

A photograph of a man with dark hair and blue eyes, lying on a bed with white linens. He has extensive tattoos on his left arm, including a large floral design and a star. He is resting his head on his hand, looking thoughtfully towards the camera. The background shows a window with white curtains.

*My*  
**Father's**  
*Boss*

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR  
**FIONA DAVENPORT**

# **MY FATHER'S BOSS**

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FIONA DAVENPORT


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## **MY FATHER'S BOSS**

When one of the partners requested his daughter do her internship at his law firm, Beau Trahan reluctantly agreed. He didn't want a high school student underfoot, but her dad was one of his top lawyers. The last thing he expected was to see Isabella Ford on her first day and want to make her his.

All it took was one look for Isabella to fall for her father's boss. She was afraid of how her father was going to react when he found out that she was in love with Beau...and that she'd been lying to keep their relationship a secret.

# PROLOGUE

I stared out the window in my office at the Miami skyline while I half listened to Stanley Butler, my accountant, as he rattled off numbers for our upcoming budget meeting. He was leaving on his honeymoon in two days and wanted to make sure I had everything I needed.

He usually worked out of one of our smaller offices closer to the small town of Fentonville, where his new family lived. So when he came to the headquarters, it was usually for important business.

Yet I wasn't paying much attention. I'd been feeling restless lately, less interested in work. Which was shocking, considering I'd been a workaholic since I had my first job at fourteen. My dedication and hard work were how, at thirty-eight, I had an established law firm with a highly coveted clientele and was a very rich man.

I'd begun to wonder if I should have been more interested in dating. I hadn't thought about having a family before, so I wasn't sure what had prompted me to consider it recently. I still wasn't sure if it was truly something I wanted. At almost forty years old, I was set in my ways and comfortable with my life. I wasn't a fan of change or anything that upset the careful balance of my life.

"Well, I think that's everything," Stanley said as he stood from his chair, drawing my full attention. "I'll be back in two weeks. But if you need anything while I'm gone, my stepdaughter, Magnolia, will have my contact information."



I frowned. “You’re going on your honeymoon, Butler. I doubt your new wife would be very happy to share you with me or anyone else. Focus on your wife and have a great time.”

Stanley grinned—a look I’d never seen on him until he met his fiancée. Stanley had always been on the stodgy side, conservative and rather boring. Since meeting “Bunny,” as he called her, he’d seemed lighter, more relaxed...happy. “You’re right,” he agreed with a nod.

“I’m sorry I won’t be able to attend the wedding,” I said regretfully. I had a business trip with a client in the middle of a messy lawsuit who needed hand-holding.

Stanley waved off my concern. “We completely understand.” Then he approached my desk and leaned over to shake my hand before leaving my office with a spring in his step.

A small smile curved my lips as I shook my head. He really had become a sap. Did I want to be a love-sick fool too? *No woman is worth that.*

I turned my chair to face the darkening sky once more, but a knock on my door had me swiveling around again.

“Come in,” I grunted when I spotted Ellis Ford, one of my senior partners, standing there with a couple of thick black folders with the firm’s logo printed on the front. “Have a seat.” I gestured to one of the tufted leather and wood chairs facing my desk. Once he was situated, I rested my elbows on my desk, steepling my fingers. “What can I do for you, Ellis?”

“I have a favor to ask.”

Ellis was my top attorney—almost as good as me and worked just as hard. He’d more than earned a favor, even with the large bonus I added to his salary every year. “Name it.”

“My daughter, Isabella, is a senior in high school and in her last semester. She has to complete an internship to graduate, and the one she’d lined up just fell through.”

I had a sinking feeling I knew what he was about to ask.

“I was hoping she could fulfill the requirement by working here a few days a week until the end of the semester.”

It took a lot of effort, but I managed not to let my annoyance bleed into my expression and kept it neutral. The last thing I needed was a kid running around underfoot here. Disrupting everything.

I wasn't exactly a kid person—another reason I wasn't seriously considering settling down. Not that I'd had much experience with children. I had no siblings, and neither had my parents.

However, Ellis was worth the trouble. I'd just make sure his daughter stayed out of my way.

“Sure,” I intoned.

Ellis smiled. “Great. Thank you. She'll start in a month.”

I nodded, keeping my mouth shut so I didn't change my mind and blurt it out.

“She's smart, a straight A student. She's also very detail-oriented and a fast learner. I was thinking we could assign her to a junior associate. Someone who could help her learn some paralegal work.”

*Excellent idea.* “She can work with Kevin.” He was young and wet behind the ears, but he'd been top of his class at Harvard, was determined to rise in the ranks, and worked his ass off. He'd have more time to show her the ropes and get some help preparing for his big case coming up in three months.

“Perfect,” Ellis said as he relaxed back in his chair. “I'll let him know. Izzy only has a full class load on Tuesday and Thursday, with morning classes on Monday and Wednesday. So she'll be here by eleven on her half days, then back for a full day on Fridays.”

I shrugged. “Whatever she needs. Kevin will be ecstatic for the help. He's been asking me, but we're short on admins and paralegals.”

Ellis smirked and shot me a knowing look. “You won’t even know she’s here.”

I raised an eyebrow, amused with his intuition. “I suppose we’ve been working together long enough for you to know what I’m thinking.”

“Sometimes,” he chuckled. “You certainly don’t give any hints with your expressions. Then again, that’s what makes you the best lawyer in Miami. But I know how you hate change and disruptions.”

“True,” I agreed. Then, happy to have something to change the subject, I pointed at the folders he’d set on the chair next to him when he took a seat. “The Lowe case?”

Ellis nodded and picked them up, handing one to me and opening the other on his lap.

For the next two hours, we went over a particularly difficult case that we were litigating. Once he left, I tried to work for a while but gave up when I couldn’t focus.

Something about Ellis’s daughter being here was itching my brain, but I didn’t have the first clue as to why. I shrugged it off, sure that I’d more than likely never even meet her and resolved to put her out of my mind permanently.

I'd been so worried to tell my dad about my internship falling through. I needed it to graduate, and I thought he'd be disappointed in me. I'd been surprised when he'd told me not to fret about it because he'd find me something else.

I hated to let him down. My dad was a bit of a perfectionist, which was probably a big part of what made him such a great lawyer. But that also meant he expected a lot from his only child—me.

I earned straight As, participated in plenty of extracurriculars, and was the captain of the cheerleading squad. I had racked up more than one hundred volunteer hours and scored a fifteen hundred on my SAT. All signs indicated that I'd be accepted to every college I applied to. I was on track for great things, or at least that was what my dad liked to tell me.

What I'd never shared with him was that I had no desire to go to a fancy school and earn a specialized degree. He wouldn't understand why I was looking forward more to what came after my education—falling in love, getting married, and building a family. I wanted to earn a degree, but I was happy to go to a local community college because what I wanted most was to stay home with my kids like my mom had done with me.

But ever since my dad had gotten me an internship at his office, all he'd been talking about was how I had the chance to discover if I might want to go to law school after college. As I

followed him into the building where he spent at least ten hours a day unless he was in court, he was going on about it again. “This is a great chance for you, Izzy. The paralegal you’ll be helping was top of his class at Harvard Law. He can give you tips about the campus.”

I’d gotten my acceptance letter to Harvard in mid-December as part of their Restrictive Early Action program. I didn’t have to give them my answer until the first of May, but my dad already had it in his head that I was definitely going there. He hadn’t pushed for me to reply to them yet because I was waiting on decisions from a few other Ivy League schools.

“I know this is a great opportunity, Daddy. Thanks again for talking your boss into letting me do my internship here.”

His gaze darted toward the Mercedes parked in the spot closest to the door. Lowering his voice, he said, “Try your best to stay out of his way. You’re the first high school intern he’s allowed in the office, and he didn’t seem thrilled by the idea when I asked.”

I came to an abrupt stop, my eyes widening as I stared at him. “Why are you just telling me this now? I would’ve found something else if I knew your boss didn’t really want me here.”

“I didn’t want you to worry about it too much over the past month. You had more important things on your plate like making sure you kept those grades up during your last semester. Ivy League acceptances aren’t a sure thing until after you’ve registered for your first semester.” He patted me on the back before nudging me forward.

“Yeah, but now I’m freaking out right before I start my first day,” I muttered as I followed him into the building.

“You’ll be fine. Kevin will keep you so busy, you probably won’t even get the chance to meet Beau.” He flashed me a reassuring smile.

I made a mental note to avoid his boss at all costs. I didn’t want to do anything to mess up my dad’s position here when he’d worked so hard to become a partner. “If things go

horribly wrong today, at least I'll have the entire weekend to recover from the embarrassment before I come back on Monday."

"Nothing is going to go wrong," he insisted as he led me toward a cluster of desks. "Isn't that right, Kevin?"

A young man in his mid-twenties jumped out of his chair and nodded. "I'm sure it is, sir."

Kevin was exactly as I'd pictured him in my head when my dad told me who I'd be working with for my internship. His brown eyes were earnest as he stared at my dad. His brown hair was trimmed short, there was no hint of a beard on his face, and he was wearing a three-piece suit. He had Harvard Law written all over him and was the male version of what my dad hoped I would be in eight years. Maybe if I'd had a brother like Kevin, he wouldn't have been pushing me so hard to follow in his footsteps.

"I was just telling my daughter that you have plenty of tasks for her to do while she's here," my dad explained, tilting his head toward me.

Kevin nodded, looking relieved. "Absolutely, sir. I'm glad for the help."

"Her paperwork for human resources has already been filled out, so I'll leave you two to get to work."

As my dad walked away, I found myself wondering if he'd brought home all those forms for me to fill out in advance because he wanted to make it more difficult for his boss to back out on my internship if he changed his mind. With that on my mind, my smile was weak when Kevin gestured toward the chair next to the one he'd been sitting in. "I thought it would be best if I showed you the systems we use before I give you a few things to do on your own."

"Sounds like a great idea to me." I figured they couldn't be too hard to learn since I used a ton of technology in school, but my dad had mentioned the specialized stuff the law firm needed. I sat down and swiveled my chair to see his computer screen as he walked me through the email software, messaging

platform, document management system, task management software, and legal research tool they used. Once I was familiar with everything, he showed me to a desk at the end of the row.

I spent the next hour reading through the information Kevin had provided about his first big case. By the time I was done, I had a list of about twelve questions to ask him. Pulling out the login information my dad had brought home for me last week, I logged into the messaging platform and sent Kevin a quick note to update him on my progress. Then I dived into the next task he'd given me.

About thirty minutes later, he came over to check on me. "How's it going, Izzy?"

"Pretty good." I tapped my monitor. "I think I found a couple of cases you might want to look over for possible precedents."

Moving close, he leaned over my shoulder to peer at the case I currently had pulled up in the legal research tool. I highlighted the section I thought would be most helpful, and he nodded after reading through it. "Good job. Send me the information for this case and the other one you found. They might be useful."

"Will do."

"You said you had some questions?"

"Yes." Grabbing my notepad, I ran through the first half of them pretty easily. Then I had to pull up some of his notes in the document management system to explain the rest. We were discussing the last few when a drop-dead gorgeous man strode into the room, and it felt as though all the air was sucked out. Idle chit-chat stopped, and everyone started to look very busy. Kevin took a step back so he wasn't hovering quite so close over my shoulder.

"Who is that?" I whispered.

I didn't need to point at the guy for Kevin to know who I was asking about. "That's Beau Trahan. He's the big boss."

*Holy crap!* He was the managing partner my dad was always talking about? I'd always pictured someone much older than my dad, with gray hair, glasses, and a bit of a belly. But Mr. Trahan was nothing like I'd imagined. He was probably five to ten years younger than my dad and tall with lean muscles. His dark hair was thick and wavy, and his gorgeous blue eyes were intense as they met mine. I felt his stare deep in my core and was alarmed to find my panties getting damp. I'd never reacted to a man this way before.

My timing couldn't be worse. Being attracted to my dad's boss was completely inappropriate. It totally sucked to know that he didn't want me here. I felt as though my body was betraying me, and I crossed my arms over my chest to hide how my nipples had pebbled. The motion only made things worse since his eyes narrowed as his gaze dropped to my chest. I had the awful feeling that I would be spending the upcoming weekend apologizing to my dad for getting fired from my internship less than a few hours after it had started.



When I left my office to hunt down my absentee assistant, the last thing I expected to find was the first woman to cause my body to react in longer than I could remember. As I stared at her, I quickly buttoned up my suit jacket to hide the evidence of my sudden arousal.

Silky brown curls were held back with a clip on each side of her head, but little tendrils had escaped to frame her gorgeous face. Her eyes were almost the same color, except they had little flecks of amber that I imagined would sparkle when she was happy. She had high cheekbones that were dusted with pink, pouty lips that were meant for filthy things and generous tits that made me want to fall to my knees and worship them. Her waist wasn't all that small, but the sexy curve of her hips gave her an hourglass figure that any 1940s pinup would have been jealous of. She looked to be around half a foot shorter than my six-foot-three frame, and I could tell that she would fit into my body perfectly.

Just before she'd crossed her arms over her chest, I'd watched her nipples grow hard and poke through her white, button-down blouse. My mouth watered at the thought of sucking on those stiff peaks. And knowing she wasn't immune to me made my temperature rise to dangerous levels.

Hunger for her gnawed at my insides. Not only had my body stirred but it had also burst to life with a vengeance. It hadn't taken even a split second to know that I'd do whatever it took to have that beauty writhing beneath me. And it only

took another few moments for me to decide that she was also the woman I wanted a future with.

Movement behind her shoulder caught my attention, and I reluctantly tore my eyes away from my bombshell to see Kevin standing stiffly behind her...too close behind her. My brow furrowed, and he shifted his weight nervously. Then he glanced at her, and I narrowed my eyes before taking measured steps—attempting to calm myself before I did something stupid—across the room until I stood in front of them.

“What is going on here?” I growled.

Both Kevin and my girl flinched, and I immediately regretted my tone. I softened my expression as I gazed at her, and after a few beats, she relaxed a little.

“Um, we’re working on the discovery files and preparing for depositions, sir.”

“And who is ‘we,’ Johnson?”

He gestured to my bombshell and smiled nervously. “My intern”—*Intern? Oh, fuck*—“Izzy Ford.”

*Son of a fucking bitch!* I nearly shouted the curse but caught myself at the last second.

This was Ellis’s daughter. Isabella Ford. The high school student. Who was at least twenty years younger than me. Her father would kill me. *Shit, shit, shit.*

“Her first day is going great. She’s eager to learn and picks things up fast.”

Isabella’s cheeks turned crimson, and she glanced shyly at the ground. I tried to stem the flow of inappropriate thoughts, but...eager to learn? I had endless things I wanted to teach her. I was willing to bet she’d master sucking my cock in no time.

*Stop thinking like this, Trahan.* I lectured myself silently. It was no use, but it gave me the opportunity to say I tried.

She was too fucking young for me. But at her age and the innocent air that hung around her, it was likely she was untouched. She’d be mine and no one else’s. Ever.

I told myself to walk away one more time. Instead, I held out my hand to her. “Come with me.”

Isabella’s pretty face was filled with fear and confusion. She glanced at Kevin worriedly, and I wanted to snap at her to keep her eyes on me. When she looked at me again, she swallowed hard, then whispered, “I didn’t know you’d come in here. Please don’t fire me. I promise to work really hard.”

I frowned, not happy with the thought of her toiling away at the office. She should be at home, taking care of our babies, or relaxing and letting me care for her. I wanted to treat her like a goddess. To worship her body, feed her, bathe her, anything that would make her feel cherished.

They weren’t realistic thoughts. In fact, they probably indicated I was developing an unhealthy obsession with Isabella. But I didn’t care one fucking bit. I was claiming Isabella Ford.

Her frightened look jarred me back to reality, and I realized my expression must have been darker than I intended. Again, I softened my face, even giving her a smile, and I was relieved when her pouty lips curved up, and the fear left her eyes, leaving only confusion. I could work with that. I didn’t ever want her to fear me.

“I’m not firing you, Isabella,” I told her gently. “I have an empty position that I think you’re perfect for.” *My wife, the mother of my children, my everything.*

“Oh,” she replied, her smile growing. “I’m happy to do whatever you need.”

My cock had been hard since the moment I saw Isabella, but her words sent a bolt of lust shooting through my body, and I knew I needed to get back to my office before my reaction to her became too obvious.

“But—” Kevin stopped speaking when I shot him a warning glance.

I wasn’t a complete asshole, though. “Since Ms. Ford”—I gritted her name, not liking the sound of Ford, rather than Trahan—“now works for me, I’m giving you permission to

hire two new interns to help with your case. I'll square it away with finance and HR."

Kevin's eyes went wide, but he wisely stayed quiet. I nodded and took Isabella's hand, helping her to her feet and guiding her out of the room. "You'll be working with me from now on, Isabella." I loved the way her name felt on my lips.

"Are you sure you don't want someone more experienced?"

I shook my head and stared ahead as I led her to the bank of elevators in the reception area.

We stepped onto one and watched the doors slide shut in silence. I still didn't look at her when I finally answered, "I want you." The words came out raspy, and I'd never said anything truer.

It took only seconds to reach the top floor, giving her no time to respond. Taking her hand again, I kept my gaze focused on our destination as I led her through the maze of hallways to my office. Too many fucking walls that I could press her against while I fucked her tight little pussy.

"I feel bad about leaving Kevin shorthanded. Maybe I should also continue to work with him until he finds a replacement."

I came to a sudden halt and spun around to place my hands on her shoulders. Looking straight into her chocolate pools, I growled, "I. Don't. Share."

Her eyes went wide and round, like an owl's, and she blinked rapidly. But behind the shock, I was certain I spied a spark of heat. My gaze dropped to her chest, and I held back a groan when I saw her tits jiggling with her choppy breaths that confirmed I'd been right about what I saw. Her nipples were hard, and they pressed against her shirt as if they were trying to escape, desperate to reach my mouth.

I released her shoulders abruptly but made sure she was steady on her feet before resuming my march. When we finally reached my office, I opened the door and gestured for

her to enter first. Being a gentleman was how I was raised, but for the first time, it backfired spectacularly.

Isabella's pencil skirt was molded to her curvy, round ass, and it swayed with each of her steps. My knees went weak for a second, and my hands itched to palm the sexy globes. There was no line, and I licked my lips at the thought of only a tiny thong lying between those sweet cheeks. Or better yet, nothing at all. *Easy access.*

Then a thought broke through that had my temper flaring to a boiling point. If I'd noticed, so would other people. Which would lead them to thinking about my girl naked, and me ending up in prison for killing them. I was going to have to put my foot down about some clothing choices. No more body-hugging skirts. No thongs. No going without underwear. Unless we were at home. Then those things would be highly encouraged.

I shook my head, trying to scatter those thoughts away as I followed her inside and shut the door. "Have a seat," I ordered as I rounded my desk and sat in my large, purposely imposing chair. Except I didn't want Isabella to see me that way, so I stood again and walked back around. She was still standing, so I took her hand and led her over to the small conversation nook in the corner of the room, surrounded by floor-to-ceiling windows.

She sat at the other end of the couch, and I resisted the desire to drag her over and tuck her into my side.

"So what is it that you'd like me to do?"

*So many, many things, sweet girl.* But as I observed her, I realized that I might be moving too fast. She was still so young. I didn't have the strength to slow down entirely, but I'd do my best to ease her into the idea of us. No matter when it happened, the result would be the same. I'd do anything to have her.

Even risk the business I'd worked so hard to build.

And her father's friendship.

I was also willing to risk my reputation if people didn't accept our relationship because of our age difference.

It didn't matter as long as she was mine.

I'd do anything for her.

The following Wednesday after I started my internship, I was still trying to wrap my head around the fact that my dad's boss had swooped in and put me to work for him instead of Kevin. And then he'd put a desk next to his for me to use, which had shocked the heck out of me when I showed up after my classes on Monday, and one of his assistants told me I'd be working in his office. Sitting so close to him for six hours was even more nerve-wracking than my first day had been—including when I had thought he was going to fire me.

It was also thrilling because my reaction to him hadn't lessened at all. I was incredibly aware of Beau and every single minute I spent with him. His deep voice as he barked orders to his other assistants. His confidence as he spoke with clients on the phone. How his dress shirt stretched over his shoulders when he reached for something. The way his suit pants clung to his perfect butt. His masculine scent surrounding me. Even how he insisted on using my full name instead of calling me Izzy like everyone else.

Pretty much every single little thing about him drove me wild, which was why I was so nervous walking into the building for the third day of my internship. I had taken extra care with my outfit, hair, and makeup today, doing my best to look older because I wanted Beau to see me as a woman, not a little girl.

My red pencil skirt hit an inch above my knee and had a two-inch slit up one thigh. The top button of my white blouse was undone, showing a hint of cleavage—but not so much that

I didn't look professional. My shoes were a strappy pair of stilettos that made my calves look amazing. I had pulled my hair to the side in a low ponytail that hung down over one breast and went heavy with makeup for my eyes and lips.

And maybe, just maybe, it would all be enough for Beau to do something about the heat I could've sworn I'd seen in his eyes several times when he was looking at me. As I walked into his office, and his gaze swept up and down my body, that same flash of desire popped into his blue eyes for the briefest of moments. Then his expression hardened, looking almost angry before it blanked altogether, and I fisted my hands at my sides.

“Good morning, Isabella.”

“Hello, Mr. Trahan. Sorry I'm running a little late this morning.”

He waved off my apology as he stood. “I understand that school comes first. Don't ever rush here after classes on my account. Arriving safely is all that matters.”

I wasn't late because my last class of the day went over, but I wasn't going to admit that I'd spent extra time fixing my makeup in the rearview mirror before I left the school parking lot. “Thanks.”

Rounding his desk, he prowled behind me as I walked over to the work area he'd set up for me. I bent over to place my purse in the top drawer of my desk, my lips curving into a mischievous grin because the position thrust my butt out and hiked my skirt up in the back. I could've sworn I heard him groan, but when I turned back around, he was looking out the window.

Shifting his focus back to me, he murmured, “I distinctly remember telling you to call me Beau.”

“You did.” I pressed my lips together, my gaze darting toward the open door. Susie's desk was right outside, and I didn't want his assistant to hear my response. I'd already overheard a couple whispered conversations about why I was



working for him instead of Kevin. “All of the first-year associates and assistants call you Mr. Trahan.”

“You’re not just an intern. You’re also a partner’s daughter.” A muscle jumped in his jaw. “If anyone questions you about using my first name, remind them of who your father is.”

“I’d really prefer not to have to do that. It would just make me sound like a spoiled brat who’s only here because her daddy pulled strings for her. Which is actually how I ended up with my internship, so that makes it even worse.” My nose wrinkled. “How about I call you Beau when we’re in your office and Mr. Trahan when other people are around?”

His blue eyes scanned my face before he heaved a deep sigh and nodded. “Fine, if that’s what it takes for you to feel comfortable. But I’m Beau whenever we’re alone.”

“Sure.” In my head and dreams, too. Although, I’d had one particularly naughty fantasy where I called him Mr. Trahan while he’d had me spread out on his desk. But that wasn’t something I could think about right now, or I was going to need to use his private bathroom to change panties. After drenching mine on Friday and Monday, I’d decided to bring a spare pair today. Using them now wouldn’t do me much good when I’d only been here for a minute, though. “What would you like me to work on today, Beau?”

“I have some documents I need you to familiarize yourself with before a client meeting at three. You’ll sit in to take notes.” He pulled out my chair, and I dragged his scent deep into my lungs as he hovered over me after I sat down. Once my computer was powered up and I was logged into the system, he pointed at my screen. “I need you to read through as much as you can in this folder.”

“Will do.”

I released a silent sigh when he went back to his desk without saying—or doing—anything else. Then I spent the next hour darting furtive glances at him while trying to concentrate on the documents he wanted me to read. I didn’t

make a whole lot of progress and was planning to work through lunch, but Beau apparently had other ideas.

Shortly after noon, Susie came into the office with two catering boxes from a local deli. My dad had mentioned how great their sandwiches were a few times, but I'd never tried them before. My stomach growled, and I got up, irritated because there was no way I'd be able to skip lunch. "I'm going to run out and grab some food. I'll be back in less than an hour."

"There's no need for you to grab anything." He got up when Susie handed him the boxes. "One of these is for you."

"Oh." My nose scrunched as I watched Susie shut the door behind her. "I could've ordered lunch if it was for both of us."

"But then it wouldn't have been a surprise." He pulled a chair out at the small table and arched a brow.

I got up and trudged over, shivering when his fingers grazed my back as he pushed the chair back in after I sat down. "I just mean that you can give me stuff like that to do, too. I'm supposed to be helping you while I'm learning."

"As the managing partner of the firm, the tasks you're given as part of your internship are my decision." He rounded the table to sit across from me. "And Susie already knows what to order for me."

"Bet she doesn't know what I like," I muttered, expecting to see a salad when I opened the flaps of the box in front of me. My eyes widened when I found a corned beef on rye, salt and vinegar chips, and a sugar cookie instead. "Wow, I couldn't have been more wrong. This is exactly what I would have gotten myself."

"I'm glad." His satisfied smirk made me wonder if he'd been the one to tell her what I'd like, but I didn't see how that was possible. Then any thought I had about asking him fled when he asked, "What are you hoping to learn while you're here? Are you interested in going to law school so you can follow in your father's footsteps?"

“Um.” I’d already unwrapped my sandwich, so I took a big bite to stall while I tried to come up with an answer that wouldn’t bother my dad if Beau ever told him what I said. Pointing at my mouth as I chewed, I flashed him an apologetic look.

“Your answer will stay between the two of us,” he assured me as he got up to pad over to the mini fridge at the wet bar. Pulling a couple of drinks out, he set one down in front of me when he returned to the table. A ginger ale, my favorite.

I was so startled by the kind gesture—and what Beau bringing me that particular drink without asking might imply—that I didn’t think to edit my answer. “Not really. If I had my choice, I’d just get my degree at a local school and then stay home with any kids my husband and I are lucky enough to have.”

“Husband?” he echoed softly, his eyes burning into mine.

My cheeks heated as I explained, “I mean...obviously, I’m not married yet. But yeah, I expect I will be some day.” And in my dreams, it was to Beau. Not that I thought they’d ever come true.

Watching Isabella eat was an exercise in torture, but considering the amount of reading I'd given her, I knew she'd try to work through lunch. I hadn't expected her to finish the reading, only to get through as much as possible. But I'd learned that she was a bit of a perfectionist and liked to finish every task she was given and do it well.

Isabella had only worked with me for three days, and already I was reaching my breaking point. There were so many times when I'd almost said fuck it and kissed her senseless. Then she showed up looking like every high school boy's naughty librarian fantasy. The skirt was almost indecently tight—in my opinion—and she'd left her blouse open just enough for me to glimpse her generous cleavage. I hadn't gotten much work done between fantasizing and trying to come up with a way to get her different clothes.

I was still working on that during lunch and had been making idle chitchat. Not that I wasn't absorbing her answers, so when she'd mentioned a husband, she gained one hundred percent of my focus.

She was so young that I'd expected there were things she'd want to do before settling down to have a family. I wasn't going to wait to bind her to me as my wife, but I'd been willing to compromise on when to start having kids.

But if my bombshell's dream was to get married and stay home with her kids, I would make that happen. Soon. Very soon.

“Someday?” I rasped. Making sure we were on the same page.

Her cheeks turned pink, and she glanced down at her sandwich. “I don’t want to wait. When I meet the right guy—um, man.”

I nearly spread her out on that table and fucked her right then and there. My dick was pulsing with need and leaking come at the thought of filling her young womb and seeing her belly round and swollen with my kid.

*Fucking hell.* I glanced at my watch and suppressed a groan. We had that client meeting in thirty minutes, and I needed more time than that to break in her virgin pussy so I could get my giant cock all the way in and knock her up. I needed to get control over myself.

“Once your man sees you, he won’t want to wait, either,” I told her, staring intensely into her eyes.

Her brow furrowed for a moment, then her expression lightened with hope, sending a calm over me. “Then why would he?”

“Good fucking question,” I muttered as I grabbed my sandwich and changed the subject. We needed to have this conversation when I could finish it buried inside her.

“Do you want to live in the city, or would you prefer a house out in the suburbs?”

Isabella looked a little disappointed for a moment, but something in my burning gaze must have reassured her because she smiled shyly and picked up her sandwich as well.

“Actually, I always pictured a big house on a lot of land. Room for lots of kids and for them to run and play to their heart’s content. Maybe even have a few animals.”

I grinned into my food as I took another bite. Could this woman be any more fucking perfect? I just so happened to have a ranch about an hour outside the city limits. It had a sprawling, two-story, log cabin-type house on twenty acres. It was also the home of several beautiful horses, a few ponies, and a plethora of baby animals, including sheep, goats, baby

cows, mini horses, hedgehogs, and a brand-new litter of bunnies.

We hadn't had that many animals when I was a kid spending my winters there, but it had grown over the years. The same couple who managed it when I was young still ran it. I wished I could spend more time there, but I was just too busy. So when Annie and Hank approached me with the idea of using it as a therapy ranch for kids with disabilities, especially autistic children, I'd immediately given them permission.

However, considering Isabella's answer to my question, I'd be spending most of my time there in the future. And I knew she would love working with Annie on the project.

As soon as I met my bombshell, I'd begun wondering about my future with my firm. I wouldn't abandon my business or my career—unless Isabella asked me to—but I started coming up with a strategy to pull back.

My first idea would depend on how Isabella's dad took it when he found out about our relationship. If he could come to terms with it, I hoped he'd step in as managing partner.

A knock on my door drew me out of my thoughts, and I frowned as I called to the man interrupting my time with my woman to come in.

Jeremiah, a talented junior partner—who was happily married with two kids—walked into the room. Isabella stood and began gathering trash, but I barked, “Sit!” when I realized Jerry could see her outfit. It didn't matter that he was clearly head over heels for his wife and kids. I couldn't imagine anyone seeing Isabella like that and not picturing ripping those clothes off and taking her bent over the desk.

They both looked at me in shock, and Isabella sank slowly back into her seat. I probably should have backpedaled my attitude, but I was already on the edge of my control.

“What do you need?” I growled at the lawyer.

“Derek Hilliard is here. Ellis was called to court unexpectedly and sent me to help instead.”

I waved him off. “Not necessary. I can handle Derek.”

Derek Hilliard was a tech billionaire who made his money by designing little gadgets that nobody needed but couldn't live without. He was also a prick, but he was a very lucrative client and the billable hours we incurred from him were extremely high. We'd handled Derek's business's needs for ten years before he “retired” at the ripe old age of twenty-eight. When he asked to keep us on for personal use, I'd agreed. We didn't usually handle personal accounts, but there were a few exceptions.

“Put him in the lounge and tell Karla to bring him back in ten minutes.”

“Will do.” Jerry nodded and pivoted around, strolling from the office.

Isabella stood again and helped me gather everything from the table.

“I'll take care of this, sweet girl,” I told her. “Go ahead and sit at your desk and get ready for the meeting.”

“I haven't finished the reading,” she said softly.

I turned her by the shoulders and ran the tips of my fingers down her spine, enjoying her quick intake of breath and her delicate shiver. Then I gave her a small push toward her workspace. “I didn't expect you to. I only wanted you to be acquainted with his latest legal issues so you could learn as much as possible in the meeting.”

“Oh.” She beamed at me over her shoulder. Her red, pouty lips curved up into a smile, and I curled my hands into fists to keep from grabbing her and kissing all that lipstick right off her face. She looked great, but she didn't need any of that shit to make her the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. I much preferred her natural and showing her real self.

I winked at her, and her cheeks bloomed with crimson like I knew they would. I fucking loved to make her blush like that. It was cute as fuck and also a complete turn-on.

She moved toward her desk, and my eyes dropped to her incredible ass in that skirt. Then my breath stalled in my lungs.

I hadn't noticed it before, but there was a deep slit on one side that exposed much too much of her thigh.

I stood there, frozen as my mind and body battled it out. Knowing Derek was probably on his way back was the only reason logic won out over my desperate desire to rip that fabric until the skirt fell from her body, exposing her to my mouth as I knelt on the floor in front of her.

"Did you bring a coat?" I croaked as I tore my gaze away and finished clearing away our lunch debris.

"It's almost 90 degrees outside," Isabella answered with a giggle.

"Do you have a change of clothes?" I growled as I stomped to my desk, forcing myself to keep my eyes to myself.

"Um, no. I thought—"

"Fine," I grunted, interrupting her. "But in the future, I expect you to dress more professionally. No more tight skirts or blouses unbuttoned indecently low."

She was quiet, and my eyes darted in her direction for a moment. When I saw the crestfallen expression on her face, I mentally banged my head into a wall and called myself twenty types of idiot.

"You look too beautiful," I admitted. "I don't like other men seeing you like that."

Isabella's head snapped in my direction, and she double blinked a few times before a smirk curved her sexy lips. "I'll keep that in mind." Her tone was sassy, and I knew I was fucked.

"Beau." I dragged my eyes away from my bombshell at the sound of my name. Derek strolled into my office with a congenial smile, and I forced one in return as I stood to shake his hand.

"How've you been, Derek?" I asked, trying to sound at ease rather than knotted up tight with repressed sexual tension.



We shot the shit for ten minutes before getting down to business. At one point, I realized the assistant who'd prepped the file for the meeting had forgotten a particular set of documents. I buzzed her desk, but there was no answer. Grunting with frustration, I pushed away from my desk, but before I could stand, Isabella popped up and offered to go fetch them.

Derek's eyes practically bugged out of his head as she crossed the room, and I didn't miss the way they were glued to her ass as she left the office.

I cleared my throat to regain his attention and jumped back into work before saying something stupid. His eyes strayed to the door several times, and I raised my voice a decibel on my next few words every time. He'd come back to the conversation, and then it would happen again. I was perilously close to blackening both his eyes so he couldn't see my woman at all.

As I was talking myself out of it...again, Isabella returned.

"Here they are," she said with a sweet smile as she set them on my desk.

"Thank you," Derek jumped in before I could say anything. He flashed her his trademark charming smile, and a growl rumbled low in my chest. He either didn't notice or didn't care.

"What's your name, sweetie?"

Isabella's steps faltered at the side of my desk before she continued walking back to her space. "Um, it's Is—"

"Izzy," I answered, cutting her off. I didn't like anyone else calling her Isabella.

"Izzy," he repeated with a smirk. "Adorable." She was just passing him when he reached out to grab her wrist. "Well, *Izzy*, what do you say I take you out for a late lunch after I wrap up business with Beau?" If I hadn't been seeing through a haze of red over another man touching my woman, I would have been irritated at the patronizing way he'd said her name.

Isabella threw me a panicked look and maybe that should have calmed me a bit, knowing she wasn't interested. Instead, I was even more fucking angry with this little shit for making her uncomfortable.

She must have seen, or simply sensed, the level of my fury because she tugged her wrist free and changed direction, coming to stand a foot or so away from my chair, which put the desk between her and Derek.

I took a deep, calming breath, but my tone was deadly when I finally spoke. "Employees are not permitted to fraternize with clients," I seethed through clenched teeth.

Derek raised a brow, but the asshole hadn't once looked away from Isabella, so I wasn't sure he even realized how close he was to death.

"Easily fixed," he responded with a sleazy smile. Then he threw me his first glance since she'd walked back into the room. But the stupid fuck still didn't sense the danger he was in. "You're fired."

Derek's tone was smug as he turned back to my bombshell.

Isabella stared at him with her mouth hanging open, her eyes wide with shock. I felt the same way but kept it off my face, a tactic that served me well in court.

"I'm not taking no for an answer, sweetie," he insisted. "What time do you get off? Or should I say, what time do you finish work?" He winked and Isabella's face screwed up with disgust.

I was on my feet in an instant, my temper at an explosive level, my control long gone. "You fucking asshole!" I roared. My chair had flown back and smashed into the wall, so I turned to stomp around the desk, but the feel of a small hand on my arm brought me to an immediate halt.

My head twisted to look back at my woman. She shook her head, and her grip tightened. "Don't. He's not worth it."

"You're worth it," I gritted out, my jaw clenched so hard I thought it might break.

"If I'm worth more to you, then don't do anything stupid that could take you away from me."

I didn't think she could have said anything better to bring my control rushing back. I wouldn't do anything to jeopardize my future with Isabella.

After taking a deep breath, I returned my gaze to the son of a bitch who didn't deserve to breathe the same air as my girl.

“Get. Out.” My voice was razor sharp, and for a second, I saw fear flash in Derek’s eyes before his cocky attitude covered it up.

“You gave up my business over a piece of ass,” he said with a fake laugh as he got to his feet. “Hope that fat ass is worth the millions you just lost.”

I took another step toward him, my chest rumbling with a deadly growl, but Isabella’s hand kept me from going any farther. Glancing back at her, I felt even more love and respect well up inside me when she rolled her eyes.

The second Derek was gone, I picked up my phone and called security to make sure his ass was escorted from our building, then I stormed over to the door, slammed it shut, and flipped the lock. My windows were already frosted over, but I yanked the curtains shut too.

I took a second to calm down, but I was too fucking fired up. Spinning around, I prowled over to Isabella, who had come around to stand in front of my desk.

I took her face between my hands, and it took everything in me, but I placed a soft kiss on her lips before staring deeply into her amber-flecked, brown pools. “You are utterly stunning and incredibly fucking gorgeous. Tell me you believe me.”

Isabella blushed and smiled brightly. “If I wasn’t already perfectly happy with my body, I would be after hearing you say that.”

“Every minute of every day,” I growled, “I want to worship this body.”

She frowned, and I matched her expression. I didn’t like seeing her unhappy.

“It didn’t seem like that,” she confessed in a low voice.

Words seemed pointless when I could prove my point so much better with actions. I dropped my head and captured her lips. She didn’t hesitate before putting her arms around me and sinking into my body. I released her face and grabbed her delicious ass, lifting her up and setting her on my desk.

I tried to wedge between her legs, but her skirt was too tight. Ripping my mouth away, I gave her a wicked grin as I grabbed the fabric at the slit and ripped it until the ruined skirt fell away.

She gasped and tried to close her legs, but I held her knees, keeping them open. “You don’t move unless I tell you to,” I ordered. “Is that clear?”

Her head bobbed up and down, then her legs went slack, allowing me to open them wide and wedge my hips between them.

My eyes fixated on her racing pulse at her neck, then slowly drew down to the quivering skin of her cleavage. I wanted to rip the fabric away. It hit me right then that I’d already have to send out for new clothes for her. So why was I holding back?

Fisting the material of her blouse on both sides, I tore them away from each other, sending buttons flying. Isabella’s tits were nearly spilling out of her nude lace bra.

“Fucking hell,” I groaned. “These are even more perfect than I imagined.” She moaned and arched her back when I palmed the ripe globes, marveling at their weight and how they barely fit in my big hands. “You’re my every fantasy come to life.”

I raised my head and gave her a hard, deep kiss before I gently pushed her shoulders, encouraging her to lean back onto her elbows. Then I dragged down the cups of her bra and took one rosy nipple into my mouth. Isabella gasped, and she tried to clamp her knees shut.

My tongue circled the bud a few times before I sucked hard and let it go with a pop. “I think these are my new favorite candy,” I grunted, smiling when she giggled. “I have a feeling I’m going to be a little jealous when I have to share your tits with our babies.” Isabella gasped, and her body flushed. “Does that turn you on, sweet girl?” I asked with a chuckle, kissing down the valley between her breasts. “Thinking about giving me babies, about my mouth sucking on those sweet nipples while they drip with milk?” She

moaned in lieu of answering, and I grinned before giving her opposite peak the same treatment.

Isabella's hands dived into my hair when I stopped, trying to drag me back, but I grasped her wrists and brought them down to her sides.

"I promise I'll take care of you, Isabella," I vowed. "Do you trust me?"

She nodded immediately, and I brought her hands up one at a time to kiss each palm to show how much I appreciated her faith.

"Keep them here," I told her with a hard look as I set her hands beside her.

No words left her mouth, but I saw her acceptance in her eyes. While I'd been loving on her tits, she'd wrapped her legs around my waist. I gently removed them and guided her legs up and back so her knees were bent, and her feet were flat on the desk on both sides of her.

I was mesmerized by the beauty between her legs and licked my lips in anticipation when I saw the dark wet spot on her thong. Almost reverently, I slipped my fingers beneath the strings and drew the scrap of underwear down her legs.

Her pussy was bare, and I nearly spilled my seed the second I saw her pink, glistening and swollen lips. "Fuck, Isabella. This pussy...just...fuck." I had no words for her beauty, especially with the gnawing hunger eating away at me.

I needed to taste her more than I ended my next breath, then I'd fill that teenage pussy with my big cock and drive her wild until she was screaming my name.

But I also wanted to know... "Am I the first one to see this beautiful pussy, Isabella? To taste it? Touch it? To put their fingers, tongue, or cock inside it?"

She blushed hard and bit her lip, then whispered, "Yes."

Satisfaction roared through me. I would have wanted her no matter what, but the Neanderthal inside me was ecstatic

that no one else had ever been there. I would be her first and last, her only.

“That’s a precious gift, sweet girl,” I said softly. “Thank you.”

Her brown pools glowed with happiness, and a beautiful smile crossed her face.

Taking her wrists again, I looked her in the eye and ordered, “No moving unless I tell you.”

She licked her lips and nodded but still answered. “Yes.”

I guided her hands to her center. “Hold them open for me, sweet girl. Show me what’s mine.”

Isabella’s fingers shook a little as she spread her pussy lips open, revealing her drenched sex and hard little clit begging for attention. I glanced up to make sure the trembling wasn’t from fear and was relieved to see her watching me with a mixture of curiosity and desperation.

“Please,” she whispered. “I need...”

“I know what you need, Isabella,” I grunted. Dropping to my knees, I pushed her legs open just a little wider and inhaled deeply. If she tasted half as good as she smelled, I didn’t know how I’d ever eat anything but her pussy for the rest of my life.

With the first lick, Isabella cried out, and an orgasm rushed through her body. I shoved my tongue in her channel to feel the walls pulsing and rippling with her climax. It was so fucking hot.

After a few minutes, she floated back to earth, and something urged me to raise my gaze to her face. I frowned at her worried expression. “What’s wrong, sweet girl?”

“Um, was...did I do that wrong? Too fast?”

“Isabella, baby,” I said in a soothing tone. “It was your first time. There’s no right or wrong as long as you felt good.”

“It was amazing,” she sighed.

I grinned. “Better prepare yourself, sweet girl.” I flicked her clit and gave her a wicked smile when she gasped, and her

hips bucked. “Eventually, I’ll teach you how to hold off your orgasm,” I told her as I quickly unbuckled my belt.

“Why?” she asked breathily.

I unzipped and sighed with relief when I pulled my cock out of its confines. “You’ll come longer and harder.”

Isabella’s expression was comical when I glanced up, making me laugh. “That would kill me!” she squeaked.

“Oh, baby, it might make you pass out from the pleasure, but it won’t kill you. Trust me.”

The last two words took some of the tension from her muscles, and she nodded.

“Good girl.”

I leaned in and took another deep inhale of her sweet scent before I feasted on her pussy. She came so many times, I wondered if she’d ever pleased herself. Not that I was one to cast stones. I couldn’t remember the last time I’d taken myself in hand. Neither my cock nor my brain had felt any interest in a long, long time. Now I knew that we had been waiting for her.

My cock was plenty interested now, though. Since my girl was holding herself open for me, I was able to lick and suck while fingering her tight hole and jacking my cock at the same time.

I groaned as I pictured her hand being the one to move up and down my shaft. I’d have to teach her to suck my dick while I ate her pussy because just the thought of coming inside her while devouring her taste nearly set me off.

It didn’t take long, though. I didn’t have much stamina, considering I was practically a virgin again. But Isabella didn’t care. She was in the middle of her fourth orgasm.

Before I went in for the big one, I moved my head back and called her name.

Her eyes were bright and glazed with passion, but she was still there enough to absorb my words.



“This room is soundproof, baby. Don’t hold back. I want to hear you scream. Show me how much you love my mouth on your pussy, Isabella.”

“Beau,” she moaned.

“Fuck!” I grunted as my cock began spurting come. Hearing my name on her lips, with such passion, had broken my restraint. “Come, sweet girl,” I commanded. “One more time. Give it to me.”

I squeezed my cock harder and finger-fucked her hard and fast, pushing her up and up.

“Beau! Oh, oh! Oh, yes! Beau! Beau!”

“That’s it, sweet girl,” I grunted. “Fuck. I can’t wait to feel this pussy wrapped around my cock. Oh, fuck, yeah. Fuck!”

I curled my finger inside her and bit her clit, sending her into the stratosphere. Even though my orgasm had begun to ebb, hearing her set off another. This one was even harder, and I had to shoot to my feet and lean over the desk so I wouldn’t collapse on the floor.

My mouth found Isabella’s, and she moaned when my tongue slid along hers, and she tasted herself. “See how amazing you taste?” I mumbled.

I cupped her tits and used my thumbs to play with her nipples as I kissed down her neck. My cock hadn’t gone very soft, and it was nearly fully hard again. As soon as she was ready, I was going to—

A loud buzzing jolted us both, and if I hadn’t already had a good portion of my weight on Isabella, she probably would have fallen off the desk.

The buzzing came again, and I shook my head, trying to come back to reality.

*Son of a bitch.* It was the intercom button on my phone.

*For fuck’s sake, Trahan. You were about to shove your dick in your girl’s virgin pussy, on your desk, in our office, in the middle of the fucking day.*

This was not how Isabella's first time should be. She deserved romance and for me to prepare her body before I ripped it apart with my considerable length and girth.

Isabella was frozen underneath me, her muscles taut, and even her breath caught in her lungs.

"Relax, sweet girl," I crooned. Reaching to my side, I hit the button. "What do you need?"

"They're ready for you in the conference room, Mr. Trahan," said one of my assistants.

"Thanks, Lola. Give me ten minutes," I uttered before stabbing the button to hang up.

I gazed down at my girl for a moment, then bent my head and kissed her long and deep until she was no longer tense.

Sighing, I lifted myself off her, then helped her sit up, hanging her legs down off the desk. "I have to go."

Her eyes went wide, and she looked down at herself in a panic.

"I have you, sweet girl," I promised with a chuckle. "Trust me."

She immediately softened and put her arms around my torso, resting her head on my chest.

"I'm going to have some clothes brought over. I'll tell Lola you spilled coffee all over yours. So after she brings you the new ones, leave the ruined ones in the laundry bag on the back of the door. I'll take care of them."

Isabella nodded, then rubbed her nose in my shirt and inhaled deeply.

"Stop that," I grunted. "I need to calm down. I can't go to a meeting with my dick hanging out, and if I don't soften, I won't get him back in my pants."

Isabella buried her face in my shirt, but her shoulders shook with her silent laughter.

We stood like that for a few minutes until I could safely tuck myself back in. Luckily, all the leaking I'd done hadn't

soaked through my underwear and made spots on my suit pants.

I reluctantly stepped back, and Isabella scooted forward to the edge of the desk. But before she could hop off, I cupped the back of her neck and tilted it so she was looking straight up into my face.

“I want you waiting for me by the side exit of the lobby at five o’clock, understood?”

Isabella smiled. “Okay. But why?”

I tightened my grip on her neck, and my voice was low when I answered her. “I’m taking you home with me.” Her eyebrows popped up, and I could sense she was about to question me, but I wasn’t budging on this. I’d waited long enough, and now that I’d had a taste, I was never going back. “Tell your father whatever you have to so he won’t worry when you’re gone overnight.”

“Overnight?” she whispered.

I nodded and squeezed her neck for a beat. “At five o’clock,” I growled. “You’re mine.”

**A**s I walked to the spot where Beau said to meet him at five, I felt as though all eyes were on me. The Alexander McQueen dress he'd purchased for me was pretty, even though it practically covered me from my neck to my ankles. It also cost way more than he should've spent on an intern. And his story about me needing something else to wear because of a coffee accident had to have made at least some people wonder if anything was going on between us. Especially after he'd locked me in his office once he realized he'd left me with nothing except one of his extra button-down shirts to wear.

His plan to have Lola bring me a new outfit flew right out the window because he didn't want anyone to see that much of my body. And not because he was worried about the gossip. As difficult as it was for me to believe, Beau was possessive of me. Wildly so, judging by how he'd reacted when that creepy client had asked me out.

I hadn't thought it was possible for us to be anything beyond boss and intern, but oh boy, was I ever wrong. My cheeks heated as I remembered how Beau had made one of my dirtiest fantasies come to life right there on his desk. I'd never felt anything like it, and I could not wait to see what he had in store for me when we got to his place. And what he'd meant when he said I would be his.

I wouldn't need to wait long to find out because Beau was waiting for me at the side door. As soon as I got close enough, he slid his palm against my lower back and guided me out to

his Tesla, which was already idling at the curb. After he opened the passenger door and helped me into the seat, he rounded the car and climbed into the driver's side. Pulling out of the parking lot, he interlaced our fingers.

“The drive to my building takes about ten minutes, sweet girl.”

I shifted in my seat to face him and offered him a shy smile. “I told my dad I was sleeping over at a friend's house, so I don't have anywhere to be until school tomorrow morning.”

“We're going to need to talk about how to handle your father, but not tonight.” He lifted my hand and brushed a kiss across my knuckles. “For now, it's just you and me. Nobody and nothing else matters.”

“I like the sound of that,” I sighed, my cheeks heating.

“You're going to like the feel of it even more,” he promised, dropping our hands onto his lap and pressing my palm against his hard-on.

“Holy crap,” I whispered, wondering how he was ever going to possibly fit inside me.

As though he could read my mind, he chuckled. “Don't worry, sweet girl. Just like I did when I had you spread out on my desk, I'm going to make tonight very, very good for you.”

Remembering the five mind-blowing orgasms he'd given me, my fingers flexed as my cheeks heated further. “I'm sure you will.”

“We need to talk about something else if I'm going to have any hope of getting you safely home.” He lifted our hands and moved them to the center console with a reluctant sigh.

I giggled and shook my head. “Sorry, but I can't think of anything else after what happened today.”

“It's a damn good thing I live so close to the office,” he grumbled, making me laugh even harder.

It really was lucky, though. Because those ten minutes felt like an hour, and I was desperate to get inside by the time he

pulled into the parking garage. Sensing my impatience, he murmured, “Wait for me,” before getting out of the car.

I had my seat belt off and was perched on the edge of my seat by the time he opened the door. My inner walls clenched at his satisfied smirk, and a shiver raced down my spine as I slid my palm against his. I gripped his hand tightly while we walked toward the elevator.

When he slid his key card into the slot to send us upward, I giggled. “The penthouse, huh?”

“What’s the point in working so hard if I can’t have the best that life offers?” My lips curled down at the reminder that he put in as many hours as my dad, maybe even more. Pressing his finger under my chin, he tilted my head back. “That was before you were in my life, Isabella. Now that I’ve found you, I’ll set things in motion so I can reduce my hours in the office and spend more time at home.”

“Really?” I whispered, staring up at him in awe. I knew my dad loved my mom and me, but work had always been a priority for him. My mom didn’t seem to mind, but I had always hoped that when I got married, it would be to a man who’d spend every day showing our children and me how important we were to him.

His thumb glided across my cheek. “I already have some ideas for how I’m going to make it happen. I won’t be asking you to wait for long before I make those changes.”

I threw my arms around his neck and stretched up on my toes to press my lips against his. “Thank you.”

His hand tangled in my ponytail, wrapping my hair around his fist so he could quickly take control of the kiss. When I gasped, he took full advantage, his tongue sliding inside to tangle with mine. Even as quickly as the elevator moved, I was breathless when we reached the top floor, and the door slid open directly into his apartment.

I barely had the chance to take in the entryway with its vaulted ceiling before he was tugging me through the living

room and into the dining room. My voice was wry when I murmured, “From what I saw of the place, it’s nice.”

“I’ll give you a tour after I’ve fed you.” The sexy smirk he flashed me would’ve drenched the white cotton panties that had been in the bag with my dress—and made me wonder what he’d told Lola. “If I get you near a bed before we eat, we’ll never have dinner, and you’re going to need the energy for what I plan to do to you.”

My gaze darted toward the table, where a vase of pink roses was between two candleholders. There were two place settings with silver domes over the plates and an ice bucket with a bottle of sparkling juice. And music played low in the background, something romantic and instrumental. “Then I guess it’s a good thing you planned ahead.”

“Since this is technically our first date, I figured I should go all out.” He guided me over to a chair and grabbed the bottle of juice to pour a glass for each of us.

“I love sparkling white grape juice, but I wouldn’t have minded champagne.” I flashed him a teasing grin as he sat down across from me. “And it wouldn’t even be the first time I’ve had it. My mom loves the Veuve Clicquot Vintage Brut and lets me have a glass whenever she opens a bottle.”

“I’ll keep that in mind, but for tonight, I want you to be clear-headed so you know exactly what you’re getting into with me.” He reached over and lifted the silver dome off my plate before doing the same with his.

Looking down, I gasped when I saw one of my all-time favorite meals—chicken cordon bleu with wild rice and green beans. “How did you know I love this?”

“I have my ways.”

My eyes narrowed at his non-answer. “My lunch was exactly what I would have ordered for myself, too.”

He nodded. “Mm-hmm, I know.”

I laughed softly and shook my head. Even without an actual admission, I knew my earlier guess was accurate—he’d

been responsible for picking out my lunch. “You seem very familiar with what I like.”

“I learned in law school how vital it was to be prepared. I’d never put it to use for anything personal before now, but I spent a bit of time on your social media over the weekend. It came in handy for me, but you share too much of yourself with the world, which is something we’ll have to talk about later, too.” He picked up his silverware and pointed his fork at me. “Now, finish your dinner so I can take you on a tour of this place that’ll end with you in my bed, right where you belong.”

With motivation like that, I ate faster than I ever had before.



Seeing the wonder on Isabella's face as I held her hand and guided her through my penthouse apartment made me smile. She found joy in simple things, and I loved that about her. My life had been plain, gray, steady...Isabella brought sunshine with her, flooding my world with color.

"Your place is so beautiful," she breathed.

"Our place," I corrected.

I took her from room to room, trying not to throw her over my shoulder and race up the stairs to fuck her like a horny teenager. Besides, this was her home now, too.

"You can change anything you'd like," I told her after we left the room next to my home office. There was a wall separating the two spaces, and I'd already scheduled the construction to have it torn down so the room could be turned into one shared office.

We took the stairs to the second floor, and I showed her both guest rooms on the way down the hall.

"Everything is empty," she mentioned after viewing the second one.

I shrugged. "I never have guests."

"Oh, so your...um...overnight guests...they stayed..." She let the question hang in the air, and I swallowed a grin at her jealous tone.

Abruptly, I turned her so her back was to the wall and crowded her against it, caging her in with my arms on both sides of her. “Is this your way of asking if I’ve fucked other women in this apartment?”

Isabella’s nose turned up just a little, and she huffed. Then she jammed her hands on her sexy hips and pouted. “Maybe. Yes. I guess,” she rambled before just staring up at me in silence. I managed to keep a straight face and simply watched her right back. “Well?” she finally snapped.

My grin broke through, and I bent my head to brush a kiss over her lips. “Are you jealous, sweet girl?”

“Would you be if you thought I’d had a parade of boys going through a revolving door that led to my bedroom?”

My mood soured in a split second. “Don’t ever mention boys and your bedroom in the same sentence again unless you’re talking about our sons,” I growled.

She looked so smug I couldn’t help but chuckle. “Well played, Isabella.”

“Thank you.” Her tone was superior, and she looked so adorable that I had to kiss her again. “You still didn’t answer my question,” she panted when I let her up for air.

“You are absolutely right, sweet girl,” I murmured as I pushed back from the wall and took her hand again. “The only woman who has slept here is my mother and my housekeeper. And”—I held up my hand to stop the query I knew was on the tip of her tongue—“before you ask. No woman I’ve slept with has ever set foot in here either.” I made sure that she saw how serious I was when I finished with, “Isabella, it’s been longer than I can remember since I’ve even considered a date with someone. And even if it hadn’t been, I would have forgotten all about them the second you walked into my life.”

Her expression turned dreamy as she beamed up at me. “Really?”

“Really.” I kissed her nose and continued leading her down the hall.

Right as we walked up to the last room I wanted to show her—before the master—she stopped short and yanked my hand to bring me to a halt as well.

I faced her and raised an eyebrow, waiting for her to tell me what was on her mind. “Did you say sons? Our sons?”

Laughter bubbled up, and I couldn’t keep it in. She pouted and crossed her arms over her chest but waited patiently for me to finish.

“Bit of a delayed reaction, baby?”

Her eyes narrowed, and I almost laughed again but kept a straight face until I turned away and opened the door to the room we’d stopped in front of.

“Yes, Isabella,” I murmured as I walked her inside. “Our sons. And daughters.”

My little bombshell gasped and stared around the room in shock.

We were in the room next door to the master suite. I’d had it painted white, and a woman at the baby store had helped me order all of the furniture, also white. I figured this way, Isabella could decorate in whatever color or theme she wanted. But I mostly wanted her to see that I’d built a nursery for our children. A similar room was currently being designed at the ranch.

I moved to stand behind her and wrapped my arms around her waist, setting my chin on the top of her head. “I intend to fill all of the empty bedrooms in our house someday, but they’ll all start in the nursery.”

“All?” There was a smile in Isabella’s voice, and I turned her around so she was gazing up at me, her eyes twinkling. “All both of them?”

My smile was mischievous. “I don’t mean the rooms in this house, sweet girl.”

Her brow puckered as she studied me in confusion. “This isn’t your house?”

“First, it’s *our* house, and second, *we* have four houses. This penthouse, a villa in Italy, and one in Spain. But these are just our houses. Our *home* is our ranch out by Fentonville.”

“A ranch?” Her eyes lit with excitement, and her smile was radiant. It was so fucking beautiful, my heart clenched.

Could she really be mine? This incredible creature?

The urge to truly claim her slammed into me harder than ever before.

“Yes. And I’ll tell you all about it later.” I’d reached the end of my patience. “Right now, I have one last room to acquaint you with.” I swept her up into my arms and started toward the door.

“Um, Beau?”

“Yes?”

“Can I ask you something?”

I kicked one of the double doors to the master open before I answered. “Anything. I have no secrets from you.”

“Exactly how many rooms does the ranch have?”

I walked up to the bed and dropped her onto the mattress, then blanketed her body with my own before answering with a charming smile. “Six.”

Isabella choked, then coughed and sputtered a few times, making me chuckle. It was so damn adorable I had to kiss her.

She immediately relaxed and wound her arms around my neck, opening her mouth so I could sweep my tongue inside. I fucking loved her taste. It was like candy to me, and I couldn’t get enough.

All of the unspent sexual tension stored up inside me was testing the limits of my control. While a part of me wanted to undress her slowly, to savor it, the other—much louder and insistent—side wanted nothing more than to be skin to skin with my girl.

When I pulled back, my cock practically wept at Isabella’s passion-glazed eyes, flushed skin, and bee-stung lips. “You are

so unbelievably gorgeous,” I said in a low, raspy tone. My throat was dry and tight from the effort it was taking to hold back.

She smiled sweetly and placed a palm on my cheek. “You make me feel like the most beautiful woman in the world.”

“Then I’m doing something right,” I teased with a wink. She giggled, but the sound quickly turned into a moan when I cupped her luscious tits and gently squeezed them. I needed more, so I grasped the hem of her new dress and pushed it up and over her head, then tossed it somewhere behind me.

I’d picked the dress specifically for the easy access...and the fact that it hid her sexy body from anyone’s view but mine.

Her cleavage quivered with every choppy breath, her breasts straining against the confines of her lacy bra. When I had ordered new clothes for Isabella, I’d included new underwear, and I smiled, seeing that she’d put them on. My favorite part was the front clasp on the bra.

I unhooked it and groaned as the heavy globes spilled free. “Your tits are sexy as fuck, Isabella.” I cupped them once more and brushed the pad of my thumbs over the stiff, rosy peaks. “And just the thought of what they’ll look like when they are swollen and filled with milk almost makes me come.”

Her eyes widened, and I briefly wondered if I’d shown her a little too much of my obsession, but they burned with desire, and her back arched, pressing her deeper into my hands. “You like that idea, sweet girl?” I crooned. “Your belly full with our child and my lips drinking from your milky tits?”

Isabella’s thighs squeezed together, and she bit her lip, her expression shy, but after a few seconds, she nodded.

I grinned and kissed each nipple before letting them go and scooting down her body. She was left in nothing but a pair of white cotton panties. I’d chosen white because it seemed fitting since I was about to take her virginity. Perhaps that would have seemed crazy to others, but I didn’t give a shit about anyone’s opinion except Isabella’s.

As I glided my hands up her legs, my cock twitched in anticipation of having them wrapped around me. “So sweet,” I murmured when my fingers trailed up the sensitive skin in the crease of her thighs. “So innocent.” I grabbed a fistful of her panties. “All mine,” I growled before I ripped the fabric away.

Isabella gasped and clenched her thighs, but I was prepared for the reaction and was already pushing her open wide. “Don’t close them again,” I ordered.

Her center was pink and swollen, and her naked folds were already glistening with her arousal. My mouth watered as I remembered the feel of her juicy pussy on my tongue and her exquisite taste.

I hastily stripped down to my boxer briefs and knelt between her legs. When I glanced up, the expression on her face gave me pause. She was staring at the substantial bulge in my underwear, looking both intrigued and a little apprehensive.

Evidently, her quick peek at my dick in my office and feeling the bulge in my pants hadn’t prepared her to see the outline of my giant cock with its head peeking out the waistband of my underwear when I was so close to actually putting it inside her.

“Relax, sweet girl,” I said in a soothing voice as I gently petted her mound. “I promised to make it good for you, remember?”

“But...it’s so...are you sure it will fit?”

I almost laughed, but I could see that she was genuinely worried, so I matched her serious tone. “You were made for me, Isabella. I promise, we’ll fit together perfectly. It just might take a little time to break you in. I’ll be patient, and we’ll go as slow as you need.”

I picked up one of her hands and kissed the palm while I waited for her eyes to rise and meet mine. “I will never hurt you if I can help it.” The fear was receding, so I gave her a lopsided smile and winked. “Unless you ask me to.”

Isabella blushed hard, and the pretty pink color went down to the tips of her breasts. I knew it would spread even further south when she was in the throes of an orgasm, and I was beyond ready to see it again.

“What, um, what did you mean by that?” she asked softly. I grinned when I saw the spark of heat in her curious eyes.

I was glad to see she was interested in new ideas—I had a feeling that she would be adventurous in bed. However, that was a conversation for later, after I’d popped her cherry. “We can talk about that another time, baby. I can’t take another minute without you in my mouth.”

After another fast kiss, I grabbed a pillow and helped her put it under her head and shoulders. Then I repositioned myself to sit on my heels between her spread legs and slipped an arm under each one. “Put your hands flat under your back, baby,” I instructed. She did as she was told, and her ass came up off the mattress as I rose to my knees. I pulled her body closer so it was snug against my aching cock, exposing my girl’s drenched pussy. It wouldn’t have taken much for me to dip my dick into her slippery channel, but I ground my jaw and reminded myself that I’d promised not to hurt her if at all possible. I needed to prepare her so her muscles would relax and stretch to accommodate my thickness.

Lifting her legs up even farther, I draped them over my broad shoulders so they were still nice and wide. Isabella was

resting on her shoulders, but her arms and the pillow gave her support.

My mouth watered at the scent of her arousal wafting up from her center, and I licked my lips in anticipation. Palming her ass cheeks, I raised her hips just a little more before bending my head. My tongue swiped up her seam, and I groaned as her flavor burst over my taste buds. "I'm going to have this for breakfast every fucking morning," I growled.

I dived back in and devoured Isabella, eating her until she toppled into a climax that had her eyes rolling to the back of her head. But I wasn't anywhere near done. I kept feasting, driving her higher until she was wildly pumping her hips, and her pussy was dripping with juice. There was so much that I hadn't been able to lick it clean fast enough. "You have no idea how fucking hot it is that I make you so wet."

Pink stained her cheeks, but she forgot all about being embarrassed when I latched onto her clit.

"Beau!" she cried as her body trembled, hanging on the edge of release again. She bit her lip and suppressed her sound when I took another deep pull.

I released the hard little pearl and frowned, ignoring her whimper of protest. "There's no one here but you and me, sweet girl. You can be as loud as you want, and I highly encourage screaming."

Isabella giggled, then gasped and shouted my name when I shoved my stiffened tongue inside her. "Oh, Beau! Oh! Oh, yes!"

The louder she was, the closer I came to losing control. But I wasn't about to tell her to stop because I loved every second of it. I replaced my tongue with a single finger. It was a tight fit, but her slickness allowed me to glide right in. My mouth returned to her bundle of nerves, and I grazed it with my teeth as I curled my digit into her G-spot. I gently bit, and she screamed the walls down as another orgasm slammed into her.



I was probably making a fucking mess of my underwear with the amount of come oozing from my tip every time she came. But I didn't give a shit. All I cared about was making sure Isabella was so high on ecstasy that she wouldn't notice the pain of my intrusion.

While her body convulsed from her climax, she squirted down my throat, and I almost blew my entire load right then. Somehow, I found the strength to hold back a little longer by focusing on her pleasure as I worked a second finger into her channel. By the time I made her come again, I had managed to add one more digit. Together, they weren't as big as my dick, but I'd prepared her as much as I could.

Gently, I lowered her back to the mattress, then I shucked off my ruined boxer briefs before crawling up her body until I was covering her from head to toe. My lips captured hers, and I fed her with her own delicious flavor. Isabella had been practically boneless when I set her down, but it didn't take her long to begin to respond. I loved the way she reacted to me. She didn't bother to hide her feelings, and it was refreshing and incredibly sexy.

I removed the pillow from beneath her shoulders and shoved it under her hips, then guided her legs around my waist. My cock had obviously figured out what was next because it pulsed with each beat of my heart. I was so fucking hard it hurt, and my swollen head was an angry shade of red.

When I'd had my fill of her lips, I moved to her big, ripe tits and lavished them with attention while I moved myself into position. Isabella was so lost in her bliss that she didn't tense when I eased the tip inside her hole. "Fuck," I grunted when her tight heat closed around me. My cock spurted come, filling her entrance and spilling out.

I mentally groaned. Thirty-eight fucking years old, and I came the second I barely put an inch inside her.

However, it lubed her up even more, and I slid in a little more without resistance until I bumped the thin barrier of her virginity. Isabella tensed, and I locked eyes with her. "Relax, sweet girl. Remember how it feels when I make you orgasm.

Think about how fucking amazing it's going to feel when you're coming on my naked cock."

Isabelle's eyes went wide, and she darted a glance at where we were joined, then back to my face. "Shouldn't we—?"

"Hell fucking no," I growled. "When I take you, I do it bare. I don't want anything between us. And"—I tapped her lips knowing she was about to ask—"I don't want anything stopping me from breeding you."

Isabella's mouth opened in a shocked O, but her brown eyes burned, and the flecks of amber looked almost like sparks from a fire.

"We need to get started filling those bedrooms, sweet girl," I teased. Her muscles suddenly contracted around my cock, and I groaned as I dropped my head into the crook of her neck. "You have no idea what it does to me that you get turned on by the idea of having my baby inside you."

I'd come to the end of my rope, so I took her mouth in another soul-deep kiss, pouring all of my love and joy into it. Then I gripped her hips and punched my hips forward, tearing through her innocence and bottoming out with that one thrust.

Isabella gasped, and her body went taut. I stilled, giving her time to adjust, but it wasn't easy, and my hands clenched with the effort. I knew she'd have bruises in the morning, and I probably should have been sorry about it. But just like her virgin blood on my sheets, the bruises on her delicate skin were flags of ownership. Proof that Isabella belonged to me and only me.

Those thoughts didn't help in my battle for sanity, and my cock twitched, making me involuntarily shift.

My girl whimpered, and when I saw her eyes were shut tight, I silently berated myself for breaking my promise and causing her pain. "Are you okay, sweet girl?" I asked softly.

"Do that again," she breathed. Her lids lifted, and I was swept away by the passion glowing in their chocolate depths.

Cautiously, I retreated a few inches, then pushed forward again.

“Ohhhhh,” she moaned, and her legs clamped around me while her fingers dug into my biceps. I did it again, a little faster this time, and was rewarded when her hips snapped up to meet my stroke. “Harder,” she begged.

My mind broke, and everything flew out except the feel of Isabella’s body hugging me close and her pussy strangling my dick. “Fuck,” I grunted as I moved in and out, going farther back each time before thrusting in a little harder. “You feel so damn good. Oh, yeah, baby,” I groaned. “Fuck. That’s it. Take it all.”

“More,” Isabella panted, and she squeezed her inner walls so they locked me in a vise grip, and I had to fight to pull back.

“Fuck!” I shouted as my body took over, slamming into Isabella with enough force to knock the headboard into the wall. “You want it harder, sweet girl? Deeper?”

“Yes! Beau! Oh, yes!” She shook with the force of her need, growing closer to her climax with every thrust.

When the tip of my cock bumped her cervix, the animal intent on breeding its mate took over. I bent my knees to rise up a bit and took one of her legs from around me. I straightened it, then rested her calf on my shoulder before leaning my weight forward. The new position not only opened her up more but it was also a deeper penetration, and I hit her cervix every time.

“I’m going to fuck your tight, young pussy every chance I get and fill your womb until it’s overflowing,” I vowed in a gritty voice. “Gonna get you bred so everyone who sees you knows you’re taken.”

Isabella’s whole body convulsed, and despite being in the throes of passion, a smile creased my face. “You like that plan, sweet girl?”

“Yessss,” she hissed. “Oh, Beau. Oh! Yes!”

“Come, Isabella,” I commanded. My balls were drawing up, and my cock was so damn hard that every glide through her channel was both pain and ecstasy.

I reached between us and pinched her clit, setting her off like a firecracker. She came hard, screaming my name so loud my ears were ringing.

But it was the match to my flame, and I exploded inside her as fire consumed me. My mind blinked in and out, along with my vision, but my body knew what to do. It continued to pound Isabella's pussy as streams of hot come jetted from my cock.

Isabella hadn't even recovered from her last climax when she began spiraling toward another. "Beau!" she cried as she shook with blissful spasms. "I can't! Oh, yes! Oh! I can't! I—"

"You fucking will," I grunted.

Much to my shock, when she was tossed off the cliff, falling headfirst into another orgasm, I went with her. It barreled through me like a gale force wind, and I blew even more of my seed. This time, I planted myself as deep as possible and released it as close to her cervix as I could, knowing it was soft and open from all of the orgasms.

I held her close and reveled in the way she clung to me as if I were her safe harbor in a storm. Eventually, the skies began to calm, and our hearts slowed to a steady rhythm. Our breathing returned to normal. Worried about my weight crushing her, I supported myself on my elbows, but I didn't pull out or move her from her elevated position on the pillow.

I brought her leg down, though, and she let it flop out to the side like the other one. It widened her hips, and I somehow slid in a few centimeters more. I groaned and thought about anything except the way her silky pussy felt when my dick slid along its walls.

"Fucking hell," I muttered.

"Is it always like that?" Isabella whispered, her voice filled with awe.

I stared into her happy, satisfied eyes, and warmth bloomed in my chest. I loved her so fucking much, and I wanted to tell her. But I wasn't sure she was ready. So instead,

I said, "No, sweet girl. What we have is special and incredibly rare. Just like you."

The last thing I wanted to do after waking up in Beau's arms was go to school. Unfortunately, I had a full day of classes ahead of me. At least tomorrow I would be able to spend the day with him at the office.

Twisting in his embrace so that I could stare up at him, my heart melted out how cute he looked when he was rumpled and sleepy-eyed. "Morning."

"Good morning, sweet girl." He brushed his lips against mine and hugged me closer. "As much as I would love to play hooky with you today, we have to get moving because I have a full day of meetings today. I learned last Friday that I am a fuck of a lot more productive when you're not in the office, so I've packed my schedule on Tuesdays and Thursdays."

I loved that he had already been adjusting his calendar before anything had happened between us. "Do you have time to take me to school before you go to the office? I didn't think about it until now, but I should have driven myself so my car wasn't in the parking lot overnight."

"Damn straight, I have time to take you. Even if I had an early morning meeting, I'd move it if you wanted me to." He gave me another kiss. "But I had your car brought over after we got here."

"Thank you." My eyes went wide, and my lips formed a circle. "Oh no, I don't have a change of clothes with me."

The dress he bought me yesterday was in a crumpled heap on the floor, so that wouldn't work. But Beau proved that he

really thought of everything when it came to me when he said, “Don’t worry, sweet girl. I had a few things dropped off yesterday for you. My housekeeper put them in the closet.”

I beamed a relieved smile at him. “You better be careful, or you’re going to spoil me,” I warned.

“That’s exactly what I plan on doing.” He patted my butt. “Every minute of every day.”

My nose scrunched as I thought about how my dad was bound to react to the idea of Beau and I getting into a relationship. I hadn’t really dated at all, and I was sure it would be a shock to him that my first boyfriend was closer to his age than mine. “I have a couple of friends who will be more than happy to cover for me a few nights a week so I can spend them with you.”

He scanned my face, his eyes turning serious. “I’m willing to give you a little time to settle into being mine before we talk to your dad about us, but it’s going to happen sooner rather than later.”

“I need until the end of the semester. I can’t risk him messing up my internship and having to push back my graduation.”

“He can’t do anything about your internship. I’m the managing partner.”

“But he’s still my dad.”

“I made you mine last night, and there’s no going back from that.”

I hated the possibility that he thought I was having second thoughts and rushed to reassure him. “No, that’s not it at all. The last thing I want is for this thing between us to end. Ever.”

“Good, because I’m never letting you go.”

I nuzzled my face against his chest and whispered, “It’s too bad you have to let me go for the day. I would love to spend it with you at the ranch instead of going to school.”

He stroked his fingers through my hair and brushed a kiss against the top of my head. “Can you come up with a

believable excuse to be away for the whole weekend? If so, we can head straight to the ranch after work tomorrow.”

“Yes!” I exclaimed, my head tilting back so I could smile up at him. “I can absolutely come up with something for that. I am so looking forward to meeting all of the animals and seeing those bedrooms you told me about last night.”

“Perfect, because we need to start christening them too.” My cheeks heated as he rolled us off the mattress and nudged me toward the bathroom. “Go take a shower and get ready, sweet girl. I’ll use a different one, so we actually make it out the door before half the day is over. And so I’m not tempted to sink my cock in your pussy quite so soon after taking your virginity. You need a little recovery time, and no way in hell would I be able to give it to you if I was that close to your perfect body while it’s naked with water dripping down your sexy curves. ”

I was grinning as I padded into the bathroom, and the smile didn’t leave my face all the way through breakfast—blueberry pancakes and bacon, another favorite meal of mine. It wasn’t until he walked me to my car, in the spot next to his in the parking garage, that my lips curved down. “I hate not knowing for sure if I’ll be able to see you tonight.”

“I hate it too, sweet girl,” he grumbled, pulling me against his chest. “I’m more than willing to talk to your dad today. Just say the word, and I’ll take care of it.”

“You have no idea how much I’m tempted to tell you to do it today.” Shaking my head, I heaved a deep sigh. “But there’s only a few months to go until I need to turn in my internship evaluation to my guidance counselor. In the grand scheme of things, that’s not very long when we’ll have our whole lives together. And as much as I hate the idea of lying to my parents about where I am and what I’m doing, I’d feel better if we could hold out until then. Please.”

“I’ll do my best,” he promised, hugging me close.

I dragged his masculine scent into my lungs. “That’s all I can ask for.”



“Text me when you get to school,” he growled as he stepped back. “And once you know if you can get away to be with me again tonight.”

“Will do.” I darted forward to give him one last quick kiss before I climbed into my car and pulled out of the parking garage.

Once I was closer to school and confident I knew the route I was taking, I pulled up my dad’s contact on my phone and called him. “Good morning, Izzy.”

“Morning, Daddy.”

“Did you have fun with Stephanie last night? Get your project done?”

“Yeah, it was a great night.” That was certainly true even though who I’d been with and where wasn’t. But I was doing my best to limit how many lies I had to tell. “And my homework is all done and ready to turn in today.”

“Good job. I’m really proud of you.”

I smiled at the compliment while also feeling awful for keeping such a huge secret from him. But it was all for the best in the long run, and I only hoped he’d understand when he found out about Beau and me. “Thanks, Daddy.”

“How’s the internship going? Beau must be keeping you busy because I never see you around the office.”

My voice was strangled as I answered, “Um, yes. He’s keeping me very busy.”

“I hope you realize how lucky you are to be working directly under him. He has a brilliant legal mind, and you can learn quite a lot more from him than you would have if you had remained with Kevin. He’s nowhere in Beau’s league yet.”

Thank goodness his lecture hadn’t ended with his first sentence, or my brain wouldn’t have had time to recover from thinking of all the ways I’d literally been beneath Beau instead of the figurative way my dad had meant. “I do know how lucky I am. He even let me sit in on a client meeting yesterday.”

“Really?” He sounded as shocked as I’d been when Beau had told me he wanted me there. “Which client?”

“Derek Hilliard.” Thinking about how gross he’d been, my nose wrinkled.

“Ah, we recently shifted to taking over his personal account after he sold his business. He can be...a little bit much, but the billable hours are well worth dealing with the man.”

“Yeah, I’m not sure about that,” I mumbled.

“What do you mean?”

No way in heck was I going to tell my dad that Beau had the man removed from the building, but I could at least share how creepy Derek had been so that when he found out, he wouldn’t blow a gasket. “He asked me out on a date. More than once since I said no.”

“What? The man is more than a decade older than you,” my dad boomed.

His reaction to a date I hadn’t even accepted reinforced my decision to wait until the end of the semester to tell him about my feelings for his boss. “Don’t worry, Daddy. Beau set him straight.” *Just not for the reasons you think.*

“I’ve always said Beau Trahan is a good man, and this just proves it. I owe him a debt of gratitude for looking after my baby girl.”



“**W**hy don’t you stay here and put your feet up? Rest,” I cajoled as I glided my lips down Isabella’s neck. I was trying to convince her not to go to the long-ass meeting I had to attend in ten minutes.

“Stop trying to seduce me into doing whatever you want me to,” she huffed adorably, even as she tilted her head to give me better access.

“Is it working?”

“Ummmm,” she moaned when I cupped her tits under her thin sweater. They’d been extremely sensitive for the past week or so. They’d grown, too.

I wasn’t sure if she’d noticed, but if she had, she clearly wasn’t putting the pieces together.

She’d also taken a few extra naps on the couch in my office.

“No,” she muttered and ripped herself out of my arms. She whirled around to face me, punched her hands on her hips, and glared at me. “I have a job to do, and just because I’m the boss’s girlfriend doesn’t mean I get to be lazy and slack off.”

I rolled my eyes. “Girlfriend?”

Isabella’s pouty lips turned down. “If I’m not your girlfriend, what am I?”

I shrugged and snagged my arm around her waist, dragging her up against me. “Mine.”

Five minutes later, her lips were swollen, her skin flushed, and her hair a wild mess from my fingers running through it. I grinned smugly, but it fled when she peered up at me and snipped, “I’m still going.”

Her face turned a little green, but she took a deep breath through her nose, and it passed.

I sighed, amused and frustrated with my girl. I’d immediately put it together a few days before when she’d paled at the smell of bacon but had decided to let her tell me. She hadn’t.

This morning, she bolted from the bed to throw up, and when I hurried to the bathroom to care for her, she’d assured me that it was probably just something she ate. It hit me then that Isabella hadn’t realized she was pregnant.

Unfortunately, we hadn’t had time for me to sit her down and inform her that she was carrying our baby. She’d had to rush and get ready for school, which I tried and failed to talk her out of.

She’d seemed tired and queasy since she arrived at the office, so I didn’t want her being forced to sit through a partner meeting that could last several hours. But Isabella could be stubborn when she wanted to, and with the way her hormones were going crazy, she’d been a little more so lately.

“All right,” I conceded. “But you’re going to sit next to me, and if you so much as yawn, I’m sending you back here to rest.”

A bright smile crossed her face, and she went up on her tiptoes to give me a quick kiss on the lips. It did not escape my notice that she hadn’t agreed with me, and knowing her like I did...

I stalked to my desk, grabbed my suit coat, and put it on. Then I leaned over my computer and shot off a quick email before shutting it down. Isabella had organized the files for this meeting and left them in a neat pile on my desk, so I grabbed them and headed for the door to my office, where she was already waiting for me.

On our way to the conference room, she walked slightly ahead. If I hadn't been irritated that her reason was so no one would suspect anything was going on between us, I would have thoroughly enjoyed watching her sexy ass and hips sway with every step.

We'd arrived early to prepare, and while I went to the head of the table to set up, Isabella walked around the table and placed a similar but thinner folder in each spot.

A knock on the door preceded a boy in a white shirt and black pants entering with a rolling cart.

"Hey, Izzy," he said with a smile that was entirely too friendly. "I have your order."

"Fantastic!" Isabella practically skipped over to him, and her tits bounced with every step. Something the kid didn't miss either. I scowled at him, but he was too focused on my bombshell to notice that his life was in serious peril.

He took a silver tray from the cart and removed the domed lid to reveal a spread of pastries, cookies, and other baked treats.

Isabella immediately snatched up one of her favorite cookies and took a bite. She moaned in delight, but she jumped and dropped the sweet when I shot to my feet, causing my chair to crash against the wall behind me.

"Get. Out." I gritted at the little shit staring at my woman like she was *his* favorite cookie.

One look at my face and he scrambled from the room so fast he nearly stumbled over his own feet.

"Well, that was rude," Isabella huffed.

I rounded on her, my body vibrating with jealous tension. "And what do you call lusting after another man's woman?"

She rolled her eyes as she picked up another cookie and took a bite. "He didn't know."

"And whose fault is that?" I snapped. I hadn't meant to say it, but the accusation had slipped out among all the rioting emotions inside me.

Isabella's eyes dropped to the floor, and she whispered morosely, "Mine."

"Fuck," I muttered as I closed the distance between us but stopped short of touching her. I fucking hated that I couldn't take her in my arms right at that moment. "I'm so sorry, sweet girl. You have every right to want to wait. It was the logical choice. I'm just...I'm an asshole, and I hate that I can't claim you in public. Tell everyone that you are mine. It kills me that I can't touch you whenever I want. Or kiss you. Especially now that—"

"Izzy!" Ellis's booming voice broke the spell around us. Izzy took two steps back, and I swallowed my desire to drag her close and tuck her into my body.

Instead, I pasted on a smile and turned around. "Ellis. Nice to see you."

"Hey, Daddy," Isabella greeted him sweetly as she walked into his open arms for a hug.

I gritted my teeth and trudged back over to the head of the table.

"Come sit by me," Ellis said.

Isabella glanced at me, and I glared at her. "Um, I think I should be professional and sit by my boss," she told her dad with a smile that would turn the hardest heart to sugar.

Ellis nodded and looked at her proudly. "Right."

A few of the other partners had entered, and he turned to speak with them as my woman made her way over to me and sat in the seat on my left. She set out her laptop and booted up the program we used to take notes so that everyone could access them.

The meeting droned on for two hours before I spied Isabella stifling a yawn. I was about to order her to go lie down when someone called my name. It was Dana Pollock, a senior partner who'd been with the firm for over ten years.

"Did I hear correctly that we were let go by Derek Hilliard? And he is now suing us?"

“That’s one way to look at it,” I responded, my temper spiking at the name of that prick. I’d received the notice of his bullshit lawsuit a few days ago. One call to a judge, and it had disappeared.

Dana raised her brow. “And the other way would be?”

“I kicked his ass to the curb.”

Someone snickered, and we both looked toward the sound. George Dobson, a junior partner and an immature jackass, was grinning at me. “I heard you two were after the same woman. Must have been a hot piece of—”

“George!” Dana barked. “Not appropriate.”

I was going to have to do something about him. He’d never done anything inappropriate with a client or a co-worker, so I hadn’t had any reason to fire him, other than the fact that I just didn’t like him. But I could send him to sexual harassment training and some others that might help him grow up. At the very least, it would keep him out of my sight for a while.

“Is it true?” Dana asked.

I blinked, having lost my train of thought.

“Did we lose one of our biggest clients because of a fight over a woman?” Her tone was annoyed, and her blue eyes were snapping with indignation. Dana was heavily involved in women’s rights, and it was her specialty in law as well.

“It’s not that simple,” I replied calmly. “Derek came on to the woman in question, and when she refused him, he pressured her, making her uncomfortable. In order to keep things amicable, I informed him of our policy that employees are not permitted to fraternize with clients.”

“Oh.” Dana’s righteous anger disappeared, and she nodded respectfully. “Thank you for defending her.”

“He fired us because of that?” another lawyer asked, unwilling to let the subject drop until they had the full story.

“In a manner of speaking. He let us go in order to resume his advances or, more correctly categorized, his sexual



harassment. Since he was no longer a client, I saw no reason not to throw him out of the building.”

“And the lawsuit is because she chose you, eh?” George guffawed.

*What an ass.*

“She already belonged to me,” I snapped before I could think better of it.

Isabella gasped, and my gaze swung in her direction, concerned that she might be sick. But she was staring across the table in horror, and I followed her line of sight to see her father’s eyes pinned on me.

His face was so red, I was worried he might burst a blood vessel, and if looks could kill, I’d have been incinerated to nothing but ash. Confused by his reaction, I shifted my focus to Isabella, who definitely looked as though she was going to throw up.

“I told him about Derek hitting on me,” she confessed in a whisper.

*Ah.* So that was what this was about.

Ellis stood and placed his hands on the table before leaning over it and growling, “A word in private, Trahan?”

I nodded. “We hit most everything on the agenda. I’ll send out an email with the last few items. They didn’t require discussion in the meeting. It was simply convenient.”

The room was full of Ivy League–educated, high-powered lawyers, all over the age of thirty. Yet every face was filled with naked curiosity.

“That will be all,” I said a little more firmly. I could practically hear their silent sighs of disappointment at missing the drama.

Their exit dragged on, and I wanted to tear up everyone’s yearly bonus for giving Ellis more time to stew in his anger. The longer it went on, the less likely he was to handle things rationally.

Finally, it was just the three of us left.

Ellis dragged his icy stare away from me, and his eyes softened a little as he looked at his daughter. But his tone was harsher than I appreciated when he spoke to her. “Izzy, go wait for me in my office.”

“Watch your tone,” I snarled. Then I went down on my haunches in front of Isabella’s chair, concerned that this might be overly upsetting to her. “Are you okay?” She was pale, and I didn’t like the way her normally bright eyes had dimmed. “Do you want to go lie down in my office while I talk to him?”

“Beau, get away from my daughter!” Ellis boomed, but I ignored him.

Isabella took a deep breath and shook her head. “I’m not going to let you face him alone,” she vowed softly.

“I can handle it,” I assured her, brushing wayward strands of her silky hair out of her face.

“I know that, but you don’t have to. We should face him together.”

I smiled in spite of the situation because I should have expected this. My bombshell was gorgeous, smart, independent, and courageous. “If that’s what you want.”

Isabella nodded resolutely, so I rose to my feet and focused my steely gaze on Ellis. “She stays.”

“That’s not your decision,” he argued, slamming his hand down on the table.

I moved to stand a little in front of my girl. “I think you’re mistaken. That’s my name on that door, and I have the last word here.”

“You don’t have a say when it comes to my daughter.”

“I do when she’s my wife.” The words flew from my mouth before I even realized they were on the tip of my tongue. *Fuck.*

Ellis blanched and stumbled back a few steps in shock. “You—you’re not...” he sputtered, then shook his head as if to clear it.

“No!” Isabella squeaked as she jumped out of her chair. “Daddy, we aren’t married!”

I grumbled about that in my head. If she hadn’t been so insistent that we keep our relationship a secret until the end of the semester, I’d have put my ring on her finger weeks ago. Then I reminded myself to take things one at a time. We would have to discuss the date of our wedding later.

“Someday soon, that’s going to be her name on that door too,” I stated. “So she has every right to be here.”

Ellis’s mottled face turned a dangerous shade of purple. “Well, someday is not today!” He pointed at Isabella. “Izzy, let’s go. We’re leaving.”

I sighed, done with this back and forth. Isabella was mine, and it was time everybody started fucking acting like it. My arm slipped around her waist, and I pulled her into me, resting my palm on her soft, flat belly.

“Isabella belongs to me in every way that counts, Ellis. And while she may not officially have my name *yet*, the baby she’s carrying does.”



“**B**aby?” I whispered, my hand moving to cover Beau’s where it rested on my belly, while all the color drained from my dad’s face as he dropped onto a chair.

Beau gripped my hips and turned me to face each other. “Sorry, sweet girl. I didn’t mean to bring it up like this.”

“I’m pregnant?” I was having a difficult time wrapping my brain around the possibility that I was carrying his baby even though we’d certainly talked about it often enough. And had plenty of unprotected sex over the past few weeks.

He nodded, his expression softening as his gaze dropped down to my belly. “I didn’t even realize that I needed to tell you until this morning when you thought you’d been sick because of something you ate. I’ve been waiting over the past few days for you to talk to me about it, and then it dawned on me that you hadn’t put the pieces together yet.”

“You were at his place this morning?” my dad sputtered. “I thought you said you were spending the night at Stephanie’s because you had another group project to work on?”

My hand trembled, and Beau pulled me closer, making it a little easier to admit to my father that I’d been lying to him all this time. “Um, yeah. About that...”

He scrubbed his palms down his face. “All those senior projects you were supposedly working on were just excuses to spend time with my boss? A man who is more than twice your age?”

I nodded, feeling as though I might throw up any minute—and not just because of the morning sickness I just now understood I'd been having. Along with my swollen, sensitive breasts and mood swings, I definitely should have realized I was pregnant before Beau pointed it out to me. But between school, my internship, and the newness of being in a relationship, I'd somehow missed all the signs. “Yes, Daddy. I've been spending all that time with Beau. I'm so sorry I wasn't honest with you and Mom.”

“You lied to us? For *him*?” he asked, a muscle jumping in his jaw.

“No, I lied to you for *me*, which Beau didn't want. At all,” I corrected. “He would've told you about us the first morning after we became a couple, but I insisted we wait.”

“How long has this been going on?” he gritted out, his gaze dropping to my stomach. I could practically see the wheels turning in his head as he added up the amount of time it would take for me to start having pregnancy symptoms. “The entire time you've been here for your internship?”

“Just about,” I confirmed with a nod. Now that our secret was out, I wasn't going to hide anything. And I refused to be ashamed. Beau made me happy, and my dad was just going to have to accept that we were together...especially now that I knew I was pregnant.

“He's old enough to be your father, Izzy.”

I rolled my eyes. “Only if he'd had me when he was close to my age now, Daddy.”

His gaze darted to my belly, and I knew what he was thinking—I was about to become a teen mom. Beau recognized it too, and warned, “Be careful with what you say next, Ellis.”

My dad's eyes were blazing as he shifted his focus to Beau. “Is this why you moved Izzy to your office? So you could use your position and take advantage of my daughter?”

“I think you missed how this conversation began, with me telling you that Isabella will be taking my name soon.” Beau's

grip on me tightened, a sure sign that he was trying to hold on to his temper for me. If he'd been talking to anyone but my dad, he would have let loose and taken him down several notches by now.

"Oh, Daddy," I sighed, shaking my head. "That's not how it happened. I was already falling for Beau before he so much as even kissed me."

"Falling for him?" he echoed.

I looked up at Beau and smiled as I finally said the words that had been in my heart almost the whole time I'd known him. "I love you so much."

There was so much emotion in his gorgeous blue eyes that I almost cried. Then again, maybe that was just the pregnancy hormones. Or both. "I love you too, my sweet girl. More than you can possibly know."

I lost my battle against the tears and sniffled, burying my face in his chest as I cried. "It's too damn hard to stay angry when my daughter is crying her heart out like that. Do something, man."

Beau stroked my back and told me everything was going to be okay, but I stayed right where I was so the two most important men in my life wouldn't realize my dad's grumbled words had turned my tears into laughter. If I had realized all I'd needed to do was cry to get him to back off, I would've done it at the start of the argument. But now that he was seeing reason, I wanted to give him and Beau a moment to bond over how uncomfortable they were with my tears.

"Her mom was like this when she was pregnant. For nine long months, she cried at the drop of a hat."

"Fuck," Beau groaned. I couldn't mask my giggles any longer. Cupping the back of my head, he tilted it back so he could see my face. "You think that's funny, sweet girl?"

"Maybe a little."

"Laugh now, but you're the one who gets to tell your mother about Beau and the baby," my dad muttered.

His threat didn't worry me at all. "Mom is going to be too excited about becoming a grandmother to worry about how it happened."

My dad sagged as though all the air had left his body. "I'm going to be a grandfather."

Beau smiled down at me. "You better get to work on planning our wedding, Isabella. Now that your dad knows about us and you're carrying my baby, I'm not going to wait long to legally make you mine."

Butterflies swirled in my belly as I quirked a brow and asked, "Is that your way of proposing?"

"I'm not asking, sweet girl." He reached inside the inner pocket of his suit coat and pulled out a jewelry box. Flipping the lid open with his thumb, he pulled out a ring and slid it on my finger. "I'm telling you we're getting married."

"Kind of how you told me I was pregnant?" I whispered as I stared down at the huge diamond he'd given me.

"Yes, and exactly how I'm telling you that we're leaving so we can properly celebrate our engagement."

My dad made a strangled sound in his throat and shot up from his chair. "I'll go tell Lola and Susie that I'll be taking over a few of your meetings today."

Looking up, I whispered, "Love you, Daddy."

"Love you too, Izzy." He stopped next to us and brushed a kiss against my forehead before glaring at Beau. "You better take damn good care of her."

There wasn't an ounce of hesitation in Beau's voice as he said, "I will."

After my dad stomped out of the conference room, Beau swept me off my feet and ignored the curious stares as he carried me past everyone and out to his car. When he got inside, he growled, "Don't say a single word until we get home. With my ring on your finger and my baby in your belly, I'm fresh out of patience. I don't trust myself not to pull over and take you on the side of the road somewhere."



Pressing my lips together, I spent the next ten minutes trying to come up with a safe way to make the new fantasy he'd just sparked come true. I'd finally decided we might need to take a little drive in the countryside the next time we were at the ranch when we arrived at our building. But I kept that little plan to myself as Beau climbed out of the car, stalked around to my side, and lifted me out before striding toward the elevator. We didn't even kiss on the way up, but my panties were drenched as he walked through the apartment and headed straight for the master bedroom.

"Dress off. Leave the panties," he ordered, gently placing me in the middle of the mattress.

I ate him up with my eyes while we both stripped, my breath catching in my throat when he was completely naked, his hard-on bobbing against his abdomen. He crawled on the mattress to settle between my splayed legs, and a shiver of anticipation raced up my spine at the heat in his blue eyes. His breath was hot against my core as he hooked his thumbs in the sides of my panties and growled, "This is going to be fast, sweet girl. I'm desperate to be inside you."

When he ripped the satiny fabric from my body, I let out a cry and threaded my fingers through his thick dark hair as he ate my pussy like he was starving for it. As though he hadn't gotten his fill just this morning. Using his tongue, fingers, and teeth, he quickly forced me higher and higher. My body was taut as he thrust two fingers into my tight channel and grunted, "Give it to me, Isabella. Need to make you come so I can take you."

"So close," I panted.

"My sweet, good girl."

He sucked my clit into his mouth, and my release crashed over me. "Beau! Yes!"

I was still riding the crest of my orgasm as he positioned himself over my body, notching the tip of his dick at my entrance. Wrapping my legs around his waist, I mewled, but he didn't move an inch. Instead, he stared down at me and

murmured, “You’re going to marry me and give me all the babies I want, aren’t you, Isabella?”

“Yes,” I gasped, digging my nails into his shoulders.

“Soon.”

I would have agreed to anything he wanted to get him to thrust deeper, but I meant it with all my heart when I said, “Yes, soon. Maybe a week or two after graduation. I can’t wait to be your wife.”

“Thank fuck.”

He finally punched his hips forward, his hard length forcing my inner walls apart and sending zings of pleasure across all my nerve endings. His gaze burned into mine as he moved in and out of me. Although his pace was hard and fast, I felt as though he was worshiping my body with his. We’d had sex many times already, but this felt special. More intimate somehow.

I wanted this moment to last forever, but another orgasm was already building in my body. My hips kept lifting to meet his. “I’m so close,” I gasped out.

“Give me another one, sweet girl, so I can fill you with my come.”

Leaning forward, he captured my lips. The shift of his body changed the angle of his cock, making it hit my G-spot on his next stroke. Intense pleasure coursed through my veins, and I flew over the edge, taking him with me. With my pussy clamped hard around his cock, he anchored himself deep. I felt the hot splashes of his come against my inner walls, and they lengthened my release.

When my shudders finally subsided, I could barely keep my eyes open. “It’s okay, Isabella. Take a nap. I’ll be right here.”

Just like with everything else we did in bed, my body listened to Beau’s command, and I drifted off to sleep in his arms—my favorite place in the world.

## **EPILOGUE**

**M**y grip on the steering wheel tightened as I drove up the gravel road that led to our home. Isabella was standing on the porch talking to one of the new ranch hands. He was a kid, no more than twenty, and his future was looking pretty fucking dark if he didn't stop ogling my wife.

I'd been forced to take a two-day trip to try a case in another state, and Isabella was just past the point where she couldn't fly. I wouldn't have gone, but her mother had agreed to stay with her while I was away, and my bombshell practically shoved me out the door.

Which I was still irritated about. But now that I was home, all I wanted to do was grab my sweet girl up in my arms and drink in her scent before sinking inside her and taking a nap. Instead, I was greeted by some little shit who had moved even closer to my very pregnant wife.

To be fair, Isabella looked radiant in a yellow sundress with spaghetti straps that clung to her ample tits and sexy baby bump before falling to her ankles. Her hair was piled on top of her head, and her cute feet were bare.

I couldn't blame the guy for liking what he saw, but I was about to kill him for the lust written all over his face.

I slammed the door of my car, making them both jump. Isabella spun around, and her smile stretched from ear to ear as she ran down the steps and flew toward me. I caught her in my arms and kissed her, pouring all of my love, desire, and possession into it.

Isabella moaned, and it snapped me out of the moment because the thought of anyone else hearing her sounds of passion made me feel homicidal.

“Fuck, I missed you, sweet girl,” I grunted as I buried my head in her neck and inhaled deeply. I didn’t care if the Pope was on trial. I wasn’t going on any more trips without taking my bombshell with me.

“Me, too,” she said breathlessly. “So much.”

“Let’s go inside, and you can show me how much,” I growled playfully, giving her round ass a little pat.

She giggled, and I dropped an arm over her shoulders before walking us back toward the house. The ranch hand was still standing there, but when he clocked my expression, he looked away guiltily and shuffled his feet.

When we reached the porch, I stopped in front of him. “As if the giant rock on her finger and the swollen belly weren’t enough of a reason not to flirt with my wife, the fact that she’s your boss didn’t occur to you as a really fucking bad idea?”

“He wasn’t flirting—”

I tucked Isabelle into my side and kissed her temple, slightly amused at her indignant tone. “You keep on believing that, sweet girl.” Then I scowled at the ranch hand and barked, “Get the hell off my land. And I better not see you within a mile of my wife and children. Ever.”

The kid nodded and took off without a word.

“Was that really necessary?” Isabella huffed with exasperation.

I dropped my gaze to her beautiful face, and when I saw the heat burning in them, my cock sprang to life. “You know my jealousy turns you on, baby,” I said in a low, sexy growl that I knew made her wet.

Her cheeks turned pink, but a smirk curled her pouty lips. “Maybe.”

I laughed and swept her up into my arms, carried her into the house, and made love to her until we were both exhausted

and spent.

Sometime later, I woke up and slipped from the bed to grab a drink and my cell phone. I went out to the back porch and sat in one of the rockers I'd bought when Isabella looked longingly at it in a store window. I often had to remind her that she could have whatever the hell she wanted.

I pulled up Hank's number and hit send before putting it on speaker.

"What's up, boss?" he answered. It always made me laugh when he called me that, considering he'd been like a second father to me growing up.

"I fired...what's-his-name. The young kid you just hired."

Hank was silent for a moment, then sighed. "I had a feeling when I sent him up to grab some tools Annie left in the garden, and he didn't come back."

"He was hitting on my wife," I gritted out through clenched teeth.

"You gonna fire everyone who looks too long at your woman?"

"Yes."

He was silent again for a few beats, then I heard him chuckle. "Fair enough."

"From now on, you hire women or married men," I ordered.

"Sure thing, boss."

Feeling a little better after we hung up, I made my way back to the bedroom and my sleeping wife. Then I climbed into bed and pulled her into my arms, resting my hand on her belly and grinning when our boy let me know he was aware of my presence by giving me a little kick. I'd never experienced such bliss, and I couldn't imagine how it could get any better.

But with every new day, Isabella proved me wrong.

## **EPILOGUE**

## ISABELLA

**L**iving on the ranch and building our family there was everything I had dreamed of. Except for the part where my precious baby boy decided he was old enough to get on the back of a horse and wouldn't listen to anyone who said otherwise. Even me.

Planting my fists on my hips, I called, "Samson Trahan, get down from that horse right this instant!"

"But Mama," he cried, "I'm doing so good."

"I can see how great you're doing." I swiveled my head to glare at my gorgeous husband. "But you shouldn't even be up there in the first place."

His lips curved into an apologetic grin as he walked toward me, while Jeff, one of the ranch hands—a happily married man in his fifties—stepped into his spot at our eldest son's side. "You agreed that he could start to learn how to ride when he turned six."

I quirked a brow and tilted my head to the side. "I still have five more days until that deadline passes."

"Oh, Mama. Are you really gonna make me wait until my birthday?"

When I turned to look at my son, he had tears welling in his blue eyes that were an exact replica of his daddy's. I knew that Beau would never do anything to put our children in harm's way, but I just wasn't ready to admit my eldest boy was



big enough to go horseback riding. Even though plenty of kids started much younger than him.

Much to everyone's surprise, I was even more protective of our kids than Beau. My mom liked to tease me about how I had the helicopter parent routine down pat, while my dad tended to back me up with comments about how I needed to keep an eye out for his grandbabies since there were so many of them. We'd only been married for five and a half years and already had three kids with another on the way.

And they each owned all of my heart, along with the man who'd given them to me. I didn't have it in me to tell Sammy no just to buy me five more days to come to terms with how big he'd gotten. "Of course not, sweetie. But I'm going to have to put Daddy in time-out later for letting you get on Buttercup."

"Ooh, you're in trouble, Daddy." Sammy giggled before he showed me how he could make Buttercup trot in a circle. Beau stayed by my side, stroking his palm down my back in a soothing gesture.

When our son brought the gentlest horse in our stable back around to a stop in front of me, his smile was the biggest I had ever seen on his precious face. "I'm gonna ride just like Daddy soon," he boasted.

"You sure are," Jeff agreed.

He really was a natural in the saddle and had gotten plenty of practice riding in front of Beau. Almost more than me with how often I was pregnant. "I guess since your birthday is this weekend, I can't be too upset about you having your first real lesson a little early."

"Does that mean no time-out for Daddy?"

"Don't worry about me, buddy," Beau reassured him as he flashed him a grin over his shoulder. "I can handle your mama just fine all on my own."

"Mm-hmm," I hummed. There was no use denying what was very true. Beau knew exactly how to handle me, and that included the apology orgasms he was no doubt going to give

me later on. Sometimes, I wondered if he pushed my buttons on purpose, just to get me riled up so he could make it up to me in bed.

“Sorry for taking you by surprise like this.” Beau slung his arm around my back and tugged me against his side. “Jeff was working with Buttercup in the paddock when we came out to check on the hoglets. As soon as he saw her, he ran straight to the fence and couldn’t tear his eyes away from her. Then he turned those puppy dog eyes of his at me and begged to get up on her back. Since it’s so close to his birthday, I gave in.”

I figured it had been something like that since he’d told me when they were headed out to check on the newborn hoglets and their mama hedgehog. After I’d gotten our other two down for their naps and realized how long they’d been outside, I’d gone searching for them. “That’s okay, babe. Just remember... paybacks are a you-know-what.”

Beau’s head reared back, and his gaze dropped to my rounded belly. “You better not be thinking about getting on top of Buttercup too, because no way in hell is that happening. Not until two months after you deliver.”

I winked at him. “That’s not the ride I’ll be most interested in being cleared for after I give birth.”

“You’ll get that kind of ride tonight and plenty more times before the baby comes.” He bumped his hip against mine. “But first, you need to put me out of my misery and tell me what you meant, sweet girl.”

“My mom brought over a flyer for a gymnastics class to show me, but Sylvie saw it first. It was all she could talk about while I was trying to get her to go down for her nap.”

Beau’s stance on our daughter—our youngest until the new baby came—starting gymnastics when she was only three was about the same as mine when it came to Sammy learning how to ride. But Sylvie was a bit of a hellion. My parents laid the blame for her daring ways firmly at my feet, insisting I was just as fearless at her age. Which apparently was how I’d gotten into cheerleading in the first place. After I had seen a flyer soar in the air on a television show, I’d tried to do the

same move...using the back of the couch as my base. It hadn't ended well for me, and my mom had to take me to the doctor to get an X-ray for my arm. Luckily, my injury was only a sprain and not a break. The doctor had suggested she enroll me in gymnastics classes so I'd learn how to do things the right way—and burn off some of my excess energy.

“My baby girl isn't old enough for gymnastics,” he grumbled.

“Just like my baby boy isn't old enough to be on top of a horse by himself,” I retorted. “Besides which, all they're going to do is run, jump, and learn how to somersault. She'll be safer doing that than Sammy is during his lessons. And either my mom or I will be there the whole time, watching over her.”

He bent his head low to stare at the ground as he heaved a deep sigh. “Fine, but I'm going to be there too.”

I had no doubt he would be. Beau had more than upheld his promise to make time for his family, handing over the reins of the managing partnership to my dad before we got married and taking a big step back on his billable hours as soon as Sammy was born. He'd made all my dreams come true and then some.

Our next release is [Two to Tango!](#) Lisa Morissette, the heroine, is a ballerina in [Dance with Me, Baby.](#)

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## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

The writing duo of Elle Christensen and Rochelle Paige team up under the Fiona Davenport pen name to bring you sexy, insta-love stories filled with alpha males. If you want a quick & dirty read with a guaranteed happily ever after, then give Fiona Davenport a try!

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