

## Chapter one

Devin

“Stop here.” I tell my driver, indicating an open space beside the curb.

“Sir?” Ryan asks, smoothly gliding into the open space and turning to look at me questioningly.

“Coffee.” I mutter, my mood darker than the gloomy day outside the car because nothing has gone right for me this morning.

First my lawyer called with yet another request from my ex-wife, one I won't be paying attention to because Joan's just starting to work on my nerves now. Then my secretary called to tell me my seven a.m. meeting has been cancelled because John Forbes had an emergency. When she called me back and told me some new intern had broken the coffee machine at work, I think a burst a vessel. That machine set me back thirty grand, dammit.

“I can get it, sir.” Ryan says softly, his brown eyes hopeful until I shake my head.

“Don't worry. I'll grab it. Let's hope it's passable.” I sigh, opening the car door and sliding out into the gloomy, drizzle.

“Of course sir.” Ryan murmurs as I close the door, his stoic nature going a long way to soothe my annoyance.

Straightening my jacket, I stride into the little coffee shop on the corner and growl when I approach the counter. I love the smell of coffee on a good day but in the mood I'm in right now it's almost guaranteed that I need a good shot of it to keep me from snapping. I'm usually never testy and I always keep my cool, no matter what because as I've discovered since my divorce, calmer heads prevail. It's the attitude I took the day I walked into my three million dollar penthouse and found my wife of thirteen years in bed with my best friend, and it's the attitude I've tried to hold onto as she dragged me through court trying to get her slice of my hard earned money.

This morning's call was yet one more attempt to claim the alimony I refused to give her thanks to an ironclad prenuptial agreement she signed years ago.

"Gosh darn it. Waffles!" a soft voice hisses as I reach the counter, my lips twitching up when I spot a delectable round ass wagging at me. "You stupid thing. Work!"

I want to laugh as I watch a small woman with curvy hips and a round ass yell at the machine in front of her, her choice of vulgar language so adorable my chest grows warm with the urge to laugh.

"Stupid thing. Easy to work, my ass." She snarls, using one hand to slap at the side of the machine as if that's supposed to magically make it work.

"Perhaps if you put the portafilter in." I drawl, a chuckle bubbling up and then stalling in my throat when the woman spins around with a gasp.

My first impression is of the bluest eyes I have ever looked into. They're a crystal clear light blue in the same shade as the color of the ocean around the Bahamas. After that it's like getting hit with a sledgehammer and having my dormant dick spring back to violent life. She's utterly gorgeous and so pure that all I can think as I take in her blond hair, fine features and pillowy lips, is that I need to have her. It's a driving shot of desperate lust that starts in my balls and has my cock thickening urgently as it lengthens.

I haven't been hard in nearly six months since I found my wife in bed with a man I thought was my best friend and feeling the erection press against my zipper is like an awakening of sorts.

"Oh fiddlesticks." The blond bombshell mutters, her cheeks turning a pretty pink when I grin at her while trying to play it cool. "Please don't tell the manager. He'd fire me for sure if a customer complained."

"Wouldn't dream of it, sweetheart." I say softly, my body warring with my mind as I take her in like a starving man at his first real meal.

She's way too young is what my mind keeps repeating while my cock weeps behind my boxers and throbs with need.

“Oh, uh, thanks! I can’t really afford to get fired.” My new obsession says softly, biting into her lip in a way that makes me groan silently.

I want that lip in my mouth, between my teeth, surrounding my cock as I press so deep into the hot cavern that she’ll choke a little before she gets the hang of sucking me off. I can nearly see it as her tongue comes out to swipe at her soft bottom lip, her eyes skittering away nervously when I keep staring.

“Um what can I get you-”

“Devin.” I murmur, wanting my name on this beauty’s lips as some sort of claim that I fully intend to stake. “My name is Devin Shaw. You are?”

“Oh! Lena.” She sputters, pointing out her name tag and wincing when I bark out a laugh and shake my head.

The thing is pinned upside down and when I glance at it I get a peek of the hard point of her nipples before she folds her arms over her breasts to hide them. The sight makes my cock pound with lust and it also makes something within me settle because it means she’s as affected by me as I am by her. Who wouldn’t be, I think, my eyes fixated on the young woman. She’s the most beautiful female I have ever laid eyes on and that’s saying something because my ex was no slouch in the looks department. Too bad she was a cheat and a liar.

“I, uh, my name is Lena. What can I get for you...sir?” she asks nervously, her breasts plumping up over her folded arms and creating two perfect pillows of flesh that I want to sink my teeth into before soothing them with my tongue.

“A double espresso. And a smile.” I say softly, my ego getting off on the way her eyes go round before she swallows and shakes her head at me.

I’m practically drooling at the way those soft lips tremble before they curve up to reveal two dimples in her rosy cheeks. Drooling, and getting harder because all I can think about is tasting those lips and licking my tongue into those grooves to see what they taste like, I notice that her smile isn’t as

bright as she's trying for and I immediately promise myself that one day, she will smile at me. Properly.

## Chapter two

Lena

My body is tingling as this man, Devin, looks down at me from his considerable height and despite my best efforts; I'm not unaffected when he licks his lips while staring at my breasts. With my nipples tingling and my mind running amok with images I can't even begin to assimilate, I try to remain calm and professional.

I really do try.

The thing is, he's probably one of the best looking men I've ever laid eyes on in my life. He's in his late thirties or early forties from the look of him, has light brown eyes the color of honey, dark brown hair that's slightly graying at the temples and a body that is hard and muscled, even under his impeccably fancy suit. Everything about Devin Shaw is good looking and well groomed and if I was any other girl, on any other day, I'd probably swoon at his feet and beg him to kiss me.

But I'm not that girl. I'm just Lena Lane, the poor high school grad who's trying to work her way through the first semester of college and pay rent on a room that I share with two other girls, who don't particularly like me. To do that I need to keep this job at all costs and since it's only my second day, and I've already had a warning from Tim, the manager, I won't allow myself to mess up. Not even if it's to flirt with a hot man who's twice my age and looking at me as if he'd eat me alive if I let him.

Sighing, I turn back to the machine behind me and stare at all the bells and whistles with a sense of dread. It shouldn't be this hard to make one cup of coffee and Lord help me, I hate that I can't get the hang of the other coffees. I read the manual Tim gave me four times last night and I still don't understand why anyone would want chocolate anything in their coffee. With caramel.

"I'll just be a moment, sir." I croak, my hands shaking when I lift the port-thingy and try to remember what I'm supposed to do.

Working the machine isn't easy for me and despite all the 'training' Tim gave me, which was all of five minutes while he jabbered at warp speed, I'm still not sure how to work the thing.

"Here." Devin says softly, coming around the counter.

Thank God the place is empty this morning because I'd get fired for sure if Tim saw this. Devin takes the filter thing he called a portafilter from me and expertly scoops some coffee into it before sliding it into the right slot and twisting it into place. My breath is a gasp when he presses up against my back and I want to press right back when those strong arms reach around me to work with the machine.

His heat engulfs me and the spicy scent that surrounds me is so clean and male, I have to stifle a groan so I don't sound like a loser or some sort of virginal stalker. Having no experience with men, something I intentionally fostered during school, I wouldn't know where to start with a man like this. I haven't ever been kissed, my only experience with boys is the one time I was asked out on a date by my brother's friend, Logan, and that was more of a friendly hang out than an actual date.

And that's the problem. I have no experience with men being this close to me and until now, I didn't care. I care more than a little as I slowly breathe in to take him in. I care a lot. Too much. Because as I feel him against me and that strange thrill increases, all I want is for him to see me as more. To want me.

Silly, Lena. Don't be a complete ass.

"You see?" Devin asks, finally taking a step back from me once the machine starts to brew the coffee. "Just measure out the coffee according to the order and then slot it in and you're ready to go. This is for foam." He says, indicating a spout to my right.

"Uh, thanks. I'm still trying to get the hang of it." I mumble, my skin tingling so badly I feel like I'm about to come out of it.

Maybe this is what mom was talking about when she told me about attraction? I have no idea if what I'm feeling is what mom was talking about

but I feel something as Devin Shaw steps away and takes the heat with him. Turning, I try to keep my expression polite and friendly, even if I'm breathless and flushing with heat.

"No problem." He says, smiling easily while those golden eyes blaze down at me.

Gosh, he's tall. And so handsome, I think, taking him in again and seeing everything in bolder color, as if he's so perfect he's lit from within. Literally everything about this man is perfect and even better, he's a man. Not a boy, not one of those college boys I met at orientation a few months ago and not like any of the boys I went to school with. This attraction I feel is undeniable and yet it's foolish, isn't it. No way is he looking at me the way I think he is, I scold myself, a small kernel of disappointment filling me. He's just being kind. Of course a man this sophisticated wouldn't be looking at me with anything approaching interest. I'm just a girl and with my nineteenth birthday a few days away I'm definitely not what he's interested in. He probably goes for older women with class and experience.

When the machine lets out a hiss, alerting me that the coffee is ready, I rush to get it into a cup and before I can stop myself I do something I haven't ever done before. I write my name and number on the bottom. I tell myself that if he sees it and calls, it's meant to be and then hand the cup over with a polite smile.

"There you go." I chirp in my brightest voice, taking his money and gulping when my fingers bush against his and an electric zing shoots up my arm, setting off a chain reaction of sensations that thrill me.

"I'll be seeing you, Lena." Devin says softly, lifting his cup and smiling before he turns slowly and walks out of the door, giving me a perfect parting shot of his backside.

I only breathe when he's gone and then I'm scolding myself about the encounter and laughing at my foolishness with a blush of embarrassment. There's no way that man liked me. I'm not even close to 'in his league' and I know it better than anyone. It's why I don't date. Or rather, it's why I try not to think about dating.

Because I've never really felt anything when it comes to men.

Until now.

“Back to work!” someone barks, making me jump back off the counter and look up, straight into Tim's glaring eyes.

Oh boy. It looks like day two isn't going to be any better than day one.



## Chapter three

Devin

I'm irritable as hell and I haven't gotten a lick of work done in the last two days.

"Sir." Alicia murmurs, striding towards my desk with a stack of files and a frown that doesn't help alleviate my mood.

"Don't start, Al." I mutter, tossing my pen down and leaning back in my seat.

"Kid, we'll find her." Al assures me, her nickname making me grin despite my mood and the fact that I've spent two days obsessing over a girl who's up and vanished off the face of the earth.

When I returned to the coffee shop yesterday morning, intent on asking Lena out, she wasn't there. The only person that was, Tim, annoyed the hell out of me when he told me he'd fired Lena and had no number or address to give me. At one point I thought I was going to punch his ass but with Ryan standing beside me, cooler heads prevailed and I finally found out what had happened. At that point I really did want to knock the little punk out flat but short of having an assault charge leveled at me, all I could do was leave my card and the promise of payment if he calls me with something.

"Al, I didn't get her last name." I groan, scrubbing a hand down my face and grimacing when I find stubble there.

I'm never this unkempt but I'll be damned if I can scare up the will to care about what I look like when I just lost the first good thing that's happened to me in years.

"We'll get it done, kid. I told you, with Jeremiah on the hunt there is no way this young lady is going to stay lost." My PA says softly, her blue eyes twinkling when I groan and reach over to grab the coffee cup I haven't been able to get rid of yet.

“This is ridiculous, Al. Look at me.” I mutter, shaking my head. “I’m forty five years old and I’ve got a crush on a girl who’s probably less than half my age.”

“So? Gardner was twenty years older than I was when we met and you think that bothered either of us? I got thirty three great years with the love of my life, and I have two wonderful sons and three grandkids to fill the space he left behind. Age doesn’t mean a damn thing, kid. Trust me.” Al says, winking when I groan and tighten my fist around the cup.

“She’s beautiful.” I say softly, my gut going tight with desperate longing.

“I’ll bet she is. Tell me she’s nicer than that barracuda you were married to before.” Al grumbles, tittering when I grunt.

“She was nice. I’d like to get to know her a little better though.”

“And you will.” A voice says from the door, forcing me to turn and take in Jeremiah as he saunters into my space with a smug grin. “One Lena Vivienne Lane. Currently residing at apartment 24A in a building in Queens.”

“You found her.” I groan, sharing a smile when my best friend grins at me and shrugs.

“Dev, my job is to find things and you pay me well to do that job. Here ya go.” He says, handing over the file in his hand and chuckling when I flip the cover over.

I groan when I see Lena’s face grinning at me from her driver’s license and then I curse silently when I read the details. Nineteen. She just turned nineteen-

“It’s her birthday!” I yell coming up and out of my seat so fast Al jumps back.

“Well then I guess you’re getting her a gift.” Al laughs, throwing my jacket at me when I pause, my mind going blank.

Well, what the hell do I buy for a nineteen year old girl I hardly know, I wonder, turning back to Al and Jeremiah who are both staring at me and laughing silently.

“Take her out for dinner, you fool.” All huffs, her chuckles ringing out behind me as I turn on my heel and stalk out, my blood on fire.

I’m going to be seeing Lena again and this time I’m not going to wait to tell her what I want. I just hope what I want doesn’t scare the hell out of her because I’m not sure I’m capable of taking this slow now that I’ve come alive again.

“Sir?” Ryan asks as soon as I’m out of my building and sliding into the backseat.

“We’re going to queens, Ryan. Make it fast, would ya?” I say, settling back into my seat and blowing out a relieved breath when he nods and takes off without asking more.

This is nothing like me. I’m the guy who plans everything meticulously and I never jump into anything without knowing what I’m dealing with. When I met Joan in college it took four years of dating, and another two years as I built Shaw Industries before I even thought of asking her to marry me. Looking back I think I dragged my feet because I knew we weren’t right together, but at the time it just seemed like the next logical step. We got along well, our sex life wasn’t bad and she was a great addition to business dinners and charity events. I guess I never stopped to ask myself if that was all I wanted from my wife until the day I caught her screwing my best friend. Now I know I want so much more than a sterile marriage and a work life that takes up so much time I don’t have it in me to think of anything else.

Nearly forty minutes later Ryan pulls up outside a brown building that leaves me frowning and I know one more thing that’s probably going to make me sound like a lunatic.

Lena isn’t staying here one more night.

## Chapter four

Lena

I won't cry. I keep telling myself I won't cry, but as I shove the last of my clothes into my suitcase, I'm sniffing and my eyes are burning with unshed tears.

"Len." My brother Bryan groans, swiping a hand through his hair and frowning at me with a disapproval that I don't understand. "I swear I'll get it back to you tomorrow."

"Tomorrow is too late, Bry." I whisper, looking around the little room I share with two other girls.

I hated it here. There's no privacy, my stuff goes missing and Carey isn't exactly nice to live with, but this is all I had until I can find another job and now I have nowhere to go.

"Just talk to them. I'll give your money back as soon as I can." Bryan whines in the same voice he's always used on me. "I'm your brother. You can trust me."

The sad truth is, I can't. I can't trust Bryan, not only because he isn't my real brother, but because he's been doing this to me ever since we landed in the same foster home a few years ago. After my dad split when I was a baby my mom did the best she could. We were never well off but we had a pretty okay life until my mom was killed in a hit and run when I was fifteen. With no other relatives to turn to it was foster care for me and I was lucky enough to land in a good one with Miss B, a middle aged woman whose only goal was to help kids until they aged out. I met Bryan about a year after I was placed with Miss B and at first I felt sorry for him.

Now, however, all I feel is tired when he comes to me for help.

"Bryan, you broke in here and stole my rent money." I say in a small voice, my chest tight because all he does is shrug and give me the same innocent look as always.

"I said I was sorry. I just borrowed it, Lena!"

“That was the last money I had, Bryan. Now I can’t pay rent and I have nowhere to go.” I tell him, grabbing my bag and groaning when it falls to the floor, the weight of it pulling at my arm.

“You could come stay with me.” Bryan offers and I immediately shake my head.

I would never live with Bryan and those friends of his. They’re all immature boys who live like pigs and treat me like I’m some sort of maid when I go over there. Add to that the fact that his friends are always hitting on me and trying to play me and I definitely wouldn’t go there. I’d rather go to the shelter.

“No. Just go.” I beg as I make my way to the bathroom to grab my few toiletries and the underwear I left drying last night.

“Fine! Call me when you’re not being such a bitch then, Len.” Bryan huffs, slamming out of the apartment and leaving me alone.

Once he’s gone, I slump down against the wall by the front door and let my tears fall. I have no idea what I’m going to do now and just as I start to think about it I hear a knock at the door.

“Bryan, I told you I’m not moving in with you.” I mutter as I pull the door open, only for my mouth to fall open when I see who’s there.

“Well, I should hope not.” Devin Shaw says, his golden eyes blazing down at me. “Because that wouldn’t bode well for Bryan.”

“Mr. Shaw!” I gasp, my cheeks flushing scarlet when I realize what I must look like.

I’m wearing a pair of short shorts that are old and frayed at the hems, an off the shoulder t-shirt that’s seen better days and since I washed all my underwear last night I’m not wearing a bra either. I don’t know why that suddenly becomes all I can think about, but I want to die of embarrassment when Devin looks down and he notices my hard nipples through the thin fabric.

“Lena.” Devin says softly, almost reverently.

“Wh-what are you doing here?” I croak, praying that he isn’t here for one of my roommates because that would suck a lot.

There couldn’t be any other reason though, I think, my heart sinking because if it was for me he’d have called me already. Now I blush and look away, embarrassment filling me. Gosh, what possessed me to put my name and number under his coffee cup?

“I’m here to see you, Lena.” Devin says softly, taking a step forward so that I step back.

Once he’s in the apartment he reaches back to close the door and from the way he’s looking at me when he does it, I’m now certain that what I saw in his eyes in the coffee shop wasn’t my imagination. He wants me. Devin Shaw, this hot older man I barely know, wants me and he proves it when he reaches out slowly to slide a hand through my hair and pull me closer. The move is gentle but firm and dominant, sending a rush of need to my core and beading my already hard nipples into aching twin points.

“I...”

My voice trails off into a gasp when he reaches up to lay a finger against my lips, his head shaking back and forth sternly.

“I want that smile you were supposed to give me, Lena.” He says softly, leaning down so close I feel his breath puff out and cover my lips in a minty gust that turns my core into an aching, shaking mess.

“I...”

“But I want to see it while you’re naked beneath me and moaning for more.” Devin whispers, flicking his tongue out against my lips and moaning when I shudder and gasp at the last second and his tongue slides against mine.

“Jesus.” He grinds out, settling his mouth over mine and kissing me so desperately all I can do is take it.

This is my first kiss, my first...anything and I’m so turned on by it that I know if I let it go anywhere I’ll finally know what it is to feel pleasure-

But you're homeless, Lena.

The reminder is like a dash of ice cold water to my senses and I pull away with a moan of regret because this can't go anywhere. I have things to think about and plans to make and none of that is going to fix itself with me giving in to...whatever this is. God, I don't even know what's happening right now but when I look up into Devin's eyes and notice him frowning at the suitcase beside me, I know that I wish I had the time and opportunity to give in to this.

Just one night of pleasure, I think, ignoring the part of me that balks because I don't know this man. I just want one moment of freedom to do what makes me feel good for once, and instead I'm right back at square one and I have to walk away because there's no way this man is going to be interested in dating a destitute college student with no prospects.

## Chapter five

Devin

My senses are still reeling and my cock feels like it's about to revolt when Lena pulls back, taking away her sweet wet mouth and the pleasure I found in it. That kiss, I think, swallowing because her obvious lack of experience is a huge turn on for me...

I want a lot more than one kiss and I want it so badly that when I pull away and my eye catches the suitcase beside her, it takes a moment for me to understand what's going on. The suitcase, along with her words when she opened the door, have me frowning and coming to a conclusion that both shocks me and gives me ideas no decent man should have.

"What is going on, Lena?" I ask, though I think I already know.

"I, um, I'm leaving." Lena says, her kiss stung lips and pink cheeks alluring when she looks anywhere but at me.

Something about the innocence and the utter helplessness I see in her...fires my blood and turns an already insane attraction into a smoldering inferno that I'm not sure I can hold back anymore.

*Take care of her*, my mind whispers insidiously, playing on a facet of my personality that I've battled to restrain for so many years I was sure it was dead a long time ago.

*She needs to be cared for, nurtured and guided. So do it. Show her.*

Show her? I want to do a lot more than show her what it's like to be cherished and as I stare down at Lena, so small compared to me and so innocent, all I want to do is strip her bare, claim all of that innocence and then take care of her after.

Would a girl like this want a man like me, I wonder, the dominant part of me that I've been restraining chomping at the bit.

"Leaving?" I rasp, my mind revolting even though it's obvious and no surprise. "And where is it you think you're going, Little girl?"



“I, I don’t...know.” Lena whispers, looking down at her feet while her shoulders slump in defeat. “My brother, ahem, my foster brother Bryan took my rent money and...”

She snuffles, unable to finish what she’s trying to say and everything within me roars with satisfaction because this is the perfect solution to a problem I’ve been wrestling with since I met her.

“And you’ll be coming home with me, Little girl.” I say softly, testing the words on my tongue and savoring the way her eyes flair when I use that name.

“But...but I don’t know you and you don’t know me.” Lena whispers, her clear aqua eyes filled with uncertainty and a tinge of hope.

“We can rectify that. If you want to.” I say softly, holding my breath while she chews on her lip.

A lip that I’ve just tasted and want to taste again. Devour. Suck on until they’re swollen and pouting on pleasure filled moans.

“I don’t know...I mean, I don’t have a job Mr. Shaw.”

“Oh, I think we can work something out, sweetheart.”

The words are a lusty rasp as excitement fills me. We can work something out alright and as long as that something ends with Lena in my bed, under my care and needing me, I think anything else we ‘work out’ will be an added benefit of something I’ve been suppressing for years. The only question I still have is whether or not Lena will want what I’m so willing to give her.

“Work something out? Like...you’re going to help me?” she asks softly, the spark of relief in her eyes so stark I want to hunt her brother down and beat him to a pulp for hurting my sweet girl.

“Yeah, Little girl. I’m going to help you and you...you’re going to help me too. If you want...this.” I say softly, my groin aching when another shot of lust spears through my balls.

Lena doesn't say a word in response for so long that I start to grow nervous, but when she slowly lifts her head and meets my eyes with her innocent blue gaze, something clicks into place for me and now that it's settled I don't think I'll ever be capable of turning back.

"Yes." She says softly, her eyes filled with hope, need and the slightest hint of trepidation.

## Chapter six

Lena

I feel like my life is stuck in a spin cycle one moment, going topsy-turvy and then evening out into a blissful state of calm in the next moment. Last night was truly surreal to me and it wasn't just about being in Devin's apartment and seeing just how rich he is. He is incredibly rich though and if I didn't already know that from the way he dresses it would have been more than apparent when we arrived last night. The place is huge, it's decorated like it belongs in a magazine and don't even get me started on the bathroom that's attached to the guestroom he showed me to, because that was out of this world amazing.

More amazing? When we got here, Devin ordered food and we ate it at the dining room table while he asked me about myself and my life. I haven't ever spoken about myself for that long or in that much detail before last night. He sat quietly and listened to every word as if it all mattered and then, after I was stuffed and replete, he helped me up and took me to my room and told me to take a long hot bath and get some rest. He didn't touch me at all but for the soft, gentle kiss he laid on my forehead before he smiled and left me alone.

I took that bath, compelled by his softly spoken order, and then I got the best night's sleep I think I've ever had. At least, it was good for a bit, until I woke up tossing and turning and pulsing between my legs, the need for Devon so fierce I eventually slipped my hand down and tried to give myself some sort of relief. I was so wet at that point I'd drenched my inner thighs but nothing I did would relieve the ache in my sex. I want Devon Shaw, badly. Even if I don't quite understand what that's going to mean for me.

I have zero experience with sex and my very first kiss happened last night so how I would go about getting what I need isn't something I understand yet.

"What's got you thinking so hard this morning, Little girl?" Devin asks, pulling me from my scattered and heated thoughts so that my head shoots up.

I blush deeply when my eyes meet his and I'm certain that he can read my dirty, chaotic thoughts before I gulp and try not to show everything I'm feeling.

"I...I'm just wondering what I'm supposed to be doing today." I murmur, cringing when he narrows his eyes at me and his mouth goes tight.

"No you weren't." Devin rasps, his demeanor changing so fast I gulp again and have to squeeze my legs together tightly to ease that pulse that sets up in my core.

That stern look, coupled with his big, muscular body and his perfectly groomed appearance does something to me. It makes me ache. It makes me want things that I don't understand but it also makes me feel safe as he glares at me and shakes his head.

"Don't ever lie to me, Little girl." He says softly, pushing his seat back and crooking a finger at me.

My first instinct is to obey, to jump up and go to him but I'm so confused by what I feel that I'm rooted in my seat and unable to do anything but stare at him with my heart pounding like a drum. I don't know if the pound is due to the arousal I feel when he looks at me the way he is, or, if it's the stern, almost...paternal way he looks at me before he tightens his jaw and rises. When he stalks over to me, I'm practically melting and that throb between my legs starts to hammer and clench around an emptiness I haven't felt before.

"You're being a bad girl this morning, Lena." Devin rasps, sending a shiver through me. "You know what I do to bad little girls who don't tell the truth?" he asks, his chest panting so hard that when he leans down over with one hand planted on the table and caging me in, I can taste his breath.

Minty with a hint of coffee. Masculine. Strong.

"No...D...addy." I murmur, my throat closing over the name I want to use because that'd be weird.

Right? Of course it would be and this is why I don't date or let myself think about sex. What I want isn't normal and Devin would run a mile if I ever gave in to the things I wanted to say and do. But God, I want them. I want them so badly I hurt between my legs. My nipples are hard points beneath the soft pink sweater I donned this morning, and the seam of my skinny jeans is digging into my swollen clit where it's thudding with my every heartbeat.

"I spank bad girl, Lena." Devin rasps, his golden eyes growing hot when I gasp and clench my legs, the movement drawing his eyes down.

"Oh. God." I whisper, embarrassment and need vying for supremacy.

Devin's nostrils flare out and then he's sliding his hands beneath my armpits and lifting me onto the table so that my ass glides over the smooth surface.

"Tell meth truth, Little girl. What were you thinking about?" he asks, his hands flexing around my upper thighs, his thumbs so close to my sex I quiver with want.

"I, I can't." I groan even as my chest puffs out, my braless nipples making sharp points through my sweater.

"Can't?" Devin asks softly, his eyes growing harder when I swallow and shake my head. "I'm afraid that isn't the right answer, baby girl. In fact, that answer upsets...me." He says, his hands tightening round my thighs and pressing so that my legs are spread and wide enough for his body when he steps closer.

Now I'm panting right along with him because one look down and I see something that makes my insides twist tighter. He's hard, his erection pressing up against the zipper of his black trousers, and thanks to the fit I can see every inch of his length. I may not know much about sex or the male body but I know Devin is bigger than average size and from the way he's looking at me, he wants to put it inside me. I want that too. Badly. But what if it isn't a good idea? What if he only wants that and then nothing more? Am I okay with just sex, I wonder, trying to figure out how it makes me feel-

“Stop. Whatever your thinking in that pretty head of yours, Lena, just stop.” Devin growls, using one finger to tip my chin up so that he’s staring into my eyes.

“I, I’m sorry.” I whisper, biting into my bottom lip and watching through spellbound eyes as Devin’s eyes go to my mouth and he groans.

He licks his lips as if he’s dying to taste me again and I want that too. This time I want to kiss him back, even if I don’t know how and then I want, more.

“You should be-dammit.” He snarls, closing his eyes and shaking visibly before he takes a step back and opens his eyes.

They’re clearer now and filled with an emotion I can’t name. What I can say is that the spell we’ve been weaving is broken and I’m angry with myself for being the one to break it.

“Lena baby, tell me you understand what’s happening.” Devin groans, reaching up to swipe a hand through his dark hair.

“I think so?” I squeak.

Please let me be right. Please.

“You understand that I want you? That I want to take care of you and keep you here with me?” he asks, his eyes desperate until I nod. “Good. That’s good. But is that all you want?”

“No!” I yell, blushing and slapping a hand over my mouth. “I mean, I want...” I mumble through my fingers, trailing off because this is mortifying.

“You want me?” he whispers, a smile growing on his face when I swallow and nod, letting my hand drop down to my lap.

It’s hard to keep it there and not reach out when his body is so close and I want this so much, but I stay completely still and force myself to look at him even though I’m on fire with conflicting feelings. Want. Fear. Affection? I think, I really like Devon Shaw. No, that isn’t quite right. I

know that I really like Devin Shaw and if, miraculously, he's the man I've been waiting for, then there's a strong chance I'm going to fall for him too.

"That's good, Little girl." He whispers, smiling down at me. "That's very good, because I want you too."

"Really?"

"Oh, yes. I want you very much. I think this," he reaches down and palms the trunk of flesh outlined beneath his trousers. "should tell you just how much."

Oh, thank God, I think, my center undulating when he leans down and stops with our lips so close I can feel the silky softness of them hovering over mine. The kiss he gives me is a peck, a feather light glance of his lips against mine before he pulls back and shakes his head.

"Does that mean...?" I ask hopefully, beyond caring that we barely know one another or that this is going so fast.

I want him and I'll take him any way I can have him. I just pray that what I think he's suggesting is what I've been wanting for so long.

"That we're going to make love soon?" Devin asks, his eyes growing tender as he lifts one hand to softly stroke my cheek. "Yes, Lena, it does. But not today."

"Not today?" I ask, disappointment filling me because I hurt and I need relief.

"Not today. Daddy," He says the word on a growl, his eyes searching mine when I gasp and shudder with arousal. "doesn't like it when his little girl lies to him. I asked you if you know what happens when you're a bad girl."

"I don't...know." I gasp, startled when I realize I'm clutching at his black suit jacket with my ass wiggling on the table and my core on fire.

"Daddy gets upset and when that happens his little girl needs a spanking." Devin says softly, his eyes blazing down into mine with a question that detonates the need within me. "Does my little girl understand?"

“Yes.” I croak, my mind going hazy with arousal at the thought of it. “I understand.”

“And do you want it?” Devin murmurs, his teeth biting into his bottom lip when I swallow and whine, the sound filled with need.

“Yes.”



## Chapter seven

Devin

My cock is pulsing painfully as Lena's acceptance reverberates through me, her hazy, lust filled eyes glazing over when I nod and slowly drag her to the edge of the table. I'm vibrating with the urge to flip her over, rip her jeans and panties down and slam into her, burying my cock so deep the agony will finally end. But I can't do that. I have to start this right, in the way I want for us to progress and that means that today she gets her spanking.

I'm nearly coming when I gently flip her and press her chest to the dining room table. Reaching around, I undo her jeans and groan as I pull them down, my first look at her milky white ass wrenching a moan from us both.

"So pretty." I murmur, my hand shaking when I reach down to stroke the globes.

Her skin is silky smooth, porcelain and warm to the touch. Perfect for a good, tender spanking that I plan to end with a reward for her acceptance.

"Oh!" she gasps when I lay my thumbs in the crack of her ass and pull, spreading her cheeks to reveal her pink hole and the neat little slice of heaven that's glistening with her juices.

"Such a good girl." I groan, my cock pounding at the sight of her. "Such a good, good little girl. You like it when daddy gets mad?"

"No! Oh, aaaah." She moans when I slide my thumbs away and step back, delivering a quick, soft spank to her bottom.

The flesh jiggles as I whip my hand back and then settles as she bumps her hips back, the smell of her arousal growing stronger.

"Dev-"

"That's daddy to you, Little girl." I bark, laying another smack to her bottom, this time on the opposite cheek as I watch pink bloom there. "Say it!"

“Daddy! Oh. Yes.” Lena pants when I give her two more smacks, a little harder but still soft enough that I don’t hurt my little love.

Never hurt, I think, running my left hand over the bulge in my pants as I suck in harsh breaths. I’ll only ever chastise my baby and when I see just how wet she gets from the spanking, I know that this is going to be a regular occurrence. And I can’t wait.

“Are you going to lie to daddy again?” I rasp, running a soothing hand over the pink skin of her ass, the heat of my handprint causing my dick to weep.

“No! Oh. Oh!” Lena screams when I drop to my knees, spread her thighs wider and dive my mouth down.

I can’t wait a second more to taste her and when my tongue slides through her tight folds and finds her liquid sweetness, I know I’ve finally found what I’ve been searching for all my life.

“Daddy!” Lena pants, her legs twitching around my head when I pin her to the table and lick deeper.

I find her opening, a tight little ring of trembling flesh and give it one promising lick before I go higher and dig for her clit. She tastes like musk, sweet and clean, as I suck on her throbbing bud and then flick over it, playing the small piece of flesh against my tongue.

“Hhhhm. Such a sweet girl.” I groan, losing patience when I can’t go deep enough to satisfy my needs.

Rising fast, I flip her over and pin her legs up and back and then I’m back at her, barely taking a moment to spare a glance at her sex. Its silky soft and smooth with a tuft of blonde hair that runs in a strip down her mound and to the beginning of her slit. Growling, I bury my nose there and suck in a breath, taking her scent in before I open my mouth wide to close it over her sex. I want every part of her in me, filling me with her taste. Branding me the way I plan to brand her.

“Please!” Lena screams when I start to make love to her, sucking and licking at her pink folds in a sloppy wet kiss while I slide one finger down and tickle it against her opening.

She’s tight. Very tight. So tight that a shot of satisfaction fills me. No one has ever had my girl, I think, my smile turning possessive as I gently press against her. Her body revolts the invasion but she’s so wet that after an initial pause, my finger slips into her without resistance.

“Oh Daddy. Yes.”

She pants as I start to screw my finger into her and then gasps when I pull out and go back in with one more, the tight fit adding the pressure she needs to go over the edge. I hear her orgasm, feel it when she tenses and then her core is clenching around my fingers and flooding me with her nectar.

“That’s a good girl.” I murmur after bringing her down slowly.

When she’s boneless and no longer shaking, I rise to my feet and look down at Lena, my mind made up.

This girl is mine and I am keeping her. I’m going to claim her the only way I know how and then I’m going to keep her so happy she won’t ever want to leave.

## Chapter eight

Lena

It's been two weeks since...

I blush, not knowing what to call what Devin did to me. It wasn't making love, that much I know because Devin said so after he made me orgasm and then took the time to take care of me afterwards. He gave me a bath, put me back to bed-naked-and then kissed me so thoroughly that by the time he pulled away to let us both breathe, I was hot and ready for more.

Instead of giving me more, he smiled and sat beside me while he outlined everything he wants from me and asked me what I wanted from him. That wasn't an easy question to answer, not because I don't know, but because I'm so new to all of this that I didn't know how to answer without feeling embarrassed. I did, however, finally squeak about some of what I wanted and to my surprise, Devin agreed.

We are now officially, in a relationship. A relationship in which he's my 'Daddy', I'm his little girl and we're going to...stay together.

"You're supposed to be sleeping." Devin grumbles, his face a mask of reprimand on the phone screen when I smile and shrug.

"I can't sleep. I miss you." I say softly, meaning it fully.

After our talk the other morning Devin left go to work-much later than his usual five a.m. and I fell asleep for a bit, exhausted from the pleasure he gave me. By the time I woke up and tried to make a start at my day I was back to being shy and nervous, but determined to do something to walk into this relationship fully. So I spent two hours shaving my sex and trying to doll myself up for him.

"I miss you too, Little girl." He says, his mouth going tight. "This trip came up unexpectedly. Daddy told you he'd be back in the morning."

"Oh, I know." I sigh, pouting and loving it when Devin's eyes blaze with heat.

He loves it when I play coy and innocent with him and while it's been a blink of time for us, we've done so much talking on the phone that I already know everything I need to know about this man. He's divorced, a cuckold as he puts it, and he has a kink that demands certain things. He wants to look after me, permanently, needs me to submit all control to him and when we finally make love, he's going to claim me in a way that means forever.

"Don't pout, Little girl. Sulking isn't permitted." He tells me sternly, setting off that tingle between my legs that hasn't stopped since he went away unexpectedly.

"But I hurt, Daddy." I whine, my naked body breaking out in gooseflesh when he bites into his lip and growls at me.

"Where do you hurt, baby?" he asks, his eyes blazing as he looks at me through the phone.

I'm spread out on his bed, completely naked because that's what he ordered me to do the first time we 'played'. I like play time, love the way it makes me feel when Devin 'sneaks' into my bedroom and touches me in ways that no man has before. I've discovered I like that. I like the way he orders me to obey him, the way he cares for me after and the way it makes me feel when he takes control. More than that I love the way he's kept himself from taking me as we've taken this time to get to know each other. The way he touches me, the way he makes me touch him...

I miss him, want him. Need him here with me so he can do more than just play this time. After two weeks of playing in which I've sucked him off and drank down every drop while he 'tickled' me, I am more than ready for more.

"In my...lily." I whisper, pressing my thighs closed and watching as his expression goes tight. "It hurts so much. It feels empty."

"No, no, Little girl. What did Daddy tell you?"

"That I have to keep them open. But it hurts." I moan, slowly sliding my hand down from the center of my breasts to my slit, everything within me burning for me to touch.

“No touching!” Devin snarls. “Don’t be a bad girl, Lena.” He barks.

That tone and his use of my name force me to go still and though it hurts, I pull my hand away and breathe through the ache. I’m not allowed to touch my lily without permission. Not ever. I’m also not allowed to wear anything around the house, unless it’s one of the outfits that arrived yesterday that Devin ordered online. I love the cute little skirts, the knee high socks and the white blouses but what I love most is the way he looked at me when I wore one last night to model for him. Without a bra to restrain my breasts he could see my nipples clearly, and when I spun around and bent, all at his order, my skirt rode up to reveal my bare bottom and sex...

“But I need it. Please Daddy? I won’t tell anyone.” I whisper, adding another element to the forbidden that has Devin growling and cursing before he grabs his phone.

“No touching!” he barks before the line goes dead, leaving me aching with my chest tight and a feeling of shame filling me.

I feel horrible for upsetting my Daddy and spend the rest of the night crying into my pillow before I fall asleep.

## Chapter nine

Devin

“Reschedule everything.” I snarl at Al before ending the call.

I’m striding through the lobby of my apartment and I’m on the verge of losing it when I reach the elevator. I’ve been on an airplane for six hours straight to get back to Lena and I don’t give a shit who needs something from me right now. I’m on the edge and struggling to stay sane as I make my way up to the penthouse.

Two days ago I was livid when my VP called and told me he’d screwed up a major deal that I’d been working on for months, and if not for that I would have stayed at home where I belong to look after Lena. As it is I’ve spent every spare minute that I could on the phone with her and I’ve jacked off so much my cock should be satisfied. It isn’t. I’m chomping at the bit to get inside my baby and nothing is going to stop me.

When the elevator finally reaches my floor and I stride into the entryway, I’m stopped short when I see Lena sitting on the sofa, crying, while Joan glares at her.

“What the fuck is going on here?” I bark, rushing for Lena while glaring at my ex-wife.

The first thing I notice when I pull Lena into my arms is that she’s dressed in one of the outfits I got for her. A short plaid skirt with ruffles, a small button down shirt that has only two buttons and ends just below her breasts and white knee highs with patent leather baby dolls. She looks so sexy and innocent my cock grows harder-

“I don’t know what the hell kind of sick game you’re playing Devin, but this is unacceptable!” Joan screams, the sound of her voice grating on me as I gently tip Lena’s face up.

The moment I see the red hand print, everything inside me roars and when I stroke it, silently asking her if this is what I think it is, my baby does me proud by nodding.

“It’s okay now, Little one.” I say softly, my temper volcanic even as I lean down to kiss her cheeks. “Daddy’s here.”

“Devin!” Joan screeches, her shock and revulsion something that would have bugged me before, but not now.

I don’t care if she thinks this part of me is disgusting and wrong and after years of suppressing it for her I finally feel free when I look down at Lena and see her trembling smile.

“Get out of here.” I growl, turning to glare at Joan over my shoulder.

“Devin, this is ridiculous. We’re supposed to be working on us.” Joan yells, her fake fish pout and bleach blonde hair turning my stomach and making me wonder why I was ever with her.

Nothing about her is real or pure and with Lena standing beside me, her small hands clinging to my shirt and her clean, unblemished scent filling my senses, I know that I was just treading water and waiting for something more.

“There is no us, Joan. You and I were over a long time ago-”

“That was a mistake, Dev.” Joan mutters, starting to sniffle. “I told you, it was just a foolish mistake that I made when I was lonely. You can’t just throw away thirteen years of marriage to be with some...” she sneers as she looks at Lena.

“Lena and I are together now, Joan and we’re going to stay together.” I say firmly, smiling when Lena cuddles closer and settles her hand low on my stomach.

I’m still hard, still ready and wanting and when my naughty girl looks up at me and giggles, the sound innocent and coy, I feel like I’m going to lose my mind if I don’t have her now.

“Devin! You can’t mean that. She’s a child!” Joan screeches, stomping one foot and setting her fake tits jiggling.



Nothing about her attracts me anymore and to be honest I can't remember the last time it did. What I want, what I have always wanted, is standing right beside me, looking at me like I hang the stars.

"She's a grown woman who also happens to be my Little girl." I say softly, nodding my head towards the elevator. "You need to leave now or I'm going to call my lawyers and have you charged with harassment and breaking and entering."

"You can't do that!"

"Oh, I can and I will, Joan. This is my home. Mine and Lena's." I say softly, smiling when Lena grins at me and bites into her lip, giving me a look that's meant to be innocent but holds a wickedness that thrills me.

"I missed you, Daddy." She whispers, leaning up on her tip toes to lay a chaste kiss on my cheek, just inches from my ravenous mouth. "Can we play now?"

Hell yes we're going to play, I think, lifting Lena up and into my arms while she giggles and Joan screams, the sound of her heels on the floor drowned out when I reach my room and kick the door shut behind us.

It's play time and daddy's girl has been bad.

## Chapter ten

Lena

I'm a mess of pooling want as Devin slowly lowers me to the floor beside the bed, his eyes glowing down at me. When I woke up this morning, bleary eyed and with my chest aching, I was convinced that he was mad at me. I've never had anything like this before and after the long hours I've spent talking to Devin on the phone-a lot of those conversations face time, but some just calls in which it felt easier telling him my secrets-I discovered that this 'kink' we share isn't about the loss of my father figure or losing mom.

It's about what makes me happy, what I need and I am so lucky I've found the right man to give it to me. This may sound unbelievable to most people but I really do love Devin. He's sweet, smart, funny, sexy and above all else, he cares about me. I've never had someone who wanted to take care of me before and though some would think our relationship is wrong, all I feel when he looks at me, touches me or does things to care for me is that maybe one day he'll love me back.

"What are you thinking in that gorgeous head of yours, little one?" he asks, the lack of my name or Little girl, telling me that he's in a soft mood, despite the raging erection that's bulging at his zipper.

My first thought is that I should lie to him. It's way too soon to use the word love and he'll think me insane or some sort of gold digger. But...I promised I wouldn't lie to him and so no matter how nervous I am, I lick my dry lips and blow out a breath.

"I, I was just thinking that I think I love you and maybe one day you'll feel the same way about me." I tell him in a whisper thin voice, my heart beginning to pound so hard it hurts.

"Oh Lena." Devin sighs, smiling and leaning down to start unfastening my clothing. "I already love you, Little one. I fell in love with you the moment you turned and called me sir."

"De-"

“Sssh. No more talking. You’re nervous and I get that, but right now we’re going to show one another what we feel without words. At any time you feel uncomfortable, tell me.”

“I don’t-”

“Daddy said hush.” Devin barks, taking the sting out of his words when he leans down to kiss my forehead. “It’s time to play, Little girl. Do you remember what I told you the first time we faceted?”

“Yes, daddy.” I whisper, my sex clenching because that was the first time I have ever come without having Devin touch me.

Getting into character, I bite into my lip and peek up at him through my lashes.

“Why do I have to undress, Daddy?” I ask in a girlish voice while my core flutters and clenches around air.

“Daddy told you, baby. I have to make sure you’ve been a good girl.”

“I have been, daddy. I promise.” I murmur, laying down on the edge of the bed and spreading my legs with a nervous giggle. “See?”

“Let daddy look closer.” Devin murmurs, pulling his jacket, shirt and tie loose and then falling to his knees between my legs. “No one has been touching your lily, have they?”

“N-no, Daddy. Not even me. I just wash her in the bath.” I say in a high trill, the shaking in my voice genuine nerves when Devin leans in to sniff me, his golden eyes glaring up at me from between my legs.

“That better be true. Let me see closer.” He murmurs, using his thumbs to open me up.

It’s uncomfortable as hell having the man I adore staring into my sex this closely but whatever Devin sees must please him because he leans down and lays a gentle kiss against my folds, rubbing his lips there for a moment before he stands and starts to undo his belt.

“I see your flower in there, baby. Still there for me to pluck. Remember why Daddy has to pluck it?” he asks, his jaw flexing when he drops his pants and shows himself to me for the first time.

“Daddy! That’s too big.” I squeal, equal parts scared and aroused when his shaft slaps against his stomach.

My mouth waters for a taste of him, the salty white liquid that I’ve drank down in secret a new obsession for me that I know will only grow.

“It’s just right, Little one.” Devin growls, slapping a hand down on my sex and sending a burst of heat through my clit. “We talked about this, Little one. You have to let me do it first so that no one will hurt you your first time.”

“Yes.” I pant, my core pulsing wetly when Devin reaches down.

One hand lands on my throat, giving it a gentle squeeze before he drags it down to my middle of my breasts.

“Please.” I beg, still scared but aching so much I need him to hurry. “My lily hurts. Fix it. Daddy.” I whine, a gasp leaving me when he leans down and clamps his mouth around my nipple, sucking hard.

He does this until I feel like my body is on fire and then he switches to the other nipple, sucking, licking and biting until I’m drenched at my core. Then, and only then does he reach down between my legs but instead of a soft caress and a slow slide, he presses two fingers into me fast and stills when I whine.

“There, there. It’ll only sting a little, sweetheart.”

It does. It freaking hurts when Devin starts to twist his fingers deep inside me, the burn and overstretched ache so fierce I feel it in my belly.

“There it is. Good girl. There’s your flower.” Devin croons, leaning down to kiss my mouth.

It’s a great kiss and I’m proud of myself that I can kiss well now after he spent hours teaching me as we lazed on the couch. So patient, I think,

wincing when he presses his fingers deeper and I feel something deep inside tear before the pain settles into a throbbing sting.

“Daddy.”

“I know baby. But it’s over now, see?” he asks, pulling his wet fingers out of me and holding up a hand to show me.

I see a trace of red on his fingers and blush but Devin barely bats a lid as he sucks his fingers into his mouth and groans.

“You’re being such a good girl now, Little one. All the pain is gone now. See?” he asks, shifting me up onto the bed and settling over me.

I feel his soft shaft brush over my sex and then he presses it to my opening and starts to push in. The pressure is terrible at first and I feel my eyes sting with tears as I lay still and try not to cry out. It feels like I’m going to tear apart as Devin holds my eyes and keeps going, going, going but then, after a certain point the resistance seems to vanish and he slides in with a soft glide, causing a gasp to spring from me.

Pleasure! Unbelievable pleasure blooms where he’s butting up against something inside me.

“Good girl.” He growls, his tongue spearing into my mouth as he starts to pull out.

“Oh!”

“Yes.” Devin snarls, pumping in slowly and then speeding up when I throw my head back and moan.

It’s too much.

“Baby. Baby girl. So fucking good.” He pants, his hips thundering now as I grab onto his ass and pull, wanting him deeper.

Pleasure coils inside my sex, his fullness and the grind of his pelvis against my clit sending parks through me.

“Please Daddy. Make it stop.” I whine, writhing up at him as it builds, builds and then explodes somewhere inside me so deep I feel like everything is shattering.

“Fuck. Yes. That’s it, baby. Come on Daddy’s cock. Suck it out of me.” Devin groans, his mouth open at my ear. “Take all of my seed, Little one. Let it fill your tummy up nice and full so you can have a baby.” He whispers, the dark thought sparking so much pleasure inside me that my climax intensifies.

“Yes! Yes. Do it. Put a baby in my tummy. I want it.” I demand, suddenly desperate for the reality while Devin leans down to suck on my nipples.

I’m overly sensitive now and crying when he reaches down to pinch my clit but I don’t complain even a little because this is my Daddy and my Daddy always takes care of me.

“I love you daddy.” I cry, clutching at Devin while he shudders over me and leans up to lick into my mouth.

“Daddy loves you too.”

## Epilogue

Devin

Five years ago I would have laughed my ass off if anyone had told me I'd be nearly fifty and welcoming my second child into this world. I'd have told them unequivocally that that part of my life was done and all I cared about is work, my company and making sure my greedy ex didn't get her claws back into me.

Today, I'm happier than I have ever been and I owe that all to my wife. My Lena. The one obsession that I will never regret. She came into my life at a time when I thought I didn't want or need anyone and every day since has been bliss. I work a little less ever since we welcomed our first son, Clay, into this world and as I walk into my bedroom and find Lena fast asleep, her round belly draped in silk, I smile to myself.

She was probably waiting up for her Daddy, I think, grimacing when I undress and have to slowly unzip to avoid pinching my cock in the zipper.

"Baby girl." I murmur once I'm completely naked, a tender smile curving my lips when my girl wakes up and smiles at me groggily.

"Daddy."

"Someone's being naughty again." I chide, my palm coming down to rest on her distended belly. "Didn't I tell you not to wait up for me?"

"But Daddy." She sighs, biting into her lip and giving me a falsely contrite look that makes my already heavy balls pulse with need. "My lily's been aching all day and you heard what the doctor said."

Oh, I heard, I think, a groan leaving me as I lean over my wife and nose around at her breasts until I tear the flimsy silk of her negligee with my teeth. Her milk came in early with this pregnancy and needs to be drained regularly to keep Lena from growing ill. Since I'm her Daddy and no one else cares for her as well as I do, it's my job to help her get rid of the excess.

"Oh, I heard." I tell her, my hand slipping down and into her innocent white cotton panties.

She's already drenched for me as I start to suck on her nipples and press two fingers deep into her.

Because she's all mine. She's my Little girl and I'm her daddy. Always.

"Oh, God. Devin!" she screams, pulling me up from her breast and kissing me passionately. "I love you. I love you so much."

"I love you too, baby. Now. Who's been a bad girl?" I ask, grinning wickedly when she squeals and comes around my fingers.

One thing that's for sure, I think, as my baby melts beneath me and gives me an innocent stare; this is my Lena, and I'm keeping her.