

STEP- SAVAGE

WANTING WHAT'S WRONG

DANI WYATT

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DEDICATION

A NOTE TO MY READERS:
I appreciate every one of you.

To Lu. May all your puck bunny
Dreams come true.

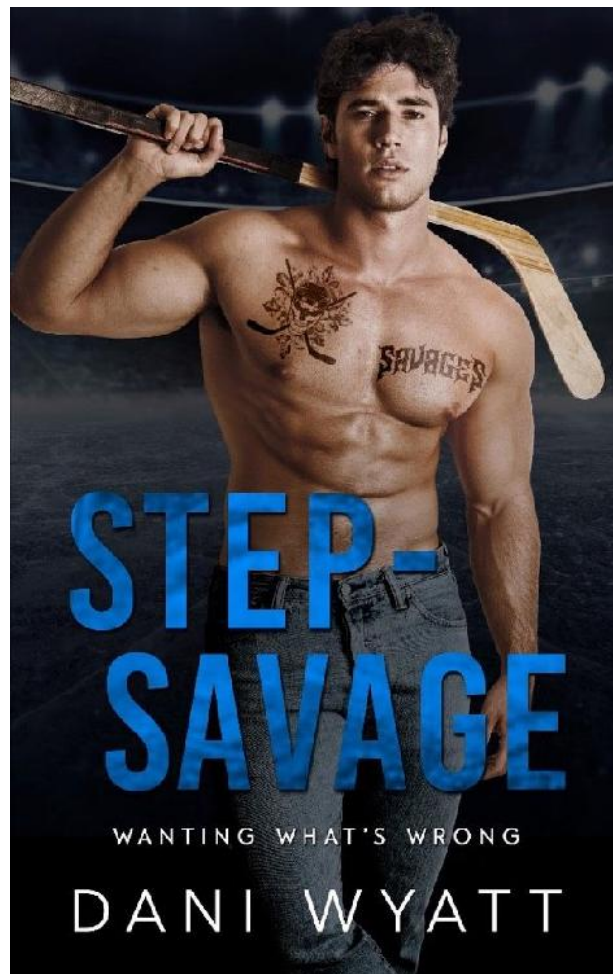
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STEP-SAVAGE



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CHAPTER 1



Nancy

Corn mazes are the worst, aren't they?

The. *Worst.*

Who takes a kid to a corn maze and leaves them because it's a learning experience? My dad, that's who. He's a retired Marine, so there's that. He always said it teaches you how to figure your way out of impossible situations but it doesn't. Because if it did, I wouldn't be sitting here six and a half months pregnant without a father in sight.

Still, I'd take being lost in a four-acre corn maze right now over this. A *thousand* acres.

I'm pretty sure my yearly October corn maze lessons are not what I should be thinking about right now, but it *is* October and the entry to Killberry, Ruterman and Roth, Attorneys at Law, was decorated with pumpkins and cornstalks—as if anyone walking into a legal office needs to be reminded of the warmth of harvest season.

Taylor meows as tears swell in my best friend Mason's eyes as he glances at the cat carrier on the floor between us. Mr. Ruterman puts little effort into hiding his eye roll when Mason swipes away a tear.

This will be the last time Mason and Taylor will be together for a long while. Let them have this.

I force indifference onto my face because any other emotion right now feels dangerous.

Ruterman huffs, tapping his pen on the table from his place across from me. The room is roasting and the black hoodie I'm wearing is getting damp with sweat as the attorney starts to talk. "In exchange for Mr. Reid's full confession and guilty plea in the criminal proceedings, and all assets being split among the plaintiffs in the civil case, no charges will be brought against you, Ms. Rochet. I suggest you sign the deal before the DA changes her mind."

The pruned-up attorney shoves a stack of papers over the gleaming mahogany conference table while Mason looks at me with eyes so filled with apology, it takes all my will to barricade the sob that threatens to retch from my chest.

"But I didn't *do* anything," I mutter, worrying my hands in my lap below my growing belly bump as the white-haired head of Mason's defense team smacks his lips, wiggling his index finger in his ear. "I was his personal *assistant*. I ran errands and took care of his *cat*. I know nothing about his business. I'd never heard of a Ponzi scheme before all this. I didn't know anything about...*anything*."

I swing my hand over the papers in front of me as Mason sniffs and coughs,

"She's telling the truth." Mason starts his voice cracking, "But, don't change *anything*." He lifts his head to look my way. "This is what I want. Give me this, it's all I have left. You, Taylor and the baby are all I have left."

Baby.

Not his. Not really. But sort of.

In the span of twenty minutes, I've signed the deal and now I have nowhere to go with a baby in my belly and a cat my friend may never see again. My friend will go to jail and he will no longer be a father to the baby he so desperately wanted.

God, how did I end up here?

Through a corn maze, probably.

Mason and I hug and cry like babies. There is nothing left to say. When the meeting ends and it's time for us to go to different paths, we hug once more.

"Remember me when you're famous," he says, laughing through the tears. He's a monster of a man, but a complete Teddy Bear and I worry about how he will fare in prison.

"I can't do this," I tell him, clinging to his arm. He's my best friend, and he's making jokes about my silly dreams of being the next darling of Nashville when he's about to be carted off to the federal pen?

"When I get out, I expect you to be singing to sellout crowds. Big ones."

I press my knuckles to my temples. "Might be difficult since I don't like to sing in front of *anyone* let alone a crowd."

"Maybe you could turn your back like you do in your videos? Might be the next big thing."

"Oh yeah, I could be the female Orville Peck." I try to give it back with a little sass, but this doesn't feel like the time. "Please tell me this is all some big joke and we can go home and eat pizza?"

"I have to go, Nancy. Promise you'll take care of yourself and he baby and you'll come visit me and tell me everything?"

I nod. "Of course. Try to keep me away."

As his attorney leads him through the frosted glass doors and down the hall to the waiting car that will deliver him to a ten-year sentence in a federal prison, I run to the closest garbage can and throw up.

Vomiting has become a close friend, although it's lessened in the second trimester which was an epic relief. I stuff the stack of paperwork into my backpack as Leslie, the prune's secretary—excuse me, administrative assistant—comes through the door looking sympathetic and yet bored. She's got the world's best smile-frown I've ever seen.

“Are you alright?” she asks in that tone that lets you know she doesn’t really want to know.

“Yep, good as gold.” I smile, swiping the back of my sweatshirt sleeve across my lips. Slinging the strap of my military-green canvas backpack over my shoulder, I march with my head up toward the door which she is holding open with eyes hopeful that I will walk through and not say anything else.

“It will be okay,” she adds as I brush by, knowing my way to the elevator by heart after experiencing the hospitality of the attorneys making a thousand dollars an hour. Their efforts, unfortunately, failed to save my friend from prison and from losing everything we have.

On top of the shit stain cobbler that today already is, I now get to go to my new stepmother’s house and celebrate the elopement of her and my father that took place on a cruise they took last week.

I don’t care. I want my dad to be happy. But today of all days, all I want to do is go home, eat a ton of rocky road ice cream, cuddle Taylor and cry myself to sleep.

Except the ice cream and the freezer it’s kept in have probably been seized by the plaintiffs in the civil suit.

I dive through the closing elevator doors, the toe of my cowboy boot catching on the metal edge. I stumble into the crowded box and nearly ram face first into a rather unhappy looking Uber Eats delivery gal holding a takeout bag with “Lee’s Golden Garden” printed on the side.

“Shit, sorry. Not my best day.” I smile and do what I can to right myself and disappear into the corner as the doors slide shut and the scent of mushu pork makes my stomach turn sour.

I don’t miss the eye roll and the look the suited legal eagles give me.

I cock an eyebrow at one of them, on a sniff and a nod with my best Godfather ‘sup’ imitation, then add a half curtsy in my black yoga pants and 2XLT gray hoodie which looks more like a dress on my four-foot eleven frame.

Besides the vomiting, oversized hoodies have become another close friend. They are the best at hiding my growing baby bump and sort of give off an 'I'm not really here' vibe, which makes me feel invisible.

I like invisible.

It's pretty much how I felt going to school. I was never part of the popular crowd, but I wasn't picked on either. I have always been short and I think people just sort of forgot I was there, which suited me fine.

Mason and I met when I was hiding in a cement culvert, humming and writing down song lyrics on our lunch hour in fifth grade.

He wasn't as lucky as I was. He was a target from as far back as I can remember. But that day, in that culvert, he was out of breath from running from his tormentors and there I was, hogging the best hiding place at Jonson Elementary and he looked so desperate.

"Can I hide in here with you?" he asked, swallowing and looking over his shoulder, his left eye already starting to swell.

With one nod, and an hour of him telling me I should be a country music star, we were best friends.

Still are. Only, I won't be seeing him for seven to ten years, maybe less with good behavior. Damn it, Mason. What were you thinking? You'd never so much as lifted a candy bar from a corner store before you milked nearly a hundred-million dollars from clients into an investment portfolio that was built on a slimy, slippery slope at best.

When the doors slide open and I step into the bustling lobby, people are tapping their phones and looking annoyed like today is any other day. Today is the day I officially become a mother-to-be. Being a surrogate definitely woke up my material feelings, but I made a deal with Mason and I intended to keep it. The baby was his, I was surely going to be a very special Aunt or whatever, but full blown motherhood, and single motherhood, was not on the dance card.

My hoodie hides my "condition", but the doctor said I'm one of the lucky ones that hasn't popped out much, but she assured me I will. Maybe it's my short stature or the bit of a belly I had to begin with, but unless I'm naked

and doing the back arch slash belly rub, no one would know I'm two thirds into my journey toward bringing a baby into the world.

A baby that was never supposed to be mine. I'm a virgin. Unless you consider the metal instrument that was used to secure the embryo into my womb as doing the deed. On the street, cars are zipping by. Since the weather is amazing today, downtown Spokane is flooded with more people than usual. Fire colored leaves are scattered on the gray sidewalk and float in the breeze from the trees planted in open dirt squares along the street's edge.

The city has never been a draw for me, but that's where Mason had his condo and then the one he bought for me as well after we agreed on me using my womb to make his dreams of fatherhood come true. The business grew on me and the ability to walk downstairs and grab an overpriced caramel macchiato twenty-four hours a day was a perk I hadn't considered.

All that is gone now except for the few personal items left in my place that the legal team arranged to give me a week to retrieve before the state changes the locks and I lose the little bit of what I have left inside.

I sigh as people cut around me and I consider for a moment how much it would cost to disappear to Costa Rica.

How am I going to explain having a baby to my father? I shake my head and decide to delay that decision. There's a Starbucks half a block down near where I've got my VW parked behind a dumpster in the alley. The parking structure where I used to park the Tesla Mason bought me was full and the next closest one is three blocks away. My bladder was not on board with walking that far.

I snicker as I work my way toward the green mermaid sign, remembering the nickname Mason gave me the day we left the OB/GYN office with the confirmation I was in fact with child.

The Virgin Nancy.

My boots make a scraping noise as I move forward, a soft little *tap tap flutter* in my tummy makes my eyes start to burn, but I bite back the sorrow and cling to the surprising new excitement I have about the baby.

It's not something I ever considered, but now that it's happening I feel this *connection*.

The farther the pregnancy progressed, the more I wanted to propose a co-parenting sort of deal, but fate had different plans.

Now, I'm on my own. And I'm surprisingly okay with that. Beyond the obvious issues that I have nowhere to live, no job, no savings and escaped a possible jail sentence, I can't wait to be a mom.

I order my drink and watch a woman in the corner talking on her phone and rolling a stroller back and forth a few inches over and over. The urge to assault her with about a thousand questions overwhelms me.

What is the best brand of diapers?

Do I need little shoes right away or do I wait until they are trying to walk?

Who is your pediatrician?

What about daycare?

And, vaccinations? Oh God, what about—

“Nancy?” The barista calls my name. The scent of the brewing coffee washing through me like a calming breeze. As I step to the counter, her eyes connect with Taylor's paw sneaking out from between the square metal openings on the carrier door. “You can't have a cat in here. It's against health codes.”

“You're a dog person aren't you?” I shake my head on a groaning exhale slipping off the little paper condom from the green straw and take a sip, closing my eyes on a long slow breath.

Ten seconds in.

Hold for ten seconds.

Exhale ten seconds.

With renewed strength from the breathing exercise I found on TikTok and the sweet, caramel, life-giving decaf macchiato, I straighten my spine, grab the cat carrier, and turn out the doors toward the alley.

As I spin on the heel of my boot, straw pinched between my teeth, all the zen calm I've just mustered flutters away on the fall morning breeze.

"Wait!" I shout, breaking into a half jog toward the little covered scooter topped with a spinning red light. "I'm...pregnant!"

Time to pull out the big guns.

"This your car, ma'am?" The female officer holding an electronic ticket generator in her hand turns my way.

"It is." I huff, shuffling the last few steps her way, feigning exhaustion as I set the cat carrier on the wet asphalt of the alley huffing and puffing. "See, I'm expecting." I arch my back settling my palm on my belly. "I just needed the bathroom. It was an emergency, you know? I was gone like *two* seconds."

I nod, trying to garner some mutual ovarian sympathy as she holds her lips tight and I take another sip of my drink.

"Just needed the bathroom?" She points at the Venti whipped cream topped cup in my hand, then at Taylor. "Ma'am, this is clearly marked no parking. It's a fire route, I've already called the tow truck."

"Oh, no, *please*."

She ignores my plea and goes back to tapping on the black device in her hand as my phone starts to ring. "Just please, please, I'm begging you, give me one sec..." I say, holding up my index finger with one hand and my phone with the other.

That seems to stop her tapping as I look at the screen and groan. "Hi, Dad."

"Baby. I'm just making sure you are on your way. Sheila made quiche for breakfast. And cinnamon rolls an hour ago and we want to spend as much time with you and James as possible before we leave for the airport, but neither of you are here."

Oh God. *James*. I can't even with today.

"I know, sorry. Dad, things went longer than I thought with the lawyers."

He sighs on the other end of the phone. “I’m sorry. I know this whole thing with Mason has been hard. It will be a good distraction for you to come celebrate with us.”

He’s been off in Dubai working on a new oil drilling project most of the last year. I gave him the outline of what was happening in my life, but left out most of the gory details. Including anything about the baby.

“Sure, yes, Dad, but wait...” The police officer goes back to tapping. “Please, *wait*, I’ll leave right now, I—”

“Sorry. Tow truck’s coming.” She says without looking up.

“What?” Dad barks into my ear. “Who is that? What tow truck? Did your car break down? Did you not get the oil changed? You have to do that every five thousand miles, I’ve told you that a hundred times--”

The officer shrugs and points down the alley where a loud beep-beep-beep has started with yellow and orange lights spinning as a tow truck backs down the alley toward my Robin’s Egg blue 1977 VW bug.

“No, Dad. It’s getting towed.”

“*Nancy*,” he says in that tone only dads use when they know you’ve earned your consequence, but they still want you to know they love you anyway. “Towed? Where are you?”

“Lancaster and Seventh. In the alley next to Starbucks.”

“Hold on, one sec...”

This is the Monday-ist of Mondays ever. I take a sip of my iced *decaf*, the sweetness coating my throat. This is not how I wanted this day to go down. I have a few bags packed in the back of my car with some girl-human looking clothes inside. There’s also a hairbrush and toothbrush, which I didn’t bother to use this morning in rebellion against the attorneys that failed to find some miracle precedent that would exonerate my best friend and allow us to continue on with our fairytale nerd style, aromantic happily ever after.

“Ma’am?” The cop waves me over. “I need you to sign this.”

“Nancy?” My father’s voice comes through the phone. “Nancy, listen, you’re in luck! James is right around the corner. He’s on his way, he can pick you up, he was at a team photoshoot at the plaza. Sheila was on the phone with him, he’s right—there.” He pauses as Sheila says something in the background. “He’s pulling up now, Black Ford truck he’ll bring you home.”

James.

I think of the recent research I’ve done on my new stepbrother, James “The Savage” White.

Ever since my father told me a month ago that his girlfriend’s—now wife’s—son was the star of the Spokane Savages, I’ve gone full on fan girl over the dark-haired hockey forward who is now technically my brother.

Stepbrother.

God. He’s just...magnificent. So out of my league. So...out of bounds.

I know zippity-do-da about hockey, but I know one thing, James ‘The Savage’ White has one heck of a stick.

I feel lightheaded as the sound of a rumbling engine comes from behind. There’s a clattering of metal as the tow truck driver yanks the chains from the lift toward my VW and I turn. The police officer holds the device out, looking annoyed, waiting for me to sign. But I’m frozen.

My pelvic region has just come online after twenty years of dormancy.

James tosses his head to the side as he steps down from a midnight black pick-up that looks big enough to house a small family. He stands for a second in the late October breeze next to the driver’s side door. Swirls of unruly rich black-coffee hair fall onto his forehead, and he swipes them backward with a mitt-sized hand, flashing a devilish smile at the female cop with barely a split-second glance my way.

“Hey, hey,” he says in a voice that shakes loose emotions inside me I long thought I didn’t have. “We’ve got a bit of a misunderstanding here.” He shoots me a wink as he passes, eyes so dark I feel myself falling into their

depths as they sweep up and down my well covered body; and I dig my heels into the wet concrete, trying to stay upright.

I was wrong. He's not magnificent.

He's every male God on Olympus combined into a specimen so perfect, all my years of believing I was asexual are dripping out of me and into the slip of pink panties between my now shaking thighs.

"See," he starts as he approaches the now wide-eyed officer. "This is all my fault."

He presses a splayed hand over his chest, shaking his head as I take a long, admiring look at him from another angle. As he passed by, I drew in a deep inhale, swooning at the mixture of spicy clean soap and a hint of the exhaust from his still running truck.

He scratches the back of his neck with fingers that only heroes are allowed to have.

"Hey!" The tow-truck driver stands, the chains in his hands dangling forgotten as he nods toward my stepbrother. "*Savage!* Man!" He swivels his head around as though there is a crowd he's addressing. "It's *Savage!*"

"Hi." He nods toward the driver. "Just, hold on there, bud, okay? Don't hook her up yet. Call it a favor, for me." He extends his arm from his chest adding a little Godfather style sniff.

The burly driver drops the chains, holding his hands up, palms forward. "I don't even know why I'm here."

James nods, giving him a thumbs up, then exhales, crossing his thick arms and steps toward the cop.

A low punch hits me in the gut from inside, reminding me I'm carrying another man's child while lust flows through me like forbidden lava.

Why is it the first man that brings my sexuality online has to be my stepbrother?

I think that's why Mason and I got along so well. He had no interest in girls and I had no interest in boys. For a year there, we sort of thought maybe it

was that we were both gay, or non-binary or just slow on the uptake as far as romantically aligned feelings.

I stayed in that lane, but as Mason grew his net worth, suddenly he was offered a buffet of delectable females of the caliber I guess he never imagined would be on the menu for a guy like him. But after a few failures, he noticed it wasn't their affection and love that brought them to him, it was his money.

Me? I was a total flat line.

That is, until now.

Right. Now.

James leans in to talk to the female officer, his voice a low murmur as I scan the back view of my new stepbrother that awakens a throbbing down in my core. Even though a part of me worries whether the officer might say something about the desperate pregnant lady with the cat, the lust is stronger than my anxiety.

God, he's beyond incredible. The black t-shirt stretches across his back, showing the movement of muscles underneath as he runs a hand up and down his torso. Bulges under the skin of his arms move like a languid symphony of masculinity and his thick thighs lock, making the cheeks of his butt flex under his loose blue jeans.

He's got the officer eating out of his hand. She's punching keys on the ticket device, then, looking frustrated, she flips it over and pops open the back, snapping a battery pack off. With a complicit feminine grin and a cock of her hip, she joins in James's antics as he makes prayer hands then jerks his head back toward me.

His smile fades as our eyes meet, like I've disappointed him somehow. He's the definition of power, not only his height but the taper of his torso down to his hips and the way his jaw locks as the sink holes of darkness under his heavy brow narrow.

I'm sweating like I'm in a Swedish sauna, despite the chill in the swirling wind that's tossing my hair across my face as I sputter and spit it from my gaping mouth.

James and the tow truck driver exchange man-speak, then he signs a piece of paper the driver rushes and pulls from his truck. There's a selfie, then a handshake and by now, the cop has driven by me in the little traffic scooter without a look.

Then, it's the moment of truth. One that I was dreading earlier today, but now, I'd give my right kidney to avoid.

"Well, that's one way to meet my new sister."

"Yeah..." It's all my brain can muster.

Silence mingles in the air as things are quivering and clenching below my belly button.

"Okay, well, sis..." he says with an upward tick of the corner of his lips and I want to write a new song about the things his eyes and his lips are doing to me. "Not how I expected us to meet, but, I guess I'll see you back at the house for the celebration of us becoming family."

Sis. Family.

I gather the handful of brain cells still left firing and will my feet to move toward my car, fishing the keys out of my backpack as the tow truck driver secures his chains. I sink into the driver's seat of my Bug and push in the clutch.

I force a tight smile to my lips and turn the key.

Click. *Click.*

No. No, *no, no.*

Again.

Click. *Click.*

Then, there's a thick smell of gasoline.

James sidesteps, reaching in and tugging me out of the car, then snaps his tongue over his sexy teeth.

He cocks his head toward the truck, then lifts two fingers to his lips, slipping them between to whistle.

“Hey, gonna need that tow after all.” He nods toward my car waving the driver back over. “Take it to Lucky’s on Middle Rd and Forth. Tell Mike I sent it and to do whatever it needs and call me when it’s done.”

Something flickers behind his dark eyes as I gather up my backpack from the passenger seat and step back out into the alley.

“Guess you’ll need a lift, sis. Didn’t think I’d be doing all this big brother saves the day stuff so soon.”

“Yeah, sorry. I’m not having the best day.”

“Well, let’s see if I can change that. Come on, Mom and Dad are waiting.”

Gulp.

CHAPTER 2



James

I just got a hard-on for my new sister.

I knew I'd be meeting her today, but I never expected her to give me a woody and a nice handful of one of the softest asses I've ever touched as I boosted her pint-size body up into the truck.

She's fucking fun sized with an emphasis on the fun. I could mount her on my dick and use her like a human Fleshlight except with tits and a crazy little smile that makes me wonder if my mom had it wrong when she told me she was twenty.

She looks fucking young. *Too* fucking young. But maybe that's her cherub round face, those blond little curls that frame her pink cheeks and the fact that the top of her head barely brushes the bottoms of my pecs.

She's a doll. A life sized, boner inducing, doll.

That is now my stepsister.

What. The. Fuck.

I crank up the A/C, trying to knock out the ball of heat exploding in my chest as she swings her feet next to me like a toddler, humming a Taylor Swift song as I take us onto the freeway toward my mom's place.

It takes an act of God to get me to look twice at a woman these days. I'm so focused on achieving my goals, on showing I'm more than just a thug with a temper. There's no space for women, even as a distraction. But here's this little curly blonde baby-doll in all her doe-eyed innocence and I want her more than I've ever wanted a woman in my life.

A girl.

No, woman.

She's twenty, I remind myself. Thank fuck.

She's hiding herself under that sweatshirt, but my hands have already memorized the feel of her sweet ass. She's as curvy as a soft minute under there and I want to strip her naked and bury my boner into her morning and night until she understands this is her life now.

I wanted to mount her ass on my face and explore her from clit to pucker for the next fifty fucking years.

But, this isn't going to happen. No fucking way.

I am not a slave to my dick. Not like half the guys on the team, laying it down with a different puck bunny every night. Meaningless sex was never a draw for me. I think it had something to do with the fear of knocking a girl up and having to spend the next eighteen years raising a kid I didn't want.

I'm not a bastard, not really, I just don't want fucking kids. Never did.

But, the way my balls are crawling around inside my Levi's right now, they may have found a new reason for producing all those little breeding soldiers I've never released into the bare wild of any woman before.

I've had my share of attraction, I'm not dead, but not like this. Is it the fact that she's my new stepsister? That whole get-it-on-with-family kink kicking in?

I don't think so.

Ever since my little brothers went to live with our father in Anchorage children were not in my plans. I spent too many years raising Jacob and Joseph while my mom worked two jobs and went to school.

I've parented enough, and once my career took off, that's been the love of my life. Hockey and winning. Getting that cup secured for our team for a second year in a row. Getting the team captain position.

Hockey is my muse. Or it was. It is, I mean.

Fuck, she's got me *feeling* things and I want to know how she tastes more than I want that next win.

"Sorry for the trouble. It's been a wild day," she says with a voice that makes my dick spurt cum into my boxers.

Fuck, she's sexy yet sweet. The kind of girl you want to rail in your backseat and spit in her mouth while she calls you Daddy, then take her home to Mom for Sunday dinner.

"Sorry isn't necessary. I was right around the corner. You were in trouble, I saved the day. You owe me now." I give her a wink and see her flinch.

Am I scary or has no one ever winked at her before? Maybe both, considering the way her cheeks are turning pink and she's nibbling her lip.

"Well, that's not exactly appropriate, is it? Telling me I owe you for helping me. So much for brotherly love and chivalry."

"You want me to show you my chivalry? It's big. I've got brotherly chivalry coming out of my—"

"*Okay!*" She throws her hands out, dropping her chin as her blonde curls curtain her face. "Are you always like this or are you just busting my balls in some sibling rivalry initiation?"

"If anyone's balls are getting busted here, it's mine. You're making them ache there little bit." I snap my tongue in my cheek as she rolls her eyes, but the pink on her cheeks turns crimson and I want to see how that looks all over her naked body. "I'm just playing with you. You look like you could use a little playtime."

“Are you serious right now?”

“Dead. Mom said you’re an only child, older brothers are a pain the ass. I hate to say this, sis, but you may be off limits, but my dick doesn’t seem to care. That handful of your ass I got a few minutes ago woke him from the dead.”

Her sparkling, dazzling blue eyes zero in on me, trying to puzzle out what my game is. “Is that so?” She glances at my lap. “I don’t see anything waking up from here.”

Atta girl. Give it back.

She furrows her cute as fuck brow, giving me a dead-eyed stare, but I see the fire behind her eyes. She’s a little off balance, a little confused, and I love it. I want her right here in that place that has her only thinking of me. Even if she is just thinking about what an asshole her new brother is.

“Can we talk about something other than what affects you below the waist? It’s...” She shrugs. “It’s a character you play. I’ve seen it on the internet. That look you have...” She jabs two fingers at her eyes then across toward mine. “It’s an act.”

I cock an eyebrow, watching her tug at her fingers with a solid set of her jaw as she studies me. Her chest rises under the enormous black sweatshirt, and I note the hint of her hard nipples pressing out.

“I’ll give you half a point for your observation.”

“Half a point? Can you score half a goal in hockey?”

I shake my head, palming the wheel as I turn down the main drag out of Spokane toward Liberty Park where my mom has her house. “No half anything in hockey, baby. You go balls out all in, or you get the fuck out. We don’t tolerate half anything.”

“You ever get half a hard-on?”

This girl.

This. Fucking. Girl.

“Now who’s talking about things below my waist?”

We both let out a laugh as I slow to a stop at a red light and she wiggles, looking into the back seat where I tossed the four bags she had packed up in her VW with the cat carrier sitting on top.

“Nice pussy,” I murmur when the cat meows from its bag giving her a smirk as she rolls her eyes to the ceiling.

“That was funny, but I still think you’re a bit of a cocky asshole. And it’s Taylor, my friend’s cat actually, but now mine.”

She’s not wrong about me being cocky. Or an asshole. But for once, I care what someone thinks. A part of me likes this back and forth dance we’re doing, but she’s roused something new inside me and I don’t want her dismissing me as a cocky hockey bastard so fast.

I spent enough years being dismissed.

My heart is knocking around in my chest and something inside me wants things from her I’ve never felt before.

Ask her something about herself. Change course.

“What’s with all the stuff? You going on a trip?”

Her chest softens as the light flips to green and I accelerate, taking an unnecessary turn, wanting more time with her to myself before we get to the house and I have to share her with our parents.

“Not really?” She sounds tense and it ignites something protective inside of me. “I sort of was moving, I guess.”

“You’re doing a lot of guessing there, little bit. Do you not have a place to go? Be honest.”

She lets out a breath like she’s been holding it in for a year and I want to reach over and tug her next to me and tell her whatever it is, I’ll fucking fix it. I want to fix it.

“It’s complicated.”

“Go on.”

“See, my friend, Mason. I was working for him and living in a unit at the Staton Lofts, but he sort of...”

I raise my fingers from the steering wheel. “I know. Sorry, I think my mom mentioned you were his...assistant or something? Fucker, screwed over a lot of people. Including you, it sounds like. I’d like to get a few minutes alone with him and make sure he knows never to mess with you again.”

“No.” She shakes her head. “He’s not bad. He was taking care of me, but yeah, he made mistakes. He tried to get them to let me stay, but they seized all his assets. I have a week to get the rest of my stuff out of the loft, but honestly...” She looks in the back seat again. “This is about it. Four shitty bags and Taylor. My life. Right there.”

“There’s something to be said for traveling light.” I slide my fingers down her arm, feeling her shiver. “Besides this truck, and if you don’t count my hockey equipment, I don’t have much more than that.”

I nod toward her bags and her face softens. She likes that we have something in common.

Baby, we’re going to have so much in common. Very soon.

“Admit it though, you liked that filthy talk. You’re a dirty girl deep down.”

She snorts through her clenched teeth. “I’ve never been talked to like that before. I’m pretty proud I handled it so well. For a second, I considered jumping out the window. Or punching you in the nose.”

“Good luck. I put the child locks on as soon as I got in the truck. And my nose has been broken a few times, I’d barely feel it.”

“You are trouble with a capital T, mister...or should I say...” She squeezes her eyes shut for a beat then brightens as she opens them, clears her throat and uses an exaggerated announcer’s voice, “*Jaaaaames*, The Savage, *White!*”

Fuck. I almost come in my pants. She’s a temptation I can never resist. It’s a done deal. Sooner or later, tonight or tomorrow or next week, I’m going to be balls deep in my new little sister.

CHAPTER 3



Nancy

“*G*irl, I get it.” Azra, the VA Mason hired for me as more of a moral support and paid friend, nods on the screen of my phone.

I adjust the pillows on the bed in the room Dad and Sheila offered me to settle in when I turned up with bags and a cat in tow. Leaning back, I let out a long exhale when my back muscles relax. Taylor jumps off from my lap to play with his tail on the floor.

“Watching Mason walk away... I wanted to curl into the fetal position and start rocking back and forth.” I shake my head. I cried enough and it’s not good for me or the baby. So I continue filling Azra in while biting back tears again. “But then, *then*, this whole stepbrother thing, with the filthy talk and the eyes that make me want to lick chocolate sprinkles from his abs for the rest of my life...”

“Girl...” She trails off, turning her camera toward her laptop screen. “I wouldn’t need the chocolate sprinkles for him.” She’s got pictures of James pulled up on her Google search. When she turns the camera back around, I chuckle; she’s biting into the knuckles on her fist, playfully swiping the drool off her mouth. “He definitely looks *savage*.”

I glance toward the door, worrying someone may hear her. But Dad and Sheila are in the backyard, enjoying the day, while James went out to grab some champagne for Sheila.

The cinnamon rolls and quiche were cold by the time we got here, but I didn't care. I got loaded up with a generous plate of food and told to go take a rest. Honestly, Sheila is lovely. I hope Dad realizes how lucky he is.

Azra tugs her purple hair into a ponytail. I see her fingers move quickly over her laptop always working.

"Says here," she says as she reads off her screen, "that he had the nickname before he joined the Savages. Did you know that?"

I shake my head. "So, what, he always wanted to play for them or..."

"Nope. The Savage was on account of his temper and reputation as being a fighter on the ice. He could take on anyone and pretty much always knocked them out. Or their teeth." She chuckles. "Anyway, there's a few headlines from hockey magazines saying 'Savage joins the Savages' or whatever. Kind of funny." Her smile fades. "So tell me, how was Mason?"

"SAD. It was just sad, but he wasn't even worried about going to prison. I mean, it's federal prison, not like...super max with gang wars and cavity searches. He was worried more about me and the baby. Gosh, Azra... we had these rose-colored glasses on about the baby and the future. I knew he would make a great father; otherwise, I would never have agreed to everything. We were always just each other's biggest cheerleader, and no matter what, we knew if we did things together, everything would work out."

Mason has the kind of mind that can calculate ten years of market data at a glance then formulate the short or long risk but, keeping milk in the fridge? Or toilet paper in the closet and the electric bill paid?

Not on his bingo card. So, he hired me. He trusted me and I loved him. In a best friend and partners in crime sort of way.

Only, I didn't realize the crime part was *real* until the FBI came knocking on my door and from there, it was a slippery slope into where I'm at now.

Azra nods at me with understanding in her brown eyes, lined with bright blue eyeliner. "He was easy to love."

"Did I ever tell you he was voted least likely to get laid in high school in the mock election?" I let out a humorless chuckle, rubbing my belly through my black hoodie.

"Fuckin' American high school traditions. And they make movies about how horrible American high school is." She curses and adds with a glare, "Did they vote you into anything?"

Until I met Azra, I'd never met anyone from Turkey. She has a foul mouth and bad temper while looking like a colorful fairy but works harder than anyone I've known. And she is also loyal; even though Mason can't pay her, she's stuck with me. And I'm grateful for it.

"No. No one really noticed me. I was little and quiet and sort of had a blending in superpower," I begin, getting up from the bed to walk around, bending down to try to touch my toes then stretch my fingertips toward the ceiling. "But, when you're six foot eight and close to four hundred pounds with bad skin and a lisp and lost all your hair in sophomore year from chemo, Mason didn't have the same luck."

"And testicular cancer. I hope they didn't make fun of that."

I bob my eyebrows, tracing my finger along the carved edge of the writing desk in front of the window. Looking out at the back lawn where a rectangular pool is covered for the season but I can't help but think of James diving into the deep end, his swim shorts clinging to his body...

Taylor swivels his head my way, licking his lips on a slow blink like he's reading my mind. He flicks his tail, once, twice as I reach out and try to grab it as he yawns, letting me know how bourgeois his new surroundings are.

"Yeah, they had a particular cruelty when it came to Mason. Nothing was off limits, including potentially life ending diseases. I think when you are

that big, it's almost like they think you are invincible. Or they just don't think."

"The latter, I'm afraid," Azra says, blowing out a breath. Leaning back on her chair with a rainbow colored back and neck rest pillows, she grabs her coffee cup and focuses on me. "You feeling good? Anything I can do?"

I wonder what Mason is doing this instant as that fluttering in my belly reminds me play time is over and soon, I will be changing diapers and lamenting the high cost of good daycare.

"I feel good. Morning sickness flickers back to life only rarely. If I smell any seafood..." I make a gagging sound with my tongue out. "But, other than that, I feel good. Physically."

"You look great," she says as I shake my head. "I mean it. Like, even with all the bad stuff, you just look healthy."

"Well, I have a place to sleep for the night. But I'm going to have to ask my dad for money and I hate it, but I need to get a place to live, fast."

Right on cue, there's a knock on the bedroom door and all the fluttering in my belly heads south when I hear my stepbrother's voice. "Hey, sis. You decent?"

The doorknob clicks and he's right there, filling up the doorway with all his hunky hockey-star sexiness, making me bite back a moan and clench my thighs together.

"Normally you wait until someone answers before you walk in."

He shrugs, walking toward me with a sexy smirk before he runs his hand down the back of my head on a wink. "I was hoping for some surprise indecency. Little disappointing, to be honest."

"You'll live." I look up, up, up at him as he runs his fingers over his forehead, shaking his head.

"Maybe. I'll need something to keep me going."

"Ah-hem," Azra says and James looks down at the phone in my hand. "Hiii, I'm Azra."

“Huh.” James smiles, giving her a salute. “Nice to meet you.” He turns his eyes back on me, making me flush and tap my feet on the carpet. “Mom and Dad want to have a little celebration toast before they leave. Mom wants to ask you something too.” He runs his tongue along his lower lip and I want to write songs about his mouth.

“I’ll be right down.”

He nods, turning and whistling as he slow walks out of the room, the sight of his ass making my mouth fall open and that rush of forbidden warmth spreads from the aching button of my clit outward like fire ripples on the surface of a pond.

“Azra, I...” I mutter, but she shakes her head.

“Just go. Damn. I’d follow that guy wherever he goes,” she says, blowing a kiss to the screen before ending the call.

I give myself a look in the mirror. Hair, usual, nothing can be done there. Make up, minimal, but I suck at putting it on so less is more with me.

Clothes, black hoodie, white men’s t-shirt under, gray stretch pants and pink slippers because Sheila doesn’t allow you to wear shoes in the house.

Perfect for a wedding celebration.

I hop down the stairs. I’ve been around Sheila a few times before when she came home with Dad six months ago for a visit. She’s nice. Well put together. Has probably never worn a hoodie in her life. Her style is an odd but surprisingly workable Brooks Brothers meets Betsy Johnson.

She’s a tad uptight but her house is modern and warm, and sort of upscale suburban. Reminds me a little of that house in the Brady Bunch with open spaces and vaulted ceilings. Mason loved the Brady Bunch. He had every episode on DVD from high school and in his streaming library on Amazon Prime.

With a sigh, I bound into the kitchen where my dad’s laughing and Sheila’s talking. As I push through the swinging door separating the sunken living room into the gleaming white kitchen, I run headlong into James who catches me in those oak solid arms mid free fall.

Outside of the brushes of his hand on my hair or my arm and the little ass grab he gave me as I tried to climb into this truck, this is the first real full on contact I've had with him.

It stutters my heart and makes heat climb from my toes upward in a blaze of molten need.

God, what is happening here?

I went from the solid side of never feeling a flutter of sexual attraction to wanting to mount him like I've made a deal with the devil. Does he have some magical pheromones?

I was perfectly happy to not deal with the chaos and roller coaster ride of the romantic human experience. From my experience, living life as an asexual, aromantic was a win.

As James tugs me upright and I feel more of that solid oak he's made out of pressing into my side, all the years of nothingness fall away; replaced with a mating force so strong sparks dance in my eyes and my ovaries spasm, primed and ready for some good old fashioned, non-Petrie dish sort of baby making.

Hold up there, cowgirls, I gotta give birth to this baby first.

"You okay?"

No, not even close. I'm knocked up by an unknown sperm donor, no one knows I'm pregnant. I have no job, no place to live and suddenly, I have a stepbrother I want to teach me all the things I never thought much about before him.

"Fine," I mouth in a hasty breath because his face is next to mine. Our breaths mingle hot between us as panic ignites in my belly.

I've got so much to hide. What am I thinking?

"I'll always make sure you're okay. Sis." He rasps against my ear before settling me upright on my wobbly legs, holding onto my shoulders until I regain the executive functioning in my frontal lobe.

“So, you two sure met under unusual circumstances.” My dad chuckles, stepping my way for a side hug. “Nothing like a big strong brother to come riding to the rescue, huh, sweetie?”

Dad squeezes my shoulder as I force a tight smile, my brain cells feel like they’ve been scrambled, and I have to pee.

The peeing is nothing new, but still, it needs to be addressed before I wet my pants in a completely different way.

“Hello...” Sheila smiles, standing there like she’s just come from the salon adorned in a cool mint green blazer paired with black faux leather pleated shorts. Wow. Who could pull that off? “I know this has probably come as a pretty big surprise to you both.” She nods toward James who is staring at me like I’m a roasted turkey leg at the RenFair, then back to me, resting her fingertips on my forearm. “I hope you both will forgive us for being impulsive. But it’s felt right for awhile and let’s face it.” My dad sidesteps and plants a kiss on her cheek. “Tanner and I are not getting any younger. And we didn’t want the expense of a big wedding.”

She makes a pish-posh sound, waving her hand in the air and the rather generous pear-shaped diamond on her ring finger tells me they put the wedding money elsewhere. And I really don’t complain. My dad has always been loving, but probably because of his early Marines days, he used to be a bit sharp. His life was full of rules and sharp edges, until Sheila. She seemed to change him. He seems more relaxed now, smiles and laughs much easier. And he definitely doesn’t take kids to corn mazes to give them some life lessons.

I tug at the belly of my hoodie, popping it out then releasing it as James stares at me from his place leaning on the black granite counter. He’s got his hooks on me and I do not like it one bit. We are family now and I’m pretty sure the odds of anything working out between us are zero to nil and we’ve got a whole future together whether we like it or not.

So, I need to gird my loins and buckle up my chastity belt because his scent is making my knees wobble.

“So, can we toast?” my dad asks, eyeing everyone before grabbing the champagne bottle from the ice filled bar sink in the expansive island.

“James, glasses?”

He nods toward the four flutes on the counter and James holds them out as Dad pops the cork, Sheila lets out an excited squeal and I head for the bathroom.

“Where you going?” James sneers, grabbing my arm as I try to pass. “I don’t like when you walk away.”

“Just need a minute.” I look to see Dad and Sheila holding up their glasses, waiting; so I grit my teeth and hiss an exhale through them as James hands me a glass, then grabs one for himself, tugging me next to him in a side hug that makes my heart leap frog around in my chest.

“Here’s to love,” James says as he raises his glass. “And to family. I always wanted a little sister.”

Dad and Sheila do a little ‘here here’ then everyone puts their glass to their lips and takes a drink.

Except me. I do the pretend drink. Letting the bubbly liquid tickle my tight lips then set it down on the counter with a solid nod and an ‘mmmmm’ sound before wiggling against the man that’s got me clamped against his side and ducking toward the half bath in the hallway.

Splashing water on her face, I try to cool my cheeks that are burning like wildfire. After using the bathroom, I look at myself in the mirror. Even though the hoodie hides my figure, soon, I’ll look as pregnant as I feel. I remind myself of my doc appointment this afternoon that I forgot to cancel so I wouldn’t get charged a no-show fee. I’ll have to call an Uber now.

When I emerge from the bathroom, everyone is seated around the table. My stomach flutters when I see James piling food on a plate for me. “Ah, here you are,” Sheila says when I take my seat next to James. “Time flies and we have to leave but since breakfast was a bust, I threw a little frozen lasagna in the oven. I want to have a family meal together before we leave. Even if it’s just a few bites.”

I smile and nod at her, bringing a bit of the cheesy pasta to my lips.

“So, honey,” Dad says, clearing his throat. “We have to catch our flight but Sheila wants to ask you something...”

“Since I am taking a position with the corporate décor department, I’ll be gone with your dad for six months. I didn’t have time to plan for anyone to watch the house, but since...” She gives me a warm pity-smile then finishes. “Well, since you might need a new place to live, why don’t you stay here? Free, of course. It would help us out and it’s a win win, I think.”

“Wow.” That’s the best news I’ve heard all day. Six months here alone, I’ll have time to get myself organized, have the baby, and tell my father.

Not necessarily in that order.

“Uh, yeah,” I stutter, swallow the hot bite in my mouth as James raises his eyebrows, taking another sip from his champagne glass, challenging me with those chocolate chip-colored eyes and panty dropping lips. “Yeah, wow, that would work out great, I think. Dad?”

My father nods, looking happier than he has in years and guilt pangs in my heart at the bomb I’m going to have to drop on him very soon.

“I think our new little family is getting off on the right foot.”

“Here, here.” James raises his glass, emptying it on a hard exhale, then announces. “I’ll be sure to keep an eye on her, Tanner, don’t worry about that. I sold my condo and the deal fell through on my new place, but I figured I was going to be on the road so much these next couple months, no rush to buy.” He shrugs. “I was gonna crash at Rodney’s place, but I like it here, and the company is getting better all the time. I’ve not only gained a sister, but a roommate. You good with that, Mom?”

Sheila claps on an excited squeal. “So perfect! You didn’t tell me you sold your condo. That’s great. Did you get the asking price?”

“Over.” James keeps his eyes on me. “Putting everything in storage except clothes and what I’ll need to crash here when I’m in town. The moving company has everything pretty much packed up.”

“Uhhh.” I groan, darting my eyes from James to the floor, shoving my hands into the pockets of my hoodie and fighting off the desire swirling in

my core.

Dad and Shiela hug, kiss and forget we are here. James leans down, brushes his lips on my cheek, then reaches around to the back of my neck with a possessive sort of squeeze.

“I sleep naked,” he murmurs.

Fuck a duck. How do I get out of this?

CHAPTER 4



James

Even a five-mile run doesn't dampen the ache in my balls. I'm bursting as I imagine her tight little body wrapped around my girth. I was thankful Rodney Bellotti, my best friend and teammate, decided to come over after I called to tell him I wouldn't need his hospitality after all.

We run together a few times a week anyway and my mom thinks of him as a second son, so he jetted over to say congratulations and goodbye before she and Tanner headed off to the airport.

It's been hella uncomfortable because I was running next to Rodney who is now bent over, hands braced on his knees as we pant in the driveway of Mom's place, his black Suburban parked next to my truck.

"You gotta save something for the game, man. You're a maniac today, what's your fucking deal?"

I walk in a small circle, staring at the upstairs window of the guest bedroom where Nancy was when I left for our run, hands on my hips, my torso bare and sweat covered even in the coolness of the November afternoon.

"Nothing." I swipe the back of my hand over my forehead and feel the twitch in my dick when I see a flash of her moving behind the sheer

curtains upstairs.

“Nothing, my ass. Don’t lose your focus, man. You’re right there.” He makes a motion with his fingers like he’s pinching a pea. “You gonna be the team’s youngest captain if you stay frosty and don’t fuck up. You know the coach is ready to make the call next month before playoffs. If you fuck this up and that fucking asshole Harold gets it, I’m coming for you myself.” He jabs a finger at me, straightening up and brushing his damp hair back over his head.

Rodney and I played against each other in our youth leagues before we were both pulled onto the minor league team, The Vipers, out of Seattle. From there, it was like we were a matched set. He got pulled into the NHL out of Detroit, but that didn’t last and then we both made it onto the Savages.

He’s got about fifty pounds on me but is built more like a brick wall. Six inches shorter and trying to knock him over is like throwing yourself into a five hundred year old sequoia.

“I got this,” I assure him, but all I can think are filthy thoughts about the little blonde cupid doll that’s my new stepsister. Her blue eyes are like some honeymoon lagoon in Bora Bora and if I can’t stop picturing her naked, my boner is going to be bringing my friendship with Rodney to a new level.

A level I don’t need. Or want.

I pinch my nose on a sniff and nod toward the garage. “Come on, water? Gatorade?”

He shakes his head. “Water, I got my LMNT packs in my bag. Don’t drink that chemical poison, man. You gotta clean up your diet. Go paleo.” He does a double bicep curl as we walk toward the open garage. “I feel better than ever.”

“I like carbs.”

“And high fructose corn syrup? You know how they make that shit, man? It’s chemical arsenic. Here.” He opens the back of his Suburban as we pass and pulls out two packs then jogs to catch up to me as I pull out two spring waters from the refrigerator. “Use this. It’s got all the electrolytes you need.

And salt. You need salt. Did you know, there's sodium in semen? You don't want your balls producing substandard swimmers, do you?"

I cough as he dumps the little packet into my water, then hands it to me. "I don't want you even thinking about my swimmers, got it?"

He laughs, then puts a packet in his water, shakes it up and guzzles it down.

I take a sip and gag. "Jesus, this is just like drinking ocean water."

"Yeah." He nods on a smile. "Salt, it's good for you. Drink."

"Nasty," I answer, but drink it anyway. I need the fucking distraction because my nuts are drawing up tight and the twitch in my dick isn't going away. "I gotta piss," I say, nodding toward the entry into the house from the garage and rolling my neck around as I walk that way.

Inside, her fucking little floral and sugar scent is in the air and out of the corner of my eye, I catch sight of the back of her black hoodie as she turns the corner of the kitchen into the family room.

"Who is that?" Rodney says, lips in a smirk as I point a finger at his face.

"Nobody."

He rolls his eyes, bobbing his head as he falls onto one of the bar chairs at the kitchen island. "You have someone in your house and you don't know who it is?"

"No, I mean yes," I snap, stomping toward the direction where she disappeared. "Just—shut up for a minute."

He throws up his hands on a grunt as I grab the back of my neck and half jog into the family room where she's now sitting cross-legged, poking at her phone with a scowl.

She doesn't see me and I note the AirPods in her ears as she shakes her head and turns a hand upward, annoyed at something on her phone.

"Perfect, no car and apparently, this neighborhood is an Uber dead zone." She holds her phone in a vice grip in front of her face. "I have places to be!"

This day is—*argggg*.” Her head falls onto the back of the sofa and knots form down my back.

I hate that she’s upset. Frustrated. Angry.

I hate it. *Why? What do I care?*

It’s not like she’s being attacked or burned at the stake, but from the violent rage that rumbles inside me toward whatever it is that’s fucking up her day, you’d never know it.

Rodney coughs in the kitchen as I stand behind Nancy, my boner nearly at full throttle, so I reach down and give it a quick adjustment, hoping the black baggy athletic shorts will give me some cover.

“Hey.” I step toward the fireplace where she’s facing, but with the AirPods in her ears she doesn’t respond. So I work my way three more steps until I’m directly in front of her, boner and all. “Hey!”

“*What!*” She startles, eyes wide, her hand flying to her chest. “Jesus and Jennifer, you made me pee my pants.” She blurts out, then corrects, “*Almost*, I mean. Just, don’t sneak up on me. I have a crazy startle reflex.”

“Sorry.” I hold up my hands then drop into the upholstered chair next to the fireplace, grabbing the pillow from the back and stuffing it on top of my rebellious erection. “Uber trouble?”

She nods with an exasperated sigh. “Yeah, like, two said they were on their way, then canceled. Is this like, a no Uber zone here?”

I shrug. “Don’t know. Never taken an Uber.”

“Well, I need one.” She goes back to her phone, her hand moving from her chest to squeeze her forehead.

“Okay, hold on.” I stand as she gives me an okay sign with her fingers, not looking up.

“I gotta go do something.” I tell Rodney as I pass through the kitchen. “See yourself out.”

“Wait, who’s the girl in there?”

“None of your fucking business, and there’s the door.” I point as he shakes his head and gives me the finger.

“See you at the game, asshole. Don’t be late, team captains aren’t late.”

I flip him off behind my back as I hear the door close and I take the stairs two at a time. With some fresh deodorant, clean jeans and a button-up shirt, I’m back downstairs in two minutes with my keys in my hand.

“Come on. Your Uber is here.”

“What?” She looks up at me, then down at her phone. “*Now* they’re here? This app is useless. Both said they canceled en route.”

“They did. I’m your Uber, little sis, now, come on. You gotta be somewhere, I’m gonna get you there. But I will say, all this white knight riding to your rescue is gonna cost you later.”

She sets her jaw, her cute as fuck little lips twitching as she considers my offer.

“Fine. Only because it’s a doctor’s appointment and I don’t want to miss it.”

Doctor?

“What’s wrong?” That heat rises inside me again. I have this primal urge to protect her which confuses the hell out of me, but I’m helpless under its power.

“Nothing. Just...” She stands, brushing her hands down her hips, tugging the sweatshirt out as she stuffs her phone into the side pocket of her black stretchy pants. “Just routine checkup, but getting an appointment is hard and if I don’t show, I gotta pay fifty bucks.”

“Then, let’s go.”

“Fine, but you are not coming in. You’re my driver, that’s all. And I need to pick up my last few things from my apartment. Please?”

I nod on a smirk. That *please* is giving me ideas. “Fair enough. But I expect a good tip.”



SHE'S silent and has been since she got back in the truck. Even when I took her to her old place, to pick up the pitiful few boxes she still had there, she barely said a word. Whenever I try to catch her eye, she looks away. I'm not sure if she's blushing or upset and it's beginning to fuck with me.

"Everything okay?" I ask because it's enough with this giving her space shit. I don't want any space between us, ever.

She replies with a noncommittal grunt.

"You're sure?"

"I'm fine."

"Nothing to worry about at the doctor?"

"What?" She turns my way with wide eyes like I surprised her somehow.

I stare back, still stunned at the effect this little sprite is having on me. "Nothing for me to worry about?"

"No." She shakes her head. "No, nothing for you to worry about."

"You're sure? Because if there's something wrong, I'll fix it. Whatever it is, I'll get you the best doctors in the world."

"It's nothing like that."

"But it is *something*?"

"No, just... It's nothing. Trust me. There's nothing to worry about. Just a checkup."

I nod as I pull in at the house, admiring her as we pull up. She reaches for the door handle but I press the button to lock her in.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

I grab her hand, pulling it to my chest. "You're sure there's nothing to worry about?"

“Sure.” She nods. “Can I—”

“No, you can’t.”

“What? Why?”

“Because I’m waiting for my *tip*. If there’s nothing wrong, then you have no excuse...”

My dick is as hard as a steel rod. Her scent spinning me into a psychotic sort of lust rage. Bantering with her and the warmth of her doll sized hand in my huge mitt has turned me into a crazy person.

She squirms in her seat and tries to tug her hand from mine.

“I don’t need an excuse. I’m sure you’ve heard the phrase, ‘no means no.’”

My chest burns as she glares at me with eyes so blue I want to dive in and never come up. “It’s just a kiss,” I say and there’s desire flickering in her glare. “And, for the record, you didn’t say no.”

I take a deep breath and lean over. I’m not going to give her the chance to say anything else. It’s been a year or more since I’ve been touched by a female or touched one. My focus is on my game, my career and all the puck bunnies checking off players on their dance cards over the years left me sour.

Living alone was fine with me. I didn’t envision a wife or a family like a lot of my teammates. But right now, my dick is a hundred kinds of neglected and the little pink glow on her cheeks has my fingers twitching to touch everything she’s hiding under that ridiculous hoodie.

There’s a tug in my chest as I stall my face in front of hers. “One kiss. Brother sister kind. Simple. Not much to ask for coming to your aid what, three times now?”

Her eyebrow ticks up as the twin pink spots on her cheeks flush outward, filling her face with heat. “Fine. Brother sister kiss. Like on the cheek—”

It’s all the consent I need. I grab at her like an adolescent boy, taking her mouth in mine, open, tongue, pressing, tasting...

She doesn't recoil, oh no. She's frozen, but her body liquefies under my hands as my horny mind spins with all the places I want to taste her. Conflict burns in my belly as I think of what a distraction this little tiger will be. She's a ray of sunshine wrapped in a black cloak like she's hiding something and I want to uncover all her secrets. But first...

"How was that?" I withdraw, leaving her Breathless as my cock throbs like a fucking toothache.

"Not so brotherly," she says, panting as I think of how wet she might be. How wet I need her to be.

"I'm a special brother." My pulse drums in my neck and I realize she's utterly unaware of how sexy she is.

Heat gathers down my spine as I clear my throat. "Unfortunately, I have to get to the stadium. Pre-game stuff. Can't be late," I say and I'm sure if I had more time, I'd have her on her back with my mouth between her legs and my cock balls deep, but I have a modicum of restraint left and making team captain won't be helped by showing up late.

"Got it. Hope you win," she says as she reaches for the door handle again, but I pop out of my side and race around before she can step down, grabbing her waist and holding her against me as I lower her down to the driveway.

My cock is on fucking fire, thinking of spinning her around and bending her over right here, pumping myself inside her like a madman.

"I'll dedicate the win to my new sister." I growl, my heart in my throat as I brush the backs of my fingers down her throat.

She shuffles up the walkway, mumbling something to herself, throwing her hands up as I watch in awe. Transfixed on her. She gives me a half-wave with a frustrated smile, then steps inside and closes the door.

I drive off, reaching down to give my dick a few comforting strokes.

Soon, boy, soon enough, we'll meet our new little sister the right way.

CHAPTER 5



Nancy

I'm absolutely stuffed.

Best. Big. Brother. Ever.

Within a half hour of him pulling out of the driveway after we kissed in the truck, there was a delivery driver standing on the porch with a pizza, fries, a side salad, mineral water and... well, some packet of something. He told me James had paid extra for him to go pick it up and I was supposed to mix it with the mineral water. Something to do with needing the right electrolytes and salts in my diet.

I have no idea. But I did as I was told. It tasted disgusting, like drinking seawater, but the food was divine.

A moment after I've finished, when I'm just starting to get comfy on the sofa, there's another knock at the door.

Good grief, what now? I can't eat another thing.

The knock comes again and I sigh as I get up and head for the door. And as I pull it open, it's not a delivery at all.

Not unless this is some swanky restaurant that does home deliveries in limousines.

I laugh as the driver touches the brim of his hat when he sees me. “I’m so sorry, I didn’t order a car. Maybe you got the address wrong? Someone has a big night planned though, huh? Between you and me, I’ve never actually been in a limousine.”

“Miss Rochet?”

I freeze, mouth open. I was about to close the door and wish him a good night but... “I’m sorry, is this some sort of joke?”

“No, ma’am.” He shakes his head. “Mr. White sent me. He told me that if you’re not ready I’m to wait as long as needed, so, take your time.”

“Mr. White? You mean James?”

He nods.

“James sent you? Okay, um...” I glance down at my camo fleece pajama pants and gray sweatshirt. “Are you taking me to the game?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“So it doesn’t matter what I’m wearing...”

This day just won’t die a quiet death.

But, what the hell, I to ride in a limo.

I grin and put up one finger, closing the door. I waddle-run up the stairs, check on Taylor, switch my fleece pants for leggings and I’m out the door, sitting in the back of my first limo feeling like T. Swift.

I text Azra, sending her a photo of the interior with its black leather upholstery and a mini bar. working for Mason, I never experienced anything like this. Sure, he was rich, but in our hearts, we were just low-level nerds who would rather order in and play board games or watch B level horror movies and laugh until our sides hurt. Limos and nightlife were not on our bingo cards.

As we pull up to a back entrance at the enormous stadium, I'm met by a woman in a blue 'Savages' blazer who introduces herself as Tracey.

"I'm the team rep, Miss Rochet. Anything you need—anything at all—just let me know and if it's in my power to get it for you, I will."

"I'm Nancy," I tell her. "I'm sure I won't need anything. Except, do I need a ticket because

I don't have one..."

She flashes me a grin. "A reserved seat? Miss— Nancy, you'll be in the VIP lounge." I frown when she gives me a bag. "This is yours too. Mr. White asked that you wear it during the game."

I reach inside and pull out a huge jersey with James's name written on it. I inhale deeply. It smells like him and even his scent causes lust to swirl through my veins. I quickly put the jersey on over my other clothes, surrounding myself with his scent. And his name on me makes me feel hot and funny. Like he's marked me as his. A shiver runs down my body, I like that thought. Being his.

"Shall we go?" Tracey asks, bringing me out of my lust hazed reverie.

I follow her in a half daze. The parking lot where the driver left me was quiet, but a huge crowd is gathered at the front of the stadium, waiting to get in.

We don't go that way.

Tracey takes me in through a small door with no obvious handle. She has to radio someone to open it from the other side. It's quiet inside, and a staircase brings me out right into a large, comfortable space with a massive window overlooking the rink.

There are a few other women here, and a couple of men, and I'm starting to doubt my choice of outfit. But the jersey I'm wearing makes me feel like I belong.

The women look like they just stepped off a catwalk. I've never been a part of this world. I don't have a clue how to behave, or how to make them like

me.

What if it's like when me and Mason were at school? What if they make fun of me and I hate it here? And the only way out is through a door with no handle.

"Hi! I'm Bel. This is Laura." The woman in the million-dollar dress grins as she pulls me into a hug, guiding me to a seat beside her and Laura, who's in a pant suit that looks like it cost more than my old apartment. "Savage's stepsister, right?"

I nod, waving away a bucket of habanero wings as one of the men passes it my way.

Normally, I don't turn down food, but honestly, the eating hasn't stopped today and I'm feeling a little green around the gills.

"Nancy," I say, and get a nod and a grin.

"So nice to meet you," Laura says. "Your stepbrother? Seriously hot. I mean, oh my God."

"Laura!" Bel laughs. "She's not allowed to think that. Family, right?"

I feel the blush spread over my cheeks as Laura grins. *Family doesn't know how each other's lips taste.*

"He *is*, though. I'm not supposed to think it either, I just got engaged." She flashes me her ring. "But if we're discussing clauses and all that, I'm going to insist Stephan gives me a sex clause for Savage. Because if he's asking, I'm not turning that down."

Embarrassment wells up inside me, but also something else. Jealousy and rage.

How appropriate would it be for me to reach up and grab Laura by the hair and tell her to back the fuck off my brother?

"Laura, honestly! Those clauses are supposed to be for people you'll never actually stand a chance with."

"Like my stepbrother," I say before I can stop myself.

And they both go silent. Then Bel starts to giggle.

“She’s got you there,” she says, and Laura pretends to glare at me, but I find myself laughing along with them.

And honestly? It’s nice. We chat for a bit, then the game starts.

I wince as one of the opposing team pins James up against the wall. A fight breaks out and Laura and Bel start shouting for him to *kill* his opponent. They’re literally saying “kill him”, and I watch in horror as James starts going at him with a fury so brutal, I wonder how this is legal.

One last punch is hard enough to knock him out as I hide my face behind my fingers, barely able to watch as a couple come in with three kids in tow.

Finally, a distraction from the re-newed thought that my stepbrother might actually be a psycho.

They’re adorable kids, but Bel nudges me and whispers under her breath. “Good thing your stepbrother isn’t here right now. He *hates* children. Always turns the other way or just pretends their not there. Sort of a dick move really.”

“Really?” I say, my heart falling to my feet. Your stepbrother is going to be playing the field his whole life. Men like him don’t settle down with families.”

“Says who?” Laura leans across both of us for a habanero wing.

“You think he’s the type to settle down?”

“All men are the type to settle down. They just have to meet the right woman, that’s all. He’s wild now, but one day, mark my words. Don’t you think so, Nancy?”

I nod and try to smile, but inside my stomach is roiling.

Everyone sees me as his family. And he’s not the type to settle down. Hates kids.

What have I gotten myself into?

CHAPTER 6



James

“Yeah,” I answer, not giving a shit about the game, which is dangerous. I played my ass off because I knew she was watching.

I always give my best, or that’s what I told myself, but with her here? I went next level.

“Three goals, man!” Rodney does a little round house punch into the air as we approach the VIP waiting area. I told the private concierge to settle my lil’ bit here during the suite clearing and cleanup process. She was to get her whatever she wanted until I cleaned up and came around.

The black eye one of the forwards from the other team gave me with his elbow when we went at it against the boards didn’t even register. With her around, I feel no pain.

Except for the pain in my balls that need to unload inside that cupid doll baby maker of hers.

“Nice game.” The voice from over my shoulder throws lukewarm water on my mood.

“Yeah, thanks.” I keep my voice even as Wayne Harold comes up from behind me, his duffel slung over his shoulder.

“Guess you got it in your head that the team captain is a possibility for you.” He blows out a long, condescending breath. “It’s good to have dreams, man. It’s cute.”

“Fuck off, Harold,” Rodney huffs. “Or is it Wayne? Interchangeable names are for dicks.”

He scoffs. “Brutal comeback, Rod-knee.” He snaps his tongue, thumbing his nose as he spins by, jogging backwards and shooting me with a finger gun and a cluck in his cheek. “I expect you to keep up that level of effort when coach makes me captain. You start slackin’, probably won’t be good for your career.”

I want to tell him to fuck off, but the sound of Nancy’s melodic voice steaming down the hall wipes away the bristling anger and replaces it with this heart clutching need to be close to her.

“That’s her,” I say, not even realizing I’m speaking as I quicken my steps and Rodney nods on a smile. “You wanna meet my new stepsister?”

I want to say my new wife, but I show incredible restraint and keep my manic lust on the down low for now.

“Yeah, that her singing?”

I nod. I’ve never heard her sing before, but I already know that’s her voice and my hard on is back with a vengeance. All the blood from my extremities and my brain pools in my dick, making the hallway soft around the edges of my peripheral vision as the world seems to lose its gravitational pull, because my feet don’t feel like they are touching the ground anymore.

We step into the doorway and my heart nearly stops. She’s curled up with her knees inside the Jersey I gave her before the game, facing the wall. Her hair is tucked up inside a Savages hockey helmet, while Tracey the concierge sits behind her in an upholstered chair with her head back, hand clasped on her belly, eyes closed as the sound of my stepsister’s voice transports her into paradise.

Or, wait, maybe that's where it transports me, but Tracey sure looks like she's gone somewhere damn fine as well.

"Wow," Rodney says in an awestruck tone. "That sound is coming from that little girl? What is she, like, twelve?"

"Shut up. She's twenty." I correct as he takes a sidestep away. "She's legal."

"Man, I don't need to know she's legal, unless you want me to date her, or fu—"

I ram my fist into his chest before he can finish. His brow furrows and a red haze casts over my vision. "Don't even look at her."

"Bro, fuck *off*. What's your fucking issue? I'm not going to touch your sister, I was fucking talking shit." Rodney pushes me back. "Like we always do."

"Well, no shit talking about her."

Our conversation has ended her serenade and both Tracey and Nancy are staring at us. Nancy's little face is framed by the blue plastic of the helmet and the white bars of the face guard criss cross her delicate features.

A few little blonde ringlets sneak out the sides and back but the helmet is loose on her head, so when she turns to look it wobbles, making her look like the world's cutest bobble head.

"Thanks, Tracey." I reach into my back pocket and pull out my wallet, slipping a Benjamin into the pocket of her blue Savages blazer. "I'll take it from here."

"Thank you, Mr. White. I took good care of her. Offered to get her whatever she wanted, but she declined. Politely. Said she's a little tired." Tracey leans toward my ear as Nancy untucks her legs from under the massive jersey and pushes up with a cute little grunt to stand. "Think she wasn't feeling great, got her some water, but she wouldn't let me call you. Maybe she got sick earlier. In the suite."

"Thanks, I'll take it from here. You can be done for tonight. You did good," I say, already stepping toward Nancy. "Are you okay? Do you feel sick?"

I stuff my fingertips through the face grid and connect with her forehead which feels...normal.

I have some experience with that sort of thing, with my two younger brothers. I sat with them through plenty of fevers and flus over the years while Mom was working, but I never felt this sort of panic before.

“I’m fine.” She tugs her head to the side, the helmet wobbling against her cheeks. “Probably just the habanero wings I ate. Didn’t agree with me. I told Tracey not to fuss.”

Rodney steps to my side, looking her up and down with a smile and that irrational anger feels like flames licking at my ankles and burning their way up to my balled fists.

All those smiles are mine, motherfucker, I want to say, but a split second of pause makes me re-think twisting my best friend’s head from his shoulders for looking at her.

“I’m Rodney,” he finally says as I stand there like a mute, the rumbling growl in my chest drawing Nancy’s gaze. “Since your big brother here isn’t going to introduce us himself. I’m his friend, I play guard.”

“Hi. I’m Nancy. The new sister.” She looks so motherfucking cute in my jersey and that stupid helmet I’m damn near creaming my jeans.

“Okay, that’s enough. Time for you to go.” I turn Rodney by the shoulders toward the door as he snorts on a laugh, grabbing the door jamb as I shove him out into the hall.

Rodney gives her a wink, then ducks as I take a swing at his head. “I think he’s taking some drugs! And not the good ones!”

“Get gone.”

He mock stumbles on a dramatic gasp, then breaks into a run down the hall toward the parking garage, singing A/C’s *Back in Black* as I try to steady myself, considering I wanted to gouge out my best friend’s eyeballs with a fork just for looking at her.

“Nice.”

“Yeah. He’s fine.”

“Fine.” She bobs her eyebrows, stepping toward the door and leaning out to watch Rodney disappear down the hall.

“Don’t say that.”

“Why, you jealous? You’re my brother, remember? Whatever this other game play you’ve been doling out, it’s just that, a game.”

“I only play one game, lil’ bit, and that’s out there,” I jerk my thumb over my shoulder toward the rink, “on the ice. Although, I would consider playing some other games with you. I could buy you some special toys and we could play with them together using your body as the game board...”

“Do you ever stop?”

I shake my head, swallowing as I grab her hand and her canvas bag off the table and head out into the hall.

“I’m not really a stop kinda guy. Except...” I stall, visions of making out in the truck with her overtaking my fantasies. “You can always say stop with me. I want you to know, I’m your safe place. I may take charge, especially in certain ways, but no matter what...” I point at the center of her chest. “Your heart will never be part of any game. Anything we do, you say stop, I’ll listen. You’re the goal and I guard you with my life.”

CHAPTER 7



Nancy

We drove to the house in near silence, my mind flooded with thoughts of Mason and the baby and the swirling feelings that my new stepbrother has awoken inside of me.

Going from nary a flicker of sexual desire to this Niagara Falls of lust has me topsy-turvy and it doesn't help that I can't seem to decide if James is playing with me or not.

After he helped me up into the truck and buckled me in, his cheerful, playful mood seemed to fade, which only served to confuse me more so I took the opportunity to sit quietly and wrap my head around all the adulating I have coming on the other side of this baby bump, which soon will be impossible to keep a secret.

Moonlight flickers on the leaves and over the roofline of the mid-century modern house as James pulls the truck into the drive and a flash of fear overtakes me when I realize I have no home to give my child. I play with the rubber chin strap on the helmet he gave me, which I have sitting in my lap like a toddler.

I felt safe when I was wearing it in the VIP room along with his huge jersey. I felt that disappearing sensation again, which allows me to feel somehow anonymous and like no one is listening.

When I started singing, Tracey just leaned back in the chair and it was nice. I faced the wall and sang to the silence like I've done since I was a little girl.

My own childhood was fine enough. My dad, in his own way, loved me, but I think he would have preferred a boy. He was always trying to toughen me up, especially after Mom decided motherhood wasn't her jam and relocated to the tropics with her boyfriend Ramirez.

It was the corn mazes and the stiff upper lip talks. The way he pushed me into martial arts and told me playing the guitar wouldn't pay the bills.

But, three lessons a week in taekwondo would? As I got older, I think he just didn't know what to do with a little girl, then a tween, preteen and so on, so he pretended I was a boy most of the time.

Still, despite everything that's happened today, I'm okay. I'm a little fragile like spun sugar, but I think with a good night's sleep, things will level out. James and I can go on like brother and sister and I will do whatever I can to figure out what's next for me.

And the baby.

"You got a lot on your mind there, lil' bit." His voice is rugged and lower than usual as I turn to watch his tongue drift over his lower lip in the silver moonlight.

The truck is warm, still rumbling and vibrating under my seat as I stretch out my legs and nod. "Yeah, lots happening today. I think I'm just..." I stare out the window at the porch lights illuminating the burgundy potted mums on the porch, which Sheila made me promise to water. "Nothing's the same. It's like, my life got erased and now I'm here. No job. In a new house, with a new family."

I press a little smile on my lips.

“Family is everything,” James answers, but his eyes are stuck on my lap which makes the skin prickle as I shift and turn sideways to face him a bit more, hoping the less than silhouetted angle will keep my belly hidden.

“Dad says you have two younger brothers,” I say. It’s not really a question, but the memory of Bel in the suite saying James hated children rolls over and over in my head. “They’re with their father? I mean, your father, now?”

He nods. “Yeah. Jacob and Joseph. They’re twelve now.” He scratches the side of his head, moving his gaze to the house. “Dad got himself straight, I guess. Mom visited with them a few times and he wanted to jump back into fatherhood.”

“Did you spend time with him?”

He shakes his head. “No. He gave up his fatherly duties with me when I was thirteen years old and he took off. The years before that he was more interested in Jack Daniels and cheating on my mom than being a father, so, yeah, I’m polite because my little brothers don’t remember all that.”

“That’s too bad. My mom left with another guy too, when I was seven. I still talk to her on the phone sometimes, but she likes her new life. No responsibility. And palm trees and mai tais.”

“You missed out on having a mom, though.” He sets his jaw on an angry shake of his head. “I’d like to have a chat with her.”

I blink, chewing on the inside of my lip. “Why?”

“Because I can tell...” He turns my way, slipping his hand to the base of my skull on a little squeeze. Just that touch somehow flips the switch down in my center, making me shiver even as the heat covers my skin. “She hurt you. Anyone that hurts you has to deal with me. No matter how long ago. It’s my job to make sure they know if they even look at you cross-eyed again, I’ll be coming for them. I don’t care if it’s your mom. I’ll rain down the kind of payback they’ll never forget. If they live that long.”

“Are you a psychopath?” I blurt out.

My heart beats faster with a niggle of fear, my body tenses. But the thought that my new stepbrother could be more than unbalanced does nothing to

calm the tingling of my bad boy loving nipples.

It doesn't help that his eye has a burst blood vessel that's turning the entire left side a deep red around his already nearly black iris. It's framed by a camouflage of blue and green bruise which gives him more of that sexy serial killer vibe.

He licks his lips again and I can't stop thinking about his tongue. Not only how it felt when it invaded my mouth earlier, but also wondering if all the hype and hoopla about having a mouth on your feminine places is all it's cracked up to be.

"I believe that the term psychopath is rather ableist, don't you?" He grins, his fingers running up and down the back of my neck before looping around under my jaw as he holds me there, his arm locked tight, an iron grip on my windpipe. My body responds by melting into the seat and drenching my underwear. "Or, maybe it's more of a spectrum, yes? Like, you're not either a psychopath or not a psychopath, but more like how much of a psychopath are you? I think that's the more appropriate question."

Jesus.

His hold on my throat prevents me from swallowing the saliva gathering in my mouth as I wonder if I'm about to have an orgasm or pass out from fear.

"Ha!" He releases my throat, leaning over to kiss my forehead with such sticky sweetness, I've changed my assessment from psychopath to borderline personality disorder. "Kidding, sis. Come on, your brother's just messing with you. I like to see you squirm a little. You're so damn cute. I can't help myself."

Nope. Psychopath. Definitely.

"You're a lot of work, you know that? I mean, I don't work out, but when I'm around you, I feel like I've done two hours of Zumba."

"What the fuck is Zumba? Is that some exotic sex thing you want to teach me?" His hands move to cup my cheeks, warm and rough, as he inches himself across the center of the seat, his knee touching the outside of my thigh. The hint of some masculine shampoo and the freshness of his shower

only makes me more unsteady. “I can’t breathe thinking you’ve done Zumba with anyone else. I want to hurt him, what’s his name?”

“No,” I say, mesmerized by the murderous rage in his eyes and the knee weakening curve of his lips. “Zumba’s not...never mind. I’ve never even had sex.”

Whyyyyy did I just tell him that?

“Holy shit,” he rumbles and there’s a shift in the energy and a wave of blast furnace heat radiating from him. “I just heard you say you’ve never had sex. That wasn’t a dream or a hallucination, right?”

“No.” I screw up my face. “Don’t try to make fun of me, because I don’t care about that. I’ve never been interested, and I never thought it was smart to put so much emphasis on something that doesn’t matter.”

That last part stuns him into silence. His mouth barely opens as his chest rises and falls, his warm breath on my nose with a hint of maybe cinnamon gum.

“It matters. And it’s gonna matter to you a lot, little sister. Because... I’m going to be the one to teach you everything.” He looks like he’s doing some planning in his mind while he continues, “All your first times... First we’ll talk about it, then we’ll do it. It’s gonna matter to you about as much as breathing, baby. Fucking Christ on the cross.”

My breath hitches in my throat. The ferocity in his voice and the serious promise in his words make me gulp around the lump in my throat.

His chin drops to his chest. “I don’t know what you are doing to me, sis, but you are making your big brother want to do very bad things to you.”

“This is nuts. You’re my stepbrother and I just met you. Yesterday. I must be losing my mind. Did you drug me? Maybe I’m the one hallucinating.”

His nostrils flare, his Adam’s apple moving under the flesh of his neck as he releases a long low groan that hits me right in the sweet spot.

“You’re not hallucinating. But I bet you’re wet. You’re wet for your big brother, aren’t you?”

My body rolls at the sound of lust in his voice and says *yes, yes, yes*, but I keep my face frozen.

His big hands sweep down from my cheeks, over my shoulders as my heart flops around like a fish on the dock.

“It’s okay, baby. I want you to be wet when you’re with me. I don’t care what anyone else thinks about us. When I saw you yesterday in that alley holding that cat carrier looking like a lost little doll? I wanted to scoop you up and save you from anything that could ever hurt you again. Scared the shit out of me.”

He tugs me toward him, manhandling me while I figure out how to breathe and live in this new world. He settles me on his lap, as he presses a button and eases his seat all the way back, so there’s room for my hips between his crotch and the steering wheel.

“There, doesn’t that feel nice? Sit on my lap like a good girl.”

He grins and twists his fingers into the back of my hair, pulling my lips to his as the hardness under my rear end grows, the jerks and spasms nearly launching me off his lap.

My cheeks are so hot, I’m pretty sure I could fry an egg. Every word, as much as I’m fighting this, seems to wriggle beneath my skin, making me want more of this strange lusty goodness.

I let my thoughts drift to places they’ve never ventured before. Not out of shame or fear, but just because this is an entirely new planet for me.

The warmth of his tongue invades my mouth. I always felt French kissing would be gross and why would you ever, ever let someone put their tongue and saliva into your mouth?

But this, *this*...is making me moan and turn to warm pudding. His magical lips slip over mine, tipping his head this way then that way as the rasp of his close shave against my skin makes me ripple with desire.

I allow my hands to wander over his hard shoulders, up the tendons of his neck, and to the hollows of his cheeks... wanting more, more, more of all of this.

Our tongues lash and twist, our breathing warm and desperate, twining together as his arms gather me around the waist like I'm going to fly off into space somewhere, but he's got me in the strength of his gravitational pull.

When he pulls back, I'm beyond breathless as I paw and touch him everywhere, leaning in to take a deep sniff of his neck; he smells like heaven.

He lets out a low chuckle as I explore and use all my senses to gather up the new feelings that are overwhelming me.

"I'm not going anywhere, baby. Take your time."

"I just—" I sit up, taking in his dark eyes, the way the long lashes flick up and down as he looks at my face with such intensity, it's like I don't need to say anything because he can see inside me. Read my thoughts.

"It's a lot, right?" He says what I was trying to say, but adds, "And you want more. Because I do, I want another tip for the ride I gave you, but this time, maybe it's *just* the tip."

I swallow hard. "Just the tip," I repeat.

"Yeah, you can help your brother release a little pent-up frustration. Sisters like doing things for their big brothers, don't they?"

I nod, unsure if I should run or lean back and just let him do as he wants. Something inside me is setting aside all the things I believed about relationships and how I had some physiological reason I couldn't connect with anyone in this way.

"Now, the hard part is..." He slips his rough fingertips around to the small of my back, leaving pricking heat wherever he touches. "It's going to be how to get these cock blocking little tights off your teasing little ass."

He fumbles around between the flesh of my waist and the elastic of my yoga pants as fear rattles around inside me.

I don't bother to think enough about why he wants my pants off, only that I don't want him exploring too closely. I have always had a bit of a belly with

a soft pooch, but right now, it's getting a little more; and I'm so not ready to blow up that bridge with this marvel of a man that has taught me that my body is capable of carnal pleasure and romantic fantasies.

"Here." I hear myself say as my newly awakened sex pulses and my nipples zip and zap as I wiggle onto my knees, a fire rages in the pools of darkness under his brow. "Just, it's a little tight in here."

He's tugging at the waistband as I shift and lift one leg out at an angle, losing my balance and falling into the door as our fingers work the black yoga pants like some sort of stretchy Rubik's cube until I'm out of breath and James lets out a rumbling sort of lusty chuckle.

"Every fucking thing about you turns me on. It's taking every bit of my control not to rip those pants off and use your tight little virgin body as my personal relief station. But damn. Watching you struggle to get that wet pussy closer to my cock is an aphrodisiac of the highest order, baby."

"I'm new at this and I feel like I'm a duck on roller skates."

"Ice skates, baby, ice skates." James reaches down as I grunt and pull the yoga pants down over my rear as he yanks both my cowboy boots off, letting them drop to the floor of the truck with a thump. "Jesus, I'm about to eat these fucking pants off you; I need to calm the fuck down for a second."

He takes them in his fists and tears them the rest of the way over my feet, moving my body from side to side like a toy until I'm bare from the jersey down.

"Oh fuck, yes, so much yes." He mouths into my neck as he pulls me against his lap, my soft wetness splayed onto the savage steel under his jeans. "I need to be honest."

"What?" I hiss, my breath catching as the friction starts to cascade. I scoot myself closer, closer until my jersey-covered tits are close to being earmuffs and I rock myself up and down as his fingers curl around the curve of my ass, digging in, urging me up and down, up and down. Then back and forth.

"I've never made out in a car. Or truck. You're my first."

“You already know you’re mine. I’ve never done anything. This is making me wonder if I went to sleep last night and woke up as the happy hooker or something. I’ve never, even...” I let my head fall back as I open my hips wider around him, tugging at his shoulders as I ride him like my life depends on chasing down this new pleasure that’s exploding between my legs. “Never even wanted this. Anything, anyone, a kiss. Nothing, before now.”

“Before me.”

“Yes,” I pant, easing back to look at his beautiful face, shame covering me for wanting my stepbrother like this. For grinding myself against him, seeking the crescendo of this new lust that’s taken me by the throat and refuses to let go until I chase it to fruition.

“You’re making me a little crazy here, sis.” He reaches down between us, working the button on his jeans as I press myself against the base of the swollen hardness under the denim. “I need to feel you against me. We won’t do anything you don’t want to do, okay?”

“I don’t know what I don’t want to do,” I say, so overwhelmed with the rage of emotions turning me inside out, I’m not sure I’d say no to him even if he turned into a purple elephant right now.

“Well, just know you can say anything to me, baby. In fact, if you don’t tell me something that’s important to you, I’m going to give that apple ass of yours a new shade of red.” His words slip into my ears and settle someplace where I tell myself I’ll deal with them later, because he’s easing his hips up off the seat, wiggling and leaning me back until my back presses against the steering wheel. When I look down, he’s freed the savage beast and I can’t breathe.

“I—I—” I gulp around the choking lump in my throat, shifting back onto the hard plastic of the steering wheel, taking in what has to be the most beautiful instrument of pleasure and torture I could have imagined. “That’s...” I blink, focus, then look into his eyes, his brow tight. “I don’t know what word to use, but that doesn’t seem like it’s going to fit.”

“Don’t worry, lil’ bit.” He licks his lips, his hand circling the girth as I watch a drop of clear liquid fall from the slit at the top, purple and swollen

as he glides his fist up and down, forcing out another drop, then another, until my mouth hangs open and I buck my hips forward, needing to touch it with my body. Instinct takes over as something deep in my DNA calls for mating.

For intercourse.

For being filled by this man.

He must feel my primal drive because he yanks me close, dark, husky breathing coming from his throat as I clutch my thighs once again around his hips.

“You’re going to be spending a lot of time on Daddy’s lap, baby. From now on, this is your safest place, you understand? Once I get myself inside you, every time you sit on my lap, that’s what you need to think about, how it felt the first time your untouched pussy wrapped its arms around my dick and welcomed him home.”

“Are we going to do that now?”

Warm, calloused palms knead the curves of my ass, rocking me against the silken hardness of his dick, and a whole new level of need ravages me from my brain to my heart to my sex. “I’m not sure what’s happening to me.”

“I’ve got you. Do what feels good, that’s what you should do when you sit on my lap. Rub yourself on that special spot that feels so good.”

I wonder how he makes me feel like all of this is just so normal. I’m not embarrassed or ashamed. A little stunned, sure, but his calm manner and encouragement only fuels the wet fire seeping onto his huge cock as it throbs. I glide up and down, up and down, inching myself upward until I feel the supple softness of the tip and he lets out a low groan.

“So hot and wet. Right there, baby, rub yourself right there. I’ll hold you tight so you know you’re okay. Do what feels good right on the tip, I want to feel all that softness humping against me like the horny little virgin you are.”

His teeth rake on my neck, hitting the base, which sends a zinging sensation down through my core as I mutter and tense my muscles, his hands still

holding my bare ass, urging me against him.

My bucking turns rough as he keeps me pressed against the swollen tip, my inner thighs quivering, and that little aching spot between my legs is screaming at me to give it some relief.

“You gonna come, baby?”

“I—I’m not sure what I’m going to do.”

“You’ve never had an orgasm?”

I shake my head, eyes squeezed shut as a fever rushes up inside me.

“Then come, baby. Daddy wants to feel all that nice first-time juice soaking my dick. Rub yourself against it until all those special, tingling sensations make you mine, because you are mine.” He growls into the crook of my neck. His teeth graze my earlobe. When he pulls away, his dark and lustful eyes keep me captive in their depths. “You drenching my cock with your first orgasm is going to seal your fate. Your big brother is going to teach you all the ways to feel good, then I’m going to teach you how to make me feel good, too.” He rolls his hips under me, hitting spots which darken my vision. “Soon, I’m going to split that cherry you’ve been saving for me in half, shove myself balls deep and fill you with every raw inch of me. That sound good, sis? Taking your brother’s dick all the way inside until you give him some relief?”

His words excite me more than they should. Daddy, brother, sister... all the wrongness of it blends into a scorching hot mix inside me until I’m twitching and pressing against him, racing down the just out of reach feeling that starts at the apex of my sex.

“Right there,” I mutter as he commands my movements with his hands, one arm locked around my back, the other with fingers sliding into the crack of my ass, holding and pushing and pulling until wet, sloppy sounds come from between us. The throbbing becomes unbearable and I growl in desperate frustration from between clenched teeth.

“I can’t,” I whimper. “I can’t make it...get there.”

“The fuck you can’t.” He growls as the world starts to spin and he bucks his hips upward. His grip turns violent, sparks flash in my eyes and there’s a crackling in my ears. “You will come. I do. Not. Quit.”

“Aw, God, please.” I bellow into his shoulder as we hump and jerk together.

“Here, I know what you need. I’ll just use the tip, to feel how hot and wet you are. I won’t push all the way in, baby. I just need this. Be still for me.”

The arm around my waist becomes my guide, my hips raised as his fingers leave my ass, knuckles against my hip as he works his hand to his manhood. The scent of my arousal tickles my nostrils as he guides that plush head to the aching nub, pressing it there as he holds me in place.

“Don’t move, okay? Just let me work it right here. That feels good, right?”

Round and round the connection of his cock to my clit spins and there are sirens going off inside my head. I grab at his shoulders, bracing myself against the steering wheel, but even with one hand, he’s controlling my movements. I let my head fall back, eyes closed, the fantasy drowning me as James’s breathing turns rapid.

“Nancy,” he growls. “You’re fucking beautiful, all keyed up. I need more. I can’t wait, just the tip, right here, I won’t push it in, but I need to feel you...” His voice cracks as the plush head of his cock slips down my folds.

I gasp on a sharp inhale.

It’s right there. Oh God, pushing. Right. At. The. Spot.

“Wait.” I pant. “I’m not sure.”

“*Shhhhh*.” His hand around my waist gathers me against him, sweeping up my back, resting my cheek on his shoulder, hot words in my ear. “Just like this, I need inside you just a little. Be still or I won’t be able to hold back. I need a fuck, I need to fuck you I should say, but I’ll wait, just tell me that feels good, doesn’t it? Having me right here...” More pressure, oh God, he’s just inside me, my stepbrother is going to fuck me right here in the truck. “Right, here, so good. You’re soaking me.”

I mutter garbled words as tension crests inside me. Knots tighten and loosen down in my belly.

“You’re dripping for your brother. Just a little more, just taking the edge off.” He pushes forward, just so the pressure is unbearable. I want him inside me, all the way inside me, but this isn’t right. It can’t be. I don’t even know who I am right now. “Fucking hot, sweet and soaking, just how Daddy likes you. I knew you were a good girl the moment I saw you.”

Those words release a madness that rips from my throat, my chest tangled in barbed wire that releases at his filthy talk.

Daddy. Yes, Daddy.

He unclamps his hand from my waist, reaching between us to tug at his shirt until I feel the warm smoothness of the skin on his abs. “Just like this. I want you to just rub yourself on me. I’ll open up those pretty petals, get that button right on me.”

Fingers are on me as I hold my breath, lungs burning, tension excruciating as he spreads my outer lips, then presses his hand to the small of my back, keeping the head of his dick impossibly close to entering me and connects my clit to the hard muscle of his upper abs. “Rub, baby. Rub all that neediness onto Daddy.”

I do as he says because it’s the only thing I can do. Everything else in my life washes away except this need that claws inside me for satisfaction. For friction. For purpose.

“Good girl. You need this dick inside you, don’t you? You want me to shove you down on it, use your little body as my personal fun-sized fuck toy. You on anything, little sister? You on the pill, or the shot?”

“Nooo, no—” I stutter as the scent of his sweat and my arousal warm in the small space where I’m bucking on his body and the pressure from his cock at my opening has me flailing and desperate for a primal need that blots out anything else.

I don’t need to breathe. I don’t need my heart to pump. I don’t need a place to live or a car or food, water...I. Just. Need. His. Cock. Inside. Me.

“Please, please—” My pleading sounds far away, from another planet, a place I’ve never been before but never want to leave.

“Please what? Please fuck you? Like a bratty little sister that needs to learn a lesson? You want this?” He bucks upward, as I yelp, his thickness stretching me, right there, one more push and— “No.” He pulls back, leaving me lust-blind and boneless. “I’m going to make you scream with my dick inside you soon. That tight little hole will suck all the cream from my balls but not here, not like this. Right now, I want you to come for Daddy. I want to make you feel good and welcome you to the family like a good big brother does.”

I shake my head like a wild woman, madness wrapping its tentacles around me as my body moves on its own, the desperation for the knotted tension inside me to release putting red spots in my vision as James’s face is a mask of intensity. I shouldn’t be doing this, every part of the practical, unemotional Nancy screams at me, but I put her on mute. This lust cannot be denied. I understand now so much of what the rest of the world always said about desire and that tug in your center that tempts you into the darkest recesses of trouble.

How is this me? Here, with my stepbrother and barely a day after we’ve met, me whining and whimpering, half naked with his cock pressed to my awakened lady bits, talking to me like a filthy old man.

“You like that, don’t you? Holding it right there, one little push and I’m inside you, sister. Your brother’s dick is pushing inside, you feel that? A little more, feels so fucking good.”

Ruthless pleasure coils around me, cutting into me as my muscles contract and convulse. Pleasure whips through me like hurricane winds, round and round and round with prickles of pain and heat and sightless pleasure.

I squirm and jerk as James lets out a low growl in my ear, my body against him, his arm locking me into the moment as his body hardens, teeth raking on my neck as a gush of wetness meets with my peak. Hot stickiness mixes with our ragged breathing as I collapse against his torso, his cock held at my opening, not inside, but not outside, as liquid drenches my thighs and moans and growls roll between us.

“I am sorry,” I manage as my heart is still beating out a drum solo and the world has this lusty haze around it. “I don’t know what this is.”

“It’s a dream come fucking true, baby.” His hand is down between us, his cock slipping from my opening as he pushes the tips of his fingers inside me, once, twice, three times, as I try to piece together what’s just happened.

“My body has gone crazy. That’s not supposed to happen, is it?” I jam the heels of my hands into my eye sockets, pushing back from his shoulder, the sprouting tears teasing at my lower lids.

“Hey, hey.” James rubs at my opening, a single finger held inside as his other hand tugs mine down, threading our fingers together and taking my mouth in a slow kiss as the soaking spray that came from my body starts to cool on my legs. “Your body has gone crazy in the best possible fucking way. I hit the jackpot. Only problem...” He cocks an eyebrow. “Daddy’s going to want you to do that every time. And especially when I get my mouth on you. I want to drink down every drop of your little downtown girly fountain.”

He makes a soft slurping sound, licking his lips on a cockeyed chuckle.

“This day just keeps getting weirder,” I say. A shiver passes through me, shimmying my shoulders and making me hiss a stuttering breath.

“Let’s get you inside. A nice shower—”

“No. Sorry, I just, I’m exhausted. Down to my bones. This morning was horrible, then my car, then we came here, then, then, then...this.” I wave my hand at the liquid mess between us. “It’s too much. I need to go inside, maybe I’ll get in a bath. Alone.” When I see the hurt flash in his eyes, I quickly add, “Sorry, it’s not you, I just need a minute. A hundred minutes to let this all...percolate.”

“Okay, baby, a bath it is, but I’ll come to check on you. I have some post game follow up work to do, anyway. Then—” His eyes fall as he clears his throat, wrapping his fingers into the hair on the sides of my head, palms over my ears as his thumbs brush up and down my cheeks. “I’m flying out in the morning. For three weeks on the road.”

My heart sinks. I just met him and already I can't imagine him away for so long. I put on a brave face and nod. "It's okay, I've got a lot of inner work to do. I need to figure out a job, and eventually a place to live."

"You don't need to do either of those right now." His lips connect with my forehead, then he eases me off his lap, tucking his still hard cock into his wet jeans, fighting with the zipper until he manages to get it halfway up, then waves his hand in a 'fuck it' motion. "You need to get comfortable here. Sing, write me some songs, play with your cat, go shopping, do everything you want to do. For three weeks, that's all I'll allow. You hear me?"

My butt squeaks on the leather seat as I twist and stutter-slide toward the door, reaching into the footwell to gather my bag and my discarded pants and boots. "You are telling me what I can do now? That's going to be a problem. I don't need babysitting."

He smiles, twisting his lips in a nod. "I hear you, baby sister. But, big brother Daddy knows best. And, yeah, I'm telling you what to do because it's what's best for you. Sit there for a sec, I'm coming around."

Soaking and naked below the waist, I'm carried wedding night style into the house, and up the stairs to the guest room where the few bags of my stuff and Taylor are waiting.

"Let's get you out of that wet jersey." He lowers my bare feet onto the tile floor in the en-suite bathroom, but I drop my things against the wall and shake my head.

"No, please, just, let me do it. I need to use the restroom and doing that in front of you today is going to tip me over the edge. So, please, just let me do my thing for a bit. Alone."

He considers that for a second in the bright light of the bathroom, jaw clenched, eyes roaming up and down my half-dressed body. Finally, there's a hint of a nod. He steps to the bathtub, turns on the water, then heads to a closet and pulls out a few bottles, squirts one into the warm water and tugs the plug into place.

“My baby deserves bubbles.” He reaches down and takes a hard handful of my ass, brushing his lips on my cheek, on the shell of my ear. “I’ll be back. If I wasn’t running for team captain, I’d fuck off on this post game stuff and take a real run at that pussy of yours. Clean you all up with my mouth, but for now, you take a bath. Keep your phone next to you. If I call or text, you answer, okay? I’ll be downstairs in the office for a few hours.”

I’m riveted by his words; logically thinking, I should be offended, but emotionally, I’m feeling safe and important and nurtured.

“Got it,” I whisper, suddenly so tired, if I wasn’t in dire need of the bath I’d collapse here on the floor and into slumber; no pillow or bed required.

“Good girl. You’re going to learn how your brother takes care of you. Sometimes I’ll be your brother, sometimes I’ll be your daddy, but you’ll always be my girl.”

CHAPTER 8



James

“The bubbles on your chin make me happier than when I made the winning goal in last year’s playoffs.” I lean against the doorjamb of the bathroom, she’s sunk down into the bathtub, her cute little toes clinging to the edge at the other end while the soft popping sound of the bubbles mimics the electricity in the air.

“I’m glad I can amuse you,” she says, her hands swirling in the water below, making the mountains of white floating on top of the water sway and bob.

“You do a lot more than amuse me, lil’ bit.”

Her smile is soft but distracted.

“What’s wrong?”

The droop in her eyes and the heaviness in the corners of her lips tightens the muscles down my back as I step forward, tugging the wooden chair next to the wall with me with a disturbing scraping sound on the tile. I set it right by the edge of the tub near her shoulders. Turning it around, I take a seat with my legs spread and the ladder back against my chest.

She shrugs, the water softly splashing with her movements, the hint of floral scent and humidity from the hot water rising from the tub.

“Tell me. A good Daddy wants to know everything.”

A fiery fist explodes from the water, the index finger jabbing toward me.
“That, right there.”

“What, baby?”

“All the big brother and daddy and baby... I mean, alright, in the heat of the moment, it's hot and I'm like a naïve moth fluttering right into the flame. But then, when I'm alone, and thinking...this has to be a joke, right? Are you just amusing yourself with your level ten big dick energy on the new fish in the family?”

I feel a jab in my heart. Even though I can understand why she thinks that way, it still hurts that she sees me as a player. That she couldn't realize how crazy I am for her. I'll fix it, though.

“No. You do amuse me, but not like you're thinking. You make me smile, I feel... I guess it's joy when you're with me.” I lick my lips as I look down at her body peeking under the bubbles. “I want to fuck you, and play with that pussy, sure, talk dirty and give you orgasms until your consciousness cracks. But no, it's not a game. The second I saw you, I felt this zap inside me. I want to protect and play with you like a brother. I want to take care of you and keep you safe like a daddy. And damn. I want to fuck you like a possessed asshole, like you're my own private whore.” My voice sounds husky even to my ears, but I need to ensure she understands me. “I just... I want to make you feel so fucking good, baby. You look like you could use all of that, and I want to be the one to give it to you. In one big dick energy package.”

I grin, running my finger down her nose, then scooping up some bubbles and dotting them on the end.

“Okay, I know I keep sling-shotting around with it, but you gotta admit, it's a lot. Like you said. And I'm...just hormonal, maybe.”

“It's okay. I like your hormones. You have your period?”

She slings her head back and forth like that's a silly question, her cheeks flaming red. "No."

"Okay, well, it's okay if you do. I want my cock inside you, a little blood doesn't scare the savage away. In fact, I'll look forward to the day I can give you a little kiss and come up with the only red lipstick I'll ever wear. You need to know, I want all of you. All." I growl, nipping my bottom lip as I think of all the things I want to do with her. "It's the only blood coming from you that won't have me looking to kill someone."

"Oh, my God. You are out of control."

"Because of you, baby."

I slip my hand into the hot water. Her skin is slick and heated as I lock onto her eyes. "Be still and quiet. Don't move."

My cock is so hard I can barely think, but the way she's looking at me, excited but stunned, I can't hold back. I take her jaw in my other hand, leaning her head back so her waterfall blue eyes are on mine. "I don't need to ask you if you're wet, do I?"

Her lips fall open and spin into a grin, her face a glowing cotton candy pink with her blonde ringlets pulled up in two ponytails on the sides of her head. "I think we can agree on that."

"Good."

Her eyes flutter as the tips of my fingers meet the edges of her bare lower lips, the little curls at the apex soft in the hot water.

"I want us to agree on lots of things. Like, you and me. This, it's not like anything I've felt before. I'm aggressive when I go after what I want. But..." There's a stuttering breath that catches on a gasp as I find that hard little button and work it with two fingers. "But you feel what I feel, don't you, baby? This is a freight train. Us. You are what I want and I don't take no for an answer."

Her hands emerge from under the bubbles, latching on to the sides of the tub as I give her clit a soft pinch then double my efforts, rubbing it against her pubic bone with my fingers.

Hard, harder. Fast, faster, as I release her chin and reach down to cup her breast, rolling the hard, warm nipple between my fingers as she gasps and the water sloshes around, the bubbles splashing out onto my bare feet.

“Oh God—” The tension in her face melts away as a ball lodges in my chest when her eyes pin onto mine. “If you won’t take no for an answer, why do you want to know how I feel?”

Brat.

“How you feel and my inability to take no for an answer are not mutually exclusive. Just answer the question. You feel what I feel, don’t you? And just to be clear, I fucking feel like I’m in love with you already. And not just a brother sister love; although, that’s in the mix. I gotta say I feel this overwhelming protectiveness when I’m with you. I’d remove heads and burn body parts if anyone ever hurt you.” I slip my fingers lower, sliding one into her tight opening, then playing with the puckered back entrance with my pinky, watching her eyes roll back again.

“It’s hard to say no to anything when you are playing me like a fiddle with those magic fingers of yours.”

“Then don’t. Just say yes, yes to all of it. Yes to feeling good, yes to me taking care of you, yes to dripping with my cum day and night and giving me every inch of you. Yes to all the things I want to do to you. With you.”

My fingers work in her softness under the water as my other hand toys with her nipple, and I lean down from the chair, my lips hovering over hers.

“I feel better than I have in a long, long time. With you. Different, alive, like there are parts of me I left undiscovered, and you are my Christopher Columbus.”

I snort on a little chuckle. “You have a way with words, and we’ll talk about how Christopher Columbus didn’t discover anything, but right now, I’ll be whatever you want, baby.”

I take her lips hard, my tongue eagerly pushing through her lips, claiming her mouth while my fingers claim her from below the water. I slide two into her opening, another into her ass while my thumb keeps time on her clit.

She moans into the kiss, the water sloshing out of the tub as she twists and reaches up and grabs my shirt, pulling me into her as she gasps into the kiss, her mouth tasting like peaches and innocence.

I already know she belongs to me. As she cries out, bucking and breaking our kiss, I look at her sweet face fraught with orgasmic bliss, tense and lost in the pleasure I am giving her.

Because her pleasure is mine.

Her pussy is mine.

Her mouth, tits, womb, ass, all mine, mine, mine.

I'm keeping my new sister. Not just for play, for keeps.

She'll be Mrs. James 'the Savage' White. My wife and maybe, this is the shock of my life that I want this... the mother of my children.



IN BETWEEN EMAILS and zoom conferences with the defensive coordinator, the trainer and some other teammates, I've been making plans that are full on felonies. After the bath, I settled her in bed and I took her some tea as I held my finger to my lips and kept on with one of my calls with a few teammates, debriefing on some game stuff.

I kissed the top of her damp hair and when I went back to look at her an hour later, she was dead to the world. I tucked her in, considered feeling her up while she slept, but I need to focus on work. And I knew, if I got her tits in my hands, or my mouth on her pussy, I'd never want to come up for air.

I've never watched someone sleep before in my life. Taylor the cat was giving me the stink-eye, but he and I have an understanding. He doesn't cock block me and we're good.

My phone dings with an incoming message. I check it, then head for the front door, swinging it open as a friend and one of my rookie teammates, Bradley Newsome, stands there holding a black bag with two small boxes inside.

“I got the stuff from Smithy and picked up the other thing from that sketchy guy in the warehouse down by the river, just like you said. I didn’t look inside the box, but Smithy did say, you gotta put the lidocaine on for about five to ten minutes for it to take full effect.”

Smithy is the team doctor and an upright guy, but he’ll bend the rules if you’re on his good side and he knows you’re not gonna throw him under the bus when things get hot.

“Great, man, thanks. I really owe you and if you need anything, you just ask.”

“No worries. Just wondering why you needed a midnight courier. I know rookies gotta pay their dues, no problem, but everything okay? We got a big road trip starting tomorrow, need you on point man. If you’re in pain or something—”

“No, I’m good.” I look over my shoulder toward the stairs. “Have a house guest, not feeling too well, didn’t want to leave and this...” I hold up the bag. “Something to help.”

He nods, jerking his thumb towards his running Camaro in the driveway. “I gotta go, grab a couple more hours of sleep, but glad I could help.”

“See you tomorrow.” I close the door, settle on a barstool in the kitchen and start to pull out the box, inspecting the contents and considering the fact that I may have lost my ever-loving mind when I hear a squeak of wood from the stairs.

Fifth one down. I know that sound well.

I shove the bag and box into the cupboard, the torturous knowledge that I’m going to have to leave here in a few hours making my heart feel like it’s bound with barbed wire. I don’t want to leave her here, and having her upstairs and not in my sight has made me twitchy. What am I going to be like when I’m halfway across the country and she’s here alone?

I sniff, clearing my throat as another stair squeaks and there’s the soft *pat, pat, pat* of bare footsteps coming from the foyer toward the kitchen.

“What are you doing up?” I say as her sleepy eyes come around the corner, her hair in a wild curly halo, her hand covering a yawn as my jersey hangs down below her knees.

“Thirsty. So thirsty.” She tiptoes over to the fridge. “Can I see what’s inside?”

“Of course. Everything here is yours.” I stand, working my way around the counter to her. “Including me.”

“Do you have an off switch? It’s like, three in the morning, why aren’t you sleeping?”

I grab the door handle of the refrigerator and swing it open. “Things on my mind. Things to do.” The bright light from inside shows off the curves of her face as I nod at the bottles and contents inside. “Orange juice, Diet Coke...but you can’t have that.”

“What do you mean?” She gets that defiant little crease in her forehead.

“Because that’s poison. Shouldn’t even be in here. My baby doesn’t drink poison, not on my watch.” I grab the plastic bottle and throw it into the sink, the bottle cracking and a hissing pin-sized fountain starts shooting four feet into the air. “Messy poison. Here,” I reach inside, grabbing two bottles and holding them out for her to choose. “Coconut water or organic peach tea.”

She twists her lips in a disgusted grimace, shoving the coconut water away. “Coconut water tastes like dirty socks. Does the peach tea have caffeine?”

I twist the bottle so I can read the label, then shake my head. “Nope. Zero caffeine.” I sidestep toward the sink to open the Diet Coke, getting a jet of the spray on my cheek before releasing the pressure and turning it upside down in the drain.

“Okay, I’ll take the peach tea.”

I screw off the cap with a pop and she takes it from my hand, her little fingers brushing mine, sending a new jolt of energy up my arm and down into my dick.

She guzzles it down, walking around the counter as I close up the refrigerator and come around to where she's leaning against the island countertop to grab her waist.

Her eyes go wide. "Wait, what—"

Too late. I've got her up and sitting on the counter, shoving my mid-section between her knees. She rolls her eyes and guzzles down the rest of the bottle of tea on a satisfied sigh, setting the bottle down and sweeping the arm of my jersey across her lips.

"Good stuff?" I ask and she nods.

Lust twinkles in her eyes as I sweep my hands up the outside of her soft thighs. Her chest fills with a long breath.

God, this girl is fucking perfect. I want to give her the fucking world.

"I like you in my jerseys, but you know what I need to see right now?"

"What?"

"I want you leaning back on that counter. We're gonna put your little feet here on the edge, get your knees wide so I can see all that wet, juicy goodness you've got for me."

I ease the jersey up her thighs, knowing I put her to bed with no panties, then reach for a knife from the block on the counter, her eyes snapping wide.

"What's that for?"

"You're going to have to trust Daddy. Even when things seem scary."

I fist the front of the Jersey as her breath shakes and nod toward her legs. "Put your heels on the counter, I want those thighs wide for me."

"But—"

"Do it." I twist the knife in the light, watching a flash of silver glint in her blue eyes. "You're going to spread your legs for me one way or the other, baby. I'd love it if you'd do it when I ask instead of making me force you. But I like a little force now and then too, so it's your call this time."

Her quivering thighs and the whimpering moan tell me she's a little scared, sure, but also fucking turned on and I'm about to jizz in my pants. My balls are like two hockey pucks needing to unload inside her juicy cunt.

"There you go." I praise her. "You are really such a good girl. I love how you do as you are told. Makes me love you more."

I use the 'L' word like it's nothing. Like I've said it a thousand times before.

But, I haven't. Not in this context. I've never come close, but this little ripe peach of a stepsister has me throwing all the rules out the window.

"You got to feel the tip of my dick on that sweet cherry in the truck, but now I'm going to get a good taste of your untouched pussy. Then, you're going to lay back and take the other eight inches you missed out on earlier, along with a full, hot load of your brother's come."

I tug the V neck of the jersey outward, slide the back of the knife down her sternum, her mouth falling open as the silence of the room seems to expand around us.

"Be still. Legs wide. Mouth open. Knife to your chest. You are so pretty, baby. You make me so hard."

I draw the blade forward, holding tension on the fabric, making sure to pull it toward me, the serrated edge tearing into the fabric. One more tug, jerk, pull and I've got the view of her tits I've been dreaming of.

"God." She stutters with stunned wide eyes, swallowing, frozen still as I run the tip of the knife down the torn edge of the jersey, pushing it aside with the sharp metal until her nipple comes into view. A smile breaks across my lips like it's Christmas morning.

"I'm thinking the psychopath part of you is turning me on."

A deep chuckle rumbles in my chest as her body convulses at the touch of the knife on her hard nipple. I dance the tip along a dark vein, following it down to the deep pink of her areola, then teasing the hard flat of her nipple until she's shaking and her knees knock against me.

"I've been wanting a view of these tits since I saw you in that alley."

I rasp the knife in the other direction, laying the torn jersey open so both her tits are exposed. The torn fabric under the weight of the soft globes, a hint of her ivory belly showing, and I can't wait until I get her totally bare. Right now I like my name on her back, the jersey I wore just a few hours ago wrapped around her, claiming her as mine, just like my mouth and my cock are about to do.

"They were happy when they saw you too."

"Is that so?" I say as her chest rises and falls, the cool metal of the blade making a soft sound as I draw circles with the tip around her nipples.

The snaking veins are dark and so unlike anything I've seen before, but every inch of her only turns me on more.

"Yes, they were tingling and hard as soon as you stepped out of your truck." Her face is a mask of innocence, so honest.

"You are so beautiful, baby. But I want to take a good look at this other masterpiece you've saved for me. I'm going to get a good, close up look. Then Daddy's going to hold your legs open and put his mouth on you. You understand?"

Her head falls back on a nod as I run the knife up the softness of her inner thigh, using the back side to spread her dripping pink folds as she mutters curse words to the ceiling.

"Pretty pussy all spread open for me. This little button here." I lightly poke it with the tip of the knife, making her jump. "Be still, keep those legs open."

Her jaw clenches as her toes curl around the black granite edge of the countertop, her nectar streaming from her opening, pooling on the cool stone under her ass.

Her tits are vibrating, her breathing stalling, then quickening. I love her like this. Right on the edge of 'oh shit' and 'oh yes'.

"Your cunt is whispering that it likes a little danger. That's good, because I'm about to turn this savage nine inches loose on all this tightness. But first..." I slide the knife across the smooth counter, grabbing a bar stool and

getting myself into position for the feast of a lifetime. “I’m going to give my little girl a nice surprise.”

She watches me with innocent eyes as my mouth waters. Her scent is like a drug and I’m addicted to her already. I want her to crave me and dream about me and think about me every second of every day.

I commit this moment to memory, grabbing my phone from my back pocket and taking a quick snap, drawing those wide eyes again.

“While I’m away, I’m going to memorize every detail. Plan how I’m going to lick and fuck this work of art for the rest of my life. We’re family now, so forever is already ours.”

One more snap, then I put the phone back and pinch her little outer lips with my fingers and draw her wide, pressing a gentle kiss to her clit first, listening to her gasp as her body shudders.

I moan as her flavor rockets through me, claiming me like I’m claiming her. “Legs wide for your big brother, don’t try to pull away, no matter what.”

She squirms as I take the flat of my tongue and give her a long, slow lick, from that little flesh that separates her pussy from her ass, all the way up the dance of curls on her mound.

“Call me Daddy when I lick your pussy,” I growl into her opening.

“Daddy.” She purrs and the sound of that name on her lips seals her fate. “Daddy.”

Heat explodes through my chest as I grab her ass and bury my face into her essence. The desire to own her in every way blinds me as I devour her with my tongue, running it around her opening, feeling that tight little flesh I’m going to destroy in short order.

The savage in me rises. I want to destroy her with pleasure. Leave her dripping and drooling without a clear thought in her head except that she needs more of what I give.

God, she tastes like heaven and hell. I’ve given only a few seconds of thought to what my mother and her father might think of what’s going on

between us, but there's no world in which anyone, even my own mother, will stand between me and my one and only.

Because now that I've tasted her, I know that's what she is.

I drive my tongue into her dripping tight hole as she gasps and yelps. Her legs splay wide as one of her hands reaches out and fists a handful of my hair, pulling me forward as though she wants my face to lick directly at her womb.

I growl as her juice drips down my chin, sucking as much as I can into my mouth, swallowing and finding her clit again with my tongue, working that little hood of flesh down as I circle it, exposing the sensitive length, making her buck against my face. Her fingers tear at my hair, but I feel no pain.

"Your pussy approves. You want me to keep licking you, baby? You like how it feels?"

She replies with a ferocious nod, her tits bouncing, and I swear I see a bead of glistening wetness on her nipple.

That's new.

It's something I'll investigate soon. Right now, I'm doubling down on the hot spot of her little nub, jamming a finger into her opening, then latching onto her clit with a solid, hard suck. My tongue still fighting its way between my lips to give her a sensation overload.

Within seconds, I'm rewarded for my efforts when she screams the fucking roof off, my little cupid doll cursing like one of my teammates in the locker room. "Please, yes, don't stop, right— oh, God—"

She thrashes off the counter as I reach up and drive her back down, holding her there with my forearm across her soft belly as I jam my finger inside her. My tongue works up and down her hot folds, then back to her clit as the walls of her pussy squeeze and I can't wait to know how that feels on my dick.

God, she's all in. She's not holding anything back and I fall more in love with her every second. I love her like this, open and dirty, swearing and pulling at my hair.

Her orgasm takes hold as her nipples draw tight. I focus on her clit and watch her face as she falls into bliss. She falls back on the counter, twisted and gushing on my face. I'm in heaven, swallowing down her release. As I curl them against her g-spot, her body grabs onto my fingers and rewards me with another rush of warm liquid while her hips grind up and down. Taking, taking, taking everything I'm offering like a greedy little slut.

"Good girl. You're giving Daddy just what he needs."

Fuck, fuck, fuck, she's so good. So sweet. I want to live with my mouth on her pussy, but my cock is begging for his turn. My balls are filled and ready to deliver my soul into her raw.

Bare.

The thought of children with this girl makes me feral. Raising my younger brothers put a cork in that desire long ago, but she's changed all of that. I want to breed her. Hard. Over and over and over. My throbbing cock is ready for the first virgin delivery of my sperm against her womb.

"My cock is going to be the only one that ever touches your pussy. Your body will mold itself to me for my pleasure," I mutter as I slide my hand under the jersey, over her soft belly, as her eyes flicker back to life.

The flat of my palm strokes against the curve of her body as I withdraw to work my belt open, then my pants, dropping them to my ankles.

I watch her swallow, then her lips part, unspoken words hanging in the space between us as her hands flutter on her cheeks.

"You know what's next?"

I reach down and give myself a few long strokes, easing the beast before I show him his new home.

Her blue eyes get bigger as I squeeze just under the swollen head, drops of pre-cum seeping out, running down my knuckles as I press the tip to her virgin opening.

"I'm going to use this big cock to take that cherry from you. Press it right through while you squirm and beg for me to stop. But you won't really

want me to stop, will you, baby?”

She shakes her head in breathless consent. “If I say stop, you won’t stop?”

“Will you mean it?”

She studies my hand. The head of my dick is poised at her opening, paused. The tip just pressing inside is making my head spin, my eyes ready to roll back in my head as her heat clenches around me.

“I doubt it. I just want it. Inside me. More than anything, like a hunger that’s been around for centuries and finally, finally, you’re here to feed me.”

“You’re right, sis. Your brother is going to feed you. I’m going to unload into that hungry womb of yours. You’re not on anything, right?”

She shakes her head, and the breeding rage takes me to a place that I’ve never been. There will never be a condom covering my dick. No pills for her, no shots; just her insides bathed in my hot cream.

“Good girl. Now, Daddy’s ready to feast on that cherry pie you’ve saved for me. Lay back, hold on, because your brother needs relief.”

Her back arches as I stuff the first inch inside, her barrier pushing back as her breathing catches and she tries to sit up. Her eyes widen at the first zing of pain, her opening cinching shut.

“Let me in. You’re safe. I can’t stop, baby. It’s going to hurt for a second, then you’re all mine.”

Lightning shoots up my back as she squeezes me until my eyes feel like they’re going to pop out. I struggle for breath as I tense my hips and ease another half inch of my thickness against her hymen.

All I can think of is getting her pregnant. Did we just meet less than twenty-four hours ago? Is that possible?

I want to spend my seed inside her until her body gives me a house full of children. I reach up and circle her neck with my hands, so desperate for her to understand the level of my ownership, I risk scaring the shit out of her.

I tug her body down onto a sharp thrust, her scream cutting through the air as she thrashes her head back and forth. Her fingernails score the flesh on my forearms as I buck forward once more, popping the head through her virginity. The soft kneading of her walls grasps the swollen head, making me see stars.

She's cursing me while clawing at my chest, begging me for more and pushing me away. I've never seen anything more beautiful than her face twisted in pain and pleasure, wearing my jersey, her tits on full display, bouncing and swaying as I drive a few more inches inside her tight cunt as she clamps down.

"Wait, oh God, please..."

I hold, basking in the glory of feeling this place where no man has gone before accepting me as her one and only.

No one will ever be here but me. I fight for a breath. The sensation is more than I can bear, but it's the sense of utter devotion I feel to her already that has me on the verge of losing my mind.

"That's it, sis. You gave your cherry to your big brother. I'm so fucking proud of you," I say while caressing her cheek. My eyes focus on the place we're connected. "You look so pretty with your blood on my cock. Your tight little hole is trying so hard. I know it's big, and you're a tiny little thing, but you're doing so well. I'm gonna give you the rest. You ready?"

She nods, her face flushed, eyes in a lust haze. Her arms are flung above her head in surrender as I hold her throat and her life in my hands.

I draw back, lingering for a moment to admire the streaks of blood swirling along the veiny shaft of my dick before sliding inside. Deeper, deeper, deeper, listening to the hiss of her breath and the way she swallows under my palms.

She's impossibly tight, her eyes squeezing shut as I fuck her through the moment and to the other side.

Her body clenches around me when I release her neck and take her tits in my hands, giving her a hard thrust as she whines and lifts her ass off the counter.

“Feeling good now, baby? Daddy’s big cock is starting to give you what you need, isn’t it?” I dig my fingers into her tits, gritting my teeth. “You. Are.” I release her soft flesh, slapping the nipples as I bite back my need to fill her with my load. “My.” Slap. “Little.” Slap, slap. “Dirty baby sister.”

I pound into her, losing my mind at the soft heat pulsing around my shaft. I reach her limits, sliding to my root, my balls against her ass. Her body starts to soften, the choke hold loosening as I give her tits another stinging slap, loving the redness that rises, my mark on her body.

“You’re taking it all. Every inch. You’re stuffed full of me, baby. Daddy’s got his cock all the way inside. You did so well. You like all that daddy dick inside you, don’t you? Feels damn fucking good.”

She nods, her eyes blind as I roll my hips, letting go of her tits and grabbing her ass, wanting in there deeper, deeper as her body says yes, yes, yes.

“You’re going to have all that hot load inside you to carry around. You’re going to lie here while I keep you plugged. You’re going to hold all that I give you where it belongs, until I’m a part of you forever, baby sister.”

“I want to feel it. I want to feel you like that.”

“You’re going to, baby. You’re going to feel it every fucking day we’re together. I’m going to make sure even when I’m gone, I’ll leave you with enough of my cum that you’ll wear it like perfume, so every man in this town knows you belong to me.”

I punch my hips forward for emphasis, driving the air from her lungs.

“I belong to you. Always.”

“Fucking right you do.” I slap my pelvis against her with earthshaking thrusts as my orgasm rises up, unable to bite it back any longer. I bring my hand to the space between us, working her clit with my thumb, giving her my dick, harder, harder.

Heat rushes through me as she thrashes beneath. I work her clit between us, leaning down and taking a bite out of the side of her tit, then the other as she throws her hips around, trying to buck me off.

“You’re mine forever. My cum is my mark, my teeth, my fingers... all of you will be marked with me. And, when I’ve got your belly swelling with me, then I’ll fuck your ass. You’ll know. I. Own. Every. Inch.”

She takes my powerful thrusts with a bravery that makes pride swell in my chest. Her walls start to pulse as I grind my thumb on her nub and I’ve never been happier in my life.

“I’m coming inside you, baby. Filling you.”

“Yes, I want to feel it.”

“Then milk it out of me. Show me you want it.”

Her silky walls contract, clutching and gripping in desperation as her eyes roll back, her body going still as her orgasm takes over.

Warmth sprays down my balls, covering my cock and the counter, dripping onto the floor as she explodes. I take her throat in a firm grip, my ownership over her complete as I bellow and roar to the ceiling. My climax blinding me as I finish with a barrage of thrusts, planting myself as deep as her body will allow, pumping the biggest load of my life up against her cervix.

My balls draw up, every drop shooting out in a powerful spray into her tight heat. I nearly black out from the waves of wonder flowing through me. She’s twitching and jerking, panic in her little moans as I hold her throat, feeling her pulse against my hand, and I *know*.

I know there’s no going back from here.

I keep myself right there, plugging her body as she melts into the counter, her opening like a tight rubber band around the base of my cock, her insides still working the rest of my jizz out of me as her body goes slack.

I draw her upward, my cock still buried deep as I kiss her cheeks, her nose, her forehead.

“I’m proud of you, baby. You were brave and you made me feel so good. Your pussy looked so good stretched around Daddy’s big dick. Get used to that. That cock is yours now, to take care of.”

I gather her against my chest, her body so small and soft. Keeping her mounted on me, I think about the fact she could be bred with me already. She will never get away. No one will take what is mine. I'll paint the streets red with blood before that happens.

She's my sister, my cock whore, my baby. And soon, I'll make her my wife.

She's perfection. And she's all mine.

CHAPTER 9



James

*B*y 4:45 I've got my duffel packed and the driver is coming at 5:30 to take me to the bus.

I don't want to fucking leave her.

Her scent spins in my nostrils and around my heart, making me fucking ache.

I do my best to focus, to steady my breathing as I gather the items delivered earlier from the kitchen and work my way up the stairs.

It's hard when you are six foot four and two-thirty to be stealthy but seems I'll manage miracles for what I need when it comes to my new baby sister.

The sight of her lithe lower legs sticking out from the white sheets has my balls ready to burst again. Her mouth is open, hair scattered over her face and her tits. Jesus, those tits.

Her breathing is steady and deep as I set down the syringe and numbing cream on the edge of the bed, gliding my fingers through her hair, exposing her shoulder. She's wearing the Savages t-shirt I gave her, looking like a

child in the miles of fabric. She's a contrast of sensuous and innocent. Small enough to be a child but her curves and her tits and her ass, all woman.

I pinch the neckline of the t-shirt and watch her face as I pull it down. She's got a little freckle right in the spot where Lance Brady the guy that used to work in the CIA that got me the tracker told me to put it. I draw back the sheet and comforter, admiring the way her tiny legs are tucked against each other, the hint of the curve of her ass just below the hem of the t-shirt.

Her pussy is right there. Right. Fucking. There.

I'm so whipped, I know it, but I don't care.

A part of me realizes this is psychopathic what I'm about to do, but the bigger part of me doesn't give a shit. She's mine and I keep track of what's important to me.

I work in silence, rubbing the lidocaine on the surface of her skin in a circle the size of a quarter. My dick is already thick and fucking aching for her again. It doesn't help that she's got that sugar bubble scent combined with the hint of her pussy drifting up to turn my brain into lust-fire.

She lets out a sigh and stretches, her legs extending. I have to ease off the mattress and reposition myself so she doesn't touch me.

It takes ten minutes for the numbing cream to work. What can I do for ten minutes?

No.

She'll wake up.

She's dead asleep. She had a huge day, and night.

It's okay. Just a look.

The battle inside me wages on even as I tug the fabric to her hip, her stacked legs falling apart in brutal temptation.

I close my eyes, shaking my head, talking myself down even as my cock presses along the zipper of my jeans, begging to go home.

Don't do it.

I ease her knees wide, the low hum of the fan as her laptop springs to life from the desk behind me.

She turns her hips so the pink slash of her pussy peeks out and I know I'm done. That little dusting of curls has me losing my mind.

I'll just give it a little pet.

Amusement tickles at my balls. I shouldn't do this, but *should* and *shouldn't* has never really concerned me.

A bead of sweat traverses down my spine as I trace the soft pink petals, pressing into the crease, feeling the warm wetness on my fingertips.

Need hazes my vision as I expose her clit and lean down to work it with my tongue.

She's still, but the rising and falling of her chest quickens. I circle her ankle with my fingers, positioning her legs farther apart to give me better access as I run my tongue down to her opening, back through the texture of her inner folds and niggle at the hot little button until I feel it.

Fucking gush of nectar.

So wet, so ready.

How long do I have? Four minutes? Three?

I don't bother to consider it too much, that's wasting time. I've got my cock out of my pants, fisting it at the root as I set my jaw and straddle her thigh with my knees.

"Daddy's going to cum inside you while you sleep, baby. Sweet dreams." I breathe the words into the air above her as I line up my cock, pushing the head into her tight heat, my eyes rolling back as I plant my fist on the mattress next to her chest, holding myself up as I feed her another inch.

Her body may be soft and sleeping but her pussy is gushing with its silent welcome.

"Good girl." I hiss under my breath, getting my hips angled to ease inside, her walls welcoming me with slick heat, wrapping around me like a tight

blanket.

Another inch, she's breathing harder, fingers twitching, mouth open on a breathy moan.

I pull out, then in, out, in as my eyes roll back and I slide deep, down to my balls, as she lays like a soft offering, unaware that I'm going to be breeding my lil' bit without her knowledge.

It's wrong, but is it? I'm just going to warm my cock while I wait. She took my load before, this is no different, I tell myself as I push away the civilized part of me that wags its finger with a disappointed scowl.

So fucking perfect. I'm holding myself inside her, counting to ten as her insides start to clutch and massage my invading dick.

My balls are heavy, full again with the hot load I want to put directly into her womb.

Fuck. I close my eyes, arching my head back as her body jerks me off from the inside.

Her lips part, the trace of her tongue dancing on the corner as she lets out a tiny moan, her hips starting to flex and pulse.

She's fucking me.

That's what I tell myself as I ease in and out an inch, an inch, back inside as she clamps down and I bring the fingers of my other hand to my mouth, sucking them inside, getting them saliva slick then easing them to her ass, pressing into the crease.

If I'm going to violate her, why not go for broke?

I find the tight pucker of her back entrance as she slowly squirms beneath me. I hold my weight above, braced on my locked arm as I keep my cock inside her, letting her little pulsing motions do the work, then press the tip of my middle finger into the tight ring of muscle and throw my head back when her inner walls lock down and she gushes around my dick.

Fucking hell. I finger her ass, in and out, as I rock my hips, unable to hold back. Time is running out, this was not in my plan, I need to get the job

done before I have to get out of here...

I move my finger in and out as she starts to pant, lips parted, eyes squeezed shut as a quiver passes through her, a high-pitched sound of pleasure and a wave of tightness around my cock and my finger sets me loose.

I growl and push to my full length, holding myself there through the blinding orgasm, pumping my load inside her as she quivers and mewls, her hands in tiny fists as hot cum spurts upward from my balls, into her softness.

My legs cramp with the intensity of my climax but my brain comes back online. The low light in the room is just enough for me to complete my task as I slide out of her, pulling my finger from her ass and using my other hand to shove any white cream I see dripping from her opening back where it belongs.

I leave her body twisted as I get my dick back in my pants, keeping my breathing steady as I pick up the syringe, pull back the fabric of the t-shirt again, seeing the little freckle where I put the cream and gently poking it with the needle, my eyes on her face.

She doesn't move.

The thought that I've fucking lost my mind runs through me as I grit my teeth, lance the needle into the center of the numbed area and press the plunger. My vision sparks with white light as I withdraw the needle. Nancy lets out another soft moan as I scramble to put the items back in the bag, getting the needle covered as I jam them into my back pocket.

A wave of guilt goes as quickly as it comes, and I tuck the blankets around her. Calmed by the fucking and the fact that she's full of my cum again, I lean down and kiss her soft lips.

"I gotta go, baby." I look at the glowing screen of her laptop. "The driver will be here any minute. I'll text you and call you as much as I can."

Her eyes flutter open, her hands warm on my cheeks. "I had a crazy dream."

"Yeah, I heard you moaning when I came in. it wasn't a nightmare was it?"

She shakes her head, her eyes softened with sleep. “No, it was you and me. We were... in the bed of your truck. Like in a field somewhere, there was music, me singing but on the radio, then... we were...”

“Fucking?”

She nods, her smile brightening my heart. “Yeah, but then...” She swallows, her eyes fluttering. “There were bees everywhere, I got stung. Then I woke up.”

“Well, no bees here.” I look up and around the room. “I’ll never let you get hurt, baby. But,” I hear the soft honk of the horn from outside, “my ride’s here. Now, I’ll send you some presents, the keys to my truck are downstairs but I don’t think you should drive that big thing. I’ll get you set up with a car tomorrow. I left you one of my away jerseys to wear. I want you to wear it whenever I’m playing a game and keep your phone with you all the time. If I can’t talk to you, I’ll be on a plane back here and I don’t want to let the team down.”

“No, you have to do your job. Just win. I’ll be fine here. I have a lot of things to think about.”

“Good girl. Just make sure most of those things involve me.” I kiss her, long and slow, then the honk comes again. “Be good. I’m proud of you. Go back to sleep and call me or message me as soon as you’re awake.”

Her eyes are already closed, the blankets pulled under her chin as I make my way to the door, taking one more look back.

“Daddy loves you, lil’ bit. I’m with you always.”

CHAPTER 10



Nancy

“So this is like a date?” I ask from my place in the family room, sitting cross legged on the couch I his away jersey and my usual yoga leggings, then pinch a bit of the egg foo young between my chopsticks and put it in my mouth. “Oh my God.” I mumble around the bite then moan, my eyes drifting closed at the savory flavor.

Since the first trimester nausea passed, food has been so next level but a bit volatile. It’s so weird. It either tastes like heaven or I want to throw it out the window.

This? *Heaven.*

James coughs on the screen of the new laptop he sent me, choking on a bite of his own food. “Jesus fucking Christ...You make that noise again, we’re going to skip straight to dessert.”

I giggle. “What? *Mmmmmmm.*”

“You know *what*, you fucking little tease. And yes, this is a date.”

“A *date* date?”

“I already took that hot little pussy for a ride, the least I could do is buy you take out Chinese over Zoom. I hated to leave, I’m sorry, baby. If I could clone myself, I’d be there with you, feeding you then eating you.”

I shake my head as the baby does somersaults, enjoying the food as much as me. Zoom is good right now. We were moving at warp speed and I had a little whiplash from it all, especially considering I haven’t figured out a way to drop the big bomb on him.

My tummy could still pass as just soft and fluffy but the little round pooch is becoming more distinct with each passing day and soon enough, especially on full naked display, there’s gonna be questions.

“I like this. I’ve never been on a date.”

He coughs again. Behind him the skyline of Chicago shows in the afternoon sun out his hotel window.

“Baby.” He drops his chopsticks and presses his fingers to his brow. “This is going to sound bad, but I don’t give a fuck. I would have kept you shrink wrapped and on a shelf waiting for me if I could have, but somehow, the universe did it for me and I’m a fuck for thinking it, but I’m like King Kong over here, you’re my Fay Ray in my hand and I’m roaring at the top of this skyscraper that you’re mine, I’ll be your first at every-fucking-thing, thank you very much.”

“You do have a misogynist streak. But, we accept a lot when it’s family.” The balls of my cheeks heat as he leans in, licking those award-winning lips.

“I’m going to be a control freak with you, get used to it.”

“I like the video date. Takes the pressure off an introvert like me. I approve,” I say with a grin. “What have you got?”

“A boner the size of the space shuttle.”

I snort with a nod, loving how he looks at me with this sort of desperate need. “I mean, what are you eating?”

“Not what I want to be eating, that’s for sure...” He glances down at his food. He asked what I wanted and I was craving Chinese so he got take out delivered here and there so we could eat the same kind of food. Separate but together. “Crab Rangoon.”

James texted me as soon as his flight landed, then called me from the bus with all the guys around him laughing and cutting up as he fought off their questions and managed to make me feel safe and important even with him gone.

He had to get onto team stuff but set up the Zoom date and I love it. I’m not sure I’d be ready to be out with the one and only James “The Savage” White in public, not to mention finding something other than a hoodie or a jersey that would hide my...*condition*, so this suits me well.

I want to tell him I haven’t stopped thinking about him for even a second. To say I’m distracted is such a wild understatement, it’s a good thing I’m unemployed because right now, I’m pretty sure I’m unemployable.

“So did you get the other packages?” he asks, taking a bite of his food, settling back in a wide manspread on the purple upholstered chair next to the windows, his chest bare and making my mouth water more than the food.

I nod. “Yes. I haven’t opened it. You texted not to open it until you told me to.”

He was right about being a little controlling. It’s probably a red flag, but right now, when it comes to my new stepbrother, I’m colorblind.

“Good girl. I want to watch you when you see what’s inside.”

“I’m horrible at receiving gifts. I don’t need anything.” That last part is a lie, of course. Most of my life fits into four bags and a cat carrier.

Taylor yawns from his place in an empty box on the floor, then takes to licking his back paw as I swallow another bite of food.

“It’s not about what you need. It’s about what I want to get for you. Some gifts are more for me than you. Even when I send them *to* you.”

“Intriguing...” I take a mouthful of egg foo young, chewing as I puzzle that out. “Lingerie?”

A large part of me hopes not. Because if it is, I’m going to have to watch the camera angles for sure. I could just pass for chubby, but look at him? That niggling doubt casts a gray haze over the moment.

Why would a guy like him want me in the first place? Baby belly or not?

On the other hand, he’s got some draw to me and knowing that feels so... empowering.

“Do you want lingerie?”

“I’m just guessing. I have zero experience in this arena, remember.”

“If you want lingerie, I’ll get you lingerie, baby.” He takes another bite of food, wiggling his legs as his abs clench and the muscles in his chest under his tattoos shift, hypnotizing me. The red in his eye has faded a bit and the bruise is turning more yellow and green than black and blue but I have to say, that whole bad-boy look does things to my Downton Abbey I could not have anticipated.

I shake my head, my heart racing, sweat breaking over my brow. “No, hold off on the lingerie. Let me ease into this.”

I need time. I need time to craft the opening to the conversation about the fact I’m pregnant with another man’s child. And what man, I’m not even sure.

That doesn’t feel like a Zoom conversation over Chinese food. My chest clenches and a ball of worry knots in my belly knowing there’s a huge chance he will ball it as far away from me as possible when I tell him, although I’m praying he won’t.

Before that happens, I want to enjoy *this*. I’ve got time for fun, and let’s be honest, I can’t get pregnant so, there’s that. When things blow up, I just hope my heart won’t be crushed and James and I can be adults, go back to being distant stepsiblings and never let our parents know what happened in the early days of our blended family.

My heart hurts already thinking about it, but here I am. Nonsensical Nancy, not thinking things through.

“So if it’s not lingerie,” I say, trying to distract myself from the logistics of my complicated condition, “what is it?”

“You’ll have to open it and find out.”

I grunt in frustration. “Give me a hint then. One clue.”

“No.” He chuckles, a deep and resonant sound. “It’s a surprise.”

“Urgh. When can I open it?”

“When you finish eating.”

I push the tray of food away from me. “I’m done,” I say, but it’s a lie. I’d eat that whole plate full and the three eggrolls but I’m more excited about what’s in the package right now.

“You are not done, sis. You need to be in the Savage’s Clean Your Plate Club in order to get your surprise. Now, eat.”

More red flags but, I do want to eat it, so I shrug, pulling the plate back and digging in.

“So,” I cover my still full mouth with my hand, swallow, then ask, “were you like a hockey prodigy? Have you been playing since you could walk or was it a later in life discovery?”

He chuckles, crossing his ankle over his knee, his biceps flexing as he sets down his takeout container and swipes his hand through his hair. “Somewhere in between. I was probably five when my dad got me started. I wasn’t that great to be honest.”

“What?” I gasp in mock horror. “Say it isn’t so.”

He nods, running his open hand down his chest, making my insides turn to goo. “I was more into the fighting. That was my outlet. Pretty soon, coaches didn’t care much about how I played, I was the goon.”

“You are not a goon, you could never have been a goon.”

“Goon is like the bouncer, the big dumb guy who can protect the better players. The one that will take a beating, give one out, bleed and take the fall for the win. I was good at it. I liked to fight.”

“But, you’re a great player, right? I do not know much about hockey but you are like NHL, and maybe team captain, you can’t just be good at fighting and get all that on your resume, big brother.”

He pops his lips together on a long sniff, then answers, “True. I evolved, but I didn’t get the nickname savage for my skating skills. Although, I am considered a pretty boy because I still have all my own teeth.” He points to his mouth on an exaggerated smile.

“Huge bonus.” I nod, finishing the last of my food and putting the plate on the coffee table. “I like your teeth. Your whole mouth actually.”

“That’s the best thing I’ve heard all day. I can’t wait to give *your* mouth some training too. I’ve got a big stick that needs your attention.”

“Hard to do from here,” I say, my body heating, wetness gathering down low as my nipples draw tight.

I change the subject for a minute, trying to make sure my food settles okay. I ask him more about the trip, his hotel, and he asks me how things are going here, and I tell him about how Azra has passed on some VA work my way and I could use the money for sure.

“If you need money, you only have to ask,” he says with a frown, and I shake my head.

“I need my independence, and besides it’s not about the money. I can’t just sit here in this house for six months. Azra is teaching me some spreadsheet stuff. It’s wildly boring but I need more marketable skills.”

He sniffs. “What about your singing?”

“Oh, that’s just for me, for fun. Sure, would I love to be on stage in front of a sellout crowd on my own record setting concert tour? Maybe. But I don’t like people looking at me when I sing, so that’s a bit of a stumbling block,” I say, stretching my legs out straight and arching my back, which is starting

to ache from sitting too long. “But,” I poke my fingers together in a gesture of childlike excitement, “can I open my package?”

“That depends,” he says, licking his lips, reaching down to the front of his athletic shorts to adjust himself. “Aren’t you forgetting something?”

“What?”

“A little word, sis. Can I open my package...”

I smile, biting into my bottom lip. I could be bratty right now. It might be fun. But I really *do* want to know what’s in that package. “Can I open my package, please?”

“Good girl,” he says with a jerk of his head to the side. “Go get it, but bring it back to the camera before you start opening it.”

I nod on an excited yelp, popping up off the sofa and heading out to the hall where I left the package when it was delivered.

My fingers are trembling with anticipation when I plop myself down into the soft cushions and settle the package in my lap.

“Open it,” James says from the screen as my heart races a thousand miles an hour.

The box fits nicely on my lap with no discernible indications as to what’s inside. I lift it, giving it a shake and hear something shift inside but it’s about as heavy as a hard back book.

“Sounds like a book,” I say, biting back my disappointment as I turn it around in my hands.

It’s not that I don’t like books, I love them, but I thought this was more a sexy sort of moment but, after more thought, I know Azra reads some crazy spicy stuff and maybe James has something he wants me to read to him...

James laughs. “Open it, sis. I’m getting impatient, do as you’re told.”

I huff, easing my fingertips under the flap and ripping the top open, tossing the little bubble’s of air on the floor then see the word... ‘Savage’.

He chuckles. “Like it?”

“Well, I’m not sure, it’s named after you.” I take out the white box and turn it over, the outline of what’s inside making my insides twirl. “You have a sex toy company?”

He chuckles. “No, just a coincidence. But, if you’re going to be using anything on that pussy of yours, it better have my name on it because it belongs to me. The Savage brand has a whole line of toys and we’re going to go through every single one.”

I slide the top off the smaller box inside, the ‘Savage’ brand name looks similar to James’s tattoo in raised silver embossing. “Wow.” I swallow hard, the tight gathering of my nipples making me pause. “Quite a handle coincidence.”

“Excited?” he asks, scooting closer to his laptop, getting that crazed look in his eyes as I hold up the purple silicone vibrator, inspecting it from all angles.

“I’ve never... this is going to take some getting used to,” I say, giggling. “Thank you.”

“Thank you? That’s all?”

I turn to look back at him. “Thank you, big brother?” I try, but his chest is heaving now up and down, his finger working the elastic of his shorts down until his thick shaft pops out and he lifts out of the chair and drops his shorts, his dick taking up the entire screen on the laptop.

“I didn’t buy it so you could thank me and we could move on, baby girl. You’re going to give me a show.”

“Now?” I fight off the urge to spread my legs and take it for a run but for once, I’m thinking before I’m leaping. “On Zoom? What if... What if someone else is watching?”

His cock moves away from the camera, the tip already dripping a clear liquid. As he comes back into view, he shakes his head. “It’s encrypted. And besides, if anyone gets in between me and my baby getting it on? I’ll paint the streets red. I’ll stop hearts and cut off balls. No one is keeping me from you even on a fucking video call, baby.”

I look into his eyes and shiver.

“Well...” I say, my body already aching for relief with a fresh pulsing between my legs.

“Well, you need to always ask first or I’ll take away your toys. If you want to play, you have to get permission, we clear?”

I nod, unsure if I understand or not, because since I opened the box and James’s cock came onto the call, logical thought is no longer possible.

“Good girl. Now, you need to ask for your orgasm. I want you to stand up, take off your clothes—”

Take off my clothes...

“Can I keep the jersey on? I like doing things with you with your jersey on.” I blurt out, nipping my bottom lip. “Makes me feel like you’re with me.”

That seems to work, James shakes his head but gives me the approval I need. “Okay, Jersey on, but tie it up so I can see that ass and my little sister’s cunt. I want full view of the action items in the next part of our meeting.” He leans back in his chair again, his hand around his girth, stroking, slow and steady as his powerful frame and energy envelop the screen. “This is a date, you’re going to put out for me and give me my dessert.” He shifts back and spreads his legs, his balls hanging low as a pang of excitement settles in my chest.

“Yes, Daddy,” I say without thought and his cock grows another inch.

That excites me more than I expected. Knowing I have this power over him, my words affect him in these ways, sends a vibration down into my bones that makes me shiver.

“Stand. Tie up that jersey and then bend over, one hand on the back of the sofa, other hand on that savage cock in your hand.”

I do as he says, taking a minute while I’m turned around to organize the knot on the jersey, then assume the position.

“But, I won’t be able to see you.”

“You just need to feel me, baby. That toy in your hand is me right now. Turn it on.”

I hold down the button until it starts to shake and pulse, the slim tapered head not completely phallic but enough of a head that it will mimic the sex act and my body clenches, ready for my first show.

I’m nearly panting and whimpering as I bend over, knowing James can see all of me from behind, I’m totally on display for my stepbrother as I hear him breathing and the low growl comes from behind.

A shudder passes through me as I hold the end of the toy, waiting for instructions which come in a deep, demanding voice.

“Spread your feet apart, then touch the tip to your clit.”

I follow the commands, the first brush of the vibrating object sending a shockwave through me. “Oh my God.”

“That’s Daddy licking you, baby. Close your eyes and think of my tongue.”

“It’s too much.” I drop my head on a whine. “It feels so good it sort of hurts.”

“Put it back.” He barks in a darker, sinister tone. “If I tell you to do something with my pussy, you do it. Now. Do. As. You. Are. Told. Put it back on your clit and hold it there.”

I grip my hand around the shaft of silicone and hold it to my clit, my body convulsing as the sensations engulf me.

Exposing myself like this is so not me but with James ordering me, somehow I melt into the moment.

Is it because he takes control? Because he uses this sense of big brother and Daddy power that I’ve secretly needed?

There’s no time for a psychology investigation right now because the buzzing vibrator is hitting the spot as I pant and the glorious sensations seem to spread like ripples in a pond, my inner thighs clenching as I lock my knees to stay upright.

“God what a fucking view,” James says as a burning sensation starts inside me. “Ease it into your pussy, you’re fucking soaking, it’s dripping out of you, baby.”

His voice urges me on and there’s not a bit of self-consciousness left.

I glide the tip to my opening, over the pulsing ridges of my pussy, my body now a slave to the toy and James’s instructions.

“Put me inside you, sis. Give your big brother some relief like a good girl.”

I gasp as I center the buzzing tip just inside me. I can’t form words any longer as I buck my hips back, hoarse sounds falling from my lips.

My throat burns as I moan and call out, the clenching inside me incessant and demanding.

“Push it in. I want to see that cunt spread for me. Take it for me. Now.”

I glide the instrument into my quivering body as whimpers catch in my throat and James makes ragging sounds from behind me.

“More. Push it inside. All the way,” he orders. “I want you filthy for me, fuck yourself with that toy. It’s me, little sister, you’re putting your brother’s cock in your dirty little teasing hole.”

His voice tips me farther into the abyss. The way he speaks to me like an object makes me soar, finding a spot inside me as the vibrating toy sends tears streaming down my cheeks as I press to my tiptoes.

“Ask for it, baby. Ask Daddy to let you come.”

“Please,” I hiss, the toy sliding in and out, in and out as my hair falls on my damp cheeks.

“Please what?”

“Please, Daddy, can I...” Who am I right now? I don’t care, I need relief, I’d do anything he says. *“PleasedaddyIneedtocome!”*

“Good girl. Give it to me. I want it, show me what a dirty girl you are for Daddy, fucking yourself for me. Come. Now.”

I lose focus, the room spins as the vibration and pulsing savage silicone toy take me away. My insides pulse and constrict, contracting and squeezing as my knees give out. I fall forward onto the sofa, spinning onto my ass, the toy still inside me as I catch sight of James on the screen, his face a mask of intensity as his hand yanks up and down his enormous length.

“Open your mouth, stick out your tongue.” He grits out. My throat is sore and my body soaked from my release but I do as I’m told. “Good girl. You get your prize.”

A fountain of white shoots from the tip of his cock as he throws his head back, muscles hard. He roars and the vibrator takes me to another place of bliss, gasping and calling for him, lost in this new world without much thought about the one I left behind.

The one I can’t leave behind.

As I start to come down, my mind drifts, I start to hum one of my songs. It’s about a young girl away from home, stumbling into the wrong place at the right time...

I’m drifting and lost when I hear James again. “Sing, baby. Sing for me.”

I shake my head. “No, I don’t like singing in front of people.”

“Not people. Me. Sing for Daddy. Like I’m the only person in the world.”

CHAPTER 11



James

I haven't fucking slept. Not since she gave me that show last night with the purple toy.

My nerves are shot.

All I can think about is her. I want to see her. I *need* to see her. And as soon as the guys I hired to do the work get off their asses and do their fucking job, I will.

I check the tracking app on my phone, zooming in so I can see exactly where she is in the house. Even though I *know* where she is, I need to *know* where she is. At all times. That little white dot from the tracker under her skin is like looking at her, like watching her through a keyhole.

I've texted her about a hundred fucking times and laid into her ass when she didn't answer right away. And now, I'm losing my fucking mind being so far away with her there alone.

"How fucking long?" I bark into the phone. "You need more money? Is this a shakedown? Because I'll get you more. Fuck, just tell me how much you want and it's yours."

I just need it done. I need to see Nancy more than I need my next breath. If I don't see her soon, I'll blow this fucking planet up.

"I told you, this isn't about the money. Jesus, just—"

I pace in the hotel room, almost pulling my hair out with my frustration. "Don't get a fucking attitude with me. Just give me a number."

"My guys are on it, they'll have it all up and running in minutes. Trust me."

Trust him? How can I fucking trust him? I don't even know him, but his company came highly recommended. Discreet security installation, cameras set up fast. They even agreed not to let Nancy know what was really going on. All she knows is what I told her: that they're here to update and test the existing security on my mom's house.

"She was suspicious, okay? She wanted to know why we needed her to stay downstairs while we installed the new cameras." Gus, the guy in charge of the security company, hums. "Mind if I ask what this is about? That your girl? You think maybe she's cheating on you?"

"Shut the fuck up," I growl. He says one more fucking word about her I'm going fly home and fucking turn his balls into earrings. "Just do your job."

Yeah, what I'm doing right now is a bit over the top, but ask if I fucking care. I want to be sure my girl is safe and sound. And I have to see her whenever I want to. The idea of watching her sleep is giving me joy, calming my nerves. What if something happens to her and she can't call me? What if she needs my help?

"Sure, but, you know, I have this guy." Gus gets my attention. "Real discreet. If she's screwing some big dick while you're away—"

A growl rumbles my chest. "I'm two seconds from hopping on a plane and coming there to tear your head off and shit down your neck if you reference her cheating on me again. You don't talk about Nancy like that. Ever. She's a fucking angel..." I trail off as a message flashes up on my computer screen. "What's this mean? It says 'Please Stand By'."

"That's the system booting up. Shouldn't be more than a few seconds now —"

I end the call.

Because the system is online, and I don't want my senses sullied by his fucking voice.

It's her. Jesus fucking Christ.

All she's doing is sitting there in the living room, watching the TV and eating an apple while she tickles Taylor under the chin. But to me, it's like I'm watching a fucking porno. My dick is instantly an iron rod inside my pants, weeping at the thought of getting inside her, of taking the place of that fucking apple.

"That's all working fine," I hear on the microphone, and realize the sound is coming from a different camera.

I switch the sound to her and listen to her singing along quietly as the theme tune to some soap opera I don't recognize plays in the background.

Too fucking cute for words.

I grin at the sound of her voice. Damn, but that girl can sing. She's a fucking artist and she doesn't even seem to know it.

"We're all done, miss. Sorry for the intrusion."

She stops singing and turns her head to someone off camera. "Oh, that's okay. I'll come see you out."

"Don't trouble yourself. Not in your condition."

Condition.

What condition? What's he talking about? I flick through the dozens of cameras I've had installed, looking for some clue as to what he could possibly mean. But it's not until I come back to the first that I find out.

She stands from the sofa, stripping off the sweatshirt, leaving her in a tight tank top, her yoga pants slung low as she arches her back on a long stretch.

"What the *fuck*?" I mutter to myself as I zoom in and out. "She's pregnant?"

I'm no doctor, but even I know it would have to be some sci-fi shit for her belly to be that round with my kid already. What in the name of fuck is going on?

"It's no trouble," she's saying over the speaker, as she wobbles to her feet, making her way to the door to let the guys out.

I switch camera angles to watch her exit the living room and come out into the hall closing the door behind the last guy to leave.

And as she turns, I realize that the thing in her hands isn't an apple at all.

It's a fucking raw onion.

"Cravings," I murmur to myself, but I don't have time to dwell on that thought because *Jesus Christ*.

She reaches up, her eyebrows drawing together, and I hear a hiss of discomfort over the speaker as she massages her left breast.

And I cream my fucking pants.

"Milk already?" she mutters to herself. "What the hell am I supposed to do about that?"

Milk.

She's getting milk.

And she doesn't know what to do with it.

The thought runs through my mind before I can stop it. The idea of her leaning back as I slip her heavy tits out of her top, feeding a nipple into my mouth as her milk leaks. The taste of it on my tongue, the feel of it sliding down my throat.

Her soft moans as I relieve her of that burden.

"Fuck..." I moan as I massage my cock at the thought of it. The thought of her. "I'm coming home, baby. The sooner the fucking better. We got some shit to sort out."

CHAPTER 12



Nancy

“*I*s there a back way out or anything? Please?” I stare in what I hope is a doe-eyed, innocent expression, hoping to appeal to his sense of human decency.

Or at least professional care for the doctor’s patients.

He frowns, and if I could drop to my knees and beg right now, I would. But in my state, that’s just not an option.

“*Please.*” I clasp my hands together in a silent prayer, drowning out the background chatter of the crowd—a pack of sharks sensing the blood in the water.

“There is, but...” The receptionist glances behind me, out of the glass surgery door, to where the small crowd of reporters has gathered. “There are already a few out there as well. And at least going out the front means you’re in full view should...anything happen.”

“What...” I stutter the word, barely able to believe what I’m hearing. “What’s likely to happen? Oh, God...”

I don't know how they've found me. More than that, I don't know why they care about me. They had Mason, made hurtful, vengeful news about him. Why do they need me? Has the Mason news already cooled down? God, if they've found who I am, does that mean they found out about the connection between me and James?

This is just a disaster. A train wreck.

"I'm sure it will be fine. Look, can I call someone for you? You know, safety in numbers. The baby's father..." the receptionist mumbles, not really caring about me but clearly just hoping for me to get the hell out.

I roll my eyes.

The receptionist doesn't know the truth. Nobody knows the truth, only me and Mason. Oh, and Azra, but she's on the other side of the world. Almost.

The father of the child is hardly likely to show up and shield me from photo-op seekers out for blood, since the entirety of his involvement in the pregnancy involved jerking off into a cup.

I shake my head, unable to hold back my glare. "No. It's fine, I'll deal with it."

"I'd walk you out myself, but there's the insurance to think about and, well, what would people think?"

I draw a deep breath, concentrating on making my response sound calm and not as sarcastic or passive-aggressive as I feel. "Yeah, far be it for a health care professional's office staff to care about my health."

Steeling my nerves, I turn away and resist the urge to flip him the bird as I head for the door and outside.

As soon as I'm out, the sharks circle.

"Ms. Rochet, congratulations. Who's the father? When are you due?"

I ignore him, keeping my eyes straight ahead and my head held high. I can do this. One step. Two steps.

A camera is shoved in my face.

“Is the baby Mason’s, Ms. Rochet? How were you not charged?” A woman with red lipstick shoves her phone in my face. Her voice is cold, the accusation in her tone obvious.

Finally, I turn, shaking my head. “I didn’t *know anything*, okay? I thought —”

Her lips curve into a smirk, probably enjoying that she’s got a reaction from me. “Are you claiming you didn’t have a clue what Mason was doing? Is the baby Mason’s?”

I swallow, realizing the mistake I’ve made. “No, it’s—”

“Does your new stepbrother know all about it? How is Savage?” she pushes. Her green eyes shine bright like a snake that’s caught its prey. Ready to sink her sharp teeth into my flesh.

“I... He...” I try to answer, but there are so many questions being shouted at me, and I realize I’m frozen to the spot. I should have got the receptionist to at least call a cab for me before I came out here. Someone should be waiting for me.

The tears start to flow, but that doesn’t get me any sympathy. The exact opposite.

I hear people calling me a criminal, saying I should be in federal prison right alongside Mason. People saying that I’ve escaped justice, that families have lost money because of what Mason and I did, and don’t I think they deserve to see me on the stand.

It doesn’t matter how much I plead, they’re not listening. It doesn’t matter how much I tell them that James has nothing to do with it, nobody is going to stop accusing me.

“Let me the fuck through.” I hear a low growl to my right. The voice is familiar, but my head is ringing from all the intrusive questions. “Get out of my way or I’ll make you eat that fucking camera.”

A moment later, I feel a hand on my shoulder, and I flinch back, blinking away tears.

“Hey. Hey, it’s me. Sis, it’s me, James.”

I lift my head and see those deep pools of dark chocolate and I want to dive in and never come out.

He nods. “Any of these motherfuckers touches you, they’ll have me to deal with.”

“Can we go?”

He pulls me in close and I feel my heart rate starting to return to normal. Just knowing he’s here is enough to calm me, to make me feel safe and secure.

Then I realize... He’s here. And he’s seen me.

I try to cover my baby bump, but it’s not going to happen. “I’m sorry, I didn’t want you to find out like this. God, it’s... I’m sorry...” I don’t know how to explain any of it. It’s such a mess.

“I knew,” he says simply, and kisses the top of my head. “How do you think I knew where to come?”

A reporter shoves a microphone forward. “Do you know who the father is, Savage? Is it Mason’s baby? Will she be seeing him for conjugal visits?”

I feel myself turning as James whips around to face the questioner. There’s a squeal of feedback as I watch in horror as he tugs the microphone out of the reporter’s hands and hurls it to the ground, bringing his foot down on it for good measure.

“What did I tell you?” he asks, turning to the cameraman moving forward behind the reporter. “I told you I’d make you eat that fucking camera if it was in my face again, and look here...”

He stomps forward, and the cameraman sensibly scoots back, the camera swiveling to face skyward as he half turns, running for his life from the massive fist aimed his way.

“You’re lucky I don’t hit women,” he grunts, glaring at the reporter.

I see flashes from all around as photographs are taken, front pages being held for the story of the sports star losing it and the scandal of my association with Mason. And somebody, one of those in the crowd, comes up with the perfect headline.

“The Thief and the Thug.” I hear it spoken into a microphone, or into a cell phone, and others start to take up the words.

“You print that and I’ll fucking sue your ass!” James is moving forward, but I pull him back.

“Please, let’s just go. Please, James. Please!”

He turns and looks into my eyes, and I see all his features harden. He takes a deep breath, then nods. “This way.”

With that, he guides me away, and within what feels like a few strides I’m being helped up into the cab of his truck, my seat belt pulled around me and clipped into place and the whole world—reporters, cameras, smarmy receptionists and all—are shut out.

And all I have to worry about is how I’m going to explain a secret baby to the man I love.



HE GLANCES across at me as we drive, and I notice that we’re not heading in the direction of home.

Which makes me wonder, where are we going?

“Well?” James asks. He doesn’t sound unkind, but he does sound serious.

And I put on my best bratty voice. “Well, what?”

“You know what. I saved you back there, but I’m wondering the same thing they are. Whose baby is it?”

I hesitate for a moment, staring at him. There’s a hint of annoyance in his voice, I’m sure of it. His eyes might still be kind, they might still speak to

parts of me that are crying out for his touch, but I'm about to lose him and I don't have any idea how to stop it happening.

"Is this it for us?" I ask, facing my problems head on. Go me. "Are you driving me somewhere to dump me and leave me out in the cold? Because if you are—"

"What the fuck? Dump you? Leave you?"

"Isn't that where we're going?" I feel my voice starting to break and I can't stop it.

Before I know it, I'm weeping, turning away to stare out of the window and I feel his hand on my thigh. He pulls his truck on the side of the road as everything inside me tenses. Is this where he's leaving me?

"I'll never leave you. Never. You hear me?" I feel his fingers on my chin as he turns my head, forcing me to face him. "You're mine. I'm never letting you out of my sight again." The intensity in his voice makes me swallow the lump in my throat. But I can't let myself relax now. Not yet.

"And my baby?"

"*Our* baby, Nancy. Fuck. You think I could live my life without you in it? Wrong. You and this baby are mine to protect. *Mine*. But I need to know. Who is the father? I promise not to kill him unless... Wait... Baby, you said you were a virgin, so I'm a confused motherfucker. You lied?"

"I didn't lie." I shake my head, hurt that he could even think that, but I also understand why he would. "There's nobody but you. There's never been anybody but you. You were my first time."

I hope he hears the truth in my words. I need him to.

He narrows his eyes, glancing down at my bump. "I find that kind of hard to believe. Unless you're carrying the Messiah there, which, hell, you're an angel, so..."

I laugh, spluttering through the tears. I can't even imagine how I'm laughing at this situation, but it's James. With him, I do things I've never thought possible. "I'm a surrogate. For Mason. Doctor did the whole deal.

No body parts touched. Or it was supposed to be for Mason. He relinquished all rights to the baby when he realized he was going to be in prison for at least a decade.”

He nods thoughtfully. “Mason.”

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you.”

“Me too. From now on, lil’ bit, you tell me everything, okay? So Mason gave up all rights. Is that official, or just, like—”

“It’s official. All signed and sealed.”

“So it’s *our* baby then,” he says, nodding like he’s just decided how the world should be ordered. As if all the stars just came into alignment and agreed to his plan.

He pulls away again, merging into traffic then onto a side street. “As soon as we get home,” he tells me, “we’re calling our parents.”

“What? No, you don’t—”

“Yes, Nancy. We need to tell them about us, and we need to tell them about our baby. They need to know and I want them to know. Fuck, I want to shout it from the fucking rooftops.”

“You don’t know my dad. He might not take it well.”

James shrugs. “If he doesn’t, he doesn’t. We’ll deal with that. *Together*. But you haven’t spent enough time around my mom. She has a way of making people get things into perspective. She did it with me, she did it with my brothers. To an extent, she even did it with my dad. When my little brothers moved in with him, she helped me see the positives in that situation. I still miss them, but she was right, it allowed me to focus on my career.”

I nod, taking it in. “If you’re not dumping me, where are we going?” I ask, looking out at roads that are only vaguely familiar.

“The store down here has the best reviews. Their selection is good and the staff know what they’re talking about. Apparently.”

“Selection of what?”

He indicates and pulls to the curb, putting the truck into park and putting a hand over mine when I go to take off my seat belt. “Of baby things, of course. And for new mothers. I want you and this one to have the best of everything, and that starts right now.”

“What are you doing?”

“Unclipping your seat belt. From now on, you don’t lift a fucking finger.”

I’m just about to giggle and joke around with him. Until I look at his face.

He’s serious.

I can’t believe he’s serious, but he is. He unclips the seat belt and winds it carefully away, making sure not to squeeze my bump too tight before he hops out of the cab and comes around to my side to help me out.

“I can manage on my own,” I protest.

“No,” he says simply, carefully lowering me to the ground, then taking my hand and leading me to the store.

I have to admit, he’s right about one thing. This place has everything.

We wander the aisles, and James piles a trolley high with everything a new mother could need, from breast pumps to sterilizers, diapers, a nursing pillow... the list goes on. When we get to the cribs, he calls one of the assistants over.

“Which of these is safest for the baby?” he demands, waving a finger at the huge selection.

The assistant grins. “Hey, aren’t you James, the Savage, White?”

“Aren’t you supposed to be working? I said, which of these is safe?”

He hesitates, the smile faltering, then stutters a reply. “They’re... all safe. Sir.”

“Which is *safest*?” He raises his voice on the last word, and I see the vein in his throat standing clear.

“I don’t know. I think they’re all just as—”

“The site said the staff here are knowledgeable. Now you’re saying you *don’t know*? How am I supposed to buy something without knowing if it’s going to be safe?”

I take his arm, stroking his hand with mine. “He said they’re all safe. Let’s just pick one.”

“No.” He shakes his head. “You think I’m letting our baby near some deathtrap? Uh uh, no way, we’ll go someplace else where they know what they’re fucking talking about. In fact, we’re putting all this shit back and going someplace else.”

“Is everything all right here?” Another staff member steps in, and her manner is instantly calming.

Or at least it is to me.

“No, it fucking isn’t,” James explodes, rounding on her. “I ask one fucking question and I find that nobody can answer it. All I want is a crib that’s safe for our baby, now I’m wondering if any of this fucking shit is safe.”

“I completely understand, I would feel exactly the same way. I’m Emily, by the way. Is this your first?”

“Yes,” I say quickly, before he can respond, watching the first staff member slink away while the coast is clear.

“How exciting.” Emily beams. James is still glaring. “All the cribs are safe, that’s true, but they’re not all equal. Why don’t you tell me what the home situation is going to be like, and we’ll discuss some of the features and find *exactly* what you’re both looking for. Sound good?”

James looks ready to pop a blood vessel, so I nod for us both. “Yes please, that would be perfect.”

“Wonderful, let’s get started.”

After that, it’s all plain sailing. Even James starts to warm to Emily, who guides us to the right crib, then checks through what we’ve already picked up, pointing out features and assuring us that if anything isn’t exactly right,

we can return it for an exchange or a refund. Then she takes us personally to the checkout and rings us up.

When we're back in the truck, with our haul piled in the back, I start to laugh.

"What?" James says as he starts it up.

I shake my head. "Nothing." I lean in and kiss his cheek. "You're so over the top about it all. It's sweet."

"Fuck yes. I'm protective of my family," he grunts, palming the steering wheel as he pulls away. "I'm going to make sure you and my baby have everything. Always."

CHAPTER 13



Nancy

"You're going to walk around naked unless I tell you otherwise." James punches the buttons on the thermostat while Taylor slinks around his ankles. "I've set it to seventy-five. If that's not warm enough, you tell me, okay?"

I frown. "Do you think they were just pretending to be happy for us?"

"Baby, our parents were over the fucking moon. I told you they would be. And now everything is out in the open, we can do things properly."

He's already gone through the refrigerator and thrown away nearly everything inside. Then got on the computer and ordered a delivery of all organic fruits, vegetables, grass fed beef, pasture raised chicken, no fish—because, mercury—and an arm's length list of everything else he thought I needed.

Anything that he even thought might be a trip hazard has been fixed. He's called the manufacturer of the chairs and sofa to make sure the cushioning is hypo-allergenic. New bedding has been ordered.

My stepbrother, the psycho.

“Take off your shirt.” He strides my way as I stand frozen in the family room off the kitchen. He’s ignited the gas fireplace so it’s already toasty warm in here but the fire in his eyes is raising the temperature even more. “I want those tits in my mouth right fucking now. I put all the pieces together, baby. You were hiding that delicious bump from me, but not anymore. I want it on full display and I’m going to suckle on those milky tits until you are gushing. I read about it, the more demand, the more the supply, and I’m a demanding fuck. So come here.”

He grabs me by the hand, making our way to the velvet sofa as Taylor scoots quickly out of the room, sensing that this is about to be some private time. I catch my reflection in the mirror over the fireplace. I didn’t expect to see him right after the doctor’s office.

My hair is a tangled mess in a bun on the top of my head, but my cheeks are rosy and the button up shirt I stole from his closet is snug around my middle.

“Here.” He drops down onto the cushions, legs spread, pulling me forward. “I’m so fucking hard, baby. I’m going to shove you down on my cock while you shove those leaking tits into my mouth. I need relief. And sustenance.”

He’s already made it clear I’m his and I gave a sort of silent consent that he could do what he wanted with me, but I’m not sure that was so wise.

He’s been gone three weeks and during that time, I’ve come to some peace with myself and the baby. I was waiting until he got back to tell him first, then I had planned a call to my father to ask for support and talk through the next year.

But, James has turned that all upside down again with that dangerous look in his eyes. And I’m not sure if peace is what I want, because this manic, savage love-lust that chokes me whenever we are together, does not service any sort of logic.

“Strip,” he commands as I stand in silence. “Fast. I need inside you or things are going to get ugly.”

That niggling thought that he is a bit unbalanced lights me up yet again with both fear and desire.

I work the buttons on the front of the shirt, letting it fall off my shoulders, and freeze when his glare turns icy.

“What?” I say, my hands working over my protruding belly, heat riding up my chest and onto my face. “It’s big, I’m huge. A house and getting bigger.”

My lower lids start to burn as my nipples tingle and that sensation of the warm milk letting down makes me shiver.

The doctor said it’s unusual for actual milk to come in before the baby is born, but it’s not unheard of.

“Bra. Off.” He hisses between clenched teeth, his dark eyes narrow, the furrows in his brow deepening.

I reach around and work the clasp, swallowing the lump in my throat as my toes curl on the rug. The heat from the fire prickles through the back of my leggings as I close my eyes and slip the straps of my bra down the goosebumps on my arms.

“Fuck.” James is shaking his head back and forth, cradling it in his hands, and I want to run and hide.

I want my hoodie and my invisibility cloak back, because being this naked, this exposed, and seeing his reaction is more than I can bear.

“I’m sorry, I’m grotesque. I’m not like those girls that hang around the other players. I’m going to have a baby and be—”

“Mine. You’ll be mine, lil’ bit.” He’s on his feet, stripping off his clothes, dropping his pants and flinging things across the room. His cock is thick, standing tall, veins snaking around the girth. “You’re the most stunning woman in this fucking world. I couldn’t look at another woman if someone held a gun to my head.” His hands are on mine, yanking me to him as he settles back on the couch. “Get on this dick and shove that tit in my mouth before I have a fucking heart attack. I’m gonna nut and if you’re not wrapped around me when I do, I’m going to be fucking pissed.”

I stumble forward as his greedy hands guide my knees to the sides of his thighs, the thick muscles in his chest flexing and hardening as he positions my body on his lap, cock in his hand as he lines up with my opening.

“Your belly is the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen. You add these tits—fucking *milk* is coming out, baby. Fucking milk.”

He slams his cock inside me as my eyes snap wide and I fill my lungs with what feels like all the air in the room.

I’m stuffed full of him in one stroke, the warm tingling in my breasts making me feel lightheaded as James looks up at me with fire in his dark eyes.

“Put that nipple down my fucking throat. You do it, feel your man.”

He’s looking at me like I’m the prime rib at Christmas dinner and he wants to fill me up with his cum while I’m filling him up with my tit in one big caveman round robin.

I lift my breast, using both hands as he settles his head on the back of the sofa, thrusting up into me as I bounce and stutter in short breaths. A spray of milk jets onto his cheek, running in a miniature milky river down the blade of his cheek before I guide the nipple to his mouth.

I hesitate as his hands work the sides of my belly, his thickness filling me as he rocks me back and forth on his length.

“Stuff it in there. Don’t be shy. I want you filthy for me, needy, greedy, begging. I don’t want soft and tentative and polite. I want you raw, my milky, pregnant whore, giving your big brother what he needs.”

His lips open and the floodgates do as well. I groan, thrusting my chest out, driving my breast into his waiting mouth, down, down, deep into the warmth as he latches on in a deep suckle that twists my insides as pleasure explodes below my belly button.

My thighs quiver as an orgasm rages through me unlike any of the ones before. The sensation of his mouth drawing on me has a haze covering my vision, my heart beating against my chest as my whole body erupts in a sheen of sweat.

James moans and sucks, sucks, sucks, like what’s inside me is his salvation.

He rubs my belly like there is a genie inside as we thrust and moan and grind into one another, my small, round body like a bouncing rubber ball on the hard muscle of his thighs as I'm impaled and stuffed with his thickness.

I listen as he swallows down the milk, his eyes flicking to mine with such hunger and intensity I quiver into another breaking orgasm as I squeeze the sides of my breast, watching the hint of white liquid gather at the corner of his lips as he suckles me deep into his throat, making my skin burn and my toes curl.

Everything inside me lights up as my orgasm ebbs. James releases my nipple as he fucks upward, looking down at my belly with awe.

"I fucking thought I was horny for you before, but now you're going to live on my dick, baby. I may not even go to my games anymore." He gives me a devious wink before running his hands around my ribs and down to my ass with a hard slap that makes me yelp. "Other tit. Same drill."

The scruff of his day old beard rasps on my sensitive skin as his lips tighten and release, tighten and release as the let-down prickles over my skin and he draws my other nipple into the heat of his mouth. His teeth work the skin this time, tongue lashing and toying as my hands knead the flesh, giving him more, more, more as the pressure builds and my pussy pulses around him.

I lock my thighs around his hips as my belly flattens against the flexed muscle of his body and the wet sounds of our connection mix with the greedy sound of his mouth suckling at my chest. His hands are tight on my ass, owning me, taking me, making me sing and dream and believe that everything is going to be perfect.

"I love you," I stutter as another orgasm approaches and James looks up at me, dropping my nipple with milk glistening on his lips.

"I love you too, sis. In more ways than I thought possible. I won't ever live without you. You're never getting away from me."

His lips lock back around me, drawing harder and harder as I arch my back, looking up at the ceiling and praying for a happy ending.



James

HER HANDS WORK the sides of her tit, milk spraying against the back of my throat, warm and sweet.

I moan and suck, the flashing vision of the baby curling inside her with my dick buried to her cervix distracting me for a second, then there's a dark moment as I think that the baby isn't mine.

But it is.

Because she's mine.

Would it be different if someone had fucked her and done this?

I want to think not, that I would be civilized and realize that she had a life before me, but deep in my core, I know that's not me. Fuck, even right now with us both in the same house, I have the tracking app connected. If she so much as fucking pees without me going with her, I'll be watching that little white dot, making sure she's safe and well until she returns. I can pretend all I like, but if I knew she'd fucked someone else, I know I would hunt down the fucker and more than likely leave him in a pool of his own blood, not breathing.

Never breathing again.

Thank God that doesn't need to happen. Could put a ripple in things. There's something about this moment, sure, her pussy is fucking amazing as always but the way she's feeding me?

It's unlike any sensation I have ever felt or imagined.

I'm locked onto her breast, one hand gently squeezing, while her other hand slips up my neck, gathering in my hair and pulling me closer while she lets out these little moans, and her orgasms have soaked us both.

The sofa is a lost cause but I'll buy her all the things she wants when she picks out her new house. Mom is always down for new furniture, and I've got six months to figure that out.

Her body massages my cock in time with the rhythm of my suckling. The softness of her breast around my mouth makes me feel like I've come home. I'm someone I wasn't ten minutes ago. I'm addicted to all of her. Her taste, her smell, her voice, her dreams and every movement of her body.

I could watch her for the rest of my life. She's given me a comfort I never thought I could have. Feelings I've heard of but thought were false hopes spin and grow inside me as my cock takes one last thrust. I roar into the mouthful of her tit and cream inside of her with an explosive climax that has my legs twitching and my hands resting on the sides of her belly, the soft movement under the skin making my eyes burn.

Her breathing comes faster as my orgasm leaves me lust drunk and the milk does the same. I'm in a happy, serotonin-induced haze when I finally come up for air and see her watching me with her own lusty smile.

I explore her belly with my fingers, the roundness there making her more sensual than before. Her tits rest just above the top, dots of milk on the nipples, two of them turning into rivers as they fall onto her belly and I swoop up the milk with my fingers and feed it to her.

"So sweet," I say, more about her than the milk. The way she draws my fingertips in, I know she's as needy for what this is between us as I am. "Daddy's got a new kink, baby. Two. I want you pregnant and leaking for the rest of your life."

She wilts against my chest. "Maybe I could just get through *this* baby first. I'm still..." She turns her head toward my neck. "Pretty lost in it all."

"You're not lost, baby, because I found you. You're never going to be lost again. This baby is ours. That's all. I'm going to light up this fucking town to make you safe and happy. This afternoon, we're going to look at houses online, but first, I need to get this house totally redone so it's safe. What if you trip over a cord? Or the power goes out? We need a generator, an intercom system, you need one of those buttons..."

She lifts her head, clearing her throat as I lean forward and tickle her nipple with my tongue. “What... buttons?”

“You know.” I lift my hand between us, squeezing an invisible button. “I’ve fallen and I can’t get up.”

She giggles and I feel it all around my dick. So fucking fun. “That’s for old people.”

“Well, it’s for you now. You need that button. And more security. And what vitamins are you on?” I shake my head. “There’s so much to fucking think about.”

I rake my hand over my head as her nipple is pressed to my lips.

“Settle down there, big brother. Just breathe, have a little drink.”

“You’re such a good girl.” I mumble around her tit, taking a long draw of the milk, the spray lessening but I intend to get her production up so she’s filling up the freezer with extra. I want to take it with me when I go on the road.

I pop her nipple from my mouth, guiding her up onto her feet, kissing her belly and putting my ear against it, hands on the sides, listening. “Daddy’s here. A different kind of daddy than I am to your mom, but, confusing as it might be, I’m your father. I’m glad to meet you.”

I look up at her wide eyes. “Boy or girl? Do you know?”

She shakes her head. “No. I thought a surprise would be good. But, I have an ultrasound next week if you want to come.”

“I need to research your doctor. I want to make sure she’s the best.”

“James.” Her hands cup my cheeks. “I like my doctor, she’s the best.”

I grit my teeth. “Fine, but I’m still going to look her up and fuck, yes, I want to be at the ultrasound, I have two weeks before I have to leave, we have so fucking much to do.”

I spin her around, settling her on the sofa, grabbing a blanket and tucking it around her soft body. “You stay there. I’ll make lunch when the groceries

come. I'll get you water, you need to hydrate..."

I stomp off to the kitchen, mumbling to myself, my dick already straining to get at her again. But taking care of her right now is more important.

She's everything. I'm going to be a father. Have a family.

Something I never wanted but now, I can't live without.

CHAPTER 14



Nancy

"*L*ike this?" I arch my back, thrusting my hips in the air as James lands a loud smack on my left butt cheek. "Ow. Mean Daddy."

The bedroom is a mess with boxes and baby swings and four kinds of strollers from the latest unboxing of baby products that happens here almost every day James is home.

"You're teasing me, you're gonna pay for it. I just fucked you six ways 'til Sunday and I have to fucking leave. The driver's been out there honking for ten minutes."

I reach around and pull my butt cheeks apart. "Are you sure you want to go?"

My hormones have turned me into somewhat of a chaotic mess of multiple personalities.

"No, I don't *want* to go, but I gotta, baby. You are the most important thing in the world to me, but I have to go play. It's just a week this time. If I fuck up, no team captain, and you want that, don't you? You're the one that said I need to lock that down."

I nod against the soft sheets, settling back on my heels then turning to sit crossed legged in the center of the bed, rubbing my belly.

“You’ve blossomed in the last two weeks.” James gets that heated expression again. “I want you to zoom or do a recording every time you pump. And put that vibe inside you, too. I want you feeling me when that machine is doing my job for me.”

He’s made me try out six kinds of breasts pumps for when he’s away and the freezer is already filling up with breast milk.

I lift my bare breasts as he steps my way, slinging his duffel strap over his shoulder, the outline of his rigid cock showing under his black dress pants.

“You look so handsome.” I reach up and straighten his tie as he presses his lips on the top of my head. “Team captain needs to be dapper Dan.”

“I’m going to dapper your Dan when I get back.” He pinches my chin, the soft honk from outside longer and more urgent this time. “You leave this on, hear me?”

He lifts the pendant dangling between my tits, giving me a stern look.

“Yep.” I nod, then squeeze my breasts and spray his face with milk, falling over onto my back laughing, kicking my legs up as my belly stands like Mount Everest.

“God, you’re fucking beautiful.” He leans down and takes a long suck from both my breasts, humming and swallowing as his eyes close and he gets that look like he’s gone to heaven.

He stands as my laughter fades, and I look at my handsome stepbrother, a new bruise on his cheek and a cut healing above his eye.

“Don’t talk to any girls while you’re gone,” I hiss, poking out my bottom lip and running my hands over my huge stomach. “All those thin, beautiful puck bunnies waiting outside the locker room. I hate them, please, don’t leave me for one of them. I’m huge. Like a whale.”

Tears spring to my eyes and I know I’m giving him whiplash with my moods but I’m caught in the whirlwind of hormonal madness and I need

him to make it all okay.

“Baby. I don’t look at anyone else but my team. Those girls are invisible to me. You are everything. You’re here, in our house now, with our baby in you. My cum is still dripping from your pussy. I’m already imagining getting my little breeding brat pregnant again as soon as the doctor says it’s safe. So please, baby, for the love of God and all things holy, trust me when I say touching another woman, even *looking* at another woman, not happening. You’re my girl. My sister, my baby, my lil’ bit. You’re everything.”

Honk. Honk. Honk.

“You gotta go.” I say on a softer smile. My heart is warm and full as I think back on the wild, mind numbing, filthy, deviant but oh so addicting weeks of sex and fun we’ve had.

“I gotta go.” James brings his lips to mine, his hand on my belly, a low groan coming from his chest as he stands and turns to walk out the bedroom of our new house. “Be a good girl. Keep your phone with you.”

“I will,” I say, my hands moving over my tummy.

A quick stabbing fantasy that the baby inside me was made the old-fashioned way with James turns me cold.

He’s been so perfect about it all. He thinks the baby is Mason’s, that it’s his sperm, and I think that makes it easier for him to accept. He knows that with me and Mason, it’s friendship, pure and simple. Never been anything more and neither of us would want it to be. James hasn’t made any noise about the baby being Mason’s, but sooner or later I need to correct his misunderstanding and let him know, this baby is from a random stranger.

But I’m so terrified that somehow, that will change everything. I can’t bring myself to pull back that curtain.

I waddle down the hall of the new house James bought for us last week when we went house hunting. I can’t believe so little time has passed since I had nowhere to live at all, and here I am, surrounded by elegance and luxury, with wide windows looking out on our own private oasis. It’s a sanctuary, a place where I can feel safe and loved. Each room a blank

canvas for us to put our own special mark onto. He paid extra for the deal to go through fast, took me to a furniture store and I picked out everything we needed to get set up, at least for now.

The baby's room is full of boxes and he has a cleaning service coming in everyday so I don't have to do anything. A cook as well.

And a guard sitting outside twenty-four hours a day. He even had the new VW bug he bought me towed away. If I want to go somewhere, I have to use the service he hired that comes with, you guessed it, a bodyguard.

He's lost his ever-loving mind.

The only thing that's bothering me, is what am I going to do? I can't wait to be a mom, but I don't want to lose my music either. Even if I just play for me, I've been so busy with the thrill of James and this new life, I'm losing the me I always dreamed of being in the mix and I know, I need to fix that as well.

He wants me to be happy. I know he does.

CHAPTER 15



Nancy

“*H*ey, Nance.” Mason waves, giving me a smile. He holds up a notepad. “Just trying my hand at planning out a few new recipes.”

He told me when I visited him a few days ago that he’s thinking of learning some culinary skills while he’s serving his sentence. It makes me smile. Even so soon after it all happened, Mason is still Mason. Making the best of the circumstances he finds himself in is exactly what I’d expect.

And I told him what’s been going on with my singing. Which is pretty amazing actually. I’m not about to be the next Taylor Swift, but on TikTok and Reels, my videos where I’m turned away from the camera to hide my face while I sing my own compositions have been getting crazy views.

Behind him, the cell is confined and unwelcoming, but I can see he’s already building up a little collection of cookery books.

“How’s Taylor?” he asks.

“He’s good. James won’t admit it to me, but I think he’s fallen in love a little.”

“With both you and Taylor by the sound of things.” Mason laughs and I blush.

I told him all about what’s going on when I visited. How could I not? I was excited and while I was expecting things to be awkward between us, they weren’t. Mason is still my best friend and always will be. He apologized for me losing my car because of him, and I admitted that James has bought me a brand new Mercedes.

With a driver. And a bodyguard. Both are outside right now.

Which was when he started to figure out that something was going on.

I mean, you don’t just randomly buy your new stepsister a car. Honestly, you don’t randomly buy someone you just started a relationship with a car either, but James is more than a little over the top. And safety conscious.

He did have my old VW totally re-vamped but it’s sitting in the garage. The key is locked away in a safe and I don’t have the combination.

The red flags still fly high with my new brother, but I don’t know. It works somehow.

“So I got the envelope,” I say, holding it up. “It came in the mail this morning.”

“I was guessing that was what this call was for. Ruterman said it should be with you today.”

“So shall I open it?”

Mason shrugs. “It’s up to you, Nancy. Honestly, I didn’t know whether you would ever want to know that stuff. I chose the sperm donor and at the time, well...”

I nod. “I know. I was just the incubator.”

“You’ve never been *just* anything. You’re going to make a great mom, and if you want to know the basic details about the father, they’re all in there. It’s not much, just what the service showed me for the profile.” He laughs. “But bear in mind, James might know him. They could have met on a junior

tour or something. He played hockey as a kid. There's a baby picture and another picture when he was like five. That's all."

I roll my eyes. "You and your hockey obsession. It's a shame all this blew up *before* my dad married his mom. You would have been in your element sitting in the VIP box with me." I turn the manila envelope in my hands, pausing before I rip it open. "Should I?"

"Your call."

My call. And it's a tough one. On the one hand, I'm curious. And I might need to know these things. Medical history in particular.

On the other hand, what if it complicates things with James?

At the moment, the baby's father is some anonymous sperm donor who was described as a healthy, athletic male in his early twenties with dark hair, brown eyes and no known genetic conditions. But if I find out, then it's a real person and that just feels different somehow.

Stranger things have happened.

"I'm going to do it," I say, drawing a deep breath.

"Then do it," Mason tells me. "Look, you're clearly going to drive yourself crazy if you don't."

I nod. He's right.

I rip open the flap, and pull out the papers, then start to laugh when I flick through them, drawing out a photograph. "Okay, good one, Mason," I tell him, narrowing my eyes. "I'm guessing this was your idea, not that asshole Ruterma's?"

"What are you talking about?"

I have no idea how he's keeping a straight face. I turn the photograph around and wave it at the camera. "That's clearly a picture of James when he was a kid. Come on, the jersey he's wearing says White across the back. I can see it how he's standing!"

Mason shakes his head. "No, Nancy, that's the sperm donor."

“Oh, *come on*. Joke’s over. Is the rest of this stuff real or...” I sigh as I start going through the paperwork. Eye color, hair color, year of birth. “Ugh, you’re infuriating. This is just stuff you downloaded off the internet. It’s James. Where’s the real information, Mason? This isn’t funny.”

“That’s the sperm donor, Nancy,” he says again, and I glance up. His face is dead serious. “*That’s the sperm donor.*”

“You’re serious?”

“I would not joke about this. Are you saying this is James? For real?”

Jesus.

As I stare at Mason, one thought enters my head.

James gets back tomorrow. What the hell am I supposed to tell him?



“NANCY?” I hear the door close as James calls out. “I’m home and I’m hard.”

I draw a deep breath to settle myself. “In here,” I say with as much calm as I can muster. “In the family room.”

Turning my head, I see him walk in with such confidence. I take a moment to study him, the way he moves, the way he looks. Who knows when I’m going to get another chance?

“Fucking Wayne Harold,” he mutters, his nose turning up in disgust. “Fucking Wayne Harold got wind about us and he’s been using it to try to fuck me up. Fuck up my chances at captain with coach. I cut my knuckles on his teeth when he said I was fucking my sister in front of some reporter-”

“I need to talk to you.” I say, ignoring the mention of his teammate.

“What’s wrong?” he says, starting to frown when he sees my face. “Baby, did something happen?”

He rushes next to me, dropping to his knees in front of the sofa and starting to stroke my thighs as he stares into my eyes. I can't do this to him. But I have to.

"Please, I just need to tell you something, then ask you something," I say, swallowing the dryness in my throat.

"Baby we can talk about anything. What happened? Whatever has upset you, I'll make it better. Just tell me."

I take his hands in mine, then reach behind me for the manila envelope. When I place it in his hands, he just stares at it.

"What's this? Is it... Is this from a doctor? A lawyer? Are they charging you? Mother fuckers I'll go pay them a visit--"

I shake my head. "Mason gave it to me. James, we need to talk about what's in there. You need to see it, and I'm afraid because..." I steel my nerves. "I don't want to lose you."

"Lose me?" He laughs, shaking his head. "You'll never lose me."

"You say that now but... Open the envelope."

He frowns as he does just that. "Whatever Mason says in here, you know it doesn't make a difference to you and me. Baby, you're mine. You'll always be mine. From now until forever."

He turns the envelope upside down just like I did, and I almost flinch as I watch the pieces fall out.

And then he stares at me.

"What is this?"

"It's what it looks like. I've checked all the pieces and it fits. Everything fits."

"But..."

I nod. I know the emotions he's going through. The denial, the confusion. I felt exactly the same when I read it all. As I watch him flick through it, I

talk. Because what else is there right now except to talk? “Mason was always into sports. Way more than me. Hockey. He loved hockey.”

I laugh as I remember it, despite how nervous I feel. Those times at school when he would tell me about names and stats. He could predict the outcome of games pretty accurately, even back then, but that was Mason. Always the brains, always analyzing and predicting and making connections nobody else could see.

James picks up the photograph and holds it up for me, utter confusion on his face.

“You were a cute kid,” I say, forcing a smile.

“Uh huh.” He shakes his head. “What the fuck, Nancy? How can this be real?”

I shrug. “Honestly I have no idea. It’s like some cosmic joke. But in a way it does make sense. I mean, Mason named his *cat* after a hockey player. When he saw that your sperm was an option, who else was he going to pick? Hockey player, good IQ, good physical stats, healthy. You were the obvious choice, at least as far as he was concerned.”

“It’s just...”

“You never told me you donated sperm,” I tell him. “Maybe if you’d said ___”

“I didn’t think it was important. It was a way to make a few bucks at a time I needed it. I only did it once, it didn’t feel right. And you can’t tell me this would make sense even then. What were the chances...? I thought it was Mason’s, you never said that it wasn’t.” He shakes his head. “I thought it was Mason’s sperm.”

“I’m sorry,” I say, biting into my bottom lip. “I should have told you exactly how it all happened, I was just afraid that if you knew it was some random guy. Someone I didn’t even get to pick... What are you doing?”

He’s on his feet, turning around, then back. The look on his face... It’s unreadable.

“Wait here,” he says. “Jesus, I need to...Just wait here.”

“Okay...” My heart sinks at the dead look in his eyes.

“Wait. Right. Here.”

With that, he’s heading for the door, making his way outside. I’d chase after him, but running was never really my thing and now? And, what would be the point?

He just found out my child is his. Like, really his. Through some cosmic twist of fate his sperm ended up being used to make *our* baby. And he’s going?

Obviously, he’s going, I tell myself.

James hates children.

He’s going because he never wanted children. Even Laura and Bel, girlfriends of his teammates, know that James “The Savage” White hates children. And now he’s just found out he’s having one.

Of course, he wants out. And I can’t blame him, can I?

It was one thing to take on a child without a father. He could walk out anytime he wanted without any real tie to the baby. But now he knows it’s his own child.

“So he’s gone,” I say to myself as I hear the door close, then his engine start up. “That’s it. He’s gone and I...I need to get away from here.”

CHAPTER 16



James

The grin on my face is so wide as I walk in, I'm surprised my cheeks fit through the doorway. I'm soaked from the rainstorm that started while I was out, but I don't give a shit.

Taylor greets me as I step inside, and I crouch to fuss the top of his head and rub his nose. Honestly, I never wanted the responsibility of having a pet, but now I know I was missing out. They rely on you, and love you unconditionally, and that's worth cherishing.

"Nancy, I've got a surprise for you. Come on out here." For the first time in my life, I feel like dancing. I mean, just literally letting loose right here like Kevin fucking Bacon. She's going to be pissed, probably, at first. Then she'll thank me.

And that bit, I can't wait for.

"Nancy!" I call out as I shove the living room door open to emptiness and silence. "Lil' bit! Where are you?"

I turn around, glancing up the stairs, expecting her to be standing there in all her pregnant sexy glory.

But there's nothing.

Nobody.

Silence.

"What the fuck?" The smile fades and I start to frown. Something isn't right. My heart is thundering. "Sis? Lil' bit?"

It's then that I spot it, a folded piece of paper on the table by the door.

With my name on it. Seriously, what the fuck?

I snatch it up and read it through twice before I start to crumple it absently in my fist. I can barely believe what I'm reading. An apology. A fucking apology. Like she's done anything wrong.

She thinks I'm mad because the baby's mine?

I've never been happier in my entire life. I would have loved that baby like my own, no matter who the father was, but to find out by some massive twist of fate that I'm the biological father too? Nobody could have given me a bigger gift. And she thinks I'm mad about it?

A soft growl escapes my lips as I think about her hurt and alone, thinking things are over between us.

"They've only just fucking begun, little girl," I murmur, then pull my phone out of my pocket as I smooth out the note again.

She wrote it, and anything that she ever does I want to cherish like it's treasure. I want to save it as an heirloom to pass down to our grandchildren. Doesn't matter if it's hurtful, I'll keep it like it's a fucking love letter.

The tracking app is up on my screen in moments, and I breathe more easily when I see the little white dot on the map, showing me where she is right this second.

Not her car. Not her purse or her cell phone. Nancy.

Even if she's naked, I'll know exactly where she is. Though she better be clothed if there are any other males in the near vicinity or I'll be facing a murder charge.

“I’m coming, baby,” I tell her, stroking the screen.

Then I dive out of the door and into my truck. The Mercedes and her VW are still here.

Uber.

Fucking Uber.

Jesus.

She said she’s going to see Azra, and that either I could take care of Taylor or she’d find someone that could come in and feed him while she’s away. Apparently her friend’s in town, staying at a hotel, and there’s some sort of plan to get Nancy out of the fucking country or something. Like she thinks I won’t chase her ass down across the world if I have to? Fuck that. I’d follow her to the moon.

I pop my phone into the dash holder and use the tracking app like a GPS, putting my foot to the floor every time I get a straight run. She seems to be sticking to the speed limit though, because I gain on her fast.

“Good girl. Keep my two most important people safe. Daddy’s coming.”

I spot a Mazda ahead with a Uber sticker on the back window. I gun it after her, weaving around the nose end of a Ford sedan coming from a side street and getting a blare of horns in my wake.

Time was, I would have taken the trouble to flip the asshole off, but not today. Today I’m focused on one thing.

The car turns into a hotel’s underground parking garage when I catch up to her, but I’m not chasing after her down there. I slam the gas, inch past her then pull the parking brake, skidding out and beating her to the turn by a whisker. Then I’m out and running for her car.

“What the fuck?” I tear open the back door as the driver looks at me with terror.

She frowns and points at my vehicle, blocking hers. Her eyes are puffy and red, tears still drying on her cheeks. “I could ask you the same thing!”

“I’m gone for a couple of hours and you’re leaving the fucking country?”

“I don’t want you to think I’ve trapped you. This is my mess, I can clean it up. You never wanted children, you said so, I *read* it! A year ago you told some sports guy on a pod cast.”

I blink, shaking my head, trying to think where she could have possibly read that. I don’t keep a diary, so... “An interview? You’re bringing up a goddamn interview? Baby, those things aren’t real. They get you to say stuff and half the time you don’t even know what it is you’re telling them.”

“But you don’t say something like that if you don’t mean it. You left. You needed time to think, right?”

“Time to think?” I drop to my knees in front of her, still shaking my head, careless of the rainwater puddling around my legs. I take her face in my hands and wipe the tears from her cheeks. I never want to see her sad. Never again. “Sis, I don’t need to think about anything. Not with you. I’m all in. You. Me. Our baby. *Ours*. If you run away from me, I’m going to chase you down and I’m going to bring you right back. Because we belong together. Forever.”

She’s staring at me. Frowning.

Then she starts to laugh. Her hands fly to her face as she bursts with it, covering her mouth, her eyes creasing up.

“What?” I don’t let her go. I can’t. I hold her face in my hands and stroke her perfect skin, pushing her hair back behind her ears. “What, lil’ bit?”

She shakes her head, rocking back and forth a little. “Sorry.”

“No, what? Tell me.”

“Sorry, it’s just, down in the rain like that, I suddenly had an image of you proposing.”

My heart leaps into my throat. “And you find that funny?”

“Well, kinda... I’m nearly eight months pregnant. You’re my stepbrother. Our parents got married so suddenly and I was about to run off to another country with my friend. Come on, it’s a little funny...”

I'm shaking my head as I reach into my pocket and bring out the little box.
"Well, I don't find it funny."

Her face falls, shock taking over as all the laughter dies. And silence stretches.

"Marry me, baby Be my wife, my stepsister and the mother of my baby. I want it all."

For a long pause, she says nothing. I don't wait. I can't. I slide the four carat zinger onto her finger and admire the way it looks sat right there.

Fucking mine.

Then she starts to nod.

And I grin. "Yes?"

"Yes," she says. "Yes, yes. But..."

"But what?"

"But I think... I think the baby is coming."

Fuck.

The baby is coming. Jesus Christ.

I'm on my feet in an instant. "Into my truck. I'll get you to the hospital faster than any fucking ambulance. Come on. The fucking baby is..."

She's laughing.

"You should see your face," she says, bending forward over her bump, heaving with laughter. "This baby is staying right here until it's the right time. Isn't that right, little one?"

I glare as I watch her rubbing her belly in slow circles as she starts to calm down. Then she glances at the ring and turns it this way and that so that it catches the light. I'm dripping wet, but I don't care. Seeing her happy?

That's my sunshine.

I sniff. “Well, if you’re not going to take things seriously, I guess you can’t have your surprise.”

“Already got it,” she says with a grin. “You think you can surprise me more than you have already?”

“I think so.”

She narrows her eyes. “Really? Let’s hear it.”

“Baby, I can do better than that. I can show you.”



“No.” Nancy shakes her head, pulling back, trying to get back in the truck. “No, take me home.”

“I knew you’d be pissed.”

“I’m not pissed, I’m just... It’s a really nice gesture...”

“I knew you’d be pissed *at first*,” I tell her. “Then you’d be grateful.”

“I *am* grateful,” she says, looking up at the private jet, where a stewardess is waiting to welcome us both on board. “But... I can’t...”

“Yes you can.”

“No. You don’t understand, I... I can’t sing in front of anyone else. I can’t do it, I get stage fright.”

“It’s a studio, baby. No audience.”

She’s still shaking her head. “There’s an audience. The people recording, the people who will *listen* to the recording. If anyone ever listens to it and I don’t just completely flop. Do you know how difficult it is to break into the music industry these days? How many people try and—”

“And they’re following their dreams. And you can too. And I’m going to make fucking sure they come true.” I take her hands and pull her up. “Baby,

I'll be right there with you. Come on. Your voice is amazing. I want you to have this."

Her eyes dart to the plane, and truth is, I fucking get it. It's hard to do that thing, to put yourself out there in front of the world and take that leap, but I'm going to step off the ledge right alongside her. And I'll never let her fall.

"Okay," she says, grimacing a little. "Okay, I... I can do this. I want this. But if I suck, you'll tell me, right?"

I kiss her, then pull her with me. I'm not making that promise, because there's no way on earth that she could ever suck.



I'M GRINNING as I listen to my girl sing her heart out.

The moment she stepped into that studio? It was like she was a different person. Maybe it's being here in Nashville, maybe it's the acoustics, maybe it's the fact that she got a hug from her fucking idol as she was leaving the same fucking studio, but my stepsister, my fiancé and the mother of my children is giving it her all.

And it's fucking perfect.

The technician gives me two thumbs up as Nancy finishes her set. "That's it, man. Where did you find this girl?"

"My mom married her dad," I tell him, and he chuckles.

"She's a fucking diamond in the rough. You managing her? Because if not, I know a few people who would be—"

"I'm managing her," I growl, the thought of anyone else taking that role almost more than I can stand.

"Okay, okay, just saying." He holds his hands up. "I'll get this cut into a demo disk for you."

I slap his back, then head through to the studio at the same time as Nancy is coming out. She throws her arms around me and I lift her up against the wall. I'm instantly hard for her. I always will be. She's my girl, my stepsister, my angel. I'll never stop loving her and wanting her, wanting to be inside her every second of every day.

"Did you see who was coming out as I went in?" she says, her head still in the clouds as she comes to terms with what's just happened. The first step on the journey to her dreams coming true.

"I did."

"Taylor Swift! I got a hug from Taylor Swift. I have to text Azra. She's never going to believe this. Do you think I can put in a call to Mason in prison? He'll be so jealous—"

I cut her off with a kiss, pressing her hard into the wall and listening with satisfaction to her moan of contentment.

"Lil' bit," I say as I pull back, staring into her eyes. "You can tell whoever you want. You can play them the demo. I'm sure Mason can get a CD player in his cell, or at least something that will play the digital thingy. But there's something you have to do first."

"What?"

"Me."

CHAPTER 17



James

Nancy trashes and bucks while I devour her swollen pussy. “James, God, please. Enough. I can’t. I can’t come again,” she begs. Her voice is rough.

“Fuck you can’t,” I growl, sucking and biting her engorged clit. And my baby girl’s legs tense on my shoulders, caging my head. She quivers and her mouth opens in a silent cry.

“That’s my girl,” I hum. Seeing her pleasure gives me joy. Her sated body comforts me, making me feel whole. Like everything in the world is right. And actually it is. Cause this gorgeous, dirty, cock-hungry girl, my girl, and the baby inside her are my whole world.

When her legs fall to each side of me, I pepper the inside of her thighs, up to her pink and swollen cunt. I give a slow lick from her slit to her clit and she flinch. So sensitive. A moan escapes her throat.

“Five,” she whispers and I smirk against her skin.

“I can’t hear you, baby,” I taunt her, rolling my tongue around her clit. “Louder. Count louder.”

“Five. Dammit. Five amazing, earth-shattering, toe-curling orgasms you gave me. And I really can’t take anymore,” she shouts at me. Eyes filled with fire as she looks at me. Almost challenging me.

I move my lips from her pussy to her ready to pop belly. As soon as my lips touch her stomach, our baby kicks just where my mouth is. “Hello, baby,” I whisper to her stomach and kiss, kiss, kiss her.

Nancy giggles when our baby keeps kicking every time I place a kiss to where she is.

I move to the side of Nancy, making sure that I don’t hurt her with my weight. And I lick her nipples, humming when her milk hits my tongue. “Your pussy and milk. This could be the best taste in the world,” I murmur against her lips. And then take her lips in a passionate kiss.

When our lips part, I shake my head. “I change my mind. Pussy, milk and you. That’s the best trio.”

She rolls her eyes, but giggles.

“Will you let me rest now?” she asks me.

I shake my head. “Our little MVP is fashionably late and they say orgasms help to bring on labor. I’m doing what I should do as Daddy.”

She lets out a laugh. “I don’t know which is harder. Giving birth or my sixth orgasm.”

Licking my lips, I smirk at her. “So you’re ready for the sixth. Good, cause here it comes.”

I pull her at the end of the bed, letting her legs dangle as I line up and give her all of me in one thrust.

I’m five strokes in when she’s gushing. Only, this time. It doesn’t stop.

“Oh, God, please tell me you squirted. Did I hurt our baby?” I mumble. Barely aware of anything besides the chill of fear shaking me from the inside out.

“James,” Nancy says.

“Fuck. Should I stay here? Like a tampon? Or should I pull away? Will the baby fall out?”

Nancy starts laughing and groaning when another spasm hits her.

“What? Why are you laughing?”

“Calm down and yes, for the God’s sake, pull out. Then we have to put on clothes and go to hospital.”

“Baby’s coming?” I ask then it hits me. “The baby’s coming!”

I nod. Right. Fuck, our baby is coming into the world.

"Okay, okay, we need to go, like now," I mutter, pacing back and forth. Looking around, grabbing at her clothes, dressing her then myself.

“Yes. But calm down. We’re okay. We’ll be okay,” Nancy says with a teasing giggle.

carry her out of the house with a pillow because, I don’t know, seemed like she should have a pillow and buckle her into the back seat.

I’m speeding toward the hospital, as her breathing comes faster. She groans and her teasing giggles turn to painful moans.

The tires screech on the emergency entrance of the hospital. I jump out of the car, letting the door open, and get Nancy in my arms again. I rush to the reception area. The nurse looks at me in surprise. Her eyes move from me to Nancy.

“Sir, what’s wrong?” she asks.

“She’s in labor, that’s what. Where is the damn doctors? I need someone to help her. Fucking get someone. Please. Damn It.”

“Calm down daddy.” She says, her hands on my cheeks. “I’m fine, we’re fine.”

I fight the urge to pass out but over the next three hours, everything changes.

I'm practically kicked out of the hospital for yelling at everyone and making what they said were unreasonable demands but eventually, a doctor who was a fan settled things down and Nancy, fucking Nancy was a god damn rock star.

She's laying there now, baby latched on and the room is quiet. Lights low and I've been crying for an hour.

I hung up with her Dad and my mom and let them know Nancy is great, the baby is perfect and I'm a fucking mess.

"Daddy." Nancy hums holding her hand toward me. "Come, sit."

I manage to squeeze onto the edge of the bed, wanting them as close to me as possible.

"What's her name?" She asks and I shrug.

"I like Traci. The lady at the stadium that first night that gave me your jersey to wear. Felt like we started that night and I liked her. I liked her name at least."

"Then it's Traci. Whatever you want baby. You just gave fucking birth. That's never fucking level shit there. Woman are," I give her the chef's kiss motion with my hand at my mouth.

"Good thing, I've got plenty of milk already."

"Enough for two." I brush her hair from her face. "I'm marrying you on the way home from here. Where do you want to get married? I don't want to walk into our home with our baby without you having my last name. Or, how about here?"

I grab my phone, start punching the screen. "There's a guy, he'll do it, twenty-four seven it says. Let's do it, tonight. We can all leave the hospital as a family. Then, if you want a big fancy wedding, you can have it, but I want you to be my wife. Now, okay baby?"

She shakes her head on a little smile. "I look like shit."

"You are a fucking twelve out of 10. I'm calling. You just lay there, let that baby suck on my milky tits and I'll set it all up."

“You are impossible James White.”

“I am, but I’m all yours. I love you sis.”

“I love you to big brother.”

Family is everything.

Forever.

CHAPTER 18



James

E *piologue 1 ~ One year later...*

It's been a long and tiring day for us all, but a happy one. I can still feel the excitement dripping off Nancy as we unstrap Traci from her safety seat. Nancy lifts her into her arms, cradling her and already starting to sing softly as I take her arm and help her up the steps to our house.

I've added on in preparation for a boat load of little savages running around and Nancy loves making the house a home. She's got a ways to go on the cooking deal, but no matter how burned, how over salted or crazy her meals are, I eat them with glee and always, always as for seconds.

We're not too far from my mom and Nancy's dad. Family is important, and it's also an extra support network that I'd never want to be without. But having my own family, in my own home, is something I never thought I'd have.

I thank God every day for giving me such perfection, and such happiness.

As we step through the front door, I kiss Nancy on the cheek. "You were awesome," I tell her. "My star stepsister. My perfect wife."

She grins. “I can’t believe I did that.”

“Believe it. It’s the next step on the way to your dreams, baby.”

The television interview was booked a week ago. Just long enough for the excitement, not long enough for Nancy to decide she couldn’t do it. They wanted me to come on with her, but I politely refused. Maybe in the future, but right now I don’t need to overshadow my girl’s burgeoning singing career.

Under the studio lights, I could tell she was nervous, but the moment the cameras started rolling, it was like she became herself, the Nancy I know and love. She sang her little Kewpie doll heart out and I had to brush away a few tears before the camera turned my way.

I’m so fucking proud of her.

Her confidence, her brilliance and her beauty shone through.

The world is going to love her.

I watched from the sidelines holding Traci, as the girl I’ve been in love with from the moment I met her launched herself into the world of country music and from the reaction of the fans, she’s going to fill those stadiums she always dreamed about.

My careers is balls out. She’s only made me better in every way. She hates when I get hit but my little tiger princess loves when I do the hitting. Makes her horny as hell so there’s been a lot of guys knocked out on account of getting my wife hot for me.

Sorry guys.

The team is flourishing under my leadership, and I’ve taken to fatherhood and being a leader on the team like I’ve got a PhD in both. Came naturally once I dove in and I can’t wait for our next baby.

We keep in touch with Mason and he’s doing as well as expected. He’s studying law in prison and running some other numbers games under the table. They’ve got him working in the kitchen as well and that seems to give him some small amount of joy. We are going to have Traci call him Uncle

Mason when the time comes and hopefully, someday, we will tell her the unique story of how her mom and dad got together and the even stranger story of how she was conceived.

Now, as I stand in the silence of home, I watch her ass shimmying perfectly under the dress I bought her. She walks upstairs, heading for the nursery, still singing softly. *Mary Had a Little Lamb*, but with an added sass of her own making.

Fucking perfect.

Xxxtracker?doessheknow is it out?

I check that the door is locked, and the security system is armed, then I follow them upstairs and stand in the nursery doorway. I love listening to my wife sing, I love the sound of her voice. It always takes me back to that day on Zoom, when she sang for me.

“Sleep well,” she whispers as she stands, then turns to me. “Time for bed?”

I nod. “I love you.” She’s only gotten more beautiful. Her hair is longer, in ringlets down to her shoulders now and her eyes seem brighter every day.

I still track her ass. I do it with a gold locket around her neck these days that I had specially made with a GPS chip. She doesn’t know. I like being a psychopath with her. It’s my love language.

“I love you too,” she says with a grin, as I put my arm around her and lead her to the bedroom.

We pass Taylor snoozing in the hallway next to the new kitten we adopted together from the shelter named Morice. He loves chewing on my toes at four fucking am, but he’s so fucking cute and follows Taylor around like a lovesick puppy.

I feel you man. I feel you. Pussies’ got us by the balls.

As soon as we’re inside our bedroom, I push the door closed, pressing her up against the wood. I need her now. Her breath becomes heavy as she stares up into my eyes. I slide a hand between us and squeeze her breast, watching the pain come into her eyes.

“Need some relief?” I ask, licking my lips.

She nods, then puts up one finger. “Hold that thought.”

I growl as she slides down, out of my arms, turning to watch her stride across the bedroom to the bedside table. She flicks the switch on the baby monitor, watching for a moment on the screen as Traci sleeps soundly, then sits on the edge of the bed, staring my way.

Without a word, I cross the room, falling to my knees in front of her and putting my head in her lap. Then I reach for her breast and squeeze, listening to her take a sharp breath.

“Please, daddy,” she begs me, as I take hold of the hem of her dress and lift.

“Say you love me.”

“I do love you.”

“Well, say it like you know I like.”

Her cheeks blush red, “I love you brother.”

I chuckle. “That’s my girl. I love my little sister too and I’m going to show you how much.”

Underneath is the lace cream colored nursing bra and matching panties I bought her last week. My hands glide over her curves, and I love every inch. She’ll always be my perfect girl, the best thing that ever happened to me. Her milk is already leaking, soaking the pads inside her bra, and she hisses a breath as I flick the clips with my thumbs and drag the cups downward exposing her lush dripping tits.

“Sing to daddy while he suckles his fill. That new one, about the time a girl met a boy and there was a big secret...” Then, as I go to work, she starts humming the melody then the sound of her voice fills the room and vibrates down to her nipple.

The warm milk coats my tongue and throat sending me into my own private nirvana. She settles back onto the mattress and I run my hands down her legs then back up to cup the weight of her breast as I murmur, “So fucking sweet.”

Her voice fills my heart as she flings her hand over her head and within two sucks, her milk is spraying in generous warmth into my mouth. Milk streams from her unattended nipple and I wish for the millionth time I had two mouths.

I suckle on a deep draw listening to the relief in her song as I pull harder, never getting enough of my sweet, milky wife.

I press my mouth into her softness, loving the way her flesh molds to my face, covering my nose, out to my cheeks, down to my chin. I'm ravenous for her milk twenty-four hours a day.

It's an addiction I didn't see coming but never want to kick.

I grab and tug at my clothes, breaking from her milk giving nipple for a moment to switch to the other as droplets traverse down the sides of her breast as she lays on the bed.

She's still a tiny lil' bit and I've got her around the waist, still latched on as I take a seat and mount her wet heat on my cock.

I'm still obsessed with her, probably more now that she's become my wife and given me a baby.

The wedding was low key but one of the best days of my life. I cried. My team gave me shit about it. I didn't care.

I balled her in the coatroom at the venue, then in the limo after. Then a hundred times over the next week we spent in Alaska taking my brothers back to my dad after a month long visit.

I shook his hand, left it at that. Some bridges need to stay as is but seeing how much my brothers loved Nancy, that's all I needed.

"Ride me like you mean it." This is my favorite position because I can draw hard on her tits and drink my fill while my cock is in her tight little pussy. I've never been happier.

She's grinding and bouncing as I do what I can to keep her tits down my throat and when she comes?

Fuck yea.

She finishes the song, screams for Daddy and floods my mouth and my dick.

It's the best two-fer on the planet.

I come deep and hard inside her, feeling her body clench around me, milking my balls and something inside me says, this is it. I've taken root again. My little bride, my sister, my breeding machine is ripe and baby number two is on the way.

CHAPTER 19



Nancy

E *piologue 2 ~ Twenty years later...*

I love my life. I love my husband. And I love spending time with the people who truly know me as a person, not the voice behind a string of successful albums.

James has given me everything, but most importantly he's given me a family. And I will never stop being grateful for that.

I grin as I stand at the back door, watching him try to defend the makeshift goal from the efforts of our three youngest children. Hockey has been his life, but a couple of injuries the year before last had him re-evaluating what was important. I know that retirement was a tough decision, but once it was made? He was all in. No regrets.

He wanted to spend more time with the family, and he got just that. A family that's still growing after a gap of five years since our last, Amelia, was born. We've discussed it, and this will be our last, but I think six children is a good number to end on.

I rub my rounded belly as Sheila glances my way.

“You look so happy,” she says with a smile.

And I smile right back. “Just thinking how lucky I am. Having all my special people in one place.”

Traci got back from college yesterday, hence the impromptu get together. She’s studying music, hoping to go into production or become a technician for film and TV. I couldn’t be prouder of the way she’s applied herself and the lengths she’s gone to to pursue her dreams.

Yesterday, I met her girlfriend for the first time, and the two of them make such a cute couple.

Dad is still Dad, and his happiness with Sheila continues to be a source of inspiration for us all. The way they support each other as they move through life’s little challenges.

We’re expecting Mason here any minute. I’m not going to say that I think prison did him good, but he did come out with a new perspective on life and a determination to follow what was truly important.

For one thing, he’s asexual. It was always something we thought about, and while that turned out not to be true for me, he’s taken the time to come to terms with it. All those girls who threw themselves at him might have clouded his judgment for a while, but there was a reason he was never able to honestly connect.

He always wanted to be a dad. That was the guiding principle behind it all. And while he’s an honorary uncle to all of mine and James’s children, there was something still missing. He confided to me that of all the women who threw themselves at him when he was rich, all he ever wanted was to find one he could settle down with. To have a family of his own.

He never loved any of them. Never felt anything for any of them.

Then, he told me he’d applied to adopt.

Well, that was five years ago, and he’s now a single parent to not one but two boys who desperately needed a home. He’s a good dad, he loves them, and that’s all children need. But he also provides a beautiful home thanks to

the restaurant he opened with James's backing. You'd honestly never guess that he learned his culinary skills in prison.

James shouts as the ball goes past his legs, into the back of the goal, and Amelia and Darren scream in triumph, high-fiving each other as they celebrate their team victory. Only a year apart in age, they've always acted more like twins than siblings.

"I need a time out!" James says, limping a little on his bad leg as he heads my way. "Baby, they're killing me out there."

I grin, shaking my head. "You need to be careful. You know the doctor told you not to strain too much until you're fully healed."

"This?" He pats his thigh, then straightens up, walking normally. "Faking it, sis. I need an excuse to regroup."

I laugh as he pulls me in close, putting his lips against mine. The kids make disgusted noises at their parents making out, but I don't care. They're only teasing, they're used to our PDAs and they need to be—there's no way either of us are ever going to stop loving each other.

James rubs my belly. "How's the little one?"

"Good. Asleep right now."

He lowers his voice. "Think he'll mind if I bend you over the kitchen counter and fuck you right here next to the banana pudding?"

I shake my head. "Mason will be here any minute."

"Better get moving then," he says, tossing a glance behind him. "Mom, Nancy and I will be back in a minute. Can you watch the kids?"

"Sure, honey. Take your time."

"Oh, I intend to," James murmurs against my ear, and I feel his hand against my ass, pushing me back inside the house. "Daddy's hungry."

"You're a mess, you know that?"

"You make me that way. Milk first, then pussy, then fuck. Now," He cocks back and lands a slap on my rear. "Get in the den. I'm not going to make it

to the bedroom. You make me a savage baby.”

I love my husband. I love my life.

And I always will.

WHAT'S THE NEXT STEP?

What's the next STEP?
[Check this out...HO HO HO!](#)

He may have the white hair and a beard, but this sexy silver fox Santa will be doing more than coming down his step-granddaughter's chimney this Christmas! He's spent the last few years raising Carina when the Maestro crime family took her parents from her. The holidays heat up when they get tangled in the tinsel and she figures out just how Santa plans to deliver a very special gift to his favorite good girl

A movie poster for the film 'Step-Santa'. The background is dark with a bokeh effect of warm, golden-yellow lights and small, five-pointed stars, suggesting a night sky or a festive holiday theme. The text is centered and reads: 'COMING SOON' in white, 'STEP-SANTA' in large red letters, 'WANTING WHAT'S WRONG' in small white letters, and 'DANI WYATT' in white letters at the bottom.

COMING
SOON

**STEP-
SANTA**

WANTING WHAT'S WRONG

DANI WYATT

GET YOUR FREEZIES HERE!

But, wait! Before you go...

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ABOUT DANI

Dani Wyatt used to feel bad about having such dirty thoughts. Luckily, one day, she decided to start writing them down. Her ultra-obsessed, alpha heroes have a wicked possessive streak and an insatiable libido. Her heroines are intelligent, quirky, and worry about having too much muffin top. So, if you like your insta-love over the top, super-hot, and always a happily ever after, you're in the right place.

She's fighting middle age like a warrior and lives an average life battling gravity. When she's not writing, she is probably laughing about some irony (like the fact that A-1 Steak Sauce is vegan), reading, riding her horse, or looking cross-eyed at some piece of technology sent to ruin her day.

Thank you.

I have so many amazing people I've met since I started putting my naughty thoughts on the page. To some of the first fans who supported me, the bloggers, fellow authors who have been more than generous with their time and opinions, as well as the other professionals that put up with my particular kind of crazy, thank you. ...you guys remind me every day that when we support each other, everyone wins.

xoxoxo