



STEP- CRUSH

WANTING WHAT'S WRONG

DANI WYATT

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OceanofPDF.com

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DEDICATION

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

Forced marriage to a hot stepfather
Is the new normal.

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VIPS

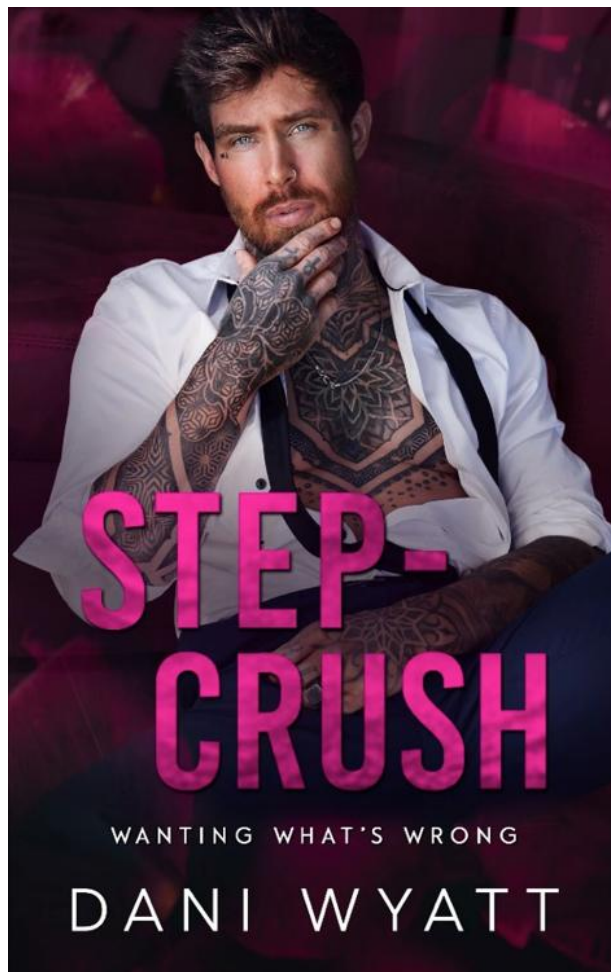
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WHEN...



CHAPTER 1



Ramses

With a name like Ramses Maurizio Alexander Moreno, IV, there were two ways I could go.

Become a philosopher or a madman.

I became both.

In that I have a philosophy and I've been called crazy more times than I can count.

Then, I met *her*, and I became something else.

Obsessed.

The A/C inside my car kicks into high gear with the early afternoon Tahoe sun beating down on the black exterior of my Bentley. Sitting in the back seat is proof of my madness. A new high-intensity UV light I bought after burning out the first one on those Yaz fucking pills she takes.

I bake them under the light until they are inert, then swap them for the ones she keeps in her medicine cabinet whenever I come and go from her house unannounced and unnoticed.

But after months of sabotaging her hormones, all that is over. I'll be throwing that light into the next available dumpster. She's pushed me to the edge this time and I'm done waiting.

My dick, in its incessantly-needy state, throbs behind my zipper reminding me of how fucking neglected it is.

If it wasn't for my hand, I might as well cut the fucker off because since Bijou came into my life, no other women had a chance.

But at first she was full-throttle off limits.

I'm a man of singular purpose when I want something. Patience is not my virtue. But for her, I've waited. Told myself this once, I could not have what I wanted. She deserved better.

She deserved a *life*. One with picket fences and minivans. One without the worry of retaliation and a husband who kills like other men mow the lawn. It's just something that needs doing sometimes.

She would have weekends with the girls, drink too much wine, pretending suburbia was what she wanted. Not a beast of a husband who bangs her ass up against the wall when she gets out of line, shoving my fingers down her throat as she tries to scream like I murdered her family.

A man who soothes her with his cock in her sassy little mouth until she falls asleep with a new attitude.

But my little stepdaughter won't be getting the minivan and macchiato life because she crossed the fucking line.

She talked to the wrong person. And now it's time she learned I'm always watching. Always listening. Waiting for the moment when my control snaps and I do the unthinkable.

To her.

With her.

For her.

That moment is now, as I watch her dancing around the house I bought for *our* family when I married her mother years ago. Bijou was a girl then, and I silently swore to protect her forever. But as the years passed, I promised myself other things.

Things a stepfather shouldn't promise.

I never touched her mother. Marrying her was a favor I never thought would be called in. But when it was, I answered. Because under all the darkness and violence, I am a man of honor.

I live by a code, even if it is my own.

My all-consuming obsession has brought me here, rubbing my concrete hard erection as I sit behind the wheel of my blacked-out armored Bentley. High-resolution binoculars press into my eye sockets as my heart thunders in my chest, knowing that by the end of the day, she will understand her role from this day forward.

Mine.

I've planned everything down to the minute. I haven't slept in a week. She'd opened her mouth to the wrong person and it was time for her lessons to begin.

I grit my teeth as I shift in my seat, trying to get my balls to stop aching because they're ready to fucking *bust*.

Implementing measures for the last year on how to increase your sperm count has its pros and cons.

I switched to boxers.

I chilled my nutsack until it damn near froze off.

I ate fucking clean, whatever the hell that means.

I worked out and took some Eastern medicine supplement that made everything taste like maple syrup. The fucking works.

But now that the time is drawing near for my swimmers to march into her womb and conquer, I wish I'd done more.

I need her bound to me right fucking *now*.

The pounding obsession with impregnating my stepdaughter pushes me to the edge of reason, blurring my vision and darkening my already-black soul.

I stare at my phone where it sits on the console, her fresh face on the screen as I reach down and flip through the file of her photos.

The first one I ever took occupies the front of my phone screen, taken when she woke up on her eighteenth birthday.

She's cross-legged on her bed, sporting a wicked bedhead and a Rammstein t-shirt from the concert the night before. It's been her favorite band since I introduced her to German industrial metal when she was fifteen.

The tickets, backstage passes and the private suite equipped with a full battalion of security from Moreno Consolidated Industries was my gift to her and ten of her closest friends.

All who I vetted carefully.

She doesn't know it, but I'm with her every moment. She's grown into herself in the two years since that first picture. Her round ass deserves fucking shrines built in its honor. Her thick thighs and D-cup tits fill my dreams day and night.

My dick weeps as her golden green eyes stare back at me from the photo, those little creases at the tops of her lips when she smiles teasing how her mouth will look stretched around my thick dick.

There are at least a hundred pictures of her watering her plants. Fuck, she loves those plants, and I feel a rush of hot rage.

I'm jealous of a Philodendron.

My cock grows harder, knowing she won't come with me easily. That's not her way. She's a hellcat disguised as an angel but anticipating her fight has only fueled my lewd and inappropriate fantasies.

I flip through some more pictures, biding my time, gathering my calm.

Ah, this is one of my favorites.

She's in the kitchen, making ramen, cracking the eggs into the boiling water with one hand the way I taught her when we lived together.

In many ways, she's more like me than her mother. More my daughter than hers, even if we're not biologically related.

I was the one who gave Bijou a safe, calm space. I taught her about field dressings and how to properly clean a gun.

What did her mother give her, except those golden green eyes?

Then, I was gone, and I broke all those unspoken promises I made to always be there for her. I had to. She was off limits. I am a bad man. She deserved better.

Ripping my eyes from the images on my phone, my blood begins to boil as I sit across the street in the driveway of a house I bought just for the purpose of having a secure point for keeping an eye on her. I scan the front of the Mediterranean-style stucco mansion I bought for our new family when I married her mother.

I willingly let her keep it when she divorced me. I didn't give a shit. I bought the monstrosity of a Playboy-style mansion across the street the same week I moved out, making sure I could always have eyes on her. I had to convince the occupants to sell in ways they eventually couldn't resist.

I don't live here, I just use it for watching her and housing my security team that keeps her always under surveillance.

But I see duct tape on a broken front window, and my stepdaughter should not be living in a house held together with tape. Until a month ago, the landscaping was so overgrown I was barely able to get a good shot of her through the windows. So I hired a landscape company to come and clean it all up.

Her mother went full-on bitch-fit, telling me it was *her* house and I had no right.

I have every right.

Then, I found out my stepdaughter had talked to a detective from the FBI and I lost it. I was sure that asshole Letrov, her father, was behind it.

She should know to keep her sweet, cherub mouth shut, but I'd bet it all that he and her mother told her to talk. After all I did for her mother, she went back to that fucker who gave her a black eye that had her father begging me to protect her.

I hate that Bijou is going to pay the price for her mother's ingratitude. But I'm well beyond madness, imagining her soft little body squirming under mine as I rut into her like a fucking junkyard dog. I'm going to make demands and I know she will fight, but I won't take no for an answer.

She will curse and kick and snarl and bite, and I welcome it all. It makes me fucking hard. Somewhere between Barbies and birth control things changed.

I've played out this moment so many times, my hand cramps thinking of how I've fisted myself to thoughts of my innocent stepdaughter taking it hard. Thoughts of filling her with my cum and smearing her virgin blood on my cock.

I've seen the books she reads. All about dark romance and mafia bosses. *I'm* what she wants, she just doesn't know it yet. One of the books I stole from her room is filled with some depraved shit with her little Post-its and highlights noting the filthiest parts.

I stow the binoculars, then draw a shuddering breath, lowering the image of her face on my phone against my hard-on.

"Give Daddy a kiss," I whisper, then bring it back up, switching over to the email I received from her doctor this morning, heat filling my core.

My dick leaks knowing the numbers were there. No more freedom for my little stepdaughter.

Time to come to Daddy, baby.

I tap back to the security system app as a blue and white Moreno Security cruiser creeps by on the tree-lined street. The driver nods at my blacked-out window as he passes. I nod back, then flick through the camera feeds. One

of the interior cameras shows Bijou bending over, plucking some dead leaves off a fern in the sunroom.

The little white summer dress crests the backs of her thighs, showing off the curve of her ass and a peek of her pink slit as the barely-there thong rides up her crack.

Fuck, she had to wear white?

It's a sign from God. Or the devil. But it's a fucking sign.

I'm going to fuck that teasing little gash *and* that ass. She'll suck my cock until she vomits as I shove it down her sweet little throat. I'll own all her holes and even if she cries, I won't stop.

It's going to be beautiful.

Her tight little virgin cunt will milk the cum from my balls, pushing her over the edge until she's bred with my child and no one will ever dare take her from me.

I make the sign of the cross as I put the car in drive and ease toward the tall security gates, clicking the remote as I approach waiting for them to swing open.

I park toward the back of the house by the service entrance and step out, taking a deep breath.

The weather in Tahoe is perfect for a kidnapping. Sunny, with a warm breeze that will carry her screams just far enough, but not so far that anyone will take notice.

The house sits back a good quarter mile from the private road, but since I own the security company getting in is nothing. I even had them disarm the notifications inside the house this morning that might tip her off someone was approaching or the gates were opening.

I want my sweet baby bride to be surprised.

CHAPTER 2



Ramses

I slip my hand inside the front of my suit jacket and slide out the Ruger from the holster as I step down the slate pathway towards the back door and punch in my code.

The back entry is veiled with a pergola covered in blooming pink bougainvillea and I break off a sprig of the pink flower and slip it into the lapel of my jacket.

The house is surrounded by over a hundred acres. Some landscaped, some with tall trees and shrubs for privacy.

The door clicks open and a whoosh of the cooler, air-conditioned air filters over my face. I weave my way through the stucco walls of the back hallway, across the terrazzo tiled kitchen, moving toward the sunroom, where the tracking app on my phone shows a blinking red dot.

Her and those fucking plants.

My footsteps are silent as the sound of Beyonce singing *Put a Ring on It* drifts through the hall, mixing with Bijou's off-key voice belting out the words without inhibition.

I take her choice of music as another sign. This is going to be fun.

So fun, I almost smile.

I grab a silent seat in one of the leather chairs flanking the fireplace in the living room adjacent to the glass walled solarium and watch her fussing over an enormous blooming orchid.

Her unzipped Minions backpack is on the floor next to a sleek walnut writing desk to her left, with a glass of iced-down Diet Coke sweating as it surely makes a ring on the wood surface—although there are a stack of coasters *right fucking there, Bijou*.

There's an empty pack of those horrible Hot Cheetos sitting next to the drink and I chuckle knowing the tips of her fingers are stained with the reddish-orange powder of her favorite snack.

Also on the table, a copy of *Introduction to Law: Legal Reasoning and Torts* sits next to her open notebook and pride warms my chest.

She's been top of her class since she started prelaw. Hell, she's been top of her class since she started nursery school.

I wonder if one day, my wife will be my consigliere as well.

Maybe.

I don't care if she just spends my money all day every day, but if she wants to work around making babies for me, I'll allow it.

I rest my hand on the arm of the chair, the gun secure in my grip as I tap it on my thigh, watching her ample curves move under the fabric of her dress noting her lack of a bra and counting my blessings.

My mouth waters as she fusses in the greenhouse, belting out the next verse of the Beyonce song.

When she finally spins taking me in, her eyes widen, her mouth agape, the words of the song lost on her glossy pink lips.

She doesn't try to run. She stands rooted in place before a flicker of a smile lights on her lips.

I reach into my front blazer pocket and withdraw the little white business card, flinging it her way like a paper Frisbee. It lands on the slate floor in front of her feet. Her bare toes painted yellow and pink in a pair of dollar-store flip-flops.

She loves that fucking store.

I took her there soon after marrying her mother because she wanted to see all the things you could buy for a dollar. She was so fucking excited. She kicked off her thousand-dollar Dior Slides right there in the aisle and exchanged them for a pair of bright yellow foam flip-flops just like the ones she's wearing now.

But she's still a mafia princess, even with her second-rate mobster father trying to keep up appearances.

"What—" She swallows, her eyes locked on mine, the stainless-steel watering can in her hand starting to tremble as she swings her head toward the back door. "How did you get in—?"

"My house, remember?"

She squints, shaking her head as waves of her dark espresso-colored hair twine over her shoulders. "*Mom's* house."

I shrug, nodding at the card on the floor.

"What's this?"

"A problem." I seethe as her eyes flash to the gun resting on my thigh. My thoughts are sick. The things I want to do with her sweet face cast me in a shroud of shame.

"Daddy..." she starts, with that flash of the little girl I used to know working to play me to her advantage. "What's going on?"

"You haven't called me that in a long time, Little Lamb," I say as she bends to pick up the card, leaving the watering can next to her feet. "Sit."

"I haven't *seen you* in a long time," she hisses with a poke of her tongue. "You deserted me."

That truth lances me into my soul but there's no time for therapy right now.

I point my weapon at the chair opposite mine as her wild green eyes flick from the card to me, then to the chair. Fear tightens her pink lips and I note the tension in her shoulders.

"I—I'm... what's going on?" she stutters, clicking her teeth together nervously as she stares at the card, then at me.

I run my tongue over my bottom lip, nearly tasting her words from here. "I said sit." I sniff, clearing my throat, as lust darkens my vision.

"You're not my father." She narrows her eyes, that sassy defiant side of hers coming out to play. "Or my boss."

Good. I want some fight.

"First I'm Daddy then I'm not your father?" I cluck, turning the gun sideways, aiming at the chair.

I cross my legs and rest my free hand between them as I wait with no attempt to hide it when I grab my nuts and adjust things so they're not so fucking uncomfortable.

"You're a tool." She mumbles with a roll of her eyes, then sidesteps to the chair and lowers herself.

The smooth silk of her skin draws my eye as she crosses her legs, the white hem of her dress rising, showing that indent of long muscle on the side of her thigh that makes my dick weep.

"Nothing happens in this town I don't know about. Especially when it comes to me and mine."

"He just showed up at the door." She flings her hand forward gesturing toward the hallway with an exasperated exhale. "I had no choice, he said he would—I didn't..."

"Didn't what? Talk to him about me?" I *tsk* on a snort, shaking my head. "Now, princess, we both know that's a lie. I don't like it when you lie to me. You shouldn't disrespect your father like that. But I know you prefer to think of me as your daddy."

She shifts forward, shooting the card back my way. It cuts through the air, bouncing off my chest, then pinwheels toward the floor to land by my feet.

“You’re not my Daddy. I’ll talk to who I want. I’ll do what I want.”

“I need to show that smart mouth what it’s made for and that’s not talking to cops.”

She snorts, hisses a curse word, then, just like that, the games begin.

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CHAPTER 3



Ramses

She's a fast little shit.

She bolts from her seat, losing her flip-flops in the first five steps.

She straight-arms the back door, launching herself down the stone path toward the expanse of green lawn and the woods about a football field's distance away.

Run, Little Lamb, run. I like your fire. I can't wait to put it out.

The five miles I pound out on the treadmill every fucking day trying to exhaust myself and get her out of my mind, has my cardio on point.

I've been hell-bent on getting inside her hot little man eater for long enough, and now that the time is finally here, something inside me calms.

I'm out of my seat after her while securing my gun into the holster. Within a few strides, I'm in striking distance.

The afternoon heat has sweat breaking over my forehead as the soggy ground squishes under my deliberate steps. In one swoop of my arm, I

secure her tiny wrist, tugging at her enough to slow her down but not snap any bones.

I have plenty of experience in the subtle art of pressure points and the force needed to cause real damage.

I think of how her juicy nipples are going to taste as I tug hard enough to spin her around, seeing them pebbling through the white fabric of her dress as I drag her to the ground with a leg sweep that has her falling with a thud onto her back, glaring up at me like I'm the devil himself.

“Get fucking off me! Are you crazy?”

She's mad.

Good.

I don't like getting things I want handed to me. I want to fucking earn them with blood and sweat and a fucking kick to the balls.

Winning is so much sweeter after a bloody battle.

I drive my hips between her knees as she twists and grunts like a fucking farm animal.

“Am I crazy? You know the answer to that question, princess.” I circle my fingers around her neck, applying pressure upward just under her jawbone, feeling the bump, bump, bump of her pulse against my palm.

I squeeze, just enough to let her know her life belongs to me now.

I shove my hips higher between her lush thighs as her eyes zero in on mine, nearly breaking my concentration with a heart-splitting smile that almost makes me feel sorry for what I'm going to do to her.

“Are you going to kill me? Or have one of your soldiers do it? Snitches get stitches, isn't that right, *Dad*?”

“That's right.” I grit my teeth against the powerful ache in my chest, flipping her over face down in the sopping wet grass with a squish and a grunt, shifting my body but keeping one hand tight on her windpipe.

I easily battle her curvy frame flat into the wet ground, kneeling her legs apart, ignoring her indignant grunts. I want her down in the mud where she belongs for what's about to happen.

My dirty little stepdaughter deserves this messy. As I reach down and pull my dick from my pants, I shove her dress the rest of the way over her ass exposing the round mounds of flesh nearly stopping my heart. My feet slide in the slippery grass, giving her a second to push off, scrambling a few inches forward.

“Bad girl.” I knuckle my fist between her shoulder blades as my throbbing dick rests against the crack of her ass. “You feel that? Good ole Dad is going to teach you a thing or two about loyalty. And dicks.”

The fucking sprinklers must have just shut off because her hands are already caked in mud from trying to crawl away.

“What do you want, *Pharoah Ramses*?” She knows I hate it when she calls me that. “I didn’t tell them anything! I wouldn’t do that.”

God, her womanly ass is hugging my cock. Her cheeks *squeeeeeezing* around it. Begging for it.

The sun glints off her black hair, making it look like threads of silk. Her skin is as white and creamy as my cum, and soon it will be bathed in it.

Her hips move in a battle against my weight, but that only makes my dick harder, longing to be deep inside her hot little untouched paradise.

I release her throat, shoving my hand between the ground and her chest, tracing my fingers down to just above her hip, my fingertips grazing the thin fabric adhesive circle that covers the tiny bump under her skin.

I chuckle. “You won’t be needing that monitor anymore, Little Lamb. I’ve already got what I want from it.”

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?”

I ignore the question for now, grabbing a handful of her soft tit, making her hiss and whine as I adjust my hips so my dick squeezes between the tops of

her thighs, nestling against that slip of fabric that's barely covering the heat of her pussy.

A reluctant moan falls from her lips as her body gives up the fight for a split second, and I go nearly blind as the wetness between her legs connects with the top of my shaft. I buck my hips a few times, daring her panties to give way and let me slip inside all that virgin warmth.

"Mom always said you were a monster." She half moans as I pinch the peak of her nipple and hump between her thighs, the tip of my dick meeting the muddy ground with each thrust.

"Don't give a fuck what she said," I tell her, her breathing coming fast and ragged.

I press my chest to her back, her soft little body no match for my size. Then I lick my way up her neck as she burrows her forehead into the sloppy ground.

"Seems your hot little pussy likes monsters. You just gushed all over my dick, even through those teasing-ass panties you have on. Looks like you have a thing for your stepfather's cock."

"Ex-stepfather," she jousts, before adding, "Just do it and get it over with."

She curses under her breath, but her hips tell a different story as her back arches, her ass raising an inch, desperate for more friction.

"Your needy little clit needs more, doesn't it?" I lick around her ear as she flips her head back and forth, soft strands of her hair sticking to my tongue. "Getting all sloppy wet. You like it messy, don't you? Down in the mud like a good little whore, taking it in the ass on the side of a country road."

She's grinding upward as I push down. We're like two monkeys fucking a football, all tangled up and angry but fuck, it feels so fucking good.

"*You are a motherfucker!*" she screams, trying to turn her face away as we wrestle, sloppy squishing sounds mixing with our mutual heavy breathing. "Just do it! I won't even realize you're inside me."

“You’ll find out soon enough just how wrong you are. And correction, *daughter*,” I tell her. “I’m not a motherfucker. I never fucked your mother.”

I crush my fingertips into the soft flesh of her breast, pushing her back as I slide my bare dick back between her ample ass cheeks. The shoestring strap of her purple thong twists as it tries desperately to keep me from her back entrance.

All the times I imagined this moment, all the times I’ve gone through her underwear drawer, dreaming of which pair she’d choose for our first time, and I never saw these.

“When did you buy these panties, Bijou?”

“My *boyfriend* bought them. Luigi Franko.” She spits, knowing I hate that fat-ass son of her father’s counsel. “He’s already torn them off with his teeth. He’s already fingered me and stuck his—”

I move my hand from the center of her back to take her throat again, making her choke on the words.

“No.” I slide my dick up and down, listening to her little gasps of pleasure, then shift again so it slips back between her legs. “You don’t have a boyfriend. You’ve never been touched. Never been kissed.”

“He’s twice the man you’ll ever be,” she manages with the air I’m allowing her, the chirping of birds from the trees mingling with her failed insults as sweat traverses down my spine.

“We both know that’s another lie, *daughter*.” I drive my hand lower, my chest on fire, pushing through the mud, over her belly and down between her legs, tugging the offending fabric to the side, connecting with her warmth. I find her swollen clit and squeeze until she yelps. “Fucking wet now, aren’t you? This pussy is mine. It knows it already. Has for a long time. It’s your head we need to get straight.”

I let her slit jack me off for a few thrusts, securing the fabric between her outer lips and her thigh as she moans into the mud, fingers scrambling, squeezing the water from the dirt in little fists. The heat and silky lube she’s gushing on my dick telling me all I need to know.

She's smart enough to know talking to the FBI would get my attention.

It was her way of asking for this. At least that's what I tell myself as she squirms and begs me to stop.

"This ass is mine too," I say, sliding my hand from under her and giving her ass a hard smack. "This throat is mine," I add, tightening my grip. "I'll lose myself in it soon enough. This face, these tits, these hands, this pussy. I'll fuck your goddamn earholes if I want. Mine, *mine*, *mine*. I'm going to dress you every fucking day. Or not. Maybe you'll just wear my cum from now on, nothing else. You'll rub it in when I decorate you with me and smile and say, *Please Daddy, can I have some more?*"

She doesn't answer. She's too busy squirming, hissing, and moaning as I work myself up and down.

"You're going to do as you're told."

I move faster, and it feels so fucking good making her mine. The head of my dick turns an angry reddish purple as it slides to the top of her ass crack.

My balls draw up tighter than a snare drum as I imagine shooting off deep, straight into her breeding belly, tying her to me in ways she can't ever undo.

"Fuck, yeah. All fucking mine."

But not yet. Not until things are...more permanent.

With a few more thrusts, the pressure builds. She's bucking like a bronco with me, our skin slipping together as I shoot my load. Strings of white spend spurt out, up the valley of her ass, over the round cheeks, settling in the small of her back as white stars dot my vision and I grimace through the ripping orgasm.

I reach down and rub it into her skin. As the powerful climax spurts out the last ropes of white cream, I fight to keep my focus. The warm stickiness spreads over her soft flesh, her throat moving against my palm as I ease myself back, releasing her from my grip and admiring my work.

The world feels unsteady as the force of my effort and orgasm drains my brain pan for a moment. I've never had stars in my eyes before, but right

now, I see constellations.

Her panties are baptized with her juices and my jizz, and they're my prize. I'll commemorate this day in many ways, starting with her thong.

In a single motion, I pull out the knife from my hip, and cut them off in two swipes of the sharp blade.

"Don't! I like those."

"Me too." I rip them from under her, ignoring her exasperated protests.

She kicks up a fucking fuss as I tuck them, wet and muddy, into my jacket pocket, then push my dick inside my pants, grunting as I climb to my feet.

The wet ground squishes around my Louis Vuittons and my knees are damp, but she's as dirty as a hog in heaven, and I'm more turned on by that than I probably should be.

She wiggles, twisting her torso, locking her elbows and glaring up at me.

I slip the knife back into its sheath as she watches, then retrieve my gun, using it as a pointer toward my car. "Get up. Time to go."

"Give me back my panties." She flips over holding her hand out.

"You don't have any. They're mine now. I'm going to taste them and sniff them and use them to jerk off while you watch when you're a bad girl and want a fuck but you haven't earned it."

Her tongue glances along her bottom lip, her cherub cheeks streaked with mud. "Fuck you."

God, she's stunning.

"You keep saying that. My cock is earned, princess. You haven't earned it yet. And I'm a man of honor. Some things have to happen before I rip that cherry from between your legs." I point again with the gun. "Now, be a good little lamb and move. To the car."

She struggles onto her mud-soaked knees but does as I say, stomping toward the back of the Bentley as I walk beside her. I click the button in my

pocket to pop the trunk, and when she sees what's inside, she shakes her head again, her mud crusted hair flying around her face in an arc.

"I'm not getting in there."

"Yes, you are." I grin, grabbing a handful of her hair, tugging her head back. Before she can protest further, I lean in and push my lips against hers.

She moans, grunting as she slaps my shoulders, but it doesn't last. The kiss deepens and I tug harder, forcing her head back. I move my mouth to her cheek, sticking out my tongue, licking up and down as she shivers. Then I do the same on her chin, her throat wanting to taste her everywhere, all at once, right now.

She moans as I re-holster my gun to free up my other hand. I squeeze her ass, then return my mouth to hers, tongue slipping between her lips and—

She bites down. A spear of pain lights me up as she holds my tongue between her teeth, a dark chuckle stuttering in my throat as the tang of blood spreads over my tastebuds.

She releases her bite with a satisfied smirk as I flip up her dress, my cum still drying on the curve of her ass, and draw my knife, playing weapon round-robin more than I'd expected.

She twists, but I lock one arm around her waist, bending her forward. As she struggles, pushing and flailing, I run the edge along the softness of her ass cheek, making the first of several cuts I have planned for the creamy, round canvas.

"Ow! Stop... Shit, Ramses, I'm sorry!" She freezes, the breeze whipping her hair around, sending her scent into my nostrils.

I keep the blade razor sharp, but it's not a dangerous cut. When I draw back the knife, there's a microscopic hint of red on the blade as it glints in the sunlight. I lower it to a half-dried smear of my cum and scrape some onto the knife.

I force her back upright between me and the back of the car, bracing my body around hers in case she thinks of running again.

“You’re going to learn to mind Daddy,” I mumble, my tongue throbbing from her bite. I spit bloodied saliva onto the blade, then use my index finger to mingle the cum, blood and spit. Then I bring it to her mouth. “Clean my knife the way you’re going to clean my cock.”

When she hesitates, I push the glinting metal flat onto her bottom lip, pulling down, exposing her lower teeth as her eyes narrow.

“This is the easy way, Bijou.” I press my lips to her temple, whispering, “You don’t want me to show you the hard way. Now, lick it clean like a good girl.”

I stand erect, meeting her challenging glare. Then she sticks her tongue out, running it along the blade like she’s licking her favorite cherry lollipop.

Just when I don’t think the moment could be any more perfect, she cups the blade with the tip of her tongue, pressing it down, drawing a trickle of blood and slurping it into her mouth on a swallow.

If I wasn’t hard before, I fucking am now, imagining what my dick is going to look like when it’s coated with her virgin blood while she uses her mouth for cleanup.

“That’s my girl. See, you’re learning.” I smile, then tug her hair. She stumbles to my side as I push her toward the open trunk. “You’ve always been smart.”

There are pillows and blankets and a battery-powered Minion’s nightlight. She may not have been a little girl when I became her stepfather, but she’s still scared of the dark. I’m not a man without a heart, it’s just black.

“In,” I demand, pointing the knife, and this time she does as she’s told.

CHAPTER 4



Bijou

Who wakes up in the morning thinking, today's a great day for my stepfather to slice up my ass and throw me in the trunk of his car?

No. One. Ever.

"You've lost your damn mind!" I hiss as Ramses, a.k.a. my stepfather *once removed*, lashes a tie around my ankles holding the knife between his teeth.

The intrusive thoughts of how hot he looks right now only make me want to kick him in the ribs again. His teeth glint against the blade, his high set cheekbones and way his jaw sits at right angles to everything make the burning in my belly turn molten.

"Not sure I ever had it when it comes to you, daughter."

He helps me into the trunk of his Bentley with a grunt and a toss. Inside, he's heaped about ten blankets and a slew of down pillows. He's clearly been planning this, but, okay he's a psycho who doesn't want me rolling around like a lost potato in the trunk.

Those tattoos that cover his upper body have always made me weak. There's nothing like a broody, dangerous man in a ten-thousand-dollar suit covered in indigo tribal ink. Amiright?

In the years he was married to my mother, I barely remember him showing any emotion besides a soft smile on my birthdays. He always made sure my mother went all out with a celebration and enough gifts to fill a semi but his demeanor was flatline most of the time.

He took care of us with cars and drivers and every indulgence a black Amex could produce, but he was always three steps away. Calm indifference seemed to be his overarching mood, but now?

Now?

He's gone crazy train loco, and I knew this was part of him. I grew up as a mafia princess, so to speak, even though my bio-dad was sort of a second-rate mobster always trying to up his game and failing miserably taking out his anger on my mother and me. I understand the life.

So, when the FBI guy showed up at the house, I panicked. I should have known word would get back to Ramses eventually. I just didn't imagine it would be so fast.

Terror and heat take turns coursing through my body as I look up at the man who helped raise me in his own quiet, deluded way.

The terror I understand, but the heat?

The wet magma, erupting volcano, lava flow of *heat* between my legs is a betrayal of the likes I may never understand.

Truth is, I know why most any woman would be drawn to him.

Ramses is a man of epic proportions, for starters. Six-five and just so, perfectly balanced.

Not too big like a gym rat but with enough bulk and hard muscle that you understand he'd have no issue snapping your back like a pretzel stick.

Then there's those eyes. They could cut a diamond with their black-rimmed blue irises.

He's got one hand around my throat, the knife still clenched between his Hollywood-perfect teeth, while his other hand...

His. Other. Hand.

Is on my breast, down under my dress, grabbing on like he's about to tug it right off my body.

"Please." I wince, the fear and lust like twisting vipers inside of me. "Don't do this. I'll retract what I said to the FBI. I'll say I was..." *Think, Bijou, think.* "I'll tell him I was high, I couldn't consent to the interview at all and what I said was just ketamine-induced psychosis. I read about that in one of my law books. A perp got out of a confession that way."

As he looms above, I swear he's bigger than I remember. Even a little bulkier in his chest. I've seen him shirtless over the years, so I know what he's packing under those handmade suits.

My friends at school always said...he's not like the other dads.

True dat.

His tattoos always fascinated me, even more now that I'm close enough to see how they swell and flow over his knuckles and the back of his hand, wrapping around his wrist in balanced patterns of geometric blue-black to disappear under the cuff of his shirt.

My pleas only have his hand working harder on my breast, fingers pinching and pulling at my peaked nipple and zapping my nerves with a cascade of fear and desire as I struggle against the silk bonds.

There's something wrong with me.

Why am I so *wet*?

I release a ragged scream as he pinches again, a satisfied smirk on his perfect lips, but that only furrows his brow deeper, rage embedded in his cosmic-blue eyes. He drags the knife from his mouth, slipping it back into the leather holder on his hip as he sets his jaw, and I shrink under the steel of his gaze.

“You can scream the fucking clouds out of the sky there, baby. No one is coming to save you.”

Dampness grows where my panties should be as I squeeze my eyes shut, praying for this to be a dark and dirty wet dream, though his hot breath on my cheek quickly snubs out that hope.

I wonder if he’s going to kill me. Bury me in a shallow grave in the desert with all the other chubby stepdaughter snitches.

“Please,” I try again. “Just...please. *Dad.*” I try to burn his eyes with mine as all I can think about is how huge his cock felt as it slipped up and down between my ass cheeks.

The dark pleasure swallowed me as his warm release landed on my body. Then, when he rubbed it in, an orgasm ripped through me like a cyclone as I bit my lip, refusing him the satisfaction of knowing what he was doing pushed me over the edge into a vortex of forbidden bliss.

His lips pull back into a dazzling, perfect, Hollywood smile and I freeze. In all the years he was with my mom, I don’t ever remember him smiling like this.

It’s wicked, and the thoughts of how gorgeous he is must forever be buried. I cough as the gut punch of heat below my bellybutton challenges that thought.

Warm lips move over my cheek as I turn my head away with a wince. I’m lost for a second in his scent. His cologne drifts into my nostrils. I’m sure it must be called *Mafia God* because that’s how he smells.

He’s twenty-one years my senior, and I despise the way his proximity gives my clit a thumping heartbeat of its own.

He runs his tongue over the spot where he kissed my cheek, then down my neck, lapping at me like a dog.

“You taste just like I’d hoped, Bijou. Sweet and pure. But don’t worry, I’ll fuck all that innocence out of you soon enough.”

I grunt, bucking and twisting, the ties cutting into my wrists and ankles. Then I gather my breath for another scream, which he swallows with his lips as they crush onto mine.

Oh, God. He tastes better than he smells, if that's even possible.

I will not kiss him back.

I will not kiss him back.

Oh shit, I'm kissing him back.

My tongue has gone rogue and is forging forward through his lips.

Stop, Bijou! You can't French kiss your stepfather...right? I can't, can I?

My tongue continues its warm explorations as my inner muscles clench. His mouth envelops mine with an angry growl, the invasion of his warm tongue twisting with mine.

It's not a soft kiss. *Hardly.*

It's demanding and ruthless, and it curls my toes and clenches my fists as his hand slips from inside my dress. He repositions me with a tug and a thud so I'm facing up, strong fingers moving down, grabbing at my thighs now as I swallow back a moan and stretch my fingers in front of my mid-section.

I drive my bound hands forward, my fingers curling around the handle of his knife just visible as he leans forward, opening his suit jacket just enough.

I grunt on a burning abdominal crunch, draw it back and drive it forward on a scream.

With feline like reflexes, he catches the knife before I can sink it into his ribs. I cry out in defeat as he twists my wrist, the blade falling from my fingers as he stands to full height, his face a mask of fury.

"You want it like that?" he says. "I like a little fight. I'll take out all my frustration on your pussy later. Then your ass, so keep it up. You're only hurting yourself."

He swipes his hand over his stomach, a hint of blood trickling from a rip in his shirt. He grins, eyebrows raised in mock appreciation.

“I was going to be gentle with you the first time, but looks like you’re not into gentle. So I’ll fuck you like a rabid dog instead. Mount you from behind, spit I your mouth and split that baby pussy of yours in two. If my dick could form a knot, I’d be the happiest man on the fucking planet locked together with my sweet little bitch.”

Fear and awe battle inside me as he shoves my knees wide, his dark words making my insides dive and spin in a shameful dance.

My ankles ache with the tight binding as he flashes the retrieved knife in the sunlight. This time, it’s heading for my most tender places. A flow of back-peddling apologies flow out of me like melted butter.

“Wait, wait!” I stammer. “*I’m sorry. Don’t—*”

He claps his other hand over my mouth, muffling the rest of my pleas as the blade of the knife drags over that sensitive tendon stretched to its limit at the apex of my thighs.

“Look at that. Your little clit poking out all wet and swollen. Begging for more, isn’t it?”

A stream of wetness trickles out of me as his eyes meet with my naked pussy and my blood rushes hot through my veins.

“Greedy little cunt. It’s begging for cock. *My* cock. Before the end, you’ll be begging for a hard fuck, won’t you, Little Lamb?”

The pin-hard tip of the knife glances along my clit, zapping my nerves and making me arch and whimper, my muscles in spasm as he pokes it right there.

Right. *There.*

I squirm and do my best to retreat, the blankets soft and slippery under my ass. A dart of pain from where he cut me earlier reminds me of just how deep into madness he’s fallen.

“*Uh, uh, uh...*”, he tuts, “be still.”

Harder. Metal. Sharp. Knife. Harder.

Oh, God.

My heart is about to explode from my chest as he runs the blade up and down, easing it into my folds, spreading me one layer at a time like it's a surgical instrument. He exposes me, peeling me apart, pushing, poking, until hot tears fall from my lower lids.

"Please! *Stoop.*" I call into his palm through gritted teeth, eyes squeezed shut, my throat as raw as my emotions.

"Fight as much as you want, pussy always tells the truth."

I'm wet. So, so wet, and the shame covers me as he lifts his hand from my mouth. I cry out, his fingers running down my inner thigh while the knife finds my entrance, pushing into that most vulnerable spot.

Oh, God.

Again.

Right. There. At. My. Opening.

"I could cut your cherry from you." His eyes lock on mine, the sun a halo around his head as I choke on the sob that tightens my throat. "I think there's a medical term for cutting this tender flesh right here..." He rests the razor-sharp blade just inside me as I draw a breath and hold it, shaking, silently praying for this to be a bad dream. "What I would do would be a little different, but...what is it called?"

His lips press together as he ponders his own question, his eyes lighting up with realization.

"Episiotomy. Right? Yes, that's it.

I. Can't. Breathe.

I can't breathe.

I can't breathe.

"Please."

“Yes, my little lamb. You’ll say please when I do it.” He sighs, sounding disappointed as the fingers of his other hand dig into my knee, holding me wide, the sunshine warming my already heated folds as I wonder how such darkness can be happening under such a perfect blue sky. “No, I think we both know that you want my dick to do the deflowering. I know I do.”

“I’ll do anything, just don’t cut me there,” I stutter, my gut twisting as the tip of the knife rests at my opening and time stretches out in front of me. Each second compounds into a minute, an hour, and everything starts to feel fuzzy.

I’m at his mercy. My muscles lock down, my belly quivering.

“Good girl. You *will* do anything, but it’s good to hear you say it. Now, tell me you love me as I fuck you with my knife.”

Love him?

The birds are chirping overhead like everything in the world is as it should be. The sky is blue, and drifty white clouds remind me that just an hour ago, my biggest worry was acing my econ exam.

He was a mere shadow in my life even when he did live in the same house. I never feared him then, he was more a ghost than a tyrant, but love him?

Love. Him.

“No,” I snap. I won’t say it. I won’t feel it.

“You will.” He withdraws the knife and his hands are gone. “I’m a traditional guy. You’ll take my last name before you take my dick. But, I assure you, you will do both. You will be loyal to me forever, my princess. Then, after I stake my claim in that little baby maker of yours, you’ll tell me you love me like a good wife should.”

Baby maker?

Wife?

With a loud clunk, the trunk shuts, leaving me with the soft yellow glow of the Minions nightlight snuggled near my feet between two of the pillows as

the engine turns over, knowing my virginity is not the only thing my stepfather could destroy.

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CHAPTER 5



Ramses

*M*y stepdaughter will never know all the nights I lay awake, battling the urges she awoke in me.

I've hated her for them, but beneath hate, there is always something else, isn't there?

Something I've never felt.

She looks more beautiful than ever, smeared with dirt and blood and my cum, the apple of her cheeks ripe with fear as I pop the trunk after parking the Bentley in the private underground garage of my building.

Her eyes narrow, the green just a thin halo around the dark pupils as she sets her jaw, her taut little nipples poking at the thin fabric of her dress, making me salivate.

"Oh, don't look at me like that, Bijou. We both know you want to be my dirty girl." My words echo in the cement confines of the garage.

The scent of exhaust and her cherry-pie hand cream swirl together as I lift her from the blankets and pillows. Her dress is filthy, caked with the same mud that's flaking off her skin. Her bare arm is warm against my rough

hand as I guide her to her feet, scanning the cement between here and the elevator for anything that could hurt her.

You're carving your initials into her ass, but you're worried she might stub her toe?

I slam the trunk, holding her to my side. I released my binding from her ankles, but her wrists are still wrapped with my tie. I imagine them braced on my chest after mounting her curvy body on my dick and making her ride me while I sip on hundred-year-old scotch, enjoying the view of my loose-lipped stepdaughter taking me raw and deep.

"Where are we?" she asks.

I answer with a frown and a shrug. "A garage."

She's lost some of her fire, but I'm sure it will come back. She is naïve but feisty, and it's exactly those traits that have put us both in this situation.

"Home, Little Lamb," I finally say, leading her by her upper arm toward my private elevator a few steps away.

Heat and possessiveness twine inside me as I press my palm to the control panel and the elevator dings, the doors opening with a soft whoosh. I lead her inside and spin us back to face the open doors. But before they slide shut, she releases a high-pitched shriek that rattles my fillings, but it only makes me harder.

I love the way her voice wraps around me and fills the air. I can't wait to hear it when I've got her under me, filling her up, pumping my inches inside her, keeping her naked and bound as my little breeding mare.

I'll roll onto her all night, taking her in positions that would put the Kama Sutra to shame. She's mine, and soon her body will grow with the proof.

"Hey!" she yells, trying to tug out of my grip as one of the maintenance workers steps into view wearing coveralls and a hard hat carrying a bright yellow toolbox with Property of Moreno Industrial on the side. "Hey, over here!" She hops up and down on her bare, muddy feet, drawing his attention.

I rifle my arm around the back of her head, dragging her sassy ass back against me. My hand is clamped once again over her mouth, silencing her as the older man stalls mid-step, his gaze darting from me to Bijou.

I clear up the situation for him real fucking fast.

“Keep walking. My daughter. She’s in need of medical care.”

He offers an understanding nod. “I hope she gets the help she needs Mr. Moreno.”

Bijou tenses under my grip, her soft ass against the hard-on that’s thickening down my thigh, the scent of her arousal making me salivate.

“I assure you, she will.”

Another nod and the doors slide shut as I poke the single button on the panel marked with a ‘P’ and it whizzes upward, not stopping until we reach the fiftieth floor.

The elevator dings and stops, the doors sliding open, and I unclamp her mouth, leading her by the back of the neck inside the foyer of the residence I have occupied since I moved out of the home where we lived together for those formative years.

She fights her way out of my grip, or that’s what I let her think. She tears across the black marble floor to the other side of the five thousand square foot living room, a wall of windows behind her overlooking the windows of the city that glint and shimmer in the midday sun.

She skitters to an unsteady stop on her bare feet, knees slightly bent like a wrestler ready for the match to start. A single streak of mud up her cheek, flecked with a green grass stain, looks like warpaint as she blows a tendril of hair from her lips.

“What’s the play here, Little Lamb?” Watching her run, even that short distance, is only fueling the monster inside of me. “I like to play chase. You should know that by now. I’ve chased down bigger fish than you more times than I can count. Pretty sure you also know how that ended for them.”

“Why are you being such a lunatic? I told you already, I’ll retract what I said. Just let me go, I won’t say anything.”

“Of course you won’t. That’s not an incentive.” I see her swallow. The little wheels in her head turning. The penthouse is a canvas of white except for the sleek, black floors. Perfect for defiling my soon-to-be wife. Teaching her what family loyalty means with a good hard fuck. “Next time you run, it better be more than across the room. I can’t wait to run your ass down and pin you in the dirt again. Fuck you right there in the mud like a brat. That’s what you want, isn’t it? Makes you wet thinking about it.”

The way the flush creeps up her chest and she shivers, I’d say that’s a yes.

“Mom said you were a horrible man.”

I offer a shrug. “I wasn’t so horrible when I saved her. Protected her. Married her to keep you both safe. But none of that matters to me. There’s only one thing you should know. To you, I’ll be God.”

She rolls her eyes as I step her way, scooting around the pair of white chairs, trailing a hand along the back of the matching ten-foot white sofa. I had the entire place redecorated in the last week. I wanted everything new and white.

When I found out about her talking to that FBI fucker, coupled with the numbers coming in from her doctor, I put my plan into action. It was the perfect storm and I am here to ride it out come what may.

I want every white surface filthy with what I will do to her. Forever, I will remember how I took my stepdaughter on every piece of furniture and up against every white wall, making her dirty against the pure white backdrop of this, our honeymoon suite, so to speak.

“So, you think you’re going to be able to keep me here forever?” Her chest rises and falls as she eyes me, a flicker of something passing over her face when her gaze gets to my crotch where my dick is tenting out my slacks like a thick log of petrified wood.

“Of course. Well, maybe not here *all* the time. That would be silly. We will go other places, Bijou,” I shake my head, “but if you are entertaining the idea that I will ever let you go, you shouldn’t.”

“I’ll run. Any chance I get.”

Her twined hands clasp onto each other as I sigh, her fingers lacing together, knuckles white. She worries her bottom lip before her shoulders fall in defeat.

The beast inside me roars. “God, I hope so. Anytime you run it will end with my dick inside you somewhere, baby. That, you can count on. Now, we’re wasting time. I have a big afternoon planned for us.”

I close the space between us, but she stands her ground but doesn’t bolt again. Part of me is disappointed, but the practical part knows we have things to do and a schedule to keep.

“Please—” she starts as I tug my knife out, her eyes turning round.

“Pull up your dress and turn around.” I urge her to comply with a flick of the blade toward her hands. “Do as you are told and I’ll untie your hands. I’m not an unreasonable man, Bijou. I will reward you for good behavior, but I will also punish you when you disobey.”

Her fingers twitch, and I give her a moment as I lean down to bury my face against her neck. Her hair is a tangled mess, highlighted with mud as well as a few sprigs of dried grass and small leaves. I breathe her in, my dick throbbing as the urge to sink inside her and set my seed home burns in my veins.

“Lift. It. Up,” I order. “Do as Daddy says,” I add, letting her know who I will be for her from this day forward.

That seems to unlock her from her frozen state. Her quivering fingers pinch the ruffled hem of her dirty white dress and lift, exposing her bare pussy the hush of dark curls just decorating the top of her mound.

I run the point of the knife down her sternum, hearing her draw a shaky breath.

“You did what you were told,” I say, tapping the flat of the blade on top of her breast. “Thata girl. That earns you a reward.”

I rub the cold steel point over the fabric circling one of her hard nipples, while I work the knot of my tie around her wrists, freeing them.

“Thank you,” she sighs on a tired exhale.

“Now, bend over, don’t put your dress down. I want to see that pussy and ass on display for me. You’ve been holding that pussy hostage from me long enough. Now it’s mine to do as I please. You like showing off for your dad, don’t you?”

She doesn’t answer, but leans over, exposing herself. The thin bloodied cut I left there reminds me I have so many things to do before our guest arrives.

I lay my hand on the small of her back as her fingers clench around the ruffle of her skirt. “Stay still.”

My mouth waters as I stare at her soft, white skin, aiming the tip of the blade at the top of the small slice I left earlier.

“Wait, don’t...” she pleads, her body quivering, but things have to be done, and marking her as mine will come in many forms.

“I said, be still.” There’s no comfort in my voice. Sometimes gentleness is not the way. In time, she will learn both sides of me have their place in how I will love her.

As I make two quick flicks of the blade, she yelps but doesn’t move. And I’m done for the moment. The cuts are superficial, just enough to draw a thin line of blood but not deep enough to need even a Band-Aid.

She shakes under my hand, struggling to keep the hem of her dress fisted at her hip.

“There, I’m proud of you, baby. You barely flinched.”

“What are you doing to me?”

I run the blade up the crack of her ass while tangling my other hand in her hair and lifting her to a standing position next to me.

“Marking you. What did you think? I’m done with the ‘R’, then, we will get to work on the ‘M’.”

“You really are a nut job.”

I chuckle as I walk her next to me to one of the bedrooms I’ve prepared for today, hugging her close with a comforting tap of my fingers on her shoulder.

“Keep your dress up,” I remind her as we walk through the door.

An immaculate, all-white room greets us, a king-sized bed as its centerpiece, set under soft spotlights. Crisp white sheets are coupled with more white pillows in every square and rectangle shape than I can count. “That’s one of many places I’m going to teach your pussy who it belongs to. There are five bedrooms here, I’ll be fucking you in all of them. Once you earn this dick, it will be inside you more than you could have ever imagined.”

I lower the knife onto a Lucite table next to the bed, then aim her toward a fluffy white armchair to my left.

“Sit.” I let her go with a soft shove of encouragement. “I want your cunt on display. Put your heels on the edge of that cushion and keep your legs open.”

I glance with pride at what’s hanging in the corner of the room from a long, stainless-steel hook in the ceiling, then nod as she takes her seat, her filthy dress bunched at the tops of her thighs as she assumes the position.

“I’m going to eat you out. But first, how do you like your wedding dress?” I drop my eyes from her face, my balls aching like a motherfucker and my mouth watering at the sight of her pink little flower of a pussy catching the light. “I looked at hundreds of dresses. This one really spoke to me. What do you think?”

When her eyes connect to the dress, her lips fall open, lashes fluttering, but I swear on my grave I see a little trickle of wetness seeping from her cute little cunt. It’s crying happy tears at the realization this is her wedding day.

“Wait.” She blinks, once, twice, then screws up her face. “I’m not wearing that.”

“You’re going to be my wife in...” I flip my wrist over, looking at my watch. “Forty-five minutes. We’re running late. I need your cum on my face when we say our vows. And I’m going to return the favor as well.”

“But, I...can’t marry you. You’re my *stepfather*. *Please*, this isn’t right.”

“Right, wrong.” I shrug brushing some lint off the arm of my jacket. “It’s not like we’ve never lived together before. All those irritating habits to discover. I already know yours and you know mine. You’re a monster in the morning. You like Cocoa Pebbles with organic soy milk, and you leave the cap off the toothpaste. You put the toilet paper roll on the wrong way, and you leave the TV on when you leave a room. Very irritating, but we’re going to work on all that. But first...”

“Oh, God. Wait—” She whimpers as I crouch down, shedding my jacket onto the slick marble floor.

I roll up my sleeves as her eyes dart between my face and the holster holding my Ruger under my left arm, where I’m sporting a tiny cut from when she grabbed my knife.

“I can’t, please...” She slaps her legs together as I grit my teeth, yanking them apart by her knees, then landing a hard slap on her pussy to get her attention.

“You can and you will. This pussy is getting eaten, and you’re going to give me your orgasm, Bijou. Might as well lean into things. This doesn’t have to be hard. I don’t want to hurt you to make you mind me.”

After a moment of wide-eyed hesitation, and another hard smack on her pussy, her lips close, a flash of defeat in her eyes. She likes being at my mercy. She’s not ready to admit it, at least not consciously. But the way her pussy is weeping?

I have all the consent I need.

“I’m going to fuck you, Bijou. Have no doubt. But first, I’ll fuck you with my tongue until you come. Then, I’ll marry you, then I’ll consummate our union, and I’ll come inside you. More than once. I’m quite virile. And,” I’m surprised at the way my voice takes on an excited lilt, pride puffing my chest, “I’ve worked hard on my sperm count. It’s over three-hundred and

fifty million. That's quite impressive. I'm an overachiever though. So, we will have some fun, then get you dressed, then our wedding, then lots of bareback fucking. I just want you to know the itinerary for our wedding day."

She starts with some weak protest, but her scent is driving me mad and waiting is making me irritable.

I dive face-first into her warmth, snuffing out any other delay tactics she might decide to try, driving my tongue like a spear into her opening, barely getting it inside with her barrier in the way.

"Fucking sweet," I mumble, swiping my fingers over my damp lips. "I can't wait to fill this tight little hole with my fat cock, baby. You want that, don't you? Daddy's dick inside you while you tell him how much you love him."

She hisses, her fingers digging into the arms of the chair, head flying back as I eat her out like a ravenous beast. I'm sucking and licking, sloppy wet sounds filling the air as her flavor fills my mouth, my balls heavy with what I'm going to put inside her very soon, but I want her to give me this first.

"I'm going to get you good and soft so you'll be ready for me. Daddy's got an oversize package to deliver. But you need to earn a wedding night fuck from your husband, so don't make me force you to do things, baby. Don't make me hurt you to make you comply. Because I don't want to have to do that."

"Ramses, I don't... I'm not ready to get married."

I kiss her inner thigh, licking my way back up to her opening, then swirl my tongue around, lapping at the warm juice streaming from her.

"Your cunt says otherwise."

I find her clit with my tongue and work in slow circles as she wiggles and twitches under my oral ministrations. Within a minute, she's pliant, eyes glazed, looking half-drugged, but I know she's all too present for this. Better to be made compliant with my mouth than the needle I was prepared to use if she fought me hard enough.

Her belly quivers and I adore every inch of her sex with my mouth. I bathe her little petals with my tongue, mouth, and spit. Up and down and side to side as she watches me from above.

I even add on a little motorboating sputter into her wetness hoping for a little smile.

I shrug when she clenches her jaw, eyes on the ceiling, desperately trying to hold on to some control.

I'm relentless though. Grabbing her little clit with my teeth and working it with my tongue as she fights for the slip of pride she has left.

Her pupils turn black with a rim of that vibrant green. I strain against her, the muscles down my back rippling as I push my tongue as deep as it will go into her warm, wet cave.

I slide my fingers between the curve of her ass and the cushion of the chair, mounting her on my face, controlling her, reveling in the joy of her flavor while a fever takes me and her opening squeezes around my tongue.

I'm grunting into her body, shifting upward, dry fucking the air as my hips pump in juvenile jealousy that my mouth is having all the fun.

I attack her clit, refusing to surrender even as she battles against the pleasure I'm forcing upon her.

"Come on, Little Lamb, there's no fighting me. You know that. Give me what I want. You're going to be a dirty whore for me and me alone. Now fucking come on my face, show me what a messy, greedy slut looks like."

I return to her splayed open folds with something that feels like glee. I knew getting my mouth on her would probably change my life, but I had no idea I'd feel what I'm feeling.

She's biting her lip and gritting her teeth, trying to hold back the oncoming orgasm, being defiant as usual. So I release one of her soft ass cheeks and retrieve my gun from the holster. I ring her clit with my tongue, as her heavy-lidded eyes watch me draw my weapon.

When realization sparks over her face, my skin lights up with the crackle of energy between us.

“You’re gonna come for me,” I mutter, gathering a quick breath before returning to that swollen nub, running the tip of the barrel up the crease of her ass, wiggling it in until it’s centered at her opening.

Her muscles contract as I apply steady, even pressure, pushing the cold steel into the sopping wetness dripping down, spitting on the barrel once before doubling down on her hard little nub, watching her body curl into itself as I start to pump the gun against her back entrance.

“Come. For. Daddy.” I mumble into her softness.

“Oh, fuck...” She throws her head back, the fingers of my other hand gripping her soft flesh while the gun slips easily up and down, pulsing, pulsing for three, two, one, and then a little more pressure, giving her the tip right inside her tight little ass.

Blast off.

She comes with such force, I’m reminded of that exorcist movie when the girl bows up off the bed, levitating above it, but with Bijou, there’s a fucking bonus.

Her floodgates open as her voice shakes the windows. I withdraw the gun, lowering it to the floor in time to take the other side of her ass back in my hand and aim her lusty waterfall into my mouth.

Jesus. She doesn’t just squirt.

It’s Niagara fucking Falls.

I’m soaked in a second, the sweet, warm juice spraying down my throat, drenching my shirt down to my belt, back to my damn ears.

This girl... fuck me, *this girl*.

I’m going to teach her a lesson about keeping her mouth shut, but a more important lesson will be about keeping her legs open.

For me.

Only me. Any other man who reaches out to touch her will quickly learn there are 27 bones in the human hand, and I'm going to take my fucking time breaking each one of them. Carpals, metacarpals, fingers and thumb.

Times two.

She's raising the fucking roof with her pleased sounds while I'm swallowing every drop of her baptizing nectar.

My stepdaughter has turned the corner. She's a woman now, full stop. Every lush inch of her will be mine from now on.

As her body softens, her moans turn to whimpers. I settle her ass back on the chair, ease her feet to the floor and watch her ride out the last waves of her climax as I rock back to rest my ass on my heels, hands rubbing up and down my thighs, licking my lips, her nectar dripping from my nose, my chin, even my damn ears.

"You're so fucking beautiful, Bijou. An angel sent from heaven just for me."

Her blind eyes struggle to focus as I swipe my hand over my mouth, kissing up her belly, wishing I'd had her completely naked for this moment, but there will be time for that.

As I think about time, I realize I've been lost in it. The alarm on my phone in my front pocket starts chirping, reminding me we have to switch gears.

"Come on, baby. Time to dress for your wedding."

She runs her fingers under her nose, then across her cheeks where I see a couple of errant tears. Her rosy skin is still smeared with a hint of mud, but she's never looked more beautiful to me.

"I'm a mess." She shifts and wiggles, pushing herself upright, her dark waves still a mess, and now, ah *now*, she's soaked herself down to her cute little toes.

"You're *my* mess. There's no time for princess pampering, Little Lamb. It's time to get dressed."

“I can’t believe this,” she mumbles, and it’s not lost on me that when I told her it’s time for her wedding, she didn’t say no. She was worried about how she looked.

“The priest will be here in five minutes. I can’t wait for our wedding night. I’ll shove my cock in that soft little baby maker and fill you up until your womb is topped off. We will be married, and I’ll be the father of your child. You’ll never do anything to endanger our family, Bijou, will you?”

She stares wordlessly as I push to my feet, lowering my zipper and tugging my painful erection out.

“One thing before I dress you. Your cum is all over my face. But I told you I’d return the favor, and I’m a man of my word.” I grip the thick length, the head already seeping as I give it a few quick tugs, stepping closer, so the tip brushes her cute little button nose.

She’s face to face with the Herculean destroyer that will soon go scorched-earth on her cherry, frozen in time and space as I work my length, locking my jaw, resting my other hand on the top of her head to hold her in place.

“Don’t worry, this won’t take long. Stick out your tongue... Daddy’s going to give you a present all over your pretty little lamb face. Mud and cum and tears. That’s all the makeup you need, baby.”

With her flavor on my tongue and our nuptials imminent, I’m at defcon five in seconds. I brace myself as the orgasm knots up my back, my ass cheeks clench and the first jets of cream land on her tongue, then her cheeks.

When I’m finally done, the room feels hot as my brain takes a second to come back online.

Bijou’s face is covered with me. My release is hanging in strings and resting in thick globs on her cheeks. Her tongue is still outstretched, coated with my white cream.

I press my crooked index finger under her chin, closing her mouth, and nod with approval.

“Good girl. You’ve earned your prize. Now swallow.”

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CHAPTER 6



Ramses

“*I* do,” she chokes out.

My hand rests on her back, holding the gun against the pure white lace of the dress I put over her head just a half hour ago. I dressed myself in a fresh, black suit paired with a white shirt and red tie.

When I realized I’d forgotten to buy her shoes for our big day, I left mine off as well and in a way, it felt right for us to stand barefooted, in front of the priest and God as we vowed to be together forever.

When we were both ready, I led her to the room I’d prepared just for this moment.

I think in the design plan it was called a flex-space, but I made it our church. The place where our lives together will begin. It’s empty except for the thousands of white roses, lilies and peonies that line the walls and cover an archway against the wall of windows where we’re standing, holding hands, facing each other.

If anyone is calling for a bouquet of white roses today anywhere in the city, they are out of luck. I bought them all for a hundred miles.

I left her dirty, gathering her hair back from her face, kissing away her tears as she signed the marriage license while her pleas to the priest fell on deaf ears.

“You’re my wife now.” I lick my lips, hissing into her ear, then clear my throat. “I told you I was a man of honor. But, now that you’re mine, in the eyes of God and the law, I’m going to mark you so you understand you’re never getting away.”

I nod for the priest to take his leave. His only concern is the ten thousand dollars in his pocket and keeping his position on my payroll.

My father always told me, you need four things in your life. A good lawyer, a better accountant, a loyal dog, and a priest on the take.

I still need the dog, but I’d add one more.

A good woman. A dirty, challenging, smart, stunning woman.

I’m overcome, and shock rifles through me as I raise my fingers to wipe at the tears on my cheeks.

“Are you crying?” she says with a shake of her head, her eyes lifting to the ceiling then back to my face where I’m staring at the little drops of liquid smeared on my fingertips.

“I think I am.” I lick my lips. “See, my love? You’re changing me. I’m going to be the man you need, you just need to accept it. Then, the real fun will begin.”

“This can’t be real,” she mutters as I watch her lips move. Mesmerized by everything about her.

“It’s absolutely real, baby. You’re never going to be alone again. I’m a permanent fixture in your life from this day forward. You won’t be talking to anyone again. Not about me, not about our family. You’d only be hurting yourself. And soon,” I secure one hand on the side of her head, digging fingertips into the mess of her hair, tipping her head back and taking her lips in a proper kiss while I move my other hand to her belly then whisper, “our child.”

Her body stiffens as my boner grows, knowing it's time.

"I'm on the pill," she snaps, her sparkling eyes wide with victory.

I almost want to give her this little win, she looks so pleased with herself.

I slide my fingers from her belly to take her hand, leading her from the scent of white roses and lilies down the hall to the room where I will teach her what it means to be my wife.

The soft layers of fabric on her dress swish against the polished marble as we walk. The floor is cool against my bare feet as my heart beats triple time. I holster the gun and slip the knife from its sheath as we enter the massive suite I've prepared just for today.

Around the perimeter of the room are black and red roses in four hundred crystal vases. The skyline of the city is a silhouette against the afternoon sky beyond the windows. I've set the lights low, but bright enough I'll be able to enjoy every bit of what's coming.

"I'll just divorce you. You can't stop that."

"You have all the answers, don't you? Birth control, divorce..." I squeeze her hand as her eyes trace around the room, her lips tight, biting back a smile.

"Well, I can't outrun a gunshot, but you won't get me pregnant. In time, I'll escape before you can stop me, and yeah, I can file for divorce, and you can't stop it, so..." She shrugs.

Such a smart girl.

"Guess you got me there. I mean you are pre-law, aren't you, Little Lamb?" I loop my fingers into her hair, half dragging her now to the massive white bed against the wall, shoving her with a hard grunt face down into the soft white linen, then flip up the back of her dress, exposing that breathtaking ass and pinning her in place with one hand in the center of her back. "But, no matter because for tonight, I'm going to have my way, baby."

"What are you doing?" Her bravado scatters as I run the handle of the knife down the crack of her ass, pushing one cheek to the side, exposing that

puckered little hole, then pressing the rounded bulb at the base of the handle against her tight ring.

“I can fuck your ass with this knife. Would you like that? You liked the gun here, maybe the knife will be better.”

“N—*No!*” She stutters, her little fingers curling around the white bedding.

“How about, *no, thank you*, Daddy?” I push harder, opening the tight muscle a fraction of an inch, the muscles down her legs hardening. “I expect my wife to be polite.”

“No, thank you, Daddy!”

She yelps as I pulse the metal end of the handle against her back entrance on a sharp breath, my dick weeping at the sight.

“Okay fine.” I scoff rolling my eyes. “Since you said it so nicely, I’ll fuck your ass with my cock today and not the knife. But first...” She turns to look, as I shake my head. “Remember, be still.”

I flip the knife around, the folded steel blade glinting in the light as I settle the tip next to the ‘R’ I carved into her flesh earlier.

“*Ow!*” She winces as I drag the blade over her ivory skin, using the precise necessary pressure to split the top layers of skin, leaving that glorious whisper-thin line of red behind. “Why are you doing this?”

“We *covered* this. You are being taught the ultimate lesson, daughter. You never, ever go against the family. Even when you think we aren’t family anymore. I’m making sure you and I will always be bound together. I’m carving my initials into you. This body, this mind, this heart...you’re legally my wife. You’ve got my initials in your ass and very soon, my child in your belly.”

“*I told you.* I’m on the pill. The doctor put me on it for my cramps, to get my period regular.”

“Doctor Taylor?” I say as she coughs on a sob, the last line of the ‘M’ finished as I stare down and admire my work.

“Yes...”

I leave it with a dark chuckle as I run my fingers over the trickle of blood leaking from the ‘M’ in her ass. I lick it off, the metallic tang of blood lighting me up, then lean down, grabbing her hair and mounting my mouth on hers, sharing the taste of her binding blood into our kiss.

She lets out a soft moan and it tightens my chest. As much as I want her bound to me, I want her happy. I want her happy forever with me and by whatever means I can make that happen I will. My methods are far from ordinary but nothing about her is ordinary.

“How do you know who my doctor is?” She pants as I draw back, pulling her to her feet, and placing the knife on top of the white-lacquer nightstand as I run my index finger around her lips.

“How do you think you came to see that doctor? He was referred to you by...”

Her eyes narrow, then snap wide. “When we were all still living together. Mom made the appointment.”

“Good memory. She made the appointment because I told her to. I paid the bill too. Guess you forgot about all the ways I took care of you. That I still take care of you. Who do you think pays that doctor still?” I lean in to kiss the top of her head. “He’s been a good friend for a very long time. That little *insulin* monitor he put on you a few months ago?”

She swallows as I brush the back of my fingers along her neck.

“What about it?” She cups one hand on her belly just above her hip.

“There’s no problem with your blood sugar, darling. That little mechanism has been sending me all kinds of data on you since it was implanted. Where you are, for one thing, your temperature, your hormone levels... I wanted to know exactly when you’d be ovulating.”

I let her think on that last bit for a moment before landing the kill shot.

“And those little packs of birth control pills?” I reach down and tug her dress up, grabbing her by the pussy in one quick motion before tossing her without ceremony onto the bed. As the air is expelled from her lungs, she stares up at me in confusion. “Every month I made sure I replaced your

little packet from the pharmacy with one of my own. See, those pills don't work so well after being exposed to high-intensity ultraviolet light for a week. Renders them..." I pause to be sure she's following. "*Inert.*"

I smile as she puts the pieces together horror cinching her features as her bottom lip quivers.

"Now do as I say, daughter wife."

Her eyes flash with defiance as I shake my head, cutting off any nonsense.

She senses her demise and lowers her chin.

"So beautiful in that dress," I say, dropping my lips to her ear. "And don't you worry that we didn't take pictures of our big day." I raise her chin with a pinch of my fingers, gesturing to the corners of the room. "Everything is being recorded so we can enjoy it over and over. I'll have pictures made from the best parts. It's all so exciting, isn't it?"

She nods as I lean down and pepper her face with soft kisses. She may be outwardly fighting me but the way she gushed on my face and took my ring on her finger without kicking me in the balls, she's just overthinking things.

"I'll never love you," she murmurs as if to punctuate my thoughts.

"Never is a long time. You'll learn to love me, Bijou. I'll give you everything you ever need. Everything you want. Except your freedom. I know you better than you know yourself. You need me."

"I hate you."

"*Ahhh*, now we're getting somewhere. Hate is a strong emotion and underneath hate, is something else. Something I know all too well."

My little lamb covers her face with her hands, her shoulders shaking. I gather her against my chest, her softness in my hands making my already-stiff erection more painful.

"Now, now. No tears. Come. Sit." I ease her up to a sitting position, then grab a chair from the desk on the other side of the room and drag it behind me, placing it just in front of her and taking a seat.

“Give me your foot. I remember how much you like foot rubs.”

She nods, a tentative look in her eyes as I tap my knee, giving her a look that tells her I’m not going to ask twice.

“When mom made me take ballet. I hated it. Those pointe shoes? I got Charlie horses in my feet. the other girls made fun of me because I wasn’t...like them.” She mutters as her dirty little foot with its pink and yellow nails comes to rest on my knee. I cover it with my hand, running both thumbs up and down over the little bones in the top of her foot. “That’s the only time you touched me before today.”

“I didn’t dare touch you anywhere else. You were my stepdaughter. And jailbait.”

“What about Mom? You didn’t feel bad about her?”

“Bad about your mom?” I shake my head, letting my fingers work the arch of her foot, watching the defiance in her eyes soften as I rub. “I fulfilled my obligation to your mother. Well, to your grandfather really.”

“My granddad?” Her lips tighten. They were close, and he’s been gone a few years now.

“Yes, princess. I married your mother as a favor to him when she left your dad. He wanted you both to have the best protection possible. Your mother was beautiful, but not very smart and when she left your father, she was penniless as well as in danger. I was happy to do it, I owed your grandfather my life. I told him if he ever needed me, I would be there for him and I never break a promise.”

“So, you and Mom...”

“Business, baby. All business. But she clearly had some toxic feelings for your dad, bastard that he is, because she sure as shit is right back where she started from. Fine by me, my oath is fulfilled. She’s on her own unless *you* ask me for something. I’ll take care of you and that means your family as well. Best I can.”

I work on her toes, gently pulling on each one, listening to a few of them softly pop as she leans her head back, arms braced on the bed next to her.

“She said you cheated on her. That’s why she left.”

I grin. “You think that’s true?”

She shakes her head, blowing out a slow breath. “That’s why she said you didn’t want to see us anymore. You were a monster and a horrible man and wanted nothing to do with us. So...she went back to dad.”

“I’ll tell you anything you want about all of that baby. I am sorry I was gone for so long. That I regret.”

She looks so beautiful. Still dirty, but it’s perfect. She’s perfect.

I ease her foot to the floor and start on the other one, loving the feel of her tiny bones moving under my fingers. The way she’s breathing heavier as I kneed the ball of her foot with my thumbs. By the time I’m done, she’s lying back on the bed, arms wide, eyes closed.

It’s time.

I fling her foot off my leg, her eyes popping open as I throw the skirt of her wedding dress over her face, grabbing her body and flipping her over into the center of the bed.

I work her legs wide, giving me a good view of her already-glistening pussy as her hands flap under the layers of lace and silk until she’s uncovered her face, panic rising on her face.

“Please, I don’t...”

She trails off as I start unbuttoning my shirt.

“You don’t what, baby?” I ask as I strip, unbuckle my belt and drop my pants. This is the moment I’ve been waiting for. My whole life, it seems. “Want my big cock in your wet little hole? Because your pussy disagrees with you.”

I release my dick from its prison as she makes eye contact with my erection and a little trickle of dew tells me she likes what she sees.

“Ahh, that’s better.” I sigh, giving myself a few soothing strokes with one hand while reaching down and flicking at her soft little cunt with the backs

of my fingers. “You don’t appreciate how uncomfortable you’ve been making my dick. It’s time you made me feel as good as I make you.”

I slide my index finger against her wetness, easing inside her opening. The tight ring there blinds me for a moment, knowing the battle I’m going to have getting myself inside there.

“So tight,” I grunt, my dick so filled with blood the skin stretches to its limit around the shaft.

I ease my finger inside her as she wets my palm, then slowly drag it back out, then move my middle finger to take its place, watching her eyes fall to slits.

“Open the front of your dress. I’m going to fuck my wife in her wedding dress, but I want to see your tits. I picked it out with that in mind. Unbutton the front,” I say in a voice that leaves no room for defiance.

I keep working her opening, in and out, in and out, softening her as she obeys, unbuttoning the fabric-covered buttons down the front. Once her tits are exposed, laying on her chest with those dark pink nipples, I want to suck on them for the rest of my life.

Her opening is weeping on my fingers as I feed her both of them, making her hiss as I press to the limit of what her virginity will take.

“My cock is going to do the honors, baby, don’t you worry. I’m just getting you primed for me.”

Her eyes track downward, taking in my naked body for the first time. Her gaze lingers on the tattoos swirling down my entire torso, but when her eyes land on what God gave me they fill with horror.

“There’s no way—”

“So, it’s not that you don’t *want* me to fuck you, sweet daughter, it’s that you think Daddy won’t fit?”

“Yes,” she blurts out, then shakes her head. “No, I mean—”

“Too late, you just so much as said you want me to fuck you. Which was happening anyway,” I grin, “but knowing you’re on board makes me so

proud of you little lamb. So proud.” I lean over her, kneeing into the mattress as I notch the swollen head of my cock with her pulsing opening.

She opens her mouth to protest, but I fill it with the two fingers I just had in her cunt.

She garbles something around them I can’t make out, but I want to make sure she knows what’s about to happen.

“I’m going to pump inside you, wife. No condom. You already know your little pills will do nothing to keep me from breeding you and the numbers from your monitor indicate you are ovulating! It’s so exciting.”

She shakes her head, to which I answer with my fingers in the back of her throat, making her eyes pop wide as I drive my dick through to her tight cherry, feeling the pressure in my balls building.

Her face twists but her throat softens, and she starts to suck on my fingers.

Whether it’s for distraction or comfort, I’m not sure, but it’s fucking incredible.

“I can’t wait for you to do that to my dick. But first things first, time to put a baby inside my wife. I’ve waited so long.”

More unintelligible protests as I fuck her mouth with my fingers and shove the few inches of my fat meat into her tight opening. I throw my head back as the muscles down my back spasm, pleasure and the dull ache of straining sinews ripping through my body.

She whimpers around my fingers, her back bowing off the bed but more of her lubrication wets my entrance as I ease my hips forward.

“Daddy’s so proud of you.”

Her opening constricts as her teeth scrape on my knuckles, the tips of my fingers eliciting a soft gag as I work my other hand down to her ass, pulling her cheek to the side, gradually splitting her pussy open.

“Easy, now,” I hum, pleasure darting into my heart and bundling my nerves into angry tangles. “Play with your tits, work those nipples for me.”

Her hands quiver as she moves them to her tight peaks. I ease out and back in, as she winces slightly, her soft wetness easing the process, but with each inward motion, she takes a sharp inhale and moans around my fingers.

“Ahhh, good girl.”

Her little fingers roll the tight flesh of her nipples, causing her inner walls to latch on and start to undulate like I imagine a cow milker would do.

“Fucking pulling it out of me. So desperate you are. You took it so well. You’re going to come for me.”

It’s a statement, but the soft shake of her head gives me the challenge I like.

“Well, it sure feels like you want me to come. Is that what you’re doing? Trying to pull all that cream from my balls, all hot and sticky inside of you?”

“No!” She gurgles as I flatten my fingers on her tongue, pushing down until she chokes, saliva spilling from her bottom lip.

“Your mouth says no, your pussy says yes. You’re thinking too much, baby. Stop fighting it. You’re getting my cock and your body sure seems happy about it. So, when you come, we will both know this is what you wanted, just as much as I do.”

She gets wetter the more I talk, so I give her a hard thrust, pushing her a few inches up on the bed as I draw my fingers from her throat, gripping the back of her neck.

“P—Please,” she sputters, her breaths coming faster now, her opening easing a bit then cinching tight again, making me grit my teeth against my own impending orgasm.

“Please, what? Please make me come, Daddy?”

She shakes her head, her black hair splayed around her head, across her face, sticking to her neck while her fingers continue to work her nipples, pushing her closer and closer to her release.

“I’m not going to come.”

“No?” I reach up and grab her throat, baring my teeth on a growl. “Okay, you won’t ask, you’ll beg.”

I ease my body back, giving her another thrust, thrust, thrust, grunting with each forward motion. Then, holding her throat, I spit onto the fingers of my other hand and slip them between us, finding that greedy little bundle of nerves and start to rub in lazy little circles.

Her hips betray her with a flex upward, taking me deeper, back and forth until I’m seated inside her to the hilt, her tight little pussy stretched around me like an obscenity.

“Look what you did,” I tease. “You fucked me all the way into you. Now, prepare to beg for that orgasm, Bijou.”

“Please, I don’t want to be pregnant. Can you put on a condom? Then, yes, I’ll do what you want, I have an orgasm, but please, don’t come inside me.”

I pull back, teasing her again, narrowing my eyes on hers so she thinks I’m considering her offer. I circle her clit, her hips rising and falling, moans slipping from her throat as she starts to meet me stroke for stroke.

“Oh, look at you. You don’t want a condom on Daddy’s cock, do you? Look how good you take it. I’m quite proud of you, baby. You hardly put up a fight. You look so pretty lying there, face all red and dirty, pussy spread around me, hands on your nipples. You’re quite the little slut aren’t you my wife?”

Watching her tits bounce as I plow into her makes me wish for a second I’d had us both naked, but this first time, this was what I wanted. I want my bride in her white dress, so pure. I may be a demon straight from the pits of hell, tattooed, naked and fucking her like a sex toy, but Bijou is an angel.

She’s growling, fighting the pleasure as I give her clit relentless attention.

“You’re creaming all over my dick,” I grunt through clenched teeth, my orgasm growing claws and teeth, trying to tear its way out. But I won’t allow it. Not until she submits completely. “You say you don’t want it, but you’re gushing. Your body is lubricating like a motherfucker just so I can have what I want. You’re fucking me back, Bijou, you can’t deny it.”

She squeezes her eyes shut, fingertips denting the flesh of her tits as I find a new angle and gain another inch of depth inside her bumping up on her cervix. Her body starts to shake, and she clenches her jaw, her inner walls stroking me off.

She's rising and meeting my grunting thrusts, a bead of sweat trickling down from my temple.

"Good girl. So close, aren't you? Beg me for an orgasm, baby." I give her nub a little squeeze and her eyes roll back. "I knew you'd love being fucked by your stepfather. Such a pretty slut for me. I'll be your first and your last, Bijou. Don't have any doubt about it when I say I'm keeping you. Now, give me what I want. Your body is begging, I just need your mouth to do the same."

"I won't!" she screams, arching her back as I keep time on her clit.

She's a stubborn little slut, but I know what she needs.

"I know your kinks. You can't fight me forever."

I drop her leg from my shoulder, leaning over, extending my arm until my fingertips touch the cool metal and slip around the handle.

In an instant, her eyes pop wide as cold, hard steel replaces my strumming of her defiant little clit. My heart nearly pounds through my chest as I center the barrel on her, wrapping my other hand around her leg, pulling her with me as I pound my thick cock into her tight opening.

"Beg for your orgasm." I rub the metal onto her sensitive spot, the veins in her forehead rising, sweat breaking out over her chest as the fabric of her dress shushes against the sheets with every buck of my hips. "Say, *I love you, Daddy, and please make me come*. Just like that. Be a good slut and do as you're told."

I press the barrel down, her body bouncing up and down with my movements as she drenches my thick shaft. She's close, fucking close.

"Please," she whimpers pressing her head back into the bed.

“That’s a good start, baby. I’m proud of you. Now, say it right, be a good girl and tell me you love me and pretty please for your orgasm.” My temples pound, my balls weighted, making wet slapping sounds as I fuck in and out, faster, faster, daring her to hold back one more stroke.

Her body shutters. She’s right there.

I’m blinded by my lust, but if I can hold on one second longer than her, that’s all I need. She comes first, always.

“The gun is loaded, I assure you. This is quite dangerous really. I could very well blow my own balls off like this, so you should come quickly, baby, keep us both safe.”

I give her throat another squeeze, rubbing her clit with the metal as I stare into her eyes. “Say it, baby. It’s right there, just say, *Daddy, I love you and pretty please I need to come*. Then, I’ll fill you up with all this hot seed I’ve been saving. Nothing between us. You’ll be dripping with me every day from now on.”

The pressure and my words flip the switch.

She writhes, her eyes filled with tears as I give her airway a break and she sputters, “Please, Daddy.” She stalls on a half-sob, and I growl in encouragement, not hearing the words I want. “I—” She almost says it, but I see her grit her teeth. “Please, Daddy. Please, *pretty please, I want to come. I need to come!*” She pleads, and I relent.

I rub her clit with the metal. Faster, faster, in time with my cock going deep. In and out, in and out.

Part of me is frustrated that she didn’t say she loves me. But I know, in time, I’ll break down that barrier. I’ll get my own way. I always do. I drag the cold metal over her swollen little clit, thrusting again and again.

Harder. Deeper. Pump, pump, pump, until her body gives in, her heart and mind submit, and she takes flight.

She’s ripping at my arm, then twisting like a tornado under me as my own climax gathers in my gut, pounding at my balls and racing up my shaft with the fire of a thousand stars imploding.

I roar at the ceiling, her body tangled with mine as I collapse, taking her mouth. We pulse and tear at each other, the gun discarded on the bed beside me as I close my arms around the small of her back and ride out the rest of our pleasure, banging as deep as her body can take.

We're panting and clinging to each other, the defenses down, her submission complete.

My sweet stepdaughter, my bride, my little lamb... Her womb ripe, her eggs waiting, taking every spurt of my seed, hot and deep where it will bind us together forever.

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CHAPTER 7



Bijou

“*Y*ou back, baby?” Ramses' voice swirls inside my head like I'm in a fever dream. “Come back to me wife.”

I hear the wet slap, slap, slap, and feel my body being supported while it raises and lowers. It's like being on a rollercoaster, only I never bought the ticket.

I think I moan, or grunt, and the sound of my own voice brings me back from the edge with a burst of clarity, opening my eyes to find him under me.

“You left me for a minute. So, I took the opportunity to strip you and mount you on my dick. Those orgasms are blinding. I nearly passed out myself.”

“Wait...” I run my hands down my face, streaks of tears wetting my palms.

In a rush of heat, the events of the last few hours race through my mind like a lusty horror show.

I bite back the moan, but it's no use. Ramses' cock is stretching me again, only this time, he's holding my body mounted just on the first inch or two,

pulsing me up and down like a doll, up and down, until the primal need inside of me awakens again.

I don't *want* to want him. I shouldn't want him.

But, my body... Oh, God, my body betrays me and wants him so, so much.

Tension gathers between my legs as he arches his brows, tongue running over his lower lip. My gaze traces down to his throat, the black tribal tattoos that curl around his neck and down over his chest.

"Fuck me, wife. You want my cock. Your slutty pussy has already proven that. You came so fucking hard you passed out."

I shake my head, the contrasting desire to run and to give in whipping my thoughts into a manic frenzy.

"You too sore, baby?"

I should say yes, tell him I can't do it without him hurting me, but instead, I shake my head. "I'm okay."

He holds my hips still, his cock just inside me, his own control superhuman. "I don't want you just okay. You need to answer me, are you too sore?"

"Yes." I say, "but I don't know..." More tears burst from my lower lids. "I don't want to stop. I don't understand any of this. I think I'm going crazy."

One hand leaves my hip, reaching for my wrist and bracing it on his chest above his heart as it thumps against my palm. I love the feeling of holding it there, my fingers spread over his bare skin, feeling the steady drum of his heartbeat as he watches me. I'm looking down at my stepfather, naked, under me...

That thought has my muscles clenching and my heart aching with shame.

He reaches up, wiping the tears from my cheeks with his callused thumb, his eyes soft in a way that makes me realize I could still get away.

He's got a weakness and it's me.

"Ramses," I plead. "Just... I did what you wanted, didn't I? You can just let me go, no one will know. No one will believe me anyway."

His jaw clenches and he answers me with an upward thrust, making me draw a sharp breath as my nerves prick under my skin. I eye the gun, now sitting again on the shiny white nightstand.

“You did give me something I wanted,” he says. “But I want more. I want you to fuck me like a good girl. Fuck me and tell me you love me, wife. Every time I fuck you, you tell me you love me.”

“No,” I answer as he fills me another inch, then holds me still, his hand leaving my face to command my hip again.

I feel our combined juices leaking out, my body already preparing for what it wants.

The goalposts keep moving and confusion twists inside me.

His lips curve into an evil grin like he’s reading my mind.

“I’ll always keep you on your toes, baby. It’s going to be your job to figure out what I want and give it to me. I’m going to make sure your job isn’t easy. Now, I told you what I want this time, so get to fucking Daddy. You’re dripping down my cock already. Making such a mess.”

There’s no denying how turned on I am despite the circumstances, but his thickness has left me aching, and I’m not sure I can do what he wants.

“You want my cock, don’t you?” he asks with that arrogant grin, and I’m nodding before I can stop myself. “Take it for me, baby. Give Daddy a wedding night gift. You fucking me. Best gift ever. Show me how much you want it. It’s right there. All you have to do is lower yourself down.”

I clutch at his chest. Despite the craziness of this situation, I feel like he’s becoming my safe place. It makes no sense.

Ramses releases his grip, raises his arm and tucks it as a pillow behind his head as he reaches out with the other for the gun. Again, my heart speeds as he brings it to the bed, resting it clutched in his hand at his hip.

“Fuck me, daughter. Take Daddy deep so he can come inside you again.”

I writhe and squeeze my eyes shut, my brain telling me to run while my body craves what he’s giving me.

Not just his cock, the orders, the commands, the fear. All of it.

With a hiss and a wince, I lower myself and inch, two, a sob taking my breath as darts of pain remind me of his size.

“Bijou...” he murmurs, as I feel shame for not being able to do what he wants. Crazy as it sounds, I want to please him.

“Just, I need to go slow.” I bite the inside of my lip to distract myself from the pain as I work my hips back and forth, trying to find the right angle, but he’s huge.

So huge.

“Baby.” The cool metal of the gun barrel makes me wince as it runs up and down the side of my thigh. “When I ask you a question, I expect a truthful answer. I asked if you were too sore. Clearly, you lied.”

“I’m sorry, I thought I could.”

“Because you want to?”

My lower lip starts to quiver. “Yes, I want to.” The truth heats my skin as I try to force myself down on his thickness.

“No,” he barks, making me shrink from his fury. My desperation to please him is suddenly tangled with the memory of my fear, the thought that I should try to get away. “Come here.” He points to the pillow next to him, leading me there with one hand, his other still clasped around the gun.

I lie down as he arranges me to his exact specifications. He forces my legs wide, lowers my head to the pillow as he lowers himself, crouching between my legs, cock standing tall and proud like an angry God.

Before I can say another word, his lips are on my clit, making me moan as he kisses me softly there before leaning back on his heels, his enormous, beautiful body on full display, making my mouth water and my belly flutter. He straddles my body, crawling upward until he’s right there.

“Open,” he orders, but between the lust, a fragment of reality comes through.

He's taken me. Forced me to do this. I shouldn't give in so easily, I should fight.

I purse my lips, holding them tight, shaking my head as I stare at the swollen tip, the seeping fluid at the tiny slit, the scent of my own arousal nipping at my nostrils.

Ignoring the way my mouth waters, I cross my arms over my chest, my nipples drawn tight.

"You're going to suck my cock, Bijou. One way or the other. And you're going to do a good job. You even try to bite, you'll be sorry."

He flashes the gun upward as his other hand encircles the base of his cock, lifting it then slapping it down on my face from forehead to chin, his balls tickling where they dangle down to my neck.

I shake my head as he gives my face another two cock slaps. The weight and force make me draw back as he prods my lips again with the swollen knob.

"I need my fucking cock sucked, wife. Open your fucking mouth and give your husband the best head of his life."

I hate myself for the way his demands make me feel. I should despise him but instead, I open my lips as humiliation heats my skin and lust overwhelms me again.

The tip is soft and hard at the same time, the little drops of glistening liquid slick and pleasant on my tongue as he pushes inside my mouth, bracing one hand on the headboard, those snaking veins of his forearm standing thick under his skin and the ink of his tattoos.

The other hand still lazily holds the gun, and for a split second I consider grabbing it while he's distracted and making a break for it.

"Get to sucking," he demands, as though he senses my idea and wants to stamp it out before it turns into action. "Since you won't say you love me, you're going to show me with your mouth. Clean my cock, taste all that virgin blood you gave me. Makes me a little jealous, actually giving you that honor."

He drives his length to the back of my throat, holding it there while his fingers leave the headboard to tangle in the hair at the side of my head, using it as a grab handle for his thrusts.

“Jesus Christ, wife. That’s good. Lick under the head.” He draws out until the crown rests at the back of my mouth. I work my tongue just under the ridge, finding a spot that has his breaths coming faster and curse words flying from his mouth. “Fuck, *fuck*. Yeah, good, baby. More tongue. You are going to do this every fucking day, so get used to it. Daddy’s cock is going to be greedy with you.”

Pride swells inside me, tangling up with shame as he works my mouth. My lips are stretched to their limit as he drives his cock in and out, in and out, forcing obscene squelching sounds from my throat. His balls dust against my chin, the bulbous head swelling as it cuts off my oxygen.

“Don’t you fucking stop,” he commands.

Heat prickles down my back and across my cheeks as my belly hollows with effort, my fingers denting the flesh of his firm ass. Maybe, if I make him come in my mouth, he won’t come inside of me again and maybe, just maybe, I can circumvent his hell-bent focus on impregnating me.

I suck harder, lick faster, gag louder. Pleasure coils in my center as I try to focus on getting him off down my throat.

His body tenses. I’ve never done this before, but I think he’s close.

I redouble my efforts, bracing myself for what’s about to happen, when Ramses starts to curse and pulls back, the absence of his cock leaving my mouth hanging open.

Spit falls from my bottom lip as he pushes off the wall and I struggle for air. He reverse crawls back between my legs, which he opens with a rough slap of his hand, aiming the tip of his swollen cock at my opening.

“Come with me,” he grunts as he drops the gun on the bed, his fingers coming down on my open folds, working my clit, sending a shiver over my skin and making me pant as he strokes himself.

He gathers spit from his throat, lowering his chin and letting a long drop of thick saliva fall warm and slick right where he's working me to the edge.

Faster, faster, his thumb works the bundle of nerves between until I can't take it, throwing my head back into the pillows, fighting against the growing orb of pleasure deep in my belly.

I twist and yelp as he jerks off, working my clit as my body bends to his will, ignoring my inner pleas for control.

It's useless, he's taken that from me. All I want is to please him.

I fight against the desire to press my sex into his hand but lose. My hips roll as my peak crests, taking me in a rush of white light as Ramses bellows, pressure from the tip of his cock pushing into me as the hot spurt of his release heats my opening.

I question my sanity as my orgasm pumps through me and Ramses fills my battle-worn opening with spurt after spurt. My body goes lax, melting into the pleasure. Melting into the dirty, filthy way he makes me feel.

Before I can come up for air, he's looping his arm around me. I vaguely notice him grab the gun, holding it in a loose grip as he drags me next to him.

He pulls my back to his chest, his heart thumping against me with my legs splayed wide as he moves me with him, until he's leaning on the pillows against the headboard, his hardness resting on my lower back. His fingers find my opening, pushing his spend inside, holding it there.

He sinks two fingers deep as I gasp and pant, my arm looping around the back of his head, somehow accepting what he's giving as turn my head, my hot cheek resting on the hard muscle of his shoulder.

"Tell me you love me," he hisses against my ear as he pumps his fingers slowly in and out. "Your body has already told me, but I need to hear it from your lips. Let it go, Little Lamb. I already know the truth, I just need you to say it."

"I won't," I manage as he turns my head, his lips meeting mine.

“Kiss me then. Soon enough, you’ll give me everything I want. If you won’t tell me you love me, and your pussy is too sore to fuck, then we’ll do something else. Because I’m far from done with you, baby. Now, give Daddy a kiss before he fucks your ass.”

I gasp. “No, please, not that.”

“What do you mean? You fucking came like a little slut when I pushed the gun into that dirty back hole of yours. I’m sure my cock will be more fun than *that*.”

“Please...it’s too much. I can’t. No more.”

“Awww, baby. Okay, just give Daddy a nice kiss.”

I lick my lips, cock my head sideways, and see him raise his eyebrows.

A kiss instead of forced anal? Seems like a good deal.

So I lean in, swallowing down my pride as I push my lips to his, his tongue sliding into my mouth, and for a moment, I rest. I calm.

Until...

“Good girl. You are a filthy mess. Daddy’s going to put a nice plug in your pussy, hold all my cum inside. Then, we will take a shower, get you hydrated. And *then*... I’ll fuck your ass.” His voice is like an excited ring master, raising and lowering, building with excitement and...a sense of humor.

“Wait, you said...no anal.”

“I said no such thing. I said just kiss me. All your holes, Bijou. They’re all mine, and it’s your gift to me on our wedding night to let me use them all as I wish. I mean, I’m making you come baby, always. I’ll never forget my little lamb has needs of her own.”

I twitch and bite into my bottom lip as his fingers push in and out, his palm putting delicious pressure on my clit. Without warning, the blast of another shameful orgasm twists inside of me, taking the last of what I was when he put me in that trunk.

I give in, letting the dark bliss wrap its gentle arms around me. Ramses rests the gun over my heart, his fingers plugging me, making sure his seed finds its home as I'm swept away into the waves of pleasure, tears streaming down my cheeks.

“There we go. That’s my girl.”

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CHAPTER 8



Ramses

“See, isn’t that nice?” I ask as I brush her hair back from her face, her legs wide, those perfect pink petals wet with her dew.

She nods, her cheeks still warm with arousal and a little embarrassment.

“How is it everything you do makes me feel...so good? Even when I don’t want it to.” Humiliation creases her forehead as I lean down and kiss the top of her knee, my eyes drifting down to where the little black rubber loop from the plug I put inside her is just peeking from her battered opening.

When she realized I was serious about putting a plug in her, I think the realization that I’m truly not letting her ever leave me sank in. The lavender silicone plug slipped inside her without much effort, which, after taking my girth was no surprise.

She did let out a little yelping wince when it breached her sore opening so I soothed her with my tongue until she came, warm liquid dribbling into my mouth, and my obsession with her multiplied by thousands.

“Because I know what I’m fucking doing.” I give her the best answer I can. “And, when it comes to you, all I want is for you to feel good, Bijou.

Without you, I'm not the man I need to be. That's why I had to take you like I did."

"You mean, it wasn't just the FBI thing?"

I shake my head. "Come here."

I slide my hands under her arms, feeling a stab of loss as her legs shift, and I lose sight of that banger of a pussy. It's got me by the balls, but first and foremost, I want to take care of her and not just with my dick.

When I lift her to her feet, her eyes glaze and she nearly falls against me.

"Baby." I wrap my arms around her as her knees buckle.

"Sorry," she says, the word soft and slurred.

"You need food and water." I reach down and loop my arm under her ass, my other behind her back as I lift her easily against my chest. I head for the en-suite bathroom where I anticipated this very moment.

"I'm just—this has been a lot." She softens into my chest and the fight she had up until now seems to evaporate.

"I know, baby. It has. For me, too. But you've expended a lot of energy. Physical and mental. That takes a toll, but I've got you."

I already knew at some point I'd end up in the shower with her, or in the bathtub, and I wanted every moment of this steppingstone in our lives to be memorable.

As I step through the glass door to the massive bathroom, the lights automatically raise to the level I preprogrammed. Not too bright, just enough for her to see what's inside, but not so much it hurts her eyes.

"Shower on. 98 degrees," I announce as Bijou takes in the scene.

A female voice replies through the speakers in the ceiling. "As you wish, Mr. Moreno. Would you like one shower head on or two?"

"Two," I answer, stepping over the cool marble floor toward the glass enclosure as the water streams from the showerheads. "With steam," I add as I walk toward the long white velvet sofa on the wall. A full charcuterie

buffet is laid out in front, and to the left is a built-in glass-front refrigerator, filled with electrolyte-infused water I had made specifically for Bijou.

“This is amazing.”

I lower us onto the sofa, the hiss of the shower and the steam filling the air. The lavender-infused steam swirls with her scent.

I tuck her against me as I lean to the side, reaching out to open the refrigerator. Retrieving one of the glass bottles, I set it on the table in front of us.

“Does that have my name on it?” She extends her hand to take the bottle from me, but I keep it just out of her reach.

“Yeah, read it,” I say as I angle the label to the light above.

Her eyes narrow, then pop wide.

She swallows, confusion knitting her brow as I reach around her, my biceps against her shoulder blade, and unscrew the cap of Bijou Moreno’s Post Copulation Hydration Elixir.

“I was sure this would happen, and I’m an obsessed stepfather. Preparing for this has been in motion for a while, baby.” I hold the cool green glass bottle to her open lips and nod. “Drink. I’ll hold it, you just sit there looking all fucked and fabulous.”

She’s stunned silent as I raise the bottle, watching her throat move as she swallows in greedy gulps.

“Adrenaline and all that magical pussy juice you’ve been blessing me with have you dehydrated.”

After a few more seconds, she closes her lips and I give her a moment to breathe. When I pull the bottle away, she gasps on a sharp inhale, dragging the back of her hand over her plump, swollen lips, her delicate features still smeared with a hint of mud.

Her sweet scent has me burying my face into her hair as she wiggles on my lap, her hands fussing and fluttering to finally cross over her belly as her eyes light on mine with a hint of discomfort.

“Tell me the truth. Are you hurt from my cock? Sore, I understand, but you look like something is bothering you. You need to tell me.”

“I’m fine.” She offers a tight grin as I shake my head and give her another round of the water before dealing with this.

“Yeah, you’re fine, and you’re mine, and I take care of my possessions. I’m not a doctor though, and I am relying on you to answer me when I ask you something. Now, you look uncomfortable. Is it from the fucking or something else?” My words are hard and demanding, but I mean each and every one.

“Okay, well, sore, yes, but no, not hurt. I just...” She battles with that forced smile, her hands working on her belly. “I don’t like how my belly looks all smushed up, with you holding me like this. All the fat is in rolls, and I’m...” She shrugs. “I don’t like how it looks.”

My mind filters through all that.

First, I swell with satisfaction that she cares how she looks to me. My plan is moving in the right direction.

But second, she needs some re-education on what sexy is.

“Bijou, never, ever use that word when you refer to yourself, you get me? I will turn your ass six shades of red if you do.” I try to soften my tone, thunderclouds rioting inside my head that she thinks of herself as anything less than perfection. “Every fucking inch of you makes me fucking hard. You feel it right now? I’m steel, wanting inside you again. You are beyond sexy and if I have my way...which I will, because that’s just something you need to get used to...I’ll have you even softer for me. A few more curves gives me more of you to love.”

Love.

There, I said it.

She hasn’t yet, but with her here on my lap, those green eyes looking less like they want to kill me and more like they want to please me, she needs to know.

“I love you, Bijou. That’s the other reason I did this. Not just to teach you to keep your mouth shut, but to make sure you were mine forever. Because I fucking love you. And now, you’re my wife.”

I set down the water and pick up a toothpick speared with prosciutto-wrapped melon. When I bring it to her lips, her eyes stay on me, then without protest she opens.

“Good little lamb.” I let her chew as I shift her on my lap, so I can make her a little plate of the cheeses and meats and fruit. Then I set it on her lap and lean back against the sofa, her body resting on mine, making the skies inside my head turn blue again with my dick throbbing as I watch her chew.

“So good,” she mouths around the bite, pleasure rounding her features, more color returning to her face.

“Good to hear, because if you don’t like it, I’ll throw it out the fucking window and order you whatever you want.” She snorts as I nod toward the plate. “Now, eat. I’m just going to watch as I think about which hole I’m going to conquer next.”

A shiver passes through her as she nibbles at her food. It’s time she understands the depth of my depravity and obsession with her.

“Turn on light in the trophy box,” I announce to the ceiling.

Bijou is in mid-bite of a chocolate-covered strawberry, pink juice dripping from the corner of her mouth as I lean over and lick it away.

Then I press my lips to her ear. “Look.”

I lift my fingers from the back of the sofa and point toward a wall to her left, where an archway leads to one of the entrances to my massive closet.

Low light glows inside a glass case recessed into the wall and I grip her chin and turn her head so she can take in the glory of my obsession.

It takes her a second, then her lips open, mid-bite, as she puts the pieces together.

“Is that—are those—?” She stammers, swallowing down the last bit of the strawberry before fear tightens her features, her eyes flashing to my face,

then back to the lit cabinet on the wall. “My panties?”

I nod, feeling like a Viking showing off the spoils of his newly-conquered kingdom. “Yes, starting from your eighteenth birthday. You woke up without your panties after the concert, remember?”

Confusion and shock flicker in her eyes. “You snuck in?”

“I walked in. My security company, my girl, my house. Cut them off you while you slept.”

My heart pounds in my ears as she melts against me, and in this moment, this sliver of time, she finally understands.

She’s staring, gap-mouthed, her hands still shaking as she presses them to her cheeks. “My panties,” she repeats. “There are...how many are there?”

“A hundred and seventy-two. Soon to be a hundred and seventy-three. The ones I cut off you today will be added as soon as I can get the plaque engraved. Under each one, you see,” I point toward the case, “there is a little plaque with the date.”

Her ass wiggles on my thigh, her body tensing as the depth of my obsession with her sinks in.

“Plaque? You’ve been stealing my panties for two years?”

I nod, pride filling my chest. “I came and went as I pleased. I mean, I did replace them. I drank from your water bottle, laid in your bed and jerked off with your panties on my face. I had you followed whenever you went to class. And remember that kid... Raymond something?”

She winces in my lap, her cute little toes curling. “Raymond Miller?”

I nod. The sound of his name on her lips has my gut churning. “Yeah, the one that asked you out on a date and shoved his tongue down your throat when you said no? Grabbed your ass before you kneed him in the balls?”

“Yeah, he dropped out I heard.”

“Sure, dropped out.” I chuckle, the dark pride warming me as I remember how he screamed when I broke every finger in the hand that touched her,

then slit his throat and buried him in the foundation of a new warehouse I built by the docks. “Yeah, I made sure he dropped out,” I finish, leaving it at that.

“Did you hurt him?” she challenges, reading my thoughts, and I snap my tongue against my teeth. I reach down to cup the weight of her breast, my dick needy and ready for another round.

“Hurt?” I ponder how to answer. “Let’s just say, he knew never to touch you again.”

She shakes her head, taking a cashew from the tray as I give her another drink of water, then reach down between her legs with my other hand to fondle her little clit.

“Daddy’s needy,” I growl. “Now it’s your turn to feed me.”

I guide her to her feet, admiring how she looks like this.

“After I get you cleaned up in the shower,” I say, “I’m going to make you extra dirty. You ever thought about getting your ass eaten out, baby?”

Her gasp answers my question.

“Well, you’re thinking about it now, aren’t you?” I chuckle, threading my fingers through hers, walking us toward the steaming shower. “First, I’ll tongue that tight little hole, then it’s going to swallow ten inches of Daddy’s thick sausage. I’ll feed all your holes today, princess. Whether you like it or not.”

CHAPTER 9



Bijou

*D*oes that thing ever go soft? I want to ask, but from the look in Ramses' eyes, I decide now is not the time.

I know he's lulling me into a false sense of security. The food, the water, the shower where he washed me with such tender care, adoring and cleaning every inch of me.

I almost forgot I am being held here against my will. Not to mention the things he's done to me, with me, on me and inside me without real consent.

"I set up a special place just for this," he says with that gravelly baritone that I love to hate because there's no fighting how sexy he sounds.

After the shower, he dried my body and hair, taking his time so the towel didn't rub my skin too hard. Then he slipped a white silk and lace nightgown over my head and kissed me gently. He's naked next to me now, walking as confidently as he does when he's wearing one of his black suits.

His lack of inhibitions knots the tender spaces inside me, making me question my sense of reality.

He leads me down a long hallway of white walls and white artwork. Everything here is white, except the cool black marble floor. I pad along next to him, wondering for a second why I'm not fighting harder to get away, then silently assuring myself I'm just waiting for the right moment.

During the shower, he took out the plug, washing me with his hand and lamenting how much he hated having to let any of his cum seep from my body. Then he told me the lifespan of sperm, and how keeping me plugged for any longer wouldn't be healthy for the microbiome of my vagina, like it was all some school science lesson.

I'm not sure if I should be terrified or turned on. He knew more about my vagina than I did.

I shiver as Ramses' monster dick stands out like a battering ram in front of him, bobbing happily with each step as he eyes me like a side of beef.

We enter a room that contrasts with the rest of the décor, and I freeze mid-step as I take in the massive glass-roofed space.

A portion of the balcony that runs the length of the penthouse is enclosed with glass: the roof, the main wall and two sides, making it look like the entire space is teetering on a fifty-story precipice.

Outside, the last of the day's sunlight creeps behind billowing clouds, turning the sky to a haze of pink and white.

There must be a thousand plants on shelves and tables and the floor. It's a greenhouse of such expanse and luxury I think I must be dreaming.

"I know you love plants," Ramses says as he leans down and pressing warm lips to my cheek. "I told you I want to give you everything, baby."

"This is amazing." I turn in a slow circle, tracing my fingertips over the leaves of a ten-foot-tall elephant ear plant. Then I step forward to cup the bloom of a Gold of Kinabalu Orchid in my palms.

"You're amazing. I had this all built for you, knowing you would be mine. You will never again talk to anyone about me, will you?"

I glance at my stepfather, remembering how it felt the day I met him at the small wedding ceremony where he and mom exchanged their own vows.

He's not changed at all, except the lines on his face that day were deeper. Even then, he struck me as cold toward the woman he was marrying and yet when he looked at me, I felt warmth.

He was dangerous, that I knew instinctively, but I never feared him. Not until today.

"Did you always love me?" I ask, remembering how he corrected me when I called him a motherfucker.

"Yes, but not like I do now. I knew I would always protect you, but it wasn't until you became a woman that I knew I had to possess you."

His softness turns to hard edges as his grip on the back of my neck tightens, moving me toward the tufted round day bed at the far end of the room against the glass wall.

"Get on the bed, ass up, head down. I want those tits on the fabric. I'm not done consummating our union."

I think of running again, especially when I remember he said he was going to put that monster in my ass.

Fear heats my insides, coiling with the odd sensation I want to be utterly destroyed by him. Part of me wants to just give in and accept fate. "You want to teach me a lesson, right?"

I crawl onto the soft green velvet of the bed, settling my knees into two of the indents from the tufting, and pressing my cheek against the fabric.

"I'll teach you a lesson, yes, but your lessons won't end here, wife. The rest of your life, you'll be my toy. You'll be forever learning what pleases me and providing it to me. Doesn't that sound lovely to have such a clear purpose in life? None of those awful existential crisis's."

I choke back a snort as he fists his inches, the engorged length seeming to pulse, growing thicker in his hand, the ink shifting on his skin as his muscles flex and move across his chest.

“Pull your ass apart,” he orders as he steps behind me and cold panic sets in making me chilled.

I’ve watched some porn. Just enough to know how tight that entryway is. I heard some of my friends at school talking about how much anal hurts if you aren’t... prepped, so to speak.

“Are you going to use some lube or—”

“You an expert on getting your ass fucked, baby?” A slow smile creeps across his lips. “You want to know about my pre-penetration preparations?”

“Well,” I start, as he smacks the side of my ass with his hand, then his cock. “Yes.”

He brings his hand down again.

“I said pull your ass apart,” he repeats, and I stutter, moving my hands to my butt cheeks, my weight resting on the side of my face.

With a shameful pull, I expose myself to my stepfather.

“That’s my dirty whore. So perfect. Those wet little petals all on display. That virgin asshole winking at me, just calling for my cock.”

Fear spikes inside of me, but I don’t want him to know I’m scared. “Then do it. Just shove it in. That’s what you want to do, right? Take all my holes, teach me a lesson...”

The way he bounces from soft and nurturing to this demanding asshole has me pulsing with lust and confusion.

“I’ll fuck my wife when and how I like. Just ‘shoving it in’ will damage my property and I take care of my things.”

He steps toward the side of the daybed, leaning down to trace his tongue up the indent of my spine. His fingers fall between my legs, pressing there, making me whine as the tension balls inside of me.

“I have all the lube I need right here,” he snarls as he takes a long lick over the curve of my ass before sinking his teeth in.

I yelp and pull away as he positions himself behind me.

“I’m taking your ass, Little Lamb. Time to rough things up a bit. You like it rough, don’t you? After all, you tried to stab me, that seemed a bit rough.”

I bite the inside of my cheek as he rubs the slick lubrication from my pussy over the ring of muscle, then I hear the unmistakable sound of him gathering the spit from his throat. He releases it from his lips, and it lands warm and wet into the crack of my ass as his fingers mix it with the product of my own lust round and round on the tight entrance.

Oh, God, this is really happening. Why didn’t I grab the gun, shoot him and run?

I don’t get to answer my own questions, because his mouth has moved from my ass cheek to...

To *there*.

Right *there*. His tongue flicks against my back entrance, making me rock back into the shameful and incredible sensation.

“That’s my good girl,” he murmurs. His voice can move from cold and commanding to soft and encouraging in a way that seems impossible but only makes me want him more.

“Oh, *my God*.” I raise my hips shamelessly into the dark sensation, biting my lip to keep from screaming in pleasure.

As he licks, he hums, and the sounds of his pleasure plant more seeds of attraction to this man I know I should not want. Not only because he’s my stepfather, but because of how he took me. He ripped me from my life and forced me to marry him. Not to mention that he’s filled me with his cum and manipulated the one barrier I thought might save me from his plan.

Against my will, my pussy begins to pulse, my fingers digging harder into my own flesh, holding myself wide as the tip of his tongue glides around and around, then forces its way inside my ass for a split second.

I gasp, drawing all the air from around me into my lungs.

My body shamelessly gushes at the swiping of his tongue, the push in and out, opening me just enough to inch inside, and within a few breaths I’m on

the edge of an orgasm.

I don't want this. Not like this.

But the more I try to pull away, the more he holds me in place, pinning me against his mouth, the more wetness leaks out of me. My insides flutter and tighten, my lust billowing and gathering and I want him inside me more than I've ever wanted anything in my life.

"Please, Ramses—"

His tongue is gone, another stinging slap on my ass careening me toward bliss.

"I'm Daddy when my tongue is in your ass. Or my cock. Whenever I'm fucking you, touching you, when we're alone, when I'm feeding you, giving you a bath... I'm *Daddy*."

I whimper face down into the soft cushion of the bed as his fingers replace his tongue, sliding with the spit and my juices into my tightness and spreading me until I can't breathe.

"*Daddy!*" I bite back the sob as his hand comes to rest on the center of my back, rubbing in slow, soothing circles.

"See how good you're doing? I'm glowing with pride. I'll get you good and prepped, baby. Then I'm feeding your tight back door with whatever you can take."

There's more spit, more fingers in my pussy, more, more, more, until I'm a shuddering mess.

Whatever Ramses wants to do to me, I'm his.

My brain is scrambled. I'm no longer his captive, I'm his clay, and he's molding me into something new. Something I can never undo.

He thrusts his thickness up and down my slit, coating it with my juices as I shudder and gulp for air. He slides his two fingers out of my ass, and I shudder with relief and loss, but before I have time to settle, I feel the bulbous pressure from the tip of his massive dick against the focus of his attention.

I moan and squeeze my eyes shut as the pressure builds. Its blunt force is being shoved into the small entry and I start to twist, pushing back, trying to ease the pressure, but it's no use.

"Shhh, don't move. I won't let anyone hurt you and I won't let you hurt yourself either. I know what you can take, daughter. Daddy will only push you to where you need to be. Breathe for me. One, two, three, breathe, Little Lamb."

I take three shuddering breaths, meeting his guttural moans. My body spreads and stretches, the sensation unbelievably erotic as his massive girth eases inside my body from behind.

"Fuck, that's tight." He pumps in easy, slow motions, the pop of the ridge making me freeze in time and space as he enters me one slow push at a time.

A single dart of pain has my muscles contracting, but Ramses feels everything, stalling in mid-thrust to hold steady while I recover.

"I'm about to light up your ass with a sticky delivery, baby. But I'll hold on until you're ready. Easy there, you're trying so hard, it makes me so happy."

His words warm me from inside as he massages my shoulders with one hand, the other gathering my hair and pulling my head back.

"Keep your hands on your ass. Pull yourself wide. The view from up here is breathtaking."

The filth and praise that flow from his mouth make me want more. I want to be his, even though that's ridiculous. I want to be kept safe and adored, and yes, fucked, because my stepfather is showing me just how incredible that package can be.

"Now, there we go, you're relaxing. Ready for more of my fat dick. You like it dirty, don't you? Now here's another inch. Easy, easy Little Lamb."

"Ahhh!" I gasp and swallow, gritting my teeth as my body spreads impossibly for his entry. "How...how far in are you?" I blather, the urge to be a high achiever right now, for him, overwhelming me.

“Halfway, baby. That’s a big dick. Halfway with me is like taking three normal cocks at once. But, that will never happen. Mine is the only cock you’ll ever know.”

He starts to ride me with small, staccato thrusts, sinking deeper as I hiss and he is spitting onto my entry as I press back, wanting more, wanting all of it. I want to be full of him, and as if he can read my thoughts his hand is suddenly pulling back on my hair.

My neck arches, while his other hand reaches under me, taking the weight of my breast, sharpening my lust to a razor’s edge. All thoughts of running and getting away are lost in the sounds of pleasure releasing from my throat.

“Rub your clit,” he orders, grabbing one wrist and directing my hand under my body. “I want you to come with my cock in your ass, like a good girl. Show Daddy how you touch yourself when you think of his cock inside your slutty holes.”

Pleasure rocks through me as I press my fingers to the little bundle of nerves calling out for friction.

I never much considered what anal sex would feel like, except a passing feeling that it would hurt and be more for the guy than the girl.

Clearly that was wrong, because the pressure of his thickness moving inside of me is toppling me over and over until I have no sense of where I begin and end. I don’t know up from down. Right from left.

I’m mounted on this man that helped raise me and the building wave inside me will not be satisfied by anyone but him.

“You want to come, baby? You’ve been so good. You’ve tried so hard for me. Your tight little ass is working me so well.”

I can only grunt and moan as he works in and out, pumping, pumping, my cheeks rubbing on the fabric. He gives me more and more until there’s no more thought, only reaction, and I’m close.

So, so close.

“Keep rubbing that clit. I didn’t tell you to stop, did I?”

Another yank on my hair and I whimper as I rub myself, heat cascading over my skin, his thickness easing inside of me until I nearly black out.

“Fuck, yes. You’ll do anything I say, won’t you? You want to be Daddy’s girl, my best little lamb.”

“Yes, Daddy,” I whimper as the tide crashes around me, pushing me to the point of no return.

He gives me one last epic shove, a dance of pain and pleasure bolting through me as I bury my face into the soft velvet and scream.

Ramses bellows, shaking the room and me down to my core as heat sprays inside me. I’m sightless, turning to a puddle of warm lusty goo, yelling curse words I’ve never used.

“Good girl, wrap that tight ass around my dick,” I hear him say as my orgasm careens around inside me, tearing at my insides and pulsing inside my core.

I can barely believe this man is blowing his spend into my ass, making me feel used and adored and slutty and loved, all at the same time.

He takes his pleasure from me in the last rough thrusts. No more easy, slow entry. Instead, I’m just a hole for him to use, but that knowledge only pushes me farther into the dark well of pleasure from which I may never emerge.

His body stiffens against my back as his chest falls against me. He squeezes my tit as his cock pulses one last time, leaving me filled with his warm, sticky release. My own drips from my body, filling my hand as I drop my fingers to the cushion.

Ramses eases out of me, leaving me with an empty feeling as I collapse onto my side. He reaches for my hand, pulling it to his mouth, pressing my slick fingers between his lips and sucking them clean as the room starts to spin.

CHAPTER 10



Ramses

*M*y stepdaughter. Now my wife. So perfect.

I'm keeping her forever. For real. This is happening.

That realization makes my chest swell.

After she took my cock in her ass like a champ, I carried her to the third bedroom I'd prepared, the room filled with balloons and flowers, and chocolates by her bedside. The closet filled with the thousands of dollars' worth of clothes I bought for her—when I allow her to wear them again that is.

Right now, I'm pacing in the living room, where my voice won't wake her. But when I get back, when she wakes, I'll run her another bath and take time washing every inch of skin, but right now there are things to put in place.

When she sleeps, she makes these little chirping noises like a fucking chipmunk. It's so fucking adorable. I lie there, watching and listening, admiring her tits and ass, the shape of her battle-worn little cunt, the curve of her hips.

It's getting harder for me to remember I took her for a reason. Sticking to my game plan with Bijou is fucking hard. Binding her to me was necessary to keep her from talking but feeling what I feel for her was optional.

And it looks like I'm all in on that option.

I made her eat and drink, again, because despite what she and her mother might say I'm not a monster. Bijou has been through a lot and had a lot of first times. Then, she needed rest.

But a husband's work is never done, and some things need to be set up.

"Are things ready?" I glance up as I speak into the phone, listening for her voice. If she wants something, anything, I'll get it for her, but I didn't want to disturb her while I took care of business.

"It's done, boss. But don't you think..." Joey hesitates. My men know not to question my orders and the fact that he's even contemplating it makes me squeeze the phone harder.

I turn, not even wanting to speak these words in Bijou's direction. "I think this is my business, and I'll decide how much is enough when it comes to *my wife*."

"Sure, sure. But it's just... Do we really want this kind of beef with her father? When he finds she's gone... like, *gone gone*..."

"Her father," I say through gritted teeth, "is a piece of shit who needs to learn his place. And that place is crawling on his knees through piss and broken glass. Are you forgetting what he did?"

"No... I mean, that was a long time ago."

"I have things to do, and your fucking voice is the last one I want to be listening to right now. Just make sure everything is in place. The grand finale is coming up, and I don't want anything to spoil the surprise. We clear?"

"Yeah, I got it. Sorry, boss, I'm—"

I end the call, seething at the question in his voice. If this was any other day, I'd have Joey dragged into a warehouse and taught the error of his ways,

but right now all I want is to be back inside my bride or at least next to her.

Forcing my heart to settle, I throw the phone onto the glass coffee table and turn, stretching my arms high, my dick hanging half hard down my leg, feeling calmer as I head back out and down the hall to our room, knowing she's there.

I hate myself for even walking away for a minute. I'm addicted to her already.

My pulse thrums in my veins as I ease the door open and slip inside, but something isn't right.

It's too quiet.

There's an emptiness that envelops me and darkness coats my soul.

Something's wrong. I flick the switch and curse at the rumpled bedding. There's no light or sounds from the bathroom, either. Fuck. I never should have taken my eyes off the door, not even for a second.

She's my weakness. I faltered and now, she's gone.

I turn on a dime, heading back out into the corridor. She didn't get past me. So, I head the other way, barreling down the hall.

When I turn the corner at the end, there's a flash of white and the sound of her bare feet slapping on the floor.

She's wearing the dress she had on when I took her. It's cute, but it's dirty, and that angers me almost as much as seeing her running from me.

When she was my dirty stepdaughter, the mud and grime were appropriate.

My *wife* should not be wearing that.

"Stop!" I shout, and she glances back, but she has a head start, and she reaches the elevator first, slamming her hand against the call button.

"Leave me alone!" she screams. "Get away from me. Help me, *please, you have to help me!*"

She flings the words at a couple of my maids coming up the stairs, their arms filled with clean linens and supplies they were instructed to leave in the back closet where they would not disturb us.

They stare at her blankly, stalled mid-step in their black uniforms.

“I’ve been kidnapped! I need help! Call the police, call the FBI, call—” She shouts and screams, and kicks wildly as I enter her space, gripping her waist, flinging her over my shoulder.

The scent of her cunt hits my nostrils like a gut punch, and I almost double over. But I would never drop her.

“They belong to me,” I tell her, waving the two women on. “Everyone here belongs to me. They understand loyalty.”

“You bitch!” she screams toward one of them, making me chuckle.

“Now, now, that’s not very nice. You need to calm down. All this stress can’t be good for our baby, wife.” I start walking back to the room, then notice the blood on her knee. “How the fuck did this happen?” I demand, touching it with a fingertip.

“What the fuck do you care? You cut me, you bastard. You practically split me in two with your dick more than once. What’s a little more blood?”

I carry her into our suite, then slam the door closed as I sit her on the edge of the bed and drop to my knees. She tries to kick at me, but I dodge it easily, rubbing my thumb across her knee.

“Ow! That hurts!”

I grunt an acknowledgment, then head to the bathroom and grab the first aid kit. She’s still where I left her when I return, and that makes me happy. She’s learning that running isn’t an option.

As I drop to my knees again and start cleaning the wound, she huffs.

“I fell, okay? While I was running *for my life*. From you.”

“That can’t happen again, you hear me?” I look up and meet her glaring eyes. “You are my wife now. I’ve fucked a baby into you, I’m sure of it.

You can't take that away from me, I won't allow it. I'll never let you go, Little Lamb. Never."

There are red roses all around us. Dozens upon dozens. The scent of them is almost overpowering.

"There," I tell her. "All fixed up. What do you say?"

"Thank you," she mutters with an eye roll.

"Thank you...?"

"Thank you, your highness."

I laugh, shaking my head as I stand and take her head in my hands, kissing her hair. "That's not right, daughter. What do you call me?"

My hands stay where they are on either side of her face, tilting her head back so that she's looking up at me. Those enormous, glassy eyes are so beautiful, so innocent.

And she's learning. She's learning to give me what I want, because after a moment she says the words.

"Thank you, Daddy."

A little shiver runs through her body as she speaks, her lips moist and glistening. She may not believe it, but her body is eager. Her nipples are standing at attention, calling out for my mouth. Her pussy is wet, the scent mingling with the smell of the flowers.

"Good girl," I tell her, and get rewarded with a soft sigh of resignation. "See, isn't it better when we're not fighting?"

She nods, however reluctantly, and opens her mouth, ready to speak but saying nothing.

"Go ahead, daughter wife, tell me anything."

"I'm hungry. I need real food, not just your charcuterie snacks."

I grin. "That's a girl. What do you say I order a deep-dish pizza? Double pepperoni and jalapeños, just like you like."

She nods, and I grab my phone. Whatever my girl wants, that's what she gets.

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CHAPTER 11



Bijou

A cool breeze moves the curtains and tickles my bare ass, turned upwards on top of the bedsheets. I imagine that I can still feel the sting of the knife where he carved my skin, but it would be impossible to feel air touching a cut, wouldn't it?

Ramses is asleep. I know because he hasn't moved for an hour while I've laid here, pondering my fate and my sanity.

He sleeps entirely silent and still, only the faintest whisper of breath if you get up close. No nightly noises, no snoring, no tossing and turning. Somehow, I get the feeling it's deliberate, that he's disciplined himself to make no sound or movement while he sleeps so that enemies aren't aware of his presence.

"I love you," I murmur, trying out the words. They echo in the silence, sounding so loud to my ears. Even the city seems to keep quiet so my stepfather—and now husband—can sleep. "I love Ramses Maurizio Alexander Moreno. The fourth," I add with a wry smirk.

"Is that so, daughter?"

Fucker.

As he turns, propping himself up effortlessly on one elbow, I wonder how long he's been awake. I glare in the half-light seeping in from under the doorway, then soften as I remember when he used to force Mom to let me have the light on in the hall because I was scared of the dark.

She would tell him I was old enough to get used to the dark. He would ignore her and make sure I felt safe.

"Wife," I murmur. "I'm your wife now."

"Say that again. Makes me feel like a fucking king."

I lick my lips, my heart thundering as I open my mouth, hesitate, then plunge into the deep end. "I'm the wife of Ramses Moreno. I love Ramses Moreno. He's my stepfather and my husband," I tell him, pushing the smile to my lips, watching a softness enter his hard blue eyes as those dark lashes flutter.

"Fucking right." He chuckles conceitedly, bristling with self-confidence as he turns, and I see the tattoos across his back, following them with my eyes as they stretch and undulate with every movement.

Then I spot it. Glinting under his pillow.

Looks like I'm not the only one with a healthy fear of the dark. My stepfather sleeps with a gun tucked under his head.

I still remember the times he took me to the gun range. And the other times. The times when the guns weren't licensed, and the targets were set up by hand. He taught me how to take the safety off, how to hold a firearm, and how to shoot a man so he won't get back up.

Ramses knows how proficient I am.

This is it. The moment I knew would come.

But, what about...what if... I let my fingers drift to my belly.

Doesn't matter. No one takes me by force. He's a ten, but he's a psycho and has some many red flag flying over his head, I need to be practical.

I'm one hundred percent running on impulse, fire in my veins as I lean in to kiss him, my hand easing under the pillow.

"Kiss me, Daddy," I purr, and something inside him melts. I see it in the weight that lifts from his shoulders. The furrow in his brow smooths.

Now, Bijou. Do it now...

The handle of the gun slips into my fingers so easily, the weight reassuring. And I'm on my feet, not caring that I'm naked. This man's put his cock inside me pretty much everywhere possible so a little skin between husband and wife doesn't even register for me at this point.

In a breath, I'm pointing the gun his way, sliding out of the bed, backing across the room on a smile. I flick the switch to see his smirk, eyes glinting as his tongue plays with the corner of his mouth so enticingly, I almost drop the weapon and fling myself at him.

"What game are we playing, Little Lamb?"

"No game. I'm leaving. And if you come after me, I'll shoot you. I'll have this marriage annulled by lunchtime."

His eyes dart up and down, taking me in, pupils dilating as they skim over every inch of exposed flesh.

"Really? Dressed like that? Or undressed, I should say. You realize of course I'll be forced to cut out the eyes of any man that sees you. And their tongues. Can't have them talking about what they've seen."

"You're a bastard."

"That's me being my most philanthropic, darling daughter wife. I could kill them, but I'll let them live if they can't speak."

"Fucker." I blink, surprised when it turns the room into a kaleidoscope of color. Am I crying because he's such a psycho, or because I want to be with him? *Focus, Bijou, it's now or never. You'll never have another chance.* "Throw me one of your shirts," I demand.

He chuckles, turns, and pulls open the drawer beside him. And I panic.

“No sudden moves,” I tell him. “Slower. One hand. Damn it! *Stop*. You know I know how to shoot.”

The gun goes off, a bullet tearing into the wall a few inches above his head. A squeak of shock and horror escapes my lips, but he doesn’t flinch. He turns with something white held in his hand and tosses it my way. It falls at my feet.

“A white shirt. Just like you asked,” he says. “You’d look beautiful in anything, darling, but how are you going to put it on and keep that gun on me?”

I glare, bending at the knees and squeezing my thighs together as I crouch to grab it, not willing to give him the satisfaction of another glimpse of my pussy. “I’ll manage,” I mutter. “You come after me and you won’t even hear the shot that kills you. You taught me a lot, maybe too much.”

“You were always a good student.”

With that, I’m gone, darting out of the door with the gun in one hand and the shirt clasped in the other. I dart naked to the end of the corridor, then through a doorway into a stairwell, ignoring the elevator. I don’t want to wait, and I don’t know how much control he has here. If he called security and told them to stop the elevator with me inside, would they do it? Trap me?

I can’t take that risk. I back to the wall, breathing heavily as I clasp the shirt to my chest, my nipples still peaking at the memory of the look in his eyes.

My husband. My stepfather. My lover. My captor.

No, *no, no*. I have to leave. I have to get away.

I pull the shirt over my head. *This isn’t his*. It’s kid sized.

It’s short enough to leave my ass exposed, and thin enough to give a full view of my pebbled nipples. Damn him. I have no choice now. Raking my fingers through my hair, I dart for the stairs and make my way down to the next floor my bare feet slapping on the hard floor with every step.

Fuck, this place is a maze and I have no idea who I can trust if I meet anyone.

It takes me forever to make my way through the building, going as stealthily as I can and doubling back on myself several times when I find a dead end or a locked door.

Finally, I find the first floor and an unlocked door onto the sidewalk. I burst out into the cool of the early morning. The moon is still hanging high in the sky, the city around the building a low hum as my heart thunders in my chest.

I'm leaving.

I'm leaving my husband.

I could be pregnant right now.

Stop. Focus.

I look over my shoulder, the back of the building a parking lot dotted with what must be staff autos because residents here don't drive beaters like these.

I breathe a long sigh and glance left and right. In the distance, I hear the sound of an engine.

I shiver although the air outside is warm, knowing how exposed I am in the ridiculously small shirt.

Headlights catch my eye at the end of the alley, and a sob of relief clutches at my throat.

Darting into the headlights, I wave my arms in frantic panic. It's a limo. One of those ostentatious stretched Hummers, long and sparkling, and I bet the driver wasn't expecting to find a half-naked young woman tonight but I thank God for the first stroke of luck since I got here.

"*Help!*" I scream as it slows. "Help me. Please." I dart around to the driver's window, tapping the muzzle of the gun on the glass. "Don't make me use this, please. I've been kidnapped. You have to drive me..."

somewhere.” My voice hitches as the tears flow, relief washing over me. “*Please!* I have to get out of here.”

“All right, all right.” The window lowers a few inches, where the kind eyes of a gray-haired driver in his sixties give me a sense of safety. “Where do you need to go? I’m an ex-cop, I can help.”

He steps out, and I lower the gun to my side, pulling the hem of the shirt down with my other hand.

If Ramses finds me out here, will he kill the driver? Will he tear open the doors and murder whoever is inside for stopping to help me?

Of course he would.

But there’s no sign of anyone coming after me. As I look up at the penthouse, I raise my hand and flip off the blank windows, imagining him staring out at me with that stupid, gorgeous smirk on his face.

My heart stutters for a second.

No, I tell myself. He’s a madman. He took you, carved his initials in your ass, forced you to marry him, filled you with his cum without your... consent.

“Come on, get in, I’ll take you to the police station. It’s just down the block,” the driver says, pulling open the door. “Take my jacket.”

He slips it off, resting the warm black fabric over my shoulders enveloping me in a new sense of relief and safety.

With a final breath, I catch sight of my face reflected in the black of the car window as I turn and hop into the back seat.

I’m still a disaster. Sex messed hair and no makeup. I look crazed.

“Thank you so much,” I say, dropping the gun to the floor as I sit on the cool leather seat releasing an enormous exhale, so happy to be safe I barely register that the back of the car is pitch black.

I lower my face into my hands, my insides quivering with the surging adrenaline that comes with running for your life.

There's the scent of roses and that cologne...and the sound of breathing.

I freeze.

I spin on my bare ass, letting my eyes adjust until I make out the shape of a man spread across the whole of the back seat, his arms flung across the backrest, knees impossibly wide.

He's huge...

I wiggle my toes on the floor, trying to find the gun, cocking my thumb toward the window. "I'm sorry, the driver—" I stutter, already knowing this man is not my savior. "I need to—"

"Hello, wife."

That voice chills me down to my marrow as the row of lights along the ceiling slowly rise.

"Nooooo." I sob.

The back of the limousine is filled with bouquets of black roses tied with white ribbons. Heart-shaped silver balloons hover at the ceiling and there is my husband, tapping his front teeth together, lips pulled back with a click of his tongue.

"Hello, daughter. Wife. Little Lamb. Daddy is never going to let you go. I keep *telling* you that."

I grasp at the door handle, tugging at it over and over, but it does nothing. I slap my palm on the cool glass of the window, the car already moving down the street.

"No!" I scream. "No, no, *no, no, no*. How did you—"

I stall.

Pinching my lips together, looking at Ramses, all cocky and arrogant and fucking stunning.

The clutch starts in my belly, then vines around my throat, making that pulse between my legs start up again.

I cough and choke but the laughter bursts from my lips as I kick my feet and squeal like a child bouncing up and down on the seat.

I cover my face as I throw myself against my husband. My stepfather.

My hus-father.

My Daddy.

The only man I've ever loved. His arm coils around me, those killer blue eyes sparkling in a half-glare as I melt into the loving feel of his hard edges against my soft skin.

"When did you buy *this* car?" I demand. "I wasn't sure it was the right one. I never thought you'd get a tacky Hummer."

He grins, and before he answers he leans in to plant a kiss full on my lips. It tastes all the better for the tears, for the panic, for the chase. I luxuriate in the feel of his mouth dominating mine, barely breathing as I drink him in.

"I already told you, it's no fun if you know what's coming. You thought you could run from me? Never."

"Mom and Dad are going to be so mad," I say, letting the laughter come full and wonderful now, swiping at the tears cascading down my cheeks. "I can't believe we're really married!"

"Believe it, baby girl. You and me forever. Was it as much fun as you'd hoped?"

"*More*," I tell him, snuggling in close. "So much more. I loved that you made it so real. I've never felt so alive. It was just like the books. Kidnapped and forced to marry the dark, Bratva mob boss and bear his children. Oh, and he's also...dun, dun, *dun*...her *stepfather*! It was perfect. You're a good actor, you know?"

"It wasn't much of a stretch, Little Lamb. For a second, I thought I was too rough on you." He kisses me again, and my whole body responds. "Wife."

"Husband."

“It’s honeymoon time. There’s a private jet waiting for us at the airport, but first, there’s something we need to do.”

“Call Mom, right?”

He nods, pulling out an iPhone in a sparkling Swarovski crystal case. “I got you a new phone. Had everything transferred to this one. Your mom might not answer if it’s my number. So, better use yours. Let her welcome her former husband back to the family.”

“You’ll protect me always.”

“Forever, baby.” He swipes an errant hair from my cheek, his blue eyes shimmering. “Now, climb on Daddy’s dick, then dial your mother. You’ll fuck me while we give them the happy news. I’m the new son-in-law. The father of their grandchildren.”

His smile lights up my heart as he drags his thick erection from his pants and mounts my already soaking opening down onto his ten inches as I moan and tap the screen.

After two rings, she answers, and Ramses takes the phone as he guides me up and down on his cock.

“Mom?” he says with a smirk. “I’m here with my wife, we have some news...”

CHAPTER 12



Ramses

E *pilogue One ~ Two years later*

MY LITTLE LAMB is snoring away, but even her snoring makes me horny.

I've broken her Hot Cheetos habit. Once I read up on the ingredients and what all those chemicals could do to a body, I brought the hammer down.

She wept like a toddler for a week, but once she broke the habit, she said she felt better. Especially since I hired a full-time, all organic, no processed food chef and shopper who keeps us full of high-quality food, morning until night.

Her health has become my new obsession, especially since she developed a blood sugar issue during her pregnancy.

Irony. Now she wears a full-time insulin monitor for reasons outside of me keeping track of her.

I know she sneaks a Diet Coke now and then, thinking she's getting away with something. I let her have that. The insulin monitor may be more legit

now, but that doesn't mean good ole Doctor Taylor didn't make sure there's also a location tracker and some other readings on her that are directed to my email each and every day.

She is my life and my possession, and I take care of what's mine.

I damn near fucked her to death those first few weeks, making up for all the time I held back, waiting for her to be mine. I tended to her battered pussy the best I could with cold packs and creams, and like the champ she is, she rarely told me it was too much.

I think we both started to realize there would be more than just a stepfather-stepdaughter relationship the week after she turned eighteen. That was when I made one of my rare in-person appearances, and her mother tried to kick me out and threatened to call the police. When I told her I was there to see my Little Lamb, and if she called the cops I'd take her phone, break the screen and cram every shard up her husband's ass, she relented.

And Bijou laughed. That sound was all I ever wanted to hear, and as we talked, it was obvious things had changed.

She wasn't a child anymore, but she would always be my little girl.

Our relationship blossomed in secret, but I would never touch her until we made it official. And after her nineteenth birthday, we concocted our wedding plans. Most of the ideas came from Bijou, from the books she loves to read, and all I did was add details to make it more real, saving back some of the plans, so there would be a few surprises.

Where's the fun if she knows exactly what's going to happen?

It's still a challenge to keep my cock out of her body. All her holes are magic to me and when the pressure builds, she's the only balm to my sickness.

She's close to getting her double degree in Criminal Justice and Accounting. With the baby, and the complications during the pregnancy, she missed a couple semesters. She's taken on a right-hand role in running my businesses as well, but I keep her shielded from the dirtiest parts and the less legitimate money-making ventures.

It's going to take some juggling for her to finish her law degree, but it's what she wants. I haven't pushed her either to go for it or back off, but what I have done is put security with her whenever she's out of my sight.

I have bodyguards taking every class she takes so they can sit in with her and make sure there's no confusion about just how protective her husband is.

I put my family first in all things. So much so, I even shook her father's hand at our second wedding ceremony. Bijou wanted a small affair for some friends and family and when my little lamb asks for something, unless it's dangerous for her, I'll climb mountains and cross oceans to give her everything she wants.

She's tangled in the white bedding of our enormous primary suite, and although I have a nostalgia for all things white, we've moved from the penthouse to a fucking three-story century old farmhouse in the middle of corn fields and cow farms.

My level of devotion to my wife knows no bounds. I'd never been close to a cow in my life, now I've got three of them in the back pasture along with two donkeys and three adopted rescue horses.

I even have rubber boots. And a black-and-white sheepdog named Damon.

I challenged Bijou on the name, my jealousy spiking at the thought that she might have had some other boy in her life I didn't know about. I was ready to hunt him down, murder him and bury him somewhere nobody would ever find the body. Maybe Antarctica. But she told me the name was from some vampire TV show I'd never heard of.

Which only alleviated my jealousy by a fraction of a degree, but it was enough to take murder off the cards.

A good woman can change you. More than you'll ever know.

I lean into the doorframe, just watching her. She's been taking care of Jojo, our honeymoon baby, as we work on baby number two now that the doctor has given her the all clear with her health issues.

Jojo's been down with the croup for the last week. We have three staff here at the house that help with Jojo and whatever else is needed, and that's besides the cook. They have learned when to make themselves scarce as well, because fucking my little lamb is still a priority. My dick is insatiable for her, and making her come is my salvation.

I still travel around the city to deal with business, but I'm home every night for dinner no matter what.

If I need to be gone overnight, I take my family with me. There is never a morning I want to wake up not looking into the face of the angel that brought my soul back from the dead. Taught me how love could feel, even when we play our dark and dirty games.

She's superwoman, but I put a stop to her trying to do it all when it's to her detriment. Jojo is a handful when she's not sick, just like her mother, and as much as I try she's got me wrapped around her baby finger and I have no chill when it comes to my women.

When I hired some contractors for renovations on the house, it became clear that there was no way we could live here while they were working.

After I put a plumber's head through the wall for whistling at Bijou while she was six months pregnant with Jojo and hotter than a tin roof in hell, I decided to keep the blood off my hands and move us back to the penthouse until the house was completed.

Saved some lives there. I think I earned the Nobel Peace Prize.

Bijou rolls over, her arms falling wide as she hums, her lips turning into a smile as she rouses from sleep.

"Where's the baby?"

I step toward the bed, brushing her cheek with my lips before answering.

"Baby is sleeping. Elaine is in there with her." I'm already stripping off my suit, ready to lick that delicious cunt of hers until she screams the roof off.

"Is that so? Good, I'm still tired." She bites her lip, rolling over and flinging the bedding off, her tight ass on full display, making my dick turn to

granite.

She feigns sleep as I finish relieving myself of my clothing, my blood rushing hot down into my erection as her little butt cheeks clench, the slight scar of my initials still visible on her creamy skin.

“Are you ready for some sweet dreams, Little Lamb?” I swallow the growl as I ease onto the bed next to her, another of her favorite fantasies about to play out.

“Hmmm.” She moans. “I’m sleepy, Daddy.”

“Of course, baby.” I rest my forehead against her shoulder, kissing the soft skin. “Go to sleep. Daddy’s just going to lay here next to you. Make sure to chase all your bad dreams away.”

She doesn’t say anything, her breathing coming soft and steady as I sniff, a rumble rolling in my chest as I ease her onto her side and spoon her from behind.

“Daddy?” she whispers in a sleepy voice. “What are you doing?”

“Shhhh, princess. Daddy needs to use you. Just go back to sleep, I’ll be done soon. Just hold your bear and dream sweet dreams.”

I slip my hand over her hip, easing my fingers into her cunt, feeling the drenched warmth gathering there already as I finger her clit and guide the knob of my hard-on between her thighs until it meets the heat of her opening.

“Hush, little baby, don’t say a word...” I sing into her ear as I ease my dick into her soft heaven. “Papa’s going to feed you his nice hard dick.”

She lays still as I glide a few inches inside her sopping wet opening, her walls gripping me as I push.

I fuck her in silence, her body pliant and soft, moving my hand from her clit to her soft, milk-filled breast, then back over and over until she convulses, her walls locking down, squeezing the cum from my balls.

I pump the product of my lust deep inside her as she pretends to snore, fucking my little lamb while she sleeps, knowing when she wakes up,

Daddy will have left her a hot, sticky gift deep inside her perfect little body.

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CHAPTER 13



Bijou

E *pilogue Two ~ Fifteen years later*

I've gotten used to these chaotic moments. In a lot of ways, I've come to love them.

Balancing a makeup brush in one hand while untangling three-year-old Lily's plastic mermaid necklace isn't even difficult for me at this point. I can ignore the screams of *Maya stole my hairbrush* and *They're mine!* I can admire the way Ramses looks as he expertly winds his tie around his neck, the spicy, earthy scent of his cologne making me horny, no matter how many times I've smelled it before.

"You look so pretty, Mommy." Lily beams as I free her necklace from her long dark locks. She looks so much like me, it's sometimes unsettling. "Can I have some makeup?"

I laugh, lean down and smear some blush across her cheeks. "There. So beautiful. Now go make sure your sister is out of the shower. We need to go!"

She laughs, skipping off as Ramses rolls his eyes.

“A thousand bucks says Jojo makes us late.”

“She’s a teenager, she wants to look her best in case there are any boys there.” I look him up and down, then wink. “I can relate.”

“That sassy little mouth of yours is going to get you in trouble. Do I need to give it an hors d'oeuvre?” He reaches down, grabbing his crotch, and my mouth starts to water before I can stop it.

I shake my head, murmuring, “No time.”

“We can make time, Little Lamb.”

He steps my way, and I shake my head. We should be on the road already, if we’re going to make it to the restaurant in time for our reservation. It’s not every day that you have a fifteen-year wedding anniversary, with all eight of your children in attendance and a little something special planned for later.

“Y—you booked the babysitter, right?” I stutter, backing away from him.

He nods.

“So, we’ll have our fun. Later. Right now, we need to go.”

“Right now, I need to teach that mouth what it’s made for. Again.” He grins, making me shiver with anticipation. The idea of blowing off the whole meal and simply starting our fun times right now crosses my mind.

Instead, I sidestep. “No,” I laugh. “Not this time, mister.” I raise my voice, trying to ignore the way my cheeks are heating at the look in his eyes.

“Maya, give Lizzy your hairbrush!”

“But, Mom!”

“No *but*s! Liam, do you need your dad to help with your tie?”

“No! I’ve got it.”

Suddenly, Ramses is there in front of me, taking me by the shoulders and pushing me up against the wall of our bedroom. Hard enough to make the picture frames shake. “See, he’s got it. We have a few minutes. That’s all I need to give my wife a little taste.”

“But—”

“No *buts*, remember? Your words.” He pushes me down to my knees, and I swallow hard as I look up. Ramses is in his fifties now, but that body is as toned as ever. “Now open wide...”



FOUR HOURS later and it's just me and my husband, alone at last, the children already heading home while we go for some quality time at one of the Moreno Group's five-star hotels.

The restaurant was all ours, and our anniversary couldn't have been more perfect. I love my family, I love seeing my children grow and change and develop their own personalities. My heart almost breaks when I think about the future, what the coming years might bring. All I know is, I'll always support them. All of them. I'll always be there for them, and so will Ramses.

Because he's the best father any woman could hope for for her children. Protective, loving and committed, always there for us all. If still a little crazy, but he keeps me on my toes.

“I love you,” I tell him as I snuggle into his side in the back of the limousine.

He kisses the top of my head. “I love you, too. Wife.”

“I'll never get tired of hearing that.”

I smile. The world is perfect. And nothing will ever take that from me.

When the car lurches to the side, my stomach lurches the other way. It's so sudden I don't even have time to scream. One second, we're cruising along the road, the next the car is swerving out of control, then rumbling into a ditch.

“*Ramses?*” I ask desperately, gripping tight to his shirt as the car bounces and careens.

He pulls me in tighter, his body like a coiled spring. “Fucking hold on to me.”

The car lurches back and forth, but its long wheelbase and low center of gravity keep it upright. I scream when we hit something hard, the sound of metal crunching, sending us sideways and launching us into the air, but Ramses grips tighter, and a second later we come to a hard stop.

“Simon, what the fuck?” Ramses leans forward, punching the button to lower the partition between the front and back of the limo. My stomach turns when there’s no answer. “Shit!”

“Is he...?”

He nods. “Fuck. What’s going on?”

We don’t have to wonder for long. I scream as the tinted window implodes, the muzzle of a gun entering after it, then a hand reaching for the locks. I cover my face with my hands, backing away as the door is yanked open and a long, grim face stares in from the darkness outside.

As protective as Ramses is, he still works in a dark and dangerous world and the looming threat of violence has always been there, but after so long, I never expected it to find us.

I note that the man hasn’t bothered to cover his face. So he’s not expecting us to live. Because if Ramses lives through this, he will rain down a storm of death onto anyone involved, their families, their friends and their entire world.

“Get the fuck out of the vehicle,” he demands in a thick Russian accent, and I hear a snarl from my husband.

“Who the fuck are you?”

“Oh, you don’t recognize me? Well, I was only a boy when you killed my father, I suppose I shouldn’t be surprised.” The stranger spits on the floor. “I should kill you right here, but that would be too good. I’m going to take my time.” He turns my way, offering a sneer. “With both of you.”

“Don’t you fucking touch her. Whatever beef you have, it’s with me, not her.”

“Perhaps I will let her live. If she does as she’s told. She can be my private toy. I’ll use her up good.” He makes a show of staring at my tits, laughing a little.

Ramses doesn’t hesitate, even for a second.

He launches himself from the back seat, shouldering hard into the man and knocking him back. “You look at her, you die. You touch her, you and your family and anyone you know dies. You hear me? You hear me, motherfucker?” He’s on top of the stranger now, drawing back to throw a punch.

As he yells, the butt of a machine gun comes down on the back of his head, and he goes out cold.

I whimper, my heart racing as I back against the side of the car, and the stranger clammers to his feet. With a snarl, he points at me.

“Bring her.”



“WHAT DO YOU WANT?” I demand, backing against the wall as Ramses is dragged half-conscious into the warehouse behind me. The enormous space is lit sporadically from dangling overhead bulbs, its shadowy corners hiding monsters and I think of our children. There’s a strong smell of tobacco and a faint one of gasoline. “Please! We have children!”

“My father had children,” the big man sneers, his nostrils flaring as he casts his eyes on me. He points to some chains hanging down in one of the circles of light, and his two guards nod, shoving and manhandling Ramses in that direction. “My father had four sons and two daughters. My sister Anya was barely a year old when your husband left her fatherless. I robbed a bank at the age of sixteen to provide for all of us. You have life insurance?”

For a second, I consider whether to tell the truth or lie, but what's the point in keeping it from him? "Yes."

"Then your children will not have to live as I have lived." He looks me up and down. "Strip."

"Excuse me?"

"Take off your fucking clothes. Or would you prefer we cut them off? Might be more fun for us..."

I back away, ignoring the excited glances from his men as they leave my husband with one wrist attached to the chains hanging above him.

"Fuck you," I growl. "Let my husband go."

He laughs. "You are in no position to argue. You do as I say, maybe I let you live. Maybe I let you watch your husband being skinned alive, and then I dump you back at your home. You get to see your children grow up, after all." His eyes darken. "Now strip."

"Leave her...alone..." Ramses grunts, his head still lolling from the beating he received. His lip is cut, his clothes torn, but it doesn't look like there are any permanent injuries. "You lay one finger on her and I'll—"

"You'll what?" The big Russian chuckles, turning away from me and sauntering over to Ramses. "You'll *what*, huh? You will watch as she strips and I let my men fuck her one at a time, fill her up so full she won't know who the father of her next child is. Or maybe I want a little show first? I make her get down on her knees and suck your cock until she gags. Would you like that? A last farewell to your pretty little girl?"

Ramses grabs at the gun strapped under the Russian's shoulder, but he easily steps back, laughing.

"You want this?" he says, pulling the pistol. He aims it at Ramses' head. "You want this, Mister big man Mafia? You want me to shoot your balls off and let you bleed out on the warehouse floor?"

He steps forward, drawing the gun back and striking the butt across Ramses' skull. The sound of the metal hitting bone rings out, a dull thud in

the large empty space.

“*Stop!*” I sob, leaning down to take hold of the hem of my dress. “*Stop! I’ll do it. Just don’t hurt him.*”

The Russian turns as I lift, pulling the dress up, exposing thighs, panties, stomach.

I try not to look, but I can’t avoid the way he and his men seem to forget that Ramses is even there. They grin, their eyes lighting up as I pull the dress over my head and drop it to the floor, standing in my underwear. Lingerie I picked out for my husband, knowing it would drive him wild.

Hooking my thumbs into the waistband of my panties, I turn my head to avoid looking as I prepare myself to remove them. And for whatever comes next.

But everything changes in an instant.

I turn my head at the sounds of a scuffle, to see Ramses’ leg hooked around the waist of one of the bruisers, pulling him back. He cries out as he’s dragged to the chains, my husband instantly looping the free one around the man’s throat as his eyes go wide, his mouth falling open.

Ramses grabs the gun from the man’s hand, aims and fires it at one of the other men, sending him reeling as the bullet rips through his shoulder in a spray of blood and bone.

“What the shit, man?” Suddenly there’s a British accent, and it takes me a moment to figure out who it’s coming from, before the big ‘Russian’ speaks again. “First you attack me at the car, and now this? Not cool, man. Not cool. You’re fucking killing Mitch!”

The one with the chain around his throat is turning purple in the light from the bulb overhead. His feet are scrabbling against the floor as he tries to get away. The big ‘Russian’ steps forward, but Ramses turns the pistol on him and he nearly loses his footing in his desperation to get away, his hands coming up in front of him.

“I need a hospital,” the one who was shot is saying, gripping his arm and making gagging noises. His accent is also British. “I’m not getting paid

enough for this shit. You said this was an easy gig.”

“Leave my wife the *fuck* alone,” Ramses says, then turns to me. “Put your dress back on, baby. Do it now.”

I nod, barely able to comprehend what’s going on as I pick up my dress and start to pull it over my head.

The British Russian throws his hands up toward Ramses. “This was *your* setup, man. Your plans.”

“Yeah, well the plans have changed.” Ramses finally lets the man in his grip go, and he collapses to the floor, struggling for every heaving breath. “Get your guys, throw me the keys and get out. And count yourselves lucky I don’t cut out your eyes for looking at her like that. I told you not one inch of her skin was to be hurt. Or exposed.”

“Whatever.” The big guy snarls the word, reaching into his pocket and throwing a key at Ramses. It hits his chest, bounces off, and clatters against the floor. He grabs the guy struggling for breath and helps him to his feet, and the three of them make for the exit. Then he turns. “No refunds. And you’ll be getting an extra bill for injuries, too. Fucking psycho.”

As soon as they’re gone, I run to Ramses, throwing my arms around him. I don’t know what’s going on, but I need my husband. He winces but pulls me in tight to him.

“My ribs are bruised, baby. Can you unchain me? The key is there.”

I nod, retrieving the key from the floor and unlocking a padlock that’s holding the chain in place. Ramses sighs as he comes free, and I help him down to sit on the floor.

“What’s going on?” I ask, wiping tears from my eyes. “What was all that?”

He glances my way with a serious expression, then grunts a laugh. “Your anniversary present.”

“What?”

“They’re special forces guys. Well, ex special forces. SAS, I think. They do these kidnapping experiences, set up the whole thing so that billionaires can

feel like action heroes.”

“Wait, this was all a setup?” I meet his eyes, still sniffing. “Wait, Simon?”

“He’s fine. He was in on it.”

“And this?” I poke him in the ribs, eliciting a sharp intake of breath. A wry grin spreads over my lips.

“I paid extra for them to make it as real as possible,” he says. “They didn’t want to injure me, but I insisted.”

I laugh. The adrenaline is still heavy in my veins, my limbs shaking with it. “So what happened, you lose your nerve?”

“I thought I could handle it, but I couldn’t. Nobody looks at my wife like that except me. When you lifted your dress, baby. I lost it.”

I chuckle, barely able to contain myself. “Best anniversary ever,” I mutter. “Kidnapped, forced to strip at gunpoint, and then I get to watch my dumbass husband scare the shit out of a bunch of SAS guys. How will you top that next year?”

He shakes his head. “Next year we’re going to fucking Disney World. Or a dude ranch.”

“It was perfect,” I tell him, smiling as I wipe away the last of my mascara-stained tears. “You’re perfect. Doing all this for me. I would have done it, you know? To save your life, I would have stripped and performed. I’m a pretty good performer.”

My hand slides down over his crotch, and I feel his bulge grow at my touch. I massage gently.

“Are you too bruised to play?”

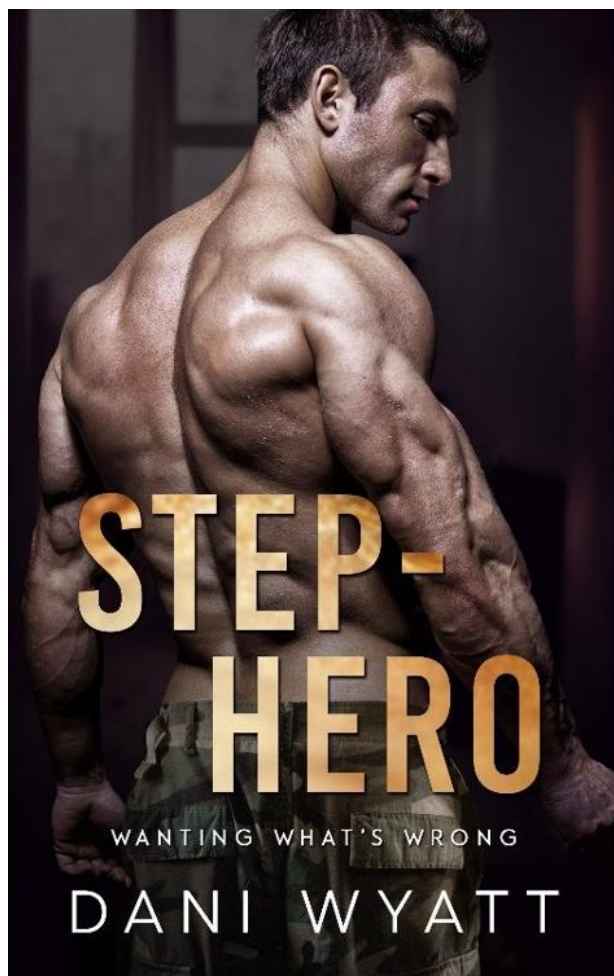
He shakes his head. “For you, daughter-wife, I’d walk over hot coals. Now get that fucking dress off and open wide, Daddy’s got a special anniversary gift just for you.”

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