



# Temp

**Author:** *Jessa Kane*

**Category:** Erotic, Romance, New Adult

**Description:** Kaylee Hale never expected to become a spy. Yet here she is, infiltrating the office of her father's mortal enemy, Matthew Borden, in order to dig up proof of his real estate schemes. Little does Kaylee know...Matthew is well aware of her true identity and he has a plan of his own. Seduce Kaylee and send her back to daddy in tears.

One moment with the girl, however, and Matthew's dark plans are thoroughly derailed. Brought together by fate, they bond in a heartbeat, unable to be apart. Insatiable. Connected on a level they didn't think possible. Still, Matthew must know if Kaylee's intentions are pure. Will their love pass the test?

**Total Pages (Source):** 26

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

## Chapter 1

Matthew

I do a double take, positive I've misheard my CFO. "They what?"

Randall props a hip on the edge of my desk and takes his time repeating himself. "McGraw-Hale, our biggest competitor, is sending in a spy." With a flourish, he checks his watch. "She is on her way here now to interview for the temp position."

"What temp position?"

He blinks. "Do you seriously not remember firing your secretary last week? She was the fifth one in a month. At the board meeting, we decided you were going to hire on a temporary basis only. Our lawyers are getting sick of dealing with wrongful termination claims."

"I didn't wrongfully terminate any of them. They were all horrible. Not fit to greet people at the door downstairs, let alone handle billion-dollar real estate transactions." Me and my overflowing inbox do not have time for this conversation. "How did you know McGraw-Hale are sending a spy?"

"We have someone on the inside." His eyes gleam. "Naturally."

"Well done. But who is the spy?"

"This is the juicy part."

“I’m on the edge of my seat,” I counter, dryly.

He makes a show of straightening his tie. “They are sending in Hale’s daughter.”

“Wow.” My hands drop from my desk onto my thighs. “She must be expendable. Since I’m obviously going to chew her up and spit her back out.”

“Obviously.” He gestures to the wall of framed photographs. “It’s the Borden Enterprises way.”

I make a sound of agreement and lean back in my chair, perusing ten years’ worth of pictures on the wall. Me breaking ground on new developments. Me standing in a group of men in hardhats on the top of a half-finished skyscraper. At dinner with the mayor, both of us in tuxedos. It only took me ten years to conquer half of this city and no one is going to stop me from claiming the other half.

Especially not McGraw-Hale.

“If those bastards are sending in a spy, they must be desperate,” I remark.

“Why wouldn’t they be? You’ve been buying property out from under them before the opportunity is even made public and they want to know how. If they lose one more investment to Borden Enterprises, we will knock them from their throne. They’ll no longer be the biggest real estate corporation in the city.”

“It’s not a matter of if, it’s a matter of when,” I say smoothly, letting him read the cold, hard promise in my eyes.

Randall flinches, easing off my desk. Whatever he’s glimpsed in my expression has unsettled him—and that’s fine. I’m not here to be boss of the year. I’m here to bring this fucking town to its knees. No one is going to stand in my way of that. Especially

the corporation that sent my parents to prison when I was ten years old. I've made it my business to dismantle McGraw-Hale, top to bottom. And if they've gone low enough to send a spy? One of their own daughters, on top of it? The gloves are finally off. No more pretending to be polite.

"Tell me about Hale's daughter."

My CFO nods and reads from his phone. "Kaylee Hale. Twenty-one. She's been raised by an army of nannies out on Long Island. Kept out of the spotlight. Bored, spoiled and stupid, no doubt. My contact isn't clear on why she is going through with this plan to infiltrate Borden. They aren't offering her a board position in exchange for taking the risk. No one over there has even met her." He lowers his phone. "There are reports of increasing discord among board members. You must be right. They're sinking. Desperate." He lowers his voice, glancing over his shoulder toward my closed office door. "They obviously want to know how you manage to buy property that isn't even for sale."

"Obviously." My tight smile lacks humor. "But some spoiled brat in a skirt sure as hell isn't going to unearth my strategies." I wave a hand. "Let me see a picture."

"Of course." He taps his screen a few times before laying the device down on my desk. "Pretty little thing. And why wouldn't she be? She probably hasn't lifted a finger her whole life."

I hear what my CFO is saying, but the words are bleeding into one another, sounding more and more like an echo. I'm...arrested by the girl looking back at me from the screen. She's...angry. Her golden eyes are like twin infernos. Chin firm and raised. Shoulders square. It's a portrait, so I can't see beneath her collarbone and goddamn, I wish I could. I need to see the place where her long, dark mane of hair ends. At her tits or at her waist?

The girl—Kaylee—is beautiful in an artistic way. Like she's been painted, instead of born among humans. A full, pillowy mouth that should only be possible to achieve with a paintbrush. A delicate chin. But it's those eyes. Those eyes keep drawing me back in.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

I'm going to annihilate her.

"They are sending her through a temp agency under the name Sarah Grimm. When she arrives, we'll send her packing with a message for her father," says my CFO.

"No we will not. We're going to hire her."

One of Randall's gray eyebrows wings upward. "Are we?" His lips twitch. "Care to explain?"

"They want to send in a sacrificial lamb? The wolf will eat her whole. Simple as that." I slide his phone back across the desk. "Do I need to remind you that her father cooperated with federal agents and sent my parents to prison for fifteen years? When they were finally released, they were broken. Pathetic. If they want to make it so easy for me to return the favor, so be it."

I'll send her back broken and pathetic, too.

Kaylee.

Do you know what you're getting yourself into?

Deep down inside of me, there is a trace of sympathy that I thought had been completely eradicated. It sparks to life now, catching me off guard. Once upon a time, I was bored and hidden away on Long Island, too, no one but nannies to keep me company. I have that in common with the girl. And if she has that fire of anger inside of her, like the picture suggests, then we have a lot more in common than a

hometown.

But it doesn't matter.

Real estate is war. My whole life is war.

And another casualty is about to walk through my door.

This ought to be fun.

“What exactly are you planning?” Randall likes to pretend he has morals, but he's practically salivating right now, holding on to my desk for balance. “Are you going to...”

“Seduce her?” When my cock stiffens slightly, irritation slithers under my collar. I'm not aroused over a photograph. That's ridiculous. It's the promise of revenge that's getting me worked up. “Yes. I'll have a little fun with the girl before sending her crying back to daddy. That should be a loud and clear message.”

“Don't fuck with us, McGraw-Hale. We're three steps ahead of you. I like it.” Randall is nodding, as if picturing the scenario in his head. “You should have no problem with the seduction part. Women trail after you like lovesick puppies. Wish you could send a little bit of that magic my way. You don't even take advantage of it.”

“Women bore me unless they have property for sale.” I spare my CFO a quick glance, before opening an urgent email and scanning the contents. “And you've been married three times, Randall. Your alimony payments alone should be enough to swear off the opposite sex.”

“Never. Once a dog, always a dog.” He winks at me while backing toward the door of

my office. “And it sounds like we’re on the same page now.”

The darker implication in his tone causes my fingers to pause on the keyboard, long after Randall has gone. What did he mean by that? Once a dog, always a dog. And it sounds like we’re on the same page now. Obviously he’s referring to my plan to seduce the girl. At age thirty-one, am I embarking on a whole new phase of evil? There’s part of me that is alarmed by the possibility.

But the strongest, most stubborn part of me says...good.

Life is dark. Embrace it.

As always, make them pay at any cost.

Even if the girl is footing the bill.

## Chapter 2

Kaylee

I can barely hear over the crackling in my ears.

The sound grows stronger as the elevator climbs. All the way to the top of Borden Enterprises. I’m holding a slim leather folder in my hand. The only thing inside is a fake resume for someone named Sarah Grimm, crafted by my father’s lawyers.

Why am I doing this?

My eyes tick down to the emergency stop button, a string in my gut pulling taut.

Push it. Go home. You owe nothing to your father’s company.



But that's not entirely true, is it?

After all, if I go home, I'll be returning to the apartment he's paying for. My new duplex on the East River with studio space for my projects. My college courses are paid for, not a single loan to my name, unlike so many of my fellow students. I've never done anything to earn what my father has given me. And I've been to countless therapists who tell me I shouldn't have this constant guilt germinating inside of me. But I do. What did I do to deserve so much luck?

I'm not accomplished in anything.

Can't manage a note on the piano.

Real estate is ugly and confusing and cutthroat—I want no part of the family business.

I am unforgivably awkward around my mother's friends.

I'm not the daughter they were promised by the God of Rich People.

When my father asked me to infiltrate his competitor's operation, my knee-jerk reaction was to say no way. Absolutely not. But then...I caved. I caved because he looked desperate. Caved because my father stopped asking me to show some potential long ago. Just gave up. I'm their silly daughter who designs dollhouses and doesn't have any close friends. Meanwhile the daughters of their associates are champion show jumpers or already occupy a board seat. I'm a disappointment.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

This is my chance to make up for that.

Make up for...myself. Who I am.

And the fact that I think this makes me angry.

I'm angry at myself for being so pathetically eager to please parents who don't even like me. I can't help it, though. For the first time in my life, my father told me he needed me, so here I am. Doing his bidding. Hoping for a pat on the head and a crumb of praise afterward. There is nothing I can do to keep myself from needing that reinforcement—and it makes me so mad. Hundreds of thousands of dollars and hours of therapy. Wasted. And not a dime of it came from my pocket. It was all theirs.

The elevator slows to a stop, the twin metal doors pulling apart soundlessly to reveal a sun-drenched office. State of the art Mac desktops and floor to ceiling windows, and impeccably dressed professionals talking in terms I don't understand. Inspection contingency and comparative market analysis.

My black pumps pause on their way out of the elevator, my fingers nervously tugging down my pure white skirt. I thought it would be pretty easy getting hired as a temp. I'm a lowly undergrad at NYU in real life, but on my resume, I'm a Columbia finance major looking for first-hand experience. I'm a rock star, top of her class. Just looking for a side hustle while studying for her degree. Essentially, the girl detailed on my resume is the daughter my parents were hoping for—and didn't receive.

With that unfortunate thought giving me impetus, I approach the reception desk. "Hello." I smile at the sharply-dressed man behind the desk. "I'm—"

He says something into the headset he's wearing and I apologize, stepping back to give him privacy, until he ends the call and gestures me forward. "Hi. Yes?"

"I'm Sarah Grimm. I was sent here by the staffing agency. To interview for the possible temp position?"

The receptionist gives me an interested once over. "Really," he says dryly. "You're here for a job." That last word is accompanied by air quotes.

My face starts to burn. He seems skeptical that I'm here to work. Has he already guessed my true identity? Does he know that I'm here to dig around in CEO Matthew Borden's business? Is my cover already blown? My father assured me only his closest associates are aware of this totally unethical mission.

"I, um...I don't understand."

The man behind the desk rolls his eyes. "A lot of women come in here hoping for a little tête-à-tête with Borden. Something about him being a single billionaire is really appealing, I guess? Who knew." He chuckles without any change to his glib expression. "It's a waste of time, sweetie. He's a robot."

"I am not here to...tête-à-tête with anyone."

"You don't want to tête-à-tête with my boss? Have you seen my boss?"

Of course I've seen him. I've been studying his routine and business practices for two weeks. When I agreed to spy on the competition for my father, this all seemed pretty far in the future. Some abstract idea that would never really come to fruition. It still doesn't seem real. I'm here inside this massive corporate office to spy on a real estate mogul who—by all accounts—is a ruthless asshole who gets what he wants by any means necessary.

I suppose he's good looking, too, based on the pictures I've seen.

His appearance doesn't exactly matter, does it?

I'm here to find out how Borden has been gobbling up property before it's listed on the market. According to my father, Borden is finding devious ways of bankrupting smaller corporations, giving them no choice but to sell their lucrative property to the very man who bled them dry. If that's true, this man is devilish and evil. My father just needs concrete proof in order to approach authorities.

If I can get that proof, maybe I'll have some worth in the eyes of my parents.

Dammit.

My self-disgust flares. And I must not be hiding it very well, because the receptionist sinks slowly into his chair, picks up the phone and hits a button. "Uh, yes. Mr. Borden. Your temp has arrived for approval."

He listens for a moment, then hangs up the phone. "Follow me."

I trail behind the receptionist through a maze of desks and up a glass staircase, holding on to the railing so I don't slip in these heels. At the top of the stairs, I'm led across a landing suspended high above the main floor. It's impossible not to notice that quite a few of the employees are charting my progress toward Borden's office with smirks on their faces. For the second time, I assure myself that no one knows I'm Hale's daughter. I've never been pictured with him in public. I've been kept separate. Away.

Building dollhouses in solitude like the absolute freak that I am.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

We stop in front of the frosted-glass door. I can't see through to the other side, but I can see that it's darker than the rest of the gigantic space.

"You may go in," sings the receptionist, turning on a heel and leaving.

"Okay." I whisper. "Here we go. Project make Mommy and Daddy love me. So tragic."

My left arm clutches the leather folder to my chest, my right hand pushing open the door. I step inside the spacious office and shiver. The temperature is noticeably lower in here...

All thoughts suspend when the man behind the desk stands up.

Matthew Borden.

Oh.

Oh, he's taller than I was expecting. At least six three.

And the pictures didn't quite bring across his...magnetism. His intensity.

Fine. I can understand women wanting a tête-à-tête. Who wouldn't want to slip their fingers into that thick black hair? Mine would probably get tangled and we'd have to use peanut butter to get them loose, because I was born stupidly awkward. I've never been with a man in order to test my prowess with the opposite sex, but I'm just guessing this man is used to women with skill and grace. I have neither of those

things.

But maybe, just maybe, I can learn how to be useful?

Maybe this will make up my lack of accomplishments to my parents?

A flash of self-directed anger rocks me down to the soles of my feet.

Matthew Borden sucks in a breath.

A long pause ensues.

He shakes himself.

“Ms. Grimm. Have a seat.”

When I was fifteen, my family went out on the yacht, hoping to have a nice afternoon before a storm hit. We didn’t get back to port in time and spent two hours pitching up and down on the waves. Matthew’s voice reminds me of the wood creaking under my feet. Smooth, cultured timber being tested.

“Yes, sir.”

I move to sit in the leather chair facing his desk, but he shakes his head. “Not there.”

I pause. “I’m sorry?”

He dips his chin, indicating a small, black leather couch in the corner of the office. Without waiting for my response, he comes out from behind the desk and crosses the room, waiting for me by the love seat. He watches me in silence while rolling his shirt sleeves up to his elbows, movements very precise, eyebrows drawn. “Ms.

Grimm.”

“Yes?”

“Have I already done something to offend you?”

“Why do you ask?”

“Frankly? Because you’ve look pissed off since you walked in here.”

I jolt a little in my heels, clutch the leather case tighter in front of me, like a shield. “I’m not pissed off.” But I am. I carry the feeling around with me all the time. And it’s all self-directed. Why can’t I just stop obsessing over the fact that I’m a failure in the eyes of my parents? Why can’t I just move on with my life and be happy making tiny furniture and hanging mini chandeliers without hating myself for not being better? What they want? This angst builds and builds inside of me all the time and my only outlet is to scream into my pillow. It’s never enough, though. The pressure remains. “Just a rough subway commute.”

What happens next is kind of...alarming.

Matthew Borden points at the couch—and I go. I simply go. As if he has commanded something inside of me I didn’t know was there. My feet are moving before I know what’s happening and I’m sitting down in front of him, hands clasped together on my folder, my face level with his gold belt buckle. An odd impulse catches me off guard. I want him to cup my face. Stroke it. I want to drop everything on the ground, let my muscles go slack and let his single hand hold my entire body upright. Did I drink some bad milk with breakfast?

When he finally, finally, takes his seat beside me, I scoot back. As far away as possible. Because the impact of him is too potent. Too big. He smells expensive, like

ice-cold gold. He's large and powerful and already this interview is inappropriate. I've never been on a job interview and still, I'm well aware we're not supposed to be sitting on a couch, facing each other, our knees an inch apart. What is the rapid pulse picking up speed between my thighs? Is that normal? Why is it happening now?

He's staring at me. Frowning.

Needing a distraction, I take out my resume and place it in his hands.

He looks down, scans it in one swoop, then goes back to perusing me.

"Are you always so angry?" he asks.

"I told you I'm not angry," I respond too quickly.

"Do you think there is something wrong with being that way, Ms. Grimm?"

"I...yes." When I rehearsed for this interview with my father's lawyer, our practice session went nothing like this. Is this typical interview conversation? "Obviously there is something wrong with being angry."



## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

“Why?”

His question is cracked like a whip and my legs scoot together automatically, throwing me off, sending a lick of fire up my back. “Anger festers. It’s ugly.”

“It can be empowering, too, if you use it correctly.”

Years of therapy and no one has ever spoken to me like this. In concrete facts. In personal opinions that actually sound like he knows what’s going on inside of me. Instead of just being paid to pretend. “Do you?” I murmur, wetting my lips. “Use your anger correctly?”

His sculpted mouth ticks up at one corner. “All the time.”

“Oh.” I inhale and exhale, terrified of the increasingly damp sensation on my panties. Is he leaning closer? Why am I reacting to him like this? “Maybe it works for you because you’re probably angry with someone else and not yourself. It’s probably easier to manage when it isn’t wrapped up in your own personal expectations. Maybe you can control anger better when it’s directed outward.”

The humor on his face is gone. “Why are you mad at yourself?”

“Is that a standard interview question?”

“I think we both knew when you walked in that this wouldn’t be a standard interview.”

I nod. He's compelling the honesty out of me. This man is dangerous. And powerful. I should get out of here now because I'm way, way out of my depth. When he looks at me like this, like he's trying to translate my thoughts, I forget that I'm Sarah Grimm. I'm just Kaylee Hale and I'm in awe, whether I want to be or not.

"Why is this not a standard interview?" I whisper.

A muscle pops in his cheek. "You're not what I was expecting. Not entirely."

"You're not what I was expecting, either."

His arched eyebrow betrays his surprise. "What did you expect?"

"An egomaniac who would drone on and on about his company's accomplishments. All it would take from me is some ego stroking to get the job."

He's amused. "And instead?"

"Instead you're an egomaniac who doesn't talk about himself. You must have taken a wrong turn on the conveyor belt at the narcissist factory."

A laugh leaves him in a huff of breath. "She's good."

"I'm sorry?"

His eyes shutter, as if he said something out loud he didn't mean to say. That I'm good? I want to explore that statement more, because it's definitely setting off alarm bells, but when he leans closer and captures my attention, my worries turn fleeting and scatter like ashes in the wind. He's looking at my mouth. No, not looking. He's memorizing it. He's planning. "Why are you angry with yourself, Ms. Grimm?"

Dangerous territory. How did we get here? How did he read me so well? I need to dig up a lie, but I can't. Not when he's looking right into my head. I can hear every breath I take and somehow, I know he's counting them, too. What is happening here? I'm never going to pull off this ruse. I'm incapable of pretending to be someone else around a man this shrewd. This smart. When I walked in here, my objective was to do this deceitful thing to win the affection of my parents. Now I don't think I can. I didn't expect this man to lay me bare with a few words and I'm reeling from the impact. After five minutes. Can I really expect to do this day to day?

"I'm angry with myself because I'm...not impressive. I'm average." I pick up my resume and stuff it back into my leather folder. "So it's probably better if you don't hire me. I'll go back to the temp agency and they'll find something more suitable. This is—"

"Sarah." When I start to rise, he stands with me, capturing my elbow and lowering me back down. He's the picture of calm, but in the depths of his blue eyes, I can see that...yes, I think I've flustered him by trying to leave. I've thrown him off. "Ms. Grimm. You are the furthest thing from average. And this is my interview. I'll decide whether or not this job is suitable for you."

## Chapter 3

### Matthew

My God, I can't seem to concentrate. I don't understand the odd click that happened inside of me when she walked into this office. Like...my soul was expecting her. It doesn't make any fucking sense. We're not supposed to have things in common. This anger we share, left behind almost certainly by our parents, our upbringing, it's binding us tighter by the second. I have a clear mission here—seduce the brat and send her back to McGraw-Hale crying. After everything her father has done to my family, I shouldn't be hesitating now.

She's attracted to me. I can push a little, overwhelm her.

Unfortunately, I'm not so sure I won't overwhelm myself in the process.

My dick is stiff, palms perspiring. She's wearing a white skirt and it's just north of too short for a job interview. Instead of pushing it up and sliding my fingers down the front of her panties...I have the most insane urge to lecture her.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

You do not wear skirts unless I'm with you.

I want to say it to her while she's face down over my lap.

She needs the anger spanked out of her. She needs it kissed out of her, too.

She's lost and I want her to feel found.

It's ridiculous. Inconvenient.

I'm supposed to be fucking her for revenge. To send a very nasty message to her father that we are watching McGraw-Hale and we don't tolerate their attempts to learn our strategies. Any kind of ammunition thrown our way will only be used against them. I've been working my whole life to bring down her bastard father, Gerard Hale. Now is my moment.

I just didn't expect the gold of her eyes to slice into my chest like a saw blade.

I've never responded like this to a female. I'm usually indifferent. They all look the same in the dark. My mind is never engaged. Definitely not my heart. But this girl...Kaylee. I would want every single light on. I would want her in my bed, not a hotel suite. I'd want to look her in the eye when she comes, taste her...

Taste her.

Oh, Jesus.

My pulse begins sprinting a mile a minute when I imagine eating her out. Giving her an orgasm. Pleasure. Listening to her pant my name, her thighs spread, supple ass cheeks flexing in my hands. Shit. I'm salivating. I've never been hungrier for anything in my life. My tongue would replace the flame of anger in her eyes with bliss. It would melt away and I'd be responsible. Fuck. I want to be responsible for her. What the hell is happening to me?

"I really should go," she whispers.

But she can't move, because my hand is wrapped around her elbow. I've moved closer to her on the couch, unconsciously, her cedar and roses scent dragging me in, along with the sound of her breaths. Breaths that align perfectly with mine. I've heard people talk about this, meeting a kindred spirit or a soul mate. That can't be what this is? Can it?

No. Hell no.

In order to meet a soul mate, one's soul would have to be available—and mine is not.

I sold it to the devil a long time ago.

I'm just in shock over the magnitude of this attraction.

I'll fuck her and the spell will be broken.

She's here to steal my secrets for her father and I can't forget that.

I'm in a checkmate position with Gerard Hale. Execute it.

"How can you hand me this resume full of accolades and tell me you're not impressive?"

I expect her to panic, since those honors are fake, but she keeps her gaze steady on mine, those golden eyes occasionally dipping to my mouth, the color on her cheeks deepening from light pink to fuchsia. “It’s just a piece of paper. Would your resume be an accurate summary of who you are?”

“Not even close.”

She hums, drawing me in closer. Dear God, the valley of her tits looks soft.

“What would your honest resume say?” she asks me.

For some reason, I can’t seem to be anything but honest with her about who I am. Our breaths match. They’re in perfect sync. “Calculating, ruthless, wins at all costs,” I answer.

Her lips twitch. “Don’t you have any good qualities?”

“In my world, those are good qualities.”

“What about my world?” she whispers, trembling. Trembling because my hand has just slid onto her knee, wrapped around it. Squeezing. “I...never mind. I don’t know why I’m asking you that. It doesn’t matter what qualities I find positive in a man. This is a job interview.”

Her nipples are in little points against the front of her blouse—and now there’s no use pretending I’m not salivating. Or that my hands aren’t aching to stroke her skin. Palm her tits. Spread her legs. “At some point, we’re going to have to stop pretending that’s all this is.”

“I don’t...have experience with this. It’s not normal, though...?” Our clothing rasps as I lean over her, bringing our mouths closer. Within inches of each other. “It’s not

normal that...it's hard to breathe around you?"

My head is spinning with the magic of her. "No, it's not fucking normal." Slowly, I graze her lips with mine, side to side, my right hand traveling up beneath her skirt. "What qualities would you like in a man? I want to know right now."

"I'd only be guessing. I've never been with one."

This is the second time I've suspected she's playing games with me—and it pisses me off. The first time, when she called me a narcissist and made me laugh, I grew suspicious. I don't like being pandered to or any sort of brown nosing—did she come here knowing that?

Am I being had?

I pushed aside that possibility when she tried to leave the interview. But now I'm back to being wary, because there is no way in hell a man hasn't lost himself in this female. She's irresistible. Beautiful and intelligent and vulnerable and strong and interesting. Even if she was raised out on Long Island by nannies, there had to have been opportunities for romance. A man would scale the walls of a fucking castle and slay a dragon for a chance with Kaylee.



## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

She expects me to believe she's untouched?

Is she acting? Am I being pulled into a lie and made a victim?

Maybe she's my downfall. A perfect weapon sent by the enemy.

Even knowing that is a possibility, I'm not sure I can resist.

"I'm waiting, Kaylee." My hand has been coasting up her thigh and my fingertips reach her panties now, my index finger slipping between her unsettlingly-soft pussy and the cotton crotch, tugging, then pressing back in, knuckle to her slit, rubbing, twisting, making her gasp. "What qualities in a man are important in your world?"

"Umm." Her lashes flutter, neck flushing. "Honesty. Compassion. Humor."

"I'm none of those things," I rasp against her mouth—just as her flesh blooms open, allowing me to knuckle gently deeper and tease her clit.

Her grip flies to the arm of the couch, back arching on a rocky intake of breath. "Guess you're out of the running then."

"Your wet pussy says I'm not just in the running, I'm in first place."

"Mr. Borden—"

I don't know why her formal use of my name sets me off, but it does. I like it because a sick part of me looks forward to her obedience in bed. I hate it, too, because I want

to be Matthew to her. Before I can reconcile my own intentions, I move in a blur of speed, turning her to face me and flattening her backwards onto the couch, crowding her legs open with my hips. “Matthew,” I say, my mouth against her ear. “I just knuckled open your little pussy. You call me Matthew now.”

“Matthew,” she whimpers.

It’s as though some of the stone caked to my heart erodes, falling away. I drop down onto her inviting curves, her soft, feminine body, and I ransack her mouth with mine. It’s just supposed to be a kiss. A means of arousal—for her. But the moment she opens her mouth, allowing my tongue in to play, my cock stiffens in pure pain. My thoughts grow hazy, all except for one. More. More, more, more of this perfection. Her velvet-smooth lips and the innocence of her tongue treating mine to testing strokes. The way her body seems to bloom beneath me, come to life, arching and twisting and panting.

I’m losing it. I’m losing myself in her.

Get your head straight.

I need to remember why she’s here. Remember my objective.

“Sarah...” I say hoarsely, dragging my tongue up the curve of her throat and nipping that full bottom lip, her pussy heating against the fly of my trousers. God, I want to call her Kaylee, but maybe referring to her fake identity is for the best. It’s a good reminder that she’s here to dupe me, fuck me over. Unfortunately for her and McGraw-Hale, I never lose. “I have a proposition for you.”

“Oh...” She blinks several times, as if trying to emerge from a haze and I struggle not to find that adorable. Sweet. Goddammit, she’s so beautiful. “You do?”

Those eyes. What was I saying?

Right. A proposition.

“I’ll hire you as my temp, but the job is this. You’ll spend the day in my office and...”

Her earnest expression almost causes me to falter. “And?”

“I’ll have full use of your body. All day. When I need it.” I grind down on her sex, thrusting her up the couch, watching her thighs jerk around me reflexively. Pure magic. “You’ll clock in at nine am and spend the day as my plaything.”

Her expression goes from euphoric to hurt in the blink of an eye. Really hurt.

It’s not manufactured—and suddenly I can hear my heartbeat in my ears. Loudly. My throat dries up and attempts to close. “I’m sorry,” I breathe.

She slaps me across the face.

Struggles to get out from beneath me, but I can’t let that happen or she’ll be gone and I’ll never be able to fix this. What am I fixing exactly? I have no idea. This girl is supposed to be my enemy in disguise, but none of that seems to be relevant in the face of her hurt feelings.

I pin her wrists on either side of her head, using my lower body to keep her from moving. “I’m sorry,” I say again. Those words sound totally foreign on my lips. Have I ever apologized to anyone in my entire life? “I’m sorry.”

“Get off me.”

My stomach twists violently. “No.”

She tries to buck me off. “You just offered to pay me to be your in-house hook up. I want to leave. I never want to look at you again.”

Panic claws at my back.

Fix it. Fix it now.

“I’m sorry, baby,” I whisper against her plush mouth, then lower at her throat where her pulse races out of control. I’m pushing up her skirt. Dragging my open mouth down the front of her heaving body, toward her cunt. It’s my single-minded destination. I can repair this. I can give her pleasure and forsake my own. I can lick her off until she forgets my proposition. Never mind that she was supposed to say yes. That my plan was to make her my whore and rub her father’s face in it. Never mind that. My chest is ready to explode and I can’t think about plans and strategies. Who gives a fuck about those things when her eyes are clouded over with pain?

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

“Come on, baby,” I growl when I reach her panties. Nude. Nude thong. Goddamn. I lick her slit through the cotton like she’s the fountain of life, feasting on her mound through the dampening material. Sweet. “Let me apologize. I’m sorry. Let me make it better.”

Who the fuck am I in this moment? I have no idea. I’m just a man who is struggling with a girl who is trying to keep her panties on while I fight to pull them down. I can’t let her win this battle because she’s going to walk out and I won’t handle that well. I might demolish this fucking building if it happens, so I just need to get my tongue in her flesh. I need to atone.

That authority I felt earlier, when I pointed at the couch and told her to sit...it’s back.

I’ve only ever experienced this dominant impulse with Kaylee. And it takes me over.

I surge up her body, pressing my forehead down on hers. Looking her in the eye—and she must feel the jolt of electricity, the new energy, too, because she stops struggling and holds her breath. “You’re going to stay still and let Daddy apologize between these little girl legs.” I reach down and twist her thong in my grip, tearing it off in one growling pull. “You’re going to come on my face as many times as it takes to forgive me. Is that fucking clear?”

A shiver courses through her. “Yes,” she sobs, the fight going out of her.

Oh. Oh Jesus, this is...

Inescapable. Inevitable. Isn’t it? Aren’t we?

Even if we'd met on the other side of the world without hidden agendas, she would be on her back and I'd be asserting my dominance. She needs it. That much is obvious. As obvious as the fact that I've never been more attuned to my own needs. I've never needed at all.

Not like this. Not until her.

I move back down her body, biting her gently through her clothing. On her tits, her belly and hips. These thighs that open for me, trembling, but brave. I refuse to hesitate a single second and risk her remembering to be angry. No, I wouldn't be able to stand it. So I kiss her inner thighs like a possessive motherfucker—because, God, that's how she makes me feel—and I dip my tongue to her hole, stroking long and thorough up to her clit, bathing it. Worshiping it. Kissing and laving and teasing that nub while her breathing accelerates, whimpers and cries filling my office, the shadow of her writhing body moving on the far wall. Fuck. I'm going to have her painted there. I never want to forget the first time I got my tongue in her pussy.

“Daddy,” she whispers, her hips rising to meet my next lick, her tummy shuddering when I nibble and bat that little nub with gentle lips and a stiff tongue. I reach up, quickly unbuttoning her blouse and spreading it open, kneading her full tits until they're swelling over the cups of her bra, into my greedy palms—and I continue to conquer the succulent flesh in front of me. She's ripe and delicious and juicy and mine. And the more she enjoys my tongue, the more fulfilled I feel. Because of someone else's pleasure. Hers. Christ. I never want to stop. “I...I...I think...I can't stop it...” Her fingers slide into my hair and tighten. “I can't. I can't.”

“Do as you were told,” I roar against her drenched sex. “All over my face.”

“B-but...is it supposed to feel like...like...”

“Like you're dying?” I spit on her slit and lick it up. “Just wait until I fuck you.”

Her right hand leaves my mouth and slaps over her own. A second later she screams into her palm, her hips rocking one final time against my mouth before jolting, shuddering, her thighs flexing around my head, heels buried in the breadth of my back. I experience all of it, her, even while I'm reeling from the perfection of bringing this girl to orgasm. The new, deeply ingrained responsibility that's building in me.

"No one goes near this pussy but me," I shout into her stomach, my thumb working on her clit, extending the release as long as I can. More. More. I want to make her come every second of the rest of my life. "No one. Ever. My face is the contract and you just inked your signature on it."

God help me. Once wasn't enough.

Her sugar-sweet taste is driving me back down her body, shoving open her thighs. I bury my face in her sodden flesh and lap at it, holding her still with a forearm across the hips when she starts to struggle.

"No, no," she says on a shaky exhale. "I can't again. It's too much."

"You can. You will." I lick everywhere. Up and down her sticky inner thighs, across her stomach, through the swollen valley of her cunt. I'm an animal and finally, finally, she wraps the strands of my hair tight in her fingers and lets me milk another orgasm from her pussy, groaning and rubbing my face in her perfection while she strains again, calling my name—Matthew, Daddy—until she sobs one last time and goes limp on the couch. "Do you forgive me?" I ask, rising above her, heart in my fucking throat. "Do you?"

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

She breathes hard for several seconds, those big, golden eyes running laps around my face. “No,” she whispers.

That single word is like having a dagger driven into my chest.

I’ve just torn down my walls for her, left myself vulnerable to the elements. I’m completely stripped clean and she still rejects me? She might as well light me on fire. Which is why I can do nothing but sit there, stunned and reeling, when she lurches off the couch, fixes her clothing hastily and runs out the door without a backward glance.

Denial and rage spear up inside of me like twin swords, puncturing everything in their path. I want to throttle her in that moment as much as I want to chase her down and...hold her. Rock her. Tell her she’s mine and beautiful and safe. What is happening to me?

I stand up and stumble to my desk, snatching up the picture in the far corner. I force myself to look at it. My father, sitting in the visitor’s area of the prison on my eleventh birthday, a sad piece of cake uneaten on the beat-up metal table, my head bowed forward. His broken expression. The shame in his hunched posture.

That shame he and my mother felt is what caused them to push me away.

Reject me. Act like I barely existed.

I keep this picture on my desk as motivation to crush my enemies at all costs. To win, no matter what. How easily I forgot in the last hour that Kaylee’s father is responsible for the rupturing of my family. And she has the nerve to push me away when I’ve



never been more defenseless in front of another human being in my entire damn life?

No. No, she's not getting away with that.

And she's sure as hell not getting away from me.

## Chapter 4

Kaylee

I'm walking home from the art supply store in the rain. At first, my hood is up to guard me against the elements, but I change my mind halfway home and pull it back, allowing the condensation to soak my hair, my clothes. The cold droplets running down my face help cool the sting of embarrassment left over from my "job interview" yesterday.

Somewhere uptown, a billionaire is laughing at me.

I'm a girl in a long line of girls who have probably laid down on that couch and fallen prey to the most glorious face and physique on the planet. I never expected myself to be so easily seduced and gullible. He really made me believe there was a...connection between us. Something tangible. Now that I have some distance, I know I must have imagined it. Even though I can still feel the press of his hands on my thighs, his breath on my belly.

His ravenous mouth between my legs.

That's the part I keep getting stuck on.

Why was he so single-minded about giving me pleasure? I can still remember how he looked while providing it. Eyebrows drawn so tight, color high on his cheekbones. A

man possessed. If I'd forgiven him for proposing that I become his office play toy, would he be kissing me right now? Would we be horizontal on that couch, his big body moving over mine?

Inside mine?

I couldn't do it. As much as I wanted to say yes, yes I forgive you, if I'd done so, he probably would have given me the job. A legitimate one. But we would have ended up back on that couch, regardless. I know it in my bones. If that happened, I wouldn't have merely been spying for my father. I would have been using my body in order to do it—and I draw the line there. I can't trade my body for secrets.

Can I?

I don't know. I don't...think so.

For certain, a day later, I can't seem to blink without seeing Matthew.

My chest swells up now like a sponge dropped into bathwater, growing heavy and difficult to carry down the rain-slicked sidewalk. Did I imagine the power between us? Last night, it was impossible to sleep, because his voice played in my head. I smelled him on my skin no matter how much soap I used in the shower. It's almost like he stamped an invisible brand on me and I'm the only one who knows it's there. No one else can see the mark he left.

The crosswalk light changes and I move across the street, holding my purchases close. I'm working on my latest dollhouse today, to be sold via my online shop. I'm going to shut everything else out. I sent my father an email telling him the interview with Borden had gone very well and I would hear back by the end of the week. Just to buy myself some time before the hatchet falls and he gives me that disappointed sigh that suggests I'm not what he deserves. That I'm not worth all of the hours he has

worked to provide for his family. I've heard that sigh thousands of times. Millions.

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

I turn the corner at the seaport and start to dig my keys out of my pocket.

Every time I walk down this stretch of cobblestone, the East River blowing my hair around, I feel an overwhelming sense of gratitude for this place I get to live—and I experience that feather stroke of enjoyment now, despite my heavy mood. I love my little place on the river. My duplex consists of a ground floor studio where I create my dollhouses. Upstairs is a small bedroom and bathroom. A kitchenette. It's tiny and minimalist. Mine. It's just mine. No one clucking their tongue over what I choose to wear or eat or say. If I want a brownie for breakfast, I just go ahead and eat one. It's glorious.

Of course, the name on the lease is Sarah Grimm and this place was only rented for me so I could have a convincing backstory to get in the door at Borden Enterprises. But I'm hoping my father will let me keep it after I confess to him that I failed.

Please let me keep it.

I almost slip on the wet sidewalk when I notice someone leaning up against my door.

Thunder booms in the distance, followed by a sizzle of electricity.

There is no one else in the street, except for a few brave joggers picking their way along the edge of the river. I'm alone. Soaked. This part of the city isn't very high on crime, but men are a danger wherever you go, so I don't dare venture any closer to the individual whose face is shielded by a black umbrella. Not when the sky is so bleak and dark and the rain shows no signs of letting up. All I can see is his expensive wingtips and black trench...

And somehow I know.

I know what the frenzy in my belly means. It's Matthew Borden. He's...here.

Why?

Is he...holding flowers?

Red roses. A dozen sleek ones, all the same length, tied in a white ribbon.

When his head whips toward me and I witness the flare of possession in his eyes, a voice whispers in the back of my mind. You didn't imagine it. The connection between us startles me, even from this distance. Fifty yards. A moan is building in the back of my throat, brought on by the robust shape of his shoulders and the cut of his jaw. Those eyes pull me in. I'm walking toward him before I realize what's happening, raindrops rolling down my face, soaking my clothing. I'm just summoned in his direction by an unseen force.

I'm in a trance.

He appears to be in one, too, but all at once, he breaks free of it and strides toward me in that precise, capable way he moves, holding the umbrella above my head and pulling me beneath it, up against his body in a hard collision of softness into muscle—and we both release a rocky exhale against each other's mouths, his gaze dropping to where my wet breasts are crushed to his chest, my damp cleavage right there, for his eyes to feast on.

And he does.

I'm barely able to stand, his presence is so powerful. So potent and unplanned.

It's all I can do to exist as he tucks the flowers under one arm, removes the pocket square from the jacket of his suit...and begins to dry off my face. Gently. My neck. And then he's slowly dragging the white material over the rain-slicked slopes of my breasts, his mouth open as he does it. Breathing hard. Or is that me? Is that both of our harsh inhales and exhales drowning out the rain?

"You're going to get sick, Sarah."

Kaylee, I want to respond. Please call me Kaylee.

But I can't. If he's here, I might get a second chance at the temp position. I might still have a shot at making my father proud. Being useful to him. Of course, that means betraying this man, but I don't have to think about that now. Not yet. It's in the future. Not in the rainy, dreamlike landscape where only Matthew and I exist.

"I'll be fine," I say, biting my lip when he delves the pocket square beneath my neckline and it rasps over my nipple, stiffening it into a peak. Oh. Wow. "You really didn't learn your lesson yesterday, d-did you?" I chatter.

He drags that very memorable tongue across the seam of his mouth. "What lesson was that?"

Lord. His voice is even more compelling than I remember. Dark, saturated velvet. "I left because you assumed I would give you permission with my body." We both look down at the way he works the linen between the valley of my breasts. Down, down, deeper, until I'm gasping. "Now you're taking it again without asking."

Matthew swallows a sound in his throat, peering down at me through the rainy shadows. "Am I insane to feel your permission? Am I insane to act on it without thinking? I analyze everything else. Weigh my words. Second guess everyone's intentions. But you...my hands just move to touch you like I've been given

permission a thousand times before. I don't think. My hands don't give me a chance. They just want to be on you."

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

I'm shaken. Down to the soles of my feet. I understand every word coming out of his mouth. My being recognizes the truth in them. There is something inside me—a bunch of broken shards stuck together. When he's close, those shards slide into his and make something whole and unbroken. I'm not imagining it—and it's very bad.

It's terrible. Because of who I am. I'm lying. My whole identity is a lie.

I've been studying his business for two weeks with the intention of stealing information.

Handing it over to my father to use against him with federal law enforcement.

Right now, though? In this rain? In this part of town where finance is distant and there is nothing but the pounding of our hearts, none of that matters. Not now. Later.

"I want your hands on me, too," I whisper—

And he moans, roughly, dropping his teeth into the curve of my neck. Removing the pocket square from inside my shirt and using that hand to yank my hips close. We press his erection between our bellies and he bites down on my neck—and any sort of conscious thought vanishes clean away. "Believe it or not, I came here to talk." His teeth rake all the way up to my ear and wet heat slicks the flesh between my legs. "It's a strange magic you have over me."

"I'm a witch," I joke softly. "Did you miss that part of my resume?"

His laugh is a huff of air beneath my ear. "I've studied every part of your resume.



Good thing you'd emailed it to HR, since you ran off with the physical copy."

"Oops."

Our foreheads meet. For a fleeting second, he appears tortured. He lets me see how much. "You were pissed at me."

I can't breathe when his eyes are so close. So deep and incredible and determined. "Correction," I manage as he draws me closer, closer, until our bodies are locked so tight, I can feel the pulse of his shaft against my panties. "I'm still pissed at you."

In one rough motion, I'm drawn up onto my toes. "It's good to know you can be mad at me and still come like a fucking dream, then, isn't it?" He snags my upper lip and tugs. "I can still taste that sugar on my tongue. You're going to give me more of it when we go inside."

"When d-did you plan on fitting in the talking? That's a lot for one afternoon."

"Stop. Just..." He laughs against my mouth, but there's a strain behind it. "Stop making me like you so much, Sarah. It's very inconvenient."

"Why?"

I mean, I know why. I'm the daughter of his largest competitor. But he doesn't know that. If he did, he would hate me. He would definitely not be here with roses.

"Until now, it's been very easy to judge people based on how useful they can be to me, but you..." He shakes his head, visibly baffled. "Simply being around you seems to be enough. I don't require anything else from you but to...be." His eyes cut away, giving way to irritation. "Christ, I sound fucking ridiculous."

“No, you don’t,” I breathe, blinking back the moisture in my eyes.

All my life, I’ve wanted someone to say those words to me. That I’m enough without having to do more. Look better, act different, accomplish something. Just standing here and being me...is all he needs? Can that really be true?

A muscle slides up and down in his throat. “Why are you crying?”

“No reason, I just...” The wild hope is too fresh to put into words. “Do you want to come inside? To talk, I mean? Not for more...sugar.”

“I’m coming in for both, Sarah.”

“Talking and...”

“I’m going to lick your cunt before I go back to the office, yes. At the very least.” His fingertips rake down over my waist and hips, clutching, while I absolutely reel from the erotic promise packed into every word. “If I can get inside you, I’ll do that, too. Just so we’re clear.”

“It doesn’t get much clearer,” I say, feeling as though a sliver of lightning has come down from the sky and electrified my skin. Every cell, every iota of me is wired to him. And again, that’s no good. Yesterday, I was so firm on my decision not to sleep with him in order to get the information my father needs. My brain is having a hard time remembering that both scenarios are at play—and giving in to them both makes me someone I don’t like.

But here I am, leading him to my apartment, my mouth desperate to be kissed. My heart rioting in my chest...and the warning sirens in the back of my mind are growing dimmer and dimmer in the pounding rain...

## Chapter 5

Matthew

Goddammit.

I didn't imagine her effect on me yesterday. As soon as she turned the corner, beautiful beyond words in her soaked dress and damp hair, my resolve grew fuzzy. Every thought in my head but her became translucent, insignificant. How does she reach into my chest and make my heart beat differently? Faster with arousal, excitement, slower with calm. Relief. Like I've...

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

Found what I'm looking for.

But a relationship between us is not to be. It's not happening.

I can't let my bond with her become more important than the one I lost. The one that was stolen from me and my family. When I look into Kaylee's eyes, I need to see the girl for what she is. Someone who agreed to spy on me. Infiltrate the company I built from the ground up in my agony over the loss of my parents. The company I made successful. She wants to help her bastard father take that away from me.

It's not going to happen.

I won't allow it.

No matter how much I want to get inside this apartment, sink my cock between her slick thighs and immerse myself in her, I have to remain focused on what I'm doing.

I'm ruining Kaylee before she ruins me.

Watching the play of her delicate shoulder muscles as she unlocks the apartment door, my guilt tries to bleed in and drown me. Maybe she's under duress. Maybe she doesn't want to fuck me over. I want to make a million excuses, but the fact is, she came to my office with the express intention of being a spy. That much I know to be true.

And because of my underhanded plan for this afternoon...

It's easier to believe that she addicted me on purpose, intrigued me with her wit and her taste...knowing full well I'd come running. She's a master manipulator.

It's just simpler to believe that, as hard as it is when she turns and blinks at me over her shoulder, visibly self-conscious and still flushed from my touch. "Be prepared for weird, okay?"

"Weird?"

"Oh yeah." Briefly, she covers her face with her hands, dropping them away and leaving her face even redder than before. "I live upstairs, but this...this is my design studio."

Design studio.

I know nothing about this.

What does she...

I step into the quiet space, lit only by lamplight. And there is wood everywhere. Tables covered in tiny little parts that I can't make out. Small figurines of people and...is that furniture?

"When I'm not..." She looks down at her feet. "When I'm not studying finance, I design dollhouses. I would call it a hobby, but I think you can see it has become a little more than that."

She just lied to me about studying finance. That's good.

I needed that reminder that she's a liar, because I'm rapidly losing my determination to do what I came to do. I can't. The company is all I've got to show for the

destruction of my past. My family. Everything. It's my whole life—and she's threatening it.

When Kaylee turns away to hang up her tote bag on a coat rack, I take my phone out of my pocket and hit record, quickly before I can stop myself, positioning it on a shelf, tucked back into the shadows. The contents of my stomach swell over what I'm doing, but I take a deep breath and force it to recede. Calm. This is the ultimate chance to bite back at her father.

You have to take it.

Not easy to do when I'm literally surrounded by the fact that she's fucking fascinating. I want to know more. Everything. I want to soak her up before we're exposed as known enemies.

“How long have you been doing this?”

She turns, pushing back a hunk of soaked hair from her face. My God, she's gorgeous. Her makeup, if she wore any to begin with, has been washed off by the rain. Her skirt is molded to her hips, thighs flexing invitingly as she toes off her drenched Vans. My body is screaming at me to hold her, but with my phone recording behind me, I can't seem to approach her like I need to. I'll get there. “I got a dollhouse for my birthday when I was twelve. My mother said I was too old for it, but I loved it so much. And one day...” She tries to force a smile. “My father lost a major deal and my dollhouse just happened to be within reach.” A beat passes. “It turned out to be a blessing that he destroyed it, though, because when I put it back together with glue and nails, I found out what I love. Making these little worlds. Do you think it's weird?”

No.

I want to. I want to be callous and dismissive of her passion, the way I am with everything else. But I can't. The same man has destroyed something we both loved. If anything, that only gives me more in common with her. "No, I don't think it's weird," I say, moving toward one of the half-finished projects in the middle of the floor. "I think it's admirable that you took an ugly incident and made it...beautiful." That word sounds foreign on my lips. "Most people would hide from the memory or chalk it up to a tragedy and walk away, feeling only the pain. You didn't do that. That takes a lot of strength."

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

“Thank you.” My praise seems to fluster her into silence for long moments. “Are you speaking from experience?” she finally murmurs, closer now, her soft voice harmonizing with the rain that pelts the windows.

“Yeah,” I say, hoarse.

She knows it, too.

She knows what her father did.

Doesn’t she? Yes. Of course she does.

“My parents went to prison when I was young. They were there for fifteen years.” I watch her for signs of recognition—and I get it. It’s easy to tell that Kaylee knows about the incarceration of my mother and father. How they were sent to prison for purchasing property with laundered money. Turned in by their competitor who made it his business to expose them. Break them. Turn our world inside out. “When they were released, they just...they were so ashamed. They’d lost their will to live. My father was a shell of his former self and when my mother passed from heart disease, he just...followed. Didn’t wake up. Prison withered them into nothing. Dust.”

Her golden eyes are wide, unblinking. She starts to say something and stops short, her face losing a healthy degree of color. “I’m so sorry. I d-didn’t...I didn’t know that.”

“Didn’t you?” I ask, with slightly too much accusation in my tone.

She shakes her head rapidly. “No.”



Do I believe her? I can't tell. "I just assumed you would, because it was highly publicized. Or maybe you'd done some research on the company before coming in for an interview."

"I did some, but..." She swallows hard, frowns down at her dollhouse. "I wasn't aware of how the story ended."

I want to grab her by the shoulders, shake her and demand to know if she's telling the truth. Why? It's bad enough that she knows—obviously— that Gerard Hale gave information to the Feds that put my parents behind bars. Does it matter if she's in the dark about my parents withering and dying in their shame? Shame wrought by her father?

No. It doesn't.

It can't matter.

Still, part of me wants to snatch up my phone and leave, before I can execute my plan to get back at Hale. She speaks before I get the chance, reaching down to brush a fingertip along the dangling crystals of a mini chandelier. "I think my favorite thing about building the dollhouses is...it's like a secondary world with a lot more light and positivity. Everything is perfect in these little rooms. There's no inadequacy or sadness or fighting. Only harmony." She looks up at me. "At our interview, you pointed out my...anger. And I do have it—at myself. For not being a grander version of however I turned out. For carrying around the disappointment of my parents when all I want is to be free. But I don't feel any of it when I'm focused on building these happier places. It helps to channel it."

"I channel my anger, too. Into the company. Into being the best."

"Does it help?"

“No,” I choke—admitting it out in the open for the first time ever. “And you’re the grandest version of you that’s possible. You’re enough. Who the hell made you believe otherwise?” I pinch the bridge of my nose so hard that my eyes pulse. “Never mind, I already know who it was.”

“How?” she whispers.

Jesus, keep your fucking head. Remember who she is and why you’re here together in the first place. “You told me the story about your father destroying your dollhouse. I’m assuming he tried to do the same with you.” I’m moving toward her as if magnetized, watching her chest rise and fall for me, her eyes soften even as her skin pinkens with awareness. “Well he didn’t, Sarah. Maybe he’s disappointed because you turned out better, worthy of happiness, and it only makes him realize he’s not.”

She takes several deep breaths and I suck them in. I inhale them because our mouths are pressed together. How did I get here? I don’t know, I just have this incessant need to be as close as possible to her.

“And why are you angry?”

“It’s not obvious? What happened to my parents...”

Her gaze cuts right through me. Sees everything. “Yes, but there’s more. Isn’t there?”

There is?

I’ve always just been so rageful that someone swooped in and took away my family overnight, smashed it into pieces like a wrecking ball. One day I was learning the ropes from my proud father and the next, he and my mother were hollow-eyed. Defeated.

But there is a swelling in my chest right now. A bubble getting ready to burst. And the feeling is alarming. It's like one of those horror films where the babysitter has been on the phone with the killer, only to realize the calls are coming from inside the house. Kaylee is right. There is more to my anger than meets the eye—and it was so well hidden, I didn't even know it was there. Lurking. Twisting me into knots.

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

“I’m like them. I’m just...just like my parents. I’m corrupt. I was going to be smarter and safer, but here I am at thirty-one with the same enemies, the same house of cards. I’m angry with myself more than anyone else. For being a pattern. Following the same path and expecting a different outcome. Letting my need for revenge rule me. Is that what you want me to admit?”

“No. Yes.” Are those tears in her eyes? “Thank you for being honest.”

“I don’t want to be. Why can’t I keep my fucking head on straight around you?” With my lips pulled back in a snarl, I back her across the room to the big leather easy chair. “You’re some kind of drug. You’re in my system and you won’t come out.”

My dick is confused. Hard, ready. Sensitive. I’ve never had an erection while being this vulnerable, this exposed, before. It’s the kind of combination that makes a man want to kneel and beg. And she has done this to me twice in twenty-four hours. I need to fuck. I need human contact—from this girl. Only her. I want to hide myself in her and show her everything at the same time. I’m conflicted and horny and shocked at what I just revealed to her. To myself. All of this self-reflection is her fault. I was fine before this villain and savior came along.

No, you weren’t.

You aren’t.

There is redemption inside of her. For me. I just need to reach it. Consume her.

When the backs of her legs touch the easy chair, I reach down and snag her knees,

pulling, so she lands on her back on the big cushion, gasping, looking up at me with her innocent golden eyes, her rain-soaked dress molding to her mindfuck of a body.

“From some angles you look like a sweet little virgin.” I remove my overcoat and toss it onto the closest worktable, quickly untwisting my cufflinks. One. Two. Shoving them into my pocket. “From others, you look like a woman who has experience driving men to drink. Those high, martini-glass tits. An ass that begs to be smacked. We’ll find out which one you are right now, Sarah. Won’t we?” I fall to my knees in front of her, taking her ankles and settling them on my shoulders. “I’m here to fuck you. I won’t have a reasonable thought in my head until I’ve lathered up this pussy in sweat and spit and you’re cursing my name for coming inside you without a rubber.”

She pushes up onto her hands, attempting to leave. Shaken. Wheezing. “Stop—”

But I surge up over her, bending her knees all the way back to her shoulders, pinning her to the easy chair with my mouth, my bared teeth against her parted lips. “Look me in the eye and tell me you don’t want it.”

Our hot, panting breaths mingle between us.

When she blinks rapidly, her hand curling in the front of my dress shirt, I’m caught off guard by a wave of regret. Of...affection. For her. It leads me to speak without thinking. “I’m a bastard. I don’t know how to be any other way. I don’t have an ounce of sweetness inside of me. I’m sorry if that’s what you need. I’ll make up for it in other ways.” A swallow gets stuck in my throat. “Let me make up for it in other ways.”

Her grip on my shirt loosens in degrees, as does some of the fight in her body.

When she nods, that permission is...Jesus, it’s better than conquering. Or winning a

fight. It's the most intoxicating victory I've ever experienced. "Yes?" I ask her, just to be sure.

"Yes," she whispers, a line marring her brow slightly. As if she's perplexed by her own admission. "I want you. Wounds and all."

With those incredible words ringing in my head, I fall on her like a starving beggar. Her knees are still slung over my shoulders and I'm kissing her, stroking my thumbs up the backs of her thighs, my heart stuttering when she whimpers my name as our mouths slant, collide, my tongue memorizing her texture. Every ripple and change of pace is ours. We created it.

I'm starving for her pussy.

Starving.

There's a sawing sound inside of my chest as I drop back down onto my knees and yank at her panties, needing them off. Right the hell now. Want that pussy. Want to eat it raw. Fuck. When her underwear is nothing but a ball of material in my hand, I groan at the sight of her sex. Young and dewy and waxed clean as a goddamn whistle. "You shouldn't be allowed out of the house with this thing." I kiss my way up her inner thighs, my dick on the verge of spraying come against the front of my trousers. "Swear to Christ, I could nut just looking at it. God, I can't stop thinking about how it shook and wet itself yesterday. All that proof that you liked Daddy's tongue so much, just dripping off you. Need to lick it. Need a lick."

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

Her thighs open slowly. Shyly. More permission. It's like a rush of euphoria I never knew was available to me. Honesty is what gets me victories with this girl.

There's a prodding voice in the back of my head, reminding me there are secrets between us, not honesty, but I ignore it, because I'm dizzy with her scent of cedar and roses and that sugary slickness tempts my mouth closer until I'm lapping at her cunt like a dog. I drag her to the very edge of the seat and she falls back, whining my name, her thighs open so I can consume the paradise in the center, her juices wetting my tongue more with every drag, her clit swelling every time I tickle it, tease it and finally ride it firmly.

"Matthew," she pants, wrapping strands of my hair around her fingers, her stomach shuddering, thighs alternately clamping and loosening around my head. I'm fucking her with my tongue, feasting on the most succulent flesh ever created, and she's close. Ah God, she's so close, her hips grinding up into every stroke of my tongue, unable to help it, her pussy wracked with little tremors I remember from yesterday. No. Not yet. I don't want her to come so fast, because I want to keep licking. I want to lick this girl between her legs like it's my job. Every hour of the day. But she tenses up and sugar trickles down my chin, my mouth continuing to move in that animalistic manner, growling and suckling and lapping. "Matthew! It's too good. Please, please, please. It's too good and it hurts and..."

"Again!" I roar, biting her mound, shoving her thighs back open. "It's mine. I say when it's come enough."

I bar a forearm across her stomach to cease her struggles and tongue her again. Again. Until she's back to the precipice, sobbing, raking her sex up and down my

mouth, begging for faster movements of my tongue. Begging me to stop. To keep going. She turns into a babbling, arching, grasping mess and I love it. I bask in every single second of her pleasure, knowing I'm the one giving it to her.

It's time to fuck, though. As badly as I want to keep exploring the land between her thighs, my cock is throbbing. I had no idea it was possible to need this much. My sides are shuddering and heaving when I unzip my pants and climb on top of her, crushing her hips to the edge of the easy chair, our mouths locking and battling for the deepest taste. My balls are going to explode before I get inside of her. I'm convinced of it.

"I want my come in you," I rasp against her perfect little mouth. "I want it inside you right now. Right the fuck now. Say yes to Daddy."

"Yes, Daddy."

Sweating, burning alive for her, I grip my dick and guide it to her sopping wet hole, pressing until she blooms open and allows my head inside. Like a suckling mouth. "Oh Jesus," I bite out, squaring up my hips for the fuck of a lifetime. After the head I gave her, she'll be able to take it rough. Thank God. Because she's turned me into a salivating beast. "Tell me if I get too mean, baby. Little girl. Unless your pussy likes it, then just let me go off."

She nods, trusting eyes on me, her hands holding the sides of my face.

Damn. Goddamn. How does she look so innocent when I've got her folded in half, her eyes glazed from too many orgasms. I find out a second later when I catch her mouth in a searing kiss and punch forward—

She screams into the kiss. Pulls away and stares blindly at the ceiling while sucking in shallow breaths.



Virgin. She's a virgin.

No...

No. She told me she had no experience with men. I didn't believe her. How could I believe her? There is nothing so pure in my world. Purity doesn't exist. Not like this. Not like her. Everything is morally gray and corrupted, including me. And I've just defiled her. I'm...

I'm recording this.

An invisible clamp closes around my windpipe, denial rattling my skull. I forgot about my phone across the room. I lost myself in her and forgot, but I remember with a vengeance now. I remember I'm an immoral bastard and I've just crossed the line into irredeemable.

"Matthew," she whimpers shakily.

And for the moment, I forget about everything but her. Everything but making this right and good for her. "I'm here," I grit out against her lips, because there are no words to describe how tight she is. My eyes are watering, she's squeezing me so brutally, her delicate pussy muscles stroking me every time she breathes or blinks or shifts on the chair. "I'm here," I say again, kissing her mouth gently, then more thoroughly. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry I didn't believe you haven't been with a man." I'm starting to shake with the need to thrust, teeth chattering, skin inflamed. "I couldn't stay off you for five minutes. Couldn't imagine anyone else managing it. Didn't seem possible."

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

“It’s okay.” She blinks her beautiful bedroom eyes up at me. “I think it was just...it was meant to be you.”

A hoarse sound escapes my chest.

I’ve spent so long abandoned, but she’s claiming me now.

I’m a pauper on the steps of a palace, unworthy of being allowed inside, but she’s taking me in, regardless. “Tell me I’m not hurting you.” The thought of her pain makes me see red, my shoulder muscles knitting together. “If I injure you I’ll kill myself, I swear to God.”

“You didn’t,” she murmurs, her hips beginning to rock beneath me. “Stop worrying and be here with me. I need you here with me.”

Five milking rides of her cunt and my balls begin to tighten. “My God.” I pin her down and begin to ride, to pump as carefully and slowly as I can, so I don’t ruin the magic she’s weaving. Not only with her snug, soaking sex that flexes and grips and ruins my dick with horny little strokes, but with her eyes. They capture mine and never leave, the universe pausing around us. Stopping dead in its tracks to witness two soulmates colliding. That’s what this is, isn’t it? She’s my fucking soul mate. “I’m never letting you go. I’m never, ever, letting you go. Don’t go anywhere. I’ve been lost, baby.”

“Me too,” she breathes, her palms smoothing down my back, branding me through my shirt. “It’s okay. Me too.”

I can't believe either of us is wearing clothes. Emotionally, we're stripped down to nothing and yet my balls ricochet between her wet pussy and my open zipper, faster and faster with her encouraging nods, the sharpening of her claws in my back, until we're straight-up fucking, my hips drilling her against the edge of the chair, my hoarse bellows clashing with the sound of the rain. And underneath it all, Christ, is this little squeak her pussy makes every time I land balls deep. The friction of my cock bottoming out in her insane tightness elicits a tiny squeal. I'm a lunatic for that sound. Instantly. I bang away at it, panting, sweat soaking through my shirt while she whines and opens her thighs wider for my abuse. My abuse. That's what it is. I'm devouring her. Biting her neck and throat and dominating her smaller body. But she only screams for more. And I give it until her heels dig into my ass and that pussy cinches up like a belt, blinding me with acute pleasure.

"If anyone ever finds out what you've got between these legs, I'm fucked. We'll have to go into hiding, baby, it's so motherfucking tight. I'm coming in it now. I'm the one who comes in it, starting now until forever." I am rampaging, hips blurring, flesh smacking, seed burning up the trunk of my cock to the place it belongs. Where it will always belong. "Oh baby, baby, feels like I've never come before in my life. So good. So good. So good."

"Daddy," she breathes against my mouth, tits shuddering, complexion rosy. Flushed. Goddess. "You're my Daddy now."

Does she have father issues? Yes.

Am I here to solve them? No. I'm here to bask in every piece of her. Good or bad.

I'm here to make her feel right, because she is. She's perfect.

"That's right. That's who I am. That's who you breathe for," I growl, our foreheads meeting, my loins convulsing, lower back muscles pulled tighter than violin strings.

She's wrecking me. The pleasure is verging on too intense. Jesus. Christ. "That's whose cock you sit on. Period. The end."

She nods, seemingly awed by how long I've been ejaculating. She's not alone. Every time I think the well has run dry, another spurt wrings free, adding to the overflow of her sex, ruining the chair beneath her ass, caking her thighs with come. And that pussy keeps on making that squeak sound. How am I supposed to stop when it doesn't stop? I'm going to hear it in my sleep, throughout my day, for the rest of my life, aren't I?

Finally, I collapse on top of her sweet body with a groan. I'm...changed. Somehow I'm not the same person who walked into this dollhouse studio. I need her close. Close. Attached to me, if possible. But I settle for pulling her down off the chair into my lap and encircling her with my arms. Holding her tight and kissing her hairline, whispering words I never thought would leave my mouth. Loving words. Promises to protect someone, something besides my own interests. Across the room, my propped-up phone mocks me, roasts my conscience alive. But I console myself with the fact that no one—no one—will ever see the video.

I should lay all of my cards on the table right now. How can I do anything else when I've just had the most raw and honest experience of my life?

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

There is still a trace of distrust and cynicism inside of me, though. I can't help it. I was raised this way. So while I want to confess to Kaylee that I know her real name, who her father is and that her mission was—is?—to spy on me, I can't bring myself to say the words.

Not yet.

My heart tells me her feelings for me are genuine.

God knows mine are beyond real for her.

But I have to be positive before I rip away that last veil of vulnerability.

Which means, I need to know if she still plans to steal my secrets for her father.

Please don't do it, Kaylee.

If she does, I think it might obliterate any remaining humanity inside of me.

I kiss her forehead, bundle her closer. "Come to work for me."

After a few seconds, she nods. "Okay."

Chapter 6

Kaylee

Matthew picks me up the next morning in an SUV with tinted windows.

I step out of my studio and he's there. Waiting.

It's not raining like it was yesterday when he left. The world is bathed in sunshine and there's a new texture to the air. It's easier to breathe, hold life in my lungs. I didn't realize I was so lonely before. I had my dollhouses and my inner monologue and I didn't need a single other thing, but when Matthew's body joined with mine yesterday, I was home.

And I have no idea what to do about that.

About him.

As soon as I spot him outside my door, I'm elevated to a new state of awareness. Of my body. My breasts and belly and mouth. I'm rocked by the pattering in my chest that only grows louder when he slides off his sunglasses and looks at me. Simply looks. No smile. Just those blue eyes boring into mine, a greeting of souls. And everything inside of me rejoices at his presence. I'm not merely walking in his direction, I'm floating. I'm on an invisible cloud and my body doesn't stop until we're pressed together and he's lifting me off the ground. Just lifting me off the ground and holding me at eye level, inhaling my neck.

"Good morning," I manage, rubbing my cheek against his stubble like a cat. "Do you pick up all of your employees?"

"No." He reverses our positions and flattens me up against the car, my high heels dangling uselessly inches above the ground. "Only the one who keeps me awake all night. I..." He exhales in clear disbelief. "I missed you. Like hell."

My pulse sprints. "Well you don't have to anymore."

“Thank God.” His attention falls to my mouth and he gives a tight shake of his head. “If I kiss you right now, we’re never going to make it to the office.”

“Missing on my first day? That won’t reflect very well on my record.”

“I’m the one who makes your record.” He crowds me hard enough to the side of the SUV to make me gasp over the thick outline of him. “And I say you’re exemplary.”

There are people walking by. We’re in public. Before yesterday, I’d never even been with a man and now I’m dizzy with lust, Matthew dismantling my self-control with every rake of his lips up the side of my neck. But I have to keep my head on straight. At least until I figure out what I’m going to do. Or rather, who I’m going to betray.

My father or Matthew.

And if I end up coming clean to Matthew about being sent in as a spy...

What if he never wants to speak to me again?

That possibility floods me with dread. Fear. I don’t know how it happened so fast, but...I’m already attached to this man. The universe attached us before we were informed of each other’s existence. Maybe that sounds crazy, but this pull between us can’t be escaped or explained in normal terms. It’s gripping.

Anyway. Until I decide my course of action, I have to maintain focus. Not to mention my self-respect. I’ve barely scratched the surface of why I love calling Matthew Daddy. The last thing I need is to throw my scruples out along with my inhibitions.

“I wouldn’t be exemplary if I got paid...” I shift my hips on his erection. “F-for this.”

He grinds his teeth on a shudder, pupils dilating. “Goddamn.”

“Matthew, I mean it. I need to be an actual employee. Not your office pet.”

“You won’t be.” He takes a breath to steady himself, though I can feel him throbbing through my panties and the fly of his dress pants. “Actually I already have some work in mind.”

Gratitude spears me. “You do?”

“Yes.” He seems to be studying me closer than before. “It will require you to spend some time alone in my office this afternoon. I have a meeting downtown after lunch. That won’t be a problem, will it?”

It’s the perfect chance to dig for the information my father is looking for.



“No, it won’t be a problem.”

It must be my imagination, but I swear the light in his eyes dims momentarily. “Will you let me take you somewhere on the way to the office?”

“Where?”

“Come on,” he says, winking at me.

He opens the rear door and boosts me into the backseat. After climbing in beside me and buckling us both into the car, he nods at the man in the driver’s seat—a hulking bodyguard type with an earpiece—and we drive out of the seaport. We don’t go far, though. After about ten minutes of battling rush hour traffic, we pull across the street from a park nestled right on the East River. It’s small, but lush with trees and a rock formation. Shade. It’s beautiful.

“Have you ever been here before?”

“No. I...” Haven’t lived here long enough to explore much—despite the lies on my resume. I bite back the sting of guilt. “I usually just work on my dollhouses in my spare time.”

“That’s why I brought you here.”

I give him a confused smile, but he simply smirks back and helps me out of the SUV, his arm around my shoulder as we cross the street into the park. His bodyguard gets out of the SUV, too, but remains stationary by the driver’s side door, hands folded,

waiting for us.

We enter the deserted park and I inhale long and deep, surprised by the sudden lack of sound. No honking. No shouting. It all seems to be muffled by the high trees. Matthew takes my hand and guides me over to the rock formation. I'm tempted to look around for whatever he wants to show me, but I can't seem to take my eyes off him. He's devastatingly sexy on a normal basis, but right now, when he's being charming, he's off the charts. And my heart starts to beat faster, along with that newly-discovered pulse much further south.

"Here." He pulls me against him, my back to his chest, facing me toward the rock formation. That's when I see the tiny little door carved into the bottom rock. There is another one next to it. And another. Seven in total. Tiny doors positioned along the base of the formation, each of them a stunning design, glorious combinations of color. "They're fairy doors. I came across them by accident a few years ago while running past the park and last night, when I saw the dollhouses, I thought of you. I thought...you'd like them."

"I love them," I breathe, meaning it with my whole heart. "They're like little portals into other, happier dimensions. Just like my dollhouses."

He grins into my neck. "Yeah."

"Although..." I look back at him over my shoulder. "This dimension is really happy lately. I wouldn't necessarily want to walk through one of those doors and leave it right now."

His chest rises and falls quicker against my back. "I wouldn't let you."

I turn around and when our fronts meet, we simply merge. Roughly.

If someone doused us in kerosene right now and threw a match, I don't think I would be able to move from this spot. In front of him. Wrapped up in this charge, this turbulent and terrible and exhilarating energy. I can experience the hot melding of our bodies, the gravitational pull that neither one of us seems to be in charge of.

It's gravity. It's fate.

At the exact same moment, we let loose a shuddering exhale against one another's mouths. Matthew's hands climb up beneath the back of my skirt to clutch the cheeks of my backside, knead them in desperate hands. "I didn't bring you here to fuck, but I don't know how I'm going to get through the day without a hit." His eyes blaze down into mine, a muscle rippling in his cheek. "You turned me inside out, baby."

As a twenty year old girl with functioning hormones, I thought I knew what sexual frustration felt like, but I had no idea until I met this man. Had no idea that arousal could be so potent and urgent. I'm instantly wet. Or maybe I already have been since the moment I walked outside and saw him up against the SUV in his tailored navy-blue suit. There is a galaxy south of my belly button and the stars are pulling together, closer and closer. Tightening. Pulsing. "I'll die if you don't," I say, winded. "I-if I don't feel you inside of me."

I'll never forget the pain subsiding yesterday and the inundation of belonging and surrender and need that followed—and I need it again now. Now.

He backs me up into the shade of the trees, out of view of the street, huffing breath after harsh breath against my mouth. "Pull down your panties. Give my cock that sweet little hole. Need it. I've needed it all night and all fucking morning."

While he unzips his pants and starts to stroke himself openly in the shifting shade of the swaying branches, teeth gritted, I reach beneath my skirt and drag my white cotton thong to the grass. It's obvious how wet the panties are in the crotch area, but

I'm not embarrassed. Not with this man who I've bonded with in such a short space of time. He's the one who does this to my body. He wouldn't want me hiding it.

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

I start to rise, but stop short when I'm eye level with Matthew's shaft.

Up close, it's riveting. Intersecting veins and a thickly cut ridge at the tip. It's abundant and curved and sprouting up from a thatch of black hair. My up close and personal perusal of his sex has made him breathe faster and that makes me wonder...how would he react if I used my mouth on him? The way he uses his mouth on me? I'm suddenly ravenous for the feel of his weight on my tongue, the smooth slide of him toward my tonsils. But mainly, how it will make him feel, how he'll react, the sounds he'll make. I have to know.

Watching Matthew closely, I kneel down in the grass and wrap him in my hands, guiding him toward my mouth. My lips have to stretch so wide to accommodate him that it hurts, but I succeed in that first entry. I succeed in shocking him, forcing him into firing a salty string of spend down the back of my throat.

"Oh fuck. Oh fuck." Shaking, he gathers my hair, obviously trying to be gentle, but failing when I sink down further with my next draw of his shaft. I hum with satisfaction on the way back up and his fists tighten, a choked sound painting the air above me. "You know what Daddy needs this morning. Yeah, you fucking do, sweet girl. My sweet girl. Made me so big and hard and now you're going to take care of it. Just a little. Just a little, because I need that hole. That little pinhole pussy you fucked me over with. You fucked me for life and I want it. Dirty and wet and all for Daddy. Nod and suck extra hard if you understand me."

By the time he's done talking like that, in that wonderfully crude way of his, I'm so eager to keep him hissing and cursing at me, I'm taking more than I can handle, cramming every virile inch of him into my mouth and letting him cheat toward my

throat. A little more, a little more until I'm choking, brought to tears—

And he's yanking me to my feet, grabbing my chin in his right hand and kissing me brutally, calling me a princess in between curses and swinging me up, up, so my legs can wrap around his hips. He enters me with a hard upward drive, his eyes rolling in the back of his head, his whole body shaking for several moments before he gets it under control.

"Christ. Christ. What have you done to me with this pretty young cunt?" He bounces me roughly, his steel rod filling me to the very edge of pain, pleasure, possession, setting a ruthless pace from the beginning. He jackhammers me from below, clicking my teeth together, the flesh of my bottom shaking, a scream building and building in my throat. Lord, what is this? We're not human right now, we're mating animals, his grunts desperate and depraved in my ear, my sobs almost childlike. It's filthy and necessary and I never want it to end.

But it does. It has to, because of the friction his inches create deep inside of me, where that source of pleasure has been living, uncharted. Neglected. He hits it over and over again like a button and I blast into orbit, clawing and fucking him back with frantic rolls of my hips.

"God help me," he says raggedly, stumbling forward with me, capturing me gently between his heaving body and the rock structure, his mouth loving and awestruck in my hair. "God help me, I'm in love with you."

"I'm in love with you, too," I whisper, meaning it down to the very marrow of my bones. It shouldn't be possible, but it is. Every pound of my heart knows this is the real thing.

And he doesn't even know my actual name.

## Chapter 7

Matthew

I'm a ticking time bomb.

I'm unwell.

A man on the edge of madness, waiting to see if the girl I'm obsessed with will betray me. By the end of today, I will know. I'll know the direction my life is going to take. I'm either going to be the happiest man alive or I'll want to jump from the very top of this building.

She is on the other side of my office, smelling of cedar and roses and my seed, diligently answering the phone and taking messages, making notations in my schedule. She senses me looking at her and we trade a long stare. That single glance from her is like a breath of mountain air, a shot of adrenaline, a soft, warm blanket. It makes my heart beat truer. My soul mate. Both of us know it's true. Somehow we've found each other among the wilds of the city, despite the tragic way our pasts interconnect. She's not faking it. There's no way.

We're in love.

I would walk across an ocean of broken glass for her.

I'd give my life.

She would crawl inside of me if she could and never leave. That's the message she sends to me with her eyes right now. We love each other, goddammit.

And yet, the needs of her father might come first.

She might still fuck me over, despite loving me.

Don't I know so well the lengths a person will go to to appease a parent? To honor them? It's a deeply ingrained hunger we're born with, this need for affection and approval from our makers. This whole company was built by a need to avenge my mother and father, wasn't it? Even though, in the end, they couldn't muster enough emotion for me to answer my phone calls. There is every chance Kaylee will forsake love to earn affection from her father.

I have no choice but to await my fate. See what she will do.

If I inform her right now that I know she's Kaylee Hale and force her to side with me, I'll always wonder what she might have done today. If she would have betrayed me.

Kaylee hangs up the phone and crosses her legs, that skirt tugging up nearly to her hip.



We agreed there would be no sex in the office, but my body is vehemently opposed. Everything she does makes my ball sac tighten up like a fucking drum. The way we made love in the park this morning has left me reeling. Made me almost sick for more. More. More. I could kidnap her right now, take her to some remote destination where our names and families don't matter. I could take her in that brutal, desperate pace that leaves us both lathered in sweat and nail marks. Take her until neither one of us remembers our own names.

But this damn conflict would linger. It would hang over my head forever.

Please, baby. Choose me.

I open my desk drawer and turn on the recording device. It came installed with the desk—a tool meant to be used to record meetings. I'm using it for much darker purposes. I'm leaving it running while I go to my fake meeting, praying I don't hear the love of my life betraying me on the other end. My computer will record every action that is taken while I'm gone and her voice will be captured thusly. I'll know everything that takes place here in my absence. After one final hesitation, I straighten my tie and stand.

But I find I can't talk. Not with this vise around my throat.

"Time for your meeting," she murmurs from her desk.

When I don't answer, she glances over and raises an eyebrow, her smile soft. Beautiful.

I nod firmly, reaching for the briefcase under my desk. "Yes," I manage. "I should be back in an hour." Coming around the desk, there is nothing I can do to stop myself from leaning down and kissing her. And Lord, she blooms open for me, her mouth gasping beneath mine, her legs uncrossing, hands lifting to clasp the sides of my face.

I drop my briefcase, sinking into her, my fingers spearing through her hair, the pace of my breath racing out of control, along with my heart.

“Matthew,” she exhales, shaken.

“I’ll give you everything.” I look her in the eye. “Everything.”

She doesn’t seem to take a single breath while she stares up at me, moisture clouding the gold of her eyes. I don’t give her a chance to respond, however. I only pick up my briefcase and go. Her actions over the next hour are what matter now.

Kaylee

When the office door closes behind Matthew, it takes me a few minutes to fill my lungs again. They’re totally depleted. That’s what he does, that’s what we seem to do together. Suck the oxygen straight out of the room. We’re using every ounce of it to exist around each other under the weight of feeling. Of love.

“What am I going to do?” I whisper, swiping at my damp eyes.

Turning in my chair, I look at his computer where it sits silently on his desk. No password engaged. Everything is right there. All I need to do is find some evidence that Matthew has been bleeding corporations dry financially so they will have no choice but to sell him their property in exchange for being bailed out of debt. Once I have that evidence, I’ll finally be brought into the family fold. No longer on the outside.

I stand up and approach his desk, sitting down carefully in the leather executive chair, still warm from his body. After several deep breaths, I begin going through his files. Long minutes pass while I open and close documents that have no relevance to my mission. Old pitches. Proposals. Employee contracts. Nothing here is pertinent.

Until I find a file marked Vacation Photos and I know it's a decoy.

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

I open it—and there on the screen are his detailed financial records.

Years of them.

A lot of the numbers and words make no sense to me, but they will to my father—

My phone buzzes across the room on my desk. I almost let it ring, because I don't want to sit here in Matthew's chair longer than necessary, but also because I still haven't decided what to do. I need a clear head. I need to think. But the emotion and adrenaline welling in my chest make me feel like I'm running a marathon.

With a frustrated sound, I push away from the desk and cross to the other side of the office, picking up my phone. My father is calling me. Did he sense my conflict from downtown?

“Hello?”

“Kaylee!” His chair creaks in the background. “Or should I say Sarah? Are you able to talk?”

Acid gurgles in my belly. “Yes.”

“Good. Your first day on the other side of enemy lines.” He chuckles, but there is a note of eagerness to his laugh. “How are things progressing?”

My father has never sounded so interested in speaking to me.

I expect to feel pride or pleasure, but there's only nausea. It rolls through me like wet garbage and I wander back over to Matthew's desk, desperately needing to feel the warmth of his body again. "I haven't found anything yet," I lie, looking at the endless rows and columns of numbers.

There's a wealth of strain in his sigh. "I realize it's only day one, but remember you're only there as a temp. You don't have a lot of time. And Borden is a shrewd bastard. There's every chance he'll realize who you are before time is up. You'll need to work fast."

"I understand."

"No, I don't think you do. He is rendering my company obsolete, Kaylee. Choking the life out of what I've spent decades building. This is your chance to make a difference. After all, you've certainly enjoyed the advantages money has to offer. Money I made in real estate."

"I know. I...I understand. I'm grateful for everything you've done for me. I just..." I take a long, bracing breath. "I wish you valued me for who I am. Not what dirt I can find. I just—"

"Your generation wants something for nothing," he hisses. "I had to earn my keep at your age. No one patted me on the back unless I was busting my ass."

"I don't want a pat on the back. I just want to be...relevant to you. I—"

"And you will, Kaylee. Just do this important thing for me. For your family. Help us get over this Borden Enterprises obstacle and then we can—"

"We can what? Be a big happy family?" I shake my head. "I shouldn't have to ruin someone for that to happen."

“He’s a terrible person. He is a fucking villain, Kaylee. You’re doing a good deed.”

“You never told me what happened to his parents,” I whisper, my eyes straying to a picture on Matthew’s desk. A little boy sitting at a metal table with a man in an orange jumpsuit. A man who is practically lifeless, the boy dejected. “They were taken from him in more ways than one. By you. That would make anyone ruthless and angry.”

He scoffs. A drawer slams on the other end of the line. “Exactly whose side are you on?”

“I’m on...my side,” I murmur.

“What is that supposed to mean?”

There is no way I can betray Matthew. Is there?

I’ve never experienced the sense of belonging he gives me. I can’t trade it. I won’t.

Furthermore, I’m done letting expectations other than my own color my life. Determine my mood and choices and who I am. I’m done being pinned down by the past and the needs of a child. I’m a grown up now and I’ll stand up for myself. On my own two feet.

“It means I’m going to do what I think is right. For me. And I don’t want to be used. I want to be worthy all on my own.” I wet my dry lips. “I’m not going to help you. I’m sorry things couldn’t be different. But I’m going to get over it, because I’m stronger than you know.”

I hang up the phone to the sound of my father sputtering.

Exhilaration winds through me, turning my limbs loose. The anger I've been carrying around for so long, the self-disgust, it evaporates like a puddle in the sunshine and I can breathe deeply, deeply. I start to push back from Matthew's desk, already practicing my speech when I come clean to him. Maybe he'll be angry. Maybe he'll never want to see me again. But at least I won't have betrayed him. At least I did the right thing.

Please let that count for something.

Please let his heart listen to mine and know the love is real.

Before I can stand up, an icon in the upper right-hand corner of the screen catches my eye. A cloud. I'm not sure why I reach for the mouse and click. I'll never know why my curiosity prods me. But I lean down and I double tap the cloud, watching more icons flood the screen, along with pictures of various buildings. Construction sites.

## Page 22

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

There's a video at the very bottom.

Recognition hits me in the throat.

That's my apartment. My dollhouse studio.

When did he record a video inside of it?

I hit play.

It starts with Matthew setting up the phone in the corner of my bookshelf, guilt and conflict written in every line of his face—and my stomach drops to the ground. Oh God.

In the here and now, the office door opens.

Matthew walks in. He's breathing hard. There is a look of utter relief and elation on his face that would be beautiful at any other time. But not now. Not while I'm watching us make love on the screen of his computer. No sound is coming out, but I can hear every second of it in my head. I'm never letting you go. I'm never, ever, letting you go. Don't go anywhere. I've been lost, baby.

Lies.

There's only one reason a man secretly records a woman in a vulnerable moment like that. He was gathering blackmail. Which means...he knows my true identity?



He's known all along?

Matthew has stopped short on the other side of the desk, his handsome face pulling into a frown. "What's wrong?" A few shades of color leave his complexion as he rounds the desk, swallowing audibly at the vision on the screen. The rear view of him taking my virginity on the easy chair, our bodies straining. Bucking. "No. I can explain," he wheezes, reaching for me.

I don't just move out of his reach, I run, tears coursing down my cheeks.

My heart is in my mouth. I'm choking.

"God, I'm nothing more than a pawn to everyone in my life. Aren't I?" A sob nearly rends me in two. "What...what were you going to do with that video?"

He grips the desk, seemingly for balance, his face white as a ghost. "I thought you were here to steal the evidence that would end me, Kaylee. I thought you were here to dismantle my company on behalf of your father." He comes toward me slowly, hand outstretched. "But you didn't. I heard the whole conversation. You chose us. You chose what we have, because it's real."

"You heard..." I'm dizzy. He was recording me again? How? It doesn't matter. It's obviously true. "If you knew I was Kaylee Hale, why hire me in the first place?"

"The plan was to make an example out of you," he says, raking a hand through his dark hair. "But I made that plan before I knew you. Before I fucking loved you."

"What if I'd followed through?"

"Christ. You would have broken me, Kaylee." His throat muscles strain, his eyes wild. "I couldn't see beyond that."

“Make an example out of me?” I ask, his words finally registering. “What were you going to do with that video? Send it to my father for some sick, twisted revenge?”

Matthew is in the process of reaching for me again when I ask that question, but it stops him cold. He sways subtly and lowers himself into his chair, looking seasick. “Yes.”

“Oh my God.” I start to cry openly. Shoulders shaking with the force of my sobs, the earth crumbling underneath my feet. “I hate you.”

“Even if you’d sent your father every financial record under the sun, I would have still loved you. You’ve changed me. You’ve turned me into the man I should have been all along. My plans changed along the way, too. I never would have sent him that video of me loving you,” he rasps. “You have to believe me.”

“I don’t. I don’t believe a word you say.” My legs are made of rubber, but I jog toward my desk nonetheless, trying to see through the blur of tears long enough to throw my possessions into my purse. “I hope I never see you again.”

He propels himself out of his desk chair and across the room, face a mask of crazed denial. “Don’t say that. Don’t.” He wraps his arms around me, ignoring my struggles and gathering me close. “I’m going to die without you. I’m already forgetting to breathe with you angry at me. Kaylee, I’m sorry. I’m sorry.”

“Let me go.” I twist and kick until I finally put some separation between us. My entire body is punched full of holes. I’m decimated—and I’m taking him with me. “The truth is, Matthew, you haven’t been a good man. If my father is right and you’ve been bleeding people dry and forcing them to sell, maybe you deserve to have your business dismantled.”

For long moments, he says nothing. And then, “You’re right, Kaylee Hale. And you

deserve far better than me.”

I want to run to him in the wake of that confession, because love for him still blares inside of me like a siren. We’re connected, despite everything. Our bond is never going to fade, together or not. But somehow I manage to back away, instead of running forward. I back all the way out the door and leave him broken, sinking to the floor without our link to hold him upright. And downstairs, I run into the sunlight knowing I’m never going to be the same.

### Chapter 8

Matthew

I don't want to live anymore.

I thought life was bleak and colorless before she came into the picture, but every minute without her now that I've breathed her air is unacceptable.

A trial.

I haven't been able to leave this office since she walked out of it, because I don't want to look at the outside world. Don't want to face it without her. Kaylee gave me a reason to live, she stole the loneliness and now that her life-affirming presence is gone, I'm depleted. I'm raw and miserable and I deserve every second of it.

The hurt I caused her.

She wasn't going to betray me. If I'd listened to my heart earlier, I would have known.

She was so brave and incredible, standing up to her father, and what reward did I have to offer? A video of me defiling her. In the place she holds sacred, nonetheless. I'm a monster.

I stare bleary-eyed at the computer screen, the words and numbers in a senseless jumble. It's the middle of the night. She left me three days ago and I've been working

on this project ever since. I meant what I said—I won't live without her. But I'm going to leave this world a better man than she found me. So I've spent the last three days signing over assets to the people I've wronged. I'm doing it in Kaylee Hale's name. I'm taking apart my empire, because none of it matters anymore.

I've been to heaven in her arms.

Now I'll send myself to hell. It's as simple as that. It's where I was always heading.

In an ironic twist, the anger inside of me is gone. I've been holding on to it for so long, this self-directed rage. I started Borden to get revenge in its purest form. Somewhere along the line, I lost myself and simply became corrupt like the people I swore to bring down. Corrupt like my parents, too. It's all a cycle and I'd let myself become a part of it.

But with this final act, I'm separating myself from the festering dishonesty.

I'm making myself worthy of her, even if she doesn't want me anymore.

Even if maybe it's too late to be good, like she deserves.

I make sure all of the pertinent documents are attached to the email to my attorney, then I hit send. And I stand up on legs made of vapor, beginning a slow climb to the roof, whispering her name over and over again as I go.

Kaylee

I wake up to the world exploding.

There is someone banging on my door.

My phone is ringing off the hook. It's my father.

I haven't gotten out of bed for three days, except to use the bathroom. My heart rattles inside of me like puzzle pieces in a box, my temples pound and a layer of dread cloys me at all times. Squeezing me until I feel nothing but lifeless. Even though I knew my bond with Matthew was vital and gigantic, I underestimated what it would be like living without him. It's torture. I can't keep food down and I've run out of tears. I'm sick enough to be admitted to a hospital if I could bear to leave the darkness of my bedroom.

And now someone has come to shatter my hideous solitude.

It takes me long minutes to get out of bed and walk downstairs to the door. My robe hangs off my body and I can barely see straight, but I open the door and find a man in a suit staring back at me.

"Kaylee Hale," he says in a rush. "I need you to come with me."

"What?"

My voice sounds like it's coming from a great distance away.

All at once, he seems to notice that I'm barely clinging to life.

"Jesus, are you all right?"

"Who are you?" I whisper, because it hurts to talk. The sunlight in my eyes is an assault.

"I'm Randall Hobbs, CFO at Borden Enterprises."

Borden Enterprises. Everything comes into sharp focus. Absently, I remember my father was calling me upstairs. I can't hold on to a single thought. "What are you doing here?"

"Matthew..." He shakes his head, visibly shaken. "I don't know what to do."

I don't think I can sink any lower into the mire. Until his grim tone of voice registers. Until now when the ground seems to rise up and threaten to swallow me. "Where is he? What's going on?"

He uses the doorjamb for support. "He was seconds from jumping off the roof of Borden Enterprises last night, but he was thwarted by security. It took five men to keep him from leaping and...he's been brought to a mental health facility uptown."

Black is bleeding in from the edges of my vision and I'm growing dizzy.

I'm wracked with shivers, stomach pitching wildly.

No. No, no, no. No.

The man is still talking, his words like swords driving into my ears.

"He'd been locked in his office for three days. I assumed he was working on a deal, but...no. He was offloading company stock and transferring titles of some of our biggest real-estate holdings. Half of his fortune is gone. He's unhinged..."

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

Our last conversation occupies my mind. A full-bodied echo.

The truth is, Matthew, you haven't been a good man. If my father is right and you've been bleeding people dry and forcing them to sell, maybe you deserved to have your business dismantled.

You're right, Kaylee Hale. And you deserve far better than me.

"I'm here because the security guards said he was calling for you," Randall says, breaking into my storm cloud of thoughts. "Before he attempted to jump."

Sound and light wink out. Back in and out. I sway, sick, broken. He was trying to make everything right, wasn't he? For me? He...when he said he would die without me, I didn't take it literally, but I should have. Oh Jesus, obviously I should have.

A cry of denial rips from the deepest recesses of my body. I trip forward, catching myself on the arm of the suited man. "Bring me to him. Please. Now."

The drive to the hospital is a blur.

All I can do is focus on the beats of my heart. One after the other.

Deep breaths.

I'm disoriented when we arrive. Voices sound like they're coming from a carnival funhouse and walls swell in and out as I run down the hospital corridor. I was brought to the correct floor by Randall, but ran from him as soon as the doors opened,



directed by some internal compass that knows where he is. Knows where to find Matthew.

I'm unprepared for the sight that greets me when I skid into his room, realizing vaguely that I'm barefoot and wearing a nightshirt and robe. Matthew is restrained in a bed. A nurse is shining a small flashlight into his eyes, but he's staring straight ahead into the light without blinking or responding to her questions. His gaze is hollow, as are his cheeks, his hair matted.

When I make a broken sound, however, a jolt passes through him and his head turns toward the door, his eyes showing a sign of life. And that life roars back in when he sees me, his arms jerking at the restraints.

"Kaylee." Alarm transforms his features. "Kaylee!"

Until he bellows my name at the top of his lungs, I don't realize I'm collapsing. Sideways against the door and down, down, the dizziness finally gaining enough strength to knock me over, my legs giving out entirely. Medical personnel rush to aid me, but I can't look away from Matthew. He's frantic, shouting, ripping at the restraints with all of his might—and when one of them finally breaks, he pulls his wrist free of the second, hurtling through the gathering crowd to pick me up into his arms, rocking me while shouting hoarsely for help.

I wake up warm, unlike the last three mornings when I woke up feeling as if I'd slept on the floor of a crypt, ice permeating my bones. Not now. No, my face is pressed into something warm with a pulse. When I inhale and snuggle closer, arms wrap around me tightly and the pulse beneath my nose begins to hammer faster. Faster.

"She's awake," chokes Matthew, kissing my face, my hair. "You're awake. You're awake."

I crack an eyelid open, noticing in between kisses that I'm in a hospital room. A bed. None of that really matters, though, because I'm with Matthew. I'm home. I'm in the right place no matter where we're located.

"You were starved and dehydrated, baby." He buries my face in his neck and I take comfort in the beat of his heart. It matches my own. It always does. Same tempo, same everything. "Why? Why did you do this to yourself?"

"I don't think we're supposed to be apart," I whisper, sounding dazed.

"You don't think?" He crushes me closer. "I barely made it seventy-two hours. If I'd known you were in the same shape, nothing would have kept me away. Oh God, Kaylee. Don't ever do this to me again. Please. Don't ever neglect yourself like this again. I can't fucking breathe knowing you were in pain."

Moisture overflows my eyes. "You tried to jump off a roof."

He's already nodding. "Next time, I'll make sure you're all right first."

"Next time?" I pull back from his embrace enough to look at him. To study the deep grooves of strain around his mouth, the purple bruises beneath his eyes. "If there is a next time, I'll end up right back here. Don't you see?"

His blue eyes are turbulent. "I see nothing but you leaving me. Over and over again."

I take the sides of his face and press our foreheads together. "I'm back now. I was wrong to think we could live apart. We can't. Once our hearts met, that was it. They're on strike unless we're together, Matthew. Don't you ever do this to me again."

"You're back?" he croaks, his eyes searching mine with a growing fire. "You're

coming back to me after what I did, Kaylee? After the monster I've been?"

## Page 25

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:04 am*

“Yes. You’ve suffered enough. We have. And what you did...turning over your investments to the people you’ve taken advantage of...that’s the man I love. That’s the man my heart recognizes, beat for beat. I forgive you. I love you.”

“I love you, too. I’m made of love for you. Every piece of me.” Color begins to return to his face and he seems to take the first breath I’ve heard since waking up. “I’m not dreaming?”

I shake my head and burrow myself into him, my soul rejoicing when his arms band around me like they’ll never let me go—and I know they won’t. Neither will he. “It’s all real. As real as us.”

Epilogue

Matthew

Five Years Later

I walk up the stairs toward the bedroom I share with my wife.

When I hear the sounds coming from the other side of the door, my lips curl into a smile. I’ve caught her in the act once again, have I?

Careful not to make a sound, I elbow open the door and find Kaylee on the bed. She’s lying sideways on her back, head turned to in the direction of the flat-screen television. A familiar video plays. One taken with my hidden phone five years earlier on the afternoon I took her virginity. The video started as something we never wanted

to think about again. But after accidentally stumbling on it last year while clearing out storage on an old computer, Kaylee found it. She played it alone in our home office, expecting it to make her angry. Or sad.

It turned her on, instead.

Big time.

Now I catch her watching it when she thinks I'm not home, her fingers busy in her panties, watching me pop her cherry on the television, my grunts and filthy words echoing in the confines of our bedroom. On the screen, my ass pumps roughly between her spread legs, that little pussy squeaking while red moisture tracks down her inner thighs.

Now, she's topless on the bed in pink silk boy shorts, rubbing herself out, hips shifting and twisting on the king-sized mattress. I could search the earth for a million years and never find a sight more arousing than my wife fingering herself to our homemade sex tape. Never. Her breath quickens, her heels digging into the comforter, thighs starting to tremble.

"Your favorite part is coming up," I say, my voice thick with lust.

When my sudden appearance in the room doesn't seem to surprise her, I know she saw me arrive home. I know she's putting on this show for me on purpose—and I'm a grateful man. My wife is a certified fuck princess. She can't keep her hands and mouth and pussy off my cock. Which works really, really well, because I'm addicted out of my fucking mind to this woman.

They don't make rehabilitation for the kind of dependency we share.

Neither one of us wants to be cured, either.

Five years ago, with half of my fortune still intact, I stepped down as CEO of Borden Enterprises. I'm still a board member, but I leave the day to day operations to managers. There is simply no way to work around the clock and maintain my sanity when I have Kaylee at home. Being away from her makes me lose my mind, one second at a time—and she doesn't do well being separated from me, either—so I travel into the city three days a week for meetings, then come straight home. Where I belong. Where I can fuck my wife, lose myself in her beauty and dig deeper into our spell. Deeper and deeper with every year we're together.

We're insatiable. Inseparable. Obsessed.

It's our life and we covet every moment together.

Unbuttoning my dress shirt, I go toward the bed, glancing between the scene taking place on the screen and the live show happening in our bed—and it's no contest. Real, flesh and bone Kaylee wins, hands down. The pink silk of her panties is soaked and she's moaning, thighs spread, working her clit with two eager fingers, her eyes glazed, unfocused.

"I missed you," she whispers.

My heart tumbles over itself. "No more trips into the city until Friday," I vow, removing my shirt. Unzipping my pants and pressing down on top of her half naked body, savoring the twin groans of relief that we release. Home. This our home. Together. Forever. "Do you enjoy watching me beast-fuck my little virgin?"

A tremble courses through her. "Yes."

"Why?"

I've asked her this a million times, but I love the answer. I crave the answer. So I'll

probably continue posing it over and over until I die. “Because I knew you loved me even then. I knew I loved you, too. What you did was beastly, but it was also necessary and right.”

Beastly, but necessary and right.

A fair description of our marriage.

We have no contact with her family. I told her father if he ever called again, I would slit his throat where he stood. I also told him that if Kaylee decides to call him, she better hang up the phone with a smile on her face. Or I’d end him. So far, she hasn’t made any move to reconnect with her parents. Then again, when do I give her the chance? If she’s not working on her dollhouses in the studio downstairs, I’m nailing her to the bed.

*Source Creation Date: June 25, 2025, 6:05 am*

Like I plan on doing right now.

Circling her throat with my hand, I punch my hips forward and fill her perfect pussy up tight, nearly ejaculating at that little squeak she makes whenever I thrust. It's my undoing. It's my obsession. I'm obsessed with everything about her and I will be until the end of time.

"Start the video from the beginning," I command hoarsely in her ear. "Watch me become your Daddy while I remind you what that word means."

"I never need to be reminded," she whispers, lifting her hips. Whimpering.

"No?"

She shakes her head, stopping only to open her mouth for my delving tongue. "It means you get all of my love." She flexes her inner walls and I start to pant, my devoted cock jerking inside of her. "And all of my body." Another tight squeeze that sends me into a frenzy, fucking her up and down the bed. "And all of my time, forever and ever. Yours."

"And I belong to you. All of me. My love, body, time." I pause mid-way through a roll of my hips to look into the most beautiful eyes on the earth. "All for Kaylee."

THE END