



Her Mafia Enforcer (Dark Short Reads)

Author: *Cleo Noir*

Category: Action&Adventure

Description: Warning: This steamy age-gap mafia romance contains graphic violence, dark themes, and explicit scenes. This is a short smutty read.

I've watched him for years my father's deadly best friend, Chicago's most feared enforcer.

I've been obsessed with him since I knew what desire meant.

At nineteen, I'm done being the innocent girl he ignores.

My plan is foolproof: go to his fight club.

Seduce his champion fighter.

Make him notice me.

Break down his legendary control.

I'm about to step into his domain uninvited. And suddenly, he is a possessive beast, with his gun pressed against my skin.

You're stupid for falling in love with a monster, he warns.

I might be young, but I know what I want.

And I must have the monster.

Trigger warning: This standalone novella contains mature themes, dub-con, guns and violence, and scenes that some readers might find triggering. Features a possessive MMC, virgin FMC, forbidden desire, and intense steam.

Total Pages (Source): 6

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Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:39 am

Adrian

“Adrian,” Bianca moaned, her nails dragging across my back, the sting sharp enough to break the skin. Her body moved against mine, so fucking desperate, her breath hot and heavy in my ear. But the sounds—her sounds—fucking grated against my ears. They were too breathy, too much like a fucking performance that didn’t even come close to what I needed to hear right then.

“Be quiet,” I gritted out, and her face turned angry. Leaning down, I kissed her. Corrected myself. “Quieter. Don’t want the neighbors to complain, do we?”

“You used to like when I screamed for you,” she panted, her breasts bouncing with my thrusts, and, God , I tried. I tried to focus, to make this feel like something more than just flesh and friction—but it felt impossible. Bianca’s perfume felt too cloying, nothing like the soft floral that haunted me in my office after Lina left.

Fractured light cast over the bed, highlighting her golden skin, a shade too light for my liking. My eyes squeezed shut, but that only made it worse. The taste of whiskey burned on my tongue, but it wasn’t enough to drown the thoughts that clawed at my brain, relentless and cruel.

Lina.

Her name whispered through me like a curse, invading every corner of my mind. She wasn’t here, but I could hear her just the same—her voice low and throaty, laced with teasing defiance this afternoon. Curvy hips, long legs. Sitting on my desk like it was hers, legs crossed at the ankles. Those fucking high heels were just another sign that

she'd grown up while I wasn't looking. Just another sign that she was a woman.

“Did you miss me, Adrian? College sucks without you guys.” She'd grinned, and her coy smile and fluttering eyelashes left me hard. “Dad says I'm staying by you for a bit. You don't mind, right?”

Of course, I fucking mind. I'd spent months trying to get her out of my head, and now she was back again. I remembered everything.

That meeting at her father's.

Business that never felt like it was fucking done. Leaving the office at three in the morning. That night, in the guest wing of her father's estate.

The walls were far too thin for the money Dante spent on it. Thin walls. Too much wine. I'd been passing by her bedroom door when I froze, her muffled gasps slipping through the door, soft at first but growing louder. Her moans were rich, raw, unrestrained, and I'd been rooted to the spot, my blood igniting as the sound of her pleasure crashed into me like a tidal wave. Blood was pumping to my cock, making it harder than it had ever been before.

I hadn't been able to move, couldn't fucking breathe, as heat coiled low in my stomach, shame and arousal warring inside me. The fucking sounds she made when she didn't know anyone could hear her.

I'd heard everything: the way her pussy grew so wet she couldn't muffle it, the buzzing of the vibrator.

My fucking name on her lips.

Even now, just the memory of it made my chest tighten and my skin burn. Her sounds

had been real. Fucking real. They'd reverberated through me like a damn symphony, every gasp, every broken plea wrapping around my throat and squeezing. Bianca's noises? They were pale imitations.

I moved harder, faster, trying to block it out, trying to focus on the present. Pushing two fingers into her soppy cunt, curling my fingers in beside my dick—just the way she liked it.

Her hazel eyes grew wide, and Bianca arched beneath me. Her moans grew higher, pussy growing wetter. Warmer. Sucking me in and caressing me—but it all felt so fucking flat. Her legs wrapped tighter around me, her fingers clutching at my shoulders, but none of it mattered. It wasn't Lina. It could never be Lina. Lina was nineteen fucking years old. Lina was my best friend's daughter. What the fuck was wrong with me?

"Adrian," Bianca gasped again, her voice grating at my ears.

"You like that?" I growled, fucking her harder as if that would bring me back to this moment instead of the one in my head. Her movements grew more frantic, the sounds of her wet pussy filling the room. It still didn't feel like enough. "You want me to cum, Bianca?"

"Please," she begged, arching up. "Cum in me, Adrian, I want to feel you cum in me."

I clenched my jaw, sweat dripping down my face as frustration built inside me like a dam about to burst. I shouldn't be thinking about Lina. I shouldn't be remembering the curve of her lips, the way her dark eyes burned with mischief and hunger. I shouldn't be picturing her in those ridiculous heels that made her legs look endless. Shouldn't be picturing how fucking gorgeous she'd look spread out beneath me, heels cutting into my skin. I'd let her wear them while I fucked her. I knew how much she

loved them.

I groaned, low and guttural, the sound tearing from my chest like a man being dragged under. Bianca's breath hitched, her nails scoring across my back in what I assumed was a triumph. But I wasn't here—not really. I was back in that hallway, hearing Lina's voice break into desperate, breathless cries that echoed in my mind long after I'd walked away. My name, she'd moaned. My. Fucking. Name —and then, suddenly, I wasn't imagining her anymore. The door creaked, and my focus snapped toward that sound. My rhythm stuttered, my eyes drawn to parted lips that didn't belong to Bianca.

Lina.

Fuck, what was she doing?

She stood there, her silhouette sharp against the dim light spilling in from the hall. Her dark eyes were wide, her face pale, and for a split second, raw emotion twisted her features—shock, anger, jealousy. Pure fucking heat. My chest locked up, every muscle in my body coiling like a live wire.

“Fuck,” I muttered, the word ripped from my throat as my body betrayed me. Release crashed into me, sudden and violent, my groan breaking free as I buried my face in my arm as my body toppled on Bianca's.

Bianca stilled beneath me, her body going rigid as she realized I was done—and she wasn't.

“Wait- what the hell, Adrian?” she snapped, whined , as she shoved at my chest. “Are you fucking kidding me?! You didn't even...” She trailed off, her head turning toward the doorway. The moment she spotted Lina, her jaw dropped.

“What the fuck is this?” Bianca demanded, her voice sharp and biting. She scrambled out from under me, grabbing the sheet to cover herself as she sat up. Her glare bounced between me and Lina, disbelief quickly morphing into disgust.

“Bianca,” I started, but she cut me off with a bitter laugh.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” she said, shaking her head. “ You didn’t say you were fucking babysitting this weekend! ” Her words were a hiss, her anger palpable—but my focus wasn’t on her tantrum as she grabbed her things.

Lina’s expression hardened at the words, her chin lifting in defiance. She could get as angry as she wanted, that’s exactly what this fucking was. I was babysitting her. That’s what Dante asked me to fucking do, not picture his daughter underneath me while I fucked another woman.

“Is that why you wanted me to shut up?” she snarled, eyes flashing. “Next time you call me, make sure there’s no one else here... Actually , you know what? Just don’t,” Bianca sneered, throwing the sheet aside as she slipped off the bed. Snatching her dress off the floor, she glared at me, an accusation in her eyes. I ignored it. She couldn’t fucking know, and we’d broken things off long before Lina started fucking with my head. “God, you’re still such a fucking mess, Adrian.”

“Bianca,” I warned, my voice low, but she just shoved her feet into her heels, her hair a wild mess as she turned back to me.

“You shouldn’t be spying on your elders,” she said, her eyes narrowing on Lina. “Didn’t your father ever teach you how to fucking knock?”

My temper flared, and I snapped out in a voice that not even I recognized right then, “Get out, Bianca.”

“Fine!” she shouted, and the door slammed shut behind her, leaving the room suffocatingly quiet.

“What are you doing in my room, Lina?” I said, my voice rough, my chest heaving. “You know you can’t just barge in.”

“I needed something.” She laughed, bitter and mocking. “You never minded before.”

Her words cut deep, sharper than any knife. I’d never minded before because normally, I knew better than to have someone over while she was here, so it wasn’t like she was walking into anything. I scrubbed my jaw, aggravated by her and Bianca and the tension that refused to leave me.

“You weren’t using a condom,” she said, her eyes lingering on my cock. It hardened under her gaze, and I slammed my eyes shut, a curse on my lips as I grabbed a pillow. It didn’t block out the sound of her bare feet padding against my floor. “Not very smart of you, Adrian. Bianca doesn’t seem like she’d make a good mother for your children.”

My chest fucking ached, my mind flicking to an image of Lina with a rounded belly. Never. That was never fucking happening.

“For fuck’s sake, Lina,” I growled, my voice tight, raw. She had no fucking clue how little control I had right then. “You’re nineteen, you shouldn’t even be thinking about sex!”

“Bullshit,” she shot back, her eyes blazing. “Plenty of nineteen-year-olds have sex, Adrian. I’ve seen a dick before.”

I did not need to fucking know that. In two strides, I was in front of her, my hand gripping her chin. Her skin was warm, her pulse racing under my fingertips.

“Don’t talk about that when you’re with me,” I hissed, my voice low and dangerous.
“You’re toofucking young, you don’t even know what you’re playing with.”

“Don’t I?” she challenged, her breath brushing against my lips.

God help me, she was too close. Too tempting. Too fucking everything.

“Get out of my room, Lina.” I slipped past her, holding open the door. “I’m not talking again.”

I needed more fucking rules for her and me. Lina fucking Morano was off-limits.
Point fucking blank.

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Lina

The dim light of the mirror flickered, casting a ghostly glow over my reflection. I stood in Adrian's penthouse bathroom, the sleek marble surfaces and dark wood fixtures muddled by my makeup. Adrian was going to be pissed when he saw it.

A smirk curled on my lips in the mirror. Petty? Perhaps.

The sound of the tap running was loud in the quiet bathroom, but it barely masked the thoughts that kept playing over and over in my mind—the images. Of him, his tattooed arms holding him over her. Bianca fucking Salvatore. The Mafia's favorite whore. Okay, that was probably a bit mean, but she was definitely Adrian's favorite whore.

My lips wobbled a bit, and I sniffed, staring up at the ceiling. I would not fucking cry. I'd just spent two hours on this makeup. I was not going to cry about it—but I could hear the smack of their hips in my head. I could see him driving his cock into her.

I brushed a line of crimson lipstick across my lips, my movements precise and deliberate. Each stroke, every breath, was a reminder of the control I once had and how swiftly he had stripped it from me.

The ache was sharp, relentless. Even now, with the sting of betrayal fresh in my veins, my body betrayed me. The memory of Adrian—his sweat-soaked skin, his guttural moans—made my skin flush and my pulse quicken. Yet, there was more than anger. There was something darker, something colder beneath the surface.

I set the lipstick down, letting my fingers trail down the smooth curve of my neck. The dress clung to me—sleek, black... short enough that my father would've murdered me if he saw it. Adrian was going to fucking freak out. He liked to make Dad out to be controlling, but it was nothing on him. A smile lingered on my lips, memories of him looking after me while Dad was on his business trips. He doted on me, and I even had my own room here.

My smile turned to a frown. Why couldn't he see we were perfect for each other?! Why the fuck was he with her again! The ache shifted into fury, and with every beat of my heart, I promised myself that tonight, no one was going to accuse me of being a little girl. Let's see what Adrian thought of that .

I slipped into the heels, the sound of my footsteps echoing off the marble floors as I moved through his home with ease. His bedroom was right next to mine, the open door a reminder of how grumpy he'd been when I barged in. I honestly hadn't thought twice, I just needed help with something in the kitchen. He was normally okay with my midnight snacking—and okay, I could understand getting irritated about what I'd walked in on, but I mean, come on . What I saw hurt me a lot more than it hurt Bianca.

I missed the comfort of not having to worry about any other woman in his apartment.

Sighing, I left the apartment, closed the front door, and sauntering over to the driver waiting for me downstairs. The club was just a few minutes away, but Dad was so overprotective. I rolled my eyes. Ridiculous, really.

When I finally stepped into the underground club, the air shimmered with anticipation. The low hum of conversation and the occasional sharp laugh echoed through the dimly lit space, adding to the intoxicating atmosphere of power and

chaos.

The bass pounded through my chest, each beat seductive and dark, loud enough to cover the sound of the fights, and the crowds cheering them on. His bouncers knew me, I didn't get carded, and they opened up the path so that no one would bump into me as I walked toward the bar. I barely noticed, my mind stuck on last night. My jaw grew tight. Bianca Salvatore and her perky tits pressed against his chest, the sight of her nipples seared into my mind, fueling every step I took. I hated her.

I moved through the crowd, and the focus shifted from those around me to him. Adrian. My breath hitched as his gaze found mine easily, as though he had been waiting for me. He was the dark king of this twisted empire.

I wanted to be his queen, but I'd take him apologizing if that's all I could get tonight. I wanted that so badly, I used to be able to taste it. It tasted like I imagined his kisses would, temptation personified.

Now, it was tainted with the memory of what he was doing last night.

Furious, I ignored him and those gorgeous green eyes of his. The sheer intensity of his eyes was enough to weaken my knees. He was gorgeous. Lethal. Mine. Why couldn't he just see that?

He will, I told myself, lips curving into a smile. I'd make him see that tonight. Adrian was going to regret ever touching her. I would make sure of that.

The air was thick—humid, pulsating with the beat of a thousand hearts. The scent of whiskey and sweat wafted through the crowd, mingling with the intoxicating allure of danger.

The crowd was a sea of bodies moving to the rhythm of the music, all eyes either

indifferent or searching for their next conquest. Tonight, I was just another girl looking for a good time. That's all I wanted them to see.

My gaze swept the room until I found him. Enzo. A fighter. Tall, lean, and with an edge of arrogance that made him perfect for what I wanted. Enzo, with his smug grin and confident air, was the perfect pawn.

I moved closer to him, the weight of the crowd easing as we made our way toward a quieter corner of the club. Enzo's eyes never left mine, his cocky smirk steady, though there was something simmering beneath it—a flicker of doubt, a flicker of anticipation.

“Hello, gorgeous,” he purred, leaning toward me as I slipped into the booth beside him. Always such a flirt. Normally I'd ignore it, my attention on Adrian. Adrian with his eyebrow piercing and his dark hair falling over his eyebrows. Adrian, who was older, his muscles matured from all that time he'd spent in the ring, and his body started to soften slightly from age.

Enzo was going to be fucking ecstatic when I played along, but it was going to be so difficult when all I ever wanted was on the other side of the club.

“I saw your win the other night,” I said softly, my voice a gentle tease. “Very impressive.”

Enzo's eyebrows lifted slightly. His ego was inflating just enough to keep him interested. “You noticed?”

I smiled, the expression a slow, deliberate curl of my lips. “Of course. How could I not? You know I like a good fight.” Not a lie, at least. A little blood shouldn't have made my body tingle, but what could I say? I was my father's daughter.

His smirk deepened, but his eyes flickered, subtly searching for my angle. He wasn't used to compliments that came without strings attached. "You know what it's like," he shrugged. "Adrian's been working me a little harder. He needs his men in top shape."

Oh, don't I know it. There'd never been anything hotter than gawking at Adrian in a pair of sweatpants, shirtless and sweating while he made the fighters work for his approval. I'd always wondered if he was the same in bed if he'd be the same with me, making me sweat until we got it just right.

A flash of Bianca's pussy, dripping from his cum made me want to scream. I bit it back, a teasing grin on my mouth to hide the anger. "Adrian hardly has to push you," I laughed. "You've always been so hard-working," I murmured, brushing a stray strand of hair behind my ear. "It's one of the things I like about you."

Enzo leaned in slightly, his breath brushing my cheek as his voice lowered. "And what else do you like?"

I allowed a soft laugh to escape, the sound light and teasing. "Confidence is always attractive, but what really gets me is someone who knows when to take a risk."

"And do you like risks, Lina?" he asked, his voice a murmur, full of curiosity.

"I thrive on them," I said, my tone smooth, seductive. "Especially when I know I'm in control."

Enzo's lips parted slightly, his breath hitching as he absorbed the weight of my words. His eyes darkened, the layers of his facade peeling away. He was used to being the one in control, but I was dismantling him piece by piece. I could practically feel him in the palm of my hands. So easy to crush. Adrian would never let me get away with taking control... not in my head, at least.

“I can see that,” he whispered, his voice a low hum of desire. “You don’t play games lightly.”

“No,” I responded softly, leaning in just a fraction more. “I play to win.”

His eyes dipped to my lips for a fleeting moment before returning to meet my eyes. There was a flash of temptation, a battle fought between restraint and indulgence. But I had him on a leash, every word carefully chosen, every touch calculated.

“And tonight?” he murmured, his voice a husky whisper. “What’s the game?”

I stepped back, the slightest distance between us, a tease more potent than any touch. “Tonight?” I repeated softly, the smile lingering on my lips. “I’m just looking for some fun. You look like you’d be a good time. Will you?”

“I could make you forget your name,” Enzo murmured, startling a laugh out of me. Somehow, I doubted that. His smirk faltered for a second, his mind racing as he tried to regain control. But the uncertainty was there, shadowing his confident demeanor. “You enjoy this, don’t you?”

“Being in control? Every second,” I admitted, my voice silky. “Do you like having a woman in control, Enzo?”

Enzo’s breath hitched once again, his cocky facade slipping further. He was playing by my rules now, each moment feeding into the tension between us. His cocky grin was fading, replaced by something more primal, more hungry.

“I’m not used to losing control,” he admitted, his voice rough with the edge of desire.

I let out a soft laugh, my eyes gleaming with amusement. “Don’t worry, Enzo. I’ll make sure you enjoy every second of it.”

The line between control and surrender blurred, the air thick with the tension of what was to come. Enzo's smirk returned, sharper now, but his darkened eyes told a different story—one where the chase had already begun.

"I think I'll enjoy this more than you expect," he whispered, his voice promising as he leaned to brush his lips against mine.

Pulling away, I dragged my eyes across his body. "We'll see." I turned to walk away, only glancing back with an arched brow and a, "Coming?"

"I plan to," he answered, his eyes locked on my legs.

Good.

Enzo exhaled sharply, a shiver running through him, but he followed without hesitation. Such a good little soldier.

When we reached Adrian's office, the tension was almost palpable. I pushed the door open, revealing the space—my favorite space and a stark contrast to the chaos of the club outside. Enzo hesitated, his confidence wavering just slightly. His eyes scanned the room. "Are you sure we should be in here?"

"Please, Adrian hardly even comes in during the fights," I scoffed, grabbing him by the collar and kicking the door closed behind us. "Now, where were we?" I purred, pushing him against Adrian's desk. I'd lost count of how many times I'd pictured myself on it, Adrian thrusting between my thighs.

Enzo's chest rose and fell with shallow breaths, his pulse hammering beneath my fingers. I watched him carefully, savoring the shift in control. The cocky smirk had faded, replaced by something raw—something far more vulnerable. I let my hand glide lower, feeling the firmness of him beneath the fabric, my fingers brushing

against the waistband of his pants.

“Impressive,” I whispered, my voice a soft tease. I allowed my lips to curve into a slow smile. “Big, too,” I added, watching the way his body tensed beneath my touch.

He exhaled sharply, his hands gripping the edge of Adrian’s desk as if it were the only thing keeping him grounded. His breath was shallow and uneven. His eyes fluttered, looking down, then flicking up to meet my stare—searching for control, for a way to regain it.

I leaned in closer, my breath grazing the skin of his neck. “I wonder,” I murmured, my voice low and sultry, “how much of this you can handle.”

“Anything you give me,” he answered honestly, breathlessly, as I unbuttoned his pants, pulling them down to reveal his ruddy cock. He was hard, the tip already wet with his precum.

“Promises, promises,” I murmured, curiously swiping my finger across his slit. His hips jerked, cock slipping away. I couldn’t help but pout, last night’s lie repeating in my mind. I hadn’t seen anyone else’s dick. Just Adrian’s... and now Enzo’s.

Getting onto my knees, I made space between his thighs, meeting Enzo’s heated stare as I leaned forward.

Slowly, my tongue traced the head of him, teasing him. Enzo’s breath hitched, a quiet groan slipping past his lips. His body reacted instantly, betraying the facade of confidence he had once worn so effortlessly. I sucked him in, my nose wrinkling at the taste. Salty... sour. Not my favorite, but I could do it for just a bit longer.

Enzo’s hand reached out to grasp my hair. “Swallow me deeper,” he said, his voice hoarse.

I pulled away, shaking my head. “I’m in control,” I teased, sucking on him again as curses spewed from his lips—but just as the tension reached its peak, the door slammed open, shattering the moment.

Adrian.

“What. The. Fuck. Are. You Doing?” He gritted out, his eyes nearly black from anger. I arched a brow, and his jaw clenched tightly, his fists trembling at his sides.

Enzo jolted, his face growing white in my periphery. “Boss! I-I... she... We didn’t think you’d come-”

I hardly paid attention to his stammering, but Adrian’s eyes flicked from me to Enzo, his face forming a sneer as he focused on my hand, the dick in my palms, the precum on my lips. The flash of realization made satisfaction flicker through me—until he pulled out his gun and shot the wall behind Enzo.

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Adrian

“What the fuck, man!” Enzo yelped, eyes wide as I slammed the door behind me with a satisfying thud, shutting out the pumping music and leaving everything quiet until all I could hear was Enzo’s terrified panting. And it better have been terror, because my—no, Lina— Lina was kneeling in front of him in a way that made my heart clench and my head spin.

“Don’t speak, and don’t you dare fucking move,” I warned him as my finger caressed the trigger of my gun. I wanted to fucking kill him for touching her. I wanted to shoot his dick off and make him choke on it. Who the fuck did he think he was? Touching her— I didn’t care that I couldn’t call her mine.

Lina knelt before my desk, her posture defiant yet submissive, her eyes taunting me to do more. God, didn’t she realize that the sight of her touching him was enough to kill me?

I stepped forward slowly, my movements deliberate, each breath controlled. I was so fucking angry right now, but I kept it in check—barely.

Without a word, I reached for her, pulling her up from the floor with a firm grasp. My fingers dug into her arm, possessive and unyielding. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing?” I hissed, my voice low and dangerous. “This is my fucking office. If you want to act like a slut, do it somewhere else.”

Hadn’t we discussed this last night? She was far too fucking young for this shit—she was too fucking young for me. Was she trying to prove a point?

My grip tightened. She didn't have to prove to me that she was old enough to fuck someone, not when my dreams were haunted by exactly that.

Her jaw tightened, and her eyes flicked to mine, daring me to push further. "If I had no right to interfere with your night, then you have no right to interfere with mine." Her voice was steady, defiant, but I could see the anger beneath her calm exterior.

The truth stung, but I couldn't stop myself. "This isn't an interference, little girl. This is me stopping you from making a fucking mistake." My tone was colder now, dangerous. I grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at me, locking her gaze with mine.

"Where did you think this would go?" I asked, leaning in close enough to smell Enzo's dick on her breath. The tight leash I had on my control snapped a little more. "He cums in your mouth and you leave?"

He couldn't satisfy her like I could—and that was a dangerous fucking thought.

"Is that what will make you feel like an adult, Lina? My best fighter using your pretty little mouth like a fleshlight?" I mocked, my body burning with rage.

She only arched her brow, a bratty look on her face that made me want to pull her over my lap and pepper her ass until it was bright fucking red.

"It's just a little fun," she told me, her breath hitching. Her voice small. Just a little fun, with my best fucking fighter. I should've shot the fucker in the head.

That was the last fucking straw. My control snapped. "Just a little fun?" I repeated, my vision tunneling in on her lips. "You want to play games?" I murmured, my voice dark and seductive, yet laced with dominance. If she wanted to play games, she could play by my rules. "Don't let me stop you then."

The tension in the room tightened, the heat between us almost unbearable. I didn't let go of her immediately. Instead, I traced her jaw with my fingers, slow and deliberate, dragging her closer until our lips were mere inches apart. "You don't get to call the shots here," I whispered, my voice a low growl.

Her breath hitched, but she didn't pull away. She was a fighter, stubborn as hell, and that only fueled my hunger. I leaned in, my lips capturing hers in a fierce, possessive kiss. Her mouth opened against mine, the clash of wills palpable in the intensity of our connection.

When I bit her lip, pulling back slowly, her eyes flickered with something—pleasure? Defiance? It didn't matter. I smirked, a dangerous glint in my eye. "If you want to fuck someone so badly," I said, my voice smooth but dangerous, "I won't stop you."

I stepped back, letting her go, but my gaze never left hers. Enzo, bleeding heavily from where he'd frozen, perched on my fucking desk.

His muttered apologies barely reached my ears, weak and pathetic. I didn't want to hear it.

"Didn't I just tell you to shut the fuck up?"

He flinched at the sound of my voice, his gaze cast down, unable to meet my eyes. His regret was evident, but I didn't care. He'd overstepped, they fucking knew the rules. No one touched Lina. How much more fucking clear could I get?

Pulling up one of the chairs, I settled behind Lina, my fingers tracing the barrel of my gun, and my stare locked on Enzo.

"Go on," I encouraged Lina, my voice low. Dangerous.

Staring at me, her brow laced with confusion, Lina reached for Enzo. The sight of her fingers brushing over his still-hard cock made my stomach twist. My jaw clenched, my teeth grinding together. It drove me mad—how easily she gave herself over for that little prick. But I held my ground, suppressing the anger, the hunger beneath it.

I had to set an example for her, and for me.

When she began to suck him, her movements slow, and deliberate, I felt my control slipping further. I couldn't let her win. The slurping of her mouth, Enzo's muffled moans.

Not bothering to stand, I used my gun to roughly pull up her skirt. It was so fucking short, it barely moved an inch before exposing her bare pussy. The whole world stilled at the sight, anger pumping through my veins. The fingers of my free hand clenched into a fist.

Using my gun, I traced her wetness, pushing it against her pussy lips, trailing lightly, teasing her, watching them spread. "You're a slut," I whispered, my words venomous, "Your pussy's dripping."

She whimpered softly, her breath hitching, and it only fueled my need further. Beneath my touch, beneath her surrender, I was furious—angrier than I had been in a long time. But I didn't stop. I couldn't. Not with her bent over in front of me, her clit engorged and her legs growing sticky.

"Does this turn you on, Lina? My gun by your clit and another man's dick in your mouth. What would your father think?" I chided her, my voice dark.

Her legs trembled.

I pulled the gun away, holstering it before I smoothed my hands over her ass. I

widened her leg, hearing her gag as my movements pushed her further on Enzo's dick.

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Lina

The tension tightened with each second that passed. My breaths came faster, ragged and shallow, clouding my thoughts with a haze of pleasure and frustration that suddenly broke as placed a palm on my lower spine and thrust two fingers into my swollen channel.

I inhaled, feeling dizzy all of a sudden. His fingers were thick and firm, pushing through where nothing had been before. I couldn't decide if I wanted more or less—he scissored his fingers and my pussy clenched.

More.

Fuck, I needed more.

My core tightened. Enzo's cock filled my mouth, moving in and out with slow, rhythmic thrusts. His movements were clumsy and uninspired—nothing like Adrian's controlled dominance as he pushed deeper into me, fingers curling and catching on my entrance in a way that set my whole body on fire.

Tears blurred my vision.

I'd used toys, and my fingers, but some small part of me had always been hesitant of going too deep. I'd wanted Adrian to have that privilege.

My skin was slick with sweat, dewy and hot against Adrian's touch. The heat of the room, the tension thick in the air, amplified everything—the burning need between

my legs, the ache in my chest, the unbearable craving for release. I couldn't help growing impatient, desperate for the control Adrian so effortlessly held over every inch of me.

His fingers pushed back in, stopping too soon before they pulled out again.

I wanted to cry. It wasn't enough.

It. Wasn't. Enough.

Then he thrust again, adding a third finger and going just a little deeper, widening me. Forcing me to widen my legs to accommodate the girth. It felt so good, I lost myself, nearly choking on Enzo's dick in the process. And just by accident, just in warning, my teeth scraped cock. The sharpness caught him off guard and he gasped sharply, his hips bucking forcefully. Unintentionally choking me for real.

Panic made my eyes widen. My body snapped backward, and Adrian's fingers drove into me—so deep, I felt them drag against my hymen.

I shuddered. Fuck, that felt obscene. Just the slightest pressure of his fingertips going deeper than anything had ever been. There was a little ache, but not enough to stop.

Inhaling, I eyed the spit on Enzo's bobbing cock with a faraway expression. All the signs pointed to me losing my virginity tonight, and I felt a flutter deep in my belly as I considered it. As I considered Adrian driving his fingers or his cock through that barrier of skin deep inside me. As I considered him making me his .

“Be fucking careful,” Adrian snarled at Enzo, his voice low and possessive, snapping me out of my thoughts. A palm soothed my back as he pushed his fingers back inside, stretching me open. He added a fourth, wriggling through my tightness until I cried out again, whining deep in my throat.

I could feel his pleasure and I didn't say anything as I worried about the sharp pain that would follow if he went any deeper.

"S-sorry, boss," Enzo gasped, pulling back. "I d-didn't mean to."

"Just shut the fuck up. I don't want to hear it." Adrian's other hand continued the rest of the way up my spine, lifting my dress as he went. It was hair-raising, and heated, and so fucking delicious, I squirmed. "Put his cock back in your mouth, baby girl. Show me how good you can be."

Gulping, I did exactly that, wincing slightly as his knuckles brushed my entrance again. His fingers were thick and squished together but if he went any deeper... my heart thudded.

My whimpers caressed Enzo's cock, and that bitter taste increased on my tongue as the head of his cock wept for me.

I pulled back, letting Enzo's dick drop in front of me, slick from my spit. My mouth dried, it looked so much bigger now that I'd had it in my mouth. Did that mean he was close?

I glanced up, met his heated stare, and swallowed hard, trying to push through the rising discomfort—in my throat from having him drag against the inside of it, and in my pussy from having Adrian's fingers caressing my inner walls. Aches I'd never had, aches that made me feel so bad, and wonderful, and on edge.

"I'm sorry," I whispered hoarsely, my voice breathless as my body trembled against his hold.

"You don't get to apologize," Adrian said coolly, his grip inside my cunt tightening further. His other hand slipped lower, skimming my thigh as his fingers traced slow

circles against my skin. Every touch, every movement, was deliberate. Calculated. As if he'd considered exactly what would drive me to the edge, and was intent on proving his theories in reality.

My pussy grew wetter at the thought, and he slipped further inside. He wasn't even thrusting anymore, just putting all that pressure against my pussy and making me nervous. I could feel the liquid seeping down the inside of my thighs.

A sudden slap on my ass made my whole body clench and I yelped, landing further on Enzo's lap as my skin burned.

"Did I say you could stop?" Adrian asked me, his voice cold. I shook my head, no. "Then put his cock back in your mouth and suck it, Lina. This is what you wanted, right?" The question was sharp, mocking. I sniffed, hating the taste and wanting more of Adrian, not Enzo—but maybe that was the point.

My fingers shook as I picked up Enzo's dick, and opened my mouth, swallowing his head whole. It was silky with wetness, and only just fit. Would Adrian's?

My mind dragged back to when I'd seen him last night, and I couldn't help but compare. The thickness, the shape. Enzo's dick was ruddy, but Adrian's had been swollen and nearly purple. Like he'd been torturing himself, fucking himself ragged on Bianca.

More tears dripped down my cheeks as I looked up into Enzo's eyes. He wasn't even looking at me, his stare on Adrian. I couldn't figure out if it was because he was scared, or if—just like Bianca, just like me—he couldn't help but be captivated by those green eyes, and that smoky voice.

This time I bit him on purpose, dragging my teeth along the length of his dick, tasting blood on my tongue. "F-fuck," he cried, his body jerking, his cock hitting the back of

my throat and sinking deeper.

It serves him right.

“Is this what you wanted, Lina?” Adrian murmured, finally pulling his fingers out and thrusting them back in. They dragged, but the stretch was a little more bearable now and I clenched freely over his fingers as he pushed through my pussy folds again. He pulled out, trailing sticky fingers over my labia and clit, rubbing circles that made me shudder. I spread my legs wider, arching my hips up. “Is this enough for you?” he taunted, and I turned to glare at him, licking the side of Enzo’s cock.

His gaze grew sharper when he noticed me staring at him, and an ache started in my chest. Was this what he wanted? Another man’s cock in my mouth. Didn’t he want me?

This wasn’t going how I wanted it to, this felt more like a punishment than a claiming. I wanted him to claim me. Needed it— but I couldn’t resist the feel of him finally touching me. My body prickled with self-awareness, tension riding my spine, I lifted my hips with a moan. More... couldn’t he give me more?

“Look at you,” Adrian purred, amusement curling around every word, turning possession into something more mocking. Even with his fingers hooked on my pussy entrance, he was hiding from me.

“Are you still angry about Bianca, Lina?” he teased, the words digging into the hurt I felt last night. Anger and hurt warred in my chest, hatred brewing that he’d said her name while he was touching me. “Still fighting the obvious?”

His hand was big enough that, when he wasn’t inside me, his thumb could put pressure on my clit at the same time that his fingers teased my entrance.

My mind wanted him, but I could feel the tension in my muscles fighting against him, and my slow mind started to wonder if he was teasing me like this on purpose. Stretching then pulling back, like he was getting me ready for something bigger and better.

Enzo's bucking became more forceful, driven by his need to reach his peak, but his efforts only fueled my own building pleasure when it drove me back against Adrian's palm. Sparks flickered across my vision each time his thumb bumped my clit a little more roughly than the last. The deeper he thrust, the more my body responded—my moans growing louder, my skin flush with heat.

He circled against my clit, coaxing the tension to snap and when I moaned, he pulled away and pushed his four fat fingers back inside my clenching pussy. "That's it," he murmured, his voice a dark promise. "Let go."

I couldn't hold back any longer. My body trembled violently as waves of ecstasy overtook me, a broken moan slipping from my lips around Enzo's cock. The orgasm rippled through me, my pussy squeezing tightly around his digits, shuddering through every nerve, every muscle.

Adrian's control remained unbroken, his fingers coaxing me through the peak, prolonging the sensation until I was left breathless, gasping for air.

"Or are you enjoying this too much?" Adrian asked me, his voice soft. Venomous. His palm, caressing my spine, shoved me down as I sucked on Enzo. I choked, drool spilling out my lips as I gripped onto the desk to stop myself from falling. I couldn't even remember what he'd been asking me before this, but anger pulsed where pleasure had been and I grew more and more furious that he was denying me the one thing I really wanted, the only thing I wanted. Him.

Snarling, I tried to spit Enzo out, intent on giving Adrian a piece of my mind—but he

stopped me. As if sensing my next move, he pushed harder on my back, his words bitter and angry. “Don’t you fucking dare, Lina. You wanted him, you got him. You’re not stopping until you fucking swallow.”

Moaning my complaint, I buried myself in Enzo, sucking on him with a fervor that had his thighs trembling. Choked moans spilled from his mouth, and Enzo swore. “Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck ... Don’t stop. Please, don’t fucking stop,” he begged, his dick throbbing on my tongue. So I didn’t.

The friction between my teeth and his skin, the slip of his length gliding down my throat, ignited another fire deep inside me. My breaths became uneven, short gasps that shook through my body as the building tension threatened to consume me.

My cheeks hollowed and I sucked for all I was worth until he threw back his head and shouted my name, his release spilling on my tongue. Bitter and salty, and not Adrian.

“Swallow,” Adrian reminded me as I gagged, his tone dark, cold, yet lazy, like his movements... like the thumb he’d pushed back against my clit. I couldn’t disobey him, not when his voice took on that silken tone. Not when his hands reached up, and brushed my nipples. “Fucking swallow it, Lina.”

So I did, and that didn’t get the taste out. Enzo’s cum coated everything, from my tongue to my lips. It tainted my breath, made my stomach squirm.

I hated it.

It was my own damn fault though, wasn’t it?

No, a small voice in my head growled. He started this by fucking her!

Furious, I pushed away from Enzo, not caring that his dick was still squirting as I turned to face Adrian. "I'm not yours to punish," I growled, my voice defiant... until his palm settled on my stomach, and I couldn't stop the shiver. "Stop trying to control me! You think you can control everything but you can't. You can't change what I feel." My voice wobbled, why couldn't he see how much I loved him?

Adrian's smile faded into something colder, sharper. "No?" he asked, his voice a deep rumble that made me squirm.

"Please, Adrian," I couldn't help but beg, couldn't help but slide my legs together. It was awkward with his fingers widening me, but I needed the friction that it gave me.

"Did I say you could stop?" he asked me, his voice laced with derision. Sniffing, I went back to Enzo's dick. "You're stupid for falling in love with a monster, Lina."

But you're mine, my mind whispered.

Enzo hissed as I took his softening cock in my mouth again, and Adrian's palm settled on my back, nudging on. Enzo cursed, but his fingers slipped through my hair, like he needed something to hold on to.

Spitting out his cock made Enzo moan, but my attention was on Adrian when I spoke. "You might be a monster," I murmured, trembling with anger, "but that doesn't change what I feel."

Scoffing, Adrian unholstered his gun and knocked Enzo over the head. He didn't even have a chance to stop the hit before his body toppled to the ground, unconscious, and Adrian pushed me up and over his table.

I couldn't have cared less that we were standing over his unconscious body because when Adrian stepped up behind me, forcing me to stretch as he threw his gun on his

chair and pushed three fingers back inside me—he scissored and stretched, then teased me with a fourth again, never going deeper enough to get to his knuckles. My body melted just for him regardless.

“Tell me,” he purred in my ear, the heat of him making my eyes roll back. “Do you still feel that way?” he asked, his breath against my neck as he pushed deeper again. My core tightened nearly painfully as I imagined my pussy stretched out by his fingers.

“Yes,” I moaned, pushing back against him.

“Delusional little girl,” he whispered, his words cutting deep as he dropped kisses on my neck.

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Adrian

My body hummed at the smell in the air, the lingering tang of sweat, sex. A smell that would be stuck in my mind forever as I lost the last vestiges of my control, and I gave in.

Beautiful, my mind whispered as I pulled my fingers out of her taught muscles. I just needed a second, a moment where I could hold onto this feeling a little longer before I had to go back to how things were. I just needed this not to end so quickly. Beautiful, wicked little temptation.

I stood still, my breathing steady despite the storm raging behind my ribs. Lina splayed over my desk before me, her body trembling from exertion or anticipation, I couldn't fucking tell.

She was beautiful like this—raw, exposed, and mine. Mine. Mine. Mine. The word was a drug, one hit and I broke all my rules just to hear it again.

“Only sluts get off on an older man's fist,” I said, my voice low and even, the cruel edge cutting through her shaky breaths. I couldn't tell her how beautiful she'd been, her pretty pussy squeezing desperately around my fingers. She'd take it the wrong way—think I was in love or something. Dante would fucking kill me if I fell in love with his daughter. “But don't worry, baby girl, I won't tell anyone.”

Her eyes darted up to meet mine, those defiant pools of brown laced with tears and fury. Tears that I'd denied us both for so long and anger that I was pretty sure still had to do with what she'd seen when she walked into my bedroom the night before. I

couldn't give a shit. I thrived on that fire. Her vulnerability, her anger—it was intoxicating.

My fingers were soaked with her pussy juices and I dragged them into my mouth, sucking the taste of her off my skin.

Her gorgeous body was decorated with cum, and God only knew what else aside from the glitter and makeup she'd put on before coming to my club. Temptress.

Even though I hated the sight of him against her skin, I preferred it to the cum he'd poured down her throat—the cum a manic part of me was begging to replace with my own.

My jaw tensed, and I turned my attention back to my gun. Its metallic surface gleamed under the dim light, and I wanted to pick it up and shoot Enzo. I'd never felt more out of control before. I used my free hand to unbuckle my belt and unzip my pants—noting with satisfaction when her body shivered.

My cock was hard, aching, when I pulled it out, and just the squeeze of my fist made pleasure dance along my spine. All for her, I thought, half-drunk on just the idea of what was happening right here in my fucking office. I should've known this would happen when I walked in and saw her here.

“This,” I murmured, not bothering to hide the possessive lilt to my voice, “This is all I can give you, Lina.” Just once. I just needed the once, then I could get her out of my head.

Her breath hitched as I spread her legs with my own, pushing her onto her tiptoes until her pretty pussy was gleaming in my sight again. My cock wept at the sight, and my body shuddered as I drew closer to her, as my sensitive head grazed the skin of her inner thigh.

The contrast of cold air, and the heat radiating between her legs made me bite back a moan. She shuddered at the muffled sound, one I felt radiate through my own fingers as I pushed the head of my cock against her entrance. I'd spread her nice and wide to make this easier for her. My cock was big, and my baby girl didn't need to hurt because of it.

Her thighs quivered the closer I got, and I couldn't suppress the dark chuckle rumbling from my chest.

"Look at you," I murmured, firmly shunting through her wet folds. Even after all my preparation, her cunt was tighter than it should've been—her pussy fighting me the entire time, clenching over the tip and making me groan. "Your body's primed and ready for me, isn't it, Lina?"

"Yes," she murmured, stretching further, her head tipping back to let those gorgeous dark-brown locks dance along her spine. "I'm ready for you, Adrian. I'm so fucking ready."

"Are you, baby?" I crooned, thrusting slowly, deliberately, and watching as her lips parted in a silent gasp. She shuddered violently, her hands braced against the desk as her hips tilted forward, rocking onto me. The sight was enough to make my pulse quicken, but I kept my movements measured. Every thrust was calculated, designed to push her further into submission. "Are you ready for me to take this pretty pussy? You want me to fill it up with my cum, until you're nice and swollen with me?"

"Yes, Adrian, please." Her whimpers filled the room, a symphony of surrender and resistance.

"Deeper, Lina," I said, my voice dark and taunting. "Spread your legs wider and take all of me. I know you can. I know you want to."

“ Yes. ” She did, moaning low in her throat, and pushing back onto my cock, her pretty cunt clenching rhythmically around me. It felt like fucking heaven.

Groaning low in my throat, I palmed the cheeks of her ass, bowed lower, and thrust... until, oh fuck—my eyelashes fluttered as my baby girl screamed—as something deep inside her gave way.

My cock shoved through tight muscle to the core of her pussy and Lena was still shouting, the panic in her voice pulling me from the lust-driven fog I'd been in.

Liquid seeped along my dick, and I paused, a sick feeling entering my stomach. Frown on my face, my body stiffened as my mind stilled and one word played in repeat in my head. Virgin.

No. Please don't tell me she's a fucking virgin.

The tension in her frame told me everything I needed to know. I withdrew slowly, my glistening cock catching the light, wet from her slick... and blood. My breath hitched as I noticed the streak of blood smeared across my dick. Blood. I made her bleed.

My heart stopped, the realization cutting through my control like a knife.

“You fucking fool,” I muttered, the words meant for me, but I knew she'd misread what I'd said as her shoulders hunched. Fury surged in my veins, for myself, for fucking this up so horribly. “Lina, fuck .”

The weight of what I'd done, what she'd hidden from me, collided with the sharp ache of possessiveness that had been building since the moment she walked into my life. Fucking hell, if I'd known, I would've done things so differently— No , I wouldn't have done a fucking thing at all.

She told me she'd seen dicks before.

I'm sorry , I thought. I didn't give her a moment to adjust. To feel empty. "I'll make it feel better," I promised.

Fuck, why hadn't I questioned why she was so tight.

I knew why. She felt too fucking good.

She squealed, her body tightening around me as I drove deeper, claiming her fully and leaving my cock between those previously untouched pussy walls.

Her cries were high-pitched, desperate, but I couldn't stop. She'd driven me to the edge of my restraint, and now there was no going back.

"You pushed me to this," I growled, my breath hot against her spine. My free hand gripped her hip, holding her in place as I reached for her clit, rocking my hips to catch that spot inside that I knew would make her explode quicker. "You knew what I was, and still, you wanted to play with fire. Why, damn it?"

Her tears streamed down her cheeks, but her body lit up under my movements. Writhing, squirming. As if she couldn't get enough... I could almost convince myself that was true—but it didn't make sense with what I'd just found out. With the fact that I'd broken her innocence on my fucking desk, stolen her virginity on my fucking work desk.

I'm so fucking sorry, I thought again and again, kissing her spine while I pressed closer, making sure there was no space between us.

She arched into my touch, her breath hitching as I rubbed her swollen clit faster. She was still wearing clothes for Christ-sake. The line between her pleasure and torment

blurred, her cries turning into moans that sent a bolt of satisfaction through me.

“Tell me again, Lina,” I murmured, my tone dripping with remorse. “Is this really what you wanted?”

Her voice was barely a whisper, but it sliced through the tension like a blade.

“Yes,” she said, her words trembling yet resolute. Her head turned, her gaze mine, and in that moment, I saw something I couldn’t fathom—a raw, unyielding need that mirrored my own. “I want you. All of you.”

Her confession sent a shiver down my spine, my control slipping for a fraction of a second. I surged upward, claiming her mouth with mine, swallowing her gasps as my fingers continued their relentless assault. Her taste, her scent, the feel of her trembling beneath me—it consumed me.

I pulled back, my chest heaving as I stared down at her. “You can’t be mine, Lina,” I said, my voice low and dangerous. “I’ll give you this, but that’s it. Understand?”

Her lips trembled, but she nodded, her body yielding to me. And as I pushed her past the edge, her cries echoing through the room, I knew there was no turning back for me. Regardless of what I’d said, I was so fucking screwed.

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Lina

“You can't be mine, Lina,” he'd said. Did he not realize that he was all that I wanted?

My body was on fire, trembling at the edge of release as Adrian's cock stayed within me—thick and unrelenting while my pussy squeezed and clenched around it. The feeling was new, and powerful, a sensation deep inside that made my belly clench the more he circled and pinched my clit.

The climax had faded, but the world still narrowed to the slick heat between my thighs as the tension lingered and the raw, unyielding force of his fingers pushed in beside his cock, through the bloody mess he'd made when he took my pussy.

Two fingers curled and stretched, reaching to rub over sore muscles as I adjusted to his presence. My breath became a hiccup as he caused a new wave of clenching while my body tried to dispel his invading digits.

Tears dripped down my cheeks.

This was all I wanted, but his words told me this was the one time and only time I'd ever get it. Sobs caught in my chest, and Adrian made soothing sounds, his lips pressing against my neck.

“Adrian,” I murmured, hiccuping as his free hand rubbed my thigh soothingly. “Please, I need you.” In every way, not just this. I needed his arms around me. I needed him to kiss me and tell me everything would be fine when this was over.

“No, Lina,” he grumbled, and the emotions that crashed with that wave of pleasure, the agony of having him reject me again and again when I was offering myself up on a platter. “You can’t have me.”

“Why?” I cried out, squeezing my eyes as my whole body felt light and heavy all at once. None of my orgasms ever reached this height before; my pussy’s never clenched as hard as it did when he was inside me. “I need you to fuck me.”

I’d only felt the smallest hint of what I’d seen the other day. Just his cock prodding inside my virgin pussy until he pierced through my hymen and stopped. It wasn’t even hurting as bad anymore, just a dull ache that was slowly fading while my pussy reformed to fit him.

He pulled his fingers away and started rubbing my clit again as if he couldn’t stop himself. My breath hitched, and his name tore from my lips, broken and desperate, but he didn’t stop—he didn’t even slow down.

“I’m not the man for you, Lina,” he growled, his voice rough against my ear. His breath was hot, his tone laced with something more than anger. Regret? Possession? I couldn’t tell. “I’m a monster. I’ve already fucking ruined something that should’ve been special.”

“You can ruin everything, and I’ll still want you,” I argued, as much as I could as the pressure started to build inside me again. As much as I could before my words turned to moans, and I couldn’t think past the building tension between my thighs. My nails dug into the polished wood of his desk, my body arching into his touch as his fingers stopped rubbing and just pinched my clit gently. Over and over again until my pussy clenched and his hips rocked slightly, hitting that devastating spot that made me see stars.

“Adrian—” My voice broke on a gasp as the sensation unraveled me completely. My climax hit like a tidal wave, shuddering through me with a force that stole the air

from my lungs.

“That’s it,” he murmured, his tone low and dangerous, tinged with satisfaction. His free hand gripped my hip, holding me steady as I fell apart beneath him. “Look at you, Lina. Look at how easily you come for me.”

My body quaked, my thighs trembling as the last waves of my orgasm pulsed through me. I should have felt shame, or anger, or something other than the overwhelming ache for more. But when I glanced up at him, all I saw was the fire in his eyes, the raw hunger that mirrored my own.

“Always for you,” I rasped, my voice shaky but defiant. Tears collected on my eyelashes. “I love you, can’t you see that?”

His expression turned pained, then his eyes squeezed shut, and his face turned back into that familiar smirk.

“No, baby girl. That isn’t love, that’s just lust.” He leaned down, his breath ghosting over my neck as he whispered, “You just want me.”

Before I could respond, he pulled me upright, pulling out and leaving me empty.

I cried out, hands reaching for my gaping pussy before he dragged them away. Before I could even question it, he spun me around and set my ass on his table. His hands slid over my body, possessive and deliberate, stripping away what little was left between us as easily as he stripped my clothes from my body and left them atop Enzo.

“This,” he said, his voice a low growl that pebbled my nipples, his eyes eating up everything revealed to him. My heavy breasts, my waist. “This is just want, Lina.”

More sobs caught my throat. “Stop lying!” I begged him, pressing closer. Clinging.

The cold air of the room kissed my skin, a stark contrast to the heat radiating from him. “I love you.”

Adrian sighed, his breath ghosting over my forehead as I wrapped my arms around his neck and buried my head under his chin. “I. Love. You.”

How many more times do I have to repeat it?

“And what’s your father going to say?” he asked, running his hands over my hips... my waist... as if he couldn’t stop himself.

“It doesn’t matter what he says,” I replied, letting go and leaning back. He was still hard, his dick still coated in cum and blood, and those walls between us were coming down, whether he liked it or not. Maybe it was naive, thinking I could change his mind just by giving him my body—but I had nothing else to give him that he didn’t already have.

My fingers found the buttons of his shirt, tugging them open with a mixture of frustration and urgency. “Make me yours,” I murmured. “Please, Adrian, make me yours tonight.”

I could work on the rest tomorrow.

His eyes darkened, more of that rigid control slipping for a fraction of a second as I pushed the fabric off his shoulders. I wanted every inch of him, just as much as I wanted to give him every inch of me.

My fingers traced the hard planes of his chest, savoring the way his muscles tensed beneath my touch. He was so fucking silent, but I pressed on. Surging forward, I captured his mouth with mine. The kiss was a battle—teeth, tongues, and bruising intensity. Adrian let me take control for a moment, his hands gripping my hips as he allowed me to taste the power I craved. But it didn’t last.

With a growl, he pushed me back, laying me on the desk. His hands pinned mine above my head, his body caging me in. “You don’t get to choose how this goes,” he murmured against my lips. “If you want me. I decide.”

Yes, my mind whispered, satisfaction flickering through me as his mouth descended on mine hungrily, stealing what little breath I had left. The kiss was brutal, consuming, leaving me no room to think or resist.

“You want me?” he asked, his voice a rough whisper. “Then you’ll take all of me.”

His words left me confused. Hadn’t I taken all of him before? The thought faded as his hands moved with purpose, teasing and tormenting me until I was a shaking mess beneath him. His lips trailed down my neck, teeth grazing the sensitive skin of my collarbone. “Any way I want it. Anywhere I want it.”

Anywhere? My mind latched onto that word, and my cheeks blazed with heat. I’ve never wanted anything more. “Yes,” I agreed, my words a trembling moan as he pushed between my legs again.

His eyes burned with triumph, but there was something else there too—something softer, more dangerous. Something I refused to give up as he firmly grasped his cock and pressed it into me again. My breath hitched at that first stroke, at how he speared through aching muscles, spreading me wide so deliciously slowly. I laid kisses on his shoulder, sinking my teeth into him as he took his time, and feeling wicked when his body rumbled from a groan.

“Lay back, Lina,” he demanded, pulling his out—pulling away to get rid of his pants completely, kicking them to the side. “And spread your legs. Let me get a good look at that swollen pussy of yours.”

I did what he said, leaning back on my hands and pushing out my chest—opening myself to him—as his eyes roamed my body with the same laziness as his drawl.

“That’s it, baby, show me that pretty pink pussy.”

Adrian’s stare grew heated as he gripped his hard cock in a firm grip, jerking and tugging it slowly until the crown of him turned dark, cum seeping through the slit. The sight stole my attention, and my breath hitched. I almost didn’t hear the question on his lips.

“Sorry?” I whispered, looking up into his eyes again. Those bottle-green eyes that had snagged my attention my whole life.

“Is your pussy hurting?” he growled out, his tone dark and rough, a complete contradiction to the pleasure in his eyes.

I nodded slowly, because it did ache. It ached from all the abuse, and it ached for more. “My pussy’s sore,” I murmured as I pushed against my knees, forcing my pelvis to stretch wider, to show him what I meant—and then I dragged a finger, my breath rushing out of me at the power I had over Adrian. At the way his body tensed, and his focus snapped to that single digit. “It’s so fucking empty, Adrian. Are you going to make it feel better?”

Even now, he hadn’t given me everything when he sank into me, but I wanted it. My words were a taunt, and when he reacted I regretted nothing. “Are you going to fill me up? Make my pussy weep with your cum instead of blood?”

Adrian slammed against me, his lips devouring mine as he shoved his thick cock into me—and if I was wide before, it was nothing to what I felt as his thickness stretched me open fully, made me gape.

So that’s what he meant by everything.

“Yes,” I gasped, pushing myself up until I could hold onto him.

Adrian's expression was a mixture of frustration and bliss. "This," he said on a thrust. "This is all my fault, isn't it?"

"Yes," I agreed, pushing against him until I could get another kiss. Until I could feel his mouth battling against mine, and his groan reverberating against my tongue.

More, my mind chanted as he fucked me. More, more, more. I'd never get enough of his muscles sliding against mine. Of his hands pressing up to cup my breasts, of his skin dripping sweat onto me, of his body pushing into me, forcing me more and more open. I could never get enough of him—and when my body started pulsing and clenching over his length. When I climaxed on his length, pulling an orgasm from him, feeling his cock spitting hot liquid deep inside of me—I wasn't sure I could ever let him go.

Afterward, Adrian collapsed against me, holding me tightly. Tenderly. His arms wrapped around me, holding me close as the silence settled over us.

"You win," he said finally, his voice low.

"I win?" I repeated, my voice breathy with hope. "You believe me."

A smirk tugged at his mouth, the same mouth he pressed against mine. "No. I just can't let another man touch what's mine."

It wasn't a declaration of love by any means, but I'd take it. I flung my arms around him, smug satisfaction combining with pleasure.

THE END .