



CON *Artist*

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

ALEXA RILEY

CON-ARTIST

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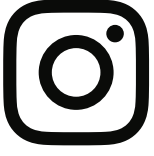
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*To the men who think they're running the con...
We got you.*

Con-Artist

by Alexa Riley

James Bryant is trying her best to quit her job as a thief, but she needs one more big job to get the money she needs. When she literally runs into a man on the street and takes his wallet, she never imagines that the muscled beast would come back to haunt her.

Bennett Hughes lives a life of luxury and solitude. There's nothing he can't get if he wants it, but when a pickpocket catches his attention and gets away he finds it impossible to track her down. Luckily for him he knows people in all the wrong places, and as soon as he gets his hands on her, he'll make sure she's bound to him in every possible way.

Warning: It's the newest addition to our baby-making series and it's filthier than ever before! If you loved Coach, Mechanic, Thief, Kingpin, and Judge, then this one is waiting for you to love it.

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Edited by [Aquila Editing](#)

Chapter 1

James

I roll over in bed and look at my watch. It's sitting on the charging station and looking at me like I'm supposed to be up already. Bradford doesn't care for being tardy, even if the jobs for him aren't exactly legal. I'm pretty sure I'm his favorite girl right now and I need to keep it that way. Well, I'm his only girl, but there's no reason to focus on that.

I've never felt the wrath of Bradford, but I've seen others on the receiving end of it. For an old guy he can still pack a punch. That's why I do what I'm told and walk a fine line between petty theft and odd jobs to make my cut. It's nothing that could land me in the state prison for the rest of my life because I'd never make it on the inside. My best quality has always been that I'm small and quick, but in a prison there isn't anywhere to go. Inside, a person is trapped and that thought has always made me panic. I don't care where I am or what I'm doing. I always have an exit plan.

If anyone knows what prison is like, it's me. Both of my parents have been locked up since I was fifteen. Mom was in and out, but after the last time it looks like she won't be coming out anytime soon. I think it might be for the best, at least for my sake. She was always trying to get me to do shit for her. Shit that would have landed me right next to her. I don't touch drugs after I watched them destroy my parents. It was the most important thing to them, and I realized at a young age to stay far away from them. Before I ever worked for Bradford he told me to stay away from them, too, and it's one of the reasons I work for him. He respects the lines someone draws for themselves as long as you respect his. Bradford was always around when I was growing up. He let me start doing small errands for him when I was around ten and back then it was just to get groceries for his mom or running errands.

I grab my phone and swing my legs over the side of my twin-size bed. Like every morning I check my bank account and stare at the number. It's slowly grown over time, but I need to get more ballsy and take on bigger jobs. It will get me out of here sooner rather than later, though I'm not sure what kind of job Bradford would give me if I asked for it. Sometimes it feels as if he treats me

differently than some of the other people my age that work for him. Maybe it's because I'm a girl and I don't know if I should be thankful or pissed.

I think it over as I look at the money, and I don't know what the number in my bank account should be before I make a fresh start. I want to go somewhere new where I'm not the girl with two messed up parents and who is good at picking pockets. It's the one skill that my dad taught me that actually helped me in life. Desperate times call for desperate measures.

An uneasy feeling settles over me. Something feels off today and I have a tingling at the base of my spine. I stand and stretch, thinking that maybe I need to go for a run, but I don't have the time. I glance out the window of my tiny studio apartment, if you can even call it that. It's maybe three hundred square feet and the window faces a brick wall. I think its original intent was meant to be a small office that sits over the bar, but Bradford helped me get the place and I get to pay my rent in cash weekly. It's cheap and I feel somewhat safe since Bradford knows the owners. Plus, I don't let anyone know where I live.

I put on tight black pants and sneakers and a simple black T-shirt before pulling on a hoodie over it. It's the same thing I wear almost every day. I put my watch on and grab my phone then make my way out the door and down that stairs to the empty bar. I walk out the back and slip into the morning crowd. I pull my hood over my head before double-checking to make sure I have my phone tucked away. I know all too well how easy it is to lift one.

Not paying attention, I slam into a hard body and gasp just as I start to fall backwards. Strong hands grip my shoulders and keep me from falling on my side. Fear races up my spine as I stare at a very expensive suit—one that is out of place on this side of town.

My eyes travel up to see two bright piercing blue eyes staring down at me. He looks pissed off and he's probably thinking I ruined his outfit that cost more than a car, but I'm sure he can afford another. My hood falls off as I lean back to look up at him and my hair comes tumbling out around me.

His eyes widen for a moment and his nose flares, his jaw clenching. Then the hands on my shoulders tighten as he grips me harder.

"Let go," I snap in the most commanding voice I can. I say it loud enough that I know others will turn to look at a man holding on to a girl who is about half his size.

He doesn't let go, though, and instead a cocky half smile forms on his handsome face. I inwardly cringe at thinking he's handsome.

"Do I need to repeat myself?" I try again. I don't attempt and get out of his hold...yet. A small tug wouldn't work if he didn't want to let me go and I'd need surprise on my side.

“You are a feisty little thing, aren’t you?” He pulls me into him and presses my body against his. For a moment I’m shocked as his eyes roam my face. “Or maybe not so feisty.”

“Sir,” I hear someone say and the sound of someone next to us breaks into my mind.

I glance over to a man about the same size as the one holding on to me. He’s in a suit, too, but it’s not as nice as the one holding me. The guy with the grip isn’t paying attention to the man who is trying to speak to him. When the stranger opens his mouth to speak again, I’ve had enough.

With all my might I bring my knee up to try and break his hold, but he blocks me. I steal the moment to slip out of his grip and I take off at a sprint, moving as far and as fast as I can. I do the thing I know I’m not supposed to and I glance back. I can tell he must have tried to catch me because he’s a good block or two away but he’s stopped. He likely knew there was no catching me. Men that big can’t move this fast.

I circle the block because I still need to get to Bradford’s shop. By the time I come back around I see the man is gone and I once again blend back into the crowd as I pull my hoodie over my head. A glance at my watch tells me I’ll still be on time, even with the asshole manhandler.

When I’m a block away I take out the wallet I lifted from the suit and see a nice stack of cash inside. I tuck it away so I can go through it later, but I’m pleased that the encounter was worth it. I should pull the cash out now and toss the rest, but for some reason I want to have a better look at it.

A few minutes later I walk into the shop and Josh is walking out. He’s got a good ten years on me, but unlike me, Josh enjoys being noticed. He’s tall and has always been lean, but over the past few months it looks like he’s been hitting the gym. Or the steroids.

“Hey.” His hand comes down on the wall of the narrow hallway that leads to Bradford’s office and he blocks my way. He winks at me and I know he’s trying to be charming. “What’s got you all flushed, J?”

He pushes my hood back from my head. I want to smack his hand, but I try not to poke the beast if I don’t have to. Especially ones I have to see and work with. I try and stay as under the radar as I can, and if I could be invisible I would.

“Don’t you have somewhere to be?” I ask as I dart under his arm towards Bradford’s office.

He won’t follow me because Josh only gives me his shit when no one is around to see it. I hear him call me a little shit, then he follows it up with a muttered, “cunt,” right before I go into Bradford’s office. I don’t know what his

deal is. He's either trying to get in my pants or make me feel like shit.

When I walk into Bradford's office I close the door behind me and see he's got his phone to his ear and an irritated look on his face. He points to an envelope sitting on the corner of his desk and I walk over to it.

Chapter 2

Bennett

Money can get you anything, anytime, anywhere. There isn't a door that won't open for me and I don't hear the word no. I wake up to a world of possibilities and sleep on thousand-dollar sheets every night. When you're raised with this at your fingertips, as ridiculous as it sounds, life can get boring. Each day blends into the next and it's all black and white. Or I guess in my case, it's all gold and diamonds. The view is pretty, but I sometimes wonder if I wouldn't savor it more if I were hungry.

My family is a long line of railroad owners, and the Hughes family is one of the oldest in the country. We made our money at the turn of the century and it's only been growing since then. My father is the sole heir to the estate and I'm the next in line to inherit. I live off a trust fund that could keep my great-great grandchildren dripping in rubies and there is still more to come later. It's wealth that's whispered about and keeps me surrounded in security. I didn't ask for any of this, but what choice do I have as a Hughes?

People say a lot of things about me and my life. I've been called the next John Kennedy Jr. because of my clean-cut look and the way I avoid the press, but I'm no nice guy. People that have actually met me don't usually ask to do it again. I've been called an asshole to my face, which means it must be true. Normally people with my kind of money never hear a negative word about them, but the fact that people don't whisper it behind my back speaks to my personality.

I spend my days with my security guards, but I wouldn't call us friends. My house is like a fucking museum with all the expensive shit in it, and it's too goddamn big for one person. I don't plan on ever sharing it with anyone, so it's just all a waste of space.

When I was sixteen, I found my mom in bed with my dad's best friend Tom and I think it broke any romantic notion that I'd ever find love. I've had my share of one-night stands, but after seeing a few of them sell their stories to gossip sites I've given up women all together. Maybe the constant look of irritation on my face doesn't help, but I don't care.

Nothing in my life gives me passion and I've accepted that it's the way things will be. I was born a success, so what else am I supposed to achieve? It takes a boulder rolling over me to spark any sort of emotion and that's just what that little thief did.

I didn't realize she stole my wallet right away because I was too busy being distracted by her big doe eyes and the way her body felt against mine. I've never seen someone so beautiful and so fucking fast.

"Find her," I bark to the team of people around me as I get into the waiting car by the curb.

I inwardly curse myself for doing weights instead of cardio as I reach in my pocket and grab my phone. I'm pretty sure I could train for a marathon and still not be able to catch up with her.

A second car always follows us in case of an emergency and right now I'm having one. There's only about a grand in the wallet, but it's got my license and credit cards. It's not like I can't have them replaced, but it's the principle of it. She stole it and I want it back.

Her long dark hair spilling out behind her as she leaned back flashes into my mind. Her cheeks were flushed and her lips were parted as I cradled her in my arms. I grip my phone tighter and continue to text the security team a description of what to look for.

At first I thought it was a young boy with the way her hood was over her head. I thought the kid wasn't watching where they were going and I tried to keep them from falling over when they ran into me. Then I had a look at her and all I could do was pull her closer to me.

"Fuck!" I slam my fist into the side of the car as the other team says they've lost her. "Circle the block!" I yell to the front and feel the car take a turn.

Her eyes were dark brown with flecks of gold in them and the thought makes my thighs tight. I bring my fist to my mouth and clench my jaw as I stare out the car window. I'm scanning the crowd, but it's like she's gone up in smoke.

My cock swells with the memory of her mouth and what it would feel like to slide inside it. Would she fight me? She was skittish and ran the second she got the chance, but there was fire inside her. She tried to knee me in the balls and I can't say that I blame her. There wasn't a single pure thought in my mind as soon as I got a look at her, and if she hadn't gotten away I would have thrown her in my car and no one would have ever seen her again.

The thought of having her tied to my bed is almost enough to undo me. I reach down to adjust my throbbing cock, but instead I end up stroking it and thinking of the possibilities.

My phone buzzes with a message saying that there's still no sign of her and I

want to break it in half. I tell them to keep looking and then lean my head back and close my eyes.

All this happened right after seeing Bradford this morning, so no wonder I'm on edge. I hired Bradford to ruin Tom's life after I found him with my mom. Bradford watched me pull out a wad of cash at sixteen years old and decided if he wasn't going to do it I'd find someone that would. My own father wasn't a bad guy, but Bradford knew how to survive. I envied that kind of knowledge and I kept in touch with him even after he did the job for me. He's one of the few people I trust, and the fact that he's a criminal is comical. If my security team can't locate her, then I know he can.

I fire off a quick text to him saying I'm coming back to his office later tonight. I need to talk to him as soon as possible, but I've already been seen enough out here today and I don't want anyone getting wind of it and photographing me around his spot. He likes his privacy almost as much as I do.

I take a deep sigh and rub my eyes with the heel of my hand. I've got to be patient for a few more hours, and patience is not something I've ever acquired. But if there's one thing I've learned in all my years, it's that if I want something bad enough, it's mine. And I'll have that little pickpocket if it's the last thing I do.

Chapter 3

James

I chew on my bottom lip as I think about how to bring this up to Bradford and if it's really something I want to do. Maybe I should take the small amount of money I already have and leave town. I'm always thinking that the next job I take is going to be the thing that gets me caught.

The first time is only a slap on the wrist, right? I probably wouldn't get so lucky, or I'd end up spending every cent I've saved on a lawyer and then where would I be? The weird tingling I had since I woke up yesterday morning lingers. It also doesn't help that late last night I got a text from Bradford saying he wanted to talk to me about something.

I glance at his closed office door and wonder when he'll be done with his meeting. Wondering what he wants from me has been bugging me almost as much as the man I ran into yesterday. Why was he on my mind all last night? I've been beating myself up about the stupid attraction I feel. He was kind of a jerk, and to be honest, I resented who he was.

Unable to help myself, I'd googled him after I got home last night. He isn't just a rich guy like I first thought, he's a level of wealthy that I would never be able to comprehend. I spent so long looking over his life that was filled with privilege. Though I only spent a moment in his company, it seems my first impression was accurate. *Everyone* thinks he's an asshole.

It should be against the law to be that handsome, that rich and an asshole. There should be a bigger flaw than only being an asshole. That's something a person could fix if they wanted, though with the kind of money he has, I guess he doesn't have to.

I reach under my hoodie and into the zipper pocket on the inside. I left his wallet at home under my pillow. It's got his credit cards inside, but I kept his license in my pocket. I don't want to think on it too much as to why I did it, but when I run my finger along the edge I feel a connection to him. Normally I feel guilty after lifting someone's wallet, but with him the guilt never came. I was actually a little pissed it only had a grand inside of it once I figured out who he was.

I jump to my feet as Bradford's office door opens and I slide the license back into my hoodie. I pretend to be casual as I lean up against the wall and watch Josh leave his office. I give him a bright smile knowing he can't say shit to me so close to Bradford's office. All he does is glare at me before he passes and then reaches out and tugs a strand of my hair. I grit my teeth, wanting to stick my foot out and trip him, but instead I ignore him. I was hoping that if I didn't play into his stupid games he'd leave me alone. It doesn't look like that's happening.

"J," Bradford calls.

"I'm coming," I say as I walk into his office.

He nods to the door for me to close it and I do before taking a seat in one of the old leather chairs. They've been here for as long as I can remember, but even when I was a little girl they looked old then, too. Bradford never has anything flashy, but I think he's one of those people who stuffs money into his mattresses or buries it out in a field. At least that's how I picture it.

"Everything go okay yesterday? We didn't get time to talk." I sit up a little straighter at his question.

"Yeah. Everything was fine. Did something happen?" Yesterday was easy. I had to slide by a list of places and collect some money owed to him. Then I had to stop at the store for his mom and grab some groceries. I left the money I collected with her and I didn't run into problems. I never have any issues when I collect dues, either because I'm lucky or Bradford gives me people he knows won't be an issue.

"Ma said you had dinner with her."

I nod because I often do whenever I stop by. She's always trying to feed me and telling me I'm too small. I helped her cook dinner and she asked me to stay because I always enjoy spending time with her. I don't know how old she is, but I guess she has to be in her late eighties. She sure doesn't look like it, or act it for that matter.

"You look like you have something you want to talk to me about." He raises an eyebrow. "Are you sure nothing else happened yesterday?"

The man I'd lifted the wallet from comes to mind. I never try and do that shit so close to where I live and work. I'd only done it because I knew he wasn't from around here. Besides, he had it coming with all that manhandling. Maybe next time he won't underestimate someone because they're smaller than him. And have a vagina.

"No, all my pickups went good, I've just got a lot on my mind." I try not to fidget in my seat. I trust Bradford, but I've always hated that his office is at the end of a long narrow hallway and there are no windows. His office door is the only way in or out and it makes me feel trapped. I think it gives Bradford the

opposite feeling because he faces the door and god knows what kind of guns he's got stuck to the underside of his desk.

"Out with it, Jelly Bean."

The name he used to call me when I was a little girl puts me more at ease. I lean back in my chair. He hasn't called me that in a long time. Maybe he can see how anxious I'm feeling. The tingling that lingers isn't helping though. Nor does the suited man who keeps sliding into my thoughts.

"I want bigger jobs. Something that will make me more money," I say, and he raises both his graying eyebrows at me. "Not that I'm not thankful for what you give me or anything, I—"

He lifts his hand to silence me. "I don't think you're not appreciative, I know you are. I know when I ask you to do something you'll get it done. I never have to worry about the things I ask you to do."

"Thanks." I smile, not caring that I'm being given praise for doing things that might be wrong in the eyes of the law. It still feels good to be acknowledged for hard work, even if it isn't on the up and up.

"It's actually why I wanted to talk to you; I think it's time for you to take on bigger jobs. In fact, I think you could make us both a lot of money." I perk up at that and move closer to the edge of my seat. "I know you want out of here, and I also know that I have a soft spot for you. I want what's best for you, and if that's away from here then so be it."

My chest warms at his words. I have to fight back tears. It's silly, I know, but I'm not used to someone caring about me even in the smallest of ways and it feels nice.

"You weren't meant for this kind of life, Jelly Bean, but it's the hand you were dealt. You're good at it, though. You could pick my pocket without me noticing." he laughs, sounding proud.

It's not something I thought I'd be good at, but I am. Sometimes you have to do what you have to do, but hearing Bradford's praise takes the sting out of some of the petty crimes I've done. It doesn't take away all the guilt, but it sure helps.

"This could get you out of here," he tells me as he leans forward and taps a folder on his desk.

"And you?" I ask, wondering why he still does this.

"I'll never be out of here. Unlike you it's in my blood. Besides, I'd go stir crazy sitting at home and this keeps me busy." He shrugs.

"There are other things you could do," I offer.

"Maybe," he says, but we both know he isn't going anywhere.

He opens the folder and I lean into his desk as he turns it towards me. I can feel the blood drain from my face as I look down at a picture of the same man I

haven't been able to get out of my mind. The one I tried to knee in the balls and then stole his wallet. Those blue eyes are as blue as I remember and it sends a warm shiver down my body.

“Bennett Hughes,” Bradford says, but I’m more than aware of who he is. “He has something I want and you’re going to get it for me.”

Chapter 4

Bennett

I take a drink of my wine as I stare at the glass case against the wall. Inside is a single object that James is coming for. It's an interesting name for a girl, and when I asked Bradford about it he said that she was named after her grandfather. He didn't give up much information beyond that, and though he didn't act like she was important to him, his silence spoke volumes.

When I got to his office last night I told him who I was looking for. I was surprised to see his eyes light up right away when I gave him the description and the location of the incident. Bradford doesn't normally play his cards so close to his chest with me, and I could tell that she meant something to him. I can't help but wonder why he gave her up at all if she was important to him. It doesn't matter either way, because money is the most important thing to him and I've got as much as he wants. I would have drained my trust fund to find her and he knew it.

The priceless Fabergé egg lies nestled in a pillow of velvet with lights on around it. It's been in my family a century, but I've never really looked at it like this before. It's always been here in its case and I walk by it almost every day without noticing it. But now I see it with new eyes because this is what's going to bring her to me.

It's late, but I can't exactly sleep out here in front of it to see when she decides to pay me a visit, so I drain the last of my glass and go into the kitchen. I place the glass by the sink and then walk through the house once more before I go upstairs. There is plenty of security on the property and I offered to remove them if Bradford would let me know what night James was going to come. He just laughed and shook his head saying she would get around them. I didn't want to insult him or her, but if my security lets her slip through then I've got more problems than her stealing an egg I could give two shits about.

I have a housekeeper that lives here full time, but she goes out of town to her sister's house on the weekends. I also employ a butler who manages the property, but he's vacationing this weekend with grandchildren in Disney.

I don't have many people over to my house, but it feels as though someone is

always here. I guess with the both of them gone at the same time the house is truly empty. The security guards stay outside and around the estate so it's just me roaming the dark halls of my home.

When I get to my bedroom I take off my clothes down to my boxer briefs and get in bed. I lie there without the lights on and let my eyes adjust. Every minor sound grabs my attention and I know that I won't get a bit of sleep. What if she's able to break in and take the egg without me noticing?

The fantasies I've had about her have been beyond indecent. Everything filthy thing I can think of doing to her has been on a loop in my head. I've never been one to jerk off, but I can't seem to stop when it comes to thoughts of her. Even now my hand slides down over my stomach and down the dark patch of hair to my cock. It's hard and lying against me as I wrap my hands around it. I don't need to jerk off because I've done it three times today already, but no matter how many times I spurt into my hand it's never enough.

I groan as I cup my balls and think about her soft hands there. Pre-cum leaks into my boxer briefs and smears against my skin. I'm sticky with need for her and I groan as I slide my hand up and down. The image of her on the ground with me on top of her fills my mind. I move my hand faster as I think about rutting her into the floor. I've never needed anything more.

The sharp sound of glass breaking rings out in my ears and I still my hand as I sit up in bed. My heart is pounding in my ears because I'm so close to cumming, but then my adrenaline spikes because this might be the moment I've been waiting for.

I'm sweaty and hard as a goddamn hammer as I jump out of bed as quietly as I can and slip down the hall. When I reach the edge of the stairs I can make out the light from the case down below. I see a shadow move and I know I won't have long.

Slowly I edge down the stairs and when I reach the bottom she comes into view. She's facing the case and her back is to me, but I'd know that shape anywhere. I may have only had her in my arms for a few seconds, but it's burned into me like a brand.

There is some broken glass on the floor below her and I see that she's cut around the lock. She was probably unable to pick it because I glued it shut so she'd be forced to break the glass. At least this part of my plan is working out to my advantage.

I move closer and watch as she opens the case and reaches for the egg. Her fingers wrap around it and she lifts it from its stand, and I pause just a few feet from her and clench my fists at my side to keep from reaching for her.

She places the egg inside a case then slips it into her bag. She's done her job

and as much as I want to go to her, to hold her once again, I take a step back and slip into the shadows of the hall. She doesn't turn around as she looks on either side of her, making sure she didn't get caught. I have to give her credit, she must be good at what she does if she was able to slip past my guards.

Seeing her isn't enough though. I want to grab her and hold her against me. My cock is hard and throbbing as I slip my hand down into my boxers and go back to what I was doing upstairs. I thought she would leave right away, but she's still standing there looking around.

It takes all I have to control my breathing as my cock swells and leaks onto my hand. I've been on edge all night and now I'm close. The proximity to her and the sight of her in my home is enough and a warm stream of cum releases from me and rolls down my hand.

As if she can sense that I'm finished she licks her lips and then walks away and out of the house. I'm standing there a sticky mess covered in my own desire. The only thing I can think of is how to get her back and how to give her everything. If she wants to steal everything I have I'll give her a key and open my arms. Everything I have is hers for the taking and maybe that's what she wants. The thrill of the chase?

If she wants to be hunted, she's in for a treat. I'm all too willing to become the beast she desires.

Chapter 5

James

The Fabergé egg is heavier than I'd thought it was going to be. I try to not focus on its weight as I wonder what the fuck is wrong with me. I completely froze after I took it and I still don't understand why. It was like part of me wanted to get caught. This was the third time I'd done something stupid when it came to this man.

The first was lifting his wallet, the second keeping it, and then I stood there like I was waiting for him to grab me. When nothing happened disappointment sparked me back into action. I realized what I was doing—playing a game I shouldn't. Fear of being caught rules my life.

This time when I take off through his estate I'm not as hesitant as I was coming in. I slip into the shadows and make sure I stayed unnoticed. The great thing about being as small and as quick as I am, most of the sensors that line the home track me as an animal.

I move quickly to get off the property as fast as possible, but I keep looking over my shoulder the whole time. I listen for the sounds of dogs, but they don't come and instead alarms go off and I swear I can feel a beast tracking me. Even if I don't hear one, I feel it lurking not far behind.

Shouts ring out from the same men I slipped past on the way in because I'm not hiding now. I already made myself known when I shattered the glass. I didn't try to do it quietly either and that was stupid. For some reason I wanted him to know it was me.

I take a deep breath as I push harder and move towards the wall. That's the most challenging part of getting in and out of here. I flex my fingers in my glove-covered hands, making sure they're still snug as I leap with all my force onto the wall. I use my right foot to push myself up and then my left. With a loud grunt I raise myself up while I grip the top of the wall. Lights flood the estate grounds and light everything up. I stand there looking back at the giant home that was more of a museum than anything as the guards run towards me. I fight a smug smile because I've gotten one over on this guy again. I relish it for a moment knowing they can't catch me now.

All of the security guards are too big to be able to scale the wall like I did. Sometimes strength can actually be a weakness. I pull my hood over my head as I turn and jump. I brace myself for the fall, bending my knees and using my left hand to hit the ground with my feet to spread the hard shock of the blow my body will take. I suck in a breath to give my body the second it needs to let the impact roll through it before I push off the ground and race down the along rock wall that surrounds the castle-like home.

When I was inside the mansion I itched to explore it. I wanted to see what other goodies were nestled inside. I probably wouldn't be good at knowing what was worth the most money because I had to google what Bradford told me. I had no clue what a Fabergé egg was. They were strangely pretty but my eyes almost bugged out of my head when I saw the range of prices they could go for. Who pays that for an egg you can't even eat? People with more money than god is my only guess. When you have so much money you don't know what to do with it you buy stupid shit, I guess.

The price on this egg could change my life. I wonder how long it would have taken for someone to notice it was missing if I hadn't had to shatter the glass to get to it.

I pull my gloves off and stuff them into my pocket. When I glance at my watch I see my heart rate and it's higher than it should be. It will start to slow me down soon if it doesn't level out, and I've still got a ways to go.

I keep running as I pull out my burner phone and log into the Lyft app I signed up for with a gift card and fake information. I type in that I want the car to pick me up a mile from where I am as I keep running. The six minutes it takes me to get to the pickup spot feels longer than it should, but the car pulls up at the same time as me and I hop in. I already have my destination keyed in. I drop my head back and close my eyes as I try and even out my breathing. Shit, this guy is fucking with me.

The job is finished but somehow I know this isn't over; I can feel it. The car pulls up two miles from my place, and when I get out I give the driver the rest of the money left on the gift card for a tip before I throw the burner phone in a trash can. It's late at night and I'm done running so I pull off my hoodie and let my hair down. Someone in all black this time of night moving too quickly would only draw attention.

I slip in the back door of the bar and hear the music playing softly. I head up the stairs and unlock my door then close it quickly behind me. I flip the lock and when it clicks into place relief falls over me. I stand there, letting out a long.

That is until a hand comes down over mine and I start to scream. But just as I do, a hand clamps over my mouth and I still. There is nowhere to go and he's all

around me. His chest is to my back and he's caging me in. Just from his hands alone I can tell the man is big, but when his scent hits me as his mouth comes to my ear I know instantly who he is. My fear shouldn't calm, but for some crazy reason it does and I lean back into him. I gasp behind his hand covering my mouth when I feel every hard inch of him.

"You took something of mine," he says against my ear, but he doesn't sound mad about it. Then he kisses me softly in the same place and it's almost sweet until his mouth moves a little lower. This time he bites me. It's hard enough that I know it's going to leave a mark, but instead of crying out I actually moan as my ass pushes back into him all on its own.

My face floods with heat at what I've done and he makes a sound like he's in pain. I feel goosebumps break out along my skin from the noise. What's happening to me?

"I'm going to take my hand away from your mouth and you're not going to scream. Are you?" he says.

I'm not sure if I will or not. I debate it for a moment, but then he reminds me why I shouldn't.

"Wouldn't want the cops showing up, would you? I might have to tell them what a naughty girl you've been tonight. You've been taking things that don't belong to you."

I shake my head, but I know he didn't call the cops either. He must want something from me or maybe this is a game the bored billionaire likes to play. What I do know is I don't want to go to jail, so it looks like I'll be playing his game.

His hand drops from my mouth as he slowly turns me in his arms. I stare at his chest, unsure if I want to look at his face. As smug as I was about pulling one over on him, I'm still a thief. It always makes me feel shameful. It doesn't matter if I need the money or not, I'd taken something that wasn't mine.

"Look at me, little jaguar."

My eyes drift up to his and when I see his cocky smile, I have the urge to knee him in the balls all over again. Only this time there isn't anywhere for me to go. He has me caged in and the feeling should terrify me yet somehow I know he's not going to hurt me. Maybe not physically at least. I know all too well there are other ways to hurt people.

His eyes roam over my face. "Fucking hell," he mutters as he takes a step back away from me. "Sit."

He points to my tiny bed, and though I thought this place was small before, now with him filling up every available inch, the place is tiny. I walk over to the bed and drop down and his eyes never leave me as I do. He's like a predator

waiting for me to try and make a run for it, knowing he could easily be on me in this small space. He caught me red handed, so there's really no way for me to go. I'm at his mercy and again heat floods my system at the thought.

He stares down at me silently. He's looking at me like I could disappear, or like maybe I'm not real. I shift and the heat I was feeling before has flooded down to between my thighs.

"How did you find me?" I blurt out when the silence becomes too much.

"Didn't your father teach you to keep track of the things that are most important to you? And to always have a plan if something you value slips through your fingers?"

"No, my father didn't teach me that." I let my backpack slide off as I lean over and reach for his wallet that's under my pillow. The money's gone and already in the bank, but the rest is still there. I toss it to him and he catches it easily. "My father taught me to take what I wanted."

He throws the wallet onto the bed next to me, not bothering to open it. "I think you have something else of mine that has a little more value."

"Maybe not if I knew your pin number." My smartass remarks pops right out of my mouth, shocking me a little. I normally keep those thoughts to myself, but with Bennett Hughes I can't help myself.

"Seven-four-nine-two," he says easily. I almost believe he's telling me the truth. He smiles and nods at me. "Try it sometime," he adds with that cocky-ass smile again and I hate how it's growing on me.

"Now give me what I really want." My heart does a small flutter as my mind wonders if he's really talking about me. I know that's a stupid idea, so I grab my backpack and pull out the case and open it. The egg is nestled inside and he moves closer to me.

"Open it." He nods at the egg, and I look at it and see a small latch.

I click it and it makes the egg pop open. I stare down at what looks like a band covered in diamonds. Is that a bracelet? He reaches down and picks it up. I watch as a chain drops from it and a ring dangles from it as it's connected to the bracelet. My eyes follow the ring attached to the chain as it swings back and forth. It looks real.

He steals the opportunity to catch me off guard and his hand engulfs my forearm as he snaps the bracelet on my wrist. My head jerks up to look at him and I'm shocked at how fast he moved.

"What are you doing?" I ask in confusion.

"You're not the only one who can be quick."

Why would he latch the beautiful bracelet onto me? I look down again at it when I feel him sliding the ring that's connected to it onto my finger.

“I told you. My father told me to keep track of the things I didn’t want to lose, and you, little jaguar, are hard to keep track of. I’m only making it easier for me from now on.”

I grab at the beautiful bracelet and try to pull it off, but it goes nowhere. I flip it over and look for where it locks but I don’t see anything. It’s almost as if someone welded it onto me. The fit gives enough room for it to move a little without digging into me but not enough room to try and cut it off somehow. Not without hurting myself.

“Don’t hurt yourself,” Bennett says and wraps his hand around my other wrist to keep me from tugging on it. “Skin this soft will damage easily and I take care of my possessions.” My mouth falls open at his comment.

“I don’t belong to you,” I hurry to say, and it’s met with a deep chuckle.

He turns around and walks over to the small chair and table where I eat most of my meals. He brings the chair over in front of me and sets it down before taking a seat. It reminds me of when an adult tries to sit in a preschooler’s chair. I’m surprised the thing doesn’t break under him.

“What do you want?” I ask and force myself to look away from him because my eyes are starting to roam in places they really shouldn’t. I glance down at the beautiful bracelet, which is more like a cuff, and the gorgeous ring. He put it on my ring finger and it makes me look like I’m married. I glance up when he doesn’t answer me and I see he’s staring at me again. I hold up my hand and think it’s prettier than anything I’ve ever seen or touched. “This has to cost more than the stupid egg.”

He shrugs. “If you haven’t noticed, money isn’t something I worry about. You could pull out money all day every day on those cards and never make a dent. I bet you couldn’t even keep up with the interest it makes.”

“Is that a challenge?” I sit up a little straighter and he throws his head back and laughs.

“I have a feeling a lot of things with you are going to be a challenge.”

“Is that what this is? The bored billionaire looking for something to entertain him?” I raise an eyebrow. “The tabloids were right. You’re an asshole.” For the first time, something flashes across his face and I swear it’s hurt. Before I can be sure it’s gone and that cocky smile is back.

“This place isn’t safe for you.” He changes the subject.

I can slightly hear the bar noise from below, but I’m so used to it I hardly notice it anymore.

“You’re one to talk. I’m pretty sure I got into your place easy enough,” I challenge.

“Something you can help me fix.” He stands from the chair. “Bradford will

be wanting that egg tomorrow. Make sure you deliver it and he'll give you another job. You'll take it, and then we'll see if I can catch you this time."

"You're cheating," I say, pointing to the bracelet.

"But you said it already, I'm an asshole. I'm willing to cheat if it means getting what I want. If you're not you don't want it bad enough." With that he turns and walks out of my little studio. As soon as the door closes I jump up and run over and lock the door, not that it matters. It was locked when I got home and he was already here.

I walk back over to the bed and look at the egg and wallet still lying there. I pick up the egg and give it one last look before putting it back into the box and into my bag. I take my hoodie off and toss it to the floor. I fall back onto the mattress and then pick up the wallet and take out his driver's license. I stare at the man who has me tied in knots and wonder for the millionth time what he's doing to me.

He was turned on, but was it me he really wanted? I shake my head as I slide the driver's license back in place and put the wallet with my hoodie. Maybe he did really want help with his security while also getting some payback in the process. Either way, for the first time in my life I'm excited for whatever Bradford is going to ask me to do tomorrow. Maybe I need a challenge too. If he wants to play with me then fine. I can do the same to him, only I'll line my bank account while I do it. Then when I'm done I'll get the hell out of here.

I lift my hand when I remember the bracelet. Or maybe that won't be as easy as I think. I have no doubt there's some kind of tracking device on this thing. I glare at it for a moment before I smile. It's just one more obstacle, and when I'm finished with Mr. Billionaire he'll be taking it off for me himself. If he wants a challenge he's going to get one.

Chapter 6

Bennett

Leaving her last night was absolute hell, but I never really left her. I stayed outside and had security all around her until the morning when she left to go meet Bradford. That's when I decided it was safe enough for me to go because I'd have someone with eyes on her from then on. What I didn't anticipate was that she'd be so good at giving my guards the slip, but that's why I gave her the bracelet. Of course it has a tracking device in it, but I have to say the idea of getting a ring on her was really the whole point. The device is just an additional bonus.

The indoor pool area is always really hot and steamy. I love coming down here every so often and getting in the water just to clear my mind. Especially lately with how distracted I've been. I feel like I need it now more than ever. The other reason I'm down here is that if my little jaguar succeeds in her task today, she'll be here in no time.

I drop my towel on the nearby lounge and walk over to the edge of the pool. I've got my Speedo on for doing laps and grab my goggles off the nearby table. I go to the edge and when I'm ready I take the plunge. The water is hot and as I move my arms and legs my body warms as well.

I swim from one end of the pool to the next until I can't catch my breath. When I'm done I glance at my watch and it's be impossible to control my smile. It's almost time. When I climb out of the pool I turn around to grab my towel and I'm surprised when I see James sitting there on my lounge. I wonder how long she's been watching me.

"You're early," I say as I slowly walk over towards her.

She's sitting on my towel and doesn't make a move to get up and give it to me. Instead I watch her eyes move over my chest and down to my cock that's already straining obscenely against the small swim shorts. I'm more than okay with her objectifying me because all it does is turn me on.

"Your security is slack," she says by way of an explanation and shrugs.

"But were you successful in your mission?" I ask, and she nods as she reaches into her bag and pulls out the white box. "Open it."

She looks at me for a moment but then curiosity wins out and she takes off the lid. When she pushes away the tissue she fishes out what looks like a piece of string and tugs it out of the box. She holds it up and lets it hang down and then stares at it.

“What is this?” she asks before she looks over at me.

“You’re bathing suit,” I say and step in front of her, taking her hand. “Let’s get you changed.”

I tug on her arm and she comes to stand up in front of me as I kneel down in front of her.

“I don’t know how to swim,” she admits, and there’s a part of me that wonders if she’s just telling me this so I don’t force her or if she’s being honest.

“You don’t have to,” I say as I grab the edge of her jeans and undo them. “But you’ll do what I say when you’re in my home.”

I look up at her and meet her eyes in challenge. I wait for her to tell me to stop as I tug the dark jeans over her hips and down her thighs, but the moment never comes. When I get to her panties I watch as her hands come to the front of them, either to hide herself as a form of modesty or to stop me from seeing her there. Either way I don’t care. She’s in my house and she’s been hired to do a job. If that job is letting me look at her pussy she’s going to do it.

“Let me see how pretty you are,” I say as my finger traces the edge of the white cotton. I hook a finger inside the band and then tug it down a little and peek inside.

“What are you going to do?” she asks barely above a whisper.

“Oh sweet girl, anything I want,” I answer and yank her panties off and throw them to the ground beside me.

She gasps, but I don’t stop as I grab the hem of her hoodie and pull it off of her. Her soft cotton bra follows in just a quick second, and before she can utter another word she’s completely naked in front of me.

“My god, I’m going to cum on every inch of you,” I say, trailing a finger along her stomach. “You’re going to look beautiful coated in me.”

I grab the discarded bikini on the ground next to me and though I hate to cover her up, I’m not ready to take her right here on the cold tile. And if she’s naked for much longer I won’t be able to control myself.

“Let’s see how close I got to getting the right size.”

I hold the bottoms out for her and she steps into them. But it’s a true bikini that’s just a few strings sewn together and it barely covers her pussy lips. In fact, I tug the front of it up a little so that it goes between her lips and I can still see them.

“There, that’s better,” I say, running my knuckle between them and against

her clit. “Now let’s do the top.”

I hold it out for her and make her turn around so I can tie it in the back. When she turns back around to face me I let out a laugh at just how little it covers. The triangles are about the size of a quarter and don’t cover her nipples entirely. Somehow being in this bikini is even filthier than her just being naked.

My cock is already coming out of the top of my swim shorts and the head is covered in cream. Her eyes are on it. I look down at her and decide that I need to take the edge off.

“You ever watch a man cum before?” I ask as I tug down the material of my suit and let my cock spring free. At her innocent gasp I have her answer and it makes me even harder.

I take myself in my hand and slide up and down, using my own cum to lube up. I’m thick and strong as I bring myself to the edge and she can’t take her eyes off me.

“Get on your knees and get a better look,” I say, and she does it without hesitation, dropping to her knees in front of me. The sight is the prettiest thing I’ve ever seen.

This need I have for her is insane. I’ve never experienced desire like this. It’s making me absolutely fucking crazy with need. I’ll do anything and say anything to get what I want.

“Can I?” she asks as she looks up at me through her lashes and licks her lips.

“You know how?” She shakes her head and I have to close my eyes to gain control of myself so I don’t shoot out cum on her face in two seconds. “Goddamn, I knew you were fresh when I looked at you, but I didn’t know that mouth was a virgin too. Open up, little girl. I’m going to teach you how I like it.”

I have to bend my knees a little so that she can reach it and I brace myself on the lounge chair behind her. I’m leaning over her as the tip of my cock slides past her lips and I push into her mouth in shallow thrusts. Her hands go to my sides to hold onto me as her mouth opens wider and I feel her tongue explore my cock. I look down at her bathing suit that makes her look like a porn star and all I can think about is that ruby-red cherry between her legs. I can’t wait to pop it and find out if she breeds as easy as she sucks a dick.

“Fuck,” I grunt when her hand glides down my shaft where her mouth can’t reach. “That’s it,” I encourage her, but her untrained mouth is too much and I’m being pushed over the edge.

There’s a small pop when I take my cock out of her mouth and I begin to jack off. Thick streams of cum jet out of my cock and splash onto her chin and tits. She looks at me with wonder and excitement and it’s then I see her other hand is between her legs and her bottoms are wet. I curse as more cum shoots

out until my legs are shaking and I don't know if I can hold myself up any longer.

My cock is still hard and demanding another round of her mouth, but if I do that, there's no way I won't fuck her this time. Instead I try and shove it back in my trunks as best as I can and grab her hand. I pull her next to me as I walk over to the hot tub and step down in it. Once I'm inside I grab her by the hips and lift her down into it with me and sit her on my lap. She comes against me so easily it's like we've done this a thousand times.

“So tell me, little jaguar,” I say as I lean forward and press my lips to hers. “Where are my weaknesses?”

Chapter 7

James

I lean into him as his mouth meets mine. It's soft at first with just a gentle brush of his lips against mine and it's sweeter than I thought he would be. This kiss is the kind that two people might share before they make love to one another. That isn't what this is though.

The taste of him is still in my mouth yet he doesn't seem to care as his tongue touches mine and he takes what he wants. But the longer he kisses me, the deeper it gets and the more possessive he becomes. I like that he doesn't let the fact that he came all over me stop him from kissing me. In fact, I think it's turning him on even more.

I can feel his need for me and I want the same thing though I know I shouldn't. I'm not used to being so close to someone. Being held skin to skin with someone is a foreign feeling and one I never craved before. Now I know what I'm missing and I want more. In my line of work I take what I want and he does the same. It's something we have in common and it's probably the only thing.

I should push him away as his arms tighten around me, but instead I turn and straddle his thick thighs as best I can. I spread my legs wide to be able to fit over him and then I press my chest into his. I want to be as connected to him as possible and I try and tell myself it's not him that I crave, only the affection. I've never had this before and it's overwhelming.

I try to find relief for the throb between my legs and it's getting worse. I'm always turned on when thoughts of him go through my mind, but being here with him now is too much to control. It's nearly unbearable as I shamelessly slip my hand inside the tiny bottoms he put on me. It was too hard to play with myself and suck him off at the same time. Watching the desire he had for me flash in his eyes as he finished himself off felt powerful. He jacked off to the sight of me before him and I nearly came undone just from the sight of it.

I have this silly need to be the best he's ever had and brand myself in his mind the same as he has with mine. I shouldn't care if I'm the best, but that's the problem. I need to put myself first because I know it's what he would do. It's

what everyone does and I learned that early in life. He came before I could get myself there and he marked me as his. So why do I still have this urge to please him?

I hated the bikini top when he put it on me and now I'm hating it more because it's in the way. I want to rub my nipples against his hard chest. No one has ever seen me naked and it should make me feel shy and vulnerable. But with him I watch his eyes and I know he likes what he sees. I'm small everywhere, which is something that worked in my favor all my life. For the first time ever I want to feel feminine and not like some small girl who's trying to blend in and go unnoticed.

When I did my search of him there were pictures from years ago of the women he's dated. He was never pictured with the same woman twice and that didn't go unnoticed. Nor did the fact that there haven't been any new ones in years. Either he's getting better at keeping it under wraps or the articles written since then are true and he really is an asshole. Though I don't think that would be the reason because I've seen women put up with a lot of shit for money. Hell, look at me now. It's not about the money or trying to keep myself out of jail. There's no hiding the need my body has for him. I try and reason with myself that it's only because I'm starved for attention and not because I really like him.

What I don't understand is why he's toying with me to get himself off. I look nothing like the women he was pictured with. All of them were tall and curvy, and seeing them made me feel like a child. Most of them were models and all of them were pretty and perfect. In comparison I'm a small doll.

It has to be his ego that needs to conquer me. I guess it works out because if he does like to keep who he sees private, then someone who lives her life trying to be invisible is a good choice. He also knows he has all the control over me and he doesn't have to worry that I will run my mouth about him.

He's going to be very disappointed if he thinks he can use me as a mistress because I have no idea what I'm doing. Either way I know he doesn't want me to get out of his reach and maybe there's more going on here than I know. He's the type of man that likes getting what he wants and the idea that I could walk away from him pissed him off.

That's why he locked the bracelet around me. To make sure he knows exactly where to find me whenever he wants me. He can take me whenever he wants and the thought makes my body jerk against him. I'm so close to cumming at the idea of it.

I look down at the ring and I assume he gave that to me because he doesn't like to share. I don't know for sure if he stayed outside my apartment after he left, but I swear I could feel him still lingering. It took me two seconds to spot

his men following me this morning. I debated losing them, but what would be the point of that? He could easily track me down and probably enjoy the chase.

“Where did you go?” he asks as his eyes search my face. His brows pull together and he looks concerned.

“You should know.” I try and get up and out of his lap because the moment is broken. Oh, I still need to cum, but my mind is too muddled. His big hands engulf my waist and I know I’m not going anywhere unless he lets me. He spreads his thighs wider. “Between the bracelet and the men you had following me—”

“That’s not what I meant. In your mind you were here a moment ago and then you slipped away from me.” He almost sounds sad or hurt, but I must be misreading his tone.

“That’s impossible.” I wiggle in his lap, reminding him I can hardly move.

“You stopped kissing me back.” He leans forward and touches his lips against mine again. “I taste good on you,” he says. “But you taste good all on your own.” He licks the seam of my mouth. “Come back to me, little jaguar. Get out of that head of yours.”

This time it’s me who has the cocky smile. It’s fake because the throb between my thighs is still there and wanting me to do something about it. I was lost in his kiss but he was right; my mind pulled me back. I’m trying to remind myself what this is and to not get sucked in too deep. I can’t let myself think that he truly wants me for more than sex.

I should know better and I do know better. I learned that lesson from my own parents when they used me to get what they wanted. He’ll do the same and this time I need to be the user.

“Don’t like that there’s something you can’t control?” I say, and his jaw hardens. I can’t control my thoughts and I can barely control my body. “Maybe not getting everything you want is really your weakness, Bennett. Right now you can have my body because I want you just as badly as you want me, and I’m not going to stop you.”

“I want it all.” One of his hands leaves my waist and tangles into my hair. He grips it tightly and pulls my head back.

“Sometimes you don’t get what you want. Not even if you have all the money and power in the world.”

He studies my face for a moment. “What is it that you want?” His words come out soft and I could almost swear he cares. He’s baiting me, but this is all a game to him. I’m learning from him, so I do the same as he would and don’t give a real answer.

“I want you to make me cum,” I say, and his hand on my hair tightens. His

face hardens and he looks pissed. “See? I can be an asshole, too.”

Chapter 8

Bennett

I'm angry because that's all she's going to give me, but what do I really expect when I get her down here and in this obscene bikini? She's spread wide and needy and all I can think about is her feelings. What in the actual fuck is wrong with me?

"I'll get you off if that's what you want, but I want something in return," I say as I release her hair and slide my palm around her neck and hold her there lightly. "I'll take care of you, but I want you in my bed tonight."

I feel her pulse speed up. I lean in so close that I can feel her breath on my lips.

"And why would I do that?" she asks, raising her chin in challenge.

"Because we both know you are dying to find out what it feels like to have my mouth on your pussy." Her cheeks flush, but she doesn't deny it. "I'll make you cum, little jaguar, but you're going to let me take my time."

"What happens if I say no?" She licks her lips and looks down at my mouth when she asks her question.

"You put on your clothes and I'll have one of my men take you home."

"You'd just kick me out." It's not a question and I can see the hurt in her eyes.

I grab her hips and yank her so close that her pussy is right on my cock. I grind her against it as I clench my jaw and narrow my eyes on her.

"I'd need someone to keep you far away, because right now I'm like a dog with a bone and I'll tear the arm off of anyone who tries to take you from me."

She moans and throws her head back while I keep rubbing against her.

"You think this is easy for me?" I lean forward and kiss her neck before I suck on it hard. "No one tells me no, and that's all you fucking do. You swoop in and out of my life like you don't give a shit if you're in or not, and in the meantime I'm so goddamn desperate for you I can hardly form a sentence."

She gasps as my hand dives between us and into the tiny scrap of material.

"Who the hell are you, James, and where did you come from?" Her wet folds are full and slick and I use two fingers to rub her clit. "It's like you fell out of the

sky and now I can't think straight and my world is upside down."

"Don't stop," she says, her eyes falling closed and she rocks her hips against me.

"I said stay the night," I demand as my fingers slow.

"Yes, yes, please don't stop. I'll stay."

She whines, and the tight coil in my chest relaxes just a little and I take a deep breath. I speed up my fingers once again before I slow them down. Her frustrated growl is adorable and I kind of want to hear it again.

"Say you swear," I order, and her eyes pop open to narrow on me. "Say it and mean it. Because if you agree to it, you're not going to slip out on me in the middle of the night."

I can see the surprise on her face, not that I would accuse her of doing it but because she was already planning on it.

"Fine," she says just as her breath catches.

"Good." I smile at her and I know she wants to roll her eyes but she's already too worked up for that.

Before she can protest, I lift her up and set her on the edge of the tile that surrounds the hot tub. I spread her legs and yank the bikini bottom to the side and then bury my face in her pussy. The taste of her sweet tangy pussy hits my tongue and I close my eyes as I moan. It's not enough, so I throw her legs over my shoulders and open my mouth over her lips to lick her everywhere.

I raise her ass up and run my tongue down to her pretty little tight hole and taste her there, too. I want to put my cock inside all her holes and own every inch of her body. I want to fuck her bare with my raw cock without her knowing and get her pregnant. I need a way to pin her to me, and cumming inside her as much as possible is the only way. She's got something inside of her that keeps her running and I plan on changing that.

Her clit is hard and begging for attention as I suck on it and slide two fingers inside her. She cries out, her legs wiggling all over the place, and I'm sure the sensation of having a man lick her here is both strange and wonderful. She's so fucking innocent and sweet and maybe that's why I want to get her so messy.

"Oh god, Bennett, I think I'm going to cum."

I smile against her pussy and continue to wiggle my fingers inside her. She's impossibly tight but her little pussy is clamping down on me so hard as she tries to get off.

"That's it, that's it!" she shouts, her back arching while she cries out into the room and her pleasure echoes off the tile. It rings in my ear and it's heaven on earth as I taste her release on my tongue.

"Fuck," I curse when I feel the ripples in her pussy along my fingers and all I

can think about is her doing that to my cock.

“Oh god, I’m still cumming.” She sounds shocked as another wave of pleasure rolls over her and I smile again.

My cock is leaking cum onto my lap and I can feel my release seeping out. Thick white pearls pop up and roll down my length as her pleasure gives me my own. I never imagined that just eating her pussy would get me off so hard, and again the thought of slipping inside of her is what heaven is made of.

I give her soft kisses as she slowly comes back down from her peak and once she’s completely finished I pull her into my arms and back into the hot water. I hold her close to me and kiss the top of her head as she cuddles into my chest.

She lets out a little giggle and when I ask her what that was about she leans back and looks up at me.

“I just never imagined it could feel that good,” she says and then shrugs. I can’t tell if the flush in her cheeks is from the water or from her orgasm, but either way, I’ll just decide it’s because of me.

“Get used to it,” I say and she shakes her head. There is still so much doubt there that I’m going to have to dispel, but I’ve got a hard road ahead. People make a lot of assumptions about me, and though some are true the vast majority aren’t. “Swim with me,” I say as I stand up and carry her over to the pool and then walk down the steps and into the water. It’s cooler than the hot tub, but I worry that she might be getting overheated.

“I told you I don’t know how,” she says as she clings to me when I get to be about waist deep.

“Then I’ll be sure and never let you go.”

“You keep talking like that and I’m not going to know what to think,” she says, looking at me with new eyes.

“Maybe your assumptions about me were wrong,” I say.

She shakes her head. “Maybe,” she hedges then shrugs. “Time will tell.”

Chapter 9

James

“You can cook?” I ask as I sit on top of the kitchen counter where he put me after our long hot shower. My legs are tucked under me and his shirt is draped over me like a dress. My clothes are nowhere to be found at the moment and I haven’t asked for them. I let him put his shirt over my head and lead me around with his big hand wrapped around my wrist. I think he believes I could get away, but I’m not trying. I made a promise that I’d stay and I always live up to my promises. I never want to be like my parents and all the broken ones they’d given me, so I’ve always made sure to keep my word.

I followed him like a lost puppy and it wasn’t until I was in the kitchen that I realized I didn’t see the house at all. I blame the orgasm for sending me into a blissful fog and causing me to miss everything. The pleasure he’d given me had been the greatest of my life and he made me feel way too much. It’s unsettling, but I crave more and maybe that’s why I’m not running from here.

I didn’t know water could stay hot that long and never get cold. I swear I think we were in there for almost an hour. I stood there on the verge of tears and wanting to lash out as he washed every single inch of me. He even washed my hair and it was so sweet it made my heart ache. As much as I loved all of it, it scared the fucking hell out of me. He’s making it hard for me to remember how I’d gotten here and that I don’t belong here.

My eyes dart to the bracelet on my wrist as I try to remind myself that I’m out of my depth. But the thing is so pretty I’m not sure I want to part with it. This house, him, the jewelry—it’s all on a level of life I don’t belong to.

“Yeah, my nana taught me,” he says, bringing me back to what’s in front of me.

He’s facing the stove and shirtless. Every time his bare back flexes I see the hard muscles move and I itch to touch him. When he reaches to get something in the cabinet next to the stove his gray sweatpants hang lower and I lick my lips. He needs to put some clothes on, but I don’t dare tell him that because he’d get naked just for spite.

“Your nana?” The word sounds silly coming from him. I know what a nana

is, but I never knew any of my grandparents growing up. I think my mom has a sister, but she wants nothing to do with my mom and I don't blame her.

He glances over his shoulder at me. "Yeah, my dad's mom loves to cook. It's what we did when I went over there as a kid." He's got a smile on his face, but this time it doesn't have that cockiness to it that I'm used to. In fact, a lot of that has fallen away. Either he's showing me the real him or he sees the attitude isn't working on me so he's switching gears. I don't want this to be a game with him. I want the real Bennett, even though his past attitude was one of the things that turned me on.

"I can't cook at all," I admit. "I'm not sure if I'm tiny because I'm built this way or because I live on quick things I can grab on the go. I don't have a kitchen as you already saw," I tease him, wanting to keep things light. "I think I've gotten used to not eating much," I mutter before I realize what I've said. The smile drops from his face and his body goes rigid. I've reminded the both of us that we come from two different worlds.

"So what are you making?" I rush to say, wanting to change the subject.

I don't want to talk about my childhood. I'm sure his was filled with happily married parents and, as he said, weekends with his nana teaching him how to cook.

"Pancakes," he finally answers after staring at me for a moment.

Maybe he can sense I don't want to get into it and backs off. He tries to smile, but it doesn't meet his eyes and I look away from him. The kitchen is so fancy I don't know what half the stuff in here does.

"Do you want whipped cream?" he asks and I nod. "Chocolate chips?"

"Sure. I've never had them with chocolate chips before," I say as I look up at him. He's moved closer and it's all I can do to not stare at his naked chest.

"You're going to start having a lot of things you didn't have before." His voice is stern and it sends a warm shiver down my back.

"Like that orgasm? I'm down with that," I say, smiling.

I put my hands on his bare chest and flex my fingers against him. I didn't know I had a type, but it's starting to look like it's big cocky jerks who have the tendency to be sweet when no one is looking.

He moves into me until he's bending me over the counter a little to be closer. I open my mouth to be a smartass again, but he kisses me hard and deep until I'm out of breath. I moan and get lost in the kiss. God, he feels so good. My breathing is heavy when he pulls back to look down at me and my lips feel swollen and well used.

"There you are," he says before touching his lips to mine once more. "Keep coming back to me, little jaguar." I slide my hands up his chest and round his

neck as I wrap my legs around him.

The shirt he put on me rides up and I gasp as my pussy rubs against his bare stomach. He lets out a grunt as I try and grind against him and my clit begs for the friction.

He jerks away from me and my hands fall to the countertop. I want to grab for him but he's too far away. My nipples feel tight and as needy for his attention as the rest of me.

"Close your legs," Bennett breathes out and it's then I notice my legs are over the edge of the counter and parted wide.

His eyes are locked there and his breathing is heavier than my own. His eyes look wild and the hard outline of his cock is clear through his sweatpants. There's a small wet spot on them and I wonder if he came a little while I tried to steal an orgasm against his chest. It's in this moment that I see how easily I can hold all the cards. I could get anything I want from him right now and I bet if I put my hand between my legs and started to play with myself he'd be back on me. But when a pained *please* comes from him I find myself closing my legs.

"I promise I'll make the ache go away soon enough, but I have to feed you." He has one hand braced on the counter next to the stove and his knuckles are white with how hard he's holding it as he fights for control.

"I'm hungry," I admit, licking my lips. This somehow helps calm him and he nods.

"I have to feed you," he says again and he pushes away from the counter. I have a feeling he's talking to himself this time.

I watch as he goes back to cooking and the sweet smell of pancakes and chocolate fills the kitchen.

"You know, I can't really check your security if you told your men to ignore me."

I hadn't broken in last night. I walked right up to the front gate knowing the two guards stationed there had been following me. They parted and I walked right up the long path.

"I didn't want them touching you. It's enough they have to look at you," he says as I watch him flip a pancake.

"Is that jealousy I hear?" I tease.

"Yes," he responds instantly without sounding apologetic or embarrassed. It takes me aback for a moment.

"Boys don't like to share their toys, do they?" He doesn't answer me as he puts the food on a plate and adds the whipped cream and syrup. He brings it over to me and sets it down.

"I'm not a boy," he corrects, and I can't argue with that. "And I don't share

you.”

“But you share other women?” I laugh, and it’s forced.

“I don’t have other women, and when I did I couldn’t have cared less who they fucked.” He shrugs as he cuts me off a piece of pancake and holds it out for me.

He brings the bite to my lips and I take the sweetness into my mouth. I let out a small sigh at how good it tastes.

“Open,” he orders, and I realize I closed my eyes as I enjoyed the breakfast. Hell, I’m just enjoying being taken care of.

“Aren’t you going to eat?” I ask when my plate is almost empty.

“Oh, I have plans to eat, little jaguar.” My cheeks heat as my eyes go to his.

“When was the last time you had another woman?” I ask, finally letting my jealousy show because curiosity is consuming me. We’re moments away from this going all the way and crossing a line that might be easy for him but difficult for me.

He shakes his head. “I don’t remember, to be honest; it’s been a long time.”

“I’m not like them,” I whisper, letting my own insecurity show.

“Who?”

“The women you’ve been with.”

“It sounds like you’ve been googling me.” His cocky smile is back and I can see he’s enjoying this way too much.

“You cuffed me, obviously I googled you.” I shake the bracelet and don’t let him know I searched him before he did it.

He grabs my cuffed hand and entwines our fingers together. His thumb slides across the ring I still don’t understand the need for. The cuff was enough and this feels like something else.

“You wouldn’t be here if you were them.”

“You didn’t take them home?” It’s hard to get the bitterness out of my words when with each second I’m liking him more and more. I feel closer to him right now than I have with anyone else in my whole life.

“No.” His fingers lock tighter around mine. “I don’t bring anyone here.”

“But I’m here.”

“And you’re staying,” he adds.

“Tonight,” I agree, and his nose flares.

“I can’t remember the last time because it’s been so long. I couldn’t even remember a name if you asked me,” he says and his body tenses. “It’s not like that with you. I would never forget you.”

His other hand cups my cheeks and it’s obvious he thinks what he admitted is going to make me mad. Maybe I shouldn’t like it, that he can’t remember their

names, but I do.

“Why am I so different?” I ask, leaning into his touch.

He chuckles. “I don’t know, but I felt it that first day you ran into me.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t stand on sidewalks and people won’t run into you.” His grin is soft, and I realize he’s right. There’s something different about him to me too. I tease him because I feel safe around him. Normally I hide in the shadows, but I enjoy him seeing me.

“I wanted to catch you then but—” He shakes his head. “I’ve never seen something I wanted so badly move so fast to get away from me.” I open my mouth to speak, but he shakes his head. “It’s not about the chase, not that I mind chasing you. I have a feeling you’re always going to keep me on my toes.” He lifts me from the counter and into his arms. “But not tonight. Tonight you’re all mine.”

He might be right when the morning comes, but right now the last thing I want to do is run.

Chapter 10

Bennett

“Why do you work for Bradford?” I finally ask the question that’s been burning inside me since I found out what she did. “Do you owe him or something?”

She laughs and shakes her head as I carry her through the house. My grip on her ass tightens when she doesn’t respond right away, and I don’t like the thought of her being a criminal because she’s been forced into it. Bradford didn’t give me many details when I asked him about it.

“Ouch!” she squeaks when my grip intensifies. She laughs again and shakes her head. “I think I like working you up.”

I carry her up the steps and down the long hall to my wing of the house. Double doors lead to the master, and the room itself is probably the size of a modest home. I like space even though I don’t have anyone to fill it up. I just like knowing the room is there around me.

When I walk inside I kick the door closed and toss her in the middle of the bed. She laughs again when I pounce on top of her and then pin her wrists to the bed.

“I’m serious,” I say, and her laughter slows as she smiles at me.

“He gave me a job when I was just a kid. He took care of me the best way he knew how when my parents weren’t around to do it.”

I have so many questions after this confession, but I can see that even admitting that small amount was difficult for her. Bradford alluded to her family life being shit, but I didn’t want to press him on it. For some reason I wanted her to be the one to trust me enough to tell me what was happening. I’ve got a need for her that’s over the top, but I want her as more than just a one-night stand. I’ve never felt so possessive of anything in my life and I have to have her.

“So let’s just say you didn’t have a need to do the job anymore. Would you? Is there something stopping you from giving it up?”

“That’s kind of been the plan all along. I want to get out of it and start over somewhere new.”

“Care to tell me where this new place is?” I ask, leaning down and kissing

the hollow at the base of her neck. I want her new start to be with me.

“I don’t know where that is yet. I need a little more before I can decide.”

“How much more?” I say as I knee her legs apart and move my way down between them. She really is unlike anything or one I’ve ever met.

“I don’t know that either.” Her breath catches when I push up the shirt she’s wearing and reveal her naked lower half.

“It sounds like you don’t have much of a plan after all.” I kiss the place just above her pussy and then rub my nose there.

“Yeah, I’m still working all that out.”

“Let me offer you a new one,” I say as I lick her in the same spot and then move lower.

Her lips are soft and wet. I run my tongue slowly between them and around her clit. Her back arches off the bed and she tries to pull her hips away from me, but I hold her down with my forearm while I pleasure her.

“Bennett!” she cries out and grips my hair. I’m teasing her, but it seems to be the best way to get what I want.

“How about you work for me instead.”

“Doing what?” she gasps when I suck on her clit.

“Whatever I want you to do,” I say, relishing the taste of her and her moans.

She doesn’t respond as I flick my tongue rapidly over her clit and I can feel her body tense with the need to release.

“Not yet, little jaguar.” She sucks in a breath of air and then lets out a frustrated grunt. “Say you’ll work for me and let me take care of you.”

She shakes her head as I tease her again and I see her fists clench at her side. She’s determined not to give in, and I can see that I’m up against someone as fierce in negotiation as I am. Her eyes are closed tight and she’s fighting with herself. I want to protect her and make sure that she’s no longer in danger and I thought that this would be the best way to get that.

But maybe when it comes to James I’ve still got a lot to learn. Being in a position of wealth and power can often give me a false sense of reality. I don’t know her life or what she’s come from, and forcing her into this could drive her away.

“How about you promise me you’ll think about it?” I say as I slip my tongue down into her opening and taste her there.

“Yes,” she gasps and spreads her legs wider.

“That’s all I can ask,” I say as I smile against her. “For now.”

I know one way to ensure that she’s going to be mine, and I plan on enacting that right now. I lick her clit one last time before I move up her body and between her legs.

“I need you right on the edge before I get what I want,” I say, yanking down the front of my sweatpants and releasing my aching cock.

I leave them on because I can't take the time to remove them as I slide the tip of my cock through her wet cunt to lube it up. I push in just the tip as I lock eyes with her. I'm not asking if she's protected because I don't care. The one way to truly get what I want is to get her pregnant.

My cock is already dripping with cum in anticipation of taking her bare. I've never felt the sensation of wet pussy wrapped around me without a condom, and hers is so goddamn pretty. I push in and her warm slick heat squeezes me as I lay down on top of her. She wiggles under me and I kiss her softly as I slide further in.

“You knew this was going to happen,” I say as I push in a little more. “You knew the moment you stepped foot on my property that I'd have you on your back.”

My cock swells inside of her and I thrust all the way in. She tenses and lets out a small cry as I break her cherry and make her mine. My need to breed her is the only thing going through my mind when I feel cum leak from me and coat her waiting womb.

I kiss her lips softly and try to hold myself still as she adjusts. It takes her a moment but when she finally breathes and raises her hips I know that she's ready for me. I don't think she's thought about the fact that I could give her a baby, but I'm not about to tell her. Instead, I hold myself deep as I rub my thumb against her clit and make her milk me.

“Bennett!” she gasps, full and so close to the edge.

I don't want to pull out even to thrust. Instead I flex my cock inside her and keep rubbing her clit as she squeezes me tighter and tighter. I'm close to the cumming and I want her to be the one to tip me over.

“I'll have you right now, little jaguar, and then I'll have you again and again.” I yank the material of the shirt to the side and latch on to her nipple. I suck on it hard. She cries out and I can feel the moment her orgasm hits.

Her pussy clamps down onto me and it's the sweetest pain I've ever felt. She's impossibly tight and I don't know that any amount of fucking will break this sweet little pussy in. But breeding her is only thing on my mind and I'll fill her up with cum every chance I get.

My cock bursts inside her and semen pours out of me. I can feel it all the way down to my toes as I grunt on top of her and empty myself. I can see stars at the outline of my vision as the intensity of it threatens to send me into a blackout.

Her arms tighten around me as she presses her lips to my neck, and then I'm

finding my way back to earth. I've never felt anything more intense and immediately I want it all over again.

I roll us over so that she's on top of me and I thrust up into her. This time I don't stay still as I bounce her on top of me.

"Take the shirt off," I growl and she does as I ask and pulls it over her head.

Her tits jiggle as she rides me and rolls her hips. She might be a virgin, but she's learning quickly how to fuck. Good thing it's my cock she's learning on because it's the only one she's ever going to have. More cum leaks out of me while I keep on breeding her. I'm going to have her knocked up before the night is over and she's going to be bound to me for life.

This might not be the best way to make sure she stays with me, but I'm far beyond any rational thoughts when it comes to her. Everything about her is an exception that I'd only make for her.

She's a goddess on my cock as she takes what she wants, and I'm all too eager to give it to her.

Chapter 11

James

I sit outside the Makers Gentlemen's Club, wondering if I can really pull this off. I glance over at the outfit I have shoved into a bag. It's the one I picked up to play the part for this con. I have everything else I need, but something still feels wrong. When I tried on the sexy short dress that showed off just a peek of my panties when I walked I felt sexy. I know I thought that because of Bennett. He makes me feel sexy. I haven't thought about if this will work for the job. Instead I've wondered what Bennett would think if he saw me in it.

I know what's wrong and it's the idea of others seeing me in it, which is about to happen. When I sneaked out of Bennett's bed early this morning I went to Bradford's office after stopping by my place to change. I needed another job. I had to remember that I might be falling for Bennett but I still have a life of my own I need to keep up. Bennett is fun, but he might not always be around.

As tempting as it is to take Bennett up on his offer of a job, I know what that would make me. Maybe I already became a call girl the moment I willingly went to Bennett's. I knew what he wanted and I knew I was going to give it to him. The second thing I told myself I'd never do is sell my body—the first was drugs. From everything he said, that's essentially what Bennett wants me to do. I know he didn't mean it that way, but that doesn't change anything. Although I want the sex and all the things he does to my body, I won't be bought.

He could have me at his beck and call and use my body however he wanted. I clench my legs together thinking about last night. My thighs still hold a sweet ache from being open for so long. My pussy is tender not only from him taking my virginity but from how many times we'd gone at it.

At one point he'd been begging me to stop and telling me I was going to hurt myself. But when I would slide down onto him all his protests would evaporate as he held my hips in place and fucked me hard. He controlled my body the entire time, and even though I've always hated feeling trapped or controlled, with him it turned me on more than anything.

I grab my bag and make my way towards the row of cars parked outside. I stop when I see one that's unlocked. I slip into the back seat and lie down to stay

hidden as I change my clothes. I pull the silky pink panties up my thighs and moan when the soft silk brushes against my clit. I'm wet from thinking about last night with Bennett and my nipples are hard against the thin dress that doesn't allow for a bra. I bite my lip knowing I have to take care of myself before I go into the strip club to do this job. I'm not going to seduce some man to lift a key off him while I'm primed for Bennett.

I yank the top of the dress down and free my breasts so I can play with my nipples the same way Bennett had. My hand doesn't feel as good as his and it's not even close to how good his mouth felt on me. The cuff bracelet digs into me, and it turns me on that I can feel his mark of ownership against my skin in some way. He might not be here physically but a part of him is with me. That's what I told myself when I had to wash him from my body this morning.

I spread my legs wider than I normally would when I've tried to touch myself before. This time I spread them as wide as I know Bennett would have to so his broad frame could fit between them. I rub my clit in small circles and my orgasm is close.

I moan as I try to move my hips and pretend Bennett is here on top of me, but it's not working. My body refuses to give me the release it needs and it's torturing me for not letting Bennett be the one to give it to me right now.

The back door to the car flies open and I freeze, only half surprised to see Bennett standing there.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" he growls, and I start to sit up. "Don't fucking move one inch, little jaguar, or I swear to god your ass will regret it and I do mean your ass. You won't be able to sit for a week when I'm done with you."

It's on the tip of my tongue to ask him if he means because of a spanking or because he will actually fuck my ass. Both ideas I should hate, but I only grow wetter at the thought of it. A whimper comes from my lips and I'm so needy I can't control it.

He takes a deep breath and runs a hand down his face. "Finish it," he demands. I didn't expect him to say that. "I can't watch you so close and not give you what you need. Make yourself cum and I'm going to watch."

He glances around to make sure no one can see us and his body shifts to block the open door.

"I tried. I-I..." I trail off.

"Say it."

"I need you to do it," I say, the truth spilling right out of my mouth.

"Fuck yes you do." He leans into the car and grabs my hips. He pulls me down to him a little more and stares at my pussy. "Rub your clit."

I wiggle under him, wanting his cock inside me, but I do as I'm told. Maybe if I'm good he'll give it to me.

"Pull on your nipples for me. Harder. You deserve some pain for sneaking out of bed this morning without waking me." I can hear the hurt mixed with anger and desire in his words.

Again I do as I'm told, wanting to please him. My heart flutters at him missing me. He reaches for the belt of his pants and I rub my clit faster and moan when his cock springs free. I want it inside me. He jacks himself off with one hand and the other goes to my pussy as he pushes one thick finger inside me.

"Fuck, you're still tight," he grunts, and my hips rise to meet the thrust of his finger. "Or are you swollen? I fucked your virgin pussy so hard last night it swelled up."

"Oh god." His dirty words ignite my desire and I'm close to cumming.

"Who knew virgin cunts could be so fucking greedy, but look at yours, begging for more when it can hardly handle one finger."

His filthy words and perfect touch are all it takes to make my pussy cum. I lock down on his finger and start to cry out his name, but he takes out the finger inside me and puts his hand over my mouth. He silences my cry with his wet finger as he keeps rubbing my clit with his other hand to get every last bit of it out of me. I feel Bennett's warm sticky release land on my hand and pussy. He cums all over me at the same time and it's almost too much.

He closes the door to the car we're in and his breathing is heavy and hot on my neck. I think he's going to yell at me about leaving this morning, but after a few moments he starts kissing me softly. He uses the hand he jerked off with to rub the cum into me. My body jerks when his fingers brush my still-sensitive clit and I feel him smile against my neck before he nips me there with his teeth.

"Are you going in there dressed like this?" he asks me.

I nod and swallow the lump that forms in my throat. It feels like a betrayal to him that I'm doing this. Why did this have to be the job Bradford gave me? He never gave me one like this before, but I asked for a bigger one and this was going to land me a gigantic pay day. I don't know what this key unlocks, but whatever it is, it's going to get me the money I need just for stealing it.

"I have to get a key off some guy," I admit to him. "I need to blend in." I'm not sure what the guy looks like. Bradford told me everyone calls him B and I'll know him when I see him. I wanted more information on the guy, but Bradford dismissed me when he lifted his phone to make a call. What kind of guy goes to a strip club on his lunch hour?

"Okay," he says as he leans up so he can look down at me.

"Okay?" He's going to let me walk in there dressed like this?

It's then I realize that deep down I've been wondering when he was going to show up and try and stop me. I assumed we'd get in a fight and he'd go all caveman on me. I'd be pissed but back in his bed by the end of the day and my worries pushed off until tomorrow.

"Yeah. Okay," he says again before leaning down to kiss me softly.

It's tender and sweet like a lover's kiss. Then he's helping me fix my dress and pulling my panties back into place. They stick to me because of his cum, but I don't mind it. I like that he's on me again, as weird as that might sound.

He opens the car door and gets out. He bends down and helps me put on the high heels that are going to be hard to walk in but I'll figure it out; I always do. He takes my bag and shoves my other clothes inside before dropping it into the car's back seat and shutting the door.

"I can't leave that there," I tell him as I go to open the door, but his hand comes down on it to stop me.

"It's fine. I'm buying the car."

I stare at him for a moment. "Wait, what?" I didn't hear him right. He's buying this car?

"Your cum is in the back seat. You think I'm letting someone else have a car with your cum in it? The whole thing smells like you now." He says it like I'm crazy to think he wouldn't buy the car. It's on the tip of my tongue to fight with him. He's going to track down the owner of this car and buy it because I came in it? I might have left a small wet spot inside, but he's okay with me walking into the strip club like this?

"Whatever, I have a job to do." I turn from him to walk towards the club, but he pulls me back and presses me into the car.

"I'm getting real sick of you running from me." He kisses me before I can respond and I've noticed he does that a lot.

The kiss is over too quickly and he pushes me towards the strip club with a smack on my ass. He stops and lets me walk to the backdoor, shocked and dazed, not knowing if he's an asshole or a sweetheart. I pull open the door and the sound of music hits me as I walk inside. I lean up against the door after it closes and wonder what I'm doing. I need to focus, but my heart isn't in it.

I have to give myself a pep talk to move down the long hallway and I'm surprised I don't run into anyone along the way. I thought there would at least be other women here since I'm in the back of the club, but I don't see a soul. When I get to the end of the hallway the song changes and I pull aside the heavy curtain and look out to see if I can spot the man I'm supposed to lift the key from.

I don't know why it matters, because I can't do this. It's all too wrong.

Bradford will have to give me another job or something.

I start to release the curtain when I glance inside again and see the place is completely empty except for one person sitting towards the back all alone. He's lounging in his chair with his legs outstretched and his suit jacket tossed on a chair next to him.

Bennett looks as cocky as ever as I step into the room.

Chapter 12

Bennett

She's sexy as fuck as she walks into the light and the bass of the music thumps. Her body moves slowly and she's enjoying giving me a show. I'm smug as I lean back in my seat and wait for her to come to me.

"I should have known," she says as she stops in front of me.

"You came for a job, and I've got one for you," I say as I spread my knees and she moves to stand in between them.

"You want me to try and steal a key from you?" she asks, moving a leg over one of mine and slowly lowering herself onto one of my thighs.

"I want you to do the job you were hired for." I reach inside my pocket and pull out the small key ring and hold it up for her. "You were meant to get this from me. Let's see if you can."

Her hips begin to move to the music whether she means to or not. It's loud in here, but we're all alone and I've had the cameras turned off. I want to reach for her, but I control myself as she grinds on my thigh. Her dress has moved up around her waist and I see her panty-covered pussy moving back and forth.

"Tits," I say, and she teases me by pulling down the material so slowly.

I grip the edge of the seat and clench my jaw as she tilts her head back and moans. She just got off before we came in here, but already she needs me again. It's probably because she didn't get my dick and already she's greedy for it. Her horny little pussy can't go more than a few hours without cum in her and I'm aching to give it to her.

"Why do you keep getting in my way?" she says as she grinds down harder on my thigh.

"Because you want me to," I say, and her eyes snap to mine. "Don't pretend you don't want me to be the one to take control of you. You've been adrift your whole life, just waiting for someone to step in. I show up and the first thing you do is take off."

Her hips stop and I can't take it anymore, so I reach out and move them for her.

"Don't you dare stop now," I say in a low, threatening voice and I watch her

throat move as she swallows. “Last night you opened up about your past and I’m not trying to throw it in your face. I’m here to tell you that you’re desperate for safety and security and I’m waiting to give it to you.”

I rock her back and forth and I hear her breath hitch. She gasps when I reach down and unbutton my pants to pull out my hard cock. It’s already dripping and slick, ready for her to climb on it.

Without my prompting her, she pulls her panties to the side and hops on me before I have the chance to tell her what to do.

“Good girl,” I say when she starts to ride me and I help her move up and down.

“I was friends with Bradford a long time before I ever met you. You didn’t stand a chance working for him,” I say, running my hands up her body. “You were meant to be mine, little jaguar, and no matter what happens next I’m going to be the one you’re showing up to steal from.”

“Why are you doing this?” she moans when I grip her hips and hold her still.

“This key, James.” I hold it up for her to see. “This is to your cuff. If you are so desperate to get rid of me, then be the con artist you say you are and take it.” I slide my hand up to the back of her neck and pull her down so that I can kiss her softly. “But if you’re tired of that bullshit, let me take over and handle things.”

“Bennett, I—”

I shake my head to cut her off. “I’m not letting you go, I’m just giving you the choice to come quietly or kicking and screaming.” I press my lips to her and I can feel her smile against me. “You can steal that key and take off your cuff, it might even be fun to track you down and put it on again. Or you can say yes to the ring I’ve got on your finger and tell me you’re mine.”

She stills, glancing at the ring and then back to me.

“Oh yeah, it’s that kind of ring.” I move her hips again, and the feel of her tight pussy grips me with every thrust.

“Yes,” she moans when my thumb grazes her clit and I’m not sure if she means yes to me or the pleasure I’m giving her. I guess there’s time to clarify when I’m not balls deep inside her.

Her cunt is dripping and I can hear her fucking me over the sound of the music. It’s dirty in here, but somehow it makes this hot as fuck. She’s riding my dick like I’ve got hundreds of bills to stuff into her panties and I would if she asked me to.

Her body tenses on top of me, but I don’t let up as she cries out and her orgasm hits. She climaxes on me and I slam her down one last time, grunting my release into her. It’s messy and quick, but I want to do it all over again the second I’m finished. I don’t know that I’ll ever get enough of her.

She falls against my chest as I try and catch my breath and I hold her close as I kiss the top of her head. We sit like that for a long moment with me just being inside her. I don't want to separate us or move from this spot, but I wish we could somehow magically be in our bed back home.

I'm not sure how much time passes before she leans back to look at me. But when I see her holding the key in her hand there's both pain and irritation inside me. I want to snatch it out of her hand, but this has to be her choice. I'll make her change her mind and I'll stop at nothing to get what I want in the end, but she has to make the decision first.

"So?" I say as I look at the key and cuff before I look into her eyes. "What will it be?"

She bites her bottom lip and closes her hand around the key. Just when I'm about to open my mouth to protest she holds out her fist towards me and opens her hand. She drops the key into my palm and I manage to catch it before it hits the ground.

"I want you, Bennett." She shrugs and for some reason she looks so innocent. "I don't know what this is or why it makes me feel so good, but I know that when I'm with you I've never felt more cherished and cared for."

"That's because you're my world," I say, pulling her closer to me to kiss her.

Chapter 13

James

“Do we have to do this now?” Bennett asks as he holds me closer.

“Yes, we do.” I smile at him and he gives me a quick kiss. “Bradford helped me out when I needed it most. I owe him that much. Besides, I already sent him a text and said I was on my way.”

“Alright, I want a quick in and out, because I need another quick in and out.”

I laugh as he buries his face in my neck and growls. “With you it’s never quick.”

“You don’t seem to mind when you’re getting multiple orgasms,” he says, and I feel myself blush.

“That’s true,” I admit just as the car comes to a stop.

Bennett gets out and opens the door for me. He helps me out, and when I step onto the street I realize this is the exact spot where he ran into me the first time we met. As if he realizes it as well, he pulls me into his arms and kisses me. He leans me back in his arms, and when he pulls away I look up at him.

“That’s what I wanted to do the first time I had you in my arms.” He looks at me with so many emotions that I feel deep inside my heart.

I want to tell him everything I’m feeling and confess that even though this is crazy early, I’m the happiest I’ve ever been. But will it scare him away? Will anything?

He pulls me close and then hand in hand we walk towards Bradford’s office. Once we’re inside we see a man at the front door that I’ve seen around a couple of times. Bennett stops and says hello to him. Knowing what I do about the people who work for Bradford, I don’t want to hang around. I let go of Bennett’s hand and point to Bradford’s door that’s just ahead. He glances at me and then nods as the guy keeps talking to him.

Bradford’s door is ajar and I push on it and step inside. When I glance around I see that Bradford’s desk is empty and I go to turn around and leave, but the door is shut. A chill runs down my spine when I see Josh standing there with an evil look in his eyes. I’ve never been in a room alone with him and thankfully Bradford has always been close by, but this time there’s no one else in sight and

I'm pretty sure that door is soundproof.

"Bradford said you were on your way. He got caught up with his mom and told me to tell you he was coming." He licks his lips as he takes a step towards me. "I thought we could have a little alone time together before I text him and tell him you made it."

"Stay away from me," I say, walking backwards until I bump into Bradford's desk.

I grip the edge of it and think back to all the weapons Bradford probably has in there. Would I be able to get around to the other side before he grabbed me? I'm quick and even quicker when I'm scared.

"Don't even think about it," Josh warns, reading my mind.

He stalks closer and flexes his fingers like he can't wait to get his hands on me. It's sinister and my fear is taking hold. My throat closes up and I can't move as he plants his feet in front of me and reaches out.

Just before his hands make contact the door bursts open. It's Bennett with Bradford hot on his heels. The two men look deadly as Josh moves to the side pretending to be cool about the whole thing. He casually leans against the desk beside me, like he wasn't just about to hurt me, while I run straight into Bennett's arms.

"Oh thank god," I gasp. My nose is burning and tears threaten to break free. It was only for a few minutes, but it felt like hours of fear as the relief of being wrapped around him hits me.

"It's okay, I've got you," Bennett says soothingly, and I look over to see Bradford stalking towards Josh.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" he asks, grabbing Josh by the throat and pinning him to the wall.

Bradford is an older man, but he's big and strong. Josh's feet are dangling off the floor as he offers up some bullshit excuse like I wanted it. Bradford only squeezes his neck harder and I feel Bennett release me and push me behind him.

"Get her out of here," Bradford orders, looking over at Bennett.

"I think I'd like to handle this myself," Bennett says, and it's then I realize he's shaking with rage.

Bradford shakes his head and looks over at me. "She's been through enough in her life and I promised myself a long time ago I'd keep her from as much darkness as I could. I'll take care of this, and he won't ever lay a hand on anyone ever again."

Bennett looks at Josh and then back at me, and I can see the internal struggle within him. He wants to be the one to give out the punishment, but he also doesn't want this to touch me. He thinks about it for only a second before he

nods at Bradford and then he wraps an arm around my waist.

“Take care of her, and make sure I still get to see her at my ma’s house for dinner a few nights a week,” Bradford says, and he gives me a wink.

“I’ll do it,” Bennett agrees, and we walk out of the office, leaving Bradford alone with Josh.

I’ve never been certain about what Bradford is capable of, but right now if I had to guess, I’d say that Josh is going to disappear and will never be seen again. Honestly there’s a terrifying evil inside of Josh. I won’t lose a bit of sleep if Bradford takes him out.

“Let’s get out of here,” Bennett says as he scoops me up in his arms and rushes me out to the waiting car.

Once we’re inside he holds me in his lap and kisses me all over like he’s reminding himself that I’m okay.

“If anything had happened to you...” He shakes his head, unable to finish that thought.

“Shh. I’m okay. You got to me in time,” I say and place my hand on his cheek.

“I love you so much, James. I can’t ever lose you.”

His words warm my entire body and it’s everything I’ve felt in my heart that I’ve been scared to say out loud.

“I love you, too, Bennett.” I wrap my arms around him and pull him close to me. “I’m not going anywhere ever again.”

He pulls back and locks eyes with me as he grips my chin. “Promise?”

I nod my head and smile, making the easiest decision of my life. “Promise.”

When he presses his lips to mine, the kiss is unlike any we’ve had before. Maybe it’s because all the cards are on the table and we both know that this is forever. This might have all started out as a plan to steal the egg and get some cash, but I think I was the one who ended up being conned. This guy who everyone said was an asshole turned out to be the love of my life. I guess there are worse deceptions in life, and I’m lucky that Bennett stole my heart.

As the kiss deepens and turns into more, I can’t help but think how none of this turned out like I planned. But being in Bennett’s arms, I can’t imagine life any other way.

Epilogue

James

Nine months later...

I flip the pages of the baby book, still in search of a name but knowing I'm not going to like any of them more than the one I already want. I was so sure we were having a boy, but Bennett called it the moment we found out I was expecting. I'm pretty sure he got me knocked up the same night he'd taken my virginity.

My mind had been set on the name Joey. I wanted to name our first child after Bennett's Nana's father. I knew she would be so excited when she found out the baby's name and I'd been excited to tell her. She and I have gotten so close since Bennett introduced me to her, along with his father and grandpa. I love them all and enjoy watching Bennett close some of the space between them. Nana tells me I brought their family back together again, but they gave me one.

"Joey is a cute name for a girl, too." Bennett comes up from behind me, kissing me on my bare shoulder where my robe has fallen off. It's his. I don't fit into mine anymore with this giant baby belly. Bennett got me a new one, but I enjoy wearing his. It always smells of him. I'm perched on the kitchen bar chair in my favorite spot. It gives me a nice view when I watch my husband cook meals for me, which is often. I can out-eat anyone at this point.

"I know," I sigh, closing the book I've looked over three times now. "I also know what it's like growing up with a boy's name." My shoulders drop. It wasn't really that it was a boy name, it had more to do with why my mom gave me the name to begin with. My mom, like me, thought she was having a boy when she got knocked up with me. She kept the name she planned because she said she wasn't going to try and come up with another. I didn't want my sweet girl to think I'd done the same. Everything about her is special to me and I never want her to doubt that. Nor do I ever want to be like my own mother.

I don't protest when Bennett picks me up easily, sitting me on the countertop. My robe falls open, revealing my stomach and breasts—the two things that have grown since I got knocked up. I look like I swallowed a basketball. I'm all belly

and now suddenly I have giant boobs. I can't get used to it. I've gone from being quick on my toes to knocking over everything, thinking I can slide by places the belly and I clearly won't fit.

I'm pretty sure I've destroyed a few thousand-dollar vases, a painting and some weird-looking statue, but I'm not sad that statue isn't around anymore. It creeped me out. Bennett won't tell me the price tags on the items that my belly and I have managed to destroy and I don't want to know, to be honest.

"Think all our little kids should have J names that can be both boy or girl names? How about that?" He steps between my legs, pushing the robe off my other shoulder so it pools around my waist on the countertop. I smile up at him and place my hands on his chest. "I got to mark you and our kids with my last name, now you get to mark their first names. We'll have a house full of J names." He leans in and kisses my bottom lip, which has started to wobble dangerously. I fight a snuffle.

Not only am I running into everything, I spring leaks all the time, too. And not just from my eyes, as my husband had the enjoyment of learning a few nights ago while we made love. He'd taken one of my nipples into his mouth to find the sweet taste of milk there. My body is ready for motherhood. Now he can't keep his mouth off them and says he's only getting my body used to it.

"Don't cry." He kisses my cheeks to stop the tears. "You know what happens when you cry," he reminds me. Yeah, I end up with his cock inside me until all I can feel is him and pleasure.

"They are happy tears," I sniff. "Not that you don't have to do what you normally do when I cry," I add, wiggling closer to him and making him laugh against my mouth before he kisses me.

"Little jaguar, you never have to hint for me to make you cum." His mouth moves from mine to travel down my body. I sigh as he kisses me, my eyes falling closed, enjoying every second of this. Soon we'll have a baby and I won't be able to have him inside of me for weeks. I'm not sure I'll make it that long, but Bennett promises he'll make it up to me and mentioned they hadn't said I still couldn't enjoy his mouth. I do love that cocky mouth of his.

By the time he's done with me I can barely move—nor do I want to—but he won't let me lie here on the kitchen counter. He picks me up and carries me to my room.

"It's nap time," he tells me when he lays me down into our bed and slides in behind me. His arms wrap around me.

"You going to give me lots of babies with J names, little jaguar?" he asks, his mouth against my ear.

"I'll give you anything you ask me for," I respond. Because I would. Because

I know my cocky sweet husband would always do the same.

Epilogue

James

Another eight weeks later...

I smile as I stare into the mirror, shocked that I got this thing on. It's the same dress I wore that day in the strip club. The day I agreed to be Bennett's in all ways. Though I'm pretty sure I'd belonged to him the moment I'd slipped the wallet from his pocket. Only this time I don't pair it with any panties. I slip on the heels that I've actually gotten better at wearing. I long ago ditched the black hoodies and trying to blend in with the shadows.

Now when I look at clothes I actually reach for things I want and not what I think will be more functional for survival. I'd realized I had a thing for pink pretty quickly. I also realized I was a lot more girly than I'd known. That was clear from the explosion of pink that is our daughter Joey's baby room.

I pull my hair down, giving it a little bit of fluff, before putting on some lipstick. Time's up. I've been cleared for sex and I'm more than aching for my husband to be back inside of me. We had to wait a little bit extra because I had to undergo a C-section. My little girl didn't want to come out.

My husband said he didn't blame her. I didn't either with the way he'd been feeding us. Another bonus is my boobs are still bigger. Probably because I'm still nursing, but they make the already tight dress even tighter. My tits are trying to escape the top of the dress all on their own. I'm not worried about it. The dress won't be staying on very long once my husband sees me.

"James!" I hear my husband searching for me down the long hallway that leads to our room. I'll feed our daughter and hand her off to Nana to watch for the afternoon. She's excited to have some alone time with her new great-granddaughter, and I'm excited to have my husband all to myself without the worry of our little girl trying to interrupt us.

I need this. Already my pussy clenched with need from hearing him yell my name. The man is on edge. I could hear it in his voice. The past few days he's been like a caged tiger. He needs inside me as badly as I need him in me. I sucked his cock three times yesterday. Each time he'd come in my mouth, but it

only calmed him for maybe an hour at best. His eyes had started to follow me around everywhere I went. A predator waiting to pounce on his prey.

I only got to slip away because he had to take a business call. It had been perfect timing.

“Coming!” I yell back, walking out of our walk-in closet at the same time he’s walking into our bedroom. He stops dead in his tracks, momentarily shocked at seeing what I’m wearing. I lick my lips and before I can take another step he’s all over me, lifting me from my feet. The heels slip from my feet as he pushes me up against the nearest wall. There’s no time to move us to the bed.

“Fucking hell,” he growls as he rips down the top of my dress. “You want to get pregnant again already.” It’s not really a question, but I answer him anyway.

“Told you I’d give you all the babies you wanted with J names.” I move my hips, wanting friction against my clit.

“You feed our daughter?” Bennett asks, his eyes on my tits. He licks his lips. I know where he’s going with the question. He wants his turn.

“Yeah. Even pumped so your Nana could keep her for the whole afternoon.” He growls at my answer, sucking my nipple into my mouth. I feel him working his pants between us. He doesn’t bother to remove them, only slipping his cock out and thrusting right into me, all the way to the hilt. I gasp, my nails digging into him.

He lets my breast pop from his mouth. “Still as fucking tight as the night I took that cherry. I’m going to have to break your little pussy in again, aren’t I?” he asks as he starts to thrust. I can feel his cum inside of me already. He’s cumming but still hard and thrusting. That wild look in his eyes. “You’re going to end up bred again this afternoon. Is that what you want?”

“Yes,” I moan as he fucks me harder.

“Fuck another baby right into you.” His hands on my hips tighten and I know his marks will be there for days and I can’t wait to see them. “No, I think I can put two in there this time,” he grunts. I feel more of his warmth releasing inside of me. Between his words and feeling his cum, it sends me over the edge. I cum hard, crying out his name.

“That’s a good girl. Suck that cum up in there. Give Daddy what he wants.” As always by body does as he commands. He moves us, falling onto the bed but so that I’m straddling him and his cock is still hard and deep inside of me. My hands go to his chest.

“You put the dress on, little jaguar. I want to watch my show now,” he tells me, putting his hands behind his head. I smile, more than willing to give him one. Just as he was more than willing to put two babies inside me.

Cocky bastard always does get what he wants. Lucky me, it’s me he always

wants.

Epilogue

Bennett

Four years later...

We pull up to the remote cabin and it looks just like the picture online.

“Oh my god, Bennett it’s gorgeous!”

James has been wanting to get away for a weekend without the kids for a while. I finally figured out I was just going to have to book it and plan it myself or she would never take the time to do it.

She’s an incredible mom to our four kids and I couldn’t ask for a more amazing wife. She’s the best thing that’s ever happened to me, and I like to think I’ve shed some of my asshole layers since the day I met her.

Snow lines the walkway up to the cabin, so I walk around to her side of the car. I grab our bags and sling them on my back before I scoop her up in my arms.

“It’s just a little snow. I think I can walk,” she says teasingly, but she doesn’t try to get down.

“I know you can, but I think you underestimate how much snow is up here.” I step off the driveway and sink a good foot into the ground.

“I love it!” she squeals as I trek up to the cabin and onto the porch.

I set her down and unlock the door then carry our bags inside. When we get inside there’s already a fire going and the place is toasty warm.

“I love you,” she says and turns to me and jumps into my arms.

“It’s a good thing, because I bought it.”

“You bought this place?” Her eyes go wide and her mouth forms a perfect O.

“I wanted us to have a place to get away from it all. There’s a landline for emergencies, but other than that we’re out here on our own. The kitchen is stocked and there’s plenty of firewood.”

“So what are we going to do up here all alone?” She raises an eyebrow as I carry her over to the fur rug in front of the fire.

“Try and keep warm,” I say. I stand her up and kneel down in front of her.

“I don’t think you’re going to make me warm by taking my clothes off.”

She giggles as I strip her from the waist down and then spread her out onto

the rug. Before she can say anything else I've got my face buried in her wet pussy and I'm lapping up her cream. I moan at her flavor and how every time she's so fucking sweet.

Her thighs spread wider as I make a meal of her, and when I sink two fingers inside of her it's her undoing.

"That's it, little jaguar. Let's break this cabin in right," I say as she climaxes onto my hand and mouth.

I yank at my jeans until my cock springs free, and as soon as it's out I'm going balls deep. I grunt when her tight pussy wraps around me and I begin to thrust.

"You're always so goddamn tight after I eat you out," I say, leaning down to kiss her.

The taste of her pussy is shared between us and she moans for more. I thrust harder as I tug her shirt open so I can suck on her nipple. When her breasts are free I kiss my way down to them and it's not long before she's cumming again.

"You're going to get me pregnant again," she says, raising her hips.

"Goddamn right I am," I grunt as I hold myself deep and my orgasm hits.

I empty my seed into her and it's so much that it's spilling out between us and onto the rug. I don't give a fuck because this cabin is going to be used for when we need to get away and I want to get my wife pregnant. I'm going to have her naked the whole time we're here and I'm going to have her bred before we leave. This place is for fucking, and I'm going to have her cumming on every goddamn surface.

"More," she says, squeezing my cock and trying to get more cum out of me.

"Oh, you'll get more," I say as I pull her onto my lap and grab her hips. I move her up and down on my cock as it swells with need. "You'll be walking crooked by the time we pack up to go home."

"I love you," she says on a moan and lets her head fall back.

"I love you too," I say as I kiss her neck and mark her there.

She was mine from the moment I laid eyes on her and not a thing has changed since then. I plan on having as many kids as she can give me to grow our family and spread our love. I'm a lucky bastard to have found a woman so pure and perfect. She's everything I didn't think I could have or want and more.

She was a thief when we met and she tried to pull a con on me. But I'm the one that stole her away from it all and kept her for my own. As she cums on my cock and shouts out my name, I smile because I don't regret a thing. I'd do it all a thousand times again just to make her mine.

THE END!

Coach

by **Alexa Riley**

Retiring from the NFL was the right decision, and at thirty years old, I've done things most people could only dream of. After all I've accomplished, coaching high school football should be easy...but when you've got a distraction in the form of a nerdy girl with curves, things can get complicated.

She's a student, she's barely legal, and she's my best friend's daughter.

I didn't know what desire was until Megan. I had no idea obsession could drive someone insane, until I saw her. I wasn't prepared for the fact that once I laid eyes on Megan my life would really begin.

I have to have her, no matter what the cost. I have to breed her and bind her to me so tightly she can't ever get away. She'll be mine, even if I have to take her.

Warning: this book is ridiculous, over the top, completely unbelievable, and pretty much just about breeding the heroine. If you're okay with that, welcome to my dirty, dirty book! Just remember, I warned you.



Chapter 1

Chris

She's asking for it and she knows it, I think to myself as I stare down at her barely legal pussy. She should know better than to taunt me, which is what she's done all day.

The moonlight shines through her window, giving me a perfect view of her. Not that I need one. The image of her is branded into my brain, just like everything else about her. She's an obsession that seems to grow more and more every day.

Lying on her back, her legs are spread just enough to get a nice peek at the pussy into which I'm going to unload all my cum. My balls ache, they feel so full. Reaching down, I pull myself from the black gym shorts I've already leaked a little cum into, the head of my cock glistening. I grab my balls and give a little tug, but it does nothing to stop the ache. No, but her pussy will.

Why shouldn't it? She's the reason for it. Since she came stumbling into my life a little more than four days ago she's been taunting me. Well, she's about to learn what happens when you taunt a man. I'm not one of those dipshit high school boys she's used to, the ones who probably do everything she asks in hopes of getting her into bed. I'll take what I want from her, and she really needs to understand the difference between a boy and a man.

Her chest rises and falls with soft breaths as she lies there sleeping, her big tits straining against her tee, her hard nipples trying to break free. She looks like a sexy innocent angel that was sent to bait a man's will, and she has. She has no clue of the predator standing over her while she sleeps. Maybe she thought she was safe from me because her parents are asleep down the hall in their own bed.

I'm on her before she can react, one hand over her mouth, the other around her throat. I can't chance her parents catching me in the act if they hear her. Her legs spread wider for me, and I feel her pulse pick up in her throat, but she doesn't try to scream. My cock is already rubbing against her pussy, the wetness turning me on even more. It takes me a moment to catch it, but I realize that it's too wet to just be my cum leaking from my cock—something that seems to happen when she's near me.

She's wet. No, she's fucking primed and ready for me. I tighten my grip around her throat a little more, and I growl in her ear, her soft blonde curls tickling my face, "You better have been dreaming about me." The idea that she could've been thinking about someone else drives me fucking nuts. I didn't know jealousy until she came into my life.

When I feel her nod in agreement, I release my hand around her throat and replace it with my mouth. The need to leave a mark on her rides me hard. She moans into my hand, making me suck her harder. Yeah, that will definitely leave a mark. Look at me, like a fucking high school kid leaving a hickey, sneaking into her room at night. I'd never marked a woman in my life. I can't wait to walk past her tomorrow and see it on display. Everyone will know she belongs to someone.

Using my free hand, I push her tee up to grab onto one of her tits. I didn't know an eighteen-year old could have tits as big as hers, but the proof is in my hand. I knead and pull on one, making the nipple even harder. Her legs spread wider for me, begging me to take her.

I should make sure she's completely ready to take me, eat her sweet cunt until her juices cover my face, but I can't. I have no control left. It all left the second her phone rang after dinner tonight while we were cleaning up the dishes. Her parents were still in the room so I couldn't react. I had to stand there and listen to her take a call from the high school quarterback, Croy, and agree to go to the Homecoming dance with him because, as she put it, "No, I'm not going with anyone already. I don't have anyone in my life right now." I knew the last part was just for me. She stood there with a smirk on her face, one of her perfect little dimples showing, but her eyes were pissed. They had been for the past three days.

It's like my cock knows where it belongs. Slipping through her pussy lips as it slides right home, thrusting to the hilt and her tight little pussy clenching around my dick. I close my eyes, trying to get myself under control, but she pushed me too far. I'm afraid I'll fuck her so hard she won't be able to walk tomorrow.

I look down into her eyes. Not even a trace of fear. Here I am, looming over her in the middle of the night, and I think I just played right into her hands. Not that I can blame her. I had pushed her away, but I think she thought I meant pushing her away for good. I hadn't. No, I was just trying to get my head back on straight, figure out how I was going to get us out of this mess we'd made before it crashed down all around us.

"You're mine. Have been from the moment I laid eyes on you, since I sank into you Saturday night, took your cherry and claimed you. Do you understand

me?”

She nods her head again, removing my hand from her mouth. I don't give her the opportunity to speak because I know questions will pour from her mouth. I still don't know what's happening, or what is going to happen. All I know is that she is mine. I take her mouth with mine. Slow and sweet, letting her know this is more than just getting off, that I've missed her, and that she has driven me to the edge. She soon takes over, thrusting her tongue into my mouth, clinging to me like she never wants to let go.

I feel her trying to move her hips, wanting me to move with her. I'm barely hanging on to my control, and it doesn't help when she comes at me like she's starved. I release her mouth and flip us over, but before she can protest, I plunge my cock inside her.

“Ride me. Show me how much you want me.” I've never sought out a woman's attentions before. I didn't have to, and I never craved the need to know one wanted me, but with her I need it. I love seeing how much she wants me. It's like an addiction. I feel like a puppy begging for a scrap.

Her hand lands on my chest, and she stares down at me wide-eyed, probably because she's never done this. The first and only time we'd ever had sex, when I took her cherry, I was on top, the one in control. Now I'm giving it to her. Not that she really has it. I grip her wide hips, my fingers digging into her soft skin, and I move her. I love that she has no idea what she's doing. Who knew that could be such a fucking turn on? I'll teach her everything she'll know about sex.

It doesn't take her long to see how I want her to move. She slides back and forth on my cock, her juices coating me more. She looks like a goddess on top of me. Her hips sway, her tits softly bouncing, her nipples hard and begging for my attention, her head thrown back, her curly blonde hair so long it brushes my balls as she rides me.

Releasing one of her hips, I slide my fingers between her pussy lips, finding her hard little clit. Her body jerks in response, her juices covering me, making me wish I'd had the control to have eaten her cunt before I took her. I could have her taste on my mouth right now.

“Tell me you're mine. No one else touches you.” I need her to reassure me after the little stunt she pulled tonight.

She responds instantly. “I'm yours, only yours.”

I strum her clit a little faster, her words almost sending me over the edge. I need her to cum, for her to milk my release out of me.

“Then cum for me. Work all that cum out of my cock. Take me deep inside

you,” I grunt. I marked her neck, now I want to make that same mark inside her; cover the walls of her pussy with me.

I feel her pussy tighten, and I know she is going to go off. I rise and pull her to me, catching her mouth with mine, swallowing the sounds of her orgasm. Her body jerks against me as I cum hard, deep inside her. Just when I think I’ve emptied all I can into her, my cock jerks again, releasing a little more inside her.

She collapses onto my chest, and I wrap my arms around her. “I missed you so much,” she says so quietly I almost don’t hear her. I’m not even sure she knows she said it. Her breaths grow deeper, and I know she has fallen fast asleep.

I’d thought I could just touch her a little, give her what she wanted, but not fully take her. I was fucking shocked that first night when I’d gotten her sweet pussy underneath me, only to realize it was untouched. It wasn’t bad enough I was fucking my friend’s barely legal daughter in his own house while he was sleeping down the hall, but I was also taking her cherry.

I should have walked away, but it was too late. I’d already tasted her, and nothing would have stopped me from seeing her virgin blood coat my cock as I pumped in and out of her, filled her with my cum until it dripped down her ass and covered my sheets—sheets I stripped from my bed afterwards and kept.

I was past the point of no return, and I don’t know why I ever tried to fight it. I’ll never forget the day she walked into my life and flipped it upside down.

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