



CHELLE ROSE

UNDONE

DARK DESIRES

4

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BOOK FOUR



CHELLE ROSE



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CONTENT WARNING

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locations, or persons, living or dead, is coincidental. This book is intended for a mature audience 18+.

Content Warning:

Adopted Siblings

Drug Abuse

Violence

Infertility

Kidnapping

Dominant MMC

Spanking

Adoption

Age Gap (20 Year)

Attempted Rape (Not on page)

Murder

Virgin FMC

Infant Drug Addiction

Childhood Illness Mention

*To all of us who want a dominating asshole
to fuck us to within an inch of our lives.*

CHAPTER ONE

IVY



The scent of blood surrounds me, my own blood. The coppery odor burns my nostrils. I can't open my eyes, my lids are heavy, but my hearing is intact.

"Say goodnight, Princess."

I'm dizzy and my breath is short. I can't fight anymore. Any strength I had is long gone. How could she do this to me? Why wouldn't she warn me of the danger I was in? My last thoughts are of him. I try to hold on for one more look into those gray eyes, but I can't. If I had known that the last time, he held me would be our final time, I never would've let go. I've always believed I was on borrowed time, but right now, I'd sell my soul to the devil for a few minutes more. To say everything, I should have but didn't.

That's the funny thing about time. You think you have tons, but you don't. Only when it's almost run out do you realize you should've made better use of it. By then it's a little too late.

Another slice, more blood.

Lights out.

CHAPTER TWO



Today is my three-hundred-and-twelfth therapy session. I hate this asshole. Dr. Milton, king of the nerds, should have given up on me long ago. Most times, I don't even talk to him, we sit in silence. It's not that I don't have things I wish I could talk about, but not to this guy, I don't trust him. My dad, Dr. Liam Lexington, won't throw in the towel and let me see someone else, or better yet no one at all. I bet you're wondering why, right? *Because he is the best Princess.* So, Dr. Lexington keeps wasting money. Whatever. I turn eighteen in five days and will never see this dipshit again.

He sits with one leg crossed over the other while he taps his pen repeatedly on the yellow legal pad on his lap.

I'm dangerously close to getting up and jabbing that pen in his fucking eye when he pisses me off even further.

"Liam says your brother is getting out of prison in a few days. How do you feel about that?"

I raise an eyebrow at him and give him a menacing glare, "He is not my brother. I've never even met him."

He leans back in his chair, and it almost flips back, tossing him to the floor, but unfortunately, he catches himself before that happens, "She talks," he says, furthering my need to punch him in the face.

I glance at the time, feeling relieved that this will be over in twelve minutes.

"Are you looking forward to meeting him?"

A chuckle escapes me, “Do you know why he’s in prison? He tried to rape Mercy. No, I’m not looking forward to it. The only thing I’m looking forward to is turning eighteen so I can get the hell out of that house and never see any of them again.”

None of them get what sweet little Ivy is so angry about. I’m pissed about a lot of things. When they adopted me after my second bout with cancer, I was the only thing that mattered to them. But then they got their happily ever after that didn’t include me. They didn’t throw me out or anything dramatic like that. Mercy and Liam had biological children. Their kids look like them, and I do not. It’s a constant reminder that I don’t belong. Another thing that pissed me off was when I had the opportunity of a lifetime to have a painting in an exhibit at a gallery in New York City—big deal for a twelve-year-old. I couldn’t go because Liam had to work. Mercy was too busy being the doting mom to my precious siblings. Just because I’m older, I always come last. Or is it because I’m adopted? Is that why they don’t love me? Or is it me? Perhaps I’m simply unlovable. My bio mom is the only one that has time for me, and she has her reasons. It’s not love. I definitely can’t tell Dr. Nerd about that because if Mercy knew, she’d flip. And again, I don’t trust him.

We continue to sit in silence when the clock strikes five o’clock. I rise out of my chair and walk out without a word. Stepping down the long hallway to the front door, I make my escape. For a few minutes, I simply stand outside the building, my head tipped toward the sky, the sun shines on my face heating my skin while I inhale the fresh air. The scent of pine surrounds me as I take deep breaths. My therapy with Dr Milton always causes anxiety to roll through my chest. I know the point of these sessions is to talk about my pain. I can’t. Somehow, I always end up feeling worse when I leave than when I entered.

My phone buzzes in the back pocket of my jeans, so I grab it to see who it is. It’s her. Gina Bianchi, my first kiss. She’s also the one girl my parents have forbidden me to hang out with, which only makes me like her more. No, I’m not a lesbian. It’s just what we do when we party. I still like dick. Well, I think I do. I’ve never actually had one. I’ve been kissed

but nothing more. My dad does everything he can to spook any boy that comes near me. He's got a big surprise coming when I turn eighteen, and he can't control me anymore. My phone chimes with a text message from Gina so I open it to see her message.

Parental Units are out of town. Party tonight. My place.

I'll be there, but I might have to sneak out, so it'll be later.

Alright, babe.

I will wait until my parents go to bed and do what I always do. Slide the window open and crawl out to the tree in the yard and climb down. I'll climb back up to get back in, and they'll never know I was gone. Unfortunately, I have to wait until Liam and Mercy have gone to bed.

Why do I call them Liam and Mercy instead of Mom and Dad? It's simple, really. I was a poor chemo kid abandoned by her mom. Mercy stepped in and took over. She was everything to me. I didn't want to talk to anyone else at the hospital. My world revolved around her, and hers around me. She was my reason for existing. Mercy showed me love like I had never known. Do you know what's worse than never being loved? Someone loving you unconditionally and then having it taken away. Anybody would say, of course, she still loves you. Maybe she does, but it hasn't felt like it since their birth. Everything was perfect until Riley and Ryder, the miracle twins, came home. That's when everything changed. It was all about their schedules, "Riley's too fussy today, I can't take you anywhere." After months of experiencing this, I realized the truth. I was a fill-in child. Once they had their biological kids, I no longer mattered. I shut down completely. Now, they have no idea what's wrong with me. Add to that a third fucking bout with cancer. Are you kidding me? At this point, I know how I'll die. There's no doubt. It'll be cancer or chemo. The only thing I can hope for is for it to be sooner rather than later.

CHAPTER THREE

NASH



I stand outside, beyond the prison walls, for the first time in fifteen years. My original release date came and passed eight years ago. Imagine my surprise when the drunk driver who killed my grandparents ended up not only in the same prison as me but the same cell block. I tried hard to ignore him, do my time, become a better man, and get out early. That's not what happened, though. The fucker taunted me about it, so I only had one thing left to do. Retaliate. I was charged and sentenced with assault with intent to cause grievous bodily harm, which earned me another eight years at Laurel State Prison located in Laurel, Pennsylvania.

When I spot my father and his waiting vehicle, I walk toward it, feeling all sorts of apprehension. That brings me to why I was behind bars in the first place.

After getting involved with drugs, I lost my fucking mind. Long story short, I kidnapped and attempted to rape my childhood best friend, also my dad's girlfriend at the time, now his wife. Mercy cried, screamed, and begged me to let her go. I didn't. The only thing that stopped the rape from happening was my father and Mercy's dad walking in on me with my dick in my hand, ready to fuck her against her will.

Yeah, I know. Drugs or not, I'm a real piece of shit. For some reason, I'll never understand. They both have forgiven me over the years. It's nice and all, but there's one person whose forgiveness I'll never earn. Me. What I did is unforgivable. There is no amount of amends I can ever make to fix the damage I did. However, I'm stuck staying with them

since the judge ordered me to stay there for ninety days. Under normal circumstances a criminal wouldn't be ordered to live in their victim's house. Just the opposite. Since I don't have much family to speak of, it was allowed after the judge had extensive conversations with Mercy. Don't get me wrong, I'm grateful. It's just that it's uncomfortable. What I did to her was vile and disgusting. It was pure evil. I cannot for the life of me fathom how she can even entertain the idea of sleeping in the same house as me.

I wonder every time I see them if they are remembering that day. They adopted a little girl shortly after I was arrested to make matters more complicated. I've never met her since she refused to come to visit me in prison when Mercy and Dad came. I'm unsure if it's because she hates me for what I did to her mom or if she simply has no interest. She won't have much choice today since my dad has ordered us both to a family lunch. According to my dad she's going through a 'tough time.' For the last few years it has sounded like this tough time has lasted a long time. It would be an understatement to say I'm not looking forward to it. I'd rather have my teeth pulled with pliers.

When I reach the vehicle, my dad comes around to me, giving me a one-armed hug and slapping me on the back.

"Good to see you, son."

"Thanks dad."

After we both get into the vehicle, he starts driving.

"I found a meeting for you close to the house. They have meetings there every day except Sundays. It's at the church, about ten minutes from us."

I don't respond, only nodding in agreement. I glance at him and notice him clenching his jaw.

"If you are going to be under my roof, you will continue going to meetings, Nash. This is not open for debate."

That pisses me off. I don't like it when he treats me like a kid. I'm thirty-eight years old and have spent the last fifteen

years attending meetings. Does he really think I'm stupid enough to stop going?

"I'm not a kid. I will keep going to meetings, not because you tell me to, but because I need it. I won't ever stop going."

He reaches out and touches my shoulder as he pulls onto the highway, "I'm proud of you, son."

During a visit about three years ago, he told me he forgave me, but I don't think that's the truth. I know if the roles were reversed, he'd be dead to me. If I know Mercy at all, she's the reason he's willing to give me another chance. She has a heart of gold. It's probably why I thought I was in love with her way back then. It's impossible not to like her. Spoiler alert: I wasn't in love with her. I was very confused. I do care about her a great deal. I always have, and I always will. I am concerned about living with her. Will she be afraid of me? I hope not because I'd never hurt her again. I'm not the man I was fifteen years ago. Don't get me wrong, I'm not a good guy either. But I'm not a fucking rapist.

My chest is tight as we pull into the driveway of my childhood home. The last time I was here was the day I assaulted and kidnapped Mercy. I live in regret. My therapist says I force myself to drown in guilt on a daily basis. *Forgive yourself*, he frequently says. But I can't. Guilt and shame consume me.

My Dad glances over at me, "Come on, son. Let's just rip the *band-aid* off. The sooner you get this over with, the sooner you can be comfortable here."

After my grandparents died, I was left with a large inheritance. Lack of money isn't why I have to stay with them. It's part of the terms of my release. If, in ninety days, I can pass a piss test, I can move out, and trust me, I will. I take a deep breath and open the door to the vehicle.

We walk in to find Mercy cleaning in the kitchen, and I spot Ivy for five seconds before she darts to her room, but not before she glares at me like I'm Satan himself. *Well, this should be fun.*

Mercy tosses the hand towel she's holding onto the kitchen counter. She makes her way to me, full of smiles, as she throws her arms around me, "Welcome home, Nash."

My dad watches us like a hawk. His expression says, *mine, mine, mine*. Yes, Dad, I know, she's yours.

"Let me show you to your room," he says.

Mercy releases me with another smile. Does she not fucking remember what I did to her? She acts like she doesn't, but surely, she must.

I nod silently and follow my dad. As we approach the hallway, I hear music blasting through the walls, and I *Want Out* by Lowborn nearly shakes the walls. He points to a room, "This is yours. The one with the music is Ivy's. Ours is well, you remember where the master is. We weren't sure where you'd be most comfortable, so the pool house is set up for you as well. You can decide where you'd rather stay."

We stand in the room for several minutes of uncomfortable silence before he finally turns to leave, "I'll let you get settled then."

I notice clothes in the closet, my size. While I'm pleased to have clothes to wear, it adds to the mountain of guilt. They shouldn't have to do any of this shit for me after what I've done.

I grab a T-shirt, a black pair of jeans, and boxers before I head to take my first unsupervised shower in fifteen years. Trust me, kids, you don't want to go to prison. There's no privacy, no choices. You don't get to take a shower when you feel like it. Everything is dictated on the guards' terms. And the whole '*don't drop the soap*' thing? Yeah, that's a real threat. I walk into the bathroom, and the memories flood me. The shower curtain is a deep purple. Back when I was a young boy and innocent, it was *ninja turtles*. I wanted to be Donatello when I grew up. A time when I didn't know my life would go so far off the rails, I'd nearly burn it to the ground.

I stand in the shower letting the water cleanse my soul when there's obnoxious banging on the door. One you'd

expect to be followed by ‘*police, open up*’, “Hey, asshole we share this bathroom. Hurry the hell up!”

It’s got to be Ivy because it’s not Mercy. Their other kids, River and Riley, are away at some kind of camp. I don’t respond, but I rinse, get out, and dry off before getting dressed.

My hair is wet, but I won’t fight with the Ice Princess on day one. I open the door to find her standing with her arms across her chest.

“Hey Rapist,” she says.

Lovely. I clench my jaw, biting back what I really want to say to her. Physically she’s stunning with a perfect hourglass shape, long brown hair falling down to the middle of her back, and those eyes. The most interesting hazel eyes I’ve ever seen with specks of green. But her mouth is vile.

“It’s Nash,” I say, “It’s nice to meet you.”

Her lips turn into a smirk, “Nah. Rapist is more fitting for you, asshole. Now move. Some of us actually have a life.”

I stare down at her when I notice her dilated pupils and shaky hands. She scratches at her arms as if bugs are crawling all over her. In an instant I spot the obvious. She’s on fucking drugs.

“Rapist huh?”

She doesn’t say anything, just keeps glaring daggers at me. I don’t know what I ever did to her, but if looks could kill, I’d be dead. “How long has it been since you used, Ice Princess?”

She scoffs, “I don’t do heroin like you, Rapist. I only take what a doctor prescribes me.”

Great, she seems to really be sticking with this not-so-creative nickname for me. If she’s trying to get under my skin, it’s working although I never let her know that. I’ve never raped anyone. I’m aware that’s simply a technicality.

“And what did the doctor prescribe you?”

Ivy uncrosses her arms and puts her hands on her hips, “Not that it’s any of your business, but I’ve had cancer

multiple times. The last time I had surgery to remove a tumor, they prescribed me Oxy.”

I raise an eyebrow at her, “I’m sorry to hear that. How long ago was that?”

I’m pretty sure that the scowl on her face may be permanent. This young woman is very pissed off. The anger pours from her. I just don’t know why.

“Three months ago. Now fucking move before I move you.”

I laugh because, given her shakiness at the moment, she couldn’t move a toddler, “Three months and you’re still in so much pain you need painkillers? That’s odd. Just so you know, Ice Princess, your oxy is the same thing as heroin. The only difference is where you get it. I haven’t used it in fifteen years. By the looks of it, you on the other hand, it’s been about four hours. You’re withdrawing.”

“Fuck you. Forget this,” she bites and turns on her heel down the hall toward the living room, where I follow when I hear her say, “I’m going to Lins.”

My dad hisses, “No young lady, you’re not. We are having a family lunch.”

She puts her shoes on and glares at him, “No Liam, you’re having a family lunch. I don’t want any part of this fucking family.”

With that, she’s out the door while my dad runs a hand through his hair, appearing heartbroken. Shortly after my arrest, my dad told me that a child can break a parent’s heart far more than anyone else. I scoffed at the time, but I understand what he meant right now.

CHAPTER FOUR



It was my seventh birthday when the twins came home from the hospital with proud Liam and Mercy. It wasn't the worst birthday gift at the time, I was excited. The elation didn't last long, however. It was the day everything began to change in my world, and not for the better. Before that day, my adoptive parents were like a dream. When my mom left me with nothing more than broken pieces, Mercy glued them back together. She glued me back together. Back then, I couldn't imagine a time when she wouldn't be my best friend. Mercy dried my tears, laughed with me, and watched Disney movie after Disney movie with me. She encouraged my love of painting. The two things that made life bearable for this kid fighting cancer in a hospital while her mom abandoned her—Mercy and painting. Dr. L, as I used to call Liam, was also good to me. However, I didn't spend nearly as much time with him as with her.

The biggest thing I remember from that day is being home at our house with Aunt Elle when they came in with Ryder and Riley. Ryder was a quiet baby, but Riley was the polar opposite. All she did was scream from the moment they walked in, and I don't think that's ever changed. I went from being doted on, the center of their universe, to nothing. Riley took up all their time. She made Mercy cry a lot. My adoptive mother tried everything. Rocking her, singing, reading, walking back and forth. But Riley was inconsolable. I once heard Mercy telling Aunt Elle that she cried twenty hours daily. I took the backseat to the twins. Was it because Riley was so difficult? Or

was the truth that I'm not really theirs? It's a question I struggled with through the years.

Riley was diagnosed with autism when she was four years old and still isn't speaking. She's non-verbal, but she most certainly isn't silent. Still today, she screams constantly, sometimes, she rocks back and forth, or Mercy's least favorite, bangs her head against the wall. I know, I know, I'm a horrible bitch for feeling so angry when Mercy is constantly on the edge of unraveling. Before Riley, we were fine, happy even. I was loved. I'm not unloved now, I'm just non-existent. That's worse than being hated. Everybody wants to be seen, don't they? I'm not the black sheep. I'm not the worst thing that ever happened to them. But the twins are the worst thing that's ever happened to me. Worse than my mother abandoning me. Worse than cancer. They made me invisible.

Almost four months ago, they found a tumor. After some testing, they found it was cancer again. I wasn't even eighteen yet and had cancer three times. I prayed to die. I didn't want to live my life anymore, being invisible. The pain was too great. I couldn't refuse the surgery because I was not an adult. My adoptive parents held all the cards. So, I had the surgery and was gifted a prescription that did more than numb the pain from the surgery. It numbed my mind. It was the solution to all my problems, or so I thought. I was given two prescriptions for Oxy. At the end of the second, I was lost. I needed it, but I couldn't get any more. Doctors are cautious with Oxy, apparently, because it can be addictive. I wasn't addicted, though. I just wanted to silence the loud voices.

"They don't love you because you're not good enough."

"You're trash just like your mom."

"You'll never be theirs."

"Riley and Ryder share their DNA and you don't."

Obviously, these are not words Mercy and Liam have ever spoken to me. It's my never-ending internal dialog. That voice inside my head. I fucking hate that bitch.

I just wanted things to be like they used to be when I mattered. It would never go back. The only other option was to numb the pain. I knew a girl from school, Gina, a complete party animal with access to what I needed. Her mom and my real mom had been friends before she went to prison. Gina had everything you could imagine and more. Uppers, downers, even hard drugs, I knew I'd never touch heroin, cocaine, meth, and fentanyl. I just wanted the Oxy. I didn't need any of the hard stuff, only more of what the doctors had prescribed me. It wasn't drugs, it was medicine.

Finally, Mercy comes and knocks on my door to tell me, she and Liam are going to bed. Every night it's the same, but she doesn't stop for some reason. Knock. Knock.

“What?”

“Can I come in?” She asks.

“Nope.”

“Ivy, you can't shut me out forever.”

Just fucking watch me. I will shut her out forever. I was invisible to her until the third cancer scare of my life. Until the day we got that diagnosis, she was so focused on fucking Riley that she couldn't see straight. It wasn't until Mercy thought I might die once again, that she decided to try. Fuck that.

After several minutes she gives up.

“We're going to bed. See you in the morning.”

I strip out of my pajamas so I can get dressed into regular clothes before I go out. Someone knocks on my door. I sigh in annoyance, “Who is it?”

“Nash.”

What the hell is he doing knocking on my door?
“Coming.”

He opens the door with wide eyes staring at my naked body.

“What the fuck are you doing?”

His gaze travels the length of my body, “You said to come in.”

I try to cover myself with my t-shirt as he smirks at me.

“I said COMING! Not, come in.”

Nash licks his lips slowly, “My mistake, Princess.”

The sound of his voice travels to my core. The way he says princess is different from my dad’s. It’s dark, gravely, and drips with sexuality.

Ugh. I must remember, I hate him.

“Why are you in my bedroom, Rapist?”

He stalks over to me, hangs his head down, his face nearly touching my neck when he growls, “I wanted to check on you and make sure you’re being a good girl. Are you being a good girl, Princess?”

My breath hitches in my throat, and a small whimper escapes, but I don’t know why, “Probably not. I’m not a good girl by nature.”

He chuckles, “You’ll learn.”

Barely breathing, I say, “Yeah? Who is going to teach me?”

“Me,” he growls.

Backing away from me, he barks, “Get dressed.”

I expect him to leave as I put my clothes on, but he yanks my dresser drawers open and begins rifling through my belongings.

“What the fuck are you doing?”

Glancing over his shoulder, he arches an eyebrow, “Don’t fucking worry about it, Junkie.”

I rush over to him in nothing other than my shirt and panties. I grab his arm, “You’re in *my* room, I will worry about it.”

When he starts going through my shoes, I panic and suddenly know exactly what he’s looking for. My only

question is how did he know where to find it?

“Nash, get out.”

“No,” he says as he pulls my pill bottle out of my sneakers.

Immediately, he leaves my bedroom. I follow him to the bathroom, “Nash. Please don’t. Please.”

I watch as he flushes the only thing that makes me feel good down the toilet. I fall to the floor sobbing, “I’m going to be sick. How can you do this?”

“Stand up, you’re coming with me.”

Gazing at him from the floor, I shake my head, “Why?”

“Dad and Mercy might be so fucking overwhelmed that they can’t see what’s happening to you, but I do. I fucking see you. You won’t throw your life away on my watch. Now get the fuck up and come with me or I’ll throw you over my shoulder and carry you.”

CHAPTER FIVE

NASH



She snuffles as she follows me to the pool house. I don't like her much, but I'm going to do for her what I wish someone had done for me. If I'm honest, I see things in her that remind me of myself. Pain. *Pain recognizes pain*. I'm not just doing it for her but for Mercy. One day, if this drug use doesn't stop, Mercy is going to be left broken. I won't allow that to happen. I'm not an idiot. I know I can force her to detox, but once she's not physically in the same room as I am if she wants the drugs, she'll find a way to get them. If I have to do this over and over again, I will. A junkie always finds a way to get their next fix. I just wish she wasn't as beautiful as she is. Tonight is going to be a test of my control.

I open the door to the pool house and wave her in, "Go to the bedroom and lie down. I'll be there in a few minutes."

Walking into my kitchen, I grab a few water bottles, Advil, and some crackers. Then I go into the bathroom attached to my bedroom and get a warm wet washcloth for her face. I place them all on the nightstand beside my bed, where Ivy is lying down.

"Here. You need water." Twisting off the cap for her, I hand her the bottle. Then I pass her two Advil, "Take those."

After turning on the television, I strip down to my boxers and crawl into bed beside her.

She stares at my chest and gasps, "Holy shit."

"Watch TV, Princess."

It only takes a few minutes for her to fall asleep, and I know when she wakes up, she won't be feeling well. It's called dopesick. It's slang for opiate withdrawal symptoms. I'm pretty sure I've never felt as sick as I was when I was withdrawing from heroin. It's about five hundred times worse than flu symptoms. Maybe it won't be as terrible for Ivy. After all, she's been through chemo three times. I have no idea which is worse, but I do know cancer treatment is no walk in the park.

She curls up against my side, lays her head on my chest, and wraps her arm around my waist, all in her sleep. Throughout my entire childhood, I heard my dad talk about kids in his care. I even volunteered in my freshman year at the hospital. Visiting with kids that are fighting for their lives is a sobering experience. I'd like to say it made me grateful for the life I had. It didn't. One night at a party I was handed a syringe with heroin in it. I should have said no. I knew better. There hasn't been a day since I got arrested, that I haven't regretted that first time. It was one and done. I went from using once a day to using several times a day. Then I found fentanyl was a better high. So, I graduated to that until the money became scarce. It was a never-ending cycle. I hate what I put my family through, especially Mercy. Yet, I'm grateful I got arrested. I don't think I would've ever quit if I hadn't been arrested.

Ivy whimpers in her sleep as she begins to tremble. *Here we go.* I reach over and grab the washcloth and press it to her sweaty face. Her eyes pop open, "Nash, please. Let me go. It hurts. I need something to take the edge off. Not to get high just to curb the sickness."

This is classic addict behavior. They will do anything for a fix, playing on your sympathy and manipulating anyone to get what they want. It's a selfish disease that gives the addict tunnel vision. Drugs are the only thing they are capable of seeing. The pain it causes their loved ones does not matter. A person's personality changes when they are on drugs. The loved one you knew may as well be dead. The substance replaces them. Only when they stop using will they have any feelings about what they've done to their family.

“I’m sorry, Princess. The answer is no. This is the only way.” Gently, I stroke her hair, and she whimpers, “One day, you’ll thank me for this.”

A tear rolls down her cheek, “That day is not today. Today, I hate you for this.”

I kiss her on the top of her head, “I know. I hate myself a little bit too. I’m not enjoying this.”

Trying to keep her mind on other things, I ask, “What do you want for your birthday?”

She sighs, “Nothing.”

“Art supplies? Mercy always mentioned what an amazing artist you are.”

Ivy closes her eyes as if she’s in pain, and I don’t think it’s physical, “I don’t do that anymore.”

Against my better judgment, I pull her into my arms and hold her, “You’re going to need to find something to do to take your mind off using.”

A tingle travels down my spine when she presses her face into my chest. I try my best to ignore it, “What did you do?”

Blowing out a long breath, I answer honestly, “I worked out. I still do. You don’t just wake up one day and never have a craving again.”

She gazes at me, “You must have a lot of cravings with a body like that.”

I chuckle, “I did for a long time. It’s been fifteen years now, so I only occasionally have a craving. It’s become manageable. I don’t think they ever completely go away.”

She starts gagging, so I get up and lift her in my arms and carry her to the bathroom. After helping her to her knees over the toilet, I hold her hair back, “I’ve got you, Princess. It’s going to be okay.”

Ivy vomits several times before she says, “I’m done.”

I help her up and put my arm around her waist, helping her over to the sink. She turns on the water and splashes her face.

“Here.” I hand her a toothbrush. Ivy glances at me questioningly in the mirror, “Is this yours?”

Gazing back at her, I say, “No. I bought this for you. I knew you’d be sick.”

She nods as I hand her the toothpaste, and she brushes her teeth. I watch her, and she’s mesmerizing.

Ivy is stunning, even when sick. She has this long dark hair with just a little wave to it, hanging to the middle of her back, and her eyes are this haunting hazel, they are big, and the green specks in them demand attention. Don’t even get me started on her body which is fucking perfection. I’ve had to remind myself of three things repeatedly: she’s my adopted sister, seventeen until tomorrow, and she’s fighting a possible addiction. All are valid reasons why I have to keep my hands to myself. While she’s almost eighteen, I know a thirty-eight-year-old man has no business touching an eighteen-year-old.

Ivy rinses the toothbrush and then places it on the counter. I lift her back into my arms and carry her back to my bed. She seems to fall asleep for half an hour and then wake up in pain. That’s how it goes for the rest of the night. Even when she’s out, she is restless, kicking in her sleep. Withdrawal from opioids is painful. Everything fucking hurts.

At five in the morning, the last thing I want to do is wake her. However, my dad will be up soon, and Ivy can’t be seen walking into the house without it raising questions neither of us is prepared to answer. It’s her birthday, so I know Mercy will want to see her.

Fuck. She’s so beautiful. Shifting slightly, her leg is now over my hips, her head on my chest, lips slightly parted, as she breathes deeply. Before waking her, I let my gaze drop down her body. The T-shirt rode up while she slept, exposing her lace-covered ass that I wanted so badly to sink my teeth into. *Eighteen Nash. And your fucking sister.*

I try to convince myself it’s not that bad for a moment. After all, she’s not my blood sister. We didn’t even grow up together. But then, reality hits me. My dad will not see it that way. I owe him everything for even speaking to me after what

I did. The last thing I need to be thinking about is defiling his daughter.

I kiss her on the forehead and then tell myself this is it. I helped her get through the night while she began detoxing. I did what I had to do last night, and I'll do what I have to do now. Stay the fuck away from this girl that could fucking cost me everything.

“Wake up, Princess.”

Ivy shifts around, pressing her body against my cock, “Jesus, Ivy stop.”

She climbs off me with red cheeks, “Sorry.”

Rising off the bed, I kiss her cheek and say, “Happy birthday, Princess.”

She whispers, “Thank you.” Turning toward the door, she says, “I'm gonna go before Dad wakes up.”

“Alright. Drink lots of water and eat something.”

Ivy walks to the door and puts her hand on the knob, without turning around, she says, “Thank you.”

After she closes the door behind her, I sink into my chair. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Why did they have to go and adopt someone so fucking stunning? All night, I keep thinking about how beautiful she would look underneath me, stretching from my cock. Maybe, I just need to get laid. It has been fifteen years since I've fucked a woman.

I can hide the truth from her, but I can't hide it from myself. I don't want another woman. I want her. I'm going to have to get over this right fucking now. I can't have her. Ever. Some people don't belong together. We are some people.

CHAPTER SIX



I spent my birthday with my parents. It wasn't where I wanted to be, but I knew Mercy wouldn't take no for an answer. After dinner, I made my escape to my bedroom. I walk in and spot the box on my bed. I open the large box and find art supplies. Several canvases, paints, brushes, charcoal, everything you could imagine. Off to the side, I spot a card.

Princess,

Painting is part of your soul. It's beautiful, even in pain. Don't deny the world the beauty you possess. You have a gift, don't let it go to waste. Create again even if it's just to take your mind off the heartache, cravings, and despair.

~ Nash

I'm overwhelmed by his words. His gift. All of it is too much for me to digest. I have the urge to paint for the first time in three years. It has to wait for another time because I promised Lin I'd stop by since it's my birthday. I stare at his writing on the card and run my finger across his signature.

Shaking my head, I try to snap myself out of my weird thoughts. He's an asshole. Last night didn't change anything.

Finally, Mercy comes and knocks on my door to tell me she and Liam are going to bed. Knock. Knock.

“What?”

“We're going to bed. See you in the morning.”

A sob escapes from her chest and shakes my door, “I love you, Ivy.”

When she cries, it does something to me. It makes me feel like a piece of shit human. Then, I remember how fucking lost I've been. I push the thoughts out of my brain, climb out of bed, and open my window. I climb onto the tree and shimmy my way down before dropping to the ground and brushing the dirt off my clothes.

I don't hear anything, but I feel breath on my neck. I stand frozen, completely immobile.

“Where are you going, Ice Princess?”

Fucking Nash. “Out.”

He wraps his arm around my waist, pulling my body tight against his while his hot breath dances on my skin, “That's where you're wrong, *Ice Princess*. You're not going anywhere.”

Heat floods my body which is so annoying. I hate him. Yet my body has no clue. He's an asshole but a hot asshole. It's clear he did nothing in prison other than work out. His body is sick. The fact that I've noticed, makes me sick.

“What are you going to do about it?” My voice comes out shaky and probably lets him know his proximity to me affects me which is the last thing I want him to know.

He spins me so I'm facing him and glares down at me, his eyes wide, “I'll spank your fucking ass so hard you won't be able to sit down for a week.”

“W-what?”

Nash slides his hand in my hair and yanks my head back with force, “You fucking heard me.”

He releases his hold in my hair and grabs my arms spinning me so I’m facing the tree and places my hands on the trunk.

“What are you doing?”

Without saying a word, he lifts my skirt up and a small groan erupts from the back of his throat, and he smacks my ass with his open hand.

“What the fuck?” I blurt out far lower than I meant to. I want to scream at him. I could try to run but I don’t. He hits me again on the other cheek and a moan slips out. What the hell is wrong with me?

After the sixth hit he’s breathing heavily and turns me back to face him. His deep brown eyes stare into mine as his bare chest rises and falls with heavy breaths.

“Are you ready to go back inside now, Princess?”

I nod. I have no words. There are none because I don’t know what the fuck just happened.

He strokes my cheek, “Good girl. Such a fucking good girl.”

My eyes roll back into my head, a moan escapes from my lips, as if those words are pleasurable, which maybe they were. My heart races, and butterflies fill my belly, and I’ll never admit it to Nash, but I want to hear those words again.

“Inside before I spank you again.”

I walk over to my tree, my ass is stinging, and climb back up to my window. When I glance down, I spot Nash watching me to make sure I go in. His heated gaze lights me on fire from the inside out. I’m so confused. I should be pissed that he’s treating me like a child. Instead, I’m wet.

I climb in my window and sit on my bed, trying to figure out what to say to Lin. She’s going to be pissed. Can I possibly tell her I was attempting to sneak out when my adopted

brother spanked my ass and sent me back to my room like an errant child? No. I don't think so.

I text her and tell her I'm not feeling well. It's not a total lie. I'm better than last night but still don't feel normal. Then, I text Nash.

Thanks for the gift. I don't want it. You think you can treat me like a child. I'm a grown woman. Stop looking at me like I'm a child.

Trust me, Princess. I don't look at you like a child. Fuck. I wish I did. Now, be a good girl and go to sleep.

What does that even mean?

It doesn't matter. Goodnight, Princess.

CHAPTER SEVEN



Three days later...

FINALLY, I make it to Lins before she loses her mind. She sits at the small table in the kitchen, her back to me, and her greasy blonde hair hanging down to her shoulders. I walk over and take a seat across from her, and she smiles, “I’ve got the pills, or you can try this.”

This is heroin. Ready to go, already in the syringe.

“Can I go back to the pills if I don’t like it?”

She laughs boisterously, “Baby, you will like it. But yes, you can take it however you want.”

I spent years in the hospital being poked and prodded. I’m not in love with the idea of putting more needles into my body, but her next words change my mind.

“It’ll work almost instantly.”

With that I’m sold, but my hands are so shaky I’m not sure I could inject myself.

“What if I can’t get it into my vein while shaking so much?”

She takes my arm and ties it, “I’ve got you. I always take care of my girl, don’t I?”

The trembling intensifies, but not because of the sickness; I’m terrified. I have never been the type of girl to get involved

with drugs. I only took the pills because of the pain. Now, I wish I never had because it's a constant cycle that never ends. For some reason, it feels as if I let her inject me with the drug, my life will never be the same. My phone buzzes, so I tell her to hold on. Maybe I'm trying to delay what I'm about to do because the consequences of my actions are horrifying.

You snuck out. I can only imagine that means one thing. There are three ways this can end, Ice Princess. 1. Prison. 2. Death. 3. You get help now. If you don't choose option three, option one or two will happen far sooner than you realize.

Nash.

After I place my phone on the table, I look up at Lin, "Do it."

Why did I choose to inject heroin into my veins? Two reasons really. One, the pain is getting unbearable. If you've never been dopesick, you wouldn't understand. Two, and this is the biggest reason, I won't let Nash dictate my choices. Yes, I realize that's cutting off my nose to spite my face.

Almost instantly, the high I feel is amazing. Euphoric. Calming. Relaxing. Happy. I don't think I've ever been so happy in all my life. I'm in such bliss that I respond to Nash, who I hated with a passion just minutes ago, so much that if he were standing on the tracks and there were an oncoming train, I wouldn't dare pull him away.

You worry too much, Rapist. Why don't you let your hair down and come do this with me? It's so incredible. Heroin straight to the vein is much better than the pills. Haven't you ever heard the family that plays together stays together?

On my way. Where are you?

1705 Rosebriar Lane. Apartment B.

"Nash is on his way. He'll want some too."

Lin raises an eyebrow in surprise, "He better have cash. You're the only one that gets it for free."

I fold my arms over my chest and glare at her, “Do you want me to stop coming over?”

I want Nash to do this. If he is using too, then he has nothing to tell my parents. He’ll get off my back about it. Yes, it’s cruel, but I don’t really care. He means nothing to me. Nash Lexington is nothing more than a gorgeous pain in the ass.

* * *

NASH

I pace in my bedroom for several minutes, trying to decide what to do. She’s high as fuck. There’s an overwhelming need inside my chest to go get her and save her from herself. I know I’m supposed to stay away from drugs and people who do them. It’s been fifteen years since I put drugs into my body. If I use it even once, that’s it. I’m done. It’s a slippery slope, one I’ll slide right down. At this moment, I can say no to it. I’m not even craving it. But when it’s sitting right in front of me? That may change everything. Can I simply leave her there?

Just like that, a decision is made. There’s no choice but to go to her, whether I want to or not. I won’t stay around the drugs. I’ll get her and leave, against her will if she refuses. Ivy needs help. I won’t sit by and watch her self-destruct.

I walk out to the living room, find my dad and Mercy, and a sick feeling forms in my gut. I have to lie. I can’t tell them where I’m going. Not yet, anyway.

“I’ll be back in a little while. I’m going to pick up a few things. Do you need anything?”

My dad instantly rises off the couch, “I’ll go with you.”

I sigh audibly, “I’ve got this, dad. I’m not going to use. I won’t destroy my life twice. Trust me.”

Mercy grabs his hand while still seated on the couch, “He’s right, Liam. It’s been a long time and he’s worked hard. Trust him.”

Thankfully, he sits back down beside her and nods.

I walk out to the garage, grab the keys to the range rover, and get in. It's been a long time since I drove a vehicle, but it's like riding a bike, right? You never forget. I pull up the GPS on my phone, so my dad won't see the history and pull out of the garage, winding along the expansive driveway until I exit the gate.

According to the screen on my phone, it'll be a thirty-three-minute drive. I'm not surprised that it's in Stroudsburg, the mecca for drugs in this area. Especially heroin. I hate even the thought of going there. It's where I took Mercy. There are no good memories for me there.

After taking my exit off the highway, I make a quick right turn onto a side street. I spot drug dealers standing around a basketball court. How could I possibly know they are dealers? When you've been a junkie, you simply know. It's like the drugs give you some sort of sixth sense, or sick sense.

Two more left turns, and I'm turning into a small parking lot of what appears to be run-down apartments. I park the vehicle and step out into the blazing hot sun, making my way to the place where I'll find Ivy and drugs.

CHAPTER EIGHT

NASH



I walk up to the door, stepping over trash along the way. My skin crawls before I even knock on the door. This place is a trash site. Food containers, drug paraphernalia, and empty liquor bottles all litter the ground. It's disgusting.

I knock three times before the door opens, and I find Ivy grinning at me. I didn't know she even knew how to smile, so it's extra creepy.

"Come in Nash."

Her eyes are watery and bloodshot. She appears to be disoriented, nearly crashing into the table as she backs up to let me through the door. I spot a spoon, drugs, and needles on the table, where an older blonde sits staring at us.

Ivy flashes me another big grin, "Come on Rapist. We have some for you."

I grab her by the arm, "We're leaving."

She snorts, "Did you forget how to party while you were in the big house, bro?"

Arching an eyebrow at her, I say, "Don't ever fucking call me that again. Now let's go."

Ivy crosses her arms over her chest defiantly as she shakes her head, "No. I'm staying."

That's where she's wrong. I didn't come out to this hell hole to let her stay here. I'm leaving and taking her with me whether she likes it or not. I step forward and pick her up over

my shoulder while the blonde is screaming at me, “Leave her alone!”

I ignore her. I have no idea who this woman in her forties is, but I intend to find out. Is she Ivy’s only supplier? With Ivy squirming against me and hitting me on the ass, I open the door and walk out of this woman’s crappy excuse for an apartment.

When I put her in the passenger seat and buckle her in, I realize I can’t take her home like this. What would Dad and Mercy say? I don’t want to put them through seeing her like this. I ignore her, screaming how much she hates me, and close the door before walking around to the driver’s side and getting in.

“I don’t want to go home!” She yells as I back out of my parking spot.

“You aren’t going home, Princess. Do you think I’d let your parents see you like this? You’re a fucking mess.”

She scoffs, “It’s not like they care. I’m not even theirs.”

I glance over at her quickly as I turn onto the highway, “You can’t possibly believe that. You’ve been theirs since they adopted you. They loved you so much they wanted to make you part of their family, Princess. They chose you.”

She puts her fingers on the dial for the volume on the radio and says, “Have you always been this fucking annoying?”

“You have a dirty mouth, Princess. Do you need my hand on your ass again?”

With that she cranks the volume up loud enough so she can’t hear me. Yeah, I’m the annoying one. Every once in a while, I glance at her while she sits there appearing dazed. When I pull into the hotel parking lot, she reaches over and turns the radio down, “Why are we at a hotel, Nash?”

“You can’t go home like this. A hotel is the only option, Princess.” I park and snap, “Come on.”

I’m pissed that she got herself in this situation and that I have to deal with it. I had really hoped after helping her detox,

that would be it. I knew it probably wouldn't be the end of it, though. While I'm not pleased, I can't say I'm surprised.

We walk into the hotel and up to the front desk. "I need a room with two beds," I inform the clerk.

He smiles as he types away on his keyboard but then says, "I have a king room. That's it."

"Fine," I bite as I put the card down on the desk. This is the account that was established for me after my grandparents died. If my dad chooses to, he will see this transaction. I just hope he doesn't. If he finds out I took his precious Ivy to a hotel, it will not be an easy conversation.

He hands me the room key, "Here you go Mr. Lexington. Your room is on the second floor, third door on the right."

I grab Ivy's hand and pull her to the elevator. We stand there, and she wobbles slightly, so I let go of her hand, placing my arm around her waist. I pull her in when the doors slide open.

"Liam's going to kill you."

I turn so I'm in front of her and ask, "For what exactly?"

She backs up into the wall, "For raping me like you tried to do to my Mercy."

And there it fucking is. The one thing people will never get past. I'll always be the kid that tried to rape his best friend. I can apologize. I can quit fucking using drugs. I can run. But I'll never escape my past crimes. Like a shadow, your past follows you everywhere you go. I did my time. They set the release date. Opened the bars. Still, I'll always be a prisoner of my horrible choices. I'll never truly be set free.

I place my hands on either side of her head and lower my face to hers, "No Princess, I'm not going to rape you. I wouldn't touch you if you fucking begged me to."

The truth is, I haven't had sex in nearly two decades. The last naked woman I saw in the flesh was Mercy. Ivy is fucking gorgeous. She has this perfect full ass that I saw in a red thong when I spanked her. It took everything in me not to drop to my

knees and taste her. If she wasn't my adopted sister, I'd be all over her. My cock in her pretty little throat would finally shut her up. She is my adopted sister, so that makes her off-limits. In my family, off-limits doesn't seem to mean a whole hell of a lot. My dad got with his son's best friend. My dad's best friend, Xander, got with dad's sister, Elle. Max, not family but a friend of my dad's, got with Xander's sister, a nun. Yeah, a nun. Another story for another time. Forbidden is just what we do. But hooking up with your sister, adopted or otherwise, is a whole extra level of taboo that would never be tolerated. My dad might kill me for that. Still, that tiny little body is mouth-watering. I've never in my life wanted to redden an ass as much as I do hers. My face, this close to hers, I catch her scent. Intoxicating. Jasmine and lilies. Luckily the elevator dings, and the doors slide open, interrupting my self-torture. Placing my arm around her waist, I escort her into the hallway. We walk down to the third door on the right.

I unlock the door and motion for her to step inside, which she does. There's only one bed, and I'm not exactly tired in the middle of the damn day. So, I take a seat on the oversized gray chair in the room. It's a fairly basic room. A king bed sits in the middle of the room, and there's a small cream-colored desk with only a lamp sitting on it. The chair is the only other furniture in this small room. But it'll do. I want her to sober up before I take her home. Nothing more than sleep will happen here.

“Go lie down, Princess.”

I'm not sure how because it happens so quickly, but she stumbles, and before I know it, she's in my lap, the last place she should be. On instinct, I wrap my arms around her to prevent her from falling to the floor. She sits up, straightening her back, her face only inches from mine, and whispers, “Nash.”

“Bed, Ivy. Get into fucking bed.”

She runs her fingers through my hair and moans, “I'm so wet, Rapist. Don't you want to fuck this virgin pussy.”

Jesus Christ. She's trying to kill me. Obviously, I want her virgin pussy, but it can't happen. It won't.

I rise out of the chair, and she wraps her arms and legs around me as I carry her to the bed. Forcefully, I peel her from me and lie her down.

I've done a lot of fucked up shit. If there's some kind of list out there for my karma, I'd like this recorded. I haven't had sex in so damn long. I've got a fucking stunning virgin offering herself to me. Walking away from this takes the patience of a goddamn saint.

CHAPTER NINE



If Nash thinks he's going to come in and force me to bend to his will, he has another thing coming. Instead, he'll be bending to mine. He's been in prison for a long time. I know exactly what he wants. I'm going to give it to him, but there will be a price.

He stares at his phone while I shimmy out of my skirt and panties. When I remove my shirt and throw my clothes on the floor, he lifts his gaze to mine.

“What the fuck are you doing?”

I flash him an innocent smile, “I sleep naked.”

Nash groans loudly, “Fine. Go the fuck to sleep.”

I slip my hand under the blankets, “After I complete all my bedtime rituals I will.”

“I swear to fucking God, Princess. I will spank your ass until it's black and blue.”

Rubbing my clit I moan, “Yes, keep talking like that.”

Nash storms over to me, yanks the blankets off me, and growls, “God damn it, Princess. You're trying to kill me, is that it?”

He wraps his hand around my throat and climbs over me, straddling my hips, I pull my hand up and put my fingers under his nose in a whisper, I ask, “Wanna taste, Rapist?”

His eyes burn into mine; he breathes heavily with parted lips, I shove my fingers into his mouth, rubbing my wetness on

his tongue.

Nash places his free hand on the mattress beside my head, hovering over me, his lips an inch from mine when he growls, “If I were a rapist my cock would already be buried inside that tight little cunt.”

He grinds his hard cock against my clit, “Such a bad fucking girl. Aren’t you? Tempting a monster that’s been locked up for close to two decades.”

Nash tightens his grip on my throat, limiting my air, “What if the monster gives in and fucks you to within an inch of your life? What then? You run to daddy to tell him what the monster did to his princess?”

“If you don’t stop, I’m going to come,” I whimper when he loosens his grip.

“What if I can’t stop, Ice Princess? What if you set the wheels in motion and there are no brakes? What if I want to fuck you as much as I hate you?”

My breath gets caught in my throat, I can’t think. Like there’s a million fireworks in my body, I explode, I grab his head and pull him to me and kiss him while I buck into his big cock. At first, he’s shocked, but then he slides his tongue in my mouth aggressively. He slides his hand into my hair and pulls it while he fucks my mouth with his tongue. I shouldn’t feel anything, but I do. My stomach floods with butterflies while my heart pounds.

He pulls back and sits on his knees, grabs both of my legs, spreading my thighs wide, “What if I need one fucking taste? Just one? Would you beg me to stop?”

I shake my head, “No,” I whisper.

Nash takes a finger and his thumb and spreads my pussy lips, “So fucking beautiful. Has anyone licked this sweet pussy?”

“No. I’ve never even been touched.”

He growls, “You’re going to let your brother be the first to devour your pretty little cunt?”

“Yes,” I breathe.

This started as something I wanted to use to hurt him. I wanted to destroy him before he destroyed me. Right now, I want to feel his tongue. That is the only thing I can think about. The way he stares at my most intimate place with hunger in his eyes causes my pussy to pulse.

He slides a finger inside me, making me gasp, “I should tell you to go fuck yourself. But Princess, I’ve never wanted to eat anything as much as I want to eat this pussy.” Nash lowers his face between my legs and inhales, “Jesus Christ, you’re going to be the death of me.”

“Nash,” I whimper.

CHAPTER TEN

NASH



I know I shouldn't. Still, with my face between her beautiful thighs, I know I'm not going to stop myself. Her scent is sweet, intoxicating, and more inviting than any syringe filled with heroin. This is dangerous. Will I be able to taste her once and wash my hands of her? Will she be like a drug, one hit, and I'm addicted? I guess I'm about to find out. With her pussy less than an inch from my face, I have to taste her. I need to hear her fucking whimper for me.

I lick up her slit, and she bucks her hips.

"Hold still, Ice Princess. Be a good girl and fucking drown me with your cum."

Swirling my tongue around her swollen little nub while fucking her with my fingers, she digs her hands into the bed, clawing as she screams for me. Her back arches off the bed, pushing her tits higher up, fuck, she's so goddamn beautiful. The devil must have sent her to drag me back to hell. As I take her clit between my lips and suck hard, I decide it's worth it.

Ivy thrusts her hips up and grabs my hair as she comes on my tongue. She's delicious, beautiful, perfect, except for the fact that I'm about to lose everything I've worked so hard to rebuild.

I climb up beside her on the bed and kiss her because I want her to taste her pussy on my tongue. She moans into my mouth and slides her tongue against mine. I know I shouldn't be kissing her, touching her. I'm done if my dad finds out, and I guarantee he will. He'll never speak to me again. There will

be no forgiveness for me touching my adopted sister. Even without the significant age gap, he'd never be able to see past it.

I pull away from her. I need to end this. Now. "Go to sleep. I'll take you home after you get some rest."

"Aren't you going to fuck me?"

I can't decide if she looks shocked or hurt.

"No, Princess. I'm never going to fuck you."

She pulls the blankets up over her shoulders and turns her back to me.

"I'm not pretty enough. I know you're probably used to beautiful women. I get it."

Ivy sniffs, and I know she's crying. Fuck. Not pretty enough? Is she out of her fucking mind? She's stunning. As much as I want to console her, I can't. From here on out, distance is the name of the game. I have to stay the fuck away from her at all costs. If I don't, I have a feeling we're going to ruin each other.

Once her breathing gets heavy, I know she's sleeping. I run my knuckles down the soft skin on her back and whisper, "Princess, you're plenty pretty enough. You're fucking gorgeous. I want to fuck you. But if I do, I'll be so far undone there won't be a way back. So let me walk away. If you don't, you'll ruin me. And I'll let you. I'll let you destroy me."

I sit in the chair, watching her sleep. I can't be in bed with her. The scent of her skin drives me wild. Her every little shaky breath she takes in her sleep, from whatever dream she's having, makes me want to bury my cock inside her. I already want to hear my name falling from those beautiful lips again. Hell, she's barely eighteen. Sure, she's legal, but not by much.

My phone buzzes. I look at it and see a message from my dad.

Need to talk. When are you going to be home?

I said I'd pick up Ivy, so in a little while.

I knew you'd be a good brother to her. Thank you, son.

Jesus. Fantastic. I just lied to my dad. He'd go ballistic if he knew I was alone in a hotel room with her right now. The fact that he told me I was a good brother when only hours ago I devoured her cunt like a starving animal only adds salt to the wound.

I walk over to the bed and shake her gently, "Come on, Princess. It's time for you to go home."

She sits up, and the blankets fall to her waist, exposing her beautiful breasts. Her nipples pebble under my gaze, and I know I can't take anymore.

"Get dressed. I'll be outside waiting for you."

I walk outside and shut the door and wait like a goddamn security guard. A few minutes later, she exits, and we walk back to my vehicle. She's quiet for most of the ride. About five minutes from the house, she's still staring out the window but says, "I'm not ugly. There are many boys that want to fuck me."

Pulling over on the side of the road, I take her face in my hands, "Listen here, Princess, listen fucking good. If you let a man between your legs, I'll fucking kill him. Anybody who touches you will not live to see the next fucking day. So, choose well, baby. Make sure anybody you fuck is someone you're not fond of. By letting him fuck you, you're signing his goddamn death warrant."

She gasps, "Why do you care?"

That's a great fucking question. Why do I care? Why is the thought of her letting someone else fuck her leaving me so goddamn rattled? She's not mine, and she never can be. So why do I fucking care?

"The why is not important, Princess. The only thing that matters is that I do. Understood?"

“Yes,” she breathes.

I kiss her on the forehead, “Good girl.”

“One more thing. You’re going to walk into the house and be polite to your parents. Hello Mom. Hello Dad. No more of this Mercy and Liam bullshit. Understood?”

She crosses her arms over her chest, “If I don’t?”

“I’ll beat your ass with a belt until you bleed. No amount of begging or pleading will make me stop.”

She clenches her thighs, and I know I’m going to have to show her. Clearly, Ivy thinks it’ll be like when I spanked her before. I’ll spank her with a belt once, and she’ll toe the line. A belt is far different than a hand. My cock hardens at the thought of her bent over the bed crying out while I strike her with a belt. I bet her pussy would be crying for me.

“I hate you,” she says under her breath.

Grabbing her chin, I growl, “I don’t know what you’re fucking problem is. You have two loving parents. A beautiful home. You don’t want for a goddamn thing. I have no idea what’s got you so twisted up or what your trauma is.”

Tears roll down her cheeks, “You don’t know what my problem is. They don’t know what my problem is. Because nobody cares enough to find out. That’s my problem. I’m unlovable. I’m a burden. Nobody wants me.”

I let go of her, and she continues, “Do you know what that’s like? My biological mom didn’t want me. One day she was there, and then she wasn’t. She treated me like shit, so it shouldn’t matter, but it does. Then to get adopted by the people who care for you so much you, can physically feel it in your heart? But then, they have their own biological children. Again, you don’t matter. Do you know what it feels like to just not fucking matter, Nash? It’s the theme of my life. I never matter.”

I shake my head and pull back onto the road, unable to speak. Even after what I did, my dad was still there, telling me he loved me and that he knew I could do better. Ivy has been through hell. I don’t know everything, but I do know she was

abandoned in the hospital by her mother while poison flowed through her veins to get rid of the cancer.

Glaring at me, she whispers, “Then don’t fucking judge me. You have no right if you haven’t walked in my shoes.”

As I pull into the driveway, I blow out a big breath, “Let’s go inside before they end up out here asking questions I’m not prepared to answer. Be polite, or I will spank your ass.”

We both get out, walk inside, and like the good girl I knew she could be, she pastes a fake smile on her face, “Hi, Mom. Hi dad. I’m going to bed. I’m exhausted.”

Both my dad and Mercy stand appearing shell-shocked as she walks to her room.

I pull out my phone and text her, “Good fucking girl. I’m proud of you.”

CHAPTER ELEVEN

IVY



I smiled. I spoke. Even said mom and dad like he wanted me to. Why? To hear those words again. *Good girl*. Never did I know two simple words could make my heart race and my thighs clench. I'll drop to my knees and do whatever he wants, even let him beat me with a belt, as long as he calls me a good girl when he's done.

My mom reads these dirty books, she likes to call them romance books. I've snuck and read more than one of them. They have romance, they have a storyline, but oh my God, the sex is insane. Many of the men in them say, *good girl*. I never actually thought men said that in real life. Nash does. Not that I have any frame of reference, but he's also very talented with his tongue. I want more.

I'm standing in my bedroom with the door open trying to listen to their conversation.

When my dad says, "Thanks for taking care of your little sister, son," I snort. Oh, Dad, if you only knew how well he took care of his little sister, it'd give you nightmares.

Throwing myself on the bed, I sigh and look through my phone when I notice a text message from Nash.

Good fucking girl. I'm proud of you.

Three things happen next. One: My heart races so fast I think it might actually leave my body. Two: I change his name in my phone from Rapist to Nash. Three: I decide I'm sneaking out tonight to go to the pool house.

After taking a shower, I change into my sluttiest lingerie, which is only a black lacy bra and a matching thong. I'm eighteen, and I don't have a lot of tempting clothes. Once I'm dressed, I take a final look in the mirror. My black skirt falls to the middle of my thigh, and my white tank top is tight around my breasts. I've applied my makeup darker to make myself look older, which is stupid because it's not like he doesn't know how old I am.

I know how wrong this is. Nash is thirty-eight. I just turned eighteen. He wants me. I know it, and he knows it. When he touched me, it was the first time I felt alive in years. I felt seen. My mom knocks on my door, "Night, Ivy. Love you."

Even for the words good girl, I can't say it back.

"Night, *mom*."

You never realize how long two hours is until you're watching the clock and waiting for your parents to fall asleep so you can sneak out. Opening my window, I step out onto my tree and climb down. Walking around the back of the property, I get nervous because I'm not sure how Nash will react. He might be angry. He might send me away. I have no idea. On the one hand, I know he's going to have his pick of women now that he's out of prison. He's out of my league for sure. But on the other hand, he went down on me. Would a man do that if he wasn't attracted to the woman?

It's dark around the pool at night. The lights only get turned on if someone is swimming. When I approach the pool house, I take a look in the window, crouching down in the rose bed, and spot Nash on his bed. Naked. His cock is in his hand, and eyes closed while he strokes himself. Gazing up and down his body, I salivate. He must have worked out constantly in prison. His entire body is a hard, chiseled masterpiece. The way his bicep flexes as he pulls his dick is mesmerizing. Speaking of the beast between his legs, it's huge! Not that I've ever seen one before, but they can't possibly all be that large. I walk around to the door and get the key from under the rock and let myself in. When I first go in, I'm in the living room, so I walk through to his bedroom and stand there gawking at my own live sex show.

The next five minutes of my life happen in fast motion. So fast, if you blink, you'd miss it, yet I know the words spoken will never leave my brain.

His eyes pop open, "What the fuck!"

Nash jumps off the bed like it's on fire, grabs his boxer shorts from the floor, and puts them on.

"Why are you in my fucking room?"

I swear, I physically shrink in size, "I wanted to see you," I whisper.

He stands before me, fists clenched so tightly, I wonder if he's going to punch me. And he does, but with his words.

"Look, I know you have some fascination with me. I don't want you. Get that through your thick fucking head. I don't want you. I never will. I like women. Not little girls. That won't change. I'm not attracted to you in the least. You're my fucking little sister. Now run back to Mommy and Daddy's house where you fucking belong."

Crossing my arms over my chest, I snort, "You're not attracted to me, yet you went down on me? Does that even make sense to you?"

He comes a couple of steps closer and glares down at me, "It shouldn't have happened and won't ever again. I had a weak moment, Ivy. I went down on the first desperate female I could get my hands on. Prison does crazy things to a man. Now get out."

My throat is tight, and I can barely breathe. When I came here, I thought he might spank me. It turns out his words hurt far worse than a hand or a belt ever could. I fight back the tears threatening to fall. I won't give him the satisfaction of seeing me break. I turn around and leave.

CHAPTER TWELVE

NASH



The look in her eyes just before she turns around and leaves, hits me in the chest. I just did what, apparently, everyone does to Ivy, with very little effort. I made her feel like she didn't matter. Like I don't want her with every fucking fiber of my being. I had no choice. The last thing I wanted to do was cause her pain. She's had enough of that to last her a lifetime. We can't be together, ever. She's far too young for me. And my fucking sister by adoption. My father and Mercy won't care that there's no blood relation. I keep trying to remind myself of that fact. No matter how much I want her it can't happen. The only outcome from me and Ivy is heartbreak. I won't do that to her.

Ivy deserves a man that's free to love her. Someone that will show her off like the fucking stunning piece of artwork she is. I can't do that. As much as I want her, she'd always be my dirty little secret. I'm not the man for her. She deserves better. So much fucking better. One day she'll thank me.

I promised myself when I left prison, I'd make better choices. Everyone forgave me because I was on drugs. They knew I never would've done the things I did if I hadn't been on heavy drugs. But Ivy. Fuck, there'd never be forgiveness for doing the things I want to do to her.

There's nothing I want more than to steal her innocence. I'm the monster that wants to rip her to shreds and then piece her back together as I see fit. Hold her down and fuck her until she screams and cries. Turn her into my personal filthy slut. If she were anyone else, I'd do just that.

I force myself to lie down on the bed and close my eyes. After what feels like hours of seeing her in the darkness, finally, I fall asleep.

* * *

WAKING to banging on my door has me groaning as I try to open my eyelids. I get up to open the door. It sounds like the fucking police department is on the other side.

When I open it, I glare at my dad, who barges inside.

“Have you seen her?”

“Come on in,” I say in annoyance.

“Have you?”

I run my hand through my hair, “Mercy? No. Why would I-”

“Ivy,” he barks.

“Did you check her room?”

He sits on my couch and places his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands, “I’m obviously bad at being a father. She’s gone.”

I sit in the chair across from him, “What do you mean gone?”

He sighs, “Mercy made Ivy’s favorite breakfast, brought it to her. She was gone. Her clothes. Gone. There was a note on her bed.”

He hands it to me, and I read it.

Mom and Dad-

I’ll never be part of this family. I was a placeholder until you had your real children. I’m eighteen. Your job is done. I can’t be here anymore. It hurts too much.

Mom, there’s a picture under my pillow. I want you to have it. Maybe someday you’ll remember that day as fondly as I do.

I won’t be back. I won’t call. Forget about me.

~ Ivy

Fuck. This is my fault. My words were too harsh. Of course, they were. I was a complete dick. I know what I have to do.

“I’ll find her. Is Mercy, okay?”

He glances at me, “How would you even know where to look? No, she’s not okay. She’s a fucking mess.”

“I don’t. But I’m going to find her if it’s the last thing I do.”

After pulling on my sweatpants and T-shirt, I grab my keys, ready to head out.

“Call me if you find her. We can’t even call the police because she’s legally an adult and she left a note. She wasn’t taken.”

I nod and head out to my vehicle. The last place I want to go searching is the drug-infested parts of Stroudsburg, but I have no choice.

After searching nearly every inch of this godforsaken place, I hear a voice behind me I haven’t heard in years.

“Nash?” He asks.

I turn to see Matt, who I haven’t seen since the night I was arrested.

“What are you looking for? I’ll hook you up with whatever you need.”

I shake my head, “I don’t do drugs.”

My eyes scan the area for Ivy, but I don’t see her amongst the homeless people lying all over the ground beside the train tracks.

Pulling out my phone, I show the picture to Matt, “This is Ivy. Have you seen her?”

Matt stares at the picture while making a whistling sound, “Fuck. She’s hot. I wish I had but I haven’t.”

I bite back the threat trying to escape from me.

“Thanks. I have to go. It was good seeing you.”

“Is she missing?” He calls after me.

I turn back to him and nod, “Yes she is.”

He smiles, “Pity.”

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

NASH



It's been two weeks since Ivy disappeared from her bedroom. Two fucking weeks of searching and not finding anything. I know she's off somewhere doing drugs. What if I never find her? Or worse, what if I find her and it's too fucking late? The last thing I ever want to do is tell my dad his daughter is dead. Her phone has been off. I've called her five times a day over the last fourteen. When I call her now, and it rings three times, I nearly gasp. Then she answers. She fucking answers. I don't bother asking if she's okay because she's sobbing and howling like she's in pain.

"Baby girl, tell me where you are."

When she tells me where she's at, and I realize she's at that woman's apartment, the one with all the drugs, I see red. This woman is twice her age, and she's supplying her with drugs. I'm going to fucking kill her myself. I'm pissed at myself for not even thinking of looking there two weeks ago.

"Princess, stay put. I'll be there soon."

She begs, "Don't go. Please. Don't leave me alone."

"Okay. I'm here. I'm on my way to you. I won't hang up."

I spend the entire drive listening to her sob. It guts me in a way nothing ever has before. Listening to her like this makes me drive faster. I want to get there, take her into my arms, and fix whatever has her so upset. But nothing could've prepared me for what I would face.

Climbing out of the vehicle, I race to the apartment door, stepping over trash just like last time, I knock lightly and open the door. The scene before is heart-stopping. The blonde woman from before is on the floor with a needle sticking out of her arm, and dried vomit covering her face. I'm pretty sure she's dead. I look to my right and find Ivy rocking back and forth, sobbing. I walk over to the woman and check for a pulse. She's dead.

Going over to Ivy, I pick her up and sit on the filthy small couch and hold her tight, "It's going to be okay, baby girl. Who is the woman?"

"My mom."

I expected her response to be drug dealer, friend, just about any answer other than that. This is obviously her biological mother because it sure as hell isn't Mercy.

She gazes up at me, so lost. So fragile.

"You're going to go home. You will tell your parents that it was all a big mistake."

Ivy shakes her head, "I have to call the police."

I wipe her tears with the pad of my thumb, "I'm going to take care of this, Princess. Go home for me, okay? And don't tell anyone you were here tonight."

Pulling out my phone I order an Uber for her. Again, she cries, "Nash you can't. You're on parole. You'll be arrested."

Kissing her forehead, I say, "I know, baby. I'll be okay. I've been there before. It'll be alright. Do this for me. Go."

She sighs and climbs off my lap, "This isn't right."

"Be a good girl. Do as you're told for once. And Princess, you are very much done with this drug bullshit. Do you understand?"

Ivy nods, "Yes, sir."

Rising from the couch, I go over to her, placing my hands on either side of her face, and kiss her. If I'm going back to prison, I'm at least taking that much. I slide my tongue into

her mouth, and she fucking sucks it. For someone so inexperienced, she kisses like she knows exactly what she's doing. Turning my head to deepen our kiss, I take her mouth like I have a right to it. She grabs onto my hair, pulling, moaning, begging for more—perfect little minx.

When I pull back, she looks dazed, “Such a good girl. So beautiful. Go home now, Princess.”

She looks at me and then at her mother one last time and leaves.

Once she's gone, I call 9-1-1.

I sit and wait for the police to come knowing full well I'm going to be arrested. There's no way that won't happen. I swore I wouldn't do anything that would land me back in prison. And I didn't. I don't know why, but I have to protect her. Would she be arrested? Maybe. Maybe not. But I won't have my dad look at her the way he looked at me. She's under my skin. I will sacrifice myself for her. Ivy is like a poison infecting my veins—a drug stronger than any dose of heroin I've ever had. I'm drawn to her like a moth to a flame. I knew she'd destroy me. I knew I'd let her.

The police show up, and I tell them I showed up and she was dead. When they asked how I knew her, I told them she was an old friend. They didn't have trouble believing my story but informed me they had no choice but to arrest me for violating the terms of my parole. I understood I was not to be around drugs. There were enough drugs to kill that woman five times over. I didn't argue with them because I know damn well, I've violated my parole.

After being drug tested, strip-searched, photographed, and fingerprinted, I have been gifted my one phone call—the one call I never wanted to make.

I dial the number and wait for him to answer, “Hello?”

“Dad it's me. I was arrested.”

“What the fuck did you do, son?”

I sit at the desk of the cop who arrested me, “I went to see an old friend. She was dead from an overdose. I haven't used.”

He growls, “I’ll find out if you have been using.”

Sighing loudly, I say, “I swear to you I haven’t. They drug tested me. I’m clean. I shouldn’t have been there, but I didn’t touch any of it.”

“Goddamn it, Nash! Against my better judgment, I’m calling a lawyer. You could go back to prison for a long time.”

“I know,” I say low.

He doesn’t say another word before he disconnects the call. My dad is pissed. I don’t blame him. But it’s better than being honest. The truth would break his heart all over again.

* * *

SPENDING three fucking days in county lockup when I had done nothing wrong, sucked. Of course, I could’ve cleared things up if I had told them, it was Ivy who had found her. There was no way I was going to give that information up. I never will.

Seventy-two hours gave me a lot of time to think. Most of it was spent thinking about her creamy skin, the scent of her body staying engrained in my mind, and the fucking taste of her pussy. What occupied my thoughts most is the soft little whimpers she made for me while she came on my face. *Dirty little girl*. It’s inevitable if she doesn’t tell me no, I’m going to fuck her. The thought of her screaming my name while I stretch her pussy drives me insane.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

IVY



As I walk around to the pool house, I'm trembling and terrified. The last time I showed up here, it didn't go well. I will knock like a decent person this time instead of using the key. Still, I'm scared. How will he react? If he's angry, how will I react? His words last time devastated me. I'm not sure I can handle that again, but I must see him. After what he did for me, I have no choice. Nash could've gone back to prison, and it would've been my fault. Why did he do that for a girl he can't stand?

Knocking on the door, I wait for him to answer while my heart races like a horse. Finally, it opens. Nash stands before me in boxer shorts, nothing else. The way his gaze moves up and down my body several times nearly burns me to ash.

"Can I come in?"

He arches a brow, "Have you been a good girl, Princess?"

I gasp, "What?"

Placing his thumb and finger on my chin, he gently tilts my head back, forcing me to meet his gaze, "Have you been a good girl for me?"

My breaths are out of control, I'm practically panting as I answer, "I think so."

"Have you used any drugs?"

Oh, that's what he wants to know.

I shake my head, "No, sir. None."

Nash grabs my arm and pulls me inside, closing the door behind me, and growls, “Good girl. Such a fucking good girl.”

My insides melt, my clit throbs, and I try to fight back a moan, but it escapes.

“Why are you here?”

Calm down, Ivy. Calm down. My heart feels like it’s ready to explode. Trying to calm my rapid breaths, I attempt to breathe deeply. I can’t.

“I wanted to apologize and thank you.”

“For?”

A nearly naked Nash standing in front of me, his deep voice rumbling through his chest. That fierce gaze does things to me. Can you explode simply from the way someone looks at you? I think I might.

“Apologize for putting you in that position. Thank you for protecting me. I don’t know why you risked yourself for me but thank you. I promise it won’t happen again.”

He narrows his gaze, “You’re right it won’t. If it does, I’ll beat your ass so you can’t sit for a week. Understood?”

I gasp and nod, “Yes, sir.”

Nash reaches out and rubs his thumb over my lips. I part my mouth and suck the digit into my mouth slowly.

“Get on your knees and thank me properly, Princess.”

My eyes widen as I fall to my knees, “I’ve never. I don’t know how.”

“Have you ever seen a dick up close before, baby girl?”

I shake my head, “No.”

The blood rushes to my cheeks, I know I’m red as a tomato.

He groans, “I want to be your first everything, baby. Are you going to give me every single piece of your innocence? Will you let the monster steal it all?”

I nod, “Yes, but you’re not a monster. You saved me.”

He chuckles, "I'm no savior, Princess...Not the hero in your story. I'm the villain. I'll always be the villain. Spread your thighs and stick your tongue out."

I do as he says, and he removes his boxers, his massive cock in front of my face. I gasp because he's huge. This can't be a normal-sized dick.

"Lick."

I run my tongue up the underside of his length, and he groans, "Open wide, beautiful."

When I open my mouth, he slides his cock into my mouth with a growl, "Take it, all of it, show me how thankful you are."

I moan around him. He winds my hair around his fists, holding me in place, and moves in and out of my mouth. I keep my eyes on his face, taking in every expression and grunt. Closing my legs, trying to create some friction, he growls, "Open your fucking legs. You don't get relief without permission."

When I whimper, he starts fucking my mouth harder, hitting the back of my throat, making me gag.

"Breathe through your nose. Fuck. So beautiful on your knees for me with my cock in that tight little throat."

Tears fall from my eyes, and he growls, "Fucking perfect."

"Don't swallow, baby. I want to see my cum on that tongue."

I whimper, and I feel his cock spasm in my mouth as he groans out his release. He tastes slightly salty and sweet at the same time. He pulls out of my mouth, "Show me."

When I open my mouth, he growls, "Fuck, Ivy. Swallow it all." When I do, he watches my throat, a satisfied look on his face, and then pulls me to my feet.

"You're so fucking beautiful."

I cringe, "Nash, don't."

"What?" He asks, "Don't what?"

Suddenly I'm the insecure girl again. I look down at my feet, unable to look into his eyes, "Don't call me beautiful. Please. I can't handle it."

"Why?"

"It's a lie," I whisper, "I'm not beautiful. You aren't even attracted to me."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

NASH



Shit. I did this. Scooping her into my arms, I carry her to my bed and lie her down. I climb in the bed beside her. “Ivy, I was trying to chase you away so I could keep my distance. There is no part of this that’s acceptable. Every word that night was a lie. Baby girl, you are so goddamn beautiful it makes me insane with desire.”

“Does that mean you’ll fuck me?”

I shake my head and chuckle before answering her seriously, “Princess, your virginity is sacred. Do you really want to lose it to your brother?”

She makes a face like she tasted something sour, “Stop saying that. I want to lose it to you, Nash, I need you.”

I already knew I’d fuck her, but that solidifies it for me.

Climbing over her, I pull her skirt up over her hips, and place a hand on either side of her head, “Spread your legs, dirty girl.”

My lips ghost over hers, “I do want to punish you. But when you’re an obedient good girl, it makes me want to give you the fucking world.”

I press my lips to hers and slide my tongue into her mouth, swallowing down her gasp. When I grind my hard cock against her clit, she whimpers for me. Moving my right hand from the mattress, I wrap my hand around her throat and growl, “Come for me.”

Ivy bucks her hips as she cries out for me. Fuck. Hearing my name fall from her lips makes me want to pull her panties to the side and slam into her. But I can't. It can't happen that way.

"Fuck me, please," she begs.

I shake my head, "Not tonight, baby girl. Not tonight."

I don't miss her disappointed expression.

"You need to get on birth control first. I'm not wearing a condom with you. I want to fuck you raw. I want to feel your pussy with nothing between us."

A tear rolls down her cheek, "I can't get pregnant Nash. I will never be able to have children."

Lying beside her, I pull her into my arms, "Never?"

She presses her face to my chest, "Never. Chemo three times made sure of that."

Squeezing her tight, I say the only thing I possibly can, "I'm sorry, Princess. I'm so sorry."

Ivy wraps her arm around my waist. Fuck, how can anything wrong feel so right? Every inch of her is perfect. I wish she weren't my adopted sister. I'd show her off to everyone. This is wrong. I should let her find a boy her own age that won't keep her as a secret.

Before I have time to think about it the words come tumbling out of me, "You should go, Ivy. You should find a boy your own age."

She grips me tighter, "I don't want a boy my own age. I want you, Nash. Only you."

I'm conflicted. I want to be a better man than I am and let her go, so she'll give her innocence to a man that deserves it. Yet, here I am, making plans in my head to fuck the most off-limits woman in my life.

"Tomorrow you'll tell Mercy and dad you're staying over at a friend's house. You'll take an Uber to the Hotel on sixth

avenue. Be there at seven. If you change your mind, don't show up, I will understand. I won't be angry."

She kisses my chest, "I won't change my mind. I will be there."

"Go to your room before I can't control myself. No making yourself come, Princess. Your next orgasm is mine."

"Can I kiss you?"

I chuckle, "You don't have to ask permission, baby."

Leaning my head down, I roll her over onto her back, press my lips to hers, and kiss her. Fuck her mouth is so sweet. Her tongue hungrily glides against mine. I pull back and bite her bottom lip before I slide my tongue back into her mouth, needing more. Ivy moans and threads her fingers through my hair.

Pulling back, I groan, "Such a needy girl. Aren't you?"

"Yes," she whimpers.

I growl, "Time to go Princess. If I hear that sweet little sound one more time, I'm going to lose my mind. I'll see you tomorrow at seven."

I get off her and go open the door, reluctantly she gets off the bed and walks out the door.

A man only has so much restraint. I'm going to fuck her, punish her, and make her mine. I have no choice. I'm not delusional. I know if we're ever caught, I'll lose everything. The relationship with my father I've worked hard to rebuild. The forgiveness from Mercy for what I did to her. All of it will evaporate in the blink of an eye. Is Ivy worth losing everything for? I don't know. Am I sabotaging myself for nothing? It doesn't matter when all I can think about is those sweet little moans and the taste of her delectable pussy.

It takes me forever to fall asleep. Every time I close my eyes, all I see is her. On her knees, taking my cock like such a good girl, on my bed, begging me to fuck her. She's everywhere. I want to text her and tell her to get her beautiful

body down here. But I fight it. Eventually, I fall into the darkness.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

IVY



Last night was tough. I had a hard time falling asleep thinking about today. I thought it was a long night. But today, the minutes have crawled by. I told my parents I was staying at Monica's house. They like her, so they didn't question it. I've been more pleasant with them as of late, so they're easier to deal with. I thought once I turned eighteen, they'd relax their rules. Nope. Not a chance. All I got was, 'our house, our rules.'

I went shopping earlier today to find lingerie for tonight. I want Nash to come undone when he sees me in it. I'm wearing a black skirt, with leggings underneath. I'll be losing them on the ride to the hotel. I opted for a tight, pink V-neck t-shirt over the lingerie I bought. I grab my bag of overnight clothes I packed and go to leave.

My mom yells, "Ivy do you want a ride?"

Shaking my head, "No. I already ordered an Uber. It's fine."

"You can cancel it."

Arching an eyebrow, I say, "Why? What's up? Riley is banging her head on the wall," I say.

She turns, "Riley, no."

With her attention turned away from me, I make my way to my waiting ride. Climbing into the waiting vehicle, my driver pulls away from the street, and I pull my leggings off. He glances back at me. The pervert is watching me.

“Eyes on the road, asshole.”

He clears his throat and starts paying attention to what’s in front of him rather than me. I pull on my fishnet thigh-highs and strap them to the garter belt I’m wearing. Suddenly, I’m filled with second thoughts. Is this too much? Will this turn him on or off? As I consider taking them off, I notice he has pulled up to the hotel. I sigh, pay my driver, and head into the hotel, realizing I don’t know what room it is. I grab my phone from my bag and see a text from Nash.

Room 1074.

I attempt to steady my nerves while taking the elevator to the tenth floor. I want this, but I’m terrified. I have no idea how bad it’s going to hurt.

After the elevator doors slide open, I follow the signs on the wall directing me to the hallway on the right—all the way at the end, I see it, 1074 in gold on the door. I stare at it like it’s a bomb. Eventually, I find the nerve and knock. When he opens the door, all the air escapes my lungs. Nash stands in front of me wearing black jeans and a tight black T-shirt. Something so simple, but he looks incredible.

“Cat got your tongue, Princess?” He chuckles and pulls me inside the room. “You look nervous. You don’t have to do this. If you’re not ready.”

I shake my head, “I am nervous. But I’m ready.”

His gaze travels down my body slowly then back up to my face, “You look fucking delicious.”

When he pulls me into his arms, against his hard chest, I whimper.

“Look at me, Ivy.”

I tilt my head back and look into his face, it’s serious.

“I’m going to try to be gentle with you. This is your first time, I want it to be everything you need it to be. I need you to know, I am not a rapist. I was on drugs. I never would have

done the things I did, if I weren't strung out. If you tell me to stop, I will. Okay?"

I nod. I feel like such a bitch for throwing that in his face so many times. I knew his behavior changed because he was under the influence of drugs. My parents explained everything to me when I asked why he was in prison, after overhearing a conversation between my mom and my Aunt Elle.

"I'm sorry."

He shakes his head and rubs the pad of his thumb over my lips, "That's not what tonight is about, baby. Come with me."

Nash takes my hand and pulls me into a separate bedroom. Wow. It's a suite. This couldn't have been cheap. Glancing around, I gasp. There are candles all over the room and rose petals on the king-sized bed.

I look at him in shock, "Did you do this?"

He nods, "It's your first time. You should feel special because you are."

Nash walks over to a chair and sits down, "Undress for me. I need to watch you."

Grabbing the hem of my shirt, I pull it over my head and throw it on the floor. Then I lower my skirt over my hips, let it fall to the floor, and step out of it.

Nash groans, "Is this for me, Princess?"

"Yes," I whisper.

"Turn around."

I do and he groans again, "So beautiful. So, fucking beautiful."

When I turn back to face him, he's standing and taking his clothes off.

"Go lie on the bed. Leave everything on."

Climbing on the bed, I lie in the center on my back. I look up and realize he's naked.

"Spread your beautiful legs, Princess."

I do as he says, but as hard as I try, I can't control my trembling body.

He crawls between my legs and drags a finger down my center over my panties, "So wet for me. Good girl."

He grabs the side of my panties and rips them, making me gasp. Then he moves to the other side and does the same thing. "Baby girl, look at me."

I do as he says, "It's okay. I know you're scared. It's understandable. I'm going to take care of you. I'll always take care of you."

He spreads my lips with two fingers and blows on my clit, "I'm going to get you very wet before I fuck you, which works well for me because I've been dreaming of tasting this pretty pussy again."

"Nash," I whimper.

"Fuck. I love that sound."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

NASH



She's terrified. I want nothing more than to slam my cock into her. I want to bury myself inside her so bad my cock hurts, but I know if I make her wet first, it'll be easier for her. When I run my tongue up her slit, she jumps, but after a few minutes of circling her clit, she moans and slides her fingers in my hair and pulls, bucking her hips.

Yes, baby, ride my face.

Pushing two fingers into her pussy, I see she's already wet. Drenched. Taking her clit between my lips, I suck, and her cunt grips my fingers while she screams out my name. She's fucking beautiful in a pink lacy bra. The panties were nice too, but I ruined those. The fishnet thigh highs are so sexy, and it's a miracle things have gone according to plan. I pull my fingers out of her and suck them clean, "Do you still want this?"

She nods breathlessly, "Yes, please."

Climbing over her, I line my cock up with her entrance, "Relax for me. It'll hurt more if you clench."

I push the first inch of my cock into her, and she freezes, "Want me to stop?"

She bites her lip and shakes her head no, so I rock into her a little more.

"Fuck baby. You're so tight."

I've never been with a virgin, so while I knew she'd be tight, I didn't know she'd practically strangle my cock.

“Put it all in, Nash. Like a *Band-Aid*. Just do it.”

Arching an eyebrow, I ask, “You sure? It’ll hurt.”

“I’m sure. Just do it.”

“Rub your clit for me princess.”

She does, and I murmur, “Good girl.”

Once I see her relaxing and close to coming, I pull out and slide into her until I’m buried to the hilt. Placing a hand on either side of her head, I lean forward and kiss her while rocking side to side, trying to loosen her up. When she wraps her arms around my neck and moves her hips, I know the worst of the pain is over.

When I pull away from her kiss, she moans, “Oh my God.”

“You’re such a good girl. You’re taking me so well, baby.”

Her insecurity shows, “Tell me what to do to make you feel good.”

I shake my head and pull out most of the way, and thrust back into her, “You feel fucking amazing, Ivy. Fuck. Your pussy is heaven.”

Pulling her bra cups down, I expose her tits and lavish her nipples with licks, kisses, and bites. She writhes beneath me, crying out. She’s perfect. She is so gorgeous, every single sense I have is on fire for her. Every look, every touch, the taste of her, every fucking sound.

When she bucks her hips, and her cunt grips my dick, I nearly come.

“Jesus Christ. Fuck.”

She screams, locks her legs around my waist, and nearly convulses underneath me as she fucking shatters. In all my thirty-eight years, I’ve never seen anything like it. But I want to see it again and again.

“Good girl. You’re so beautiful when you come for me.”

Picking up my pace, I slam into her three more times before I come so hard white spots dot my vision. After I fill

her and calm my racing heart, I pull out of her.

“I’ll be right back, Princess. Don’t move.”

I walk into the bathroom and get a warm wet washcloth and go back to her, “Spread your legs.”

Her eyes widen in response, “No. Nash. Oh my God.”

“Spread your legs, Ivy. Let me take care of you.”

A beautiful red color tints her cheeks, but she does as I ask. Gently, I clean the blood and cum dripping from her. I take the washcloth to the bathroom and rinse it out and clean myself off before returning to Ivy.

When I climb in beside her, she rolls her eyes at me, “I can wash myself.”

I turn her toward me and tuck her sweaty hair behind her ear, “You’re mine, Princess. I’ll take care of you. Every need you have will be met by me. But I’ll also punish you. You will not roll your eyes at me. You will not refuse my care. Do you understand?”

She nods, “Yes.”

I growl, “Yes, what?”

Ivy swallows hard, “Yes, sir.”

“Good girl.”

Ivy gazes at me, and I can see the questions in her eyes.

“What is it?”

She sighs, “What if I don’t want to be punished?”

Running my knuckles down the side of her neck, “If you tell me to stop, I will. Do not think for one second that will get you what you want, Ivy. It won’t. I need you to obey me. Baby girl, you may not realize it, but this is exactly what you need too.”

“If you use drugs again Ivy, we can’t do this. I won’t watch you destroy your life. I won’t punish you for it. As much as it would hurt, I’d have to walk away.”

She shakes her head and presses her lips against my neck, “I promise you, I won’t. I don’t want to lose you, but also watching my mom die changed things for me. I don’t want to die like that.”

“You were very lucky to get out early. One or two more times and you wouldn’t have cared about me or how she died.”

Ivy lays in my arms, running her fingers down my chest. She melts into me like she was made to be in my arms. If we’re ever caught, and I suspect we will be my father will tell me how wrong this is but I don’t think I can ever let her go. He’ll be disgusted. Fuck it. He’ll either get over it, or he won’t. This tiny woman is everything I want. Everything I need. I don’t want to lose what little family I have left. If I’m forced to choose between them and her it’ll be her. I will always choose her.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

IVY



Lying in Nash's arms is like nothing I've ever known. It's overwhelming. He's safe and warm. I have trouble pinpointing what it is I feel right now. With his arms around me, I feel protected and like I matter to someone. Right here, in this hotel room, I feel peace until he speaks.

"Princess," he kisses me on the head, "we need to talk."

All of my defenses go up. Tell me he did not just take my virginity to tell me he's done with me.

"Relax, baby. I just want to talk."

Glancing at him, I roll my eyes, "Wouldn't you rather fuck?"

He chuckles, "You've decided tonight will be your first punishment then?"

"Sure," I say because I'd rather be punished than talk about whatever is on his mind.

He chuckles, "Okay, baby. Talk then punishment. I'm going to take care of all your needs, Ivy. Including your emotional ones. I need to know what's going on with you and Mercy."

Backing away from him, I flip over to shut him out, "I don't talk to my therapist about it, I'm sure as hell not talking to you about it."

He runs his fingers down my back, "I'll tell you something you want to know and then you tell me what I want to know."

With that, he wins because a question has been burning in my mind since I first met him.

“Are you in love with her?”

“What? Who?”

Rolling over toward him, my eyes lock with his, “Mercy.”

A shocked expression crosses his face before he quickly schools his features, “How much do you know about what happened?”

“Everything,” I whisper.

Nash clenches his jaw, “They told you everything?”

With a long-drawn-out sigh, I tell him, “I read the court transcripts. I know everything.”

NASH

I jump off the bed and start getting changed.

“Get dressed. I’ll take you home.”

Everything. She fucking knows everything, all the details. We can’t move past this. Whatever this is between us was doomed from the start. Everything. Fuck. The fact that she called me a rapist told me she knew what happened. But I never expected she *knew* every disgusting detail. Mercy is her mother. How can she even look at me when I can’t look at myself?

“Nash, look at me.”

Shaking my head, I growl, “I said get fucking dressed.”

Ivy gets up and shoves her hands into my chest. My body doesn’t move, but my gaze moves to her when she starts screaming, “I don’t care what you did before. You were fucked up. You did bad things. I don’t care. I only care if you’re in love with her.”

“I’m not, nor was I ever in love with her. For a moment I thought I was. I was strung out and confused.”

She stands before me, completely naked, with wild eyes, fuck, she's beautiful. I wish she hadn't read those documents.

Hooking her thumbs in the waistband of my boxers, she pulls them down until they fall to the floor. "Nash, give me your pain."

Ivy pulls my shirt up, and I help her pull it over my head, "I don't want to hurt you, Princess."

She smirks at me, "Yes, you do. Get your belt. Make it hurt."

I watch Ivy move to the bed and bend over, feet on the floor, legs spread, ass in the air waiting for me to strike it.

Picking up my jeans from the floor, I pull the belt through the loops and stand behind her. "Are you sure you want this?"

"Yes," she whimpers.

Rubbing my hands over her ass, I say, "Your safeword is red. If it gets to be too much, say red and I'll stop immediately. Yellow means you're getting close to your limit. Green means I can continue. I'll check in with you after each hit. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," she breathes.

I run the leather over her ass, and her breaths quicken, "What's your safeword, Princess?"

"Red," she answers with a shaky voice.

"Good girl," I murmur.

I bring the belt back and swing it, hitting her ass, causing her to cry out. I expect her to use her safeword because a belt hurts. I know, without a doubt, she's never been hit with a belt.

"Color?"

"Green," she nearly screams.

Again, I swing the belt back and hit her, but on the other cheek, again, she cries.

"Color?"

"Green," she whimpers.

Her skin pinks up beautifully for me. I knew it would. After six strikes, I check in with her again, “Color?”

“Red,” she sobs, “RED!”

Kneeling behind her, I kiss everywhere I hit, “Good girl. Such a good girl.”

I slide two fingers into her pussy, “Are you sore, baby girl?”

“I’m okay.”

I chuckle, “I know this beautiful pussy must be tender.”

She pushes back against my fingers, “I am a little sore, but please Nash, I need you so much.”

Pulling my fingers out, I grab her hips and slam into her, pushing her forward on the bed. Ivy moans into the blankets, crying out, “Yes. Hard like that.”

Grabbing her hair, I pull her head back as I fuck her with punishing thrusts, “Fuck Princess. You take my cock so well. So deep.”

She whimpers, and then her cunt clenches around my cock as she screams while she comes all over my dick. I bury myself as deep in her pussy as I can when I come

CHAPTER NINETEEN

IVY



“*L*ie on your stomach.”

Crawling onto the bed, I do as he says. I don't know what he's doing, but I hear him rifling through his bag.

He sits beside me on the bed, “I'm putting cream on your beautiful ass. It'll make it feel better.”

“You don't have to.”

Nash growls, “Yes, I do. It's my job to take care of you. If I put the pain there, it's going to be me that takes it away.”

He rubs the cream on my ass and then spreads my legs, cleaning me with a washcloth, he murmurs, “Good girl.”

When he comes back, I say, “My biological mom abandoned me when I was in the hospital undergoing chemo.”

“Get over here,” he growls.

I grumble but crawl into his arms. He places both arms around me, holding me tight, “I'm sorry she did that, baby.”

Running his knuckles down my cheek, he repeats, “I'm sorry, Princess.”

My heart skips a beat when he stares at me like he's seeing something nobody else does. I take a deep breath, “Then I met Mercy. I had already known dad, although he was Dr. L to me then.”

“Right, because he was your oncologist.”

Nash brushes away the tears I can't stop from falling, "I felt like I had won the lottery. I didn't even understand what adoption was. All I knew was I was going to live with Mercy and Dr. L. They were both so kind to me. Back then they seemed to genuinely like me."

Kissing me on the forehead, he speaks softly, "You're doing so well, Princess. I know this is hard. Tell me what happened to change everything."

He's going to think I'm the worst person he has ever met. Hell, most days, I think I'm the worst person I ever met.

"No judgment, Princess. I just want to know how you're feeling."

I nuzzle my face into his neck, inhaling his scent, which is somehow an instant calming effect for me, "The twins happened. At first, I thought they were cute, and I wanted to help with everything. I had all these opportunities to showcase my art. For a kid, it was an amazing experience. More than one gallery said that I could even sell them there. Can you imagine? A little girl selling her paintings at galleries? They thought I was gifted. I was sure it was my future. But Mercy had to stop taking me because Riley did nothing but scream. It was too much for her. Dad wanted to hire a nanny to help with the twins, but she refused. Riley was diagnosed with autism. I guess it's called being on the spectrum now."

Nash tucks my hair behind my ear, never taking his eyes from mine, he asks, "How did that make you feel?"

Now the tears really fall, and my body starts to shake with sobs, "Like I didn't matter. Like they never really wanted me. Like I wasn't theirs. I felt like I didn't belong anywhere," I choke out.

Kissing my tears, he whispers, "You matter to me. I want you. You are mine. You belong with me, Princess."

My breath hitches. Nash presses his lips to mine and kisses me softly. His tongue against mine is a gentle caress. I'm breathless when he pulls back, "I see you, Ivy. Your pain, your needs. I'll take care of every single one of them."

His sweet words make me feel like even more of a bitch. I was so nasty to him. I called him a rapist repeatedly. The truth is, we're the same. We both have pain and make poor decisions trying to dull it.

"Thank you for telling me."

I can't stop crying, and I hate it because it makes me look weak. I don't want him to see me like a fragile child. Yet here I am, acting like one.

"Tell me what you need, Princess."

"You," I breathe.

* * *

NASH

Looking down, when I hear her heavy even breaths, I notice she's asleep. Ivy is simply stunning. It hurts knowing the kind of pain she's in. When she said she didn't matter to my dad and Mercy, I know it's simply not true. However, it's how she feels. I won't discount her feelings. I won't tell her how to feel. Since the twins were born, life is challenging, especially for Mercy. My dad is at work every day and works long hours. It's her that has to handle the challenges. Things always change in a family when a child is born. When it's two and one of them has special needs, it only adds to the difficulties. Of course, things wouldn't stay the same. I understand that, but also, it's unfair to Ivy. Add to it the fact that her mother abandoned her, and she was adopted, it becomes clear. It was a recipe for pain. My poor girl has been through so much heartbreak and cancer three times.

I want to know how she reconnected with her mother. For now, she's opened up enough. I'm not going to push her more right now.

Kissing her forehead, I whisper, "You're so beautiful."

I can't get enough of her. She fits perfectly in my arms. If my dad finds out and he forbids her to see me, will she obey him? I know the story about his reaction when his best friend

Xander started hooking up with my Aunt Elle. From what I heard it wasn't pretty. My dad treated them both like shit. The thought of never holding her again makes my chest throb.

She tosses her leg over my hip, still sleeping, now on top of my hard dick. I can't resist her in this position. I run my hand over her back, to her tender ass, reaching behind her, I slide two fingers into her pussy. When I curve my fingers, she moans and opens her eyes, "Nash."

"Yes, Princess?"

Her face is pressed into my chest as she moans and wiggles her hips. I love that even though she was a virgin only hours ago, she's so responsive and doesn't hold back. It's very sexy when a woman enjoys herself during sex.

"Get up here and ride my face."

Her mouth parts in a gasp.

"Princess, don't make me ask twice."

She climbs up and places a knee on either side of my head, making me groan at the sight of her like this.

"Sit."

She covers her face in embarrassment, "Nash."

"Fucking sit or I'll tie you up and edge you until the sun rises."

Ivy narrows her eyes in confusion, "Edge?"

"When I get you close to coming but stop just before you come. Then begin again. Over and over again. Now fucking sit that pretty pussy on my face."

CHAPTER TWENTY



When I lower down onto his face I ask, “Where do I put my hands?”

He chuckles, “Put them on your beautiful tits.”

Nash grabs my hips and pulls me even closer to his face and licks, nips, and sucks at my clit, causing me to writhe all over his face.

“Play with your tits,” he growls.

I cup both breasts, unsure what I’m supposed to do, “Twist and pull your nipples.”

At first, I feel stupid until I gaze down and notice the intense heat in his eyes. I’ll do anything to keep him looking at me that way.

He flips me over flat on my back, grabs pillows, and puts them under my ass, I gape at him in shock, and he flashes me the most sinful smile I think I’ve ever seen.

“I need to fuck you. I need to fuck you now.”

Nash gets between my now spread thighs, on one knee, his right foot on the bed, “This is going to be hard, Princess. Legs on my shoulders.”

No sooner do I move my legs, he thrusts his big cock inside me, and I yelp in surprise.

Grabbing the top of my thighs, he holds onto me while he fucks me. My tits bounce with every slam into me, and I love the way he watches my entire body, never missing a beat. The

sound of our skin meeting echoes in the room. His heavy breathing is a sound I never want to forget. Perspiration covers his forehead and his chest. Nash is so sexy, he looks like a damn cologne commercial.

“Who fucks this pussy other than me, Princess?”

“Nobody.”

Nash slams even harder into me, “That’s right. You’re mine, baby. Only mine.”

I nod, and he growls, “Fucking say it.”

“I’m yours!” I scream as my orgasm hits me suddenly.

“Good girl. Fuck. Such a good girl.”

He groans loudly and the way he sounds makes me moan.

As usual, he pulls out of me and gets a washcloth to clean me. I don’t dare complain or roll my eyes because my ass is sore. As much as I enjoyed it, I don’t think I could handle it again so soon.

After he comes back from the bathroom, he leans over me and growls, “Good girl.”

Why does that make me melt every time he says it?

“What?” He asks as he climbs into bed beside me.

I’m sure I’m blushing, but I say, “I don’t know why I like it so much when you say that.”

He pats his chest, “Right here, where you belong.”

I turn into him and lay my head on his chest, listening to his heartbeat, his deep voice rumbles through his chest, “It’s called a praise kink, Princess. Don’t overthink it. It just means you like to be praised.”

“Only by you,” I whisper.

He groans, “That’s right, beautiful. No one else is allowed to praise you or fucking touch you.”

“Possessive much?” I giggle, but he quickly rolls me to my back and wraps his hand around my throat. “When it comes to

you, yes, I'm possessive. You are mine, Ivy. I don't fucking share. If any man puts his hands on you, he's dead."

I swallow hard and when he releases his grip on my throat, I say, "It's a good thing you didn't go to prison for murder."

He gazes at me with an intensity that causes me to shiver, "No I didn't. But I nearly killed a man while I was inside. I learned a few things, Princess."

My body continues to tremble when I ask, "Like what?"

"Like how to kill a man and get rid of the body. Why? Are you planning on letting someone fuck what's mine, baby?"

I shake my head and whisper, "No. I don't want anybody else."

Nash runs his knuckles down the side of my face and murmurs, "Good girl. Then you have nothing to worry about, Princess."

"Are you serious?"

He glares at me, "Fuck around and find out, baby. You'll watch me kill the man of your choosing."

Again, I shake my head no, "I only want you."

"Come here," he says.

I move against his side, and he wraps his arms around me, "Baby, I will punish you. I will spank you. I would never truly hurt you. You know that right? Why do you look upset, Princess?"

I shake my head and bury my face into his neck, my place of comfort, his scent calming me.

"Tell me, Ivy."

"You're so worried about me fucking another man, but you don't understand. No one even wants me."

It's the truth. Sure, I've had a few boys ask me out, but my dad ended that real quick. That was a couple of years ago. No one has showed interest in me since then. Who did I go with to

prom? Nobody asked, so I didn't go. Nobody wants me other than Nash.

Then it hits me. Is this because it's so forbidden? Or maybe he wanted a virgin? *Stupid girl, letting your emotions get involved.* This isn't going anywhere. He doesn't care about me. It's just sex, that he'll probably laugh about with his friends.

“Can I go to sleep? I'm tired.”

He brushes his knuckles down my cheek, kisses me softly, and says, “Of course.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

NASH



Ivy was quiet when she woke up. When I kissed her, it was like she turned off her attraction to me. As if someone flipped a switch. It was there and then it was gone. What changed? The car ride home brought more silence.

She got out of the vehicle and said, “Thanks for the ride,” without a single glance in my direction.

I went to the pool house feeling more confused than I’ve ever felt. Just as I walk in and shut the door, my phone chimes. I take a look and smile when I see it’s a text from Ivy until I read her words.

Last night was fun. Thank you. I think it’s best if we end this now. You were right. I should date boys my own age.

No. This is unacceptable. Fuck. This is why she was so quiet. The urge to go into her room and spank her until her ass is black and blue is fucking strong. But it’s not an option when my dad is home. So, I text her back.

Request. Fucking. Denied.

It wasn’t a request.

I want you in the pool house when you can slip away. This is also not a request. If you don’t show up, I will see you in the morning in your room. That will of course require me to gag you: your choice, Ice Princess.

I'm livid. Does she really think I'll just let her go date boys her own age? No fucking chance. As soon as I had her, I knew better than that. The fact is Ivy isn't like other girls her age. She needs me as much as I need her. She needs a man to control things so she doesn't have to think about whether or not she should make a bad decision. With me, it's just not a fucking option.

I go online and order what I need for tonight. Fuck. I love delivery services. *Oh Princess, now you've brought the monster to life.* I hope you can fucking take it. No, I don't. I hope she begs me to give in. Naughty girls get punished. Ivy is about to learn that lesson.

I waited for my items to be delivered, then after taking a shower, I noticed it's ten o'clock. I sit in the chair beside the dresser and wait like an animal stalking its prey. I imagine everything I'm going to do to that perfect little body. By the time she knocks on the door, my cock is throbbing.

"Come in."

She turns the knob and slowly enters, watching me with wide eyes, she breathes, "Nash."

"Lock the door."

Ivy turns and does as she's told with trembling fingers, turns back around, and puts her back against the door, clearly trying to keep distance between us.

"Get undressed."

Her gaze settles on the floor, her lip pulled between her teeth, "I haven't had a shower."

"Good. Get undressed. Now."

If she thinks my cum leaking from her pussy will turn me off, she's very wrong. In fact, it's the opposite. My eyes take in every inch of her gorgeous body as she gets undressed. Once she's completely naked before me, I growl, "Crawl to me."

If I thought her eyes were wide before, I was wrong. She stands naked, staring at me as if I've lost my mind. I have so

much to teach her. It starts tonight.

“It’s not in your best interest to keep me waiting.”

As she drops to the floor, I can see how much she’s struggling with this. She wants nothing more than to tell me to fuck off and leave, but she can’t. Why am I drawn to her so much? Without a doubt, I know the answer. Pain recognizes pain. Looking into Ivy’s soul is like looking into my own. Like looking into a mirror and seeing yourself for the first time. In her, I see all of our broken pieces. I see the good, the bad, all of it. And fuck, there’s so much good.

She begins to crawl to me with her head down, “Eyes on me, Princess.”

Her gaze lifts to my face, heated eyes meet mine, she wants to claw my eyes out. I chuckle, “Too bad this isn’t even the worst you’re going to experience tonight, Ice Princess.”

She stops and glares at me, “Don’t call me that.”

“Why?” I ask.

“It insinuates I’m cold and unfeeling. It’s not true. I probably feel more than anybody else you know.”

“Good girl. See when you tell me how you’re feeling, I can fix it.”

“Now, on your knees, hands behind your back.”

Rising from my chair, I grab the bondage tape and bind her wrists behind her back. Fuck. Her breaths come quick and it’s so goddamn beautiful. Quickly, I remove my clothes and set them on the chair. I walk over to her and rub the pad of my thumb across her lips, “I think I like you on your knees, baby girl. You think we should end this now? Is that right, princess? Let me let you in on a little secret.”

I rub the pre-cum leaking out of the tip of my cock on her lips, “I say when this is over. You don’t get to make that decision because I’m in charge. This is not fucking done. Not even close. The fact that you came in here, got naked, and crawled to me tells me you don’t really want it to be. Correct?”

“Yes, sir,” she whimpers.

“Now open wide.”

When she parts her pouty lips, I slam into her throat, her eyes once again widen, “I suggest you breathe through your nose, Princess. I won’t stop until I come down that beautiful throat.”

Grabbing her head on either side, I grip her hard, and thrust my hips, my cock hitting her throat making her gag, “Fuck yes, I love it when you gag, baby.”

Gazing down at her, she looks perfect. Tears running down her cheeks, her breaths shallow, that fucking gagging noise every few minutes. It all makes me want to fuck her until she cries. Her mouth is wet, warm, tight, and fucking perfect. She moans around my length and pulls my orgasm out, forcing me to shoot cum down her throat.

I pull out of her mouth and rip the bondage tape from her wrists, “On the bed, on your back.”

Walking over to the dresser, I get the next item I need, handcuffs, “Hands up on the headboard.”

I close the metal handcuffs around her wrist, the sound of the metal securing her makes my cock swell, a sad look crosses her face, but I dismiss it.

“Nash,” she whimpers.

“What, Princess?”

Ivy whines, “I want to touch you. I need to.”

A low chuckle rumbles through my chest as I climb on the bed, “You lost that privilege with your behavior. Every action has a consequence, baby girl.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

IVY



“*I*’d rather be spanked.”

He opens my legs forcefully, “That’s not a consequence if you want it, Princess. That’s a reward. One which you did not earn. Tonight, you get a lesson in orgasm denial. All while you can’t touch me. This is your punishment. You seem confused about who you belong to. Let me remind you, shall I?”

Nash runs his fingers between my pussy lips, “Who owns this pretty little cunt, Ivy?”

I buck my hips, “YOU!”

“Watch yourself, Princess. Hold still or I’ll cuff your fucking ankles right next to your wrists.”

“I’m sorry,” I scream when he licks up my slit.

He chuckles, “You will be.”

When he takes my clit between his lips and sucks, I scream in frustration because I know he’s not going to let me come. Although, I don’t care about that nearly as much as I do about not being allowed to touch him. That’s the worst punishment he could give me. I can endure beatings, even cruel words, no orgasms, but I can’t bear to not touch him.

My orgasm crawls through my body ready to burst, at that exact moment he pulls his lips away from me, “Oh so close, Princess.”

Jerking on the handcuffs, I yell, “Why? Why are you doing this?”

He glares at me, “Why did you send me that text?”

Then he goes back to licking my pussy, building me back up only to deny me again. After five times, the tears roll down my cheeks.

He gets on his knees and pushes my legs back against my chest, and thrusts into me, causing me to whimper from the intrusion, “I’m waiting for a response. Why did you send me that text?”

I shake my head, “Do whatever you want to me. I’m not telling you.”

Nash smirks, “Naughty girl. I plan on doing whatever I want to you.”

Rolling my eyes at him, I lie, “It doesn’t even feel good. I wouldn’t be able to come anyway.”

Climbing over me he places a hand on either side of my head, his lips ghost over mine, “Is that so? You don’t like the way my cock fills you so completely?”

“No, sir,” I whisper.

“Fucking brat.”

Then he presses his lips to mine as if he knows his kiss will make me crumble, and it does. I want to not kiss him back. Still, I can’t stop myself from sliding my tongue around his, when he sucks on my tongue, I nearly lose my mind, whimpering like the horny fool I am. I feel the orgasm building in my core and he pulls out.

Nash runs both of his hands down my body, feeling every inch, “Tell me and I’ll remove the cuffs. Why did you send the text message, Ivy?”

* * *

NASH

To say Ivy is pissing me off is putting it mildly. At first, I thought maybe she sent that text message to fuck with me. Now, I can clearly see it was far more than that. I want to know why she sent it far more than I want to punish her. I pull out of her, climb off the bed, and remove her cuffs.

“Get dressed.”

Grabbing my boxers, I pull them on as she gets dressed with fumbling fingers.

“Are you kicking me out?” She says in nearly a whisper.

Glancing at her, I can't understand her pained expression, “Is that what you want?”

She shakes her head, and whispers, “No.”

“Why did you send me the text message?”

Ivy sits on the bed, twisting the sheets between her fingers. She's terrified, but I don't understand why.

“Ivy, I asked you a question.”

She gazes at me with teary eyes, “Please, don't make me. I don't want to talk about this.”

Climbing on the bed beside her, I open my arms, “Come here.”

I tuck her into my side, “Let me explain something to you. You're mine to take care of, Princess. I can't do that if I don't know what has you so upset. This only works if you can communicate with me.”

She speaks in a voice so low it's barely above a whisper, “I started thinking about things. Did you only want me because you can't have me? Or because I was a virgin? Did you use me? I have feelings I don't quite understand. I thought it would be best for me to get out now while I can still protect my heart.”

Cupping her cheeks, I tilt her head back and look into her eyes, “Princess, let me say this as gently as I'm capable of. I'm not letting you go. You're mine. Did I only want you because you are the one woman I should stay away from? No. Did I

only want you because you were a virgin? No. Do I like that I'm the only man to ever fuck that pretty pussy? Yes."

Her breathing picks up, and I notice her chest rising and falling rapidly, "I want every part of you, Princess, not just your body. I want your joy, the sadness, that fucking pain that controls you. I want it all. Every ounce of it. I will not allow you to push me away. You wanted this so badly, now you have it."

A tear rolls down her cheek, "I tried to get you to use drugs. How can you stand to be in the same room as me?"

"My beautiful Princess, that was the drugs. Drugs change the way a person behaves. Addiction makes them do vile things for their next fix. Another thing a lot of people don't understand is they want everyone to be high with them. If I had joined in and used, I couldn't say anything about you doing it."

Ivy bites her lip before responding, "I wanted to destroy you. I needed you gone before you spilled my dirty secret. I'm so sorry."

"I know you are. I forgive you."

She expels a loud sigh as if the weight of the world has been lifted from her shoulders. I don't really believe forgiveness was needed. I get it—the cycle of the drugs. I knew what she was doing. I also know how important forgiveness is when your actions are eating you alive.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

IVY



I spent most of the night with Nash but had to go back to the house at five in the morning to avoid drama with my dad. Now I'm getting ready to go for coffee with The Tribe. We used to meet up every week or two, but nobody wanted to be around me when I was popping pills like they were candy. I can't say that I blame them. I met Sarah at a book convention. She introduced me to Amanda, Danielle, and Jenny.

When I walk into PCH Coffee Company, I spot them sitting at a table near the coffee bar. I pull out a seat and say my hello's. I'm sitting beside Amanda, while Sarah and Jenny sit across from us, and Danielle is on Amanda's other side. Of course, most of the conversation is book related. All four of them do a lot in the book world to help independent authors. Amanda is a PA for several amazing smutty authors.

"What have you been up to, Ivy?" Amanda asks.

Sarah giggles, nearly giving away my secret. She's the only one that knows. I'd like to keep it that way because with four women the odds are at least one is going to think I'm disgusting for fucking my adopted brother.

"I started painting again."

Pulling out my phone, I hand it to Amanda first since she's physically the closest to me right now, "I did this a few nights ago."

"Holy shit!" She says.

The waitress arrives and brings me my iced coffee, immediately I take a sip.

“What?” I ask when she leaves.

“This is amazing! I could sell this for a book cover.”

She hands my phone around the table to the other girls, but I’m so confused.

“Smutty book covers have naked men on them. There are no men in that painting.”

Amanda shakes her head, “Not all covers. It’s really common now for the paperback to have a discreet cover.”

I take a sip of my coffee and then ask, “Discreet?”

She laughs, “Yeah, so that when you’re sitting in a coffee house reading a smutty book, nobody knows what it’s about.”

Danielle and Sarah start looking at their phones simultaneously and then show me several of these discreet covers.

“Wow, those are pretty. But my painting is nowhere near that pretty.”

At the same time, Amanda says, “Shush your face,” and Danielle says, “Stop.”

I laugh and Amanda says, “Come on. Let me just show it to a few authors.”

I nod, “Fine.”

Looking down at my phone I text the picture to Amanda. I’m still gazing down when I hear, “Hello, Princess. Are you going to introduce me to your friends?”

Immediately my eyes snap to his, “Nash.”

I’m speechless as my gaze travels up his body, finally landing on his face. He stands in front of us in a suit. I’ve never seen him dressed up. Nash in jeans and a T-shirt is gorgeous. Nash in a black suit is mouthwatering.

“Ummm this is, this is, this is-”

“Nash,” he smiles, his panty-melting grin, shaking each of their hands. Sarah stares at me, gaping really, and mouths, “Wow.” They all stare at him as if he just fell from the heavens. Jenny is unusually quiet, but if she doesn’t close her mouth, drool is going to drip out.

Sarah offers, “Would you like to join us, Nash?”

He answers her but doesn’t take his eyes off me, “No. Thank you, I just wanted to make sure my Princess was being a good girl.”

All four of them gasp in unison when he comes over and kisses me, “I’ll be right outside, Princess. Don’t do anything that will get you punished.”

He walks away and I have four sets of eyes boring into me. Sarah blurts out, “What fucking *Christian Grey* lottery did you win?”

Danielle turns in her seat, “Is he really waiting outside?”

Jenny says, laughing, “It’s like he fell out of a book.”

I roll my eyes, “It is not.”

Sarah holds out her hand, “Let’s do the math. Possessive. Check. Hot as fuck. Check. Good girl. Big fucking check. He’ll punish you. Check. Check. Check.”

She’s quiet for a moment after that, “Oh my God. Please make my fantasies come true. Tell me, you call him daddy.”

I shake my head and then bury my face in my hands, “Kill me now.”

Just as I’m about to crawl under the table and die, Sarah says, “Can I tell them now? Please?”

I just wave my hand. At this point, I need a white flag, so I can wave it and surrender.

“He’s, her brother.”

Three gasps follow her declaration, but I blurt out, “Adopted brother. Don’t be gross.”

Amanda sighs, “Holy forbidden fantasies.”

Jenny reaches over the table and grabs my hand, “What’s the plan? He’s your adopted brother. Surely this can’t be long-term?”

I fight back the tears threatening to fall, “I don’t know.”

Sarah sets her drink down on the table, “She’s right you know. He’s old enough to be your father. He is your brother. Your dad doesn’t even let you date. He’s going to freak out, Ivy. You’re barely eighteen. He’s pushing forty. He’s going to destroy you.”

I nod, this is nothing Sarah hasn’t already told me. She doesn’t have anything against Nash, she’s just worried about me getting hurt. If I’m honest with myself, so am I.

Amanda decides it’s her job to save me, “We should go. Sarah and I have plans. I’ll let you know what my authors say about your photo.”

We all get up to walk to the door, but Danielle grabs my arm holding me in place, “Don’t listen to them, I say you fuck that beefcake until time runs out. Climb that sucker like a tree and fuck ‘em’ like he’s a buckin’ bronco!”

Sarah grabs my other arm as we approach the door, she spots Nash and breathes, “If it were me, I’d risk getting hurt. Fuck, he’s beautiful.”

They are my friends and I trust them. I know they would never do anything like try to sleep with him. Yet, hearing them talk about how hot he is leaves me unsettled. Women must throw themselves at him all the time. Again, I wonder why he’s even wasting time on me.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

NASH



When Ivy walks out of the coffee shop, she walks over to me while her friends go in the opposite direction. Something happened there after I left. I can see it written all over her face. She's trying hard to keep it together but failing miserably.

"Princess, what is it?"

She shakes her head, her eyes locked on the pavement, avoiding my gaze.

"Did something happen?"

"No," she says, shaking her head again, "I'm just tired."

"Ivy," I say while wrapping her chin in my hand and tilting her head back, forcing her eyes to meet mine.

Unshed tears fill her eyes when she whispers, "I think I need space."

Letting go of her chin, I grab her arm and pull her to my car. Once I open the passenger door, I growl, "Get in."

"Where are we going?" She asks when I get into the driver's side and pull out of my parking spot.

"A place where we can be alone."

It's the middle of the morning. I can't take her back to the pool house without risking Mercy finding us. Eventually, this is all going to come out. Today is not the day. Not when she's trying to leave me. Again. Fuck. I've never been like this with a woman. I'm obsessed with her. I can't get enough. Ivy is the

strongest drug I've ever had. I'm fucking addicted. There's no doubt, one more hit will not be enough. I crave her around the clock. If I'm not fucking her, I want to be. But it's more than that. I don't only ache for her body. Every smile, every laugh, pushes me further off the edge. I want her to be my good girl. I want her to be my bad girl. I want to make her come. I want to make her laugh. Cry. Scream. Smile. I want to be the man that's everything to her. I want her to be mine. Out in the open. Not in secret. I am so fucked.

Ivy is quiet on the entire drive to my office. I've wanted to fuck her in my office and today I will, but not before she talks to me. I'm going to find out what is going on in that gorgeous head of hers.

When I pull into the parking garage, she gasps, "Where are we going?"

I chuckle, "Are you afraid of me, Princess?"

She rolls her eyes, "Of course not."

Without saying a word her eyes widen, "I'm sorry."

I still don't say anything, but I make a mental note, *one*.

As I walk around to her side of the car, she jumps out, appearing very much on edge, when she acts nervous like this, I can't fucking help myself. Ivy gets out and closes the door, turns around, and gasps when she notices me in front of her. Wrapping my hand around her neck, I push her against the glass window, her pulse beats against my palm, I hover my lips over her and speak low, "This is exactly how it will work, Princess. You'll know when you've been a bad girl. I won't have to speak a word for you to know." I growl, "You will be punished."

Pulling my head back, I stare at her succulent lips, "I'm tempted to make you crawl to my office. The only reason I won't is I don't want other men looking at what's mine."

She moans, and I take her hand, walking her to the elevator. Ivy asks, "Why do you have an office? What do you do?"

Once we step into the elevator, I press eleven and answer her, “Stocks. I buy and sell stocks.”

The doors slide open, and I pull her down the hall to my office, pull out my key and unlock it, before waving her inside.

“Sit,” I say as I point to two black leather chairs sitting beside each other.

I turn the other chair, so I’ll be facing her and lower myself into it. “You want space.”

She takes a deep breath, “I think I need it.”

I could easily force her out of this choice, but I won’t. If this isn’t what she wants I should let her go now before it gets even more messy.

Pulling out my phone she looks at me, “What are you doing?”

“Calling you an Uber. Giving you what you want.”

This is the second time she’s tried to push me away when I know it’s not what she wants. She’s young, but I’m not. I won’t play her fucking games. That does not mean this doesn’t hurt like a bitch.

Ten minutes later I get an alert that her ride is outside. “Your Uber is here.”

Slowly she rises out of the chair, “So this is it then?”

I nod, “Yeah, Princess. This is it.”

She walks to the door and stops, “Thank you for what you did that night.”

Turning to me, she says, “Nash I-”

I stop her, “Please, Princess, I need you to leave.”

The longer she stands here the closer I am to snapping. I want to tie her up and lock her away so she can never leave me. No I don’t. I don’t want it to be that way. I want her to want me the way I want her. She doesn’t. I need to deal with that.

Ivy turns back to the door, opens it, and walks away.

My chest is tight, my breaths are shallow, and for the life of me, I can't figure out how this escalated so quickly. I get up and walk behind my desk and sit in my chair to try to do some work. Instead, I find myself watching the tracker I put on Ivy's phone. I watch the little dot move down the street until I know she's safe at home.

Fuck. I can't get her out of my mind. All the numbers on my screen blur, the only thing I'm capable of doing is picturing her. I'm losing my sanity. *Move on, Nash.* She doesn't want you.

I work for a little longer before grabbing my gym bag I keep in my office and head down to the gym available to everybody in this building. This is how I deal with emotions I can't control. I'll lift weights until she's gone from my mind. The problem is, before I even step foot into the gym, I know it won't work. I'll never get her out of my system.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE



One week later...

IT'S BEEN a week since I've seen Nash. He avoids me at every turn. I'm sitting at the dinner table with my parents as they discuss some experimental cancer drug my dad is heading up a study for.

"So, I have to sit here through dinner, but Nash doesn't?"

My dad shrugs, "He is thirty-eight years old, Ivy. He's not a child anymore."

Mercy adds, "He has a date tonight. I'm glad he's getting back to life. Working and now dating. I'm proud of him."

I rise from my chair, "I'm not feeling well. I'm going to bed."

Grabbing my plate as calmly as possible, I walk into the kitchen and scrape my plate into the garbage before rinsing it and putting it into the dishwasher.

"I want you to come into the hospital tomorrow so we can check your blood work," he says.

I grunt as I walk up to my room. Once I'm in my room, I pace like a psychopath. He's on a date. Nash is on a date. I keep repeating that to myself over and over. Then, I laugh at myself. *What the hell did you think was going to happen, Ivy?* He's gorgeous. Sexy as fuck, obviously some woman was going to be into him. A woman not as stupid as me. If she

realizes what she has she'll sink her claws into him and never let go.

Because I'm a stupid girl, I text Nash, while he's on his date, not my finest moment.

Who the fuck is she Nash?

I wait for ten minutes. Twenty minutes. An hour. Two hours.

No response.

After my parents go to bed, I head down to the garage. His vehicle isn't here. He's still out with whoever the fuck she is.

I walk out the back door, go to the pool house and get the hidden key and let myself in. I lie on his bed and wait. And wait. It's a form of self-torture as I hold his pillow to my face inhaling his scent. It's woodsy and manly. All Nash. I miss him so much it physically hurts.

Glancing at my phone, I notice it's two in the morning. Maybe they went to her place instead of him bringing her here. I hadn't thought about that possibility. I'll wait another hour and then I'm leaving.

I get a weird text message from someone I don't know, with a photo of Nash and some beautiful brunette, his age.

He's too old for you and doesn't have what you need. I do.

Who is this?

It's not important.

My heart pounds in my chest. I have no idea who this is, but he took the photo of Nash and his date. Is he following Nash?

I can't stop looking at the photo of Nash touching her face, brushing her hair away, affectionately. They looked intimate. It hurts and it's all I need to accept the truth. It's over, he moved on.

Climbing off his bed, I leave the pool house and find myself on the street. I have no idea where I'm going. I only know it has to be somewhere else—Gina's. Maybe I can go there.

When I turn down the street to her house, a white van drives beside me slowly, "Hey beautiful, do you need a ride?"

Crossing my arms over my chest, I say, "Nope. I'm good. Thanks though."

"Your choice, doll," he says and drives further up, but then pulls over to the side of the road. At first, I'm nervous, but maybe he knows someone on this street or even lives here himself.

He doesn't say anything to me as I pass the van, so I relax. Until I have a hand with a wet cloth over my mouth and nose and an arm around my chest, holding my arms down, he holds me tight against his chest. I saw on *TikTok* to not breathe if someone holds something to your face. After a couple of minutes, I begin inhaling huge breaths out of necessity.

All the fight I had is gone. My eyes flutter shut, and I know it's over. My last thought is 'well at least it's not cancer.'

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

NASH



*M*y date was fine. Jessica is a beautiful woman. There's just one problem. She's not Ivy. I tried. I really tried. We went for dinner and then I took her dancing to a nearby club. We stayed until close, and she still tried to get me to go home with her. The thought of fucking another woman isn't appetizing to me in the least.

Walking into my bedroom, I take my jacket off and toss it onto the chair. I start to undo the buttons on my dress shirt when I spot a cell phone on my bed. That's odd.

I go over to my bed and open it. It's Ivy's. Why is it here? I call her name but get no response. Why is she not here, yet her cell is? I open up the text messages and that's when I see she sent me a message. My heart falls when I realize I didn't get it in the noisy club, but Ivy knows I was on a date.

Then I see a text chain from an unknown number. I open it and can't believe my eyes. Someone sent her a picture of me on my date. And an offer of drugs. Fuck.

I walk to the house and enter as quietly as possible. When I make it up to Ivy's room she's not there and it doesn't appear that she has been. The bed is made. Fuck. *Where are you, Princess?*

I spend a few minutes looking around her desk and end table for a clue as to where she may have gone. I've got nothing. As I turn to leave, I spot a painting on her easel. Walking over, I inspect it closely. It's a man with a wing tattoo on his back, white flesh, and black wings. I know without a

doubt it's me. Glancing down, I notice he has something in his hand. I pick it up, looking closer, and it's a heart. He's crushing it in the palm of his hand. There's nothing I want more than to destroy this fucking painting. I did not break her goddamn heart. She walked away from me. I'm going to spank her ass so hard when I find her.

Where the fuck would she go? She didn't text whoever this asshole is, back beyond asking who he was. I walk out of her room and go to the garage. I'm going to travel to all the places I shouldn't go. All the drug hangouts. Once again, for Ivy. I'm going to fucking find her. I never should've let her go, instead, I should've spanked her ass until she couldn't sit on it.

After getting into my vehicle, I drive to the first spot, thirty minutes from the house. My anger is out of control. I speed down the streets, cutting off several drivers. I get to the first location and search for her. Homeless people sit on the street beside dumpsters, doing their drugs out in the open. I show the picture I have of her on my phone to everyone I come across, but they all say they haven't seen her.

Once I've gone to every place I can think of and still haven't found her, I realize I'm out of options. I know there's two things I need to do. First, I'm going to call my Uncle Xander's friend Max. He's an assassin. I don't need him to kill anyone, but I do need access to his intel. He has somebody that works for him that can find anything on anyone. I want to know who sent that text message and where the fuck Ivy is. The second thing I'm going to need to do is tell my dad everything.

I'm sitting in my car beside myself, running my hand through my hair in agitation, when my dad calls, "Hi," I answer.

"Have you seen Ivy?"

I blow out a big breath, "No."

Glancing at the clock in the car, I notice it's eight in the morning.

“Fuck. She isn’t in her room, and I don’t think she slept here.”

I hate giving him false hope, but I say, “She’s eighteen. Maybe she went to a friends.”

He growls, “I’d still like to know where my daughter is.”

Yeah, so would I.

“Call me if you hear from her.”

I nod as if he can see me, “Yeah. I will. You do the same.”

Next, I call Max.

“Nash?” He answers sounding surprised and I’m sure he is. Five years ago, he came to see me in prison to find out if I wanted a job after I was released. I told him no. I have no interest in doing what he does or did before he retired. He still works with the assassins, but mostly as a consultant, according to Xander.

“Yeah, it’s me. I need your help.”

“Alright. Where are you? I’ll come to you.”

I respond, “Outside PCH Coffee Company.”

“I’m on my way. Go get a drink. I’ll be there soon.”

Without another word, he disconnects the call. Stepping out of the vehicle, I make my way inside the coffee shop. I order a black coffee, although right about now I’d prefer a whiskey.

I’m going out of my fucking mind as I sit here waiting for Max. Where the fuck is she? Obviously, it has to be drug related. That’s the only thing that makes sense. I run a hand through my hair ready to pull it out at the roots. This is the first time since I’ve been out of prison that I’ve felt the urge to use. To escape. If I weren’t so focused on Ivy, I would be worried. After I find her, I need to find a meeting. The worst part of being a drug addict, aside from the terrible things I did, was feeling so fucking out of control. It’s why I am the man I am today. Right now, I feel like that junkie all over again. Out of control. Hanging on by a thread.

I thought I simply enjoyed the sex with Ivy. However, I'm realizing it's more than that. I'm nearly crawling out of my skin, imagining the most horrific scenarios in my head. I just hope I can get to her before it's too fucking late. I'm fucking consumed by her. The last week has been unnerving. I've never been this wrapped up in a woman. Now that I don't know where she is or if she's okay, I'm coming unglued.

Max walks in and sits across from me, "Hey."

I forgot what a giant he is. His presence has every female in this place staring. I'm not sure if it's because they think he's attractive or if they think he'll kill them. He does look threatening.

I nod, "Hey. This is going to be a long story. I need you to keep this between us for now."

He arches an eyebrow, "I'm not in the habit of gossiping, Nash."

Blowing out a big breath, I say, "Yeah, it's your connection to Elle and Xander that concerns me."

Max sits back in his chair, his arms folded over his chest, his glare is intense, "Either you need my help, or you don't. You have ten seconds to decide."

My concern is I don't want my dad to find out about us from someone else. That will only make a difficult situation even worse. But Ivy is priority number one, so I have no choice. I tell him about her and I, my date, the cell phone. The drugs. All of it. Now it's up to him what he does with the information.

He sighs audibly, "Your dad is going to fucking kill you. I know I would. She's eighteen for Christ's sake."

Even though Ivy is the one that initially pursued a sexual relationship, I know how this looks. I am the bad guy no matter how you look at the situation. Hell, maybe they're right. Maybe I haven't changed at all. I thought I had. Now I'm not so sure.

"I know what you think of me. Can you please help me find her?"

He nods, “And then what? You’ll stay away from her?”

Shaking my head, I tell him truthfully, “No. I don’t think I could. Your wife was a nun. Were you able to stay away from her?”

Through gritted teeth he says, “I will help you as a courtesy to your family because I’m fond of them. Do not speak about my fucking wife. Do not talk about shit you know nothing about.”

I hold my hands up, “I apologize.”

“It’s fine. Just know my wife and children are fucking off limits.”

I nod, “Understood.”

I take a sip of my coffee when he starts rattling off questions.

“Does she have any enemies?”

I shake my head, “No. I don’t think so.”

He narrows his eyes, “You?”

I sigh, “I was a junkie, I’m sure I pissed people off, but nobody that I’m aware of. Certainly not someone that would be so pissed they would hurt Ivy.”

“Unfortunately, my regular guy Mac is unavailable, but I’ll have our other guy, Michael see what he can find on the cell phone. I suspect the person who texted her is using a burner phone. If there’s anything to find, he will find it.”

He continues, “Their both our IT guys. I have no clue how they find the shit they do, but they can find anything. If there’s a trace, they’ll sniff it out.”

Max pulls out two phones and sets one on the table and types on the other one. After a few minutes, he stares at me, “When you were arrested did you have an accomplice?”

Raising an eyebrow, I say, “No. I acted alone.”

I fucking hate talking about this shit. I did horrible things I can never take back. Everybody that knows what I did to

Mercy looks at me like I'm a monster. What they don't understand is that night haunts me as much as it does her. I can't run from it. You can't escape from bad decisions. They live inside you for life.

“Who was there when she was found?”

I drag my hand down my face as I remember that day. “Honestly, I was so high I don't remember all of it. Give me a minute.”

I hold Mercy's hands above her head, her wrists tight in my grip. She's naked, I have her legs spread with my cock at her entrance. Matt stands in the corner like he's afraid to watch.

“Son, this is the drugs, this is not the man I raised. Let her go. Don't do this,” my dad said.

I look up at Max, “My dad, her dad, and Matt, my dealer.”

“Matt who?”

“Torres. His first name is Matteo. Matt is a nickname.”

I wait silently while Max texts more on his phone.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

IVY



Every bone in my body aches. Every muscle is on fire. And my fucking head is pounding. It feels like there's a damn jackhammer in my brain. I pry open my eyelids but all I see is black. My breathing is labored. Anxiety claws through me like an angry tiger. Where the fuck am I? *The van. The man grabbing me from behind. The wet cloth on my face.* It all comes back like dominoes falling.

I realize I'm tied up when I try to move my arms and legs, but neither will budge. I'm not sure what I'm lying on, but I'm guessing it's an old mattress because I feel metal poking into my back. I turn my head and a rough material scratches my face. That's when I realize this asshole put something over my head.

The sound of heavy footsteps draws near causing my heart rate to spike. I have no idea what this man wants with me. Rape? Torture? Murder? Maybe all three. He approaches me and yanks the hood over my head, pulling it off.

I'm more than a little surprised to see a man in a black suit that must cost more than some cars. He has dark hair slicked back, a huge diamond ring on his finger, and gold chains around his neck. I wonder, momentarily, if he wanted to be a rapper, but I don't ask. I don't dare speak. Nash at times intimidates me, but this man terrifies me.

“Good morning, Princess.”

I shiver at my pet name coming from his mouth. One look at him and I know, he may be well dressed, but he's pure evil.

I'm going to die.

He chuckles, "Ready for more?"

My eyes widen, "More what?"

A grin appears on his face. He walks away for a few moments only to return with a needle in his hand. "No, please."

"It's heroin. You'll like it."

"I don't do drugs anymore. Please don't. Do anything you want to me, but please no drugs."

He inspects my arm, likely looking at my veins, "Do you know that Nash used to be a junkie? Now when he sees you in this state, he'll be done with you. He'll be disgusted with you."

I can't fight the tears, they fall like rain, "What did I do to you?"

Looking up from my arm he stares into my eyes, "That's the terrible part, Princess. You did nothing. This here is his debt, not yours. Unfortunately for you, this is what will hurt him the most."

"What did he do?"

"You'll never guess who knew I was going to take you and did nothing to stop it."

"Who?" I ask.

He laughs like he's having a wonderful time, "Mommy dearest. Can you believe that shit? Some people shouldn't be allowed to procreate."

Again I ask, "What did Nash do to you?"

"No more talking. Enjoy the ride," he jabs my arm with the needle as I try to fight, but it's a losing battle. The needle breaks through my skin and within moments everything changes. My skin feels hot, I'm nauseous, and then relief hits me.

"Nash. Thank God. Get me out of here."

He tilts his head and smiles as if I'm an anomaly.

"Nash. Come on. We have to go before he comes back. He's crazy. I think he's going to kill me."

He rubs his thumb and forefinger over his chin, "Good. I hope he does. Then I'll finally be rid of you."

Nash flickers in front of my eyes, he turns into the other man, and then back again. I'm so confused. I can't think straight. Are they the same person?

Suddenly, exhaustion hits me hard. I try to keep my eyes open to figure out who is standing in front of me, but I can't. I crash.

When I wake up again it only gets worse. The man who appears to be Nash walks over to me with a knife in his hand.

"I decided to take you from him altogether. We'll call it a death sentence."

My eyes have trouble focusing on him, but I'm convinced it's not Nash. He was never here. It was a figment of my imagination. Then the knife comes toward me. He slashes me once. I scream in pain. While I know I should look away, I watch the blood flow from my arm. Another slash to my other arm. Then my stomach. I cry so loud I can feel it in my ears. He doesn't stop. Why won't he stop? I scream and cry for Nash. That's all I want right now. But I know he's not coming to rescue me. Why would he? I ended things. He moved on. Today I die.

"You're nodding out. This might be quicker than I thought."

"What?" I ask.

He smiles, "Nodding out. It's the state between being drowsy and wide awake. The problem for someone on heroin is that you could fall into a state of unconsciousness and never wake up again. This is very dangerous. You could slip into a coma and never come out of it. You die, Princess."

I try to respond, but I can't because sleep takes me once again.

* * *

MY FACE HURTS and I can't figure out why. What is that god-awful smell?

The scent of blood surrounds me, my own blood. The coppery odor burns my nostrils. I can't open my eyes, my lids are heavy, but my hearing is intact.

“Say goodnight, Princess.”

I'm dizzy and my breath is short. I can't fight anymore. Any strength I had is long gone. How could she do this to me? Why wouldn't she warn me of the danger I was in? My last thoughts are of him. I try to hold on for one more look into those gray eyes, but I can't. If I had known that the last time, he held me would be our final time, I never would've let go. I've always believed I was on borrowed time, but right now, I'd sell my soul to the devil for a few minutes more. To say everything, I should have but didn't.

That's the funny thing about time. You think you have tons, but you don't. Only when it's almost run out do you realize you should've made better use of it. By then it's a little too late.

Another slice, more blood.

Lights out.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGH

NASH



“*W*ere you aware that Matteo Torres went to prison that night?”

I flash him a confused look, “For what?”

“Dealing drugs. Mercy’s father is not a man to mess with. Honestly, you’re both very lucky to be alive.”

I nod, “I knew Gilbert Madison was a dirty cop. I’m well aware he plays both sides.”

“He did five years. The way I see it, he might have an issue with you. Had you not done what you did, he wouldn’t have been there.”

I nod again not really knowing what to say. He’s right. If it weren’t for me none of us would have ever been in that damn abandoned building.

“We need to check out the location where you had Mercy. I need to assemble a team.”

I stand, “I’ll go alone. I’m not wasting time.”

Max rises out of his chair, knocking it to the ground, and grabs my arm, “I don’t fucking think so. You asked for my help. It will not take long. Calm your ass down.”

I clench my fists and growl, “She’s out there. You’re telling me that she may not be out partying. He might have her? And you want me to wait? I can’t fucking lose her.”

Max stops typing on his phone and stares at me with a shocked expression on his face, “You’re in love with her.”

Shaking my head at him, “No. That’s not something I do.”

He chuckles, “The others are on their way.”

I am absolutely not in love with my fucking adopted sister. That is not an option. I don’t fall in love. I fuck until it no longer entertains me. *In love*. This fucker is crazy. I am attracted to her, I want her safe, and I care about her. I do not fucking love her. I never will.

A few minutes later he says, “Here they are.”

I glance up at the door and see two men walk in with two women. This can’t possibly be right. He laughs, “Don’t fuck with the blonde. My sister has killed tougher men than you.”

They approach us, and he says, “Nash, this is my sister Mia, Trevor, Hunter, and Jade.”

I nod, “Nice to meet you.” Looking at Max, I ask, “Can we go now?”

Max rolls his eyes, “Let’s go. He’s in a hurry to find the girl he’s not in love with.”

If this fucker weren’t six-foot five, lethal, and holding the key to finding Ivy, I’d punch him in the goddamn throat. Instead, I follow them out to a waiting van. Max waves toward the front seat for me to get in. “Mia used to sit in the front with me, but not since she started,” he pauses, “*dating*, Trevor.”

I chuckle as I climb into the passenger seat.

Once we are all in the vehicle, Max puts it into drive, “Where am I going?”

I sigh, “Stroudsburg.”

He looks at me like he just ate a spoonful of shit, “Fucking Stroudsburg? That place is a goddamn cesspool.”

Glancing over at him, I nod, “Yes, it is. That’s probably why junkies love it.”

Not all of Stroudsburg is terrible, but the drug problem there is real. So much so, that the DEA has labeled it a high-drug trafficking area. The last place I want to go is to the place where my life fell apart. Walking into that building will be the

hardest thing I've done in a long time. If there's any chance Ivy is there, I'll go. I'd walk through fire to find her. I'm not in love with Ivy, but I do care about her. While my dad is not the primary reason, I need to find her, it is a factor. If anything happens to her, he'll never forgive me. Hell, I'll never fucking forgive myself.

After I tell Max where to turn, he glances at me, "We will find her, man. This is what we do. We're very good at it."

I nod, "Yeah."

Blowing out a big breath, I speak the truth, "If Matt has her, whatever he's done to her, it's my fault. All of it."

He doesn't waste his breath arguing with me because he knows I'm right. If she's dead, it's my fault. If she has been hurt, it's my fault. Anything that has happened to her is on me. The blame rests solely on my shoulders. My mind is imagining him raping her, beating her, I can't stop it.

"Take a deep breath," Max says.

I do but it doesn't ease the pain in my chest. It doesn't clear my fucking head.

"We will go in first. You will follow behind Jade."

I snort before chuckling, "You've got to be fucking kidding me."

His glare tells me he was, in fact, not telling the worst joke I've ever heard.

"She's our newest, but I assure you Jade is far more skilled than you are. While you may be muscular, she has had hand-to-hand combat training. Had you come to work for me, you'd be trained as well."

I turn my head to the back when the blonde says, "Don't think for a minute that we don't know what we're doing. Just because we have a pussy instead of a dick doesn't mean shit. I could take you out in sixty seconds, pretty boy."

I don't miss Max's groan of displeasure at her words.

"Noted," I say.

“You can park at the bar up there on the right,” I say pointing out the establishment beside the courtyard.

He parks, I go to get out, but he grabs my arm, “Do we understand each other?”

Sighing, I say, “Yeah. Behind the redhead. Got it.”

Max lets go of my arm and I get out of the vehicle, following behind Jade. I don't like it one bit. I want to run into that structure and find Ivy. I'm not so cocky to think I'm better than trained assassins. Letting them take the lead might kill me, but it'll be worth it if we get to Ivy.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

NASH



Staring at the building causes a lump in my throat. The windows are still boarded up. We stand behind the statue and I know it's not real, but I can still hear Mercy screaming and crying. Max glances back at me, "Ready?"

I nod, unable to speak. We walk into the building, instantly I feel the urge to vomit. It hasn't changed, it still smells like piss. Homeless people squat here all the time.

I try to go into the room where they are, but Max blocks me.

"Someone check for a pulse," he says.

"Let me in," I say as I hear the violence unfolding.

Max growls, "You don't want to see her like this. She wouldn't have wanted you to see her like this. It looks like we might be too late."

He's not a small guy. Max is humungous. I should never be able to move him, but adrenaline grants me superhuman strength. Punching him in the stomach, followed by a kick to the kneecap, I get past him. Then I see her. Tied to the bed as I did to Mercy. Her head hangs to the side. Blood runs down her arms and legs, a needle stuck into her vein. I've never been suicidal. But at this moment, I wish I had died here fifteen years ago. I wish her father had shot me in the head like he wanted to. It's also the exact second that I realize I'm in love with her. *Too little too late.*

Sprinting over to the bed, I untie her. I check for her pulse, it's there, but fuck, is it weak. Ivy has a mixture of fresh and dried blood on her arms, neck, legs, fucking everywhere.

“She’s not dead. Does somebody have *Narcan*?”

I’m met with five confused expressions.

I look over to Matt on the floor with Mia’s foot on his chest, “Do you have *Narcan*?”

“Inside my jacket pocket,” he huffs.

While Hunter retrieves the spray, I gently run my hand through Ivy’s sweaty and bloodied hair, “I’m sorry, Princess. I’m so fucking sorry. Please don’t leave me.”

Hunter comes over with it, “What do we do with this?”

I reach my hand out to take it and spray it into her right nostril and then her left. I think all junkies know how to use *Narcan*. You can get it at the local drug store for under a hundred dollars. Oddly enough a lot of junkies get it for free from the Sheriff’s department. Staring between her and my watch, I keep a careful eye on the time knowing if she doesn’t respond in two to three minutes, I need to administer it again.

Hunter asks, “What exactly is happening right now?”

Sighing, I say, “I’m administering *Narcan*. It can reverse an overdose. Ask him what he gave her.”

He yells, “Mia, what did he give her?”

I glance back and see her crushing his throat with her boot, “Heroin and Fentanyl,” he whimpers.

Jesus fucking Christ. Heroin is bad enough, but Fentanyl makes it so much worse. Approximately ten thousand Americans die from heroin use every year. Over seventy thousand from Fentanyl. It doesn’t surprise me if he’s trying to hurt me that he’d give her exactly what I was on. Fentanyl is fifty times stronger than heroin.

I growl, “I’m going to fucking kill him.”

Hunter puts his hand on my shoulder, “In time, brother. Right now, let’s focus on your girl.”

After three minutes Ivy hasn't reacted at all, so I give her another dose.

"Someone call 9-1-1."

After the fourth spray, her eyes open and she glances around the room, then spots me. Instantly, she begins trembling and screaming for somebody to get me away from her.

"Help!" She screams, "He's a monster!"

Max grabs me by the back of my shirt and pulls me away from her.

"What the fuck did you do to her?"

I shake my head as the anxiety fights its way through my body, "I swear to you I've never hurt her. Everything we've ever done has been consensual."

The paramedics and police rush through the door and quickly go to Ivy. Within minutes she's on a stretcher and out the door. The police won't let me go with her. Max appears to know the police officers and speaks with them privately. Then they leave. I have no idea what's going on. No way is that protocol.

"What's going on?" I ask Max when he walks over to me.

"We're going to the hospital. Your dad is on his way. It's time to tell him the truth about everything including why she's terrified of you. If I find out, you did something to cause that fear you're a fucking dead man along with your buddy Matteo."

"That's fine because I've never hurt her. I never would."

He nods, "Alright let's go. Mia and Trevor get him to the basement."

I follow Max out of this hellhole. If I hadn't done what I did to Mercy, I think he'd be thinking there must be a reasonable reason for Ivy's reaction to seeing me. Because of what I did, I'm assumed guilty. Maybe that's the real punishment. Prison wasn't the penalty, this is. Even worse than what everybody thinks about me, is the way Ivy looked at me.

Her fear was palpable. I know exactly what happened. Nobody will believe me though if the doctors don't validate it. Heroin and Fentanyl are not hallucinogens. So, most people don't hallucinate on them. Still, it does happen. The medical community has no idea why some people do, and others do not.

Waiting ten minutes for Max's driver to show up was difficult. Every second I'm away from Ivy feels like an eternity.

"Do you know about Xander and Elle?"

I arch an eyebrow in confusion, "Of course I do. They are my aunt and uncle."

Max shakes his head, "No. Do you know what happened when your dad found out about them?"

I shrug my shoulders, "Not really. I know he wasn't happy that his best friend hooked up with his baby sister."

He sits back against the seat and rubs his jaw, "That's putting it mildly. It was bad, really bad. Your dad is a good guy. One of the best men I've ever known. He'd be the first person to tell you he handled that situation poorly. I tell you this to prepare you. It's going to be bad. This isn't just his baby sister, it's his fucking daughter. If you go in there thinking it's going to be fine, I think you'll be setting yourself up for a massive disappointment."

I sigh, "I know you think I'm a monster, but I didn't set out for this. I didn't plan to fuck her. I sure as hell didn't have any intentions of falling in love with her. None of this was planned."

He chuckles, "I get it man and no I don't think you're a monster. It's not as if you grew up together. You fall in love with who you fall in love with. It's mostly out of our control. The strangest part of it, Liam didn't fear this coming. I would have."

When his driver pulls up to the hospital, I nearly jump out of the vehicle before it stops moving. I need to see her.

Nothing else fucking matters. I need her to know I didn't do anything to her.

CHAPTER THIRTY

NASH



I run into the hospital, straight to the information desk, and find out she's in ICU which isn't surprising to me, yet it's still jarring. I need her to be okay. Racing up to her room, I have Max on my tail. Until he knows I won't hurt her, I'm not going to lose him.

When I walk into her room, I find her fast asleep. She looks beautiful and peaceful. Approaching her bedside, I reach out, unable to stop myself from touching her. I run my knuckles down her cheek. If I had known that would be the last time I'd touch her, I would've pressed my lips to hers. I should have known, but I didn't.

"Nash. Did you do this? You gave my daughter fucking drugs?"

I turn slowly and spot my father standing in front of me.

"No."

He stands with his fists tight at his sides, his glare is intense. I'm not sure I've ever seen him like this. Max stands inside the doorway with an 'I told you so' expression on his face.

"Then explain how my daughter ended up in the ICU from a drug overdose."

Max interrupts, "Liam, you have every right to be upset. This conversation should take place outside of Ivy's hospital room. It won't be good for her to wake up and see you two fighting."

My dad runs his hand through his hair, “Xander’s office. Now.”

My Uncle Xander has an office here because he’s the Chief of General Surgery. While my dad works at the children’s cancer hospital, Xander has worked at the general hospital for most of my life. I follow him to the office and walk in when he opens the door and waves me inside.

“Sit.”

I roll my eyes, but he can’t see me, so he doesn’t say anything.

Taking a seat, I sit forward with my elbows on my knees while he sits behind Xander’s desk, looking at me like I’m the enemy instead of his son.

“How much do you know?” I ask. He drags a hand down his jaw, “All I know is that Ivy was brought here after an overdose. Which I assume you’re behind.”

“Thanks for the faith,” I mutter.

“So, it’s not your doing?”

I shake my head, “I’ve done some things that will upset you. However, supplying her with drugs is not fucking one of them. All I want to do is protect her, not hurt her. I haven’t touched that shit since the day I was arrested.”

He arches an eyebrow, “What things?”

I blow out a long breath, “We’ve been together.”

He laughs, “Surely, I’m misunderstanding you. There’s no way you are telling me you’ve been fucking your baby sister.”

I shake my head, burying down the anger flowing through my veins. I’ve never wanted to punch my dad in the face, but I do right now.

“Don’t make it sound like that. We didn’t grow up together. I didn’t meet her until she was almost eighteen.”

He chuckles with bitterness dripping from his tongue, “This is because I took Mercy away from you, right? Bittersweet revenge?”

Snapping my head up, I glare into his gaze, “No. I’ve been over that for a long fucking time. My feelings for Ivy have nothing to do with you or with Mercy.”

“Feelings for Ivy,” he echoes my words as if trying to understand the words he just heard for the first time.

He stands as if our conversation is done, “You will never see Ivy again. I’ll let you stay in the pool house because of the court order. When that’s done, so are we. Stay away from my daughter. Whatever sick twisted thing was between you two, it’s over. You are not to go into her hospital room. No more, Nash. If you do, I’ll fucking kill you myself.”

I stand as he approaches me, “I will never stay away from her. I’m in love with Ivy.”

He shakes his head in disgust, “How unfortunate for you, then. My decision is final.”

Without another word, he exits the room. I heard what he said loud and clear, but I will not give in to him. I don’t give a fuck how sick he thinks we are. No one will keep me from her. The first thing I do is race to the elevator to see Ivy. After the elevator doors open, I quickly make my way to her room, my heart pounding, my emotions all over the place.

“Princess,” I say when I walk into her room, and her eyes are wide open. I’m grateful she’s alone. There are so many things I want to tell her.

“Nash,” she says with a shy smile.

Walking over to the head of her bed, I place my hands on either side of her face and lower my head, capturing her lips with mine. I know it won’t be long until my father comes in and tells me to leave. I’m not wasting a single precious second with Ivy. She parts her lips and moans when I slide my tongue into her mouth. Our kiss is hot, passionate, and needy. Pulling back from our kiss, I stare at her beautiful face. Her cheeks are rosy, pink, her eyes glisten, and her lips are bruised from mine, she’s nothing short of stunning.

“I want to touch you, but my arms hurt.”

Glancing down at the bandages, I'm filled with pain, knowing what she went through and why.

"I'm sorry."

She giggles, "It's not your fault. I thought it was you, but it wasn't. The hallucinations felt so real."

Her smile fades as her eyes widen, and I feel a hand on my shoulder, "Let's go. You can't be here."

I turn to find a security guard standing in front of me.

Ivy cries, "Nash don't go."

Turning to her, I say, "I'm sorry, Princess. If it were up to me, I'd never leave you again."

The tears rolling down her cheeks may as well be a knife to my heart. The last thing I want to do is cause her pain. I go with the guard and leave her room. I stand staring through her window, watching her sob while a nurse runs in and puts something into her IV, and then she falls asleep. They fucking drugged her. How ironic. I continue watching her until the nurse glares at me and closes the blinds, shutting down my last link to Ivy.

My phone chimes, so I look at it to see a text from an unknown number.

I'm outside in the vehicle. Come get your revenge.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

IVY



I slowly wake up with my head throbbing. The last thing I remember is the nurse putting something into my IV. Glancing up at my window, I spot the closed blinds. Before I crashed, Nash was looking at me through the glass. Now he's gone. I have a terrible feeling in the pit of my stomach that it's permanent.

My dad walks in with my emotional mom. She runs over to me, "Ivy, I was so scared."

"I'm fine, mom. Where's Nash?"

He speaks up, "Gone. You won't be seeing each other anymore."

My mom pulls up a chair beside my bed and takes a seat. My dad stands with his arms crossed over his chest.

"Mom please, I need Nash."

She reaches out and gently strokes my hand, "He has made his decision, Ivy. He's not wrong. Nash is your brother and you're too young for him."

"You were young when you married dad."

My mom looks at me with tenderness and understanding, "I know but you're even younger. Your dad wasn't my brother either."

I sigh audibly, "He's not my brother. I didn't even meet him until I was an adult. We aren't related biologically."

My mom turns to my dad, who's standing like a stone statue, "Can we have a moment alone?"

Dad is a good man. He really is. He devotes his life to taking care of sick children. He loves my mom fiercely. Liam Lexington is a man you can depend on when the worst of the worst happens. His one flaw is he is overprotective to a fault. I've never been allowed to date. He thinks all boys just want to get into my pants. And now he wants to keep me from Nash. I won't allow that to happen.

My dad finally nods, "I'll be outside."

After he leaves, she stares at me, "Tell me why, Ivy. Why Nash? Of all the boys in the world?"

I can't fight the smile on my face, "That's easy. He makes me feel alive. Before him, I felt dead inside, like I didn't matter. I matter to him. Nash makes everything better. I stopped painting years ago, but I did it again for him. But it wasn't him that got the joy, it was me. When I was using drugs, I got sick. It was Nash that took care of me and expected nothing in return. He held me while I detoxed and stayed awake all night long to make sure I was okay. Nash takes care of me."

She gasps, "Ivy Lexington. Drugs? You were using drugs before today? I don't understand how we got here."

I nod, "I'm not proud of it, but I got addicted to the painkillers after my surgery."

"Your dad thinks he was with you to punish him for taking me away from him."

I swallow hard, "No. That was a long time ago, Mom. Nash cares about me. I know what he did to you. It was wrong. But he's not that person anymore."

She takes my hand in hers, "I know he's not. Do you know what people will say? You may not be biologically related, but he is your adopted brother whether you like it or not."

Mom leans forward and brushes my hair out of my face, and I respond, "I know what they'll say, and I don't care. When you started dating Dad were there not people who

judged you? He was Nash's age now, you were twenty-three. And he was your best friend's father. Surely someone disagreed. Did you walk away?"

A smile crosses her face, "Yes there were people who thought it wildly inappropriate. I'll spare you the details, but no I didn't walk away. I've never regretted that decision over the last fifteen years."

"I don't feel differently about Nash."

She raises her eyebrow, "You want to marry, Nash?"

Giggling I say, "I don't know about that, but I'd like to have the opportunity to find out."

"Your father will never allow that to happen, sweetheart."

I sigh, "Then I'll move out. I'm eighteen. I don't have to live with you."

A tear rolls down her face, "Please Ivy. He's trying to protect you."

I shake my head, "I'm sorry, but he's being unreasonable. As an adult, I have the right to choose who I want to be with. You both stopped caring about me so long ago. Why does he even bother with this?"

She gasps, "Ivy that is not true. I have never stopped loving you."

Now a tear falls down my face, "No, just not like the twins. As soon as they were born, I ceased to exist. You had your perfect family, and I was as important as wallpaper."

My dad walks back in, "That's enough young lady."

"Come on, Mercy, we're leaving. Ivy, they'll be starting you on methadone to control your drug problem."

I laugh, "Methadone is a drug, and I won't take it. As an eighteen-year-old it is my choice. I will not take any more drugs."

I don't have anything against methadone or people that use it. For me, though, it's not the answer. I'm not going to use drugs, so there's no need for it. I know from my biological

mom that if you use methadone, it's a constant cycle. She couldn't do without, when she tried to get off drugs and was put on it. I don't want to be like that. For me, I choose not to be on anything.

"I'm cutting off your financial support until I see some changes including your relationship with my son."

I laugh, "That's fine. I'll find a job."

He runs his hand through his hair which I know means he's pissed. It's his tell.

"As long as you live under my roof-"

I interrupt him, "That won't be much longer so you can save your breath. Take mom home to her precious children."

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

NASH



“Do you have a weak stomach?” Max asks as he drives down the highway.

I laugh, “No.”

“There will be blood. I can guarantee you he will cry. If you change your mind, you can leave but his life will not be spared.”

I reply simply with, “Good.” Anybody that hurts Ivy deserves the cruelest form of torture. Matt and I were good friends a lifetime ago. I understand why he was pissed at me. I get it. If he had been a man about it and came for me, we wouldn’t have a problem. He went after Ivy instead. He made her bleed, pumped her full of drugs, and he will pay for that. Dearly. If Max hadn’t chosen to end his life I would have.

We pull up to Max’s safehouse and park in the garage. There’s a van parked to the right when I get out, I’m shocked when Max hits a button, and the van lowers beneath the ground.

“That’s some serious spy shit.”

He chuckles, “I’m not expecting unwanted visitors but it’s a precaution I like to take.”

“Come on. He’s in the basement waiting for us.”

I follow him to an elevator and step in beside him.

“Am I only allowed to watch?”

He grins sadistically, “If you want to get your hands dirty, go for it.”

“Matt hurt what’s mine. Of course, I want in on this.”

Max pats my shoulder, “If it were my wife, I’d feel the same way.”

When the elevator slides open, we walk out together into a room that looks like a serial killer’s heaven. There’s a metal table off to the right with more sharp instruments than you’d find in an operating room. Straight in front of me is a St. Andrew’s Cross with Matt stripped down to his boxers tied to it.

Max chuckles, “The cross is my favorite. I probably overuse it.”

Mia, Trevor, Hunter, and Jade all stand off to the side looking bored.

Max says, “It’s a beautiful day to take lives, isn’t it?”

Mia howls. “Oh my God, this again.”

He smiles at his sister, “Nash, help yourself.”

I walk over to the table and peruse the available items. As much as beating him with a hammer sounds fun, I want him to feel her pain. I pick up what looks like an old hunting knife and walk over to him.

“You’re weak, Matt.”

He growls, “I am not.”

Glaring at him, I say, “No? A real man would have come to the source not gone after an innocent woman.”

Plunging the knife into his arm, I pull it down, creating a long, deep cut. He screams, “FUCK!”

I move to his other arm and give it the same treatment.

Matt cries out, “I’m sorry, alright.”

Hunter laughs, “They always do that, ignore him.”

“She didn’t deserve what you did to her, but *you* deserve what I’m going to do to you.”

After cutting him in all the areas he cut her, I stand back and take in what I've done. Blood drips down his skin eventually pooling at his feet.

Max comes up beside me, "Do you feel better?"

I nod, "A little, yes."

"Want to finish him?"

I sigh, "I do."

"Let me show you."

Max goes up to Matt, grabs him by his hair, and yanks his head back until it slams into the cross, "Just slide the knife here, deep," he says, motioning across his neck.

Matt cries, "Please. Don't."

Tears stream down his face, and snot rolls down his lips as he trembles violently.

I walk to Matt, and Max let's go of him and moves out of the way. I grab his hair and force his head back as I growl in his ear, "Nobody hurts what's mine and gets away with it. Rot in hell, asshole."

Then I slice his neck deep, causing blood to pour down his body, all over my hands. Should I have regrets? Should I feel bad? I don't. I've done horrible things in my life. Hurt those I love. But this is the first time I've taken a life. I wouldn't change it if I could. If a hundred men hurt Ivy, a hundred men would die. I will never stop protecting her regardless of what anybody says, including my father. I will protect her with my last dying breath.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

IVY



I spent a week in the hospital, and now I've been home for a week. I've not seen Nash once. As much as it has killed me not to sneak out to see him, I wasn't strong enough physically to climb up and down a tree. The door is not an option because it chimes whenever it's opened. With my dad on high alert for all things Nash and Ivy, I didn't want to risk him waking up if he heard it. I've spent almost all my time painting. Tonight, the wait is over.

Opening my window, I climb out and down the tree. Dropping to the ground as carefully as I can, I walk around to the pool house. Grabbing the key under the rock, I open his door and close it quietly behind me. When I walk to the kitchen, I spot Nash standing with his hands gripping the island, shirtless, his tattoo of black wings on his back on full display. I stand staring for a few minutes, taking in every muscle, his perfect ass in his black boxers. When I realize I'm gawking like a pervert, I speak his name, announcing my presence.

"Nash."

Immediately he turns around, facing me, and he growls, "Princess."

He rushes to me and fists his hands in my hair. Tilting my head back, he says, "You should not be here."

"I couldn't not be," I whisper.

A pained look crosses his face, "I thought you were done with me. I haven't heard from you in two weeks."

“Never,” I breathe, “I wasn’t strong enough to escape, but I’m here now.”

He slams his lips to mine, pushing me against the door, pressing his hard body into mine, and I moan when he slides his tongue into my mouth. He turns his head, changing the angle, and sweeps my mouth with his tongue as if he can’t get enough, and needs every inch.

Nash pulls back, appearing confused, “Why are your hands behind your back?”

I smile, “I made something for you.”

Pulling the canvas out from behind me, I hand it to Nash. It’s a painting I made with him standing before me with me on my knees, ready to serve him. He holds it in his hands, staring at it with an intense gaze. I’m not sure if he loves it or hates it. Suddenly, I realize how stupid this was, like a child giving away artwork as if it means something. It meant something to me, but it does mean it will to him.

“I’m sorry. Why would you want that? I’m such an idiot. I’ll take it back with me when I leave.”

He lifts his gaze to mine, “You will do no such thing. This is the second most beautiful thing I now own.”

“What’s the first?”

He tosses it onto the couch, “You.”

Nash picks me up, puts me over his shoulder, making me giggle, and carries me to the bedroom.

He sets me on my feet, “I want to see you as you are in the picture.”

I grab the hem of my T-shirt, pull it over my head, and drop it to the floor. When I unclasp my bra and let it fall down my arms, Nash groans, “Fuck, Princess. I missed you.”

I look away from him as I lower my skirt over my hips, “Eyes on me, Princess.”

Snapping my gaze to his, I drop the skirt to the floor, hook my thumbs into my panties and lower them before stepping

out of them.

“Come here, Ivy.”

I cover my hands over the sides of my breasts that are marked by Matteo’s knife. The stitches have not completely dissolved, and it’s so ugly.

“Are you hiding what’s mine?”

“Nash, please,” I whisper.

I don’t want him to see me like this, but I know it’s not just a matter of time to heal. The plastic surgeon already told me I’ll have scars. It’s a fact of life now, but I don’t want Nash to think I’m ugly, which is how I feel.

He takes my hands and holds them behind my back with one hand, “You will not hide from me. What he did to you doesn’t change how I feel about you. It doesn’t make you any less beautiful. It doesn’t make you less mine.”

“My body is ugly, Nash. I’ve seen it. I have mirrors.”

He grabs my hair with his free hand and pulls my hair, forcing my head back, “You will not say that again. Do you fucking understand me?”

“Yes,” I whimper.

“Good girl. Get on the bed.”

I gaze at him quizzically, “I thought you wanted me on my knees.”

He leans in and runs his tongue up the side of my neck from my collarbone to my ear and whispers, “Apparently, I need to remind you how fucking intoxicating you are. Get on the bed. I will not tell you again.”

Nash releases me, and I go over to the bed as I try to control my racing heart. I lie down on my back, and he walks to the foot of the bed. Removing his boxers, he says, “Play with your pussy, baby.”

My eyes widen, and my cheeks flame, “What?” I squeak.

“I do believe you heard me, Princess.”

I lower my hand between my legs and rub my clit feeling wrong for doing it.

“Spread your thighs. Don’t think about what you’re doing, just feel the pleasure, baby.”

Closing my eyes, I continue circling my nub with my finger.

“Eyes on me,” he growls, “I want to see you, Princess.”

He takes his big cock into his hand and starts stroking himself.

“Nash,” I moan.

He climbs on the bed between my legs and continues moving his hand along his length, “Fuck your pretty little cunt for me.”

I slide two fingers inside myself, and Nash growls, “That’s it, Princess. Fuck. So beautiful.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

NASH



She's so fucking stunning, and how she thinks these scars make her ugly is beyond me. Lying on the bed fucking that perfect cunt, she's the most enticing thing I've ever seen. I stroke myself leisurely as I watch her intensely. Her back arches, leaving the bed as she cries out for me. She keeps her gaze fixed on mine as she trembles from her orgasm.

“Good girl. Fuck, you're such a good girl for me, Princess.”

Pulling her fingers from her pussy, I bring them to my lips and suck them clean. Her cheeks redden even more, “Are you embarrassed that you have a delicious cunt, baby?”

She throws an arm over her eyes, “Oh my God.”

While her eyes are covered, I thrust into her. My cock needs to feel her cunt. Again, she says, “Oh my God.”

I growl, “That's right, Princess. I'm your God and you'll worship me. I'll worship you too. Because you're my fucking Goddess.”

I pull out and slam back into her, “Fuck baby. I can't ever go two weeks without you again.”

She runs her hands up my chest, her tiny hands digging into my skin as she whispers, “Nash. I need you.”

Climbing over her, I place a hand on either side of her head, holding myself up so I don't hurt her, “You have me, Princess. I'm all yours.”

I press my lips to hers while I move in and out of her cunt. Her greedy little tongue finds its way into my mouth in a ravenous kiss. Her mouth is hot, wet, and sweet as fucking candy. Moving my lips to her neck, I'm careful to avoid the cuts, not wanting to hurt her. Trying to curb my anger at every cut he gave her, I place soft kisses on her skin, causing her to whimper. While it's not normally my style, I fuck her slowly. Running my tongue from the bottom of her throat up to her chin, I say, "I'm so sorry, Princess. I swear to you, I'll never let anyone hurt you again."

Ivy wraps her arms around my neck, "It's not your fault, Nash."

I sigh, "It is. I did this. I'll never forgive myself. I'm sorry."

She stares at me with unshed tears in her eyes, so I say, "Enough. Be a good girl and come for me."

Moving onto my knees, I place her legs over my shoulders and increase the speed of my thrusts, "Tell me if I'm hurting you."

She moans, throws her head back, then cries out while her cunt squeezes my cock as she orgasms.

"Fuck, Princess. You're so beautiful when you come for me."

Gripping the top of her thighs, I pound into her cunt. Ivy digs her fingers into the sheets, and the pleasure radiates on her face. Watching her come causes me to lose control and fill her with my hot cum.

Pulling out of her, I go to get up, but she grabs my arm, "Please, just this once. Clean up can wait."

I lie down beside her, and she rolls onto her side, wrapping her arms around me like she's holding on for dear life.

Ivy lays her head on my shoulder, her gaze connected with mine. She takes a deep breath, "I love you, Nash."

Swallowing down the lump in my throat, I say, "I love you too, Princess."

A shocked expression crosses her face, “You do?”

If there were anything I could change about Ivy, it’s the fact that she thinks she’s unlovable. To her, this is unexpected information. She can’t fathom that anyone could love her.

“Yes, baby I do. I love you for who you are. You don’t ever have to change. I love you, my beautiful girl.”

A solitary tear rolls down her cheek, and her lips curve into a small smile. She takes a deep breath and sighs, “Thank you.”

Relief floods her expression. It perplexes me because this beautiful creature would have boys beating down the door to get to her. If it weren’t for the fact that everyone knows my father won’t let them close enough. My dad is overprotective of the women in the family. Nobody will ever be good enough for them. My one hope is for him to learn to deal with Ivy and me together because I’ll die before I let her go.

“I have a key for you to take with you when you go. It’s for a building downtown. I want you to Uber there tomorrow at two in the afternoon. I’ll meet you there.”

“A building?” She asks.

I smirk at her, “It’s a surprise, beautiful. You’ll see when you get there.”

“Will you do something for me?” She asks.

“Anything, Princess.”

She smiles softly, “Lay on your back and close your eyes.”

Ivy sits up, and I pinch her nipple, “What are you up to, naughty girl?”

A moan slips past her lips, “Please.”

I lie back on the bed, my head on the pillow, hands locked under my head, with my eyes closed. Ivy’s movements cause the bed to dip slightly. Lifting my hard cock from my stomach, she lowers herself onto me.

“Fuck!”

She moves up and down my cock, her long hair hanging down, her tits bouncing with every movement.

“Fuck yes, Princess, make yourself come on my cock.”

At first, she was a little uncoordinated, but now she’s riding me like a goddamn porn star. I lift my upper body slightly and hold myself up on my elbows so I can watch my cock move in and out of her tight cunt. Leaning forward, she grips my chest, throws her head back, and screams through her orgasm. Fuck. If I had her gift of painting, this moment is what I’d capture. Ivy isn’t just beautiful. She’s sensual. Erotic.

Sitting up, I gently turn her over to her back and fuck her hard.

“Nash,” she whimpers. “You didn’t like that?” She asks through heavy pants.

“Like it? That was the fucking sexiest thing I’ve ever seen. Fuck, baby. You’re so fucking perfect.”

Climbing over her, I stare into her eyes while moving my cock in and out of her pussy, “You’re mine, Princess. Do you understand?”

She breathes, “Yes.”

“It doesn’t matter who has a problem with us being together. You’re mine. Say it, Princess.”

“I’m yours, Nash.”

“Louder,” I growl.

“I’m yours, Nash. Only yours,” she screams.

I come explosively, dumping a massive amount of cum inside her beautiful pussy, with a loud groan.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

IVY



Leaving Nash's arms last night was difficult. There's nowhere else in the world I'd rather be. He makes me feel safe and cherished. Feeling like you don't matter to anyone is terrible, and I wouldn't wish it on my worst enemy. Everybody should have somebody. Nash is that person for me. With him, I think I could endure anything.

As I'm getting ready to leave to meet Nash, my mom knocks on my door. I roll my eyes, "Yes?"

"Ivy, can I come in?"

I promised Nash I'd take it easy on her. Something about getting more flies with honey than vinegar. So, I say, "Yes."

"Did you say yes?"

I fight to stifle my laughter, "Yes, mom. Come in."

She opens the door, "Sorry, I'm not used to you saying yes."

"I don't have long. I'm meeting friends."

My mom glances around the room at all the paintings, "Wow. You've been painting a lot. I'm so proud of you, Ivy."

I nod, "Thank you. Why are you here?"

"Can we sit?" She asks.

I take a seat on the edge of my bed and wave to her to do the same.

“I want to apologize to you, Ivy. I have always loved you the same as if you were biologically mine. When we had the twins, I had no idea how hard life would become. I wouldn’t have changed having any of you had I known, but I do wish I had been more prepared. A child with severe autism is challenging. If I don’t get up early enough, I don’t even get a shower until your dad gets home. I was young and so unprepared for what lay ahead of me. I failed you in the process. I’m so sorry for that. I love you so much, Ivy. I know you paid an unfair price. I’m so sorry.” Then she sobs, “I want my daughter back.”

“I haven’t gone anywhere, mom. I’m still here.”

She shakes her head and twists her fingers, “No you’re not. You checked out of this family a long time ago. I hope one day you’ll forgive me.”

“Mom, don’t cry.”

Then I do what I haven’t done in years. I wrap my arms around her and hug her. “You did the best you could. I know that now.”

She hugs me tight, “What made you change your mind?”

“Nash,” I breathe.

My mom pulls away, “I don’t want to know, Ivy, because I don’t want to lie to your dad. I’m only warning you, if you’re still seeing him and dad finds out he’s going to be so angry.”

“When you were dating dad, if your father had told you to end it, would you have?”

She smiles like she remembers fond times, “He did. And I didn’t. What your father and I had, even back then, was powerful. It was stronger than those that tried to keep us apart. Nothing could have ended us.”

“That’s exactly what I have with Nash. Don’t you and dad want me to be happy?”

Taking my hand in hers, she says, “Of course, sweetheart. That’s all we’ve ever wanted for you.”

“Then let me make my own decisions. The harder you two try to keep us apart, the further you’ll push me away. That’s not a threat, it’s a fact. I will never walk away from him, mom. Never.”

She sighs, “Fine. I’ll talk to your dad. I can’t guarantee anything. He’s very upset about this situation. It’s worse than it was with Aunt Elle.”

I nod, “Thank you. I have to go.”

She smiles, “Can we have lunch soon? Maybe go shopping when your dad can take a few hours off so he can take care of Riley?”

I force a smile, “I’d like that.”

Leaning forward, she kisses my cheek, “Have fun with your *friends*.”

Once she leaves, I go to my computer and schedule my Uber since my dad confiscated my phone. I throw the key to the building and the address in my purse and head outside to wait. I’d really like to text Nash and tell him I’m on my way since I may be late. I grumble to myself about how much of a jerk my dad is. The car arrives, and I climb into the backseat and tell Juan, my driver, the address.

It’s only a twenty-minute drive but it feels like hours as excitement burns through me. I have no idea what this surprise is, but if it involves Nash, I’m in.

“Here you are, Miss.”

I take my card out and hand it to him as I stare at the vacant building. I have no idea what this is all about, but I guess I’m going to find out. He hands my card back. I put it back into my wallet and immediately exit the vehicle with the key in my hand. I make it to the door, insert the key, open it, and step inside. Glancing around at the naked dark gray walls, I’m confused. I don’t understand why I’m here. I look up to see the track lighting throughout.

“Princess.”

I spin around, “Nash.”

Placing my hand over my heart, I attempt to calm my racing heart. “What is this?”

He steps over to me, cups my face, leans in, and slams his lips to mine. I forget what question I even asked and moan as he slides his tongue against mine. When Nash kisses me, it’s so sensual. It’s hard and soft, vulnerable and demanding, all at the same time.

He pulls back slightly and shakes his head, “Twelve hours away from you nearly kills me, baby.”

Nash smiles radiantly, nearly causing my panties to melt, “This is your gallery, Princess.”

I stare at him, not understanding his words, “What?”

He nods, “Yes, Princess. This is your gallery.”

I blink fast, “How?”

“I bought it for you. For you to showcase your talent and sell your paintings.”

“Are you serious?”

He smiles, “As a heart attack.”

“Nash I-I-”

He holds his hand up, “Hold on baby girl. There’s more.”

“There’s an apartment upstairs. The court order states I had to live with my dad for ninety days. That time is up today. We can either live in the apartment upstairs or I can buy a house. I want you to live with me, Ivy. I don’t fucking care where, but I need you with me every night. I need you to not fucking leave.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

NASH



Ivy stands staring at me with unshed tears in her eyes.

“I don’t understand why you would do this for me.”

Chuckling, I say, “Silly, beautiful girl, I’m in love with you. You’re mine. It’s my job to give you everything you want and need. It’s my job to help you grow.”

“What if my paintings aren’t good enough?”

Shaking my head, I say, “They are.”

Ivy wraps her arms around me, “Thank you.”

She tilts her head back so she can look into my eyes, “I love you, Nash.”

“I love you too, Princess.”

“We’ll move in just before your gallery opening unless you want me to buy a house for us.”

She smirks at me, “I didn’t say yes.”

I lean down and run my nose up the side of her neck, inhaling her scent, before speaking low into her ear, “I didn’t ask. We could pretend you don’t want this, but we both know you do.”

Ivy gasps as I continue, “I know you’re wet just thinking about all the dirty things I’ll do to you every night. The way I’ll make your pussy so sore you’ll be feeling me all the next day in the gallery. I can’t wait to wake you up with my cock in that pretty little cunt. You want that don’t you, Princess?”

“Yes,” she moans.

“Good girl. My fucking good girl,” I growl.

I kiss her on the forehead and tell her, “I need to go. I have something to take care of.”

“What?” She asks.

Sighing audibly, I answer, “I’m going to see dad.”

“I’ll come with you.”

Shaking my head, I say, “I don’t know if that’s a good idea.”

“Too bad. I’m going. You can punish me later if you’d like to, sir. But I’m going. We are in this together.”

I sigh, “Fine.”

I know Ivy, and I know when she sets her mind to something, she’ll do it. If I leave without her, she’ll just Uber to the hospital. Either way, she’ll be there for this conversation.

“Let’s get this over with then.”

I take her hand and escort her out of the gallery and to the car after I lock up. She slides into the vehicle when I open the door for her. I get to the driver’s side, and she asks, “What are you planning on saying to him?”

I let out a deep breath as I put the key into the ignition and start the vehicle, “The truth.”

I glance at her before pulling out of my parking spot, “You’re mine. We are together and nothing he says will change that. I’m hoping once he realizes he has no control in this situation, he’ll relax.”

Pulling away from the curb, I begin to drive and notice she seems nervous. She’s quiet most of the drive, and I let her sit in silence.

“I talked to my mom.”

I glance over at her after I change lanes, “Yeah?”

She nods, “Yes, she apologized for the way things turned out. She cried. It made me feel like shit.”

I sigh, “It’s a difficult situation. I understand how challenging things were for her. But I also understand the hurt you experienced because of it.”

When I pull into the hospital’s parking lot, I park the car, blow out a big breath, and say, “Last chance to back out.”

“I’m in this,” she says as she exits the car.

After I get out, I walk around to her, kiss her forehead, and then take her hand in mine as we walk through the doors to head to my dad’s office.

We walk in and find my dad recording patient notes at his desk. He holds his finger up, finishes the one, and turns off his recorder.

“Princess,” then he sighs, “Nash.”

His gaze falls to our hands locked together. I tried to let go of her hand before we walked in, but she tightened her grip, letting me know this is what she needs.

“We need to talk,” I say.

He points to the chairs on the other side of his desk, “Sit.”

Both Ivy and I take a seat across from him, she pulls my hand to her lap while my dad drags his hand down his face.

“As you can see, we are together and that’s not going to change. I know it makes you uncomfortable because we’re both your children, but I love her, and she loves me.”

He sits back in his chair with his arms crossed over his chest, “It definitely makes me uncomfortable that my two children are dating. I don’t think that needs to be said, but that’s not my biggest issue with this situation.”

I sigh and wait for him to tell me the real problem.

“You aren’t good enough for her, Nash. You never will be. You went to prison for attempting to rape my wife after kidnapping her. You are a drug addict. You will never, and I do mean never, be fucking good enough for Ivy.”

“Dad,” Ivy looks heartbroken, “He treats me so well. Did you know he bought me a gallery so I could pursue my dreams?”

He runs his hand through his graying hair, “I did not. It changes nothing, Princess. You’re beautiful. Many men would be willing to spend obscene amounts of money on you.”

My dad stands, “We are done here, Nash. I don’t want to see you again. The court order has expired, I expect you to be out of my house in seventy-two hours.”

Ivy gasps, I rise out of my chair and help her up, “It’s okay, baby. It’s nothing other than what I expected.”

I look at my dad one last time, “I’m well aware I’m not good enough for her. But I love her like you do Mercy. And by some fucking stroke of luck, she loves me back. I don’t want to lose what little family I have left. But I can’t walk away from her. I won’t. This runs too deep. I respect your decision. I will be gone in seventy-two hours. I’m taking Ivy with me. You will not see me again.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN



After we left my dad's office, Nash got quiet. I know it's bothering him, but I also know he won't walk away from me. There's nothing either of us can do to change his mind. We are back in my bedroom at my parent's house to pick up all the paintings I've done recently. We've decided on a gallery opening event in three weeks.

Once we get them all out to the vehicle, with our overnight bags, we head to the gallery where we are staying tonight. After what my dad said, neither of us wanted to sleep another night in his house. I know my dad well. He will get over this eventually, but it might take a while. I write my mom a note. I didn't even say goodbye since she had taken Riley to a horse camp for autistic teens. Nash found it for her after spending hours researching how to help kids on the spectrum.

Mom,

I'm sorry to tell you by leaving a note. I won't be home tonight. Dad knows where I am, but I don't want you to worry. I promise we'll do lunch and shopping soon.

Love,

Ivy

Standing outside, I glance at the house, filled with surprising sadness. While I'll be back to get the rest of my things, I'll never sleep another night here. I remember when I came to live here as a small child.

We walked into the house; the biggest one I had ever been inside. I tried my best not to look shocked, but I'm sure I failed.

Mercy says, "Let me show you your room."

Now the shock was apparent when I said, "I get my own room?"

She giggled and said, "Where else would you sleep?"

My mom had a one-bedroom apartment. She had the room, and I slept on the couch. It's how it's always been. I never questioned it. I hug her tight, "I've never had my own room."

When I walk into the Princess bedroom, I think I must have died and gone to heaven. There are princesses on the wall, including Elsa, my favorite. There's a princess comforter, sheets, pillowcases, and toys galore—my heart pounds in my chest from excitement.

First, I look at the life-sized Elsa doll on the bed, and then my gaze travels to the bookshelf lined with hundreds of books.

The best part of this memory is bringing Mercy a book and asking her to read it to me. We snuggled up on the bed while she told me the story about a princess. I listen to her every word, and her voice is mesmerizing. Before I know it, I fell asleep in the comfort of her arms.

Nash places his arms around me, holding my back to his front, "Are you okay, baby?"

I hum in his arms, "Yeah, I was thinking about the day they brought me home to live here."

He brushes the hair off my neck and leans in, kisses my neck, and says, "If you want to stay you should stay, baby girl. I won't push you into something you're not ready for."

I sigh, “I’m ready. It’s bittersweet. Let’s go home, Nash.”

We both get into the vehicle and drive away.

“I’m glad I left her a note. I felt bad about just leaving.”

“Good girl, Princess. I’m proud of you.”

He chuckles when he notices my cheeks heat.

“I know it’s stupid that it has an effect on me.”

Grabbing my hand, he says, “No, it’s not stupid. It’s called a praise kink. A lot of women have the same reaction to it.”

“What’s your kink?”

Nash laughs, “Your pussy, your mouth, those tits, all of you are my kinks, Princess.”

I glare at him, “Seriously.”

He rubs the stubble on his chin as he appears to be considering my question and then answers, “I never thought of it as a kink, but I like to have control. I like you to be submissive to me. It turns me on. It makes me happy.”

Giggling, I say, “I guess I knew that. Control freak.”

“Careful,” he warns.

“Are you going to take the belt to my ass?”

He smirks as he pulls into the parking spot outside the gallery, “Is that what you’re hoping for?”

I sigh, “I think I need it. Please.”

“My beautiful little pain slut.”

Nash exits the vehicle, walks to my side, and opens the door. We busy ourselves with taking everything inside. We’ve hired a professional to help us hang the paintings so they will look perfect.

“Ready to see the apartment?” He asks.

I smile, “Yes.”

He pulls out a keycard and walks me to the elevator, “I have an extra one for you. Nobody will be able to get up there

without a card.”

The door slides open, and I gasp as we walk into the apartment, “Nash. Did you do this?”

“Yes, of course.”

The walls are dark gray, like the gallery. It has a large black sofa in the living room with a modern glass coffee table. On it sits a crystal vase with a spiral design. Inside the vase are stunning blue orchids.

He takes my hand and pulls me to the kitchen. Again, I gasp, the appliances are all stainless steel. There’s a backsplash above the sink, a beautiful iridescent blue. The dining table matches the coffee table, a rectangular glass table with thick tulip legs. The high-back chairs covered in a black luxury velvet fabric look expensive yet comfortable.

“Two more rooms to show you.”

I nod and follow him down a hallway, and we enter an art studio.

“I know you can paint in the studio in the gallery, but I want you to be able to do it here, too.”

There are dozens of canvases and probably hundreds of paints. There’s a couple of chairs. I glance at them and then at Nash questioningly.

“I didn’t know what kind of chair you wanted.”

Giggling, I say, “This is perfect, thank you.”

He wraps his arms around me, pulling my back to his front, brushing my hair off my neck. He says, “I’m going to give you everything, Princess. Whatever you ask of me, is yours.”

I shiver from his breath on my ear. Nash chuckles, and I can feel the vibrations through my entire body.

“Come, Princess. Let me show you the bedroom.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

NASH



*T*ake her hand and walk her to the bedroom. She stops as soon as we enter and sighs, “Oh my God.”

Her gaze stays locked on the wrought iron canopy bed in the middle of the room. It is not like other canopy beds I’ve seen. At the top and on the end, it has handcrafted tree branches with gold wispy willow embellishments. The top looks like broken tree branches. There are white sheer curtains pulled to the side at all four posts.

“I’ve never seen anything like this. I’m going to paint this.”

She turns to the wall, the eighteen by twenty portrait of her sleeping catching her eye.

Ivy shakes her head, “I’ll paint something to replace that.”

I turn her toward me, “You will not.” Tilting her head back, I force her gaze to mine, “You’re beautiful, Princess. I love that photograph. You look like sweet perfection. You are the closest to an angel I’ll ever touch. That portrait depicts exactly that. Get undressed.”

“Yes sir,” she responds.

“Good girl.”

I watch her take her clothes off while I unbutton my shirt. I could strip her naked quicker, but I like watching her slowly reveal her perfect little body to me. Tossing my shirt to the top of the dresser, Ivy sheds her skirt and panties as I pull my belt out of my loops. Her eyes widen. I love that while she asked

for this, there's still an element of fear with her arousal. After ditching my pants and boxers, I ask her, "You have not earned a punishment, baby. You asked for this. Do you still want it?"

She nods, "Yes, sir. Please."

I move the fabric covering the bench I bought exactly for this occasion.

"Lay flat on your stomach."

She does, and I come up behind her and lift her legs so she's on her knees, raising her beautiful ass for me. Ivy moves to lift her head, "Keep your head down. There are metal loops, so I can tie you down. I'm not planning on doing that right now, but I will if I need to. I'm hoping you can be a good girl."

She whimpers, "I can. I'll be good."

I set the belt on the bench and grab her ass cheeks, and spread her open for me, "Fucking exquisite."

Running two fingers along her slit, I see how wet she is. "My filthy slut is drenched for me."

A breathy moan escapes from her, driving me fucking crazy.

I pick up the belt, "Remember your safe word."

"Yes, sir," she says in a small voice.

I hit her on the right cheek, and her skin pinks up beautifully as she moans loudly. I snap the belt on her left side. This time she screams.

"You have a safe word, Ivy. Do not hesitate to use it."

"More, please," she whimpers.

Hitting her three more times in quick succession, she cries out so loud. I drop the belt to the floor, "Do you need to come now, Princess?"

"Yes," she whimpers breathlessly.

"Keep your head down and legs spread for me. You're going to want to move. Don't."

I open one of the drawers and grab the bullet I bought for her.

Grabbing the harness, I strap it around her thighs, attach the bullet in its holder, and attach the strap around her back. Then I grab the remote and turn it on. Instantly, she moans for me. Fuck, the sounds this woman makes drive me to the brink of insanity. With her on her knees, she's the perfect height for me to slide into her wet pussy. I press into her, and she cries out again, "Nash. Oh, God."

As soon as I'm inside her, her cunt squeezes my cock, her back arches deliciously, and she grips the legs of the bench hard as she explodes from her orgasm.

I grab her hips and slide in and out of her wet heat, "Fuck, baby. You feel so good."

When I start slamming into her, she screams, "Yes!"

"Good girl. You take me so well. Do you feel how deep I am?"

She looks so fucking stunning like this. Her skin glistens with light perspiration, her ass on display for me. The only sound in the room is our heavy breathing and the slapping of our skin. Ivy looks like a filthy fucking angel.

"Don't stop. Please don't stop!"

I slow down slightly, attempting to prolong my release. "Such a needy girl, aren't you? So, fucking needy for this dick."

"Yes. Harder."

I chuckle, "As you wish, Princess."

Digging my fingers into her beautiful ass, I thrust into her as hard and fast as I'm capable of. She whimpers for me repeatedly. It's not long until I fill her cunt with my cum. She feels too good to be able to hold off for long.

Pulling out of her, I say, "Turn over."

She does, and I turn the toy off and remove the harness, lift her into my arms and move her to the bed. Lying beside her,

she curls up close to me.

“You did so good, Princess.”

I press my lips to hers and kiss her slowly, passionately. I love fucking Ivy. But I want her to know that I cherish all of her. In a short time, my adopted sister has become my entire world. As I first suspected, she's far more addictive than heroin ever could be. She's my drug of choice now. I'll never get clean. I don't want to. I'll gladly die a junkie for Ivy. There's nothing I won't do for the next hit. Instead of clouding my mind, she clears it. She's, my redemption.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

NASH



The Gallery Opening...

I STAND WATCHING Ivy talking to different people that approach her about her paintings. She's sold so many I can't keep count. I watch my princess in her element, discussing her art. She is a natural. It's fitting that I call her princess because she looks like fucking royalty in that dark blue dress. Her hair is up off her beautiful neck. The diamond earrings I gave her hang from her ears. I'm a little lost in lust when a man approaches me on my left.

"DeLuca wants to see you."

Fuck. Not good.

"As you can see, I'm a little busy. Another time perhaps."

He moves closer to me, "She looks stunning with that red dot on her chest. Don't you think? Now, or she dies tonight."

My heart races and my palms sweat but I can't show fear. I can show him that he's threatening everything that means anything to me.

DeLuca is a drug kingpin from New York City, but he also owns the entire territory here as well. I have no doubt someone will pull the trigger and kill Ivy. I won't allow that to happen.

"Take it off her and I'll go."

"Good choice," he chuckles.

I glance at Ivy on the way out, and sorrow fills my chest. There's no doubt that she will hate me for leaving tonight. This is the biggest night of her life, and I'm leaving like she doesn't fucking mean a thing to me. Like I'm not so fucking proud of her.

Following the stranger out to a black Mercedes, he opens the door for me, and I slide into the backseat. He gets into the driver's seat and starts driving, destination unknown. I don't bother asking where we're going because I'd likely be met with silence. We pull up to a mansion in the mountains. The gates open, telling me someone is watching from inside.

He comes and opens my door after parking, "Do not try anything stupid. You will be shot on sight."

We walk up the three steps to the front door, and it opens. An armed guard glances at me, "Hands up against the wall."

I do as instructed, and he adds, "Spread your legs."

Sighing, I do that too.

He pats me down, "Any weapons?"

"No."

Once he's satisfied, he says, "You may go in. Mr. DeLuca is expecting you."

I try not to chuckle. Of course, he's expecting me since he threatened to kill my girl if I didn't agree to come here tonight. DeLuca is in the sitting room with a whiskey in his hand.

"Nash Lexington, have a seat."

I take a seat in the chair across from him, taking in his dark features, dark brown hair, dark eyes and tattoo's all the way to his fingers. He's wearing an expensive black suit with a large silver watch on his wrist. He looks as threatening as I've heard that he is.

"You've been busy since being released from prison."

I tilt my head, not understanding what he's referring to, "Why am I here, sir?"

I go the respectful route since there are two-armed guards behind me. I'm not an idiot. I don't stand a chance against two men with weapons.

"Straight to the point I see. I like that."

He crosses his right leg over his left and takes a swallow of his whiskey, "You've created somewhat of a problem for me."

Raising an eyebrow at him, I say, "I don't know what you mean. I have had nothing to do with drugs since the night I was arrested fifteen years ago."

He nods, "Yes. I know. But you've taken up murder as your new hobby."

I've only murdered one person, so it's easy to figure out who this is about.

"Matteo made me a great deal of money. Thanks to you, I'm down the best distributor I had. It's okay though, I'm not mad. He was a pain in the ass and you're going to rectify this situation."

"Exactly how will I do that? I can't bring dead men back to life."

He chuckles, "I think I really do like you. You're funny."

I sigh, "Thanks, I strive to be likable."

He laughs again, "You'll take Matteo's job."

Shaking my head, I glare at him, "No. I was never a dealer even before. I sure as hell am not doing it now."

DeLuca rubs the stubble on his chin, "I accept your refusal."

I rise from the chair, "I'm glad we have an understanding."

He nods, "We do. It's unfortunate about the girl though."

My eyes snap to his, "What?"

"Don't worry. I won't make you watch. My men will take her before you get back to her. They are waiting outside the gallery for my word. Sweet little Ivy's body will never be

found. Her parents, your parents will never get closure, but it's better than seeing what she will be put through."

The panic sets in as I try to appear calm. Showing him weakness won't help Ivy, although it's becoming very clear there is only one way to save her.

"Don't hurt her."

He grins at me, "Take Matteo's job. It's not even really dealing. His job was to distribute the drugs to the dealers."

I shake my head, "If I get busted, I'm in prison for life."

DeLuca nods, "Yes, but your sister/girlfriend will be safe. By the way, that's pretty fucking sick."

"You're a drug kingpin, don't you have others that would willingly do this for you?"

He smiles a sick and twisted smile, "I prefer Drug Lord. I'm basically the fucking God of the underworld. I want you, Nash. Your choice. You or your sweet little cunt."

I clench my jaw and my fists, "Fine. Leave her the fuck alone."

DeLuca sighs, "I'm going to give you one free pass. That was it. You will speak to me with respect, or I'll put a bullet in your brain while I fuck your Ivy. When I'm done, I'll put a bullet in hers as well. Tread lightly, Lexington."

CHAPTER FORTY

NASH



I waited for an hour while they packed my vehicle full of white powder heroin. DeLuca insisted he give me a car to use since the Range Rover is technically my dad's. I was also gifted a burner phone and a gun. I'm expected to return every week to pick up more of a supply and turn in the cash. Of course, I will, because I won't risk him hurting Ivy the way I know he would.

As I start to drive back to the gallery, I have a knot in the pit of my stomach. I have done well to resist the allure of heroin. However, now that it's in my possession, it's a problem. Have you ever been on a diet and had to resist the chocolate cake right in front of you? Well, this is a million times worse. As I drive, I swear it calls to me. I don't give in because I know one hit will unravel everything.

I pull into my spot outside the gallery, lock my car, and enter. It's locked. Everyone is gone. My small glimmer of hope that Ivy wouldn't know I was gone is shattered. I look at my phone as I step into the elevator. Fuck. She sent me half a dozen texts that I didn't respond to.

Where are you?

Did you leave?

Are you fucking kidding me Nash?

Fucking answer me!

This was the most amazing night of my life. I thought it mattered to you too.

I thought I mattered.

The last message guts me because I hate I made her feel this way. Even more, I hate that I can't even explain myself to her. I can't tell her about DeLuca. I can't tell her about the massive amount of heroin in my car. I can't tell her I only left tonight to save her life. I never would've left her tonight if it were in my power not to. Yet, she'll never know the truth. She can't. It will put her in far too much danger.

The elevator doors slide open, and I see Ivy on the couch, drinking wine with tears running down her cheeks. I don't dare to mention the fact that she's underage and shouldn't be drinking. This is most definitely not the time for that.

"Princess."

She glances at me and the pain in her eyes destroys me. Fuck. I put it there.

"Baby. I'm sorry."

Ivy shakes her head, "Was she good?"

I stare at her in confusion when it hits me. She thinks I was fucking another woman tonight.

"Ivy, you know damn well there is no one else. I haven't fucked anyone else since the moment I met you. How could you think that?"

She laughs bitterly, "You left my gallery opening without a word. You've been gone for hours and didn't respond to a single text message or phone call."

I walk over to her and kneel in front of her, "I swear to you I was not with another woman. I would never do that to you."

She shrugs, "Then explain to me what happened."

I lay my head in her lap, needing physical closeness, "I can't. Please just trust me."

"Get off me."

I pull my head from her lap, and she pushes my chest, causing me to fall on my back, “You are not permitted to touch me in any way.”

“Until when?”

She glares at me, “Until you tell me the complete truth about where you were tonight.”

So never because I can never tell her the complete truth. The thought of never touching her again kills me. She’s my salvation, and she’s taking it back. I watch Ivy place her wineglass in the dishwasher, and then without a word, she walks to the bedroom. I’ve lost her.

I wait a little while to give her time alone before going into the bedroom. I get undressed down to my boxers and crawl in beside her. She flips over angrily, turning her back to me.

“Ivy, please. Can I hold you? I need you.”

“No.”

Having her in bed with me but unable to touch her is almost worse than her being somewhere else. It’s cruel torture.

“I want to tell you. I just can’t.”

She snuffles and asks, “If I disappeared like that on you and refused to tell you where I had been, you’d punish me until I cracked.”

“Princess, if you need to hurt me, I accept it. I can’t handle this. Taking away the ability to have you in my arms is worse than cutting off my oxygen supply.”

I stroke my fingers down her arm, she freezes and screams, “No is a fucking full sentence. Don’t touch me.”

Retracting my hand from her, I roll over, unable to look at her. It hurts. The pain is the worst I’ve ever endured.

“Dad was right, you know. You’re not good enough for me.”

Like a bullet to my chest, I’m bleeding out. Hearing those words from her is too much to bear.

“I know I’m not, Princess. I never have been. I never will be. I’m trash and you’re a fucking treasure.”

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

NASH



Six Weeks Later...

THE LAST WORDS Ivy spoke to me were that I wasn't good enough for her. She treats me like an unwelcome guest. Every night she takes her dinner into her studio. I sit at the table by myself. I have continued doing Matt's job, which I never wanted. The job that destroyed everything we had.

When she comes back into the kitchen to put her dishes in the dishwasher, I try to get through to her.

"Ivy, we need to talk. We can't continue like this, Princess. Living together like strangers."

"You're right, Nash. We can't. I agree."

She closes the dishwasher and approaches the table, "One of us needs to move out. I'll let you decide who it's going to be."

Her words take all the breath from my lungs. The pain in my chest is intense. I was right before. I've lost her. It's over.

"That's not what I meant."

She crosses her arms over her chest and says, "It's what I meant. You have three days to decide."

"Ivy, I love you. Please don't do this."

Raising an eyebrow, she says, "Where were you that night?"

I press my lips together and shake my head, “I can’t.”

“Three days, Nash,” she says and turns, walking away from me.

I’m out of options, so I contact the only person that can possibly help me. I can’t lose, Ivy.

I need to see you. It’s important. I’m in trouble.

What kind of trouble?

I need to see you in person. I can’t talk via text.

I can meet you at the coffee shop in twenty minutes.

I’ll be there.

I find Ivy in her studio painting.

“I’ll be back in a little while. I’m meeting Max for coffee.”

She doesn’t respond or look my way, so I head out.

I walk to the coffee shop to meet him because I’m not comfortable driving a car with a bunch of drugs in it. The less driving time, the better. Besides, it’s only a seven-minute walk.

When I walk in, I find him sitting at a table with Trevor and Hunter. I grab a seat and cast a worried glance at Max, who shrugs, “I didn’t know what we were dealing with.”

I sigh, “Alright, but this needs to stay between us. Ivy is already in enough danger because of me. I don’t want to make it worse.

They all nod, and I proceed to tell them about the mess I’ve found myself in. I’m met with arched eyebrows and the occasional ‘oh shit.’

Max says, “They are in your vehicle? You should move them.”

“Where? Into the apartment with Ivy? No.”

Trevor asks, “When is your next drop-off?”

“Two days.”

Max speaks, “Okay. I’ll go with you. We aren’t drug lords, but we instill a certain fear. I’ve heard of DeLuca. He’s likely heard of us, and won’t want a war, which is exactly what he’d get.”

Hunter asks, “Where is Ivy during all of this?”

I shake my head, “She asked me to move out.”

“Why?” Max asks.

As I explain why she’s so pissed off at me, he takes a swallow of his coffee.

Hunter chuckles, “Jade would have my balls. You’re going to need to tell her.”

“I can’t. It puts her in danger.”

Max says, “She’s already in danger. Her knowing isn’t going to increase that if she doesn’t do something stupid like running her mouth unless you’re willing to lose her. Because if you don’t tell her, that’s exactly what’s going to happen. Hell, it sounds like it already has.”

I glance at Trevor, “Would you tell Mia?”

He nods, “I would tell Mia. She’d have my balls for breakfast. Any woman is going to think you’re fucking around when you refuse to say where you’ve been. It sounds bad.”

I glance over to Max, “Are you going to kill him?”

He shakes his head, “No. Not unless he’s trafficking women. I’m planning to attempt to get you out of this peacefully. Going after him will start a war I’m not interested in. If he starts the battle, I’ll fight it. It’s better for everyone if it doesn’t come to that. Both sides would lose men and women. I’m not prepared to lose anyone.”

I nod in understanding. They have a much smaller team than DeLuca does. It’s clear to me how close they are. It wouldn’t be like losing an employee. These people are family.

“Thank you for your help.”

They rise from their chairs, Hunter says, “Go talk to your girl. If you hadn’t told us the whole story, I would have thought you found a new pussy to play with too. You can’t leave her feeling like that. Not if you love her.”

Without another word, I leave the coffee shop and walk quickly to get back to the apartment and fix things. When I walk into the gallery, I take a deep breath as I make my way to the elevator. As I step into the apartment, I hear Ivy screaming. I run to the bedroom and find her packing my shit in boxes while yelling, ‘fucking piece of shit.’ My patience with her snaps. I grab her by her hips and toss her on the bed. Climbing over her, I straddle her hips and hold her hands above her head, “Fucking brat.”

She glares at me, “Let me go.”

I grin, “I don’t think so, Princess. I told you before, I’ll say it again since you’re confused. You’re mine. I’ll never walk away from you.”

Ivy bucks her hips, trying to throw me off her, but all she accomplishes is grinding her wet pussy into my hard dick. Her face turns beet red in frustration.

“It’s okay, Princess. My cock misses your pussy too.”

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

IVY



I've stayed strong for six long weeks only because I kept Nash at arm's length. Him this close to me has my resolve dissolving fast. I hate the way my traitorous body aches for him.

"This is my fault, Princess. I gave you the illusion that you had more control than you do. I love you and you had the right to be upset. So, I let you act like a fucking brat. That ends now. If you want to be a brat, you will be punished."

I lie immobile as he grinds his cock against my clit.

"If it's your fault maybe you should be punished."

He chuckles against my neck, "Six weeks without touching you, kissing you, fucking this pretty little cunt, I think that's enough punishment."

"Where did you go that night?"

Licking up the side of my neck, he says, "I'm going to tell you everything, but not before I fuck what's mine."

With one hand, he undoes his pants, removes his cock, pushes my shorts to the side, and growls, "Your pussy is crying for me, Princess. So, fucking wet."

Nash pushes inside me with a groan, "Fuck."

He lets go of my wrists, places them on the mattress on either side of me, and presses his lips to mine, kissing me like a wild animal. Biting my bottom lip, his tongue demanding and rough. Our teeth clash as he growls, he's feral.

His thrusts pick up speed and intensity. There's no rhythm, it's chaotic and wild. I wrap my legs around his waist as he slams into me.

“Nash!”

“Good girl. Strangle my fucking cock with this beautiful cunt.”

My pussy squeezes his dick as white spots dot my vision. I dig my nails into his back, screaming for him.

He grunts a deep sound of satisfaction as he comes just seconds after I do.

“You will never again tell me I can't touch you. Kiss you. Fuck you.”

I whimper when he pulls out of me, instantly feeling the loss.

“Do you understand?”

“Yes sir.”

He gets comfortable on the bed, “Come here.”

I crawl in beside him and lay my head on his chest while he tells me where he was when he left me that night. It's far worse than I ever expected.

“So now what?”

Sighing, he pulls me closer, “Max and I are going to talk to him. I didn't want to tell you because if you tell anyone, it could put you in even more danger.”

Kissing his chest, I sigh, “Nash, I would never betray you. Ever.”

I tilt my head back and gaze into his eyes, “Don't ever do this to me again. I thought you were with another woman.”

“Princess, I will never cheat on you. You are everything I want. No other woman could turn my head. I'm in this forever. You're too young right now, but you'll be my wife one day.”

My mouth drops open in shock, and I stare at him, unable to form words.

He growls, “Close that beautiful mouth, or I’ll shove my cock down your throat.”

Nash turns me over onto my back, his lips ghosting over mine, “Yes, baby. You will be mine for this life. And the next one. And any life that comes after that. One lifetime won’t be enough. I will never have my fill of you.”

“Nash,” I breathe.

“So, fucking perfect,” he says before he presses his lips to mine. Sliding his tongue against mine sensually, I moan as he practically makes love to my mouth. When he pulls away, we both stare into each other’s eyes while breathing heavily. So many things are said without a single word being uttered.

“Shower.”

He gets up and goes into the bathroom, leaving me wanting. I groan as I get off the bed, take my clothes off, and follow him to the shower.

When I walk into the room, he has his back to me as he adjusts the shower temperature. I touch the wings tattooed on his back.

Nash steps into the shower, reaches out for my hand, and helps me step in next to him. The water trickles down his body like raindrops. I fight the urge to lick the droplets from his skin.

“Why do you have wings tattooed on your back?”

He runs his fingers down my arm causing shivers to travel through my body, “You don’t like them?”

Shaking my head, I say, “I love them. I love all art. I was only curious about what made you want to get them. If they meant anything to you.”

Leaning his head down, he kisses me on the forehead, “Yes, they mean something. Moments after giving me life, my mother died. She died for me. My mom had a choice between getting life-saving cancer treatment or giving me life. She chose me. The wings are for her. I like to think she gave me to my dad and flew to heaven. I said some horrible things about

her when I was strung out on drugs. It's one of my many regrets."

I reach up and touch his face, "Nash. I'm sorry."

He nods, "It's okay. I never knew her. I miss the idea of her, but not her."

"Because you don't remember her."

Shaking his head, he says, "She held me in her arms as she died."

Nash has many different sides. He's not vulnerable often, but when he is and really lets me in, it's beautiful.

I want to know everything about him, even the painful parts. At this moment, I know I need to talk to my dad. Nash cannot lose the rest of his family for me. We have to fix this. I won't let it go until my dad sees the error of his ways. Family isn't disposable because you don't agree with their choices. That's exactly what I intend to tell him. Nash deserves better than he's currently being given. He has made mistakes. Big mistakes. If he can forgive him for what he did all those years ago, then my dad can forgive him for falling in love with the girl he adopted. I'm sure of it.

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

NASH



Two Days Later...

MAX and I agreed Ivy shouldn't be left home alone in case this meeting doesn't go well. She didn't argue since she wanted to see Dad anyway. Now, we're in my car, driving to DeLuca's compound. Max wanted us to take my car because it's what DeLuca expects to see. This could go badly. He could kill us both tonight. We get out of the vehicle, and the guard pats us both down.

"Boss isn't going to be happy that you brought a friend to work," the guard says, and I shrug. What can I say?

He waves us in, "He's waiting for you. In you go."

I carry my bag holding an insane amount of cash, and approach the sitting room where DeLuca sits nursing a whiskey. Max stops as soon as we enter the room, I glance at him, and his shocked expression confuses me.

"Mac? Why are you here?"

DeLuca drags a hand down his face, "Max. I could ask you the same thing."

I whisper to Max, "That's Domenic DeLuca."

He grins, "Gentlemen, sit," and nods to the two chairs in front of him.

We both take a seat, "Explain yourself," Max says.

Domenic chuckles, “I don’t take orders from anyone. Since I’ve always considered you a friend, I’ll enlighten you.

“That night we met, we were hunting the same man. You, because he was your target. Me, because Sidney owed me just shy of a million dollars. I have many connections, but you had one I did not. We operate in different parts of the world. Our businesses do not intersect. However, that night they did. I had no plans to keep in contact with you. When you offered me a job, I was surprised. I took it because I thought it might be mutually beneficial.”

Max shakes his head in disapproval, “I’ve considered you a friend for years, and I didn’t even know your name.”

DeLuca nods, “Yes. It’s a shock, I know. What brings you here, Max?”

Max sighs as he grips the sides of the chair he’s sitting in, “Nash here is working for me. I’m happy to compensate you financially. However, his employment with you is finished. I’d like to settle this amicably, but ultimately the ball is in your court, *Domenic*.”

The name Domenic drips off his tongue like acid. His jaw is tight. Max is pissed but trying to maintain his composure.

“Financial compensation,” DeLuca says as if he’s mulling it over in his brain.

Max says, “Exactly. Consider it like buying out a contract.”

“Two million dollars which,” DeLuca glares at me, “Is a steal considering the amount of money Matteo made for me.”

Max runs a hand through his hair, “Fine. You may arrange for one of your men to pick up the cash tomorrow.”

DeLuca laughs, “Or you could transfer it now. I have computers you can use.”

“Not a fucking chance. I don’t trust you. I’m not logging into my bank accounts from your computer.”

Domenic chuckles and takes a swallow of his whiskey, “Fair enough, friend. Noon tomorrow at the lookout.”

Max nods, "Fine. I expect you to leave Nash and Ivy Lexington alone. If I hear otherwise, I'll consider it an act of war."

"A war you'd never win," DeLuca says.

With an arched eyebrow, Max says, "Don't underestimate us."

He smiles, "I don't. The fact is, I have far more men than you do. Yours are lethal, but if you lost even one, it'd be devastating. My men are employees. Yours are family. You have far more to lose in a war than I do."

Max rises out of his seat, and the guard standing behind him moves in but doesn't touch him, "Is that a threat?"

DeLuca laughs, "No. It's a fact. I have no interest in a war with you, Max. Your boy is free to go as long as the cash is exchanged tomorrow. I give you my word that his sister\girlfriend is safe from me."

I get up and hand the bag to DeLuca, "Here."

Opening the bag, he looks through it quickly, no doubt making sure I haven't shorted him. He retrieves two bundles of cash, "Your pay."

I shake my head, "No, thank you. Keep it. I still don't want drug money."

His face shows his disapproval, "Very well, but it all spends the same."

Max gives one last look at DeLuca and says, "Let's go. We are done here."

We both get into the vehicle, Max on the driver's side, and he starts to drive. He's quiet for a while. Eventually, he speaks, "I'm not in the habit of simply giving away two million dollars. You will work it off."

"Thank you."

I'm aware if it weren't for Max, Ivy and I both would've likely been killed tonight. I could fight him under normal circumstances, but one of his men would have shot me.

As he turns onto his street, he says, “Mia will be in contact when she needs you. Show her the same respect you show me. Willow wants everyone to come for dinner this weekend. She has asked me to invite you and Ivy as well.”

I nod, “Ivy would like that.”

He pulls up outside his house and parks, “It’s whatever they want. Happy wife, happy life.”

After Max gets out, I take a cleansing breath and drive back to Mercy and Dad’s house to pick Ivy up.

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

NASH



I pull up outside my father's house, park on the street and text Ivy to let her know I'm here. I'm careful not to agitate him by even parking in the driveway. A few minutes later, it isn't Ivy I see coming out of the house, and it's my dad. I've respected his wishes and stayed away from him and Mercy. I don't want a scene. I have no problem going head-to-head in a battle with him, but I'm doing this for Ivy. I do not want her to have to choose between her family and me. I say her family because he's made it clear I am no longer part of their lives. He opens the passenger side door and slides in.

Raising an eyebrow, I ask, "What are you doing?"

He rubs his hand across his jaw, "I had a talk with Ivy tonight."

Suddenly, my chest is tight, and I'm finding it hard to draw a breath. He's out here, she's not. He had a talk with her. My heart pounds as my brain goes into overdrive.

"She's staying," I say quietly. More to myself than to him.

He stares at me in wonder, "She's not."

Sighing, I ask, "Then why are you in my car?"

"I've been instructed to make amends. I tend to get insanely protective over the women in our family. I did the same thing with Elle. I'm not proud of it. Ivy says I treated you like you were disposable. She's not wrong. I apologize."

Shaking my head, I say, "You weren't wrong. I am not good enough for her. I never will be."

He shifts in his seat, turning to face me, “Son, you made a mistake. A horrible mistake under the influence of drugs. You paid your debt to society. You have apologized numerous times. It’s time we all let that go and move on. As my wife says, forgiveness means not continuing to punish a person for something they truly regret. You have made amends.”

“What about the issue of Ivy and I being together?”

My dad runs a hand through his hair again, “I’m not going to say it’s easy to know both of my children are together romantically. It’s strange. I’m still attempting to get a handle on it. I’m aware you two are not biologically related. You didn’t even know each other until recently. I’m working on it. I guess, I’m asking for a little patience while I get there. I only have one request.”

I nod as I wait to hear what he’s asking me for.

“Be good to her. Don’t hurt her, Nash. She’s young. Her heart is huge, and she’d easily sacrifice her needs for yours. Don’t let her. If you truly care about her, do the right thing.”

I nod, “Ivy’s needs are always ahead of mine. I will protect her with my life. I give you my word, she’s safe with me. My first priority is always her well-being, physically, mentally, and emotionally.”

He smiles for the first time since he found out about us, “Then we don’t have a problem, son.”

I extend my hand to shake his, but he chuckles, “I’m your fucking father. Don’t shake my hand like I’m a business acquaintance. Your family deserves hugs.”

Leaning over, he wraps his arms around me and hugs me. I’m overcome with emotion at the gesture.

“I love you, son.”

I sigh softly, “Love you too, Dad.”

“Ivy will be right out, I assume. She’s been staring at us through the window since I came out here.”

I laugh, “I noticed.”

Opening the car door, he steps out, “Let’s get drinks next weekend. I’ve missed you.”

I nod and spot Ivy coming out of the house. He walks up to her and pulls her in for a hug and kisses her on the cheek before he heads back inside.

Ivy takes his vacated seat, and I drive off after she buckles herself in.

“Everything okay?” She asks.

Glancing at her, I say, “Yeah. Everything is fine, baby.”

As I pull into my spot outside the gallery, she says, “Are you even going to tell me how it went with DeLuca?”

I laugh, “It went fine mostly. It’s done. I’m free.”

The most radiant smile appears on her face, “Thank God.”

I nod, get out, and walk around to her side, opening the door for her, “I am going to be working for Max and Mia for a little while. I don’t know exactly what that will look like, so I don’t have many details. You’re going to need to trust me if I say I have to leave for a bit.”

We stand on the street outside the gallery, and she jumps into my arms, “I’m so happy, Nash.”

I carry her to the door, unlock it, and disable the alarm. Walking through the door with her in my arms, she says, “We should celebrate.”

After closing the door behind me, I slide her down my body, brush her hair from her neck, and kiss her softly just below her earlobe, “I’ll be celebrating, Princess.”

“How?” She breathes.

“After what you did tonight, I’m going to worship your body in gratitude. Every stroke of my tongue will show you how I feel about you. I will not fuck you until I’m drenched in your sweet cum.”

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

IVY



He pulls me into the bedroom and runs his knuckles down my cheek, I close my eyes in response, and he growls, “No, Princess. You will watch me devour your sweet body. You will not hide from me.”

When I open them, I’m met with his gaze, which is so intense that I can feel my skin heating.

“Good girl. You’re so fucking good, Ivy. I don’t deserve you.”

“That’s not true,” I say quietly, barely above a whisper.

He grabs the hem of my shirt and pulls it over my head, carelessly tossing it on the floor. Without missing a beat, he pushes my skirt to the floor, so I’m standing in nothing besides my pale pink bra and matching lace thong.

Dropping to his knees, he unbuttons his dress shirt and tosses it with my shirt, “It is true. I will spend every day of the rest of my life striving to become the man you deserve. *The man who deserves you.*”

He presses his face against my panties, “You smell so fucking good, Princess. You smell like you’re mine.”

I whimper, “Nash.”

He gazes up the length of my body until he reaches my face, “That needy little sound makes me lose my mind. It makes me want to pin your delicious body down and force you to make it over and over again, just for me.”

Pressing his face to my panties again, he sucks my clit through the thin fabric. I grab his shoulders, so I don't fall over.

Nash grabs both sides of my panties and quickly pushes them down my legs. He rises from his knees and unsnaps my bra and pulls it down my arms before discarding it with my shirt. Leaning forward, he takes my nipple into his mouth and licks it like he would my pussy before moving to the other one and giving it the same treatment.

“On the bed. Legs spread wide.”

I walk over to the bed and crawl on my hands and knees.

Nash groans, “Jesus, Princess. You're going to make me forget my plans and sink my cock into that sweet pussy.”

When I roll over to my back, I spot Nash naked at the end of the bed. Our stares are heated as we take each other's bodies in. He stands with his hands on the top of the canopy, the muscles in his arms bulging. If I'm not careful, I'm going to drool all over myself.

Nash climbs on the bed between my spread legs, hovering over me. He places a hand on the mattress on either side of me, “Loving you is the best thing I've ever done in my life. It's the only decision I've never regretted. You're beautiful inside and out. And mine.”

He slams his lips to mine, kissing me aggressively, taking my breath away.

I slide my fingers into his hair as he swipes his tongue against mine and then sucks it into his mouth. His tongue trails from below my earlobe down my neck to my shoulders. He keeps moving downward, caressing my entire body with his lips and tongue. I groan when he's between my thighs, and I think I'm going to get the release I desperately need, but instead, he kisses the inside of my thighs thoroughly.

“Nash,” I moan.

He spreads me wide open, “Is this where you want to be kissed, baby?”

“Yes,” I cry out in desperation.

“Beg me, Princess. Tell me how bad you need my tongue.”

I grab onto his hair with both hands and try to pull him into me, and he chuckles.

“Please, Nash. I need it. I need you,” I whimper, “Please.”

“Fucking good girl,” he growls and slides his tongue inside me. When I start to move, he grabs my hips and pins me down. Pulling out of me temporarily, he says, “Fucking take it.” Then he goes back to thrusting his tongue in and out of my pussy, while I moan helplessly.

Moving his tongue up to my clit, he circles it slowly and then gives it quick flicks while still holding me down.

He bites my nub and growls, “Fucking come for me. Feed me. I need it.”

I scream through my orgasm, unable to move, while Nash watches me like he’s captivated by my every sound. When he slows down, and I think he’s going to stop, he doesn’t. He licks, bites, and sucks me for what feels like hours before he climbs back onto his knees, places my legs over his shoulders, and thrusts into me.

“Nash. I love you.”

He stops momentarily and moves my legs off his shoulders before climbing over me, “Every fucking time you say that I lose my breath. I love you so fucking much, Ivy. So fucking much it should probably be a red flag.”

I smile, “Your color blind. I think it’s pink.”

He slides his tongue across the seam of my lips and then kisses me hard while pushing in and out of me. I grab onto his shoulders and meet his every thrust.

“I’m going to come, baby. You feel too good.”

“Nash, come for me.”

He groans, “Jesus Christ. My Princess. My Goddess. My fucking everything.”

When he comes, I feel his cock twitch inside me, and it makes me orgasm again. He grabs onto me and pulls me as he rolls to his back, holding me to his front.

“I’m going to leak all over you.”

He chuckles, “I don’t care. We’ll take a shower in a little while.”

“Thank you for saving me.”

Nash gazes down at me, “From what?”

“From myself. I was on a dangerous path. You saved me.”

He pushes the hair out of my face and stares at me, “We saved each other, Ivy. I don’t know how this happened or why. You should have been the one woman I stayed far away from. I couldn’t. I think there’s a bigger reason for it.”

“Like God?”

“Or my mom?”

He’s silent for a few minutes before adding, “I don’t really know. I just think somehow, someway this was meant to happen. We were supposed to save each other.”

EPILOGUE ONE



NASH

*T*hree years later...

THE LAST THREE years of my life have been beyond my wildest dreams. I sleep every night with a beautiful woman in my arms and wake up with her wrapped around me every morning. Today is Ivy's twenty-first birthday. She wanted to spend the day painting, and she has, but that's about to end. I'm not letting her spend the entire evening of her big day at home. Everything I have planned is a surprise.

I set out a dress, panties, shoes, and a bra for her on the bed. I don't want her to have to think about what to wear tonight. It needs to be stress-free for her. She'd probably refuse if she knew how many people were coming to celebrate with us. Ivy deserves to be celebrated.

Walking into her studio, I take in her beauty from behind. Her long dark hair is in a tight ponytail, and she's humming to herself, as she paints slow strokes in red, so stunning. When she senses me and turns on her stool, I hand her a wet towel, "Clean your hands."

"I'm painting."

I shake my head, "Be a good girl, and do what you're told. You *were* painting. Now you're not."

She blows a hair out of her face and cleans her hands on the towel.

“What’s so important?”

“I need to talk to you.”

Ivy nods, “Okay. I’m sorry.”

Nodding, I say, “The night I spanked you against the tree you changed my life. I became obsessed with you. As much as I tried to convince myself I’d stay away from you, deep down, I knew I wouldn’t. It wasn’t because you were hot, although you most definitely are, there was something in you that called to me. My pain recognized your pain. We healed each other. The night I took your virginity, I made you mine. I’m asking you now to be mine forever.”

I drop to my knees and pull her down to the floor with me, pull the ring out of my pocket, and say, “I need you to be my wife like you wouldn’t believe. I’ve waited three years for you to get older. It’s time now. Will you marry me?”

Ivy presses her face to my chest and cries softly. Suddenly, I panic. It’s too soon. She’s still only twenty-one years old. Today is the first day she can legally drink.

“Is it too soon?”

She pulls back and gazes at me, “It could never be too soon, Nash. I love you. Of course, I’ll marry you.”

I cradle her face in my hands, “Thank you,” and press my lips to hers, kissing her softly then slide the three-carat solitaire diamond ring onto her finger. She stares at it with pride, which is exactly what I wanted. I spent months picking out the perfect ring for her. I wanted something as beautiful as she is. This is the closest I could find.

“Your clothes are on the bed. Go get ready, we have plans.”

Ivy bats her eyelashes at me, “Wouldn’t you rather stay home and fuck your fiancée?”

I sigh, “Probably, yes. We have plans, go get ready. I’ll have plenty of time to fuck my fiancée’.”

She giggles and gets up and runs off to the bedroom. I get up and clean her paintbrushes for her. I know she’ll be pissed

when she realizes she forgot to take care of them.

Ivy comes in wearing the white dress I bought for her. It has a thin fabric covered in diamonds that lays over the white satin. It falls just below the knee with a slit up the side.

“You look stunning, Princess.”

She smiles shyly, “Thank you.”

I make a circle with my finger, “Let me see the back.”

When she turns around, my cock throbs nearly to the point of pain. The dress has a low back, covering just above her ass. Her skin is flawless.

“Fucking gorgeous. We better go before I change my mind.”

I stroke her naked back while we walk to the elevator. She shivers beneath my touch and fuck me, I love that.

She’s surprised, to say the least when we pull into the parking lot of Xander’s bar.

“I might be overdressed.”

“You’re not,” I assure her as we walk to the door. She spots the sign that reads ‘Closed for Private Event.’

“They’re closed. We will have to go somewhere else.”

I chuckle as I open the door for her and escort her inside. When we make it to the bar area, she gasps, completely shocked as she takes in her friends and family.

People rush over to hug her, “Congratulations and Happy Birthday,” Dad says as he pulls her in for an embrace.

When they separate, she looks at the twinkling lights overhead, “Did you do this?” She asks me.

I nod, “Anything for you.”

Mercy reaches for her and whispers something I can’t hear in her ear. When she pulls back, Ivy has tears rolling down her cheeks, “Thank you, Mom.”

I’m taken aback when Mercy reaches for me and asks to speak to me privately. I look at my dad, and he smiles, “It’s

fine. I trust you with my wife.”

I try to play it cool as I follow Mercy to the bar, but my heart feels like it might explode. Things have been good for the last three years with both of them, but I keep my distance from her. I am very aware of not crossing a boundary and being respectful of the past I’ll never forget.

She orders two whiskeys, and when the bartender sets them down, she raises her glass to mine, “Congratulations, Nash.”

“Thank you.”

“You aren’t the same man you were eighteen years ago. You’ve changed. I’ve never seen my daughter this happy. Thank you. But I need you to do something for me.”

I nod, “Anything.”

She takes a deep breath, “I forgave you a long time ago. Your dad has forgiven you. It’s time for you to forgive yourself.”

Shaking my head, “I don’t know how you know, but I can’t.”

Reaching out, she touches my arm affectionately, “I see it every time you look at me. You punish yourself by reliving that night. Set yourself free, Nash. The judge didn’t give you life in prison. You gave that to yourself. The prison doors are wide open, walk out.”

EPILOGUE TWO

Ten Years Later...

I stand behind the Christmas tree watching my husband play with our twins. We adopted them at birth three years ago. I was concerned that we wouldn't have the bond with them that their birth mother could have. That concern was put to rest the second we held them for the first time. They were in the hospital for months after they were born. Mackenzie and Madison are identical twins. Both of them were born addicted to heroin. It was a painful experience to watch them suffer so much. That combined with them being born three months early meant a lengthy hospital stay.

I watch my husband playing with our carbon copy three-year-old girls and my heart is filled with joy. Nash was concerned that he might not be a good father. I know his heart, so I wasn't. Holding them both on his lap, he's telling them to keep it down so Mommy can sleep.

Mommy.

I never dreamed I'd have a husband and two children. As much as I wanted a successful art career, I craved this so much more. People posting online that they finally got an 'Ivy Lexington painting' never gets old. But this right here, is the perfect life. We have problems from time to time. We argue. Nash is a dominating pain in the ass sometimes. Still, the good outweighs the bad by far.

"It looks like Santa came," I say, announcing my presence.

Nash's eyes move up and down my body several times before settling on my face, "Merry Christmas beautiful wife."

I giggle, "Merry Christmas."

"Merry Kissmas," both of the twins echo us.

There was concern from the doctors that there may be developmental delays with one or both of them, but we've been lucky. So far both of our girls are happy and healthy.

I sit on the floor in front of the tree and all three of them come sit with me so we can open presents. We let the kids open theirs first, but I swear they are more interested in playing with the boxes than they are with the toys inside.

Nash hands me a box, "Open it, Princess."

I grin at him and open it slowly, not wanting to destroy the beautiful red and gold wrapping paper. It's a jewelry box, so I pop it open. It's a stunning platinum bracelet with charms, a paint pallet, two little girls with the girls' birthstones, and a book with 'One lifetime is not enough' on it. Nash pulls me onto his lap while our daughters play with the wrapping paper.

"I love you, Princess. Always. One lifetime is not enough. If I get my wish, I'll have another million lifetimes with you."

Wrapping my arms around his neck, I breathe into his neck, "I hope you get your wish because it's mine too."

He kisses me softly, but we're interrupted by two toddlers jumping on us like we're a trampoline. They knock us both to the floor. We laugh loud, and I realize this is the soundtrack I want for my life. Laughter. Happiness.

Both Nash and I have been through our own personal hell. I'd go through it all over again to be where I am right now. I know people thought it was gross that we were together. Adopted siblings should not fuck. They certainly have no business getting married. I disagree. This world is not kind. You should find love where you can find it. I just happened to find mine in the arms of my adopted brother.

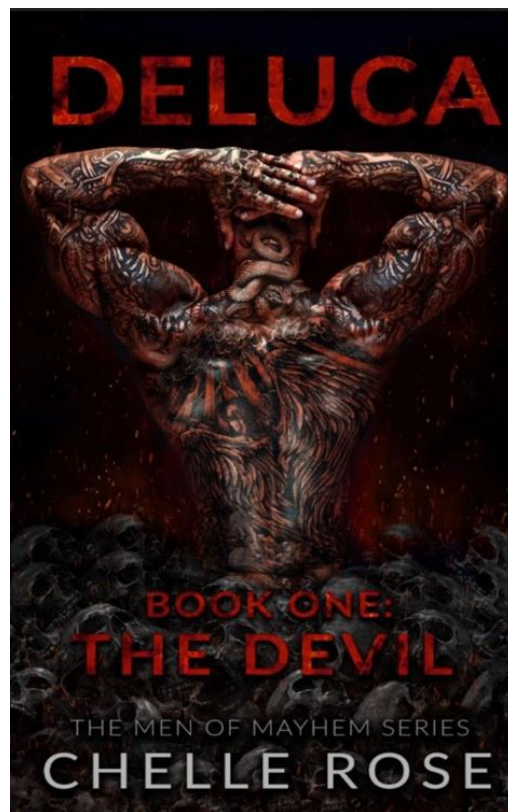
The End!

SNEAK PEAK: DELUCA THE DEVIL

Sneak Peak

DeLuca: The Devil

Book One: The Men of Mayhem Series



Gia Baratta

My death was ordered by my father. It's not in the way you think. He didn't order a hit on me but forcing me to go after his mortal enemy is a death sentence.

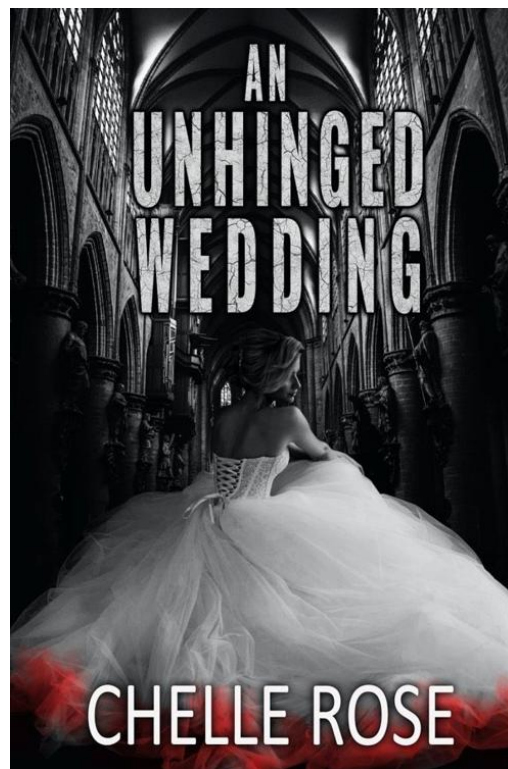
Domenic DeLuca, or the Devil as I know him, is not a man you toy with. I'm well aware when I walk into his lair, I'll never get out alive. When he develops a fondness for my body it will keep me alive for a little while. The end result will still be the same. Sex. Torture. Eventual death. No one escapes his clutches. Can I make him fall for me and set me free? Or will the most dangerous thing happen to me? Will I fall in love with the devil himself?

Domenic DeLuca

When Antonio Baratta sends his daughter to distract me from business so he can steal my territory, I'm delighted. I have men under me, it will never happen. They don't call me Lord of Drug Lords for nothing. The rumors are that I am Lucifer himself. When I finish with Gia Baratta, she will be wishing I was the devil. He'd go easier on her than I will. There's no doubt, I will end her life. Just not before I have my fill of that sweet little body made for sin.

[DeLuca: The Devil](#)

SNEAK PEAK: AN UNHINGED WEDDING



*M*y wedding was supposed to be the day of my dreams. I'm a psycho so it kind of was. The love of my life. The blood of my enemies. My assassin family at my side. It was everything I wanted it to be.

Then came...

LIES.

Secrets.

Betrayal.

HE'S MY HUSBAND. I don't believe in not seeing things through. But after what he's done, I cannot imagine a way to make this work. Can love heal this broken marriage? What if love is not enough?

AN UNHINGED WEDDING

CHAPTER ONE:

I stand in the bedroom watching Mia on the balcony. The rain is pouring down but she doesn't care, in fact she loves it. Her head is tipped to the sky taking in the power of the lightning flashing in the darkness. Yes, I still like watching my girl when she has no idea I'm there. The way she moves is intoxicating. Every subtle thing she does is mesmerizing. I can't get enough. Never will.

She turns around, a smirk on her beautiful lips, "Hey Stalker. See something you like?"

I allow my gaze to travel up and down her delectable body. Her blond hair hangs down past her shoulders blowing from the wind, those perky tits with pebbled nipples poking through the thin fabric of her shirt, the swell of her hips make my cock hard as fuck, "Yes, Kitten. The view I have right now is fucking exquisite."

While I haven't mentioned getting married since I proposed to her, it's killing me. I want to make her mine permanently. But I said I'd give her time and she would tell me when she's ready. Mia hasn't said a word so I stay silent on the subject, as much as it pains me.

Her black tank top is drenched and the fabric clings to her skin in the most delicious way. Rain water beads on her skin making me want to lick it all away. I want to literally drink her. She grabs the hem of her shirt and pulls it over her head, dropping it on the chair beside her.

"Inside, Kitten. Now."

She pulls her bottom lip between her teeth, “I don’t want to.”

Arching an eyebrow I glare at her, “Is that so? Do you like coming? Do as you’re told or I’ll edge you to within an inch of your life.”

Without another word, I go back inside and quickly get undressed. I stand on the far side of the room while Mia contemplates her choices. My girl likes to be defiant. Someone that doesn’t know her like I do would think it’s because she needs control after the years of abuse she went through. It’s not like that with us. It has nothing to do with those asshole’s and what they did to her. Mia likes being punished. She enjoys being spanked. When I grab her throat and fuck her like I hate her, she comes so fucking hard. Edging, however, is not her favorite. Orgasm Denial is even worse. My kitten enjoys her orgasms. She doesn’t like it when they’re taken away. That’s how I know she’s about to do whatever the fuck she’s told. She comes inside and lowers her head, “I’m sorry. I’m here.”

“Take your shorts off. Get on your hands and knees.”

She drags her shorts down her legs and moves to the bed.

“On the floor.”

She gasps, “You’re going to fuck me on the floor?”

I can’t help the smirk that develops, “I will fuck you wherever I please, beautiful psycho. Get. On. Your. Fucking. Hands. And. Knees. I will not ask again.”

Mia lowers herself to the floor, getting on her hands and knees. She gazes at me with her green glowing eyes.

“Crawl to me.”

I know her well by now. She’s considering whether she wants to crawl on her hands and knees for me or if she wants to tell me to go fuck myself. I’ve craved this since the night I broke into her house and tasted her while she slept.

“And if I don’t?” She snorts.

Instantly I get harder. I fucking love it when she’s a brat.

“Either way, I’m going to lick, suck, and fuck you, Kitten. It’s up to you whether or not you get to come. Life is full of choices baby girl however, every choice has a consequence.”

I also know she doesn’t hate this. She loves it when I’m dirty with her. Mia loves having every hole filled. When my come drips out of her, it turns her on as much as it does me. My girl is fucking filthy and I love it.

She begins to crawl toward me and I groan, “Good girl. Fuck, you look so perfect like this.”

I spread my thighs and stroke myself while I watch her crawl for me. Fuck, she’s so beautiful. She moans while she watches me touch myself. Mia crawls between my legs and kneels for me.

“Was that really so bad?”

She shakes her head, “New kink unlocked.”

“Tell me what you want, Kitten.”

Her eyes haven’t strayed from my cock, until now. She gazes into my eyes, “I want to watch you. Then I want you to paint my body with your cum.”

Jesus fucking Christ. This woman.

My voice comes out gravely, “Is that what you want Mia? Or is that what you think I want?”

“I want it. So much. Please. Let me watch you. You’ve watched me. Now I want to watch you.”

“Spit on my cock. Get it wet for me, baby girl.”

She moves so she’s standing on her knees and spits on my dick, her saliva connects from her mouth to my cock in a string, fuck. I want to slam into her throat so badly but this is what she wants. What my dirty girl wants, she gets.

When I begin stroking myself again, she grips her hands on my thighs, digging her nails into my flesh. I gaze at her perfect tits, her nipples are pebbled, her mouth is slightly parted, her eyes a wild green watching my every movement with eagerness.

“You like that, Kitten?”

She moans, “Yes. God, yes.”

“How does watching me feel, baby?”

“It makes me feel excited. Like I’m doing something bad, but it feels good. My pussy is aching for you.”

“On the bed.”

She rises from the floor and goes to the bed, every few steps looking back at me like she might miss something.

When she gets on the bed I tell her, “Spread your legs. Play with your beautiful pussy for me, Kitten.”

I climb on the bed, between her legs, and continue stroking myself. Her pussy is so wet, pink, and absolutely fucking glistening.

“Fuck yourself. Let me hear how fucking wet I make you.”

She slides two fingers into her pussy and fuck me if I don’t thoroughly enjoy the obscene sound it makes.

I start fucking my hand fast and hard. I need to give her what she wants so I can have what I want. I want to be inside that beautiful cunt.

Watching her pleasure herself does me in. She screams out while her back arches off the bed, her lip is pulled between her teeth as she howls in ecstasy.

“Good girl. Such a good girl. Every fucking fantasy I’ve ever had.”

I feel the tingle in the base of my spine moving through my body, I groan as I orgasm and shoot cum on her tits and abdomen.

“Fuck, you look good with my cum on your body, Kitten.”

She watches me still stroking myself with surprise.

“I’m not done. Need to fuck you. Hard.”

Mia moans, “Yes. I need you.”

“Beg for my cock, Kitten.”

She doesn't skip a beat, "Please. Trev. I need you to fill me, like only you can. I'm yours. Fuck me and show me you're also mine."

God damn she's good. All I wanted was please, but as usual, she takes it even further, showing me why she's so perfect for me.

Lining my cock up with her pussy, I slam inside her. I move so I'm hovering over her, my hands on the mattress on either side of her head, "This pussy is mine, Kitten. Fuck. I love every inch of you."

Rubbing her clit with my pelvis on every thrust, she's getting close. She meets every thrust aggressively, moaning, "I don't want to wait. I can't."

I have no idea what she's talking about.

"Come for me, baby girl."

Her cunt strangles my cock as she cries out, her nails dig into my shoulders, "Make me yours, Trevor. Fuck. Make me yours."

I continue fucking her, "You are mine. I am yours."

"Marry me, Trevor. I don't want to wait."

I freeze.

"Did you just agree to marry me covered in my cum and my dick buried inside your sweet cunt?"

AFTERWORD

I thought long and hard about whether to include this in the book. Obviously, I decided to. So here we go.

When I first wrote *Nash in Mercy* I had no idea what he would become. However, as my son began to use both heroin and fentanyl this book was what I needed. I wrote this book for me. I needed to write a story where the main character had been through this terrible cycle of addiction. I needed desperately for that character to find his way out and be happy. I don't know how my son's story will end. Every day I hope that today is the day he gets clean. I'm still waiting. I'm still hoping.

If you have been affected by drug and/or alcohol addiction I'm so sorry for what you have been through. I sincerely hope you find the healing you deserve.

~ Chelle Rose

For referrals to substance use and mental health treatment programs, call the Substance Abuse and Mental Health Administration (SAMHSA) National Helpline at 1-800-662-HELP (4357) or visit www.FindTreatment.gov to find a qualified healthcare provider in your area.

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To my Readers: Gah! I love you so much. When I published my first book and barely anybody read it, I was pretty sure that's how it was going to go. I was wrong. I am so grateful to you for giving this small indie author a chance. I've gotten so many wonderful messages from readers telling me

they loved my book. Thank you. Those messages always make my day.

To J: I'm not sure if you'll ever read this but I thought about the loved one you lost while I was writing this book. I'm so sorry he couldn't be saved. What you went through is tragic. I wish I had words to ease the pain. I just don't.

To E.J: You were the reason I wrote this book. Every day, I know you are on the streets, pumping your body full of heroin and fentanyl. It breaks my heart constantly. Every time you're arrested a part of me hopes they'll keep you long enough to kick this habit. They never do. I felt the need to write a book where the main character had a drug problem but got off the drugs and found happiness. Because this is my wish for you. I must hold on to the hope that one day you'll be clean. I love you to the moon and back. I've loved you since I found out I was pregnant with you. I've never stopped. I never will.

ALSO BY CHELLE ROSE

Mercy.

Finding Mercy.

Unhinged