



Bought & Bred By the Bratva

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Category: Erotic, Romance, Billionaire Romance, Adult, Crime And Mafia, Dark

Description: He's a monster... and now he owns me.

I thought dating the son was complicated. Then I met the father.

Aleksandr Maksimov. Bratva King. Six-foot-three of pure sin wrapped in designer suits. And the man who just bought my virginity for a million dollars.

I never meant to end up on that auction block. But when a ruthless loan shark threatens my family, I do what I have to protect them – even sell myself to the city's most dangerous crime lord.

The same man who's haunted my darkest fantasies since that first heated glance. The devil himself, with ink-covered muscles and eyes that promise to ruin me.

He says I belong to him now. Says he'll keep my family safe. Says he'll destroy anyone who tries to take me from him.

I should be terrified. Instead, I'm burning up under his possessive touch.

But falling for a monster comes with a price... And Aleks Maksimov's brand of love might destroy us both.

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Chapter 1

ALEKS

I'm at my club, nursing a drink, my eyes scanning the crowd, but nothing grabs my interest. It's all the same faces and bullshit.

When my phone buzzes in my pocket, I glance at the screen. It's my son, Ioann, and I feel my usual annoyance creeping in. Kid's a spoiled little shit.

"Yeah?" My voice is a low growl, and I make no effort to hide my irritation.

"Hey, Dad. I'm coming by your house. Need to pick up something."

There's a pause, and I can hear a slight hesitation in his voice. "I'm bringing someone with me."

I scoff. "As if I give a fuck who you bring around. Just don't drag any drama into my house."

I hang up, sliding the phone back into my pocket. Yeah, another girl—another distraction, another piece of ass that means nothing. Fucking moron.

* * *

SIERRA

“I need to swing by my dad’s place real quick. Won’t take long.”

I glance over at Ioann from the passenger seat, trying not to let my irritation show. He’s got one hand on the steering wheel, the other holding his phone, scrolling. Typical. The guy barely looks at me. And yet, here I am, tagging along again.

“Why do you always have to go there?” I ask, forcing myself to keep my tone light. But the truth is, I’m not a fan of his father. I’ve heard stories, whispers. Enough to know that Aleksander Maksimov is not the kind of man you wanna mess with.

Ioann shrugs, like it’s no big deal. “Just need to grab some stuff. Relax, it’ll be quick.”

I sigh and stare out the window as we pull up to a massive gated estate. Ioann’s always bragging about his father’s money and influence. But honestly, the whole rich-kid thing got old real fast. Yeah, he’s handsome—tall, blond, with that clean-cut look that works for most girls. But he doesn’t do it for me anymore. Not even close. And the way he’s always acting like he owns the world? Please.

I know I should end things, but it’s hard when he’s the only escape I’ve got from my shitty life. From the mess that’s my family. At least with Ioann, I get a taste of how things could be—not to have to think about where our next meal will come from.

As we pull up, the tall, black forged iron gates open automatically, and I feel my nerves kick up. The place is intimidating. Sprawling greenery surrounds a huge three-story main building that’s flanked by smaller annexes. We park in the circular driveway; the tires crunching on the gravel. Ioann cuts the engine, finally glancing over at me. “Just a minute.”

“Yeah, whatever,” I mumble, unbuckling my seatbelt and getting out of the car. I need to see the inside of this place.

I stay a step behind, taking in the mansion's size. The front door is a massive, carved wood thing, and I feel completely out of place just being here. Ioann pushes open the door and disappears inside without another word.

I hang back in the grand entryway, feeling like I'm in Buckingham Palace or some shit. Everything is spotless. The expensive-looking pieces of dark wood furniture in the foyer, the art hanging on the walls, the heavy curtains draping the floor-to-ceiling windows. All of it is beautiful, fucking perfect, like no one even lives here. The marble floors are gleaming, and the ceilings are so high they make my five-foot-five, two-hundred pounds self feel tiny. I wrap my arms around myself, shifting my weight, and glance around, trying not to feel too overwhelmed. But it's hard when everything around me screams of money and power.

Just as I'm about to step back outside, I hear footsteps coming down the fancy marble staircase with its gold railing. And when I look up, a man who can only be Ioann's father stands there. Aleksander Maksimov.

He's everything Ioann isn't—built, dark and terrifyingly handsome. With a broad build, ruggedly handsome features, and dark hair that's streaked with silver. He's wearing a black button-down with the sleeves rolled up his veiny, corded forearms. The fabric strains against his muscles, revealing intricate tattoos that climb from the backs of his hands to disappear up his sleeves. My eyes climb up his torso, lingering on the ink at his strong neck. And I swallow hard. Then our gazes collide, and I know nothing will ever be the same.

* * *

Aleksander

When I get home from the club, I head straight for my office. I've got a stack of paperwork that needs my attention—the type of business that keeps money flowing

and power in check. After a while, the alarm system beeps, showing someone's come inside the house. Must be Ioann and his little guest.

Then I hear her voice. It's soft, with a throaty undertone. Fucking beautiful. Not the usual giggle and chatter I'm used to from my son's crowd. Something about that voice calls to me. I step out of my office and head to the entryway, and the moment I see her... my entire world fucking stops.

She's standing there, looking up at me, and fuck, she's gorgeous. Thick curves that make my blood run hot, skin the color of rich mocha. Her eyes are wide and uncertain. And I can't tear mine away. It feels like the air's been knocked out of my lungs.

Her hair curls down her shoulders, framing a face that's pure temptation. Huge, almond-shaped chocolate eyes, full, plump lips I want to suck on and bite into. Fuck me. And that body? I can tell her tits are full and ripe even under her simple t-shirt. They'd look fucking perfect squeezed in my big hands. In my mouth... I bite down on my bottom lip, my hands instinctively balling into fists. Her jeans mold thick thighs and wide hips that make my cock throb. Where the fuck did Ioann find this girl?

I clear my throat, trying to snap out of it. "You lost, sweetheart?"

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Her eyes widen for a second before she shakes her head. “Uh, no. Ioann... told me to wait here, Sir.”

My dick twitches again at the sound of her voice. Her words. Sir... Fuck me.

I nod. Can’t fucking stop staring. Not what I expected—this one’s... real. Not the usual plastic, empty faces I’m used to seeing around my son. She’s also the most mouthwatering little thing I’ve ever seen in my goddamn life.

“Call me Aleksander,” I tell her.

“I’m Sierra,” she replies in that damn voice. Before adding, “nice place.”

I chuckle, inclining my head as a thank-you. Fuck, she looks good standing in my house, even all nervous and out of place. “He treating you right?” I ask in a voice that’s a barely repressed growl.

Sierra hesitates, and it’s all I need to know. Then she answers with a shrug. “Sure.”

“Sure?” I repeat, smirking darkly. “Sweetheart, either he is or he isn’t.”

She looks away but doesn’t add anything. Good, loyalty.

And of course, that’s the moment my idiot son chooses to reappear. I force myself to tear my eyes away from Sierra. “Got what you needed?”

“Yeah, dad. All set.” Ioann glances between Sierra and me, and for a second, I

wonder if he can tell there's something there. But the kid is fucking clueless, as always. "We're heading out, pops."

We. I grit my teeth, nodding. Hands still balled at my sides before I do something reckless, like knock my only son out so I can get my hands on his fucking gorgeous girlfriend.

Sierra gives me one last glance before she follows him to the door. I watch her go, my eyes tracing every inch of her. The view from the back, just as enticing as the front. Her ass is thick, round and was fucking made for my hands, cock and tongue. Fuck, might have to put a bullet in my own kid's head.

* * *

SIERRA

Ioann doesn't shut up the whole ride back. Talking about the poker game he's got later, complaining about his dad and how he never trusts him with business deals. I nod, not really listening. My mind is stuck on the way Aleksander Maksimov looked at me. Like he wasn't staring at his son's girlfriend, but eye-fucking a woman he wants in his bed. That dark, hungry gaze. The way his large hands balled, making the muscles of his forearms ripple, how his strong white teeth bit into that full bottom lip... Lord.

As we pull up to my place, Ioann leans over, a smirk on his face. "You wanna come over later? Stay the night?"

I raise an eyebrow. Even if I wasn't soaking wet for his daddy right now, there's no way I'm letting this idiot be my first. "You know that's not gonna happen."

He rolls his eyes, leaning back in his seat. "Man, you're such a prude. No wonder this

isn't working out."

That catches my attention. "Excuse me?"

He shrugs. "I don't know, babe. Maybe you're just not what I need."

I let out a cold laugh. "Fine by me."

He scoffs, throwing the car into drive. "Whatever. Call me when you grow up."

I slam the door as he speeds off, watching the taillights disappear. Anger simmers under my skin. But it's not about stupid Ioann Maksimov. It's about everything in my life. My asshole parents, my poor siblings growing up with just an eighteen-year-old to take care of them. Work, school. The constant hunger, running, tiredness...

And the way I felt back in that mansion. Hot and bothered for a man I know I can never have.

Chapter 2

SIERRA

I wake up to my phone's alarm; the sound cutting through the silence. My body feels heavy, like I haven't slept at all. I rub my eyes, forcing myself up. It's the same routine every day—get up, keep going, no matter how tired I feel.

I glance over to the other side of the room where my little brother and sister, Jamal and Nia, are still curled up on the mattress we share. We all squeeze together in this one-bedroom apartment, and that mattress is the only bed we have. Jamal's arm is slung protectively over Nia, like he's already trying to be the man of the house, even though he's only ten. Nia's little body is tucked up close to his, her small face

peaceful, with her braids spilling across the pillow.

They look so small, so innocent, it makes my heart ache. They don't deserve this.

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I tiptoe to the kitchen, careful not to make too much noise. I open the cabinet and check the cereal box, finding only a handful left. My stomach grumbles, but I ignore it. I dump the cereal into a bowl for them, setting it out on the counter so they have something to eat when they wake up. I'll figure myself out later.

After throwing on my work uniform for my shift at the diner—a plain black polo and jeans—I head out. The work is nothing special, but it's steady, and I need steady. It's the only way I can keep a roof over our heads.

Before I leave, I take one last look at Jamal and Nia. My heart aches because I'm leaving a child to take care of another one. But it's only for a few hours, I reassure myself. And tomorrow they'll be with adults at school.

My gaze falls on the framed picture hanging on the wall by the door. Jamal's big brown eyes, the same as mine, his serious expression that makes him look older than his years. Nia's smooth cocoa-colored skin. Her soft, round cheeks. I hate that they're growing up like this, but I promise myself it won't always be this way.

* * *

The diner's busy. I keep my head down, moving from table to table, taking and bringing orders, avoiding eye contact with customers who think they can look at me some type of way. It's just another shift, but it feels longer today. My body's here, but my mind's back at that mansion, thinking about Aleksander Maksimov. About those big tatted hands I've been imagining on my body. The gravel of his deep voice in my ear. Those blue eyes...

I try to shake it off, telling myself he's just another hot zaddy. But the way he looked at me, the way my skin prickled all over when he came closer—yeah, I can't pretend it didn't happen. And I can't help but wonder what it would feel like to be with a man like him instead of the few boys I've hung out with so far. Including his own son. Oh God...

I'm lost in my thoughts when my boss calls. "Sierra, order's up!"

"Coming!" I yell back, shaking out of my daydreams.

* * *

When I get home after my shift, the silence inside our tiny place hits me wrong. It's too quiet. I push the door open, and find the place is a mess. The table's overturned, papers and clothes are everywhere, and the TV screen's cracked. I run inside, my heart pounding. "Jamal! Nia!" I yell.

I find them huddled together on the small, worn-out couch. Jamal's holding Nia tight, and she's crying, her little face buried in his shoulder. "What happened?" I ask, trying to keep my voice calm.

"Mom and Dad came back," Jamal says, his voice small but steady. "They were looking for money. Then a man came."

My chest tightens. "What man?"

Before he can answer, I hear movement behind me. I turn and there he is—a tall, broad guy with a mean look in his eyes. He's leaning against the back wall like he's got all the time in the world.

"Look who finally decided to show up," he says, smirking. "I was wondering when

you'd get home."

I step in front of Jamal and Nia, my body tense. "Who the hell are you?"

He pushes off the wall, walking toward us. "Marcus. Your parents owe me ten grand. And I'm here to collect."

I swallow, my pulse quickening. "I don't have any money."

He laughs. The sound is harsh and cold. "Figured. But someone's gotta pay up, sweetheart." The word takes me back to the last man who called me that. Tall, dark, handsome... But before my mind can wander off, Marcus grabs me by the arm, yanking me so hard I stumble. "And since your folks ran off, that only leaves you."

I pull my arm back, but he's fast. His hand wraps around my throat, and he squeezes just enough to make me panic. "You listen real close, now, honey," he says, his face inches from mine. Hot breath and cheap cologne assault my nostrils even with my clothes and hair permeated with the smell of fried food. "You got one week to get me my money, or I come back. And I don't care if it's you or those kids that end up paying the price."

I claw at his hand, my breath coming out in desperate gasps. And he gives me just enough air to croak out, "I'll get it! I swear!"

Marcus lets go, shoving me back. "You better. Or next time, it won't be so easy." He leans in, his eyes dark and dangerous, glinting with something sick. Like he fucking enjoyed hurting me and scaring us to death. "And you know what? I like it when it isn't easy."

I swallow hard, fear rising in my sore throat, but I keep my eyes locked on his.

He grins, the kind that makes your skin crawl. “One week, sweetheart.”

Then he walks out. I feel the burn in my throat, and I know the bruises are already forming. I don’t let myself cry. Not in front of Jamal and Nia. And I wait until the door slams before I turn around, pulling them into my arms.

“It’s okay. I’m here,” I whisper, even though I feel like the ground’s been ripped out from under me.

* * *

Later, after I’ve made sure Jamal and Nia are fed with leftovers from the diner and settled, I sit at the kitchen table, rubbing my sore throat. I’ve got no way to get that kind of money in a week, and I know Marcus wasn’t bluffing. He’ll be back, and next time, it’ll be worse.

I pull out my phone and scroll through my contacts until I find Tisha’s name. She’s been my best friend forever, and she’s always got her ear to the ground. She was the one who told me about that auction. The one that pays a small fortune for virgins. Enough money for a fresh start. Money to pay off my parents’ debts and escape this miserable life.

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I hesitate for a second before hitting the call button. She picks up on the second ring.

“Hey, girl, what’s up?”

I take a deep breath, my fingers tightening around the phone. “I need you to help me get into that auction.”

There’s a pause, and I hear her sigh. “Sierra... you sure? That’s serious shit.”

“I don’t have a choice, Tish,” I say, my voice barely above a whisper.

Tisha’s quiet for a moment, then she says, “Okay. I’ll make some calls. But be careful.”

“Yeah, I know,” I reply in a defeated tone.

When I hang up, I stare at the phone, feeling the weight of what I’ve just set into motion crash over me. But I can’t back down. I’ll do whatever it takes to keep Jamal and Nia safe, even if it means selling myself to the highest bidder.

One way or another, I’m getting us out of this mess.

* * *

Aleksander

I can’t get her out of my head.

Ever since that night when she walked into my house with Ioann, she's been there, like a ghost haunting me. It's pathetic. A man like me shouldn't be thinking about some girl—especially not my son's ex-girlfriend. But every time I close my eyes, it's her I see.

The way she looked, standing in my entryway, all nervous and unsure, like she didn't belong there. Those big, brown eyes looking up at me, and the way she fidgeted with her hands. It's like she was waiting for something bad to happen. And all I could think about was pulling her close, finding out if she tasted as good as she looked.

It's fucked up. I know it. But it doesn't stop me.

I tell myself to forget about Sierra, to move on, but it's impossible. I'm fucking obsessed. Shit, I've dealt with all kinds of fucked up mess in my life—rival gangs, cops sniffing around my business, Ioann's mom, my psycho ex—but this is a different kind of trouble. One I don't know how to handle.

I lean back in my office chair, staring at the glass in my hand. I've tried drowning my thoughts, burying them under work, but it's fucking useless. Every time I think I've got it under control, her face pops back into my mind. Those curves, that sweet, hesitant smile. Fuck.

I've never been one to sit still, so I start doing what I do best—gathering information. I have people for that, and in a few days, I've got a file in front of me, full of everything I need to know about Sierra. Her name's all over the documents—school records, job history, shit about her family.

Junkie parents, barely holding it together. Two younger siblings she's been looking after. That part hits me harder than I expect. She's carrying the weight of the world, and I wonder what kind of strength it takes to live like that. It makes me want to know more. Makes me want to protect her. And that's the damn problem.

I push the file away, leaning back in my chair. I need to drop this shit. She's too young, and she's Ioann's ex, for fuck's sake. There's no way this ends well. It's another complication I don't need.

But I can't help myself. I keep digging. I tell myself I'm doing it because I need to know if she's trouble, if she's a risk to my business. But that's a fucking lie. I just want to know more about her, like some obsessed bastard who can't take a hint.

And that's how I found out.

The report's short, just a note that they broke up right after she came to my house. I read it twice, the words not sinking in at first. I don't know why, but the idea of them not being together anymore hits me harder than it should.

He fucking left her. Walked away from someone like Sierra. It makes me want to put my fist through a fucking wall.

I lean forward, rubbing a hand over my face. This should be good news. It means she's not off-limits anymore, no longer tied to my son. I know the smart thing would be to leave her alone, to let it go. She's not mine to have, and dragging her into my world would only ruin her.

I get up, pacing the room. "Fuck," I mutter to myself. I know better.

I should be focused on keeping things under control. But all I want to do is see her again. See if she looks at me the way she did that night—like she felt it too.

I stop, staring out the window at the city lights. I can't have her. It's as simple as that. If I let myself go down this road, I know exactly how it ends. And it won't be good for either one of us.

But even as I try to talk myself out of it, all I can think about is finding a way to see Sierra again. And finally touch her, taste her, fucking ruin her for any other man.

Chapter 3

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SIERRA

The air in the backroom is heavy, and I feel like I'm about to jump out of my skin. Women are being led out one by one, and each time the door opens, I get a glimpse of the stage. My hands are clammy, and I wipe them on the thin dress they put me in. It's tight, and I feel exposed, like I'm on display. Which, I guess, is exactly the point.

The handlers keep giving us instructions—stand straight, smile, don't show fear. But it's hard to keep my heart from racing. I'm here because I have to be. I keep repeating it to myself like a mantra. We need that money if I want to keep myself and my siblings safe.

They call my number, and I take a deep breath. One of the handlers gives me one last look, nodding for me to go on. I force my legs to move. The closer I get to the stage, the louder everything feels—voices, laughter, the murmur of people with more money than they fucking know what to do with. My stomach twists, but I keep going.

When I finally reach the edge of the stage, I pause, taking a second to steady myself. The bright lights are blinding, and the noise feels like it's vibrating through my entire body. I want to run, but I can't. Can't back out now.

I step onto the stage, and the lights hit me full force. The room is a blur of faces, all staring up at me. My heart's pounding, and I can feel my pulse racing. I keep my head up, trying to look like I'm not scared out of my mind.

Then my vision finally adjusts, and my eyes unexpectedly find a familiar face in the crowd...

Aleksander Maksimov is here.

For a second, everything stops. It's like the noise fades, and all I see is him. He's sitting in a corner, leaning back, his powerful legs spread like he owns this whole fucking place. His eyes are fixed on me, dark and dangerous. It's like he's seeing right through me, the nerves, the fear, straight to my core.

And just like the last and only time we met, he looks fine as hell. Black dress shirt, sleeves rolled up to show off the tattoos winding down his forearms. The fabric of his slacks clings to his muscular thighs, reminding me just how big and powerful this beast of a man is. The ink on his skin is fucking gorgeous, and the way the light hits it makes him look like he just walked out of my darkest fantasies. Making me forget for a second where and why I'm here.

My breath catches. His jaw is tight, eyes glinting in that way that makes me shiver. He looks big, powerful, and for a moment, I feel like we're alone in this room.

I try to hold my composure, but it's hard. All I can think about is the way he's watching me, like he's already decided I'm his. Oh My God! Am I really about to be bought by my ex's dad?!

* * *

Aleksander

I signed up for this auction to find a distraction—some hot piece to fill the void. Someone to help me forget about Sierra. Thought maybe if I got myself a new toy, it'd help me move on, and shake off the obsession that's been eating at me for weeks.

When I walk in, the hall is dark, packed with fucking pricks in expensive suits, their faces half-hidden in the shadows. It's the kind of setup that keeps things discreet—no

names, no faces, just money and bodies exchanging hands. I stick to the edges, keeping my eyes on the stage. My plan was simple—find someone, buy her, and get this shit out of my system.

Then I see her.

Sierra steps onto that goddamn stage, and it's like a fucking punch to my gut. She's wearing a tight black dress that hugs every fucking one of her curves, and she looks fucking magnificent with her hair and face all done up, her big brown eyes looking into the crowded room with an air of defiance that can't completely mask her nerves. My chest tightens, and for a second, I can't breathe. What the fuck is she doing here?

Rage roars inside me. I've tried for weeks to forget about her—to put that night, those eyes, that fucking sinful body out of my mind—but seeing her up there, for fucking sale... This wasn't supposed to happen.

The auctioneer starts the bidding, and the first hand goes up. I don't even think—I just react. My hand shoots up, and my voice comes out like a fucking bark when I raise the bid.

Another asshole near the front keeps pushing, and my blood boils hotter with each number. They think they can have what's fucking mine? I'll kill every single motherfucker who even dared place a bid on my girl tonight.

I raise the stakes again, and the room goes tense. Most of the other pieces of shit back down, but there's one stubborn bastard left. He's smirking, acting like this is a fucking game. He raises his hand again, and I fucking see red.

I throw out a number so high it's damn near obscene. Ten million dollars. The auctioneer's voice comes out a bit shaky as he throws a wide-eyed gaze my way, and the other guy drops his hand. That's right, motherfucker. She's mine.

The gavel hits the podium, and I shove my way through the crowd, every muscle in my body tight. I would've burned this fucking place to the ground if I wasn't walking out of here with Sierra.

I reach the stage, and when our eyes lock, I see fear in hers, but also relief. She fucking knows. She's mine now.

I grab her hand in a firm grip and pull her off the stage. She's fucking shaking, her fingers trembling in mine. She should be scared. Baby, you have no clue what you just signed up for.

* * *

The town car's waiting outside, sleek and black, my driver already holding the door open. I help her get inside, my hand at the small of her back, and the urge to pin her down right then and there almost takes over. I follow her, shutting the door behind us. The divide's up, giving us some semblance of privacy.

Sierra sits with her hands clasped tight in her lap, eyes flicking to me, then back down. I can feel the tension radiating off her. But I also see the way her full tits rise and fall, how her breath quickens. All her fucking curves wrapped up in this tiny dress. Fuck.

The car starts moving. I can't fucking stop staring. The dress shows off her thick thighs, and my cock twitches at the sight of her smooth brown skin. All I can think about is spreading her long legs and taking what's mine right here in the backseat.

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“What the fuck did you think were you doing in there?” I growl.

Sierra looks up, bravely meeting my gaze. “I didn’t have a choice, Mr. Maksimov.”

Her voice is steady, but her eyes tell a different story. I see the fear, the desperation. It makes me want to drag her close, mark her, and tell her she’s safe now. That she’s mine. But I hold back.

“You should’ve fucking come to me,” I grit out, eyes still locked on hers.

Her chin lifts, and I see fire in her dark gaze. “I barely know you, sir.”

Fucking, sir. I grip her chin, forcing her to look at me. My thumb brushes her full bottom lip, and she shivers. Her eyes are wide, but never leave mine.

Sierra blinks up at me, gasping in shock, and it’s all the opening I need. I lean in, crashing my mouth against hers. The kiss is rough, all hunger and desperation. She tastes like everything I’ve been starving for. Sweet. So fucking sweet. My tongue tangles with hers, my lips all over her mouth, my teeth grazing. My hand slides down, finding her knee and pushing her dress up, and I can feel the heat pouring off her. She fucking wants me.

I break the kiss, letting my forehead rest on hers. “You’re mine now,” I rasp out, my hand sliding between her legs.

Her kiss-swollen lips part, and she nods, her eyes hazy and full of need. And that’s all the permission I need. I slip my fingers between her legs, feeling the wet heat of her

pussy through her panties.

I rub circles over her clit, and she gasps, her body arching into my touch. I push the lacy fabric aside, finding her slick and ready. My thick middle finger slips between her folds then slides inside her wet, tight pussy, and I watch as her head falls back, a moan slipping past her lips. Fucking beautiful. I feel the small barrier of her innocence. Fuck me.

I growl, my cock throbbing like a motherfucker as I imagine how she'll feel wrapped around me. How fucking amazing it will feel to push through and slide where no man has been before. To watch her paint my shaft crimson. "Bet you're gonna take all of me like a good fucking girl."

Her eyes flutter, and she grips my arm, her nails digging in. I work her slowly, feeling her juicy pussy clench around my fingers. I want her soaked, fucking dripping for me. Stretched. Needy. I want to breed her, fucking fill her up so much she knows exactly who she fucking belongs to.

When Sierra comes, her entire body shudders, and she moans my name. The sound is pure bliss to my ears, and it takes everything in me not to pull her on my cock right then. But I keep working her, feeling her cream spill over my fingers as her body milks every fucking drop of pleasure.

I pull my fingers out, and without breaking eye contact, I bring them to my mouth, tasting her. "Fucking perfect," I mutter, my eyes fluttering. "You taste like heaven, sweetheart."

Her full tits are still heaving, and she's looking at me all wide-eyed, like she doesn't know what to do with herself. I lean in and take her ravaged mouth again, unable to resist her look of wonder, her mussed hair, her swollen lips. Fuck, it's like she just experienced a miracle. Got plenty more where that came from, baby girl.

And that's how I fucking want her—wrecked and fucking needy for me.

Chapter 4

SIERRA

The car pulls up to Aleksander's mansion, and my chest feels tight. It's the same tall iron gates, manicured lawns, and imposing building that screams of money and power. I remember feeling out of place the last time I was here. But now? It feels like stepping into a lion's den, and I'm the prey.

My heart's still racing from what happened in the car. I can still feel Aleksander's long, thick fingers inside me, the way he touched me like he fucking owned me, pleasure building inside me until I shattered.

And I know he felt it—when his fingers brushed against that barrier inside me. I've never had anyone touch me like that, especially not his prick of a son. And I almost forgot what it meant. Almost. Until the memory of the auction comes back. They had to make sure I was “untouched.” The woman who checked me had a cold, clinical attitude, and when she told me to lie back and spread my legs, I felt every inch of my skin burn with embarrassment. It was invasive. When she finally nodded and marked down whatever she needed to write, I felt sick to my stomach. But I had to remind myself—this was the price to pay for keeping us safe. I had no choice.

Aleksander's hand tightens around mine as he pulls me up the steps and through the front door. His grip is firm, possessive. The hallway is just as grand as I remember—high ceilings, marble floors, and chandeliers that look like they belong in a palace. But this time, it feels even more suffocating.

He leads me past the entryway, up the massive staircase, and I have to fight the urge to pull away, to turn and run. I can feel his eyes on me, and it's like he can see past

my fear and bravado, straight to my soul.

We reach a set of double doors, and he pushes one open, revealing a bedroom that looks like it was made for a king. Huge bed in the center, dark wood furniture, and heavy curtains that block out the world.

He closes the door behind us, and my heart's pounding so loud I swear he can hear it. His fiery eyes lock on mine. There's no escaping. His gaze is so fucking intense. It's like he's ready to devour me. And part of me wants exactly that. To give in so he can make me forget everything.

Aleksander steps closer, his rough fingers wrapping around my arm. "You know why you're here."

I nod, swallowing hard. I do. But it doesn't make it any less terrifying.

"You're mine now, little girl." His voice drops. There's a rough edge to it that makes my knees feel weak. "I'm gonna make sure you understand what that means."

My whole body's buzzing. My pulse is outta control, and my skin's all hot, like it's too tight. I keep telling myself to calm down, but it's impossible when every instinct's screaming that I'm way outta my depth.

Aleksander's presence fills the room. He's massive, deadly gorgeous, and every time his eyes lock on mine, I feel tingly all over. The look he gives me is wild and possessive, fucking feral. And yeah, it should make me wanna run, but all it does is make my skin burn hotter.

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I try to remind myself why I'm here. I knew what I was signing up for—or at least I thought I did. But being in his space, feeling the weight of his stare, it's hard to think straight. All I can feel is how his scorching eyes drag over me, lingering on my naked body.

The air feels heavy, and I'm hyper-aware of him—how close he is, the heat coming off his huge body, the way his jaw tightens like he's barely hanging on by a thread. I know I should be scared. And I am a little. But my body's saying something else altogether. My breath's coming quicker, my chest heaving, and my nipples are hard as hell again. My thighs squeeze together of their own accord.

It's fucking confusing. This mix of terror and hunger. I don't understand how he has this effect on me, why my body reacts this way, even when my brain's screaming to keep my guard up. I know he's dangerous, but there's a promise of safety in the way he's acting like I'm his. Really his. And it scares the shit out of me how much I want to lean into it.

I take a deep breath, trying to settle myself. I have to remember who this man is and what he's capable of.

He pulls me close, his powerful hands gripping my hips, as his mouth crashes down on mine. The kiss is fierce and hungry. All tongue and teeth, and it feels like every bit of control I've got left is slipping away. The taste of him, his hard body, the heat emanating from it. His hands are everywhere—grabbing and squeezing my waist, my ass, my tits. Then he pulls back, eyes dark, blazing with heat.

“Get that fucking dress off!” His voice is rough and commanding. “Now.”

My hands shake as I reach for the zipper, then peel the fabric down. The air feels cold against my skin, and I'm suddenly hyperaware of every inch of myself, of the way Aleksander's eyes roam over me, dark and possessive. My dress falls to the floor, and I stand there in nothing but the lacy panties they had me wear.

Aleksander steps back, his gaze locked on me, taking in every detail. His gaze feels like a physical touch. Like his hands are all over me again. "Fuck, you're perfect." Then he cups my cheek with surprising gentleness, his thumb brushing over my lower lip. "I need to make you mine. Now."

His fingers hook into the waistband of my panties, dragging them until they're at my feet. The air feels thick between us, and when his hand moves between my legs, I freeze. He's gentle. Grazing over my bare pussy that was waxed for the auction (it's like they removed every hair on my skin and scrubbed me raw), but when his fingers slip inside me, everything stops.

His touch is slow and deliberate. Then he brushes against my hymen again, making me gasp. His eyes meet mine, and there's this primal look there. "So fucking tight. Untouched. You know how wild that drives me, sweet girl?"

Oh My God. His voice. That low gravel. I bite my lip, feeling heat rush through me.

Aleksander leans down, his lips right against my ear. His breath, warm, his scent surrounding me. "I felt that, sweets. Felt how your tight little cunt clamped down on my fingers," he growls, his voice rough. "You're gonna paint my cock red with your sweet virgin blood, sweetheart."

A shiver runs down my spine, and I know I should be terrified, embarrassed, maybe even mad. But all I feel is this overwhelming need. I want him to do it. I want Aleksander Maksimov to be my first. I want him to fuck me, claim me, and make me forget everything else.

He abruptly pushes me down on the bed, the sheets feeling cool against my skin. He climbs on top of me, his big, calloused hands rough as they explore every inch of my body. Squeezing and kneading my full flesh. Pinching and rolling my nipples. Licking, sucking, biting at the tender skin of my neck, the top of my breasts. Making me feel dizzy and small under his large body. When he finally spreads my legs, I'm so ready, so fucking desperate for him to finally take me.

He undoes his zipper, pulling himself out, and I watch in frantic fascination, my breath coming out in short, fast bursts. His cock is hard and thick, with a big purple head and angry veins traveling all along his shaft. The sight of it makes my pulse race even faster. "You're gonna take all of me," he says in a low growl that's full of hunger. "Every fucking inch. And you're gonna come all over daddy's big fat cock."

My head's spinning, and when he slides the thick head of his cock through my wet, swollen folds, I can't hold back my whimpers. Fuck, he feels good. So fucking good. Nothing like my fingers on myself.

Aleksander's eyes never leave mine, savoring the tremble of my lips, my widened eyes, the flare of my nostrils. He's so intense, so fucking handsome. When he finally pushes at my entrance, I feel the pressure, the slow stretch as he works himself inside me. It's a tight fit—so fucking tight it feels like I'm gonna break. Then there's a snap, and pain flares throughout my body before it's replaced by overwhelming heat.

He pulls back, his length dragging over my inner walls, making me whine with a mix of pain and pleasure. Both sensations, intense, almost overwhelming, battling to take over. I feel the slick of my blood on his cock as he thrusts again, more easily, deeper this time. "Fuck, baby. You feel that?" he rasps out, his grip on my hips tight enough to bruise. His hips rolling in and out of me. "You feel like fucking heaven."

His pace picks up, our skins slapping against each other, the wet sounds of my drenched pussy filling the room, blending with my moans and his grunts. I can feel

him pushing in deeper, so fucking deep. His big dick stretching my pussy, filling me in a way that's maddening. The pain slowly fades into intense, raw pleasure, and I can't hold back the cries falling off my lips.

"Look at you," he rumbles, his thumb finding my clit and rubbing slow circles that make me writhe and whimper. My legs instinctually wrap around his hips, pulling him deeper, matching his thrusts. "This perfect little cunt was fucking made for me. Gonna fill it with my cum."

His words make everything tighten, and I arch up, my body begging for more. Everything. I've never felt anything like this—the way he moves, rolling, pushing. So big, so fucking strong. The smell of our combined scents. It's like he fucking owns me. Then I feel him start to pulse inside me, my pussy spasming, milking him. His grip on my hips tightening even more.

"Gonna fucking breed you," he growls, sounding like a wild beast.

Aleksander thrusts hard one last time, and I feel his cock throb, his cum filling me to the brim. My entire body shudders, and I cry out loud, the sound echoing in the room as he claims me completely, making my orgasm explode through every cell of my body.

When it's over, he stays inside me, his hand stroking my cheek. "You're mine now," he says, his voice softer but no less intense. "And I take care of what's mine."

And for the first time in a long while, I actually believe I'm under someone else's protection and care.

* * *

Aleksander

She's fucking gorgeous—every inch of her, from those full, round tits to the curve of her thick ass. Fuck me, I could stare all night. The way her thick thighs wrapped around me, how her hard nipples tighten when I touch her — it's enough to drive a man out of his goddamn mind.

Those big, brown eyes with that fierce glint, like she's ready to fight no matter who she's up against. Her mouth, soft and full, is the kind that makes a man think of everything he'd do to feel it sliding down his cock. And the way her body moved under me, how her chest rises and falls.

How fucking tight she felt, how her creamy cunt gripped my cock, the way she shuddered when I pushed deeper. All I can think about is feeling that tight heat around my cock again, watching her come apart while I make her mine over and over.

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I bring my hand to the apex of her thighs, running my fingers through her hot, wet, swollen folds, pressing the heel of my palm to her clit. She moans and presses her body against mine, her arms wrapping around me. Her scent is intoxicating, a mixture of sweetness and something earthier. I lean down and lick her neck, tasting the saltiness of her sweat, wanting to savor every part of her.

I can feel her arousal seeping out, coating my hand. Her clit is engorged and swollen. The more I rub, the more her pussy drips, the wetness spreading across her inner thighs. She gasps and bucks her hips.

Her eyes flutter closed, her breaths coming out in harsh pants. She moans and presses herself into me, grinding her hips, seeking friction. I push a finger inside her and her eyes fly open. A soft whimper escapes her lips. She's still sore.

"You're so fucking beautiful," I whisper, staring at my fingers covered in her virgin blood, my cum, and hers. I keep fucking her sweet cunt until she cums again, whimpering loudly, her small hands wrapped around my wrist, nails digging into my skin. Fucking marking me. The sting feels so fucking good. I'm so hard. And seeing her like this, hearing the dirty sounds coming from her sopping cunt. Fuck. I smear the mixture of her blood and our juices on her puffy lips. Her eyelids are fluttering, eyes still rolling back. She moans loudly around my fingers. I lap at her full lips, suck them into my mouth. Tasting her blood, her sweet pussy juice, and my jizz. It's fucking perfect. Fuck, I need to fuck her again.

"I'm gonna take your ass now, baby. Let that sweet pussy rest for a bit."

Her eyes fly open, and her body goes stiff. I pull her up and kiss her, sucking her

bottom lip. “You’ll be fine, sweet girl. Just breathe. Trust me.”

She looks uncertain, but I don’t give her any time to think. I flip her over and grab a bottle of lube from the nightstand. I take my time licking her tight, puckered hole. Slobbering all over it, kneading the full flesh of her juicy ass. My thick thumbs keeping her spread for my mouth. She tastes fucking amazing. I slide up and down between her delicious cunt and her ass. My dick is so fucking hard it could break through granite. And I’m leaking precum like a motherfucker. Sierra moans and writhes, pressing herself into my mouth. Fuck, I need to be inside her. I open the lube and pour a generous amount on my cock, stroking the long, thick, heavily veined shaft, running my fist around my fat cockhead. I’m fucking throbbing from pleasure and need.

“Come here,” I growl, barely recognizing my own voice.

“Okay,” she breathes.

Pushing her knees up to her chest. I line up the fat head of my cock and press in. Sierra gasps and grips the sheets, her sexy body trembling, tears starting to well her gorgeous eyes again. Fuck, so pretty. I fucking love seeing the mixture of fear, pain, and arousal on her beautiful face. Love feeling her shake under me. Fucking love knowing I’m the one making her feel all of it.

“Breathe. Push against me,” I grunt out.

I push a bit harder and the head pops through her tight ring of muscles.

“Oh!” she cries out, face twisting with pain, tears rolling down her soft cheeks now.

“Good girl,” I groan, sinking a few inches. Fucking heaven. So tight, so hot.

“Ah!” This time, her eyes widen and her mouth lets out a breathy moan. She’s starting to feel good, too.

“Fuck, that’s a good girl. Breathe.”

I push in halfway and her face screws up in pain again.

“I can’t. Oh, God! It’s too much,” she gasps, panting.

“Shh. You’re okay, sweetheart. You can take daddy’s big dick up your ass,” I say, holding her hip and giving her another inch.

She lets out a sharp cry and arches her back, her fingers tightening into the sheets.

“Fucking gorgeous,” I groan, pulling her cheeks apart.

“It hurts. Please, it’s too much.”

“Shh. You’re doing so good,” I coo, leaning down and kissing her. “I need all of you... all your firsts.”

Sierra sighs into the kiss, relaxing a bit. And that’s all I need. I slam the rest of the way, bottoming out. My thick shaft buried deep in her tiny hole. Making dirty wet sounds, our skins slapping. My loud groan of pleasure meeting her yelp of pain. Fuck, she feels good. Fucking amazing.

“Fuck!” she cries out, shaking and gasping.

“See, all the way,” I growl, gripping her plump ass and pumping in and out. In fucking heaven.

Her cries of agony slowly start morphing into breathy moans again. I keep at her, rolling my hips, sucking and lapping at her tits, slapping and pinching her clit. All the while sliding in and out of her tight, hot channel. Fuck. My balls are full to bursting. She feels so good, so goddamn perfect.

“Oh, God!” Sierra cries, her body now moving back to meet my thrusts.

“Fuck, you’re amazing,” I grit out.

“Aaaah,” she whines, her body bucking wildly.

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“That’s it, sweetheart. Cum all over my big fat cock.”

“Yes. Yes. Yes,” she chants, her cunt gushing.

I lean down and bury my face in her neck, pounding her ass. Hard and fast.

“Fuck,” I groan, the pressure building at the base of my spine. “So fucking good. Take daddy’s cum.”

“Yesss,” she moans.

I slam into her, and it’s too much. Her tight heat, the sexy sounds, her sweet moans, and her body squirming. It sends me over the edge, and I cum hard, painting her insides with my jizz.

“Fuck!” I roar, my cock pulsing and twitching, my cum shooting in thick spurts.

“Ooooh, fuck, it hurts so fucking good,” she cries, her ass squeezing and contracting.

My orgasm is so intense, my vision goes white. My cum is leaking out of her ass and dripping down her pussy. When I’m finally spent, we both collapse on the bed.

I pull her warm, sexy body into my arms. My heart’s still racing, and I know it has to do with so much more than the mindblowing the sex.

Fuck.

This girl.

I knew from the moment I laid eyes on her she would be trouble.

Chapter 5

Aleksander

The room is dark, only the moonlight slipping through the curtains as I lay back, my arm resting across her waist. She's curled up against me, her breath soft and steady. She looks so damn small, so young. And the way she feels against me—every soft curve pressed close. I can't get enough.

Sierra's skin still carries the heat from everything we just did, and the scent of her—sweet, mixed with the musky smell of sex—fills the air. I let my fingers trail down her side, feeling the goosebumps rise under my touch. She shivers, and I can tell she's still wound tight.

“Relax, baby,” I murmur against her soft hair, pulling her closer to bury my nose in her locks. “You're safe.”

She lets out a soft sigh.

I watch her for a second, taking in the way the moonlight hits her smooth skin, the way her wild curls frame her face. I brush a hand down her arm, feeling the shiver that follows. “You okay?”

She looks up at me, eyes half-lidded and still a little hazy from what just happened. “Yeah, I'm... good.” She hesitates, her gaze dropping to where our bodies are still tangled. “Just... it's a lot.”

“Yeah.” I chuckle, pulling her tighter. “I get it.” I pause, my eyes narrowing as I look over the marks on her neck. “About these bruises...”

Sierra tenses up, her body going still against mine.

“Who did this to you?” I ask, my voice hard and commanding. “Was it that piece of shit, Marcus?” Her file shows her parents owe that small player a few grands.

Sierra bites her plump lip, making my dick jump against her thigh, but the fucker’s gonna have to wait. Her eyes darken, a flash of something angry passing through them. “Yeah... it was him.”

I feel the rage boiling up again, hotter this time. My jaw tightens, and my grip on her waist gets harder.

She pulls back slightly, her brows furrowing. “Aleksander, it’s okay. I’m fine. I have the money now. I’ll just pay him.”

I cup her face, making sure she’s looking right at me. Fuck, these big brown eyes. Her beautiful face. I want to fucking rip that motherfucker’s heart out. “No. It’s not fucking fine. No one fucking touches what’s mine and walks away.”

Sierra blinks, and there’s a flicker in her eyes—something that looks like relief. “I don’t want you getting hurt,” she says softly, raising a hand to cup my jaw.

I let out a dark, humorless laugh. “You think some lowlife’s gonna hurt me?”

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She's quiet for a second, processing my words. I know she's used to handling things on her own, probably used to dealing with bullshit like this. But that shit is over.

"From now on, you breathe easy, baby," I say, my thumb brushing her lips.

She looks like she wants to argue, but then she nods, her soft body relaxing. "Okay." she lowers her gaze, eyes fixing on my throat. "I... also wanted to thank you for getting me out of there."

Fuck. My girl. So brave and strong.

I lean to press a kiss on her forehead. "You think I would have let you walk out of there with someone else?" I rumble against her skin. "Would've fucking burned the whole place down."

Sierra presses closer, like she's trying to sink into my warmth. "Guess I got lucky," she answers playfully.

I grin, my lips finding hers. Cause apparently I've reverted to a fucking teenager, unable to keep my hands off this girl. "Luck's got fuck shit to do with it, baby. You're mine."

I kiss her again, slower this time—deeper. My big hands slide down her back, reveling in the way her soft body melts into my hard one.

She pulls back, eyes hooded, and looks up at me. "You always this intense?"

I chuckle, my hand finding her big, round ass, squeezing. “With you? Yeah.” I slide my fingers between her thighs.

She bites her lush bottom lip, her breath hitching.

I grin, my cock twitching as I watch her squirm against the assault of my fingers through her wet, puffy folds. I flip her on her back, climbing over her, and feel her body respond instantly, her thick thighs parting for me. “Gonna make you come all over daddy’s cock again.”

Her eyes widen. “Aleksander...” her voice comes out throaty. Fucking needy.

I smirk, grabbing her wide hips and lining up, rubbing my cock along her slit. “You gonna take it, sweetheart?” I rub over her engorged clit, making her moan loudly, then slide down, pushing inside in one hard thrust, feeling her tight heat wrap around me, her cry of mixed pleasure and pain filling my ears. And the sensation nearly drives me insane. “Fuck, baby. You feel so fucking good. Fucking made for me.”

Her hands grip my arms, and her eyes roll back as I start to move, deep and hard. “Oh, God...” Full lips parted, tits bouncing under my assaults, long legs wrapped around my waist.

“Yeah, that’s it,” I growl, my thrusts getting rougher, faster. “Take it, baby. Take all of me.”

She moans, her body arching off the bed, and I watch as her eyes glaze over, her lips parting in pleasure. My name falling off like a fucking prayer. “Aleksander...”

“Fuck, yeah.” I grab her ass, lifting her so I can get deeper, and I feel her clench around me. “You’re gonna come for me. Gonna milk my cock dry.”

She shudders, her breath coming out in quick gasps as I take her harder.

The sounds coming out of her are like music, and I can tell by the way her walls are tightening around me, the way her cries are getting louder, higher pitched, that she is close.

Sierra's eyes flutter shut, and her hips buck under me. She cries out, her head falling back. Her pussy is a vise around me, her muscles contracting.

She arches her back, her whole body tensing, and her cries fill the room. The sound of her release ringing in my ears.

I follow her over the edge, and my cum shoots into her in hot spurts. She collapses, panting, her eyes half-lid, and her skin covered in a thin sheen of sweat.

I stay deeply rooted to her for a second, then start fucking my cum deep into her pussy. Making sure she gets it all. That she keeps it all. Fuck, I can't wait to see her heavy with my kid. A moan that's more discomfort than pleasure falls off her kiss-swollen lips. But I can't stop. It's like this girl's made me mad. Watching her laying bare under me. Her hot body, all fucking mine. That angelic face, her sexy voice, her round tits, that soft belly that's gonna look so fucking perfect round. Her wide hips, that goddamn ass. And how she reacts to me. I want to tattoo my name all over her skin. Bite her, mark her. Lock her up so no one ever ever looks at her. But this, watching my cum spill from her tight cunt. Knowing I'm the first man to ever take it and her ass. That it will only ever will be me. Feeling her come apart for me. Despite how hard I'm riding her. Fucking perfect.

Chapter 6

SIERRA

The room's gone quiet, and the only sound is my own breath, still ragged from coming so hard, so many times. I should feel embarrassed or scared out of my mind. He used me like a fuck-doll, but all I feel is this constant buzz under my skin that hasn't faded since Aleksander first touched me.

I've been trying to get my head straight, but all I can think about is the way he looks at me, the way he touches me. I'm in way over my head here, but I can't bring myself to care. I'm fucking desperate for him.

I pull the sheets up around me as Aleksander moves around the room, getting dressed. I can't help but watch him—the way his muscles shift under his shirt, the tattoos running down his arms. The man is massive, so fucking powerful. It should terrify me, but all it does is make me want him more.

He catches me looking, and a grin tugs at the corner of his sensual mouth. “You keep staring like that, and I'll have to fuck you again, baby girl.”

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I roll my eyes, pretending to be unaffected, but my heart skips a beat. “Don’t flatter yourself.”

He smirks full-on, coming back to the bed and leaning until his handsome face is just inches from mine. “Really?”

All I see are deep blue eyes, the lines at the corners of his eyes, the salt and pepper of his hair and scruff.

I don’t say anything, because he’s right. And we both know it. I drop my gaze, my hand gripping the sheets tighter. “So, what happens now?”

“Now?” He brushes a calloused hand over my cheek, his thick thumb grazing my abused lower lip. “Now, you stay.”

My eyes widen. “What? I can’t just—”

Aleksander cuts me off with a lethal look, one that makes it clear he’s not in the mood to argue. “You’re not fucking going anywhere.”

A part of me wants to disagree, but the memory of Marcus’s hands on me, the way he squeezed my throat, flashes through my mind. I shiver, and Aleksander’s eyes darken as he sees it. “What is it?”

I shake my head. “Nothing.”

His strong jaw clenches. “Sierra.”

I swallow hard; fear creeping back in. “Marcus... He said... he said if I didn’t pay, he’d take it out on my siblings.” My voice drops to a whisper.

Aleksander’s expression hardens even more, anger flaring in his eyes, dark and hot. “He threatened the kids?”

I nod, the knot in my stomach tightening. “I can’t let him hurt Jamal and Nia.” Just saying their names makes my chest ache. I’ve spent my life trying to protect them, and now I feel like I’m failing.

Aleksander’s voice is a low growl. “Where are they?”

“With my friend, Tisha,” I whisper. “If Marcus finds them...”

“He won’t.” Aleksander’s voice is rough. He’s barely holding back his rage now.

He moves to the door, his large hands clenching into terrifying fists. “What are you gonna do?”

“What I should’ve done the second I saw those marks on you.” He glances back at me, eyes cold and deadly. “Gonna find him.”

Chapter 7

Aleksander

The night air slices through me as I step out of the car, but I barely notice. Rage burns hot in my veins, driving every step. That piece of shit thought he could put his hands on my woman and walk away? He’s about to fucking learn what it means to mess with me.

My man, Andrey's leaning against the car, his expression calm, as always. "Ready?" he asks, straightening as I approach.

I nod, my hand tightening around the grip of my gun.

Andrey nods back, not a question in his eyes.

I climb into the passenger seat while he takes the wheel. "He's hiding at his girl's place," he informs me.

The engine purrs as we move through the city, the lights flashing by. All I see are those bruises on Sierra's perfect skin. The fear in her eyes when she told me that piece of trash threatened her siblings. It's been fucking eating me alive since she told me.

When we pull up in front of a rundown building, and Andrey leads the way, silent as we move up the stairs. The place fucking reeks.

We get to a door, and Andrey pounds on it. "Open up!"

That dickhead is probably trying to decide whether to run. Before he can make a choice, Andrey kicks the door, the wood splintering as it crashes open. The place is dark, the air stale. The guy stands in the center of the room, his eyes wide and terrified. He fucking knows who I am.

"M-Mr. Maksimov, please, I—"

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I'm on him before he finishes, grabbing him by the throat and slamming him against the wall. "You thought you could put your hands on her and get away?" I growl, my grip tightening until he's choking.

He claws at my hand, panic in his eyes. "P-Please, Mr. Maksimov—"

I yank him forward, then slam him back into the wall. His head cracks against the plaster. "You fucking touched what's mine." My voice drops to a cold whisper. "You're gonna pay for every fucking mark you left on her."

I pull my knife from my pocket; the blade glinting in the dim light. I press it against his throat, feeling the pulse under my hand as his panic spikes. "You threatened my fucking family."

He whimpers, shaking, his eyes pleading. "I-I'm sorry, Mr. Maksimov, please, I'll leave town, I'll—"

I dig the blade into his cheek, slow and deliberate, feeling the flesh give way. His scream fills the room, and blood runs down his face. "You think you get to fucking walk away?" I snarl, my grip tightening.

I drag the knife down his face, cutting deep. His blood flows, staining my hand, and his screams echo through the room, but I don't stop. I twist the blade, watching as he writhes. His face twisted in agony. But it's not enough—nowhere near fucking enough.

"You hurt my woman." I growl, leaning even closer.

I pull the knife out, wiping it on his shirt, then switch to my gun. I shoot him in the knee, and his scream turns into a howl as he drops to the floor. He's sobbing, begging for his life.

I crouch next to him, grabbing him by the hair and pulling his head up so he's forced to look at me. I lift the gun again, aiming it at his head. "Stupid motherfucker."

He barely manages a sob before I pull the trigger. The shot echoes in the small room, and his body slumps, lifeless. I stand, my hands covered in blood, and glance at Andrey, who nods.

The rage finally starts to fade. Sierra's safe. The piece of shit threatening her is fucking gone.

* * *

SIERRA

I know I should be scared. Hell, part of me is scared. But it's like every time I think about the way he touched me, my body instinctively reacts. My nipples harden, the heat between my legs won't quit. I keep telling myself this isn't right, that I shouldn't be feeling like this. For a man like him. A mob boss. And my ex's dad. A dangerous man. Old enough to be my father. A man so bad that he was at an auction, ready to buy a human being. But what I'm feeling for him is too strong.

He decided I'm his, no questions asked. And instead of backing away, all I feel is a burning ache for his body, his presence. My heart's racing, my skin tingling. I know I should freak out, but I don't.

I try to calm my breathing, but it's hard when every inch of me's still buzzing. I've never felt like this—like my body's running the show, and my brain's just along for

the ride. But I know I should keep my guard up. Even when I think about the way he looked at me, all hungry and intense. I feel my resolve slip a little more.

I know who Aleksander is. What he's capable of. I've heard the stories, and I should be terrified. But when he's close, when he's looking at me like that, all my will melts under the fire of my need for him. It's like he's got me under a fucking spell, and I don't know how to break it—or if I even want to.

I run my hand over my face, trying to steady myself. But the ache is still there, deep and pulsing. This thing between us isn't going anywhere. It's only getting stronger, and I'm just as caught up in it as he is.

Chapter 8

SIERRA

I'm pacing the room, feeling trapped and restless. It's too quiet, too damn big, and the longer he's gone, the more the walls feel like they're closing in. Every time I hear a noise, my heart jumps, and I find myself staring at the door, hoping it'll open.

And then it does.

Aleksander steps in, and the second I see him, a wave of relief washes over me. But it's quickly replaced by dread. My heart kicks up again when I see the blood—smeared on his hands, staining his shirt. He's back with me.

His blazing eyes lock on mine. There's this intensity there—dark and hungry, like he's ready to claim me all over again. He doesn't say a word, and I don't ask. We both know what went down, and I don't need to hear it. The silence says enough.

He crosses the room in two quick strides and pulls me against him. His hands are hot,

sticky with blood, and it smears across my skin. I shiver, but it's not from fear. It's from the way he looks at me, like he's about to fucking devour me.

“So fucking beautiful,” he mutters, voice rough and low. “With the blood of that piece of shit all over your perfect tits.”

The words send a shiver through me, and when his mouth crashes down on mine, I kiss him back, hard. His hands are everywhere, and I can feel the blood marking me, staining me. I want it. I want all of it. Anything he'll give me.

He pulls back, eyes roaming over me as he yanks off the sheet I threw over my shoulders. His gaze darkens as he stares at the blood streaked on my skin, and a growl rumbles low in his chest.

His possessiveness makes my pulse race. Aleksander grabs my hips and lifts me up. I wrap my legs around him, pulling him closer. He drops me to the bed, spreading my legs wide.

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He strips off his clothes, and I can only admire the perfect work of art that's his hard body. All strong lines, muscles, and ink. His heavy cock bobbing, eyes ablaze, hands still stained crimson. He lowers himself to his haunches, the tip of his cock brushing at the apex of my thighs. His thick fingers spread my pussy lips open and he leans to lick a long path. Hot, wet. Rolling his tongue, flattening it, sucking on my clit, grazing at my tender flesh, licking me inside. I moan and writhe, gripping his hair hard. His scruff scraping my inner thighs. Just when I'm about to come, Aleksander raises his head and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. He looks fucking magnificent. A wild beast. All flaming gaze, powerful muscles and feral hunger. He positions himself at my entrance, his eyes never leaving mine.

When he pushes into me, I feel the stretch of his thick cock. The way he fills me, fucking owns me. I can't help the loud cry that falls from my throat. He starts slow, watching my every reaction, then he speeds up, going harder. Making me shake all over. It's like I'm connected to a fucking wire. He's hitting parts of me I didn't even know existed. I'm hot, trembling, pleasure pulsing through my every cell.

"Gonna fucking paint your insides with my seed," he growls, his grip tight on my hips. Hurting me so fucking good.

I clutch at his back, feeling the rough drag of his thrusts, the way he takes me—hard and deep. It's all-consuming, the heat, the way he moves, the roughness in his voice. When he leans down, his mouth finds my neck, and he bites hard, marking me.

"Come for me, Sierra," he orders, his voice rough and commanding. "Come on daddy's cock."

I fall apart; my orgasm hitting me like a wave, feeling him pulse inside, the heat of his release filling me. And it's fucking everything.

Chapter 9

SIERRA

It's like every time he's close, my whole body fucking lights up. My heart's racing, and my skin feels too hot, too tight. I'm trying to keep it together, but Aleksander's presence is like a weight pressing down on me.

My thoughts are all over the place. My brain's screaming at me to run, to keep my distance, but my body's telling me a whole different story. The way my skin prickles when he looks at me, the way my pulse kicks up when he touches me—it's like my body's betraying me. Part of me wants to hate him for it, but the other part? The other part is leaning in, craving his intensity.

It's too much, like I'm on the edge of something I can't walk away from. I'm caught up, wanting more.

I take a deep breath, trying to steady myself, but it doesn't help much. My mind's a mess, my body's wrecked, and when I catch a whiff of his cologne, that dark, woodsy scent that makes me wanna lean in closer. It's like he's got me in a spell, and no matter how much I try to fight it, I'm already lost.

I keep telling myself to stay strong, to remember why I'm here. But every time I look at him, I know it's only a matter of time before I give in. And that's what scares me the most—that deep down, I don't even wanna fight it.

The exhaustion wins and my brain gives in, finally letting me drift into slumber.

* * *

Aleksander

She's still asleep, curled up on my chest, her soft breaths brushing against my skin. The room's dim, the only light coming from the moon slipping through a crack between the curtains. I should be thinking about the blood on my hands. But all I can focus on is her—her warmth, her softness, the way she feels like she belongs right here.

I brush a hand over her back, feeling the curve of her spine. She stirs a little, her hand tightening against my chest, and the movement sends a shot of heat straight through me. I'm barely keeping it together, holding back the need to take her again, to remind her who she belongs to.

She's everything I want, and it's driving me insane. The blood's still there, smeared across her skin, and it feels like a brand—like my mark on her. Seeing her like this, marked with the blood of that piece of shit, it's a high I never knew I needed.

I drag my fingers over her hip, feeling the heat of her skin, and she stirs, her eyes fluttering open. For a second, she looks up at me, sleepy and soft, and I can't help the way my hand tightens on her waist. She's so fucking beautiful, so fucking mine.

"Hey," she whispers, her voice still groggy.

"Hey." I keep my voice low, feeling the way her body presses against mine. "You sleep good?"

She nods, and I can't resist leaning down, kissing the top of her head. Her scent fills my lungs, and I'm addicted. I want her every second, every breath. I want her wrapped around me, under me, all the time.

Her eyes drift to the blood on my chest, and her fingers brush over it, slow and careful. “Is it over?”

I nod, my jaw tight. “Yeah. It’s over.” I don’t give her details. She doesn’t need them, and I’m not about to let that asshole’s name linger between us. He’s gone. That’s all that matters.

She bites her lip, looking like she wants to say something, but instead, she just nods. “Good.” There’s a softness in her eyes, a kind of acceptance that makes my chest tighten. She trusts me, and I’m not gonna let her down.

I pull her closer, my hand sliding down to her ass, giving it a squeeze. “You know what you do to me?” I murmur, feeling the heat in my veins spike. “You make me want to claim you every fucking second.”

Her breath catches, and I see the flicker of heat in her eyes, the way her body presses closer to mine. “Then do it.”

Fuck. She doesn’t have to tell me twice. I roll her onto her back, spreading her legs wide as I position myself over her. “Gonna fucking ruin you, baby,” I growl, my cock already hard and ready.

She arches up, her hands clutching at my shoulders as I slide inside, the tightness of her making me see stars. “All yours,” she breathes, and it’s the only encouragement I need.

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I take her hard, rough, and deep, every thrust driving me closer to the edge. Her moans fill the room, and when she clutches me tighter, her nails digging into my skin, it only makes me want her more. “Fuck, yeah,” I mutter, feeling her body clench around me. “You’re so fucking perfect.”

She comes undone, her body trembling as she cries out, and I watch every second of it, feeling the heat build until I’m there with her. I bury myself deep, filling her, and when I feel her nails scratch down my back, it’s everything. It’s what I need. It’s her.

I collapse beside her, pulling her against my chest as we both catch our breath. The room’s quiet again, but this time, it’s the kind of quiet that feels right. The kind that feels like home.

Chapter 10

SIERRA

The sunlight filters in, making the room feel warm, but I’m still tangled up in Aleksander’s arms. His big, tattooed arm drapes over my waist, holding me close, and the scent of him—rugged and intoxicating—wraps around me. For a second, I let myself stay there, feeling the heat of his body, the strength in his hold.

But then he shifts, his green eyes opening and locking onto mine. There’s that intensity again, that look that makes my pulse skip a beat and sends heat curling low in my belly. “Morning,” he grumbles, voice rough and thick.

“Morning,” I whisper back, trying not to get lost in those eyes. It’s hard, though.

Everything about him pulls me in.

He brushes his thumb over my cheek, his gaze softening for just a second. “Get up. Got something to show you.”

I frown, but I don’t question it. I slide out of bed, and he does the same, pulling on his jeans. I watch him, the way his muscles shift under the tattoos, the way he moves with that easy confidence. He catches me staring and smirks, that rough, devilish grin making my heart race.

“C’mon.” He grabs my hand, pulling me through the hall. The place is all dark wood and stone—big, cold, and intimidating. But with him leading me, it feels like a fortress. Like I’m safe.

He stops in front of a door, and when he opens it, my breath catches. Inside, on a big bed, I see them—Jamal and Nia—curled up and fast asleep. Relief floods through me, and my chest tightens.

“They’re safe,” he says, his voice low. “Brought them here last night.”

I feel my eyes burn, and I blink back the tears. “Aleksander... I didn’t even know...”

He pulls me close, his hand cradling my neck. “Didn’t want you worrying. They’re yours, which means they’re mine too.”

I swallow hard, my heart racing. “You didn’t have to do all this.”

He brushes his thumb over my lip, and there’s that look again—possessive, intense. “Yeah, I did. No one is laying a finger on you or your family again.”

I lean into him, feeling the heat of his words, the promise behind them. He kisses me,

and it's rough, demanding, like he's making sure I feel it. His tongue sweeps over mine, slow and deep, and my body reacts instantly. My nipples harden, and I feel the heat pooling low, a throbbing ache between my thighs.

He pulls back, his hand tightening on my hip. "This is where you belong. With me."

I nod, my voice barely a whisper. "Yeah. With you."

The End.

Chapter 11

ALEKSANDER

I've been staring at the same line in this report for twenty minutes.

It's not the numbers.

It's not the deal.

It's her.

I had to leave the house this morning.

Because if I hadn't, I would've taken her again. Pushed her up against the nearest wall, bent her over the table, or pulled her into my lap at breakfast and ruined her in front of the fucking staff.

And that's not the kind of man I want to be around her siblings.

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So I came here.

Downtown. My office. Neutral ground.

I told myself I'd get ahead on business. Focus. Reset.

I was wrong.

The door flies open.

No knock.

No call ahead.

Just Ioann—red in the face, arms swinging like he thinks he still matters here.

“You’ve lost your goddamn mind,” he snaps.

I don’t answer.

Just lean back in my chair, hands folded. Calm.

He storms in further, eyes wild.

“She’s my ex. You realize that, right? She’s younger than yourson. This is fucking sick.”

Still, I say nothing.

He starts pacing, throwing his hands like that'll make his words land harder.

“You’re sleeping with my leftovers. Is that what this is? You lose your grip, so you steal from me? From your own fucking blood?”

That’s when I stand.

He doesn’t stop.

“This is disgusting.”

I cross the room.

“She’s too young for you.”

I grab him by the collar.

“You’re too old for her. You’re—”

I slam him against the glass wall.

The frame behind him rattles. A photo crashes to the floor.

He gasps as my arm locks across his throat.

Tight. Controlled.

He claws at my wrist, kicks out once, but I don’t flinch.

I lean in, low enough he hears me through his panic.

“If you weren’t my son,” I say, voice flat, “you’d be a dead man.”

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Silence.

His mouth opens, then closes again.

I hold him there one second longer than necessary.

Then I release him.

He stumbles, coughing, face pale, ego cracked.

“Now get the fuck out of here.”

He goes.

Because for all his tantrums, he knows exactly what I’m capable of.

And today?

I showed mercy.

Chapter 12

SIERRA

It’s too quiet.

Which is suspicious, considering my little sister has the energy of a caffeinated

squirrel and my brother never shuts up unless he's asleep or plotting something.

I peek down the hall, then pad toward the playroom.

And when I push open the door?

I stop cold.

Aleksander Maksimov—Bratva enforcer, empire builder, six-foot-something slab of intimidation—is seated at a plastic pink tea table, shoulders hunched, knees nearly to his chest.

With bright purple nail polish on three fingers.

“Hold still,” Nia scolds, tongue poking out as she carefully paints his pinky. “You smudged the last one.”

Aleks's mouth twitches. “You didn't let me finish my tea.”

“It's invisible, Aleks,” she says seriously. “You don't have to drink it for real.”

From the corner, Jamal sighs so hard it sounds painful. “This is embarrassing.”

Aleks doesn't even blink. “You jealous you didn't get an invite?”

Jamal scowls. “I'm not drinking invisible tea at a Barbie table.”

Nia rolls her eyes. “You can be the dragon. Sit under the table and growl.”

Aleks lifts one brow. “You heard the boss.”

Jamal slumps down under the table with a dramatic groan. “This never happened.”

I step into the room, grinning so hard it hurts.

“I leave you alone for twenty minutes and you let them drag you into a tea party?”

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Aleks turns slightly, careful not to move his wet nails. “They said there’d be snacks.”

“Daddy said sugar’s bad for your blood,” Nia chimes in.

Aleks lifts his teacup with perfect form. “Then I’ll pretend to enjoy this... chamomile air.”

Twenty minutes later, the kids are happily distracted with a cartoon, and I finally get Aleks alone in the hallway.

He stretches his arms, back cracking, and shakes out his legs. “Those chairs are a goddamn hazard.”

“You looked good, though. Very...” I smile. “Compact.”

“Don’t push it.”

He’s still got one nail painted purple. I think he left it on purpose.

And God, watching him with them?

It melted something in me.

“Hey,” I say quietly. “Can I talk to you for a second?”

He frowns. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing bad. I just— I’ve been trying to find the right time.”

He steps closer. “You’re scaring me. Just say it.”

I hesitate.

Then blow out a breath. “I’m pregnant.”

He freezes.

Like every molecule in his body just shut down.

And then, slowly, his eyes darken.

“You’re serious.”

I nod. “I took three tests. I wasn’t sure when to tell you—everything’s been a little wild. I didn’t want to make it a wholething—”

He lifts me off the ground without a word.

Throws me over his shoulder like a sack of flour.

“Aleks!”

“We’re going to the bedroom.”

“You’re not even going to—?!”

“I’m going to fuck you so hard that baby knows who its father is.”

I let out a breathless, half-laugh, half-gasp as he carries me down the hall, one massive hand holding my thigh, the other resting possessively on the curve of my ass.

He kicks the door shut behind us.

Locks it.

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And then?

He ruins me.

Again.

He drops me onto the bed like I weigh nothing.

Then stands over me, breathing hard, jaw clenched, eyes blazing.

“You’re pregnant.”

“I just said that—”

“You’re carrying my child,” he growls, low and rough like gravel. “Inside you. Right now.”

His voice goes soft, reverent. “Fuck.”

He strips in three seconds flat—shirt, belt, pants—all gone. His body is big and brutal and tense with something wild.

I sit up slowly, legs dangling over the edge of the bed, heart pounding.

“Aleks, I—”

He’s on his knees in front of me before I can finish.

His hands slide under my shirt. “Take it off.”

I lift it. He does the rest.

He kisses my belly. Then again. And again.

“You’re so fucking beautiful,” he murmurs, rough fingers gliding up my thighs. “Already glowing. This body was made to carry me. Made to keep me.”

His tongue finds the seam of my underwear and I cry out as he licks me through the fabric—slow, firm, claiming.

Then he pulls my panties down, eyes never leaving mine, and spreads me open like I’m a gift he’s unwrapping for the second time.

“I’m gonna eat you ‘til you scream,” he mutters.

And he does.

Long, filthy licks. Tongue deep and greedy. He groans against me, licking like he’s starving, hands gripping my thighs to hold me still as I writhe and sob and come hard with a helpless cry.

“Fuck—Aleks—”

“Not done,” he growls.

He turns me over, pulls my hips back until I’m on my knees, and climbs up behind me.

“You got my baby inside you,” he says low against my ear. “So now I get to fuck you

whenever I want.”

I arch back. “Do it. Please.”

He pushes into me in one long, brutal stroke.

I gasp. Moan.

He’s deep. So deep I see stars.

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“This pussy belongs to me,” he growls, fucking me slow and hard, hand gripping my waist. “You understand?”

“Yes. Aleks, yes—”

“Say it.”

“It’s yours. All yours. Only yours.”

He grabs my hair, pulls me up against his chest, one hand sliding around to my belly, palm spread wide.

“You’re mine,” he says again. “Mine. This baby is mine. This body—this little heart that keeps doubting me—all fucking mine.”

He thrusts harder, faster. I’m falling apart, clinging to his arm, sobbing his name as my orgasm hits me like a freight train.

I come with a scream, and he follows—growling, pulsing deep inside me, filling me with heat and filth and a possessive sound that makes my entire body shudder.

—

Later, when we collapse onto the bed, tangled and breathless, he drags me into his chest and presses his mouth to my temple.

“I’m gonna take care of you. Of our child. Of your siblings. All of it. You hear me?”

I nod.

“I’m gonna marry you, Sierra. Not because I have to. Not because you’re pregnant.”

He lifts my hand, kisses each knuckle.

“But because you’re mine. And you always will be.”

Chapter 13

SIERRA

The estate is quiet.

Too quiet.

Aleks hasn’t been here in... twelve days, maybe thirteen. I stopped counting after the tenth night of sleeping alone in his massive bed, curled on my side, pillow hugged tight to my chest while my belly slowly rounds with the baby he left in me.

Left.

That’s what it feels like.

I keep telling myself he’s busy. Handling Bratva business. Protecting us. That he’ll come home with blood on his hands and his arms wide open.

But then I remember how long it’s been since I heard his voice. Since I saw his name light up my screen. Since he touched me, kissed me, looked at me like I was the only thing in the world that mattered.

And a sick, cold thought starts whispering in my ear.

He's done with you.

—

I haven't made any moves. I can't. Not with Andrey and the others shadowing my every step, subtly reminding me I'm under "protection."

But I've started researching.

Pulling up job listings in secret.

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Googling apartments I can't afford in neighborhoods just far enough from the city.

I even started writing a note. Just in case I need to go quietly. No confrontation. No goodbyes.

I'd leave it with his guards.

Thank you for everything. I'm so grateful for what you gave me. But I can't stay where I'm not wanted...

I hate how far I've gotten.

How ready I was to disappear.

—

ALEKSANDER

“Where is she?”

Andrey looks up from the surveillance tablet, neutral as always. “In the upstairs office. She's been on Zillow for the last hour.”

I freeze.

“The fuck did you just say?”

He holds up the tablet. A paused frame shows Sierra leaning over the computer in one of my button-downs, her belly pressed against the desk. The screen shows rental listings. Low-security buildings. Long commutes. Shit neighborhoods.

She's planning to leave.

My woman.

My wife.

My pregnant fucking queen.

And no one thought to tell me?

I'm across the estate in seconds, rage burning through me like wildfire, my footsteps echoing up the marble stairs.

She thought I left?

She thought I'd walk away after putting my baby inside her?

She thought I wouldn't notice?

—

SIERRA

I jump when the door slams open.

My breath catches.

He's here.

Aleksander. Towering. Wild-eyed. Dressed in all black, shoulders massive, tattoos on full display. His hair is damp from rain, jaw locked tight, chest rising like he just ran through a war zone.

“Aleks...”

I stand up slowly, heart hammering, already backing away from the desk.

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His eyes flash to the screen behind me.

He sees everything.

And when his gaze returns to mine, it's nothing but fury and something darker.

“What,” he growls, stepping closer, “were you doing?”

“I—I was just looking. I didn't actually—”

“You were planning to leave.”

He says it like a death sentence. Like I stabbed him in the back and dared him to feel it.

“You thought I was done with you?” His voice is quiet. Deadly.

“You've been gone, Aleks,” I whisper. “I thought maybe... maybe you got what you wanted, and—”

“You mean when I fucked a baby into you raw and whispered you were mine?” he snaps, stalking closer. “You thought that was a phase?”

“I didn't know!” I cry, voice cracking. “I haven't heard from you in weeks—what was I supposed to think?”

He stops right in front of me, breathing hard. Then softer—softer it chills me—he

murmurs, “You were supposed to wait for me.”

He grabs me before I can speak. Lifts me off the floor. Carries me out of the office and down the hall, not saying a word. The silence is terrifying.

He kicks open the bedroom door and slams it behind us.

—

He drops me on the bed.

Stands at the foot of it, eyes burning.

“I bled for you,” he says low. “Tore apart every threat. And while I was out there making the city safe for you to breathe, you were in here planning your escape.”

“I was scared—”

He pulls his belt loose with one hard yank. The sound makes my whole body jolt.

“You should be.”

“Aleks...” My voice shakes.

But I’m wet.

Soaking wet.

Because I know what’s coming.

He yanks me to the edge of the bed, rips the shirt open down the center. My nipples

pebble in the cool air, the soft under-curve of my belly exposed.

“You’re lucky I love you,” he says as he drops to his knees.

Because what he does next?

Isn’t mercy.

It’s punishment.

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He spreads my thighs wide and licks me so slow, so deep, my breath stutters. Then faster—mouth sealed over my clit, his fingers thick and rough inside me, curling up, coaxing my orgasm like he owns it.

“You thought I forgot this pussy?” he growls, voice muffled by flesh. “I dream about this pussy. I’ve been fucking my hand for weeks thinking about how tight you are when you come.”

“Aleks—oh my God—”

“You don’t get to run, Sierra. You run, I’ll chain you to the bed and breed you all over again.”

I shatter.

Hard.

Convulsing around his fingers, hips bucking, thighs trembling.

He doesn’t let up. Just sucks harder until I’m crying, gasping, pleading—

“Please—please fuck me—”

He stands, yanks his zipper down, and pulls out his cock—hard, thick, heavy, already leaking.

“You still mine?” he growls, pressing the head against my entrance.

“Yes.”

“You still carrying my baby?”

“Yes, Aleks. Yes.”

“You gonna put my name on your lease next time you try to run?”

“Yes!” I scream. “Yours. Always yours.”

He slams inside me.

Deep.

Hard.

Like a man trying to erase all memory of distance.

He doesn't hold back. His grip is bruising, his thrusts brutal. I clutch at the sheets, at his arms, at anything that will anchor me as he fucks me through all the silence, all the fear, all the weeks I thought he was gone.

“You wanna leave?” he growls into my ear.

“No—God, no—”

“You think any man could do this to you but me?”

“N-never,” I sob, coming again—ripping apart under him, my pussy spasming around his cock.

He roars as he spills inside me, thrusting deep, hard, full.

Then stills.

Our breaths are ragged.

He leans down, kisses my swollen lips. Then my forehead. Then the swell of our baby.

“You belong to me,” he whispers. “You stay with me.”

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I nod, dazed, ruined, aching.

“And now,” he murmurs, standing tall, eyes still dark and wild, “you’re going to get cleaned up...”

He zips up slowly, eyes never leaving mine.

“...and prepare for the biggest fucking wedding this city has ever seen.”

Chapter 14

ALEKSANDER

Her phone buzzes.

She’s upstairs—barefoot, smiling, curled on the couch with her siblings like it’s the first time in years she’s been allowed to feel safe.

And these fucking rats think they can crawl out of the gutter now?

Mother.

I answer.

Before she can say a word, I speak.

“You will not speak her name.”

She chokes on a breath.

Her husband picks up, voice too slick, too loud. “We just wanted to—”

I cut him off.

“You wanted to profit. That’s what you do, isn’t it? Crawl back when it’s convenient. When someone else’s blood starts to look like a payday.”

“No, we just thought—”

“You didn’t think,” I say flatly. “If you did, you’d remember who the f**k I am.”

I turn toward the window, let the silence stretch.

“She doesn’t belong to you. Not anymore. She never did. She belongs to me now. And if you ever call this number again, I’ll send someone to remind you what it feels like to be helpless.”

“You’re threatening us?” her mother hisses.

“No,” I say, cold and even. “I’m commanding you.”

More silence.

Then I give the order.

“You’ll come to the wedding.”

Confusion. Then fear.

“You’ll sit. You’ll smile. You’ll keep your fucking mouths shut.”

A pause.

“And you’ll watch.”

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I lean in to the silence like a blade being drawn.

“You’ll watch her walk down that aisle. You’ll watch her baby brother in a tux. You’ll watch your daughter become untouchable. Loved. Worshipped. Protected.”

I let that land.

“You’ll come,” I finish, voice like steel, “and you’ll sit and watch. See what your children’s life looks like now.”

Click.

I toss the phone on the table.

And walk upstairs to kiss my girl like I didn’t just make her parents beg to breathe in her presence.

Chapter 15

SIERRA

“I look like a frosted cupcake,” I mutter, squinting at myself in the floor-length mirror.

“You look like a virgin sacrifice,” Tisha says from her perch on the chaise lounge. “And I mean that in the highest compliment.”

“It’s a little much, right?”

“You’re marrying a Bratva king, babe. There’s no such thing as too much.”

She’s right.

The dress is... everything. Fitted through the waist with soft silk that hugs every curve, a subtle slit up one thigh, delicate beading over the chest, and a sheer veil that trails behind me like a bridal fever dream.

It’s feminine. Regal.

And suddenly very real.

I’m getting married.

To Aleksander Maksimov.

The man who bought me. Broke me. Claimed me.

And built a world around me just to keep me safe inside it.

I reach for the dressing robe when I hear it.

The door opens.

Footsteps—heavy, slow, deliberate.

Tisha yelps, scrambling to stand. “Oh. Uh. Mr. Maksimov. Sir. This is... technically the no-peek zone—”

Then I see him.

Aleksander.

Standing there in a black coat, hands in his pockets, and eyes locked on me.

And he's not breathing.

—

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Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 6:10 am

ALEKSANDER

I was supposed to drop off a document.

Nothing more.

But then I heard her voice. And I looked through the doorway.

And I saw her.

In white.

Curves hugged by silk. Hair pinned back. Lips soft and parted. Thigh bare through a slit that should not be legal.

I step inside. Slowly.

Everyone else disappears.

I cross the room in silence.

She watches me, wide-eyed, hands hovering like she's not sure whether to cover herself or stand taller.

“You like it?” she asks softly.

“I want to ruin it.”

—

SIERRA

He's behind me in a blink.

Big hands at my waist, mouth at my ear.

"I want to pull it up and fuck you in front of the mirror," he murmurs, voice low and lethal. "Right now."

My knees go weak.

"There's someone waiting—"

"I don't care."

He spins me gently to face the mirror, presses his chest to my back, and slides one hand up the front of the gown—palming my breast through the delicate fabric while the other moves down.

"I'll buy five more dresses if I have to," he growls. "But I need to see your face when I come inside you wearing my ring."

I gasp as he slips his fingers under the gown, brushing over my panties—silk, white, soaked.

"You wore white under white," he mutters. "You trying to kill me?"

I grip the edge of the vanity as he pushes them aside and sinks two fingers inside me from behind.

“Hold still,” he says. “Watch yourself. Want you to see what I do to you.”

—

ALEKSANDER

She trembles under my hand.

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Tight. Wet. Mine.

Two fingers work inside her, slow and deliberate, curling just right. I press my palm against her lower belly and lean into her ear.

“Don’t look away.”

She shudders.

“Look at yourself,” I growl. “Watch what I do to you. I want you to see how fucking ruined you are.”

Her moans echo off the walls. Her eyes flutter as her legs start to shake.

“You see that flushed face? See your tits heaving? That’s what you look like every time you come for me.”

She whimpers. “Please—Aleks—make me—”

“Beg louder.”

“Please, Aleks—make me come—”

“That’s better.”

My thumb finds her clit. My free hand wraps around her throat—light pressure, just enough to hold her still.

“Come for me, bride. Soak these silk panties while you watch yourself fall apart.”

She shatters.

Hard.

Arched, pulsing around my fingers, her body gives out.

And I don't stop.

—

SIERRA

I'm still gasping—legs trembling, heart racing—when he doesn't pause.

He lifts my gown higher, unzips his slacks, and frees his cock. Thick. Hard. Desperate.

“You see that?” he growls, one hand gripping my hip. “Look what you do to me.”

He thrusts into me in one brutal stroke.

I cry out—loud and raw—and he groans like he's just found heaven.

“This dress isn't white anymore,” he growls. “It's mine now. Ruined. Just like you.”

His hand comes back to my throat, controlling my movement. His other palm strokes low across my belly like he's already picturing it round with his child.

“You want me to put a baby in you while you're wearing this dress? Knock you up in

front of the mirror?”

“Yes—oh my God—”

He slams into me. Over and over. Until I’m shaking again.

“Watch,” he growls. “Watch me breed you.”

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Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 6:10 am

I break apart again—louder, rawer, ruined.

He comes with a low, vicious groan, pulsing deep, still watching me through the mirror like he's memorizing every second.

—

Aleks lifts me off the vanity like I weigh nothing.

Gently turns me, lays me on the lounge like I'm fragile glass.

Then kneels in front of me.

Smooths my gown back into place, one button at a time. Kisses my stomach. My hands. My lips.

“You good?” he murmurs.

I nod, voice wrecked. “Yeah. I'm so good.”

He glances at the wrinkled hem. “You said this was a loan?”

“Yeah...”

He stands. Tosses his black card onto the table. “We're buying it.”

“Aleks—”

“Tailor it. Clean it. Frame it for all I care,” he says, kissing my forehead. “It’s the dress you came in while looking at me.”

I laugh—weak and blissed out. “You’re such a menace.”

His grin is slow and wicked. “And you love it.”

“I do.”

He lifts me into his arms like I’m weightless and made of gold.

“Let’s go home,” he murmurs. “I want to do it again. This time with you on top.”

Chapter 16

SIERRA

The chapel is stupid beautiful.

Like, “is this even real life?” kind of beautiful. Floor-to-ceiling stained glass. Fresh white roses everywhere. Gold-trimmed pews that probably cost more than my entire childhood. And at the very front, Aleksander Maksimov—six-foot-three, broad as hell, terrifying and breathtaking in a black custom suit that hugs his body like it was sewn onto him.

And he’s staring at me like I’m the only person in the world.

Which is kind of wild, considering the chapel is packed. Bratva royalty. Billionaires. Celebrities I’ve only ever seen on TV. My siblings are seated in the front row, dressed in adorable little matching outfits, beaming like it’s Christmas morning. My best friend Tisha’s holding back tears.

And right behind them?

Ioann. My ex.

And my parents.

Aleks demanded they attend. Ordered them to sit, watch, and witness what it looks like when a man really loves a woman. And baby, I've never felt so honored, so wanted, so seen in my life.

Because I'm not just some pregnant girl from a one-bedroom apartment anymore.

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I'm Aleksander Maksimov's wife. His obsession. His queen.

And this baby growing inside me? He's already sworn his life to protecting her.

As I walk down the aisle, my hand rests on the swell of my belly, and Aleks's jaw ticks. His eyes darken like he wants to devour me right here, in front of everybody. I swear I feel my knees go soft.

I smile.

This man is going to ruin me tonight. And I'm going to let him.

—

ALEKSANDER

She's fucking glowing.

Radiant in white, with soft curls pinned back and a veil that barely hides her smile. And that belly—round with my baby—has me so feral I can barely breathe. Every step she takes toward me feels like a prayer being answered.

I don't care who's in this chapel.

Her piece-of-shit parents?

My disappointment of a son?

They're all here because I commanded it. And they're going to sit quietly and watch me put a ring on the only woman I've ever wanted.

When she reaches me, I take her hand and place it on my chest, right over my heart.

"Mine," I say low, just for her.

"Always," she whispers back.

And when the priest starts talking, I don't hear a word of it. All I hear is the blood rushing through my ears and the need pounding in my chest.

To take her.

Claim her.

Fill her up again, right on top of our wedding bed.

—

I don't wait.

The second the door closes behind us, I lift her into my arms and toss her onto the bed like a doll. Her dress is already half-undone because I couldn't keep my hands to myself in the limo.

She's breathless. Laughing. Glowing.

And fucking mine.

"I told you," I growl, pulling her gown the rest of the way off, "I was gonna wreck

you tonight.”

She bites her lip, spreading her legs for me as I slide her panties down. “Then do it, husband.”

I drop to my knees, pushing her thighs apart. “You gonna take my cock while carrying my baby?” I kiss the swell of her belly, then bite the soft inside of her thigh. “Gonna let Daddy fill you up again? Knock you up while you’re already full?”

Her moan is all the permission I need.

I eat her like I’ve been starved. Tongue deep in her soaked pussy, hands gripping her thighs so tight she’ll bruise tomorrow. She comes with a cry—loud, raw, perfect—and I don’t let up. Just suck and lick and tease her clit until she’s sobbing for more.

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Then I flip her, one hand on her hip, the other guiding my thick cock between her folds.

“Fuck me, Aleks,” she cries.

So I do.

Hard.

Slow.

Deep enough she feels it in her spine.

Her swollen tits bounce with every thrust, and I can’t stop growling.

“You’re mine.” Thrust. “My wife.” Thrust. “My baby mama.” Thrust.

“My fucking life.”

She comes again, screaming my name, and I don’t stop until I’m buried to the hilt, spilling inside her, claiming every inch of her body one more time.

When I finally collapse beside her, heart pounding, hand resting on her belly, I murmur against her ear:

“Tomorrow, we tell your parents you’re naming our daughter after my mother. Tonight, I’m just gonna fuck you ‘til you pass out.”

Sierra laughs—breathless, fucked-out, and glowing.

“God help me,” she whispers, curling into my chest.

Too late, baby.

I already claimed you.

Forever.

Chapter 17

SIERRA

I knew Aleksander was rich.

But I didn’t know he had this kind of money.

The kind of money that buys an entire villa in Milan for a week, complete with private staff, an on-call chef, and a closet full of clothes in my size—before I even unpacked.

“You didn’t have to do all this,” I murmur, still breathless as he hands me a small box tied with silk ribbon.

Aleks leans back on the edge of the bed, shirt unbuttoned, sleeves rolled up, hair damp from the shower. “I did. You’re my wife.”

“And?”

“And you’re glowing. Round with my baby. And that makes me completely fucking

unhinged.”

I open the box.

Lingerie.

Cream silk, delicate lace, soft and barely there.

My breath catches. “It’s... stunning.”

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“It’ll look better on the floor.”

—

Fifteen minutes later, I step out of the bathroom wearing it.

Barefoot, flushed, nervous.

Aleks is by the window, staring out at the Milan skyline like he owns it. When he hears me, he turns—

And goes still.

Completely still.

His eyes drop.

Stay.

Darken.

He moves toward me with slow, dangerous precision.

Then stops right in front of me, fingertips brushing the curve of my hip.

“I don’t think you understand,” he says softly. “You’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.”

He cups my face, kisses me so gently it nearly breaks me.

Then he walks me backwards until the backs of my thighs hit the edge of the bed.

“Sit.”

I do.

He kneels.

And ruins me.

—

ALEKSANDER

She tastes like silk and sin.

I eat her with the hunger of a man who’s been starving since the day he met her. I make her come twice before I even unbuckle my pants—once with my tongue, once with two fingers and nothing but my breath on her throat.

Then I lift her—carefully, reverently—and press her up against the tall glass window.

Outside, the lights of Milan glow golden.

Inside, I fuck my wife like I’m trying to brand her from the inside out.

“Can they see us?” she whispers, flushed and panting.

“Does it matter?”

Her laugh dies when I slam into her deeper. She gasps, legs tightening around me.

“You’re mine,” I growl. “They should see.”

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I grip her ass, lift her, control every stroke until she's shaking against the glass.

"Can feel your walls fluttering," I mutter, voice breaking. "Pussy's just as hungry as you are, huh?"

She whimpers.

"You want me to fill you up again?"

"Yes," she cries. "Please."

I slam in deep and stay there, hips grinding, cock thick and throbbing as I empty into her again and again, whispering against her neck, "My wife. My baby. My fucking world."

—

Later, she falls asleep on top of me, bare and glowing, while the city pulses below us.

I stare up at the ceiling, hand on her belly, cock already hard again.

Yeah.

One week's not gonna be enough.

—

SIERRA

“You want me to go in there alone?”

Aleks lifts a brow from the backseat of the blacked-out town car. “I want you to enjoy yourself.”

“I’m pregnant, hormonal, and definitely not wearing designer heels.”

“That’s why you’re going shopping.”

He leans in, kisses the corner of my mouth. “There’s a card in your purse. No limit. If they hesitate, tell them your husband’s name. They’ll either faint or offer you stock options.”

I snort.

But when I walk into the boutique and say “Maksimov”, they don’t blink.

They bow.

—

Two hours later, I’m dripping in silk.

A salesgirl zips up a velvet wrap dress over my belly and gasps like she’s seen heaven.

Aleks walks in just as they’re piling bags onto a cart, and the room goes silent.

He walks straight up to me, eyes sweeping over the dress.

Then he grabs my hand and turns to the sales associate. “She’ll take this one.”

“Yes, Mr. Maksimov. It’s yours.”

“No. She’s mine,” he corrects, pulling me flush to his chest.

“She gets everything.”

I barely manage to gasp before he leans down, voice low and dark, “Get the car ready. I’m gonna fuck her in the back seat before dinner.”

* * *