



# Filthy Uncle To Go

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

**Description:** Jenna was raised by loving, caring adoptive parents. In fact, she has no desire to find out who her biological parents are, but at a family event, a mysterious man appears. She's helpless under Drake's gaze, but what happens when it turns out he's actually her deceased aunt's husband – and therefore her uncle by marriage?

Drake's been a widower for ten years now. He still attends his late wife's family functions to honor and respect the memory of Naomi. But one Thanksgiving, a gorgeous girl catches his eye. It's Naomi's beautiful, innocent niece, and even worse, Jenna's got lush curves and a saucy smile. Can the billionaire resist, or will Drake indulge in the taboo with a girl who's strictly off limits?

Warning: this book breaks every barrier that exists! The handsome older man meets a saucy piece of temptation at a family dinner of all places, but that's EXACTLY the problem: they're related by marriage! Do Drake and Jenna find love, or is their relationship doomed because it's utterly forbidden? No cheating, no cliffhangers, and always an HEA for my readers.

**Total Pages (Source):** 36

1

Drake

The mouthwatering scent of oven roasted turkey permeates the air, filling my penthouse with a heavenly aroma. My kitchen hasn't been used for what seems like ages, but that doesn't mean that other people aren't celebrating Thanksgiving. Opening the sliding glass door, I step out onto the balcony to get away from the scent. I like turkey, but sometimes, it just brings back bad memories.

A cool November breeze brushes against my bare arms. I should be getting dressed right now for dinner at the Millers' place, but every year, I need a few minutes alone to convince myself to go. The Millers are a warm, loving family, but they're not my family. Well, technically not anymore, at least not since my late wife Naomi passed away. I appreciate the fact that my wife's family still treats me like one of their own, but it's been ten years since Naomi's death, and sometimes, I feel a bit out of place.

At first, it was hard being around the Millers knowing that my beautiful bride was gone. We were married for three wonderful years before the horrific car accident, and we always spent the holidays at her parents' house in upstate New York. My late wife loved this time of year, and she thought it was important to be with family if possible. I would have preferred to escape from the harsh New York winters by traveling to a tropical region, but the love and warmth I received from the Millers made staying in the area worth my while.

That's probably part of the reason I continue to attend Thanksgiving dinner. Although

our marriage was short, every day with my late wife was blissful. Dating wasn't a priority for me immediately after I lost her, and it took a while before I could even look at other women. Once I finally did get back into that scene, however, it was pretty rough. Not because I don't have my pick of the litter. Oh no, women throw themselves at me as if I'm the last man on Earth. It's just that no one compares to my late wife.

As a result, I haven't yet encountered a woman that I can see myself with for more than one night. Most of the ladies I bed are only after my money and couldn't care less about my heart. Sure, I've dated a couple socialites here and there, but for the most part, my love life hasn't been filled with much love at all – only a slew of one-night stands.

The wind blows again, making the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. The sun is slowly setting, but it's still too early for dinner. It's only five o'clock, and the Millers usually eat around seven. They live on the Upper West Side, and it shouldn't take more than twenty minutes to get there, so I still have plenty of time to get ready. I gaze at the Manhattan sunset one last time before heading back inside.

The glass door glides across the track with ease as I slide it shut and then walk down the hallway to my bedroom. Silence rings throughout the penthouse, as it always does. I bought this place after Naomi passed away. She hated living in the city and just before she died, we were searching for a house in upstate New York closer to her parents. But after losing her, I decided it was best for me to stay in the city. I've always liked bustling streets better than quiet suburban neighborhoods.

However, despite the crowded conditions of NYC, I still find myself feeling lonely at times. I yearn for real intimacy, but in a town full of superficial women, it feels like it's impossible to find one that gives a damn about anybody other than herself. I need a real woman with a heart made of gold and the body of a goddess, not one filled with silicone and Botox. The women I mount in the middle of the night are of no use to me

when the sun rises. My heart aches for a woman who will make it skip a beat, not one who will only give me a boner.

Stepping into my bedroom, I take my clothes off and toss them onto the floor as I walk into the master bathroom. My hand grips the shower knob, and I turn on the hot water, creating steam that fogs up the bathroom mirror. Droplets trickle down my frame as I step into the stream of liquid. I squeeze some shampoo into the palm of my hand, then massage it into my hair. The suds run down my chest as I rinse them out of the black locks. I grab a bar of soap and lather my frame as water splashes against my muscles.

After the suds wash down the drain, I turn off the water and shake droplets out of my hair before stepping out of the shower. Grabbing the towel that's hanging on the wall next to the shower, I wrap it around my lower body and open the bathroom door, releasing the steam. Water drips from my broad figure onto the hardwood floor as I stride into my bedroom.

Flipping on the light switch, I step into my double walk-in closet. One side is full of my clothes, shoes, and accessories, while the other side is bare and collecting dust. My penthouse is big enough to raise a family in, but it's just me living here, all by myself. Listlessly, I sift through a few shirts hanging on the rack, and then grab a navy blue V-neck sweater. Taking a folded-up pair of jeans off of the shelf, I walk over to the mirror and scrutinize myself.

I should be used to going to Thanksgiving dinner at the Millers' by now, but it still feels a little weird. I know just about everyone who's going to be there, but occasionally, they invite new folks, and then there's the awkward explanation that I'm Naomi's widower. Ugh. Not looking forward to that.

Pulling the towel from my lower body, I wipe off the remaining droplets of water and then toss it on the floor. I put on the navy blue V-neck sweater and then slide the pair

of fitted jeans on before glancing over at the row of watches sitting on a shelf. They glisten beneath the closet lights, and I grab one of the less opulent ones and strap it around my wrist. I try my best to not wear anything too flashy when I visit my late wife's family.

After all, they're hard-working middle class folk, and although my brother-in-law Jack is a businessman here in the city just like me, he's intimidated by my success. He makes that clear by constantly referencing my material possessions. One Thanksgiving a few years ago, he caught his wife, Nancy, flirting with me after she drank an entire bottle of wine. I would never touch a married woman, much less my sister-in-law, but ever since then, he's had it out for me.

By contrast, Naomi's younger brother Michael and his wife Leanne are the complete opposite of Jack and Nancy. They're a warm, friendly couple, and I've never seen them argue. They seem to have a picture perfect family. I remember Naomi told me that they had some fertility problems when they first got married, and Leanne didn't think she would ever be able to have kids, so they adopted a baby girl and named her Jenna. I guess that baby girl is about twenty now, so not much of a baby anymore, but I haven't seen Jenna around much. I wonder what she's up to? Probably doing homework or playing on Instagram.

But Fate is perverse because after the adoption, Leanne ended up getting pregnant twice, first with a baby girl and then with a baby boy, so now, Michael and Leanne have three kids. Ironic, right? It's strange how the universe works sometimes.

I take a look in the mirror. Running my fingers through my hair, I reach for a bottle of cologne and lightly spray it across my chest. Leanne's probably setting the dinner table right about now as guests continue to pour inside their home. It's a little after six; I'll need to leave soon. I grab a pair of socks and slip them onto my feet, then slide on a pair of shoes.

Hopefully, I won't get stuck sitting next to Jack or his wife at the dinner table. I think I'd rather sit with the kids than sit beside either of them. I'll probably eat and stay long enough for one drink after dinner, and then head back home. It's always good to see the Millers, but being around them reminds me of Naomi's death, something I try to forget about. Sometimes it still hurts when I think about it, and the last thing I want to do is to be sad on Thanksgiving.

I glance over at the empty side of the closet one last time. A wave of loneliness crashes over me. If only there was someone I could share my life with. I have a successful career, plenty of money, and a huge penthouse, but it means nothing if I have to spend the rest of my days alone. Sure, there are plenty of women who want me, but none of them are the one I'm searching for. I loved Naomi with all of my heart, and I want that feeling again.

I want a woman I can make passionate love to in the middle of the night and then wake up to the next morning, holding her close in my arms. Someone I can shower with love and affection, and possibly even have a family with. Someone who gets me, without having to say a word. Naomi passed away too soon, so I never got the chance to be a father. As I listen to the echoing silence, I crave a family more than ever.

I turn off the closet light and try to forget, but attending a family function always makes me morose. Maybe alcohol will help, and besides, it would be impolite to show up to dinner empty handed. I exit the bedroom and stride to the kitchen, where there's a wine fridge. Pulling the glass door open, I wrap my hand around a chilled bottle of pinot and take it out of its slot.

I shut the glass door, and then glance at my watch again. It's a quarter past six – it's more than time for me to leave. Hurriedly, I put on my coat, grab the wine, and then exit the apartment.

The door to my cold, loveless home slams shut behind me as I walk toward the

elevator. Spending Thanksgiving with the Millers is better than spending it all alone in my penthouse, to be sure, and I'm grateful they make me feel like family even though I'm technically no longer a part of theirs. But I'm ready for new beginnings, and revisiting the past is getting tiresome. Squaring my shoulders, I make a vow. Something's going to change before the new year comes because I can't keep going on like this.

2

Drake

Carefully pushing the numbers on the intercom, I call up to Michael and Leanne's apartment. The wind blows as I wait, causing me to shiver a bit. There's a loud buzz, and I wait impatiently to hear a voice come through on the intercom.

"Who is it?" a soft, angelic voice asks.

My heart skips a beat from the gentle tone. Who could this be? Certainly not Leanne, that's for sure. She has a middle-aged, braying tone that reminds me of a donkey. Well, with a voice this lovely, the mystery woman has to be the most beautiful woman in the world.

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“Hello?” she asks again. “Who’s there?”

“It’s Drake Morgan,” I rasp. “Michael and Leanne’s brother-in-law. I’m here for Thanksgiving dinner.”

Without another word, the woman on the other side buzzes me into the building. Placing my hand on the glass door, I push it open, my mind curious. Who was that? But I shake my head. It’s just a voice. It could have belonged to a ninety-year-old granny who happens to have kept her melodious tones.

With the bottle of wine in my hand, I make my way to the fourteenth floor. The elevator doors close, and I watch as the numbers above them light up one by one. When I finally reach my destination, my heart skips another beat. Somehow, I can’t shake my curiosity about the mystery woman, although my fascination seems ridiculous.

Slowly, I walk down the long hallway toward the Millers’ home. I can already smell the scent of Leanne’s freshly baked apple pie seeping from underneath their door. I stop in front of their apartment and glance down at the welcome mat beneath my feet. There’s even a festive wreath hanging on the door that gives me a warm feeling. I knock twice, and my heart rate skyrockets. Is it going to be my mystery woman?

But instead, a freckly teenaged face greets me.

“Hey, Uncle Drake,” Kendrick chortles, his words cracking. The boy’s voice must be changing. He’s average height for his age, but the poor kid’s face is covered in acne, although it doesn’t seem to bother him. He stands in the doorway holding a video

game controller, dressed in an outfit I'm sure his mother picked out for him.

"Hey, buddy. How's it going?" I ask.

"Pretty good," he says before dashing off, leaving me standing in the hall.

I step inside and gently close the door behind me, making sure it doesn't slam. The scent of Leanne's apple pie hits my nostrils, cinnamon-y and delicious, as I take a look around the apartment. This year, there are more guests than usual, and I'm surprised at the crowd. Who are these folks?

At least the place is homey. Family photos are scattered all along the warm yellow walls, and the furniture looks comfy, as if the couches are actually meant to be sat on. Although Michael and Leanne's apartment isn't as lavish as my own, it's filled with love, which is something money can't buy.

"Pardon me," I mutter as I brush past two women talking. They're definitely not the woman on the intercom, judging from their high-pitched giggles. Suddenly, a voice interrupts my thoughts.

"Drake," it greets. I turn around to see Leanne standing there, wearing the same warm, friendly smile she's worn since I met her. She's a middle-aged woman with graying hair in a short bob, dressed in a brown sweater and serviceable slacks.

"Happy Thanksgiving, Leanne. Thanks for inviting me over," I greet with a smile as I lean in and hug her.

"Of course, Drake. You're family," she replies as she wraps her arms around me. "We would miss you if you didn't come!"

She steps back and smiles brightly at me, her cheerful eyes twinkling in the light. The

short, plump woman reminds me of a typical mother in her forties.

“I hope everyone likes Pinot Noir,” I say as I hand her the bottle of wine.

“I love Pinot,” she says, eyes wide with appreciation as she reads the label. “Our guests are going to enjoy this, definitely.”

I grin.

“Good. How have things been?” I ask.

“The same as usual,” she sighs, still wearing a smile. “Michael’s at the office all the time while I try to keep the kids in line. I swear, Natalie and Kendrick fight like cats and dogs; sometimes I want to pull my hair out. I’m just glad Jenna is doing well at Marymount University. She made the dean’s list last semester!”

Leanne sounds like a proud mother hen. From what I remember, Jenna was a shy girl, always locked in her room reading a book. She wasn’t like most teenage girls, into fashion and makeup, so for Christmas and her birthday, I’ve always sent her novels. She never complained, and always sent me a thank you card back. I think the last time I saw her for more than five minutes was three years ago when she had buck teeth, huge glasses that covered most of her face, and big, frizzy hair.

By contrast, Leanne and Michael’s biological daughter, Natalie, was always a pretty one, with long blonde hair and blue eyes. She and Jenna never argued much when I was around, but then again, Jenna was always hiding away in her bedroom, shutting the rest of the world out. I doubt anything’s changed.

“I’m glad to hear your daughter’s doing well at Marymount,” I say.

Leanne nods enthusiastically.

“Me too. Jenna loves living on campus, and she’s even made a few good friends. It’s perfect because now Natalie has a room all to herself. The girls hated sharing a room back in the day. You know how teenage girls are,” she says with a wink.

The truth is, I don’t know how teenage girls are at all. Do they read *Tiger Beat* and braid their hair? I really have no idea.

“Yeah, they can be a handful,” I say, just to be polite.

“How are things with you?” Leanne inquires. “You doing okay, Drake?”

“Pretty good. My company’s roaring along, as usual.” But before I can continue, a timer rings from the kitchen, and Leanne starts.

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“Sorry, I think the turkey is finally done,” she says before scurrying off. “We’ll talk later okay?”

It’s fine. I can’t expect my hostess to talk only to me the entire party. I look around the living room, searching for a familiar face, but I don’t recognize most of the other guests. Walking around the living room, I try to eavesdrop on the conversations going on around me, hoping I hear that sweet voice from the intercom again. Where could she have disappeared to? Perhaps the kitchen. I take a step in that direction, but before I can go any farther, a familiar voice interrupts my quest.

“Drake? Is that you?” I glance over to my right and see Gerald and Connie, my late wife’s parents, sitting on the couch smiling at me. “I thought that was you,” the old man says. I walk over to him as he slowly stands up, both hands on his lower back.

“Hey, Gerald. How are you?” I ask.

“Alive, so that’s something,” he chuckles. He hugs me tightly, then releases me from his grasp.

“Connie, you look beautiful as always,” I say as I lean in and hug the older woman.

“Thank you, Drake,” she smiles. “It’s so nice to see you again. How long has it been?”

“Too long,” Gerald interjects.

“I’m glad to see you’re both doing well,” I say. Both of them have always been in

good shape for their age. They're in their seventies, but they don't have nearly as many health issues as other retirees their age. Meanwhile, Gerald swings his arm around my shoulder as he pulls me in close.

"Neither one of us is ready to kick the bucket yet," he jokes. "Isn't that right, Con?"

His wife merely laughs merrily while patting his arm.

"Ignore my husband, Drake. How have you been? We've missed you so much. We didn't see you at our Labor Day picnic this year," Connie says.

"Yeah, I'm sorry I missed it. I was away on business, taking care of a few things in Japan," I fib lightly.

"Well, I'm just glad you made it today. It's always so good to see you," she says as she holds my hand between both of hers.

"It's good to see you too," I reply, my words trailing off as I catch a glimpse of a gorgeous brunette helping Leanne set the dinner table. My heart skids to a stop. Could this be the woman who answered the intercom? But since when do guests help set the table?

I don't recognize her, but her beauty makes my heart race in a way it's never done before. God, the woman's absolutely stunning with soft, bouncy chestnut curls and a curvaceous frame. She bends over the table slightly, which causes her sweater to rise and reveal her ample bottom and thick thighs. Shit, I shouldn't be staring at another woman while I'm talking to my late wife's parents, but dammit, I can't take my eyes off of this gorgeous gal. She looks real, and not like the plastic ones I meet in my life.

I catch a glimpse of her face and my heart races. Shit, she's young, that's for certain. Her skin is creamy and flawless, with big brown eyes, a heart shaped chin, and lush,

pink lips. Generous, plush breasts press against her sweater, the tantalizing vee between them making my mouth water. Who is this woman? She's teasing me without even trying, her plump, luscious bottom mesmerizing me as she circles the table, setting down silverware.

Suddenly, she lets out a laugh at something Leanne has said, and glances to the left, only to catch me staring at her. The heat is immediate. A flush rises on those pink cheeks and I feel myself beginning to harden with instant arousal. Oh shit. All this from just a look?

"Drake, is everything okay?" Connie asks with total innocence. Shit, I completely forgot I was just in the middle of a conversation with the elderly couple. I nod and answer in what I hope is a normal tone.

"Yeah, sorry. My mind must have drifted," I lie. "What was that again?"

Connie merely chortles.

"You're probably just hungry, dear," she says with a smile. "I can't focus on anything either, with the smell of turkey in the room. Why don't we move to the dining table? I think it's time to eat."

I say something inane and look for the buxom brunette again, but she's disappeared. Nonetheless, I know she won't be gone for long. It's only a matter of time before I introduce myself for what I hope will be an evening of flirtation, leading to a passionate night of pleasure in my bed.

My body goes warm as I stare into Drake's piercing blue eyes. Does he know who I am? Does he realize that it's me, little Jenna Miller? Then again, that possibility is unlikely because usually when Uncle Drake comes around, I rush into my bedroom and lock the door behind me. I've been a nerd for so long that I get nervous around anyone this handsome, even if he's technically family.

But my feelings just can't be helped. Ever since my junior year of high school, I've had the biggest crush on Drake. I've never told anyone, though. I mean, how could I? Technically, he isn't really my uncle since I'm adopted and he married into the Millers, but my feelings toward him are still taboo.

I know it shouldn't be like this, but I can't help myself. After all, Drake Morgan is gorgeous, hands down. He's at least six three, with black as night hair, blue eyes, and the build of an Olympic swimmer. I've dreamed of losing myself in those strong arms more often than I'd like to admit, and secretly fantasize about him at the most inopportune moments.

But who am I kidding? He used to be married to my Aunt Naomi, and I'm such a naughty girl for even having these thoughts. But it's been years since Naomi died in a car accident, so I wonder what Drake's been up to. Working hard, certainly, but does he date? I snort. Of course he does. A man this handsome isn't exactly sitting at home twiddling his thumbs. I bet he's got a line of ladies parked outside his door, only too happy to give him whatever he wants.

But still, this attraction. What do I do? In the past, I would have run to my bedroom to hide from Uncle Drake's gaze, but my sister Natalie claimed the room after I left for college. Now, there's nowhere for me to hide, short of locking myself in the bathroom, and I can't do that all night.

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But does Drake even recognize me? I know I've changed a lot. I used to be a dorky girl with Coke-bottle glasses and frizzy brown hair, but I finally grew up and lately, I've been getting a lot of attention. Male attention, to be specific. Mom says it's because of my curvaceous figure, with my wide hips and big breasts. After all, I've always been a little heavier than the skinny cheerleaders at my high school, but after gaining the freshman fifteen in a matter of months, I noticed that my generous C chest blossomed into Double Ds, and my round rear end packs even more heat than before. Everything seems to jiggle when I walk, but a lot of guys like it.

But does Drake notice? I sneak another peek at the handsome man. He's still in the living room talking to Grandma and Grandpa and the navy blue sweater he's wearing hugs his massive torso, revealing every muscle on his upper body. I swallow hard as I stare at his broad shoulders, longing to caress them through the fine cashmere. Oh god. I shouldn't be having these kind of thoughts. Who does this? For crying out loud, he's basically myuncle. Nothing can ever happen between us, and nothing should. Yet my lips yearn to be pressed against his, and I'd love to cradle that big body between my thighs. I'd love to hear him breathe my name, if only for an instant.

But this is so stupid because he probably sees me as nothing more than a child, if he even remembers who I am. Besides, Drake is twice my age and a hotly pursued bachelor here in the city. What do I have to offer?

Then again, I'm surprised he never remarried after my Aunt Naomi passed away. It's been ten years after all, and a decade is more than enough to heal. Yet, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't glad he's still single because it would crush my heart to see him with someone else. I know I can't have Drake, but that doesn't mean I'm okay with another woman having him. I know, it's petty.

Sighing, I open the cherry wood cabinet in the corner of the dining room and take out my mother's fine china, the plates we only use on special occasions like tonight. I carefully place them on the table one by one. Leanne would kill me if I accidentally chipped one of her porcelain dishes, so I try my best to focus on setting the table, but Drake's all I can think about. I can still see his athletic frame out of the corner of my eye, and bite my lip, my cheeks turning red.

"Jenna, help me bring out the food please," Leanne instructs as she walks into the dining room carrying a large turkey she's been roasting in the oven for hours. She places it in the center of the table, and the eyes of every guest in our home are riveted with appreciation. I can practically hear their rumbling stomachs from where I'm standing.

"Sure Mom," I say as I follow her into the kitchen.

I grab the bowl of mashed potatoes and the gravy boat off the counter and take them into the dining room. As I place them on the table, I scour the living room with my eyes, in search of my sister Natalie. Of course, that chick is nowhere in sight. Even if she were, I doubt she'd help Mom and I set the table because Nat's just like that. I love her with all of my heart, but my sister is impossible. She's more into social media and TikTok dances than doing anything useful. I sigh. I'm sure it's something she'll grow out of one day. Hopefully.

But then, I spot Uncle Drake again. He laughs at something my grandpa says, flashing that white grin. His smile makes me warm in my pelvis, and I flush. How is that even possible? It's just a laugh. I duck my head and force myself to focus. It's Thanksgiving and my entire family is here. I can't embarrass myself.

"Honey, are you okay?" my mom asks as she places another dish in the center of the table. Oh no, I hope she didn't catch me staring at Uncle Drake.

“Sorry, Mom. I must’ve spaced out,” I lie glibly, still feeling warm.

Then, I rush into the kitchen to get away from more questions and fling open the refrigerator door. Reaching inside, I take out a cool bottle of water. My fingers grip the cap and quickly unscrew it, before guzzling the beverage and nearly finishing it in one gulp. That was a close one. I almost got caught making eyes at my aunt’s widower, and shame overtakes me. Who does that?

It’s just one dinner, I remind myself. You can get through this. I’ll just sit as far away from Drake as possible at the table. The further, the better, come to think of it. That way I won’t have to feel seeping wetness between my thighs, nor the tips of my nipples hardening. That way, I won’t be aware of his tall, dark form as much, and maybe I can even distract myself with all sorts of mind games. Suddenly, my sister comes prancing into the kitchen.

“I’m starving,” Natalie sings, blonde hair bouncing. She sticks her long, thin fingers into the green beans and pulls one out, shoving it into her mouth.

“Oh my god, gross. People have to eat that, you know,” I admonish. She stares at me for a bit, studying me, and then places her hand on her hip.

“Why are you so red?” she asks. Trust Natalie not to mince her words.

“Red? What do you mean?” I stammer. Great, now that my sister’s noticed my flushed complexion, she’s going to drill me until the sun goes down. I sigh and prepare myself. After all, although we’re quite different, my sister and I have always been close. We’re only two years apart in age and have been best friends for as long as I can remember. But Nat is everything I’m not. She’s always been a popular cheerleader, with clear blue eyes and a way with guys. In fact, when she started high school my junior year, no one believed that we were sisters. Technically, we aren’t biologically related, but our bond is as strong as the real deal.

Right now, Natalie's eyes are locked onto me as she waits for me to say something. I hate lying to her, but I can't tell her that I'm infatuated with Uncle Drake because she'd think I was insane. Yet I have to tell her something because she just raised her left eyebrow, which means neither of us is leaving this kitchen until I offer something.

"I'm just hot from running back and forth helping Mom set the table," I lie as I take a sip of water. She takes her hand off of her hip.

"Oh," she says as she hops on top of the counter and sits. "Sorry I didn't help. I was exhausted from cheering at the football game earlier today." She yawns as she stretches.

"It's okay," I say. Luckily, my sister believes my lie and moves on.

"So, have you met any hot guys at Marymount?" she asks with a wide grin. "Anything you'd like to share?"

I giggle. My sister has always been boy crazy. She expects me to be going on tons of dates at college, but really, there's only one man I want and he's long since graduated.

"A few, but none that I really like," I say vaguely. My sister snorts.

"Oh, come on. There have got to be a ton of hot guys on campus, and you're telling me there isn't at least one that you like?" she asks incredulously.

"I just haven't met one who's my type yet," I say as I shrug my shoulders.

"What exactly is your type, Jenna?" she asks, eyes squinting as she tries to figure me out. "Tall, dark and handsome? Nerdy with a Justin Bieber haircut? What gives?"

“Well, all I can say is that my type is definitely not the guys at Marymount,” I laugh.

“So what kind of guys then?” my sister persists.

I lean against the refrigerator as I try to come up with something to say. The type of man I want is about forty or so, with dark hair and blue eyes. In fact, he’s standing in our living room chatting with our grandparents as we speak. But I can’t tell her that.

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“I don’t know,” I say finally.

“Well, why don’t you like the guys at your school?” she asks. I shrug my shoulders again and Nat snorts. “Jenna, there has to be a reason. I know dating is still brand new to you, but there’s got to be at least one man in this world that you’re interested in. Or are you interested in women?” she asks, her eyes going round. “There’s nothing wrong with that.”

I laugh.

“No, definitely not that,” I assure her. “I guess it’s because the guys at my school are immature,” I say. “They just seem really juvenile.”

Nat perks up.

“So maybe you need an older guy,” she remarks as she hops off of the counter and walks into the dining room. “We’ll talk more later, Jen, but I haven’t forgotten. We’ll find an older man for you.”

I shake my head ruefully because my sister doesn’t realize it, but the older guy I want is completely off limits. I can’t see myself with anyone else but him, yet I have to forget about my feelings for him because they’re wrong. What an impossible situation.

I take the dish of steaming green beans off of the counter and carry it into the dining room. Most of our guests are already seated, leaving only two open chairs available. One is next to my brother Kendrick, and the other is next to Uncle Drake.

Immediately, my heart begins beating rapidly. I have to get to Kendrick, otherwise I'll spend the entire two hours next to the man whom I'm trying to avoid.

I walk quickly to the table, but before I can even put the green beans down, Natalie takes the seat next to our brother. My heart starts to race as I stare at the chair next to Uncle Drake. Oh gosh. Is this really happening?

In slow motion, I place the green beans on the table. The sound of my thudding heart rings in my ears as I take the remaining empty seat, unable to meet Drake's eyes. I can feel him glancing at me, and he's probably wondering why I'm so shy. Why aren't I saying hi? Then I look up and our eyes lock, as my heart beats even louder in my ears. It's happening, and this time, I'm ready.

4

Drake

She smiles at me, her pink lips plush.

"Hi, Uncle Drake," the beautiful brunette murmurs as she scoots her chair closer to the table. "Do you remember me?"

I start. It's the same lovely voice I heard over the intercom. But who is this woman?

"I'm sorry, have we met?" I ask in a low voice. "Apologies in advance for my rudeness."

The woman merely giggles again, the tinkling sound making my groin tighten.

"It's me, Uncle Drake. Jenna. Remember? Your niece?"

I start.

“Jenna?” I ask, my eyes wide.

“Yeah,” she giggles. “I guess you don’t remember, but I don’t blame you. Last year, we had a kids’ table and I had to sit there. But this year, no more! We’re all sitting at the big table this Thanksgiving.”

I mutter something, although I have no idea what I just said because how can it be that the shy, awkward child I remember grew up to be such a sexy woman? Even worse, what does that say about me? I’ve been ogling my own niece for about an hour now. Shit.

But then again, Jenna isn’t really my niece. She was adopted, and I married into the family, so there’s no shared DNA between us. And technically, sneaking glimpses isn’t a crime, although it feels like it could be.

“It’s good to see you again. It’s been so long,” I manage in a somewhat unsteady voice.

“Yeah, definitely,” she giggles while pushing a lock of those luscious curls behind her ear. “I’ve been at college, so I’ve been away sort of. I go to Marymount, in the city.”

Suddenly we’re interrupted because Michael’s just walked into the dining room carrying a carving knife, but I hardly notice because I can’t take my eyes off of his beautiful daughter. It’s wrong to stare at Jenna, but God, she’s stunning. Her soft, plump lips are begging me to press mine against hers, and from the side, I can see deep into the vee of her sweater. Her creaminess tempts me, and my mouth waters.

This isn’t fair. She’s breathtakingly gorgeous, but I can’t touch her. Yet everything

about this delectable woman makes me crave her even more. She smells like the sweetest berries mixed with a vanilla spice. I wish I could scoot my chair closer and press my nose to her hair. But that would be creepy, wouldn't it? As well as totally inappropriate.

"Alright, who's ready to eat?" Michael booms.

Everyone responds all at once, but my pounding heart drowns out the sound of their voices because it's the only thing I can hear. This is crazy! Jenna's half my age, and I've practically known her all of her life. She was just a kid before, but she's a grown woman now, that's for sure. She isn't the same little girl hiding away in her bedroom anymore. This woman is curvaceous and confident, with big brown eyes that make me want more.

As Michael carves the turkey, I sneak a glance at Jenna from the corner of my eye, trying my best to not be obvious. She brightens and licks her lips in anticipation of the food, and that small gesture almost does me in. I want to touch my tongue to her own, not to mention taste the inside of her mouth. But I have to keep things under control. Down boy, I tell my body. This isn't the time or place.

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Yet Jenna seems mostly unaffected, save for a soft flush on her cheeks.

“Green beans?” she asks, turning with the dish in her hands.

“Yes please,” I reply as she serves a portion onto my plate. Then, I grab the bowl of mashed potatoes and help myself to some creamy spuds, avoiding eye contact with Jenna at all costs. God, I need to keep it together.

Meanwhile, others begin to talk while enjoying the food.

“So, Jenna, how are things at school?” Connie asks. The beautiful girl next to me smiles.

“Pretty good, Grandma. I did really well on my midterms a few weeks ago,” she says. “I’m really hoping for a 4.0 this semester.”

“Of course you’ll do well,” Connie says. “You’ve always been such a bright girl.” She smiles at Jenna lovingly, causing the buxom brunette to smile as well.

“Plus, I’ve found a really great internship working with the homeless here in the city. I’ll get to help those in need, and it’ll look great on my resume when I apply for jobs after graduation,” Jenna adds. “What do you think?”

I stare at her with admiration and surprise because honestly, I can’t name a single person I know that would work with the homeless. We’re in NYC, so just about everyone I know either works for a huge corporation, or Wall Street, or both. Yet Jenna’s different. She clearly has a heart made out of gold, and not only is she

gorgeous on the outside, she's beautiful on the inside too.

"That's wonderful, sweetheart. I'm so proud of you," Connie says as she turns toward her husband. "Gerald, isn't that wonderful?"

"Yeah," he says as he scoops cranberry sauce onto his plate. "Jenna has always been the brains of this family," the old man chuckles, his hearty laugh filling the room.

"Thanks, Grandpa," Jenna blushes, but before she can get another word out, she's interrupted by her sister Natalie.

"I'm going to be in my school's fashion show in a few weeks," Natalie proclaims brightly, flinging her long blonde hair over one shoulder. "It's going to be awesome."

"Well, you're certainly very pretty," Connie encourages. Natalie nods.

"Thanks, Grandma. I'll be wearing the most expensive outfit in the show because I'm the only one skinny enough to fit in it," Natalie brags, shaking her hair again. "Again: awesome!"

Jenna silently pours gravy onto her mashed potatoes, seemingly unbothered by Natalie's boastful manner. It's almost as if she's used to her sister's rudeness, and somehow, it doesn't irritate her. The women I'm used to would be annoyed, by contrast; in fact, they would've told the blonde off. Instead, Jenna handles the situation with grace, and I can't help but admire her for it.

"That's lovely, dear," Connie murmurs. "A fashion show! How fun!"

It amazes me that Jenna doesn't bother to compete for attention. She may be a shy girl, but it takes a certain amount of confidence to remain calm when someone else steals the spotlight. Damn, I'm even more attracted to her now than I was before.

Jenna might be young, but she's clearly mature with excellent judgment.

As dinner continues, the conversations become more animated as everyone catches up. Natalie and Kendrick are boisterous and loud, while Jenna is mysterious and alluring with her quiet voice and unassuming chitchat. Holy shit. I eat while talking and laughing with the other guests, but the whole time, I'm completely aware of her. Our elbows bump a few times, and my body hardens from just those few touches. Suddenly, Leanne's cheery voice interrupts.

"Anyone in the mood for dessert?" our hostess asks brightly.

Although our stomachs are full, just about everyone's eyes light up at the mention of a sweet treat to complete our meal. The other guests are craving homemade apple pie, but I'm craving something else entirely. I watch with avid eyes as the curvy girl gets up from the table to help her mother in the kitchen. Her hips sway from side to side, hypnotizing me, and my thoughts begin to drift again.

Jenna needs a man like me, one who knows how to handle her luscious assets. A body like that wasn't made for guys her age because they wouldn't know how to please her. But I do. I'll touch her in her secret places until she's begging and pleading for more. I'll put her thighs around my head as she creams mightily into my mouth. Then, I'll push her legs up, baring that sweet slit, and claim her so thoroughly that she forgets her name altogether. Oh shit. I've really lost it and I've got to stop this. After all, Jenna's a natural beauty with a gorgeous buxom figure to match, but I shouldn't want her this way. It's wrong. I know better than to give into my deepest desires.

However, I'm also a man who gets what he wants and as the beautiful brunette comes out of the kitchen with an apple pie in hand, all my resolutions fly out of the window. Her lush breasts are eye level with the pie, and my mouth waters. I have to taste her, and to feel those hard nipples between my lips. I need to sample the nectar between

her thighs, and as she glances at me, sparks sizzle in the air again. Suddenly, I realize that Jenna wants it too, and it's game on for both of us.

5

Jenna

Oh gosh, I still feel tingly all over from sitting next to Uncle Drake during dinner. I tried my best not to stare at him, but it was impossible to keep my eyes off of him for too long. He's completely irresistible, and my heart throbbed inside of my chest as we spoke briefly at the dinner table. I thought it was about to explode, but luckily, dinner ended before it could.

I gaze at him one last time as he and the rest of our guests head into the living room to watch a football game. He disappears in the crowd, and I'm left in the dining room alone, collecting the dirty dishes. Since Mom did all of the cooking, I figured it was only right that I clean up after everyone. I stack the plates on top of one another and carry them into the kitchen.

A roar comes from the living room as our guests cheer on one of the teams playing in the game. I place the dirty fine china into the sink and rinse each plate off before carefully soaping and drying them. Another reason I volunteered to clean up was to escape Uncle Drake's magnetic form. Being in the same room with him drives my senses crazy.

Everything about him is sexy! His eyes, his muscular frame, the way he laughs, his successful career, everything! My heart is still pounding from locking eyes with him. I could stare into those piercing blue irises all day long, never once getting tired of them. I nearly fainted as our hands grazed one another, sending tingles throughout my body. I hope he didn't notice how red my cheeks got. I don't want him to think I'm weird for having a crush on him.

I wish the line between what's right and what's wrong wasn't so blurry. He's like an uncle to me, but there's absolutely no blood relation between us, so a romantic relationship between the two of us technically wouldn't be wrong. But my family would never approve of it. It would probably shatter my parents' hearts if anything ever did happen between us, and God only knows what it would do to my grandparents.

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The entire foundation of our family would be shaken. That's why I have to stay as far away from him as possible. I've made it through dinner, and now there are only a couple more hours until he leaves and disappears until the next major holiday. I get anxious before every family function, wondering whether or not he's going to be there while secretly hoping he makes it to every last one just so I can see him.

I drive myself insane as I pine for him, hoping that one day he will tell me that he's secretly in love with me too. I know that day will never come, but a girl can fantasize, right? He has no idea that my heart beats for him and that late at night, I lie awake thinking of him, longing to be cradled in his arms. If he knew, he'd probably think I was crazy. After all, you have to be pretty nuts to fall in love with your uncle.

My feelings for him developed on Christmas a few years ago when he sent me a teen romance novel when I was in high school. He couldn't make it to Grandma and Grandpa's house that year, but he sent gifts anyway. I read that novel from cover to cover, not only falling in love with the hero, but also falling in love with Uncle Drake because everything about the hero reminded me of my uncle, from his icy blue eyes to his alpha male persona. It was the first time I ever touched myself, and shamefully, it was my uncle's face I imagined before my eyes as I cried out and climaxed for the first time.

Drake continued to send me romance novels year after year, and each one I read made me want him more. I envisioned the two of us in each love story, hoping that he would rush into my bedroom and whisk me away. It sounds silly, but I thought the novels were his way of telling me that he felt the same way I do.

Unfortunately, they were just gifts with no hidden meaning behind them. I was never

into cosmetics and fashion like Natalie, but I've always loved reading. My parents must've told him that I'll take a book over a makeup palette any day; that's the only way he could've known. He's never really paid much attention to me, but then again, I was always hiding whenever he came around.

As I place the last few plates into the drying rack, I hear footsteps behind me. It's probably Mom coming to see if I need any help cleaning up. Slowly, I turn around and find Uncle Drake standing behind me, casually holding an empty wine glass. I gulp as I admire his bulging arms in the navy blue sweater he's wearing. It's alright if I look; I just can't touch.

He glances at me, those crystal blue irises piercing right through me. I'm frozen from his stare, completely caught in a trance. I wonder if he has any clue about the effect his gorgeous eyes have on me. My hands begin to tremble, so I hold tighter onto the fine china dish in my grasp. He slowly walks over, stopping a mere few inches away.

The scent of his cologne drives me wild. I have half a mind to toss the plate onto the floor and run my hands along his solid body, caressing each muscle. I hold my breath as he extends his hand toward me and then pauses before reaching behind me to grab a bottle of wine. He stares into my eyes as he refills his glass, managing not to spill a single drop.

I'm still frozen, unable to move, and more than likely looking like a complete dunce. He takes a sip of the wine, our eyes still locked, but neither of us utters a single word. Another roar comes from the living room. Everyone else seems to be consumed by the football game and unaware that we're in the kitchen alone together. He places the wine glass onto the counter next to him and then reaches for the plate in my hands.

"Let me help you with that," he says as he takes the fine china from my grasp.

My hands begin to tremble again, and this time, there's no way to hide it. I clasp my

quivering palms together as he places the dish onto the rack. Then, his strong hand grips the hot water knob, and he slowly turns it, allowing warm liquid to gush from the faucet. He picks up another plate and rinses it off before placing it onto the rack.

Holy cow, he looks so sexy doing the dishes. He's a manly man who doesn't mind doing a little housework, and he looks hot being domestic. Usually, I would want to flee from the kitchen, but right now, there isn't a single place I'd rather be. I've never had a single second alone with Drake in my entire life, so I'm relishing in this moment a bit.

"Thank you," I say softly.

"It's no problem at all," he replies, his deep baritone voice sending a thrill down my spine. "It's the least I can do. You shouldn't be stuck in here cleaning up all by yourself."

"I don't mind, really. Besides, I'm not much of a football fan," I admit.

"I remember. Whenever the rest of the family was watching the game, you'd be off somewhere in a corner reading a book," he says as he rinses off a handful of silverware.

I thought he never noticed me, but it looks like he's been paying attention to me all along. It was always much easier to let Natalie and Kendrick be the center of attention while I kept quiet in a corner with a book. Natalie's always doing something to get everyone's eyes on her, and Kendrick naturally gets noticed because he's the only boy. While the two of them were fighting over our parents' attentions, I was always off doing my own thing.

"Thanks again for sending me all of those novels every Christmas," I say graciously.

“You’re welcome. I hope you enjoyed them,” he says with a warm smile as he wipes his hands on a dish towel.

“I did,” I say, trying not to sound too eager.

“Good, I’m glad. I wasn’t sure whether or not you were into romance novels. I was kind of just taking a guess,” he says as he chuckles, his laugh bringing a smile to my face.

“I like them a lot,” I say. “It sounds silly, but something about them makes me feel like I’m the one falling in love with the handsome hero.”

“I don’t think that’s silly at all,” he says as he gazes into my eyes. Oh no. My heart’s racing again, beating a mile a minute. “You’re a beautiful woman, and someday, a guy is going to come and sweep you off of your feet, just like the heroes in your favorite romance novels do.”

My pulse speeds up. I feel like I’m about to burst again. I can’t believe he just called me beautiful! I’m sure my cheeks are a crimson red right now because my body feels warm all over. He doesn’t have a clue that he’s the one my heart aches for. He’s the hero I’ve been fantasizing about for years.

“You really think so?” I ask, trying to keep my cool.

“I know so. I’m sure a beautiful, smart girl like you probably has a bunch of guys vying for your attention,” he says, wearing a sexy smirk.

“There are a few,” I giggle. “But none of them are man enough for me.”

“Really?” he asks, quirking a black brow.

“Yeah. I want someone sophisticated, not the childish boys lurking around campus,” I say confidently.

“Well, you’ve always been mature for your age,” he remarks.

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“You think so?” I ask.

“I know so,” he says, taking a step toward me.

The sizzling air between us creates an undeniable steam. I could be wrong, but it feels like Uncle Drake is flirting with me. But I must be imagining the vibe I feel between us because there’s no way he would be interested in me. After all, I’m like a niece to him. Taboo. Totally off-limits.

“Thanks,” I mutter, trying to hide my blushing cheeks.

“I mean it,” Drake says, his eyes staring intensely at me. Oh gosh, it’s almost as if they have a hold on my heart. The look in his eyes draws me toward him, making it impossible to break free from his gaze. “It seems like you’ve grown up to be an amazing woman.”

“Thanks, Uncle Drake.” My voice quivers as the words flow from my mouth. I can’t stop staring at his lips. My heart begs me to lean in and kiss him, but my mind advises me otherwise.

“I still can’t believe you’re in college,” he comments.

“Yeah, time flew by,” I giggle.

“What are you studying?” he asks.

“I haven’t picked a major yet, but I’m thinking about studying sociology,” I say.

“Sociology? I don’t think I’ve ever heard of that before,” he says dryly. I can’t help giggling, and to my surprise, he laughs too.

“It’s the study of societies and how people interact within those societies,” I explain.

“Isn’t that the same as anthropology?” he asks.

“Kind of.” I giggle again. “Anthropology is the study of people, but it focuses more on culture as opposed to the social world, like sociology does. But the two areas definitely overlap. There’s actually a sub-branch called social anthropology which takes into account both areas of study.” I pause as I glance up into his eyes. “Sorry. I’m rambling, aren’t I?”

“No, not at all,” he denies as he shakes his head. “I like listening to you explain the difference between the two. I’m impressed by the big words you’re using.” He chuckles again, causing laughter to flow from my lips as well.

“They’re not big words,” I assure him. “They’re just small words with an -ology added to the end of them.”

“Well, I’m sure you’ll do well in whatever major you choose. You’ve always been a bright girl,” he says.

“Thank you,” I say, smiling from ear to ear.

“You’re welcome.” He gently places a big hand on my arm, sending a wave of tingles throughout my body. “It was great catching up with you, Jenna. If you ever need anything, just remember I’m a little closer to Marymount than your parents, and I wouldn’t mind helping you out if you were ever in a jam.”

He’s right – I’ve never been to his penthouse, but Mom and Dad told me it’s only

about ten minutes away from campus. They told me I should call him if I ever have an emergency. It's good to know that he's giving me the go ahead to reach out to him if I'm ever in need. Yet I wish this moment didn't have to end. If only it could last forever.

"It was good catching up with you too, Uncle Drake," I say, gazing into his eyes one last time.

Am I crazy, or are sparks flying between us? The air around us feels magical; it's like we're in our own little world. He gently caresses my arm, sending another wave of tingles through my frame. My body is pleading with him to take me in his arms, but instead, he merely looks deep into my eyes. I wish he didn't have to let go, but someone could waltz into the kitchen any second now and sense the heat between us.

He releases his grip and then takes another sip of wine before leaving the kitchen. I lean against the counter, my body still reacting to his touch even though he's gone. I sigh, wishing he would come back and kiss me softly. I couldn't have been imagining the vibe between us; it had to have been real. The feeling must be mutual, but neither one of us can act on our impulses. Instead, I'll have to forget about the moment we just shared. After all, it's what's best for both of us.

6

Drake

The front door slams behind me as I step into my empty penthouse. I unravel the scarf from around my neck and toss it onto the coat rack along with my jacket. I place my hand on my six-pack abs; my stomach is still full from the dinner I just had with the Millers. I drag my feet down the hallway toward my bedroom. The sound of my footsteps echoes through my home, but it's better than the silence that usually consumes my abode.

I place my hand on my bedroom door and slowly push it open. The moonlight beams through the large windows, illuminating my empty bed. I lie down on the cold mattress with thoughts of Jenna playing over and over again in my mind. Fuck! How can I be attracted to a woman who's practically my niece? My late wife is her aunt, for Pete's sake – not to mention she's only twenty years old, and a sophomore in college. This is completely wrong, and even though I know it, I can't get her out of my head.

I keep telling myself she's off limits, but that doesn't stop me from thinking about her. In fact, she's been the only thing on my mind since I laid eyes on her tonight. She's everything I've ever wanted – a beautiful, smart woman who's kind and gives a damn about other people. I want her badly, but that young woman is innocent and pure, possibly even still a virgin.

Somehow, I managed to fight the urge to kiss her in the kitchen after dinner. I wanted to lock lips with her, but I didn't want to frighten her. Sparks flew between us as I gazed into her eyes, but I knew not to push the envelope. So far, nothing has happened between us, and nothing will happen as long as I keep my distance from her.

But how do I fight these powerful urges? Jenna's hips beckoned as they swayed from side to side. She had to have known she was hypnotizing me because I couldn't take my eyes off of her the entire night. Luckily, no one caught me staring at her. At least, I don't think so.

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I wish I could've spent more time with Jenna alone, but I didn't want to get caught flirting in the kitchen by another family member. The brief moment we shared made me interested in getting to know more about her. I doubt she'll reach out to me once she gets back to Marymount, but deep inside, I hope she does. She had to have felt the chemistry between us; I couldn't have been the only one. Our eyes met more than once throughout the night, and each time they did, I could feel sparks flying in the air.

She makes me feel a way I've never felt before. I couldn't stop smiling as she talked about the difference between sociology and anthropology. I love a woman with a mind. She's got brains and beauty, a combination that drives my libido wild. Most of the women I've dealt with lacked intelligence and weren't nearly as beautiful as Jenna. She's one of a kind.

Am I wrong for being attracted? I've dated young women before, but I haven't dated someone her age since I was in college myself. She may be young, but she's still an adult nonetheless. The only real problem with pursuing her is the fact that she's my niece. I doubt Michael and Leanne would be okay with me courting their daughter, even though there's no blood relation between us.

Plus, it's not like I'm some sicko who's lusted after Jenna for her entire life. The feelings I have for her are all brand new. She's the woman I've been searching for since Naomi passed away. I'm sure my late wife would've wanted me to move on by now, but I'm also sure she wouldn't have wanted me to do so with her younger brother's adopted daughter. Shit. What do I do?

As I lie in my cold bed all alone, I can't help wishing Jenna was lying right here beside me. This is nuts! I shouldn't feel this conflicted inside. Whenever I'm caught

in a jam, there's one person I can call who seems to have the answer to whatever problem I'm facing. I sit up and dig into my pocket, pulling my cell phone out. Scrolling through my contacts, I stop at Liam's name and dial my confidant's number.

"What's up, bro?" Liam asks as he answers the phone, barely giving it time to ring.

"Hey, man. I need your advice on something," I say.

"Sure, what is it?" he asks.

Like me, Liam is a successful businessman who has womanized a few chicks here in the city as well. It's a long shot, but he might be able to relate to my current dilemma. I trust him enough to seek his advice, but I know I'll have to withhold a few details. He's my buddy, but if I tell him that I'm falling for my niece, he'll probably think I'm some sick freak that needs psychiatric help.

"I kind of met someone at dinner tonight," I say. He's silent at first, but then I can hear him clapping on the other end.

"It's about time, bro," he says as he laughs. "I was starting to worry about you, my man."

"I don't see you tying the knot anytime soon," I joke. The truth is, we've both had our fair share of women, and although they come a dime a dozen, neither of us can seem to find the woman of our dreams.

"I'm working on it. Some chick invited me to her family's Thanksgiving dinner tonight, and I actually stayed the entire time," he says.

"Wow, that's a major stride for you!" I say.

“Yeah, I hated every damn second of it, but at least I stayed.”

“I applaud you,” I reply. I hear two flicks on the other end of the line, then the sound of Liam exhaling.

“I just got some really great Cuban cigars. You’ve gotta try one the next time you come over to play a game of poker,” he says. “Now, back to this girl. Tell me about her.”

“She’s gorgeous.” I pause. Gorgeous is an understatement. “She’s the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen,” I clarify.

“Wow. Even hotter than the blonde we met that crazy weekend we spent in Cabo?” He exhales again. “The one with the huge, perky tits?”

“Even hotter than the blonde in Cabo,” I say.

“So, what’s the problem?” he asks. I wish I could tell him, but I can’t, at least not about the fact that she’s my niece.

“She’s young,” I say.

“That’s it? I bang young chicks all of the time. It’s no big deal as long as they’re legal. Besides, I prefer the young ones. They’re not as jaded as women in their forties,” he explains.

Fuck. Jenna isn’t even old enough to drink yet; she’s only twenty. I scratch my head as I try to think of what to say. Should I tell my best buddy that the woman I’m obsessed with is little more than a teenager? My shoulders slump as I realize just how young the college sophomore really is.

“She’s far from jaded,” I finally say. “She’s pure and innocent.”

“That’s exactly how I like them. The less experience, the better. By the time women reach our age, they’ve dated and slept with just about every single guy here in New York City,” he says.

He’s right. Liam and I have even slept with some of the same chicks by mistake because it’s such a fucking carousel here in NYC. But Jenna isn’t that type of woman; I can tell she doesn’t sleep around. She’s just now coming into her own and has probably never had a boyfriend before. I wouldn’t have to worry about whether or not any of my buddies have sampled her because chances are, they’ve never met her before.

“Yeah, you’re right,” I agree.

“Wait, you said you met her at dinner tonight? Dinner with Naomi’s family?” he asks with concern in his voice. I hesitate before answering, feeling a bit ashamed.

“Yeah,” I reply.

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“Shit,” he says. He must’ve realized that my mystery woman is somehow related to my late wife. “Did you make a move on her in front of the Millers?”

“I wanted to, but I didn’t. I feel like the biggest douche,” I say as I run my fingers through my hair.

“Don’t beat yourself up. I loved Naomi like a sister, but she’s been dead for ten years now. If you’ve met someone that you think will be good for you, I say go for it. You’ve just gotta be delicate about how you tell the rest of the family. But they should understand, and it’s not like you’re cheating on Naomi.”

I sigh.

“Yeah, there’s that. But irrespective of the Millers, I think this woman would be really good for me,” I say as I picture Jenna’s pearly white smile. “She’s smart and kind and unlike any other woman I’ve ever met.”

“You sound like you’re in love with her,” he remarks.

“No, it’s not that,” I say dismissively.

I can almost hear Liam shrug.

“When the right woman comes, you’ve got to seize the opportunity, bro. But I’m happy for you. Give it a shot and see what happens,” he suggests.

“Thanks, buddy.”

“Anytime. Who knows? By this time next year, wedding bells could be in your future,” he predicts. I laugh, but my heart races imagining Jenna in virginal white. “Let me know how everything goes,” my buddy finishes.

“Will do. Talk to you later,” I say.

“See ya,” he says just before he hangs up.

I place my phone on the nightstand and lie back down. Maybe Liam’s right – maybe I should give it a shot. What’s the worst that could happen? A knot forms in my stomach as I imagine the worst case scenario. The Millers could ban me from every future family function, keeping me as far away from Jenna as possible. They could pull her out of school, and force her to live with her parents again. Shit. Now I feel even more conflicted than before. Should I pursue Jenna or not?

Yet no matter how hard I try, I just can’t seem to forget about the sweet brunette. I just keep picturing her lovely smile and those big brown eyes of hers. Just the thought of them makes my heart skip a beat. Damn, it’s wrong to have these thoughts, but I can’t stop myself. Why couldn’t she be the same shy girl that spent every family function locked away in her bedroom? Maybe then, I wouldn’t be going crazy right now trying to figure out what I’m going to do.

I close my eyes and place my hands over them, hoping I won’t be able to see her sweet face anymore, but it pops up in the darkness of my mind. What the hell am I going to do? The beautiful brunette has completely taken over my brain. I can still smell her sweet aroma even though we’re miles apart. This isn’t right! She’s a young college student, and to make matters worse, she’s my damn niece.

There’s only one thing I can do – I’ll have to stay as far away from her as possible. That means no more family functions with the Millers. I’m sure they’ll wonder why after thirteen years, I suddenly stopped attending every celebration they host, but it’s

the only way to prevent disaster. Being in the same room as her is far too tempting and borderline torturous. This is what's best for all of us.

Fuck, this totally sucks. Of course, in due time, I'll forget all about Jenna. Out of sight, out of mind, right? Yet somehow, I'm not so sure because the sweet college student has managed to seduce me without even trying. Groaning, I let out a roar of frustration before beating the pillow next to me. Life just isn't fair, and this time, it's me with the short end of the stick.

7

Drake

A rumbling sound emerges from the coffee maker as the scent of Colombian roasted beans fills the air. I inhale the aroma of freshly brewed java, anticipating the taste of the caffeinated beverage. I grip the coffee pot handle in my palm and pour the hot liquid into a mug, leaving enough room to add cream and sugar.

I walk over toward the refrigerator to take out the cream, but just as I'm reaching for the handle, my phone rings. I'm in a rush for work, and I don't really have much time to stop and have a conversation, but if someone's calling me this early in the morning, then it must be an emergency. I dig into my suit jacket pocket and pull out my cell phone. I stare at the screen, a bit surprised to see Leanne's name.

"Hello?" I answer the phone.

"Hi, Drake. Sorry to call you so early, but I wanted to get in touch with you as soon as possible to ask a favor," she says. A favor? What could it possibly be?

"Sure, what do you need?" I ask. I should probably use this time to tell her that I won't be able to make it to Christmas this year, but she'll probably ask me a million

questions why, and I don't have time to answer them right now.

"I know this is extremely last minute, but this weekend is Parents Weekend at Jenna's school. I hate missing events for the kids, but it also happens to be the open house weekend at a fashion academy Natalie is interested in," she explains.

Hearing Jenna's name makes my heart race. Although it's only been a week, I thought I'd be over her by now, but I'm not. I dream of her every night, and when I wake up, I reach for her, but she isn't there. I miss her and would give anything to see her again, but there's no way I could be in the same room as the beautiful brunette without wanting to kiss her succulent lips.

"I'm so sorry about this," Leanne apologizes. "Natalie's being a brat again and demanding that Michael and I take her to the open house. She says she won't even apply to a school if she can't go visit it first. I swear, teenage girls are the worst. You're lucky you don't have any," she jokes. I chuckle, wondering where she's going with this. "Well, needless to say, we can't be in two places at one time. Since you only live ten minutes away from Marymount, Michael and I were wondering if you could go to Jenna's Parents Weekend for us?"

I'm in such a state of shock that I'm actually speechless. I just told myself that I have to stay away from Jenna because I can't control myself around her, but now, Leanne is asking me to spend the weekend with her voluptuous, adopted daughter. What do I say? If I say no, she'll want to know why, and there's no way I can tell her that I'm attracted to her daughter.

On the other hand, if I say yes, it opens a can of worms. After all, Leanne's asking me to go in their place because they trust me, but if they knew the thoughts that have been running through my mind about their daughter, I'm sure they would think twice about this perceived favor.

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Fuck. What do I do? I want to be there for Jenna, but I'm not sure this is a good idea. After all, I'm still fantasizing about the woman. Just last night, I stroked myself while imagining Jenna in bed with me, moaning as she took me deep. It was totally wrong, but a man can't be arrested for what goes on in his head.

"Hello? Drake?" Leanne asks over the phone.

"Sorry, I'm here," I respond.

"So, do you think you'll be able to go in our place? Jenna would sure love to have you there. You've always been her favorite uncle," she says.

"I am?" I ask incredulously.

"Of course. Her face lights up whenever you're around. I think it's because you always send her those novels she loves. I swear, she reads those things in less than a day," she says.

"I had no idea."

"She could really use you by her side this weekend, Drake," Leanne continues persuasively. "I wish there was a way that either Michael or myself could be there, but Natalie insists on having both of us with her."

I grow silent as I contemplate the request again. I don't want to let Jenna down, but following closely behind her as she struts around campus is going to drive me insane. My heart throbs inside of my chest just thinking of it. My lustful thoughts are wrong,

but a weekend alone with Jenna also sounds like paradise.

Meanwhile, Leanne's still waiting on the other end of the phone for my response. I open my mouth to say no, but to my surprise, I say yes.

"Sure," I growl. "No problem."

"Oh, thank you, Drake! You have no idea how much this means to us," she babbles, unaware of my true feelings for her adopted daughter. "You've really helped us out of a bind."

"Don't worry about it," I reply, trying not to sound too excited for the upcoming weekend.

"You're a lifesaver. I'm so glad we have you to rely on," she says. "You're such a great addition to the family."

A knot forms in my stomach as she thanks me profusely again. I wish I could change my mind about going, but it's too late now. I feel like shit because the Millers honestly trust me with their daughter. I would never do anything to hurt Jenna, but I haven't had a pure thought about her since that fateful Thanksgiving.

"Anytime," I say, the knot growing bigger inside of my gut.

"I'll send you all of the information in an email, and I'll let Jenna know you're coming. She's going to be so excited to see you, and don't worry, there are a lot of fun events. A guide will take you on a tour, then you'll have a buffet style lunch in the cafeteria, and they'll have a few activities for the parents to do with the students. The weekend will pretty much fly by," she says.

I grimace, although of course, Leanne can't see.

“Okay, sounds good,” I say.

“Thanks again. Talk to you soon Drake! Bye now!” Leanne chirps.

“See ya,” I say as I hang up, my heart jumping inside of my chest.

I lean against the counter, my elbow bumping into the coffee mug. Luckily, the steaming cup of joe doesn’t spill. I glance down at it. With the adrenaline rush I’m feeling right now, I no longer need the hot java to wake me up. In fact, I don’t think I’ll be getting much sleep over the next couple of days because my excitement will keep me wide awake as I lie in bed and anticipate seeing Jenna’s curvaceous figure once more.

Then again, I’m still not sure if Jenna is even attracted to me. Hell, she might just think of me as the loving uncle who showers her with her favorite novels. Maybe I’ve completely misread her blushing cheeks and batting eyelashes. What if this mutual attraction is actually completely one-sided? I’d feel like a fool.

Once again, inner turmoil festers inside of me, driving me mad. I wish things between us were simple and that Jenna wasn’t my late wife’s niece. It’s all very complicated, and now this Parents Weekend thing has thrown an additional curveball my way. I’m supposed to be attending it as a “father figure,” but my thoughts are anything but fatherly. I want to do things to Jenna that she’s probably only read in her novels and more. I want her moaning in my arms, and then I want to hold her, stroking those curls as she comes down from a shuddering climax. I want to teach her everything about what happens between a man and woman, but unfortunately, this wanting is utterly taboo.

Twirling back and forth in the mirror, I stare at the dark blue jeans hugging my wide hips and plump bottom. A sigh slips from my lips as I unzip them and take them off, kicking them to the side. I've tried on what seems like a million different outfits, but nothing feels right. I huff as I plop down onto my dorm bed in nothing but a pair of panties and a matching bra.

I probably shouldn't care so much, but I want to look perfect for Uncle Drake. It's not like he'll be paying much attention to my outfit; he's only coming to visit me because my mom begged him to. Yet foolishly, I've been fantasizing that this weekend together will spark a passionate flame between us, one that's inextinguishable. I know it's silly, but I can't help but hope that we'll fall hopelessly in love with each other and have a happily ever after. It's the romance novels I've been reading. I blame the authors for creating these desires in my head that can't be quenched.

After all, it would be absurd for Uncle Drake to be into me. He's a handsome billionaire who could have any woman in the world; I doubt he's interested in his own niece. I wish this crush would go away, but every time I think of him, it feels like my feelings grow stronger. I'll probably always desire him, no matter what I do.

I sigh and stare at the pile of clothes I've created from trying on outfits. Drake will be here any minute now, and I still haven't found anything to wear. I let out another sigh as I roll over onto my back and stare up at the ceiling. I don't even know how I'm supposed to handle one-on-one time with him this weekend because I still get nervous in his presence. My heart is going to be as loud as a drum every time he so much as looks at me.

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Dang, this is pathetic. Snorting, I hop off the bed and walk over to the pile of clothes. I have to hurry up and throw something, anything, on. He's probably on his way over right now, and I don't want to keep him waiting. Digging through the pile, I pull out a pair of jeans and a soft pink sweater. It was the first outfit I'd chosen, but after staring into the mirror for too long, I'd quickly taken it off and tossed it to the side.

My cell phone vibrates on top of my bed. I quickly grab it, checking to see who it could be. Sure enough, it's a text message from Uncle Drake saying that he just found a spot in the visitors' parking lot. Oh no, I'm not even dressed yet! It looks like I won't have time to change my mind about my outfit this time. I quickly struggle into the blue jeans and then put on the pink top. Leaning toward the mirror, I scrunch my curls with my hands to give them bounce before stepping back to stare at myself, taking one last look at my outfit. It's fine. Everything is going to be fine.

My phone vibrates again. I glance over at it as I slide my feet into a pair of black flats, then rush over to read the message. It's Drake again; he wants to know which dorm building I live in. Oh gosh! I was nervous before, but now that he's minutes away, I feel like I'm about to faint. I take a seat on my bed as I text him back before quickly spraying my favorite perfume on my neck and the insides of my wrists.

Then, I turn into a whirlwind of activity. I gather the articles of clothing I've tried on and toss them into my wardrobe, hiding them out of sight. I don't want him to think I'm a slob, especially since I always keep my dorm room as clean as a whistle. Quickly, I scan my bedroom with my eyes to make sure everything else is in place. Good. Nothing else appears to be out of order.

OMG, Drake is going to be here in mere seconds. I pace back and forth, wearing a

hole in the carpet. I can't believe Mom convinced him to come here. If Natalie hadn't thrown a huge fit and forced our parents to take her on a college visit, I wouldn't be on the verge of having a panic attack right now. How am I supposed to stay calm around Uncle Drake for an entire weekend?

After all, there's nowhere for me to run and hide this time because we'll be by each other's side for the next two days. Darn it, how will I be able to appear normal for so long? I should have told Mom that it was alright to spend this weekend alone. Now, I'm caught in a tight spot, and I don't know what I'm going to do.

A knock at the door startles me, causing me to practically jump out of my skin. That's got to be him. My heart stops as I stare at the door, unable to move. My feet are stuck on the fuzzy pink carpet. I want to take a step forward, but I can't. Then, a knock comes again, making my heart flutter. I have to let him in – I can't just leave Drake out there in the hallway the entire weekend.

"Jenna?" he calls out from the other side of the door, his voice deep and powerful.

I clear my throat as I slowly walk toward the door. My hand trembles as I turn the doorknob, and then it happens. The door opens to reveal my gorgeous uncle. He looks even better than I remember, with his tall, broad frame dwarfing our small hallway. Our eyes lock, sending a wave of tingles through my body and neither of us says a word, but I swear I can feel sparks flying all around us.

I can't believe he's actually here! I feel like I'm dreaming, but I'm wide awake. Then Drake smiles, flashing his pearly white teeth. I love that smile because it's contagious and puts me at ease. Naturally, I smile back, my grin spreading from ear to ear. I know I should let him in, but I just want a few more seconds of gazing into his eyes. My pounding heart is so loud that I'm certain he can hear it as well.

"Hi, Uncle Drake," I finally say.

“Hey, Jenna. It’s good to see you again,” he says.

“It’s good to see you, too,” I reply, still smiling a bit too widely. Then, I step aside and hold the door open for him. “Come in.”

“Thanks.” He steps into my dorm. His eyes are immediately drawn to the paintings covering the walls. He stops in front of one of the piece of art and stares at it for a bit. “Nice artwork. Where did you buy it?” I giggle as I walk over next to him.

“Silly, I painted it myself,” I say softly.

“You did?” he asks as he turns toward me, impressed.

“Yeah, I painted all of these actually,” I say, gesturing with my arm. He slowly makes his way around my dorm room, admiring each piece that’s hanging on the walls. He stops, then slowly turns toward me.

“You’re amazing,” he utters. “I know a bit about art, and they’re really good.” My entire body goes warm, and I instantly begin to blush.

“Thank you,” I reply softly. “I appreciate that.”

Drake nods, still looking around.

“So you have this place all to yourself?” he asks.

“Yeah. Mom and Dad had to pay a little extra for me to have a single, but it’s worth it. My roommate last year was really nice, but I prefer privacy,” I explain.

“Understandable. My college roommate and I are still really good friends, but I know that isn’t always the case. I’ve heard horror stories about people getting stuck with

inconsiderate slobs,” he says.

“That would drive me crazy. My room has to be clean at all times because a messy bedroom makes me feel anxious,” I admit. He glances around the room again.

“I can see that. I would expect a woman your age to have clothes and makeup all over the place, but your floor is clean enough to eat off of,” he jokes.

“Yeah, I’m a bit of a neat freak,” I say as I blush. He takes a few steps toward me, stopping just in front of me.

“That’s a great trait to have,” he says. “Some of the women I’ve met don’t even know how to use a broom, let alone wash a dish. Do you cook?”

I beam.

“Almost every night. The food in the cafeteria is okay, but I’d much rather prepare my own meals. It’s healthier. Plus, I’ve always loved cooking,” I say as I stare into his crystal irises. “We have a shared kitchen at the end of the hall, so I get my own groceries and whip up dinner just about every night.”

“You’re amazing, Jenna,” he murmurs, causing me to blush again.

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Gosh, it's so nice hearing that! This man understands me, and I enjoy being with him. But then, I glance down and notice a slight bulge in Drake's pants. Oh my gosh! I've got to be imagining this; there's no way he has a boner right now.

Quickly, I turn away from him because the knowledge drives me crazy. I grab my jacket and toss it on, then I slide my student ID and keys into my pocket, trying to act normal.

"So there's a campus tour with a student guide starting soon. We'll walk around with a large group and then grab lunch in the café afterward," I babble. "Does that sound good?"

"Sure, or you could show me around," he suggests as he moves closer to me.

"Me?"

"Yeah," he chuckles. "It's your second year here, so you probably know this place like the back of your hand."

I swallow hard as Drake stares intensely into my eyes. He's right – I know where everything is on this campus. I could show him around, which would give us more time alone, but every second I spend with him makes it harder to control myself. Oh god, what if I end up doing something stupid, like trying to kiss him? Yet, in my heart of hearts, I'm secretly hoping that will happen.

"Okay," I agree softly. "I can take you around."

“Great,” Drake says as reaches around me and places his hand on the doorknob. He leans in close for a moment, and the air exits my lungs. But then he swings the door open and grins, the moment gone.

“Where should we start?” he asks.

I feel like an idiot. “We’ll start in the quad,” I say, my voice trembling a bit as the words flow from my mouth.

“Alright,” he says, flashing that knowing grin again.

I take a breath as I step out into the hallway. My face is probably super red right now and it feels like it’s burning. I can’t believe I was close enough to him to kiss him, and that even more, I wanted it to happen. Because what would’ve happened if we kissed? We’d probably still be in my dorm room making out instead of heading down the hallway toward the elevator.

I glance at Drake from the corner of my eye as he strides down the hallway with confidence. He might be twice my age, but he’s in formidable shape. In fact, he’s in better shape than half of the guys on campus.

A few other students and their parents are already waiting at the elevator and we join the group, blending in with them. As the parents eagerly ask my peers about their semester here at Marymount, I take a deep breath. Then I exhale slowly as we step onto the elevator. It’s a bit cramped inside, so I end up squished in a corner with Uncle Drake, our bodies skimming against one another.

He’s turned slightly toward me. When he exhales, his warm breath tickles my neck, sending tingles down my back. Holy cow! Suddenly, he shifts, and I know it’s not my imagination anymore. Drake’s huge bulge is pressed against the side of my belly, and my eyes grow wide. Is this really happening? Is my uncle not-so-subtly pressing his

cock against me, letting me know that the attraction's real?

At that moment, the elevator dings as it comes to a stop, and I hold my breath. Meanwhile, Drake's breath continues to graze my skin, making me feel weak in the knees. I exhale as everyone begins to exit the elevator and then take a step and stumble, nearly falling to the ground. My jello knees aren't strong enough to hold me right now, so Drake catches me in his strong arms just before I go crashing down to the ground.

"Are you alright?" he asks with a knowing grin.

"Yes, I must've just lost my balance," I stammer, still feeling weak in the knees.

"Here, take a seat," he says as he walks me over to a sitting area near the front desk.

"Thank you," I mutter, feeling a bit embarrassed. I can't believe this is happening. OMG, what do I do?

"Um, I think I'm okay now," I murmur after a few seconds of sitting.

"Are you sure?" Drake asks, his eyes dancing.

"Yes," I say.

Then, he stands up and extends his hand out to me. I place mine into his and instantly feel a spark as we touch. Drake feels it too and he gently pulls me up as we gaze into each other's eyes. I can't take it; I'm falling and there's nothing that I can do about it.

"Thank you," I whisper breathily.

"You're welcome," he replies, his voice oddly deep.

“Um, we should probably head outside now,” I say, still staring into his eyes.

“Sounds like a plan,” he says. There goes his smile again, causing my heart to skip a beat.

With that, Drake leads me to the door. A cool breeze brushes against my skin as we step outside of my dorm, walking side by side. I spot a large group gathering in the quad with a student dressed in Marymount apparel facing them holding a megaphone. The tour must be starting in the quad and there’s still a chance for us to join them. I glance at Uncle Drake’s chiseled features and suddenly feel possessive. He’s absolutely gorgeous, and I don’t want to share my time alone with him with anyone else.

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“Maybe we should start in the library,” I say. He glances over at the tour group.

“Sure,” he says.

We stride down the walkway toward a tall building with huge glass windows. This is my favorite place on campus, and it definitely isn’t your average library; it has seven floors and just about every book known to man. Drake wraps his hand around the ornate door handle and pulls it open, stepping to the side to let me in first.

“Thank you,” I say.

“You’re welcome,” he replies. He looks around and marvels at huge, airy atrium. “This place is impressive,” he growls.

“Yeah, I love it here. There are tons of books, and it’s a great place to study since it’s so quiet.”

“I think I would get lost in this place,” he smirks. I laugh too.

“I actually did get lost in here once, but it was my first time, so I have an excuse,” I confess.

He laughs, and hearing him chuckle makes me giggle again. Drake follows closely behind me as we walk over to my favorite corner of the library. He plops down on a comfy beanbag chair, causing us both to laugh again. A student sitting alone at a table glances up at us and scolds us with her eyes.

“Sorry,” he apologizes, not sounding sorry at all. Then, he looks up at me and places his finger on his lips. “Shhh,” he shushes me, causing us both to erupt with laughter again.

It’s strange, but I’m not nervous around him right now, and I don’t feel the need to run and hide. I feel comfortable in my uncle’s presence – so comfortable that now, anticipation fills my heart. The weekend has only just begun, but I already feel like something magical is about to happen.

9

Jenna

Standing on my tippy toes, I reach up and take two yellow lunch trays off of a stack piled high. They’re sort of damp, but it’s probably because they were just washed. I hand one of the trays to Uncle Drake and he smirks as he takes it from me. He takes two plates from another pile and gives one to me.

“Hopefully, the food is as good as you say,” he jokes.

“It is,” I giggle. “Not.”

Since we went on our own tour without the group, we made it around campus in less than an hour. We’re the first ones in the cafeteria, which means we get first dibs on the food. Of course, Drake offered to take me out to a restaurant not too far from here, but I politely declined. He’s already going out of his way to be here for me; I don’t want to ask too much of him.

“I still think we should have went to eat at Chez Josephine,” he jokes.

“And pass up on all of this gourmet food?” I tease.

“Gourmet?” he questions as he raises an eyebrow, still wearing that sexy smirk.

“Yes,” I giggle as we walk over to the buffet station with our trays in our hands.

“Voila! Behold, Marymount’s finest foods,” I pronounce.

“Hmm, not bad,” he says as he takes in the assortment of dishes. Honestly, it’s not so terrible. We pay a fortune in tuition, so the food is okay, even if it’s not gourmet. I inhale deeply as I reach for a metal spoon inside of the gooey macaroni and cheese in front of me. Wrapping my hand around the handle, I scoop a large helping of the macaroni onto my plate. Meanwhile, Uncle Drake goes for the steak and potatoes, putting a side of broccoli on his plate as well. I grab utensils and a few napkins for us.

“Ready?” I ask.

“Yup,” he replies.

He follows behind me as we walk over to a table next to a window. Soon, the cafeteria will be flooded with students and parents, and I’d rather be off to the side than in the center of it all. We place our trays on the table, and then both take a seat. I hand him a napkin and utensils.

“Thank you,” he says, smiling at me. I smile back as butterflies flutter around inside of my stomach.

“You’re welcome,” I say, trying my hardest not to blush. I take a forkful of the macaroni and cheese and put it in my mouth. “Mmm.”

“Is it good?” he asks, chuckling a bit.

“Very. Want to try some?” I ask.

“Sure,” he says as he dips his fork into the cheesy dish. He takes a bite, smiling as he devours it. “That’s actually pretty good.”

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“See? I told you,” I giggle. “You can survive on this stuff.”

“I’m usually not a mac and cheese kind of guy, but that was better than I expected,” he admits.

“It’s because they use four different types of cheeses. I’m addicted to this stuff,” I say as I take another bite.

“Hopefully, the steak is half as good, although I’m a little skeptical about eating beef inside of a school cafeteria,” he jokes. I laugh as he cuts into the beef, then munches on a sliver. “Wow,” he says, a bit surprised. “This is better than I expected, too.”

“It’s Marymount’s gourmet dining,” I say, still giggling.

“It’s funny,” he remarks as he cuts another sliver of steak. “When I was in college, steak was never on the menu in my cafeteria.”

“Usually, it isn’t here either. I think they’re just pulling out all of the stops because it’s Parents Weekend,” I admit.

“Makes sense,” he says. “It’s important to play the big points right.”

“What college did you go to?” I inquire.

“Colbert University in Rhode Island,” he says as he drops one of the diced red skin potatoes, causing me to giggle. He smiles, those blue eyes amused. “You have such an infectious laugh, sweetheart. I love hearing it.”

There he goes again, complimenting me. Drake's been flattering me all day, and I'm not complaining. In fact, I like it a lot, and it sounds silly, but it feels like we're on a first date, the kind that you never want to end. I've been smiling and laughing for an hour solid now, and enjoying my time with this charismatic man.

"What was your major?" I ask.

He grins.

"I was a business major. College was tough because even though I had a full scholarship, I still had to work a part-time job to pay for food and anything else extra. Plus, I had to keep my grades up or else I would've lost my scholarship. So some nights after work, I didn't get any sleep because I had to stay up studying for exams the next day."

"Your parents didn't help you out?" I ask.

"They couldn't afford to," he confesses. "I didn't have a lot of money growing up. In fact, if it weren't for the full scholarship, I probably wouldn't have even been able to go to college, period."

Oh wow. I had no idea he wasn't born into money. Drake's such a successful businessman now that I just assumed he had some family help along the way. But it actually makes me admire him even more because he worked so hard to get to where he is now. He's the kind of man who knows what he wants and goes after it.

"I'm sorry. I had no idea," I say apologetically.

"Don't worry about it, sweetheart. It's no big deal. My folks are retired now, living the good life down in Fort Lauderdale, so everything worked out fine," he says.

“That’s true. And now, you’re a billionaire.” He nods as he takes another bite. I glance down at our lunch trays. What was I thinking, bringing him here for lunch? I should’ve just agreed to go to Chez Josephine with him. “I’m sorry about lunch.”

“What do you mean?” he asks.

I sigh.

“You’re used to five star restaurants and gourmet chefs. We should have gone to the restaurant you suggested instead of eating here in my school’s cafeteria.”

“Jenna,” Drake says as he reaches across the table and seizes my hand, sending electricity coursing through my veins. “I’m glad I’m here with you. The food here is great, but the time I’m spending getting to know you is even better. Who needs Chez Josephine? I’d rather eat Marymount’s best with you.”

“Really? You mean it?” I ask tentatively.

He grins.

“Of course I do,” he says. “Trust me, five star dining isn’t as important as spending time with someone you really care about.”

I feel my cheeks turning red as I smile hesitantly. This man knows just what to say to make my heart pound. I take another bite of macaroni and cheese, and yet I still can’t stop smiling. Other students start rolling into the cafeteria with their parents, and I try to look more normal, instead of like a sappy fool. This isn’t a date. Drake’s here because my parents begged him to come, and remembering that fact, my smile slowly fades away.

“Thanks again for coming to Parents Weekend,” I say in a low voice. “I’m sure you

have a ton of places you'd rather be right now," I say.

The big man leans back easily in his chair.

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“No need to thank me. I’m happy to be here. In fact, it’s the only place I want to be right now,” he replies.

“Are you sure? There’s probably a fancy dinner party you should be getting ready for right now instead of sitting in a college campus cafeteria.”

He grins.

“I’m positive, honey. If I weren’t here right now, I’d be in my penthouse all alone,” he says.

“Yes, but it must be a huge, beautiful penthouse with all the amenities,” I reflect in a wry tone.

“Yeah, it’s amazing,” he admits. “But it gets really lonely on occasion. Most of the time, I wish I had someone there with me because it’s so huge and I feel like I rattle around inside by myself.”

I look at him askance.

“Really? You don’t have someone to keep you company in your penthouse? Like an actress or a model?”

He laughs throatily.

“Most of the women I meet are superficial and don’t add any value to my life. I want a real woman who’s beautiful, funny, and smart,” he says lightly. OMG, where is this

conversation going?

“But you haven’t met anyone like that yet?” I ask.

Then the blow comes.

“Actually, I have,” he says, causing my heart to sink into the pit of my stomach.

“She’s amazing.”

“Oh, of course,” I comment softly. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to pry.” But Drake continues, his expression teasing.

“I’m just afraid that I’m too old for her,” he murmurs, still gazing into my eyes.

Now, his stare is intense and impossible to break away from. Could he be talking about me? I hope so, but I can’t assume anything because I don’t want to put my foot in my mouth. Yet I can’t just ask him if I’m the woman he’s talking about because if I’m not, then I’ll look like a complete idiot. So I dance around the issue.

“Maybe she’s into older guys,” I suggest. “Some girls are.”

“Doyoulike older men, sweetheart?” he asks. I hesitate before answering. OMG, the moment has come, and suddenly, I can’t lie. I don’t want to.

“Yes,” I say softly after a brief moment of silence.

Suddenly, a loud crash breaks the bubble surrounding us, causing both of us to look over at the kitchen area. Someone must’ve knocked over the yellow trays because they’re scattered all over the floor now. A few people gather around, and slowly, I turn toward Uncle Drake to find him gazing at me, his expression unreadable.

“So what’s next on the agenda?” he asks.

I swallow and try to get my head on straight.

“There are a few activities to do around campus, but they start in an hour,” I say.

“Well, I guess we can just sit here and talk for the next hour. I feel like there’s so much I don’t know about you,” he says.

Technically, he’s right. I’ve completely avoided him for the last few years because of the major crush I’ve had on him. Now, I regret running and hiding at every family function because this day has been perfect so far. As I stare into his eyes, he no longer feels like an uncle to me – instead, he’s the man that I desire and we’re redefinitely on a date.

“What would you like to know about me?” I ask softly.

He grins.

“Well, let’s see...I already know you want to study sociology, which I did a little research on before I came here,” he says.

“You did?” I ask, surprised.

“Yeah, I wanted to make sure I didn’t sound like an idiot this time,” he confesses.

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“You didn’t sound like an idiot,” I protest, giggling. I’m flattered that he went out of his way to learn about something that I’m interested in because it shows that he really cares.

But then he shoots me an amused look.

“What’s so funny?” I ask.

“Nothing. It’s just that you have a little bit of cheese on the corner of your mouth,” he explains.

“I do?” I reach for a napkin.

“Don’t worry. I’ll get it,” he says as he leans forward.

Gently, Drake places his hand on the side of my face. Without even realizing it, I nestle my cheek into his palm. Then he softly brushes his thumb across my lips, causing my stomach to fill with fluttering butterflies. His gentle caress skims over my lips before one finger gently touches my tongue. I stare at him, unable to breathe as I gently suck his digit in my mouth. Oh god, this is so wrong yet totally arousing too. What do we do? He’s my uncle, and the one man I can never have.

10

Jenna

The evening dusk casts a romantic orange glow, yet I can’t help but feel a bit sad.

Our perfect day together is coming to an end. I knew this would happen, but I wasn't expecting time to fly by so quickly. I wish we didn't have to say goodbye tonight, but it is what it is. I check the time on my cell phone; it's getting pretty late, and I'm sure Drake wants to get back home soon anyways.

"I guess I should head back to my dorm now?" I ask.

"I'll walk you," he murmurs.

I smile. Luckily, I have a few more moments with him before we go our separate ways for the evening. Slowly, we stroll down the campus walkway. I can see my dorm building from here, but neither of us wants to rush, so instead, we amble. The wind blows, and I shiver slightly from the breeze.

"Are you cold?" Drake asks.

"Just a little," I smile.

"Here." He takes off his peacoat and drapes it around my shoulders.

"But aren't you cold?" I ask.

He grins. "I'll be okay. All that matters to me is that you're warm," he replies.

"Thank you," I whisper gratefully.

Could Drake be any more perfect? I don't know how I'm supposed to go back to being his niece; I wish I didn't have to. If only we could share days as wonderful as this one together all the time. I suspected it was going to be magical, but I wasn't expecting to experience these feelings. Yet after this weekend, things will go back to the way they were, and I'll only see him at family functions. How depressing.

Side by side, we step into the lobby. I sigh again, glancing around. It's pretty empty, even for a Saturday night. Shrugging my shoulders, we stroll over to the elevator and I press the metal, dome-shaped button protruding from the wall. The doors spread wide open, and I take a deep breath, sensing the end is near.

But Drake steps into the small cube too. Okay, he's going to walk me to my room. That's very nice. Too quickly, the doors open again, this time to let us out. I step out and the hallway's oddly empty. Maybe there's a party somewhere on campus that I don't know about, but even if I did, I wouldn't go. Drake's is the only face I want to see tonight, and sadly, this is where we say goodbye.

"I had a great time with you today," he growls as we stop in front of my door.

"I had a lot of fun, too," I say softly.

"Take care of yourself, okay?" he smiles. "Enjoy your college years."

I nod and swallow around the huge lump in my throat. Then I take off his peacoat and hand it to him.

"Thanks, Uncle Drake. Will do," I mutter, looking down. Then, I stick my key into the lock, and it clicks as I turn it. "Goodnight."

I steal one last glance at him, our eyes meeting for the millionth time today. Slowly, I turn the doorknob, but just as I push the door open, he spins me around. The older man presses his lips against mine, and electricity fills the air as he kisses me passionately. Holy shit, I was not expecting to end this night with an intense lip lock!

My frame becomes weak, and I fall into his muscular arms. He catches me and pulls me in closer, and I completely give in to his embrace. After years of longing to be held in his arms, the moment is finally here! Then, he gently places his hand on the

back of my neck as our smooch intensifies, and I moan deliriously into his mouth. This is everything I've dreamed of, and more.

We step into the room as the door slams shut behind us. Then, Drake softly seizes my derriere with both of his hands, and squeezes. I swoon.

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“Do you like that?” he chuckles throatily. “You’ve got a great ass, honey.”

Without waiting for an answer, my uncle hoists me onto the bed, and takes a step back to look into my eyes, his gaze intense. Why did he stop? Did I do something wrong?

“What is it?” I pant, unbearably aroused.

“Is this what you want, Jenna?” he asks. I nod, but he maintains his distance. “Are you sure? I don’t want you to feel like I’m pressuring you.”

“I don’t feel that way. I want this; I want you. I always have,” I admit.

He gazes into my eyes as he places his hand on my cheek. He gently caresses it, and I turn my head slightly and kiss his palm. He leans in again, softly pressing his lips against mine, then steps back and takes his shirt off, revealing sculpted six-pack abs. I run my fingers along the creases of his muscular stomach and desire pools in my stomach. He takes my hand in his and guides it up his abs, then places it on his chest.

His heart throbs beneath a solid pec, reminding me of just how fast my own pulse is going. Its rhythm enchants me, and I feel completely spellbound by him, but I don’t mind.

“We’re in sync,” he notes.

OMG, this definitely isn’t a hook-up; there’s something in the air between us and it burns fiery and bright. I know our relationship is wrong, but everything between us

feels so perfect. After all, we're two adults who have an undeniable attraction that has manifested into intense desire. My family won't understand, but right now, I don't care. Our hearts are linked, and that's all that matters.

I lean forward, gently kissing him. The butterflies return to the pit of my stomach, their flapping wings tickling the inside of my gut. He takes off my soft pink sweater, exposing my lace bra. He unhooks it and stares at my perky double D breasts before kissing one as he caresses the other, arousing me in a way I didn't know was possible. I'm not as experienced as most of my friends; in fact, I'm still a virgin.

I've thought about this moment for years – the day I would lose my innocence and become a woman. I've held out for so long because I wanted my first time to be special, with someone I really cared about. Now, it's finally here, and I'm glad Drake's the one who will be taking me. He gently lays me down on the bed, the moonlight limning our half-naked bodies. My nervous body quivers as I stare up into his eyes. He gently runs his finger from my stomach down to the top of my jeans, hesitating before he unbuttons them.

"Is this okay, sweetheart?" he rasps.

I nod wordlessly, barely able to breathe, and he unfastens the denim and slowly slides it off of my lower body, his hands brushing against my skin as he does. He tosses the pair of jeans to the side, then kisses my inner thigh, causing me to moan. My heart races as his lips tickle my flesh. Pulling down my lace panties, he continues to kiss my ivory thighs. Before I know it, I'm completely nude before him, mewling and panting.

"God, you're beautiful," he whispers, those blue eyes hungry. Feeling a bit bashful, I blush.

"Thank you," I say softly.

“Is it alright if I taste you?” he asks.

OMG, is this really happening? My pulse speeds but I manage to answer.

“Yes.” My bottom lip is quivering. I’ve never done anything like this before, but I completely trust him.

Gently gripping my thighs, he spreads my legs open, causing my heart to beat even faster. He lowers himself and stares at my soaking wet pink flesh, briefly admiring the glistening folds. Then he softly presses his lips against my bulging clit, causing a moan to slip from my mouth. Glancing down at him, we lock eyes as he strokes the sliver of flesh with his tongue. Another moan flows from my lips.

“Oh yes,” I sigh, arching my back. “Mmmm.”

Drake grins as he slowly slicks his tongue over my pearl. My legs begin to shake from the sensual feeling and I juice hotly into his mouth. No matter how hard I try to stifle the sounds flowing from my lips, they spill like gushing water. I give up and allow the moans to erupt as I grip the sheets.

“How does it feel?” he growls, still staring up into my eyes.

“So good,” I pant. “More, Daddy!”

“I will,” he mutters. “I can’t get enough.”

Wrapping my legs around his neck, I hold him in place. He gently caresses my rock hard nipples, sending a wave of tingles throughout my frame. My moans grow louder as he satisfies my trembling body. I grip the sheets tighter, balling them up in my fists as I near my peak. Oh gosh, I don’t think I can hold back any longer. Twisting in the moonlight, my body jerks as my pussy begins to ripple.

“Oh Drake, I’m coming!” I scream.

“Come, baby girl,” he rasps. “Come all over my face.”

I shriek again, twisting my nipples as he thrusts his tongue repeatedly into my hole. Meanwhile, my pussy convulses hard, hot juices flowing from my core.

“Unnnnh!” is my ecstatic cry. “Oh god!”

“Let go, baby girl,” he growls as his tongue strokes my flesh one last time, causing my body to jerk again. “Let me have it all.”

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Then, the big man backs away and drops his jeans down to his ankles, before kicking them to the side. The large bulge inside of his boxers makes me a bit nervous. My eyes grow wide as I stare at the size of it, wondering if it'll fit inside of me.

“Are you okay?” he asks.

I nod, but Drake must sense my concern. He drops his boxers to floor, revealing his massive wood; it's bigger than I expected, and I swallow hard as I stare at it, trying my best to hide the worry in my eyes. I want to make love to him – I'm just afraid it might hurt. He strokes the huge shaft as he moves closer to me, gently placing his other hand on my thigh. He softly rubs my throbbing clit, arousing me all over again.

“You can do it,” he growls reassuringly, those blue eyes flaring. “I know you're small, but you're young and you can stretch.”

I moan softly as my cunt drips on his fingers. Then slowly, he pushes my thighs apart and positions himself right at my sweetest spot, notching the head in. The pressure begins and I gasp. I'm being torn apart.

“Oh my God!” I scream. “You're too big!”

His blue eyes glint, but he doesn't stop.

“Just relax, honey,” he croons. “I'm not too big. Everything's going to be okay.”

I try to breathe, but it's hard when I feel like I'm being split in two. But Drake's patient and begins to play with my clit, making my eyes roll back in my head. My

body softens and loosens, and soon, he's buried to the hilt in my pussy. I open my eyes and stare at where we're joined.

"Oh!" is my throaty cry. "Unnnh!"

Drake grins as he goes deeper. He takes hold of my wide hips and grips them firmly as he slides his entire cock inside before pulling out. Then, he slowly thrusts himself inside again. Each stroke makes me gasp, and I ball the sheets up in my fists again as I bite my lip.

As he continues to thrust his thick shaft into my drenched cunt, the pain melts. Instead, I feel pure pleasure. I moan, the soft sound giving him the go ahead to speed things up. He strokes faster, hitting my G-spot with each thrust. Wrapping my legs around his waist, I completely submit to his powerful strokes. He stares deeply into my eyes as he thrusts harder, causing my frame to shake.

"Don't stop," I moan.

"I won't," he grunts. "You feel so damn good, sweetheart. Incredibly tight and wet."

He leans in and kisses me passionately as we make love in the moonlight. I caress his strong back, absolutely losing my soul to this man. This can't be wrong. Making love to Drake feels perfect, like it's supposed to happen. Meanwhile, he takes his time with me, making sure he doesn't hurt me. His strokes are deep and hard but also sensual and passionate. He isn't using my body; he's making love to it. Our voices intertwine as moans of passion erupt from our lips. I couldn't care less if the other students that live on my floor hear us at this point. In fact, I want them to know that this man is mine.

He gently massages my clit again, causing my legs to tremble. Our eyes are locked, and I feel like I'm in a dream. He bends over slightly and gently sucks on a perky

nipple, and I cry out loud. The bed creaks as he strokes deeper, our bodies colliding into one another.

“Shit, I’m about to come,” he grits through his teeth.

“Me too,” I pant, on the verge of climaxing.

We share an intense kiss, causing me to lose all control. I scream at the top of my lungs as I burst, feeling complete. Simultaneously, a stream of hot liquid gushes inside of me, and I jerk, confused. Then I realize what’s happening and part my legs even wider to encourage it.

“Yes Daddy,” I moan breathily. “Give it all to me.”

Drake looks deep into my eyes, growling and roaring as he jerks and pumps, filling me full of the good stuff. Meanwhile, I behave like a total slut and arch my back, trying to get him in even deeper.

“I want it,” I moan again. “Yes, fill me with your essence.”

With that, Drake roars one last time before his muscular frame collapses on top of me. I wrap my arms around him and hold his body close as we catch our breaths. I snuggle my frame against his and rest my head on his chest, listening to his heart beat. I can’t stop smiling. I feel like I’m floating on a cloud because I just had sex for the first time ever, and it was with the man my heart has been aching for since I was a junior in high school. It feels surreal, like I’m walking in a dream.

“You did great, baby girl,” he growls in a low voice while stroking my back. “You took all of me, and I’m big too.”

I blush. “Thank you,” is my soft reply. “You weren’t so bad yourself, mister.”

Then, I gently press my lips against his and hope this moment lasts forever. I'm not sure what tomorrow holds, but I don't want to dwell on it. All I want to do is to live in the here and now, so I nestle my curves closer to Drake's enormous frame and close my eyes, falling asleep to the sound of his beating heart.

11

Jenna

The morning sun peeks through my dorm room window, the curtains blocking most of the bright rays. Slowly, I wake up, letting out a silent yawn. My fingers run across the bed in search of Drake, but I don't feel him near me. I blink twice, puzzled, before completely opening my eyes. My body's sore from his loving, so where is he?

I rub my eyes. Still tired, I pull the covers up to my chin once more and think. He must've left, but I'm sure he'll be back later on. After all, it is Parents Weekend still, and he committed to two days with me. So when will Drake be making an appearance?

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I yawn again, but my sore pussy makes it impossible to fall back asleep once more. Goodness, he came in me so many times last night, using me in every position and then some. I place my hand between my thighs and feel how sticky I am down there. Instantly, I sit up again.

Holy shit! We didn't use protection last night. We were so caught up in the heat of the moment that we must've forgotten. Oh my gosh! What if I get pregnant? What will my parents think? I was a virgin, but Mom made sure I had plenty of condoms in case I did decide to have sex here on campus. I should've reached for one last night, but it didn't even cross my mind.

I glance down at the milky substance between my thighs and gasp. It's creamy and gooey, and I'm sticky all over. Yet I'm sort of glad we didn't use protection because it made the whole experience more intimate. In that moment, Drake and I completely trusted each other, making our orgasms that much more mind blowing. I lie my aching body down, smiling as I close my eyes. Last night was amazing, and I don't regret a second of it.

I bury my face into the comforter, deeply inhaling the scent of my man's cologne, spicy and woody at once. I wish I could have woken up in his arms, but he probably had something important to take care of this morning. The second day of Parents Weekend isn't nearly as jam packed with activities as the first one. In fact, the only major thing planned for today is a football game on our home turf.

I honestly planned on skipping the game altogether, but now, I'm thinking that won't happen. I'm not even sure if he's coming back. What if Drake regrets making love last night? He's kind of close with my parents and probably feels guilty that he slept

with their oldest daughter. I can't imagine never being held in his arms again, though; it's the safest place I've ever been in my life.

I get a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach, but I know Drake wasn't using me. There's something real there, and I could see that in his eyes. It's just odd that he would leave so early this morning without saying goodbye. It could just be that he wanted to sneak out before the other residents on my floor woke up and noticed him leaving my dorm room. I know I shouldn't assume the worst, but we're in a sticky situation here.

Suddenly, a buzzing sound startles me, and I quickly sit up. I glance over at the vibrating cell phone on top of my desk. Maybe it's Drake? With haste, I jump out of bed and dash over to the wooden desk. I snatch my cell phone up and look at the screen with gleaming eyes. My heart sinks as Mom pops up on the display. I sigh heavily as I take the phone over to the bed with me and crawl underneath the fleece blanket before answering.

"Hello?" I murmur as I press the phone against my ear.

"Hey, sweetie! Sorry to call so early. I just wanted to ask how things went yesterday," Leanne says on the other end of the line.

"Pretty good," I yawn into the phone.

"Did you have fun with Drake?" she asks.

"Yes," I say softly, trying not to reveal just how much fun I really had.

"That's great, honey. I'm really sorry Daddy and I couldn't be there," she apologizes.

"It's okay, Mom. Really." The truth is, it's more than okay because since my parents

couldn't show up, I got to make love to the sexiest man alive.

"Thank you for never throwing a fit like your sister does, and I promise, we'll be at the next event," Leanne vows.

"Trust me, Mom, it's no big deal," I reassure her.

"Well, I'll have to send Drake a fruit basket to thank him for stepping in for us. I'm so glad we can rely on him to be there for you. He cares about you a lot, Jenna. Did you thank him for coming yesterday?" she asks.

"Yes, Mom," I say, my body aching with every move I make.

"Of course you did," she replies. "You've always had the best manners out of you, Natalie, and Kendrick."

She's right. I love my siblings, but sometimes, they can be unintentionally rude. I feel flooded with guilt as I listen to my mother on the other end of the phone babble on. I wonder if she can sense that something is different about me; she's always had a super strong intuition. I've always been the good girl type that never needed to hide anything, but this is a secret I'm willing to take to my grave.

After all, Leanne trusted Drake, and although he didn't do anything wrong, she won't see it that way. In her mind, she'll think he seduced me and then took advantage of my innocence. But that isn't the case. He was patient and took things slow with me, constantly checking to make sure I was alright. He was a complete gentleman all day long and never once made me feel uncomfortable. He was perfect in every way possible, and he made my first time very special.

"Drake called me about ten minutes ago. That's another reason why I'm calling," Leanne says. I sit up as I listen intently. "He's not going to be able to make it today.

He said he has some work he has to take care of in his office.”

“On a Sunday?” I question, my brows scrunching.

“Yeah. That’s how it is when someone runs a multimillion dollar company, sweetie. He says he’s sorry and that he’ll make it up to you another time,” she says.

I can’t believe he isn’t coming back. My eyes fill with tears as a lump forms in my throat. Did I mess up somehow? I don’t understand why there’s this sudden turnabout. Yesterday was perfect, so what’s wrong? I swallow hard to get the lump out of my throat. I don’t want my mom to hear my voice shaking because she’ll know for sure that I’m on the verge of tears. I pull the phone away from my ear and take a deep breath before I speak.

“Okay, no problem,” I whisper softly.

“Is everything okay, sweetie?” Leanne asks. “You’re not upset, are you?”

“Oh no,” I say, forcing a fake cough. “It works out because I think I’m catching a cold anyway.”

Leanne clucks.

“You do sound a little under the weather. Do you want me to stop by later with some of my homemade chicken noodle soup for you?” she asks. “I can cancel Natalie’s thing.”

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“No, it’s okay. I’ll just pick up some in a can later on when I get out of bed. You go ahead.”

“You sure?” my mom asks in a worried tone.

“Yeah, totally. I just want to get some rest,” I say, slightly rushing her off of the phone. The tears in my eyes are becoming heavier, and I’m not sure how much longer I’ll be able to hold them back.

“Okay. I’ll give you a call later to check on you,” she promises. “Stay warm and drink lots of liquids, okay?”

“Okay, talk to you later,” I reply, trying to hide the sadness in my voice. “Thanks Mom.”

“Okay, honey. Bye.”

Quickly, I end the call, feeling distraught. I bury my face in my pillow, allowing the fluffy cotton to soak up my tears. I feel like such a fool! Why did I think Drake would ever want to be with me? A sophisticated billionaire like him probably wants a mature woman with a successful career, not an idiotic college student. My heart aches inside of my chest, and I feel so dumb.

I want to call him, but what if he doesn’t answer? Maybe last night was all a mistake, and he wants to erase me from his life. I don’t know what to think right now; it’s all confusing to me. Last night, I thought we were on the same page, but now, I’m questioning every kiss we shared. Maybe I imagined the emotions in the air. Maybe I

was a dunce, and Drake merely wanted a fun roll in the hay.

There has to be a deeper explanation, but I'm too afraid to ask. I should probably just pretend like nothing ever happened, but how can I? Last night was magical, like it was straight out of one of my romance novels. I can't just forget about losing my virginity to the man of my dreams. But how can I carry on and pretend like we didn't make sweet love in the moonlight? God, I'm so sappy and now look where it's gotten me.

I wipe away my tears with the back of my hand as I continue to sob into my pillow. Somehow, I have to move on. What happened last night was wrong, and it can't happen ever again. It felt amazing being intimate with him, but I have to let go of any fantasies I have about the two of us being together. Last night was special, but things can't go any further than that, no matter how badly I want a romance to blossom between us.

12

Jenna

It's been a week since Drake and I enjoyed one another's bodies, and I've been moping about. I thought things were over and that the next time I'd see him would be at one of my family's functions. I imagined myself being completely embarrassed, yet trying to act normal. After all, how can I forget what happened between us? God knows, I haven't been able to think of much else, and for good reason too. The man was my first, and he took me so many times that my body still aches a week later.

But it turns out Drake wasn't dropping me, or at least not immediately because as I gathered my books this morning to head to class, my cell phone buzzed unexpectedly. My heart stopped as I stared at the screen, reading a text message from Drake. He invited me over to his place for dinner tonight.

At first, I wanted to decline his offer because it's been a week since I last heard from him, but then I said yes. He better have an explanation for his disappearing act last weekend and hopefully, by the end of dinner, I'll have my answer. Then I'll leave, and never think of him again.

I wince as I walk down the campus walkway toward the parking lot, the wind grazing my bare legs and causing me to shiver. Drake said he'd send a car, and sure enough, a black vehicle with tinted windows sits in the lot; it must be waiting for me. As I near, I pass a group of guys who stop and turn toward me, ogling my curves in the form-fitting dress I'm wearing. I try to ignore them, but they're leering like dogs. I keep my eyes on the car, never once looking in their direction. Then, I grab the door handle and pull it open.

"Are you Jenna?" the driver asks as he glances over his shoulder to look at me.

"Yes," I reply.

"Mr. Morgan is awaiting your arrival," he says as I get into the backseat. I nod stiffly, even if my heart is already thumping with anticipation.

The drive is short. City lights catch my eye as we ride through downtown Manhattan and my hands shake a bit, but I try to keep myself in check. The closer we get to his place, the more anxious I feel. I shouldn't be worried because really, this is just a goodbye. I'm going to get my answers and then stroll off without a second glance.

We turn down a street with extremely tall skyscrapers, their spires disappearing into the sky. The car slowly comes to a stop in front of an enormous stone building, the brakes screeching a bit. Taking a deep breath, I stare at the large glass double doors. I know I'm supposed to get out, but for some reason, I can't. I'm completely overwhelmed by nerves.

“Here we are, Miss,” the driver says in a kind voice. He walks over to my side of the vehicle and pulls open the door. My heart races as I step out, wanting to turn right back around and head back to campus.

“Thank you,” I manage graciously. “I appreciate it.”

“You’re welcome. Have a good evening, Miss,” the chauffeur salutes. Then he’s off, and I’m in the marble lobby. A large chandelier hangs from the center of the ceiling, the crystals on it twinkling brightly. There are sculptures scattered throughout the marble foyer, giving it an ornate, impressive look, and honestly, I’m a bit afraid I’ll stumble and knock one to the ground.

“Can I help you?” asks a woman standing behind a concierge desk.

“Yes, I’m sorry,” I reply as I walk over to her. “I’m looking for Drake Morgan’s penthouse.”

“Is Mr. Morgan expecting you?” she asks.

“Yes.” She picks up the phone sitting on the desk and quickly dials a number.

“Your name, please?”

“Jenna. Jenna Miller,” I say, stammering a bit.

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The woman nods professionally.

“Good evening, Mr. Morgan. This is Bethany at the front desk. I have a Jenna Miller here to see you. Is it alright if I send her up?” she asks into the phone. She glances at me and flashes a friendly smile. “Alright, Mr. Morgan. I’ll send her right up.” She hangs up the phone and then points across the lobby. “You can use that private elevator over there. Just press the letter P once you’re inside. Mr. Morgan is waiting for you.”

“Thank you,” I murmur as I nod.

His penthouse must be fancier than I thought because it even has its own private elevator. I walk across the marble floor to the other side of the lobby and press the button next to it to open the doors. The elevator arrives in no time, and I step inside, still feeling a little nervous. Oh god, what’s going to happen next? Against my own best interests, I’ve missed him all week long, so much that I couldn’t concentrate in any of my classes.

My heart pounds a bit faster each floor the elevator goes up. Finally, it stops, and I take a deep breath as the doors spread wide open. The hallway is long and gracious but there’s only one door on the entire floor. This must be it, and slowly, I walk towards it, preparing myself. Then I knock softly three times, my heart racing.

“Coming,” a deep voice calls out, sounding a bit muffled.

The door clicks and then suddenly, Drake’s standing there. He’s ungodly handsome in a dark cashmere sweater and casual jeans. I want to leap into his arms, but stop

myself.

“Hi,” I mutter, looking at the ground.

“Hey, come in,” he greets as he steps aside to let me in.

“Thanks,” I mumble again as I walk inside the lavish penthouse.

“Here, I’ll take your coat for you,” he offers, closing the door behind me. I unzip my coat and hand it to him, and he pauses for a second as he gazes at me. “Wow, you look amazing, sweetheart.”

“Thanks,” I grit out. Why does he sound so at ease? He should be nervous, but instead, the alpha male seems to have the situation totally under his control.

We move inside, and the penthouse takes my breath away. Priceless artwork hangs from the walls, and the lavish living room is furnished with all-white leather sofas, high-tech electronics, and expensive, cognac-colored drapes hanging from the huge floor-to-ceiling windows. Is that the Freedom Tower in the background? OMG, this apartment must have cost a fortune.

“Would you like a glass of wine?” Drake asks, smiling.

“Well, I’m not old enough to legally drink,” I say, still a bit awkward.

“Sorry, I forgot. I feel like such an idiot.”

“Don’t,” I reassure him. “I’ve had a glass or two with my parents before. Besides, my twenty-first birthday is only a few months away, so I’m almost legal. I guess one glass wouldn’t hurt.”

“Sure, coming right up,” he says as he takes my hand in his, giving me goosebumps. Holding on tightly to his hand, I follow him down the long hallway leading into the kitchen.

“This place is amazing,” I add. “Did you decorate it yourself?”

“Yeah,” he says. “Interior design is a hobby of mine, so why not start with my own place?”

“You did a great job because it’s beautiful in here. I don’t think I would ever leave this apartment,” I say, but he shrugs again.

“I’m fortunate to live here, but again, sometimes it’s depressing coming home to a cold, dark, empty apartment. Sure, it’s luxurious, but it’s also lonely,” he explains.

I guess he could be right. Still, I shrug and smile.

“Well, I like it,” I say. He turns toward me and gazes into my eyes, his expression unreadable.

“Actually, sometimes I wonder what it would be like to have a family. A wife waiting for me, and a couple of kids running up and down the hallways,” he says in an easy tone

My heart judders. Is that what Drake wants – a wife and kids? I never would’ve guessed since he hasn’t remarried in the last ten years. My cheeks turn red. Would he be interested in a family with me, more specifically?

But then, I lock down on my emotions. It’s way too early to know, and if anything, this is my last time seeing him for a while. Get a grip, the voice in my head warns. Don’t get ahead of yourself.

But then, Drake leads me to the dining room where dinner's already laid out. Aromas greet my nostrils, and I inhale deeply, which causes my stomach to growl faintly. He chuckles as he pulls my seat out for me, still being a complete gentleman.

"Thank you," I say as he scoots my chair in.

"You're welcome. I'm not much of a cook, so I hope you like Chinese," he says as he opens a bottle of wine. He pours two glasses, handing one to me.

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“I love Chinese,” I admit.

“Great,” he says as he picks up one of the containers and opens it. “Kung pao chicken?” he offers.

“Yes, please,” I say. Using chopsticks, he scoops a helping of the chicken onto my plate, followed by a few scoops of white rice. “Is that enough?”

I bite my lip.

“A little more, if you don’t mind? This is my favorite dish.”

He grins and chuckles.

“Of course, honey. Have as much as you like,” he replies as he scoops more for me. “Speaking of which, I’m glad you came over for dinner.”

“Well, I only agreed because I thought you were cooking for me,” I tease.

“And risk burning down my kitchen? No way,” he chuckles. “I figured you didn’t want to risk getting food poisoning either,” he jokes.

I giggle, finally warming up a bit.

“Sheesh, is your cooking that bad?” I giggle. He laughs as he hands me a pair of chopsticks. “To be honest, I’ve never been good with chopsticks,” I admit.

“Really? Well, I can teach you if you want, or would you rather use a fork?” he asks. I think for a bit.

“I want you to teach me,” I decide.

“Sure, no problem,” Drake says as he walks behind me. He leans against my back, his warm breath tickling my neck. “Hold them like this.” He positions the two pieces of wood in my hand.

“Like this?” I ask.

“Yup, just like that. Now, try to pick up that piece of chicken,” he says, pointing to the juicy meat. I try to pick it up, but it falls from the chopsticks with a plop. We both laugh, his hearty chuckle warming me all over. “Try again.”

“Okay.” Slowly, I reach for the piece of chicken and pick it up successfully. “I did it!”

“Good job,” he praises. Then I feel something graze my neck. OMG, did he just kiss me there? But Drake merely walks over to his seat and sits across from me, so it must have been my imagination. My heart’s racing as I look at him with wide eyes.

“Eat, honey,” he commands as he munches on the chicken. “I ordered it from a little spot not too far from here.”

“Do you order out a lot?” I ask.

“Yeah, I do. I don’t really have a choice,” he grimaces. “There’s so much fat and grease in restaurant food, but I just don’t have time to cook.”

I cock my head at him.

“Well, since I’m not that far from here, I can always stop by and make you a home-cooked meal whenever you want,” I offer, taking another bite of chicken.

His blue eyes flare for a moment.

“Do you mean it?” he asks.

“Of course! It would be no trouble.”

“Well, honey, if you’re serious, then I’d like that a lot,” he drawls.

“Okay, just let me know when you’re craving something other than kung pao chicken,” I laugh. “That’s not in my repertoire.”

He nods.

“Thank you, baby girl. No one’s ever offered to cook for me before,” he murmurs.

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“That’s a shame,” I say, scarfing down my rice. “You have an amazing kitchen. It’s professional-grade.”

“Yet all I use it for is to make coffee,” he says dryly, causing me to giggle again.

“Well, I’m going to put your kitchen to good use,” I declare. “I have to get my hands on that six-burner stove I saw!”

“I’ll hold you to that,” he grins, blue eyes dancing. “How are the chopsticks coming along? You look like you’re doing well,” he notes.”

I scrutinize my fingers.

“You know, I think I like using chopsticks more than using a fork,” I confess.

“They’re really not that bad once you know how to use them,” he says. “Look at you – now you’re a pro.” He points to my chopsticks as I nimbly pick up a few grains of rice.

“Yeah, I guess I am,” I say, laughing a bit.

“Let’s make a toast,” he says as he raises his glass.

“To what?” I ask as I raise mine as well.

“To you, Jenna,” he says. “For learning how to use chopsticks.”

“Okay, sounds good,” I giggle.

“Cheers,” he says.

“Cheers,” I repeat after him as our glasses clink against one another.

I’m not sure if it’s the glass of wine, but I feel warm all over. The air around us feels magical again, and I can’t stop staring into Drake’s eyes. I told myself that feelings for this man are wrong, but how can that be when everything feels so easy between us? I feel safe around him, and adoration radiates from his body. For a second, I forget that he’s my uncle, but then again, maybe that’s because he really isn’t.

But I still don’t understand why he cancelled on me last Sunday. Mom said he had to work, but I have a funny feeling that isn’t the truth. I’m not angry with him, but I do need to know what happened. I get that we’re in a tough situation, but that’s why I need the clarity — so that I can have peace of mind.

I stare down at my plate, nudging a piece of chicken with the chopsticks. This is the time to ask him, while things are relaxed. It’s now or never.

“I was surprised when my mom called me Sunday morning and said you couldn’t make it for the second day of Parents Weekend,” I begin a bit awkwardly. “I was really hoping you’d come.”

He sits back in his chair, places the chopsticks on his plate, and runs his fingers through his hair.

“Yeah, I want to apologize to you about that,” he says. “I woke up really early that morning feeling guilty about what we’d done. Don’t get me wrong, Jenna, I loved every second of it. Your body is gorgeous, and there aren’t many women who can take me the way you did. But your folks trusted me, and what we did violated their

trust. As a result, I took off,” he says simply.

I stare at him. “But what is this then?” I ask, gesturing to the food. “Is this our last dinner together?”

Drake sighs and looks down, his expression tortured.

“I don’t know. I told myself that it was wrong and that I had to stay away from you, but that’s easier said than done. I’ve been thinking non-stop about you, honey, and I had to see you. That’s why I texted you this morning,” he admits. “My willpower broke down.”

Something cracks a bit in my heart.

“I know. I felt a little guilty that next morning too,” I confess. “But I don’t regret what happened between us.”

“I don’t either. I care about you a lot, Jenna, and what happened that night wasn’t just sex,” he says in a low voice, his blue eyes flaring. “It was real.”

“I feel the same way,” I say softly.

“I’m glad,” he growls. Then, Drake digs inside the to-go bag and pulls out two fortune cookies, handing one to me. “Let’s see what our future holds.”

“Okay.” I grin as I take the cookie from him. I don’t have a clue what our future holds, but I’m hoping for the best. Obviously, our situation isn’t ideal, and I’m still unsure about what’s going on between us, but the here and now feels right, and that’s all that matters to me. I open the small, plastic pouch and crack open the cookie, taking the fortune out of the center and placing it on the table. Drake opens his and begins to read it out loud.

“Wait!” I interrupt.

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“What?” he asks, raising an eyebrow.

“You’re supposed to eat the cookie first before you read the fortune or else it won’t come true,” I giggle.

“Really? I had no idea,” he laughs. “I guess I’ve been doing it wrong my entire life.” He smiles at me, flashing that gorgeous grin. Then he munches on the cookie, finishing it in a few bites. “Can I read it now?”

“Yes, go ahead,” I say as I take another sip of wine.

“Alright.” He clears his throat before he reads it aloud. “You will meet a wizard who will guide the light. What the hell is that supposed to mean?” he asks. We both burst into laughter, the easy feeling between us restored.

“Maybe I’m the wizard who’s supposed to guide you?” I tease.

“Maybe,” he chuckles. “Okay, your turn.”

“Sure,” I say as I pick up the tiny sliver of paper. “Peace and happiness will be yours.” I smile as I stare at the fortune.

“Yours is way better than mine,” he says.

“Yeah,” I agree. “Maybe it’s a sign?”

“I think you’re right,” he agrees as he takes my hand and gently caresses it, those blue

eyes speaking volumes.

Suddenly, at his touch, my doubts fly away, and I'm no longer worried about what my family will think. Drake makes me happy in a way that I can't even explain, and that I didn't think was possible. He truly is the man of my dreams, and when I'm with him, it feels like we're in our own world, a world where we have a chance at real love.

"Thank you for inviting me over for dinner," I murmur shyly, looking down.

"Thank you for coming. For once, I don't have to be in this place all alone."

"I'm always happy to keep you company," I say shyly.

The handsome man doesn't speak for a moment. Then he gets up and walks over to my side of the table, giving me butterflies. His warm touch excites me as he reaches for my hand and then helps me up to my feet. Gently, he strokes my cheek with his thumb. I can feel the electricity building all around us; it's like there's a magnetic force pulling me toward him.

He pulls me against that broad chest, holding me in his embrace. His arms feel like they were made for me, as if their sole purpose is to keep me safe. Gazing into his eyes, dizziness sweeps over my frame and time stands still as we stare deeply into each other's eyes. Tilting my face up, Drake slowly leans in. OMG, this is the moment I've been waiting for all night; I've been anticipating his kiss since he texted me this morning. I've missed this man so much, and sure enough, as soon as our lips touch, fireworks explode. Electricity sends sparks coursing through my veins and I'm immediately warm and needy in his arms.

Sensing this, he lifts me into the air and places me on top of the dining room table. Pushing my dress up, he runs his hand up my thighs and yanks off my panties, tossing

them to the floor. As he kisses me, he gently massages my aching clit, causing me to moan softly, gushing into his hand.

“Fuck, you’re so responsive,” he rasps. “And it’s all for me.”

“Yes Daddy,” I sigh breathlessly, tilting my head back to expose my throat. “Take me any way you want.”

Drake breaks from our kiss and helps me lie back. Then, dropping his pants and boxers to his feet, he exposes that massive, stiff cock. The tip’s already gleaming with lust, and I lick my lips with anticipation because this time, I’m not nervous; I’m ready to feel him inside of me again. Drake knows, and he thrusts his hard wood deep inside of me with one powerful stroke.

“Unnnh!” I cry out, loving the deep penetration. “Oh my God!”

He stares into my eyes as he claims my drenched pussy.

“This is mine,” he rasps. “This curvy body belongs to me.”

We’re all alone in his huge penthouse, so I don’t have to worry about anyone hearing us. I let go and moan at the top of my lungs, calling out his name as he strokes me with that huge shaft. He kisses me passionately, and I run my fingers through his jet black hair as he thrusts harder.

“Oh, Jenna,” he grunts. “Baby, you feel so good.”

But then, he ceases his stroking, pulling himself out of me. I glance down at his dripping cock; it’s still rock hard. But Drake has plans, and spreading my legs open, he stares at the throbbing pink flesh between my thighs before touching my swollen cunt with two fingers. I shudder deliriously, arching my back.

“You’re so wet,” he says as he admires the way it glistens. “I have to taste you.”

Then, he bends to kiss the sweet cherry between my thighs, licking up one wall, before coming down the other side. He alternately licks and sucks on my clit as shivers wrack my body.

“Oh God! Don’t stop, please,” I beg.

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“Is this what you want?” Drake growls.

“Yes,” I pant. “Ooooh!”

He smirks, then wraps his lips around my clit, sucking it hard. Moans burst from my mouth as he strokes my sweet spot with his tongue. My legs tremble in his grasp, and I can hardly keep still. The sensation is too intense, and each delicious suckle brings me closer to climax.

“I love the way you taste, Jenna,” he rasps. “So amazing.”

With that, my moans grow louder as his tongue presses slightly harder against my swollen clit. Finally reaching my peak, I lose all control as sweet white cream gushes from my cunt and I scream to the heavens.

“Oh Drake!” is my ecstatic shriek. “Fuck!”

He jacks himself off as he devours every drop, leaving nothing behind. My frame trembles on top of the table, shaking with every stroke of his tongue. Then, pushing my legs apart, he slides his shaft inside of me again. I gasp as he thrusts every inch of his long, thick tool deep inside my needy box, and as he strokes in and out, I wrap my legs around him.

“I love you, sweetheart,” he grunts. I stare up into his eyes, my heart filled with joy.

“I know it’s wrong, but that’s how I feel. I adore you, honey.”

My eyes open wide as my body reaches another peak.

“I love you too, Drake,” I moan, convulsing in his arms. “Oh yes!”

He plants his lips on mine, and suddenly his big body tenses and he explodes too. Hot come surges from his rod into my sweetest spot, and my spasms pull the virility even deeper inside. He grunts with every heavy lash until he completely releases himself, filling me full of goodness.

Then, we pause for a moment. Placing his hands on the table, he hovers over me, still panting. I caress his arm, feeling like I’m walking on air. Then, Drake raises his head and looks at me before dipping down for a sweet kiss.

“Thank you honey,” he says in a low voice. “That was incredible.”

I smile beatifically. “Thankyou,” I say.

And with that, a new chapter begins. Drake kisses my forehead, causing a swarm of butterflies to flutter around inside of my belly, and I smile as we lock lips again. I guess my fortune was right because I’ve never been so happy in my entire life, and being with this man brings me peace and light.

13

Drake

“Arum and Coke,” I say to the blonde bartender standing behind the bar. “Thanks.”

“Sure, no problem,” she says as she reaches for a bottle of rum. “And for you, sir?” she asks, glancing at Liam.

“I’ll have the same...and your phone number,” my buddy says with a flirtatious grin.

“Sorry,” she says, smiling back at him. “I have a boyfriend.”

“That’s too bad,” Liam says, still flirting with her. She smiles politely as she makes our drinks and then heads to the other end of the bar to help two patrons who just walked in.

“She’s smoking hot,” my buddy mutters as he watches her walk away. “Like a Barbie-doll on triple-A batteries.” I glance at the skinny blonde and take a sip of my drink.

“Mmm, not my type,” I respond.

“Really? What’s your type then?” he asks. I think for a bit.

“Curvy brunettes,” I say.

Liam catches on immediately.

“Like the one you met at the Millers, right?” he asks.

“Yup,” I say. Of course, I haven’t told him the complete truth about Jenna yet. In fact, Liam doesn’t know anything about Jenna, except what I revealed on Thanksgiving. After all, my new relationship is taboo and I’m not sure the world should know yet.

But it feels right. Jenna and I have been dating on the sly for a few weeks now, and things are getting pretty intense between us. Every day, I find myself in awe of who this woman is. I didn’t think it was possible to feel this way about a woman, to be honest. She’s giving and loving, and hearing her laugh makes me happy. But how can this relationship move forward if we aren’t even supposed to be dating? There’s no way her parents would ever willingly consent to our liaison.

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“Yeah, I like her,” I say, taking another sip. “A lot.”

“You’ve gotta tell me more about this chick,” Liam presses. “Why are you being so fucking mysterious?”

“No reason, really,” I say casually. “Except that she’s a college student,” I begin.

“She’s in college?” he asks, expression incredulous. I nod, still staring into my glass. Then he claps me on the back. “Way to go, Drake! My man, the young ones are the best. Their bodies are still firm, and everything on them is where it’s supposed to be. Plus, in college means she’s old enough for you to fuck her hard, so that’s a plus too.”

I shake my head. My friend is such a dirty asshole, but it’s not that simple – her age isn’t the only factor in this problematic equation. The rest of it all is on the tip of my tongue, but I can’t bring myself to say it. Who wants to admit that they’re sleeping with their niece? It’s much more complicated than that, but I need a drink first to help me say what I need to say.

“Why the long face, bro?” Liam asks. “Shit, does your girl have any friends? I love them young ones,” he adds, already rubbing his hands with glee. “Come on, man. Tell me. You’re starting to worry me.”

I sigh heavily. This guy is such a dick. “There’s something else about her,” I hedge.

Immediately he goes serious.

“What is it?” he asks, staring intensely at me. “Does she have herpes?”

I scowl.

“No, she doesn’t have herpes. She’s...” I pause. “She’s actually my niece,” I finish.

“Come on, bro,” he chuckles. “Tell me the truth.”

“That is the truth,” I say. “I’m not joking.” His eyes grow wide, making me feel like the biggest douchebag on the planet.

“Dude, are you serious? Your fucking niece? You’re fucking your niece?” he exclaims.

“It’s not as bad as it sounds,” I say, but my friend won’t hear it.

“You better have a damn good explanation because it sounds rancid,” he says. He motions toward the bartender.

“Yes?” she asks as she walks over to us.

“We’re going to need another round of drinks, ASAP,” he announces.

“Right away,” she says as she pours rum into our glasses, followed by soda.

Maybe I shouldn’t have sprung this on my friend in a public place because usually, Liam’s a cool, laid back guy, but I think my confession just shook his entire foundation. He chugs half of his drink before the bartender makes it to the other side of the bar. Once she’s far enough away from us, I resume the conversation.

“Jenna isn’t really my niece. We aren’t biologically related, actually,” I explain.

“Who the hell is this girl again?” he asks.

“She’s Naomi’s niece. Naomi’s younger brother adopted Jenna when she was a baby,” I say.

“Wait a minute. So she’s your late wife’s younger brother’s adopted daughter?” he asks.

“It’s a mouthful, but yes,” I admit.

“Have you slept with her yet?” he immediately asks. I hesitate. I don’t want to admit that I took the innocent girl’s virginity. “Well?” he demands.

“Yeah,” I admit.

“And how old is she again?” he asks.

“She’s twenty, a grown woman now. A beautiful, intelligent, and incredible woman. She’s not like the women I’m used to. Jenna’s perfect in every way, and she blows me away with her intellect and goodness. Not to mention the mind-blowing sex we’ve been having every night.”

Liam is still shaking his head in wonder.

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“Fuck me,” he says.

I sigh.

“Really? That’s all you have to say?”

He merely shakes his head again.

“Well, I guess I’m happy for you, man,” he says. “Like you said, you’re not really related. But what about the rest of the Miller family? Have you told any of them yet?”

“No,” I confess, a knot forming in the pit of my stomach. “That’s where things get tricky.”

After all, Christmas is just around the corner, and the Millers are expecting me to be there per usual. But what will Jenna and I do? It would be hard to pretend.

“So, are you going to tell Naomi’s family?” he asks.

I shrug.

“I don’t know.”

Liam whistles.

“Bro, you’ve got to tell them. If you’re really serious about this woman, you can’t keep this relationship a secret.”

“I know, and I will eventually, but not yet. I just want to enjoy things a bit longer,” I say.

“Understandable, but just know that when you do tell them, you’re basically fucked. No more invites to family events, and her parents are going to despise you,” he warns. “Hell, they might even report you to the police.”

“I know.” I sigh heavily. “But nothing would come of it because Jenna’s legal, and we’re not related.”

Liam claps my back again.

“Yeah. But it’s not kosher either, and you know that. You need another drink, my brother,” he says as he motions toward the blonde bartender again.

I sigh because Liam’s right. The love the Miller family has for me will go out the window the second they find out about me and Jenna. Not that I would blame them. Hell, if Jenna were my daughter, I’d probably assault the man who took her virginity. Yet at the same time, she isn’t a little girl anymore; she can make her own decisions. Her family can’t control her life, and what we do in the bedroom is our business.

The bartender refills my tumbler and I stare at the amber liquid morosely. Fuck, what’s happened to my life? What I’ve found with Jenna is precious and rare, and I would never do anything to jeopardize what we have. Yet we have to, if we ultimately want to be together long-term.

“Let’s make a toast,” my friend announces. “You’re a crazy bastard, but I’m glad you’ve finally found love,” he says as he raises his glass. “Cheers.”

“Cheers,” I grunt as I lift my glass in the air and tap his.

Yet, what am I really celebrating here? My newfound relationship with Jenna, which could take a nosedive at any time? The fact that I'm creating secrets that are too big to be kept?

I take another sip of the rum and Coke, utterly depressed. This fucking sucks. Then, glancing at my watch, I check the time. Jenna should be getting out of class in twenty minutes, and we have plans for dinner tonight. My heart lifts, and I dig into my pocket and toss a fifty dollar bill onto the bar. It always makes me happy to see my girlfriend, even if Liam's words are a harsh dose of reality.

"I've got to run," I say.

"Okay, bro. It was good seeing you," he responds, his eyes on the pretty bartender again.

With that, I head out onto the streets of New York. The wind whips around my board shoulders, and I pull my coat closed. I'm not sure what's going to happen next, but one thing is definite: I'm not letting the curvy girl go.

14

Jenna

My hands tremble as I grip the positive pregnancy test between numb fingers. Feeling faint from the shock, I take a seat on the toilet, still staring at the result. I pinch myself to see if I'm dreaming, but I'm wide awake. Oh my gosh! How could this have happened? I mean, I know exactly how it happened, but what am I going to do now? I'm carrying Drake's baby inside of me. What am I going to do?

Suddenly, a knock at the penthouse's bathroom door startles me, and quickly, I hide the positive pregnancy test behind my back.

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“Yes?” I call out in a normal voice.

“Jenna, are you okay in there?” my lover growls from the other side. “Food’s getting cold.”

“Yes, I’m fine,” I stammer.

“Are you sure? You’ve been in here for a while,” he says.

“Um, sorry! I’m coming out now,” I reply with a faint tremor to my voice. “Go ahead and start without me. I’m not that hungry.”

He pauses for a moment.

“Sweetheart, are you sure? You love Italian.”

I smile weakly.

“Yes, I’m fine. I’ll be right out!”

“Okay.”

I hold my breath as his footsteps fade down the long hallway. Finally, Drake’s gone and I shove the test into the bottom of the trash can and cover it with toilet paper. I doubt Drake is the type to go fishing around in his bathroom garbage, but I don’t want him to accidentally find this thing. What was I even thinking, taking the test here? I should have done it in my dorm room.

But I did it, and now I know the answer. Staring in the mirror at myself, I take a deep breath, but it doesn't calm me down. My hands are still shaking, and I have a burning feeling in the pit of my stomach. Drake and I are madly in love and have been for the last six months, but we still haven't told my family about us yet. We've been waiting for the "right time" to break the news to them, but to be honest, I'm chicken. I keep putting it off because I'm such a coward.

But now, a baby changes everything. I have no choice other than to tell my family, but how? I place my hands on my stomach and stare down at it. I know we should have used protection, but some nights, we were so hot for each other that we forgot. Okay, that seems to keep happening, and in my heart of hearts, I know that it's not entirely true. I wanted it bare. I love having Drake hard and raw inside, pulsing deep as he fills my sweetness, but now there are consequences. OMG, what do I do?

After all, Drake said he wants a family, but we've only been dating for six months. What if he isn't ready to be a father yet? What if he was just saying that as something to happen in the future, but not now? Yet I can't raise this baby on my own. I'm still a college student, after all, and I can't imagine juggling studies with a newborn. Will I have to drop out?

I take another deep breath and with one last look in the mirror, turn the doorknob. I pull the heavy slab open, but the scent of the lasagna baking in the oven makes me gag. Retching painfully, I hold my stomach as I run back into the bathroom and vomit in the toilet. This must be morning sickness. I've heard that it can happen any time during the day, and not just in the morning.

"Jenna?" Drake calls out in a worried tone. "What's going on?" While I'm heaving, I feel his big form fill the doorway. "What's wrong?"

Oh gosh, I wasn't expecting to have to tell him while my head is in a toilet. He gently rubs my back as he hands me a tissue. I wipe my mouth off, then lean against the

bathroom wall with tears in my eyes. There's no easy way to reveal the news, and I wish I had more time, but it's now or never.

"Baby, are you sick? Do you need to go to the hospital?" he asks.

"No," I say as I stand up. I grab a bottle of mouthwash that's sitting on the sink and rinse my mouth out. The big man's eyes are locked on me as he waits for me to explain my sudden bout of illness, and I sigh heavily as I stare into his eyes. "There's something that I have to tell you."

"Shoot, honey. What is it?" he asks.

"Maybe we should sit?" I suggest weakly.

"Sure," he agrees as he takes my hand in his, gently pulling me out of the bathroom. His touch gives me comfort and settles my nerves, and we both take seats on the mattress. "Maybe you should lie down?"

"No, I'm okay," I say, smiling weakly.

"Okay," he replies. "Now, tell me what's going on, sweetheart. How can I help?"

The gorgeous man holds both of my hands as he stares into my eyes, and suddenly tears pool in my gaze. I want to tell him, but I'm terrified. The last six months we've spent together have been amazing. Sure, we don't go out much because we don't want my family to find out, but I don't mind hanging out at his penthouse because every moment I spend with him is magical. Telling him that I'm pregnant could shift the dynamics of our relationship forever.

"I don't know how to say this," I whisper as I stare down at the ground.

“Jenna,” Drake says as he places his hand underneath my chin and lifts my head. “Whatever it is, we can get through it together. I love you, and nothing will ever change that.” His reassuring words help me, and I take a deep breath.

“Well, I’m pregnant,” I announce, my voice trembling. “I’m having your baby. I just took a test in the bathroom.”

“What?” he growls, eyes widening. “Are you serious?”

I nod as my heart races. He grows quiet, and his silence makes my heart shudder. Oh God, he hates me. He’s going to tell me to get rid of the baby, and my heart will break. Suddenly, I wish I could take it all back.

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“You’re pregnant?” he asks.

“Yes,” I confirm in a soft voice.

“Oh, honey,” he says. To my surprise, he pulls me in close and wraps his arms around me. “You’ve just made me the happiest man on the planet.”

I pause, going still.

“Really?” I question, feeling shocked.

“Yes. I’ve wanted to be a dad for so long,” he says in an emotional tone. “And now it’s coming true.”

Holy shit, this is taking me by surprise.

“You’re not upset?” I ask him in a wavering voice.

“Of course not,” he says as he stares into my eyes. “I love you, and I want to start a family with you.” He places his hand on my stomach, and my heart fills with joy. “I can’t wait to meet our child, and I hope she looks just like you, sweetheart.”

The breath exits my body in a deep exhale.

“I’m glad you’re okay with this. I was so afraid to tell you,” I say in a small voice.

“Okay with it? This is the happiest moment of my life!” he exclaims.

“Yes, but I thought you were going to be angry at me,” I confess.

He fixes me with a look.

“Why? It’s not your fault. I was the one who didn’t use a condom a lot of the time, and I’m a grown man. I knows what happens when you don’t use protection when you’re inside a curvy, fertile girl. Honestly, I was kind of hoping it would happen.”

I stare at him.

“Really?”

He shrugs, smiling and a little shamefaced.

“Yes, honey. I love you, and while I know you’re still in school, I’ve been wanting a child for a while now. You’d make an incredible mommy, and while I didn’t plan for this, in the back of my mind, it was always a possibility. How far are you, do you know?”

I shake my head.

“No, because I’ve got to go to the doctor’s first. Maybe two months? I haven’t been tracking my period,” I apologize.

He pulls me into his arms and nuzzles my hair. “No, it’s fine sweetheart. I’ll go with you. This is exciting news, honey, and I want to be there.”

But then, I glance down at his hand on my belly and sigh heavily. I don’t want to ruin this special moment, but I can’t stop thinking about how my parents are going to react when they find out.

“What’s wrong?” he asks.

“I’m just worried about what Mom and Dad are going to say,” I confess.

My gorgeous boyfriend gathers me in his lap and holds me in his embrace. He kisses my shoulder, making me feel warm all over. Then, he gently strokes my tummy with his hand, undoing the knot that has formed inside of my stomach.

“We’ll tell them together, and we’ll get through this together. It’s my job to protect you now, and I don’t want you worrying because it could put the baby in danger. But I think things are going to be fine, sweetheart. No matter what, your parents will always love you, and they’re going to adore our child too,” he reminds me. “This is their grandkid after all.”

I know he’s right, but I still feel worried. Leanne and Michael will be horrified at first, but maybe over time, they’ll accept it. After all, I’m a grown woman, and I’m allowed to love whomever I want. Besides, again, Drake isn’t my real uncle, so we didn’t do anything wrong. In fact, he’s more like a family friend, and not a relative.

Then again, no parents ever want their daughter to do what I did. Yet, when Leanne and Michael see how in love we are, maybe they’ll accept our relationship. After all, Drake and I are starting a family together. There’s no turning back now, so I just hope and pray that my family comes around.

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Drake

Gracefully, Jenna walks across the yard, her loose fitting sundress blowing in the wind. I shouldn't stare, but I can't help myself. Luckily, everyone is preoccupied with the typical Fourth of July activities. Natalie and Kendrick are splashing around in the pool with Jack and Nancy's two boys while Leanne and Nancy decorate and set up the food. Michael and Jack are off to the side drinking a couple of beers and reminiscing about their childhood, and Gerald and Connie are sitting in the shade watching their grandkids swim in the pool.

I invited the Millers to spend the Fourth of July weekend at my house in the Hamptons for some relaxation, but also so that Jenna and I can tell them that we're expecting a child together. She's back home for the summer, and although she isn't showing yet, she will be soon. After all, her tummy's already started to pooch, and soon it'll be huge.

I turn away before anyone notices that I'm staring at my beautiful woman. After all, she's gorgeous and glowing, and I'm ecstatic that she has my baby inside. As if in a dream, I pick up some tongs next to the grill and flip over the sizzling beef patties. I need to get it together, and yet I'm so happy I could burst.

After all, I have a hidden agenda today. Putting the tongs down, I touch the tiny jewelry box in my pocket. I want to show Jenna and everyone in the Miller family just how serious I am about her, and the best way to do that is to propose.

To be honest, I've wanted to ask for weeks now, but I figured we should wait to get engaged until after her family knows about us. It couldn't happen soon enough

because I'm ready for us to be out in the open with our love; I'm tired of hiding it. Living like this is taxing, even if I adore every moment I spend with my girlfriend.

"Hey, Drake," Michael calls out to me. I look over my shoulder at the middle-aged man, and Jenna is standing by her father's side, her beauty radiating brighter than the sun. We lock eyes, and my heart skips a beat.

"Hey Mike," I reply. "What's up?"

He grins.

"Why don't you come over here for a bit and chat? The burgers will be fine," he says.

I hesitate, wondering if he knows something. Then I dismiss the misgivings. That's just me being paranoid, so I put down the tongs and shut the lid to the grill.

"Sure thing," I say. "Sounds great."

Walking over, I try my hardest to avoid looking at Jenna. One glance could make me lose my control because she's that beautiful and desirable. Meanwhile, Michael reaches into the cooler and pulls out a beer before popping the top and handing it to me.

"Thanks," I say as I take a sip. The drink is cool and refreshing.

"No, thank you," Michael intones. "Thanks again for inviting us. Your place is spectacular."

"Don't mention it."

"Yeah, but your summer home makes our apartment look like a closet," he jokes.

“Oh, come on, it’s not that huge,” I say.

His eyebrows practically pop off his forehead.

“Are you kidding me? Your pool house is a mansion in and of itself,” he says.

I chuckle because he’s right. Yet I envy Michael. His home is filled with love, and he gets to come home to a lovely family every night instead of a cold, dark, and lonely apartment. My home in the Hamptons is beautiful, but there isn’t a single family portrait inside. In fact, the walls are bare. As a result, on the surface, it may look like I have it all, but material possessions are useless if you can’t share them with someone who loves you.

Now, Jenna is that woman, and I reach into my pocket again, touching the jewelry box. I feel compelled to do it right here, right now, and slowly, I pull the box out of my pocket, but just as I do, Natalie lets out a loud shriek from the pool. We all spin and turn, and sure enough, Natalie’s just gotten out of the pool dressed only in a tiny bikini.

“Is anything wrong?” Leanne asks, rushing over.

“Oh, what?” Natalie asks innocently. “No, nothing’s wrong. Sorry, I think my foot just slipped a bit on the slippery deck.”

I frown. Obviously, the skinny blonde girl wanted everyone’s eyes on her, that’s all. But then I notice Jenna looking faint.

“Is everything alright?” I ask as I rush over to her. The buxom brunette looks out of it, and her skin is flushed.

“Jenna, sweetie, are you alright?” Leanne asks, coming to stand by her daughter.

“I’m just a little lightheaded,” she says faintly.

“Maybe you should have a seat,” Michael says as he holds onto Jenna and walks her over to a chair.

I follow closely behind. Could there be something wrong with the baby? I need answers, but her folks don’t know that she’s pregnant yet. Meanwhile, my beautiful girlfriend looks up into my eyes, and I can tell she wants me to comfort her, but we both know that can’t happen right now.

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“Are you feeling any better, sweetie?” Leanne asks like a worried hen.

“A little,” Jenna says, her voice a bit weak.

“Maybe you just need to eat something,” Michael suggests. “Nat, can we get —“

“I’ll see if the burgers are ready,” I interrupt.

“No, it’s fine,” Jenna protests, trying to stand up. “I’ll be alright.”

“Are you sure?” I ask.

“Yes-” But then her body crumples to the ground as she faints. With that, I rush over to the curvy girl and cradle her limp frame in my arms. Lifting her into the air, I carry her into the house and lay her down on a couch in the living room. I gently caress her cheek, but she doesn’t wake up. My heart sinks to the pit of my stomach as I worry about the safety of her and our unborn baby.

“Let me see,” Jack says as he nudges me aside. I’d punch this bastard right now if I weren’t so concerned about Jenna. But he was a volunteer EMT years ago, so he has some medical training that can be of use right now. “Leanne, grab some cold water and a few towels. I think she fainted from the heat.”

“Sure,” Leanne says in a worried tone as she scurries off.

I pace back and forth as I stare at my girl’s motionless body. Hopefully, Jack knows what he’s doing because I’ll kill him if he doesn’t. Then, Leanne returns with the

water and the towels in her hands. She gives them to Jack, and he pours the cool liquid onto a towel. I hold my breath as he dabs it on my girl's flushed face. Slowly, she wakes up, and I can breathe again.

"Oh, thank God!" Leanne shouts with joy.

"What happened?" Jenna asks as she looks around deliriously.

"You fainted from the heat. It happens sometimes to women in your condition," Jack explains.

"Her condition?" Michael asks. Jenna squirms as Jack stares at her with puzzled look.

"You're pregnant, aren't you?" he asks. "I mean, I haven't been an EMT in a long time, but I thought you were."

My heart pounds as everyone silently waits for Jenna to deny the statement. But instead, she looks around at all of the eyes on her, then stares at the ground and nods her head.

"Pregnant? Jenna?" Leanne questions.

"Don't worry, Mom. The father and I want this baby, and I know we'll be able to take care of it," Jenna says in a low voice. Her mother sputters.

"How? You don't have a job, and you're still in school," Leanne stammers.

"Who the hell is this guy? Someone from Marymount?" Michael asks, his eyes full of rage. "Fuck!"

With that, Leanne bursts into tears. Michael tries to comfort his distraught wife, but

she's inconsolable. She screams and wails as Michael spits nails, swearing to "tan this boy's hide" and "report him to administration." I can't take this any longer because it's utterly ridiculous. I kneel by Jenna on the ground, and take her soft hand in mine. She knows what I'm about to do, and squeezes my palm, her brown eyes wide.

"I'm the baby's father," I announce. Several people turn to look at us. "I know this is a shock to you all, but Jenna and I are in love with each other, and we're expecting a child."

"What the fuck?" Michael screams as he lunges toward me. "You're her uncle, you dirty old bastard! What the fuck is wrong with you?" Fortunately, Jack manages to grab Michael's arm, holding the enraged father back.

"Daddy!" Jenna cries. "It's not like that."

Meanwhile, I hold up a hand.

"Listen, Mike. I get why you're upset, but neither Jenna nor I planned this. We fell in love by chance, and now we're starting a family together. You can hate me all you want, but I love your daughter, and I'm willing to do whatever it takes to be with her," I growl.

"I've got to get out of here," Michael says as he pushes Jack off of him and storms out the door. "This is fucking disgusting! You're a lecherous old man hitting on your ownniece!"

The door slams and he's gone. Then, Jenna turns to Leanne with tears in her eyes.

"Mom, I know this isn't what you expected, but I really need your support on this. I need everyone's support. Drake and I know our relationship isn't traditional, but this

is what we want. I love him, Mom,” Jenna pleads. Leanne looks at us as a tear rolls down her cheek, but then she shakes her head and runs after her husband.

“I can’t, honey,” she says in choked sobs. “You’re his niece, and ... oh God!”

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With that, Leanne disappears too, leaving Jenna with tears in her eyes. Meanwhile, Jack turns to us with disgust in his gaze.

“She’s your niece, for crying out loud, and she’s half your age,” he says.

“Uncle Jack, we’re in love, and Drake isn’t really my uncle. We aren’t doing anything wrong by being together,” Jenna argues as she holds on tighter to my hand. “You know we’re not biologically related.”

“This is utter bullshit,” he scoffs. “Family is more than just DNA, and you know that. Nancy, get the boys and let’s go. This is a den of sin.”

Nancy nods, going outside to corral her kids. Jenna’s grandparents are completely speechless, and my heart twinges. I regret telling Gerald and Connie like this, but it was time for everyone to know the truth.

Soon, her grandparents also leave the living room, and Jenna and I are all alone. I knew there was going to be chaos, but I’d thought everyone would at least hear us out. Instead, I’m wrong. It seems everyone’s leaving the Hamptons, and that we do not have their blessing at all.

Regardless, I’m glad we told the Millers. After all, the beautiful brunette is the love of my life, and even if her family doesn’t approve, I’m still going to make her my wife.

Drake

The house is silent. The Millers have left, and now we're alone.

"Are you okay?" I ask.

"Not really," Jenna says as she sighs. "That went about as badly as it could."

"Do you feel like you're going to pass out again?" I ask, still concerned.

She grimaces.

"No, that's not it. I'm just upset because we don't have my parents' support," she says. "But then, what did we expect? It's not every day your daughter announces that she's dating her uncle."

She rests her head on my shoulder, nuzzling her cheek against my arm. I stroke her back with my hand as I inhale, and kiss her forehead softly, feeling a bit guilty about everything that just happened. We had to tell the Millers, but maybe there was a better way we could have gone about doing so. After all, their reactions were completely valid; I just hope that eventually, they'll change their minds and come around.

"I'm sorry," I apologize. "I should have handled that better."

Jenna sighs.

"It's not your fault, babe. We knew there was a possibility that things could blow-up," she reminds me. "I just didn't think it was be so awful."

"Yeah, your dad was ready to kill me."

“Sorry about that,” she apologizes.

“I kind of expected it,” I joke. “Hey, wouldn’t you want to blow off my head if you were your dad?”

She giggles, and the sound of her laugh warms my heart. I don’t blame Michael. Now that I’m about to be a father myself, I can understand why he’s so protective of his daughter. Hell, if my daughter were dating someone twice her age, that would already put me over the top. Add in the uncle thing, and it’s even more unpalatable.

“Well, it looks like the barbecue is over,” Jenna sighs.

“Yeah, I know. Too bad we have to throw all of this food away.”

She stares blankly off into the distance, and I can tell her mind is wandering. Gently, I stroke her hair, wondering what she’s thinking about. I hope she doesn’t regret telling her folks because I don’t – not one single bit. Now that they know about us, we don’t have to sneak around anymore. We can finally go out on a real date without worrying about running into various Miller family members. We don’t have to hide anymore; we can shout our love from the rooftops.

“What’s on your mind?” I ask gently.

Slowly, she turns toward me, her eyes watery in the light. Uh oh, what could it be? Her bottom lip quivers as she hesitates.

“Jenna, sweetheart, what is it? Do you feel sick again?” I ask.

“No, it’s not that,” she says softly as she shakes her head.

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“What is it? Just tell me,” I growl. She hesitates again, each second driving me insane.

“Well, did you mean what you said?” she finally asks.

“What do you mean?” I ask. “Which part?”

She gulps.

“What you said before about getting married.” I stare into her warm brown eyes, and my heart instantly turns into putty.

“Every word,” I say as I slowly reach into my pocket. I’d wanted to do this in front of her family, but with all of the pandemonium going on around us, it slipped my mind. Now, I’ve never been more sure about anything in life than I am about her. I used to think that I would never find love again, and I was ready to settle for a life of loneliness, but then Jenna came.

I gaze deep into her chocolate irises as I pull the jewelry box out of my pocket and take one knee. The large stone sparkles in the light, throwing small glimmers throughout the room.

“Jenna Miller, I love you,” I intone in a low voice. “I don’t want to come between you and your family, but I love you too much to stop,” I say. “Will you do me the honor of becoming Mrs. Drake Morgan? Will you make this wretch a happy man?”

Her eyes glimmer with tears.

“Yes, Drake, I’d love to become your wife, and my family will change their minds, you’ll see. They just need to see how serious we are,” she says.

I stare into those warm brown eyes.

“But what if they don’t? What if they never approve of us being together? I don’t want to be the reason you drift away from your family,” I say.

She squeezes my hand, still smiling.

“That won’t happen. Sure, Mom and Dad are upset now, but it won’t always be this way. They love me, and I know that deep down inside, they want what’s best for me. This is what’s best for me. You are what’s best for me,” she says before leaning in to press her lips against mine.

With that, I seize her mouth and claim this woman. My heart races as we kiss, and inside, I exult. I know for certain that I want to feel this way forever. I have the woman that I love, and she’s carrying my child. Maybe our relationship is untraditional, but it’s the kind of love most people hope to find one day. The same kind Jenna reads about all of the time in those romance novels. Only this isn’t fiction – it’s real.

Placing my hand on her stomach, I gently rub the small pooch as I kiss her forehead. My baby is in there. The beautiful brunette looks up into my eyes and smiles, warming my heart. Nothing else seems to matter when I’m holding Jenna in my embrace, and now, our time together will last for eternity.

Epilogue

Jenna

A moan flows from my lips as Drake sucks on my clit. He places his hand over my mouth to keep me from being too loud. After all, our baby girl, Emily, finally fell asleep an hour ago, and the last thing we want to do is wake her. She's in the next room and the door is closed, but things can get pretty loud when Drake and I make love.

My legs begin to shake as he strokes my throbbing flesh with his tongue. My mouth is covered, but somehow, my melodious groans break free from his hand. I can't help it; the sensation makes my entire body tingle and my back arches with pleasure.

"Mmmm!" I cry out. "Oh god, yes!"

"You taste so good," he whispers, teasing my clit with his lips. "Like the sweetest honey."

I bite my lip and try not to moan. Yet, I don't think I can hold back any longer because I'm about to lose control. A burst of moans flows from my lips as creamy come rushes from my wet cunt, but Drake's ready. He swallows it all, gulping furiously and then grabs my quivering legs and holds them still.

Slowly, my husband maneuvers his huge form on top of me. As he kisses me passionately, I can't help but feel like the luckiest woman in the world. Everything that we've been through together has been totally worth it. It was difficult at first because my parents wouldn't speak to us. They accused Drake of seducing a naive, innocent girl and then knocking me up. They couldn't understand that I made these choices of my own free will, and that our love is very real.

Plus, it wasn't just my parents. For a while, I wasn't speaking to my entire family. I get that everyone was shocked by our relationship, but they treated Drake as if he was an evil criminal. Grandma and Grandpa accused him of disrespecting my Aunt Naomi's memory and questioned if he ever really loved her. Jack and Nancy went

no-contact, telling people that he was a child molester. But Drake handled it well. He said everything would pass, and sure enough, it did.

After all, little Emily was born, and that's when the ice began to thaw. My mother and father looked into their new granddaughter's baby blue eyes, and they couldn't help but fall in love. Although things aren't totally back to normal yet, Leanne and Michael adore Emily, and will occasionally babysit for her. They've even said a grudging hello to Drake in passing, and acknowledge his presence, which is more than I expected.

I gently caress my husband's back as we share an intense kiss. Slowly, he eases his stiff cock inside my soaking wet pussy, causing me to gasp. Then, he pushes my legs back as he strokes deep inside of me. His blue eyes still make my heart pound inside of my chest, and I gaze into them deeply as we make love. Gently, he rubs my clit as he hits my G-spot and I try to stifle my groans, but it's impossible.

"Ohhh!" I moan throatily. "You feel so good, Daddy!"

Dark streaks decorate his cheekbones as he enters me again and again, filling me with that stiffness.

"Yes, baby," he growls. "Enjoy it. Take it all."

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I squeal again, so close to the edge, but my husband's not done yet. Slowly, he pulls all the way out and I gasp upon seeing the slippery rod, pulsing with veins. Then he lowers the tip and presses gently against my dark hole.

“Can you handle this tonight?” he murmurs against my throat. “You know how much I like it.”

It's true. Drake introduced me to the pleasures of anal, and now, we engage in back door sex on the regular. Like a little whore, I lift my knees up by my ears, and roll my pelvis up so that my brown buttonhole winks at him.

“Of course I can handle it,” I invite throatily, flexing my anus at him. “This is all yours, Daddy.”

With that, Drake presses against the sensitive pleats, and at first, there's no movement. But he's gentle, and soon my sphincter releases with an audible pop and he slides all the way in.

“Fuck baby girl. You're such a butt slut you know that? Taking Daddy in one stroke.”

I merely giggle while clenching my rectum.

“Oooh, but I like it,” I hum. “Mmm, do me deep, Daddy.”

With that, the sensual session continues. Drake takes me thoroughly, and soon the deep penetration has turned into a frenzied pounding. We both cry out with ecstasy, and suddenly I soar over the edge.

“Daddy!” I scream. “Oh, I love you!”

He moans again before jerking and spurting.

“I love you too, sweetheart,” he rasps, pumping my bottom full of virility. “Always, baby girl.”

We moan and convulse some more, our bodies pulsing with coordinated energy as love encircles us. But eventually everything ends, and soon we drift back to Earth, our bodies sheened in sweat. Drake sees my look of concentration and he frowns before kissing my lips.

“What’s wrong, sweetheart?” he asks. “That was amazing.”

“It’s nothing,” I sigh. “I’m just thinking about losing a few pounds, that’s all,” I say.

“What? Why?” he asks.

I smile ruefully, pinching my tummy.

“Well, I’ve gained some weight since having Emily, and I want to slim down to the size that I was before,” I say.

My husband shakes his head, those blue eyes flaring. Drake’s still so gorgeous that sometimes, I have trouble believing that I’m married to him.

“You look beautiful just the way you are, baby girl. You don’t need to lose a single pound,” he declares as he gazes into my eyes.

“You really think so?” I ask.

“Yeah, and in fact, I think you would look great with an extra fifty pounds.”

“Fifty?” I ask as I laugh. “That’s a lot of extra weight, babe. I mean, that’s really a huge number.”

“I know,” Drake says, his eyes gleaming. “But you’d be extra-sexy, honey.” Still, I’m skeptical.

“You really would want to see me fifty pounds heavier?” I ask incredulously.

“Yup, without a doubt,” he nods. “I love that we have a daughter together, honey, and being a father of one baby makes me want to have a few more. The reason I want you to put on an extra fifty pounds is because I want us to have another child stat.”

“You do?” I ask, blinking and startled. “But we just had Emily!”

He grins.

“I know, but I want us to have a huge family,” he says. “I didn’t have any siblings growing up, and at times, it got pretty lonely. I want Emily to have brothers and sisters to play with, and that’s something that I always admired about the Millers too. Your family is close, and I want that for myself too.”

I gently stroke his arm.

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“My family will accept us again. Just give them time, Drake. It hasn’t been that long.”

He nods, his blue eyes flaring.

“I know, sweetie, but in the meantime, I want to make my own family with you.”

His words fill me with joy because being a mother has completely changed my life. I took some time off from Marymount to have Emily, and have never regretted it. I’ll go back to school one day, but obviously that time isn’t now. Drake wants children, and I’m only too happy to give them to him.

“Yes,” I whisper before leaning in for a kiss. “I want to have more babies too. Fill me up with your love, oh husband of mine.”

With that, my gorgeous man pushes me back on the mattress and seizes my mouth in an adoring kiss. After all, we may have torn the Millers asunder, but everything will heal eventually. In the meantime, Mr. Morgan wants babies, and I’m going to give them to the handsome man because that’s what I want too.

THE END