



Bound to the Daddy

Author: Vivian Murdoch

Category: Erotic, Romance, Adult, Dark

Description: Good things come to those who wait. Better things come to those who plan.

Too long I've watched from the shadows as my sweet little omega debases herself over and over for a man who isn't worthy of her. A man who would cast her aside without a moment's hesitation. For months now, I've watched. And I've waited. And I've planned. Soon, she will be mine.

Mine to worship and cherish the way she deserves. Mine to pleasure and punish the way she craves.

And crave it, she does. At my hand, she will learn that the only one allowed to give her either ecstasy or pain, is me.

Because I'm no longer satisfied with being her future father-in-law. Once the trap closes around my naïve little omega, I will finally be... her Daddy.

Bound to the Daddy is a darkverse arranged marriage story with themes that might be appropriate for some readers. Please read the front of the book to see if this story is right for you.

Total Pages (Source): 65

CHAPTER 1

STEPHANIE

“Fuck.” The guttural groan washes down my spine, sending tingles through my clit.

My pussy tightens as a majestic Alpha growl rips from Brody’s throat and floods the room. His fingers curl into my hair, gripping me, giving me a bite of pain that never fails to make slick drip from me and slide down my inner thighs. I open my mouth a bit wider so I can take even more of him deep into my throat.

“That’s it,” he rasps, jutting his hips up, driving his massive cock deeper into me. “Almost there. Fuck Steph. Fuck. Keep going. Deeper. Fuck. Me.” His command ends with a long, drawn-out moan.

Honestly, it’s my favorite way of hearing my name said. That deep, husky, can’t control myself, sloppy utterance. Pulling back, I lock eyes with him, smirking as I drag the tip of my tongue from his swelling knot to the tip, lapping up his bitter precum.

His cock jerks as his eyes nearly cross. It’s a power I’ve learned to harness. Seeing him nearly incoherent from what I do gives me a thrill like none other. With another smile, I part my lips and wrap them around his tip before sucking hard.

“Jesus, Steph,” he barks out. “You’re going to make me cum if you keep doing that.”

I pull back and plant my hands on my hips. “Well, that is the idea, isn’t it?”

Get him off nice and good, so he'll want nothing more than to return the favor. I can only hope he's enjoying it as much as he's letting on. Shoving those thoughts out of my head, I relax my jaw and open my mouth as wide as I can before sliding back down his shaft.

Saliva drips down his soft skin, easing my movements as I pump up and down. Despite the fact that he doesn't get me off more often than not, I can't deny I truly enjoy the act of giving. It turns me on like nothing else. With a satisfied hum buzzing in the back of my throat, I send the vibrations around his tip as he bumps up against my tonsils.

Nausea swirls in my gut, but I press on, rocking my head up and down. I slip my left thumb into my fist and squeeze hard, helping my gag reflex a touch. It's not that I can't take something touching the back of my throat. It's more that his girth makes things a bit more difficult.

Anytime I pleasure him this way, I have to concentrate. Alphas are just so big, so overwhelmingly large. If I'm not careful, I can graze him with my teeth or choke. Even now, my breath comes in shallow gasps as I do my best to inhale every time I come up.

When he's that far in, I can't really get enough oxygen. My equilibrium tilts as I become a bit more lightheaded. But he doesn't seem to notice or even care. His hands are back in my hair, guiding my movements as he uses me as a living, breathing, masturbatory device.

And honestly, it's how I like it.

While I'm on my knees with his cock in my mouth, I can't think about my lousy job, or the fact that it's getting harder and harder each month to pay rent or even buy groceries. In this space, I'm a courtesan, a sex toy, and I'm very good at my job.

At least that's what Brody's moans tell me. His words never do. And so I have to go by how his body writhes at my touch, how his voice gets all quavery and whiny, and how his fingers grab me in such a possessive way.

"Yes," he hisses, holding my head down as his knot begins to swell. "Fuck me, yes!"

There's no way in hell I can fit that monstrosity in my mouth. Wrapping my fingers around the girthy knot, I squeeze and release, mimicking how I think my pussy would feel wrapped around him. Not that I would know.

Apparently knotting is a wifey privilege. Until, or rather, if, the government puts us together, it's all penetration and no knotting. Which is a ridiculous hill to die on, but I'll never force him to do something he doesn't want to do.

With another set of squeeze and releases, I hold my breath and brace as his cum shoots into my mouth and down my throat. It's hot, bitter, but wholly addicting. A rush of satisfaction flutters down my spine and clenches deep in my pussy.

His satisfied roar as he pours himself down my throat reaffirms his pleasure and thus heightens my own. My body tingles as I swallow him up, lapping at every drop so I don't waste even a single one. Perhaps there's help programs for people like me addicted to Alphas.

Or maybe it's just me. Maybe I'm just hard-wired to want a massive cock shoved in any hole it desires. But I know other omegas who can take it or leave it... So it's probably just me. No one else I know seems to have such a massive appetite.

Lifting from his deflating cock, I wipe my lips and give him a smirk. "Okay. My turn."

"Ahhh, babe. I can't. I wish I could. But I have a thing down at the Digital Currency

Commission.”

I sit back on my heels and frown. “But didn’t you already have a meeting with the DCC yesterday?”

He gets up and starts grabbing his clothes from the closet. “Yesterday was about a new type of digital currency they were hoping to unveil. Today is streamlining the process. You know how it is. But hey,” he shoots me a finger gun. “That was awesome. Just what I needed to get my head on straight.”

“I... I suppose.”

“Look,” he leans over and kisses my cheek. “I’ll get you next time. You know I’m good for it.”

A weary sigh drifts from my lips as I root around in the bed for my clothes. I hate that he’s right. I hate that he’s so fucking good at what he does that I salivate at the mere thought of him putting his head between my thighs.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:46 am

It's what keeps me coming back day after day. It's this itch that only he can scratch. Since the day he was my first, he was my only... If he'd just play fair, maybe things wouldn't feel so hopeless between us at times.

But what can I do? He's all I know. But then, maybe it's time to change that. As good as he is, there has to be better. There has to be someone who can actually put my needs first and not as an earth-shattering afterthought.

"What makes you think I'll still be here for you to reciprocate?" I half say to myself, not really intending the words to come out.

Unfortunately, they do, and for a moment, they just hang in the air. As much as I want to draw them back in, I can't. Not that Brody seems all that affected, anyway.

His lips slide up into that half smirk of his as he waves my statement off. "Awww, c'mon, Steph. Don't be that way. You know I'm a busy man with important things to do. You've known this since we hooked up in high school. I mean, I'm a Rothsbourne, for God's sake."

"Pretty sure your dad wouldn't want you dabbling in digital currency. I know that much."

"Okay. Now you're just mean. Look. I've had this meeting on the books. If you even bothered to look at the schedule..."

"Fine," I finally breathe out. "You know what? You're right. I'm wrong. Go to your meeting."

“You’re a doll. Hey. Remember. I’ll get you next time.”

“Sure. I know you will.”

“That’s my girl. Hey. The maid isn’t coming again until Friday. If you could put these sheets in the wash for me before you leave, that would be amazing. And maybe tidy up the space a bit? You know, put the womanly touch on it?”

He reaches into the pocket of one of his designer suits, no doubt purchased by daddy dearest. Out pops a few bills that he plops onto the bed. “Don’t want you to think I don’t appreciate you.”

I resist the urge to be snide and make some off handed comment about how it’s real, physical money instead of the make-believe shit deals in. But the truth is, I need that cash to get me enough gas to get back home and to work until I get paid again.

“I would never think that,” I reply, allowing a hint of sarcasm into my voice. “You’re far too good for me.”

“Awww babe. It’s what I do. Hey. Who’s my prettiest girl?”

Again, another sigh drifts from my lips as we do this song and dance. “Me?”

“Bingo. I’ll see you soon. Make sure to put it on the calendar, so I know.”

With that, he leaves me alone in a pile of sheets, pillows, and dirty clothes. The room still smells like him and his cum, coating me from the inside out. I can’t seem to think clearly when it’s around me, on me, and fucking in me. Letting out a groan of frustration, I start to clean up the guesthouse.

Mumbled curses and promises to make things different fly from my lips as I hurl the

sheets into the machine. Unfortunately, he didn't tell me if he wanted me to actually stay and put the laundry in the dryer or not. But maybe that's what the money was for?

I shove my hand into my pocket and pull out the wad. It makes me feel like a common whore. Part of me thinks he would never intentionally do that to me, but I just can't tell anymore.

With laundry going, I walk over to the hub on his counter and open up the calendar. Booked. The mother fucker is booked out for the next few weeks.

"Argh," I cry out in frustration, flipping through until I find the next available date. "Can't you just fucking go down on me without me having to fucking schedule it?"

"I mean, it's a bit unorthodox, but if you insist. Not sure how Brody will feel about it though," a deep voice purrs behind me.

Goosebumps explode over my skin as I turn around and face Rex Rothsbourne himself. He looks me up and down and smirks, making my stomach flip. Like father, like son, I guess. He has that same commanding demeanor, only his feels far more predatory where Brody feels like he's trying very hard to follow in his daddy's shoes but keeps coming up short.

Heat fans my face as I note the raise in his eyebrow as he stares me down. Unfortunately, I'm the one to look away first. Just like every time he catches my gaze. Moments tick by as he simply stays silent, watching me, before looking down to fiddle with his designer watch.

How many times did I touch myself at night while imagining him looming over me, telling me to come like a good girl? Only to be faced with the reality of actually shacking up with his son? It's sick, I know, but part of me keeps coming back to

Brody because I hope and pray he'll turn out like his dad.

I definitely need to get therapy once I can afford it. In fact, maybe I should just take this as a sign to cut ties and find a situation that's less... toxic. It's not as if I'm just deliriously happy here. I just haven't found a situation that works. Again, not that I've been looking.

"Sorry, Mr. Rothsbourne. I-"

"How many times have I asked you to call me Rex?"

For a moment, all I can do is stare at the imposing Alpha before me, my face heating up from his not-so-gentle rebuke. As much as I hate being in trouble, I can't deny the slight clenching in my gut as he stares down at me, demanding an answer. None of this makes any sense.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:46 am

Clearing my throat, I shove aside all of those wrong feelings and focus on answering the question. “Since I first started doing group projects with Brody.” Unable to fully articulate why it feels so wrong without also betraying these inappropriate feelings, I merely shrug, hoping for it to settle this and end the conversation. “Sorry. Something about calling you Rex just doesn’t feel right.”

His soft chuckle floods the room, making my head spin, as he leans forward. “Would calling me Daddy feel better? More right somehow?”

My world tips for a moment as I stare at the man, dumbfounded by what I just heard. But then he laughs even harder, throwing his head back as if it’s all a huge joke.

“I- I don’t know if that’s...”

He shakes his head and smiles. “Just a little dad humor. Think nothing of it. But you do realize you’re a grown woman. Right? You don’t have to call me Mr. Anything. Rex is perfectly acceptable.”

“I get that, Mr.- Rex,” I fumble. “Old habits die hard, I guess.”

He brushes off my words as he looks around. “Where’s Brody? I want to speak with him.”

“Oh. Sorry. You just missed him. He’s at a meeting.”

With a fierce frown that makes my insides clench, he leans past me to flip through the calendar. The heat from his skin scalds me, even through both of our clothes. Every

breath is laced with the scent of cologne and the unmistakable spice of his skin.

God, have I ever been this close to him before? It's insanity. That's what this is. I shouldn't want my boyfriend's dad. It's just sexual frustration that has me wanting his touch, even if it's just an innocent pat on my shoulder.

But he doesn't touch me. He doesn't even brush up against me as he pulls back, his frown even deeper. "Damned DCC. Such a stupid waste of time and money."

"Exactly what I said," I grumble, grabbing a few things off the counter so I can put them in the sink.

"You always were a smart girl." He pauses and crinkles his nose. "What are you doing? We have a maid for that."

"Brody said she wasn't coming and asked if I could clean up. I mean... I use this space too, occasionally... So. I figure why not."

With an exasperated sigh, the Rex Rothsbourne takes the dishes from me and puts them into the sink himself. "I'll get Emily to come over and clean this place up. It's not your job to do. I swear, some days, I feel like you're way too good for my son."

I shrug, not sure how else to respond. "I mean, this is probably going to be my last time here, anyway. It's the least I can do." Again, not at all what I need to be saying, but it seems as if my mouth just doesn't want to obey me right now.

His eyes narrow as he looks me up and down. "Oh?" He growls, once more invading my space. "Did my son do something to you?" There's a concern there underneath his stern gaze, but there's also something more, something... primal.

I must be reading into things. There's no way Mr. Rothsbourne can feel anything for

me other than familial concern. It's just not right otherwise.

"No," I groan as my mouth and brain refuse to cooperate with each other. "That's the problem." I clap a hand over my mouth, heat pouring off my face as I look down at the floor.

Fucking mouth. Fucking brain. Fucking everything going wrong today.

An irritated sigh flits from my lips as I look around to make sure I'm not leaving anything behind. "Sorry. Gotta run. My shift starts in a bit, and I want to clean up first."

"There's a shower right behind you," he says in that ridiculously erotic rasp of his.

Is it my imagination, or does his eyes get darker as he talks to me? Shaking my head, I dispel the notion and note his eyes are just his normal, intense dark blue that they always are.

"I've been here long enough. It's okay. I still have hot water back at my place. For now at least," I tease. Instantly, I sober up as his expression turns concerned. "It's a joke. Albeit a dumb one. Seeing as you probably never had to deal with stuff like this," I babble. "You know, I'm going to shut up now."

"Do you need any money?" Without waiting for me to say anything, he reaches for his wallet like it's nothing.

Just like Brody. It means nothing. And to be chucking it at me so freely makes me wonder if I truly mean nothing. Or if I'm just another commodity to them.

"Brody already gave me some. It's all good."

“Not that digital crap,” he growls out.

“No.” A nervous giggle erupts from my throat. “Not digital.”

“Listen.” His voice turns deadly serious as he steps in closer. “I’ve known you for years now. You’re like a daughter to me in some ways. If you need anything. And I mean anything. Trust me to take care of anything. I’m good for it.”

Page 4

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:46 am

And just like that, it's as if cold water dumps on me, killing any growing ardor. Like father, like son, after all. Of course, he's fucking good for it.

CHAPTER 2

REX

I watch Stephanie's ass sway as she continues picking up stuff from the floor. The fact that my asshole son is having her clean when I could send someone over is telling. She never specified the money was for her services, but I can imagine that's exactly the effect he wanted to have. Her shoulders slump as she performs duties she really shouldn't have to, only to go and do it all again for less pay.

"How much did he give you?"

"Pardon?"

She looks up at me with that fuck me gaze of hers as she wets her bottom lip. My cock swells as I watch the hesitancy and indecision in her eyes. It's like she's a frightened mouse, and I'm a ferocious predator set to swoop her up.

"To clean up the guest house? How much did he pay you?"

"Oh," she laughs it off. Or attempts to. The sound is strained even to my ears. "He didn't pay me to do this. He just wants to take care of me. That's all."

"I see. And how well is he taking care of you?"

Her face turns bright red as she reaches into her pocket and pulls out a couple of crumpled bills. Probably just enough for gas and maybe some food. Shaking my head, I hold out my hand.

“You don’t have to worry,” she mumbles, stuffing them back into her pocket. “It’s more than enough.”

“I’ll be the judge of that. Give me the money.” A growl laces the air as I hold out my hand again.

It’s not quite an Alpha roar, but certainly enough to let her know I mean business. Again, she glances down at the floor, her cheeks taking on such a delightful shade of pink. Part of me wonders if it’s the same shade as when she’s in the throes of passion.

Just watching her causes my mind to melt with insanity. I need her. I want her. I will do anything to have her. Every fucking day, it’s getting harder to resist the siren call of her body, the luscious pout of her lips, and undeniable curve of her body.

Thrusting that futile thought out of my mind, I do my best to focus on controlling the situation and taking care of her the way my son refuses to. “You said you have to go to work today. Yes?”

“Yes.”

“And your car is still running fine?”

She looks at the floor. Ever since I first met her when she was a high schooler, she had this tell when she didn’t want to reveal something. At twenty, it’s just as adorable on her now as it was then.

“It gets me there,” she finally mumbles.

A sigh drifts from my lips as my fingers itch to grab my belt. “That’s not what I asked.”

“Look,” she finally cries out, flopping her hands to the side. “What do you want me to say? That it’s a piece of shit car? That I’ve been doing everything I can to hold my life together since my parents died? I’m doing my best. Okay?”

The need to touch her, to comfort her, to own her runs through me until I cannot resist any longer. I gather Stephanie into my arms and hold her for a few moments. At first, her body stiffens as I make contact, but after a little bit, she relaxes into me.

Her hair is soft and supple under my hand as I do my best to keep my touch fatherly and detached. But with every inhale of her scent, I’m lost under her spell. When exactly did this shift happen? When did she go from a schoolgirl fighting with my son until they ‘kissed and made up’ under the tree in the backyard to this woman I want to possess with every fiber of my being?

I never looked at her this way when she was still in high school. There was never a moment where I thought these dark and dastardly thoughts when I looked at her. But within the last year or two, she went from someone I’d protect with my life to someone I’d burn the world down for just one taste of her pussy.

My own Venus de Milo, my Helen of Troy, and my heart’s desire. I could give her the world if she just asked... But she doesn’t. She refuses any and everything I offer.

All for Brody... Fucking Brody. I want to give the boy the benefit of the doubt, to believe he’s doing right by her, but I know the truth.

Ever since I’ve taken him back into my home, he’s been nothing but trouble. Try as I might to mend the bridge between us, he just keeps pushing me away and acting out in ways I can’t even fathom. Whether it’s his refusal to get a real job, or the goddamn

chip on his shoulder when I ask the bare minimum of him, everything is a fight.

I get it. His mother and I were both kids when we had him. Eighteen-year-olds who didn't have a fucking clue what to do. But I tried my best.

Yes, I had ambition, even then. But I tried my hardest to include his mother. All she wanted to do was live off the Rothsbourne supplementary income and keep Brody with her where she could spoil him rotten.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:46 am

If he'd lived here with me, there'd be a far different outcome. Now, he's this self-entitled little brat who's one wrong move from being disowned. And it fucking hurts that it's ended up this way.

Instead of being able to bond with my son and raise him properly, I'm stuck with some nepo baby who refuses to grow up. Unfortunately, it's far too late to just kick him out of the nest. It won't do any good.

Not that I can fully justify such extreme actions, anyway. He's my only son, a Rothsbourne. Without an heir to take his place, a legitimate heir the Governing Body will recognize, my legacy ends with him—a painful reminder of my past and pathetic hope for the future.

Soft tears catch my attention, drawing me back to the present. Whether or not my son is who I want to be my current heir, makes no difference in the here and now. Stephanie shudders in my arms, tugging at my heartstrings.

The jackass doesn't seem to realize what he has. Perhaps I should do something about it. He's obviously incapable of giving her what she really needs.

Thoughts and plans formulate in my head as I look at Stephanie. There's a vulnerability there, a tenderness that calls to the Daddy in me to protect and possess her.

My cock twitches with each teary hiccup. How beautiful would she be sobbing at my feet with a blazing red bottom and a well-fucked pussy? I know her well enough to know she'll earn her share of discipline.

She's just as stubborn as my son. Unlike my son, she's still moldable, malleable, able to possibly see reason. If she were mine, I'd be able to change that stubbornness, guide her, and fashion her into her best self. My balls tighten and clench as I breathe in the scent of her misery.

Just a few changes here and there, the shuffling of pieces on a chessboard, and she'll be mine. Once she realizes she has no other options, she'll come crawling to me and my exacting dominance. After a few minutes, I pull her back and grab a handkerchief from my pocket to dab her eyes.

"Sorry," she mutters. "It's just been a hard week. But don't worry. I'll figure something out."

"Are you always so stubborn?"

This gets a small smile out of her. "Haven't I always been?"

"I'm too old to remember."

Her sharp bark of laughter at my joke causes my balls to clench even more until it's at the point of pain. She lays her hand on my arm, not even thinking about the effect it might have on me. And why would she? I'm her boyfriend's dad. I'm not supposed to have these lustful thoughts about her.

"You're like what, Sixty? Seventy?" she teases.

"Thirty-eight," I respond, my tone dry. "Don't make me some ancient, decrepit man."

"I keep forgetting you had Brody when you were my age."

"Younger, actually. But I don't want to dredge up the past." Talking about my son to

the woman I want to fuck just feels wrong. “I want to focus on the present. Let my mechanic take a look at your car.”

She glances over at the clock and gasps. “Oh God. I didn’t realize how late it was. I won’t have time. I’m just barely able to get home to shower.”

“Shower here. There’s no sense in going all the way back downtown in this traffic. And in the meantime, I’ll have my guy look at your car.”

Her gaze drifts from me to the screen and back again. Anxiety rolls off of her so thick it churns my stomach. “Please. It would just be easier to shower at home.”

As she steps past me, I grab her arm and stop her in her tracks. “What aren’t you telling me?”

“I... It’s... Look. It’s just too embarrassing. Okay?”

Crossing my arms, I give her a soft glare. “You got your period while playing video games with Brody. You stained my white duvet. I’m sure nothing can be quite as embarrassing as that.”

Her face blanches as she nearly tips forward. I do so love seeing her off kilter. It might be a touch cruel of me to remind her of such a humiliating memory, but the reality is she can’t possibly top it. Nothing she can say to me can be any worse than that.

“You really had to bring that back up? I was hoping you’d forget.”

“Again, I’m not so far gone and decrepit to remember things that cause you distress. Either mental or physical. So what is it? Is my guest house not good enough for you?”

“No, no!” She quickly cries out. “It’s not that at all. I just... I don’t know if I can shower here with you.”

My cock lurches at the vulnerability shining in her eyes. “Well, I wasn’t asking to join you,” I grind out, doing my absolute best to keep my arousal in check.

“I know that. I just... It’s just...” Again, her face goes crimson as a hint of desperation wafts on the air.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:46 am

Is it my imagination, or is there also just the barest whiff of arousal? The way she fiddles with her fingers and rocks from side to side is very juvenile, but the scent coming off of her is all woman. It's not her heat. Not that I can tell, anyway. Knowing her, she's probably on suppressants to keep her from having one.

"It's just?" I pry, knowing I'm playing with fire.

Fuck, I'll probably get burned and go up in ashes. But it's worth it to know there's at least some part of her that finds me appealing. Rolling my shoulders, I stretch, noting her look of interest before she glances away.

"You don't think it's inappropriate?"

"What? That I'm offering to let you shower in my guest house? I know you're fucking my son. How is this any worse?"

"It's not," she mumbles. "But if you're going to be here..."

"Ahhh. So that's your concern. I was just coming in here to meet up with Brody. Nothing more. My lunch break is nearly over, and I'm supposed to be back at the office soon. You can have all the privacy you want and need."

Relief rushes over her face as her shoulders slump down. "I might take you up on it. But I definitely don't have time for your mechanic to find everything wrong with my car."

"In that case, bring it by after work tonight."

Again, she hedges. “I don’t know. I think I’m just done.” There’s a soft hint of despondency in her voice, a tone that makes me want to drag her down to the bed and force her to tell me everything while I pleasure her with my mouth, hands, and cock.

“Done?” I demand. “Clarify for me.”

“With this,” she cries out, waving her arms about the place. “With Brody. It wouldn’t be fair to inconvenience you if I’m not with your son anymore.”

“First of all, you are never an inconvenience. Second of all, whether or not things are over between you and my son makes no difference to our interactions. Just do me one thing.”

“Name it.”

“Once you’re through with him, let me know.”

A light giggle passes her lips. “Why? So you can pounce?”

It’s as if the little minx can read my mind. Am I really all that transparent? Without much hesitation, I give voice to the darker part of me, the part that wants her kneeling at my feet. “Exactly.”

Her eyes widen, but she remains silent. So she’s not entirely opposed to the idea. This isn’t good. Part of me hoped she’d be repulsed by the very thought and make it easier to resist her lithe little body.

Eventually, she moves as she shakes her head. “You’re funny, Mr. Rothsbourne.”

I keep my tone dry as I pull my arousal back into check. “Hilarious. By the way, if you keep insisting on calling me Mr. Rothsbourne and not Rex, as I’ve asked, I’ll

make you call me something else.”

“And what is that?” Seems as if I’ve piqued her curiosity. Such a dangerous, dangerous thing.

“I can always make you call me Daddy.”

For a moment, her body tenses as more of that decadent scent of her arousal circles around us, making my head spin. Her soft, nervous laugh skitters over me, making everything tighten in need, lust, and forbidden wanting.

“Haha. Yeah. Great joke.” There’s the barest hint of desperation in her tone as she looks at me, pleading with me almost. But for what, I can’t discern yet.

“I’m not joking in the slightest,” I purr, allowing my lips to curl up into a smirk.

Again, her face pales as I turn from her and walk over to the main hub on his island. While she stands there in shock, I pretend to scroll through his laughable excuse for a calendar. Where mine is filled with actual government meetings, acquisitions, and takeovers, he’s making up meetings with the DCC.

He’s not meeting with the DCC. Not today, at least. Which begs the question of what exactly my recalcitrant son is doing.

From my understanding, they’re taking a week hiatus before revealing their new low in digital currency. No doubt my son is off jerking around, making it seem like he’s busy, so he doesn’t have to get a real job. Why he’s stringing Stephanie along as well is beyond me.

A heavy sigh drifts from my lips as I open my wallet and place several crisp bills on the counter. “Here. Take this when you leave. And it’s not for cleaning the house

either.”

With her eyes still wide, she scuttles over and slides her fingers over the money and looks through it, refusing to pick it up. “This is too much!”

Page 7

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:46 am

“Says who?”

“Says me. You can’t give me this much money for nothing.”

“It’s not for nothing. You’re assisting me with keeping my son occupied. That’s certainly worth some compensation.”

“Thank you, Mr. Roths-” I raise my eyebrow, and she swallows. “Rex. But I can’t-”

“Look. The money is yours. What you do with it is your choice.” With a nod, I exit the space so Stephanie can feel safe enough to shower.

My fingers flex with every step as irritation runs down my spine. Seems as if I’ll have to make more of an impression on the stubborn girl. Instead of heading to my car so I can go to work, I bypass the garage and go to my study. What I plan to do shouldn’t take all that long.

As soon as I’m at my desk, I unbuckle, unbutton, and unzip my pants so I can pull my erection out. I’m so fucking hard, and just from talking to her. Roses and sugar, a scent unique to her, clings to me, invading my lungs with every inhale.

Just a quick click of my fingers, and a few screens pop up. Normally, I try not to watch what she and my son do. All these cameras are for surveillance and ensuring the safekeeping of this estate.

However, now more than ever, I’m grateful to have them. Not to keep her, Brody, or my property safe, but to study my obsession where she cannot see me. She stands

there, looking at my money, but my gut tells me she's not going to take it.

My balls clench as she runs her fingers over the bills. It's a soft caress, a gentle movement of her hand before she yanks them away, leaving them where I put them. I fucking knew it.

Her eyes dart about the space, presumably making sure I'm not there, before taking off her shirt. If only she knew I was watching her from the comfy confines of my office. What would she think then?

Despite her tentative arousal, she fights this attraction. I'm just not sure why. It's not as if my son has anything redeemable about him. I do applaud her loyalty though.

Leaning forward, I watch in rapt attention as she takes off her bra. There's a hesitancy in her touch, an innocence almost. Perfect for my pornographic needs.

Such pretty breasts. A perfect handful. Her nipples jut out, dark and dusky against her pale skin. How would they feel between my lips, my tongue lapping at them before I suck them deep into me? With a groan, I run my hand over my cock, squeezing my knot before gliding back up.

Such exquisite agony, such painful pleasure. My brain nearly melts as I touch myself to my forbidden goddess. Looking at the screen in the shower, my cock pulses as she removes the rest of her clothes and steps in. The hot spray fogs the lens for a few moments, but soon I'm able to watch as she soaps down her body.

Her fingers glide down, cleansing every inch. And once the soap is gone, her fingers go back to her pussy. At first, I think she's merely making sure she's completely and thoroughly rinsed off, but her head tilts back as her lips part.

She spreads her legs a bit and rubs her clit. Leaning forward, I continue to stroke

myself as I watch her. Though the sound is soft and faint over the rushing water, I can almost make out the words dripping from her luscious lips.

“Mr. Rothsbourne,” she cries out as she slides her fingers deep into her pussy. “Daddy,” she seems to amend, a secret smile flitting across her lips as she tries out my title.

Shock roots me to the spot, stilling my hand as I continue to watch in amazement as she gets off to me. So that’s why she was so embarrassed. The poor little omega seems to have inappropriate feelings for me as well. Soft grunts fill my office as I grip my cock.

Her light, feminine moans surround me, spurring me forward. God, I can’t believe how absolutely lost I am in her. It’s a sickness that has no cure. All I know is that I will not rest until she’s under me, crying out my name in more than a whisper.

I want to make her shout it for all to hear. Damn my son. He’s not capable of giving her what she needs, what she wants, and what she truly desires.

He had his chance.

Now, it’s Daddy’s turn, and Daddy doesn’t give a fuck about anything else but making this omega mine.

I want to bend her over the couch and redden her ass for defying me and not allowing me to do what’s best for her. I want to bury myself in her sweet pussy as I defile her with my words. Hell, she got off on my humiliation earlier, so it’s not as if she won’t enjoy herself while I fill her ears with all the dirty, nasty things I want to do to her.

Tipping my head back, I continue to stroke myself, gripping the delicate skin as hard as I imagine her pussy will do. Soon. So fucking soon. But first, I need to get her

under my control.

Even as I listen to her pleasuring herself, the plan from earlier solidifies in my mind. If I make it so that I'm all she'll have, then she'll have no choice but to submit to me and my depravity. I'll be there to discipline her, guide her, and most of all, to give her the pleasure only a man can give her.

With a feral roar, I grip my knot as my other hand continues to jerk up and down with furious strokes. Cum shoots out and sullies the desk, coating the expensive wood with my seed. Once she's mine, I'll make it so my cum will only ever be in her. She'll give me everything I want, and in return, I will give her the world.

She may hate me at first. She may try to deny my claim. But in the end... Daddy knows best.

CHAPTER 3

STEPHANIE

Page 8

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:46 am

I drum my fingers on the steering wheel as I sit in traffic. The numbers on the clock slip by in an ever-increasing amount... and still I don't move. I want to scream, to pitch a fit, or hell have some road rage.

But I'm still better off than if I tried going all the way home to shower. Heat flushes my face as I curl my hands around the wheel, gripping it tightly, as arousal slithers back through my veins. I just got off. I shouldn't need to go again.

... And yet.

Fuck. I should be thinking of Brody. Yeah. Closing my eyes, I picture his washboard abs, black hair, and piercing eyes. He's certainly a fine specimen of an Alpha, even if he can be so clueless sometimes. Every time we do this song and dance, I keep telling myself that men mature slower than women.

Perhaps he just needs some more time to grow up. Groaning, I rest my head on the wheel. How much longer do I have to wait?

My breath comes out in a puff as tears burn my eyes. I already made the decision to leave... I just need to do it. Stick to my guns and just break it off. Glancing over at my phone, I worry my bottom lip with my teeth. Should I call him? Or do it in person?

Maybe I should give him one more chance. Thankfully, since he's booked out for a bit, the space will be good. It will let me think, clear my head, and approach this with a calm, rational frame of mind. More importantly, it will keep me away from Daddy Rothsbourne.

I can't believe I got myself off thinking about him. What the hell is wrong with me? It really just must be all that pent up horniness. Granted, I don't want to examine anything else far too close.

With a flick of my wrist, I crank the music up and drum along with the beat, doing my best to ignore the check engine light as it glares at me with impending doom. Once I can get a little extra money, I can take care of it. I don't need Brody, and I sure as hell don't need Mr. Rothsbourne.

"Fired? What do you mean, fired?" I do my best to keep the hysteria out of my voice, but to no avail.

"I don't know what to tell you. Call came from corporate. Apparently, it's a performance issue? I don't understand it at all, but they were very clear that you cannot finish out the day. I'm so sorry, Steph," my manager shrugs.

"This just doesn't make sense," I wail, my hands going numb as tingles go up and down my arms.

"Did you do something really bad?" She looks around as she lowers her voice. "Like steal something?"

"How can you even ask that?" My tone rises with every word as hurt, anger, and panic laces my voice. "When have I ever done anything like that?"

Again, she shrugs, and the helpless gesture just makes me even more upset. "I really don't know. I just know it's almost impossible to get fired from this job. They need all the workers they can get."

"Maybe it's a clerical error, then?" I grasp onto that small thread of hope, but it's soon dashed.

“If it came from HR, maybe. But the owner himself called. You will be escorted off the premises once you gather your things. An officer will watch to make sure you get everything.”

My eyes narrow. “You mean so I don’t steal anything?”

“Hey. I don’t make the rules.”

“Well, what am I going to do now? Can I collect unemployment? Something?”

This time, her lips thin into a sympathetic smile. “Pray you have someone in high places who can help you. A termination like this can follow you, making it harder to get another job. As for unemployment, your type of termination disqualifies you.”

My heart sinks as she eases me toward a burly man in a security uniform. They didn’t have to send an Alpha. What am I going to do, scream these people to death?

Tears slip down my nose and cheeks as he leads me to my cubicle. It’s not as if I dreamt of doing data entry for the rest of my life, but it paid the bills. Now, I don’t even have that. I’ll be lucky if I can even be a server now. What in the hell could I have done?

I never used the company computer for personal research. I never made personal phone calls while on the clock. Hell, I clocked out every time I left my desk, even if it was for a quick drink of water. I did everything right. How could this have happened?

Looking around my cubicle, I do my best to ignore the curious stares and ducked heads as I pack up my meager belongings. Whispers flit around the space, and it doesn’t take genius to know they’re about me. As I leave, my boss comes back and hands me an envelope.

“HR went ahead and cut your last check now. This way, you don’t have to come back, and we don’t have to track you down. I’ll listen out for any openings, and I’ll do my best to put in a good word for you.”

“Thank you,” I manage to croak, shifting the box in my hand to grab the check.

If only I took the money offered to me earlier. But no. I wanted to do this on my own. It was certainly enough to get me by until I could find something else. Why didn’t I just take it?

With a heavy sigh, I wonder if he’ll let me take it now. Probably not. Forget fixing my car. Forget any sort of frivolous spending. At this point, I’m strapped.

Mr. Rothsbourne’s words tickle the back of my mind. Would it really be so bad to let him handle this for me? For a moment, I allow my mind to drift, feeling deep within myself what it would really mean to have someone else take care of me. Knowing him, he’d make it so I wouldn’t have a care in the world.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:46 am

I'd no doubt be pampered, never wanting for anything. It would be so easy to give in and let him shoulder this burden. It would be so relieving, so fundamentally life-changing...

It would be catastrophic. A heavy sigh flits through my lips as I face the very real reality threatening to cave in. Dreams are nice, but they're just that... dreams.

I can't allow myself to depend on him or anyone else in their family. A favor turns into another and another. Soon, I'll be beholden to them. And what happens if I decide to actually break up with Brody?

Will all these favors suddenly turn into loans that I'll never be able to repay? No. I'll make do. I always have, and I always will.

I wait until I get into my car, and the guard leaves, before fully breaking down. Sobs wrack my body as all the emotion justpours out of me. With shaky fingers, I call the one person I can think of to help calm me down. After several rings, a message pops up.

Brody

In a meeting. Can this wait?

Of course, he's in a meeting. He already told me he was with the DCC today. Fuck.

Stephanie

I just lost my job. Can I maybe stay over tonight?

Oh, man. That seriously sucks. I'd totally say yes, but I'm not going to be there. I'm flying out for a conference soon after this meeting.

Oh.

I didn't realize.

Didn't you see the calendar?

I thought those were just meetings.

No, babe. Why would I have meetings three weeks in a row? You gotta think for yourself sometimes. I can't spoon feed everything to you. I'm flying out today, coming back in a few days, then flying out again.

I suppose you might be able to catch me on the weekends, but I'll probably be busy with the boys.

Sorry. I just misunderstood. That's all.

See you in three weeks.

And, hey. Don't worry about the job. Something will open up. I know it will.

I drop the phone in my lap and stare out the window for a few minutes. Everything goes numb as I try to think through my list of friends. Unfortunately, it's far shorter than it should be. Many grew up and left, leaving me with Brody and Mr. Rothsbourne.

But it's not like he and I can go grab a pizza and I can bitch about how bad my day is. Now, more than ever, I regret not reaching out and putting an effort into getting to know my coworkers a bit better.

Still though, maybe the few I have will want to do something after work? Even after going through my list, they all seem to be busy. Word must have gotten around that I'm bad news or something.

Gritting my teeth, I grab my check. Maybe it will be enough to cover rent and get something nice for myself. I could do with a pint or two of chocolate chip cookie dough.

My heart sinks as I study it. There has to be something wrong. This isn't nearly as much as I was expecting. Hopping out of the car, I make my way back to the building. The guard stops me, his fierce frown making my insides quiver.

"I need to speak with HR. Please. It's important."

"You're no longer allowed in the building. I'm sorry, but those are the rules. There is sensitive information that you no longer have access to."

"I didn't fucking do anything wrong," I screech, finally losing my cool.

He steps forward and places his hand on his hip. "You will leave quietly, or I will have to call for assistance."

"Please," I beg, finally losing all sense of self-pride. "Can't you just escort me? I just need some help. Just a little help. Please."

Page 10

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:46 am

He holds his hand up, keeping me from stepping any further as he speaks into his radio. “What seems to be the issue?”

“It’s with my last paycheck. I’m missing a large chunk.”

Again, he speaks into his radio and listens for a moment. “According to them, all is correct. You were docked the last few days due to the incident leading to your termination. Now please leave before I have government enforcement remove you forcibly.”

This can’t be happening. This cannot be fucking happening. I don’t even have enough to fully cover my rent. What the hell am I going to do?

Thankfully, when I start the car, it cranks up without an issue. The check engine light is still there, but it should get me back to my apartment. As long as I can get home, I’ll be fine.

I stare at the television screen, but don’t really see what’s playing. Right now, it’s just noise in the background while I think. There’s a chance I could get a loan, but without a current job, that will be difficult.

The unemployment screen on my laptop fuzzes as tears blur my vision. Unfortunately, my boss was right. In bold, red letters, it says I’m not eligible. None of this makes any sense.

Who could I have pissed off? Who even knew me well enough to put in some false claim? Is it possible to sue? But then, the onus would be on me to prove I was

wrongfully terminated. Not to mention how expensive lawyers can be.

Mr. Rothsbourne would have the money for a lawyer. I just don't relish the idea of crawling to him like this. Not when I'm sure I can figure something else out.

With a determined sigh, I check online for possible job openings. With my car the way it is, something from home would be ideal, but I'll take anything at this point.

Several hours go by, and I'm positively sick to my stomach. Whatever I'm accused of doing has been seeded into the internet. Not one application allows me to upload my resume.

Sliding my laptop off to the side, I curl up onto the couch and force myself to concentrate on the drama happening on the screen. If I can just sleep for a little bit, everything will be okay. I'm just far too panicked to think clearly. That's all.

After another hour or two, my eyes close. Nightmares flit in and out of my dreams as I toss and turn on the couch, unable to really sleep all that deeply but not be awake either.

When the sun streams into my windows, I force myself to get up. Every joint aches. Every muscle is sore. Groaning, I stretch and do my best to get my brain into gear. Coffee only does so much, but at least the cobwebs are now cleared away.

Pulling down a calendar, I note the days left until rent is due. Three... Three fucking days. What can I do in three days?

For a half a minute, I debate giving some blow jobs or hand jobs to come up with the cash, but that's not me. Even if I wasn't with Brody, I don't think I could do that. Deep down, I know I wouldn't make a very convincing sex worker.

Helpless, I look around my apartment for things to sell in a hurry. Unfortunately, there's not much. My laptop is the most expensive thing I own, but I need it to look for work. I suppose I could make do with my phone. A notification buzzes in drawing my attention.

Fuck. I forgot about the electric bill. Normally it doesn't matter that it comes out on autopay since I always have enough for my bills and rent. But now, that's another couple hundred I'll have to make up somehow. Three days. Just three days.

Grabbing a bag, I throw several things in and walk to my local pawn shop. I don't dare use my car more than I have to. Not until I know exactly what's wrong with it and how much it will take to fix.

By the time I'm there, sweat pours down my back, and I nearly pant as I push my way through the door. Several people look at me, the judgment clear in their eyes. But I don't have the luxury of caring. With a groan, I set my bag on the counter.

"How much for all of this?"

The man sifts through everything for a few minutes and frowns. "I could give you seventy-five."

"For all of this? All of it? But this laptop is only two years old?"

He picks it up again and looks it over. "Yes, but this model is discontinued. No one's buying this brand anymore."

I can't keep the tears at bay as I reach for it. "I was told it would last..."

"You were scammed. I don't know what else to tell you. The seventy-five is generous. I'm planning on scrapping it and using it for parts. Do you want it or not?"

“I need a lot more than that.”

“How much?”

“At least six hundred?”

The man gives a low whistle. “Even if this was a new laptop, you wouldn’t get that much. Have you considered a loan?”

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:46 am

“I’ve never had one before. Is the process difficult?”

“Nah. I process hundreds. Let me see your identification.”

My fingers tremble as I pull the card out and hand it to him. I have no idea when I’m going to get another job or how I’m going to pay him back. But that will be a down the road problem. I’m far too busy dealing with now problems.

“Yeah. That’s going to be a no on the loan. Says here you’ve been fired. No job, no loan. Once you have employment, hit me up. I’ll see what we can give you to bridge the gap.”

“Thank you,” I murmur, taking my card back.

“Do you want to sell your stuff in the meantime?”

“Sure. It’s at least something. Right?”

“Right. Anything is better than nothing.”

Tucking the bills into my wallet, I make my way home, my heart so heavy it’s about to break. At what point do I call Mr. Rothsbourne? Brody is too busy to care, but his father made it seem like I can come to him with anything.

A heavy sigh flits through my lips as I pull out my phone. Try as I might, I just can’t do it. I’ve had issues with rent before, but the landlady has always been so kind and generous. If I could just have another week or two to figure things out, I’m sure I’ll

figure something out.

CHAPTER 4

REX

I stare at my email, a grin sliding across my lips. Seems as if my little omega put up a fight at work while being fired. Good thing she stopped when she did. There's no telling if I would have actually bailed her out immediately or watched as she clung to the bars, desperation lining her features.

Just one more hurdle to get past before she comes crawling home to Daddy like a good little girl. Picking up my phone, I glance over at the number to make sure I have it right. Each ring makes my heart pound in my chest as my cock pulses in my designer pants.

Eventually, the woman picks up. It takes no time at all to explain the false situation my 'daughter' finds herself in and secure her assistance in getting her home. Now, all I have to do is wait. Wait and work.

My phone dings as Brody's tracker goes off, alerting me he's back home. A heavy sigh flits through my lips as I watch the screens in the guest house. Yet another hurdle for me to add to the list. Stephanie is still with him, though God knows why. Unfortunately, he's the main tether I have to her right now.

That is, until he eventually breaks her heart, which I know will be any day now. Pulling up Brody's calendar, I frown as I study his plans, noting he's supposed to be in another country right now. What is my son playing at?

And that's when a buxom blonde comes in, giggling after him like some sycophant. Seems as if my son has been double dipping with Stephanie being none the wiser.

Not that I'm surprised, but honestly, this couldn't have happened at a better time.

No telling when I might need to use this evidence to secure my place with my new omega. A devious smile lifts the corner of my lips as I hit record, then turn away. There are many things I enjoy, but watching my son get laid is not one of them.

Configuring the options on my phone, I set it to turn the cameras off once they leave the guesthouse. That is, if they ever leave. It could be he's just as lackluster with the others as he is with Stephanie. Just luring them in with his last name and discarding them as if they were trash.

Growling under my breath, I grab my briefcase and head into the office. Unlike Brody's bullshit meetings that don't really exist, the financial district as a whole depends on my careful negotiations. As much as I wish I could just stay at home and fuck some bimbo until my balls are empty, it's just not going to happen.

The meeting drags on forever as both sides yell at each other, refusing to meet in the middle. Since this part has absolutely nothing to do with me, I pull out my phone and check the cameras. Less than an hour. Color me surprised.

I don't want to think about my son. I want to think about his girlfriend. A smile curls up my lips as I shoot off a quick text.

Rex

Just checking in. When can we schedule a time for my mechanic to look at your car?

Setting the phone on the desk, I do my best to turn my attention back to the argument in front of me. But my thoughts scatter like ashes on the wind when her message pops up on the screen, making my phone rattle against the desk.

“Something you need to attend to, Rothsbourne?” My fellow CFO looks over at me and raises his eyebrow. “I’m quite capable of overseeing the rest of the negotiations while you continue to work on the other end of things.”

He knows how much I detest petty squabbling, especially when it comes to idiots who can’t seem to handle money well. Flashing him a grateful smile and giving my excuses to the clients, I duck out into the hall and pull up her message.

Stephanie

Can’t really talk right now. I’m at work.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:46 am

My lips turn down into a frown as I scroll through the employment database. It still shows her as terminated. The lying little minx. My palm itches as I picture her lying over my desk as I spank her for her deceit. But I can't tip my hand. Not yet.

Let me know when you're done, and I'll have a car pick you up.

Really. It's no trouble. I have a friend who's going to look at it.

Friend? What friend? No doubt she's lying about that too, but only time will tell. Shaking my head, I force her out of my thoughts as I wrap up the rest of the day. Thankfully money makes sense to me. It allows my brain to drift off as I balance ledgers and make trades.

Once the day is over, I stretch and pick up my phone. Still nothing.

Are you done with work?

...

...

...

Those damned dots appear and disappear as she writes. Either she's writing me a tome, or she's trying to figure out what lie to tell me now.

I am. Is Brody back in town?

Why don't you come over and see the calendar for yourself?

That's okay. I'll just message him.

Hmmm. Seems as if my omega doesn't want to be home alone with me. I wonder why. I resist the urge to chuckle as I pack up for the night.

I love that she's intimidated by me. As she should be. I always get what I want, and right now, it's her.

Sitting alone at the table, I bring a glass of bourbon to my lips. Brody is out. Not that he actually eats dinner with me anymore. The maids bustle about, bringing in food or cleaning, but they're not good company. Pulling out my phone, I open my photos and scroll through until I get to the screenshots I took of Stephanie while she was in the shower.

Like a depraved madman, I run my fingers down the screen, stroking her cheek as she looks up unknowingly at the camera. Once she's mine, I'll have to make other pictures to keep with me so I can have inspiration while I jerk off at work. Better yet, I could just make her my assistant and fuck her whenever I want to.

This obsession is a madness threatening to consume me. Normally, I'm calm and collected, able to patiently wait for what I want. With Stephanie, I feel the walls closing in. I have to act. I have to get her under my thumb. But how?

At twenty, it's only a matter of time before she's matched and out of my control. My heart seizes as I imagine her walking down the aisle to someone else. Calling out his name while his knot stretches her out. No. I can't allow that. I won't.

Stephanie is mine, and I will do whatever it takes to own her, to claim her, to chain her to my side forever.

Pulling up my email, I shoot off a quick missive to one of the women at the matching facility. The instant her name comes up to be matched, this person will let me know. That is, if she knows what's good for her.

Not only do I own the deed to her house and am allowing her to stay there rent free while she helps her brother out of yet another mess, I'm putting her eldest through school. Not that I need to threaten her with any of that. No doubt her gratitude will make her want to serve me without question.

A guttural moan rips from my lips as I push away from the table, completely ignoring the food in front of me. I can't eat right now, let alone think clearly. What is this obsession doing to me? Why do I need Stephanie like I need air?

I walk into my bathroom and grip the sink as I stare at my reflection in the mirror. What does insanity look like? Is it something you can see? Hear? Taste? Smell? Are there noticeable signs?

My fingers dig into the smooth porcelain as I look for some reason for this madness. Hell, even Brody isn't this fixated on her. More than likely, it's because she denies me. That has to be it.

Everyone in my life simpers and sighs around me, desperate to do what I want, when I want it. But not Stephanie. I glance over to the pile of bills I left over on the nightstand after she left them in the guest house.

She's such a conundrum. She doesn't want my money. She doesn't want to avail herself of my mechanic or any other forms of help I might offer. Yet she cries out my name as she strokes her pretty little clit in the shower.

A feral growl rumbles past my lips and vibrates through the air as I picture Stephanie stroking herself for me where I can watch and taste her. Even now, her scent seems to

cling to me despite the fact that I've showered since seeing her yesterday.

Soon. So achingly soon. Once she's set to be matched, I'll be the one at the altar waiting for her. She won't have a choice but to submit to me for six months. God. Six months where I can tease her, fuck her, mold her into the perfect submissive for me.

Gripping my cock through my pants, I close my eyes and picture her on her knees under my desk, sucking me off while I conduct business with other officials. Or better yet, just having me inside her all the time, whether I'm fully erect or not.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:46 am

Hell, since catching her scent a couple of years ago, I've stayed in a constant state of arousal. I'd say I was close to a rut, but it doesn't exactly feel like that. And truthfully, she hasn't smelled like she was going into a heat either. So it's certainly not that.

I shake my head to clear my thoughts. Lots of work needs to be done before I can fully integrate Stephanie into my life. Pulling open my closet, I frown at the lack of space. This area will need to be redone before we get matched.

Right now, she may have only a few meager belongings, but once she's mine, I'll spoil her rotten. She'll need a place to put all her treasures. Opening my phone, I start taking notes as I work my way from room to room.

Even though I'm obsessed with her to the point of criminality, I find that I'm at a loss as to what her tastes are. It will be difficult to design this suite when I don't even know what her favorite color is.

Pulling out my phone, I shoot Brody a message. I should have paid more attention. But then, my obsession seems to be a far more recent thing.

Rex

What's Stephanie's favorite color? Does she have a favorite food? Flower? Anything?

Brody

... Why do you care?

I look through my calendar and smile.

Her birthday is coming up, and I was thinking of throwing her a party here.

Oh... She won't need one. She's a simple girl. I'll just take her out to some restaurant.

Don't you want to throw your girlfriend a party? What about her friends?

What friends? She doesn't have any friends. She just follows me around like a lost little puppy.

Anger tinges my vision as Brody speaks about her that way. So flippant, almost as if he's annoyed.

Fair enough. For future reference, though, I'd like to know the answers. What if I want to do something for the family for Christmas?

... Again, there's no need. She's not going to want to spend time here.

Is the boy that stupid? Or does he simply not care?

You do realize she has no family, and she's dating you... right? Like you do comprehend that she might want somewhere to go for Christmas?

Yeah. I'm not an idiot. She didn't want to come last year, or the year before, or the year before that. What makes you think she'll want to come this year?

He has me there. There's not much I can say without giving my true intentions away.

On the off chance. Humor your old man.

...

...

...

Look. I think she liked blue when we were in high school, but I don't know right now. She seems cool with anything I give her. I've never heard her complain a bit. So whatever you do will be fine. I'm about to be in a meeting, so don't bother me for a bit.

...Happy with whatever she gets. Well, that will stop soon enough. Tossing the phone down onto my bed, I run my fingers through my hair. I will certainly have my work cut out for me when she's finally under my roof.

CHAPTER 5

STEPHANIE

Landlady

Page 14

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:46 am

I need you to come to my office so I can speak with you in person.

My heart pounds in my chest as my finger hovers over the phone's keyboard. Why does she need to see me? The last few times I needed an extension, she texted back with an okay sweetie, or we'll figure it out, or I know you're good for it. Why this? Why now?

Slumping down on my couch, I stare at the tv, not really hearing or seeing anything. My vision blurs as I rock back and forth, dread seeping into my veins. I have to have a place to live. I just have to.

Maybe she just wants to talk about something else? Perhaps she wants to see what's going on with me and catch up? Usually, we're pretty decent friends. Wrapping my arms around my shoulders, I continue to move, self-soothing the best way I can.

But it doesn't work.

Nothing seems to calm me down. Biting down on my lower lip, I force myself up from the couch and pace a bit, seeing if that will do something. It doesn't.

Ping.

The fucking phone dings, bringing my attention right back to my problems.

Landlady

Are you coming? I have a lot of stuff to do today and would like to do this sooner

rather than later.

Seems cordial enough. Striding into the bathroom, I wrench open my medicine cabinet and peer inside. Somewhere I should have those pills from the last time I had a nervous breakdown. I can't remember much about that moment in my life, but I do remember they helped.

...At least, I hope I'm remembering correctly.

I dig about, my fingers brushing over bits and pieces of things. For the last few years, I've been okay. I haven't needed pills or anything else. Life was good enough that I didn't even think about them.

Just then, my hand lands on something far more sinister, but all too familiar. A lump forms in my throat as I pull out the velvet bag and slip out the metal container inside. It's all still there.

Razor blades lay in a neat row, unused yet ready if I need them. The alcohol wipes are stacked next to them, each one in its own pouch. The small butterfly bandages are still there as well.

Everything just as I left it, just as they were when I was taken to the hospital. If only I had paid better attention and didn't cut so deeply. But then, I wouldn't have gotten the help I needed.

Somehow, I thought I got rid of it. Apparently, I didn't. I graze the blades with my fingers, doing my best not to remember the cleansing burn or the bite of pain that made everything quiet down.

I'll get rid of it. Maybe later. Maybe.

Shaking my head, I put everything back and look for the pills. That's what I actually need right now. I don't need the pain. I need relief. There, shoved all the way in the back, is the bottle I'm looking for.

Just running my finger over the plastic cap seems to lower my heart rate a touch, allowing me to take a deep breath for the first time since getting her text. Rolling it around in my hands, I peer at the label, making sure I take only what I have to.

Such a small pill for such a big impact. I barely even feel it as it goes down my throat. Hopefully, now I can face my landlady without being a sobbing mess all over the place. Not likely, but it's a nice fantasy to have. It's certainly a healthier alternative than going back to cutting.

Taking a deep breath, I shore up my defenses and take the stairs, hoping the extra few minutes will allow the pill to do its job. I can't remember how long it took. Something in the back of my brain tells me maybe it's thirty minutes. Great. So I'll be able to function after this little meeting, but not during. Got it.

The halls are quiet as I navigate them, as if the building itself is holding its breath. My heart continues to trip in my chest like feral kittens wrestling about. But it can't be that bad. It's never been that bad before.

The knock feels hollow as it reverberates through the wood. Part of me hopes that maybe I'm too late, and she's already gone. But as the door opens, my heart sinks.

"Hey. Glad you could make it. Please, come in." She closes the door behind me and locks it.

The click sounds ominous to my ears. No doubt I've just been watching far too much true crime tv as I've been going to sleep. There's absolutely nothing sinister about her.

“Let’s talk about your text.”

“Yeah. I’m just kinda in a bind right now. So I was hoping we could do what we usually do and give me a few weeks? I mean,I can pay part of it when it’s due tomorrow, but I won’t have the rest. But you know I’m good for it.”

She levels a stare at me as she flips through some paperwork. “Do I, though?”

“W- what do you mean?” I stammer, my paranoia coming at me full force. “I’ve paid you before. Why wouldn’t I now?”

Page 15

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:46 am

With a heavy sigh, she tosses them on the desk and steeples her fingers. “Did you try to pawn stuff the other day?”

My shoulders straighten as a slight defensive streak wakes up in me. “I mean, that’s not really any of your business.”

“No,” she agrees, “but getting fired is. When were you going to tell me?”

“I didn’t think that was your business either,” I manage to squeak.

“Your ability to pay me rent depends on you having an income. Do you have another job lined up?”

My heart sinks as I slump forward. “No. I’ve been looking. I-”

“What’s really going on here? Hmmm? Fired? Pawning items. Reports of odd smells coming from your garbage. What are you into?”

I simply stare at her, my mouth dropping in shock. “What are you implying?”

With a shake of her head, she rises from the desk and sits on the edge. “Look, I’ve seen the bruises. I’ve noticed the weird hours you keep coming in and out.” As I open my mouth to speak, she raises her hand. “I haven’t been stalking you, if that’s what you’re about to ask. But it’s not hard to notice when you put all the things together.”

“I have a boyfriend!” I screech, my voice rising. Each syllable is laced with a tinge of hysteria, no doubt confirming whatever it is in her mind she thinks is there. “I visit

him, then come home.”

There’s a smug look of sympathy in her eyes that I just want to smack off of her face. “And you don’t spend the night? You just come home at twelve, one, or two in the morning? Stumbling in the building like you can’t even walk on your own? Where exactly did your money go, Stephanie?” She pinches the bridge of her nose and waves her hand at me. “Never mind. I don’t want to know. I don’t want to be party to whatever illegal activities you might be doing. I just thought you were different than that.”

I sit there, dumbfounded as I stare at her, trying to process what she’s saying. “Are you implying I’m on drugs?”

“Hey now,” she holds up her hands in defense. “Whatever you choose to do is fine, but when it comes to you not being able to make rent, that’s when it involves me. Besides,” she glances back at those damned papers. “Don’t you have somewhere else you can go? Isn’t there somewhere else you should be? You don’t have to struggle when there’s people who love and care for you.”

Hot bitter tears roll down my face as I rise. “So what I’m understanding is, if I can’t make the rent, you’re putting me out.”

“I can’t enable you any longer. My conscience just won’t allow it.”

“But I’m not-”

“Are you seriously telling me you don’t self-medicate in any way? At all? Come now, I find that a little hard to believe. Everything adds up to a serious problem. That, and,” her glance goes back to the stacks of paper, as if one in particular stays at the forefront of this sham of an argument. “There’s at least someone out there who cares about you as much as I do and just wants you to be happy and taken care of.”

My mind and body go numb as I stand there, processing what she's saying. I can't come up with the money by tomorrow. Not unless I just sell my soul. It's either that or sell my body.

"And if I can't pay rent by tomorrow?"

"Then you have two weeks to remove your belongings. Anything past that, and it becomes my property."

I nod, hating myself for the tears slipping down my cheeks. With a swipe of my hand, I wipe them away as best as I can, but they still come.

"Oh, sweetie. It will be okay. I just know it. The best thing about hitting rock bottom is there's nowhere to go but up."

She reaches out to hug me, but I push her away. I just can't handle it right now. "If you really cared about me, you'd fix the damn door so it can open easily. You think I'm stumbling in here because I'm high or drunk? No. It's because the door sticks, mostly at night when the temperature changes. And there's a stupid lip that juts out underneath."

"I'm sure there is, honey. I'll make sure maintenance looks at it today." The condescension in her tone rubs me the wrong way.

If I stay here any longer, I'll possibly confirm whatever wrong assumptions she has of me. Besides, she's made up her mind. That much is clear. Nothing I say will change things.

Mumbling my goodbyes, I walk back out into the hallway and stumble toward the stairs. Everything in me wants to just break down right now, or worse, give in to the razors in my apartment. But I can't. I can't give her the satisfaction of having 'proof'

she can use against me.

It's already hard enough for me to find a job with everyone knowing I've been fired. If they think I'm an addict, that will make things even harder. My feet shuffle forward, but my mind isn't focused on where I'm going. I end up going all the way up until I'm at the roof.

Hot wind whips my face as I stare out at the other buildings surrounding me. Crossing my arms, I lean against the short wall holding the rooftop in. Down below, others go about their day, running to and fro, getting into cars, getting out of cars, basically living their lives.

Here I am no longer living. There's not much I can do. Even if I somehow get the money, my name is already tainted.

With a heavy sigh, I flop down against the wall and peer at the life below. I know what I have to do. I just don't want to do it. I detest that I have no choices.

Page 16

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

My vision blurs as the pill starts to take effect, making me feel warm and languid inside. Dangerous. I don't remember it feeling like this before. Unfortunately, things were so bad back then that I probably felt closer to normal. Not sure what exactly that says about me now.

Is my anxiety just not strong enough? Am I not about to just break down again? My muscles shake as I push myself up and away from the edge. No good will come from me thinking these dark thoughts here. Besides, I need to figure out what I can live with and what can leave behind.

My steps are wooden and heavy as I walk into my apartment. Tears trickle down my cheeks again as I look at the stuff. My stuff. Once my parents passed, all I had was me. I rented this apartment on my own. I furnished it myself. All the assets they had went to their bills and funeral, leaving me to pick up the pieces by myself.

I was proud of the life I carved out. And now, what do I have to show for it? Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Sliding down to the floor, I pull my knees up to my chest and sob, allowing my heart to break. But even that feels empty somehow, hollow. As if I can feel things but not really experience them. Maybe it's the pills. Maybe it's the exhaustion threatening to creep up on me and pull me under.

Either way, minutes pass by without my awareness. I have no idea how long it's been since I came back home. It's not until I look up and note the gathering darkness that I realize I must have been here for hours. My stomach grumbles in protest as I pull myself up from the floor.

At least now that I don't have to worry about rent money, I can possibly get myself something nice to eat. One last takeout meal in my home before I end up on the streets.

No. Not on the streets.

I stare at my phone, my heart clenching as I pick it up. There's one person I know who will help me out of this mess, but to invoke his name is to bring about the devil himself. I don't want to go to him, but I have little other choice. Shaking my head, I decide to take the coward's way out first.

Stephanie

Hey sweetie. I have a lot going on. Any chance I can stay with you for a few weeks while I sort it out?

Brody

...

...

Babe. I thought you knew I wasn't going to be available for the next few weeks. Didn't we already have that conversation?

We did... I just thought if you weren't going to be in your space, maybe I could?

I'd love to have you over. Believe me, I would. But that would just complicate things. Don't you think? We have such a great thing going, and I'd hate to fuck it up. You understand, right?

Yes... I understand.

That's my good girl.

Look, why don't you call over to the house and see if Chef can make you something? I'm sure it's just your period or something like that. He'll make you a good dinner and you'll feel much better. Gotta bounce, but I'll see you when I get back.

Another tear slips from my cheeks and splashes on the phone. Part of me thinks I'm being ridiculous, but the other part is so furious and fed up that Brody can't even give me the courtesy of listening to me. Then again, if he's in meetings, then I'm probably just bothering him.

It's so confusing. I want to be angry, but I find myself feeling just so alone and abandoned. But then, I knew this going into the relationship. He never hid the fact that he'd be away and unavailable at various points in time.

I agreed to it, clinging to the familiar. He was all I had after my parents passed, and even now, as I think about leaving him, it feels like just one more piece of my life crumbling at my feet. I want so desperately to stay in control... but even now, I feel it slipping through my fingers.

Glancing over to my bathroom, my fingers itch as I force myself to stay put and not grab the razors. I don't need them. Not really. I can manage without them. I just don't want to.

And that's the problem.

Maybe my landlady is right. Even if I'm not an addict, I certainly feel like I might have the potential if given the right stimulus.

Even if it's not now, it could be a matter of when. I give my head a furious shake, pulling my thoughts away from the edge. No. She's not right. Not now. Not ever. All I need is some good food and a game plan.

Honestly, what I need is Brody's dad. As much as I loathe the idea of crawling to him, begging him to fix it, I know he's the only one. Everything in me hurts as I crawl to my bed to sleep in it one last time before I face the inevitable.

Even in the morning light, my options are clear. No amount of sleeping on it revealed some grand plan. Somehow, I didn't even dream of a solution. I didn't dream at all.

Grabbing my phone from off the nightstand, I stare at my reflection in the screen. I'm not a failure. I'm just not. Unfortunately, I can't even seem to lie to myself anymore.

Page 17

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

My fingers shake as I pull up my phone and dial his number. Within moments, his seductive baritone flits through the phone, making my body tingle. Swallowing my pride, I say the three words I never thought would ever come out of my mouth.

“I need help.”

CHAPTER 6

REX

My lips curl into a grin as Stephanie hesitates. So close. So very close to actually asking me specifically for what she needs.

“You need help?” I repeat back, taking on a more stupid tone. “Whatever would you need my help for? Is it your car? I’ve already said my mechanic can look at it at any point.”

Her frustrated sigh makes my cock twitch. “It’s not the car. Well... It is, but not just the car.”

“Oh? This sounds serious. Perhaps you should come by my office so we can talk it over. I’m sure there’s nothing so bad that we can’t fix it together.” Or I can just fix it myself, I say silently, knowing exactly what’s going on with my baby girl.

Again, she hesitates. I can hear the pause in her breath, the way it catches in her throat. Is she wishing I’d just kiss her and make it all go away? Of course, I can certainly do that as well.

Shaking my head, I tap my pen against the stack of papers in front of me. “I haven’t got all day, Stephanie. Whatever it is you need from me, I’d rather you just spit it out. I’m a very busy man.”

“I know that,” she blurts out. “Any chance you have a job opening?”

Well, this certainly isn’t the direction I expected things to go. Seems as if my soon-to-be little girl is still trying to do things her own way instead of relying on me for what she needs. Time to disabuse her of that notion.

On my end, I make a grand show of clicking about on my keyboard, letting my fingers fall hard enough so she can hear it. It doesn’t really matter. I know every opening in my company. I know exactly where she could fit if I wanted her to work for me.

But I don’t. I want her to finally have an easy life, to know what it’s like to be pampered and coddled. Granted, to earn those things, she’ll also have to submit to my depravity, but all in good time. With a heavy sigh, I click about some more.

“We have nothing open. I thought you had a job. What happened?” As if I don’t know, but it still would be nice to hear how she might spin things.

“Oh. Ummm. Well... You see,” she hedges.

“Yes?”

“I was laid off.”

“Laid off? But how? Why? Profit margins show a massive record growth. All companies should be hiring right now.” The line stays silent. “You’re not lying to me, are you?”

“Why on earth would you think that?”

“Answer the question, and stop deflecting.” My balls clench as my little omega weaves her lies, forming a net around her for my capture.

“I’m not lying.” Another pause. “My position was terminated.”

Irritation crawls up my spine as she spins her half-truths, leaving out the pertinent information I already know. “Really? And that’s why there’s a set of red marks over your photo with the words fired with prejudice?”

“Fuck,” she murmurs under her breath.

“Yes. Fuck. Come to my office now.”

“Please, Mr. Rothsbourne. I-”

A wicked grin crawls up my face as my cock pulses behind the confines of my slacks. “What did I say about calling me that?”

“Fuck!” Her words fly from her lips so loud and hard I nearly pull the phone away from my ear.

“No, my dear. Fuck is not what I said. Tell me what I said.”

Moments go by where there’s not a sound. Nothing. I pull the phone away, making sure the girl didn’t actually hang up on me. But the call is still there. She’s just not saying anything.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

Eventually, her sweet voice flows over the speaker. “You said if I called you Mr. Rothsbourne again, I’d have to call you Daddy.”

“Very good. So you do remember. Excellent. You are to be in Daddy’s office in twenty minutes. Any later and I’ll have to add to your punishment.”

“Punishment?” she cries out. “Now wait a minute. You’re not my father. You can’t just punish me. There are laws against this sort of thing.”

A soft growl vibrates in my chest as my balls clench. “Listen to me, Stephanie. I have no desire to be your father. Your Daddy on the other hand...” I trail off, allowing her to fill in the blanks.

Silence stretches out between us. At least she’s not outright rejecting the idea. “As for these laws you speak of,” I continue, “Can you list them? Please, I implore you. Show me which statute I’m in violation of. Perhaps the criminal code? I’d love to see exactly what I’m violating, so I make sure not to do it again.” With a smirk, I draw out that last word, my body nearly humming at the idea of violating every inch of her.

“You know I can’t!” her voice rises with a tinge of desperate hysteria, only fueling my arousal.

“Then my office. And do be prompt. Unless I need to send a car for you?”

Again, that damnable silence hangs in the air. I need to see her, to touch her, to actually look at her face as I’m talking to her. This over the phone business is slowly but surely eroding my patience. As loath as I am to spend another minute with her

refusing to talk to me, I give her the time she needs. It's only fair considering what I'm planning on doing to her later.

"I can manage."

Fuck. Stubborn to her core. Very well, let her dig her own grave. I've offered her every hand I can, and she continues to bite me. Soon, she'll have no one else but herself to blame for this downfall.

"Very well. Twenty minutes."

Without allowing her a chance to argue or plead in any way, I hang up the phone. As tempting as it is to just go and get her myself, I continue to allow her to make these choices. Besides, it will certainly go a long way in showing her the error of her ways.

Pushing away from my desk, I examine the room, debating exactly how I'm going to punish her. As much as I want to have my hand smacking her lying, wayward ass, I worry it will be far too intimate for her. The last thing I need is to drive her away before she's officially mine.

As I look at the various pieces lying on my desk, my phone rings again. Her number flashes on the screen, and my heart jumps a bit in my chest. Could she finally be relenting?

"Yes?"

"Ummm. I don't actually know where your office is. I've never been there."

A soft chuckle rumbles through my chest. "I'm at home, sweet girl. Once you arrive, the butler will be able to show you the way."

“Thank you.”

“Aren’t you forgetting something?” I tease, reaching down to cup the front of my pants.

“Thank you very much?”

“No no. Don’t tell me you’ve already forgotten.” The silence on the other end tells me she knows but doesn’t want to say.

I can just picture her sitting in her apartment, a pink blush fanning across her face. Soon, she’ll be calling me Daddy without such embarrassment. I mourn the day I’ll stop seeing that glint of humiliation in her eyes.

“Thank you... Daddy.”

“Good girl. You’re down to fifteen minutes. I’d get a move on if I were you. Traffic can be difficult around this time of day.”

“Could I maybe have more time?” The slight whine in her voice makes everything in me clench with need.

“Are you wanting to negotiate? You could have said something when I first proposed you seeing me here.” I lean back in my chair, unable to keep the grin off my face. My little girl is off kilter now. Just as I want her.

A sigh flutters over the speaker. “What sort of negotiation?”

“Let me send my car, and you can have all the time you need to get here.”

Silence.

It drags out, cutting her time with each little bit she stalls.

“I’ll take mine.”

“That’s fine. You have twelve minutes.”

“That’s not fair!” She cries out.

In the background, I hear the sound of her keys jingling as she presumably makes her way out the door.

“Life isn’t fair. See you in twelve.”

Before she can argue with me, I end the call. Now, more than ever, I can’t wait to see her in my office. There’s no way she’ll make it in time. Hell, she wouldn’t have been able to make it in the original twenty. But then, that’s the point.

As usual, I give her an option that will make life so much easier for her, but her damned pride and stubborn streak keep her from using it. Someday, she’ll learn. Maybe today.

Peering again at my desk, I look for anything that might help drive this point home to her. Unfortunately, all I have are some paper and pens. I suppose I could make her write lines for me. Possibly bring her back to a more child-like state where she might actually feel the need to depend on me.

There’s also the corner. So many possibilities. As I run my hand down my shaft, I brush against the buckle of my belt. Then again, there’s nothing saying I can’t do all three. Not only did she lie, but she also refused my help. That, in and of itself, isn’t

punishment worthy. What is, is her agreeing to my terms and not meeting them.

If she wants my help, she needs to show me she can be pliant and moldable. But then, I wish I could say I was being charitable. In all honesty, I want my hands on her body and her underneath me, crying out my name as I slam into her with hard, punishing strokes.

Shaking my head, I pull out my phone and bring up the GPS tracker. At least she's making her way toward me. At this rate, however, she's going to be at least thirty minutes late. With a groan, I pull up her details on my computer, keeping it as a side tab while I go about my work.

Just because I want to bury my cock inside her sweet little pussy doesn't mean the world stops. The financial district depends on me keeping a level head and doing my job. I can only hope she finds a match soon so I can finagle my way into getting my claws into her in a much more intimate way.

Unable to concentrate, I look through my emails, but so far, nothing. At her age, she should have a match by now. Hell, at my age, so should I. But then, I'm sure the government is saving me for someone they think is special enough to land me as a husband.

Damn this stupid virus. Damn us going into these various dynamics. But most of all, damn the government for thinking they know better. Whatever happened to love, lust, and just pure animal instincts? Is the population really so devoid of Alphas and omegas that they keep insisting on these barbaric rituals?

I make my living by knowing everything, by controlling everything. In the same vein, the money the government uses to fund all this shit is partially my doing as well. Without Alphas like me with their hands in every aspect of trade, the money would no doubt dry up.

How often have we had to bail out the officials? By all rights, I should be able to go directly to the source and tell them who I want. But no. Somehow, even with all my privilege, I'm bound by the same strictures as some basic Alpha who doesn't even own his own business.

Elitist? Yes. Do I give a damn? No. Not when it comes to Stephanie.

Never when it comes to Stephanie. I'll do anything to chain her by my side. And once she's there, no one, not even the government, is going to take her from me.

She's an itch under my skin, an obsession that robs me of my sleep, and a wet dream I can't stop stroking myself to. It's only a matter of time until that dream becomes a reality. And when it does, she'll be on her knees begging for Daddy to fill up her pretty little pussy with his cum.

CHAPTER 7

STEPHANIE

"FUCK" I scream out into the small confines of my cramped car. "Fuck, fuck, FUCK!"

Next to me, horns honk as they try to navigate around me, as if I've somehow chosen this exact spot to break down and fuck up their day. If I had my way, the check engine light wouldn't have even been fucking on, let alone my car die on me like that. Rolling down my window, I motion for them to move around me.

Not that it helps. They still give me dirty looks, honk their horn, shoot me the bird, or a combination of all three... my favorite.

Rex

You're five minutes late.

"No shit, Sherlock," I grumble under my breath as I toss the phone to the side. Even if my car hadn't broken down, I knew I wouldn't make it in time.

We both knew. And yet...

Gritting my teeth, I turn the key again, praying to anyone or anything that will listen to let it start. No such luck. Frustrated tears pour down my face as I scream again, slamming my palms against the steering wheel. The sounds of my aggravation almost smother the raucous noise threatening to drown me.

Almost.

Page 20

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

Unfortunately, I still hear them. Still see them. My heart pounds in my chest as my vision starts to swim. Each additional noise pings against my skin as if it's a physical sensation instead of just auditory. The last time I felt this way, I had a full-blown meltdown.

I ended up in the hospital for at least a week. No way I can afford that now. I don't even have insurance after being fired. Fuck. I don't have insurance. Oh, my god.

What if something happens to me? What if I get in an accident because I can't move my car? What if I get sued because someone else damages their car running into me?

What if-

What if-

What if-

The thoughts circle and spiral until I can't breathe. Holding my hand to my chest, I rock back and forth, tears stinging my eyes as I do my best to get ahold of myself. But nothing helps. Even as I wrap my arms around my waist and hum, it doesn't calm me down.

Somehow, Mother was able to soothe my mind with just a tight hug and a lovely hum. Why can't I do the same? Why can't I just regulate myself like everyone else? The phone dings again, adding another sound to the constant cacophony.

Rex

You're ten minutes late.

"I fucking know!" I cry out, my body trembling as all the overwhelming sensations try to crash in.

Is he going to message me in increments of five? Does he think I don't know the fucking time? I do know. I see the minutes pour by with no end in sight.

If only I brought my medication. But then, shouldn't I still be feeling the effects from the one popped earlier? Why isn't it working? Why is nothing working?

Again, my thoughts drift back to the bathroom. I should have thrown the kit into the incinerator the moment I saw it. I shouldn't be craving the burn, needing the sting. I should be able to fucking manage this on my own.

Resting my head on the steering wheel, I sob as everything in me shatters open. Finally, I hear nothing except the sounds coming out of my lips to punctuate the din. Everything purges—me being fired, me being evicted, my car, my parents, everything.

Time has no meaning as I continue to cry, releasing everything I can into the visceral reactions that wrack my body, forcing me to nearly convulse in the seat. A loud rap at my window startles me, breaking through the mental mire I find myself entrenched in. There, just outside, an officer peers down at me, his brows knitted in what I hope is concern.

My fingers tremble as I roll down my window. "Yes, officer?"

"What seems to be the trouble?" He ducks down a bit and squints at my face. "Are you okay?"

Helpless, I shrug and let my hands flop to the side. What even is okay anymore? Am I not dying? Is that okay? Reaching into the car, he unlocks my door and opens it.

“Step outside, please.”

My brain buzzes as I force my body to move into action. Everything feels numb as I crawl out and see the onlookers gawking at the spectacle.

“Have you been drinking?”

I shake my head.

“Taking recreational drugs?”

Again, I shake my head.

“Medication?”

I look up at him, nodding this time. “I can’t remember the name. It’s for anxiety.”

He crosses his arms and looks me up and down. “Doesn’t seem to be helping, is it? Walk this line for me, heel to toe.”

My movements are shaky as I do what he asks, but with my body trembling so hard, I can’t seem to even walk a stupid line.

“I’m sorry,” I sob out. “I’m so sorry. I’m trying. I really am. I’m trying so hard. I promise I didn’t drink. I don’t even have the money to do that.”

Page 21

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

The officer says nothing, crooking his finger at me to get me to come back over to him. With a heavy sigh, he pulls out an odd contraption and holds it in my face. “Wrap your lips around this part here and blow.”

“Do I really have to do this?” I squeak, my face heating up as others start to gather around.

“If you didn’t have any alcohol, there should be no reason you can’t pass this test with flying colors.”

“But I promise I didn’t drink. Please. Everyone is watching.” It’s bad enough I can’t even get a basic job right now, but to have potential employers see me like this? It’s almost too much to bear.

“You can either do it here,” he grinds out, infusing his tone with an Alpha growl. “Or we can do it down at the station. The choice, of course, is yours.”

Fuck. If they take me downtown, how will I explain that to Mr. Rothsbourne? Would he even help me after that? Stuffing what little pride I have left down to the depths of my soul, I lean forward and blow into the machine.

Tense moments go by until a loud, piercing beep pings out into the air. The officer’s brows rise as he shows the readout to another officer coming up next to him. Dread seeps into my limbs until I fear I might collapse.

Out of nowhere, a strong pair of arms wrap around my waist, hoisting me up. Until that moment, I didn’t even realize I was falling forward. Glancing up, my heart

pounds in my chest as Mr. Rothsbourne glares at the two.

“Is there a problem here?”

“N- no,” the Alpha stammers. “Nothing at all, Mr. Rothsbourne. Sorry. I didn’t realize she was working for you.”

Hope blossoms in my chest as my breathing comes in quick pants. Does this mean he’ll vouch for me? The fact that this stranger knows who he is on sight must work in my favor. It has to!

“She doesn’t,” he murmurs, his lips thinning as he looks down at me. What little hope sprang up withers at his glare. “Not yet anyway. She was on her way for an interview. I assume your car broke down?”

“Yes, Sir,” I manage to mumble as I look down at the ground.

“Why are you giving my future employee an alcohol test when she clearly wasn’t in an accident? Shouldn’t you be calling a towing company? Seeing if she’s okay?”

“But Sir. When I found her, she was... I don’t know... having an episode.”

Mr. Rothsbourne’s hands feel a bit gentler, tender even, as he pulls away, taking his comforting warmth with him. How I long to cry out and beg him to keep touching me, to keep holding me. It’s the only thing keeping me sane, keeping me able to breathe. But soon, he strokes my cheek and tips my face up so that our gazes can meet.

“Are you okay?”

“Physically, yes.” My voice quavers as I note the concern etched on his features.

“I see.” Turning to the officers, his brows crash down again in a thunderous glare. “She’s obviously distraught. Didn’t you take a moment or two to think about how nerve-wracking it might be to have your car break down in the middle of heavy traffic?”

“Well yes, but-”

“But nothing. What about her screams imbibing to you?”

“I had her do the line test, and she failed horribly. Said she was on drugs.”

“Medication,” I scream out, exhausted by his veiled and not so veiled accusations. “I don’t take it for fun. It’s not like I get high off of it.”

“For fuck’s sake,” Mr. Rothsbourne growls. “Can’t you two smell? Can’t you tell she’s in distress? What are they teaching you rookies? The scent of her terror hit me from several feet away, and here you two are standing with your dicks in your hands, making it worse.”

Mr. Rothsbourne pulls out his phone and leaves me alone on the street as he takes pictures of both cars and their badges. “I will certainly be putting in a complaint. Now do something helpful and call a damn tow truck. Unless you’re charging her with something, she’s going with me.”

They have the intelligence to look abashed and keep quiet as he wraps his hand around my waist again, grounding me for the moment.

“Her breath test showed not even a hint of alcohol.”

My body sags at his words. I knew I didn’t have a drink, but with the way my day was going, I was worried that there would be a malfunction, and they’d find a reason

to put me in jail. Again, Mr. Rothsbourne is there to hold me up, keeping me firmly planted by his side.

With another squeeze, he motions towards his town car. “Is there anything you need out of your vehicle?”

“Just my wallet and a few other things.”

Page 22

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

“Very well. Gather them up and head to my car. I’ll finish up with the officers.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Leave me the keys.”

My fingers just can’t keep from shaking as I duck into my car and grab what I need. The metal from the keys jingle as I pull them out of the ignition and bring them over to Mr. Rothsbourne.

“Steady, sweet girl,” he murmurs, wrapping his hand around mine, allowing my heart to settle a bit. “I’ve got you now. Don’t you worry about a thing.”

For a moment, the fear and anxiety give way to relief. But only for a moment. All it takes is the world to come crashing in again for my pulse to spike and my adrenaline rush through my veins.

“What’s going to happen to my car?” I wail. As much as it’s let me down recently, it’s still one of the few things I have left from my parents.

“That’s part of what I’m going to discuss with the officers. Either way, your car will be safe and sound until we talk about what to do with it. Don’t worry your pretty little head any more about it.” With a firm squeeze, he grabs the keys and pushes me toward his car.

Tears obscure my vision as I hobble over to the large, black blur. Just as I get close enough to reach out to grab the door handle, a beta steps out and yanks it open. His

deep bow as he motions for me to go inside makes my stomach flip.

Right now, I'm no better than him. In fact, I'm far below his station. No job, no apartment, and no car. He shouldn't be bowing to me. It's not right. None of this is right.

As I sit alone in the car, I rock back and forth again, my body nearly convulsing as fear and anxiety swirl through my mind. The only thing keeping me together is knowing that Mr. Rothsbourne will be here any minute. I can't have him see me like this.

He can't know just how bad my anxiety can get. In truth, it's been a few years since it was this bad, but it doesn't matter. First impressions always make a difference. He's never seen me like this. Since I depend on his good graces now, I can't let him know I'm crazy.

When the door opens up, my heart stutters for a moment. Mr. Rothsbourne ducks down and slides in next to me and opens his arm.

"Come here, sweetie. Let it all out. I got you."

CHAPTER 8

REX

I hold the quivering omega in my arms, not giving a shit about her tears dampening my white shirt. She feels so small and helpless there... so right. Breathing in, I take in her sugar-dipped rose scent deep into my lungs.

It's tainted with a residual whiff of terror and distress, but the longer we drive, the more it seems to dissipate. Her tears, however, don't seem to stop. Closing my eyes, I

tilt my head back and let a purr rumble deep into my chest.

The sound is stilted a bit, rough, like a cold engine trying to warm up. But it's the best I can offer under these circumstances. If she were mine right now, I'd find another way to distract her.

Unfortunately, the instant the vibrations travel into her body, she jerks back, her eyes wide like a skittish foal. "What is that?" she whispers, pointing to my chest. "Why are you buzzing? It can't be your phone, can it?"

A light chuckle drifts from my lips as I pull her back onto me and continue purring. "Have you never had an Alpha purr for you? Not even Brody? Not even your dad?"

Again, she pulls back, and I let her, not wanting to push her away, not when I'm so close to having everything I want. "I didn't know that was a thing. My dad was a beta, so I guess they just don't purr?"

"Not that I know of. It seems to be a mutation only Alphas possess."

She scrunches up her nose in the most adorable fashion. "It makes me feel funny."

"It's supposed to relax you. But I can see by the whites in your eyes that it must be having the opposite effect. Curious."

With a slight pout on her lips, she slumps down, her brows scrunching as if deep in thought. "Maybe that's why it makes me feel funny. I don't know what it's like to be relaxed anymore."

Clearing my throat, I push a button to roll the dividing window down, giving me access to the driver. "Take us to Echo Park."

“Very good, Sir.”

Once the window is rolled back up, Stephanie turns to me, her eyes wide. “But what about your office?” she exclaims, sliding her fingers over her delectable lips.

“Are you that eager to face your punishments?” I can’t help the small smirk quirking up on my face.

“Well, no. Wait... punishments? I only have one!”

“Let’s see... you lied to me. That’s one. You failed to make it to my office in the time specified. That’s two. You didn’t call me or let me know when your car broke down, leaving you stranded until I finally came to get you. That’s three. Oh, and let’s not forget the fact that you called me Mr. Rothsbourne after I told you to call me Rex. But then, you already know the punishment for that.”

“I do,” she grumbles.

“And what is it?” Her lips twitch as she swallows and refuses to meet my gaze. “I’m waiting, Steph. What’s the punishment?”

“I’m supposed to call you Daddy. But that doesn’t make any sense. You’re Brody’s daddy. Not mine.”

“I don’t have to be a father to be a Daddy.” I know I’m playing with fire, but watching her try to puzzle out my meaning makes my cock harder than it has any right to be.

“Whatever.”

“You know, for someone facing a fair amount of discipline, you sure do have a disrespectful mouth.”

“I’m not trying to be disrespectful. Trust me, I’m grateful you came and got me.”

“You certainly have an odd way of showing your gratitude then. Or do I need to add to the list of infractions?”

Instead of answering me with words, she shakes her head. Just like a sulking teenager, she crosses her arms and slumps back down in the seat. How I long to yank her over my lap right then and there and give her naughty backside a thorough warming.

I chuckle again and slide my finger under her chin, forcing her gaze to meet mine. “If you’re in that much of a hurry, we certainly can go back to my office right now if you insist. I thought taking in some nature might soothe your mind a bit first. Allow you to calm down.”

“I guess that depends. What’s the punishment going to be?”

“Oh? You assume each infraction is going to get the same punishment all lumped into one? How adorably naïve.”

She twiddles her fingers as she looks out the window, her teeth worrying her bottom lip. Glancing down at her hands, I note the raw, jagged skin where nails had once been. Unable to help myself, I yank her hand up to me and inspect the damage.

“What are you doing?” she cries out, attempting to pull her hand back.

“When did you do this? When did you gnaw off your nails?”

“Like you care?”

“I do.”

“Right.” The bitter note in her voice isn’t lost on me as I allow her to take her hand

back.

“Talk to me, Steph. What’s really going on? What help do you need?”

Instead of answering me, she looks back out the window, an air of hopelessness surrounding her like a shroud. Soon, she’ll have nothing more to worry about.

“I’m in trouble,” she finally says in a sigh. “I don’t know how to fix it. I don’t know what to do.”

“Tell me about it. Perhaps Daddy Rex can fix it.”

She screws up her face in disgust, forcing a choked laugh bursting from between my lips. “Is it really that abhorrent? Is it really that hard to call me Daddy?”

“Well, yeah. You’re not my Daddy. Hell, I didn’t even call my own father daddy. He was just plain old dad.”

Tears shimmer in her eyes, and I catch them before she looks away and rubs at her face with the back of her hand. “If I hadn’t expressed my condolences before, I’m sorry for your loss.”

“You might have. I just don’t remember. I don’t have very many memories about that time. It’s as if they’re all gone. Poof. One day, they were here, and the next...” Her voice wavers, thick with emotion. “And the next, I’m alone in this stupid apartment, busting my ass every day just to make ends meet. When the hell did I become the adult?”

Her pain tugs at my heart as I hear it dripping from her lips. Now, more than ever, I know she needs a Daddy in her life. One who can help and nurture her. One who can let her be free from fear and responsibility. She needs me.

“What medication do you take?”

Page 24

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

She blinks at me, as if the change in conversation is so sudden she can't even properly process it. "What?"

"You told the officer you took medication and not drugs. What medication?"

Again, she worries her bottom lip as she refuses to meet my gaze. "I don't remember the name."

"Can you tell me what it's for?"

"I'd really rather not."

"And I don't remember giving you a choice. You're coming to me for help. Remember? I need to understand the depth of the situation before I determine which help to give."

She mumbles a few words and hunches further down into her chair.

"What was that? You'll have to speak up a bit louder."

"They're anxiety meds. Okay? Is that what you want to know? I'm a fucking mess. That's what's wrong with me. That's what's wrong with everything. I can't even manage to go a whole day without having some sort of meltdown. Happy now? Is that what you wanted to know?"

"I am happy. I'm happy you brought me into your confidence. I'm not looking to harm you, Steph. Far from it. I want to help you. I want you to be happy and carefree."

I hate seeing you so burdened.”

“Again, why do you care?”

I long to reach out and stroke her cheek, but I hold back. Soon enough. “Why shouldn’t I? I only regret I didn’t realize how bad it was sooner.”

“It’s not as if I broadcast it everywhere. Usually, if I’m lucky, I can have my meltdowns at home. Today was just one more addition to the shit sandwich that’s now my life.”

The car rolls to a stop, and the driver opens our door. Stephanie’s hand fits so perfectly in mine, so small, so dainty. She really is such a tiny little thing.

“When’s the last time you ate?”

She stops for a moment and looks off into the distance, her eyes unfocusing for a moment. “I... I’m not really sure. I honestly can’t remember.”

“Well, that is certainly unacceptable.”

Her cheeks pinken as she darts her gaze away. “Are you going to add that to my punishment?”

“Not this time. But I’ll certainly be watching you a bit more closely. Can’t have you malnourished.”

“You really don’t have to take care of me like that. I just need a job and a place to stay for a bit while I get back on my feet. I don’t need you to manage me.”

“I’ll be the judge of what you need. Now, no more talk about that. Not until we get to

the office.”

“Where you’ll punish me?”

I glance over at her quivering frame as she nibbles on an already raw thumbnail. “Hands out of your mouth. Now. You’re going to hurt yourself if you keep that up.”

She shrugs but does what she’s told. “It hasn’t bothered me before.”

“Well, it bothers me.” I grab her hand and drag her over to a secluded bridge overlooking the tranquil water. “You’re really worried about these punishments. Aren’t you?”

“I just need to know how bad they are so I can tell my brain to stop thinking the worst.”

“Oh?” I lean against the weathered wood and give her a smile. “And just what is that brain of your concocting?”

“I don’t know. Like bamboo skewers under my nails. Waterboarding. Whatever it is you rich guys do to people who make you mad.”

My brow furrows a bit. “You think I’m mad at you?”

“Well yeah. Why else would you punish me?”

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

A heavy sigh drifts through my lips. “This is certainly not the place for this discussion. We will talk about it on the way home. It’s not as if you’ll even be able to enjoy the beauty of nature while your mind is in a constant whirl.”

Stephanie follows me, her shoulders pulled down as she drags her feet. It’s like she’s walking toward her execution instead of a mild punishment and a hot meal. Shaking my head, I hold back the laugh threatening to erupt from my chest. If she only knew.

“Now then, I want to get one thing straight. When I discipline anyone, it’s never out of anger. I’m not mad at you. You didn’t make me angry. I’m punishing you because I care about you and want you at your best.”

“And the Daddy thing?”

I give her a wink. “That’s just my own personal peeve. When I make a reasonable request of you, and you don’t follow through, then a punishment is warranted. In this case, I feel that calling me Daddy certainly fits the crime.”

“I suppose. But what about the others?”

“I’ve been thinking long and hard about what will benefit you the most. Seeing as lying is the one thing I abhor most in the world, I had thought of using my belt against your backside. It’s far less intimate than my hand and certainly able to make an impression.”

Her face pales as she stares at me. “Belt? Will it hurt?”

“It’s not supposed to tickle.”

Again, that adorable swath of red washes over her cheeks. “But your hand will hurt a lot less. Right?”

“Depends on how and where I wield it, but typically, yes.”

“Could I request that instead, then?”

I raise my eyebrow. “Perhaps. But you will have to convince me.”

“How? How on earth can I make you do anything you don’t want to do?”

“Simple. Say, Daddy, I would like for you to spank my bare bottom with your hand as a punishment for lying.”

She blinks as her mouth drops open. “But that sounds so... so...”

“It sounds so what?”

“Dirty,” she blurts out before slamming her hands over her mouth.

“It’s only as dirty as you make it. Do you think it’s dirty for me to slide your pants and panties down to your ankles, bend you over my lap, and take my hand to your naked backside?”

“Oh, God,” she groans. “You made it even worse.”

“That still doesn’t give me an answer.”

“You... You can’t be serious.”

“How badly do you want my help? Hmmm? How much do you need me?”

Moments go by where neither of us says a word. For a moment, I worry I’ve scared her off. Damn me and my fucking cock.

“Daddy, I would like for you to spank my bare bottom with your hand as a punishment for lying.”

Hope blossoms in my chest as a tendril of arousal wafts from her body. “Say please, and we have a deal.”

“Please.”

CHAPTER 9

STEPHANIE

My insides squirm as I note the heat in Mr. Rothsbourne’s gaze. But that’s impossible. Silly really. To think that someone like him would want someone like me. Honestly, I don’t even know why Brody seems to keep me around.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

With all their money and influence, what does someone like me even offer them? A pet project, no doubt. It has to be the only reason he insists on helping me. A nobody. Turning to look out the window, I absently chew on my thumbnail as the scenery whizzes by.

Soon, I'll be back at his house, my bottom bared, and his hand crashing against the skin. How badly will it hurt? I know he said it would be less than his belt, but I have nothing to compare this with. Unfortunately, when I don't have all the data, it just makes my mind whirl until something fills the gaps.

"Steph. You're doing it again."

I slip my finger from out of my mouth. "Doing what?" Can he really tell I'm overthinking? Am I that transparent?

"You're chewing your nails even after I told you not to. Look at them."

Pulling my hand back, I stare at the ragged nail beds and groan. They looked so pretty, too. At least, they did until after I got fired. Once that happened, nothing else really registered. The tips are puffy, swollen, and an angry shade of red.

One is so chewed down that a smear of blood runs along the edge. How did it get this bad? Why didn't I stop when I felt the pain? Or did I even feel the pain?

Again, my gut flips as I think about the razors waiting for me. Is it possible to be so accustomed that I just don't even notice it anymore? That indeed is a troubling prospect.

“What has you so distressed? I thought we put all that to rest with our conversation.”

“It’s the spanking thing. I- I just don’t know what to expect.”

The frown he gives me makes my stomach flip, but in a far more inappropriate manner. How the hell can I be so scared and yet so turned on at the same time? It makes no sense to me.

“Would it help you if I turned you over my knee and spanked you now instead of waiting until we get to my office?”

My eyes widen as I glance over at the shielded window. “You can’t possibly do that here. Everyone will see. Your driver will know...” As terrified as I am of him spanking me with those strong hands of his, I’m even more distressed at the idea of someone else seeing me.

“No one can see into this car. As for the driver, with the shield in place, he cannot see or hear anything happening in the back seat. Why, I could fuck you hard and long and he’d only think we were back here having a business meeting.”

My mouth goes dry at his pronouncement. “Why would he think that?” My voice is hoarse, barely a whisper.

Arousal gathers at my core, smearing against the crotch of my underwear. I’m so unbelievably wet and achy, soaked even. And this man hasn’t even touched me.

“Because,” Mr. Rothsbourne growls out, his lips twisting into a wolfish grin. “He thinks whatever I tell him to think. I pay him too well to have him give voice to his own thoughts. Now then. Do you want to get this over with? Or do you want to sit and stew? Choice is yours. Whichever you choose, though, you will not be allowed to keep chewing on your nails.”

My breath comes in harsh pants as I try my best to make a decision. Either way, it will be torturous agony. At least here, I can know what will happen now. My brain won't be able to keep overthinking it. Besides, there's less of a chance of someone seeing him if he does it in the privacy of his car as opposed to his office.

"I guess spanking me here will be best."

"Fine choice, but you will need to ask me again in a far more respectful way. Remember, you're the one in trouble here. I don't have to actually give in to what you want. You need to convince me."

Swallowing, I fiddle with the buttons on my shirt. His ice-blue eyes follow my movements, darkening again. What was that social media trend that went viral a while back? Get you someone who works in finance, has a trust fund, is six foot five inches, and has blue eyes?

Brody fit that description to a tee, but now I'm wondering if his dad fits that idea better. Granted, I don't know if he actually has a trust fund since he's an adult. But then, it's not as if I understand that, anyway. I've never been a financial guru. Thus my current predicament.

As the silence looms between us, he sighs and shakes his head. "My office it is then."

"Wait," I cry out, my heart pounding in my chest. "Please. No. I'd rather it be here and now."

"Then you know what you need to do. And don't forget my current title." Even though he winks at me, it does nothing to stop the heat from climbing up my face.

"Please, Daddy..." I stammer. "Please spank my bare bottom here in the car."

“Very, very good,” he praises me, sending those super inappropriate tingles down my spine and into my pussy again. “When you ask me so very sweetly like that, I can’t help but give in to your request.” His voice lowers a bit, turning husky as he runs his thumb over his mouth. “Now then, unbutton your pants and slide them down to your knees. Panties as well. Can’t spank a bare bottom with panties on. Now, can I?”

“Do you have to call them panties? It’s so... so...”

“Infantile?” he supplies with a grin.

“I was going to say icky, but that works, too.”

Page 27

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

“Well, it wouldn’t be a proper punishment if it didn’t make you feel off balanced and ill at ease, now, would it?”

“I guess not,” I grumble, feeling very small and helpless.

“Come now. We haven’t all day.”

As I take my time with my pants buttons, he pulls out his phone. Based on the conversation, the driver is going to a different location, presumably to give us longer together in the car.

“You like burgers, right?”

His question takes me off guard, and my fingers still on my zipper. “I mean, who doesn’t?”

“Just making sure you actually eat meat. Some people don’t or can’t, and I didn’t want to stress you out further when I take you for lunch.”

He goes back to his phone call, leaving me reeling. Even amidst this humiliating punishment, he’s thinking of my needs. When was the last time anyone ever did that? Unfortunately, I know I won’t be able to stomach anything until after we get this over with.

My fingers tremble as I work at my pants, dragging them and my underwear down to my knees. Thankfully, I actually wore a cute pair and not some old, ratty things I wear for comfort. Mr. Rothsbourne doesn’t even seem to notice. Was I actually

wrongabout his intentions? Is this really for punishment only and not for some deviant kink?

I glance at my bare thighs, my heart leaping into my chest. The scars. Will he see them? Will he know? They're on my inner thighs, so I should be able to conceal them well enough.

With a hard yank, he pulls me over his lap, tipping me so my head nearly rests against the floorboard. My thighs remain pressed together, allowing a small sigh of gratitude to slip past my lips. This secret, at least, is safe.

With that crisis averted, my brain does what it does best and whirls out of control, thinking about everything and nothing at the same time.

It must be nice having a car large enough to do this. Does he even have other people come in this car with him? With the seats right across from us, it would be perfect for a meeting.

Even as I try to relax against his thighs, I can't get my brain to shut up. It's on a constant loop filling my head with that voice that never goes away unless I'm sleeping or hyper focusing on something. At least I don't have to keep worrying about my scars. That's one mental loop I'd rather not get stuck in right now.

Thankfully, the moment his fingers rest against my ass, everything goes quiet. The near-constant hum dies down enough to let me relax over his implacable thighs. Finally, I can relax.

His thumb grazes my butt, almost absently. Twisting about, I look up at him, noting the darkness in his gaze once more. "Is this part of the punishment?"

"I'm debating," he growls out.

“About what?”

“If I should warm you up first or not.”

“What’s the diff-” His hand crashes down against my upturned ass, drawing a screech from my lips.

“This is with you not warmed up.” He switches to the other cheek and runs his fingers up and down before giving me a much softer pat. “I’d do this for a minute or two, get your body used to being spanked, and then punish you.”

My pussy spasms with each stroke of his hand against my inflamed skin. “You seem to be a pro at this.”

“I have my moments.” He switches back to the other side and continues the lighter swats.

Over and over, he keeps up a steady rhythm, swatting each cheek until heat infuses my body from head to toe. He was right about how intimate it feels. Even though he’s not touching anything inappropriate or even commenting about how wet I fucking am, it feels too close, too personal.

Maybe I should have taken the belt. But then, that first swat hurt far more than I expected. The belt would certainly hurt far worse.

“I’m going to start with your punishment now. With each swat, you are going to say the number and follow it with, thank you, Daddy. Are we clear?”

“I- I have to thank you, too?”

“Yes. I’m correcting you, molding you into a better version of yourself. Many pay

thousands of dollars for what I'm doing for free. A simple thank you is the least you can do."

I arch up, shock making my mouth fly open. "People pay to be spanked?"

"Yes, but that's a different conversation. I'm talking about managing your life, bringing out the best in you. Think of me as your free life coach with an unconventional way of motivating you."

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

“That’s an understatement,” I grumble, shifting on his lap.

“Sass will also not be tolerated during correction, understood?”

“Yes, Sir.”

His hand crashes down against my ass. Despite the yelp flinging from my lips, I can’t deny how turned on I am. The bite of pain, the caress from his hand, all of it coalesces into a twisting, burning need. As the cry of displeasure dies out, it trails off into the most wanton moan.

“What was that?” he growls, digging his fingers into my ass cheek.

“Sorry. Yes, Daddy.”

“Very good. Count out your punishment.”

Smack.

“One. Thank you, Daddy,” I sob out, gripping his pants as the sting skitters along my nerves.

Smack

“Two.” My voice warbles now as emotion wells up to the surface, taking me by surprise. “Thank you, Daddy.”

Smack

“Three!” This time, tears flow from my eyes, even though the pain isn’t really that unbearable. “Thank you, Daddy.”

Smack

“F- four. Thank you, Daddy.”

Smack

Smack

Smack

Smack

The last four hit in quick succession where my ass meets my thighs. I scream out in discomfort and twist about, but he holds me firm, not letting me go anywhere. Tears flow in earnest as hiccups wrack my body.

All the anger, anguish, exhaustion, and terror from the last few years pour out of me as he holds me close, letting me purge it from my body. His fingers brush against my sensitive skin, soothing it and me at the same time.

“You took your first punishment very well, Stephanie. I’m so very proud of you. But know this. Lie to me again, and there will be no warmup. There will be no hand against your ass. It will be the taste of my leather. Understood?”

“Y- yes, Daddy,” I hiccup, twisting his pants legs in my grasp.

The car jerks forward, jostling as it goes over some dip or hole in the road. It makes his hand drop, skimming against my exposed pussy lips, drawing a gasp from my mouth. But just as soon as it happened, his hand is back against my ass as if he had never touched me so intimately.

We stay like this for a few minutes as I catch my breath and think through everything that just happened. All too soon, however, he helps me up so I can straighten myself.

“We’re almost there. I suggest you look presentable before my driver sees you in such disarray.”

He’s so calm, almost businesslike. Yet, here I am, a quivering mess needing to get off. None of it makes any sense, and deep down, I know it won’t unless he explains it to me. Glancing out the window as I button my pants, my eyes nearly bulge out of my head.

“The Meat Market? Lunch is at the actual Meat Market?”

“Yes,” he says with a smooth cadence, as if it’s nothing for him to stop there on a whim.

But then, for him, this is probably just another day. He never had to worry about money or where his next meal will come from.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

“Don’t tell me you’ve never been.”

My jaw drops open as I stare at him as if he’s grown another head. “How would I ever be able to actually afford to eat here?”

“I figured Brody would have taken you at some point. They have the best burgers around.”

Again, I look at the man, the Daddy who seems to think nothing of spoiling me for no other reason than I’m here. Comparing him to Brody, there’s no contest. If this is how his son should have been treating me all these years, then I’ve been wasting my time.

He’s such a little boy compared to the commanding man next to me. But then... he has to make sure I’m taken care of. Starving girls can’t pay back money. Instead of romanticizing his every move, I should start getting my head back into the game.

I can’t negotiate a deal with someone like Mr. Rothsbourne and hope to come out unscathed. Especially not if I actually delude myself into thinking he cares about me as something more than just a business transaction.

“We haven’t had the chance to go. He’s been so busy.”

“Yes,” he grimaces. “With his pretend money startup.”

“Oh good,” I sigh. “I’m not the only one that worries it’s just some fly-by-night operation.”

“It’s certainly not something I’d invest my money into. Now then, let’s go eat and figure out just what I’m going to do with you.”

CHAPTER 10

STEPHANIE

The burgers from The Meat Market lie heavy in my stomach. Not because they aren’t good. Honestly, I don’t think I’ve ever had a burger taste that good before. No. The quality isn’t the problem. The company is.

In the town car, I glance over at Mr. Rothsbourne, noting the concentration on his face as he scrolls through his phone. It’s as if this afternoon never happened. How am I still about to vibrate out of my skin from that deliciously awful spanking, yet he’s over there cool as a cucumber?

I clutch my stomach, willing the nausea to calm down. But it doesn’t. If anything, the closer we get to the house, the worse it gets. My fingers twitch as I do my best to keep from chewing my nonexistent nails.

“Talk to me, Steph. I can feel your anxiety from here.”

Guilt slams into me as I lower my head. “Sorry. I’m not trying to be a bother.”

He jerks his head up from his phone and frowns at me. “Have I, at any point, said you were a bother?”

“Well, no. But I know how annoying this can be.”

“Your world is turning upside down. I think you’re entitled to some anxiety. But even if everything was fine, you’d still be entitled to your anxiety. I just want to help, if I

can.”

Tears burn my eyes, but I refuse to let them fall. “Why are you being so nice to me?”

“That doesn’t answer my question, but I suppose I’ll indulge.” With a sigh, he puts his phone in his pocket. “I feel... well... I guess you could say a kinship to you. You’ve been a member of our family for years. Even if it is as Brody’s girlfriend. Something about you compels me to assist. I just wish you weren’t so stubborn about it.”

Again, that niggle of guilt threatens to cut me to the core. “It’s not personal. I promise.”

“Then what is it?”

“I...” for a moment, I trail off, unsure of how to answer him. “It’s complicated.”

“I’m a smart man. Try me.”

“It’s terrifying. Okay? Is that what you want me to say? I’ve only had myself since my parents died. I don’t want to be beholden to you or anyone else. I don’t want to be at your mercy.” Is it my imagination, or does his lips twitch up into a ghost of a smile? “I don’t have the type of money to ever be able to pay you back. Any kindness you show me becomes a debt in my mind. One I’ll never be able to repay.”

He brushes his thumb across his bottom lip. “And who says I’m asking for repayment? I certainly haven’t.”

My eyes bulge out of my sockets as I stare at the man. “You can’t be serious. You’re a fucking Rothsbourne. You don’t just hand out money. Not if you can help it.”

“True. I do like to hold on to my wealth. But you never even gave me a chance to negotiate with you. That was your misfortune. Because now you sit here, desperate for my help. That gives me the upper hand. Whereas if you accepted my help when I offered it, we might have been on a more equal footing. Because of your stubbornness, you have indeed put yourself in the position you were most scared of being in... at my mercy.”

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

Gulping, I glance down at the floorboard. But that's also a mistake. All it does is remind me of being over his lap while his hand smacked my bare ass. Even now, arousal trickles across my lower lips, making me squirm. I cross my legs, desperate to ease the ache between my thighs, but all that pressure does is make me even more desperate.

"I've already said I need your help. What I need now is to know exactly what that entails. What does being at your mercy really mean?"

"Well, for starters, it means having a detailed conversation about what exactly help means. Once I know the depth of your situation, we can work out how to manage it. You might as well spill it now. Either here or in my office. Your choice."

"I'm being evicted."

Honestly, out of all the situations surrounding me right now, this is the most pressing. It's not like I have a job I need to drive to, so having a car out of commission is lower on the list than having a place to live.

"I see. And what exactly do you want from me? Are you asking me to cancel the eviction? To find you a new place? What?"

I blink away the tears as I tug at my pants. Since I can't chew my nails anymore, I suppose I have to stop the whirling of my mind by fixating on all the little strands I can feel poking up from the fabric. Besides, it's not like these are my best clothes. They can stand being picked at a little.

The first strand I come across feels like an itch under my skin. I pluck at it, rolling my finger around the odd one out until I have enough to pull. There's that lovely resistance, that tug as I try to force it from my pants.

I can't explain what it does to me. I have no words for how it soothes my mind and soul to have something else to fixate on other than my problems. But I'll still need to answer him. It doesn't matter how much string I pull from my pants, he will still demand an answer.

"I asked Brody if I could stay in the guest house, especially since he's gone so much. But he didn't think it would be a good idea. You know, we've got a good thing happening. Why ruin it?"

"Why indeed," he rasps, a thread of anger making his tone a bit strident and harsh.

"Besides," I amend quickly, not wanting to add to his aggression. "Right now, I'm not technically evicted. I have to pay her by this afternoon, or she'll start the process."

"So it's money you need?" The deep growl to his voice ripples along my skin, scattering my thoughts for a moment.

"Money would be nice... But I don't want to live there anymore. For some reason, she thinks I'm doing drugs."

"I see." I glance up at his face, looking for any trace of condemnation, but find none. "And are you?"

There it is. He thinks I am too. "No!" I cry out, frustration coloring my tone. "Why does everyone think I'm doing drugs?"

“Well, I’m not privy to your normal day to day, but to get fired with prejudice doesn’t happen very often. Want to tell me about that? And the truth this time. I have ways of finding out everything I need or want to know.”

“I know you do,” I snap out, disdain dripping from my lips just as hard as tears slip from my eyes. “I know you have enough money in the world to do whatever the fuck you want. Yet, here I am, begging from you, like a poor little orphan child with nowhere to go.”

“Deflection will not help you. Why were you fired?”

“I don’t even know!” I wail.

Gripping my hands into fists, I try to breathe nice and slow, just like the therapist at the hospital taught me to do. Breathe in for a count of four. Hold it for four. Breathe out for four. Hold it for four. Again and again, I breathe the best I can, but my anxiety seems to be too much.

The razors beckon me, scream out for me to use them, and silence the world. Even if just long enough for my brain to reset and quiet down. But that line of thinking is dangerous. I need to find another way to calm down.

Before I can switch it up and try something new, Mr. Rothsbourne’s hands grab my shoulders as he hauls me onto his lap. Again, he purrs, allowing the sound to rumble through my body until I sink down onto him, completely limp. In that space and time, nothing matters.

His intoxicating scent fills my nose. That luscious cologne he wears weaves around me, transfixing me to the spot. Just underneath is that hint of spice. I can’t really smell it over the stuff he sprays on, and for a moment, I fixate on finding it, on separating the two until I know his unique smell.

But it's no use. The only way to smell him, to really smell him, is to unbutton that top button of his shirt and bury my nose against his skin. Unless I want to look like an insane person, I need to stay put and keep my mind from making me do things I can't take back.

"I don't even know," I finally grumble again. "I'm telling you the truth. HR just fired me. No one would tell me why. The head of the company wanted me fired. At first, I thought it was a clerical error. Apparently not."

"Did you reveal to HR the nature of your anxiety?"

I look up at him and blink. "No. Never. It's not an issue until I'm just too stressed to see straight. As far as I know, my work has never suffered. No one ever complained to me about my performance. I guess I did something wrong, but I don't know what."

He peers down at me, his eyes narrowing as he looks deep into my soul. "I believe you. But until we can get to the bottom of what happened, you'll be hard pressed to find work."

Slumping down against him, I tug at my pants again. "I know. Trust me. I know. I've spent the last few days looking, but no one will hire me. I was hoping you would."

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

“Me?” he chuckles. The incredulous sound bounces around the cabin, making me wince. “What would I hire you for? What position could you take? I’ve already told you I don’t have an opening.”

Desperation causes my heart to pound against my ribs. “Anything? Please, M-Daddy. I’ll do anything.”

Again, his eyes darken, sending shivers of need and fear down my spine. “Never promise anything. Anything is very dangerous. Anything will get you into trouble.”

“But I’m desperate.”

“I know that, sweet girl. I can practically smell it dripping off of you. Now that I know what’s going on with you, I’m able to conduct our discussion a bit better.”

Wincing, I try to slide off of his lap. Serious discussions shouldn’t happen like this. I’m far too much at a disadvantage. I feel more like an errant schoolgirl than a woman who had her life together as of just a few days ago. When I move, however, he just holds on tighter.

“Where do you think you’re going?”

“To negotiate?”

“I won’t let you have another panic attack in this car. You’re staying on my lap until we’re done. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Si-, Daddy,” I reply, misery infusing my words.

“Besides, what we’re going to have now is a discussion. Time for negotiation is far past. You are going to live with me.”

“But Brody-”

“Fuck Brody,” he snarls, making me jump in his arms. “Fuck,” he says again, this time a bit softer as he wraps me in his embrace. “I’m not mad at you, sweet girl. I’m furious at Brody’s lack of care and compassion.”

“Oh, it’s not his fault!” For some reason, I feel the need to defend him, but I can’t for the life of me explain why. “He’s a very busy man, and my troubles will only get in his way.”

“And I’m not busy?”

“Well, you are but-”

“But?”

“It’s different.”

“How so?”

Helpless, I shrug. “I don’t know, because you’re a man, and he’s still a... a...”

“A man child. You can say it. God knows I say worse every day.”

“Look, he’s right, though. Things are easy between us. Right now, he’s all I got. I don’t want to upset the balance.”

“Well, then it’s a good thing you’re not living with Brody then. Isn’t it?”

My brows furrow as I look at the man. “I don’t understand. I’ve been to your house many times and have never seen a second guest house.”

“I don’t have one. You’re staying in my house. I have a wing that hasn’t been used since his mother left me. I figure it’s high time someone fills that space.”

“Oh, but I don’t want to impose...”

“If I’m offering, it’s not an imposition.”

“I guess.”

“I know.” The tone in his voice brooks no argument.

What the hell am I going to do? He’s so implacable, so fierce, and so fucking commanding. It should make me angry. In all honesty, it only makes me want to curl up on his lap and obey.

CHAPTER 11

STEPHANIE

“Thank you,” I manage to mumble.

“Don’t thank me just yet. I’m not through.”

My heart squeezes in my chest so hard spots dance before my eyes. Fuck me. It can’t get any worse... Can it?

“Next,” he continues. “You are not going to look for another job or anything of that sort until I give you permission.”

“But how am I going to pay you back?” Hysteria laces my tone as my heart picks up speed once more.

With a fierce frown, he purrs again until I’m limp in his arms once more. “And you wanted to be on the other seat while we discussed this. Tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk. When are you going to learn that I know best?”

“You don’t even know me.” My voice is barely a whisper, nearly inaudible over the noise in my brain.

“I know more than you think. Now then, I’m not going to even hear about you paying me back. Not with money, at least. While you’re under my roof, your payment will be me taking care of you. Every bit of you. If you are disobedient, you will be

punished.”

“By spanking me?”

“Are you that anxious for another trip over my knee?” Though his eyes sparkle, there’s a darkness in his tone.

I shouldn’t want to say yes. I shouldn’t want to feel the burn, the heat of his skin against mine. Most importantly, I shouldn’t crave the silence in my mind when he does it.

“I mean... I tend to be very naughty.” Fuck me. Why did I even say that?

“In that case, I’ll keep it in mind. What I want from you right now is to give yourself space to breathe. You’ve not stopped once since your parents died. I want you to actually have a chance to be yourself, to find out what you want, and most importantly, what makes you happy.”

Stunned, I sit there, unsure of what to do with myself. When was the last time I actually had the space to just... be? However, the moment I look out the window and see the massive estate sprawling before me, my throat threatens to close up and my heart pounds in my chest.

“Easy now, Steph. Nothing will harm you here. I need you to breathe for me.” Again, I force air into my lungs despite my body wanting to reject it. “That’s a good girl. Here, I’ll do it with you.”

I shouldn’t want this, shouldn’t need this. Hell, his son is my boyfriend. If anyone should be calling me a good girl, it’s Brody. Not that he has. Not really. Honestly, I don’t even know what it would feel like coming from him.

It probably won't make my insides clench and my pulse quicken like when Mr. Rothsbourne does it. And that's the real problem. It's not that I want Brody to say it. I want his daddy to say it.

He holds me close enough I can hear his heart beating slow and steady against my ear. I concentrate on that sound, that firm, steady sound, until I can finally breathe on my own again. With a shaky grin, I pull away from my new roommate and step outside the open door.

I follow him, doing my best to keep my thoughts from spiraling out of control. Through the house, not a sound breaks the spell surrounding me as we enter his office. It's massive, filled with dark woods and navy paint. Just what I'd picture him having.

He motions to a seat across from his desk, and I sit at his silent command. All I have to do is obey him in everything, and I get the entire world? It seems far too good to be true. His lips turn down into a frown as he pulls out a notepad and a pen.

As he writes, my stomach churns. There's something about him, something dark and dangerous as it swirls about like an invisible cloak. After a few more moments, he turns the paper to me and hands me a pen.

"One hundred times. I will always tell Daddy when I'm unable to meet his requests or tasks or need his help, even if I think I can manage it on my own."

My eyes bulge as I look at the words on the page. "You're joking. You have to be. Sentences? You're really making me write sentences like I'm some little schoolgirl who got caught cheating in class?"

"If you're more comfortable taking on the role of an errant schoolgirl, I can certainly oblige."

“That’s not what I mean. I just... this is stupid!”

“Is it? Seems to me you have a very difficult time coming to me when you need help or accepting help that’s freely offered. That is, until it’s far too late. Perhaps if you write it enough times, it will stick. That is, unless you want to back out of our deal, and you find some other way to have a place to stay.”

“No, Daddy,” I grumble, picking up the pen.

“Oh, and Steph, I want you to write out each sentence as a whole. None of this I, I, I, will, will, will, always, always, always, nonsense. I want you to think about what you’re writing and not just put random words on the page.”

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

Without waiting for a response, he walks back over to his side of the desk and begins working, as if he knows I'll just obey him without fuss. Unfortunately, he's right. Writing sentences is really not so much of a hardship considering everything he's doing for me.

A heavy sigh slips through my lips as I work on my assignment, doing my best to take the words to heart. But I can't. It's not that they're so very difficult to write, but the sentiment hurts. I've been on my own for so long now that I don't know how to ask for help.

As I told him before, I don't try to be stubborn for the hell of it. Depending on others means you're stuck when they leave you or die. When my parents passed on, I had to grow up so quickly. I was left with bills, debts, and things to work through. I can't let myself get caught like that again.

"Yo, Pops, there's this nail tech looking for a place to- Steph?"

I look up to see Brody walking into the room. Ashamed of what his father's making me do, I flip the paper over. But of course, Mr. Rothsbourne sees me. At least his smile makes me think he's amused.

For a moment, my heart flutters. Perhaps Brody will rethink his position, and I won't have to lean on Mr. Rothsbourne. "What are you doing here?" I manage to squeak out.

Mr. Rothsbourne leans back in his chair and crosses his arms. "Yes. What are you doing here? I thought you were away in meetings all this week. Don't tell me your

company has gone under already. And it was so promising, too.”

“Ha, ha, ha. You keep cracking those jokes, old man. Digital currency is the way of the future. We’re going to make you obsolete.”

“You can certainly try.”

Tension swirls between the two as I step forward and open my arms to give Brody a hug. “I wasn’t expecting to see you. I’m actually really happy.”

As I take another step, he thrusts his hands forward. “Same, babe. But you don’t want to hug me right now. I’m only back for a bit. Our plane broke down and left us stranded in the heat. I’m only here to shower, then I’m right back out.”

“Oh.” I can feel my face fall despite the fact that I’m trying my hardest to keep a smile on my lips.

Shaking his head, he balls up his fist and bumps it against my shoulder. “Come on. Don’t be sad. Where’s my smile? Hmm? My pretty girl always has her pretty smile. I’m sorry I missed you, but I’ll send a car for you to take you out when I get back.”

“No need,” Mr. Rothsbourne says, a grin easing up his lips. “She’s staying here for the foreseeable future.”

“Babe.” The slight whine to his voice grates on my nerves. “I thought we agreed. Let’s not ruin this good thing between us. Hmmm? What happened to that convo?”

“She’s not staying in the guest house. She’s staying in the south wing.”

His eyes widen as his mouth falls open. “But that’s Mom’s wing.”

“No, it’s not. It hasn’t been since she left. You know that. Besides, when she told me your guest house was not available for her to use, I figured why not let her stay there? Unless you changed your mind?”

Am I crazy? Or is there a hint of something else to his tone? A bite that wasn’t there before. My heart flutters at this unspoken challenge, and I find it very hard to look away.

It’s as if he’s fighting for me, but why? What makes me so damned important? Tears burn in my eyes as I watch the two men size each other up.

When was the last time someone fought for me? Never. Not since my parents died. It takes every ounce of willpower for me to not break down as I watch Brody’s reaction.

For a moment, his gaze shifts about, refusing to look at either of us. “No,” he eventually sighs. “It hasn’t changed. The south wing is definitely nicer than the guest house. I’m happy she’ll be comfortable there.”

That’s it? No fight back? No, nothing?

But then my brain clicks into place, rehashing what Brody just said. Now, I feel even worse than before. Though Mr. Rothsbourne mentioned it, my brain didn’t really latch onto the fact that it belonged to Brody’s mom.

“I didn’t realize,” I blurt out, guilt slamming into me. “I didn’t know your mom... I didn’t... Look, you can have the south wing, and I’ll take the guest house then. If it was your mom’s...”

His dark chuckle washes along my skin, but somehow, it lacks the intensity of his father’s. “I’m happy where I am. I don’t bother Daddy-O, and he doesn’t bother me. But yeah. Gotta go. Time’s ticking. Glad you found a place, though. Where do you

want me to set the nail tech up, Pops?”

“Have her come here.”

“Right. Bye doll,” he calls out, waving as he leaves. “See you in a few weeks.”

Before I can even respond, he’s out the door, leaving me alone with Mr. Rothsbourne. As if he doesn’t even care about the situation that just unfolded, he picks up my notebook and skims my work. “Not that many lines.”

“Sorry. I’m trying. I’m just far more used to typing than handwriting stuff.”

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

“No matter. You have all evening to get it done. In the meantime, I hired a nail technician to see to your mangled fingers.”

I want to protest, but I know anything I say will fall on deaf ears. When the door opens up, a kind-looking beta shuffles in with her cart. She’s all smiles as she sets things out and prepares for the job ahead of her.

“Am I supposed to ask what color you want me to get?”

“You can if you wish, but I figured you’re a big enough girl to decide that on your own.”

For a moment, I flounder. Is this a test? Is he trying to get me to pick the wrong thing so he can punish me? It seems ridiculous to be in a panic over something so minor, but I don’t want to screw this up.

“Please.” I glance over at the woman and swallow the word, Daddy. “I would really like to know your opinion.”

“May we see the polishes you have with you today?”

“Certainly!” Beaming, she takes a small basket and hands it to me before going back to her task.

A lot of the colors are ones I wouldn’t choose—pinks, pastels, lavenders. But there, nestled near the bottom, is a dark blue, almost the same color as his walls. I pick it up and hold it up to the light. Small shimmers of silver glitter thread their way through,

bringing a smile to my lips.

“What about this one?”

He holds it in his palm and stares at it for a moment. It looks so small in his massive hand, as if he can just barely squeeze it, and it will shatter. That same giant hand smacked my ass, but somehow didn't break me. Heat rushes over my face as I turn away, not wanting to reveal my thoughts.

“I think it will look lovely on you. Go relax. That is, if you can manage it.”

Nodding, I make my way over to the technician and hand her the bottle. “And what am I going to be doing for you today?”

From his desk, Mr. Rothsbourne chimes in. “Your deluxe manicure and pedicure. Off to the side is a bathroom you can getwater from for your travel foot tub. I want you to pamper this girl like she's a princess.”

“Very well, Sir! Consider it done!”

I gnaw on my bottom lip as I slip my hands over to her. Instead of judging me, however, she examines each finger closely, a concerned expression on her face. “Do you chew down like this often?”

“I- I try not to. It just happens, and I don't always realize it.”

“My sister is like that. Once she started getting regular manicures, it helped. The polish doesn't taste too good, and she hates messing it up. I do her nails, and she hates causing me trouble. Not that it is any at all.”

“In that case, I want to hire you to come out once a week and do her nails,” Mr.

Rothsbourne says from his chair, not even looking over at us.

“I can certainly add you to my schedule. Now then, you just relax and leave everything to me.”

My heart thumps in my chest as she lowers my fingers into the warm, soapy water. Does he actually care about me? I mean, rationally, I know he does, but I still can't understand why. Unfortunately, all it does is make me want to cry. It's not sorrow, exactly, but more like relief.

For the first time in a long time, someone actually gives a damn about me. Someone wants to take care of me, to soothe me, to hold me. How I wish it was Brody and not his father. It would be so much simpler if it was him.

Now, I have to face the fact that I might very well be falling for this older man, this father-figure I want so desperately I can almost taste it. Forbidden, taboo, and totally off limits.

CHAPTER 12

STEPHANIE

One Week Later

Beep.

Beep.

Beep.

The sound of my alarm pierces my brain, dragging me out of the dredges of sleep.

Irritation rolls down my spine as the delicious image of Daddy Rothsbourne vanishes, leaving me alone in my bedroom. With a frustrated grunt, I pull my hand out of my underwear and flop over onto my back.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

In the background, I still hear the annoying beeping but try to ignore it as I attempt to recapture the image burned into my brain. He loomed above me, one hand on my throat and his other playing with my pussy. It was rough, raw, and the best damn pleasure I've ever had... even if it was fictional.

But it's gone.

Like a puff of smoke, it drifts off into the ether, leaving me feeling confused and guilt-ridden. I shouldn't be thinking of him like that. I should be lusting after Brody. My boyfriend Brody. Not his father. Ugh. When did everything get so complicated?

Well... not like it takes a genius to figure that one out. From the moment he spanked me about a week ago, I've been a wreck. And now, every time I'm in his space, all I can think about is his hands on my body again.

It's an insanity so intense I wonder if I need to find a therapist again. I'm sure Mr. Rothsbourne won't mind paying for that. He seems certainly content with paying for everything else.

I crack my eyes open and peer about the room, groaning as I fumble for my phone to turn it off. For a split second, I debate glaring at the thing, but that won't do me any good. Even though my body begs for me to go back to sleep and think delicious thoughts of Daddy Rothsbourne, my mind is a whirl.

Definitely not a good sign. Things had quieted down for a bit, but now, my brain just can't shut off. Try as I might, I continue to go about in circles until my breath catches in my throat and my muscles seize up. Am I bad enough for my pills?

It's the question I ask myself every time I go into a panic spiral. I only have so many left. Once they're gone... I'd like to think Mr. Rothsbourne would help me get an appointment and more meds, but I don't know him well enough to trust him like that.

It doesn't matter that he's buying me everything I could ever hope to want to have. In my mind, they're all rather expensive strings tying me to him. But why? That's what keeps me up at night. What makes him want to take care of me like this when even Brody doesn't seem to care?

Shaking my head, I glance about the room, my stomach in knots. Though so many things in here are familiar, it's still not the same. It's not my old apartment. The south wing is monumentally bigger than where I lived before, overshadowing it by far.

Some of the things in here are mine, but most aren't. Mr. Rothsbourne only allowed me to grab the things most important to me. It's sad how little in that small apartment actually felt important. Photographs and small memory tokens only take up so much room.

The bed isn't mine. The sheets aren't mine. For the most part, the clothes aren't mine.

But who am I to complain? Who in their right mind would be upset about leaving meaningless junk behind? The problem is, it's my junk. It's what's familiar. I can certainly live without it, but now that it's all probably trashed and discarded, I find that I miss it.

He did his best. He asked me to list everything I left behind so I could get something newer and better. The hulking Alpha claims everything in here now belongs to me... but these things still don't feel like mine. They will probably never feel like mine.

A ragged cry drifts from my lips as I fist the sheets in my hands. The thread count is so high, I usually hate even sleeping on them. Unfortunately, it's the only thing in

reach. If I chew my nails, he'll know. If I claw at my skin, even if it's hidden by clothes, somehow, he'll know.

I'm trapped in a gilded cage with no lock on it. Yet it's confining all the same. Turning to my side, I stare out the window, watching the sun play against the leaves. The shifting colors give my mind something to latch onto, something that's not destructive.

By the time my phone buzzes, my breathing comes a bit easier. Nine AM. Like clockwork.

Rex

Good morning, Stephanie

Do not forget that you have your massage appointment at 12. At 1:15, you have your manicure and pedicure. I will be out for most of the day, so feel free to just relax and enjoy yourself. We will have dinner promptly at 6. If you require anything, one of the servants will attend you.

A soft smile tilts up my lips as I run my finger over the screen. As much as I hate being confined like this, it does help to know that Mr. Rothsbourne has me in his thoughts.

Gone are the frantic days of rushing out the door to be somewhere. Gone are the times where I'm almost late just because things slipped by without me noticing. Now, he's prompt to remind me, allowing my brain to relax and not have to worry about what I'm forgetting.

Stephanie

Thank you. Is my car repaired yet?

Where do you need to go? My driver will take you after he drops me off at work.

The smile quickly turns into a frown. This is certainly one of the main downsides.

What if I wanted to go somewhere scandalous? I'd prefer my own car for that.

Again, where would you go? Perhaps it's somewhere I know. I can get you VIP seating.

Ugh. So not the point.

Forget it. I'll just hang out here all day. I guess.

Page 36

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

For several moments, his end is silent, and I breathe a sigh of relief.

Are you happy here with me?

Where the fuck did that come from?

Sure.

Convince me.

Heat floods my face as I picture myself showing him just how happy he can make me. “No, dammit,” I cry out to the empty room. “I have a boyfriend.”

I’m as grateful as a person can be. You’ve certainly rescued me from a horrendous fate, and I don’t know how I’ll ever repay you.

I guess that’s the best I’ll get from you. Is there anything else that will make you happier?

A job?

Besides that. You need to focus on rebalancing and healing. Rest is paramount.

“Right,” I grumble under my breath. “And you’d probably be happy with me being barefoot and pregnant, too.”

If you must know, I’m a bit bored. Without something to keep me occupied, I’m

kinda floundering here.

I see. I must remedy that then. After your manicure, I'll have some clerical work for you to do. Because I'm so busy with my businesses, I have neglected my house. If I remember correctly, part of your job was expense reports. Correct?

Yes.

Excellent. I would like those reports by the time dinner is ready.

My stomach flops about as I scan the room. Can I even do what he asks? Without seeing the amount of paperwork he has, I have no idea if I can do it or not. Already I feel set up for failure.

Ugh. Why am I like this? I should be ecstatic about having something to do besides looking at the walls. As pretty as they are, it doesn't make me feel useful.

Before I can stop myself, my hand creeps up to my lips. My teeth glide along the growing nail of my thumb. Not biting, but just pressing down. He can't fault me for just pressing down, can he?

It tickles that part of my brain that makes me happy but doesn't fully satisfy the itch. I keep teasing myself, almost as if I'm just edging myself. Finally, I give in. Besides, I have a manicure today. It's not as if I'll chew them down to the nubs. Also, it's just my thumb. No one cares about a thumb.

Try as I might to justify it, I can't stop with just the thumb. Once that's chewed down, I start on the others until I'm back to ragged, jagged fingers. What once were pretty nails with perfect pale polish are now chipped and ugly. With a soft sob, I plant my head in my hands as that feeling of hopelessness creeps over me.

Next to me, on the bed, my phone buzzes again, and for a moment, my breath catches in my throat. How can he know already? But when I look at the screen, relief floods my system. It's just Brody. Daddy Rothsbourne might be many things, but neither clairvoyant nor omniscient are one of them.

Brody

Hey doll. Weirdest thing.

Seems like I got a summons by the governing body to be married tomorrow. Guess that means our fun times are cut short. Bummer, I know. I'm just as shocked as you probably are.

But hey, if you got one too, maybe it's you. If not, then I guess my wife and I will be seeing you around the house. Please don't make it weird. I'm going to block this number just in case it's not you. Can't have my future wifey getting jealous of my high school sweetheart.

Look. Odds are, it is you. In that case, can't wait to knot you properly. See you or not down the aisle!

Time stops for a moment, where I just can't breathe again. It's not as if I saw forever with Brody, but seeing as I haven't received a text, that means it's done. Over. What do I do with my life now?

My fingers fly over the keys, desperate to reach out to him just one last time. It can't end like this. It just can't.

Stephanie

Wait!

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

The person you are trying to reach has blocked this number. If you feel as if this is in error, please have them contact a servicing station for a systems scan.

No! Wait!

The person you are trying to reach has blocked this number. If you feel as if this is in error, please have them contact a servicing station for a systems scan.

Tears blur my eyes as I toss my phone onto the bed. What am I going to do? Brody was the only thing keeping me tethered to this place. With him marrying someone else, what will Mr. Rothsbourne do? There's no way he'll keep me here with another Mrs. Rothsbourne flitting around the place.

What will they say? That I'm an ex who got evicted for possible drug use, so she's using the south wing as a halfway house until she can get a real job and get the fuck out?

Tears gather in my eyes, blurring everything until it's a mass of color and noise. My fingers make their way to my mouth again, and I don't give a fuck that I'm about to damage them even more. Wrapping my free hand around my waist, I rock back and forth as the last bit of rug gets yanked out from under me.

Again, my phone buzzes, and in the haze, I pick it up, thinking maybe Brody had a change of heart. But no. It's not him at all.

Unknown Number

Hi! We have found you a mate. To ensure proper preparations for your big day, be at the Corner Haven Civic Center by 12pm sharp. Please do not be late. Your happiness depends on our ability to transform you into the bride of your dreams. Your presence is non-negotiable. If you are not here at the designated time, officers will be sent to your location to retrieve you. Enjoy your day to the fullest!

I blink down at the screen. There's no way I'm reading that correctly. Wiping my eyes, I squint at the small lettering.

Hi! We have found you a mate. To ensure proper preparations for your big day, be at the Corner Haven Civic Center by 12pm sharp. Please do not be late. Your happiness depends on our ability to transform you into the bride of your dreams. Your presence is non-negotiable. If you are not here at the designated time, officers will be sent to your location to retrieve you. Enjoy your day to the fullest!

The message doesn't change. Does this mean I'm marrying Brody after all? What's the chance that we both get a text to be married tomorrow and it's to two different people?

Now, my anxiety kicks in for a far different reason. I'm marrying Brody. I'm going to officially be a Rothsbourne. I should be happy. Honestly, I should be thrilled to death. Now, I won't have this weight hanging over me. I can't really owe his dad when I'm his daughter-in-law.

Rising from the bed, everything dips and sways for a moment. My head throbs and aches as I look around the space. I suppose I won't be staying here anymore. I'll have to move into the guest house with Brody. He certainly won't want to live under the same roof as his father.

I reach out to smooth a small snag on the comforter, but it doesn't lie flat. My brain buzzes as I fixate on the tiny snag, pulling on it until it unravels. In its wake, a small

tunnel where the thread is missing screams out to me. Pull and tug as I might, it doesn't fix itself.

The dull ache in my head turns to a full roar as I yank on the covers, shifting them to where they need to be. Not right. Nothing about this is right. I can't put my finger on what's wrong, but it feels like everything is just off somehow.

The pictures hang just a touch crooked. The pillows are far too askew for my liking. Great. Now I have to add OCD to my list of issues. Tipping my head up to look at the ceiling, I scream, hoping that will quell all these riotous emotions running through me.

But it doesn't.

My limbs shake as I walk into the bathroom and head toward the cabinet. My suppressants sit out front where anyone can see because I don't care who knows I'm on them. I pop one and swallow with some sink water.

But that's not the pill I need. Only one thing can make all this go away. Only one thing will let me breathe without extra effort. My fingers tremble as I pull the bottle out from its hiding place.

I just need enough to get me through the ceremony. After I'm married, everything will be alright. I just know it. It has to be.

Tears stream down my face, blurring my vision again as I clutch my bottle of anxiety pills to my chest. The bottle feels far lighter than I remember. But then, I probably took quite a few as I got used to things in the Rothsbourne household. It's probably why he's insisting on a massage.

The pills are light, though, so I'm probably okay. I hold the bottle up to the light, and

everything freezes. Three left. Just three. I thought I had at least five or maybe ten if I was lucky. But no. Three.

Three fucking pills to get me through my marriage. I can't survive on just three. There has to be something else. There just has to be.

I can't ask Mr. Rothsbourne to purr for me. Besides, he's probably already left. This leaves me all alone with no help. Nothing.

With shaky fingers, I run my hand over the small lump in the back of the cabinet. To anyone else, it might look like a small makeup kit. But it's anything but. Can I do this? Can I just do a line or two?

I won't fuck up like last time. I won't cut so deeply that I'll end up in the hospital. I know better now.

Holding the kit in my hands, my body trembles as I lower myself to the floor. Just one cut. Just one little flash of burn. Something to focus my thoughts and keep me from spiraling.

I pull the silver box out of the velvet liner and open it up. The unused razor blades gleam up at me in the bright lights. They call me, demand I take hold and give in to the pain I know will shut off my mind.

With a deep breath, I set the kit to the side and pull down my pajama pants, revealing the pale scars on my inner thigh. There's still plenty of room. Besides, I'm not going to do that many.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

My breath comes in shallow pants as I take out the alcohol wipe and sanitize the area. The acrid, medicinal smell fills my nose, making my brain start to calm down. It knows what this is. My body knows what's about to happen.

It's cool against my fevered skin, making me shiver despite the warmth in the room. One cut. That's all I'm going to do.

The moment the razor slices through my skin, I groan. No longer do my thoughts spiral out of control. I'm fixated, concentrating hard on keeping the blade shallow.

Crimson drips down my skin and plops onto the floor. Luckily, it's tile. So easy to clean up. So easy to hide the evidence.

A ragged groan buzzes in the back of my throat as I blot the wound. It shouldn't feel this good. It shouldn't make everything finally quiet down. Just like Mr. Rothsbourne's spanking.

Only, this is something I can control. I decide how deep I go. I decide how much pain I inflict. It's the one bit of control I have in a world where I can't seem to command anything.

One line turns into two. Two turns into three. My body screams out in relief as I meticulously do line after line. What is it now, ten? I should probably stop.

Even now, the pain dulls to the point where the cuts prove ineffective. But they did their job. My mind clears as I start the ritual of cleansing my skin and staunching the bleeding.

With each swipe of alcohol, I want to scream out, to cry, but this is part of the process. It's that final bite of pain to get everything else to shut up. In stark contrast, the long bandages feel like nothing as I place them on my skin.

My breaths are calmer now, even and smooth. That itch under my skin, though still there, dulls to a manageable roar. All that's left is to prepare for the wedding.

Rummaging around the bathroom, I find a large bandage to place over the smaller ones. Just an extra bit of precaution. It's big enough to cover the strips and keep me from getting blood everywhere if it gets too bad.

Which it won't. I made sure to keep each cut shallow, just at the surface. I won't fuck that up again. The only downside is, I'll need to have the massage therapist concentrate on my neck and shoulders instead of a full body session.

No one needs to know what happens in the privacy of my own bathroom. Besides, the few times Brody saw my legs, he thought they were stretch marks. A few more won't draw his suspicions.

Filling my lungs with as deep a breath as I can manage, I put my kit away and plan out the rest of my day. Hopefully, it will stave everything off until I can find a way to get more meds.

Disgust burrows its way into my heart as I give the kit one more look. It's trading one addiction for another. Either the pills or pain. Which will I succumb to first?

CHAPTER 13

REX

Discussion from last week

From: anonymous

To: Rex Rothsbourne

Dear Sir,

It is my pleasure to inform you that the situation you wanted me to monitor has reached critical mass.

The package is set to be delivered tomorrow at 3:00pm at the Corner Haven Civic Center with the preliminaries for the primary package to begin at 12:00pm sharp. The second package is actually a familial package. A direct line. That package is set for delivery at 1:30 pm.

It is my suggestion that you arrive early and inform reception that you wish to meet with the custodian about an internal issue. That person is who will assist in whatever you need to accomplish with the packages. He is a father of five with a sixth on the way. His wife is currently on bedrest, so he's the sole provider. I'm sure money will go a long way into manipulating the packages as you see fit.

I lean back into my chair and rub my lips absently, going over the email several more times to commit it to memory. A minute later, my screen glitches and the email is gone. No matter. A plan formulates in my mind as I pull up my cameras. More than likely, Stephanie will be a nervous wreck by now.

When I watch her, however, her movements are calm and easy. My mouth turns down into a frown. So at odds with what I've been learning about her. Then again, she could have taken another pill.

Pulling up the screen, I skim through the various side effects of the medication I saw in her bathroom. Nothing too horrific. So that's good, at least. The only concerning

one seems to be a decline in libido, but that hasn't seemed to affect her either.

Once we're married, I'll make sure she meets with a therapist so she can get more pills. Such a small, inconsequential thing I can do to keep her healthy and happy. Pushing away from my desk, I go back to watching her through the screen.

She should be getting ready for her massage soon. I grip my cock through my pants as she flits about, her fingers brushing over various fabrics on the bed. My eyes narrow as I zoom in on her.

Could she be going into heat? Though she seems calm on the outside, her constant fighting with the blankets and pillows gives me pause. I can't gain access to her medical records, so I have no idea if she has OCD or not. Based on how her apartment looked when we got her stuff, she didn't seem the type.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

Again, I look over the side effects and frown. Could the pills be interfering with her suppressants? Not that I mind. The sooner she can go into heat so I can bind myself to her, the better. My balls ache as I picture her under me, her body writhing in the throes of her heat.

She's mine, and she'll always be mine. No one, not even the Governing Body, will take her from me. Gritting my teeth, I yank my hand away from my cock and force myself to go back to work. I'll be taking an extended honeymoon soon and want these smaller tasks off my plate so I can devote myself to Stephanie and our new relationship.

Dinner is quiet. Usually Stephanie fills the silence with all sorts of chatter, but tonight, she seems so far away, so distant. I tip my nose in the air and scent the room, needing to see if my earlier assumptions are correct. There, just a thread underneath her normal scent, is the one I'm looking for.

My baby girl is going into heat. I grip my pants leg to keep from squirming as my cock rises stiff and hard. Soon. So achingly soon she'll be crying out in ecstasy and need as I pour my cum into her body, willing or not. Once we say I do, she'll have no choice but to submit to me in every way.

Clearing my throat, I get her attention. Her emerald eyes look unfocused, fuzzy even as she blinks over at me. That haze makes me think of how beautiful she'll look lying in her nest after I fuck her senseless.

"You seem quiet tonight. Anything particular on your mind?"

“I’m just wondering where Brody is.”

My lips twitch as I watch her, noting the slight sadness in her eyes. Tonight will be the last night Brody hurts her. I know exactly where he is. He’s in the guest house fucking a whore he can only afford because he lives with me rent free.

“I’m sure he’s busy with the crypto crap he peddles.”

A soft smile lights up her face as she giggles and stabs a small bit of mashed potatoes. “When he first started, he asked me if I wanted to invest. Not on my salary.” Her lips turn down again almost instantly. “I guess it’s a moot point now.”

“Yes,” I growl. “It is. Because I sure as hell am not investing. Any money you receive from me will go to you and your needs, not his infantile fascinations.”

“Speaking of. I finished your expense reports.”

“I saw. Such a good girl getting them done in a timely fashion. And I must say they’re better than any I’ve had in the past. So meticulous. You certainly have a way with numbers.”

Her cheeks turn pink at my praise. Though she ducks her head pretty fast, I still catch the small grin on her lips. “It helps that you’re so organized. Such a lot of money, though. Have you thought about investing?”

A bark of laughter rips from my throat before I can stop it. “Are you seriously asking someone like me if I invest? My poor, sweet, naïve, omega. What I spend isn’t even touching what’s in my investments.”

Her eyes widen as her fork clatters against her plate. “You really are filthy rich then.”

“You can certainly say that. You can also say I’m rich enough that I’ve bailed out presidents and other governing officials a time or two. But that needs to stay between us.”

Without vocalizing an answer, she nods and goes back to picking at her plate. “Does Brody get all your money if you pass away?” The guilt in her expression makes me want to laugh.

“Planning my funeral already? You didn’t strike me as the black widow type.”

“Oh,” she cries out. “Oh no. I wasn’t... But you can’t... Oh, I didn’t mean it like that.”

“Calm down, sweet girl,” I chuckle. “I’m only teasing. Brody will get a chunk of it, to be sure. As a Rothsbourne, he’s entitled to most of my assets. That is, unless I end up getting married and my bride has a baby.”

“I don’t understand. Brody is your legitimate son.”

“Legitimate by birth, yes. Legitimate in the eyes of the law? No. His mother and I weren’t arranged by the Governing Body. If I get matched and we have a baby, that child will be my new heir.”

“Oh. I see.” Again, that hint of sad desperation clouds her eyes as she goes back to her food.

Silly little omega. The fact that she still doesn’t realize I would give her the world if she only asked for it. Shaking my head, I go back to my food, not wishing to give away my plans for tomorrow.

We finish the meal in silence until there’s nothing left on my plate. “Aren’t you going

to finish your food?”

“I’m not really hungry.”

Frowning, I get up and stride over to her side and lift her from her chair. Her squeak of surprise has my cock pulsing against the confines of my underwear. Before she can protest, I sit her on my lap and start to purr. Instantly, her small body goes limp against mine.

Here, in my arms, the scent of her impending heat is unmistakable. Perhaps if things get timed right, she’ll have her heat on our wedding night. Unable to resist, I plant a kiss on the back of her head, drinking in the arousing smell of her body.

“Eat, sweetie. You’ll be skin and bones if you don’t.” When she refuses, I tighten my grip around her waist with one hand and grab the fork with the other. “Open.”

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

“Please,” she whines. “I don’t feel like I can take another bite.”

“Eat three more bites for me, and I’ll give you nearly anything you want.”

Her eyes are so wide, so innocent, as she blinks up at me. “What are the parameters?”

“Well, I’m not going to give you money or anything. That’s not the sort of bribes I deal in.” Not with her, at least.

“What about spankings?”

I freeze. “You want me to spank you?”

“Never mind. It’s stupid.”

My grip tightens. “It’s not stupid. Why do you want me to spank you? Have you done something wrong?”

Again, that flash of guilt zips across her face before she turns away from me. “Not really.”

“Talk to me, Steph. Why do you want me to spank you?”

“I... I can’t. Just. Just forget it.”

“No. I will not forget it. You what?”

“It just makes everything go away for a bit. That’s all.”

A soft smile teases the edges of my lips. “Tell you what. You give me five bites on your own, go change into your nightclothes, and I’ll give you what you need.”

“And you won’t tell Brody?”

“Why would I tell Brody?”

“Because this is wrong. It’s... Well, it’s not cheating exactly.”

“Sweet girl. I’m only spanking you. It’s not as if you’re asking me to stroke your pretty pussy until you come, are you?”

From what little I can see, her face is bright red. Perhaps I’m skirting the line just a bit, but by tomorrow evening, it won’t matter.

“You can’t talk like that. What would Brody think?”

Irritation runs up and down my spine at her insistence of talking about the same boy who’s actively cheating on her the night before their wedding. “He’s not even here to have a thought. But I am, and I think every inch of you is lovely.”

She shakes her head but doesn’t say a word.

“Are you saying your pussy isn’t pretty? I find that hard to believe. You are one of the prettiest girls I’ve ever seen. Can’t imagine someone like you having an ugly pussy.”

That, at least, gets a giggle out of her. “I wouldn’t know. I don’t make it a habit to compare pussies.”

“Fair enough. So what’s it going to be? Are you going to be my good girl and eat five more bites for me so I can spank you?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she murmurs, sliding her fork into her mashed potatoes.

Stephanie takes her time, stretching out the five bites until I’m almost sure she doesn’t want me to spank her. Soon enough, she squirms off of my lap.

“It’s just spanking. So it’s not wrong. Right? I mean, you’re just being the best life coach you can.”

“And you’re being such a good girl by asking for what you need. Head on upstairs, and I’ll be up in a few minutes.”

Nodding, she slips away from the table, silent like a wraith. I watch her ass as it sways with every step, my balls clenching with each innocent movement.

Page 41

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

I'm such a wicked man. What I'm doing is certainly wrong, even if she is a touch culpable. But I can't resist her. Every minute in her presence makes the obsession all the greater. I crave her in a way that has my breath stilling in my lungs and my cock pressing hard against the band of my underwear.

As bad as what I'm doing is, it's certainly far better than what I want to do to her. Besides, she asked so sweetly. How can I resist such a request?

I stare at my watch, giving her ample time to get dressed for me. What will she be wearing? Will it be a silky little negligee? Will it be some of those little shorts I bought her? Knowing her, it will be those long pants covering everything.

Chuckling under my breath, I climb the stairs. Her scent is potent with each step I take. It's darker, far more erotic and aroused. She probably doesn't even realize it. With her taking her suppressants every day, she thinks she's safe from my rut and her heat.

Every day she takes them, not missing a beat. I know because I count them. But I know those suppressants. They're cheap. Honestly, it's a miracle she hasn't gone into heat before now. Then again, it's not as if Brody is all that potent as an Alpha. Not like his father.

My heart pounds in my chest as I rest my hand against the doorknob. "Are you ready for me?"

"Yes." Her voice is soft and timid, so tiny.

She looks almost swallowed up in her virginal white pajama set. It is indeed the one with pants. Just as I suspected. Striding over to the bed, I sit down and spread my legs.

“How many do you need?”

“I- I don’t know. I was hoping you would?”

“Don’t worry, sweet girl. I’ll take care of you. Now lower your pants so I can spank that bare bottom.”

A tinge of fear wafts off of her as she grips the fabric in her hands. “Oh. I thought since this wasn’t a punishment spanking that I could leave them on.”

“Oh no, little omega. Any time you go over my lap, your bottom will be bare. I want to see the effect my punishing hand has on you.”

“I... I suppose.”

“I’m waiting, Stephanie. Either pull down those bottoms or I’m going to leave without spanking you.”

Moments tick by where she doesn’t move. For a minute there, I worry she doesn’t hear me. With a sigh, I slap my hands against my thighs and move to stand.

“Very well. Seems as if you made your choice.”

“No, wait!” She cries out. “I... I just don’t want them as low as in the car. It... it doesn’t feel right.”

“I can certainly agree to those terms. Pull them down just until they clear your

bottom.”

Her face is bright red as she inches the fabric down. I watch her strip for me, hunger beating in my chest. Short, crisp hairs guard her entrance, and I force myself to look away. It’s not for her modesty, but for my control.

With each bit of skin she exposes, her scent swirls in the air. She’s so aroused. I’m sure if I looked, her pussy would be glistening. I’m sure the impending heat has something to do with it, but then she also got turned on in the car. Eventually, she lowers herself over my lap. I shuffle her into position, tipping her forward so she remains off balance.

“I’m not going to have you count. I’m simply going to spank you until I think you’ve had enough. Understand?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Good girl.”

I skim her soft skin for a moment as I gaze down at her pussy. Her lower lips are puffy and swollen. Poor thing is so painfully aroused. I suppose I should put her out of her misery.

Without giving her time to overthink things, I bring my hand down against her ass cheek. Her little squeals as she kicks her feet behind her make precum well to the tip of my cock. God, it feels so good to have my hands on her.

Again and again, I spank her, keeping my touch firm and heavy. It takes little time for her to break down and start sobbing over my lap. But I don’t relent. I keep spanking her, keep giving her that stimulation she needs for her brain to shut down.

Eventually, the soft sobs turn to a far different sound. Not erotic, exactly, but there's a hint of a moan under her cries. The scent of her heat grows a bit stronger. I'm going to have to cut this far shorter than I planned. The last thing I need is for her to be incoherent during our vows.

Besides, the way she lies limp over my legs tells me she's finally relaxed and letting go. It will be good for her to sleep it off. With a gentle grip, I stand her upright, smothering a smile as she sways before me.

"Go to bed. Tomorrow, I have a lot of plans for you."

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

Now would be the perfect time to reveal she's supposed to get married, but she doesn't. I resist the urge to shake my head and stand instead, allowing her to crawl into bed.

“Good night, sweet girl. I'll see you tomorrow.”

“Good night, Daddy.”

It takes all my resolve not to gather her into my arms and fuck her then and there. Tomorrow certainly can't come soon enough. Even if she's able to get some sleep, I know for a fact it will elude me.

CHAPTER 14

STEPHANIE

My head pounds as I force my eyelids to open. Was last night a dream? Or did it really happen? With a gasp, I shoot out of bed so quickly that my head spins for a moment. My gut churns as I shake my head, doing my best to dispel the fog threatening to pull me back under.

After a few minutes of breathing, I pull my phone over to me and squint at the screen. Eleven o'clock? How did I sleep that late? How did my alarm not go off? I scroll through my messages, my heart pounding in my chest.

Rex

Good morning sweet girl. When you get this message, please let me know you're up and about. I came in to check on you and you were dead to the world. I figured sleep is what you need most of all, so I turned off your alarm. There's some headache meds and a bottle of water on your nightstand as well as a small snack so you don't take them on an empty stomach.

Let me know when you've taken them. I have a lot to do today, so I won't be nearly as easy to reach. Today is an off day for you, so do whatever makes you happiest. Remember, if you need to go anywhere, my driver is at your disposal.

My eyes burn with unshed tears as I blink down at the message. The words blur for a moment, but then become clear again. I'm so fucking sentimental. I can't understand why my emotions are just so all over the place.

Setting my phone down next to me, I grab the small, wrapped muffin and bite into it. Flavor explodes onto my tongue, but my stomach doesn't want it. It doesn't even growl as I force myself to swallow the bite. Each clash of my teeth into the food feels arduous, like it's a chore.

I don't dare not eat it though, not when I'm supposed to take some medicine. Once I force it all down, I grab the pills and take a swig of water. They catch a bit going down, making me gag. My stomach clenches, adding to the nausea rising in my throat.

Of all the days to be sick. To be fair, it's probably just my nerves. Again, I look at the time. 11:05. The minutes keep ticking by with me not being able to stop them. I have to be at the civic center by twelve. Downing another swallow of water, I text Mr. Rothsbourne and race to the bathroom to take a shower.

Normally, I enjoy luxuriating in the elegant space, allowing all the various shower heads to pound against my skin. Today, however, I don't have time for such

extravagance. My head swims as I turn on the hot water.

My limbs shake as I quickly shampoo my hair and wash my body. Staring at the razor, I debate in my head if I have time to shave or not. I suppose for my wedding, I need to make time. Besides, there will be plenty of time for Brody to see me hairy after we say, 'I do'.

Gritting my teeth, I force my hands to still as I glide the razor over my skin, taking away all the hair from my knee down. But there's still the matter of my cuts from yesterday. I bite down on my lower lip as I peel back the main bandage. So far, no blood.

Seems as if I did a much better job than last time. Even the long bandages don't seem all that soaked. With great care, I take each one off and reveal the lines underneath. They're still red, but look more like scratches than cuts. When I angle hot water over them, they don't bleed out.

That's a good sign, at least. I'll probably still put another bandage over it, just to make sure I don't get anything on my wedding dress. With a heavy sigh, I shave the rest of my body and soap down the cuts before rinsing once more and stepping out.

Time is probably almost up. The knot in my stomach returns as I put my hair in a towel and dry the rest of me off. After throwing away the used bandages, I put a new one on and lotion up my legs. Still, my body shakes as if I'm stuck in one of my major panic loops. Mentally, however, I don't feel all that scared.

I don't understand what's wrong. That is, unless I'm actually really sick. Staring at my reflection in the mirror, I press the back of my hand against my cheeks and forehead. They are a little warm. I grab a thermometer and take my temp, hoping I don't actually have a fever.

After the interaction with the officers when my car broke down, I don't trust the government to be kindly disposed toward me if I don't show up at the civic center on time. Sick or not, I have to be there. 98.9. Certainly elevated, but not a fever.

It has to be nerves then. A sigh slips through my lips as I open the cabinet door. Instead of my pills, I see the black velvet lump in the back. It shouldn't call to me. Not after last night. The spanking certainly helped clear my head, and from the few glances in the mirror, it didn't leave any marks.

But it's not like I can ask Mr. Rothsbourne to spank me so I can stop being petrified at marrying his son. That certainly won't do. Doing my best to ignore the siren call of the razor blades, I grab my bottle of pills. Three left. Soon to be two. Once I marry Brody, I'll have more than enough money to go back to my therapist.

If he won't pay for it, I'm sure I can come to some arrangement with Mr. Rothsbourne. Again, everything dips and sways for a moment, making my stomach lurch. Something is wrong. I can feel it. I just can't understand what it is.

My suppressants!

I usually take them much earlier in the day. Perhaps my body knows they're missing, and that's why everything is so off. Breathing in a deep sigh of relief, I pop one of my anxiety pills into my hand and grab a suppressant.

Between both of these, I'll be just fine for my wedding. Before I take another swallow of water so I can take the pills, I slide the thermometer under my tongue once more. 98.5. Still elevated for me, but going down. I'm not sick then. It was just the heat from the shower.

My pulse thunders in my ears as I take my pills and glance at my phone. 11:30. Fuck. I need to go. What does one wear at a wedding? I know they'll dress me up and get

me ready, but I don't want them thinking less of me for showing up in some dingy outfit. Especially if I'm going to be marrying a Rothsbourne.

Page 43

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

That familiar thought spiral whirls around me, freezing me in my tracks. I know I have to move, have to do something, but I just can't. Sitting down on the bed, I focus on my square breathing, doing what I can until the pill kicks in. But something is still wrong. I feel it in my gut.

An itch slides over my skin, just beneath the surface. At least it's something else to focus on. I claw at my skin, grateful for my short nails. It helps the itchy sensation but doesn't break the surface. My brain fixates on every little thing, nearly driving me mad.

Rising, I tug and twist, pulling at the comforter until it's just right. But then the pillow is wrong. All of it is wrong. All wrong. Why is it wrong?

11:35

Fuck. I have to go. But I can't until everything is fixed.

11:36

I'm not even dressed. How can I get dressed when this picture hangs crooked?

11:37

They're going to arrest me. I'm going to jail because my stupid fucking brain won't stop.

11:38

I just need clothes. Damn it all to hell. Any clothes will work. Underwear. Bra. Socks. Pants. Shirt. Shoes. Good. I'm dressed. Dressed is good.

11:40

Will I even make it on time?

Grabbing my purse, I fly down the steps, my heart pounding in a relentless staccato.

Where's the driver?

11:42

Where's the fucking driver?

11:43

"Miss, there's a car waiting for you outside from Corner Haven Civic Center? They say it was expected?"

Relief pours over me, shutting down my fight-or-flight instinct. I sway a touch as the adrenaline leeches from my body. "Yes. Thank you. I'm on my way out."

A town car waits for me with a spiffy-looking driver. He nods and opens the door, helping me inside. The moment he shuts me in, I slump over onto the massive seat. Despite being so hot, my pulse calms down enough for me to take an easy breath.

Tired. So fucking tired.

The pill must be kicking in because all I want to do is sleep. Closing my eyes, I let myself drift for a moment. Just a small moment.

“Miss?” A hand grabs my shoulder, jostling me for a moment. “Miss? Are you okay?”

Blinking up, I take in the face of the driver. “Are we here? What time is it?” I pull up my phone. 11:59. “Oh. Oh God. I have to go!”

“Easy there, miss. They know you’re here. Everything is okay. I just need you to breathe for me for a second. Can you do that?”

I sit there for a moment, dragging air in and out of my lungs. “Yes. I can do that.”

For the moment, each breath glides in and out with no resistance. I search inside myself for the panic I know should be there, but it’s not. Thank God. The pill seems to be working. My limbs still quiver as I take his outstretched hand and step out into the bright sunlight.

“There now. It’s straight through those glass doors. Reception will take care of you.”

Nodding my thanks, I force one foot in front of the other as I make my way toward the looming hunk of glass. For a civic center, it’s rather pretty, but still not where I’d want to have a wedding. It’s so pedestrian, so normal. Once more, tears prick my eyes as I lay my hand against the door handle.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

Mom should be here. She should be by my side as I get ready for today. But she's not. She never will be. I can only hope she's looking down on me, happy that I'm finally going to be taken care of. It's what she always wanted for me. A kind mate who can make sure I'm okay.

Granted, Brody has a lot of growing up to do before he can even hope to match the level of care and concern his father has. Shaking that thought out of my mind, I do my best to focus on Brody and what our future can look like. Even though our marriage is only mandatory for six months, I'd like to think he'll want to continue on and be my husband.

With a heavy sigh, I push the doors open and meet my fate. All around me, women rush in from all sides, their warm smiles and happy demeanor putting me a bit more at ease. I may not have my mother, but these women will have to do.

"Right this way, Miss Taylor. We've been expecting you. Was the drive over, okay?"

"As well as can be expected." Especially since it wasn't my car taking me here.

They shuffle me into a room filled with gowns in every color imaginable. Most of them are the typical white, but off to the side, a rainbow of hues greets my gaze. As much as I want to try on something green to match my eyes, I make myself be content with the white.

It's what Mother would have wanted. It's what a Rothsbourne would demand. I dare not disappoint either.

CHAPTER 15

STEPHANIE

The dress is simply gorgeous. I stare at my reflection, looking for any flaws, but find none. The quality seems to be top-notch too. Definitely more than I could afford by myself.

Glancing down at the ring I picked out for my soon-to-be husband, I resist the urge to chew on my thumbnail. Not that there's much left to chew on. I probably should have asked for acrylics, so everything looked polished and put together. As it is, I think this is the best I can do.

Off to the side, a woman walks in, her steps brusque and abrupt. Each clack of her heels against the tiled floor pounds against my skull, bringing up that hint of nausea. My pill shouldn't be wearing off this quickly. Squeezing my eyes shut for a moment, I concentrate on my breathing.

Unfortunately, the only thing popping up in my mind is Mr. Rothsbourne. I should be thinking of Brody. Instead, all I can do is mourn the loss of the man I never had, could never have. It's a sick insanity; one he kept stoking with all his spankings and such.

But then, it was probably just another day for him. At least he didn't make me pay. There's a small mercy there.

Besides, there's no way he can know just how utterly devastating his touch is. How my mind fractures at just the smallest hint of a purr. How my body burns as if it's on fire from just one fierce frown. Even now, heat climbs up my face and down my neck, traveling the length of my body until my clit pulses.

I ache. I need. I so desperately want relief from these sensations tormenting me.

“Miss Taylor?” The voice calls out to me, muffled, as if underwater.

“Miss Taylor?” It goes higher in pitch, almost frantic.

“Miss Taylor!” A hand grabs my shoulder, shattering the thoughts in my mind like a mirror fractured against hot pavement.

I blink over at the stranger, my vision swimming for a moment until her face clears.
“I’m sorry. I think I kinda spaced out.”

“But you’re okay? Do you need water? Do you think you’re going to faint?”

“I don’t know how I feel, to be honest. How am I supposed to feel right now? How do the other brides feel?” The strangers gather in on me, their expression varying from slight concern to outright pity.

“It’s okay to feel overwhelmed. It happens! Just breathe through all the emotions and you’ll do fine. I’m sure your Alpha will be such an amazing man for you.”

“How can you be so sure?”

She holds out a box, her lips widening into a large grin. “This was delivered for you by him.”

A gasp catches in my throat as I take the gift from her. “But he doesn’t know who I am. Right?”

“He does not. From my understanding, he bought this as a gesture of goodwill. Something to ease the meeting between the two of you. It also came with this card.”

My fingers tremble as I take the letter from her.

My Dearest Bride to Be,

It is my hope that this token of my affection will be the first of many I can bestow upon you. I know things are scary for you right now. You have no idea who you're meeting at the end of the aisle, and that can be rather frightening. Trust the process and breathe for me. If we are a genetic match, then there's no way we're not going to be compatible. I cannot wait to turn around and see you standing there in your bridal finery. But I'm sure all of it will pale in comparison to your beauty.

Please wear this bracelet as your something new. As an added bonus, it has lots of things to fiddle with on there in case you need to expend your nerves before meeting me. Underneath the lining, I've included something of mine that I'm letting you borrow. After the ceremony, I'll be asking for it back. I'm sure you already have the old and blue already well in hand. I can't wait to start the first day of forever with you. I can only hope your excitement is as great as mine.

Yours Forever

There's no signature, but then, that doesn't surprise me. Everything they do is so cloak and dagger. It doesn't make any sense. For people without anxiety, I'm sure this is a titillating affair, filled with wonder, surprise, and merriment. All it does is make me sick.

At least the guy doesn't seem all that reprehensible. But it does make me think it's not Brody. I can count on one hand the times he's bought me something, and they were never anything as fancy as jewelry. Cracking open the box, I gasp at the beautiful bracelet lying nestled in the box.

When he said it had things to fiddle with, I assumed it would be chunky and garish. But it's not. Loops of silver line the satin, each with diamond encrusted little balls that roll around with the simplest touch. Beautiful and functional. Definitely not something Brody would come up with.

All it does is make the fine hairs on the back of my neck stand on end. Who then am I meeting at the end of the aisle? It must be someone rich in order to gift me such a fine piece of jewelry. The ladies around me all ooh and aww over the piece, making a great show of fanning themselves and saying what they would do with such a man.

Most murmur about what a nice man he must be, but the majority of the conversation devolves into ribald jokes and scandalous musings. If it were my friends, I suppose I'd join in, but I don't know these women. I can't just joke about such things with strangers.

I smile as prettily as I can while the assistant puts the bracelet on me, but inside, I'm dying. I was all set to marry Brody. I finally got my mind around to the idea and settled myself with the knowledge that I at least know the guy. Now what can I do?

Once the bracelet is on my wrist, she admires it on me for a moment before reaching out for the box. Apparently, she didn't read the letter. At least my intended and I have a somewhat private thing to share between us.

"I'd like to hold on to it for a little longer, if that's okay."

"Certainly. Ceremony starts in fifteen minutes. We'll want to give you a final look over before we head out."

The women scuttle about, looking for things to do. Thankfully, it allows me a small moment of peace to scour the box to find my something borrowed. My something old and blue is a set of sapphire earrings my father gave my mother when they got married. Everything else is new, leaving me lacking in the borrowed department.

Now, thanks to this stranger's forethought, I have all the lucky items I need to start a good marriage. While the others continue fluttering around the room, making sure everything is accounted for, I pull on the satin to reveal another bit of cloth. How very odd.

It's white and lacy. Perhaps it's a pocket square? I could wrap it around the bouquet waiting for me. But as I pull it, my gut clenches. It's a thong. A snow-white, virginal, lacy thong. A quick peek at the tag shows that it's in my size. But how would he know?

Could it actually be Brody then? But there's no way he could know there was a chance I'd be marrying him. Rushing over to where I stored my things, I pull out my phone.

Stephanie

Hey.

Brody

The person you are trying to reach has blocked this number. If you feel as if this is in error, please have them contact a servicing station for a systems scan.

The phone nearly drops from my hands as I force myself to read the message again. No matter how many times I read it, it doesn't change. He doesn't know. There's no way he could know. I didn't tell anyone else.

My vision wavers as I slam my palms against the wall to keep from falling down. The assistant rushes over and holds me up, her frantic words refusing to reach my ears. I hear her speaking, but it doesn't make sense.

This person is an unknown, and yet they know my size. Or is it a coincidence? Did he want me to wrap them around my bouquet? But there's no way in hell I'm doing that.

What if he's a psychopath? Someone who's been stalking me? But that doesn't make sense either. No one knew I was getting married today. What if he's a wretched person?

What if?—

What if?—

What if?—

My fingers clench as I fight back the urge to find something, anything, to cut myself

with. It wouldn't be my tools, but the pain would feel the same. No. No, I can't. Not with so many people around. Besides, my dress is white. Blood will show.

“How much trouble would I get into if I ran?” They're the first coherent words that come to my brain.

All the women titter, their light laughs scoring down my body like jagged nails. There's a hint of relief in the sound, as if they were so very worried. Then again, most brides probably have cold feet. Mine happen to be icicles.

“You're too funny,” the assistant finally laughs. “Why would you run? The man is clearly nice and rich. You could do a whole lot worse, and many omegas have.”

The room descends into silence as everyone goes back to what they were doing. Forcing my lungs to take in as much as air possible, I shove the thong into my bustier. No way in hell I'm putting that on. If he wants me to wear it, he'll tell me to my face.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

I glance up at the row of mirrors, watching the women work. They seem so easy with each other, so carefree. One makes a joke, and the other laughs. Even though they're all at work together, they still all have each other.

No one else is here with me. Aren't there supposed to be friends nearby to help shore me up and stand by me at the altar? But then, it's not as if I have any friends. Not really. Not like them.

If only Mom were here.

Tears burn my eyes, but I refuse to let them fall. My makeup is pristine, and I don't want to mess it up. But that's not the real reason, and I know it. I don't want this man seeing me as a mess the first time we meet. There will be plenty of time afterward for him to discover my neurosis.

"Five minutes until it's time to leave. Let me take a look at you." The main assistant comes forward and fusses with my dress and hair before giving me a bright smile. "You're such a beautiful bride. May you find happiness and contentment in your match."

I do my best to give her a smile, but even to me, it feels forced, almost like a grimace.

"I know you're scared, but please don't worry. It's very rare a match turns bad."

"Rare," I croak out. "But it's possible."

"Yes, it's possible, but if the man is truly abhorrent, the Governing Body can free you

from the match.”

“That is, unless he kills me first.”

She laughs so hard her body shakes. “So dramatic. You will never be matched with someone like that. Now come. It’s time.”

Dramatic. Sure. I’m about to marry a complete stranger, and I’m the one being dramatic. Reaching down to my bracelet, I fiddle with a few of the baubles. At least he was kind enough to consider that I might be feeling anxious.

Just touching it makes my heart slow down a touch. Perhaps he’s a good guy, after all? Grabbing my bouquet, I double check that the ring still dangles from the ribbon wrapped around it.

Though I’m not sure exactly what I expected, I thought the chapel would be right off of the room I was in. Instead, I have to traverse a myriad of hallways until stopping in front of a thick door. My heart pounds so hard in my chest, I’m surprised no one else hears it.

The women give me their well wishes and walk away, leaving me alone. I shouldn’t be alone. Why is no one here with me?

The door opens, allowing a faint strain of some classical piece to reach my ears. Can I run? Should I try? The man at the door seems nice enough. Maybe he’ll give me a head start.

Shaking my head, I fiddle with the bracelet, allowing the texture of the diamonds to calm my brain. Just one foot in front of the other. That’s it. I can do that. Can I?

I move my foot. Yes. I can do it. Can I do another? Another step. Soon, each one

comes quicker and far smoother. It's as if my brain knows the answers to all my questions are at the end of the aisle, and my body wants them so it can calm down.

With each step closer, a familiar scent teases my nose. But I can't completely place it. It's spicy and heady, causing my core to ache and my nipples harden. If I didn't know any better, I'd say it's Mr. Rothsbourne. But then, the cologne is all wrong.

It's certainly not Brody. His scent was never so potent. If the man is rich, maybe Mr. Rothsbourne is here as a friend or ally? He did say he was occupied for most of the afternoon. Honestly, that makes the most sense. It also allows me to calm down just a fraction.

If this man is good enough for Mr. Rothsbourne to stand by, then he can't be all that bad. Holding that thought in my head, I make it to the end of the hall where another large Alpha stops me. The music changes, shifting to the bridal march.

It's now or never.

Taking a deep breath, I walk around the corner. The right side of the room is filled with men and women, all of them beaming at me with happiness and possibly love. They're so packed that I can't see Mr. Rothsbourne. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe it was just wishful thinking.

On the left side, only one person stands in the pews. My old boss. She doesn't look unhappy, exactly, but she also doesn't look thrilled. And that's when I force my gaze to the front.

A man stands at the altar, his back turned to me. He's massive, an Alpha of great stature. Certainly not Brody. It was always a point of contention for him. He detested being an Alpha, yet having the breadth of a large beta.

No. Whoever is up there is all Alpha.

My steps falter as I propel myself forward. The people to the right of me gasp and sigh, their demeanor seemingly thrilled with me. It shores me up, giving me the courage to keep walking. Just a few more steps and I'll be at the base of the stairs.

I stop, staring at the massive back of the man waiting for me. Will he be kind? Will he be gentle? Will he be-

“You may turn around and face your bride.”

He turns. The man turns to me. Ever so slowly. But soon, I know exactly who's waiting for me at the top of the aisle. The flowers drop from my hand and scatter on the floor, flopping against my feet as Rex Rothsbourne turns all the way around, his lips quirked into a knowing grin.

“Rex Rothsbourne, I’d like to introduce you to your bride. Stephanie Taylor.”

CHAPTER 16

REX

My beautiful baby girl stares up at me, mouth agape, as she reaches out her hand. Her actions say she doesn’t believe I actually exist. Poor, naïve, little girl.

I grab her hand in my grasp, noting the tremble to her fingers. “Shhhhh, love. I got you.”

“I... How? Did- did you know?”

The officiant leans over, a wide grin on his face. “Some pairings seem downright mythical, don’t they? The genetic selection committee is a thing of beauty. I take it you two know each other?”

“We do,” I growl, my gaze never leaving Stephanie.

“Ahh. Kismet. I love it. I still have to do the ceremony, though. If it’s okay with you both, I’d like to proceed.”

“Please. And do hurry. If you have a shorter version, I’d much appreciate that. It’s time I start truly living with the omega made for me.”

Such a pretty blush flushes her cheeks as she tries to look away. But I don’t let her.

Not now. Not when I'm this close to possessing her in every way possible.

I squeeze the tiny omega's hand, giving her what strength I'm able to, urging her gaze back to mine. Her expression is unreadable, but that doesn't matter. Once she's in heat and I claim her, I'll know all her secrets.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together to watch as I join this Alpha and omega together in holy matrimony. Remember, though this is only for six months, it is a legally binding marriage."

"That means you're mine, little Stephanie," I purr, running my thumb over her knuckles. "All mine."

Her eyes bulge out a little as she swallows. To be fair, she probably had no idea how I felt about her. Not to this extent. This is quite possibly the biggest shock of all.

"Yes. Well," the officiant clears his throat. "May I present to you, Rex Rothsbourne, whom you already apparently know. What his friends and family would like you to know-"

"I'm sure she knows me well enough by now," I interject. "What isn't covered in the tabloids, she'll soon find out."

"Please," the officiant whines. "I'm just doing my job."

With a heavy sigh, I reach into my breast pocket and pull out a few larger bills. "How much is speeding this up worth to you? I have quite the honeymoon planned."

My friends and family laugh, but poor little Stephanie just looks mortified. That isn't my plan at all, but honestly, I do wish the man would stop droning on and on. It would be different if we'd never even met before. That's just simply not the case.

His gaze darts about the room before he extends his hand. “Miss, is there anything you would like to know?”

“Yes,” she barks out. “What about Brody?”

It’s my turn to frown now. “What about him?”

“I- He- I mean-. Never mind. There’s apparently nothing I need to know.”

“Very well.” He turns to me. “What would you like to know about Stephanie?”

A smirk tilts the edges of my lips as I move in a bit closer. “How do you really feel about being married to such an old man like myself?”

“Sir. That’s not the type of questions-”

I reach into my pocket and pull out another bill. Like the corrupt official he is, he takes it and remains silent.

“You said it yourself. You’re not all that old.”

“Wise answer. Now then, officiant, if you’ll marry us so we can be on our way.”

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

“Since we’ve had a lot of complaints about this not being a proper ceremony because of the lack of rings, we’ve decided to add it in. So, at this point in the ceremony, you will exchange the rings you picked out earlier.”

Stephanie’s fingers tremble as she fishes the band out from her bouquet. It will be very interesting to see what she’s chosen for me. Though I’m not privy to her selections, I’m sure she found a good one. A ring fit for a Rothsbourne.

The thick silver band looks solid and heavy. In the center, a ring of emeralds, the same shade as her eyes, twinkle under the lights. I couldn’t have picked better if I had been there in person.

“Very lovely choice, my bride. Here.” I extend my hand. “Slide it on me. Claim me as yours.”

Again, that light blush flushes her face, making my cock twitch behind the fabric of the expensive suit. Her fingers fumble a bit, and I reach out, clasping her arm to help her steady. It’s as if my touch alone melts away the anxiety I feel dripping off of her.

As I glance down at her small, delicate hands, I notice her ragged nails. Such an anxious, needy mess. Seems as if I haven’t done nearly enough to make her feel safe. No matter. All that will change once I fully claim her as mine.

Choosing to ignore the indiscretion, I smile down at my precious omega, doing my best to put her at ease. “Shall I show you yours?”

“Yes, please.” Her voice is so soft, so light and airy, as if she’s nearly breathless.

Digging into my pocket, I pull out a ring suited for a Rothsbourne. Though it's not large and gaudy, the stones themselves make it worth millions. Though I had the option of choosing any of the rings they had there for free, I wanted something personal, something just for Stephanie.

Her gasp says it all. The way her eyes light up, shining as she takes in the emerald nestled among the diamonds, nearly takes my breath away. This is what makes all of it perfect.

Once the ring is on her finger, I hold her hand up to her eyes. "A perfect match. Who knew?"

"Yes," she murmurs. "And it pairs so well with the one I picked out for you. A perfect match."

"Indeed." Turning to the officiant, I give him a wide grin. "Anything else?"

His face is drawn and pale, as if he can't wait to be rid of us. "Mr. Rothsbourne and Miss Taylor. I now pronounce you husband and wife. Though you are not required to kiss, you may do so if you wish."

"Oh," I growl. "I wish."

Before Stephanie has a chance to protest, I scoop her up into my arms and slide my lips over hers. She gasps, parting for me, allowing me to slip my tongue inside. This kiss isn't some gentle lover's kiss. It's consuming, owning, branding.

She squirms beneath me but does not get away. Oh no. My little omega tries to get even closer, pressing herself against me as need washes over her, filling the room with her potent scent. I need to get her out of here. There's enough Alphas in the room that I worry for her safety if she goes into heat right now.

“Are we done?”

“Yes,” the officiant says with a long-suffering sigh. “Go forth and be merry.”

Without wasting another second, I scoop Stephanie up in my arms and take her out of the chapel. Shouts of well wishes follow us in our wake as she burrows deeper into my chest. Anxiety pours off of her, nearly smothering me with its sickly, cloying scent.

When we get to the car, I shove her inside and wait for the driver to close us in before gathering her face in my hands and kissing her again. “God, Steph, you have no idea how long I’ve wanted to do this.”

She wrenches free and pulls back, her eyes wide with fear. “No. No, this is all wrong. It was supposed to be Brody at the end of the aisle.”

Frowning, I sit back in my seat and fiddle with the cufflinks at my wrist. “You honestly think he would make you happy? That you wouldn’t be begging for a divorce after the six months? No, my dear. This is a far better arrangement.”

“But... You... You didn’t tell me you got a text.”

“You didn’t tell me either. I suppose that makes us even.”

“None of this makes any sense.” She threads her hands through her hair and begins plucking out the pins. With each strand she releases, it falls down around her face, framing it ever so sweetly.

“It doesn’t?” I tease. “Not at all?”

Pausing, she looks down at her hand, studying the ring. “How did you know? No one

is supposed to know.”

“And what makes you think I do?”

“The ring. How did you pick out a ring that matched my eyes if you thought you were marrying a stranger?”

“Dumb luck?”

She narrows her eyes. “You don’t leave anything to luck. I know that for a fact.”

A wolfish smile spreads over my face as I slide closer to her. “If you do indeed know that about me, then you know everything.”

“I- But that’s impossible. You can’t possibly be able to create a match. You’re not a matchmaker.”

“No. I am not. But I have friends who are.”

“So you orchestrated this? You planned this whole thing? What about Brody? Does this mean he’s marrying someone else?”

My heart squeezes for a moment as a flash of jealousy zips through me. “Does that thought make you sad? Are you truly so devastated that you’re with me instead of him? Tell me honestly, little Stephanie. Doesn’t some part of you love the fact that I’m your husband? That I can do whatever I want to you. Whenever I want to do it?”

At my words, her eyes dilate a touch, revealing her true feelings. Arousal perfumes the air even as she tries to scoot away. Not willing to be far apart from her, I snake out my hand and grab her wrist, tugging her over so I can put her on my lap.

Though she squirms, her fight feels half-hearted. It’s like she has to tell herself she at least tried and didn’t succumb to me. If that’s the game she wants to play, then I can certainly make it worth her while.

“Tell me, my pet. Did you put the thong on I gave you? I’m most anxious to see how your pretty pussy looks framed in French lace.”

“I have it on me...” she hedges, her face turning bright red.

“Then lift your dress and show me.”

“I- I can’t do that.”

“Cannot, or will not? The two are rather different.”

“I’m not wearing it.”

Everything stops for a moment. “Forgive me, my dear, but I believe you just said you directly defied me. You know what that means, don’t you?”

“I didn’t know it was you,” she wails, scooting even further away.

“That doesn’t matter to me in the slightest. If I didn’t know any better, I’d say part of you wanted this punishment. You were hoping it was me so I could give you what you really need, what you crave.”

“N- no. That’s not-”

“Are you really going to deny it? I can smell your arousal from here. Now come over here so Daddy can bare your bottom and give you the spanking you deserve.”

“This isn’t right. It isn’t-”

“Oh, baby. This is so fucking right it hurts. Don’t make me chase you. You won’t like it when I get a hold of you. Be my good girl and drape yourself over my lap.”

Moments tick by where she just sits and stares at me, barely blinking, barely moving. Eventually, she shuffles over. Millimeter by millimeter, she makes her way over until she's sitting right next to me.

"That's my good girl. So obedient. So compliant. Now then, shall I see what panties you're wearing? Come, sweet girl, and put yourself over my lap. The sooner I discipline you, the sooner I can make all the hurt go away."

"This isn't right," she murmurs, all signs of fighting leaching from her body.

"Your protestation is noted."

With a hard yank, I pull her over. Fabric flies in my face, blinding me as I swat past it. Unable to help myself, a loud laugh rings through the car. "I might have to forbid you from wearing anything this voluminous ever again. I can't even get to your ass."

I bring her up so we can manage the mess together. Once it's all gathered in the front, she lies back over, the billowing fabric nearly smothering her face. Instead of the white lacy thong I gave her to wear, she sports a pair of sensible cotton panties.

"What were you going to do on your wedding night with these? Jump into flannel pajamas and hope your groom didn't touch you?"

"I was trying to be comfortable," she says from the mass of fabrics, her voice muffled by the fluff.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

“Well, that ends today. Where did you even get these? I know the panties I bought for you were a bit more scandalous.”

Stephanie pushes the poofy skirts down and glares at me. “You said to grab what was most important. My panties - my underwear - happen to be very important.”

“You do realize I’m going to get rid of all of these, don’t you?”

Her soft sigh barely reaches my ears. “Yes. I know.”

“Good girl. As long as we’re on the same page.” I don’t even give her another chance to second-guess anything. With a hard yank, I tug the ugly panties down, revealing her backside. “Spread your legs. I want to see my pussy.”

As I try to wrench her legs open, she gives a squeal of indignation. “It’s my pussy!” she cries out. “Not yours.”

“Oh no, my sweet little baby girl. From the moment I sealed our wedding with a kiss, every inch of you belonged to me.” I shove my fingers in between her thighs to cup her pussy as best as I can with her fighting me. “This is mine. Mine to tease, mine to torment, and mine to fuck whenever I feel like it.”

At my filthy words, more arousal drips from her body onto my fingers. “God, Steph, you’re so fucking wet for me.” I slip a finger into her tight pussy, groaning as she flutters around my thick digit. “I’m going to fuck you so good tonight, princess. Mark my words.”

Pulling out, I drag her slick up her ass crack and circle her back entrance. “You can’t do that!” she screeches, pulling forward until she almost lands headfirst on the floorboard.

“Oh?” I tease, easing just the tip in and out. “What part of I own every inch of you did you not understand? If I want to play with this naughty little asshole, I will. But please. Fight me. The more you fight, the harder I get. Don’t you feel my cock underneath you? You feel how hard I am. God, princess, what you do to me. You drive me nearly feral.”

“I can’t- You can’t- Please. I- I-”

“You will take what I give you, sweet girl. Just like the spankings. You will thank me for the pleasure I bestow upon you.”

“Please, not there!”

A heavy sigh flits through my lips as I pull away. “For now, I’ll abstain. But I will have this tight hole, Stephanie. Mark my words. Every inch of you will be defiled by my cum.”

She shudders underneath my hand, her arousal belying the words flying from her lips. My baby girl will be an anal slut yet. I’ll make sure of it.

“Tell me why I’m spanking you.”

She looks up at me, her face an amusing mix of arousal, irritation, and confusion. “Can’t you just spank me? Do we have to have a conversation first?”

“Ahhh. I want to make sure you know exactly why I’m displeased with you. Why, Stephanie.”

“Because I didn’t wear the thong you ordered me to wear.”

“That’s my good girl. Do try to brace yourself. These are going to hurt.”

Smack.

Before she can even process my words, I crash my hand against her upturned backside. It glows a cozy red for a moment before going back to her normal pale color.

“One. Thank you, Daddy,” she cries out without any prompting.

Such a good fucking baby girl for her daddy.

Smack.

Her whimpers turn into fevered moans as I spank the other cheek. Slick nearly pours from her pussy as I discipline her, whacking each ass cheek as hard as I think she can handle. Moans punctuate the air with each smack. She doesn’t even count anymore, but that’s fine with me.

Seeing her writhe on top of my lap as I paint her ass with my discipline turns me on so fucking much. My cock pulses as precum pumps out from my tip and smears across my abdomen. Groaning, I slide my fingers across her backside, reveling in the heat coming off her skin.

I tip her over and lay her down on the seat. The need to taste her overrides nearly all other irrational thoughts. My mouth waters as I drink in her heady scent, filling me with an insatiable hunger. Her eyes are dark, nearly completely black as I stare down at her.

“Ready for Daddy to make you feel good, baby?”

CHAPTER 17

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

STEPHANIE

My mind is in a haze, as if a languid warmth eases over my body, wrapping me in a cocoon. I stare up at Daddy Rex, a contented sigh dripping from my lips. It's what I wanted.

His hands on me, punishing me, making the noise stop. Better than the cuts. Better than the burn of the razor blades. When he's doing this to me, I'm not alone, squirreled away as I hide my habit.

I watch through slitted lids as he pulls out some sort of wipe to clean his hands before reaching for me once more. How considerate. Everything in me goes limp as his fingers glide up my calves. At least I shaved today.

Just as suddenly, everything stops. The shower. The cuts. The bandage. If he keeps going, he'll see them. All of them. A man like Rex will no doubt understand exactly what those marks are, even if his son is too obtuse to figure it out.

I have to cover them, hide them, not let him see my secret shame. A strangled cry wrenches from my lips as I force myself to move. As he slides his hand forward, I yank my dress down, covering my inner thigh.

"What's wrong?" His devastating frown makes my stomach flip and threatens to make my mind mush.

"N- nothing. I'm just shy, is all."

His frown deepens even further. “You’re not lying to me, are you? You know how much I detest lies. Even more so from my wife and baby girl.”

“I- I can’t!” I wail, desperation flooding my system like a shock of adrenaline.

“Oh yes, you can. Here. Allow me to help.”

With one hand, he grabs one wrist then the other, scooping them up to raise my arms high in the air. With the other, he undoes his tie and wraps it around them until I can’t break free. He grabs hold of the tail and keeps my hands far from my thighs as he yanks up the dress.

Everything goes deathly silent. My harried gasps punctuate the air as I try to thrash about, hiding my shame. But he doesn’t allow any of it. With a loud grunt, he positions himself in between my thighs, keeping them spread out to his questing gaze.

“What happened to your thigh? Why is it bandaged up? And if you know what’s good for you, you will not lie to me. You already have one punishment coming. Do not make me add another.”

“It helps,” I scream out, screwing my eyes shut so I can’t see the condemnation I’m sure is on his face.

His touch is gentle as he peels the bandage back, but it doesn’t keep the pain at bay as it rips from my skin.

“I see. Look at me, Stephanie.”

I shake my head, unable to bear the shame.

“Baby girl,” he murmurs. “I need you to look at your Daddy right now.”

Cracking one eye open, I study his expression. Unfortunately, it's unreadable.

"I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry," I cry out, tears pouring down my face. "I tried so fucking hard. But I couldn't... I couldn't..." Hiccups interrupt my words, but honestly, there's nothing else to say.

Panic surges through me so fast it robs me of breath. I can't move, can't think, can't see. All I hear is my pulse pounding in my head as my vision continues to narrow down to nothing.

"Stephanie!"

I hear his voice, but I can't respond. Why can't I respond? There's nothing covering my lips.

"Stephanie!"

His rough hands shake me, breaking away some of the cobwebs hazing over my mind. I blink up at him, desperation flooding my veins like frigid ice. I need him. I need to know he doesn't hate me. I need him to tell me I don't disgust him.

"Look at me, baby girl. Eyes on me."

I do my best to focus, concentrating on the sound of his voice, the warmth of his breath as it fans my face, and the feeling of his hands stroking my skin.

"That's my good girl. Now open your mouth as wide as it can go."

The odd request frees me a bit more from the stranglehold of anxiety. The last thing I want is to make him even more upset. I open my mouth wide, my eyes bulging as he fiddles with the front of his pants.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

He wants oral now? Is this my punishment? I suppose it could be worse.

“I’m going to slide my cock into your mouth, baby girl, and you’re going to hold it in there. You are not allowed to suck me or pleasure me. You are just going to let me sit in the warm haven of your mouth. Are we clear? Nod if you understand me.”

I nod, but I don’t completely understand. What good is having a cock in my mouth if I don’t suck?

“Good girl. You’re being so good for me. Now, eyes on me. I don’t want you to break eye contact. Are we clear?”

Again, I nod, my mouth salivating as his scent blossoms in the confines of the car. The cologne he’s wearing is different from his usual brand, but the spice underneath is all him. It draws me in, allowing my bunched-up muscles to relax.

When he slides his cock in, he keeps his motions shallow, not going so far in as to choke me. “Close your mouth around my cock, baby, and just sit here and breathe.”

Easier said than done. Every inhale is laced with his scent. It drives me to distraction, making me forget what I’m supposed to be doing in the first place. Just one swallow. Just one little swallow to dry up my spit won’t hurt.

Oh, but that one swallow is potent. His taste explodes over my senses, drowning me in the bitter luxury of his cum. It’s like coffee, but one laced with dark, deep caramel. The kind that’s just a second away from being burnt.

Overwhelmed with need, I swallow again, sucking on him just a little. Just a tiny bit. His fingers glide down the side of my face, caressing me for a moment before he taps my cheeks with a firm smack.

“No, no, you naughty little girl,” he growls. “I didn’t give you permission to suck me. Just concentrate on the feel of me inside your mouth. Feel how hard you get me?” His cock jerks a touch at his words, making my pussy spasm. “I want you so badly, Stephanie. I want to feel your sweet little pussy clench around me as I fuck you long and hard. But first, we need to have a conversation, and we’re going to have it with my cock in your mouth. Whenever you start to panic, just breathe and concentrate on how I feel in your mouth. That’s all you need to do for me right now.”

Tears gather at my eyes as I look up at my Alpha. Though there’s a slight bite to his words, his expression seems to shine with affection.

“First off, I’m not mad at you for cutting yourself. I hurt for you. I hate that you feel like it’s your only outlet. I am very upset that you lied to me. That’s the part that will get punished. Not how you cope with your anxiety. Am I clear? Nod if you understand, but mind your teeth, and don’t you dare suck me.”

I loosen my grip around his cock as I bob my head up and down.

“Good girl. Are you taking care to keep things clean when you cut yourself?”

Again, I nod.

“Are you cutting to help with your anxiety?”

My gaze drifts to the side as I contemplate his question. Absently, I suck on him for a moment, enjoying the comfort of feeling him ripple and jerk inside my mouth.

“Naughty girl,” he chuckles, once more tapping my cheek, but with a little extra force this time. “You’ll get my cock soon enough. Open.”

He pulls himself out, and for a moment, I mourn the loss.

“Talk to me, Steph. Why do you cut yourself?”

“It’s complicated.”

“Well, I’m a smart guy. Try me.”

Tears continue to burn my eyes as I struggle with the words. “Anxiety is part of it. I’ve always been slightly anxious, even as a kid. It wasn’t this bad until my parents died. All of a sudden, everything was my responsibility. I had to handle everything. Their funeral, the bills, getting my own place. I just couldn’t handle it anymore.”

“And that’s when you started?”

“It gave me a sense of relief, as if I was finally in control of something. But then...” I trail off, not wishing to tell him how badly I failed.

“And then?”

Hiking up my dress, I point to the larger scar. “I didn’t have a manual. I wasn’t sure what I was doing. I just knew the bite of pain made everything stop. I went a bit too deep, and that’s when I was taken to the hospital. The therapist was good. She gave me the pills I take for anxious moments. And they helped. Until...”

“Until?” His tone is patient, understanding, and kind. Too kind.

Exasperated, I drop my dress and motion toward him. “You had to go and spank me.

It gave me that release I needed without the potential harm. When my life went down the drain, I felt I had no other choice. I thought I was marrying Brody and couldn't have you keep spanking me if I was his wife."

He hauls me up onto his lap and spreads my legs over his thighs. The dress is the only thing keeping me from exposing myself in his car. The further he widens his legs, the more open my pussy becomes.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

His cock pulses at my back, hot and insistent. I so desperately want it back in my mouth, but to pleasure him this time, not just to keep it warm. So solid, so firm, so real.

Daddy Rex's touches are delicate as his fingers skim up my thigh, skirting around where I cut myself. "You listen to me, my pet. You're mine now. I will be the one to inflict pain upon you. Every morning and every night, I am going to bare your bottom and spank you until your brain shuts up. And when I'm not giving you the pain you so desperately require, I'm going to fuck you until you're just a babbling mess."

He draws his hand up to cup my mound, allowing his fingers to splay over my spread lower lips. Inch by inch, he slides his finger in, teasing me, tormenting me. It's not enough. It will never be enough. Heat spreads over my skin, turning me into a blazing mass of aching need.

"I will give you the pain you need. Trust me. Trust Daddy. Daddy always knows best." Pulling his finger out, he notches two at my entrance. "You are never to cut yourself again. If you need release, you will ask me. I will never deny you my beautiful omega. I crave nothing more than to have you a quivering puddle at my feet."

With a groan, he sinks his digits deep into my pussy, making my soft moans intermingle with his feral sounds.

"Daddy will always take care of his little girl. Whether that's pleasuring you, punishing you, or making sure you meet with your therapist weekly. More if needed. Your anxiety is nothing I'm scared of. I can handle that and more. I can handle you."

Now ride my fingers, baby. Take the pleasure you need from me.”

Leaning back against his shoulder, I cry out as I move my hips in tandem with his insistent thrusts. So full, and yet not full enough. A loud moan ripples through the air as my pussy clenches around his thick fingers. I want his cock. I need his cock. I need him.

I fucking need Daddy.

CHAPTER 18

REX

God, she feels so fucking good around my fingers. I can't wait until I spread her open and fuck her properly. Far better than Brody ever could. Not that I relish the idea of comparing myself to my son, but if I can interpret her words, he's never really made sure her pleasure came first.

I brush her clit with my thumb, my cock pulsing as she grinds up against me. Her moans flood my ears until it's all I can hear. Mine. All fucking mine. But even having her like this, feeling her pussy clench around my fingers, isn't enough.

My teeth ache as the need to claim her pours over me like pinpricks of pain skittering down my spine. I won't be satisfied until there's no escaping me. I've come too far to have her slip through my grasp on a technicality like her leaving in six months.

She will never leave me. Though I have no idea where this obsession came from, I do know I won't rest until she's marked and swollen with my child. The fact that she's on the cusp of a heat just makes my plans all the more achievable.

I suppose I should be grateful for her poverty. Those two-bit suppressants of hers

may have worked with less viral Alphas, but not with me. All it took was being in my presence for a little more than a week before her body rebelled.

Every now and then, I considered tampering with her suppressants, but I'm happy to know I don't have to any longer. She will carry my child, and I won't be the bad guy in her eyes. Not for this, at least.

Gritting my teeth, I pour all my obsession into my willing little omega. I tease her, torment her, take her to great heights of pleasure, only to pull back. Her whimpers and moans as she strains toward orgasm slam against me as if they're a physical sensation.

Precum pearls at my tip and smears across the back of her dress. Gripping the fabric, I yank it up, exposing her back. With my fingers still embedded deep inside her pussy, I pull her against me and begin stroking my cock.

"Think you can come before me, sweet girl? Shall we see? Touch yourself while I finger fuck this pretty pussy. Beat me, and you'll get a reward later."

Her babbling response is incoherent as she lowers her fingers to her slicked clit. I continue to pound into her, groaning as she tightens around me. As good as it feels to stroke myself, my goal isn't to actually win.

I want her to have this moment, to feel like she's actually coming first, both literally and figuratively. I clench my jaw as I try to stave off my release, but she feels so fucking good rocking back and forth on my hips. Slick drips down, staining my pants, but I'm beyond caring.

Besides, who's going to say a damn thing? No one. She's my wife now, and I'll take her where I want and when I want. The only thing that can foul up my plans is getting home before we're done.

With one hand in her pussy and the other on my cock, it's not like I can tell the driver to circle around. Leaning down, I skimmy lips against the smooth column of her neck, breathing in her intoxicating scent.

“Better hurry, baby girl. Unless you want the driver to see you like this.”

Her gurgled squeal as she arches back against me causes my balls to clench so hard pinpricks of light dance before my eyes. I grip the base, staving off my impending orgasm. My knot swells, tingling as she grinds onto my fingers.

“That's right, my luscious little wife. Fuck yourself on my fingers. God, you feel so good clenching around me like that. I can't wait to fuck you, to devour you, to make you mine in name as well as deed.” Her pussy flutters at my words as soft whimpers flit through the car.

“I'm so close, baby. Where are you? Are you going to beat me? Come for me, princess. I know you can do it. Just relax and let yourself go. I got you. I'm not stopping until your slick pours over my hand.”

Her whimpers turn to frantic cries as her fingers continue to stroke her clit. Her inner walls ripple around me in a rhythmic manner, clenching and releasing, over and over. She's close. So fucking close.

I pull out my fingers, ignoring her cry of protest. With a groan, I sink three into her, my body pulsing at how snug she feels wrapped around my thick digits. I invade her, fill her, and stretch her as I finger fuck the hell out of her.

Soon, her breath becomes erratic. “So close,” she whispers. “Please. Oh, please. Don't stop. Please. Dear God. Almost. Almost. Oh, God. Almost there.”

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

I release the death grip on my cock and wrap my hand around her waist, anchoring her to me. “That’s it, baby. Come for me. Come for Daddy.”

Her cries of pleasure shatter the air as her body goes rigid. “Oh, God,” she screams out, the words vibrating with each rapid thrust of my fingers.

“That’s my good girl,” I purr into her ear as I continue to rock my fingers in and out of her soaking pussy. “God, you come so beautifully.”

My cock twitches against her back as my balls clench even more. With each shift of her body, she rubs against me, bringing me even closer to my own release. With her fully sated and limp in my arms, I stroke myself again, not holding back.

Her soft moans as she stretches spur me forward. Close. So fucking close. I nuzzle her neck, kissing the delicate skin until I get to her shoulder.

I’m not going to mark her. Not like this. I want my knot stretching her out as I claim her as mine. However, just running my lips over her skin makes my mind short-circuit, shutting out every other thought.

With a loud grunt, I run my hand up and down my length, my body trembling as my release comes close. I ease her forward just a bit and stare down at where her ass presses up against my knot. The skin is still pink from where I spanked her earlier, sending me over the edge.

Cum shoots out of me, and I groan with relief. It coats her back, causing her to squeal and jerk forward, only to find herself impaled a bit further on my fingers. With short,

gentle strokes, I continue to milk my cock, smiling as each slide of my hand upward sends more cum jetting onto her skin.

“God, baby. You were perfect,” I sigh, pulling her back up so I can kiss the back of her head. “And just in time, too. We’re nearly home.”

With a smile, I start to pull her dress down, but she cranes her neck around to look at me. “But what about the cum?”

“What about it?”

“Aren’t you going to clean it off first? You’ll ruin the dress!”

“Baby, it’s high time you learn that you belong to me. If I want to paint you in my cum, that’s what I’m going to do. As for the dress, I have further plans to ruin it later. I never anticipated it lasting through the night.”

Her cheeks take on that adorable hint of pink as she ducks her head and looks away. “It was a pretty dress.”

“It was, and this is my way of showing you just how lovely I find you in it. Don’t worry, my pet. You’ll have far prettier dresses from now on. Ones that I fully plan on ruining and replacing.”

Her lips turn down for a moment as silence descends between us. As quickly as I can, I straighten both of us up and tuck my softening cock into my pants. The knot is still swollen, however, making it a little difficult.

Once we arrive, I help her out of the car. The driver wisely says nothing about our disheveled appearance. I’m more so grateful for Stephanie’s sake. She’s already having to acclimate to so much in such a short time.

Following her up to her room, I unzip her dress and ease it off of her gorgeous body. “Go get a shower, baby. I’ll be downstairs waiting for you when you get done. But first, get me your cutting kit.”

Her eyes widen for a moment as she stares at me. “Why do you want it?”

“Why are you stalling? I told you I will give you the pain you need. You no longer have to harm yourself to get it. Kit. Now.”

Her movements are slow, sluggish almost as she makes her way over to the cabinet by the sink. How many times have I gone in there to check on her pills? How did I not see it? When she finally retrieves the small bundle, I shake my head.

Hidden in plain sight. It looks like some fancy makeup kit or something similar. Of course, I would have never thought to look inside.

“Any others?”

“No. It’s just the one.” Her voice is so soft and forlorn, as if sad that I’ve taken this coping mechanism away.

“And your pills? How are you on those?”

With a soft sigh, she grabs the bottle and hands it to me. “Just two left.”

“I’ll make sure you have a refill by tomorrow. You will never have to go without these again. You’ll never have to pick between your medicine and harming yourself. But Steph, I’m serious when I tell you I want to know when you get these thoughts. I won’t judge you. I won’t condemn you. But I will give you the pain you require. Are we clear?”

“Yes, Daddy.” This time, she says the word daddy with a sigh, a hint of relief in her voice.

“That’s my good girl. Now go get cleaned up. Your prescription will be getting filled by the time you’re out. Take your time. I’ve got all night to defile you.”

That blush that I crave so much blossoms on her cheeks as she shuffles over to the shower. Before she can step into the hot spray, I grab her and hold her close, only releasing her after I kiss her on the head and drink in her scent.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

Tonight can't come soon enough, but I know she needs time to get used to things. And so I grant her these precious moments alone, a small reprieve so she can collect herself. Taking the steps two at a time, I hurry down to my office, bottle in hand.

I'm so engrossed in making sure I take care of my baby girl that I nearly miss Brody going back into the guesthouse. Though I don't enjoy watching my son have sex, I hit record, knowing that Stephanie might need it as leverage. The absolute nerve of that asshole.

Until a few hours ago, he was set to walk down the aisle with Stephanie. And now, he has some other omega in his bed, screaming out his name. Anger slithers up my spine as I turn the screen off and go back to work.

After about thirty minutes or so, Stephanie comes down to the office. Her damp hair sticks to her skin, making her seem somewhat lost and abandoned. It doesn't help that her lips are pulled down into a serious frown.

Though she seems a lot calmer, there's still a cloud of electricity around her. The heat, no doubt. Giving her a wide smile, I open my arms, beckoning her to come in. But she doesn't.

In fact, her frown gets even deeper. "This is wrong," she whispered, tugging at the hem of her shirt.

"How so? We were matched and married. Can't argue with the government."

"No," she mutters. "I suppose not. But what about-"

“Hey Pops!” Brody strides in, the stench of sex swirling around him.

If Stephanie smells it, she makes no mention of it. In fact, the girl steps toward him, a look of guilt shining in her eyes.

“So. I guess you got married?”

It’s as if my son didn’t even see her when he came in. At the sound of her voice, he jumps and stares at her as if she’s about to bite.

“Steph. Babe. What are you doing here?”

“I- I live here. Are you getting ready for your honeymoon?”

He runs a hand around the back of his neck. “Actually, funny thing. I got there and was told it was a clerical error. Weird, right? Apparently, someone else was supposed to get married instead of me.”

“Weird.” Her eyes grow large as she looks over at me.

Until she outright accuses me, I know better than to say a word. I simply smile and let her think what she wants.

“Does this mean you’re going to unblock me now?”

“Oh. Yeah. I guess I should. Hey. I got a meeting at a thing tonight. But next week, it’s you and me, baby. What do you think?”

I sit there, waiting for her to tell him the news, but she doesn’t say a word.

“It depends. Where are you planning on taking me?”

“Oh, you know, somewhere nice.”

“Really? Like the Meat Market?”

He laughs and shakes his head. “Good one, babe. I know you’re not a big burger person. I was thinking that small Italian place you like.”

Her face falls for a moment. “You mean the chain restaurant?”

“Yeah. That one. The Sicilian Something or Other. You know. The one I take you to all the time.”

“Yeah,” she murmurs. “That one. Can’t wait.”

“Later, babe. Sorry. Don’t mean to run, but you know. Work. It never ends.”

I simply stare at the imbecile, unsure of what Stephanie ever saw in him. When he flashes her those god-awful finger guns, I almost expose him then and there. But that’s not how I want to do it.

I want her to know the real boy she dated so she can see the difference between him and the man she’s married to. Once she has all the damning evidence, he’ll be out of her mind forever. And if not... Well, I’m sure I can persuade her in other ways.

“So, when were you going to tell him about your wedding?”

CHAPTER 19

STEPHANIE

I resist the urge to bite my nails as Daddy Rex looks over at me with a calm, steady gaze. He doesn't seem angry, but why isn't he? He should be furious with me.

“It didn't seem like the right time,” I hedge, trying to sort through my feelings.

It's not as if I crave Daddy Rex any less now that I know Brody isn't married. In fact, the way he just brushed me off shows me just how much he really doesn't care about me or my feelings. I was petrified when my texts were blocked, and he didn't even think about unblocking me until I said something.

“Come here, Stephanie.”

He uses that tone that makes my stomach flip with both dread and need. As I inch my way over, I study his face, waiting for the anger to become unleashed. But it never does.

Why isn't he angry?

I slip into his open arms and allow him to sit me on his lap. It makes me feel so small and little... His little girl, I guess. It shouldn't make my heart race to feel so helpless surrounded by the implacable strength of his arms.

“Talk to me, Steph. What’s the real reason?”

“I wish I can tell you. I don’t even know myself. It just felt wrong. All of this is still wrong. I was dating Brody, set to marry him. But I married you?”

“Do you regret that?”

“Well no. Not really. It just confuses the issue.”

“What issue is that, exactly?”

My brain tries its best to work, but his scent, the feel of his arms, all of it makes me want to just rip his clothes off and fuck him right there in the office. Damn the consequences. Damn if anyone can see me or walk in on us.

“It just doesn’t make any sense. I was so sure I was going to marry him. But...”

“But?” he prods, as if he wants me to get to some conclusion my brain refuses to make.

“But it was you. I still don’t know how. It’s as if you two swapped places.” Closing my eyes, I cudgel my brain into working.

The thong, the bracelet, and the ring. So perfectly made for me. It doesn’t take a lot of digging to find out why I chose a ring with green in it, but how did he pick one out that’s my exact eye shade without knowing who was going to be coming down the aisle.

“You knew. Didn’t you?”

With a heavy sigh, he holds me even tighter. “You’re going to know everything the

moment I claim you, so I might as well come clean. Yes. I did know.”

“But how? No one knows. They could lose their jobs!”

“Let’s just say money goes a long way.”

“And Brody?”

“He was, in fact, set to marry you. I convinced the custodian that we were a far better match.”

My stomach churns as his words permeate the fog in my brain. “But you don’t know that.” Hysteria laces my voice and slithers down my spine like a poisonous snake ready to bite. “We weren’t a match! Brody and I were. You took that from me!”

“You want to know exactly what I took from you?” he growls, turning the chair so we face the large screen. “Look at the timestamp of this video.”

I squint as I look at the screen, recognizing Brody’s guesthouse. “This was yesterday. Just before he texted me.”

My eyes stay glued to the screen as I watch him fiddle about with his phone before setting it on the counter. Unease slips down into my gut, making it churn. It’s like a horror film. I want to look away, but I can’t.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

Within minutes, another woman enters the house. She's not someone I recognize. Tears burn my eyes as I watch him pleasure her with his mouth, giving her orgasm after orgasm before fucking her.

I wait on bated breath, my fingers curling into fists. Soon, he'll withdraw. Just like he did with me. Knots are a wifey privilege. Right? But no. The fucker stays inside her, giving her the one thing he never gave me.

Well, two if you count a screaming orgasm. But Daddy Rex already gave me one without even trying. No. No, this can't be right. He's manipulated it somehow. Changed the time. This just can't be right.

"How do I know you didn't manipulate this?"

"Oh? Don't believe the time stamp? Maybe this will change your mind."

He clicks over to another video. The time stamp says today. I watch in horror as he fucks another omega before getting dressed in the outfit I just saw him in.

"How long has this been going on?" I whisper, mostly to myself.

I don't expect an answer, but of course, Daddy Rex has one. He seems to have all the answers, and I have none.

"Baby girl, I don't want to hurt you like this. But you have to understand. He's been cheating on you for years now. I had to protect you. I had to take his place. I desire you in a way he can't possibly understand or fathom. My craving for you goes

beyond the bounds of reason.”

Tears slip down my eyes as I turn to the man who’s had a stranglehold over my lusts for the last few weeks. I should be mad at him, furious even, but what he says is true. Between him and Brody, there is no comparison.

“I want to make him hurt,” I growl out, the pain of the betrayal finally blossoming past the shock.

His lips curl up into a feral smile as he leans back in the chair. “I know a way.” Of course he does. That doesn’t surprise me in the slightest. “Care to take a drive?”

“And you’re sure it will hurt him?”

“Cut him off at the knees. My baby girl deserves a revenge served piping hot. But to achieve it, you’ll have to trust me and let go of your inhibitions. Can you do that for Daddy? Can you obey me without hesitation?”

“I- I think so.”

“In that case, you’re going to let me fuck your pretty little pussy in front of him. I’m going to teach my son a lesson he’ll never forget.”

Large neon lightsglow a devilish red, giving everyone a hint at the illicit actions going on within the walls. A sex club. So that’s where his ‘meetings’ have been. Just the idea of him sleepingwith other women makes me so ill I almost puke right there in the streets.

Heat washes over me, driving the nausea to nearly a breaking point. My vision blurs as arousal pumps through my body, hot and heady. The clothes on my body are too confining, too suffocating.

“I- I think I’m going to be sick. Please. I need to go home.”

Daddy Rex slides his arm around me and draws me closer. “You’re not sick, my pet. You’re starting your heat. Now let’s get you fucked so I can take you home and have you build me the perfect nest.”

Heat.

The word pounds in my brain. “N- no. That’s not possible,” I slur. “I’m on suppressants.”

“I don’t know what to tell you. You have all the signs of being in heat. I’m pretty sure if I touched your pussy right now, you’d drip on my hands. Isn’t that right, my naughty little girl?”

“I- I-”

He brings me inside the building and shoves me up against a wall. Per his instructions, I’m in a skirt and shirt, and nothing more. With a strong jerk, he lifts my thigh, bringing it up to his hip.

My pussy lips open, allowing slick to slide down my inner thigh. Mortified, I try to look away, but his other hand jerks my face back to his. There’s no barrier to his questing fingers as he slides them up my leg and runs them along my slick flesh.

“So fucking wet for me, aren’t you? You want my cock deep in your pussy, don’t you, my pretty little girl? Don’t worry. Daddy is going to make sure you’re fucked right tonight. Now let’s see what your ex-boyfriend is up to.”

I don’t want to see. I don’t want to know. Yet, some perverse part of me wants proof, evidence that Daddy Rex didn’t make all this up to justify marrying me.

He drags me down hallways and into various rooms until I see him. An omega rides him as another sits on his face. They make sounds I've never made before with him.

Jealousy seethes in my chest, burning as hot as the impending heat. It muddles my brain, making me want to lash out. I step toward him, only to be stopped by Daddy Rex.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

His hand curls around my wrist, dragging me back against his inviting body. “Not like this, sweet girl. Daddy has another plan in mind.”

I let him drag me away from the scene. The only thing keeping me upright and not a sobbing puddle on the ground is the resolve I feel flowing through Daddy Rex’s hand. He’ll know what to do. He always knows what to do.

As we leave, he circles his fingers in the air. Men rush past him, but I can’t see what they do or where they go. I’m already being led down yet another hallway.

The room he takes me to is empty, with a platform in the middle. It sports a chair and bed, but that’s it. A bright light shines down on it, only illuminating that space.

As soon as he brings me to the stage, others filter in, but because of the light, I can’t see them. I can only hear their footsteps, smell the various scents swirling around where there had only been us previously. Daddy Rex sits me on the chair, facing out.

“What-”

“Shhhh, baby girl. Just wait.”

Moments tick by as my heart pounds in my chest. Instead of fear, however, it’s exhilaration. Whatever is about to happen will happen soon. That also means Daddy Rex will be able to relieve this ache between my thighs.

“Just breathe for me, sweet girl. This will all be over soon.”

“Get your hands off me,” a familiar voice cries out in the darkness. It’s Brody. “What is the meaning of this? I’m a Rothsbourne. You can’t treat me like this.” Soon, however, his words are muffled, as if cut off.

Another light shines down, illuminating a seat directly in front of the stage. Brody sits there, strapped to a chair with a shiny strip of metallic tape welding his lips shut.

Confused, I look up at Daddy Rex and note the gleam in his eyes as he looks down at me. “Well then, baby girl. Ready to show my son how a real Alpha fucks his omega?”

My pussy throbs at his filthy words. But then, Brody deserves this. He brought all this onto himself.

“Yes.”

“Yes what? What am I to you?”

“Daddy?”

“That’s right. Don’t you forget as I rob you of your senses.”

He lowers down a touch behind me, his massive hands encircling me to cup my breasts. I can’t help the wanton moan flitting past my lips as he thumbs my nipples, teasing them into hardened peaks.

“That’s my good girl. Just relax while Daddy makes you feel so fucking good. Oh, and Brody. I don’t want you to miss a single second of this teaching moment. I want you to pay attention. To help you, the gentlemen on either side will watch over you. The instant you look away or close your eyes for longer than a blink, so fucking help me, they’ll make you regret it.”

He lowers his hand down to mine and lifts it high in the air. “Stephanie is mine now, and this will be the very last time you ever hear her cry out in pleasure.”

My heat swamps my senses, making me sway a touch. Daddy Rex tightens his hold on me before skimming his lips along the shell of my ear. “Spread your legs for him, baby girl. Show him your dripping pussy.”

My body obeys him even as my mind screams at me to stop. I shouldn’t do this. I can’t do this. And yet, I have no choice.

“Smell that Brody? My sweet little wife is going into heat.” Across from me, Brody thrashes about in his seat. “Ahhh. Yes,” Daddy Rex continues. “She smells so fucking sweet, doesn’t she? Here, I’ll make it easier for you.”

He slides around to the side and eases his fingers into my pussy. The moan drifting from my lips is pure decadence. This is what I need. I need him. I need the relief only he can provide. But as soon as he eases into me, he’s gone.

With one long stride, Daddy Rex comes to the edge of the platform. In the lights, I can see my slick glistening on his fingers. My stomach plummets as he drags them under Brody’s nose.

The sounds he makes are inhuman. For the first time since we’ve arrived, fear clears my mind, spiking my terror. Daddy Rex doesn’t even have to look at me to know the anxiety coursing through my veins.

He purrs for me, causing the lovely sound to ripple along my skin until I can breathe again. “Don’t you worry, baby girl. He can’t hurt you. Never again. Everyone else in here has scent suppressors in. The only one smelling your heat right now is Brody. I got you, sweet girl. You’re safe with me.”

CHAPTER 20

STEPHANIE

Safe. Nothing feels safe. Everything feels dangerous, exotic, erotic, and out of control. The only constant is Daddy Rex. He's a mammoth pillar of strength, enveloping me with his scent, his body, and his obsession.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

It's the only word I have for it. It's the same obsession that roils through me, stealing my breath with every movement. I long to drag him closer to me, to feel him pressed against me, but he's focused on Brody right now.

His taunting words pound in my skull, making my head ache and throb. Unfortunately, my pussy aches even more, dragging my attention back to the needy bundle of nerves twitching at the top. So hot. So needy. So... So... Fuck.

I've never wanted someone to fuck me as much as I want Daddy Rex. My heat. That's got to be what's to blame, but even as that thought flits through my mind, I know it's not true.

I can smell the Alphas in the room. So many Alphas. But only one captures my attention. Only one makes me burn from the inside out. I need Daddy Rex like I need air.

"Please," I whimper, running my hands over my body in a poor attempt at dispelling the needy ache.

"I hear you, sweet girl. You'll have your relief soon enough." He turns to me, a devious glint in his eyes. "Stand up for me."

The moment I rise, he takes the chair away and puts it at the far end of the stage. Soon, his hands are back on my body, touching me, owning me, and driving me absolutely insane. There's no sense of hesitation, no fumbling—a far cry from the man tied down to the chair in front of me.

“Keep your eyes on Brody. I want you to watch him as I pleasure you.”

First, Daddy Rex cups my breasts through the shirt, dragging a ragged moan from my lips. Then he unbuttons it, one agonizing button after the other. Brody’s eyes bulge from his sockets as he fights the restraints holding him back.

Too little too late. He only wants me because I’m in heat. Where was this desperation when we were dating? Where was this hunger? Given to the whores he cheated on me with, I bet.

Daddy Rex seems to have wanted me from the very beginning. That is, unless I misread everything. Could it be he’s only interested in me because of my heat, too? Suddenly, his scalding caresses feel so cold and distant.

Tears prick my eyes as I try to pull myself from his grasp. “I- I can’t. I-”

“Talk to me, sweet girl,” he purrs against my ear, making my knees nearly buckle.

“You don’t really want me. You’re just like Brody. You’re only desiring me because of my heat.”

He turns me in his arms and looks deep into my eyes. “I have craved you for the last two years. The moment you turned eighteen, something shifted. No longer were you Brody’s little girlfriend. You were the only omega I ever wanted. Besides, I can’t smell you right now, my sweet girl.”

He taps his nose, drawing my attention to his suppressors. Then... he does actually want me? Truly? But it can’t be that simple. There has to be something else.

“Did... did you cause this?” I finally mutter, needing to know the truth before I can move forward. “Did you make me go into heat just so I would want you?” I know he

orchestrated the marriage. God knows what else he's done.

"Hear me now, Stephanie. I have done terrible things to secure you by my side, but I never once tampered with your suppressants. Honestly, I didn't need to. They're probably the cheapest you can find."

"But Brody--"

"The fact that it only took you a week in my presence to go into heat, well... I think that speaks more to the caliber of Alpha more than anything else. Your body responded to me in a way it never did to Brody."

With a dark smile, he slides his fingers over my pussy, teasing my clit until I'm forced to cry out. "Seems it still does. I've never heard you cry out for him like you do me. Shall we show him just how well Daddy can take care of his little girl?"

My mind melts at his filthy words, robbing me of rational thought. Something about his words sparks a memory, but I can't hold on to it. Not when he touches me like that.

"That's it, baby. Just relax. Let Daddy take care of you." His fingers circle the band of my skirt, skimming my skin and setting me on fire.

With deft movements, he pulls it down, leaving me naked in front of the crowd. I should care. I should want to cover up. Somehow, I don't actually give a fuck.

"Now then, go lay down on the bed, baby, and spread your legs open wide. I don't want Brody to miss one second of his education. You can be my brave girl, can't you? Show him exactly what he got wrong?"

I can't resist him when he talks to me like that. Nodding, I move toward the bed, but

his hand snakes out to grab my wrist.

“Use your words, baby girl.”

“I- I can do that.”

“Don’t worry, my sweet little omega. I’ll have you screaming, Daddy, soon enough.”

My legs wobble as I shuffle over to the bed. It’s all wrong. Everything is wrong. That itch under my skin returns as I smooth the sheets. At least now I know it’s my heat and not that I’m sick. Small mercies, I suppose.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

Even as I lay there, it still feels wrong. Luckily, I don't have to think about it too much, because soon, Daddy Rex ties my ankles to the edges of the bed, rendering my lower half immobile.

“Hands above your head. I want to make this as easy for you as I can. You're not the one being punished here. Brody is. If I take away your free will, it will allow your body to relax a bit.”

With a needy whine, I clasp my hands together and lift them high in the air. Just like with my ankles, he makes quick work of binding my wrists together and tied it to the edge of the bed. I lie there, spread eagle, while everyone watches.

It makes me feel wanton, naughty, and oh so delectable. All around me, I hear the quick intake of breath, the soft moans, and the nearly imperceptible grunts. The others seek their pleasure as I lie helpless on the bed.

Instead of making me feel dirty, it empowers me in a way I never expected. I revel in the feeling of their eyes roving my body. Even though I can't see them, I know they're there watching, waiting, and getting off to me.

Daddy Rex slides over onto the bed, making it dip ever so slightly. I blink up at him, wordless pleas hovering on my lips. He leans down and brushes his lips over mine, fucking my mouth with his demanding tongue.

Slick pours from my pussy, dampening the bed below. Brody's blood-curdling screams of rage rend the air, making the scene all the more poignant. When Daddy Rex pulls away, my lips feel swollen and abused, just as I long to be.

I watch as he makes his way to the base of the bed and kneels between my thighs. His soft sigh flutters against my skin just moments before his hot mouth descends on my clit. Pleasure surges through me, making me incoherent.

“Yes,” I scream out, bucking my hips against his face.

“God, you taste like heaven,” he groans against my sensitive skin. “Like a forbidden dessert spread out just for me.”

He slides in a finger or two, fucking me ever so gently as his lips and tongue utterly destroy me. It’s a dichotomy that has my mind nearly splitting in two. The pleasure is unlike anything I’ve ever known before.

With Brody, his movements seem perfunctory, just enough to get me off, but nothing extra. Daddy Rex seems to savor me. He revels in the taste and feel of my pussy, groaning every so often as he devours me like I’m his last meal. It’s the difference between just going through the motions and actually enjoying it.

And Daddy Rex certainly enjoys eating my pussy.

It’s messy, sloppy, a mixture of saliva and slick as he runs his lips and tongue from my clit down to my entrance, where his fingers continue to pump in and out in an agonizing rhythm. No spot is left untouched as he consumes me.

“Oh, God,” I moan as everything tightens inside me.

“That’s it, baby. Come for me. Show Brody what it looks like to really come on an Alpha’s tongue.”

The tip of his tongue circles my clit, teasing me until I’m nearly feral with need. I grip my fingers together in a fist as I rock my hips up and down, desperate for

release.

“Please,” I beg, my voice hoarse and raspy with need. “Please, I need to come.”

“That’s it, sweet girl. Daddy loves hearing you beg.” He grazes my clit with his teeth, shooting shards of pleasure through my body so intensely, I freeze for a moment.

His tongue is now relentless, flicking back and forth as he concentrates on my clit. Moans pour from my lips as he quickens his pace with his fingers, curling them so he rocks against my G-spot with each thrust. Pleasure explodes over me, sizzling my synapses and melting my brain until I can no longer think.

My body tenses, every muscle squeezing so hard I feel like I’m about to break. A loud scream punctuates the air, filling my ears with its sound. It takes several moments before I realize it’s coming from me.

The sound just pours over me as my body writhes under his expert touch. Each stroke of his fingers, each lap of his tongue, sends shards of ecstasy skittering over my skin until I can’t take any more.

“That’s my good girl.” Looming over me, he makes a great show of taking off his shirt and then his pants, stripping for me like it’s our own private show.

His cock juts out, massive and hard. My mouth waters as I watch it jerk under my gaze. When he strokes himself, I go nearly insane with need. A bead of precum pearls at his tip, making my mouth water.

“I know what you want, sweet girl, but I’m not going to give you a single drop. Not until I’ve stuffed you so full of cum it drips from your pussy as you walk. I’m going to put a baby in you, someone who is worthy to take the name Rothsbourne.”

His words should frighten me, but oddly, it feels right. A calmness descends over my body as he positions himself in between my thighs. With his gaze locked onto me, he leans back and undoes the restraints to my legs, allowing my thighs to slide up around his hips.

“I’m going to fuck you now, princesses, and I’m going to knot that pretty pussy of yours.” He glances over his shoulder. “Wife or not, my knot will stretch you out until you can’t take any more of me.”

“God, please yes,” I beg, my body tingling from head to toe.

“Now then, sweet girl. Call me Daddy as I fuck this pretty little pussy in front of our son.” He notches the tip of his cock in my entrance, stretching me out around his girth.

“Oh. Oh. I-”

Page 61

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

“Words, sweet girl.”

“You’re so much bigger than Brody,” I blurt out, the words flying from my lips before I can stop them.

Daddy Rex chuckles as he leans forward. “The better to fuck you with, my dear.”

In one smooth motion, he impales me, robbing me of my breath and my words in that one single stroke. His cock stretches me, opening me wide as he comes down onto his elbows, waiting as I accommodate to his massive size.

“Ready for me to fuck you like the dirty little princess you are?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I moan, arching up into him.

CHAPTER 21

REX

Stephanie’s pussy feels like a dream, like it was made just for me. She ripples around my girth as she shifts about. Stretching over her, I grip her wrists in my hand as my other grabs her hip.

With slow, inexorable movements, I slide out of her welcoming warmth, only to slam back in again. She cries out in pleasure and need as I fuck her hard and fast. God, she’s stunning in the throes of passion.

Her black hair splays out around her face, framing her small features to perfection. No longer are her eyes a bright green. They're mostly eaten up by her pupils until just a sliver remains.

Growling softly under my breath, I bend down and capture her nipple with lips, sucking hard. She bows up, another cry on her lips as her skin flushes a pretty pink. I go to her other nipple, sucking hard before biting down ever so gently with my teeth.

Her inner walls clench around me as I give her that bite of pain with her pleasure. My little pain slut will certainly be a perfect companion. She was made for this. Made for me.

Though I've never waxed poetic about soulmates before, I feel I found it in her. Bringing my hand down, I cradle her face while I bring my other over to her clit. With the way she's looking at me, the way she's gripping me, and the way she's whispering 'Daddy' under her breath with each thrust, I know I won't last long.

My balls draw up painfully tight. Even now, my knot starts to swell. Since this will be her first knot, I want to be buried deep inside her pretty little pussy before I fully expand. Gritting my teeth, I slow my thrusts, doing my best to prolong this feeling, this intimacy between us.

Sparks slide up and down my spine as her body clenches around mine. God, she feels like heaven even as I drag her down to the depths of depraved hell. Leaning down, I capture her lips with mine, kissing her as I slide in one last time.

Even with Brody's mother, it was never like this. I never wanted to kiss her, to hold her, to dominate her, or care for her. Our relationship was pale, tame compared to this. For Stephanie, I would destroy the world if it kept her happy and safe.

A low growl rumbles in my chest, washing over Stephanie until she's mindless with

need. Just how I want her. I want her first time to be a vision of what's to come between us. Strumming her clit, I keep her wrapped in pleasure as my knot expands, stretching her open.

Cum pours into her willing body, bathing her insides as my balls empty. My shout of pleasure roars ragged from my lips as I bend low and lap at her shoulder with my tongue. She's not fully in her heat, but she's close enough. Without this bond, there's still that chance that she can walk away.

This is what Daddy does best. I leave nothing to chance. I want Stephanie, and I'm going to keep Stephanie. Once more, I glance into her eyes, noting how they're all black. Certainly close enough.

Again, I nuzzle the spot and set my teeth against her skin. Her mewls of pleasure ripple over me, turning me inside out until I can't think straight. I can't go into the rut. Not yet. Not until I have her safely in the house. Closing my eyes, I bite down into her shoulder, my cock jerking inside her pussy as her skin gives way.

Her cries of passion morph into pain, and I purr as best as I can. Reaching between us, I continue to pleasure her, forcing her body to take the agony I'm bestowing and turn it into ecstasy. The moment I touch her, she goes pliant beneath me once more.

Blood fills my mouth as I stay clamped on, waiting for the bond to take hold. Slivers of threads shoot out between us, delicate at first, but growing with each passing second. Her mind is bare to mine, and I see everything.

Her pain, her passion, her deepest fears, and darkest desires all flood my brain like images projected onto a wall. I wrap my arms around my poor little girl, taking on what I can. Her anxiety, though it's a known factor, floods me in stark relief. I feel just what a toll it takes on her.

There's only so much I can do, and my care and protection alone won't take it away. Part of me hates that I can't eliminate this, that I can't make her brain switch off so she can just breathe. Honestly, though, I wouldn't change her for the world.

The anxiety is part of her. It's what creates all these fascinating facets and nuggets of her personality. Even now, I can feel her trying to overthink things. Once she's fully in her heat, things will quiet for a bit, but after she comes out of it, she'll have lots of questions.

Reluctantly, I pull my lips away from her. Staring down into her beautiful eyes, glazed over and pitch black, I smile and run my thumb down her cheek. She frowns for a second, then tugs at her hands.

"What do you need, sweet girl?"

"You. I need you."

"You have me, princess."

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

“No. Not the same. You claimed me. Now I claim you. It’s only fair.”

Chuckling, I reach over and undo her bonds. “Fair, you say. Well, if that’s what makes this fair-”

Just as I finish my sentence, Stephanie grabs me and yanks me down. Her lips move over my chest, hovering over my heart.

“This is going to hurt, Daddy. But consider this a partial payment for the hell you put me through.”

I cup the back of her head, holding her to the spot. “Do your worst, little omega. Daddy can take it.”

Her teeth tear through my skin, sending shards of agony through the muscles and into my arms. I brace, keeping myself from squishing my precious omega as she completes the circle. The threads turn to cords, anchoring our hearts as one.

Closing my eyes, I pour all my affection, obsession, and care into her. True, she’s seen the ugly part of our relationship, but that doesn’t change or affect how I feel about her. In the end, I want nothing more than to grow old with this woman.

Someday, she’ll bear my children, and they will be loved and cared for by a stern Alpha father and a gentle, loving omega mother. I send my future into her mind, showing her I mean forever. She’s not some passing fancy. She’s my everything.

When she pulls away, tears dot her eyes. Her body quakes as she looks around, her

expression lost like a frightened animal. “Please, Daddy,” she begs softly. “Please take me home. I need to go home.”

Deep inside, I feel the heat taking over. She so desperately needs her nest. “Hold on for just a little bit, sweet girl. Let Daddy’s knot deflate so I don’t harm you, then you can go home and have your nest.” Craning my neck over my shoulder, I jerk my head at the guards watching Brody. “Take him home and move him out. His stepmother and I will not tolerate his presence any longer. Have a few servants take linens into my bedroom and put my worn clothes with it. Stephanie will need to nest the moment we get home.”

They drag my son away. His cries of supposed injustice ring in my ears, but the true injustice is how poorly he treated Stephanie. I cradle her face in my hands, smearing blood between us as I lean in for a kiss. “I will always protect you. Always.”

I hold my wife close as my knot deflates in small increments. Finally, I pull out of her, easing my cock out of her pussy with as much gentleness as I can muster. Cum and slick pour from her body, staining the sheets below. Who knows, maybe this one time is all it took to get her pregnant.

If not, it doesn’t matter. I’ll keep fucking her and breeding her until her stomach is round and swollen with my child. Our child. Perhaps with a mother who doesn’t care as much about physical things, they will grow up to be kinder and more thoughtful. Not at all like Brody.

It’s a chance to start again. A new beginning with a mother I’ll never let go. Stephanie’s eyes widen as she hears my thoughts and skims her hands down to her flat stomach. Fear and anxiety swirl inside her as she contemplates motherhood for the first time.

Gathering her into my arms, I allow the love I feel for her temper the terror

threatening to overtake her. “We will do this together, love. You will never be on your own again. Now let’s get you to your nest.”

A few people come out of the crowd and wrap us in robes, allowing us to be decent on our trek out to the car. Thankfully, since I’m not in my rut yet, I have the mental clarity to see to Stephanie’s needs before turning into a mindless fucking machine. I pull out a kit when we get into the car so I can clean and bandage her wound.

She sighs and settles into me as I tend to her, sleeping as the city races by. Soon, our house looms in the distance. I hold her close in my arms and take her straight to our bedroom. No longer will either of us have to sleep alone. That thought alone makes my cock stir once more.

As soon as I get her inside, she wakes up and makes her way to the mess of fabrics. A wide grin splits her lips as she jumps into it like a pile of leaves and starts sorting everything to how she likes it. Standing off to the side, I slide open the robe and idly stroke my cock as I watch her.

I never want to forget this moment. Her first heat, our first fuck in her nest, and the family that will eventually result. Every so often, she looks over at me, her anxiety spiking as she moves a bit here and there. I do what I can to reassure her, smiling as she shows off her creation.

To me, it’s just a pile of clothes and sheets. It’s not really all that pretty or spectacular. But to my baby girl, it’s the greatest thing she’s ever made. With a large grin, I drop my robe to the floor and walk over. She beams at me, her words garbled with incoherency and excitement.

“Such a pretty nest from such a pretty baby girl. Will you invite me in? Do you want Daddy to fuck your pretty little pussy in this pretty little nest?”

She nods, her movements rapid and erratic.

“Come on now, use your words, sweet girl. Say, Daddy, I want you to fuck my pretty little pussy in this pretty little nest. Come on. You can do that for Daddy, can’t you? Say it, and I’ll fuck you so good in this lovely nest you made.”

“P- please, Daddy,” she stammers, her gaze flitting between the nest and me. “Please f- fuck my p-pretty little.” She pauses, that adorable blush creeping over her cheeks. “Pussy,” the word comes out as a whisper, but I accept it all the same. “In this pretty little nest.”

“Well, since you asked so sweetly.” I scoop her up and toss her in before pulling out the scent suppressors from my nose.

There will still be a lot to talk about after she’s out of her heat. There will be a lot she will no doubt hold me accountable for now that she sees into my mind and knows exactly what I’ve done. But none of that matters. I have what matters to me most in the world.

My sweet little baby girl calls out to me, her body arching as needy whines pour from her throat. I must answer that call and will do so every day for the rest of my life. She’s the air I breathe, my very existence... my everything.

EPILOGUE

STEPHANIE

Six Month Checkpoint

Page 63

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

I stare at my reflection in the mirror, running my hands down the smooth expanse of my stomach. Six months of fucking Daddy Rex, and as of now, I'm still not pregnant. I bring my thumb up to my mouth and nibble on the edge of the nail.

It's the one compromise I was able to get out of the stubborn, domineering man. Not that I would have it any other way. A smile eases across my lips as I turn and stare at my ass. Red lines run across both cheeks. Though they're a bit faded, the soreness is certainly still there.

"I thought my baby girl was up here getting dressed for the meeting today. And yet, I find her here, staring at my handiwork. Shall I put a bit more color on your cheeks before they get here?"

A soft giggle slips through my lips as I shake my head. "I'd like to be able to sit comfortably if it's all the same to you."

The wicked grin he shoots my way makes my heart pound in my chest and arousal gather at my pussy. With long, purposeful strides, he makes his way over to me and wraps his arm around my waist as he pulls me in closer.

"I felt a bit of distress a few moments ago. Is everything okay?"

I want to lie to him and tell him I'm fine, but with the bond firmly in place, he'll know it in an instant. As much as I love his punishing hand, I don't actually want to have him disappointed or upset with me.

My lips turn down into a frown as I pull away from him and lay my hands on my

stomach. “I’m still not pregnant.”

“Is that all?” he laughs, turning me around so we both face the mirror. “You’ve only been off your suppressants for six months. Hell, you’ve only just had your second heat. I’m not concerned. Not yet anyway. Besides, I plan on breeding this pretty little pussy every day until my seed finally takes hold. And even then, I’ll still fuck you hard until you finally give birth. Endorphins are good for the baby, after all.”

“How can you be so calm about this? I have to give you an heir. I have to make sure Brody can’t-”

“Shhhh, love,” he murmurs, running his hands over my stomach. “We have all the time in the world to make a baby. Just relax and let nature take its course. If you’re still not pregnant in a year, then we’ll worry. Deal?”

With a soft sigh, I lean back into the strength of his arms. “I suppose I don’t have a choice.”

“You meet with your therapist this afternoon. Maybe this is a good topic of conversation for you two today. Like I said. I’m not worried, but clearly your mind needs a little extra coaxing to be okay with this. I think she’ll be the perfect person to help.”

“And you’re... You’re not...” I trail off, not even wanting to give voice to the words swirling in my head.

“Words, princess. I can certainly pull them out of your mind through the bond, but I want you to talk to me.”

“You’re not mad at me?” I refuse to look at his reflection in the mirror, because then I’d see mine as well.

“You’re going to have to be more specific. What on earth do you think I’m supposed to be mad at you about?”

“Lots of things, really.”

“Name them. Say them out loud so I can either confirm your fears or dispel them outright.”

“Well, for not being pregnant yet, for one.”

“Already answered. I’m not worried about your lack of pregnancy. Let’s say the worst-case scenario did happen and you can’t conceive. I have no problem with unconventional methods. Remember, sweet girl, I have enough money to make most problems nonexistent. If I have to have you pleasure me until I fill a cup with my cum so they can fertilize you that way, done. If we have to implant a baby into a surrogate. Done. None of this changes my opinion of you. I love you regardless of whether or not you can carry my child.”

Relief swirls through me, swamping my senses until I nearly faint in his arms.

“Thank you. That helps.”

“Good. Any other reasons you think I should be mad at you?”

I bite down on my lower lip as the worst offense of all simmers to the surface of my brain. “I’m worried you’re going to hate me for all this anxiety. It’s not what you signed up for.”

With a firm grasp, he grips his fingers into my waist and lifts me up so he can put me on the counter. From this vantage point, I’m nearly eye-to-eye with the behemoth. Honestly, it makes me feel like we’re on a more even footing, like he’s taking my worries very seriously.

“I want you to listen and listen well, baby girl. When I decided I wanted you, your anxiety never once played a factor. I want you. It’s just an extra thing that makes you a little spicier. I can certainly handle it. I will always be able to handle whatever you throw at me. It’s what Daddy’s here for. It’s certainly no longer a burden you have to carry alone.”

“Yes, but it can get so overwhelming.”

“You see these shoulders? See how big they are?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Do you know why they’re so big?”

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

I scrunch my face up into a frown. “Because you’re an Alpha and I’m an omega. It’s genetics.”

“Yes. In part. But the reason they’re so much larger than yours is so I have room to help carry your burdens. Never feel like you’re too much. Never feel like there’s a burden so great I can’t carry it. Give them to me, baby girl. Let Daddy put you at ease.”

Tears slip from my eyes as I beam up at my husband. I’ll never know what I did to ever catch the eye of a man like him, but I’m grateful I did. Even if the way he got me was unconventional, I can’t deny the result is more than I ever dreamed.

“Now then, I need to help you get ready. The operative will be here soon. Bend over the sink and stick your ass out.”

I slide down the counter and turn, heat climbing up my face. How could I forget this part of it? Burying my head in my hands, I do my best not to be mortified as Daddy Rex spreads my cheeks open and slides a finger over my asshole.

“Such a pretty little asshole. It will look so much prettier with my cock inside it.” He grins at me in the reflection, shoves his hand in his pocket, and pulls out a large butt plug.

It’s certainly larger than the last. Not quite as big as his cock, but close enough a thread of panic winds its way around my heart and makes my heart pound in my chest.

“Breathe for me, baby. I know you can take this plug up your ass. We’ve been training for this. Now be my good girl and look at me. Any tears you shed belong to me. I want to watch them slide down your cheeks as I spread open this naughty little hole.”

Despite the anxiety clawing at my insides, I can’t deny just how fucking erotic it is when he talks dirty to me. Craning my neck around, I lock eyes with him as he drops a dollop of lube onto my asshole. Next, the cold, blunt tip of the plug presses against my opening, demanding entrance.

It’s so much bigger than the last one. Needy, pained whines claw at my throat as I continue to stare at the man tormenting me, teasing me, and owning me completely. His eyes go jet black as arousal swirls through the bond.

“That’s it, baby,” he groans, pushing it forward a bit. “Just relax for Daddy. Let me stretch out this hole and get it ready for my massive cock.”

“God, yes, Daddy,” I scream, clawing at the countertop as that small bite of pain sets my body on fire.

“You’re so tight back here, princess. You’re going to choke my cock with this tight little ring, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Daddy!” My voice is hoarse with need as arousal pounds into my head.

But it’s not just my arousal. Through the bond, I feel Daddy Rex there, showing me just how fucking turned on he is from defiling my back hole. It makes everything so much more intense as I feel it from both sides.

“You’re doing so good for me, baby. You’ve taken about half of it. I wish you could see what I’m seeing. Your pretty little ring is stretched out so tight it’s white.”

Closing my eyes, I allow the images he sends me to wash through my body, sending a ripple down my spine. To him, I'm beautiful, perfect, a vessel created for his deviant desires. Before him, no one ever saw me like that. Not that I know of, at least.

Just feeling his love and lust course through my veins makes the arousal that much hotter. I long to touch myself, to give my body the relief it needs. But even as I inch my hand down, I feel Daddy Rex in my brain.

"Your orgasms are mine, little girl. Or did you forget that? You will not touch yourself until I say you can. I want you squirming with need while you tell the operative how you plan to stay married to me forever. Understand?"

"Yes, Daddy," I wail as I clench my fingers into a fist.

God, I want to come so badly it hurts. With one final shove, he puts the plug in me, allowing my tight ring to clamp around the base. But even that's larger than the other plugs he's used on me. A dull ache radiates from the spot and makes my brain nearly melt with need.

How am I going to get through the interview?

"Very carefully," he growls as he reads my thoughts. "Now, it's time for your morning spankings. Go over to the bed and take them like the good girl I know you are."

Each stride forward is weird as the plug sits heavy in my asshole. All it does is remind me of him and his punishing hand with every step. He beats me to the bed and sits down, patting his lap.

As with every morning and every night, I drape myself over his leg and sigh as he wraps his hand around my waist. Though it doesn't take all the anxiety away, it helps

ground me and connect me back to Daddy Rex. Since we still have a full day before us, he doesn't waste any time before bringing his hand down on my ass.

With the plug still deep inside, I feel a wash of arousal with every clench. Normally, these times together are a massive turn on, but today, I'm nearly feral with need. He goes through all ten swats with punishing efficiency, leaving me a discombobulated mess as I get dressed.

"You've got ten minutes, sweetheart. Throw something on and get downstairs as soon as possible. Don't keep Daddy waiting."

"Yes, Daddy. I'll be quick."

Once he leaves the room, I fly into action. Bra, underwear, socks, shirt, and pants all abrade my skin as I jerk them on. By the time I'm heading down the stairs, I'm a completely frazzled mess. Luckily, we don't have to wait too long for the operative. They're punctual, if nothing else.

The meeting certainly isn't as involved as I was expecting. Just a series of questions about our union and our happiness together. Though, I certainly can't help myself from having a bit of fun. When she asked me if I was happy in the marriage, I take my time to answer, acting if I am really thinking it over.

Source Creation Date: June 26, 2025, 9:47 am

In my mind, Daddy Rex promises me all the retribution in the world, but I can tell he's not actually angry with me. Once our goodbyes are said and the operative leaves, he gives me a stern frown and points to the stairs leading to the bedroom.

“Had to think about it, did you? Well, don't worry. I plan to give you plenty to think about. Upstairs, young lady. It's time Daddy teaches you a lesson.”

He follows me up, his thunderous steps overshadowing mine. As soon as the door closes behind us, he's right on top of me, tugging at my clothes as he yanks them from my body. Once I'm naked, he picks me up and tosses me on the bed, forcing me to lie there and watch as he slowly reveals one tantalizing inch of him at a time.

His cock jerks under the scrutiny of my gaze. So hard and stiff. Precum pearls at his tip as he contemplates what to do with me. “Since you seem to enjoy trying my patience, I will teach you to have some yourself.”

The bed dips a bit as he sits down on the edge. His lips quirk up into a devilish grin as he crooks his finger and beckons me over. As soon as I'm within his grasp, he grabs my waist and sits me on his thighs. Sliding his hands under my legs, he spreads me open.

The thick tip of his cock prods my entrance, drawing a ragged groan from my lips. Even now, my slick coats his cock as it drips from my body.

“So wet,” he murmurs. “So needy.”

He maneuvers me a little bit then slides me down the length of his cock until the crisp

hairs at his base tickle my delicate skin. Deep inside, he pulses, driving me mad as I rock my hips back and forth.

“Oh no, baby girl. You’re not going to ride Daddy. Not yet. You were a naughty little girl to tease me like that, weren’t you? Well, two can play at that game sweetheart. Now just sit on Daddy’s cock and feel me inside you. Feel how I stretch you out. You will not move. You will not clench. You’re going to keep me nice and warm until I’m ready to fuck your ass.”

My mind buzzes as his words slide down my skin. How am I supposed to just sit here? Between the huge plug in my ass and Daddy Rex’s enormous cock, I’m stuffed full, far more than I have ever been before. It’s agony just sitting there when every inch of me wants to come all over his cock.

With him so deeply embedded, I feel every twitch, every pulse. I swear I can even feel the precum as it wells to his tip and lubricates my pussy. But that’s crazy. His cock has me so fucking delusional.

“You’re doing so good for me, baby. But now, it’s time to up the ante.”

He shifts a bit, causing his cock to rub against my inner walls, dragging a whimper from my lips. On instinct, my body clenches, causing my pussy to tighten around him in the most delicious way.

“Naughty girl,” he chides.

His touch is gentle as he grazes my skin, dragging his hand up to my breast. Pain and pleasure explode over my skin as he pinches my nipples with such force that it takes my breath away. I can’t keep from clenching when he does that. But each twitch of my muscles only results in more pain.

I’m nearly delirious as he pulls his hand away from my aching breasts and brings his

fingers to my clit. “I’m going to stroke this pretty little clit, my sweet baby girl. You are not allowed to come. You are not allowed to do anything to bring yourself extra pleasure. Let Daddy torment you. Let Daddy bring you to the edge of insanity, only to yank you back before you fall over.”

Bringing up both hands, I wind them around the back of his neck. This way, I can hold on while he torments me and not be tempted to do something I shouldn’t. But with each swipe of his fingers against my clit, I find it harder and harder not to succumb.

With each little clench of my pussy around his cock, he stops giving me pleasure, waiting until I calm down before he strokes me again. Tears stream down my face as the need becomes so great that I worry I won’t be able to stop myself.

“That’s right, baby. Cry for Daddy. I want to taste your tears as I kiss you. I’m almost done. You can hold out for just a little longer, can’t you? Do this for me. Do this for Daddy.”

Soft sobs wrack my body as he brings me to the edge once more while forcing me to remain still. His cock is a weapon, throbbing deep inside me, threatening to make me shatter from the inside out. As if Daddy Rex knows I’m at my limit, he pulls me off of him and gently places me on the bed.

“Ass in the air. I’m going to fuck your pretty little back hole, and you’re going to come while I do it.”

His movements are easy and gradual as he pulls the plug from my asshole. With both holes empty, I find myself even more desperate than before. But being the good Daddy he is, he doesn’t make me wait that long. Soon, the tip of his cock nudges my back entrance, slipping in with ease.

If only the rest of his cock was the size of his tip. Far from it. With each inch he sinks

into me, my asshole opens to his slow invasion. The skin goes taut as he stretches me far more than the plug ever did. Each gentle thrust makes the area sting, giving me that bite of pain I crave.

Daddy Rex drops his hand to my pussy, gathering my slick to ease the rest of the way in. My soft moans intermingle with his loud, masculine grunt as he slides the rest of the way in. Just like with my pussy, I feel each jerk, each pulse as he stays there, letting my body get used to him impaling me like this.

“Touch yourself, Stephanie. I want to feel you clench around my cock as you find your release.”

I don’t even hesitate. The moment he gives me permission, my hand is there, stroking my clit with furious movements. My arousal flares back to life, easily stoked with each touch of my fingers. Desperate cries ring out as I reach my peak. So close. So fucking close.

My orgasm slams into me, stealing my breath as it consumes my entire being. Crying out, I continue to rub my clit as Daddy Rex moves behind me. Each stroke brushes against the already-overstimulated nerves, making me come again and again.

Screams and sobs punctuate the air as he takes me to a place I’ve never been before. So much. It’s all so much. Yet, deep down, I know I can take it. I can handle anything my Daddy gives to me.

“I’m not going to last long,” he grits out, digging his fingers into my ass cheeks. “God, you’re so fucking tight back here. I’m going to knot your bottom hole, sweet girl. It’s going to hurt, but Daddy will make it all better. I promise.”

As he pistons in and out, his loud growls flood my system with endorphins, making everything loosen up just a touch. The discomfort becomes all the more bearable as his thick knot begins to swell, stretching my hole even more.

The moment he slams into me, roaring as his cum shoots into my ass, a soft purr vibrates under his skin. It ripples over me, making me loose and pliant—relaxed. There is no pain, only pleasure. But when he wraps his arms around me, dragging us both over to the side as we wait for his knot to deflate, I realize I can never find happiness anywhere else.

Rex Rothsbourne was the last man on earth I thought I'd ever marry, but I can't see myself living without him. He's my world, my life, my Daddy.