







# My Bratva Dom (Maksimov Family Bratva #2)

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**Category:** Romance

**Description:** ASLAN

Im not supposed to want her.

She's off-limits.

My boss is a powerful, dangerous man. No one dares even look at his wife. And her baby sister? Also untouchable.

Too young. Too sassy. Too damn tempting with her big doe eyes, full mouth, and those lush curves.

I warned her to stay away.

Told her I was too dark, too ruthless, too f\*cking much for her.

But Tina just smirked and kept pushing me.

Now she's under my skin.

And I'm f\*cking done resisting.

She wants to play?

Fine.

But she doesn't understand what it means to belong to a man like me.

To be owned, ruined, f\*cking defiled.

I don't just want her submission.

I want everything. Her cries of pleasure. Every single smile. Each soft touch from her hands.

And once I have her—there's no letting go.

Hes BRATVA, hes a Dom. Shes the sassy brat who got under his skin. And now, hes ready to tame her.

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

One

Tina

I told my family I was just coming home for a quick visit. But really, I'm here to make sure Marie's okay.

Last time I was in town, my sister was still working with our dad at his accounting firm and going on an endless string of first dates.

Now, she's Mrs. Viktor Maksimov! Married to a freaking Bratva boss, living in a mansion with guards, tall iron gates, and a man who probably eats bullets for breakfast.

Marie and I are only a couple of years apart, but my sister is the quiet, easygoing one, and I'm the loud, sassy mouth.

She lived with our parents until she graduated from college and started working with our father.

Me? I left the house the minute I turned eighteen.

Mom and dad wanted me to study something safe and boring like my father and sister. I said, fuck that. I wanna write songs.

So after a couple of years of working odd jobs, busting my ass in music school, and not really seeing how I could make it in our hometown, I packed my shit and moved

to New York. Now, six months later, I feel like I'm even further from my big Broadway dreams.

I haven't told anyone yet, but I'm thinking of moving back home. The city is not what I thought. The tiny apartments, chaotic roommates, asshole boyfriends who treat me like shit, crappy jobs that barely pay the rent... the constant grind. I need a fucking break.

\* \* \*

I'm still wrapped up in my thoughts when I spot him near the terminal exit. Tall, broad, and scowling like he's two seconds away from putting someone in a chokehold.

Uh... do criminal organizations recruit male models now? 'Big, bad, and hot as hell' doesn't even begin to cover it.

Marie described my ride to her place, Aslan, Viktor's right-hand man, as a man who barely talks and never smiles. And this guy, with his gorgeous features, deep frown, muscles everywhere, and black suit, has to be Aslan Antonov.

His ice-blue eyes lock on me the second I step outside the airport. Jee-zus... The way he's scowling at me makes my pulse beat faster and my clit tingle. What the hell, Tina?

I adjust my bag on my shoulder, plaster on a smile, and stride toward him.

\* \* \*

"Aslan?"

His gaze narrows.

“Tina.”

That’s it. No smile, no greeting. Just my name said low and short. Oookay then...

I flash him a big, bright grin like I wasn’t just pretty much bitch-slapped.

“Nice to meet you.”

He doesn’t answer. Just takes my bag from me, turns and walks away like I don’t even exist.

I stand there blinking for a few seconds, watching his massive body move toward a gleaming black Maybach double-parked at the curb.

“Well, hello to you too,” I mutter to myself, following him. “With your rude, sexy ass.”

\* \* \*

I’m in the backseat of the most luxurious car I’ve ever been in. All plush, creamy leather and shiny dark woods. With so much space, it feels like a small studio apartment. And being me, I attempt conversation with the grumpiest man I’ve ever met.

“Boston doesn’t change, huh?” Nothing. “Always freezing. Guess I shouldn’t have worn this top.” I tug at the hem of my sweater. Not because I’m actually cold, but because Aslan’s eyes slid to my chest for a half-second when I got in the car.

Listen, I take my fun where I can find it.

I smile sweetly in the mirror. Aslan's fingers flex on the steering wheel. Interesting. I lean forward in the space between the two front seats. "You're not much of a talker, huh?" He grips the wheel tighter. "You know, you could at least,"

"Sit back." His deep voice cuts through the air in a low, gravelly rumble that instantly makes my nipples stand to attention. Shit, my entire body.

I blink, feeling completely out of sorts. My skin tingles all over, my clit pulses, my pussy spasms. I stare, jaw slack.

This man is hot. Period. That was clear from the first look at took at him.

All tall, broad, muscular. With that sun-kissed skin, jet black hair, striking eyes, and ridiculously handsome face.

But this tone? The command in his voice?

Its rasp while he fucking bossed me? Sweet Lord in heaven.

The man just triggered something deep inside me I didn't even know existed.

I manage to croak out, "excuse me?"

Aslan's cold blue eyes flash in the rearview mirror.

"Sit. Back. Now."

More pussy spasms with each growled word. I should listen. I really should. But instead, I lean forward even more, my hand resting on the side of his seat. It's like I can't to stop myself. "Okay, chill. You,"

The car jerks to a complete stop. In the middle of traffic. Creating a commotion of honks and yells. I'm slammed forward, grabbing the seat in a death-grip so I don't fly into the dashboard. "What the hell, man?!"

Aslan spins around so fast, all I see is a blur. He's terrifyingly hot. All clenched jaw and burning gaze. Completely ignoring the other cars around us.

"I don't know what you think this is," he rumbles in a low, rough voice, "but I am not here to entertain you. Not your friend. Not your goddamn toy." His gaze drops to my mouth for a second, making everything between my thighs feel hot and sticky, before snapping back to my eyes.

"You're Marie's sister. That's the only reason you're breathing my air.

So sit back... and keep your fucking mouth shut. "

I blink, heat rushing to my face. Partly from embarrassment, but mostly because of the way this man is affecting me.

And all I can think about is how that big, thickly veined hand that's knuckling the steering wheel would feel wrapped around my throat, his blue eyes flashing while he'd talk dirty to me...

So I sit back. Because now I don't fully trust myself around this deliciously terrifying man.

\* \* \*

Marie's already waiting in the huge circle driveway when we pull up, practically bouncing on her toes, grinning like she's been counting the seconds since I landed.



She throws her arms around me the moment I step out of the car. “You’re here!”

“Bitch, you’re rich!” I tease, eyeing the sprawling mansion behind her.

Marie laughs, looking like the happiest newly wed in the world. She pulls me inside, chatting away. When I glance over my shoulder, I catch one last look of Aslan as he stalks away. His back is stiff, his broad shoulders tight.

Looks like I have my job cut out for me... Operation Break Aslan is fucking on.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Two

Aslan

I knew she'd be trouble the second I saw her cat-walking out of the airport like a fucking wet dream. With her big brown eyes, that fucking mouth and that thick ass that belongs bent over my knee while I teach her how to fucking behave.

But Tina is Marie's sister. She's off-limits.

Not only would Viktor fucking kill me, but I'd never do that to him.

Vik' is not just my boss, he's my mentor, my brother.

I respect him more than anyone else in this world.

He saw me coming up the ranks as a young soldier in the Bratva and gave me a chance.

I'm the man I am because of him. He gave me skills, power, a position, wealth.

I was just a street kid who only knew how to speak with his fists, but he saw something in me.

Taught me how to use my head and not just fight and kill.

Made me a part of his family. Trusted me. I could never betray that.

But it seems like none of that can stop my dick from jumping every time the image of that bright, teasing smile, those mischievous, big brown eyes, that full rack and round ass flash through my mind.

I stalk through the mansion like a madman, and end up locking myself in my office. But even here, in the dark, with the door bolted and the lights off... I can still feel her presence. Her sweet, warm scent still clings to my clothes, my skin, my fucking lungs.

I should've ignored her. Should've tuned out her throaty voice. That smug little grin that made me think she knew exactly what she was doing to me. Her sexy body. That beautiful face.

Instead, I let her crawl inside my head. And now I can't get her out.

\* \* \*

I light a cigar, slouch in a leather club chair, and stare at the ceiling like it's got answers.

I know better. Women don't get to me. I play and move the fuck on.

Simple. Easy. But this is not easy. She's a fucking problem.

A mouthy brat who doesn't know when to stop pushing.

And fuck me... I wanna push back. I wanna wrap my hand around her soft throat, watch her eyes go wide as she realizes she's finally gone too far.

I want to pin her to a wall, push her lush legs apart, and,

“Fuck.” I pull hard on the cigar, my chest heaving.

My cock’s stiff, so hard it hurts, and no matter how many times I tell myself to let it go, the images keep coming.

Tina’s mouth opened wide and soft as I push my fingers between her lips. Her pretty face down on my bed, her thick, round ass up, begging me to take her. Her curves pinned under me, while she stares wide-eyed and panting, too full, too thoroughly fucked to even speak...

\* \* \*

I put out my smoke, shoulder off my jacket with jerky movements, and roughly tug at my belt, shoving my slacks and boxers down just far enough to free my cock.

I’m already leaking, red and swollen, hard just from thinking about her.

My big hand wraps around my thick shaft, tight and rough.

Stroking it, but that’s not enough. I need more.

I grab the jacket I wore earlier, the one that still smells of her, and drag it to my face.

Breathing her scent where she had her hand on my shoulder in the car, as I jerk myself hard and fast.

I can still feel her breath against my neck, warm and teasing, like she knew exactly what kind of animal she was poking.

I groan, low and rough, my calloused fingers tightening around my pulsing flesh.

I imagine her mouth stretching wide, lips slick and swollen as she struggles to take me.

“Fuck, baby... just like that.”

I picture her ass bouncing against my hips, bruised from my grip, while I fuck her deep and hard.

“Gonna make you mine,” I grunt between ragged breaths. “Gonna break you, brat... gonna fucking ruin you.”

The tension builds, hot and sharp, until my muscles lock and my body jerks, thick ropes of cum spilling over my fist.

I slump back against the chair, chest heaving, still gripping myself like I can't let go.

Not enough.

I squeeze my cock again, still hard, still fucking starving, and grit my teeth.

Fuck, this isn't just lust. It's not just some itch I can scratch away. I fucking need this girl. Under me, soft and helpless, so I can fucking own her, wreck her, fill her until she knows who she belongs to.

I wipe my hand on my discarded jacket and exhale another ragged breath.

I warned you, little girl. Keep pushing and you'll find out exactly what happens to brats who cross a dom.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Three

Tina

Marie's room is huge, bigger than my entire apartment in New York. The bed could comfortably fit five adults, and the walk-in closet looks like something out of a fashion show.

"So, you're really happy here?" I ask her.

My sister rolls her eyes. "Yes, Tina."

I smile. Looks like marrying into the mob has made my sweet sister a bit sassy. Good for her.

Stretched out on the bed next to her, I pretend to study my nails. "Was expecting you to be chained to a radiator or something."

She snorts, grabbing a pillow and whacking me with it.

"Hey!" I laugh, swatting her back. "I'm just saying, you're married to a scary Bratva boss."

"Viktor's not scary," she replies, beaming.

I raise an eyebrow.

“Okay,” she admits, raising her hands, her smile widening, “he is. But not to me.” Her eyes soften. “He’s good to me, sis. I swear.”

I want to believe her. She looks good. Glowing, happy.

“That’s good because if he screws up, you know I’ll go full-on psycho-sister on his big scary ass.” Marie laughs. “Anyway,” I add, changing the subject, “how’s the whole ‘living in a fortress’ experience?”

“It’s different, but the guys aren’t bad once you get to know them. Most of them just let me be.”

I snort. “Except Aslan.” Marie laughs. “That man is a walking death glare.”

My sister chuckles. “He’s... intense.”

“Intense?” I puff. “The entire drive here he looked like he was two seconds away from pulling out his gun every time I spoke.”

Marie shrugs. “Leave the man alone. He’s just not very social.”

“Gee, really?”

Her smile widens. “He’s been with Viktor for years. He’s quiet, serious, does a great job apparently. But I don’t think I’ve ever seen him smile or actually look mad.”

“Well, I’m honored to be his first.”

Marie laughs again, and I change the subject before she starts suspecting I may or may not have a thing for a certain scary Russian gangster.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Four

Aslan

I should've stayed in my office. I knew this would happen, knew I couldn't be near her without losing control. But when I heard her laughter, sweet as fucking honey, I couldn't stop myself.

I came downstairs, following the sound of Tina and Marie's voices, and now I'm standing in the kitchen doorway, watching her.

Tina's alone now. Marie must have left not long ago. She's curled up on one of the island barstools, licking something off her thumb, her lips full and shiny.

Fuck me.

I should fucking leave, but I don't. I stand there until my cock's stiff and throbbing behind my zipper.

And she doesn't even fucking know I'm here.

Doesn't know I'm losing my damn mind just watching her.

That I haven't been able to stop thinking about her from the moment we parted ways.

Fucking wondering what her smart mouth would taste like, what her ass would feel like under my palm, what sounds she'd make if I bent her over the nearest flat surface



and fucked her until her legs gave out.

I don't do this. I don't get obsessed. But I want to break this girl. I want to strip away all that sass, make her soft for me. Make her mine.

I take a step into the room, my boots heavy on the marble floor. Tina's head jerks up, her brown eyes finding mine.

"Oh," she says, startled, then grins. "Could've warned me you were there, big guy."

I don't reply.

She licks the last bit of chocolate from her thumb, slowly, watching me the whole time. Fucking taunting me.

"You always sneak up on people like that?"

Fuck, that voice. Low and throaty. It wraps around my balls in a warm, tingly caress.

I stay silent, watching her like a predator.

She shifts, her long legs crossing under the oversized shirt she's wearing.

It's too short. Too damn revealing. I can see way too much of her thick thighs.

And my imagination has no issue picturing what hides under the slim layer of cotton.

Her big, round tits pressing against the fabric.

Her small waist, and fat ass that overflows on the breakfast bar stool.

Hair undone. Thick, loose curls framing her gorgeous face. So damn sexy. Fucking perfect.

“You know...” Tina starts again in a teasing voice, “if you stopped scowling so much, people might think you’re a nice guy.”

“I’m not a nice guy.” I say, low, in a tone I hope will scare her.

But her grin only widens, the sight hitting me straight in the chest. Fuck, she’s pretty.

“Yeah, I figured.”

She leans forward, elbows on her bare knees, hair falling over one shoulder.

And a wild thought flashes through my mind.

This is what she’d look like in my kitchen.

In the middle of the night. After I’d fuck her stupid.

Pulled so many orgasms out of her, she’d be parched and famished. Fucking dazed and gorgeous.

I don’t say a word. Because if I open my mouth, I’m not gonna stop.

“You gotta learn to loosen up,” Tina purrs, her fingers dragging absently along her bare thigh. Her deep brown skin looking so fucking soft. So tempting. “You’re gonna give yourself a heart atta-”

I’m on her before she finishes her sentence.

\* \* \*

A gasp barely escapes her lips before my hands are on her, pressing her back to the marble counter.

I growl, crowding her in place. “You won’t stop running your fucking mouth, brat.”

Tina’s fingers wrap around my wrist, but she’s not pushing me away... just holding.

“You gonna make me shut up, big guy?” Her voice is breathless.

My fingers tighten. And her chest heaves, her big, soft tits brushing against my chest, and my cock throbs so hard I can barely think.

“Should fuck you raw right here,” I growl, our faces only inches away.

We stare into each other’s eyes, in shock. I never intended to say the words out loud. And clearly Tina didn’t expect them.

When she finally speaks, her response tips the scale of this insane thing fizzling between us forever. “Then do it.”

I don’t remember moving. One second I’m holding her still, the next I’m kissing her. Hard. My tongue pushing deep, swallowing her moans like I fucking need the taste of her to live.

Her small hands fly to my chest. Running over the fabric of my shirt. Her nails scratching, fingers grasping.

Her mouth is sweet and wet, fucking perfect.

I drag my hand down her body, over her big tits, her soft stomach, then shove it between her lush thighs.

Tina gasps against my lips. She clenches her legs tight, but I force them apart.

“You wanna act like a fucking brat?”

I push her panties aside and sink two fingers inside her, hard and deep, forcing her body to stretch. No prep. No buildup.

“Jesus...” she gasps, her eyes widening.

“That’s what fucking brats fucking get,” I snarl against her mouth, my fingers driving deeper. “They get fucking punished.”

Her head falls back, her kiss-swollen lips parting on a ragged moan, while I finger-fuck her deep, hard, and fast. My thick fingers hooking up to massage her g-spot. My thumb rolling and pressing on her swollen clit. Fuck. She takes me so fucking good.

“Fuck, baby. You feel so tight... so soft... so fucking wet.” I’m coming undone just from the feel of her. The sweet scent of her juices. The wet sounds of her pussy.

My thumb circles her clit, slow and mean, teasing her until her full hips start rolling against my hand.

I’m shaking. Hard as a rock. I lick my lips, nostrils flaring.

Inhaling the intoxicating scent of her cunt.

Imagining her sitting on my face. Smothering me with her thick thighs. Pulling at my hair. Riding my face.

“Look at you.” I curl my fingers inside her, against that sweet spot that makes her whimper every time. “Fucking drenched for me. You like that, brat?”

“Y-yeah...”

“Of course you do. My perfect little slut,” I rasp at her ear, kissing, biting and licking her soft skin, breathing in her smell, pumping my fingers slow and deep, her slick coating my hand. Tina’s breath turns ragged. “You gonna come for me, sweet girl?”

Her eyes squeeze shut. “I can’t, not here... not like this...”

“Yes, you can,” I order. My thumb presses harder, my fingers working her relentlessly. “Come for me, brat.”

Her entire body tightens, legs shaking, breath hitching, then she’s falling apart, shattering against my hand with desperate, breathless moans.

I keep finger-fucking her through it, dragging it out, teasing her fat clit until her thighs snap shut, trapping my hand.

“No more... please,” she begs in a whimper.

I growl, kissing her again. Unable to stop myself. Fucking needing to taste her.

I pull my fingers free. They’re slick and sticky. And bring them to her mouth, ordering, “clean me up.”

Her eyes lock to mine, wide and hazy, but she parts her plump lips, her small, pink tongue flicking out to taste herself.

Christ.

I step back before I snap, bend her over the counter, and fuck her deep and rough. Because there's no way we won't wake the entire house if I do that. Shit, we're lucky no one seems to have heard us.

"Next time, you'll be on your knees," I gravel out, barely recognizing my own voice.

Then I turn and leave, my cock thick and aching. Counting the seconds until I can break this girl wide open.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Five

Tina

I can still feel his fingers inside me.

I'm gripping the counter hard, the only thing keeping me upright, my chest rising and falling like I just ran a marathon. My skin feels too hot, my legs weak, my pulse pounding in my ears.

What the hell just happened?

I should run upstairs to tell Marie about her psycho guard dog and pack my bags. But instead... I bring my fingers to my mouth and trace my lips, tasting myself again the way he made me.

I shiver. I don't know what's worse, the fact that he manhandled me like he had the right to... or the fact that I liked it. No, I fucking loved it. Every rough touch, every filthy word. All of it dragged something dark and needy out of me. Something I didn't even know was there.

I lean back against the counter, forcing my breathing to slow.

Next time, you'll be on your knees. Aslan's deep, gravelly voice echoes in my head.

I should've slapped him. Should've screamed. Should've... something, anything! Instead, I stayed there shaking and moaning while he fingered me in the middle of the

goddamn kitchen like he fucking owns me.

I squeeze my thighs together. God... what's wrong with me?

I can't shake the image of his hand collaring my throat, his fingers deep inside me, his striking eyes locked on mine like I'm his .

And the worst part is I want more.

I want to push him again, get too close, talk too much, piss him off just to see what happens.

I want to know what it feels like when he loses control completely.

I close my eyes, my head falling between my stretched arms on the cold marble countertop.

This is bad. Real bad. Because Aslan isn't some boy I can flirt with and forget about. He's a man. A scary, dangerous man. And I can tell if I keep playing with fire, I'm gonna get burned.



## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Six

Aslan

Viktor paces his office, rolling his cufflinks between his fingers, a sign that he's pissed.

"I have to go," he mutters.

I'm sitting across from him.

"Who's calling the meet?"

His mouth tightens. "Maxim."

Shit. Maxim Maksimov, Vik's uncle, isn't just some boss, he's the boss. The Pakhan whose empire is the largest and most powerful in North America.

"How long will you be gone?"

"Two, maybe three nights." His gaze hardens. "I need you here. With Marie and Tina."

He doesn't know I've been losing sleep thinking about his wife's sister. That I made her cum in his own kitchen. Gave her her first lesson in submission. Doesn't know I've been jerking off like a madman, my fist tight around my cock, moaning her name into my pillow like a goddamn tool.

I nod. “They’ll be safe.” I keep my face blank, but my chest tightens.

Viktor trusts me. He’s my boss, my friend, the man I’d lay down my life for. If he knew what was running through my head... what else I want to do to Tina... He’d fucking kill me.

I nod, swallowing hard.

\* \* \*

I try to focus on the job. Spend the afternoon reviewing security feeds, checking perimeter points, walking the property like I’ve done a hundred times. Getting reports from our men and dispatching instructions. But my mind keeps straying back to her.

Fuck, I can still feel her against me, warm and soft, her breath shaky in my ear as she came on my fingers.

I should’ve walked away the second she started teasing. Instead, I pushed her against the counter and played with her like she was mine to bend.

And God help me... I want to do it again.

I close my eyes, gripping the edge of my desk. I’m fucking seconds away from losing it.

Fuck, I’ve been counting the hours, waiting for another chance to put my hands on her. And now that Viktor’s leaving, I don’t know if I can stop myself.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Seven

Tina

Marie's been staring at her phone for the past twenty minutes. I pretend not to notice, flipping through channels on the massive flat-screen TV. But it's hard to ignore the way her thumb keeps swiping back and forth, like if she stares long enough, Viktor's face will pop up.

"Girl, if you press that screen any harder, you're gonna crack it."

My sister sighs and tosses her phone on the couch next to her. "I hate when he's away."

"Yeah?" I smile. "I'm sure Mr. Bratva Boss can handle himself."

"I know," she mutters. "It's just... hard to be apart."

"He'll be back soon," I reassure her, reaching to squeeze her hand. "And in the meantime..." I grin. "How about we have some fun? Let's go out!"

Marie blinks. "Out?"

"Yeah. Club, bar, whatever." I flash her my biggest smile.

God knows I need a distraction, too. With how much I've been obsessing about a certain tall, dark and lethally handsome Russian mobster...

Marie hesitates, biting her lip.

“I don’t know...”

“Oh, come on.” I nudge her with my knee. “You think Viktor would want you moping around while he’s out of town?”

That makes her giggle. “Probably.”

I join in her laughter before grabbing her phone and shoving it in her hand. “Text him. Tell him we’re having a girls’ night out.”

“Even if Vik’ says yes, you think Aslan will be okay with it?” she asks, raising an eyebrow.

My stomach twists.

The memory of his long, thick fingers, rough and relentless inside me, flashes through my mind. The way he rasped, next time, you’ll be on your knees.. . I push the images down. Fast.

“Please,” I scoff, lying through my teeth. “I’ll handle Mr. Grumpyface.” Right...

Marie grins, and I don’t know if I’m more relieved to see her in better spirits or terrified at the perspective of facing Aslan again after we’ve been avoiding each other these past few days.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Eight

Aslan

I know she's coming before she even knocks. It's fucking insane how my senses are tuned in to Tina.

Her footsteps echo down the hallway. Then her shadow appears through the crack of my office door.

I should've locked it.

But some dark, twisted part of me wants her here. In my space.

I sit back in my chair, my fingers drumming on the desk, and watch the door like a predator.

The knock comes, quick and teasing. My little brat. Warmth spreads through my chest at the same time my cock jerks. My heart beat picks up.

"Aslan?" Her voice is syrup-sweet.

I don't answer, but that doesn't stop her. Of course, not. The door creaks open, and there she is, standing in my doorway. Pure fucking temptation.

She's wearing jeans that are tight enough to make my mouth go dry. Hugging every inch of her small waist, round hips, thick thighs and long legs. And some cropped top

thing that clings to her full tits.

Fuck me.

I drag my eyes back to my computer screen, clipping, “what do you want?”

“I’m taking Marie out tonight,” Tina announces, stepping inside. “We’re having a girls’ night.”

I snort, staring at my computer screen like she’s not making my blood boil by just standing a couple of feet away from me.

“Nope.”

When I finally look up, Tina’s standing with her arms folded under her breasts, pushing them higher, fuller, like she’s daring me to stare. One perfectly manicured eyebrow raised. Her full lips pursed in a daring smirk.

“You can’t tell me what to do,” she finally replies.

“You’re Marie’s sister,” I reply sharply. “That makes you my responsibility while Viktor’s away.”

“Oh?” Her lips curl again smugly. “And how exactly are you gonna fulfill your responsibility , asshole?”

She’s pushing me. Again. And I’m failing miserably at keeping my cool.

Tina’s grin widens when she notices my jaw twitch. “Gonna cuff me, big guy?” she taunts. “Lock me in the basement?”

I push back from my desk, rising slowly to my feet. Letting my full height unfurl until I'm towering over her.

Her smile falters, just for a second, but she doesn't move. Doesn't back away when I stalk to her, stopping just close enough that I can feel her body heat.

"If you were mine," I rumble low, "I'd do a whole hell of a lot more than that." A threat and a promise, all wrapped up in one.

I let my gaze drag over her slowly. Her tits rising and falling. The curve of her waist. The sweet dip of her stomach I've been dying to taste.

"You wouldn't make it out of my bed," I rasp out, leaning closer. "I'd keep you tied there, spread open and dripping, until you learned how to behave, brat."

Her breath hitches.

"You talk a big game," she says, but her voice isn't as steady as before. "Too bad you're all bark."

I move fast, grabbing her by the hips and pushing her so her back hits the door.

She gasps, eyes wide, mouth falling open, but she doesn't push away.

"This, what you wanted, little girl?" I growl, dragging my thumb down her throat, feeling her pulse race under the pad of my finger. "Wanted me to lose control?"

I press my body against hers, grinding my hard cock against her stomach so she can feel exactly what she's doing to me.

Her long lashes flutter, her breath catching when she feels me, thick and hard,

straining against my slacks.

“You need to learn some manners, baby,” I murmur.

My hand drifts down, tracing the curve of her waist, over her soft stomach, down to her jeans.

I pop the button open, my eyes never leaving hers, and slide my fingers inside.

She’s fucking soaked. Of course. Tina is as gone for me as I am for her. We’re like fire and powder. Playing a dangerous game of push and pull.

Her panties are slick and sticky, her heat pulsing against my hand.

“Fuck, sweetheart...” I groan, my head dropping to her forehead. My eyes drinking in every shift in hers. “You this wet for me? Already? Haven’t even touched you yet, sweet girl.”

Her breath shudders.

I slip one finger between her damp, swollen folds, dragging it through her slick heat, then rub her clit, slow and deliberate.

Her hips buck, her hands flying to my shoulders.

“Tell me to stop,” I growl. “Tell me to stop... or I’m not stopping.”

She doesn’t say a word.

Instead, her nails dig into my shirt, gripping hard, like she’s holding on for dear life.



“Yeah,” I rasp. “That’s what I thought.”

I push two fingers inside her, deep, and her head falls back against the door with a moan that goes straight to my cock.

“Look at you,” I mutter, driving my fingers in harder. “So goddamn tight... so sweet for me...”

I pinch her clit, then start circling faster, till her moans turn into cries.

“That’s it, brat,” I growl. “Give it to me. Come on my fingers like a good fucking girl.”

Tina gasps loudly, grinding against my hand like she can’t help herself.

“Such a filthy little thing,” I rasp. “You like this? Like running your fucking mouth, so I make you come to shut you up?”

“Aslan...” she whimpers.

“Yeah, you do,” I growl. “Gonna make you cream all over my fingers... then you’ll fucking thank me for it.”

Her body shudders, muscles clenching, thighs trembling, and her moans turn into sharp cries as she comes hard, her pussy gripping my fingers in tight, wet pulses.

I keep working her slow and deep until her head falls forward against my chest, her breath hot on my skin. Making me feel just as wrecked as she looks. Heart pounding, cock hard and drooling, breath ragged, jaw so tight I might crack my teeth. Fuck... this girl.

I press a kiss to her temple, then slowly ease my fingers out of her and paint her parted lips with her juices.

Tina sways on shaky legs. I hold her chin, forcing her to look up at me.

“You’re not going out,” I murmur. “Understood?”

Her lashes lower, her breath is still uneven, but she still has it in her to reply, “try to stop me.”

I smile darkly. My girl never disappoints.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Nine

Tina

Marie's finishing her makeup in the mirror, swiping a coat of gloss over her lips.

"Looking good, sis," I say from the bed.

She smiles. "You too, babe."

I tug the hem of my dress lower. It's a little red number that's definitely more 'troublemaker' than 'good girl.'

"You think Aslan's still brooding?" Marie asks.

I snort. "When isn't he?"

"Be nice." She smiles. "He's just being protective."

"More like controlling," I correct.

She rolls her eyes before adding, "you know, I'm surprised he's letting us go out at all."

"Please. Like I was gonna give him a choice."

\* \* \*

We head downstairs, our heels clicking on the marble floors. The sleek black SUV is already waiting at the front. Perfect. Except...

“Aslan?” Marie blinks in surprise as he leans against the car, his big arms crossed over his broad chest, his cold gaze fixed on me. Looking delicious in another one of his perfectly tailored suits.

My stomach dips. Aslan is the second most important man in their organization. He’s not a simple driver or bodyguard. Is he here because Vik’ asked him to?

“Oh,” I drawl sweetly. “Did the big boss send you to babysit?”

“No.” He steps away from the car, all lethal grace. “I sent your driver home.”

“What?!”

“I’ll be driving you tonight.” His cold smile makes my skin heat. It’s dangerous and so damn sexy that my nipples instantly stand to attention. “That way, I don’t have to chase you through Boston since you ignored my orders.”

I cross my arms, narrowing my eyes. “We don’t take orders from you.”

“You do tonight.”

“Fine,” I snap. “But you better not ruin our fun.”

\* \* \*

“So, where are we going?” Aslan asks once we’re on the road.

Marie shrugs. “I don’t know. Somewhere fun?”

“Somewhere exclusive,” I add.

He glances at me in the mirror, sending me a flicker of blue ice, before turning his attention back to the road.

I lean forward, propping my chin on the back of his seat like that first day when he picked me up from the airport, and purr, “how about Club Vibe?”

Marie’s eyes widen. “Tina, that place always has a line around the block.”

“Yeah,” I agree, flashing Aslan a grin. “But I heard they make exceptions if you have connections.”

Aslan’s sexy lips twitch. “You want Club Vibe?” he asks with a smirk.

I lean closer, practically breathing against his neck. “That’s what I said.”

“Then Vibe it is.”

\* \* \*

We’re not even in line for two minutes before Aslan does... whatever the hell he does.

A nod. An exchanged look. A word in the bouncer’s ear. And just like that, the big guy steps aside to let us in.

Marie’s jaw drops and I barely hold in a laugh.

“Damn,” I mutter. “Did you threaten to kill his entire family?”

Aslan's gaze flicks my way with a glint of amusement. "You'll never know."

I should be making fun of his little display of power. But all I can think about is how freaking hot he looked doing it, all towering and mighty, his Italian suit hugging all that's this man. Gah!

Aslan steps inside the club after us, nothing but quiet strength and commanding presence, and I can't help but notice how everyone around us stops to stare.

Wait, am I.... jealous? I shake it off, latching on to Marie's arm because I need an anchor right now.

Against my traitorous body and thoughts. Against this devil of a man.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Ten

Aslan

I watch Tina from across the dancefloor, sitting at the bar with Marie, smiling like she doesn't have a care in the world. Her dress is too short, too tight, it barely covers her juicy thighs, and leaves way too much skin exposed.

My eyes hungrily take in the swell of her hips, the dip of her waist. The way her round tits press high and full against the thin red fabric. The thick globes of her ass... Jesus.

She's fucking bait. Shining brighter than a goddamn lighthouse in the dark. And every man in this place is fucking staring.

I drain my drink and slam the glass on the table.

Don't move. Don't fucking cause a scene. Don't drag her out of this place and throw her over your shoulder like some fucking psycho.

I can keep her safe without forcing her to go home like she's already mine, right?

I can. I fucking can.

\* \* \*

Tina throws her head back laughing, her fingers curling around Marie's arm.

Her laughter cuts straight through the pounding bass, sliding down my spine like a fucking caress.

Then some asshole slides up to her, one of his hands braced on the bar, his body angled way too fucking close for my blood pressure.

I stiffen.

Don't move, Antonov.

Tina flashes the guy a grin. Not her usual smug, teasing one. No, this one's softer... sweeter. Like she's actually fucking interested.

I grip my glass tighter.

She leans in a little, saying something I can't hear from this distance.

The guy smiles. Then he leans closer, too.

And that's when she looks at me, straight across the room, with her beautiful eyes sparkling like she knows exactly what she's doing.

My jaw clenches.

She's pushing me again.

Fucking testing me.

\* \* \*

I sit back, hands fisted, teeth grinding, as I watch her play her little game.



She laughs again, tossing her hair over her shoulder, and the asshole's hand creeps to her waist.

Touch her.

I fucking dare you.

The music pounds, the lights flash, but all I can do is stare like a man on the edge of a goddamn cliff.

I know what's happening. I know she's not actually interested. She's only doing this to fuck with me. But knowing doesn't help. Knowing doesn't stop the fire roaring in my chest, the sharp, searing heat clawing through me like I'm about to fucking explode.

Her hand lifts, landing lightly on the guy's chest, and I see nothing but bright, crimson red.

\* \* \*

I don't remember standing. Don't remember crossing the room. All I know is that one second I'm seething at my table... and the next, my hand's fisting the piece of shit's collar and slamming him against the bar.

"Back. Off," I growl.

The man stares at me wide-eyed, sputtering, but I don't hear a word over the pounding in my ears. I only hear Tina's breath hitching behind me, and the booming drum of my pulse.

The guy coughs, gripping my wrist. "What's your problem, man?"

I smile, cold and dangerous, before slamming him against the bar. The sound of his face meeting the wood is music to my ears. The blood dripping from his nose and mouth, fucking beauty.

“I said...” I rumble fiercely, leaning closer. “Back. The fuck. Off.”

He stumbles away the second I release him, holding his bloody face and whining like the little bitch he is. But I barely notice. Tina’s standing next to me, stunned and breathless, staring at me in shock and something that looks like... wonder? Fuck... my woman.

“Time to go,” I rumble, grabbing her wrist.

“Wait.”

“No.” I pull her against my side, dragging her through the crowd.

Marie follows without a question, her knowing smile saying it all.

I’m so fucking screwed.

\* \* \*

The second I’ve made sure they’re buckled up inside the SUV, I slam my door shut and grip the steering wheel tight enough to crack bones. Tina’s in the backseat, breathing hard, still pissed. I can feel her eyes on me. And what I read in them is furious, and turned on.

“What the fuck was that, Aslan?” she finally asks, full-on sassy.

I glower at her in the mirror, my teeth clenched.

Her mouth twitches. “I think you’re mad because I was having fun,” she replies.

“Wrong,” I snap. “I’m mad because you keep acting like life is a fucking game.”

“Oh?” She leans forward again, closer than she should be, her sexy voice low and teasing. “And what happens if I keep doing it?” she adds in a singsong tone.

I swirl through traffic, cars honking around us, swiftly park at the curb, and turn to face her.

“You wanna know what happens?” I growl. I reach back, fisting her hair just hard enough to pull her face close to mine. Close enough that our breaths mix. “You keep pushing me,” I growl, “and you’re gonna find out exactly what happens when I stop holding back.”

Her breath shudders and she whispers only for my ears. “Maybe that’s what I want.”

I release her, my fingers dragging slowly through her curls, and turn back to the road. Ignoring Marie’s wide-eyed expression and slack jaw.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Eleven

Tina

The ride home is silent after that. Tense and heavy.

Marie's quiet next to me. She reached over to take my hand after Aslan's outburst. But hasn't said anything.

Aslan's grip on the steering wheel is tight, his knuckles pale, muscles flexed under the ink lining his hands. His face is a stony mask. I'm trying really hard to calm down and push away images of him shattering a guy's face for barely touching me.

The SUV glides through Boston's streets, the city lights flashing past us. I shift in my seat, sneaking a glance at the back of his head.

I don't know what I expected. For him to yell at me some more? Throw me over his knee for a spanking? Instead, he's locked down. He's stiff and silent. Like all he had to do was flip a freaking switch. And I fucking hate it.

\* \* \*

When we pull into the driveway, Aslan doesn't bolt from the car this time. Instead, he steps out first, scanning the dark patches of trees by the gate. When he's satisfied we are safe, he opens the car door for Marie and me.

"Inside," he orders in a low bark I don't even think about defying.

I expect him to leave after that, storm off like he did last time. But he follows us to the front door, standing just behind. When I step into the warm glow of the entryway, he pauses.

“Goodnight,” he says roughly.

Marie gives him a hesitant smile. “Thanks, Aslan.”

His eyes flick to her, and his features soften a bit as he gives her a nod.

Then his gaze cuts to me. And something dark flares in his icy blue eyes. His cut jaw clenching. Fuck, he’s hot. Scary, as all get-out, but panty-melting.

“Good. Night,” Aslan repeats, but this time it sounds more like a warning.

I open my mouth, having no clue what I’m about to say, but before I can speak, he’s gone.

\* \* \*

Marie goes to the couch, flopping down on it with a sigh. I hover by the door, worrying my bottom lip.

Marie’s eyes are half-lidded. It’s late, and she must be tired from missing her husband and all my shit with Aslan.

I want to talk to her about the way he grabbed me earlier. How his fingers wrapped into my hair like he was barely holding himself back. And everything else that happened... I want to tell her about how I can’t decide if I want to slap him or kiss him. But I can’t.

Instead, I say. “I don’t think Aslan likes me.”

Marie yawns but her voice is soft when she replies, “he doesn’t really like anyone. Don’t take it personally.”

Yeah. That’s the problem. I can’t help taking everything that man does, and doesn’t do, way too personally...

\* \* \*

Later, when I’m alone in my room, laying flat on my bed, in the dark, I can’t stop thinking about everything that went on tonight. I keep replaying it all, the club, the car, the way his fingers dug into my flesh like he wanted to mark me.

He’s cold, impossible to read, all hard edges and heavy silence.

But he also makes me feel good. So fucking good...

I should let it go. I should forget all about this impossible man and focus on trying to figure out what I’m gonna do with my life.

But I can’t stop thinking about the way his gaze burns me like a brand.

How his big hands feel all over me, inside me... I bury my face in my pillow and groan.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Twelve

Aslan

I tell myself I'm not looking for her. That I'm pacing the house because it's my job, because Viktor trusted me to keep his wife and her sister safe while he's gone. But my steps keep drifting toward the back hallway. To the library. Where I know Tina has been hauling up.

She's curled up in an oversized leather armchair, one bare leg tucked under her, the other one stretched full and soft in the dim glow of the reading lamp.

She's got a book in her hands and her gaze flicks up when I step into the doorway. The corner of her lips quirking up slightly like she's been expecting me. Waiting.

"You stalking me, big guy?" she teases, even though her tone is hesitant.

Fucking brat. Even after what happened last night.

I step inside, pushing the door shut behind me.

"You shouldn't be wandering around alone," I growl.

Her smile widens. Smug and playful, now. Her assurance, back. So fucking pretty that my balls ache.

"I thought this place was locked up tight?"

“It is.”

“Then what’s the problem, Stalker?”

You are.

I don’t answer. Just stand there, watching her. The way her bare leg flexes when she shifts in the chair, her lush thighs pressing together like she’s already thinking about what I’d do to her if she gave me even half a chance.

I can smell her from here. All woman and intoxicating perfume. Sweet and warm. Her scent crawling under my skin. Driving me fucking crazy.

“Why aren’t you in bed?” I grumble, trying to snap out of it.

She closes her book and leans forward. The collar of her top slipping lower, teasing the tops of her soft, round tits as she shrugs.

“Couldn’t sleep.”

Me neither, baby.

“You should try harder,” I growl. “Or I’ll put you to bed myself.”

Her full, tempting lips quirk up again, one eyebrow raising in that damn teasing curve that makes my blood boil, then rush to my groin.

“Is that a promise?”

I’m across the room before I know I’ve moved. Fuck, I came to talk to her. Try to see how mad she was after I acted like a goddamn caveman again. Patch things up.



Maybe call a truce before I fuck this perfect girl raw in public. But here we are again...

I have one hand in her hair, the other one collared around her throat as I lean over her.

“You think this is funny?” I growl against her ear.

She gasps, her fingers gripping my arm. Holding tight.

“You keep this shit up,” I snarl, “and you’re gonna find out exactly how dangerous I am.”

Her pupils dilate. Then she lifts her chin and fucking smirks.

“Maybe I wanna find out,” she whispers.

And that’s it. My last thread of control snaps.

I twist her hair tighter, tilting her head back.

“You’ve been fucking asking for this,” I rasp out.

Before she can speak, I drop to my knees, shoving her thighs apart with rough, shaky hands.

Tina cries out, her back arching when I drag my tongue straight up her slit, slow and filthy, over her soaked panties.

“Aslan,” she chokes, her hands clawing at my hair.

“Shut up,” I growl between hungry licks.

I pull the fabric to the side and bury my face back between her legs. Licking, sucking, grinding my mouth against her hot, wet, delicious pussy until her full, round hips roll and she's trembling under me.

She's so fucking soft. Hot and sweet. Fuck, I've never tasted anything better.

"Gonna keep teasing me now?" I growl against her spasming cunt, pushing two thick fingers inside her soft, hot, drenched tightness, and curling them deep.

Tina's head tips back, her loud moans filling the room. And I thank God that because of all the shady shit we do in this house, every room is soundproof.

"That's it," I mutter feverishly. "Give it to me, baby."

I suck on her engorged clit, groaning and squeezing my rock-hard cock through my pants, flicking my tongue fast and rough until her thighs start to jerk.

"Feel that?" I groan again. "That's what happens when you fucking push me, brat."

Her hips jerk against my face. She's right there. Right fucking there. But I stop, dragging my fingers out of her slick heat and gripping her thighs to pin her still.

"No! More, please," she begs, shaking.

I chuckle, low and dark. Acting like this is her punishment, when I'm the one dying of hunger. My entire body is pulsing, screaming at me to take her right fucking here and now.

"You'll come when I say so."

I spread her wider, dragging my tongue over her fat clit again with slow, intentional

licks that leave her writhing. Fuck, she tastes good. And her smell... God.

“That’s it, sassy,” I rasp out. “So fucking sweet for me.”

Her fingers tighten even more in my hair in a delicious sting, her head thrashing against the back of the chair. Fucking gorgeous. Possessed. Mine.

“Please,” she moans, breathlessly. “Aslan...”

Fuck. My name on her lips. In that fucking sexy voice. I slam my fingers back inside her. Three this time. Stretching her deep and hard. Until her whole body jolts.

“You’re mine now,” I growl, my tongue flicking at her clit again. “No one else. Just me. You understand?” I’m fucking losing it. An animal between her glorious thighs.

“Yes,” she sobs, her wrecked sounds making my cock swell and jump. “Yes, Aslan.”

“Say it,” I snarl.

“I’m yours,” she admits.

Her back bows, her legs squeezing my head as she comes apart, shaking and moaning, her soaked pussy grinding against my face. Smothering me in her juices, her scent, the depraved sounds of her pleasure.

I keep licking her, growling against her skin as her body writhes and jerks, riding my mouth, taking everything I give her. I never want it to fucking stop.

When she finally slumps back, boneless and breathless, I pull away, licking my fingers clean as I stare at her.

Eating her up with my eyes. Feasting on how ravaged she looks.

Fucking magnificent. And I did this. Made this perfect woman come for me like I'm sure she never has before. Surrender. Submit.

"You're lucky Viktor's out of town," I finally mutter. As a reminder for myself to get it in check. Slow things down before I still her away to gorge on her perfect body forever.

Her pretty eyes open, hazy and heavy-lidded. And that satiated look hits me straight in the chest.

"Why?" she whispers weakly.

I grab her chin, leaning close. My nostrils flaring, fingers hard on her soft skin.

"Because if he was here," I rasp, "I wouldn't have stopped."

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Thirteen

Tina

I can't move. My body's boneless, limp and overheated, like I just ran a marathon. My skin's still buzzing, my pulse pounding loud in my ears. I feel... wrecked. Used. Owned. And the worst part is, I liked it.

I liked every filthy, twisted second of Aslan, burying his face between my thighs and licking me. Eating me out. Sucking on my flesh. Biting me. Fucking marking me. Making me come over and over.

I should be mortified, furious, but all I can do is lay here, with my chest heaving, my thighs trembling.

My head tilts back, my eyes catching his.

He's still on his knees. His jaw, tight, his face still wet from me. His blue eyes burning.

"You good?" His voice comes out rough but there's concern in his question, almost tenderness.

I can't speak. I just nod. My throat is too tight to force out any more words.

For a second, I think he's going to leave me here, ruined.

But instead he scoops me up like I weigh nothing.

I yelp, weak and breathless as my body's cradled against his chest, my head tucked under his chin.

"W-what are you doing?"

"Taking you to bed."

\* \* \*

He doesn't say anything else, just carries me like I'm fragile. Precious.

My legs dangle against his hip, my fingers curling weakly into the fabric of his shirt.

I should tell him to put me down. I should snap something sharp, smart, remind him I don't need a man carting me around like I'm helpless.

But I can't. I'm too tired. Too overwhelmed. I feel too... safe in his strong arms, surrounded by his heat, basking in his scent. All musk and woodsy accents. All Aslan.

It doesn't even make sense. These are the same arms that pinned me down. The hands that held me while he wrecked me.

And yet... I let my head rest on his broad chest, listening to the heavy thud of his heart. It's hard and fast, like he's barely keeping it together. But Aslan just keeps walking, his steps steady, until we reach my room.

\* \* \*

He nudges the door open with one of his massive shoulders, then sets me down gently on the bed, and tugs the blanket up, covering me.

“Rest,” he orders.

And I feel my lips pull up in a weak smile. Even when he’s taking care of me, he can’t help his bossy nature. I blink up at him, still trying to process what happened earlier. What’s still happening now.

He’s not supposed to be like this. Gentle. Careful... almost soft.

“What are you doing?” I whisper.

His gorgeous eyes lock on mine.

“Making sure you get some rest,” he rumbles. “You’re done pushing me for tonight, baby.”

He tucks a strand of hair behind my ear, his eyes roaming my face, fingers lingering on my skin, then straightens, stepping back slowly, his intense gaze still locked on mine, like he’s forcing himself to leave.

“Goodnight, Tina,” he adds in a low voice that sends a shiver all over my skin, makes my nipples pebble and my clit pulse again.

Then he’s gone. Before I can say anything. Before I can reach out and beg him to stay. Take me again. Make me feel again and forget about my fucked up life.

\* \* \*

The door clicks shut behind Aslan, and I’m left in the dark, breathless, shaking, and

aching for his touch.

I touch my throat where his hand collared me.

I can still feel the imprint of his fingers. It's like I'm branded.

My legs press together under the blanket, heat rising between my thighs.

I hate that I want more. Hate that my body doesn't care how dangerous this man is.  
How cold and brutal he can be.

This is bad. So fucking bad.

I roll on my side, tugging the blankets higher.

If only I could stop thinking about him.



## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Fourteen

Aslan

Tina is sleeping down the hall, soft and warm, smelling like fucking vanilla and sin. The scent of her still clings to me. It's been hours since I touched her, kissed her, tasted her. And I still can't draw a full breath.

I rub a hand down my face, pacing my office like a caged animal. My entire body is tight, my blood pulsing, my cock heavy and swollen. Refusing to settle even after I've already come twice tonight, fist wrapped tight around my steel-rock shaft, her name on my lips.

But it's not enough. It'll never be enough.

I should keep my focus sharp. But all I can think about is her. Her mouth, her tits, that fucking mouthwatering ass, her soft-as-butter skin, the way she tasted on my tongue...

My mind keeps going back to earlier in the library. Her body shaking, her hoarse cries, her nails digging into my skin.

Fuck, I should've fucked her. Stripped her bare, bent her over a table, and filled her so deep she'd never question who she belongs to.

Instead, I tucked her into her bed like a goddamn idiot.

I slam my fist into the wall. The sharp crack vibrating through my knuckles.

I need to stay away from this girl. Need to fucking focus. Viktor's gone for a couple more days, and he trusted me to keep Marie and Tina safe. But I'm the biggest danger to her. I wanna wreck this girl and put her back together

I can't stop thinking about her just down the hall. Her soft body, naked under the sheets, waiting, calling for me.

I groan, palming my cock through my pants. I'm still hard and aching.

Fuck.

I jerk my slacks down, freeing myself. I'm pulsing with every beat of my heart. The need to fuck her burns inside me, dark, twisted, violent.

I sink back into my chair, gripping myself rough and fast, the way I know she'll need it.

Images flood my mind. Tina's mouth open wide, her soft, warm tongue working my cock. Her full, round tits bouncing. Her pussy lips wet and swollen, parting as I spread her open and fuck her deep.

"Fuck, baby..." I groan, stroking faster. "Gonna fucking ruin you... break you..."

I grab my shirt off the floor. It still smells like her, and drag it to my face. Tina's scent hits me like a fucking drug, sharp and sweet.

I work my cock faster, harder, my balls drawing tight. I can still feel her taste on my tongue, her juices dripping down my chin. My hand tightens, my teeth gritting as I picture her body under mine, soft and helpless, while I pound into her.

My hips jerk, muscles locking tight.

“Yes, baby... fucking take it,” I snarl through clenched teeth.

The tingle at the base of my spine spreads throughout my body, and hot ropes of cum spill over my knuckles. Thick and heavy, marking my skin. My chest heaves as I slump back in the chair, sweat slicking my skin.

And... I’m still hard, still starving for her. Fuck.

I wipe my hand on the shirt, toss it aside, and drag a hand down my face.

I can’t fucking take this.

I need her.

I need to own every fucking inch of this girl. Until her body knows my touch better than her own. Until she forgets her own fucking name and only remembers the one I’ll have her moaning for me.

Fifteen

Tina

Viktor's home, and Marie's glowing like a woman who spent the last twenty-four hours tangled in her husband's arms, locked away in their bedroom.

"Well, look who came back to civilization," I tease my sister, flopping on the couch next to her.

Marie doesn't even bother hiding her huge smile. "Miss me?"

"You?" I grin. "Always. Him?" I jerk a thumb toward Viktor, who's standing in the entryway with Aslan by his side like a shadow. "Not so much."

Viktor's deep chuckle rolls through the room.

My gaze flicks to Aslan. He's standing a few feet back. Broad, cold, and as infuriatingly hot as ever. His sharp blue gaze locks on mine, completely unnerving.

I should be used to it by now. I'm absolutely not.

Viktor's voice draws me back to him. "I need you to behave this weekend."

I blink up at him. "What's happening this weekend?"

"There's a charity gala," he replies, pinning me with his intense eyes. He doesn't say

it's Bratva business, but I read through the lines.

\* \* \*

The venue is stunning. All glass chandeliers, huge floral arrangements, and shiny marble floors.

Marie looks amazing in a deep red dress that perfectly hugs her. I went for black. A short, fitted dress with sheer sleeves and a neckline that dips just low enough to keep things interesting.

“Looking good, sassy.”

I stiffen.

That voice. Deep. Rough. Like gravel and smoke.

I turn slowly... finding Aslan behind me, dressed in another impeccable black suit.

The man's built like a fucking wet dream, broad and impossible to ignore.

His jacket stretches over his massive shoulders like the fabric struggles to contain him.

He's mouthwatering with his dark hair combed back, bright blue eyes contrasting with his tanned skin, ruggedly handsome features, and that mouth I haven't been able to stop thinking about.

“You're not too bad yourself,” I manage to tease.

He doesn't smile, doesn't blink, just drags his gaze down my body, slowly, like he's

checking a damn menu. Deciding how he's gonna devour me later.

I shiver.

"Stay close," he adds low. His heat and scent enveloping me. "And stay out of trouble."

I roll my eyes.

\* \* \*

I was good. For a while.

I sipped my drink, made small talk, and even let Marie drag me to a table full of socialites who kept asking questions about her "exciting" marriage.

Then I got bored out of my mind, and that's how I end up on the dance floor.

The music's soft and slow, with couples swaying around. The guy I'm dancing with is cute enough, a little too chatty, but I'm barely paying attention to what he's saying.

I'm too busy feeling Aslan's stare burn through my skin from across the room.

I know he's watching.

I know he's pissed.

I know I should stop.

But I don't.

I let the guy spin me, laughing a little too loud. I move closer. Just enough to make Aslan's hands curl into fists at his sides.

His face is carved in stone.

His eyes are on fire.

I know I'm pushing too far... but when I try to step away, the guy catches my wrist and pulls me into an isolated corner of the venue.

"You're not leaving yet," he slurs. "I still owe you a drink."

"No, thanks," I reply fake-sweetly, in an effort to pacify him. "I'm good."

He tightens his grip.

"You sure?" His fingers dig deeper.

What the fuck?

"One more-"

"Let her go." Aslan's voice comes from behind me, cold and lethal.

My dance partner barely turns before Aslan's hand wraps around his throat.

"Hey, man!"

His words are cut off in a wet gurgle as Aslan slams him against the nearest wall, his fingers digging deep into the idiot's throat. Oh shit...

“You like putting your hands on women?” Aslan growls in a scary tone that sends shivers all over my body. “Let’s see how you feel when someone your size puts their hands on you.”

Shit, this shouldn’t be so hot. The guy’s face turns red. His fingers clawing uselessly at Aslan’s wrist. But my Russian is a mighty, avenging warrior.

“Aslan,” I finally break out of my trance, gasping when I see the guy’s face turn purple.

His eyes flash to me before snapping back to the man he’s holding in a death grip.

“I should break all your fucking bones,” Aslan growls. “One for every second you touched her.”

He jerks him, then slams him back against the wall. The idiot’s head cracks against the brick in a terrifying sound, and he slumps, gasping. But Aslan’s grip only tightens. I gasp, bringing my hands to my mouth. Frozen in place and morbidly fascinated by this display of cold, cruel violence.

Does this asshole deserve to be put in his place? Absolutely. But all he did was grab my wrist a little too hard. Well, he did corner me into a dark hallway, so who knows what else he intended...

“Don’t...” Aslan’s already scary voice drops even lower. “Fucking...” His fingers dig deeper. “...put your hands on a woman ever again.”

The man’s eyes roll back. Oh, My God!

“Aslan, stop!” I grab his arm, shaking out of it. “You’re gonna kill him!”



He freezes, his gaze dropping to where I'm touching him. His chest rises and falls like a storm is brewing under his ribs. His hand twitches, like he's still deciding whether to squeeze harder or let go.

"Please," I whisper soothingly. "I'm okay, baby."

For a second, I'm not sure he's even listening. Maybe he's too far gone, too deep in whatever dark place his mind's spiraled into. I keep pleading with my eyes, my entire body. Then, finally, his grip loosens, and I let out a sigh of relief.

The guy drops to his knees, coughing and choking, before scrambling to his feet and bolting away without a glance back, like his life depends on it. And it probably does.

The second he's gone, Aslan turns to me, his hand finding my waist.

"When will you learn, brat?" he growls, dragging me close. "Dancing with some dipshit just to piss me off?"

My breasts crash into the hard planes of his chest.

"I wasn't-"

He leans closer. His minty breath caressing my face.

"You were." His hand slides lower, cupping my ass. "You wanted me to react."

I feel my eyes widen as he grinds into me. Pressing his hard cock into my belly. Oh My God, he's fucking huge!

His blazing eyes bore into mine. Hand full of my ass.

“I didn’t-”

“You did.”

His mouth crashes on mine. Hot and rough.

His teeth scrape my lip, stinging. Feeling so goddamn good, I hear myself moan.

His tongue pushes deep, and I barely get a second to breathe before I’m humming into his mouth.

He feels so fucking good. Tastes even better.

And the way he smells, how he’s holding me.

Like I’m his. At his mercy. Fuck. And how that big dick presses against my body...

“You wanted to play games,” Aslan mutters, dragging his mouth down my neck, and wickedly biting me. “So let’s play.”

His big hand shoves between my thighs, and I gasp as he finds me through my already drenched panties.

“Aslan-”

“So fucking wet,” he rasps. His long, thick fingers stroking me, his breath rough against the shell of my ear. “You’ve been gone for me since the day we met. Haven’t you, baby?”

My body bucks against his hand. I hate how easy it is for him to make me feel this good, this wild. How fast I melt for him.

“You gonna come for me, sweetheart,” he rumbles. “Right here. Right now,” he demands.

My breath stutters. My pussy spasming around him, leaking. My breasts swollen, my nipples painfully hard against the thin fabric of my dress. But I push through in a last ditch effort to stand up to him. “You can’t just-”

“I can.” His fingers push deeper, curling just right. Relentless. Making my breathing catch. “And you’re gonna obey me.”

I can’t think. Can’t move. I’m nothing but sensations. A slave to the maddening waves of pleasure coursing through my body. Aslan’s fingers thrusting in and out. His thumb rolling over my clit. His warm breath falling over my skin. Wild indigo eyes burning into mine.

He strokes long and slow, then deep and fast, alternating, watching my face.

Kissing, licking and biting my lips. Sucking on my tongue.

Praising me. Calling me his good girl, his sassy, his brat.

Until I shatter, biting my lip to muffle the ragged cries that spill from my throat.

Shaking all over, my legs barely able to carry me, holding on for dear life, my fingers clutching his arms. Lost and found all at once.

My orgasm pulsating through my entire body.

Going on and on and on, as Aslan’s hand never stops pumping inside me, teasing my g-spot, rolling, rubbing and pinching my clit.

I'm still trembling when his mouth finds my ear after what feels like an eternity.

"Mine," he mutters darkly. "You're mine, sassy. No one else touches what belongs to me."

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Sixteen

Aslan

I should leave her alone. I know I should. But I can't.

I'm pacing my office like a caged animal, with my fists clenched and my head pounding. My blood's still hot from what happened at the gala. Hearing Tina moan for me again.

I should've taken her in that dark corner. Bent her over, shoved her dress up, and claimed her where anyone could walk in on us and see.

You're mine, sassy. No one else touches what belongs to me.

The words are still ringing in my head. I didn't plan to say them, didn't plan to lose control like that. But when I saw her dancing with that piece of shit, smiling like she didn't belong to me, like I hadn't already marked her, I fucking snapped.

And now I can't stop picturing her face when I had her pinned to the wall. Can't stop thinking about her wet and clenching around my fingers, her breathless little cries driving me fucking insane.

I drag a hand down my face. I need to fucking cool it and forget about this girl. But my feet are already moving. Down the hall. Past the other guest rooms. To her door.

I tell myself I'm just checking on her. Just making sure she's okay. But when I push

her door open, all my excuses burn to ash.

She's sleeping, sprawled across the bed, tangled in the sheets, one bare leg resting over the blanket.

Her dress is gone, replaced by a thin shirt and sleep shorts that barely cover her full ass.

Her hair's a mess, tumbling wildly across the pillow. Her face is soft and relaxed. Plump lips parted, breaths slow.

So fucking pretty. So sweet. So mine.

I shouldn't touch her. But I'm already moving.

I grip her ankle, sliding my fingers over her soft skin. Tina stirs in her sleep, her brow twitching.

When I lean down, I breathe her in. Fuck. That warm, soft scent will be the death of me.

I kiss her calf first, dragging my mouth higher over soft, warm skin. Sweet enough to make my teeth ache.

Her breathing hitches.

I kiss her knee.

She shifts again, her lips parting, her hand curling in the sheets.

I don't stop.

I trail my mouth up her lush thigh. Soft kisses that turn hungry. My tongue flicks, tasting her.

Wake up, sassy.

Her breath catches and finally, finally, her gorgeous brown eyes flutter open.

“Aslan?” Her voice is sleepy, soft and confused.

I don’t answer.

I grab her round hips, drag her down the bed, and press my lips to her pussy, mouthing her through her thin cotton shorts.

She gasps, her fingers tangling in my hair.

“What... oh God...”

She’s still half-asleep, squirming, mumbling like she doesn’t know what’s happening. But her body knows.

I shove her shorts aside and drag my tongue up her slit.

She moans, her back arching.

Fuck yes.

I bury my face between her thighs, licking her deep, slow, and filthy.

Her taste explodes on my tongue. Fucking sweet and salty... all woman. My woman.

I groan against her quivering flesh, grinding my face into her pussy, my fingers bruising, as I hold her open.

She's melting under me. Trembling, panting, trying to twist away like she doesn't know what to do with all the pleasure I'm giving her.

I slap her thigh and growl, "stay still."

Fuck, the stinging sound of that slap. The way she yelps and squirms even harder, breathes faster, her pussy contracting in response. This girl was fucking made for me.

I push her legs wider, flick my tongue over her clit, then suck.

"Oh, fuck... Aslan..."

She cries out, her fingers pulling at my hair, hips rocking against my face.

"That's it, baby," I mutter against her hot, swollen, damp flesh. "Give it to me, love."

I suck harder, my tongue flicking fast and relentless, driving her higher until her moans turn broken. Sounding almost painful.

Give it to me. I fucking crave your pain. I want to give you pleasure so overwhelming it wrecks you. Make you fucking sob.

Her legs shake. Her body jerks.

And then she's coming. Fucking soaking my mouth, her thighs clamping around my head like she's trying to drown me in her.

I groan into her pussy, licking her through her orgasm, swallowing every drop like



she's feeding me life.

When her cries turn to soft whimpers, I pull back, dragging my mouth up her trembling body.

She's wrecked, dazed, her full lips parted and shiny, her tits rising and falling in frantic waves.

I grip her face. My rough fingers curling around her jaw. And crush my mouth to hers.

I kiss her hard, deep and filthy, making her taste herself on my tongue.

She's still shaking. Soft and warm under me.

I drag my cock against her bare slit, grinding hard enough to feel her slickness soak through my pants.

"Next time," I growl against her mouth, "I won't stop." Not even knowing how I hold back or why. Maybe to punish myself for craving this girl who's the first woman to break through my walls.

Tina stares up at me, breathless. Her big brown eyes, wide and glassy.

I drag my thumb over her swollen lips and kiss her again. Long, deep, and punishing.

Then I pull back, tuck her in and brush her hair away from her face.

I turn and walk away before I'm unable to stop myself from fucking her into the mattress. Filling her to the brink with my cum. Making her come so hard, the entire house hears us. Losing myself in her...

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Seventeen

Tina

I wake up feeling like I got hit by a truck. A very sexy, very dangerous truck.

Last night crashes back into my brain. His mouth on me, his hands... the way he kissed me like I was his very last meal.

I lay a hand over my racing heart.

What the hell am I doing?

Getting tangled up with some brooding Russian mobster is the last thing I need right now. I'm smarter than this. Or at least, I used to be.

I drag my fingers through my hair and kick off the blankets.

Time for an emergency sisters meeting.

I throw on a robe and rush down the hall, then pause outside Marie and Viktor's door.

What if they're... busy?

"Coming in!" I announce loudly as I knock, because I value my eyeballs.

Marie's tucked into Viktor's chest, looking miserable. Her eyes crack open when I

walk in.

“Tina.” She sounds like death.

Poor baby.

“Just checking in,” I say softly.

She tries to sit up, but Viktor’s arm clamps around her body like a vise.

“She’s sick. Leave,” he grumbles, his eyes sending me daggers.

My grin widens when it dawns on me. “Still feeling queasy?” My poor sister has been feeling off for days now. At first, I thought it was just because her guy was away. But after Vik’ returned and her “symptoms” persisted...

I look around the room until my eyes land on a notepad and a pen lying on the desk.

Marie watches me with her brow furrowed.

“What are you doing?” she asks.

“Taking care of something,” I reply with a wink.

Her eyes narrow like she can smell trouble, so I flash her my most innocent smile.

“Want some tea? Crackers? A bucket?” I tease.

She groans and face-plants into Viktor’s broad, tatted chest. “I want a body transplant.”

I chuckle.

I'm halfway to the door when she pipes up again.

"Tina, seriously, leave Aslan alone today. He's being extra murder-y."

I wave her off. "Please. I can handle Mr. Grumpy Pants."

Her muffled groan follows me down the hall.

I find Aslan lurking by the stairs, looking like a thundercloud in human form.

He's standing there in dark jeans and a black Henley that clings to every ridge of muscle on his wide chest. His hair's pushed back from his face, making his cut cheekbones pop.

Blue eyes locked on mine. And for a second, I'm right back to last night...

his hands all over me, inside me. His mouth, hot and demanding, the way he growled my name when I...

Focus, girl!

But he's so fucking hot. All that power wrapped up in six-plus feet of pure, raw alpha maleness. The kind of man who can break someone in half without even breaking a sweat, and wrecked me ten times to Sunday.

Aslan's face is tight. His large hands flexed at his sides.

When his gaze flicks over my body, something dark flashes in his eyes. Like he's remembering too...

My pulse kicks up. But I push through my rising desire. My sister needs me.

I clear my throat and grin up at him.

“Hey, big guy,” I call out, trying my best to sound cool.

He nods slowly, without a word, his ice-blue eyes pinning me in place.

“Mind doing me a favor?” I hold out the folded note with my sweetest smile.

He stares at the paper like it might explode, then cautiously pulls it from my fingers and unfolds it.

The change is instant. His massive body goes rigid, jaw clenched so tight I see a muscle jump in his cheek.

His deadly eyes snap back to mine.

“Please,” I plead with my entire face.

He doesn’t say a word, just spins around and storms out.

Twenty minutes later, Aslan’s back. All tall, dark, and excruciatingly handsome. He shoves a plastic bag in my hands. When I peek inside, there are three pregnancy tests. Bingo.

And that, my friends, is how I find myself alone in the Maksimov mansion with Aslan, while Viktor takes my sister on a babymoon...

Eighteen

Aslan

The second Viktor and Marie leave, I turn to Tina.

“Pack a bag.” My voice is low and firm.

She blinks, still half-distracted from having just said goodbye to her sister. “What?”

“You heard me.” I step closer, crowding her. “You’re coming with me.”

Her mouth opens, but nothing comes out. I can see her mind spinning, trying to decide if I’m serious.

“I thought you didn’t even like me,” she mutters, more to herself than me.

I chuckle darkly. “Liking you was never the problem, baby.”

Her breath stutters. “What’s... what’s the problem, then?”

I take another step, backing her against the stair railing. My hands planted on either side of her.

“The problem,” I say slowly, “is that I’ve been holding back. Fighting this insane thing between us.”

I drag my gaze down her body. “I’m done.”

Her full lips part, breath shaky. “You’re... done?”

“You and me,” I rasp out. “We’re happening. Tonight. But first we’re gonna talk.”

Her big brown eyes go wide. “Talk?”

“Pack your bag, sweetheart.”

## Page 19

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Nineteen

Tina

I pack with shaking fingers. Unsure if I'm making the biggest mistake of my life... or the best decision.

My stomach twists the whole ride to his place, the tension thick enough to choke me. Aslan barely says a word, his hands tight on the wheel of his black Mercedes SUV.

His house is... stunning.

Not as big as Viktor's sprawling mansion, but sleek and modern. All dark stone and glass, perched on a hilltop with a view of the city. Everything inside is masculine. Black leather, rich wood, steel accents.

I barely have time to take it in before Aslan points to the dining table.

"Sit."

I'm still nervous, so I do as I'm told.

He pours me a glass of water from his massive, high-tech fridge, then drops a plate in front of me. Thick cuts of steak, roasted potatoes, and fresh bread, all steaming from the oven that was left on warm-hold.

"Eat," he orders. "You'll need your strength."



I reach for the water first, gulping down half the glass in one go.

“You said we needed to talk,” I say hesitantly.

He pulls out the chair across from me, sinking into it with the slow, deliberate calm of a man who’s made up his mind.

I pick at the food. “About what?”

Aslan’s magnificent eyes pin me to my seat. “What I want. What I expect from you.” Then his gaze softens, just a fraction. “And you from me.”

The fork freezes halfway to my mouth. “What I...?”

He leans forward with his elbows braced on the table. “What you like. What you don’t. What scares you.” He pauses before finishing, “what you crave.”

My heart’s beating wildly. “You want to know what I want?”

“Of course, sweetheart. This isn’t just about me.” His voice dips to a low growl. “Gonna fucking wreck you, but you’ll love every second of it.” His eyes flash with raw, feral hunger. “I’ll make sure you do.”

I stare at him, unsure if I should be more scared or turned on.

“You’re mine, sassy,” Aslan rumbles. “I’ll make you come until you’re nothing but moans and begging. But you’ll always be safe with me.”

I swallow hard. “And if I say no?”

His response is immediate. “Then I take you home right now.”

My chest tightens.

“No fucking games.”

I stare at my hands, twisting my fingers in my lap. My body’s still buzzing from his words. My pussy, spasming and creaming.

“I... I don’t know much about this kinda stuff,” I admit quietly. “Before you, I never...”

His fists tighten on top of the table, his knuckles whitening. His glacier blue eyes never leaving my face.

“What if I can’t... if I’m not...?” My voice trails off, my face burning.

“I’ll teach you. Make it so good for you, baby... so fucking good you won’t know where you end and I begin.”

\* \* \*

I don’t remember setting down my fork. Don’t remember when I got up from the table.

But here I am, standing in front of Aslan. My fingers curling into his shirt.

“Yes,” I whisper, losing myself in his eyes, letting mine roam over his ruggedly handsome face.

His hand comes out, grabbing my wrist and pulling me into his lap.

“You sure?” His eyes bore into mine. “Because once we start, I won’t stop, Tina.”

I lick my lips. “I’m sure.”

His mouth crashes on mine in a hot, deep, claiming kiss.

I melt against him, arching as his hand drags up my thigh.

He breaks the kiss just long enough to growl against my lips. “Bedroom. Now.”

Twenty

Aslan

“Strip,” I order in a dark voice.

Her fingers shake as she reaches for her top.

“Slow,” I growl. “I wanna watch.”

Her hands tremble, but she obeys.

Her sweater slides up her body, baring her full curves. She steps out of her jeans, leaving her in only in a pair of tiny lace panties.

I circle her slowly, my fingers dragging across her bare skin, memorizing every curve, every soft dip.

“What about you?” Tina asks, her voice barely above a whisper.

I raise a brow. “What about me?”

Her gaze flicks to my shirt-covered chest. “Don’t you... aren’t you going to...?”

I grin darkly and grab the hem of my sweater, dragging it over my head. Her eyes widen as she takes in the ink covering my chest and arms. Dark designs that twist all across my skin.

“Like what you see, baby girl?” I murmur.

Her breath catches, then she nods, her eyes eating me up, making my cock jump.

“Yeah.”

My fingers curl around her throat, firm but careful, tilting her face up to mine.

“Tell me what you need, sassy,” I demand. “Tell me what you want.”

Her voice is shaky, but sure when she responds. “I want you, Aslan.”

My grip tightens just enough to make her gasp. “No,” I growl. “Tell me what you really need. What you crave.”

Her entire body is trembling now. “I... I like when you...”

“When I what?”

Her long, dark lashes lower. “When you’re rough,” she finally whispers.

I grin wickedly. “Good girl. We’re gonna have so much fun.”

## Page 21

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Twenty One

Tina

I can't think. My head's too full of him. His scent filling my nose, that blend of smoke and spice that's marked into my very being. His low, gravelly voice. How his fingers tightened just a bit too hard when he grabbed my wrist and pulled me into his lap. Perfect. Overwhelming. Exciting.

My heart's racing like a jackhammer, my skin's too hot, my knees feel weak. I can barely breathe. I don't know how I'm supposed to hold myself together.

"You're nervous," Aslan says, cupping the side of my face.

I swallow hard. "A little."

He steps even closer.

My breath catches as he stops just a few inches away, the heat from his massive body engulfing me.

His other hand skims down my arm, making my skin ignite.

We're standing so close, breathing each other's air.

I'm afraid to blink and it will all go away.

This terrifyingly fascinating man. His interest in me, that I can barely wrap my head around.

The incredible way he makes me feel. All the pleasure, the emotions.

How alive he makes me feel. Wanted, worshiped. Fucking needed.

“I need you to listen,” he murmurs. “And I need you to trust me.”

I nod, but my voice comes out shaky. “I do.”

“Good girl.” His hand curls under my chin, tilting my face up to his.

“Cause I’m gonna push you, baby. Fucking take you apart...”

” He presses a soft kiss to my lips that makes me shiver all over.

“But I’ll always put you back together. And when I’m done...”

” His thumb drags over my bottom lip, slow and possessive. “You’ll be all mine.”

I’m shaking now, nerves and need tangling together until I can’t tell them apart.

“You tell me if something’s too much, sweetheart,” he adds softly. “You say the word and everything stops. No questions. I take care of you. Always.” His gaze darkens. “But if you want it as much as I do, I’m not holding back.”

I nod.

Aslan lifts my chin with his finger. “Say it, baby.”

“Okay,” I whisper.

“Repeat what I said.” His voice dips lower, warm and tempting.

“If I say the word, we stop. Otherwise... you won’t hold back,” I repeat.

His mouth crashes on mine, swallowing my breath in a kiss that’s deep, hard and claiming. His big hand fists in my hair, angling my head back so he can devour me. Tongue sweeping deep, lips and teeth devouring me, and pulling desperate moans from my throat.

I can’t think, can’t breathe. All I feel is him. His heat, his strength, the crushing weight of his need pouring over me like gasoline to a flame. His hot skin and huge cock pressing into my body.

His hand moves, gripping my waist, pulling me against him so hard I feel his muscles flex under my palms.

“Get on the bed, baby,” Aslan rasps against my lips.

I stumble back, my legs shaky, and sit. He follows, looming over me, his gaze dark and hungry.

“Lie down for me.”

I obey.

“Good girl.” His voice dips low, sounding rougher. “Now stay still.”

Oh My God, he’s shifting back into his dark, dominant mode.



His fingers hook into my underwear, dragging them down my hips in one sharp tug. Then I'm naked under him. At his entire mercy.

Aslan's gaze travels down my body, slow and heated. "So fucking pretty," he murmurs. "And all mine."

His thick, calloused fingers trace the inside of my thigh in a light, teasing caress, and my hips arch, desperate for more.

"Stay still," he warns.

I bite my lip, forcing myself to obey.

His mouth finds the tender skin under my knee and drags over it, warm and wet, then higher, teeth scraping, tongue teasing. My breath hitches. My pulse races.

By the time his talented tongue swipes through my folds, I'm dying.

"Fuuuuck," I moan, my fingers tangling in the sheets.

Aslan's hand slaps my thigh, sharp and stinging, and my breath jerks. "What did I say?" His voice is sharp with command.

"S-stay still," I stammer.

"That's my good girl." His mouth closes over me again, licking, sucking, biting until I'm shaking so hard I can barely think.

The pressure between my legs climbs higher with every flick of his tongue, suck of his lips, graze of his teeth. When his fingers join in, two, thick and strong, pumping inside me, I can't hold back my wails.

“Please,” I whimper. Scared that he’s gonna rearrange my insides with his monstrous dick and turned on like never before, all at once.

Aslan groans against my flesh. Then his thumb finds my ass slick with my arousal.

I tense, my breath stalling.

“Relax,” he murmurs against my skin. “Trust me.”

I try but it’s too much. Too intense. Too overwhelming. Too dark and depraved.

“You’re doing so good, sassy,” he rasps. “So fucking sweet for me.” His fingers press deeper, curling just right, and I break. The pressure inside me, snapping hard and fast. My entire body jerks as pleasure spreads through me, white-hot and all-consuming.

Before I can catch my breath, he’s moving again, flipping me on my stomach, dragging me to the edge of the bed.

“We’re just getting started, baby girl,” he growls.

I barely have time to register his words before he’s on me again. His mouth, his fingers, his tongue pushing me impossibly higher.

I’m shaking, gasping, coming undone all over again.

But Aslan doesn’t stop. He doesn’t even slow down.

“You’re mine,” he mutters, his voice low and savage. “Every fucking inch of you.”

My voice breaks on a sob, with pleasure so sharp it’s almost painful.

“Mine,” he growls again, his teeth scraping my skin. “And I’m never letting you go.”

I don’t know when I stop thinking, worrying about being alone with this beast of a man in his den, doing anything but feel. But when his hand tangles in my hair, tugging my head back so his mouth can crush mine again, hard, bruising and desperate, I know I’m lost.

I’m his.

I always was.

Twenty Two

Aslan

Her breath catches, and when I slide my fingers down the slick heat between her thighs, I feel her tighten.

“Always wet for me,” I murmur hungrily. “Such a good slut for me.”

I tease her slowly, dragging my fingers through her folds, circling her clit just enough to make her gasp.

“You’re mine, sassy,” I rasp, spreading her open wider. “No one else gets to see you like this. No one else gets to touch this perfect body.”

Her breath catches. “Yes...”

I press my fingers deeper, slow and firm. “Tell me who you belong to.”

“I’m yours,” she whispers.

“Damn right, you are.”

I curl my fingers inside her, rubbing that spot that makes her whole body jerk.

“You’re gonna come for me now, baby,” I growl. “Gonna soak my fingers and make a mess all over.”

She gasps, clutching the sheets like she's holding on for dear life.

"And then..." I add another finger.

Her breath hitches.

"Aslan..."

"Shh," I murmur. "Relax, baby. Been stretching you so you can take every inch of my fat cock."

I pump my fingers in and out, making her whine and shake.

"Wait..." Her voice trembles. "Too much..."

"I know, sweetheart." My lips brush the nape of her neck. "But it's gonna feel so good when I fill you."

I have four long, thick fingers working her now. Her body clenches, nervous.

"You trust me, sassy?" I ask softly, licking the lobe of her ear.

"Yes."

"Then relax," I murmur. "I'll take care of you."

I stroke her clit again, petting the fat, swollen nub while I keep stretching her.

"That's it," I whisper. "So good for me, sassy... so fucking sweet."

Tina trembles, her thighs clenching around my hand, and I feel her body give.

I slide in and out, slow and shallow, letting her adjust. The room filled with filthy, wet sounds, her moans, my ragged breathing.

“Oh, God...” Her voice is shaky, breathless.

“Feels good?” I murmur darkly, pumping her relentlessly.

“Y-Yeah...”

I groan deep in my throat. She’s almost there. Almost ready to take my thick, long shaft. All my cum. I wanna fill her to the brim. Make her heavy with my child. Breed her every day for the rest of our lives.

She’s close, her muscles tightening, her body clenching like a fist.

“Come for me, baby,” I snarl. “Come on my fingers, let me feel it.”

Her breath stutters, then she breaks. Beautifully.

Her whole body locks, lips parted in soundless cries as she shatters against my hand.

“Good girl,” I murmur, kissing her spine. “That’s it... give it to me.”

She slumps forward, loose and wrecked, her body still trembling under my hands.

I bite her shoulder. Marking her like an animal.

“Now it’s my turn,” I growl.

I grab her hips, drag her back, and push the thick head of my cock inside her cunt with one hard thrust.

She gasps, her back arching, her fingers scrambling for the sheets.

“Oh My God! Too much! Too big...”

“Hold still,” I snap, curling an arm around her waist. “Not gonna stop until you’re dripping with my cum.”

I thrust deep, grinding my hips against her ass, filling her over and over until she’s moaning brokenly into the pillows. I keep fucking my cum into her slopping pussy. Pushing as deep as I can.

“You’re mine,” I growl. “Gonna fill you up, keep you so fucking full you can’t think straight.”

Her breath catches. “Please...”

“Please what?”

“Please... more...”

I push her further into the mattress, her back bowing, her body wide open under me.

“That’s my girl,” I rasp, pumping harder. “So good for me... so fucking sweet...” Driven wild by the wet sounds of our skins slapping, my jizz and her juices sloshing in and out of her.

Her muscles tighten, her breath turning ragged.

“You’re gonna take my cum,” I snarl. “Gonna keep it inside you all day, dripping down your thighs so you know who you belong to.”

“Yes...” Her voice breaks. “Yes... yes...”

I lose it, grinding deep as I keep spilling inside Tina, pumping her so fucking full... until she's shaking under me.

I collapse over her, breathless, sweaty, spent, my mouth pressed to her shoulder.

\* \* \*

She's wrecked.

Laid out on my bed, face down, with her limbs slack, her hair tangled, her voluptuous body trembling under the sheen of sweat clinging to her skin. Her breath stutters in soft, broken little sounds escaping her kiss-swollen lips like she can't remember how to properly pull in air.

And I'm still hard and starving for her.

My fat cock throbs against the tight press of my pants, aching from holding back. I should let her rest, give her time to recover after what I just did to her.

But I can't.

Because this was nowhere near enough.

She's still too untouched. Too fucking mine to stop.

I lean over my girl, my obsession, my salvation, bracing one hand next to her head, and dragging my fingers down her spine. Her skin's hot and damp under my palm. Her muscles flutter when I skim the curve of her back, the dip of her waist, the soft swell of her thick, round ass.



“Look at you,” I murmur, my voice dripping with hunger. “So fucking perfect....”

She stirs, her breath catching as my fingers slip lower, tracing the cleft between her ass-cheeks.

“You still with me, sassy?” I rasp out.

Her answer is a shaky whimper. Soft and dazed. And fuck, I could come just from that sound.

“I want more, sweetheart,” I growl. “All of you.”

I run my hand down her lush thigh, gripping hard enough to leave marks, and spread her open. Her slickened cunt glistens, swollen from my mouth, my fingers, my thick girth.

“You’re dripping,” I mutter. “So fucking full of me,” I mutter reverently, dragging my cum through her folds and in and out of her cunt.

She moans, “Aslan...”

“Shh.” My hand goes back up. My fingers teasing over the tight little pucker of her ass. “Relax, baby. Let me in.”

Her breath stalls.

“You can take it,” I murmur, dragging my thumb over the sensitive skin. Light and teasing. “I know you can.”

I press just enough to feel her tighten under me.

“You’re too big...” Her voice is shaky, breathless, and unsure, but she doesn’t move away.

“Remember. Trust me,” I say, my eyes fixed on hers.

Her voice is barely a whisper when she replies. “Yeah...”

“Good girl.” I reach for the nightstand drawer, and slick my fingers with lube before pressing my thumb to her tight little virgin hole again. “Relax,” I murmur, my voice low and soothing. “Breathe for me, sweet thing.”

Tina exhales shakily. Her body softening under me, and I push deeper.

Her breath breaks in a sharp gasp that makes my cock twitch.

“Fuck,” I whisper, pushing deeper. “Such a good fucking girl.”

I slide my thumb out slow and slick, then press back in with two fingers this time. She moans, her body arching as I twist them deeper.

“That’s it,” I rasp out, shaking, fucking raveling in the sight before me. “Open up for me, sweetheart.”

I stroke her slow and steady until her hips start to move, rolling back to meet me.

“Goddammit...” I grit out. “You’re perfect, baby. So tight... so fucking sweet.”

I slide my hand free, ignoring her soft whimper of mixed pain and protest, and position. My cock slaps against my stomach, hard, thick, and leaking. Still shining with our mixed juices.

I stroke myself with fingers covered in lube and us, dragging her wetness and my cum up my angry shaft before gripping her hips and pulling her back toward me.

“You ready for me, baby?”

She makes a soft, helpless sound, half moan, half plea, and that’s all I need.

I drag my cockhead through her folds, smearing what’s leaking from her pussy up to her ass. It’s fucking nasty. Beautiful.

“You’re mine,” I growl. “Every fucking part of you.”

I push just enough for the head of my cock to breach her tight little asshole. Her whole body clenches, her fingers curling in the sheets, breath catching in her throat. Fuck, she feels like fucking heaven.

“That’s it,” I murmur, throbbing inside her, my muscles shaking with tension, rubbing slow circles over her back. “Breathe through it, baby.”

Her breath shakes and I push deeper, feeding her more.

“Jesus Christ,” I groan through the pleasure of being sheathed in her hot, tight asshole, my head tipping back. “You’re squeezing me so fuckin’ good, sassy.”

I press even deeper, her body fighting to stretch around me. She’s whimpering loudly, trying to escape, but I hold her tight, pushing until I’m buried to the root. My balls pressed to the globes of her ass.

“That’s it,” I grunt out. “Fuck, you took all of me.” I stare in fascination at the spot where we’re joined. Her skin is stretched tight around my thickly veined dick, spunk and lube coming in and out with each thrust. Fucking beautiful. “Knew you could do

it.”

Her pained moans turn into breathless sobs of pleasure and overwhelm tangled together.

“You feel that?” I press my hand low on her belly, firm and possessive. “Feel me right here?”

She whimpers, her body clenching around me. Sending another insane wave of pleasure through my dick.

“Mine,” I growl. “Every fucking inch of you is fucking mine.”

I pull back, just enough to feel her tighten around my shaft, then slam back in, hard and deep. The sound of our flesh slapping, wet, filthy squelching is pure bliss.

An even louder cry breaks in her throat as her body’s opening wider, taking me deeper.

I’m growling like a beast in rut. “That’s my fucking girl. Take it, baby. Take every fucking inch of my big dick.”

I fuck her in slow, deep, punishing thrusts until her body’s shaking under me. Until her juices are dripping down my cock, soaking my balls and upper thighs.

“You okay?” I manage to ask.

“So good... ah! Aslan! It hurts... please,” she answers incoherently.

Not a no. I grin darkly, wiping sweat away from my forehead with the back of one hand.

I pull her up, dragging her back against my chest, my hand wrapping tight around her throat. Her head tips back, eyes dazed, abused lips parted on a ragged breath.

“You’re all mine now,” I rasp against her ear. “And I’m gonna fill all your holes with my cum until you’re dripping with me.”

I slam into her harder, faster, my hand tightening on her throat, my other hand sliding low to press my thumb to her fat, swollen clit, while I thrust three thick fingers inside her slopping cunt.

Tina is shaking all over, crying out loud.

I let go of her throat to pinch and roll her nipples, bite her neck, still fucking her ass with my cock, her pussy with my fingers, my thumb relentless on her throbbing clit.

Until I feel her come apart. Her walls clenching around my dick and fingers, her cries mixing with my grunts and the wet sounds of slapping flesh filling the room. Our mingled scents. Fucking beautiful.

“Fucuuk!” I roar, my own release barreling down on me.

I thrust deep in one final, brutal stroke, and spill inside her, pumping her full until I’ve got nothing left to give her. Rope after rope of thick, hot cum. Sloshing in and out as she continues to tremble, spasm, and moan loudly, calling my name, and coming over and over.

Until finally we collapse together, her body limp against mine, her breath ragged.

I press my lips to her ear. Our hearts still beating madly.

“You’re mine, sassy,” I let out in a hoarse voice. “And I’m never letting you go.”

## Page 23

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Twenty Three

Tina

I wake up alone. The bed's still warm where Aslan was laying with me, the sheets ruffled and smelling of all we did. Oh My God. Did I really let him...? I bury my face in my hands.

I stay there for a few minutes, staring up at the ceiling, then finally sit up slowly, biting back a wince as soreness flares every fucking where.

Jesus...

I grab the sheet and wrap it around me, stumbling out of bed. The house is quiet, with just a faint clink of dishes coming from downstairs.

I pause at the top of the stairs, blinking down at the sight below me.

Aslan's in his chef-grade kitchen shirtless, barefoot, and stupid-hot.

His hair is messy, dark tattoos twisting over his tanned, muscular back and shoulders as he moves.

He's at the stove flipping pancakes like that's a normal thing to do for a Bratva second-in-command who knows how to make your body submit and melt with so many orgasms you lose count.

“You just gonna stand there?” He rumbles without even looking up.

“Didn’t wanna interrupt,” I mumble, stepping down the stairs on wobbly legs.

He turns just enough to look over his shoulder, his indigo eyes traveling down my body, pausing where the sheet clings to my thighs.

“You’re limping,” he observes.

“I’m sore, Aslan.” I lift a brow. “What did you expect?”

He doesn’t answer. Just gives me one of his scorching looks, before wiping his hands and turning off the burner.

“Sit.”

“What?”

His jaw flexes. “Sit your ass down.”

So I sit.

Aslan sets a plate of perfectly formed, freshly made, golden pancakes in front of me, then puts a tall glass of water in my hand.

“Drink.” I take a sip, still looking at him. Trying to read his expression. His mood. Trying to figure out where we stand. He said I was his. That he was keeping me forever. But those were the words of a man who was buried deep inside me...

I move to set the glass down, and he shakes his head, tutting. He lifts his chin to the water and commands, “all of it.”

I blink at him. “Okay, chill, big guy.”

Aslan’s eyes narrow and my poor, abused pussy muscles ripple with want. He’s so fucking hot when he gets all bossy like that. Especially when he’s taking care of me. Before I get a chance to sass him out, he adds, “now, Tina.”

My eyes widen, but I keep quiet and drink. My heart pounding hard while he watches me intently. The fresh water feels amazing going down my parched throat. When I’m done, he takes the glass, cuts a bite of pancake, and holds the fork up to my mouth.

My mouth falls open in surprise.

“Aslan...”

“Open.”

I roll my eyes but do as I’m told. He feeds me bite by bite. All the while, he strokes my bare thigh, murmuring things I’m not sure I’m ready to hear.

“You let me break you open last night, baby,” he says in a low voice. “Now you’re gonna let me take what’s left.”

I shake my head with incomprehension. “What does that even mean?”

“That means we need to lay down some rules, sweetheart.”

I have no clue what he’s talking about or if I’m even capable of giving it to him.

But I want that. God, do I want it. I’d do anything to hear him call me his good girl again.



To feel him all around me. Inside me. Hear his ragged breaths.

Give him pleasure. Soak in the hunger in his eyes.

Make this hard, impassible man crack and give me everything.

All of him. God, I want it so bad, it hurts.

Aslan pulls back, his big arms crossed over his broad, naked chest, his gaze raking over me like I'm a gazelle and he's a starving lion.

"You don't touch yourself unless I tell you to. You don't come unless I say so. And you call me 'Sir' when we're alone."

I stiffen. "What?"

He leans in, fists my hair at the nape and yanks just hard enough for a delicious sting to spread over my scalp and invade every cell of my body.

"You begged me last night, sweet girl," he reminds me, growling low and dangerously scary. My thighs clench. "Now, say it."

My voice is hesitant. "Yes... Sir."

"Good girl." His perfectly sculpted lips curve into a devilish smile.

"Now stand and bend over the table."

I blink. What is happening? "Wait, Aslan. Maybe we should..."

He grips my hips, hauls me to my feet, and bends me over the edge of the huge

wooden kitchen table in one motion. The sheet slips, falling at my ankles.

My skin prickles all over as his hand strokes down my spine. Then, Aslan pulls something from his pocket.

\* \* \*

The first toy presses at my slick pussy entrance. Thick and unforgiving. Almost as big as Aslan's giant cock.

“Spread for me, sassy.”

I obey, widening my stance. My breaths coming out choppy. My eyes, wide as I stare over my shoulder at his hand working between my legs.

Aslan pushes it inside me slowly. Then, when it's planted to the root, he pulls out a second, smaller toy.

He runs the silicone plug over my lips and I whimper.

Knowing exactly what he wants me to do. I part them open.

Taking in the soft texture. He presses it against my tongue, and I start licking and wetting it with saliva.

At the same time, he's slowly thrusting the dildo into my pussy.

I can hear the wet sounds of my dripping hole.

Feel myself stretch and contract around the fake cock.

Feel the brush of his fingers. The heat of his huge body at my back.

The tickle of the thin layer of hair covering his skin.

His breath at my neck. His low, tender encouragements.

The ravenous hum at the back of his throat as I suck on the butt-plug like it's his cock. It's so fucking hot. So good.

When Aslan decides the plug is lubricated enough, he pulls it from my mouth and palms one ass-cheek, using his thumb to keep me spread, teasing my tight back entrance with the toy.

I whimper.

"Aslan,"

"Sir," he reminds me, the low growl in my ear sending another wave of pleasure through my body.

"Sir, please..."

Both toys slide in and out. My legs tremble.

"If you come without permission..." Pleasure slams into me. My legs shake. "You'll be punished."

I writhe. Pant. Try to hold it in. But the stimulation is too much. Pleasure builds. Spirals. Tears at me.

"Asl... Sir, I can't!"

“You will.”

I bite my lip. Shake my head. My body locks up, then I come.

Hard. Without his permission. Gushing all over the toys.

His hands, my spread thighs, the table, and the floor.

Shaking from wave after wave of an intense orgasm.

My eyes rolling back, my throat scratchy from crying out, my entire midsection pulsating. Then I sag on the wooden surface.

Aslan yanks me up, then bends me again. One hand fisted in my hair, the other one gripping my waist.

“What did I say?” he rumbles in my ear.

I moan, exhausted, drenched, still shaking from delicious aftershocks. “Don’t... come without permission.”

He delivers a sharp smack to my ass, and I scream. The toys still lodged deep inside.

Each strike jolts through me. Vibrating, stretching, punishing.

Five. Ten. Fifteen. I lose count. Writhing, trembling, my clit throbbing, pussy and asshole contracting over silicone. My vision is blurry with tears of overwhelming sensations. My mind filled with his presence. All he’s doing to me. And how much I’m loving it.

By the time he stops, I’m sobbing and trembling.

He pulls me upright, holds my face in his hands, staring into my eyes.

“Look at me.”

I force myself to obey, struggling to focus.

“You fell apart so fucking beautifully for me, sweet girl. Fucking broke wide open.”

He presses a kiss to my lips.

“Yes, Sir,” I choke out.

His mouth crashes into mine again, deep, wet, and ravenous. He kisses me like he fucking owns me. Made me. Like he’s licking life itself off my tongue.

His hands grope my tits, his mouth dragging down to bite one hard nipple. And I cry out. Then it’s the other’s turn. Aslan licks, sucks, slaps them, making me moan and arch into his touch.

His fingers return to my clit, pinching, rolling, pulling, while the toys inside me pulse with each heartbeat.

“You’re mine,” he growls. “My good girl. My slutty little brat.”

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*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Twenty Four

Aslan

Tina's still asleep when I return to the room.

I laid her there hours ago, leaving her to rest. I had to walk away.

That was enough for one night and one morning.

A good dom takes care of his sub. He doesn't just keep taking.

And if I had stayed, I wouldn't have been able to keep my hands to myself.

She's curled on her side, with her hair tangled, her bare shoulder peeking from under my sheets. She looks so young, so fucking soft. Perfect. All mine.

I sit on the edge of the bed, just watching her for a moment, letting the tension seep from my muscles. For the first time in weeks, my mind isn't a battlefield. A prison where I hold back and fight my every instinct to claim my girl.

She's here. In my house. In my bed. Where she belongs. And I'm not letting her go. Not now. Not ever.

Her lashes flutter open, that full, tempting mouth parting on a yawn.

"You're staring," she mumbles, stretching, making the sheet slide down and reveal

the full, juicy tits I feasted on earlier. So fucking sexy.

I grin, trying to convince my throbbing cock we can wait and let her fully wake. But i can't help running my hand between her breasts, cupping their heavy weight, rubbing slow circles over her nipples.

“You look good in my bed.”

Tina arches into my touch, moaning and biting her bottom lip. Her round hips swirling.

She sounds breathy when she replies, “You like watching me sleep?”

I keep playing with her tits. “Fucking love it.”

She shivers. “Creep.”

I chuckle. “I like watching you sleep in my bed after I’ve made you come over and over.”

“Me too.” Her smile is a mix of arousal and tenderness, and fuck if that doesn’t wreck me all over again.

I grab her hips and flip her on her stomach, throwing the sheet off the bed, baring her juicy ass. I slip between her legs, dragging her hips up, spreading her open.

“You still sore, baby?” I murmur, dragging my tongue down her spine.

“A little...”

“Good.” She laughs, turning to swat at my chest. I bite the soft curve of her hip,

making her shiver. “Means I did it right.” I take her in my arms and press a soft kiss to her lips. “You’re mine,” I murmur again, softer this time.

Her hand finds mine, fingers curling over mine.

“I know,” she whispers.

And that’s all I need.



*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:31 am*

Twenty Five

Tina

I wake up feeling like I've been run over by a freight train.

A very big, very strong, very insatiable freight train named Aslan.

Every inch of me aches, a delicious, throbbing reminder of everything he did to me last night... and this morning... and again after that.

I blink groggily at the ceiling, wincing as I shift. My thighs are sore. My core is tender. I still feel a throb in my ass. And there's a dull, pulsing ache low in my belly, like my body's still trying to process the fact that he claimed me so thoroughly.

I feel... wrecked. Used. Owned.

And I've never felt better in my life. I'll submit to this man for as long as he'll have me.

The bed dips beside me, warm, solid weight curling against my back.

"You awake?" His voice is low and gravelly, still rough from sleep.

I turn my head, meeting his gaze. His hair is a mess, his face shadowed with dark stubble. He looks... gorgeous. Good enough to eat.

“Barely,” I croak.

His grin turns wicked. “Yeah?” He drags his fingers down my hip slowly. “You feel good?”

“Good?” I let out a hoarse laugh. “I feel like I just survived a hurricane.”

Aslan chuckles, a low rumble that vibrates against my back.

His fingers drift to my waist, tracing lazy circles over my belly. “You’ll be okay.”

I sigh, melting into his touch. “I don’t think I can move.”

“You don’t have to.” He leans in, pressing his mouth to my shoulder. “I’ll take care of you.”

And he does.

I lose track of time, drifting in and out of sleep while he does exactly that to me like I’m made of glass.

Aslan cleans me up with a warm cloth between my thighs, his hands gentle despite their size and calluses.

He helps me to the bathroom, steadies me when my legs wobble.

Wraps me in one of his shirts. It’s soft, oversized and smells like him.

Then he carries me back to bed like my plus-size body weighs nothing.

Then he feeds me a thick toast of fresh bread dripping with honey. Fresh fruit sliced

into perfect bite sizes. And brings a glass of water to my lips, watching closely as I drink every drop.

“More,” he orders gruffly, refilling the glass. “You’re gonna need it.”

“For what?” I ask, my pussy spasming in anticipation and fear of taking his big dick again.

Aslan’s eyes gleam like he sees right through me, a smirk playing at the corner of his sexy mouth. “Recovery.”

I should be embarrassed. But all I feel is warmth, safety, and a whole lot of lust.

“Bossy,” I murmur tiredly, leaning back into the pillows.

His hand slides up my thigh, slow and firm.

“Yeah,” he rasps. “I’m your bossy dom.”

I should laugh, tell him he’s full of it, but my body betrays me, already stirring under his touch.

“You’re sick,” I mutter.

His lips twitch. “And you’re mine.”

My heart skips a bit.

Mine.

I should push back, crack a joke, tease him like I usually do, but I can’t. Not when

he's looking at me like that. Like I'm his whole fucking world.

So I swallow hard, curling closer to him.

"I know," I whisper.

His arm bands around me, strong and sure, pulling me against his chest.

"Good," he murmurs. "Now sleep."

And this time... I actually do.

Twenty Six

Aslan

The second Viktor and Marie return, I make my move.

I find Viktor in his office, his hand resting possessively on Marie's hip.

He raises a brow when I step inside. "Everything went okay?"

"Yeah." My voice is steady but I'm in turmoil. This man is family. But I will spill his blood if he stands between me and my woman. "But there's something you should know."

Viktor's gaze sharpens. Marie turns her head, curiosity flickering in her eyes.

I glance at her, then back at him.

"It's about Tina."

Viktor's mouth tightens. "What about her?"

"I claimed her." My voice remains sure. "She's mine."

Marie gasps, then she's grinning, bouncing on her toes.

"Seriously?" Her eyes light up. "Oh, my God! I knew it!"

Viktor's gaze narrows, turning cold and assessing.

"You sure about this?"

I simply nod, not breaking eye contact.

He stares at me a long moment, like I've seen him do so many times. Breaking grown men with a single look. Then he nods, too.

"Fine," he finally says, smiling faintly.

He stretches out a hand to me and I take it. We shake. And relief floods me.

Marie beams, practically glowing.

"Oh, I can't wait to talk to Tina," she gushes. I scowl and Marie laughs. "You're in way over your head."

I smirk. "I can handle her."

"You sure about that?" Viktor drawls. "Because I'm pretty sure she's been running you in circles since the day she showed up."

Fuck, everyone knew.

"She's mine now, and I wouldn't have it any other way."

I find her on the balcony, curled up in one of the chairs, legs tucked under her, hair in a messy bun.

The city's stretched out below, lights glittering in the distance, but I only see her.

Tina.

My sassy.

She's been like this, quiet and thoughtful, like she's carrying something heavy.

And I know what it is.

New York.

Her life, her job, her apartment, her friends, the career she's been dreaming of. They're all back there.

But none of that matters.

Because she's not leaving.

She doesn't notice me at first, too lost in her thoughts.

"Tina."

Her head snaps up. "Oh." She smiles, small and soft. "Hey, big guy."

"Come inside, baby," I say quietly.

"I'm okay." She gestures toward the view. "Just needed some air."

I shake my head, stretching a hand to her.

Her brow furrows. "What's wrong?"

I crouch next to her, bringing her fingers to my lips.

“You’re not going back, sass’.”

She blinks. “What?”

“You’re staying here. With me.”

A beat of silence passes, then she laughs disbelievingly. “Oh, really?”

“Yes,” I reply simply.

Her smile falters. “Aslan, I can’t just...”

“You can.” I step closer, crowding her. “You’re not going back to that shitty apartment. Some crap bartending gig where drunk assholes flirt with you every night.” My hand curves around her jaw. “You’re mine, sweetheart. That means you’re here with me.”

Her lips part. “What if I don’t want to stay?”

I grin cockily. “You wanna stay.”

Her brow furrows. So fucking cute. But she doesn’t pull away.

“Aslan...”

“You can do whatever the fuck you want,” I cut in. “Go back to school. Find a different job. Or don’t work at all. Stay home. Spend my money.” My thumb strokes her cheek. “I don’t give a fuck. Whatever makes my brat happy.”



She stares at me, wide-eyed, stunned silent.

My grip tightens just enough to make her gasp. “I need you here. With me.” Her fingers curl into my shirt, gripping hard. “You can sit on your ass all day and let me spoil you. You’re gonna drive me insane, but I’ll love every second of it.”

A shaky laugh bubbles out of her. “You’re serious?”

“Never been more serious in my life.”

She bites her lip, her pretty eyes glinting. “What if we don’t get along?”

I grin. “Then I’ll bend you over and remind you exactly who you belong to.” Her pupils dilate, her perfect white teeth sinking harder into that full bottom lip. “I’ll take that as a yes,” I chuckle.

She exhales slowly, leaning her face into my palm. “Yeah,” she whispers. “It’s a yes.” She runs a soft hand over the side of my face, adding, “sir.”

I cup the back of her neck, tugging her closer.

“I love you, and I’m keeping you. Forever.”

Her lips brush mine, soft and warm.

“Good, because I love you, too, grumpy,” she whispers back.

I take her mouth in a long, deep, wet kiss, and while my girl’s distracted, moaning and squirming, I slide a huge-ass diamond ring on her finger...

TINA

I wake up warm, soft. Feeling safe.

Aslan's arm is heavy over my waist, pinning me to the mattress like his body's decided I'm not going anywhere. His chest is solid and warm against my back, his breath deep and steady on my neck.

I stretch slightly, just to ease the ache in my muscles, but even that's enough to make him stir. His grip tightens, and I feel the drag of his stubble on my shoulder as he presses closer.

"Where do you think you're going?" His voice is a gravelly rasp, thick with sleep.

"Nowhere," I mumble, snuggling deeper into the warmth of his chest.

"Good," he mutters. His arm flexes, dragging me even closer, his hand splaying possessively across my round stomach.

I smile to myself, eyes still closed. I love him like this, groggy and soft, and still completely obsessed with me. Filling me to the brim like he already wants to put another baby inside me, before this one is even born.

Under all that hardness and control, he's nothing but heat and hunger when it comes to me.

And I belong to him. Completely.

“You’re smiling,” he murmurs. His lips brush my shoulder. “What’s funny?”

“Just thinking,” I say, rolling over to face him.

He’s gorgeous in the morning, all messy hair, sleepy eyes, and scratchy scruff.

I trace a finger down his chest.

He catches my hand, threading his fingers through mine. His thumb strokes over my knuckles.

I grin wider.

His smile fades, replaced with something darker, heavier.

“Tell me you’re happy,” he says quietly. “Here. With me.”

I blink, caught off guard. “Of course I am.”

“You sure?” His gaze sharpens. “Because if you’re not...” His fingers flex against my skin. “I’ll fix it.”

“You don’t need to fix anything, big guy,” I say softly. “I’m exactly where I want to be.”

His eyes darken, and suddenly I’m on my back, pinned under him.

“Good,” he growls, voice low and fierce. “Cause you’re not going anywhere I can’t keep my eyes on you.”

I gasp as his hand slides down my thigh, dragging my leg over his hip.

“You think I’d let you walk away?” he mutters, pressing hot kisses down my neck.  
“Not fucking happening.”

“I know, Aslan,” I whisper, tilting my head back as his teeth graze my skin. “I don’t want to leave,” I murmur, brushing his hair back from his face.

His features soften, then his lips crash down on mine.

The kiss is slow but deep, full of heat and promises.

“You’re mine,” he growls against my lips. “Forever.”

“Forever,” I breathe back.

He kisses me again, harder this time, like he’s sealing the deal.

And I know, no matter what comes next, no matter how crazy life gets, I’m exactly where I’m meant to be.

With Aslan.

His sassy girl.

His to love.

His to ruin.

His to keep.