



Taking ARYA

FREE HAVEN BABYSITTERS

BY AMAZON BESTSELLING AUTHOR

Amie Barnes

TAKING ARYA

AMIE BARNES

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Chapter One

Jax

Her voice is driving me crazy. It's sweet and low with a slight rasp as she sings just a little off-key. I should go in there. If she knew I was home, she'd stutter to a halt and her face would blush a pretty pink.

What kind of sick motherfucker gets hard because he hears a lullaby? But it's not the words. Not really. It's Arya's sweet voice. It's much too sultry for an innocent little eighteen-year-old. It's not like any lullaby I've ever heard. It sounds more like a love song.

“How long do you wanna be loved...”

I pull up the video feed for the baby's room on my phone and watch as Arya rocks Hannah back and forth. That shouldn't be sexy either, but she calms the baby so easily. Does every woman know that slow swaying rhythm? Is it in their DNA or is it just that Arya is so sweet she could calm any storm?

For two months, ever since my sister died and left Hannah to me, Arya's been there. She taught me how to change a diaper, heat a bottle, and comfort an infant. She gave up a summer internship to watch Hannah.

And now, she's offered to delay her first semester of college. As much as I want to keep her here, I can't let her do that. So I've asked her to help me find her replacement.

No one seems to be good enough, no matter how highly recommended they come. I'm beginning to think Arya's just as in love with Hannah as Hannah is with her.

The baby gives a soft little sigh as I watch Arya give her one last cuddle before gently setting her down in her crib. Not wanting her to know I've been watching and listening, I take a few steps back and open the door to the garage like I've just stepped in.

She jumps as she turns the corner from the hallway to the kitchen. “Mr. Evans. I didn’t know you were home.”

“I just got home.”

It’s not a lie. I did just get home in time to hear her singing to Hannah. Her cheeks turn pink as she moves to gather her things off the kitchen table. But I don’t want her to leave yet. I want to talk to her, but I’m sure I smell pretty ripe.

I have my own construction company. Usually I don’t do much manual labor, not anymore. Today was an exception. I’m covered in dirt and sweat.

“Do you think you could stick around a little while longer while I take a shower?”

Her cheeks bloom from pink to red and she chokes. I move closer and rub her back, trying to soothe her. But it sends her into another fit of coughing.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes.” The word bursts from her. “I can stay.”

I can’t hold back my smile. “Thank you.”

I hurry through my shower routine, not wanting to hold Arya up too much. And if she’s going to stick around, I’d rather be spending that time looking at her. And if I’m honest, watching her look at me.

The way her eyes seem to lose focus, then flick away with embarrassment. Young and innocent isn’t usually my type, but the draw to Arya is so strong that I can’t fight it.

Part of me is looking forward to her no longer being the babysitter. I don’t want to be her boss. I want to ask her out, but I’ll need a babysitter in order to do that.

“Thanks for staying,” I say as I step back into the kitchen.

“I’m happy to stay. Anytime.”

I smile as I picture her staying overnight — in my bed. That uptick of my lips must be a little too predatory because Arya pauses in stuffing everything into her backpack and simply looks at me.

“When do you move into the dorms?” I take a step closer to her.

“What?”

My smile grows. “Aren’t you moving into the dorms soon? When’s the deadline for hiring a new sitter for Hannah?”

“Oh. Dorms open in two weeks. But I could still delay—“

I hold up a hand to stop her from offering again. “I’m lucky as hell that you live down the street and that you have four younger brothers and so much experience with babies. But I can’t let you delay your future.”

“I could just cut back a little and—“

“No. When this all started, you said you were moving into the dorms to get the full college experience.”

Her gaze falls to her hands as she fiddles with the zipper on her backpack. “I love spending time with Hannah.”

I take another step closer. I don’t like that she’s nervous around me. I wish I could soothe her. I lay my hand over hers to stop the anxious movements.

Arya sucks in a quiet breath, but doesn’t look at me.

“You said your mom considers you a constant babysitter,” I say. “That you couldn’t wait to get out on your own.”

“That’s different. My brothers are annoying. Hannah is a dream. I’d babysit her for free.”

I’m not sure why my heart warms when she says that. I love my niece, but I had no hand in making her or raising her for the first four months of her life. That was all my sister. Still, warmth spreads in my chest.

And it’s in that moment that she looks up at me, eyes wide. And I can see the honesty of her statement right there in those brown eyes. Her sweetness draws me in and I can’t help but lean a little closer.

My gaze lowers to her mouth. When her pink tongue darts out, wetting her lower lip, a low throb starts in my groin. When I speak, my voice is too low, too raspy.

“Is that why no one’s been good enough to take over for you?”

She doesn’t answer for a moment. Her gaze lowers to my mouth and I wonder if she knows how badly I long to taste her, every part of her.

“Maybe.”

The word is breathy and I can’t help but wonder if she’s answering another question all together. Fuck. She’s such a temptation. But I promised myself I wouldn’t touch her until I was no longer her boss. Her gaze finally lifts to meet mine, but then falls away.

“I didn’t say you couldn’t see her. You can come visit whenever you want.”

“It’s not the same as taking care of her.”

“Arya.” I wait until she looks up at me. When I see tears gathering along her lower lids, I almost give in.

I blow out a breath and remind myself that if I push forward, then I’m no longer her boss. If we keep things as they are, I won’t be able to touch her. I need to touch her.

“If you don’t give me a recommendation, I’ll be forced to use my own judgment. I was lucky with you, but we both know that I have no idea what I’m doing.”

Her shoulders sag and she refuses to meet my gaze, but she finally gives in. “I’ll have a recommendation by the end of the week.”

When she finally looks up and finds me smiling, she frowns.

Chapter Two

Arya

“Is that you, Arya?” Mom calls out.

“Yeah.”

“Good. I need you to—“

“No.”

Mom reels back as if I’ve hit her. “What?”

“I said no. I watched Hannah all day. I’m not going to babysit all night as well.”

“But you said Hannah’s an easy baby.”

“Not every day, but most of the time. Today was a hard day. Besides, soon I won’t even be here to rope into stuff, anyway.”

Mom huffs out a sigh. “It’d be so much cheaper if you lived at home.”

“I have to up my game. I can barely concentrate here when everyone’s screaming all the time.”

And I mean everyone. Mom and Dad are just as bad as my brothers, always yelling across the house at each other or yelling at my brothers. I want my own space.

“I get it. I know you think I just want you to stay to babysit, but I am going to miss you.”

My lips curve up just enough so she knows she’s forgiven for taking advantage of my stellar babysitting skills. “I’ll miss you too. But I won’t miss the noise.”

She laughs. “I think I might be a little jealous about that.”

As soon as I’m in my room, my mood sours again. It’s like Jax wants me gone. Like he can’t wait for me to leave.

I snort because even in my own mind, that sounds stupid. He’s being selfless. He wants me to move forward with my

plans. After all, if I delay college, that means staying here and being at my family's beck and call. No, thank you.

Still, I'll miss Hannah... and Jax.

He hasn't lived here long, but when he moved in, he created quite the stir. All the housewives had their noses pressed to the front windows when he started jogging down the street in nothing but a pair of athletic shorts.

And when he brought Hannah home, every female heart in a ten-mile radius melted right along with their panties. We all know that even though his sister left Hannah to him, he didn't have to take her. But he did.

I almost died when I found out that Dad told Jax that I might be willing to help him out with the baby. I think I had to turn back home three times because I sweated through my shirt as I walked over to his house.

When he answered the door without a shirt of his own, my palms were wet and my mouth was dry. He apologized, told me Hannah had spit up on him — again — and begged for my help. He told me he'd match the salary of whatever summer job I had lined up.

And that's how the best two months of my life started. I should be thanking my dad, or maybe cursing him. Since now it's over even though I don't want it to end.

I'm sure he had no idea I'd develop an unhealthy obsession with Jax. He suggested I help Jax because I help Mom so much, and have since the boys were little. There are eight years between me and my ten-year-old brother, Bobby.

So since I was eight, I've been helping mom change diapers and warm bottles and sanitize pacifiers. At first, I loved it. My parents called me Mamacita — little mama.

By the time Alex came along two years ago, I was an expert. I've also been making bank as a babysitter in the neighborhood since I was fourteen. Though Jax has paid me more this summer as a full time nanny than I've made the last four summers combined. And I made a lot over the last four summers.

As the boys got older, and started talking about boogers and farts and poop, they didn't seem quite as cute. Maybe Hannah will be the same, but probably only if she hangs around my brothers.

I shake that thought away as I look around my room. Most of my things are already packed. As the only girl, I was lucky enough to always have my own room. My brothers have to share, the older two in one room and the youngest two in the room near my parents.

I sit at my desk and look down at the resumes spread over it. Jax wants someone else. I get that he wants me to go forward with my plans, but sometimes priorities change. He and Hannah have become a priority.

I guess that's the problem. I've spent all summer fantasizing and pretending we're a little family. Jax has probably spent the whole time wondering how fast he can get rid of me. I'm pretty sure my crush is totally obvious. Especially with me refusing to find a replacement and offering to put my entire life on hold so I can spend more time drooling over him.

Still... I bite my lip as I look over the resumes. I'm going to recommend Gloria. She's older than my parents, but has plenty of experience.

She used to run a daycare, but says she now prefers looking after one child at a time. With four brothers, I totally get that. She can be a pseudo-grandmother for Hannah.

With that decision made, I spin in my desk chair and think about what else I need to pack. But like every other time I think about moving out, my thoughts turn back to Jax.

He hasn't asked me to stay late or watch Hannah on many weekend days, so I don't think he's dating much. The bitchy voice in the back of my head reminds me that he could easily be hooking up with someone during the day.

With a growl of frustration, I pull open my nightstand drawers and start throwing everything inside them into a box.

Chapter Three

Jax

Hannah had a hard time going back to sleep after her midnight snack, so I turn off my alarm and decide to sleep in. If I'm late to the job site, Dean will cover for me. He knows that I'm still adjusting to being a single father.

But I forgot to text Arya to let her know. So when I hear Hannah fussing from her room, I stumble down the hall only to find Arya there, picking her up out of her crib.

"Good morning, sweetheart," she says. "Did you have a rough night?"

I stand there, rubbing my face, realizing why Hannah is so happy when I come home. If I had Arya talking like that to me all day, I'd be smiling too.

Once Hannah's secure in her arms, Arya turns to me. I expect a good morning smile. Instead, her mouth falls open. It's then that I remember that I stumbled out of bed to check on Hannah, and I sleep naked.

A high-pitched sound of distress escapes Arya's throat when she takes in the fact that I'm naked. And of course her gaze gets caught on my dick, who then decides to rise up and say hello.

"Oh," Arya says.

"Fuck. Sorry, I was up late and... Fuck," I say again when I realize that instead of covering my junk, I'm standing here making excuses.

"It's okay," she says to my back.

I hurry back to my room, pull a pair of boxers from my drawer and tug them on. That was not how I pictured introducing Arya to my dick. That thought gives me pause.

She didn't exactly look away. I allow a tiny smirk at that. I know she finds me attractive. I, on the other hand, have been obsessed with her since the first time I met her.

When my neighbor said his daughter had been babysitting for four years, I pictured a young girl in pigtails. I thought I'd hire her for a week or two until I could find a permanent nanny.

Then I opened my door to find Arya on the other side with those big brown eyes and that sweet smile. I'm not the type of guy to go robbing the cradle, but I want Arya regardless of her age.

But there's a fine line I'm walking. I know she's pretty innocent. I like to be in charge in the bedroom, but I don't want her to feel like I'm taking advantage of her.

By the time I brush my teeth and splash some cold water on my face, I find Arya in the kitchen. Hannah is dressed in a butter yellow onesie and swatting happily at the plush rainbows that hang from her swing.

Arya stands at the counter, shoulders hiked almost to her ears as she stares at the bottle sitting in the bottle warmer. The coffee maker hisses and gurgles as it drips coffee into the waiting carafe.

"Thank you for putting the coffee on," I say as I open the cupboard and pull out a mug. When she doesn't answer, I turn to her and set my mug on the counter. "Arya. Is everything okay? I apologize for—"

"Everything's fine. I have a recommendation for my replacement."

That brings a smile to my face. "Good."

She peeks up at me from under her fringe of bangs, then her lips curve down. I reach over and put my index finger under her chin, tilting her head up so that she's looking directly at me.

"What's wrong, Arya?"

She swallows. "I'm going to miss Hannah."

One side of my mouth kicks up. "Just Hannah?"

Her lips part. She doesn't say anything else, but now all my focus is on her mouth. The need to taste her is like a

craving that nips at my heels, moving me toward her. My fingers is till curled under her chin, holding her still as I lean closer.

I should wait. That was my plan. To wait until what happened between us wouldn't blur the lines between boss and employee.

But then I feel the warm puff of her breath on my lips. The tang of mint toothpaste fills my nostrils, along with a sweet scent that is totally and completely Arya.

Our eyes meet and I pause for two heartbeats, giving her the chance to pull away or turn her head. Then her eyelids flutter closed.

With a groan, I close the small gap between us. Even as I tell myself to take it slow, I take advantage of her parted lips and dive in.

She tastes even better than she smells. And when a little moan rises from her throat, my brain clicks off and my body takes over.

I step closer until I feel the cushion of her breasts against my abdomen. One tiny sample and I'm already addicted. My palms smooth down her back and I bend just enough to cup her ass and use the leverage to lift her onto the counter.

Arya's arms wrap around my shoulders as her legs part. I take that as an invitation and step between them. My hands, still on her ass, pull her toward me until we're touching from shoulder to hip.

She's wearing some little cotton shorts and I'm in nothing but boxers. My hard length presses into the V of her thighs. Arya gasps, pulling cool air into our heated kiss.

Then, her body starts to move, to writhe. Her back arches, dragging the points of her cloth covered nipples over my bare chest. Then her hips tilt and swirl, pressing her harder into my erection. My hips cant forward, seeking more of her soft warmth.

One more desperate sound bubbles up from her and I feel my control slip another notch. I try to say her name, but it's

muffled by our kiss. I start to circle my hips. Needing more than a simple rock back and forth, I press myself against her and drag my cock along her heat.

Arya pulls back enough to pant my name. “Jax.”

I shudder because it’s the first time she’s used my first name, and her voice is raspy with sex and desire. If she’s telling me to stop, I’ll do my best, but it might kill me.

“Please,” she moans.

Thank fuck.

I whisper her name as I kiss my way down her neck. This time when she arches her back, I bite gently on her nipple through her shirt.

“Ngh,” she whines as her hips jerk forward.

It puts much needed pressure on my aching dick. I’m a few thrusts away from coming in my pants, something I’ve never done.

The sexy little noises she makes and the feel of her muscles clenching and releasing rhythmically under my hands pulls me right to the edge. One more jerk of my hips and Arya falls over the cliff with a gasp and a moan. I’m almost there. My toes curl against the tile of the kitchen floor... then a scream splits the air.

Hannah.

Chapter Four

Arya

THE LITTLE SHOUT of frustration cuts my orgasm short, like cold water in the face.

“I forgot Hannah’s bottle,” I say as I scramble away from Jax and jump off the counter.

“It’s not your fault.” He presses his palms to the counter and sucks in a deep breath.

I feel completely discombobulated. What just happened? Am I an idiot for stopping it when Hannah cried out? I pluck the bottle from the warmer and hurry over to where Hannah’s buckled into her swing.

As soon as I hold out the bottle, she takes it and tilts it up to her mouth, sucking hungrily. I can’t help but smile down at her. I run my fingertips over her feather soft hair and hesitate to turn and look at Jax.

Will I see regret in his eyes? I want to tell him that what just happened was amazing, but I’m not sure I have the words or the strength to do so.

“Arya, look at me.”

As soon as he tells me what to do, the tension breaks inside me and I turn to him.

“Should I apologize?” He asks.

“Please don’t.”

He gives me one of those cocky half grins that make my heart flutter. “Should I tell you that I want to do that all over again?”

I nod, not fully believing that he still wants me. But relief floods me even as my pulse starts beating between my legs. I just came, but as soon as I see that he’s still hard, I want more. I want to make him come.

When his cock jerks inside his boxers, my gaze flies up to him.

“If you lick your lips like that, he thinks you want to taste him.”

“I do.”

My face floods with heat. I can’t believe I just said those two words. Hannah lets out a happy gurgle as she throws her bottle to the floor. The bang makes her giggle.

I pick the bottle up and set it on the counter. Jax opens the cabinet and takes out one of her teething biscuits. Hannah grabs it greedily and immediately begins to gum it.

“Come with me,” Jax says as he takes my hand and leads me from the room. He pulls me down the hall and into his room. “I didn’t mean to start anything between us yet, and definitely not in front of Hannah. But now that I’ve tasted you. I need more.”

His words make my spine tingle.

“Do you really want to taste me?” he asks.

I nod.

“I need words, Arya.”

I have to swallow twice before the words will come out. “I want you.”

He smirks at me and raises one brow.

He wants the dirty words, so I give them to him. I clear my throat. “I want to taste your cock.”

Jax hums and presses the heel of his hand to the erection bobbing up and down inside his boxers. There's a wet spot where his tip is, and it's outlined so precisely by the material that it's obscene.

"On your knees," he says.

I immediately obey. As I settle onto the plush carpet, a fission of excitement bubbles inside me. Will he hold me still like he did before on the counter when he controlled my movements? I didn't even know I'd like that.

When he pushes his boxers down and off, a high-pitched sound bursts out of me. I've watched a little porn, but I've never seen a cock as gorgeous as his. It's long and thick. A vein bulges along the underside as it bounces up and curls against his abdomen.

"Your mouth drives me crazy." His voice raspy as he takes a step closer.

I can smell him now, the musk of his sleep-warm body mixed with the salty tang that's probably coming from the drop of precum that beads at his slit.

"Suck the tip," he says.

I lean forward, placing my palms on his firm thighs. With his thumb, he presses against the base of his erection, tilting it toward my mouth. His scent is stronger now. Saliva pools in my mouth at the thought of tasting him.

I surround his crown with my lips and suck. His hips flex forward, thrusting more of his length inside. His fingers tangle in my hair, holding me still, letting him take control.

He cups the back of my head and tilts me up until I meet his gaze. "More." The word is a raspy demand that has me pressing my thighs together.

With my head angled, he slides over my tongue, hitting the back of my throat on the next thrust. I gag, trying to pull back and hide the embarrassing sound, but he won't let me.

He holds me there. His hips rock back and I feel the ridge under his mushroom head. Then he cants his hips forward

again, this time pressing so far inside me so quickly that I don't gag. He pops past my tonsils and into my throat.

“So dirty,” he says, “so desperate for it.” The words themselves might not sound like praise, but there's nothing but admiration in his tone. “So fucking sexy.”

I hum and wish I could smile when he shudders above me.

He pulls back. “Breathe in through your nose,” he says.

Then he thrusts forward until he's deep in my throat. So deep that I couldn't breathe if I wanted to. So deep that my nose presses against the light fur covering his pubic bone. His hips rock in short bursts as he moves his tip in and out of my throat.

“So close,” he whispers.

His leg muscles harden and quiver beneath my palms. He pulls back, once again telling me to breathe. I suck air into my lungs until his cock once again fills me, blocking my airway.

I keep my eyes on his face. He looks down at me with a slumberous gaze. My lips stretch tight as he expands further in my mouth. The thought of him coming inside me, letting me swallow his load, makes me dizzy. I want it. I want to pleasure him.

He thrusts into my throat again, this time more of my own saliva trickles down until the urge to swallow is too powerful. His hips become chaotic, frantic. I can't hold back anymore, so I swallow.

“Fuck!” Jax shouts.

At first, I'm worried that I've hurt him. But then his shaft throbs against the roof of my mouth. He throbs against my tongue and the first hot spurt hits the back of my throat. He shouts again, this time flinging his head back, bringing into focus the bulging veins on his neck.

I gag a little because he jerks inside my mouth, hitting my gag reflex. But that only seems to drag it out because his hands fist tighter in my hair.

Just when I feel my lungs are about to explode, Jax pulls his hips back. His tip rests on my tongue for a moment, shooting one last spurt before he pulls out completely.

And that's the first time I really taste his cum. It's sharp and salty, but I like it. His hands are still in my hair. Mine are still on his thighs. We both try to catch our breaths.

Finally, Jax steps back and holds a hand out to me. His face says we need to talk and I hope he's not about to tell me this was all a big mistake. But as soon as he opens his mouth, Hannah starts to cry and his phone rings as it buzzes against the wood of his nightstand.

Our eyes hold long enough for us to agree to table what he was going to say until we can talk without interruption.

I hurry out and unbuckle Hannah from her swing. As soon as I have her in my arms, she settles back down. We usually take a walk after breakfast, so I get her ready to go.

When Jax comes out of his room, he's fully dressed. I'm not sure why I'm disappointed. He was clearly going to pull back, anyway.

"I have to get to the job site," he says. "Since I'm getting a late start, I'll probably be home a little later."

"Okay. That's fine."

"I'll bring some dinner home and then we're going to have a talk."

I keep my eyes on Hannah as I nod. He doesn't need to see what I'm feeling in this moment. But he tips my chin up and I can't help looking into his eyes.

"I'm not done with you," he says.

Then he presses a hard kiss to my lips and strides out into the garage. He's gone before I can even gather my wits to ask him what that means.

Chapter Five

Jax

Of course, today would turn to shit when all I want to do is get home to Arya and Hannah. My girls. I smile at the thought. I'm going to make Arya mine. The way she acquiesced to my commands. The way she knelt for me... I groan and try to change my train of thought or I'll pop wood in front of my employees.

This day has really brought some things to the surface. Like, I need to hire more people. I also need to give Dean a little more responsibility. He managed really well until everything got out of hand.

“Sorry, Jax. I know you had a rough night.”

“It's all good. It's my name on the business. The buck stops with me.”

“Yeah, but what are the chances that things would go wrong on three job sites at once?”

“It would happen when I finally decide to take a few hours to myself. Isn't that Murphy's Law? Whatever can go wrong, will. I think I'm going to give you a promotion after this.”

He smiles. “Yeah?”

“Yeah. I'm going to be taking some time off here and there.”

“Is everything okay with Hannah?”

It's my turn to smile. “Everything's great.”

Dean's eyebrows raise. “That's not a proud papa smile, that's an I just got laid smile. Good for you, man. When Taylor was born, we didn't have regular sex for months. I figured it would be even harder for a single parent.”

I smirk. “Not when you've been lusting after the nanny for two months.”

“The one you’re replacing? You must have the magic touch to be like ‘you’re fired. Take off your clothes.’”

I laugh, but it dies away when I realize that I never really did explain my plan to Arya. I just told her to find her replacement.

“It’s more that she’s going to college and moving into the dorms.”

“You are one lucky SOB.” Dean chuckles. “So about this promotion...”

By the time I’m able to leave the last job site after making sure everything is up to code, it’s almost seven. I text Arya and let her know I’m on my way. We need to have a little talk.

Chapter Six

Arya

I'm curled up on the sofa, reading, when my phone buzzes. As soon as I see Jax's name pop up and his short message, *I'm on my way home*, I panic.

What should I do? Should I try to look sexy? Should I just sit here and wait? I remember him saying he was going to bring food home, so I call him.

"Is everything okay?" He asks as soon as he picks up.

"Yes. Hannah's sleeping. You said you were stopping for food, so I... I wondered if I should set the table."

"Arya."

There's both patience and reprimand in his tone.

"Tell me," Jax says.

"I'm not sure what you want me to do. I'm being silly."

"You need direction," he says. "And I want to give it to you."

"You do?"

"Yes. I want you to take a shower. Then I want you to pull on one of my shirts and nothing else. And I want you to curl up in my bed and wait for me there."

"Is that where we're going to talk?"

His warm laughter floats from the speaker of my phone. "Oh, we'll talk. But first, I think we both need another orgasm. I've been thinking about you all day. I'll be home in twenty minutes."

When he hangs up, I'm smiling. He's been thinking about me all day. I take the baby monitor into Jax's master bathroom. He upgraded his house before he moved in and the master bathroom is a thing of beauty.

This is the first time he's given me permission to use it. I give his huge bathtub a longing look, but I don't have time for

a bath, so I turn on the shower. That's what he told me to do.

I leave my clothes folded on the vanity as I step into the shower. There are multiple shower heads and I never realized how amazing it would feel to have warmth coming at you from all directions. I sigh as I step in.

Warmth everywhere, no need to turn this way and that to get water on your back. And no part of my body is left out in the cold.

I luxuriate for a few minutes until the rest of Jax's instructions hit me. He wants me to put on one of his shirts... and nothing else. I swallow. Even though this is what I've been fantasizing about all summer, I'm beyond nervous.

After a few fortifying breaths, I turn off the shower and use one of his fluffy blue towels to dry myself off. Then I step into Jax's walk-in closet. He has a few suits in the back, but the majority of the space is filled with jeans and T-shirts.

I most often see him in polo shirts with the name of his construction company emblazoned over his heart. That's not what I want to wear, though. I want something soft, something he's worn a million times.

I start at the beginning of his T-shirts and move each one, testing out the feel under my fingers. I push each hanger aside. Just as I find the shirt I want, an old high school football shirt, I hear Jax's voice.

"This is even better than you snuggled in my bed."

My face lights on fire as I lift the T-shirt I just pulled off the hanger. With a slow smile, Jax moves closer. When he takes the shirt from my hands, I'm not sure what to do with them.

"Spread them out," Jax says, as if reading my mind. "I want to see you. All of you."

I take a breath, then spread my arms out just a little.

"I'm amending my order. I want you naked in my bed. Now."

The word *order* makes me shiver as I hurry to obey. Jax follows behind me. When I look at him over my shoulder, I find his gaze roving over me as I walk. When I bend a little and crawl onto the bed, Jax groans behind me.

“Roll over,” he says.

As soon as I do, he tugs me to the edge of the mattress and looks down at me. His work-roughened fingers move over my bare skin, making me shiver. And when he reaches up and pinches both my nipples at once, I arch and moan.

“Tell me what you want,” he says, “what you like.”

“I...” I shake my head. “I don’t really know. I don’t exactly have a lot of experience. I can never tell if a guy’s just being nice or flirting, so I... I’ve never really dated or...”

His fingers pinch my nipples so hard that I squeak from the pleasure/pain. His breaths are coming in pants as he looks down at me.

“Are you telling me you’re a virgin, Arya?”

I swallow and nod.

Jax rolls his neck as he groans again. “There go my plans again. I was going to fuck you hard and fast this first time, knowing I’d come quickly once I get inside you. But now...”

“I still want that. Please. I want it hard and fast. I want to feel how much you want me.”

“How much I need you.”

“Yes.”

In less than ten seconds, Jax is naked and prowling onto the bed until he’s right on top of me. He dips his head down to kiss me. Gentle kisses at first, right at the corner of my mouth. But as soon as I turn my head so he can kiss me more fully, it spirals out of control.

His tongue dominates mine, tasting every inch of my mouth, and I can’t get enough of it. I wrap my arms around his neck and pull him close.

As soon as the hot skin of his chest presses against me, fire lights in my veins. I never thought I'd be so desperate for anyone.

Jax's hips lower, spreading my thighs. And when I feel the hard length of him move against me, I suck in a surprised breath. Then his shaft glides along my seam, pressing inside to rasp over my clit.

A shockwave rolls over me. I've touched myself, but I never imagined this kind of pleasure was possible. Little whining noises drift around us and it takes a moment to realize that they're coming from me.

"Are you ready?" Jax asks.

"Please."

The next time his hips rock back, he does something that changes the angle of his cock. When he moves forward, his tip notches in my opening. The next thrust has me gasping for a different reason.

The burning is sharp. My fingertips dig into Jax's arms as I absorb the stinging sensation. When his groin touches mine, he takes a deep breath. His body shudders beneath my touch. Then Jax buries his face in my neck. He kisses his way up to that tender spot just behind my ear.

"Arya," he whispers. "I can't hold back. Please tell me you're ready."

I nod frantically, unable to speak. I'm not sure if sitting still will ease the pain because I feel the need to move. But then he pulls back and burning flares again.

"Fuck. So good," Jax moans.

His words distract me a little. And then his hand moves back up to my breast, flicking and tugging at my nipples until I writhe beneath him, arching up as my body begs for more.

The next time he pushes into me, the friction makes my eyes roll back. There's only pleasure now as he pumps in and out. His hands slide down my sides, only to slip under me and cup my ass.

He holds me, then moves me the way he wants, complimenting his rhythm. It frees me to let go and just feel, just like when he was inside my mouth. I hold him close, grunting every time his body slaps against mine.

When he whispers my name, his breath moves over my skin. I shiver and even that brings me closer to the edge.

“I feel you tightening around me,” Jax says.

“You feel so good. I never knew anything could feel this good.”

“That’s because you don’t know what it’s like to be inside you. This feeling when you clamp down on me is too good. I’m close.”

His pace loses all rhythm and turns frantic. I call out his name, panicking because it’s so good. Too good, just like he said.

“Aah,” I shout as my body goes haywire.

I stiffen from my head to my toes, as if that will help me hold on to this incredible feeling. Jax’s fingers dig into the flesh of my ass as he throws his head back. His release comes out in a long, low groan. The sound is steady even though inside me, his cock jerks and flexes.

He thrusts again and again and again, drawing out his orgasm and sending aftershocks through me. When he finally stills on top of me, my breaths saw in and out of my chest. Was I holding my breath?

After a moment, Jax collapses, rolling sideways but taking me with him. Somehow, when we settle, we’re facing each other and he’s still inside me. I flex my hips experimentally.

“Hold still,” he says.

My body stills before the command registers.

“If you keep moving like that, I’ll stay hard,” he says. “Soreness will be setting in and you won’t want me to fuck you again so soon.”

“Okay.”

“Do you like it when I tell you what to do, Arya?”

I nod. “It takes the guesswork out. I want to please you, but I don’t... I don’t know what to do.”

“Everything you do pleases me.”

“But you want to replace me.”

He chuckles. “No. That’s not what I want at all. What I want is for you to go to school. I want your place to be in my bed and I’ll never want anyone to replace you there.”

Joy bursts in my chest. My smile grows so big that I bury my face in his chest.

“I also don’t want to be your boss. I think it muddies the waters. So it’s best if I get a new nanny. You go to school and get your degree. Though instead of moving to the dorms, you move in here. It might not be the full college experience, but I can save you from learning a hard lesson.”

“What lesson?”

“That one-night stands are unfulfilling. Once you find someone you want, hold on tight and appreciate what you have.”

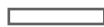
“I never wanted anyone but you,” I admit.

He smiles.

“And Hannah.”

“It won’t be as easy as a college romance,” he warns.

“Or maybe it’ll be easier because this is what I want, even well beyond college.”



[CLICK HERE for a free HOT bonus scene with Arya and Jax.](#)

A Note from the Author

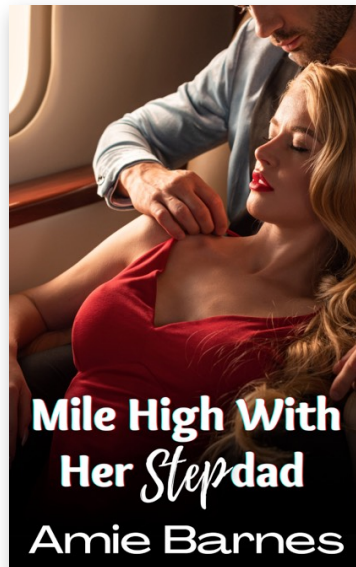
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Amie

ALSO BY AMIE BARNES



[Mile High With Her Stepdad](#)

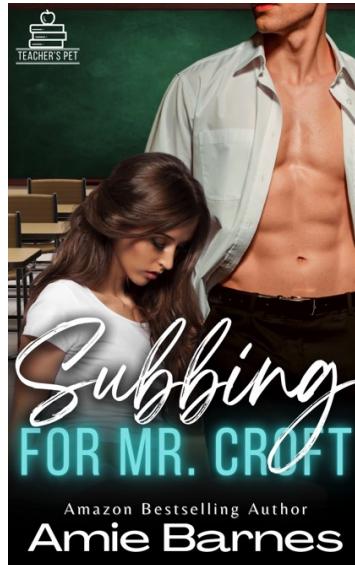
I'm trading in my 'V' card for a membership to The Mile High Club...

What do you do on a fifteen hour flight? I assume I'll be bored enough to sleep, much like my mom does. Then I wake up to find my stepdad watching naughty videos, videos with sexy airplane scenes.

"Is that what you want?" I ask.

He takes one breath, then two. His gaze travels down my body...

ALSO BY AMIE BARNES

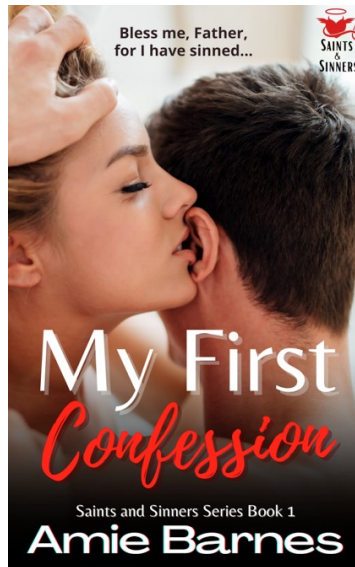


[Subbing For Mr. Croft](#)

He wants to discipline me...

And I want to let him. Mr. Croft is stern and he likes his rules obeyed in the classroom, but I think it goes further than that. It's in the way he looks at his ruler, in the way he tests the weight of it in his hands. I shiver as I imagine him whipping it through the air with a quiet whoosh before it lands on my heated skin. I want to sub for my teacher in the dirtiest way.

ALSO BY AMIE BARNES



[My First Confession](#)

Bless me, Father, for I have sinned...

I'm on my knees in the confessional because my mom caught me using my vibrator. I'm here to confess my sins, but Father Colin is the one I think of each time I touch myself. I've never been so tempted to sin as I have since he joined our parish. And now, I have to tell him that I do these things because I burn for him. Even here, in the house of God, his voice tempts me to slip my hand between my legs. It takes me a moment to realize that he's breathing as heavily as I am. Do I tempt him as well?

ALSO BY AMIE BARNES



[Finding Her Dom](#)

I've done my research, now I'm going to test my theory...

Elise is a quiet, shy librarian on the outside, but inside, she's been yearning for something more, something dark. When her friend invites her to The Dungeon, an exclusive BDSM club, she signs up and steps in to test her theory.

But when she's surrounded by experienced Doms, she hesitates. Then he's there, behind her, supporting her, touching her. She feels safe and protected until he tells her The Lifestyle isn't for her. Now she's determined to prove him wrong. One sexy scene at a time.

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