



# Merciless Proposal (Sinful Mobsters #2)

**Author:** *Natasha Sterling*

**Category:** Action&Adventure

**Description:** NATALIA

I thought my life was over. Sold to the highest bidder, trapped in a world of darkness and pain, I thought I was just another pawn in my father's ruthless game. My family—my own flesh and blood—traded me for money, and I was certain I'd never escape the nightmare. But then I did something brave and my reward was—Jace. He pulled me from the ashes, gave me a sense of safety I never thought I'd feel again. I love him, but the fear is always there. What if they find me? What if they drag me back into the hell I barely escaped? I'm terrified of losing him, of being ripped away again. But with Jace, I feel something I've never known: hope. And I'll fight with everything I have to hold on to it.

JACE

The moment I found Natalia, everything changed. The world I've spent my life in—filled with shadows and violence—no longer matters. All I want now is to keep her safe, to protect her from the monsters who tried to break her. I'll do whatever it takes. I'll break every rule, burn everything down, and destroy anyone who dares to hurt her again. My past is full of darkness, things I can't undo, but with her, I want to be different. I want to be the man who takes care of her, the man who gives her the safety she's never had. I'll fight for her, even if it means facing my demons. I won't let anyone take her from me. Not now, not ever.

**Total Pages (Source):** 11

## Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:05 am*

JACE

“You sure this is the place?” I ask my brother as I drop the binoculars from my face. “I haven’t seen shit and we’ve been here for over an hour.”

“It’s the right address,” Red replies before sighing heavily. “Maybe we got false intel, but I had the guys check it out. It seemed legit.”

“But you didn’t vet it yourself?” I ask, the corner of my mouth quirking. Red might be the leader of our operation, but he’s still my older brother. I’ll take any opportunity I can get to rib him a little. “Sounds like you’ve been busy with Evie.”

“She’s pregnant,” he snaps, immediately defensive of his wife. “Maybe if you found yourself someone to love, you’d understand where I’m coming from.”

“Yeah, yeah,” I say, waving my hand in his face before turning back to the building. “Anyway, do you really think they’re trafficking women out of here?”

“Their president is a scumbag,” Red says, the venom obvious in his voice. We’re not saints, but there are lines we’d never cross. Preying on innocent people is one of them. “I wouldn’t put it past him.”

I nod, my jaw tightening. The guys on the south side have been a problem for years—always scheming, always looking for a way to make a quick buck. But this? This feels like a whole new level. As much as I don’t want this stakeout to be a waste of time, a part of me hopes the tip is wrong. For the women’s sake.

“Another half hour and we’ll call it,” Red mutters after a few minutes of tense silence. “Doesn’t look like there’s anything here. I’ll look over the information. Might have gotten the date wrong.”

I’m about to agree with him, the night feeling like a bust and a waste of time, but before I open my mouth, there’s movement.

A girl bursts out of the building, well-dressed and mostly put together, but even from this distance, I can see the streaks of tears on her face. She’s been crying. Looks like our informant wasn’t wrong after all. Who knows how many more girls are still inside.

I act before I can think twice about what I’m doing. I shove the door open, and my feet hit the ground running. My speed eats up the gravel as I sprint toward her, and when she sees me, she freezes. She’s deciding if I’m less of a threat than whatever she’s running from. After a breath, she stumbles towards me.

As I pull her into my arms, she lets out a broken sob, clutching at my biceps. Her manicured nails dig into the fabric of my leather jacket, desperate and trembling. A moment passes before she tilts her face up to mine. Her mascara is smudged, and her green eyes glisten with tears, raw and pleading.

“Please,” she whispers, her voice cracking. A stray curl clings to her trembling lips. “You have to help them. There are—there are so many girls in there. They’re going to sell them. They’re going to—”

“Shh, okay, okay,” I say gently, cutting her off. My voice softens despite the storm brewing inside me. “We’re here to help, sweetheart. We’ll get everyone out of there, I promise. And we’ll make sure the bastards who did this pay for it.”

She stiffens in my arms, every muscle wound tight with fear and panic. She’s shaking

against me, her small frame barely holding itself together. Comforting people has never been my strength—my go-to advice is usually something along the lines of grabbing a gun and dealing with it—but right now, all I want is to ease her pain.

Something about her stirs something primal in me. Protectiveness, maybe. Or something deeper—something I’ve got no business feeling right now. But whatever it is, it’s enough to make me silently vow that no one will ever hurt her again.

“Look at me,” I say, my voice firm but steady as I tilt her chin up, drawing her gaze to mine. Red and the guys sprint past us, weapons in hand, but I keep her focus on me. She doesn’t need to see that right now. It takes her a second, her wide green eyes darting before locking onto mine, but when they do, a jolt of electricity surges between us. Her breath hitches, and I know she feels it too. “There you are,” I say softly.

She nods, her grip tightening on my arms like I’m the only thing keeping her upright.

“I’m Jace,” I tell her after a moment of debate. My name isn’t something I usually offer up in situations like this—missions like this. But looking into her scared, vulnerable eyes has a way of making a man disregard all the rules.

“Natalia,” she says, her voice steadier now, but still soft—a melody that grazes my ears. It’s not dramatic or high-pitched, just smooth and mesmerizing, like silk slipping through my fingers. I could lose myself in that voice, listen to it for hours—maybe forever.

Pull it together, Jace. She just crawled out of hell. The last thing she needs is you projecting your savior complex onto her.

“Hi, Natalia,” I say softly, my hand moving on instinct to tuck the stray curl off her lip, brushing it back behind her ear. “I’m going to keep you safe. And I’ll make sure

everyone else in there is safe too. I promise.”

She nods, a flicker of belief shining through her tear-filled eyes. But her body’s still trembling, every muscle locked with residual fear. She needs to get out of here, far away from this nightmare. But I can’t move her yet. Not until Red gives the all-clear. And odds are, we’ll need the cops once this is over.

We’re good at tearing down operations like this. But reuniting these girls with their families? That’s for people with more resources—and less blood on their hands. All I can do right now is keep Natalia close and let her know she’s safe.

Gunshots crack through the night, sharp and distant. Natalia flinches, panic flashing across her face. Her head snaps between me and the doorway she stumbled out of, like she’s expecting someone—or something—to emerge.

I open my mouth, searching for the right words to calm her, to tell her that no one undeserving is getting hurt. But before I can speak, her voice rushes out in a frantic whisper.

“I can’t be here,” she says, her fingers gripping my arm, her touch urgent but trembling. “They can’t see me, Jace. I can’t be here. I need to go. I need—I need to leave. I need to hide.”

“Okay,” I say, forcing calm into my voice even though I have no idea what’s scaring her so much. “Alright. I’ll get you out of here.”

Her legs look ready to give out, the shock of whatever happened inside still paralyzing her. Without hesitation, I scoop her up, cradling her against me. Her arms wrap tightly around my neck as I carry her back to the car, and I can feel her head turning, her gaze locked on the building, scanning for threats.

When we reach the car, I nod to the driver, my tone leaving no room for argument.  
“Take us to the penthouse.”

Red can chew me out later for ducking out early. Right now, Natalia needs space, safety. And even though I just met her, there’s something about her—something in the way she clings to me—that makes it impossible to say no.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:05 am*

NATALIA

I didn't think far enough ahead when I called in the tip earlier today. I should've known I might come face to face with my family's rivals. Obviously, I knew they'd be involved—I'm the one who reached out to them, after all. But I could've timed my escape better. Or planned for the fact that I'd end up sitting next to Jace.

Jace doesn't seem all that bad, though. Not for a mobster, anyway. He's kind—gentler than I expected—and there's a calm confidence in him that feels nothing like the chaos I grew up with. He's nothing like my family. Nothing like my father. Jace would never be involved in something as horrific as the trafficking ring my dad started.

What's stranger is that I actually feel safe with him. The way he talks, the way he moves—it's as if nothing in the world could touch me while I'm near him. I don't think it would matter if he knew who I was. But I'm not ready to test that theory. Not yet.

Since we got in the car, he hasn't said a word. He just sits there, solid and steady, like an anchor I didn't realize I needed. And somehow, I'm calmer now than I've been in years. Everything feels less sharp, less terrifying, simply because he's here.

When the car finally stops in front of a gleaming high-rise, Jace breaks the silence. His voice is soft but resolute.

"Let's get you upstairs," he says, glancing at me with those steady, unreadable eyes. "You'll be safe here, I promise."

I let him help me out of the car, his hand tight around mine as he leads me through the lavish glass doors. We get onto an elevator, and he nods at the concierge at the front desk. Once we're inside the elevator, he looks me over. I'm worried that he might see some resemblance between me and my father.

Jace surprises me by asking, "Are you hurt? Did they do anything to you?"

I blink at him, relief rushing through me. I say, "I'm okay now," and I mean it.

A part of me wants to tell Jen. Up until now, I considered her my closest friend. We shared everything—our secrets, our lives, our fears. Then, she confessed something dark to me, something I couldn't unhear. She said she'd been leading girls into our families' safehouses for the sole purpose of being trafficked. I wanted to scream, throw up, rage...but instead, I made the call that would change everything. So no, I can't tell her about Jace.

"Good," he says firmly, grabbing my hand again and squeezing it softly.

We step off the elevator and into the penthouse. It's fancy, but in a way that feels understated—everything is sleek and modern, but not gaudy. The furniture is high-end, the kind that's comfortable but clearly expensive. There aren't many decorations, just enough to tell the story of a place someone uses more for sleeping than living.

Jace leads me to the white couch, plush and inviting. He lingers, almost reluctant to let go of my hand. His fingertips brush against my palm when he finally pulls away. Then, he crouches down in front of me, his presence no longer as imposing. He rests his large hand on my cheek, and for a moment, I almost flinch from the heat of his touch.

"I'm going to grab you something hot to drink," he says, his voice low and soothing,



his thumb gently stroking my cheek. “You look like you’re freezing.” He pauses, his eyes searching mine. “Then, I’ll ask you a few questions.”

I open my mouth, but the words don’t come right away. I swallow hard, trying to steady myself. My eyes flutter shut as the warmth of his touch sinks deeper.

“I don’t...” I start, my voice shaky. “I don’t want to answer any questions.”

I hate lying to him. Even though I don’t have any reason to tell him the truth, it feels like I’m starting this... whatever this is between us, based on lies. But then again, is there even a relationship? We’ve barely spoken, yet every look we share, every subtle shift in the air, tells me there’s something there. Chemistry. And when I look into his honey-brown eyes, I swear I can see a future.

“It’s nothing intense,” he promises, his voice gruff, like softness isn’t something he’s used to giving. I feel something warm curl in my chest. Special.

But then he pauses, like he’s holding something back, like he doesn’t want to push any further.

“I don’t want to go home,” I say, the words slipping out before I can stop them, wondering if that’s what all of this is leading to.

“Then I don’t have any questions for you,” he replies, standing up straighter, the resolve in his voice shifting. “Well, I do have some, but they’re not as urgent. Our guys can figure out what I need to know.”

With that, he turns toward the kitchen, his touch still lingering on my cheek even after he’s out of the room. I hear the soft sounds of him moving around—water running, cabinets opening and closing, the hum of a kettle boiling. A few minutes later, he’s back, holding a steaming mug in his hands.

He doesn't say anything right away, just watches as I sip the drink, the warmth spreading through me. Once I've taken a few swallows, he speaks again, his voice as soft as I think it can be.

"Can you tell me how you ended up there? Or who took you?"

"I don't know," I admit, and even though it's not a full lie, it feels like one. A lie by omission.

He hums thoughtfully, settling beside me. His legs fall open, and his thigh presses against mine. I lean into it, the contact grounding me but also sparking something deeper inside. Encouraged, he rests his hand on my thigh. His fingers brush lightly over me, the touch both tender and possessive, making my pulse race.

"So, what happened in there?" he asks after a few moments of silence.

"They were keeping the girls in cages," I say, the words slipping out before I can stop them. At least this is something I don't have to lie about. "It was awful, Jace. They... they were in handcuffs. They were so scared."

"They're safe now," he promises, his voice firm, as he wraps his arm around me. "And so are you. You're safe now, Natalia."

I nod, the words sinking into me, even though part of me doesn't feel like I deserve this comfort. But I'll take anything he gives me. Maybe it's greed, or maybe I'm just used to getting what I want. But I want him to want me, and from the way he's looking at me, it seems like he does. And I won't do anything to make him change his mind.

"I don't want to talk about this anymore," I say, my voice small and fragile, and I hate how weak it sounds.

I'm scared. I'm terrified of what he'll do when he finds out who I really am. I'll lose him, that much I'm sure of. I'm afraid of what my father will do when he finds out I'm with someone like Jace. And I don't even want to think about what's going to happen when Jen finds out I was the one who called in the tip.

God, I'm in hot water, aren't I?

"How about I let you sleep in my bedroom?" he says, squeezing me tighter against his body. "My guest room isn't made up yet. I'll take care of that once I get you settled."

I nod, letting him take the cup from my hands and pull me to my feet. I'm led through the penthouse, and it feels like this place never ends. It's even bigger than I initially thought it was.

I'm led into a lavish bedroom, though it doesn't feel lived in. The only sign that anyone actually spends time here is the ruffled pillows on the bed. It's sterile, almost too perfect. He gestures for me to sit, then moves to the dresser to pull out a pair of sweats. He hands them to me and turns away.

"You can stay," I say, not wanting to be alone.

He nods, his eyes lingering on me for a moment longer than necessary before he turns his back. Suddenly, I feel like I'm under a microscope. Every inch of me feels exposed, and the heat in my face burns even brighter. I don't have a lot of experience with this. With him.

I turn away quickly, fumbling to change, my pulse quickening as I feel his gaze follow me. It's not just discomfort—it's something else. Even though I'm self-conscious, I can't deny the thrill of knowing he's watching me. There's a pull inside me, a desire to be seen by him, to be more than just a passing moment in his life. I

want him to see everything.

I keep that to myself though. Instead, I gratefully pull on his clothes, warm and wrapped in his scent. A sense of safety washes over me as the soft fabric of his shirt slides along my skin.

“These are comfortable,” I tell him, turning to face him. I catch his gaze drifting up from my hips, and instantly my cheeks are hot.

“They look good on you,” he says, a smirk on his face. “I could get used to the sight of you wearing my clothes.”

I giggle, unable to come up with a good enough response. His gaze is fiery, simmering on my flesh. Somehow, it’s too much and not enough. I don’t know how to put what I want into words, but after a few minutes of heavy silence, Jace shifts his body. He takes a step backward without breaking eye contact. He’s backing up towards the door, but I don’t want him to go. I don’t want to be alone again.

“If you need me, I’ll be right—”

“Stay,” I blurt, the word escaping my lips before I can process what it means.

Jace blinks a few times, just as surprised by my request as I am. It’s impulsive, and stupid probably, but after everything I’ve been through...I can’t bring myself to take it back. Jace schools his face after a few beats, and then he’s crossing the room with soft steps on the carpet. He rubs his hand across his jaw before pulling back the comforter for me.

Once I’m settled, he changes into sweats, too. I’m enjoying the sight of his back muscles rippling as he pulls his clothes off, a sight for sore eyes. I wonder what they’d feel like under my fingertips. I curl my hands into fists under the sheets. Ugh,

what am I doing? What am I thinking? A part of me is longing to be touched by him, to be touched by love and tenderness rather than pity and aggression. That's not too much to ask for, is it?

Jace joins me in bed, scooting in close until his body heat wraps around me. I let him pull me into his chest, his warmth completely enveloping me. I tilt my head up, searching for his face, and find that he's already looking down at me, his eyes heavy, hungry.

Time seems to slow as his gaze lingers on my lips. The air between us thickens, charged, as we drift closer together. Then, in an instant, time snaps forward. He closes the gap, and our mouths meet. A surprised sound slips from my throat, but I pull myself closer, returning the kiss with everything I've got.

Before the kiss even deepens, I know exactly where this is heading. His mouth is a promise, a spark against mine. Anticipation floods my veins, and the exhaustion that weighed on me just moments before seems to vanish, replaced by a burning energy that thrums through me.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:05 am*

JACE

Natalia's mouth is insistent on mine. Her movements are eager but clumsy, unpracticed. There's a sharp, almost twisted part of me that takes satisfaction in that. A voice in the back of my mind whispers darkly that I might be the only man she's ever kissed like this, and the thought sends a rush through me.

I try to focus, to not let the way she's clinging to me distract me, but the feeling of her uncertainty, of her inexperience, stirs something inside me. It's possessive, thrilling... and I can't help but wonder what it means, what she means, to me.

I latch on to this feeling, the idea of her inexperience. With no sudden movements, I carefully push Natalia back on the bed and roll on top of her. I wait for any hesitation, any fear that might arise from within her, but instead she lets her legs fall open. I smile into our kiss, knowing she's wrapped around my finger, thankful that she feels safe with me.

She makes a needy, desperate sound when I swipe my tongue over her bottom lip. The whimper claws its way from the back of her throat and instantly, blood rushes to my cock. Jesus, how am I this hard from a make-out sesh? What is she doing to me?

The way her body responds to me, the way she tastes and smells... it's exhilarating. She's barely aware of how her hips push against mine, begging for something she's never felt before. Her breaths come out in shallow, hot puffs against my cheek as she squeezes my biceps like she's afraid I'll disappear.

My hand drifts to her cheek and then to her neck, soft and slender. She tilts her head

to the side, breaking the kiss. She sighs, “I’ve...”

“You’ve never done this before,” I say.

She gives a curt nod, and I suppress the urge to groan. She’s a virgin, untouched by anyone except for me. My cock twitches excitedly, but I can’t let tonight be her first time. She’s been through too much. I don’t know how long she’d been in that sick place, but something tells me not long. If any one of those creeps had realized she was a virgin, she’d been done for. That thought sends hot rage through my veins. I swallow hard, knowing I’d protect her, die for her, do anything to keep her safe.

“You don’t have to worry about anything,” I assure her, peppering kisses along her cheek. She giggles, turning her head back toward me once again. I kiss her gently before continuing. “I’ll never do anything to hurt you, Natalia. I promise. I want to make you feel good and safe. Do you want me to make you feel good?”

“Yes,” she says immediately, eagerly. “Yes, Jace. Please.”

“Good,” I reply before diving back in to kiss her again.

I dominate her mouth, reveling in how she submits to me, how she melts under my touch. My heart rate picks up eagerly. One day, when she’s not so fragile, I’ll put her on her knees in front of me or hold her down while I fuck her savagely. For now, my only goal is to make sure she wholeheartedly believes she is someone I cherish, someone I’d do anything for.

I gently slide my hand under her borrowed sweatshirt, the muscles of her abdomen contracting under my touch. She writhes beneath me, needy and curious. My fingers drift higher, dancing over her ribcage before finding the swell of her perfect breast. When I brush over her nipple, she arches into the contact, making a desperate noise.

I take advantage of her open mouth and swipe my tongue behind her teeth as I tweak her perky bud. She can barely keep up with me, but that's okay. I'm a patient man when it comes to my sweet Natalia. I know exactly what she wants and how to give it to her.

My girl deserves only the best.

I move my hand to her other breast, desperate for attention now. I give her nipple a little squeeze, noting what makes Natalia gasp and moan. I'm making a mental map of her body, making each place that drives her wild.

"Jace," she says against my lips.

I pull back, looking down at what I've done to my beautiful girl. Even in the low light of my bedroom, her face is bright red. Her mouth is parted, swollen, and wet from kisses. She looks debauched, and I haven't even gotten close to her pussy. All of this, so pretty for me, just from playing with her nipples and kissing her.

"Yes, baby?" I ask as I continue to roll her nipple between my fingers.

"Please," she whimpers, her bottom lip jutting out in an adorable pout. "I want more."

I hum. "I want you to say Daddy when you ask for something, baby."

She blinks at me but then nods. "Please, Daddy."

Hearing that word on her lips, the way she says it so earnestly, breaks something inside me. A rush floods through my body and goes straight to my head. I'm moving before I register what I'm doing.

I shove my hand greedily into her pants and cup her pussy. She gasps when my hand



covers the slickness between her thighs, desperate for friction. I run my fingers through her slick folds, dripping wet for me. It's delicious the way her aroma drifts up through the covers; it's intoxicating and motivates me to pull her sweatpants off and taste her nectar.

Her kisses slow as I shift my touch towards her clit. She practically convulses beneath me, wrapping her arms around me to pull me close. It's adorable, the way she clings to me for safety, for love. The way I've barely done anything to her and she's already losing control.

"That feels good, doesn't it, baby?" I ask, resting my forehead on hers

"So good," she slurs, her eyes fluttering closed.

"No one else has ever made you feel so good, have they?" I say. Then, when she doesn't respond, I growl, "Look at me and answer."

"No one else, Daddy," she gasps, bucking up into my touch. I think she's getting close, just from my fingers and this dirty talk. "Only you."

"That's right," I groan, my cock leaking in my boxers. God, I want this girl so bad. She's going to be so worth the wait. "You're mine. Say it. Say you're mine."

"I'm yours, Daddy," she whines, her pupils dilated so wide that I can barely see the beautiful shade of green.

I moan, capturing her sweet, supple mouth again. If I were a younger, less experienced man, I might cum in my pants right here. The sounds she's making are driving me crazy. It's a wonder my self-control has held up.

"You're close, aren't you?" I say, kissing her cheek, my lips lingering on her sweat-

slicked skin.

“I think so,” she hums.

I almost demand she call me Daddy again. I love the way she purrs it, the way it fits our dynamic so well. I’m overwhelmed with pride when I realize I’ve reduced her to nothing more than a writhing, needy little thing.

My touch is insistent. I don’t let up, not even for a moment. The noises that escape her mouth grow even more urgent. It won’t take much longer to bring her right over the edge. With a practiced flick of my fingers, Natalia cries out. Her thighs tighten around my hand. I smirk, knowing that I’ve done it, knowing that I’m giving her the kind of pleasure that no one else has ever given her.

Her entire body tenses and I feel her muscles contracting as I rub her clit. I keep up a steady pace, working her through it with ease. Her hands twist in the shirt I’m wearing, wrinkling the fabric as she keeps herself steady.

“That’s it,” I tell her through gritted teeth, ignoring how painfully hard I am at the sight of her falling apart beneath me. She gasps as her mouth drops open, her orgasm rocking through her body until her toes are curled. “That’s a good girl.”

After a few seconds, her orgasm subsides, and her head falls back on the pillow. Her breaths are heavy, and I can tell she’s somewhere far away in her bliss.

“How do you feel, princess?”

“Amazing,” she sighs.

“Kay,” Natalia hums, rolling over and hugging a pillow to her chest.

I cast one last look on my beautiful girl. She looks so peaceful, so relaxed. I'm thankful that I found her, that I was able to give her comfort after what I know had to be absolute hell.

Once I've had my fill, I walk confidently to my bathroom. As soon as I get the door closed and locked, I shove down my sweatpants and take my aching cock into my hand. It doesn't take me long to stroke myself to climax. The images of my girl coming apart on my fingers are more than enough to get me there.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:05 am*

NATALIA

I'm not sure how long I've been asleep, but it's still dark outside. I blink into the darkness, my heart thudding in my chest as my surroundings slowly come into focus. The unfamiliar room feels both foreign and safe, the soft sheets and steady hum of the city outside grounding me. What's the last thing I remember? I roll onto my back and think for a moment, shooing away the haze of sleep until finally, I remember calling in the tip, running from the building, and suddenly staring at a tall, handsome, and dangerous man who saved me from an unknown future.

Jace.

That's where I am. I'm at Jace's apartment where he...made me feel so, so good. Heat rises to my cheeks, and I can almost feel the ghost of his hand between my legs. My very first orgasm. It was unlike anything I've ever felt, but most importantly, it was with someone who I trust and who obviously cares for me.

I sit up quickly and look to the right, but the large space beside me is empty of him. Frowning, I glance around the darkened room, hoping to find a sign of him. He's not here, but there is a light on beneath the bedroom door. Slowly, I pull myself out of bed and walk to the door. My hand rests on the nob, and just before I turn it, his voice drifts through the wood.

It's hard to make out exactly what he's saying, so I press my ear to the door until I can hear that his voice is low and concerned.

"Their daughter?" Jace snaps.

My blood runs cold. Does he know who I am? Do his men know? I might be in big trouble here.

I'm frozen in place, my mind racing as I start to calculate an escape plan. The window is out of the question. I don't know how many stories up we are, but it's high—practically in the clouds. Even if the window opens, there's no way I'm risking a balcony leap.

If Jace knows who I really am, my odds of getting out of here drop to zero. Maybe I could overpower him—Dad didn't skimp on self-defense lessons—but that's a gamble. I'd have to guess the way out on the first try, and even then, he'd catch up easily. His training is leagues beyond mine, and unlike me, Jace has real-world experience.

My mind scrambles for options but comes up empty. If I beg, he might go easy on me. What we did last night, what we shared, that has to mean something. Maybe if I'm honest...if I tell him I don't want to go back to my family, that I want to stay here with him, maybe he'll fight for me.

"Well, do you have a description?" Jace asks. "We might have accidentally sent her with the other girls to the police station."

I breathe a sigh of relief. It sounds like they don't know I'm here. That means I won't have to plan my escape. I might get the opportunity to explain myself and hope for the best.

"The president's daughter running away?" he laughs. It's cold and calculated, lined with his obvious disbelief. "As if. Who would put themselves in that kind of danger?"

I want to tell him exactly why I left. It's not such a far-fetched idea, after all. If you disagree with someone's ideology, it's easy to want to leave.

The first seeds of doubt were planted when I was just a child. My dad never cared about sparing women or children. I'll never forget the day I walked in on a conversation between him and his associates. They were laughing, casually calling the child they killed "collateral damage." That was the moment I began to see him differently.

Now, as I think about the safety I've felt in the last few hours with Jace, the contrast is stark. Even before I understood the depths of my father's cruelty, I never truly felt safe with him. There was always an edge of danger, a lingering sense that everything we did came with strings attached.

The only reason I was ever protected was for his image. If it came down to it, he wouldn't risk his life for me—he wouldn't even flinch. I've always known that if I got hurt, he'd just use it as an excuse to unleash hell on his enemies, a justification for more destruction.

I've never been a daughter to him, not really. I've been a pawn, just like everyone else in his orbit—a tool to be used, nothing more.

How do I tell Jace? I want to believe he'd be kind, that he'd listen and maybe even understand. But there's always the chance he wouldn't. Turning me in would mean less trouble for him and his crew.

"They think we took her?" Jace's voice cuts through the silence, closer than I expected. My body tenses as I hear him pacing on the other side of the door, his tone sharp with frustration. "They have to know we're not stupid, Red. We don't need a bargaining chip. We won. We shut down that trafficking ring."

I realize I've been holding my breath and suck in air so fast it feels like my lungs might burst. My heart pounds like a drumbeat in my ears, but it doesn't drown out his next words—the ones that make my stomach lurch.

“Well, if we find her, we’ll give her back,” he sighs heavily, his tone clipped. “God, this is so stupid. I’m glad we saved those girls, but maybe we shouldn’t have jumped into this mission so quickly. Seems like it’s way more trouble than it’s worth.”

The world tilts. My legs feel unsteady as the weight of his words settles over me, suffocating and cold. I take an unsteady step backward, my hands trembling. Gripping the hem of the sweatshirt he gave me, I try to still them, but it’s no use.

I feel like I’m going to collapse. I need to sit down before the floor gives way beneath me.

Before I can make it back to the bed, Jace ends his call abruptly. I freeze, my mind racing as I stare at the door, wide-eyed. Fight, flight, or fawn—that’s how it works, right? I need a plan, and fast.

The door swings open, and Jace’s eyes immediately land on me. He looks surprised, the hint of a question flickering across his face. He doesn’t ask it, but I know what he’s wondering: How much did she hear?

I quickly school my expression and let my body sag slightly, deciding to play tired.

“You weren’t in bed,” I murmur, rubbing my eye for effect and pitching my voice low and groggy. “I woke up and came to find you.”

His shoulders relax, and the tension drains from his stance. Whatever suspicions he had vanish.

“Oh, I’m sorry, sweetheart,” he says, his tone soft. “It was just some business stuff. Nothing for you to worry about.”

“Are you sure?” I tilt my head, letting my lips form a small pout, my hand brushing

my hair sleepily.

“I’m sure,” he says with conviction, stepping forward to pull me into a hug. He kisses my forehead, his voice dropping to a reassuring murmur. “You’ve been so brave, Natalia. You don’t have to worry about anything anymore. I’ll take care of you. I promise.”

I melt into his arms, letting his warmth envelop me even as my mind spins with doubts.

Would he keep that promise if he knew the truth? If he knew who I was—and what I’d done—would he still hold me like this? Still care about keeping me safe? Or would he just hand me over to my father without a second thought?

I want to believe in him, to think that he’d protect me no matter what. But after overhearing his conversation, I know better than to trust blindly.

“Can we go back to bed?” I ask, tilting my face up to his and letting my voice go soft and pleading. Maybe if I stay close, I can ignore the fact that my life hangs in such a fragile balance. “I’m still tired.”

“Of course we can,” he says without hesitation, scooping me up effortlessly. His hands press against me as he adjusts his grip, holding me tightly. “I’m sorry I wasn’t there when you woke up.”

“It’s okay,” I whisper, resting my head against his shoulder. For now, it is okay. This closeness will give me time—time to think, to plan, to figure out how I’ll survive. If I can’t convince him to let me stay, I’ll have to find a way to explain myself to my father.

“You’re here now,” I say softly, closing my eyes against the fear still gnawing at the



edges of my thoughts.

“I’ll always be here for you, Natalia,” Jace says as he lies us both in the plush sheets.

“I promise.”

God, I hope that he’s telling the truth. Otherwise, I’ll be completely on my own.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:05 am*

JACE

When I climb into bed, Natalia shifts closer to me, crawling over until her head rests on my chest. I wrap my arms around her and hold her tightly. She's trembling, just enough for me to notice. My gut twists—I don't need to guess why. She probably overheard some of the call, even though she tried to play it off.

I can't blame her. She knows I'm involved in serious shit. She's likely scared, wondering if she's tangled in something too dangerous, or worse, that she might be in trouble just for being here.

"Everything's going to be okay," I say softly, running soothing circles along her back. My voice drops lower, a quiet promise. "I don't know what you heard, but I swear it's nothing you need to worry about. My guys are handling it."

"Yeah," she says, her voice barely above a whisper, unsteady. "I know."

I hum, pressing a kiss to her forehead, letting my lips linger there. I give her a moment to speak, to tell me what's on her mind. But the silence stretches, tense and heavy. She's not ready.

It's hard to hold back, but I have to. Natalia's been through hell, and trust doesn't come easy after that. Still, a part of me knows that if I give her something—just a little—it might help. I can't tell her everything, but I need her to know she's safe.

"I don't want you worrying about this," I murmur, threading my fingers through her hair. Her soft strands feel perfect in my hands, grounding me as I try to get this right.

“The call was about that last job. Their boss’s daughter is missing, and they think we took her.”

She freezes in my arms, her body going rigid.

The shift is subtle, but it’s enough to set my senses on edge. I wait for her to say something, anything, but she stays silent. I think about pushing—pressing her to tell me what’s going on in her head—but I stop myself. This is all new to her, to us. She’s been hurt, and I can’t bulldoze my way through this. Not with her.

Slowly, she relaxes against me again, though it feels forced. My mind races, trying to figure out what’s bothering her. Then, it clicks.

The girls from the last mission were lured in by another woman. Red mentioned that. Maybe Natalia thinks this “boss’s daughter” is part of that world, someone who could come back and try to take her away.

The thought burns through me like wildfire. No one makes my girl feel like this. No one.

“You’re safe from her,” I say firmly, pulling her even closer. My hand tightens protectively on her back. “She’s not coming for you. And even if she tried, I’d deal with her. You’re mine now, Natalia. I’m not letting you go. You don’t need to worry about her—or anyone else.”

She makes a sound, something between a scoff and a sigh. It cuts, lodging deep in my chest, but I swallow it down. She’s been through too much for me to take that personally.

“I mean it, Natalia,” I say, letting an edge creep into my voice. Not anger, but something sharper. Something true. “I won’t let anything happen to you. Not now.

Not ever.”

“Right,” she breathes.

The room falls quiet again, the stillness settling like a heavy blanket. I keep running my fingers through her hair, pressing a kiss to the top of her head every now and then. I assume she’s drifting off, finally letting herself rest. But then she stirs, her voice soft yet steady.

“You said you’d take care of her if you found her,” she murmurs, her fingers tracing slow, distracted patterns across my chest. “What does that mean?”

The question catches me off guard. I hesitate, searching for the right words. “I’m not sure yet,” I admit, my voice low. “Her dad wants us to return her, and honestly, that would cause the least amount of trouble for us. But…”

“But?” she presses, her voice barely above a whisper.

“But she was probably involved in the trafficking ring,” I continue, blunt because I don’t know how else to be. “And if that’s true, I don’t think I could just let her walk away.”

Natalia stiffens slightly against me, and I feel her breath hitch. She lifts her head, her gaze locking onto mine, intense and searching. “And you’d… what? Kill her?”

I pause, my jaw tightening. “I don’t know what I’d do,” I say, which is only half-true. The part of me that’s cold and calculating already knows what would happen. If she hurt Natalia—if she’s the reason for what Natalia went through—I wouldn’t hesitate. But saying that out loud would only scare her more.

“She’d be dealt with,” I add carefully, but it’s clear the words don’t sit well with her.

“What if she wasn’t involved?” Natalia’s voice rises slightly, her tone filled with a passion I hadn’t expected. “What if she was just in the wrong place at the wrong time? What happens then?”

I hold her gaze, stunned by the fire in her eyes. She’s asking me to consider mercy—for someone who, for all she knows, might not deserve it. “That remains to be seen,” I say after a beat. “If she’s innocent, she goes back to her family. We don’t mess with people who haven’t done anything wrong, no matter who their relatives are.”

Her expression softens, but there’s still tension in her shoulders. “And if she’s not innocent?”

“Then I make sure she never hurts anyone again,” I say, my voice steady but firm. I reach for her, gently pulling her back into my arms. “I need you to trust me, Natalia. No one’s going to hurt you. Not her, not anyone.”

She doesn’t reply right away, but slowly, she rests her head against my chest again. Her breathing steadies, though the weight of the conversation lingers between us. I hold her close, silently vowing to protect her, no matter what it costs me.

She gives me a shy smile, tilting her head in the most adorable way. Then, she says, “I think you’ll make the right decision when it’s time to do that.”

I love that she’s put her trust in me. Her belief in me makes me want to be right by her always. That’s all I want. It’s like I’ve found my purpose in life—to see her smile like I’m her guiding star home.

“Come here,” I say, sliding my hand up to the nape of her neck. I pull her down and kiss her, savoring her sweet taste.

She smiles against me as she kisses me softly, romantic and indulgent. I've soothed her worries, and her body tells me that she's mine.

She tilts her head slightly, and I lick into her mouth. The whimper I get as a reward goes straight to my cock. My hands drift down her sides, pulling a shiver from her. When they come to rest on her hips, I grip her tight and pull her down against my quickly hardening length.

"Fuck," I groan against her lips, bucking into her.

She grinds down against me, kissing me urgently, like I've unleashed something inside her. I wonder what other walls I can break down, because I will break through all of them. She's already mine, but this is any indication of what is to come, I want her to stop protecting herself and be confident in my ability to keep her safe.

In fact, I want her to bring all of her dark parts to me.

With an impatient growl, I flip us over. Natalia's eyes fly open in surprise, but I keep kissing her, keep claiming her with my touch. I'm going to take her virginity. I'll irrevocably tie the two of us together forever. She's never going to leave, never going to want to leave. She'll know she's mine because I'll ruin her for anyone other than me. She'll know that no other man can measure up to me, and she'll understand that I'd do anything to keep her safe.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:05 am*

NATALIA

I trust that Jace will make the right choice. It's clear in every gesture, every movement, how much he cares for me. When it matters most, I know he'll choose me. He'll protect me. I don't have to fear being sent back to my family, and I don't have to worry about any harm coming from Jace's side.

I can't tell him who I am yet, even though I know he's different than the men I grew up around. Jace is full of affection, full of confidence. The hands that roam my back aren't just touching, they're worshipping. I'm something special, not just a pawn in a game he's playing.

He squeezes my hip and pulls me closer to him while the other dances up my spine, settling on the nap of my neck, twisting the baby-fine hairs. He uses the leverage to tilt my head to the side so he can have better access to my mouth, which naturally opens for him.

He's devouring me, heart and soul. All I can taste and feel is him. He is everywhere all at once. I want him to take me, to claim what he wants so badly. Nothing would make me happier than to entrust myself to him completely.

Our kiss intensifies until it's more tongue than anything else. Jace's cock hardens against me, confirmation that he wants this as bad as I do. I'm wet, I can already feel the slick heat between my legs.

"Jace," I breathe. "Jace."

“What is it, baby?” he groans.

I can’t think when he’s touching my body like this. It’s exhilarating, how easily he can move me around. My mind conjures the image of him manhandling me, putting me in whatever position he wants. As he grinds against me, I think of how easy it would be for him to use me like a toy.

“You didn’t answer my question, Natalia,” he says, and when I look at his face, I see a smirk there. He knows exactly what he’s doing to me. “What is it?”

“I want—” I start, swallowing down a wanton gasp. “I want more.”

“You want more?” he asks as he untangles his hand from my hair. With both his hands on my hips, the friction gets even better and more intense. “Like that?”

“N-no,” I whimper, even though this does feel heavenly.

“Then what do you want?” Jace growls.

“You. I need...your cock, Daddy.” I feel like I’m going insane, like the words coming out of my mouth aren’t my own.

“Fuck,” he mutters before flipping our positions. Now I’m on my back, overpowered by his weight and wide frame. He moves so quickly and my brain seems to misfire as his mouth comes down hard on mine. He pulls my pants down, easily lifting me from the bed. Then my shirt is coming off, my tits springing from the sweatshirt.

I’m completely naked, vulnerable before him. He leans back to take me in, and I let his gaze roam freely over me.

“You’re stunning,” he says.



He brings his hands to my body, snaking them up my smooth flesh before giving my tits a gentle squeeze. My body reacts instantly, the muscles of my stomach twitching as he continues the journey down.

He skips over the place I want him to touch me most, his grip tightening on my thighs. His hands massage the meat of them, sending ripples of anticipation through me. I can't help but thrust myself forward in an attempt to get more.

"Daddy, please," I whine.

The effect that word has on him is obvious. He pulls back, his face the picture of desire. I watch with bated breath as he practically rips his shirt from his body. His pants go next, and I'm treated to the sight of his massive, leaking cock. My mouth waters, and my pussy clenches around nothing. I need him inside me. Now.

"Tell me what you want one more time," he growls, shoving my legs apart and positioning himself between them.

"I want your cock, Daddy," I request, letting out a sharp yelp when he pushes the first inch of his length inside.

The sensation is unlike anything else I've ever experienced. It's more intense than when he was touching me with his hands. The connection is so gratifying. We're promising each other that we'll always choose one another.

After a few seconds of adjusting to his girth, Jace rolls his hips into me. His cock goes in deeper, slowly stretching me even further. Inch by inch, he splits me open, impaling me on his length.

"Fuck, you're so tight," he groans, giving me a bruising kiss. "And so fucking wet for me. I'm just as worked up as you are, sweetheart. I've wanted you so bad since I first

saw you.”

“Me too,” I admit, my manicured nails digging into his muscular back. “I’ve wanted you so bad.”

The words ignite something in him. Instead of the slow and easy pace he started with, he quickly works himself up to something punishing. I throw my head back, loving the way he’s making me take it.

He’s targeting my G-spot, homed in on it like he has some sort of sixth sense. It makes my brain mushy, each snap of his hips sending pleasure straight to my brain. My body quivers, waves of ecstasy making me nothing more than a pile of goop beneath him.

My pussy flutters around his length, and he makes a choked-off noise. Then, he drops his mouth to my neck. His hot breath ghosts over my skin, raising goosebumps on my arms. His lips graze against my throat. After a moment, he attaches his mouth to my pulse point and a ragged sound escapes me.

“Daddy,” I whine, not knowing why I’m talking. “Yes, Daddy. Feels good. Feels so good.”

I keep babbling, my eyes rolling into the back of my head. He seems to sense that I’m getting close, and he snakes his hand between us. Then, he starts rubbing against my clit. He uses slight pressure, drawing tight and steady circles around the bundle of nerves.

Fireworks ignite in my entire body. They start in my stomach, shooting up into my chest. Lights dance over the inside of my eyelids. All of a sudden, my orgasm slams into me, and the fireworks morph into a wildfire.

A sound I don't recognize rips itself from deep inside me. Jace connects our lips, swallowing it down like its sweet nectar. His cock and his hand don't stop, dragging my climax out as far as he can. And, even after it starts to wane, he keeps going.

"Jace," I scream, my nails digging into his skin even further.

His hips stutter. His cock twitches inside me. His savage growl hits my eardrums, then a few seconds later, he starts filling me up even further.

Spurts of his hot load are fucked inside of me. I writhe beneath him, loving the feeling of being claimed completely by him. He keeps the roll of his hips up, letting my sex milk him for all that he's worth.

When his orgasm subsides, the two of us lie there, breathing each other's air and basking in the afterglow. I'm more satisfied than I ever thought possible. In that moment, I know that this man is my future. He's my family. Those men that I grew up with are nothing to me. The only thing I'm grateful to them for is bringing me into this world so I could meet Jace.

"You seem tired," Jace tells me as he pulls out.

"I am," I sigh, missing his warmth.

"Try to stay awake for just another minute," he says, pushing my hair away from my face before bending down to press a kiss to my nose. "I'll be right back. I'm going to clean you up and we can get to sleep."

"Stay," I say, not caring about the cum leaking out of me.

Jace smiles before climbing back into bed with me. He pulls me against his chest, stroking my messy hair in a comforting gesture. It doesn't take long for me to drift

off to sleep with images of what our future is going to look like dancing in my head.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:05 am*

JACE

When I wake up the next morning, the warmth of Natalia's presence beside me feels comforting. I look down at her sleeping form, a small smile pulling at my lips. She looks so peaceful, almost too innocent for everything she's been through. In this moment, it's easy to forget the darkness that surrounds her, to remember that she's likely half my age. Seeing her like this makes me want to protect her even more fiercely.

After a while, I tear myself away from watching her, gently easing myself out of her embrace. As I get dressed, she stirs, her sleepy eyes locking onto me. She looks so damn cute that I can't resist walking over and pressing a soft kiss to her lips.

"Where are you going?" Her voice is thick with sleep, and it makes my heart tug.

"I have some work to handle this morning," I answer, wishing I didn't have to leave her side. But the bastards who tried to traffic her? They won't get away with it. This is personal, and as capable as my brother is, I don't trust anyone else to deal with them. "Don't worry. I'll have one of my guys standing guard while I'm gone. You'll be safe here."

An unreadable expression flashes across her face as I prepare to leave, but she doesn't say anything. I want to ask her what's going on in her head, but there's no time for that right now. I've got a job to do, and the sooner I handle it, the sooner I can get back to her. So, I lean down and press a quick kiss to her lips before heading out of the room.

In the hallway, I pull out my phone and dial the man I trust most to keep an eye on things while I'm gone. He answers quickly, promising to be there in just a few minutes. I hang up as the elevator doors open and step inside.

The drive is smooth, and my driver knows the area well. He cuts through the streets with precision, pulling a few risky moves, but that's nothing new. This is our territory. Even if we got pulled over, the cops know better than to mess with us. We get the job done faster and more efficiently than they ever could.

When I arrive at the warehouse, Red is already waiting for me, and his words hit me with a mix of sarcasm and curiosity. "There's the fleeing son of a bitch," he says with a grin, though there's an edge in his tone. "That situation get a little too hairy for you?"

"You know I don't scare easily," I reply, scanning the room. My gaze lands on the man tied to the chair in the center of the room, blindfolded and mere inches away from a steel table filled with tools designed for... getting answers. "You leave this guy for me?"

"Something like that," Red says with a smirk. His gaze sharpens, and he locks eyes with me. "You gonna tell me about that girl you brought home last night?"

I raise an eyebrow, already knowing what this is about. "You know about her?" I ask, not surprised. It's Red's job to keep tabs on everything. My driver from last night probably reported to him as soon as he dropped me and Natalia off.

"I do," Red says, his voice dripping with knowing. "But do you?"

"What's that supposed to mean?" I snap back, immediately on the defensive.

"Did you bother trying to get her last name, or were you too busy thinking with your

dick?”

“Christ, Red. It wasn’t like that,” I growl, pinching the bridge of my nose, forcing myself to stay calm. He’s probably just trying to get a reaction out of me. “And why does her last name matter?”

“Well, if it’s Gatto, it matters,” he says, deadpan.

“That’s...” My words falter as the realization hits me like a ton of bricks.

“Their president’s last name,” Red finishes, his jaw tightening. “You might’ve been too busy with your new toy to do a background check, but I wasn’t. That girl you have in your house? She’s Natalia Gatto. Our rivals are actively looking for her. And you’ve been playing house with her.”

“Man, it’s not like that,” I say, a rush of anger and frustration flooding through me. “You don’t know what the hell you’re talking about. How do you even know it’s her?”

“Are you seriously doubting me?” Red laughs derisively, clearly enjoying my discomfort. “All I needed was a description. We all knew she was gone.”

“But she can’t be one of them, Red,” I argue, though even as the words leave my mouth, I remember what Natalia said last night. She was scared of that girl. She was worried because that girl was her.

She’d mentioned seeing an opportunity to leave—maybe that’s what happened. She didn’t want to be part of this, and if she had anything to do with the trafficking ring, she likely had no choice.

“How can you be so sure?” Red asks, the sternness still in his tone, but there’s a hint

of curiosity in his voice. He's not dismissing me outright. He's listening, waiting for me to explain.

Before I can answer, my phone rings. I glance down at the screen, my finger hovering over the silence button. But I pause when I see the caller ID—an unknown number. That stops me cold.

“Who is it?” Red asks, his voice edged with curiosity.

“I don't know,” I reply, staring at the phone in my hand. “They've blocked their number.”

“Answer it on speaker,” Red demands, stepping closer to get a better look at the screen.

I swipe the screen and hit the speaker button. The line crackles, and all I can hear is ragged breathing. Then a distant shout echoes through the line before a man's voice breaks the silence.

“Jace Marino,” the man says, the smirk in his voice making my blood boil. “We know.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” I snap, my grip on the phone tightening so much I think it might snap.

“We know you have Natalia,” the man continues, as if he couldn't care less. Red and I exchange a tense look, but the guy isn't done. “I think you've forgotten she isn't yours. We're coming for her.”

Before I can get a word in, the man hangs up. My frustration boils over, and I throw the phone across the room, watching it fly just past the head of the man tied to the



chair. He flinches but stays quiet.

“You really like her, huh?” Red comments, his voice a mix of amusement and something else I can’t quite place.

“You have no fucking idea,” I growl, already heading for the door.

“Yeah? Then let’s go,” Red says, following me. I throw open the door to the getaway car, but Red is quicker, shoving me aside to climb in after me.

“What the hell are you doing?” I ask, as I grip the door handle, irritated.

“You think I don’t know what it’s like to have someone you love in danger?” he responds, locking eyes with me as he instructs the driver to head back to my place.

“Like hell I’m letting you deal with this on your own.”

“I didn’t ask you to come with me,” I mutter, watching the city blur past as our driver peels away from the curb. “I know you’re pissed about me bringing her back here.”

“Maybe I am,” Red admits, watching me out of the corner of his eye. “But if you’re serious about this girl, I’m not gonna let you lose her. I might be a dick, but I’m not a monster. You’re still my little brother, and you’d do the same for me. Hell, you’ve done the same for me. We’re gonna keep her safe. She’s family now, right?”

I grunt in response, my nerves practically buzzing with anxiety. At least Red’s got my back. Out of the corner of my eye, I see him sending my address to our team. He’s already getting the place locked down, preparing for whatever comes next.

No matter what happens, I know we’ll get through this. We’re good at handling these assholes. But what really eats at me is the thought of them getting to her before we do. From the way Natalia talked, they’re going to be a hell of a lot worse than I ever

imagined.

### NATALIA

Jace's mention of the guard doesn't fully sink in as he leaves. In fact, as soon as I'm alone in the room again, I slip back into sleep. But when I finally wake up, his words start to echo in my mind.

This isn't the first time I've been kept under watch like this. My dad never let me stay in a house alone. There was always someone at the front and back door, ensuring I didn't wander off. When I was younger, I barely noticed, but now, as an adult, it feels like too much. Overkill, really.

I guess it makes sense for Jace to want someone on guard duty, but that doesn't mean I'm thrilled about it. If he had given me the choice, I probably would've accepted it willingly. But no—he just told me there would be someone here, and that's that.

With a resigned sigh, I get out of bed, my toes sinking into the soft rug. I stand up and take in my surroundings, now bathed in daylight. The room lacks a certain warmth, a personal touch that makes a place feel like home. I'm left wondering if Jace spends much time here, or if this is just another one of his many properties. My dad, after all, owns several homes across the territory.

Stretching my arms above my head, I walk into the kitchen. There's hardly anything in the fridge, but I manage to throw together a passable breakfast. After cleaning up, I move into the living room. The oversized TV seems to mock me—I'm in no mood to watch anything right now. Instead, I find myself walking over to the front door, curiosity gnawing at me.

I peek through the peephole, standing on tiptoe and holding my breath, hoping not to make any noise. It takes me a moment to focus. At first, I think I must be missing something. The hallway is empty, nothing but the bare wall opposite me.

“Strange,” I murmur under my breath, stepping back slightly.

I try to make sense of it. Jace could’ve lied to me about leaving a guard just to keep me from trying to sneak out. But I don’t believe that. Despite how little I’ve known him, I’ve picked up enough to know Jace doesn’t bluff about things like this.

So, what does that mean? Maybe the guard is just out of sight, tucked somewhere where I can’t see him. That’s probably it. I refuse to entertain the alternative thought—the one where Jace’s guard isn’t here anymore. Because if that’s true, then something bad could be happening, and I’m completely unprepared for it.

I know I should just lock myself in and wait for Jace to get back, but curiosity gnaws at me, pulling me toward the door. Slowly, I unlock it, careful not to make any noise. I crack it open just enough to peer outside, trying to take in my surroundings.

There’s no one in sight. At least not in the direction I can see. No voices, no footsteps, no sign of anyone questioning why I’m not staying inside. It’s strange, but maybe the guard is positioned downstairs. Perhaps he was just told to keep me from leaving the building.

I’m about to close the door and retreat when I hear someone clear their throat. Thinking it’s my assigned protector, I turn to face him, ready to offer some kind of explanation. But the words die in my throat when I see who’s standing there.

Jen. Her arms are crossed over her chest, and her lips curl into a smirk. My stomach plummets, and I freeze, unable to move. I want to run, slam the door shut, lock myself away. But I’m paralyzed. Seeing her here—someone I once considered my

best friend—renders me motionless.

“What?” she drawls, her voice dripping with the same coldness my father uses when he’s about to put someone in their place. She tilts her head, that wicked smirk twisting into something sinister. “Not even going to say hi? Or show me around your new place?”

“I—” I stammer, but the words won’t come. My gaze flickers behind her, and I catch movement. One of my father’s men stands behind her. He’s the usual guard assigned to watch over me. At his feet lies another man, tied up and gagged. The guard Jace left for me, no doubt. Somehow, I didn’t hear any of the struggle that must’ve taken him down.

“Natalia,” Jen sings, taking a slow step closer. My heart races, and my breath comes in shallow gasps. “Cat got your tongue? Come on. We’ve always told each other everything. Tell me about your new boyfriend. If you do, I promise we won’t go too hard on you—or him.”

“What do you want?” The words come out in a weak squeak. I hate how small I sound, but I’m caught off guard. If I’d had time to prepare for her arrival, I would have been ready. But now, I’m completely exposed.

“I just wanted to talk to my best friend,” she says, putting on a false pout. “You left without saying goodbye, Natalia. That really hurt my feelings.”

“You know I couldn’t stay,” I say, tightening my grip on the doorknob, fighting the urge to slam it shut and retreat into the penthouse. “You knew that.”

“You’re right,” she sighs, taking a few deliberate steps closer. “Which is exactly why I know you’re the one who called in that tip.”

I blink at her, my mind trying to catch up. I knew this moment would come, but I thought I'd have more time to prepare, maybe even avoid it altogether. I realize now how foolish I was to think I could.

“Aw, did you think we wouldn't find out?” Jen purrs, her voice dripping with sweetness so fake it makes my skin crawl. “Who else could have done it? Everyone knows you're too soft for us. You care so much about being righteous. It's exhausting. You do realize the luxury life you've lived was paid for by everything you think you're above, right?”

“I didn't have a choice,” I snap, my jaw clenched. “I wasn't allowed to leave. If I could've, I would've. Why do you think I bolted when Jace and his guys showed up?”

Jen rolls her eyes, her disgust clear. “You idiot. You're just jumping from one set of criminals to another. You honestly think they're going to be better than your family?”

I step forward, closing the distance between us, standing chest to chest. “Yeah. I know Jace is better than any of you.”

Her smirk twists, becoming something darker, more malicious. “Please. You've known him for a day. He'll show his true colors eventually. They all do.”

“At least they weren't trafficking women!” The words burn as they leave my mouth. Anger surges in my chest. “What would have happened to those girls if Jace and his crew hadn't stopped it?”

“I don't care about them!” Jen snaps, her face twisted in rage. “I'm more concerned with the money we lost because of you.”

Before I can react, Jen lunges, grabbing my wrists and yanking me down. The sudden

force takes me completely by surprise, and I hit the ground hard. My breath leaves me in a gasp as she wrestles me to the floor. I struggle, trying to push her off, but she's too fast, too strong.

She drags my arm behind my back, and her knee presses into my spine with a sharp, painful pressure. I gasp, my body screaming in protest, but I can't break free. Her grip tightens on my other arm, and before I know it, I'm completely restrained, unable to move.

"Natalia," she chides, her voice mocking and cruel. "You're supposed to be better than this. You had all those opportunities, all those gifts handed to you on a silver platter. The least you could've done was make something of it. I know your dad didn't skimp on those self-defense classes. But I guess you weren't paying attention, were you?"

"Get off of me!" I scream, my body thrashing beneath her, desperate to break free. I refuse to be helpless. "Jen, let me go! Now!"

"Or what?" Jen sneers, leaning down until her mouth is nearly at my ear. "You'll call... oh, what was his name again? Jace? You'll call Jace."

I refuse to give her the satisfaction of a response, and with everything I've got, I buck up, throwing my body against hers, nearly sending her flying off of me. She grunts in frustration, her grip tightening, her stiletto nails sinking into my skin. Her knee digs harder into my back, and I cry out in pain.

"Would you come help me?" she breathes, almost out of breath herself from our struggle. "She's wiggly, and you're stronger than me."

That's when I see my regular guard's boots. He crouches down in front of me, ripping off a strip of duct tape and slapping it across my mouth before moving swiftly

to my feet.

My legs are tied together quickly, the cords biting into my skin. I fight against it, but the pain just sharpens. Then, he moves to my hands, binding them tightly behind my back. I clench my teeth, my ankles rubbing painfully together under the rough bindings.

With no way to escape, the fight drains from me. The weight of reality settles heavily. I'm going back to my father, and I know what that means. Jen's right—I've cost them too much. I've ruined everything. My father will never forgive me for betraying him. No one will.

The man hoists me up in his arms, and as I hang limply, I cast one last, hopeless glance at the door of Jace's penthouse. I curse myself for not staying inside, for not listening to that instinct telling me to hide. This is my fault. All of it. Every bit of pain and fear I'm about to face, I brought it on myself.

I entertain a flicker of hope, a faint thought that Jace might come looking for me, but I quickly squash it. I know better. There's no knight in shining armor. There's just this.

And as they carry me away, I wonder if it'll be over soon. But deep down, I know better. This will not be quick. I'll endure whatever they have in store until my body can't take it anymore.



## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:05 am*

JACE

When we arrived at my apartment, it was empty—just as I feared. Natalia was gone. The anonymous caller likely already had her by the time we were on the phone. A knot tightens in my stomach, but Red's already working the angles.

“There's an abandoned building nearby,” Red says, speaking to me and the driver. “It's been quiet for months, but one of our informants saw people going in and out today.”

“That's where they are,” I growl, grinding my teeth.

It doesn't take long to reach the building, and before we've even come to a complete stop, I'm already out of the car. Red's footsteps follow behind me, but I barely register him. The only thing on my mind is getting to Natalia—getting her away from these monsters who've had their hands on her too long.

I kick the door in and step inside, gun drawn. My eyes scan the room, locking onto a man standing over Natalia, bound and helpless. I don't hesitate. I fire a shot into his leg, the sound of it ringing through the building. He yells in pain, falling to the floor. But I'm not done. I fire again.

I know it's excessive, but I'm too far gone. My vision is a haze of red. There are tears on Natalia's face, and her wrists and ankles are wrapped tightly in duct tape. I feel my anger boil over.

They did this to her. How dare they? No matter what's happened, she's their family.

She was supposed to be family. These men are worse than I thought. Anyone who could hurt their own flesh and blood deserves to die, and anyone who follows orders like this deserves to bleed.

“What the hell?!” a woman’s voice rings out.

I pivot toward the sound, just in time to see Red take her down. She fights him, but it’s futile. Red’s a mountain of a man, and she’s no match for him. Her cries for mercy are hollow to me, though I know my brother. He’s never rough with women, even when they’re enemies.

Once I see that the building is clear, I rush toward Natalia. Dropping to my knees beside her, I holster my gun and pull out my pocket knife. I cut through the duct tape with quick, deliberate motions, my hands careful not to cause her more pain.

“This is going to hurt a little,” I say softly, my voice apologetic as I remove the tape from her mouth. She winces, making a small noise of discomfort, and I gently rub at the raw skin around her mouth. “I’m sorry, Natalia. I would have done it differently if I could.”

She doesn’t say anything—just throws herself into me, her arms and legs locking around me in a desperate grip. Her body shakes, and I can feel the raw fear and panic she’s been holding back flood through her. I wrap my arms around her, rubbing her back as gently as I can. She needs to know, without a doubt, that I’m here now. I’m never leaving her like this again.

“Yo, Jace,” Red calls out, his voice cutting through the tension. He’s holding the woman he took down, walking her over to us. “What the hell should we do with her?”

I glance at the guy I shot. He’s still alive, but barely. I’ll deal with him in a minute. Right now, my focus is on Jen.

“Depends,” I reply, my gaze flicking to the girl in Red’s grasp. “What was your role in this?”

The girl spits on the floor, her defiance clear. “Like I’m talking to you.”

Before I can respond, Natalia speaks up. Her voice is small, fragile, and it makes my chest tighten. “Jen was the one luring women for their trafficking ring.”

My eyes snap back to Jen. She freezes, and I can see the panic flash across her face when she realizes Natalia’s spoken.

“Jen,” I say slowly, watching the way she stiffens. “You were helping with that trafficking ring we busted last night, weren’t you?”

Jen looks at me with a twisted smirk. “So, what if I was?” she challenges. “You telling me that you’ve never done anything questionable for your job? You’re not a saint, Jace.”

I laugh, though it’s not out of humor. “Wow, you know my name. Impressive.”

She huffs, jerking her head away from me, clearly irritated. I wonder what her role really was in all of this. Why does she feel so comfortable challenging me like this? It’s likely she was being groomed for a higher position in the ring. People trust women more in this world. Having her as a front could’ve given them an edge.

It makes me sick to think about it, though. Throwing someone like her into that world, pushing her into a position of power where she doesn’t belong—it’s slimy. And part of me feels sorry for her... almost.

But then I remember Natalia, and that sympathy evaporates.

I look at Red, who's keeping a tight hold on Jen. "I'm not really sure what to do with you," I admit, my mind racing with options.

Our men are already moving the guy I shot, handling him with cold efficiency. They don't need instructions—they've dealt with situations like this before.

I turn my attention back to Jen, my gaze cold. She deserves punishment, but there's a part of me that refuses to be that monster. No matter what she's done, I can't bring myself to hurt her the way I want to. Not when she's a woman. It's a line I won't cross, even for someone like her.

"You're lucky I'm nicer than those men you work for," I say, my voice low and threatening. I feel Natalia's grip on me tighten, the fear in her body mirroring my rising anger. "Because if I were anything like them, you'd be paying with your life for what you did."

Jen turns her head toward me, eyes narrowing. She opens her mouth like she's about to speak, but I wait her out. Whatever venom she was about to spit, she seems to think better of it and clamps her mouth shut.

"So, what do you want me to do with her?" Red asks, a rare moment of deflection in his voice. As the leader, he knows when to back off and let me take the reins. He doesn't challenge me when I'm like this.

"We'll give her back," I say, my fingers absentmindedly rubbing Natalia's back as she makes a soft sound of surprise. "But she's going to send a message for us."

Jen scoffs, her voice dripping with defiance. "Like I'd do that."

"I think you will," I reply, my temper starting to flare. "Otherwise, we'll come after you. And we'll make you regret being alive. I'm giving you another chance because

of the environment you were raised in. Because I'm a good guy. You only get one chance, though. Understand?"

Her silence stretches on, thick with tension. Then, after what feels like an eternity, she mutters a grudging, "Yes."

"Good," I say, the weight of my words settling in. "We're taking you back to your family. And you're going to tell them that Natalia is off-limits. She's our family now. If anyone touches a hair on her head, we'll go scorched earth. You'll lose everything—your money, your territory, your loved ones. We'll wipe them all out. Understand?"

She doesn't respond, just glares at me, her eyes burning with defiance. It's a stare that reminds me of a stray kitten with its back arched, but there's nothing cute about it. The anger in her eyes makes me want to break something.

When her silence continues, Red tightens his grip on her. Jen squeaks, finally relenting.

"Yes, yes, okay. I'll tell them, just let go of me," she groans, her body going slack as Red loosens his hold.

"That's right," I mutter under my breath, my focus now entirely on Natalia. She makes a noise in my arms, and every part of me craves to be alone with her. "Go ahead and take her, Red. I'll meet you back at headquarters."

Red nods, pulling Jen away as she puts up a weak fight, knowing she's no match for him. I stay rooted to the spot, my gaze fixed on them until the door clicks shut. Then, I slowly pull Natalia away from me, needing to see her face, to confirm she's truly alright.

Her eyes meet mine, wide and filled with trust. The sight of them hits me hard. I lean in, pressing my lips to hers in a soft, tender kiss, hoping to convey everything I feel. But even as our lips meet, I know it's not enough.

"I'm so glad you're safe," I tell her, smoothing her hair out gently. "I love you, Natalia. I love you so much."

"I love you, too," she replies, a sheen of tears collecting in the corners of her eyes. "I love you so much that I think my heart might explode from how much I do."

"You're mine, Natalia," I say, the words rushing out of me. I need her to know she's everything to me, my entire world. "No one else's."

"Yours," she says fiercely. "I'm yours, Daddy."

The way she says that goes straight to my cock, and I start to get hard. I crash our lips together again, putting all of the emotions that I can't speak behind the movements. I think that she gets it, because she responds with a kind of fervor I haven't felt from her yet.

I can feel the kiss progressing into something more. I'm vaguely aware of the fact that this is one of the least romantic places on earth, but I don't care. I need her so badly, and she needs me too. This is the culmination of all of the adrenaline from what happened this morning. We both need to let it out, need to express our devotion to one another.

So, when her hands thread through my hair, I waste no time in licking into her mouth, devouring her taste.

NATALIA

Desperation surges through me in a way that I've never experienced before. Our first time was incredible, but this is something different. Adrenaline courses through me, a mix of fear and relief—and Jace is fanning the flames to my building desire.

Our kiss becomes absolutely filthy. If I weren't already sitting in his lap, I know my knees would be wobbly. Our breaths mix, the air between us hot with twin arousal. There's no sound in the room other than our gasps and the wet smacking of lips.

I'm already dripping wet. I need to be closer to him, I need him inside me. His physical presence is a balm for my aching soul. I wrap my arms even tighter around his neck, trying to draw myself into his skin.

The words we just exchanged, the declaration of our love, settles in my chest. The seed was already planted the first time I saw him, when he took me away from the hell I spent my entire life in. Now, it blooms. It threatens to come out of my mouth and cover the two of us in rose-red petals.

"I love you so much," I say, pulling away from him so I can gaze into his eyes.

Our foreheads rest together, and I can see every emotion that flashes across his face. I see the joy as it zips through his eyes. His lips quirk, a smile that I understand is only for me. Despite his rough exterior, I can tell that there's a soft spot that I can make my home.

"I love you too, Natalia," he says, his voice dripping with affection. "You have no

idea.”

“And I’m glad to be yours,” I say urgently, repeating my sentiment from earlier. I don’t think I’m ever going to be able to say it enough. “Every fiber of my being is yours, sir.”

“Fuck,” he curses before he’s closing the gap between our mouths and devouring me.

There’s nothing I can do but take it. I let him lay me down, our lips never disconnecting, my hold on him never breaking. I barely register that he’s taking off my sweats until I feel the concrete against my ass.

Once my pants and underwear are tossed to the side, he pulls himself out of my grip. I push myself up on my elbows, chasing him. I stop when I realize he’s getting rid of his jeans and boxers.

Before he’s able to get back on top of me, I climb back onto his lap. His hard cock digs into me, and I can’t stop myself from grinding down against him. I’m rewarded with a deep groan coming from his chest.

“So, is this how you want to take my cock?” he asks, tone smokey-hot.

“Yes, sir,” I say, thrusting down against him again.

“Mm,” he hums, kissing me hard. “Then I suppose this is how you’re going to apologize for leaving my apartment and getting yourself taken.”

“Huh?” I ask, drunk on the way his length feels against my thigh.

“Show me how sorry you are,” he says, reaching between the two of us and changing the angle of his cock so that it’s lined up with my opening. “Ride my cock and show



me how sorry you are. You can do that, can't you Natalia?"

"Yes, Daddy," I say, my eyes rolling into the back of my head as his length slips inside of me.

I give myself a moment to adjust to his girth. From this angle, he feels even bigger. He reaches even deeper than last night. It's like the air from my lungs is being stolen by his cock.

When I can breathe properly again, I brace myself with my hands on his shoulders. Then, shifting slightly so my knees are more firmly on the ground, I lift myself and drop myself down. The feeling is incredible.

It takes me a moment to get into a rhythm, but Jace helps me. His hands land on my hips, gripping me hard and using his strength to pick me up and drop me back down. His fingertips dig into the skin, pressing into bruises that are already there.

The slight pain only heightens the sensation of pleasure. I feel completely blissed out on his cock. And, from the noises that he's making, he feels the same way.

"God, you're good at this," he groans before attaching his mouth to the smooth column of my neck.

"Only good for you, Daddy," I tell him, out of breath and fighting the shivers that run down my body with each press of his lips to my skin.

"That's right," he growls, biting down on my throat.

I let out a strangled noise and slam myself into his lap harder. The tip of his cock hits my sweet spot, and I see stars. Everything feels so good, and every part of me is so sensitive right now.

The familiar beginnings of my orgasm start to creep in. My belly feels warm, and the love in my chest blooms even further. I open my mouth to moan, but words start spilling from me without my permission.

“I’m sorry, Daddy,” I say, meaning the words. I’m never going to go against his wishes again. He has my best interest at heart, and he’s nothing like those people that I escaped.

“You’re forgiven,” he assures me, sounding like he’s about to burst himself.

I’m glad to be in good company. Knowing that my body gets him off, that I’m the one doing this to him, makes me hot all over. I want to be his only source of pleasure. I know that he’s mine.

“I love you, Daddy,” I say as I feel the first dregs of my climax start to climb up the back of my thighs. “I love you so much, Daddy.”

“I love you, too,” he says, picking me up and dropping me back onto his lap. “Tell me that you’re mine.”

“I’m yours, Daddy,” I say, feeling like I’m losing my head.

He moans so loudly that his voice echoes in the warehouse. I feel it down to my core, and my fingers tighten on his shoulders. If I don’t hold on tight, I think I’ll fly away, and I need to stay firmly rooted in this moment.

My body falls forward as my thighs start to shake violently with my impending climax. Jace takes my weight well. He does all the work for me, using me like I’m nothing more than a toy for his pleasure.

“Fuck, Natalia,” he groans, his mouth hot against my neck. “You feel so good. And I

can tell you're close. You're close aren't you?"

"Uh-huh," I confirm, unable to say more than that.

Every muscle in my body starts to tense up, and I know that this orgasm is going to rock my world. Jace knows, I can tell by the way he continues to push his cock directly into my G-spot. I love him so much, and that love that I have for him makes me feel even closer to the edge.

I'm barely holding on. Then, he nibbles on my earlobe, slamming down against him ruthlessly. That's it for me, I'm tumbling over the edge without any other warning.

My mouth falls open and a string of babbling escapes from me as the most intense pleasure I've ever felt washes over me. Jace talks me through it, but I don't hear a word he says. The only thing I can focus on is the feeling of his length sliding in and out of me and the deep timbre of his voice.

As soon as my orgasm starts to subside, Jace slams into me. He grunts, biting down on my shoulder as his hips stutter to a stop. I'm filled up with his hot load, and one final wave of my pleasure radiates through my body.

Neither of us move for a few minutes. The sound of our heavy breaths fill the large, empty space. Even as I begin to get my bearings once again, I find that I don't care where we are. The only thing that matters to me is being with Jace. It doesn't matter where we are as long as he's there with me.

"Well, that was something," Jace says after a few more moments.

I can't stop myself from giggling loudly. All my attempts to get myself under control fail. Eventually, Jace's laughter joins mine.

“Yeah,” I say when I recover from my fit.

“I’m going to make you my wife one day,” he tells me.

My heart skips a beat. I’m his, irrevocably, but hearing him say that out loud makes it feel even more real. Of course I’m going to be his wife one day. He’s my everything.

“I can’t wait to call you my husband.”

“Good,” he replies, giving me a quick kiss. “Do you think you can stand so we can get you dressed?”

“I don’t know,” I admit, laying heavily against him. “I think you’ll need to carry me.”

“Well, if you insist,” he says, rising to his feet and taking me with him.

I burst into another fit of giggles, my heart full of joy. I can’t wait to spend the rest of my life with this man. He’s perfect in every way, and I’m the luckiest woman alive. Every day from now on, I’ll make sure he feels just as lucky to have me by his side.

### SIX YEARS LATER

#### JACE

Marriage is bliss, and there's nothing quite like coming back to my wife in our new penthouse after a long, stressful day. Being second-in-command means stress is always lurking, but it's a little different now that I'm a father.

Lately, I've found myself waking up early to pick up where the guys left off the night before. It turns out, sleep deprivation is a great motivator for getting answers out of our enemies. I don't need to be as rough as I used to, but the job's still never easy.

I exhale with a sigh as the elevator doors open, stretching my neck before stepping off the lift and walking into our shared apartment. It's quiet — a tell-tale sign that Simon, our five-year-old, is likely out of the house. Since it's early afternoon, he could very well be napping.

As I make my way toward the office, I can't help the smile that tugs at my lips. I always look forward to seeing Natalia. There's just something about coming home to her that never gets old. Every step I take toward the room where she's likely working on her novel makes me feel a sense of anticipation.

Her work ethic never fails to impress me. After we got married, I insisted she didn't have to do anything, but she soon got bored and started journaling to work through the challenges with her biological father. One evening, after a few heart-to-hearts, she asked me if I thought it would make a good book. Of course, I said yes. Her life is more than interesting, and I'll always support her dreams.

When I finally reach her office, I can't help but grin at the sight of her focused on the computer screen. I stand there for a moment, just admiring the way she's so absorbed in her work, putting her heart and soul into everything she does.

"How's the writing going?" I ask, grinning when she startles slightly at my voice.

"Good!" Natalia replies, standing up and crossing the room to greet me with a soft kiss. "How was work?"

"It was alright," I reply, not wanting to get into the gritty details. I know she's capable of hearing them, but I'd rather shield her from the darker side of my world. She's seen enough of it already. "Is Simon napping?"

"No, he's at the park with the nanny," Natalia says, giggling as I pull her into another kiss. "They left just before you got home."

"Is that so?" I say, smirking down at her. "Then how about we take advantage of this, hm?"

"Yes," she says breathlessly, her tone going straight to my cock.

I'm already half-hard just from seeing her. I don't think my reactions will ever change. Natalia is truly the most beautiful woman that I've met. She's a minx and knows exactly how to get me going.

"Then, get on your knees," I order her, sucking in air when she obeys me easily.

"Yes, sir," she says dutifully, already opening my fly and pulling out my cock.

I groan as she strokes me to full hardness, maintaining searing-hot eye contact the entire time. She smirks, and that's the only warning I get before her perfect, soft mouth is closing around the tip. I feel like I might be losing my mind with the way

she's swirling her tongue around the head.

Natalia looks up at me with a glint in her eyes, and I know exactly what she's inviting. I tangle my fingers in her hair tightly. Then, as soon as I feel her rest her tongue on the bottom of her mouth, I start thrusting in and out.

I go slowly at first, giving her time to adjust to the intrusion – it's been a while since I've fucked her mouth like this. It doesn't take her long to get used to it, though. At first, her gag reflex was strong, but after a little bit of training she took my cock beautifully.

"Fuck, I love your mouth," I groan, increasing my speed.

Natalia hums around my length, her eyes falling closed. I soak up each and every one of her noises, loving the way they roll over the nerves in my body. I chase my pleasure, feeling a sharp sting of desire at how easily she falls into a submissive role.

The sight beneath me is pure sin. Her pink lips stretch beautifully around my cock, and her eyelids flutter open and closed. The occasional hums that come from deep in her throat zip through my body. All of this combined pushes me so close to orgasm that I have to pull her off. I need to cum in her sweet, sweet pussy.

"Stand up," I say, my voice low and animalistic. "And take off your clothes. I'm going to fuck you."

"Yes, sir," she says again, scrambling to get herself naked for me.

As she's taking care of her clothes, I strip myself down as well. When we're completely bare, I grab her hips and pull her against me. I kiss her hard, savoring the feeling of flesh against flesh.

I swallow down a wild growl as I pick her up and swing her around. When I pin her

against the wall, her legs come up around me instinctually. My cock twitches with delight and anticipation.

I waste no time burying myself inside of her. Both of us moan, our noises of pleasure a symphony in the room. I take a moment to savor it before I start moving.

“You’re always so wet for me,” I say, my hips pounding into her relentlessly. “Does me fucking your mouth turn you on?”

“Yes, Daddy,” Natalia says, her arms tightening around my shoulders as she holds on for dear life.

“Do you like it when I use you?” I ask savagely, angling her hips so I’m driving directly into her G-spot.

“Yes, sir,” she says wildly. “I love it when you use me, Daddy. I’m only for you.”

“That’s right,” I groan. “You’re all mine. This tight little pussy is all mine.”

She makes a noise of affirmation but seems to have lost the ability to formulate words. I’m hitting her spot, sending waves of delicious pleasure through her body. It might look like I’m using her, but in reality, I’m giving her everything she needs. She’s going to get hers before I get mine.

I can tell that her orgasm is starting to build by the way her hands clench against the muscles of my back. Her pussy flutters, squeezing around my dick in a way that only drives me closer to my own climax. I zero in on the little noises she makes, signs that she’s about to be overtaken by pleasure.

“You want to cum for me?” I murmur, my mouth so close to her ear that she shudders when I blow hot air against it. “You want to show me how good I make you feel?”



The response I get is a loud, choked-off scream. Her sex tightens around my length, pulsing as her orgasm rips through her. I fuck her steadily, not letting up until my climax takes me over.

“Oh fuck, Natalia,” I groan as I pump her full of my seed. “Fuck, you feel so good around me.”

She makes a noise that sounds suspiciously like my name, but the blood rushing in my ears makes it difficult to tell. My body sings her praises. I give her everything that I have, letting my fingertips dig into her soft flesh.

When both of our orgasms subside, I lower her to the floor and kiss her gently. She responds happily, her movements imprecise as she focuses her energy on remaining upright. I maintain my grip on her hips, waiting for her to regain her strength.

“I’m okay,” she mutters after a pause.

“Good,” I reply, easing my grip on her and grabbing her clothes from the floor. I hand them to her, then ask, “So, any plans for the rest of the day?”

“Not really,” she admits, starting to dress. “I’ll probably keep writing while Simon’s with the nanny.”

“Mm,” I hum as I pull on my pants. “What do you think, could I convince you to join me in the shower before you get back to your writing?”

She pretends to think it over, and I feel my love for this woman intensify. After a beat, she says, “You’ll have to make it worth my while.”

I chuckle, momentarily forgetting my shirt on the floor. In a few swift steps, I close the distance between us, lifting her into my arms. She giggles, wrapping herself around me tightly.

“You know I always make it worth your while, sweetheart,” I growl, carrying her toward the bathroom.

“I know,” she says, the smile clear in her voice. “I love you, you know?”

“I love you too,” I reply, pressing a kiss to her shoulder as we reach our bedroom. And just like that, I’m already more than ready for round two.