightened in Ada’s hair, and I saw red. Kieran’s hand on my chest was the only thing that stopped me



from murdering him in cold blood. Ada grimaced in pain, but she didn't let him break her.

I was the only man allowed to do that.

"Bring me Irina and you can have her back," Anton snarled.

"I don't think you're really in the position to make any demands, dickhead. Where's the rest of your army?" Cormac replied.

"Seems to me that they're mostly dead on the floor," Conner added. Caden aimed his gun to the side and shot it straight into a man that was already dead. The solid, lifeless thump made a statement, though, and Anton scowled.

"You don't want to start a war with my family. My pockets are deep, and my alliances run deeper. The Murphys aren't my only ally. I have a good deal more that would be happy to end this little charade. You would know that if you knew Boston," I snarled.

"You have no idea of our strength," Anton muttered, but his expression had paled a bit.

"No. Perhaps I don't, but what you may not realize is how easily we could destroy yours should we call on those alliances right now. None of us take kindly to men like you trying to muscle their way into a place where they don't belong," Kieran responded.

As much as we wanted to kill Anton right now, killing an heir to a rather unknown bratva family would be foolish. While that would ensure Ada got out alive and unhurt, it could explode into an all-out war should the bratva's boss decide to act on a decree of blood vengeance. The fighting would be messy. Many men and women would die.

"Let Ada go, and we'll leave this whole misunderstanding in the past," I growled.

Anton showed no signs of backing down. The more I saw of him, the more I realized that this whole charade was a display of power and nothing more. He didn't care about Irina. At no point had he questioned her wellbeing or if she was even alive.

This was a dick measuring contest at best.

He yanked Ada's head back and pressed the barrel of the gun against the side of her skull. She cried out, and I acted. My arms swept up and I aimed my gun. I had already pulled the trigger before he realized what was happening.

The bullet ripped through the center of his right hand, destroying the tendons that would allow him to shoot at me in return. Unable to keep a hold on his gun, it fell to the cement floor with a clatter. Ada drove her elbow into his stomach, hard enough to force the air out of his lungs. He sucked in a breath, causing a loud whooping sound to echo through the room as she whirled away. By the grimace on her face and the way her hand rose to the back of her scalp, I guessed that she'd lost a good chunk of hair to his other fist. Even though it probably hurt, she was brave enough to not show how much it pained her. I'd never been prouder to call her mine.

She looked down at him from a reasonably safe distance as he fell to his knees and cradled his ruined hand to his chest. It would likely cripple him, but he would live through the night.

"Let your daddy know the Murphys and the Kavanaghs send their regards," she spat.

She swept out of the room through the hole her brothers had ripped through the wall. The twins kept their guns trained on Anton as the rest of us followed. We didn't turn our backs on him until all of us had made it out.

He didn't follow, which was probably for the best. If I had to pull the trigger a second time, he wasn't going to get up again.

## CHAPTER 16



*A* da

I didn't hear from Anton Kozlov again. Perhaps Shane and my brothers had sent enough of a message, but I had a feeling that Anton's father had sent him a stronger one. If I had to bet money on it, he had acted of his own accord instead of under the direction of his father, Roman Kozlov. Not only had Anton's actions resulted in the death of several valuable soldiers, but he had come very close to insulting two very powerful families in the same city where they were trying to gain a footing. A war against us was something they were not ready for, not even remotely.

For a period of time, the Kozlovs went quiet, like a scolded puppy dog running off with its tail between its legs after peeing on the living room rug.

Over the next several days, my family worked in combination with the Kavanaghs to build on our place in the city, reinforcing alliances, making new ones, and sending a clear message to everyone in the criminal underground that we were a force to be reckoned with now that our families had aligned.

With the Kozlov threat managed with as little bloodshed as possible, our lives slowly returned to normal. I beefed up my own personal security so that I didn't venture anywhere without protection again. My brothers did the same, as did Shane.

Business returned to normal, at least as close to it as possible in a world like mine. A few weeks passed, and it became clear that the Kozlov threat had quieted. Irina stayed with Aidan for a while longer at her father's insistence. Maxim didn't want to risk the Kozlovs witnessing her in his custody, and we all agreed that she would remain with us for as long as needed.

Now that the time was right, I started planning my wedding.

I'd just returned home from trying on dresses when a pair of strong arms swept around my waist and slammed me against the wall, forcing the air from my lungs in a rush.

"I've been waiting for you. You took much longer than I expected," Shane purred, and I smirked, staring into those piercingly seductive green eyes.

Since his penthouse had been destroyed, he'd moved into my rowhouse permanently. He'd insisted on it, and I had to admit that I'd gotten used to sharing my bed with him. His warm body against mine at night was comforting and I'd decided I liked it very much.

I made him promise never to tell my brothers that Ada Murphy loved to snuggle. Actually, I'd threatened his life a little bit, and he'd laughed, promising me that he'd keep my secret safe forever.

"I needed to find the perfect dress," I countered.

"And how much did this pretty gown cost?"

"I didn't buy it. My wedding dress was on the house."

"Oh?"

"They knew that if it wasn't on the house, that I was just going to burn the house down," I said, smirking.

"There's the Ada I know and love," he purred.

"Damn right," I said confidently.

"You should know I'm going to tear that dress off you on our wedding night."

"You rip my dress and I'll have your balls for breakfast," I warned.

“You’re talking to me like you’ve forgotten what a spanking from Daddy feels like, little girl,” he came back, leveling me with his daring glare.

I lifted my chin, staring into his eyes with open challenge. The two of us had been like ships passing in the night for the last several days, too busy to put aside much time for each other. I had gambling houses, shops, and shipments to oversee, as well as a laundry list of other things to check on. He had his own operation to keep tabs on, too. His father had left big shoes to fill, and he was doing all that and more. He hadn’t been in power very long, but when he’d introduced me to them as his future wife and presented the alliance between our families, it had gone a long way in proving his worth and cementing their loyalty to him.

Even Fergus, the man who had sat as adviser to his father for nearly twenty years, looked at him with the sort of reverence that was earned rather than freely given. The alliance between the Murphys and the Kavanaghs spoke volumes.

“Maybe I have,” I sassed, and his lips turned up in a casual smirk.

“Do you remember what Daddy warned you was going to happen last time?”

My cheeks flushed bright red. I hadn’t forgotten about his threat.

“Yes,” I answered finally, not willing to give up just yet.

“Yes, what?” he warned, his hand slipping down my waist to cup my bottom suggestively.

“Yes, Daddy,” I whispered, my face heating even further with my shameful arousal. It had taken merely seconds for him to flip the tables and take back control, so much so that it left my head reeling.

“Last time, Daddy let you ask for him to break you, didn’t he?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I answered nervously.

“This time, Daddy isn’t going to wait for you to ask. He’s going to break you over his knee and then on his cock, not because he asked for your permission, but because he needs to remind his little girl how much she means to him,” he warned.

My core spiraled with heat.

“Over your knee?” I asked.

It seemed like such a simple thing, but he hadn’t spanked me that way before. The first time had been on my hands and knees with his cock deep inside me, and when he’d used his belt, it had been when I was bent over a table or face down on his bed.

“Yes, little girl. Daddy is going to strip you of every piece of clothing so that you’re entirely bare before he takes you over his knee and spanks you until there is a trail of pretty tears dripping down your cheeks.”

My pussy throbbed so hard that my whole body nearly pitched forward.

“After that, he’s going to fuck that pretty virgin asshole for as long as he likes, no matter how loudly you scream and beg and cry,” he continued.

I shivered, trying to contain my rising fear and my already overwhelming arousal. I opened my lips to protest, but his hands had fallen to the waistband of my pants.

“But, Daddy...” I whined.

He yanked them apart and jerked the zipper down, making enough room so that he could slip a single hand down into the waistband of my panties.

“You can protest all you like, little girl, but Daddy knows you. If this pussy isn’t soaking wet, he’ll take you upstairs and fuck you gently. If it is, though, Daddy is going to spank this pussy red enough to match your bottom,” he warned.

I already knew what he was going to find.

His fingers cupped my pussy, sliding through my arousal with embarrassing ease. His gaze darkened with seductive intent as he pulled them out. His fingers were glistening with my

wetness. I swallowed hard, unable to miss the way the light glinted off them.

“Open your mouth,” he dictated. My inner walls clenched tight with nervousness as I obeyed. He slipped both fingers inside and rubbed my wetness against my tongue.

“Clean them off, little girl.”

I closed my mouth around his fingers, suckling them. The taste of my own arousal was sweet as he pumped his fingers in and out, twisting and turning them every which way to make sure that I swallowed every last drop.

“Good girl,” he praised as he pulled them free.

“Now go upstairs and put your nose in the corner. Daddy will be up to spank you in a few minutes,” he commanded.

“I’m not going to stand in the corner,” I scoffed, unable to stop myself from scowling.

His gaze leveled with mine and my stomach started to tie up in knots. I wanted to defy him, but at the same time, I also wanted to be obedient for him.

“If your pretty nose isn’t in the corner by the time I get upstairs, Daddy won’t let you come tonight,” he warned.

I couldn’t stop myself from pouting. My pussy was already pulsing with need.

“If I’m a good girl, you’ll let me come?”

“Good, obedient girls get to come as many times as they want,” he answered, reaching for me, and lifting my chin gently. His gaze searched my face, likely enjoying my protruding lip and blushing cheeks.

“Daddy,” I whispered, wallowing a bit in my shame.

“Go upstairs now, little girl. Don’t make me tell you again,” he continued.

“Yes, Daddy,” I whispered as he pulled away from me. I missed the firm embrace of his hands on my body as they fell to his side.

“Daddy’s looking forward to giving his little girl what she needs,” he added as I walked down the hall to the stairs up to my bedroom.

“Me too, Daddy,” I answered, looking over my shoulder and smiling back at him. My steps were light as I sprinted up the stairs. I was already unbuttoning the top of my suit by the time I strode through my bedroom door.

Even though he hadn’t requested it, I stripped. I bared my upper half first, shrugging off my shirt and tossing it aside with my blazer so that they wouldn’t be ruined. I liked this pantsuit and wanted to be able to wear it again. When I got to my slacks, I was pleased to see that the zipper hadn’t been wrecked. I pushed them down my waist and kicked off my heels, standing in only my bra and panties for a moment.

I didn’t take those off.

Instead, I walked over to the corner and placed my hands on the back of my head. I parted my legs just a little, enough so that I could arch my back and display myself for him. I could already hear his footsteps on the stairs and my heart started to pound.

I grappled with my need for what was to come as well as the rising fear and building arousal swirling in my core. Nothing I could do or think would quell it because what happened was coming regardless. My thighs trembled a bit as I heard him approach, my nerves reaching new heights.

Daddy was going to spank me tonight because I needed to be spanked and broken and fucked into a beautiful oblivion.

My lips turned up in an anxious smile of anticipation as he made a small sound of surprise at the sight of me. I especially loved it when he looked at me. I couldn’t see his face, but I knew that he was gazing at me with the sort of restrained hunger that was hanging on by a thread.

“Fucking hell, Ada. You’re a vision, standing there in the corner. Do you know how hard you’re making Daddy’s cock right now?”

“Come show me, Daddy,” I sassed breathlessly.



He crossed the room in a few strides before his arm wrapped around my waist and forcefully jerked me against him. His cock pressed between my bottom cheeks, and I sucked in a breath. The only thing that separated his skin from mine was the flimsy fabric of my panties and his slacks. His pelvis pushed against mine, sending a very clear message of his intentions.

That monstrous cock of his was going inside my asshole today. It was going to hurt, but I knew that a part of me was going to deeply enjoy it.

“Can you feel that babygirl?” he growled, his lips brushing against the tiny hairs along my earlobe.

“Yes, Daddy,” I breathed, pushing my ass even more firmly against him. His hand grasped my chin and forced my head to turn. When I cried out, more out of shock than actual pain, his lips descended over mine, capturing me in a soulful kiss that reminded me of everything we were to each other. I kissed him back just as passionately. When he finally pulled away, he nipped my lower lip hard enough to leave it sore.

I loved it.

Gently now, he took my hand and led me over to the bed where he sat down and nestled me between his thighs. He stared up at me and even though I was looking down at him, I felt small and shy, knowing what was going to happen next.

“Reach behind your back and take off your bra, little girl.”

I could feel myself blushing furiously as I did what he requested. With a quick snap, my bra gave way, but it took me a bit longer to bare myself after that. It didn't matter how many times he'd seen me naked. It was the ravenous look in his eyes that made it feel like the first time, *every time*.

I gazed back at him as I slowly guided the straps down my arms. His expression softened as he took in the erect state of my sensitive nipples, reaching up and taking my right breast in his palm and letting his thumb graze over the hard bud.

“My beautiful Ada,” he murmured.

“My Shane,” I whispered.

He let go of my breast and dragged his hand down the side of my torso.

“Hands on the back of your head.”

I didn't pause for a second before I'd done what he asked of me. I gasped as he slowly pulled my panties down, exposing me inch by slow inch. He didn't rush it. Instead he seemed to be enjoying the way my body shivered with pleasure as he looked at me. I closed my eyes and then opened them, noticing that he was watching me. My panties slipped down my thighs to the floor, and I could feel my cheeks heating with aroused shame.

“Daddy got you a present for such a special occasion as your first bottom fucking,” he stated, a devilish glint in his eyes.

“What is it, Daddy?” I asked nervously.

“Some little girls need their bottoms paddled bright red because they've been naughty, but my Ada doesn't need that, does she?”

“No, Daddy,” I whispered.

“Am I punishing you today, little girl?”

“No, Daddy,” I said quietly.

“Daddy is giving you what you need, isn't he? He knows that sometimes his Ada needs to have her gorgeous ass spanked hard before he fucks her even harder, doesn't he?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I replied, my voice hardly audible.

“Do you need a spanking today?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I exclaimed.

“Do you need your bottom fucked after Daddy spanks it bright red?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I replied, my legs starting to quiver with my desire.

“Then Daddy needs to make sure that tight virgin asshole is ready to take his cock, doesn't he?”

He reached into his suit jacket and pulled out a small velvet bag. Instinctually, I knew it didn't contain a ring, a bracelet, or a necklace. With bated breath, I watched as he pulled out what seemed like a fairly large butt plug. There was a beautiful sparkling emerald jewel at the thick base. Just looking at it made my ass clench defensively.

"Please, Daddy," I tried, my fear suddenly rearing its head.

"Lie over my knee, Ada."

"It's going to hurt," I whined. Instantly, my nerves spiked, and my hands reached back, protecting the tiny hole currently hidden between my ass cheeks.

"Do I need to get a wooden spoon, little girl?"

"No, Daddy," I pouted.

"Then lie over Daddy's knee like a good girl," he replied, his voice firm and expectant.

"No one's touched me there before," I whined.

"I know, little girl. That's not going to stop Daddy from taking what's his, is it?"

I stomped my foot against the floor and his mouth turned up in an amused smirk. I knew that my protests weren't going to stop him. Daddy was going to take my ass tonight and there wasn't a single thing I could do about it.

With a frustrated pout, I took his hand when he offered it and climbed into position. With my belly firmly against his thighs and his hard cock against my hip, I was overcome with heat. I wanted to reach back and protect myself, but when he readjusted me a little forward, I was stricken with the vulnerability of my bare bottom.

His palm brushed against my backside, and I jumped. He cupped my bare cheek and growled, his grip possessive. The sound made my entire body quiver with need, and I wanted nothing more than to climb onto his cock right now.

"You're something truly special, my little Ada," he murmured. Then, he gently used one hand to spread my bottom open so that my asshole was fully exposed.

I made a startled sound of surprise and tensed, trying to clench my cheeks closed by sheer force of will alone.

“Since it’s your first time, little girl, Daddy is going to thoroughly lube this virgin hole with his fingers. He’s been looking forward to stretching you like this for a very long time.”

I didn’t know if I could blush any harder. With rising shame and practically feral need, I quickly covered my face with my hands even though he couldn’t see it. I just wanted to hide from myself more than anything.

Behind me, I heard him flip open a bottle. I squeaked when a warm wetness dripped onto my asshole. His hand pressed firmly into the cleft of my ass, spreading me wide open for his devious plans. I chewed on my lower lip as his fingertips grazed over my tight rim.

This was really happening. Shane was going to put his fingers in my bottom. In a few months, I was going to walk down the aisle and give him my hand in marriage, knowing full well he’d enjoyed even the most wicked, taboo part of my body long before he claimed me as his wife. I couldn’t help but tense as his fingertip passed over me, spreading the lube around my virgin rim.

“You’re so wet, little girl. You can protest all you like, but I can see just how much your wetness is dripping down your thighs,” he murmured.

He pushed a single fingertip inside me, and I gasped, unable to keep my hips from rising as if I wanted to help him along. The first breach stung for a moment, but I couldn’t deny the visceral surge of desire that followed.

It was even better than I could have hoped for.

That single digit pumped in and out of my bottom, driving my pleasure to dizzying heights before he added a second. The bite of pain was fiercer this time, which only made my anticipation for taking the plug and ultimately his cock that much bigger. My body tensed and so did my asshole, revealing my inner struggle to him without a word.

“You’re very tight, little girl.”

I didn’t know why that made me proud, fearful, and aroused all at the same time. The longer his fingers pumped in and out of me, the harder time I had staying still. My clit only just brushed against the fabric of his slacks, the light touch a tease more than anything else. There was no way for me to grind myself against him, although I very much wanted to.

“Don’t worry. That needy little pussy will get some attention soon, too,” he promised.

My thighs flexed, nervous to feel his hand there, too.

“I bet a spanking on that sensitive little pussy might be enough to make you come, my little Ada,” he added, and I couldn’t stop myself from moaning out loud, imagining that very thing.

“Daddy, please,” I begged as he added a third finger. He stretched me open wider, the burning intensifying, and for the first time the pain took my breath away and I felt real fear.

His cock was *far* bigger than his fingers.

I whimpered as he pumped them into me, the burn never really lessening as his movements turned a bit rougher. The pinch deepened, burrowing down into my core and refusing to let go. Then he pulled his fingers free, and I heard the bottle of lubricant squeak again before the steel tip of the plug pressed against my asshole.

I stiffened and reached back, grabbing at his wrist and attempting to stop him from pushing the plug inside me. Instead, he pinned my hand behind my back and cleared his throat, showcasing his disappointment.

“Bad girl,” he scolded.

Without warning, he forced the metal plug inside me with one hard push and I couldn’t clench hard enough to stop it. It seemed like only a fraction of a second had passed with the tip pushing against my asshole when its large, bulbous end had pushed fully into me. Once the shock of the moment passed, the pain took over.

With a sharp cry, I recoiled away from his thighs. My body tried to become even smaller, tensing over and over again around the base of the plug which only caused more pain to flare up and down my spine. My whimpers didn't stop as the fiery agony burned through me. It overwhelmed me, its bounds seemingly endless. A part of me worried it would go on forever until it finally started to quell, and I was able to catch my breath. I whimpered a little as I settled back down over his knee.

"There now. I think my little girl is finally ready for her spanking," he said, and my clit pulsed hard.

"It hurts," I whined, and his thumb pushed the base down a little.

"My cock is far bigger than this plug, my Ada," he warned as his finger caressed my swollen folds. He teased my needy clit, and it felt so impossibly good that I couldn't help but grind into his touch.

"I know, Daddy," I moaned. I bit my lip to keep quiet a sigh of disappointment when he pulled his hand away only for him to wipe my wetness off on my right bottom cheek. The cool chill of my arousal made me shiver with need as his palm settled on the opposite cheek. His other arm wound around my waist, holding me in place for what was quickly looking like the spanking of my life.

"Are you ready to cry over Daddy's knee, little girl?"

"Yes, Daddy," I moaned, lifting my bottom just a little to show him how willing I was.

I needed him to spank me hard and then put me on my hands and knees so that he could fuck my ass even harder.

The first spank landed directly on top of the plug. Its fullness caught me off guard, but another firm spank landed just beneath it. I gasped, the infernal sting rising far more quickly than I anticipated.

My anxious arousal steamrolled me, taking me by surprise and forcing me along for the ride.

Shane didn't start off spanking me gently. From the start, each slap was viciously ruthless and adoringly cruel. With my bottom full and my cheeks stinging, there was nothing more to focus on than what was happening in that moment. My entire world became the brutal sting, and I was fully aware that this was only going to end with fresh tears streaming down my face.

He did exactly as he'd said he would.

In what seemed like mere minutes, my entire bottom was on fire. He punished from the upper peaks all the way down to the middle of my thighs. His hold on me was strong no matter how much I wiggled and squirmed. I knew that my physical strength would be no match for him at this point. He could hold me down and spank me as long and hard as he needed to like this.

I made no vow to keep quiet, but what I did hold myself to was the notion that I wouldn't make this easy on him. When he finally made me cry over his knee, every tear and every sob was going to be real. That was going to be the way it was between us, from now until the end of time.

"Daddy!" I wailed.

"We're only just getting started, little girl. This ass is going to be much redder by the time I'm done."

He meant it, too. The wicked sting of his hand drove deep, biting hard with agonizing pain only to be followed by a visceral burning desire. I could feel myself spiraling, falling head over heels as his palm seared a message into my vulnerable backside.

I belonged to him.

"You're mine, little girl. To have, to hold, and to break," he growled.

His declaration combined with the fierceness of his punishing hand was enough to push me over the edge. I squeezed my eyes shut, feeling my body tense around the plug. He smacked directly on top of it several times, forcing me to truly contend

with the scalding sting as well as the foreign fullness inside of my most private place.

Impossibly so, the spanking got harder, and my will to outlast him finally began to falter. I tried to hold out a bit longer, but his punishing hand focused on my thighs, and my eyes started to water.

“Break for me, my little Ada,” he coaxed.

Like my body was answering his call, the first tear coursed down my cheek. There was no stopping what came after that. My tears fell in spades, breaking me down and stealing away the stress of the past few weeks in an instant.

The freedom I experienced with Shane was like nothing else. There was no better feeling in the world, not from drugs or booze or any stimulant.

The orgasms were pretty good, too.

Immediately, his arms wound around my waist as he threw me on my back. There was no time for me to press my thighs together before his hand was between them and he was spanking me there, too. The sting from those smacks made me sob. I was aware enough to note that there weren't very many, maybe ten at most, but they were firm enough to make me scream.

The stinging burn spread across my pussy like wildfire. When he finally pulled his hand away and surrounded me in his arms, there was no question in my mind that my pussy was as red as my ass.

“Please, more,” I begged.

“Are you going to come from getting your pussy spanked, little girl?”

“Please, Daddy,” I pleaded.

In an instant, his hand was between my thighs again. He rubbed my clit roughly for a few seconds before spanking it, making me cry out as the sting and pleasure flared to life inside of me. Now that I was on my back, the fullness inside of my ass was far more apparent than ever before.



He alternated between teasing my clit and spanking it, driving me closer and closer to the edge. Already broken, my defenses crumbled.

“Please let me come, Daddy!” I wailed.

“Come for me, my little Ada. Let me see those tears fall as you fall apart for me.”

He fingered my clit roughly for several more moments, forcing me to the edge before he spanked me there, too. Unable to stop it, my orgasm slammed over me with brutal force. I moaned and cried and shook as I came, losing myself in the endless swirling abyss of pleasure and pain and everything in between.

It was even more glorious that I could have hoped for.

I’m not sure I fully grasped how strong that orgasm was until it crested and the sensation of endless falling finally hit me. I writhed as he held me in place against him, my hips bucking and grinding against his hand. When I finally came down, my tears were still falling, and my body was still shaking. My asshole burned with a residual soreness, still full of the plug.

Soon, it was going to be full of his cock.

He held me after that first orgasm as the intensity of such a harrowing experience washed over me.

“When you’re ready, little girl, you will climb off the bed and bend over it. Then, you’ll reach back, spread your bright red ass, and ask for Daddy to fuck it.”

As much as I wanted to fight him, I wanted my ass fucked even more.

“You should know something, little girl.”

“Daddy...” I whined nervously.

“You’re going to break on Daddy’s cock, too. Daddy’s going to make you come so many times that you won’t be able to stop those pretty tears from falling a second time tonight.”

I moaned out loud.

I curled up against him, but every second that passed meant that I wasn't full of his cock. My pussy throbbed greedily, a dull, constant pulse that reminded me that I needed a whole lot more to fully satisfy me. Raw desire made me feel like I was vibrating, and soon enough, I couldn't stand the wait.

I pulled away from him, climbed off the bed, and bent over it, exposing myself in exactly the way he wanted so I could get what I wanted, too.

I shivered with anticipation as the mattress dipped beside me. He undressed slowly, and the wait nearly drove me insane.

Finally, when I thought I couldn't bear it any longer, his fingers closed around the end of the plug. He wasn't gentle as he pulled it out, but I didn't expect him to be. I cried out as a fierce bite of pain rocked through me, but I didn't have long to suffer from it before the hot head of his cock was pressed against my freshly stretched asshole.

"Daddy is going to enjoy being the first and last man to ever enjoy this virgin hole, little girl."

"Please, Daddy," I whined.

My asshole clenched anxiously at the same time my inner walls fluttered with passionate anticipation.

"Would you like Daddy to be gentle this time?"

I bit my lip.

"Tell me, little girl, or else you won't come again tonight."

"No, Daddy," I admitted.

"Tell Daddy exactly what you need, my little Ada."

"I need you to break me, Daddy. Please fuck my ass and make it hurt!" I wailed. The words tumbled out. There was no use keeping my needs quiet anymore. If he didn't take me hard right now, I would want it tomorrow and regret not asking for it now.

"Fuck, Ada. You're perfect," he growled.

With one hard thrust, he forced the entirety of his length inside of me. In an instant, my world turned white with sheer,

scorching agony. I couldn't keep myself from screaming, but then I tumbled over the brink into a second orgasm that was world's harder than the first, and so deep that I thought it touched on the darkest depths of my soul.

The scream that emerged from me was beyond feral. It was savage and wild, breaking me down to something so primal that I scared even myself. What terrified me most of all was that I'd come that hard and it had only been the first thrust. He hadn't even began fucking me yet.

Even worse, he hadn't been touching me anywhere else. I'd come from his cock inside my asshole and nothing else. My face burned as I tried to swallow a few mouthfuls of air, but then he pulled out and slammed into me hard enough to make me scream again.

That's when my fucking really started.

I didn't take any part of it quietly. From the very beginning, I screamed and cried and writhed beneath him as his fingers dug into my hips, holding me in place for the roughest fucking of my life. The lubricant eased his passage, but only so much. He'd stretched me with his fingers and the plug, but all that paled in relation to the burning fire as he took me with his cock.

Before I realized what was happening, I was coming again. Consumed by agonizing pleasure, I was left with no choice but to take it, knowing that I could trust him to carry me through this. I whimpered and cried as he yanked my hips back and reached around them.

I gasped when his fingers slid over my clit. He'd broken me with pain before. Now, he was going to break me with pleasure, and this was how he was going to do it.

He forced one orgasm after the next from my trembling, defenseless body, his fingers playing me like an instrument he'd been an expert at his entire life. There was nothing I could do other than take the pleasure he forced from me over and over again.

He fucked my ass until my throat was well past hoarse from all my screaming. He fucked me hard enough that I knew I was going to feel the effects from his hard cock for days. He fucked me until my face was soaked from my tears and every last bit of fight was ripped from my body.

He fucked me until he broke me.

When it was all over, I was well past sobbing, so oversensitized and overwhelmed from the countless number of orgasms I'd suffered through within the safety of his hands. I was only vaguely aware of the fact that his seed was leaking from my asshole when he pulled me into his arms and held me as I sobbed. One aftershock after the next tore through me, each one hard enough that I wasn't really sure if they counted as orgasms or not.

It didn't matter. I was safe in Daddy's arms.

I cried into his chest, curling as close to him as I possibly could. He kissed the top of my head and squeezed me tight, whispering sweet words into my ear as he slowly pieced me back together again.

It took a really long time.

Eventually, my tears dried, but my body was still shaking. I shivered, feeling cold all of a sudden, and he grabbed the blanket at the end of the bed and swept it over me. Shortly after that, I stopped trembling, but I made no move to pull away from him.

In his arms, I'd found my safe place.

"You're mine, my Ada. I love you forever and for always," he whispered.

"I love you too, my Daddy," I answered, my voice as raw as I knew it would be.

He kissed my forehead, and a swirling surge of joyful pleasure struck me. I snuggled my cheek against his chest, listening to the steady, constant beat of his heart.

"My bottom is sore," I pouted, but I couldn't keep myself from smiling even as I said the words.

“Good. That was my intent,” he replied. He stared into my eyes, searching them with glowing warmth and endless adoration. I bet they were still glassy from crying, and I suddenly worried that I was too much of a mess.

“You’re fucking beautiful every time I look at you, little girl, but you’re absolutely radiant like this,” he murmured.

“*Daddyyy...*” I blushed, but his adoring praise made me feel whole.

“Want to know something, my little girl?” he asked, but his tone had taken a distinctly playful turn.

“What’s that?” I asked, my suspicions raised.

“You’ll wear a plug for me underneath your wedding dress. I want that pussy bare and your ass full when you recite your vows to me.”

“And if I refuse?” I sassed back. I knew full well that I would obey him, but I wasn’t going to make it easy on him.

“Then you’ll get to wear a bright red bottom underneath it, too,” he said, smirking as his arms squeezed me tight.

“Looking forward to it, Daddy.”

I smiled and hid my face in his chest, but he gripped my chin and forced me to look up at him. He kissed me, soft and gentle, a passionate lover hidden among all the hard edges of surviving in a world like ours.

“Maybe I’ll use my belt, little girl.”

“Maybe you should, Daddy.”

I couldn’t ask for anything more perfect.

## AFTERWORD

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<http://www.stormynightpublications.com>

## BOOKS OF THE BOSTON KINGS SERIES

### *Take Me, Daddy*

Kieran Murphy is an Irish mob boss and one of the most powerful men in Boston, and when he walks me home people step aside out of respect for him. He could have any woman he wants.

So why does he have eyes only for me?

Is it how he has to lift my chin with his fingers to keep my eyes level with his when he scolds me, and how I cover my bottom instinctively when he tells me that I've earned a spanking?

Or is it how I quiver at the thought of everything I'm too ashamed to beg him to do to me, and how hard I come for him when he does all of it and more without me even having to ask?

Maybe it's all of those, but I'm pretty sure there's something else too.

I think he loves how I blush when he makes me call him daddy.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

### *Make Me, Daddy*

Caitlin McCormick is used to doing as she pleases, but that's about to change. She's sitting on a bright red bottom because I promised her father I would look out for her, but she's in my private jet on her way back to Boston with me because she needs something more.

A daddy.

One who will spank her when she's been naughty, then pin her to the wall and take what is his.

But what really makes her blush isn't that I didn't give her a choice.

It's that we both know she didn't want one.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

## BOOKS OF THE KEPT AS HIS SERIES

### *Mine to Keep*

I can still remember the moment I first heard Cyrus Holt's deep, commanding voice.

I didn't know who he was or about the life he'd left behind. I was just a trembling orphan on the run from a monster, and he was the man offering me shelter and not giving me a choice about it.

This boss of bosses didn't assign someone else to watch over me. He slept on the floor next to my bed when I woke up scared, then spanked me like a naughty little girl when I lied to him.

He could have claimed me that night, ravaging me without mercy or remorse.

But he didn't.

He made me beg for it first.

Because he didn't just want me as his for a night. He wanted me as his to keep.

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### *Mine to Hold*

*Baby girl.*

The man whispering those words in my ear isn't just a powerful mob boss. He's the brute who stripped me bare, whipped me with his belt, and claimed my virgin body roughly and shamefully in front of his men as I screamed and begged and came for him until I collapsed in his arms.

I should hate it when he calls me that.

But all I do is blush as I wait for him to make me his all over again.

Because I'm his to hold.

Forever.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Mine to Take*

After escaping both my father's plans to marry me off and the Russian mafia, I woke up this morning thinking I was a free woman... until I saw the man sipping coffee in my hotel room.

He's a billionaire as powerful as any mob boss, yet even as he spanks me into soaking wet, shameful surrender I can't help begging him to ravage my virgin body right then and there.

I can run, but I know soon I'll be kneeling at his feet, bare, blushing, and ready to be claimed.

Because I'm his to take.



**Buy on Amazon**

## MAFIA AND BILLIONAIRE ROMANCES BY SARA FIELDS

### *Fear*

She wasn't supposed to be there tonight. I took her because I had no other choice, but as I carried her from her home dripping wet and wearing nothing but a towel, I knew I would be keeping her.

I'm going to make her tell me everything I need to know. Then I'm going to make her mine.

She'll sob as my belt lashes her bottom and she'll scream as climax after savage climax is forced from her naked, quivering body, but there will be no mercy no matter how shamefully she begs.

She's not just going to learn to obey me. She's going to learn to fear me.

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### *On Her Knees*

Blaire Conrad isn't just the most popular girl at Stonewall Academy. She's a queen who reigns over her subjects with an iron fist. But she's made me an enemy, and I don't play by her rules.

I make the rules, and I punish my enemies.

She'll scream and beg as I strip her, spank her, and force one brutal climax after another from her beautiful little body, but before I'm done with her she'll beg me shamefully for so much more.

It's time for the king to teach his queen her place.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Boss*

The moment Brooke Mikael's walked into my office, I knew she was mine. She needed my help and thought she could use her sweet little body to get it, but she learned a hard lesson instead.

I don't make deals with silly little girls. I spank them.

She'll get what she needs, but first she'll moan and beg and scream with each brutal climax as she takes everything I give her. She belongs to me now, and soon she'll know what that means.

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### *His Majesty*

Maximo Giovanni Santaro is a king. A real king, like in the old days. The kind I didn't know still existed. The kind who commands obedience and punishes any hint of defiance from his subjects.

His Majesty doesn't take no for an answer, and refusing his royal command has earned me not just a spanking that will leave me sobbing, but a lesson so utterly shameful that it will serve as an example for anyone else who might dare to disobey him. I will beg and plead as one brutal, screaming climax after another ravages my quivering body, but there will be no mercy for me.

He's not going to stop until he's taught me that my rightful place is at his feet, blushing and sore.

**Buy on Amazon**

***Pet***

Even before Chloe Banks threw a drink in my face in front of a room full of powerful men who know better than to cross me, her fate was sealed. I had already decided to make her my pet.

I would have taught her to obey in the privacy of my penthouse, but her little stunt changed that.

My pet learned her place in public instead, blushing as she was bared, sobbing as she was spanked, and screaming as she was brought to one brutal, humiliating climax after another.

But she has so many more lessons to learn. Lessons more shameful than she can imagine.

She will plead for mercy as she is broken, but before long she will purr like a kitten.

**Buy on Amazon**

***Blush for Daddy***

**“Please spank me, Daddy. Please make it hurt.”**

Only a ruthless bastard would make an innocent virgin say those words when she came to him desperate for help, then savor every quiver of her voice as she begs for something so shameful.

I didn't even hesitate.

I made Keri Esposito's problems go away. Then I made her call me daddy.

The image of that little bottom bare over my lap was more than I could resist, and the thought of her kneeling naked at my feet to thank me properly afterwards left me as hard as I've ever been.

Maybe I'm a monster, but I saw the wet spot on her panties before I pulled them down.

She didn't come to my door just for the kind of help only a powerful billionaire could offer.

She came because she needed me to make her blush for daddy.

**Buy on Amazon**

***Reckoning***

Dean Waterhouse was supposed to be a job. Get in. Get married. Take his money and get out.

But he came after me.

Now I'm bound to his bed, about to learn what happens to naughty girls who play games.

The man who put his ring on my finger was gentle. The man who tracked me down is not.

He's going to make me blush, beg, and scream for him.

Then he's going to make me call him daddy.

**Buy on Amazon**

***Bride***

This morning I was a businesswoman with no plans to marry, but that didn't matter to him. He decided tonight was my wedding night, so it was. All he let me choose was the dress he would tear off me later.

When I told him I wanted him to be gentle, he laughed at me, then ripped off my panties.

I shouldn't have been wet. I shouldn't have moaned. But I was, and I did.

When he threw me on the bed, I told him I'd never be his no matter how he made me scream.

He just smiled. The kind of smile that said this was going to hurt and he was going to enjoy every moment of it. Then he bent down and whispered something in my ear that shook me to my core.

“You're already mine. You always have been.”

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

### ***Daddy's Property***

As Cami Davis stands in front of me in her nightgown, cheeks blushing and voice quavering, I know what she's come to ask me even before she can muster the courage to speak the words.

Did I really mean what I said to her earlier tonight?

Would I really take her over my knee and spank her like a naughty little girl?

She's a nineteen-year-old orphan and I'm a billionaire with plans to run for mayor. I shouldn't even be thinking about pulling down her panties and turning that cute little bottom bright red, let alone bending her over the dining room table and claiming her roughly right then and there.

But the moment I found her squatting in my newly purchased estate I knew what I needed.

Her.

Calling me daddy.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

### ***The Count***

**Jasmina Harker is an innocent virgin, but it doesn't matter.**

I want her.

No, I need her.

From the very first moment I laid eyes on her, I knew she was the one. I craved nothing more than to tear the clothes right off her and force one screaming climax after the next from her quivering body until she admits that she needs me too.

I may be the worst kind of monster, but she will still be mine.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

### ***Stolen Vows***

The moment I saw Natasha Page standing at the altar, waiting for a fiancé whose lies had already cost him his life and put hers in danger, I knew she would be speaking her vows today after all.

To me.

I could have claimed her that night, ravaging her quivering virgin body as brutally as my lust demanded. But I made her beg before I tore off that beautiful dress and took what belongs to me.

Because I don't just want her vows. I want her heart.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

## BOOKS OF THE WOLF KINGS SERIES

### *Alpha King*

I thought I could defy the most powerful mafia boss in the city, but as Lawson Clearwater rips off my nightgown and pins me to the bed I'm certain he can smell more than just my fear.

This beast isn't just here to punish me. He's here to mount me, rut me, and mark me as his.

Forever.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

### *Alpha Boss*

She came here to find her sister. Her mate found her instead.

When she blew off my offer to help rescue her sister, Natalia Kotova learned the hard way that defying an alpha shifter will get you spanked until you are sobbing, then mounted and rutted.

But she's not bound to my bed with her dress and panties in shreds and every hole sore just because she needed a shameful lesson in manners from the most powerful mob boss in the city.

She's here because she's my mate.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

### *Alpha Brute*

I knew Elijah Baumann was a brute before he ripped off my clothes and blistered my bare backside with his belt. I knew it even before he mounted and rutted me with that same belt pulled tight around my throat to hold me helplessly in place for every desperate, shattering climax.

It was the way he looked at me.

Not like he hoped he might have me one day. Like I already belonged to him.

Like I was his mate.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

## BOOKS OF THE ALPHA BROTHERHOOD SERIES

### *Savage*

**I thought no alpha could tame me. I was wrong.**

Many men have tried to master me, but never one like Aric. He is not just an alpha, he is a fearsome beast, and he means to take for himself what warriors and kings could not conquer.

I thought I could fight him, but his mere presence forced overwhelming, unimaginable need upon me and now it is too late. I'm about to go into heat, and what comes next will be truly shameful.

He's going to ravage me, ruthlessly laying claim to every single inch of me, and it's going to hurt. But no matter how desperately I plead as he wrenches one screaming climax after another from my helplessly willing body, he will not stop until I'm sore, spent, and marked as his.

It will be nothing short of savage.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Primal*

**I escaped the chains of a king. Now a far more fearsome brute has claimed me.**

The Brotherhood gave him the right to breed me, but that is not why I am naked, wet, and sore.

My bottom bears the marks of his hard, punishing hand because I defied my alpha.

My body is slick with his seed and my own arousal because he took me anyway.

He didn't use me like a king enjoying a subject. He took me the way a beast claims his mate.

It was long, hard, and painfully intense, but it was much more than that.

It was primal.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Rough*

**I came here as a spy. I ended up as the king's property.**

I was captured and locked in a dungeon, but it was only when I saw Magnar that I felt real fear.

He is a warrior and a king, but that is not why my virgin body quivers as I stand bare before him.

He is not merely an alpha. He is my alpha.

The one who will punish and master me.

The one who will claim and ravage me.

The one who will break me, but only after he's made me beg for it.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Wild*

**She's going to scream for me and I don't care who hears it.**

I traveled to this city to disrupt the plans of the Brotherhood's enemies, not tame a defiant omega, but the moment Revna challenged me I knew punishing her would not be enough.

Despite her blushing protests, I'm going to bare her beautiful body and mark her quivering bottom with my belt, but she won't be truly put in her place until I put her flat on her back.

I'm her alpha and I will use her as I please.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

*Enigma*

**An alpha could not tame her. Now she will kneel before a god.**

For endless ages I've kept this world in balance, and over the centuries countless women have writhed and screamed and climaxed beneath me. But I've never felt the need for a mate.

Until today. Until her.

When I touch her, she trembles.

When I mark her defiant little bottom with my belt, her bare thighs glisten with helpless arousal.

When she lies next to me blushing, sore, and spent, my lust for her only grows stronger.

The world be damned. I'm going to claim her for myself.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**



## BOOKS OF THE OMEGABORN TRILOGY

### *Frenzy*

Inside the walls I was a respected scientist. Out here I'm vulnerable, desperate, and soon to be at the mercy of the beasts and barbarians who rule these harsh lands. But that is not the worst of it.

When the suppressants that keep my shameful secret wear off, overwhelming, unimaginable need will take hold of me completely. I'm about to go into heat, and I know what comes next...

But I'm not the only one with instincts far beyond my control. Savage men roam this wilderness, driven by their very nature to claim a female like me more fiercely than I can imagine, paying no heed to my screams as one brutal climax after another is ripped from my helplessly willing body.

It won't be long now, and when the mating starts, it will be nothing short of a frenzy.

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### *Frantic*

Naked, bound, and helplessly on display, my arousal drips down my bare thighs and pools at my feet as the entire city watches, waiting for the inevitable. I'm going into heat, and they know it.

When the feral beasts who live outside the walls find me, they will show my virgin body no mercy. With my need growing more desperate by the second, I'm not sure I'll want them to...

By the time the brutes arrive to claim and ravage me, I'm going to be absolutely frantic.

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### *Fever*

I've led the Omegaborn for years, but the moment these brutes arrived from beyond the wall I knew everything was about to change. These beasts aren't here to take orders from me, they're here to take me the way I was meant to be taken, no matter how desperately I resist what I need.

Naked, punished, and sore, all I can do is scream out one savage, shameful climax after another as my body is claimed, used, and mastered. I'm about to learn what it means to be an omega...

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## BOOKS OF THE VAKARRAN CAPTIVES SERIES

### *Conquered*

I've lived in hiding since the Vakarrans arrived, helping my band of human survivors evade the aliens who now rule our world with an iron fist. But my luck ran out.

Captured by four of their fiercest warriors, I know what comes next. They'll make an example of me, to show how even the most defiant human can be broken, trained, and mastered.

I promise myself that I'll prove them wrong, that I'll never yield, even when I'm stripped bare, publicly shamed, and used in the most humiliating way possible.

But my body betrays me.

My will to resist falters as these brutes share me between the four of them and I can't help but wonder if soon, they will conquer my heart...

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### *Mastered*

First the Vakarrans took my home. Then they took my sister. Now, they have taken me.

As a prisoner of four of their fiercest warriors, I know what fate awaits me. Humans who dare to fight back the way I did are not just punished, they are taught their place in ways so shameful I shudder to think about them.

The four huge, intimidating alien brutes who took me captive are going to claim me in every way possible, using me more thoroughly than I can imagine. I despise them, yet as they force one savage, shattering climax after another from my naked, quivering body, I cannot help but wonder if soon I will beg for them to master me completely.

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### *Ravaged*

Though the aliens were the ones I always feared, it was my own kind who hurt me. Men took me captive, and it was four Vakarran warriors who saved me. But they don't plan to set me free...

I belong to them now, and they intend to make me theirs more thoroughly than I can imagine.

They are the enemy, and first I try to fight, then I try to run. But as they punish me, claim me, and share me between them, it isn't long before I am begging them to ravage me completely.

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### *Subdued*

The resistance sent them, but that's not really why these four battle-hardened Vakarrans are here.

They came for me. To conquer me. To master me. To ravage me. To strip me bare, punish me for the slightest hint of defiance, and use my quivering virgin body in

ways far beyond anything in even the very darkest of my dreams, until I've been utterly, completely, and shamefully subdued.

I vow never to beg for mercy, but I can't help wondering how long it will be until I beg for more.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

*Abducted*

When I left Earth behind to become a Celestial Mate, I was promised a perfect match. But four Vakarrans decided they wanted me, and Vakarrans don't ask for what they want, they take it.

These fearsome, savagely sexy alien warriors don't care what some computer program thinks would be best for me. They've claimed me as their mate, and soon they will claim my body.

I planned to resist, but after I was stripped bare and shamefully punished, they teased me until at last I pleaded for the climax I'd been so cruelly denied. When I broke, I broke completely. Now they are going to do absolutely anything they please with me, and I'm going to beg for all of it.

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## SCI-FI AND PARANORMAL ROMANCES BY SARA FIELDS

### *Feral*

He told me to stay away from him, that if I got too close he would not be able to stop himself. He would pin me down and take me so fiercely my throat would be sore from screaming before he finished wringing one savage, desperate climax after another from my helpless, quivering body.

Part of me was terrified, but another part needed to know if he would truly throw me to the ground, mount me, and rut me like a wild animal, longer and harder than any human ever could.

Now, as the feral beast flips me over to claim me even more shamefully when I've already been used more thoroughly than I imagined possible, I wonder if I should have listened to him...

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### *Inferno*

I thought I knew how to handle a man like him, but there are no men like him. Though he is a billionaire, when he desired me he did not try to buy me, and when he wanted me bared and bound he didn't call his bodyguards. He did it himself, even as I fought him, because he could.

He told me soon I would beg him to ravage me... and I did. But it wasn't the pain of his belt searing my naked backside that drove me to plead with him to use me so shamefully I might never stop blushing. I begged because my body knew its master, and it didn't give me a choice.

But my body is not all he plans to claim. He wants my mind and my soul too, and he will have them. He's going to take so much of me there will be nothing left. He's going to consume me.

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### *Manhandled*

Two hours ago, my ship reached the docks at Dryac.

An hour ago, a slaver tried to drag me into an alley.

Fifty-nine minutes ago, a beast of a man knocked him out cold.

Fifty-eight minutes ago, I told my rescuer to screw off, I could take care of myself.

Fifty-five minutes ago, I felt a thick leather belt on my bare backside for the first time.

Forty-five minutes ago, I started begging.

Thirty minutes ago, he bent me over a crate and claimed me in the most shameful way possible.

Twenty-nine minutes ago, I started screaming.

Twenty-five minutes ago, I climaxed with a crowd watching and my bottom sore inside and out.

Twenty-four minutes ago, I realized he was nowhere near done with me.

One minute ago, he finally decided I'd learned my lesson, for the moment at least.

As he leads me away, naked, well-punished, and very thoroughly used, he tells me I work for him now, I'll have to earn the privilege of clothing, and I'm his to enjoy as often as he pleases.

**Buy on Amazon**

*Marked*

I know how to handle men who won't take no for an answer, but Silas isn't a man. He's a beast who takes what he wants, as long and hard and savagely as he pleases, and tonight he wants me.

He's not even pretending he's going to be gentle. He's going to ravage me, and it's going to hurt.

I'll be spanked into quivering submission and used thoroughly and shamefully, but even when the endless series of helpless, screaming climaxes is finally over, I won't just be sore and spent.

I will be marked.

My body will no longer be mine. It will be his to use, his to enjoy, and his to breed, and no matter how desperate my need might grow in his absence, it will respond to his touch alone.

Forever.

**Buy on Amazon**

*Prize*

Exiled from Earth by a tyrannical government, I was meant to be sold for use on a distant world. But Vane doesn't buy things. When he wants something, he takes it, and I was no different.

This alien brute didn't just strip me, punish me, and claim me with his whole crew watching. He broke me, making me beg for mercy and then for far more shameful things. Perhaps he would've been gentle if I hadn't defied him in front of his men, but I doubt it. He's not the gentle type.

When he carried me aboard his ship naked, blushing, and sore, I thought I would be no more than a trophy to be shown off or a plaything to amuse him until he tired of me, but I was wrong.

He took me as a prize, but he's keeping me as his mate.

**Buy on Amazon**

*Alpha*

I used to believe beasts like him were nothing but legends and folklore. Then he came for me.

He is no mere alpha wolf. He is the fearsome expression of the virility of the Earth itself, come into the world for the first time in centuries to claim a human female fated to be his mate.

That human female is me.

When I ran, he caught me. When I fought him, he punished me.

I begged for mercy, but mercy isn't what he has in mind for me.

He's going to force one brutal climax after another from my naked, quivering body until my throat is sore from screaming and he's not going to stop until he is certain I know I am his.

Then he's going to breed me.

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*Thirst*

Cain came for me today. Even before he spoke his name his power all but drove me to my knees.

Power that can pin me against a wall with just a thought and hold me there as he slowly cuts my clothes from my quivering body, making sure I know he is enjoying every blushing moment.

Power that will punish me until I plead for mercy, tease and torment me until I beg for release, and then ravage me brutally over and over again until I'm utterly spent and shamefully broken.

Power that will claim me as his forever.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

*Alien Conqueror*

He's going to take me the same way they took our planet. Without gentleness or remorse.

I dared to defy him, but as this alien brute rips my clothes off and mounts me with my bottom still burning from his punishing hand it is clear what is in store for me isn't mere vengeance.

It is conquest.

Soon I will know what it means to be utterly and shamefully broken, my helpless body ravaged and plundered in every way imaginable, and when he is done I won't just be sore and spent.

I will be his.

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*Guardian*

After watching over this world for millennia, a girl wandering in the woods should have been of no interest to me. But the moment I saw her bathing in a stream, I knew Emma was mine.

I kept myself from throwing her over a fallen tree and ravaging her... but only for a few hours.

If she had been obedient, I might have held instinct at bay a little longer. It was the scent of her helpless arousal as I reddened her bare bottom that tore away the last vestiges of my self-control.

But it would have made no difference in the end.

Sooner or later, she was always going to scream my name as I mounted and rutted her.

A beast must claim his mate.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

*Dark Beast*

Many a blushing lass has screamed my name in bed over the long years I've walked this land, watching over humanity even after they turned their backs on me. But I've never claimed a mate.

Until Layna.

When I first set eyes on this beautiful creature she was fighting for her life against more men than I could count, and at that very moment I vowed to protect her... and to make her mine.

That is a promise I plan to keep, even if it means stripping her bare, marking her bottom with my belt, and forcing her to one heart-stopping climax after another until she surrenders completely.

I'm not just going to keep her safe. I'm going to keep her forever.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

### ***Blushing Bride***

No man had taken a woman as his and his alone for centuries... and he hadn't even asked.

He'd just told her she was to be his bride, watched her blush at the shameful term, then fisted her hair and pulled her in for a brutal, possessive kiss the moment she opened her mouth to protest.

A kiss that made clear this wasn't up to her, and that even if it were they both knew she would choose to wear his ring, share his bed, and one day bear his children. A kiss that said she was his already, and there was so much more to come as he taught her what that meant in every way.

She climaxed then and there as his tongue claimed her mouth.

She didn't say yes, because she didn't need to. Her body said it for her.

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### ***Dragon King***

For centuries, every woman in my family has vanished on the night of her twenty-first birthday, then returned telling tales of being shamefully ravaged by a man who could turn into a dragon.

Tonight he came for me.

I fought, but he just tore off my clothes and spanked me until I was wet and ready for him.

The brute didn't take me right then and there. He made me beg for it first. But even before he marked me as his, I knew he wasn't going to send me home after he mounted and claimed me.

The dragon king is never going to let me go.

Because I'm his mate.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

## BOOKS OF THE CAPTIVE BRIDES SERIES

### *Wedded to the Warriors*

As an unauthorized third child, nineteen-year-old Aimee Harrington has spent her life avoiding discovery by government authorities, but her world comes crashing down around her after she is caught stealing a vehicle in an act of petulant rebellion. Within hours of her arrest, she is escorted onto a ship bound for a detention center in the far reaches of the solar system.

This facility is no ordinary prison, however. It is a training center for future brides, and once Aimee has been properly prepared, she will be intimately, shamefully examined and then sold to an alien male in need of a mate. Worse still, Aimee's defiant attitude quickly earns her the wrath of the strict warden, and to make an example of her, Aimee is offered as a wife not to a sophisticated gentleman but to three huge, fiercely dominant warriors of the planet Ollorin.

Though Ollorin males are considered savages on Earth, Aimee soon realizes that while her new mates will demand her obedience and will not hesitate to spank her soundly if her behavior warrants it, they will also cherish and protect her in a way she has never experienced before. But when the time comes for her men to master her completely, will she find herself begging for more as her beautiful body is claimed hard and thoroughly by all three of them at once?

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### *Her Alien Doctors*

After nineteen-year-old Jenny Monroe is caught stealing from the home of a powerful politician, she is sent to a special prison in deep space to be trained for her future role as an alien's bride.

Despite the public bare-bottom spanking she receives upon her arrival at the detention center, Jenny remains defiant, and before long she earns herself a trip to the notorious medical wing of the facility. Once there, Jenny quickly discovers that a sore bottom will now be the least of her worries, and soon enough she is naked, restrained, and shamefully on display as three stern, handsome alien doctors examine and correct her in the most humiliating ways imaginable.

The doctors are experts in the treatment of naughty young women, and as Jenny is brought ever closer to the edge of a shattering climax only to be denied again and again, she finds herself begging to be taken in any way they please. But will her captors be content to give Jenny up once her punishment is over, or will they decide to make her their own and master her completely?

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### *Taming Their Pet*

When the scheming of her father's political enemies makes it impossible to continue hiding the fact that she is an unauthorized third child, twenty-year-old Isabella Bedard is sent to a detainment facility in deep space where she will be prepared for her new life as an alien's bride.

Her situation is made far worse after some ill-advised mischief forces the strict warden to ensure that she is sold as quickly as possible, and before she knows it, Isabella is standing naked before two huge, roughly handsome alien men, helpless and utterly on display for their inspection. More disturbing still, the men make it clear that they are buying her not as a bride, but as a pet.



Zack and Noah have made a career of taming even the most headstrong of females, and they waste no time in teaching their new pet that her absolute obedience will be expected and even the slightest defiance will earn her a painful, embarrassing bare-bottom spanking, along with far more humiliating punishments if her behavior makes it necessary.

Over the coming weeks, Isabella is trained as a pony and as a kitten, and she learns what it means to fully surrender her body to the bold dominance of two men who will not hesitate to claim her in any way they please. But though she cannot deny her helpless arousal at being so thoroughly mastered, can she truly allow herself to fall in love with men who keep her as a pet?

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### ***Sold to the Beasts***

As an unauthorized third child with parents who were more interested in their various criminal enterprises than they were in her, Michelle Carter is used to feeling unloved, but it still hurts when she is brought to another world as a bride for two men who turn out not to even want one.

After Roan and Dane lost the woman they loved, they swore there would never be anyone else, and when their closest friend purchases a beautiful human he hopes will become their wife, they reject the match. Though they are cursed to live as outcasts who shift into terrible beasts, they are not heartless, so they offer Michelle a place in their home alongside the other servants. She will have food, shelter, and all she needs, but discipline will be strict and their word will be law.

Michelle soon puts Roan and Dane to the test, and when she disobeys them her bottom is bared for a deeply humiliating public spanking. Despite her situation, the punishment leaves her shamefully aroused and longing for her new masters to make her theirs, and as the days pass they find that she has claimed a place in their hearts as well. But when the same enemy who took their first love threatens to tear Roan and Dane away from her, will Michele risk her life to intervene?

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### ***Mated to the Dragons***

After she uncovers evidence of a treasonous conspiracy by the most powerful man on Earth, Jada Rivers ends up framed for a terrible crime, shipped off to a detention facility in deep space, and kept in solitary confinement until she can be sold as a bride. But the men who purchase her are no ordinary aliens. They are dragons, the kings of Draegira, and she will be their shared mate.

Bruddis and Draego are captivated by Jada, but before she can become their queen the beautiful, feisty little human will need to be publicly claimed, thoroughly trained, and put to the test in the most shameful manner imaginable. If she will not yield her body and her heart to them completely, the fire in their blood will burn out of control until it destroys the brotherly bond between them, putting their entire world at risk of a cataclysmic war.

Though Jada is shocked by the demands of her dragon kings, she is left helplessly aroused by their stern dominance. With her virgin body quivering with need, she cannot bring herself to resist as they take her hard and savagely in any way they please. But can she endure the trials before her and claim her place at their side, or will her stubborn defiance bring Draegira to ruin?

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## BOOKS OF THE TERRANOVUM BRIDES SERIES

### *A Gift for the King*

For an ordinary twenty-two-year-old college student like Lana, the idea of being kidnapped from Earth by aliens would have sounded absurd... until the day it happened. As Lana quickly discovers, however, her abduction is not even the most alarming part of her situation. To her shock, she soon learns that she is to be stripped naked and sold as a slave to the highest bidder.

When she resists the intimate, deeply humiliating procedures necessary to prepare her for the auction, Lana merely earns herself a long, hard, bare-bottom spanking, but her passionate defiance catches the attention of her captor and results in a change in his plans. Instead of being sold, Lana will be given as a gift to Dante, the region's powerful king.

Dante makes it abundantly clear that he will expect absolute obedience and that any misbehavior will be dealt with sternly, yet in spite of everything Lana cannot help feeling safe and cared for in the handsome ruler's arms. Even when Dante's punishments leave her with flaming cheeks and a bottom sore from more than just a spanking, it only sets her desire for him burning hotter.

But though Dante's dominant lovemaking brings her pleasure beyond anything she ever imagined, Lana fears she may never be more than a plaything to him, and her fears soon lead to rebellion. When an escape attempt goes awry and she is captured by Dante's most dangerous enemy, she is left to wonder if her master cares for her enough to come to her rescue. Will the king risk everything to reclaim what is his, and if he does bring his human girl home safe and sound, can he find a way to teach Lana once and for all that she belongs to him completely?

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### *A Gift for the Doctor*

After allowing herself to be taken captive in order to save her friends, Morgana awakens to find herself naked, bound, and at the mercy of a handsome doctor named Kade. She cannot hide her helpless arousal as her captor takes his time thoroughly examining her bare body, but when she disobeys him she quickly discovers that defiance will earn her a sound spanking.

His stern chastisement and bold dominance awaken desires within her that she never knew existed, but Morgana is shocked when she learns the truth about Kade. As a powerful shifter and the alpha of his pack, he has been ordered by the evil lord who took Morgana prisoner to claim her and sire children with her in order to combine the strength of their two bloodlines.

Kade's true loyalties lie with the rebels seeking to overthrow the tyrant, however, and he has his own reasons for desiring Morgana as his mate. Though submitting to a dominant alpha does not come easily to a woman who was once her kingdom's most powerful sorceress, Kade's masterful lovemaking is unlike anything she has experienced before, and soon enough she is aching for his touch. But with civil war on the verge of engulfing the capital, will Morgana be torn from the arms of the man she loves or will she stand and fight at his side no matter the cost?

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### *A Gift for the Commander*

After she is rescued from a cruel tyrant and brought to the planet Terranovum, Olivia soon discovers that she is to be auctioned to the highest bidder. But before she can be sold, she must be trained, and the man who will train her is none other than the commander of the king's army.

Wes has tamed many human females, and when Olivia resists his efforts to bathe her in preparation for her initial inspection, he strips the beautiful, feisty girl bare and spansks her soundly. His stern chastisement leaves Olivia tearful and repentant yet undeniably aroused, and after the punishment she cannot resist begging for her new master's touch.

Once she has been examined Olivia's training begins in earnest, and Wes takes her to his bed to teach her what it means to belong to a dominant man. But try as he might, he cannot bring himself to see Olivia as just another slave. She touches his heart in a way he thought nothing could, and with each passing day he grows more certain that he must claim her as his own. But with war breaking out across Terranovum, can Wes protect both his world and his woman?

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## MORE STORMY NIGHT BOOKS BY SARA FIELDS

### *Claimed by the General*

When Ayala intervenes to protect a fellow slave-girl from a cruel man's unwanted attentions, she catches the eye of the powerful general Lord Eiotan. Impressed with both her boldness and her beauty, the handsome warrior takes Ayala into his home and makes her his personal servant.

Though Eiotan promises that Ayala will be treated well, he makes it clear that he expects his orders to be followed and he warns her that any disobedience will be sternly punished. Lord Eiotan is a man of his word, and when Ayala misbehaves she quickly finds herself over his knee for a long, hard spanking on her bare bottom. Being punished in such a humiliating manner leaves her blushing, but it is her body's response to his chastisement which truly shames her.

Ayala does her best to ignore the intense desire his firm-handed dominance kindles within her, but when her new master takes her in his arms she cannot help longing for him to claim her, and when he makes her his own at last, his masterful lovemaking introduces her to heights of pleasure she never thought possible.

But as news of the arrival of an invader from across the sea reaches the city and a ruthless conqueror sets his eyes on Ayala, her entire world is thrown into turmoil. Will she be torn from Lord Eiotan's loving arms, or will the general do whatever it takes to keep her as his own?

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### *Kept for Christmas*

After Raina LeBlanc shows up for a meeting unprepared because she was watching naughty videos late at night instead of working, she finds herself in trouble with Dr.

Eliot Knight, her stern, handsome boss. He makes it clear that she is in need of strict discipline, and soon she is lying over his knee for a painful, embarrassing bare-bottom spanking.

Though her helpless display of arousal during the punishment fills Raina with shame, she is both excited and comforted when Eliot takes her in his arms after it is over, and when he invites her to spend the upcoming Christmas holiday with him she happily agrees. But is she prepared to offer him the complete submission he demands?

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### *The Warrior's Little Princess*

Irena cannot remember who she is, where she came from, or how she ended up alone in a dark forest wearing only a nightgown, but none of that matters as much as the fact that the vile creatures holding her captive seem intent on having her for dinner. Fate intervenes, however, when a mysterious, handsome warrior arrives in the nick of time to save her.

Darius has always known that one day he would be forced by the power within him to claim a woman, and after he rescues the beautiful, innocent Irena he decides to make her his own. But the feisty girl will require more than just the protection Darius can offer. She will need both his gentle, loving care and his firm hand applied to her bare bottom whenever she is naughty.

Irena soon finds herself quivering with desire as Darrius masters her virgin body completely, and she delights in her new life as his little girl. But Darrius is much more than an ordinary sellsword, and being his wife will mean belonging to him utterly, to be taken hard and often in even the most shameful of ways. When the truth of her own identity is revealed at last, will she still choose to remain by his side?

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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### **About Sara Fields**

Sara is a USA Today bestselling romance author with a proclivity for dirty things, especially those centered in DARK, FANTASY, and ROMANCE. If you like science fiction, fantasy, reverse harem, menage, pet play and other kinky filthy things, all complete with happily-ever-afters, then you will enjoy her books.

Email: [otkdesire@gmail.com](mailto:otkdesire@gmail.com)

