



the
BILLIONAIRE'S
Nanny

AN AGE-GAP ROMANCE

THE MEN OF BURLY BEAR: BOOK THREE

FELICITY RAINE

THE BILLIONAIRE'S NANNY

AN OLDER MAN/YOUNGER WOMAN AGE GAP
ROMANCE

FELICITY RAINE

— MEN OF BURLY BEAR: BOOK THREE —

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Also by Felicity Raine

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The Mountain Man's Temptation

(Available Now)

The Loner's Obsession

(Available Now)

The Billionaire's Nanny

(Available Now)

The Professor's Pet

(Coming June 4, 2021)

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THE BILLIONAIRE'S NANNY



For Mr. X.

ABOUT THE BOOK

I'm the girl most people peg as a future librarian. **Shy. Nerdy.**

Excellent at hiding. **Innocent with a capital I.** Aside from being an overachiever who gained the freshman fifteen all in one semester, I know I'm not exactly doing college right. I don't date, don't flirt. Plus, I spend all my free time working.

But if you were a nanny to the sweetest infant in the world, you'd get it. And if her incredible adoptive father were your hot, older boss, you'd *really* get it.

Mr. King is...**intense**. In a quietly powerful, surprisingly protective for a billionaire sort of way.

While yes, I've been invisible my whole life, I've never been the type to want or *need* something I'll never have. Not like this. Not like *him*.

Turns out, Mr. King feels the same way.

About me.

MEN OF BURLY BEAR

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CHAPTER ONE

Betsy

I've always been the nerdy one.
The quiet one.

The girl who *would have* been voted Most Likely to Become a Shy Librarian if anyone in my high school had noticed that I was alive and not a piece of the classroom furniture.

But I never blamed people for overlooking me.

I did my best to hide.

Initially, because my stutter was so intense that getting called on in class was an exercise in torture. But even when my speech improved in high school, I still flew under the radar. It was easier than trying to figure out my place in the social hierarchy so late in the game.

Especially since I was set to graduate early and start college at seventeen.

In the back of my mind, I always thought college would be it—my time. My place. That somehow, I would magically become a bolder, braver Betsy between graduation and the first day of my freshman year and arrive on campus a fully realized and confident young woman.

Yeah...that didn't happen.

Nearly a full year in, and I'm still the girl no one remembers they've met. The girl my teachers only realize is in their class when my straight A's consistently throw off the grading curve for the rest of the students.

The girl who spends every weekend at home "Netflix and eating-half-a-pizza" by herself.

My roommate, Chrissie, tries to draw me out. We've been roller-skating twice and she hosted a "get to know your neighbors" BBQ last week for our apartment complex as a way to introduce me to the cute boy in 6C.

But 6C could not have been less interested and I'm pretty sure most of the people thought I was a cater waiter.

I was asked where the condiments were often enough...

Still, I *have* made progress. I hardly stutter at all anymore, even on the rare occasions when I'm called on in class. And I can give the burrito guy in the cafeteria my order without blushing too much.

But still...I blush.

Blushing is one of the few things that I'm really good at—along with remembering almost everything I've ever read, knitting, singing, and getting babies to sleep. I have seven little brothers and sisters, and by the time Nathan and Nora came along, my poor mom was so exhausted I practically raised them alone for the first two years.

My dad never helped out with babies. He'd take us older kids out for burgers and shakes and a family softball game on Sundays sometimes, but messing with babies wasn't in his comfort zone—despite having fathered eight of them.

It's one of the reasons I adore Mr. King so much.

Mr. King, my boss and quite possibly the sexiest man ever to wear a suit, is so good with his daughter. He cuddles her and feeds her and bathes her and one time I even caught them dancing in his study.

He was dancing with that precious little girl in his arms, spinning her slowly around to "Darling, You Send Me" by

Sam Cooke with a look of complete love on his face.

It was one of the sweetest things I've ever seen. It made me want to laugh and cry at the same time.

It also made me want to marry a man exactly like Mr. King.

Okay, so I'd rather marry Mr. King himself—I can't image ever meeting another man with his mixture of intensity, intelligence, and private gentleness—but Mr. King is twenty years older than I am. He's also brilliant and insanely attractive and makes his living running huge corporate conglomerates where he's the boss of other people's bosses.

He's like...the top boss.

If Mr. King were in a video game, he'd rule the final level, meaning he's so far out of my league he might as well be a different species.

And he might not even be interested in marriage or a family.

He's never been married before, and Julia's not his daughter by birth.

Mr. King *inherited* the baby when his dad died last year.

A weird thing to inherit from your eighty-seven-year-old father, but elder Mr. King had a twenty-two-year-old wife when he died. Together, they had a two-month-old baby. But once Young Wife found out elder Mr. King hadn't left her anything in his will aside from the 200k dictated in the prenuptial agreement, Young Wife split, leaving her daughter behind.

It took some time to coax the full story from Mr. King's housekeeper—Mary isn't a gossip—but once I did, I was angrier than I can ever remember being in my life.

I'm not an angry person. I'm a gentle, loving, understanding, empathetic person. I understand you can't really know what someone is going through until you've walked a mile in their shoes, but...*come on*.

That woman *abandoned* her baby.

And not just any baby, but the sweetest little girl in the entire world. Julia is seriously the most adorable munchkin I've ever had the pleasure to hold in my arms. Beautiful, snuggly, clever and curious and clearly destined to be a nuclear physicist/model/facilitator of world peace.

I'm seriously so in love with that cuddle bug that taking care of her barely feels like work.

And being summoned to help get her to sleep after a rough night of teething to the tune of fifty dollars and cookies and milk with Mary after?

Well, that's what I call the sweet life.

Literally.

I tried to stop at two chocolate caramel chunk cookies, but I ended up eating three and taking home a Tupperware container for "my roommates."

Not that Chrissie or Nicole will eat them. They're both super into fitness and eating healthy. I'm the only one in our apartment who has a sweet tooth. Or an extra ten or fifteen pounds I could probably afford to lose.

But I didn't get a chance to eat dinner tonight. I was studying like a fiend right up to the moment Mr. King texted me to ask for help getting Julia to sleep.

So probably one more cookie wouldn't hurt...

Those turn out to be my famous last words—or last thoughts, anyway.

No sooner have I reached across to the passenger's seat to grab another cookie—taking my eyes off the long drive leading down to the highway from Mr. King's house for just a second—than the deer comes out of nowhere.

CHAPTER TWO

Betsy

I see a flash of movement out of the corner of my eye and reach for the steering wheel, but I'm too late.

I cut hard to the right, but I still clip the deer's rear flank.

My heart leaps into my throat, horror that I've hurt the poor thing momentarily eclipsing fear for my own survival. I'm so worried about the deer that I don't straighten the wheel in time, and my front right wheel drops off the side of the pavement.

A beat later I'm rolling down the steep embankment beside the drive, headed for a collision with a tree trunk the size of a baby elephant.

I slam on the brakes, but the car keeps rolling, skidding through the damp spring leaves at a dangerously rapid speed. I realize the crash is unavoidable and lift my arms in front of my face just as the car slams into the tree and my airbags explode all around me.

Then, I'm pretty sure I pass out from panic.

I only know that the next time I open my eyes, it's darker outside, so dark I can barely see Mr. King's face hovering outside my window.

At first, I'm positive it must be a dream—he looks so worried about me, so scared, almost as if he cares about me as

much as I care about him.

But, of course, he doesn't. He's just a kind man who's afraid that his part-time nanny might have killed herself running into a tree halfway down his driveway.

"That would be a really dumb way to die," I murmur, blinking at Mr. King as he opens the door, proving he isn't a dream.

"What's that?" he asks, leaning down until his face is level with mine. "What happened, Elizabeth? Are you all right?"

"There was a deer," I say, ashamed and embarrassed. Mr. King is going to think I'm a terrible driver and never trust me to take Julia to the park for a stroller ride ever again. "I swerved and lost control. I'm sorry."

"Why on earth are you apologizing, sweetheart?" he asks, reaching out to gently brush my bangs from my forehead. "You didn't do anything wrong. Are you hurt?"

"No, I don't think so," I whisper. I take a breath and do a mental scan of myself. "Yes, I'm fine."

And then, for some reason, my eyes begin to fill with tears.

Maybe it's a delayed reaction from the stress of the crash. Or maybe it's something even sillier. Maybe it's the fact that Mr. King called me sweetheart and touched me for the first time, and it was even more wonderful than I imagined it would be.

More wonderful and more impossible.

We will never be anything but boss and employee. We can't even be friends.

He's too mature and smart and...*Mr. King* to be friends with a teenage girl.

Still, when he says, "Hush, now, don't cry. This isn't a big deal, Betsy. Let me help you up to the house. You can stay here tonight, and we'll get your car fixed in the morning."

I don't utter a whisper of protest.

Because I want to stay the night at Mr. King's house, even if it's only because I'm the worst driver ever.

I've been dreaming about going to sleep with my devastatingly incredible boss just down the hall for months, and I'm not about to pass up my one shot at making that dream come true.

So, I loop my arm around his neck and let him help me through the woods and up the steep slope to the driveway.

And when we reach the top and he puts a hand on my back, I lean against his side, pretending to be more unsteady on my feet than I actually am, just to have the chance to be close to him for a little bit longer.

And it is *glorious*.

Probably the most wonderful thing that's happened to my body in all my seventeen years, eleven months, and twenty-nine days of life.

Which is probably pathetic, but I don't care.

For now, I'm going to enjoy every stolen moment with this amazing man.

I'll be sad that these are the only moments I'll ever get with him, tomorrow.

CHAPTER THREE

Mr. King

I can't touch her.

Not the way I want to touch her.

I can help her up the driveway with my hand on her back. *That's it.* Anything more and I'll be risking...everything.

It was bad enough when I thought Elizabeth was an eighteen-year-old freshman in college. But then I made the mistake of stopping by that BBQ at her apartment building last week and heard her friend congratulating Betsy on being the only seventeen-year-old on the honor roll.

Seventeen.

She's only fucking seventeen.

It wouldn't just be unethical to tell my very young, very impressionable, very innocent nanny I want more from her than a business relationship—it would be illegal.

But it doesn't stop me from wanting...

Fuck, I want her so much.

When she looked up at me from her car with those tear-matted lashes and apologized for needing to be rescued, it was all I could do not to cup her chin in my hand and draw her in for a kiss.

I want to taste her plush little mouth, discover the curves she hides under her baggy sweatshirts. I want to undress her slowly, with great care, and memorize every freckle on her pale skin. I want to feel her nipples hardening in my mouth, want to hear her gasp as I show her how good a man can make her feel. I want to worship her with my body until she realizes how beautiful and perfect and worthy of adoration she is, this kind, clever girl who doesn't think nearly enough of herself.

I also want to track down every asshole who bullied her into thinking she was anything less than perfect and punch him in the face. Repeatedly.

Then, I'll lock Elizabeth away in my tower like a virgin princess from a fairy tale until she's old enough for me to do all the things I need to do to her.

If Betsy isn't a virgin, I'll donate half my fortune to the charity of her choice.

Better yet, if she'll save her virginity for me, I'll happily lay the world at her feet. I would give up just about anything in exchange for being first.

But I know myself.

It wouldn't stop there.

I don't just want to be her first, I want to be her *only*. I don't want another man to ever lay hands on my Elizabeth. This brilliant creature is too delicate and good for the world. She needs me to protect her, treasure her, guard her sweetness and keep it from being tarnished by the ugliness of what passes for civilization in modern times.

And she needs your cock buried between her creamy white thighs, right? Because you know that's part of your plan.

Some Prince Charming you are, you fucking pervert.

I ignore the caustic voice in my head.

I'm not a pervert, and I'm not my father. I may feel inappropriate things for this much younger woman, but I'm not going to *act* on them. And I'm certainly not going to marry a girl sixty fucking years my junior like Dear Old Dad.

As if twenty is so much better, the voice adds.

I ignore that, too.

I focus on getting Elizabeth settled onto the couch in the sitting room and hitting the call button to summon Mary, who appears in the doorway just a few minutes later.

Her eyes go wide as she sees a flustered-looking Betsy on the couch. “Oh, no. Are you all right, honey?”

“I almost hit a deer,” she says, her forehead furrowing.

“And ended up hitting a tree instead,” I add. “Thank God the airbags kept her from getting hurt, but the car will need to be towed and repaired. So, Betsy’s going to stay here with us tonight, Mary, and I’ll call around to find an open garage tomorrow.”

Mary nods and props her hands on her full hips. “Yes, that sounds like the most sensible thing. Everything is more manageable after a good night’s sleep. Would you like me to put our girl in the bluebird room, sir?”

“The violet room,” I say, and not just because I want to see how beautiful Betsy’s chocolate brown eyes will look in a room filled with moody purples and blues. “It’s farthest from the nursery, so she’ll be able to sleep in without Julia waking her.”

“Oh, no, Mr. King,” Betsy says. “Let me get up with Julia in the morning. It’s the least I can do after putting you out like this.”

“Nonsense,” I say. “You’re not putting me out at all. And I see how hard you’ve been working at school and here with Julia. You deserve a morning to sleep in. And then we can have a late breakfast and figure out what to do about your car.”

“Sounds like a perfect plan,” Mary says with a firm nod. “And I’ll whip up those maple scones you like, too, sweetheart. You deserve a little pampering after the night you’ve had, and I’m happy to do it. Come on, then, I’ll show you to your room and get you set up with some spare PJs and a toothbrush.”

In a testimony to how fucking insane I am about this girl, I find myself battling a wave of jealousy as Mary wraps an arm around Betsy's shoulders and leads her toward the stairs.

I'm not jealous of Mary, obviously—she's sixty-five and clearly cares about Betsy the way one would a daughter or granddaughter—but *I* want to be the one showing Elizabeth to her room.

I want to be the one turning back the covers on her bed, telling her I hope she sleeps well, and tucking her in tight.

But this is for the best.

I'm not sure I can be trusted in a room alone with Betsy. If she leaned into me again or looked up at me with that innocent adoration in her eyes, I might take advantage.

It's clear that Betsy has a schoolgirl crush on me. She probably imagines me stealing a chaste kiss under the mistletoe come Christmas next year or writing her a love letter.

Meanwhile, I'm imagining my fingers in her panties and the way she'd gasp, wide-eyed, as I tell her how much I love getting her wet. I'm thinking about Betsy on my lap with her shirt open and her breasts in my hands, squirming as I play with her sensitive nipples. In my mind I've already had her half a dozen ways and am well on my way to giving Julia a little sister.

Because yes...I want that, too.

I want to put a baby into my sweet Elizabeth. I want to see her eyes light up the way they do when she cuddles Julia for our own little boy or girl. I want her bred and bound to me and to wake up every morning knowing she's going to be right there beside me. Forever.

But Betsy has dreams of her own. She's a smart, focused, driven young woman. She's working part-time as a nanny to pay for school, not because she's killing time while she looks for a husband. She's getting her undergraduate degree in social work and is planning to get her master's after she graduates. She has never once mentioned anything about wanting a

husband or a family, and why should she? She's only seventeen.

Seventeen.

It's a number I repeat over and over to myself.

Seventeen helps me turn right at the top of the staircase and head to my own bedroom, instead of veering left to check in with Elizabeth.

Seventeen gets me into the shower to jerk off in hopes that taking the edge off will help me sleep.

I step into the warm spray, bow my head, and close my eyes, letting my imagination run free.

I'VE JUST PUT Julia down to sleep and step into my room to find Betsy standing at the foot of the bed, an anxious, but determined, look on her face.

"What are you doing in here, Elizabeth?" I ask gruffly, knowing I should tell her to leave, but unable to form the words.

I want her to stay too much, need her to stay. I'm already so hard it's painful, my cock straining the zipper of my suit pants in its eagerness to get closer to this girl.

"Please, Mr. King," she says in her soft voice. "I can't wait anymore. I need you so much. I can't sleep at night. I toss and turn and it feels like my skin is on fire."

"Betsy, we can't—"

"Please," she says, reaching for the bottom of the simple black sweater dress she wears. "Please, touch me. Just for a little while."

Then she draws the dress over her head, revealing the tops of her black, thigh-high socks, simple black cotton briefs, and no bra. Her full breasts are bare and her cotton candy pink nipples already erect and begging for my touch.

And then she reaches up, cupping one breast and whispering, "Here. I need you to touch me here," and I

couldn't resist her if I tried.

Before I make a conscious decision to move, I'm across the room, cupping her breasts as I lower my head to claim her lips. My first taste of her is electric, sending fresh waves of hunger pulsing through me, making my balls begin to feel bruised as I back her toward the bed.

"If we lie down together," I warn, dragging my thumbs over her tight tips, sending a shiver through her as her body responds to my touch, "I'm not sure I'll be able to stop at touching you, Elizabeth. I need to taste you. Everywhere."

Her breath rushes out with a soft, turned-on sound. "Yes, please. I want that so much."

"And then I need to be inside you," I say, head spinning as the last of the blood still circulating in my body rushes straight to my cock. "I need to fuck you, Betsy, so damned badly. I've needed it since the moment I laid eyes on you. So, if we lie down together, I'm going to take your virginity. Tonight."

She whimpers as the backs of her knees hit the mattress. "Yes. Oh, yes."

"And I need to take you bare, baby," I tell her, rolling her nipples more insistently between my fingers, summoning sexy little gasps from the back of her throat. "I don't want anything between us. I want to feel you so tight and wet on my cock."

"God, I need you, Mr. King," she says. "Please. I want you on top of me, inside me. I want it so bad I can barely breathe."

"Me, too, sweetheart, but I need you to call me Garrett," I say as I guide her back onto the mattress. "When I make you come, that's the name I want you to cry out while your pussy milks my cock."

And then we're kissing so hard and deep that there's no more breath left for words. I suck her tits, finger her until she shatters on my hand, and then I part Betsy's thighs, revealing the paradise of her swollen pussy.

"Fucking beautiful," I murmur as I rub the thick head of my shaft through her slick folds, loving the way she squirms

and moans and begs for what she wants.

“Yes, now, yes,” she cries out. “Please!”

And then I’m gliding inside her, filling her up, feeling her barrier break as I take her innocence with a growl that’s pure beast. I’m not a buttoned-up billionaire when I’m with Betsy, I’m an animal desperate to claim what’s mine, to rut and fuck and seed my mate, to get her big with my baby so everyone who sees her will know she’s mine.

“Mine,” I grunt out as I begin to move faster, harder. “You’re mine. Forever.”

“Forever,” she echoes, clinging to me as I piston inside her, her fingers digging into my shoulders as she comes again.

I feel her pussy squeeze my cock like a fist and I’m fucking gone.

I come so hard my orgasm rips through me like a hurricane, turning my entire world upside down as I empty my balls inside my sweet girl.

I OPEN my eyes to watch my come shooting out of my fat, swollen dick, sucking in deeper breaths as the waves of pleasure slowly begin to abate.

But even after I’ve abused the shower wall, thoughts of Betsy still dance through my head.

Betsy naked and panting, with her legs spread and her pussy wet with wanting me. Betsy begging me to be her first, to take her virginity, to shove deep inside her even if it hurts because she needs me so much. Betsy coming on my cock as I rock in and out of her molten heat, her pussy clutching at me so hard I have no choice but to come, to spill myself right at the entrance to her womb and fill her with my seed.

Before I met Betsy, I was positive one baby was enough for any man.

Julia is an angel, but she’s *a lot* of work. And she’s also... my sister. My much, much younger sister, but still, she’s not my biological child. And though I will love her like a father

and do my best to give her the moon and more, since Betsy came into my life, I've started to want a baby of my own.

To want that...desperately.

Watching Betsy hold Julia, play with her, sing to her in her sweet voice...it calls to something primal inside me. I'm not sure what strand of caveman DNA she's activated in me, but the past few weeks it's been all I can manage not to drag Betsy into the hall outside the nurse's, strip her bare, and take her up against the wall.

Or on the floor, where my come is more likely to stay deep inside her after...

I don't want it running down her thigh, I want it put to its intended use. There are days when I want to see Elizabeth pregnant with my child more than I want my next breath.

Definitely more than I want to avoid the gossip that would rain down from all corners of my world if word got out that I'd gotten my teenage nanny pregnant. It would be a scandal to match my father marrying Sorcha when he was eighty and she was barely twenty-one.

A scandal I would happily weather, however, if Elizabeth were eighteen.

But she's not.

And we're at very different places in our lives.

And she's never going to be mine.

Never.

But when I hear her cry out from down the hall, just as I'm pulling on my pajama pants, I don't hesitate to race to the door. Elizabeth may never be mine, but that doesn't mean I wouldn't lay down my life for hers, if needed.

I will do whatever it takes to protect her, even if it means firing her as soon as I get her car fixed tomorrow to keep her safe from her obsessive boss.

CHAPTER FOUR

Betsy

Shrieking, I bat at the bird that just flew in the bathroom window, doing my best to shoo it back toward the other side of the room while it caws and flaps and my heart tries to jump out of my throat.

I know the poor thing is probably every bit as scared as I am, but at least it's not naked and afraid. It has all those nice brown feathers. I'm wearing nothing but the panties I was about to take off to get into my steaming bath when it zoomed into the room.

I've just managed to gently swat the bird back through the opening when a deep voice bellows from the doorway, "Are you all right? What's wrong?"

Eyes flying wide, I gasp and move to cover myself with my hands as best I'm able, but Mr. King is already across the bathroom, snatching a towel off the top of the stack on the sink and thrusting it toward me.

"I'm s-sorry," I say as I take it and cover myself, my stutter coming back the way it always does when I'm mortified. "I d-didn't close the w-window, and a b-bird flew in. It j-just flew back out, b-but—"

"It's okay," Mr. King says, his jaw tight as he looks everywhere but at me. "Again, no need to apologize,

Elizabeth. You can't help that you're apparently irresistible to wildlife."

"Right." My insides cringe as I realize how repulsed he must be that he still can't look at me, even now that I'm covered by a towel.

I must look even worse naked than I thought.

God, I'm so stupid.

Stupid, stupid, stupid. Tears fill my eyes before I can stop them. I sniff, trying to stop the flood, but I'm so mortified I seem to have lost all self-control.

"Are you hurt?" Mr. King asks tightly.

"No," I say in a wobbly voice. "Just...embarrassed."

"Don't be embarrassed. I'm sorry. I should have..." He exhales a rough breath and drags a hand through his hair. "I should have checked to make sure you were dressed, or warned you that I was coming in. I was just so worried that I ran in without thinking."

"It's okay." I peek at him through my lashes, the fact that he's wearing pajama pants and no shirt finally penetrating my shame and panic.

Mr. King is the sex god of the century in a suit and tie.

But Mr. King with no shirt on, with all those amazing muscles on display?

It kind of feels like someone's just thrown kerosene on my crush fire. I've wanted to kiss Mr. King since the day I sat down across from him at his big desk for the nanny interview.

But now, I want to do so much more than kiss him.

My skin heats up and my nipples begin to tingle and, all of a sudden, I'm...starving. But not for food. I'm starving for Mr. King's hands on me, for the feel of his skin warm against mine and for all those other things I've only seen in R-rated movies. And even then, I've always looked away from the screen, embarrassed by observing such an intimate moment, even if it was a pretend moment played out by two actors.

But there's nothing pretend about the way I feel right now. This longing is so real, so intense, and so sad it feels like my heart is shattering into a thousand pieces.

I'm in love—and in lust, I realize now—with a man who finds me repulsive.

It's so torturous, so intolerable, that I instantly know I'm going to have to quit my job. It will hurt so badly to cut Julia out of my life, but I'm afraid it might literally kill me to be around Mr. King after this. After realizing how much I wish he were mine and knowing that wish is never going to come true.

I pull in a breath and force the words out, figuring it's best to rip off the bandage than lie in bed dreading it all night. "I'm sorry, Mr. King. But I... I have to resign."

He makes a soft, pained sound. "No. You can't. I swear, Elizabeth, I didn't mean to barge in while you were undressed. I would never knowingly cross that line. Like I said, I was just too worried to think straight. But from now on I'll be more careful, I'll—"

"No, it's not that," I cut in, shocked that I can still speak with a lump the size of a tennis ball in my throat. "It has nothing to do with that. I just..." I cut off with a wince, pressing my lips together, thoughts racing as I try to figure out what to say. I'm a horrible liar, but I can't tell him the truth. "I just," I try again, but I still can't come up with an excuse that makes any sense.

"You just?" he prompts gently. "You can talk to me, Betsy. And you can trust me. Anything you say will stay between us. And I won't mock you or judge you. I promise."

I lift my eyes to the ceiling with a shake of my head. "I don't think that's a promise you can keep, Mr. King."

"Garrett," he says, surprising me enough that my eyes flick down to meet his to find him watching me with a mixture of hope and tenderness that's...so confusing. "Please, call me Garrett."

"I..." I swallow. "Okay. Garrett, I..." I break off with a soft laugh. "It feels weird to call you by your first name."

“Because I’m an old man?” He’s smiling when he says it, but I swear I hear the hint of hurt in his voice.

Which is crazy.

How can he think he’s “an old man”? Even for a second?

“No, not at all,” I say honestly. “Because you’re amazing. Smart and successful and kind and always in control and...” I lift the hand not busy clutching the towel at my side, palm up. “And I’m...a mess.” I huff and joke, “I’m not worthy to say your first name.”

His blue eyes darken, making my skin start to feel hot all over again. “Don’t talk that way about yourself. You’re not a mess. You’re smart and driven and talented and so kind and...” He trails off, swallowing before he adds in a softer voice, “So beautiful.”

“Wh-what?” I ask, my eyes going wide with shock, certain I must have misheard him.

“You’re beautiful,” he says, a pained expression flashing on his face. “I know I shouldn’t say that, but...I think it. All the time.”

“You do?” Hopeful wings flutter in my stomach.

Is it possible?

Could he want to touch me as much as I want to touch him?

“I do,” he says. “And I’m sorry. You’re my employee and you’re only seventeen. I shouldn’t—”

“Not for long,” I say, the wings beating faster. If he’s worried about me being underage, I can put his mind at ease about that pretty quickly. “Tomorrow’s my eighteenth birthday.”

His jaw clenches and for a moment he doesn’t say a thing. Finally, he whispers, “You’re serious?”

I nod slowly. “That’s why I asked for tomorrow off. I was going to go to the movies to celebrate. It’s kind of a tradition. I pick out three shows and spend the entire day at the theater by

myself, getting lost in the stories.” My cheeks heat as I realize how lame that sounds. “Probably not the most exciting way to spend a birthday, but...”

“I think it’s wonderful. That you’re so confident on your own,” he says, but he still looks tense, almost...torn. “But I... Well, I wonder if maybe...”

My brow furrowing, I ask, “Maybe?”

“If maybe you’d rather spend your birthday with me,” he says. “Because I would love to pamper you and shower you with gifts and...kiss you. I would really, really love to kiss you, Elizabeth.”

My heart, doing its best impression of that bird that summoned Garrett to my rescue, takes wing, soaring up into the stratosphere. And then I smile so wide it makes my jaw hurt as I say, “I don’t need gifts or pampering. I just want the kiss, please.” I hesitate, then find myself adding in a bold voice I barely recognize, “Or more than a kiss.”

Happiness and doubt war in his gaze as he says, “You’re sure? Because, God, Elizabeth, I want you so much. I’ve wanted you for so long it feels like I’m about to lose my mind. I need to be with you, need to touch you.”

Pulling in a breath, I gather my courage and trust the bold part of me that’s helping make my dreams come true.

I whisper, “Then touch me. Please,” and let my towel fall to the floor.

CHAPTER FIVE

Mr. King

“*W*e have to wait.” I choke out the words, fighting to keep my hands at my sides instead of reaching for my beautiful girl.

Midnight.

I just have to hold out a few hours and there won't be anything standing in our way.

But I'm not sure I can wait a few more hours, not with Elizabeth standing in front of me, wearing a shy smile and nothing else as she says, “But I don't want to wait.”

Fuck, she's beautiful, even more beautiful than I've imagined, all creamy skin and curves.

Despite their generous size, her breasts ride high and firm on her chest, topped by pale pink nipples the loveliest shade of peach. I want to worship those nipples with my mouth, then find a rose the exact same color and plant a dozen of them in the garden out back. And I want to make sure Betsy knows that's *why* they're there, so that every time she walks past them, she's reminded of how damned beautiful she is.

“Mr. King?” she whispers, uncertainty creeping into her expression. “Is something wrong?”

“Garrett,” I remind her tightly, before rushing to assure her, “And no, nothing's wrong, except that you're not eighteen yet, sweetheart.”

Her lips twitch up again. “It’s just a few hours.”

“A few hours that mean the difference between you being a child and an adult,” I remind her, nodding toward the bath. “You should take your bath, and I’ll be back at midnight.”

“No,” she protests, her brow furrowing. “I’m afraid if you leave, you won’t come back.”

“I’ll come back,” I promise. “I can’t wait to touch you, Elizabeth. To make you a woman, *my* woman.” I swallow, then force myself to add, “But I want you to be sure this is what you really want. Think about it while I’m gone.”

“There’s nothing to think about,” she says in a pained voice. “I want to be yours. So much. I’ve been dreaming about it since the first day we met.”

“Me, too,” I confess. “I’ve never wanted anyone or anything more. But I need you to understand, Betsy... Once I’ve been inside you, we can’t go back to the way things used to be. From that moment, you’re going to be mine. Mine to love and treasure and pleasure and adore. But also mine to control. Once I have you in my bed, I don’t intend to let you go, baby. You’ll move in with me, full-time, and we’ll start making plans for the future.”

Her eyes are wide. “What kind of plans?”

“All the plans,” I say, knowing I might scare her, but that I owe her honesty, too. She’s so young and inexperienced, and I’m a possessive, controlling bastard. There’s no way she’ll guess what I’m expecting from her if I don’t tell her. “Wedding plans and baby plans and plans to spend the rest of our lives together. That’s what I want from you, what I need, and I won’t settle for anything less. So, if there’s any doubt in your mind at all, we should wait to sleep together until you’re sure you’re ready for that kind of commitment.”

“Wow, that’s...” She swallows, her throat working as she crosses her arms in front of her, concealing her breasts from my gaze. I’m expecting her to tell me that I’m crazy or at the very least ask me to leave so she has time to think. But instead, she says, “I’m afraid to blink. Afraid I’m dreaming. Because

that's..." She exhales. "That's everything I was too scared to admit that I wanted. Even to myself. I didn't think there was any chance, any world where you would want me the way I want you."

Heart swelling with joy, I promise her, "That's all I want, baby. *You* are all I want, and I can't wait to prove it to you. I'm going to make you feel so good, you're never going to want to get out of my bed."

She bites her bottom lip as her thighs press together, sending a jolt of desire straight to my dick. "Please, I don't want to wait, Mr. King. I'm already aching all over. And... wet. Wetter than I've ever been."

I curse beneath my breath and reach out to grip the doorframe, needing something to ground me, to remind me that I can't take her yet. "Midnight," I repeat. "I'll be back. In the meantime, think over everything we've talked about and remind yourself that I'm Garrett now, not Mr. King."

"But I like calling you Mr. King," she says, surprising me with the shy, but certain, expression on her face.

"I understand," I say, my cock swelling thicker as I realize we're even more perfect for each other than I dared to hope. "I like to think of you as my little girl, my sweet baby to teach and guide and protect."

Her lips part as she nods. "Yes, Mr. King. I like that, too."

"But what about instead of Mr. King, you called me 'sir'?" I ask, not ready to share the other name I'd like her to call me, yet.

If I hear her call me "daddy" right now, I'm not sure I'll be able to stop myself from taking her on the bathroom floor.

"Yes, sir," she says in a sexy little whisper that makes my head spin. "That's perfect, sir." She runs a hand down her belly to hover over the dark curls on her mound. "Calling you that makes me ache even more here, sir."

"Then you should touch yourself there, baby," I say in a rough voice. "You should make yourself come in your bath

while you think of me. Get my pussy nice and wet and ready for me.”

She moans low in her throat. “But I don’t want to touch myself. I want *you* to touch me. Please, sir, please touch me. I won’t ever tell anyone we didn’t wait until midnight.”

“No, we won’t start our lives together with secrets to keep,” I say firmly. “But if you need to be taught how to obey orders, we can do that. Now get in the bath, Betsy, and start soaping your breasts.”

“But I—”

“Now, baby girl,” I say. “Do as you’re told and I’ll show you what you do to me. How hard you make me. Would you like that? To watch me stroke my cock while you rub your fingers between your legs under the water?”

Eyes going hazy with lust, she nods.

“Then get in the water, Elizabeth,” I order. “Now. Before I change my mind.”

CHAPTER SIX

Betsy

I'm so turned on that the feel of the hot water sliding over my skin as I sink into the deep bathtub is almost enough to make me come.

But I bite my lip and force the fizzy, twisting, tumbling feelings away.

I don't want to come yet. I want to come with Mr. King. I want to come with his eyes on mine, even if it's from across the room.

"Good girl," he murmurs, leaning against the counter by the sink and reaching for the top of his pajama pants, sending a lightning bolt of desire surging between my legs. "Now wash your breasts, Betsy. Lots of soap and take special care to get your beautiful nipples nice and clean for me."

I've never touched myself in front of someone before, but I need Mr. King so much I'm already half out of my mind with wanting him. I grab the soap without a beat of hesitation and begin sliding it over my breasts, flinching as I brush the cool bar over my nipples and electricity rockets straight from my breasts to burn between my legs.

"Oh," I say, breath hitching as I do it again with even more shocking results. I moan as I whisper, "It's never felt like this before, sir. It's so intense."

“And we’re just getting started, sweet girl,” he says, making me moan again and my thighs shift restlessly beneath the water. “Don’t stop. Keep soaping those nipples. Put the bar down and use both hands.”

I obey, gasping as I’m flooded with hunger. It feels like I’m drowning in the wanting surging from both nipples to coil between my hips. I want to close my eyes, squeeze my lids shut and fight to regain control, but Mr. King is shoving his pants and boxer briefs down, exposing the most intimate part of him and I can’t look away.

I’ve never seen a man naked in real life before, and it is... breathtaking.

He’s so much longer than I expected. And thicker, too. And so swollen his shaft is a dark, dusky red.

“Does it hurt?” I find myself asking.

“It aches, the same way you ache,” he says, wrapping his hand around his erection, making me whimper with need. “Does your pussy hurt, baby girl? Do you need to put your fingers between your legs?”

I nod and beg, “Please, sir. Can I touch myself there?”

“Not yet,” he says, the muscle in his jaw tightening as he adds, “Make your nipples harder first, sweetheart. Fuck, yes, that’s right, Elizabeth. Pinch them for Daddy, pinch your gorgeous breasts.”

A hungry, startled sound escapes from the back of my throat as desire twists fiercely in my womb. I’ve never imagined calling Mr. King “daddy,” but I imagine it now and it isn’t even a little bit weird or wrong-sounding in my head.

In fact, it’s so electrifying I’m pretty sure I could come just from hearing him say the word again.

Or from *saying* it...

“I’m going to come,” I whisper, rolling my nipples faster and holding Mr. King’s burning gaze as I add, “Can I come, Daddy? Can I please come?”

“Fuck, yes, baby girl,” he says, his voice so deep it vibrates through my bones. “Come for your daddy. Come from getting those nipples so hard for me. Fuck, yes, baby girl.”

Head falling back against the back of the tub, I ignite, my hands splashing down into the water as the most intense release I’ve ever felt surges through me. My tingling nipples sting as my inner walls clench and release, clench and release, and my womb balls tight in my core. I slide deeper into the bath, bringing a hand to press on my clit as the pleasure just keeps coming, laying claim to me the way Mr. King’s eyes do as he watches.

God, I can’t look away from him, from the need in his face and his sculpted chest and abs, from his hand gliding up and down his arousal as he coaxes me to the end of the waves of bliss.

Finally, I sag back against the edge of the bath, panting for breath as Mr. King pulls his pants back up around his waist.

Before I can protest, he points a finger at my chest and says, “Midnight.”

And then he’s gone so fast I barely have time to realize he’s leaving before the door to my bedroom thumps closed behind him.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Mr. King

I close my bedroom door behind me and lean back against it, praying for strength.

I just need a little bit more and then the waiting will be over, and I can lay claim to my gorgeous, sexy girl without any regrets.

But fuck, this is by far the hardest thing I've ever done.

Hearing her call me daddy, then watching her come like a damned goddess, bold and unashamed in her pleasure...it was almost more than I could take. I was thirty seconds away from dragging her out of the bath, pushing her onto all fours on the mat, and mounting her from behind. I was about to take her, wild and savage, when that's the last thing I want for her first time.

I want to go slow, to take as much time as she needs to feel comfortable taking this huge first step.

Her first time with a new lover and her *last* time with a new lover.

I hope she understands how serious I am about needing her here with me, about there being no turning back once we take that next step.

Just in case, I grab my cell from off the top of the dresser and shoot her a text—*Can't wait to see you at midnight, baby. But if you come to my room, you're never leaving. Do you*

understand? From that moment on, you're mine and I'm yours and we start the rest of our lives together.

She doesn't respond right away, but I'm not surprised.

She's probably still in the bath, rinsing her oh-so-sensitive breasts and washing the rest of her stunning body. She's going to smell like honeysuckle soap when she comes to me.

Assuming she still wants this kind of future now that she's had some time to think about it.

The minutes tick by without so much as a ding from my cell.

I pass the time pacing in front of my windows, watching the moon glide slowly across the sky. I have dozens of emails I could be answering and several books on my nightstand, but for once in my life I'm struggling to focus.

Self-discipline is what I'm best at. I'm at the top of my field, with a body a man half my age would kill for, because I hold myself to high standards and never have a problem following through. My assistant jokes that I have enough willpower for three men and a mule.

Though I'm pretty sure mules are known for being stubborn, not controlled.

Right now, I feel more like a mule than a man, a stubborn son of a bitch who refuses to give up on what he wants. If Elizabeth doesn't show at midnight, I'll wake up tomorrow and redouble my efforts to win her. I will sweep her off her feet if it's the last thing I do.

I'm not afraid to work for her, to win her, but I hope to God she won't make either of us wait. I'm usually a fan of delayed gratification but the thought of going to sleep without Betsy by my side for even one more night is nearly unbearable.

So, when my cell finally dings, I'm not ashamed to say I jog across the room to collect it from the charging station on my nightstand.

And when I read Betsy's message—*I've thought it through, sir. I've thought long and hard and I can't imagine anything that would make me happier than being yours. For now and always.*—my hand shakes with relief.

She's going to be mine. Tonight.

Forever.

But there's still one more thing we need to discuss before she shows up at my door. *That makes me happier than I can express in a text, sweetheart. But there's one thing that would make me even happier. I don't want anything between us tonight. I want to take you bare, to fill you up and come buried so deep inside you. How would you feel about that? Taking a chance on making a baby tonight?*

Bubbles appear on the screen and a moment later a panting, sweating emoji appears beneath my words.

Frowning, I reply, *Use your words, Elizabeth. You're nearly an adult, and I'm not fluent in emoji.*

She shoots over a laughing face, then, *Yes, sir. I'm sorry. What I meant to say is that makes me...hot. Just thinking about you inside me without a condom... It makes it even harder to wait.*

I groan softly and type, *So damned hard.* My cock is pitching a tent in my pajama pants and my balls are bruised with wanting her. Still, my cautious, practical side insists on asserting itself. *But are you sure?* I add. *You're okay with getting pregnant tonight. If that's what happens?*

She doesn't respond. No bubbles. No texts.

I'm about to send another message, insisting she take her time and that we can use a condom if she's not ready to make such a big decision our first time together, when there's a soft knock on my door.

I cross the room and reach for the handle, opening it to reveal Betsy standing in the hall outside, adorable in one of my old gray T-shirts, pink pajama pants, and bare feet, with her damp hair pulled up into a knot atop her head. She looks

even younger like this, and for a moment, I feel ashamed of myself all over again.

But then our eyes meet, and she gives me a very grown-up smile.

“I couldn’t text what I wanted to say,” she whispers. “Some things need to be said in person.”

I nod. “And what do you have to say, Miss Elizabeth?”

“I want you to know that I think you’re a wonderful father, exactly the kind of father I’ve always hoped my kids would have.”

My throat goes tight. “Thank you, baby. I’m...honored to hear that.”

“And I am honored and humbled that you trust me enough to want me to be the mother to your children,” she says, her eyes beginning to shine. “And not just the children we’ll hopefully have together, but to Julia, too. Because I love her so much, Mr. King. She’s so precious and I swear I—” She breaks off, blushing as she shakes her head. “Never mind. That’s enough babbling from me.”

“No, please,” I ask softly, conscious of the little one asleep across the hall. “Please, tell me. I love your babbling.”

She laughs and rolls her eyes.

“No, seriously,” I press. “I do. I love your voice and your thoughts and the way you say whatever’s in your heart. So please...tell me.”

Smile fading, Betsy takes a bracing breath. “The moment I met her, a part of me just...*knew* that I was meant to be one of her special people. I knew I would always love her and fight for her and want to help her grow up safe and healthy and strong.” She blinks faster. “So, to get the chance to be her mama for real, and to give her baby brothers and sisters to love...” She sniffs. “I swear, it’s a dream come true. It’s...a fairy tale.”

I wince, the love I feel for her so strong it’s almost painful as it twists through my chest. “You’re an incredible young

woman, baby. With the biggest and best heart. Julia couldn't ask for a better mother. And neither could the children we're going to have." I curl my hands into fists by my sides, fighting the nearly overwhelming urge to reach for her. "I can't wait to get you pregnant, sweetheart, to see you big with our baby. You're going to be even more beautiful. I won't be able to keep my hands off of you. I'll need to be inside you, making you come, showing you how sexy you are every hour of the day."

"I don't believe you," she says, her eyes narrowing playfully. "So far, you seem to be very good at keeping your hands off of me."

I exhale and glance down at the phone in my hand, groaning as I see the time.

I turn the screen to face Betsy, who reads aloud, "Eleven thirty-four." She arches a challenging brow. "Surely that's close enough."

I shake my head. "I'm not taking your virginity until midnight."

Her eyes light up and her lips crook up on one side. "All right, no virginity-taking until midnight. But we could do other things, right? Things like...kiss, maybe?" The wistful note in her voice tests my resistance. "Because I would really love to kiss you, sir. To kiss you and kiss you and never stop kissing you. For as long as we both shall live."

Before the last word is out of her mouth, my lips are on hers and my arms around her, pulling her into my room and shutting the door.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Betsy

Oh. Wow.
Wow.

This...

This is a kiss.

I have nothing to compare it to, of course—I've never kissed a boy in real life; only in steamy fantasies—but the real thing is even better than I imagined it would be.

Probably because Mr. King isn't a boy; he's a man.

My man. Nothing has ever felt as right as being this close to him, and I know I'm never going to regret the decision I'm making tonight. I can't wait to be with him, to make love to him, to feel him bare inside me and know that we might make a baby together.

Just the thought of it makes me moan against his lips and press even closer to the magnetic man holding me so tight in his arms. I've known all about the birds and the bees since I was a little kid. My parents were very frank about stuff like that, and we had board books explaining what parts went where in our playroom back home. And I took biology and women's health in high school, where I received an even more in-depth education on how babies are made.

But none of the educational materials I've come across in my nearly eighteen years of life prepared me for my body's response to hearing Mr. King say he wanted to come inside me tonight. It was like a lightning bolt of hunger zapped straight to my core, making things deep inside me twist with anticipation.

My mind and body are both one hundred percent on board with having his baby. And right now, I'm so wet and eager my panties are soaked and my inner walls throbbing as Mr. King cups my bottom through my pajamas, drawing me closer to the thick ridge beneath his pants as we kiss our way across the room.

I moan again and rock my hips against it, relishing the clear evidence that I *really do* make him want me as much as I want him.

It's so hard to believe, but it's true.

He wants me, *needs* me, and in less than a half hour, he's going to take my virginity.

Though honestly, that feels like way too long to wait. I'm desperate for him *now*, my blood rushing in my veins as we stop beside the bed, and he reaches for the bottom of my T-shirt.

"I'm so ready, sir," I whisper, lifting my arms to make it easier for him to strip off my shirt, belly fluttering as he moans in soft appreciation and tosses the top aside.

He cups my breasts reverently in his hands, whispering, "So damned beautiful, baby. Do you have any idea how perfect you are?" He brushes his thumbs over my nipples, making my breath rush out and another sharp wave of desire twist in my core.

"I think I could, I will," I say, clinging to his biceps for strength. The way he's teasing my breasts—plucking and rubbing my nipples—is already making it hard to stand. "When you're inside me. Please, sir, I can't wait. I'm already on fire. Deep inside."

“Midnight, baby,” he insists, proving he’s every bit as stubborn in bed as he is out of it. “But don’t worry, I know how to put out that fire other ways. Get on the bed, sweetheart. I need to taste you.” He bends his head, kissing me hard and deep.

“But you’ve already tasted me,” I murmur against his addictive mouth. “You’re tasting me right now.”

His lips curve against mine. “Not your mouth, beautiful. I’m going to kiss your pussy. No, I’m going to fucking devour it. I can’t wait to have my mouth between your legs. Been dreaming about it, dreaming about you coming for me like that.”

“Oh,” I say, dumbly, because I’m burning too hot to think of anything more clever to say. My head is spinning with want and my skin is tingling all over, and then I’m on the bed and Mr. King is drawing my pajama pants and panties down my legs, making my breath come even faster.

“Show me, baby,” he says as he kneels between my slightly spread legs. “Open wide for me and show me my slick little pussy. I can smell how damned wet you are and it’s driving me crazy.”

I hesitate, chewing nervously on my bottom lip. “You can...smell me? Is that normal?”

He grins. “Totally normal.”

“And not gross?”

“The opposite of gross,” he says, with such conviction I’m forced to believe him.

Though someone truly wanting to kiss me...*there*, still seems a little strange to me. But he’s still so hard his pants are sticking straight out in the front and the look in his eyes as I tentatively widen my thighs makes my nipples tighten and tingle. He looks like he’s never seen anything more beautiful than my body and his hands are actually shaking a little as he reaches down to cup my thighs, urging them even farther apart.

“Sir, please,” I say as he spreads me obscenely wide. “I’m...embarrassed.”

His eyes lock on mine. “No. There’s no room for that between us, Elizabeth. Don’t ever be embarrassed with me. I’m so in love with your body, baby. This is art for me. *You* are art. You are so sexy and perfect, and it is going to be an honor to be the first, and last, man to taste you.” He bites his bottom lip, moaning softly as his eyes rake up and down my exposed body. “Fucking beautiful, baby. You are beautiful. And I’m going to show you, make you feel it.”

He shifts lower on the bed, positioning his head between my legs. And then he licks me—*there*—right up the middle.

Instantly, shivers of delight sweep across my skin and deeper, beneath the skin, to twist into my womb, making it clench and ache even more. And then Mr. King’s tongue starts to circle my clit, while his fingers massage the swollen flesh on either side of my entrance, and I discover I’m sensitive in so many more places than I realized. The tip of my clit tingles and throbs as he licks and sucks, but his fingers awaken places that ache nearly as much. It’s like he’s turning on the lights in rooms I never even knew existed.

Soon, I’m spinning in a room full of stars, humming and pulsing and sparkling all over as the pressure builds and builds. And then, just when I’m not sure I can take it anymore, he pushes his thumb inside my pussy, and I ignite.

I cry out, my heels digging into the mattress as I push shamelessly closer to his face, my fingers fisting in the blankets as my orgasm rearranges the world. I thought I knew what it felt like to come, but my fingers are a pale substitute to my man’s mouth and his hands and that other part of him I’m even more desperate for now.

“Oh, please, sir,” I pant as I come down from the dizzying heights, my blood still full of starlight. “You. Now. Inside me.”

“Not yet,” he grits out, his breath warm against my thigh.

“Yes, now,” I insist. “Now, Garrett. I’m not kidding this time.”

CHAPTER NINE

Mr. King

*S*mile against her sweat-damp thigh, loving the smell of her desire swirling all around me. “Is that right? You were kidding before?”

She moans, her legs shifting on either side of my face. “No, I wasn’t kidding then, either. But it has to be time now, sir. It just *has* to be.”

I look at the clock, cursing as I see it’s still ten minutes until midnight.

I know we have to wait—we *must*; I refuse to break the law or my promise to Elizabeth—but I also know the next ten minutes will be the most torturous of my entire life.

I’ve never wanted anything as much as I want this gorgeous girl catching her breath beneath me, moaning as I kiss my way up her belly with the sweet, salty taste of her still tart on my tongue. “Not quite yet baby. But at least we killed a little time.”

“Oh boy, did we,” she says, her breasts still rising and falling faster. “God, that was... It was unbelievable. I didn’t know my body could do that. It really was like fireworks going off inside me. Sparking and exploding and...dazzling.”

“And that’s just the beginning, beautiful,” I promise, pausing to kiss the sinfully soft underside of her breast on my

way up to her lips. "I'm going to make you come so many times tonight. Going to make you feel so good."

She whimpers, then shudders as I flick my tongue across her nipple. "You already made me feel so good. I want to make *you* feel good." She reaches down, her fingers skimming over the head of my cock, even that gentle touch enough to make me groan.

"I'm sorry," she says, pulling her hand away. "Did I hurt you?"

"No, sweetheart," I say, wincing and fighting for control as I lengthen myself onto the mattress beside her. "You didn't do anything wrong. I just want you so damned much that...it hurts. A little."

It hurts like hell, and I'm pretty sure I won't be able to walk tomorrow if I don't get inside her soon, but I'm not about to say that to her. I don't want Betsy worried about me or anything else. I want her to lie back and enjoy herself, to relish every moment of discovery and pleasure.

I cup her breast in my hand, brushing my thumb slowly back and forth over her tight tip. "Kind of like this," I explain as she begins to squirm. "That ache you feel when I touch you here."

"I still feel it," she says, a hint of shyness in her voice. "Even though I just... Even though you made me..."

"Made you come on my mouth?" I supply. "It's okay to say things like that in front of me, baby. When we're alone together like this, I want you to feel free to say anything you want, to *do* anything you want."

Her warm, chocolate eyes lift to meet mine, sending another jolt of arousal through me. I want to hold her gaze, watching her emotions shift behind her eyes as I push inside her for the first time, more than I want air.

I glance at the clock again, jaw tight.

Eight more minutes. We're in the single digits now.

Almost there.

I can do this.

The words are no sooner through my head than Betsy whispers, “There’s only one thing I want, sir—you inside me. I need to feel you there. I need it so bad,” and my control slips.

Before I realize I’m in motion, I’m on top of her again, kneeling her thighs apart, my already leaking cock throbbing with eagerness to be buried in her sweet pussy.

But thank God, I take the reins again before it’s too late.

“Not yet,” I grit out through clenched teeth. I reach down, gripping the base of my cock and squeezing tight, the hint of pain helping me regain control. “Midnight, baby girl. As soon as the clock says twelve, I’m going to make you mine, I promise.”

“But it’s so hard to wait.” She shifts beneath me, her thighs pressing against the sides of mine as her hips lift, her body instinctively positioning her pussy to make it easier for me to slide inside. “It feels like I’m going to die from wanting.”

My lips quirk, though I completely understand what she’s feeling. “You won’t die, sweetheart. And neither will I. We just have to distract ourselves for another five minutes. I could show you something I’ve been imagining, something I’ve been dreaming about doing to you.”

She nods swiftly, her eagerness a turn-on like no other. “Yes, please. Show me.”

I reach for the nightstand and pull open the drawer, grabbing the small bottle of lube I keep there without looking away from her curious, hungry expression. “Take your breasts in your hands, baby, and push them together for me.”

She blinks, clearly confused, but she doesn’t hesitate. She cups her generous mounds in her small hands and guides them closer. “Like this?”

“A little more,” I say, breath rushing out as she presses them tight together, forming a gorgeous line of cleavage. “That’s right. Perfect. And now I’m going to put some of this on your chest.” I tip the lube, dribbling it over the seam of her tits, cock jerking as she sucks in a turned-on breath.

“It’s cold,” she whispers, watching me with fascinated eyes as I move to straddle her waist.

“Don’t worry, I’ll warm you up.” I guide my pulsing, aching dick to the bottom of her breasts and then thrust slowly forward, gliding through the lube-slick channel between them.

And it is...heaven. Right here on earth.

My lids flutter. “Fuck, baby girl, you feel so good.”

She bites her plump bottom lip. “I like it, too. I like feeling how much you want me. You’re so hard, sir. So hot. I didn’t think it would be that hot.”

I groan as I thrust in and out again, forcing myself to go slow. If I go too far with this, I won’t be able to resist fucking her tits until I come all over her chest, her elegant neck, maybe even the bottom part of her face.

I’m so keyed up, I know that when I explode, it’s going to be intense.

And I don’t want to waste a drop of that eruption, no matter how damned hot it would be to watch my seed gushing out over her porcelain skin. I want my come inside her, deep in her womb, hopefully making a baby sister or brother for Julia. I can’t wait to build a family with this amazing woman, and I want to start trying tonight.

But when she moans, and pushes her breasts even tighter around me, it takes another exercise in willpower to keep from moving faster, fucking her incredible tits harder.

Instead, I cover her hands with mine. “That’s enough, sweetheart. We’re almost there.”

Her breath rushes out. “Yes, oh please, yes.”

“Two more minutes,” I say, guiding her fingers away and claiming one taut nipple in each hand. I roll and pluck, loving the way she tosses her head from side to side as she gets even hotter for me. “Tell me, sweetness. Tell me what you’re feeling.”

“I’m on fire again,” she says, her hands coming to grip my thighs on either side of her ribs. “I’m burning up inside and

my belly is full of wings, but they don't tickle, they make me ache. God, I ache so much. Please, sir. Please." She moans. "I need you. I need you between my legs or I'm going to lose my mind. It feels like I'm going to go crazy."

"You're not going to go crazy," I promise, rubbing her nipples harder as the clock flicks to one minute before twelve and my cock begins to leak pre-come. "You're going to fly, baby. Delayed gratification is the sweetest kind."

"I hate delayed gratification," she huffs, in a display of temper so damned cute, I can't help but smile, no matter how much I'm suffering right now.

"That's okay," I whisper, rolling to one side and stretching out beside her. I capture her chin in my hand, turning her to face me as I add, "As long as you love me. Because I love you, baby girl. Goddamn desperately."

She sobs, sending a tear sliding down her face even as her lips stretch into a heart-swelling smile. "I do. I love you so much. I can't wait for you to be my first everything."

My brow furrows as a sweet pain twists through my chest.

This love...it's unlike anything I've ever felt before. It's so gentle, but so fucking strong, and I know I'm never going to regret letting my heart fall right into this angel's sweet hands.

Thank God, all our waiting is almost over.

CHAPTER TEN

*M*r. King

I LOOK to the clock and my breath rushes out.

Midnight.

Finally.

“Spread your legs, my love,” I whisper, kissing her lips softly. “It’s time.”

“Oh, yes, please,” she says, clinging to my neck as I roll on top of her. “I’m so ready, Daddy. So ready.”

I growl low in my throat. “Don’t say that word, baby. Not right now, not when I’m trying to go slow and be gentle with you.”

Her eyes widen. “But you like it sometimes, right?”

“I fucking love it,” I promise, reaching down to grip my cock, exhaling slowly as I guide the swollen head up and down her slick lips, letting her get used to the feel of me near her entrance. “That’s what I want to be for you, sweetheart. Not a father like I am to Julia, but your daddy, the one who takes care of you and protects you and owns and fucks and pleasures this sweet pussy.” I circle her clit with my cock, summoning a hungry sound from the back of her throat. “That sound good to you?”

“It sounds perfect,” she says, lifting into my cock, moaning again as I pull back, keeping only the lightest connection between us. “More. Please.”

“Hips down, baby,” I say. “I’m going to give you what you need, but we have to go slow. This first time, all I want you to think about is softening. Just breathe and relax and concentrate on opening this pussy for me.”

Her arms relax a little, but she insists, “I’m ready. It won’t hurt me, sir, I know it won’t.”

“Why don’t we test that theory, sweetness,” I say, positioning my fat, throbbing dick at her entrance and pushing just the tip inside, jaw clenching as her tight little cunt nearly squeezes it right off of me.

She lets out a soft cry and her eyes go wide.

“See?” I hold her gaze as I pull back and push gently back in. “I’m thick, baby, and you’re so tight. We have to go slow, or it will hurt you.”

“Okay,” she whispers against my lips as I kiss her. “But even though it hurts, I still want it. I still want all of you inside me.”

“I know you do,” I say, sweat beading at the back of my neck as I pull back and thrust just the tiniest bit deeper. “I can feel you getting wetter, baby, getting even slicker for me and it’s so damned sexy. What does it feel like for you?”

“Like...the answer,” she says. “*You’re* the answer. You’re what I need so bad.” She looks up at me, staring straight into my soul as she whispers, “I’m so ready to be yours.”

And just like that, the last of my willpower evaporates, going up in a puff of smoke in the face of her goddamned sweetness, her innocent sensuality, and the way she keeps her eyes locked on mine as I thrust forward with a groan, popping her cherry.

She winces and tenses beneath me, but she doesn’t look away as I seat my cock in her, pushing deep until my entire length is buried in the clutching, pulsing silk of her. She just

sighs and threads her fingers into my hair and says, “Yes. God, sir, yes. You inside me. This is all I need. It’s so perfect.”

I shake my head, my throat tight as I whisper, “No, love. It’s not perfect yet, not until I show you how good it feels to come with me inside you. Do you want me to make you come like this, baby girl? Come with your daddy buried in your little pussy?”

Lips parting with a sexy-as-hell sigh, she nods. “Oh yes, Daddy. Make me come like this. Make me come when you’re so deep inside.” She sucks in a breath, moaning as I pull back and glide back in, fighting to go slow, even though the sound of her begging her daddy to fuck her hits primal triggers in my brain that are screaming for me to fuck her, to ride her hard and deep until I spill my seed in her young, fertile body.

I want to roll her over and mount her from behind, gripping her hips and digging my teeth into her shoulder while I piston in and out of her cunt, like an animal. I want to pull her hair and swat her curvy backside and dump load after load of come inside her, to force her to stay in my bed with her hips up until we know I’ve seeded her with my baby.

But thank God, I’m more than my primal impulses, because I can’t stand the thought of hurting her any more than I have already. The pain as I took her virginity was unavoidable, but the rest of this will be all pleasure, all sweetness.

“Fuck, baby girl, your tight pussy feels so good on my fat dick,” I murmur, sending a shudder through my girl and more slickness rushing from her body to ease my way in and out of her.

Okay, then...maybe not *all* sweetness.

But my baby girl seems to enjoy this game—and the associated dirty talk—as much as I do. She’s perfect for me, but I’m not really surprised. From the moment I laid eyes on her, something inside me knew that we would fit together perfectly, that she was meant to be mine.

“Yes, oh yes,” she says, clinging to my shoulders as her legs wrap around my hips. “I can feel it rising again. It’s like a wave, sir, a beautiful wave.” She moans, lifting into my next thrust. “And I can’t wait to drown in it. Oh, please, sir, make me drown in how good you make me feel.”

“Fuck, yes,” I say, shoving deeper, faster as I feel her tighten around me and her soft, about-to-come whimpers fill the air. “Yes, baby, come for me. Come for—”

She cries out, her pussy goddamned near squeezing me in half.

“Fuck, yes, Elizabeth,” I growl, slamming into her, beyond the ability to control myself as my balls tighten and my own orgasm gathers. “Yes, baby girl. So good, you feel so good coming on me. Going to come inside you now, sweetness. Going to pump you so damned full of my come.”

“Yes, yes!” she cries out, but even if she’d said “no,” it’s too late, I’m already shoving deep, my balls clutching tight as I come.

My release burns through my veins, overloading my body with pleasure as I grip one of her tits tight in my hand, holding on as I unload inside her, releasing wave after wave of come into her dripping pussy.

“Oh fuck, baby girl,” I moan, fighting to stay upright as my insides twist with bliss. I don’t want to collapse just yet. I need to keep watching her sweet face twist with euphoria as my orgasm triggers another wave for her. I need to see her hips wiggling against me, bringing her mound even closer to where my cock is buried so deep.

The sight of my thickness stuffed into her is possibly the hottest thing I’ve ever seen in my life. After her breasts and her pussy bare for my mouth and her smile when she looks up at me and says, “Ten out of ten, would do again.”

I grin, falling a little deeper in love with her right on the spot. “Is that right? I hope you don’t intend on leaving a review online.”

She shakes her head. “No way. I don’t want anyone else to know how good you are. I’m keeping that a secret and *you* all to myself.”

“Sounds perfect,” I say.

And it does.

I can’t wait to be all hers, tonight and every night for the rest of our lives.

EPILOGUE ONE

Betsy

Two and a half years later...

They say good things come to those who wait.

I wouldn't know. I didn't wait long for my happily ever after, but that doesn't mean I don't appreciate every single second of it.

"This one's for Mama," Garrett says, handing a long velvet jewelry case to Julia, who's finally come up for air after unwrapping her new costume box and putting on as many princess dresses as possible. "Can you take it to her? But quiet," he says, putting a finger to his lips and motioning my way. "We don't want to wake Baby Sarah."

Julia puts a pudgy little finger to her lips and makes an exaggerated "shushing" sound before adding in a loud whisper, "No, we don't. I be very quiet, Daddy."

Then she takes the box and toddles it over to me like the precious pumpkin she is now and always has been. The past year, I kept waiting for "The Terrible Twos" to start, but my first little princess turned three last month and is still as adorable and sweet as the day I met her.

And she's such a good big sister, a fact she proves now by gently patting Sarah's sleeping hand and whispering, "Sleep tight, Baby Sarah. You can open your presents tomorrow on Christmas Day. Santa won't take them back."

I take the box from her with a smile, adjusting Sarah in my arms as I say softly, "It's okay. Babies don't care about presents the way big girls do. She'll be happy to watch you play with all your toys tomorrow." I grin and motion to the dresses she has on. "You look fabulous, *dahling*."

She giggles and spreads out the top skirt. "I like blue *and* pink. And purple."

"They're all very good colors," I agree. "And all good to wear while making the biggest block tower ever."

Her eyes light up. "Can we do that? Make it tall as the sky?"

"Tomorrow," Garrett says, crossing the room to stand beside Julia, reaching down to ruffle her dark curls. "It's almost bedtime. Give Mama a kiss and I'll carry you up piggyback-style."

"No doggy-back, Daddy," she says. "And you have to bark when you run down the hall."

I fight a grin. "Yes, you do. It's not a true doggy-back bedtime without some barking."

Garrett's eyes twinkle into mine. "Just wait until Sarah's old enough to want a special bedtime ride. Then you'll have to join us, Mama. I can't carry two princesses at once."

"True. I'll start training soon," I promise, fighting the urge to make a naughty joke about "special bedtime rides."

But I don't have to say the words, I know my husband is reading every wicked thought on my face.

He proves it when he leans down and whispers, "Put the baby to bed, woman. Then we can open your present together. In our room."

"Yes, sir," I say, smiling as I rise, bouncing gently to quiet Sarah when she snuffles and throws her fists up over her head. She's nearly a year old, but still loves to be rocked to sleep in my arms like when she first came home from the hospital.

It was a difficult birth, nearly twenty hours in labor and then the baby went into distress right as I started to push. I was

rushed into the operating room for an emergency C-section so fast Garrett didn't have time to suit up in scrubs and come with me. The five minutes it took to liberate Sarah from my belly, all alone under the glaring lights while the doctors worked frantically behind the curtain to save my baby, were the longest in my entire life.

I have never prayed so hard or been so grateful for the sound of a baby's scream. Sarah emerged strong and irritated that so many strangers were laying hands on her and has remained that way ever since. She can be as sweet as her sister, at times, but she has a core of steel like her daddy. Stay on her good side and she'll reward you with the most beautiful smile on earth. Try to feed her peas or blueberries—two of the foods on her “no fly” list—and you *will* feel her wrath.

But her storms blow over quickly and I love how brave and bold she is. I hope she always stays that way, and I can't wait to see all the amazing things she'll do with her life.

I give Garrett and Julia time to gallop around upstairs for a few minutes—Garrett woofing and Julia squealing with laughter that makes my heart feel even fuller—and then I tiptoe up the stairs.

In her room, I kiss Sarah's warm forehead and lay her down in her crib, turning on the nightlight and tiptoeing to the door.

But I pause in the doorway, looking back at my sleeping girl and the Christmas Eve moon so big and bright outside her window, lighting up the snow on the mountains. I want to remember this night forever.

A moment later, I sense Garrett coming down the hall and then his arms are around me from behind, making the moment complete.

I lean back into him with a happy sigh. “Best Christmas ever?”

He kisses the top of my head. “Best Christmas ever...so far.” His arms tighten around me. “You did a damned fine job,

Santa. Julia loved every gift more than the last. Thank you for making our girl so happy.”

“My pleasure, love,” I murmur. “Her happiness is my happiness. I hope I always know exactly what to wrap up to put a smile on her face.”

“Speaking of wrapping things up,” he says. “You didn’t peek at your gift, did you? I was going to wrap it, but I know you hate killing trees.”

“I do hate killing trees.” I smile as I turn in his arms, holding up my velvet box between us. “I also hate ruining surprises, so no, I didn’t peek.” I bite my lip. “But I really want to peek now. Can I open it?”

“Our room,” he says, his eyes dancing as he nods down the hall. “Go jump in bed, I’ll be there in a second. I have another surprise I need to grab first.”

I widen my eyes. “Another surprise? You’re going to spoil me rotten.”

“Never,” he says. “Not a rotten bone in your body.”

“A few naughty ones, though,” I whisper, earning a swat on my bottom that makes me giggle as I start down the hall. I wiggle my fingers at my hot hubby as I go, begging, “Don’t take too long. I need some grown-up alone time.”

“Me, too,” he says. “And I won’t make you wait, baby. I promise.”

I spin with a sigh and practically dance to our room, knowing my husband is a man of his word. He won’t keep me waiting for presents or surprises or the kisses I’ve been dreaming of all day. He’s going to make all my Christmas dreams come true, the way he does every other night of the year.

I pad into our room and jump on the bed, feeling like the luckiest woman in the world.

Though I’m hoping to get just a tiny bit luckier...

With that thought in mind, I reach into the bedside table and pull out my own surprise.

EPILOGUE TWO

Mr. King

*F*etching the cookies from downstairs in the pantry where Mary hid them for me before she left to celebrate the holidays with her own family earlier today, I pad quietly back up the stairs.

The girls sleep deeply once they're out, but I don't want to take any chances tonight.

Between all the holiday preparation and the last-minute insanity at work, Betsy and I haven't had time to be together in nearly a week. And that's way too long to go without being buried in my baby girl. I need that connection, that closeness to the woman I love.

And I need to see her eyes light up when she realizes she's getting her favorite cookies as well as a present so lavish I should probably be ashamed of myself for dumping that much money on one item.

But I don't.

My wife deserves the best of everything because *she* is the very, *very* best.

Back in our room, I find her sitting cross-legged at the end of the bed in her white nightgown, the jewelry box in front of her and another, slightly smaller box in her lap.

I close the door behind me with a shake of my head. "What's that? I told you not to worry about a present for me.

You know I don't like getting presents, I like giving them."

"I know," she says, holding out the box. "But you'll like this one, so hush up and come get it. I'll open my present first and then you can open yours."

"Bossy woman," I tease, holding up the plate of cookies in my hand. "And to think I was going to offer to rub your feet while you eat as many of these as you can handle."

She laughs. "Oh, I will be eating those cookies, thank you very much. But...first things first." The twinkle in her eyes leaves no doubt I'm going to enjoy my surprise.

But she's right—she should open her gift first. After all the trouble she went to decorating the house just so, throwing the company holiday party, and pampering the girls, all while getting straight A's the first semester of her senior year, she deserves some pampering.

I'm pretty certain she'll like the gift, but the awe and joy on her face as she opens the box still sends a jolt of joy through my heart.

"Oh, Garrett," she breathes, pulling the diamond bracelet from the case with reverent hands. "Oh, and there's an inscription. *From Your Sir, Forever and Always.*" Pressing her fingers to her lips, she lifts shining eyes to mine. "Oh, I love it. It's perfect. Thank you, sir."

"My pleasure, sweetness," I say, leaning in for a kiss. "And thank you for everything you do. You are the best thing that ever happened to me."

"Even more than the girls?" she murmurs against my lips.

"Even more than the girls," I confess. "I love our princesses, but you're my queen. And you always will be. Though, I confess I do love making babies with you."

She smiles and pulls back, nodding toward the box as she slides off the end of the bed. "Then you should open your gift. I'm going to put this in my jewelry box, so it doesn't get lost in the sheets."

“Or you could put it on, I’d like to...” My words trail off as I take the lid off the package to reveal a slim pink plastic stick with a plus sign on the front. My adrenaline spikes, but then Betsy cuts in, “Don’t get too excited. It’s an ovulation test. It just means we *could* get pregnant tonight, not that I’m pregnant already.”

“Good,” I say in a husky voice. “Because I’m hard and ready to come in you, baby girl. I’ve been dreaming about putting another baby in that belly for months.”

She walks slowly back toward the bed, a smile on her face. “Me, too. And since it took us a while to get pregnant the first time, I figured we should get started.”

“And what if I breed you tonight?” I ask, setting the box and the cookies on the bedside table as she climbs back onto the mattress. “Are you ready to have another baby in nine months?”

“So ready, sir,” she says, reaching for the bottom of her nightgown and pulling it over her head, revealing her gorgeous body. She isn’t wearing a damned thing underneath and I can’t keep my hands off her a moment longer.

In seconds, my pajamas are off, and I’ve got my baby girl on her stomach on the bed as I reach under her, bringing the heel of my palm against her clit the way I know she loves it.

“Need you fast this first time, little girl,” I breathe against her neck as she wiggles beneath me, her slick pussy brushing against my erection as she spreads her legs, making it clear she’s as desperate for this as I am. “We’ll go slow next time, but I can’t fucking wait to be inside you.”

“Yes,” she says, moaning as I knee her thighs farther apart. “Please, fuck me, sir. Please. I need to know I’m yours.”

“Never doubt it,” I growl as I mount her from behind. I thrust forward, burying myself in her tight pussy. She’s wet, but without foreplay we’re still a tight fit—so tight, I’m about to come after the first few thrusts.

But I’m not about to lose control until I feel her come, until I feel my love gushing all over my cock.

And I know all the right things to say to help that along.

“This pussy belongs to me,” I say as I ride her, shoving deep as I rub her clit with my palm and her turned-on whimpers grow louder. “Mine to bed and mine to breed and the next time you keep me from this pussy for five whole days I’m going to spank you, Elizabeth. I’m going to turn you over my knee and redden your ass.”

“Oh, God,” she moans, shuddering beneath me.

“And then I’m going to order you to get on your knees and get ready to get fucked,” I continue, my balls so tight I know I only have a few more thrusts in me. “And I don’t care if we’re in the kitchen or the living room or where we are, you will obey me. You will pull up your skirt and pull down your panties and present this pussy to me like a good little girl and take what Daddy gives you. Do you hear me, Elizabeth?”

Her pussy clutching at my dick—and the gasping, keening sounds she makes as she comes so hard I swear I can feel the aftershocks of her pleasure echoing in my own skin—assures me she heard me loud and clear.

Gripping her hips, I slam into her hard and fast, riding her until I can’t wait anymore and come with a deep, sweetly tortured groan. I collapse on top of her, pinning her beneath me as I shove even deeper into her, filling her with my seed, murmuring, “That’s right, sweetness, take every fucking drop.”

“Yes, sir,” she pants, still catching her breath.

Several minutes later, she adds, “I love it when you talk dirty to me, husband.”

I smile as I pull out and roll onto the mattress beside her. “I know this about you, wife.”

She turns onto her side to face me, a delightfully scandalized spark in her eyes. “But you wouldn’t *really* make me get on all fours somewhere Mary or the girls might see...”

I arch a brow. “Wouldn’t I? Keep me away from my pussy again, and I guess we’ll see.”

Biting her lip to hold back a smile, she swats me gently on the bicep. “No way. You wouldn’t. You’re too good a father.”

“I am a good father,” I agree, adding with a wink, “But I’m a bad daddy.”

She giggles. “You certainly are. But so good at it.”

“Thank you, baby. I try.”

“Speaking of trying,” she says, rolling onto her back and spreading her legs. “I don’t think we made a baby that time. We should probably try again.”

Grinning, I assure her, “That can be arranged.”

And it is.

* * *

NINE MONTHS later we welcome our first little prince, Barrett, proving those ovulation tests are handy things to have around.

I invest in the company and two years later, when we’re ready to try again, I have them send an entire box to Betsy at her new job as a social worker for at-risk kids.

She meets me an hour later for a quickie during our lunch break.

And as I take my wife up against the wall in the entryway and then on all fours in the kitchen—thankful I had the foresight to send Mary to the park with the kids—I’m certain I’m the luckiest man in the world.

And then, another nine months later, the twins are born, making me feel just a little bit luckier.

It’s a trend that continues for the rest of the life I’m lucky enough to share with my baby girl, my best friend, and the sweet and brilliant woman of my dreams.

* * *

Keep reading for a sneak peek of

The Professor's Pet

(Coming June 4th)



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SNEAK PEEK



Please enjoy this sneak peek of
THE PROFESSOR'S PET,

(Available June 4th)

West

This is a bad idea.

A *very* bad idea.

Technically, Nicole is no longer my student—I finished reviewing her brilliant final paper and posted my grades last night.

Plus, students come to my office all the time. Her being here isn't all that out of the ordinary.

Only, Nicole is far from ordinary.

Yes, she's no longer the same innocent, starry-eyed romantic who took my Intro to Western Lit class her sophomore year. In a lot of ways though, she still is.

She'd been a temptation even back then. Too often, my eyes used to drift to her face during my lectures while my mind would wander, imagining a few of the buttons on her frilly white lace shirts accidentally slipping through their holes just as they had her first week as my student.

She was only nineteen then, but I still couldn't help myself.

She wasn't just beautiful, she was smart, insightful. I lingered over her papers longer than any other student's work.

Ever.

And the candid way she'd watch me when she thought I couldn't see her as I lectured...the same way she couldn't help but gaze at me when we'd dialog or debate...

It was all just fuel for a growing fire.

As the semester went on, I'd imagined what she'd look like perched on the edge of my desk with that same innocent hunger in her eyes, in nothing but the white bra I'd caught a tiny glimpse of that first week of class, her lips parted, her dark red hair spilling around her shoulders.

I pictured it in my mind so often that I finally broke down and sketched her that way.

The portrait is one of the best things I've ever drawn—I'm a professional bookworm, but only an amateur artist.

Still, I haven't shown it to anyone.

How could I?

The only thing creepier than having a crush on a student over a decade my junior? Sitting alone in my house sketching her half naked after hours.

My drawing group would think I was insane. Or a pervert. Or both.

So, I stick to sketches of the Victorian cottages downtown and landscapes of the mountains surrounding Burly Bear, Vermont. I pretend my head isn't full of plush lips and full, creamy white breasts, and Nicole watching me spread her legs with a rapt expression that makes it clear how eager she is for me to devour every inch of her.

There is no doubt in my mind that she would taste so damned sweet...

"I'm sorry," she says, settling into one of the old, cushioned armchairs in the corner of my office while I shut the door behind us and hang my jacket on a hook by the door. "I know being here is really sealing my whole teacher's pet reputation. And it probably isn't appropriate for me to be

talking to a professor about a breakup, but I don't really have anyone else to discuss all this with."

Breakup. The word triggers a hopeful, lifting sensation in my chest that I quash as soon as it arises.

It doesn't matter if Nicole broke up with the douchebag she's been dating.

Well, it matters for her long-term happiness, of course, but it doesn't clear the way for anything between the two of us.

"My old roommates moved out a while ago," she continues as I plug in the kettle for tea and pull two mugs from the small shelf above my makeshift kitchenette. "They're so busy with their husbands and new babies that we don't have much time to talk anymore." She huffs and rolls her eyes. "And my new roommates are romantically involved with sports. They don't see the point in wasting time with human relationships when they could be doing something violent and borderline consensual to a ball."

I grin at her over my shoulder. "Borderline consensual?"

"The balls don't look happy, but they keep showing up on the field, so..." She trails off, clearing her throat as her gaze shifts from my face to the countertop and back again and her lips curve in a shy smile. "The bunny mug is for me?"

"Of course. It's your favorite," I say, omitting the fact that the ginger bunny on the mug reminds me of her hair, and she's every bit as cute, with her big blue eyes and small, upturned nose.

Cute and *sexy*, a fact she proves when she bites her lip and leans forward, unknowingly treating me to a glimpse of the cleavage visible at the top of her coat as she asks in a faux whisper, "And I'm *your* favorite, right? And you're going to miss me terribly when I go to grad school because no other teaching assistant has ever graded papers as well as I do?"

The kettle whistles and I silently thank it for prompting me to rip my gaze away from Nicole's breasts before she catches me staring.

"I don't play favorites," I lie.

- End of Excerpt -

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

<https://www.felicityraine.com/>

Felicity Raine writes steam-up-your-glasses romance featuring Dominant heroes with hearts of gold and women who find the men—and lives—of their dreams. She lives in the Northeast United States, so close to Canada that when the wind is right she can smell the poutine. She enjoys long, day-dream-filled walks in the woods and curling up by her wood stove with a good book and a warm puppy.

Felicity is a private soul—and not social media savvy—so you won't find her online, but she's honored to tell you stories. Thank you for reading!



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