



MAKE ME
Daddy

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

Sara Fields

MAKE ME, DADDY



SARA FIELDS



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Make Me, Daddy

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This book is intended for *adults only*. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults.

CHAPTER 1



*S*eattle, Washington
Caitlin McCormick

“I bet you won’t,” Trey teased.

I stared back at him, narrowing my eyes at his challenge. I imagined I looked pretty damn badass with the campfire flickering between us. Never in my life had I ever backed down from a dare, and he knew it. The left side of his mouth lifted in the tiniest smirk and he tried to hide it, but I saw it anyway.

“Want to make a bet?”

I sat back in the forest green wooden lawn chair and lifted an eyebrow, making a show of this. Stacy and Tina giggled beside me. They knew how this was going to end too. I’d known the two of them since elementary school. The three of us were thick as thieves, quite literally some days. They knew what kind of a girl I was.

“It would certainly make for a wild graduation celebration,” Rico murmured.

He took a long draw of his beer, and I watched him closely. To be honest, I’d had my eyes on him for a long time. He had the bad boy look down, from his ripped baggy jeans to the tattoos that covered his arm. He’d gone to Franklin High, a public school on the south side of town that had a glaringly bad reputation. There were plenty of gangs down there, as well as

organized crime, which was quite different than the prep school I'd gone to on Mercer Island, but good riddance to that place because I never had to walk through those doors again.

We'd all graduated this morning and now we were free to do what we wanted.

Rico's gaze met mine and I smiled. With a slight nod, he let his eyes drag up and down my body. I hadn't been sure he was interested before, but I was reasonably certain he was now. If there was ever a day to take a chance, this was it.

"Imagine what we could do with money like that," Tina said.

Her eyes were already a bit glassy. Between all of us, she was definitely the lightweight. It only took one beer before she was tipsy as all hell. I hadn't been paying attention, but I was pretty sure she was on her second. If she got all the way to a third, I was definitely going to be the one holding her hair when she puked tonight.

That was me, the ever-loyal friend.

I rolled my eyes. She was lucky I liked her. Her parents were also ridiculously filthy rich, which was the main reason we had such ritzy digs for tonight's celebration. The fridge was fully stocked with top shelf shit along with whatever else we had wanted. I tipped back my hard blackberry cider, my own special request from a local brewery somewhere in the northwest. It was delicious.

Tina sat beside me, the smoke of a freshly lit joint swirling up from her hand. I watched it for a moment, mesmerized before she saw me looking and passed it to me. I took a long hit, mostly because I wanted to impress Rico a bit. Trey watched me intently, his disbelief stark on his face as I held the smoke inside for several long moments before I let it all out in one long breath.

Rico smirked, chuckling softly. He approved.

The soft haze fell over me quickly, making me feel all sorts of brave. The buzz from the alcohol was already burning through me. The combination of the two made me feel untouchable,

like I could conquer anything in the world. Maybe today was the day I would.

“We could probably get our own private jet and fly down to the islands,” Stacy supposed.

“Yeah. We could lay out on the beach and drink daiquiris all day brought to us by hot cabana boys covered in tanning oil,” Tina giggled.

“You would like that, wouldn’t you?” I teased, and Tina fell into a fit of laughter.

Of the three of us, Tina had always been the most boy crazy. I don’t think she’d ever gone more than a week being single all throughout high school. Her parents hadn’t let her date till she’d turned fifteen, but she’d made the most of it in the past four years. Right now, Trey was the flavor of the month, but that had only been for the last three or four weeks. It was through him that I’d first met Rico. We’d been hanging out most nights of the week.

“Don’t worry, baby. You’ll always be my favorite cabana boy,” Tina assured Trey, and he shook his head, but I could see amusement written all over his face. He was head over heels for her. He tried to act all brave and badass around her, but that boy looked at her like she was his entire world.

What I wouldn’t give to have a man look at me like that...

“You said you guys have an in, right?” I asked Rico, and his answering grin nearly split his face in half. My adrenaline spiked and the buzz beneath my skin spiraled higher with excitement.

“Yeah. They even have eyes on a place for the perfect getaway car. Said the owners haven’t been home in a month and have a black Escalade just sitting in the garage unused, ripe for the taking,” Rico murmured.

His eyes glimmered and I imagined him looking at me like Trey did every time I caught him watching Tina.

The fire crackled, already starting to die down. I looked at the pile of wood already chopped and waiting for us, deciding against it almost immediately. I guzzled the rest of my can of

cider before I tossed it in the garbage pail nearby. I leaned forward, placing my elbows on my knees and looking at each one of my friends.

“Well then, what are we waiting for?”

* * *

Less than thirty minutes later, I was behind the luxury leather steering wheel of a black, tricked-out Escalade that must have cost the owner a pretty penny, and it felt good. The steering wheel was warm against my fingers, something I very much appreciated in the chill of the late fall weather. I drove through town feeling like a million bucks. Rico was sitting by my side, while Stacy was behind me. I chuckled when I looked in the rearview mirror to see that Tina and Trey were having a full-on make-out session in the backseat.

Gross. I tried not to listen. It sounded like they were using a whole lot of tongue.

Rico navigated, telling me when to turn left and when to turn right. As I drove along, I recognized that we were entering the ritzier areas of downtown. Many of the shops were dark, but I'd been inside many of them during the past few years.

My father called me a troubled girl, but it didn't much matter. It's not like he ever paid attention to me since my mom died. He'd been stuck at the bottom of an endless whiskey bottle ever since.

Sometimes I liked to steal things. I never went in planning to, but sometimes I just wanted something, and I didn't have enough money to pay for it. I had an allowance, but it wasn't enough for things from Prada or Gucci. I got away with it most of the time, but I'd been caught once or twice in the past. Somehow, my dad always knew the right people to sweep it under the table, so I had a clean record. He said it was important for me to get into college, but who was he fooling? He and I both knew I wasn't cut out for that. It wasn't that I wasn't smart enough for it; it was because I wasn't the type of girl that would do it just to please my alcoholic, deadbeat dad.

My reputation was known throughout Mercer Prep, and it made me popular. Occasionally, other girls would have me steal things for them and they'd pay me for it. I made a decent amount of money that way on occasion, but recently several stores had circulated my picture around and I wasn't allowed in most of the designer stores here anymore.

Honestly, it was kind of a bummer.

It was nice to have fancy things that were still in season for the other rich kids at school to admire. It made me feel like I actually fit in with them for a change. I'd always dealt with their judgment because it was easier to stay there. I'd managed to keep a full scholarship all these years, mainly to keep my father off my ass and because most of the classes weren't that hard.

Thankfully now though, the drama of high school was over with. I was free to live my life just like I wanted, and I was going to make the most of it.

When we'd snuck into the mansion Rico had mentioned, I'd raided the woman's jewelry box. My fingers were decked out in big fat rings made of gorgeous clusters of diamonds, sapphires, rubies, you name it. This woman was stacked. Her closet had been full of sizes close to mine, so I'd stolen a new outfit that made me feel like a queen. The jeans were Neiman Marcus, all black and decked out with bedazzled jewels all over the back pockets. I thought they made my ass look incredible. The light purple tank was a luxurious name brand I hadn't recognized, but the black, gray-lined blazer I'd layered on top was Dolce & Gabbana. Rico had said it was the perfect outfit for me and that made it ten times better. It even exposed a little bit of cleavage and I'd caught him looking a few times afterwards.

Feeling sexy always made a woman feel brave.

Combined with him sitting at my side? I was in heaven.

The Escalade drove smoothly over the crumbling pavement of the back-alley street. I continued for a few more minutes until Rico held up his hand and an excited hush fell over the five of us.

“Are we there yet?” Tina giggled.

“Shhh,” Trey murmured, and I watched her nip the finger he’d pressed to her lips in the rearview mirror.

Another flash of movement caught my eye as I looked back, making me tense. There was a group of men coming up on the back end of the car. I looked to Rico, and he winked before hopping out. I couldn’t help feeling like something was off, but I did my best to ignore it.

“Wait here,” Rico whispered, and I smiled.

His warm brown eyes found mine. Maybe he would even ask me out after this was all over. Hopefully I was impressing him with my courage tonight and he’d think I was just as much of a badass as he was.

“Got it,” I answered quickly.

Trey hopped out of the backseat of the car and Tina went along with him, leaving Stacy and me in the car all by ourselves.

“Where are we?” she asked quietly.

Of the three of us girls, she was the shyest. She didn’t get into nearly as much trouble as Tina or I did, but she got into enough to at least fit in with us. She liked to shoplift just as much as I did, but she didn’t usually hit many higher end stores. Gas stations and Sephora were her favorite targets, and their security was pretty subpar compared to the designer storefronts.

“I’m not sure. We’re somewhere near University Street, I think, but it’s hard to tell in these back alleys,” I replied.

For a while, we sat there not saying anything at all. Eventually, the overwhelming silence grated on my nerves enough that I turned on the radio to one of the more edgy stations available through whatever service the owners was paying for. I didn’t tend to listen to much mainstream music, but I could enjoy a Selena Gomez or Beyoncé song on occasion.

I glanced down at the clock radio. The key to stealing was to get in and out as quickly as possible while no one was looking,

but the group of them had been inside for nearly fifteen minutes now. I chewed my lip as I glanced at the back door of the shop Rico had chosen. The stores weren't labeled with anything other than numbers back here, so I wasn't quite certain what store he'd settled on tonight.

An ominous boom echoed inside, deafeningly loud enough to be heard over the music I had pumping in the car.

Fuck. I swallowed hard. That had sounded a lot like a gunshot. I had to be hearing things, right? It couldn't be that...

I stared back at the door, and it slammed open hard enough for the frame to bounce against the concrete with a heavy, thunderous crack. Rico rushed out first with Trey and Tina behind them. Her face was frozen in fear. She wasn't even the slightest bit tipsy anymore; she was petrified of whatever had happened inside that store.

As the door swung closed, I stared inside, and my stomach fell. It was a jewelry store, not some high-end designer store where I'd thought they'd steal a couple things and we'd be on our way. This was far bigger than I thought. I didn't mess with stuff like this. It was far too dangerous.

Rico jumped into the passenger seat with a massive velvet bag in one hand and a gun in the other. I watched him as he tucked the piece into the back of his jeans, frozen as he lifted his sweatshirt and covered it. That didn't much help my overwhelming fear.

"What are you waiting for? Drive!" he yelled.

He sounded scared too. The rest of his gang emptied out of the back of the store, all of them scattering in every which direction and I got a really bad feeling in the pit of my stomach.

Afraid, I rushed to take the car out of park and peeled out of that back alley like my life had depended on it. Behind me, Tina and Trey were dead quiet. Stacy was just as wide eyed behind me as I felt, and no one said anything even when a Taylor Swift song came on the radio. It was as if everyone was lost in their own heads.

“Did something happen back there?” I finally tried, but no one answered me. I wondered if they’d even heard me, but then Rico cleared his throat. My heart squeezed tight, nervous.

“Get on the highway. We need to get out of here, stat,” he directed, and I silently did what he said.

I hadn’t known he had a gun.

Would he turn it on me? Had he killed someone in there? What the fuck had happened back there to make them all this scared?

I glanced in the mirror again, looking back at Trey’s and Tina’s stark white faces. They weren’t even kissing. Instead, they looked sullen and scared, both sitting on either side of the car as far apart from one another as they could get. There was more distance between them than I’d ever seen before and that unsettled me more than anything else.

I took a right onto University Street, and slowly made my way through downtown. I turned down the radio, listening as I heard the telltale screech of police sirens not far away. My heart hammered in my chest as I stopped at a red light, only to gun it as soon as it turned green. For a few minutes, I just drove, my pulse rapidly spiraling out of control. As soon as I turned onto the onramp, I breathed a sigh of relief and started to pick up speed.

Not long after that, I could see red and blue lights behind us.

“What happened in there, guys?” I tried again.

No one answered.

The red and blue lights behind me started to multiply. One car quickly became two, and then three, and then it suddenly became half a dozen. My panic rose in spades, and I kept pressing harder and harder on the gas pedal.

I was already going eighty, but I kept picking up speed. Soon, I was hitting near close to one hundred miles per hour, well and truly above the speed limit and dangerously close to reckless driving. I don’t know why that detail from driver’s ed decided to pop into my mind at that particular moment, but I tried not to dwell on it.

Rico looked over his shoulder, finally seeing what I saw in the rearview mirror.

“Oh, shit,” he whispered.

Those words petrified me. I didn’t dare take my eyes off the road while we drove at such a high speed, but I knew there was no going back now. If we got caught, I had a feeling that my father wouldn’t be able to get me out of trouble, let alone the rest of my friends. The five of us could be looking at very real jail time if this all turned out badly.

One hundred ten.

The speedometer kept creeping up. Soon enough, a dozen police cars were on our tail. I kept trying to push it faster and faster, but when I finally turned my eyes from the rearview mirror to the road in front of me, I shrieked. Above us, a helicopter had us pinned with a spotlight. No matter where we went, it would be able to follow us from above. It rained so much here, but tonight was the clearest night we’d had in a long time.

Rotten fucking luck.

The highway ahead of us had been cleared out, pitch black aside from the line of cop cars cutting us off about a mile out. The red and blue lights were blinding, and I looked for an exit. Panicked, I realized I’d just passed one and there wasn’t another for at least a mile past the barricade. This was quickly turning from bad to the absolute worst. The dashboard lit up without me touching anything at all.

“Fuck. Does this car have one of those emergency-off systems?” Rico asked worriedly.

“I don’t know. Isn’t that something you’re supposed to know?” I asked, my voice trembling with panic.

“This is OnStar. This vehicle has been reported stolen and will thus be shut down in the next thirty seconds.”

Fuck me.

The speedometer started trailing downward no matter how hard I pressed on the gas pedal. The car gradually slowed

down to ninety, then sixty, then thirty until it finally came to a complete stop. Then every light in the car went out. It would have been a complete blackout except for all the police lights that were currently focused on us.

I grabbed the keys, turning them in the ignition in a panic. The SUV wouldn't respond. It was as if the car had gone completely dead. Within seconds, the car was surrounded by police. Every single one of them had a weapon trained on us.

“Exit the vehicle with your hands up!”

The loudspeaker was so loud that I jumped. With a quiet cry, I turned my head and stared at Rico, looking for anything he might offer in terms of solace. His face was hard, like this wasn't the first time he'd been in a situation as crazy as this. The warmth that had been there when I'd first taken the dare to drive the stolen car had all but disappeared.

“What about the gun?” I tried tentatively.

He shook his head.

“Hands off the steering wheel!”

Someone roared over the intercom, and I instantly ripped my hands away from the no longer warm steering wheel. A deep chill raced down my spine as a cop ran up to the car and opened the door. Several pairs of hands grabbed at me, and I watched with shock as Rico ripped the gun out of the back of his pants. He whipped his arm over his head and threw the piece as far as he could into the median.

I screamed when another gun fired nearby, slapping my hands to my ears when they started to ring. Several pairs of hands quickly patted me down before forcing me to the concrete. The others were being dragged out and cuffed, same as me, but Rico was lying on the ground. I could see him from beneath the car.

He wasn't moving.

A puddle of blood shone against the pavement, slowly growing bigger, and I knew that he wouldn't be getting up again.

Ever.

CHAPTER 2



Caitlin

It wasn't until the next day that the full details of the heist were made clear to me. I'd spent hours in interrogation after being forced to take a drug test, with one officer after the next hammering me for details that I didn't have to give.

They tried to trip me up several times, but I told the truth, or at least as much of the truth as I could. This was big time shit, and the only way I could see forward was trying to be as honest as possible.

The more I learned, the worse it got.

According to the investigative officers, Rico was more of a bad seed than I had initially realized. Since the time he was sixteen, he'd been arrested twice before: once for aggravated assault and the second for manslaughter. In both cases, he'd been tried as an adult, and this would have been his third strike. They wouldn't tell me for sure, but I was mostly certain Rico was dead. If he'd been taken in last night, he would have been sentenced to life in prison. A part of me thought he'd made himself a target on purpose, but I would never know for sure.

The cops wanted to know what a girl like me was doing with a guy like him. They'd been able to dredge up a little bit of my history, but most of it had been cleaned off my record aside from one small minor shoplifting charge a few years ago. Back

then, I'd served some community service and it had never gone to court.

Apparently, Rico and his gang had been planning this heist for a long time and the cops had gotten wind of it about three weeks ago. Extra security had been put in place at the jewelry store, including hidden cameras and silent alarms that would be triggered if any case was opened without the corresponding key.

There had been one clerk in there after hours, and instead of just cleaning out the cases, Rico and Trey had gone in and tried to rob the vault in the back office. The clerk and the two of them had gotten in a scuffle and Rico had fired a shot, hitting the clerk in the chest. He was at the hospital now, but it was still unclear whether or not he would make it.

For hours, I waited in that room until at long last they put me in a cell all by myself. Tina and Stacy were nowhere to be found. I didn't know where Trey was either, but I stopped caring a little while later when one of the cops told me everything that I was looking at.

My charge list was long, but not as long as the others.

Theft of a motor vehicle, evading arrest, robbery, reckless endangerment, and a list of other minor charges including speeding were rattled off to me as I sat there, more than a little bit dumbfounded.

Since it was the weekend, there wasn't any posting bail until Monday. I tried ringing my dad with the one phone call they offered me, but he didn't pick up and I slowly began to lose hope. They took my clothes and had a female officer perform a full strip search on me before I was given the ugliest set of grandma underwear that I'd ever seen along with the orange jumpsuit typical of county jail. I chewed my lip, left alone for much of the time, listening to the shouts of other inmates all around me. I didn't speak and they left me alone.

When Monday morning came around, a man in a suit came to my cell. He stared at me in silence as he slowly unlocked the door that held me prisoner. I didn't recognize him.

“Your bail has been posted,” he said vaguely.

“Who?”

Honestly, it was a silly question. I only had my dad and no other surviving relatives. I wasn't the type of girl that would receive this kind of charity, so it could only be him. I scowled and turned my head.

“Has my dad come to pick me up?” I asked hopefully.

For the first time in my life, I was nervous to see him. There was no doubt in my mind that he was going to be furious about this whole mess, and I hoped he'd listen to my side of the story, that it had all been a dumb mistake because I was just trying to impress a boy.

“No. Your father passed away early Saturday morning.”

“What?”

I stopped dead in my tracks and the man turned back to face me. I knew instantly that it wasn't some sick twisted joke on his part from the solemn look on his face. My shock was probably written all over mine.

“There was an emergency 911 call to your father's house at nine in the morning. Your father was pronounced dead upon arrival. At this point, it is suspected to be the product of a heart attack or a stroke. Cause of death will be confirmed once the autopsy is complete.”

I blinked, dumbfounded. My father and I had always had a somewhat estranged relationship. He lost himself in the bottle every night and I went out and did what I wanted. He was never really any sort of real father to me. I don't even remember the last time the two of us did anything together. If I had to guess, it was probably when my mother was still alive. Truth be told, I barely even remembered her. Even though he drank himself into a stupor more often than not, I hadn't wished anything bad on him. I had hoped he'd get his act together someday, but that too had faded over time. He was who he was and so was I.

“I'm sorry for your loss,” the stranger stated, although the tone in his voice was devoid of emotion.

“Who are you?”

“I’m your lawyer.”

“I didn’t hire one,” I answered, my sorrow plain as day.

“Your father called me Friday night. Your face was plastered all over the news,” he answered.

I didn’t say anything more after that. I just followed, trying not to think about that being the last thing my father saw before he died. It took everything in me not to let myself cry.

* * *

One week later

Dressed in all black, I stood with my head down. Unbeknownst to me, my father had already made all the arrangements should he pass. There was a will and systems already in place to have his body cremated and buried in a cemetery outside of the city. He’d already commissioned his own headstone and I’d had to do nothing except sign a few papers the other morning.

Today was his funeral.

The autopsy had confirmed that my father had died of a stroke in the middle of the night. While comforted by the fact that it had been painless, I was scared by all the terrible effects his years of drinking seemed to have on his body. His liver was already in the end stages of cirrhosis. His heart and lungs had begun to fail. Had it not been for the stroke, my father likely wouldn’t have survived much longer than a year or two.

Everything in his estate had been left to me, which meant I was the sole owner of our house and his car, both of which were paid off. The lawyer had temporary control of all his finances for the time being and he’d used some of it to bail me out of prison.

I dared a glance around the cemetery, seeing more than a few faces I didn’t recognize. Several were very well dressed in

pressed suits and designer dresses. A man with dark hair and pale skin had a blonde woman on his arm. Both looked to be of Irish descent, or at least I thought they did.

I was Irish too, but I didn't know much about my background before we had come to Seattle. I'd even been born in Ireland, and I'd been begging my father to let me visit Dublin ever since I was little, but he'd refused, always saying there was nothing good for me to find there.

Sighing, I looked over the rest of the strange people, wondering who they were and how they all knew my father. The longer I stood there, the more I came to recognize that maybe my father hadn't been as open with me as I thought he was. I didn't think he knew this many people, to be honest. Here in Seattle, he was nothing more than an accountant, but the powerful people standing all around me here at this moment told me otherwise.

One man braved my gaze. His piercing blue eyes leveled with mine and I gasped a bit under my breath, a little taken aback. The way he stared at me told me that he knew who I was. My mind raced as I tried to remember if I recognized him, but I came up blank.

Those eyes were a captivating prison, and I couldn't force myself to look away. The dark brown hair on his head was cropped short, but messy in such a way that he might have done it that way on purpose. The trimmed beard that covered his chin would normally make a man like him appear approachable, but his jawline was tense, giving him a dangerous aura that made me want to turn around and run away as fast as I could.

I didn't. Instead, I just kept staring into his intense gaze.

From far away, he looked like Gerard Butler from the movie *P.S. I Love You*, which was my comfort movie that I'd put on every time I needed a good cry after my father had forbidden me from going to Ireland once again. I glanced down at his expensive black overcoat, catching sight of a fine suit beneath it. I wasn't as well acquainted with men's suits as I was women's clothing and accessories, but I could tell that it was

expensive. There was a small section of his wrist that was exposed enough for me to tell that he had a tattoo there, but he pulled it down when he noticed me looking. His hands were broad, but I could tell they were rough. He didn't appear to be a man that relied much on others when it came to hard work. I would bet that he would do whatever was necessary himself.

The priest was reading my father's last rites and I tuned him out, watching instead to see who the stranger with the blue eyes had come with. There was a man that looked a lot like him standing next to him, maybe an older brother or close relative. There were a few others, including a set of twins and a woman with red hair standing solemnly together, all with sad eyes directed solely at my father's gravestone.

All except for him.

Ever since he'd come, I noted that he hadn't taken his eyes off me. I didn't know if that was a good or bad thing, but I tried not to let it show how much it bothered me. Maybe he just liked what he saw or something, or maybe I looked like someone else he knew.

I was the one that looked away first. As boldly as I could, I turned my gaze to the priest and listened to everything he was saying because it took my mind off the blue-eyed stranger for a little while.

When the funeral was over, my lawyer Mr. Abernathy came to collect me and bring me home. I hadn't looked back over my shoulder, but I knew that strange man had watched my every step. When I finally hazarded a glance back through the deeply tinted window, I caught his interested stare for a moment before I had to remind myself that the tint was too dark for him to see through.

It unsettled me anyway.

CHAPTER 3



*C*ormac Murphy

I hadn't laid eyes on Caitlin McCormick since she was three years old.

She stared at her father's grave, her eyes misty with emotion and her hands wringing together at her waist. The wind whipped through her long reddish-blond hair, swirling it around her face and hiding her delicately carved features. She had her mother's eyes, a brilliant emerald green that sparkled with even the tiniest amount of light.

Nora McCormick's time ended far too soon. Honestly, it was without a doubt my biggest regret. A part of me had always felt like her death had been my fault. I wondered if Caitlin even remembered her or if she was too young to recall anything more than her mother's loving face.

I sighed, dropping my gaze from Caitlin's to stare at the ground. I'd made her mother a promise more than a decade ago, and I meant to keep it.

About fifteen years ago, my family hadn't been in the sort of position we were today. Back then, we were based out of Ireland rather than Boston. The Murphys had settled in a poorer suburb of Dublin, where there were several other much larger families at play all around us. Kieran and I had worked together to carve out a small territory for us, but that hadn't come without much fight and even greater loss.

The McCormicks were close friends of ours, so close that we considered them family. Years before my time, the two families had become allies through an arranged marriage and had simply grown from there. Caitlin's father Finn was practically an adopted brother in the family, and we all treated him like one. When he found Nora and married her six months later, she was welcomed with the same kind of love and respect that we gave him.

I stifled a chuckle when I remembered the face she'd made when she had her first taste of real Irish whiskey. She'd always said how much she hated whiskey and at her first family meeting, she'd surprised us all when she'd downed the whole thing in a single gulp before she slammed the glass back down on the table.

She'd been an integral part of our family after that.

I still remembered the delectable taste of Nora's delicious blueberry scones like I'd had one just yesterday. She was especially talented in the kitchen, and thinking about it only made me miss her even more.

After a few drinks one night, Finn and I had come up with a plan to expand the Murphy Empire. There was a gambling house a few streets over from the pub, just on the border of our territory. It was run by a small-time family in Dublin, the O'Malleys, but they didn't engage in much of anything. They threatened it several times in the past, but they were all bark and no bite, or at least that was our impression.

It *should* have been an easy takeover.

We hadn't known the Gallaghers had just signed an agreement with the O'Malleys the weekend before, a pact sealed through an arranged marriage and an announcement of an unborn child.

In the following days, Finn and I approached Kieran. Once we had permission, the two of us started preparing. We ensured that we had enough guns and weapons to outfit a small army of men that we would bring along with us. When we were finally ready, we infiltrated the gambling den slowly, one

member at a time entering and placing a bet. When enough of us were inside, we took over by force.

Finn took several shots and so did I, but at the end of the day there were only two or three casualties. Unbeknownst to us, one of the men that died was the bride's brother. We'd thought it was a massive success, and we made bank taking in bets and bribes over the course of the next several days. It was the calm before the storm. The Gallaghers came for us later that week. They wanted me and Finn dead to repay a blood debt for one they considered their own.

We weren't ready.

They must have been watching us for days. Finn, Nora, and I had booked a car to take us to a local charity event and when we'd pulled up in the VIP area, they'd ambushed us. I'd seen a flicker of motion out of the corner of my eye, but I hadn't been fast enough. One shot went off and then another. A ferocious burn cut into my abdomen, and I pushed Nora back into the car and hid behind the door. With a rushed sense of calm, I'd pulled my own gun and popped off several bullets myself. Finn did the same from the other side of the car. We were both good shots and it hadn't taken long for us to take out the six men that had jumped us. Only then did I hazard a glance down to notice there was blood on my shirt.

I'd been shot.

In a haze of fury and adrenaline, I'd spun around only to find Nora slumped over in the seat. I'd cried out with alarm, looking around to ensure that there was no one else that was coming for us. The back alley was abandoned now. The men that had ambushed us were either gone or dead. Truthfully, the only thing that mattered now was Nora.

In a daze, I sat down beside her, almost too terrified to touch her. Her beautiful rose-pink dress was stained with a growing pool of blood, and I hastily ripped it open, trying to find the wound. In my panic, I knew she was losing too much blood, but I wasn't ready to accept it. Then I saw the wound. The bullet had torn through her chest and her rattled, choking

breaths told me that her lungs were filling with blood too quickly for me to even get her to a hospital.

It was too late.

Her hand wrapped around my wrist as I tried to put pressure on the wound. Finn's door practically slammed open, and his face went stark white at the scene before him.

"Take... care... of my Caitlin," she whispered, and I blinked back tears.

"We're going to get you some help," Finn blurted out, his voice already cracking with panicked grief.

"You take care of her," Nora pressed again.

Her eyes were desperate, and I realized that she was just barely hanging on. The seconds she had left were precious. As much as I wanted to deny it, I knew that the wound went too deep, and she'd already lost too much blood. Her face was already deathly pale, and I choked back my own sorrow so that she could have a few more precious moments before what I already knew to be inevitable. Every single one needed to count.

"I will watch over her for you. Me and Finn will make sure she grows up safe and sound. I promise you," I vowed and the fear in her gaze finally faded away to satisfied acceptance.

I pressed more firmly on the wound, and she smiled. My heart broke. She was already so far gone that she wasn't feeling any more pain. My eyes watered and despite knowing the end was near, I still didn't let up, keeping my hands firmly against the gunshot wound.

"Nora, sweetheart," Finn sobbed.

"I love you, Finn," she whispered, her last words hardly audible, and then she looked back at me. "Take care of him too. He's going to have a hard time without me."

Her grip on my wrist had started to loosen and I knew she was close.

"I'll take care of them both. I promise," I reassured her.

Her eyes had slipped closed as Finn's arms shakily surrounded her. By the time we got her to the closest emergency room, she was already dead, and she had taken a part of me along with her. In the weeks following, the entire Murphy family worked to avenge her death. We took her loss from the O'Malley's in blood and when it was all over, Kieran finally procured an uneasy peace agreement between the three families.

After everything was done, Finn asked permission to leave the family and my older brother gave it to him without question. To take himself as far from Ireland as possible, Finn took his daughter and settled in Seattle, finally free from the mafia and the dangers it had brought into his life. I had seen to it personally that they never wanted for money. I made sure that Caitlin had access to the very best schools and that she never really wanted for anything.

As much as I tried to help him, Finn had lost himself in his grief. He didn't marry again, nor did he even try to date after Nora's loss. The two of them had been a once in a lifetime kind of love and that weighed heavily on him.

He drank. *A lot.*

I'd done everything that I could to help, but he was too lost in his grief to really care for his daughter. Over the years, he'd called me for a few favors in getting Caitlin out of one kind of trouble after another, mostly minor things like shoplifting or drunk driving. In the time since, the Murphys had moved out of Ireland and settled down more permanently in Boston, so I had my fair share of connections that I used to keep her record clean.

I had hoped Finn would break out of his sorrow and be some kind of a father figure for her eventually, but it was too late now. I was the only one Caitlin had left.

My phone had rung late Friday night. I'm not sure if Finn had known his body was failing him, but his voice had carried a deep sorrow that hadn't been there any of the times he'd phoned me before. I hadn't said a word as he rattled off her most recent trouble. This time, she was in over her head. He'd asked me for one last favor, and I'd agreed wholeheartedly. If I

didn't intercede on her behalf, she was going to be spending most of her early adult life behind bars.

Nora would have had my head if I let that happen. I can even see her scolding me like she used to in the past. She would always get this cute little dimple on her right cheek when she was annoyed at Finn's and my shenanigans. She'd never been a big fan of surprises and I remembered one time when Finn and I had planned the biggest surprise birthday party for her twenty-first birthday. She'd thrown a fit but had ended up smiling in the end.

I missed her. Even though she wasn't technically a blood relative, she'd always be like a sister to me in my heart. I would make it my mission to see to it that her daughter wouldn't pay the price for our mistakes back then. I had made Nora a promise to take care of her daughter and I intended to keep it.

CHAPTER 4



Caitlin

After the funeral, a black car arrived for me and brought me back home. I stood in the entryway, feeling a bit lost now that my father was no longer here. I walked into the living room and gazed at his favorite brown leather recliner. Without fail, that's where he would sit in the evenings. He'd have a full glass of the best Irish whiskey on the table beside him and he'd have the television on, but he wasn't really ever watching it.

His eyes had always been solely focused on my mother's portrait on the mantel. When I was little, he'd commissioned a painter to paint her portrait based on a much smaller photograph, and it had come out beautifully. I didn't really remember her since she'd died when I was so young, but I liked to look at her sometimes too.

My father had told me that I had her eyes.

On occasion, he'd stare back at me with this mournful expression, and I wondered if he wished it had been me instead of her. He wore his grief every single day and that was a lot for me to bear, so I went out a lot just so I didn't have to see it. I avoided coming home until well after the usual time he'd stagger to his bed and pass out. Anything to evade those eyes gazing at me like that. He never lashed out at me, nor was he ever cruel. Even at his drunkest, he never hit me or abused

me in any way. He would just sigh like he'd given up on me, which seemed almost worse.

He wasn't anything of a father to me for as long as I could remember. Standing here in the entryway felt wrong somehow and I made my way upstairs up to my bedroom, feeling empty.

I didn't know what to do now.

I couldn't leave the state or do any traveling. I was free from prison at least since I was out on bail, but my arraignment hearing was only a week away. Mr. Abernathy, my lawyer, had made sure that I knew that my presence was paramount and that I needed to be on time that day.

I sat down on my bed and hugged my knees into my chest, and I started to cry. Crying was the wrong word, really. I *sobbed*. I sobbed for the loss of my father. I sobbed for my helplessness in my situation with the courts, and I sobbed about being well and truly alone for the first time in my life.

I had no one but myself now.

The charges leveled against me were severe. At the worst, I was probably looking at a maximum of twenty years in prison. I'd be almost forty by the time I got out. I'd miss out on college and dating, everything that I'd looked forward to once the endless drone of school had ended.

I sobbed big, fat, heavy tears long after the sun set. I didn't even take off my black funeral dress. Eventually, I sobbed hard enough to put myself to sleep.

I didn't wake up until morning.

* * *

When I woke up the next morning, my eyelids felt like they had been glued together. I glanced down at myself, looking at the wrinkled dress in disgust. I got up and reached back, pulling the zipper down and suddenly needing to get myself out of the sorrowful outfit as quickly as possible. I changed into a pair of jeans and a gray crop top, feeling more myself today.

I took a deep breath and told myself that I'd cried all my tears yesterday. It was time to pick myself up and move on. I'd survived this far on my own and I would continue doing so. I'd make the best of whatever was to come, even if it meant that I was going to do it behind bars.

I trudged down to the kitchen and poured myself a bowl of cereal. Luckily, the milk in the fridge was still good, and I crunched down on a spoonful. My dad had always made sure to have my favorite cereals in the pantry. Today, I'd settled on Cinnamon Toast Crunch, rather than my usual Golden Grahams or Fruity Pebbles. There were a couple of others I liked, but those were my all-time favs. I poured myself a glass of orange juice and stared at the carton, thinking of my father.

Sometimes, he would join me in the morning, but those days were over now. I glanced at his chair and sighed. I almost picked up the bowl and walked into the dining room, which to my knowledge had never been used a single day since we'd moved here.

There was no family here in Seattle to invite over for Thanksgiving dinner anyway, so it just sat here and gathered dust until our maid came over to clean it. If she didn't come weekly, there would have been a mountain of it covering that table.

Was she even going to know to come to our house anymore? How did I go about contacting her? How was I even supposed to pay her?

The sweet sugary goodness of the cereal could only provide me with so much comfort. Then the doorbell rang, and I stopped midway into my spoonful. I ignored it for a second, but when it rang again, I sighed heavily and got up from the table. If it was a stupid Girl Scout selling overpriced Girl Scout cookies, I was going to slam the door in her face before my cereal went soggy.

When I got to the front door, I opened it like I meant business. My gaze was angled downward, fully expecting to find a girl scout decked out in a brown or green vest or whatever they wore nowadays, but I found nothing of the sort. Instead, there

was a man standing at my door and not just any man, but one that I recognized with a start.

It was the blue-eyed stranger that had stared at me like he knew me at my own father's funeral. Up close, the blue depths of his irises were even more captivating than they had been from afar. He was probably in his mid-forties, at least twice my age. There was something vaguely familiar about him, but I couldn't put my finger on exactly what.

"Can I help you?" I asked pointedly, doing nothing to hide my annoyance at being disturbed before noon on a Saturday morning.

"Honestly, I was hoping to help you," he said softly, his gaze passing over my features with a kind of familiarity that I didn't bother returning.

He was wearing a suit that was most certainly as expensive as the one he'd worn yesterday. His black overcoat was even richer up close like this. Was it designer too? I glanced at his wrists, noticing that he was wearing a pair of brilliant gold and diamond cufflinks that were probably worth several thousand dollars apiece. On his hand were several bulky gold rings. The edge of his tattoo peeked out from his right sleeve. I still couldn't tell what it was. Behind him was a really nice black Mercedes. The windows were fully tinted. I couldn't tell if he'd come alone or if there was anyone else with him.

"What do you want?" I scowled.

Who was he? Was he some rich member of the church that heard my sob story? I couldn't figure it out. I didn't get the feeling that he was some sort of do-gooder like that. In fact, I was left with the distinct expression that this was the kind of man who got whatever he wanted when he wanted it just because he had the money to pay for it.

"You probably don't remember me," he continued, and my annoyance deepened.

My stomach growled like it agreed with me and I thought back to my bowl of cereal, knowing full well it was going to be pretty soggy when I finally got back to it.

“No. I don’t,” I said, my voice flat.

“I’m Cormac Murphy,” he replied, and he held his hand out, striking me with an unexpectedly warm smile.

I glanced at his fingers, noticing that they weren’t smooth like I expected them to be up close. They were rough like a man who knew how to put in a hard day’s work. I knew he expected me to shake his hand in return, but I wasn’t going to do that. Instead, I leveled my aggravated stare with his.

“I’m not going to ask again. What do you want?”

“Back in Ireland, your father was like a brother to me. He called me before he passed away and asked if I would look in on you, so here I am,” he answered.

So, what was I? Some sort of charity? Did he think he was going to be some knight in shining armor coming to my door to save the day?

Fat fucking chance.

“Thanks. I’m good. You can go now,” I muttered, slowly closing the door.

In a quick maneuver, he kicked his foot forward, lodging it between the door and the frame to keep it open. His large palm pressed against the door, preventing me from slamming it in his face exactly like I had planned on doing. The glimmer in his eyes told me he knew it too.

Whatever.

“He told me about your legal troubles. I can help you take care of them if you would come with me to Boston. You’d be welcome in my home as long as you stayed out of trouble. You could have a chance to turn your life around,” he explained.

My gaze narrowed in on his. Was he serious? Did he really think I was just going to jump up and down at the salvation he offered, like he was some sort of divine humanitarian for offering to take in a stray orphan like me? Did he get off on that sort of thing?

“I don’t need your help,” I blurted out.

“Yes, I really think you do,” he countered. His brow furrowed with frustration.

“I don’t want it,” I scoffed.

With a sigh, he removed his hand from my front door and reached into his pocket. He pulled out a thick business card and held it out. It was printed on stationery paper, the expensive kind that cost all sorts of extra to have printed and felt like it was made from velvet. Maybe if I just took it, he would leave, and I could finally get back to my cereal and go about my day. I sighed, making sure he knew just how much he was interrupting my morning, and snatched the stupid card out of his hand.

“Just do me a favor and think about it. My personal number is on there. You call that and I’ll pick up. I don’t care what time of day it is,” he coaxed.

I stared down at the card for a second before I hazarded a glance up at him. I hated that I saw pity and regret staring back at me from those ocean blue depths. There was also something incredibly familiar and it struck me to the core.

Disappointment.

“Yeah. Whatever,” I replied.

It was all too much for me. I’d seen the same look in my father’s eyes time and time again and I couldn’t stand it, especially now from a perfect stranger. Without the slightest care in the world, I slammed the door in his face. As the sound of the loud bang faded, I glanced out the peephole to see him still standing there. He reached up to wipe off his face and lifted his head and I felt like he was staring straight into my soul. Unnerved, I crept away from the door to the window, watching as he stood there for one minute after the next. Eventually, he turned around and walked out to the sleek black Mercedes waiting for him out front.

I stormed into the kitchen, only just realizing his card was still in my fingers. As quickly as I could, I tossed it into the garbage and sat back down at the table. My cereal turned out

to be just as soggy as I thought it would be, but I ate it anyway, blaming Cormac Murphy with every bite.

I hoped that I never saw him again.

CHAPTER 5



*E*ormac

I don't know what I'd expected from that whole interaction, but I especially hadn't foreseen Caitlin slamming the door in my face. The last time I'd seen her in person was when she was still a toddler, stumbling over her first words as she crawled all over Nora's living room. Her innocence was still there deep inside her, but it was covered up by sorrow, loneliness, and grief.

She built up strong walls over the years to keep people out and I didn't blame her. She'd probably been too young to remember me back then and to be honest, I understood the reservations she had over moving across the country to live with a perfect stranger that offered her a charitable chance to turn her life around.

I didn't like it, but I did understand her point of view.

That didn't mean she was going to have a choice about accepting my help though. Her straits were dire. Her arraignment hearing was only a week away and from my tentative phone calls to a few members of the police force, I knew the case against her was iron clad.

I had my work cut out for me.

I strode back to the car and settled in the backseat. The divider between me and my driver Bobby was down. He looked at me from over his shoulder and cleared his throat.

“Where to, boss?”

“Take me back to the hotel. We’re going to be here a few days longer than expected and I need to put in a few calls,” I directed.

“You got it,” he replied.

Bobby and I went way back. He’d been my personal driver for years and he knew my wants and needs sometimes better than I did. He was sensational at finding ways around traffic no matter what city we were in, and Seattle was no different. He more than earned his commission, and I typically sweetened the pot with bonuses several times a year as a reward. His loyalty was mine.

“I’ve never seen a girl slam the door in your face so fast, boss,” he teased.

I chuckled and shook my head.

“Maybe I need to work on my intro,” I replied.

“Flowers work well, or so I’ve been told,” Bobby offered.

“Perhaps I’ll even throw in some chocolates next time,” I laughed.

“Whatever works. No promises though. Women are complicated,” he suggested, and I grinned in agreement.

“That they are,” I replied.

I pulled out my phone and scrolled to my connection within the courthouse. I needed to get every piece of information that the police had collected on her case, the names of her friends, the gang members, the officers that had been there at the time of her arrest, the works. I had a week to call in every favor in the book just to make certain that Caitlin would be by my side when I returned to Boston. I was going to look after her one way or another.

She wasn’t going to have a choice about that.

CHAPTER 6



*O*ne week later
Caitlin

I hadn't heard a single word from Stacy or Tina since the day my dad died and we were arrested. Tina was rich enough that I was certain her parents probably got her out on bail, but of the three of us, she was the only one that had gone inside the jewelry store. I wasn't sure what kind of role she'd played in the robbery itself, but she was probably in much deeper shit than Stacy or I were. Stacy was the most likely to get off on minor charges, since I'd been the one driving the getaway car. I'd tried calling both of their cells, but they went straight to voicemail.

In a bit of good news, my lawyer called midweek to tell me that the clerk had survived, which meant that a manslaughter charge was off the table and replaced by aggravated assault. Rico had been rushed to the hospital that night too, but it had been too late for him.

Mr. Abernathy had told me that my chances of getting off without any jail time were slim. He'd assured me that Trey was going to get the brunt of the blame since Rico was dead, and that Tina would get some of it too. The state wanted to make an example out of all of us, but he was hopeful that they wouldn't come down as hard on me and Stacy since neither of us had gone into the store. Trey was off on his own in the male

section of the prison system. Truthfully, I didn't much care what happened to him.

Being ghosted by Tina and Stacy hurt more than I thought it would, though. The only way I found out what happened to them had been by watching the news. Their cases had been scheduled before mine. Stacy's parents had paid an expensive hot-shot lawyer to get her off on light charges with community service. Tina was in too deep to avoid jail time, but the particulars of her case had been settled behind closed doors, so I wasn't certain where she'd ended up.

The press painted us all in a bad light, like we were just some punks that had gone in with guns blazing like it was some game to steal and murder every other weekend. They didn't know anything about us at all. They especially didn't know anything about me. The morning of my arraignment, I meant sure to set my alarm so that I woke up early enough to get dressed and do my makeup in exactly the way I wanted to do it so that I could walk into that courtroom with my head held high.

Blurry eyed, I stared at my closet, trying to decide what to wear. I took a sip of my still steaming coffee, thinking through my options as it burned down my throat. I could wear something professional that gave off strong girl boss vibes, but I quickly pushed that aside. That wasn't me. Mr. Abernathy had suggested that I wear something cute and girly, but I'd known I wouldn't do that either as soon as the words had fell from his mouth. That wasn't even remotely me either.

Instead, I finally settled on a short Catholic schoolgirl-inspired skirt, one of my favorites in blue and purple. Underneath it, I wore my favorite fishnets and decided on a form-fitting black shirt that showed off my curves up top. I pulled on my favorite pair of black combat boots, completing the outfit perfectly.

I looked in the mirror, quite pleased with myself. If I was going to be fated to wearing that ugly orange jumpsuit for years to come, I was going to go out with a bang and wear my favorite outfit every second that I could before they took that away too. I rubbed primer onto my face using just my fingers.

I did my makeup like I always did, classy and edgy with a pop of color around my eyes.

When I was done, I finished the rest of my coffee at the kitchen table, slowly chomping through a tasty blueberry bagel with strawberry-flavored cream cheese. I poured myself a glass of orange juice and drank it all down in one large swallow. Eventually, someone honked a horn outside and I knew it was time to go. I walked outside and climbed into the back of the car waiting for me. Thankfully, there was no one in the backseat and I enjoyed the ride in peace.

When I walked into the courthouse, I had a surge of pleasure pass through me at Mr. Abernathy's sigh at seeing me dressed like I was. I watched the scathing annoyance pass over his face before it disappeared, masked with acceptance that he was stuck representing a hopeless girl like me.

When the time came, the two of us walked into the courtroom together. I sat beside him during the entire hearing. I didn't understand much of what they were saying. Even though it was obviously English, much of it was discussed in this sort of legalese that didn't make any sense to me. I caught snippets of '*habeas corpus*' and 'due process' and something about an accessory to aggravated assault, but I just watched my lawyer's face for hints as to what was happening. The left side of his mouth edged up in a barely discernable smirk every time something went his way. When it didn't, his jawline tensed noticeably. Thankfully for me, he was smiling for most of the time.

I would never admit it, but it was kind of nice to have him arguing on my behalf. I would have been lost without him. On the surface, he appeared to be a good lawyer and if I knew my father, he'd chosen one of the best to represent me. I didn't recognize anyone in the audience. I half expected to see the blue-eyed stranger sitting around somewhere, but he was nowhere to be seen. Maybe he'd gone home back to Boston or wherever he was from.

I glanced at the jury sitting on the right side of the room. There was a mix of people from what appeared to be all different backgrounds. Some were more well off than others, just based

on the quality of their clothes alone. A woman with wiry glasses was staring at me and I wasn't certain what she was looking for. When I caught her gaze with mine, hers softened and I quickly looked down at my hands in my lap.

I didn't want her pity.

The news had already spread that I was an orphan. Mr. Abernathy hadn't told me he'd planned on revealing that information and I would have stopped him if I could have. I didn't want anyone looking at me like that. I sighed and stared down at the table. Some criminal before me had carved their initials into the wooden surface. It was partially buffed out and I ran my fingertip over the rough surface.

T. M.

I wondered who it was. Maybe it was some famous murderer or serial killer or something. For some reason, people had a weird fascination with death. All the insider criminal shows were always popular on Netflix for whatever reason. Honestly, I thought it was kind of weird. I'd never really understood the appeal.

To each their own, I guess.

I pressed my hands back into my lap. Now that I was here in the courtroom waiting for my judgment, I felt nervous. It had been easy to be confident about it when I was on my own, but this felt like something else.

The judge was an older man, maybe somewhere in his mid to late sixties. In any other context, he might have appeared kind or warm, but his gaze bearing down on me from up above simply felt cold and unfeeling. He was the one that held my fate in his hands. There was no doubt in my mind that the jury was going to come back with a guilty verdict, so it was simply a matter of how much he wanted to punish me for my decisions that day. His brown eyes sought out mine for a moment and I dropped my own in respect, but my heart thumped nervously in my chest. He was the one that was going to determine how much of my life would be spent behind bars.

Would he want to make an example of me? Quickly, I glanced back up, smiling warmly when his eyes met mine once again in hopes that may help. He slid his gaze over to my lawyer and nodded once. There was something imperceptible that passed between them, but I wasn't certain what it meant. I watched them a bit more closely after that.

Had my father set something up?

When the time came, the judge dismissed the jury to confer together so that they could come up with their verdict. They were away longer than I expected, for about twenty minutes, but it might as well have been an eternity. I didn't think there was much to debate, so I nervously wrung my hands the whole time as the courtroom broke for a short recess. My lawyer offered me some food and I picked at it, far too nervous to really eat or drink anything. When the time finally came to be called back in, I held my head up and told myself that whatever happened, I would survive.

I'd be the queen of prison if I had to be.

The rest of the courtroom rose and then sat as the judge returned, but not me. I stood while a volunteer from the jury rattled off my full list of charges. The biggest one, accessory to aggravated assault, was not guilty. The second big one was aiding and abetting armed robbery. That came back not guilty too.

The rest did, however. Guilty of felony evasion, third degree burglary, motor vehicle theft, and a list of several other minor charges were read off a sheet of paper, but I was no longer really listening.

This was *real*.

I was going to prison, like *actually going*. I could no longer pretend that this was all a dream.

I would have a record for the first time in my life. I wouldn't get a slap on the wrist and sent to juvie. That wasn't even an option. Since I was nineteen now, I'd been tried as an adult, which meant real prison with real criminals with very real consequences.

I would be a felon.

I dropped my head and stared down at those carved initials. I didn't look back up until the kind-eyed judge cleared his throat. My heart stopped beating as I jerked my head up. Trying to remain brave even in the face of all of this, I lifted my chin and pulled my shoulders back. I stared at him, silently pleading for him to have mercy on me even though he had no knowledge of me outside this courtroom.

“Bearing in mind all the facts of the case of both the prosecutor and the defense, I hereby sentence Caitlin McCormick to one year in federal prison, which will be followed by one year of probation with an additional one hundred hours of community service. Case dismissed.”

He pounded the gavel against the wooden block, sealing my doom with a loud bang.

Everything moved really quickly after that.

The courtroom guards approached me, and I was immediately led out through the back of the room. I quickly glanced over my shoulder, searching for my lawyer. He nodded once with a quick smile, and I wasn't certain what he meant by it. Was he happy with the results? Did he think the sentencing was fair? I opened my mouth, but the guard took my upper arm and led me forward. It didn't hurt, but it still felt overly forceful.

I hadn't realized they'd take me straight from the courtroom. Maybe I'd been naïve to hope that I'd be able to sleep in my own bed tonight. I kept my eyes down and just went where they led me. When we finally stopped, I realized I wasn't out back about to be loaded into a prison bus. Instead, I was standing in front of a fancy wooden door with a gold plaque on it.

It read Judge Harris.

Vaguely, I recognized that was the name of the judge that had overseen my sentencing. I looked at the guards in confusion, but they said nothing and just knocked on the door. The very same judge that had just sentenced me to prison opened that door. His gaze was even warmer up close.

“Miss McCormick, please do come in,” he smiled.

I did what he said because I didn't know what else to do or say. The only thing I did know was that this wasn't typical. Instead of being taken straight to jail, I'd been led to the judge's chambers.

“You may go,” he dictated to the guards, and I looked over my shoulder to see the guards drop their gaze with a quick nod.

Before I could even open my mouth and say a word, they had already disappeared down the hall. Judge Harris reached out for me and tapped my shoulder lightly, just enough to guide me forward. My gaze was glued to him as he guided me over to a luxurious brown leather armchair in front of his enormous oak wood desk. He closed the door behind me, and I watched him round his desk and then take a seat.

Someone else cleared their throat.

I started, glancing over my shoulder so quickly that a wave of nausea rolled through me. Sitting in the corner of the room was the same blue-eyed stranger whose face I'd slammed the door in no less than a week ago after he offered me his help.

Cormac Murphy.

CHAPTER 7



Caitlin

The judge spoke before I could manage to get my mouth to work.

“Before the hearing, I had the opportunity to talk with your uncle. He spoke very persuasively on your behalf and an arrangement has been made.”

“An arrangement...” I echoed.

I shifted in my seat, feeling more uneasy with every passing second. With a hard swallow, I slid my eyes from the judge to Cormac, trying to tease out what had happened in this room some time before my hearing took place. The judge kept his expression blank, but I had a feeling that nothing about this was typical.

“Yes. You will accompany your uncle back to Boston where you will serve the remainder of your sentence under house arrest and the terms of your probation will be determined by the local probate.”

Cormac had yet to say a word, and that irritated me for some reason. At the same time, I wanted to be angry with the judge, but I couldn't bring myself to be. He could have made my sentence much worse in some ploy to make an example of me. I'd heard of countless stories of stuff like that in the past.

No. This wasn't the judge's fault.

This was Cormac's.

I took a deep breath and turned, leveling him with a furious glare.

"You will be coming to Boston with me."

His voice was calm and level. There was no doubt in my mind that he was telling me what was going to happen. He wasn't asking, and that made my fury explode. How dare he come in here and interfere in my life?

"I'd rather spend a year in jail than live in Boston with you. You can go fuck yourself."

The silence that followed felt heavy. Cormac's gaze held mine, his eyes glimmering with weary exhaustion, disappointment, and something else. It was as if he was trying to decide on something to do or say, but I couldn't figure it out from his quiet and brooding demeanor.

Then he nodded. It was a quick movement that affirmed he'd decided on something, and I didn't know what. Was he going to stand up and leave? A part of me hoped that he would because the way he was staring at me was deeply unsettling. It wasn't like a sociopath or a serial killer deciding that I was his next kill or even a rapist catching a glimpse of his next target, but something like a father looking at his daughter with the full intention of taking care of her even when she was deeply in trouble.

I'd never had anyone look at me like that before.

I'd seen the exact same expression on television or in the movies when a girl would steal a credit card or something dumb and when her father eventually found out, and he always did, he'd come and scold her for a minute, but it always ended up in some ho-hum bonding family moment that I'd never experienced in real life.

Cormac wasn't my father, though, and despite what the judge thought, he wasn't actually my uncle. He was just some random stranger that had a hard-on for getting me out of prison and bringing me with him to Boston.

“Judge Harris, I would respectfully ask you to give me and Caitlin the room,” Cormac commanded, and the tension in the room became so dense that it felt hard to breathe.

I expected the judge to refuse. It was his chambers after all. Instead, I heard the telltale sound of his chair scraping back against the floor. In the silence, the quiet click of his shoes echoed deafeningly all around me. The air shifted slightly as he passed behind me.

Cormac didn’t look at the judge. His weighty blue gaze stayed firmly set on me.

The sound of the door opening and then shutting was deafeningly loud. Somehow, it was so much worse than the judge’s gavel that had cemented the doom of my sentence into reality. My heart pounded.

It was at that moment that I realized that I might have underestimated Cormac Murphy. It took some serious brass balls to come into a courthouse, pretend to be my uncle and then ask—no, demand—the judge to leave his own chambers.

Who was he? Why was he here? What did he want?

Slowly, Cormac stood up and closed the distance between his chair and mine in two broad strides. Then he grabbed my upper arm far more roughly than the guards had just minutes ago and swiftly forced me to my feet. Caught off guard and truly beginning to grow nervous at whatever this was, I tried to yank myself out of his grasp.

“How dare you lay your hands on me,” I spat.

Up close like this, I couldn’t help but notice the scent of his cologne. Initially, the aroma of citrus caught me by surprise, followed by a woody, herbaceous scent of a smoky campfire, but that wasn’t all. I took another deep breath, catching hints of coriander, sandalwood, and patchouli, maybe even some lavender. It was a heady scent that sent my senses spiraling along with the frantic beat of my heart.

He led me over to the judge’s desk, boldly using his free arm to sweep the surface clean. I fought and tried once more to pull free from him, but he was much bigger and stronger than me. I

was barely over five feet tall, and he towered over six feet. Not only that, but his physique was all muscle. I didn't have to see beneath his suit. The way the fabric clung to his hard form told me that.

I swallowed hard, trying my best to put my all into fighting him. I could call out for the judge, but I wasn't certain he would answer. The guards probably wouldn't help me either. To them, I was nothing more than a felon.

"I want my lawyer," I shrieked.

"You have me," Cormac rumbled, and before I even knew what was happening, he bent me over the desk.

I froze, my hipbones digging into the corner of the desk. When I finally remembered myself, I slapped my palms against the wooden surface and tried to push myself back up. His broad palm pressed firmly down in the middle of my back, holding me in place with a demoralizingly tiny amount of effort.

"Let me up," I screeched, slowly coming to terms with the fact that I wasn't strong enough to fight this beast of a man, and I started to panic.

Who even was he? Why did he have this much power?

Without a word, he brushed his free hand against my thigh, just enough to stir the threading of my fishnets. I stilled.

He wanted to fuck me.

Was he some sort of rich freak that bought off female felons? Was he going to rape me right here in the judge's chambers? Myriad possibilities raced through my head, each one worse than the last with the final one ending with me chopped into bits and destroyed in a vat of acid.

"You and I are going to have a discussion, Caitlin," he began.

His voice was close to my left ear, brushing against the tiny hairs of my earlobe and I shivered, trying to quell my rising fear so that it didn't overcome my brave tenacity. The deep, gravelly rumble of his voice took me by surprise. It was different from before because he was now speaking directly to

me and only me. My heart pounded even faster, and my breath caught in the back of my throat.

“Please let me up,” I tried, and I hated the way my voice trembled.

He’d probably think I was afraid, and I was, but I didn’t want him to know that.

Would he take my panties down? Would he rip them off?

He probably thought I was some easy lay with my reputation. Hell, my first boyfriend had spread one rumor after the next about me and I’d held my head up and owned every single one, telling all my friends that he only lasted two pumps before he came. I took his story and turned it on its head, making myself the victor when he was just a weak boy that had his feelings hurt because I’d been the one to dump him first.

Cormac probably assumed I was a bad girl that liked to do bad things. How would he even know that I’d never had sex before?

I don’t know why my worries suddenly turned to stressing about whether or not he would think something was wrong with me. His fingers brushed against the hem of my skirt, and I froze, trying to prepare myself for what was to come. Every book, movie, or television show had made it seem like losing your virginity was painful for a woman.

Would I be one of those girls?

I waited for him to lift my skirt. Even though I was mentally prepared for him to bare me that way, it was somehow worse than anything I could have imagined. Bent over like this, the skirt was just long enough to cover the whole of my cheeks, but he edged it up painfully slowly. I squeezed my eyes shut, trying not to imagine the view he had of my curves as the fabric rode up inch by inch. It was only when he pushed it up to the small of my back that I finally hazarded a small breath.

“I think you and I got off on the wrong foot the other day, Caitlin. Perhaps you can choose to listen to me now that the position between the two of us has changed.”

He didn't really need to point out how much of a difference in power existed between us right now. It was already painfully clear to me. He was clearly the one in charge, both physically and financially and every other way imaginable.

"I don't even know you," I scoffed.

"I know you don't, but there are several things that need to take place this afternoon before I take you with me to Boston, so I'm going to make things very clear from now on. Coming with me isn't an option. It's happening whether you like it or not. Do you understand me?"

I didn't want to give him even an inch of leverage.

"Fuck *off*," I snarled.

He sighed, the sound somehow weary, like I'd somehow just forced his hand into God knows what. I gulped anxiously, waiting and trying to be as brave as I possibly could. I knew in situations like this that confidence was key. Maybe if I played against him, he'd drop whatever this charade was and leave me alone. Jail would probably be a better deal than whatever sick fantasies this asshole had in mind.

His belt buckle jangled behind me, and I tensed, forcing my eyes wide open. I tried to wrench my head back so that I could see what he was doing, but he didn't allow me much wiggle room. With a blank stare, I watched him pull the thick black leather strap from his slacks. The swish of leather sliding against cotton was so loud that I heard it over the hammering of my own heartbeat.

"What are you doing?"

He's about to fuck you, you idiot.

Somehow, though, I instinctually knew that wasn't going to happen, at least not here. Slowly, he folded the belt in half, holding onto both the buckle and the other end in his fist. It was only then that it finally dawned on me what was happening.

He'd taken off his belt and pushed up my skirt.

He was going to *spank* me with that thing.

Freshly renewed panic surged through me, and I pushed as hard as I could against the desk. With embarrassing ease, he held me in place as I thrashed, kicking my toes against the floor. Then I tried whipping my hands back to punch him as hard as I could right in the balls. I shrieked with alarm when he captured my wrists and pinned them firmly behind my back.

I was helpless. Nothing I could do would stop this from happening.

“Don’t you dare lay a hand on me. I’ll call the police and tell them what you did. You’ll be arrested,” I threatened.

“I *own* the police.”

His response was terrifying in its simpleness. It confirmed what I already thought, at least partially, that he was some powerful bigwig that had more money than he knew what to do with, and he’d somehow set his sights directly on me.

I didn’t know what more to say after that, so I just kept fighting. I kicked backward, missing his ankle or even his knee. I struggled for a long time, and he just held me in place. When I finally stopped moving, I was breathing hard.

I’d never been in a situation like this before.

I didn’t know what to expect, so I tried to put on a brave face. Everyone knew that a spanking was a childish punishment, something that happened behind closed doors in perfect houses with white picket fences. If a kid could take it, so could I.

Right?

“Let’s talk about this. Maybe we could come to some sort of agreement,” I tried.

I wouldn’t beg. There was no way I’d degrade myself like that to him. Until this moment, he’d seemed like a reasonable man and maybe I could work with that. My bottom flexed and he didn’t say anything.

“I’m done talking, Caitlin,” he replied, his tone serious enough to make it crystal clear that the time for negotiation was long

over.

This was going to happen whether I wanted it to or not.

I didn't understand it, but my pussy chose that exact moment to clench down hard. I almost squeaked in surprise, but I bit my lip at the last second, keeping my dignity blessedly intact. I told myself that maybe he would just swat me a few times to make his point. After he was done, he would call the judge back in and we would carry on like this never even happened. Maybe he just wanted to remind me that he was in charge or something stupid like that.

This would be over before I knew it.

I gave myself the best pep talk I could muster. I was strong and a man's belt wouldn't break me. This was just a normal Friday with a normal punishment for a normal girl like me. Stacy had even told me about her older boyfriend taking her over his knee once for teasing him and she'd told me that she'd had the hottest sex of her life after it. She had blushing admitted that it was a real spanking that stung, but she'd come really hard when he'd bent her over and fucked her just as hard after it was over.

Maybe Cormac was into this kind of thing, some kind of kink that involved manhandling a woman and reddening her bottom with his belt.

I blushed at the thought and quickly turned my eyes downward, staring petulantly at the rich swirly wooden surface of the desk like it was somehow at fault for my current predicament. There was a barely discernable change in pressure in the hand pinning my wrists against my back and I tensed, anticipating the first blow before it hit. The harrowing sound of the belt cutting through the air was almost gentle, like the swish of the wind, but that only lasted for a fraction of a second. The noise it made when it contacted my panty-covered ass was jarringly loud and the sudden worry that someone in the halls might hear washed over me.

Not that anyone would do anything about it.

The ruthlessness of my inner voice never managed to disappoint me. I closed my fingers into tight fists, digging my nails into my palms hard enough to hurt. When the line of stinging fire finally reared its ugly head, I realized how truly fucked I really was. The leather strap shaped to both cheeks, causing a single line of scorching flame to flare across my bottom and that was only from the first strike.

The second was even worse.

The third stung even more brutally than the first two. I told myself that I could bear it, that it was nothing more than a spanking that a million people like me survived every day. When the fourth hit just below the first though, I knew that I was lying to myself, and I bit the inside of my cheek even harder. I wouldn't give him the benefit of hearing me cry out. He could use that belt as hard as he wanted, and I would stay silent throughout the whole thing. He may be able to overpower me, but he wouldn't take my dignity.

Why did his belt have to sting so much though?

I squeezed my eyes shut, trying not to pepper my toes against the floor as the belt fell again. There was no room to edge my hips back and forth in any attempt to avoid its stinging strike. I sucked in a breath as the belt dipped even lower, caught off guard by how much more it hurt than the rest.

"Let me go," I demanded one more time and just as the last syllable fell off my lips, he used the belt to punish the tops of my thighs.

A strangled cry escaped me before I could stop it and I rushed to slam my lips shut once more, but it was too late. There was no way he wouldn't have heard that. It had certainly been loud enough. The belt cut into my vulnerable flesh that much harder, and I realized that the heavy lashes that had come before that one had been gentle in comparison. The belt was heavy and the infernal sting it was painting into my defiant bottom was only just beginning.

I had hoped that he would only use it to strike me a few times.

I had been so very wrong.

His accuracy with the belt was merciless. He whipped from the tops of my cheeks all the way down to the middle of my thighs. My vow to remain silent quickly fled and soon enough, I was whimpering and crying out with every terrible strike. His leather belt became my entire focus. It painted one welt after the next on my trembling backside. The burn built long after each lash, stinging in a fiery crescendo across my cheeks.

“I’ll go with you!” I tried.

“That part was never up to you,” he answered, using the belt ferociously hard after that.

The certainty in his voice was terrifying in that moment, and my clit throbbed in response. I cried out, thrashing against the desk, but the belting never slowed. He whipped me with that thick strap over and over again.

This was a very real punishment.

And it hurt.

I blinked, my eyes watering at the building sting and a horrifying realization came over me. Was his intention to make me cry, to feel like a punished little girl that had gotten spanked by her daddy when she got home too late?

Because that was exactly what I was feeling like right now.

I had gotten in trouble and instead of getting put behind bars, I was getting my ass thrashed with a belt. When the first tear escaped me and slid down my cheek, I wailed in defeat, but still the belt didn’t stop falling. Somewhere deep inside, I had hoped it would, but that soon faded away and the belt continued to fall.

“I’m sorry,” I finally hollered and one last final lash bit into the lower curves of my bottom, in exactly the place where my ass turned into my upper thigh.

My entire backside was aflame as I sobbed, trying to reconcile with the contrast from the powerful feeling I had this morning before I came to court to what I was feeling now.

“I know you are, Caitlin. I think things will be much clearer between you and me now, won’t they?” he asked softly.

I hated how the gentleness and surety of his voice cut through me, making my core clench tight with uncontrollable desire even though my backside was burning from his belt. For several long minutes, I sobbed over that desk. My tears pooled beneath me on the wood, and he held me there, but somehow that was comforting too. I turned my head to face him as he laid his belt down beside me.

“Won’t they?” he repeated, his voice hardening with unsaid threat.

“Yes, sir,” I replied, desperately wanting to avoid another session with his belt.

The stinging burn didn’t fade completely and a part of me knew it wouldn’t for a long while. I shifted over the desk, my pussy throbbing, and I came to a startling conclusion.

I was wet.

Not just a little bit, but absolutely soaked.

The only comfort in my head at that moment was that my panties were still up, and that thin, gauzy fabric still at least covered my weeping slit, but I feared that would only do so much. Was there a wet spot? Could he see it?

I drew in a shaky breath.

That wasn’t possible, right?

I wasn’t aroused by being bent over a desk and having my bottom belted well past sobbing, was I?

That would be insane...

Right?

I tried to take stock of the rest of my body, but the more attention I gave to this unwanted desire, the stronger it became. My nipples were painfully hard. Right now, they were at least hidden from sight, but they wouldn’t be forever. I hated myself for choosing my pretty lace bra this morning, knowing that it would do barely anything at all to hide those hard peaks from the judge and even worse, Cormac.

Gently, he pulled my skirt back into place, covering my bottom and hopefully the barely noticeable wet spot between my thighs. If he noticed, he said nothing about it and for that, I was thankful. Finally, he released his hold on my wrists. I pulled them forward and pressed my palms flat on the desk again.

This time, he let me stand back up. What he did next caught me off guard, though. He reached for me, and I flinched, but he gently guided his fingers underneath my chin and lifted my face so that he could peer directly into my watery eyes.

“Everything is going to be okay, Caitlin. I know it’s difficult, but I need you to trust me.”

For some insane reason that I was in no way capable of fully comprehending, I believed him. Sure, my ass was scorched, and I had a sneaking suspicion that sitting was going to be painful for an indiscernible amount of time, but I knew deep down that things could have ended very differently.

“I don’t even know you,” I answered quietly.

“You will, in time. But right now, I need you to know that I have only the best intentions. Your father was like family to me and now that he’s gone, I’m going to make sure you’re taken care of,” he vowed.

There was no more threat or warning in his voice. Instead, there was a deep sincerity that had replaced the firm-handed man that had just punished me. His icy blue eyes bore into mine and I finally nodded. My fate was no longer in my own hands. It was in his and his alone.

“Now sit down and be a good girl while I take care of the rest of what needs to be done,” he dictated.

Slowly, he guided me over to my chair. I sat down hesitantly, flinching as my burning bottom made contact with the firm leather seat. Cormac walked over to the door and opened it. In a rush, I used my hand to wipe the evidence of my tears off my cheeks. I blinked fast, hoping to gather my composure as quickly as possible and that the judge wouldn’t notice how glassy my eyes probably looked.

It was bad enough that the whole building probably heard what happened in this room. The very least I could do was walk out of it with my head held high and the tiniest shred of dignity. I heard the judge's shuffling gait against the floor, and I took a deep shuddering breath.

"Thank you, Judge Harris. Let us continue where we left off."

The judge walked around his desk and slid into his seat. His gaze passed over me, but he directed his focus to Cormac after that. I shifted in my seat as they discussed the various terms of my release into his protective custody. The judge brought up the possibility of an ankle monitor to ensure I stayed within a certain area and Cormac quickly brushed that aside like it was the most unnecessary thing he'd ever heard.

I didn't see any money exchange hands, but it soon became clear that my sentence wasn't being given over for free. I noticed certain looks and hand gestures exchanged between them as they filled out a short stack of forms together. By the end of the meeting, the judge looked ridiculously pleased with himself.

"Thank you, Mr. Murphy. It was a pleasure doing business with you." The judge dipped his head. He offered his hand and Cormac shook it heartily.

"The pleasure is all mine," he answered.

No man had any business being that smooth.

"Come now, Caitlin. We must be on our way," Cormac said, his voice expectant.

I opened my mouth with the full intention of coming back with a smart retort of some kind, but I stopped the moment his hand casually rested against the thick leather strap around his waist. Immediately, I thought better of it and didn't say anything at all.

Resigned to my fate, I stood and followed him out of the room. As I stared at the back of his head, I contemplated trying to run off and make a break for it. My imagination ran wild, but the cops patrolling the halls beside us gave me pause. Cormac glanced over his shoulder and caught me glaring at

him. If looks could kill, he would have collapsed to the floor instantly.

Apparently, he didn't see it that way, though, and he smirked, his eyes seemingly twinkling at my not-so-sly challenge. When he turned around, I scowled and stuck out my tongue at the back of his head with as much petulance as I could muster.

My bottom was still burning too much for me risk anything else. I was still having trouble believing that the whole scene in the judge's chambers had happened, that it wasn't just some scene in a book or some B-rated television show. Cormac had actually asked the judge to leave his own chambers so that he could lift my skirt and punish me with his belt before he called him back in.

What kind of a man had power like that?

Was it money? Was it knowing the right people in the right place at the right time? What was it?

Right now, I didn't know. Eventually though, if I went along with whatever this fucked-up situation was, I'd figure it out.

A part of me knew I should be thankful that I wasn't heading to prison right now for a full strip search before I was deposited in a cell in county or whatever prison they decided had enough room for a criminal like me, but I was finding it difficult to focus on anything other than the fact that my ass was still scalded with fire.

That wasn't the only thing either.

My pussy felt like it had caught flame too, and that was far worse than the belt. I didn't understand why I had this insurmountable surge of arousal burning through me at being treated so roughly. I hadn't had any choice in how this all went down. It hadn't mattered that I had indicated that I'd rather go to jail than face life with a stranger all the way on the other side of the country. My straight-out refusal had only ended up with my ass red and welted while I'd still ended up at his side anyway.

I reached to try to tug my skirt down a bit further, fully convinced the marks descended far enough down my thighs to

be visible to anyone walking by in the halls, and my pussy clenched hard. They'd know that I'd had my bottom belted like a naughty little girl.

I jerked my gaze from one face to the next as I strode by. Did they already know? Had everyone heard me screaming and crying during the whole ordeal? How thin were the walls here? Would they know he used his belt?

My mortification quickly overwhelmed me, and I turned my eyes back down to the floor, staring at Cormac's designer leather shoes instead. My face felt like it was as red as my ass.

Why would I be turned on by having no control over the outcome of my life, or at the very least, the next year of it, and whatever became of me after that?

Even as I thought it, my skin prickled with heat. My nipples were incredibly hard, and I quickly crossed my arms over my chest in a ploy to hide them. The slight pressure only made my situation worse, and I huffed in annoyance. How dare he do this to me?

The two of us exited out the back of the courthouse. I peered back at the unlabeled door, figuring it was probably some staff-only entrance. As soon as the door clapped shut behind us, a blacked-out limo turned the corner and slipped into view, coming to a stop right in front of us. Cormac waited until the driver came around the car and opened the door for us. He casually gestured for me to climb in first.

There was no way for me to climb in without exposing my scorched backside in some form, so I scrambled in as quickly as I could. I flinched when I sat down a little too hard and I refused to even look up to see if the driver or Cormac had noticed. I didn't want to see his smirk of victory at knowing my bottom was still sore. I wouldn't be able to live it down. I pressed my thighs together and slid my hands on top of them. I could feel my legs trembling beneath my fingers and I glanced over as Cormac slid into the seat beside me.

I couldn't stop myself from staring at his hands. They were even rougher up close than I had imagined. His digits were

thick and callused, and I couldn't help but wonder what they would feel like sliding against my skin.

Or maybe even between my legs.

My inner voice was apparently just as turned on as my body was.

Shut the fuck up, you little bitch.

She didn't. She just spiraled into an even deeper hole of needy arousal as I sat there miserably and took it. I slid as far away from Cormac as I possibly could. I angled my body a bit so I could see him out of the corner of my eye. I took advantage when he wasn't looking in my direction and studied his features.

In any other context, he would be considered a catch. He was incredibly handsome, with a caring, husky voice and the eye color people paid a lot of money just to marginally duplicate with custom contacts. As long as he had some modicum of talent, he could make it big in Hollywood just based off his looks alone. Honestly, if he could pose for a picture, he'd have a model career in ten seconds flat and probably be featured on whatever magazine cover he wanted. Hell, he'd probably make sexiest man of the year without even trying.

I clenched my thighs tighter together. He was clearly muscular, so much so that the buttons strained just the slightest bit across his chest. I'd only seen a hint of a tattoo on his wrist and a part of me wondered where else his ink ventured. Did he have full sleeves? Was his chest tatted too?

When he turned his head, I quickly jerked mine to the window, gazing outward as the limo cruised down the highway. I tried not to think about this being the first time I'd ever ridden in a limo. I hadn't even gone to my high school prom. My friends and I had ditched that lame event in favor of sneaking into a secret underground rave instead. I smirked. That had been quite the night. It had been far more fun getting blitzed with Tina and Stacy and dancing until the sun rose the next morning. I wondered if I'd ever see them again.

Fat chance since Cormac is taking you clear across the country.

My pussy chose that exact moment to throb hard enough to make my muscles tense. A soft cry fell off my lips as I hugged my arms around my waist and prayed that a black hole would open up right beneath me and suck me straight out of my miserable existence.

“Are you alright?” Cormac asked, the smooth rumble of his voice making my stomach somersault with cruel, unwanted desire.

I didn't dignify him with an answer, and I told myself it was because I didn't want to, not because I was scared that if I spoke out loud, he'd be able to hear the desire in my voice. My cheeks flared with heat, and I stared out the window with extreme focus. I noticed that we were exiting the highway into a more rural area outside the city. I didn't recognize it offhand, but the few houses we passed by appeared to be luxuriously expensive with perfectly manicured landscapes and bright, freshly painted siding.

Cormac didn't force me to talk or make any other sordid threats, and the two of us sat together in tenuous silence until we pulled into a private airport a short time later. I would have been surprised by how close it was to all those nice mansions, but I supposed that even rich people hated wasting time commuting in the luxurious cars that they'd probably spent way too much money on to pay other people to drive for them.

People like Cormac Murphy...

The limo pulled to a stop and the driver came around and opened the door for us. Cormac climbed out first. He offered a hand to help me climb out, but I refused to take it. In my rush to get by him, I stumbled. I was certain that I was just about to eat the pavement when his arms reached out around me, and he caught me. The scent of his cologne felt like a heady intoxication in combination with the desire already swirling in my veins. This time, his close proximity felt very different, and the sudden vision of his naked body thrusting in between my thighs flashed before my eyes.

I swallowed heavily, trying to choke back the immediate shame that followed so wicked a fantasy. His blue eyes bored into mine and I couldn't help but notice the softness contained within them. Did he care about me? Why would he go out of the way to take a girl like me under his wing? I was an orphaned criminal that had no one in her life now. No mom, no more father, no more friends.

Was it pity? Was I just some charitable sob story he could brag about to his friends in whatever elite circles he was a part of? He lifted me up gently.

"Careful now. No need to rush. The plane isn't going to go anywhere without the two of us," he explained softly.

He helped me back up and unfurled his arms from around me and I was horrified to realize that I already missed their warm embrace. I didn't want to care about him. More than that though, I didn't want him to care about me.

"Thanks," I mumbled, wanting to be polite.

I waited in silence as his gaze searched my face. I stared at the pavement until he finally turned and walked inside. There was no security or TSA of any kind to stop us, and he led me straight through the place onto the tarmac where there was a private jet waiting for us. The driver followed, waiting for us to climb the stairs and board ahead of him.

My eyes were as wide as saucers when I got my first look at the interior. Everything was done with extreme luxury and comfort in mind. There were dark brown leather couches and several recliners that were worlds nicer than the typical seats in coach or even the expensive ones in first class. Wood grain lined nearly every surface, perfectly stained and glinting with freshly polished shine. There was a fully stocked bar in the back, and I saw several familiar bottles of Irish whiskey along the shelves. I heard the driver climb the stairs behind us and I turned my head to watch him enter the cockpit.

Was he also the pilot?

When the door slid shut behind him and he didn't come back out, I just assumed that he was going to fly the plane because

why wouldn't a rich man like Cormac Murphy have a driver that was a fully trained pilot too. Maybe if I behaved, they'd take me on a train ride too and they'd let me pull the horn.

Choo choo, bitch.

I rolled my eyes as I took a seat. Before Cormac could even get close enough to think about doing it for me, I snapped my seatbelt into place. For some reason, the seat was so comfortable that it annoyed me. I crossed my legs, hoping that by doing so, the infernal pulsing need between them would fade out of existence entirely.

It didn't.

He took the seat next to me and it just got worse. I could smell the hint of his cologne and it didn't let me even come close to forgetting that he was there beside me. The engines powered up with a fierce roar. I wished for music or something over the intercom, but there was nothing. The jet pulled away from its place on the tarmac and headed toward the private runway. I knew it took people to run an airport like this, but I didn't see a single soul anywhere. Maybe they were paid to keep out of sight.

I looked out the windows, spotting an air tower in the distance. There at least appeared to be bodies there, likely giving us permission to fly or whatever things they did up there. The sight of them was at least a little comforting. I chewed my lip, trying to remember the last time I'd been on a plane. I knew I'd flown in one on the trip from Ireland to Seattle when I was very young, but I didn't have any recollection of it. Since then, I hadn't really traveled out of state because my dad always said that flights made him nervous.

Until this moment, I never thought about it being because he didn't want to be found.

I glanced at Cormac with a bit more caution than I had before. What if he was someone dangerous? It wasn't that far-fetched to think that he might be based on what I'd seen so far. I was pretty near certain he wasn't a serial killer or something. Why go through the effort of attending my father's funeral and paying off the Seattle police just to haul me off in a ritzy

private jet and fly me all the way to Boston if he was just going to off me?

It didn't make sense, and I pushed the idea aside almost as quickly as it had come to me. I gripped the armrest as the jet started to pick up speed. I told myself this was an expensive plane and that it was probably better equipped than most commuter planes, but it was smaller than those and that made me nervous.

"Bobby is one of the best pilots in the country. It costs my family a pretty penny to keep him on call on our staff," Cormac offered.

I found myself a bit caught off guard by his efforts to comfort me, and he smiled gently in my direction. If it had been anyone else, I would have thought it was sweet. My gaze dropped to his belt, though, and the sweetness of that moment was gone in an instant. It didn't matter that it had made my pussy wetter than ever before in my life. I shifted in my seat as my needy clit throbbed hard. I could sneak off into the bathroom, press my fingers between my thighs and make myself come just to satiate whatever was happening to me, but chances were that he would hear me, and I couldn't live with that.

I wasn't a stranger to sexual pleasure. I'd most certainly touched myself to completion before late at night in the safety of my own bed, but I'd never done it this close to anyone before. My bedroom was on the other side of the house from my father's. He'd given me the master suite because it had a nice big soaking tub, which he said he had no use for anyway. I stayed quiet for a while longer until the plane leveled off in the sky. I glanced over in Cormac's direction and saw him watching me with somewhat of a curious expression. The silence felt more and more oppressive with each passing moment, and I lifted my chin with defiance.

I wasn't going to let this man get the best of me.

"What? Is there something on my face?" I spat, feeling some irrational need to break the silence between us.

I was a bit taken aback by how angry I came off, but if it bothered him, he didn't respond or even acknowledge its existence. I couldn't decide whether that was comforting or unsettling, so I didn't pursue it.

"I was just thinking how much you remind me of your father," he murmured, and that took me by surprise too.

"In what way?" I replied, but the edge of annoyance that had been there initially was gone.

"Whenever he didn't get his way about something, he would stick out his lip in a little pout just like that," he chuckled.

"I'm not pouting," I scoffed.

"He'd say the exact same thing too. The only thing that made him feel better was this Irish coffee from uptown from this tiny little hole in the wall," he said, ignoring my outburst entirely.

There was a slight edge of sorrow hidden between the lines and I almost missed it. There was something he wasn't telling me, and I wanted answers.

"Why take me all the way to Boston? Why not just let me rot away in prison like I deserve?"

"You don't deserve a life like that," he answered gently.

My core twisted tight, and I didn't know what to do about it. I shifted in my seat once more.

"You don't even know me. How can you have any clue what I deserve?"

My arousal was only making my irritation surge that much more. I know I was behaving every bit the ungrateful wench, my annoyance at the man that was obviously just trying to do a good thing was most certainly irrational, but I couldn't stop myself. I was already in far too deep and if I was miserable and needy and aroused, he was going to go straight there along with me. Self-preservation be damned.

I kept pushing his buttons.

"You deserve to be taken care of. Everyone deserves that."

He was wrong. I'd been looking after myself for as long as I could remember. I didn't need anyone to take care of me. I'd been the one that had thrown out all those empty bottles day after day when my father had passed out on the living room floor because he'd been too drunk to make it down the hall to his own bed.

"You're wasting your time. I'm just going to run away as soon as I get the chance," I boasted.

His striking gaze held mine and I couldn't look away. I didn't really know what my expected end point would be, but I was well past the point of caring about what happened anymore. I watched his Adam's apple bob up and down as he swallowed, feeling almost as though I was waiting for him to finally recognize that I was too much and decide to leave too. He cleared his throat and I waited for the inevitable to come just like it always did.

"Running away would be unwise. All that would happen is that I would find you and bring you back safe and sound. And it would earn you another hard session with my belt that would make the punishment you received over the judge's desk seem gentle," he finally replied.

His whole demeanor was so calm and steady that it was unnerving. The problem was that, deep down, a part of me believed him. I didn't know what he was capable of, and I had a feeling that I didn't want to find out. Curiosity killed the cat, or so they say.

What difference would it make if it killed me too?

CHAPTER 8



*C*ormac

Caitlin McCormick was the epitome of an Irish spitfire, that's for damn sure. Strong, intelligent, fiercely independent, and utterly breathtaking even in the midst of anger. Despite everything that had threatened to throw her life off course, she had still managed to grow up into a capable young woman.

Caitlin was more like her mother than she could ever know, from her striking glare to the way her lower lip protruded just the tiniest bit when she was aggravated or annoyed at something, but there was even more I could read just from her body language that I'd grown to recognize in Nora, especially when she went toe to toe with Finn. The two of them had been a once in a lifetime sort of love, but that hadn't meant they didn't argue just like any other couple. In fact, I had a sneaking suspicion that Nora sometimes started fights just so Finn could take her down a peg in the bedroom.

My gaze slid over to Caitlin, picking up on the rosy pink hue that colored her cheeks, the dilated pupils, the constant shifting in her seat. Anyone else might have thought it was just because her bottom was still sore from my belt, but I knew it was more than that. I had pushed her skirt out of the way simply for accuracy's sake. I hadn't taken her panties down, but I hadn't needed to in order to know that Caitlin had been very, very aroused.

So much so that she was recklessly poking at me to see what else I would do.

I'd done my best to ignore her every attempt thus far, but I could tell that was just aggravating her further. For a while, she sat there in silence, stewing as she tried to come up with her next move.

Nothing about what she was doing was making me angry. It was the opposite, in fact. I saw right through what she was doing and knew that she didn't recognize what it looked like to have someone look after her or even care about her. A piece of my heart broke as I began to understand the fragmented pieces of her life that had never quite come together.

What happened, Finn? How could you have let your daughter grow up without your love?

A massive part of me felt like this was all my fault. If I'd never roped Finn into my misfortunate scheme, both he and Nora would still be alive, and Caitlin wouldn't be the broken shell of a girl she was today. It was my responsibility to fix all of this and the only thing that would teach her that I had nothing but good intentions with her was patience and time. I took a deep, steadying breath and pushed myself up from my seat. I turned to Caitlin and smiled.

"Would you like something to drink?"

"A shot of tequila would be nice," she retorted.

When I raised an eyebrow at her request, she just sat, cocked her chin a bit higher, and did the same.

"I'll get you some juice," I replied gently.

"I don't want fucking juice," she said under her breath, and it took me a second to decide just to let it go for the time being.

She needed my patience now more than anything. I'd turned her whole world upside down in a single day and that would take a while for her to accept. She was safe with me now and I had all the time in the world to show her that a home could be a good place and not just the rotten one she'd grown to know.

Retrieving Caitlin had gone far more smoothly than I had expected it to. Usually when it came to matters of pacifying those in power, there were the usual hiccups here and there where I needed to lay down more money on the table just to get done what needed to be done. This time, the bureaucracy was more than ready to make a deal. There was hardly any funding for prisons there and if the pomp and circumstance of a hearing took place so that the public could feel vindicated that justice had been served, they didn't much care what happened to criminals after that. I just had to grease the right hands in the right places, and they'd practically thrown Caitlin at me so that they didn't have to have another mouth to feed within the system.

I'd made Nora a promise and I intended to keep it. Caitlin deserved to know that someone out there cared what happened to her, and I would do whatever I needed to do to prove that to her, even if it took the rest of my life. I would celebrate the small victories though. Tonight, she would be sleeping in a real bed and not a metal bunkbed behind bars with some stranger trying to vie for her support in whatever gang nonsense happened in state prisons nowadays. She was safe and sound with nothing other than a sore bottom and a sense of wounded pride and that was something special.

I made my way to the bar in the back and poured myself a finger of whiskey. I took a small swig before I opened the fridge and pulled out a bottle of orange juice. She needed to get something of sustenance inside her. The trial had been long, and I was reasonably sure she hadn't eaten anything for much of the day. I supposed that she might have eaten breakfast this morning, but I didn't know her well enough to bet on that. I'd get her something in the back if I could convince her to at least sip on this first. If she behaved herself, I might even add that shot of tequila she wanted, but only after she put something in her stomach first. I had no intentions on being a prison warden. If she could handle herself, what difference did having a drink or two make?

I could feel her watching me as I poured a glassful for her. Her expression didn't really soften either, slowly hardening into a

more spiteful glare the longer I stood there away from her. I could tell there was something else though, curiosity maybe.

“I’m sure you’re thirsty,” I tried, but my attempt to lighten the mood fell on deaf ears and I shrugged it off.

She’d figure out that I was just looking out for her in time. When I picked up the two glasses and made my way back over to her, I noticed her thighs press together much more firmly than before. Her fishnets revealed a good amount of her skin underneath, allowing me to see every time her muscles tensed when she was around me. Her skirt was short enough to leave much of her legs bare, which had been an unexpected treat when it hadn’t entirely hidden all of the redness from my belt. I know she’d probably seen the whole outfit as some sort of rebellion, but a part of me liked the bad girl edge to it.

Her legs were long, toned, and lean and the fishnets set them off perfectly. Her hips were curvy in all the right places, and she filled out that too-short skirt like it was made for her. The sight of her pinned over the desk with her red ass properly presented for me would be the fodder of my hottest fantasies for the rest of my life. I was certain of it. That was something I wasn’t willing to admit to anyone, especially her. It would remain unsaid, just like I meant to keep my involvement in her mother’s death a secret that I would take to my grave.

I stood beside her and held out the glass. Her small fingers wrapped around it and an immediate vision of that same hand wrapping around my cock flashed before my eyes. I pushed it away almost as quickly as it had come and swallowed through my shame.

“That isn’t a tequila sunrise, is it?”

Her lower lip protruded even further, and I swore that it was the cutest pout I’d ever seen in my life. That same pouty lip tensed, thinning into a thin line as she took the drink fully into her hands.

“No. It isn’t,” I answered.

Then, without warning, she threw it in my face.

CHAPTER 9



Caitlin

I knew I was in over my head.

I should have just taken the juice and drunk it. He didn't know that I loved orange juice, especially the kind without any pulp. Without fail, I had a glass at least once a day and it was so much part of my routine that my father had made certain it was delivered once a week with our grocery delivery order.

The last thing I should have done was throw it in his face.

Shocked at myself, I stared back at him almost dumbfounded as I watched the juice drip down his face and down onto his shirt. He didn't say a word as he sat down and calmly sipped at his glass of whiskey. His lack of reaction was the most disturbing thing of all. He had this dangerous sense of calmness and patience that I'd never seen before in my life. I expected him to fly off the handle.

Why didn't he reach out and hit me?

Do something, *anything* really.

Waiting for him to fly off the handle was undoubtedly worse than it actually happening. My clit pulsed and I cursed it, trying to ignore it to the best of my ability and failing completely. I knew I was being irrational, but I couldn't stop myself. It was almost like I was pushing him just so I knew what things would be like when they were at their worst, or maybe I just needed to know that he wouldn't turn tail and

leave me just like everyone else. From the looks of things, he was a man that was used to things going his way and if they didn't, he'd just pay enough money to ensure that they did. Most men would have lashed out at me by now.

Why didn't he?

I couldn't help it. I kept pushing. He was just sitting there, saying nothing and just calmly sipping his whiskey and for some insane reason, that just made me lose control and the words just toppled out of my mouth.

"Are you going to take off your belt now?" I challenged, making no effort at all to hide the open aggravation in my voice.

His icy blue gaze slid over to me as he sighed softly.

"The belt is for big girls," he said softly and that made my stomach cinch tight.

"I'm a grown woman," I snarled, my defiance spiraling forward like a freight train.

What was wrong with me? Did I want more of the belt? My bottom was still sore from it the first time and I watched with a sudden surging sense of doom as he placed his now empty whiskey glass down on the table beside him.

"Pouty, defiant *little* girls are dealt with very differently," he stated, and that same impending sense of doom loomed over me.

I hated that a part of it excited me. That should have made me angry. I wasn't a little girl. I had taken care of myself for much of my life. I was more of an adult than most kids my age. Instead, my clit throbbed harder as I tried to figure out what he might mean. I shifted in my seat again, realizing that I was much wetter than before.

"What happens... to... to... *little*... girls?"

My tentative voice shook a little with my nerves, and his gaze glittered with promise. I'd steamrolled my way right into whatever was about to happen, and we both knew it.

“Pouty, *defiant* little girls have their bare bottoms spanked over Daddy’s knee.”

My pussy clenched so hard that I almost toppled over the brink into an orgasm right then and there.

For a moment, my brain short circuited, focusing on several different aspects of that one single statement. First and foremost, Cormac was going to spank me. Unlike the belting in the judge’s chambers, which in some sense felt impersonal over the desk with my skirt lifted, this spanking was going to take place over his knee. Instantly, the thought of that much physical contact between the two of us right now was overwhelming, and it didn’t end there.

He’d said my *bare* bottom.

That meant that my skirt wasn’t just going to be pushed up. He was going to take my panties down.

Oh, fuck...

Before, I hadn’t been certain he’d be able to see my arousal. This way, he would see it, and not just a hint of it, through the seat of my panties. He’d be able to see everything.

My pussy clenched again, and I bit back a moan. Finally, there was one last thing that made me feel like I had lost my footing.

He’d said over *Daddy’s* knee.

My clit throbbed as if it had its own heartbeat. The term felt completely wicked and taboo. It was wrong in a way that shouldn’t be right, but it was almost as if I couldn’t look away. It felt like temptation, and I desperately wanted to take a bite.

I watched him stand up in slow motion. He reached for me and gently grabbed my upper arm. I didn’t really fight him, but I didn’t exactly go along with him willingly either. Instead, I pulled away as he led me over to the couch. His grip was strong, but nothing about it really hurt. It just brought into extreme focus that he could overpower me with ease if he wanted to. My stomach flipped up and down as I dragged my feet behind him.

My self-preservation finally reared its head at last when he sat down and pulled me forward, but it was already too late. Gravity took hold and I was suddenly falling forward, realizing at the last second that it was too late to catch myself and escape what was happening. I landed with a startled huff with my belly stretched taut against his thighs. I swallowed heavily, noticing something else that I hadn't paid heed to when he'd bent me over that desk. In this new position, my hip pressed snugly against his waist.

So much so that I could feel that his cock was indisputably hard beneath me. For some reason, the knowledge that he was as aroused as I was made my own spiral even further out of my control. I was so caught up in my head that I startled when his hand smoothed over the back of my thigh. I told myself that I should push up against the leather couch and get away as fast as I could, but I didn't.

Instead, I just lay there with bated breath, waiting to see what would happen next. I wouldn't say I welcomed it, but there was an undeniable thread of curiosity that kept me there. So, I waited as his hand slid up the back of my thigh. The lifting of my skirt was just as jarring as it had been the first time. He slid the hem up my sore cheeks as if he was savoring every moment of my slow shameful exposure, and I shivered.

I heard him suck in a breath and I closed my eyes, wiggling my hips in a lame attempt to roll off him just so that I could tease his cock just a tiny bit, and he rewarded me with a second, much huskier intake of breath.

"I'm going to give you a choice, *little girl*."

My heart pounded with frantic desire.

"You're either going to be a *good* girl and let me take these gorgeous fishnets down without ruining them, or you're going to be a *bad* girl and I'm going to have to rip them off you," he stated.

My core squeezed hard, somehow wanting both and neither at the exact same time. I chewed the inside of my cheek, trying to decide. On the one hand, really testing out his brute strength was a tempting idea all on its own, but on the other, I really

liked this pair of tights. Every time I wore them, I always felt like a million bucks.

“What will it be, *little girl*?”

Fuck.

Why did those two words send me reeling every time they fell off his lips?

“I’ll be a good girl,” I replied, my voice somehow sounding smaller and more vulnerable than I wanted.

It was too late to do anything about it though. The words had already been spoken. Slowly, he slid both hands underneath the waistband of my tights. I closed my eyes as he dragged them down my bottom, and then even further still past the middle of my thighs all the way down to my knees. I shivered, realizing he was seeing my favorite pair of slutty panties for a second time that day.

He didn’t need to tell me that he was going to pull those down next.

My toes drummed against the floor and in one last ditch effort, I tried to roll myself off his lap. Like he had been anticipating that very thing, he grasped my hip with one hand and lurched me forward, pinning both my legs beneath one of his. It dawned on me that I was securely locked in place. I couldn’t rock my hips or even kick my way out of this.

For a minute, he just held me there like that as his fingers slid back and forth above the lacey band around my hips. It was hypnotizing in a way, his touch sending an electric tingle shooting straight to my core. Was it possible that he could feel my clit throbbing against his thigh?

“I think it’s time to bare your bottom, little girl,” he murmured, and I shuddered hard.

There was something about the way that he said it that made the whole thing feel like it was inevitable, and it made my focus center on my backside more completely than ever. He didn’t rush it like high school boys would. Instead, he slipped his fingers just beneath the lace and edged them down, bit by

bit. I had thought it was going to be terribly shameful and maybe mildly embarrassing, but it wasn't.

It was so much *worse* than all that combined.

He was the first person to lay eyes on my naked bottom in a long time. In the rush of aroused panic, I vaguely remembered the last time being at a doctor's office for a physical or something, but I'd never been exposed quite like this, facedown over a man's knee about to get a very real spanking that I had very much earned.

I tried to be brave, but the slow reveal of the most private places of my body rattled me more than I thought possible.

The whole process probably took no more than a minute, but every second of it felt like an eternity. It would have been much less embarrassing if he had just yanked them down, but his fingertips followed behind the waistband of my panties, sliding against every inch of skin he exposed. When they finally brushed against the lower curves of my cheeks, he pushed them down to lay against the fishnets that were already tangled around my knees.

And then, it hit me.

He would be able to see my pussy.

My core squeezed tight, and a soft gasp fell from my lips before I had the forethought to stop it. He had to have heard it, but he didn't say anything.

He doesn't need to say anything because he's too busy looking at your dripping, soaking wet, and very needy pussy right now.

My face flamed red hot, and I cursed the demon that controlled my inner voice. With a trembling breath, I realized I could actually feel his eyes on me.

And they felt *heavy*.

Feeling shy, I pressed my thighs together as hard as I could. I had a feeling it wasn't doing anything to hide what was between my legs, but it was at least something. There wasn't the slightest bit of doubt that he wouldn't see my wetness. My inner thighs were slick with it, so much so that they slid

against each other as I tried to ignore its presence as much as humanly possible.

This is really happening. You're about to get your bare bottom spanked over Cormac's knee and he knows that turns you on, you dirty little slut.

I blanched, taking solace only in the fact that he couldn't hear the terribly naughty thoughts bouncing around in my head.

His hand on my hip squeezed a little, bringing into sharp focus that I was pinned in place, with both my bottom and my pussy bare for what was undoubtedly the most shameful experience of my life.

Don't forget arousing, you dirty girl.

His palm finally settled on my left cheek, and I caught myself imagining those rough hands for the thousandth time. Until that moment, I hadn't fully realized how broad they were. It nearly covered the entirety of one side of my bottom, and I bit my lower lip, worrying it as I tried to reconcile the stark contrast of my current position with the powerful bad girl I had felt like walking into the courtroom this morning.

It was a heady difference.

"Pouty, defiant little girls who throw their juice in Daddy's face get their bare bottoms spanked bright red," he announced.

My lips opened and the words sprang from me before I could stop them.

"Fuck you."

The silence that followed was so dense that I could feel myself shrinking against him to hide at the same time knowing that I couldn't.

His hand lifted and the first crack against my naked cheek was so loud that it made me cry out solely from the sound. A second gunshot rang out as he smacked the other side just as firmly and I slammed my lips shut, vowing to keep quiet for the whole thing.

I'd show him how brave a pouty, defiant girl could be.

This whole scenario was harrowingly different from the belting before. That had been a tool that meted out a consequence, just like kids at some private boarding schools were spanked with a paddle or a cane. That had been a spanking.

This was a *punishment*, one that I had flung myself headlong into earning.

The physical touch shared between us was startlingly intimate. It felt far more personal to be pinned like this against him with my panties pulled down to my knees.

It was far, *far* more arousing too.

Maybe it was because he could see my pussy and that I couldn't hide my body's reaction when he held me close like this.

Did I even *want* him to know?

More important, would he do anything about it?

My pussy clenched down hard at the same time a firm strike bounced off my right cheek. The first few spanks had been shocking more from the sound and the glaringly different position, but now it was being replaced by something else.

This stung. His hand actually hurt. The belt had functioned both to sting and to build my fear, but when he'd first said he was going to spank me with his hand, I'd assumed it would be easier to take.

It wasn't.

Somehow, in some ways, it stung even more. Maybe it was because he kept his hand a little loose, so that the shape of it curled around each cheek in a way that the belt was too solid to do, or maybe it was just because I'd been so naughty that he had needed to deal with me right then and his hand was the thing that would teach me a lesson the fastest. It took a moment to realize that his pace was gradually increasing and maybe that had all been a warmup. I hoped I was wrong.

I wasn't.

If I didn't know that he was using just his hand, I would have thought that it was a paddle, but I knew it was his hand and somehow, that made the unexpected sting turn from mild to overwhelming in nothing short of a minute. I thrust my arm backwards and successfully commandeered control of my right bottom cheek for half a second before he grabbed my wrist and easily pinned it behind my back.

"Naughty girl," he scolded, and my core squeezed tight.

I sucked in a shaky breath, trying to hold onto the reins of my arousal even as it was quickly barreling well past the point of control. With every passing moment, I would tell myself that this was the hardest it could get and then he would prove me wrong, time and time again. I held on for as long as I could without making a sound. My lips slipped and I cried out, the sound barely audible but I knew he'd heard it because his cock hardened like an iron spike beneath my hip. I sucked in a breath when its size hit me. His cock was a man-sized cock, the kind that would stretch me open and probably split me in half if I took the whole thing.

His palm struck the tops of my thighs and this time, the cry that fell off my lips sounded far more frantic than I intended. After that, there was no more keeping quiet. His palm peppered the backs of my thighs almost exclusively, and that stung far more than the rest. He'd been accurate with his belt, but he was a master with his hand. He punished from the tops of my cheeks all the way down to the middle of my thighs. I imagined his thoroughness had turned my whole bottom bright red because it felt like my ass had fallen straight into a campfire.

"I get it," I screeched, struggling as much as I could even though I knew I wasn't going anywhere.

"Tell Daddy you're sorry," he demanded, punctuating each word with a hard strike right where my ass met my thighs.

I knew from experience now that tender spot was the place that I would feel sitting down for the rest of the day, but I bit my tongue. I likely would have tasted blood, but several hard smacks to my upper thighs made me howl out loud.

This is how he would deal with me when I was naughty.

Why was my body reacting this way? What the fuck was wrong with me?

The spanking went on, turning more and more punishing the longer it lasted. I didn't know how to make it stop, and somewhere deep down, a part of me fundamentally understood that it wasn't up to me, that's why he'd pinned me over his knee like this, so he could spank me just as hard and as long as I needed to be spanked. My clit wouldn't stop throbbing and I yearned for the big strong hand to stop punishing me so that it could slide between my legs and give me that orgasm my body was screaming for.

Could the pilot hear this? Did he know what was happening?

I blushed hard, unintentionally arching my back, and lifting my hips just a little. He took advantage of my slight movement to reposition my bottom a bit higher. With my ass angled like this, I felt even more vulnerable, and when the spanking inevitably resumed, my cries had taken on a more desperate tone.

It hurt. A lot.

And it wasn't ending anytime soon. If anything, it intensified, and my eyes started to water. I blinked, trying to do anything to hold them back. I tried to keep my breathing steady, but soon things started to spiral, the sting scalded even hotter, and the first tear dripped down my cheek. The spanking kept going for a little longer after that, really hammering in the message long after I was sobbing with my bottom burning over his knee.

I expected to be angry. I thought I would want to lash out and hurt him right back, but instead, I didn't feel any of that. By the time the spanking finally ended, my tears had turned into tiny rivers that flowed readily down my cheeks and dripped off my chin, making a tiny little puddle on the couch.

"I'm going to take care of you, *little girl*, and you're going to let me. Every time you fight me, it will result in this. Do you understand me?"

“Yes,” I wheezed, my shoulders shaking as I continued to cry.

His hand settled protectively on my burning backside and the possessiveness in that single touch took me by surprise. Maybe he meant to do it or maybe it was a happy accident, but somehow everything seemed lighter. This morning, I had been facing serious jail time and life as a felon and right now, a stranger had come for me and plucked me from that terrible fate. If the worst part of that whole thing was that my mysterious savior had a firm hand, I was lucky.

With grace, his hands curled around my waist, and he lifted me up and sat me down in his lap, my panties still wound around my knees and my skirt bunched up around my waist. Without a second thought, I curled my arms around his neck. There was the slightest bit of hesitation on his part, but when his strong arms wrapped around me, I let go of everything holding me back.

I tried not to focus on how comforting it felt to finally have someone in my life that cared about me enough to take me in hand when I needed it. I tried not to think about how I’d needed something like this for a very long time.

His fingers traced up and down my spine in soothing circles as my crying slowed. He held me like that for a long time. It could have been minutes or hours, but he didn’t shove me away or tell me to get a hold of myself like other guys would. He simply held me until I stopped crying and then some more after that.

I buried my face in the crook of his neck, allowing his scent to surround me. When I leaned my head to the side a little, it pressed my ear against his chest and the comforting sound of his heartbeat caught me by surprise. I stilled and listened to its steady drumming, timing my breathing to its constant beat as I calmed down, safe and sound in his arms.

“I’m sorry,” I ventured in a hushed whisper and his arms squeezed tight around me, revealing in unspoken words that maybe he did actually care about me.

“You were forgiven long before I took you over my knee, sweet girl,” he reassured me, and I settled in his lap once

more.

Eventually though, the throbbing between my legs became far more incessant than the burning state of my bottom, and I rubbed my thighs together, hoping that it would offer some sense of relief.

“Stand up,” he directed.

There was a slight firmness to his tone, but it was more in a guiding way than a scolding one. Blushing deeply, I slowly climbed to my feet. My skirt was a little bunched up and I turned my head as his fingertips glided against the sides of my thighs. I couldn't stop myself from watching the direction of his eyes.

Would he look at me there? Would he like what he saw?

My pussy was just as bare as my bottom. I'd never much liked hair down there, so I'd been shaving it ever since it had first appeared, and I'd shaved just last night. My cheeks flared red hot when his gaze dropped downward.

Then he looked. My core squeezed so tight it hurt.

Without a word, he slowly dragged my panties back up into place and I audibly sighed with relief once my swollen pussy was finally covered. Next, he pulled my tights back into place and adjusted my skirt to its normal position. I tried not to notice how nice it felt for him to dress me.

“Now, sweet girl, let me tell you what's going to happen next. You're going to sit down in your seat. I am going to get you something to eat and pour you a fresh glass of juice.”

I stiffened and his hands pressed against the outside of my thighs.

“You will eat and drink what I give you like a good girl unless you want to go back over Daddy's knee for another spanking that will leave you sobbing and very sore after which you will sit down, and I will serve you again.”

I nodded with a soft snuffle. My defiance from before seemed mostly tempered for the time being. He wasn't asking me to do circus tricks or anything, or even taking advantage by

demanding odd sexual favors. All he wanted was for me to eat. All in all, it was a perfectly reasonable request. My stomach chose that exact moment to growl like a damn dinosaur and to his credit, he silenced a chuckle, but he couldn't hide the amused glint that sparkled in his eyes.

“Okay,” I offered.

He stood and slowly guided me to my seat. When I sat down, I flinched, but he didn't say anything. He didn't gloat or say anything to make fun of me. It was almost as if the spanking hadn't happened, but we both knew it did. He strode to the back of the plane and poured another full glass of orange juice. I listened as he started to prepare some type of food and when he finally returned, I was delighted to see what appeared to be a first-class meal on a tray. There was a basket of warm bread and a plateful of spaghetti and meatballs still steaming hot. He put the glass of juice down, along with water, before he passed me some utensils.

“You don't need to eat every bite, but I want you to make a good dent in your meal.”

He sat down in his seat, staying next to me as I dug in. The food was absolutely delicious, so good it seemed almost criminal to be airplane food. I used several warm pieces of bread to sop up the extra sauce, delighting in the spicy flavor. The sauce was clearly handmade and not the cheap store-bought stuff I was used to.

His gaze was warm as he watched me out of the corner of his eye. I was certain that my face was cherry tomato red, feeling very much like a scolded little girl with a sore bottom. I had to admit that it was nice to have someone watching over me instead of only having myself. My pussy was practically weeping at this point and my clit never ceased its endless throbbing.

Was that part of the punishment too?

Why did the whole thing make me yearn to reach between my thighs and come with what would most certainly be the hardest orgasm of my life?

He stayed with me until I'd eaten my fill. When I was done, he glanced over, and I blushed as he assessed my work. The pasta and bread had been really filling, so much so that I'd only polished off about half of it. I blushed, suddenly worrying that I'd be put back over his knee, but then he smiled, and he said the words that I didn't know I wanted to hear.

“Good girl. Would you still like a tequila sunrise?”

For the first time that day, I smiled, a very real smile that made him break out in one of his own.

“Yes, please. I'd like that very much.”

For a second, he lingered, his gaze meeting my own, and I got the feeling that he wanted to say something more but didn't. Eventually, he turned and headed to the back of the plane. I watched him, wondering what would be waiting for me in Boston.

I had a feeling that my whole life was about to change.

CHAPTER 10



Caitlin

The plane ride across the country took hours and my exhaustion eventually overtook me. When Cormac had noticed my eyes were drifting closed after he'd put on a movie for me, he carried me over to the couch that apparently also doubled as a bed and set me up with a pillow and a warm blanket. I didn't have the energy to tell him that I could do it myself, but it kind of felt nice to be taken care of that way.

I wouldn't tell him, but it was actually kind of sweet.

I slept hard and when I woke up again, the plane had landed, and he was carrying me down the gangway. Sleepily, I curled my arms around his neck and buried my face in his shoulder to avoid the spotlights of the airport. I groaned. They shouldn't be allowed to be that bright.

"Where are we?" I asked, my voice still a sleepy murmur.

"We're home now, Caitlin," he answered, his voice soft and tender.

"Boston?" I asked, mine no louder than a hushed whisper.

"Yes," he replied, and his arms squeezed me tighter.

I breathed in, soaking up the masculine scent of his cologne, and relaxed. He carried me off the tarmac, through the small private airport and to the limo waiting right outside the door.

He sat down in the backseat with me in his lap. I was so tired that I fell asleep again, still safe in his arms.

I didn't wake until a long while later to find myself in a heavenly soft bed that was so luxurious that it was as if I was sleeping on a cloud. The blankets were pulled up to my chin and I knew that Cormac had tucked me into bed himself. The knowledge of that made me blush a little, but then I realized that my legs were bare. I reached down, feeling my t-shirt and bra still in place. When I ventured further, I noticed that my tights and skirt were missing, but my panties were still where they had been before.

Had he undressed me himself? Had my bottom still been pink?

Had that made his cock hard?

A visceral jolt of desire raced through me. Slowly, I turned over on my belly and reached back to cup my bottom. It was still warm after all. Cormac had burst into my life like a sudden storm. He had enough money and power to literally take me for himself across the country, a feat no man should be capable of.

I peered around the room. It was still dark, and the bedroom door was closed, but I could make out enough to tell that I was alone in my own room. For a long moment, I listened for any sound, but there was none.

I could make a run for it.

It felt naughty to even think about it now, especially after he'd threatened to take off his belt again. The whole ordeal had made me feel needier than I'd ever felt in my life. I had been impossibly aroused all day, and now I was finally alone and could actually do something about it.

Tentatively, I pushed my panties down, baring my bottom, and my pussy clenched ridiculously hard. I imagined him bursting through the door with that same darkly seductive expression, catching me touching my pussy while I was under his roof thinking about him. He'd pull down the covers and catch me with my fingers on my needy clit and when he asked me what naughty things I was thinking about, I wouldn't be able to lie

because I'd be too flustered about getting caught. He'd yank me over his lap and pull my panties down the rest of the way.

I closed my eyes, imagining the feel of Cormac's lap beneath my belly. And his hard cock pressing against my hip.

He'd spank me with his hand, but it wouldn't end there. He'd use his belt too. My thighs twitched and my bottom arched up, almost like I was presenting it to him, so he'd punish me more firmly. My fingers started working my clit impossibly fast. My core spiraled with passionate need. My heart pounded and my panting became more and more frantic as I started to lose control.

He wouldn't just spank me this time. He'd finish punishing me by fucking me with that big, hard cock. He'd throw me on my back, ignoring my cries as my burning bottom pressed against the bed. I'd be so wet for him that he wouldn't even need lube to thrust all the way inside me. He'd fuck me hard and I'd scream his name over and over again as I came all over him.

My entire body went rigid as the first tendrils of my release took hold. As much as I tried, I couldn't keep quiet, and a soft breathy moan fell off my lips.

"Cormac... Cormac, please... Oh, god, it hurts, *Daddy*," I moaned.

In the dark of the room, it felt safe to utter that single word. He wouldn't hear me, and he wouldn't ever know how much harder my orgasm got after that word fell off my lips. My thighs trembled and my eyes squeezed shut and I lost myself in the satisfied pleasure of such a wickedly taboo fantasy.

By the time my heart calmed and the frenzied surge of blood in my veins slowed to a more normal pace, a blissful sensation drifted through every inch of my body. Eventually, I reached down and pulled my panties back up into place. My pussy felt tender against the fabric, and I breathed in deep, settling back into the bed. The world was silent other than the constant drumbeat of my heart.

Then a floorboard creaked outside my bedroom door.

Fuck. What if he'd heard? What if he'd heard me call out his name when I'd come and even worse than that, what if he'd heard me call him Daddy?

I stayed perfectly still, trying to listen hard to see if I could pick up any other sounds, but there was nothing.

Maybe it had been a figment of my imagination?

I turned my back to the door and pulled the covers up close to my chin. It took me a little while to fall back asleep, but I did.

I didn't wake again until morning.

CHAPTER 11



Caitlin

Sunlight streamed through the window early that morning. I groaned, knowing it was time to get up and not really wanting to take any part in it. Groggily, I blinked awake, finding myself in a room I didn't recognize. For a second, I froze, but the events of yesterday slowly came back and I relaxed against the bed. I pushed myself up to my elbows, looking around the room. It was beautifully decorated with varying shades of deep violet, whites, grays, and sparkling silvers. The bed was queen size and there was still tons of room for furniture and everything else. Behind me was a beautiful purple and silver wallpaper feature wall. It looked like something straight out of *Home and Garden* magazine.

Had he known my favorite color was purple before this or had that just been an unexpected coincidence?

Not wanting to think on it too deeply, I climbed out of bed and padded into the ensuite bathroom. I was delighted to find that it carried the color theme as well. My bare feet walked across warm marble tiles while a heated towel rack held several of the softest purple towels I'd ever touched. There were brand new toiletries laid out on the counter. It was everything a girl could ever need.

From face wash to moisturizer to even the basics like a toothbrush and toothpaste, the bathroom was fully stocked for me. In the midst of my explorations, I found a pile of clothing

waiting for me on the counter too. I picked up the sweater from the top of the pile and flinched. While the material was plush and would probably feel good against my skin, the turtleneck style was much more chaste than I liked. It didn't feel like me, not even in the slightest bit. There was a bra, a pair of panties, along with a pair of dark blue jeans. Altogether, the whole outfit reminded me of some New England preppy college girl, a look that wasn't really my vibe.

I threw it all back on the counter with absolutely zero intention of wearing it. I turned the shower on and got undressed, catching my reflection in the full-length mirror. Curiously, I looked back over my shoulder at my naked bottom, noticing that his belt had left a few light pink marks behind. Captivated, I traced my fingertip over the marks, finding them still a bit warm and my pussy clenched hard.

Annoyed at both myself and the pile of good girl clothes on the counter, I hopped into the shower and tried to push all thoughts of Cormac out of my head. Instead, I focused on the fact that I was living in luxury rather than taking a shower in a grimy prison bathroom. There was even a rain showerhead. I'd always wanted one of those.

At least you don't have to worry about dropping the soap.

I snorted to myself. Was that even a problem in prison with female inmates? With a shrug, I shampooed and conditioned my hair, delighted to find some high-quality products waiting for me on the shelf inside the shower. There was a loofah that I used to thoroughly exfoliate my body with the mouthwatering raspberry-scented body wash. By the time I was done, I felt like a million bucks. Taking my time, I stayed under that warm spray far too long and my fingers were practically prune-y by the time I finally shut it off and climbed out of the shower.

I dried my hair with the expensive violet Dyson hair dryer I found under the sink and dressed in my clothes from yesterday. Maybe I could make Cormac take me shopping and I could pick out something that was more my style instead of him or some stranger picking for me.

My stomach growled and I decided my next mission would be to go find food.

When I was finally ready, I went to leave the room. I blushed heavily when I remembered hearing that floorboard in the hallway creak last night but shook it off and turned the doorknob anyway.

You're just afraid he heard you say Daddy when you came last night.

I suppressed a scowl and lightly stepped down the hallway, peeking into the rooms I passed by along the way. There was another guest room and what appeared to be an office, but I didn't wander outside. When I took a deep breath, the mouthwatering aroma of bacon wafted in my direction, comforting and wholly unexpected at the same time. I followed the delectable scent and stopped the moment I laid eyes on the man that had made all this possible. He was standing at the stove cooking and the image was so ridiculous at first that I almost thought myself still asleep.

Certainly a man with as much money as him hired someone to cook his meals, right?

I should thank him for bringing me here, but I couldn't. I had too much pride for that.

As if he sensed my presence, he looked back over his shoulder, smiling with the kind of smile that would bring a lesser woman to her knees. His gaze slid down my legs and he shook his head.

"Breakfast is ready, but I want you to change into the clothes I left you rather than those. I'm taking you out today and you'll be too cold in that." His tone was expectant.

It irritated me immediately.

"Those aren't really my vibe," I scowled, trying my best to play nice even though it was difficult before coffee.

His eyebrow raised just the slightest bit and I had to stop myself from reaching back and covering my bottom as if I could protect it from him.

“You can go change or enjoy breakfast with a sore bottom. It’s your choice, Caitlin,” he replied, and I lifted my chin, trying to save face.

“They’re really not me,” I tried again, trying to sound a bit more pleading than the first time.

For a second, I wondered if he was kidding or not, but when he wiped off his hands on a kitchen towel and turned to face me, I knew that he was being serious.

“There will be plenty of opportunity for shopping on another day, but for now, I’d really like to show you my city without having you shivering the whole time,” he said softly.

His voice was gentle, but I knew that could change in an instant if I kept pushing him. I’d found that out yesterday. As much as I wanted to make a point, I didn’t particularly like being cold. Seattle summers had always been my favorite. The winters had been the absolute worst.

“Do you need to go over my knee first, little girl?”

He held out his hand and my stomach dropped straight down to my toes. I shook my head, hesitantly glancing up into his glacier blue gaze. He dropped his hand and smiled warmly.

“Then go change for me,” he guided gently, and I turned tail, suddenly preoccupied with the constant pulsing of my traitorous clit.

The way he’d said ‘for me’ radiated through me and it kept repeating over and over in my head. I rushed back into the bedroom and stripped. I pulled on the jeans, wincing just the slightest bit as the fabric hugged my sore backside. I had to admit that I felt much warmer in the jeans than the skirt.

I didn’t want to be this meek obedient thing though, so I took off the bra and left it on the counter. I slipped the sweater over my head, looking in the mirror and taking note that although the fabric was plush and warm, it was fairly obvious I wasn’t wearing anything underneath it, especially when my nipples were this hard. I wasn’t sure if that would tease him or annoy him. Truthfully, I’d be happy if it was a bit of both.

When I bounced back into the kitchen, I took a seat at the table. I watched him closely out of the corner of my eye as he turned around. He glanced down but said nothing as he quickly redirected his focus to placing the full plate of food in front of me. I couldn't contain my sigh of happiness at seeing a heaping portion of fluffy scrambled eggs, bacon, and buttered toast.

"How do you take your coffee?"

"With cream and a little sugar," I answered timidly, feeling a bit shy.

He prepared two steaming mugs and placed one in front of me. I took it and sipped at it in a bit of a rush, burning my tongue a little in the process.

"Do you have orange juice too?" I asked, a bit hopeful.

"Of course," he grinned.

He went into the enormous stainless-steel fridge and grabbed a container of what appeared to be freshly squeezed juice. He poured it for me and placed it next to the mug of coffee.

"Thank you," I offered.

Feeling a bit off, I dug into the eggs first. They were perfectly fluffy and seasoned with sharp cheddar cheese, spinach, peppers, and onions, as well as some delicious spices. I chewed thoughtfully and sat back, making no effort to hide my chest as I enjoyed my meal. The longer I sat there, the more confident I felt.

He didn't say anything about it, and I didn't really know why I expected him to, but it kind of bothered me that he didn't. I knew he didn't think of me as some kid, or at least that's what I kept having to remind myself. His cock had been rock-hard under my hip during my spanking. There had been no mistake about that. My annoyance bled into my body language, and I stabbed a piece of egg a bit harder than I meant to, causing the fork to clink loudly against the plate.

"Can we go shopping now? This sweater is bothering me," I tried.

I pulled at the turtleneck around my throat, feeling warm and itchy suddenly.

“In time, we can arrange that,” he answered.

“Then where are you taking me?”

“The rest of my family has been wanting to meet you and I promised them I’d bring you around once I had you safely here with us in Boston. Ada would never let me live it down if she didn’t get some time with you today,” he grinned.

“So, you’re showing me off like a prized horse then? Your latest charity case?” I sassed back and his eyes flicked to mine.

I expected him to start to scold me for daring to talk to him like that, but he surprised me once again.

“Are you comfortable in your seat?” he asked, sitting back as he popped a forkful of eggs into his mouth.

He chewed thoughtfully and his expression stayed warm and welcoming. I shifted in my seat, catching onto his subtle insinuation right away. Without saying it explicitly, he was reminding me what had happened yesterday and that somehow, he knew there was still the slight residual soreness left behind from both his belt and his hand. I stared down at my plate, my face heating as I remembered how it had felt to have him bare me, how shamefully arousing for him to pull down my panties with the sole intention of punishing me for doing something naughty.

I didn’t even have to touch my breasts to know that my nipples were noticeably erect. Even worse, I sort of wanted him to notice, but it didn’t end there. I yearned for him to touch them himself. Stuck on the teetering edge of arousal and frustration, I fell back on my voice of reason. I didn’t want to get another spanking today. More than anything, I just wanted to figure out what this new life would look like. Yesterday, I’d been looking at years of prison and if I was honest with myself, this was a massive upgrade, and I couldn’t deny that no matter how I looked at it.

Even if my keeper sometimes took my panties down and spanked my bottom bright red when I deserved it. Or maybe

needed it. I don't know. I wouldn't think on that particular point any further.

Yes, you will. You know that's exactly what you're going to do when you go to bed tonight.

“What places are you going to show me?” I asked cautiously.

For some reason, it suddenly became very important to me that he didn't think I was this bitch or a terrible person that lived to goad him. I was thankful for him shielding me from years of prison time. I should try harder to show him that I was a bit more grateful than that. He cocked his head and smiled.

“Well, Murphy's Grill and Pub first. It's a restaurant and bar that my brothers and I help run. I'll take you to The Roasted Bean, which is hands down the best coffee shop in the city. If we have time this evening, we can drop by Sean's Pub, which is another fantastic local joint nearby. We might not have time for everything today, but there'll always be tomorrow or the next,” he explained, his mouth turning up in a warm smile.

“Brothers?” I asked.

“Mhhmmmm. I have four brothers. I have a sister too, Ada. She's been dying to meet you. I practically had to hold her back at your father's funeral,” he grinned.

I glanced up, taken aback by the joy painted across his features. It reminded me of something you see in those Hallmark holiday movies. It was so foreign to me that I hadn't really believed it to be a real thing. He loved his family and it showed. In a bout of curiosity, I pushed a bit further, wanting to understand it a little bit more.

“You're all here?”

“Yeah. We moved here a little over ten years ago from Ireland. Kieran, my oldest brother, has really worked hard to make a name for us here. We all have,” he replied.

His answer seemed loaded somehow, like it was vague enough to conceal something while also not really hiding anything. Instinctually, I knew Cormac and his family were insanely powerful people who may or may not engage in various ways,

legal or not, to get a job done, like breaking me out of prison and taking me clean across the country to serve out ‘my time.’

Normal people couldn’t do things like that, but he could.

“What if they don’t like me?”

“They’ll love you. Don’t you worry. Hell, Ada was the one who made sure to get all your toiletries in your bathroom. She wanted to make sure you felt completely at home,” he replied cheerily.

“She did?”

“I didn’t even ask for the receipts because I thought ignorance was probably a wiser course,” he winked, and his boyish excitement slowly made me feel more at ease.

“Why? None of you really even know me.”

There was nothing combative in my voice. I just had trouble understanding why a family that I’d never even met would be this excited about spending time with a perfect stranger, especially one that had been convicted of a felony like me.

“Your father was practically family to us. It didn’t matter that he wasn’t blood related. None of us wanted to leave you stranded out there when there was something that we could do about it. Seeing your pretty face behind bars wouldn’t have sat well with any of us.”

“I just...” I began, but he cleared his throat and cut me off.

“Family takes care of family, Caitlin. No matter what,” he stated, his utter seriousness seeping out from his every pore.

From the look in his eyes to the way his body tensed, I knew I could believe him.

“I can’t wait to meet them,” I ventured, a bit hesitant to admit it.

He broke out in a massive grin at my response, which put me at ease in an instant.

“Me too.”

Caught amidst my thoughts, I didn't quite know how to feel, so I quietly finished my breakfast. I was hungrier than I thought and polished it off. Too shy to ask if there was any more, I sipped my coffee in silence while Cormac popped a piece of bacon off his plate onto mine. The kindness and innocence of such a thoughtful act made me stop short and blush harder than I had all morning. He winked and that only made it worse.

“When you're done, I'll show you around the house before we go out and walk around the neighborhood. It's on the chilly side though, so dress warm.”

Unable to turn away from such a tasty morsel, I didn't argue, and I tried not to look at him, wondering if his comment was directed at the fact that my breasts were bare. In a ploy of confidence, I ate every last bit of that bacon and smacked my lips together in satisfaction when I was done. I finished my coffee first and then downed my orange juice. Before I could move a muscle, he stood up and gathered the dishes himself. I watched as he rinsed and loaded them into the dishwasher, a bit dumbfounded. I was so used to cleaning up after myself that it hadn't even occurred to me that someone else would.

It was both odd and comforting at the same time.

When he was done, he gestured for me to follow. I stood up, walking after him. He opened a few doors along the hallway, showing me the office and smaller guest room that I'd passed by earlier. He skipped past my bedroom and led me down a flight of stairs to show me the living room.

“That's the biggest television I've ever seen. I bet watching movies on that is really cool,” I murmured.

“You should try playing a game with that screen. It makes it feel like you're practically there,” he replied.

There was another more formal sitting room as well as a dining room on the same floor. I peeked out the window, realizing that we still weren't on the ground floor. His hand centered on the small of my back and I sucked in a breath at his close proximity and the feeling of his fingers against me.

“Below us is the garage and another guest room, as well as a room I use for storage. If you’re ready to go, we can head out,” he grinned.

“I want to run to my room first,” I said.

Feeling suddenly shy, I wanted to put my bra back on. It hadn’t had the effect I’d wanted, or really given me any answers of any kind, so I thought I would just focus on enjoying the day rather than the bareness of my breasts beneath my sweater.

“I’ll wait for you here,” he replied, sitting down on the massive leather loveseat.

I turned away and practically sprinted up the stairs and down the hall to my room. I turned the corner and went back into the bathroom.

The bra was gone.

Frantically, I searched the room. The dresser was empty and there wasn’t anything in the closet. I couldn’t even find my old clothes. Eventually, I had to stop because I was wasting too much time. I made my way back down to him, trying to figure out how someone could have gone in the bedroom without me noticing. It couldn’t have been Cormac because he’d been with me the whole time. Maybe it was a maid or something, but I hadn’t even noticed him on his phone, probably because I was too consumed with my own thoughts.

“Did you get everything you need?” he asked.

There was no way in hell I was going to ask him to give my bra back. I wouldn’t dream of giving him the satisfaction.

“Yes,” I said with a thin smile.

“You sure?” he pressed.

He raised a single brow teasingly and my nipples hardened. There was no way he hadn’t known what I’d been looking for.

“Yup. All set.” I lifted my chin and smiled.

His eyes sparkled with amusement as he stood up and opened a closet. The bastard knew. He was doing it on purpose.

Two can play at that game...

“Actually, I’m kind of thirsty,” I piped up.

“Let me get you something from the wet bar down here,” he offered.

He led me toward the other side of the living room where there was a fully stocked bar and kitchenette. He opened the fridge where there was another pitcher of orange juice. He poured some into a fancy glass that looked straight out of one of those 1920s flapper films. It felt far too fancy for juice.

“Is there anything else you need?” he asked, his tone suggestive and I blushed, feeling the keen reminder that I’d really like my bra back but was too proud to ask for it.

I shook my head and took the drink when he passed it over to me. It only made me even more aware of the soft fabric rubbing against my stiff nipples.

I was going to win this silly little game.

I went to take a sip as he turned away and I *accidentally* stumbled, spilling the contents of the very full glass all over my sweater and down onto my jeans.

“Dammit. I’m such a klutz,” I swore, and he turned back around to drag his gaze up and down my body, pausing suspiciously on my chest before continuing back up to my face.

He didn’t say anything at all, seemingly waiting for me to speak first.

“Do you have anything else, a new outfit maybe? This is going to stain if I don’t go rinse it off.”

“Sure. Let’s head back upstairs and I’ll dig up something for you.”

When his gaze caught mine, I could have sworn he was looking at me with a vaguely concealed amused glimmer in his eyes. I did my best to ignore it, but my shame at such a low-balled ploy only made my nipples harder. He turned away and jogged up the stairs. I followed, very keenly aware of the prominent bouncing of my breasts with each step.

I waited outside my bedroom while he climbed the stairs one more floor up. I guessed that maybe his master suite was up there. He hadn't shown me that on the tour, but maybe he just valued his privacy. I shrugged it off as his footsteps echoed ahead of him, announcing his descent. I plastered a smile on my face as he came into sight. He handed me a small pile of clothes and I disappeared into my room, closing the door behind me.

I quickly laid it out on the bed. The sweater was similar to the one I was wearing, but the cowl neck dipped a little deeper and the torso looked to be a bit tighter. There was another pair of jeans, as well as socks and panties.

There was no bra.

Thought you were being clever now, huh? Looks like he beat you at your own game.

With an annoyed scowl, I changed into the new clothes, my mood sullen as I tossed the juice-stained ones into the hamper in the bathroom. I prepared myself before I opened the door, not really accepting that he'd outsmarted me on this one while also not really having a choice about it either. There wasn't any doubt in my mind now that he knew that I was doing, so maybe my little trick was having some effect on him at least. I counted that as a little bit of a win. I flounced out of the room to find him waiting, and we descended the stairs together. He paused in front of a closet door and opened it, pulling out a coat that was definitely not his.

"Here. Ada wanted you to have this. She picked it out for you as a special gift," he offered, holding out a gorgeous dark forest green and black plaid patterned pea coat.

"That was awfully sweet of her," I said softly.

He held it up and I threaded my arms through. It fit me like a glove, falling to just above my knees. It was the perfect size.

"Perfect," he whispered, and I noticed his voice had turned a tad huskier.

I traced my fingers across the deceptively soft wool fabric.

“I’ll make sure to let Ada know that I’m grateful for such a thoughtful gift,” I said, letting my guard down for the briefest of moments.

“Good girl,” he praised, and my pussy clenched down hard.

My body’s reaction was so visceral that I stumbled over my feet, this time not on purpose. Cormac reacted quickly, reaching out and grabbing my upper arm before I fell. With a breathy pant, I thanked him before steadying myself upright. My nipples were hard as diamonds and my arousal pooled in the seat of my panties. My cheeks felt red hot with shame.

I held my head up. I could do this.

I wouldn’t let him win.

CHAPTER 12



Cormac

Her bit of naughtiness with the juice had been clever. I hadn't had the forethought to see it coming, but I'd been able to foil her with ease once she'd made it clear she wanted to wear something else. I didn't scold her. It wasn't really necessary, and I didn't want her to think of me as this hard ass that sought to control her every move.

On another day, I'd have happily let her wear anything she wanted when she was alone in the house with me, but when I'd seen her in that too-short skirt, I had stopped short, immediately thinking about how all the men in the city would see those long, lean, beautiful legs and I couldn't stand for that. I shouldn't feel this possessive over her. She didn't belong to me.

But you want her to be yours...

I shook my head and covered up my vein of jealousy with some lame excuse that I didn't want her to be cold outside, which was true, but not my main concern. Her expression softened at my words, and I sighed in relief, thinking I'd played it off well.

She was toying with me, but it was only making me want to drag her down the hall, spank her bare bottom, and fuck that tight little pussy raw.

I held the door open for her, playing the part of a perfect gentleman while the monster who wanted to do filthy things to her raged on inside me. I prayed that I would have enough self-control to keep it that way.

Our driver was waiting out front of my townhome. I lived on Shawmut Avenue. Kieran and Leah's home was just down the street, a rowhouse with a bit of a different floorplan than mine, but similar in that it had several different levels with an impressive amount of square footage, a rare thing in Southie. The rust-colored brick was well preserved. The rest of the block was in the process of restoration and through the efforts of a few key investments, the Murphy family was in the market to purchase several more once that was process was complete.

Ada had already chosen her favorite. My brothers and I had given her first choice, mainly because she was our only sister and we liked to spoil her. Aidan wanted one of his own and the twins, Connor and Caden had their eyes on another. Our consigliere Liam had declined the option, choosing instead to renovate the apartment above The Roasted Bean. He didn't say it outright, but I knew he'd chosen to live there so he could keep a closer eye on his aging mother Irma.

I held the door open for Caitlin as she climbed inside the car. When she sat down by the window, I saw a flashback of her mother sitting the exact same way. I reminded myself that I'd made her a promise to take care of her daughter, not to fall in love with her. Caitlin McCormick was forbidden. The more I kept telling myself that, the more I would believe it. I had to.

At least, I hoped it would work that way.

I slid in beside her, wanting nothing more than to pull her into my lap and refusing to allow myself to do such a thing. I'd already gone too far yesterday by baring her bottom and her enticingly wet pussy. I worried on some level that she'd been able to feel the iron rod my cock had become, and I'd spanked her a bit harder than I intended to in hopes that the stinging from my hand would force her focus away from that.

I sighed, signaling the driver to bring us to Murphy's first. The drive was quick; we could make it on foot in no time, but I hadn't wanted Caitlin to have to walk all over the south side of town. It was late October, and the temperature was all over the place. The wind chill was low enough for the wind to bite through whatever you wore unless it was a feather down coat and winter ski pants.

The thought of dressing her like that had its own appeal though...

Fuck. It's been like five minutes. Down, boy.

We stopped and I offered her a hand as she climbed out of the car. Unlike yesterday, she took it without a fight, which felt like a big step. She stood tall next to me as I led her inside. On the door, there was a sign indicating that Murphy's was closed for a private event, and I knew that my family was already inside. I took her coat, glancing down at her chest and back up at her, making her cheeks pinken simply because I wanted to. Who was I kidding? I was hopeless.

It wouldn't hurt to *look* at her. I just had to keep myself from *touching* her.

The first person to rush forward and introduce herself was Ada. Her trademark scarlet red lips and pristine fashion sense was impeccable as always, her chestnut hair catching enough light to reveal its deep warm burgundy tones. Her expression was soft, however, which was very different from her usual ice queen demeanor that she only let down around family.

Several of us had gone to her father's funeral, but none of us had thought it appropriate to rush straight to her and introduce ourselves at the time. Caitlin had mostly kept to herself, and I'd only thought to approach her first alone in hopes of letting her know that there was someone else out there that cared about her. The thought of her rotting away in prison was so horrid that I would have done anything to keep her safe from that. She deserved a real life, not one wasted in prison.

"Hi, Caitlin! I'm Ada," my sister offered first.

I raised my brow and she shot me a villainous look, but I shook it off. That was not the first or the last time she would do that. She was our adored little sister, and she knew it. Truthfully, we probably indulged her more than we should, but we loved her more because of it. I would pray for whatever man she set her eyes on because he'd have his hands more than full with the likes of her.

“Hello,” Caitlin grinned.

I had expected her to be shy, but she seemingly fit right in. Leah, my eldest brother's wife joined the two girls, introducing herself and I overheard Caitlin telling Ada how much she liked her suit. Ada loved designer pantsuits more than anyone I'd ever met, and I could see Caitlin's eyes sparkle with envy at the mention of the designer Prada.

It would make sense. No wonder she hadn't really been excited about the clothing I picked out for her. I'd rectify that by sending her shopping with Ada, or I would take her soon myself.

Kieran greeted her next, coming up behind Leah and wrapping his arms around her swollen belly. She only had another month or so left in her pregnancy, and he made sure to watch over her like a hawk. He doted on her though because he loved her. His other hand squeezed her bottom and she flinched. I'd almost missed it, but it was certainly there. He caught my gaze and winked, making me chuckle softly under my breath. Honestly, it was refreshing to see my brother take something for himself for once. He'd spent so much time taking care of the family. He deserved his own little slice of happiness.

Aidan and the twins joined them next. I noticed that Caitlin did this cute thing where she repeated names a few times under her breath so she wouldn't forget them. Impressively, she had no problem remembering any of them and I had to give it to her. I wouldn't have been able to do that myself. She handled herself with grace among the five ruling members of the Murphy family as if she was a natural.

Soon enough, drinks had been poured and my cousins joined the fray. They fulfilled the role of our soldiers and enforcers in

times when muscles were needed. Liam was sitting off to the side, observing quietly as he sipped on a pint of Guinness. I poured one for Caitlin myself, choosing my favorite Irish whiskey shipped right out of Dublin because she deserved only the best. She made a face when she took it from me, and I leaned in close.

“Consider it a proper welcome to the family,” I whispered.

“I’m more of a tequila girl,” she confessed.

“Be good and drink this and I’ll make sure to mix you something special before you go to bed tonight,” I offered.

She took a moment to consider this, nodding once as she deliberated and ultimately deciding that going along with it would work in her favor.

“Deal,” she grinned mischievously.

Her dimple flashed and I took a second longer than I should have to admire every perfect contour of her features.

In the traditional family welcome, Kieran lifted his glass first and the rest of us followed. He cleared his throat and the droning sound of voices swept away in a hurried hush.

“I want to welcome Caitlin McCormick to the Murphy family. I ask that you extend the same care and adoration that we give our own flesh and blood and give her a real Murphy welcome,” he announced cheerfully.

A round of cheers followed. Glasses clinked together and all at once, everyone downed their drinks. Caitlin followed suit and I was pleased to see a delighted look pass across her face and she swallowed it down.

“Proper good whiskey, isn’t it?”

“Yeah. Not too bad,” she reluctantly agreed.

She hadn’t tasted good Irish whiskey before. I was certain of it.

The two of us spent much of the afternoon at Murphy’s, and I was really pleased to see how well Caitlin fit in with everyone. It was as if she’d been part of the family all her life and that

gave me an inordinate amount of joy to witness. Her face glowed with this innocent radiance as she flounced around and got to know all of us.

It went so well that I decided to take her to The Roasted Bean another day instead. Irma's café would be closing soon anyway and there was plenty of time to show her around the rest of the neighborhood. When the time came, we finally opened the doors to the rest of the staff and subsequently, the public too, and retired to one of the booths in the back to get something to eat. I passed her a menu and told her to pick whatever she wanted.

Much of my family had funneled out of the bar by now, leaving the two of us to decompress together and it felt kind of nice to have her all to myself again. Already, she behaved as if she was more at ease around me.

“What are your favorites?” she ventured.

“The cook makes the best sweet potato waffle fries I've ever had in my life. The seasoning and the spicy mayo dipping sauce make it one of the bestselling items on the menu. The fried chicken sandwich is also really good, but really you can't go wrong with whatever you order.”

“What if I wanted to try the fish and chips with those?” she asked, her hope written all over her face.

“Then that's what you order,” I grinned.

She bounced a little in her seat and I couldn't help myself but glance down. She was a gorgeous young woman, and I was only a man. Her nipples stood out, the signs of her arousal written all over her plain as day. I'd chosen well. The second sweater revealed her enticing shape even more than the first, and she crossed an arm over her chest. She was still looking over the menu, so I didn't rush to pull my gaze away from so pretty a sight. Her adorable blush made my cock instantly hard, and I was thankful for the table between that us that both hid it while also providing a barrier that would stop me from reaching out and taking her right then and there in the middle of the bar.

“And maybe the potato skins? I’ve never had corned beef and bacon on those before.”

“Let’s get those too. It’s been a little while since I enjoyed that.”

I ordered for her when the waiter came by. We didn’t have to wait long for it to hit the table either. The rest of dinner went smoothly and when we had both eaten our fill, I led her out to the car. I had the driver do a basic perusal of the neighborhood, and I pointed out several places that she might like. Since there was still time, I brought her to Sean’s Pub for a slice of his famously decadent Irish coffee chocolate cake made just like I remembered it to be back in Dublin. Sean McCarthy ran the place, and he bowed his head toward me in respect before he introduced himself to her.

I’d always liked him. He counted on our family to protect his restaurant, but I knew him to be a ruthless businessman that had a knack for finding and helping the less fortunate in the city. Kieran probably would have never met Leah if not for him. She bartended for him on occasion, but not as much as she used to. Without even asking her, I ordered a slice of the chocolate cake simply because I wanted to see the look of pure pleasure that splintered her face when she took her first bite. It was well worth it too, because she very much enjoyed every bit of it. By the end of the visit to the pub, she was yawning, and I decided it was time to take her home.

“It’s been a busy day. Let’s head back home. I promised you a cocktail, didn’t I?” I smiled.

“That you did,” she grinned in return.

She didn’t argue as I led her back outside or even when I helped her slide back into the car. She leaned against the door, her face glowing from the light posts outside as we drove back home. Her joy was written all over her face, but I couldn’t help but notice that her nipples were still just as hard as they’d been that morning.

This woman was absolutely going to be the death of me.

CHAPTER 13



Caitlin

By the time we returned to Cormac's rowhouse, I was pretty exhausted. It had been a ton of fun meeting the rest of his family. I hadn't expected them to be so welcoming. I had thought that they would have heard of my run-in with the law and think less of me, but it was as though none of that mattered at all. Ada reminded me of Tina, a firecracker of energy that knew what she wanted, when she wanted. Leah was quieter, more like Stacy, but soft and welcoming all the same. I hoped that the two of them would become fast friends.

Cormac's brothers were a lot like him. Aidan was enormous, built much like a body builder, but he had a hilarious sense of humor that made his intimidating size seem secondary. The twins, Connor and Caden, were the lives of the party and were always the first ones to start singing and dancing. His oldest brother Kieran was kindhearted, respectful, and obviously head over heels in love with Leah. He had fawned over her the whole time, keeping an eye on her in the sweetest, most protective way I'd ever seen.

He even sat her down in the middle of the pub and serenaded her with an Irish ballad while we all watched her blush furiously the whole time. It was incredibly romantic, and it made my introduction to the family that much more special.

Cormac held out his hand and helped me climb out of the car. He'd sat on the sidelines for most of the day, but I'd been

unable to ignore the heat of his gaze on me for much of it. I was so aroused that my bare nipples ached, and I wanted nothing more than to disappear into my room and make myself come. It would be even better if Cormac dragged me off into his bed and fucked me hard so I could come all over his cock.

That's it. I was going to put myself in time out when we got home.

The temperature had dropped, and I pulled the woolen pea coat around me as we walked inside. Like the perfect gentleman, Cormac took my coat and hung it up for me. It was late, and I had to stifle a yawn as we climbed the stairs up to the main floor. I vaguely realized that I might be a little jetlagged too.

I glanced a bit forlornly at the massive television, imagining how nice it would be to snuggle up and watch a movie late into the night. He must have noticed me looking, though, because he cleared his throat beside me.

"It's been a busy day. I think it's time I sent you to bed," he rumbled.

My nipples peaked and my clit pounded with desire. I tensed, a bit irritated that he deemed it his responsibility to decide when my day ended. Who did he think he was?

I glanced back at him, lifting my chin a bit defiantly. I thought twice about what I said next, but I decided to go ahead and say it. Maybe he would finally give me the attention I so desperately craved. Either way, I was getting more aroused the more I thought about it.

"I'm an adult. I'll go to bed when I want," I replied, making no effort to conceal my rebelliousness. I waited as my heartbeat sped up, not really knowing what he might do.

"Do you need a dose of my belt first, little girl?"

His voice had lowered, now laced with a husky kind of seduction that held me captive as I tried to process his threat. My muscles tightened, anticipating that terrible lash. My clit pulsed and I knew without a doubt that I didn't want a spanking.

I wanted a fucking, and he wasn't going to give it to me.

You're just going to take things in your own hands once you get into bed, dirty girl.

"I'm pretty tired anyway," I replied, not caring if I came off sassy or not.

With an annoyed huff, I tossed my hair over my shoulder, flounced off, and headed down the hall to my bedroom. I hadn't even realized that he was following me until I turned to close my door behind me, and his broad hand wrapped around my upper arm. A surprised gasp escaped my lips, and I stared up into the icy depths gazing back at me.

"Did you learn something today about what happens when you tease me, sweet girl?"

My nipples stood so erect that they ached, almost as though they were answering for me. The soaked seat of my panties only grew wetter, and I desperately wanted to reach down and rub that needy little bud until I broke.

His gaze held mine as if he knew exactly what I was thinking, and my cheeks heated. With a breathy pant, I managed to force myself to nod. My pussy clenched hard, and I bit my lip as he leaned in and brushed his lips against the edges of my earlobe. A spiraling jolt of pleasure raced straight down to my clit, and I shivered hard.

"You should know something though."

I shook harder, quickly losing control of my ever-intensifying arousal. With him this close, I wanted nothing more than to for him to kiss me. I breathed in deep, surrounding myself in his overwhelmingly masculine scent. Without meaning to, I leaned forward just enough to brush my aching nipples against his chest. It felt even more perfect than I could have hoped for.

"You won't be wearing a bra tomorrow either," he whispered, the soft seductive rumble sending another shiver down my spine.

Then he pulled away, gently grabbed my arm, and turned me back so that he could swat my jean-covered bottom on both

cheeks with his hand. It stung only a tiny bit, but it was enough to practically send my pussy into convulsions.

“Off to bed now,” he dictated.

I didn't argue because as soon as the door closed, I rushed to strip every piece of clothing off my body. There was a long cotton nightshirt waiting for me and I pulled it over my head before I turned off all the lights, jumped into bed, and slipped my hand into my panties with frantic urgency. I closed my eyes and imagined what would have happened if I had told him I had needed his belt. I came so hard so quickly that I had to slap my hand over my mouth to muffle the scream that came along with it.

Sated for the moment, I fell asleep.

* * *

I woke up in the middle of the night, my entire body on fire. I wasn't certain if I had dreamt something naughty or what, but I felt even needier than I had when I'd gone to bed earlier. I reached beneath my nightshirt and hesitantly traced my erect nipples, sighing with pleasure. It didn't seem like enough though. If I was honest with myself, I knew what I really wanted, and it wasn't my own touch.

It was *his*.

Did he want someone like me? Did he think I was nothing more than his ward or did he see me as a woman? I lay there for several minutes, running through every scenario that had happened between us from the time I slammed the door in his face to the way he squeezed my bottom just a tiny bit when he'd swatted me just before sending me to bed tonight.

I wanted to know more.

Finally, I decided to get up and go look for him, not really sure if I wanted to tell him to fuck off for leaving me so confused or to ask him to fuck me so hard that I felt it in the morning. I had a feeling that either option would garner me attention, either over his knee or on top of his cock.

I didn't give myself enough time to second guess myself. I just went.

With as much silence as I could, I turned the doorknob and peered down the hallway. Everything was dark except for a sliver of light peeking out from one of the doors not far from my bedroom.

It was his study.

I tiptoed down the hall and paused right before the entryway. Cautiously, I wrapped my fingers around the edge of the door and pulled it open, allowing even more light to cascade around me. I crept inside, holding my breath so that I could be totally silent.

That's when I saw him.

Cormac was inside, still dressed in the same clothes he had been wearing when he'd put me to bed and sitting on the soft brown leather couch with a glass of whiskey in his hands. It was obvious that he hadn't slept yet and his expression was a mask of reluctance and frustration. His gaze lifted to mine as he leaned forward, placing his elbows on his knees with a heavy sigh.

Neither of us said anything, but there wasn't really a need to.

There was so much sexual tension between us that it felt difficult to draw in a full breath. He sipped his whiskey and sat back, appraising me with the same molten desire I was feeling for him. I had questioned whether he wanted me or not before this moment. There was no question in my mind now. I was the woman that he wanted and for some unfathomable reason, hadn't allowed himself to have, at least not yet. I took one step into the room and then another.

When I reached the center, I waited.

The tension between us only continued to mount. Time seemed to slow as he placed his glass on the small table beside him. I watched his Adam's apple bob up and down as he fought with whatever was holding him back. My body was pulsing with need by now, and I wanted nothing more than for him to come to me and take everything I yearned for. His

jawline set in a firm line, and I wasn't certain if he was going to send me off with a cruel word, take me over his knee, or fuck me.

I told myself I wouldn't run, no matter what it turned out to be.

He stood up, and it took everything in me to remain in place, my bare toes curling nervously against the plush fur rug beneath my feet. He closed the distance between us in two strides and wrapped his hand around my throat. He pushed me backwards and I went along with him until the wall pressed at my back. Pinned by him, I trembled, waiting for whatever came next be it good or bad.

His hand slid around to the back of my neck. I opened my mouth, fully intending to ask what he wanted from me, but his lips swept down and captured mine in a sweet kiss instead of the scolding I expected.

It began gently as he tentatively tasted me. His lips were softer than I expected, which was in stark contrast to the rough hair of his beard scraping against my skin. The dichotomy was enough to make my heart pound frantically in my chest, so much so that I thought it might burst. Gradually, the kiss morphed into something far rougher, fully revealing the fierce, passionate need the two of us had for each other.

From him, though, there was an abject possessiveness in that kiss that sent me reeling. It only made me kiss him with increasing desperation as our mouths and tongues tangled as one. When he finally pulled away enough for me to take in a heated breath, he stared hungrily into my eyes. I'd never felt more like prey than I did in that moment, hunted and captured, waiting for my predator to pounce at any given second now that I'd stepped out of the safety of my cage and right into his.

"I shouldn't do this, but I can't help myself when it comes to you," he growled, and I shivered against him.

"Then don't," I dared him.

His mouth sought out mine for a second time and it didn't start out gentle. He kissed me with such brutal passionate need that my lips ached, but my pussy only throbbed harder. He'd

turned his back on whatever it is that was holding him back and I couldn't help but return the kiss with equal fervor. I gave in to him and when he finally pulled back, his expression was ravenous with seductive intent.

I felt his fingers brush against the top of my thigh, and I gasped at the electricity that pierced through me at the unexpected skin to skin contact. He didn't ask as he started to lift my nightshirt, but truly, he didn't need to. I would have taken it off for him if he'd asked.

He bared me inch by painstakingly slow inch, as if he was trying to memorize every part of my body as he exposed it. I pressed the flats of my hands against the wall, trembling harder as he revealed more of me. When the moment came for him to bare my breasts, I shook hard enough to them jiggle a little, forcing me to confront how heavy with desire they felt.

He didn't tell me to lift my arms. I did it without being asked and he tossed my nightshirt to the side. His broad hand cupped my right breast and I immediately forgot about every single one of my fears.

When his mouth dipped toward my breast, I stopped breathing. His lips surrounded my tender aching nipple, and I gasped out loud, frantically pulling air into my lungs as the world closed in around me. A soft moan escaped as the immediate flash of desire raced through me. He kissed and suckled at my tender bud, driving me at full speed toward the brink. He did the same to the other, occasionally switching back and forth until my nipples were throbbing and there really wasn't any discernable difference between my moans or cries as more time went on.

He'd switched to kissing my left side again when his teeth dragged against my hard bud. Initially, I had thought he had just meant to tease me, but when his teeth gently bit around my nipple, he didn't let go. I whimpered softly, somehow knowing that a harder bite was to follow. Caught up in the foggy heated throes of desire, I thrashed my head back and forth and moved my hands to push him away. His fingers curled around my wrists, and he swiftly pinned them to either side of me against the wall.

“No, please...” I begged.

I don't know why I said it. I didn't want this to stop. I wanted so much more.

He didn't acknowledge that I said anything at all. Maybe he had heard the blatant desire in my trembling voice, or he was just taking what he wanted now whether I was willing or not, but I didn't have enough time to fully guess at his intentions because he chose that moment to bite down on my nipple.

Hard.

In an instant, agony radiated from my nipple and blossomed outward to cover the rest of my breast. He held my stinging bud between his teeth and the pain didn't lessen. When he finally released it, he wasted no time, nipping the other side just as roughly. I cried out both times, my aroused panic building to a fever pitch. I breathed a sigh of relief when he finally let go, but the aching throb didn't cease completely.

“Naughty girls who tease Daddy get punished, don't they?”

If I had been a volcano, that would have been the moment that I would have exploded, molten lava shooting straight up into the sky. My mouth went dry. I opened and closed my mouth, trying to form words even as my body simmered with fire. I felt feverish, so much so that sweat started to bead at the edges of my brow. Eventually, I realized he was waiting for me to speak, and I tried to gather myself even as my desire took complete control of me.

“Yes...” I finally managed to whisper.

It sounded more like a breath of air than anything else, but when I saw the corners of his lips curl up with a heated smirk, I knew he'd heard me loud and clear. Without any warning, he bit my right nipple. I didn't know if it was actually harder than before, but it certainly felt that way. My cries escaped me with immediate desperation, rising in pitch until I was practically shrieking. He did the same to my left breast. By the time he finally pulled away, my eyes were watering and my breasts ached fiercely with agonized desire.

“Do you need to be punished, naughty girl?”

If words could make me come, those would have been it. Blood surged through my veins and my heart was pumping so hard that I could feel it in my head. I didn't want to tell him that I wanted him to punish me. I didn't want to make it that easy for him.

I just wanted him to do it.

He must have decided that I was wavering for far too long because he turned his head and immediately chastised my nipples with his teeth. This time, he bit longer and harder and I was frantic for him to let go by the time he pulled away.

My nipples were too sore to withstand another bite.

He repeated the question, and I knew that he was going to continue biting my nipples until I gave him the answer he sought. He could do this all night, but I couldn't. If he punished my nipples with his mouth for much longer, I just might cry and then he'd make me answer anyway.

"Yes... yes..."

It came out as more of a breathy moan than anything else.

"How do you need to be punished?"

His gaze held mine and I squirmed a little beneath him. His body was pressing against mine now, setting every single nerve in my body ablaze. His cock was rock hard against my hip, and I trembled, imagining it sinking deep inside me. I wanted nothing more than for him to cast aside this notion that I was his ward or a little girl and fully accept that I was a woman with needs.

I decided to be brave.

"With... with your cock... *Daddy*," I whispered, hesitating with each syllable as I tried to force it out.

He sucked in a breath at the very last word, and I waited, terrified that maybe he wouldn't like it or decide that this had gone too far already, and he'd send me away. Would he think I was a freak that needed to be committed? Maybe he'd assume that I was just a whore after everything was said and done.

Wrapped up in my fear and insecurities, I had a hard time until he cleared his throat and said something at long last.

“It will be a *punishment* fucking, baby girl. Daddy won’t be gentle with you, at least not for very long.”

His warning rumbled through me, and he growled softly, setting my soul on fire the instant it passed through my ears. He didn’t think I was crazy after all. If anything, he was even more turned on than he had been before and so was I, to be honest.

I shivered, caught up in the anticipation of the very thing I had been yearning for since I’d woken up alone in my bed. He let go of my wrists and slid his fingers beneath the hem of my panties. He knelt and pulled them down slowly. I shivered as he bared me, watching as he stared directly at my soaked pussy. I’d just shaved this morning so I knew he would see everything, including the arousal stringing between my thighs. I didn’t have to see it to know that it was there. I could feel it.

I was so hot I could hardly stand it.

Tenderly, he guided my feet out of my underwear, tossing it aside without taking his eyes off me. He shrugged his blazer off and laid it across the arm of the couch. In no hurry at all, he unbuckled his belt, untucked his shirt, and freed his cock.

Fuck. It was even bigger than I imagined.

This was the type of cock that would hurt with every fucking no matter how turned on you were. Seeing it throbbingly erect for me made me feel powerful and I gazed back at him through hooded eyes, trying to contend with my arousal, fear, and anxiety all at once. His cock was thick enough to rival a beer can and that was incredibly sobering knowing it was soon going to be inside me.

The head was already beading with pre-cum and the thick ridge at the base of it seemed engorged with blood. Veins throbbed down either side of his shaft. It was a deep red in color, and I sucked in a breath.

“I’ve never...” I began, but he cut me off with a sudden kiss.

“I will take care of you, baby girl. Trust in me,” he offered, his voice full of tenderness, and I couldn’t help but believe him.

Then he lifted me up, pinned me against the wall and set me right above the tip of his cock. It brushed against my entrance, and I blushed as my arousal dripped down onto him. My legs tightened around his waist, fighting against the weightless sensation that spiraled through me at being held up in the air like this. Hesitantly, I lifted my hands and wrapped them around his neck.

“Please, Daddy,” I breathed.

Referring to him that way felt entirely too shameful, but far too arousing not to. The blue of his irises darkened every time I said it, bringing out a part of him he kept hidden from the rest of the world, but not from me.

Here, right now, he was going to show me that he held that power between us, leaving me with no question that he was in charge, and I was the one that got punished when I did something naughty just like I had been when I’d decided not to wear a bra this morning. I quaked as the pressure against my pussy increased slightly. My hand cupped the back of his head as his squeezed my ass possessively.

“You’re mine, naughty girl,” he growled.

“I’m yours, Daddy,” I answered.

My voice faltered when he thrust forward a bit. He began by working the head of his cock inside me bit by bit and once he reached my virgin barrier, he stilled.

“This next part is going to hurt, sweet girl. It will pass quickly, and then I’ll make you scream as you come for me. Now hold onto Daddy,” he coaxed, and I whimpered, but did exactly as I was bidden. My fingers dug into his shoulders as I readied myself for him to take my virginity.

“It makes Daddy very happy to know that I’m going to be your first and the last man to ever enjoy this tight virgin pussy, sweet girl.”

My pussy clenched down on his cock and he smirked knowingly.

“Please, Daddy,” I pleaded.

I didn't have to wait long. He thrust through my virginity with so much force that my body reluctantly opened, and his strength and gravity took over so that I was sitting down fully on his cock. Immediate agony ripped through me, and I cried out, only for him to kiss me and swallow my every sound. His kiss distracted me from the pain and when he broke it off, it was already beginning to ebb. I shifted a little on top of him as my pussy struggled to accommodate his enormous size. My entrance burned from the forceful stretching, but eventually my body started to spiral with need once again. Soon enough, I was burning with it.

I rocked my hips, and he rewarded me with a delicious growl that made my core squeeze with expectancy. I moaned softly and at long last, he started to move. With my legs wrapped around him and my pussy impaled on his cock, there was nothing for me to decide. The only option left was to take it. He fucked me slowly at first, working his thick long shaft in and out of my pussy. It never really stopped hurting, but the initial terrible pinch had faded and all that was left was a simmering, pulsing ache deep inside my core. I moaned, the connection between us feeling far more than just physical.

When I thought I'd been left on my own, he came for me and rescued me from a wasted life. My best efforts at fighting him were met with firm-handed punishment, but that only made me even needier for that very same touch in a far more sexual and physical sort of way.

He pistoled forward, sinking all of him inside me with one harsh thrust. I cried out, but that didn't stop him from doing it again. And again. Over and over until I felt myself spiraling headlong toward an orgasm I knew I wouldn't be able to rein in.

“I can't hold back any longer,” he growled huskily, and my core practically imploded.

“Then *don't*, Daddy,” I dared him.

His deep chuckle was terrifyingly arousing. I struggled to pull in a breath, caught in a raging riptide of my own frantically

building need. My pussy clenched as he slammed into me and I cried out, the twisting pinch of blissful pleasure catching me off guard.

“Punish me, Daddy,” I begged, trembling and needy and so close to the edge that I could hardly stand it.

Every nerve in my body felt like it was on the cusp of firing, fueling a desperation so intense that even my fingers started trembling. It was then that my fucking truly started. I screamed from the start as the full force of his punishing cock took me over and over again, ruthless, terrible, and utterly breathtaking. I moaned as my core spiraled, the spring inside me twisting and tightening so much that it threatened to break me at any second. My moaning screams became more and more frantic as he cocked his head and pressed his lips against the sensitive flesh of my throat.

“Come for Daddy, my naughty girl,” he demanded.

My body obeyed him. I didn’t think or try to fight it, I simply gave in because it was what I’d truly needed when he’d sent me to bed hours ago. I fell apart, losing myself in the endless waves of soul-shattering bliss. Each surge was stronger than the last, drowning me in its deliciously intense embrace. My nerves fired again and again as my pussy clamped down on his cock. My fingers dug into his shoulders, and I didn’t even have enough willpower to try to stop myself from scratching him.

My fucking turned infinitely rougher, and I cried out in surprise as I came to a terrifying conclusion. I’d come already. He *hadn’t*. He wasn’t even showing any signs that he was even close.

I whimpered nervously as he continued to use my pussy as hard as he pleased. The burning tremors of my initial release soon quieted, and I was horrified to notice that my pleasure was rising once again. He didn’t have to say it, but a part of me knew that he was going to make me come more than once. A part of me hoped it would only be twice, but a far deeper and much more realistic part of me knew it wouldn’t stop there.

My inner walls tightened around him as he sank into me with feral force. His pelvis scraped against my clit, forcing me to the edge before I was ready. I whined with increasing anxiety, but he didn't slow down. It only made him fuck me harder. My pussy ached and my sore nipples pulsed. My thighs tightened around his waist, and I held on as he rode me, reluctantly giving myself over second by second to the ecstasy that would soon crash down all around me.

I didn't have to wait long.

My second orgasm slammed into me like a freight train. It hurtled off its tracks and took me along with it. My core squeezed inward, and ecstasy hurtled up and down every part of me. My toes curled and my muscles spasmed as I threw my head back and howled from the sheer whirlwind that my world had become. Every muscle in my body quaked, dragging me back and forth as I fell with a sense of weightlessness into the agonizingly magnificent abyss.

My first orgasm had been pure pleasure. The second one carried with it the teetering edge of a blade, one side promising pain with the other overwhelming ecstasy. When my second release faded, panicked desperation flew through me because he was still fucking me with just as much vigor as when he'd first started.

There was no doubt in my mind that he would outlast me. I didn't know how long he would take, but what I did know was that every subsequent orgasm would punish me and that both frightened and aroused me.

"Please... plea... *please*," I begged.

"You're being punished, baby girl. I will decide when you have had enough." he answered, his voice dark and seductive and it made my muscles clench hard.

"I felt that," he added knowingly, and I blushed hard as he pounded into me.

I struggled to take him, but I now understood that the only thing left for me to do was take it. I didn't have to tell him what to do or how to do it. All I had to do was feel.

It took a bit of time, but I gave into it, reveling in the painfully pleasurable sensation of pure freedom. I didn't worry about other people seeing or hearing us. I didn't care that I'd probably feel my fucking with every step I took tomorrow, and I didn't waste any time worrying about what I could take versus what he would give me. I simply took it.

I came for a third time, the perfect bliss harrowing and glorious all at the same time. My voice grew hoarse from screaming as my body throbbed with ceaseless opposing sensations. By the time I came down from such a harrowing climax, I could no longer tell the difference between pleasure and pain. It had become one and the same.

His fucking turned savage. He was taking me now for his own pleasure, using my tight pussy as hard as he wanted as the feral echoes of his vicious snarls surrounded me. I didn't fight that fourth orgasm. I welcomed it. As my thighs tightened around his waist, his body started to quake. His growls turned more and more desperate, and I knew the time had finally come.

"Daddy's going to fill you with his seed, baby girl," he growled.

"Please, Daddy!" I begged.

I was overcome with need and in an instant, I tumbled over the edge and fell face first into a fifth and final orgasm. He roared and his seed spurted up deep inside me, fiery hot splashes of our passion marking me as his own. My inner walls spasmed around him, milking him of every last drop as I screamed through my own release.

There were no words because we didn't need them. We both came down from our orgasms together, panting and struggling to catch our breath from the sudden explosion of passion between us.

There was no going back now.

For a moment, he just held me there against that wall. I could feel his cock softening slightly inside me and I curled against

him, nestling my face in the crook of his neck. I fit against him perfectly.

“I think it’s time for bed, don’t you, baby girl?”

I nodded my head, far too exhausted to try to argue even a little. Gently, he pulled out of me and placed my feet on the floor. He tucked himself away and picked me back up. I expected him to carry me to my bedroom, but he turned away and carried me back up the stairs to his bedroom instead. He tucked me under the blankets, undressed, and slipped in beside me. His arm wound around my waist, and I gasped softly as he pulled me against him.

I closed my eyes, and I could only think about one thing.

This... *this* was perfect.

CHAPTER 14



Caitlin

The next morning, I woke with Cormac's arms still wound tight around my waist. Everything was different now. The tension that had been mounting between us was gone and what remained was a sensual easiness of two people that had shared an intense physical chemistry and might just be beginning to share an emotional one. I'd never felt so connected to anyone in my life. The walls I'd built up around my heart started to crack and for the first time in my life, I felt safe enough to let them begin to fall.

I turned to lie flat on my back, watching him sleep beside me. Would things be different for him too? He wouldn't see me as a little girl anymore, right? Even if the daddy thing continued, it would have to be more of a sexual thing after what we did last night. I hoped that he'd see me as an adult woman now and that he wouldn't keep treating me like a little girl who needed to be punished when she did something naughty.

I looked away, hating how my pussy clenched at just the thought of such a taboo chastisement. What would my friends think if they knew? Would they make fun of me? Would they think less of me?

He reached for me, and I hazarded a glance back.

"How'd you sleep?" he whispered, his voice husky and incredibly sexy.

“Really well,” I blushed.

“Good,” he smirked, his expression darkly suggestive.

“I should get dressed,” I whispered.

Even though I was still under the covers, I was stark naked, and his seed was still sticky between my thighs. Just the thought of it made my face burn with heat. I hadn’t told him last night, although I had a feeling that he already knew, but I was already on birth control because it helped control my cycle in a way that made it more manageable. Still, it felt naughty to have the dried remains of his cum mixed with my own arousal on my legs.

“Your toiletries are still downstairs, so I’ll leave out your outfit for the day on the bed while you shower.”

I balked. Why was he still picking out my clothes for me?

“I want to choose from my own clothes,” I answered as firmly as I could.

“I don’t have your clothing here. I didn’t throw it away or anything, I just didn’t think to send anyone for your things because I planned to take you shopping for a whole new wardrobe once you were finally here,” he answered.

I couldn’t quite tell if there was an edged warning to his voice or if he was trying to put me at ease. He was watching me closely and I tensed, trying to figure out if it annoyed me or not. He smiled, which made things even more confusing.

“Tell you what, baby girl. You can go online and pick out anything you want. If you pick a local store, I’ll have one of my men pick it up and you’ll have it by the time you’re ready to get dressed for breakfast,” he offered.

I was quiet for a second, but it seemed like a genuine offer, at least at first. When he kept talking, I realized that there was a catch.

“If you choose your own outfit instead of the one that I give you, though, you’ll have to strip out of it for me the next time you need my cock and it will be me who decides if you’ve earned it, baby girl,” he added.

The way his tongue rolled over the word cock made me shiver in the most delicious way. The more I thought about it, the more I liked this game. My nipples pebbled beneath the sheets.

“Do you understand me, *little* girl?”

I swallowed nervously, wanting to show that I was reluctant while hiding the fact that I was at least a little bit intrigued by the idea of seducing him with a striptease. With a cheeky grin, I tried to play it off, acting nonchalant about it. This was a game I could win.

You're not fooling anyone. He knows you're going to need his cock soon and so do you, you dirty little slut.

I blushed.

“Yes, Daddy.”

He leaned in close, clearing his throat. His close proximity made my heart pound and my needy clit throb like a goddamn traitor.

“No matter what you choose, baby girl, I'm going to enjoy making you blush for me.”

The husky desire in his voice only sought to make my arousal that much worse.

“Now be a good girl and get that adorable ass out of bed. You have fifteen minutes. If you're not in the shower by the time I come downstairs, you'll be going over my knee,” he teased.

I rolled in the bed, and he flipped the covers off of me, slapping my right cheek lightly. It didn't really sting at all, but I played it up anyway.

“Hey!” I giggled.

He made up for it by pressing a chaste kiss against the very same spot, which caused a shiver of electricity to jolt right through me. I bit my lower lips and scrambled out of bed, needing to put some sort of distance between us. His eyes roved over my body, and my core squeezed tight. He looked ready to fuck me right then and there.

Not wanting him to know how desperate I was for him to do exactly that, I flounced out of the room and down the stairs. I went into my bedroom and grabbed the dark green silk robe from the bathroom. Then I slipped into his office and closed the door behind me, knowing I had to decide how I wanted to play this game.

I had one of three choices. I could take the outfit he already had for me and that would at least let me pretend for a little while that I didn't even want his cock. I could keep my pride for as long as I could hold out, but when I eventually stripped out of it—and I knew full well that I wouldn't be able to resist him forever—then he would know that I had been trying to resist him and would have failed. The end result would be especially shameful, and I shook my head.

I couldn't do that. I couldn't let him know he had that much of an effect on me.

I could choose my own outfit, but that choice wasn't simple either because there were options in what kind of clothing I could buy. I could settle on an outfit that fit my usual esthetic, a bad girl one that not only showed off my curves but made me feel like a million bucks. Stripping out of a sexier outfit that looked like it was designed to be stripped out of wouldn't be especially shameful, at least on the surface. I could pick out an outfit made for a good girl, but that came with its own set of complications too. Good girl gone bad stripping for Daddy's cock would be much more shameful than a bad girl stripping for Daddy's cock.

But if I just chose a bad girl outfit and stripped out of it too quickly, I would never be able to pretend to play it coy again. There would be no hiding the fact that I was soaking wet for him. I already was. Picking the bad girl outfit would make me seem like Daddy's little slut.

I wouldn't even be the bad little slut Daddy turned good, because I'd have surrendered too quickly for that. I'd be Daddy's good little slut that was pretending to be bad until Daddy came along and spanked my bare bottom bright red. My head was reeling, and my body was pulsing. My arousal

dripped down onto my thighs and my core squeezed so tightly that I moaned right there at his desk.

I had to decide. I was running out of time, so I went with my first instinct.

I sat down in front of the computer and looked around on some of my favorite websites. There were a few local designers that I had always wanted to try, and I added several items to the cart. I picked out a magenta pink lacy bra and panty matching number that was to die for to wear underneath. By the time I was done, I had a complete bad girl outfit that was one hundred percent my style. He had a credit card already set on file and I hit order and left the confirmation page with the location of the store up on the screen.

With less than a minute to spare, I practically sprinted back into my bedroom and switched on the shower just before I started to hear his footsteps on the stairs. As soon as there was steam, I hopped inside and heard the telltale sounds of his movement close by. I couldn't help but sigh in relief. I'd avoided a trip over his knee just in the nick of time. I sighed, letting the warm steam rain down on my head. Closing my eyes, I leaned back and tried to figure out my next move. I wanted to stay ahead of him and figure out the best strategy going forward so that I could trick him at his own game.

I knew that I was going to strip for him at some point or another and I wasn't sure which was worse, torturing myself and trying to abstain for as long as possible or to rip the Band-Aid right off and get it over with at the first opportunity. He had to know that this whole scenario aroused me, but maybe I could use that to my advantage. If he wanted me to be a little slut, I would give him the show of his life. I'd make it so good that there wasn't even the slightest chance he'd be able to resist. I'd earn myself such a good fucking that it would be him who felt shameful in the end and not me.

With a growing smile, I washed my hair. I took my time, using all the expensive toiletries Ada had picked out for me. I scrubbed my skin using the body wash and then exfoliated until my skin was baby soft. There was a deep conditioner along with a regular one and I used them both. I shaved

everything after that. By the time I was done, I felt like the sexiest woman in the world.

You'll show him.

There were fresh towels already waiting on the heated rack. I grabbed the closest one and wrapped the plush fabric around my body. I dried off with a second and spent an inordinate amount of time combing and drying my hair. I didn't have any makeup, but I had a feeling all I had to do was ask Ada for some and she'd hook me up. She had to have good stuff with that pristinely gorgeous red lip she'd had painted on yesterday. I also wanted to ask her about how she did that natural brown smoky eye too.

I used the moisturizing face routine on the counter and covered the rest of my body in the orange jasmine scented body butter. I gazed back in the mirror at my reflection, feeling more like a glowing Irish goddess than a human woman. When I finally emerged from the bathroom, I saw two outfits waiting for me on the bed, one being the one he provided—without a bra of course—and the one I'd ordered for myself. I ignored his and focused on mine.

Somehow, it felt even sexier in person. I reached for it and sucked in a breath through my teeth. If I was lucky, the outfit would do most of the heavy lifting, almost putting the whole striptease on easy mode and using a cheat code. After I was through with him, Cormac would never think of me like a little girl that needed her bare bottom reddened ever again.

I lifted my chin and started to get dressed. The dark pink lace bra and panties were absolutely gorgeous. The bra had just enough lining and pushup to cover up my erect nipples. I felt like a million bucks as soon as I put it on. The panties were mostly sheer, but the back cupped my ass in such a way that it seemed to make my cheeks seem even curvier. The skirt was a pink schoolgirl plaid with a light pink liner. When I pulled it on, I smirked when I saw that it wasn't even long ever to cover the lower half of my backside. I'd bend over right in front of him, and he wouldn't be able to help taking me right then and there.

The top was a see-through lacy number with arm-length sleeves, and I adored the fact that they flared out at the wrists. Technically, the shirt covered my entire upper half, but it did nothing to conceal what was underneath. To set it off, I sat down and pulled the matching black lace garter up to mid-thigh before I slipped my feet into a pair of cotton candy pink kitten heels. I assessed my outfit in the full-length mirror in the corner of the room and I couldn't help but grin at my reflection.

You get yours, bad girl.

I smirked, turning this way and that. My outfit was perfectly suited to everything I had in mind. If my plan was successful, and I was certain it would be, I'd be getting fucked again in less than an hour. I fluffed my hair one last time before I lifted my chin with pride, practicing the expression I would make when I won.

He thought he would get the best of me. I was going to show him that I could be the experienced one and he was just a man-child living out a fantasy of having a girl strip dance for him before he fucks her. After all, he had a really good cock and I wanted a hard ride with it, so why not let him do the same work my fingers were going to end up doing anyway.

I couldn't wait to see the look on his face after I beat him at his own game.

CHAPTER 15



Cormac

It had been difficult, but I had resisted the urge to check the product details of her order. As soon as my phone dinged that her order was ready, I'd sent my driver to pick it up. I hadn't even peeked when he'd laid it out on her bed, and I had to fight the urge to not deck him knowing that he would be in the bedroom next to the same bathroom where she was showering. Her naked body was mine to see and no one else's. I told myself he knew better than to look and kept myself locked in my office until he had left.

I shouldn't be feeling that possessive about her yet, but I couldn't help it. When it came to her, it seemed that all my usual rules for myself went out the window. I really needed to get a handle on things because this tiny spitfire of a woman was making me lose control and I still wasn't sure how this was all going to play out.

I couldn't take last night back and to be honest, I didn't want to. Her body had wrapped around me like a glove and hearing her finally call me Daddy had been enough to nearly send me over the brink. Even just thinking about those pretty pink lips uttering those two precious syllables made my cock strain against my zipper hard enough to turn painful.

A nearly silent creak echoed in the hallway. I knew it was her doorway. I'd been meaning to oil the hinges, but somehow, I didn't think I would. That way, I'd know every time she left

her room searching for me. I heard the click of her heels against the hard wood, and I chuckled lightly under my breath. She had taken her time getting ready and there wasn't a doubt in my mind that the vision she'd put together would be spectacular.

When I'd given her the option to choose her own clothing, I'd known that she would. I'd also guessed that she would choose something like her bad girl style she'd worn to court, but what I wasn't prepared for was that first glimpse. I don't think there was a single man in the world that would have been. I was just flipping her omelet when I heard her clear her throat behind me.

"I'm ready for breakfast," she said, and I could have sworn the sweet seduction of her voice had a direct link to my cock.

I turned my head and my jaw dropped. If I could have conjured up a vision of a sex goddess, she would have been it. Her heels were a couple of inches tall, making her legs seem longer and leaner than they were already, and I couldn't help but imagine them wrapped around my waist as I fucked her hard right there on the kitchen table.

Down, boy.

Her pink plaid schoolgirl skirt was barely long enough to cover her pussy and it was pulled up high enough so that I knew with absolute certainty that it wouldn't be the same way in the back. I sucked in a pained breath as my cock throbbed, stifled against the confines of my zipper. If I spanked her while she was wearing that today, I would be able to see those red cheeks peeking out from underneath for the rest of the day. Truthfully, the thought intrigued me immensely.

My hand twitched and my balls squeezed. I could bend her over right now and sink into her. By the way she was looking at me, I'd bet good money on the fact that she was already wet and ready for me. The top she had chosen was slightly chaste in the amount of skin it covered and sultry in that every inch of it bared the flesh underneath. The bra she'd chosen fit her breasts like a glove and the sudden urge to have those perfect breasts in my palms came over me.

I wanted to sink my cock into her all over again. Last night hadn't been enough. I needed more of her. I leaned against the counter, taking a moment to force myself to regain control. I had given her a challenge and I intended to follow through all the way until the end. By the time I put her to bed tonight, she would know that there was a reason she was my little girl, and I was her daddy.

I took a long moment to drag my eyes up and down her body, making sure that she knew that I was enjoying the sight of every inch of her beautiful body. Her expression was feisty, and I knew that she wouldn't give up easily on winning this game.

I grinned. I was looking forward to this.

"Sit down. Breakfast is almost set. There's coffee and juice there for you already," I answered, deciding not to comment on her choices just yet.

"Thank you," she replied.

Her voice was still saccharinely seductive, which only made my cock even more erect. She slid into her seat, and I caught the slightest glimpse of her dark pink panties. I couldn't wait to see the rest of her in them. I turned back around and focused on cooking the meal. When the omelet was done, I slid it onto a plate beside two pieces of buttered toast. I plucked a few pieces of bacon from the pan and added them to her plate before bringing it over to her. She smiled and mouthed a thank you, before digging right in. Her genuine happiness was written all over her face and that in turn made me feel really good. Taking care of her was fulfilling in a way that I had never imagined it would be. Honestly, it was even better than I could have hoped for. I filled my own plate and turned off the gas burners before I went and joined her.

"You're a really good cook," she praised in between bites.

"My mom thought all her boys should learn how to cook a girl a good hearty breakfast. I hated it at the time, but I'm pretty thankful for that now. If you think this is good though, I should make you a Belgian waffle or French toast some time."

“I’d really like that,” she smiled.

That sweet little dimple popped out and I cocked my head, just enjoying her being here with me. She plucked a piece of bacon off her plate and took a bite, chewing thoughtfully. Her cheeks carried a slightly pink hue. I noticed her thighs pressing together and that rose hue deepened in color when she realized that I had seen. By the time she’d eaten her meal, she was either anxious or aroused or a little bit of both. I wiped my mouth with my napkin and sat back, waiting for her to make the first move. From her strut into the kitchen earlier, I knew she was going to strip for me at some point today, but now I could tell that she didn’t intend to wait that long at all. From the looks of things, she was psyching herself up to do it sooner rather than later.

“Daddy?”

Fucking hell. The sound of that word rolling off her tongue was absolute heaven. My cock turned to steel in less than a second and I leaned back, thankful for the cover of the table. She peered up at me through hooded eyes and the right corner of her mouth turned up with a seductive smirk. She knew exactly what she was doing to me, and I doubled down on my increasingly tenuous self-restraint.

“Yes, my *little* girl?”

“I’m ready to earn your cock,” she whispered and the sensual tone she had used before somehow turned even more molten.

I licked my lips, stood up, and moved my chair into the open space in the kitchen.

“Then strip for me,” I challenged her.

She pushed her chair up and walked over to me like the perfect little porn star, swaying her hips from side to side with every step and keeping her gaze fully focused on me. In that moment, I felt the power dynamics between us grow hazy.

“Hand me your phone,” she requested.

When I did, she typed in a few things and suddenly she was playing music. I didn’t recognize the song, but it didn’t really matter because my focus was centered entirely on her. She

lifted her arms over her head and coyly peered at me out of the side of her eye as she started to move her hips back and forth to the beat. The more she danced, the more uncertain I became.

It was as if she'd done this before.

The first thing she removed was her skirt, but she turned around and peeked over her shoulder at me with a knowing look before she bent over and slid her hands down her legs. The view of the nearly sheer panties would have been enough to make me come right there in my pants had my hand been stroking up and down my cock. She slid her fingers underneath her skirt, slowly working it down her thighs.

This couldn't be her first time. She was too experienced, too fucking natural and a sudden streak of jealousy raced through me. Who else had seen her like this? The urge to end them became far too real and I forced myself to swallow it back down.

She continued stripping for me, removing her lacy top next. Left in a gorgeous matching pair of panties and the bra I'd only caught glimpses through the black lace, I wished nothing more than to memorize this image forever. Next came her bra, revealing her perfectly full breasts and tantalizingly hard pink nipples.

I wanted to pinch them.

At long last, she worked her panties down her long legs, leaving her fully bare and exposed for me. She effortlessly spun and dove down to the floor, gracefully rolling and showing me every bit of her soaking wet pussy.

When the song ended, I almost stood up and took her right then. Her striptease had been absolute perfection and I wanted nothing more than to bend her gorgeous naked body over the kitchen table for the hard ride she so desperately needed. My restraint was tenuous at best, holding on by a single thread, and she blinked playfully back at me like she knew exactly what she was doing.

“I need your cock, Daddy.”

My painfully hard cock strained toward her. I'd seen the wetness dripping onto her thighs. She was so wet it was stringing between them. I stood up, the balance between us shifting as I grappled with my shaky control. She ran her hands over her body, touching herself for me and it was almost enough to push me over the edge. She cocked her head, playing it coy, but there was a triumphant glimmer in her eyes that I couldn't miss. She was so good that she'd almost won and got the fucking she wanted. She'd almost outplayed me at my own game.

Almost...

But at the end of the day, she needed to know there was a reason that she was my little girl, and I was her daddy.

“Daddy gets to decide if you earned his cock, doesn't he?”

“Please, Daddy?”

“That was a very sexy dance, baby girl. Daddy enjoyed it very much,” I began.

“Please fuck me, Daddy,” she begged, and she did a magnificent job of that too, her eyes pleading as her lower lip protruded in the most adorable pout I'd ever seen.

Fuck.

Even though this would all be worth it in the end, I had a very difficult time saying what I said next.

“Not yet, baby girl. Try again. If you want to earn my cock, you can't strip for me like a slut. You must strip like a good little girl would, like a man hasn't ever seen your pretty panties let alone the even prettier pussy underneath,” I explained. I did a decent enough job sounding cool and collected, but only just barely.

Fully naked, she couldn't hide the way her body reacted to me. Her nipples hardened into tight red peaks while her chest rose with rapid little pants. Her toned stomach tightened as she pressed her thighs together, likely wanting to cover up what my words were doing to her. Her expression fell and her pout grew even bigger. Her little mouth twisted in annoyance as she slowly came to terms with that fact that I wasn't going to fuck

her right then and there, but I think it was more about that she hadn't won.

None of that meant that I didn't want her though. Just the memory of that tight little pussy clamping down on my cock would have been enough for me, but Caitlin needed to know who was in control between us. Her ultimate surrender would make this whole game that much sweeter.

She stood up, glaring at me as she reached for her clothes. She dressed slowly, like she was trying to figure out what her next move would be. When she was fully dressed, she peered back at me as if I'd somehow changed my mind and when it became clear to her that it hadn't, she huffed with aggravation.

"I'm going to go watch a movie," she scoffed, and I nodded.

"The television downstairs is programmed with all the streaming networks. My credit card is already programmed in, so feel free to rent or buy whatever you like," I grinned.

"Thanks," she answered flatly.

She flounced out of the room, her cheeks red and her shameful arousal written all over her body.

I knew she would be back to dance for me. It was only a matter of time.

CHAPTER 16



Caitlin

I couldn't believe it.

I *knew* I'd done a good job, a really great one even. I'd listened for every husky intake of breath, watched for every minor shift he made with his body, and I'd seen how hard his cock had been through his pants. The outline had been rigid, like a steel rod, and I wanted nothing more than for it to be inside me right now.

I collapsed on the couch with an audible huff of pure frustration. Dancing for him like that had made me feel sexy and gorgeous, not to mention incredibly powerful. For the first time between us, I had felt like I'd had the upper hand for the briefest of moments.

I had *thought* I'd won. This was dumb.

Maybe this game was not as simple as I originally thought. I chewed my lip and grabbed the remote. I flicked to Netflix and then to HBO before I eventually settled on renting a movie off Amazon just because I wanted to spend his money. It was subtle act of defiant revenge, but it made me feel better in the end.

I wrapped myself in a blanket and sank into the plush comfy couch, my legs a little cold now that I wasn't moving anymore. For a while, I just watched the drama between the male and female lead as they tried to fight the romance that

was obviously sparking between them. My core squeezed tight when they finally gave in and made love, my own pussy clenching as I thought about how that could be happening to me right now. I sighed heavily. Maybe I should have watched something else.

How would I pull off dancing like a good girl while dressed like a bad one? Should I imagine what it felt like for him to pull my panties down for the first time on his plane or maybe pretend like it was the moment when he'd bared my breasts and seen all of them only just last night?

I groaned, trying to think of different things I could do and coming up blank. Dancing like a bad girl had been easy. I'd even done it once on a dare. My friends had bet me a hundred bucks that I wouldn't do it, but I'd proven them wrong by cleaning house that night, both with tips and the money they owed me. It wasn't that hard, you just had to move with confidence.

Good girls didn't strip dance in a club though.

When the movie was over, I chewed my lip and headed back upstairs. Cormac was inside of his office, and I slipped through the door. He lifted his brows, appraising me expectantly.

"I'd like to try again for you, Daddy," I said softly, trying to add a touch of trembling inexperience to my voice. It was difficult though, especially because the whole point of doing this was to earn something that a good girl would be too innocent to even want.

"I'm looking forward to it, little girl," he murmured.

He sat back and I closed the door behind me. He cocked his head to the side and offered me his phone. I chose a different song this time, something a bit softer and sweeter, but still a little sultry. His ravenous gaze roved over my body, and I couldn't stop a shiver of excitement from racing down my spine. Trying to play the part of a girl that was ashamed of a man seeing her for the first time while also being hesitantly aroused, I started to dance. I kept my eyes downcast for much

of it, only braving to meet his eyes on rare occasions that fit with the beat of the music.

I stripped hesitantly, using trembling, jerky movements to pretend I was ashamed. By the time I was fully naked, I breathed softly and waited as my core spiraled with heat. His expression was masked, a mysterious mix of arousal and assessment that only sought to make me needier than ever.

“You are such a beautiful girl. I enjoyed it very much, but it was still too slutty to earn my cock,” he replied, those icy irises glittering with intention.

In an instant, my hopes were dashed even as my clit pulsed with need. Unable to stop myself, I groaned with frustration.

“Would it help if I said please?” I tried, becoming increasingly annoyed with my own desire for the second time that day.

He shook his head, his expression dark, and I stuck my lower lip out in what I imagined was the absolute best pout of my life. When it became clear that it was doing nothing to further my cause, I grabbed my clothes and turned around, escaping as quickly as I could to my bedroom. I dressed quickly, so much so that I almost tore the skirt with my overwhelming irritation. I plopped down on the bed with a heavy sigh. My stomach growled and I pushed myself up to my elbows.

I stayed there for a few minutes longer trying to figure out what I could do to convince him but coming up blank. Not knowing what else to do, I made my way back into the kitchen. There were several pieces of fruit on the table, and I picked through them, not really knowing what I wanted and eventually settling on a banana. A part of me hoped he would walk in and find me eating it in some wicked ploy at teasing him with my mouth so that his frustration level might come anywhere close to mine. Unfortunately, he didn't come out of his office by the time I finished it. I tossed the peel in the garbage and stared down the hall. Impulsively, I lifted my chin and strutted down the hall, heading right into his office.

“I want to try again,” I blurted out. An amused expression broke out over his features, and I pulled my shoulders back with as much defiant pride as I could muster.

He said nothing, instead deciding to sit back in his chair as he crossed his arms in front of his chest and cocked his head.

Arrogant sexy asshole bastard dick.

I took a deep breath, chose a different song, and danced like I had the second time, adding a bit more hesitation and reluctance in my body movements as the beats rang out all around me. When it was over, I stood before him naked for the third time that day.

I knew even before he uttered a single word that it hadn't been enough.

“Still too slutty, baby girl,” he whispered gently.

He didn't have to say it. I had known even before he'd said anything.

I didn't reply to him this time, choosing just to grab my clothes and retreat to my bedroom so that I could lick my wounds and swallow down my defeat. I enveloped myself in a blanket, wrapping my arms around my knees as I pulled them in against my chest. I knew I'd almost got to him with that first dance. His eyes had turned ravenous, and he had just barely kept himself at bay.

In my heart, I knew I hadn't tried my hardest either time after that. I also knew why. First, I didn't want to let him win. More than that, though, I didn't want to know that I fought him with every part of me and he still won despite all that.

I noticed that there was a brand-new phone for me on the nightstand and I picked it up. I opened the YouTube app and started searching for inspiration, but nothing really felt helpful. Eventually, I just settled on listening to some music until I finally found the perfect song. I wasn't familiar with the artist, but the lyrics of the song felt like it set the right tone for what Cormac wanted. I listened to a few different remixes, but the original version of 'Slow Down' by GRAE was perfect.

By the time dinner rolled around, I'd spent too much time thinking about how to dance for him in a way that would earn me the fucking I wanted. As the hours passed, my desperation only amplified in intensity. My skin was so warm that it was

practically feverish and when that acted in concert with the heavy ache of desire in my core, I realized something about myself.

No matter what I did, the whole thing was going to feel shameful. Even worse, I knew I would do exactly as he asked eventually; it was only a matter of time. The harder I fought against him, the more shameful his inevitable victory would be. We both knew I needed his cock and the longer this went on, the more absolute my surrender would be.

The aroma of the evening meal eventually drew me out of my room. He was already in the kitchen cooking, but it seemed that our dinner wasn't ready yet and it wouldn't be for at least a little while. I cleared my throat when he turned to face me, wanting to give it one last shot.

"May I have another chance?"

"You may have as many chances as you like, sweet girl," he answered, his voice soft and sweetly seductive.

He finished up what he was doing before sliding a big pan into the oven. Impatient, I chewed my lip as he took a seat in the same chair from this morning. Somehow, coming back here to try again made me feel shy and maybe a little bit more embarrassed than any of the other times before. I fidgeted nervously, and when he was finally settled, I took a deep breath and hit play.

I started to dance, not like an experienced stripper that knew how to get every man in the room to eat out of the palm of her hand, but like the virgin I had been only yesterday that was hesitantly trying to seduce the same man that had been the first one to ever undress her. I let my fingers roam over my body like I was discovering every inch of my bare body for the first time. I took each piece of clothing off in a slow, graceful succession, starting with my heels first and ending with my bra and panties.

I hazarded a glance up at him, needing to know if he was looking, yet also feeling ashamed and aroused and needy all at the same time. The dark seductive power within his eyes was plain as day. I felt myself blush and I dropped my gaze as I

gracefully slid my bra strap over the cusp of my shoulder. I tried to lengthen the amount of time that I remained covered, but eventually it came time for my bra to come off. I blushed bright red as I let it fall to the floor. My nipples were a dusky pink, and they were so erect that they ached.

It was time for my panties to come down too.

For some reason, this moment felt more embarrassing and shameful than any of the times before this. I sucked in a nervous breath as I slipped my fingers beneath the lacy hem of my panties. I lowered them inch by shameful inch, until I completely bared my pussy at long last. Time seemed to slow as I bent over and slid them past my knees, stepping out of them before I dropped them along with the rest of my clothing on the floor. Now that I was fully naked, my face burned even hotter with shame. Using my hands, I tried to awkwardly cover my breasts and my pussy. I worried my lip with my teeth and stared at the floor, feeling more and more shy with every passing second.

I stood there in silence until he stood up at long last. He closed the distance between us, and I trembled. With one finger, he lifted my chin and forced me to meet his eyes. He didn't say anything, but he didn't need to. We both knew what had happened.

I surrendered completely and the two of us acknowledged that in silence. My face burned so hot that I thought it might catch flame, while a droplet of arousal rolled down my thighs. My thighs trembled and my whole body throbbed with aching desire. I cupped at my breasts, trying to do my best to hide them and he gently pulled my hands away.

It was as if he was seeing me naked for the first time all over again.

With dotting care, he firmly took my arm and led me over to the kitchen table. Quizzically, I peered up at him. Then he used the flat of his palm to bend me over the table. With one foot, he prodded my feet wide enough to put everything in between on obscene display and I couldn't help but feel like my whole world had turned upside down. I started when his

warm fingers brushed against the wet folds of my pussy. With a sharp intake of breath, I stilled as he started to slide his fingertips up and down my soaked flesh and I only blushed harder. In the overwhelming silence, my ears picked up the sound of his zipper lowering behind me. I closed my eyes and bit my lip when the blazing hot head of his cock pressed against my molten center.

His gentleness ended there.

With one brutal thrust, he buried himself inside me. His hands grabbed my hips, and he yanked me backwards. Then, he slipped one hand between my thighs and started to tease my clit. My entire world tilted in a sensual red haze. He slammed into me again and I screamed, too overwhelmed with the powerful current of pleasure and burning pain that tore through me when he stretched me open like this. Like a sudden riptide, every nerve in me fired at the exact same moment. Pain and pleasure spiraled into a singular magnificent sensation. I'd been thinking about this moment all day and now that it was finally here, it consumed every fiber of my being.

I came with a broken scream on the third thrust. My fingers curled against the table in a useless attempt to hold onto something as I tumbled into the overwhelming passionate abyss. Every thread that was holding me together began to unravel and I knew there would be no piecing it back together after this was over.

“That’s my good girl. Do you know how pretty you look when I’m filling you with my cock?” he growled.

“Daddy,” I breathed, my initial orgasm just beginning to ebb.

“I’m far from through with you, baby girl,” he exclaimed gruffly, and my pussy tightened down hard.

The deviously seductive chuckle that followed told me he’d felt every shameful clench and I teetered on the edge once again. I was going to come again. We both knew it. I didn’t even question it because I knew that a single orgasm would never be enough for him. That second climax was inevitable, almost like a rolling storm due to hit at any coming moment.

My thighs tensed and I tried to hold it off, but there was no use fighting it. I was going to come as many times as he wanted, and my only role was to surrender to each one.

Despite the roughness of my fucking, he made sure to hold my hips far enough away from the table so that I didn't bang against it. His sweetness still shone through, and that was enough to push me over the brink once again into a devastating climax that left my hips rocking and my legs trembling. His fingers continued to worry my clit, and I whimpered out loud. With a third orgasm looming, I knew I was going to topple into the realm of delicious agony. With the pleasure would come more pain, but I wanted all of it and more. His grip on my hips tightened and just when I thought he couldn't slam into me any harder, he did.

I shattered into a million pieces as he roared behind me. Several blazing hot spurts of his seed spattered against my cervix, sending my orgasm into overdrive. My pussy spasmed and clamped down around him, yet he still slammed in and out of me like it took no effort at all. I wailed, overcome with the raw devastation. Like a riptide, it pulled me under the surface and there was nothing for me to do but surrender to its total control.

By the time that final climax began to calm, he was fucking me slowly enough that it was as though he was making love to me now. The wet sounds of his thrusts were much louder now and shameful enough that I covered my face with my hands. My breathing was shallow as intense tingles of satisfied pleasure raced up and down my limbs in the wicked aftermath of such a powerfully passionate experience. With his cock still inside me, he leaned over and kissed the side of my neck.

“Every outfit Daddy buys for you, you'll strip out of for me at least once,” he growled, and my pussy clenched hard.

I was still trembling as he finally pulled out of me, sighing softly as his seed dripped down my inner thighs. For a while afterward, our breathing remained frenzied and ragged. I turned my head and watched as he tucked himself away. Then he gently lifted me off the table and deposited me firmly in his

lap. He held me for a while as my breathing calmed and my heartbeat returned to normal.

“I’m all dirty now,” I whispered, my cheeks flaming with heat, and he chuckled with victoriously seductive amusement.

“You may dress for dinner if you like, but I have a feeling you won’t because you very much enjoy being Daddy’s *very good* little slut, don’t you?”

A soft cry escaped my lips, and I wasn’t certain if it was from shock or the way my pussy had clenched wildly in response. For the briefest of seconds, I eyed my clothing longingly, foolishly trying to pretend that I wanted to wear them. Eventually, I had to admit it to myself.

I did want to be Daddy’s little slut.

You don’t just want that, do you? You’re not his bad little slut, but his very good little slut and that makes your pussy wetter than it has ever been.

I blushed at the direction of my own inner thoughts.

I didn’t dress for dinner. In fact, I didn’t wear any clothing for the rest of the night. As a reward, Daddy fucked me to sleep in his bed that night.

He made me come so hard that I passed out in his arms.

CHAPTER 17



Caitlin

Waking up in Cormac's arms still naked the next morning felt like something right out of a dream, and I almost didn't believe it was real. When I stirred, his arms pulled me in even closer and I snuggled my cheek into the hollow of his neck. He kissed my forehead, and I hummed as a calming sensation spiraled through me. Eventually, my stomach growled loud enough for us both to hear it and he chuckled.

"Daddy should feed you, baby girl. Why don't you go hop in the shower?"

I playfully pawed at his chest, and he popped my bottom with a light swat. The gentle sting was comforting in a way, and I shivered.

"Be a good girl now or I'll send you into the shower with a bright red bottom, my naughty girl," he teased, waggling his brows suggestively.

I sighed with as much dramatic flair as I could muster. Quickly, he threw the covers back and flipped me onto my belly, spanking me with several stinging smacks in a short but really intense burst.

"Daddy!" I whined, and he squeezed my bottom hard.

"I want you to look at how pretty this little ass looks in the mirror before you take a shower, but that's not all I want you

to do for me. You're going to take a nice long look at how wet it made this perfect little pussy, my good little slut," he purred.

My pussy clenched hard, and I knew my thighs were slick already.

"Yes, Da... Daddy," I stammered.

"That's my girl. Go ahead and head downstairs now. Breakfast will be ready when you're done," he commanded softly, and I nodded.

I slowly climbed out of bed, suddenly self-conscious of my nakedness. Did he like what he saw? Were my breasts too big? Too small?

"Wait," he whispered. "Do a spin for Daddy. You look absolutely breathtaking in the morning light, and I want to see all of you."

Feeling shy, I did as he asked and he growled with desire, instantly chasing my insecurities away.

"Fucking gorgeous. Now go wash Daddy's seed off your legs before he decides to put more of it between them," he growled, and I turned around with a surprised squeak.

I hopped forward and exited the room, heading downstairs to my bedroom. Once inside the bathroom, I turned and peered back over my shoulder. The lower half of my bottom was a bright, rosy pink. Hesitantly, I reached between my thighs to find myself impossibly wet. I bent over just a little. My wetness stringed across my pink flesh and I blushed hard.

The things this man did to me... I couldn't get enough.

With a happy sigh, I turned on the shower. When the steam started to rise, I climbed in and washed every bit of my body, including the dried seed that had caked on my inner thighs. I took my time, enjoying the hot water beading onto my sore muscles as I gently massaged them.

When I was finished, I wrapped myself in a towel. I found a new outfit on the bed for me. There was no bra, but I hadn't really expected one. I dried off and dressed, happy to find that the black yoga pants were buttery soft. There was an oversize

sweater that complemented my body and was amazingly comfortable. I slipped my fingers beneath and tweaked both my nipples. There was no doubt in my mind that he'd notice my hard little buds and that made me smirk knowing my nakedness would be a naughty little tease for him any time he laid his eyes on me.

When I was finally ready, I headed to the kitchen. Just like he'd promised, breakfast was hitting the table as soon as I joined him. I grinned, excited to see that he'd made French toast for me this morning. There was a generous helping of whipped cream drizzled with sautéed raspberries, blueberries, and blackberries. Just the sight of it was enough to make my mouth water.

"Wow," I breathed. My eyes were as wide as saucers as I slipped into my seat.

"Dig in," he grinned, his eyes sparkling with joy at seeing mine.

I wasted no time, using my fork to carve out a small bite. The moment the fruity treat hit my tongue, I moaned with pleasure. It was fucking perfect.

"This shouldn't be allowed," I murmured, and he chuckled.

"I like to spoil you sometimes," he winked, and I don't know why, but I blushed furiously at such an innocent statement. It was at times like this that I worried that my face would be permanently red around him.

And your ass...

I quickly turned my eyes down to the plate and hurriedly shoveled another tasty morsel into my mouth. The delicious food quickly changed my focus. When my plate was finally empty, I looked back at it with a minor twinge of disappointment that I'd finished it, while also nursing a very full belly.

"Will you make that for me again?" I asked, hopeful.

"Of course."

“Oh, goodie,” I exclaimed, and the musical sound of his laughter filled the room. He shook his head, but his smile was contagious, and I couldn’t help but grin along with him.

“I need to take care of some family business today. I’ll be back later this evening and I’ll pick up some takeout for us. How’s that sound?”

“I’d like that,” I replied.

“Pizza, Thai, or Chinese?”

“Pizza,” I said decisively.

Anyone that I’d ever met from the east coast was always talking about how good the pizza was over here, and I’d always wanted to try it.

“I know just the place,” he said. Then he sat back and crossed his arms over his chest. His expression turned mildly stern, his jawline tensing a bit and I fidgeted a little in my seat.

“Be a good girl for me today. You’re welcome to whatever you like here in the house. If you need anything, I can send my driver for you to pick it up. You don’t have to stay here either, you’re not my prisoner or anything like that, but don’t go too far and make sure to take your phone with you if you do.”

“I will,” I promised.

“There are snacks in the pantry. I had one of my guys pick up all kinds because I wasn’t sure what you’d like.”

“Thank you. That was sweet of you,” I smiled.

“I’ll be back around five or six. We’ll have a nice dinner and then I’d like to watch a movie with you tonight,” he continued.

“Is that all, *Daddy*?” I deliberately added a playful sassy tone and his blue eyes darkened. I found myself lost within their swirling sea.

“If you’re a very good girl, I’ll make sure you go to bed wet, sore, and well used. If you’re a bad girl, though, I’ll have to take my belt to you first and you’ll go to bed with *all three* of your tight little holes well used and very, *very* sore,” he warned, and my core squeezed so tight that I almost cried out.

My bottom hole tensed anxiously, and I chewed the inside of my cheek. I thought I should be shocked, but a part of me wasn't surprised that he would want to take my mouth and my ass at some point. I tried to ignore the curiosity his threat instigated as best that I could.

"I'll behave," I squeaked.

"Good girl," he praised.

He got up from the table and strode over to me, cupping my cheek with one broad palm. He leaned down and kissed me. The sweet tenderness in that soft kiss took my breath away. His fingers tightened almost like he didn't want to leave me, but he eventually pulled away.

"See you later, Daddy."

"Have a good afternoon, baby girl," he murmured.

His eyes caught mine for one last time before he descended the stairs to the ground level. I heard the door open and shut, and the house was filled with silence. I sighed, picking up our plates from the table. I rinsed them off and loaded them into the dishwasher. He'd already cleaned all the pans, so there wasn't much cleanup at all.

I wondered what he had to do today. Come to think of it, he'd never really said what he did for work. Actually, he'd never really given any details as to who he was or how he was so rich or why he had so much power. I had a few guesses, but all of them seemed ludicrous when I really sat down and thought about it. This wasn't a movie or a book or some television show. This was real life.

I headed to his office, noticing that he had left his credit card out for me. I slid into his enormous executive office chair and stared at the computer screen. Eventually, I opened a web browser and searched his name. There was nothing really that specifically alluded to what he did. The articles mentioned him in a positive fashion and most of them revolved around charitable contributions at various functions. Eventually, I gave up and sat back.

I looked down at the desk. There were multiple drawers, and I slid the first one open, pawing through it carefully so he wouldn't realize it was disturbed. When I happened upon a locked drawer, I couldn't contain my tiny shriek of victory knowing that I could probably pick it open. Unable to stem my curiosity, I raced down to my bathroom and grabbed a bobby pin out of the fresh pack I'd seen in one of the vanity drawers.

It took me less than a minute to bust through the lock. I giggled when I noticed several bottles of what I assumed was top shelf Irish whiskey. I pulled out a wooden box and opened it, only to find it full of Cuban cigars. The scent of coffee and chocolate was strong, but enjoyable, and I closed the lid.

I was just about to close it when I noticed that the drawer space didn't seem as deep as all the others. I reached inside and touched the back panel, pressing a little so that it popped open and revealed a secret compartment. My eyes grew wide, seeing several stacks of cash along with a framed photograph. I gently pulled it out. When I turned it over, time seemed to come to a complete stop.

It was a picture of Cormac, my father, and my *mother*.

I stared at the photograph, noting the way his arms were over my parents' shoulders. At some point, they'd been close friends, maybe even close enough to consider each other family. A heavy weight settled on my shoulders. Cormac hadn't even mentioned knowing her. He'd kept that from me and there wasn't a single reason in the world I could think of to explain why.

Maybe this had all been just a pipe dream and I'd let myself get caught up in his easygoing nature, the safety I felt when surrounded by his powerful presence, and how he'd rescued me from years behind bars, not to mention the mind-blowing sex.

Did he think I didn't deserve to know? Was he hiding other things from me? Why wouldn't he have mentioned that he knew my mother? Why conceal that?

I pulled my knees into my chest and stared at her smiling face. I traced a finger down the length of her hair. Her smile was

radiant. The three of them had been happy together. Had this been back in Ireland?

Then something hit me. Maybe he wasn't telling me because he didn't think of me as a grown woman after all. He'd never said anything about being with anyone else, but he was a handsome man. He'd have no problem bringing any girl home that he wanted, so why me? Was I just some temporary fling that was going to end the moment my sentence was over? Or was it that he thought of me like an unruly teenager who he needed to set straight? Was I just a little girl to him, someone to look after and punish when I did something bad?

I didn't know the answer.

My mouth set in a firm line as I sat back on my heels. I know I'd messed up when I'd taken Rico's dare. I'd screwed up big time, but I wasn't out to break the law on a regular basis. Sure, I'd shoplifted from time to time, but that didn't hurt anyone other than the rich CEOs that profited off the ridiculously high price tags that came with designer clothing.

Before Cormac, I'd been the one taking care of myself. I'd gotten myself through high school all on my own when my father had wasted his life in a bottle. I stood up, leaving the drawer wide open. Taking the picture with me, I wandered downstairs and turned on a movie, but I couldn't focus enough to pay attention to the story. Lost in my own thoughts, I rolled the clock back, thinking over our every interaction, from the first time he knocked on my door to when he walked out of the kitchen this morning.

I knew several things. He was powerful and filthy rich, yet kindhearted. At times, he could be sweet, which was in sharp contrast to the man that he'd first presented to me in the judge's chambers. All these things seemed to sour when I focused on the fact that he'd kept knowing my mother a secret from me. The hours passed by miserably slowly. When it passed six, I heard the door open, and I quickly shoved the picture under a throw pillow on the couch.

He grinned as soon as he saw me. There was a pizza box balanced on his shoulder and I forced myself to smile in

return. He slid it onto the coffee table and flipped it open, showing off a meat lovers pizza complete with pepperoni, sausage, prosciutto, and these adorable little meatballs. Even with my uneasiness, I had to admit the aroma was heavenly.

“This is from the best pizza joint here in Southie, maybe all of Boston, really,” he exclaimed.

“I can’t wait,” I said softly, and his gaze immediately flicked to mine.

Not wanting his full attention yet, I leaned for and grabbed a slice. My stomach growled just as I took a bite. He chuckled as the both of us dug in. I ate two slices before I finally cleared my throat. I needed to say something, and it couldn’t wait any longer. I wouldn’t be able to get it off my mind until I got some answers.

“Cormac?”

“Hmmm?” he murmured while still chewing a bite of pizza.

“You never told me you knew my mother,” I began.

For a moment, I stared at the floor until I bravely lifted my eyes to his. It was almost like a dark storm had suddenly overtaken him and he looked away. He didn’t say anything right away, so I decided to continue. Reaching underneath the pillow, I pulled the photograph out.

“You knew her, but you didn’t mention her. Why would you hide that from me?”

“That’s a story for another time,” he answered tersely.

His expression was harsh and unfeeling, and I struggled not to wither right there in front of him. I took a deep breath but remained calm. Yelling and getting angry would be of no use for something like this. Him keeping secrets made me feel uneasy, but there had to be some sort of explanation that would make sense.

“Who are you to me, Cormac? How are you and my parents connected? And if you were such good friends, why did I never meet you? Why did he never mention you?”

His icy blue eyes rolled with turbulent gray swells, and he refused to meet my gaze. I could have sworn something that looked like guilt passed over him, maybe a regretful sorrow, but it was gone almost as quickly as it had come that I might have just imagined it.

“Not yet, Caitlin,” he refused.

“She was my mother. I deserve to know,” I pressed.

What made the situation feel worse was that I hardly remembered anything about her. This man had known her really well by the looks of it. If he would just open up to me, it could be like I was getting to know a part of myself that I’d lost long ago when she died.

“I know you do, but it’s not the right time yet,” he answered, his tone non-negotiable.

“When will it be the right time?”

He shook his head and grabbed another slice of pizza. I did the same, waiting for him to say something, anything really, but he never did. Instead, the two of us ate in silence before he stood up and mumbled something about needing to make a few business calls. His entire body radiated with tension, and it only amplified my own uneasiness.

“Do you still want to watch a movie?” I tried.

“Another night,” he muttered, and I stared at his back as he climbed the stairs and retreated to his office.

This was a side of him I hadn’t seen before. I blinked back tears and wrapped my arms around my knees, staring down at the picture. The three happy faces looked back at me, and I wished they could tell me their story. With a sigh, I stood up, grabbed the picture, tucked my phone into my pocket, and walked over to the coat closet. I slipped my feet into one of the pairs of flats inside and shrugged on my coat.

I needed to clear my head and the best thing I could do right now was to take a walk.

* * *

I'm not sure how long I walked for, but I eventually found myself in front of Murphy's Pub. I wasn't really hungry, but I wouldn't say no to a good dessert and a cocktail or something. I pulled open the door and stepped inside. It wasn't particularly busy, but it was still relatively early, and the late-night crowd wasn't due to show up for another few hours.

I looked around and Leah's familiar face beckoned to me from one of the back booths. I smiled in return and waved back. She gestured for me to come over and I took the invitation, feeling like I could use a friend right about now.

"Hey there, Caitlin. Where's Cormac?" she asked cheerfully.

"He's back at his place," I replied, unable to hide the emotion from my voice.

"Is everything alright?"

"Yeah, it's just..."

"You can trust me. Lord knows being with a Murphy man isn't easy by any means," she pushed.

There was something in her eyes that made me believe her and I tentatively started to tell her what was wrong.

"Well, he hid something from me, and I can't figure out why. It makes it hard to trust him when he refuses to tell me," I began.

I was staring down at my hands and didn't notice Kieran's approach until he slid into the booth beside Leah. She scooted over and I saw him reach over and squeeze her thigh. His love for her was written all over his face.

"Why don't you tell us about what's going on? Maybe we both can help?" she offered.

"My brothers can be difficult sometimes," Kieran added.

His expression remained soft, and I felt at ease with the two of them the longer I sat there with them. I took a deep breath and

trusted my initial instincts and started to tell them about what happened. I reached into the inner pocket of my pea coat and pulled out the photograph. I placed it down on the table so that they could see. As I told my story, both listened with rapt attention, which made it easier for me to explain the rest.

“I can see why you feel that way. Cormac is a good man and just wants the best for you,” Leah said softly. I smiled thinly, not really knowing what to say to that.

“I think I’ll be able to clarify several things for you, namely who my family is to yours and how Cormac was tied to your parents, as well as how he ended up there for you in the first place,” Kieran answered.

Leah gave me a soft smile as she leaned back and interlaced her hands over her pregnant belly. When one of the waitresses checked on us, she quickly ordered some dessert and wine for me, along with a whiskey for Kieran and a water for her. As soon as she left, Kieran cleared his throat.

“My family and yours lived in Dublin years ago. Back then, we didn’t have as much influence, money, or power, so we were pretty low on the totem pole,” he began.

“What do you mean by totem pole?” I looked back at him, trying to figure out if he was inferring something I should know and feeling a little foolish that I didn’t.

“Would it surprise you if I told you that my family and I are part of an organization that uses both legal and illegal activities to garner power and influence here in Boston?”

“You mean, like the mob or something,” I scoffed.

“Exactly like that. As the eldest, I am the head of the Murphy family,” he replied with unmistakable seriousness and I opened my mouth to reply, but nothing came out.

To be honest, it made sense. The more I thought about it, the more it made all the puzzle pieces come together. It would explain how he’d been able to pluck me from the Seattle prison system as easily as he did, along with the seemingly endless reserves of cash he seemed to have at his disposal.

“I understand,” I answered. I wasn’t afraid necessarily, just a little more wary than I was before.

“Back in Dublin, we weren’t as established as we are here. In order to survive, we allied with several other families, but your parents were by far the closest to us. The two of them took part in family meetings and their opinions carried just as much weight as mine or Cormac’s or any of my other siblings. All of us considered your parents a part of our family.”

“You knew her too?”

“I did. Your mother was an incredible person, thoughtful, kind, like a ray of sunshine even on the cloudiest of days and trust me, we had a lot of those across the pond,” he smiled.

“I didn’t really get a chance to know her,” I said, my sorrow bleeding through.

“I know. Back then, Cormac and Finn were best friends. There was no point in trying to keep the two of them separate and eventually, I just gave up trying. One night, the two of them came to me with plans to secure more territory for us by taking over a gambling hall that was just beyond our borders. At the time, all our informants had indicated that it was run by another family that we should have had no problem going up against. It wasn’t until after we’d already moved on it that we found out that they had allied themselves with the Gallaghers through an arranged marriage.”

“Who are they?”

“The Gallaghers were the strongest mafia family in the city. That night, we secured the gambling hall, thinking everything had gone according to plan. We didn’t know that there had been a Gallagher who had been shot and killed there at the time.”

“That doesn’t sound good,” I replied.

“No. The Gallaghers came to collect their blood debt. Cormac, Finn, and Nora were on their way to a local charity function when they attacked. We think they meant to kill Finn and Cormac as revenge, but Nora ended up getting shot instead. She died in their arms so quickly that there wasn’t even

enough time to get her to a hospital. To this day, Cormac carries the guilt of her death. He promised her before he died that your father and he would see to it that you were safe and protected from the dangers of the mafia life.”

“That’s why my dad brought me to Seattle,” I said softly, the puzzle pieces of my life finally fitting together.

“He wanted to take you as far away from it as possible. He asked for my permission, and I gave it without a second thought. When word spread of his death, Cormac felt it was his duty to look after you. All of us did,” he answered quietly.

The waitress returned and slid the dessert and drinks in front of us. I sipped at the wine and poked at the decadent chocolate cake. I wasn’t hungry, but it tasted just as good as it did the other day and that in and of itself was comforting.

“I’ve known Cormac for a while. He really cares for you. I could see it written all over his face when he first introduced you to us,” Leah assured me, reaching over the table to grasp my hand and giving it a little squeeze.

“This all feels like a lot,” I answered, staring down at the picture on the table. I reached and turned it toward me, losing myself for a second in my mother’s kind eyes.

“I know it is. We were able to keep you safe from our world for as long as we could, but with your father’s death, it seemed the only remaining solution was to bring you to Boston with us,” Kieran explained.

“I appreciate everything your family has done for me, but I need some time to process all this,” I murmured.

“Do you want to go back to Cormac’s? I’m sure you could stay with us for a few days if you needed someplace to gather your thoughts,” Leah asked. I shook my head.

“It’s a very kind offer, but I think I would rather be someplace by myself for a little while,” I answered quietly. I went to push myself up from the table, but Kieran’s gentle grasp closed around my wrist.

“Sit down for a little while longer and finish your dessert. When you’re done, Leah and I will see you safely to a hotel

nearby. You'll have it all to yourself, and you'll be safe. All you need is to give the front desk my name and they will take care of you," he offered.

Hesitantly, I sat back down.

"The only thing I will not allow is for you to sleep on the streets, not if I can do something about it," he added, his tone carrying much of the firm weight that Cormac's had.

"It would make me feel better too if we at least knew you were safe at night," Leah said. Her green eyes searched mine, carrying with them genuine concern.

"Are you sure?" I asked, feeling a bit uncertain.

"It would make the two of us feel much better if you took my offer," he pressed resolutely.

"Okay. Thank you," I murmured, feeling relieved to have somewhere to escape to after all the upheaval that came with today's discovery. I took a few more bites of my cake and Kieran kissed Leah's cheek, leaving the two of us to talk for a little while longer while we ate and sipped at our drinks.

"I wasn't always a part of the Murphy family either," she admitted softly, her smile gently disarming.

"You seem so comfortable with them. I wouldn't have been able to tell if you hadn't told me."

"Sometimes they can be a little hardheaded, but they mean well," she giggled.

"I just wish he hadn't hidden that from me. It makes it hard especially because things have... well... developed... between us," I admitted shyly.

"You like him," she challenged, her eyes sparkling.

"Yeah. I've never really met anyone like him," I confessed.

I blushed, thinking about the first time he'd taken down my panties and spanked me. From that moment on, it was like the two of us had been on a crash course destined for one another. Right now, I wasn't certain if I should stay or go, and I needed time to figure that out.

“The Murphy men are a special breed,” she answered, staring longingly over at Kieran who was working behind the bar. He was singing a tune under his breath, and she sighed happily.

“Listen, my best advice is to let yourself trust him. Once I did that with Kieran, everything else fell into place. They’re used to a world of danger, betrayals, and lies, but nothing means more to them than family. Cormac will figure that out. Just give him time and take as much as you need for yourself,” she continued.

“Yeah, I think that’s the best idea,” I agreed.

After that, Leah easily turned the conversation to her expected due date. She told me all about the woes of late term pregnancy and the time passed easily. When we were finished, Kieran came over and slid some cash over to me.

“Take this. I want to make sure you can get anything you need. The front desk will get you anything you ask for and they’ll bill it to my account, but if you go anywhere this should keep you going for a few days.”

It didn’t seem like he was giving me a choice and when I reluctantly took it, I knew it was more than I could ever need in a month.

“Thank you. This means a lot to me,” I whispered gratefully.

“Let’s get you to your hotel so you can get some rest. I’m sure you’re tired,” Kieran added, and I nodded.

The two of them led me out of the pub and into a waiting limo. I relaxed in the backseat as the car pulled away. It was dark by now and we drove a few blocks before we came to a stop in front of a fancy-looking boutique hotel.

“I really appreciate this. Thank you for helping me understand what was going on and giving me the answers that I needed,” I smiled.

“Anytime, Caitlin,” Leah smiled as she squeezed my arm. Her easygoing nature made her really nice to be around and I knew that we’d be close friends if I ended up sticking around.

“Your phone?” Kieran asked, holding out his hand expectantly. I reached into my pocket, and he plucked it from my fingers. He tapped the screen a few times before passing it back to me.

“I’ve programmed my number and Leah’s into your phone. If you need anything at all, don’t hesitate to call. You’re welcome to stay here as long as you like, so don’t worry about checking out or anything like that,” he smiled.

“Thank you,” I replied appreciatively.

“One last thing,” he paused. I looked into his icy blue eyes, comforted by their soft gentle nature. “Give my brother a chance. He’ll figure it out.”

I nodded, but I didn’t respond. Instead, I climbed out of the car and smiled back at them. Leah waved and I turned, walking into the hotel. Just like Kieran had said, the front desk nodded with casual recognition when I gave his name and led me up to a luxury suite on the top floor.

By the time I was safely inside the room, the full weight of the day hit me, and I yawned with exhaustion. I didn’t even get undressed before I climbed into the massive king bed. I was fast asleep in moments.

I’d deal with the fallout tomorrow.

CHAPTER 18



*E*ormac

What was hell was I doing?

I wasn't a good man. I was a monster. Everything I touched turned to ash and it was simply a matter of time until the same thing happened to Caitlin.

I was supposed to be protecting her and I'd pulled her into my dangerous world instead.

My guilt was eating me up from the inside out and I couldn't drink enough to make it go away. I swirled the whiskey in my glass, causing the spherical ball of ice to clink against the side. I stared at the amber liquid as it circled, trying to ignore the nagging feeling in the pit of my stomach.

Just this morning, one of my men had gotten shot. It was supposed to be a routine check in on a gun shipment that had been due for arrival at the main shipping port. Somehow, the Russian bratva had found out about it before we did, which meant that they arrived first.

They hadn't taken our goods, but the fight hadn't been easy. The Russians were well trained and strong, plus they didn't cower the second you pressed a gun to their heads. Ultimately, we'd been able to take them down, but not without a few injuries to my soldiers. One of them had to be rushed to the hospital for immediate care after taking a bullet through the right side of his throat.

Things were touch and go for a little while. After an emergency surgery, he was through the worst of it, but that was probably because the local doctors answered to us and took him right away. He'd probably be dead if I hadn't forced him to the front of the line myself. He'd have bled out right there in the waiting room.

What if it was Caitlin next time?

This was exactly the sort of life Finn wanted to take her away from and here I was dragging her right back into it. The mafia world was a treacherous one, even here in Boston. The exact same thing could kill Caitlin, just like it had her mother. I was supposed to be protecting her, not falling in love with her.

I should send her away from here. Maybe put her through college somewhere where she would be safe. The thought was enough to make me grimace. I didn't want to do that, even though a part of me knew that I should. It was selfish of me, but I wanted to keep her here with me.

The picture had been enough to remind me of my promise. I should have told her everything when she'd asked, but I couldn't. It was too hard. Even now, my emotions were getting the best of me.

Hidden amongst my feelings of guilt were sharp pangs of sorrow. I hadn't really grieved the loss of her father. I'd spent years mourning Nora's death and that still hurt just as much as the day she'd died in my arms. They say time heals all wounds, but that doesn't really apply to losing family. She had been just as much of a sister to me as my own flesh and blood, Ada.

I tipped back the glass, downing the rest of the double shot and enjoying the fiery burn as it descended into my belly. My phone rang and I glanced at it with disdain, not really feeling like talking to anyone.

It was Kieran.

Family was family. I answered on the second ring.

"Hey," I greeted.

“In case you’re wondering, I just dropped Caitlin off at the Cambria hotel.”

Fuck. I hadn’t even known she was gone.

“She wanted some answers, and I gave them to her. I thought it might be easier that way.”

A part of me was relieved while another was furious. I took a deep breath and tempered my anger. Out of all of us, Kieran was the most levelheaded and that was an important factor to why he was the main ruling voice amongst all of us.

“So, she’s alright?”

“She’s just fine. Leah and I were eating dinner at the pub when she walked through the door and the two of us talked to her for a little while. She just needs some time to process. She’s safe though and that’s what is important.”

“Yeah. You’re right,” I answered.

“Can I offer you a word of advice?”

“Shoot,” I replied.

“She’s going to need to hear it from you too. I know it’s difficult. We all loved Nora and Finn and losing them was hard on everyone, and it was worse on you, but don’t miss out on something that could be truly great because you refuse to forgive yourself.”

I didn’t reply right away.

“That woman has serious feelings for you. She might even love you and I don’t want you to let it pass you by because you’re too lost to see it.”

“Caitlin is a truly special young woman,” I replied softly.

“She deserves the truth from you, so find it somewhere inside yourself to give her what she needs. Let her know how much she means to you.”

“I appreciate the advice,” I replied, unable to remove the tension from my voice.

“At least tell me you’ll think about it.”

“I will,” I said, pushing past the lump at the back of my throat.

“I’ve already got Tommy stationed outside the hotel. If she leaves or goes anywhere, his orders are to tail her from a distance.”

“That’s great. Have him call me if anything comes up.”

“Listen, I’ve got to run. Call me if you need anything.”

“Thanks, Kieran. Talk to you soon,” I replied.

I hung up the phone with a sigh, staring at it until the screen went black. Eventually, I turned and reached for the whiskey, pouring myself another double shot. I checked the cameras, kicking myself for not noticing that she’d left hours ago. I sped through the footage, hoping she returned and that she was just downstairs, but she never did.

She didn’t come home that night.

It was nearly two in the morning when I stumbled up the stairs to my room. I stared at the empty bed, wanting nothing more than to have her there beside me. I needed to figure out what to do. Love and honor demanded two different things and I didn’t know which one was right. Was it selfish to want to keep her here? Did she even want that?

I collapsed into bed, not caring that I was fully dressed or that I wasn’t even under the covers. I closed my eyes, but my mind continued whirling with what ifs until I eventually passed out.

* * *

She didn’t come back the next morning, or even that night. I carried out my family duties as needed, but I didn’t really leave the house more than I had to just in case she came home. I wanted to be there when she walked through the door. I wanted to be there to make things better. When the second morning rolled around, I started to grow anxious. Her absence was gnawing at me like an open wound that refused to heal, and it grew worse with every passing hour.

I wanted nothing more than just the chance to see her, maybe even talk to her, but I didn't want to overwhelm her by showing up at her hotel room unannounced. Kieran was right. She did deserve to know what happened all those years ago, not from Kieran, but from me. After I told her my part, it would be up to her to decide whether or not she wanted to stay here, live on her own, or go somewhere else.

She'd only been under my roof for a short time, but I already missed her. Her presence made the world seem lighter and I had looked forward to coming back home to her as soon as I'd walked out the door. Her sassy sense of humor was adorable, and she liked to talk a big game, but I knew she had a big heart inside her. She kept it walled off to protect herself, but she let it down with me.

She hadn't reached out to talk to me either and I realized that she shouldn't be expected to. I was the one that needed to contact her first. That morning, I decided to take the first step in letting her know that I missed her. I called my driver, and he met me out front a few minutes later. As we pulled away from the curb, I took a deep, steady breath.

I didn't want to send Caitlin away. She'd be safe from the same mafia world that killed her mother, but I didn't know if I could bear being away from her for the rest of her life. I'd also have to depend on others to look after her because dangers had a way of creeping up on you when you least expected it. Someone could find her and use her against us just to volley for power and I already knew that I'd give up whatever they wanted just to keep her alive and unhurt.

I didn't trust anyone else to keep her safe. With someone as important as her, I could only depend on myself to get the job done. She was far too important to put in someone else's hands. If I kept her by my side, I could protect her. She wouldn't be safe from everything, but if anyone even dared to look in her direction, let alone even touch her, I wouldn't hesitate to pull the trigger first. I'd jump in front of a bullet for her, no questions asked.

Even as the endless debate circled in my head, I knew what I was ultimately going to do. It might be selfish, but I was

falling for her, and my brothers could see it plain as day. There was no hiding my feelings for Caitlin anymore. With a deep breath, I finally decided. I was going to keep her. The only question now was whether or not she wanted that too.

I picked up my phone and started making some calls.

I was going to win her back.

CHAPTER 19



Caitlin

I hadn't left the hotel since I'd arrived. There was a coffee shop on the first floor, so there really wasn't any need. The lattes and the iced coffees were to die for, but that wasn't all. They served piping hot breakfast sandwiches and lunches, as well as a bunch of snacks that I could take up to the room. I spent my mornings there watching the people move around me, remarking in how different life was on the west coast compared to the east coast.

The front desk called a bit later in the afternoon when I was back in the room offering me a full body massage, a masking glow renewing facial as well as a luxury manicure and pedicure as a thank you to the Murphy family. I was a bit reluctant at first, but when she assured me that it was on the house, I eventually agreed.

It was the most relaxing afternoon of my life. I'd never experienced anything like it before and by the time it was over, I was a pile of melted girly goo. There was a full juice bar inside the spa and when I was done, they offered me a complementary protein shake. At first, I was a bit overwhelmed by all the flavors, but I eventually settled on a banana, peanut butter, and chocolate one. It was so good it was practically an appetizer, dinner, and dessert all rolled into one.

By the time I got back to my room, I crawled into bed, not wanting to do anything more than watch a movie before I fell

asleep. It was when I was alone in that dark that I started to feel his absence. Thus far, I'd been able to keep myself busy, but now that I was left alone with my thoughts, all I could think about was him.

Sure, the mafia business had been a bit much to take, but it honestly wasn't the biggest surprise considering everything I'd learned. In the end, it made sense. I could also understand why he'd wanted to keep that part from me, at least initially. The part about my mother and his refusal to tell me about her hit much harder and I knew why. I liked him and not just a little bit. If I really thought about it, I think I sort of loved him.

Who was I kidding? It wasn't sort of anything. I loved him and I knew it.

I picked up my phone and stared at his number. I wanted to text him, but something made me hold back. If I asked anyone for advice right now, they would tell me to wait and that I was too desperate if I went running to him first. The yearning to just hear his voice didn't go away. I searched his name in a browser and took a few minutes to find a picture of him. His kind soulful eyes stared at me through the screen and a little sliver of relief burst through me, but it was short lived.

That night, I fell asleep hugging a pillow while I pretended it was him.

* * *

Knock. Knock.

Blearily, I blinked. My mind groggily processed the fact that someone was at my door, and I groaned as I pushed myself up out of bed. Had Cormac finally come for me? Would he be angry? Would he punish me for running from him in the first place?

The sun was already up and the fancy clock on the nightstand indicated that it was just past ten in the morning. I padded out of the bedroom and into the living room section of the suite to answer the door.

It was room service.

“I didn’t order anything,” I said quietly, even as the waiter pushed the cart into the room.

“Mr. Murphy sent this on his behalf,” he nodded. Quickly he unloaded the platters of food.

Which Murphy did he mean? Had Kieran sent this or was it too much to hope for to know that Cormac had ordered for me instead?

When he was done, he held out an envelope for me and I hesitantly took it. When I remembered that I should probably tip him, I looked up to find him already gone.

My name was inscribed on the front of the envelope. I flipped it over and pulled out the thick piece of stationery. Immediately, I looked to the bottom of the letter and my heart swelled it in my chest.

Caitlin,

I’ve been thinking a lot about you.

I just wanted you to know that I understood why you left. You were right. I should have been honest with you and I’m sorry that I wasn’t. Whenever you’re ready, I’d like a chance to tell you my side of the story. It’s okay if you never want to hear it though. I will understand either way.

I want you to know that you’re welcome to come back at any time, and I will welcome you with open arms. Take all the time you need. If you never want to come back, that’s okay too. Whatever you choose, I promise you I won’t be angry. I just want to make sure you’re safe and that you’re happy.

I’ve included my credit card along with this letter. If you need anything, please don’t hesitate to use it. Buy yourself something pretty and at least allow me to spoil you just a little bit.

I miss you.

Sincerely,

Cormac Murphy

P.S. Don't do anything illegal, but even if you do, I'm still going to bail you out.

I stared at the letter for a long time. My eyes turned watery, and I placed it down on the table. His kind words touched my heart and a harsh pang of sorrow bit through me. I looked inside the envelope and true to his word, his credit card was inside.

I uncovered the silver platters to find different kinds of French toast. There was some slathered in berries, another with bananas and caramel, and then one with baked apples and cinnamon. There was an enormous pot of freshly brewed coffee along with all the fixings. There was a pitcher of orange juice too and I would bet money that it was just squeezed this morning at a place like this. The whole gesture was very sweet, but a part of me had been hoping for him to show up at my door instead. There wasn't a single thing in the world I wouldn't give up just to feel his arms around me again.

It comforted me to know that he missed me because I missed him too.

I slid into my seat and pulled the berry one in front of me. With the side of my fork, I cut a small bite and popped it into my mouth. Even though it was just as delicious as his, a little piece of my heart hurt because he hadn't been the one to make it.

I wished he'd been the one to deliver it. It would have meant a lot to me.

I ate slowly, sipping at the hot coffee while I read the letter over and over again. The last line made me smile for a second as I imagined him sitting there, clenching that broad fist of his. My bottom cheeks tingled, and I sighed.

Nothing in the letter made it seem that he would show up at my door. He was doing the right thing and giving me space to process all the things I had learned, which was exactly what I'd asked for. He was being understanding, allowing me to

decide if I wanted to stay or go, and that meant a lot too. I was grateful to him for saying all the things that he did, but I kind of wanted something more than that.

I wanted him to come here and really show me that he wanted me back. I didn't just want to be his little girl either. I wanted to be his in all ways and not just for the rest of my sentence. I didn't want temporary. I needed forever.

It was at that moment that I knew I had been lying to myself. I'd tried not to care for him, even pretending for a little while that I hated him for having the nerve to bare my bottom and spank me, but I couldn't do it any longer.

I loved him.

Truthfully, I wanted to be his little girl and his good little slut and his Caitlin. It may be a lot to ask for, but if I was going to do this, he was going to give me everything. I needed to know that he felt the same way, that he loved me too.

I took a bigger bite of French toast and chewed thoughtfully. How could I let him know what I wanted without specifically telling him every little detail? It would mean so much more to me if he figured it out himself.

I focused on the last line.

Even in all his kind and understanding words, he was still warning me not to do anything naughty. An idea sparked in my head.

I wasn't going to do anything illegal. I didn't want to have to force him to bail me out for a second time and I refused to show him that I was a criminal. Instead, I wanted to show him that I could take care of myself in a responsible way, but that sometimes I did things that warranted his unique brand of correction.

Not warranted. *Needed.*

I picked up the credit card and stared back at it thoughtfully. My nipples pebbled beneath my robe, and I reached inside to tweak one of them gently. I hadn't worn a bra since I'd left because it helped me feel more connected to him even when

we were apart. My pussy clenched hard. I would get his attention. I was sure of it.

I didn't come up with just one idea. I came up with several. I stood up and padded over to the desk. There was a tablet sitting on a charger stand and I picked it up, bringing it over to the dining table. I filled up my coffee cup, added cream and sugar, and opened up a browser window.

I started to shop.

I searched high and low, but eventually I landed on a little-known French lingerie designer, Chantal Thomas. Through the grapevine, I heard rumor that the fabrics she used were incredibly luxurious and were particularly attentive to detail from every delicate lace trim to each soft velvet bow.

Using Cormac's credit card, I bought ten different matching bra and panties sets. I even added several extra bras to really send a message. By the time I was done, I didn't even bother looking at the grand total, knowing full well it was over twenty grand. My shopping spree didn't end there either. I opened several browser windows with different designers, ordering anything that looked like something a bad girl or a rebel might wear. I kept every receipt and sent the files to the small printer set up in the room.

I took all the receipts and piled them on the coffee table. If all went according to plan, Cormac would be at my door in a few days. If he really cared about me, he'd come and put me back over his knee where I belonged. My hands went to cover my backside, instinctually knowing that if I really went through with everything that he'd probably spank me really hard with his hand or maybe even his belt. I wasn't certain if he'd use anything else, but I knew one thing.

It would hurt.

My clit throbbed like it was demanding it right then and there. I closed my eyes, imagining the whole thing, hoping desperately that he'd take me to bed after it was all over and make love to me the way I needed to be loved. I didn't just want a spanking. I wanted his cock to punish me too, and then

I wanted him to kiss me and tell me everything was going to be okay, that he would be there for me no matter what.

I ate some more of my breakfast, tasting all the different plates in succession. The one covered in berries was still my favorite, but the banana one was a close second. When I was done, I pushed the platters aside and drank a full glass of orange juice.

It was just as good as I expected it to be.

When I was done, I hopped in the shower. Leah had sent up a suitcase filled with some of her clothes for me, and I got dressed. She had included several bras, but I didn't wear any of them. That afternoon, I explored the area around me. I ended up walking into a ritzy salon and booked a deep conditioning treatment and a blowout. When they offered a full makeover, I gladly accepted and put it on his credit card. There was a local boutique around the corner, and I bought a little black dress and a pair of red-bottomed Louboutins. While I was out, I happened to notice that someone was tailing me. I took several different turns and the man continued to follow me. I knew it was probably one of Cormac's or Kieran's men, and it was highly likely that he was reporting my whereabouts and activities to one or both of them.

Another very naughty idea popped into my head.

I went back to the hotel and changed into my new dress. It didn't take long to get ready, but I delayed long enough until it was well after ten. Then, I went down to the front desk. The clerk smiled, recognizing me from the day before.

"Hi there, miss. How can I help you?"

"I'd like to go clubbing. Can you arrange for transportation for me?"

"Sure thing. Should I bill it to the Murphy account?"

"Yes, please," I nodded.

In less than five minutes, there was a black car waiting for me outside. I memorized the route, which was mercifully short. We pulled up in front of a packed club and I was led right inside, skipping to the front of the line that extended far down

the street. I looked over my shoulder to see my tail following on foot and I smirked in victory.

I spent a while dancing, making sure to grind on several guys in full view of everyone. I even danced a few times on stage. I drank and danced for several hours. When I was ready to leave, the bartender led me through the club so that I could slip out the back through a secret exit apparently designed for celebrities. There wasn't the slightest doubt in my mind that the news of my galivanting around town would make it back to Cormac soon enough.

I walked one block over and caught a cab back to the hotel. I had a small purse with some of the money Kieran had given me inside it and I used that to pay the driver. By the time I made it back up to my hotel room, stripped, washed my face, and collapsed in bed, I was utterly exhausted.

Breakfast arrived in the morning, but this time there wasn't a note. I did some more shopping and found another bra designer to order from. There were already several bags waiting for me in the entryway.

That night, I didn't go clubbing. I went to a movie first and then I got a few drinks at a ritzy wine and cocktail bar. I hung out until the place closed and then I headed to Murphy's Pub. The back entrance wasn't locked, and I slipped inside. There were a couple of lights on, and I could hear someone working in the back. Using as much stealth as I could manage, I snuck over to the register.

It was easy to break into. I'd seen the code Kieran had typed in.

I reached in and stared right at the camera as I pocketed about half of it. When I was done, I flipped off the camera, slid the drawer closed, and left the same way I had come. I didn't make a secret of my whereabouts either. I waltzed out in the open along the sidewalk. The hotel was only a few blocks away and I didn't run into anyone along the way.

Unlike anytime I'd shoplifted before, this felt especially bad. Even when I was safely back in my hotel suite, there wasn't a question in my mind that I deserved whatever punishment

Cormac wanted to give me. My heart faltered a little bit at the thought of him.

At least, I hoped he still wanted to give it to me.

I lay there in bed, staring up at the ceiling. My hair was still wet from the shower, and I hadn't bothered getting dressed. Slowly, I dragged my fingers over my sensitive flesh. I tweaked my nipples first, moaning softly into the privacy of my room.

Would he spank those too?

With an aroused shiver, I slid my fingertips down my belly until they finally ventured in between my legs. I was already wet. My clit was hard enough that I could feel it pulse beneath my touch and I couldn't help but start to circle that needy bud.

Would he put me over his knee and punish me with his hand?
Would he pin me to the bed and use his belt?

Growing bolder still, I rubbed my needy little clit. I was already close to the brink, and it didn't take much more to launch me into the pleasurable abyss. I'd been thinking of his strong hands on my body for two days straight. My moans were strangled, but I couldn't stop myself from screaming his name as I climaxed there alone in my bed.

I forced myself to orgasm twice that night. He wouldn't have stopped at one, so neither did I. He would knock on my door soon. I was sure of it. If he didn't within the next few days, I would have to think of even naughtier things to do, maybe even bad girl ones.

I'd earn his attention whether he wanted to give it or not.

CHAPTER 20



*E*ormac

I hiccupped as I stared down into the glass. I wasn't sure how many I'd had tonight, but it was certainly enough to make the room spin, and I wasn't going to even try to stand up and walk out of here. I was certain that I would fall on my ass if I did that.

I hadn't heard a word from her, not a single one.

That hurt more than I cared to admit. The adorable thing had wormed her way into my heart and now she had her clutches dug in deep. It was as if she was refusing to let go, even when it made me ache like this.

I don't know when it had happened. Maybe it was that night in my study or when she'd sassed her way back over my knee on the plane, or maybe it was the way she smiled when I made her breakfast or when she curled up against me, surrounding me in her warm light.

Maybe it was all of those things. I missed her.

I groaned. I'd never felt like this before. I could rush headlong into a gunfight, pull the trigger against an enemy without hesitation, and throw a punch as well as anyone. I'd been knocked out, tasered, shot at, and stabbed before, but this was more painful than all those things combined. I used to be badass. If anyone saw me like this right now, they'd call me a lame, whiny bastard and I would never be able to live it down.

My phone dinged and I pulled it out. Apparently, Caitlin had charged something to some store in France from her hotel room a few minutes ago.

I'd been getting alerts about her spending for days now. She was apparently having a grand old time all by herself. I knew she was safe, at least. Tommy was keeping an eye on her for me. He'd send me updates from time to time. Sometimes, Liam would step in and watch over her too. She was still staying at the hotel, but she was coming and going whenever she pleased at all hours of the day or night.

To her credit, she hadn't gotten in any legal trouble. She wasn't stealing or shoplifting, but she really didn't need to because she had my credit card that allowed her to buy whatever she wanted. I wasn't really worried about the money. I could afford it, but it made my palm twitch a little all the same. I sat back with a pathetically sorrowful sigh.

She didn't need me after all.

Honestly, it hurt. I'd let myself be sad about it this afternoon, but by the time five o'clock came around, I'd found myself at Murphy's. I looked at my watch. I hiccupped and narrowed my eyes, trying to focus for long enough to read the dials.

That... was... *five* hours ago.

I turned and looked out at the bar. It wasn't packed yet, but there were enough people here to at least fill the tables. I sipped at my whiskey and when the bartender looked in my direction, I lifted the glass and he nodded, knowing to get me a refill stat. He knew better than to cut me off when my family owned the place.

Hopefully by the time I went to bed tonight, I'd still be drunk enough so I didn't have to think about how much I missed my Caitlin.

Someone cleared their throat, and I started, finally remembering to glance up. Kieran smirked down at me with amusement, looking over my table of empty glasses with deliberate slowness before turning back to me.

“Collecting trophies?”

“Something like that,” I slurred.

“You’ve never looked and sounded better in your life. Is it a new cologne? Eau du le liquor?” he chuckled.

“Your beer goggles are showing,” I replied, my annoyed sarcasm thick.

He slid into the booth across from me. No longer alone, I tried to pull myself together enough so that I wouldn’t hear about this night for the rest of my life.

“Why don’t we have a pint of Guinness together?” he asked.

I nodded. Guinness did sound like it would go down nicer at this point than whiskey.

“Now you’re talking,” I exclaimed, proud of myself when my words didn’t completely slur together this time.

“I’ll go get those for you,” Leah piped up.

I hadn’t even noticed she was beside him until now. She strode off to the bar.

“Having a good night then?” Kieran asked.

“I wouldn’t put it that way,” I muttered.

I downed the rest of my glass, enjoying the way the whiskey burned all the way down my throat. For the briefest moment, it hurt more than my sorrow. I should get another one. Leah returned and sat beside Kieran. She had two beers for us and a red drink for herself. Kieran raised his eyebrow in surprise, his expression suddenly very stern.

“It’s a Shirley Temple,” she blushed, catching his stern gaze.

“That’s a good girl,” he praised, and she smiled, yet her cheeks turned several shades pinker. Their exchange was subtle, but it almost felt like I was seeing something that I shouldn’t.

“What’s going on, Cormac?” Kieran pressed. He sipped his Guinness, his perceptive gaze studying me.

“Nothing’s wrong,” I lied.

“Bullshit,” he scoffed. I glared back at him with annoyance. He didn’t back down.

“Is this about Caitlin?” Leah asked.

Her sweet innocent voice was disarming, and I sighed, turning to her. Finally, I nodded, not trusting myself to reply without revealing just how upset I was about the current state of things. My phone dinged again, and Kieran’s hand snapped it up before I could. It was almost so quick that I missed it and I sort of stared at him in a state of shock for a second too long. He peered down at the screen and smirked.

“She’s going shopping at Prada these days, huh?”

“Fuck off,” I mumbled.

He chuckled, not paying my surly mood any mind. I held out my hand and tapped the screen, opening my banking app. Mournfully, I stared at all the charges and handed him the phone again.

“She doesn’t need me,” I muttered.

“She certainly needs your credit card,” he replied, his expression rife with amusement.

“It’s not funny,” I scoffed.

“Oh, it’s definitely not,” he replied, sounding dead serious before he broke face and started smirking again.

Kieran pulled his own phone out of his pocket. “There’s something else,” he added. He turned the screen to me. There was a still image on it with Caitlin staring into the camera and flipping it off right in front of an open cash register. There was a stack of cash in her hand, and I sighed.

“Fuck. Do I need to go bail her out?”

“Only if you want to press charges on the fact that she robbed *our* pub,” he smirked.

“Our pub?”

“Yes, Cormac. That’s our bar in the picture. How many drinks have you had tonight?” He shook his head, surveying the damage once again before he waved someone over to come clean it up.

“Not enough,” I mumbled.

“Tommy told me she’s been going out at night and partying it up in some of the hottest clubs in the city,” he added.

The image of her dancing with other guys flashed before my eyes and I saw red. Just thinking of other men looking at her, or even worse, touching her, made me want to punch my fist right through the wall.

“I think I know what she’s doing,” Leah said quietly.

Her sweet voice gave me pause. My haze of anger slowly lifted, and I sat back with a sigh. I couldn’t let loose with her here. She didn’t deserve to see me like that. Plus, she was really close to term, and I wouldn’t do anything to add any more risk to her pregnancy.

“She’s living her life without me,” I muttered, and she shook her head. I narrowed my eyes at her in confusion.

“Sometimes, when Kieran is really busy and I miss him, I do little things to get his attention,” she offered, her cheeks blushing brighter by the second. Kieran chuckled beside her.

“She does and she gets the attention she wants every single time, don’t you, Leah?” Kieran said, his voice holding a firmer edge than before.

She squirmed, blushing so hard that even the tip of her nose was pink. She cleared her throat, and I could tell she was trying to be brave.

“It seems to me that Caitlin may be acting out for that kind of attention. She’s staying out late at night, going on insane shopping sprees, the works. She’s way bolder than I, that’s for certain, but that’s what she’s doing,” she stammered.

“She knew the camera was there when she took the money from the register,” Kieran stated.

“Let me see what she bought,” another voice piped up.

My sister Ada was leaning against the side of the booth. I wasn’t sure when she got there or how much of the conversation she’d heard. Maybe she’d been there the whole time and I’d just been too wasted to see her. She sat down in

the booth beside me and plucked my phone out of my hands. She scrolled down the list of charges and laughed.

“I knew I liked her. Caitlin has good taste,” she smirked.

“I know. She likes Prada, Gucci, and all the usual brands,” I replied, annoyed again.

“No, that’s not what I mean. Those are all household names. She’s got some much smaller ones that are pretty exclusive, that only someone with a keen eye for fashion would recognize.” She paused, reading down the list. “See, this one here, Chantal Thomas, she’s a world-renowned French lingerie designer. She’s ridiculously expensive, but her bras are some of the best in the business.”

My ears perked up at the mention of the word bra.

“Damn. She bought like ten of them,” Ada added, chuckling. “You should probably give that girl a spending limit though. No one needs that many bras.”

“Yeah, I was considering capping her spending...” I muttered, but my head was suddenly laser focused on the fact that she’d bought a bunch of bras, which had been something I’d deliberately taken from her in the past.

“What does that lingerie look like?” Leah asked.

Ada quickly typed something into the browser and pulled up a picture of a matching black bra and panty set that was sheer enough to reveal every bit of naughty flesh that it attempted to cover.

“Caitlin bought this one.” Ada showed Leah. Leah’s eyes opened as wide as saucers.

“That one is really pretty,” she whispered.

Kieran leaned in and whispered something in her ear, and she grinned.

“Really?” she said, hopeful.

“I think we can arrange something,” he winked and her cheeks pinkened once more.

“Let me take a closer look,” I demanded, and Ada gave it back to me.

As I stared at the beautifully delicate design, things started to fall into place. Without my sister pointing out this specific detail, it all looked like some over the top spending spree. I started to dig deeper into the receipts sent to my email. There were an obscene number of bras, so many that she probably couldn't wear all of them in a single month if she tried.

“She's a handful, I take it,” Ada teased.

“You could say that,” I chuckled.

She wasn't doing this for other men. She was being especially naughty for only one man, and that was me. My baby girl needed *me* after all. My heart swelled with emotion while my hand twitched. I was going to give her everything, but she was going to spend some serious time over my knee with her bottom bare first. I went to stand up and Ada clapped her hand down on my shoulder, pushing me back down with a surprising amount of force for a woman as small as she.

“You're not going anywhere like that, big boy,” she scolded.

I sat back down and suddenly, the world seemed lighter again. My Caitlin wasn't pushing me away after all. Instead, she was practically screaming at me to come running back to her. I'd misread every single one of her intentionally naughty activities, chalking it up to a young woman living it up for the first time now that money wasn't an issue when it was just her telling me that she needed me to come to her and show her that I loved her.

“Text me that picture, Kieran.”

“Already sent,” he winked.

“What are you going to do?” Leah asked.

“I think I'm going to pay her a visit,” I said decidedly.

“Not tonight, you aren't.” Ada wagged her finger.

She had a point. My vision was wavering a little bit and the world was teetering back and forth.

“Yeah. Maybe you’re right,” I agreed.

The bartender brought Ada a martini, seriously shaken and utterly filthy just the way she liked. She sipped at it and grinned in my direction.

“I have to admit, it’s pretty entertaining to see my strait-laced big brother all fucked up like this,” Ada laughed.

Kieran tried to stifle a chuckle and Leah managed to politely avoid eye contact for a questionably long amount of time.

“You’re usually all quiet and broody. She must be a hell of a girl to send you in a tailspin as epic as the one I’m looking at right now,” she continued, and I glared in her direction.

“One day, you’ll meet a man who will be fully capable of standing toe-to-toe with you, and you’ll understand,” I replied.

“Fat chance. There’s not a single man out there that’s up for the challenge. A woman like me stomps on them, cooks them up, and eats them for breakfast,” she smirked.

Leah leaned her head on Kieran’s shoulder. He wrapped his arm around her waist, holding her close.

“I get how you feel,” he smiled, peering down at the woman in his arms.

Could Caitlin and I have that?

I glanced back down at the picture on my phone, and I started to come up with a plan. If my bad little girl needed me to come and take her, that is exactly what I was going to do. I wouldn’t let the past hold me back. I had done terrible things in the past, things I regretted, but it was time to focus on the one bright light that had come into my life.

She deserved the world, and I was going to be the one to give it to her.

“I can see the wheels turning,” Ada prodded.

“I’m just thinking,” I replied, tapping my fingertips against the table.

“Well, don’t bust a gasket,” she teased, and I couldn’t help but laugh.

Ada had always been good at breaking through hard things, so much so that the Murphy family probably wouldn't be where it was today without her.

"What would I do without your sage advice?" I smiled, shaking my head in amusement.

"I don't know. You'd probably be trying to walk up an escalator that's going down or something," Ada winked. This time, the others broke out in a raucous round of laughter, and I joined in, their moods contagious.

"You'll get the girl tomorrow," Kieran winked.

"Damn right I will," I grinned.

I downed the rest of my Guinness and slammed it down on the table. The rest of pub did the same, cheering with boisterous energy. The place came alive, and someone slid a water in front of me. I drank that too, before I called my driver.

I'd go home, sleep this off, and deal with my naughty little girl tomorrow.

CHAPTER 21



Caitlin

Getting to sleep in late was one of the best parts about having a room all to myself. There was no one that would set an alarm or wake me up.

Or fuck you when you need it.

I sighed. Who was I kidding? I was getting lonely. I missed Cormac more fiercely with each passing day. I'd even gone a bit overboard on the shopping last night hoping it would instigate something, but it didn't seem to be working. I threw myself back on the bed in an annoyed huff. What did a girl need to do to get spanked around here?

I slid my hands underneath me, cupping my backside and imagined his firm hands on my body. I had hoped that my devious plan would lure him out so that I could feel all of that again. With another overly dramatic sigh, I turned my head and looked at the clock.

It was almost noon.

Breakfast hadn't arrived yet. Cormac had been sending it every day, but the first time was the only one with a note. It was always around ten and it was late for some reason. Had he finally given up on me?

Fuck me. Why did I have to ruin everything? Maybe I just needed to give in and text him first.

I was reaching for my phone to do just that when a knock sounded at the door. I leapt out of bed and answered it with my heart pounding in my chest. The first thing I saw was the biggest bouquet of red roses that I'd ever seen. There might have been close to fifty of them. The vase was wrapped in a pink bow, and I only noticed that there was someone standing behind it when he cleared his throat.

"Room service," the man said, and I stepped aside.

He rolled in a cart, and I noticed there were several silver platters and coffee hidden behind the flowers too. There was even a mimosa beside one of them. He unloaded the whole thing onto the dining table and put the flowers at the center. Then he took a white clothing box out from the bottom shelf of the cart. It was wrapped in a green bow that matched the pea coat Ada had chosen for me that was still in Cormac's first-floor closet. Before he left, he handed me another envelope. Hurriedly, I took it and practically ripped it open in an impatient rush.

"Good day, miss," the attendant said, and he closed the door behind him, leaving me alone once more. I pulled out the expensive stationery and started to read.

My Caitlin,

You've been especially naughty this past week, haven't you? You may have thought I hadn't noticed, but I most certainly have.

I have been remiss in allowing this behavior to continue, so I think it's finally time for me to deal with you as I see fit.

I will be arriving at 3:00 p.m. today to your hotel room. In the meantime, I am going to give you a set of instructions to follow.

After you're done reading this entire note, you will strip. I don't want a single piece of fabric covering your body as you enjoy brunch this early afternoon. After you've eaten your fill, you will take a shower or a bath, whichever you prefer.

When you're clean, you will unwrap the gift box I sent for you. You will wear the clothes I chose for you and nothing else. There is another gift inside the box for you, which you will be holding in your hands when I arrive.

I will let myself in. You don't need to worry about coming to the door because you will be doing something else.

At quarter of three, you will put yourself in the corner. You will be thinking about just how sore you're going to be when I'm finished with you.

One last thing. You are not allowed to come until I give you permission and I can promise you that won't be as soon as you want.

I'm looking forward to seeing you, my very naughty girl. I've missed you.

Daddy

P.S. A word of advice. Be a good girl and obey my instructions. You will be punished for any additional defiance, and you've dug a deep enough hole for yourself already. If you're very good, Daddy will give you a chance to show him what a good little slut you can be before he takes you to bed tonight. I'm looking forward to that especially.

My eyes went wide, and my mouth had gone dry. He had noticed after all, and a pang of instant regret raced through me.

I was absolutely and unequivocally fucked.

When my initial shock faded, I realized something else. I felt relieved. He did care about me after all. Everything that we had together was real. It wasn't a figment of my imagination after all. I knew that whatever was coming was going to hurt, but I needed that physical reminder that came with it. There wasn't even a moment of hesitation before I placed the note down and stripped. I tossed my clothing in the basket in the closet and sat down to enjoy brunch. When I uncovered the platter, I recognized the dish instantly. It was Cormac's French toast. It looked the same as when he'd made it for me the other

day and as soon as I took a bite, I knew he had made it himself. That made it even more special.

My heart squeezed as I sipped my mimosa and ate my fill. Even though he wasn't here yet, my nakedness made me blush and focus on the fact that Cormac would be coming in just a little while. Once the mimosa was gone and I'd eaten my fill, I padded into the bathroom and took a shower, mainly because I wanted to open his gift that much faster. I shampooed and conditioned my hair first, followed by washing and shaving every inch of my body. When I was finished, I slathered myself in lotion. I dried off and left the towel on a hook in the bathroom, choosing to walk into my bedroom completely bare.

I approached the box with trepidation. A bit nervously, I lifted the lid, holding my breath. Inside was a pretty forest green wrap dress. I lifted it out of the box, blushing when I found a pair of panties underneath. They were black and I didn't think it was a coincidence that it was the exact same pair I'd bought just a few days ago.

That wasn't the only thing inside the box either.

At the bottom was a wooden paddle. I hesitantly reached in and wrapped my hand around it. It was shaped like a hairbrush and had a similar heft once I lifted it out of the box. I turned it over, noticing that it was engraved on the other side.

For My Caitlin

A wide range of emotions hit me all at once. The first was his wording. He'd called me his and that was incredibly sweet and something I'd desperately needed right now. The second was arousal. He hadn't said I was getting a spanking in the note specifically, but this left no doubt in my mind that it was going to happen. He wasn't coming here to grovel or ask for my forgiveness, but to deal with me in the way that we both knew was best.

My pussy clenched so hard it hurt.

I snapped the paddle against my palm and cried out at the ferocious sting that followed. I chewed my lip and looked at the clock, noticing that it was already a little past two. In less

than an hour, he would be standing here in this room with me and that left my head reeling and my clit pulsing.

I wasn't allowed to touch myself and that only seemed to make my arousal even worse.

With care, I dressed in the outfit he'd chosen for me. I took my time brushing my hair until it shone. I put on some very light makeup simply because it made me feel a little braver, kind of like armor in battle. When I was done, I went back into the living room and picked up the paddle. It was only about 2:30 p.m., but I was feeling more anxious than ever.

He wanted me to put myself in the corner, exactly like a naughty little girl. I blushed, the thought making me feel especially embarrassed, but I found myself heading to one that was within eyesight of the entryway door so that he would see I was here waiting for him when he opened it. With a hard swallow, I put my nose in the corner and held the paddle behind me at the small of my back. For the first few minutes, my defiance shone through, and I held my chin high, telling myself I would be brave and take whatever he gave me without a fuss. The longer I stood there, though, the guiltier I felt. What if I'd gone overboard? What if I'd made him angry? Would he think I was just some hopeless criminal who wasn't worth his time and energy? Would he give up on me?

I squeezed my fingers around the paddle.

No. He'd called me his Caitlin. He was coming here *for me*.

My heart squeezed and I closed my eyes, relaxing. Everything was going to be okay. In no time at all, I would feel his strong protective arms around me. I'd be safe with him, and I knew deep down that he would always be there for me, no matter what. I turned my head, glancing at all the clothing boxes on the other side of the room. Fitting, really, that I would be punished within sight of them.

I glanced at the clock. It was quarter to three. I had fifteen minutes more to go. My muscles tensed, trying to mentally prepare myself for what was coming while knowing that there probably wasn't a chance in hell to ever be truly ready for a man like him. He liked to take control and I liked it when he

did. My clit throbbed incessantly as if it had its own heartbeat, pumping harder than the one in my chest. I chewed my lip and leaned forward, inadvertently sticking my bottom out the slightest bit.

Those last few minutes lasted an eternity, which only made my apprehension escalate at a logarithmic scale. Before, it had felt naughty to do all those things, but with the consequences far away and only distantly possible, it had been easy to click the purchase button as many times as I had wanted.

Now, though, it felt very different.

I panicked a little, not because he was coming, but because he was coming for a particular reason, and that would begin with my punishment. My hands squeezed around the paddle. He was going to use this, and I already knew it was really going to sting. My mind raced with possibilities. What would happen afterwards?

My pussy tightened, hopeful that he might take me there, but a deeper, much more nervous part of me knew that wasn't going to be the case. My bottom hole clenched, and my panic got worse. He'd insinuated taking me there once in passing and I'd brushed it off, but this time felt different from that. My muscles tensed and I swallowed anxiously. If he did indeed fuck my virgin bottom, would it hurt?

That's a dumb question. Of course it's going to hurt. You need it to hurt because you need to know how much he cares.

I squeezed my eyes shut, my thighs trembling beneath me. The room seemed too quiet, and then I heard the mechanism of the lock at the door engaging. My breath caught in my throat, and I whimpered out loud as the door slid open behind me. I heard it close, and the mechanism whirred once again, locking shut.

"There's my girl," he said softly, the gentle purring rumble as refreshing as a glass of ice-cold water in the middle of a blazing hot desert.

Cormac was here.

I released that single breath and my relief at his presence chased all my panic and nerves away.

“Daddy,” I sighed happily.

“It makes me very happy to see that you obeyed my instructions,” he said.

The sound of his voice was much closer. “I think there’s only one thing that would make this that much better.”

He was right behind me now. His hand edged along the small of my back, drifting down the round globes that were soon going to be quivering beneath his hands. His fingertips brushed against the back of my thigh as they curled around the bottom hem of my dress. He lifted it slowly. I furrowed my brow in confusion as he rolled it up before a flash of recognition jolted through me as he tucked it into the waistband of my panties.

I blushed furiously, hiding my face in the corner as much as I could. Even with my panties still up, this felt more embarrassing than I thought possible. With my panty-clad bottom exposed, I could think of nothing other than the fact that the time to deal with the consequences of my actions had finally come. I was still holding the paddle in the same position behind my back. My bottom cheeks quivered, knowing that they were soon going to feel its bite.

“Now you look like a very naughty girl who’s waiting for her daddy to come up to her room and give her the spanking she needs,” he murmured, and my pussy practically wept with my arousal.

“Daddy,” I whimpered, which only made me feel littler, and my cheeks burn that much hotter.

“Come here, baby girl. Leave your dress the way Daddy put it,” he said softly.

I turned and practically ran into his arms. I wrapped mine around his waist as he clutched at me. His fingers dug into me, but I didn’t even care because he was finally here. He looked just as good as he always did, dressed in an expensive black suit with a patterned silk tie around his neck. His jawline was a little scruffier than I remembered, but it made him seem a bit gruffer. I liked it. His eyes were bloodshot, but he was still the

same Cormac I remembered. The scent of his cologne swirled around me, and I clung to him as if he was my very own comfort blanket.

“I missed you,” I whispered quietly.

“I missed you too, my baby girl,” he answered, and he squeezed at me even more tightly.

When he pulled back, he cupped my face in his palm. His raw emotion was written all over his face as I stared into his captivating gaze, losing myself in it for just a moment. He lifted me up off the floor and carried me to the couch. I expected him to put me over his knee right then, but he pulled me into his lap instead.

“I want to hold you,” he stated, his voice a little gruff.

“I’d like that,” I admitted.

He dragged his fingertips up and down my spine, soothing me with his touch. I curled against him, pressing my ear to his chest so I could listen to his steady, calming heartbeat.

I knew that I was exactly where I was supposed to be.

“I’m really glad you came,” I confessed, and he kissed the top of my head.

“I am too,” he murmured.

We sat together like that for a long time. Eventually, he cleared his throat, and I knew the time had come. He needed to punish me, and I needed him to do it. He held out his hand and with increasing trepidation, I placed the paddle in his palm. I knew better than to keep it from him. That would probably only make things worse for me.

“Go stand in the corner for five minutes, baby girl. Hands behind your head and your bottom out. I want you thinking about exactly why you’re going over Daddy’s knee in just a moment.”

I had thought that maybe I’d try to fight or flee when the moment came, but it was as if my feet moved with a life of their own. They carried me back to the corner and I followed

his instructions without a second thought of running or hiding ever again.

“I thought we could go over all the naughty things you did this week. I could list them all for you, but I think you should be the one to tell me what they are. I wouldn’t want to miss anything,” he commanded, and my stomach clenched hard.

“Can’t you just get the spanking over with?” I whined.

“Refer to me properly, little girl,” he warned.

I looked over my shoulder and flinched when he tapped his palm with the paddle.

“Can’t you just spank me and get it over with, Daddy?”

“No, baby girl. You wanted Daddy’s full, undivided attention, and now you have it. So, unless you want me to paddle that defiant little bottom until you beg for a second chance to tell me every naughty thing you did, after which we’ll finally start with the punishment that I planned to give you when I walked through that door, you’ll do what you’re told.”

I blanched.

“I’ll tell you everything, Daddy,” I whispered.

“Good girl,” he praised, and I dipped my head, concealing my face in the corner once again.

“I went on a shopping spree with your credit card, Daddy.”

“I noticed. What did you buy?”

“Clothes, shoes, some jewelry. Some bras too,” I admitted, digging my toes into the plush carpet.

“Some?” he pressed.

I blushed harder.

“Maybe something like thirty or thirty-five,” I admitted.

“Very naughty, little girl. You knew Daddy took away your bra and you bought those just to defy me, didn’t you?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I admitted, feeling smaller by the second.

“What else, baby girl?”

“I robbed Murphy’s Pub,” I continued.

“You also flipped off the camera, didn’t you?”

“I did, Daddy,” I admitted, wishing a black hole would open beneath me and swallow me up.

“What else?”

“I went out to a few clubs, drank a bunch, and danced with a bunch of guys,” I confessed.

“Did you grind that naughty little bottom against those men knowing full well that if Daddy had seen you that he’d have dragged you out of that club and given you a very real spanking right then and there outside in his car?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I blushed furiously.

“Would I have taken down your panties for that spanking?”

“You would have, Daddy,” I answered sheepishly.

“Am I going to take your panties down today?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I whimpered.

“Did you do anything else that Daddy should know about?”

“Yes, Daddy. I... I touched myself while thinking about you coming here to punish me before I went to bed at night,” I admitted.

My shameful arousal swirled through me, and my nipples hardened beneath the thin fabric of my dress.

“Did you orgasm hard for Daddy?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I whined, my voice hardly audible.

“Did you imagine Daddy spanking you very hard while your naughty little fingers played with that needy little clit?”

“I did, Daddy,” I admitted.

“Did you touch yourself today?”

“No, Daddy.” I chewed the inside of my cheek.

“Good girl.”

“Daddy?”

“Yes, baby girl?”

“I kept all the receipts so you could return everything.”

“That was thoughtful of you, baby girl, but I don’t think that will be necessary.”

“Daddy?”

“Is there something else I should know, my sweet girl?”

“Even though I bought all those bras, I never wore any of them,” I confessed.

“Why not?”

“Because not wearing one reminded me of you,” I continued.

I heard his footsteps behind me and breathed a sigh of relief when his hands closed around my waist. Gently, he turned me around and lifted my chin with a single finger.

“You know what’s going to happen next, don’t you?” he asked.

“Yes, Daddy,” I whispered anxiously.

“You needed Daddy to come here and punish you. You need to know that Daddy is always going to be there for you even when you’re naughty. You need to know how much I care about you, don’t you?”

“That’s right, Daddy,” I admitted.

He’d left the paddle on the coffee table and the sight of it drew my eyes as if it had its own gravitational pull.

“One thing needs to happen first, though,” he stated.

I peered at him with confusion, unsure what he could mean.

He got down on one knee.

I stared at him blankly, not sure what was happening and a little afraid about exactly what could be happening. I opened and closed my mouth, caught somewhere in the middle of blatant shock and overwhelming joy. He spoke before I could manage to say anything at all.

“Caitlin McCormick, would you do me the honor of becoming my wife?”

CHAPTER 22



Caitlin

My brain short-circuited. This was just a dream, or maybe just a figment of an overactive imagination or whatever they called it these days. There wasn't a chance in hell that Cormac Murphy had just gotten down on one knee and proposed to a girl like me, right?

"Cormac," I breathed.

His eyes met mine and I knew in an instant that I wasn't imagining this. It was very real. There was a small box in his hand. I'm not sure when he had opened it, but it didn't really matter because the ring inside it made my heart pound. The center diamond was massive, maybe five carats, set in a platinum ring setting with smaller, one-carat diamonds to either side.

I opened and closed my mouth, trying to force the words out until at long last, I managed to say what he wanted to hear and what I so desperately wanted to tell him.

"Yes, Daddy," I breathed, and he shot up, taking my hand and sliding the ring on my finger with just the slightest bit of forcefulness. It fit perfectly and looked incredible with the glittery dark blue nail polish I'd chosen for my manicure the other day.

"Good girl," he growled, and I couldn't stop myself from smiling up at him.

Without wasting another moment, his hand cupped the back of my head, and he kissed me with such passionate need that I surrendered the moment it began. It wasn't gentle, but roughly possessive, claiming my lips with enough force to leave them aching and sore. I kissed him back with just as much passion as I wrapped my arms around his shoulders. He lifted me up off the floor without breaking the kiss and carried me back over to the couch. By the time the kiss ended, my heart was pounding, and my breathing was more than a little ragged.

I held out my hand, unable to take my eyes off the ring. He placed me down on my feet as he took a seat in front of me. I swallowed hard, feeling the instant change in atmosphere hit me like a freight train. There would be time to celebrate later. For now, there was something else we had to deal with first.

"Now, I think it's time I took my fiancée over my knee so that I can teach her what's always going to happen when she acts out just to get my attention."

"Why can't we skip this part and go celebrate somewhere instead?" I whined grumpily.

Now that it was time to go over his knee, my nerves were beginning to escalate and spiral out of control.

"That's not what you need, and you know it. Now tell me what needs to happen, baby girl."

"You're going to spank me," I pouted fiercely, knowing he was right and both hating and loving it at the exact same time.

"Be more specific, baby girl," he warned.

"I need you to use the paddle to spank my... *b-bare* bottom, Daddy,"

"You need it to hurt, don't you, baby girl?"

"Yes, Daddy." I stared down at the floor, fidgeting my toe. Every second made me feel smaller and smaller.

"You need it to hurt because you need to know Daddy loves you, don't you?"

Too overcome with emotion, I nodded, my eyes already a bit misty. He was right. I did need that. I needed to know that

even when I defied him or did something terrible that he would always be there for me.

“I love you, Daddy,” I whispered.

“I love you too, my Caitlin,” he replied, reaching out and squeezing my fingers with his. I took a deep breath and just like that, my nerves fled as I accepted everything that was us.

“Will you punish me now, Daddy?”

“When you’re ready, you will strip for Daddy. This is not a sexy, slutty dance or even a good girl trying to earn a fucking like when you stripped for me before. You will strip knowing full well that you’re going over my knee for a very hard spanking with your punishment paddle, followed by an even harder bottom fucking to make sure you never question Daddy’s love ever again.”

“A bottom fuc... *fucking?*” I quaked. I had been hoping it wouldn’t come to that all day and in an instant, his words dashed those hopes all away.

“Yes, baby girl. You were very naughty, and Daddy is going to stretch that tight virgin hole with his cock.”

“Not my pussy?” I squeaked.

“Good girls get their needy little pussies fucked, but you weren’t a good girl this week, were you?”

“No, Daddy,” I answered dejectedly.

My body had other ideas, though, and my clit was already pounding just as hard as the heart in my chest.

“Where are you going to get fucked today, naughty girl?”

“In my bottom, Daddy,” I whispered, horrified as the words rolled off my tongue.

“That’s right, baby girl. When you’re ready, you will strip for me and climb over my knee,” he stated, reaching for the paddle on the coffee table and putting it beside him on the couch.

I chewed my lip nervously, standing there for a long minute until my fingers started moving all by themselves. Slowly, I

untied the belt around my waist and let it go. I shrugged the dress off and gently laid it on the coffee table. My breasts were already bare, my nipples standing on edge. The only thing left was my panties, and I hesitated for a moment. My devious little plans had gotten me in far over my head, while also getting me exactly what I wanted, and now I was about to pay the price with Daddy's ring on my finger.

With a deep breath, I pushed my panties down. The waistband scraped against my sensitive flesh inch by inch. As I stepped out of them, I couldn't help but notice that the seat was soaked through with my arousal.

There was no way he wouldn't have seen that.

I placed them aside with my dress and looked forlornly at his lap, wishing I could just be sitting on it rather than about to go over it. He was right though. I did need this, and I knew I would feel sad if he just let this go, so I slowly climbed over exactly where I was supposed to without even a sliver of a fight. He adjusted me forward, pinning my legs beneath one of his. Doing that at the beginning was far more terrifying because it made the possibility of it really stinging transform from a faraway dream to an immediate, inescapable reality.

"I love you, my baby girl," he murmured.

His broad palm circled over my bottom, and I let out a sigh of relief. I was home. Cormac Murphy was my home.

"I love you too, my Daddy," I said, curling my body against him as much as I could.

His fingers dug possessively into my vulnerable flesh, and I sucked in a breath, readying myself as much as I could. When he finally let go, I knew the time had finally come and I lifted my bottom, wanting him to know he had my complete surrender from the very beginning. The first crack of his hand was deafeningly loud, and it suddenly occurred to me that someone else walking by in the hall or maybe in the next room would hear this. The second crack made me forget all about whoever may be nearby and focus solely on the sting that came with it. This wasn't a playful spanking, and he didn't

start slow, so there was no time to get acclimatized to the terrible sting.

I tried to be brave and take it quietly, especially since I'd been the one that had specifically instigated the whole thing. I'd wanted his attention and I'd done more than I'd needed to really earn it, and here I was getting exactly what I wanted. I pressed my lips together with the express purpose of keeping silent and taking this whole thing with a shred of dignity, but his palm seemingly got harder. The sting compounded on itself and by the fourth one, I lost my battle, and a tiny cry slipped out. I tried to clamp my lips shut again, but there was no going back now.

His hand curved, slapping firmly against the fullest part of my bottom. His aim was impeccable, but the broadness of his palm made it that much worse. I couldn't kick or squirm even a little bit. His leg was like iron against the back of my knees, thoroughly pinning me in place, letting me know that this wouldn't end until he decided it was over and even then, his cock was going in my bottom.

Even with his hand reddening my ass, the thought of him taking me there thrilled me in a deliciously taboo way and I closed my eyes, blushing even though no one could hear the wickedly naughty thoughts bouncing around in my head. When he finally paused, I breathed a sigh of relief. My backside thoroughly scalded, I whimpered. I knew that my cheeks would be hot to the touch, and then I felt him shift and suddenly I remembered.

Fuck. He was reaching for the *paddle*.

My mind had somehow pushed it far away, tricking itself into believing that the spanking was over, and that it was time to move onto the much more shameful part of my punishment. Left reeling, I cried out and pushed my right hand back, spreading my fingers wide and trying to cover as much of my bottom as possible. Carefully, his hand closed around my wrist, pinning it almost effortlessly behind my back.

“You know how much Daddy cares for you, don't you?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I whimpered.

The cool wooden surface of the paddle slid against my thigh and stilled. His hand squeezed around my wrist.

“Do you know why I’m pinning you in place for your paddling?”

“No, Daddy,” I whined softly.

“The paddling is going to sting, and you’re not going to be able to stay still, baby girl. I don’t want those pretty little toes or your gorgeous little fingers to get hurt. I want to make sure that only this very naughty bottom is sore by the time I’m done,” he explained.

Even as my nerves flared, my heart swelled with emotion.

“I trust you, Daddy,” I whispered, unable to keep the nervous trembling from my voice.

“I will treasure that, baby girl, forever and always,” he rumbled fiercely, and the walls around my heart crumbled into ashes.

“I’m ready, Daddy,” I said quietly, trying to be as brave I could.

“One more thing, baby girl. I want you thinking about something very important for this next part of your punishment,” he murmured, smoothing the wooden surface over my bottom cheeks.

“I’m always going to be there for you from now on, no matter what. If you ever question that again from this point forward, I will not hesitate to put you over my knee and paddle your bare bottom bright, *bright* red. Daddy loves you and I want to make sure you never forget that.”

In the sweetness of his proclamation of his love, there was also a glaring warning, even if it was between the lines. This was going to sting, *really sting*, and there wasn’t going to be a thing I could do about it.

“What are you going to be thinking about, baby girl?”

“That you love me, Daddy, and that you always will.” I swallowed hard.

“That’s my girl,” he praised and his grip on me tightened.

I knew it was time, and when the cool wood left my backside, it came cracking down with a fierce pop. It was quieter than his palm, but the sting was different in that it was instantaneous. All the force was centered into a single point, and the second smack came far too quickly before I had time to even process the first.

This was no gentle paddling. This was a real punishment for something I had done being meted out by the person I trusted most in the world.

It began fast and didn’t waver. There was no keeping quiet for this. I cried out with increasing desperation as the painful bite intensified. Instinctually, my body tried to fight back, dragging my mind along with it. I did struggle, and I almost wanted to thank him for having the forethought to hold me in place so securely. There was no doubt in my mind that I would have reached back and tried to block it.

I cried out. I whined. I begged, but still the paddle fell, its sting relentless and overwhelming and terrible. I knew I would do anything to avoid earning it again, suddenly thankful that he’d only used his belt and his hand before this.

“It hurts!” I wailed.

“I know, baby girl.”

The sudden flurry of smacks went so fast that it made the agonizing pain seem endless. With one leg, he lifted my hips higher so that he could punish the area where my ass met my thighs as thoroughly as he possibly could. When he continued onto the backs of my legs, my eyes watered almost instantly.

“Please, Daddy!”

“I love you, my sweet girl,” he reminded me, and then the paddling escalated yet another level.

There was no thinking anymore. The only thing I could focus on was the terrible, scalding fire burning into my backside. I let out a pained, strangled sob and all at once, I began to cry. Tears rolled down my cheeks. Once I started, there was no stopping it.

I hardly noticed that the paddling had stopped when he gathered me in his arms and held me tight. Flipping me over, he curled me up in his lap and just held me close. I wrapped my arms around him and cried into his shirt, clutching at him with a sudden need to be as close to him as I possibly could.

“I’m sorry, Daddy,” I sobbed, sounding like an absolute wreck, and he squeezed me tight.

“I forgave you long before I stepped into this room, baby girl.”

The weight of his words immediately hit me, putting me back together in an instant. His fingers clutched tightly at me, telling me in silence that he had needed this as much as I had. My ass burned against his thigh. He didn’t lessen the pressure of his grasp on me, and I adored him for it. My tears slowed and finally came to a stop. I hiccupped and went to brush away the wet trails along my cheeks, but he gently knocked my hands away and did it for me.

The world felt so much lighter. Safe in his arms, I felt truly alive and loved for the first time in my life. Impulsively, I kissed his cheek and smiled.

“There’s my girl,” he grinned.

I shifted in his lap, unable to help but notice his rock-hard shaft against my hip. I chewed my bottom lip, my own arousal surging forward like a tidal wave. My body rocked against his and he kissed the top of my head.

“Would you like a chance to earn a gentler bottom fucking, baby girl?”

“Yes, Daddy.” I blushed bright red and nodded quickly.

Using his foot, he pushed the coffee table out of the way.

“Kneel and use those pretty lips to show me what a good girl you can be for Daddy,” he rumbled.

I didn’t hesitate. My own pussy was weeping by now, and when the chilly air brushed against my thighs, I knew they were soaked.

“Daddy?”

“Yes, baby girl?”

“Am I going to come when you fuck my bottom?” I blushed, but my clit was throbbing so fiercely that I almost doubled over.

“Don’t you worry, baby girl. You’re going to come harder than you ever have in your life with my cock all the way inside that tight little ass,” he growled.

I sucked in a breath, and he freed his cock, not in a rush like some high school boy, but like a man savoring the experience knowing it was something truly special. I licked my lips, shifting a little and trying to relieve the ache between my thighs.

I gulped when his enormous cock finally came into view.

That was definitely going to hurt when he took my bottom; it was just a question of how much. I chewed the inside of my cheek and pulled myself up a little by placing my hands on his thighs.

“Suck my cock like my very good little slut and I’ll make sure you enjoy your first bottom fucking enough so that you beg me to take that tight little asshole again before bed tonight.”

The husky arousal in his voice was almost enough to push me over the edge. I slid my hands up and down his thighs and met his eyes purposefully. Even down on my knees, I felt like a powerful little thing, and his eyes sparkled with dark intent like he knew it too.

I was going to give him the best blowjob of his life. This was going to be my moment.

What came after this was going to be his.

I leaned forward, maintaining eye contact as I boldly took him in my mouth. I knew what I was doing, at least in theory. I had had enough exposure to the art of taking a man in your mouth on television and in movies, let alone in porn.

I mimicked a good little whore, suckling gently at the start before I took him a bit deeper with every bob of my head. Eventually, his cock head breached the back of my throat, and

he reached out, trying to spare me from gagging, but I had a very wicked little surprise for him. I didn't have a gag reflex, or at least, not a very strong one. The moment he realized that was just as delicious as I thought it would be.

"Fuck. Baby girl," he groaned.

My nipples hardened into tight pebbles, begging for my attention, but I focused on him instead.

"I should ask why you're so good at this," he added, but I suckled a bit harder, holding back my teeth and focusing on the sensitive rim at the top.

He leaned back, spreading his legs a bit wider to give me better access, and I knew that any thought of continuing that conversation had long fled his mind. I swirled my tongue around him, sucking him like he was the best lollipop I'd ever tasted in my life. He groaned time and time again, and I lapped it up like a kitten over a bowl of milk. In this one thing, I had him in the palm of my hand and it was glorious.

I didn't stop when my lips grew sore or even when my cheeks started to ache. Instead, I doubled down and suckled him as enthusiastically as I could. His hand threaded around the back of my head, gently fisting in my hair. He pulled gently and rocked his hips, taking control for the briefest second before I slipped my hand beneath him and stroked his balls very lightly with my fingertips. I was rewarded with a ferocious growl as his entire body quaked at my touch.

"That's my good little slut," he purred.

He didn't have to say it, but it felt good to hear anyway. I was doing extremely well, and I knew it. Wanting to tease him just a little bit, I slowed down and worshipped his cock with my mouth a bit more gradually. His sheer enjoyment was obvious.

"Next time, you're going to swallow everything I give you, but Daddy is going to fill another much naughtier hole with his seed today, naughty girl. Up on the bed." His fist tightened, and the back of my scalp flared with pain, but it all surged straight down to my core.

My pussy clenched tight as he led me forcefully, but somehow still gently, to the bed. I climbed up, putting myself on my hands and knees for him. He used the slightest pressure on my shoulders to indicate that he wanted me down on my elbows. I heard fabric rustle behind me, and I looked back over my shoulder.

“That pussy is soaked, baby girl. Have you been looking forward to your bottom fucking?”

My inner walls fluttered as if my body was answering for me. My curiosity, anxiety, and arousal all spiraled into one incredible need, and I nodded, blushing furiously as I did so. He slowly undressed and a part of me grew impatient, but I knew better than to voice it. He reached into his suit pocket, pulling out a small bottle of lubricant.

“You have more than enough wetness that I don’t even really need this, my perfect little slut, but you did such a good job sucking my cock that I can’t help but spoil you,” he stated, and I wondered if he could see the way his words made my pussy clench with it on display like this.

He poured it into his palm, slathering it up and down his fingers.

“Daddy is going to stretch your virgin hole just a little before he fucks it,” he explained, climbing up on the bed behind me. With one hand, he spread my cheeks wide open, and an embarrassed squeak escaped my lips.

“Daddy!” I shrieked, overcome with shame at the fact that he was looking at my most private of places, knowing that soon he was not only going to be touching me there, but fucking it too.

“It makes Daddy’s cock hard to see this tight little hole quivering for me, but it makes me much, *much* harder knowing that I’m going to be the first and the last man to ever fuck it,” he growled, and my pussy almost went into convulsions.

His fingertip tapped on top of my asshole several times and I couldn’t stop my hips from rocking toward him, revealing in

one small motion how much I wanted him to touch me there even though it was almost too shameful to handle.

Very slowly, he pushed one fingertip into my virgin hole. My mouth opened wide, and my tight rim of muscle clenched down around him, causing a spike of burning pain to slice up and down my spine. I cried out as he forced one knuckle past and then another before he gradually started to finger fuck me with that single digit.

It didn't take long for the burning stretch to fade and be replaced by frenzied arousal. Just when I was starting to enjoy myself, he forced a second finger inside and started the cycle all over again. I whimpered, the burning fire much fiercer this time. This kind of pain was incredibly different from a spanking. It pitched down into the depths of my soul and stayed there, and I knew this was only the beginning of what was in store for me.

His cock was so much thicker than two of his fingers.

He pumped those two digits in and out of me, slowly massaging the hurt away again and replacing it with heady desire until it made my breathing ragged with it. Even though I knew he was being gentle, it still hurt when he added a third finger. He didn't rush it either, slowly stretching me open until my cries transformed into openly desperate moans.

"Daddy, I need to come," I begged, far too overwhelmed with my arousal to even care about shame at this point.

"There's only one way you're going to come for Daddy right now, baby girl. Tell me what you need from me, my perfect little slut."

"Please," I blushed.

He pushed his fingers inside my bottom roughly, causing a sharp pinch to radiate all over my body. I whimpered and hid my face in my hands.

"I need to come with your cock in my ass, Daddy," I whispered, my cheeks blazing red hot.

"I'm going to enjoy fucking this bright red virgin ass, my needy little slut. But you know what the best part is?"

“No, Daddy,” I answered tentatively.

“I think you’re going to enjoy it even more than I will, baby girl,” he growled.

I heard the bottle squeeze in his palm and the wet sound of his fingers stroking his cock met my ears. I jerked away slightly when the blazing hot tip pressed against my tight hole, suddenly making all this very real. I tried to pull away, but he forcefully grabbed my hips and held me in place.

“You’re going to take every inch of my cock inside this tight virgin hole, baby girl,” he said, his voice hoarse with desire and I don’t know what came over me right then.

“Make me, Daddy,” I dared.

Maybe it was bravery or foolishness, but the words tumbled out of my mouth as if they had a life of their own before I could stop them.

“With pleasure,” he growled.

His fingers dug into my hips, holding me firmly in place even as I tried to crawl away. His cock head forcefully pushed past my tight rim, and I screamed, the burning stretch more intense and overwhelming than his fingers had been. As much as he had readied me, there was no possible way to fully prepare to take his cock. It would always hurt and somehow, that made my heart sing.

Inch by burning inch, he thrust inside me as my body fought him. I lost control of my muscles, and they clamped down, making the fierce ache sink that much deeper. He grabbed me roughly and forced the rest of his length inside me with one hard thrust.

“Where is my cock, baby girl?”

“In my bottom, Daddy,” I wailed.

One of his hands dipped down, sliding through my ample wetness.

“Such a good little slut, so wet for Daddy,” he purred as his fingers slid over my clit.

I reached back and tried to knock his hand away. He spanked my pussy firmly, the sting instantly punishing.

“You’re going to come for me like this, with my cock all the way inside your bottom. There’s no use fighting it. Just let it happen, baby girl. Come for me like my very good little slut,” he demanded, and my entire body throbbed with heat.

His finger roughly circled over my clit. I wanted to come. I didn’t want to. I didn’t know what I wanted, but it didn’t matter.

Daddy was going to *make* me come and I didn’t have a choice about it.

That first forced orgasm came so fast and so hard that I had fallen over the brink before I even realized it was happening. My inner walls clenched down hard, fluttering so wildly that I started screaming with pleasure right from the start. My pussy was empty, making me more aware of every frantic squeeze, but it was the muscles in my sore asshole that really brought home how shameful this climax truly felt.

His cock filled up my bottom, terribly wicked and taboo all at once. I suffered and soared as my shameful bliss swirled up and down every aching limb. I came so hard that I saw stars. In a slight bit of panicked anticipation, I realized he hadn’t even moved yet. He’d remained stationary, forcing my orgasm with nothing more than his fingers while my bottom was full of his cock. That was both petrifying and arousing at the same time.

Then he started to fuck me.

With one rough thrust, the sudden understanding that he had been very gentle with my bottom hole so far dawned on me. He wasn’t gentle any longer. He fucked my bottom roughly, using it as hard as he saw fit. He never took his fingers away from my clit, not even for a second.

My panic overwhelmed me and another, more powerful orgasm obliterated it in an instant. I drowned in pleasure more powerful than I had ever known, falling into the pit of a black hole. My climax shattered me into a billion glittering

fragments, and I knew that I would never be the same again. He used me savagely enough so that the pain never really faded, but my raw ecstasy soon rivaled it before taking over completely. The two opposing sensations combined into one and I threw my head back, releasing a primal scream.

“Fuck! Yes, Daddy!”

“Such a good little slut, taking Daddy’s cock so well in her tight little bottom,” he taunted, and his dirty words were enough to send me spiraling into a third climax.

My eyes rolled back in my head, and I lost control.

Completely.

I don’t know how many times he made me come. To be honest, it didn’t matter. That day was the first day I well and truly surrendered to him, and every last minute of that fucking was glorious. His ultimate control was like a drug, and I couldn’t get enough.

By the time his seed filled my no longer virgin hole, my body was covered with a thick sheen of sweat. My breathing came out in ragged little pants, and I couldn’t hold myself up any longer, so he did it for me. When he finally pulled free of me, I slumped down to the bed, feeling a bit disappointed at no longer being full. Every part of my body ached. He reached into his suit jacket and pulled out a velvet bag that was about the size of his palm.

“Daddy wants you to wear one more jewel, baby girl.”

I watched through hooded eyes as he pulled a large butt plug from the bag. The base of the plug had a glittering emerald. I didn’t even have enough energy to tense before he spread my bottom open. He swirled the metal plug through his seed and my wetness and roughly forced it inside my bottom. It popped inside easily since I’d already been stretched open by his cock, but that didn’t mean it didn’t pinch a little on the way in.

“Do you like it, Daddy?” I asked tentatively, lifting my bottom a little so that I hopefully presented a pretty picture for him.

“You look absolutely perfect, baby girl.”

I tightened around the plug, sore and achy in all the right ways. I curled up, enjoying the heavy feeling of the metal plug inside me with ever increasing contentment. He slid into bed beside me and wound his arms around me, pulling my body against his with a possessiveness that I was growing to adore more than anything.

“Daddy made you come with his cock in your bottom, didn’t he?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I shivered, ashamed and more satisfied than I thought possible.

Every part of my body was sore, and it was perfect. I dozed off in his arms. I don’t know how long I slept, maybe an hour or so, before a loud knock at the door woke me up. I started and Cormac climbed out of bed, quickly pulling the covers over me. I looked at him quizzically.

“You’re my little slut, Caitlin. *Mine*. I’m the only one that will ever see what a good little slut you can be. No man will ever lay his eyes on you again. Only me,” he growled.

“I understand, Daddy,” I whispered, blushing hard at his insinuation.

My fingers wound around the blankets, pulling them up to my chin and hiding my body from sight. Once I was fully covered, Cormac pulled on a pair of pants and answered the door without a shirt. I took a long moment to admire the chiseled muscles of his back and the Celtic designs of his tattoos as he pulled a garment rack inside the room.

My bottom hole clenched around the plug and a volley of aching soreness almost made me moan. I bit it back, trying to keep myself under control. I wasn’t certain if I was even capable of another orgasm, but it certainly felt like it could happen if he decided it should.

When the door closed and we were finally alone again, he pulled down the covers and gathered me in his arms. He carried me to the shower, and I didn’t protest a word as he turned the water on and placed me down on the tiled seat inside. He undressed and joined me, focusing solely on me

first. He washed me gently, taking his time to shampoo and condition my hair, as well as massage body wash into my sore, well-used muscles.

He was most gentle with my pussy, soaping up my sensitive folds with tender love and care. When he was finished, he turned off the water and gently wrapped me in a towel. He carried me back into the bedroom before thoroughly drying me off. When he focused on brushing out my hair, I held up the towel and just enjoyed being taken care of in such a loving manner. He carefully dried my hair and brushed it out, taking care to be gentle with every knot.

He eventually took the towel from me and unzipped the garment bag, revealing an absolutely gorgeous emerald green satin gown. The edges were trimmed in lace, and I sucked in a breath. I didn't need to be told that it was expensive. I knew that it was just from the sight of it. He guided one foot inside the skirt and then the next, slowly pulling the dress over my hips. I slipped my arm underneath the single sleeve, and he brushed my wet hair to the side and pulled up the zipper. Lastly, he helped me put on a pair of black silk Louboutins.

He took a step back, admiring me and I blushed.

“No bra or panties?” I asked even though I already knew the answer.

“Not tonight, baby girl. Daddy is going to take you to dinner wearing exactly what you are now so that we can celebrate our engagement officially. Then I'm going to take you home and you're going to strip out of this beautiful dress for me like the very good little slut you are,” he began.

“What then, Daddy?” I blushed harder.

“Then you're going to beg me to replace that pretty jewel in your bottom with my cock.”

I did all that and more that night. I stripped for Daddy, enjoying the way I made him rock hard before I got down on my knees and begged him to remove the plug and replace it with his cock.

He fucked my ass hard after that. I came so many times that I passed out in his arms.

That night, I went to sleep knowing that wouldn't be the first or the last time Daddy took my bottom because I wasn't just his for a night or even a little while, but his for the rest of our lives.

I was Daddy's little girl, but I was also his good little slut.

Forever.

Don't want it to be over? Need more?

Join my newsletter for an exclusive scene where Caitlin goes shopping with Ada and Leah, but she did something very naughty to do so and Cormac finds out. What very steamy plans does he have for her when she gets home?

<https://BookHip.com/RMBBADT>

The End

AFTERWORD

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BOOKS OF THE BOSTON KINGS SERIES

Take Me, Daddy

Kieran Murphy is an Irish mob boss and one of the most powerful men in Boston, and when he walks me home people step aside out of respect for him. He could have any woman he wants.

So why does he have eyes only for me?

Is it how he has to lift my chin with his fingers to keep my eyes level with his when he scolds me, and how I cover my bottom instinctively when he tells me that I've earned a spanking?

Or is it how I quiver at the thought of everything I'm too ashamed to beg him to do to me, and how hard I come for him when he does all of it and more without me even having to ask?

Maybe it's all of those, but I'm pretty sure there's something else too.

I think he loves how I blush when he makes me call him daddy.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

BOOKS OF THE KEPT AS HIS SERIES

Mine to Keep

I can still remember the moment I first heard Cyrus Holt's deep, commanding voice.

I didn't know who he was or about the life he'd left behind. I was just a trembling orphan on the run from a monster, and he was the man offering me shelter and not giving me a choice about it.

This boss of bosses didn't assign someone else to watch over me. He slept on the floor next to my bed when I woke up scared, then spanked me like a naughty little girl when I lied to him.

He could have claimed me that night, ravaging me without mercy or remorse.

But he didn't.

He made me beg for it first.

Because he didn't just want me as his for a night. He wanted me as his to keep.

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Mine to Hold

Baby girl.

The man whispering those words in my ear isn't just a powerful mob boss. He's the brute who stripped me bare, whipped me with his belt, and claimed my virgin body roughly and shamefully in front of his men as I screamed and begged and came for him until I collapsed in his arms.

I should hate it when he calls me that.

But all I do is blush as I wait for him to make me his all over again.

Because I'm his to hold.

Forever.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Mine to Take

After escaping both my father's plans to marry me off and the Russian mafia, I woke up this morning thinking I was a free woman... until I saw the man sipping coffee in my hotel room.

He's a billionaire as powerful as any mob boss, yet even as he spansks me into soaking wet, shameful surrender I can't help begging him to ravage my virgin body right then and there.

I can run, but I know soon I'll be kneeling at his feet, bare, blushing, and ready to be claimed.

Because I'm his to take.

Buy on Amazon

MAFIA AND BILLIONAIRE ROMANCES BY SARA FIELDS

Fear

She wasn't supposed to be there tonight. I took her because I had no other choice, but as I carried her from her home dripping wet and wearing nothing but a towel, I knew I would be keeping her.

I'm going to make her tell me everything I need to know. Then I'm going to make her mine.

She'll sob as my belt lashes her bottom and she'll scream as climax after savage climax is forced from her naked, quivering body, but there will be no mercy no matter how shamefully she begs.

She's not just going to learn to obey me. She's going to learn to fear me.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

On Her Knees

Blaire Conrad isn't just the most popular girl at Stonewall Academy. She's a queen who reigns over her subjects with an iron fist. But she's made me an enemy, and I don't play by her rules.

I make the rules, and I punish my enemies.

She'll scream and beg as I strip her, spank her, and force one brutal climax after another from her beautiful little body, but before I'm done with her she'll beg me shamefully for so much more.

It's time for the king to teach his queen her place.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Boss

The moment Brooke Mikael's walked into my office, I knew she was mine. She needed my help and thought she could use her sweet little body to get it, but she learned a hard lesson instead.

I don't make deals with silly little girls. I spank them.

She'll get what she needs, but first she'll moan and beg and scream with each brutal climax as she takes everything I give her. She belongs to me now, and soon she'll know what that means.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

His Majesty

Maximo Giovanni Santaro is a king. A real king, like in the old days. The kind I didn't know still existed. The kind who commands obedience and punishes any hint of defiance from his subjects.

His Majesty doesn't take no for an answer, and refusing his royal command has earned me not just a spanking that will leave me sobbing, but a lesson so utterly shameful that it will serve as an example for anyone else who might dare to disobey him. I will beg and plead as one brutal, screaming climax after another ravages my quivering body, but there will be no mercy for me.

He's not going to stop until he's taught me that my rightful place is at his feet, blushing and sore.

Buy on Amazon

Pet

Even before Chloe Banks threw a drink in my face in front of a room full of powerful men who know better than to cross me, her fate was sealed. I had already decided to make her my pet.

I would have taught her to obey in the privacy of my penthouse, but her little stunt changed that.

My pet learned her place in public instead, blushing as she was bared, sobbing as she was spanked, and screaming as she was brought to one brutal, humiliating climax after another.

But she has so many more lessons to learn. Lessons more shameful than she can imagine.

She will plead for mercy as she is broken, but before long she will purr like a kitten.

Buy on Amazon

Blush for Daddy

“Please spank me, Daddy. Please make it hurt.”

Only a ruthless bastard would make an innocent virgin say those words when she came to him desperate for help, then savor every quiver of her voice as she begs for something so shameful.

I didn't even hesitate.

I made Keri Esposito's problems go away. Then I made her call me daddy.

The image of that little bottom bare over my lap was more than I could resist, and the thought of her kneeling naked at my feet to thank me properly afterwards left me as hard as I've ever been.

Maybe I'm a monster, but I saw the wet spot on her panties before I pulled them down.

She didn't come to my door just for the kind of help only a powerful billionaire could offer.

She came because she needed me to make her blush for daddy.

Buy on Amazon

Reckoning

Dean Waterhouse was supposed to be a job. Get in. Get married. Take his money and get out.

But he came after me.

Now I'm bound to his bed, about to learn what happens to naughty girls who play games.

The man who put his ring on my finger was gentle. The man who tracked me down is not.

He's going to make me blush, beg, and scream for him.

Then he's going to make me call him daddy.

Buy on Amazon

Bride

This morning I was a businesswoman with no plans to marry, but that didn't matter to him. He decided tonight was my wedding night, so it was. All he let me choose was the dress he would tear off me later.

When I told him I wanted him to be gentle, he laughed at me, then ripped off my panties.

I shouldn't have been wet. I shouldn't have moaned. But I was, and I did.

When he threw me on the bed, I told him I'd never be his no matter how he made me scream.

He just smiled. The kind of smile that said this was going to hurt and he was going to enjoy every moment of it. Then he bent down and whispered something in my ear that shook me to my core.

“You're already mine. You always have been.”

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Daddy's Property

As Cami Davis stands in front of me in her nightgown, cheeks blushing and voice quavering, I know what she's come to ask me even before she can muster the courage to speak the words.

Did I really mean what I said to her earlier tonight?

Would I really take her over my knee and spank her like a naughty little girl?

She's a nineteen-year-old orphan and I'm a billionaire with plans to run for mayor. I shouldn't even be thinking about pulling down her panties and turning that cute little bottom bright red, let alone bending her over the dining room table and claiming her roughly right then and there.

But the moment I found her squatting in my newly purchased estate I knew what I needed.

Her.

Calling me daddy.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

The Count

Jasmina Harker is an innocent virgin, but it doesn't matter.

I want her.

No, I need her.

From the very first moment I laid eyes on her, I knew she was the one. I craved nothing more than to tear the clothes right off her and force one screaming climax after the next from her quivering body until she admits that she needs me too.

I may be the worst kind of monster, but she will still be mine.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

BOOKS OF THE WOLF KINGS SERIES

Alpha King

I thought I could defy the most powerful mafia boss in the city, but as Lawson Clearwater rips off my nightgown and pins me to the bed I'm certain he can smell more than just my fear.

This beast isn't just here to punish me. He's here to mount me, rut me, and mark me as his.

Forever.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Alpha Boss

She came here to find her sister. Her mate found her instead.

When she blew off my offer to help rescue her sister, Natalia Kotova learned the hard way that defying an alpha shifter will get you spanked until you are sobbing, then mounted and rutted.

But she's not bound to my bed with her dress and panties in shreds and every hole sore just because she needed a shameful lesson in manners from the most powerful mob boss in the city.

She's here because she's my mate.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Alpha Brute

I knew Elijah Baumann was a brute before he ripped off my clothes and blistered my bare backside with his belt. I knew it even before he mounted and rutted me with that same belt pulled tight around my throat to hold me helplessly in place for every desperate, shattering climax.

It was the way he looked at me.

Not like he hoped he might have me one day. Like I already belonged to him.

Like I was his mate.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

BOOKS OF THE ALPHA BROTHERHOOD SERIES

Savage

I thought no alpha could tame me. I was wrong.

Many men have tried to master me, but never one like Aric. He is not just an alpha, he is a fearsome beast, and he means to take for himself what warriors and kings could not conquer.

I thought I could fight him, but his mere presence forced overwhelming, unimaginable need upon me and now it is too late. I'm about to go into heat, and what comes next will be truly shameful.

He's going to ravage me, ruthlessly laying claim to every single inch of me, and it's going to hurt. But no matter how desperately I plead as he wrenches one screaming climax after another from my helplessly willing body, he will not stop until I'm sore, spent, and marked as his.

It will be nothing short of savage.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Primal

I escaped the chains of a king. Now a far more fearsome brute has claimed me.

The Brotherhood gave him the right to breed me, but that is not why I am naked, wet, and sore.

My bottom bears the marks of his hard, punishing hand because I defied my alpha.

My body is slick with his seed and my own arousal because he took me anyway.

He didn't use me like a king enjoying a subject. He took me the way a beast claims his mate.

It was long, hard, and painfully intense, but it was much more than that.

It was primal.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Rough

I came here as a spy. I ended up as the king's property.

I was captured and locked in a dungeon, but it was only when I saw Magnar that I felt real fear.

He is a warrior and a king, but that is not why my virgin body quivers as I stand bare before him.

He is not merely an alpha. He is my alpha.

The one who will punish and master me.

The one who will claim and ravage me.

The one who will break me, but only after he's made me beg for it.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Wild

She's going to scream for me and I don't care who hears it.

I traveled to this city to disrupt the plans of the Brotherhood's enemies, not tame a defiant omega, but the moment Revna challenged me I knew punishing her would not be enough.

Despite her blushing protests, I'm going to bare her beautiful body and mark her quivering bottom with my belt, but she won't be truly put in her place until I put her flat on her back.

I'm her alpha and I will use her as I please.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Enigma

An alpha could not tame her. Now she will kneel before a god.

For endless ages I've kept this world in balance, and over the centuries countless women have writhed and screamed and climaxed beneath me. But I've never felt the need for a mate.

Until today. Until her.

When I touch her, she trembles.

When I mark her defiant little bottom with my belt, her bare thighs glisten with helpless arousal.

When she lies next to me blushing, sore, and spent, my lust for her only grows stronger.

The world be damned. I'm going to claim her for myself.

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BOOKS OF THE OMEGABORN TRILOGY

Frenzy

Inside the walls I was a respected scientist. Out here I'm vulnerable, desperate, and soon to be at the mercy of the beasts and barbarians who rule these harsh lands. But that is not the worst of it.

When the suppressants that keep my shameful secret wear off, overwhelming, unimaginable need will take hold of me completely. I'm about to go into heat, and I know what comes next...

But I'm not the only one with instincts far beyond my control. Savage men roam this wilderness, driven by their very nature to claim a female like me more fiercely than I can imagine, paying no heed to my screams as one brutal climax after another is ripped from my helplessly willing body.

It won't be long now, and when the mating starts, it will be nothing short of a frenzy.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Frantic

Naked, bound, and helplessly on display, my arousal drips down my bare thighs and pools at my feet as the entire city watches, waiting for the inevitable. I'm going into heat, and they know it.

When the feral beasts who live outside the walls find me, they will show my virgin body no mercy. With my need growing more desperate by the second, I'm not sure I'll want them to...

By the time the brutes arrive to claim and ravage me, I'm going to be absolutely frantic.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Fever

I've led the Omegaborn for years, but the moment these brutes arrived from beyond the wall I knew everything was about to change. These beasts aren't here to take orders from me, they're here to take me the way I was meant to be taken, no matter how desperately I resist what I need.

Naked, punished, and sore, all I can do is scream out one savage, shameful climax after another as my body is claimed, used, and mastered. I'm about to learn what it means to be an omega...

[Buy on Amazon](#)

BOOKS OF THE VAKARRAN CAPTIVES SERIES

Conquered

I've lived in hiding since the Vakarrans arrived, helping my band of human survivors evade the aliens who now rule our world with an iron fist. But my luck ran out.

Captured by four of their fiercest warriors, I know what comes next. They'll make an example of me, to show how even the most defiant human can be broken, trained, and mastered.

I promise myself that I'll prove them wrong, that I'll never yield, even when I'm stripped bare, publicly shamed, and used in the most humiliating way possible.

But my body betrays me.

My will to resist falters as these brutes share me between the four of them and I can't help but wonder if soon, they will conquer my heart...

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Mastered

First the Vakarrans took my home. Then they took my sister. Now, they have taken me.

As a prisoner of four of their fiercest warriors, I know what fate awaits me. Humans who dare to fight back the way I did are not just punished, they are taught their place in ways so shameful I shudder to think about them.

The four huge, intimidating alien brutes who took me captive are going to claim me in every way possible, using me more thoroughly than I can imagine. I despise them, yet as they force one savage, shattering climax after another from my naked, quivering body, I cannot help but wonder if soon I will beg for them to master me completely.

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Ravaged

Though the aliens were the ones I always feared, it was my own kind who hurt me. Men took me captive, and it was four Vakarran warriors who saved me. But they don't plan to set me free...

I belong to them now, and they intend to make me theirs more thoroughly than I can imagine.

They are the enemy, and first I try to fight, then I try to run. But as they punish me, claim me, and share me between them, it isn't long before I am begging them to ravage me completely.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Subdued

The resistance sent them, but that's not really why these four battle-hardened Vakarrans are here.

They came for me. To conquer me. To master me. To ravage me. To strip me bare, punish me for the slightest hint of defiance, and use my quivering virgin body in

ways far beyond anything in even the very darkest of my dreams, until I've been utterly, completely, and shamefully subdued.

I vow never to beg for mercy, but I can't help wondering how long it will be until I beg for more.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Abducted

When I left Earth behind to become a Celestial Mate, I was promised a perfect match. But four Vakarrans decided they wanted me, and Vakarrans don't ask for what they want, they take it.

These fearsome, savagely sexy alien warriors don't care what some computer program thinks would be best for me. They've claimed me as their mate, and soon they will claim my body.

I planned to resist, but after I was stripped bare and shamefully punished, they teased me until at last I pleaded for the climax I'd been so cruelly denied. When I broke, I broke completely. Now they are going to do absolutely anything they please with me, and I'm going to beg for all of it.

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SCI-FI AND PARANORMAL ROMANCES BY SARA FIELDS

Feral

He told me to stay away from him, that if I got too close he would not be able to stop himself. He would pin me down and take me so fiercely my throat would be sore from screaming before he finished wringing one savage, desperate climax after another from my helpless, quivering body.

Part of me was terrified, but another part needed to know if he would truly throw me to the ground, mount me, and rut me like a wild animal, longer and harder than any human ever could.

Now, as the feral beast flips me over to claim me even more shamefully when I've already been used more thoroughly than I imagined possible, I wonder if I should have listened to him...

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Inferno

I thought I knew how to handle a man like him, but there are no men like him. Though he is a billionaire, when he desired me he did not try to buy me, and when he wanted me bared and bound he didn't call his bodyguards. He did it himself, even as I fought him, because he could.

He told me soon I would beg him to ravage me... and I did. But it wasn't the pain of his belt searing my naked backside that drove me to plead with him to use me so shamefully I might never stop blushing. I begged because my body knew its master, and it didn't give me a choice.

But my body is not all he plans to claim. He wants my mind and my soul too, and he will have them. He's going to take so much of me there will be nothing left. He's going to consume me.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Manhandled

Two hours ago, my ship reached the docks at Dryac.

An hour ago, a slaver tried to drag me into an alley.

Fifty-nine minutes ago, a beast of a man knocked him out cold.

Fifty-eight minutes ago, I told my rescuer to screw off, I could take care of myself.

Fifty-five minutes ago, I felt a thick leather belt on my bare backside for the first time.

Forty-five minutes ago, I started begging.

Thirty minutes ago, he bent me over a crate and claimed me in the most shameful way possible.

Twenty-nine minutes ago, I started screaming.

Twenty-five minutes ago, I climaxed with a crowd watching and my bottom sore inside and out.

Twenty-four minutes ago, I realized he was nowhere near done with me.

One minute ago, he finally decided I'd learned my lesson, for the moment at least.

As he leads me away, naked, well-punished, and very thoroughly used, he tells me I work for him now, I'll have to earn the privilege of clothing, and I'm his to enjoy as often as he pleases.

Buy on Amazon

Marked

I know how to handle men who won't take no for an answer, but Silas isn't a man. He's a beast who takes what he wants, as long and hard and savagely as he pleases, and tonight he wants me.

He's not even pretending he's going to be gentle. He's going to ravage me, and it's going to hurt.

I'll be spanked into quivering submission and used thoroughly and shamefully, but even when the endless series of helpless, screaming climaxes is finally over, I won't just be sore and spent.

I will be marked.

My body will no longer be mine. It will be his to use, his to enjoy, and his to breed, and no matter how desperate my need might grow in his absence, it will respond to his touch alone.

Forever.

Buy on Amazon

Prize

Exiled from Earth by a tyrannical government, I was meant to be sold for use on a distant world. But Vane doesn't buy things. When he wants something, he takes it, and I was no different.

This alien brute didn't just strip me, punish me, and claim me with his whole crew watching. He broke me, making me beg for mercy and then for far more shameful things. Perhaps he would've been gentle if I hadn't defied him in front of his men, but I doubt it. He's not the gentle type.

When he carried me aboard his ship naked, blushing, and sore, I thought I would be no more than a trophy to be shown off or a plaything to amuse him until he tired of me, but I was wrong.

He took me as a prize, but he's keeping me as his mate.

Buy on Amazon

Alpha

I used to believe beasts like him were nothing but legends and folklore. Then he came for me.

He is no mere alpha wolf. He is the fearsome expression of the virility of the Earth itself, come into the world for the first time in centuries to claim a human female fated to be his mate.

That human female is me.

When I ran, he caught me. When I fought him, he punished me.

I begged for mercy, but mercy isn't what he has in mind for me.

He's going to force one brutal climax after another from my naked, quivering body until my throat is sore from screaming and he's not going to stop until he is certain I know I am his.

Then he's going to breed me.

Buy on Amazon

Thirst

Cain came for me today. Even before he spoke his name his power all but drove me to my knees.

Power that can pin me against a wall with just a thought and hold me there as he slowly cuts my clothes from my quivering body, making sure I know he is enjoying every blushing moment.

Power that will punish me until I plead for mercy, tease and torment me until I beg for release, and then ravage me brutally over and over again until I'm utterly spent and shamefully broken.

Power that will claim me as his forever.

Buy on Amazon

Alien Conqueror

He's going to take me the same way they took our planet. Without gentleness or remorse.

I dared to defy him, but as this alien brute rips my clothes off and mounts me with my bottom still burning from his punishing hand it is clear what is in store for me isn't mere vengeance.

It is conquest.

Soon I will know what it means to be utterly and shamefully broken, my helpless body ravaged and plundered in every way imaginable, and when he is done I won't just be sore and spent.

I will be his.

Buy on Amazon

Guardian

After watching over this world for millennia, a girl wandering in the woods should have been of no interest to me. But the moment I saw her bathing in a stream, I knew Emma was mine.

I kept myself from throwing her over a fallen tree and ravaging her... but only for a few hours.

If she had been obedient, I might have held instinct at bay a little longer. It was the scent of her helpless arousal as I reddened her bare bottom that tore away the last vestiges of my self-control.

But it would have made no difference in the end.

Sooner or later, she was always going to scream my name as I mounted and rutted her.

A beast must claim his mate.

Buy on Amazon

Dark Beast

Many a blushing lass has screamed my name in bed over the long years I've walked this land, watching over humanity even after they turned their backs on me. But I've never claimed a mate.

Until Layna.

When I first set eyes on this beautiful creature she was fighting for her life against more men than I could count, and at that very moment I vowed to protect her... and to make her mine.

That is a promise I plan to keep, even if it means stripping her bare, marking her bottom with my belt, and forcing her to one heart-stopping climax after another until she surrenders completely.

I'm not just going to keep her safe. I'm going to keep her forever.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Blushing Bride

No man had taken a woman as his and his alone for centuries... and he hadn't even asked.

He'd just told her she was to be his bride, watched her blush at the shameful term, then fisted her hair and pulled her in for a brutal, possessive kiss the moment she opened her mouth to protest.

A kiss that made clear this wasn't up to her, and that even if it were they both knew she would choose to wear his ring, share his bed, and one day bear his children. A kiss that said she was his already, and there was so much more to come as he taught her what that meant in every way.

She climaxed then and there as his tongue claimed her mouth.

She didn't say yes, because she didn't need to. Her body said it for her.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Dragon King

For centuries, every woman in my family has vanished on the night of her twenty-first birthday, then returned telling tales of being shamefully ravaged by a man who could turn into a dragon.

Tonight he came for me.

I fought, but he just tore off my clothes and spanked me until I was wet and ready for him.

The brute didn't take me right then and there. He made me beg for it first. But even before he marked me as his, I knew he wasn't going to send me home after he mounted and claimed me.

The dragon king is never going to let me go.

Because I'm his mate.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

BOOKS OF THE CAPTIVE BRIDES SERIES

Wedded to the Warriors

As an unauthorized third child, nineteen-year-old Aimee Harrington has spent her life avoiding discovery by government authorities, but her world comes crashing down around her after she is caught stealing a vehicle in an act of petulant rebellion. Within hours of her arrest, she is escorted onto a ship bound for a detention center in the far reaches of the solar system.

This facility is no ordinary prison, however. It is a training center for future brides, and once Aimee has been properly prepared, she will be intimately, shamefully examined and then sold to an alien male in need of a mate. Worse still, Aimee's defiant attitude quickly earns her the wrath of the strict warden, and to make an example of her, Aimee is offered as a wife not to a sophisticated gentleman but to three huge, fiercely dominant warriors of the planet Ollorin.

Though Ollorin males are considered savages on Earth, Aimee soon realizes that while her new mates will demand her obedience and will not hesitate to spank her soundly if her behavior warrants it, they will also cherish and protect her in a way she has never experienced before. But when the time comes for her men to master her completely, will she find herself begging for more as her beautiful body is claimed hard and thoroughly by all three of them at once?

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Her Alien Doctors

After nineteen-year-old Jenny Monroe is caught stealing from the home of a powerful politician, she is sent to a special prison in deep space to be trained for her future role as an alien's bride.

Despite the public bare-bottom spanking she receives upon her arrival at the detention center, Jenny remains defiant, and before long she earns herself a trip to the notorious medical wing of the facility. Once there, Jenny quickly discovers that a sore bottom will now be the least of her worries, and soon enough she is naked, restrained, and shamefully on display as three stern, handsome alien doctors examine and correct her in the most humiliating ways imaginable.

The doctors are experts in the treatment of naughty young women, and as Jenny is brought ever closer to the edge of a shattering climax only to be denied again and again, she finds herself begging to be taken in any way they please. But will her captors be content to give Jenny up once her punishment is over, or will they decide to make her their own and master her completely?

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Taming Their Pet

When the scheming of her father's political enemies makes it impossible to continue hiding the fact that she is an unauthorized third child, twenty-year-old Isabella Bedard is sent to a detainment facility in deep space where she will be prepared for her new life as an alien's bride.

Her situation is made far worse after some ill-advised mischief forces the strict warden to ensure that she is sold as quickly as possible, and before she knows it, Isabella is standing naked before two huge, roughly handsome alien men, helpless and utterly on display for their inspection. More disturbing still, the men make it clear that they are buying her not as a bride, but as a pet.

Zack and Noah have made a career of taming even the most headstrong of females, and they waste no time in teaching their new pet that her absolute obedience will be expected and even the slightest defiance will earn her a painful, embarrassing bare-bottom spanking, along with far more humiliating punishments if her behavior makes it necessary.

Over the coming weeks, Isabella is trained as a pony and as a kitten, and she learns what it means to fully surrender her body to the bold dominance of two men who will not hesitate to claim her in any way they please. But though she cannot deny her helpless arousal at being so thoroughly mastered, can she truly allow herself to fall in love with men who keep her as a pet?

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Sold to the Beasts

As an unauthorized third child with parents who were more interested in their various criminal enterprises than they were in her, Michelle Carter is used to feeling unloved, but it still hurts when she is brought to another world as a bride for two men who turn out not to even want one.

After Roan and Dane lost the woman they loved, they swore there would never be anyone else, and when their closest friend purchases a beautiful human he hopes will become their wife, they reject the match. Though they are cursed to live as outcasts who shift into terrible beasts, they are not heartless, so they offer Michelle a place in their home alongside the other servants. She will have food, shelter, and all she needs, but discipline will be strict and their word will be law.

Michelle soon puts Roan and Dane to the test, and when she disobeys them her bottom is bared for a deeply humiliating public spanking. Despite her situation, the punishment leaves her shamefully aroused and longing for her new masters to make her theirs, and as the days pass they find that she has claimed a place in their hearts as well. But when the same enemy who took their first love threatens to tear Roan and Dane away from her, will Michele risk her life to intervene?

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Mated to the Dragons

After she uncovers evidence of a treasonous conspiracy by the most powerful man on Earth, Jada Rivers ends up framed for a terrible crime, shipped off to a detention facility in deep space, and kept in solitary confinement until she can be sold as a bride. But the men who purchase her are no ordinary aliens. They are dragons, the kings of Draegira, and she will be their shared mate.

Bruddis and Draego are captivated by Jada, but before she can become their queen the beautiful, feisty little human will need to be publicly claimed, thoroughly trained, and put to the test in the most shameful manner imaginable. If she will not yield her body and her heart to them completely, the fire in their blood will burn out of control until it destroys the brotherly bond between them, putting their entire world at risk of a cataclysmic war.

Though Jada is shocked by the demands of her dragon kings, she is left helplessly aroused by their stern dominance. With her virgin body quivering with need, she cannot bring herself to resist as they take her hard and savagely in any way they please. But can she endure the trials before her and claim her place at their side, or will her stubborn defiance bring Draegira to ruin?

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BOOKS OF THE TERRANOVUM BRIDES SERIES

A Gift for the King

For an ordinary twenty-two-year-old college student like Lana, the idea of being kidnapped from Earth by aliens would have sounded absurd... until the day it happened. As Lana quickly discovers, however, her abduction is not even the most alarming part of her situation. To her shock, she soon learns that she is to be stripped naked and sold as a slave to the highest bidder.

When she resists the intimate, deeply humiliating procedures necessary to prepare her for the auction, Lana merely earns herself a long, hard, bare-bottom spanking, but her passionate defiance catches the attention of her captor and results in a change in his plans. Instead of being sold, Lana will be given as a gift to Dante, the region's powerful king.

Dante makes it abundantly clear that he will expect absolute obedience and that any misbehavior will be dealt with sternly, yet in spite of everything Lana cannot help feeling safe and cared for in the handsome ruler's arms. Even when Dante's punishments leave her with flaming cheeks and a bottom sore from more than just a spanking, it only sets her desire for him burning hotter.

But though Dante's dominant lovemaking brings her pleasure beyond anything she ever imagined, Lana fears she may never be more than a plaything to him, and her fears soon lead to rebellion. When an escape attempt goes awry and she is captured by Dante's most dangerous enemy, she is left to wonder if her master cares for her enough to come to her rescue. Will the king risk everything to reclaim what is his, and if he does bring his human girl home safe and sound, can he find a way to teach Lana once and for all that she belongs to him completely?

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A Gift for the Doctor

After allowing herself to be taken captive in order to save her friends, Morgana awakens to find herself naked, bound, and at the mercy of a handsome doctor named Kade. She cannot hide her helpless arousal as her captor takes his time thoroughly examining her bare body, but when she disobeys him she quickly discovers that defiance will earn her a sound spanking.

His stern chastisement and bold dominance awaken desires within her that she never knew existed, but Morgana is shocked when she learns the truth about Kade. As a powerful shifter and the alpha of his pack, he has been ordered by the evil lord who took Morgana prisoner to claim her and sire children with her in order to combine the strength of their two bloodlines.

Kade's true loyalties lie with the rebels seeking to overthrow the tyrant, however, and he has his own reasons for desiring Morgana as his mate. Though submitting to a dominant alpha does not come easily to a woman who was once her kingdom's most powerful sorceress, Kade's masterful lovemaking is unlike anything she has experienced before, and soon enough she is aching for his touch. But with civil war on the verge of engulfing the capital, will Morgana be torn from the arms of the man she loves or will she stand and fight at his side no matter the cost?

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A Gift for the Commander

After she is rescued from a cruel tyrant and brought to the planet Terranovum, Olivia soon discovers that she is to be auctioned to the highest bidder. But before she can be sold, she must be trained, and the man who will train her is none other than the commander of the king's army.

Wes has tamed many human females, and when Olivia resists his efforts to bathe her in preparation for her initial inspection, he strips the beautiful, feisty girl bare and spansks her soundly. His stern chastisement leaves Olivia tearful and repentant yet undeniably aroused, and after the punishment she cannot resist begging for her new master's touch.

Once she has been examined Olivia's training begins in earnest, and Wes takes her to his bed to teach her what it means to belong to a dominant man. But try as he might, he cannot bring himself to see Olivia as just another slave. She touches his heart in a way he thought nothing could, and with each passing day he grows more certain that he must claim her as his own. But with war breaking out across Terranovum, can Wes protect both his world and his woman?

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MORE STORMY NIGHT BOOKS BY SARA FIELDS

Claimed by the General

When Ayala intervenes to protect a fellow slave-girl from a cruel man's unwanted attentions, she catches the eye of the powerful general Lord Eiotan. Impressed with both her boldness and her beauty, the handsome warrior takes Ayala into his home and makes her his personal servant.

Though Eiotan promises that Ayala will be treated well, he makes it clear that he expects his orders to be followed and he warns her that any disobedience will be sternly punished. Lord Eiotan is a man of his word, and when Ayala misbehaves she quickly finds herself over his knee for a long, hard spanking on her bare bottom. Being punished in such a humiliating manner leaves her blushing, but it is her body's response to his chastisement which truly shames her.

Ayala does her best to ignore the intense desire his firm-handed dominance kindles within her, but when her new master takes her in his arms she cannot help longing for him to claim her, and when he makes her his own at last, his masterful lovemaking introduces her to heights of pleasure she never thought possible.

But as news of the arrival of an invader from across the sea reaches the city and a ruthless conqueror sets his eyes on Ayala, her entire world is thrown into turmoil. Will she be torn from Lord Eiotan's loving arms, or will the general do whatever it takes to keep her as his own?

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Kept for Christmas

After Raina LeBlanc shows up for a meeting unprepared because she was watching naughty videos late at night instead of working, she finds herself in trouble with Dr.

Eliot Knight, her stern, handsome boss. He makes it clear that she is in need of strict discipline, and soon she is lying over his knee for a painful, embarrassing bare-bottom spanking.

Though her helpless display of arousal during the punishment fills Raina with shame, she is both excited and comforted when Eliot takes her in his arms after it is over, and when he invites her to spend the upcoming Christmas holiday with him she happily agrees. But is she prepared to offer him the complete submission he demands?

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The Warrior's Little Princess

Irena cannot remember who she is, where she came from, or how she ended up alone in a dark forest wearing only a nightgown, but none of that matters as much as the fact that the vile creatures holding her captive seem intent on having her for dinner. Fate intervenes, however, when a mysterious, handsome warrior arrives in the nick of time to save her.

Darius has always known that one day he would be forced by the power within him to claim a woman, and after he rescues the beautiful, innocent Irena he decides to make her his own. But the feisty girl will require more than just the protection Darius can offer. She will need both his gentle, loving care and his firm hand applied to her bare bottom whenever she is naughty.

Irena soon finds herself quivering with desire as Darrius masters her virgin body completely, and she delights in her new life as his little girl. But Darrius is much more than an ordinary sellsword, and being his wife will mean belonging to him utterly, to be taken hard and often in even the most shameful of ways. When the truth of her own identity is revealed at last, will she still choose to remain by his side?

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Do you want to read a FREE book?

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<https://www.sarafieldsromance.com/newsletter>

About Sara Fields

Sara is a USA Today bestselling romance author with a proclivity for dirty things, especially those centered in DARK, FANTASY, and ROMANCE. If you like science fiction, fantasy, reverse harem, menage, pet play and other kinky filthy things, all complete with happily-ever-afters, then you will enjoy her books.

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