

STEP- SANTA

WANTING WHAT'S WRONG

DANI WYATT

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DEDICATION

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

To MK – That Santa suit works
Every time.

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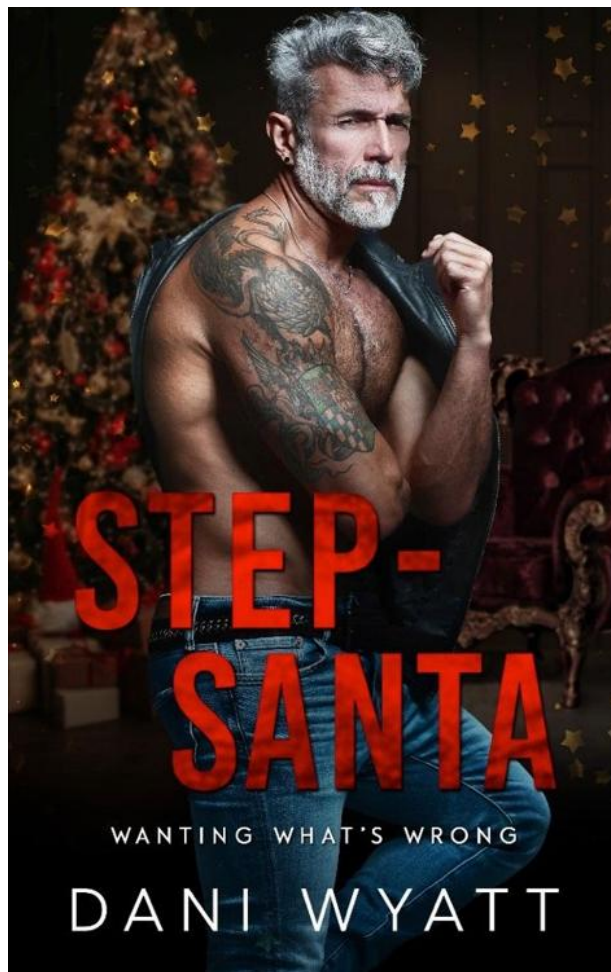
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CHAPTER 1



Gennero

*O*f all my secrets and sins, there is only one that keeps me up at night.

And it's dancing in pink leotards under the stage lights while I fist my pulsing erection in the back of the auditorium.

Carina Sophia Margarita Sabaro.

She's a miracle. And my granddaughter. Step-granddaughter. And she's eighteen, as though that makes me any less of a sinner.

I make the sign of the cross over my chest with my left hand, because my right one has a chokehold on my dick right now.

There's no part of my dirty soul does not know these feelings are wrong. She's been mine to raise for the last three years. She is my charge. I am her steward.

I should not do the things I do. Think the things I think.

Worrying about being on the right side of anything never bothered me before her. My entire life was built on wrong; and in my heart, nothing has ever felt more right than when I watch her dance. Or laugh. Or sew. Or read

her smutty books. Or curse like a black-hearted soldier in my underworld army.

With her every fucking breath, my life changes.

High notes of Tchaikovsky spin in the log rafters with the morning sun coming in streaks through the skylights. The music twists around the wrought-iron chandeliers decorated with evergreen and red bows and cascades in luminous echoes throughout the hundred-seat auditorium I built just to watch her dance on stage.

For me.

The music toils along with my conscience as she spins on pointe, dipping her hands to the floor and then sweeping them upward, raising her chest like a thread of silk caught in a summer breeze. When her toe moves up to the sky, my cock does the same. She is an angel incarnate, sent to make me pay for my years of sin and depravity. The one thing in my life I desire more than anything else is untouchable.

Off limits.

The scent of evergreen and cinnamon from the fourteen decorated trees that line the back of the stage does nothing to cover the memory of the vanilla and sugar custom French shampoo I order especially for her that she used this morning in the shower.

I know because I watched her. I smelled her.

On the eve of her eighteenth birthday under the guise of updating her ensuite bathroom as a birthday gift, I had a crew gut the space, re-building it into a shrine of marble and glass along with installing a two-way mirror and a small vent with a fan that feeds me her scent as I watch her in depraved silence behind the glass.

God help me, I cannot stop.

It was a year ago when my desire dug its claws into me and refused to yield any longer. I succumbed at last to the weakness born inside of me by her now womanly curves and budding breasts. The fire-colored highlights in

her auburn hair. The way her honey-brown eyes turned sensual and that V between her legs beckoned for my touch.

God, forgive me for the things I've done and the things I've yet to do.

She's known me as nothing but Papa since she was six years old and her mother married my son. As in most marriages in my family, it was a business partnership devoid of love.

That emotion does not belong in my world. Nor in the world in which I live.

All those years ago, she stunned me into silence the first time we met with her sniffly nose and defiant golden eyes. She stirred my soul, but not in the way she does now. As a child, my feelings for her were not those of a lusty old man. Children do not interest me in that way. I've had the privilege of dismembering and de-balling a few lechers that preyed on the innocent over the years.

I break many laws, but some are sacrosanct.

I knew I would protect my granddaughter and guard her with my life. I would turn the seas red with the blood of anyone who brought a tear to her eye. Nothing had come close to what she spun inside me, not even when my own son was born.

I had ice in my veins.

As it happened, I knew her only for a few short years before I spent a decade behind bars. From there, I made a deal with those who wished me and mine dead. I would retreat to the north, abdicate my throne to my son and disappear into the frozen ether.

And for this, my family would be spared any wrath from rival families that should be directed toward me.

But, truces are fragile and promises are mere words washed away by lust and greed and blood.

Carina spins, her head whipping around as she goes faster, then raises a leg, her knee to her chin ending on a soft plie and my erection stiffens as I work

it in the darkness, encircling the greedy length with rough fingers and a depraved mind.

Spin for me, honeysuckle. Spin and bend, hands on the floor, ass high. Tell Papa you love him while he strips you of your virtue and seals your fate with the splash of my seed against your womb.

Call me Papa when I'm between your legs. Always remember you are my most precious secret, even when I'm fucking you like a dirty little toy.

I fist my girth as it pulses in my hand, giving in yet again as I've done more times than I care to remember.

The music lifts to the ceiling. The tips of her toes hold the tentative burden of her slight frame as I spit onto the swollen head of my cock, pre-cum not enough for me to imagine her warm wetness surrounding me.

I know, baby, don't cry. It's a lot, I'll feed it to that unbreeched hole you've been saving for me an inch at a time. I want to savor the moment I ripped your purity from your body, your blood splashed on my balls, swirling around my dick like stripes on a candy cane.

I bite back my groan as the pace of my hand blurs. I yank and squeeze, torturing myself for what I feel, but helpless to stop, willing her to give me pleasure even in secret. My balls crawl and ache as my jaw locks.

Her cheeks rise with deep pink as she twirls and twists, the force of her effort showing in the strain on her forehead, in the tendons of her neck, the same way she will strain under me the first time her lithe body takes the brunt force of my obsession with her.

I'll fuck my granddaughter, by God. I'll breed her with the impossible weight of the seed in my balls, over and over until she can never get away.

She's breaking me one arch of her back at a time. She will hate me in the end, I'm sure of it, but that no longer is enough to persuade the demons inside me to do what is right.

Nothing in my life has moved me like she has. Not the birth of my son, nor my own contractual marriage to a heathen of a woman that doubled my fortune but reminded me that I am not a man made for happily ever afters.

Not that I expected one. No, we went into our union knowing the hatred we carried for one another would never diminish. It grew exponentially, but creating an heir to our black kingdom was the only purpose of our marriage.

But, I could never bring myself to fuck my wife. Body and mind refused the consummation, but there was business to be done and we found a way. Night after night, I worked my cock with my hand, spilling my seed into a cup as she stood on the other side of the door, waiting.

From there, she did what she did. It took two months. My fucking dick nearly fell off it was so raw, but she bore a son and our business flourished.

I give myself a few soothing strokes as the music tempo slows, my fingers dancing along my shaft in time with my granddaughter's graceful movements.

Up and down. Side to side. Faster. Slower.

With every nuance of the dance, the beast inside me grows. The pain in my balls turns my vision sparking white when the final crescendo weaves into the space between us.

Her eyes drift to the empty seats. She knows I'm here, watching, ever present. As she spins, her body turning to a blur, my fist beats up and down, my flesh making a wet *tic-tic-tic* sound with the fury of my dark pleasure.

I palm the swollen knob, then back down the shaft, clenching harder, strangling the shame from me as I beat off to the vision of her riding me, eyes rolled back, calling me...

Papa.

My chin drops to my chest, my vision blurring before the muscles in my thighs twitch, my grip crushing, my strokes manic.

Come for me, angel. Baptize me with you as I burrow into your untouched body and create a life from my obsession.

A life made from both of us. A life that will bind you here with me forever.

As the final note of the composition plays through the sound system, the floor vibrates and I choke back my depraved bellow. Grabbing the armrest

with my other hand, I hold on for my life. Hot spend spurts from the swollen tip of my erection as she takes her final plie, then a bow, head to her knees, arms outstretched as the wicked pleasure turns my blood to flame.

I clench my ass, raising my hips from the cushioned seat, my core lanced with pain and pleasure as the force of my climax speeds my heart and the muscles of my core flex into spasm.

When she falls to the wooden floor of the stage panting, I grit my teeth, my balls heave the last spurts of my releasee. Her legs and arms spread wide with her eyes toward the ceiling. Heated cum drips onto my knuckles and into the seams where my fingers hold a vice grip on the solid steel of my girth.

Never have I been so hard. Not even in my youth. There is no blue pill on this planet that could give me wood like she does.

“Papa?” she calls to the darkness, her head turning on the floor of the stage. “You are out there, right? I see your outline. How did I do? Good enough for the party?”

“Perfect,” I grunt, my throat raw, mouth dry as I rip my handkerchief from my back pocket for a hasty cleanup, then battle my still-stiff boner into my pants.

“You always say that,” she chirps back, pushing up to sit cross-legged, holding her hand flat over her eyebrows like a salute, squinting. “Come out where I can see you. You’re like some creeper in the back of a porn theater.”

Yes, yes, I am and you’re my little triple X starlet.

“Coming.” I push to my feet, lightheaded with white dots in my vision from the power of the orgasm, my dick tugging at my boxers where they are stuck with the sticky cum.

“I felt like I totally flubbed that Rond de Jambe en L'air in that last Arabesque.”

On a burning exhale, I move to the aisle and walk into the light. She's my greatest distraction. I meant only to stay for a minute before heading to my workshop where business awaits. As it always does.

"There wasn't anything out of place." I grunt clearing my throat, stuffing my hands in my pockets and stalling ten steps from the edge of the stage as she stretches her legs in a wide 'V' in front of her, leaning forward onto her elbows, her chin in her hands.

God, what I could do with that flexible little body.

I want to praise the fuck out of her, but my control hangs by a silk thread. The twisting in my belly competes with the iron bars I keep around my heart, knowing she's the one who holds the key.

"Are you okay, Papa?" she says, her brow worried as she sits up and runs her hands down her legs, massaging her calves while alternating between pointing and flexing her toes. Her melodic voice flutters around in the logged walls of the auditorium like a thousand butterflies.

I built this place as a shrine to her. The construction took a year under my meticulous scrutiny.

Getting things done here, north of nowhere in the Canadian wilderness, requires not only money but influence. The world moves slower here.

The three months out of the year when it's not blue balls cold out, I had teams working round the clock. By winter, the enormous addition to the mansion was enclosed and the remainder of the work could be completed come blizzard or Armageddon.

I wanted her on stage. Under the lights. Performing.

For me.

Even as I realize each addition to the compound here is just another golden bar on her gilded cage, I can't stop.

"Yes," I answer, taking a step back. "Things on my mind."

"Investment problems?" She rolls her head around on her elegant neck, looking upward and around the room. "I knew you shouldn't have spent so

much building this. It's over the top, Lucy and I don't need such extravagances."

Lucy. Her stepsister. My granddaughter by blood. I care for her deeply, but nothing like how I feel for Carina.

They are as different as summer sunshine and winter storms. Both necessary and beautiful in their own way, but Lucy is more like me than even I choose to admit. I've told Carina I am an investor. Stocks, currency, commodities and the like. I keep it vague and she doesn't delve.

If she knew the truth, she would leave and my life would be over.

When Carina's hands move from her calves to her thighs, my gaze lingers between them where I know her tight, wet pussy is waiting for my claiming.

I shake my head, choking on my own saliva as my mouth waters like a mountain river in spring, then run a hand over the top of my head. Keeping space between us is the only way.

Deep down, the last spark of a civilized man in me hopes I will grow weary of her. That this is some chemical imbalance that will right itself in the frozen winter nights and sweep away the endless dreams of my cock pushing into the slick wetness of her virginity. And that all those depraved fantasies will be replaced by bloodshed and the ruthless pursuit of leaving this ice-ridden hideaway, so I can return to my rightful place as the kingpin of the empire I was forced to leave back in Chicago.

"You deserve everything," I mutter as I force myself to turn away, each step like walking through wet cement as the soft brushing of movement comes from behind, then there's the delicate *tap tap tap* of her feet on the carpeted aisleway.

Keep walking.

Don't turn around.

Filthy thoughts ricochet around in my brain as my heart battles against my sternum.

I move faster, but her arms loop around latching over my stomach, her soft body pressed against my back, spinning me into the ether, my barely softened cock returning to its full steel length.

“I love you, Papa,” she whispers, the words writhing up my spine like vipers and biting with a venom that singes the very darkness of my soul, turning it toward the light.

Push her away.

This will ruin us both. Ruin the little control I have on my empire. Put us all in danger.

I wrestle myself from her grasp. Memories of her hugging my legs this way when she was young burst through me in flaming shame. The devil on my shoulder rants telling me to shove her down onto the red carpet under our feet and drive through her innocence. To paint my cock with her virgin blood.

The seats at the end of each aisle are decorated with ridiculous giant red bows that taunt me, whispering that the greatest gift of all would be her virtue dripping red after I tore it from her painting the walls of her womb with my seed.

Leaving my humanity behind has been part of my job. Part of my strength. Being cold-hearted and emotionless is the only route through the minefield of lust for my granddaughter, but it’s tearing me apart.

With brute force, I untangle her arms from my waist, the heat of her touch burns as I catch the growl in my throat, my balance unsteady. Nothing has prepared me for this. For her.

“It’s nearly lunchtime. You should get dressed,” I manage, walking toward the open door at the top of the auditorium.

Since she and her sister arrived here, we have dined together for every meal barring illness. I have not missed one time. It is the foundation on which I’ve built my pseudo fatherhood for my granddaughters. A place and time every day that I can give them the few good and kind parts of me. Listen to them laugh and tell their stories.

Fight and curse and ask me their silly questions.

These meals together assure me that the two delicate birds I keep here in my icy cage are happy. Thriving. Though I know, it's a lie.

How could they be happy? They are young women, they should be out in the world, exploring, learning.

Experiencing.

For Carina, it is something I could never allow. For Lucy, it would be possible, but if anyone hurt either of them, the inferno I would light would melt the ice caps and turn this northern land of ice into scorched earth.

Watching Carina at our meals these last months has become torture. With every drink she takes, as her lips touch the crystal glass, a sea of jealousy drowns me.

"I have to go. I will see you at lunch." These are all the words I will allow. Any more and I will be spewing the filth that ravages my brain day and night, telling her how a monster like me would take a beauty like her. How I want to ruin her with my depravity.

"Okay." Her single word is laced with sadness, and I cannot bear to turn and give her comfort. If I touch her, she will hate me forever for the things I want from her.

I will forgo my desires to retain her love.

This is what I tell myself at least.

The devil and I both know it's a lie.

CHAPTER 2



Carina

I can't wash away the tangle of tension lodged below my belly button. No amount of rubbing and squeezing my legs together will unknot the threads of lusty burden that torture me day and night.

All I want for Christmas is my grandfather.

God, take away this shameful longing before I do something we will all regret and destroy what's left of my family.

The wash of the sweet scent of my shampoo mixes with the scalding water as I attempt to cleanse myself of my dirty thoughts. I dig my fingertips into my scalp, rasping my nails around and around, jaw locked, praying silently for relief.

How could it be that the man I imagine as I read all the dirty books I order online is him?

Every. Time.

I don't care if the book describes the hero as a twenty-year-old blonde Orc with a lisp and four legs. It's. Always. Him.

Gennero Maricio Sabato.

My stand-in father and by all rights my grandfather. The only man I've ever loved.

Although, over the years, that love has turned from a warm mulled cider into a flaming shot of moonshine.

When I was little, he was this bigger-than-life man who lingered on the edges of our lives. His power radiated through every room he occupied, forcing me to cower and sneak looks at him from behind the teddy bear I still have as I held it in front of my face.

As I turned from little girl to young woman, my fear became awe. He came back for only a short time after prison, but it was enough to cement within me a belly-twisting crush that paraded through my dreams ever since.

He had the kind of face that told you life had not been easy. But for all the fraught furrows of his brow and darkness in his eyes, he was beautiful in his mysterious and brooding way.

He went away for many years, paying some price—for what, I do not know. I am not naïve about the business of the Sabato family. Drugs, guns, gambling, and loan sharks and who knows what else.

It is what took him away to the walls of prison, then drove him north to never return even as our family flailed and faltered, needing his strength and guidance. The business is also what killed my mother and my stepfather, and I will never follow in the footsteps of those Sabatos who came before me.

Thankfully, my grandfather did his time and changed his ways. That is why he retreated here to the north, staying far away from the life of crime that sent him into exile. He learned his lesson and for that, I love him even more.

I do miss Chicago. The art, the shopping, having friends, being around civilization. But there are perks here as well. I love our reindeer.

The slower pace of life.

Time to read as many books as I want and a library that rivals the one from Beauty and the Beast.

Then, there's the zero-crime rate even in Carriage Town, the biggest city within a thousand miles. It's quaint and lost in time with its clock tower and horse-drawn sleigh rides.

And then there's being with Papa. Every. Single. Day.

His hair has drifted toward silver these last years from the dark sky and silver moon colors of my childhood, but the contrast with the deeper lines on his face and the magnificence of his icy blue eyes only makes him more appealing.

Why is it that men grow sexier and more attractive as they age? It's unfair, but none of that seems to matter to my feminine places. They all react to him with heaving breaths and tightening strings that feel ready to snap at the slightest pressure.

How many times have I imagined the weight of his hard-muscled body bearing down on me? Forcing itself between my thighs as his manhood invades my untouched wetness?

As frustrated tears mix with the hot water, I work my fingers between my folds, begging for relief but to no avail.

I finish rinsing my hair, then squirt the conditioner Papa orders special for us into my palm and work it through before turning the streaming water to the coldest setting. I take the shocking pain down into my core, hoping it will freeze away all the wrong inside me and leave me weary enough to dampen my desires for at least a few hours.

Once I'm rinsed and chilled down to my marrow, I twist the chrome handle until the water stops, letting it drip from my goosebump-covered body. I run my hands down the ripples of my ribs, resting them on the points of my hips, which are more accentuated in the last months as I struggle with every bite of food, the ever-present voice in my head telling me every great dancer must be flawless.

Not just thin, but impeccable. Every instructor and dance teacher since I started ballet at five years old has shamed me for my love of food; and

somewhere along the line, I turned every morsel into an enemy. Food became my nemesis and a function only to keep me fueled enough to push through another practice. Another day.

I reach for the fluffy white towel sitting on the antique table with the Carrera marble top that matches the counters, floor and shower walls and swipe it down my chest and arms, then squeeze the water from my hair. My skin warms, anticipating the reaction my body will have when Lucy and I enter the dining room for lunch where Grandpa will inevitably be poised in his place at the head of the table. More than likely dressed in a white T-shirt and jeans, or a black suit, white shirt and red tie.

He's a contrast in his sharpness and flickers of softness. He's pulled away from me more and more this last year, almost in diametric opposition to my growing attraction to him.

"Carina!" Lucy's voice cuts through the remaining steam in the mammoth en-suite bathroom as I wrap the white terrycloth towel around my body, then flip my wet hair over my head and spin another towel around, securing it in place. "You have five minutes to get dressed or we will be late to lunch. Grandpa does not take kindly to lateness."

She pokes her head through the opening in the heavy wooden door.

"For fuck sake!" I hunch up, imagining her walking in here when I was touching myself. "Privacy? Heard of it?"

She shrugs. "I've heard of Santa Claus and flying reindeer too. Doesn't mean they exist."

I roll my eyes. She's almost as impatient as Leonardo, my pet reindeer when it's dinner time.

I grab the lotion from the counter and start rubbing it down my arms as I think of the first night we were here after our parents were gunned down by a rival family over a disputed delivery of God only knows what. I was immediately obsessed with the giant red barn and the enormous fuzzy animals that occupied the pastures around it.

Grandpa gave us both rules when we arrived and one of them was never to go to the barn alone and never into the reindeer pens or pastures. He said

they were dangerous and unpredictable. They were wild animals and needed an experienced adult to handle them.

But, I was a sad young woman and my curiosity drew me out into the starlight of that July night toward the mysterious creatures with the giant antlers that surely helped Santa deliver all the gifts I had received under the tree.

I stole away with some carrots from the kitchen in my night dress and bare feet. Even in July, the night air was cool and the wet grass soon turned my toes frosty.

As I worked to unlatch the gate, the herd turned my way, snorts and stomping of hooves wrapped around the quiet of the night as stepped into the paddock holding out my hand with the orange offerings, mud squishing between my toes. “Hi, my name is—”

I didn’t get my name out before the herd spun, twisting and darting this way and that, coming closer, closer, sniffing and pawing at the ground until they were whipping around me as I hugged myself. The damp scent of fur and dirt spun in the air. I wondered if Lucy would find me the next morning trampled into the dirt on my first night in my strange new home with my grandfather that made my belly feel funny.

I fell to the ground, cowering with a sob when a warmth came over me. The noise around me became muffled. Coarse fur brushed my forehead then a stern snort from above forced my eyes open.

Looking up with all the bravery I could muster, there I saw the biggest of the reindeer standing like a bridge over me. Two thick front legs caged my shoulders, his head bowed with steam snorting from his flaring nostrils, driving the rest of the herd back into the far reaches of the paddock.

That reindeer stood guard over me until Papa came looking hours later, the sun just peeking over the horizon.

“That’s Leonardo. He’s the herd leader. And your protector from the looks of it.”

Papa had given me a stern talking to that night, along with a cup of hot chocolate before tucking me into bed and muttering something about

upgrading the security system.

From that day forward, Leonardo has been my best friend. Outside of Lucy, of course.

“Carinaaaaa,” Lucy sings my name, still looking at me impatiently while I stand in front of her in towels.

“God damn,” I say with a grimace, “I’m coming. I’ll just throw on my jeans and be right there. Fuck.”

“Stop swearing, trash mouth. No shirt?” She gives me a considering squint. “Gonna be a lively lunch. Let’s go!” She claps twice, then disappears back into my bedroom as I drop the towel and struggle to stuff my damp legs into the denim, not bothering with underwear. “What do you want for Christmas this year, the girl with an unlimited Black Amex asked of her sister with the same?”

“Donuts and flying lessons,” I call toward the open door. “Same as last year.”

“Grandpa will buy you all the donuts in Canada if you just ask him. But, are you going to eat them?”

“Maybe. If I get a tapeworm.”

She chuckles, but it’s not funny and we both know it.

“Well, the flying lessons you know are a no-go. He would never let you go that far away from here and flying is dangerous. You’ve been asking for flying lessons every year since we got here and it’s a big ole nope from Papa.”

I sigh and a lump lodges in my throat as I tug on my white thermal shirt dotted with red snowflakes. I gave up bras six months ago. My chest is barely there, but still, as I think of the stoic man that will be sitting at the head of the table, my nipples tighten, pushing through the fabric.

My sister is right on both counts as far as the donuts and flying lessons.

The donuts, I’d never eat, but I wish I could.

And the flying, that's been my stretch life goal since we flew here three years ago over the icy mountains and landed with a bump and a splash as Lucy covered her eyes and I watched out the tiny airplane window with wide eyed wonder.

When we switched from the big commercial jet to the little bush plane, it was a woman who took the seat behind the wheel, looking like a female version of Indiana Jones in her worn bomber jacket and faded jeans. She landed that buzzy little plane on the mirror surface of Lake Harpon, the lake which is encircled by my grandfather's property; and from that moment forward, I wanted to be like her.

Papa has since built a landing strip on the other side of the lake in case we need emergency flight service for sickness or whatever. At least that's what he said.

I tug at the hem of my shirt, pulling my shoulders back. I have the chest of a twelve-year-old girl, which is great for ballet, but not great for dangling my forbidden fruit in front of my grandfather in an attempt to garner a lusty second glance.

Not that I would know what to do if he did. I mean, in theory I do, I've read enough smut to turn my brain as sooty as a chimney.

It's more a game of sorts. There's no possibility in this world or any other that he would desire me the way I do him, but it hasn't stopped me from a dangerous game of teasing and toying with the man who saved my sister and me from the life of madness and crime that is at the very core of our family legacy.

That legacy took my mother from me, and my stepfather, such as they were. They were loving toward us in their way, but not to each other. They were distant and engulfed in the power struggle of an all-consuming life of violence and chasing down dirty fortunes.

"Come *on*," Lucy calls while I curl my toes on the cool marble floor, swiping the heel of my palm over the steamy mirror, taking in my blushed face and wet hair.

I have my mother's strange golden-brown eyes and my father's burnt copper hair. My face is more square than oblong and my cheeks still rival those of any chubby infant. I've never been conventionally beautiful like Lucy, but up here in no-man's-land, there're no girl cliques or peer groups to set any sort of standard.

I unscrew the cap on the gold and white glass jar on the sterling silver tray between my double sinks and dip my finger into the silky French cream, lathering it onto my face, thankful that my teenage acne has quit being so dramatic.

"I'm starving," Lucy says. "And you better eat. I don't want to sit there and watch Grandpa have an aneurysm watching you poke at your food and not take a bite."

I step out of the bathroom as she stabs her index finger my way. "He doesn't notice," I say, running my tongue along my teeth, thinking I should brush them again before lunch, then rustle my hair into loose wet waves with my fingers.

"The hell he doesn't." She bounces on the edge of my bed, wearing a red leather jacket, white t-shirt and black wide-leg slacks with combat boots and a pair of red headphones around her neck.

She's the Vogue to my plain Jane and I do envy her effortless sense of style.

I'm far better at decorating my room than I am myself. My room is warm and quirky, like a blend of Town & Country meets Seventeen Magazine. Papa spares no expense when it comes to pretty much anything we want. He says very little, but a quick nod of approval at some minor or major request makes my stomach light with the wings of a thousand butterflies.

The coffered ceiling of my room is painted with clouds and blue sky and the walls are a fresco of a winter forest through a haze of pink and purple, like a Kawaii scene from Frozen.

I have a fuzzy white beanbag the size of a compact car in the corner by an enormous bay window, where I spend hours reading the stacks and stacks of books Papa lets me order.

We have no sort of spending limit, but I do know that he approves every order we place and sometimes I wonder what he thinks of the bevy of man chests that decorate the covers of many of my book orders.

My stomach rumbles as I twist my wet hair into a tight bun while Lucy gives me a look. My jeans hanging low on my hips as my shirt lifts exposing my belly. “You’ve lost more weight. If I can tell, he can too.”

“It’s just nerves. This year our performance on the new stage, I feel like it needs to be spot-on, fucking perfect. I don’t want to embarrass Grandpa.” I don’t tell her that my shameful anxiety about my growing attraction to my grandfather makes it next to impossible to eat, more so than usual.

She inspects her blush-colored nail polish, still bouncing absentmindedly on the edge of my canopied king-sized bed covered in an antique chenille pink and white bedspread. “You could never embarrass him. Besides, he doesn’t give a ripe reindeer shit about any of those people that come to the party. He just does it because—”

She stalls, then shrugs, twisting a golden strand of her hair in and out between her index and middle finger. “I don’t even know why he does it.” She back-peddles, her tone hints that she’s hiding something. “Whatever, come *on*.”

She nods at the door on one last bounce before standing, her blonde beach waves perfect as always, splitting over her shoulders and down her back. She’s the Elsa to my Anna. Always in control, total type A, tall, lithe, elegant in a perfectionist sort of way, where I’m more artist than engineer. Even in our style of dance.

She’s technically without flaw; whereas I may miss a step or improv a move, but I’m more fluid. More in the moment instead of planning them all.

I tug on my red elf slippers with the jingle bells on the toes and follow Lucy into the hall. The entire mansion is a holiday wonderland like it is every year at this time. It’s the one holiday that Papa goes completely bonkers. He hires an entire crew to come in and decorate from the tops of the chimneys down the gates of the driveway.

Gates that are formidable enough to rival The Wall in Game of Thrones.

We have every movie and TV show available here on DVD and on this weird private streaming service. Papa says it's because there're no other good channels up here, but that doesn't seem plausible.

He makes sure we have access to the internet for ordering anything we want, but the controls on our computers block most of the other worldly sites. News and live TV are blocked. Any sort of other websites for deliveries from the big mega online retailers or small Etsy shops and man chests galore are A-okay.

Maybe, now I'm 18, he'll loosen things up, but he hasn't mentioned it. And honestly, what do I need the news for, anyway?

Lucy grabs at a spring of holly on the endless garland draped along the banister as we descend the mammoth carved wooden staircase to the main level and sticks it behind her ear. "You excited for the party? Gonna be so extra extra this year."

I nod on an exhale as the bells on my toes make soft tingling sounds with each step. "Yes, I just want it to be perfect."

"You gotta give up perfect, girl." Lucy waves a hand at my face in all her Barbie Doll glory. "It's an illusion."

Ironic. Because she's the one person I see as perfect. When we first met, she was a bully. Her father was her entire world since her mom disappeared when she was a baby and was later found... sleeping with the fishes, if you get my meaning. Seems she decided to turn on the family, thinking she could get a better set up elsewhere.

Pretty sure that did not work out how she planned.

So, for Lucy, having her dad marry my mother was not in her plan. I wasn't a superfan of the whole deal either, but I wanted my mother happy. My father had died just the year before in a car accident and my little girl heart thought if Mama's happy, maybe I get to be happy.

Surprise. Their marriage was not about happy. Nor were any that I saw since then.

Marriage is for business, not pleasure in the Sabato world.

As things became clearer over the years, Lucy shifted from resenting me to protecting me; because in the mix of danger and power, our parents abdicated their positions as caregivers and Lucy turned her anger towards them into a fierce guarding of me.

From there, we wove together a sisterhood and a friendship made up of fear, our mutual love of ballet, trashy romance, K-dramas, and grief.

Aside from Papa and me, the only other person she trusts is Mama. Our babysitter, housekeeper, and volunteered grand-nana of sorts. This is our chosen family. Mama and Papa, as we call them. They are our stand-in parents, and if I'm being honest, they do a far better, if not unconventional, job than our own did or would have done.

Lucy blathers on about the angle of her back arch as we walk my toes making music as we go while the candles flicker in the wall sconces and soft instrumental Christmas music plays on the sound system throughout the massive log cabin. A flush covers me as we enter the dining room, like it does at every meal.

Though, seeing my grandfather sitting at the head of the table, always waiting, also wraps me in a familiar cloak of safety. He's our rock. He's no marshmallow, as they say, but he is reliable.

The slick varnish on the walnut Chippendale table reflects the lighting from the woven antler chandelier hanging from the vaulted ceiling. The entire house is an exercise in contrast.

It's essentially a log cabin on steroids. I don't know about square feet, but it's as big as a small hotel and decorated like a Georgian plantation, accented with bold modern artwork and expansive windows.

An original Miro hangs above the buffet to my left and a matching set of black and orange Rothkos fill the opposite wall from floor to ceiling.

There are always fourteen candles in sterling candelabras standing in line down the center of the table, at lunch and dinner. They flicker and give off the scent of persimmons and oranges.

There's a tick in the muscle above my grandfather's left eyebrow, the furrows in his brow deepen as we enter. He's perfectly still wearing a white

t-shirt and jeans, his hair and beard thick and calling for my fingers to weave through and whisper all my secret wishes into his ear.

My toe bells give off one last jingle, and I don't need to look at the Ormolu gold leaf table clock on the buffet to know we are late.

"It's *her* fault," Lucy announces as she slides into her chair at Grandpa's right side.

His blue eyes make my heart speed, blood pumping through my veins in a greedy rush to swell the knots below my belly button.

His gaze drifts over my chest, a flicker passes over his sharp features as my braless nipples tighten, flirting with him from under the thin fabric of my shirt.

God help me, I'm so turned *on*. My horny body is making promises to him I could never keep, but the heat in my core is hopeful.

He lifts his hand, gesturing to the seat to his left and I slide into my place as Mama bumps her round rear into the swinging door separating the dining room from the kitchen, pushing it open with a gigantic silver tray in her hands.

"Always late, you two. You should not make your grandfather wait. It shows disrespect." She chastises in her thick Italian accent as she shuffles toward Papa with a thin smile, her white lace-edged apron pulled tight across her bosom, setting the tray down on the buffet before presenting a bowl of pasta fagioli to my grandfather.

He gives her a nearly imperceptible nod of approval and she sets down the bowl, then brings one to each of us before scurrying back through the door, muttering to herself in Italian. A few moments later, she returns with a carved bread bowl full of steaming rolls covered in two white linen napkins.

Once she's satisfied with the placement of the bread in front of Papa, she fists her hands on her chubby hips. Her hair is always pulled tight into a gray bun at the back of her head, with pearls adorning her neck and bright red lipstick.

“Your tutors delivered your grades today.” Mama locks her jaw, shooting a glare my way while I watch Gennero deliver the ornate silver soup spoon to his perfect lips and draw in the broth from the soup and oh God, I want to be that spoon.

As he swallows, his Adam’s apple moves in his throat south of where the line of his silver-gray beard stops on his neck. He holds his spoon frozen in place above the steaming bowl of pasta and vegetables, turning first to Lucy, then to Mama.

“And?” He asks, dipping his spoon back into the rich red soup, scooping up two curled fusilli and a sliced carrot as I stare at his perfect fingers. “How were their reports?”

Lucy and I have not been to school since we arrived here. Our grandfather arranged for tutors and even though we both have technically graduated high school, he insists education never ends. Since we are stuck here with only rare and supervised contact with the outside world on approved outings, our studies have continued into broader and more challenging territories.

Like contemporary art, which I enjoy.

But, also Latin. And the study of economies and how money flows around the world.

Or, equally as entertaining the corruption of the world bank and who really is in charge of the federal reserve.

Gag. But what Papa wants, Papa gets.

I only wish that was me.

“Well.” Mama reaches for the last bowl left on the tray, waddling to the other end of the table and placing it on the linen placemat, then sliding the chair out and settling in the seat with a wiggle.

She trades a hard stare with Lucy, who shrugs going back to her soup, grabbing a roll with her other hand, nodding at me to push the crystal butter dish her way. Mama sniffs, the corners of her mouth turning south, then

goes back to her soup for a single slurp before spearing me with her dark eyes and I freeze.

She holds me there for a long moment that seems to stretch into eternity as I imagine my Latin tutor, exasperated and nearly in tears because I can't conjugate worth a fuck.

Then she pinches her fingers to her lips on a kissing sound, and breaks into a rare smile, showing off her crooked teeth with a missing incisor.

"Perfecto." She grins, winking at me, and I throw up my hands with relief.

Papa looks my way with stern approval and my insides melt into warm honey. Lucy doesn't even acknowledge his nod as the heat between my legs turns molten and I soak the seam of my pants considering the no-underwear choice may have been a bad one.

His gaze sticks on my chest and I thrust out my tits instinctively, while Lucy and Mama start back on their ongoing argument about whether the table decorations for the party tomorrow night should include variegated poinsettias or not. Mama says they are an abomination. And Lucy says plain red is for old farts.

Papa's shoulders square as he sits up, his shirt pulling across the flat muscle of his pectorals, his eyes still on my chest, tongue on his lower lip as my nipples do battle with the red snowflakes on my shirt, his spoon is sinking in his fagioli, a torn piece of bread pinched between his fingers as time seems to stop.

Touch me.

Here. Where you are looking.

Not with your eyes this time.

I'm sure he wants to tell me to go upstairs and put on a bra, but that's not his way. Somehow, with a look, Lucy and I know when we have done something well or something wrong.

Except for right now, I have no idea. I can't read the look on his face and it's making my head feel spinny.

A string of tension sings between us, flames flickering around my feet, my rapid pulse ticking in my neck as he takes an uneasy breath.

“*Lala!*” Mama barks, calling me her pet name when I’m lost in la la land.

“Jesus, *fuck*, what?” I clear my throat, tearing my eyes from Papa as Lucy stands from her chair, her bowl empty.

“Don’t curse.” Mama points her spoon my way. “You clean up your grandfather’s dishes. Lucy and I are going to settle our dispute on the centerpieces. A decision needs to be made today so the florist can fly in the flowers and deliver them on time. Oh,” she rolls her eyes, sinking her spoon into the bit of soup left in her bowl, then finishes, “Mort left a note on the door about the reindeer pooping on his property again.”

Mort’s our less than friendly shotgun wielding recluse of a neighbor. He’s nearly half a mile away, but he’s the closest neighboring human to Grandpa’s property.

He hates Papa and his big mansion and his ‘for-een’ accent, but he hates the reindeer more; and somehow, they repay his hatred by sneaking over to his place and leaving him little gifts now and then.

Mama turns my way as she pushes at the door. “You take care of your papa, yes?”

I nod. “Yes.” I stutter, barely able to breathe.

Visions of crawling under the table and taking care of more than his dishes sends heat prickling up my legs and over my chest, as the crotch of my jeans soaks through.

CHAPTER 3



Gennero

The idea of loving someone the way I love Carina was never in my plans.

No matter who was around me, I've been alone all my life. I enjoyed my fair share of company in my youth, but the demands were never worth the payoff for a man like me.

My time was mine and mine alone. As soon as someone started acting as though they had a say in what I did, when I did it, or how much time I spent with them versus everything else in my life, it was over.

But, not with my granddaughter. If she only knew how I'd cave to her every demand. I wish she would understand that for the first time in my life, I would take a knee in front of another human. Her.

I hear her voice everywhere. In the corners of my workshop. In the hallways. Outside in the whistling wind through the barn. In my fucking sleep.

Papa.

I hear her whisper my name a thousand times a day as I think of her soft, fragile body under me. How her barely-there tits would rasp against my chest, brushing in my chest hair, back and forth as I moved in and out of her while her elegant hands tore at my hair, begging me to stop one second, then in the next, to fuck her into forever.

But, if I give in, forever may be shorter than I think. For the first time in my life, I'm distracted to the point of pain.

Keeping her as mine is dangerous and unfair. But letting her go out into the world someday...it's impossible. My sanity dangles by a thin thread already. If she was not by my side with her wide eyes and filthy mouth and the way she looks at me like a fucking God...

I wouldn't last a day.

What if she kissed another man?

Let him touch her?

Would she marry and give her untouched innocence to someone else?

What would I do then? Track down the guy and mail his balls back to her in a box, letting her know the marriage was over?

Just knowing another man brushed his lips on her ivory flesh would send me into a darkness from which I would never emerge.

The world would be painted crimson. My revenge against all mankind would know no bounds.

No. She is never leaving here. It is safer for everyone.

On the planet.

Even if I never touch her, no one else will. If it takes chains and bolts and barricaded doors and motes laden with piranha to keep her, I will spare nothing to satisfy the burden of my jealousy.

I know it's selfish. I know it doesn't even make sense. But fuck if I care.

Anger claws at my chest, ripping through the muscle and flesh, breaking the bones of my ribs and my sternum to eviscerate my heart. Every move I've

made in my life has been calculated. But around her? I'm chaos.

I pull at the arms of the dining chair so tightly the joint cracks, drawing Carina's eyes.

She's sipping only her fourth spoonful of the soup broth from her bowl. I've counted.

I pray every night for her to find her peace with food. My inability to solve her own self-loathing is my greatest failure in life.

"Are you okay, Papa?"

Papa. Jesus, why does that word re-arrange my insides and turn me into the devil himself?

I'll show you Papa, my little honeysuckle.

Not the one you know, but the one you've created. The one that will burn in hell for wanting to finger your ass while stuffing that pretty little pink dream full of every meaty inch of him, telling you to call him Papa and promise to keep our special playtime a secret.

"I'm fine," I answer, my answer clipped, trying to find a fistful of control. I slide back from the table because being alone with her this close will end with her spread eagle on the table while I help myself to some sweet, juicy dessert.

There's the clink of silver on porcelain as I turn, stumbling as the length of my throbbing cock presses upward like a dagger raised for battle putting me off balance.

I knock my thigh into the table with a wince, the sound of glass breaking as I grip the wooden edge to right myself, but a sharp hissing inhale from behind makes me turn. As I pivot around, the world stops spinning.

Carina holds her left hand upward, her other clasping her wrist, eyes wide, lips parted.

"I'm sorry. When you bumped the table, I dropped the glass. I tried to catch it but jabbed it into my wrist. I'm so clumsy."

Fear rattles through me like an earthquake. I tug a white linen napkin from next to her plate and wrap it around her wrist.

I've never been a man that feared blood. I've seen enough in my life and hardly any of it was mine, but seeing Carina bleed...

The world goes soft around the edges as I drop to my knees in front of her, holding her hand high, swallowing against the lump in my throat. The only blood allowed in her life is when she's having her period, and I intend to stop that soon as well.

I know when she starts and stops. I'm sure others would cringe and say I'm a sick man and that's true, but when it comes to Carina, my sickness knows no bounds.

I have a whole fucking spreadsheet that tracks her cycle. She's a pad girl, which in my twisted way makes me happy. The only thing I want inside her is me.

"You'll be okay," I say on a ragged breath as my pulse races and sweat breaks over my brow. "I have to see how deep."

With fear piercing my heart, I curl the napkin upward just enough to see the spread of crimson soaking into the fabric, my gut rolling as I assess the location and severity of the injury.

Biting the inside of my cheek, I apply pressure, cupping her face with my other hand, brushing my knuckles over the pink warmth of her flesh.

"I need to get you to the back entry storage room. There are more medical supplies there. I'll carry you."

"It's okay, I can walk."

"No," I bark, pinching her wrist under my fingers, daring her blood to escape. "Put your hand here, hold it tight, just like I'm doing. Fingers here, thumb over the top of the cut." I replace my hand with hers, organizing her fingers exactly, pressing them downward until I'm sure the pressure is sufficient.

I know my voice is harsh, but it's how I speak to everyone. I've never developed a softer side, but if the world were different and Carina could be mine in all the ways I've dreamed, I'd be her dark marshmallow prince. I'd whisper the sweetest words into her ear and praise the fuck out of her for taking my cock down her throat until she lost consciousness.

Such a good cock sucker for Papa. You make me proud.

Ah, how I would rearrange myself for her.

"Good girl," I say as I loop my arm under her legs and around her back, feeling the ridges of her spine and her ribs making my heart hurt for my little princess whose been taught that curves are the enemy.

So many things to undo.

As I lift her like a feather, the soft pressure of her head rests on my shoulder, making me swirl with a protective, possessive force. With her body against my chest, I can't breathe. I've never touched her like this.

I knew better.

Now, oh God, now, what have I done?

"Thank you, Papa."

The hallway is a blur as my boots meet the wooden planks with a thump, thump in furious succession. Lust invades my brain and my blood, seeping into the deepest recesses of my marrow and my soul.

I wanted her before, but now that I'm cradling her softness in my arms, against my heart, there is no going back. Whatever fury waits on the other side of making her mine, I will subdue or conquer it; but nothing can stop the tidal wave that is crashing around us now.

Inside the storage room, I make a line for the wall where a stone-carved countertop with a deep sink is flanked by two large arched topped walnut cabinets full of medicines and supplies. Out here in the north, help is not readily available; I keep everything here for emergencies when even my power and money would not be enough to have medical services here fast enough.

“I’m really fine, I don’t need you to fuss, Papa.”

“You keep calling me that while I’m holding onto you—” I grimace, stalling the words on the tip of my tongue, shaking them away and settling her onto the counter facing me. “Never mind. Here, let me look.”

She offers her hands held between us as I grab her wrist with one hand and open the cabinet to my left with another, exposing shelves of bandages and tapes, antibiotics and painkillers.

Guilt lashes at me like the winter wind as I expose the gash, throwing the napkin to the slate floor. A trickle of blood oozes from the cut, staining her flesh and twisting knots down my back. Even now as she bleeds, my cock pulses behind my zipper, straining to get to the heat between her legs.

“See? Barely needs a Band-Aid.” She slays me with those golden eyes, the same ones I remember from the cowering little girl of six years old.

I’m a monster.

“I can’t risk infection.” The cut is only half an inch long and not deep, but the sight of her damaged, even from an accident, stirs rage inside me. “There will be no more glasses used. Only plastic.”

“Papa.” She smiles crooking her eyebrow. “It was an *accident*, I don’t think ridding the house of glasses is a reasonable reaction.”

“I’m not a reasonable man,” I snap, and my heart tears in two when she winces, her shoulders falling, chest caving as if she needs to be far from me. I bite into my cheek until the metallic tang of blood drifts over my tongue, lashing her wrist with antibiotic ointment, then covering it with a gauze pad and taping it in place. “Or a good man,” I mumble as my thumb traces the veins under the silky skin of her forearm.

She shakes her head. “That’s not true. You are a great man.”

There is so much you don’t know. So many things that would turn your naïve opinion of me inside out.

“You don’t know me.”

Her palms rest warm on my cheeks, the innocent touch disarming me and making my balls feel like lead weights between my legs.

“If you were such a bad man, why would people come from hundreds of miles away for your party every year? They all treat you like you are a king when they come. Who else would dress up as Santa and give away thousands... *tens* of thousands of dollars’ worth of presents? Not a bad man.”

If she only knew that all those people that come to our annual party, men and women, also have dark secrets. All of them hiding in one way or another from the crimes of their past. For a short respite here at Christmas, we all come together and lay down our grudges and wars for a few days a year.

“Carina...” I whisper, leaning my forehead to hers, my restraint shattering into a thousand icy crystals around my feet.

“Yes, Papa.” She draws back, her nose crinkled, lips pursed, then she says, “Lots of other handsome men are coming tomorrow. Maybe I’ll find my own prince charming of the north to sweep me away—”

I clench my teeth, dropping her wrist, clamping my fingers around her throat, my vision laced in red.

“You will not,” I grunt, the rage returning as I shove my hips between her legs, holding her windpipe in my hand as her eyes snap wide, head back, lips open.

What’s my move here?

I’ve got my granddaughter’s throat in my hand, my dick is as hard as the wooden logs of the walls and semen is seeping from the tip, wishing for the warmth of her womb.

“What if I do?” She hisses with the little oxygen my grip allows. A sparkle in her eyes tells me she’s pushing me. Punishing me. Toying and teasing me as she’s been doing for months. “Do you expect me to stay here, locked away with you forever? Maybe I want my own happily ever after with—”

I drive away the rest of that thought with my lips on hers. My hand falling from her throat to rest on top of her thumping heart.

Oh God, what have I done?

I'm kissing my granddaughter.

And she's kissing me back.

Our tongues touch and it's like a starter pistol for all the secret lust and desire I've been fighting for so long.

I have to stop now before it goes too far...

"I'd kill any man that put his eyes on you," I seethe, withdrawing for a breath as my chest clenches and my erection grows three sizes like the fucking Grinch of porn.

Her eyes lock onto mine, shimmering gold irises just a rim around her black pupils.

"Such bullshit. Are you jealous? Do you think you fucking own me?"

Fucking mouth on this girl.

It's going to learn what it was made for. "I've never drawn a jealous breath in my life. Until you. Until the day I looked at you and you left childhood behind and ran around here like a teasing brat without a bra with your ass hanging out."

Her mouth falls open as I reach around and give her hip a hard smack, relief washing through me like warm honey into tea. God, yes, now that's what she needs.

What I need.

I land another swat, watching the apples of her cheeks turn red and her pupils dilate.

"Really? You're going to *spank* me now? I'm *eighteen*, I think the days of spanking are long gone."

“You have no idea what I’m going to do to you now that you’re eighteen. Spanking should be the least of your worries.”

“Then, spank me again.” She challenges thrusting her chest out as the devil on my shoulder fist pumps the air.

Oh fuck. I knew it.

She’s as innocent as January snow, but deep down, she’s a hellcat that needs a strong hand and I’m just the Santa to give her the gift she needs.

I’ll be the only one to ever have that honor.

In a flash, I’ve got her hips pulled forward, placing her crotch against the steel bar in my pants. I bend her torso sideways so her ass cheek pulls off the counter, looping my arm around her back, holding her squirming body as I deliver another hard swat to her rear, enjoying her yelps and wiggles.

“Fight Papa all you want, I’ll always give you what you need. That’s what I’ve always done, isn’t it? Given you what you need?”

She twists her head my way and sticking out her tongue. This fucking girl, she’s it. She’s the gift I never knew I wanted, but now I will not live without.

“How do you know what the fuck I need?”

“You’ve been teasing me for months and now you’re gonna be a brat? No problem.” I crack my hand on her ass again.

“Ouch! That fucking hurts!” She’s screaming now, my heart nearly beating out of my chest. The sweet flavor of her kiss is still on my lips, making me rabid.

I pull her upward, sitting her squarely in front of me again, her eyes on fire as I lay down two more swats on her other hip before crushing my lips to hers, my hands like a vice on either side of her face.

Mounting the heat between her legs on my cock, I dry hump against her, grunting with the effort, my tongue driving between her lips as her fragile body melts against the iron hardness of my chest.

Am I really doing this? Am I really the kind of man who would take his own granddaughter and use her for his pleasure out here where she has no other options?

She's been here in this gilded cage for too long. She has pent-up frustrations and no outlet, I'm just the totem in the way of her surging hormones.

I'm fifty fucking years old. I'm *Papa*.

She answers my tortured thoughts by bucking her hips against me and digging her fingers into my shoulders. Her tongue meets mine warm in my mouth, turning me into a depraved bastard. My cock shoots higher as her lips slip against mine, our heated breath mingling with our frustrated kiss, her feet with those fucking jingle bell slippers lock around my ass, the tinkling sound accentuating every thrust of my hips.

Grunt.

Jingle.

Grunt.

Jingle.

Grunt, grunt.

Jingle, jingle.

What the fuck.

I can't think straight as we kiss; her warm, tentative tongue matches with my greedy, demanding one as she whimpers and grinds her covered pussy against my wood, clinging to me, tugging and pulling and moaning.

Jesus. What am I fucking doing?

It's more than pent-up lust. I want to do these things for her. Take care of her, feed her, give her a fucking bath and brush the waves of her hair while she reads me one of her dirty books. I want it all.

Her fingers dig into the tops of my shoulders as I deliver a few harsh bucks of my hips, rasping our fabric-covered genitals against each other and I can't breathe.

“Uh, uh, uh.” I grunt with each thrust, wanting in there, through that fabric, deep into her darkest parts so I can light her up inside with new life.

“More,” she mumbles into our kiss, her hips hitting a new gear, seeking refuge and relief that I will be the one to give her.

The only man. Ever.

I give it right back to her, nearly busting a nut as I spin her around. She clings to me up against the wall as I find a better angle to get at her pussy with the length of my shaft, driving up and down, up and down as she breaks our kiss, panting and blind as I dry fuck my granddaughter up against the wall.

“Come for Papa, baby. Show me who you are.”

“Who am I?” She babbles as our thrusting turns manic, desperate. Her hands leave my shoulders, tugging and twisting until she’s pulled her shirt above her tits, showing me those sweet little nipples I’ve watched a hundred times while she was in the shower.

“You are mine is who you fucking are.”

“Show me, Papa. Show me what it means to be yours.” She arches her back as I drag her body up and down over my dick, the wet heat between her legs soaking through her jeans and into mine as I draw her sugar and savory scent in through my nose.

“I will,” I say, holding her hips in the clutch of my fingers, dry boning her until her eyes roll back and she starts to shake.

She releases my name on her orgasm like a brand onto my soul. I will kneel before her and give up everything to keep my little snow queen safe and by my side for the rest of time.

If it means keeping her here in my frozen castle for the rest of her life, so be it. I’ve never felt joy like this. A sense of purpose.

As my own orgasm renders me sightless, I bite down on her barely there breast, pinching the skin in my teeth, marking her as my own.

Next stop will be delivering a very special gift deep inside that tight virgin pussy of hers.

“Santa’s coming, baby,” I growl into her tit, releasing my frustration as I bang her against the wall, my feet slipping on the floor with the effort as she goes boneless in my arms.

There is no stopping this now. How it will not come to destroy everything I’ve built, I don’t know.

But, she will come first. Now and forever.

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CHAPTER 4



Gennero

Fucking hell, I can't stop thinking about the sounds she made when she came. How her soft body melted into my arms as pleasure wove us together.

My obsession will not be quenched by a taste. It will only grow until the fire consumes us both.

I'm a sick fuck, yeah. I was probably headed to hell either way, but the devil must be sharpening his knives, thinking of all the ways he's going to torture me for this. He's probably getting the VIP treatment ready for me right now.

If it wasn't time for Lucy and Carina's dance lesson, with their teacher Alik turning up a couple of hours ago interrupting us, I'd be buried balls deep in her juicy cunt, instead of sitting here thinking about it while a ghost from my past shifts nervously just inside the private outside entrance to my workshop.

"Don Sabato..." Bobby Marconi inclines his head, and I have to suppress a laugh. Time was, Bobby would have gladly slit my throat had we crossed

paths. Now, he comes here with respect and contrition. Oh, how the world turns.

I stand and cross the room, holding my hand out. And when he shakes it, I pull him into a hug. It's strange, but these people from my past before I was forced into hiding give me a sense of familiarity and comfort. And under the rules of the Christmas truce, neither of us will try to kill the other. Not today.

"Fai come fossi a casa tua," I welcome him to my home. "Close the door, though. Those fucking reindeer will wander in here looking for a warm place to shit if I'm not careful."

He does as I say, then retrieves a medium-sized gift bag from the floor next to his snow-covered boots.

He always was a big guy. I remember him as a kid in the streets of South Chicago, running around everyone's ankles when I was in my early twenties, and fuck his mother made the world's best cannoli's.

Can't blame him for getting fat. It's no crime. I just wish I had a fucking cannoli right now.

"Your wife here with you?" I ask, smelling a faint whiff of alcohol on him, as if he needed a little Dutch courage to come in here and make his greetings.

He shakes his head, clearing his throat. "We're still settling in, you know? Just came to give you these—" He shakes the bag by his side. "—and make my apologies that I can't come tomorrow. Our apologies, I mean. Shelly and me."

There's a lot more in those words than he's letting on, but I won't press it. She's likely mad at him, upset that his life has led her here, away from friends and family and the life she thought she was building in the high rises of New York.

"How long you been here?" I ask. "A month? That first month or two can be tough, but she will get used to it."

That's the truth of this existence in exile, whether it be by the feds for witness protection or an agreement among families for whatever reason. I needed a truce, and this life bought that for me. A tense truce, but a truce nonetheless.

"That's what Don Pugliesi told me, too," he says with a nod, and a tickle of bile bites at the back of my throat.

I don't hate Alfredo 'the Don' Pugliesi. We've been allies a long time and I'd even go as far as to call him a friend. Such as friends are in my world.

But for the last two years, he's been pressuring me to marry Carina to his son, Sully.

That's not going to happen.

Not a chance I was going to perpetuate with my granddaughter the cycle that started generations ago—marrying for the sake of alliances, never love. I won't do it to Lucy and I sure as hell won't do it to Carina.

As my mind wanders back to the way Carina's tongue felt in my mouth, the taste of our kiss, I see Lucy coming at me with a kitchen knife, slashing at the air as I back away, spewing her hatred at me for what I have done with her sister.

I growl, then shake my head at Bobby's expression. His eyes bulge, his chest caved in. "You are fine. Reminded me I have business to settle with Alfredo, that's all," I say, trying to keep my dick from rising as the image of my teeth marks on her tit assault me.

When the Don arrives tomorrow with his fucking son, I'll be polite, but if he so much as mentions Carina, the Christmas truce will quickly become the Christmas massacre.

"It's a... nice place you got here," Bobby stutters, handing me the bag as I take my seat in a leather armchair and point him to the one next to me flanking the fireplace. "Someone said you got reindeer?"

I nod. "It's a reindeer farm. That's my cover. Really just pets for my granddaughters."

He grins. “How are they? They’re almost teenagers?”

“Carina’s eighteen,” I say, my voice breaking as I swallow back a sudden lump in my throat. “Lucy is twenty.”

“Wow. Time flies.”

I lift the bag onto my lap to cover my out-of-control dick that’s thickening by the second as I fight off the thoughts of breeding her, so next year, every-fucking-one at this yearly party will know she’s off fucking limits.

I have a lot of old enemies. Most know I’m in exile but not exactly where; if they did, there’s no guarantee they wouldn’t seek me out.

Bobby says the wrong thing to Shelly and she tells her sister back home because she’s got a bee in her bonnet about moving to the fucking wilderness with no Hermes shop within five thousand miles...and before we know it, somebody is trying to get to Carina to hurt me.

I can’t allow that. She needs to have a life free of this shit. But, not free of me.

How I’ll put those two opposing forces together, I still have to puzzle out.

“What’s in the packages?” I ask, staring into the bag. There are several neatly wrapped gifts inside.

Bobby jerks his head toward the bag. “Stuffed Elf on a Shelf deal, sets of those sparkly press on nails, some Christmas paint by number sets. I guess I forgot how old they were. I had to do the shopping this year. Shelly is boycotting Christmas. No disrespect to your granddaughters.”

God. Fucking hell.

I choke out a thank you thinking about how I dry-humped one of those granddaughters a couple hours ago telling her she and her pussy belonged to me now.

We shake hands then I usher him back out the door and into the frigid wind where his snow Cat is still rumbling.

I need to go jump in my ice bath, reset my focus and hope my cock turtles up, giving me a goddamn break for an hour.

There's a storm coming in, the warning came through on the radio this morning, but it's far enough away it shouldn't affect the party. I should go chop wood some wood or workout in the gym for a few hours. Something, anything to take the edge off.

I leave my monitors and computers in black mode as I step back into the hallway, locking the door behind me, then turn left toward the back coat room and one of the less conspicuous doors to outside.

But before I take two fucking steps, Carina twirls around the corner.

"Papa!" she squeals, breaking out in a wide smile, tip-toe skipping my way. "I was coming to find you."

What the fuck is she wearing?

Christ on the cross. I run my hands down my face, plugging my eye sockets with my fingers, my dick already a battering ram in my pants. The flavor of her lips still haunting me.

"How was practice, baby?" I grit out between clenched teeth as she spins my way, wearing the thinnest tights and bodysuit and come-fuck-me tutu.

Pink.

Just like the one she was wearing the day she stepped into this house four years ago.

Only, this one is smaller. Fucking teasing brat.

Blood pumps through my veins into my erection; the blinding pain in my balls nearly brings me to my knees as I imagine pumping all that seed into that baby making cavern between her legs.

"Alik was...*Alik*." She grimaces, then takes an elegant bow, her toes on pointe. "You know, the usual. But I think it went well. I think we are ready for tomorrow. You ready to show off your favorite granddaughter on the big stage?"

She winks, fucking *winks* at me; no one has ever winked at me and lived. Then, Jesus, then she does a perfect pirouette, turns away and bows.

Nose to her knees. Ass up. Head down. Perfect.

“You curse too much. I’m going to wash your mouth out with my tongue. Or maybe something bigger. And harder.” I say as she stands, looking at me over her shoulder, bobbing her eyebrows. “What else are you ready for?” I say as I bring down a hard smack on her cock-teasing ass and note the dark dot of wetness on the crotch of her leotard and the outline of the world’s cutest camel toe.

“Fuck, that feels good.” She rubs her ass with her hands, then turns on her toes, shrugs, falling down onto flat feet as I point at the floor in front of me.

Her hands rest on her hips, the protrusion of her bones making me feel weak as I reach down and adjust my hard-on.

“What do you want, Santa?” She flutters her dark eyelashes around those honey-colored eyes, making me clench my fists to keep from deep-dicking her right here in the hallway where the scent of roast beef and gingerbread wafts in the air from the kitchen.

I lean down, taking her pulse with my palm, fingers slipping around that delicate neck again, letting her know I control her every breath.

“I have everything I want, but I’m going to show you what I *need* later. But, it’s our secret, you understand that, right? No telling.”

She nods, swallowing as she fusses with her tutu, making me want to dive between her legs and feel all that tulle scratching at the sides of my face as I eat out her barely legal cunt and swallow down her sugar and spice nectar.

Her eyes darken and her body seems to shrink. “Lucy will hate me forever if she finds out.”

She offers a tight smile, but there is such sadness in her eyes. My self-hatred burns me from the inside out.

“Lala...” I use her pet name from Mama. “I know this is wrong. I’m wrong. I’m an ugly man, your grandfather. Not who you should want.” I’m twisted

with unfamiliar doubt and insecurity. Things I've never felt before. "You are young, sweet, and more beautiful than any masterpiece or perfect rose. If I were a stronger man, I would end this now."

"No!" She yelps, pushing onto her toes again, hands on my chest, clutching at my shirt, her sorrow echoing down the hall as I hear Mama clanking around in the kitchen. "Please, don't even say that."

"But you..." I brush my knuckles down her throat, her chest, and flatten my palm over her heart. Grinding my teeth, I point at myself. "And me."

Sadness hollows her features as I note the ripples of her breastbone under her skin. I vow to let her know, for the rest of her life, she is beautiful and worthy and loved without starving herself for some dance or some standard of ballet beauty.

"Don't do this, Papa. Don't push me away, not now, not after what I gave you. My first kiss, my first touch, my first—"

I press my fingers to her lips. If she says more, I'll drag her to my room and our secret will bring down our house by morning as I fuck her straight through the bed, then through the wall and into the swirling snow outside.

"I will never hurt you," I say, knowing it could be the biggest lie of my life. "Now." I warm her forehead with my lips, devouring her scent as my mouth waters, my longing to know the flavor of her pink petals pushing me to the edge of reason. "Go, get ready for dinner. Do not be late."

Lucy comes turning around the corner, eyes down on a tablet as I step back, leaving Carina unsteady as she falls against the wall with a yelp.

It's rare for Carina to be in this hallway near my 'workshop' as I call it. It's my command center really, where I still pull the strings and run the many aspects of my underworld dealings in Chicago and across the country.

But she thinks it's just my office where I focus on my investments. Clear my head. My testosterone space as she calls it.

Lucy's eyes do not hide her surprise to find us standing here together.

“What’s going on?” Her lids fall, narrowing her gaze, inspecting us both as she shifts, still in her leotard as well, but covered with her usual gray sweatshirt and black warm-up pants.

“Nothing,” Carina answers, righting herself on a shift of her hips, darting her eyes to me, shrugging. “Maybe some Christmas surprise plans. None of your business.”

Lucy isn’t buying it, which doesn’t surprise me. She’s got my intuition; she misses very little and a blade lances my heart, knowing I will need to be more careful. Keep my feelings for Carina on ice and our new dynamic in deep-fake level cover.

“I was asking Papa about something. For you. So, yeah.” Carina cocks her hip and crosses her arms, flinging her head like she’s flipping her hair back which does nothing since it is held on top of her head in a tight bun.

She’s an exceptional dancer but a terrible actress.

“Whatever.” Lucy shakes her head, her eyes fluttering dismissively as she turns back toward the kitchen, shooting me one last glance as a growl rumbles in my chest, knowing we all have secrets from each other.

“She’ll hate us both,” Carina whispers, pulling away from my hand as I trace my fingers in apology along her collarbone.

Then she skips back down the hall, taking part of me with her.

“I will make it right,” I promise to no one.

The devil has dealt me an impossible hand.

Too bad for him, I love a challenge.

CHAPTER 5



Carina

*I*t's as though I'm seeing everything for the first time.

I always knew where we lived was special. From what my grandfather told us, when he chose to leave his former life after his prison sentence, he wanted to get as far away as he could.

He wanted solitude more than anything.

What he got was that, but so much more. It's honestly magic here. I'm appreciating it in a new way since this pressure has been released and I kissed him and found out he's been battling back the same feelings for me as I have for him.

I don't care that we are three decades apart in age. I don't care that everyone will think it's wrong and he's a sick man. I. Don't. Care.

Lust will do that to a girl.

I've learned that a thousand times reading my books.

The sun broke over the mountains and across the lake on an unusually warm day for this time of year. I lay awake most of the night, wondering if

he would come to me, praying he would, but running over all the reasons, he shouldn't.

I got dressed early and made my way to the barn and fed the reindeer. Talked out my anxious feelings with Leonardo sitting on the wooden wall of his stall while he ate. He offered no words of wisdom but a usual sense of comfort with his wide brown eyes and nods of his head.

At breakfast, Lucy ate her eggs and battled with Mama about more of the party plans while Papa and I touched feet under the table like teenagers.

His eyes seem bluer today. His scent more intoxicating. I picked out a red striped sweater with matching tights and a white knit skirt to wear after I got back from the barn, hoping to look like a gift he couldn't resist unwrapping.

With one special alternation to the tights.

After we ate, Lucy paraded off toward the auditorium for some lone practice time while Mama cleared the table, grouching about how to get the catering company to follow her lasagna recipe to the letter and that the Lambrusco that was delivered was the wrong year.

A silent peace seemed to fall over me as Papa slipped his hand under my skirt as we walked to the living room, sliding his fingers into the slit I'd cut in my tights, hoping for a moment just like this.

"Easy access and wet. My wet, beautiful dirty girl."

"Yes, for you, Papa."

"Good girl." Those words make me feel suddenly shy as he heads toward the back door. "I'll be back. I need to burn off some tension."

His manner is soft but more distant than last night, and there's the nagging thought that what we did was a mistake.

After all, he lived here for years before Lucy and I showed up and he's never made mention of having any women in his life.

I'm sure he's lonely and maybe, oh God, maybe it was all just a weak moment. Too many years alone for a man without... comfort.

“Fuck,” I hiss, running my fingers through my hair, gripping the back of my head as I clench my inner muscles, begging for the explosive relief he gave me last night.

I drop into the massive leather chair next to the window tugging the red velvet pillow against my chest, watching him throw the ax over his head, then down, split wood flying around his feet over and over.

Before long, he’s stripped out of his shirt, the winter sun shimmering on his salt and pepper chest hair, the sweat glimmering on his rich olive skin.

I’m mesmerized. I vaguely hear Mama singing in Italian to her scratchy Pavarotti record as I drift into the fantasy of feeling that hard length he rubbed against me last night pushing into my body. Taking him inside of me and bringing us together in a way that can’t be undone.



A HALF-HOUR LATER, I’m squirming and wiggling in the chair after making a hasty trip to the restroom to try to rub out the ache that’s turned manic as I watched him chop log after log.

After.

Log.

But, it didn’t work.

Seems my grandpa is the only one that can soothe my savage beast, and I’m going to do whatever I can to make sure he doesn’t have some second thoughts about what’s going on between us.

Sure, yes, he’s my papa. People will gasp.

People I don’t care about.

My sister, on the other hand, I do care about. But the pull in my belly is stronger than my sense of logic, so when Gennero comes through the back door, sweat-covered and looking more frustrated than when he went outside, I stir the pot.

“You look tense.” I do my best high step wiggle walk across the room as he tugs his handkerchief from the back pocket of his black jeans and runs it down his face and over his chest.

“Does that surprise you?”

I shake my head, taking a quick look over my shoulder where Mama disappeared to her quarters down the hall a few minutes ago, then close the space between us, nipping my lower lip and gathering my lusty courage.

“Well...” I shrug, the earlier crackling from the fireplace now a low sizzling of the embers. “I was thinking about you while you were gone.”

He raises his eyebrows, hair damp from the drifting light snow and the heat of his exertion. “I can’t stop thinking about you every fucking second.” His brow cinches as I press my fingers to his lips, the scruff of his beard against my palm.

“I tried to take care of things, but I couldn’t get...” I press my index and middle finger between his lips, glancing them over his tongue. “...there. Can you help me, Papa? I’m all tingly and achy down here.”

I run my other hand over my hip to the juncture of my thighs and feel his teeth dig into my fingers.

“Ow,” I purr as he reaches out and takes a full-on handful of my pussy under my skirt, his thick, rough fingers slipping into the access I cut into the fabric, pushing at my opening and making me stutter on an inhale as he runs his tongue between my fingers, now forgotten in his mouth.

“I own all this now. I’ll be staking my claim soon. My flag of ownership will be rooted inside you before long. But, now—”

“There you are.” Mama’s voice slices through the moment as I jump back, spinning to see her holding onto the red and white fabric of Grandpa’s Santa suit. “There’s a tear along the inseam.”

She looks up, considering us for a moment with some confusion before shaking her head and holding it out toward me.

“What?” I say, my face as red as the suit as I turn to see Papa tracing the fingers that were just inside me over his lips.

“*You’re* the seamstress. I’m the cook. Lucy is...” She shakes her head again. “Never mind, you’re the seamstress and it *seems* your grandfather has put on some weight this year. You’ll need to get him in his suit, make sure you don’t need to let out the darts at the waist, then fix this inseam. But pin it while he’s wearing it, that’s the only way to get the fit right.”

She shoves the bundle of heavy red velvet and white faux fur into my hands as Grandpa chuckles.

“Go, go you two. There’s so much to do before tonight. We only have five hours before guests arrive and the caterers are running late. The florist brought the wrong poinsettias or Lucy usurped my authority and told them to bring those gaudy variegated ones...” She throws her hands up and spins, her plump rear end twitching back and forth as she fusses and leaves us standing there.

“Let’s get to measuring. I’d like to show you exactly how many inches you’re going to need to accommodate in that inseam, baby.” He leans in to brush his lips on my cheek before nodding toward the hall.

I stumble trip and right myself, following him, watching how his butt looks in his jeans, wondering what it would look like flexing and tensing as he drove himself in and out, in and out...

It’s okay, baby, Papa loves you. We don’t need to hide anymore.

“Come in.”

I yelp, lost in the image of him on top of me on the sofa in the living room; naked, tensing, pushing, driving hard as I spread my knees, weeping at the painful pleasure as he enters me for the first time.

I follow him into the library which has one wall full of my hardcover and paperback books. They are organized by color, which makes it hard to find what I’m looking for sometimes, but it’s aesthetically pleasing and no one else seems to care.

“Close the door,” he says as the warmth of the low fire in the fireplace heats my already flaming skin.

Lust dilates his pupils as I swing the door closed, and he reaches over and clicks the deadbolt with a thunk.

He rasps his face into my neck, his hand once again under my skirt and fingering my pussy, my heart a drumbeat in my chest.

“My little Christmas prize.” He mumbles, his other hand slipping under my sweater. “Drop the suit, I’m going to let you measure me, but it won’t require me putting on that suit. I fucking need you, Carina. You’re my girl now and not how you’ve been. In new ways you might not understand.”

I let the Santa suit fall onto the floor around our feet as arousal pumps through me. He shifts forward, rubbing his hardness on my hip, and I can’t help but rub myself right back against him.

“Horny for Papa, aren’t you?”

I nod as the fire between my legs ignites and he lets out a groan that connects directly to my clit.

“I know you’re untouched, baby. But you know what’s going to happen, don’t you?”

His rough fingers twirl over my nipple and one thick digit presses inside me, making me hiss. “Yes.”

“We’re going to fuck. Raw and rough. That means this cock you’ve made so hard is going inside here.” He twists his finger into my opening as moisture floods from my body. The tingling and tension tangle into a tapestry of desperation and wanting so intense my vision turns fuzzy and thoughts of any consequences evaporate into the air. “You make Papa hard and you need to fix it. The only way is to put it inside you. Then, I’ll give you your prize. Only this time, it’s going to be balls deep in that baby maker of yours when it happens.”

Desire blinds me. “Yes,” I gasp as his hands leave me and in one swift move, he’s tugging my sweater over my head, throwing it to the floor before lowering his head and licking at the tight peaks.

Then he draws one deep into the warmth of his mouth, making me sigh and steady myself with my hands on his shoulders.

“Just like sugar plums. I knew they’d be sweet, but not as sweet as what you’ve been saving for me down here.”

He drags me across the room, lowering me onto a thick fluffy sheepskin rug in front of the fire with pillows all around. My skin tingles as he lowers himself on top of me, hands knitting in my hair as his weight presses me into the floor.

A moan catches in my throat as he rocks against me, his hardness on top of my mound as his body shifts and jerks. He kicks off his boots, then forces my legs wide, yielding to his lower body.

Is this really happening?

His nostrils flare as he paws at my breasts, lips pressing onto mine as I arch and wrap my legs around his, tugging him closer, straining for friction. His mouth opens and our tongues collide as his knees settle between mine, grinding against me as my petals spread and unfold with the realization that play time is over.

“You’ve been naughty. Teasing me. Coming downstairs with those tights cut open so I could smell your wet cunt. Did you think you’d get away with it without paying the piper?”

I shake my head as the man that’s taken care of me for years pinches my nipples, then licks his way down my neck before pulling back to stare at my naked torso.

“Good, because it’s time to pay up for the months you’ve been teasing me. Santa hasn’t had pussy since before he went to prison. And I’m glad I waited, because you are worth waiting for.” He laps at my breasts, sending torturous spasms into my belly as wetness streams down the crack of my behind.

With a grunt, Papa pushes back onto his heels, tugging at my skirt, leaving my striped tights in place.

“When I reached under your skirt and felt that opening you made for me in these little candy cane tights? I knew you were a fucking miracle sent just for me. You’re the most beautiful woman on earth, Carina. I’m sorry I’m an old fuck and I’m your grandfather, but I don’t care about that anymore. I need what I need and that’s you.” His voice is desperate and hungry.

“I need you, too,” I whisper as he strips off his shirt and I love that thick mix of dark and light on his chest. His body rivals a man half his age with the clear division of his abdominal muscles and the thick lines of his pectorals, not to mention the flexing of the defined muscles in his upper arms.

He works out. A lot, apparently.

“Good, because you’re going to be getting a lot of me. From now on, I’m going to make you feel so good, you’ll think of me every second of every day. You’ll come to me, desperate and begging for only what I can give you.” He reaches down and spreads my legs wide, eyes locked onto my exposed femininity. “You want to be naughty with Santa, don’t you?”

“Very,” I answer truthfully.

I’ll do whatever he wants. I’m blind with my love and lust for him as need cascades through me and he lowers his face between my legs.

Shyness lances through me, but the look of hunger on his face gives me a boost of confidence.

“Smells like dessert.” He growls as his big sexy arms loop around the tops of my thighs, his warm breath on my sensitive flesh. His eyes fall closed as he inhales. “Open wider, I want to see it all.”

I should be scared, but I’m not. The muscles in his shoulders tense as he lowers himself, and my entire body stiffens. My thighs vibrate against the sides of his face, the coarse hair of his beard rough on my skin.

“Show me what you did to try to get relief earlier. I want to see how you touched yourself thinking about me. I want to see how wet you get when you play with this little kitty.”

He nods toward my splayed sex as I force a trembling hand over my belly, down over the pad of curls I keep just on the top of my mound, then pause.

What am I doing? Who am I right now?

“Do it. Stop thinking and just do as you are told. All your choices belong to me now. Finger that pussy like I told you.”

I slide my fingers lower. The first wet slick heat makes my hips lift and all my inhibitions fall away as I dig the heels of my feet into the soft rug.

I find my clit and start to rub, rub, rub, then slip lower, pushing inside my opening with one finger, in and out, in and out, fucking myself spread wide as my grandfather watches.

“See, that’s nice, isn’t it? Giving Papa a little show.”

His eyes snap to mine for a second, then back between my legs as I hold my breath and start bucking into my hand.

I close my eyes, lost in the moment, needing more, more.

“You want me to make it better?” He growls into the juncture of my thigh. “You’re making a mess, but you’re not getting the job done, are you?”

I whip my head back and forth. “No. I can’t.”

“You want Papa to help?”

“Yes, please.”

“Okay, okay. You know I can never say no to my little girl. Put your hands on those tits and let Grandpa take over. See if we can’t fix this aching down here. You’re going to find out what a man’s mouth feels like, but make no mistake, it will only ever be my mouth licking this sweet juice. Now lay back and close your eyes.”

When his hot mouth connects with my pussy, I suck all the oxygen out of the room.

His warm tongue laps at my clit, eager but slow and steady, like he’s licking an ice cream cone. His groans vibrate into my center. I never dreamed anything on this earth could feel this good.

His hand comes to rest on my belly, sliding down and using his fingers to spread me apart as my body tenses. I press my head into the rug, feeling my toes curl in the soft fur.

“Tastes like my baby needed her papa. See, doesn’t that feel nice?” he asks, his blue eyes on me, watching as I nod, pushing up on my toes, raising my hips, desperate for more. “Greedy. You’re never going to look at my mouth the same again, baby.”

He dives back in, lapping and raking his teeth over my clit, devouring me and sending me to the tops of the mountains.

Everything else fades away except the sensation of his mouth and tongue on my pussy. His tongue slides up and down, then centers on my hard nub, flicking and circling until I’m on the edge of madness.

I steal a glance as his mouth works miracles between my legs. The furrow of his brow and the intensity in the flex of muscles in his shoulders only push me closer to the edge.

He’s everywhere all at once. The wet sounds of his sucking and lapping as my center makes my insides squeeze as the tension builds to an impossibly tightened spring ready to snap.

When his tongue moves down and I feel its thick pressure pushing inside me, I unravel. He licks around my opening, spinning, exploring, then it’s back to fucking me, invading me, thick and demanding.

The next second, he’s back on my clit as I grab fistfuls of his hair. He groans and my body starts to spasm.

“I’m—*God*, Papa, something is happening...”

He doesn’t stop. Instead, he dials it up to ten, feeding on my pleasure as fingers dig into my knees, pushing them to their limits, back toward my ribs, exposing me completely and I no longer care about anything other than the impending orgasm that’s spiraling into a mega-tornado inside me.

Fire burns at my cheeks as he pushes his tongue into my opening, then back to my clit. How he is everywhere I don’t know, but I want it all.

My orgasm lights like a flash fire, taking over in one consuming burst that calls his hand to clasp over my mouth before the first scream hits. The tsunami comes from my center, spinning and destroying me as it goes, but he doesn't stop and I half cowers to start spinning in the air above me.

Pleasure buckles my core as I twist and writhe, raw screams heat the palm of his hand, but he holds me steady against him. The pleasure wreaks havoc, tearing at my insides and rearranging me in ways I know can never be undone.

I'm overcome, blind and boneless as I ride the waves of black and white. My body shakes, my throat is dry and raw as Gennero kisses his way up my belly, easing back onto his heels as I take in the look of satisfaction in his blue eyes. The wetness on his mustache and beard as he licks his lips.

"Sweetest pussy in the world. I never need another gift again, you've ruined me, baby. I'll never be the same after that."

His eyes pin to mine as my chest rises and falls. I'm breathless and voiceless—my eyes half open as I try to make sense of what's going on and how everything is going to be different now. The last of the orgasmic aftershocks making me twitch as I lay dazed and spent.

But before I can get too lost in the mire, Papa eases my feet down to the rug, pushing my legs wide again.

"Legs open. It's time for act 2."

He pops to his feet, working his belt then his pants, stripping them down his legs and off as my eyes widen, taking in the angry length of his cock jutting out from his body.

His balls are low and enormous, matching the thick length of the rock-hard shaft standing at the ready with veins snaking around its girth. A clear liquid oozes from the swollen red head as it stares me down and I gulp down the panic lodged in my throat.

"These?" He reaches down to cup his testicles that hang low between his inner thighs. There're a few angry looking scars on his thighs under the brush of dark hair. Some are thick and ragged, and others are smooth circles and I realize how little I know about his past. "These balls been saving up.

I'm going to unload inside you. Nothing between us, baby. Grandpa's going to cum inside you. Come what may, you're mine now."

I gulp.

No way is that going to fit inside my tiny body.

But, from the look in my grandfather's eyes, he's going to figure it out.

One way or another.

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CHAPTER 6



Gennero

This was not the plan.

Or was it?

All those nights, beating off, hating myself, did I truly think I would have the flavor of her sweet pussy soaking my beard as she lay spread wide, ready to take my dick inside her precious body?

“You are my north star,” I choke out, overcome with emotion as her wide eyes take in what’s about to become her God.

She’s laying like a half-stripped candy cane in front of the fire and all I can think about is ruining her. Her scent swirls in my nose, her flavor seeping down into my DNA, making her a part of me.

“You’re my papa,” she says as I stroke myself slowly, knowing the next time I position her wide like this for my viewing pleasure, there will be my white cream dripping from her opening.

Getting a woman pregnant never occurred to me outside of what I did to create my son with my heretic of an ex-wife. But this is different. I want my

seed to become part of her. Watching her belly grow and knowing that's me inside her.

There's nothing else that could bring us closer than her soft body accepting my seed as it roots in her womb, growing what we are together for eternity.

I squeeze my shaft as my balls ache with the weight of the hot cum that will soon be sprayed against her cervix.

Her tiny little nipples pucker and for a moment, I focus on her hip bones and her ribs and vow to chase away the demons that have created this self-loathing inside her.

I will create such confidence in my baby; she will know, no matter the numbers on the scale or the size of her clothes, I will love and want her forever.

And, from this day forward, anyone that makes her feel her value is based on her bones showing, theirs will be broken.

One by one.

Slowly. Painfully.

Her chest rises and falls as she focuses on my dick. "That's gonna hurt."

"I can't lie, baby. Yeah, but you're wet and ready. You want me inside you, don't you?"

She nods, arching her back. "More than anything. Like a knot inside me needs untangling and that's the only way to make it happen."

"Good, focus on that."

I drop down, ready to feel her warmth wrap around me as the breeding mania inside me spins into a frenzy.

"Please, Papa. I want you."

"You're gonna get me, baby. Every inch." I fight back the roar as I guide the head of my dick to her swollen pussy lips, the brush of her wet heat nearly making me nut right there.

I cage her body, my cock in place, easing down until I take her lips in a blinding kiss, pushing just inside until I feel her tense, winding my tongue with hers, distracting her from the pain and trying to hold back my own orgasm.

We breathe into each other as our lips slide and rasp together, tongues greedy and insatiable as they wrap around and around.

Fuck, she's tight. I mean, *tight*, tight and for a moment, I wonder if this is really physically possible.

As I pull back, easing myself to her barrier, her eyes roll back and her fingers dig into the back of my neck on a sharp hiss.

"You're going to take it for me, aren't you? Be brave for Papa."

God, it feels so good already. I hate that it hurts her, but I promise myself her orgasms will outnumber mine every day from this day forward.

"Yes." She lets out a husky groan, her face knitted in pain. "I'll do it for you."

"Yes, you will. See? You're doing so good." I feed her body another micro inch as her ring encircles the head, barring my entry.

Her eyes glaze and her neck muscles strain. "It's too much."

"I know, baby." I ease back, but I'm barely inside so there's not much relief I can offer. "Count to three with me."

She struggles to focus on my face as I hold her cheeks in my hands, resting my weight on my elbows, the muscles of my lower body shaking as I hold myself steady.

"One," I start and her little mouth falls into the countdown.

"Two," she says it with me as my balls draw tight and my back cramps up like a motherfucker.

"Three." I take her scream into my mouth, kissing it away, then press her mouth into the nape of my neck, balling her for three hard strokes until the crushing tightness eases my way in for a brief second.

Fire rages through me and I'm ready to unload right here, only a few inches into her warmth. She's so fucking tight.

Her little body quivers and twitches under me, but there's no turning back. "I can't stop," I admit through clenched teeth. "Papa's sorry, I can't stop."

She's clamped down so tight it takes all my strength to get another inch inside her. "Hold on, just a little more," I lie. There's six more inches, but from the way she's whimpering into my shoulder, she needs some hope.

I fuck forward, in and out, in and out, until her little fuck hole starts to cream all over me and her teeth pinch at the skin of my neck.

"I'm going to hurt you too. See how you fucking like it." She hisses, biting down hard enough to draw blood.

Little hellcat. "I love it, bite away, just means I'm going to fuck you harder now. Let's get this over with so you can start to feel good. That's all I want for you, baby. To make you feel good."

It's true. Hurting her is so offensive to me that for a brief second, I considered stopping. But that thought went away as quickly as it came.

"More. Just give me more." She lifts her hips and her teeth dig in again, shooting a dart of pain down my back as my blinding need drowns me and I feed her inch after inch as her mouth opens and the biting stops.

"Is that all?" she says with a sneer. "That all you got, Papa?"

"Little brat." I growl as a fist of desire lodges in my gut. "If you're not careful, I'll put you on your knees and show you what a real fuck is like."

"Big talk," she says as I give her the last bit of my length in a furious rut, taking the rest of her sass from her mouth, replacing it with a silent scream.

Her body starts to roll under me as I break her in. Her juice is soaking my balls now as my need for release makes my head ache and my chest tight.

Lust hazes my vision as her golden eyes fill again with desire, leaving her snarky comments in the dust. "You like having Papa's big cock all the way inside you, don't you?"

“Yes,” she says on a husky moan. “I don’t even care about the pain. I just want... more.”

“Here you go. I’ve got all the more you need.”

She’s my miracle. I’m a God when I’m inside her.

Lust takes over and she starts to buck her hips upward into my strokes. She wants it as much as I do while her inner muscles clamp down, gripping me as she slides a hand down between our bodies.

“I need—Can I touch myself while you do that? Like before, I want, I need more...right here.”

“Yes, touch yourself. Finger that clit while you take me.” Fuck, this girl couldn’t be more perfect if I made her myself in my workshop.

Dirty little gift from heaven she is.

“Oh God, I’m so full. You’re everywhere.” Her neck arches back, her head whipping side to side, a strand of her hair stuck on her wet cheek as I grunt and drive deep inside her warmth, reaching down to sling her legs over my shoulders, needing to be in there deeper.

“Keep rubbing. Don’t stop,” I order as I rearrange her delicate body, knowing if I’m not careful, I could truly hurt her and that would be unforgivable.

“Fuck, *fuck!*” she screams on shaking breaths. Her hips keeping pace with mine and before long, we are two grinding, fucking animals. Mating and angry and following instinct. The backs of her knuckles rasp on my lower belly as she fingers herself. I impale her over and over. My balls smacking on her ass, the weight of her calves resting on my shoulders as the sloppy sounds of our fucking fill the air.

“I want to feel you cum on Papa’s cock. Can you do that for me, baby? Milk all that cream out of my nuts.”

“I’m—Papa!” Her walls clamp down. She’s all about getting that raw fuck from the old man. Her innocence mixed with her filthy mouth and her dirty lust turns me inside out. I’m snapping my teeth with the force of my thrusts

as I reach up and wrap my fingers around her throat, gathering her eyes to mine.

“Come for Papa. You’re letting your grandpa fuck you, now show me what you can do.”

I hold myself deep as her orgasm takes hold. Her walls clench, stroking me off as I muffle my roar with a bite into the soft flesh just above her knee. My need to leave my mark is feral and uncivilized, but that doesn’t seem to matter right now.

I want her pregnant and coated and bearing my mark for all time.

“Good girl,” I grit out as my balls give up the fight and I splash my spend into her heat. My orgasm is a force of nature, building and exploding until sweat drips down from my temples and she calls for me as the certainty that I will be with her forever takes root.

I barrel into her through my climax, pushing myself as deep as her body will take. The wetness between us makes squelching, sloppy sounds as I pour my seed into her ripe body.

“There’s your prize. It’s going to live inside you and make your belly swell.”

She quakes at the words, another orgasm toppling on top of the last, and I fuck her through it, still draining my nut inside her as I rut against her like a dog.

She’s my life. She’s mine forever.

“Take what Santa brings you. It’s the gift that keeps on giving.”

I’m balls deep in my granddaughter as she drags her nails down my back.

I loved her before. My obsession was deep. My possessive protection of her already borders on insanity.

But now?

Fucking *now*?

I will encase her in this ice castle forever. If she were to leave me, I would cease to exist.

Her body softens under me, legs quaking on my shoulders as I ease them down. Both of us panting like motherfuckers, but I'm so fucking happy.

"Take what I'm giving you and always say thank you," I whisper kiss into her ear.

"Thank you, Santa." She hisses, her eyes unseeing, arms dropping by her shoulders as I gather her into mine, still mounted on my cock as I lean back onto my heels.

"Just hold on. I'll do all the work this time. Papa needs more."

I hold her against me, riffling her body up and down like a blow-up doll until I blow again within ten strokes, her soft moans filling the library as I deliver my very soul into her body.

"You're mine forever," I growl as something clutches inside me, wrapping my heart in its claws.

Her sweet sighs against my neck only make my obsession deepen.

How can I do this and give her the life she deserves?

That question will have to wait. All I know right now is I'll never let her go.

My granddaughter is mine. Forever.

CHAPTER 7



Gennero

I couldn't give a shit about this party.

Normally, it's something I look forward to. A way to mix with people I used to know back home. A chance to learn about who's muscling in on whose territory and how I might profit from their arguments.

Instead, all I can think about is her.

She's right there, almost within touching distance, wearing jeans and a baggy t-shirt, thank fuck, while she mixes with the crowd, talking to people she hasn't seen for a year and others she's meeting for the first time.

Carina and Lucy are used to this. Being charming. So am I, usually, but today I want to tell them all to fuck off home so I can fuck my granddaughter until she's boneless and covered with me.

Step-granddaughter. Like that makes it okay.

Jesus fucking Christ.

"Don Sabato."

I whip around with a growl at the interruption, and Don Pugliesi—The Don as everyone likes to call him—grins at me, wearing his black suit with a black silk shirt open at the collar. Dark hair slicked back, a thick gold chain with a diamond encrusted crucifix around his neck.

“Getting jumpy, old friend?”

“You’re older than me,” I point out, and he lets out a deep, throaty laugh.

“A term of endearment, nothing more. This is an exceptional party, I came to congratulate my gracious host on another stellar year.”

He sticks out a hand and I gather my senses, shaking it and trying to push thoughts of Carina away, knowing that’s impossible. But the moment she’s out of my sight, I’m focused on finding her again. I need to know where she is. I need to know she’s safe. I need—

“I have brought Sully with me. My youngest. You know him?”

I shake my head.

“Let me bring him over.” He raises a hand toward a man I don’t recognize standing next to Lucy at the bar, but I can’t focus on anything but where Carina might be.

“Not now. Excuse me.”

I turn and walk away, plowing through the crowd where she was the last time I saw her. I push guests out of the way, not caring who they are or what they think of me. I notice Lucy talking now with Sully. I see him grin and laugh, putting a hand on her shoulder, and normally I’d be furious. Normally, I’d storm over there and break his fingers.

But I’m not myself right now. If Lucy isn’t happy about it, she’s more than capable of delivering a gut shot or a knee to the nuts.

“Carina?” I shout over the crowd.

Then she’s there. Smiling at me. Walking toward me with her arms outstretched.

And my blood pressure starts to return to normal.

“Hi, Papa.” Her eyes sparkle as she grins, and I want to tell her how much she means to me, but all I can manage is a grunt. “Have you seen Lucy? It’s time for us to go get ready.”

“I don’t want you out of my sight,” I say, my balls ready for another round.

She laughs. “Honestly, I’d rather you were there, Alik has been a bear this week. So...”

“So?”

“Have you seen Lucy?”

I shake my head, but my words don’t fit the action. “She’s over there.” I point without looking.

“Are you okay, Papa?”

“No,” I tell her, and it’s the truth. I want it over with so I can get her out of here where any fucking swinging dick could look at her. “Go practice. I want to see my baby on stage. But, you dance for me, understand? I don’t give a fuck there are a hundred other people here. You think of me.”

“Yes. I am always thinking of you.”

“Good girl.” I allow myself a soft kiss to her forehead before clenching my teeth and nodding for her to go.

She smiles, narrowing her eyes, and walks away. She sees Lucy across the room, still talking with the Don’s son, pulls her away and they disappear from the ballroom.

And I feel alone in the crowd of a hundred people.

CHAPTER 8



Carina

The sound of the guests milling and chatting on the other side of the velvet curtains clashes with the thump, thump, thump of my heart. I run my hands down my sides, pushing up onto my toes as my insides tremble and my mouth goes dry.

The evening has been perfect so far. Everyone loved dinner and then Gennero changed into his Santa suit and gave away gifts for two hours while the handful of younger children hopped on his lap and whispered their wishes into his ear.

He worked his way toward me when things were wrapping up, and he asked me if there was anything I wanted to tell Santa.

I stuttered as he leaned down next to my ear. *“Santa will be stuffing you full of his big present later tonight. I’ll be coming down more than the chimney this Christmas, honeysuckle.”*

Once the gift giving and dessert was over, it was time for Lucy and I to sneak away, get changed and warmed up for our version of The Nutcracker on the new stage.

It's not just the new auditorium, everything feels different. I took my grandfather's cum inside me last night. More than once.

That changes things. A lot.

I could be pregnant right now.

That thought blinds me. How reckless are we? Having this fantasy lust-life with him is one thing...but making a family? Of our own?

I'm not thinking straight. But, God, how I want to believe there is a happily ever after for us.

Even now, there's a wet reminders seeping out of me and the taste of my pleasure dances on my tongue from when he kissed me after I soaked his face.

I focus on Lucy moving under Alik's guidance.

Is that a tremor in her pirouette?

Lucy never, and I mean *never* teeters. Her grand jeté, usually soaring with effortless grace, began with an uncharacteristic stumble, and the extension of her leg, a tad too high, disrupted the fluidity of the movement.

What's happening? It's five minutes before we go on for the high point of the party. We can't screw up. I want everything to be perfect.

I find myself mentally counting beats, my internal metronome racing to keep up with my own routine, trying to synchronize my moves with Lucy's missed steps during the pas de deux we have perfected over time.

We're dressed in matching pale pink leotards with white tulle tutus and slippers laced up our calves in white satin ribbon. Our hair is in a classic bun with our faces touched up with blush and rose-colored lipstick. We should be ready, but somehow, I feel we're not.

Lucy's distraction is putting me on edge. In the place of her usual practiced perfection, there are mistakes she would never make—her timing is off, her lack of posture is more like a duck than a swan and she's not even extending properly.

Yet, who is Alik picking on?

“*Carina!*” His sharp voice makes my shoulders tense as I almost lose my twirl. “At least suck in your belly.”

I hesitate for a moment. Tonight, his insults have lost their venom.

“Yes, Mr. Petrov.” I draw a deep breath and hold it, attempting the twirl again.

I won’t waste the tears on him.

Lucy is lost in her stretch. Alik rarely jabs me with his comments when she’s within earshot. He’s tough on us both but that’s part of pushing us but his focus on my weight is more about being a bully than a coach.

“Better, but you need to practice more, as your sister does. Lucy knows what to do, she has the commitment to go far.”

“Yes, Mr. Petrov.”

“Yes, *Mr. Petrov*,” he mocks. “It’s too late now. I will not allow you to make a mockery of me. You will follow Lucy’s lead, and by next week, I expect you to be practicing as often and as long as she does. Then perhaps you will lose a little of that blubber.”

I grit my teeth, not bothering to point out Lucy’s string of mistakes today.

Most of our practices are done in private and if Papa or Mama is around, Alik acts like a complete cinnamon roll towards me.

I know I’m not quite as stick thin as Lucy, but honestly, she eats whatever she wants. She’s got the metabolism of a hummingbird.

Apparently, my inner workings are closer to a manatee. Lucky me. I’m doing all I can to make sure nary a womanly curve finds its home on my body.

“This will have to do. Lucy, when you go out there, concentrate on your own dance and don’t be distracted by Carina. If she makes mistakes, at least they will know it wasn’t for lack of choreography on my part.”

Lucy answers with a silent nod, offering me a little shrug.

“Good. Take a breather, ladies. You need to look like graceful, beautiful girls, not like sweaty lumberjacks.”

“Yes, Mr. Petrov,” we say in unison, as we head for our water bottles.

“What’s the matter with you today?” I ask before taking a long drink from my bottle. “You never make mistakes like that.”

A shadow passes over Lucy’s dark eyes, and I wait for her to say she got her period or had a second glass of wine at dinner. After a moment, she shrugs. “I’ll be fine.”

“You can tell me anything...” I murmur. I’m not used to her being distracted. She’s as tough as a seasoned warrior.

My attempt at mothering her is met with an eye roll. “Carrie, I’ll be fine. I didn’t sleep much last night.”

My frown deepens. Tightness wraps around my heart. “You haven’t called me Carrie since before we came to live here—”

“I said I’ll be fine,” she snaps with a sigh. “Worry about *your* dancing, I’ll worry about mine. And ignore what Alik said.”

I shrug. “I always try to ignore that fuck face. You know that.” I study her face, concern squeezing my insides.

“Don’t *ignore* him. He knows what he’s talking about when it comes to dance. But ignore his insults.” She glances at the side stage where we will wait for the curtains to open. “Come on, our audience awaits.”

There’s no time to press the issue. So I follow her as nervous anticipation prickles over my skin.

This is where I feel alive. It’s my world. When I’m out in front of an audience, nothing else matters.

It’s like flying.

I never realized that before. That’s why I want to be a pilot. I love that feeling of gliding, silent but powerful through the sky.

“Here we go,” Lucy says as we hold hands and take the stage as the curtain opens.

Lucy and I move through the routine in harmony. She is in her usual form. All the errors from earlier gone, her technical precision complements my raw emotion the way it always does.

Our dance is not a rivalry, it’s about conveying the story between us. Her impeccable technique, precise and measured, anchors me to the dance. But I can’t help losing myself in the music, letting my body respond with flourishes and embellishments of my own.

The swelling applause is all the validation either of us needs. When I finally focus on the audience, I find Gennero staring right at me. His eyes bore into my very soul, making my next breath disappear. It seems to take an eternity before Alik joins us on the stage, bowing and accepting his own applause.

In a daze, I descend the steps and head for my grandfather, barely aware that Lucy has not followed me through the crowd.

“Did we make you proud?” I ask, staring up at his blue eyes, the creases around them seeming deeper than even yesterday, like he’s worried about something. I tilt my body to thrust out my breasts a little, using all I’ve got.

He grunts. “You were—”

“Mr. Sabato.” Alik is there before he finishes, wedging himself between me and Papa, who he embraces like they’re old friends. “This year’s party is magnificent, and your granddaughters...” He glances at me for just the briefest moment, a slight frown tugging his barely-there lips downward. “Simply beautiful. Graceful, intelligent. You are pleased with what I’ve done with them?”

“Very pleased.” Gennero extricates himself from the hug, as tension locks his jaw, accentuating the tendons in his neck snapping his tongue along his perfect white teeth. “I have other business to attend to.”

“You’re not staying?” I ask. My heart is desperate to be with him, here in front of everyone.

“I’ll be back. Other people want to congratulate you on the performance.” Gennero glances at the humming crowd, a low growl rumbling from his throat. “You and your sister should go take a shower and a sauna, then to bed. I will make sure the guests get settled in their rooms as usual or off on their way home. Now, go.”

Disappointment seeps out of me at his impersonal dismissal.

“No buts.” He brushes his fingers down my arm, making me shiver, then draws them away as though I’ve hurt him. “Do as you are told. You will need your rest.”

“This is exactly what I always tell her,” Alik says with a note of triumph. “She needs to learn to listen and obey.”

If he thinks Papa is going to side with him, he’s mistaken.

Gennero’s fist is wrapped around Alik’s throat before he takes another self-satisfied breath, his eyes bulging, trying to back away as Papa’s strong hand holds him in place. “Listen, you little shit. She does as I say, not as you say. I keep you here because you’re good at your job, but if I think for one second—”

Before he can finish, there’s a shout from the entrance and a deafening gunshot. Guests duck and scream and step back from the oncoming intruder. “Out of my fucking way! *Sabato!* Get out here, Sabato, I know you’re here.”

“That fucking old bastard.” Gennero drops Alik, turning toward the chaos.

The wave of onlookers moves back, parting to let our old neighbor Mort McAllister, Reindeer Hater, come through.

“We’re having a party here.” Gennero’s voice is flat and calm, but that’s when you should worry. “And you just put a hole in my roof.” He points toward the ceiling.

Mort steps forward, eyes red and puffy. His cheeks are crimson, and there’s a wobble in his steps. “Yearly Christmas party for all the outsiders. Wish you’d all go back where you came from!” He yells at the room as Gennero’s hand reaches for his loosely held shotgun.

“Yes, and you weren’t fucking invited.” He says as several of the larger men in the crowd turn at attention ready to back up Papa.

Mort growls, baring his teeth. “Gimme back my gun,” he hisses, but Papa holds it at his side, unmoving, his face a frozen mask of calm. “How the hell your fucking reindeer get poop on my roof, Sabato? What do they do now, fly?”

Papa rolls his eyes. “Our reindeer haven’t been anywhere near your roof.”

“Well, it ain’t no wild deer out around here. I know wild deer shit and it don’t look like that. Bad enough the rest of the year they get out and come crap all over everywhere else on my land, now they shittin’ on my roof! You got people collecting it and flinging it up there just to piss me off?”

“I’m surprised he can tell wild reindeer shit from bourbon,” Lucy whispers in my ear, appearing out of nowhere with flushed cheeks. “Let’s get out of here before Grandpa puts Mort’s head into the punchbowl. Or worse.”

I hesitate, watching Gennero poke his finger into Mort’s chest. I don’t want to leave, but I hate confrontation. I hate violence, even when Mort’s insulting my reindeer.

With a nod, I turn and follow Lucy, ignoring Mort’s continued rant as we slip out, grab our bags, and head down the hall, through the ballroom and into the main house.

“Where did you go?” I ask.

The full moon reflects over the lake and casts a red glow across the horizon behind the mountains as we walk by the wall of windows in the great room off the kitchen.

Lucy doesn’t answer for a moment, then she says, “When?”

“After the performance. You disappeared.”

“Oh, just got pulled away by some adoring fans. I was the star of the show.”

I snort a laugh. “Bullshit, really, where did you go?”

She turns and sticks out her tongue, and we both giggle. Then she glances across as we pass the entrance to Gennero's workshop.

Down at the end of the hall leading into the kitchen, she stops and I spin to see her forehead furrow as she bites into her lip.

"I have a couple of things to check with Mama about the decorations for the breakfast tomorrow I forgot to go over with her."

"What things?" I narrow my eyes. "I can help if you want—"

She shakes her head. "Nope, I'm good. Get some sleep. You look exhausted. Did you eat anything today?"

"Yes..." She knows that question will lock me up every time.

"Night, sis! I'll see you tomorrow, breakfast, *on time!*" She turns and walks off with an excited bounce in her step.

But after a few steps, I hesitate. He headed toward Gennero's workshop, and Mama was in the bar area of the auditorium when we left.

Besides, we're not allowed in the workshop.

I turn back and retrace my steps, tip toeing in silence until I'm right outside the door that's always closed.

It's open a sliver and I press my forehead to the molding that surrounds the heavy door with the iron lock, squinting into the small space looking inside, easing the door open an inch.

And there's Lucy.

When she sees me, I shrug with a 'what's up' sort of gesture, but before she can react, the door closes, leaving me standing stunned in the hallway alone.

But there's more. Above Lucy's head on the wall, there was the Sabato sword.

It was what signified the leader of the family. And I don't just mean Lucy, Mama and me. The *family* family. It should be back in Chicago with whoever is running the unholy empire now.

The empire I was more than happy to leave behind. *Why would Papa have it here? Why is she in there?*

I shake my head. Must be like a retirement gift or something. Like, instead of a gold watch, you get a sword replica. I'm too tired to worry about it all right now. I shake my head, considering knocking but I have my own problems to sort out.

I've fornicated with my grandfather.

All I want is to lay down next to Papa and wake up with him on top of me. My sister will surely hate me and I'm sort of relieved I don't have to look her in the eye right now.

Sooner or later, she's gonna know something is up.

And when it comes to her, I can't lie. On a shaky yawn, I turn and head for my room.



I WAKE IN A RUSH, heart pounding, covered in sweat, suddenly aware of another presence in my room. The spicy and woodsy scent of him invading my senses.

Then, there's the brush of a finger against my lips. "*Shhh*, little one. You don't want to wake anyone. We need to be quiet."

"Papa?" I mumble-whisper, feeling like I'm in a fever dream because Santa is sitting on the edge of my bed.

"Who else were you expecting in your bedroom in the middle of the night?" He trails his finger over my chin, down my throat, making me swallow as it continues its southern descent. His fingertip slides between my breasts, held loosely inside the babydoll nightdress I've had for a month but never worn, buying it in my hopeful fantasy that one day I'd wear it for him.

The point of his finger turns to two, then three as they slip under the elastic of my panties below my belly button. My tummy quivers and my mouth goes dry.

I don't know how many times I imagined this. Him. Sneaking into my room in the middle of the night. Doing things that would put the heroes in my steamy romance books to shame. The Santa suit was never in my fantasies, but I have to say, it is now.

Fuck me, Santa. Fuck me, Santa.

My heartrate speeds as I flood my lower level, drenching my panties in a manner of seconds.

God, this man.

I'm aware that my blanket isn't over me at all. The thought of him doing things with me while I slept enters my mind, and I shiver imagining him touching me in my sleep.

Would he?

Might I wake one night to find his cock hovering over my lips, dripping pre*cum into my waiting mouth?

Or, with him inside me, warming his cock, easing into me so slowly I wouldn't wake? Leaving me full of cum with no idea how it got there?

Oh, please.

Yes, please.

"What are you thinking, Carina?"

I shake my head, embarrassed by the thoughts. "Nothing. What... What are you doing here?"

"You are coming with me. This is why I told you to go get some rest after the show. I have other plans for you. Good little girls get to play with lots of new toys. Santa has a special surprise for you."

Fire flashes over my skin.

"A playroom?" My thoughts are filled with filthy images of him doing unthinkable yet delicious things to my body. And I'm more than willing.

"Yes, a special one. For a special girl."

There's nothing else I want more.

"Yes," I breathe out.

He takes my hand in his, and I allow myself to be led, wondering exactly where it is we're going...

"Come. I've been waiting to show you what I've built. Just for you."

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CHAPTER 9



Gennero

*M*y heart grows three sizes as she spins in the room that used to be a useless sitting area off my bedroom suite.

“It’s a wonderland,” Carina says as she runs her fingers along the padded bench, the low table just the right height to secure her body while I fuck her into oblivion.

“It’s *our* wonderland. Where we can be who we want and no one will know.”

A flicker of sadness crosses her face and I feel like a fucking ass. “Will we always have to be a secret?”

I shake my head. “No. I’ll figure out how to make it right with Lucy. And whatever else. I promise you.”

And do what I need to do to keep you safe.

“What’s this?” She spins toward a red leather-covered bench that looks much like a sawhorse but with padded supports for her knees and her hands.

“I’ll show you.” I slip her nightdress from her shoulders, letting it fall on the floor, then lift her body into place, her ass high, head on the padded center. “Perfect.”

The Santa suit is fucking hot as hell, but I don’t strip it off, there’s no time. I take out my already hard dick and spit on my hand, rubbing it into her already drenched pussy.

“Now, see, hold onto those handles. This isn’t built for love making, it’s built for breeding. See how it’s angled forward? So I’m going to mount you from behind like a dog, raw fuck you, then you stay right there until I say so. All that creamy Santa surprise is going to stay right where it belongs.”

“Sounds fun.” She wiggles her butt as I give my dick some strokes and bring my other hand down on her creamy cheeks, leaving a red outline as she yelps and throws her head back and forth.

“It is fun. Seconds as a perfect bench for some punishment. I like multitasking.”

“Fuck me, Santa.” She turns her head, taunting me. “I didn’t know I had such a Santa fetish. But I know one of my books had a guy in a Santa suit one time. I liked it.”

“I know. I read it too.”

Her eyes snap wide. “You *did* not.”

“Yes, I did. Look over there.” I nod to the corner of the room where there’s a wall of shelves filled with books. “Every time you ordered a book, I ordered it too. Read it with you. Seems my little angel has a thing for...” I suck in my cheeks thinking for a second before it comes to me, “age-gap books.”

I bob my eyebrows, giving her ass another swat as I line up my dick with her gushing opening.

“Go figure,” she says as I pummel her with my full length in one violent stroke, driving the air from her sassy lungs.

I hold onto her hips, driving in and out until she's whimpering and begging me to stop, then not stop, over and over.

"I fucking love you," I say, but she's lost in her lust and I admit to myself that she is the one person in the world that could crush me.

Just this moment, having her not return my 'I love you' turns my heart dark and the depth of my devotion to her finds a new level.

I will create a world for her so perfect, my love will never be questioned.

Her shoulder blades press out as she sucks in a breath, her spine concave as she gives herself to me. "God, that feels so good. So deep. Please, don't stop."

"All the way, baby." The fire between us heats as I grab her ass cheek with one hand and bring down my other on the side of her hip.

She gushes when my hand connects. Seems she's got her own hard-on for a little Santa spanking as well.

"Santa's going to be coming down more than your chimney this year, baby."

"Yes, God, I hope so."

My orgasm builds quickly. Reaching up and fisting her hair, I tug her head back and raw dog her on all fours, the bench built to my exact measurements to put our bodies together perfectly.

Amazing what you can have done with enough money.

I slam into her again. And again. My balls whack against her open slit as her body starts to twitch and jerk.

"Santa's hitting the spot, baby?"

"Uh huh." She moans as her cream floods from her opening, her body convulsing as she clamps down and comes around me.

Her screams of pleasure ricochet around the playroom as her walls strangle the base of my cock. I fuck harder, banging my thighs against the padded

bench, glad I made sure it was double bolted to the floor, otherwise I'd be chasing her ass all around the fucking room.

I go balls deep through her orgasm, her body jerking and shaking as my spend races up my dick and coats her insides. Spurting and spurting until the world goes dark. Holding myself against her womb as the last convulsions of my orgasm spasm down the backs of my legs.

She could be ripe with our child right now. That thought has my dick ready for round two as Carina softens into the bench, sweat glistening on her skin.

"You've had enough?" I ask, running my finger down the indent of her spine, the Santa suit is like a fucking sauna.

She mutters something unintelligible as I strip off the red coat, dragging my dick from her sopping opening.

"I'm not even close to done with you, baby," I say, watching my white cream drip from her pink opening, then reaching over and finger fucking it back into her, tugging her hips higher so the angle is right and gravity will do its job.

"I think this ass needs some attention, too. I'm going to put my tongue right here." I point to her back puckered entrance, listening to her gasp. "Then when it's nice and ready, you're getting an ass fuck for Christmas, baby. That's what you get when you're on the naughty list. Santa's dick in your ass."

She turns her head and winks. "Well, aren't I a lucky girl?"

"Yes, you are, baby. And I'm one lucky grandpa."

CHAPTER 10



Gennero

“Santa’s been good to me this year,” I whisper in Papa’s ear, still aching from our playtime as we stand in the grand entryway of the house as the guests file out, some to their four wheel drive vehicles, some to the Snow Titan driven by one of our hired maintenance men where he will deliver anyone that flew in to the landing strip on the other side of the lake.

Cold air streams in as the front door opens and closes, the candles flickering everywhere giving off the scent of sugar cookies.

My muscles tense down low, thinking of how he eased his cock into my back entrance last night, setting me up on the low king-sized bed covered with red satin sheets on all fours. He worked my tight opening with his tongue first until I came three times and begged him to take me that way.

There was lots of peppermint lube and a slow entry, but yeah, I thought my books were all hype and no substance when it came to all things anal.

But *whoooo*-Lort. I loved it. I came until I passed out.

I was sore and spent. And the way he touched me in the bath while he washed me clean after everything made me fall in love with him all over

again. He insisted on bathing me. I was as limp as over boiled linguine. My mind mush.

In the books I read they sometimes talk about the ‘drop’ after, like, intense sex or playtime. Especially when it’s...well, a bit rough.

I get it, girls.

I. Get. It.

The bath was so intimate. Such a vulnerable place for me to be. Naked, satiated, bruised and so in love with the man I’ve always known as family.

The exhilaration and confusion is exhausting.

But I can’t wait to get him all to myself again.

Seeing Lucy in the workshop is still niggling at me. I didn’t bring it up to Papa because I didn’t want her in trouble, but I don’t like secrets between us.

But if she gives up hers, I have to give up mine and I’m not ready to face the fallout from that right now. It’s Christmas Eve day and I don’t want to ruin everything. Not today. Not tomorrow.

But, when?

“Santa’s going to give you all the special gifts you could ever wish for, little one,” he replies, his voice cascading through me as he shakes hands with one of the departing guests who looks like he overindulged in the egg nog last night.

“What are you two whispering about?” I jump at the sound of Lucy’s voice from behind me, her hands resting on my shoulders before they start to squeeze.

I squirm away. “Ow! You’ve got a grip like a fucking mechanic.”

She glances at Papa for a fraction of a second, and *something* passes between them.

“What?” I ask, a moment of soul crushing terror making the ground feel unsteady.

What if?

No. Oh my God, no...

Lucy was in the workshop. It feels like they have a secret too.

Could he—my stomach collapses on itself. Could they be...together?

Is that the real reason he sent me to bed, then Lucy didn't follow?

Lucy shakes her head. "Nothing. Papa, someone just mentioned they noticed that asshole McAllister pacing around on the north end by the big pasture. Our side of the fence. Said we might want to check it out."

Papa grunts in annoyance. "One of our guests saw him?"

She nods. "The Westens? They went for a walk out on the barn path you had the crew clear in case anyone wanted to go see the reindeer and there was Mort, cursing and waving his hands. When they came back, they told Mama who then told me to tell you."

"Fucker." Papa grits his perfect teeth. His anger makes me horny even as I process the terrifying possibility that he's got a thing for granddaughters... and not just step granddaughters. "That old drunk fuck. I gotta deal with that and I'm meeting with Alfredo Pugliesi later. He'll want to talk about how wonderful his son is—"

"Sully?" Lucy stands up straight as poker, grinding her teeth for a second.

"Are you okay?" I ask with my heart in my throat. Something else is bothering her. She's got zero interest in Papa right now and I've never seen that look in her eyes.

Papa pauses and looks at her as well. He's all business, none of the simmering tension that he has when he's speaking to me. "You know him?"

"Yes... Well, no. Not really." Lucy shakes her head, scratching at her forehead. "I just know that's the name of his son."

"Yeah, well..." Papa coughs. "You both want to get out of here? I need a break."

"Are you serious?", we ask in unison.

“Jinx,” I mutter, and Lucy sticks out her tongue.

“We can catch the last day of the winter festival in town,” Papa mumbles. “I thought...we can take a break once in a while. Give you both a little freedom.”

“Cool.” Lucy nods. “I need a manicure, like, desperately. Meet you at the car in fifteen?”

She marches off and I reach up to whisper in Papa’s ear before the last guest steps forward to say goodbye. “I don’t want freedom. I like when you boss me around. I’ll do anything for you. Anything and *everything*.”



THE LAND ROVER’S engine hums as snow crunches beneath the tires down the winding road, occasional creaks from the suspension the only reminder that the frozen ground is treacherous. I feel safe with Papa; his confident, experienced hands on the wheel as the town comes into view, nestled in a wooded valley.

It’s warm inside the truck, my stomach growling as I barely touched the light brunch Mama made for us before we set out. Even with frost hanging on the branches of trees as we pass, the faint scent of pine comes through the air vents and filling the interior of the cab.

I steal glances at Papa as he drives, the angles of his cheeks, the reminder of his lips on my body. The way he rubbed my clit so softly after tucking me into my bed until I fell asleep last night. I dare let my eyes drift to his lap, for a second, wishing Lucy wasn’t in the back seat so I could wake that sleeping giant and feel him push all his thickness inside me again.

“Hey, you can get yourself some mulled wine this year,” Lucy quips from the back seat because I called shotgun. “Finally legal, huh, sis?”

I grin. “I’m not bothered about being legal... for mulled wine.”

My eyes are still on Grandpa’s lap and his cock jumps out on the seam of his pants. He’s wearing a black parka with a white shirt and black jeans and boots.

I raced upstairs to change into something more festive than my usual jeans and tomboy shirts settling on red fleece lined leggings and a fuzzy cashmere white sweater and matching fuzzy boots. He glances my way, grunts, then looks back at the road.

We continue in silence until the sound of Christmas music seeps through the windows as we pull into the parking lot in the center of town, surrounded by log cabins and cottages with snow-covered roofs. We've barely pulled to a stop before Lucy launches herself out of the back, heading for the salon saying she will meet us later at The Fortress which is a restaurant bar at the end of Snowflake Street. She's been desperate for a mani-pedi for weeks.

"Come on," Papa says, putting his arm around me. It feels nice. Protective. Like he always is. "Want to dance?"

"What? Really?"

"Really."

I'm pulled along with him through the crowds. Some people who see us nod and smile, knowing us by sight but none of us by name.

Grandpa likes it that way.

There's a massive gazebo in the middle of the town, wrapped with thousands of twinkling white lights and a live band playing carols with a group standing by, singing dressed like they are from a Dickens novel. I've always looked at the gazebo with envy when we come here for the winter festival, but it's always a crowded area and Papa doesn't like crowds. He always says staying safe means keeping to ourselves.

But something has changed. Gennero is my personal protector today, and nothing could harm me when he's here.

The snow crunches under our feet as we take the steps up into the gazebo and I'm reminded of the scene from Twilight with Bella and Edward dancing.

Papa winds his arms down my back as I lean in, feeling the hardness of his chest, the itchy scratch of his wool coat remembering how I tore at his chest hair last night as he held himself above me, buried deep, pulsing his seed

inside me, telling me to say such filthy things that made me come so hard I lost consciousness.

Even through his jeans and his coat, his hardness presses against my belly, and my lubrication station turns on full blast, drowning out any rational thought.

I'm sure some of the people milling around know he's my grandfather. It's a small town no matter how much we keep to ourselves. Our dance is a little too close, but I don't care. And Grandpa doesn't seem to, either.

He holds me over his heart, inhaling above my head. His hand drops to the small of my back, then lower, then into a full-on ass grab. And I love the feel of his fingers slipping into the crack of my rear, reminding me that he can take any hole he likes.

And he can. And he does.

Oh, how things change.

We dance to Santa Baby, then Silent Night and time speeds by, and my whole world is him. The feel of his warmth against me, the scent of his spicy cologne, the roughness of his massive hand enveloping my tiny one. I want to kiss him so badly. I want to feel his lips open to mine and taste his breath.

"What's wrong, honeysuckle?"

I draw a shaking breath, realizing I was lost in my own little world. "I wish we could be together. Like, *together* together. I wish I could tell the world."

He replies with silence and that horrible sinking feeling returns when I think of what secrets he may have with Lucy.

As the song ends, he tugs me down the stairs of the gazebo and my heart sinks, knowing some things are not to be wished for.

Hand in hand, we make our way to The Black Swan Boutique, and he pulls me inside. Everything here is super expensive and high-end. I don't have any money of my own and being over the top extravagant with Grandpa's money never felt right.

Papa is pulling out dresses, holding them up against me and either nodding or shaking his head. Not one dress, not two, maybe ten. Hats, scarves, jewelry, bags. Jeans, t-shirts and anything I touch, it's put into the arms of two employees who take it to a counter and start a pile. A woman dressed in all black with a Morticia vibe comes over and smiles when she sees me.

"Hello, I'm Nina. Can I help?"

"You work here?"

"I certainly do," she says with a bob of her head. "And you are...?"

He wraps his arm around my shoulders, pulling me closer to his large frame. My insides turn to mush at this open display of affection. "None of your business," he grunts with a sniff.

"She's just being nice," I tell him. "There's no need to be a grumpy Gus, Papa."

Nina doesn't seem to have taken offense. "Oh! Is this your father?"

"Grandfather," I tell her.

Papa rumbles with a low growl. "Where is the lingerie?"

Nina pins her eyes on me as I shrug. She looks at me with mock horror. "Not the sort of thing you want to discuss with your grandfather, right? I'll take you and—"

Papa cuts her off. "I'll take her. You just point." He stares at her until she backs down and points us toward the left.

As Papa leads, I follow as two men with their wives or girlfriends watch me with heat in their eyes, leaning to whisper to each other as we pass.

I'm a plain cotton Hanes sorta girl, but still. I could be converted because the fancy, frilly things here are just beyond, *beyond* beautiful. Papa has me picking out things I like, things he likes and imagining parading around showing off and teasing him until he turns me over his knee then puts me down onto mine for a good Papa-style throat fuck has my thighs slick and the needy tug in my core is getting desperate for relief.

I'm flushed and dripping, nipples on high alert as the two men step into the lingerie area, looking me up and down.

The soreness throbs as I imagine all the dirty things I've read that I want to do with my Papa, and I wonder if my newfound promiscuity is seeping from my pores, drawing feral looks from any men close enough to catch my frisky pheromones.

"What are you fucking looking at? You want to keep your eyes?" Gennero steps toward the two men, who sneer but wisely shrink back as I lay a hand on Papa's arm. His jaw is hard, brow bunched with anger as he winds his fingers into the back of my hair and tugs me next to him.

"Papa, it's okay," I mumble and then the unthinkable happens.

He follows me into the changing room.

Or, to be more precise, he leads the way. He grabs a chair from nearby, ignores Nina's polite protests that the changing rooms are for one person at a time, and locks the door behind me.

"Get naked," he orders, rubbing the front of his pants as he drops the chair next to the wall.

My heart comes up in my throat as I freeze, wondering what everyone in the shop must be thinking.

"You know those two fucks had hard-ons looking at you. You're a cock-tease, even when you're not trying." Before I can reply, Papa's hands spin my shoulders, facing me toward the mirrored wall, then he crowds me against the slick glass surface, tugging down my leggings with a rough grunt all the way to my knees as I bite back a yelp.

My lusty panting steams up the mirror as my cheek presses to the coolness. Gennero's hands grip the globes of my ass as he leans down, sweeps my hair over my shoulder, and rasps his teeth along my neck, making me shiver and flatten my hands onto the mirror.

"If I could cut off every dick you make hard besides mine in this lifetime, I would. I don't like men looking at you. Thinking of you. I'm going to have to keep you locked up, chained to the wall or dress you in a fucking

cardboard box with a pillowcase over your head. Otherwise, there will be a trail of body parts wherever we go.”

His words make me shiver. There’s truth in them, as wild as they sound. I believe he would do what he says.

My mother and stepfather never talked much about Gennero. Only to say that he was the man no one dared to cross. And if they did, it was only once.

He’s got a streak of danger in him that should rouse fear in me, but it doesn’t. The opposite. In fact, the idea of him tearing into another man for looking at me makes the wrangle of tension in my core tighten.

“You flirt with any man, understand you are signing his death warrant. That’s a lot of responsibility, I know, but I can’t stop what I feel. You hold the fate of men in your hands, Carina, you will be a serial killer without ever getting blood on your hands.”

My inner walls squeeze as his teeth pinch on my earlobe, his erection against my bare bottom. His hands slide up under my fuzzy sweater to grip my breasts as I arch my back, laying my head back against his shoulder, my body begging for more of what my he gives me.

“I’ll only flirt with you, Papa. I promise.”

“Damn fucking right,” he replies, but my heart is breaking.

“Papa.” I start, my body going rigid as he meets my eyes in the mirror.

“What’s wrong?” He ease back, the intensity in his eyes changing, sensing I’m uneasy.

“It’s dumb, but—”

“Nothing is dumb if it’s bothering you, what? Ask, tell me, right now.”

“You and—” I gather my bravery. “You don’t have something going on... with Lucy.”

His eyes turn dark and he physically winces. “No. No, *no, no, no*. Why would you think...”

I shrug, his body inching back from mine. “I saw you guys look at each other, like you had a secret, I just, guess it made me wonder.”

“Never, I haven’t touched a woman in so fucking long. You are it. Lucy is special, but not like you. I have zero interest in any other female and I won’t. For the rest of my life. I swear on my life.”

I release a calming breath, the look on his face enough to convince me. “I believe you. I’m sorry, I hope I didn’t ruin our little moment.”

“Never. And, I bet that teasing little cunt of yours is still as wet as I think it is.”

His rough hand leaves one of my breasts to delve into the clutching heat between my legs as I push back, opening myself for him. He kicks my legs apart, fingers pushing, pressing, entering as his hot breath, scented with peppermint schnapps, heats my shoulder.

“Soaking. Messy, dripping, horny little girl for her old man.” I turn my head and meet his eyes in the mirror as his fingers wiggle on my clit, making me hiss and bite into my cheek.

“Only for you, Papa,” I mumble, his hips bucking against my bottom as his brow cinches tight, his fingers on my breast digging in as I labor to breathe, my legs trembling, knowing this is what I want.

Not just the soft lovemaking. I want this. Hard and demanding and dangerous.

“Time that mouth learned what my thick candy cane tastes like. You do a good job, I’m going to give you a nice surprise at the end. Now, get ready, baby, Santa wants his cock sucked.”

CHAPTER 11



Gennero

She is perfect. I almost hate myself for being so rough with her. So vile and degrading, but from the way her pussy is streaming down her leg, my little granddaughter likes her old man filthy.

“Tell me that sweet slit of yours isn’t getting sloppy thinking of taking Papa’s cock in your mouth.”

I drive my fingers into her clutching walls as the warmth of her orgasm leaks down my hand. “Papa, please.” She trembles against my chest, her face smashed into the mirror as I fill her with two thick fingers, banging against her pubic bone with the force of the finger fuck until she’s stuttering and slipping down the glass.

I grab her around her waist, slipping my slick fingers from her seizing opening, then ease her onto her knees, her eyes unseeing, body limp.

“You’re on the naughty list, but luckily you can do something nice for Papa and be a good girl again. Now, open those pretty lips, I’m going to feed you some Feliz Navi-Dick.”

What I don’t tell her, but I will someday when we are settled and this whole charade of hiding and pretending is behind us, is I gave her one of my firsts

as well.

This.

Never have I let a woman put her mouth on my cock.

Childhood trauma you could say.

See, my father, God rest his dark soul, taught me everything I know about being a cold-hearted bastard in our world, told me more times than I care to count about how he would take care of his enemies in a way they never saw coming.

Find a woman. The prettiest one you could find with the biggest debt hanging over her head.

Send her on a mission. Get your enemy's cock in her mouth, then...bring it back to him in a paper sack.

Carina's mouth will be the first for me. The only one I trust.

"Take me out. Slow. I want to watch and remember every second."

There's shuffling outside the dressing room, a soft knock.

"Fuck off." I grimace, dropping a hand to palm the top of Carina's head, keeping her focused. "When I want your help, you'll fucking know. Now, fuck off."

Her fingers fumble and shake on my zipper, dragging the length of my wood from my pants as I reach down and haul my balls out and hang them over the base of my open zipper.

"I—I—" Her eyes are full of questions as I tuck her hair behind her ears, grip the sides of her head and nod. Looking for a second into the mirror, I lick my lips at the image. Carina, on her knees in front of me. Her pretty little heels indenting into her soft bottom, my face twisted with darkness and lust as her fingers ease around my shaft.

"Get it in your mouth, little girl. Papa's waited a long time for this, but my patience isn't infinite. Get to sucking and don't expect me to be gentle."

“Like this?” Her eyes toy with me as she wraps her fingers around the veiny shaft, my heart nearly pounding through my chest.

“Get it in your fucking mouth,” I demand, as I jut my hips forward while tugging her face onto my length.

The warmth of her mouth hits me like a thousand bullets into my heart. I knew, in an offhand way of course, that getting sucked off probably felt great, but my PTSD from my father’s stories never allowed me to give it a fucking go.

But now?

My little angel kneeling in front of me is going to need the best pair of knee pads sold on this planet because she’s going to be spending a fuck ton of time down there.

“God damn, I love you, baby. Remember that, because you’re going to be getting a throat full of Papa’s cock. And it’s your job to take it.”

I watch in awe as she tries to nod, but I’m hell-bent on getting every inch of my monster down her tight baby throat. Deeper, deeper as she gurgles and works the base with her hands, big approval-seeking eyes on me and I’m re-fucking-born.

I’m resurrected from the dead as I hold her head and groan. When she pulls back, my dick leaves her mouth with a sloppy, popping sound. She gasps, her face red as my Santa suit.

“It’s so big—” She bows her head and I thread my fingers into her hair, yanking her head back so her eyes are on mine. “Bigger up close.”

“Yes, baby. Every inch is for you to take care of.” I loosen one hand from her hair and fist the base over her hands, drawing my cock to the side, smacking it on her cheek, then the other as her eyes flutter closed with each cock slap. “Kiss the tip.”

Her plump lips pucker right up as I guide the swollen, dripping head to them and ease her face into position by the hair, her hands loosening and falling to press flat on the fronts of my thighs, seeking balance.

“That’s a good girl. You look so fucking perfect like this. Kissing your grandpa’s dick on your knees, bet you are making a sloppy mess between your legs too.” She nods like the good angel she is, the desire to make me happy and get my approval clear in her eyes. “You’ll worship it. Just like I’ll worship your pussy. You’re a fucking miracle. Papa’s private little treasure to use as he wishes.”

The muscles in my stomach clench. She’s so fucking beautiful; why she wants an old grumpy fuck like me, I don’t know. But with every brush of her lips on my dick, I vow to take care of her forever.

I’ll provide for her as I always have, but with more care and attention to her every fucking whim and want. She’s mine to do as I please, but with that, I will make sure she needs nothing. That she knows I am her everything and her needs will always come before mine.

Well, except maybe right now.

“Papa needs his dick sucked, baby. Get to it.”

She winds her hands around the shaft again, guiding it to her mouth. Before I stuff it inside, she looks at me with those eyes of the little girl I’ve known for so long, resting the length on her face, her hands holding it at the base with fingers high like she’s praying to my cock.

The head rests on her forehead, the shaft down the slope of her nose, her warm breath tickling my balls as she lingers there, in a gesture of reverence to my manhood that fucking wrecks me.

“I’m worshiping your cock, Papa. Just like you said I would. It’s beautiful, I think I’m in love.” Her eyes flicker upward, nose crinkled.

“Fucking brat. Get on that fucking cock and suck like your life depends on it. I want spit and gagging and fucking effort, baby. Show me how much you love me with your mouth.”

She opens her lips and I feed her every inch, down, down, down.

In and out. In and out. Plowing over her tongue and into the tight tunnel of her throat while she wiggles on her knees, slapping at my hips.

“Told you I wouldn’t be gentle. Now, relax that throat, you’ve got three more inches waiting.”

She’s gagging but also sucking; and within a few seconds, her throat softens and she sucks me down like a fucking pro.

“God, I love you.” My eyes shut as my head falls back, holding the back of her head in my hand, the whole of my dick down my granddaughter’s soft throat. “Hold it there, you’ll breathe when I say. Show me how much you’ll suffer to make me happy, baby. Show me...”

Fuck, it’s better than I ever imagined. I’m greedier than I thought when it comes to getting my pleasure from her, but I’ll give it back to her tenfold.

“I love how hard you try for me. Such a good girl, holding my dick down like that. I’ve never seen you look more beautiful.”

I’m not going to last. I release her for a gasping breath around my shaft, then she gets going on it all on her own. Gurgling and sucking and breathing, her fingers jerking off the slick shaft, finding her pace, saliva dripping from her chin.

I hump her face like the dirty old man that I am as she squeezes her lips around me, sucking harder as I drag her mouth back and forth, pummeling that young throat of hers until my balls slap on her chin, her eyes begging for relief.

“You’d do anything for me, wouldn’t you, baby? You’re giving me all of you right now, and you’ll do it again and again whenever Papa’s needy, won’t you?”

I give her my big cock harder and faster until a tingle starts in my core. “Your prize is coming, baby. You did such a good job, you’re going to get your reward now. No spitting.”

Pressure rises in my balls, the unbearable weight of my cum heaving upward as her hot wet mouth works feverishly up and down, up and down.

“I’m going to destroy you with my cock every fucking day. You’ll beg for it too, won’t you? Like a good girl. My fucking good girl. Here it comes, baby. Papa’s going to come.”

The tension builds until the intensity is unbearable, her chortle and sounds of wet effort spur my orgasm forward as I grit my teeth and my dick explodes.

My testicles fucking knot up and I nearly black out. Her little hands beat off the few inches she retains as she swallows, swallows as I nut and spurt down her throat.

“You’re trying so hard, baby. Keep swallowing, there’s more.” Another spurt as her eyes look like they’re coming out of their sockets, but her throat massages the engorged tip and something inside me shifts.

I release her hair, stroking her now instead of tugging as she swallows the last of my orgasm. I watch her perfect mouth stretched around me, knowing I’ll never let my baby go.

There’s more shuffling outside the door of the dressing room as I let my dick fall from her stretched lips. Her face is a sloppy mess of spit and cream as sweat trickles down my back and I pull her from her knees, holding her to my chest and kissing her head, wiping her mouth with my hand.

“That was perfect, baby. Such a sweet girl you are for me. I love you, you know that, right?”

She nods against my chest as I ease her onto the little chair in the dressing room, then work my cock back into my pants. I stare at her slumping form, with her eyes glazed, cheeks pink and lips swollen.

“You were mine before. But, after that,” I shake my head, inhaling through my fingers as I press my hand to my mouth. “I’ll kill anyone that tries to take you away. Anyone.”

CHAPTER 12



Gennero

“Take one more bite.” I hold the fork to her lips, her eyes softer than when we started, but still there’s trepidation.

One step at a time.

“Then, I’m done?” She locks her jaw, hands in her lap where I told her to keep them as she sits at the long rustic table in the large commercial kitchen off the ballroom where the party took place yesterday.

It’s already been cleaned and scrubbed by the cleaning company. The stainless-steel gleaming and the floor polished.

When we got done in the dressing room, she was so fucking pale, her stomach growling like a grizzly and she refused to eat at any of the restaurants because she can’t bear to have strangers watch her eat.

I tracked down Lucy at the nail place and gave her the bad news that we were heading back home. Carina’s well-being trumps a manicure and mulled wine. I had a few hours before I had to meet with Alfredo but getting that unpleasantness out of the way was still on my mind.

Lucy was fine with leaving. Her nails and toes were done, she said she had some work to do anyway and wanted me to be sure Carina was distracted because she felt like she was getting suspicious about her disappearing into the workshop the other day.

That all worked fine, because I was taking this monster inside of my little girl for a ride and I needed privacy.

“Baby, I told you, you are no longer responsible for your food choices. That’s all on me. If I have to feed you for the rest of your life, I’ll do it, but I won’t stand by one more fucking second and watch you hurt yourself and hate yourself. You’re fucking beautiful. If you weigh three hundred pounds as long as you’re happy and healthy, I’ll still think you’re beautiful. I’ll still want to fuck that tight miracle between your legs until you’re drooling and feel lobotomized. So, please, for the love of all things Christmas, take the bite.”

Her soft pink lips open and I guide the fork into her mouth, my heart warming when she lets out a soft moan as I withdraw the utensil and she starts chewing.

“Good girl.” I pet the back of her hair. “I’m so proud of you. So, so proud.”

We continue the process until she’s eaten half of a chicken breast and some buttered broccoli, each bite taking less convincing until her cheeks turn pink and the light returns to her golden eyes.

“I think that’s enough.” I stop before she starts to protest because part of this is her understanding that I’m not here to harm her, physically, emotionally or otherwise, but this demon inside her needs to understand there’s a new sheriff in town. “You did so good, baby.”

“Thank you, Papa. I feel okay. A little full.”

“That’s good. A little full is good. Now,” I push away the plate and take her face in my hands. “Give me a kiss. I have to go take care of some things in the workshop. Couple investment calls. Nothing big, you should go do something fun with Leonardo. Or read, take a bath.”

“Can we do...” She smiles and I don’t give a shit about what I need to take care of. I just want to sit here and watch her smile. “Can we do it again?”

Like, you know. Playroom or wherever, I just, I just want you all the time now.”

God, this girl. She makes me immortal. “Yes, baby. We will be doing ‘it’ again and so much more. But let me go handle my business, then we will find some time for us. Promise.”

I brush her lips with mine as my phone buzzes in my pocket and I know who it is.

My mood darkens as I leave her sitting in the kitchen, spearing another bite of the chicken herself as I head down the stairs toward my workshop.



THIS FUCKING GUY.

“I want you to reconsider my offer.” Alfredo picks imaginary lint off his suit jacket, shrugging with his shoulders and also the corners of his mouth. “My boy Sully, he is a good boy. Solid. Dependable.”

“He’s twenty-five years old,” I point out, keeping my voice level for the sake of Christmas hospitality. “Hardly a boy.”

“And your granddaughter is eighteen, a grown woman. This is the way things have always been done, Don Sabato. Tradition. They are a good match. Our families run operations in neighboring parts of New York and Chicago, we join forces, we will rule the city.”

“I don’t give a fuck about tradition,” I say with a growl. “I’ve given you my answer. Carina is not for sale. Not to you, not to anyone.”

The ‘Don’ is sailing dangerously close to a fucking beating.

“There’s no need for hostility,” he says. “We’re old friends. We can discuss business without it becoming a war. Not like these young punks coming up now. With their guns and their drugs. All shoot-em-up now and ask the questions later.”

As he says *shoot-em-up*, Don Pugliesi makes finger guns with both his hands and fires them at an imaginary intruder to the workshop.

Then he shakes his head, a dramatic disappointed sigh escaping his lips.

He's older than me, but not by much. His youngest son, Sully, actually is a good man. I've heard about his balls and his brains from others. But that doesn't mean I'm going to let him get his hands on Carina. She's mine, and she'll stay fucking mine.

"When you controlled Chicago, my old friend, it was civilized." He inclines his head in respect. "I want that again. I can make it happen. But only if our families are united. Marriage is the way that treaty is signed. Blood to blood. Skin in the game. You could return to the city. Settle all your problems, live like a fucking king."

He's baiting the hook. Those are the things I have wanted for so long, but now that they are possible, the price is too high.

"Not Carina," I say.

"*Not Carina*," he says, like a broken record. "Why not Carina? She's beautiful, talented and traditional. Young. Unattached. Lucy is delightful. She is a credit to you and to your son, God rest his soul. But she's too involved with the business, too tough. My boy needs someone who will cook and make babies and leave business in the hands of her husband."

I hold my rage by a thread. Hearing him talk about Carina making babies with anyone makes me want to deliver his body in parts back to his family in Chicago.

I never suggested Lucy either. She'd destroy Sully within a week.

"Why dismiss the idea so quickly? What if she wants to—"

"She doesn't." I bring the flat of my hand down on the desk, knocking over the photo of Carina and Lucy at last year's performance. "Carina is off limits, now and forever. Did you have anything else to discuss, *old friend*? Because if not, there's the door."

I point, ready to convince him of my position with a 45 shell between his eyes if necessary.

Don Pugliesi does the mouth shrug again. “You will think about it. I’m sure you will come around. Carina—” he says as he picks up his Fedora.

And that’s fucking *enough*.

In an instant, I’m on my feet, snapping my knife from its sheath at my hip. I hold the forged steel to his throat, his eyes wide as his hands go up, a whimper choking from his throat.

“J—Jesus Christ, Gennero! What the fuck... This is Christmas, for Christ’s sake! There’re no weapons at Christmas, you fucking know that. You’re the one that...”

He’s right. It’s the Christmas truce, hospitality and guarantees of safety. But he crossed the line and I don’t give a shit about any fucking truce when it comes to Carina.

Blood trickles along the edge of the blade.

“Jesus...” he says again, and I growl.

“You keep my granddaughter’s name out of your fucking mouth. She’s not marrying your fucking son or any other motherfucker you might have in mind. Clear?”

He nods, and I jerk the knife away, pushing him against the wall.

As I drop back into my seat, he shuffles out the door. I wouldn’t be surprised to find a trail of piss behind him.

I close my eyes and let out a sigh as I stare at the flickering monitors, absently stabbing the knife into the wood of my desk and twisting.

Carina. Is. Mine.

He didn’t close the door...

That thought comes a second too late. “What...” It’s Carina. “What’s going on?”

I growl. This is not how I wanted her to find out.

Carina stands in the open doorway in a gray sweatshirt and baggy jeans, her hair tumbling in auburn waves around her shoulders. Her face is fresh, eyes wide, her mouth falling open as her hands fly to her lips.

I knew it had to happen. I could only juggle the lies for so long.

She's frozen as she scans the room. The photographs, the whirring computers, the bank of monitors, the sword, names of mobsters dead and alive on a whiteboard; the list of aliases; the weapons; the files containing material for extortion.

"Carina, it's not—"

She chokes out an incredulous laugh. "It's not what I think? Are you going to tell me you're not involved with the fucking mob anymore? I hate that life. I *hate it*. I don't want to be part of any," She waves her hands around, "of this. I won't. How could you?"

I think about lying to her. But when I look in her eyes, I know I can't.

Even if it hurts her, even if she hates me. I can't lie to her by omission or word.

I shake my head. "This is what I do. It's what I've always done. But your impression of this life is tainted by what happened to you. The world runs as it runs. What you think of as legitimate and legal...those businesses are just as filthy, maybe worse."

"Oh, I fucking see." She glares, her jaw set.

I step forward, reaching for the one thing in the world I really want, to tell her it's all okay, but she sweeps an arm in front of her, stepping back.

"Nope. You don't get to touch me. I know what the life is, Papa. I know that it killed my mom. My stepfather. *Your son*. It killed them. It ruined my life. And yours, or so I thought. How can you even..."

"Carina, please, just fucking listen for a—"

"No. No, Papa."

She turns, bolting through the door, and I head out after her. As soon as I'm outside the door, she grabs my coat from the peg on the wall, pushing out the door at the end of the hall, running across the snowy pasture, making her way to the reindeer pens.

I start to go after her, but a strong hand grips my arm.

Whipping around my fist balled, there stands Mama.

"Let her go," she says, shaking her head. "She's upset, but she'll come around. Let her go see Leonardo. It will help. You have some unrest in Chicago you should handle."

She hands me a tablet, the screen bright in the fading winter light as the storm comes in off the horizon. And as soon as I see what's on the screen, I know she's right. I have to deal with this. We've got some rogue detectives trying to make a name for themselves. Forgetting who it is that lines their wallets.

Trouble is, all I want to do is go after Carina, explain everything and bring her back.

But I defer to Mama's wisdom. I need to give her space. I need to let her talk it out with Leonardo. He'll have my back.

At least, I hope so.

CHAPTER 13



Gennero

*F*uck giving her space. I didn't make it ten minutes before I trudged out into the snow to track down her dramatic ass.

Business can wait. Fucking Chicago rivalries and police payoffs going south are flaring up and as usual, it falls on me to settle their immature bullshit. Only problem is, I don't give a ripe fuck about any of it.

Every-fucking-thing else can fucking wait.

Without Carina next to me, there's no point in anything else.

It's Christmas fucking eve. I wanted to sit by the fire, watch her and Lucy exchange their traditional gag gifts and drink some bourbon, then take *my* gift to my room and rail into her until the sun comes up.

"Carina?" I call out into the cold emptiness of the reindeer barn. She wasn't in the pasture and her footsteps lead here and I'm already about to lose it knowing she's out here without me. "Carina, *enough*. I have things to tell you, but you hiding is not going to get you the result you want. Or, maybe it is because your ass is going to be wearing my hand print if you don't come out, *now*."

Silence.

Nothing.

The weathered timber of the barn stares back at me, illuminated by the strung lights along the high ceiling, that pick out carved snowflakes and trees decorating the stables. One of the reindeer, Rafael judging by the low snort, kicks against his stall wall, then it's silence again.

I stomp down the center aisle, dropping a little more straw into a couple of the reindeer pens, but when I get to Leonardo's stall, it's empty. The metal latch hangs broken by a single screw, and hoofprints lead away to the other end of the barn.

Shit.

It's not the first time he's escaped, but with the storm coming in, if she went to get him, that could not end well.

My heart thunders as I run back the way I came, out into the snow-covered pasture and over to the sleigh shed. If the blizzard comes in while I'm out there looking for her, a Land Rover isn't going to cut it.

I need the Frost Titan.

The doors to the shed swing open, revealing a vast expanse of red metal. It's an Aerosani, a propeller-driven sledge invented by the Soviets back in the early twentieth century.

However, mine is larger than anything the manufacturer had ever built.

It's a mix between a speedboat and a car, mounted on thirty-foot skis, with a cockpit big enough to seat six with a cargo area, and the Frost Titan is strong enough to tow a tank if needed.

As the sky goes from blue-gray to the color of coal, I turn the key and the engine fires to life without a stutter.

The propeller whirs, and a second later, I'm tearing out into the snow, headlamps lit, following a light trail of reindeer prints leading out into the wilderness.

“I’m coming, baby. Just be okay. God, please, let her be okay.”



I FOLLOW the barely there reindeer trail through the sparse woodland at the edge of the property, over vast expanses of white beneath the dark sky. Mountains watch, impassive, as I speed by, the roar of the engine and scent of gasoline my only companions.

Oh, and my guilt. There’s that, but if I have my way, that motherfucker is moving on as well.

She’s out here. I feel it, and I’m going to get her back. I have to. She’s my miracle. My sun. My breath. I vow from this moment on, I’ll be what she needs. I’ll be a better man. I’ll go straight.

I’ll open a fucking hardware store and come home every night and complain about the price of lumber, how no one wants to work anymore and how taxes are killing me.

I’ve never paid taxes, but if I did, it would kill me.

My property ends, but the trail doesn’t, and I crash through the poorly maintained fence without a second thought as I drive the Frost Titan right onto Mort McAllister’s land. It’s no wonder our reindeer end up on his land. That fence wouldn’t stop them, not even close. Fucking asshole.

As his house and barn come into view, I hear a shotgun blast, and my mouth goes dry. My heart stops and my focus narrows to a pinprick.

If he’s fucking touched her, I’ll kill him. I’ll fit him for a pair of concrete shoes, cut a hole in the ice on Lake Harpon and drop him in.

I leave the Titan running, hop out into the snow as the vehicle’s propeller slows, and I grab my pistol from my waistband.

I sprint toward the barn where the shot rang out.

“Get out of the fucking way, girl.” Mort’s slurred voice sounds triumphant as he shouts. “That reindeer has crossed my fence for the last fucking

time!”

“No. You will have to shoot me first.”

I breathe a sigh of relief as I hear her voice.

“If you don’t get your ass out of my way, I’ll do just that.”

I burst through the door behind Mort as the snow starts to fall, giant flakes coming down wet and heavy as the promised Christmas blizzard begins.

My gun is raised, my arm locked, my years on the streets come flooding back as I wrap both hands around the grip of my Glock. “Drop the shotgun, Mort. You raise it against my granddaughter again and you’ll die where you fucking stand.”

“Your granddaughter...” He turns to spit, and my finger tightens on the trigger as he lets the barrel of his gun drop an inch. “Your granddaughter brought one of your fucking reindeer onto my land, Sabato. I told you what would happen if I caught any of them here again. Fucking reindeer poop all over the place. I’m going to dine on venison tonight.”

“You will not!” Carina screams, her hands around Leonardo’s neck as he paws at the ground, vapor snorting from his nostrils. “He’s my friend. If I had a gun right now, I’d blow your fucking balls off, you wrinkled up old fucking backwoods bastard.”

“*Friend.*” Mort screws up his nose as he turns back to stare at her. “You hear this, Sabato? Your granddaughter a little slow in the head or something? She’s got a right nasty mouth there, too. Deer ain’t your friend, you stupid girl. Deer are meat, simple as—”

I charge at him as Carina does the same, hurling curse words as I whip my gun across the back of his head, a crack sounding out as the butt hits his skull, then he goes down with a thump onto the dirty barn floor. Carina scurries my way, throwing her arms around my neck and burying her face in my chest.

“I wanted to be the one to drop him. I know what you mean now about that protective instinct. He was going to hurt my family, and no one hurts my family.”

“That’s right, baby. Next time, honeysuckle. I promise. I’ll give you the honors.”

Her honey brown eyes sparkle as I run my lips over her forehead and I say the words I should have said over and over until she knew they were true. “I love you,” I whisper as Leonardo steps forward, dropping his head to nuzzle at Mort’s face, then turning around, raising his tail and—

“I love you too, Papa.” She giggles as she watches Leonardo’s shit land in a steaming pile on Mort’s chest. “So, so much.”

“Come on, baby. I have a lot of fixing to do.”



THE FROST TITAN rumbles and lurches as we make our way back through the blizzard. The wind is howling and the snow is coming down hard and sideways, but inside the cockpit it’s warm and comfortable, and I know Carina is safe.

Leonardo is tucked into the cargo hold, snug with plenty of straw to keep him comfortable and a bucket of alfalfa cubes to keep him calm.

As for Mort...

When he came to, he found himself tied to a beam in his barn, wrists numb from being hauled up above his head. The wound I gave him was only superficial, but the terror in his eyes was very real.

Between us, Carina and I made sure he knew what would happen if he ever stepped out of line again.

She gave as good as I’ve ever seen, and I’ve got to say I couldn’t be prouder of my girl. She reminded him that we’re a mafia family, that we have connections, and no fear, and that we have a deep lake right on our property.

“I’m sorry,” she says, staring at her hands as she warms them between her legs, the tape on her bandage curling at the ends reminding me, I need to make sure I tend to it when we get home. “I shouldn’t have run off like that.

It was a shock, I..." She draws a deep breath. "I'm understanding the life our family has lead more. It feels different now."

I nod. It's a truth I learned a long time ago, but not one that can ever be forced. "You know how the mafia started in this country? In my own grandfather's day, there were neighborhoods the police wouldn't go near. There was lawlessness. Murder. Innocent people being harmed daily. So they started to protect themselves. My grandfather and his brother organized their own kind of militia, and that grew into something else, but they never forgot where they came from, that they were there to protect those who had nowhere else to go. They took care of the neighborhood."

"I can't forget that my mom died because of that life. It sent you away." She meets my eyes.

"No. You shouldn't. There's more to what happened to my son and your mom than you know. I'll never say they asked for it, but they stepped on toes that they knew were dangerous. They pushed beyond the limits and rules and code. It came back at them. But when things happen, when people need protecting—"

"Or reindeer," she says, and I laugh.

"Or reindeer," I agree. "When those we love need protecting, that's what we're there for. A mafia is a family. That's the truth. And we protect our own."

She sits silent for a moment, then nods. "Papa?"

"Yes, baby girl?"

"Stop the engine." She meets my eyes, unblinking, and I know when I'm beaten.

The Titan gives a high-pitched sigh as I ease off, and let it slide over under a tree as I secure the brake.

Carina's hand is on my crotch before I know what's happening, lowering my zipper eagerly. She grins, then laughs as my cock pops out through the fly. "There he is," she says, swirling a finger over the swelling head.

“Fuck,” I mutter as she leans forward, opening her mouth wide and sucking it between her lips. “My little honeysuckle.”

She smiles around my dick, and it makes my balls clench as her tongue glides up the underside, flicking through the hole that’s already dripping precum down her throat.

Carina sucks and kisses, and I think I’m going to heaven...



WHEN WE PULL up at the house, Lucy and Mama are waiting. And I know what I have to do.

Before I put the Frost Titan back in its shed, I flip on the cab lights and take Carina’s handing one of mine, then pinch her chin with my other. “It’s going to be okay. I promise.”

“What do you mean?” She fusses, her eyes darting to our family standing on the porch watching. “No, *no please*, not now, I’m not ready--”

I cut her off with my mouth on hers and we both sink into the kiss. I know Lucy sees it, I know Mama sees it. I don’t care. This is how it has to be. They all need to understand that we’re together now and nothing is going to change that.

As the kiss ends, I pull Carina after me, out of the cockpit and down the ladder to the ground.

And Lucy stares, open-mouthed as Mama shakes her head.

“Sis, I can explain—” Carina begins, but Lucy turns.

Storming through the front door slamming it behind her.

“You two.” Mama sets her lips in a forced frown. “I’m no warden, you both do what you do, but remember,” She points a finger at Gennero then me, “we are a family and everyone deserves respect. Lying and sneaking around divides us. You both will make this right. Or you’ll have me to answer to.”

With that, she spins, throwing her hands up, shouting in Italian, then doing the sign of the cross over her chest as head toward the Frost Titan in her big rubber boots and no jacket.

“I don’t want to answer to Mama,” Gennero whispers with a crooked grin.

“Me either.”

“That’s my girl. Come on, time to make this right.”

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CHAPTER 14



Gennero

“*S*he hates me.” Carina is hugging herself tight. “She hates *us*.”

I kiss the top of her head. “She doesn’t. She’s your sister, it’s just a lot.”

“What if she never speaks to me again?”

She stares at the falling snow, at Mama as she unloads Leonardo from the Frost Titan, at the ground, anywhere but at me or where her sister just disappeared inside the house. I know she’s hurting, but this had to happen. It had to be out in the open. I can’t ask her to keep this secret for the rest of her life.

“Come on,” I tell her.

She shakes her head. “I can’t go in there. She’ll scream and I deserve it. She’ll call me a whore.”

I grab her arm, and like I’m coaxing reindeer out into the pasture, I gently guide her forward. “Come on. It’s going to be all right.”

And as soon as we get inside, Lucy is there.

Carina pulls back, pressing herself against me, and damn it if my cock doesn't respond like a selfish bastard. "Lucy, I'm—"

"You think I'm annoyed with you?" Lucy glares, and right now I'd say she's annoyed with *someone*. "I'm fucking pissed at him."

"That's fair." I'm here to take whatever she needs to give. I'm no stranger to fury but I also know, most of the time, it fades.

Lucy's eyes target me and I'm ready. "You're the victim. You were so lonely you picked on the only woman in the house you knew wouldn't bust you in the mouth for making a move on her." She turns to Carina, and she clicks her tongue against her teeth. "Tell me you didn't coerce her into this or anything. Because if he did, we got a big fucking problem."

"Ask your sister. Tell her anything," I say wanting this whole can of bullshit spilled all over so we can clean it the fuck up and move on.

And honestly, right now I couldn't be prouder of her for sticking up for Carina.

"He didn't." Carina starts, her hands on her hips. "I've been teasing and taunting him for months. You never noticed. I knew you'd hate me but I fell in love in a different way. I pushed and pushed until we both sort of broke."

"I thought you were just finding your inner wild child. Didn't know you had a target in mind." The furrows in Lucy's brow start to lessen.

"I was being a tease. I knew it was wrong but eventually, love finds a way." Carina leans my way.

"I love you both. But, how I love Carina, it's something I never expected. I'll never hurt her. I'll throw myself into the lake first."

"I'm good at reading people, I don't know how I missed this." Lucy crosses her arms, shifting her weight back and forth. "I'm not done being pissed at you." He points my way and I nod in acknowledgment. "We've all got secrets it looks like."

I cock my head wondering what's coming.

Lucy drops her head for a moment on a deep breath, then looks me in the eye. “ I’m annoyed because I held back on my own happiness while you two were cavorting like foals in the meadow.”

I snort a laugh and she shoots me a glare.

“You think my happiness is a joke?”

“No.” I shake my head. “Lucy, what happiness have you held back on? Because if I can give it to you, I will. Just name it. You’re still my granddaughter and you always will be, no matter what happens.”

“Okay, first, *she* is never going to be my... my... *step-grandmother*. That’s just weird. I’m older than she is.” She grips her forehead, fingers massaging her temples. “Carrie, if you *ever* try to make me call you grandma I swear to God—”

“I won’t,” Carina says on a snort. “I promise.”

“Now, second,” she looks at me, “I want you both to come with me.”

She turns on her heel and marches away. I’m not a following sort of guy, but this situation isn’t going to be fixed by my stubborn streak rearing its head.

I grab Carina’s hand, threading our fingers together as we go through the mansion, up the stairs and toward the bedrooms where Lucy is headed.

At the entry to her bedroom, she waves us forward and when we follow her into her room, we both stand frozen in place.

Sitting on her bed is fucking Sully Pugliesi looking like the fucking Cheshire Cat.

He stands and sticks out a hand. “Don Sabato.” His dark hair is pulled back, that scar by the corner of his nose glinting white.

I don’t like being ambushed. But I hold back the urge to start making demands and throwing punches and instead, I shake his hand.

For Lucy’s sake.

“What are you doing here?” I ask. It’s still my fucking house.

My question is answered when Lucy throws her arms around his neck and plants a open mouth kiss on his lips.

“What the fuck?” Carina says, bent over laughing. “What the fuck? Jesus.”

“Stop cursing.” Mama says from the doorway. “All of you with your secrets and sneaking around. It’s not what family does. Besides, you weren’t fooling anyone. At least not me.” She crosses her arms, pursing her lips.

“My happiness,” Lucy says, “is with Sully. And if you two are going to be together, then I want this.”

I grind my teeth wishing we were on the streets in Chicago right now and give him a lesson in respect.

“You should have come to me.” I square off with Sully. “This is my home. My family. You ever go behind my back again, you ever hurt her, I’ll mail your body parts home to your mother. How did this happen? I barely let her out of my sight.”

Sully swallows, Lucy looking at me, then him.

“We met when you were away.” Sully starts with a nervous tick in his cheek. “Before you came here. Before they did. When she was fourteen.”

“And you were how old?” I sneer, he’s older, not by much but enough.

“Nineteen. But, we were just friends. For years. Then, it became more. Emails, calls. You can fall in love with someone that way. I wouldn’t have believed it, but it’s true.”

“Hmm.” I sniff as Lucy rests her hand on his chest.

“I love him, Papa. He understands our life. Our world. But, he’s old school, like you.”

“That so?” Carina chimes in with an edge to her voice. “We protect our family above all else.”

“I’ll protect her. With my life and as many as I have to take.” Sully sets his jaw, cradling Lucy’s head in his hand then extends his hand with a nod of contrition. “But, you are right. I should have come to you. When I was sent

here, it was complicated. A deal with the DA and I need to spend a few years here until Chicago settles down. I didn't want to put her in danger before...before we could come to an agreement with my father. He's stubborn."

"I'll take care of your father. If this is what Lucy wants, you are family now. I will make sure Alfredo settles things back home. If that's where you both end up, it needs to be safe. I will assure it is."

I shake his hand as Carina let's out a giggle. "This family works in mysterious ways."

Lucy and Sully turn into each other for a kiss as Mama claps her hands.

"Who is ready to celebrate? I have Lambrusco and my lasagna and more food than the entire army of Chicago could eat. The dining room table is set. The tree is lit, the gifts are wrapped, let's put all our secrets to bed and enjoy tonight. Tomorrow will take care of itself."

"I love you baby. More than all the snowflakes in Canada." I kiss Carina on the lips as everyone watches. "You'll never be a secret again."

"I love you too, Papa. Only..." She crinkles her nose, looking out the window toward the barn, "you might need to go have a talk with Leonardo. He gets jealous."

Lucy snickers as Mama waves toward the dining room.

"I'm make sure Leonardo understands. But, he's pretty busy until tomorrow morning. Flying around the world is tough and he's not getting any younger."

"Just like you." She chirps, wiggling her ass as she runs down the hall behind the rest of them.

"Fucking brat. You'll be getting your gift later tonight. I'll be putting a partridge in your pear tree one way or another."

The road to happiness isn't always clear. But, when you arrive, you need to slow down and give thanks.

Something I've never done. But, now that I'm at that place with Carina, I'll never take what we have for granted.

I may be old, but I'm young enough to learn a few new tricks.

And I can't wait to try them all out on her teasing ass.

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CHAPTER 15



Gennero

She picks one up, purses her lips, then meets my eyes. “I shouldn’t.” She shakes her head, letting it drop to join the others. “Alik—”

“Fuck Alik,” I mutter. That’s another thing I’m going to have to deal with, but not today. “It’s Christmas morning. This is what you asked for.”

“I know, but...”

“No buts, otherwise your *butt* is going to be sore for the rest of the day.” I cock an eyebrow as she wriggles on her stool, and I know she’s imagining the sting of my hand on her ass.

And her pussy. Because that was fun last night.

But with what I have planned for today, she’s going to want to be able to sit down.

“It’s just, when I said that I wanted donuts... I didn’t think you’d actually do it,” she says. “You just asked what I wanted and that was the first thing that came to mind.”

“Were you lying to me?”

She shakes her head, eyes going wide. “No, I would never... Bu—” She stops herself before the but slips out.

“Good girl.”

A little shiver runs through her, and she bites into her lip.

I step forward, leaning over the breakfast counter to stare into her eyes. I reach forward and tuck a stray strand of hair behind her ear, watching the blush spread over her nose. Her scent still on my lips from when she creamed on my face at five am before we came down for Christmas morning.

“Tell me one thing,” I say.

She nods. “Okay...”

“If it was just you and me, and we were the last two people on Earth—no fucking Alik Petrov, no audiences, no nothing. And it’s Christmas morning, and you can eat anything you want in the whole fucking world. What would you choose?”

Carina hesitates, just for a fraction of a second, then a smile spreads over her face as she looks down at her dish. “Donuts,” she gushes.

With a smile, I pick up the freshly-made sugary rings Mama made according to my instructions and hold it in front of her lips. “Open your mouth. I’m feeding you, remember? Because you are my world, Carina. And you get to have everything you ever want.”

If my girl wants donuts for Christmas breakfast, she gets fucking donuts.

She shifts on her stool, then with tentative movements, she opens her mouth and bites into the sugar sprinkled dough.

As she closes her eyes and moans my fucking erection returns, jealous as fuck about the donut.

The shimmering sugar coats her lips.

Leaning down I press my lips to hers, licking the sugary sweet taste of donuts and Carina. She turns toward me, her body instinctively leaning in.

And I love it. But it should wait.

Licking my lips, I pull back. “Good girl. Getting even more delicious for Papa. Take another bite.”

Her cheeks turn red while a smile appears on her beautiful face as I feed her another bite.

Then another.

I watch as she chews. Remembering all the ways her mouth gave me pleasure last night.

She sits up taller in her stool, hands on her knees. This time she kisses me, letting me suck her tongue.

God, this girl.

I pull her onto my lap, placing the donut back on her plate. When I bring my sugar covered fingers on her lips, she greedily sucks them into her mouth, licking them clean. If I’ll have to use sex to make her eat as eagerly as she’s licking the sugar out of my fingers, so be it. Be my guest, my little honeysuckle.

I slide my other hand between her legs under her tights and take my fingers out of her lips. She places her head on my shoulder, squirming on my lap, rubbing my hard on with her ass.

“Eat,” I whisper to her ear, giving her already wet pussy a good rub from slit to clit.

“Papa,” she moans and picks up her half-eaten donut between her thumb and finger and takes a massive bite.

“Keep eating. Soon you’ll connecting this pleasure...” I rub her clit in a hard circle as her body melts against me, “with this pleasure.” I put the donut to her lips and she takes a bite without hesitation. I keep at it until she’s chewing and swallowing and shaking with a shuddering orgasm. It will take time, but I’ll retrain her brain to understand and I’ll enjoy every moment.

I kiss her forehead, push the dish towards her and steal just one as I hear Lucy and Sully coming down the hall with Mama's voice ranting about the variegated poinsettias Lucy has put all over the house.

"I'll be back." I settle her quivering back on the other chair as I rush back to my room, taking the stairs two at a time and dress in my Santa suit as I always do for Christmas morning.

We all gather in the great room with its twelve foot tree and I start the fire while Mama lights the candles and sets out sugar cookies and more of that fucking God-awful Lambrusco.

Carina is like a little girl, tearing open wrapping paper with such excitement it makes me laugh. I try to turn it into a "ho, ho, ho" to maintain the illusion. I'm not sure if it works.

The next two hours are filled with laughter and torn paper and broken ribbons and giving was never so sweet.

Mama waddles off to see about more Lambrusco and restart her three tenors Christmas album as Lucy and Sully sneak off.

There's a stab of something in my heart as they go, but I know it's time. Time for both my girls to grow up.

At least a little.

"One more," I say handing Carina a small box once we are alone. She flips it open with that little girl awe I remember from when she was a child staring at the ballerina necklace, diamonds sparkling almost as bright as her eyes.

"It's too much." She tries but she's already reaching up to pull her hair aside so I can put it around her neck.

"Nothing is too much for you." I reach into the back pocket of my Santa suit and hand her the tiny envelope with a single ticket inside. "I lied, one more."

"Fuck, Papa, enough," she mutters to herself, and I smile the muscles in my face getting sore from overuse.

She tears open the envelope. “Is this really... This isn’t a joke, right?”

She looks up into my eyes, and I shake my head. “No joke. You asked for it, you get it. As many lessons as you need to get your pilot license.”

“W...when is my first lesson?”

She turns the ticket around in her hands, but I wrote it myself. There’s no restriction, because I’m going to pay for all the lessons she needs. If she wants to fly, that’s what she’s going to get. Although, she doesn’t know it yet, but I’m going to be there for every fucking lesson.

No way I’m letting my baby girl up in the air without me.

I make a dramatic show of pulling back my oversize Santa sleeve to look at my watch, making her giggle, then meet her eyes. “Now. If you like.”



THE AIRFIELD COMES into view as I steer the Range Rover down the entry to the small airport, a haven of low hangars and control buildings against the backdrop of snow-capped wooded mountains. The single runway is a dark ribbon, meticulously cleared of snow even today.

Carina is grinning as we climb out of the cab and head for the hanger where her instructor is waiting. The place is decorated for Christmas, with festive red and green ribbons visible in the buildings as we pass.

“Don Sabato, over here!” I recognize the voice well, older now than I remember, but then aren’t we all? Valentina retired from official duties, but she’s the best pilot I know and now has her instructor’s license. She grins as we turn and walk towards her. “Little Carina Sabato. You’ve grown.”

Carina shakes her head, eyes wide and Valentina laughs, looking at me.

“Valentina was the pilot that brought you here,” I explain. “She brings all our people north, when it’s needed. Or did, before she retired. She’s the only person I trust to give you flying lessons.”

“I know who she is. I’ve wanted to be like her from that day.”

“Being a pilot isn’t hard. If you can dance, you can fly. Your grandfather paid me well to be here today. But, truth is, he’s not the kind of man you say no to.”

After that, everything goes by in a whirl of excitement and joy.

It might be her first lesson, but Carina gets to fly the plane. Sort of. Valentina is at the controls, co-piloting, but Carina gets to feel what it’s like, the joy of being up in the air and seeing the ground a few thousand feet below.

“Leonardo would love this,” she says, laughing as we come in to land. “As soon as we get back, I’m feeding him and telling him all about it.”

Valentina looks at me with a quizzical expression, and I explain, “Leonardo is her pet reindeer.”

“Ah, well, in that case, he’ll be extra interested. Given that Santa over here hasn’t taught him to fly under his own power yet.”

The landing goes smoothly, with a little help from Valentina, and Carina is bouncing with joy as we step out of the plane. But as my old friend makes herself scarce, knowing what I have planned, I’m get fucking nervous.

Not about what I’m about to do. I’ve never been more certain of anything in my life, and I know that Carina will feel the same way I do. I’m not nervous about what’s going to happen, or about our future. But I am nervous about the words I’m going to say, how I can get across the feelings inside me so that she knows. So that she understands what this means.

I take her hands in mine and drop to one knee. I’ve taken a knee in front of her, and it feels like home.

“Carina,” I say, drawing a deep breath as the words come, my breath a vapor hanging in the cold air. I look into her beautiful eyes and let it all go. “I love you. I loved you as the little girl I had to protect and I love you now as the woman who’s changed my world. You are my sun and sky and the stars that will guide the rest of my life. In five generations, this will be the first marriage that’s based on love and love alone. No political alliances, no convenience. Just you and me and the rest of our lives together.”

I pull the box from my back pocket, and she gasps when I open it up. Then I slide the ring onto her finger and kiss her knuckles.

“I love you,” she whispers. “I love you so much. But what about Chicago? What about—”

“That will always be a part of who we are as a family, but I’ve done my time as boss. I don’t want it. All I want is here. All I want is you. And the truth is...” I hesitate, but now is the right time. She needs to know it all, so that we can go into marriage with a clean slate. “The truth is Lucy has been helping me run things for a while now. With my help, but she has her own ideas.”

“Wait, Lucy? My sister is the Don? Or...whatever?”

“I’m not sure what the female version of a don is, but yes. She will be. So you see, there’s nothing to stop me staying here, where I’m happy. Our love will soar higher than any of these planes, Carina,” I tell her, glancing around at the pilots that have stopped their pre-flight checks to watch. “Let’s make history. Let’s do this for the right reasons. For love. For family. For forever. Marry me.”

She’s nodding, tears making glistening rivers down her cheeks as I pull her into my arms, standing, kissing the top of her head as those watching cheer, giving their congratulations before they return to their own lives.

And the world is brighter. Because she’s mine, and she always will be.

CHAPTER 16



Carina

E pilogue 1 - *One month later*

PAPA TURNS TO ME, and for the first time I remember there are tears in his eyes. The reindeer barn has been opened up, allowing guests to sit under the white gazebo out in the pasture to watch, warmed by strategically placed pot-bellied heaters. There is a comforting scent of wood smoke all around us, and the sound of reindeer shifting in their stalls, except Leonardo.

Because he's standing by my side, and I swear he's grinning.

"Carina..." Papa draws a quick breath, clearing his throat as his nervous hand barely holds onto the page of notes. "I swear to stand by you, now and always. We will share in each other's joy and I will comfort you in sorrow. I will dance with you, every day, under the sun or under the stars, and help you realize your dreams as I share in your ambitions. You're everything to me. My heart, my future, my..."

He shakes his head, looking down and wiping at his eyes.

I step forward. I can't help it.

I know I'm not supposed to, but I can't watch him cry and do nothing, even for the sake of our wedding. I take him in my arms and pull myself in close, and his instincts kick in.

Without hesitation, he enfolds me in an embrace, pulling my face into his chest and kissing the top of my head. I feel a poke from down below and grin despite myself.

"I'm sorry," he says, and I try to tell him he doesn't need to apologize, but he isn't finished. "You're just so fucking beautiful in that dress. I want to tear it off you and fuck you in the reindeer stalls."

A wave of laughter and whispers ripples through the crowd, those closest telling the guests farther away what just he said. My cheeks are on fire because now that's all I can think about.

I turn to the officiant as he holds back a laugh.

"Let's get the short version." I whisper, desperate to get rid of the guests and have the reindeer barn to ourselves. "Please?"

Lucy catches my eye, her arm linked with Sully's, as Don Pugliesi steps forward, trying to get the right set of rings from the correct pocket so that we can hurry through the ceremony and get to the kissing... and more...

Because we've got two weddings going on here and this is only the first.

The officiant, thankfully, manages to regain his composure and continue with admirable professionalism. Gennero finishes his vows, I make mine, Lucy and Sully make theirs, and Don Pugliesi doesn't mix up the rings.

Time rushes by, and before I know it, I'm being pulled into a deep kiss that promises so much for the future, both distant and immediate.

"Everyone get out of my fucking barn," Papa growls as both couples are declared man and wife. "There's booze and food but not in here."

There's another ripple of laughter, but when he turns and they see the look in his eye, they fall silent. Then start filing out in quick order.

Mama is making apologies, telling everyone that there's a buffet in the dance auditorium and there's plenty for everyone, but I barely notice them all go. Because my eyes are fixed on Papa.

"Congrats, sis," Lucy whispers as she's pulled away by Sully. She grins, anticipation sparkling in her eyes. "We'll see you later."

And with that, she's gone, and we're alone.

"So, the whole Chicago drama from way back is settled?" I ask, watching after Lucy. "I mean, that was a condition of returning, right? Having one of us marry Sully? Then Alfredo was going to fix the rifts of the past?"

"Yes, but we aren't going. Unless you want to visit." Gennero shakes his head as he reaches above him, running his hand along the wooden beam down the center of the barn. "I don't want to go back, and I don't think you do, either. This is where our life is. But yes, things are settled. Debts paid so to speak."

"What about ballet? Now that Alik...well had his accident. Do you want me to still train?"

"Do you? I only want you to do what you want."

"I love to dance. But, I'm not looking to dance for anyone but you."

When I told him the things Alik had been saying to me all these years, well, I haven't seen Alik since that day. I don't think Papa killed him, but I don't ask.

I realize now that Gennero will always be the mafia boss semi-retired maybe, but you never really leave the life while you're alive.

"Then, the stage is our new playroom. No tutus or leotards necessary." He says as he walks over to close and latch the barn door, then returns, guiding me into a spotless stall looking like he had this idea all along.

"Where do you want me, Papa Santa?" I ask with a grin.

To me, Santa will always be real. Because Gennero is him. He's given me everything I could ever wish for, for now and forever.

“Put your arms up here,” he tells me, running his hand down one of the wooden support posts, and I shrug and do as he says.

As soon as they’re up there, he grabs a long leather cord, and begins binding my wrists. Then he takes his place behind me and hikes up the back of my wedding dress.

“Hey, you’re not supposed to see that until tonight,” I joke, and wince as he slaps my rear kicking my legs wide as I bend at the waist ready for what he’s about to deliver.

“I’ve seen it before and I’ll see it whenever I like.” He traces the line of my pussy through my white silk thong then tugs it aside. “Fucking gorgeous. And fucking mine.”

“Fucking yours,” I agree. “So, what are you waiting f—” My words die on my tongue when he fills me with one forceful thrust. A gasp escapes my lips as I’m filled up to the hilt, my body collapsing under me, held up by the leather tie around my wrists. “Oh, Jesus. Oh, fuck.”

He thrusts, in and out, in and out, and has me mewling like a wild animal being bred.

“You might not be pregnant yet, but I’m not stopping until you are,” he grunts as he moves inside me.

“If you haven’t already.” I huff knowing we need to order another pack of pregnancy tests. It’s been two weeks since I peed on the past one and he’s filled me with enough sperm since then to impregnate every woman in Canada.

“I want twins. You’d like that, wouldn’t you, two little new Sabato’s running around.”

I nod because words are no longer possible, but he’s right.

I never thought about it before, but I’d like that.

And from the way he’s pounding my pussy like a steel spike into the barn wall, he’s got what it takes.

My papa wants to be a Papa and I'll make all his Christmas wishes come true.

Just like he does for me.

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CHAPTER 17



Gennero

E pilogue 2 - 12 years later

THE SCENE on stage is so adorable, I'm surprised some of the guests aren't having diabetic seizures.

The twins, both of them barely able to walk are toddling around in their little tutus while the older children display various levels of ability, all the way up to 11-year-old Sofia with her aunt's competence and dedication to the craft.

Two sets of families, but all eight children are dancers in their own ways. Carina and Lucy have taught them, but never pushed them.

With my financial backing, they've opened a dance studio in Chicago for underprivileged youths. It's grown to a level that rivals any studio in the country.

It caters to dancers of all abilities and from all backgrounds and doesn't ask them for a single contribution. Lucy runs classes for those who can make it

in person, while Carina runs online group sessions for those who'd prefer to learn in their own homes for whatever reason.

They're happy. And that's all I ever wanted for them. Making a difference is what they love.

I look at Lucy, watching her children with pride in her eyes. Lucy and Sully struggled to have children of their own, and after several years of trying the traditional way, they settled on adoption.

They now have two boys and a girl: Benjamin, Luke and Petra. All of them fabulous and such a joy for me as much as for them.

I laugh along with the crowd as Carina rushes over to grab Allegra before she can toddle off the edge of the stage, but the truth is I would have caught her. I'll always catch my girls if they fall.

Five perfect little girls and their gorgeous mother.

Carina and I made our family the old-fashioned way. And I guess there must be something in our water up here because all we've had is girls. The five we have already and another on the way, though Carina isn't showing yet.

I've become a fucking health nut. I work out like I used to, but I've added in more raw foods.

Supplements and meditation.

And yoga.

Fucking, *yo-ga*. Me?

But, anything to keep me healthy and alive for as many years as possible, I'm all about it. We still eat meals in the dining room, but it's more chaotic and I don't give a shit if we don't eat on time. As long as we are all together.

Sofia and Giulia were born three years apart, with Aurora coming along four years later, and then the twins Allegra and Fiorella were born about eighteen months ago. And my love has grown so much with each and every birth I spoil them all like a great grandfather should.

But, make sure they know their father is here for them to provide. To protect. And to teach.

This old gangster is getting soft, and I don't give a flying fuck what anyone thinks about that.

My family is everything. And I would die to protect it.

Leonardo is still hanging tough. We have around a hundred in the heard now and old Mort disappeared a couple years after Carina and I married.

He came over and landed a shot into one of the reindeer one night. He was a bad shot, so the reindeer was fine.

Him, not so much. The fishes of Lake Harpon ate well that week. That's all I'm gonna say about that.

Once he was declared dead, I bought his land, tore down his house and built another barn, and an airplane hanger for Carina's growing collection of vintage planes which she flies for special occasions and when she just needs to feel that sense of freedom.

I'll always be her protector and her greatest cheerleader. Seeing Carina doing what she loves gives me comfort that she lives the life she chooses.

She's still got a foul mouth sometimes, and Aurora's first word was fuck. I don't care.

They've all done well in school despite the cursing. I wanted to have tutors for them at home, but Carina insisted they have a life outside of Chateau Sabato.

Mama has slowed down but she's still on lasagna duty every Sunday. We have gone through a few other cooks over the years. None of them living up to her standards.

As for my own life, well, I'm still Don Sabato. I still have a hand in my family business from my workshop, the way I have all these years. Lucy is the Don, and everyone knows that, but she relies on my support and advice. Sometimes it's tough, sometimes the decisions we have to make break my

heart, but it's all I know and it's how I ensure my community stays safe. Carina understands that, and she leaves me to it.

She's my greatest support. But, being a father and a husband is my greatest accomplishment.

As the dance winds down, and the crowd starts to applaud, I do the same. Later, I'll have my own private performance from my little honeysuckle. But until then, I'll just have to be satisfied sitting here with a boner.

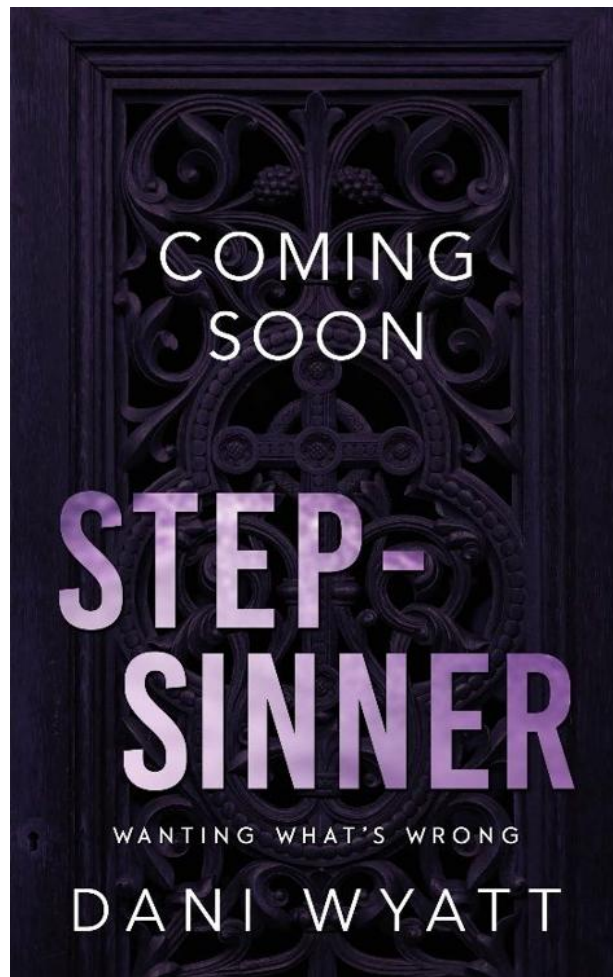
Not much has changed.

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ABOUT DANI

Dani Wyatt used to feel bad about having such dirty thoughts. Luckily, one day, she decided to start writing them down. Her ultra-obsessed, alpha heroes have a wicked possessive streak and an insatiable libido. Her heroines are intelligent, quirky, and worry about having too much muffin top. So, if you like your insta-love over the top, super-hot, and always a happily ever after, you're in the right place.

She's fighting middle age like a warrior and lives an average life battling gravity. When she's not writing, she is probably laughing about some irony (like the fact that A-1 Steak Sauce is vegan), reading, riding her horse, or looking cross-eyed at some piece of technology sent to ruin her day.

Thank you.

I have so many amazing people I've met since I started putting my naughty thoughts on the page. To some of the first fans who supported me, the bloggers, fellow authors who have been more than generous with their time and opinions, as well as the other professionals that put up with my particular kind of crazy, thank you. ...you guys remind me every day that when we support each other, everyone wins.

xoxoxo

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