

Daddy's

BOSS

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Daddy's Poss

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Daddy's Poss

She was given to the boss ... but Daddy has to watch.

Chapter One



LACY

I hop off the bus, happy that this will be the last time I'll ever have to use it. I'm the only senior at my high school that rides the bus because my father won't allow me to drive or get a ride from a friend. Not that I have any friends I could ask. It's hard to stay in with any group of friends when you can't hang out or even text.

My parents are crazy strict, and I don't understand it. I'm freaking eighteen, and I was sure when I had my birthday last week things would change for the better. Nope. I begged and pleaded to at least get a phone, but I was told no. If I wanted one I'd have to buy it myself. I might be an adult, but I still live under my father's roof, which means he rules our home and my life.

I hate him.

I'd be more than happy to get a job if it got me out of this house. When I told him I would get one, he said he'd think about it. Now I'm starting to feel trapped with no way out. Can someone run away at my age? There's nowhere for me to go, and I hate the hopelessness that washes over me.

With how I feel, it makes me wonder how my mother does it. He keeps her on a tight leash too. She turned into a robot, but I guess she's always been that way. I try to search my mind back to my childhood as I make my way toward the house.

When I see a black SUV parked outside on the curb, I wonder if someone is visiting. I'm sure my father knows it's here because he's always so paranoid. He has cameras all over the outside of the house. Hell, I wouldn't be surprised if they're inside too.

I'm not sure what my father does for work, but he spends his days in his

office, and often he goes out after dinner, which I'm thankful for. I hear him stumble home drunk most nights, but I'll never understand why Mom is so unbothered by it. I don't think I'd like my husband going out most nights and stumbling home drunk with no clue where or who he's been with.

The worst is when I hear the two of them going at it after he gets home—and I don't mean fighting. Thankfully, it never lasts but a minute or two, and I can usually ignore it.

I stop when I get to the SUV and glance inside. All the windows are blacked out, so I can't tell if anyone is in it, but I do notice that it's running. Just then the back window rolls down, revealing the handsomest man I've ever seen in my life.

"Lacy." He smirks.

"You know my name?" I squeak in surprise.

"What are you doing, girl? Get in this house!" I spin around to see my father standing on the porch. "Leave Corano alone."

"It's Mr. Corano to you, John," the man says, and I stand there a bit shocked. I've never seen or heard anyone correct my father. That only makes this Corano guy hotter than he already is.

My father's jaw tightens like it always does when he's annoyed. "Sorry, sir. Lacy, get in the house," he orders again. This time I don't move because my feet feel stuck.

"Go on," Corano encourages, and I start to walk away from him. I'd rather stay and stare at the handsome man, but he clearly wants me gone.

I hurry up the stairs of the porch, and my father hisses at me, "To your room and don't come out until I send your mother to collect you for dinner."

"What are we having for dinner?" I ask, but I'm stalling.

I peek over my shoulder to see Corano is now out of the SUV and strolling up the sidewalk toward us. I could tell he was a big man when he was inside the car, but he's way bigger than I thought. I don't think I've seen anything built the way he is.

He's not big in the same way as my father, whose belly hangs over his slacks, and the buttons of his shirts are always straining. Father isn't tall either. This Corano is easily close to seven feet, and even though he's built, his suit fits him perfectly.

"In," my father snaps at me again, and I bolt into the house and up the stairs to my bedroom.

The whole time, I'm wondering who Corano is and if he's staying. We

never have guests at dinner. My dad will sometimes have people over, but they stay in his office and, more often than not, I have to stay in my room. I'm starting to think I'm an embarrassment to him. The last year he's grown worse with keeping me locked inside the house.

Glancing at myself in the full-length mirror attached to my closet door, I'm thankful I don't have to wear my school uniform anymore. Over the last year, my boobs finally came in, so my polo shirt is snug across my chest. Did my boobs come in or did I gain weight?

A lot of my clothes don't fit anymore, which forces the waistline of my skirt higher. Thankfully, it's got some stretch to it, but it used to hit above the knees, and now it comes to mid-thigh. My height hasn't changed, so it has to be the weight gain since my hips are fuller too.

I turn back to face the mirror and lift my skirt to reveal my simple white panties. They're plain, and I wonder if this is how I'll be forever. Stuck in this bedroom with my plain clothes and dull life and nothing to look forward to.

"Lacy." I drop my skirt at the sound of my mom's voice, and a second later she opens my bedroom door. "It's time for dinner."

"Now?" I glance at the clock on my nightstand and see it's nowhere near dinner time. Not that I'm complaining.

Both of my parents have been on me about what I eat lately. That's probably the answer to my question. I must have put some on since all my meals have been cut down and I've had to sneak snacks. Thankfully, I can get anything from the lunchroom or vending machine on my student card. They never mention how much I spend, and there doesn't seem to be a limit. But now that school is over, I'll have to ration.

"Yes, come downstairs now."

"Can I change?" I'm still in my uniform.

"Your father said you need to come right now."

"Okay." She holds my door open, and I walk out.

When I hit the bottom step, I see my father's office door is open, but no one is inside. I make my way down the hallway and stop at the dining room where my father and Mr. Corano are sitting.

"Lacy." My father's voice is tight. "I want to introduce you to Mr. Corano." Mr. Corano stands and offers me his hand.

"You can call me Corano for now."

For now? I take his hand, expecting to shake it, but he ends up snagging

me around the wrist and pulling me into him. He grunts when my body collides with his. Warmth explodes through me. As much as I enjoy the feeling of Corano's big body against mine, I try to push back, knowing I'm about to be in so much trouble.

"You're not getting away from me now," he says as he leans down to whisper into my ear, "I've been waiting for this. It's been a year since I first saw you."

His teeth sink into my neck, and I let out a small gasp. The pain shoots straight between my thighs as heat settles low in my stomach. My fingers dig into the front of his shirt as my body experiences an array of sensations and emotions.

"Father?" I have no idea what is happening right now, but Corano is the one that responds.

"I'm your daddy now." Corano lifts his head, and his dark eyes meet mine. The intensity and hunger I see in them makes my breath hitch.

"Drinks?" my mother asks as she enters the dining room, oblivious to what's happening. She sets my dad's normal Coke and whiskey down on the table.

"She'll have milk with her dinner," Corano informs my mom, and she nods and leaves the room without saying a word about Corano holding me against his body.

Something hard presses into my stomach.

"I don't understand what's happening," I whisper.

"What's happening, little one, is your father has gotten himself in too deep, and now he can't pay his debts." My eyes flick over to my father, who is staring at us. Corano's rough fingers slip up the back of my thigh and go under my skirt. I expect my father to say something, but he doesn't. Instead he watches Corano's hand and then licks his lips.

"How much does he owe you?" I whimper as Corano's fingers grab my bottom and then dig into me.

"A few million," he says, and I gasp. A few million?!

"What does that have to do with me?" The question pops out of my mouth, but I think I already know.

"It has everything to do with you, little one. You're the only collateral he has."

"Me?"

"You're a virgin, aren't you?" My face rushes with heat, but I nod my

head. “You’ve been such a good girl over the last year, but I’ll confirm for myself.”

Before I can ask how he’s going to do that, he’s lifting me off my feet and placing me on the dining room table. He lays me back and then I watch with wide eyes as he flips my skirt up and pulls my panties down my legs. I gasp as he spreads my thighs, and when I try to close them back, he smacks the outside of one.

“Be a good girl. I don’t want to have to punish you.” The sting where he popped me makes my sex throb, and I let my thighs fall back open for him. “Look how pretty you are.” He runs his finger down the seam of my bare sex.

“Mom said I have to keep myself shaved. That girls are supposed to.” His finger stops over the small bundle of nerves that’s throbbing almost painfully.

I can feel my father’s eyes on me as I let out a moan. When he starts to stroke me, it feels so good because his rough fingers are different from my own. I’ve tried to play with myself before, but I could never get what my body longed for. Corano’s fingers might do the trick because they’re as thick and rough as the rest of him. I peek over to see my father still watching us and not saying a word.

His eyes are looking at where Corano is touching me, and he has the same heated look in his eyes that Corano does. Sweat drips down my father’s forehead like he’s been working out.

A warm shiver slides down my belly, and I look at Corano when his finger stops moving. My hips start to rise, but he grabs them to keep me from doing it again.

“Be still and let me check.” That’s when I feel him press against me in a tight pressure.

“And if I’m not a virgin?” I don’t know why I ask because I am.

“Then your father will lose more than his daughter tonight.”

The pressure gets tighter, and there’s a tiny pinch. I’m a virgin, and I think Corano has now confirmed that for himself. It’s a fight to not move my hips, but I don’t want to get in trouble. I’m a good girl, and I always follow the rules.

“It’s your lucky day, John. Your daughter just saved your life.”

Chapter Two



CORANO

“You ever seen her cum?” I ask John, who quickly shakes his head. “Liar.” His eyes snap to mine, and I nod to the camera in the corner. “I bet you’ve got one in her bedroom.”

“It’s only for safety,” he says and then grabs his napkin to wipe some of the sweat off his face.

“Don’t worry, I’ll let you watch.” He’s going to get a front row seat to what he’ll never have. I’ve been watching the camera in her room too. Not only to watch her but to make sure John didn’t try and take what he knew was going to be mine. I take a seat between Lacy’s legs. I push her knees up and slide her ass all the way to the edge of the table. “What a pretty girl you are.”

“Wh-what happens now?” Lacy’s voice is shaking as she looks down between her legs at me and then to her father.

“Now I’m going to let your father watch while I eat your pussy.” I shrug as I loosen my tie. “And then let him sit in his jealousy because now it’s mine.” She moans as I lean forward and swipe my tongue through her pink lips. “Fuck, she tastes good.”

“That’s enough,” John says, but I glance over and he can’t take his eyes off Lacy.

“Bet you were waiting for your turn, huh?” I suck on her clit, and her back bows off the table. “A greedy virgin? My, my, what a treat.”

“Mr. Corano,” John says, but I ignore him as I sloppily lick up and down her sweet little cunt.

When I push two fingers inside of her and she cries out, I suck on her clit to take the pain away. Her legs are spread as far as they can go now, and it’s

all on her own. She wants me to eat her until she cums, and I'm all too happy to do it.

For a year I've been obsessed with Lacy. Not only to collect her as a debt but to make her mine forever. John's daughter was the price of his freedom, and when I said I was taking her, he agreed. That's the only thing that kept him from fucking her on his own. He knew I wanted her untouched, and so he kept his dick out of her. I watched every night as his debt climbed higher and higher until he had no choice.

One time, I even made him bring me a pair of her dirty panties so I could breathe in her pussy while I jerked off. This innocent girl has been my end game all along, and now I'm going to take my time.

"So fucking tight." I moan as I use my other hand to grab her hip and hold her down.

My tongue dives between her pussy lips over and over, and Lacy's breathing heavily. When I cover her clit and suck, that's all it takes to send her over the edge.

"Jesus," I hear John whisper as Lacy tenses and cries out.

She cums so pretty as the flush goes all the way down her body, and I feel a rush of release coat my fingers. I lap it up, and when I take my fingers out, I lick them clean too. She's messy and wet, but I smile as I sit her up and claim her mouth in a kiss.

My tongue pushes past her lips, and she moans when she tastes her release on me. I grab her around the waist and then slide her off the table to take a seat next to mine. She's so warm, and some of the hairs around her face cling to her cheek before I brush them away.

"You did so well," I say as I lean forward and kiss her forehead. Fuck, she's perfect. I can't blame her father for his obsession with her. She is unlike anything in this world.

"Here we go!" her mother announces as she comes into the room and places drinks on the table.

I watch as she sets a glass of milk in front of Lacy, who takes a drink and then looks at me over the top.

"Thank you," she whispers, and I'm pretty sure she's talking to me and not her mother.

John clears his throat, and I see his upper lip is now sweaty too. He takes a shaky breath as he wipes it away and then looks over at his wife. "Dinner," he barks at her, and she smiles brightly before exiting the dining room.

“Let’s get this over with,” he says before quickly glancing away from Lacy. “You can have dinner and then take her with you.”

“Are you telling me what to do?” My voice is ice cold, and I’m surprised when I feel Lacy’s hand on my thigh.

“No, not at all,” John is quick to say. “I just mean this isn’t necessary.”

I’m head of the organized crime family in this city, and with one snap of my finger, twenty men would rush into this room and take his head off if I felt like it. He’s lucky I’m allowing him to breathe the same air as my girl.

I move my hand on top of Lacy’s and give it a little squeeze. “Oh but I think it is. I think you’ve forgotten the position you’re in, and I’m going to remind you that *nothing* is beyond my reach.”

Taking Lacy’s hand, I move it between my legs so she can feel how hard I am. Her breath hitches, and I smirk at John as I start to undo my belt.

“And then you’ll always remember who is in charge.”

Chapter Three



CORANO

“Come over here and straddle me, little one,” I say to Lacy and touch her cheek. She watches as I pull my cock out and stroke it a few times. Without hesitating, she gets up, and I turn her around to face her father as she spreads her legs over mine. “That’s it, good girl.”

My cock is so fucking hard it’s pointing up at her cunt and straining to get inside. I gently guide her hips until she’s hovering over the blunt head, and I see cum already leaking out and rolling down my shaft.

“Fuck, her teenage pussy is going to be so easy to get pregnant,” I say, and I hear John making a choking sound.

The warm, wet opening of her slit glides over my tip, and I penetrate her virgin cunt. Inch by inch she lowers and then raises up. I look over and watch John as she moves slowly up and down my dick, trying to take it all.

“I’m just too fucking big for her, I guess,” I say to John, and his fist is clenched so tightly I see the white of his knuckles.

“I’ll take it,” Lacy whispers, and I rub her back.

“I know you will, little one. You’re my good girl.” She does as she promises and slides down even farther. “Right there, baby. Pop your cherry on Daddy’s dick.”

Lacy goes all the way down on my cock in one quick drop, and then she cries out. My dick strains in the confines of her tight little hole, and I wrap my arms around her. My fingers move between her lips and circle around her clit to try and take the sting away, but knowing my cock was the first one she’s had makes me start to leak more cum.

“I’ve made a few things for us to sample,” Lacy’s mom says as she comes back in with a tray of food like everything is perfectly normal.

John takes the opportunity to down his drink in one large gulp and then slides it back to her. “Another,” he orders, and she blinks at him before nodding.

“Of course, dear.” She looks over at Lacy and me and down at my almost empty drink. “Can I get you another, Mr. Corano?”

“Yes please,” I say, and although Lacy’s skirt covers up what we’re doing, I grab her hips and rock her a little. I can’t help fucking her little girl in front of her father. I want him to know she’s mine now.

“Now,” John says with clenched teeth. “And go down to the wine cellar and bring up a bottle. The merlot.”

“Right away,” she agrees and briskly walks out of the room.

Lacy leans over the table a little and grips on to the edge as I begin to grind her against me. John’s breathing is ragged as he wipes at his bottom lip to rid himself of the drool.

“Lean over a little more, baby girl. I wanna get deep.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she says, and I grin from ear to ear as I stand up and put one hand on her shoulder to keep her pinned to the table. “Oh, now that’s something I’ve been dreaming of.” I glance up at John. “Did you hear that? She called me Daddy.”

I thrust hard, and Lacy moans, so I do it again. John stops pretending to be so unaffected as he stares at my cock going in and out of his daughter.

“Fuck, she takes a dick like a princess,” I moan, and out of the corner of my eye, I see John’s hand move under the table. Bending over Lacy, I put my lips to her ear.

“Look at him,” I say as I start to fuck her harder. “He can’t stand that it’s not him doing this to you.”

Her pussy squeezes around me as John’s arm starts to jerk up and down in a fast chaotic motion. He’s grunting as he jerks himself off under the table, and I smile as I keep fucking his daughter.

“Would it make you harder if I told you she likes you watching us?” I say to John, but he ignores me. “She’s fucking soaked right now.”

“Daddy, it tingles,” Lacy says and pushes back against me.

“Of course it does. It’s okay if you like it when I’m inside you and he’s watching.” The sound of sticky slaps echoes in the room as I keep fucking her fresh little snug hole. “Maybe we’ll do this again when I bring you home for Christmas. By then, I’ll teach you how to suck a cock, and he can see how good you are at it.”

“Please.” She whines and spreads her legs wider.

Reaching around her hip, I play with her clit, and it’s so fucking wet. A few slips of my finger over the pearl, and she cries out the loudest yet. I bottom out inside of her and let my own release take control. That’s when my cock swells, and I pump a load of cum into her.

“Lacy,” John moans, and his hand slows.

As her pussy pulses around my dick, I whisper into her ear, “Look at that, baby girl. You made him cum all over himself.”

John has to grab a napkin on the table and quickly begins to clean himself up like it never happened. I thrust one last time, just loving the feeling of being buried inside her. I ache when I have to pull out, but I know it won’t be for long. I’m going to have her over and over tonight. So much that my cum will be running down her legs, and she won’t soon forget she’s mine.

Taking a seat, I pull Lacy back in my lap, and she cuddles against me. “Do you have any idea how crazy about you I am?” I say, and she looks up at me with her big brown eyes. “I’ve been trying my best to take care of you from a distance. Until today. Now there won’t be anyone or anything standing in my way.”

“You’re going to save me?” There’s so much hope in her eyes, and I nod as I rub my thumb over her cheek.

“Forever.”

“I couldn’t find any merlot,” Lacy’s mom says as she comes back into the dining room. She glances around quickly and then takes a seat. “Is everything okay?”

I look over at Lacy and take her chin in my hands before I lean down and kiss her. “Perfect,” I say against her lips, and she nods in agreement.

Epilogue



LACY

“No,” I huff, not wanting to get out of bed yet. I’ve gone from wanting nothing more than to get out of the house to never wanting to leave my new one. Especially the bed. Not that my new Daddy needs a bed to do all the yummy things he wants to my body. It’s his for the taking because I belong to him now.

In addition to that, my new home—or rather mansion—has everything I could ever need. No more plain boring life because now it’s filled with color. My closet is bursting at the seams, and I could play dress-up for days. The rules are different here too, and I love all of them.

“If you weren’t pregnant and it wasn’t Christmas, I’d spank you.” Corano yanks the blanket off me and looks down at my naked body. The first few weeks I’d come to live with him, he kept one of my hands tied to the bed while I slept. He was worried I might try to leave him, but even if I did, there are guards at the front gate.

Once he found out I was pregnant and we got married, he relaxed to a degree. His possessiveness was different from my father’s because Corano adores me. He might even be obsessed. When he works in his office, he wants me to come in there to read or watch TV on my tablet. I don’t know how he gets anything done because I always end up spread out on his desk. Daddy will play with me anywhere, and he doesn’t care who is in the room.

They can watch, but they don’t dare touch. One of his men ended up with a broken hand when he tried to reach out and grab my breast. I haven’t seen him since that day.

Daddy licks his lips at the sight of me and runs his hands over my small baby bump. We found out two days ago it’s going to be a boy, and I’m not

surprised with how quickly the small bump showed up. Corano is no small man, and I'm sure his son will be as big as him.

"Your body was made to bear my sons." Corano grabs my ankle and pulls me down the bed until my legs dangle over the side. He drops to his knees and spreads my legs wide to make room for his broad body. "I love seeing you bred by me. I want my morning taste, then we have to get going."

My response comes out as a moan as Daddy sucks my clit into his mouth. His big, rough hands reach up to grab at my breasts, and he growls against my sex as his tongue flicks back and forth on my clit. When he gives my nipples a tug, I cum.

"Daddy!" I cry out his name as the orgasm flows through me and my body melts into the bed. That is not going to help me get up.

My eyes flutter open when Daddy starts to kiss me. "Don't go back to sleep."

"Sorry, Daddy." I lick my bottom lip. "Can I have more?" His cock presses into me, but he's dressed already.

"You'll get more later." He leans down and sucks my nipple into his mouth and moans. Since we found out I was pregnant, he's been sucking on them consistently. So much so that a small amount of milk has already started to leak from them. "I'll get more later too." He releases my breast and kisses me on the tip of my nose. I run my hand across my stomach, loving the sight of the bump as much as he does. It's our baby and a piece of the two of us together.

Daddy pulls me from the bed and toward the bathroom, where he helps get me ready like he does every morning. It can still be so overwhelming at times since I'm not used to someone caring so much about me. Corano is the boss, but he truly looks after me in every way. If he thinks I'm in distress, he'll do whatever it takes to fix it.

One thing that bothered me was when another woman saw him naked. I don't mind if he has his way with me in front of his men, but I find I'm too possessive to let women watch. I don't want any woman seeing my Daddy naked. In fact, I might have thrown a fit the first week I was here and one of the housekeepers stared at him too much.

I'd lost it and tossed several dishes across the kitchen. He gave me a spanking for it, but like the man who tried to touch me, I never saw her again either. Daddy promised that from the moment he saw me that it was only me he ever wanted, and Daddy doesn't settle for less than what he wants. He

never touched that maid or anyone else since me. He waited and plotted against my father to lure him into a trap so he would have no choice but to hand me over.

“I love the tie.” It’s the bright red one I’d gotten for him on one of our shopping trips.

“I’m going to love using it on you later.”

“Why not now?” I huff. Daddy’s cock is still hard, and I want to take care of it so badly my body aches for it.

“We have plans. Your parents are receiving us,” he reminds me as he zips up the back of my baby doll dress. It’s red with golden tulle under it, making it puff out at the bottom. It barely covers my bottom. Daddy helps me put on white and red knee high socks before topping me off with a green bow in my hair. “My little elf.” He gives me another kiss on the nose that makes me giggle.

“Have you talked to my father?” I ask on the drive over. I haven't seen my parents since Corano took me from them, and I hadn’t missed them once.

“A bit.”

“They know we’re coming?”

“Yes.” I sense irritation in Corano’s tone.

“What’s wrong? Did I-”

“You did nothing wrong, little one. You’re perfect. I just like to remind John what is no longer his and that you belong to me.” I press my thighs together, and my clit starts to throb.

I hate my father. Corano is convinced he has some kind of obsession with me. That’s why he kept me on such a short leash. I don’t think my new daddy cares for the fact that I once had another daddy, but it wasn’t the same. Corano believes my father would have crossed the line and had me for himself. Corano said that the escorts my father would get when he went out gambling often looked similar to me, and he’d call them by my name.

We pull up to the house, and Daddy helps me out of the car. My old home is not so ominous anymore, and I feel nothing when I see it.

“Mr. Corano.” John greets us at the door, and I notice he looks ten years older. Corano only nods at him. “Lacy.” My father tries to hug me, but Corano wraps his hand around his throat and pins him to the wall before he can get close to me.

“We do not touch. If you try it again, I’ll snap your neck.”

“Sorry,” my father chokes out, and Corano releases him. John gasps for

air and then speaks while still coughing. “Come to the living room. My wife is still cooking.”

Corano puts his hand on my back and guides me toward the living room, where a Christmas tree sits and a fire is going in the fireplace. The tree is sad with only a few decorations. Corano got a giant one for the living room and his office. It took me all day to decorate them, but it was wonderful. Underneath them both is already loaded with presents. I’ve been able to find a way each day to get Daddy to let me open one. It’s been a fun game we’ve played.

“How are things?” my father asks, taking a seat in one of the leather chairs.

Corano does the same, and he pats his lap for me to sit in it, and I do. Then he spreads my thighs which makes my dress ride up and exposes my bare sex to my father.

“Things couldn’t be better.” Corano slips his hand between my legs and starts to play with me. I let out a small moan as his other hand comes to the top of my dress. “I bred her.” He gives a tug so one of my breasts pops out, and he begins to grope it. “She already has some cream coming in. I don’t know which is sweeter, her cunt or milk.”

My father licks his lips as he watches us.

“She’s, ah, pregnant?” My father stutters over his words as his hand strokes his erection through his pants.

“How could she not be? You think I don’t take your daughter’s tight teenage pussy as often as I can?” Daddy slips a finger into me and starts to work it in and out. “No matter how hard or often I fuck her, she’s still tight and always begging for cock.”

Corano grinds his palm into my clit as he thrusts his finger in and out. I can’t hear what he’s saying anymore because I’m lost in my own pleasure.

“Cum for your Daddy,” he says in my ear. “Cum for *me*.” I cry out as my body obeys him, and he pulls his finger out to suck it clean. “Now I’m hard.”

“I’m sorry, Daddy,” I say as I slip off his lap. “Please let me take care of you,” I beg, going for his belt.

“Always so greedy for it.” He smiles as he strokes my cheek. “Go on, then, show me how well you can do it.”

“Oh fuck.” I hear John groan when I get Daddy’s cock out and suck it into my mouth. Daddy grips my hair as I bob my head up and down his hard length. I can hear my father making grunting noises, and out of the corner of

my eye I see him stroking himself as he watches us. He wants me, but he can never have me. He was a bad daddy.

Instead, I stay bent over so he can see how wet I am between my legs while I suck off my real Daddy. I hollow out my cheeks as I take Corano as far into my throat as I can.

“That’s a good girl. You’re so good for me.” Corano strokes my hair. “I’m going to cum in your mouth, and I want you to suck it down,” he says a second before he explodes into my mouth.

After drinking down every drop of him, I pull back and give a few more licks to the head, making sure I didn’t miss any of his release. It all belongs to me.

Daddy pulls me up into his lap again and nuzzles me close. “I love you, Daddy,” I say.

“Love you too.” He kisses me sweetly and takes his time. “I think maybe we should leave. Christmas should really be spent at home.”

“You’re leaving already?” John tries to protest as he shoves his small dick back into his pants, and I notice his cum is all over the front of him.

“No one to clean you up.” I smirk as I stand up. Corano fixes my dress while I look him over. “Maybe if you would have been a better Daddy, I would have—”

“I would have killed him,” Corano growls, and I bite the inside of my cheek so I don’t smile.

It wouldn’t have mattered what kind of father John was because I never would have wanted him. I know that my words would be a kick to John and spur the possessive side of Corano, my real Daddy.

I’ll be paying for that for the next few days, but I’ll enjoy every second of it. I love my Daddy, and I finally understand what it is to be loved in return.

THE END!

Reclaiming My Sister

She was taken from him, so how he's taking something from her.

Chapter 1



BUNNY

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I stare out the window watching the snow start to fall while my Kindle lies forgotten in front of me. This is my favorite place to sit because from this spot, I can watch people come and go.

The small coffee shop on the corner has the most activity. People really are creatures of habit. I see so many of the same faces that I've even given some of them stories in my mind.

The only one I don't much care for is Harris, at least that's what I call him. He's always flirting with the beautiful barista, and neither of them seem to mind the gold wedding ring on his finger. It's shameful, isn't it? But what do I know?

My mother has already gone through one new husband since she left the only man I've ever called my father: James O'Brien. He's been there at all my earliest memories. I miss him, but more than that, I miss my brother Connor the most. I still dream of him, but as time passes, his face fades more and more from my memory.

I'm not even an O'Brien anymore. The life I once knew was taken away from me in one night while both my father and brother were out of the house. I knew that some of their business deals weren't legal, but I was kept sheltered to what they didn't want me to see. I'm still a bit naïve, but they operated outside the law, and whatever they did paid *very* well.

All of that changed in one night when my mother was pulling me out of the bed in a frenzied state saying we had to leave. She told me James was going to kill her, and although I didn't want to think James would do that, their arguments could get intense.

When it got bad, I would always run to find my brother Connor. He'd

either break it up or let me crawl into his bed and cuddle. Sometimes I thought they enjoyed fighting, but it scared me. I loved both of them, but they made the idea of marriage ridiculous.

The night before my mother pulled me out of bed, she and James had one of their worst fights ever. My mom was a drunken mess, and she was screaming about a whore he was with. My father tossed back that she had no room to talk. He wasn't wrong. There were a few times I thought I saw her coming out of one of the rooms in the house with one of my father's men. Her hair would be tousled and her lipstick smeared.

During those times, I would go to Connor's room and crawl into bed with him. I was so happy he was home because more often than not, during that last year, he was out working at night. Part of me wondered if he was with the whores my mother screamed about and that's why he was out so late.

The last night I was home, I tried to get into his bed, but he turned me away. He told me to go back to mine. I had no idea I'd never see him again. That next day he and my father were both out of the house all day, and when I went to bed that night, they still hadn't returned. That's when Mom woke me up and said we had to leave. I didn't get a chance to grab anything except the small pink bunny bear Connor gave me on my thirteenth birthday. I always kept it on my bed. He always called me Bunny.

Mom was ready to go and had a car filled with things. When I saw a few bags filled with cash, I knew in that moment if my father didn't want to kill her already, he would once he found her.

I lost count of how many days we traveled. We went from the car to a train and then a bus. It felt like it was never-ending until we finally landed here. I'd been heartbroken, but my mom moved on so easily.

She dated several men before marrying and then getting a quickie divorce because she had her sights set on another. Each one is richer than the last and it's almost impressive how she can lure them in. I've been kept tucked away, so I often feel awkward when I talk to anyone. I'd die if I tried to flirt with a man.

Her newest one, Aaron, gives me the creeps. He stares too long and is always asking me questions and trying to talk to me. If it were up to me, I'd move out. I'm a legal adult, but it's really not an option because I have no money, and I can't even get a job. My mom has told me so many times that they'll find us and kill me first to make her suffer before finally ending her life.

At first it was hard to believe her, but she started to tell me stories of the things that my father and brother did. It's the reason I wasn't allowed in the basement. That's where they took the people that wronged them in some way or broke loyalty. She made me wonder if some of my memories weren't what really happened. I never recalled them being cruel to me, but she'd pepper me with stories that had me questioning my own thoughts.

She said Connor was turning out to be worse than my father. I saw him snap at one of the guys that came and went from the home, and his whole demeanor changed. In that split second he became unrecognizable, but it was never directed my way. In fact, when he realized I was there standing on the stairs, it was as if a mask fell back into place, and he gave me a smile before releasing the man from the hold he had around his neck. The guy dropped to the floor but quickly got to his feet and bolted from the house.

"Oh!" I gasp, sitting up straighter when I see a white kitten alone and huddled up against a trash can across the street. It's snowing out and below freezing. Without thinking, I pull on my boots and slip on my long coat. I'm only in my pajamas, but I'll be fast. My mom will be pissed that I went out of the house alone, but I'm not going to leave the kitten out there. Aaron took her out, and I'm alone for the night in our townhome.

After disarming the alarm, I open the front door and grit my teeth when a gust of frigid wind hits me. The snow is turning to ice now, so I grab the rail when I almost slip on the stairs in my haste to get down to the sidewalk. My glasses fog up, and it takes me a second to see, but once I do I glance both ways to check for cars. Making sure it's clear, I dart across the street to save the kitten.

"Hey, baby, are you okay?" I say as I lean down and pet it. "Are you stuck?" I see a small hook connected to the kitten's collar at the base of the trashcan. "Why would someone clip you here and leave you?" Unhooking the kitten, I pull him closer to help warm him up. He doesn't seem malnourished and appears to be a healthy baby kitten. "Who would do such a thing to you?"

"Me," a deep voice says, and then an arm wraps around my waist from behind.

My whole body stiffens right as a needle pricks my neck. That's when the whole world goes black.

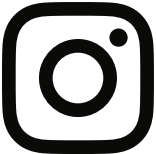
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