



Praise Me: President

Author: *Jessa Kane*

Category: Erotic, Romance, Adult

Description: Eloise didn't have her sights set on a position at the White House until war hero Pierce McAlister decided to run for office. Honest, brave and determined, he's the man the United States deserves. But with all that responsibility resting on his brawny shoulders, who is going to praise him after a long, difficult day of running the country? If Eloise's dreams come true, it's going to be her. And as luck would have it, when they finally meet in the Oval Office, she's his every fantasy come to life, too. If only he wasn't her boss and twelve years her senior. Convincing such a decent man to give in and indulge might prove a challenge, but she owes it to their love—and democracy—to try her hardest...

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Eloise

Holy smokes.

Okay, girl. Don't freak out, but there he is.

The President of the United States.

If I hold this clipboard any firmer to my chest, I'm going to lose the ability to breathe and eventually pass out, right here on this royal blue carpet. I might do that, anyway. Pierce McAlister is the cause. Breathless swooning is the effect.

I thought I'd adequately prepared myself to see the war hero turned Commander in Chief in the flesh, but no, I wasn't ready. Despite the grueling hours of work I've done to obtain a position in the White House, working alongside the president, I'll never be ready to breathe the same air as him. At thirty-seven, Pierce is the youngest president in our country's history. He was raised by ranchers in Wyoming, before serving overseas and earning the lauded title of general. He's intelligent and rugged and doesn't mince words.

Did I mention he's the most gorgeous man on the planet?

Pierce strides past me while frowning down at the memo that has just been handed to

him, his fresh pine scent curling beneath my nose, and everything south of my belly button screams violently, gnarling into knots. My heart knocks relentlessly in my chest—thank God I’m able to shield it with the clipboard.

When I have myself mostly under control, I peek up at the president through my lashes and I quite simply marvel at the sight of him. At six foot three, he towers over everyone in the Oval Office. His face is clean shaven, though he had a beard during his military days. I have pictures as evidence in a secret folder on my laptop.

There are thousands of pictures in that folder.

It’s actually embarrassing what a fangirl I am.

Who could blame me for saving so many photos when his jaw is so resolute? When his eyes are such a unique shade of amber? When that full-bodied black hair has its own personality, resting dutifully in spots and appearing finger tousled in others?

President Eye Candy leans back on his desk and finishes the memo, casually setting it behind him. He shrugs off his jacket as if the garment is confining him and gives his forest green tie a tug to loosen the knot. “Good morning, everyone. We have a lot to discuss, so let’s get right to it—” Pierce cuts himself off when his gaze lands on me, and I swear, my legs nearly buckle over the honor of having his full attention, the room tilting on both sides of me. He keeps his eyes above my neck, but some feminine intuition tells me he wants to look lower. But he doesn’t, because he’s principled.

And perfect.

“Who is she?” Pierce asks, his voice a touch more strained than before.

Wake up, Eloise. This is what I’ve been working for since joining model UN in

middle school. A career in politics. Working for this enigmatic man. Sure, I had to work a lot harder when Pierce set his sights on the presidency, but I made it here, didn't I?

I better not blow my chance to stay.

Today is not a typical day in the Oval Office. It's a rarity for all the cabinet members to meet in one place like this at the same time, but the president was only sworn in a week ago and now that all the fanfare has died down, he wants to hit the ground running. I'm the only person he hasn't met, because my position has only recently been added, my name selected by Pierce himself out of a dozen uber-strong candidates.

"I'm Eloise Rogers, Mr. President," I say in my clearest voice, approaching him with my hand outstretched. "Your youth council secretary."

His chin lifts a notch with recognition. "Right. You're heading our newest council." Without taking his eyes off me, he grips my hand and shakes. No nonsense. But I'm the only one in the room close enough to see the vein ticking rapidly in his neck, right up against that starched white collar. "Nice to meet officially meet you, Ms. Rogers."

"Yes, sir. Thank you for the honor of this post." I smile brightly and shift the clipboard I've been using to shield the wild reaction of my heart to Pierce McAlister, dropping the laminated wood to my side and in the process, drawing the president's eyes downward, just for a split second, warmth washing over my breasts as he looks at them against his will. "The young people of this country have long deserved a voice in the White House and it's no surprise you'll be the one to give it to them. We're going to do great things together."

"I have no doubt," he says, coughing to clear his throat. "Thank you, Ms. Rogers."

“Yes, Mr. President.”

I return to my position in the semi-circle of cabinet members, ignoring the withering look from the Secretary of Agriculture. Oh well. Nothing will ever bother me again in this life. I’m convinced of it. I’ve just met Pierce McAlister. He touched me.

As the conversation continues around me, the president going through talking points with each cabinet member, my flesh is warm beneath my blue skirt and tucked, white button-down shirt. My pulse points have been triggered, now they’re tripping over themselves, my lips swollen from being chewed. Transfixed by the strength of Pierce’s throat while he speaks, I picture myself kneeling in front of him on the blue carpet, pulling my hair back in a ponytail and unfastening his belt buckle.

You worked so hard today, sir.

Let me give you a little treat.

I jolt free of my fantasy when I sense Pierce watching me with darkening eyes. There’s a clear warning there. Knock it off.

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Oh God. Were my deviant thoughts so obvious?

I'm still reeling over the possibility that the president read my mind when he dismisses everyone in the room and I turn to leave with them, but my black, pointed flats draw to a pause when that deep voice carries across the office.

“Ms. Rogers, if I might have a word?”

two

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Pierce

No fucking way this is going to work.

That was my initial thought when I found out this...girl in her tight skirt and wide, innocent eyes is my youth council secretary. She's a distraction of the highest order. One that I definitely don't need when the eyes of the entire free world are locked on me, waiting with bated breath to see what I'll do with my first hundred days.

So why am I asking her to remain in the Oval Office post-meeting?

Last time I checked, I wasn't a masochist.

No, I'm the opposite. A survivalist.

But as this young brunette with swollen lips and pink cheeks marches back toward my desk, I don't see how I'm going to survive close quarters with her. When I decided to run for president, I swore off sexual flings of any kind. My war record has earned me a lot of leeway with the American public—they know I'm not some squeaky-clean robot who spouts a bunch of political jargon and expects everyone to swallow it whole. But I do have a responsibility to the people who voted me into the highest position in this country not to be a goddamn lecher. Ms. Rogers...my God, she makes me feel like one.

And that's not her fault.

She can't help that she's a knockout, all long legs and perky tits.

A face that puts angels to shame.

Jesus, she's probably a decade younger than me.

“Yes, Mr. President?” she says, stopping a few feet away, the toe of her right foot turning inward, as if suddenly shy. Is this the same girl who appeared to be undressing me with her eyes during the debrief? Maybe I only dreamed the way her eyes turned a molten blue, roaming over the front of my pants.

Definitely a dream.

Had to be. The girl standing in front of me now has her pen poised above her clipboard, ready to take notes, her demeanor professional to a fault.

For the second time, I clear my throat out of necessity, doing everything in my power to keep from asking her if she has a boyfriend. I'm recalling more and more about her vetting process and there's no husband to speak of. Still, there could be someone she's seeing in an unofficial capacity. Not that it's any of my business. “I was

wondering where you'll be working. Where is your official post?"

"Downstairs, sir. I share an office with the Secretary of Education." She smiles, showing off a row of perfect, white teeth. "You designed it that way, don't you remember? You thought the youth council should work hand in hand with education."

"Right. It's all coming back to me now." Chagrined, I rub my chin, expecting to encounter my beard, but feeling smooth skin, instead. Damn, I'm never getting used to this new life. Working in an air-conditioned office, instead of the desert. Talking around a problem, instead of getting to the meat of it for efficiency's sake. I only vetted Ms. Rogers thirty days ago, but I've gone in countless directions since then, every choice I make affecting millions of lives. That reality sits on my shoulders like ten tons of bricks. "Decisions I made a month ago feel like they were made over a decade ago."

"You're making hundreds of them every day, sir. That's understandable."

I grunt, refusing to give myself the out.

"Take the excuse," she whispers to me, winking. "It's okay. You're working hard."

Yeah. Already, this relationship feels inappropriate, and I don't know when or how it happened. Perhaps I'm just inappropriately attracted to Ms. Eloise Rogers, thus every word out of her mouth feels like she's whispering it to me across a pillow.

Dismiss her now.

Get back to work.

I will. In a minute.

I just...can't remember a time when someone's presence cut through all the noise like this. I've been trapped in a whirlwind of chaos while campaigning. Now I've been sworn in and the mayhem still hasn't stopped. I'm presented with a sea of faces and voices every day, yet she stands out over all of them. By a goddamn landslide. I can't explain it.

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Maybe that's why I don't dismiss her when I know damn well I should.

"If I recall correctly, your primary cause is mental health, as it pertains to our young people."

She brightens, visibly pleased I remembered. "Yes, sir. Under your guidance, of course, I plan to create easy and recognizable government resources for struggling youth. I want us to be synonymous with 9-1-1 for emergencies."

"It's an ambitious plan. That's why I liked it."

"Thank you." She shifts side to side in her shoes, ducking her head briefly—and the fact that I can see her part of her hair only highlights how much taller I am. If I picked her up right now, her feet would dangle in the vicinity of my knees.

And I really shouldn't have thought about picking her up.

Whether or not she'd wrap her thighs around me automatically.

Or if I'd have to use my general's voice to order them high and tight.

Something in her smoky, blue eyes tells me she wouldn't need to be told, though.

Fuck. What is going on here?

"I hear you're leaving for West Virginia in the morning," she says. "To meet publicly with the senator and the coal miners who were rescued last week."

Yes—and thank God. It will be good to get some distance from this girl. She’s a temptation and I need to rip this attraction off at the root, before it consumes too much of my focus. “That’s right.”

“One in five girls aged twelve to seventeen experience depression in West Virginia,” she says, a small line appearing between her eyebrows. “The statistics aren’t that different from the rest of the country, but it’s one of the states where I thought the administration would be open to my initiatives.”

“Then you should come with me and speak with the senator,” I hear myself saying, like the biggest fool on the planet. Fly with this beautiful girl to another state, stay overnight, spend more time getting to know her? It’s on par with my worst ideas, yet I’m immediately relieved she won’t be here without me. If she doesn’t already have a love interest, someone is going to nail her down within the week. And I’m not going to worry right now about why that pisses me off so fucking much. “There will be a tight schedule, not to mention the gala he’s throwing in honor of the visit, but there should be time to catch his ear. Can you pull together some talking points in time? We would be leaving at 0-800, Ms. Rogers.”

“Yes, Mr. President,” she breathes, her whole face lighting up. “Thank you.”

Is my fucking pulse racing? I...yeah, I think is it.

I haven’t lived a comfortable life. I grew up on a ranch, busting my ass every morning from the crack of dawn until sunset, seeing combat immediately after enlisting. Compared to a ground war, campaigning to be the president is a pleasure, but it’s not easy by any stretch of the imagination. I haven’t stopped toiling in decades. Burning my energy until it’s sapped, determined to make a difference on this earth if it kills me.

But right now, all I want to do is stand still and stare at this girl.

It's bad. It's very bad.

I'm pretty sure the public would frown on me taking up with a fresh-faced twenty-something—over whom I have the utmost authority—romancing her when I'm supposed to be running a country that frankly needs a ton of work.

Pull your head out of your ass.

Resolved to keep things professional between us, I lift an arm to gesture at the door, indicating she's free to go, but to my horror—or delight, I'm not sure which—she mistakes it for a hug. Her eyes widen a little in surprise, her distracting lips parting on a breath. And then she all but throws herself into my arms, wrapping me in a hold that is akin to an electrocution. My heart flies into overdrive and my muscles flex, the pleasure of this soft angel in my arms almost more than I can bear after years of nothing but hard. Rough. Work.

There's nothing in the world that could stop me from closing my eyes, laying my cheek on the crown of her head and squeezing her tight. We stay like that for a few seconds, until her warm breath on my throat and her palm sliding up beneath my jacket, up my spine turns my dick into an iron fucking cannon.

I have no name for what comes over me when I fist her hair and pull, turning her face up to mine, memorizing the sensual bow of her upper lip, the rosy texture of her skin, those ridiculously long eyelashes. “Do you live somewhere safe, angel?”

“Yes, sir,” she whispers, trembling a little, but not out of fear. No, she is all but rubbing herself against my erection like a cat on a Persian rug.

“Who lives there with you?” I rasp, dying to grab her ass and yank her closer, but no. No, if I'm ten feet over the line now, that's the point of no return.

“My roommate, Catherine. She’s interning at Veterans Affairs.”

“Okay.” Back off. Do it now. She works for you. The goddamn president. The abuse of power here is so obscene, I don’t even recognize myself. “You need to go now, Eloise.”

“Yes, sir.” Swallowing audibly, she disengages from my hold, both of us realizing at the same time that she must have dropped the clipboard without either of us noticing. She stoops down to retrieve it, looking up at me from her kneeling position on the floor, the blue carpet spread out around her, her face flushed from our contact...and she looks directly at my distended cock, pushing so urgently against my zipper. Her rapt and fascinated attention causes my balls to squeeze and I grind my molars together to keep from coming in my pants. Right there in the Oval Office. Inches from her face. Dear God. “I’ll see you tomorrow, then,” she says quietly, rising and backing toward the exit.

I nod stiffly, knowing I’ll have to relieve myself in the bathroom as soon as she’s gone. Especially now that I’ve seen her from behind. Eloise Rogers has an ass that begs to be bent over my knee and swatted simply for existing. For being so firm and young. That skirt accentuates the tight curve of her cheeks, a demure split running up the center of her legs. I’d rip it straight up the middle with my bare hands if given half the chance, wouldn’t I?

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No. It can't happen.

Get yourself together, McAlister .

“Oh, and sir?” Eloise pauses in her retreat, standing about ten yards away in the silent office, framed pictures of past presidents lining the wall behind her.

“Yes, Eloise,” I say, struggling not to adjust myself.

She wets her lips. “I’ve been following your career since you were fresh from duty, wounded, but still finding the strength to community organize in Wyoming. You’re an inspiration, sir, and the reason I got into politics in the first place. You’re a man of honor and I truly believe you’re one of the few politicians who believe what they’re saying. That’s why I’m here.” My entire being seizes up as she saunters over to me, her shyness gone, replaced by passion for what she’s saying. “But every man needs a break from being good sometimes.” She reaches out and traces my belt buckle with her index finger, come beginning to leak from my pressurized tip into my briefs. “I can be here for that reason, too. This is a hard job with lots of frustrations and setbacks. You’re going to need somewhere...or someone...with whom you can let loose.”

The very top of her finger slides down, tracing the aching ridge of my cock, and it happens. I can't fucking believe it.

I unload right there in my pants.

I grit my teeth and grip the desk behind me, grunting through wave after wave of

intense pleasure rippling through my sex, my undercarriage, my belly, soaking my zipper while she continues that featherlight stroke, her breath shallow with excitement. I can't remember a time in my life when I've come harder...or at a less opportune time. In a less appropriate place.

"You've been working so hard," she leans in to whisper against my jaw. "Taking care of everyone and everything." She cups me fully, gripping, urging another spurt into the damp material of my briefs while I half-gasp, half-groan. "Someone has to take care of you."

I can do nothing but reel, attempting to make sense of what this angel has done to my body. How she commandeered it so quickly, so effectively, when I've never been capable of letting down my guard with anyone. Not without a concerted effort and letting myself go without sex for long periods of time, pushing myself to the edge of deprivation so I'll have no choice but to release my pleasure with a person I don't trust...because I've only ever trusted myself.

An hour in the company of Eloise Rogers and I'm lost.

My body wants to be in her care...and I want her body in the care of mine.

Now.

God help me.

"See you tomorrow, Mr. President," she says, kissing my chin.

Rocking me, mind, body and soul.

She strolls out of the Oval Office, leaving my hunger to multiply painfully, an obsession with Eloise Rogers already manifesting. Leaving me to count the seconds

until I see her again.

Despite the hundreds of reasons I need to keep my hands to myself.

And I will.

Starting right fucking now.

three

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Eloise

The presidential motorcade showing up at my apartment was not on my bingo card, yet here I am, standing on the steps of my building, an overnight bag slung over my shoulder, watching as around nine Escalades roll up, like it's no big deal.

I pop out my AirPods slowly, positive this is a mistake. I was contacted by the Secret Service last night and instructed to be at the White House no later than 7am. But it appears the White House has come to me. All nine SUVs roll to a halt at the sidewalk, men with earpieces, mirrored sunglasses and dark suits popping out, moving in all directions, speaking into their dangling microphones about who-knows-what.

What I do know is that someone can knock me over with a feather as I watch President McAlister alight from the fourth Escalade and button his navy blazer while striding toward me. "Ms. Rogers."

It's ridiculous, but my first incoherent thought is, oh my gosh, he remembered my name, which is utterly ridiculous considering what transpired between us in the Oval

Office yesterday afternoon. Every time I think about it, I have one of two reactions. I slap my hands over my face in humiliation for coming on so strong. For making my borderline unhealthy attraction known within an hour of meeting the man.

For being so wildly unprofessional.

My other reaction is a lot more NSFW. It involves my fingers and a lot of moaning.

The first man I've ever made come was the President of the United States.

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And I made him come with the tip of my finger.

What does that mean? Were my endless fantasies...more of a manifestation? Or is the connection I always hoped to have with him...real? A real-life, happening-now type thing?

“Good morning, Mr. President.”

“Good morning.” He takes my bag. “Is this your only luggage?”

“Yes,” I respond, dazed by the beauty of his face in the daylight. “But you’re not supposed to be carrying my bag, sir. You’re not supposed to be here at all. I live in the opposite direction of the airfield. I was on my way to—”

“I wanted to see where you lived.” He scrutinizes the building over the top of my head. “You said it was safe, but I’m a see-for-myself type of man.”

“I know this about you,” I say, smiling to hide my full-body blush. He came to check on my safety. “Well. Do you agree with me that it’s safe?”

A grumble in his throat. “What apartment are you in?”

“2B. Why?”

Instead of answering me, he seeks out the nearest SS agent. “Take a few men up to 2B and make sure all entry points are secure. Test the locks. And once we’re back on the road, run security checks on everyone in the building.”

The man wastes no time doing the president's bidding. "Yes, sir."

"Is this the kind of five-star service afforded all your cabinet members?"

"I think you know it's not, Ms. Rogers." A line snaps in his cheek. "Get in the car."

"Yes, Mr. President."

I can feel him looking down at the top of my head as he follows me to the SUV. Stopping at the open door, which is being held that way by an agent, I remove my jacket and fold it over one arm, securing my tote bag to my chest and climbing inside, settling into the plush leather seat of the president's luxurious Escalade.

He gets in beside me and the door closes.

There are men in suits entering my building, but I'm so overwhelmed by the heady presence of the president, I forget why them going inside my apartment is a bad thing.

"Oh!" I fumble to take the phone out of my purse. "My roommate is in there sleeping with her boyfriend! They're going to have heart attacks!"

The president's head turns slowly. "You didn't mention a boyfriend."

"He's notmyboyfriend."

Despite that assurance, the hard set of his jaw doesn't budge. "You'll give his name to the agency just to be safe."

"Fine," I say, pressing the ringing phone to my ear. "But he works in politics, too."

“Even more reason to run a report on him,” he grumbles.

I giggle, despite the oddness of the situation, but the scream in my ear cuts me off.

The president and I share a wince, but his is way less sincere. “Hi, Catherine.” I attempt to make sense out her screeches. “The Secret Service is just securing the apartment. Isn’t that nice? We don’t even have to pay for it.” Looking up at the man beside me, I lower my voice to a whisper. “Right?”

“It’s on the house,” confirms Pierce, lips twitching.

“Try and go back to sleep,” I sing to Catherine, hanging up before she can shout any more epithets at me. “She’s not much of a morning person.”

“Are you a morning person?” McAlister asks.

“Oh yes,” I enthuse. “Four am is my favorite time of day. Just before sunrise, when the world is extra quiet and everything is covered in dew.” There is a sense of tension building in the vehicle the longer we sit one inch apart without touching, the president making a visible effort not to look anywhere but my face, even though this black dress is just this side of inappropriate for work with its high hem and tight bodice. I haven’t gotten my first paycheck and most of my money goes toward rent, so I’m still wearing clothes from high school. My breasts and hips have filled out since then. “I would ask if you’re a morning person, but you grew up on a horse ranch,” I say. “You’ve probably never slept late a day in your life.”

He hums, nostalgia playing briefly on his features. “You’ve got that right.”

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“You should try it at least once,” I say quietly. “Sleeping in, I mean.”

His chest rises and falls heavily, those amber eyes creeping down to my mouth. “I’d have to find a reason to stay in bed late.”

Very lightly, I let my knuckle run up the back of his hand and he reacts by tipping his head back, inhaling rockily. “I’m sure we could figure something out, sir,” I murmur.

“Goddamn,” he grits. “It took you less than two minutes to make me question my resolve.” He presses his thumb and middle finger into his eyes. “Ms. Rogers, this needs to be a professional relationship. I can’t...we can’t. You’re working under me. Hell, the whole country works beneath me now. It would be reprehensible of me to take advantage of that.” He pauses to search for the right words. “It’s my fault for giving the impression we could have a romantic relationship of some kind. I didn’t expect my reaction to you. But this simply can’t happen.” His voice lowers to a rasp. “I’m not the kind of man who fucks his employee.”

“Okay,” I manage, struggling to think straight under the avalanche of disappointment. After what happened yesterday, not to mention him inviting me on this trip, I thought he was interested in getting to know me as a woman, in addition to building our professional relationship. But I can see I’ve jumped the gun. Big time. As I suspected and worried about all night, I came on too strong. Expected too much. Let my fantasy brain rule the day, instead of my practical one.

“Ms. Rogers, I wouldn’t be the kind of man you believe me to be if I used this trip as an opportunity to sleep with a girl twelve years younger than me.”

That statement couldn't be truer. As much as I'd like to have a longer, slower replay of our encounter yesterday, he is my hero for a reason. He is honorable. He makes the rules and follows them, unequivocally.

Breaking them so easily would be out of character.

"You're right, of course," I say unevenly, my fingers curling in one by one, so I don't accidentally touch him. He watches me withdraw with a look of frustration. "I'm here on this trip to pitch my initiative to the senator. And that's all."

He reaches for my face, but hesitates, letting the hand drop. "Ms. Rogers, if things were different..."

"I understand, sir. You don't have to explain."

He's saved from having to respond when the suited driver climbs into the driver's side of the SUV, nodding over his shoulder at the president. "We'll talk more in depth later, sir, but I can't recommend she return to the premises without some safety upgrades."

"Schedule them, please," McAlister says without taking his attention off me. "I want the place locked down tighter than Fort Knox."

"I don't need to be protected," I assure him.

A muscle hops in his cheek. "If this is the only thing I can ethically do for you, Eloise, please just let me have it."

His use of my name livens the air with an electrical current.

"We'll be at the airfield in twenty minutes, Mr. President," calls the driver.

“Thank you,” he says, dragging his hand down over his open mouth while I attempt to gather my wits. This can’t be normal, the effect we have on each other. Can it? My inner thighs feel useless without his body between them. “If you like,” he continues, quietly, “we can use the flight to go over your talking points for the senator.”

“That would be nice,” I say, forcing a bright smile.

He doesn’t smile back.

Rather confusingly, he appears like he’s battling the urge to reach for me.

Not knowing whether to obey my body or his speech about propriety, I duck my head down and study my notes, all too aware that his eyes never leave me once on the ride to the airfield.

four

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Pierce

“What happened to Air Force One?” Eloise shouts nervously over the noise of the whizzing chopper blades. We’re being handed headphones on our way to the waiting helicopter and in the space of five seconds, Eloise has gone from being a blank slate to looking absolutely terrified. “Is it in the shop?”

Mother of God, she’s fucking adorable.

I beat back the impulse to scoop her up in my arms and carry her across the tarmac. That would be one way to reassure her, except I’ve redrawn the boundaries between us and now I must stick to them. Sure, it has only been fifteen minutes since I

explained to her why we can't have a romantic relationship and I'm already sexually frustrated.

But I'm a man of my word.

Watching her move in that tight dress and heels while the wind from the chopper blades blows her hair around, I wish I wasn't quite so honorable. I'd have rolled up the privacy screen in the SUV and slipped my fingers into her panties, kissed her pretty mouth while I stimulated then appeased her clit with my thumb.

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She'd be a lot more relaxed right now.

"I've never been in a helicopter, sir."

"It's safe, Ms. Rogers. I wouldn't bring you anywhere that wasn't."

"I know. I'm just..." It has come time for her to climb the steps and she's digging in her heels, pale as a ghost. "Thank you for inviting me on this trip, but I'm suddenly remembering a very important meeting I—"

"There's no meeting, Ms. Rogers," I say, turning her back around by the shoulders. "The pilot of Marine One served two decades in the Air Force. I promise you we'll make it to West Virginia."

"Oh great, now you've jinxed us," she whimpers, relenting and allowing me to guide her up the steps into the helicopter. We duck inside and take two of the four seats, my Secret Service agents filling the others in front of us. "Is it too late to call my mom and tell her I love her?" she says, her words filling my ears through the headset.

"You can call her when we land."

"Stop jinxing us!"

My lips twitch. "Sorry."

Less than a minute later, the door of the chopper closes, and the revolutions of the blades increase in pace, the helicopter beginning to move. Forward and up. She's

gripping the armrests so tightly with her white-knuckled hands, her wide eyes on the horizon, she's totally forgotten to fasten her seatbelt. I have no choice but to do it for her, right? I would ensure the safety of any employee. Right?

Perhaps I wouldn't feel a fraction as passionate about anyone else's safety, but that's for me to know and nobody else to find out. Although I could try and be a little less obvious about my protective urges when it comes to Ms. Eloise Rogers. Such as refraining from orders to have the Secret Service secure her apartment.

Inwardly admonishing myself, I reach over and slide my hand down between her far hip and the armrest, trying not to groan over the smooth curve of her hip and waist. Or the fact that the hem of her skirt has ridden up, revealing the lacy, black edges of her stockings. Fuck. As I engage her buckle, I can't help but devour the sliver of thigh showing itself off above the tops of those stockings—and I know she wore them for me. She wore them hoping I was going to spread her thighs at some point on this trip.

My cock knows it, too. Remembers every word of her little invitation yesterday.

You've been working so hard. Taking care of everyone and everything.

Someone has to take care of you.

This certainly marks the first time I've had a hard dick on a helicopter.

"Oh boy," she breathes, looking out the window briefly, before squeezing her eyes shut, her tits rising and falling with shallow breaths. "We're really high now. Are you sure we're going to make it to West Virginia?"

"Yes. I am." Despite my even tone, she's still holding on for dear life and against every shred of self-preservation in my body, I reach over and offer her my hand. She doesn't just take it, she grabs for it like I'm the only thing keeping her from falling

off a cliff, pulling until my entire forearm is wedged between her breasts and I can feel her heart racing out of control. “Easy, angel,” I say, looking her in the eye. “I said it before, and I’ll say it again. I wouldn’t take you anywhere that wasn’t safe.”

She inhales through her nose and out through her mouth, restlessly crossing her gorgeous thighs, showing off even moreskin above the lacy tops of those stockings. My dick pounds at the sight, that forbidden flesh so close to her panties. Her cunt.

“You probably feel right at home up here, don’t you?” she whispers.

I nod over the accuracy. “More than I do behind a desk, that’s for sure.” I absorb the vibration of the engine with a sigh, the hum beneath my feet. “I’m not sure if I’ll ever be comfortable putting on a suit every day.”

She processes that. “It’s where you can make the most difference.”

“Easier said than done. One week into this job and I can see why nothing ever gets accomplished. Everyone has an agenda and if you’re not scratching their back, they’ll stab you in yours. Entire bills get stonewalled over an insignificant detail...”

“If you weren’t qualified to cut through the red tape, I wouldn’t be here right now, prepared to die on a helicopter.” We share a quiet laugh. “If the game is fixed, Mr. President, you’ll simply have to change it.”

“Got any tips for doing that?” I ask, wanting her opinion, yes, but also keeping her talking, because it’s distracting her from being nervous.

“Break their backs, instead of scratching them,” she deadpans.

A laugh cracks out of me. “I’ll make a note.” I’m not sure if Eloise realizes she’s still holding onto my arm, the appendage clutched across her chest like a second seatbelt,

but every time we hit a little patch of rough air, her tits jiggle and sway, and Lord, filth does its best to take over my brain. I think of her straddling my lap naked, so I can watch her tits bounce with the turbulence, that clipboard from yesterday in her hands as she makes notes, talking me through the day's agenda while she rides my dick.

Breathe.

I can get through this trip without fucking my youth council secretary.

I can.

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But even though I'm well aware I need to keep our relationship above board, I can't help wanting to know more about Eloise. Personally. In fact, I want to know everything, right down to her preferred brand of fucking toothpaste. Which is a capital P Problem. "What would you be doing right now if you weren't in politics, Ms. Rogers?"

She wets her lips and the tip of my cock dampens itself, too, because Jesus, I can see the tiniest hint of the crotch of her panties now. Lily white cotton lace. Son of a bitch.

"Before I started working in politics—and while I was attending Villanova—I worked at my dad's shop. In Philly. He owns a crêperie." She smiles fondly over the mention of her father. "Crepes are his one true love. My mom is the other woman in his life. Do you like crepes?"

"I'm afraid to tell you this, Ms. Rogers." I tuck my tongue into my cheek. "I've never even had a crepe."

She gasps, turning in her seat, giving me an even better glimpse of heaven, lithe thighs leading to her hot little pussy. She's afraid of dying from a helicopter crash, but I'm more worried about my cock being strangled to death by my zipper.

"Can we land this bird in Philly real quick? My father will make you the best—"

We hit a bump—a big one. The helicopter drops several yards, before bouncing over a few more patches of rough air. And with Eloise suddenly the color of a ghost, I don't even hesitate. As soon as the turbulence passes, I unbuckle her belt and drag her sideways into my lap, cuddling her as closely as possible to try and quell her shaking.

“Nothing to be scared of, angel. I’ve got you.”

“I didn’t like that.”

“I know,” I croon, stroking her hair away from her face. “Do you believe me when I tell you it’s normal?”

“I’d believe anything you say,” she breathes, without a hint of sarcasm.

She truly means it, with her whole heart.

Eloise already told me yesterday that I inspired her to get into politics, but the more I get to know her, the more I feel a responsibility to live up to her expectations. If I’m the good man she believes me to be, I would put this young woman back in her seat, instead of rubbing my knuckles gently along her jawline. There’s another bump, however, and she whimpers, burrowing her face into my neck and there’s no letting go. Hell no.

I notice her high heels have fallen off and her feet are dangling down by my shin, her toenails painted bright pink. Why does that raise a lump in my throat? “Tell me more about the crepes, angel,” I rasp against her ear, breathing in the vanilla and flowers scent of her hair.

“Um.” She snuggles closer, the position of her ass very affective, rubbing my stiff cock up against my stomach, making me throb like a son of a bitch. “Well, I’m trying to think of which one you should sample first. Are you a savory or sweet person?”

“I used to say savory,” I say, cupping her knee, letting my thumb brush side to side against the inside. “But I’m leaning toward sweet these days.”

She hums, way too innocent to catch my meaning, thank God. “Then I think you’ll

have to start with his cult classic—peaches and cream.”

“Yeah, I could go for some of that right now,” I say under my breath, barely holding on to my control. Distract yourself from how perfectly she fits in your arms. If one of the agents turned around right now, I’m sure there wouldn’t be any leaks to the press about President McAlister cuddling his youth council secretary—they’re way too discreet for that—but I’d probably lose some of their respect. Honor and respect are everything where I come from. Where I’ve been throughout my life. Still, I can’t seem to let her go. “What’s your favorite crepe on the menu?”

“I like the tropical flavors,” she says, lifting her head, and fuck, I’m so ruined with those big blue eyes trained on me, my heart booming and sawing in my ribcage. “Like banana and mango.” Her gaze travels down to my mouth. “Although the mango can get so sticky, you know?”

“Sticky,” I echo, mentally already buried inside of her up to my balls. “Sounds like you’re a messy girl, Eloise.”

“Am I?” We gravitate closer until I can feel her sweet breath on my mouth, our foreheads a hint away from touching, her incredible ass pushing down on my cock, bouncing up and down every so often, due to the turbulence. Then, “I haven’t had the chance to find out if I’m a messy girl or not, sir,” she says. “I’ve been waiting.”

If I’m not mistaken, the living, breathing temptation on my lap just informed me she’s a virgin and she’s been waiting for me to do something about it. And quote me on this, there isn’t a red-blooded man alive who could keep himself from kissing a woman when she says something that sexually charged to your face, especially when she’s wearing thigh-high stockings and a short skirt.

“Fuck it,” I pant, cradling the petal-soft side of her face and going in for the kill—and within a split second, her mouth ends up killing me instead. I’m a victim and a

conqueror all at once. She's so goddamn succulent, all I can think is peaches and her unfucked pussy dripping all over my chin as I lick hungrily into her mouth to massage her tongue, raking my mouth up, down, pulling away a centimeter to tease her, growling with satisfaction when she follows and drags my face back down, opening her mouth eagerly, her ass restless on my cock, circling and rubbing, driving me to the fucking brink. "Keep your hips still, angel, or I'll need to change my pants," I growl against her ear.

She stares back at me, delirious, eyes glazed. "Tell me how to serve you, sir."

This is a dream. This has to be a dream. "Let's get one thing straight, Eloise. If we slept together, you'd be the first to get served." I run my thumb across her cheekbone, humbled when she leans into my touch, so trusting. "I'm just a man. Not some god to be served. A real man is man enough to serve his woman. Don't ever forget that."

Eloise looks deep in thought for a moment, then nods, our mouths sliding back together, opening to let our tongues meet and indulge. Swear to Christ, there is nothing hotter on this earth than this girl and her sense of wonder, her open enjoyment of every stroke, every nuzzle of our noses and lips—and fuck, it's not long until she's turned on like a V8 engine, growing more confident by the second, her palms riding up and down my pecs, fingers tugging on my hair, her body twisting as if she'd straddle me with the slightest encouragement. Hell, even I am beginning to forget we're in the company of the Secret Service, that flesh between her thighs calling my fucking name.

"Tell me it's wet," I demand, slanting my mouth over hers. "Tell me it's so fucking wet and you're thinking about me pushing your legs open and licking it."

Bedroom eyes blink slowly at me, the tip of her tongue tracing the swell of my bottom lip. "Just thinking about you makes me wet, s-so you imagine what it's like right now." I'm pretty sure my brain is already leaking out of my ears, but then she

adds, “Don’t worry. I brought five changes of panties, Mr. President.” She bites her lip, having the nerve to blush like a schoolgirl. “I know what being around you does to me.”

Horny doesn’t begin to describe me right now.

This is scorched earth. My cock is curved and throbbing. I’m sweating under my clothes. Despite the fact that I would use my mouth on Eloise before I even considered taking my dick out, I can’t help but imagine railing her with a vengeance up against a goddamn wall, her pink toenails digging into my ass while she calls me Mr. President. I could take her into the bathroom right now and—

There’s a loud cough in front of me. “Five minutes to touchdown, sir.”

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Reality intrudes like a record scratching, both of us breaking the kiss to suck down air. Eloise blinks at me, blushing and bewildered. Her fingertips slowly rise to her lips, touching them, her eyes scanning her surroundings with dawning horror, as if only realizing she'd been in my lap for the last fifteen minutes.

"I'm sorry, sir," she breathes, scrambling off me as soon as the helicopter lands, her face growing deeper and deeper with color. "It won't happen again."

Confused, I shake my head. "Eloise...Ms. Rogers, I mean. We both—"

I never find out what my brain plans on putting out of my mouth because a phone is suddenly in my face. "Sir, there's an urgent call from the Secretary of State."

I curse internally, no choice but to take the call.

And the one after that. And the one after that.

All while Eloise tries to melt into the seat beside me, all the way to the capital where the senator and his staff are waiting outside for us.

Later. I'll handle this...and my rapidly growing feelings for Eloise later.

five

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Eloise

This is getting embarrassing.

I cannot physically control myself around President McAlister.

I've all but offered myself to him on a silver platter twice in one day, even after I resolved to maintain my professionalism. Now, I'm standing at the perimeter of Senator Stokes' office, behind a row of flashing cameras, watching as the president shakes the hands of several miners who were rescued after being trapped in the earth for several days.

Pierce looks every single one of them in the eye and gives them a firm shake, exchanging a few words just between them, not for the benefit of the cameras. Long gone is his jacket, the sleeves of his white dress shirt rolled up to reveal sinewy forearms. His hair perfect in its disarray. Every woman in the room is watching him with slack-jawed appreciation, from interns to reporters.

"Senator Stokes, what will you and the president be discussing on this visit?" asks someone holding a tape recorder.

"Today is all about honoring the sacrifices of our treasured workers of industry here in West Virginia. However, we're humbled by President McAlister's presence in our fine state and see it as a sign of promising things to come between West Virginia and the new administration."

"Just honored to shake the hands of these brave men," Pierce rumbles with a firm nod, his answer shining with authenticity, especially when compared to the senator's reply. "Thank God they were able to return home to their families."

Everyone is charmed by Pierce and the quiet conversation he resumes with one of the miners, his hand gestures so familiar to me. I can only watch him and sigh, my thighs squeezed tightly together beneath my dress. I haven't had a chance to change into a

new pair of panties and these are growing damper by the second, just from watching the president's back muscles shift under the starched white shirt, hearing his low crack of laughter in response to something said by the senator.

When they fan out and face the cameras to pose for pictures, he doesn't give one of those phony politician smiles, he just looks patiently at the row of lenses, a small groove between his brows, as if he's not sure he likes the fanfare. His lips are a shade darker than usual, a hint swollen, and I'm the only one in the room who knows why.

We made out on Marine One.

I sat on the president's lap and kissed him like tomorrow would never come.

Like he never told me a relationship was impossible.

Those stolen moments in the back of the helicopter will surely go down as the best ones of my entire life. A real man is man enough to serve his woman. Don't ever forget that. Those words revolve around my head, packing more meaning every time, the memory of his long fingers testing and stroking my knee, making me hot beneath my dress, the material of my underwear sodden and uncomfortable.

"Thank you very much for your time," the senator says to the assembled media, his smile toothy and broad. "We're going to enjoy a luncheon with the president now, before we break to prepare for his reception gala tonight. He deserves to be spoiled a little before we send him back to the sharks in Washington."

There's an obligatory smattering of laughter before the media is hustled out of the event room, the miners herded by interns with clipboards and guided out a separate entrance, their photo op with the president and senator concluded. Secret Service and various staff members are left behind in the room, including myself, but I don't have a chance to feel like a spare tool, because Pierce makes eye contact with me

immediately, jerking his chin to indicate I should join him and the senator.

Trying not to hyperventilate—or give in to the paranoia that everyone in the room can tell my underwear is wet—I join Pierce at the front of the space.

“Senator Stokes, I’d like to introduce Eloise Rogers, youth council secretary.”

“An honor to meet you, Senator,” I say in my most proficient tone, holding out my hand for a shake...but he doesn’t take my offered hand right away. Instead, he rears back, visibly stunned, his attention skimming down the front of my body and back up, but not before detouring to my breasts. I hold on to my disgust, smile remaining in place, however, and he finally slides his clammy, too-smooth palm into mine, shaking my hand slowly.

“Well, well. It’s a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Rogers,” he says, gripping my fingers a beat too long. “Does the youth council secretary always travel with the president?” He passes McAlister a knowing grin. “Or only when she looks like you?”

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One would like to think we've phased out sexual harassment of this nature, especially within the hallowed halls of the state houses, but I've been working in politics long enough to know we're far from an ideal reality. Once the cameras retreat and the reporters are no longer recording, powerful men tend to say whatever their little hearts desire.

My smile never falters. I've had practice. "The president was kind enough to—"

"What the fuck did you just say, Stokes?" Pierce says, his tone deadly quiet. "How she looks is irrelevant. She's here to detail an initiative that could benefit the young people of your state. If you can't do your job and listen to her plan without being a pervert, I'll start looking into endorsing someone else in the next election."

Stokes' face is ghostly white. "I apologize, sir. That was out of line."

"Apologize to her. Now. Then show her some goddamn respect."

"I truly do apologize, Ms. Rogers." He presses a hand to his chest, head bowing. "It won't happen again. Please tell me about your initiative."

Honestly, I'm tongue tied and kind of emotional over Pierce defending me so passionately, but I gather my wits. Before I have a chance to begin, however, a Secret Service agent approaches with an air of urgency. "President McAlister, you're needed on a call with the Prime Minister. We have him on the line in the salon, if you'll follow me."

Pierce curses, his jaw looking like it's ready to crack. "Ms. Rogers is not to be left

alone, is that understood? I want somebody from your team with her at all times.”

“Yes, sir.”

He looks me hard in the eye. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, sir.” I worship the ground you walk on. “Please, take the call.”

Pierce hesitates another few seconds, before he turns on a heel and marches out of the room, glancing back over his shoulder at me twice before disappearing around the corner. And my love for the president has never been more vindicated. In fact, I’m so warm and safe in the knowledge that he exists, that he’s in charge now, I have to blink back a layer of moisture in my eyes. Do him proud.

“Senator Stokes, you’ve already made great strides in destigmatizing mental health amongst your younger constituents, but the goal of the youth council is to make these resources available in early education...”

six

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Eloise

Twenty minutes later, I’ve finished my pitch to the senator and it’s no surprise that he’s agreed to see a formal proposal from the council. I like to think I impressed him, but deep down I know he’s a little terrified of Pierce, too—and that’s A-okay with me.

Whatever gets the job done.

“Ms. Rogers, the president would like to see you.”

“Please excuse me, Senator. Thank you for your time.”

“Yes, of course.” He reaches out for a conclusionary shake and I put my hand in his grip, surprised when he squeezes a little too tight, looking somewhat...chagrined? “I’m probably courting political ruin here, but...I would love to discuss the initiative further. Maybe we could slip away during the gala tonight for a quiet drink, if you’re not hightailing it back to Washington.” His grin causes my skin to crawl. “I’m extending the invitation with the utmost respect, of course. I like speaking with you.”

“Oh, um.” I’m completely caught off guard. What twenty-five-year-old woman wouldn’t be flustered when asked on a date by a fifty-something-year-old man? “I don’t know what m-my plans are for the night.”

“You’re busy, Ms. Rogers,” Pierce says, approaching with an expression of pure malice, all of it directed at the senator. “Somebody doesn’t know when to quit.”

Stokes has the grace to look ashamed, at the very least. “You can’t blame a man for trying. She’s quite something.”

“Eloise, please go wait in the car,” the president says, smoothly, despite the hard glint in his eye. “I’ll be with you in a minute.”

Not wanting to miss my opportunity to escape the clutches of Senator Lecher, I move briskly out of the room, trying to make out the low, angry conversation that ensues in my wake, but unable to do so over the bustle of security around me. I’m brought down the steps of the state house and hustled into a waiting SUV parked at the curb. Approximately two minutes pass before the president is led to the same running vehicle, climbing in beside me and immediately yanking on his tie to loosen it.

“Sir, you don’t have to intervene like that on my behalf. I can handle myself—”

“How often does that happen?” he interrupts.

He’s not going to like the answer, so I press my lips into a straight line.

His curse is vile. “You’re getting your own security detail.”

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“What? Sir, that is totally unnecessary—”

“Eloise, do you want me to be able to concentrate on running the country, or not?”

“Of course, I do!”

“Then allow the security detail.” His hands curl into fists where they rest on his thighs. “I find...I’m very protective over you.” His chest shudders up and down. “Very.”

“No one has been this concerned about my safety since my father.” I reach over and tug his tie gently, wanting to lighten his mood. “Should I start calling you daddy?”

Pierce stills, his jaw flexed, catching my wrist when I start to draw my hand back, bringing it to his open mouth, the heat of his breath ghosting over my knuckles. Very slowly, he reaches up with his free fingers and presses the button to close the privacy screen, rendering us alone and insulated in the dark backseat. “Am I a hypocrite, Ms. Rogers?” he asks when the screen is fully engaged, rubbing his lips against the pulse at my wrist. “I just threatened that man’s life for asking you out on a date, yet here I am, dying to check and see if you need a panty change.”

I blush, zipping my attention down to my lap.

“It better be because of me.”

“It’s always because of you,” I whisper. “And you’re not a hypocrite, sir. I’ve done nothing but encourage you to...touch me. I did nothing to encourage him.”

“That’s the only reason he’s still standing.” His nostrils flare, his gaze setting my thighs on fire under his regard. “Take off your panties and hand them to me, Ms. Rogers.”

My knees begin to tremble. Something about our dynamic is shifting, but I can’t put my finger on why. Or how. Only that I’m feeling very wicked...and the number one authority in the nation is about to find out how wicked, exactly. How wet he makes me.

He’s asking to hold the proof in his hands.

Pulses pound in the most private of places as I lift my hips off the leather bench seat and reach under my dress, hooking my thumbs in the waistband of my lacy white panties and easing them down my thighs, my breath catching when they come into view and the president makes a guttural sound, his palm coming to rest low on his belly, his strain growing more pronounced as I drag my underwear slowly down my calves and past my heels, holding them in my lap a moment, before holding them out for his inspection.

Pierce takes the scrap of lace, unfolding the tiny white garment and holding it up to the muted light coming in through the tinted window. With his chest rising and falling in rapid order, he sets the panties on his thigh and rubs his thumb through the wet cotton section that has been pressed to the seam of my sex all afternoon.

“Jesus Christ.” He snatches them up in a shaking fist and presses them to his nose, inhaling deeply. “Smells like honey and roses.”

“Thank you,” I breathe, shaking. I’ve just given my drenched panties to the president. I’d give him every part of me if he crooked his little finger.

Is he going to? Is he changing his mind about pursuing something together?

“You joke about calling me daddy, but this way I want to guard you, take care of you...and discipline you for having a wet cunt in public...is very real, Eloise.” He rubs my lacy underwear against his open mouth. “I don’t know what you’re doing to me. And I don’t know how to control it.”

Pierce McAlister just said the word cunt. I should be shocked. But there’s no room for shock around how exhilarated I am. How enlivened I am by his admissions. “H-how would you like to discipline me, sir?”

“Lay face down over my lap and find out,” he rasps.

With my sex contracted in a perpetual hold that leaves me dizzy, I turn on the seat, pressing my knee to the leather to lever myself up—and I do as I’m told. Because I want to. I’m dying to surrender beneath the care of this worthy man. And no sooner am I face down over the president’s lap does he yank up my skirt with rough hands, fully exposing my bottom, the mere eroticism of what’s happening causing me to whimper, my open mouth pressed to the leather seat, butt raised in the air.

“Christ. This ass is so hot, it’s disrespectful, Eloise.”

“I’m sorry, sir.”

“Answer me this. How does a virgin get so fucking wet?” he says hoarsely, massaging my right butt cheek, before switching to the left, then back. Back and forth and back, moisture trickling and pooling between my legs. “Maybe it’s the same reason I blew a load in my pants the first time you touched me. Our bodies know something is happening here and our minds are playing catch up.” His tone thickens. “My body definitely liked you calling me daddy, and I don’t know if that’s fucked up or not.”

Pinpricks from head to toe, my vision coated in sparkles.

Daddy.

The rightness of that term, in reference to this man, locks into place and I feel like all my confusing emotions and near-hostile attraction to Pierce start to make sense.

“I’m sorry about my wet cunt, Daddy,” I murmur, excitement racing over my scalp.

Choking, he fists the flesh of my ass in a shaking hand, then delivers the first blow. SLAP. And his ragged, subsequent exhale makes me think of stabilizers falling away from a rocket ship as it launches. Spanking me embodies relief for him. The Daddy role feels right to him, too, and if I had any doubts, the pulsing, rigid bulge against my stomach would clear them right up. “Oh God. I shouldn’t be laying my goddamn hands on you.”

“I love your hands on me,” I manage shakily, arching my back to angle my backside higher. “However I can get them there. Soft. Rough. I’ll love it all.”

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Pierce takes a cheek in each oversized palm, hesitating, before drawing them apart. Moaning. Parting them more and more until I can feel the air conditioning against that puckered part of me. His reverent breath, too. “Son of a bitch. Can’t believe that tight little thing was sitting in my lap earlier, scooting all over my cock.” I sense him tilting his head, his exhale coming out uneven. “Your pussy made you wet all the way back here. Fuck.”

His palms crack down against my buttocks, and I whimper, tears of pleasure blurring my vision, the moisture tracking down my cheeks, dripping off my chin, my open lips. I’m lying across President McAlister’s lap and he’s spanking me. Repeatedly. He drops his hand like a judge with a gavel, his breath growing increasingly dense, my sex leaking down the insides of my thighs, onto his pant legs. Out of my control. Out of my mind. I’m out of my skin and yet I’ve never been more at home inside of it, receiving the president’s love blows, followed by soothing rubs of his hand, crooned words of praise for having such a fuckable little asshole and letting him spread my cheeks. Redden them.

“I can’t stop,” he says raggedly, slapping my bottom. “I need to stop.”

“No!”

“Yes, angel. Stop me or you won’t sit down for a week.”

I don’t know what comes over me, I just act on instinct, crawling backwards and fumbling with the gold buckle of his belt, ripping the leather free through the loops, and sucking him through his pants. Sucking and moaning and fondling the president’s steely erection through his dress pants, my mouth watering as I lower the zipper and

stuff his big, bare shaft between my lips, suckling and whining over the salty taste, his fingers twisting desperately in my hair, his stomach hollowing at the pleasure, his grunts animalistic, his hips thrusting up, up, up, fucking my mouth with his enormously thick flesh.

“Oh God. Oh fuck.” He drives to my throat and holds, holds, pulling out when I start to choke, his throat muscles straining with a shout. “A little more, just like that, and Daddy’s going to come down your little fucking throat.”

I squeal into his next deep throat drive, a spasm rippling through my sex, a response to his pleasure. The pleasure I’m giving him. He’s already so big and powerful, but right now, he’s a god in the back of this SUV. I’m the one who has been appointed with his gratification and the responsibility has heightened my state of being. I’m a blur. I’m the embodiment of bliss, my purpose to suck as hard and as deeply as I can.

I’m easing the president’s needs. For the sake of the country. Democracy.

“Flash me some asshole and get your throat ready,” he slurs, holding my face to his lap and grinding upward while I sob over the perfect slide of smooth against my tonsils, the jerk of his inches, his hoarse curses and calls of my name. “There it is,” he says when I widen my thighs, tilt my hips to give him the view he requested. “Begging for a man to take charge of it. Spit on it, spoil it and come in it, huh, Eloise?” He shudders. “Jesus, I’m finished. Motherfucker!”

He spills along with the next draw of my mouth, his tall frame tensing, then shaking, his groans loud in the interior of the SUV. I widen my lips as far as they’ll go and tamp down on my gag reflex, housing him inside my mouth, all the way to his balls, his thighs flexing and jerking beneath me, damp saltiness pouring down my throat and I swallow eagerly, my knees slipping in the mess I made on the seat as I try to scramble closer, not wanting a single drop of him to escape me.

“Eloise. Eloise. Eloise.”

I don't stop until he's spent, and the stamina drops right out of me. I have just enough energy to turn over and allow myself to be gathered and cradled in his arms while he kisses my cheeks, my chin, my forehead, before my eyes roll into the back of my head and I pass out from the euphoria, a smile lingering on my face even in sleep.

seven

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Pierce

My reflection stares back at me in the bathroom mirror. I look like my usual self, save the part where I'm dressed in a tuxedo for the senator's gala. The man looking back at me is stoic. Focused. Not an animal who spanks a young woman's ass until it's bright red, then fucks her mouth in the back of a car while someone else drives.

What the hell came over me?

Daddy's going to come down your little fucking throat.

Never in my life would I have expected something so harsh to leave my mouth, especially in the company of someone so sweet. Someone who looks up to me. Answers to me, professionally. My palm stings from swatting her beautiful backside...and I should be ashamed of how badly I'd like to do it again. I should be given a prison sentence for thinking about next time. How I'm going to spread the ample moisture from her pussy all over those jiggy little ass cheeks while I smack them.

“You are the fucking president, Pierce,” I say to my reflection. “Pull it together.”

I'm trying.

Really, I am. But Ms. Eloise Rogers has become my fucking fixation.

Not only is she smart, ambitious, successful in her chosen field, adorable, personable and interesting...she seems to be obsessed with the idea of giving me pleasure. And thus, I am hanging on to my resolve by a string, knowing how unethical dating a cabinet member—and a woman twelve years younger—will appear to the public, while also dead positive I will strangle the next man who checks her out.

Let somebody fucking try me.

Possessiveness beats in my chest like some primitive demand to claim her completely. And I really don't think I'm going to be able to stop myself. I want Eloise. I want her as my girlfriend. I want her in my bed every night. I want to comfort her on helicopter rides and listen to her speculate on upcoming legislation.

I push off the sink and straighten my cuff links.

Decision made.

I'm making her my girlfriend, but I'm doing it the right way. I'm not going to sneak her around and hide what's happening. Honesty is always the best policy—and goddamn, I want everyone in the free world to know she's mine.

Yeah, I'm doing this relationship right.

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First order of business?

Oral.

I'm pissed the hell off that I haven't gone down on her yet and she's made me bust twice, once down the back of her throat. This one-sided nonsense is not how a man operates and I'm balancing the scales tonight. As soon as we get through this gala.

I leave the bathroom and my security team automatically begins speaking into their earpieces about the fact that I'm getting ready to leave the room.

"Where is Ms. Rogers?"

"Still in her room, sir. Her security team is ready to escort her downstairs to meet us. They're just waiting for my word."

I nod. Continue nodding.

The last thing I want to do is attend a gala thrown by the motherfucker who made a pass at Eloise this afternoon. I saw the hungry look in his eye as he watched her depart the state house and it wouldn't surprise me if he makes another attempt, even at the cost of his job. And damn, I get it. She makes a man want to risk everything.

Well, tonight—and every night hereafter—I want her to myself.

"I'm going to take Ms. Rogers out to dinner, instead," I announce.

The five Secret Service members shift in their loafers, trading looks with one another. “You’re forgoing the gala, sir? Excuse me for being blunt, but won’t that offend Senator Stokes?”

My smile is tight. “Hopefully.”

A few of the men laugh, but the head of my security detail only looks stressed at the last-second scheduling change. “We’ll need time to secure a location, sir.”

“There’s a restaurant downstairs, right here in the hotel,” offers one of the men. “Michelin star. We could take the service elevator straight there.”

“Perfect. We’ll need a private table.” I’m not going to be able to keep my hands off Eloise for five seconds. “I’m taking the future first lady on our first date, so it needs to be nice. Candles. Flowers. Wine.”

My entire security team are battling smiles.

“Excellent, sir.”

“You look very dapper, Mr. President.”

“Thank you.” I’m getting restless without my girl in front of me. “Let’s go to Eloise’s room. I want to explain the situation in person.”

“Yes, sir.”

Everyone moves into formation around me and we’re heading into the hallway, my stomach heavy with some feeling I can’t name, because I’ve never experienced it before. Jesus, is it butterflies? I think so. This woman gives me butterflies. I’m kind of tingly and weightless and have the strangest urge to laugh as we round the corner

and enter the hallway leading to Eloise's room. I'm gratified to see four agents posted up outside of her room, looking like they're on high alert.

A beat later, I'm knocking on her door.

She answers in a white cocktail dress, her hair in long, loose waves, her lips painted a deep, bold red and I simply forget how to speak. Legs.

My God, her fucking legs.

She's wearing red high heels that flex her delicate calf muscles and make those lithe limbs appear even longer.

"Goddamn, Ms. Rogers."

"I was thinking the same thing about you," she whispers, chewing her lip as she looks me over, her nipples turning to pointy outlines beneath her too-short dress. Watching me turn her on in real time is a gift I can't ever imagine taking for granted—and this is one of the things I love about her. She's honest about wanting me. She can't help it, because she has no filter. What is she going to be like once we've started sleeping together?

Anticipation has left my mouth dry. "You think I'd bring you anywhere near the senator in that dress?" I ask, backing her into her hotel room and kicking the door shut behind me. "Not a fucking chance, angel. I wouldn't bring you around a priest."

"We're not going to the gala?" she blinks.

"No." I catch her hips in my hands and pull her close, so I can rove my mouth through her fragrant hair, feel the press of her tits against my chest. "We're going to dinner."

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She tilts her head left and I bite her exposed neck softly, kissing the spot. “We are?”

“Yeah.” I slide my palm up the back of her dress and cup one of her ass cheeks, stroking it in a circular motion. “How do you feel from earlier? Does this hurt?”

“No, sir. Just a little tender.”

“Poor baby.”

She makes a brief mewling sound and melts into me, lifting her arms to circle my neck—and I make a note, she likes being babied. Likes being soothed. For my part, I’m just walking on air to be holding her, inhaling her scent of vanilla and tight, clean pussy. My gaze strays to the bed and I’d love to carry her over, lay her down and get to work with my tongue, but after the beastly way I took her mouth and brutalized her innocent backside earlier today, I’m determined to spoil her. Make sure she knows how much I value her.

“Let’s go eat, Eloise.”

Her arms drop reluctantly from around my neck, but I can’t seem to pry my hands off her hips. I’m molding them roughly, my cock stiffening over the shape and feel of her.

“I’ll go get my purse,” she says.

“You don’t need a single thing when you’re with me,” I say, leaning into my new possessive streak. This need to recognize and fulfil her every need before they

appear.

She nods, absorbing that statement for a moment, then places her hand in mine trustingly. “Yes. Lead the way, Mr. President.”

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Eloise

I’m trapped in the middle of a fairytale, and I never want to be free.

We ride in the service elevator down to the bottom floor, entering the restaurant through the kitchen where all the staff has been corralled to one side, allowing me and the president to move through safely. We’re led to a “chef’s table” on the other side of a heavy wooden door, located inside of a small wine cellar. The carpet is a dark velvet red, the walls lined with old-looking bottles of wine, our table in the center of the intimate space, candlelight flickering in hollows and on rustic surfaces.

It's the epitome of romance...and I’m about to share it with the president.

Pierce holds a chair out for me and I sit down, trying not to giggle or sweat or say something ridiculous, but I’ve never been so...happy? In my life?

Is this a date? Am I on a date with Pierce McAlister?

I’m afraid to ask. I’m afraid to wake up from this dream.

He removes his tuxedo jacket and I try not to watch too closely as his bicep pops, his pectoral muscles shifting against the front of his white shirt. He hangs the jacket on

the back of his chair and sits down, looking me in the eye while he settles my white linen dinner napkin onto my lap.

“What do you want to drink, Ms. Rogers?”

“Seltzer with lemon, please.”

“No wine?”

“I’ve only drunk wine once in my life and I ended up inciting a protest that led to several arrests and permanent jail records.”

Pierce chokes on his amusement. “Do you mind sharing the details?”

“Well.” I shift in my seat. “Back when I was at Villanova, there was a political commentator who shall remain unnamed coming to town for a speaking engagement. My fellow political science majors had already submitted a petition to cancel the appearance, but the university wasn’t going to comply. I drank a glass of wine intending to drown my sorrows. Instead, it made me feel immortal and I climbed a streetlight with a bullhorn and told everyone we were doing a sit-in. There are pictures if you Google them. Please don’t.”

“Wow.” His smile is so charming, I have to focus on inhaling, exhaling. “How did that slip under the radar during the vetting process?”

“Because after I organized the protest, I went home and passed out from my one glass of wine. Someone else took the wrap.”

“Sounds like a politician move.”

“Well,” I say primly. “Look where my lack of accountability got me. I’m having

dinner with the president.”

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“You’re having dinner with your boyfriend, Eloise.”

No, I didn’t hear that right. There’s no way. “I’m what?”

He reaches over and frames the side of my face in his hand. “You heard exactly what I said, angel.” His head drops forward on a dry laugh. “Hell, maybe I’m getting ahead of myself. The right thing to do is ask if you want to be my girlfriend.” He pulls my chair closer, wedging me and the seat between his outstretched legs, his mouth pressing in against my ear. “Do you want to be my girlfriend, beautiful Eloise? Out in the open?”

The word “yes” is perched right on the tip of my tongue. I’ve only ever been attracted to one man in my life—Pierce McAlister. And I’m attracted to so much more than his physical appearance. His work ethic, his strength and his integrity are traits I’ve always admired from a distance, but having been up close and personal with the president, I now adore him for his protectiveness, too. How he doesn’t just pay lip service to his respect of women, he’d delivered today in front of the senator.

This is the man of my dreams. But I have more than myself to think about.

“Are you sure?” I whisper, worrying the napkin in my lap. “What if people twist us into something perverse and it hurts your image so early in your term?”

“Then we have four years to change their minds.” He studies my worried face for a beat, then sighs, pulling me out of my chair and sideways into his lap, his fingers strumming up and down my spine. “Eloise, they will spend five minutes getting to know you and wonder how I made it a full two days without asking you to be mine.

I'm wondering myself." He kisses my bare shoulder. "How are you single at twenty-five, I'll never understand."

"You've set an impossibly high standard, Mr. President."

"I think it's time you start calling me Pierce, angel." He rubs his open mouth side to side against my ear. "That's the name I want to hear when I'm fucking you tonight."

He stamps his mouth over mine to absorb my shuddering moan, his palm skimming up the outside of my thigh to squeeze my hip, to play with the lace waistband of my panties, as if he's strongly considering taking them off right here at the table. Unfortunately, the sound of footsteps approaching forces him to remove his hand from beneath my dress and halt the kiss in its inception. He keeps me on his lap, however, which is my new favorite place to be in the whole world.

"This is an honor, Mr. President," says the chef as he enters, carrying a tray full of food. At least five plates, assorted entrees and appetizers that make my stomach growl, incurring the realization that I haven't eaten since breakfast. "You earned my vote and your supper," he laughs, showing no reaction to the fact that I'm sitting on Pierce's lap.

I'm just getting excited about the food when another man sweeps in with a white towel draped over his arm and a bottle of wine in hand, immediately pouring two giant glasses for me and the president.

"Oh!" I twist in Pierce's lap and he grunts, holding my hips still. "I don't drink."

"You must drink with the pasta, young lady," he scoffs. "Please."

"Maybe a sip or two," I hedge.

A mistake I would...or wouldn't regret less than fifteen minutes later.

"And that's why the Fourth of July is my favorite holiday," I say, peering into my empty wine glass. "Hey, my drink is missing."

"You finished it yourself, angel."

"I did?" Alarm swims in my belly and I set the glass down. "No telling what might happen now."

"Don't worry, I'm not going to let you organize a sit-in," he chuckles. "Not tonight, at least."

"That wine is a lot nicer than the one I drank in college." I'm kissing the president's chin, his cheeks, nuzzling our mouths together with happy sighs and my brain is commanding none of it. The wine is in charge now. "Maybe there will be different results," I murmur, tracing the seam of his mouth with my tongue. "Maybe I'll be a good girl tonight."

"Somehow I doubt that," he says hoarsely, his hands all over my thighs, stroking up beneath the hem of my dress, his fingers coming within a breath of my panties. "But you need to be a good girl for a few minutes while they clear these dishes. Can you do that?"

"Yes, Mr. President," I whisper, closing my eyes and folding my hands in my lap.

While rubbing circles onto my back, Pierce gives a sharp whistle, and I hear the door of the wine cellar opening. "Ask them to take these dishes, please," he says.

Within moments, our dinner plates are cleared, carried off along with Pierce's compliments to the chef. Before his agents can leave the room again, he says, "We'll

need privacy now. I'll call you when we're ready to leave."

"Yes, sir."

We're alone in the room once again, and God, I'm feeling intoxicated in more ways than one. The wine hasn't made me drunk, only languid and loose. Eager to be alone with the man whose company I'm truly drunk on—and whose lap has become my permanent throne. Every time during our meal where I attempted to return to my own chair, he only tightens his hold and frankly, looks offended that I'm trying to skedaddle in the first place.

I giggle out loud.

Skedaddle is a funny word.

"Eloise," says the president, picking me up around the waist and throwing me up onto the table in front of him, making my mouth drop open. "You never answered me," he says, untying his bow tie, stowing it in his pocket and proceeding to undo the first few buttons of his white dress shirt. "Do you want to be my girlfriend?"

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“Of course I do, sir,” I breathe.

His exhale is little rocky. As if he didn't think it was a sure thing? “So that's a yes?”

“It's a hell yes, sir.”

He cracks a laugh, candlelight flickering in the depth of his amber eyes. “You're making me a very happy man, Eloise. But you're going to start calling me by my first name if it kills me.” Smile dipping and vanishing completely, Pierce settles his hands on my knees and, looking me in the eye, he draws them open. Open. Open all the way and exposing my white-lace-covered sex, my heart thundering into a sprint when he ducks his head for a look and he sucks in a sharp breath, his lids dropping to half-mast. “Never seen anything prettier in my fucking life.” He leans down and kisses the insides of my thighs, one at a time. “You keep the boys away from it until I could find you, angel?”

“Yes, sir,” I whisper, starting to tremble.

“Good girl.” He crooks an arm around my hips, sliding me to the edge of the table. “I'm going to make you so glad you did.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Pierce, angel. And Daddy once my tongue is in it.”

“Ohh oh okay okay,” I whimper, because oh my goodness, he's rubbing the split of my flesh with his thumb and I'll say whatever he wants to hear because he's...he's so

big compared to me and I feel so dainty perched on the table while he tickles me with his thumb, rubbing and rubbing and parting my delicate flesh through the lace, wetting me, soaking me while I struggle not to moan. “You touch it b-better than me.”

“I’m only learning you. Just wait.”

“I don’t want to wait. I can’t.”

“Lay back and open your thighs,” he growls, bringing his thumb to his mouth to suck the essence of me off, his subsequent groan projected at the ceiling. “Going to lick the fuck out of this little vanilla cunt, Eloise.” He grips my dress where it dips between my breasts and wrestles it down to my waist, my breasts bouncing out in order to be devoured by dark eyes. “My God. Juicy everywhere, aren’t you?” His palms travel up by ribcage and cover my breasts, squeezing and batting at them. Slap. Slap. “These are not the tits of a typical first lady, Eloise. Tits like these get the president into trouble.” He bends down and sucks my nipples, right, then left, leaving them erect and shiny. “The country will just have to deal with the fact that I’ve got a good girl with a homewrecker body, won’t they? Because I’m locking you down tight, Eloise Rogers.” Pierce’s upper lip is beginning to sweat when he pulls down my panties, drops them and falls to his knees, rubbing his open mouth over my clit. “Yeah, fuck, that’s like silk.”

I forget what planet I’m on after that.

I’ve never done this before, but I’m positive after three seconds that the president is as good at giving pleasure with his mouth as he is at implementing policy. He uses the edge of his tongue to reach every part of me, parts I didn’t even realize would enjoy being licked so dearly. And I want to focus on his hands because they never stop caressing my outer thighs, my knees, my ankles, my breasts. He touches me everywhere nonstop while his tongue bathes my clit, his groans vibrating in my

tummy. And all of this is before he starts teasing my entrance with the pad of his middle finger, slip sliding in the wetness, and finally, oh my word, finally screwing into place where no one has ever been before, his knuckle twisting when it meets resistance and going deeper, deeper, though it seems to require an effort.

“Fuck,” he growls against my flesh. “You’re...you’re asking for...”

“For what?” I pant.

“You’re asking to be tied down and bred, little girl. What the fuck am I going to do with pussy this good walking around the White House?” I have no warning before he’s adding a second finger, making my hips squirm, making me cry out with the pressure, a little uncomfortable, a little delicious. All of it wanted. Needed. “I’m doubling the size of your security team. I might make looking at you an act of treason.” He jiggles his fingers inside of me and the pressure mounts, making me sob, my thighs beginning to feel that telltale quiver. “This is mine, Eloise. Presidential property. Is that fucking clear?”

“Yes, sir,” I cry out.

With a growl of victory, he’s back to licking me relentlessly, pumping his fingers in and out of me slowly while rubbing my clit with his tongue, faster, faster, my body overheating in time with the tempo, my fingers curling in the white tablecloth.

“Oh God, oh God.”

He finds a hidden land inside of me and tickles it and I feel like I’m going to pee, so I clamp down with my muscles, but he only pleasures me with more single-minded determination, and in the end, it’s his possessive amber eyes looking up the length of my body that triggers my orgasm, shards of light ripping holes in the fabric of my reality, my hips straining off the table while moisture sluices down the cheeks of my

bottom, the president licking it up with animal noises, the table rattling when he surges closer, wanting more, wanting to be closer.

Blackness swoops in and swallows me whole, and the last thing I remember is Pierce fixing my dress and gently arranging my limp body in his arms, carrying me toward the service elevator.

“Call Washington,” I hear him say. “I want her moved into the White House before we land tomorrow.”

“Yes, sir.” The slide of metal doors. “Will you carry her to her room, sir?”

“No,” Pierce says firmly, leaving no room for discussion. “She sleeps with the president from now on.”

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Pierce

I'm a patient man. Usually.

Eloise Rogers has turned me into a slaving beast.

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I want her legs spread for my cock and I want it now.

But she's drowsy and sated when I carry her into the presidential suite, a penthouse on the top floor of the hotel. A week ago, I would have been very concerned by how this must look to my team—the president carrying a slightly wine-tipsy twenty-something into his hotel room with the obvious intention of taking her to bed. And not to sleep.

I'm too fuck-starved to care anymore.

I'm too in love with this creature to water down my possessiveness. My need to be with her, touch her, care for her. She's mine and everyone better be aware of that.

At the entrance to the room, I kick off my dress shoes and continue across the living room to the separate bedroom, carrying her inside and gently laying her down on the bed, quelling the urge to hike up her skirt and take an inhale of her pussy. In my thirty-seven years on this earth, I've never tasted anything so sweet or felt anything so fucking tight, and I never will again. She's the only woman I'll ever touch for the rest of my life.

My pounding heart confirms it.

I look down and realize I'm touching myself with long grinds of my palm against the bulge in my pants. She's flat on her back, her dark hair spread out around her, those sexy tits barely contained within her dress. The most beautiful thing I've ever seen—and I'm so hard from giving her head, I'm in physical pain. I could climb on top of her now and kiss her awake, tell her I'm hurting, and she'd give herself to me

without hesitation.

I know she would.

She's sleeping, asshole. Where is your honor?

Swiping the fine sheen of sweat off my lip, I stride back into the living room and approach the wet bar, pouring myself two fingers of bourbon, draining half of it in one sip. There is work I could do right now, not to mention there are ruffled feathers that need smoothing since I missed the senator's gala. But I can't concentrate.

I can't think of anything but getting Eloise pregnant.

It's almost like this obsession was implanted inside of me tonight, already teeming with intensity, and it started as soon as I saw her pussy up close. Smelled her. Fingered her. I'm almost sick with the need to seat myself as deeply as I can go...and leave behind everything inside of me. I want to stamp my fucking name on that thing. I want it known she's my woman and no one else can have her.

"Mr. President?" Eloise murmurs behind me, the innocent note in her voice making my eyes slide closed. And when she comes up behind me and slips her hands up the front of my shirt, unbuttoning the garment slowly, popping the buttons one by one, I almost groan out loud with relief. Instead, I use the time to get myself under control, as much as possible. I can't simply impregnate her. Not yet. I'm losing my head. "I'm sorry I fell asleep," she continues in her husky bedroom voice. "I don't think I realized how locked up my body was, until it wasn't anymore."

"I'll never let it get locked up like that again, angel."

"Thank you, sir," she says, peeling the dress shirt off my shoulders and down my arms. When she reaches my wrists, she has to come around the front of me and take

the bourbon out of my hands, and I'm surprised when she looks me in the eye and drains the contents of the tumbler, her eyes glazing over like frost on a windshield. "For the pain."

"What pain?" I ask, raggedly, ready to call ten doctors, if she requires them.

She doesn't answer me right away, her brow furrowed in concentration as she sets down my glass and unfastens my cufflinks, arranging them near the wet bar. Once my hands are free of the shirt and it drops to the ground, she looks up at me earnestly. "Aren't you going to take my virginity tonight, sir?"

"Yes," I say, instantly winded. Weak in the fucking knees.

She waited for me. She waited forme.

Eloise steps closer, smoothing her palms down my bare chest and not stopping. No, she strokes down past the waistband of my pants, massaging my hard cock through the black material. "You didn't think I forgot about this, did you?"

"I didn't want to wake you," I say in a hoarse rush.

"Mr. President, I'm yours whenever you need me." She has my belt buckle undone, now she pops the button free at the top of my fly, sliding her hand into my pants and jacking me off through the cotton of my briefs. "Sleeping or otherwise."

"Eloise." My voice is uneven, strained, along with every muscle in my body. "I'm not feeling very in control at the moment."

She goes up on her toes and whispers in my ear. "I know, Daddy. That's why I drank the bourbon. In case you need to hurt me."

I've fisted her entire length of hair before she's even finished speaking, snarling, marching her toward the bedroom with it in my grip, a modern version of a caveman bringing a woman back to his cave to fuck. I want to reassure her that there won't be any pain, but I find I can't do that. I don't know the animal she's turned me into. Pulses clamor throughout my body, my vision is glitchy, like I'm in some kind of fever dream, my balls warm and heavy, the need to claim full ownership of this girl roaring in my blood.

As soon as we're in the bedroom, I release her hair and unzip her dress, wrenching the garment down her body to her ankles. She's in nothing but wet panties now, still soaked in the orgasm I gave her downstairs, and Christ, she's a sight straight out of a male fairytale, standing there in high heels, a two-inch strip of white lace dividing her juicy ass cheeks, her eyelids at half-mast from the bourbon, liquor still shiny on her mouth.

"I have this fantasy," she purrs, running her tongue along her bottom lip. "Do you want to hear it?"

"Fuck yes."

She smiles slyly, seductively over her shoulder as she crawls onto the giant, king-sized bed, winding me with the view of her on all fours from behind, her thighs flexing as she crawls, her asshole and pussy visible through the pattered lace, taking herself all the way up to the headboard before flopping onto her side, stretching like a kitten in the center of the white comforter.

"You're in your room after a long day of meetings and press briefings and running the country. And you're stressed out. Overwhelmed." She rolls over onto her belly, crossing her ankles in the air behind her, swinging them playfully, her earnest sex appeal the strongest drug in the fucking world. Cartels would make billions if they could sell whatever she's laced into my bloodstream. Infatuation. Starvation. Love.

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“You call me to come to your room at the White House and I take care of everything for my president.” She crooks her finger at me and I go, in a goddamn trance, joining her on the bed where I allow her to push me onto my back, every ounce of me being absorbed by her beautiful face, her throaty voice, whatever she’s going to say next.

She straddles me, topless in her see-through panties, leaning down to speak up against my mouth, her breath tasting like bourbon.

“I get on my knees to suck you as soon as I’m in the door,” she whispers, slowly licking her tongue into my mouth, her mound dragging at a leisurely pace up and down my stiff cock where it’s trapped inside my briefs. “And then, when you’re so hard from my blow job that you’re ready to burst, I stop. I tease you, make you chase me to the bedroom where I finally give you your reward. I do all the work, because you’ve already done so much for the day.” She closes her eyes and hums, as if she’s picturing the scene, her hips rolling like waves, her sides puffing in and out. “I’m riding you. Riding my president like a good girl until all that frustration is let out and you’re ready to take on the world again.”

I’m fucking spellbound. Ready to promise her all the stars in the sky.

My instinct is to roll her over and pounce, but she’s a virgin and there’s a pinprick of honor left inside of me, because I resist the call to mate her in a frenzy. “Act it out, angel,” I rasp. “We’ll see how long I can stand it before I’m on top with your ankles pinned beside fucking ears.”

She moans, rubbing her cunt on my erection and leaning down to kiss me in between hot exhalations of breath, the filth turning her on. “Okay, Daddy.” When she manages to

stophumping me, she scoots back slightly, working my dress pants down to my knees, followed by my briefs. I have to stack my hands beneath my head to prevent myself from reaching for her, picking her up and slamming her down on my prick.

Fuck. Fuck. I'm not going to survive this.

But I've given my trust to the right woman, because she senses my pain, sees the visualization of it via my sweaty chest and harsh breaths. And then she's back to straddling my hips with her panties shed, pressing the head of my cock to her wetness while choking my cock up and down, up and down, little spurts crowning on the tip, joining the arousal already glistening on her pussy.

"I studied how to fuck, sir. Just for you," she whispers, pressing my length inside, circling her hips like a corkscrew, taking me a little deeper with every revolution, my bones nearly melting at the wet, silky pleasure, the pressure capturing my cock on all sides. Squeezing. "Hours and hours, I studied, praying you would notice me when the time finally came. I wanted to be the best for you. I wanted to be the one you needed at night to ease the stiffness."

The deeper she takes me, the more I'm in disbelief, my loins winding up like a fucking clock, my heels burying in the mattress, teeth clenched. "Ohhh." My vision blinks in and out, my thoughts going fuzzy. "Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ."

"I know it's so tight," she pouts down at me, her eyes knowing. Well aware that she's an indescribable treasure with a body that's going to keep me alert and jealous for the rest of my natural born life. "Think you can stand it?"

"Move," I order, hoarsely, my balls in a vise. "Oh, God. Please move!"

"Yes, sir," she whimpers, setting off into a gallop. "It only hurts a little."

My heart shoots up into my throat, but the guilt isn't enough to stop my hips from pumping upward, needing to be inside the heaven of her body. "I'm sorry it hurts, angel. I want to make this good for you, but you made me so fucking hard. I can't think straight."

"You don't have to think at all. My President only needs to sit back and enjoy while I serve him," she says, leaning down and sipping at my mouth while her hips buck, a hot fucking dream on top of me, luxuriating in the act of sliding up and down on my dick, her pussy dripping wet, teeth marks indenting her bottom lip. "Oh, Daddy. When I rub my clit right here, I forget about the pain."

"Fuck." I find her butt cheeks in a bruising grip, holding her steady while I thrust from below, careful not to prevent her from sliding her clit right there. Ah Jesus, right there. Can feel her swelling, her little humps getting faster. Yes. "Is there still pain, angel?"

"No," she whimpers, her tits dragging up and down my chest, her thighs open wide, so wide, allowing her to grind deep into her soaked flesh, unabashed in her enjoyment of my cock. "No, it's so good now, Daddy. Am I doing a good job?"

Lust sinks its teeth in deeper. "Eloise, you're a fucking gift from God."

"That's what you are, sir," she sobs, tightening up. "I think I have to come. You make me so crazy." Hips bouncing now, eagerly, so eagerly, she licks my throat, collarbone to ear, a light of obsession in her eyes that I know matches mine. What did I do to deserve her? "Are you going to come, too, sir?"

"Very soon," I grit out, trying to prevent just that. Not wanting this to end. "I'm not...no way in hell I'm going to be able to pull out, Eloise."

"Is that bad?" she whines in my ear.

She's pumping furiously on top of me now, her pussy retreating to my tip, hips scooping and grinding, her young ass smacking off my thighs. It's the king's treatment that men only dare to dream about and she's enjoying it as much as I am, her cunt soaking our joined flesh, my shaft the thickest and horniest I've ever felt it, all because of her. "Nothing about what you're doing is bad, angel. Believe me," I manage, my words running together, my chest heaving up and down. "But I'm not wearing a condom."

"My president shouldn't have to," she half-gasps, half-whispers, starting to shake, letting out a long, whiny call of my name into my neck, riding me so rough through her climax, I'm shouting every curse word in the book at the ceiling by the time she's finished setting the flood of her pleasure loose. "My president comes wherever he wants," she says drowsily into my neck, kissing and licking. "As long as it's somewhere inside me."

I lose my mind. It's almost a blackout, my only goal to loosen the pressure beneath my naval. It's an ungodly pain. One that has my dick standing straight up like a fucking power line as I flip Eloise onto the mattress, my roughness of her unforgiveable, but I'm grunting and sweating like a possessed animal and there's very little humanity left in me to temper myself. All I want is her pussy and I get it, pounding into her from behind with a growl, raw dogging my tight virgin on all fours, reaching around to her tits to feel them bouncing around in my palms, her nipples hard as glass.

"Come deep, Daddy," she sobs.

"Try and stop me." I reach between her legs and tickle her clit with my middle finger, my teeth roaming up and down the slope of her neck, leaving bites behind. "This is how it's going to be, Eloise. Candlelight and wine for my good girl. Then it's back home, so I can bang you like a dirty slut."

She chokes on my name, coming on my fingers, her cunt twisting with an intense spasm, and I can't hold on to my lust any longer. It runs away from me fully, my cock firing a load from the deepest recesses of my body, the pull of pain and relief so harsh that I'm hunched over her gorgeous body like a dog, humping and begging God for an end to the ache, my balls slapping loudly off her rear end, and my girl simply lays the cheek of her face on the bed and reaches back, pulling apart her ass so I can sink deeper and look at her tight asshole while I do it, my soul nearly exiting my body over the experience of her. The height of relief and triumph and pleasure. Eloise.

"You're going to grow something in that belly for me now, little girl." I bite back a curse, my hips thrusting involuntarily, come alternately seeping and pluming out of me, right into the sweet spot between her legs. "Daddy wants you pregnant before we leave this room in the morning."

"Yes, sir," she whimpers, rolling over onto her back with a dazed and dreamy look in her eyes, opening her thighs so I can watch my spend drip down the perfection of her pussy flesh. "If it's a boy, can we please name him Pierce?" she asks, the obsession deepening in her eyes...but mine has surpassed it now. By miles. I'm insane for this woman.

And I'm putting a ring on it as soon as we get back to Washington.

No two ways about it.

ten

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Eloise

I'm straddling the president in the back of his motorcade SUV, delivering his pleasure for all I'm worth, my green plaid skirt rucked up around my hips, my panties torn at the crotch, my dress shirt unbuttoned halfway to my navel—and the feverish hunger with which Pierce watches my breasts jiggle makes me glad I forwent a bra this morning as we rushed to shower, dress and pack back at the hotel.

We've barely slept all night. We couldn't stop touching long enough, Pierce loving me against the steamy tile wall of the shower, on the floor with my bottom in the air and him moaning behind me. Then this morning in bed when we were just getting started again, the president chanting my name while I took him deep, deep inside my mouth, the Secret Service started pounding on the door to let the president know he was required back in Washington immediately,

The short helicopter flight home was torture. Not because I was scared this time, but because the president needed to use the flight to be brought up to speed on an emergency developing in Eastern Europe. Even so, while he spoke on the phone and reviewed information on his laptop, he held my hand, brushing his thumb back and forth across my knuckles, his fingertips eventually dropping lower to play with the hem of my skirt. The lazy tops of my stockings. My wet panties.

I don't know if I'll ever get used to the leader of the free world stroking me through my underwear while discussing potential UN sanctions, but I'm willing to try.

I'm willing to do anything for him.

By the time the fight landed in Washington and we were escorted to the SUV, I was ready to sell my soul to get his zipper down. Him inside of me. That's where he belongs.

"We're almost to the White House, angel," the president pants in my ear, his hands tight on my bare bottom, drawing me rhythmically toward his lap, his thick shaft parting the damp flesh of my sex and stretching me, my thighs and butt flexing once I've completely swallowed him inside my entrance, holding the top of the leather seat on which he sits so I can grind like a good girl for my Daddy, watching his eyes roll into the back of his head. "Fuck, that's so good. Right to the motherfucking balls. I can't figure out how you get all of me in that tight little thing and I don't care. Just keep doing it. Goddamn." His head drops back on a full-body groan that I feel all the way in the tips of my ears. "I'm right on the edge and...Jesus, they're going to open these doors in a minute, little girl. Are you close?"

"I'm always close with you," I whisper, lapping at the side of his face, his ear, employing the tricks I learned since last night and cinching up my pussy muscles and riding in quicker bucks, gasping against his mouth while I rub my clit on his slippery length, the tension in his frame building as he gets closer and closer to release, a telltale sign I've memorized since last night, along with him starting to choke on his breath, his erection growing impossibly huge inside of me, so huge I can barely take it at the end and he seems to love when I complain about that. "It's so big," I whimper. "I think it's going to bust soon."

"You're giving me no choice," he says through his teeth.

“It’s getting so hard to squeeze it in, sir, but I won’t stop.” I contract my inner walls and bounce a few times, my butt smacking off his thighs, and his hips lift off the seat, his face contorting with pleasure/pain.

“Oh God. Oh my God, it hurts to be this hard,” he grits out. “Make it stop.”

“Yes, Mr. President,” I purr, rubbing our lips together, teasing him with light kisses while my lower body rolls furiously. “I serve you so you can serve the country, don’t I?”

He shudders, his head falling back, urging me to hump faster and I do so, to please my president and myself in the process, the White House outside looming in the window, growing larger, my knees sliding open farther on the seat so he can come as deeply as he deserves and I can bury my face in his neck and give my clit the pressure it needs to unleash the unmitigated bliss in my system. The kind only Pierce can give me.

My inner thighs begin a prolonged spasm, breathless titillation radiating from that button of flesh that he serves so mightily, so perfectly, and my hands lift automatically to my breasts, cupping and fondling them in the open neckline of my shirt, pinching and plucking at my nipples to speed up the climax hovering around the edges of my reality—and it comes blowing in on all sides, turning me mindless in the president’s lap, working my hips in a shameless rut, my orgasm blooming when he looks at me with pure worship, and jerks, his jaw dropping as his warmth spreads inside of me, our fluids joining, pooling, collecting while we both jolt and shake, gasping against one another’s mouths.

The SUV rolls to a stop, and though I’m drowsy from our intense lovemaking, I climb off the president’s lap and fix my clothing as quickly as possible, straightening his tie while he zips himself back into his pants, using his pocket square to mop to sweat from his face and back of his neck.

“My God, Eloise,” he says in a gravelly voice, his hand curving around the back of my neck to draw me close, searching my eyes with our foreheads pressed together. “How am I supposed to cope with my fucking obsession with you and run a country at the same time?”

“I’m supposed to be making it easier to focus on running the country,” I point out, worry creeping into my breast and lodging there. “Not harder.”

He huffs a laugh, strokes a hand down the back of my hair. “There’s a crisis taking place overseas and all I can think about is whether or not they’ve moved your things into my rooms yet.” He kisses me hard, a touch of madness lighting his eyes. “I need you safe and protected in the White House, Eloise. Maybe I’m being too possessive—”

“You’re allowed,” I whisper, my chest fluttering happily. “And...I like it.”

Studying me, he nods, that light of madness glowing brighter. Brighter. “I want to know your movements. I want an army of agents keeping every other man at a distance, so I can think straight. I want it understood that you sleep in my fucking bed and that I could require you in the Oval Office at a moment’s notice with your panties off. I want to run this country with you side by side, doing good. Both of us making a difference, like we’ve always dreamed about. Do you understand what I’m saying to you?”

Forever?

Is he referencing...marriage?

Surely not.

Even as elation makes it hard to breathe, I refuse to get my hopes up. Besides...I’m

beginning to worry that I've positioned myself to be a distraction to the president, instead of an asset. What if I'm causing harm, not good?

“Pierce—”

The SUV doors open and two of the president's advisors stare back at us, all but shouting into their phones, while gesturing for the president to follow them into the White House. “Mr. President, the situation has grown more untenable,” one of them says. “You're needed in London immediately to discuss a threat to global safety. Several world leaders are attending the same summit to consider sanctions, as we spoke about earlier.” The advisor looks between me and the president, finally seeming to notice how close we're sitting. “Uh. Sir, we need to look proactive on this. There's a chance we might need you in Eastern Europe once the summit concludes.”

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Fear begins to tighten my gut, but I banish the feeling.

Fear is no match for my faith in Pierce McAlister.

“Give me a moment,” Pierce says, turning to me once the advisor closes the door of the SUV once again, cupping my face. “I want to bring you with me, but I refuse to have you anywhere near danger. I want you here where it’s safe.”

The imminence of his departure makes me shaky, but I lift my chin, not wanting to bog him down with guilt or worry when he has a disaster to avert. “I understand, sir.”

His lips twitch, his eyes raking over my face with open adoration. “While I’m gone, can you practice calling me Pierce?”

I let out a watery laugh. “I will. I promise.”

He slants his mouth over mine, kissing me passionately. “You sleep in my bed while I’m gone. In my clothes, too, angel. You wrap yourself in me until I get back.”

“That sounds like heaven,” I whisper, overcome by the potency of him. “And the next best thing to having you here.”

“When I get back, we’re going to sit down and talk about us.” He rubs his thumb in the hollow of my throat. “We’re going to do so many things when I get back, little girl.”

“Yes, Daddy,” I breathe, his spend still seeping out of me.

I lock my thighs together to keep it inside.

He bares his teeth against my lips. “Be good while I’m gone.”

“I will,” I promise fervently.

Then off he goes in a flurry of activity. Vanished into another waiting SUV, burning rubber toward Air Force One. While I walk into a White House that has changed its attitude toward me since I left. And not for the better.

I enter my office feeling strange, like I’m waking up from a trance.

Or more likely, I’ve been ensconced in a dream with Pierce for the last two days and now I’m being forced to perform normal, everyday tasks when I feel anything but normal. Despite the doubt I’m beginning to feel regarding my effectiveness at the president’s side, my heart is soaring somewhere in the clouds.

I’m in love.

I’m deeply, violently in love.

My body is bereft without him touching it. I’m aching over the knowledge that he’s moving farther away from me with every passing second. My secretary calls a greeting to me, and it takes me a full two seconds to comprehend her words, because I’m surrounded by a thick filter of joy. Joy that bursts like a bubble when the Secretary of Education enters my office behind me, closing the door and leaning back against it.

“Well.” Her smile is pinched. “How was the honeymoon?”

My chest lurches. “I’m sorry?”

Her laughter holds not a trace of humor. “Did you think you were just going to seduce President McAlister and no one would notice?”

“Seduce?” A queasy sensation swims in my stomach, because there is a chance that seducing the president is exactly what I’ve done. He told me we couldn’t have a non-professional relationship, and I continued to offer myself to him at every opportunity. Couldn’t help it. “I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I manage weakly.

“Yes, you do, Ms. Rogers. Slinking off with McAlister before he’s had a chance to redecorate the White House. Did you think no one would notice you were throwing yourself at him?”

My temples are pounding. “I...you’re mistaken.”

“Am I?” She pushes off the door, stalking forward. “We believe in this man. He’s decent and hard working. A hero who gives a damn about the American people. And you’re going to ruin his reputation during his first month in office. How do you think it’s going to look to the public when it’s revealed that he’s sleeping with the youngest member of his cabinet? Not to mention taking her on state-funded trips. Is it true your things have been transferred to his bedroom?” She snorts. “I’m sure that was your idea.”

Some of what she’s saying is true, some of it not.

But the points she’s making are only validating my concerns. That I’m bad for Pierce. The exact opposite of what he needs. And what I hoped to be.

“Everyone in the White House is talking about this. It’s only a matter of time before it leaks to the press.” She stalks back to the door and yanks it open, sneering back at me over her shoulder. “You’re the last thing he needs. If you care about him at all, you’ll resign.”

I sit in stillness long after she's gone, my heart beating triple time in my chest.

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I want so badly to believe she's wrong, but deep down...

I know she's right.

I'm a distraction and a liability to someone who can do a lot of good if he focuses—and that's going to be harder to do as long as I'm around.

With tears in my eyes, I open my laptop and start working on my resignation letter.

eleven

...

Pierce

Crisis averted.

The United States' show of solidarity with other countries and the threat of sanctions have caused the power-hungry nation in Eastern Europe to deescalate its threats to a vulnerable population and for now, peace has been restored. Air Force One is preparing to land and I'm counting the seconds, trying to judge when we'll touch down based on the horizon and cruising speed.

I want Eloise now.

I want herright fucking now.

I was able to concentrate on strategy meetings and policy discussions for the last three days, but now I need a goddamn fix of her. I've been so busy and locked into crisis-mode that I haven't been able to call her while I've been in London and I miss her voice so much, my whole being is under strain. I've demanded to be taken straight to the White House upon landing—and I've demanded that Eloise be waiting for me in the Oval Office.

I'm going to tell her I missed her so badly, breathing was an effort.

I'm going to ask her to be my wife.

And then I'm going to lay her down right there on the floor, in the center of the presidential seal, kiss her pussy and tell her how much I missed it, too.

If she's not already pregnant, I'm going to remedy that before the plane engine has had a chance to cool down.

Finally, we touch down and I'm off the plane, striding briskly to the waiting convoy, answering reporters' questions as I go, but I'm thinking of nothing but Eloise's blue eyes, the trusting way they look at me, her optimistic nature and lack of cynicism. Her smile and warmth. The abandoned way she fucks, no holding back, no shame.

There's an advisor waiting in the back of my SUV, and though I wasn't expecting Eloise to be there, instead, I still grind my molars over the disappointment.

"Mr. President." The advisor beam at me. "I'm here to catch you up to speed on everything that happened while you were away."

The convoy is already pulling off the airstrip. "Great. I'm all ears."

I listen and make mental notes for a few minutes, but there doesn't seem to be news

of great import, save a potential auto worker strike on which I've been asked to intervene—and though I'm already working on some ideas to reach a favorable outcome on both sides, I must appease my need to see Eloise first. I can think of nothing else.

“Has my meeting with Ms. Rogers been scheduled?” I ask, attempting to massage the tension from my own neck. “I need to see her first thing.”

One of my Secret Service agents is driving the vehicle and I notice a flicker of trepidation in his eyes, courtesy of the rearview mirror. With a frisson of alarm snaking through my midsection, I pin my advisor with a hard look.

“Yes or no. Has the meeting been scheduled?”

He hedges. “I wanted to wait until we were in your office to discuss this, sir. But the short answer is no. Your meeting with the youth council secretary won't be taking place.”

“You better get busy explaining why the hell not.”

“She resigned, sir.”

It feels as though someone has driven a two-by-four through the center of my chest, then hammered it in for good measure. The world wobbles and spins, a sick feeling rising swiftly in the center of my throat. “What the fuck do you mean she resigned?” I shout. “Why wasn't I notified about this? What the hell is going on?”

“She asked that you not be disturbed while dealing with the situation in Eastern Europe and the team agreed it was best to inform you upon returning.”

“It wasn't for the best,” I rasp, rubbing the apparent rupture between my pecs. “I want

to know what happened right now. Was she harmed in some way? Was she...oh God, is she okay? I shouldn't have left her alone."

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“Sorry to speak out of turn, but sir, Ms. Rogers is fine. Physically,” responds the driver, causing my advisor to send him a venomous look. “The security team is still with her. They wouldn’t leave her side until you dismissed them directly.”

That reassurance does nothing to stop the panic shredding my insides to ribbons. “Where is she?”

A brief pause. “Philadelphia.”

I almost get sick, black, wavy spots flooding my vision. “Back to the airfield. Now.”

“I thought you might say that, sir,” smiles the driver, whipping into a U-turn.

I return my attention to the advisor. “You have ten seconds to explain what caused Ms. Rogers to resign and go back to Philadelphia.”

“It wasn’t my call,” he hedges.

“What wasn’t your call?”

“To approach Ms. Rogers about...your budding relationship with her. The way it might be perceived by voters as inappropriate. Clandestine, even.” He shifts in the seat. “Your cabinet members felt any further association with Ms. Rogers would reflect poorly on you and we simply communicated the sentiment. She chose to resign on her own.”

My stomach hits the floor.

No.

No, they don't know Eloise. They don't know she would set herself on fire before costing me a single vote. They don't know she believes in me more than all my cabinet members combined and the possibility of jeopardizing my good name would have positively gutted the girl. I want to commit murder against everyone who made her feel that way. "Let me make this clear," I say, voice pulled tighter than a violin bow sting. "I'm not running this country unless she's beside me."

It's clear that my advisor doesn't take the threat seriously. "Sir, I know she's very attractive, but—"

"Attractive? That's the tip of the iceberg of what she is. And that's the last time you ever comment on her appearance. That's mine to appreciate and no one else's. Period. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"You better hope she comes back to Washington with me," I wheeze, starting to feel dizzy, the fact that she's been gone for three days starting to sink in. "In the future, nothing this important is to be kept from me. I don't care what is going on. Or where I am. If there is a matter that concerns the future first lady, I'm to be told immediately."

"The future—" My advisor gulps loudly, his complexion ashen. "Yes, sir."

All I can do is sit very still and stare straight ahead, afraid that if I move, I'm going to separate into a thousand pieces. Her gentle heart has been damaged. She had to have been terrified that she did something wrong. Until I have her in my arms where I can reassure her in person, I need to disassociate...or lose my mind. And if the trauma inflicted on her proves irreversible, everyone is going to pay.

Eloise

I'm standing behind the counter of my father's crepe shop, a phony smile pasted onto my face as I take an order for two women. I'm not planning on working in the shop permanently, but I hoped the familiar, cheerful space would help make me feel normal.

Like my heart isn't broken in nine jagged pieces.

Three days.

I haven't seen or heard or touched my love in three days...and it's going to be an eternity of this emptiness. I've done the right thing, though, haven't I? I could have been selfish and chosen my own happiness over the sake of Pierce, the country, but I chose the harder path. When he returns to Washington, he'll be angry with me at first. In time, he'll understand why I left, though.

Sensing a presence behind me, I turn and find my father watching me with concern, his cheerfully striped apron covered with streaks of ingredients. "Honey, do you want to take a break? You look exhausted."

I glance at my reflection in one of the stainless-steel refrigerators behind the counter and admit he's right. My eyes are hugged on the bottom by dark half-moons, most of my ponytail having escaped the rubber band long ago, but I haven't bothered to fix the mess. I'm the human version of a haunted house.

"I'm fine, Dad."

He pats my shoulder. "Whenever you're ready to talk about what happened in Washington, I'm here, okay?"

Gratitude and grief join forces to clog my throat. “Thanks, Dad. I don’t know when I’ll be able to talk about him.”

“Who is ‘him’?” He frowns. “Did someone hurt you, honey?”

“No. I stopped myself from hurting him. But it’s all over—”

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I'm interrupted by the sound of chopper blades. Loud ones. Close.

I'm trading a confused look with my father when a line of SUVs pull up at the perimeter of the park across the street, familiar men in black suits jumping out and clearing space on the expanse of green grass, and quickly, I realize why. The chopper needs to land.

Hope bubbles inside of me, but I shake my head.

Not a chance. The President isn't going to miraculously land in the park.

It must be someone else. Someone is probably having a medical emergency in the park and this chopper is going to bring them to the hospital—

“The helicopter has the presidential seal on it!” someone shouts from the front of the shop. “It couldn't be McAlister...could it? Why would he be in Philly?”

My heart fires up into my mouth, the crepe shop growing insubstantial in front of me, like a cloud about to dissipate. My legs struggle to keep me standing. I shouldn't hope it's Pierce, because if I see him, I'm going to run to him. Simple as that. The sacrifice I've made will be for nothing. All I can do is stand there, trapped between yearning and despair, watching in disbelief as Marine One lowers itself into the park.

No sooner has it touched down is it swarmed by Secret Service, the door opening and steps unfolding to the earth, Pierce McAlister appearing in the mouth of the aircraft to the resounding cheers of the park goers, his determined expression more ominous than a thunderstorm. He buttons his blue suit jacket hastily on the way down the

stairs, his eyes locked on the crepe shop—and I'm surprised that my first instinct isn't to run across the street and fling myself into his arms, as I expected it would be.

No, my first instinct is to hide.

The president is pissed.

“What is he doing here?” my father asks beside me, dazed.

“He's here for me,” I say, breathless, my time with Pierce coming back to me in snatches of color. The candlelight dinner. Him defending me in front of the senator. Above me in bed, that wild light of possessiveness in his eyes, his growl releasing into my neck as he actively tries to get me pregnant. “I guess...I guess I was kidding myself thinking he wouldn't come.”

“Did something happen between you and the president?”

“You could say that.”

“What—”

My father doesn't have a chance to complete the question, because men in suits storm the shop, ushering customers out through the front door, half eaten crepes left behind. “Apologies, folks. We need the premises clear immediately. This is a national security issue.” My own father is hustled out from behind the counter, agents taking his elbows and dragging him toward the exit. “You'll be allowed back when the president has departed.”

“This is my shop!” my father blusters.

“It's a very nice shop, sir. Please wait outside.”

I stand wide-eyed behind the register, waiting to be directed to the exit as well, but knowing at the same time I won't be asked to leave. I'm the reason Pierce has come. And a moment later, he arrives in a sea of black suits and chirping earpieces, the door closing behind him and silence gradually falling in the small storefront.

I gobble up the sight of him, my flesh growing warm, tingling everywhere. Everywhere. My breasts, my scalp, beneath my navel. My heart knocks persistently, awoken by the appearance of Pierce not ten feet away.

"Mr. President," I whisper, noticing the crowd already gathering outside the shop. "What are you—"

"If you ask me what I'm doing here, Eloise, I'm going to fucking lose it." His amber gaze is all over me. On my throat, my face, tracing the slope of my shoulders, and he appears to grow more overcome by the second. "Is there somewhere private we can speak, because I have no idea what's going to happen when I touch you and I don't think it's wise to have an audience."

Breath hitching, I nod, backing toward the combination office/storage room behind the swinging doors, lying just beyond the kitchen. Until I'm passing through the doors and two men in suits stride past me on their way to the front of the shop, I don't realize the back of the store has been searched for security purposes. Good. I want my president safe.

Anticipation and nerves are making me short of breath, and by the time I'm in the storage room/office, I'm on the verge of hyperventilating, my heart hammering noisily in my ears. When the president walks inside and kicks the door closed behind him and we're alone in the mostly dark room, his presence filling every corner of the space, my pussy dampens with such erotic vengeance, I have to support myself with a flattened palm on the desk, my thighs melding together to ease the ache, but only making it more intense.

Oh God. I'm shaking and he hasn't even come close to me yet.

"Did you think you could run from someone who does that to your body, Eloise?" His voice is pitch-black silk as he comes toward me, unbuttoning his jacket, removing it and tossing it onto a nearby shelf, yanking at the knot of his tie while looking me over, starting at my ankle boots, higher along my stockinged legs to the high hem of my skirt. "Or more to the point, did you think I would let you run?"

"I had to leave." I lean on the edge of the desk. It's that or collapse under the strain of seeing him, but not touching. "We were going to attract all the wrong attention."

"That's the risk I'm more than prepared to take to have you." He has almost reached me now, his fingers flexing at his sides, his eyes burning with an unholy light. Wanting to reach for me. I can feel it. Can feel his struggle. "I'd start a world fucking war to have you, Eloise. You think I'd balk over some bad press?"

"No, I think you'd stick by me, even if I was hurting you," I breathe, imploring him with my eyes to understand. "That's why I resigned."

"Funny thing about resignations, they have to be accepted by your boss. And it'll be a cold day in hell before I accept yours." The material of his dress pants barely brushes my knees and yet, my core flexes so dramatically, I whimper, closing my eyes. "I came here intending to put you over my knee and spank you so raw, you never dared to leave me again, but now that I can smell you and see your beautiful face, all I want to do is kiss you."

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Those last few words are issued in an emotional rush and my heart responds with a rippling squeeze, a whisper of his name on my lips. I'm not in control of my body when I spring off the desk and wrap my arms around his neck, a sense of homecoming, need, terrible need, overtaking me and my legs climb his hips, his strong arms crushing me to his chest at the same time, our mouths panting and gasping against one another.

“Angel.”

“Pierce.”

“Angel.” His hands fumble with my ponytail, releasing my hair, so he can drag fistfuls of it to his nose, inhaling. “The way I miss you is inhuman.”

I hold onto him for dear life, absorbing his heat, his power, hot tears pressing behind my eyelids. “I miss you so much, too, but—”

“No. No buts. I'm bringing you home to Washington right this second. I know some members of my staff tried to scare you and there might be some bumps ahead, but if you ever trusted me before, Eloise...” He rolls his forehead right to left against mine. “Trust me again now. The nation is going to adore my wife.”

“I trust you more than anyone...” I trail off, his words finally sinking in and sending a beautiful rush of joy through my system. “W-wife?”

Pierce settles me down on the desk, but stays pressed in close between my legs, neither one of us willing to relinquish an ounce of contact. Still, he manages to

unearth a ring box from his pants pocket, holding it aloft between us. “I need you at my side, angel,” he rasps, popping open the black velvet box to reveal a three-stone, princess cut diamond ring, the sight of it making me tremble. “Be my first lady.” He takes out the ring and slides it onto my finger. “Be my only lady, for the rest of time.”

“Are you sure?” I breathe with tears in my eyes, my attention traveling from the ring to the president. “Are you sure I won’t...be your downfall?”

“I’ve never been surer about anyone in my life.” He drops his face into my neck, laughing darkly. Taking my knees in each of his hands, he presses them open. All the way open. Before going to work unfastening the button and fly of his pants. Breathing hard, he leans me back on the desk and yanks aside my panties, pressing the tip of his shaft to my slippery entrance, tapping his hardness there, before sinking in deep, deep, deep, his hoarse moan drowning out my hiccupping sob of his name. “But if you were to be my downfall, little girl,” he says through his teeth, “I’d go with a smile on my face.”

I’m jerked upright and off the desk, impaled by Pierce’s thick intrusion. And holding onto his shoulders, I work my hips back and front, taking him deep with quick slaps of my hips, my movements eager because I’m looking right at his face as it transforms with open-mouthed euphoria. Coupled with the rapid, telltale swelling inside of me, I know my president needs relief badly and my sense of duty towards his pleasure takes over, my walls locking him in hard, my thigh muscles helping me deliver the tight bounces that make him groan like he’s dying, his hands holding my butt in a death grip, giving me even more leverage to please my president.

And oh, my goodness, yes, myself while I’m at it.

“Does that feel good?” I murmur in his ear, nipping it with my teeth.

“You have no idea,” he groans, surging forward to pin me against a row of lockers,

rattling the metal locks with increasingly rough drives. “I’ve been craving you for over seventy-two hours. Don’t make me do it again, angel. Say you’ll be my wife.”

“I’ll be your wife,” I heave, my vision blurring with tears, a permanent notch forming in my breast. “I’ll be so much more than that.”

I catch the overflow of happiness and relief in his eyes a split second before he kisses me hard. “How much more could you possibly be?” he rasps, working me relentlessly against the lockers.

I bring his forehead down to mine, rubbing our wet mouths together. “I can be a woman who loves romance...and you give me that so well.” I lick us into a filthy kiss that makes him throb inside of me and I whisper against his panting lips, “But I’m also a good girl. I know when the president wants to fuck me like a little slut.” He sucks in a breath, his thickness jerking and growing even more between my thighs, his eyes flashing with something predatory. A side to him no one will ever see, except me. “Do it, Daddy.”

He upthrusts so deeply and with such naked hunger, my legs start to shake uncontrollably, his husky growls echoing in my ears for the rest of the day.

epilogue

...

Pierce

Four Years Later

I try not to make it obvious that I’m glancing at my watch, but I’ve been dressed in this Santa suit for hours and the damn thing is getting kind of itchy. A steady line of

children has been filing through the crowded East Room at the official White House holiday party since 7 pm, eager to sit on “Santa’s” lap and tell me what they want for Christmas.

Don’t get me wrong, it’s a nice thing to do for the kids of my staffers, but I haven’t seen my own twin girls in a few days, as they’ve been in France on a diplomatic trip with Eloise, and I’m missing my family like hell. It was a long year campaigning for reelection, but thankfully I won a second term by an overwhelming majority.

Now, I want nothing more than to stop shaking hands and talking about myself and settle into a private Christmas with my girls.

Especially my wife. God, I miss my wife so much, I don’t even feel like myself.

“There are two more children eager to meet you, sir, then we’ll call it a night,” says Rodrick, one of the interns.

“Send them up,” I say, shielding a yawn with my forearm.

I’m expecting two strangers to approach me.

Instead, my three-year-old twins, Julie and Danielle, come bursting from behind one of several ten-foot Christmas trees lining the East Room, dressed in matching red dresses with big, white bows tying up their rich brown hair, so like their mother’s. They jump into my lap simultaneously and I scoop them up into my arms, the pressure in my throat catching me off guard. “Girls. My girls.” I hold them close, absorbing the sound of their laughter like the dry sponge I’ve become in the absence of my favorite three people. “When did you get back?”

“Today!” Julie shouts.

“Surprise!”

“Iamsurprised. You got me so good.”

They throw up their arms in an identical cheer.

“Dad,” Danielle whispers, pulling on my fake beard suspiciously. “Are you Santa Claus?”

“No,” I whisper back, trying to give them my undivided attention, even though my heart is fucking roaring in my chest, because if Julie and Danielle are here, so is their mother. My wife. I need to see her, so I can breathe normally again. “I’m the president. That’s all. Sometimes people pretend to be the real Santa Claus, because it’s fun to play dress-up. Like on Halloween, remember?”

“Yes.”

“I’m hungry.”

“Then let’s get you something to...” I completely lose my train of thought when a hushed murmur falls over the crowd and I know what it means. It means my wife has entered the room. And sure enough, there she is, parting reverent staffers like the Red Sea, glowing in a knee-length cream-colored dress that flares at the bottom, the neckline low and sexy, but tasteful, her hair up in some knot, pearl earrings shining quietly in her ears. Elegance personified.

In public, at least.

In private...

Well.

I swallow hard, knowing better than to think of my wife's bedroom demeanor when I'm in a crowd of people. But as soon as we're alone, it's all I'm going to think about.

"Mama pretty," Danielle says, smiling at me.

"Mama is the most beautiful woman in the world." I scan the sea of adoring faces that watch Eloise McAlister pass, some people even wiping away tears. This is the reaction the first lady receives everywhere she goes, though it wasn't like this at first. When we went public with our engagement, my approval rating dropped by twenty points, people upset with the power imbalance and the age difference, but Eloise in her earnest and effortless optimism quickly won them over. They were charmed by her staunch and uncompromising defense of me. Her pragmatism. Her grace. Her endless hard work to deploy more mental health resources throughout the fifty states.

She's a wonder.

She's a phenom.

She's a loving, devoted mother. A public servant that does what she promises.

And somehow, she's mine.

The girls have had Eloise all to themselves for days, but they still can't resist jumping off my lap and booking toward her, knocking her backwards when she kneels to catch them in her arms. The scene blurs in front of me, due to the sheer emotional impact of the sight, forcing me to blink the moisture away.

I might be the president, but my family will always be my greatest achievement.

Winning Eloise.

Marrying her in the Rose Garden in a private ceremony, knowing she was already pregnant with my children. The ups and downs of running a country. She's been at my side through every second of it, giving me strength...and that's where she'll always be.

I stand up and make my way forward, my pulse pounding with more insistence the closer I come to my wife. And as usual, she senses me drawing near, her sparkling eyes focusing in on mine, checking in on me. Finding out how I've been. More often than not, she recognizes exhaustion or stress or need before I even register what I'm feeling.

Because she's just that fucking amazing.

Now, she looks at me and tilts her head, pouting a little.

I help my wife to her feet, unable to muffle a moan at the perfect feel of her in my arms. "You need some sleep. I'm going to send the girls up to bed with Martha," she whispers in my ear, referring to our nanny. "We'll make another fifteen minutes of rounds, then we bail." She smiles against my cheek, always aware that people are watching us. "Does that sound good to you, Mr. President?"

Fifteen minutes sounds like eternity when my wife is finally home and I have the option of being alone with her. "I don't know how I get through the day without you, angel."

"You're brilliant, that's how." Very subtly, she slips a finger in the waistband of my Santa pants. "Are you going to let me sit on your lap later and tell you what I want for Christmas?"

My cock thickens so swiftly, I nearly reach for it to rub the ache away. “Why don’t you give me a hint right now?” I ask, against my better judgment.

Eloise hums. “Okay, fine, two little hints...” At some point, we’ve started slow dancing with her wrists crossed behind my neck, my hands on her waist, much to the delight of everyone watching, and I wasn’t even aware of it. “One, he’s the love of my life. And two...” she whistles beneath her breath. “Somehow he makes a Santa suit look hot.”

It’s hard to speak, she is so perfectly Eloise. My angel.

Everything I never knew I needed but couldn’t possibly live without now.

And later, when she struts out of the bathroom in nothing but a red thong, white high heels and a candy cane trapped between her teeth, perching her hot ass right in the center of my lap, tossing her hair and winking back at me over her shoulder, I get exactly what I want for Christmas...and every Christmas for the rest of my life.

THE END