



# His Little Secret

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance

**Description:** Ripley has been in love with her step-uncle, Mase, since he got out of prison. Though they've stalked each other with their eyes for a long time, they haven't acted on their blistering attraction and the clock is starting to tick. Ripley is leaving for college next week and doesn't want to go without quenching the hunger he's stirred with his scarred biker hands and big, tattooed body. When she finds a mysterious number in his phone and calls it, she formulates a plan and sets it into motion. She'll seduce Mase without revealing her true identity. Once they've been together, he'll stop warning Ripley that she's forbidden and they'll finally be together.

Mase ought to be ashamed of himself, lusting after his brother's much younger stepdaughter. But hell if he can help it. No, he can't resist being drawn closer and closer to the flame, dying to get burned...and he finally does, duped into one night that did nothing to get the sweet redhead out of his system. Ripley is now pregnant with his child. But his outburst over being tricked has driven her away. Now he'll move heaven and earth to get her back. To make her his forever.

**Total Pages (Source):** 25

# Page 1

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1

Mase

They say the definition of insanity is doing the same thing over and over again, while expecting a different result. So I must be out of my fucking mind. Because here I am again at my brother's house, within reaching distance of my step-niece. I've been in a lot of dangerous spots in my life, but a seat on this couch is by far the most dangerous of all.

Ripley moves in slow motion. Or at least that's how it always seems to me. She flounces in through the sliding glass doors, toweling off her tits after a dip in the pool, the bottom of her thong bikini completely indecent. I couldn't believe when she came out of her room wearing nothing but a string up her ass and a couple of tiny triangles, but my brother only rolled his eyes and went back to scanning the stock market app on his phone.

My eyes can do nothing but devour the sight of her, droplets from the pool glistening with sunshine where they roll down her smooth, way too young ass cheeks. My dick unfurls, filling out the leg of my jeans, but I've learned to be two steps ahead around Ripley and I've worn an extra-long T-shirt under my leather cut. A way to disguise the evidence of what she never fails to do to me.

My step-niece bends forward and rubs the towel through her long, red hair, trying to get rid of the moisture, all but naked with her butt cheeks spread in front of me. I grind my back teeth, my hips giving a subtle, involuntary thrust, because sweet Christ, I can't help it. I've imagined myself inside of her long enough that they

should have put me back in prison.

She's eighteen now and headed to college next week, and that milestone has only allowed my existing fantasies to plague me more often.

I should not be here.

Hell, my brother and I could meet somewhere else. Out for a beer or my place, but I find myself drawn back to this goddamn house, over and over again, telling myself I won't ogle my niece this time. This time I'll keep my perverse thoughts to myself. But I never can.

She straightens and looks back over her shoulder, giving me that feline smile.

The one that makes me suspect Ripley knows exactly what she's doing.

Did I mention she's a little troublemaker?

An ex-convict like myself doesn't throw that term around lightly, either. I've been behind bars with murderers, arsonists and outright psychopaths, but Ripley's cunning mind, sharp tongue and delicious body make me sweat more than I ever did in prison.

My brother, Ripley's stepfather, is my exact opposite. I'm an ex-felon, he's a judge. I'm the San Quentin Prison to his courtroom. The motorcycle club affiliation to his country club membership. Ripley's mother is his third wife and she's currently hosting a San Tropez-themed barbeque out in the backyard with her rich friends. My brother is sitting beside me on the couch, engrossed in the ticker symbols on his phone, oblivious to the floor show his stepdaughter is putting on for me. But thank God he's here. Whenever we're alone, she turns up the flirting and tries to get a reaction out of me.

So why am I hoping my brother will leave the room?

It's wrong.

I'm thirty-eight. That's twenty years older than my step-niece. I've got blood on my hands, a past full of bullet holes and breaking the law. She's heading to art school next week to study ceramics, a bright future ahead of her. If I can just make it until she leaves without putting my filthy hands on her, I should be in the clear. There won't be family get-togethers every week where my will is pushed to the breaking point. She'll be a good two-hour drive up the coast and I'll force myself to move past this obsession.

That's what I keep telling myself.

But when my brother rises from the couch and excuses himself to make a phone call, I mentally call myself a fool for thinking I could ever get Ripley out of my blood.

She watches my brother leave the room, her lips curving with pleasure. The towel dangles from the tip of her index finger before she lets it drop...and struts toward me in her microscopic thong bikini, her titties bouncing around behind the royal-blue triangles, hips swaying side to side. Once again, it all happens in slow motion and my dick loads itself up like a shotgun getting ready to fire.

"Uncle Mase." Ripley stops between my outstretched knees, running her fingertips in circles on my thighs. "Can I show you something in my room?"

"Hell no you can't." I grind my jaw. "Go back to your party."

This is how I have to deal with Ripley lately. I've started being a mean son of a bitch to her because if I give in and say all the flowery shit in my head, she'll cross the thin barrier I've managed to keep up between us. I can't tell her I think she's the sweetest

thing alive. Or that she's smart as a whip and will likely conquer the world someday. I can't tell her she's the only person who makes me laugh. Or that I haven't been able to bring myself to touch a single damn female since my brother married her mother. If I told her all that and she felt the same, I'd never be able to stay away. And I have to. She's too young, too related to me and she's going places.

## Page 2

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I'll be damned if I'm going to weigh her down with my baggage.

She blinks, wounded by my harsh tone. "It's a ceramic project. You told me last week that you want to see more of my work."

Damn. She had me there.

I'd come over to watch the football game and found her in the backyard, nose wrinkled in concentration as she spun a bowl on her pottery wheel. Bathed in sunshine and biting her pretty lip, fiery hair in a loose bun on top of her head, she'd looked especially beautiful—and I'd had a weak moment, telling her I wanted to see some of her work.

Now the reckoning was here.

No way I'm following her up the stairs to her room when she's all but naked, her skin toasted gold from the sun. I need witnesses around us at all times to keep me from doing something I'll regret. Already I'm crossing a line, unable to conceal my perusal of her lithe thighs and the virgin territory where they meet.

"Bring whatever it is downstairs." I snatch my bottle of beer up off the side table and take a long pull, hitching my chin at the television. "I'm watching something."

"Oh." Her shoulders sag. "Never mind, I'll show you another time."

My chest turns hollow when she backs away and slowly leaves the living room, her disappointment obvious. It turns me inside out, knowing I let her down. Only a few

seconds have passed when I curse and slam the bottle back down on the side table, already knowing I'm going to follow her.

2

Ripley

Holding my breath, I wait behind the living room wall until I hear Uncle Mase's gritted expletive—fuck—his drink bashing down on the table.

I squeal internally and do a little fist pump, then spin toward the staircase, ascending as fast as I can on the balls of my feet, so he doesn't suspect I played him.

Even though I totally did.

Desperate times call for desperate measures, right?

I'm leaving for my first semester of college next week and that means I'm running out of time to give myself to Mase. Because I know him. He thinks if he can resist me one more week, this magical attraction between us will eventually subside. It won't.

But if I can just push him into confessing his feelings for me, we would have so much freedom to explore this...this insanity between us. Out from underneath the prying eyes of my parents or the upper-crust friends that would consider our relationship a scandal. I'll be a two-hour ride away on his bike in my off-campus house. All alone, except for my amazing, non-judgmental best friend, Alana.

If I can just show him what he'll be missing by staying away...he won't.

I wouldn't be able to stand it if he did.

Ever since my mother married Mase's brother when I was fourteen, I've been infatuated with the rough and tumble biker. He thinks I don't see beneath his scary exterior, but I do. He might be six foot four inches of pure steel, his skin swathed in prison tattoos and knife scars, but I see the affectionate way I catch him watching me sometimes beneath his black brows. Kind of a cross between obsession and irritation.

It excites me.

Everything about him does.

My heart beats triple time whenever we're in the same room. My palms get sweaty. I breathe funny. Sometimes I forget I'm supposed to be seducing him and just stare at his dangerous profile like a lovesick teenager—

Oh, that's right. I am one of those.

I love my Uncle Mase. Desperately.

So I really need him to cooperate, follow me up the stairs to my room, so I can unleash my feminine wiles on him, dammit.

When I hear the heavy tread of his motorcycle boots on the stairs, a sound shudders out of me and I press a hand to my bare belly, trying to appease the fluttering. Mase has been in my bedroom a few times. Once to bring me a stuffed fox when I was sick last year, even though he looked like he was silently calling himself an idiot the whole time. He also came in to fix a broken drawer in my dresser. My underwear drawer, specifically. And...I might have broken it on purpose so he'd have to look at my panties. But I'd only succeeded in pissing him off.

Today's plan has to work.



He clears his throat outside my door, the sound like gravel beneath his motorcycle tire. “Ripley.” A pause. “Hurry up and show me this thing. I don’t have all fucking day.”

Lord, what I would give to have him talk like that in my ear.

His colorful vocabulary has always been a source of disdain from my parents, but it excites me. The way he doesn’t tone himself down for them or anyone.

“Oh! Uncle Mase. You scared me.” Hand to my chest, I do my best to look surprised that he’s standing there. “Come in. I’ll get the project so I can show it to you.”

## Page 3

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He grunts, propping an elbow on the doorframe. “I’ll stand here.”

“Out in the hallway?”

Mase doesn’t answer, merely continuing to watch me through narrowed eyes. I’m still in my string bikini—purchased with him in mind—but crossing the hardwood floor of my bedroom while he peruses my body in the itty bitty bathing suit feels even more explicit than it did downstairs near the pool. Do I hear him groan when I bend over to open the bottom drawer of my desk? Or is that just wishful thinking?

I can hear the high-pitched laughter from my mother outside, along with the whir of the margarita machine. All the sounds are muffled, but they’re a reminder that we’re one curious set of eyes away from being discovered. An uncle watching his nearly naked niece strut around her bedroom, a beer bottle in his hand.

Taking a bracing breath, I remind myself of my favorite motto.

No guts no glory.

And I close my hand around the ceramic object I made in secret yesterday while my parents were out browsing yachts. If they’d been home while I created a six-inch sex toy shaped like a phallus, they probably would have had a lot of questions.

Keeping the toy hidden behind my back, I turn and slowly cross the room toward Mase, noticing his fist tighten around the beer, the closer I come.

“Okay...” I breathe. “Here it is.”

Paying close attention to his face, I hold up the sex toy.

Something primal flares in Mase's eyes, his jaw tightening ominously. "What the hell is that, Ripley?"

"It's for me." I twist side to side, trailing the tip of the toy down my belly button, letting it linger on the low waistband of my bikini. "For fun."

I get the impression he's trying to control his breathing. He grinds his forehead against the doorframe, then glances toward the stairs. As if ordering himself to abandon the situation immediately. Instead, after a few heavy moments, he asks me, hoarsely, "You've...used it?"

Triumph makes me giddy. He's never, ever let our conversations get too personal. Never let them cross the invisible line drawn in the sand between uncle and niece. But he just did. And I couldn't be more thrilled that there's no turning back now. "Not yet," I whisper, tucking the thick tip just inside my bottoms. "I was thinking I'd try it now."

His hips press to the doorframe. "Goddammit, Ripley."

"What?" I slowly back toward the bed and sit down on the edge, carefully edging my thighs apart. "You don't have to stay..."

Mase watches me expose my sex like he's witnessing a beautiful disaster unfold. The string bikini covers only the valley of my sex, but nothing on either side. It will take very little effort to nudge the material over and slide the toy between my lips. But deep down, I know Mase is not going to let it get that far. Not if my plan works.

I want you so bad. I've wanted you forever.

Every part of me is throbbing with heat, excitement. I'm wet between the folds of my womanhood and though I'm innocent of men and pleasure, I've educated myself enough to know that the dampness is a good thing. That it's natural when a female is aroused—and good lord, I am definitely that. Uncle Mase is finally at his breaking point, his big chest heaving up and down as he watches me tuck the ceramic phallus between slick lips that have never been breached, not even by my own fingers.

“Stop that. Now.” He stomps into the room, kicking the door shut behind him, huge and dangerous and pissed off in his motorcycle cut. “You're a virgin.”

“So what?”

His hands are white-knuckled fists at his sides. “You put that in too deep, Ripley,” he growls through clenched teeth, “it's going to pop your little cherry.”

“I know.” I gasp when the toy drags over a sensitive spot and exhilaration fans out into every corner of my body. A shiver passes through me, beading my nipples, and he groans in response. “I don't want to go to college a virgin. I'm getting it over with.”

“The fuck you are.” He leans down and gets in my face, gorgeous in his fury. Here is the rampaging ex-convict I've heard my father whispering about. The man my father claims used to rain hell on his enemies and put the fear of God into everyone else. Only this time, I'm the object of his frustration. His barely leashed vitality. “Put one inch of that thing inside of you and I'll spank you raw.”

I press my lips together to suppress a moan. Spank me? With his huge, scarred hands? I've never imagined that scenario and it sends a thrill racing down toward my core, tightening my loins like a wrench. Having the man I've pined for so long watch me touch myself is overwhelming my senses. It's awakening a sexuality inside of me I always suspected was just waiting to be tapped. And I'm definitely tapping it now,

while the source of my frustration seethes in front of me, a thick ridge tenting the front of his jeans. Uncle Mase is hard for me. I'm not just dabbling in teasing him or trying to make him notice me.

## Page 4

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This is real. It's happening. I need it to happen.

"Fine, spank me afterward," I breathe, unevenly. "But you can't stop me now."

His hand lifts, hesitating over the bulging crotch of his jeans, before he gives in and massages himself through the stiff material. "Your first time should be with a real man," he rasps. "Not some little toy."

Little? Aren't penises supposed to be around this size?

Setting aside that concern for another time, I shake my head defiantly and press the toy to my entrance, a mewling noise spilling out of my mouth. "I don't want to wait anymore to be filled up. I need it now."

"Then you'll fucking get it from me, brat," he pants, ripping down the zipper of his jeans and—holy shit. Holy shit. His shaft springs out of the opening, thick and unruly and as wide as my forearm. It's twice the size as my ceramic phallus, which I have dropped in my utter shock at the sheer girth and length of him. I have no time to prepare as my uncle pins me down onto my back and settles himself on top of me, his substantial weight stealing the breath from my lungs. His long, black hair hangs down, tickling my shoulders, the gold cross around his neck dangling between us. Sweat dots his upper lip and forehead. "Open your thighs and get what's coming to you."

Poised on the edge of oblivion, my heart rejoicing in my chest, I obey him, spreading my legs as wide as I can, whimpering when Mase reaches down between us, gripping the turgid flesh and—

“Mase!” calls my stepfather, right outside the door. Followed by a knock. “Ripley, have you seen my brother?”

Mase has gone completely still on top of me, his hot breath pelting my face.

“Yeah, um...” I call, my voice unnatural. “He went out to check on his bike.”

My stepfather chuckles. “Him and that bike. Okay, thanks Rip.”

Several seconds pass where there is nothing but our harsh breathing, my heart beating wildly in my chest. I think that as soon as my father’s footsteps fade on his way down the stairs, Mase is going to finish what we started. I’m dying to watch that tight tether snap. So I’m shocked when he climbs off of me, shoving a hand through his unruly black hair. “Jesus fucking Christ,” he spits, turning away to zip his enormous erection into his jeans. “I can’t believe I let it get this far. Almost fucked my niece.” He casts me a tortured look over his shoulder. “Cover yourself up, Ripley.”

My head spins at this turn of events. “But...”

“Do it now.”

Horried that my lip is beginning to tremble, I reach for a pillow and hold it over my still-aroused body. “I don’t want to stop.”

“Too. Bad.” Fully dressed now, he turns and jabs a finger at me. But his ire slowly dies, replaced by nothing but remorse—and I think that’s worse than seeing him pissed. “Listen to me. I’ve got no business putting my cock in a sweet thing like you. You’re going to college. You’ve got a bright future ahead of you. Don’t you dare fuck it up for someone like me.”

“I wouldn’t be!”

“Oh no?” He glances down at the bed, the bulge in his pants seeming to grow impossibly larger. “I’d have knocked you right the hell up, Ripley.”

“We can be more careful,” I whisper, a happy tingle going through my system at the idea of being pregnant with Mase’s child.

He shuts down, lips clamping together. “Go to school. Forget this ever happened.”

Before I can say another word or tell him I’ll never, ever forget, he turns and slams out of the bedroom, leaving me in open-mouthed shock on the bed. How did I manage to win him and lose him in the space of five minutes? I thought this was it. We’d finally be together, but I was stupidly naïve, wasn’t I?

I’m sitting there for a good five minutes with tears streaming down my face before I realize Mase’s cell phone is face down in front of me. It must have fallen out of his pocket.

With a frown, I pick it up and swipe a thumb across the screen.

No lock.

A single eyebrow goes up, my curiosity buzzing, and I navigate to the contacts section. Maybe I’ll just delete every single female name I come across. How about that? I’m feeling pretty scorned and depressed at the moment. It might go a long way toward improving my mood. But all I can find are Mikes and Johns and a Gavin.

“All male names,” I murmur after a thorough search. “Not a single female?”

Despite its fracture, my heart starts to pound happily—until I find a contact with no name attached. Who could it belong to? Before I can talk myself out of it, I hit dial.



## Page 5

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“Hello, this is Estelle,” says an elderly female voice. “I don’t recognize this number. Are you calling to schedule services with one of our escorts?”

Ice fills my veins.

An escort service?

Mase has the number to an escort service in his phone? Does he go to them?

Fresh tears well in my eyes at the thought of his hands on anyone else. I mean, he’s a virile thirty-eight-year-old man. I never assumed he was celibate, but the proof that he’s been with other woman sets off a landslide in my chest.

But I’m not a quitter. My mother always says I’d make an excellent chess player because I think three moves ahead of everyone else. I prove that when I say, “Actually, I’m calling about scheduling a job interview.”

When Mase reenters the room a few minutes later, I hold the phone out to him with an innocent smile. He looks at me suspiciously for a moment, his eyes sweeping me with a wealth of hunger and regret, before he curses gutturally, turns and stalks back out.

With a new plan giving me purpose, I spring off the bed and call my best friend, Alana.

“Hey, are you home? I have an idea.”

Alana groans, well used to me and my schemes. “Uh oh.”

3

Mase

I throw a wrench down into my toolbox with more force than is necessary.

My plan to focus on building the new custom bike order to distract myself isn't helping. I've been in one hell of a mood since yesterday. No amount of work or whiskey can blur the memory of Ripley spreading her thighs and inviting me between them. I might have Motorhead turned up to ten decibels on the garage stereo, but all I hear is her breathy, little whine.

I don't want to wait anymore to be filled up. I need it now.

Reaching down, I adjust my miserable dick, once again reminding myself of all the reasons I can't return to my brother's house, lock Ripley in her pretty pink bedroom and bang her brains out.

Number one is always the same.

She deserves better than some low-down murderer like me.

Murder isn't what got me sent to prison, but I was a member of the local MC for five in my early twenties and these hands ended plenty of lives. Rival club members. Hell, anyone who got in my way. I was a ruthless son of a bitch. A lost cause—and I still am. But none of the offenses I've committed in my life would compare to locking down my perfect, bright, mischievous Ripley.

My possessiveness of her is already a hair's breadth from running wild. If I let this

attraction grow into something real, I'd ruin her. I'd get her pregnant immediately, do bodily harm to any man who breathed in her direction and I'd never want her out of my sight. My obsession would make her miserable. Instead of going to college, making friends and having a normal life like she should, she'd spent it with a man with a prison record and a temper.

I'm not going to let that happen.

The sound of motorcycle engines pulling up outside my shop brings my head up. Wiping my hands on a grease rag, I go to investigate, although I already suspect who is stopping by for a visit. My suspicions are confirmed when I look through the glass of the front entrance and find two members of the Mountain Men MC climbing off their bikes.

I push open the door with my elbow with a grunt. "The bike isn't ready yet."

Chavez strolls toward the shop adjusting his leather cut. "Thought we'd stop by and check on the progress," he drawls.

We lean in and slap each other on the back.

Clint moves in and does the same, all while laughing at my skeptical expression. "Ah, this man isn't stupid, Chavez. He knows we're here to lure him back to the club. Again."

Already shaking my head, I head back into my work area, both men laughing in my wake. "Not happening."

When I got out of prison, it was a given that I would rejoin the club. The men who rode alongside me were my family. My life. They had my loyalty.

Then I went to my brother's house to visit him after a decade in the slammer.

And everything changed in the blink of an eye.

She changed everything with one smile.

It's not easy getting out of an MC. Once you're in, it's a lifetime commitment. You've seen too much, known too much. If you're not sinning alongside them, you're nothing but a liability. A potential witness to all the ways they ignore the law and live by their own.

When you take the fall for the club president and spend ten years locked up for your trouble, though, certain exceptions are made.

"We need your kind of loyalty around the table, Mase," Chavez calls over the loud music, but he quiets his voice when I turn down the volume. "These fucking newbies wouldn't understand commitment if it bit them in the ass."

## Page 6

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“Amen to that,” Clint mutters, walking down my row of custom bikes and whistling with approval at what he sees. “They’re good for beer runs and that’s about it.”

“None of this is my problem anymore,” I say, crossing my arms. “I did my time for the prez and I don’t regret it, but nothing you say will get me back.”

Chavez spots something over my shoulder, a smile curving his lips. “Is that her?”

Knowing exactly what he’s referring to, dangerous heat permeates my gut. There’s a framed picture of Ripley on my work table. “Don’t.”

“Come on, man. You leave the club because your niece made you want to be a better man,” Clint says. “You expect nobody to be curious about her?”

I regret a lot of things in my life, but number one is telling the club members about Ripley. My confession happened by accident. Four years ago, the day I rode to club headquarters to turn over my patch, a picture of Ripley fell out of my helmet. They asked me where I’d been and I told them. I’d just come from visiting my brother’s house.

They knew it couldn’t be a coincidence that I decided to exit the MC the same day.

These men were smart. They knew me.

And hell, I’d been off balance after meeting the purest form of joy in the world.

Ripley.

After ten years in an ugly pit of despair, I sat in my brother's professionally decorated dining room, feeling so out of place it was painful. I worried I was going to break the fragile chair beneath me or eat like an animal in front of his new, visibly disapproving wife.

Then Ripley came twirling into the room talking a hundred miles an hour about boys and homework and cheerleading tryouts. When she'd spotted me, the big, nasty motherfucker sitting in her expensive dining room, she hadn't been scared. She'd smiled with all of her teeth and said welcome home. Never once that day—or ever—did Ripley make me feel anything but...important. Like I belonged. Like I could be more than an ex-convict who dropped right back into a life of crime and pain.

She changed me.

And as she changed over the years, my feelings for her became more complex, more inexcusable. They became what they are now.

Infatuated turmoil.

Chavez is still looking at Ripley's picture, curiosity lining his face. "How old is she now?"

"Don't worry about it," I growl, purposefully letting my arms drop so he can see my tightening fists. "Don't you dare speak her name."

"I wouldn't piss him off," Clint says, coming up beside Chavez. "They still tell stories about how Mase used to handle people who got on his bad side."

Chavez shrugs a shoulder. "Yet another reason we'd like you back."

For a moment, I consider it. Rejoining the club would be a distraction from thinking about my niece. From remembering the way her body felt under mine, sweet and limber and perfect. If I wore the Mountain Man patch once again, I'd be back in that lifestyle of mayhem and it would be a valuable reminder to keep my distance from Ripley.

But I can't do it.

Through her, I've glimpsed the goodness in this world. Because of her, I opened my own successful custom bike shop. And thanks to her, I've become more.

Not good enough to have her, but not so irredeemable that I have to go back to a life of crime. Ripley will never know I gave up the club for her. But if she did, and she knew I went back, she'd be disappointed. That's enough to have me shaking my head.

"I'm out and I'm staying out." I clear my throat and pick my wrench back up. "Your bike will be ready by Friday."

A few minutes later, Clint and Chavez are gone and I find myself wandering over to the framed picture of Ripley. It was taken in her backyard. She's wearing an innocent sundress, her arms thrown out wide, her face turned up toward the sunshine. The definition of purity. And yet, I've beat off to this picture more times than I can count, my hand caked in motor oil and grease, moving angrily up and down my cock. I'm ashamed of myself.

I need to let the girl go to college and start her life.

I need to move on for her sake. Next time she pursues me, I'll be too weak to say no and then it'll be over. I'll be her jealous, obsessive, criminal boyfriend. Oh, and also her uncle. Her reputation would be burned and I'd be to blame.

I'm older, dammit. I'm supposed to know better.

A while back, one of my customers told me about a brothel in Julian. I put the number in my phone, positive I would never call. But maybe this is the only way. Forcing myself to be with someone that isn't Ripley. Maybe if I force my body to let go of the possibility of having her, my brain will follow suit.



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*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:06 am*

With lead in my throat, I take my phone out of my pocket and hit dial on the number.

“Hello, this is Estelle,” says an older woman. “Would you like to schedule a service with one of our escorts?”

“Yes,” I croak, guilt causing me to turn away from the picture of Ripley. “You wouldn’t happen to have any redheads, would you?”

She laughs. “As a matter of fact, we just hired a stunning redhead.” She drops her voice to a whisper. “A virgin. How would you like to be her first? It’ll cost you, but she’s worth it.”

You can imagine she’s Ripley.

Okay, picturing my niece while I get rid of this pent-up sexual frustration isn’t the best way to get over her, but I don’t know if I’m capable of going cold turkey, anyway. Once again swallowing my guilt, I say, “I’ll pay whatever it is.” No way I’m going to negotiate terms when this stranger is giving up something as important as her virginity. “Tomorrow.”

“Consider it scheduled,” she purrs. “As luck would have it, actually, we have two virgins on staff. You wouldn’t happen to know anyone else who’s interested, would you?”

I think of my buddy, Gavin, who has been going through a self-imposed dry spell lately. Spending too much time focused on his work as a professor and taking no time for anything else. I’m kind of reluctant to tell him I’m visiting a brothel, but he

doesn't have know the sordid details. That I'll be envisioning my niece. Plus, he's not the type to ask too many questions. "Yeah. I might know someone."

4

Ripley

"Holy shit." I dance in a circle in front of my best friend, Alana. "We're doing this."

"Are we? I mean..." My best friend since forever paces the room in her short, white silk robe, wringing her hands. "Who profits off their virginity? That's crazy, right?"

"Is it? Ask any woman, she'll tell you her first time having sex was horrible," I say, matter-of-factly, though I've mostly garnered this knowledge via Netflix and viral memes. "This way, we're guaranteed to get something out of it."

Two days ago, after I found the number to this place in my Uncle Mase's phone, I swung by Alana's house in my purple Volkswagen Bug—which my parents like to call gauche—and told her what I'd discovered. The town bed and breakfast is operating a brothel in the basement right under everyone's noses and I just Nancy Drew'd my way into the know.

Alana is an aspiring photographer and has been mega-stressed out about not being able to afford tuition for art school. We're supposed to move up the coast next week and attend the university together. It's our dream. She refuses to accept a loan from my parents, even though I've offered ninety-nine times and now the window is closing. A payday like the owner of this place offered us could be her last chance to make tuition by the beginning of the semester.

We've done everything together since we met.

And now, it appears we're both going to trade our hymens for money.

If that doesn't bond two girls, I'm not sure anything will.

The madam of this hidden establishment is a seventy-year-old widow named Estelle. When her husband died in the nineties and she couldn't make ends meet, apparently she entered the sex-for-cash game. When we walked through the door, she all but pounced.

Apparently virgins are the brothel jackpot.

Estelle found us both clients in a matter of hours. Alana doesn't know who she's meeting in her respective room tonight...but I do. I needed to be one hundred percent positive that Estelle matched me with Mase, so I did some recon in the parking lot and just moments ago, he pulled up on his Harley, those long, thick legs straddling the seat, his long, midnight hair messy from the wind. After the usual wave of worship and yearning rode over me, I almost jumped out of my hiding space and kicked him in the shin. How dare he visit a brothel when he has a perfectly good niece waiting right down the street?

Listen to yourself, crazy pants.

A lump forms in my throat. Mase paying for intimacy from other women is definitely a major concern, but my current worry is the confession I have to make to Alana. Our scheduled times are almost here and that means the moment of truth has arrived.

Taking a deep breath, I slide a mask out of the pocket of my royal-blue robe and tie it behind my head, concealing the top half of my face.

"Why do you have a mask?" Alana complains. "I didn't get a mask."

I square my shoulders. My poor best friend. I can see it in her eyes that she knows the other shoe is about to drop. She had the misfortune of taking up with me, a full-fledged troublemaker. I can't stay out of mischief and I'm starting to think it's a serious medical condition. "I have to tell you something," I say quietly. "I'm invoking the no judgment clause."

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After a beat, she nods dutifully. “I solemnly swear not to laugh, gasp or lecture you.”

“Don’t even change your facial expression.”

“I won’t! Tell me.” We both glance at the clock on the wall. “We only have, like, five minutes until we can officially start complaining about our first times.”

My palms start to sweat. “Here’s the thing. I don’t know if I’m going to be complaining.” I close my eyes and blurt the rest. “I know who my customer is.”

“What? How? Estelle didn’t tell us.” She gapes at me. “Who is it?”

“This is where the no judgment part is critical,” I whisper, watching her face carefully. Perhaps for confirmation that I am, indeed, nutso. “It’s my step-uncle Mase.”

I’m really asking a lot of our no judgment clause here.

Alana’s face turns bright red. She’s become a human pressure cooker.

“How did you know that?” she asks, her voice strangled.

My nerves cause me to pace. “He was over at my house for dinner and I might have snuck a peek at his iPhone contacts. I, um...might have been looking for women’s number to delete. Weirdly, there weren’t any. But anyway. I found the number to this place, but there was no name. Mysterious. So I called it and...” She stops and turns on a heel, smacking her palms together. “Bam. I find the brothel that has been

operating under our small-town noses this whole time.”

“Okay,” she says slowly. “Please don’t tell me you’re wearing that mask because...”

“I don’t want him to know it’s me.” I throw another glance at the clock. “It’s a long story. I’ve been in love with him for years and...look, we’ll talk about it after.”

“After you bugger your uncle!?”

My mouth falls open on a gasp. “That sounds like judgment.” Lamely, I add, “And he’s my step-uncle.”

Alana is prepared to grill me, but before she gets the chance, Estelle enters the room, looking every inch the small-town church lady. It’s a killer disguise. She pats me on the arm. “Room five, dear. He’s ready.”

My hand settles on the doorknob and a million butterflies are set loose in my belly.

This is by far the wildest thing I’ve ever done, but Mase left me on the precipice of self-discovery two days ago. The unused muscles between my legs have been in a permanent clench since he left me panting on my bed. Nothing compares to the ache in my chest, though.

The first time I ever walked into my dining room and saw Mase, I knew he would be important to me. My gut tells me I’m important to him, too. Way more than he’s letting on. So while I know I’m doing something a little reckless—and a lot deceptive—I tell myself this is for us. No one ever got what they wanted by sitting on the sidelines, right?

Mase is the man in my life.

If I can just eradicate limits he's put on our relationship, I'll be the woman in his.

I've always suspected that, despite Mase's confidence, he doesn't think himself a good match for me (our related-by-marriage status aside). Perhaps he feels that way because of his prison record. Or maybe because of the MC lifestyle he lived that landed him there. The words he spoke in the heat of frustration the other day seemed to confirm my theory.

Listen to me. I've got no business putting my cock in a sweet thing like you. You're going to college. You've got a bright future ahead of you.

Don't you dare fuck it up for someone like me.

Remembering how anguished he sounded starts a burn in my chest and I turn the knob, prepared to show my step-uncle exactly how worthy of my love he is. What happens in this room tonight is going to determine the direction of our relationship and I'm nervous as heck, but I'm beyond anxious to feel the passion of his touch again. My body is already humming from being so close to all of his intense masculine energy.

Before I step fully into the room, I reach in and dim the light, leaving the room almost dark. Having him recognize me right away would seriously put a dent in my plan, so yesterday I lopped off several inches of my hair, leaving it swinging just below my shoulders. Throw in the extremely low light and I shouldn't be in danger of premature discovery.

With a deep breath I glide through the opening and close the door behind me, leaning up against it. And oh my God, there's my uncle, sprawled out in a chair looking predatory, impatient and fueled up. The muscles in his big thighs flex at my arrival, a line jumping in his cheek. His size and the sheer maleness of him makes the room feel dainty in comparison. Makes me feel that way, too. Like a bunny rabbit willingly

being sacrificed to a lion.



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Trying not to betray too much of my excitement, I push off the door and advance toward him slowly, noticing the glossy, eight-by-ten photograph sitting beside him on the table for the first time.

It's a photograph of...me.

Mase notices me eyeing the photograph and shifts uncomfortably in his seat. "Listen, I don't want to offend you. I'm sure you're a nice girl. I'm sure you're pretty and all, but..." He massages both knees roughly, like he desperately needs a way to occupy his hands. "I'll be calling you Ripley. That's who I'll be fucking."

Unadulterated happiness strikes my belly like a gong. Wow. Oh wow. Now I know for sure I've made the right decision. I haven't been imagining the connection between me and Mase. It's real. Remembering myself, I nod, but say nothing.

"I haven't, uh...been with anyone in a while. Not since right after I got out of prison," he says, his laughter tinged with strain. "After I met her...I just couldn't anymore."

My heart is going a million miles an hour. I want to throw myself into his arms and confess my love. Praise him for waiting for me. And I would do those things if I thought he'd drop his worries and be with me. But there are reasons he's come to a brothel and not to me. He thinks us being together is wrong. So I can't reveal my identity just yet. Not until we're at the point of no return and his resistance to the idea of us has been crumbled.

Mase is staring at the picture. It's one that was taken quite a while ago.

I'm in my cheerleading costume, looking back flirtatiously over my shoulder.

Bad, bad Uncle Mase.

"I don't know why you're wearing the mask. This is a small town. Maybe you don't want your identity getting out there," he says gruffly, running his fingers over the photograph's surface. "Whatever the reason is, I'm glad. It'll make picturing her easier."

Every cell in my body tilts when Mase stands to his full, considerable height, carrying the picture over to the headboard of the bed, propping it between a pillow and the headboard. It excites me in a way I'm not expecting, this plan of his. To stare at my picture while he uses a warm body in frustration. And lord, must he be frustrated. A virile man like Mase not having sex for four years? His grumpiness is beginning to make a lot more sense.

Mase draws my attention when he lowers the zipper of his jeans. Staring at the picture of me in my cheerleading uniform, he reaches into the opening, winces, and starts to fondle himself roughly, his hard grunts filling the room. "I know you're a virgin," he says on a harsh breath. "You sucked a man off before?"

I'm supposed to respond? How can I even speak when I'm watching my uncle masturbate to a picture of me? How often does he do this? My nipples are in painful little pebbles, liquid warmth spreading on the seam of my panties. Flushed and beginning to tremble, I remember he asked me a question. You sucked a man off before?

He glances up in time to see my headshake.

"Come sit on the edge of the bed," he instructs me, reluctantly taking his hand out of his jeans, leaving his bulky erection straining inside the denim. "You probably won't

have long to practice. I never make it longer than a few minutes looking at that picture.”

Catching myself mid-sway, I nod again.

“You don’t say much,” he comments dryly.

Distract him before he makes you speak. On unsteady legs, I go toward the right side of the bed, keeping my head down in case the darkness of the room and the mask aren’t enough to conceal my face. I try to make myself breathe evenly as I sit down in front of Mase, putting my mouth even with his lap. He reaches past me and adjusts the photo so he can see it better, then he shoves a hand back into his jeans, taking out his fisted erection. The first time his shaft made an appearance in my bedroom, I was too shocked to savor the sight, but now I trace every vein with my gaze and memorize every ridge.

His thumb presses to the middle of my bottom lip, tugging it down and guiding his thickness to my mouth at the same time. “Ah, fuck. Open up for me, Ripley, sweetheart.” His smooth head pushes past my teeth and fills my mouth, his salt and musk flavor hitting me in the back of the throat. My cheeks and the corners of my lips stretch to allow his size inside, his hand flying to the back of my skull to hold me steady. “This is the dick you’ve been teasing,” he rasps, canting his hips up and back, slicking out of my mouth and groaning his way back in, stretching me further this time. “Thought of doing this more times than I can count. Thought of doing it even when I was sitting right next to your father.”

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I whimper around his next invasion, then fingers in my hair growing more insistent, the pace of his hips picking up. Maybe I'm not just a troublemaker, maybe I'm a bad girl, because I picture the scene he's painted, Mase setting down his fork at the dinner table, tossing aside his napkin and rounding the furniture toward my seat. Unzipping his jeans and plowing himself between my lips while everyone gasps in outrage. The texture of him on my tongue, the hoarse sounds he's making, the vision...they all join forces and lust coils in my belly.

My hands move of their own volition, wrapping around his swollen sex and stroking him toward my eager suck. Mase's cock is in my mouth. I can't believe it. It's better than I could have imagined, especially when he makes a broken sound and starts to push deeper with every thrust of his hips, nudging the back of my throat with the enormous head of his manhood.

"Yeah, I knew you'd be like this, didn't I, Rip? I knew as soon as you got a taste of your uncle's fat cock, you'd be climbing the walls for it. You can barely stop yourself from stripping naked when we're in the same room already." He growls and starts to pump faster, more insistently, his ruddy arousal spearing between my lips so fast, his balls make a smacking sound off his thighs every time he rears back. "If I'd given in and fucked you down while your parents were off staring at their fucking phones, the next time I came over, you'd have crawled to me on hands and knees, fingering yourself and whining for another fuck. We'd never get away with it."

God oh God oh God. Yes, he's right. We've only just started and I can feel something inside of me blossoming. Finally. All of those times I strutted around in my bathing suit or a short skirt in front of Mase, I was frustrated and achy. Now I know. I was made to give this man pleasure. I was made to get pleasure from him. The switch is

being flipped with every drive of his mighty hips and I'm never going back to before.

"All right. Enough," he pants, using his grip on my hair to pull me off his hard length and I lick my lips, staring at it, internally begging for another suck. "That's a sweet, little mouth you've got, Ripley, but I'm after the hot cunt you've been offering me for a lot longer than I should have been tempted. Take off the robe and get on your back."

My hands are shaking so severely from need, from nerves, from everything in between, but I manage to peel the robe off my shoulders. I've barely got it down over my braless breasts when Mase rips it the rest of the way off, throwing it on the floor. He rakes hungry eyes over my chest, my belly, the blue silk panties—and in one fell swoop, he picks me up and throws me down in the center of the bed.

Visibly agitated, he strips off his shirt, but doesn't bother removing his jeans. I have precious few seconds to marvel over the brute strength of him, seething muscles covered in intimidating tattoos, before he climbs onto the bed and kneels between my thighs. The panties are drawn down my legs slowly, painstakingly, and as soon as my sex is uncovered, a rope of white liquid belts from the head of his erection and stripes across my stomach. "Fuck," he grates. "Let you give me head too long. Not going to last." Throwing my underwear over his shoulder, he drops down on top of me and locks his attention on the picture beside my head, groaning, wetting his lips. "Been dreaming of getting between your thighs so long, Ripley. You're going to open them now and give Uncle Mase that little cherry."

5

Ripley

My back arches on a gasp, my knees falling open.

Yes.

Finally.

I want to moan those words into his ear, but I bite my lip and endure the wonderful suffering in silence. His fingertips trail down the center of my body, the pad of his middle one sliding between the lips of my womanhood. I jerk on the bed when his touch travels over my sensitive nub and I want him to linger, to massage it, but he's breathing heavily, sweat starting to speckle his wide shoulders. There's a desperation to him that makes me think of mating season between animals, full moons and the feverish bucking of hips.

As soon as he finds me wet, he gives a low, reverent curse and grips himself, prodding my opening with the broad tip of his arousal. "God, Ripley, sweetheart, I tried to stop wanting you so fucking bad, but you make it impossible." He inches inside me, pressing, working his hips to stretch me, and just when the pain begins and my muscles start to seize, he seats himself inside of me with a snapping thrust. "Ahhhh. Jesus."

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My ears are ringing. Oxygen has vacated my lungs.

Mase's full weight is pinning me down, his shaft thick and pulsing inside of me and the pressure in my lower belly is almost too much to bear. I scrape my fingernails down his hips and push, trying to get him off, but it's futile. I'm a mouse trying to move a mountain.

"I'm sorry," he exhales against my ear, the muscles of his abdomen jumping, hollowing, a hungering rumble building in his chest. "Fuck, I'm sorry, Ripley. I tried not to be rough. I've just been suffering so long. And you're so wet and warm and...God, baby. Tight."

"It's okay," I whimper, without thinking, my thoughts scattered like buckshot. "It's okay, Uncle Mase. It already feels better."

The scarred giant on top of me freezes.

For long moments, there's not a single sound in the room except for my pounding heart.

Oh boy. Okay. I was going to reveal myself sooner or later. Maybe I didn't really ease into it, the way I'd planned, but I'm quickly realizing there is no way to ease into this.

My mask is ripped off, revealing Mase's livid face looming over me.

"Ripley?" he growls, crumpling the mask in his shaking fist. Shock holds his features

hostage as he looks down between our bodies at the place where they lock together. “Goddammit. What the hell did you do?”

This is the problem with being a troublemaker. I’m able to convince myself my actions are benefitting the greater good. I never see the flaws in my plan until it has been executed and then, whoosh, there’s that pesky error, blinking like a neon sign. What if this doesn’t work? What if my subterfuge actually drives him further away than before? “I’ve wanted you, too,” I whisper shakily, panic spearing me. “You were being too noble a-and—”

“And now I’m raw dogging my virgin niece in a fucking brothel.” His hand comes up and wraps around my throat, lines of strain appearing around his mouth. Those long, blunt fingers flex and quick bursts of breath fall from his mouth, as if it’s taking every ounce of his willpower not to move. He is moving, though. Inside of me, his huge sex beats in a low, hungry rhythm, still continuing to grow, pressing impossibly deeper. “You went too far this time, Ripley,” he chokes out, tightening his grip around my throat. “You’re meant for better than this.”

“No,” I whisper, stroking my palms over the meat of his pectorals. “I’m meant for you. If that wasn’t true, you wouldn’t need a picture of me to—”

“Shut your perfect mouth.” His head drops forward, shoulders starting to heave. “I’m trying to make myself pull out, but you’re gripping me so tight.” His groan vibrates through me. “God. You feel so good.”

“Don’t stop, Uncle Mase.”

“I have to stop, dammit,” he pants.

The pain has almost completely fled me at this point and now there’s a thrum in my lower body that matches the throb of his manhood. My muscles have stretched to fit



him and now they fix around him almost lovingly, contracting and releasing involuntarily. “Ripley,” he pleads hoarsely, his hand still banded around my throat. “Ahhh, Christ, what an eager cunt you’ve got, sweetheart. Make it stop teasing me.”

“No.” I pull my knees up, settling them against his expanding ribcage. The move causes him to sink deeper and he grits a roar in response, his hand leaving my throat to brace himself on the headboard. “Can’t you move a little?” I murmur, threading my fingertips through his black, curling chest hair. “Just to show me what it feels like?”

A shudder wracks his large frame and I hear the headboard creak in his grasp. “I move once and it’s on. I won’t stop until your little pink pussy is sloppy with come.”

I’ve forgotten my regrets over being deceptive. I can’t think of anything now but giving myself to this man the way I’ve always dreamed. He needs me. There is a picture of me two inches from my head, for chrissakes. If that isn’t proof that he needs me as much as I need him, nothing is. I want Mase to lose himself in me. Lose his reservations. I want to show him with my body and this offering of my virginity that there is no one better. No one I’d rather have touch my body. Possess it.

Biting my lower lip and watching him through my lashes, I writhe my hips side to side, lifting them as much as I can with Mase’s heavy body pinning me down. His jaw loosens as I wiggle and strain, his eyes losing focus. “Show me what it feels like to be a woman,” I whisper, arching my back, bringing my breasts inches from his mouth. “Show me.”

“A woman?” His laugh is dark and out of breath as he glances over at the photograph. “You’re barely that. The things I’ve thought of doing to you, Ripley? They never should have let me out of prison.”

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He's been planted inside me so long, throbbing and throbbing, that my body is starting to accept those beats of his shaft as friction. There's a spot inside me that feels tender and incredible all at once and every time he swells against it, a little more pleasure invades my limbs. Pleasure and anticipation of finally having my frustration solved. "What kind of things did you think about doing to me?"

"Enough," he pushes through clenched teeth, his body now shining with sweat. The exertion of staying still and not driving into me. "Enough or I'm going to demonstrate."

I drop my hands to my breasts, massaging them deftly, watching his eyes go black. "Do it, Uncle Mase. I deserve it, don't I? For teasing you for so long?"

"Yes," he says raggedly, his huge, perspiring body flattening mine, his face nuzzling roughly into the crook of my neck. "Christ. Christ. I'm going to fuck her. I can't stop."

And then he rears back and slaps his hips forward, impaling me forcefully.

My mouth falls open on a silent scream, lust screaming through my nerve endings, darting inward and clustering beneath my belly button. "Oh yes, Uncle Mase," I gasp, my thighs fidgeting against his heaving sides. "More. More."

"Look what you made me do," he grunts into my neck, rocking faster into the cradle of my hips, my ample wetness making it possible for him to squeeze his still-lengthening shaft into my channel. When does it end? How much bigger can he get? "Your parents trusted me. Even with my shit past. They even asked me to let you stay

at my place for a week while they went to Carmel. Do you have any idea what would have happened if I'd said yes?"

I trap a moan in my throat, his pumps so ferocious now that my fingers are clinging to his shoulders out of necessity. The week my parents went to Carmel, I'd just gotten my driver's license. And God, knowing he's been lusting after me as long or longer than I've wanted him only makes me writhe my hips with more purpose, brings my nails scoring down his back. "What would have happened?"

"You would have been walking funny when they picked you up, sweetheart. Don't act like you don't know." He lifts his head and looks down at me, his expression half affectionate, half mean. The combination is a drug to me. I love it, because it defines this man. Pissed off and loving. Rough and tender. "Nah, fuck that, I wouldn't have been able to let you leave. They would have had to pry you out from underneath me, huh, baby?"

"Yes," I whine, playing with my nipples now, sending pulses to my core which is rapidly starting to spasm, as if predicting a storm. "Yes..."

His hard-on thrusts into me ruthlessly, the bed quaking and groaning beneath us. "You like hearing how fucked up I am over you? You like knowing this obsession has only gotten worse, every goddamn day since I saw you?"

Unable to speak due to the oncoming rush of the unknown, I can only nod.

Above me, Mase's features begin to contort and it's the sexiest sight I've ever laid eyes on. The visible loss of control. He's close to the end and I get to watch as it happens. His lower body pistons furiously, finding that glorious spot inside me faster, harder until my vision begins to blur, my stomach muscles seizing. He's not the only one about to reach this destination we've been pushing towards since I walked into the room. "Ain't pulling out. Can't. Warned you last time what would happen and

you didn't listen." He leans down until our lips are a breath apart. "You want my come, stubborn little niece?"

"Please," I whimper.

"I get yours first," he rasps, our lips grazing together and making my heart squeeze. "Drop your knees wide. Spread yourself open for me."

I don't break eye contact as I follow his instructions. Focusing is almost impossible when pleasure is bearing down on me, but his intensity is an anchor preventing me from flying away.

"Good girl. Now let me work." Mouth poised on top of mine, Mase angles his hips differently, pressing the slick girth of his erection down on my clit and bucking fast. Fast. Fast but gentle. Lust paralyzes me, traps me, smothers me in its grip as the bliss moves in and crowds out reality. There is only the swift, perfect pressure of Mase's light grinds on my sensitive nub and I'm almost over the edge when he kisses me. Kisses me for the first time. His lips are hard and demanding, the rasp of his unshaven jaw abrading my chin and cheeks. When our tongues lick together and we both moan, there's an awareness of exactly how forbidden this is. What we're doing. He's more than twice my age, he's my step-uncle and he's paying me for sex. "I tried to stay away, Ripley," he growls, ripping his mouth away. "Now I never will."

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Hot shivers wrack me and I start tearing at his hair, frantic to reach the end, while also being terrified of the immensity of what my first orgasm will feel like. “I can be your little secret,” I sob, my words jumbled and almost incoherent. “I won’t tell, just don’t push me away.”

My climax grips me and I scream, drowning out whatever Mase said in response. It’s more monstrous and overwhelming than I could have dreamed, taking hold of my intimate muscles and strangling them with pressure, before soothing them with relief. I shake and squirm and whine my way to the end, batting at his shoulders with my palms, feeling the cascade of my own moisture coasting down my inner thighs.

I think I leave earth for a moment and when I return, Mase is slamming his broad inches into me, over and over again, his face screwed up with pain. “Here it comes. Take my come. Take it.” A hoarse sound leaves him and he stiffens, hot spend leaving him and filling me up. “Coat your fucking womb in it.”

This part of the act was something I never imagined. The rawness of taking his fluids into my own body. How fiercely possessed and owned and coveted it would make me feel, to be the keeper of the proof of his lust. Feeling his hot eyes raking me, I open my thighs wide as they’ll go and let him watch me take it greedily, milking his size with my inner walls and mewling my pleasure, my fingers twisting in my own hair. Reveling.

“FUCK.” His hips piston all the harder, splashing his desire everywhere, the wet sound filling the room along with his frantic grunts. “You beautiful little brat.”

He stills one final time, roaring up at the ceiling, and collapses on top of me.

My mind is reeling. My body? Forget about it? I can barely feel my legs.

I can only locate my lungs as they struggle to fill themselves.

There is a bone-deep satisfaction inside of me. A completion I never want to live without. And I won't have to now, right? We made confessions to each other. He told me how much he's wanted me and now that we've ripped off the Band-Aid of the forbidden, how can we ever stop? My body knows who it belongs to and so does my heart.

My optimism takes a nose dive a minute later when Mase lifts his head, his lips peeled back in a snarl. "Christ, Ripley," he seethes. Facing away from me, he sits up on the edge of the bed and buries his head in his hands for several beats, sweat and nail marks decorating his tattooed back. Before I can ask him what he's thinking, his hand shoots out like lightning, wrapping my hair in his fist and drawing me whimpering to my knees. I'm thrown face down across his lap before I can catch my breath, his hand raining down stinging slaps to my backside. He's spanking me. Hard. "Are you happy now, you little liar? You've conned me into a ruining your life." Smack. Smack. "Is that what you wanted?"

"You aren't ruining anything," I choke out, struggling to get away. The rebuke is turning me on, making my flesh clench and search for another invasion, but his anger, his words are causing my chest to cave in. "Uncle Mase! Stop!"

"See this?" He palms my right butt cheek, soothing the sting, before smacking another one into its place. "This is what I'll do if you don't answer your phone. If you smile at another man. If you're late coming home. Did you think I'd be prince charming, sweetheart? No, I'm your fucking master. This is what you wanted. Right?"

Tears flood my eyes and drip down onto the carpet, the fight going out of me.

What he's trying to tell me penetrates. He's saying these things to scare me away, to make me sorry, maybe even to shatter my feelings for him. Doesn't he realize nothing will accomplish that? I love him. I always will. And the fact that he's trying to push me away after what we just shared, after I gave myself to him...it slices my heart straight down the middle.

He doesn't feel the same way. I'm a nuisance to him.

Something he was trying to avoid.

My pitiful sob rends the air.

Mase's body stiffens beneath me, his hand dropping lifeless to my lower back. "Ripley," he says gruffly. "Sweetheart, I..." But I'm already scrambling off his lap and scouring the room for my robe, stupid hiccups tripping over my lips. I have to get out of here.

I find the blue silk and belt it around my sated body, lunging for the door—

He blocks my exit, his hands landing on the meat of my arms and holding me captive. Whatever he sees in my face leaves him stricken. "You're not leaving like this."

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“Oh yes I am.”

“Ripley, you tricked me. I was pissed off.” His voice shakes with passion. “There are reasons I’ve kept my hands off you and now—”

“Now I’ll make that a lot easier for you. Let me go!”

Even in the muted light, I watch the color leach from his face. “I shouldn’t have spanked you like that. Out of anger. Christ, it was your first time. I should have held you—”

I interrupt him with a hiccup, more moisture leaking down my face and he just watches, visibly devastated. So much so that his hands drop like they weigh a thousand pounds and he stumbles to the side, clearing a path to the door. And I take it, running down the hallway barefoot to the thankfully empty changing room. Blindly, I grab whatever possessions I can find that belong to me or Alana, bundling them to my chest and leaving once again.

For a moment in the hallway, I’m disoriented and turned around, but with Mase only a few yards away in our room, I make a break for the second closest room, knocking on it and hoping like hell Alana is on the other side.

When she opens the door, I’m so grateful to see her familiar face, my knees dip. Her eyes are kind of stunned, teeth marks embedded in her lips. I want to know every single thing that happened to her—and I will find out, so I can make sure she’s okay—but right now, my flight instinct is screaming at me to get away from the source of my pain. “I have to go,” I whisper, imploring her with my eyes. “I have to



get out of here. Now.”

Concern transforms her dumbstruck expression. “Oh my God, Rip. What happened?”

“I’ll tell you later, just...please drive me home.” I shoot a nervous glance down the hallway. “Now?”

“Of course.” Alana turns in a circle and crouches down to drag her robe up off the floor, wrapping it around her naked body. Then she closes the door behind her and follows me toward the emergency exit. “Wait,” she calls behind me. “I need my car keys.”

I dangle them over my shoulder without slowing down and a second later, we’re roaring out of the parking lot in her car, leaving my shattered heart behind.

6

Mase

I watch through the front window of the drugstore as Ripley glides down the aisles, her nose wrinkled in thought. She’s as beautiful as ever, her red hair in waves down the middle of her back, an ice-blue sundress hugging her delicious body...but something is wrong. There’s a hitch in her stride that isn’t normally present. She keeps shaking out her hands and second-guessing everything she picks up.

I wonder how she would react if she knew I was watching.

She’d probably give me the finger—and I’d deserve it.

Fuck. Every time I blink, I see her mouth open, moaning. I feel her nails raking down my back, her inexcusably tight pussy rippling around my johnson. I thought I was

fucked up over my niece before, but ignorance was bliss compared to this. I'm ruined for anything and everything else this world has to offer. There's only her.

And I sure as hell ruined her back, didn't I? Not in a good way, either.

I hurt her. Made my sweetheart cry.

She gave me the best night of my thirty-eight years and I left angry handprints on her ass in return. If another man had laid hands on her in frustration, they would be at the bottom of a lake right now with their feet encased in cement. My self-loathing is so goddamn heavy where it sits on my shoulders and chest, it's a wonder I could get out of bed this morning. But I needed to see her. When I woke this morning, there was an intuition churning in my gut. A sense that I need to see her right the hell now.

I busted inside her without a condom.

I came deep and my intentions were so primal in that moment, I'll be shocked if she isn't in a delivery room in nine months.

My dick is hard thinking about it, my tongue thick in my mouth.

Didn't I know this would happen if I took her? That my obsession would inflate into something almost predatory and insatiable?

Yeah I knew. And here I am, salivating over the sight of her while keeping my eye on every other man in the drugstore, daring them to come within ten yards of what's mine so I can put my size thirteen boot up their ass.

I'm the last person Ripley wants to see and that causes a cavern to open in my stomach, but when she walks out of the store a few minutes later clutching a brown paper bag to her chest, I have no choice but to step out from the shadows. Into her

path.

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She skids to a halt and I watch a few different emotions pass over her face. Surprise. Happiness. And finally the killer: indifference. “I have nothing to say to you.”

“That right?” I take her elbow and drag my hissing niece around the side of the building. “I have a lot of things to say to you, sweetheart, but right now I’m concerned with one thing.” I urge her chin up with my fingers, aching to kiss her. “What’s in the bag, Ripley?”

“Nothing,” she says too quickly, her eyes darting to the side.

“Now that’s bull and we both know it.” I’m painfully aware that anyone walking by can glance down the side street and see us. A six-foot-three felon with neck tattoos trapping a sweet, young girl against a building. They’ll probably think I’m robbing or assaulting her. Our many differences are why I tried so hard to stay away, but hell if logic matters anymore now that I’ve had her legs wrapped around me. “You pregnant, baby?”

She must feel my erection swell against her stomach because she sucks in a sexy, little breath. “How would I know? It’s only been five days.”

“Ripley...” I warn.

“Fine.” Her free hand shoves at my shoulder, but I don’t budge. “My period was supposed to start the day after we...after you...”

“After I fucked you good and hard?”

My niece tries to trap a moan but doesn't quite succeed and it drives me crazy. Makes me want to fall to my knees, lift the hem of her dress and lick between her legs, right here on the street. "Anyway," she whispers tremulously. "I-I'm late."

The confirmation, or at least what I deem as proof that Ripley is carrying my child, packs my chest so tight with emotion, I can barely breathe. Mine. I'm going to care for her and this baby. I'm going to be a dedicated father and husband. Explaining our predicament to her parents is going to be difficult, but everything that comes afterward will be worth one tough conversation. I'll never be good enough for her, but God forgive me, I'm relieved the choice has been taken out of my hands. Now she's one hundred percent mine. The claim is set in stone.

I trail my knuckles down her cheeks. "Do you feel okay?"

My affection catches her off-guard. "I'm fine. Just scared."

"No." I lean down and kiss her forehead. "Don't be scared. I'm going to take care of everything. We'll get a place together and babyproof the hell out of it—"

"No."

It takes me a second to register that whispered denial. "What do you mean no?"

She takes advantage of my momentary shock to slide out from between me and the building. "I mean...I already decided that if I'm pregnant, I'm going to do it on my own. Raise the baby." Her chin notches up. "I have a place. My parents have money to help me with childcare. I don't need you to help me out of some...sense of obligation. I would hate it."

"Ripley." Her name bursts out of me on an incredulous laugh. This can't really be happening. "That is my child you're carrying. If you think you're raising them

without me, you're wrong. I'm going to be a part of their life and yours, so get used to the idea real fast."

My niece has never been one to back down from an argument and this time is no exception. "All this time, you've stayed away from me so I wouldn't get pregnant. You told me so that day in my bedroom. That's how I know you don't really want this—and that's fine. I'm strong and resourceful. I can do it on my own."

If I'd even remotely seen this argument coming, I could have been prepared for it. But not in a million years could I have expected Ripley to try and deny me the privilege of being involved with her pregnancy, her life, our child's life. Jesus, I must have hurt her so badly. Yes, I can see that I have. Her chin is wobbling, though she's trying to hide it. She holds the bag that surely contains a pregnancy test to her chest like a shield. I'm so angry at myself for causing her an ounce of pain and putting her out of my reach that I lash out. I become an aggressor, because fighting is all that I know. It's how I survived most of my life.

"You're not keeping me from you," I rasp, catching her jaw in my hand. "Or this baby."

"Why do you want to be involved?" she cries, her tears splashing down onto my inked knuckles. "I conned you, didn't I? I tricked you." Her eyelids fall, hiding the eyes I love most in the world. "Making you step up now wouldn't be fair to you, Mase."

My heart flips over.

Ah, now I see what's really going on here. It's her guilt pushing me away.

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I made her feel like shit over what happened in the brothel and now it has come back around to bite me in the ass. She opens her eyes again and stares right through me, making me feel like I'm sucking wind. I know Ripley better than anyone and I'm not going to reach her right now. This girl is stubborn as they come and she's made a decision to shut me out.

I'm going to have to work a lot harder to win her back.

To erase her memory of how I acted, the words I said...I'll have to do more than just make verbal demands. To convince her I not only want to spend my life kissing the ground she walks on, but that building a family with her would be a dream come true. A dream I don't deserve, but one I can't help but reach out and take like a desperate beggar.

"I'm sorry for what I did," she whispers. "Just let me go."

Ready to implode with denial, I nonetheless rein in my mania, taking a moment to breathe. To plan. Then I drop my mouth to hers, hoping she feels the promise in my kiss. "Never. I'll never let you go," I growl against her mouth, before tearing myself away from her and walking away. It nearly kills me to leave her standing there, but we're at an impasse. If I push too hard, I know she'll only close herself off and I'll get nowhere.

Perks of being in love with a redhead.

No, I need to show her I'm willing and eager to put in work.

I need to get her trust back and make her realize that while she did trick me, us coming together was inevitable. We are inevitable. I was an idiot to try and fight that for so long.

As soon as I'm out of earshot, I rip my cell phone from the pocket of my leather jacket and call my brother. "Hey," he answers, sounding bored. "Where the hell have you been the last few days? I've called a couple of times."

Drinking Jack Daniels, missing Ripley, replaying the moment I sank balls deep into perfection and fucking my hand until my cock had burn marks.

Probably should keep that to myself.

"Working on a bike," I mutter, losing my battle with the need to turn around and look back at Ripley. But when I do, she's gone and urgency boils in my stomach. I need to make things right. I need her. "Listen, I was thinking. Are you driving Ripley up the coast to get her settled before the semester starts?"

"Yeah," he sighs. "Couldn't get out of it. She rented a U-Haul with Alana." A television flips on in the background, the sounds of golf coming down the phone line. "My wife is making me follow them in my car so I can help them carry the heavy shit. Yada yada yada."

I've never wanted to sock my brother in the jaw more than I do right now, even if this time, his asshole attitude is going to work to my advantage. What is more important than dropping your daughter off at college for the first time? Even if my brother and Ripley aren't related by marriage, doesn't he realize how fucking special she is? Who would willingly miss a second of the joy she brings?

I clear my throat to eradicate what's left of my guilt over pulling the wool over my brother's eyes. If things work out the way I hope, I won't be doing that much longer.



“How about I take the responsibility off your hands?” I ask. “I wouldn’t mind the ride.”

Roaring up the highway on my Harley, I can just about make out Ripley’s face in the rearview mirror on the driver’s side of the U-Haul. When I pulled up she was hugging her parents goodbye, getting ready to climb into the vehicle and leave.

She couldn’t have made it more obvious that she wanted nothing to do with me, tossing her fiery hair and strutting past me without so much as a word while my brother watched in confusion. Normally she would throw herself into my arms and ask where I’d been, if I’m working on any new bikes, if I like her dress. I’d be harnessing every ounce of my willpower not to kiss her or slide my fingers between her thighs.

Instead, she didn’t say a word in my direction. But it wasn’t the rejection that injured me. It was the pain in her eyes, the tremble of her lips. Seeing how hurt she still was is a dagger ramming between my ribs, pain radiating from the wound and infecting every part of me, especially the goddamn muscle in the center of my chest.

Make it right.

And as we near the gated community where Ripley is going to be living with her friend, the need to repair the damage between us is burning hotter and hotter. A world without Ripley is one-dimensional and bleak. A world where she raises our child without my protection every moment of the day makes me want to bellow like an injured demon. I’ve never been able to envision myself as a father. I’ve always assumed I wasn’t that blessed. That lucky.

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I still can't believe it.

But hell if I don't already love the kid she's carrying. I ache to see her belly grow, to watch her smile when the baby kicks in her stomach, my hand pressed to the swelling curve.

I can see us on the beach, Ripley leaning back against my chest while we watch our son or daughter build a sand castle. A life so perfect was never in the cards for a man like me, but now that it's a possibility, now that I can be with this girl I love, I need it with every fiber of my being.

God, I need her so bad.

There's a hole in my heart and it yawns wider every second she's not in my arms.

When we pull up outside her simple, two-story, Spanish-style home, my course of action is set. First, get forgiveness from Ripley, preferably before the lack of her addictive sunshine kills me. Second, spend as long as it takes earning her back. Convincing her to let me back in.

Rife with determination, I climb off my bike and stride to the driver's side, my cock already heavy with pressure against the fly of my jeans. Ripley jolts a little when she sees me standing outside the window, but she recovers and primly pushes the door open, sniffing. "Thank you for making sure we arrived safely, Uncle Mase. We can take it from here."

Her words might be dismissing me, but she's ogling the fly of my jeans and turning

flush, twisting her lush bottom lip between her teeth, thighs cinching together on the seat.

Oh, she loved fucking me. That much is plain.

Want to spread your legs for this dick again, don't you, sweetheart?

It never occurred to me that I could use our attraction to my advantage, but I'm willing to employ every weapon in my arsenal to make her forgive me. To get another taste. She's already admitted she wants to be with me. She was willing to hide her identity and seduce me to make her point. So that means she's willing to live with everything that comes along with the man she's obsessed beyond recognition. There's nothing holding me back.

Stepping back a little, I shrug off my jacket. "Hold this for me a sec?" I hand her the worn-in leather and she takes it, as if on autopilot, her eyes glued to my biceps now. Hiding my dark smile, I strip off my white T-shirt, shoving it into my back pocket as far as it'll go, leaving the rest draped down my thigh. "Hot day for a move, right?" I wink at her. "Better get started."

Leaving her staring after me with a dropped jaw, I can't help but chuckle a little on my way to the back of the U-Haul. I unhook the rolling door and shove it up, climbing into the truck bed to get started moving the heavier items onto the sidewalk. Eventually, Ripley gets out and unlocks the door of their new home, letting Alana inside, before crossing the lawn to me cautiously.

"I hope you're happy." She crosses her arms over her beautiful tits. "There are, like, a bunch of women snapping pictures of you from their kitchen windows."

Not really caring one way or another about the picture takers, I set down the wrought-iron headboard I'm carrying, leaning it up against the side of the truck. "What about

you, Ripley?” I drag my tongue along the seam of my lips, unable to stop myself from looking at her stomach, to judge if it has grown at all. “You want to snap a pic, too? You’re looking hard enough.”

Temper flares in her eyes, doing nothing to help the escalating situation in my pants. “Are you really going to act like nothing happened?”

“That would be impossible, now wouldn’t it?” I step into her space, not bothering to hide the fact that I’m inhaling her scent like a dying man. “There’s only one female I want on the face of this earth. I finally got her beneath me and she was hotter and sweeter and tighter than I could have imagined. Then I behaved like a son of a bitch and ruined everything. Spanked her when I should have been kissing every sacred inch of her body.” I look into her rapidly widening eyes. “Yeah. It’s damn well impossible to pretend that didn’t happen.”

Ripley’s chest expands on a shaky breath, hands dropping to her sides. “I think I made it pretty clear...” Her voice falls to a hushed whisper. “That I’ve m-moved on.”

My hands start to reach for her, but I catch myself just in time, curling my fingers into my palms. If we have an audience like she says, I’m not going to lay a finger on her out here on the lawn or I risk taking it too far. “Can we talk inside?”

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She seems short of breath. “What? Deprive all these women of your muscles?”

Already breaking my rule about not touching her, I tilt up her chin. “If you’ll recall what I told you in that room, sweetheart, I don’t give a fuck about other women. There’s only one that gets my cock hard and she’s a beautiful, redheaded troublemaker with freckles and suckable, little tits I can’t stop thinking about.”

“I seem to recall something about that,” she says shakily, tucking hair behind her ear with trembling fingers. “I-I suppose we can talk inside, but nothing has changed.”

Releasing her chin, I trail the tip of my index finger down the slope of her throat, feeling her gulp. “Lead the way.”

She turns on the heel of her white Converse shoe and I prowl behind her, devouring the sight of her luscious ass in cut-off jean shorts. We’re walking into a house together and for the first time, her parents won’t be here to play buffer. To keep my desire in check. I’m extremely aware of that. Not to mention the fact that she’s a big girl now, pregnant with my kid, and we have privacy as she leads me to a back bedroom.

I follow her inside and kick the door shut, enjoying the awareness on her face as she backs away, her tits heaving at my purposeful approach.

I’d like to rip out the crotch of her jean shorts and panties, pin her to the wall and fuck her until tears of satisfaction—not hurt—roll down her face. But I have to stick to my plan and that means I apologize first, the way I should have done outside the drugstore.

Stopping in front of her, I cup her soft cheek, regret crowding painfully in my sternum. “I’m sorry, sweetheart. For coming down on you like that after we made love.” My apology emerges sounding raw. “For making you cry. I hate myself for hurting you, baby.”

She widens her gaze at my apology and ducks her head quickly. When she lifts it again, there is a light sheen of moisture in her eyes, the stubbornness ebbing from her posture. “I shouldn’t have tricked you. It was wrong. So wrong—”

“Ripley—”

“No, let me finish.”

I grind my back teeth together to stop from reassuring her.

Ripley squares her shoulders. “I’m sorry. There’s no excuse for what I did.” She starts to say more, but shoots forward instead, wrapping her arms around my waist. She buries her cheek in the center of my bare chest where she must hear my heart going a million miles a minute. “I miss you.”

I’m already groaning, walking her toward the wall. Her back hits it a split second later and my mouth is moving on her neck, kissing the sensitive patch beneath her ear. “Ah, sweetheart. I miss you like hell.” My hands rake down her hips, twisting the denim of her shorts in a desperate grip. “I’ve been fucking miserable not being able to hear your voice.”

“It felt so good...what we did together.” She gasps when I bite her earlobe, her fingers dropping to the fly of my jeans, wresting it open. “Will you do it again, Uncle Mase? Please?”

“Wait,” I pant, seizing her wrist and securing it to the wall above her head. My cock

is harder than a goddamn crowbar in my jeans, pulsing with the need to surround itself in my niece's tight little cunt, but I'm doing this right. We can have forever together if I don't rush her into this—and God knows we rushed enough in the brothel. “I want nothing more than to give you a ride on this dick, Ripley, but not until I hear you say the words. You'll let me be your man. Forever. You're going to let me be involved in this baby's life. Forever.”

With a frustrated sob, she breaks out of my grip, pacing across to the other side of the room. Not following her is hell, but I need to hear what she says. I need to know what she's thinking. “I can't make those promises. You stayed away from me for so long. You never offered to be with me...until now. When you know I'm pregnant. How will I know you're not just accepting this responsibility because you have no choice? Because I gave you no choice?”

I tear at my hair, a humorless laugh leaving my mouth. “Did you miss the part when I brought a fucking picture of you to the brothel, because you're the only way I get hard? Did you forget me admitting I haven't been with another woman since I met you?” I cross to her in two long strides, grasping her by the shoulders. “Jesus, Ripley. Open your eyes.”

She's so close to giving in, giving me a shot, but her shoulders sag, her teeth worrying her lower lip in indecision. “I don't know...”

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My instinct is to keep arguing, but I came here to play the long game, the forever game, and that's exactly what I plan to do. As long as it takes. "All right, sweetheart." I pull her into my arms, pressing my lips to her temple. "That's fine. But I'm not budging until you do know that there is no one else for me. No other life I want but the one I can have with you. You're the breath in my fucking lungs, Ripley."

Her tearful eyes blink up at me, but I don't give in to the hope that I'm finally getting through to her. Instead, I kiss her forehead softly, leave the room and move the heavy shit in off the lawn.

Patience.

7

Ripley

It's pretty surreal to be on a date with my Uncle Mase.

We've had plenty of meals together at my house and celebrated a few milestones at various restaurants back home, but this is different. For one, he's sitting on the same side of the table as me with his arm propped along the back of the booth, his fingertips brushing up and down my bare shoulder. As if that's not making me breathless enough, our thighs are pressed together and I can see the outline of his bulge. I mean, it's just sitting there like a ticking time bomb, all stiff and thick. How am I supposed to eat my sandwich?

I tried to get Alana to come along with us to the café located in a small square just



outside our housing complex, but she wanted to explore the neighborhood with her camera. My best friend has been kind of pensive since the night in the brothel—and frustratingly tightlipped. I'm sure she'll open up eventually about what happened with her customer, but for now, I have to let her process. And that leaves me alone with Mase.

Right where I've always, always wanted to be.

He's holding me like I'm his girlfriend, daring every man that passes to glance in my direction. His bottle of beer sits next to my pink milkshake, probably making our age difference even more obvious to everyone in this restaurant. Not that I've ever cared about the age gap.

No, I have much bigger concerns now.

Like whether or not Mase is courting me now out of a sense of duty.

It hurts to think that might be the case.

That my pregnancy is forcing him to step up and do the right thing.

More than life itself, I want to believe the adoration I see in Mase's eyes, but I already trapped him once. I refuse to do it again.

"You have to try and eat, sweetheart." His lips brush my ear. "For our baby." The words our baby make my core clench. I try not to let my breathless reaction show on my face, but he must notice, because he chuckles. His laughter dies, however, when a thought seems to occur. "You aren't feeling sick because of the pregnancy, are you? I could ask for some ginger ale—"

"No, it's okay." To appease him, I pick up a French fry and chew on the end. "I keep

waiting for the queasiness to hit. But maybe it's too early."

He relaxes somewhat. "So why can't you eat?"

I swallow. "You've just given me so much to think about."

"Good." Determination flares in his face. "Keep thinking. Take as long as you need. I'm not going anywhere, Ripley."

Relief floods me, despite my best efforts to keep it dammed. How long am I going to keep my resolve when he's determined to prove he's committed? "What about the shop?"

His eyes run down the front of me, lingering on my breasts. "I thought I'd spend tomorrow looking at garage space around here," he answers gruffly, not so subtly adjusting the ridge in his jeans. "I'll be back in time to pick you up from class."

The very idea of Mase sitting on his Harley with his black, windswept hair when I emerge from the lecture hall makes my pulse clamor giddily. Still, he might just feel obligated. Or protective since I'm pregnant. "You don't have to do that."

"Have to?" He shakes his head. "I don't think you get it, Ripley."

"Get what?"

A beat passes. "That I would trade my last breath to have you climb onto the back of my bike." His voice resonates with such intensity that I can't help but hold my breath. "To have you put your arms around me, knowing I'll keep you safe. Knowing I'll be there again tomorrow." He turns toward me in the booth, sliding his hand up my inner thigh, stopping just beneath the hem of the skirt I changed into for dinner. "To have Ripley depend on me, trust me, smile when she sees me. What else could a man want

out of life?”

“Oh, Mase...” I whisper, letting him nuzzle our mouths together.

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“I’m not here out of obligation, Ripley.” His hand disappears farther up my skirt, his knuckle driving softly into my folds to rub my clit gently. “I’m here because I can’t live without you. Not for one fucking day.”

Moisture rushes to the apex of my thighs, the noise from the restaurant nothing more than a muffled din around us. “Take me somewhere.”

“Not until you let me back into the sunshine.” His mouth skates up the slope of my neck. “I want my chance. I want us. You and me. A family.”

His touch is almost overwhelming me, but still, I hesitate. Everything is going so fast...

“Mase?” says a raspy male voice. “Is that you?”

My uncle goes very still against me, his hand going from seductive to unmoving between my thighs. He takes two centering breaths, then straightens. No longer is his hand under my skirt, but he tucks me even more protectively to his side than before. Blinking our surroundings back into focus, I notice two men standing beside our table. They’re wearing leather vests with their names stitched into patches over their hearts. Chavez. Clint.

“You’re a long way from home,” one of them drawls, his eyes dancing with amusement.

“I could say the same about you,” Mase responds with a chill in his voice. “I’m sure you didn’t mean to interrupt.”

“Oh come on,” says the other one. “We couldn’t pass up a chance to meet your famous niece. Think of the bragging rights this is going to give us back at the club.”

Mase’s steel hold flexes around me dangerously.

Famous niece? What does that mean?

“Walk away,” Mase warns the men.

Chavez holds up his hands, palms out. “We don’t mean any harm.” His eyes glint wickedly. “But I guess the mystery is solved why you left the club for her. She’s a little more than just a niece to you, isn’t she, man?” He elbows Clint in the ribs. “Unless that hand up her skirt was an optical illusion.”

My uncle’s fist slams down on the table with enough force to knock his beer over and upset the silverware. I’ve never seen him like this. There is murder in his eyes and it’s centered on these two men. I’ve never been more certain of anything in my life than I am that Mase is about to commit a double homicide.

Which means he’ll be taken away from me.

For life?

Chills wrack me. The idea of him back behind bars is so terrifying, I whimper in my throat and his gaze flies to my face, incorrectly interpreting where my fear stems from. He thinks I’m scared of the men and it fuels his rage even more, his nostrils flaring, his body vibrating with barely leashed violence. This is the man my father tells stories about. The force to be reckoned with who, at one time, ruled the streets from the seat of his bike. His head whips back around and whatever look he pins on the men sends them back a step. Then another. “Mase,” Clint laughs nervously. “We were just joking around. Whatever you do is your business.”

“Stay put.” Mase growls the order at me, moving to leave the booth. But I know I can’t let that happen. If he gets his hands on those men, he’s going to pound their bones to dust.

“No, please. Wait.” I sling my leg across his lap and haul myself up until I’m straddling him, my arms wrapping around his neck. “Don’t. Please. I need you here with me and the baby. Please don’t do something that’ll get you taken away from me.”

“They scared you,” he shouts, his murderous gaze fixed over my shoulder.

“No. Only the thought of you leaving scares me.”

His barrel chest heaves. “They disrespected you, too.” He tries to leave the booth again, but I clamp my legs around his waist, so when he stands, I’m clinging to him like a monkey. “I have to handle this, Ripley.”

“No, you don’t.” My near-paralyzing fear of Mase being taken away has made me realize how stupid I was to think I could send him away. To think I could be without him. To think I could raise this baby alone when having him near me is a necessity. “I love you,” I say truthfully, dropping kisses on his face. “I love you and I need you to take me home. I-I need you to pick me up from class every day and make sure I’m eating for the baby.”

The anger starts to clear from his eyes as he looks at me, leaving wonder in its wake. “You love me, Ripley?”

I nod enthusiastically, tears forming in my eyes. And for the first time, it occurs to me what the men said when they approached our table. It really sinks in. “You left the club for me?”

“Of course I did.” He leans in and whispers the rest beside my ear. “You were the purest light I’d ever seen. You baptized me. Made me new. Made me want to be worthy of five minutes in the same room as you. I love you.”

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Euphoria rolls through me at his confession. How ridiculous I must have sounded, accusing him of wanting a relationship out of obligation because of the baby. He changed his whole life for me years ago and never said a word. “Forget about them.” Aware of the multitude of eyes on us, I squeeze his hips with my thighs as subtly as possible. “I need you so bad,” I sob quietly into his neck. “Now.”

He’s already striding toward the back of the restaurant.

Mase

Christ, I shouldn’t fuck her when I’m this worked up, but nothing is going to stop me.

Ripley’s pussy grinds down on my cock as I stomp through the noisy kitchen, kicking the back door open with my boot and carrying her into the dark alley where I parked my bike earlier. The sun has set since we entered the restaurant, leaving nothing but moonlight to guide my way as I take two steps and pin her to the brick building opposite the door we just exited.

I ram my cock up between her thighs and she cries out, her fingernails digging into my shoulders. “Mase. Yes. Yes. Please.”

“You’re giving me forever, Ripley,” I groan, almost delirious from how good it feels to hump her after an hour in the restaurant sitting beside her looking so sexy. “Say it.”

“Forever. Forever,” she chants, jarred by my thrusts. “Forever.”

Ripley was never supposed to come that close to my former life. None of it was ever



supposed to touch her and I'm still reeling over my past and present colliding. As pissed off as I am about Chavez and Clint daring to breathe in my girl's direction, though...maybe it was a good thing. The reminder of who I used to be forces me to acknowledge who I still am.

A possessive bastard. Her possessive bastard.

I need her to acknowledge it, too. And I pray it doesn't scare her.

"Ripley, do you remember what I said to you when I spanked you that night in the brothel?"

Her expression is dazed, but she visibly tries to focus. "Um. I remember...there was a part of me that I-liked it."

"Getting spanked?" My cock pulses hotter. "Being punished?"

She nods, her cheeks pinkening. "I didn't cry because it hurt. I cried because you pushed me away." When I heave a miserable sound, she soothes me by tracing circles on my chest. "You told me...you'd do that if I didn't answer your phone calls. Or if I smile at another man." A breath shudders past her lips, her eyelids drooping. "You said you're my master."

I struggle to focus after she repeats the words back, hearing them in her voice is such an aphrodisiac. Having her acknowledge my possessiveness and not turn away from it. "I meant all of it, Ripley. Every word, do you hear me?" I reach down between us and yank her skirt up to her waist. Then I grip her pussy roughly. "You want me, you have to understand that I'm consumed by thoughts of you. Your body. Your safety. Your perfect heart. This cunt." I squeeze her flesh and she whimpers, her eyes losing focus. "I'm not some chump who'll be content with text messages and a fucking movie date once in a while. Your free time is going to be spent riding my cock like a

good princess. And my free time will be spent coming up with a million ways to make you happy and safe. You won't be my girlfriend, you'll be mine. Plain and simple. You'll be property of Mase, no exceptions."

"And y-you'll be property of Ripley?" she sobs the question through swollen lips, her wetness already pooling in the center of my palm.

My head tilts out of pure incredulity. "You really have to ask me that, sweetheart? Do you think I've ever wanted to lay down these rules for someone besides you? No. No, these are Ripley specific. You made me this way, niece. This insanity of mine is all for you. I'm going to obsess over you until the day I die." I slide my hand around the back of her panties so I can knead her supple ass. "I can't live without you being happy. Tell me again I'm getting that chance. Tell me again you want every fucked up thing that comes with me."

She looks me in the eye and whispers, "I want it. I want you. All of you."

I can't get her panties ripped off fast enough. My dick is throbbing, ordering me to claim her, and my heart is still held in thrall over her confession of love. I'm fucking shaking with desire and emotion as I unzip my jeans, my shaft slapping out right where it needs to go, without being guided. It searches for her tight little hole, finds it, spurts come against it—and I slam home, cutting off her scream with my mouth. Keeping our lips suctioned tightly, I fuck her in a frenzy, wedging my hands between her back and the wall so not a scratch finds her.

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She bucks her hips like a goddamn wildcat, moaning in her throat, not a single complaint even though I'm banging her harder than I have any right to, this only being her second time. I can't imagine it ever being another way for us, though, and she seems to agree. Seems to love my rough reentries to her body, even opening her thighs wider to receive them harder.

"Yes, Uncle Mase. Yes. Faster."

Growling into her neck, I angle her against the building and jackhammer her tight, slick cunt, clenching my teeth against the need to come too fast. "God help me," I grit out, raking her neck with my teeth. "Our babies are going to have my last name. And so are you. You'll be my wife before my come finishes drying on your thighs."

She whimpers, "Yes. Yes." Her pussy spasms, her thighs jerking tight, and I bounce her through the climax, groaning over the way her titties shake for my entertainment.

And with her pleasure seen to, I take my own, grinding her down hard on my lap, tight enough to put an unholy pressure on my aching balls—and I let her clenching pussy milk the seed right out of me, the entire sweet piece of her rippling around me, root to tip. Rippling. "That's where you really get your name, isn't it baby? Couldn't keep it a secret from me forever, could you?" I pant, kneading her butt, my knees dipping under the rush of the best orgasm of my thirty-eight years, because she's finally mine. All mine. "Oh Christ. Yeah, sweetheart, just like that. Let me feel why I'm such a lucky motherfucker. Ahhhh. God."

It's a long time until she stops trembling and sighs into my sweaty neck. "I love you."

I kiss her with every ounce of love in my soul, love that will multiply and grow more intense every minute for the rest of my life. “I love you, too, baby.”

Epilogue

Ripley

One week later

I press my nose to the back of Mase’s leather jacket as we hum down the highway, inhaling the scent I now associate with safety, love, excitement and orgasms.

So many orgasms.

Except for the classes I started attending on Monday, I’ve barely been off my back.

Or my hands and knees.

Hours have been spent naked, sweaty, breathless, writhing, his mouth on mine, his hands everywhere, his words of praise and devotion ringing in my ears. I’m a sated, tensionless, love-struck blob, basically, hanging on to my rock as the bike purrs beneath us. This is my preferred mode of transportation now and I have no idea how I got around before. My purple Volkswagen Bug still probably sits unused in our driveway forever, because if I can have my arms wrapped around Mase, I will. Always.

We ease to a stop outside of my parents’ house and I take a deep, bracing breath. Mase takes off our helmets, hanging them from the handlebars, then he lifts me from the bike, sliding me slowly down every sensuous ridge of his body.

“Nervous?” he asks, molding my hips in his strong hands.

“A little.” His hands slip around to my backside, palming my cheeks roughly, and I sway into him, going up on my toes to fit my curves to his muscle. “Are you turning me on to distract me from my nerves, husband?”

Heat flares in his eyes at the title. “Call me that again and we won’t make it inside.”

When Mase told me he was going to be intense and jealous, I understood.

It’s part of him and I love all of him.

I didn’t expect his controlling nature to excite me so much.

During a morning class this week, I received a text message from him asking if my legs were crossed like a good girl. And if they weren’t, why the fuck not? The only time you allow space between your legs is when I’m between them.

I practically climbed Mase when I walked out to find him straddling his Harley, eyes hidden behind sunglasses, stalking my approach. Now, I eye the bike seat longingly, remembering how he made love to me on it afterward behind the campus library, my ankles thrown over his shoulders, his eyes burning with lust.

“Ripley...” he says warningly, sliding a hand into the back of my panties and giving it a swat. “You’re making me hard.”

I moan into his neck. “You’re always hard.”

Muttering a frustrated curse, Mase snags my wrist and drags me toward the house. “Let’s get this over with so I can get you alone.”

With my desire momentarily thwarted, I eye the front door with a fresh case of trepidation. “Do you think they’ll handle it well?”

“At this point, sweetheart, it’s just a formality.” We stop at the door, Mase gazing down at me with ownership as he knocks. “You’re mine.”

I nuzzle my face in the arm of his jacket. “I’m yours.”

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:06 am*

My stepfather chooses that moment to answer the door. “Mase?” He rears back when he sees me, my fingers threaded through those of his brother. “Uh. Ripley?”

A muscle flexes in Mase’s jaw, but he looks my stepfather right in the eye, unflinchingly, and a silent communication passes between them. “Can we come in?”

“Oh, Jesus.” My stepfather steps back, raking a hand through his hair. “Her mother is going to kill me. She saw the way you looked at Ripley. Warned me not to let you around her.”

“Yeah? She was probably right,” Mase drawls, tugging me inside, past my gaping stepfather. “It’s too late for that now, though.”

My mother breezes out of the kitchen with a glass of white wine in her hand. “Honey, who is it?” She grinds to a halt. “Ripley?” Her throat bobs. “Mase?”

“Mom, can we sit down?” I say, trying to sound soothing.

She spies Mase’s hand holding mine tightly and knocks back her entire glass of wine. “I think I’ll stand.”

Mase and I trade a wry look. His eyes tell me he’s worried about this confrontation and how it will affect my relationship with my parents. I’ve reassured him a million times that I’m all in. That I’m with him no matter what happens. No regrets. I smile at him now to remind him of those promises I made, mostly while he was inside me.

“Mom, Dad. Mase and I went to the courthouse today and got married.” I step into

his side and lift my face for a kiss, which he delivers slowly, his eyes turbulent with love. “It’s always been him. It’ll always be him.”

“It’s always been her,” Mase repeats gruffly. “It’ll be her until the day I die.”

Though it’s hard, I tear my eyes off of my husband and split a look between my mother and stepfather. “I hope you can be okay with this in time. I know it’s probably a shock.”

Mase presses his lips to my forehead and slowly smooths a hand down the front of my belly, though there’s no bump to speak of just yet. “I’m going to take very good care of them.”

My mom squeaks, dropping down onto an ottoman sideways. “I’m going to need more wine.”

I giggle and my husband smiles at the sound. How many times did I stand in this room with him, marveling over his masculine features, the power he radiates, wishing he was mine? Now he is. And I don’t think I can wait until later to show him how much. To make up for all those times I pined for him in this very house, my heart lodged in my throat.

“I forgot a few things in my room. That I, um...need. For college.” I pull Mase toward the stairs and he prowls after me, shaking his head, because he knows exactly what I’m up to. Not that he could ever deny me. Not anymore. Now that we’ve experienced the magic we make together, we wield it every chance we get.

Disguising myself in the brothel is one plan that definitely paid off for this troublemaker.

Mase is already unzipping his pants when we walk into my room, sitting down on the



edge of the bed and stretching his long legs in front of him. I drag my panties down my legs slowly, twirling them from a finger before casting them aside. “I think we scandalized them.”

“Do you?” Mase pumps his freed shaft in his right hand, his eyes in that predatory swirl they turn into when we’re about to make love. His chest expands on shallow breaths, rampant hunger etched into his expression. “It sounded like they saw it coming. I guess I didn’t hide my feelings as well as I thought.” His gaze burns into mine. “Maybe it’s not possible to hide obsession.”

“Thank God,” I whisper, sliding down on his shaft and beginning to rock while he growls against my lips, my childhood bed groaning beneath us, loud enough to be heard in every part of the house. “I dreamed of this day while lying in this bed. The day you’d be my husband.”

I’m flipped over onto my back and as Mase pumps, the headboard rams into the wall in quicker and quicker successions. “Thank God it’s not a dream, Ripley. Thank God you’re mine.”

Mase

Five Years Later

The socket wrench sits forgotten in my hand as I watch my wife work the pottery wheel across the studio, sunlight spilling in through the skylight and casting her in a glow. She’s humming to herself, lost in her own world, unaware that my heart is going four hundred miles an hour. Oh, Ripley knows how deep my infatuation with her runs, but she thinks I can compartmentalize it or that maybe my obsession with her has lost its sharpest edges since I made her my wife. But she’s wrong.

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:06 am*

I had to learn to give my wife some freedom so she could attend school before she graduated. So she could see her friends. But I never stop checking the clock. I follow her on my bike, I make demands on her time and body, I'm every inch the possessive motherfucker I told her I would be—and she loves me anyway, thank Christ.

Ripley shakes her hair back over her shoulders and it happens in slow motion, the light kissing her throat, her tits swaying in the tight neckline of her mint-green dress, her bare toes flexing. The perfection of her makes my hands shake and I have to set the tool down before I do more harm than good to the bike I'm building.

After we got married, we lived in her house off campus for a while, but not long. Alana moved in with her own husband, who happens to be the good friend of mine she met that fateful night in the brothel...and then me and Ripley found a place of our own—a secluded, modern cabin with a connected studio. We share the space, my bike shop on one side, her ceramics area on the other. The ideal setup for a husband who prefers to keep both eyes on his wife every second of the day. She's right where I can see her. Although I probably only get half of the work done I should since her beauty has the ability to distract me for hours.

More often than not, we end up fucking in one of the storage rooms before lunchtime even rolls around, Ripley's sweet ass pinned to the wall, my jeans around my ankles. I swear to God, the need for her gets stronger every hour, every day, every second. As my love for her grows, so does my hunger to be inside of her.

Our gazes meet across the studio and her foot stills on the pedal that turns the wheel, familiar mischief making her eyes sparkle. Slowly, deliberately, she wipes the wet clay off her hands and comes to her feet. Still humming a light, airy tune that I can

barely hear over my heartbeat, she strips her dress off over her head, leaving her in nothing but a royal-blue thong. She struts toward me, all wild red hair and jiggling tits and naughty intentions. My cock presses insistently to the fly of my jeans, sweat sliding down my spine.

I'm rendered immobile by the sight of my incredible wife as she leans over the seat of the bike I'm working on and pouts her pretty lips. "It's lunchtime and we haven't taken a break yet."

Fuck. I'm so hard for her, the lack of blood upstairs is making me almost dizzy. "The kids had a half day at school today," I rasp, staring at her perky nipples and licking my lips. "Did you forget?"

Some of the color leaves her face as, right on cue, the sound of squealing pipes up outside. A laugh rumbles in my chest when she dives behind me to hide from the two ragamuffins, one boy and one girl, that come barreling through the studio, backpacks flopping around on their shoulders. "Mom, I'm hungry!" they say in unison, tossing their bags on the floor.

"Tell me about it," I mutter. Looking back over my shoulder at Ripley, we share a laugh and I strip off my shirt, handing it to her so she can put it on. "Hey kids," I call out. "How was school?"

"Bor-ing," sings my daughter.

My son points a finger at his sibling. "She got in trouble again."

A laugh builds in my chest, along with so much love, I'm worried I'll burst like a balloon one day. "Of course she got in trouble. She's her mother's daughter."

Ripley pokes me in the back and stands. "Sometimes a little trouble can lead to the

best things.”

“Damn right.” I pull her down into my lap and blow a raspberry into her neck, making her yelp while our kids look on in amusement. Immediately, I realize my error when Ripley’s butt wiggles around in my lap and my dick starts to beg for relief. No matter, though.

I planned for this.

“Kids, there are ice-cream bars in the freezer upstairs,” I say, referring to our connected house. They’re already scrambling for the door. “One each!”

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:06 am*

As soon as they're out the door, I'm standing with Ripley in my arms, positioning her face down over the seat of the bike and ripping down her thong. Ownership crackles in my blood and I growl, squeezing her taut flesh in my hands and delivering a rough smack. She pushes her hips back in response, circling her ass in my lap. "Now, now, now."

My cock is out in seconds, pressing into her wet heat. I sink in slowly, drawing a moan out of her throat, my hands sliding up her ribcage to handle her tits. "You've given me heaven, Ripley." I pinch her nipples lightly between my knuckles and start to pump, my big body forcing her much smaller one up onto its toes. "Now let me give it to you."

"You do, husband," she whispers, kissing me over her shoulder. "Every day."

THE END