



WATCH ME.
Daddy

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

Sara Fields

WATCH ME, DADDY



SARA FIELDS



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Published by Stormy Night Publications and Design, LLC.
www.StormyNightPublications.com

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Watch Me, Daddy

Cover Design by Korey Mae Johnson

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

PROLOGUE



*J*rina Morozov

“You will speak only when you’re spoken to.”

As first meetings go, this one had already turned into a steaming pile of shit. I’d been looking forward to meeting my future husband for weeks now, and in the span of a few minutes, I already knew that I hated him and everything he stood for.

Anton’s voice echoed through the room as he took a threatening step towards me. I stood my ground and refused to allow myself to flinch even the tiniest bit, holding my head high and leveling him with a glare vicious enough to raise the dead. I gritted my teeth as he stared back at me, seemingly unaffected by my ire in a way that I had never experienced before in my life. He’d exuded an air of malevolence from the moment he’d walked into the room. He’d only come to inform me of the rules he had set for me as his future bride.

“You will be a good, obedient wife, but most importantly, you will be quiet, and do as you’re told,” he spat. His words dripped with venom, revealing his sadistic nature as he sought to bend me to his will.

I was never going to bend for him.

As he advanced towards me, his heavy footsteps resounded like impending

doom, and I steeled myself against the fear that threatened to betray me to him. Despite my defiance, his icy stare continued to bore into me. His hands fisted at his sides, silently threatening violence should I push things any further. His eyes, framed by dark brows, harbored a dangerous intensity that hinted at a soul corrupted by power and cruelty. It was as if he derived pleasure from wielding control over others, leaving me with the haunting realization that this man was not to be underestimated.

Maybe it was foolish, but I stood my ground anyway.

“I. Will. Not. If my father knew how you were treating me, he’d have your head on a platter,” I declared.

My father was Maxim Morozov, one of the most powerful bratva bosses in Boston. We were new to the city, but my father had a long list of allies, and I knew that he would call on every single one of them if he knew that Anton was speaking to me like this.

“Your father gave you to me. The paperwork has been signed. He won’t be saving you now,” he replied, his voice rising with malice.

I lifted my chin higher, trying to appear brave, but the furious insanity in his eyes was even more apparent now. I kept my head held high. It would be detrimental at this point if he saw weakness, especially when we were arranged to be married in less than a week.

“Fuck you,” I spat.

He crossed the room in three large strides, and before I knew what was happening, he swung his arm back and backhanded me across the face. The agonizing pain shot through my jaw and the force of it was enough to toss me to the ground. I slapped my palms against the ground so that my face didn’t slam into the hardwood floor. It hurt, but I didn’t make a sound.

No one had ever raised a hand to me before. I was my father’s daughter, a mafia princess meant to be taken care of and cherished, not slapped across the face.

I was far more out of my depth than I’d realized.

“I will not tolerate disrespect!” Anton shouted. The security guards standing

by the door didn't say a word or move a single muscle. Their faces didn't even twitch.

They'd seen this before. This wasn't the first time Anton had raised a hand to a woman in their presence.

My father would be furious. Not only was I his only daughter, but I was a woman to be treated with care and respect, and most importantly, protected. He would have never agreed to this arranged marriage between the Morozovs and the Kozlovs if he had known Anton was like this.

Both of our families were trying to gain a foothold in Boston. Even though I was a woman, I'd helped my father strategize. The worst part of this whole arrangement was that it had been my idea in the first place. The union of our families would make us both infinitely more powerful against the more established Irish and Greek mafias, and the Cosa Nostra. At least, that had been the plan until now.

Bravely, I pushed myself up off the floor and stared at his back as he strode out of the room.

"Rot in hell. I'll never marry you!" I exclaimed, my own voice hoarse with emotion.

He stopped, and for a moment, I worried that I'd pushed things too far, but he didn't turn back around.

It was only after the door slammed shut behind him that I pressed my hand to my cheek, comforting the stinging flesh as I gritted my teeth with anger. Once the room had gone silent, I acknowledged the fact that a single tear had slid down my right cheek, and I prayed that he hadn't seen it.

I would not be weak, not for scum of the Earth like him.

I pushed myself to my feet and lowered my hand. With a deep breath, I calmed my erratically beating heart and lifted my chin.

I didn't care how or why or what I had to do, but I was going to get out of this. There were no phones in the suite, nor did I have access to a cellphone of my own, but all it would take was finding one weak link in the chain to pass a message for me to my father. Between the two of us, we could figure

out how to call off this arranged marriage and potentially keep our alliance with the Kozlovs intact.

I'd figure something out. I always did.

CHAPTER 1



*A*idan Murphy

I'd been watching Irina Morozov for days now.

She was being kept on the fifteenth floor of Tsar's Palace, a Russian-built hotel that the Kozlovs had forced their way into and set up as their main base here in Boston. My team had breached their cyber security walls and hacked into their main security feeds. They had cameras all over the place, including the suite that Irina was currently pacing back and forth in.

I reached out to brush my fingers against the screen, wanting to comfort her with my touch.

I didn't know what it was about her, but she possessed an allure that was as enigmatic as it was irresistible. Her jet-black hair cascaded in luxurious waves down her back, framing her delicate features like a silken veil. Her beautiful sage green eyes held me spellbound, shimmering with a mischievous glint that hinted at a spirit that was both sweet and unbelievably sassy. Yet beneath her charm and playfulness lurked a cunning intellect that was adept at navigating the treacherous waters of a life within mafia politics. She didn't shy away from the guards that followed her every move, nor did she flinch in front of Anton or his men.

She was a force to be reckoned with.

I hadn't had the chance to meet her father, Maxim Morozov, but from what my sister told me, I knew that he was a good man.

I understood the logistics of why we were planning to kidnap her. The Kozlovs and the Morozovs had arranged the marriage of Anton and Irina to secure an alliance between the two families, but Maxim had found out some damning information about his daughter's husband-to-be and no longer found the match acceptable for her.

I understood why.

My sister Ada, one of the leading members of the Murphy family, had informed me that Maxim's men had uncovered a series of transactions traced to offshore accounts between Anton and a high-end escort service. He was a regular user of the service. In addition, he had several mistresses throughout the city that he had no plans of cutting off after the marriage had been secured. Lastly and certainly the most alarming, there had been a shocking number of domestic abuse incidences that had been swept under the rug by the local police. He hurt women and had zero regret about it. I couldn't stand for that either.

Knowing that had made me angry, but it wasn't until I saw him hit her that my blood boiled.

He'd backhanded her so hard that it had thrown her to the floor. There was little doubt in my mind that her right cheek would likely bruise.

"How much longer do we need to wait?" I asked impatiently, staring at the screen as the resilient little thing pushed herself off the floor and held her head up high. Quickly, she swiped her hand across her cheek, likely wiping away a tear.

I saw red. I wanted to kill him.

"Tonight," Liam growled. I could tell he was just as angry I was, but he tempered his fury better. As the Murphy family consigliere, he was level-headed, dependable, and wickedly intelligent. He was often quiet and introspective, but I knew he was always observing his surroundings while deep in thought.

"If he touches a single hair on her head, I swear, I'll rip his head right off his

shoulders,” I growled.

“That would be unwise, Aidan,” Liam replied.

“I know, but it would feel good after seeing him raise his hand to her like that,” I scowled.

“I know. In time,” he murmured, but I could tell that he was furious at what he’d just seen too. Liam may be tough on the outside, but I knew he was sweet, especially when it came to the women in our family.

He was a good man.

“According to her usual schedule, she’ll head to the gym around ten o’clock tonight. Since it’s a Saturday, most of the Kozlovs are out at their favorite local dive joint, the Kremlin Pub in Allston, leaving a skeleton crew for us to deal with as we make our way through,” he continued.

I went over the hotel blueprints for the thousandth time, memorizing the layout and preparing as much as possible just so that I could focus on something other than the image of Anton slapping Irina across the face.

This was a dangerous game, and right now, I just had to keep my mind on getting her away from him.

The hours ticked by, and I gazed out the window at the panoramic view of Boston. The setting sun cast a warm, golden glow over the city, turning the towering buildings into majestic silhouettes against the darkening sky. The fading light painted everything with a surreal beauty.

The Charles River flowed serenely through the heart of the city, reflecting the vibrant colors of the skyline like a shimmering canvas. The water glimmered under the fading light, and I could see sailboats gently gliding along the water.

Amidst the urban jungle, historic churches and buildings added a touch of old-world charm to the modern skyline. Their elegant spires and classic architecture stood as a testament to the city’s rich heritage, juxtaposed against the sleek lines of contemporary skyscrapers. It was a mesmerizing blend of past and present, a city with a timeless soul and a progressive spirit.

The Prudential Tower and the John Hancock Building basked in the last remaining rays of sunlight. Their glass surfaces seemed to catch fire, radiating warmth and brilliance that illuminated the city below. The streets started to come alive with a myriad of lights, each flickering like tiny stars and guiding people on their evening journeys on the streets below.

It was a place that the Murphys had called home for years now.

“It’s time, Aidan,” Liam said softly.

“Let’s go,” I commanded.

CHAPTER 2



*J*rina

Anton didn't come back to my room that night and there wasn't a single part of me that was upset about it. Needing to get my mind off the throbbing ache in the right side of my jaw, I dressed in my workout clothes, a short light pink crop top with a built-in bra, and a pair of a dark magenta leggings. The material was thin and breathable and worked well whether I felt like sweating on the treadmill or doing a more relaxing yoga routine. Plus, it made me feel sexy.

"Going to work out!" I called out.

The soldiers that usually stood guard at my door had left about an hour ago, only to be replaced with a second group that didn't seem to care what I did. I was used to being accompanied everywhere I went. They said it was for my protection, but after having met Anton, I knew it was just to watch over me to make sure I didn't act out or try to escape.

This crew seemed much more relaxed in their duties. I'd heard several of my usual group whispering in Russian about their plans for the evening, something about celebrating at the Kremlin. I didn't know enough about Boston to know what they were talking about, but I was quickly considering this a blessing in disguise. At the very least, I could have a night to myself. At the most, I could use this as an opportunity to escape.

A single guard followed me out of the door to the stairwell and I had to cover my mouth to hide my smirk of excitement as this new development.

They were underestimating me.

I had to stop myself from skipping across the hall to the stairwell with my elation. I opened the door and slipped inside in silence. I stopped and looked back over my shoulder, waiting for him to follow. Once he opened the door, I turned back to the stairs and skipped up the first flight before I lifted my head, looking straight into the eyes of the most beautiful stranger I'd ever seen, and stopped short.

He was leaning against the wall, and as I took him in, time seemed to slow for an eternal moment.

He was nothing short of captivating, a rugged Irish man with a dangerous aura that both intrigued and intimidated me. His piercing green eyes locked onto mine, holding me captive with their intensity. Dark brown hair, cropped short and slightly tousled, framed a face that was both strikingly broody and mysteriously cryptic. The short-trimmed brown beard added a touch of roughness to his appearance, highlighting his strong jawline that seemed curiously tense. Tattoos adorned his forearms, peeking out from beneath the sleeves of his shirt, and I found myself wishing to see more of them.

Despite my better judgment, I felt drawn to him. There was something magnetic about him, an air of danger that made my heart race and my palms sweat.

As I stared at him, I couldn't help but notice the way his eyes scanned me from head to toe, taking in every detail. It was as if he was studying me, sizing me up in a way that sent a shiver down my spine. I swallowed hard, suddenly feeling self-conscious under his scrutiny, yet unable to tear my gaze away from his captivating presence.

My nipples pebbled and I suddenly worried that he would be able to see them through the thin material of my crop top.

He pushed himself off the wall, standing tall and imposing before me. The air seemed to crackle with tension, and I found myself at a loss for words, unable to articulate the mix of emotions swirling inside me. His presence dominated

the space, filling it with an intoxicating energy that made my heart race even faster.

This was a man who lived on the edge, a man with a past shrouded in mystery and darkness. I knew I should be wary, but there was an inexplicable pull that drew me closer to him. As he extended his hand, a hint of a smirk played at the corners of his lips, and I felt a strange mixture of fear and desire wash over me.

“My name is Aidan. I’m here to kidnap you,” he grinned dangerously, his eyes a mixture of tumultuous danger and broody mystery.

As I glanced at Aidan’s extended hand, I couldn’t help but be struck by its sheer size and rugged appearance. It was like a rough canvas, weathered by years of hard work and a life I knew nothing about. The calloused texture told a story of labor, of battles fought, and challenges overcome. Yet, there was a sense of safety in those hands, as if they could shield and protect, but also a promise of tenderness hidden beneath the hardened exterior.

“I won’t be taken anywhere,” I spat.

I didn’t know who this man was or what he was capable of. As much as I hated Anton, I at least knew that he wasn’t going to have me killed. He needed me alive for the alliance between our families to continue.

“I won’t allow you to stay here, not with him,” he ordered.

“I won’t have rules dictated to me like I’m a child,” I countered, and his green eyes grew stormy for a moment, like he wanted to say something, but was holding back.

From the floor above us, a group of men filed down the stairs. One of them flew past me and yanked the Russian soldier guarding me through the door. With a hard twist, the man grabbed the guard’s head and broke his neck. The soldier slumped to the floor in silence.

A startled cry flew free from my lips, and I clapped a hand over my mouth. I’d never seen a man die before. As much as I’d helped my father make strategic decisions over the years to put our family in a better position, it usually wasn’t around other men. My father also ensured that I was kept out of harm’s way. I hadn’t fought it. The Bratva was a dangerous world of

blood, guns, and violence, and he'd kept me as far away from all of it as he could.

Aidan's face softened a bit at my response, and he smiled before his expression hardened with a gentle firmness.

"We can do this the easy way or the hard way, Irina. It's your choice. Either way, you're going to be taken," he rumbled.

I didn't understand it, but Aidan's growling voice had a way of igniting a primal desire within me, sending shivers down my spine with every rumbling word that escaped his lips. It was a voice that commanded attention, deep and resonant, like the low roar of thunder before a storm. When he spoke, it was as if the very air around us crackled with electricity, drawing me closer to him without conscious thought. I didn't realize I'd taken a step towards him until I'd already done it.

"Fuck. *You*," I snarled, frustrated by the warmth in my body at his firm tone.

"The hard way, then," he sighed.

This time, his voice carried with it a slight weariness, like he was simply dealing with a naughty girl who refused to listen to her elders. For some reason, that same warmth in my body burned a little bit hotter, and I did my absolute best to ignore it.

He took a step towards me, and I took one back, looking quickly over my shoulder at the man waiting by the doorway. He didn't move, instead gazing back at Aidan for direction, the expression on his face carrying with it rapt deference. He was waiting for Aidan to issue a command. Whoever Aidan was, he commanded power and respect like someone who's name meant something.

He didn't rule out of fear like Anton. It was clear he'd earned his soldier's respect.

For a second, I contemplated just going with him. I wanted to escape this terrible marriage anyway, but I knew that by doing so, it would not only put my father at risk, but the rest of our *bratva* family too, including myself.

I'd seen the look in Anton's eyes when I defied him. While I was certain he

wouldn't kill me, I wasn't sure how much he'd hurt me to punish me for running away from our arranged marriage. Aidan seemed different, but so had Anton when he'd first walked through the door. What if it was simply a mask meant to gain my trust, one he would pull down after we reached the safety of wherever he planned to take me, and then he'd hurt me the same as Anton had?

I wouldn't risk it. I wasn't going to go down without a fight.

With a fierce determination, I launched towards him, swinging my arm in a hard punch meant to catch him in the side of the head. But Aidan effortlessly deflected the blow, his movement fluid and precise. I fought on, using the strength in my legs to leap out of the way when he reached for me, but it was as if he could anticipate my every move, making me feel like a novice. Still, I pressed on, refusing to back down.

As we sparred, I felt a strange mix of frustration and admiration. The way Aidan handled my attack with ease was both maddening and impressive. He had the strength to overpower me in an instant, yet he held back, showing restraint and control that spoke to his character as a man.

He didn't want to hurt me.

But I couldn't let myself be swayed by these thoughts. I had a point to prove, and I continued my assault, pushing myself to the limits. With a sudden burst of energy, I aimed a swift kick at his side, but he quickly caught my leg, spinning me around and pinning me against the cold stone wall without even a hard breath.

This was easy for him.

I gasped, the small of my back pressing against the icy stone as I lifted my eyes to meet his.

For a moment, we were locked in a heated gaze, and I saw something flicker in his eyes, a mix of concern and something else I couldn't quite decipher. His grip was firm but not forceful, holding me in place without causing any pain.

I was strong. I wasn't going to give up yet.

I could feel the tension escalating once more as I refused to back down, glaring back at him with an extreme sense of indignation. Aidan's guarded expression showed a mix of surprise and determination, and I seized the opportunity to catch him off guard. With a sudden surge of energy, I lunged forward, sinking my teeth into his forearm.

A low growl escaped his lips, but he didn't release me. Instead, he tightened his grip on my shoulders and swiftly lifted me off my feet. Before I could react, he effortlessly hoisted me over his shoulder, immobilizing me in an instant.

"Enough, Irina," he said firmly, his voice commanding yet still tinged with concern.

It annoyed me to no end.

I struggled, kicking my legs in protest, but it was futile against his strength. As much as I fought against him, there was no going anywhere. He was too strong.

"Let me go!" I shrieked. I pummeled my fists into his back, but it was like trying to push through a brick wall. I didn't move an inch.

"You fight really hard for a girl with nipples as hard as yours," he murmured quietly, his voice soft enough for only me to hear now. It caught me off guard, and for an instant, I stilled completely.

My cheeks grew warm, and I felt a subtle heat spreading across my face. I tried to hide my embarrassment, but the more I attempted to control it, the more evident it became. In that moment, I was vulnerable and exposed, but also much warmer than I'd ever felt in my life.

The scent of his cologne enveloped me like a tantalizing mystery, leaving me spellbound by its enthralling notes. It was a heady blend of woody undertones, infused with a hint of smokiness that carried with it a touch of danger. Each inhale revealed subtle hints of spicy warmth, teasing my senses with an intoxicating aroma that seemed to match the perplexing aura of the man wearing it. The fragrance wrapped around me like a comforting cloak, yet it also stirred a restlessness within me.

A restlessness I could only identify as desire.

As Aidan's strong arms held me securely over his shoulder, an unexpected sense of safety washed over me. It was an odd juxtaposition, being in such a vulnerable position yet feeling strangely protected. I couldn't help but notice how his touch sent a jolt of electricity through my body, leaving me acutely aware of his proximity. I tried to push aside the growing desire that stirred within me, but in that moment, with my heart beating against his back and the scent of his cologne closing in on me, it was difficult to deny that deep down, a part of me was enjoying this.

Part of me wanted to resist, to pull away and keep my distance from this dangerous, powerful man, but another part of me yearned to find out more, craving the perilous thrill of being near him and the intoxicating pull of the unknown.

I couldn't help but feel incredibly small and vulnerable in comparison to his towering presence. From this vantage point, the world seemed to shift, and I was acutely aware of the sheer difference in our sizes. His broad shoulders and strong arms held me firmly, making me feel tiny and delicate in his grasp.

I swallowed, trying to contend with the confusing emotions swirling through me. My body remained still, as if I had forgotten how to fight with nothing more than a few words from his mouth. I took a shaky breath, pushing back my shame and reminding myself that I was a force to be reckoned with. I wouldn't let him win, not now, not ever.

His hand settled on the back of my thigh, dangerously close to the lower curves of my ass. I closed my eyes, imagining myself so horrendously exposed over his shoulder like this.

My leggings would leave almost nothing to the imagination. They were skintight so that they didn't slide down when I perspired during my workout. Plus, I liked them that way. Thankfully, right now at least, they were staying in place just like they were supposed to.

"Fuck off, you Neanderthal. Put me down!" I exclaimed.

I renewed the fight even though my muscles were already tired. I kicked and scratched at him, but it didn't seem to faze him. Instead, he just held me securely over his shoulder as though it was the easiest thing he'd ever done in

his life. I'd thrown everything in me into trying to fight him off, but he was more than double my size and I quickly realized I was losing the battle. Finally, I stilled and threw my last defense at him.

"I'll scream!" I scowled, hitting his back as hard as I dared.

I couldn't help but notice the firmness of his muscular back beneath the fabric of his shirt. Every movement he made sent subtle ripples of strength and power coursing through his broad frame, and I felt every contour beneath my hands as I clung to him. His muscles tensed and flexed with each step, and I was keenly aware of the strength that lay just beneath the surface. The sensation was electrifying, and I found myself almost transfixed by the physicality of the man holding me, as if the heat of his body was seeping into my own.

"Aidan?"

The man standing by the doorway below spoke and I turned my head to look at him, pausing my struggle for just a moment to study his expression. He looked concerned, glancing down at his phone screen and then back to Aidan.

"What is it, Liam?"

"We're going to have company in a few minutes."

Aidan sighed.

"I didn't want to have to use that," he murmured.

Use what? What the fuck was he talking about?

"Take her down and get her in the car. Get her to the safe house and we'll follow you there," Liam suggested. His voice didn't carry the same command that Aidan's did, but it was comforting all the same.

Aidan carried me down the stairwell towards Liam, and I watched as Liam reached in his pocket, pulling out a white cloth and a small bottle. Once he uncorked it and wet the cloth, I started to struggle anew, but Aidan had no difficulty keeping me pinned in place.

"I'm sorry, Irina. We wouldn't do this unless we had to," Liam murmured, his soft gaze catching mine. For a moment, I saw real regret hidden within

those dark depths. Aidan shifted so that I was facing Liam more directly, and just as I opened my mouth to scream, he forced the white cloth over my mouth.

A very sweet aroma overtook my senses, and the edges of my vision started to go dark. Bright white spots swirled around me, and I tried to hold my breath. I struggled over Aidan's shoulder, but soon enough, I had to breathe, and then my whole world went dark.

* * *

I woke up in Aidan's lap.

As I slowly stirred from slumber, I found myself wrapped securely in his strong arms. The warmth and sense of protection enveloping me felt strangely comforting, like a shield against the dangers of the world. It was as if, for a fleeting moment, the chaos around us as we drove down the road had faded away, leaving only the two of us in a cocoon of quiet intimacy.

For a moment, I allowed myself to enjoy that solace, knowing it could only be temporary, and that when the first opportunity presented itself, I needed to escape. I would make it back to the safety of my father. Between the two of us, we'd figure out how to deal with the fallout.

My head still ached slightly, and I felt a bit dizzy, so I kept my eyes closed for a few minutes until it all subsided. When I was finally ready, I opened my eyes and gazed up at his face, still trying to decide if I was furious or relieved to have been taken in the first place.

I decided to be true to myself and be angry.

I scurried out of his lap and moved into the seat next to him, refusing to meet his eyes for fear that I would lose my nerve. I had no idea what it was about this man, but he unsettled me in a way I'd never experienced before. My body pulsed with reluctant desire, and I did everything in my power to ignore it.

Feeling my nipples pebble in my thin crop top, I crossed my arms over my chest, needing to hide the evidence of my arousal in case he could see them

in the light of the passing streetlamps. I noticed that the car was moving along the streets of the quieter neighborhoods. Unfortunately, I hadn't been in Boston long enough to recognize the area in order to have even the slightest clue of where he was taking me.

"What did you say your last name was?" I demanded, squeezing my arms tighter over my chest as my nipples throbbed repeatedly. My desire was only getting worse as he leveled me with a firm glare, although I could have sworn there was a hint of amusement hidden deep in his gaze.

"I didn't mention it," he rumbled as the left side of his mouth lifted in a smirk.

I fumed beside him in the seat. I almost huffed in annoyance, but I stopped myself right before I made a sound. For several long minutes, the two of us sat in silence, the tension between us mounting by the second.

"You're awfully feisty, aren't you?" he murmured softly.

His voice circled around me like a warm embrace, and I had to keep myself from gasping at the way the sound set my soul on fire.

"Do you know who I am?" I asked him pointedly, unable to stop myself from lifting my chin like a petulant child.

"I do know who you are, Irina Morozov."

"Then you know that my father will have your head for this."

"Your father is the one that sent me here to take you," he replied quietly, cocking his head slightly. He studied me closely, his eyes sparkling as recognition bloomed over my face. I gritted my teeth and squeezed my arms harder, feeling far out of my element.

"I don't believe you," I countered, but there was a very slight part of me that considered that maybe he was telling the truth. Did my father know about Anton after all?

"Why would I lie to you?"

"To keep me from fighting whatever this is, to keep me *quiet*."

I spat the last word out, unable to hide the vitriol I had for the way that Anton had demanded that of me only hours ago. Did he know I'd been taken? Did he care? Was he just drowning himself in a bottle of vodka for the night?

"I would never dream of keeping a girl like you *quiet*," he answered, his voice wrought with heat.

I swallowed hard, turning my head so that I could look out the window instead of the molten volcano of his gaze. "Where are you taking me?"

"To a safe house that's been specially prepared for you and me," he answered. "A protective detail is already there waiting for us to ensure that you're kept safe."

"Who are you?" I pressed again.

"I already told you my name. That's all you're going to get for now."

Aidan's refusal to share his last name with me gnawed at my patience like an incessant itch. When I had asked, he deflected the question, leaving me more frustrated than before. I sensed that there was more to him than met the eye, but his reluctance to be transparent about his last name only fueled my irritation.

"You're an asshole," I exclaimed, unable to keep myself from scowling as I met his gaze.

"But those needy little nipples are still *rock hard*, aren't they?"

As Aidan's sharp gaze fell upon me, I felt a sudden shift in the atmosphere, and my heart skipped a beat. His eyes darkened with an unmistakable desire that sent a thrill of anticipation coursing through my veins. I couldn't tear my gaze away from him, mesmerized by the intensity of his stare. It was as if a fire had been ignited in his soul. The world around us seemed to fade into the background, leaving only the two of us locked in a charged moment of tension.

I both hated and loved every second of it.

"Fuck you," I spat, finally getting a hold of myself long enough to speak. I crossed my legs and leaned as far away from him as I could, not knowing

what to do about this electrical pull between us. My core throbbed, and I bit my lip, hazarding a glance back at him. Did he know what kind of effect he was having on me?

His answering smile told me that he did.

He didn't say anything else before the car pulled into a back alley and idled as the driver waited for the garage door in front of us to rise before he parked inside. The gentle rumble of the engine quieted as he turned the car off.

Aidan opened his door, turned around, and offered me his hand. Like the perfect gentleman who hadn't just kidnapped me, thrown me over his shoulder, and carried me off, he waited for me to take it.

I didn't.

I climbed out of the car on my own. His face twisted in a mask of barely concealed amusement, and I scowled in his direction. I glanced out the garage door, but it was too late to make a run for it because it was already closing behind us. Annoyed at myself for missing an opportunity, I scuffed my foot against the floor and put my hands on my hips.

For a moment, his gaze drifted down to my chest, almost as if he was making a point to stare at my breasts, and then his eyes rose to meet mine. I knew what he was seeing. Ever since I'd found myself in his presence, my body had been set on fire, and he was seeing the evidence of it right in front of his eyes. I gritted my teeth and lifted my chin, standing up as straight as I could as if I was completely unaffected by my shameful arousal, even though I was anything but.

Even worse, the look of appreciation on his face told me he was enjoying the sight of my body in my skintight workout outfit.

But then, something else occurred to me. I never wore underwear under my leggings.

Immediately, heat rose to my face at the realization. I felt a telltale warmth spread across my cheeks, betraying the blush that I could not hide. The color of these particular leggings grew darker when I perspired, which in the past had always made me feel like I'd put in hard work during a workout. Right now, though, I wished I'd picked a black pair instead.

I stepped from one foot to the other, shifting my thighs against one another to find out if what I was thinking was really true.

The fabric was wet. My arousal had dampened it, and there was no question in my mind that it had been fully visible when he'd thrown me over his shoulder. Had he seen how wet he'd made me? Had Liam? Had anyone else?

The flush across my cheeks grew hotter, but I had to stand my ground.

"What now?" I questioned, unable to hide the way my voice trembled with embarrassment from my recent discovery. As if he could read my thoughts, his gaze dropped to the cusp of my thighs and then up to my face.

He said nothing, but that was somehow worse than him saying anything at all. Did I want him to acknowledge it? Did I want him to ignore it?

I couldn't reconcile my thoughts, but there was no time as he took several steps towards me until he stood beside me. When his hand gently rested on the small of my back, a flurry of conflicting emotions swirled within me. I tried to steady my breath and calm my heart, but the touch of his hand sent a jolt of electricity through me, betraying my attempt to hide any sign of my desire for him. If he heard my breath catching in my throat, he said nothing, and I was thankful for it.

"Where have you taken me?" I pressed.

"We're safe in Southie. That's all you need to know for now," he answered.

I glanced at his sleek black Bentley Continental GT. My knowledge about cars was limited, but even I could tell that this was not an ordinary vehicle. It exuded an air of opulence and sophistication that spoke volumes about its owner, confirming my suspicion that he was more than just a man of muscle and brawn. It was evident that he belonged to a world of privilege and power, one I had only gotten a glimpse of so far.

Gently, he led me inside. His hand remained on the small of my back, neither too low to be scandalous, nor too high to consider him just a friend, but somewhere in the middle, where I didn't know what he wanted.

I gulped down my nervousness as we walked into the kitchen, and I couldn't help but be captivated by the extravagance that surrounded me. The sleek and

modern design of the kitchen spoke of refined taste, and I felt a flutter of nerves. His touch never wavered as he led me forward.

Once we walked past the hallway, he guided me up an elegant hardwood staircase. The desire and tension between us seemed to intensify with every step, making my heart race and my palms grow sweaty. The air crackled with an unspoken attraction, and I was acutely aware of his presence close to me. We climbed several floors together and the longer his touch pressed against my bare skin, the more the tension between us continued to grow.

As we reached the top floor, he led me to an opulent guest room adorned in rich hues of green and gold. The room was a sanctuary of luxury, and I took a moment to marvel at the attention to detail in every corner. The plush bedding, the ornate furniture, and the soft glow of the crystal chandelier created an ambiance of indulgence that left me breathless. My nerves were on edge as I felt his proximity, the electricity between us nearly palpable now. It was as if the very room had conspired to heighten the tension, mirroring the desires I was struggling to suppress.

As Aidan turned to face me, I found myself ensnared in his intense gaze, the desire in his eyes unmistakable. Time seemed to stand still, and I could feel the weight of unspoken words hanging in the air. With every passing moment, the desire and tension built, leaving me on the precipice of surrendering to the magnetic pull between us.

“You will remain here tonight. There is an attached restroom over there and the closet is already prepared with clothing that should fit you. My sister Ada wanted to make sure you were comfortable.”

I didn't reply, instead choosing to battle my emotions towards the enigmatic man that had suddenly become my entire world.

“I'm going to put you to bed, and in the morning, the two of us will talk about why your father wanted you to be taken,” he said softly.

Why did my pussy clench when he said those words? There was nothing heated in his offer, but something about it felt romantic and sweet all the same.

“Well, goodnight then,” I replied curtly, trying my best to appear strong even

in the face of this unwelcome desire coursing through my body.

“Go get changed into your pajamas, *little girl*,” he growled.

Little girl? What the fuck?

A surge of annoyance washed over me. I didn't need him treating me as if I were a child. I couldn't help but feel that it was a jab at my independence and resilience, and it grated on my nerves. The air crackled with increasingly strained tension, the push and pull of my attraction towards him and growing irritation creating a heady concoction that left me both exasperated and intrigued.

I wanted to hate it, but I wasn't sure I did because a very deep, very secret part of me liked it.

“You should leave,” I scowled.

Something crossed his face, but it was unreadable. His jawline tensed, revealing a bit of a stern expression, but then it passed almost as quickly as I had seen it.

“If you get bored, *princess*, you can always touch yourself tonight while thinking about the big strong man that carried you off today,” he growled darkly.

My pussy had the literal audacity to clench at that exact moment.

I wasn't enjoying this. I couldn't be. It wasn't possible.

My clit pulsed like it was shouting out to the world that I most certainly was.

“Go fuck yourself,” I snarled.

He chuckled softly, my harsh words meaning nothing to him.

Without another word, he stood up and nodded once before he left the room and shut the door behind him. As I heard the distinct click of the door locking behind me, my heart skipped a beat, and a mix of uncertainty and surprise swept through me.

The sound of his footsteps echoing on the hardwood floor sent a shiver down my spine.

I rushed to the door and grabbed the doorknob, finding it locked just like I had known it would be. Somehow, though, touching it like this made it real.

He'd really locked me inside.

I rushed to the windows and tried each one, finding those locked too. The twinkling lights of the city seemed to tease me from the outside, and I snarled with my frustration.

I'd gone from one prison to another.

I had yet to decide which one was worse.

CHAPTER 3



*J*rina

With a sigh, I stood in the center of the guestroom, trying to decide what to do. I didn't want to do what he had insinuated, at least not right now where he might be standing on the stairs and listening to me touch myself like a goddamn pervert.

I tapped my foot against the ground and looked around.

Eventually, my curiosity took over, and I couldn't resist exploring every corner of the lavish space. The room was a sanctuary of luxury, adorned with elegant furnishings and intricate details. The plush green and gold bedding beckoned me to sink in, and the soft, velvety textures beneath my fingers made me feel like I was enveloped in a cocoon of comfort. The large windows allowed a soft, golden glow to filter through, casting a warm ambiance that was both inviting and soothing. It was a room fit for royalty.

Next, I opened the closet door and my breath caught in my throat at the sight before me. The closet was filled with a stunning collection of clothes. I moved closer, exploring each piece and finding all of them perfectly tailored to fit my size and style. I couldn't believe my eyes as I ran my fingers over the exquisite silk dresses and elegant evening gowns. The entire wardrobe spoke of taste and sophistication. If his sister had been the one to pick everything out, she was a woman that I wanted to meet.

Finally, I ventured into the attached bathroom. The luxurious room was a sight to behold, a haven of indulgence and relaxation. The pristine marble countertops, the glistening fixtures, and the oversized soaking tub sparkled with opulence and refinement. I marveled at the array of scented bath oils and creams, a small touch that showed the attention to detail that went into this space that was likely his sister's doing, too.

I decidedly peeled off my workout clothes. For a moment, I paused and picked my leggings off the ground, swallowing hard when I saw the very obvious spot of arousal in the seat of them. I had hoped that the double-layered fabric would have been enough to hide my wetness, but it hadn't been.

With a soft sigh, I stepped into the giant walk-in shower and turned on the water. In an instant, warm water cascaded over me. The soft, gentle stream of water was soothing. I pumped shampoo into my palm and washed my hair first, digging my nails into my scalp and telling myself that I wasn't pretending it was him. I pressed another button, and the scent of lavender bath oil filled the air with fragrance, enveloping me in a cocoon of relaxation. I closed my eyes, allowing the sensation to engulf me, and for a moment, all worries and uncertainties seemed to fade away.

My heated desire didn't, though.

The hot water only seemed to make it worse. My traitorous nipples were still hard, and when I reached up to hazard a soft touch, a jolt of arousal raced straight to my core.

I'd been around men all my life. Growing up as a bratva princess meant that I was surrounded by more than usual, but every single one had treated me with the respect I deserved. None of them had ever made a comment like Aidan had to me. I was forbidden, and my father's men followed his command without question.

Never had I felt anything like this around a man like I did Aidan.

Because I was my father's daughter, I had been sheltered from any romantic relationships. I'd never been on a date. Hell, I was twenty-five years old, and I'd never even been kissed.

Would Aidan like the fact that I was a virgin? Would he hate it? Why was I even thinking about that when I wasn't even certain of his motives?

I huffed and stomped my foot on the wet tile, splashing water all over the floor of the massive shower.

What was wrong with me?

Maybe it was the adrenaline of being kidnapped or the excitement of having someone rescue me from Anton's clutches. I didn't know. Quite possibly, it wasn't even him. At the Kozlovs' hotel, I'd never really been left alone. There was always a servant close by, ready to help me at a moment's notice.

I hadn't truly been alone like this for a few weeks now.

I might have never been with a man, but I knew how to use my own fingers to please myself. I certainly wasn't going to do it with someone else watching or within earshot, though.

The warm cascade of water pounded on my shoulders, and I tapped a few more buttons, turning on several showerheads along the walls. One of them was pointed straight at my lower belly and if I leaned backwards, the stream went a bit lower.

The moment it passed over my clit, I let out a strangled, startled moan. Immediately, I clapped my hand over my mouth. On the off chance that Aidan was close by, I didn't want him to hear me, not like this anyway. I twisted my hips a little, making the stream glance innocently off my hip instead of directly in between my legs.

My heart pounded in my chest, thumping hard as I grappled with the anxiety that he might have heard as well as my need to keep going.

There was no doubt in my mind that the shower head could make me come.

Probably not as hard as Aidan could.

I screeched and slapped my hand against the wall. Thankfully, the noise didn't echo too much, and I hoped that the sound proofing in this place was good enough. For a while longer, I waited in silence for him to come rushing in, but when he didn't, I slowly started to gain my confidence back.

I knew that I needed an orgasm. Sometimes, I had difficulty sleeping because my mind wouldn't stop whirling with possibilities or memories of the past, of things I'd said or should have said, all manner of thoughts that kept me awake. An orgasm at bedtime helped with that most of the time, and right now I felt more on edge than I'd ever been.

The rush of the multiple showerheads streaming water in the shower was pretty loud. It would easily cover up any sounds I might make if I actually made myself finish, right here, right now. I licked my lips, wavering on the edge until I finally decided that I wasn't making myself come because he'd suggested it. I was doing it because I needed it to sleep tonight.

I leaned back against the wall and twisted my hips back into place, covering my mouth again in the process. The water pulsed directly on my clit. This time, I was ready for the fierce jolt of pleasure, and instead of crying out, I sighed softly. My core squeezed tight, and I closed my eyes, luxuriating in the feeling of the gentle pulse and imagining it was something very different.

Even though I'd never been with a man, I wasn't naïve to the ways of sex. I knew how it worked. I'd read more than my fair share of romance books, enjoyed a raunchy HBO show from time to time, and even watched porn a few times.

My thighs squeezed tightly together, and I realized that I'd never had an orgasm standing up before, so this was going to be an altogether different experience. With my free hand, I used my thumb and forefinger to flick my nipple and then grasped it, pinching it tightly as a soft fissure of pain tore through me and settled right in my core. Then my mind started to wander.

With a soft sigh, I fell back on my bed, feeling impossibly needy and hot. My blood boiled in my veins, and my arousal slammed into me like a hurricane. I tried to ignore it, but I'd been fighting it for more than a week now, and I didn't know how much longer I could take this. I brushed my thighs against one another, my flesh bare aside from a thin pair of lacy panties beneath my emerald green button-up nightshirt.

The sound of the door unlocking pulled me from my suffering, forcing me to focus on the source of all that heated conflict.

The door opened and I looked up to see Aidan standing there, his expression unreadable yet intense. A mix of vulnerability and anticipation washed over me as his piercing gaze fell upon me, and I couldn't help but feel exposed under his scrutiny even though I was completely clothed.

The air crackled with unspoken passionate desires as he stepped closer, closing the distance between us in several large strides. It was as if the world around us faded into the background, leaving only the two of us in this charged moment.

I could feel my heart pounding in my chest.

The room seemed to shrink, leaving only the space between us, as I awaited his next move, my emotions swirling in a captivating dance of uncertainty and longing.

"It's time I dealt with that sassy mouth properly," he murmured, and my core constricted.

Then Aidan climbed over me, his powerful presence enveloping me, and I felt a surge of excitement and anticipation coursing through my veins. I didn't resist his advance, at least at first, the desire to be close to him overpowering any hesitation.

"I'm not a girl to be dealt with," I spat.

"Keep it up, sassy girl, and I'll punish that mouth with my cock," he warned, and a shiver of pleasure raced through me at his threat.

I bit my lip, heat flushing through my veins with wild abandon. With one hand, he gathered my wrists and secured them over my head with ease. The weight of his body pinning me to the bed was both thrilling and comforting, a tangible display of the desire that burned between us. I squirmed beneath him, trying to get away, but I didn't put my all into it, because right now, I didn't really want to escape.

His free hand reached down in between our bodies, slowly moving down the fabric of my night shirt with purpose. I shivered beneath him as he gripped the hem and hiked it up, baring my sheer, lacy white panties.

He pulled back just enough to glance down, and I trembled, knowing that he

could see everything through the gauzy cloth that covered my most private place. His fingers trailed along the waistband, gliding back and forth, teasing me with fiery tendrils of pleasure that raced straight to my clit.

“Aidan,” I breathed.

“These are very naughty, little girl. Were you hoping I was going to see them?”

I bit my lip, too embarrassed to say anything more. He looked down at me knowingly, as if he could read my mind, and I hoped that he couldn't.

Without another word, he slipped his fingertips beneath my panties, remaining still for a single moment before he gripped them a bit more roughly.

“Good girls get their panties taken down slowly. Bad girls get theirs ripped right off.”

He jerked my panties upward, and I heard the telltale sound of ripping fabric. Thread by thread, my panties came undone, and he yanked a bit harder, tearing my panties off just like he said he would. Pain ricocheted through my core as the fabric pinched my delicate folds, and I cried out.

He swallowed my scream with a kiss.

He reached down and freed his cock and suddenly I could feel its turgid heat against my thigh. He was rock hard for me. I kissed him back with just as much fervor as he worked a knee between my legs, opening me for him.

I opened my thighs wider as he moved into position. My hips rocked back and forth, begging without words for him to take me.

“I wasn't bad,” I pouted.

“That sassy mouth again,” he purred.

“You fucking like it. That's why you're so hard... Daddy.”

With a single thrust, he forced his cock inside me, taking my virginity once and for all.

“Fucking hell, babygirl.”

My whole body tensed as I cried out, my hand still muffling the sound as much as I could. Exquisite euphoria washed over me as my orgasm took hold, slamming into me with the power of a typhoon. My thighs tightened, and I struggled to keep upright as I rode that delicious jet, my hips rocking back and forth lewdly as I came harder than I ever had in my life.

My eyes rolled back in my head, and I used the wall to support myself as wave after wave of bliss poured over me. Fiery tingles raced down my arms from my fingertips, and my toes curled against the tiles. My orgasm crested, my entire body going rigid, and I rode out every moment of ecstasy as best as I could. By the time I finished, I felt satisfied and spent. With a sigh, I pressed the back of my head against the tile behind me.

I'd never fantasized about anyone specific before, just characters from books or the movies, taking what they wanted from me as they saw fit.

I'd most certainly never called any of them "Daddy" either.

I reached out and grabbed the conditioner, only just realizing that I hadn't finished washing myself. With my heart pounding, I worked the thick solution into my long dark hair and let it sit for a few minutes as I soaped up a loofa and cleaned the rest of me. I was exceedingly gentle, my ministrations soft and tender across my body.

When I washed in between my legs, I hardly brushed the spongy material against my clit before I cried out, far more sensitive than I'd anticipated.

Quickly, I finished up and rinsed everything off my body before I reached out and turned the water off. There were towels beside the shower, and I wrapped my fingers around one, realizing as I pulled it close that the rack was heated, and the fabric was nice and toasty-warm.

Feeling like a naughty girl about to be caught with her hand in the cookie jar, I swiftly dried off and wrapped the towel around me before I tiptoed into the closet and dressed in a nightshirt that looked suspiciously like the one in my fantasy.

I climbed into bed that night, sated, at least for the moment.

* * *

As I slowly stirred from slumber, my eyes fluttered open to the soft golden glow of the morning sun streaming through the window. The warmth of its rays caressed my skin, coaxing me out of the embrace of sleep. I stretched, keeping my eyes closed and holding onto the last dredges of sleepiness. This bed felt different somehow, and that's when I popped my eyes open, and it all came rushing back to me.

I wasn't in the Kozlov hotel. I was with someone else.

Aidan.

Instantly, I felt a blush creep up from my neck to my cheeks as I recalled what I'd done in the shower last night.

Who you thought about last night...

I was startled by a sudden, sharp knock at the door. My heart leaped in my chest, and I instinctively pulled the covers closer, feeling a surge of apprehension wash over me. I held my breath, straining to hear any other sounds to let me know who might have come to the door.

"Breakfast will be ready in a half hour. I'd like it if you would join me downstairs in the kitchen."

Aidan's rumbling voice surrounded me like a warm embrace, and as much as I wanted to hate it, a part of me definitely enjoyed the sound of it.

Wonder what he'd think about what you did in his shower last night...

I scowled. My thoughts were a whirlwind, and I didn't know whether or not to tell him I'd be down shortly or if I just wanted to tell him off again, but then my stomach growled too loudly for me to ignore.

"I'll come down," I called out, my voice shaking just the slightest bit.

"Good," he answered through the door. I heard the grating noise of a key turning in the lock, and I tucked the covers around me, but the door didn't open. Instead, I heard the sound of his footsteps leading away down the hall and then the stairs. After waiting a moment, I leapt out of bed and dashed

towards the door. Tentatively, I turned the knob easily and peaked outside to see the path downstairs clear.

I was no longer locked in.

A plan started to come together in my head. Quickly, I raced into the closet and changed into a pair of jeans and a black lacey top. I slipped my feet into a black pair of sneakers. As fast as I could, I freshened up in the bathroom, using the lavish toiletries lined along the vanity to my heart's content. I brushed my teeth and washed my face. I couldn't resist using the moisturizer Aidan's sister had left for me. Afterwards, my skin was baby soft, and it made me feel like a million bucks.

When I was ready, I carefully opened the door so that it didn't make a sound. With as much stealth as I could manage, I crept down the three flights of stairs to the ground floor. With cautious steps, I made my way to the front door. As I reached for the doorknob, my heart pounded in my chest with each creak of the floorboards beneath my feet, and I held my breath.

It didn't turn.

Behind me, Aidan cleared his throat, and I froze, swallowing hard as my stomach pitched down to my toes.

Caught in the act, I turned to face him, feeling a rush of embarrassment and vulnerability. The intensity of his stern gaze made it clear that there was no escaping his watchful eye. I stood there, feeling like a deer caught in headlights, unsure of what he would say or do next.

"Good morning," I tried, thinking that using kindness would work better than vitriol at that moment. It might have been the dark warning in his firm stare or the way it made me feel like I was a naughty little girl who had just gotten herself in a heaping load of trouble.

His eyes slid from me to the door and back again as he raised a single eyebrow. I fidgeted in front of him, wringing my hands while I waited for him to say something. The right corner of his mouth lifted in a telltale smirk. He was amused by my apparent shame, and I couldn't help but scowl in return.

"Going somewhere?"

“To the kitchen, asshole. You’re standing in my way,” I retorted, lifting my chin in annoyance.

He chuckled softly and stepped aside.

I expected his ire, and he showed nothing other than amusement. I wasn’t sure why that was frustrating me, but it was.

“After you, princess,” he stated, and I missed a step, flying forward towards the ground in my klutziness.

As the floor rushed at my face, I braced myself for the impending impact. But before I could hit the floor, strong arms wrapped around me, pulling me close to a solid, warm chest. Aidan had caught me, his quick reflexes saving me from a clumsy tumble. The proximity of his body sent a rush of heated sensations through me, as well as immediate relief. I looked up into his eyes, the intensity of his gaze holding me captive for a moment before he gently steadied me on my feet. My cheeks flushed with embarrassment, but his touch was reassuring all the same.

Princess.

I didn’t know why that single word had affected me so deeply. Maybe it was the way his voice reverberated through my body, or maybe I just hadn’t made myself come hard enough last night. Both thoughts made my awkward mortification that much worse, and I cleared my throat.

Leisurely, he let me go, but I could have sworn I’d seen a hint of reluctance in his calm, steady gaze. I tore my eyes away as quickly as I could before strutting down the hallway to the kitchen.

The enticing aroma of an extravagant breakfast filled the air, and I couldn’t help but feel a mixture of surprise and delight. Aidan had prepared a feast fit for royalty, and the sight before me was nothing short of impressive. The kitchen island was adorned with an array of mouthwatering dishes, from fluffy pancakes drizzled with maple syrup to perfectly scrambled eggs garnished with fresh herbs. The sight of the spread made my stomach rumble with hunger, and I took a seat at the table.

I didn’t turn my head, but I heard the sound of his footsteps as he made his way to the kitchen. Once he moved into my field of view, I watched as he

prepared two plates of food. When he was done, he approached me and slid one of the plates in front of me with a confident yet gentle movement. Warmly, he smiled and took a seat opposite of me. He waited for me to pick up my fork and knife before he did his, but he didn't dig in yet.

He wanted to see what I thought.

As I took a hesitant bite of the breakfast Aidan had prepared, my taste buds were instantly met with an explosion of flavors that danced. The pancakes were light and fluffy, the perfect balance of sweet and savory, and the eggs were rich, creamy, and perfectly seasoned. As I took one bite after another, I couldn't help but savor every morsel. As I glanced up at him, I saw a flicker of satisfaction in his eyes.

"You like it," he smirked.

"It's decent," I lied, and the sound of his laughter filled the room. His good mood contagious, I giggled along with him.

"Okay. It's really good," I relented, trying my best to appear reluctant. I kept my eyes down, not wanting to see the sparkling look of victory glimmering in his gaze that I knew was there.

It wouldn't hurt to butter him up a bit so that he dropped his guard around me. If I could just get him to trust me, it would be much easier to escape in the end.

"Eat your fill. Don't be afraid to have seconds," he offered.

Without meaning to, I flinched, remembering the heated exchange between me and Anton. One of his rules was that I was to eat a certain number of calories a day so that I would maintain my figure for him.

Aidan wasn't anything like that.

"Thank you," I blushed.

I dug my fork into the still steaming pile of eggs and pressed it in between my lips. When I hazarded a glance upward, I saw him watching me.

"My name is Aidan Murphy, Irina," he said softly.

I started. I knew that name. It was one that had come up several times in discussions between my father and I as we designed our approach in establishing ourselves in Boston.

From our research, the Murphys were one of the most powerful Irish mafia families in the city. Their only competitor on the South side was the Kavanaghs. The Italians ran another part of the city, and there were other smaller groups, namely Giovanni Caruso and several others that volleyed for power. There were the Greeks and a few disorganized gangs, but none of them held a candle to the power the Murphys held over Boston.

They were practically gods.

I sat back in my chair and looked at him with new eyes. For a moment, I was silent, just taking in the information and digesting it.

“I can see the wheels turning in your head, so before you think too much on it, let me tell you why I took you,” he continued softly. His tone was gentle, neither commanding nor cruel, and I decided to listen.

“I’d like that,” I murmured.

“After your arranged marriage to Anton Kozlov was already settled, your father found out some information that was kept hidden from him when the agreement was made.”

“About Anton?” I guessed.

“Yes. First, Anton is a regular user of a high-end escort service. While that is common for a man of his stature, he had several mistresses here in the city that he planned on keeping even after he married you. I’ve seen apartment leases in their names, meant for a year, others even longer. He even bought a house for one of them who is pregnant with his child.”

“I didn’t know any of that,” I whispered.

“That’s not the worst of it, Irina, but I think you already know that, don’t you?”

Instantly, my fingers pressed against my cheek. It was still sore from the bastard backhanding me.

“There were also an alarming number of incidences of domestic abuse that had been swept under the rug, either by paying off the right member of Congress or the police chief,” he continued.

“I do know that. He hit me, too,” I whispered.

“I know, sweet girl. I saw,” he murmured, his voice full of emotion.

His face twisted slightly in anger, and I flinched. He shook his head.

“It’s not you, Irina. It just makes me furious when a man treats a woman like that. Mark my words, that man will never touch a single hair on your head ever again,” he growled.

In that moment, I felt seen in a way that touched my heart, and I couldn’t help but be drawn to this man despite everything inside me that told me to run.

“What do you mean that you saw?” I pressed.

“My team broke into your suite when it was unoccupied one afternoon. We installed cameras to keep watch over you, to learn the Kozlovs’ routine, anything we might need to know to kidnap you in the safest way possible.”

“You watched me,” I said breathily.

Had there been cameras in my bedroom? Had he seen me changing too? If he had, had he liked what he’d seen?

He broke through my reverie when he cleared his throat. “Your father met with my sister Ada and Shane Kavanagh. Together, your family, the Kavanaghs, and mine agreed that the best way to dissolve the alliance with the least amount of bloodshed was to quietly kidnap you and rescue you from a future with Anton,” he explained.

“My father approved of this,” I said disbelievingly.

“Yes. Any other alternative would have ended in an all-out war. None of us wanted that.”

As much as his story made sense, it felt a little too good to be true. The Morozovs were a powerful family back in Moscow, but here, we meant little,

especially to two powerful Irish organizations like the Murphys and the Kavanaghs. The likelihood of my father coming out of that meeting alive was slim, if it even happened in the first place.

For now, though, I would let it lie and remain cautious.

“Am I a prisoner then?” I countered.

“No. You’re my guest for the time being, for your safety,” he answered.

“You locked me in my room last night,” I replied.

“You’re a flight risk. Right now, you need protection, and I’m the one that’s going to give you that. You’re safe here in this house, and you’ll remain here until the danger from the Kozlovs have passed.”

“I don’t need your protection. I can take care of myself,” I scoffed.

The verbal sparring mounted the tension between us, and I smirked, knowing this was a battle I could win.

His mouth tightened into a firm line as he sat back in his chair, his expression hardening. A mischievous gleam came over his gaze, and he cocked his head, smirking a little in a premature victory. I stiffened, preparing myself for the worst.

“Did you enjoy your orgasm last night?”

My mouth dropped as a shocking jolt speared through me. I had thought I was prepared for anything, but I wasn’t for something like that.

“I didn’t...” I began.

I could feel the warmth rising in my cheeks, betraying my attempt to remain composed. It was as if he had a way of seeing right through me. I tried to hide my blush, to maintain the facade of being unaffected, but his firm, knowing gaze rendered me defenseless. The way he arched an eyebrow, a smirk playing at the corner of his lips, made it clear that he had noticed my reaction, too.

“You’re a pervert. Are there cameras in the room? Were you watching me take a shower?”

“In the shower, naughty girl. I didn’t take you for the adventurous type,” he mused.

“Fuck off,” I replied.

His smile grew wider, as if he’d taken confirmation from my response, and I snarled in his direction. If looks could kill, the glare I was giving him would have leveled him to the ground.

“There are no cameras in your room. You don’t have to worry about being watched here,” he replied calmly. His steady, cool demeanor angered me, and I sat there, stewing. He’d had a way of pointing out my arousal several times now, and in each instance, my words failed me. I couldn’t think of a smart retort or a cutting insult like I usually could, and it was driving me insane.

“Fucking pervert bastard. I don’t believe you,” I blurted out, unable to stop myself. I didn’t much care what he thought now.

“I don’t need cameras, *princess*. I know how wet you are. I can smell your arousal from here,” he said with a smirk, and before I could say anything at all, he shoveled the last of his breakfast into his mouth, stood and put his plate in the dishwasher, and strode off. I was too shocked to say anything at all.

The worst part of the whole thing was that he was right.

I shifted in my seat, feeling the soaked seat of my panties against my pussy. I was just as wet, if not wetter, than I had been last night. My breasts ached with desire and my nipples were rock hard.

At least you’re wearing a black shirt. Maybe he couldn’t see them.

I snarled again, my thighs pressing together as I sat there alone, wet, wanting, and angry. Did I want more from him? I couldn’t. As kind as he was, he’s kidnapped me and fucking chloroformed me into compliance, and no matter what he said, I was still a prisoner if I couldn’t leave.

I needed to talk to my father.

CHAPTER 4



A idan

As much as I didn't want to admit it, Irina was absolute perfection.

I didn't know what came over me when I was around her. She was stubborn, hardheaded, a little cautious, but intelligent and delightfully feisty. I could tell that she didn't believe me, not yet anyway. To be honest, I respected her wariness, especially since I'd only just kidnapped her yesterday.

I hadn't wanted to drug her, but we couldn't risk her making a scene and alerting the rest of the Kozlovs that had been left behind. There had been only a skeleton crew of soldiers at the hotel, mainly because Anton and his best men had been out celebrating the alliance between the two bratva families a bit prematurely, or it might have been a loosely planned bachelor party since Irina's wedding was supposed to take place today.

Anton no longer had a bride. I'd taken her, and I couldn't deny the fact that I wanted her.

Badly.

I should be a better man, a more respectable man, one that simply protected the woman and kept her safe until my family could safely return her to her family.

Her father was another complication altogether.

As much as I wanted Irina, a part of me couldn't ignore the inherent danger of pursuing her. The power her father wielded was vast, especially when you considered his allies in Russia. Any connection between us could ignite a war between our families. Her very presence was both alluring and dangerous, a forbidden temptation that seemed to test my willpower. I knew that giving in to my desires could have dire consequences, not just for me, but for her as well.

The risks were too great, the stakes too high, and I couldn't bear the thought of bringing danger and turmoil into Irina's life. As much as I wanted her, I knew that keeping my distance was the only way to keep her safe from the dangerous world that surrounded both of us.

The chemistry between us was undeniable, and every fiber of my being yearned to embrace her fully. But the most I could allow myself was the honor of protecting her. I would have done my job if Anton never laid eyes on her again. I'd keep her safe until my family could return her to her father.

That was it.

Right now, she was upstairs in her bedroom. She hadn't emerged from it all day, even though I'd unlocked it first thing in the morning. This afternoon, I'd heard the sound of water running in the large tub, and not a peep since. It was starting to grow dark outside, and I planned to cook her a nice dinner.

The only thing that would convince her that she was safe with me was time, and I meant to give her as much of it as she needed.

My phone rang in my pocket, and I answered it, leaning back in my office chair as I put my feet on my desk.

"Aidan," I said.

"You've got trouble heading your way. We've spotted a Russian segment only a few blocks away. They slipped under our radar, feeding soldiers into an abandoned warehouse all day, one by one on foot. I'm sorry we didn't see it sooner, boss," Liam explained.

"We'll deal with the particulars later. How many?"

“Two dozen,” Liam answered.

“How many guarding the safehouse?” I asked quickly.

“Ten men, sir.”

“Send more. We need to wipe out all of them to send a message. We’ll deal with this and move to a new safehouse in the morning,” I commanded.

“On it, boss,” Liam replied, and I hung up my phone.

Immediately, I sprang into action. With a firm resolve, I pushed the button underneath my desk, and my bookshelf popped open to reveal a hidden compartment full of guns, knives, ammo, and all manner of other kinds of weapons.

The cool steel glinted in the dim light. Quickly, I stood up and strode over to the guns, choosing a 9mm handgun complete with a silencer attached to the barrel. I always kept a knife on my belt, so I didn’t grab another. I rushed downstairs, stopping for a moment to lock Irina in her bedroom once again before I dashed down to the main floor and out the front door. I needed to face this head on to send a message.

I was not a man to be messed with.

The Murphy name meant something in this city. My siblings and I were part of an influential and renowned criminal organization in the heart of Boston, particularly in Southie. Gambling dens, restaurants, and an array of diverse establishments all filled our portfolio, reaping generous rewards for us and our business associates. Our presence was most deeply intertwined with horse racing and the bustling trade at Boston harbor, but we had our hands in everything that went on in the city. We had allies in the political sphere, as well as on the police force. Our reach went far and wide, enabling us to discreetly procure and transport anything that we wanted, weapons, booze, the works.

In the morning, I would move Irina to another location since this safe house was compromised, but I would worry about that later. It would be enough to wipe out the dozen Russian soldiers coming for us. I’d leave one just long enough for questioning, but then he would die, too.

It had to be that way. I would show no mercy when it came to Irina, especially when it put her safety at risk.

My men were already positioned strategically along the street. I saw the telltale glint of several sniper rifles along the rooftops, and I smiled.

I walked out into the street, noting that even though it was the middle of the day, the surrounding area was deadly quiet. It was unnerving, but in retrospect, it was probably for the best.

We'd have to pay off a lot more people if there were witnesses to what came next.

I stood in the middle of the road, waiting as a group of men turned the corner and moved towards me. They stopped at least ten feet away from me, their expressions grim.

Dressed in cheap dark suits that hugged their well-built frames, they exuded an aura of ruthless arrogance. Their hair was neatly groomed, some with slicked-back styles while others sported cropped cuts that accentuated the ruggedness of their appearances. Dark, penetrating eyes surveyed their surroundings with ruthless vigilance. A few of them bore discreet tattoos peeking out from their shirt cuffs or collars. As they stood in a disciplined formation, their collective presence was a display of controlled power.

The tension in the air crackled like electricity, and for a moment, time seemed to stand still. This was a calculated risk, facing them wearing nothing more than my white button up shirt and my slacks, but I needed to demonstrate that I was not a man to be underestimated and that I wasn't afraid of them. A surge of adrenaline coursed through my veins. I was a force to be reckoned with, and they were going to realize the full extent of that very soon.

"Aidan Murphy," one of them murmured, stepping forward in front of the rest.

I noticed subtle yet distinct signs of deference in the rest of the men that spoke volumes about the hierarchy within their ranks. Their postures straightened, backs rigidly aligned, as they formed a tighter formation behind the man that stepped forward. A couple of them instinctively took half-steps

back, ensuring a respectful distance between them and their superior. My gaze zeroed in on him, and I knew instinctively that the man who spoke was their leader.

“To whom do I have the honor of speaking?” I asked, cocking my head to the side as I appraised him.

He was wearing a nicer suit than the others, although not as nice as the ones I owned.

“My name is Pavel Sokolov. I serve Anton Kozlov,” he replied, pausing for a moment. “It is awfully brave, coming out to face me alone,” he mused, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

I smiled and simply raised a hand into the air.

In an instant, bullets sprayed down onto the pavement a foot away from the man’s feet. He jumped backwards, and I snorted in amusement.

“I am not alone,” I answered.

The ruthless scowl that painted his face was comical as he came to terms with the fact that he was far more out of his depth than he’d realized.

I flicked my wrist, and another volley of bullets spread across the pavement, only this time, they didn’t miss. One by one, the twenty-three soldiers that accompanied Yuri dropped to the ground.

Their deaths were quick, a single shot right in between the eyes.

His face twisted in fury, but he didn’t dare say a word as I lowered my arm. I cocked my head, my adrenaline surging hotter, and I grinned much more broadly than before.

“What brings you to my door, Pavel?”

“Return the girl, and no one gets hurt,” Yuri tried, but his voice carried much less confidence than it had before. Now, he almost appeared meek.

“This is my turf. Just your presence here demands a price, but a threat is something else entirely. That’s enough to start a war. Does Anton even know that you’re here?” I spat.

He gritted his teeth, a momentary flicker of uncertainty passing over his face, and I knew the answer without needing to ask. Anton didn't know. His men were acting of their own accord.

I raised my gun and aimed it straight at Yuri.

“Answer my questions, and I might decide to let you live,” I pressed. I gripped the handle a bit tighter. I pressed my finger over the trigger and waited.

“He doesn't know,” he said quickly.

“What girl are you talking about?”

“His bride. She ran off the day of the wedding.”

“And?”

“Anton ordered us to go shake down a couple places. We found a paper trail leading to this place, and I figured it might be a good place to hide the bitch,” Yuri said quickly.

I stared down the barrel of the gun and sighed. “No one talks about Irina like that,” I growled.

Without warning, I pulled the trigger, shooting him right in between the eyes just like the others. His head jerked back as his eyes widened with shock. As he fell to the ground with a loud thump, his eyes deadened.

I pulled my phone out of my pocket and dialed Liam.

“The Russians are taken care of. See to it that the bodies disappear,” I commanded.

“Of course.”

“Arrange for a new safe house in the morning. This one has been compromised. Secure extra guard detail for the night. I want someone at every corner. I want surveillance, the works. We'll move tomorrow.”

“I'll take care of everything,” Liam replied curtly.

“Good. Thank you,” I replied.

I hung up the phone and turned around, heading back inside the townhome.

I wasn't going to let Irina out of my sight tonight.

CHAPTER 5



*J*rina

I didn't know what was wrong with me.

My every waking thought was of Aidan, of his dark, brooding stare, his cool, quiet confidence, the glimmer of arrogance that hinted he could have anything he wanted whenever he wanted.

Why was I so hung up on him?

Even now, I remembered the feeling of his hands on my skin, the security I'd felt when I'd woken up in his lap, and the relief I'd felt when I'd tripped and he'd caught me.

What would he want with a girl like me?

He was from a family far more powerful than mine. The Murphys had been the reigning powerhouse in Boston for years now. Aidan could have any woman he wanted with those forest green eyes. All he had to do was say the word and they were his.

Why was I thinking about this? I didn't even know if he wanted me. Did he see me as anything more than a pawn in this twisted game?

I sighed and shook my head. I needed to get a hold of myself.

All of a sudden, the sound of gunfire echoed all around me from outside somewhere, and I jumped, clutching my towel tightly around my body as if it could defend me.

Had the Kozlovs found us already? Where was Aidan? Was he okay?

With cautious curiosity, I crept to the window and peered through the curtains, my breath catching in my throat when I saw Aidan standing alone in the middle of the street in a tense standoff with a group of Russian soldiers. The sight sent a jolt of fear through me, and I cried out quietly. I couldn't tear my eyes away as another volley of gunfire sounded, and my core clenched tight with terror.

Aidan, please be okay...

In the span of a few seconds, every single Russian fell to the ground except for one. For me, it happened in slow motion, and I shrieked at the sight. Aidan didn't flinch. In a twisted kind of way, the death of the Russians didn't hit me right away. Instead, I breathed a sigh of relief when I realized that Aidan hadn't been hit, that he was still alive.

Why did I even care? If he died, I could escape and make my way back to the safety of my own family. I'd be free, but a part of me didn't want to be.

I didn't want him to die.

Aidan and the last Russian standing gazed at each other with obvious vitriol, each one trying to assess the power of the other. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but I recognized the signs of Aidan's laughter as he lifted his own gun and pointed it at the man. After a tense back and forth exchange, Aidan cocked his gun, his expression viciously dangerous. I tensed, recognizing several small signs that the stand-off was quickly coming to an end. The Russian's face looked nervous, like Aidan had shaken him up. Aidan pulled his shoulders back and his grin grew wider. Without a moment's hesitation, he pulled the trigger, and the Russian slowly slumped to the ground along with the others.

I'd just seen twenty-four men die right in front of me.

As much as I had been involved in my father's responsibilities as kingpin, he'd ensured that I was kept far from any hint of violence. I pressed my hand

over my chest, feeling the frantic pounding of my heart, and I drew in several large breaths. In a moment, my heartbeat calmed, and my breathing turned less ragged as something else occurred to me.

Had he done that to protect me?

For some reason, the thought calmed me. Even in all the danger and violence I had just witnessed, it made me feel strangely safe and secure.

I stared down at him standing alone in the road, and I felt something shift inside me. The way he stood, tall and unwavering, made me feel like it was possible for him to be my anchor for just a little while until I figured things out, at least until I could get in contact with my father to confirm Aidan's story.

I watched as he walked back inside, and I moved away from the window into the closet. I dried off the rest of the way and got dressed in a pair of grey yoga pants and a long black top. By the time I was fully clothed, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," I called out, picking up the towel and wrapping it around my wet head.

The door opened slowly, and I looked up to see Aidan enter the room.

"Dinner will be ready a bit late tonight. There was a bit of a delay," he said, his expression apologetic.

I glanced towards the window and back to him, nodding but saying nothing. I didn't trust myself to speak just yet.

"If you prefer, I can bring your meal up to you so that you can eat here," he continued, gesturing towards the table and chairs beside the other window.

I didn't want to eat alone. I needed to learn more about what was going to happen to me, to find out if the Kozlovs knew where I was and what that meant for me, but that wasn't the only thing.

I wanted to know more about him.

And what he thought about me.

Were all his smart remarks just meant to tease me, or was there something more? I knew that he was older than me by a fair amount, more than enough to make him see me as nothing more than a kid even though I was a fully grown adult. Was that how he saw me?

A part of me yearned for him to see me as a woman and not only that, but as a woman he desired.

“No. I’ll come down,” I said quietly.

Tentatively, I lift my eyes to meet his.

As I gazed into Aidan’s eyes, I noticed a subtle shift in his demeanor that sent a shiver of anticipation down my spine. The intensity in his piercing green eyes seemed to smolder with a growing desire, and a slow, almost imperceptible smirk tugged at the corners of his lips. His jaw clenched with restraint, and a flicker of heat danced in the depths of his gaze, revealing a yearning that mirrored my own. It was as if a magnetic pull had enveloped me, and I yearned to reach my arm out to touch him.

But then something changed.

A subtle shift passed over his face, revealing a momentary glimpse of reluctance that caught me off guard. His strong jawline tensed ever so slightly, and I noticed a faint furrow forming between his brows. He was pulling away from me. I could feel it.

What was going on inside his head?

“Feel free to join me in the kitchen when you’re ready,” he smiled, his face softening.

I nodded quickly before his gaze turned away, leaving me feel bereft and alone. I chewed the inside of my cheek.

I needed to know more.

I sat down on the bed and fingered the hem of the shirt I was wearing. I had originally just planned on being comfortable, but I really wanted to know what Aidan thought of me, and this outfit felt too casual if I was going to get the answer I was looking for. I got up and headed back into the closet,

looking at all my options before I found the perfect dress.

With a sense of determination, I slipped out of my outfit and into something far more seductive, a figure-hugging black dress that accentuated my every curve. There would be no way that he could mistake me for a little girl in this dress.

I brushed my long, jet-black hair until it cascaded in a soft wave down my back. After that, I focused on my face. I did my makeup with meticulous care, working to bring out the color of my sage green eyes. As I dabbed on a hint of a fruity scented perfume that I'd found on the counter, I felt a newfound sense of confidence welling up inside me. He wouldn't be able to resist, or at least I hoped he wouldn't.

With a deep, encouraging breath, I stepped out of the bathroom, ready to face whatever the evening had in store for me.

I opened my door, relieved to find it unlocked and slipped out of my room. I glanced in the other rooms as I passed them, not surprised to see several other guest rooms, an office, a living room, and a more formal dining room along the way. Before I entered the kitchen, I paused and took a deep breath, calling on every bit of strength and confidence that I could muster. I strode forward feeling like a hot bitch strutting on the catwalk.

As I stepped into the kitchen, the sight that greeted me made my heart flutter with delight. Aidan was standing by the stovetop, focused and confident as he cooked what looked like a delicious meal that was slowly coming together. The aroma of sizzling chicken filled the air, accompanied by the enticing scent of sautéed vegetables, and the tantalizing smell of fresh herbs and spices. The rich, warm notes of a creamy sauce teased my senses, and my mouth watered at the thought of the delectable meal he was crafting for us.

Time seemed to pause as he looked over his shoulder at me. Very slowly, his gaze drifted up and down my body, as if he was savoring the sight of me like I was the most succulent dish he'd ever tasted.

His face was a canvas of conflicting emotions—desire and reluctance warring for supremacy. His intense green eyes locked onto mine, a hunger evident in their depths, but there was also a flicker of hesitation, as if he was trying to restrain himself. I could see the struggle in the clenching of his jaw, the slight

furrowing of his brow, and the way his fingers twitched at his sides. It was as if he wanted to reach out and pull me close, yet he was holding back.

It was frustrating to say the least.

“Is it almost ready? I’m hungry,” I quipped. The sound of my voice seemed to snap him out of whatever he was thinking, and he smiled, his lips tight with tension.

“Just a few more minutes. Why don’t you sit down at the table. Would you like me to stay and eat with you? If not, I can take my dinner up to my office. I have a lot of work to see to tonight,” he answered, his tone gentle and understanding, yet somehow a bit detached.

“I’d like you to stay,” I replied, my voice quiet and a little bit unsure.

“Sounds good,” he admitted. The desire he’d had in his eyes for me had vanished.

Frustration simmered deep in my belly.

With a sigh, I took a seat at the table, grabbing one of the freshly baked rolls and slathering it with butter. I popped a bite in my mouth and chewed. As I swallowed, I came up with an idea.

“I saw what happened outside. It was pretty bold of you to go out like that on your own,” I said, wanting to poke him.

“Sometimes I like to be bold. It sends a message,” he answered carefully.

“Seems foolish to me. All brawn and no brains?” I blurted out.

He chuckled softly, but there was no anger or annoyance that crossed his face. Instead, he remained ever so frustratingly cool and calm. “My men may have not been visible, but they were there all around me. I wasn’t alone, Irina,” he said more seriously now, a touch of firmness to his voice that hadn’t been there before.

I swallowed hard and looked away, a jolt of desire fluttering deep in my core. “Who were they?” I asked. I crossed my legs and sat back, lifting my chin defiantly as I appraised him with a touch of coldness.

“The Kozlovs,” he answered simply. He turned his back to me and stirred the sauce in the pan before plating the chicken and vegetables for us both. I stayed quiet until he slid a plate in front of me and took the seat opposite to mine. I picked up my fork and cut a piece of chicken first.

As I took a small bite, a burst of flavor danced on my tongue, and I couldn't help but close my eyes in sheer pleasure. The chicken was tender and succulent, bathed in a luscious, creamy sauce that had just the right balance of richness and tanginess. Next, I tried the sautéed vegetables, noting that they added a delightful crunch and freshness to each mouthful, perfectly complementing the indulgent flavors of the dish. Everything was absolutely delicious, and I considered myself a bit lucky that my kidnapper was a good cook, at the very least. I swallowed the mouthful and cleared my throat, wanting to learn more about the whole exchange.

“Anton moves quickly,” I murmured.

“Despite our careful planning, the Kozlovs found our safe house, likely through electronic channels, but I can't be sure. I don't actually think that they know you're here, but we're moving to another location in the morning just to be safe,” he explained.

His voice was so sincere that I couldn't help but believe him. For a moment, my frustration subsided, and I focused on learning as much as I could about my situation.

And Aidan's...

“Do you think they'd be foolish enough to make a move against your family?” I asked.

“From the looks of things, I think so. We don't know how they're going to react to your kidnapping, whether or not they'll just let it go or if they'll attack several different organizations at once. They have already proven that they are reckless. They ordered a hit on the kingpin of the Kavanagh family. Hopefully, keeping a low profile will keep them off our backs until the threat passes,” he answered. After a long pause, he continued. “I have something for you. I think it will help alleviate your worries and make you feel more comfortable here in my care, for the time being at least.”

He reached over the table and grabbed a manilla folder stuffed full of paper and handed it to me. With a quizzical look, I took it and opened it to see Anton's face in a photograph. He wasn't the only one in the picture. There was another woman, and she wasn't wearing anything at all.

"Your father gathered this evidence and wanted me to pass it on to you. Once things settle, we can arrange for you to see him. I'll have a burner phone for you very soon, so that you can at least talk to him and verify everything I'm telling you."

I flipped through the file, looking at page after page of Anton's illicit activities. There were police reports and picture evidence of women with black eyes and split lips, images of him with more women than I could count, and a report detailing his transactions with a high-end escort service. The farther I went on, the more disgusted I became.

"I appreciate this," I murmured.

After the tense exchange between Anton and I, I had known that he wasn't a good guy, but the fact that Aidan was sharing this information with me was touching.

"I thought you might," he replied. The cockiness to his words touched a nerve and I couldn't help but scowl at him when he looked away.

"Why not just return me to my father?" I pressed.

"It's too risky. If the Kozlovs find out your family was involved, they'd most certainly start a war, especially since an alliance was procured between you and them. Their power would have been undermined, and they wouldn't let that stand. It would put both you and your father's life in danger, not to mention the rest of us," he answered.

For a while longer, we discussed the particulars of what went into my kidnapping and how my father and the Murphys had gotten involved together. As much as I hadn't wanted to, I actually believed his story. The more he opened up about the situation, the more I began to trust him.

When the discussion turned to what happened now, I decided to push him a little bit so that I could see where his head was at.

Did he want me? Did he even like me? Was I just a kid to him?

“So, what now? You’re my babysitter until it’s safe to return me?” I quipped, raising an eyebrow in open challenge.

“Do you need a babysitter?” he asked, smirking.

Infuriatingly, his expression remained smug and maddeningly cool. Promise sparkled within the depths of his dark, piercing gaze, but I didn’t know what he was thinking. Did I want to anger him? Was there something inside of me that wanted to see if he was just like Anton, quick to anger and even faster to strike?

My core squeezed tight, and I took a deep breath, trying to steady the conflicting emotions rushing through me.

I didn’t know why I kept pushing him.

“No. Do you?” I scowled.

He chuckled softly, the sound inexplicably dangerous and full of dark desire. “You’re a sassy girl, aren’t you?” he mused, meeting my eyes, and I watched as his restraint played out all over his face. I noticed that his pupils were dilated as he furrowed his brow, his jawline tensing again with his obvious reluctance.

It made me angry.

“And you’re an arrogant bastard,” I countered, smirking, yet his face never wavered.

He stood up and I stiffened, but he didn’t walk towards me. Instead, he picked up his plate and carried it over to the sink. A tense silence came over the two of us, so palpable that it made me fidget in my chair. I watched as he washed the dishes, dried them, and put them away. When he was done, the kitchen was spotless.

“Be ready early tomorrow morning. We need to move to another safehouse.”

“Got it,” I said, aggravated that I hadn’t been able to get a rise out of him. I had no answers, only a billion more questions.

“Oh, and Irina?”

“What?” I blurted out, making no effort to hide my annoyance anymore.

“Maybe you should play with yourself before bed tonight, sassy girl. Hopefully you’ll be in a better mood when you wake up.”

I blanched. Frustration simmered within me as I tried to decipher the enigma that was Aidan. His mixed signals were driving me mad, and I couldn’t help but feel aggravated by the push and pull of the emotions he evoked within me. In a moment of impulsiveness, I grabbed my glass of water and flung it at him, the liquid splashing across his face.

Silence reigned for several long moments. My heart pounded in my chest, and I stopped breathing entirely, like my whole world was balanced on the edge of a knife, and this was going to make it topple over at any second.

But instead of reacting with anger like I expected him to, Aidan remained remarkably composed. His tumultuous gaze captured mine, and he reached over to the table to pick up one of the white cloth napkins. He calmly wiped his face, his eyes never leaving mine, and a faint, mysterious smile played on his lips. It was as if he knew something I didn’t, and that only added to my irritation. It was infuriating how he could maintain his cool demeanor in the face of my outburst, and yet, there was the promise of something darker beneath the surface.

“Fuck off, Aidan,” I exclaimed, and I stood up, the wooden legs of my chair grating against the tile floor. I stormed out of the room, leaving the rest of my plate behind. I hadn’t finished, but I wasn’t hungry anymore.

He didn’t chase me.

Somewhere deep down, a secret part of me wished he had. What would happen after that? I had no idea, but I kind of wanted to find out.

When I reached my bedroom, I slammed the door, the sound reverberating as loud as the gunshots I’d heard only hours ago.

CHAPTER 6



*A*idan

With a sigh, I wiped my face with a napkin.

I knew she was trying to get a rise out of me, but I wasn't going to give her the satisfaction. That's what I told myself at least. I should have kept my composure, but something had come over me, and I'd baited her just to see how she would react.

I'd expected another smart retort, not her throwing water in my face.

She was a hellacious little spitfire and the most damning temptation I'd ever set my eyes on. Even in her anger, maybe especially so, she was radiant. From the firm set of her eyes, to the determined line of her lips, to the way she fisted her hands at her sides, she was aggravatingly sexy. Ever since I'd first laid my eyes on her, my cock had been painfully hard.

Even worse, I knew that she was innocent.

Fuck. I was only a man, and I could already feel my resolve waning. She had only been in my possession for two days.

What the fuck was I going to do?

She didn't deserve a man like me. She needed a man that was soft and sweet. I wasn't that. My desires were dark, too much for someone like her. Even

now, my palm itched to take her over my knee and blister that bare little bottom until she begged for me to punish that sassy little mouth with my cock.

My dick jumped, flush with blood and rampant desire for the bratty hellion currently pouting in her room right now.

With a sigh, I collected her plate and scraped her leftovers into a large Tupperware container. She'd only eaten about half her meal. She needed more nourishment than that. Deep in thought, I washed, rinsed, and dried her dish, putting it away so that the kitchen was spotless. Grabbing the leftovers, I headed upstairs to her bedroom, and unsurprisingly, I found the door closed. I raised my fist to knock, but I decided against it.

I placed the food down in front of her door. If she got hungry during the night, she would find it waiting there for her.

I headed downstairs to my office and closed the door behind me. With a sigh, I sat down and started to look into the long list of properties at my family's disposal. I worked late into the night, and after many phone calls between myself, Liam, and my brother Kieran, we decided it was probably best to get Irina out of Boston.

Once that was settled, I started making calls to my own associates and settled on a lakeside cabin in Lakeview, Maine owned by Cyrus Holt, an associate of mine in New York. When I was done, everything was set for Irina and me to fly into a regional airport nearby. It would be a short flight, but the distance should be enough to keep her safe. When I was finally finished making preparations, I sat back and pressed the back of my head against my chair with a sigh.

In an instant, my thoughts had turned back to her. The image of her down on her knees for me flashed before my eyes and I groaned as a surge of pleasure billowed up the length of my cock.

"Maybe you should play with yourself before bed tonight, sassy girl. Hopefully you'll be in a better mood when you wake up."

I slammed my own head back and growled. As much as I didn't want to admit it, maybe I needed to follow my own advice. I jumped up from my

desk and marched down the hall to one of the guestrooms. I'd decided to give Irina the master suite. I thought it might make her the most comfortable.

She should be in your bed instead.

With a roar, I closed the door behind me, trying to ignore my own desire and knowing it was soon going to get the best of me. In an attempt to distract myself, I unbuttoned and shrugged off my white button-up shirt and shucked my slacks off, which left me in nothing more than a pair of black boxer briefs. Without the pressure of my pants trapping my cock, I sighed in relief, but that didn't last long.

After throwing my clothes into the hamper, I strode into the bathroom and turned on the shower.

As I stepped into the stall, the warm water cascading over me, I tried to shake off the turmoil that was consuming my thoughts. My mind was filled with images of Irina—the way she looked at me, the softness of her lips, the fire that ignited between us whenever we were near. But it wasn't just desire that plagued me; it was the fear of losing control, of letting her in and starting a war between my family and hers. I kept telling myself that she was forbidden, but the water did little to quell the burning inside me.

My cock throbbed, and I did my best to ignore it.

As I washed away the blood and grime of the day, I found myself grappling with the conflicting emotions that raged within me. With every drop of water that fell, I felt myself sinking deeper into a sea of uncertainty, unsure of whether I was strong enough to navigate the storm of heated desire while keeping her close enough to protect her from danger. I sighed and slammed my hand against the wall.

I was a fucking Murphy.

I ran this town with my brothers and my sister. Here, we had no equal. With every day that went by, we gained more power. My brother Kieran had brought us here years ago, and ever since we'd arrived, the six of us had worked together to ensure that the Murphy name meant something. We had our hands in everything—gambling, shipping through the harbors, bootlegging, and horse races. If you could name it, we were making money in

it. We even owned Murphy's Pub together.

If Ada saw me pining over a girl like this, she'd have my head on a platter.

I was stronger than this. I could resist the fiery little temptation sleeping upstairs in a bed that wasn't mine.

Under the soothing spray of the shower, I closed my eyes and let the water wash away the tension of the day. The warm droplets cascaded over my skin, and for a moment, I allowed myself to find solace in the simple act of cleansing. The rhythmic sound of water provided a temporary respite from the chaos that Irina had brought to my life, allowing me to briefly disconnect from the world outside.

It wasn't enough though.

Hesitantly, I lightly brushed my fingers against the length of my cock and let out a groan, a savage burst of arousal racing up my spine.

Fucking hell. This was too much.

The image of Irina on her knees flashed before my eyes, and I gave into the fantasy. With a grunt of defeat, I wrapped my hand around my cock and stroked myself slowly, gasping as euphoric pleasure cascaded up and down my body. I shuddered and let my mind go wild.

"Naughty girl. It's time I taught you what happens to sassy girls with sassy mouths," I murmured.

Her lips curved into a playful pout. She stared back at me with a captivating mixture of innocence and desire in her eyes. The intensity of her longing mirrored my own, and the vulnerability she displayed only fueled the fire within me. In that moment, I knew she wanted me just as much as I wanted her, and the realization sent a rush of heat through my veins.

"I didn't mean to be sassy," she pouted.

"Yes, you did, princess. You knew what would happen, didn't you?"

"What's going to happen?" she asked, her sudden trepidation making her

voice subtly shake. It was incredibly erotic, and my cock only got that much harder.

“Daddy is going to punish you, princess,” I murmured.

She trembled with nervous anticipation as I reached down and fisted the hair at the back of her head. I tightened my grip, and she cried out, but the sound revealed just how much the prospect of being punished by my hand aroused her.

“Yes, Daddy,” she whimpered.

“Now be a good girl and open your mouth,” I demanded.

Her eyes rounded with eager hesitation, but she obeyed me like the good girl I knew she was. I adjusted my fist in her hair and angled her face so that my cock was only inches away from her mouth. Her nervous gaze took in my size, and my cock pulsed with heat.

Fuck. This girl was dangerous.

I pushed my hips forward an inch, so the head of my cock breached her lips, and she cried out with a nervous gasp. I didn't stop though.

She'd been a naughty girl, and she needed to be taught a lesson.

Even now, I could see her desire glistening on her thighs. She'd wanted a taste of my darkness for a long time, and I was going to give it to her.

She closed her lips around the head of my cock, and I leaned back, enjoying the perfect bliss of that naughty little mouth.

My hand moved faster and faster up and down the length of my cock. I didn't let myself come too soon, instead edging myself closer and closer to the cusp of orgasm, truly enjoying myself. Soon enough though, it became too much, and I gave in.

With a savage roar, my seed erupted from the tip of my cock with brutal force. Each surge was viciously hard as I imagined the wet warmth of her tongue lapping away at my cock while she begged Daddy to fuck her.

Daddy.

If that word ever fell off her lips in real life, I was a dead man.

In that moment, I couldn't help but feel the magnetic pull of desire between us, a dangerous dance that threatened to consume me.

I was monumentally *fucked*.

CHAPTER 7



*J*rina

I stewed in my room for the rest of the night. This time, I ignored the burning arousal between my thighs and went to bed needy, tossing and turning for much of the night. I refused to let my greedy little pussy dictate my actions, but as much as I tried to sleep, I was restless. Eventually, I got irritated enough with the reigning heat in my body that I just laid there, annoyed while I stared at the ceiling. My stomach growled and it was then that I realized I hadn't finished my dinner.

Ugggghhh... What fucking time is it anyway?

I glanced at the clock and groaned. It was three in the morning. With an aggravated sigh, I pulled on a pair of leggings and opened my door.

The lights in the hallway were still on. I almost took a step, but then my toe brushed against something on the floor. I looked down and there sitting right in front of my door was a Tupperware container full of food.

I picked it up and my heart nearly melted. Even after I'd thrown my drink in his face, he'd packaged up my meal and left it for me to find in case I got hungry. It was sweet.

I didn't *want* it to be sweet.

I carried it inside my bedroom and closed the door behind me. Venturing over to the small two-person table beside the window, I sat down and opened the lid, finding silverware wrapped in a napkin in one of the cute little cubbies.

Goddammit. He thought of everything.

I was still annoyed at his comment, but when my stomach growled and panged with hunger, I dug in anyway. Even though it was cold, it was still delicious, and I finished every bite of my dinner.

If he was nice to me tomorrow, I might even thank him.

Probably not...

I couldn't help but smirk to myself. It might even get a rise out of him.

When I was done, I climbed back into bed and closed my eyes. With my belly full, I slept easily for the rest of the night.

* * *

I had just opened my eyes when there was a gentle knock on the door. I yawned broadly, stretching my arms over my head with a soft squeak.

“What?” I called out, taking care to layer as much sass in that single syllable as I could.

“We're moving locations. Be ready to go in an hour,” Aidan replied.

“I don't want to get up yet,” I sighed.

“If I need to throw you over my shoulder, I'll do it again. With *pleasure...*”

I huffed with annoyance.

“Fine. I'll be out shortly,” I called out, doing nothing to hide the frustration apparent in my tone. I wanted to get a rise out of him so that I could find out what that dark promise was in his gaze. Nothing I did seemed to work, and it was really getting on my nerves.

What did it take for a woman to get a little attention around here?

“Don’t worry about packing anything. I’ll arrange everything.”

“Great,” I drawled.

“I’ll be downstairs. Come down when you’re ready,” he commanded.

I stuck my tongue out at the door and listened as his footsteps padded away down the hall.

I slid out of bed, the warmth of the sheets clinging to my skin as I stretched. The soft sunlight filtered through the curtains, casting a gentle glow across the room. I moved to my closet, selecting a comfortable outfit that exuded confidence and showed off my curves. As I slipped into the bathroom, I stopped in front of the double vanity. My reflection in the mirror greeted me, and I took a moment to smooth my hair, brush my teeth, and apply a touch of makeup. With each stroke of the brush and dab of lipstick, I felt more determined, ready to face whatever challenges lay in store for me today. With a soft smile, I pulled my shoulders back. I could do this.

I wasn’t the type of girl to give up. I always got what I wanted, even if it meant a little hard work and perseverance.

I wanted to figure Aidan out. Did he want me? Did he even like me? I’d get my answers if it was the last thing I did.

When I was ready, I took a deep breath and headed downstairs. As I entered the kitchen, the sight of Aidan at the stove preparing breakfast should have brought me something like a sense of comfort, but a strange tension hung in the air. His usually vibrant presence felt muted, and the silence between us was heavy, almost suffocating.

Was something wrong?

The clinking of utensils against pans seemed louder than usual, a stark contrast to the warmth that emanated from him yesterday. His gaze remained focused on the task at hand, his expression distant and detached. It was as if a wall had suddenly risen between us, and I couldn’t help but feel a pang of confusion and unease.

Something had shifted, and I didn’t know what.

I sat down as Aidan slid a plate in front of me. I glanced down at it, seeing an impressive stack of pancakes complete with butter, powdered sugar, and a heavy dose of maple syrup. I dug in, the clatter of my cutlery against the plate deafeningly loud against the strained silence that enveloped us. Each bite was a struggle to swallow, not because of the taste, but because of the heavy tension that seemed to thicken the air around us. I stole glances at him, hoping for a sign, a word, anything that would break the oppressive silence.

But his gaze remained fixed on his own plate, his jaw tense, his mouth tight, and his expression distant. Frustration bubbled within me, mingling with confusion and a growing sense of unease. It was as if an invisible barrier had been erected between us, and no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't breach it. With each passing moment, my irritation grew, my appetite waning as my thoughts churned with a mix of emotions. I wanted to understand the mystery of his sudden withdrawal, but his stubborn silence only served to stoke the fire of my annoyance.

It was as if I had been set adrift in a sea of unanswered questions. My stomach twisted at the uneasy tension.

"Where are we going?" I ventured, trying to break him out of whatever mood he was in.

"I'm taking you north to a cabin in Maine. It's outside of the Kozlovs' reach as far as I could tell. It'll be quiet, remote. We'll have a security detail on the property, cameras, armed guards, the works. You'll be safe there," he explained.

"Sounds boring," I sassed, but he didn't react. Not even a little bit.

"Right now, keeping you away from the Kozlovs is paramount. I won't stand for Anton touching you again," he growled.

My eyes jerked up to his face. His usually controlled demeanor was marred by subtle signs of anger that etched across his face. The set of his jaw was more pronounced, his normally intense gaze held a stormy quality, and I could see the muscles in his arms tense as he clenched his fists on top of the table.

I studied him, trying to figure out the mystery behind the man. Maybe he did

care about me after all. Without thinking, I pressed my hand to my cheek, and I found it still tender. Aidan must have noticed because he got out of his chair and strode over to me with two large steps.

“Does it hurt?” he asked, his voice soft.

In an instant, the stark tension dissipated.

“A little,” I admitted.

“I’m sorry he did that to you, Irina. You didn’t deserve that,” he replied. His whole demeanor had changed. The hard set of his jaw had relaxed. His piercing gaze softened as he slid a finger beneath my chin and lifted it gently. His tenderness sent tingles of sensation across my skin, and I licked my lips. His brooding stare followed the movement of my tongue until it was securely back in my mouth, which only made my core squeeze tight with desire.

“I won’t ever let him touch a single hair on that pretty head again, sweet girl,” he growled, and his eyes glinted with dark possession. For some reason, that made me feel more secure.

I didn’t know what to say, so I didn’t utter a word at all.

“Let me get you something to make it feel better,” he offered.

“Okay,” I smiled softly.

His finger slipped away from beneath my chin, and the absence of the fiery tingle of his touch left me feeling bereft. I bit the inside of my cheek to keep quiet, watching as he walked over to the freezer, opened it, and retrieved a cold pack. He wrapped it in a hand towel and strode back over to me. Gently, he pressed it against my cheek, and I sighed, the cold relieving the ache in my jaw.

“Keep that on it. You’ll feel better in no time,” he smiled, and I returned the sentiment. I didn’t know why, but my cheeks heated a little at his concern for me.

“Thank you,” I whispered. There was no sass in my voice this time, simply gratitude.

“Come now. We have to get moving,” he said, but the command in his voice

that I was used to wasn't there. Instead, it felt softer, as though he was asking me and not demanding my obedience.

My heart cracked a little at the sound.

Aidan's hand enveloped mine as he led me out of the house, into the garage, and towards his waiting car. The touch of his fingers against my skin sent a shiver of heat down my spine, and I found myself gripping his hand a bit tighter.

His sleek black car purred to life as the driver started the car. Aidan opened the door for me like the perfect gentleman, his heated gaze lingering on me for a moment before I slid inside the car and reluctantly let go of his hand. He settled into the seat beside me, and I couldn't help but shift a bit closer to him so that my thigh touched his. He didn't scold me, and I decided to stay that way. Tentatively, I reached out and brushed my fingers against his.

Once again, he took my hand in his, and my heart skipped a beat.

"Keep the cold pack against your cheek," he said gruffly, and I nodded.

The engine's rumble resonated through me as we waited for the garage door to lift. Before long, we pulled out of the garage and drove away from the townhome I'd probably never see again.

The drive took us through the heart of Boston, the city lights painting fleeting patterns on the windows as we navigated the bustling streets. Soon enough, the city gave way to the expanse of the countryside, and in another few minutes, we approached what appeared to be a private airport. The car pulled up right in front of the entrance, and Aidan climbed out, letting go of my hand just long enough for me to follow.

The cold pack wasn't cold anymore, so I left it behind. He'd been right, though. Icing it had taken the pulsing ache away.

There was no security to bother with. Aidan simply led me through the small, luxurious terminal to the back, where there was a private plane waiting for us, the engine already rumbling and ready. Aidan led me up the stairs and on board in no time at all.

I'd been on private jets before, but this one was well above the rest.

An aura of opulence enveloped every corner. Deep, rich leather couches sprawled invitingly, eclipsing the comfort of standard coach seats or even the indulgence of first-class. The caress of wood grain greeted my fingertips, each surface meticulously stained and gleaming with a newfound luster. At the plane's rear, an impressive fully stocked bar awaited.

I even saw a few bottles of Russian vodka. Had he put those there for me?

I slid into one of the seats and moved to buckle my seatbelt, but Aidan knocked my hands away and did it for me. I gave him a disgruntled look, but he ignored it.

I wanted to hate it, but my clit throbbed so hard that I almost pitched forward. Just in time, though, I managed to get ahold of myself as I pressed my sweaty palms against my thighs. Aidan smirked as if he could read my mind, but I ignored him and rolled my eyes.

For a moment, he stilled, and I held my breath, wondering what was going to happen next.

As if he'd remembered himself, he shook it off and took the seat opposite me. The plane's engine reverberated a bit louder, and then it started to move. As the jet taxied down the runway and lifted off the ground, I held my breath.

Flying always made me a little nervous, but I wasn't going to tell Aidan that.

I watched through the window as the lights of Boston grew smaller, the city fading into the distance. Below, the cityscape gave way to green countryside, and I sighed, resting my forehead against the wall of the plane.

The flight only took about an hour, but I spent much of it in my own head. Aidan had gone quiet again, his expression forever a mask of mystery.

I didn't understand him.

When we finally reached our destination, the plane landed smoothly. I moved to unbuckle my seat belt, but Aidan was already standing up to do it for me. I twisted my mouth in frustration.

I didn't need to be treated like a little kid.

"I can do it myself," I retorted. His dark glare lifted towards mine, and I

stared back at him with as much malice as I could muster.

Infuriatingly, he ignored it, but I saw that flash of dark promise in the depths of his gaze once again.

What did that mean?

I stood up and he followed me out of the plane. A subtle awareness skittered along the nape of my neck, a tingling sensation that left me keenly aware of his eyes on me. My skin prickled under the weight of his gaze, every inch of me seemingly laid bare beneath his scrutiny. With each step I took, I could feel him.

There was a private car waiting for us on the tarmac. This time, I opened the door myself, not waiting for Aidan to do it for me. I slid inside with a huff and crossed my arms over my chest.

Aidan sat down beside me, but I didn't move closer, nor did he reach out to take my hand. Thankfully, the drive to the lake house cabin was blissfully short, and I looked out the window to see what my new prison would look like.

I'm sorry—that's not a cabin. That's a fucking mansion.

The exterior exuded an air of elegance, its architecture blending seamlessly with the natural surroundings. Ivy vines clung to the stone walls, adding a touch of whimsy to the already enchanting scene. Delicate roses intertwined with cheerful daisies and vivid blue hydrangeas, making the flowerbeds burst with vibrant colors.

When the car pulled to a stop, I climbed out and strode towards the front door, not waiting for Aidan this time. The sound of gravel crunched beneath my shoes, and when I paused and listened closely, I could hear the soothing lull of the lake's gentle waves.

It's a pretty nice prison, at least...

When I found the door unlocked, I stepped inside. A grand foyer welcomed me, its high ceiling adorned with an intricately opulent crystal chandelier that cast soft light across the polished marble floors. The expansive windows that lined the walls revealed an unobstructed view of the lake's sparkling expanse.

I didn't wait for Aidan to continue my explorations. As I ventured further, each room unveiled a new layer of luxury. Ornate furniture adorned with plush cushions invited relaxation, while carefully curated art pieces decorated the walls like whispers of the past. The scent of fresh flowers permeated the air from beautiful bouquets in every room. Every corner seemed to radiate a sense of comfort and sophistication, an invitation to savor the serenity of this idyllic lakeside haven.

The living room was decorated in shades of cream and gold. Plush leather couches seemed to beckon with promises of comfort. A grand fireplace stood as the centerpiece, its thick wooden mantel carved with delicate designs. Moving through the mansion, I found a cozy library, its shelves lined with leather-bound tomes. Sunlight streamed through the windows, casting a warm glow upon the polished mahogany furniture.

Upstairs, there was an array of extravagant bedrooms. From the lavish canopy beds to the intricately embroidered curtains that billowed in the breeze, every detail seemed to have been carefully curated to create a haven of serenity.

From the first moment I stepped into the master suite, I knew it was mine.

The king-sized bed was adorned with soft linens and plush pillows. A set of French doors led to a private balcony, revealing a breathtaking view of Crystal Lake that stretched beyond the horizon.

The ensuite marble-clad bathroom was even more impressive. A deep soaking tub invited me to unwind, and I immediately decided I was going to enjoy it. There was a massive rainfall shower, complete with a mosaic of iridescent silver tiles. Expensive-looking amenities adorned the vanity, and there was even a plush robe hanging on the back of the door.

I spent the afternoon by myself, but I knew Aidan was close. My body throbbed for him as I heard him moving in the room next door. He hadn't said anything about me taking the master suite, but as I settled into the tub for a long bath, I decided I didn't care.

I deserved this.

When I was ready, I climbed out and donned the soft white robe, wandering

out onto the balcony and taking in the magnificent sight of the lake. I didn't know the specifics of where we were, but I didn't care. This place was beautiful, and I was going to enjoy it to the fullest.

Eventually, the mouthwatering aroma of a cooking dinner beckoned me downstairs to the massive chef's kitchen. Aidan was standing next to the oven, mixing something in a bowl. I slid into one of the seats at the enormous marble island, putting my elbows on the surface and my chin in my hands.

"What are you making?" I asked, needing to break the silence.

"Lasagna," he said, glancing over his shoulder with a gentle smile. The kitchen was filled with the rich aroma of simmering tomato sauce, and I watched as he expertly layered the noodles, cheese, and sauce in the baking dish. It all seemed like a symphony of flavors, and my curiosity got the best of me.

"Mind if I join in?" I asked, my tone playful.

"Sure thing, but be warned, lasagna-making is a serious business," he said with a chuckle, and the sound sent a delightful shiver down my spine.

I stepped closer, peeking into the bubbling pot of sauce. "I'm ready to learn from the master," I teased.

Aidan's eyes sparkled as he handed me a wooden spoon. "Start by stirring the sauce. Just be gentle, and don't let it stick to the bottom."

As I stirred, he guided me through the process, explaining how to season the layers and the importance of getting the cheese-to-noodle ratio just right. As we worked together, the tension between us seemed to dissipate and I allowed myself to enjoy every moment of it until it was time for our masterpiece to come out of the oven. He pressed his hands into a pair of oven mitts and took the heavy looking pan out. He cut two pieces and plated them before joining me.

When I took my first bite, the flavors danced on my palate. The layers of pasta, cheese, and sauce melded together in a tantalizing fusion of textures and tastes. Yet, even as I savored each mouthful, my thoughts were a turbulent whirlwind, torn between the growing frustration that gnawed at me and the undeniable desire that simmered just beneath the surface. Aidan's

presence next to me only intensified my internal battle, his enigmatic gaze and controlled demeanor driving me mad.

Somewhere in the middle of the meal, the strained tension between us returned, and nothing I did or said made it any better. Frustrated, I ate my dinner in a rush. When I was done, I rinsed my dish in the sink and loaded it into the dishwasher before stalking away to watch a movie in the living room.

I scrolled for a while until I settled on an American rom-com. I always enjoyed the lighthearted storylines in their movies, and this one turned out to be no different. It took my mind off this whole confusing situation at hand, for at least a little while.

You just want the hot as fuck Irishman in the other room...

When Aidan joined me a few hours later, I tried not to let his presence get to me, but it was hard. The longer he sat there next to me, the more frustrated and aroused I became. When it approached ten o'clock, he cleared his throat, grabbed the remote, and turned off the television.

"You should go to bed, Irina. It's been a long day," he said, but the tone of command had returned to his voice.

It infuriated me, and I rolled my eyes. "Whatever, *daddy*," I scoffed.

He stiffened and turned his head towards me. His jaw was clenched tight, and his eyes had turned so dark that they bordered on black.

A subtle shift seemed to ripple through the air, like a current of electricity finally finding its path. The mask of restraint he had worn for so long began to crumble. His gaze held a darkening intensity that seemed to pierce through to the very depths of my soul. There was a hunger in his eyes that mirrored the yearning that had been building within me, and I swallowed with trepidation.

Daddy...

I'd gotten to him. With that single word, I'd broken through his cool, calm restraint. Unable to help myself, I grinned with victory.

His jaw clenched and then relaxed, his shoulders easing as if a weight had

been lifted. His every pore exuded barely contained heat, like I'd finally hit the switch that changed everything. His gaze held a flicker of playful mischief, a glimmer that tugged at the corners of his lips.

“Did you touch that needy little pussy for me last night, *little girl*?”

I didn't glorify him with a response, but my body certainly did. My pussy clenched hard, and my nipples hardened into tight little bullets within my bra. Heated desire swirled within my core, building in power like a summer storm strengthening into a raging hurricane. In an instant, I could feel my arousal dripping onto the seat of my panties.

Fuck my life.

He stood, reached into his pocket, and pulled out a key.

“This is the key to your room. You may lock your door if you like, but you should know that I'll be waiting outside.”

“Why?” I asked, my voice trembling with uneasy anticipation. What was he thinking?

Aidan's eyes sparkled with a dark, mischievous glint. I narrowed my eyes in suspicion.

What was he up to?

I think you know what he's insinuating...

He cleared his throat and somehow, I knew whatever he was going to say next would take my breath away. My body tensed, as if instinctually I knew to prepare myself.

“If you want me to give you what you've been *begging* for since yesterday, all you have to do is open your door. If you need to, you can even pretend you're trying to escape so you don't have to admit to yourself that you want *my cock* even more than you need a *bright red bottom*.”

Without another word, he put the key down on the side table beside the couch, strode away, and disappeared upstairs.

I blinked in shock, just sitting there while his words repeated over and over in

my head.

What the fuck just happened?

CHAPTER 8



*J*rina

I stared at the key he'd left behind, the simple object becoming something much less innocent in a matter of moments.

"You want my cock."

Was he right?

Deep down, a part of me knew that he was, that he'd seen right through my frustration and veiled anger easily enough to figure out the source of it. My thighs pressed against one another as I imagined what it would be like to have him touch me, let alone fuck me.

My body burned with fire.

In stunned silence, I sat there for several minutes before I managed to push myself up off the couch and wrap my fingers around the key. The cold metal burned against my palm like coal from a blazing fire. As I squeezed it tight, the edges dug into my skin, and I gritted my teeth as I tried to grapple with what had just happened.

"You need a bright red bottom."

Did he really mean what I thought he meant, that I needed to be spanked?

His hands were enormous, broad, and unmistakably rugged. The memory of his calloused touch held a tantalizing allure. Would it hurt if he smacked my ass? Would I like it, or would I want to claw his eyes out the moment it made contact?

Why did my pussy clench at the thought?

Even as I struggled to contend with this unexpected change, my body surged with heat. I felt too hot in the leggings and form fitting tank top I'd put on this morning. My breasts ached with desire, and my nipples were so hard that they hurt. My clit had been throbbing relentlessly since he'd come into the room, and it hadn't stopped. Truthfully, it had only gotten worse in his presence. I knew that my panties were really wet, so much so that I'd soaked through the thin material of my pants.

You're a fucking traitor, pussy.

I tried my best to ignore it all as I stomped upstairs to my bedroom with the key firmly gripped in my palm. I slammed the door behind me and locked it, but I turned back and gritted my teeth as I stared at it.

Would he really be waiting outside my door?

You know he will.

Thus far, Aidan had proven to be a man of his word. Even though he'd been the king of mixed signals, I'd seen the look in his eyes. I'd finally gotten the answer I wanted.

He wanted me. *Badly.*

I tried to take my mind off it by changing into a pair of pajamas and washing my face, but nothing I did quelled the heat rampaging inside me with wild abandon. Even the soft fabric of my pajama top and bottoms seemed like too much, but they clung to my body and made me feel sexy enough to want to keep them on.

You want him to look at you like that again, don't you?

I paced back and forth, struggling internally with my indecision for what felt like hours, but when I looked at the bedside clock, it had only been about

thirty minutes. My body blazed hotter, and before I knew it, my curiosity got the best of me.

I *needed* to see if he was out there, or if he'd changed his mind, or if he just wanted to make a fool of me.

The door creaked open under my tentative push, and for a moment, hope soared within me. The soft light spilled into the corridor, casting a soft glow on the hardwood floor outside my room.

My heart skipped a beat as I locked eyes with him. Wearing only a pair of black slacks clasped with a black leather belt, he was the epitome of chiseled masculinity as he leaned against the doorframe of his bedroom across the hall.

I took a long moment to enjoy the decadent sight of him.

The contours of his muscles were etched with precision, every sinew and curve a testament to his strength. His broad shoulders tapered down to a defined waist, the rhythmic rise and fall of his chest a mesmerizing display of power and grace. The play of light and shadow danced over his sculpted, tattooed torso, accentuating the ridges of his abdominal muscles and the lines that traced his hips. As he stood there, the fabric of his sweatpants clung to him, hinting at the raw magnetism that pulsed beneath the surface. The sight of him revealed a potent blend of charisma and masculine confidence that held me spellbound.

The air crackled with a tension that left no room for doubt. His lips were impossibly inviting, a intoxicating blend of temptation and seduction. His eyes held a dark intensity, a promise of forbidden desires that sent a thrilling shiver down my spine.

A very deep part of me wanted to find out what those desires were.

“I thought you might make it until midnight, at least. You’re a very needy girl, aren’t you?” he purred, his every syllable vibrating down my spine.

His gaze swept over me, igniting a trail of heat that traced my every curve. His eyes held a predatory glint, raking up and down my form with a dark, seductive intensity that left me breathless.

“Fuck you...” I blurted out, letting my anger, frustration, and arousal get the best of me.

I couldn't help it. It was as if he could read me like a book, could see the secrets hidden beneath my skin, and I couldn't take it. I wasn't used to being so out of my element, so I didn't know what to do or say.

“Tell me what you need, princess,” he demanded. His voice held no traces of anger and frustration, unlike mine. Instead, he radiated cool, steadfast confidence, forever calm no matter what came out of my mouth.

Annoyed, I snarled, stomped my foot against the floor, and slammed the door. I pushed my back against it and scowled. His cockiness was exasperating.

Then why is it making your needy little pussy so wet?

I started pacing again, walking back and forth as I resisted the urge to open the door and tell him exactly what I thought. But to be honest, I didn't really know what to think. On one hand, I was maddeningly aroused, and on the other, I was furious about it. I stared at the clock, watching minute after minute tick by so slowly it was as if time itself had come to a stop.

My heated arousal only grew worse. My nipples pulsed with need, and my core spiraled so tight that my belly started cramping. In a fit to cool myself down, I threw open the French doors, craving the cool touch of the outside air against my flushed skin. The breeze swept over me like a soothing caress, carrying with it the earthy scent of pine and the distant whispers of the lake.

It felt good, but only for so long. Eventually, the building desire in me reached a boiling point. Determined to hold out, I stayed out on the balcony for a long while until it all became too much, and I rushed back inside.

It was one in the morning.

I retreated long enough to prove a point, right?

I crept back towards the door, laying my forehead against it. Heat spiraled through my veins, and my pussy clenched hard.

I *did* want his cock. I wanted everything those dark eyes promised, and I

wanted it tonight.

With a deep breath, I reached for the doorknob and paused. What if he'd left? What if he'd tired of my strong will and given up on me?

I held my breath as my eyes jerked up, searching for him, and I breathed a sigh of relief. He was still there in all his chiseled glory, and for a moment, I allowed myself the decadent sin of feasting on the sight of him for a second time that day.

"Impressive, little girl," he said with a knowing smirk.

"Can't you just fuck me without being such an asshole about it?" I asked, sneering at his arrogance while trying to control the rampant arousal racing through my veins.

"I could, but we both know that you wouldn't come as hard for me," he answered, his cocky grin growing wider.

"You're such a fucking bastard!" I exclaimed.

"I know, but that's what makes your pussy so wet, doesn't it?" he mused, his gaze penetrating my own with dark intensity. I gritted my teeth and moved back into my doorway. While keeping his knowing stare locked with mine, I slammed the door in his face once again.

With an exasperated shriek, I smashed my back against the solid door, a deliberate attempt to use it as an anchor as I battled with myself over whether to open it again and give into that cocky, infuriatingly sexy arrogance. Every fiber of my being longed to bridge the gap, to surrender to the desire that simmered beneath my heated skin and just give into him. Yet with a determined exhale, I clenched my fists, resisting the urge to cross the threshold and succumb to his intoxicating magnetism once and for all.

I only made it fifteen minutes.

A strong surge of need overcame my fizzling resolve. I held on as long as I possibly could, but it was too much. With a trembling hand, I reached out and turned the doorknob, the faint clicks seemingly announcing my reluctant surrender. I pushed and the door swung open. There he stood, still waiting for me just like I had known he would be.

“Congratulations. You win, asshole,” I spat, needing him to know that even though I’d decided to give into my body’s needs, I hadn’t surrendered to him. This would just be sex, at least that’s what I kept telling myself. It would be nothing more than that.

“You need a good hard fucking, don’t you, little girl?”

I needed to take back some sliver of control, so instead of swearing at him or insulting him, I said the only thing that had gotten to him since I’d met him two days ago.

“Yes, *daddy*,” I replied, my voice dripping with sarcasm.

The same dark glimmer that I’d seen before burned in his gaze with vivid intensity. His eyes bored into mine, searching down into the depths of my soul and sending a shiver down my spine. Just meeting his gaze incapacitated me in a way I didn’t understand. Time seemed to stand still as we stared into each other’s eyes. In the charged silence that enveloped us, it was clear that neither of us was willing to yield first in this battle of wills. Our eyes remained locked in a fierce standoff, sparks flying in a clash of desire and restraint.

“I *fucking love* the sound of that,” he growled, his voice rampant with his own desire.

The sound of it reverberated all the way down to the pit of my core, and I let out a soft moan of arousal. Immediately, I covered it up with a sneer. The truth was I *liked* calling him that too, but I was never going to admit it, especially not right now.

I was in over my head. I needed to pump the brakes, retreat back into my room, and press my fingers between my thighs. It would be better for both of us that way. If I was honest with myself, though, that’s not what I wanted, and that’s not what I did.

Instead, I pushed him harder.

“You would, *dickhead*,” I snapped.

He grinned wider, my insult glancing off of him without a single effect. His calm demeanor was maddening.

“You should know that little girls with mouths like yours get spanked hard before they’re fucked even harder,” he replied, his confidence cool as a cucumber.

A strangled cry escaped me, and I glared back at him with as much open defiance as I could muster. I was already practically begging for him to fuck me. Wasn’t that enough for him? Why did he have to threaten to spank me, too?

Even as we stood there locked together in a tense standoff, I could feel the heat between us. My clit pulsed incessantly harder, like it was begging him to take me in hand despite the war going on in my head. Did I want him to? Did I not?

I stiffened and lifted my chin. I wasn’t going to give into him on this. He could fuck me, and that was it.

“Don’t you dare. I don’t want a spanking,” I scoffed.

“I know. That’s why my cock is so hard.”

His penetrating gaze held a darkness that sent a thrill of anxious anticipation down my spine. The weight of his stare seemed to insinuate a silent promise, a forewarning that he was poised to seize control at any given moment. Those smoldering depths gave way to a knowing smirk, and I realized that we had reached a breaking point.

It was now or never.

My heart raced as I took a step back, my initial instinct to retreat and regain my composure overcoming my desire in an instant. I reached for the door handle, my fingers trembling with a mix of expectation and apprehension, but he didn’t allow me to escape again.

In a few powerful strides, he was there, his hand effortlessly catching the door before it could close. The mere act of his presence, of him not allowing me to run, sent a shiver down my spine, and I cried out in aroused alarm.

The hallway suddenly felt constricted, his towering form commanding every inch of space. The doorway framed his silhouette, and in that moment, my heart seemed to echo the rhythm of my rapid breaths. His eyes bored into

mine with a fusion of determination and something else, something that stirred with both longing and dark intent.

In that heart-stopping moment, his gaze held mine captive, the intensity of his stare igniting an inferno of emotions within me. A myriad of thoughts raced through my mind, a whirlwind of nervousness and anticipation that seemed to pulse through my veins with every beat of my heart. And then, he was stepping over the threshold, his presence a tidal wave that threatened to consume my senses completely.

Without pause, he reached out and his fingers found mine, a touch that was both firm and tender, sending a shockwave of sensation through my entire being. It was a bold move, a declaration of intent that sent my nerves into a flurry.

Before I could fully grasp his intentions, his grip on my hand tightened, his fingers lacing with mine. With a single, fluid motion, he drew me closer, and before I could protest or resist, my back was pressed against the cool surface of the wall. The proximity was electrifying, his presence enveloping me in a heady fog that left my heart racing and my breath hitched.

Time seemed to stretch, and in that suspended moment, his dark eyes bored into mine, a storm of emotions swirling within their depths. Then, with a silent intensity that left no room for doubt, Aidan's lips descended upon mine, capturing me in a devastating kiss that left my senses fraying at the seams.

The world around us seemed to fade into insignificance, and all that remained was the taste of him, the heat of his body pressed against mine, and the sheer, unadulterated ecstasy of finally succumbing to a longing that had been building between us from the very beginning.

It was a kiss born of desire and restraint, a dance of fire and ice that left me utterly breathless.

His mouth moved against mine with a practiced fervor, a tantalizing rhythm that held me captive and set my body ablaze.

Time ceased to exist as his kiss deepened, and all that mattered was the intoxicating taste of his lips and the undeniable truth that in this moment,

everything had changed.

It was the kiss I'd been wanting all along.

As Aidan's lips reluctantly parted from mine, a surge of longing coursed through my veins, leaving me dazed and breathless. The taste of his kiss still lingered on my lips, a heady mix of urgency and tenderness that had ignited a fiery blaze within me.

Before I could do anything to stop him, his strong hands found my wrists and pinned them effortlessly above my head against the wall. The electricity of his touch sent a jolt of excitement coursing through me, my heart racing as his closeness enveloped me.

The subtle pressure of his grasp was a blatant declaration of him taking control. His grip was just hard enough to hold me captive, but not so much that it hurt. In that moment, I was acutely aware of his every breath, his every movement, of his body pressing against mine. I realized then that I could feel the hard line of his cock against my belly.

"What are you doing?" I whispered breathily, feeling as though I was grasping at the air as I tried to string a series of words together well enough to form a sentence.

"Taking what you want me to take, sassy girl," he growled, and my core turned molten in an instant. If he hadn't been holding me, I feared that my legs would have given out beneath me.

"I don't know what you mean," I lied, and he chuckled softly.

"Naughty little liars get their bare bottoms spanked," he purred, and my core squeezed so tight that my hips unconsciously rocked towards him. With his body flush against mine, he could feel every shamefully revealing moment of my desire, and his dark grin echoed with his victory.

"I don't want..."

"You're going to take it like a good girl if you want your fucking," he rumbled, and my pussy clenched so hard that my hips bucked against him once more.

In a fluid motion, he spun me around, my chest now pressing against the cool surface of the wall. The world seemed to shift, the air charged with a potent energy that enveloped both of us. The sensation of the wall against the front of my body was a stark contrast to the heat that radiated from his presence behind me. His solid form pressed against my back, his warmth seeping through the thin fabric that separated us.

His fingers curled around the waistband of my pajama bottoms, the only momentary notice he gave me before he yanked them down. Cool air wafted over my panty-clad backside, and I gasped with aroused alarm. My clit throbbed like a drum between my thighs, and a soft, barely strangled moan fell off my freshly kissed lips before I could stop it.

His palm smoothed over my left cheek, following the lacey edges as his touch left an electrifying trail of desire in its wake. My breathing turned ragged, and I couldn't help but push back as he explored my flesh. The journey of his fingertips was slow and steady and intoxicatingly addictive, so much so that I found I was thoroughly enjoying myself.

I was so caught up in the fiery sensation of his touch that I wasn't prepared for his fingers to curl into the waistband of my panties. I hardly realized what was happening before it was too late.

Very slowly, he started to peel my panties down, baring my backside inch by inch. I could feel his eyes on me as the fabric scraped along my skin. Time seemed to stand still, and it took everything in me not to push back and rub myself against his rock-hard cock.

It was only once my panties were all the way down that a realization hit me.

My bottom was bare, utterly and completely bare, in front of the man who had kidnapped me and was holding me captive despite the pretty language he'd used to conceal it, and the worst part of it all was that I didn't hate it. I wanted to, but my body pulsed with a surging desire for more.

"Fucking perfect," he growled.

"Aidan," I breathed.

"It's *Daddy* when your bottom is bare and about to be spanked, princess," he chided.

“But... but...” I stammered, but a loud smack reverberated off the walls, and it took a long moment for me to realize that he’d spanked my left ass cheek. The sound of it was deafening, like a gunshot had gone off inside my bedroom, yet my shock buzzed even more noisily inside my head.

He’d *spanked* me.

Actually, fucking spanked me.

I struggled against the wall, trying to push back against his hold, but I didn’t budge. His strength was no match for me, overpowering me with embarrassing ease. Then, his hand smacked the right side of my ass, and a quiet yelp escaped me.

It was on the second strike that the sting finally hit me.

It was like getting stung by a bee, but only a thousand times worse. It was everywhere all at once, a billion little stinging pinpricks written into my bare flesh by nothing other than his palm, and I bit my lip, trying to keep quiet even as my pussy pulsed like a wild, traitorous little demon. The burn spread across both cheeks, and I tried my best to keep my head held high.

I was getting my bare bottom spanked like a naughty little girl.

“Daddy, *please!*”

“It makes my cock so much harder when you beg for me,” he growled. He shifted and the line of his body pressed against my side, including the iron rod of his cock against my hip. My pussy clenched hard at the feel of it, and I couldn’t help but unconsciously grind myself against it.

Calling him Daddy felt so unbelievably taboo. It left me feeling wild and untamed and impossibly turned on, so much so I couldn’t imagine calling him anything else in that moment. It felt wrong and wicked for all the right reasons, and so incredibly perfect.

“*Daddy!*” I gasped.

His hand slapped against my ass again.

“Daddy’s going to spank this naughty ass bright, *bright* red,” he declared, and as much as that made me nervous, it aroused me so much that I couldn’t see

this happening any other way. I wanted to loathe every second of it, but as much as I tried, it seemed pointless.

My pussy certainly wanted it.

“Fuck you, Daddy!” I blurted out, trying to keep some semblance of control.

Fat chance. You’re the one with your ass bared, about to get the first real spanking of your life. He’s the one in control, and you know it. That’s why your pussy is so fucking wet.

“I’m going to enjoy every second of this,” he growled.

My heart hammered with nervous excitement in my chest.

“I’m not,” I lied, which only elicited an even darker chuckle to fall of his lips.

“Good,” he purred.

That single syllable reached down into the black depths of my soul and set it aflame. I stiffened, and his palm spanked my left ass cheek again.

It stung, but when his hand started to rain down on every square inch of my bare backside, I realized that the real spanking hadn’t even started.

Until now.

The first few smacks had been nothing more than a warmup. He spanked me much harder and much faster, taking care to punish all of my flesh as thoroughly as he possibly could. I cried out, the sting radiating more fiercely now. I started to fight against him, but he held me in place with almost no effort at all.

I bit my lip, vowing to myself to keep quiet, but even I knew I was lying to myself. I’d only be able to keep it up for so long. It didn’t matter about a silly vow. I would eventually succumb to his searing palm before I knew it.

I tried to stay strong. I told myself I could take it.

It’s only a spanking, right?

His hand scalded my backside, over and over again, and I easily lost count. The overwhelming sting took over my every waking thought, burning hotter

and hotter. My bottom bounced beneath his palm, and I tried to tighten my cheeks, hoping it would hurt less.

It didn't do anything to quell the pain at all, not even a tiny bit.

The searing burn simmered across my backside as he punished every square inch of it. The sting compounded on itself, growing more and more intense with every passing moment.

"I won't lie again!" I tried.

"I'm going to make sure of that," he replied, his tone darkly amused by my chagrin.

I didn't know it was possible for the spanking to get harder, but it did. His palm lit into the upper expanse of my cheeks, continued down to the fullest part, and then went past the juncture where my ass met my thighs. His hand burned its mark into my bare flesh, painting me in stinging flames over and over until I thought I'd had enough, and then he pushed me that much further.

"Please, Daddy! It hurts!" I shrieked.

"It's supposed to, naughty girl," he purred.

His hand peppered my bare bottom that much faster. A particularly hard strike forced an involuntary whimper to fly off my lips before I could manage to stop it.

"Please! Stop! I've learned my lesson," I tried.

"What lesson is that?" he rumbled, the seductive tone of his voice making my pussy squeeze tight with arousal.

"That you're an asshole," I spat. I didn't know why I continued to push him. Maybe it was foolish or maybe I was just baiting him because my pussy was soaking wet and needy for all of this.

Deep down though, I knew the answer.

I *wanted* this.

I wanted him to spank me harder.

I wanted him to take control.

I wanted him to *force* my surrender and claim every part of me in the way that no man other than him ever could.

I wanted it all.

“Oh, princess. You’re going to regret that,” he purred. The sound rolled down my spine, and I arched my back, feeling every word drip through me like molten honey.

He spanked me faster, each swat hard enough to punish deep into my flesh. The pain wound through each muscle fiber, worked further and deeper until it curled into my core. A surge of intense desire warred with the pain, and suddenly, a part of me seemed to sink into acquiescence.

The first moment of that scared me, and I pulled back.

My fight renewed. I struggled against his hold, but his palm seared into my ass each and every time despite my resistance. The sting had grown to overwhelming proportions, and I cried out.

“Please, Daddy,” I tried again. I had learned a quick lesson. My stabbing insult had only resulted in a much harsher punishment, and the more I fought him, the more he sought out to teach me an even bigger one.

He’s in control, not you.

My clit throbbed in tune with my head, and I cried out. I suffered through the delicious pain, writhing and moaning and yelping with each hard smack of his palm.

“Please stop,” I begged.

He didn’t, but I had known he wouldn’t.

“I’ll be good,” I promised.

“Don’t lie to me, princess,” he murmured, and my hips bucked hard. Each delectable syllable wove through me, and my legs started to tremble.

I gritted my teeth and took the next volley of spanks in stride. Then, as if he was using his hand to break through my defenses, he scalded my upper thighs

exclusively, and I whined and started whimpering my apologies.

“I’m sorry, Daddy! I won’t lie again.”

The spanking continued and I didn’t know how much longer I could last. Maybe this was all foreplay? Maybe it made his cock hard to spank a girl like this before he fucked her?

I changed tactics.

“Please give me your cock, Daddy,” I begged.

“This pretty little ass isn’t nearly red enough,” he replied, his tone dark and seductive, and I hated myself for loving every second of it.

What is wrong with you?

This was supposed to be a punishment. Why was I enjoying myself?

For what seemed like an eternity, his hand branded my naked backside. I suffered at the edges of pleasure and pain, not knowing which held more power. My scalded ass burned under the searing mark of his palm, and a stark realization hit me.

The spanking was only going to stop when he decided it should. No amount of begging or pleading was going to end this before he thought it should end.

My eyes watered and I squeezed them shut. I was on the verge of tears, and I helplessly wondered how much longer this spanking was going to last.

I realized it didn’t matter. For some inexplicable reason, I trusted Aidan, and I knew instinctually that he wouldn’t give me more than I could take. If he wanted me to cry, that was his decision.

I started to sink into my surrender, and it was beautiful.

“Please fuck me, Daddy,” I whimpered, my voice revealing every ounce of emotion that was billowing through me. It trembled with a mixture of vulnerability and desire, a subtle quiver betraying the submission that echoed within me.

Aidan spanked my ass hard several more times before he paused and rested his ruthless palm against my burning flesh. I welcomed the gentle feel of it,

knowing it could be hard as steel, or soft and tender.

I loved both.

For a long moment, I just breathed, languishing in the blazing burn that encapsulated my backside before I focused on the molten heat between my thighs.

I wasn't just a little wet. I was absolutely soaked.

My mind and my body were in juxtaposition, a crisis of need that battled for supremacy, and I didn't know which one would win. As if my body wanted to rub it in, a single drop of arousal careened down my inner thigh. The cool chill that followed that single droplet made me shiver with need.

"Your ass is even more perfect bright red," he drawled, and my breath hitched in the back of my throat. His voice held me hypnotized, and I wavered back and forth with losing my dignified composure.

His presence enveloped me like a heady, intoxicating haze, each breath I took saturated with the essence of him. The scent of his cologne mingled with the subtle undertones of his natural musk created an irresistible cocktail that had me feeling as if I were drunk off his essence. His touch, both soft and deliberate, sent shivers cascading down my spine. It was as if his very being held the power to unearth every hidden facet of my desires, igniting a wildfire of sensations that left me teetering on the edge of something thrilling and unknown.

His fingertips trailed across my scalded flesh, exploring me inch by inch until he had his fill. His fingers dipped lower, cascading across the lower curve of my bottom, and lingering against the outer fringes of my thighs. When his touch drew dangerously close to the juncture in between my legs, I gasped, long past my ability to keep myself quiet.

"Daddy, *please...*"

I wasn't begging him to stop anymore. I was begging him to fuck me with every fiber of my being. I arched my back and lifted my burning bottom, seeking out his touch as he lazily surveyed my flesh with his fingertips.

"Tell me what you need, princess," he commanded.

“I need your cock, Daddy,” I whispered, the heat unmistakable in my words.

Every inch of my body seemed to pulse with an unquenchable fire, desire coursing through my veins like liquid heat. Molten sensation spread from my core. My skin felt electrified, each nerve ending ablaze with a yearning that seemed to intensify with every passing second. My blood boiled with powerful desire, as if a fuse had ignited and set off an inferno of need that consumed me.

“It’s time Daddy gave you what you truly need, babygirl.”

CHAPTER 9



*J*rina

Time seemed to stretch into an eternity as I held my breath, every fiber of my being attuned to Aidan's slightest movement. My heart pounded in rhythm with the unspoken anticipation that hung in the air, each heartbeat echoing the yearning that pulsed within me.

You're going to get that needy little pussy fucked good and hard.

Each second felt like an eternity, a suspended moment of exquisite torture as I held my breath, my entire existence focused on the promise that lingered between us. It was as if the universe had paused, aligning itself with the desires that reverberated between us, and in that breathless interval, I could feel the imminent collision coming between us.

Deep down, I knew it was going to be glorious.

With a deliberate, gentle tenderness, Aidan's grip on my wrists loosened, releasing me from his firm hold. Slowly, almost reverently, he guided me to turn, his touch leading me like a dance partner. As I faced him, our gazes locked, and in that fleeting moment, it was as if the world had fallen away, leaving only the two of us suspended in a universe of shared desire.

With a feather-light touch, he slipped a single finger beneath my chin and lifted my gaze to meet his, the intensity of his eyes capturing me in a

hypnotic trance. Without needing to say anything at all, his lips brushed against mine in a soft, lingering kiss. It was a stark contrast to his earlier kiss, a delicate exploration of my lips that left me breathless and yearning for more even as my heart raced with anxious anticipation for what was to come.

He didn't leave me waiting for long.

My breath caught in my throat as I watched him. His fingers deftly unbuckled his belt, the soft metallic jingle echoing in the air like an unspoken promise. Unhurriedly, he unfastened the button of his slacks, and the fabric fell away to reveal the tantalizing hint of taut muscles beneath. The air seemed to thicken with a heady anticipation, my heart pounding in rhythm with the deliberate unveiling of his form.

It was a heady, intoxicating sensation. Aidan was going to be the greatest addiction of my life. There would be no recovery from this.

You're only going to fall deeper.

He pushed his slacks down his waist and stepped out of them. Clad in nothing but black boxer briefs, I couldn't help but admire his form. The tented line of his cock was obvious beneath the dark fabric, and my mouth went dry.

He looked like a fucking god.

Slowly, as if he was prolonging the moment, he freed his cock, and it was just as glorious as I thought it would be. It was rigidly erect for me, long and thick and throbbing with his desire. The shaft was a dark tinted red, flushed with blood as he leaned over me.

I couldn't take my eyes off it.

Truthfully, it was a monstrosity that I wasn't prepared for. I'd never seen a cock up close, and my pussy clenched hard. I had no idea how it was going to fit inside me. My body couldn't possibly take a cock that big. Surely it would split me into two.

"Don't worry, princess. Daddy's got you," he murmured. My uneasiness must have been written all over my face.

"I've never..."

“I know, sweet girl. I’ve known since the moment I threw you over my shoulder,” he answered.

He leaned over me, and his finger traced the line of my cheek, a feather-light touch that sent a shiver of electricity through me. With a tenderness that dissolved my anxiousness, his lips met mine in a gentle, reassuring kiss. In that fleeting moment, all of my apprehension seemed to melt away and I found myself releasing a long breath.

“Put your arms around my neck,” he commanded.

“Yes, Daddy,” I breathed.

As my arms encircled his shoulders, a surge of exhilaration coursed through me. He effortlessly lifted me off the ground, my back meeting the cool surface of the wall with a soft thud. The world seemed to narrow to the intoxicating point of contact between our bodies, his firm hold pinning me against the wall, and I gasped as his cock brushed against my inner thigh.

The proximity of his cock drove me insane with need. His hard length was like a red-hot iron spike against my flesh, thick and full of promise. My pussy convulsed, nervous and anxious and excited all at the same time. My clit pulsed, wanting to seek out his hot flesh against mine, but he didn’t allow that yet.

My breathing turned to ragged pants as I lost control of my body. My hips rocked forward, seeking out the head of his cock.

Instead of giving me what I wanted, he pulled back just far enough for the thick shaft to brush against my clit, and I shivered with need.

“Aidan,” I whined.

“Daddy,” he corrected. His fingers slid along the length of my chin, and his thumb grazed my cheek, rubbing along my lower lip a bit more roughly. My breath hitched in the back of my throat, and I gave him a world class pout. His mouth curved up in a subtle smirk, and he shook his head.

“Patience, princess. The longer I make you wait, the harder you’re going to come for me,” he chided.

I pouted a bit harder, and he leaned in, kissing me and nipping my lower lip with his teeth hard enough to hurt just a little bit, and I yelped softly. His smirk grew wider, and his pelvis hiked forward, just enough that my clit grazed against the blazing heat of his cock.

My needy bud throbbed hard enough to make me gasp.

“I need—” I began, but he cut me off with a savagely hard kiss. Gone was the gentle man, and a rugged brute had taken his place. I loved every second of it, and I was kissing him back with just as much fervor. He groaned and the sound surged through me like a lightning bolt.

He slid his hips back and forth, slowly dragging the length of his cock against my clit, and it was so delicious that I found myself unable to stay still. Without conscious thought, I bucked my hips back and forth.

“You’re going to come for me before my cock ever goes inside you, princess, and I’m going to enjoy watching every second of it,” he breathed, and my core squeezed so tight that it felt like the air had been pressed right out of my lungs.

Gradually, he moved faster, and so did I, grinding myself against the rigid flesh of his shaft. My hips rolled over and over as he pinned me against the wall, holding me there and making me feel weightless as the taste of him still radiated across my tongue.

I wrapped my arms around his shoulders tighter.

My pussy burned with need, and any semblance of control I had over my own body flew out the window as he leaned in towards me. His lips brushed against the tiny hairs of my ears, and he opened his mouth, sliding his tongue along the length of my earlobe.

“Come for me like a good girl,” he commanded.

As if his voice had a lifeline straight to my core, my body obeyed in moments. A great billowing wave of pleasure slammed into me, and I arched back, pressing against the wall and him just to stay grounded. But I could only fight the rapids for so long. Soon enough, the fiery passion swept through me with wild abandon.

My toes curled and my fingers dug into his back as my pleasure reached a blazing crescendo, throwing me high up into the sky and leaving me to free fall on my way back down. Exquisite bliss rained all over me, electric sensation coursing up and down my limbs without any sense of reason. A scream swelled in the center of my chest, and there was no keeping it back.

I didn't even try. It started as a strangled moan, but quickly transformed into a fully-fledged scream that burned at the back of my throat. It was like I was exploding from the inside out, and I couldn't get ahold of any semblance of control no matter how hard I tried.

By the time my passionate euphoria crested and started to fade, my breathing had turned ragged, and my heart was beating like a drum in my chest. I rested the back of my head against the wall and simply focused on drawing in air.

"You came so *beautifully* for me," he whispered.

Heat rushed to my cheeks as I felt Aidan's gaze linger on me, his eyes rapt with attention. His knowing smirk only deepened my blush. In that instant, it was as if he could read the very thoughts flickering across my mind, and the intimate connection between us made the flush of shame all the more potent.

It made my pussy even wetter.

"No one has ever..."

"It makes me very hard to know I'm the first man that has ever seen you come. Feel how hard you make me. That's *you*, babygirl," he growled.

"I can feel it, Daddy," I whispered, blushing harder with my shame.

His hips pulled back, dragging his heated flesh along my pulsing clit, and I flinched, crying out as a wave of intense sensation slammed into me. My palm pushed against his shoulder, but he easily wrangled his fingers around my wrist and pinned it above my head.

"I'm far from through with you, princess. You're going to come a great deal more for me before I'm done," he threatened.

"But I..."

"I know you're sensitive, sassy girl. But I know you're going to take it like a

good girl, aren't you?"

"Yes, Daddy," I breathed, my body feeling as though it had literally caught flame. I met his smoldering gaze head-on, the intensity of it sending a jolt of electricity through me. His eyes held a promise, a silent invitation that left my heart racing and my breath catching, igniting a fire within me that refused to be contained.

He drew his hips back and forth, forcing me past that sensitive wall and teasing me until I was breathless with want. My hips bucked, and a stark realization hit me. I was approaching the edge of another orgasm, so quickly in fact that if he kept moving his hips like this, I was going to break apart in mere seconds.

I almost didn't believe it. I'd never come more than once in my life before, but I had a feeling that it wasn't ever going to be a problem for Aidan.

He knows what he's doing.

With heated diligence, he worked my needy little clit until I was just on the edge before he stilled. A visceral wall of denial slammed into me, and I cried out, taken aback by the strength of the flaring sensation before it quelled, and my body hummed with unreleased desire. Helpless against him, I suffered as he teased me to the edge and back again countless times, so much so that my skin was crawling with electricity by the time he jerked his hips back and adjusted himself so that the head of his cock was just brushing against my entrance.

"This next part is going to hurt a little bit, sweet girl, but Daddy is going to take care of you," he rumbled, and I nodded.

Aidan Murphy was going to take my virginity. As much as I knew about the anatomy of my body, I didn't feel prepared for this, nor did I feel that I would ever be, so I curled myself around him and leaned on him for support.

With no further warning, his hips shot forward like a piston, and his cock pierced into my entrance like a spear, aided by my copious wetness. The burning stretch paled compared to the brutal, tearing pain that radiated through me, pulsing hot and sharp for several long moments. I cried out, my sounds desperate, and his lips possessed mine with savage fervor. With his

kiss he swallowed my screams until the agony started to fade away. After a while longer, it had quelled entirely, only to be replaced with the buzzing desire he'd built up in me before he'd broken through my virgin barrier.

“When you're ready, all you need to do is ask Daddy for the fucking you need, and I'll give it to you, princess,” he breathed.

Locked in his boiling gaze, an unspoken current passed between us, crackling with a fervor that defied explanation. The weight of his stare was almost tangible, a force that pulled me in and held me captive, drowning out everything around us. In that charged moment, it was as if time itself had stilled, leaving my heart racing and my senses ablaze with a delicious desire.

Even though the pain from my initial taking had faded, that didn't mean that his cock inside me didn't hurt. The burning strength of his thick girth spread me wide open, and I whimpered softly. It felt as though I was suspended on top of his cock. Soon enough, it became difficult to stay still, and I knew I needed to utter the words he wanted to hear.

I had a feeling that it was going to hurt much more when he started to fuck me, but I didn't care.

You're going to come much harder because of it, you little slut.

“Please, Daddy. Please fuck me,” I whispered, my words causing my face to heat even further, and he chuckled darkly.

“I could feel your pussy clenching around me with every word, naughty girl. You need Daddy's cock, don't you?”

A cocktail of shame and desire swirled within me, the telltale warmth of my rampant blushing creeping up to stain my cheeks bright red. His penetrating gaze seemed to lay bare every hidden facet of my being, and I found myself simultaneously yearning for and recoiling from the raw intensity of his scrutiny.

“Yes, Daddy,” I admitted with a hushed whisper.

Slowly, he drew his hips back and pushed them forward. Each movement renewed the ache deep inside, and I whimpered quietly, but I didn't want him to stop. I needed him to keep going. His eyes probed mine, searching for any

hint that I wanted this to end.

“Fuck me, Daddy,” I pleaded. I squeezed my arms tighter around his shoulders and rocked my hips a little, intentionally taking him a bit deeper. I gasped, realizing that his cock may be inside me, but I’d yet to take all of it.

My clit throbbed with passionate need.

“Hold on princess. Daddy’s going to give you what you need,” he murmured, his voice raspy with his own desire.

He speared into me with deliberate slowness, forcing his big cock inside me inch by inch. With intention, he gradually picked up the pace, the friction of his thick length driving me wild with passionate desire.

His cock was massive. My inner walls squeezed around him, trying to take him all and drive him out at the exact same time. My body struggled to conform to his size, his thrusts painfully stretching me open wider and wider.

His pelvis ground against my clit, and as he moved faster and faster, I could feel myself rushing towards the edge of no return. With a shameful moan, I rocked my hips back and forth as he drove into me, deeper and deeper until my entire body was taut like a rubber band ready to snap at any moment.

I whimpered, struggling to keep myself together, but his next words pushed me over the edge whether I wanted it or not.

“Come for Daddy. Let me feel you squeeze my cock,” he growled, his rumbling words driving down into the very pit of my soul.

In an instant, lights flashed before my eyes, and my body tipped over the edge of a cliff, falling straight into the most powerful orgasm I’d ever had in my life. My inner walls clamped down around him, and he roared, the sound savage and sexy and altogether perfect.

“*Oh!* Daddy!” I screamed.

In a violent crescendo, my orgasm ripped through me with savage force. My blood boiled as pleasure raced through every inch of me. I dug my nails into his back, trying to hold on for dear life. My knees squeezed around his waist.

He lost control of his steady pace, fucking me harder and faster with every

moment. Each thrust hurt, but it was a double-edged sword of pleasure and pain driving into me with every single one. Bright lights danced in my field of view, forcing me to squeeze my eyes shut. My head flew backwards and suddenly his palm was cupping the back of my scalp, stopping me from hitting the wall.

The sweetness of that single moment wasn't lost on me.

Every muscle in my body stiffened as my pleasure crested with ruthless force, tossing me around in a brutal riptide of ecstasy that left my throat hoarse from screaming and my body trembling.

When I finally came down from that second climax, I realized that he hadn't stopped. He wasn't even slowing down. His pelvis ground against my clit, and I whimpered, feeling that same familiar sensation racing through me. I cried out, but he ignored me, choosing to fuck me even harder instead.

He drove his cock into me like a savage beast, and I took every long inch like I was made for it.

Before I knew what was happening, I was approaching the edge of a cliff once more, my entire body taut like a thread stretched tight. Slowly, I could feel each fiber fraying, and I knew it wouldn't be long until I came for a third time.

Every nerve in my body was humming with electricity, ready to explode at any moment. Desire surged within me, a torrential wave that swept away all semblance of self-control. With each heartbeat, the pull grew stronger, an irresistible force that consumed my every waking thought and left me teetering on the edge of surrender. It was as if a wildfire had been ignited, raging through my veins, and setting every nerve ending ablaze with an intensity that defied reason.

I could feel the reins of restraint slipping through my fingers, the floodgates opening wide. Every inch of my being seemed to pulse with an urgency that left me gasping for breath, my senses intoxicated by the heady cocktail of his fucking. It was a battle between reason and primal need that sent my heart racing and my body aching for a release that only he could provide.

I gave in.

My third orgasm slammed into me like a tidal wave, sweeping me off my feet and taking me along for a brutally hard ride. Every nerve in my body ignited in the same moment, blinding me with exquisite ecstasy that was both painful and pleasurable in the same breath. Delicious agony pierced through my soul as I rode out wave after wave of consuming bliss. I screamed, holding onto him for dear life.

My inner wall spasmed around him, and he roared, the sound ferally savage. I wound my arms around him even tighter, holding on as his thrusts turned ruthlessly brutal. Every one hurt and drove my orgasm even higher, and then the first spurt of his hot come seared my insides, throwing me into yet another toe-curling climax that made all the rest pale in comparison.

I cried out and my eyes rolled back in my head as one hot lash after another of his seed blazed inside of me. He pounded into me so roughly that I knew I was going to feel this fucking with every step I took tomorrow.

Finally, his pistoning hips began to slow, pumping in and out of me as if he was trying to drive his come deeper into me. I tried to catch my breath, my frantic heart beating wildly in my chest.

“I’ve got you, princess,” he whispered, his gravelly voice hoarse with his own satisfaction.

“I know, Daddy,” I answered softly.

I tucked my head into his shoulder, allowing me to fully relax in his arms. The intensity of our fucking still lingered, its echoes reverberating through my veins as my racing heart gradually found a steady rhythm. It was as if his touch held a soothing balm, mending the cracks in my defenses and luring my heart into a delicate dance of trust.

Nestled against his chest, a tranquil surrender washed over me, like finding refuge in the midst of a storm. The world around us seemed to fade into insignificance as his arms provided a safe haven. A sense of utter satisfaction settled within me, sating the flames of desire that had consumed me only moments before. A soft stirring began within my heart, a delicate melody of emotion that whispered of deeper sentiments taking root.

I pulled my head back, staring into the warmth of his eyes. I sensed

something shifting within me. As I navigated the uncharted waters of my feelings, the possibility that what I was experiencing went beyond desire hit me like a tidal wave, suggesting that my heart had begun to love him, to truly love him.

Did he feel the same?

Amidst the whirlwind of emotions that had taken hold of me, a cloud of uncertainty lingered, casting shadows over my growing affection. Questions danced at the edge of my thoughts like elusive phantoms, each one a spark of insecurity that threatened to dim the intensity of my feelings.

Did he hold the same depth of sentiment as I did, or was I merely a passing fascination?

The weight of my own vulnerability gnawed at me, weaving threads of doubt through the tapestry of my heart.

I didn't know what to do. Should I ask?

No. He's going to think you're crazy.

His lips brushed gently against my forehead, a tender caress that felt like a whispered promise. In that simple gesture, a rush of warmth cascaded through me, soothing the jagged edges of my doubts and fears. It was an unspoken reassurance, a silent affirmation of his presence and his feelings, leaving me enveloped in a cocoon of tenderness that set my heart aflutter.

I'd worry about my doubts in the morning. For now, I was going to enjoy every last moment of this.

CHAPTER 10



*A*idan

I'd lost control *completely*.

I'd leapt right over the line without a care, but I was finding it hard to regret even a fraction of a moment. Even now, Irina's tight little body squeezed mine, perfect in every single way. She was a beautiful girl, but she looked absolutely ravishing when she came for me.

I found myself utterly entranced by everything about her. She had a once-in-a-lifetime type of beauty, her green eyes like shards of emerald that held secrets yet to be uncovered. Her dark hair cascaded like a midnight waterfall down her back, a stark contrast against the porcelain canvas of her skin. Her every move ignited a primal desire within me that refused to be quelled by willpower alone.

It wasn't just her physical beauty that ensnared me, but the entirety of her being. Her voice, a melody that resonated in the chambers of my heart, stirred emotions I thought were long dormant. Her laughter, a cascade of notes that danced through the air, transformed even the dullest moments into vibrant memories. There was her radiant smile, a source of light even in the darkest of nights. Every facet of her existence screamed for me to make her mine.

I wanted her. No, I *needed* her.

Yet despite all of that, I was acutely aware of the tumultuous path I was treading. The boundaries of our worlds were etched in stone. The weight of her family's and my family's legacies and the power struggles that defined our lives should have been enough to deter me, but in her presence, the allure of those restrictions seemed to fade into insignificance only to be overridden by an undeniable truth.

I was falling for her.

With her here in my arms, I found solace from the chaos that surrounded us. After this, I was never going to be able to give her up. I just needed to figure out some way to make her mine without causing a war between my family and hers.

The risk of pursuing her like this was substantial, yet I chose to traverse this dangerous path because, for the first time, the temptation of her was worth defying the very foundations of my world.

With exceeding gentleness, I gradually pulled out of her, reluctant to relinquish the tight vice of her glorious little body. She moaned, the sound like music to my ears, and I groaned, relishing every moment of this sordid encounter like my life depended on it. With mounting tenderness, I hoisted her a bit higher in my arms as I carried her through her bedroom, her weight a welcome burden against my chest. I strode into the bathroom before setting her down on the small ottoman beside the bathtub.

I wasn't going to put her to bed yet. After what had just happened between us, I wanted to make sure she was okay. I wanted to take care of her and spoil her.

Truthfully, I wanted to worship the ground at her feet.

With a steady breath, I turned the knobs of the tub. I was going to bathe her. Once I was convinced that she was alright, I was going to put her to bed.

The warm water flowed steadily from the tap, its soothing melody filling the air as I adjusted the temperature to perfection. Watching the steam rise, I couldn't help but look forward to watching her sink into the warm embrace of the luxurious bath I was preparing for her. Carefully selecting fragrant oils, I poured them into the water, each drop causing a swirl of aromas to cascade

all around the room.

Next, I lit several candles. The flickering flame cast a gentle glow across the room, setting the stage for her ultimate relaxation.

With a tenderness that bordered on devotion, I extended my hand towards her, a silent invitation for her to step into the waiting oasis of warmth and serenity. Her fingers slipped into mine, her touch sending a jolt of electricity up my arm.

“You’re going to let me spoil you now, princess.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she murmured, her cheeks blushing a beautiful pink.

As she stood up, I took several moments to admire the long lines of her body, her perfectly sized breasts, her pretty pink nipples, the gentle curve of her waist, and the toned landscape of her legs. I memorized every inch of her, committing it to memory so that I could remember this first night together forever.

Gently guiding her, I watched as she lifted her foot and climbed into the tub, using her toes to carefully test the water before she committed fully. More confidently now, she eased herself into the embrace of the bath, her sigh of contentment like a melody that played a chord within my soul.

Her hair cascaded like silk behind her, a dark waterfall that begged for my touch. I reached for the shampoo, squeezed some into my palm and began to massage her scalp, my fingers working their way through her locks with a rhythm that seemed to sync with the pounding of my own heart.

As I rinsed away the suds, my fingers lingered, combing through her hair with a reverence that spoke of a promise that I would always be there to care for her.

The conditioner came next, a fragrant mixture that I applied with gentle care, my touch deliberate and unhurried. Her hair transformed under my ministrations, becoming impossibly soft and velvety. Yet, as my hands worked through those silky strands, my gaze couldn’t help but wander over her beautiful body, tracing the contours of every gorgeous curve as the water cascaded over her.

I would *never* tire of the sight of her.

“Stand up,” I commanded softly, and she obeyed without a word. A primal possessiveness surged within me.

She was *mine* to cherish, to protect, and to adore.

I reached for her, her body a canvas awaiting my touch. My fingers lingered on her wrist, finally gliding up the length of her arm. After soaping up a loofah, I stood and gently started to wash her pale skin. With deliberate care, I washed every inch of her, soaping across her chest and belly, all the way down to her feet.

When I was done with the front of her, I slowly spun her around and started on her back, the suds trailing down her flesh in a tempting cascade that called for me to follow each bubble with my fingers.

I explored every inch of her flesh, finding the places where she shivered and others which elicited a moan and yet more which caused goosebumps to pop out all over her skin. I cherished every second of it.

Then I pressed her gently forward. “Hands on the wall, princess.”

I took a long moment to enjoy the sight of her delectable round globes. Her cheeks still held the blushing pink from her spanking, but there wasn’t a single mark left behind.

One day there would be.

“But, Daddy!” she exclaimed with a deeper blush, looking back over her shoulder at me.

I used one hand to press against the small of her back, and with the other, I popped her right cheek with a spank hard enough to get her attention.

Her blushing cheeks reddened to a dark rosy pink, and she hesitantly obeyed, giving me an even more delicious view of her perfect little ass.

“Spread your legs now,” I directed, and she looked away, likely unable to meet my gaze as she tentatively slid one foot wider and then the other. When I was satisfied, I dipped the loofah in between her legs and thoroughly washed between them. Her soft moans and quiet cries struck a chord deep

within me.

I needed to find a way to keep her forever. I wouldn't be able to survive without her.

I spent several more moments between her thighs, more than I needed to really, just to enjoy her delightful sounds. When I was finally done, I tossed the loofah in the water.

"Rinse off now, sweet girl," I said quietly, and I held out an arm to support her as she lowered herself back in the water. "Enjoy yourself. I'll be back in a few minutes."

"Yes, Daddy," she breathed, lying back and spreading out comfortably in the massive tub. I headed back into her bedroom to retrieve my discarded clothes. Going back into my room, I tossed them in the hamper. Striding into my closet, I grabbed a pair of dark grey sweatpants and pulled them on.

I went back to her room and picked her pajamas up off the floor. I tossed her panties in the hamper, deciding her pussy was going to remain bare for me tonight. When I went back into the bathroom with her pajamas, her gaze found mine.

"Time for bed, princess," I said gently.

"Yes, Daddy," she smiled, her expression warm and genuine.

I extended my hand to her as she rose from the bath, her skin kissed by the lingering warmth of the water. Her fingers intertwined with mine as I guided her out of the tub. Wrapping her in a plush towel, I pressed a tender kiss to her forehead, a silent reassurance that I was here, that she was safe.

With deliberate care, I ran the towel over her skin, my touch light and slow, absorbing the water droplets that clung to her like tiny little jewels. Her hair, still damp and fragrant, framed her face in dark waves. I reached for the brush on the counter and gently pulled it through her hair, detangling every knot as tenderly as I could so it wouldn't hurt her.

When I was done, I tossed the towel aside and slowly pulled her pajama top over her head. I helped her step into the bottoms one foot at a time.

“Panties?” she asked.

“I want that pretty pink pussy bare tonight,” I answered.

Her mouth opened and closed as if she was going to protest, but she said nothing. She didn’t need to, though, because I could see the signs of her arousal written all over her face. Her flushed cheeks, hooded eyes, the smirk on her lips, and the way her hard nipples poked through her top told me without any doubt that she was enjoying herself.

I was too.

Gently, I took her hand and led her to her bed. I pulled down the covers and watched as she climbed and settled in, her eyes growing heavy with the weight of the day’s activities. I pulled the covers snugly around her, tucking her in as if she were the most precious treasure I had ever touched. Leaning down, I pressed a chaste kiss to her forehead, noting the way her cheeks flushed pinker and her smile grew wider in the moments following.

As I straightened, my gaze lingered on her for a second longer, a cascade of emotions swirling beneath the surface—desire, protectiveness, and an overwhelming need to make her mine in every way.

My eyes swept between her and the door, deciding whether or not to join her or return to my room. Honestly, I didn’t know why I even questioned it. I knew what I was going to do.

With quiet resolve, I slipped beneath the covers beside her, the warmth of the bed cocooning us in its embrace. My arms found their way around her, drawing her body close against mine. She nestled against me with a soft, breathy sigh, her head finding the crook of my shoulder, and I took a moment to marvel at the sensation of her soft skin against my own. As the moments passed and I held her closer, I could feel the steady rhythm of her breathing, a soothing lullaby that seemed to harmonize with the beat of my own heart.

I was going to relish the memory of tonight forever. Blissfully sated, I settled against her, closed my eyes, and fell asleep with her in my arms.

CHAPTER 11



*J*rina

As the soft tendrils of morning light filtered through the curtains, I slowly stirred from my sleep, my senses awakening to the gentle rise and fall of Aidan's chest beneath me. A contented sigh escaped my lips as I realized I was still cradled in his arms, cocooned in a sanctuary of security and warmth that felt like a dream too beautiful to be true.

I shifted slightly, feeling the strong contours of his body against mine, and a surge of blissful happiness washed over me, warming every corner of my being.

As the memory of last night washed over me, I couldn't help but feel a flush creep up over my face. I chewed the inside of my cheek, remembering how he'd spanked my ass until it was stinging before pinning me against the wall and taking my virginity with both the gentleness and roughness that I needed.

He'd given me everything.

In the warm embrace of his arms, there was no room for regret. As I lay there, feeling his steady heartbeat against my cheek and the rise and fall of his chest, I knew that every choice had led us to this. In the quiet moments between heartbeats, I could feel the edges of my heart soften.

I was starting to fall hard.

I was supposed to be married to another man, but I found myself in the arms of someone else. Aidan had rescued me from a terrible fate, and I wished that this single moment would last forever.

I knew that it couldn't, though.

With a soft sigh, I allowed my eyes to flutter open, greeted by the sight of him lying beside me, his eyes locked onto mine with an intensity that sent a shiver down my spine. His arms were still wrapped around me, holding me in a protective embrace that felt both comforting and exhilarating. Before I could speak, his lips descended upon mine in a gentle, lingering kiss that stole my breath away in a heartbeat.

"You are the most beautiful little thing I've ever seen," he whispered.

"No one is pretty in the morning," I blushed, but his praise made me feel cherished and adored even as I fought it.

His hand slipped down the length of my side to cup my bottom.

"Question your beauty again, princess, and I'll put you over my knee for a real spanking," he scolded.

Under his stern gaze, I couldn't help but feel a small, naughty spark ignite within me, a flicker of vulnerability that contrasted with the intensity of his presence. His scolding words held an undeniable power that should anger me, and yet, there was an undeniable heat that pooled low in my belly, a testament to the desire that crackled between us. It was as if his reprimand had unearthed a secret yearning, and I didn't really know what it meant.

Did I want him to punish me *for real*?

I swallowed hard, trying to quell the heat brewing in my core, yet the more I tried to control it, the more out of control it got.

"You wouldn't," I replied, a part of me needing to know if he was serious or not. Was he teasing me like before just to turn me on? Or did he actually mean it?

"Let me make it clear, princess. Daddy expects you to be a good girl, and if he needs to paddle your bare bottom very thoroughly to remind you of that,

he will not hesitate. Do you understand me?”

My core turned molten with heat as my pussy clenched hard.

He would...

“Yes, Daddy,” I whispered, my voice shaking with arousal and trepidation. Unable to meet his gaze, I stared at his chest and tried to control my breathy panting.

“Daddy wouldn’t just paddle you either, naughty girl,” he continued, and a slight gasp escaped my lips. Shamefully aroused, I hid my face in his chest.

“You wouldn’t?”

“No. After Daddy finished with the paddle, he’d punish that beautiful body with his cock. Bad girls need to be fucked hard, and that’s exactly what you’d get,” he growled.

“Daddy,” I breathed.

His fingers slipped beneath the waistband of my pajama bottoms until he cupped my pussy. The dark sound of his seductive chuckle rumbled through me as his fingers grazed over the copious wetness gathered between my thighs.

“Naughty girl, you’re turned on by that, aren’t you?”

I refused to answer, too ashamed and aroused and mortified by my body’s reaction. When his fingers slipped over my clit, I stiffened with a sharp cry, not of pain but of need.

“Answer me, princess,” he demanded.

His hand stilled over my pussy, tapping lightly. There was the slightest sting associated with each tap, but it only sought to heighten my desire.

“I can spank more than just your bare little ass, naughty girl. Now answer me before I decide to begin with this pretty pink pussy.”

“But, Daddy,” I protested, too embarrassed to confirm his suspicions.

He lifted his hand and snapped it down firmly. In an instant, sting blossomed

over my sensitive folds. The sound echoed loudly, shamefully wet, and ridiculously naughty. I cried out, the burning sting far more than I expected and far worse than the one I'd felt across my bottom last night.

"Yes, Daddy!" I squeaked, my pussy stinging for several long moments. The pain was temporary though, and the desire that followed had only escalated tenfold compared to what I'd been feeling before. I whimpered quietly, trying to keep control of myself, but having difficulty grappling with all the confusing feelings swirling inside me.

"There now, that's my good girl," he praised, and my heart warmed, just as his fingers began to circle over my clit. I bit my lip as my hips bucked, unable to keep still as an electric jolt of fiery sensation raced right through me. His possessiveness made my core clench tight. Tentatively, I reached up and palmed my breasts, meeting his eyes with a boldness that stemmed from a mysteriously unknown part of me.

He didn't chastise me, so I continued. Carefully, I reached up and unbuttoned the top bottom of my pajama top, then the next and the one after that until the fabric parted enough to reveal my little bit of cleavage. His heated gaze turned ravenous as I pushed the cloth aside to expose myself, one breast at a time.

He didn't ask permission, and I didn't want him to. He leaned down and captured the hard bud of my nipple with his lips. The tip of his tongue poked forward and circled it, teasing me as his fingers continued to work between my thighs. They continued to circle my clit, faster and faster as his lips closed down around my stiff nipple. Fiery surges of desire raced straight down to my core, and a salacious moan fell off my lips before I could even begin to think to stop it.

"Daddy, please," I begged.

He continued teasing me, taunting me with light pressure as his teeth grazed over my nipple. My clit pulsed beneath his fingertips, needy and wanting as my body flared red hot with passionate desire.

This was pure, unadulterated bliss.

"What do you need, princess?"

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

It took every bit of courage inside me to get the words out, my voice shaking as I quivered beside him. Using the flats of his fingers, he pressed harder and the tendrils of pleasure within me exploded in a fiery display. I moaned and my hips bucked harder, grinding myself against him as I teetered on the edge of climax.

He didn't keep me waiting there long. He practically pushed me off the cliff into a blazing hot freefall of exquisite euphoria that held me completely captive the moment it began. My back arched cleaned off the bed as his teeth clamped down on my nipple, biting down hard as my release took hold, driving it higher and higher. I whimpered, but it sounded more like a moan than anything else.

Pain and pleasure twisted together into one indiscernible sensation, dragging me under the surface and taking my breath away as though I was deep underwater. I suffered and soared through one moment of agonizing bliss after the next, until my release reached a magnificent crescendo of white-hot ecstasy.

When I finally came down, he released my left nipple and moved to the right. I didn't even protest when he bit down on the other and forced me into a second orgasm almost as quickly as the first. I writhed and moaned and took every last second of painfully delicious bliss.

By the time I finally came down, my eyes were glittering with stars and my cheeks were as red-hot as the rest of me. My clit pulsed beneath his fingers as he slowed down, lazily circling my needy bud as I twitched with powerful aftershocks that felt almost as hard as orgasms all on their own.

“That's my good girl. You came good and hard for me, didn't you?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I said with a blush.

Every time I uttered that word, a delightful taboo thrill raced down my spine, like I was doing and saying something especially naughty while knowing it turned him on and made his cock rock hard, too.

“I fucking love that,” he purred.

My pussy clenched down hard, the raspy sound of his voice causing a jolt to race straight to my core. When it passed, I panted with heat.

“If you’re a good girl today, I might just reward you with my cock tonight,” he whispered, and I gasped with eager anticipation. It was as if his voice had a direct connection to my core, igniting it with fiery, passionate heat with every delectable syllable.

“And if I’m bad?” I sassed.

His gaze locked onto mine, and within the depths of his eyes, I saw a tantalizing promise, dark and seductive and full of threatening warning. In that fleeting moment, his eyes revealed a world of passion and possibilities, drawing me deeper into the intoxicating magnetism of his presence.

“Then you’ll find out how I deal with bad little girls, won’t you, princess?”

His eyes narrowed ever so slightly, a subtle shift that spoke of an intensity held barely in check. The faint quirk of his lips hinted at a smoldering confidence, a silent assurance that he knew just how to navigate the delicate dance between us. As his gaze locked onto mine, a shadow of a smile tugged at the corners of his mouth, a dark promise that sent a thrill of anticipation down my spine. His brow furrowed in a mixture of determination and desire, an intricate tapestry of emotions woven across his features, each thread pulling me closer to the edge of a precipice I was all too willing to leap from.

I wanted to explore the depths of his darkness.

Pain.

Pleasure.

All of it.

My stomach growled, breaking the moment of tension, and Aidan’s dark gaze was broken with gleeful amusement.

“Now though, sassy girl, you’re going to let me cook you breakfast. As much as I’d like to stay in bed with you all day, I don’t think your stomach would agree,” he exclaimed with a soft chuckle.

“I guess not,” I whined.

He threw back the covers and popped my ass with a hard spank. It didn't really hurt, but it was enough to make me hop out of bed.

"Finneeeeeeee," I sassed, rolling my eyes for added effect.

"Keep it up, naughty girl, and you'll make me take off my belt," he vowed darkly, and with a gasp, I scooted into the closet and shut the door behind me. Without thinking, I pressed my hands back and cupped my bottom, imagining what his belt would feel like lashing across my bare cheeks.

While the thought made me anxious, I didn't hate it. In fact, I even felt a little bit curious. After getting the first spanking of my life from Aidan, I knew it would hurt, but how much I wasn't certain. Would I like it?

"You have fifteen minutes!" he called out from outside the closet door.

I rolled my eyes again, even though he couldn't see. I stuck my tongue out and made a face at the door before I heard his footsteps cross the room. The door creaked open in a flash, and I quickly covered up my playful face with a smile.

"Don't make me come up and get you," he warned, his eyes sparkling.

"What are you going to do about it, *Daddy*?" I answered back, feeling playful.

"Oh, princess. You're playing with fire," he chided, but his eyes were dancing with mischief.

"I don't need to worry with those pillow hands," I sassed, unable to stop myself from poking the bear even though I knew I was about to get burned, or at least a little singed.

He strode into the massive closet and grabbed my arm, not hard enough to hurt, but roughly enough to remind me who was in charge. He spun me around and wrapped his arm around me, holding me close enough so that I could feel the rock-hard iron spike of his cock between my bottom cheeks.

"We're going to discuss my pillow hands tonight when you're naked over my knee, princess. Until then, you'll do as you're told and get ready for breakfast like a good girl," he warned, and my core ignited with fire.

“Tonight?”

“Yes, sassy girl. I want you thinking about the fact that you’re getting *spanked* tonight all day. I want you to think about being made to strip off all your clothes and climbing over my knee yourself, knowing that what comes next is going to hurt. Maybe if you take it like a good girl, Daddy might make you come like one. If not though, Daddy will make you come like a sassy girl needs to come.”

I shivered with desire.

“You’re not allowed to wear panties today, either. I want that pussy bare, wet, and available for whenever I want to touch it,” he purred.

“Yes, Daddy,” I breathed eagerly.

He spun me back around and locked eyes with me. For the briefest of moments, I worried that I might have made him angry, but there wasn’t even a hint of a temper in his warm gaze. Instead, there was a delightful twinkle of enjoyment as his grin widened. Gently, he cupped my chin and lifted it so that he could capture my lips in a soul-rendering kiss that took my breath away from the very start.

“You’re perfect, sweet girl,” he whispered.

When he finally pulled away, my whole body was simmering with heat.

“I’m looking forward to teaching you a lesson tonight,” he said, his gaze searching mine for a long moment, as if he was looking to see whether or not I wanted it along with him.

“Me too, Daddy,” I answered, unable to stop myself from smiling a tiny bit with anticipation. With a soft kiss to my forehead, he turned around and left the closet. The room felt empty without him, and I quickly picked out an outfit to change into.

I slipped into a pair of well-worn, faded denim jeans that fit me just right, the soft fabric embracing my curves with a sense of familiarity. Tying a loose knot in the hem of a vintage graphic tee, I reveled in the way the soft cotton brushed against my skin. A cozy, oversized cardigan in a muted shade of gray completed the ensemble, its warmth cocooning me as I fastened a few of the

buttons. With a final touch, I laced up a pair of scuffed leather ankle boots and walked out of the bedroom, feeling confident and sexy and comfortable all at the same time.

As instructed, I kept my pussy bare, feeling delightfully naughty to not be wearing anything beneath my jeans.

Descending the stairs, the tantalizing aroma of sizzling bacon and fluffy pancakes filled the air, beckoning me to the kitchen. Aidan stood by the stove, a picture of focused concentration, as he expertly flipped a pancake with a practiced hand. The rhythmic sizzle of bacon in the skillet filled the air. My mouth watered at the sight before me—golden-brown pancakes stacked high, their edges slightly crisp, and a plate of perfectly cooked eggs, the yolks a vibrant, inviting orange.

I was going to enjoy this.

I settled into a chair at the table, my gaze still lingering on the spread before me, when an unexpected sound shattered the peaceful morning—the loud chime of a doorbell. Aidan and I exchanged startled glances, his stark surprise reflected in his eyes. I knew that he had taken every precaution to keep our whereabouts a secret, yet the sudden intrusion sent a jolt of unease through the air.

From what he'd told me, we weren't expecting company.

“Stay here. If you hear anything suspicious, run out the back door into the woods. I'll find you,” he stated, his tone deadly serious. There was no playfulness in his voice now. This was a directive meant to be obeyed.

His movements were swift and deliberate as he stepped away from the stovetop, his stance shifting into one of controlled readiness. With a glance in my direction, his eyes held a silent promise, a reassurance that he would protect us both.

“Okay,” I breathed. I grabbed the steak knife, a bit relieved by the sharp serrated edge.

I wasn't going to go down without a fight.

With a curt nod, he showed that he understood.

CHAPTER 12



A idan

My heart raced as I crept out of the kitchen and into the living room, a sense of urgency pulsating through my veins like a live wire. With each step I took, my movements were deliberate, masking the nervous tension that coiled within me. Along the way, I veered slightly, my hand instinctively reaching for the concealed compartment where I knew I'd stashed a weapon. The cold, unyielding metal felt familiar against my touch, and the desire to shield Irina from it burned like a fierce flame within me.

The gun's weight was both reassuring and foreboding as I approached the front door, the seconds stretching like taut strings of anticipation. My fingers curled tighter around the weapon, and I leaned forward enough to peer out of the window. Immediately, my heart skipped a beat as recognition flooded through me.

It was Irina's father, Maxim Morozov.

Oh. Fuck.

A rush of anxiety washed over me, threatening to swamp my resolve as I stared at Maxim's imposing figure beyond the door. My mind raced through scenarios of possibilities. By sheer force of will, I reined in my emotions, reminding myself of the control I had cultivated over the years. Irina's safety

was paramount, and I couldn't afford to succumb to panic.

With a deep breath, I straightened my spine, my grip on the doorknob firm and unwavering. I could almost hear the drumming of my own heart, a steady rhythm beneath the cacophony of uncertainty. Composing myself, I opened the door, my expression a mask of calculated calm as I met his unflinching gaze.

The seconds stretched out in a silent exchange of unspoken tension as we locked eyes.

"Morozov," I acknowledged with a controlled nod, allowing my voice to carry a modicum of detachment. Inside, my instincts screamed to protect, to defend, but I held my ground, my mask one of complete composure. I held onto it like a vice.

"Aidan Murphy," he nodded.

"Come in. Irina and I were just about to have breakfast."

I stepped back, my gaze never leaving Maxim's piercing eyes as I allowed him to enter the house. The weight of his presence seemed to fill the room. His steps were measured, his movements a careful mix of power and authority. As he crossed the threshold into the kitchen, his eyes landed on Irina, and I saw a flicker of something—surprise, concern, perhaps even a trace of relief—flash across his features.

Irina sat at the table, her expression a mask of apprehension and curiosity. Her gaze flitted between Maxim and me, uncertainty etching lines on her forehead. I could feel her tension radiating across the room, a palpable energy that mirrored my own unease. Maxim's attention settled on her, and for a brief moment, I saw a softening in his stern countenance.

"Father," Irina's voice broke the silence, and I detected a note of vulnerability beneath her composed exterior. She swallowed hard and looked from me to him again. A pink glow painted her cheeks, and she dropped her gaze as she placed the knife she'd had clutched in her fist back on the table.

"I'm so glad to see you're alright," he breathed.

"Aidan has made sure of it," she said softly, her blush deepening a bit in

color.

“I’m sure he has,” Maxim replied, and I tried to read between the lines. As I was questioning myself, he locked his gaze on me, and it hardened substantially with tense expectation. The room seemed charged with unsaid words.

The weight of the unspoken truth hung heavy in the air—he *knew*, and I knew that he knew.

But as the seconds ticked by, a fragile equilibrium held, a delicate balance teetering on the precipice of revelation.

He didn’t confirm it, but he didn’t need to. He knew that I’d fucked his daughter.

“Have you eaten yet? Why don’t you sit down and join us. There’s more than enough for all three of us,” I offered, dancing around the truth as if it didn’t exist.

He slipped into the seat next to his daughter and across from me with a curt nod.

“I think that’s a good idea,” he replied.

CHAPTER 13



*J*rina

Oh fuck.

When my father had walked into the kitchen, my heart had stopped cold. It felt like someone had thrown a bucket of ice water over my head and doused the heat within me in mere seconds.

Shock and relief coursed through me in equal measure. My relationship with my father had always been complex—a blend of love, protection, and the weight of his watchful gaze. He'd always been exceedingly protective of me, ever since I was a baby and my mother died giving birth to me. He'd shielded me from danger so thoroughly that sometimes I felt like I'd seen nothing of the world. Since her death, he had been both mother and father to me, a role he took on with fierce, unwavering loyalty and determination.

Seeing him standing there, his gaze fixed on me, brought back a rush of memories from my childhood. The way he had shielded me from the world, his strong arms always there to catch me when I stumbled. But now, as I looked at him, I couldn't help but feel a nervous knot tighten in my stomach.

What happened between Aidan and I hung between us like a fragile thread. I wanted to believe that my father's love would prevail, that he would understand the depths of my feelings for Aidan, but the fear of his anger, of

the potential consequences, gnawed at the edges of my worries.

I stood there, my eyes locked with my father's, a torrent of emotions swirling within me. Relief at his presence mixed with apprehension about what his arrival meant for Aidan and me. What would he do? Would he have him killed? Would he start a war with the Murphys over me? Would he even find out?

I squirmed the slightest bit in my chair, exceedingly aware of my nakedness beneath the rough fabric of my jeans.

I watched as Aidan gracefully moved around the kitchen, serving my father a plate of the hearty breakfast he had prepared. The sizzling aroma of pancakes, eggs, and bacon filled the air, but my appetite seemed to have vanished, replaced by a knot of nervous energy. Aidan's confident demeanor contrasted with the turmoil inside me, and I found myself picking at my own plate, my hunger having dissipated under the weight of the situation.

My father's gaze shifted briefly to me, and I offered him a tentative smile, attempting to mask the unease that had settled over me. It was a familiar dance—my attempts to keep the peace, to maintain the delicate balance between my father's expectations and my own desires. But now, with Aidan by my side, that balance felt more precarious than ever.

Did he know that Aidan had fucked me last night, that he'd been the man to take my virginity instead of some carefully planned, arranged marriage that our world was chalk full of?

I knew it was a well-established tradition to use an arranged marriage to build and solidify an alliance between families, and I didn't yet know if that was something Aidan wanted. I didn't even know what we were. Was I just a one-night stand to him, a temptation he'd given into once and for all to see what I was like? What if once was enough for him? What if he never wanted to be with me again after this?

Locked in a battle of questions, I picked at my food while Aidan and Maxim talked about the situation with the Kozlovs. There had been additional bombings, but they were all over the city. There was no rhyme or reason to their attacks. I listened enough to get the gist of the story, but I was too caught up in my own head to catch all of the details.

I'd lost my virginity last night, and my dad was sitting at the same table as the man who taken it.

I couldn't help but feel a rush of embarrassment as I sat at the table, my cheeks warming with a heated blush. The conversation between my father and Aidan seemed to ebb and flow around the Kozlovs, their words a distant murmur as I focused on the intricate patterns of the curtains. I knew that my father's scrutiny was not only directed at Aidan but also at me, and the weight of his unspoken questions made my heart race.

I hoped he wouldn't figure it out.

"Irina," my father said, and I stiffened, startled by the directness in his voice. "I wanted to apologize to you about the manner of your kidnapping. The Murphys and I thought it best if you didn't know, just so that you wouldn't accidentally tip off the Kozlovs that we were coming to take you. I hope you can forgive me," he added.

"I understand. Anton wasn't a kind man," I answered, a bit taken aback to be included in the conversation all of a sudden.

"Are you eating enough? " My father's voice held a mix of concern and authority as he peered at my half-finished plate. I glanced at Aidan, who was busy cutting his pancakes with an intense focus.

"Yes, father, I am. Aidan's been feeding me well. He's rather talented in the kitchen."

"And is he treating you with respect, Irina?" Maxim raised an eyebrow, his gaze flickering between us. I couldn't help but smirk, the lightness of his playful scrutiny making me feel more at ease. Maybe he didn't know after all, and he just wanted to make sure I was alright after being kidnapped by a man he didn't know.

At least, that's what I kept telling myself.

"Oh, absolutely. He even lets me out of my room sometimes."

Aidan choked on his coffee, and I suppressed a giggle. My father's stern expression cracked for a moment, and I saw the hint of a smile.

“Is that so? Well, that’s a good sign,” he answered.

We continued our playful banter, with my father throwing in more questions about Aidan’s cooking skills. The tension in the room eased as we found a comfortable rhythm, and I couldn’t help but feel a sense of relief that my father’s visit was going better than I had anticipated.

“You know, Irina, I only want the best for you,” my father said, his face softening.

“I know. And I assure you, Aidan has been taking very good care of me,” I replied, trying not to think about how *thoroughly* he’d taken care of me last night and even this morning. I smiled, trying to cover up the heated blush I could feel creeping up in my cheeks as my father leaned back in his chair, his eyes narrowing.

“Well, he better be, or I might have to have a little talk with him.”

“I promise, Mr. Morozov, I’m doing my best to keep her out of trouble,” Aidan said quickly.

“He’s even teaching me how to cook. Can you believe it?” I tried to segue, changing the subject so that I didn’t think about exactly how he planned to keep me out of trouble with his hand and his belt.

“Is that so? Well, Aidan, if you’re teaching her to cook, you must be a brave man,” my father teased, while raising an eyebrow in mock surprise. A mask of cool confidence, Aidan chuckled, and I breathed a sigh of relief that he was keeping his composure far better than I could.

“I like to live dangerously,” Aidan replied.

The conversation flowed effortlessly, and I watched as my father and Aidan exchanged stories and laughter. It was a side of Aidan that I hadn’t seen before—relaxed, genuine, and surprisingly charming. As the meal went on, my nerves continued to ease, replaced by a warmth that spread through the room. It felt like we were becoming a family, which was an unexpected but welcome development.

By the time we finished eating, the initial tension had evaporated completely, but when my father stood, he directed an unexpectedly hard gaze in Aidan’s

direction.

“Aidan, why don’t you take a walk with me? I have a few things I’d like to discuss with you,” he stated, his words sounding more like a command than a question.

I gulped hard.

Maybe that didn’t go gone as well as you thought.

CHAPTER 14



*A*idan

This wasn't good.

Walking outside with Maxim, I could feel the heavy weight of the conversation ahead settling on my shoulders. The air was crisp, carrying with it the faint scent of pine from the surrounding forest. The lake stretched out before us, its glassy surface reflecting the morning sunlight in a mesmerizing dance of ripples and glints. A sense of serenity hung in the air, in stark contrast to the gravity of the tension between us.

Maxim's steps were deliberate as we walked along the shoreline away from the cabin, the soft crunch of rock beneath our feet a reminder of the natural beauty that surrounded us. The morning sun had fully risen now, casting a warm golden hue over everything it touched.

Finally, Maxim broke the silence, his voice carrying a weight that matched the tranquil yet potent atmosphere around us.

"Irina means everything to me," he began, his gaze fixated on the water but his tone unwavering. "She's my only daughter, and I'll do whatever it takes to protect her."

"I understand that Mr. Morozov," I answered, letting him steer the conversation. I wasn't yet certain what he knew, and I wanted him to be the

one to reveal that.

“I have my ways of gathering information,” he stated coolly, a subtle yet unsettling smile playing on his lips. He wasn’t threatening me, just reminding me that he held just as much power as I did in the dangerous world we lived in.

“What do you know?” I asked, treading carefully.

“I paid off one of your guards, Aidan. I know you and my daughter slept together last night.”

The weight of his revelation hit me like a punch to the gut, a mixture of anger and resignation swirling within me. My jaw tensed as I met his gaze, realizing the depth of his determination to safeguard his daughter. I’d crossed a line, and now her father was here to demand I pay the price.

Had I insulted him? Was this the start of a war between the Morozovs and the Murphys?

My sister was going to be pissed. My brothers weren’t going to be particularly happy either. They’d defend me to the death, but I wouldn’t allow them that. I wouldn’t put their lives at risk. I’d pay whatever price Maxim demanded, no matter the cost. This had been my decision and mine alone.

“And what do you suggest we do now?” I asked, my voice carefully neutral but laced with an underlying threat.

“Marriage, Aidan,” he replied, his tone carrying a note of finality. “Marry Irina, and we’ll form a pact that will protect her. You’ll take care of her, and I’ll ensure the Morozov name stands behind you. Make this a one-night stand and refuse to take her as your wife, however, and your family and mine will go to war.”

Maxim’s smile tightened, his eyes glinting with a calculated spark. My mind raced, the weight of his proposition settling over me like a heavy shroud. A war between our families would bring destruction, chaos, and death. I didn’t want that.

As I gazed into Maxim’s unwavering eyes, I saw the weight of his own

choices, his own sacrifices, etched into his features. He was a father who would do whatever it took to shield his daughter from harm, even if it meant pushing her into a union she might not have chosen for herself. I took a moment to absorb his proposal, the magnitude of its implications settling on my shoulders.

“You’re asking me to marry your daughter, like it’s a business transaction?”

“I’m asking you to make a choice. Embrace the responsibility that comes with it. Protect her, care for her. In return, you’ll have the loyalty and support of the Morozov family,” he replied. His gaze never wavered.

My thoughts whirled around in my head, a tumultuous blend of apprehension and longing. The fierce protectiveness I felt for Irina had evolved into something more profound, a connection that defied the boundaries of reason. The possessive instinct, the primal need for her to belong to me, was a force I couldn’t ignore.

It really wasn’t any decision at all. Irina was mine. I was going to keep her forever and make her my wife.

“I want you to know that I care about Irina deeply. I would never do anything to hurt her.” I met his gaze, determined to match his intensity amidst the breathtaking backdrop.

“She’s been through a lot, growing up without her mother,” he continued, his voice softer now, tinged with a father’s concern. “She’s fragile, even if she tries to hide it. I won’t let anyone take advantage of her.”

My own gaze turned to the lake, its shimmering expanse seemingly holding secrets of its own. “I would never take advantage of her,” I replied firmly. “Irina is strong, and I respect her more than anything.”

Maxim’s expression softened slightly, revealing a flicker of understanding beneath his wariness. “I’ve seen the way she looks at you,” he finally said, his voice a mixture of caution and vulnerability. “She’s falling for you.”

“And I’m falling for her, too,” I admitted. “I can’t deny that.”

“Irina deserves happiness, Aidan,” he said, his voice carrying the weight of a father’s hope. “But if you hurt her, I won’t hesitate to make you pay.”

“I would never hurt her, Mr. Morozov. I want to make her happy, and I’m willing to do whatever it takes to prove that to you.”

Maxim’s gaze held mine for a long moment, a silent understanding passing between us.

“You better,” he finally said, his voice softer now, almost resigned. “Because if you truly care about her, you’ll take care of her and protect her at all costs.”

“I give you my word, Mr. Morozov. I’ll marry her and protect her with everything I have.”

I extended my hand, and after a moment’s hesitation, he shook it, sealing our pact amidst the tranquility of the morning.

It was done. Irina was to be my bride.

As I turned away from Maxim, my heart pounding with the weight of the decision I had just made, I caught a glimpse of movement out of the corner of my eye. Glancing back, my gaze met Irina’s from the window. Her emerald eyes held a mix of emotions—curiosity, uncertainty, and a glimmer of hope.

I knew I had to be the one to tell her, to reassure her that despite the circumstances, I was choosing this path willingly, because my feelings for her were real.

She needed to know that I wasn’t just choosing marriage as a business transaction and because her father demanded it.

I was choosing her.

CHAPTER 15



*J*rina

Peering through the cabin window, my heart raced like a wild stallion as I watched the intense exchange between my father and Aidan. An uneasy feeling knotted in the pit of my stomach. I couldn't make out the words they exchanged, but the tension was palpable even from a distance.

Had my father figured out that Aidan and I had been together? Had he read the signs written all over my face, or had I said something that alluded to the budding relationship between us? I couldn't know for certain, at least not until I could get Aidan alone.

As my father and Aidan shook hands, a sense of foreboding settled over me like a heavy fog. The brief clasp of their hands held an unspoken agreement. I felt a mixture of apprehension and curiosity, wondering what was decided, and if it involved me.

I chewed my lip as the two walked back to the cabin, talking softly between each other as if the tension I'd just seen sparking between them had never existed. It was like they had come to an understanding, and by the time they reached the door, my father shook Aidan's hand again and walked off.

He wasn't coming back inside. Aidan walked in alone.

I couldn't help but search his gaze for answers, for some sign of what had

transpired between him and my father by the lake shore. But his eyes remained inscrutable, a stormy sea of emotions that I couldn't decipher. It was as if a chasm had opened up between us, and I was left teetering on the edge, desperate for some glimpse into his thoughts.

My heart raced as I watched him, my mind a whirlwind of uncertainty. What had my father proposed? What had Aidan agreed to?

"Aidan?" I asked tentatively.

"Irina," he murmured softly.

"What happened?"

"Come. Take a walk with me," he smiled, his eyes hinting at something only he knew. I swallowed hard, trying to figure out what had happened and coming up with nothing. I chewed my lip nervously, unsure of what to do.

Without a word, Aidan extended his hand towards me, his fingers an invitation to follow. I hesitated for a moment, my mind a whirlwind of possibilities and uncertainties, but as I met his gaze, a flicker of something in his eyes—determination, reassurance, or maybe a promise—pushed me to take his hand. Silently, he led me outside, the cool breeze of the morning brushing against our skin like a welcoming greeting.

Aidan's grip on my hand was steady, a lifeline in the midst of my swirling thoughts as he led me along the lake shore.

As we walked, the lake's edge curved inward, revealing a secluded alcove nestled amidst a cluster of trees. A wooden bench stood there, weathered by time and the elements, but sturdy. The branches of the surrounding trees formed a natural canopy, dappled sunlight filtering through the leaves and casting dancing shadows on the ground.

Aidan took a seat on the bench, and I joined him. His voice broke the silence.

"He came to discuss us, Irina," Aidan began, his voice tinged with a mixture of seriousness and vulnerability. "Your father had suspicions about our relationship, and he confirmed them through one of my guards. He offered us a choice—a marriage that could forge a pact between our families and ensure our safety, or war between our families."

I absorbed his words, my heart pounding in my chest. The implications of his revelation hung heavy in the air. His gaze met mine, his eyes holding a complex blend of emotions, and I couldn't get a read on him. What had they decided? Did he want this?

"Trina, I agreed to his terms. We're to be married," he explained, his words echoing with a mixture of resolve and a hint of something more.

As I took in the full meaning of his words, I couldn't help but feel a rush of conflicting emotions, and a pout formed on my lips. It wasn't that I didn't want to marry him, but the way he framed it, as if it were solely a product of mafia tradition and not a choice driven by genuine desire, stung far more than I cared to admit.

I grappled with that hurt for a long moment.

Then, I felt a tinge of frustration that he hadn't just said that he wanted this as much as I did, and my insecurities ran wild. It wasn't just about forging alliances or securing safety; it was about the two of us. But what if there wasn't even an *us* to begin with?

What if last night had just been that—a single night of passion, and that was it?

I wanted him to tell me that there was more to us than the intricate web of our families' politics and the responsibilities of the dangerous world we lived in. I wanted to know if he even wanted me to begin with.

I let out a small sigh.

"You know, you could have just asked to marry me," I blurted out, unable to keep my voice from revealing the annoyances rampaging inside of me. "All this mafia business aside, I might have said yes anyway."

I lifted my chin and swallowed back a huff.

His eyes softened as my words hung in the air, and a faint smile played at the corners of his lips. Without another word, Aidan closed the gap between us, his lips meeting mine in a tender yet fervent kiss. It was a kiss that spoke of longing, of passion, and of something much more.

It inspired hope within me.

As the kiss deepened, he pulled me into his lap, his arms enveloping me in a cocoon of warmth and security. With a gentle touch, he lifted my chin, breaking the kiss but keeping our faces just inches apart. I found myself captivated by the intensity in his gaze, by the way his eyes searched mine as if trying to decipher every thought that raced through my mind, and I found that I couldn't look away.

"I know a secret," he whispered, his eyes dancing with mischief as he leaned in close. His lips brushed against my ear, and his warm breath sent shivers down my spine. He kissed my cheek gently. "You're not pouty because you weren't asked to marry me, princess. You're pouty because I made it sound like this was your father's decision and not mine," he said simply, and I could do nothing but sit there surrounded by him as the heat rose to my face.

How the hell had he known that?

"But it's more than just that, isn't it?" he asked, a single eyebrow lifting as he watched me, and I couldn't help but feel small under his scrutiny.

I turned away, gazing at the lake as if its depths could hide my feelings and keep them secret forever. I didn't answer, not wanting to give away anything else. He'd made this decision without me, not even caring to ask how I felt or if I even wanted to marry him in the first place. What if I didn't? Did it even matter?

"You're pouty, sweet girl, because I presented it like mafia business, like a simple transaction, so you didn't get to pout, throw a fit and tell me I have no right to just take you," he continued.

He had seen through the raging storm in my mind, cutting through the layers of my conflicted heart. It frustrated me, how he seemed to understand me better than I understood myself, and the fervent desire I felt for him only added to my vexation.

The heat rushing to my face grew hotter. I wrung my hands in front of me and refused to meet his gaze. I chose to stare into the lake instead.

"Since you didn't get to do that, I didn't get to show you that I can and will take what I want, whenever I want," he mused, his voice growing hoarse with

his own arousal.

“I...” I began, but he cut me off. I pressed my lips firmly together, a flash of anger billowing through me.

“...and you’ve been fantasizing about that since I first put you over my shoulder, haven’t you little bride?”

How dare he? I leveled him with a furious look, my eyes ablaze with a mixture of indignation, but that wasn’t all. Even now, a deep, gnawing need was brewing in the pit of my belly, a swirling heat that liked the words that were coming out of his mouth. I shouldn’t be aroused by the idea of him just taking me because he wanted to take me, of him forcing me into marriage with him without even asking me.

It really *shouldn’t* be making my pussy wet.

Or my nipples throb.

Or my needy little clit pulse with desire.

“Fuck you...” I breathed.

I used my anger as a defensive wall, trying to shield myself from the desire brewing inside me and his all-knowing gaze that kept boring into me. His eyes sparkled with tender warmth and a dark possessiveness.

I hated that I’d been so transparent, that he could see right through me, and that I hadn’t done a better job of keeping my feelings to myself.

I didn’t want him to know how much knowing he’d just decided we were going to marry was turning me on. Lifting my chin, I turned my gaze back to the lake, refusing to meet his eyes. It was as if the water held the answers to the tumultuous emotions swirling within me, a secret sanctuary where I could momentarily hide my inner turmoil beneath the gentle ripples and the whispering waves, at least for a little while.

“So, we’re going to start this conversation over, sweet girl.”

I started, unsure of what he was getting at. Why would we start this conversation over? What purpose could that possibly have? I already knew that we were to be married. He and my father had come to an agreement

without me. That much was clear.

With absolutely no say in the matter, I was simply to walk down the aisle whether I wanted to or not. That was the way our world was. I knew that better than anyone.

“What are you talking about? What’s the point? I’m to marry you, and that’s that!” I exclaimed, finally turning my head and meeting his gaze. I expected his anger to match mine, but his eyes were more playful now, and I didn’t understand why.

He lifted me gently from his lap, his touch igniting a trail of electric sensations across my skin. Without a word, he began to walk, leading me with a firm yet tender grip on my hand. The rhythmic sound of our footsteps echoed in the stillness, the path ahead shrouded in the golden hues of the sun’s embrace.

“I’ve decided, Irina, that you will be my bride.”

There was something different about his voice, like he was trying to be intentionally pompous and over the top. I stared at the back of his head, feeling more confused than ever. What was he doing?

“Do you hear me, Irina? You’ll be mine, my bride, my woman. You’ll have no say in the matter, of course... I don’t know why you expected you would...”

It was as if he were playing a character in an elaborate performance. Each word was delivered with a flourish, his speech laced with a hint of playful arrogance. As he spoke, his body language mirrored his theatrical cadence—he gestured with grandiose sweeps of his arm, his fingers gracefully punctuating the air, and his stance exuding a confident swagger. His chest puffed out slightly, and his head tilted back just enough to give off an air of superiority, all while a glimmer of mischief danced in his eyes, daring me to challenge him.

He was playing with me.

I’d play right back.

A grin tugged at the corners of my lips. With a mockingly exasperated sigh, I

strode towards him and lifted my hand, playfully slapping him across the face. The noise it made was extremely satisfying, but I hadn't really hit him that hard at all.

"How dare you! I am not a plaything to be traded like cattle. My name is Irina Morozov, and that means something," I scoffed, my mood lightening by the second.

Whatever this was, I was curious enough to see it through.

"I would have done you the honor of waiting for our wedding night to strip you bare for the first time..." he said with a mischievously over the top wink, "but since you seem to need an urgent lesson in your place as my future bride, I'll have to take you in hand right here and now."

I giggled at his pronouncement, knowing full well he'd seen me stark naked just last night, but that we were pretending he hadn't.

"Don't you dare even try! I'm a grown woman!" I shrieked, unable to quell the giggle brewing in the pit of my belly.

As I attempted to take a step away, feigning a dramatic escape, Aidan's swift reflexes were quicker than mine. In an instant, his arms were around me, effortlessly hoisting me over his strong shoulder. Laughter bubbled up within me, a mix of surprise and amusement, as he carried me back to the bench with an undeniable playfulness.

His grip was firm yet gentle, and I surrendered to the lighthearted charade, letting myself be carried along like a heroine in an old adventure tale. Back at the bench, he set me down on my feet, his eyes dancing with mischief and his stance confidently triumphant.

As the playful energy between us swirled in the air, Aidan's hands, both commanding and tender, found their way to my waist. With a fluid movement, he guided me until I was standing between his knees, a decadently delicious shiver running down my spine as his fingers lightly brushed my sides. My heart raced, and I met his gaze, a mix of defiance and curiosity in my eyes, as if daring him to continue this unpredictable dance.

The banter between us seemed to fade into the background as Aidan's expression shifted, his eyes locking onto mine with an intensity that stole my

breath away. His fingers tightened gently around my hips, a tangible anchor in the midst of the whirlwind of emotions raging within me.

“Irina,” he began, his voice carrying a weight of sincerity that resonated deep within me, “I want you to know that what I said earlier, about the arrangement, it wasn’t the whole truth. Yes, there are reasons tied to our families, but beyond that, there’s something more.”

His thumb traced a soothing circle on my hip, and I found myself captivated by the vulnerability in his gaze.

“I want to marry you because I care about you deeply. It’s not just about obligations or alliances. It’s about us,” he continued, his tone unwavering. “I’ve never felt this way before, and I can’t ignore what’s between us. I want you, not just as part of some arrangement, but as my partner, my equal, my queen. I want you for who you are, not just for what you represent.”

“Aidan,” I whispered.

As I met his gaze, a mixture of surprise, hope, and a hint of hesitation flickered through me. This was a side of him I hadn’t anticipated, a depth of feeling that left me both incredibly vulnerable and overwhelmingly elated. And in that moment, as his sincerity washed over me, I realized that my heart was beginning to believe in the possibility of something.

That we were real.

“Now, you’re going to be my bride. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I smiled, taking my lower lip between my teeth a bit anxiously.

“But Daddy wants to know something else, princess, something very important,” he continued.

“What’s that, Daddy?” I questioned, my brow furrowing with confusion.

“You want to be Daddy’s bride, don’t you?”

My pussy pulsed hard, and I blushed even harder.

He wasn’t the kind of man that would just take me without also knowing that

I wanted to be his. My heart melted at the realization, and I smiled, unable to stop myself. Instinctually, I knew he wouldn't have forced the issue had I not wanted it, but because I *did* want it, he was going to take me as his in whatever manner he decided.

The thought of that was ruthlessly hot.

I stared down at the ground and squirmed from foot to foot while his fingers rested on my hips, his touch igniting a fire within my core.

“Yes, Daddy,” I murmured.

“Good,” he replied, the intensity in his gaze burning with heat. “Now, naughty girl, it's time I reminded you what happens to little girls who fight Daddy when he decides what is best for them,” he scolded, the playfulness returning to his gaze in spades.

“But, Daddyyy...” I whined, playing into the charade once more.

I fidgeted before him, my core swirling with growing heat. With every second that passed, my arousal grew stronger, and my heart melted that much further.

“Who decides when that *beautiful* little ass of yours gets spanked bright red, princess?”

“You do, Daddy,” I blushed. With every word out of his mouth, it was like he was reading the deepest, darkest fantasies in my head.

I didn't actually want to be forced into marriage, but deep down, a part of me found the idea of being made to marry a man unbearably arousing, and somehow, he knew that. In the same way, I wanted him to be in charge, and he was taking it without needing to be told, which made it far hotter.

The spanking last night had stung, but I hadn't been able to get the image of him pinning me down, spanking me, and then fucking me until I promised to be a good girl out of my head.

I wanted more of that, and he was giving it to me.

“You know what's going to happen, don't you?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I whispered with a blush.

As I stood before him fully clothed, I couldn’t help but feel bare already. His gaze took a slow, leisurely stroll up and down my body, enjoying the sight of me before he stood up and towered over me.

I’d never felt so small in my life.

His fingers caressed my waist, slipping under my t-shirt and dancing along my bare flesh. Each brush of his fingers against my skin sent a shiver of longing coursing through my veins. It was as if every point of contact between us was a promise of something more, an unspoken invitation that set my senses into overdrive.

The electricity of his presence enveloped me, erasing any doubts or uncertainties that lingered in my mind. With every caress, every lingering gaze, I felt a potent rush of desire that left me yearning for more.

With slow, deliberate intention, he wrapped his fingertips around the bottom hem and lifted it up gradually. I stiffened, pressing a hand against his muscled chest in order to make him pause.

“Now, little girl, I think you know that once Daddy has decided you’re getting a spanking, you’re going to get one,” he growled.

My heart hammered in my chest, his wicked intentions slowly becoming clear.

He was going to strip me bare and spank me, right here in this private little alcove. There wasn’t another house in sight, but that didn’t mean that someone wasn’t going to happen upon us. Hell, the security guards patrolling the cabin might even hear what was about to happen.

I hadn’t anticipated this, but my pussy had quite literally gone ablaze at the mere thought of being taken in hand like this out in the open.

It felt deliciously naughty.

“You wouldn’t dare,” I challenged playfully.

His answering grin set my soul on fire. The dark promise of deep pleasures unknown twinkled in his gaze, and I had trouble staying on my feet as

anxious anticipation tore through me.

“Daddy’s always going to win, my sassy bride. It’s time I taught you that,” he growled, and my core constricted tight.

His fingers slid over the fabric of my shirt, and in a heartbeat, he lifted it over my head, leaving me exposed to his hungry gaze. The cool breeze from the lake kissed my skin, contrasting with the searing heat that radiated from his touch. My breath hitched as his hands roamed over the newly revealed expanse of my body, igniting sparks of electricity in their wake.

His hands moved to the button of my jeans, his touch sending shivers cascading down my spine. My heart raced as he skillfully undid the button and then slowly lowered the zipper, his gaze never leaving mine. As he slid the denim down my legs, I felt a rush of anticipation mingled with a heady mix of vulnerability and excitement. The jeans pooled at my feet, and I stood before him, my pulse thundering in my ears, exposed and wanting, held captive by the dark, seductive power of his ravenous gaze.

A heated sense of shame washed over me as I stood there in nothing more than my panties and my bra. Time seemed to stand still as his fingers traced the contours of my curves, each caress stoking the flames of desire that had been smoldering between us.

He took a long moment to trace the outline of my bra and then along the waistband of my panties, igniting goosebumps across every inch of my bare flesh. With a gasp, I shivered with nervous excitement.

Then his fingers flitted under the thin fabric connector of my bra in between my breasts. I arched towards him as he pulled it away from my body, feeling the lace begin to strain.

I opened my mouth to protest, but what he did next took my breath away.

In one hard motion, he tore it in half with nothing more than his fingers. It parted like a hot knife through butter, popping open to reveal the naked expanse of my breasts, as well as the rock-hard peaks of my nipples. With a gasp, I went to cover them with my hands, embarrassed to be so aroused out here in the open, but he knocked my hands away with a stinging slap. His thumb and forefinger grabbed my nipples and pinched them tight, twisting

just a little to ignite a burning flare of pain to radiate across my breasts.

“Never hide your body from me, princess,” he scolded, and he squeezed tighter. I cried out, rising up on my tiptoes to try to relieve the stinging agony, but it didn’t help. Instead, he just pinched harder, and I bit my lip.

“Yes, Daddy!” I finally exclaimed.

“Good girl,” he praised, his rumbling voice making my core squeeze tight. He released my nipples, and I bit back a subsequent cry, the pain flaring red-hot for a long moment before it began to fade. I flinched when he reached for my breasts again, but his touch was nothing more than a gentle caress. His thumb brushed my nipple now, making me gasp as a jolt of pleasure seemingly pulsed straight down to my clit.

Then his hands dropped to my hips, his thumbs tracing along the lacey hem of my panties. Every brush of his fingertips against my skin ignited a wildfire of longing deep within me. His hands, large and confident, traced delicate patterns along the lines of my hips, leaving a trail of scorching need in their wake. It was as if his very presence had the power to unravel me completely until I was raw and utterly exposed before him.

The cool breeze danced across my skin like a gentle caress, leaving a trail of goosebumps in its wake. It was as if the very air itself had come alive, tenderly brushing against me, and sending ripples of sensation across every inch of exposed flesh. Each whisper of wind carried with it a hint of the surrounding nature—the scent of pine trees, the distant murmur of the lake, and the subtle rustle of leaves—a sensory symphony that heightened my awareness of each and every heated moment between us.

My breath was shaky as his strong arms encircled my waist, lifting me effortlessly off the ground and gently placing me facedown over his knees. The sudden proximity sent a shiver of anticipation down my spine, my body fitting against his with an almost magnetic pull. His thighs were like tree trunks beneath my waist, but I couldn’t help but notice that there was a rock-hard bulge pressing against my lower belly.

He was hard for me, and I was wearing nothing but a pair of panties with my bottom high up in the air, about to be spanked.

I held my breath as his palm splayed across my lower back, just enjoying the whirlwind of sensation as he grazed his fingers along the waistband of my panties. When his thumb hooked underneath it, I held my breath as he began to pull them down.

Inch by painstakingly slow inch, the lace scraped against my skin, making me exceedingly aware of just how much of me was being exposed. The farther he pulled my panties down, the more heat rushed to my face. Every second that ticked by felt like a lifetime, until at long last, my panties traveled all the way down to the middle of my thighs.

The breeze picked up again, cooling the wetness between my legs. The blush painting my face grew that much hotter as a fresh wave of shameful arousal cascaded over me with a wicked intensity that left my head and my body reeling with desire.

His palm pressed against the lower curve of my ass, settling right over my pussy. The closeness of his fingers to the place I wanted him to touch the most drove me mad with passionate need, and I couldn't help but rock my hips up in hopes that he would give me what I so desperately wanted.

Instead, he pulled his hand back and lightly smacked my right bottom cheek. It didn't really sting, but the clapping sound was louder than I'd expected out here.

"Someone might hear!" I exclaimed nervously.

"Then they'll hear a naughty girl getting exactly what she needs, won't they?"

I covered my face with my hands, my blushing shame taking over my every waking thought. My nipples pebbled in the cross breeze, and I pressed my thighs closer together like I could hide everything in between my legs. As if he was reading my mind, he angled one of his thighs a bit higher, further elevating my bottom. Fully exposed, I couldn't help but feel vulnerable and irrationally turned on.

His rough palm glided over my skin with a delicate yet purposeful touch. As his hand moved, my senses ignited, waiting for him to mark my flesh with his desire. His other hand wound around my waist, holding me firmly in place

for what was to come.

The second spank was harder than the first. The sound of flesh smacking flesh reverberated through the tranquil air, its sharpness slicing through the calm with a reverberating echo. The noise seemed to linger, a fleeting moment suspended in time before fading into the serenity of the surrounding landscape, and I closed my eyes, my pussy pulsing in tune with the waves of the lake lapping against the shore.

The spanking began to pick up, both in pace and intensity. My bottom jostled with every stinging smack, but he wasn't spanking me as hard as last night. Instead, he was spanking me just hard enough to sting, and it was driving me wild with arousal.

A relentless fire of desire surged within me, its magnitude growing with every firm smack. My pulse quickened and I felt my self-control slipping, like grains of sand sifting through my fingers, carried away by the fierce current of longing that threatened to consume me. The ache deepened, blurring the lines between reality and the intoxicating haze of passion.

I wanted more. I needed more.

The pace built steadily, but it still wasn't enough to satisfy me. My thighs drifted apart, and I arched my back, lifting my hips to show him that I was willing to take more.

"Daddyyy," I whined, struggling a bit against his hold. I wanted him to overpower me, to take everything he wanted from me and more. The hand gripping my waist tightened, and I reached my hand back, using my fingers to block my bottom from him with a giggle.

"I can see I'm going to have to be firmer with you than I thought," he growled, his tone still light with playfulness.

His fingers curled around my wrist, easily pinning my hand behind my back as his hand rained down on my bare bottom. I pressed my thighs back together as I tried to grapple with the increase in intensity. My toes curled, and I kicked my legs a little, the burning sting washing over my naked flesh like wildfire.

The simmer settled straight in my core, making me needy and wanting. The

building pressure deep in my belly throbbed with an insistent, passionate yearning that seemed to echo in every fiber of my being. Raw, primal energy crackled between us, setting my senses ablaze and stoking the flames of my desire even higher.

I wasn't really thinking anymore. I was simply lost in the sensation of his hand peppering my bottom and the incessant pulse of desire in between my thighs. I couldn't stand it. I needed more.

Without really thinking it through, I curled around his leg, bared my teeth, and bit him.

It wasn't really hard enough to physically hurt him. Truthfully, I doubted that I could. He was so much bigger and stronger than me that I didn't even think it was possible.

I didn't bite him because I wanted the spanking to stop.

I was telling him that I wanted more. I wanted it *harder*.

"Did you just bite me, princess?" he said, his voice full of deceptively playful warning, and I bit my lip, suddenly nervous that I had quite literally bitten off more than I could chew.

"Maybe," I sassed.

"I can see that I'm not getting through to you with just my hand, naughty girl. It's time I took off my belt," he continued firmly, and my breath caught in the back of my throat.

"You can't mean to..." I began, suddenly nervous enough for a glimmer of self-preservation to finally kick in.

"It's Daddy that decides how he deals with you, isn't it, babygirl?"

I shivered with heat. Fear and desire waged an intense battle within me, like two opposing forces clashing in a raging storm. My heart raced with apprehension; my mind filled with the uncertainties of what was to come.

Could I take his belt? Would it hurt too much?

Would it hurt just enough?

I didn't know what was wrong with me. I should be angry that he was spanking me, but I couldn't bring myself to be. I was just as much a willing participant in this. My body was demanding it.

Hell, I could feel my arousal practically dripping down my thighs.

Yet, amidst the storm of my emotions, there was a steadfast trust that anchored me to him. I knew, deep within, that he held the power to both ignite and soothe my every desire and each of my fears. His touch, his presence, they were a sanctuary in the midst of chaos, and I trusted in that.

With a deep breath, I found myself surrendering, not just to the intensity of my emotions, but to the enigmatic appeal of the pain and pleasure that lay before me, to the man that promised all of that and more.

"Yes, Daddy," I finally replied, my voice a breathy whisper of desire.

"You're going to trust in Daddy to give you exactly what you need, princess."

"Please, Daddy," I begged, caught in the unknown of what was to come and what I was actually asking for. I chewed the inside of my cheek as my muscles trembled a little. I wasn't sure which was stronger, my fear or my arousal, or if the two were acting in concert to make one another that much more intense. My nipples brushed against the wooden bench, and I whimpered as a jolt of heat rocked my core.

His hands wound around my waist, lifting me easily off his lap as though I were no more than a sack of feathers. My heart raced with nervous energy as he stood and placed me down on the ground before he leveled me with a firm look.

His eyes, stern and unyielding, bored into me with a penetrating intensity that sent shivers down my spine. His gaze seemed to see through the layers of my thoughts and emotions, unraveling me in ways I hadn't known were possible. In that moment, I felt both vulnerable and invincible, as if his unwavering scrutiny had the power to awaken all of me with nothing more than a glance.

It was terribly exciting and unnerving at the same time.

He unclasped his belt, the strap yielding with a soft whisper of metal against

leather. With a practiced ease, he folded it in half, the supple material conforming to his touch. With a swift and deliberate motion, he snapped the belt sharply enough to make me jump. The sound echoed across the lake, a sharp punctuation that reverberated in the open air.

I shivered with need, watching as he lifted a single foot and placed it on the bench. He laid the belt down beside it and turned back towards me.

His hand, warm and inviting, stretched out to me, a silent invitation that left the final decision up to me. Nervous butterflies fluttered in the pit of my stomach, a delicate balance between excitement and apprehension. Yet beneath it all, there was a flicker of trust that burned like a small, steady flame. With a deep, deciding breath, I reached out, my fingers hesitating for a fraction of a second before intertwining with his.

He pulled me towards him, lightly pressing a kiss against my forehead.

“Daddy is going to take control now, princess. You don’t fully know what that means yet, but you will very soon,” he warned.

A trembling shiver raced down my spine and my pussy clenched.

“Yes, Daddy,” I whispered, my anticipation whirling inside me like a cyclone.

“This next part is going to hurt, but I know you need that,” he whispered, his breath tickling the tiny hairs alongside my ear and setting my soul on fire.

With no further explanation, his hands dropped to my waist, and he lifted me clean off the ground, high enough to drape my body over his leg.

I squeaked in surprise to find myself balanced precariously over his thigh, unable to reach the ground with either my fingers or my toes. His hand wound around my waist, firmly pinning me in place.

I was completely helpless.

It was a peculiar contrast between utter powerlessness and total security. His firm grip on my waist anchored me, reminding me that even in this seemingly defenseless position, I was completely under his control, yet somehow still safe. Each passing second seemed to amplify my anticipation, my heart

racing as I waited. Nerves danced beneath my skin like the sprinkling of a summer rain. There was a strange sense of liberation too, as if surrendering to this was finally freeing a part of me that I hadn't ever known existed.

To make matters that much worse, my panties had long ago gotten lost somewhere on the ground, leaving me completely naked and helplessly on display in this new, terrifying position.

I whimpered, trying to reach back to cover myself, but that only made me tip forward and I rushed to reposition myself so that I didn't fall flat on my face. His hand tightened on my waist, and I knew I wasn't going anywhere.

He wouldn't let me fall, and I trusted in that.

My hands rested against his ankle, and I bit my lip, a bit nervous and yet somehow still excited for what was to come next. Teetering back and forth, the soft rustle of fabric and the faint jingle of a buckle reached my ears, and I drew in an anxious breath. The thought of what was coming next made my heart race even faster. My skin felt hypersensitive, every nerve ending tingling in response to his touch. The world seemed to grow quieter, and my focus narrowed, fixated on the imminent moments to come.

He laid the belt across my backside, and I stiffened, but only enough not to throw my balance off. The soft leather felt warm as it draped over my naked cheeks, and I whimpered quietly, my nerves bubbling up from the pit of my belly.

“Daddy?”

“Trust in me, princess,” he coaxed, and I fidgeted as much as my position allowed. His hand tightened on my waist, firmly holding me in place.

“Yes, Daddy,” I whispered, letting out a long breath.

A mixture of fear and desire surged through me, but there was an undeniable trust in his hands. With a deep breath, I allowed myself to let go, to surrender to the vulnerability that came with being in his grasp. It was as if my body and mind were aligning and finally coming together as one. I closed my eyes at the same moment that he dragged the belt away from my bare flesh, anticipating that first lash, but not really ready for it.

The belt sliced through the air with a faint hiss, a palpable tension building in the space between us. It didn't hit me that time, just sweeping through the air beside my hip.

I wasn't so lucky the second time.

As the first strike of the belt met my skin, a sharp, stinging sensation radiated through me. It was a mixture of surprise, a slight burn of pain, and an unexpected rush of heat that sent shivers down my spine. My breath caught in my throat, and I instinctively clenched my hands, gripping around his ankle in order to keep myself steady. The sensation was more intense than I had imagined, and my body responded in a way that both startled and excited me.

It was a paradox of pleasure and vulnerability that ignited an unfamiliar longing deep within. I wanted more of it.

The burn was gentle at first, but it continued to build. In mere seconds, it transformed from a slight stinging sensation to a scalding line of fire.

It hurt *far more* than his hand.

The next lash came before I was ready for it, painting another scalding welt right beneath the first. My pussy clenched down hard, needy and wanting while at the same time afraid of the vicious leather strap.

With my legs outstretched and my bottom completely exposed to his mercy, I could do nothing but take the belt, and take it I did.

The next several lashes fell right below the first two, scalding my bottom one inch at a time. The burn grew more intense with each strike, almost like every single one was building on the one before it. I yelped when the belt whipped the bottom of my cheeks, just glancing against the tops of my thighs.

He didn't stop there.

With terrifying accuracy, he belted from the very tops of my cheeks all the way down to the middle of my thighs. The merciless lash of the thick belt was almost too much, but a strange sense of pride began to build deep within me with each one that I took. For a long while, I kept quiet, trying to show him that I could be brave, but soon enough, I was openly whimpering with every strike.

With each subsequent lash of the belt, the infernal sting seemed to build, a fiery pulse that resonated through my skin and sank into the depths of my being. My body quivered with a heady mixture of sensations. Each sharp bite of pain quickly melted into a warm ache, and the contrast of his heated touch against my tender skin sent me reeling. The anticipation of each stroke sent shivers down my spine and seemed to awaken every nerve in my body with a fiery, passionate desire.

Soon enough though, the pain overwhelmed the pleasure and the only thing I could focus on was the stinging agony radiating across my bare bottom. I struggled to take each lash, teetering somewhere on the edge of fear and surrender. I fought him and the belt seared into my backside with even more force, the weathered leather painting his mark onto my naked flesh with ruthless vigor.

I wasn't in control.

He was.

A brutal lash bit into the lower curve of my cheeks, and I cried out, struggling with the realization that this was only going to end when he decided it would and not a second before. He was going to belt my bottom as bright red as he wished, and the only thing that I could do was take it.

There was a powerful sense of freedom in that level of surrender, and I found myself swept away by the surging currents of pain, pleasure, and the ruthless demand of my submission.

My body blazed with passionate need for the very man who wielded the leather strap.

Every lash fell with brutal accuracy. Occasionally, the folded edge of the belt grazed the sensitive folds of my pussy, causing a terrible flash of agony to rock me senseless, but then a powerfully, heady wave of desire followed in kind.

A part of me both dreaded and looked forward to those strokes the most.

He started to pick up the pace, belting me harder and faster until the only thing I could focus on was the steady, searing fall of the thick, punishing leather. The sharp, exquisite pain merged seamlessly with the intoxicating

rush of pleasure, forming a delicious blend that I couldn't help but savor.

With each stroke, I felt myself surrendering more deeply, the weight of the world lifting off my shoulders as I soared through a realm of unbridled vulnerability. It was a paradoxical freedom, an exhilarating release that left me breathless and yearning for more. Each lash seemed to carve a path to the core of my desires, igniting a fervor that consumed me whole.

"Please, Daddy," I begged.

I didn't know truly what I was pleading for. Did I want more? Did I want it to end? Indecision warred within me, but it didn't really matter.

I wasn't going to be the one to end this.

Daddy decides.

My clit pulsed hard as the strap whipped every square inch of my bottom. I whined and cried, everything centering on the painful bite. He lashed the backs of my thighs especially hard, and my eyes watered. My breath hitched in the back of my throat, and I squeezed my eyes shut, dangerously close to tears.

Immediately, the belt slowed, and I caught my breath, quickly gathering myself and blinking my threatening tears away. But my thrashing didn't stop, at least not right away.

He laid several hard strokes down, thoroughly scalding my bottom. I whimpered and cried out, but I rode the wave of each lash with soaring pleasure. At first, the agony sizzled red-hot, rolling through me, and carrying me to dizzying heights, but soon after, a swirling riptide of passionate need coursed up and down every single nerve in my body.

In that heady mixture of pain and pleasure, I discovered a liberation unlike any other, and I reveled in the exquisite ecstasy of letting go and giving him my full surrender.

Every moment was pure bliss.

With deliberate intention, he laid the leather belt across my back. Its heavy, warm presence wouldn't let me forget what just happened, not that any part

of me wanted to. If anything, it made my needy desire that much more intense.

His fingers drifted above my skin, just barely touching me as he followed one welt after the next.

“That’s my good girl,” he praised, and my pussy clenched down impossibly hard. His light teasing was making it incredibly hard to stay still.

When his fingers ventured closer to the cusp of my thighs, I couldn’t help but tremble. He didn’t hesitate to slide one finger into my folds, and I gasped, only just realizing the copious amount of arousal hidden between them.

I wasn’t just a little wet, I was absolutely soaked.

“Princess,” he chided, and immediately, my cheeks flushed with aroused shame. I fidgeted a little, and his fingers sought out my clit.

“Daddy,” I whined.

“This tight little pussy is soaking wet. You enjoyed having this naughty bottom spanked bright red with my belt, didn’t you?”

I covered my face with my hands, not wanting to admit he was right, while also knowing that it was absolutely true.

The belt had hurt, but a very deep part of me had enjoyed every searing lash.

I didn’t answer at first, but when he slapped my pussy three times in quick succession, the sizzling burn was enough to break my silence.

“Yes, Daddy!” I wailed, squeezing my thighs shut to try to hide myself, but the chilling breeze cooling the wetness on the folds of my pussy told me that I wasn’t hiding much of anything at all. In this position, my pussy was completely exposed and vulnerable to the stinging smack of his hand. He kept the flats of his fingers on me, using them to lightly tease my clit. My core constricted tight with need.

“You need more than a bright red bottom though, don’t you, princess?”

“Please, Daddy.”

“Daddy can’t wait to feel how tight this needy little pussy gets around his

cock when you come for him,” he growled.

His words set my soul on fire. “Please,” I begged.

With dizzying ease, he lifted me off his thigh and set me back down on the ground. I stood on shaky legs while he unbuttoned his slacks and freed his cock. Even though I’d seen it once before, the sight of it was a terrifyingly addictive one.

He’d fucked me once, but it wasn’t enough. I needed him again, and I needed him badly.

My thighs rubbed against one another as he sat down on the bench, his darkened eyes finding mine.

“Climb up onto Daddy, babygirl,” he coaxed.

His cock jutted up into the air, rock hard, thick, and as monstrously long as I remembered. Veins throbbed on either side, and I bit my lip, nervous to take all of him once again. I was still a little sore from his cock last night. Tentatively, I pressed my hands to his shoulders and carefully climbed up onto his lap.

“You’re going to lower yourself onto my cock, princess,” he said darkly, and I gasped, a surge of heat racing through me to center right on my throbbing clit.

His hands wound around my waist, hoisting me up just enough so that the tip of his cock brushed against my entrance. I whimpered, his size humbling now that it was moments away from sinking into me. I wrapped my arms around him as I slowly sank down the tiniest bit. The thick head slid easily through my wetness, and I bit my lip, trying to keep quiet as the burning stretch began to split me open.

Inch by painstakingly slow inch, I took him. He didn’t rush me, nor did he try to force any more of himself inside me before I was ready to take it. Instead, he watched with rapt attention, mesmerized by every gasp, breath, and wince as I lowered myself down onto him. When I had finally taken all of him, I sighed in abject relief even though my pussy felt like it was going to rip in two.

“Now, princess, you’re going to ride my cock like you don’t need that needy little pussy belted as bright red as that gorgeous, welted ass,” he warned.

My heart pounded with a sudden surge of fear.

The belt had stung across my naked ass. I had no doubt a full strike between my legs would sting far more.

I rocked my hips once, testing how it felt to ride him. I bit back a moan as his hand slipped between us so that the roughness of his knuckles brushed against my clit. I rolled my hips a second time, slowly gaining confidence, and he growled in warning.

His other hand drifted backwards, following the cleft of my ass, and descending downwards until he paused right above my bottom hole. I stiffened and froze as the tip of his finger pressed against it, and his eyes sparkled with dark mischief.

“You can’t mean to... Not there...” I whispered.

“One day, I’m going to take this tight little hole, princess. It might be on our wedding night, or it may be when you’ve been an especially bad girl, but either way, it’s going to take every last inch of my cock,” he rasped.

“But... *Daddy*...” I whined.

Without a single word of warning, he pushed his finger firmly inside my asshole, using only my own wetness as lubricant. The burning pain caught me off guard, and my mouth opened wide with a shocked gasp. Searing agony radiated around my darkest hole. I’d never been penetrated there before in my life, not even by myself.

He forced his finger inside all the way to the second knuckle, and I cried out, trying to clench hard and make him get out, but that only made the pain burn that much hotter. A knot formed in the trenches of my core, threatening to unravel as the agony began to lessen, only for raw desire to take its place.

“Now, babygirl, ride me like you don’t want a second finger in this tight little bottom,” he growled, and the vibrations coursed right down my spine and straight into my core.

With a soft whimper, I rocked my hips, still struggling with the sizzling burn radiating deep in my ass. It was foreign and incredibly taboo. Too wicked to actually enjoy.

Heat pooled in my lower belly despite my shame. There was a deep part of me that loathed and loved his finger inside me there. It hurt, yet there was something about it that fulfilled a previously unknown yearning that I didn't even know I had.

It was wrong, but somehow perfectly right.

I tensed my stomach muscles and rolled my pelvis, grinding myself up and down the massive monstrosity of his cock. It felt like the head of his cock was sliding along a special spot inside me, and it was driving me crazy with need.

My orgasm brewed deep inside me, billowing up like a balloon inside my core and threatening to pop at any given moment. It grew larger, and I started moving faster, unable to help myself as I pushed myself closer and closer to the edge. With my release looming just over the horizon, I pushed harder, grinding myself against his knuckles.

I lost control of my body, riding him like a feral cat in heat until my release was just moments away.

“Daddy, please,” I begged.

I didn't know why I was asking permission, but somehow it felt right in that moment. My passionate need swirled with sizzling flame, burning hotter with every passing moment as his dark gaze bored into mine.

“Come for me, princess. Squeeze Daddy's cock with that tight little pussy,” he demanded.

His words were my undoing.

With a sizzling jolt, my core ignited with a startling hard, pulsing heat. Every muscle in my body seized, paralyzed with exquisite, agonizing bliss that tore me open from the inside out. My body pitched forward as my hips rocked like an animal, taking every inch of him and more. My bottom hole clenched around his finger, and he growled again, the rumbling sound sending

reverberating sensations up and down my spine.

I came so hard that I saw stars.

I opened my mouth, but it felt like the air had incinerated between us. I tried to draw in a breath, but my lungs filled with raw heat instead.

My arms gripped around his neck, holding on as I shattered on top of his cock with his thick finger shoved inside my bottom hole.

It was the hardest orgasm of my life.

When it finally started to fade, I realized that he hadn't come with me. A harsh jolt of desire forced its way through me as my pussy spasmed around his cock like it hadn't had enough already. My ragged panting and the wet sounds of our fucking seemed to echo loudly around us. If anyone walked by, they would know exactly what we were doing.

"Good girl," Aidan purred, and I swore that hearing those two words was far more addictive than any drug currently on the market. I would do anything to hear him say that to me, over and over again. I'd never get enough. I'd always need another hit.

His lips captured mine in a soul-stealing kiss. His mouth devoured mine, like he was a man lost in the desert and I was his last drop of water. Unable to help myself, I rode him slowly, grinding up and down on his cock. I worked my body and his thick length slowly, earning myself a soft groan that made me feel more alive than I had ever felt.

I wanted to hear it *again*.

Gradually, I ground up and down, wrapping my arms tightly around his neck. Faster and faster, I moved, taking everything that I wanted from him and more. His hand returned between us, teasing my clit and forcing me to the edge of the cliff of an orgasm that promised to be even more intense than the last.

"Come with me, Daddy," I begged.

"Fuck, babygirl," he groaned, and his hips thrust up hard, bouncing me on his cock and spearing even deeper into me than ever before. The raw, unfiltered

sound of his pleasure ignited a fierce longing deep within me, setting my senses ablaze. It was as if his groan had a hypnotic power, drawing me closer to him, my heart pounding in sync with his every breath. An electric current crackled between us, sparking with fervent need. Desire surged through my veins like wildfire, blazing a course through me with ruthless abandon.

I was so close.

“Please, Daddy. I want you to come with me,” I pleaded.

I wasn’t going to last much longer.

“I’ll give you whatever you want, princess. I’ll worship at your feet. I’ll give you the world. I’ll fill this tight little pussy with my come,” he rumbled and like a firework, my whole body ignited.

He thrust deep inside me as his cock erupted, spurting one blazing hot stream of his seed into me after another.

I broke and I broke hard.

A scream billowed up from deep in my body and escaped me before I could stop it. There was no controlling my pleasure now. I’d lost sovereignty over my body, and it was on a rollercoaster of agonizing bliss that took me captive and refused to let go. Wave after wave of euphoria splashed over me. Raw pleasure dragged me under the surface and stole the air straight out of my lungs.

The first two orgasms had satisfied me. This last one destroyed me.

When my orgasm reached a soul-shattering crescendo, my eyes rolled back in my head and my muscles seized tight. Every nerve in my body stood on the tip of a knife, threatening to fall off into the dark, murky abyss at any given moment.

With a roar, he thrust up hard into me, and I lost my balance, surrendering myself to the darkness as my orgasm raged on, caught in a whirlwind, and refusing to let go. I could feel every stream of his come pelting my inner walls. I was drowning in the searing intoxication of us.

When my climax finally reached its peak, I tumbled over it and finally

emerged from deep under the surface, pulling in a lungful of air like it was my last breath.

His fingers pulled away from my clit as my body quaked, ravaged by powerful aftershocks that felt almost as hard as an orgasm all on their own.

It was devastatingly beautiful.

It was us.

Slowly, Aidan pulled his finger from my tender little asshole and wound his arms around me, holding me tight against him.

Full of both his cock and his seed, I realized that I didn't want it any other way.

This was perfect.

CHAPTER 16



*A*idan

I wrapped my arms around Irina and held her close to me, feeling her body squeeze around me with residual tremors of pleasure. For a good long while, her breathing remained ragged, and her body trembled, and I held her for as long as she needed to be held.

I had fallen for her. Completely.

With her fierce spirit, her vulnerability, and her intoxicating charm, she had woven her way into the very fabric of my being. I wanted to be the one to protect her, to stand by her side and bask in the light of her presence. I found myself imagining a future where I would willingly worship the ground she walked on, where her smile would be my compass guiding me through life's twists and turns, both as my wife and as my queen.

It didn't matter that our union was one of necessity, because I would have taken her as my bride regardless of the circumstance.

She was mine, and I would have done whatever it took to keep it that way.

Her rapid breaths began to steady against my chest, her body slowly relaxing as the waves of sensation subsided. Her body gradually stopped quivering against mine as she pressed back, her glittering green irises meeting mine.

“You’re going to make such a beautiful bride,” I murmured, and her cheeks pinkened adorably.

“Yes, Daddy,” she whispered. Her pussy clenched down around my cock, and I released a heated moan, eliciting a tiny smirk at the corners of her lips.

“Are you going to walk down the aisle for Daddy like a good girl?” I asked, layering a soft warning in between the lines. Now that I knew she wanted to be my bride, I wasn’t the kind of man to take no for an answer, and if she needed another dose of my belt the day of our wedding, I wouldn’t hesitate.

Not now that I loved her.

“Yes, Daddy. I’ll be your good girl,” she murmured, her cheeks blushing furiously now. Her pussy spasmed hard around my cock, and I slipped my hand in between us. My thumb found her clit, toying with it as she shivered.

“Good girl. Now come for me. One last time,” I demanded.

She whimpered and cried, but I didn’t show her mercy. I circled her clit, roughly forcing her pleasure to a head. Using firm pressure, I ruthlessly pushed her over the edge, and she screamed, her body over-sensitive, but I didn’t care. I wanted her to come for me, and that’s what she was going to do.

Her body took over, writhing on top of me and riding my cock like she was made to take it, because she was.

I savored every moan, every breathy gasp, and every clenched muscle as I watched her break apart on top of me. She threw her hair back and dug her nails into my back, coming undone in a beautiful display of raw femininity that left me utterly captivated.

Ruthlessly, I dragged out the last vestiges of her pleasure, making her orgasm last as long as I wanted simply by toying with her hard little clit. By the time she came down, her breathing turned ragged once again and she was clutching at me.

“That’s it’s, babygirl. Hold onto Daddy for as long as you need,” I murmured.

She squeezed me tighter. Her head curled into the crook of my neck as she

slowly put herself back together. Several minutes passed in easy silence, the two of us just enjoying the feel of our arms around one another for as long as we wanted and for as long as we needed.

The sun began its descent, casting a warm, golden hue across the tranquil expanse of the lake. As the day waned, a cool breeze swept over the water, sending ripples across its surface, and carrying with it the promise of a brisk evening. I noticed Irina's delicate shiver, a gentle tremor that traversed her frame, and concern instantly etched its way onto my features.

"Are you cold?" I inquired; my voice laced with genuine worry. I couldn't help but feel a surge of protectiveness for her, a need to shield her from any discomfort, no matter how slight. My eyes lingered on her form, taking in the way her shoulders hunched slightly against the breeze. She met my gaze and chewed the inside of her cheek, as if she was deciding what to say.

"Just a little," she admitted a bit reluctantly, like she didn't want to leave my arms. To be honest, I didn't want to let her go either, but I wasn't going to have her catch a chill at my expense.

"Let's get you back inside," I suggested.

With infinite care, I guided her back into her clothes, each movement deliberate and unhurried, a silent promise that I would always handle her with the utmost reverence.

Once she was dressed, I cradled her in my arms, carrying her back into the house and up the stairs while carefully avoiding the security staff. They had no business knowing that I had just belted and fucked my future wife. Her pleasure belonged to me and *only* me.

I carried her to her bedroom as she yawned in my arms, and then I placed her carefully into bed.

"But it's so early..." she whined softly.

"Just close your eyes for me for a little while. I'll bring you dinner in a short bit, I promise," I replied.

"Okay, Daddy," she whispered.

As I tucked her beneath the covers, a feeling of profound contentment settled over me. With a final lingering gaze, I brushed a strand of hair from her face, savoring the sight of her peaceful expression as she closed her eyes. Then, I quietly retreated from the room.

As I closed the door behind me, the weight of my emotions settled within me. The path ahead was uncertain, fraught with challenges and complexities, but I was resolute in my determination to navigate it with her.

Now, I just needed to break the news to my family.

* * *

I paced back and forth in my study, phone in hand, psyching myself up for what I was about to do. Finally, I took a deep breath and dialed Kieran's number. Kieran was the face of the Murphy family. He was the reigning kingpin, but he relied on the rest of us to run the family with him. My official role was as a capo, along with my twin brothers, Connor and Caden. My older brother Cormac served as underboss, while my sister Ada carried a role just as powerful as the rest of us. Truthfully, all of us saw her as a second in command, a woman fully capable of leading an organized crime family all on her own.

After a few long, tortuous rings, Kieran finally picked up.

"Hello?" His voice came through, crisp and business-like. He likely didn't recognize the number since I was using a burner phone, just in case the Kozlovs had more tricks up their sleeve that I didn't know about.

"Hey, Kieran, it's Aidan," I greeted, trying to sound casual.

"To what do I owe the pleasure of this call? Last time I checked, you were vacationing on some pretty lake in Maine with our captive Russian princess."

"Yeah, well, I have a little bit of a situation."

"Oh, really? Enlighten me."

I cleared my throat, my heart pounding. "We need to talk about Irina..." I began.

Kieran let out a long-suffering sigh. “Please tell me you didn’t do something stupid.”

“Define ‘stupid’,” I mumbled.

There was a pause on the other end of the line. Then Kieran spoke.

“Aidan, what did you do?” he asked, his voice tinged with concern and the slight thread of warning.

“I may have fucked Irina Morozov,” I admitted sheepishly.

There was a long silence before Kieran burst into laughter. “You? Smitten by a Morozov? This is rich.”

“Hey, it’s not funny!” I protested, gritting my teeth against his taunting. I’d always been one to put business before pleasure, and for the first time, I’d done something that put it all at risk.

Kieran’s laughter subsided, and he sighed. “Alright, alright. So, what’s the plan, little brother? Do I need to get you out of there? You’re not seriously considering pursuing this, are you?”

I took a deep breath. “Actually, I am. But here’s the thing... I might need to marry her.”

Silence. Utter, baffled silence.

“You want to do *what* now?” Kieran finally managed to choke out.

“I want to marry her,” I repeated. “It’s the only way to avoid a potential war between our families. Her father showed up this afternoon. He already knows.”

“Because getting married is the logical solution to all family disputes,” Kieran deadpanned, but I could tell there was a hint of amusement in his tone.

“Kieran, come on. It’s not about logic right now. It’s about protecting our family and her,” I replied, rolling my eyes even though he couldn’t see me. There was a sigh on the other end of the line.

“I would have expected this kind of flair for the dramatic from the twins, not

from you, Aidan,” Kieran muttered.

“I prefer to call it ‘creative problem-solving’,” I shot back.

I didn’t even have to see him to know he was shaking his head.

“Well, you’re definitely going to have to marry her now, but I think you knew that already when you fucked her,” Kieran chuckled, his amusement painfully clear now.

“I didn’t...” I began, but he cut me off.

“Don’t even try to deny it.”

“Fine. I won’t then,” I lifted my chin, defiantly. Deep down, though, a part of me knew he was at least a little right, but I wasn’t about to admit it.

“There’s a few things you should know,” Kieran continued, and I stiffened.

“What is it?”

“The Kozlovs kidnapped Ada,” he began.

“What the fuck? Where is she?” I blurted out. Ada and I had always been particularly close. She and I worked side by side often. Oftentimes, she brought me along when she needed a little muscle behind her, but she didn’t truly need me. She was a badass all on her own.

“She’s safe. Don’t worry. We got her back, all of us, Shane Kavanagh included,” he answered.

“I’m glad to hear that he’s pulling his weight then,” I scoffed. I’d known Ada was seeing someone and I couldn’t help it. My protective streak came out with my little sister, even if she could handle herself.

“More importantly, the Kozlovs found out we had something to do with Irina’s disappearance. That’s why Ada was taken. They wanted to send us a message. I want you to come back to Boston. Taking Irina to Maine was wise, but now that they know, we’re splitting our forces between there and here. She’d be safer with us all together,” Kieran continued.

“How did they find out?”

“I’m not certain, but one of our soldiers has disappeared. It’s my gut feeling that they captured and tortured it out of him,” he answered.

“Motherfuckers,” I whispered.

“Come back home, Aidan. Bring your future bride, and we’ll deal with this together,” Kieran commanded, and I nodded.

“We’ll be back in the morning,” I answered.

“Good. Look forward to seeing you, brother,” Kieran added.

“You too,” I answered.

He ended the call first.

* * *

I took Irina back to Boston the next morning. We didn’t bother with safehouses when we returned. They were no longer necessary since the Kozlovs already knew we had her. Instead, I brought her straight to my town home on Shawmut Ave, the Murphy stronghold. My brothers and sister lived along the same block, keeping us all close together and pooling our resources and power into a single area. Much of Southie was under our control, but that was where we were at our strongest.

Irina even went along with me like a good girl, albeit with a few sassy comments along the way that earned her a firm smack on the bottom, but that only made her smile grow wider. Her playful nature was endearing, and I found myself gravitating towards it more and more.

We spent the next week together in my home. My brother Kieran stopped in and checked on us a few times, but I was unwilling to leave Irina unprotected when the Kozlov threat was still ongoing, nor was I willing to put her at risk by taking her out in public where she might be spotted by the Kozlovs or any of their many informants.

To her credit, Irina took this limitation in stride, earning several good girl fuckings along the way. I only needed to spank her once when she got a little pouty about missing a family gathering at Murphy’s Grill and Pub. Instead of

going myself, I called Kieran and told him I'd check in with him the next day, then I spent the rest of the night with my sweet, sore-bottomed little girl watching a movie and eating her delicious little pussy until she screamed for mercy before I put her to bed.

Family business continued as usual, just without me at the head of my usual role. Instead, my siblings picked up the slack and filled in for me.

For a while, the Kozlovs retreated into the shadows, much like a startled deer darting away into the woods after an unexpected disturbance. I had assumed it was because of my sister's failed kidnapping. From her intel, I'd found out that Anton had taken a bullet straight through the center of his right hand, making his trigger finger completely useless. Shane had been the one to take the shot, which made me like him a little bit more. It explained why Anton had run off with his tail between his legs, at least for a little while.

Knowing Shane had taken his revenge with that single bullet quieted my rage against the Russian heir temporarily. I didn't actively engage with him or search him out in any capacity, though. I wasn't sure I could control myself if I did. As much as I hated the bastard, I recognized that going after him could potentially start a blood feud between our families, and that just wasn't something I was willing to risk, especially now that I had Irina at my side.

During those few weeks, we operated under the assumption that Roman Kozlov had quieted his son, or Anton had at least given up on Irina. But there was no way to tell for certain, at least not until we got a call from Anastasia Kozlov, Anton's younger sister, out of the blue.

I'm not sure how she did it, but she got Caden's personal cell number. Connor was with him at the time, and an emergency family meeting was called. I wasn't able to phone in this time, so I relied on our consigliere Liam to ensure that Irina remained safe. When she opened her mouth to protest, I shook my head.

"You need to stay here, princess. This is not up for discussion," I scolded her lightly.

"But, Daddy," she whined.

"Don't push, babygirl. I'll only warn you once," I chastised.

Her lip protruded in the most adorable pout, and I pulled her into my arms, lightly pressing my lips against her forehead in a soft kiss.

“Be a good girl for Liam. I’ll be back in a couple of hours,” I said, more softly now.

“I will, Daddy,” she whispered, and I used a single finger to lift her chin. With a gentle kiss, I said my goodbyes and made my way down to Murphy’s. We’d closed the pub for the night for a family meeting between the six of us.

When I arrived, I barely acknowledged the “Closed for a Private Event” sign on the door before I walked through it, knowing my family was already inside waiting. Immediately, I noted that there were more people than I expected, namely Shane Kavanagh and Maxim Morozov.

I dipped my head in respect to the latter and surveyed the former with a cold look. Ada rolled her eyes in my direction and sat back with a huff.

“Heel, boy, put your hackles down,” she scoffed, and I snorted in response. I was just looking out for her. After all, that’s what brothers were for.

Kieran cleared his throat, leveling me with a look. I winked, and he shook his head, his lips barely turning up in an almost indiscernible smirk.

“Welcome Shane to the family, Aidan. Ada’s getting married,” Kieran announced.

I’d been so caught up in Irina that I hadn’t noticed the massive rock on her finger until this exact moment, and I nodded slowly. “Welcome,” I said, walking behind the bar and pouring myself three fingers of my favorite whiskey, Tullamore Dew.

“You’ve got good taste,” Shane replied, taking my judgmental look in stride and raising a glass of amber liquid in my direction.

“My favorite,” I replied with a grin.

“Mine too,” he added.

“He’s been good to you then, Ada?”

“Yes, Aidan,” Ada replied, placating me.

“Good enough for me,” I said, throwing another wink in her direction.

She sighed rather expressively, but she smiled anyway, her own cheeks turning rosy. She was happy. I could see it written all over her face. As she smiled, her signature red lips caught the light as she grasped her glass full of whiskey.

If I had to guess, Ada was the one in charge of that relationship. She was a woman who knew what she wanted and wouldn't settle for anything less. Her eyes dipped to Shane, and I watched them. He gazed back at her like she was his world.

She whispered something in his ear and glanced at her glass of whiskey, and he nodded, his gaze darkening for the briefest of moments before he whispered a single word into hers. I wasn't certain, but I thought he'd said two. I assumed he was speaking of the number, but I couldn't be sure. Her cheeks pinkened as she sipped her drink, and they smiled at one another. I could see the love that passed between them, especially Shane's.

I knew the look. It was the same way I looked at my Irina.

“Grab a drink and head on back,” Kieran pronounced, and my siblings and I moved from the main restaurant area to the back room where there was a large oval shaped table for us all to sit around.

By the time we settled in our seats, each of us had a glass of whiskey aside from the twins. They both had a pint of Guinness in front of them. Maxim had a glass of vodka.

The family had already been appraised about the match between Irina and I. Kieran had apparently told them Maxim was coming, but not me, probably just so he could see me shake in my boots a little bit sitting next to my future father-in-law.

Cunning bastard.

Caden clinked his glass on the table, and the murmuring around the table quieted. The expression on his face was serious, even more so than usual. Connor was equally as solemn, which was a departure from normal. He was usually lighthearted and optimistic.

“Anastasia Kozlov called me this morning. She gave us a bigger picture into the Kozlov family, and it isn’t exactly what we want to hear,” Caden began.

“Anton hasn’t given up his crusade against us, nor has he backed down from attacking our allies, namely the Carusos and several Greek families by the port,” Connor continued for him.

“Why hasn’t Roman put a stop to it? He’s the kingpin after all,” I interrupted.

“According to Anastasia, Roman is nominally in charge, but with Anton in the way, he isn’t so much in practice. His men are torn, split between the two. Already, several of them are threatening to follow one over the other exclusively. It’s a tenuous situation,” Caden continued.

“If Anton continues on his current path, war in our city is imminent. Many people will die, and Anastasia recognizes this. He’s an asshole, and they’ve had bad blood between them their entire lives,” Connor added.

“Why have we not talked about her in all this before?” I questioned.

“The Kozlovs are a traditional *bratva*, run by men and only men. She has nothing to do with their daily operations,” Kieran replied.

“Then why should we trust her?” I pressed.

“Anastasia is Roman’s daughter, but something tells me she has a little more sway with her father than we think,” Cormac answered.

“I think you’re right,” Kieran interjected, nodding thoughtfully.

“Anastasia came to us with a proposition,” Caden stated, and the room went quiet.

“She thinks it would be best if Aidan takes Anton out of the equation entirely,” Connor finished for him.

“His sister wants me to kill him,” I said, my voice flat with disbelief.

“That’s what I said too, but hear me out,” Kieran took over.

“I’m listening,” I scoffed, sitting back, and taking a sip of my whiskey, allowing the smooth and velvety texture to wash over my tongue. The rich flavors of honey, fruit, vanilla, and a hint of toasted oak engaged my senses,

and then the taste unfolded to a spicy pear and apple flavor, accented by a touch of creamy toffee.

“If we collectively take Anton out as a family, then that will instigate a blood feud between us and the Kozlovs, which is exactly what we are trying to avoid. Instead, what Anastasia proposed might actually work. If you’re the one to kill him, we can swing the story as a personal dispute between you two over Irina instead of an insult between families,” Kieran continued.

“An isolated hit, then,” I said thoughtfully.

“Yes and no,” Caden smirked.

“It’s a fight over a woman,” Conner winked.

“A dispute between men, and that’s that,” Cormac considered, and I sat back, rolling it over in my head.

“I’ve seen the footage, Aidan. I know he hit her,” Maxim murmured, his low raspy voice stealing the room.

“What would you have me do?” I asked him directly.

“I would have you do whatever it takes to protect my daughter,” he replied.

I had to admit, the idea of snuffing out Anton’s life with my own hands gave me a ridiculous amount of joy. The image of him backhanding my girl played over and over in my mind on repeat, making me see red on almost a daily basis. It killed me that he still breathed and walked this earth as though he owned it.

It would be awfully satisfying to end him.

The air in the room was thick with an almost tangible tension, each person around the table holding onto their thoughts like prized secrets. As I sat there, my fingers drumming against the arm of my chair, I could feel the weight of their gazes, scrutinizing and expectant.

Truthfully, there wasn’t a decision to be made. In my mind, it was already done.

I tipped my glass and swallowed down the rest of my whiskey in one large

gulp before slamming it back down on the table.

“Then let’s see it done. I’ll kill the bastard myself,” I vowed.

“Good man,” Maxim replied, lifting his glass of vodka and downing it.

CHAPTER 17



*T*wo weeks later...

Aidan

Anton Kozlov was going to die tonight.

I knew where he was going to be, and I was going to take him out.

The very thought of Anton Kozlov sent a surge of adrenaline and fury coursing through my veins. He'd laid his hands on my girl, and I vowed to make him pay in ways he couldn't fathom.

In my dimly lit study, I leaned against the back of my oversized leather chair, my fingers curling into fists as I watched him climb into his black Aston Martin on my computer screen. Through a carefully spun web of surveillance, I'd followed Anton's every move, every shadow he cast, my focus unwavering. I knew what he had for breakfast. I knew the faces of each and every one of his guards, and I knew every slimy business that he had his hands in, from the people he paid off at the docks to the sleazy restaurants he provided 'protection' for.

I'd made it my mission to learn *everything* about him.

Born in the heart of Saint Petersburg, Anton had grown up amidst its unforgiving streets, learning early on that survival required both cunning, ruthlessness, and a strong fist. He had carved a reputation for himself as a

seedy and calculating criminal, a skilled fighter, and a cunning manipulator. He had his fingers dipped deep into a myriad of illegal enterprises that ranged from extortion to black market dealings to the visceral world of underground fighting rings.

To make matters worse, Anton's prowess in hand-to-hand combat was unrivaled. He had honed his skills through years of brutal fights, the scars on his body a testament to his brutality and ruthlessness.

I wasn't afraid of a man like him.

Anton had long harbored ambitions that extended beyond the formidable grasp of his father, Roman, the reigning kingpin of the Kozlov family bratva. With a mind as sharp as a blade and a heart hardened by years of manipulation, Anton had deftly wielded his influence within the shadowy echelons of the criminal underworld to carve a place for himself as king.

His subtle yet calculated maneuvers managed to chip away at his father's authority, sowing seeds of dissent and doubt among loyalists who had long been held captive by Roman's iron grip.

It had gotten bad enough that even his little sister had recognized that the tension Anton had built would eventually push the family to the brink of upheaval, that it was simply a matter of time before it all came to a head and exploded in my city.

I brushed my thumb along the line of my jaw, setting my mouth in a firm line as I thought about what I needed to do.

Irina walked into my office and stood beside me, a mixture of apprehension and determination in her eyes. I wanted nothing more than to comfort her, to stay here and hold her the rest of the night, but it was my duty to protect her and see this through.

"Aidan, be careful," she implored softly, her hand reaching out to touch mine. The mere brush of her fingers sent a jolt of electricity surging through me.

"You have nothing to worry about, princess," I managed a tight smile, but my voice was husky with suppressed emotions.

With the weight of impending confrontation hanging heavily in the air, I pulled Irina into a sweet yet achingly intense kiss. Her lips, soft and yielding, melded perfectly with mine, the touch of her breath against my skin a bittersweet reminder of what was at stake.

In that fleeting moment, time seemed to stand still, and I poured every ounce of my longing and determination into that kiss, silently promising her that I would return, victorious and unscathed, to hold her once again in my arms. It was a silent vow, a whispered reassurance that passed between us as our lips parted, and with a lingering gaze that spoke of promises kept and love unfaltering, I reluctantly left her side. Her fingers held mine for a long moment before she reluctantly let them go. I watched them fall to her side and lifted my gaze to meet hers.

“I love you, Irina Morozov,” I said boldly.

Her entire face lit up at my pronouncement, warmth, astonishment, and sheer joy quickly replacing the crippling fear I had seen in her eyes. Her lips curved into a radiant smile, one that started from her heart and bloomed across her features, casting a warm, radiant glow that illuminated the room.

“I love you too, Aidan Murphy,” she replied, her voice carrying with it the weight of her vulnerable sincerity.

“Be a good girl and don’t stay up too late. I expect to find you in bed when I get back home,” I scolded lightly.

“Yes, Daddy,” she whispered, her cheeks blushing sweetly in response.

“I’ll be back soon, princess. Daddy has some business he needs to take care of tonight,” I continued.

She nodded quickly, wringing her hands in front of her body as a fresh flash of fear passed over her face. With a warm smile, she quickly covered it up, and I turned away and strode out of my office. I made my way down to the garage and slid into the seat of my Audi R8. I’d always loved the black exterior, its sleek lines, its powerful engine, and its impeccable handling. It had gotten me out of more than one scrape through the years. I traced my hand over the luxurious leather wheel before I turned the key, and the engine roared to life.

I pulled out of my garage and slipped onto the streets, making my way out of Southie and into Brighton. The drive only took me about twenty minutes, traffic light at this time of night. When I pulled into the parking lot of the Kremlin Pub, I slipped into a spot safely in the shadows.

The lot was quiet and mostly abandoned. It was still early for the Kozlovs and the regulars that came to drink late into the night. Anton and his gang usually didn't show up here for another hour, which would give me plenty of time to break into the back office and wait for him.

The old dive bar stood as a relic of forgotten times, its worn facade and flickering neon sign hinting at the stories it held within. My heart pounded with anticipation as I approached the back entrance.

My gloved hand deftly picked the lock, and the door swung open with a soft creak. The interior was cloaked in shadows, the distant hum of a broken jukebox adding an eerie melody to the air. I moved with purpose, navigating through the maze of tables and chairs until I reached the back office. This place had once belonged to a Russian named Igor Manov, but Anton had taken over it some months ago.

The moonlight filtered through the cracked window, casting an ethereal glow on the worn furniture. I eased myself into the worn chair behind the aging desk, the sensation of cool wood against my palms a stark contrast to the heat surging through my veins. The dim light overhead cast elongated shadows, draping the room in a cloak of secrecy.

The weight of anticipation settled upon me as I leaned back, my fingers instinctively tracing the grain of the desk's surface. The silence was tangible, broken only by the distant hum of the city beyond. My senses were heightened, every creak and rustle sending a jolt of adrenaline through my veins, and acutely attuned to the imminent arrival of the man whose presence would decide the fate of this encounter.

I didn't have to wait long.

Soon, the door to the office swung open, revealing the imposing figure of Anton Kozlov.

My heart raced as I watched him step inside, his movements deliberate and

controlled. He seemed to carry an air of authority and danger, but I wasn't afraid of him. I remained hidden; my breath caught in my throat as I observed his every move.

This was the moment I had been waiting for.

A silent storm raged within me as I watched him, the anticipation of our inevitable confrontation electrifying the air around me. Irina's face flashed before my eyes, her strength and vulnerability fueling my resolve. I was ready to face the darkness head-on, fueled not only by the need for vengeance but by the love that had grown between us.

"Anton Kozlov," I said quietly, my voice a low, dangerous rumble heavy with a mixture of stark warning and open challenge.

His gaze locked onto me, and a cold smile curved his lips. A flash of recognition glimmered across his features as he cocked his head, his arrogance written all over his face. He held a rocks glass in his hand full of clear liquid. I knew that it wasn't water. It was top-shelf vodka.

"Well, well. The man himself graces us with his presence. What can I do for you, Murphy?"

"I think you know why I'm here," I answered, leaning back against the chair, my eyes never leaving his face.

"Your sister, Ada. Is that what this is about?" Anton chuckled, the sound dripping with derision.

"No. This isn't about her. She can take care of herself. From what I heard, she did just fine," I said, pointedly glancing down at his mangled right hand.

"Why are you here?" he pressed, his annoyance clear.

"Irina Morozov," I answered, looking coldly back into his harsh gaze.

His only answer was a ruthless sneer. He lifted his chin, his brow furrowing with irritation.

"You hurt her. You crossed a line, Kozlov," I growled. I clenched my jaw, and my fists tightened against the desk. He took a sip of his drink, his gaze never leaving mine.

“The bitch deserved it. What are you going to do about it? I’m not afraid of you.”

“I challenge you, Anton. A fight. You and me. We tell our men to stand down, and we handle this man to man,” I demanded. A low growl rumbled in my chest, my patience wearing thin. Anton’s eyebrow quirked up, amusement dancing in his eyes.

“A fight? Why shouldn’t I just kill you right here, right now?” he rumbled.

“That’s too easy for you. No one would get to see your glory,” I replied.

For a long moment, I saw him contemplate my offer, likely imagining what it would feel like to sink his knife into my throat in front of all his soldiers, how much respect and fame it would garner him to kill a member of the infamous Murphy family here in Boston. I could see him teetering, and I went ahead and pushed him full tilt.

I knew it would be a temptation he couldn’t refuse.

“And if you don’t, I won’t stop until I tear down everything you’ve built. Your empire will crumble, and you’ll be left with nothing,” I replied, my voice dropping to a dangerous level.

“And if I win?” Anton replied, his smile widening, his gaze unyielding. His cockiness was written all over his face. He was already counting his winnings before the fight even began.

“Then you can have all the power you want. But you’ll leave Irina out of it. She’s off-limits.” I demanded, the challenge burning brightly between us. He studied me for a moment, the tension thick in the air.

“Very well, Kozlov. A fight it is. Winner takes all.”

Raw adrenaline coursed through my veins as I stood up. I offered my hand, and he took it, shaking it with strength, power, and sheer, utter arrogance.

“Agreed,” he rasped, the sound of his voice sending a shiver of disgust down my spine.

“Want to take this into the other room?”

“Definitely,” he snarled. He grinned, his eyes already glimmering with his victory before he’d even had a chance to earn it.

Fucking asshole. He was going to die today.

He left the office first and I followed.

The atmosphere in the bar shifted as Anton and I entered the main hall, the low hum of conversation fading into an anticipatory hush. His soldiers, a mix of burly men with hardened expressions, all watched with keen interest. I could feel their eyes on us, their presence an added weight to the tension building between us.

Anton and I stood a few paces apart, facing each other in the center of the room. The flickering light of dim bulbs cast elongated shadows on the walls, lending an eerie glow to the scene. The scent of old wood, smoke, and alcohol was suffocating.

“There’s a special show tonight, boys,” Anton snarled. “Meet Aidan Murphy. He’s here to fight for Irina’s honor.”

His men chuckled, the sound low and enraging. I gritted my teeth and fisted my hands at my side, barely restraining myself from slugging him across the face.

“That bitch was a whore,” someone called out, and I couldn’t help but growl with fury.

“Don’t speak about her that way,” I warned.

“Aidan here has challenged me to a fight, one on one.”

The soldiers laughed more openly now. I could see the looks on their faces. They knew of Anton’s reputation.

But they didn’t know about mine.

In the intricate dance of power within my family, I had carved out a role that was unmistakably mine: the muscle. It was a role I embraced, a way to contribute to the legacy of the Murphy name. One instance vividly stood out in my mind, one that showcased how my strength and determination had secured a lucrative acquisition for the family, a gentleman’s club that doubled

as a gambling den for the rich and famous of Boston.

The club had been a coveted prize, a prime piece of real estate that promised not only substantial income but also a strategic advantage in our intricate dealings. My brother, Kieran, had tasked me with ensuring its acquisition—a task that required not just my physical prowess, but also a shrewd understanding of the game.

He'd chosen the right person for the job.

When I had stood outside the dimly lit establishment, the sounds of laughter and clinking glasses had spilled into the street. I had known that behind those doors lay power and opportunity, and I was determined to make it ours. With a sense of purpose, I had walked in the front door, my presence immediately commanding the attention of everyone inside.

The air had been thick with the scent of smoke and the undercurrent of risk. I had done my research, and I had known the owner was a formidable figure who wouldn't part with his establishment easily. We exchanged words, each sentence a calculated move in a high-stakes game, but it soon became clear that I had the upper hand.

It wasn't long before words gave way to action. A tense confrontation escalated, and before I knew it, the room erupted into chaos. Fists flew, furniture toppled, and the very foundations of the establishment seemed to shake. In the heart of the mayhem, I faced off against the owner himself.

In the end, it was my unyielding determination and strength that tipped the scales in our favor. With one final, decisive blow, I left the owner reeling and the gambling house effectively under our control. It was a defining moment that solidified my position as the family's muscle, a role I embraced with a mixture of pride and a sense of duty.

The Kozlovs would find out I was a force to be reckoned with very soon.

"This will be a fight between myself and Aidan. None of you are to interfere, no matter the circumstances," Anton dictated. He met the hardened gaze of each of his men, waiting until they nodded with understanding before moving onto the next.

"Now why don't we get this show started?" Anton said softly, his tone

dropping to a venomous level.

I took a step away from him and turned around, facing him with my chin lifted confidently.

Without warning, Anton lunged forward, his fist aiming for my jaw. I sidestepped his attack, the rush of wind from his punch brushing against my cheek. I countered with a quick jab to his ribs, the impact reverberating through my knuckles. He grunted, his movements fluid and calculated, evading my next blow with frustrating ease.

But the fight went on.

Our fists clashed over and over again, each blow landing with a satisfying thud. His soldiers had stopped speaking entirely, their attention now solely on the spectacle unfolding before them. I blocked a punch aimed at my abdomen, using the opportunity to land a solid hit to Anton's jaw. He staggered back, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes.

He hadn't expected me to be good at this.

I smirked, letting my skill speak for itself. The room seemed to close in around us as we continued to trade blows, the rhythm of our fight intensifying. It was a raw, brutal dance, a presentation of strength and skill that tested the both of us.

But I knew this couldn't go on forever.

With a calculated move, I spun away from Anton and drew a knife from my belt, the cold steel glinting in the dim light. He mirrored my action, his own knife gleaming in his hand. The tension skyrocketed, and a silent understanding passed between us.

The true fight was about to begin.

The first blow came swift and fierce, our fists colliding in a clash of raw power. In the heat of the moment, I managed to sidestep one of Anton's lunges, and with a fluid movement, I managed to nick his forearm with my knife. A thin line of blood welled up from the shallow cut, and a savage fissure of delight raced through me at the sight of it. He gritted his teeth with fury.

I'd drawn first blood.

Our fight continued, a violent ballet of blades and brute strength. Every parry and strike spoke to our years of experience. I could see the fire in Anton's eyes, his vicious determination mirroring my own. We circled each other, our breaths coming in ragged gasps, the scent of blood and sweat heavy in the air.

Our movements were a blur, a flurry of strikes and parries. I felt the sting of a shallow cut on my upper arm, but I pushed through the pain, my focus unwavering. Anton's attacks were relentless, but I managed to deflect each one with precision and control. The energy in the room was electric, the outcome hanging in the balance. I chanced a glance around the room, peering at his soldiers' expressions. They were getting nervous, and that only served to fuel my adrenaline that much more.

As the fight wore on, I could see the fatigue beginning to set in on Anton's face, and I relished in that knowledge. I dug deep and fought harder, pushing him back one step at a time until he was only a few feet away from the tables behind him.

With a final surge of energy, I lunged forward, our knives meeting with a resounding clash. Our eyes locked, and for an instant, time seemed to stand still. I saw a flicker of uncertainty in Anton's gaze, a crack in his otherwise unshakable façade. It was all the opening I needed.

With one final, decisive strike, I seized the opportunity and delivered a swift blow to his wrist. The impact sent his knife clattering to the ground, and he staggered backwards, the backs of his legs colliding with one of the tables. He tripped and fell, landing on his back on the floor with a hard thump.

I didn't waste the opportunity.

I dove on top of him, rapidly dragging my knife across the broad expanse of his throat. Blood welled around the wound.

I'd cut deep.

Death was a part of our world. Sometimes it was necessary to deal the killing blow to send a message.

Sometimes it was to save the ones you loved.

Anton choked on his own blood, and I lifted my knife high into the air. With a decisive blow, I brought it down hard into his chest, meaning to end this as quickly as possible. My knife sunk in deep, straight into his heart.

With a harsh gasp, he stopped breathing.

I stood up, wiping my bloody knife off on his clothes before I flipped it shut. I felt the weight of the room's gaze upon me. Anton's soldiers, once loyal and unwavering, now looked at me with a mix of awe and newfound respect. The tension that had hung in the air moments ago seemed to dissipate, replaced by a palpable sense of acknowledgement. It was as if the outcome of our battle had rewritten the dynamics of power in that room.

With a subtle nod, I acknowledged their silent approval.

"My business with Anton is concluded. I will take no further steps against the Kozlovs," I announced.

One man stepped forward. I recognized him as the bratva's underboss, Nikolai Kozlov. From what I knew of him, he was a man of honor. He was loyal to Roman, but played both sides, mostly to keep eyes and ears on Anton as he served Roman's needs.

He didn't need to do that any longer.

"Our business with the Murphys is also concluded," he acknowledged.

I nodded once, meeting his gaze, searching it for any sign of betrayal and finding nothing of the sort.

"Enjoy the rest of your night," I said.

"You too," he answered.

I turned and walked right out the front door. Time was ticking by. Irina was waiting for me, but I had one last stop to make before I returned to her.

CHAPTER 18



*J*rina

As the minutes ticked by, an uneasiness settled deep within me, like a knot tightening in my stomach. My heart raced with worry for Aidan, each passing moment heightening my anxiety. The fear of losing him, of something terrible happening, gnawed at me. I found myself restless and paced the kitchen, unable to shake off the impending sense of doom.

What if he got hurt? What if Anton killed him?

Three of the Murphys sat at the kitchen table, watching me pace back and forth. The twins, Connor and Caden, as well as Ada, were here for the night, at least until Aidan came back. They were here on the off chance that the Kozlovs had caught wind of our plan, but it had been painfully quiet for what seemed like hours. The rest of the Murphy clan was close. I'd had the opportunity to meet them all, but these three were my favorite.

Kieran and Leah sat at the head of the family. They were sweet, but they had a family of their own to care for and protect. Cormac and Caitlin were fun, but I hadn't gotten the chance to know them very well yet. I hadn't met Ada's husband either, but from what I gathered, he was just as much of a powerhouse.

I glanced at the clock. It was one in the morning now. Aidan had left shortly

after eleven. What if he wasn't coming back? Why had he needed to go in alone? Why was that necessary?

With a soft sigh, Ada's dark blue eyes met mine.

"Come sit down, Irina. Let me pour you a drink," she offered.

"What if he needs my help?" I asked.

"Aidan would have all of our heads on a platter if we allowed you anywhere near Anton Kozlov ever again, especially tonight," Ada replied, and Connor laughed softly.

"You can say that again," he murmured.

"Don't worry, Irina. Aidan can handle his own," Caden added.

I peered back at Ada, her presence as striking as ever. Her trademark scarlet red lips were a bold statement against the backdrop of her impeccable fashion sense. Every detail of her appearance was meticulously styled, from her chestnut hair that held a hint of rich burgundy when it caught the light, to the sharp lines of her designer pant suit that spoke to her power and sophistication.

She wasn't that much older than me, but the aura she presented was one I wanted to make my own. Ada's lips curled into a knowing smile as she sipped her martini, her eyes fixed on me.

"You know, Irina, there was a time when Aidan's strength really surprised us, and it wasn't in a knife fight," she began, her tone dripping with intrigue. The way she said it broke through my fear, and I sat down at the table beside her. She picked up an empty glass and poured me two fingers of whiskey. I didn't know very much about it except it burned on the way down, but I could read the label on the bottle.

It was Middleton Very Rare. It looked *expensive*.

"Tell me." I leaned in and gestured for her to continue.

"Well, it was during a high-stakes poker game. Aidan was just starting to make a name for himself here in Boston along with the rest of us. He had just secured a deal with a notorious gambling house, but there was a catch. The

regulars didn't take too kindly to newcomers. Aidan found himself in a dangerous situation, outnumbered and facing some of the toughest players in the city," Ada began, glancing at Connor and Caden with a soft smile.

"I remember that night," Connor chimed in, a playful grin on his face. I leaned in, very curious now.

"So, they challenged him to a game of poker, and he sat down to play. They thought they were going to hand his ass to him without even trying," Caden continued, leaning forward.

Ada's gaze returned to mine, her voice low. "By the end of that night, Irina, Aidan had cleaned the table, wiped out his competitors, and walked away with the entire pot."

"He didn't just get lucky, either. He won with skill," Conner added.

"And here I thought fistfights were his specialty," I replied, my tone lighter.

"Oh, he's a man of many talents. But that night, he proved that his strength isn't just physical—he's a force to be reckoned with in every sense of the word," Ada smiled.

"It sounds like he's always been that way," I remarked, a mixture of pride and fascination in my voice. I tried not to let my thoughts waver to the naughtier things we'd done together, but I felt my cheeks heating anyway.

His cock is a force to be reckoned with, too.

"Don't tell him I said this, but what truly sets Aidan apart is his loyalty to us, his family. He may appear tough on the outside, but he's a big ole softie when it comes to the ones he loves," Ada said with a nod, her scarlet lips curving into a wistful smile.

"And he doesn't just fight for himself. He fights for his family, for his friends, and now, it seems, for you," Connor raised his glass, a glint of admiration in his eyes.

"It's in his heart and his soul. He'd go to the ends of the earth to protect what's his," Caden added, his voice serious.

"Thank you for sharing that with me," I said, my gaze moving from Ada to

Connor to Caden. “It means a lot to know the kind of man Aidan truly is.”

“Consider it a sneak peek into the mystery that is Aidan Murphy,” Ada winked at me, her eyes twinkling mischievously.

My heart skipped a beat as the front door swung open. Aidan walked inside, his presence commanding the room despite the state he was in. Blood spatters stained his clothes, and a white bandage wrapped around his upper arm caught my attention immediately. I was on my feet in an instant, my worry evident as I rushed towards him.

“Aidan! What happened? Are you hurt?” I exclaimed.

“Irina, I’m alright. It’s just a scratch,” he replied. He managed a weary smile as he reached out to gently cup my cheek, his touch reassuring despite the circumstances. My gaze flickered to the blood on his clothes, and I couldn’t help but press my lips together in worry.

“A scratch? It doesn’t look like just a scratch,” I observed, my concern seeping from my every pore.

He chuckled softly and locked his eyes on mine. “Trust me. It’s nothing I haven’t dealt with before. Just a bit of a scuffle.”

“Is he...?”

“He won’t be a problem anymore,” Aidan assured me, his voice firm.

“I knew you had it in you,” Ada exclaimed behind me.

“Us too,” Connor and Caden added in unison.

“Thank you for watching over Irina for me,” Aidan said, looking over my shoulder as he took my hand. “It’s time that I put her to bed,” he added resolutely.

“Geez, you two. It’s not even your wedding night yet,” Connor teased, and Aidan leveled him with a firm look.

“Okay, okay, we’re going!” Connor continued. The three of them said their goodbyes, and before I knew it, Aidan and I were once again alone.

“I missed you, my little girl,” he murmured.

“I missed you too, my Daddy,” I whispered.

With a gentle tug, he pulled me towards him and surrounded me in his arms. In an instant, all my stress and worries washed away like grains of dirt in a summer rainstorm. My head rested against his chest, and I listened to the steady rhythm of his heartbeat beneath my ear, a soothing reminder that he was here with me and that everything was okay. As his fingers gently stroked my hair, a sense of calm washed over me, and I closed my eyes, allowing myself to melt into his embrace.

His touch felt both tender and possessive as he reached into his pocket. Then he took my left hand and slipped something onto my ring finger. My gaze flickered down to see a delicate, yet beautifully intricate engagement ring glinting in the soft light.

A brilliant diamond sat nestled at the center, catching the light in a dazzling display of colors. The central stone was pristine and clear. It was surrounded by smaller diamonds that cascaded down the band to either side. The platinum setting accentuated the purity of the diamonds, its sleek design a perfect balance between elegance and modernity.

It was beautiful.

“This belongs to you now,” he said, his voice a mixture of certainty and vulnerability. His words, spoken in that low, commanding tone, resonated in my ears and sent a shiver cascading down my spine.

There was no question in his voice. He wasn’t asking. He was taking, and that made my core clench tight with arousal.

As I stared at the ring, a flutter of emotions surged within me. There was a weight to his words, a declaration that went beyond just a piece of jewelry. It was a symbol of his claim over me, a reminder that I was his and he was mine. The idea sent a shiver down my spine, a mixture of excitement and trepidation. But more than that, there was a sense of belonging, of being cherished in a way I hadn’t ever experienced before.

I looked up at him, my heart racing, and found his eyes fixed on mine, his gaze unyielding yet filled with a tenderness that took my breath away. And as his fingers brushed against my cheek, I leaned into his touch, feeling the truth

of his words deep within me.

“Does this mean I’m officially part of the Murphy clan now?” I quipped, a playful smile tugging at my lips. He chuckled, a rumble that sent warmth through my body, and his hand tightened gently around mine.

“More than that, Irina,” he replied, his voice softening, pausing for just long enough to pull back and meet my gaze. “You’re mine now. You belong to me. I’m going to take care of you, protect you, and make sure you’re safe and happy. You’re my bride, my future wife, my forever.”

For a long moment, I held his gaze with mine. I couldn’t help but smile, feeling a surge of utter contentment and pure excitement. His words were sweet, but the dark seduction in his eyes were anything but. I decided to lean into it and play with him a little bit.

“Does that mean I get to wear a big white dress and throw a bouquet?”

“Whatever you desire, my sweet bride,” he replied, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

“Since it’s my big day, does that mean I get to call the shots and boss you around?” I sassed, unable to resist throwing a playful jab his way.

“Only if you promise to do it with that irresistible pout,” he replied with a wink.

“Well, Mr. Murphy, you’ve got yourself a deal. But fair warning, I might turn into more than just a handful.”

“As long as I’m the one that gets to handle all of you,” he said as he leaned in closer, his voice low and husky. A shiver ran down my spine at his words, his intensity pulling me in.

“Is that a demand, Mr. Murphy?” I asked pointedly. I rose a single brow in challenge.

“Consider it a promise of what’s to come,” he vowed, while he flashed a grin in my direction that sent my heart racing.

Without missing a beat, Aidan’s hands found their way to my waist, pulling me closer until there was barely a breath of space between us. The heat of his

body seeped into mine, and the fire within me ignited once again.

I barely had time to catch my breath before his lips captured mine, a delicious blend of hunger and tenderness. It was a kiss that spoke of promises made and unspoken emotions, a dance between two souls bound by something much deeper than words could convey.

It was perfection.

CHAPTER 19



Three months later...

Irina

As the day of our wedding drew near, my growing excitement and anxious nerves mingled within me like a tornado that threatened to veer off course at any given moment.

Choosing the wedding dress was a momentous task. I tried on a countless number of them before I finally settled on the perfect one.

The dress was a vision of elegance and grace. It featured a bodice adorned with intricate lace reminiscent of delicate snowflakes, reminding me of my home country of Russia. The fabric cascaded down in gentle layers, signifying the rolling hills of Ireland. It fit my body like a glove. I'd always imagined myself in a princess style dress, but this one fit me far better than any of the ones I'd left on the dressing room rack. Once I put it on, I couldn't imagine myself in anything else.

We settled on an Irish Catholic church in the center of South Boston for the ceremony. Its towering stone walls, weathered by time, reminded me of a castle of old. Stained glass windows adorned with intricate patterns filtered the sunlight into a mosaic of colors that cast glittering light dancing across the floor. The soft glow illuminated rows of polished wooden pews. The scent of aged wood and incense lingered in the air, carrying with it hope for

the future.

After the ceremony, the reception would take place at Murphy's Grill and Pub with the entire family and all of the attendees. I'd heard all about their famous sweet potato fries, and I couldn't wait for the chance to not only see the place for the first time, but to get a basket all to myself.

Next came the monumental task of selecting flowers. Rows of bouquets and arrangements greeted me at the florist, each bursting with vibrant colors and fragrances. I wanted the flowers to mirror the intertwining of our lives, so I chose deep red roses for their passion, white lilies for purity, and dashes of green to symbolize our growth.

With the image of the bouquet that I had chosen firmly in my mind, I worked with the cake decorator to craft a masterpiece. Layers of ivory fondant formed the canvas for intricate lace patterns that adorned the sides of the red velvet cake. The tiers were decorated with lifelike sugar-crafted red roses, each petal meticulously sculpted to perfection. Delicate white lilies peeked out from between the layers, and to complete the design, intertwining vines of green leaves wound their way around the tiers.

I spent an inordinate amount of time diving into the rest of the intricate details that went into planning a wedding, including the seating arrangements, table centerpieces, and even the choices of music.

When the day finally came, I was ready, albeit a little nervous.

I found myself worriedly pacing around the lavish penthouse suite that Aidan had surprised me with so I could get ready with the girls in the hours before the wedding. Ada, Leah, and Caitlin had already gone to the church. The hotel was only a block away from the venue, so I'd insisted they go without me so I could finish up on my own. Honestly, it was mainly so I could try to get my nerves under control.

My hands fumbled with my hair and makeup, the mirror reflecting my anxious expression as I attempted to make everything perfect.

I adjusted my veil for the umpteenth time, wondering if I had made the right choices. The weight of the upcoming ceremony pressed on me, and my heart raced with both excitement and a touch of uncertainty. The magnitude of it all

was suddenly quite overwhelming.

Just as I was about to fixate on my reflection once again, there was a gentle knock on the door. My heart leapt into my throat, and I hurried to open it.

It was Aidan, his strong frame filling the doorway. There was a warm smile on his lips that immediately eased my anxiety. His presence alone had a calming effect on me.

We'd spent the night apart, wanting to keep to tradition, but it had been one of the hardest nights of my life. I'd missed his warm body surrounding mine, his arms wrapped around my waist, and his comforting presence.

I hadn't slept that well because of it.

"Hey there, my beautiful bride," he greeted, his voice soothing as he stepped inside.

"Hi. Just... making sure everything is... perfect," I said, offering him a shaky smile and attempting to mask my jitters.

"You're perfect, Irina. No need to fuss." He chuckled softly and closed the distance between us, his fingers grazing my cheek as he gently tilted my chin up to meet his gaze.

His words had an instant calming effect, like a soothing balm on my nerves. The way he looked at me, with such unwavering adoration, made the fluttering butterflies in my stomach settle. It was as if he could see past my anxious exterior and right into my heart.

"I know," I replied with a hint of playful sass, letting myself relax against his touch.

"You're going to be the most stunning bride anyone has ever seen." Aidan's thumb brushed over my lips, his gaze warm and sincere.

The way he said it, his voice a mixture of tenderness and certainty, gave me a renewed surge of confidence. My nervousness slowly melted away, replaced by a growing excitement for the journey ahead.

Before I could reply, he leaned in, his lips claiming mine in a soft, lingering kiss. The gentle press of his mouth against mine made my heart skip a beat,

and I felt my nerves dissipate like mist in the morning sun. As the kiss deepened, I couldn't help but smile against his lips, feeling a surge of playful energy. With a mischievous glint in my eyes, I softly nipped at his lower lip.

Aidan's surprised chuckle vibrated through the kiss, and his fingers tightened their hold on my waist. His lips pulled away slightly, and he looked at me with a mixture of amusement and desire. "Feisty, aren't we?"

"You know I can't resist a chance to keep you on your toes," I replied. I flashed him a coy grin, feeling the nerves now replaced with a different kind of thrill.

His laughter was rich and deep, a sound that resonated within me and filled the room with an indescribable warmth.

"Then you should know I can't resist a chance to put you over my knee," he murmured, before leaning in for another kiss.

My heart pounded in my chest at his words as his lips gently possessed mine. The kiss began with a gentle sort of tenderness, but it didn't stay that way for long. As he pulled away, he bit my lower lip much more firmly than I had his, hard enough for a glimmer of pain to jolt straight down to my core. My clit pulsed as if it was waking from a deep slumber.

"But, Aidan," I tried, and he cleared his throat, cutting me off.

"Daddy," he corrected, his tone laced with warning.

"Daddy, it's my wedding day," I whined.

"Little girl, does Daddy need to take off his belt?"

"No, Daddy," I pouted.

He grasped my chin, dragging his thumb firmly across my lower lip. "Trust Daddy to give you what you need, princess," he murmured, and I pouted a bit harder. I hadn't gotten a spanking in weeks now, and the prospect of one looming so closely again made me so anxiously needy that I could feel the seat of my panties dampening from my arousal.

He leaned in and nipped my lower lip again, not hard enough to draw blood, but it made me yelp out loud all the same.

“Bend over the bed,” he demanded.

“But, Daddyyy,” I tried one last time.

His gaze turned much sterner, his eyes locking onto mine with an intensity that made my breath catch in the back of my throat. The mischievous atmosphere shifted, replaced by a raw, unspoken command that sent a shiver down my spine. In that moment, it was as if he saw through all my playful facade, delving into the depths of my thoughts and desires. It was a look that demanded my full attention and conveyed the unspoken promise of what was to come. Despite the sudden seriousness, a flicker of anticipation danced in his eyes. Then, it was gone, masked by a dark seduction that made a shiver cascade down my spine.

My gaze dropped to his broad hands, watching as they openly flexed as if anticipating smacking my bottom until it was bright red. My pussy clenched hard, and I tried not to dwell on the fact that it aroused me so much.

Time seemed to stand still as he strode over to me, closing the distance between us in three short steps. Gently, he grasped my upper arm and led me towards the oversized king bed in the center of the massive room.

I found myself focusing on the bed itself, almost like my mind didn't want to accept that I was about to get a spanking on my wedding day, especially one that I'd instigated all by myself. I stared at the soft white comforter stretched across the expanse of the bed, almost as if it were inviting me to bend over it and sink into its plush depths.

He stopped beside the bed and carefully spun me around to face away from him. One by one, he undid the small buttons that laced up my back, but stopped only about a third of the way through. It was enough to loosen it around my breasts, but not to allow it to fall down to the floor.

Did he mean to leave my dress on for this?

Purposefully, he turned me to face him and traced his fingers along the bustline of my dress, just grazing across my skin. His touch ignited one fiery tendril of pleasure after the next to surge through me, and I gasped, unable to keep myself quiet.

Snapping my lips shut, I chewed the inside of my cheek as I searched his

face. What was he up to?

His fingers dipped below the fabric, brushing against my nipples as he grasped my breast and roughly lifted it clean out of the cup. I cried out as he did the same to the other. My yelps turned louder once he gripped both of my nipples at the same time and then used them to lift my breasts even higher.

A flash of sharp pain radiated around my stiff buds. It grew more intense, compounding on itself in spades until my whimpers approached a high, keening sound. Agony blossomed across the expanse of my breasts as he pinched my nipples between his thumb and forefinger, lifting them up as far as they would go before allowing them to sit on top of the sweetheart neckline of my gown.

It made me feel like a slut, but not just any slut.

His little slut.

“You needed Daddy’s attention, didn’t you, sassy girl?” he rumbled, his voice reverberating down my spine and sinking deep into my core. I cried out, the sound higher and exceedingly more desperate.

“Yes, Daddy! Please! Please,” I begged. I tried to rise up on my toes to alleviate the harsh sting, but he only ended up pulling on my nipples a little harder as a result. My whimpers escalated even further, and when I thought I couldn’t take anymore, he finally released me.

The pain stopped for the briefest of seconds before the blood returned to my punished flesh and a second wave followed. My shoulders bowed forward as I struggled to cope with the rise and fall of agony until at long last it began to fade, leaving my nipples throbbing with residual soreness.

His gaze lingered on my bare breasts, and I shivered.

It was hard to keep still as his mouth dropped to kiss my aching buds. His lips remained gentle, but when he grazed his teeth over the tip, I stiffened. Immediately, his hands settled on my waist, pulling me close as he finally did what I’d been afraid he would do.

He bit my nipple, hard.

I keened, immediately overwhelmed by the stinging pain as his teeth pressed down on my poor flesh. He didn't relent right away, but when he did, I gasped in shaky relief even when the second surge of agony followed. I whined as his mouth moved to the other side, anticipating the pain before it started. He kissed the other side for a bit longer, lulling me into a relaxed fog of desire before he bit down hard.

“Oh, Daddy! It hurts! Please!”

When he finally let go, both of my nipples throbbed with residual soreness. I hazarded a glance downwards. My aching buds were harder than I'd ever seen them, stiff and full of blood and throbbing desire. I went to reach up to comfort them, but Aidan captured my wrist and jerked me forward so that I was bent over the bed. My nipples scraped against the comforter, pulsing with pain after being so thoroughly dealt with.

“Keep your hands where I put them, princess,” he demanded, and the rumble of his tone settled deep in my belly. His command washed over me like the tide coming in, and my body settled, easing into surrender as though it was a second skin. I sighed with contentment.

I was exactly where I was supposed to be.

His hand slid down the line of buttons along my spine, where he cupped my bottom gently before dropping even lower. Meticulously, he gathered the hem of my skirt and slowly lifted it up, baring my legs inch by exceedingly slow inch. He went even slower when he approached my backside, taking care to trace his fingers along the backs of my thighs and the lower curves of my bottom.

I bit my lip, trying not to arch into his touch and failing anyway.

I couldn't help it.

I rocked from one foot to the other as he gathered my skirt above my waist. With growing excitement, I listened as he took a step back and just looked at me.

I'd chosen my bridal lingerie with him in mind. The panties were sheer lace, leaving little to the imagination, but covering up just enough to tease at what was beneath. There was a white garter belt around my right thigh, complete

with a little light blue bow for him to tear off later with his teeth. I was wearing stockings, the tops held up by straps attached to a waistband. I tried to imagine the sight he was seeing and shivered with pleasure.

With his gaze on me like this, it was as if the world narrowed down to just the two of us, like there was no one else but us. The force of his desire hit me like a freight train, igniting a cascade of different sensations within me.

Desire.

Anxiety.

Everything.

I could feel his hunger, his longing, and how much he wanted me. It was a heady mixture of exhilaration and nervousness, and it left my head reeling.

“Daddy,” I whispered, unconsciously lifting my hips and showing him everything in a single movement.

“Stay still, princess. I’m admiring everything that belongs to me,” he purred. He took a step towards me, and I stiffened when his fingers brushed against the bare flesh of my hip, the heat taking me aback far more than I’d anticipated. My core swirled with desire, hot and heavy and intensely powerful.

I stayed where I was, both wanting and needing him to look at me.

“You’re utterly breathtaking, my Irina. These panties are beautiful,” he murmured.

I blushed at his heated words, both embarrassed and aroused that he liked the lingerie I’d chosen for him. My clit pulsed, and I bit my lip as his fingertips continued down the line of the lacey hem as he cleared his throat.

“It’s a shame you lost the privilege of wearing them for the rest of the day,” he scolded gently, and my breath caught in my throat. Startled, I went to lift my torso off the bed and his hand was immediately on my low back, holding me in place.

My heart skipped a beat as I heard the distinct sound of a switchblade opening, the metallic click sending a shiver down my spine. I couldn’t see it,

but I wondered what he was doing with it. I stilled, and the air seemed to hold its breath as I awaited his next move, a mixture of apprehension and fascination coursing through me with wild abandon.

Swiftly, the sharp blade lightly grazed against my skin. I yelped in alarm, afraid he would cut me but knowing deep down that he wouldn't. The edge of the blade slid along my flesh, dipping beneath the lacey hem, and I finally realized with he was doing.

With a swift jerk, he flicked the blade towards him, effectively cutting straight through the fabric. The lace gave way, the gauzy cloth no match for the sharp edge of his knife. With painstaking care, he cut through my panties on both sides and when he was ready, he tore the tattered remains off.

Now, everything in between my legs was on stark display. I felt exposed, laid bare to his desires, and it was both thrilling and unsettling in the most wonderful way.

My breath kept catching, and my desire kept spiraling.

“My my, sassy girl. You protest an awful lot for a pussy this wet,” he observed, and I felt a rush of heat creep up to my cheeks. My shame only compounded on itself, driving my need higher as a result, and it took everything in me to remain still.

Though I couldn't see him, I could feel his presence like a tangible force in the room. It was as if his heated gaze had physical weight, settling on my skin and igniting a slow burn that spread through my veins.

Finally, when I thought I could bear it no longer, he cleared his throat.

“Let me tell you what's going to happen now, sassy girl. I'm going to spank this bare little ass bright red, and then you're going to get down on your knees like a good girl and suck my cock.”

That would have been more than enough to make me blush, but he didn't stop there.

“If you had been a good girl and just given me a kiss, I would have given you a gentle lovemaking, but you bit me, didn't you, naughty girl. So instead of the sweet fucking you could have gotten, I'm going to take your last virgin

hole hard enough that you'll feel it with every step you take down the aisle towards me later today," he said darkly.

The whole world centered on the heaviness of his words.

He couldn't...

He wouldn't...

He would.

He'd threatened to take my bottom once before, but he'd never mentioned it again. I had thought maybe he'd just said it to turn me on. I realized now that I had been wrong.

Even though it seemed wickedly wrong, I could feel my core sizzling at the thought of his cock sinking into my tight little asshole, over and over again. I'd come insanely hard from just having his finger in my bottom.

Just how hard was I going to come when it was his cock?

His palm grazed over my left bottom cheek, startling me out of my thoughts. For what seemed like forever, Aidan lulled me into a state of relaxation. All I could focus on was his touch smoothing back and forth over my exposed flesh, dipping teasingly close to my pussy. He took one knuckle and lightly slid it up the cleft of my ass, making me bite my lip and imagine what exactly was going to happen between them soon enough.

By the time he lifted his hand to deliver the first spank, I was trembling with arousal. I could feel my wetness beginning to thoroughly coat my inner thighs, and I wondered if he could see it. When a single droplet rolled down my leg, I cried out in shame, unable to stop myself from arching my hips up and seeking out the stinging heat of his palm.

When his hand finally struck my ass for the first time, I was ready for it.

The smarting sensation was somehow muted at first, my desire rolling in billowing waves through me and dampening the pain. The sound was just as loud as I remembered, sharp and deafening in the room, and I was silently thankful for the fact that the penthouse took up the whole top floor of the hotel.

I lifted my head, glancing out the floor to ceiling window right in front of me. The city landscape unfolded before us like a vibrant tapestry against the backdrop of a cloudless sky. The streets below were alive with a constant flow of people, cars, and the occasional passerby walking their dogs. Tall buildings stretched towards the sky, their windows reflecting the golden hues of the setting sun. The iconic sights of the city were visible in the distance—the gleaming waters of the harbor, the outline of the historic Fenway Park, and the unmistakable skyscrapers that marked the heart of the city.

I wonder if they could see me, bent over the bed in my wedding dress, getting my bare bottom spanked by the man I was going to marry.

The second spank came fast and quick, as did the third. Soon enough, his hand was raining down on my ass with stinging swats. His palm peppered all over, from the middle of my thighs to the very tops of my cheeks without rhyme or reason.

The scalding pain started slow and steady. He built up the intensity of the spanking as the seconds ticked by, making sure to thoroughly paint every inch of my body with the mark of his hand. It hurt, but I felt safe, and soon enough, I sought out each and every hard smack like my life depended on it.

I found myself willingly losing the reins of control, surrendering to the overwhelming tide of emotions that surged between us. Every touch, every glance, ignited a wildfire within me, erasing the boundaries that once defined my self-restraint. In his arms, surrender felt like the ultimate freedom.

His palm punished the backs of my thighs especially hard. I yelped, the stinging sensation almost more than I could bear. Each smack jiggled my bottom a little, the vibrations sinking into my core and making my pussy clench hard with desire.

The spanking had begun gently. It didn't remain that way for long.

His broad palm covered a wide expanse of my cheeks with every smack. Soon, the sizzling, scalding burn began to spread, radiating over every square inch of my backside. As time went on, the spanking turned rougher, his hand splaying across both cheeks and sometimes, the tips of his fingers catching the sensitive flesh in between my thighs.

Those were the ones that made me cry out the loudest.

It didn't stop him, though. If anything, the spanking grew firmer and faster, quickly causing me to spiral out of control. I writhed, trying to avoid his hard hand, but his aim was true each and every time. He punished me with firm intent, and soon enough I was struggling to take it.

My eyes were beginning to water, and I wondered if he was going to make me cry. I squeezed my eyes shut, suddenly worried that this was going to mess up my makeup and everyone would know that he'd spanked me in the bridal suite right before the wedding. I tried to blink tears back as my cries grew more desperate, but just when I thought the first was going to fall, the spanking immediately slowed.

I slowly gathered myself as his palm languidly smacked my bottom. Those spanks weren't really hard enough to hurt, but they jostled my sore cheeks fiercely enough to set my pussy on fire. When my wet thighs slid against one another, I keened, noticing that my arousal was practically flooding my inner thighs.

"You're soaking wet, naughty girl. You enjoyed your spanking, didn't you?"

I couldn't do anything but blush. My aching nipples stiffened against the bed. My pussy tightened with need, and I bit my lip.

Gently, Aidan's arms wrapped around my waist, lifting me off the bed with ease until I was standing in front of him with my bottom burning. His hand held my wedding dress up, high enough to leave my red cheeks exposed. With his free hand, he reached to the side and grabbed a pillow before tossing it in front of me.

"On your knees, princess," he instructed.

His command rolled through me like a swelling wave, washing over me and pulling me out with the tide. I took a deep breath and wrapped my fingers within his when he offered his hand, using his strong hold as a lifeline. Slowly, I lowered myself down onto my knees.

It was then that I realized how sweet it was of him to put a pillow down for me. Gratitude surged through me as I realized my knees rested on a soft, plush surface instead of the unforgiving carpet below me. His thoughtfulness

reminded me of his attentiveness to even the tiniest of details, especially when it involved my comfort.

“It’s not your knees that are going to be left sore when I’m through with you, princess,” he murmured, and my cheeks flushed hotter.

Purposely, Aidan undid the intricate fastenings of his tuxedo one by one. The soft clink of his belt buckle being released sent shivers down my spine, and I watched as he deftly unbuttoned his pants, allowing the fabric to loosen around his hips. With each deliberate movement, my anticipation heightened, my gaze fixed on the hard outline of his cock. Slowly, he freed himself, and I swallowed hard.

He was so much bigger up close like this.

His cock was fully erect, and the veins on either side of it throbbed with his desire. His thick head was a deep red in color, the slit at the top already dribbling with precum. As I stared up at him, I swallowed with trepidation, imagining his thick length pressing deep into my mouth.

And then inside your ass.

A gentle, breathy whimper slipped free from my lips. The corners of his mouth curved upwards with satisfaction, and I fidgeted back and forth on my knees. Delicately, he cupped my chin, tilting it upward with a touch that was both firm and tender and guiding my gaze to meet his intense, brooding stare while I knelt before him.

“You’re even prettier than I imagined you would be on your knees before me, my beautiful bride,” he praised, and I couldn’t help but dip my head, feeling bashful.

“Daddy,” I whispered, my voice thick with desire and emotion.

“Open your mouth, princess. It’s time for you to take Daddy deep in that pretty throat,” he commanded, and before I knew what was happening, my jaw had fallen open, and his cock was mere inches in front of me.

Slowly, I leaned forward, spreading my lips as wide as they could go. Using my hands, I steadied myself on his thighs as I took his cock into my mouth for the first time. The tip slid against my tongue, and all of a sudden, the taste

of him blossomed across my tongue.

He was raw masculinity, bitter, salty, sweet, and everything that drove me wild with need. My core clenched tight as my lips surrounded his thick length, taking him as deep into my mouth as I dared.

My movements were tentative at first as I explored his cock with my tongue, swirling and lightly suckling until he growled with warning.

“You’re sucking my cock like a little girl who needs her naughty little ass fucked raw, princess,” he rumbled, and my stomach clenched tight with sudden nervousness.

Immediately, I redoubled my efforts, sucking harder and a little faster. His hand wound around the back of my neck, both holding me in place and steadying me as I pleased him with my mouth. His grip was firm, yet somehow still gentle, and I found myself leaning into it.

“That’s it. Take my cock like a good girl,” he breathed, his voice hoarse with his own need. It was by far one of the sexiest noises I’d ever heard, and a surge of desire raced straight to my clit. Bare beneath my dress, I was incredibly aware of the wetness stringing between my thighs. My inner walls fluttered, yearning to be full of the very thing that was currently using my mouth.

Gradually, his grip on the back of my neck tightened. His pelvis slid forward slowly, gently taking control. With every thrust, he pushed a little deeper into my mouth, claiming more and more of me until he pressed against the back of my throat. I gagged for the briefest of seconds before he pulled back. He remained there until I was able to get ahold of my reflex.

He didn’t stay there.

He pushed back inside my mouth as far as he was able. Every time that I choked, he would give me time to gather myself before he took what he wanted from me.

Slowly, my throat opened for him, and before I knew it, the head of his cock breached the ring of muscle at the very back. He groaned, using his powerful grip on me to fuck my mouth of his own volition now.

I kept my mouth wide, and soon enough, my cheeks were sore from the exertion of keeping them open. No matter how uncomfortable this was, though, I had no doubt in my mind that what came next would be infinitely more so.

I suckled and swirled my tongue around his length, trying to distract him from what he'd said was going to happen. Maybe if I did a good enough job, he'd come in my mouth. Or maybe he would lose control and just fuck my pussy instead.

Maybe he'd forget all about fucking my ass.

I redoubled my efforts, sucking his cock like I imagined a little slut would. I didn't let the wet sounds deter me. Instead, they spurred me on. Even with his hold on me, I started to bob my head back and forth, humming gently so he could feel the vibrations down the length of his cock. I wasn't certain it would work until he groaned, and the sounds reverberated right through me. When I did it again, his fingers tightened, and I couldn't help but grin, even with his cock still in my mouth.

"That's my good girl," he purred.

I kept going, putting everything into sucking him that I could. I tried as hard as I could, fully intending on making him come in my mouth, but his grip tightened, and he pulled me back so that his cock was bouncing right in front of my lips.

I stuck my tongue out and licked up the full length of his cock.

"I think it's time that sweet little ass got fucked," he murmured, and another cry escaped me.

He chuckled knowingly. "You thought you were going to make me lose control, didn't you, princess?"

"Daddy," I whined, not wanting to admit that he was right.

"The only place that's going to be marked by my come today is that little virgin asshole," he announced.

In an instant, he yanked me up by the back of my neck. Before I knew what

was happening, he was pushing me down on the bed and lifting my skirt so that it was back around my hips. His hand pressed down on my lower back, holding me in place as he reached to the side.

All at once, a few things occurred to me.

Aidan wasn't going to come in my mouth.

He had no intention of fucking my pussy.

He *was* going to fuck my bottom.

Not only that, but it was probably going to be much harder than I wanted, and I was going to be very sore by the time it was over.

Lastly, but probably most importantly, every bit of the whole thing was turning me on so intensely that I could hardly stand it. All it would take was a single brush of a finger against my clit, and I would shatter into pieces.

“Daddy, please. Not my ass,” I begged. My mind said one thing, but my body said another as my hips lifted, seeking him out.

“Reach back and spread those pretty cheeks, princess. Show me the tight little hole that Daddy's about to fuck,” he demanded.

When I didn't obey right away, he slapped directly in between my cheeks, right over the very hole he wanted to take. With a keening whine, I pressed my hands backwards, unable to keep myself from whimpering as I did as he asked. When I took a hold of my sore bottom cheeks, I hesitated, earning myself another firm swat. Only this time, the flats of his fingers collided with my soaked pussy, the wet sound vibrating through me at the same time an agonizing sting flared to life across my sensitive folds.

With increasing desperation, I spread my cheeks open, showing him the very last private part of me. I wailed, feeling his heated stare on my skin. It felt heavier than it had ever felt before. Shame gnawed at the edge of my consciousness, a constant reminder of how wickedly taboo every moment of this was.

He's looking right at your asshole.

I squeezed my eyes shut, an undeniable surge of pleasure racing through my

veins like wildfire. It threatened to consume all reason and restraint.

You want him to fuck your ass.

I tried to fight it, but with every second that ticked by, a billowing need spiraled through me, taking control of my every waking thought. No matter how hard I fought, my mind took a backseat to my body's desires.

You need him to fuck your ass.

I liked what he was doing, and I couldn't deny it any longer. A wave of courage came over me, and I spread my bottom as wide as I could.

I felt brave for a few long moments, at least until I heard a faint, squishy sound that made my heart skip a beat. It was followed by a soft, almost muffled noise, like something being placed down on a surface.

My mind raced with possibilities, and I felt a mix of curiosity and apprehension. What was he doing? The sound seemed to carry a promise, a tactile sensation of something being prepared. I was acutely aware of his presence, of the energy shifting in the room. My pulse quickened, and I battled with conflicting emotions—a deep sense of shame and a building desire. My body must have stiffened because he hushed me gently.

"It's only lube, sweet girl," he explained, and I bit my lip, nervous as his fingertips flitted along the cleft of my ass. Without warning, he circled my asshole with slick, slippery liquid. His movements were almost languid, as if he was prolonging my shame and deeply enjoying every moment of it.

"This tight little hole is quivering for me, begging for me to fuck it," he mused, and I yelped out loud as he pushed a single finger into my most reluctant place. A glimmer of pain radiated deep inside me, the foreign feeling of his digit inside of me only slightly familiar and terribly wrong, yet somehow still right. I clenched tight, trying to fight him, only to be punished by my own body with another much deeper wave of agony. I cried out, but he didn't relent.

"This is only one finger, princess. My cock is far bigger than this," he warned, and I yelped, really taking his words to heart. Gradually, I felt myself relax as he pumped his finger in and out of me. I tried not to think about it, which only made matters worse. Soon, my entire focus was centered on each

and every one of his thick, rough knuckles pumping into my asshole.

I wasn't ready for his second finger, but that didn't stop it from happening.

I keened, the painful burning stretch returning as he took my tender ring of muscle. Ruthlessly, he pumped my asshole with those two fingers long past the point where I was gasping with pain, then sighing with pleasure instead.

My pussy blazed with simmering need. Knowing it was going to remain empty made me yearn for him to fill me there even more. My inner walls fluttered, almost as if they were calling for his cock.

When he added a third finger, the flash of pain was even more intense. The burning ache turned scalding as my tight hole was stretched further than it had ever been. The pain settled deep in my core and there was nothing I could do other than take it.

He pumped into me slowly, but steadily, stretching me open so wide that I thought I was going to tear. I whimpered and moaned, but soon enough the pain faded, and intense soul-consuming desire had taken its place.

Before I knew what I was doing, my body was unconsciously seeking him out. My back arched, and my hips lifted off the bed, taking his fingers deeper and deeper with every thrust. When I realized what was happening, my face flushed red-hot, and my pussy flooded with arousal.

“Daddyyy...” I whined, my voice breathy with my hesitant desire.

“Daddy’s enjoying stretching this tight little hole, princess.”

His fingers continued pumping in and out of me, and I bit my lip, feeling my desire begin to billow out deep in the depths of my belly. The more he teased me with his fingers, the more heat surged through me. My breath hitched, and my heart raced in response to the intense yearning that surged through me. My thoughts became a haze of want, and I struggled to contain the overwhelming sensations that threatened to unravel my self-control. Each brush of his fingers, each whispered word only fueled the fire that raged within me, causing my desire to quickly spiral out of control.

Before I knew it, an orgasm was approaching, and just before I flew over the edge, he pulled his fingers out of me and replaced it with the head of his

cock. Helpless against his relentless assault, I pushed back using my hands on the bed as leverage, and his hips thrust forward.

He didn't rush the taking of my ass, not even by a little bit. Instead, he slowly pushed inside me, stretching me open so wide that I suddenly worried I would split in two. The burning agony was immediately overwhelming in its intensity, and I moaned, my desperation and struggle to take him clear with every pitiful sound. The deep pain spiked into my core, swirling with desire as he forced each inch of his cock into a hole that felt far too tight.

When he bottomed out, the pain was still flaring hot, and I squeezed my eyes shut, letting a sharp wail slip off my lips before I could stop it. My muscles tightened around him, causing another harsh flash of pain to spiral through me before I forced myself to relax. Eventually, the pain relented, and my cries quieted. He remained still for a long time, allowing my body time to adjust to his monstrous size.

“Where is my cock, princess?”

“In my ass, Daddy!” I wailed.

I wasn't fighting anymore, not when he had me like this. I had no smart retorts, no sassy response to his question. I was lost in a sea of desire and pain, and he was the lifeline that I needed to hold onto in order to keep from drowning.

“I'm going to fuck this gorgeous little ass now, babygirl. It's going to hurt. It's going to go on for far longer than you want it to, but you'll be walking down the aisle with my seed dripping from your tight hole before you know it,” he vowed, and I knew deep in my heart that he meant every word.

“Daddy, please!”

“Don't worry, princess. You're going to come very hard for me before I'm through,” he continued.

My arousal spiked immediately. There was no containing my arousal now. My asshole was still extremely sore, but I had a feeling it was going to stay that way. When he pulled out part of the way, the friction of his flesh against mine made me moan, but he didn't stop. Instead, he thrust back inside with far more vigor than before, and every muscle in my body tensed.

Pain and pleasure cut through me as he moved faster. His fingers laced around my hips as he yanked me backwards. With my pelvis no longer against the bed, he slid one of his hands around the front of me and lightly brushed his fingers against my clit.

In an instant, raw pleasure burst through me, and I was helpless to resist. Desire radiated through me with the power of a shooting star, and my hips rocked. The pace of his fucking gradually grew faster and the pain that I thought had relinquished its hold on me returned with vigor. I cried out, struggling to take it, but then a whirlwind of desire hit me like a sudden rainstorm. Pleasure washed over me in spades, and I felt my feet lift off the floor as Aidan hiked my hips up higher. Somehow, this new position forced his cock even deeper inside my forbidden hole, and I moaned. His fingers slipped over my clit with ease, my arousal thoroughly soaking my inner thighs now.

Heat swirled in my core, cinching tighter and tighter until my entire world imploded. My climax swept my feet out from under me, making me feel as though I was falling through white-hot blazing ecstasy. From the moment my orgasm took hold, a scream billowed up from deep inside me and I couldn't contain it.

My hips rocked as wave after wave of pleasure coursed through me. I could feel my inner walls clench down, over and over again as if they were milking his cock. My pussy was empty, yet I was full in a very different kind of way.

His cock surged in and out of my bottom as I came harder than I'd ever come in my life. I lost myself in the consuming surrender of that moment.

All my defenses crumbled, and I surrendered completely to the intoxicating pull between us. I let go of the last vestiges of resistance, allowing myself to be carried away by the torrent of desire that surged through me. Nothing else mattered but the two of us in that moment, his hold on me, his cock sinking into me, and his fingers holding my clit captive.

My desire surged hotter, and the fucking only grew more intense. Aidan pistoned his hips so hard that I slid forward with every thrust. His hands around my hips held me in place as he gave me the hardest fucking of my life.

My asshole pinched, and I cried out, but he didn't slow down. If anything, it spurred his fucking on that much harder. He fucked my soul right out of my body and then put it right back in place again.

The pain never faded away, but it was obscured a little bit by the sheer amount of pleasure coursing through my body. His cock speared into me over and over again, igniting the blazing, stretching burn. Pain constantly coursed up and down my spine, settling deep in my core and cascading outwards into every fiber of my being. My fingers clutched at the comforter on top the bed and my toes curled, my orgasm lasting far longer than I thought possible.

When I finally came down from that first orgasm, I expected him to slow down, but he didn't.

"Daddy!" I cried out.

"I'm enjoying myself, naughty girl. This is going to be one sore little hole when I'm through with it," he warned.

I opened my mouth to protest, but deep down, I knew a part of me wanted this even if I didn't want to admit it out loud. I'd known I had instigated something when I'd bitten his lip, but I had assumed it would just be a spanking. I hadn't anticipated that he would take my bottom, too.

That only makes it that much hotter, and you know it.

Despite my shame, another orgasm erupted up from deep inside of me, and I was powerless against it. As it crept closer and closer, I fought it with everything in me, but it didn't matter.

I was always going to come more than once whether I wanted to or not.

That only makes you come even harder, doesn't it?

I renewed my efforts and tried to hold my next release in the wings, but I was grasping at straws. I might have prolonged it by a few seconds, but no more than that.

When I came again, there was a very tiny part of it that was unwilling, but that made my body convulse with passionate heat. My orgasm coursed through me in spades, surging up and down my arms and legs with wild

abandon. The intensity was so high that my eyes rolled back in my head.

“That’s it, princess. Come hard for me while I punish this naughty little ass with my cock,” he growled, and my climax turned so powerful that anything else ceased to exist. Euphoria coursed through me, one tidal wave after another.

It was with that orgasm that I finally admitted to myself that I wanted this, all of it. I wanted him to spank me. I wanted him to fuck my ass, and most of all, I wanted him to force me to come harder than I’d ever come in my life while he did it.

The next orgasm hit me, fully allowing my realization to set in as I lost control beneath him. I writhed as my clit throbbed hard underneath his fingertips, with him obviously prolonging each and every second as long as he could.

I lost count after that.

I came so many times that every muscle in my body succumbed to complete surrender, giving him all of me as I shattered for him.

Pain and pleasure transformed into a single, dizzying sensation. Ecstasy spiraled through me, reaching heights that felt like an overdose. Fully intoxicated by passionate desire, I lost myself in each climax, fully accepting that Aidan was going to make me come as many times as he wanted, as hard as he wanted, and that my asshole was going to be very sore by the time he was through.

“Daddy, please come,” I begged.

“Daddy decides when you’ve had enough, princess,” he replied darkly.

My asshole pinched hard, and I could feel another brutal orgasm brewing in the deep, dark depths of my soul.

“Am I being gentle?” he asked, his rumbling voice reverberating through me with extreme intensity.

“No, Daddy!” I wailed.

“This is what you need, though, isn’t it, princess. You need a man to put you

in your place in his bed from time to time, to spank your bottom bright red and fuck that pretty mouth. You need a man to fuck this tight little ass until you break on his cock, don't you?"

His words seared into me like a brand. It was as if he could see right through me, into the parts of me that I kept secret, and read me like a book. I buried my face in the comforter, hoping to hide from the truth, but he didn't let me.

"Answer me, babygirl," he demanded.

"Yes, Daddy!" I wailed as he thrust into me harder than he had yet.

"Then come for me. Make this last one harder than all the rest."

He fucked my ass so hard that I screamed, and before I could even begin to fight it, my orgasm crashed over me.

Pain.

Pleasure.

Everything all at once exploded in a fiery display of passion so strong that my eyes watered. I screamed until my voice went hoarse, and then I screamed some more. Aidan's fingers on my clit were ruthless, forcing every moment of my pleasure from my quivering body that he could.

My soul ruptured, tearing into pieces as I broke apart all over his cock.

My hips rolled as my body took control. He rode me hard through every last second of that orgasm before he erupted inside me with a fierce roar. A blazing hot string of come marked deep inside my ass, followed by another, and another. Each spurt of his seed burned, but I came even harder because of it.

He thrust all the way inside of me to the hilt, fucking his come into my bottom as far as it would go.

I was so full, and it was perfect.

"Did you learn your lesson, princess?"

"Yes, Daddy," I breathed, my body sinking into the bed. My legs felt like jelly, and I knew I wouldn't be able to stand for the life of me, not yet at

least.

In time, hopefully I'd be able to walk down the aisle.

CHAPTER 20



*J*rina

Aidan slowly pulled out of me and gathered me in his arms. My asshole was beyond sore, and I blushed as his seed leaked from it. Carefully, he smoothed out my dress and gathered me in his arms. His meticulous attention to detail had ensured that my dress had come out unscathed.

I'd probably have to fix my makeup a little, though.

He held me for a long time as my breathing slowly turned less ragged. My body temperature was much slower to follow as multiple aftershocks quaked through me. When I finally glanced at the clock, I started.

"The wedding was supposed to start an hour ago," I breathed in shock.

"They will wait for us, my sweet bride. Your needs come first," he answered firmly, and I couldn't help but blush, my adoration for him reaching new heights.

"I'm sorry I bit your lip," I tried.

"No, you're not, sassy girl. You got exactly what you wanted," he teased.

"Maybe," I admitted, at least partially.

"Come, let's get you put back together before we head down to the church,"

he murmured.

My cheeks reddened further when I glanced down, only just now remembering that he'd taken my breasts out of my dress and left them on full display. His strong arms enveloped me as he lifted me gently from his lap and placed me on my feet, his touch sending a wave of warmth through me. As I stood before him, he tenderly smoothed out the intricate folds of my wedding dress, his fingers lingering on the delicate fabric. A soft smile tugged at his lips as he brushed a few stray hairs away from my face, his gaze holding a mixture of adoration and reverence.

With the same resolute tenderness, he tucked my breasts back into my dress and spun me around, fastening the tiny line of buttons all the way back up again. He led me over to the mirror, and I was ecstatic to see that my makeup was just as gorgeous as it had been before he arrived.

You're a bit more flushed, though.

“In public, you will be my innocent bride, but you and I will both know that your bottom is bright red and very sore, both inside and out, as you walk down the aisle to me.”

“Yes, Daddy,” I said with a blush.

“We'll save your kiss for when we're standing at the altar,” he instructed, his eyes holding a tender warmth within them that held me captive for a few long seconds before I nodded with understanding.

“Come now. It's time for me to make you my wife.”

* * *

When we arrived at the church, no one questioned our late arrival. I took my place, as did the rest of the wedding party, and I took a deep breath, pulling my veil back into place.

I was getting married today. It was time.

The quiet notes of music filled the air as I took the first step down the aisle, my heart racing with a mixture of excitement and nervousness. There were

beautiful white petals scattered on the ground. As I walked, my eyes remained locked on his, and I felt the heat of his dark, knowing gaze envelope me. It was as if he could see into my very soul, and in that moment, the world around us ceased to exist.

I could feel the blush creeping up my cheeks as I drew closer to him, his presence magnetic and irresistible. My pussy was still bare beneath my dress, and his seed was drying on my thighs, marking me as his in secret. I could feel the soreness in my asshole with every step, just like he'd promised, and I adored him for it.

No one knew but us, and that made my heart swell.

When I finally reached his side, I could feel the electricity in the air, the anticipation of the moment we became man and wife making my heart race even faster. His answering smile put me at ease.

I was vaguely aware of the priest speaking before us. I repeated passages at the right times and so did Aidan, but I have no memory of what those were. The ceremony was a blur of words and emotions, until it was finally time for the moment we had both been waiting for, our first kiss as man and wife.

With a soft, yet deliberate motion, Aidan's fingers brushed against mine as he lifted the veil that had concealed my face. And there he was, looking at me as if I were the only person in the world. His lips curved into a small, smoldering smile that sent shivers down my spine.

As his lips met mine, the kiss was anything but traditional—it was a fiery declaration of our desires. Our bodies pressed against each other, the heat of our connection igniting a spark deep down in my core. In that moment, I realized that our love story was just beginning, and I was ready to embrace every twist and turn, every moment of passion and surrender that awaited us.

It was everything I could have ever hoped it would be.

* * *

With a deep breath, I walked into Murphy's Pub and Grill.

I gazed at the weathered bar top, covered with nicks and grooves, worn

smooth by the touch of countless hands over time. The walls were painted in a deep hue of forest green and adorned with rich stained wood wainscoting.

I could have had my reception in a grand hall with all the intricate details that came with that sort of grandeur, but from the moment I stepped inside the pub, I knew I was home.

“That dress is to die for! You’ve got good taste,” Ada exclaimed with a wink. She’d helped me pick it out, together with Leah and Caitlin.

The sleek white evening gown that I was wearing for my grand entrance to the reception was one of the most beautiful dresses I’d ever laid eyes upon. Its smooth, white fabric clung to my curves in all the right places, accentuating my figure while still leaving something to the imagination. The bodice was adorned with delicate lace detailing, adding a touch of whimsy to the dress. The back of the gown was just as breathtaking as the front, with an open design that showcased a hint of my bare back. Completing the ensemble was a thin, sparkling belt that cinched my waist, making me feel glamorously put together.

I wore nothing beneath it. Aidan had made sure of it.

In an instant, he was at my side with his arm wrapped around my waist. He grasped my hands and pulled me in for a kiss.

“I can’t resist you, sweet girl,” he murmured, his mouth brushing against my ear. I shivered as his heated breath tickled the tiny hairs against my neck, and I thought about how he’d fucked my bottom hole like a beast only a few hours ago.

My pussy clenched hard, and I reminded myself for the thousandth time that we were in front of people, and I needed to get ahold of myself before I gave away how much of a little slut I was for Daddy in the bedroom.

Leah and Caitlin smiled knowingly from their seats. They were both happily married, and from what they’d hinted at, very well taken care of by their husbands behind closed doors.

Leah had her baby boy Colin on her hip. He was about a year and a half now and had the thickest head of hair I’d ever seen. Her five-year-old daughter

Emma was holding her free hand and pointing in the direction of the tiered red velvet cake just waiting to be cut.

Kieran and Cormac were watching me, but they were keeping an eye on their wives out of the corner of their eyes. Connor and Caden had pints of Guinness in their hands already, and Ada's husband Shane was sipping a glass of whiskey. Cormac gestured for Caitlin to join him, and she practically skipped over to him, only for him to whisper something in her ear that made her blush bright red. Immediately, she crossed her arms over her chest. There was a soft smile that glimmered at the edges of her lips.

I couldn't be certain, but I didn't think she was wearing a bra.

With a soft chuckle, I looked around the pub. There were other members of the family that I'd only met in passing. Liam Shelby had a pretty little blonde on his arm, but I hadn't been introduced to her yet. Aidan's cousins, Declan, Braden, Keegan, Tiernan and Tommy, were all sitting down in one of the booths. Every single one of them had a pint of Guinness.

Without warning, they all started pounding their mugs on the table.

"Sing a song for us, boss!" Declan called out.

"Song. Song. Song," the rest of the crowd joined in, and Kieran shook his head. When he stepped forward, the whole pub quieted in a rolling hush, leaving everyone waiting with bated breath for what came next.

"This is for my brother and his beautiful new wife," he exclaimed, lifting his own glass of whiskey, and tipping it in our direction.

"You're in for a treat," Aidan proclaimed by my side, his lopsided grin warm with love for his family.

A family I'm now a part of.

Kieran cleared his throat and started to sing.

"When Irish eyes are smiling,

Sure, 'tis like a morn' in Spring.

*In the lilt of Irish laughter,
You can hear the angels sing.
When Irish hearts are happy,
All the world seems bright and gay,
And when Irish eyes are smiling
Sure, they steal your heart away.”*

The entire bar had gone silent, listening to the powerful man standing at the center of the room. From Kieran’s piercingly light blue eyes to his luxuriously expensive tuxedo, he radiated with power. Aidan’s hand squeezed around my waist, and I glanced up at him, noticing that he looked just as powerful.

*“When Irish hearts are happy,
All the world seems bright and gay,
And when Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure, they steal your heart away.”*

When the song ended, there was a roaring applause, and Kieran grinned as he looked around the room.

“Now, let’s get this party started,” he proclaimed, and the crowd roared once more with their delight.

Then the little bell above the door chimed, and a massive, looming figure moved through the door. It was my father. He approached me, his expression warm, and several other members of our bratva family followed behind him.

“May I have this dance, Irina?”

My father's eyes twinkled as he held out his hand to me. I felt Aidan's presence behind me, his arm casually draped over my waist. My father's gaze shifted to him, a stern expression crossing his face.

"You better take good care of her," my father warned, but his gaze twinkled playfully.

"Don't worry, Mr. Morozov, I've become quite good at it already," Aidan replied, his grin laced with a touch of mischief of his own.

"Is that so?" My father raised an eyebrow.

"Oh, please, you two. Can we just have a nice dance without any threats or teasing?" I quipped, rolling my eyes, yet still enjoying the warmth of their light banter surrounding us. It was comforting in a way, as much as I would deny it to their faces. They were two strong-willed men, both fiercely protective in their own ways, coming together for a single purpose: to make sure I was safe and taken care of.

"Alright, alright. Just remember, Aidan, I've got eyes everywhere." My father chuckled and pulled me into a hug.

"Understood, sir," Aidan replied, shaking his head with a smile.

My father took my hand and led me to the floor. As we swayed to the music, his arm wrapped around me, holding me tight.

"Are you happy, Irina?" my father asked, his gaze tender as we danced.

"Yes, Father," I replied, my voice barely above a whisper. I smiled up at him, feeling a rush of gratitude for this moment.

"Good. That's all I ever wanted for you, my daughter." He nodded, his hand tightening around mine for a brief moment.

The music shifted, becoming a bit livelier, and I felt a tap on my shoulder. Turning, I saw Aidan extending his hand towards me, a playful glint in his eyes.

"May I cut in?" he asked.

"Of course. Just remember I'm watching, though," my father said with a

chuckle, releasing my hand.

“Wouldn’t expect anything less,” Aidan replied playfully, his lips quirked up in a half-smile. I moved into Aidan’s arms, the familiarity of his touch grounding me in the midst of the crowd. He pulled me close, his hand resting against the small of my back as we moved to the rhythm of the music.

“You look stunning tonight,” Aidan murmured, his voice a low, intimate rumble. I felt my cheeks heat up, but I couldn’t stop the grin that spread across my face.

“Daddy,” I whispered, careful that I kept my voice low enough so that he was the only one that would hear me.

His eyes darkened considerably, his gaze locked on mine as if we were the only two people in the room.

“I mean every word, princess.”

As the song continued, I lost myself in the dance and in the warmth of Aidan’s embrace. When the music finally faded, my father was there, extending his hand once again.

“May I have this dance back?” he asked, a soft smile tugging at his lips.

I nodded, placing my hand in his and allowing him to lead me back to the dance floor. As I danced with my father, I couldn’t help but steal glances at Aidan, who watched us with a mixture of fondness and respect.

I’m exactly where I’m supposed to be.

After I grew tired of dancing, it was time for cake. Aidan fed me a small mouthful with his fingers, leaning in close to capture my lips in a sweet, sugary kiss after I swallowed the bite. I did the same with him as everyone watched and cheered with excitement.

When the bell chimed again, I gasped in shock to see Anastasia Kozlov walk through the door. Ever since her brother had been killed, the Kozlovs had been quiet. We’d all assumed they had taken a step back to lick their wounds, and her sudden appearance made me wonder what she had up her sleeve. She joined in with the others, though, and far more seamlessly than I’d expected.

As the night drew on, the party grew wilder, and a drinking contest began between the bratva and the Irish mafia. The room buzzed with anticipation as shot glasses of vodka lined one side of the table, while frothy pints of Guinness and glasses of whiskey stood on the other. Anastasia joined in, exuding confidence as she raised her own shot of vodka. Connor met her gaze with a playful grin, lifting his whiskey up into the air to meet her head on. Caden cocked his head, watching her too, and my gaze flittered between them and her with curiosity.

What was going on there?

Laughter and banter filled the air as the drinking contest unfolded. Rounds passed with practiced ease as the bratva downed vodka shots, and the Irish savored their whiskey and Guinness. The longer the contest went on, the more Anastasia's stoic demeanor wavered.

Then, quite unexpectedly, my father joined in.

When the contest reached its grand finale, both the Russians and the Irish raised their glasses for the last round. As the drinks were downed, I couldn't shake the feeling that the bratva was letting the Irish win. More disturbing, though, was that my father was gazing back at Anastasia with heated interest, too.

For a moment, I felt scandalized, and I wanted nothing more than to walk over there and tell my father that he was thirty years older than her, but I held my tongue.

As if he could feel my disquiet, Aidan pulled me into his arms.

"I have a surprise for you," he murmured.

"A surprise?" I exclaimed, my excitement immediately chasing away everything else on my mind. He reached under the table and pulled out a bottle of vodka. I squealed when I saw that it was Stolichnaya, my favorite.

"You're allowed two drinks tonight. I thought you might like to have this."

"Only two?" I replied playfully.

"Two," he said pointedly, narrowing his gaze with warning.

“I don’t like that number. I’m thinking four,” I said thoughtfully.

“If you disobey me, *babygirl*, you’re going to get that sore little bottom fucked again tonight,” he warned, leaning in close so that his whisper was for me and me alone.

I shivered as my pussy clenched hard. I took the bottle in my hands and slowly screwed off the top, taking my time to pour a heavy-handed glass of vodka before I took a long sip and met his eyes with a mischievous look.

“Watch me, Daddy.”

His answering grin was just as delicious as I thought it would be.

It was going to be a long night.

Don’t want it to be over? Need more?

Join my newsletter for an exclusive scene where Irina interrupts a very important meeting between Aidan and Giovanni Caruso. What sort of consequences does Aidan have in store for his little girl? Will he punish her or will he choose to spoil her with his attention? You won’t want to miss it.

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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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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.

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Make Me, Daddy

Caitlin McCormick is used to doing as she pleases, but that's about to change.

She's sitting on a bright red bottom because I promised her father I would look out for her, but she's in my private jet on her way back to Boston with me because she needs something more.

A daddy.

One who will spank her when she's been naughty, then pin her to the wall and take what is his.

But what really makes her blush isn't that I didn't give her a choice.

It's that we both know she didn't want one.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Break Me, Daddy

When Shane Kavanagh waltzed into the Murphy pub as if he owned the place, what set my heart racing wasn't his brash arrogance, his obnoxiously gorgeous eyes, or his scoldy yet sexy tone. It wasn't even him promising to spank me and then ravage me the way no man has ever dared.

It was how he made me feel like a naughty little girl and a blushing virgin when I'm neither.

I'm the daughter of a powerful Irish mafia family and he's the boss of a rival organization, but when he rides me with his belt tight around my throat it doesn't make me want to call a hitman.

It makes me want to 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.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

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 spans 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.

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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.

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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 Mikaelis 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.

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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.

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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.

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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](#)

Stolen Vows

The moment I saw Natasha Page standing at the altar, waiting for a fiancé whose lies had already cost him his life and put hers in danger, I knew she would be speaking her vows today after all.

To me.

I could have claimed her that night, ravaging her quivering virgin body as brutally as my lust demanded. But I made her beg before I tore off that beautiful dress and took what belongs to me.

Because I don't just want her vows. I want her heart.

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BOOKS OF THE DRAGONBORNE KINGS SERIES

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.

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Ice King

When I snuck out of the house on my twenty-first birthday, I didn't expect to be struck by a bolt of lightning... or to wake up in a strange land and be saved from freezing to death by a dragon.

Then the beast shifted before my eyes into a man more regal than any king and hotter than dragon fire.

A man who didn't hesitate to bare and spank me for daring to resist his rescue.

I knew in that moment not just that I would be his one day, but that I was his already.

The way he held me in his lap and caressed my burning bottom while my arousal soaked his massive thighs told me he knew it too, and that it was all he could do not to claim me right then.

But pain has left his heart as frozen as his realm, and it will take more than pure lust to melt it.

It will take the touch of his mate.

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Feral King

When the king of this realm saw me bathing in a stream, he did his best to warn me. Keep my distance or the curse upon him would set his blood on fire and he would ravage me brutally.

I didn't, and he did.

But he did more than just pin me to the forest floor and mount me like a feral beast.

He made me his, and no matter how savagely he ruts me or how thoroughly he blisters my bare backside while trying to scare me away, I'll never stop being what I was always destined to be.

His mate.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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...

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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.

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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.

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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...

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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.

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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...

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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.

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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.

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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 woman wandering in the woods should have been of no interest to me. But the moment I saw her bathing in a stream, only raw instinct mattered. I was able to keep my lust at bay for a little while... until the scent of her helpless arousal as I reddened her bare bottom for putting herself in danger told me she was ready to be claimed. But even if she'd been less reckless it would have made no difference in the end. Sooner or later, she was always going to be mine.

[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.

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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.

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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.

Darrius 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 Darrius 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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