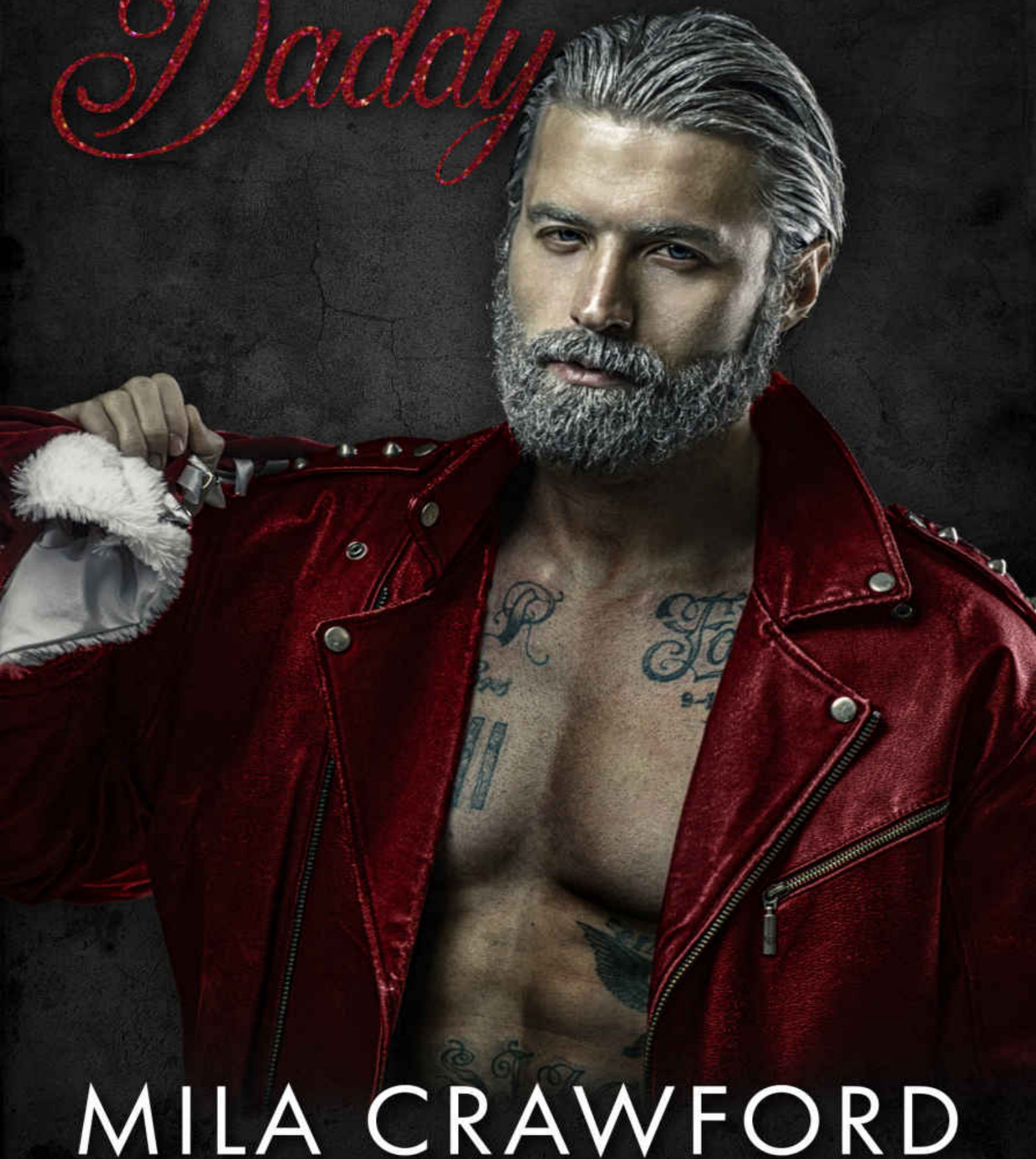


HOLIDAY DELIGHTS

# SANTA

*Daddy*




MILA CRAWFORD

SANTA DADDY  
MILA CRAWFORD

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*For the Girls that like them to be a little bit older.*

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## Author Notes

Dear Reader,

Please be advised that this book may contain some content that could be triggering to some.

Triggers, Degradation, Praise, Impact Play, Step-Uncle

20 Year Age gap, Daddy K!nk, Snowballing, Cream pies and Breeding

## Blurb

I've spent the last five years in survival mode. The only thing moving me forward is a memory from that night with a girl that I can't have.

Our love is forbidden but this Christmas no one will stop me from claiming what's mine.

Warning: This book is pure over the top indulgence. Read for a good time and vibes, only.

# Chapter 1

*Caleb*

“WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU WEARING?”

“I’m a naughty elf.” Lexi curtsies, flipping the tiny red lace skirt she’s wearing too damn high up her thigh for my liking.

“You like it?” She winks once, crossing her arms and enhancing her large, round breasts, ready for a battle.

As her step-uncle, I can’t help being disgusted at my reaction to her as a man. It’s the same urge I always get around her. All I can focus on is throwing her over my shoulder and hauling her to a cave somewhere.

My brother’s stepdaughter has been deep under my skin since we met at the wedding. She’s stubborn to the core, outspoken to a fault, and very often in need of punishment from my cock or my hands with the reaction she causes in my body.

“You’re a wicked brat in need of a spanking if you ask me.”

Lexi’s icy gaze holds mine. At twenty-three, I’m twice her age, but that doesn’t seem to faze her one bit. “What’s that, Caleb?”

My cock stands at attention, and my balls burn like she’s taken a baseball bat to them, something the little girl has been



doing from the moment I laid eyes on her.

I came to town for this damn overblown Christmas party my brother enjoys throwing every year. He's been beating me over the head with this tradition since we were kids. I'm better off dead than skipping the annual Christmas bash.

Usually, I pretend to tolerate it, but since Lexi came into his life, the only thing more tortuous than his party is avoiding her.

My eyes eat up Lexi's curves, her large tits, long legs, and perfectly rounded ass.

For five years, all I've thought about is her. I've buried my desires in bourbon and work to escape her pretty face, which haunts my dreams.

Lexi Everett.

Finally, all grown-up and standing in front of me in the shortest excuse for a costume I've ever seen.

"You heard me, Brat." I edge a little closer, invading her space.

"It's Christmas. Ease off, old man." She purses her pert little lips as if I've annoyed her before her pout turns into a crooked grin. "It's been a while since I've seen you, Caleb." She licks her lips, her gaze trailing across my face.

I must look weather-worn and aged like old leather compared to the youthful visage she sees in the mirror every day.

Lexi steps forward and laughs as she grazes the pad of her thumb across my temple. "Salt and pepper looks good on you."

"Don't test me, little girl," I growl.

My brain is unable to process her scent, infusing my mind and turning it into pure mush. Lexi thinks all this is harmless flirting. She has no idea what kind of fire she's igniting with her innocent touches and sexy stares.

"Or what?" Her smile is teasing as her caramel honey scent invades my senses and batters my insides with the need

to have her again.

“The last time you were this close, my hands were on you.” The memory I’ve tried to choke rages to the surface. The need to trail my tongue over her hammering heart is like a damn vise to my balls.

“My memory could be faulty, but I seem to remember more than your hands on my skin.” Her words are soft and breathy, meant to destroy me.

Memories assault me. Lexi was eighteen when we met. People might say an eighteen-year-old was fair game, that I had no reason to run from a girl who obviously wanted to be bent over and fucked until she forgot her own name. But for me, eighteen was jailbait, and I wanted none of that teen drama.

My eyes slam closed as I recall the moonlit dance we shared, my hands around her waist, her body synced with mine. We began that dance as a newly minted step-uncle and step-niece, innocent and unassuming. What was the harm of dancing with the daughter of my brother’s new bride?

We ended it with such sexual energy that I had to jerk off in the bathroom with her name a forbidden whisper on my lips. Afterward, I rushed to the main entrance, needing to put as much distance between myself and temptation as possible. She caught me on the way out, freshly spent with visions of her, ripe and taboo, running through my mind.

If the hallway wasn’t so dark, the song so charged with lust, if she weren’t so plain irresistible... maybe I wouldn’t have kissed her.

When she caught me in that deserted hallway, looking up at me with those mystical blue eyes, I did the only thing I could think of and pressed my lips to hers. Parted the seam of her sweet lips with my tongue and fucked her mouth deeply for long minutes until I couldn’t resist her anymore.

I left my brother’s wedding with an epic guilt complex about fucking my new step-niece, and I’m still having trouble controlling the fallout.

“God help all of us if you don’t run upstairs and change into something proper, Lexi.”

I dust my fingertips along the exposed skin of her waist. “I’ve got a hell of a problem controlling my lips when I’m around you.”

Lexi presses her lips together, her hungry gaze hovering on mine as we stand suspended, heartbeats rocketing between us. Her chest heaves with breathless words, the faint outline of her nipples visible through the crimson lace-cropped vest she’s wearing.

A quiet rumble passes over my lips as my gaze drops to the deep vee of her cleavage with its shimmery glitter dusting meant to attract attention. My blood boils at the notion of other men staring at her body.

“What’s with the shimmery shit on your tits? If you want my attention, you only have to say the words.”

Her gaze hardens and her hand catches mine at her waist, yanking it from her flesh. “You’re as arrogant as I remember, Caleb Hunt.”

I grin, enjoying how I seem to unnerve her as much as she rattles me. “So, my naughty little elf, now that you have my attention, it’s my duty to tell you I won’t have anyone else’s eyes on you. Not tonight. Not ever.”

“What makes you think you have a say?” She backs a step away, hand on her hip. “You’re not my daddy.”

I shake my head, fury and lust and every emotion in between simmering through me. “You should count your lucky stars I’m not because if I were, you’d be bare-assed over my knee, taking the punishment for your sassy little mouth.”

Her lips round in an endearing little O before her shock fades to something else. She leans in close, so close that her big tits brush my chest. My fingers ache to tweak her tight little nipples and show her how a real punishment would feel to make her fall in line.

“Oh, yeah? Think you can control me?” Her eyes are liquid fire, searing into mine and choking me with the need to

fill that smart mouth with my fat cock. “Just try, Caleb Hunt, and see what happens.”

With those words, she turns, skirt flipping in the air as she bounces her way up the stairs, humming some obnoxious top twenty song.

Sweet fucking Jesus.

“I shouldn’t be here.” I push a hand through my hair, the sexual desire loosening its grip now she’s no longer dangling in front of me like a delectable temptation.

“Hey, little brother!” The double entry doors swing wide as my brother and his wife come in, hands piled high with grocery bags. “Do you mind pointing the drivers to the back entrance? I don’t want those big-ass trucks tearing up the front yard when they drop off the outdoor furniture.”

“Outdoor furniture?” I ask, feeling a migraine seep into my brain.

“Yeah, Miriam wanted a Christmas parade theme this year, and the clowns need more room for their new act—”

I wave my brother off, promising to handle whatever he needs as long as it doesn’t involve any more long explanations.

My brother, Alistair Hunt. A brilliant mind and boring as fuck.

It’s not that I don’t love him. He’s my only sibling, so I love him by default, but his life doesn’t agree with me.

He’s one of the most revered defense lawyers in the tri-state area. His schedule was hectic and his personal life nonexistent until Miriam Everett and her sassy brat of a daughter entered his life.

Now, as much as Lexi gets under my skin, I have to admit that family life looks good on my big bro. Alistair’s taking more time off, traveling often, and discovering a new-found love for cooking and baking in his once-empty state-of-the-art kitchen. All in all, he’s happier than I’ve ever seen him.

His ten-thousand-square-foot home dwarfs my two-bedroom apartment, but I don't mind. I like the minimalist simplicity of my life, far removed from all things Hunt.

Alistair took over Hunt Legal Law from our father as expected, whereas I did something revolutionary and went to trade school. I'm an electrician by trade, but my job description is general business owner. The handful of journeymen electricians who work for me handle the majority of the calls that kept me busy for much of my early years in the field. It feels good knowing I've done well for myself after choosing a path my father wouldn't have approved of.

After directing the deliveries to their proper locations, I duck back into the house, searching for shelter from all the chaos. As the hours until the beginning of the party wind down, the activity in this big-ass house grows unbearable.

Thankfully, Alistair knows I have antisocial tendencies and has tucked me into the guest bedroom, far from the beehive of activity in the rest of the house.

A crash of tableware echoes from the kitchen, and I suck in a breath, preparing for a night of persistent chaos. Maybe I'll leave early tomorrow morning. Scratch a note to Alistair that I'm thankful for him but won't be back for the next party.

I don't know why I thought I could do this. The party alone is bad enough, but the pressure of being in the same space as Lexi is unbearable. The forbidden fruit that I'd promised never to bite again.

I should've known better.

Now I'm stuck here, with Lexi's name written in bright, bold letters on my rock-hard erection.

Taking the stairs to the basement two at a time, I head for the wine cellar, my mind on a top-shelf Scotch I sent Alistair for Christmas five years ago. I discovered it earlier that summer when I was traveling through Europe. Alistair has so many clients giving him gifts on the regular, chances are good that he hasn't cracked it open yet.

I push through the cellar door, cool air hitting my skin as I take in the bottle-lined walls. The room is a work of art, like everything in my brother's life. This wine cellar was featured in Wine Aficionado when he built the house, and it's undoubtedly my favorite room. Cool, dark, and full of booze to drown out the taunting voice of a sweet girl I want more than anything on the planet.

The door closes behind me with a soft snick. I breathe a sigh of relief as I take in the richly toned wooden walls and racks holding bottles arranged by maker and vineyard. The intoxicating smell of caramel and honey invades my nostrils, followed by fantasies of Lexi pushed against the wall with my hand trailing up that short, sexy skirt.

My cock throbs painfully behind my zipper, forcing me to loosen the button and drop the metal teeth. Relief washes through me as I free my raging problem.

Then I think of Lexi's lips on mine, and I'm done.

I cup my balls in one hand, sliding my palm up my shaft and fisting it tightly. I imagine what I'd do to her if she were with me, pulling her fleshy ass cheeks apart and licking her sweet little cunt clean.

I jerk my cock harder, the need to relieve the pressure causing me to boil over. I steady my hand on the stone wall, imagining bracing her with my hips and fucking her hard and deep until she's exhausted and weak around my cock, with my cum covering every inch of her.

Possession and forbidden thoughts of Lexi consume me until I can't think of anything but her.

I tried to run away, forcing her from my thoughts. But even the distant memory of her was still a vibrant light illuminating the dark corners of my mind.

But here in the same house, those forbidden desires and taboo needs rush to the surface.

The thought of spanking the sass out of her and dragging my tongue over her succulent skin sends me over the edge. Jets of cum cover my palm and soak the front of my dark

denim jeans. The cage of my chest rattles, and every muscle tenses as I come down from the best fucking orgasm I've had in a while. Because for the first time in five years, I've finally allowed myself to think of her again.

"Oh, hey! I didn't know anyone was in here." The door crashes open, and a voice sing-songs over my shoulder.

My back tenses. Cum is still leaking through the crack of my fingers. I gulp, tucking my still-twitching cock into my jeans and quickly buttoning them.

"Lexi." I turn, a fake smile covering my embarrassment at being caught jerking off by the woman of the hour. "So much for giving a guy a head's up."

She arches one eyebrow. "I came down to steal a bottle of booze before I head out for the night." Her gaze drops, noticing my lowered zipper. "But it looks like I stumbled upon something much more interesting."

I lick my lips, thinking it's just my luck that she's shown up here. "Just grabbing a bottle myself."

"Looks like you're grabbing something, all right." Her eyes twinkle, and I know I've been fucking busted.

Lexi turns away and bends over, her skirt riding way too fucking high up her thighs for my liking. She plucks the nearest bottle of wine from the bottom shelf before straightening. Spinning, she nails me with her intoxicating eyes, and that ridiculous caramel honey scent I love so damn much drowns me again.

"Kinky, Uncle Caleb." She whispers the taunt.

Aroused anger bubbles inside me, and I grit out, "If you think that's kinky, you've led a sheltered life, Brat."

"Well, I'd love to stay and entertain you by showing you how much I know, but—" She stops abruptly, tugging on the door handle. "Wait, what the fuck?"

My eyes round, and I nudge her out of the way. I grip the handle and pull gently, then with more force. I pull again, using all of my energy. "Oh, fuck."

“What do you mean, *oh, fuck?*” she asks in a high-pitched tone.

“I mean, oh, fuck, I think we’re locked in.”



## Chapter 2

*Lexi*

THE REALIZATION that I'm stuck here, in this space *with him*, makes me feel like I'm drowning in an ocean with no hope of salvation. Caleb Hunt is the only man I've ever wanted and the only man I can never have. The idea of being stuck with him seems like the most unimaginable torture.

"This is not happening," I mumble as I jiggle the door handle, praying it will miraculously open. "Dammit." The word tumbles from my mouth.

I am not in the mood to have my hopes slashed and my heart broken again. Nothing about this situation will end well.

"Fuck," I whisper.

Caleb steps closer until he's right in front of my face. Suffocation grips me as the heat of his body invades my space in waves. He leans forward, forcing me to step back and hit the wood panel behind me. I lick my lips as I think of wrapping my mouth around that beautiful, hard cock now sheathed safely in his pants.

"Watch your mouth, little girl," Caleb mutters.

His voice is authoritative and his breath tickles my skin, making goose bumps rise. There's no way I can let this man get under my skin again. For five years, all I've thought about

were his hands on me, the fiery caress of his touch, and how his lips melded to mine in a perfect fit.

When we kissed, color burst into my monochrome life. I felt more alive in those moments than at any other time. I've tried everything to forget Caleb in the years since. I buried myself in my studies and friends, but the one thing I couldn't do was go on a date with a safe college guy. All I ever wanted was Caleb. I knew it was wrong, but I ached to be in his arms again. So maybe I'd started acting like a brat to create a reprieve in the fog that thickened the air between us when he was around.

“What’s the matter, Lexi? You okay? Sit down.” Caleb pulls a chair from the corner of the room, picks me up, and sits me on it. He walks over to the bar, looking for something. “Why isn’t there any fucking water in this damn cellar?”

“Check the fridge. It’s built into the bar.”

Caleb walks back to me with a bottle of Evian. He cracks open the cap and passes it over. “Drink,” he demands.

His fingers brush mine as I take the bottle, causing chills to rise along my skin. Being around Caleb is like simultaneously being in a freezing tundra and a blazing volcano. Some moments are an inferno of heat, and others are bone-chilling winds.

I want to be with Caleb with every cell in my body. But that comes with complications he’s not willing to deal with. I want him, but it would blow up my life in so many ways.

He’s forty-six. I’m twenty-three.

But age isn’t even the issue. The real issue is that his older brother is married to my mother.

Caleb’s gaze searches every corner of the room. He’s probably looking from some sort of escape hatch so he can get away from me as quickly as possible.

“Do you have your phone?” he asks, nervously digging in his pockets.

“Where the fuck do you think I would put a phone?” I ask, gesturing to my clothing.

Caleb narrows his eyes at my flimsy attire. I have to admit, the main reason for my barely there outfit was the chance I’d run into him. I wanted him to see what he was missing, for him to long for me the way I’d longed for him these past five years.

“I told you to watch your mouth.” His voice is laced with venom as he stalks toward me with methodical, calculated steps.

“What are you going to do? Spank me?”

Before the words are completely out of my mouth, Caleb has me over his knee. His hand connects with my ass, causing a sharp sting. He doesn’t remove his hand right away, cupping my ass cheek and rubbing gently before he strikes again.

“Ouch!” I shriek, but if I’m honest, the sting feels good, and his touch feels even better.

At the sound of my shout, his hand lingers a little longer. “What the fuck am I doing?” he whispers, lifting me off his lap to stand. “This is what you’ve reduced me to. So desperate for your touch that I would spank you in my brother’s cellar like a damn pervert.” He paces the room in rushed, chaotic steps, his hands in his hair and his head tilted down. “The craziest part? I fucking *liked it*. I liked having you over my knee. I got hard from the heat of your pussy against my thigh and the touch of your ass under my hand. I want to do it again. I want to spank you so hard, and then finger fuck you until you can’t think straight, Lexi. I want to get under your skin the way you’ve gotten under mine.”

His words stop me cold. Caleb thinks about me? He wants me as desperately as I want him? Craves me?

His words give me a sense of bravado I didn’t have before. “You think you aren’t already under my skin?” I walk up to him, directly in his line of sight so he can’t ignore me. “You’re in the very fabric of my being. So much so that since that

night, I haven't let another man touch me. I can't let anyone else near me. *You fucking own me.*"

## Chapter 3

*Caleb*

EVERY MUSCLE in my body stiffens.

I swallow, making sure I've heard her correctly.

"I own you?" I seethe, one hand around her neck, my lips grazing the shell of her ear. "You've got to be fucking *kidding* me."

"I wish I were. Oh, how I wish I were," she huffs, spreading her hands across the breadth of my chest.

Every nerve in my body is strung tight. Her scent—everything sweet and naughty on earth—is an intoxicating concoction taking over my mind, leaving me light-headed and feral with need.

Compelled.

"I've beaten myself up countless times for that night between us. Knowing I took something pure and innocent. Realizing that I'm too old for you. How the only woman I've ever wanted to keep forever is the only woman I need to stay away from." I squeeze her throat out of desperation and pin her against the wall. Her chest rises and falls, her pupils dilate, and her pretty red-painted lips part. "And now you're here, like Eve presenting me with a bite of the forbidden apple."

Her big, round eyes hold mine. "You spent most of the last five years avoiding me."

“I had to, Lexi. For both of us.”

Her grin is lopsided. “So tell me... how many nights did you think about me?”

I haul her to me, my nose pressed against her heated skin, my tongue hot and greedy as it tastes the crook of her neck. “All of them.”

Her soft little moans come quicker when I angle my erection against the seam of her crotch, and her damp arousal heats my cock through the fabric of my pants.

“I want to feel you,” she half whimpers, half begs.

My cock throbs, demanding to be unleashed to feel the warmth of her sweet cunt.

Lexi pushes her hands between us. I hiss at how her deft little fingers rub my cock, making it twitch with need.

I grab her hand and slam it over her head. Lexi doesn't know what she's doing. She's playing with fire, and if she doesn't stop, she'll be burnt to a crisp. “Careful, little girl, you're messing with something you can't handle.”

She makes a sound, somewhere between a shriek and a moan, as I graze my teeth along the delicate flesh of her neck and nip.

Lexi dips her head and returns the love bite. “Worry about yourself, old man.”

She tugs at her arms, and I let go, curious about where her initiative will lead.

Her hands strays to the button on my jeans, popping it open and loosening the zipper. I suck in violent breaths of air, charged with sex and desire and every other dirty thing I've been holding back when it comes to her.

“You're a filthy little slut, aren't you, Lexi?”

Her knuckle brushes the cotton of my boxer briefs before pushing them down and unleashing my cock. I nearly jump out of my shorts and lose my fucking mind. Her hand quickens, and her eyes flare at the words that fall from my mouth.

I wrap my hand around her dark hair and pull until she drops to her knees. She holds onto my cock, gliding the tip over her pretty painted red lips.

“Looks like you’ve got a thing for filthy little sluts, Uncle Caleb. Or would you prefer me to call you Daddy? I can’t stop thinking of what you’ll taste like,” she confesses breathlessly against my dick. “All I want to do is make Daddy happy.” She licks the tip of my cock, tasting my pre-cum. “You’re so yummy, Daddy. If I’m a good girl, can I have some more?”

The little brat is testing me. “Why don’t you be a good little girl for Daddy and suck.”

Lexi closes her mouth over my dick, hollowing her cheeks and taking me deep until my cock hits the back of her throat.

I groan, nearly losing control as Lexi takes my cock further down her throat, looking up at me the whole time as if begging for praise. “Fuck. That’s it, baby girl. Take it all the way. You’re doing such a good job. I’m so proud of you.” I nudge her knees apart with my foot and flip up her skirt so I have a good view of the see-through scrap of material she deems fit to call underwear. “I’m going to punish you for thinking any other man has the right to view those little panties but me.”

I don’t give her a chance to respond, working my fingers under the frilly hem of her top, growing frustrated with the need to have my hands on her soft skin. I grunt as I tear the shirt down her body, exposing her bare breasts to my hungry gaze. Without a word, I slap her tits and watch them jiggle. Lexi moans as I hit them over and over again, admiring how they go from a creamy white to a flushed pink. “You’re so beautiful that it hurts to look at you, baby girl.”

Pulling Lexi by the back of her head, I raise her to her feet. She gasps for air as saliva trickles down her mouth and lands on her perfect tits. Her body reacts immediately, arching into me as I attach my lips to her pert nipple.

We meld together, hands and lips and creamy flesh, our bodies writhing as delicious little pants come out of her mouth. Every stroke and suck of my tongue and mouth on her breast

sends her crashing over a new edge, her breathy moans turning ragged and pleading.

Lexi grips the back of my head, holding me steadfast. “Caleb, please.”

Her begging sends a jolt straight to my dick. Pulling away from her tits, I straighten and look at her. “Please, what?”

Lexi is suddenly shy. Her eyes dart from mine, and she moves her hands in a pointless attempt to shield her sexy body from my gaze.

“No need to pretend, Lexi. We both know you’re my dirty little slut.” I grab her by the nape of her neck and pull her to me. Her lips part as I drag my thumb along her bottom lip and smear her scarlet lipstick. “Come now, Lexi. You’re a naughty little girl begging for punishment. So I’m going to ask again. Please, what?”

“Fuck me, Caleb. Please fuck me.”

Hearing those words fall from her lips knocks the wind out of me. For five years, all I’ve wanted was her, this moment. My fingers gliding against her soft flesh is the answer to my prayer that she’ll no longer be a vision fabricated by my mind but a reality giving me the only thing I’ve ever wanted. It’s a novel notion to hold the most precious thing in the world in your arms. A feeling that makes you both invincible and vulnerable.

“I can’t wait to taste you, baby girl.” I work my hand between her thighs, my fingers playing her aroused flesh like a maestro. Her thighs shake, muscles tensing as her nails bite into the flesh at my shoulder blades.

“I’m so close. Please, Daddy,” she moans as my fingers work her soaked pussy.

She looks so beautiful and desperate, consumed with desire and lust. I could let her cum all over my fingers to satiate her body, but I want her addicted. Begging. Visions of her on her knees doing anything I ask swirl in my brain. I pull back, removing my hand from her warmth.



“What are you doing, Caleb?” she demands, her words laced with frustration. “You can’t start this and then leave me wanting.” She grabs her tattered shirt off the floor, attempting to pull it on.

“I’m pretty sure that shirt is long gone.” I can’t help the smile that forms on my lips as I watch her pointless struggle.

“You’re an insufferable ass, you know that?”

I shrug. “You’re the one jumping to conclusions. What’s that saying? To assume makes an ass out of you and me?”

Lexi’s hands fall to her sides. Her eyes form into slits, and her full lips become a straight line. I can almost hear the wheels turning in that beautiful head. She turns from me and storms to the door. “If you can’t give me what I want, I’ll get it somewhere else.”

Rage boils over as I pull up my pants and storm over, grabbing her wrist and pinning her to the wall. “The hell you will, little girl. You were about to discover paradise from my tongue, but I think it’s time you learned some manners.”

I tug her to the bar and hoist her on top. Lexi purrs like a newborn kitten as my fingers flirt with the side of her soaked panties. Without a word, I rip the fabric off her hot cunt. “You won’t be needing these.” I smile as Lexi parts her legs in anticipation. “Such a good little whore. Tell me, Lexi, what will you let Daddy do to you so you can come?”

“Anything. Please.”

A growl escapes my lips as I stare at her soaked cunt. “I’d love nothing more than to tongue fuck you into oblivion, but you need to learn some manners first.” With one hand, I pull off my belt. “Spread your legs wide, my insatiable little slut.”

Lexi does as she’s told, opening wide and giving me a better look.

I dip my finger into her fuck hole before bringing it to my lips and sucking it clean. “Such a tasty girl.”

She pulls her pussy lips apart and smiles. “I’ve got more of that for you, Daddy. All you have to do is lick it up.”

“If you want it to stop, say ‘red.’ If it’s close to being too much, say ‘yellow.’ If you want more, say ‘green.’ Got it?” Lexi lifts her head, eyes questioning. “I need to establish that you understand Daddy’s words.” She nods. “Use your big girl words, Lexi. Do you understand what’s expected of you?”

“Yes,” she moans.

A scream filled with pain and pleasure escapes Lexi’s lips as I strike with the belt. I expect her to close her legs, but she doesn’t. Instead, she pushes her ass up and forward as if offering herself to me. My cock surges in my pants, demanding to be let loose.

I wonder if my little brat is playing a game, so I test her limits. “That one is for making me desperate for you.” The belt lands on her sweet cunt over and over, taking it from tender pink to flaming red. “Those are for thinking you can get what you need from anyone other than me.” Lexi’s head falls back, and she whimpers as I strike her a final time, ensuring the leather lands right on her sexy as fuck clit. “And that’s to ensure you never act out again.”

“Daddy,” she moans. “Please, Daddy. My pussy needs to be fucked.”

I hold my belt firmly and watch as she humps the air. When she realizes that I’m taking too much pleasure in her discomfort to do anything, her hand abandons her pussy lip as the tip of her finger flirts with her opening. My eyes widen and my cock is ready to burst as I watch Lexi shove one finger, followed by three more, into her pussy, stuffing herself full.

“Fuck,” I moan as she bucks and fucks her hand. “That’s it, baby. Use that dirty cunt for Daddy.” Lexi moans at my vulgar words, encouraging me to push her further. I pull out my phone and hit the record button. “The camera loves pathetic fuck holes like you.”

I move to the other end of the bar and record her pretty face as I offer her my fingers. She opens wide, and I push four fingers into her mouth. “Pathetic little slut. Sucking on Daddy’s fingers, pretending it’s his fat cock while I record you. You’re not acting like a good little girl, Lexi. This is all

very naughty. What would your mommy and daddy say if they saw you now? Look at what you'll do for your uncle. Only sluts want to fuck their family." She moans as I spit on her face. "I'm going to have to punish you for being such a slut. Tie you up and belt that cunt until it bleeds for Daddy. I've got you on camera now, Lexi, and I swear if you ever talk about making me jealous with other men again, I'll post it for the world to see. If you want to act like a pathetic cum rag, the world should be able to see your slut body."

Lexi tries to speak but her words are muffled by my fingers lodged in her mouth.

I remove them and wipe her saliva on her pretty round face. "Did you want to say something, my little brat?"

"Please, Daddy," she moans while continuing to fuck herself. "I'll be a good girl and do as I'm told. Just don't show anyone the pictures or video of me being a nasty whore for you."

I want to burst out laughing because the little minx is good at role-playing. She juts her bottom lip in a pout, but her eyes are lost in the haze of lust. Looks like my girl wants to play, and what baby wants, baby gets.

I step back and bend to her cunt, taking a few photos. Instead of retreating, she pushes forward to give the camera a better view. My Lexi seems to be into degradation. A pain slut. And exhibitionism isn't off the table either.

Her legs shake again, and I pull her hand away.

"Please, I need to come. I'll do anything. Please."

"You want to come, baby girl?"

"Yes, Daddy. My little pussy needs it so bad. I'll do whatever you ask. Please."

I step further from the bar. "Get on your knees and crawl. While you do, I want you to tell me what a useless slut you are, that you'll only be satisfied by having my cock fuck that dirty cunt into submission. I want you to tell Daddy he owns all your holes, and your body now belongs to me."

Lexi falls to her knees before getting into a crawling position. The little brat doesn't give a typical smart-mouth answer. Her sass has been brought to submission with the wants of her dripping pussy. Her lizard brain is in full effect, and nothing matters but the desire to come.

"I'm your naughty slut, Daddy. I need you to fuck and punish me until I'm good." My cock aches, watching her big tits sway as she degrades herself for me. "You should punish your property, Daddy. Turn my skin red. If I protest, tie your belt around my neck until I pass out." She crawls all the way to my feet. "But I don't want you to stop once you've choked me out, Daddy. While I'm unconscious, I want you to fuck me brutally so that when I wake up, I'm sore and bloody. That way, I'll know I'm a worthless fuck hole without a choice. Make me your little bitch, Daddy. Use me until I learn to be a good girl." She grabs her tits before pinching her fat nipples. "Please, Uncle Caleb. I'll do whatever you want."

On instinct, I push a hand under my waistband and grip my cock, tugging fiercely as tingles spike through my bloodstream. Her intense eyes flick from mine to my dick in my hand. A soft smile splits her lips before her fingertips draw up the length of me outside the cotton of my boxer briefs.

I grip her hair and pull her head back. "Did Daddy say you could touch him?" I spit on her face. "Did you have permission, slut?"

"No," Lexi sighs, but her fingers linger on my dick. "I just want to make Daddy feel good."

Christ. I always thought I was too old for Lexi, that I'd corrupt her and destroy her innocence. So I stayed away, but goddamn, my girl might be too much for me. Her filthy little mouth spits out debauched words, and she knows how to work her body until I'm longing to fall on my knees for her.

Lexi opens her mouth as I smear my spit, sticking out her tongue for a taste.

I smile down at my pretty little slut, my mouth watering as I watch her wanton behavior. "I'll give you what you're desperate for, pretty girl, but I'm gonna need a little taste."

Lexi tilts her head, gazing up at me. “Whatever you want, Daddy. I’m your toy to do with as you wish.”

“That’s right, Lexi. You’re Daddy’s fuck toy.” I abandon her hair and lie on the wood floor. “Why don’t you sit on Santa’s face and tell him what you want for Christmas.”

Lexi rises off the floor, taking one hesitant step before another. She stands above me and gives me a clear view of my wet pussy.

“Sit,” I demand.

She lowers herself but not all the way, hovering over my face.

I grip her hips. “When I say sit, slut, I mean *sit*. I want to be suffocated by my greedy cunt.”

I pull her down on my face and delve in, getting intoxicated by her flavor. Five fuckin’ years and all I’ve thought about is eating this pussy until she begs me to stop.

“Oh, Daddy. Uncle Caleb, please don’t stop. Oh, my god, your tongue, it’s making my little pussy tingle.”

I like Lexi like this, needy with all her walls down. The words coming from her mouth have me on the brink of coming. “Tell me what my whore wants Santa to get her for Christmas.”

“I—” She hesitates.

Lexi screams as I bite down on her clit, but doesn’t pull away. I’m shocked that my bite makes her grind herself against my mouth. “I like it when you hurt me, Daddy. It feels good. My little pussy gets so wet.”

I push her up and dip my finger in her pussy before bringing it between her ass.

“I have these fantasies, Daddy. I don’t know where they come from. I don’t tell anyone because I don’t want them to judge me.”

The tip of my finger massages her anus.

“I’ve had nothing in my bum before, Daddy. Be careful when you take my ass virginity.”

There’s a soft pop before I’m in up to my knuckle. I push my finger in and out of her ass as the tip of my tongue enters her wet cunt. “I’m gonna fuck your ass raw, slut. Daddy is going to take his fat cock and shove his way into his little girl’s asshole. You’ll scream for Daddy from the pain, and when you cry, I won’t care because I know you crave for Daddy to make it hurt.”

“I want you to use me, Daddy. Please make me a proper whore for Christmas. Make me such a pathetic slut that the idea of anyone finding out would make me want to die of shame.”

“Fuck,” I groan into her cunt, increasing the movement of my tongue as I push another finger into her ass.

Lexi rolls her hips, gyrating on my tongue. I grab her neck, pressing down. She coughs, but her hips don’t stop moving. The fucking gorgeous way she moves and moans as she comes sends shockwaves of pleasure through my dick. Her body trembles, and shaky breaths escape her mouth.

“Daddy,” she chokes out before covering my face with her liquid heat.

I nip at her clit before moving her onto her back. I quickly remove my pants and boxers, unleashing my cock before I straddle her throat. “Good girl. You made Daddy proud with the way you came.”

Lexi bats her eyelashes. “All I want to do is make Daddy proud of his worthless little cunt.”

Smiling down at Lexi, I grip my shaft and slap her face with it. “Then open up, baby. Daddy is going to throat fuck your little fuck hole of a mouth.” Lexi parts her mouth, and I slip my cock between her lips. “When you’re being a good girl and doing what you’re told, you look like a sweet angel. It’s too bad that lovemaking does nothing for your dirty fuck hole.”

I lean to the side and dig my phone from the pocket of my jeans again. Lexi's eyes widen as I snap a picture of her choking on my dick. "How much money do you think Daddy could get for that photo? I'm sure a lot of dirty old men would pay to see a hot young thing like you crying mascara tears as you choke on a big dick."

Lexi moans. "Yes, Daddy."

"Tap my thigh if you can't take it." I thrust, and she gags as my dick hits the back of her throat. "Christ, the sound of you desperately trying to breathe is the sexiest thing. Christmas just became my new favorite holiday." I turn and slap her pussy, making her jump. "You're so pretty when you're glistening and ready for me. As much as I want to flood that mouth with a hot load of cum, there's something I want much more."

I rise and move to the bar, stroking my dick. Her eyes land squarely on my fist as I pleasure myself. She licks her lips, eyes on my thick girth. "Beg Daddy to fuck that tight little pussy."

I stop mid-stroke, watching her reaction. Her eyes flicker up to meet mine, her top two teeth sinking into the pad of her lower lip and making a bead of pre-cum wet the tip of my cock. I can't resist. I lick my lips. I lean in, catching her mouth in a tender kiss.

I smile at the tentative movement of her lips against mine. The girl just said and did some vile sexual things, but this moment seems to catch her off guard. Her sudden timidity soon vanishes, and her fingers are in my hair as she crawls into my lap, pulling herself closer to me.

My heart pounds wildly as I stroke her thighs, my fingertips moving closer and closer to her tender pussy lips until I can't take the tease a second longer. "I've been desperate for you, Lexi."

"Then take what's yours, Daddy. Fuck my pussy and fill me full of your cum."

Lifting her hips, I push her down on my dick. She moves up and down, eager and desperate.

“You fuck Daddy so well. Your tight pussy was made for my dick. You’re such a dirty girl. We’re both clean, but we haven’t had a conversation about birth control. You on the pill, little girl?”

“No,” she moans without a hint of panic or regret. “No point being on the pill when the only person you want to fuck is your uncle.”

I pinch her nipples, and her head falls back as she moans in ecstasy. “I’m keeping you, Lexi. I’m going to put a baby in you so you’ll never escape me.”

“Yes, Daddy. Put a baby in me. Make me your breeding slut. My body is yours.”

I pull at her nipples as she moves up and down on my cock. I growl as my balls tighten, and I reach the apex of my desire. “That’s it, baby. Pull out all that cum. Fill your pussy. You’re gonna be so beautiful with a big round belly carrying my baby.”

“Daddy, I’m so close. I’m gonna come.”

“Come all over Daddy’s cock, baby girl.”

“Daddy!” Lexi screams as we both fall into oblivion and get lost in each other.



## Chapter 4

*Lexi*

I LOVE BEING in Caleb's arms, safe and warm.

The last five years have been hell, thinking about him and only him. Caleb managed to get under my skin, and not having him was an unending hell.

When I heard he was coming here, I wanted to push his buttons and make him suffer for leaving five years ago and never looking back. I was in so much pain that I avoided the Christmas parties, only to realize later that he'd done the same thing. When I had him in front of me, I wanted it all. With a desperate need, I pushed all his boundaries and laid my secrets bare.

My heart's full knowing that Caleb played along with the game beautifully.

I smile as I inhale the scent of his cologne, mixed with the cedar aroma of the cellar—it's doing my head in.

Caleb pets my hair, and the sensation lulls me into a sense of peace. I don't want to miss any moments with him. I'm scared that if I let go and close my eyes, I'll wake up, and all this will be over. I'll be in the desert again without him.

"Well, that was..." I trail off, unsure what to say. I never expected that being with Caleb, actually *being* with him—so

naked, exposed, and honest—would make me so self-conscious.

I shift away, trying to untangle myself from his arms to collect my clothes. Maybe all this was a mistake. We still have to deal with my mother and his brother. This can't happen, not the way I want it to. All I'll be is a sexual conquest, thanks to the photos he has. He'll brag to his buddies or business associates or whoever.

“Hey.” Caleb grabs my arm. His gaze lingers on my face as we stare at each other. “What’s going on in that pretty little head?” He brushes a strand of hair behind my ear.

“What are we doing, Caleb? This is so wrong on so many levels.” My tone is defeated as the words tumble out.

Caleb gently rubs my lips with the pad of his thumb. “Do you regret it? Listen, Lexi, as great as all that dirty sex is, I don’t need it. If that’s what’s making you freak out, rest easy. I don’t need it. I just need you. I’m fucking tired of denying my feelings. I’m fucking tired of running away from you. We’re consenting adults, and my brother will just have to understand.”

He grabs my head, making me look him square in the eyes. “I want you, and I’m a man accustomed to getting what I want. I promise you this thing between us is real, and it’s forever. When I’m with you, I fucking feel alive. I feel like I have a home. I picture it all with you, Lexi. I want us. Forever.”

“I want you too. All I do is think about you.” As soon as I confess the words, the room becomes much smaller than it was. The words I’ve denied for so long finally tumble out of my mouth. There’s no going back. “And no, the sex didn’t freak me out. I liked it. A lot.”

Caleb leans in, kissing my lips. It isn’t a passionate kiss full of lust. It’s so much more.

His kiss is fueled with longing, passion, and need. With that kiss, Caleb shows me that he needs me. And I need him. It doesn’t matter that he’s my step-uncle or twenty-three years

my senior. All the problems surrounding us disappear, and all that matters is that we're here now, together and so happy.

"There's no turning back now," he whispers against my lips.

"I don't want to turn back," I say as I straddle him, placing myself directly against his hard cock.

He sucks in a ragged breath. I like the sense of power and that I can rattle him—turn him on so much he nearly loses control. "Naughty girl. Do you need Daddy's hard cock to teach you a lesson again?"

The forbidden force of his words hits me with waves of arousal between my thighs. I don't know why dirty and taboo talk is such a turn-on. It's filthy, hot, and makes me insane with lust. "Yes, I'm all for your lessons, Daddy."

## Chapter 5

*Caleb*

“SAY IT AGAIN,” I hiss, my hand on her skin, my teeth grazing her neck. I want her free to be herself, to take what she craves, and know that no matter where we go in the bedroom or out of it, I’ll be here to catch her.

“Daddy.”

Her breathy little pants unravel me, and the seam of her soft pussy grinding against me with that word on her lips sends me reeling.

“That’s it, little girl.” I sink my hand into her hair, yanking softly to expose her neck. “I’d like to promise I’ll be tender”—I graze my teeth down the arch of her throat—“but I don’t think you’d like that very much.”

Shivers erupt across her skin, sending a soft shudder through her. I swallow her gasps, forcing my tongue to dance and curl with hers, our bodies twisting and writhing as we pant and burn with need.

“I like all of your rough edges,” she purrs against my lips as the tip of my cock grazes her hot pussy. “I trust you, Caleb. That’s why I can say and do all the naughty things with you. I know you’ll take care of me.”

Lexi trembles and her eyes fall closed as I work my fingers against her pussy, rubbing across every nerve as she becomes

more soaked with each pass.

“This little pussy is soaked for Daddy,” I hum, working the thick tip of my dick against her clitoris. She arches and moans, her fingernails digging into my shoulders as she tries to maintain control. “I need to see how sweet my little girl looks with my dick plunging deep inside her again.”

Instead of thrusting against her clit, I edge my dick inside her entrance. I barely slip in, my tip leaking pre-cum. I’m so fucking hot and turned on by her little whimpers. My dirty girl is hot. But don’t get it wrong; she’s just as much a turn-on when she’s sweet. I love every part of Lexi, and I plan to create an environment where she doesn’t ever have to hide a single part of who she is from me.

“Please, Uncle Caleb. My pussy needs you.”

My cock surges with the need to fuck her wildly. “Do you think this wicked little cunt can handle Daddy’s thick cock again?”

Her eyes widen, and her teeth sink into her bottom lip as she nods eagerly. “Please,” she begs. “All I want is for you to fuck my pussy and fill me with your cum. Nothing in life feels as good as having you leak out of me and knowing that you own my little fuck hole.”

I push her hand between us, forcing her to feel herself. “Good girl. Feel how wet your pussy is for me.”

She runs her fingers through her glistening folds, sliding her fingertips against my cock. I want to suck and fuck and lick and bite every inch of her skin every day for the next hundred years.

“I hope you’re ready for forever, baby girl.”

“There hasn’t been anyone for me. It’s only ever been you.”

I love that no one else has been here but me. I’ve never been the type to care about a woman’s numbers, but with Lexi, knowing that she’s all mine stirs something primal in me.

“No time with you will ever be enough,” I husk, slipping in a little deeper.

Her only answer is a moan as I push deep, feeling her tense and ease around my thick girth.

“This cunt is perfect. My little girl has the sweetest pussy. Look how perfectly we fit, baby girl. You were made for me.” My mouth moves over her skin in a heated trail down her breasts and back up to her throat to land on her lips again.

“Fuck, baby girl. Fuck, it scares me how much I fucking think about you,” I groan, grinding to the end of her and easing my strikes. I kiss her slowly, plunging my tongue deftly as we come apart together in this dark wine cellar.

“I can hear everyone upstairs. The party has started. Someone could come down here looking for booze,” she mumbles, fear lingering with excitement in her tone.

“Does that excite you, Lexi? To be caught naked getting fucked by your uncle,” I taunt. Her pussy grips my cock at my words, giving me the only answer I need. “There’s a thrill to it, isn’t there? I knew public displays were your thing when you moaned and groaned as I took pictures of you earlier.”

She smiles as a blush covers her flesh. “As exciting as getting caught may be, it’s not how I want my mother and your brother to find out about us.”

“Might be fun if it means I don’t have to keep coming to these Christmas parties.”

Lexi sighs and slaps my chest.

“Fuck them, baby. The only party that matters is right here.” I work against her again to distract her, sweeping my fingers over her clit and swirling her into a fevered state before sliding my hands around her waist and slipping down the back of her beautiful, round ass cheeks.

“Seeing you in that short skirt tonight made me want to get my hands on these gorgeous curves”—I yank on her cheeks, working our bodies together in a frenzied rhythm—“and now I want to fuck this beautiful body.”

Her soft pants turn to needy moans as her cunt pulses around my shaft and she relaxes around me.

“Soon, little girl, I’m going to own this pretty ass as much as I own this wet pussy.”

Her fingernails dig into the skin of my back as my dick pumps into her, my hips grinding. Moans echo off the walls around us as we spin closer and closer to the edge.

“Come for me, Daddy,” she breathes sweetly in my ear. “Come for your little girl. Fill my hungry pussy until it can’t take anymore. I want to walk around the party feeling you inside me, Uncle Caleb.”

“Such a perfect little slut. I’m going to breed you, Lexi. I’m going to fill this cunt with my cum over and over again until you can’t take anymore. I’ll pound this sexy cunt all day, even while you sleep. And if you spill a drop of Daddy’s cum, I’ll have to punish you, Lexi. You either take it in your sweet cunt and keep it there, or you drink it down like a big girl.”

A roar barrels through my chest as her little pussy fists me so tightly we both come in waves of pleasure. Stars explode behind my eyes, and her shaking form trembles around me, hugging me closely, making me forget where I end and she begins.

“That was”—her breasts heave with overwhelming emotion—“incredible.”

I grin crookedly. “*You’re* incredible, baby girl.”

“Do you think they heard us?” She snuggles into the crook of my arm, and I love it.

I trace my fingers along her hairline. “Well, if they did, at least we’ll be rescued.”

“I don’t think I’m ready to be rescued yet.” Her grin is sweet and satisfied.

“Neither am I.” I bring her lips to mine in slow, tender kisses. “I’m all for living out the rest of our days naked and drinking wine, baby, but we’ve got forever to get to.” I bring my hands to her cheeks as I kiss her again, enjoying the taste

of her on my tongue. “And when it comes to you, I’m not a very patient man.”



## Chapter 6

*Lexi*

WAKING up in Caleb's arms is perfect. I've pictured this moment so many times, but the reality is a million times better than anything I imagined. I like how cherished and warm he makes me feel, as if I'm the only girl in the world.

I turn to look at him and am surprised to see him awake, a goofy smile on his face. "You look like the cat who caught the canary," I say as I push aside the loose strands of salt and pepper hair on his forehead.

"It's hard not to feel smug when you wake up to the most beautiful girl in the world." Caleb leans in and kisses me. He pushes my lips open with his tongue, melding it with mine. He tastes like sugar and Scotch, a mixture I never thought would hold the flavor of pure bliss.

A groan escapes his lips as he rolls us on the floor and climbs on top of me.

"If I die right now, I'll die a happy man." He nuzzles my neck.

It's nice being in the cellar. Here, nothing else exists but the two of us. Nothing in the real world can impact us. I never want to leave. I'm sure we could survive a few weeks with water, booze, and the bags of peanuts stockpiled on the shelves.

“You think we can barricade ourselves in here?” I ask, exposing more of my neck to Caleb’s wild kisses.

His hands roam my body, kneading my breasts and causing me to moan. “I love how responsive you are. You like it when I do this, baby girl?” he asks as he twists my nipple. “Tell Daddy what you want,” he demands.

When the words don’t come fast enough, he twists a little harder.

“I need...” I pant, lost in a fog of lust and unable to form the sentence.

“What do you need?” he asks again.

“I need you to touch me down there.”

“Touch you where?”

“Down there,” I moan.

“It’s a little too late to play a shy girl. Say the word, little girl.”

“I want you to touch my pussy. Please, Daddy, touch my pussy,” I plead.

That’s all Caleb needs because his hand moves to my clit, rubbing me. “I love how wet you get for me. You have any idea how hard you make my cock? Fuck, it’s amazing having this sexy cunt after so many years of deprivation.”

He slaps my pussy, causing me to scream. The pain is like a drug, flooding me with need and desire. Memories of his belt on my clit set me on fire, and I crave more.

“What are we going to do with this greedy little cunt? I think I need to have a little taste,” he says before moving down and placing his nose directly over my core. He inhales deeply. “Such a sweet little pussy,” he whispers before he takes a long lick. “Mmmm, I like how you taste with me still in you.” He puts his finger inside me, taking out the cum from earlier before presenting it to me. “Taste it, baby. Taste my cum directly from your pretty pink cunt.”

Caleb pushes his finger into my mouth, and I swirl my tongue around, savoring us.

“Good girl. I like that you’re my cum-loving slut. It makes Daddy so happy.”

“I like making you happy, Daddy. It’s all your little girl wants.”

Caleb laughs. “We both know that’s not true, little girl. You like being a brat a little too much.”

I can’t help smiling because his words ring true. Pushing boundaries and receiving punishments are enjoyable. That Caleb realizes this makes me even more certain we’re meant for each other.

He continues to probe me with his tongue. Between his pleasurable assaults and all the dirty talk, I’m going insane. When I think I can’t take anymore, he inserts one finger and then another.

“You’re so tight, baby. I’m surprised you were able to take my cock last night,” he breathes before he inserts a third finger. “I want to stretch this pussy. Lexi. I want to put my hand here and fist fuck you. You’d look so pretty stretched out for me.”

That’s all I need before my orgasm takes over my entire body, and I scream my release.

“That’s it, baby. Let me hear you,” Caleb says, moving his fingers in and out of me, allowing me to cum all over them. He removes his fingers and brings them to my mouth. “Open,” he says before inserting them into my mouth. “Isn’t that the best thing you’ve ever tasted?”

Caleb smiles as he grabs his phone and snaps another picture which makes me horny all over again. I make a mental note to examine this little kink I’ve discovered with my Daddy.

Caleb gathers me in his arms. I love how he can be so filthy one moment and hold me like I’m the most valuable person in the world the next.

“You’re a dirty old man, you know that?” I joke while cradled in his arms.

He laughs and pulls me closer. “Baby, you need to look at yourself in the mirror. I’ve never turned into an animal for anyone but you. I want you to know that no matter what, I treasure you. You’re the most precious thing in my life, and I’m going to spend the rest of it making sure you know that.”

His words work their way to my heart and forge a home there.

And then my stomach ruins everything, rumbling to remind me I haven’t eaten.

Caleb laughs and gently moves me aside. “I think we need to case this place and find you something to eat,” he says as he walks to the bar, giving me a wonderful view of his tight ass.

“Hey, I was comfortable.” I pout.

“Don’t be a little brat, or I’ll have to punish you,” he says with a smirk as he opens a bag of peanuts.

“Is that a promise?” I ask, pulling on my panties.

He winks. “Keep testing me, and you’ll find out.”

All I can think about is the many delicious ways he could teach me a lesson.



HOURS LATER, Caleb sits with his back against the bar with me between his legs as he holds me tightly to his chest.

“Who knew that peanuts and Scotch would be the best meal I’ve ever had? It must be the view,” he says, looking at me.

Before I can answer, the door swings open and there stands Alistair, his eyes wide.

“What the fuck is going on in here?” he demands, advancing on us and quickly shutting the door behind him.

## Chapter 7

*Caleb*

“*WHAT THE FUCK?*” Alistair is red-faced, his voice is loud and angry. “You’re fucking crazy. She’s my stepdaughter! She’s also young enough to be *your* daughter.” He gestures between Lexi and me. “This is fucked-up, Caleb, even for you.”

“I’m an adult,” Lexi says, crossing her arms over her chest.

My brother is an intelligent man. It won’t take him long to put two and two together, especially as he takes in Lexi’s little lace getup that’s more revealing than last night, thanks to my greedy hands.

“You bet your ass you’re not,” a familiar shrill voice comes from behind Alistair. She may be tiny, but my sister-in-law makes up for it with her icy stare and cutting voice.

“That’s ridiculous.” The fight has already faded from Lexi’s tone. Her characteristic fire turns to a low simmer as frustrated tears well in her dark eyes.

“Come here.” I urge her into my arms on instinct. My only concern is to take away her pain.

“Get away from her!” Alistair grasps my shoulder, yanking me away from the only woman I’d give my life for. “You’re acting like a fuckin’ pervert, praying on a child.”

“She’s twenty-three, Alistair.”

“What do you want with her anyway,” he asks, his eyes narrowing on me.

“This isn’t your fucking business,” I seethe, flexing my fists as the urge to uppercut my big brother boils through my veins.

“Get the fuck out of my house. Don’t come back.” Alistair attempts to haul me down the hallway, but my feet are stuck in stone, hell-bent on protecting Lexi above all else.

I grip Alistair’s arm and twist until he crouches. “I love you, big brother, I really do, so I’ll respect your wishes, leave your house, and never come back. But nothing you can do short of killing me will keep me away from the woman I love. So go and get your shotgun or back the fuck off.”

Lexi and her mother stand there, their expressions shocked as they watch Alistair and I do what we’ve always done best: fight.

“I don’t believe this.” Lexi’s anger finally boils over. She shoves her feet into a pair of boots and flings the double entryway doors open. Snowflakes fall softly, accumulating on the stairs of the porch. “You can’t tell me who to love!” she shouts at Alistair before turning to her mother. “I choose Caleb.”

Before they can reply, she stomps out into the snow, with me hot on her heels.

“Get back here,” I growl as soon as I’m close enough for her to hear me.

I pull her back into my chest, forcing her to pause and keep her gaze on mine. Tears sluice down her cheeks, and her beautiful dark waves are wet and wild and perfect for my fingers.

“Don’t run away from me like that again.” I nuzzle into her neck, feeling the shivers that course through her body from my touch. “Especially not after you make romantic declarations like you did back there.”

She barks a laugh, wiping at her cheeks. “That’s not exactly my idea of romance.”

Our foreheads touch, and I whisper against her lips, “You said you choose me.”

Her smile turns sheepish, and crimson colors her cheeks sweetly. I wipe the tears from her cheeks, cherishing every inch of her and eager for more.

“I guess I did say that.” Her eyes flick away from my hungry gaze. “In the heat of the moment.”

I grin. “I like you all hot and bothered and singing declarations of love.”

“Love?” Her eyes shoot back to mine. “That might be a stretch—”

“Oh, it’s not a stretch at all, Ms. Everett.” I plant a tender kiss on her damp lips. “I don’t give a damn what anyone else thinks. My heart chose yours all those years ago. I refuse to hide my love for you a second longer.”

“Wait...” She shakes her head. “I’m still stuck on this love word you keep using.”

“Didn’t you feel my love earlier in the wine cellar?” I rock my hips into hers softly, reminding her of all the places we’ve been together.

“I felt something, that’s for sure.” She’s teasing me now. Her body relaxes into my touch as the world falls away, and we’re back to being us again.

“Maybe you need a reminder.”

“I may need a few reminders,” she whispers sweetly in my ear.

My cock jumps and throbs in my pants at her promising words. “I’m all about daily reminders, baby.”

We stand quietly, no more words left to say as I do my best to shield her from the snow, keep her warm, and show her how damn much she’s come to mean to me—not from one night but over the years. I just didn’t let myself believe it before now.

“Turns out I needed the reminder of how deeply you sank inside my soul. I was scared five years ago. You were a kid, and your choice could’ve been based on hormones and nothing else. Eighteen is just a kid, you know? I had a hard time believing someone so young could want me. I wanted you to live a little, see what was out there, even if it killed me to do it. But this time, I’m not walking away from you, Lexi.” I hold her cheeks in my palms, dotting kisses along her hairline and over her eyelids until I catch her mouth with mine.

Her arms fling around my waist, her fingers ducking under the hemline of my shirt as pleasure spikes in my veins. Everything about us is so in sync. I’ve never found this kind of connection with anyone in my forty-six years.

“Move in with me,” I say the second the thought pops into my mind.

“What?” She laughs and then pauses, realizing I mean every word.

“You can finish your masters. I’ll move to Boston. My business pretty much runs itself now.”

“I’m wild and crazy and chaotic. My organizational skills are nonexistent. Caleb, trust me, you pretty much just invited a hurricane into your house.”

“Bring me your beautiful, wild chaos, baby. I’m all in. Besides, with you there, it will be more than a house. It will be a home.”

She shakes her head, grinning, before she finally nods.

“Is that a yes, baby girl?”

She nods again, wiping away what appears to be a few happy tears. “Yes.”

That one tiny word cracks my heart wide.

“Thank you,” I whisper. “You could have walked out on this. You could have kept running through the snow and never looked back.” My voice lowers an octave. “The easiest thing was to avoid us, but it took me seeing you again to know that I’m not interested in easy at all.”



I kiss her softly, tenderly, with quiet reverence. “I’m only interested in doing what it takes to have you.”

“Caleb...”

“I mean every word, and I plan to remind you how much I mean it every day. I love you, Lexi.”

“But what about them?” She peeks over my shoulder.

“What about them? This is about us. We’ve waited long enough. They need to accept it.”

Lexi smiles, resting her head on my shoulder with a sigh. “I think they’ll get over it with some time.”

“They have to because I’ll never give you up.”

## Chapter 8

*Lexi*

STORMING out of a house during a snowstorm wearing next to nothing isn't my best moment. I also realize how childish it looks, but I'm exhausted from denying what and who makes me happy.

"We need to get you inside before you get sick," Caleb says, kissing the top of my head as we walk back into the house.

"I like the snow. I always have. It's like a fresh start," I say as I look at Caleb.

He pulls me tighter into him. "I like you wet," he says with an incredibly sexy smirk.

I slap his stomach. "This is no time to joke. We're about to enter the dragon's lair," I say as we approach my mother and stepfather.

"I'll put on a pot of coffee, and we'll talk," my mother says. She turns to address Alistair. "*Calmly.*"

"I'm pretty fucking *calm*. Cool as a cucumber. As calm as any man could be in my situation," Alistair says, gesturing for us to sit on the white leather sofa.

Everything about this house is so pristine, so perfect. The house belongs in a Martha Stewart feature spread. Here we sit,

the three of us silent, each wanting to say a million things and all scared to start.

And then my mother walks back into the room. “Caleb, she’s a child. *My* child. You’re old,” she states bluntly.

That’s my mother, never mincing words and saying how she feels, no matter the outcome.

“Frankly, Miriam, you have no say in this,” Caleb says coldly.

He grabs my hand, and I am unsure if it’s to comfort me or himself.

“She’s a legal adult. She’s able to fight a war, consume alcohol, and vote. She’s perfectly able to decide who she wants to be with. And I can promise you this: I will treat her like the queen she is for the rest of my life. I will make sure she’s happy and taken care of. *Forever*. You know I’m a man of my word. This is my word.”

My mother and Alistair look at each other. They don’t speak, but in that silence, it appears like they’re communicating volumes. I smile at the exchange. My mother has had a hard life, and Alistair is her rainbow at the end of the storm.

He’s her perfect match. Just like Caleb is mine.

“Lexi, you’re my only child. I love you with every fiber of my being. Is this what you want?” my mother asks.

I look at Caleb and smile. “More than anything I’ve ever wanted.”

“Then, that settles it. You’re an adult, and I know Caleb is a good man,” my mother says as she extends her hand and holds Alistair’s. “I know he comes from good stock.” She looks at Caleb, giving him a cold stare. “But if you ever do anything to hurt my baby, I will gut you like a fish.”

“Miriam, I would rather die than hurt Lexi. I’d cut out my own heart before hurting her,” Caleb says in a soft tone that tells me he’s beyond sincere.

I look at the man I love, feeling warm and complete.

Alistair walks over to us. Caleb releases my hand and stands. I'm not sure what's going on. They circle each other like two wolves about to battle it out for pack dominance.

“She may not be my daughter by blood, but I love her mother, and that love puts Lexi under my protection. We may not always agree, but I know you're a good man. If you're what Lexi wants, I won't stand in the way because I know you would never make a move like this unless she were the one.” Then the two of them shake hands, and just like that, everything we were most worried about, everything keeping us from moving forward, disappears.

## Chapter 9

### *Caleb – One Year Later*

“CALEB HUNT, what in the world are you up to now?” Lexi adjusts the silk blindfold on her eyes.

“Hang on tight, baby. Take it slowly.” I haul her out of the passenger seat of my car and into my arms. “I’ve got a surprise for you.”

“I figured.” She adjusts the blindfold again, clearly not liking the lack of control—exactly why I planned it this way.

Everything about our relationship keeps me on my toes. I was wrong if I thought pining for this woman for five years prepared me for her wild and crazy chaos. And I love every second of it.

“Just a few more steps,” I coo, my hand at her elbow as I guide her around the big house.

“Caleb, you’re crazy. It’s Christmas Eve. Who plans a surprise on a holiday?” She’s rambling, and I don’t try to hide my smile as we come into view of the most beautiful spread I’ve ever laid eyes on.

“Ready, baby?” I whisper in her ear, anticipation ready to jump out of my throat.

“So ready.” She shifts against me, an excited grin turning up her beautiful lips.

“Well, I hope you’re not mad”—I slip my fingertips under the silk of the blindfold and lift—“but I took the liberty of doing a thing.”

I spin her toward the house, the one I’ve been working most of my life to make mine, now ours.

“Whoa. This is a little extravagant for a Christmas Eve dinner, isn’t it?” she breathes, taking in the mountain peaks across the valley and the lake nestled at the base with our new home perched on top.

“Welcome home, Lexi.” I take her hands in mine, spinning her to the side so she finally sees all our family members.

“Caleb Hunt, stop it.” She giggles, clearly not believing me. “This isn’t a home. It’s a mansion.”

“It’s closer to your university classes,” I offer, grinning wide.

She arches an eyebrow. “Do I have to clean it?”

I laugh out loud at the all-too-serious look on her face. “Not for a second.” I gather her in my arms. “I plan on keeping you plenty busy with more pleasurable things.”

“Is that so?” She grins back at me, happiness radiating from her eyes.

“Very busy”—I drop to one knee, sliding the ring from my pocket and taking her hand—“being my wife.”

Her eyes open wide.

“Marry me. I want to live the dream with you. I want to take care of you. I want to be wrapped in these thighs for the rest of my days.”

Tears stream down her cheeks, and her hands tremble as she takes in the emerald cut diamond that’s been part of my family’s private collection for generations. It’s a priceless heirloom, and it’s finally at home on her finger where it belongs.

“Oh, Caleb.” She flings herself into my arms. “Yes, yes, yes. I can’t wait to be your wife.” She plasters me in kisses as

I haul us off our knees, and the crowd erupts into cheers.

“This would have been a pretty awkward engagement dinner if you’d said no.”

She laughs against my chest. “As long as you swear that I’m permanently on vacation from cleaning that big-ass mansion you call a house behind us, I’m with you on this adventure.”

I grin, my fiancée’s hand clasped at my waist as we enter the crowd of family congratulating us.

I catch my brother’s eye across the crowd. He appears emotional, but he’s been nagging me to settle down, buy a house, and start a family for a long damn time. My big brother has always had my back, and this time is no different.

“I’m such a lucky bastard,” I murmur in her ear so no one else can hear. “It’s going to be tough keeping my hands off you until the wedding.”

“Excuse me? Say that one more time.” Lexi’s eyes narrow on mine, etched with concern.

I laugh. “I’m a gentleman, baby girl. What can I say?”

“Gentleman, my ass.” She snakes her arms around my waist and pulls me close.

I growl into her neck, desperate to get us somewhere a hell of a lot more private. I guide her around the house until we’re out of earshot of anyone else. “I’m kidding. I couldn’t keep my hands off you if my life depended on it.”

“I guess we need to start planning,” she hums against my lips.

“Two weeks after your graduation. I want you to get that degree before we tie the knot. I want all your dreams to come true, and I know how important your education is to you.”

“And then you’re gonna bring me back to this big-ass house and have your way with me for the rest of our lives?”

I nod. “Glad you’re seeing things my way.”

She laughs, smacking me in the chest.

I catch her wrist, attaching my lips to the delicate skin and sucking. “Every day with you makes up for every one I spent without you.” I pepper more kisses along her knuckles. “I can’t wait to fill this house with laughter, love, and babies, Lexi. I can’t wait to have it all with you.”

“Caleb...” She wipes at emotional tears, that big diamond lighting up her finger like she lights up my life.

“No more words, baby girl. You already said yes.” I press our foreheads together. “Now I can’t wait to get every fucker I begged to witness this out of here so I can get under this dress and show you how much you mean to me.”

“Sounds promising,” she whispers.

“So help me, it’s taking everything in me not to carry you to the courthouse right now and make us official.”

“We’re as official as it gets, Caleb. I’m still sore from this morning.” She beams, recalling our kinky morning activities. “I’m not sure where the gentleman was this morning in the shower, but—”

I swat her ass cheeks. “Sassy, wicked little brat.”

She moans softly, her need coming off her in waves.

“I think you need a little reminder of Daddy’s limits.”

Her big eyes hold mine, wide and innocent. “You don’t know what it does to me when you tease me about punishments.”

“One more present this Christmas, baby.”

“Give it to me, Santa Daddy,” she teases.

“How about we get a little jumpstart on the house tour, and I’ll show you the main bedroom now? This pussy is begging for me again.”

“Always, Daddy.”

I lick my lips, ready to eat her from top to bottom. “Little girl...”



## First Epilogue

*Lexi*

"I CAN'T BELIEVE you're getting married," my mother says while arranging my veil. Her hands shake like her voice, and I can see her holding back her tears. She moves me to look at myself in the mirror, and tears trail down her cheeks.

"Mom, I'm getting married, not dying," I say as we move to the sofa. I take her hands in mine, hoping it will comfort her.

"I know, and I'm happy for you, pumpkin. I really am. I see the way Caleb looks at you. I know he loves you, but..." my mother's words trail off, and she looks away.

"But what?" I demand.

"You're just so grown-up. I thought I'd have a few years left before I gave you away," she says softly.

"Mom." I put my arms around her, bringing her in for a hug. "I'll always be your little girl, and you'll always be one of the most important people in my life. I'm not going anywhere. We live a fifteen-minute drive from your house. There will be Sunday dinners and holidays. I'm not going anywhere."

My mother nods, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"I know. Besides, soon enough, you and Caleb will have babies," she says and then looks at me sternly. "Not too soon,

though. You still need to live a little, travel, and get a good job. Don't rush into babies. I know Caleb is much older, but don't let him pressure you into anything." My mother holds my gaze. "Promise me, Lexi."

"Don't worry, Mom. Caleb doesn't pressure me into anything. I know he can appear controlling, but he puts me before anyone and anything else. He'll wait until I'm ready, but to tell you the truth... I'm ready now. I love Caleb, and I can't think of anything more amazing than having kids with him," I say with a warm smile. I think about how kind, gentle, generous, and loving he is. I know to the very fiber of my being that he'll be the best father. Our kids will be beyond lucky.

"As long as it's what you want," my mother says again. "Now, let's go get you married."

We walk outside, waiting for the music.

Caleb and I decided to have a small ceremony. Just immediate family and friends. No more than twenty guests. Perfect.

I take in the high ceiling of the old church, understated and beautiful in its simplicity.

"I wish Grandma were here to see this," my mother sighs.

I picked this church because it was where my grandparents were married. Fifty years of wedded bliss until my grandpa died of a heart attack. Two weeks later, my gran was gone too. I've always believed she died of a broken heart. I remember her telling me when I was little that a successful marriage was not marrying the person you could live *with* but the one you couldn't live *without*.

My grandparents were each other's yin and yang. It's exactly how I feel about Caleb. He's my everything, and I know in my bones that I'm his.

"She's here, Mom. She's in our hearts," I whisper.

The music starts, and I begin my walk down the aisle, my eyes on my future.

My Caleb.

I reach the altar, and Mom places my hand in Caleb's. My heart beats a fast rhythm in my chest.

Caleb bends and kisses my cheek by my ear. "I think I've died and gone to heaven," he whispers. "I'm one lucky SOB."

"If you two are done, can we get this started?" Alistair asks.

We both laugh. When we talked about who we wanted to marry us, there was only one person: Alistair. We wanted someone who loved us and knew us. Someone important to us.

"Caleb and Lexi have prepared their own vows," he says to our loved ones gathered in the church to share in our devotion to each other.

Caleb grabs my hands and brings them to his lips. "If it's okay, Lexi, I'd like to go first." His eyes are sincere and soulful.

"Lexi, you're the light of my life. I look at you and think I must have done something good to be blessed with you. You're my soulmate. My partner. My best friend. But most of all, you're my heart. I'm grateful you want to be my wife, and for the rest of my life, I'm going to make you happy. I'm going to make sure you know how precious you are. Thank you for loving me. Thank you for being mine. I love you more than I ever thought possible. You're every beautiful thing in the world and the reason my heart beats." He bends and kisses me, a sweet, chaste kiss that makes me feel like I'm floating.

"Whoa, whoa! No one said kiss the bride yet," Alistair says, making everyone laugh.

"Sorry, sorry, but look at how beautiful she is. I couldn't resist," Caleb says with a sheepish smile.

I take a breath and speak my vows. "I promise to love and care for you, and I'll try in every way to be worthy of your love. I will always be honest with you, kind, patient, and forgiving. I promise to try to be on time. But most of all, I promise to be a true and loyal friend to you. I know we have a love that will last a lifetime, like my grandparents. You're my

soulmate. I love you deeper and wider than any ocean. I'll love you until the end of time."

"*Now* you can kiss the bride, bro," Alistair says.

And my husband kisses me.

## Second Epilogue

*Lexi—Five Years Later*

CALEB'S EYES are fixed on me all night as I dance with the other men. I can tell how much seeing me dancing with them sets him on edge.

A smile slips onto my lips at how hard he grips his glass of bourbon like he'll shatter it into a million pieces. I knew he'd lose his mind here, which made it extra fun. When Caleb told me I could have anything I wanted for our anniversary, I'm sure he didn't think he'd be forced to watch other men hover around me like a bunch of hyenas circling fresh meat.

I drape my arm around one of the frat boys while making direct eye contact with Caleb and smile. That's all it takes for him to jump off the bar stool and head directly toward us.

"Get your hands off him right now," Caleb snaps.

"Whoa, is that your dad," one of the guys asks. I think his name is Frank or Fred. Some generic name starting with F.

I smile at Caleb. "He's my Daddy." I move my hips, and the two guys appear uncomfortable. "I think I'm in trouble."

The other guy, I think his name is Mike, puts his hands in the air, visibly shaking. "Listen, man. We meant no harm."

Caleb growls at him before gripping my elbow and pulling me off the dance floor.

“Bye, boys. It was fun, but I think I’m in a lot of trouble,” I call over my shoulder.

Caleb moves us through the crowd and hauls me toward the single unisex washroom. He locks the door behind us and turns furious eyes on me.

“I’m sorry, Daddy. Please don’t punish me.”

“Oh, I’m going to do more than punish you, little girl.”

I try to control the smile forming on my lips, but I can’t. I love these games we play.

Last year, Caleb took me to a fancy Michelin restaurant. He had me sit on his lap and slowly fucked me while he fed me my dinner. I’m sure the waiter knew exactly what was going on.

When he asked me what I wanted this year, I asked for something a little wilder and more risqué. So Caleb booked a flight to England to ensure no one we knew would catch us. That’s how I know whatever punishment he has planned will be painful, humiliating, and oh-so-delicious.

Caleb steps toward me. “You think this is funny? You traipsing around in the bar dressed in that?”

I smile, looking down at my barely there skirt and midriff top. “What’s the matter, Daddy? Don’t you like my outfit?” I flip my skirt showing him my bare pussy. “I didn’t wear panties, either.”

My back hits the bathroom wall. I gasp for air, but it’s no use. Caleb has his hand firmly around my neck.

“I think it’s time you learned a valuable lesson that you’ll never forget. Dirty fuckin’ slut.”

A shiver rakes through me as Caleb rips his belt from his pants with his free hand. I open my mouth, but his hand on my throat restricts any tangible words, leaving only pathetic squeals.

Caleb smirks before he spits into my mouth. “Shut the fuck up, whore. No one cares what pathetic fuck holes like you have to say.”

My entire body ignites at his words. He's so different from the man at home, ensuring I tell him if things aren't enjoyable for me anymore. My Caleb, the sweetest man on earth who would do anything for me, and my Daddy, the aggressive dominant who makes me bend to his will. The best of both worlds.

“Take off your shirt before I rip it off.”

My fingers work quickly, tugging at the hem of my shirt and pulling it over my head.

“No bra either, I see.” Caleb removes his hand from my throat, and I see stars from the blinding pain of the leather striking me directly on my nipple.

My breath catches with excitement as Caleb glides his fingers over my hot skin until he reaches my labia. He brushes along my slit and smirks. “My little fuck-hole is all wet. Dirty fuckin' pain slut.” Another slash of the belt on my breasts. “Spread your legs, whore.”

I part my legs and close my eyes, bracing myself for whatever torture Daddy wants to inflict on me—craving his wrath, wanting to get lost in the pain of it all.

A gentle slap from the belt hits my pussy. A tiny warning. This is Caleb playing mind games to heighten my desire, and I'm far from mad about it. Something about pain with sex is euphoric, an added benefit that enhances the high and takes you to heights you never dreamed of.

“You know who gets wet like this, baby girl?”

“Sluts, Daddy. Only sluts get wet from exposing their dirty little cunts. I'm such a bad girl, Daddy. I can't help it. Being naughty makes my pussy feel good. Please don't punish me, Daddy. It's not my fault all I want in life is to be used as a filthy cum rag.”

“Fuckin' whore,” Daddy spits before belting my pussy.

I spread my legs further so he can get better access. “Yes, Daddy. Show my little cunt what will happen if I let other boys see it again. I need you to show me that my place is beside you, that my little pussy is meant for you and no one else.”

“That’s right, my dirty girl. This pussy belongs to me. So every time you do something Daddy doesn’t like, I’ll make you pay. I’m warning you now, angel, if I ever catch you wearing short skirts without panties near any other man but me, I’ll whip this cum dump pussy until it bleeds. And I won’t stop there.”

“Please, Daddy. It hurts so much. I’ll do anything, but please make it stop.”

I scream and moan as Caleb strikes my pussy, landing on my clit. He smirks before pulling my hair and yanking me forward, bending me. The cool leather wraps around my throat and tightens.

“On your knees. Show Daddy how sorry you are by sucking his cock.”

I quickly open his pants button and zipper, unleashing his cock. “Oh, Daddy. I think you liked punishing your baby girl. Look how hard your cock is for me.”

“Shut up, slut. I never said I wanted to hear your pathetic mouth speak. Use that fuck hole for the only thing it’s good for.”

With brute force, Caleb grabs the back of my head and shoves his cock all the way to the back of my throat. I gag as his fingers smear my makeup, and he spits on my face.

“If you’re going to act like a useless whore, you may as well look like one.”

Caleb pushes my head down, ignoring my gagging. I know I can tap his leg and he’ll let go, but I enjoy it when he pushes my boundaries. There’s a sense of pride in being able to take it all that I enjoy way too much. Besides, I know he’ll stop if he has so much as an inkling that I’m not having fun. That’s the beauty of being with your soulmate; they take the time to really know you.

“That’s it, little girl. I’m going to make you pass out on Daddy’s cock and leave you here for anyone to find. Imagine that, slut. You’ll be used by random men while you’re unconscious. That’s what you deserve, after all.” He tugs my



hair back and spits on my face again. The trail of saliva moves slowly between my eyes. "Useless whore."

His words only encourage me, taking me to the brink. Sometimes, I think I could come from Caleb degrading me.

I work my tongue around his shaft, hollowing my cheeks and sucking him deep as my gagging echoes around the room.

I gasp for breath as he yanks back with the belt. "My little girl, the hottest fuck in town."

He grips my breast hard, turning me. The cold ceramic wall is a shock to my skin. I hear rustling before cold liquid trickles down my back and slides between my ass cheeks.

Caleb bites down on my ear. "I'm going to tear this little ass apart." He pushes his dick into me slowly at first before picking up his rhythm, moving in and out of me faster and faster. "Rub your pussy, slut. I know you want to."

I slide my fingers between my thighs and rub my clit as Caleb assaults my ass and chokes me with the belt. My body shakes between the lack of oxygen, my ass getting fucked, and my fingers working my pussy until I explode in a mind-altering orgasm.

"That's my filthy fuckin' slut."

Caleb keeps fucking me, inserting three fingers into my pussy. He fucks me rhythmically until I blow gain.

"Please," I gasp. "I'm so sensitive."

Caleb laughs. "Sensitive? Should've thought of that before you decided to be a little whore. You're Daddy's girl. No other man gets to see what's mine."

I come again, and he pushes me to the floor. He palms his cock over my head. "Open wide and stick that tongue out."

As soon as my tongue darts out, thick cum lands on it. "Pretty baby, look at you taking Daddy's cum like a good girl."

Caleb bends and sucks my tongue into his mouth, tasting his cum. He smiles and spits it back on my face. "I think it's

only fitting that you wear your shame as you walk to the car. Told you, angel, act like a slut, and you'll be treated like one."

"Thank you, Daddy."

Caleb pulls me off the ground and kisses the top of my head. "You okay, love?"

"Yes, I'm great. That was out of this world. I'm not sure what I can think of to top that."

Caleb laughs. "I'll do anything you want, but don't ask me to let you dance with men again. That shit nearly killed me."

I laugh and peck his lips. "I won't. Besides, these games will have to be put on hold until the baby is born."

Caleb stops in his tracks and stares at me, his eyes misty. "Baby?"

"Surprise. I'm pregnant."

"When did you find out?"

"Last week, but I knew if I told you right away, you wouldn't have gone through with any of this."

"Damn fuckin' right."

"The baby is fine. I checked with the doctor."

Caleb growls and pulls me to him. "Remind me to beat the shit out of that ass once the baby is born."

"Damn right, you will."

"Oh, baby. I love you so much." He kisses me softly, his hands hovering at my waistline.

"I love you, too, Caleb. Now take me home and feed me."