

THE LAWYER'S

DAFFODIL



ChaShiree M.

THE LAWYER'S DAFFODIL

A FLOWERS OF THE MONTH CLUB


CHASHIREE M.



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FOREWORD

Hey, girl, hey!!!

Oh My Gosh!! Let me tell you...you are going to be so upset. This is nothing but smut. I mean, seriously, this is pure, dirty, 'Daddy' smutty goodness. Or, in your case, since you don't like that, not goodness.

I mean, girls listen. This is OTT, instalust, breeding, Daddy-light deliciousness, and it is not meant for your more serious, storyline needing, violence grubbing, full-length novel yearning eyes. Nope. This is not for you. I mean, can I be any more honest? Story takes place over the course of two days. Talk about quick.

I would apologize but...nope... not gonna. I needed something quick, dirty, and base to refresh my mind from the darkness I have been feeding y'all lately, and you know what...deal with it or don't read it.

This is a safe, insta-everything story meant to fill a short break in an otherwise dull day. This story is foreplay at its finest. I will bring you to the peak, leave you hanging and then take you back to the highest high. Just when you think I am going to whet your thirst, once again, I am going to leave you on the edge until you are begging for it. Uh-Oh. What's wrong? You don't like to be teased? Too bad. If you want to be a good girl, you will take it all and enjoy it. Or, you can be in denial and not turn the page. The choice is yours.

The H is dominant and a Daddy to the core. He sees his flower, and all he can think about is breeding that pussy. Yep.

He is delicious.

The h is innocent and not used to having to solve her own problems, so she is always in need of help. This makes her perfect for our H.

They love each other in a way that works for them, even if it doesn't work for YOU!

SO...if you are looking for something more robust and meaningful, than two people giving in to their most feral instincts for one another, then put the fucking book down and find something else to read.

SORRY, NOT SORRY!!

I said what I said.

For everyone else who loves my words no matter how I give them to you...Remember, Daddy is always watching.
Wink wink

ChaShiree M.

BLURB

Cillian

I have been all work and no play for years, convinced I would never find what I was looking for in a woman. Then, my little flower walks into the courtroom, and everything I ever wanted is within my grasp. She is running from something, and I will stop at nothing to find out what or who it is and put an end to it. She ran into my arms for a reason, and I am never letting her go. Even if I have to breed her to keep her, this plush little flower might not know it yet, but I am all she will ever need.

Daffodil

For as long as I can remember, someone has always taken care of me. Even if it wasn't what was best for me, first, my father, who was a hitman now marked for death, and then it was my brother who took me away from that life and dumped me in college, dumping money into a bank account every month.

Trying to prove my independence, I ended up at the wrong place, at the wrong time. Now, once again, I need someone to save me. The only difference is this time; I don't want to walk away from the handsome lawyer who calls me his good girl. I want to give him everything.

For everyone who asked me about Liam's brother Cillian from *Lucky Timing*, here is his story.

This is a Daddy, instalove, age-gap romance with breeding, of course. The story is safe, with no O/W drama and a little O/M drama by a stalker who is also obsessed with this innocent

little flower. Don't worry. He doesn't even get close enough to touch her.

PROLOGUE

DAFFODIL

How in the hell do I keep ending up in these situations? It is a redundant question, really. It is all my fault. I move headfirst into stuff before thinking of everything. I could blame it on the fact that for the first eighteen years of life, either my father or older brother was making the decisions for me, and I never had to think quickly on my feet or make decisions at all. Well, until a few months ago when all hell broke loose.

My father is Julio Barbieri Sr., a former hitman for the Coronado Cartel. Apparently, according to all the papers, he was their number one triggerman until they discovered he had been embezzling from the organization and sleeping with Quanico's wife. He is our version of the Don. Now, my father is a wanted man, not only by the cartel but also by the Feds. Yeah, see what I mean? So, my big brother, Julio jr., came and got me when word got out, scared they would kidnap me and try to use me as collateral. He took me from my home and my friends and drove me home with him for the first few weeks until college started. He enrolled me in a school far away from him and told me to stay put and make something out of my life.

I am sure you are wondering why he didn't let me live with him, right? Well, my brother, too, is in the mob, just not the Coronado's. He is the right hand, second in command to Dario Lassiter, a Lawyer/mob boss. I know. The men in my life are a hot mess. College was good. I mean, it is okay. My brother stacks my bank account every month, and I have a room to myself. I enjoy it, I guess. I just never saw myself as a college girl.

I was actually trying to figure out how to tell my brother that once this second semester is over, I don't want to go back even though I am enrolled in a summer program. But then, Logan happened. He is a Lacrosse player at the University, and for some weird reason, even though all of the girls on campus are obsessed with him, he has set his sights on me. It started out innocent enough, but then it was just downright creepy with him showing up in random places.

So, I decided to go away for spring break but leave a little earlier, which is how I ended up here in Miami, with no place to go. No idea where I am staying because I didn't think about hotel reservations, transportation, or anything.

I thought it was fate when I met these two girls and they offered to take me to the hotel they are staying at. When they said they had to make a stop to pick up some stuff, I thought nothing of it until they went running out of the store with the owner chasing them. They drove off and left me holding the proverbial bag. I tried telling the store owner I wasn't stealing, but he wouldn't listen. Next thing I know, I am in jail, talking to a sleazy public defender who basically told me, if I were willing to lay on my back as payment, he would do his job. I know I should call my brother, but I am supposed to be in LA, and I really can't face him. But seriously, how does this always happen to me?

ONE

DAFFODIL

Two days. I have been in this cell for two days, huddled in the corner, trying not to make eye contact with the other women in here. It is clear I don't fit, and by the looks, they have been giving me, they know it as well. One of them, I heard her lawyer say she might get off with manslaughter. That is when I began to cry inside. I would never let them see me cry, but on the inside, I am dying. They gave me a chance to make one phone call, and I did try to call my brother. When he didn't answer, I couldn't bring myself to leave a message. I mean, what was I going to say? *Hey big brother. Sorry, I am not where you left me. Actually, I am in jail less than an hour from you. Come get me?* See. It didn't sound right to me either, so I just hung up.

Now, I am anxiously waiting to be escorted to the courtroom for my arraignment, and even though I know, logically, I am going to probably be let out on bond, I still don't know what to do from here. "Barbieri. You're up." The guard comes and unlocks the door. Head down, I follow him out and wait for the cuffs to be placed back on me and be led to the courtroom.

When we turn the corner, I see my sleazy public defender standing in the hallway, and immediately I want to run and hide. I want to cover myself up and be invisible, but I need him to get me out of here. He walks over to me and follows us inside. I feel his disgusting breath on my neck. "Did you give any thought to my... suggestion?" Ugh. God. Could this get any worse? I have no response for him, so I decide saying nothing might be better.

The double doors to the courtroom open, and the moment I step inside, everything begins to itch. Not like a rash, but like that tickle... that niggling feeling you get when something is happening, but you can't see it yet. Have you had that happen? The hairs on the back of my neck stand up, and I crane my head, trying to look around and find the cause. At first, nothing looks amiss, but then my eyes move across the man sitting at the other table, and everything stops. "Holy moly," I whisper to myself. He is like the vision of Adonis as seen from the tops of the mountain. His eyes are trained on mine as well, and it makes the itching worse.

I drop my head, not sure why I was just ogling who I am sure is the prosecutor, but even without looking up, I know his eyes are still on me. It's like I can feel him moving under my skin. It is both unnerving and alluring. "All rise." I stand with everyone else when the judge comes into the room and then promptly sits back down.

"Good morning, gentlemen. Who is first on the docket?" The judge asks, opening up a file.

"Your honor, we have Daffodil Barbieri. Shoplifting. First-time offender. No priors." The sexy man staring at me says.

"Mr. Way?" The judge looks at my public defender waiting for him to respond, but he is busy leering at me. Oh my god. I think he is really waiting for me to say I will sleep with him. I feel the nervousness begin to build inside of me. The helplessness that I feel when I find myself alone and unsure how to handle something. What should I do? My eyes move toward Mr. Prosecutor and then back down, not sure why I looked in the first place. He is the one trying to lock me up. "Mr. Way?" The judge calls him again, waiting for his response.

"What he just said." Is his one and only response, and I know I am screwed. "You should have taken me up on my offer." Is all he says before leaning back in the chair.

"Very well." The judge grunts, clearly pissed at him but not saying much else. "What is the state proposing?" Oh, God. They are going to lock me up and throw away the key. I

should have called my brother. Now it's too late. I can't go to jail. I can't...

“The state recommends house arrest while the incident is further investigated.” Wait. What? House arrest? I don't even live here. Sleazy guy perks up and starts to stand when a sexy man says, “I am willing to supervise and oversee the investigation, your honor.” Whoa. Why has my breathing picked up so quickly? I glance at him from under my eyelashes, only peeking from the side, and see once again his gaze is locked on me, but he is also glaring at the prosecutor like he wants to kill him, and it does something to me. Sleazy guy begins to object, but the judge shuts him down.

“That sounds like an excellent idea. Young lady, please stand.” I stand as best I can, unable to steady myself with my hands and ankles cuffed. “You are hereby put on house arrest for the duration of the investigation and put in the hands of Mr. O'Doyle. Do you object to this?” I shake my head no because, seriously, what is my alternative. “Very well. Next case.”

Why am I more excited than nervous?

TWO

CILLIAN

Holy fuck! If I don't get my dick under control, I will be held in contempt of court for indecent exposure. This girl is fucking decadent. Was convinced I was hallucinating when I saw her thick, plushy body walk into the courtroom following behind that fucking leach. I had to physically grip the table to remain seated. There is no way in hell she should be following behind anyone. She is a god, damn Goddess. She should be leading men to their deaths as they kill one another to win the privilege of her smile.

My eyes wouldn't leave her, still not sure she isn't an illusion. When they listed out why she was in here, I damn near snorted in disbelief. There is no way this delicate flower did anything but breathe in the vicinity of some lucky fuck. How in the hell is she in here with no proper representation? With no man threatening to kill everyone involved if she isn't released? No, my flower is alone and vulnerable to the like of the lecherous public defender sitting next to her, sniffing to fucking close to what is now my pussy.

My mind went crazy trying to figure out how the hell to get her within my grasp and under my control. House arrest is as good as I could come up with while trying to keep my dick from jizzing circles around her. I felt her eyes on me throughout the hearing, but I also saw her sneak glances since my eyes were not away from her for longer than a few seconds.

I listen as the judge grants my request, and my body relaxes. Turning my head, I see her eyes get big as it hits her

with what just happened, and I can do nothing but smile. I watch her being led to the backroom, where they will remove her cuffs and have her sign the release paperwork. I am still waiting, expecting someone to come charging in here demanding she be returned to them. What would I do if that happened? I haven't spoken to her yet, and already every possessive instinct that has been dormant is alive and surging with new life.

"Sign here and here," The guard says as I walk into the room. She looks up, her teeth biting her lip.

"Sign the papers, my flower, so that you can be done with this place." The guard looks at me and then at her trying to figure out what is happening. Ha. Good luck. I don't fucking know myself. The only thing I can comprehend right now is that I need her in my space, away from all other male eyes, until I can put my mark and scent on her. She licks her lips in nervousness, I know, but my dick jumps anyway, wanting that mouth around him.

"All done. Please hold your foot out so we can attach the device." I have to grind my teeth and remember where I am. The guard has no idea how close he is to dying. Not only is he touching her and bent down close enough to smell her sweet innocent pussy, but he is attaching something to her body that should be reserved for criminals, not for plush princesses who should be sitting on her daddy's lap being fed berries and dick on a daily basis. *Daddy?*

I stumble when the word permeates my head. My hands don't leave the back of the chair, the fake wood being the only thing keeping me from falling on my ass at the revelation of what I just said. I look and see her eyes on me, penetrating my senses and logical brain. Yes. Yes, this is right. She is mine now. My princess. My baby girl. My little one. My daffodil. Daffodil. Even her name is perfect. It is delicate and innocent like her. It means rebirth and new beginnings. *Birth*. Fuck. Now all I see is her naked, walking through our home, her belly swollen and her tits leaking, leaving streams of milk all over the house like breadcrumbs for me to find her after a long day's work. I need to get my fucking P.I. on this right away. I

need to figure out who thinks they have a claim on her and reassure them they no longer do. The minute she walked into that courtroom; she became mine. *MINE!* Now, I just need to get her to our home where I can let her in on the new reality. Ready or not, sweet flower. Here I come.

THREE

DAFFODIL

I don't know what just happened. I didn't have time to digest what everything was before I was sitting in this room, and now a device is being put on my ankle. I turn it left and right, trying to figure it out. "How does this work?" I ask the guard kneeling in front of me.

"Simple. It is set for my home where you now live and ensures you cannot leave without me." Holy...his eyes are basically tearing me down with each blink, and it is making me not only itchy but squirmy. It is hurting me not to move against his gaze, but for some reason, I know if I do, it will upset him. Not sure why, but I can feel it.

"How long will I have to wear this? I really am innocent," I tell him and anyone else who can hear me. I know they hear that all the time, but I can't not tell them. I need someone to believe me. When I look up at him again, all the air leaves from my lungs. I am covered in an orange jumpsuit, and under his hard, heated gaze, I feel naked. I feel exposed, like I just walked out of the ocean in front of lights and cameras in the nude.

"Of that, I am sure, little flower." I don't think we are talking about the same thing. If his words weren't laced with so much fire, they would have made me exhale with relief. Instead, I can feel each breath I am taking as it fans against his stare, and suddenly the room feels like I am suffocating. I make the mistake of scooting in the chair, and I watch as his nostrils flare and ice enters his eyes.

“Enough! You have touched her more than necessary. Get the fuck up now and get out.” He orders the guard out of the room, and I swear my entire body becomes an oven. Every part of me is responding to his authority, and I don’t know what is happening to me. Once the room is empty, he simply stands there staring at me, not speaking, but it is the loudest sound.

“I... uhm...thank you for getting me out of here, Sir. I don’t know if I can pay you anything, but I..”

“You will call me Cillian, in the presence of others.” OKAY... That’s odd. What will I call him otherwise? “And, I don’t want or need your money, little flower.” My cheeks feel warm when he calls me that, but it also makes my body kind of achy.

“Then what do you want for... for helping me?”

“We will start with your tiny petal between those thick thighs and your sweet lips on mine and then move on to everything.” Oh, God. I can’t believe he said that to me and furthermore I can’t believe I liked it. I am at a loss for words. “It’s okay, little one. No need to reply. It is done. For now, I am going to send you home with my driver. Feel free to make yourself at home and eat. Mrs. Madigan might still be there. Have her cook you something. Get comfortable. I will be home shortly. Call no one until we have had time to talk.”

Holding his hand out, he looks at me expectantly, waiting for me to comply. I should feel hesitant, especially given what he just said, but, all I am feeling is this buzzing anticipation zinging through me. I place my hand in his, and I swear I feel something pass from him to me. Gasping, I look at him, and his eyes are a hazy blue compared to a minute ago.

“I...” Oh, God. Everything is warm now. My mouth feels parched, and no matter how many times I lick my lips, they feel dry.

“Don’t worry, little one; your mouth will be wet enough. Soon. Now come.” I obey him like a lap dog and walk with him to the car. “Take her straight home, Cordero. No stops, and keep your fucking hands and eyes to yourself.”

“You got it, Sir.” He looks at me once more before turning haste and walking into the building. I slump against the seat, expelling tension I didn’t know I was holding in being in his presence. Geesh.

The car ride is shorter than I expected, and when we pull up, I am stunned. His house... more like a mansion, is exquisite. It is huge. Five families could fit in there. “Are you sure we are in the right place?” I ask his driver lamely. He doesn’t look at me or speak to me. He just stands there like a statue, and I shrug, knowing he is going to follow orders. I am not sure I should ring the bell or knock, but the choice is taken from my hands when an older woman opens the door.

“Hello, dear. Come on in. Are you hungry?”

“No, thank you.” I have a problem eating when I am nervous. Not that my hips and stomach get the memo.

“Very well. The master bedroom is upstairs down the hall to the left. Only room with double doors. Get comfortable, dear. By the way, I am Mrs. Madigan.” Smiling, I nod my head and walk up the stairs. I really should call my brother and tell him everything, but Mr. O’Doyle told me not to, and I really have this unexplained need to do as he commanded.

This room is amazing. I walk around taking everything in, and nothing screams a woman’s touch, but then again, as masterful as he is, he could simply not let her have a say. When I make it to the bathroom, I see the jacuzzi tub, and my body begins to scream how much it needs to soak and get clean. “Yes, please,” I say to myself.

Oh my God. I didn’t realize how horrible I felt being in that jail with no shower or bath and not being able to wash my hair. I keep teetering between feeling guilty for enjoying this when I should be contacting my brother and feeling pampered. I found some body wash under his sink and added it to the tub, and now I am under an obscene amount of bubbles fighting back jealousy at the feminine fragrance surrounding me.

I want to close my eyes and drift off for a bit, but every time I do, I picture his face and the way his eyes stripped my body down to the core even though I was covered up. My

nipples begin to bead just like they were sitting in that room being watched and scrutinized by him. I couldn't admit it to myself then, but my pussy was so wet I swear I thought the chair was going to wilt beneath me. I wanted to pant and beg him to douse the flame he lit inside of me, but something held me back.

Now, alone in his bathtub, surrounded by his things, I don't try to stop my hands from rubbing my slick nipples and pinching them the way I know he would. I rub my thighs together, trying to create some friction. My nipples are hard and achy, but it's my pussy that needs the attention. Opening my legs, I work my fingers through my slick folds, slowly moving them up and down. I gasp as everything begins to swirl around me.

I picture his big manly hands gripping my hips as he slams his cock in and out of me in a punishing rhythm because maybe I was a bad girl while he was at work. It is possible he told me to be a good girl and remember to never wear anything revealing around his male staff. Maybe I forgot they would be there and walked into the kitchen in a tiny pair of shorts and a tank top with no bra.

I imagine he has cameras all over the house so he can watch me in every room, so I knew he would see me advertising, showing what belongs to him. "Oh, God." I cry out when my hands begin working my pussy faster and faster. He storms home, growling at everyone to leave before he stalks into our bedroom and demands I suck him off and gag on his cock. His thick trunk goes down my throat, choking me, suffocating me as his balls cover my nose. When I am just about to pass out, he snatches me from the floor, bends me over, and spansks me until I come from the pleasure of the pain.

"You wanted to be a bratty bitch today, huh, little one?" I whimper as his belt buckle hits the floor. I know what is coming, and nothing is going to feel as good as being fucked by him. "Is my little princess, horny? Is that greedy, pregnant, bratty pussy swollen and needy today, baby? Is that what you wanted to turn me into a fucking lunatic in the middle of a meeting, knowing I was watching your every move?"

“Y-yes.” *I will answer him, crying because I need him so much.*

“*Nah ah, my flower. Yes, what?*” My hand moves faster and faster as a scream builds in my throat. I am reaching for something, but I don’t know what it will take to get me there.

“*Yes, Daddy.*” Even though it is said in my mind, that one word sends me soaring into the clouds. Holy fuck!!! Daddy? Daddy! There is seriously something wrong with me. My daddy issues are worse than I thought.

Spent and exhausted, both mentally and physically, I get out, dry off and find one of his t-shirts to put on. As usual, when I am this exhausted and worried, I have a hard time falling asleep. I find the remote control on his nightstand and turn on the TV. Immediately I am excited when I see he has cable and amazon prime. But my mind is too tired to have to choose from so many options. Looking through the TV Guide, I see two options. One is *Guy’s Grocery Games* reruns which, let’s be honest, are awesome no matter how much you have seen them. But, it would be too stimulating, and I would never get to sleep. So, the other option is *Lolita*. I have always loved this movie. I know that his feelings for her were wrong by society’s standards, but the obsession was so consuming even I was sucked into it. I couldn’t believe it the first time I watched it and realized she chose a poor existence, pregnant, dirty on a farm, over this man that would have done anything for her. I would give anything for that type of devotion.

Satisfied with my movie choice, I snuggle further into the bed and barely make it ten minutes in before it is lights out.

FOUR

CILLIAN

“Shit.” This is the fifth time I have stroked my cock until I jizzed all over my hands, thinking about my flower and her lush curves. I am like a fucking schoolboy again. Christ.

“Mr. O’Doyle line one.” Carefully, I stuff my cock back in my pants and answer it.

“Yes.”

“Mr. O’Doyle, I saw your message requesting my services.”

“Yes, Clyde. I need you to look up information on a Daffodil Barbieri. I forwarded you her information. This is a time-sensitive situation, Clyde. I want this in my hands right now.” When I tell him that he knows it means spare no expense, I will pay extra for anything illegal used to obtain it.

“Right away, Sir.” Placing my phone back down, I try to convince myself to get some work done. I have opened and closed the files on my desk a hundred times, but no work has been done. Who the hell am I kidding?

“Sienna.” I am up and out of my seat, packing my suitcase.

“Sir.”

“I am done for the day. Cancel all of my appointments.” I hear her gasp, and she begins to sputter.

“But Sir..”

“Good day, Sienna.” I am not about to start explaining myself to people. I also am not one to shirk my

responsibilities, but this girl has brought out everything inside of me that has been dormant. My... taste has always run on the fence's taboo side, and I have always been aware of that fact. I have not been in denial; I guess I simply just chose to move on from it.

Coming from an Irish family, the type of love I saw was wholesome and encased in a sort of innocent wrapping, never to be seen or assumed by anyone. I always found that sort of love, albeit endearing; it was also boring. Don't get me wrong; I adore my parents, and their love worked for them and us growing up. I knew our family meant everything to my father and that his respect for my mother was unwavering. But as I grew up, something in me wanted to blaze and burn and own. Hell, even with my first girlfriend, I found myself telling her what to do more than she liked, and needless to say, that ended.

So, I charted a course based on accomplishment and money, and I am proud of my work. However, lately, this feeling of hollowness has been not so easily explained. Hell, I went so far as to go to a BDSM club only to leave disgusted within the first ten minutes. I get the domination and ownership; believe me, I do. I fucking feel it in my soul right this very second, beating against my ribs to be let out and thrust upon my little flower at home waiting for me. But, I am more of a private beast, if you will. There will never be a time when having other people gawk at her won't make me fucking murderous. Thinking about it now, I am white-knuckling the steering wheel as I drive through downtown Miami. The same drive I have made for years which is normally innocuous, takes fucking forever.

The entire ride is spent picturing her walking around the house naked, thighs coated in the syrup her pussy is leaking as she roams free and loose. She walks into my office, horny and needy, knowing I am in the middle of an important phone, and sits on my lap, drenching my pants in her sweet juice. "Little one, what are you doing? You know I have an important meeting I am in the middle of." Her lips poke out, and she slides against my thigh, giving herself friction. "My flower." I try to reprimand her, but I know she sees through it. My voice

is now hoarse, heavy with the desire to fuck her right now, but the clearing of the throat on the phone reminds me we are not alone.

Her eyes begin to glow as they do when she is out of her mind with thirst. Like Bella when she first woke up. “But daddy, it aches.” She whines loud enough for the future client on the phone to hear.

“Naughty girl, I told you to wait for me. Why would you saunter your ripe ass into my office right now?” Even as I am asking her this, my hand is moving up her thighs toward her swollen pussy, that I can smell, and it is stronger than the finest brandy.

“I missed you.” She says and kisses me. I slide my finger between her little petal, and her cries surround us like a Dolby digital system. “DADDY!” She screams when I put my finger inside of her pussy and sweep it against her sweet spot. My other hand cradles her hard stomach housing my seed, and my cock calls me a dumbaass for not fucking her right now. He could give two shits about rules.

“What a greedy little bitch you are being today. Do you think you are in charge, my little flower?” She shakes her head no even as she is rocking against my fingers. I am seconds from blowing inside of my pants when I hear panting coming from the phone. Shit. “You on the phone stroking your tiny stem, listening to my wife get off on my lap, Delgado? Do you like hearing her cries, begging her Daddy to stuff her full of his thick hammer? I hope you got all you needed from this conversation because the deal is off, you dumb fuck. Be lucky I am letting you keep your ears.” I hang up the phone, pushing her against the desk, mindful of her belly, and spank the shit out of her, shaking with rage and so much fucking lust, I am blind. Another man has heard her sweet cries of want, and it fucking making me sizzle. But, it also makes me feel like the fucking king of pride, knowing no cock will ever know how tight and wet it is but me.

Beep beep. I am brought out of my daze by the sound of cars behind me losing their shit. I look around and realize I have stopped at the intersection before my subdivision. See.

She has turned my world upside down. Getting my head on straight, I pull into the garage and hop out of the car within seconds. Hell, I am not sure the damn car was even turned off. “Good evening Sir.”

“Mrs. Madigan. Did our new guest eat?”

“No, Sir. I offered her whatever she would like, but I think the young lady was tired.” My teeth grind together, picturing her starving and exhausted inside of that cell.

“Thank you. You can be done for the night. Have a good night.”

“You as well, Sir.” I wait for her to leave the house and make sure the alarm is set. Taking a second, I grab some water and use the minutes to calm myself. I know she needs to eat, but fucking shit, so do I. I make us both a grilled cheese sandwich and heat up some tomato soup for a few extra minutes. One of the only four things I can make.

For the first time since I bought it three years ago, I look around as I walk to the stairs and up. I try to see it from her perspective. Would she find it lacking? Is this somewhere she can see herself living with me, happy, raising a family, being spoiled like the princess she is? Ear to the door, I hear nothing. Opening it, I see my little flower on the bed, spread out on her back. My eyes trace every inch of her body, from her cute toes to her calves. I continue to move up her legs and see her thighs, bare and pale. She has meat on her bones like a girl who indulges in the finer things in life, and again I find myself wondering who is bankrolling my sweet girl. I see the TV blink, and a smirk forms on my face. Ah, Lolita. Seems my little flower has a kink or a need of her own, huh. Could she be any more perfect for me? I just hope she is ready for how close to the movie her life is going to become.

Moving closer, I don't bother hiding the groan of the demand of my cock. My shirt has ridden up, and her almost bare pussy teases me, gloats because I haven't sampled it, and there it is, laying in my bed winking at me. Like a fucking junkie, I look around for the panties she just took off and see them on the floor in front of the bathroom. I flee across the

room and lift them to my nose with no shame and fucking blackout at her scent. My chest rumbles as I rub it over my face, growling like a fucking animal in the jungle. She smells like girl scout cookies and strawberries. Like every dirty dream and snack, I can't resist.

I make it back beside her and lean over her and inhale her. Christ. My nose touches her clit as I use it to split her lips. Barely restrained, I rub my face over her pussy, letting her hair tickle my nose. My tongue is tingling, wanting to taste, lick and devour her. My touch disturbs her a bit. She moans and moves slightly; her legs open a little bit, and I pull back. Fumbling like a goddamn teenager, I grip my dick and pull him out of my pants. Standing over her, I close my eyes and grunt in silence. I stroke him like the devil is chasing me, hard deep pulls, every stroke like a shot to my vision. Over and over, I let the jizz spill over wet my dick, and I watch her, praying for the chance to defile her. Make her need me as much as I need her. Make her want me more than she wants oxygen because fuck, I would give up my last breath to lick her from her asshole to her clit.

Fist to my mouth, I hold in the roar spilling from my chest as I squirt all over her thighs and pussy. The next one goes inside of her. Now I need to feed her before I fuck her.

FIVE

DAFFODIL

Goodness. I haven't slept this well since the day my brother came and got me. Even then, my bed wasn't so soft and fluffy. "Wake up, little one." That voice is like a smoky maple. All I want to do is snuggle further into it. "Such a juicy, cuddly little thing, aren't you. Come on, little flower. Wake up so I can feed you." *And fuck you.* That last part is more like a grumbled remark, and I am unsure if I am dreaming it or not. Oh god. Something wet brushes against my neck. My eyes open, and I am staring into the most piercingly dark eyes I have ever seen, and considering his eyes are actually blue, something has made him upset.

"I'm sorry," I tell him, sitting up. My eyes glance down, and I notice something wet on my thighs. I thought I dried off all the way. Shoot. Everything is exposed. I begin trying to pull the shirt down, but he hisses and stops me.

"Don't hide from me, little one." My hand brushes against the wetness on my thigh, and I look down once again, trying to figure out what it is. "Now you smell like me." My gaze jerks to his, and his nostrils flare as he stares at me, something feral in his eyes...something unable to be tamed or trapped. Wait. Is this...Holy shit!!! My pussy likes that, apparently. "Come." He holds his hand out to me, and I can't stop the thought that apparently someone already did.

My hand in his, I get out of the bed and rub my legs together, shivering as his slickness rubs into my skin. His hand grips mine harder. Once again, I find myself looking at him, taking in the contours of his face, hard and strong. He is still in

a business shirt, though his jacket has been removed. I admire the hardness I can see under it, knowing he must spend time in the gym regularly.

“Mmmm. What smells so good.” We walk into the kitchen, and I see a couple of plates and wide saucers set up.

“You didn’t eat when you got here, and unfortunately, all I know how to make is grilled cheese and tomato soup. Well, I can also make a mean Omelet.” he winks, and I giggle. His face lit up when he did that, and it made him seem so light and sweet. “Sit, baby.” Like a puppy being trained, I do as I am told. He scoots my chair under the table and lays a napkin in my lap. Those simple gestures make my entire body warm and tingly. Apparently, I am easy. “I made you two grilled cheese sandwiches.”

“This is too much. I can’t eat all of this.” My stomach chooses this moment to growl. Crap. “Well, maybe I am really hungry, but I really should watch what I eat. I am trying to lose weight.”

“What the fuck for?” he growls like an angry dog.

“I mean, my hips are too big, and my stomach isn’t flat like the other girls...”

“Who gives a shit about other girls. You little one, have handles for a real man, to grip and squeeze when you are riding his cock. You don’t lose a fucking pound. I want to feel every inch when I am on top of you, pounding you into the bed.” Whoa. I damn near choked on my grilled cheese. I stop eating and stare at him, turned on and angsty at his words. “Eat, my flower.” I continue to chew, thankful he gave me a reprieve. I have no idea what I was going to say.

“I guess I was hungrier than I thought. Sorry,” I say, ducking my head, heat covering my face at how I was stuffing it. This must look attractive.

“Attractiveness doesn’t begin to cover it, little one.” Shoot. I said that out loud? “I am a grown-ass man, and I am jealous of the melted cheese that gets to invade your wet, warm mouth.” Holy hell. With his foot, he pulls my chair closer to

his and runs his nose up my neck. “I love that you smell like my body wash. One of the many ways I am going to be able to prove to everyone you belong to me now.” His lips touch my neck, and my body shivers, goosebumps racing up and down the pathway. “Tell me about you, little flower.” Crap. I was hoping I had more time before we got to this.

“Not much to tell. I am a college student who came here on a whim for spring break.” There. No lies. Just not everything. He sighs, lifts me, and puts me on his lap. The way I am sitting on him, I am straddling his leg, not facing him. On instinct, I move slightly, gasping at the jolt of electricity that shoots to my clit. Thank God I am not facing him right now. I know the wetness I feel underneath me is from my pussy. I have never been this turned on in my life, but this man makes me a mess. Literally.

“So, how did you come to be in the store getting arrested?” As he asks, his hands are rubbing circles on the sides of my stomach, moving down slightly with each rotation. When his leg lifts and drops back down, my pussy feels every movement, and I whimper, biting my lip, hoping he didn’t hear it. “I know, baby. Trust me, little one, this mess you are making on my leg, I want in my mouth, but first, I need to know everything.” His whispered words are making me so horny. Instead of answering him, I continue to rock against his leg, keening for release. *Smack.*

“Oh, God.” I cry out when the impact sends fire to my pussy. My eyes are momentarily blinded by light and fireworks. That is insane. Shouldn’t I feel chastised and offended? I don’t. I feel tiny and wanton. Deliriously horny and needy.

“Shit. That backfired. Your messy pussy just gushed all over me. Seems I am going to have to find a better punishment for your dirty cunt, huh, little fowler.” I don’t know anything right now, except I want him to do it again. “Now tell me about the store.” Seriously?! He wants me to talk right now.

“I-I just met them. I didn’t plan well and had no ride or hotel. I met them at the airport. They offered to let me stay with them. They had to stop at the store to pick up a few

things. I got out to buy some stuff. Saw them running. Didn't know what was happening. Next thing I know, I am being arrested." I spit all of that out as fast as I can, hoping he continues using his hand. Please spank me again. I literally bite my tongue to keep from saying this.

"I figured my sweet flower didn't do anything."

"You believe me?" I try to turn my head to look at him.

"I do, little one. I never thought it was true."

"Oh my gosh, Cillian, thank you. Maybe you can convince everyone, and then I can leave." I hear his chest rumble, and then a growl pushes through his throat. I am turned to face him, my eyes wide with the level of rage and desire in his.

"You are never getting away from me. Ankle device or not, you are in my arms and leaked that juicy cunt all over me. You have marked me, little flower; now I get to do with you as I wish." His finger touches my clit, and everything around me explodes. My body shakes, and closed-mouthed moans of pleasure ring out. His eyes look frantic...crazed. "Don't hide your cries from me, little one. I want to hear every plea fall from those sinfully pink lips." He growls. He leans in and licks my lips, coaxing them open. Unable to deny him, I open and keen when his tongue touches mine. His curses, sweat covering his upper lip. My untrained tongue tries to follow his lead, but I am so far gone, so buried under his touch and how much I need to come, that I give up and just fall in line. He takes my mouth like a master, beckoning me to follow him over the precipice and lord knows I can't deny it. "Come for me, little flower. Leak that sweet cream all over my hands and legs. Bathe me in your desire so I can rub it over my face and lick it from your peach fuzz-covered cunt." Oh, God.

"Cillian...I don't...I need.."

"I know what you need, my little flower. Trust me, I know, and when I am buried nine inches deep in your tiny, cherried-covered cunt, you are going to call it out into the Universe and seal our fates. Now, cream me, baby." That is all I need to go soaring into the abyss of endless sensation. My mouth is open, and words are coming out, but I have no idea what I am

saying. “So fucking beautiful and ripe. You came so nicely for me, little one. I can’t wait to see what you look like stuffed full of my babymaker. You want to give me that, don’t you?” I think I nod. I am not sure. All I know is right now; I would do anything he asks of me. Yes. I want to give him everything. But first, I need sleep.

‘

SIX

CILLIAN

I should be nominated for the Saint of the year award. After I got her off last night, my little flower fell asleep in my arms. My cock was pissed. Unruly fucker didn't go down the entire night, punishing me for not taking what belongs to him. Now, here I am at seven in the morning, cock angry and at full throttle, leaking onto my stomach since I took him out of my pants. I have been trying to placate him, telling him soon, she is tired and needs rest. Does he give a fuck? No! Rude bastard even smacked her across the lip while she was laying with her head on my stomach. I watch in fascination and half out of my fucking mind, as my pre-cum became her lipstick. More leaked out, and I am even more of an asshole than my cock. I wiped it over her face and groaned as it spit more. Finally, I moved it further down, and when she shifted, the scent of her pussy made him erupt. Fucking asshole has still not gone down. Stretching, she pushes her ass against my cock, and I practically leap out of bed. Shit. Her eyes open, and she licks her lips before blushing and ducking her head.

“Good morning.” Fucking shit. Her morning voice is like honey and marshmallows. Slick and fluffy like her ass and that soft tummy that I am going to make hard when I fuck my kid into her.

“Good morning, little one. How do you feel?” I love it when her face turns the same red as my angry cock.

“Rested.” She says, stretching her arms like a baby kitten. My heart clutches when I think about what I have in front of me right now. I didn't pay attention to the longing inside of me

that existed in the deepest recesses of my mind, aching for my partner, a woman who would fit into the part of my life and needs that I had long since buried. Then she walked into the courtroom like a supple angel, ripe and begging to be taken care of.

“Good. You fell asleep on me last night, little flower. Before I was finished taking what belongs to me.” Her mouth forms an ‘O’, and I smile. “Go brush your teeth while I get some supplies, baby.” Nodding, she gets out of bed, naked, her juicy tits jiggling as she walks. I know the minute she realizes she no longer has a shirt on. She looks down and covers her tits. “Hands down, little flower. I want to see everything when you walk around our home. Now go.” Her bottom lip goes in her mouth before her tongue comes out and winks at me. I turn my head, needing a moment.

Once I have gathered the supplies, I go into the bathroom and see her standing in front of the mirror, staring at herself. I place my bag down and notice the little bit of toothpaste on the corner of her mouth. Without saying anything, I swipe it off and put it in my mouth, unable to stop myself from tasting anything that has to do with her. “Cillian.” She moans my name and rubs her thighs together.

“Hop up on the sink, little one, and spread your legs.” The way she does as I say without question is so fucking addictive. Everything about her is like a shot of heroin. I hold her hips and make sure she doesn’t fall. The minute she is settled, I am on my knees, face in her pussy, smelling the innocence and freshness of her morning dew. No sweat. No water, no soap. Just her scent. I grip both of her legs and place them on the sink. “Don’t fucking move, little flower. Say yes.”

“Y-yes.” she stutters, legs shaking. My tongue flattens against her pussy from hole to clit, and my pants are drenched in seconds. She tastes like sin and cherries this morning. The perfect combination to become my princess. Her leg slips off the counter as she rocks against my mouth.

“God, you taste so good, little flower. Can you feel how slick your pussy is for me?”

“Yes, Cillian.” Those are not the words I want to hear from her mouth, but I don’t want to hear it until I am balls deep in the greedy cunt that is going to make me a daddy. I lick her over and over, my mouth watering for more of her juices, and like the good girl, she is, she continues to flow her eagerness into my mouth. My middle finger slides in, and her snatch grips it, making me groan and shoot my jizz across the bathroom while it hangs out between my legs.

“This little pussy wants to be fucked doesn’t she, little one?”

“I-yes. Yes.” When her pussy grips me harder, I know she is going to come, and as much as I want her sweetness in my mouth, I want it when I know I am going to be seeing pink soak my sheets right after. I pull back, kiss her pussy lips once more and lean back.

“I am going to shave you now. I need you to be very still.” Her eyes are hooded and glassy. I don’t miss the slight jerks since my finger is still inside of her. I know I should pull out, give her a chance to come down, but fuck that, she needs to be primed, sopping wet until I make her my naughty girl.

“Okay, Cillian.” Shaking the shaving cream, I watch the foam swallow up her tiny cunt, and it proves there is no end to the envy. Carefully with my finger still moving in sweeping motions inside of her, I grab the razor and begin clearing the peach fuzz from her pussy. I can feel her body pulsing as she begins to gush on my finger. Her moans become louder, but like a good girl, she doesn’t move. I suspect her not being able to move is part of what is making her come harder. The balder her pussy gets, the more my mouth waters to taste it, and my cock reaches toward her. My hand moves faster as I wipe her clean and look at her glistening slit.

“Christ, look at you. Still cherry, but your pussy knows how to come for me, doesn’t she, baby?”

“Y-yes, Cillian. I don’t know why. But it feels sooo good.” she screams that last part before I feel a fucking waterfall hit my hand. I can’t deny myself any further. My mouth closes around her cunt, and I swallow every drop of her release,

tongue fucking her tiny hole and stroking my beast while he comes on the floor. “Cillian.” She whimpers my name, and slumps over onto my chest as I stand up and show her what the monster going inside of her will look like. “What about you?” Licking her lips, she reaches out to touch it, and I step back, cursing. “Not now, baby. I need to feed you breakfast. Once I indulge in this baby cave, I won’t be coming up for air.”

With her hand in mine and her body wobbly from her release, I take her naked self downstairs, knowing Ms. Madigan is off. “I hope you like eggs, toast, and orange juice?” She giggles, guessing it is all I know to make, and she would be right. I would give anything to hear that sound as I tickle her and make her ride my cock. She sits at the breakfast bar and watches as I attempt to make her breakfast and says nothing. Her eyes follow my every move, and it changes my stride. Her eyes on me gives me a new gait...makes my chest puff out... gives me pause because in such a short time, having her undivided attention is like catnip. “Breakfast is served.” I bow and place the plates on the table. Hand over her mouth, she giggles and sits down.

“Why, thank you, Sir.” The twitching in my pants alerts me to how much I want nothing more than to hear her call me something else. I place a glass of chocolate milk in front of her. Her eyes light up, and her leg begins to bounce with excitement. “Chocolate milk is my favorite.” She brings the glass to her mouth, and I am subjected to the worst fucking torture. Her eyes close, a moan that should be reserved for when my cock is breeding her, slips from her mouth, and I am officially in heaven and hell simultaneously. Before her tongue can clean the milk from her lips, I suck them into my mouth and grip her hair, pulling her further into me. Chocolate is not strong enough to mask the sweetness that is all her. Picking her up, I straddle her naked body on my lap and preen when her sweet innocent sounds fall from her mouth. She rocks against my pant-covered cock, trying to finish what we started upstairs, but that is what I want. For her to be out of her fucking mind like me. I brush against her nipples with my fingers, giving her just enough friction but not too much.

The avalanche of feelings and desperation collides. My mouth moves from her lips to her breasts, biting and licking, my hands gripping her hips, keeping her still so I can control the pace. Her pink, rosy nipples point at me, daring me to taste them, and like the gladiator she has turned me into, I oblige. “Jesus. I can’t wait for these to spill over with the sweet cream you are going to feed my sons and daughters. But you know what, little one, you are going to feed me too.” She calls my name, my mouth exerting control over her. I suck at them, laving them in my spit, twisting each one, and continuing to worship the other.

“Oh, God. Cillian, please.” Her words stop me. I am dying to sink my cock inside this flower and spread her petals, but we need to get some more things out of the way. Kissing each nipple once more, I kiss her lips and sit her back in the chair. “What..”

“It’s okay, baby. Soon. I just have a few more questions. First, who has been taking care of you, little one?” Her eyes widen, and it makes my blood burn. Is she going to tell me there is another man in her life? He is probably out tearing the streets up, trying to find his lost treasure. Too bad for him she has fallen into my lap, and before he makes it to my door, I will have claimed the cherry he has neglected to make his own. “Daffodil?” She swallows the toast she just shoved in her mouth to stop herself from answering, and it should piss me off but watching her throat bob distracts me. Has she ever sucked him off? Did she swallow his seed down her throat like a good little girl?

“Uhm... it was my dad,” she whispers and then puts another piece of food in her mouth. Smart girl. I will discover his secrets no matter how long I have to leave her here. “I can’t eat anything else.” She says before draining her glass of milk. Such a sweet little flower. I wipe her mouth with the napkin and kiss the side. “So what now?”

“Now, I will make you my princess. My little one. My woman. My queen. My broodmare.” I say the last part with her tit in my mouth. I am addicted to her breasts and the

natural sweetness. I am obsessed with how they harden in my mouth and swell with each lick and bite.

“I... I have school,” she says in between moans and begging.

“You can have school here. The world is dangerous, little one, and your innocence is evident and potent.” My knuckle grazes her clit as my middle finger slides inside of her. Shit. Every time I touch her, I sink deeper into obsession. Her hot cunt closes around my middle digit, and my eyes close for a second before opening to gaze into hers. “Oh, no little flower. You will be heavily guarded with the tiny petal between your legs. Men are going to be lining up trying to get a whiff, a taste, and a feel of this gash playing peek-a-boo with me right now. No, sweet girl. You will be going nowhere.” I hook my finger upward, grazing her g-spot, and she jets, gushing in my hand.

“I-Oh God, that feels so good. Don’t stop.” she grabs hold of my shoulders and rocks against my hand.

“Never. I am not going to stop until you are bred and wearing my ring with my last name. Even then, I am going to be inside of you rubbing your burgeoning belly while you ride me, spilling your pussy juice down my balls.”

“I want that. I want that, Cillian. Oh, God. Right there.” She looks so fucking sexy riding my finger, telling me what she likes. Her face is flush and glowing. Her tits are red and marked up from my bites.

“Tell me, little flower, has anyone ever plucked this petal?” I know the answer, but I need to hear her say it. “Tell me, baby. Has anyone else touched or smelled your special scent?”

“Cillian, please. It’s happening. It’s...” My sweet girl is so lost in chasing her orgasm my words can’t penetrate her fog. *Smack.* “Cillian.” she gasps and starts bucking faster. Such a wonder. How did I get so lucky to find such a sweet flower? My heart pulls, watching her strained face as she tries to let go. Mine. My little one. My sweet flower. “Tell me, little one, or I won’t let you come. Has anyone touched my petal?”

“No. No one, Cillian. No one ever. Only you.” Fucking right. Will only ever be me fucking this pussy, spraying my fertilizer inside of her and watching her stomach grow and build us a family.” Fuck. I can’t wait any longer. I pull my finger out of her and bring it to my mouth. From heavy lids, she looks at my mouth, licking her own.

“God damn it, little one, I wanted to make this special for you, but I can’t wait anymore.” In a minute flat, we are in the bedroom, and she’s laid out for me, open and wet, pussy and thighs glistening from how much she has gushed since my finger has been inside of her. I strip, dropping my pants, not bothering with sweet shit. I want to give her a second to see what she will have to handle from the only body and man she will have for the rest of her life.

When my pants fall, and she gets a look at the monster, I can see the fear cross her face. “Don’t worry, baby; he won’t hurt you...much.” She looks at me, not sure what emotion to have, but I know from how she fucked my hand that as soon as she is used to him, she will be a wanton, greedy flower. She licks her lips, looks at me, and suddenly my chest hurts, and I begin to feel something I didn’t think was possible. I feel a piece of me click into place. She is my missing piece, and now I am complete.

SEVEN

DAFFODIL

Oh, God. This is happening. He is standing over me, looking like the God Zeus, his cock like a sword pointing at his next victim. Me. “Spread your legs.” He falls to his knees pulls me further to the edge of the bed. “Don’t take your eyes off me. Do you understand?” I nod frantically, willing to do or say anything to get him to lick me. I am mesmerized, in a trance, watching him stroke his cock; I don’t hear or see anything. I want that in my mouth. *SMACK!!* I jump and moan as he spanks my pussy, emphasizing his point. I know it is supposed to be a punishment, but what does it say about me that it is far from one? “Do you understand?”

“YES! Yes. Yes. Yes.” I chant over and over, just needing him to do it. I need him inside of me. I need to feel full of him and with him. I want to feel his weight on me, covering me, protecting me from anything outside of here. How crazy is that? It has been twenty-four hours, and already he is so much a part of me. So much so that if I have to leave here, I would be lost.

“Good girl.” He is barely finished saying the word ‘girl’ before his tongue takes one long lap, and I am soaring. He has had me on the precipice, floundering between complete desolation and absolute release. His eyes haven’t left mine yet, reminding me to keep my eyes on him. The whole moment is so dirty and hot that it adds to my building need. “You taste like a fucking cookie factory, baby. This teenage pussy tastes like every dirty old man’s fantasy, but you belong to me, don’t you, little one. Shit. Even my tongue can’t fit in here. Jesus, I am going to love stretching the shit out of you.” When he

closes his eyes, I take that as permission to lay my head back and get totally lost.

Don't stop." I shout, moving my pussy against his face, racing toward my goal, no longer concerned with being sweet.

"Christ. Such a greedy cock tease you are turning out to be. That's it...take it, baby. Take your pleasure." It doesn't compute in my lust-filled mind that he is no longer licking my pussy. I am so far gone, my eyes closed, head moving back and forth as something moves up and down, thumping my clit over and over. My toes begin to twitch right before I shout my release. I find myself mixing that release with a yell of pain. "Shhh. Good girl. So good little flower, squeezing my cock inside this baby cave. You're doing so good. I'm sorry, little one. Fucking shit. I can't keep from rutting inside of you. Jesus. I know I am supposed to take care of you, but fuck, you feel like a god damn sauna. My cock is going to live in this pussy, my flower." he moves, kissing me and whispering in my ear. I can separate myself from him right now, and it is amazing. "I promise it is going to get better, baby, and then you will be begging me to fuck this pussy night and day. Tight as fuck" he says all of this with clenched teeth as he holds himself back. I squeeze the muscles to test out the pain, and he hisses. "Fuck. Don't do that again unless you are ready for me to fuck you. Damn it. I am trying little flower. Fuck." I smile, loving how much he is trying to make this better for me.

"It's okay, Cillian, you can move." squeezing him once again with my hands on his face.

He takes a second and looks down at me. Moving my hair from my face, he simply says, "You almost slipped through my fingers, little one." He takes my mouth sweet and slow as he moves out of me, looking in my eyes, gauging my pain level. I don't feel pain. I feel happy...safe...full.

"Oh... so full," I say, keeping my mouth on his, taking his rhythm, and meeting his slow thrusts.

"You think you're full now. Wait until my child has swollen you, your tits are leaking, my dick is in your pussy, and I have a vibrator in your ass."

“Please...please..” I beg, asking him to move faster. His words seem to trigger something inside of me. “Cillian!! Cillian, please.”

“That is not what you want to call me, do you?” I open my eyes and look at him, and I see the reflection of my needs staring back at me. “Say it, baby. Say it while I make you a mama. What am I, little flower? Who am I going to be to you for the rest of your life?” His movements get faster and faster. His sweat drips on my face and neck, and I welcome it. Crave it, even hoping it soaks into me and makes me his forever. “Say baby and put us both out of our misery.” His hips hit mine over and over, and I feel myself falling. His cock is pushing through something slightly over and over, and it is sending blinding lights to my eyes. “Give it to me, baby.” My heart begins to unfurl, and everything falls into place. I know what he is asking me for, and it is the same thing I need from him. I open my eyes once again and let go.

“DADDY!!! Yes. Please. Fuck me. Fuck me, daddy.” Oh, God. That did it for both of us.

“Ah...my innocent little girl is not so innocent, is she?” it’s a statement, not a question, and I don’t give a shit. Wrapping my legs around his waist, I pull him further into me and watch as his face changes from reverence to ferocity. He sits up, pulls me further onto his cock, bends my knees, spreads my legs, and pounds into me over and over. “Is this what you wanted? Is this what your greedy ass pussy was begging me for? Is she going to be a dick-hungry bitch now, huh, little flower? You’re so goddamn tight. Shit. I am never going to leave this hot pussy. Do you know that? I am going to be inside of you so much you won’t remember what your pussy feels like without this cock hanging out of it, little girl. Bet you still won’t be broken in.”

“Please. Harder. Fuck me harder.”

“Only if you say it again, little girl. Say my name. Call me by the name that was waiting in your heart to find me.”

“Daddy. Daddy, please. I need to come.”

EIGHT

Crack. That is the sound of my self-control splitting. “That’s right, little girl. You’re begging Daddy to fuck you harder? Is that what you need...huh?” pulling out, I bend down and lick her pussy, needing to taste her once more. I like my woman innocent and soft outside in front of others and nasty in the bedroom. Getting one more lick, I crawl back up her body, stopping to kiss her womb, closing my eyes as I pray for the baby that is going to be inside of her. I am not only praying for the first one but for each one to come every year for the first ten years. After that, we can negotiate.

Making the rest of the way up, I rub my face against each of her nipples, ensuring I wipe the syrup from my face on each of them. “Get on your knees, baby girl. You want Daddy to fuck you harder?”

“Yes. Please. I need to come.” shit. Her begging is making me hard as fuck. Not saying a word, I push her shoulders to the bed, grab her hips and slam back inside of her, taking a moment to relish the feeling of her wet slippery cunt, wrapped and stretched around my cock. I know I am too deep when she screams and tries to move off him a little.

“Don’t fucking move, little flower. You begged me for this. You whined, begging Daddy to fuck you harder. Didn’t you? That’s what you asked for, greedy little bitch. You’re going make me a father while you shout *Daddy* from your sweet little mouth. Tiny, juicy cunt.” I grunt in her ear as I pull her up by her hair. My body has a mind of its own, and that is focused solely on owning and breeding her. The noise is like

an Orchestra. Moans, wet suction, cries, smacking, grunting, cursing. Sounds the fucking harmony to a love song. Our love song.

“Oomph. Daddy, please... Too deep.” she cries, holding her stomach and pushing against my thighs with her other hand. I should pull off. Give her some relief. Take pity on her, but I don’t. She fucked herself the minute she stepped foot in that store and got herself arrested and in the courtroom in front of me. Now, she will only ever get this side of me. The side that wants to dominate, control and own every part of her. Poor little flower. Should have stayed in L.A.

“FUCK!! Come, baby. Shit. Shit. Shit.” I can fill my balls begin to draw up as they get fuller and fuller, ready for the explosion. I need her to go first. I pinch her clit, and there is nothing to hold me back when her orgasm causes her cunt to ripple and suck my shit like a goddamn twister. “Shit, baby. Let go, baby. Fuck. Let go.” She is going to kill me if some oxygen doesn’t get to my cock. But oh, what a way to die. “It’s okay, sweet girl.” I need her to relax the walls of her pussy, even though her body is still shaking and jerking, so sweaty and pliant, sagging in my arms as she fights for breath. “Come on, sweet girl. Relax. I got you.” I whisper, kissing her neck and rubbing her head. Finally, after a few minutes, her cervix relaxes, and I remove my cock from inside of her, both of us groaning from the loss and the uncomfortability of being sensitive and throbbing. “Lay here, baby. I will be right back.” Laying her in the bed, I run to the bathroom run her a warm bath with some soothing salts.

My flower doesn’t wake up when I bathe her or when I take her out of the tub. Once she is dried off and lying in bed, I shower and come back to the bedroom. I can’t help but stare at this beautiful little Goddess that I just made a woman. Not bothering with clothes, I lay beside her and pull her into my arms. She snuggles into me like a tiny kitten, and I promise her and our child I just put inside of her to treasure both of them forever.

The fucking beeping is going to get on my nerve. Looking at the clock, I see we have been passed out for four hours. My hands travel down the body currently laying across me, and my cock is throbbing. He is happy as a pig in shit that I am awake. To him, it means he gets more of his new favorite toy, and as much as I agree with him, she is exhausted, and it is too soon to take her. *Beep*. Shit. Now I remember what woke me up. Careful not to wake her, I reach for my phone and see three missed calls and an email from my P.I. Choosing not to wake her, I open the email.

Daffodil Barbieri

Daughter of Coronado Cartel hitman Julio Barbieri. He is currently on the run from the cartel and the feds.

Older brother Julio Barbieri Jr., living in Florida.

Seems he has been the one footing her bills. My sources say he removed her from the home when the father went on the run to protect her. He took her to the University of California and hasn't been back since, it seems.

No contact on her phone records in the last three months

Can't say negligence. My other sources also say he is potentially involved in some illegal dealings with a suspected Crime Syndicate though no proof can be found.

Perhaps he is protecting her from his life as well.

I can find no boyfriends, although there is an anxious young man on her college campus asking about her. Seems a bit obsessed. He might be an issue, although if you are not letting her go back, it could be a non-issue.

Included in this report is the brother's number and address.

End of report

Well shit. No wonder she is trying to say as little as possible. The Cordova's are infamous here in Florida, especially in Miami. A few of my colleagues are on the task force to bring them down. If her father was once their hitman and is now on the run, her brother was right to get her out of here. Fuck. This just also happens to be where I am settled.

I see her brother's address is a ten-minute drive from here. I could simply call him and let him know the new state of things but given he hasn't had any contact with my precious girl in what seems to be months, I can't see him giving a shit, so better to get it done in person. If she weren't currently sleeping on me, with her warm pussy rubbing against my very woke cock, I would do it now, but after losing her cherry, I don't want her waking up alone. So, I will stay here for as long as she sleeps and hold her, so she knows she will always be my priority.

My lips trace a path down her spine, torn between waking her so I can take her once more and letting her sleep. "Mmm." She moans when my tongue licks the skin of her back. "Daddy." Shit. Am I ever going to get used to hearing her say that?

"Good evening, little one. How is my pussy feeling?" My fingers slide between her legs. She opens more, giving me access. Her face is still glowing from the euphoria. My mouth mates with hers, coaxing her tongue out to play. She opens for me and moans into my mouth, sending my blood skyrocketing to my cock. "Do you need something, little flower?" She nods and ducks her head. "There is nothing you need to be embarrassed about, baby. Everything between us is as it was meant to be. This is our love, little flower. No one else's, and we don't have to explain it to anyone. Understand?"

"Yes, Daddy, I understand."

"Good girl. Now tell Daddy what you need so I can give it to you."

"It hurts." She says it so sweetly all I want to do is turn it into something dirty. I want to ruin her. I want to turn her into a greedy little vixen who takes as good as she gives. Here, in

our world, she is not only my queen, but she is my dirty princess. I am going to spoil her and our children with not only the finer things in life, but with unconditional love. But in our bedroom, our inner sanctum, I will rule her. Her pussy will bow to me, answer to me, and take me any time: day or night.

“I’m sorry, baby. Do you want Daddy to lick it?” My finger rubs her clit, adding pressure. She keens when my mouth sucks on one of her nipples and then the other. I can feel her slickness building and coating her thighs.

“Yes. Please, Daddy. Make it feel better.” God, she begs so good. I stand on the side of the bed and drag her to the end of it. The minute her baby cave is within view, my cock rebels. He calls me a dumb fuck for giving her some time to heal, and I don’t blame him. A snatch this pink and tight needs to be full twenty-four hours a day.

I tease her clit at first, not touching it enough to do anything but drive her crazy. Now she knows how it feels. When I can no longer handle not tasting her, I dive in her sweet slippery gash and feast until my mouth is numb and she is screaming, crying for me to stop and give her rest. Kissing her pussy one last time, I kiss all over her body, leaving trails of syrup in its wake. Her eyes are half-closed, she looks at me, and I see happiness and love on her face. I want her to know I feel the same.

“I love you, little one.” I nuzzle her nose with mine and kiss her bee-stung lips. She says nothing for a few minutes.

“Is that possible? I mean, it has been two days. Can it be possible?”

“I can’t give you the answer you want because love knows no time. I believe when the heart finds its other half, nothing else matters. The moment you walked into my courtroom, I knew it was you, little flower. I love you.” Her face brightens, and she kisses me before pulling back.

“I love you too, Daddy.” Than fuck. My cock is happy, too, it seems. He seeks her pussy like a homing beacon. Right as I am about to push in, her stomach grumbles, and we both laugh.

“Seems I need to feed you, huh little flower. My selfishness cannot come before making sure you and my baby are fed and have nourishment. Her hand goes to her stomach.

“Baby? I... You think?”

“I am doing my best to make it so, baby. I want you swollen, ripe, and naked walking around our home. My ring on your finger and my last name behind yours. That is why I am going to see your brother as soon as I make sure you eat.” When fear enters her eyes, I feel fucking territorial.

“Are you afraid of him?” If she says yes, I will find a way to take him out. I won't have my wife afraid and looking over her shoulder.

“No. Julio would never hurt me. I just...I just don't know how he will take this news. He paid for me to go to school, and that is where I am supposed to be. He doesn't even know I am here.” She says it with so much guilt it breaks my heart. I hold her in my arms and promise her everything will be okay.

Once she is fed, I set her up in the entertainment room with popcorn and juice. She tries to distract me with kisses and rubbing her pussy on me. I would be lying if I didn't admit it almost worked, but I need her to be mine completely, and in order for that to happen, her brother's responsibility for her and his financial obligation needs to cease. I need to be the only one she depends on and needs. Fuck. I need her to need me.

Pulling up to his house, I am more than impressed. It is more of a compound and looks like it could house multiple families. Seems the intel Clyde received is correct. I am stopped by a gate with a camera and a buzzer. “State your name and business.”

“I am Cillian O'Doyle, and I am here to see Julio Barbieri.”

“Mr. Barbieri does not have any appointments, and he doesn't take uninvited guests.”

“He is going to want to see me. Tell him it is about his sister Daffodil.” When the gate buzzes open, I find myself face

to face with men holding more gunpower than a gun store all aimed at me.

“Who the *fuck* are you?” A man I assume is her brother asks me as he walks onto the lawn. I take a moment to look at him. I can see the resemblance. The important thing is in a fair fight; we are equally matched.

“My name is Cillian O’Doyle, and I am going to be your brother-in-law.” Might as well get all the unpleasantness out of the way.

“Are you one of those escaped psychiatric patients from down the road?” he crosses his arms and widens his stance.

“I assure you I am not. I am a prosecutor from downtown. I met your sister when she was brought into the courtroom after having been arrested for stealing.” he doesn’t let me finish. He starts laughing a full-on belly laugh before his face hardens.

“Now I know this is some bullshit. My sister would never steal anything. Plus, she is in California, going to school. So once again, who the fuck are you, and what are you doing here? You have one minute before I have my men put holes in you.” This is not how I saw this going.

“I am sure a connected man like you could find out if I am lying in minutes. Am I right?” He considers me for a moment before he pulls out his phone.

“Boss, there is some dead fuck on the lawn telling me some bullshit about my sister being here and in jail. Can you check it out?” After nodding, he hangs up and stares at me. No more words are spoken for ten minutes until the front door opens, and another man I recognize comes out of the door.

“O’Doyle. Never expected to see you here.”

“Same could be said about you, Lassiter. I assume you are ‘Boss’?”

“I am.” He says it so casually like I didn’t just discover that the wonder boy of Florida, Dario Lassiter, son of Governor Lassiter, grandson of the Honorable Judge Lassiter of the fifth, sixth and seventh district, is an undercover Mafia

Kingpin. What the fuck did I get pushed into? He turns to her brother and addresses him.

“Click, it seems that what he is saying is true. The docket shows she was booked four days ago and arranged two days ago. She was remanded to house arrest and in the custody of a Mr. Cillian O’Doyle pending further investigation.” I can see he is stunned. His mouth moves up and down, unsure what to say.

“I know this comes as a shock, but I came here to let you know she is no longer your concern. She is going to be my wife. As I speak, she is at our home, bred and ready to be married. Your financial obligation is no longer needed. I will have my accountant send you a check for the tuition you have paid...”

“What the fuck are you saying to me? Do you know who the fuck I am? Where is she?” he moves into my face, but Dario puts his hand on his chest.

“Be cool Click. The Queen is home, and the Princess is still awake.” he looks at his boss and nods. Dario backs and continues to watch the confrontation.

“How the hell do I know you are not holding her hostage? I don’t know shit about you, and neither does my sister. She is fucking teenager, and how old are you? Twice her age?”

“I am, and I love her. I know it seems crazy, but it is true. She needs to feel loved.” I say the last part as a sting to him, and he catches it.

“What the fuck are you saying? You think I don’t love her?”

“I don’t know; Click, is it? I don’t know but what is more important is that she doesn’t believe you do, considering how much you didn’t keep in touch.” His face falls, and I see pain and shame run across it. When he looks at me, I see remorse, but I also see the love of a big brother.

“Shit. I love her. She is my baby sister. That is why I didn’t keep in touch. I don’t want any of this to touch her. She is too delicate and sweet for this life. It was the only way I knew to

protect her.” As I suspected. It is an impossible situation to be in, and I don’t envy him.

“I agree. She is not meant for this.” I widen my arms to encompass all of what I see. “But, she loves you, and all she has been worrying about is disappointing you. Maybe you should come to our home and tell her as much of the truth as you can without hurting her and without compromising her.” He looks at me and his boss and then back to me.

“I will do that. I never wanted her to feel as if I didn’t love her. That couldn’t be farther from the truth.” he moves closer to my face. I don’t flinch. I stare back at him. I want him to find me a worthy protector for her. To know, I won’t flinch in the face of danger. I will protect her with my life. ‘When I talk to her, if she hints that she wants to leave you or is not happy, I will end you, and they will never find you. Do we understand one another?’”

“We do.”

“Take care of her like she deserves, and we won’t have any problems.” This was easier than I thought. I must say that out loud because he looks at Dario and turns back to me. “I have seen how fast one can find their soulmate. To deny it could happen to you and Daf is to deny what I have witnessed, and I would never do that.” I assume he is talking about Dario. I heard the rumors about how their relationship began. Everyone has. They both shake my hand then I am back in my car, driving home to my future. A future I never saw coming and one I never knew was possible, but now that I have her in my hands, heart, and home, I will cherish her for the rest of my life.

EPILOGUE

DAFFODIL

Six Months Later

“Fuck. Fuck. Shit. Flower, pull off, baby. You’re going to hurt yourself. Hell, baby, pull off.” His words try to persuade me to stop swallowing his cock, but my hormones can’t comprehend that. I am horny morning, noon, and night and it doesn’t matter how many times a day he takes me; it is never enough. Right now is one of those times when I am sucking his cock, trying to get my way. “When you want me to stop, squeeze my balls. Do you understand? You squeeze my balls, I waterboard you with my jizz, and it’s all over. Nod if you understand. Cause that is the only way I am going to stop now, baby.” My head moves up and down while I suck and lick his cock up and down like a cumscicle.

He slides in and out of my mouth, stretching and making it swell. I gag every time he pushes forward, saliva falls from my mouth onto my tits, and it makes my pussy gush every single time.

“Open your mouth, little girl, breathe through your nose.” He moves faster and faster, my teeth making every pass more frantic for him. “I bet that blossoming flower between your legs is juicy now, isn’t she, baby girl? Is it dripping for Daddy, little one?”

“Mmm. I try to answer him, but I am stuffed full of his cock, and no words will be heard. Just the sound of my husband, using my throat for his own masturbation sleeve. Oh, did I forget to mention we are married and expecting our first? Well, it is true.

The night he came back from my brother’s, he fucked me so hard I passed out. When I woke up, I had a ring on my finger, and he informed me we were going to the Bahamas to be married and to honeymoon in two days. The following day, my brother came over and explained to me in a vague explanation what has been going on, but the important part of the conversation was that he loves me, and if I am happy, so is he. That meant everything to me. I thought I would have no

family to bring to this union, but it turns out I had my brother, and well... he got sideswiped by love too, but that is not my story to tell.

When we got back from our honeymoon, we found out I was pregnant. Cillian's family flew out to our home a few months later to meet me, and it was insane. His parents are amazing, but it was his brother Liam and his wife Orla that I really connected with. She is pregnant as well. Actually, we are due two days apart. We are having a gender reveal tomorrow, and Cillian has the envelope. I have been dying to know what we are having, and I am trying to bribe him to let me see it ahead of the party, but he is as stubborn as a Leprechaun.

“Shit, baby. What the fuck! Let go.” I shake my head, his cock still in my mouth, and he curses as his hips keep bucking. “Fucking spoilt bitch. I am not telling you anything.” He grips my neck, and his cock goes down my throat before he spills into my stomach. My pussy weeps at his filthy words that would make ordinary women cringe. But not me. When my husband calls me his bitch, I know I am driving him crazy, and he no longer has control of his mind. I do. “Fucking shit, flower. Swallow every fucking drop.” His balls are blocking my air from the bottom, and his waist my air from the top. I could panic. I mean, I can't breathe, but he would never hurt me, and being pregnant with his child, I know he is conscious of what he is doing. When he pulls out of my esophagus, I gasp for air, and he pulls me into his arms. “That was amazing, baby. Thank you.” He kisses me with such reverence it makes me tear up. “Hey. No crying.”

“I'm sorry. I just love you so much, Daddy.”

“I love you too, my flower. More than you will ever know.” he is wrong. I know because he shows me every day.

EPILOGUE

CILLIAN

Three Years Later

“Kennedy. Makenna. Cormac. Flower.” I have been gone for three days, attending a conference for the law firm I am with. I have missed my wife and children more than they will ever know. I told my boss when the conference was over I was never fucking doing it again. Being without the hugs from my kids and my wife’s sweet pregnant pussy for three days was too fucking much. Speaking of, where the hell is everyone?

I take the stairs two at a time and peek into the nursery. When I open the door, I see my two girls napping on the bed together, and it makes my heart skip a beat. If you would have told me three years ago I would have two daughters; I would have called you insane. But, here I am with a three and half-year-old and a two-year-old daughter, and a ten-month-old son. My wife is currently pregnant with our second son as well.

After kissing my daughters and pulling their covers up, I walk out and search for my wife. Walking closer to the second door on the left, I open it to find my wife feeding our son, who is currently suckling from her breast. Lucky little tyke. “My flower.” She smiles and looks up at me.

“Oh my gosh, when did you get home?” I know she wants to get up and greet me properly, but my boy is like his father. When he has the tit, he doesn’t like to let go.

“A few minutes go. I checked on the girls. They are both asleep.”

“Yeah. We went with Lily and the kids to the pool today. They wore themselves out.” I want to wear her out. I watch her pat Cormac’s back before handing him to me. She fixes her bra, tucking her tits in. I watch milk squirt from them as they go back in the nursing bra.

“Come on, little man. Time for you to nap so daddy can get his turn to feed.” She hears me and blushes. It always does something to me when her face heats up from my words. All

of the things we have done, she still can get shy. Walking next to her ear, I whisper in it. “Be naked little one. Daddy has missed his pussy, and I want it open and ready for me.”

“Yes, Daddy.” Three years and she can bring me to my knees with that response. I put my strong solid boy in his crib, kissing his head. When I know his monitor is set and his bed is secure, I shut the door and head to my wife. As expected, she is on the bed, naked, legs spread with her hands pulling on her tits, priming them so when I suck, they shoot her sweet cream into my mouth.

First, I have to kiss the mouth that makes me calm and reminds me to be careful with her. It’s slow, sensual, and full of promise. Our hands rediscovering one another after days apart. I take my time, savoring the nectar from between her legs, dipping my fingers in and out of her core, making sure to gather some of the syrup and use it to slide up and down her slit and play with her clit. I keep her on edge for a bit, relishing her sounds, and pleading. “Don’t stop, Daddy. Please,” she asks, moving against my face. When I feel her pussy contract against my tongue, I know she is about to go over. Kissing her thigh, I pull back, move to her stomach and kiss my baby. The love we share is growing and nesting right here.

Moving further up, my tongue loves each of her nipples, and she whines and writhes under me, spurring me on, trying to force me to pound myself in and out of her, giving her the release she needs multiple times a day. Greedy, pregnant pussy. “I know, baby. I know. I just want to love you right now.” I whisper before sliding into her, while our mouths mate in a slow dance. Making love to her like this always makes me cum faster because my dick, heart, emotions, and mind work in tandem to think of nothing but her and all she has given me.

Don’t misunderstand me; I love to rut her fertile ass and exert my control. But those times are for Daddy. I will always make sure she gets off and feels loved, but the ‘fuck’ is for me. The love is for her. “I love you so much, baby. Thank you.” I say before my hips continue to grind against her clit, her keening octave getting louder as she closes in on the precipice.

I feel the lightning forming in my balls, and I know I am about to go with her. "It's okay, my love. Come with me." our lips find one another, and we fall off this beautiful waterfall together, clinging to one another like a life raft. Little does she know; she is my life vest. Without her, I drown. She kisses me one last time before she lays on her side with her head on my chest.

In my arms is my everything, and this home is not only my heart but my hearth. She has given me life when I had none. Giving me purpose when all I wanted was nothing. She single-handedly turned my life upside down and gave me a reason to live. For that, I will always treat her like my princess, my soulmate, my queen.

COMING SOON FROM CHASHIREE M.

If you want to know about his brother's story, it is now live on Amazon: [Lucky Timing](#)

Do you want to see where we meet Julio (Click) Barbieri for the first time? Are you curious about Dario, the mobster/lawyer? You can read about them in [Dario's Jewel](#)

Don't worry! Click is going to get his own HEA in [The Mobster's Lily](#), which is coming soon!

Romance Author
Chashree M.
Where the Alpha Gets The Alpha Gets With A Twist



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A little about me. I live in Illinois (hoping to move soon). I began writing when I was 14 and was published in my first poetry anthology at the age of 15. I graduated with my master's degree at the age of 26 in Psychology with a concentration in Child and Family.

In September of 2017 I published my first novella and still can't believe it. Writing is my passion, but I have been blessed enough to not have to do it for a living. I get to embark on both my passions every day.

I write stories with strong h's though they don't often know it at first. Alpha H's with a heart of gold and eyes only for their woman. Filthy, raunchy, sex. Usually there is a great conflict, dire situations, and a resolution, though not always a HEA. There will never be cheating, and I can almost guarantee you, there will be babies. Babies are a must.

Signings have become my escape from my everyday life and how I meet you. My amazing readers and followers. I have been blessed to have made some of the best friends in this industry and without their support, I might have given up. I love readers and can be found interacting with them, having a great time online and in person when they find me at signings. I can't wait to meet you too.

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