



# My New Step-Dad

**Author:** *Alexa Riley*

**Category:** Billionaire Romance

**Description:**

**Total Pages (Source):** 38

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

## Chapter 1

Bruce

“What am I supposed to do with an eighteen-year-old girl?” I asked, leaning forward, placing my elbows on the desk. “I’ve never even met the girl.” It’s been a long fucking week and now this. I can feel the tension snaking up my spine, which I’m sure will lead to a massive headache that will fuck up my whole day.

“The estate won’t be settled for another week, and she’s, well, sheltered. She just needs to stay with someone she knows she can trust. Someone her mother trusted. I’m sure she can entertain herself during the week,” Jim, a junior associate at the firm informs me. I have the urge to throw him out of my office or just fire his ass, but this isn’t his fault. This was my own doing. I knew Debra, my ex-wife, had a daughter, but I’d never met her in the two years that we were married. Hell, I barely knew Debra outside of a working environment. Sure, we were married, but it wasn’t your typical marriage.

I was racking my brain, trying to remember everyone who attended. The funeral actually looked like a work meeting more than anything. The small group in attendance was made up of people she worked with and a few clients. I don’t know why I didn’t notice that before. No friends or family showed up, only other lawyers from the firm, but it made sense, neither she nor I had lives outside of this office.

Debra’s father, Steven, had passed last year, and he was the only family member I’d ever met of hers. Steven used to be a senior partner at the firm before I took his place. The thought of Debra’s daughter not being at her mother’s funeral never crossed my

mind. Debra only talked about her daughter a handful of times in the five years I knew her. I can't even recall a time when she went to visit her, and I know her daughter never came to our penthouse.

"When will she be arriving?" I ask while pulling up today's itinerary on my computer. My schedule, as usual, is a mess and completely full.

Ever since making senior partner and taking over Steven's caseload, I work fifteen-hour days. He's the reason I'm in this situation now, and having to become something of a guardian to this girl. It should've been him taking in this girl. She was his granddaughter, after all. But now that he's gone, I'm the only one who's left.

It hasn't helped that we haven't picked a new lawyer to take Debra's place at the firm since she died. She's only been gone six weeks, but someone needs to be hired fast. She carried a giant workload on her own, and even distributing it amongst the staff, it's more than we can handle on top of our own cases.

I met Debra when I joined the firm fresh out of graduate school. She had already been with them for years. Her father was a senior partner, so it was a no brainer what law firm she wanted to make partner at. I always knew there was no other firm I wanted to work for. I'd only heard great things about the place, it was known to be the best and my own father really pushed me into joining them. He and Steven had gone to college together, but my father went politics, something I had no desire to do.

After I walked in the door, we both made strides to get to the top. She'd already been trying for years but wasn't making much progress. Case after case, we always got paired together. We were both dedicated and worked hard for years, earning our chops and making a name for ourselves. But Debra was constantly passed over for promotions because of her sex and because of her name.

If she was given a promotion it always looked like it was favoritism, so instead the

bump would go to me. This frustrated both of us, as we were both friends and colleagues and each giving more than one hundred percent. It's never fair being a woman in this line of work, and after a few years, we hit a roadblock.

The firm decided to create a new opening for a partner and I was being groomed to take it. I knew that Debra deserved it as much as I did, but I wasn't sure what to do. Then one day Steven took Debra and me aside and we came up with a plan.

After I moved into my new role as partner, Steven would retire. The kicker was, he would only retire after Debra and I got married. After the license was signed, he would then set his retirement in motion.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

Once the ink was dry, and with help from another founding partner, we had the majority vote and were able to secure Debra a spot in the firm as Steven's replacement. Everybody won. Steven knew his family name was secure in the company, and his daughter wouldn't have to worry about her future at the firm.

I was a workaholic already and didn't have a social life outside of work. When I did find myself out for the evening, women were just attracted to the suit and the money. Women made things messy and complicated, and I didn't need either in my life. Debra and I both had the same motivation and drive, and neither of us had time for love. Our arrangement was the perfect, until Debra suddenly passed away, leaving me to pick up all the pieces of their family. A family that wasn't even really mine.

"She'll be here tomorrow. She's packing up the rest of her stuff from the boarding school today. She graduated last weekend," Jim says, shaking me from my thoughts.

"I'm just supposed to take in a girl I've never met and let her live with me?" I snap, still agitated and taking it out on Jim. What the fuck do I know about teenagers, or even making a home for one? I know nothing about family. Can't she just stay at the boarding school? She's eighteen. Legally, she doesn't need a guardian, and I'm sure she can find her own place before she starts college in the fall. She's going to college right?"

I bring up tomorrow's schedule. Fucking hell, I have a dinner meeting I can't miss with one of the firm's biggest clients.

"I'm not sure of her plans for college, but she's Debra's daughter. Her mother's just died, she's been holed up in boarding school—do you really want to shunt her off to

some soulless hotel or apartment so she can be alone with her thoughts? This is just until matters with Debra's estate have been resolved." He rubs his hand through his hair and shrugs his shoulders. "Do with her what you wish."

My cock jerks at his offhand comment. Do with her what you wish. As if she's mine.

Apparently I need to get laid. I'm getting hard at the idea of owning some young thing who doesn't know what to do with a dick. I rub my eyes and try to think of the last time I had sex.

Debra and I might have been married, but we never shared more than a quick embrace for public events. All I've had to get me off over the years is my hand. While we were married, the last thing I needed was some scandal about how our nuptials were a sham or that I was cheating. After her father passed, we talked about getting a divorce, but we never got around to it with our busy schedules.

We never planned for anything in the event of something happening to either of us, and now I'm a widower...and apparently a stepfather.

Well, I guess I'm a stepfather for the next week or so. I can handle her for a week. I can keep busy while she stays in the condo. I'm never there anyway, and how hard can it really be? I'll look into helping her find a condo to stay at until it's time for her to start college. I bet there are probably a few units available in my building, and it's the least I can do. Her mother and I may have not been close, but we did help each other out when needed.

"Fine, I'll leave a key for her at the front desk for when she arrives, and I'll have one of the rooms set up for her. Is there anything else I should know? Any problems?"

"I don't think she'll give you any problems. Her academic records are spotless with no mention of bad behavior. She volunteered at the library, and it seems that's where

she spent most of her time, from what little info I could gather on her. Hell, I was shocked when I found out Debra had a kid, she never talked about anything but work. But she seems like a good kid. I don't think she'll be much of a burden."

I nod my head in agreement. I knew Debra for years, lived with her, and often forgot she had a daughter. It wasn't until Jim was going over and settling Debra's estate that we remembered her. It's probably why she missed the funeral. I don't think she knew about it.

"Well, I guess that's settles it." There's no point to fighting the issue and look like a fucking asshole. How hard could it be to live with an eighteen-year-old girl for a few weeks?

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

\* \* \*

That next evening....

The house line rings, and I know it's the doorman calling. They're the only ones with the number. Thank fuck she's here before I need to head out for my business dinner. I at least want to show her the place before I have to go, but I thought the doorman would just give her the key. I don't know the girl, but I don't want her to be alone when she's here for the first time. I can make some kind of effort, but I thought she would've been here hours ago.

"Frank," I say, knowing it's him. He was at the lobby desk when I got home, and he informed me she still hadn't picked up the key.

"Good evening, Mr. Archer. A Ms. Sullivan is here to see you." Well shit, I might have welcomed this if Debra's daughter wasn't going to be here any minute. Holly Sullivan is the daughter of one of the firm's biggest clients and was well aware that my marriage was one of convenience. On multiple occasions she let me know she'd love to be in my bed.

I'd toyed with the idea years ago. She was hot and exotic looking with long dark hair and even longer legs. But I always decided against it. Now that I was single, coupled with not feeling a woman's body against mine in years, I was beginning to rethink things. She'd be discreet and the goal is mutual—sex.

"Please send Ms. Sullivan up," I tell Frank before hanging up, grabbing my suit jacket off the back off my chair, and powering off my computer. I figured Holly



would be meeting me at the dinner with her father, but I guess there was a change of plans.

Looking in the mirror, I adjust my tie. Maybe Holly and I could go back to her place after dinner. Fuck, I don't have any condoms, but I bet she does. Holly is walking sex and just what I need. Maybe I could fuck some of the stress out of my system.

I make my way to the elevator and wait for it to arrive. I own the entire top floor of the building, but I actually might need to look into getting a new place. Debra and I got such a big place to begin with so we had our own space and didn't get in each other's way. Now it's entirely too large for just me.

When the door opens, Holly comes strolling in, swaying her hips right towards me. Her heels click on the marble floor, and I see the doors slide closed behind her. Her long chocolate hair is stacked on top of her head, exposing her bare shoulders. The red dress she's wearing is pasted to her like a second skin and shows off her long legs. They are made to look even longer because she's wearing the kind of shoes men like to fuck women in.

"Are you finally going to take me up on my offer? We have ten minutes before we need to head out, and I bet I could make you cum before then," she says, getting right to the point.

Holly was never one to beat around the bush. She knew I never took her up on her offer out of respect for Debra, but now things have changed. She wraps her arms around my neck, her heels make her so tall she's almost at eye level. It's impressive, being as I'm six four.

"Is that so?" I tease, pulling her closer and looking into her dark brown eyes. Her tart perfume fills my lungs, but my body doesn't seem to react. Maybe it's been so long since I've had sex my cock doesn't remember what it's like to have a woman so

close. I'm giving him the green light, but he doesn't even move.

"Yeah," she whispers against my mouth, but before her lips touch mine the elevator chimes. I pull back from Holly. The elevator doors slide open, revealing something that makes my limp cock finally grow with need. It presses hard against my zipper and I suddenly ache. If that's little Sophie, I'm totally fucked. I've never seen something look so perfect and pure before. She's perfection. My whole body has come alive like a punch to my system.

"Holly, if you'll excuse me, I need a minute," I say, pulling myself away. Before I take a step I turn around and adjust myself because my hard cock is obscene in these pants. Holly gives me a sultry smile and an eyebrow raise, but I don't explain that this wasn't her doing. I'd rather her think that than the idea of my getting hard at the sight of my stepdaughter.

Fuck, what is wrong with me? I just looked at Sophie and I was at full attention. Get it together, Bruce.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

Taking a few deep breaths, I get my body under control the best I can. I turn back towards the elevator and walk over to where she's standing. She's got Debra's blue eyes and it shocks me that they don't look stressed or sad. I never realized Debra's had looked like that until now, as I compare them with Sophie's bright and happy sapphires. It's strange how it hits me with just one look. She's short, at around five three, and has lots of curves, the perfect size to fill my hands. Her body looks like a mature woman's would, not something you'd expect on an eighteen-year old. She's wearing jeans and a tank top that does nothing to hide her full breasts. Her long, wavy, blonde hair falls down her back and makes her look like she's been freshly fucked. Jesus Christ, this girl is a bombshell. My thoughts race, on the one hand I'm fantasizing about what I want to do to that sexy little body, and on the other I'm beating myself up over how I shouldn't be having these thoughts. Her legs are thick and my mouth waters thinking about how I could sink my teeth into the insides of her thighs. I can feel my heartbeat in my cock, and I try to focus on anything but my forbidden fantasies.

"Please excuse me, I was expecting you earlier," I say in a clipped tone. I didn't intend for this to be our first encounter, and it's a bit embarrassing for her if the blush on her cheeks is any indication. Her skin is so milky and pure; the slightest blush makes her look so innocent. My God, she looks untouched.

My dick throbs at the thought but I immediately dispel it. She's my responsibility for a week. Just one week. I can do this.

"Let me show you around a bit. I've got an engagement tonight and I need to leave."

She nods her head a little and follows me around the place. She seems shy and quiet,

which is fine with me. I have a fleeting thought of someone taking advantage of her innocence, and I realize she's never been on her own outside of boarding schools. She's been in France, so coming back to America on top of being out of school must have turned her upside down.

I shake my head to banish my worry. This isn't my problem. I'm helping her get a new place and then we're finished. She's on her own.

"This was your mother's room," I say, and stop for a moment to let her look in. "You are welcome to all of her things, so feel free to go through and pick out what you want to keep. I'll donate anything you don't want." She looks at me peculiarly, but I keep walking.

"That's my room down there at the end of the hall," I say, pointing, "and this is yours right here." We stop in front of her door and I open it.

She slowly steps past me, and I get a bit of her sweet honeysuckle scent. I breathe deeply and close my eyes, the throbbing in my cock returning.

When I open my eyes, I see her looking at me, and then back to the floor. She seems so submissive, and I have the sudden urge to put her on her knees.

"Yes, well, this is your room," I say again and clear my throat. What the fuck is wrong with me? She's too goddamn young to be doing this to my body.

I really need to get laid.

"Thank you, Mr. Archer," she whispers, and I realize this is the first time she has spoken. Her voice is soft, making me wonder how hard I could make sure scream my name. I want to hear her say it now.

“Bruce. Please, call me Bruce. I think we are past certain formalities, especially while you live here.”

“Thank you, Bruce.”

“You’re welcome. Feel free to make yourself at home. I’m out for the evening, and probably won’t see you in the morning. I’ll leave a note for my housekeeper, Lily, to help you out if you need anything. She’ll be here in the afternoon.”

She looks around her room again and then back at me. She nods her head and walks towards the bed, putting her bag down on it.

I grip the doorknob and then turn around abruptly. I’ve got to get out of this place. I stomp down the hall. When I get to the elevator where Holly is waiting, I grab her hand and pull her towards the elevator.

“Everything okay?” she asks, a concerned look on her face.

“I’ll explain later. We don’t want to be late for dinner.”

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

Honestly, though, I have no clue how to explain that I want to fuck my stepdaughter.

### Chapter 2

Sophie

Crack!

The lightning streaks across the window. I place my cheek against the cold glass so I can feel it against my skin. My new home sits tall enough that I can actually see where the storm begins and ends, but no rain falls in between.

I can relate.

I'm the girl who can cry reading a silly romance novel, but remains dry eyed when her mother dies. It was weeks after the funeral took place that I was told she was gone. What's worse was that I wasn't even worried that I'd never heard from her.

Watching the lightning flash across the sky, I close my eyes this time to feel the thunder. It's a stupid idea, but I'm hoping if I feel the thunder, maybe it can shake the dam loose. I'm being childish, I know, but at least if I cried I would feel something. I should feel something, anything.

I don't know why I feel more alone now, because it's not like I even knew her. Between nannies and boarding schools, I hardly ever saw her. Then when I was fourteen, she sent me off to school in France, where I stayed. She said she would visit at some point, but I guess she never got around to it. Not one time in my three years

at school there had my mother come to see me, nor did she ask me to come home.

A part of me had been hoping that maybe when I finished school I could come home and try to form a relationship with her. I even applied to a few colleges for pre-law and got in, but with her gone I have no desire to pursue that idea. I was only doing it to try to please her, and now I see how stupid that was. My mother was always going a mile a minute and had time for no one and nothing. Aside from work. That's not a life I wanted for myself. What I do want is to feel connected to another person, to have someone tell me they love me. I think that's what I was hoping for when I applied to law school. I could've gotten her attention; we'd have had things in common to talk about. I could've called her late at night and bitched about courses, and she'd tell me how great I was doing.

How could I long for her attention so badly, but not miss her now that's she's really gone? I actually felt a small weight lift off my shoulders when I thought about not having to go to law school.

Pushing myself away from the window, I feel my stomach growl. I've been hiding in my room since I got here last night. The idea of going out and seeing Bruce, my step-dad, wasn't one that appealed to me. I should've known any man who chose to marry my mother would be as cold as she was. Hell, I didn't even know she was married until I was told that I was being shipped back home to him.

"Step-dad," I say, rolling the words across my tongue. He was nothing like I expected him to be. When I thought of a step-dad, I thought of a man with greyish hair, wrinkles around his eyes. I thought of someone who was at least my mother's age or who looked like some of the fathers who came to visit the other girls in my dorm. No, it looks like my mom liked them young. Bruce looks like he is in his early thirties if I had to guess. He also looks like he stepped out of a magazine, and so did the woman hanging on to him last night.

I thought it was strange he was already hooking up with another woman weeks after my mother's death, but nothing about their marriage seemed normal. I wonder if part of the reason she was too busy to see me was because of him. Maybe she started another family, one that apparently didn't include me.

When he finally untangled himself from the other woman, he showed me around the apartment. First he showed me where my mom's room used to be, and then he showed me his room, and finally my own. They didn't share rooms? This was all getting weirder by the minute, but one thing was clear, Bruce didn't like me.

It showed from the moment the elevator doors slid open and his green eyes landed on mine. As soon as we locked eyes, the playful smile he was giving the woman in his arms dropped away. What made it worse is I felt my whole face warm from blushing. I'm sure it turned my fair skin cherry red with embarrassment. Public displays of affection are not common to me outside of a book, and I'm pretty sure I just caught them about to have sex, if the bulge in his pants was any indication.



## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

Instantly I hated the woman. Her perfectly shiny hair, bronzed skin, and a body I would die for made me so angry, and I'm still not a hundred percent sure why. Was it because he just lost my mom and here he was fucking another woman? Maybe he was always fucking her. Or was it the fact that a sliver of jealousy ran through me at the sight of her wrapped around him? I'd hoped that maybe that man wasn't my step-dad, but maybe his son or a coworker. That hope crashed and burned moments later, leaving me with an uneasy feeling.

I'm jealous that my step-dad has a woman he's about to fuck and probably fucked last night. Fuck, if they came back to his place after, she might be here this morning. The worst part is I don't think I'm angry for my mother, I think I'm jealous for myself.

I'm chalking it up to being lonely. I guess I'm just desperate for attention. Yep, that's it, I think, trying to convince myself that's not a blatant lie. I can't lust after my mother's husband. Nope, I've just been stuck in an all-girls' school for too long. I've been starved of affection. Yes! That's it, I'm envious of the affection that was being shared, not the dumb slut who was hanging onto him.

I clench my teeth, processing the rude thought I had about the woman. Fuck it, she is a dumb slut. I can think it all I want. Grabbing my hair tie off the nightstand, I pull my wild blonde hair into a messy bun on top of my head, and make my way through the condo to the kitchen. If I'm lucky, I won't run into Bruce or his date from last night. The thought puts a knot into my stomach. Would they be in the kitchen playing house together? Her making him breakfast like a happy lovey couple. I long for something like that.

I'm about to walk into the kitchen, when I hear Bruce's deep voice, and I halt my movements.

"No, we can't have dinner again tonight." He pauses for a long moment, and I realize he must be on the phone. "She'll only be here for a few weeks, and I'm getting her out of here as quick as I can. Trust me, I don't need a little girl running around here, you and I both know I don't have time for that."

His words sting more than they should. Why should I care that he doesn't want me here? Story of my life. Fuck him. If he didn't want to have to deal with me then maybe he shouldn't have married my mom.

I stroll into the kitchen, ignoring him, determined to let the insult roll off my back. I hear him take a deep breath, and I can feel his eyes on me, but I pretend he's not standing there, drinking his coffee, with the phone to his ear. I feel a small weight lift off my shoulders when I realize no one else is here. She didn't stay over. Pulling the fridge open, I feel the cold air hit my body, and it's then I realize what I'm wearing, or more accurately, what I'm not wearing. I'm so used to only being around and living with other girls that I didn't think about my attire when I rolled out of bed this morning. I feel my nipples contract against the cold air, the threadbare strappy tank doing nothing to protect them from the chill. Goosebumps break out all over my bare legs.

Fucking shit. How am I going to turn around? I'm standing in front of the fridge in nothing but a small tank top, tiny white panties, and my freaking knee-high socks.

"No, Holly, lunch is fine."

I bite back nausea at the mention of Holly's name.

"Okay, I'll see you then."

I hear his phone hit the granite counter and I cringe at the sound. I'd be surprised if it hasn't cracked.

"Where the fuck are your pants?" Glancing over my shoulder, I see his dark green eyes on my ass. Does he like what he sees? I'm nothing like Holly. In fact, Holly and I are night and day if you compare us, and sadly I have. Where she is toned and firm, I'm curvy and soft, she looks enticing whereas I look boring and couldn't get a tan to save my life. Her legs go on for miles, and the only thing that goes on for miles on me is my hair, and it's pretty uncontrollable.

He looks so mad. If he could he'd spit fire from his nostrils right about now, he would. The fact that I provoked this much emotion in him is exciting.

This is uncharted territory for both of us. I can tell by the look on his face that poking him would be dangerous. But for the first time in weeks, I feel something. I don't ever recall pulling this much emotion from anyone. I was just always there, the girl in the corner. Now I am standing in a kitchen, with a man who looks wildly pissed at me, and I want more. It wouldn't bring the tears I wanted moments ago, but it felt like it could bring so much more.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

### Chapter 3

Bruce

How can she walk around the house like that and not expect a reaction? I bet that's why she did it. Does she always walk around in front of men like this? The thought that someone else may have seen her like this makes me murderous. I would like to think my feelings stem from a fatherly concern, but that would be total bullshit. She seemed so meek and innocent yesterday when she got here, but it must have been an act. I'm visibly shaking as I wait for a response to my question.

Slowly she shuts the fridge, turns around to face me, and I feel like I've been hit by a truck. My imagination was nothing compared to what her curvy body really looks like. I can see every curve of her perfect, little, compact body. I can tell she would fit against me perfectly. She would be so easy to do with as I pleased.

Her paper-thin top shows the clear outline of her areolae and her diamond-hard nipples. I can't quite make out the color of them, and now I'm mad about that too. Fuck. I'm sure she's not turned on by an old pervert like me staring at her, but my inner animal doesn't care. He thinks her body is getting primed for him, and he's ready to rut deep inside her. I could bend her over the kitchen counter, the cold granite top making her nipples even harder as I pounded into her cunt until I filled her with my cum. It would drip down her milky, plump thighs. Maybe I should leave those bite marks first. The cum would fill in the little divots as it drained down her legs.

I blink hard a few times, trying to rid my brain of this image. I look down her body

and see her panties are so sheer and small, I can make out the outline of her bare pussy lips.

“Fuck.” I turn around to face away from her, but I still have the picture of her hairless pussy covered in see-through panties burned into my mind. I take gulps of air, but this only serves as more fuel for my inner beast.

“I’m sorry, I’m used to living with girls. I didn’t even stop to think.”

“You will need to stop to think next time, Sophie. I can’t see you like this. It isn’t appropriate.”

“I didn’t realize that.”

I turn back around. She can’t be that innocent. There’s no way she’s that unaware of her behavior.

“You can’t be serious, Sophie,” I say, trying to make solid eye contact. If I look at her body again, I don’t know what I’ll do. Yeah, you do, my inner beast whispers. Bite her thighs first.

Suddenly, she cocks an eyebrow and looks at me like I’m stupid. “Are you kidding me right now? I was with female nannies from the time I took my first bottle, and I was sent to an all-girls’ school the second I was old enough. I’ve only ever lived with girls my own age, and whenever I managed to glimpse the few guys I saw, I was always out in public. It’s not like I have a lot of life experience when it comes to living with a man.”

She’s got some sass, I’ll give her that, but she needs to understand she can’t dress like this.

“You have to be fully dressed when you’re around me. It’s fine if you want to sleep like that, but you need to be fully dressed in front of me. I’m not supposed to see you like this. You’re practically naked and I’m not supposed to see that,” I say, repeating myself. She needs to understand. Fuck, I need her to understand. Or this could all go badly.

I don’t know what’s going on in her head, but in a bold move, she steps closer to me. I’m shocked at her fearless move and step away from her. My eyes dart down to her breasts again and see the slight jiggle as she walks towards me. Fucking hell, my cock is leaking inside my pants now, making my balls draw up like they are ready to cum.

“You keep saying ‘not supposed to’ like you shouldn’t want to.”

I stop my retreat, and realize how I worded my warning to her. It’s true. I shouldn’t want to see her like this but, fuck, if I don’t enjoy it. Shamelessly, I know it will fuel the masturbation session I’ll be having after I leave her. This one will be better than the one I had about her last night. The one she doesn’t know about, the one I had standing over her bed last night while she slept. I stood there, staring at her lips, imagining them wrapped around my cock until I came in my hand. This time I’ll have a better idea of what body looks like.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

“You’re too young. I’m an older man, not to mention your stepfather, and it’s not good for someone to see us like this,” I say. I look down at her pure, innocent pussy and I see a drop of moisture on her panties. “Fuck,” I breathe out, and lean forward a little. I don’t know what my body is doing, but I try to get a hold of myself.

“You’re probably right,” she says, and stops getting closer to me.

I just stare at her pussy and wonder what it smells like, what it would be like to bury my face between her thighs.

As if she reads my thoughts, her hand moves and covers it up. I growl a little at not being able to see her wet lips anymore, but it’s better this way. I shouldn’t be looking at her like this. I shouldn’t be doing a lot of things I’m doing, or thinking a lot of the things I’m thinking.

“Go put some clothes on. I’m leaving for work. It’s Monday and my schedule is hectic,” I say harshly, and grab my phone off the counter. “The housekeeper will be here soon. I sent her an email about you.” I head to the elevator and don’t look back to see if she’s watching me leave. I get in and press the button for the doors to close.

I own this floor, and this particular elevator is a direct connect to my home and the garage. Luckily, I manage the cameras and the emergency access on it. Once the doors close, I hit the emergency stop and pull my cock out of my pants. I don’t think I made it half a floor before I needed the release.

My dick is already dripping cum like a leaky faucet. I spit on my hand and stroke my shaft, only needing a few pumps before I’m shooting my load. I cum so hard it shoots

straight out and onto the door of the elevator. Fuck, my legs cramp and my vision blurs, and I can't think of a time I've had a better orgasm. I have to hold on to the rail behind me to keep from collapsing to the floor.

After a few more minutes, I pull myself together, I clean up elevator door as best as I can with the pocket square from my suit, and I tuck my still-hard cock back in my pants. The fucking thing won't go soft and I don't understand why.

I've got to get my shit together. This can never happen again.

## Chapter 4

Sophie

My body buzzes with excitement as I make my way back to my room. I can't believe I just did that. I don't think I've ever been more turned on in my life. I can feel the wetness between my legs making my panties stick to me. I need to cum. Bad.

I walk into my room and slide my white cotton panties down my legs. I toss them on the floor and grab a pillow off the bed.

Always having to share a room with other girls, you had to learn to be quiet when you masturbated; it was something I quickly mastered. Right now I feel like it won't take much to get me there. Never in my life had a man looked at me like Bruce just did, and never had I experienced such emotion. It was intoxicating. I felt alive.

Looking around the room, I search for the perfect spot. When I see the armchair in the corner, I know it will work best for what I have in mind. Placing the pillow over the arm of the chair, I straddle it. It gives me what I need, firmness for pressure, but a soft surface for comfort. Just like I always imagined a cock would be.



Spreading my legs wider, I start to move my hips. I close my eyes and fight past the shame I feel from the face I see in my mind. Normally my masturbation fantasies are of faceless men: heroes plucked out of my latest romance novel. This time there's a face. Bruce, my step-dad. In my mind, everything about him is hard, from his eyes to the set of his jaw. I picture him giving me the same heated look he gave me in the kitchen.

Rubbing my pussy against the pillow, I pretend it's his lap I'm straddling instead of the arm of the chair. I imagine rubbing my clit against his hard-on and using him for my pleasure while he sits completely still, fighting not to touch me. Pressing myself further into the pillow, I shudder at the shock of desire that shoots up my spine. He'd be so powerless to his desires, he'd suddenly lift me from his lap, slam me down onto his desk, and put his face between my legs. He'd need to taste me. He'd use his tongue and fingers to prepare my tight pussy for his cock. He'd be so worried about hurting me, because I meant everything to him. He'd do it for hours, just worshipping, not caring about anything else in the world. Only I mattered, and I was his everything.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

Every move of my hips sends streaks of pleasure through my body. My skin tingles as I think of all the things Bruce would do to my body. I move faster, pressing down harder as the images start to flash through my mind one after another until the orgasm breaks through.

I shudder as pulses run through my body, leaving me shaky and weak. My climax hits me hard and it's all I can do to hold myself up as I ride out the waves of pleasure.

Rolling over, I collapse into the chair, letting the pillow hit the floor. I look down and see the wet spot my cum has left behind. God, if I came like that just thinking about Bruce, what would the reality be like?

I think back to the woman from last night, the same one he's having lunch with. Did he make her cum? Would he take her on his desk at work like I just imagined? I bet she's more experienced than I could ever be. She could handle a man like Bruce. I've never so much as kissed someone. I didn't even get an affectionate kiss from my mother, but I bet Bruce kissed her.

I feel the sting of tears and I close my eyes to fight them back.

It was only hours ago I was trying to summon tears, and now I can barely stop them. No, this isn't the emotion I want now. I want what I had in the kitchen—the thrill of being wanted, an unfamiliar but exciting feeling. But how could I lust after the man my mother married? She may have loved him, but I'm skeptical she had that ability. It's shameful, but I can't seem to stop myself from lusting after Bruce.

Mentally shaking myself, I force all thoughts of him from my head.

I pull out one of my suitcases and find a baby blue sundress. I slide it over my head, slip on some simple, white lace flats, and go to the bathroom to wash my face. I brush my teeth, put my hair in a quick braid, and look at myself in the mirror. I debate putting on a little bit of makeup, but my face is still flushed, and I don't know why I need to bother.

Heading out of my room, I pause outside the room Bruce said was my mother's. It still seems so odd they didn't share a room. Pushing open the door, I'm shocked and rooted in place.

Suddenly, a smile splits my face when I recognize Lily dusting the dresser.

"Lily!" I squeal, running towards her and wrapping her in a hug.

"Oh my, Sophie! Look how big you've gotten! All grown up now," she exclaims, and I can't help but squeeze her tighter.

Pulling back, I look up at her. She looks the same, but with a few lines on her face and some streaks of gray in her rich, chocolate brown hair. "What are you doing here?" I ask. I haven't seen Lily for years, and didn't know if she still worked for my mother. She'd worked for my mother for as long as I could remember. I'm almost ashamed that I hadn't asked about her.

"I've never stopped working for your mother, and well, now Mr. Archer." At the mention of my mother she pulls me into a hug again "I'm so sorry, Sophie, it was all so sudden."

"I'm fine really." I try to reassure her.

"Let's go into the kitchen, we'll have coffee, and talk."

Following her, I sit down at the breakfast bar and watch her shuffle around the kitchen. It's clear she knows where everything is.

"You kept working for my mother after she got married?" I ask, fishing for answers. I'm curious about my mother and Bruce. They don't seem like a fit, but when I really thought about it, I don't think I could picture my mother with anyone. She didn't care for affection or seem like she would ever play with the idea of marriage. I'm not sure how I came to be, and the topic of my father was never brought up.

"If you call it that," her reply perks my attention, and I can tell by the look she shoots me she caught my reaction. "They were married on paper only, it was for work."

"Shocking," I say, letting the sarcasm bleed through my words. Everything was for work, but I can't help but feel the relief that follows.

Lily runs her finger around the top of her coffee mug, studying me as if debating what to say.

"Do you miss her?" she asks, a slight tone of concern in her voice.

Her question makes me pause. Do I miss her? "I...well...can someone miss something they never had?" That thought has been rolling around in my head since I found out about her heart attack and sudden death. The more the days passed, the more I was beginning to think I didn't miss her, I missed the idea of her and what we could've had. It was in the plan I'd mapped out after college, to finally have my family, and to make her love me. But it was all in my head, this dream that things would change. In reality I had to admit that it probably wouldn't have made a difference.

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

“She loved you, you know,” Lily says, as if she plucked the thoughts from my head.

“No, I don’t know.” My response is clipped and harsh, but I don’t care. My feelings for my mother are coiled in a giant knot that I can’t untangle. Anger, longing, and sadness are snarled together and I can’t tell one from the other.

“That’s fair.” She pauses and takes a deep breath. “Maybe I said it wrong. She loved you the only way she knew how.”

“I don’t know what that means and to be honest I’m just not sure I care.” I can feel myself getting angry, the hurt rising up inside me. “Do you know what it’s like to have to stay in your dorm alone because you have no one to go home to for the Holidays? Or what it’s like when no one shows up to see you while you’re in a foreign country by yourself?”

“No, sweetheart, I don’t” The soft tone of her voice cools my anger. I’m directing it at the wrong person, but there’s no one left to take it out on. “Your mom wasn’t a great mother, I know that, and I’m sure she knew it. I think it’s why she sent you abroad. She thought it was for the best, and I know this doesn’t make it excusable, but it’s the same way she grew up with your grandfather. It’s just how they were; they kept their emotions to themselves and their priority was work. But you, you don’t have to be that way. You can start a new way of life if you want.”

The reality of her words hits me like a punch to the stomach. That’s essentially where I was headed in life. I wanted to come back to the States, and show my mom I could make her proud. Get her attention by becoming a lawyer like her. Is that what she’d been doing with her father? I was setting myself up to walk down the same miserable

path. I'd probably end up with a heart attack the same as them.

I don't want to be alone anymore.

"You don't have to be," she whispers, making me realize I said the last part out loud. She's right. I'm eighteen, I'm done with school, and the canvas is blank for me. I can do anything I want. At the thought, Bruce flashes in my mind, and all the dirty things I thought about him doing to me. I bite my lip, trying to calm the heat I feel rushing to my face.

"So, Bruce and my mom?" I let the question hang, not wanting to finish the sentence.

"No, he's a workaholic like she was. Only when he's not at work, he's in his home office. I think they got married because of your grandfather. They both made partner before the ink dried on the marriage license."

I want to pry for more information, but I don't want to be too obvious. Before I can ask my next question, the elevator dings, and a handsome man in his late twenties strolls into the entryway. He looks like he walked out of a magazine. Damn, are people just made that way around here or something?

"Oh, my apologies, ladies, I didn't know anyone was here. Mr. Archer's paralegal sent me to pick up a brief he left behind. He needs it for a meeting today."

"Hi, Jacob," Lily says in a familiar tone. This must not be the first time he's been here.

"Good afternoon, Mrs Lily. Don't mind me I'll be out of your hair in just a second. Sorry to disturb you."

Lily nods her head at him and he looks over at me and smiles, before walking down

the hall. I watch him retreat, following him with my eyes as he goes.

“He’s handsome,” Lily whispers behind me, catching me eyeing him. She has the wrong idea. He’s handsome, but he also knows where Bruce works.

You don’t have to be. Lily’s words play back in my head.

No, I don’t have to be alone anymore. I’m tired of sitting around and waiting to get what I want. I’m going for it. Glancing over at the clock, I see it’s eleven already. Maybe Bruce hasn’t left for his lunch date yet. Maybe I can ruin those plans.

When Jacob comes back down the hall, I don’t waste any time.

“Are you going to take that to Bruce?” I ask, nodding at the folder in his hand.

“Yeah, you’re Sophie, Debra’s daughter, aren’t you?” I just nod my response. “I’m Jacob, a junior associate at the firm,” he says, offering me his hand.

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

“Can I catch a ride with you, Jacob?” He eyes me up and down, his hand still locked in mine, and I suddenly remember I didn’t put anything on under my dress.

“I’ll take you anywhere you like, Sophie.” His tone implies he’d do more than take me to Bruce’s office.

“That would be great. Just let me grab my purse.” I say before dashing down the hall to my room. I grab my purse off the dresser, and notice my panties and the pillow still lying on the floor. I grab the underwear and put them into my purse, and then pick up the pillow. Part of it is still damp from where I came, and I can smell myself on it. Something dark and exciting comes over me, and I have an idea. I know just the place for this, and it’s not my bed.

### Chapter 5

Bruce

I’ve read this same paragraph a hundred times and I can’t remember a thing about it. Ask me about Sophie’s nipples, however, and I could recite a forty-page essay on them, but I can’t tell you what I’ve been staring at for the past hour.

My entire morning has gone like this. My paralegal reminded me I forgot a brief, and I’ve never done that before. I’ve never been so absentminded, and I know the exact cause.

I drop my pen on my desk, and rub my eyes with the palm of my hand.



“Get a grip, Archer,” I whisper to myself, and then I hear the office door open. I look up in time to see Jacob entering my office, and I have to blink a few times to clear my vision. Once he gets to my desk I see someone following in behind him and I shoot up from my desk, wondering what’s happening.

“What are you doing here?”

I give Sophie a glare, but she doesn’t look concerned. I look over at Jacob and he shrugs as he drops the brief on my desk. I get angrier because I didn’t realize Jacob went to my house. I should have known that Sharon, my paralegal, would send him to retrieve it. He’s been to my home on several occasions for work, but I didn’t think about the fact that Sophie was there.

I look over and see how she’s dressed. She’s got on a small, blue, summer dress and, like her clothing this morning, it’s nearly transparent. I clench my jaw hard when I see her hard nipples poking through the papery material. Fucking hell, does this girl not have any clothes that cover her body? I need to get her some decent clothes. I make a note to ask Lily to take her shopping this week.

“Thank you,” I clip, and raise my eyebrows pointedly at Jacob as if to ask him if he’s got anything else he needs.

He looks over at Sophie and I see the gleam in his eyes. He hasn’t missed what she’s wearing either, and rage starts to bubble up in my chest.

“Mr. Archer, I was thinking of showing Sophie around the place, you know, show her the offices.” He gives her a wink and I see her blush a little and look down at her feet. Not only did I catch his drift but so did she.

I don’t know what they had planned but it’s not fucking happening. She’s mine to protect, and I won’t have some junior associate with grabby hands anywhere near her.

I'm pissed that he might have gotten to smell the honeysuckle scent that always seems to be around her.

"That's quite all right, Jacob, you can go."

He turns to look at me, and then back at Sophie, and starts to speak, but she interrupts him.

"Thank you for the ride, but I'm sure Bruce can handle me now."

She looks up and we lock eyes, and I get the feeling there's more to that statement than just what she said.

Without breaking eye contact, I nod my head in agreement.

"It was nice meeting you, Sophie. Anytime you need anything, just let me know." He gives her one final up and down look and it's all I can do not to come across the desk and rip his throat out.

I shake my head a little and try to rid it of all these emotions. I don't know where this anger and protectiveness are coming from. I'm sure it's because she's Debra's daughter and I feel responsible for her. Yes. That's it. It's not that I want her for myself.

Sophie lifts her chin in response but otherwise doesn't confirm, which pleases me more than I thought possible. Seeing her body language and watching her reaction to him shows me she's not interested. I feel a little of the tension in my chest ease as he walks out and closes the door behind him.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

I reach over to the intercom on my desk and hit the button for my secretary. “Paul, hold my calls and switch me to ‘do not disturb’. I’m in a meeting.”

“Yes, Mr. Archer,” he replies, and I hear the locks engage on my door.

Paul has the ability to set the locks on my door, but only I can open them. It’s a vital security feature considering all the sensitive client information I have. It’s also useful for when I have important clients who don’t want to be disturbed by a crazy ex bursting in at any time. The latter happened on so many occasions, it was for the benefit of everyone to have these locks installed. So, it’s not an unusual request and it’s one Paul is familiar with.

“What are you doing here?” I say, and glare at Sophie. I’m sure my words come out harsh, but she’s been a distraction to me all day and hasn’t even been in front of me.

“I’m sorry to bother you, I just wanted to see where you worked.”

“I’m going to set up some time for you to get some new clothes this week. You would think after our talk this morning about appropriate attire, you’d come to my place of business with some decent clothes on,” I say, ignoring her words.

She looks down at her dress and then looks back at me, confused.

I grit my teeth and walk around my desk to stand in front of her. “I can see through your dress, Sophie. I can see what you’re wearing...and what you’re not wearing.”

I glare at her breasts so she doesn’t mistake what I mean. She brings her palm up to

her neck, trying to shield her nipples with her arm, but it's no use. She's got big, full breasts and her hard nipples push against the thin fabric.

"I don't know what you mean," she says, and a deep blush creeps up her neck to her cheeks. I wonder if there's a blush anywhere else on her.

I shake the thought from my head and try to focus. "Did you even have on panties, Sophie?" I say, and immediately regret the question. Now I'm thinking about her naked pussy being exposed in the short dress and I can't breathe.

"I have panties with me?"

She says it like a question, and I don't know what that means.

"With you?"

I see her reach into her purse, and pull out the white cotton material. My hands shake as I watch her because I long to reach out for her. I can't touch her, she's my stepdaughter and she's still a teenager. This isn't right. I try to breathe, but I'm so focused on that white cotton I can't think.

She looks so innocent as she looks up through her lashes, and holds the panties out for me to take. "I thought since you liked the way they looked on me this morning, you might want to keep them with you."

"Why would you say that?" It's all I can manage to say. My mouth has gone dry and my heart is beating out of my chest.

"I saw your, um, penis when you looked at me down there. I know you said it's not appropriate for you to see me in them, but I thought you might like to, maybe, hold them."

I can't deny how much seeing her like that turned me on, but we both know she can't tempt me like this.

She looks up again through her lashes. It's so pure and sweet. She's offering me something that's touched her flawless body intimately, and she wants me to have it. I can't touch her because it's wrong, but I can touch this. I can have this small piece of her, and then we can go back to the way it should be between us.

"Okay, Sophie. I'll take your panties, but you need to be a good girl after this. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Bruce."

I take the scrap of cotton from her hand, and as I lift the material from her palm, her little fingers reach up and touch my wrist. She's trying to cling to me, and as much as I want it, I have to shut it down. I don't react to the touch, though I want to, and put the panties in my pocket.

"I mean it, Sophie, you're my stepdaughter, and you need to behave that way. It wasn't right the way I looked at you today or the way I'm looking at you now."

"How are you looking at me now?" she asks, looking up at me and making eye contact.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

I look down at her hardened nipples again and then back at her.

“I’m your step-dad. I’m not supposed to want to see all of you.”

“You want to see all of me?”

I shake my head, and try to find the right words. “You may be legal, Sophie, but I still see you as my responsibility. I don’t want to take advantage of you.”

“How could you be taking advantage of me if I want the same thing?” She sighs. “How about I take your place? I do to my body what you want to do to it.”

What is she saying? And why are a million images of her doing things to herself flashing through my mind?

“No, this conversation isn’t happening. It’s time for you to go. You gave me your panties, and that’s already crossing a line,” I scold, even though I know I blew through the line last night on my own.

In a bold move, she reaches down and slowly lifts the hem of her dress.

“Sophie,” I warn, but she ever so slowly keeps lifting up. “What are you doing?” I growl, wanting her to stop. But part of me wants to see what’s under her dress. Needs to see.

“If you don’t touch me, you’re not really taking advantage of me. You can just look a little, and then I promise I’ll go.”

“Why are you doing this?” I should tell her to stop, not ask her why. I should move from my spot, unlock the doors of my office, and make her leave. But instead I’m just waiting to see what she does.

“Because I like the way you look at me,” she whispers and raises the hem of her dress the rest of the way so I can see her pussy.

I look at her pink lips glistening with nectar, and my mouth waters.

“You shave?” The question comes out thick, laced with desire.

“All the girls at school did it, so I did too.”

I lick my lips, staring at her perfect body, clenching my fists at my side.

She takes a side step, spreading her legs, and her labia open a little, revealing her pink clit. I can also see her honey glazing her thighs, and I’ve had enough.

I reach out and grab her upper arm, causing her to drop her hem. I walk her over to my office door and hit the code for the locks. Pulling her out to my secretary's desk, I find Paul and take her to him.

“Call for a town car, walk her downstairs personally, and send her back home.”

I drop her arm and without looking back, stalk into my office and slam the door behind me so hard it shakes.

Her panties are out of my pocket and to my nose before the door stops shaking. My other hand undoes my belt, pulls out my cock, and jerks off hard as I hold them over my face. I breathe in her scent as I punish my cock. I’m mad at myself for allowing that to happen, and for allowing her to get the better of me. I’m completely pissed off

that this eighteen-year-old girl has gotten me harder and more worked up than anyone else in my life. Ever.

It only takes seconds of breathing in her scent before I'm cumming. It comes out in thick streams and runs down my dick, lubing my hand as I continue to stroke. I cum so much at just the thought of her, I can't imagine what it would be like to be with her when I did it.

I shake that thought away, and clean my dick off with her pretty white panties. Something about seeing my cum on her underwear does things to me, and my half-hard cock twitches with excitement.

Fuck, I've got to get myself together. I'm useless today.

I hit the intercom and hear it connect. "Cancel my lunch. I'm in my office for the rest of the day."

I fall back in my chair and close my eyes, trying to rid myself of Sophie but it's useless. Because she's still there.

\* \* \*

Later that night...

Today was...unproductive. I didn't get anything accomplished, and I was so distracted by thoughts of Sophie concentrate.

I was hard all day just thinking about the panties still in my pocket, and now that I'm home, I plan to go to my bed and jerk off again to finally get her out of my system.

I purposely waited until it was really late before I left the office. I couldn't handle



another encounter with Sophie today, and I need to have a clear head when I talk to her again.

I walk in the door, and the house is dark and quiet. As I walk down the hall, I listen for sounds of Sophie, but there's nothing. I panic a little, thinking maybe she isn't home, so I open her door and peek in.

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

The moonlight casts enough light that I can see her asleep in her bed. She has the covers over her, so I don't know what she's wearing, but I can't let myself wonder. I softly close the door and walk to my room, locking the door behind me. I hurriedly take off all my clothes and pull her panties out of my pocket. I've been waiting all day to do this again, and this time I want to cum as many times as it takes until my dick finally goes down.

I climb onto my bed and lie back, her panties on my stomach. I see them there as I grab my cock with both hands and start to stroke up and down. I'm so hard and this feels so good, I close my eyes and lay my head back.

As I breathe in and out, I smell faint traces of Sophie's pussy. Thinking it's just her panties, I breathe deep, and let the sweet smell fill my lungs. I work my cock up and down with two hands and turn my head to the side, rejoicing in the feeling. As I turn my head, I realize the scent is stronger. It's confusing, so I sit up a little and turn over, putting my face in the pillow.

Shock tears through me when I realize what she's done. This pillow isn't one that's normally on my bed. It's one from her room, and it smells like her pussy. She must have done this while I was at work. Did she cum on it? At the thought, my cock starts leaking cum, and I get angry.

She's teasing me. Testing me.

Sophie's being a cock-tease with the wrong man. She wants me to smell her pussy? She wants me to see it? Fine.

I grab the pillow and get out of bed, stalking out of my room, completely naked and hard as steel. I'm so fucking horny and worked up, I don't stop to think about what I'm doing.

My dick points straight up towards my belly button and hardly moves as I stomp down the hallway and into Sophie's bedroom.

"Wake up," I growl as I turn on her side lamp and jerk back the covers.

She opens her eyes slowly, and then suddenly she's wide awake and crawling back on the bed.

"Oh no you don't, little girl." I halt her movements with just my words. "You put this on my bed," I say, tossing the pillow at her. "And now you're going to deal with the consequences."

I look down at her and see she's wearing a paper-thin tank top and white panties like the ones she gave me today.

"Spread your legs, Sophie," I say, and climb onto the bed.

"Bruce, I'm sorry, I didn't..."

"It's too late. I'm not going to fuck you, because you're my responsibility, but you got me like this, and you're going to show me that pussy to get me off."

She audibly swallows and pauses before nodding her head. She slowly reaches down and uses one shaky finger to pull away the white cotton, revealing her bare pussy.

Her legs are spread wide and I can see her opening. It's so small and tight, so I squeeze my fist around my dick and stroke it hard, pretending it's her pussy around it

instead of my hand.

“You’re a virgin, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” she whispers, so softly I barely hear it over my own sounds. I stop jerking off and hold my hand out to her.

“Spit on it,” I growl, and wait for her to do it.

She leans forward and softly spits in my hand, and it’s thanks to my sheer iron will I don’t fuck her mouth right that second.

I put my hand back on my dick and look back at her exposed pussy. I jerking off hard and stare at her opening, just thinking about how hard I want to fuck her.

“You’re lucky I have a conscience, Sophie. I’d fuck you hard for that trick today at the office, and for teasing me with your pussy all over that pillow.”

I see her pussy clench at my words, and her honey starts to leak out, and I realize she’s loving this as much as I am.

“Raise your shirt up. I’m going to cum on you, but don’t touch me,” I warn.

With her other shaky hand, she pulls up her tank top, exposing her belly and the curve of her breast.

“All the way. I want to see everything.”

She lifts it up higher and her big breasts pop free, finally showing me the color of her nipples: pale pink.

That's all it takes and I'm cumming on her. Big creamy spurts cover her virgin pussy, belly, and tits as I cum harder and more than I've ever cum before.

## Page 15

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

I'm spent as wring out the last of my orgasm, and I lean back so I don't collapse on top of her. After a second, I pull myself together and get off the bed.

"That's what happens when you tease a man, Sophie. I'm not a boy, and what you did is dangerous. If I were you, I'd find a boy to play with." No sooner are the words out my mouth do I want to take them back. For the next week she is mine. I may not be able to touch her, but for the time being, she belongs only to me.

She looks down at her cum-covered body and then back to me, but doesn't say anything.

"Get some sleep. And don't tempt me like that again. I'm your step-dad, and you need to act like it."

I close her door behind me and go back to my room. I see the panties she gave me earlier still on the bed, and my dick hardens again.

"Fuck."

## Chapter 6

Sophie

I wake the next morning utterly exhausted. It took me forever to get back to sleep after Bruce stormed into my room last night. The fear and excitement of his standing naked over me made it impossible to relax. I replayed what happened over and over in my head. The angry look on his face while he stroked himself and stared at my

pussy is burned into my brain. I can still smell his cum on me, even now. I refused to wipe it off after he left my room. I just lay there, letting it spread out across my skin, hypnotized by the sight of it. I ran my fingers through it, feeling its warmth. I couldn't stop myself from trying it. I wasn't sure what I expected it to taste like. A lot of the girls at school complained about swallowing, but when my finger touched my lips and the salty taste hit my taste buds, I had no idea what they were talking about. I wanted more, but next time I wanted Bruce to give it to me from the source.

I thought an orgasm would help my pounding heart but it only made it worse. I rubbed more of his cum on my fingers and used it as lube to wet my clit. The orgasm came fast, but excitement still pounded through my veins. It wasn't until the first rays of morning light started to shine through the window that I finally passed out.

I look over, see the pillow next to me, and I can't help but smile. What other things could I do to make him snap like that? And how far could I push him until I got him to touch me? Maybe next time he'll make me take his cock in my mouth. I won't know what I'm doing, but I'm sure he'll guide me. Last night was like a little victory.

Hearing something outside my door, I jump from my bed, slide on my bunny-shaped house slippers, and run to the door. I stop myself before I open it, because I don't want to seem too excited. "Play it cool, Sophie," I tell myself before opening the door and peeking out. I hear noises in the kitchen and it makes me giddy. I debate taking my top off, but I don't think I have the courage for that yet.

Creeping down the hall, I see Bruce. His back is to me and I see that he's dressed only in pajama bottoms that hang low on his waist. It's quite clear the man works out. I can see all the muscles flex in his back as he reaches for a coffee cup in the upper cabinet. I don't think I've seen a shirtless man outside of a computer screen or TV.

Before I realize what I'm doing I'm standing right behind him. I can tell from his tense muscles that he knows I'm here. I swear I feel him lean back a little. He told me

last night that I shouldn't mess with a man, that I should try finding a boy, but I don't want a boy. Or anyone else. I just want him. He makes me feel things I've never felt before.

I want more of the things he makes me feel, but right this second I'll settle for a taste. I lick my lips in anticipation, and rise up on my tip toes, leaning in to kiss him between his shoulder blades. When my lips touch his skin, I let my tongue slip out, getting a small taste of him.

“Stop.”

He says the word, but there's no fight in it, nor does he try to pull away from me.

I lick a slow trail down the center of his back, wishing it was his chest. Then maybe I could have a taste of his cock, like I dreamed about last night. That's the taste I really want. I remember his strokes last night were firm and long, and I wonder what he would feel like in my hand.



*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

I can feel my nipples harden at the idea, my sex growing wetter. I want this.

Reaching around, I go to make a grab for him, but he quickly turns, lifts me by my waist, and places me on the kitchen counter like I weigh nothing.

“I told you to stop, Sophie,” he says, removing his hands and leaning into me. He has me caged by his body, yet not a single part of him is touching me. I can feel all of him around me as he surrounds me with his heat. His hands are braced on the counter on either side of me, and he’s only a breath away from making contact.

“What if I don’t want to stop?” I whisper, scared that if I make the slightest move or say the wrong thing he might back away. He might have me caged, but it won’t stop me from poking the beast. He leans in closer, and I swear he’s going to kiss me. I close my eyes in anticipation for what will be my first kiss, but when I feel his breath on my neck, I open them again.

I hear him inhale, like he’s breathing me in. Or maybe he’s smelling me.

“I didn’t wash you off,” I say, reminding him of what he did last night. “That’s you that you’re smelling on me.”

“Fuck!” he growls, pushing away from me. “Why are you doing this? I tell you to stop and you won’t. You won’t even put clothes on.” His words sound pained and make me pause. Maybe I’ve read this all wrong. Last night he seemed like he wanted this, even though he was fighting it. Oh God, here I am again, chasing after someone to be loved and they are clearly pushing me away. Just like everyone else in my life. When would someone chase me? Maybe you aren’t worth fighting to have.

“I’m sorry.” The words slip past my lips, filled with embarrassment. I can feel my face heat with shame. I know nothing about men beyond what I read in books—romance novels filled with happy-ever-afters and men who would fight for their women. Bruce was fighting to keep me away. Take a clue, Sophie.

“Don’t be sorry, just knock it off,” he says, and looks pointedly at me. “Your mother was my wife.”

“Not really,” I remind him. For some reason, I need him to remember that fact, that he and my mother weren’t really together. That this isn’t as bad as it seems.

“You’re right, but on some level I was her friend, and you’re my reasonability for the next week. You’re mine.” His last two words come out in a different tone.

“Yours?” I question.

“You know what I mean, Sophie. Don’t twist my words.”

I let my eyes drop to the floor, not wanting to look at him anymore. I need to keep my mouth shut. Everything he says I want to turn in my favor. Maybe I am twisting his words and hearing what I want.

“Sophie, look at me.”

It takes everything in me to pull my eyes back to him. I can still feel the heat on my face from the embarrassment. That makes this much worse, knowing my fair skin is showing it to him.

“You’re young and beautiful; you don’t want someone like me. Go find yourself a nice young boy who can give you flowers and hearts. I have nothing to give you. My life is my job, and nothing will ever come before it. I worked too hard for it to throw

it away on a scandal that would ruin everything.” His jaw clenches like he’s pissed he had to say the words.

But the reality of what he’s saying hits me harder than it should. At least he’s honest. His job will always come first. My mother always filled me with false promises. It’s like cold water being thrown on me. I can feel the lump in my throat grow, and I know if I speak it’ll all break loose. It would be an uncontrollable flood of tears, and I don’t want him to see them. Without responding, I jump down from the countertop, making a quick dash to leave the kitchen. I feel him reach out for me, but I brush past him, barely missing his grasp, and stumble into Lily.

Shit. Just wonderful. More people to see my embarrassment. I wonder how much she heard, and not wanting to find out, I push past her too, leaving both of them in the kitchen. I hear Bruce call my name, but Lily’s soft words seem to stop him from coming after me.

Slamming the door, I make sure to lock it behind me. God, I feel so stupid. Why am I always pushing myself on people who don’t want me? It’s like I make things up in my head and don’t see things for what they really are, dreaming up these futures that are so far from possible. Back at school, the girls and even a few teachers always said I lived in my head, my nose in a book. Maybe they were right. But is it so wrong to dream of big love? In reality, I’ve never had a taste of it.

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

Flipping on my laptop, I bring up rental properties and start searching through them. It's time to move on. I can't keep chasing after things that are just running from me. I also don't have to be like them. Lily's right. I can start a new life, be different from my mother.

I print off a couple listings and take a shower. I get dressed in another sundress, this one light purple. I make quick work in the bathroom, deciding to leave my hair down today. When I'm ready, I go to my bedroom door and pray I don't run into Bruce. I grab my purse and the list of properties and try to make a fast retreat from the condo, only to slam right into Lily.

"Sorry, Lily. Seems I can't stop falling all over you today," I mumble as I continue past her. I don't know how much she heard this morning, but I really don't want to relive it. She follows me into the entryway where I hit the elevator button. Damn, I should have explored this place better and found out where the stairs are. I would love to avoid this conversation I know Lily is about to make me have.

Suddenly, she snatches the papers out of my hand.

"What the hell?" I snap, trying to grab them from her. She shuffles through them before folding them and putting them under her arm. "Are you going to give those back?"

"No, you don't need them."

Her response is tart but clearly final. I remember the tone from when I was a child and she would watch me from time to time between nannies showing up.

“I don’t know how much you heard, but it’s clear he doesn’t want me here. It’s also clear that he’s only keeping me here because he feels he obliged because of my mother. I was an unwanted burden on her, and I won’t be an unwanted burden on someone else.”

The elevator dings, answering my silent prayers. I reach my hand out, indicating for her to give me my papers back, but she makes no move to. Whatever. I’ll get new ones somewhere.

“Keep them,” I say, stepping into the elevator, but she follows behind me.

“Lily, I don’t want to be rude, but I don’t want to talk about this, and I want to be alone right now.”

“He hates his job,” she says, ignoring what I said to her. “He’s different with you. Bruce Archer is losing control. I saw him pick you up and sit you on the counter. I couldn’t see your face but I saw his. Didn’t you see it?”

No, I didn’t. I closed my eyes and waited for him to kiss me, but I don’t say that out loud.

“He was right. I should find someone else. I want someone I’ll come first with. It was silly and naïve of me to think he’d want me. Hell, I saw the woman he was with the night I got here.”

“I’ve never seen him with a woman. You must—”

I cut her off. “It doesn’t matter.”

“I have to do everything around her, don’t I?” she huffs.

I have no idea what she's talking about.

"Just don't sign a lease or anything like that. Wait until the lawyer closes your mother's estate. Just wait four days."

I don't respond to her because I'm not sure what she's talking about.

The elevator stops on the third floor, and a boy about my age steps on. He nods at Lily before running his eyes over me. He's cute, but I don't feel the same spark I felt the first time I met Bruce. He's tall, but everyone is taller than me. His light blond hair is a little shaggy, but it gives him a softer feel. Soft is nice. Maybe soft is what I should be looking for. His hazel eyes spark with amusement as he catches me looking him over.

"You must be new," he says.

"She's staying with Mr. Archer, Bryan. She's new and doesn't know anyone. You should show her around today."

I feel my cheeks warm at Lily's words.

A boyish smile spreads across Bryan's face. "I'd love to..."

"Sophie," I say, giving him my name.

"Sophie." He rolls my name off his tongue, but it doesn't give me the thrill like when Bruce does it. "Like I was saying, I'd love to show you around. I was just going to grab something to eat. Join me?"

"Okay," I say. When the elevator dings, Bryan grabs my hand, pulling me out. Glancing over, I can't help but see the knowing smirk on Lily's face.

### Chapter 7

#### Bruce

I've had one of the longest days that I can remember, but it's not really that late in the evening. I walk into my building at six o'clock, but it feels like today just dragged. I was distracted by Sophie again today, and it felt like I couldn't get any work accomplished. I decided, after I'd read the same document a dozen times, to call it a day and just go home.

As I walk through the lobby, I wave hello to the doorman and head to the elevator. I'm not paying attention to what I'm doing, so when I hear a familiar sweet giggle, I jerk my head up and look around for Sophie.

My heart stops as I see her in front of the elevator with a man. After a second I recognize him as Bryan, one of the tenants on the third floor. He's nice enough, always says hello, but in this moment I hate him.

She smiles up at him, and he leans in close to her. Too fucking close for me. I feel a rumble in my chest and I realize I'm growling at the sight. Fucking growling. I didn't even know I could growl until Sophie entered my life. They aren't touching, but something about seeing her smile at someone else makes my blood boil. My words from earlier play back in my head: go find yourself a nice young boy. I didn't think she would do it so fast, but who was I kidding? Innocent little Sophie will have all kinds of men chomping at the bit to get a taste of her. A taste that I turned down. Fuck, I should get a goddamn medal for that shit.

Suddenly, Sophie turns and sees me. It's as if she senses I'm near. For a second she looks contrite, like she's been caught doing something she knows she's not supposed to. But it's only for a moment and then it's gone. She turns back to Bryan and laughs at whatever it is he says. As she laughs, she reaches out and touches his arm. Before I realize what I'm doing, I'm in motion, heading towards them.

"Mr. Archer, good to see you," Bryan says as he extends his hand to me.

I take his hand in mine and squeeze much harder than I should. I see a pained look on his face, but I don't let go.

"I see you've met my Sophie."

He glances over at her and then back at me, trying to pull his arm back. I reluctantly let it go, and I see him spread his fingers out, as if trying to get the blood flow back.

"Yes, I was just showing her around the area a bit after lunch, and we got caught up talking."

"So kind of you," I say, letting it drip with sarcasm. I practically gave her to him on a fucking silver platter. I should have told her she was too young for anyone. What possessed me to tell her to go find someone her own age is beyond me. I had bitten the words out this morning, thinking it was for the best, but it's clear I worded it wrong. While she is staying with me there will be no boys. I'm sure it will take her months to find a new place. Maybe, with time, these feelings I have for her will lessen, and it won't bother me to see her talking to other men.

I turn to Sophie and take her by the arm. "We're late for dinner."

"But—"



“Good to see you again, Bryan,” I say, walking into the waiting elevator and pulling Sophie with me. Once inside, I hit the ‘close doors’ button, not allowing Bryan to join us. He just stands there with his mouth open a little but no one says a word. I give him a look that screams back the fuck off. I’m sure he understands.

When the doors close I punch in the code for the penthouse.

“That was so embarrassing.” She tries to pull away from the grip I still have on her arm, but I’m not letting go. I’m not sure I could if I tried. Her skin feels like silk against my fingers. No, it’s softer than silk. I’m not even sure there is a word for it.

“He was just trying to get in your pants. You’re lucky I interrupted you,” I tell her, trying to make it seem like I did her a favor. To be honest, Bryan is probably a great guy. I haven’t seen him coming and going with random women, but I don’t care. She’s mine for the next week. My responsibility for the next week, I mentally correct myself. Maybe even longer if she can’t find her own place. Actually, after what happened downstairs it would be better if she stayed here longer. Maybe until she goes off to college. It might even be best if she just stayed here while she goes to school. It’s clear she needs me, I try to convince myself

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

“You’re kidding me, right? We had a nice time. He was fun.”

She says it in a tone that makes me think she’s trying to rub it in my face, or maybe I just think she is. Maybe I’m just letting my jealousy get the best of me. I don’t have a response that doesn’t make me sound like I want her for myself, so I just keep quiet.

“You’re the one who told me to go find someone my own age.” She throws this in my face like I need the reminder. It only makes me angrier that I put myself in this position.

“I didn’t say you should do that wearing barely any clothing and showing off your body for every man to see,” I say through gritted teeth, looking down at what she wearing. It’s actually not as revealing as I let on, but I don’t like that you can see every outline of her curvy body. The kind of body a man could grab onto as he thrust deep inside her virgin pussy.

“Well, some people might actually want to see what I’ve got under this and not get mad about it,” she snaps as the doors open, and I let go of her arm. If she knew what I was thinking moments ago she wouldn’t be saying that. We walk into the house together and find Lily in the kitchen, having prepared dinner.

I usually eat alone in my office, but I thought it might be nice to come home and eat there for a change. I’ve felt bad about how the past few days have gone with Sophie, because it seems like we keep landing on the wrong foot when we come together. I thought if I came home early tonight, I could try to get us on track. I should be helping her and guiding her, but all I can seem to think about is what her pussy would taste like after I fucked her. Would her virgin pussy taste different? Would it be

sweeter?

Lily and Sophie share a look and Lily winks at her. I don't know what's going on, but I don't like it. I heard Lily mention she helped raise Sophie, but I hadn't given it much thought before now. Lily has been here since I married Debra, but we never really talk much. I guess I don't really talk to anyone unless it's about work.

"I set the breakfast bar up for dinner thinking you two might like a casual night. It's supposed to rain, might be a good night for a movie," Lily says, breaking through my thoughts.

I swear I see her wink at Sophie again as she leaves, but it happens so fast I may have imagined it.

"Thank you, Lily," I mumble, and she grabs her purse off the table and leaves.

I glance over at Sophie and give her a stern look. "Go change. That dress isn't appropriate." I look down at her breasts and see her nipples getting hard. She's testing my patience and I've had enough. If I want to make it through dinner and try to get us on a better footing, she's going to have to change.

"Fine."

She stomps to her room, and I turn away, not watching her go. I know I'll just look at her ass the whole time, and I'm finally getting my cock to cool down. I go into my bedroom and take off my suit, throwing it in the bin for Lily to have it dry cleaned. It's summertime, so I usually go commando, and tonight is no different. After I've undressed I slip on some loose basketball shorts, the cool material feels so good against my cock. I know if I get hard in these, it will be obscene, so maybe I'll think better about controlling myself. I plan on eating dinner and just going to bed, so there's no chance to get all worked up. I pull on a soft t-shirt and leave my feet bare

as I walk out of my room and into the kitchen.

When I get there, I see Sophie's bag discarded on the floor by the front entrance. I roll my eyes. I've noticed she just tosses her bag and everything else on the floor. She should put it on the table so things don't fall out. I have half a thought to look inside and see if that Bryan prick gave him her number. I could take it and she would never know. I'm sure she loses stuff from her bag all the time with the way she just throws it around.

I go over and pick it up. As I do, some papers fall out. I reach down and pick them up, and then notice what they are, and I'm not sure if they are worse than if I would have found Bryan's number.

"What the fuck?" I whisper to myself.

"What are you doing?"

I turn around with her bag in one hand and the real estate listings in the other, but I'm stunned into silence after seeing what she's wearing.

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

She's got on a loose tank top that hangs off one shoulder, making it clear she isn't wearing a bra. I look down and see tiny soft pink shorts that could qualify as underwear. Even with the shirt being a little baggy, I can still see all her curves. I'm starting to think nothing but maybe a bag could cover them. Her legs look like they go on forever, but it might be the tiny shorts she's wearing giving them that illusion. Either way, images of them wrapped around me flash through my head. She's got those fucking knee-high socks on again. Never in my life would I have thought socks were fucking sexy as hell. I would die to see her in only them.

My dick loves the outfit. He's instantly at full attention, and I curse myself for thinking that being around her for a second wouldn't cause me to be rock hard. My ten-inch cock juts out of my loose shorts, and there's not a single thing I can do to cover it up. I don't think I've ever wanted anything more in my life. Hell, if you asked me if I could win the Johnson case I've been working on for the past three years or fuck Sophie for a night without feeling like an opportunistic asshole, taking advantage of her in her hour of need, Sophie would be without her virginity on this floor in seconds.

"What the hell are you wearing, Sophie?" Doesn't she have, like, a zip-up adult onesie or something she can put on? I think to myself, but my cock seems to like the idea of that too.

She looks down at her body and blushes a little. "Pajamas."

She's utterly innocent at times, but so forward when she really wants something. I don't think she's trying to get a rise out of me but I'm not sure.

“Damn it, Sophie, you see what this does to me.” She looks at my cock, blushing more. “You can’t walk around here naked and not expect me to have a reaction. Or is that what you want?”

“Naked? Really?” She rolls her eyes at me. “I just wanted to be comfortable. Trust me, I heard you loud and clear this morning.”

“What are these?” I say, and shake the papers, trying to get my mind off what she looks like and how innocent she is at this moment. For some reason, that fact that she’s doing what I told her to do this morning isn’t helping cool me down. As much as I hate her little stunts to get my attention, I was craving them.

“Listings for places I could buy. My mother left me a trust and I want to have a stable place while I figure out my next move. Real estate is a good investment,” she throws back at me while making a grab for the papers.

“You’re not going anywhere.” I don’t know where this came from, but when the words tumble out of my mouth, I know I shouldn’t have said them. “What I mean is, I’ll help you find a place, but not this second. You need to decide what you want to do first, and it’s better to do that here, and not buy a place you’re not sure you’ll need in a year.”

She slowly nods her head, and I can see she hasn’t thought that far in advance. I feel a little of the tension in my chest ease at her agreement. Once I’m sure she’s placated, I put her bag on the table and walk to the kitchen, adjusting my cock as I toss the listings into the trash.

I see some defeat in her as she follows me. I know I was harsh with what I said. I don’t want her to think I’m being too hard on her, so I try to offer up something to make her feel like she gained a victory.

“How about we eat dinner and watch a movie? I don’t really want to work tonight, and I can’t remember the last time I just relaxed at home.”

At my words, I see her face light up like Christmas morning.

“That sounds great!”

I feel a pang of sadness at how excited she is at just having dinner and watching a movie with me, something so simple.

Pulling out a chair, I motion for her to sit down and I follow suit.

“What are your plans Sophie?”

“I’m not sure, to be honest with you. I’d planned to come back and go to college, follow in my mother's footsteps, but I’m not so sure anymore.”

“Why not?” I ask, taking a bite of the pork Lily made. I couldn't see soft Sophie as a lawyer. Sure she was full of passion and life, but it would be wasted on something like law.

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:05 am*

“I was only doing it to get close to my mom. I’m starting to think what I really wanted was a family, and I thought going into law would give me that.”

A bark of laughter escapes me at her words, but when I look up at her face, I see it. She’s lonely. I can’t stop myself from reaching out and cupping her face with my hand, rubbing my thumb across her cheek. She leans into my hand like it’s the most natural thing in the world to do.

“Trust me, Sophie, going into the same field as your family doesn’t make you closer to them. I should know.” I’d done the same thing. Where had it gotten me? Four states away from my family and I barely see them, even on holidays. I could go months without talking to them. My mother was always off doing whatever she wanted. She was too busy being selfish and couldn’t be bothered to raise me. I had so many nannies I can’t remember them all, and my father, well, he was me. He lived and breathed his job.

“I don’t want my life to be like hers. I didn’t even know her. I know this is terrible to say, but I don’t think I miss her. I long for the idea of what could have been.”

“And I’m telling you, sweet Sophie, that idea you are longing for would’ve just made you into me—a person who tried to be what their parents wanted but ended up like them, not closer to them. In fact I’m probably farther apart.” I drop my hand from her cheek and go back to eating my dinner.

“I’m not going to be like her,” I hear her whisper.

“Your mother wasn’t a terrible person, she just wasn’t a mother. She didn’t get close



to people and it's probably why our arrangement worked so well. Everything was about work, nothing more. After I realized there was nothing I could do to make my parents want us to be closer, I got lost in my career. It's my life now; I just won't make the same mistakes as them by dragging someone else into my life and ignoring them. I don't want or need that." Or I thought I didn't. Because since Sophie walked into my life, work doesn't seem so important. In fact, I haven't worked much at all. It doesn't matter that I'm not with her at all times; she still fills my every thought. She's like a breath of fresh sweet air.

"It's not too late for you. You could change too."

I can't bring myself to respond. I don't want to think about it. I've spent years building my career, pouring hours of my life into it, but the idea of walking away from it leaves a sweet taste in my mouth. Sophie and I have more in common than I would've ever thought. She makes me want things I shouldn't. She makes me see myself opening a small firm on my own, coming home to a wife and children every night. But even if that was what I wanted, Sophie couldn't be that person. She's too young for me, and I couldn't imagine what people would say if I started fucking my stepdaughter. I wouldn't have to quit my job; I would be thrown out on my ass.

We finish the rest of our meal in silence. Afterwards, Sophie pops some popcorn and I go to the media room to set up a movie. I don't want to give her any ideas. I just want to relax and try to have a normal step-dad/stepdaughter relationship with her. I know she's lonely, but I can't give her more than this no matter how much I want to. We could do something innocent like this on a regular basis to spend time together. Maybe fill in a little bit of that loneliness we both have. I pull out a movie from the '80s I've seen a thousand times, and go to sit down. There's a long couch in front of the screen and a single chair off to the side. I should probably sit in the single chair, but I want to stretch my legs out.

I decide to move the ottoman in front of the couch, and I take a seat off to the side,

giving Sophie lots of room. I've been looking away from her, and I've gotten my cock finally under control, so I should be able to just sit here and watch the movie without any problems.

As she walks in, I look the other way, but I feel her sit a little too close to me.

"Sophie, you need to move down a little."

"I just thought you might want some popcorn," she says, and it sounds completely innocent. I would love nothing more than to pull her close, but we need to keep some distance. "Okay," I say, and then I feel her scoot closer.

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:06 am*

I feel the heat of her skin next to mine, but we aren't touching. I feel my cock start to stir all over again. I need to get this shut down.

"I was thinking we should do something next Saturday. I have an event that night, but I thought I could take you to dinner and you could come with me. Meet some of the people your mother worked with? The meeting with the lawyer is on Saturday afternoon, and that's just a formality, so we could do something nice afterwards."

"That sounds great. I don't know anyone here but Bryan and Lily."

My jaw tightens at the mention of Bryan's name. Maybe if she got some new friends she wouldn't want to hang out with him. "Well, you'll need a dress. We can see about getting one tomorrow?" I offer.

"I would love that! I can see more of the city then." Her face lights up again, making my chest go tight. Shit, when she smiles her whole face lights up. A small dimple even forms in her left cheek.

I mentally pat myself on the back. Now I don't have to worry about her hanging out with him tomorrow. I'll call Holly and see if she'll take Sophie dress shopping. I'm sure Holly will know all the places to go.

The movie starts playing and we both fall into silence. Once again, just like work, I can't seem to stop thinking about her and looking over at her. I curse the popcorn for masking Sophie's scent. Now I can't even get light traces of her sweet smell. At least that would be something to maybe help cool me.

“Bruce, you hold the popcorn. I’m a little cold and want a blanket.” She sets the bowl in my lap before I can respond, and then she pulls down the blanket off of the back of the sofa; covering up the lower half of her body.

I’m thankful she used something to shield her body from my eyes, but I wish she’d cover up her tits too. Her nipples are so hard and poke through her shirt. I keep thinking about baseball to try to get my mind off wondering if they are hard from the cold or from her being turned on.

We both stare at the screen in silence, and she reaches over to my lap for popcorn every few moments. I feel her wiggling closer to me until finally she’s pressed against my body.

“Sophie,” I warn, but she doesn’t move.

I look over and she looks up at me through her lashes, so innocent and sweet. “I’m just a little cold, that’s all. This kind of touching is okay, right?”

“Yes, I suppose this is okay. Are you really that cold?”

She blushes and looks down at her hard nipples. She looks back at me.

“Yes.” She whispers it so softly, like she’s afraid she’ll get in trouble. I can’t help but think about the last time she got in trouble, and I stormed into her room and made her show me her pussy. My cock is instantly at full attention and there’s no hiding it. Maybe she wants that again but I can’t. I lost control twice already and I won’t do it again, so I try to not think about it.

I feel bad for her because she’s so cold, so I raise my arm up, putting it around her shoulders and pulling her into my body. She turns a little and her hard nipples poke into my chest, but I try not to focus on it. I’m just warming her up. This is completely

innocent.

Suddenly, I feel her lean into my neck and smell me there.

“Sophie,” I say again in my warning tone, but again she doesn’t move.

“I’m just trying to get warm,” she whispers against my skin, her cold nose tickling my neck, and I feel my cock start to leak. It drips onto my shorts and I look down to see a wet spot.

She follows my gaze and licks her lips.

“No,” I say, stopping her thoughts, but I can’t exert that control over my own. I picture myself pulling down my shorts, my cock springing free. I would grab her by the hair and make her take me in her mouth. I would have to control her movements because she's never sucked a cock before. “If you can’t behave, we can’t watch the movie,” I finish, pushing my own thoughts from my head.

She nods in agreement, and we go back to sitting in silence for a few more moments.

After a minute or two, I feel her arm moving as she leans into my neck again. I don’t say anything as she snuggles into my body, because this is something a dad and daughter would do. I’m sure they would snuggle and watch a movie, so I try to just go with it and not think about my cock and how fucking horny this makes me.

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:06 am*

She presses against me, and I still feel her arm moving, so I look down. Her eyes are closed and her hand moves under the covers. I can't see what she's doing, but I have a pretty good idea, and it makes me break out in a sweat.

"Sophie," I say, and she moans against my neck. "You can't do this. I'm your stepdad. This isn't right. You don't want this," I plead with her because my own control is breaking.

"You're not touching me," she whispers against my neck and, God help me, my dick jerks at her words. She's right, I'm not touching her.

"You're too young for me. This isn't right."

"I'm so close. Just for a second, please." Her husky voice seems to wrap around my balls. I close my eyes tightly, knowing this is so wrong, but I can't resist her. I put the popcorn on the side table and then pull her against my side with both arms, holding her close.

"Okay, Sophie, but be quick. No one will ever know."

The blanket covers her bottom half so I can't see what's happening, but at my words, I feel her arm speed up as she presses against me and rubs herself.

I close my eyes and picture her little fingers rubbing her clit so fast and hard, just reaching for her orgasm.

"Oh, Bruce," she says, and licks my neck. I think she is trying to get a rise out of me

with her words.

“Don’t do that, Sophie. Just rub your pussy and cum real fast, and we can pretend this didn’t happen.”

She nods against me, agreeing to the stupid idea that we could pretend this didn’t happen. But maybe we can. I’ve been pretending the night I came all over her never happened. It was just a dream, I keep telling myself.

I feel her arm go into motion again. She rubs her chest against me, and I feel her shirt fall the rest of the way off one shoulder, exposing one of her tits completely.

“I want to feel your skin on mine. Please.” She leans back a little, and I can see the need in her eyes.

“Okay, but this is it. You need to cum quick,” I tell her, but part of me doesn’t want that at all. It’s been so long since I’ve had someone up against me. Skin to skin.

“Okay.”

I reach down and pull my shirt off over my head, and then lift hers up fully so she can push her tits to my naked chest. I lean back into the sofa with my arm around her, and she sits right next to me, twisted to the side so our chests are pressed together. One small move and she could be straddling me, but I just hold her naked chest against mine, as she works both of her hands under the covers.

The feel of her hard nipples against me is so good and so wrong. I shouldn’t be so turned on. I should be ashamed of myself. The feel of her naked chest against mine is amazing, and I can’t help but turn into her body as well.

I hold her tightly to me, rubbing my dick against her blanket-covered body.

“Oh God,” I moan, and close my eyes.

The thin blanket is the only thing separating our lower bodies, but the feeling of our skin pressed together at my chest is all I need. I feel myself uncoiling, nearing an orgasm that I’m fighting against.

“Please cum fast, Sophie. This isn’t right.” I can hear the plea in my own voice. I know if she doesn’t cum soon, I will.

“I’m so close.”

My eyes squeeze shut and I don’t see her hand come out from under the blanket, I just feel it when it closes around my covered cock. I jerk at the touch and start to protest, but she rubs harder, and I lose the battle.

“Come with me, Bruce.”

Her soft sweet words send me over, and I release my cum inside my shorts. I hear her shouts of release as I hit my peak, feeling my own orgasm trigger hers. As I open my mouth, gulping in air as the last spurts of cum leave my dick, I feel her finger touch my lips and, God help me, I suck her drenched finger into my mouth and taste her sweet nectar as I finish.

When we both catch our breath, I look down at her and watch as she cuddles into my side again.

“I like movie night,” she whispers.

I sit there, stunned at what just happened, and all I can think is...I agree.

Chapter 8



Sophie

“No, your hips look too wide in that one,” Holly says before shuffling me back into the dressing room.

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:06 am*

“That’s because I eat three meals a day,” I mumble to myself, letting the dressing-room curtain fall closed. I look in the mirror to see if she’s right. The tight material clings to me like a second skin, the dark blue making my skin look like silky porcelain. Turning to the side, I run my hands across my stomach, not seeing what she does. I look...beautiful. Older than I really am. I bite my lip, wondering if Bruce would like it. My age seems a little off-putting to him

Unexpectedly, Holly bursts into the dressing room, a bright orange dress hanging over her arm. I look at her in the mirror and suddenly don’t feel so beautiful. This is the woman Bruce will actually touch. I wonder if they’re in some kind of relationship. Would that make me the other woman? Surely what we’re doing crosses lines if he’s in a relationship with someone else. He and I aren’t together, and I feel stabby at the idea of him doing things with this woman.

“Here, try this one,” she says, shoving the bright orange ball of cloth in my face.

“Is this a hunting charity event?” I say, eyeing the fluffy thing she’s calling a dress.

She lets out a laugh, and it’s the first time in my life I ever thought a laugh could be filled with sophistication. She even laughs classy.

“Trust me, you’ll stand out.”

No shit, I think to myself. The thing is fluorescent orange. I guess the point of the color is to stand out, but I can only think of one person I care to have attention from.

“Thanks,” I say, taking the dress from her.

“So, I was wondering, woman to woman, could you put in a good word for me with Bruce? I think he thinks I just want something casual, but, well I’ve sort of been in love with him before he married your mom.”

My eyes go wide at her words. Seriously? It’s not bad enough that I have to hang out with Bruce’s fuck buddy or whatever she is, but she wants me to talk her up to him? At least I know they aren’t in some kind of committed relationship. That’s what people do, right? They date multiple people, but I’m not sure I’m cut out for that. I need to find out what Bruce and Holly have going on. No way will I be doing whatever this is we’re doing while he’s seeing other people. I mean, masturbating on each other has to classify as some kind of relationship, right?

“I mean,” she continues after seeing the look on my face, “I know he and your mother weren’t really married, and a man has needs. I’m more than willing to fill them. I just want more. Bruce is going to be, well, hell, he could probably run for mayor in the future if he really wanted to. I think we’d make the perfect pair.”

I’m happy she thinks my shock was over the fact that she was hitting on Bruce so soon after my mother’s death and not the fact that I want him for myself. I can’t believe I let Bruce talk me into doing this.

When he told me he wanted to help me find a dress for the event, I had no idea he meant he would be sending Holly to help me. I would have turned him down if I had known that. I actually thought he was going to come with me. We’d go dress shopping, and then he would show me around town.

I feel like my brain is a jumbled mess of emotions and I have no idea what to do. I’ve spent years just going through the motions, and now I feel like everything around me is coming to life, and I’m overwhelmed.

“I can’t do this.” Pushing the blue dress down my body, I let it pool at my hips. I grab

my own halter dress and slide it over my head, slipping my flats back on.

“You really shouldn’t wear flats, you’re already so short.”

Ignoring her comment, I grab my purse hanging on the hook on the wall, and make a retreat out of the dressing room, glad Holly doesn’t follow me. She probably thinks I’m looking for another dress, but I’ve just got to get out of here for a while.

I don’t know what to do at this point.

I loved every second of last night. When I came home yesterday to Bruce pissed about my hanging out with Bryan, it only pissed me off too. He tells me to go find someone my own age, and then flips when I actually do.

But last night at dinner, I got a piece of him. He’s lonely too, but he thinks it’s too late. I know he wants me, but part of me wants to bait him and show him how perfect we could be together. We both get what we want. But another part of me is sick of doing the chasing. With Bruce, I’m not just fighting against him, I’m fighting against his career, and clearly, other women.

## Page 25

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:06 am*

Stepping to the curb, I hail a cab and hop in.

“Where to, miss?”

“Just drive.”

### Chapter 9

Bruce

Why the fuck aren't they picking up their phones? I try Holly's cell again in frustration as I pace my office.

“Bruce, now don't freak out—”

“What's going on? I've been trying to get in touch with you or Sophie for hours,” I bark into the phone.

“I lost her. She's pretty dramatic, but she's so young, I shouldn't be surprised.” Her voice is tart, her tone suggesting she knows more about my Sophie than she does.

“What do you mean you 'lost her'? Holly, where is she?”

“I have no idea, but if it were me, I'd be saying good riddance. She's got some growing up to do. Just let her go. She'll come back when she is done being a little brat.”

“Are you kidding me right now? Holly, I asked you to help her pick out a dress for Saturday and now you’re telling me that she’s gone out into the world and I should just let her go? What the fuck is wrong with you?”

“Calm down, Bruce. She’s a child throwing a temper tantrum. I’m sure she’ll be back in time for her after-nap snack.”

What the fuck was I thinking letting Holly take her shopping? Holly could never understand someone as sweet and pure as my Sophie. I’m a fucking dumbass. I bet Holly even tried to dress her like she dresses herself, something I wouldn’t like one bit.

“I can’t believe you lost her! She’s the most important thing to me in the world and you just let her go!” The words burst out from me. I know I might be overreacting but I feel like something I’ve always wanted might be slipping through my fingers.

“Excuse me? The most important thing in the world? Being a bit dramatic, aren’t you, Bruce?”

I breathe deep, filling my lungs with air, trying to calm myself. I want to go through the phone and choke this bitch to death but I can’t.

“Which way did she go?”

“I have no idea. By the time I realized she wasn’t coming back into the dressing room, I walked out just in time to see her get in the back of a cab and take off.”

“Fuck,” I say, but I’m somewhat relieved she wasn’t abducted or something horrible. She’s so perfect that I’m sure anyone would just snatch her up, something I should have done from day one. If I’m technically her guardian, could I trap her in my condo and not let her leave? I would have to come up with something else once she turns

eighteen. Something that would bind her to me.

“Looks like you’ve got the evening off. How about I come over and we finally get that one-on-one time you’ve been needing?” Bile rises in my throat at the thought of Holly touching me. I think my cock has belonged to little Sophie since before I even laid eyes on her. Since I found out she would be mine to take care of, it seems like my cock took that and went with it, now my heart seems to be along for the ride.

“Holly, I know your father is an important client, and we’ve known each other for some time, but fuck you. Sophie is important to me, and the fact that you don’t give a shit is really eye opening.” I don’t mask the disdain in my voice.

“Jesus, Bruce, you’re acting like she’s a lost lover. You barely knew the girl. Calm down.”

“There’s a lot about her you don’t know, and frankly it’s none of your business.”

“My God, you’re in love with her.”

The denial is on my lips, but I can’t say it. It would be a lie. I do love her, and I think I have from the moment I saw her. I don’t want losing her to be the way I find out, and I’m angry at myself for allowing it to get this far.

“Goodbye, Holly.”

I toss my phone on my desk and just stand there, not knowing what to do. I have no idea where she’s gone. I don’t know who I could possibly contact to find out. I’m completely lost. And utterly heartbroken.

\* \* \*

That night...

I'm pacing the kitchen and checking my phone every thirty seconds. I still haven't heard from Sophie. It's dark out, and I'm so worried thinking about what could be happening to her. Is she out partying? Is she crying? Is she dead? My mind goes from one extreme to the next. I know someone might have just grabbed her. She is so utterly perfect that I couldn't even blame them for wanting her, but make no mistake, I will find her.



## Page 26

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:06 am*

I've called the cops so many times they say my name when they pick up the phone. There's nothing I can do but wait for her to turn up. She's eighteen, it hasn't been twenty-four hours, and since she wasn't kidnapped, she's free to do what she wants.

I take my scotch and go over to the breakfast bar, getting ready to make another call to all the local hospitals, praying that she isn't there. I want to know where she is, but I'm terrified something awful has happened to her.

As I dial the first number, I hear the elevator ding and my heart starts beating out of my chest. I feel like I imagined it, but when the doors open, I drop my phone and rush to the elevator.

Grabbing Sophie up in a bear hug, I squeeze the life out of her. "Where in God's name have you been? Fuck, I was so worried." I bury my face in her silky blonde hair and inhale her sweet scent, holding her curvy body to mine, not wanting to ever let go. She's so small and compact, she fits against me perfectly. Like she was made for me.

She leans back and I let go, giving her a little space. It's clear from her body language she wants some distance.

"I'm sorry, Bruce, I didn't mean to worry you. I just needed to get away for a few hours and think."

"Think about what?"

"I'm tired of chasing affection. I'm worth more than that."

I stand there and let her words hit me. “You are worth more. You’re worth everything, and you deserve it all.”

“I may be young, but I know what I want. I want someone who’s willing to give up everything for me. And I deserve someone who’s proud to be with me instead of being ashamed of their feelings.”

“Sophie, it’s more complicated than that—”

“No. It’s simple,” she says, cutting me off. “I’m not going to be the lost puppy chasing someone around and begging for attention. I’m going to take some time and figure out what I want to do next, but until I know my next move, I’m done being a burden.”

“Sophie—”

“It’s not your fault, Bruce. It’s been like this my whole life. I’m just tired of being a second choice.” She squares her shoulders, and I can see her decision is final. She’s a lot like her mom was—when she got that look, I knew she wouldn’t be changing her mind.

I start to say something, but she turns and walks away, heading towards her bedroom. Seconds later I hear her door shut. I stand there, stunned.

I go back to the breakfast bar and sit down, taking a drink of my scotch. I think about what she’s just said, and what she really means. She wants someone to choose her. Sophie wants someone in her life, for once, to pick her over everything else.

\* \* \*

After a couple of hours and more than a couple of drinks, I finally get up and make

my way to my bedroom. I have played Sophie's words over and over in my head. As I walk down the hall, I pause outside her door, listening for any sounds.

"Get it together, Bruce," I whisper to myself, and then go to my room.

I get undressed and slide on some loose shorts, preparing to rub my aching cock before I pass out. It hurts all the time now, and it's because of Sophie. I never had this problem before. I went years without anything more than a twitch.

I let out a frustrated grunt and climb onto the cool sheets, reaching down to palm my throbbing dick. I rub it a few times, thinking of Sophie, and then her words from tonight pop into my head.

She says she wants someone to choose her and give up everything for her. What does she expect? Does she really think I can make a life with my eighteen-year-old stepdaughter and not have people go crazy? Does she expect me to just give up the career I've worked decades to achieve?

I rub my cock, and I just get madder. How can she think it's that simple, or that I haven't been chasing after her? That's all my mind seems to doing. Her young pussy just walks into my house, flips it upside down, and I'm supposed to just agree to everything she wants, because she's perfect?

Fuck.

I try to shake her out of my head and just get off so I can go to sleep. But every time I stroke myself, it's her who's in my mind. I'm craving her taste, her scent, her touch, and it's driving me insane. More than anything I want to feel her lips against mine. Would I be her first kiss, I wonder? Would I be her first everything? White-hot desire and longing shoot through me.

## Page 27

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:06 am*

Kicking back the covers, I get up out of bed and storm down the hall. I'll show her how much I choose her.

When I burst into her room, I go over to her nightstand and flip on the bedside lamp, startling her awake.

"Bruce, what's wrong?" Her sleepy eyes blink awake, trying to figure out what's happening.

"What's wrong is you coming into my life like this and messing up everything I had planned. I've never been like this before." I reach down and palm my hard cock that won't stop aching, showing her what she does to me. "It won't go away. It's because I want you so much and now you don't want me?"

Her eyes follow my hands down to my cock and watch me stroke myself.

"No," she says, and rolls over away from me.

"No?"

"I'm not playing games with you, Bruce. I don't want it like this," she says into the pillow, not looking at me.

"Sophie," I plead, my whole body trembling with my need for her. I don't know what to do. I can't believe I'm begging, but I'd do anything in this moment for her.

When she doesn't respond, I climb onto the bed and she rolls over to look at me.

“I’m not doing this again. You can’t just come in here, get off on me, and then leave.”

“Please, Sophie. I need you.” I look down at my cock, and the end is nearly purple with need. My whole body shakes and I can see that I’m dripping pre-cum everywhere. “I’ve tried jerking off but it doesn’t work. I need to see it,” I beg.

She looks around the room, and then back at me. “Okay, but this is the last time,” she says, and then rolls onto her back, kicking the covers away. I kneel on the end of the bed, and she spreads her legs on either side of mine. She’s wearing a thin, see-through tank top and powder blue cotton panties.

I start stroking my cock at the sight of her, and as her little hand reaches down and pulls the fabric away from her pussy, I struggle not to cum. She’s so pink and perfect, glistening with dew. I lick my lips, just wanting a small taste, but hold myself back. This is all I get tonight, I remind myself. This has to hold me over.

I stare at her pussy as I squeeze my cock tight, pretending it’s inside her. Suddenly, I see her other hand come down and start rubbing her clit, and I let out a choked moan.

“Oh fuck, Sophie. I’m gonna cum,” I say, watching her fingers rub her clit.

“You can wait until I cum,” she says, and my eyes snap up to meet hers. She’s testing me, and God help me, I’ll do whatever she asks.

“Okay.”

I take deep breaths and watch her rub her slick pussy. She brings her fingers down to her opening, drawing her honey up to her clit to make it slick. She rubs faster.

“Goddamn it,” I grunt, and slightly pinch the end of my cock to keep cum from

shooting out. “Please cum, Sophie. I can’t hold out.”

“Bruce,” she whispers, and throws her head back, closing her eyes in pleasure.

She’s killing me slowly, and what a beautiful way to go. If I die right now, my only regret would be not sinking deep inside her first.

She rubs even faster, and suddenly she arches off the bed. “I’m cumming!” she shouts, and it’s the green light to unload.

I watch the opening of her pussy pulse and release sweet honey drops of her pleasure. I stroke my cock twice and my cum shoots out hard and fast, splashing across her virgin pussy and thick thighs.

“Sophie,” I breathe, and struggle to stay upright. My orgasm is powerful and nearly crippling but oh so sweet.

Suddenly, she pulls her panties over her pussy, and rolls away from me.

“You can go now.”

“Sophie—”

“We’re done here, Bruce. Good night.”

She doesn’t sound angry or upset. She says it with finality and no room for argument. I get off the bed and walk towards her door.

“I’m—”

“Close the door on the way out, Bruce. I’m tired and I really want to sleep.”

I close the door and walk to my room. As I lie in bed, I can't help but think how the tables have turned.

## Chapter 10

Sophie

Ding

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:06 am*

My Facebook alert goes off again. If someone sends me one more Candy Crush request I'm going to block them, I think, clearing the notification.

I hear what sounds like a growl from behind me. I turn my head to look at Bruce, my hair slipping off my shoulder as I do so. He's sitting on the chair behind me, just staring at me while I lie on the floor, playing with my iPad. He sits with his long legs extended out before him, reminding me how crazy tall he is. The top button of his shirt is undone, and he looks more laid-back than normal. He's been doing it all day; just watching me.

His green eyes bore into me, his jaw clenched tight, a five o'clock shadow showing on his face. I roll my eyes, going back to searching for a new book to read, browsing the selections. I know he wants to ask, because he asked the last three times my iPad dinged. He wants to know who's messaging me, mistaking the game dings as actual messages. I didn't correct him, and each time I just ignored his question, playing into what he's thinking.

I like seeing the jealousy on his face. I liked it even more when Bryan showed up and asked me to lunch. When I went to get my purse, Bruce followed me, informing me that if I went to lunch, Bryan wouldn't make it out of the building with me. It was a completely barbaric thing for him to say, and I pretended to be offended.

I wasn't.

I joked that maybe we didn't have to leave the building, and that I could just go back to his place and eat. I couldn't tell from the look in Bruce's eyes if he was serious about hurting Bryan, and it was messed up for me to lead Bryan on. So I went to the



door and told him I'd forgotten I had something to do, but not before he gave me his number. All of which Bruce saw.

Shows him. You don't see me snapping at him every time his phone goes off, asking if it's Holly or someone else. I'm starting to notice that the more I ignore him, the crazier it drives him. Maybe he is crazy. First, he wanted me as far away as possible and got angry when I threw myself at him. Now I'm keeping my distance and he's stuck to my ass. I can't leave a room without him following me, making up some reason why he needs to be in that room too.

I tried to escape to my room for a little, but he found reason after reason to come in—from checking the smoke detector batteries to making sure the hot water in the bathroom didn't come on too hot to testing all the light sockets to make sure they were working. It was beyond ridiculous. Now I just find myself moving from room to room so he'll follow. Chase me.

I like it. Hell, who am I kidding? I fucking love it. Suck it, Holly. He isn't following you room to room like a cute grumpy puppy. I wonder if I ignore him long enough he'll pee in my room, or chew up my shoes just to get my attention. A bark of laughter escapes me, thinking about Bruce doing those things.

“What's so funny?” he asks in a tone I know is harder than he intended.

Rolling to my side, I prop my head up with one hand, the rug digging into my elbow. “Don't you have work to do or something?” I ask in a bored voice, trying to provoke him. I know I said I was done chasing him, and I am, but I get a thrill out of getting a reaction from him. I can't seem to stop myself.

“You have no idea how much work I should be doing,” he says, running a frustrated hand through his hair.

I was shocked when he didn't go to work today. He kept pulling out his laptop like he was working on it, but every time I looked over at him, his eyes were on me. To make it worse, he didn't even try to pretend he wasn't looking at me. No, he just stared, the look of hunger all over his face.

"Then maybe get on that?" I suggest, hearing him take a deep breath. It sounds like one of defeat.

"I can't. It seems my mind is otherwise occupied." His words hang between us, and I shuffle my legs, letting my dress ride up. Is it sex he wants? Is that all this is? As I try to tease him with my body, his eyes never leave mine. For a second, a look crosses his face; one I've seen in the mirror before. Loneliness. It's easy to spot when you see it on yourself every day. My heart clenches, but then it's gone and his frustration is back.

I fight the urge to crawl over to him and into his lap. Half-scared that he'll just push me away again, I remain still. I can't take the rejection. I told myself I was no longer going to chase. No more throwing myself at people who can't or won't love me back. I want more.

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:06 am*

Before I can make a fool out of myself, I get up from the floor, grabbing my iPad. “I think I’ll turn in early tonight. Maybe you’ll get some work done, or maybe you can go out or something, don’t worry about me..”

I’m baiting him to say something, mainly about Holly, but he just nods his head. I give him a soft smile, fighting the disappointment I feel when he won’t tell me anything. Or maybe I’m fighting the knot I just put in my own stomach at suggesting he go out for the night. Would he still come to my room tonight if he did? Did I want him to come to my room tonight?

Turning, I make my retreat into my room and throw myself onto my bed.

The answer is yes. Yes, I want him to come to my room again. I won’t ask him to, but I want to enjoy these last few days I have with him. I’ll be leaving soon. It’s for the best. We’ll just end up driving each other crazy if I stay any longer than I have to.

I know part of him wants me, but not enough to really have me. I would be nothing more than a dirty secret; something I always felt like I was with my mom. A mistake she made once that could be hidden away. Shuffle me off to boarding school and put me away on a shelf. Bruce would do the same. Stick me in his condo and give me attention when he had the time to do so.

He wouldn’t want anyone to know he was sticking it to his step daughter. Even if I gave into coming second to his career, it would all be for nothing. Soon everyone would find out we were together, and I’m sure that would be devastating to the firm. Holly mentioned his going into politics, and that’s not a world I was built for. Fake smiles and hellos are not something I want to be a part of. I watched my mother do it,

and I despised it. I want real.

I know I'm young, but losing my mother, whom I never really knew, made me think about what I want from life. I don't want to have to do something to please someone else. I want to break the cycle and not get trapped in their kind of life. I want love, a family, bake sales, date nights, fighting over not taking out the stupid trash. God, I relished the idea of having someone to fight with me. Someone who would actually fight back. Not just dismiss me.

For a moment I thought I saw that look in Bruce's eyes. That longing for more, for a connection with another person. Part of me wants to try to show him we could have that too, that we could walk away from all of this. But part of me doesn't want to have to ask for it.

Grabbing my pillow, I pull it under my head and close my eyes. For a moment I think I catch the smell of him. A lingering scent of what we did last night, and for some reason the thought makes me mad. I'm just making this worse for myself. Thinking of and playing with the idea he could be mine. Half-hoping he comes in here again tonight.

Getting up from the bed, I lock my bedroom door. No more silly dreams, Sophie, I think to myself, lying back down on the bed. I close my eyes and try to focus on anything but Bruce.

\* \* \*

I feel him before I see him.

I was fast asleep, and it's pitch black in my room, but I feel his presence. I'm instantly awake, my body coming alive.

Before I can react, the covers are ripped away from me and he's on top of me, blanketing my body. His face is right against mine, and his hard cock digs into my stomach.

"You've been ignoring me all day and I can't stand it. Then you locked your door, hoping to keep me out." The look in his eyes is one I've never seen before, almost like a wild animal. Maybe I pushed too far, but I find myself doing it again.

"Get off me, Bruce," I snap, not really wanting him to.

"No. If this is the only way I can get your attention, then this is what I'll do. Now show me your pussy. I need to see it."

I push against him, and he leans up, letting me have a little bit of space. I reach over and turn on the bedside lamp, allowing me to see his face. He looks angry and aggressive. I feel a little bit of pride in the knowledge that I worked him up to this point.

I look down at his body and see he's got on loose shorts, the head of his cock peeking out of the waistband.

"Bruce, go back to your room," I say the words but there's no power behind them. I'm already wet thinking about what he wants to do to me. The way he looks at my pussy when he gets off makes me cum so hard. I want that right now. Even if it's not a good idea, I want it so bad.

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:06 am*

He looks down at me and licks his lips, not giving an inch. I'm naked except for a pair of peach-colored cotton panties. I know what he's going to say, and I know I'll show him.

"Let me see it, Sophie," he whispers.

I cream a little at his words and slowly reach down, giving him what we both want. Pulling my panties to the side, I show him my wet pussy and wait for his reaction.

He grunts and slips his hand down to his cock, pulling it out.

My nipples are hard and aching, and I use my other hand to pinch them a little, still holding my panties to the side for his pleasure.

He hovers over me, closer to me than he's ever been when he's done this before. His throbbing cock is only inches away from my virgin pussy.

I ache to have him inside me, filling me with all ten inches. I want him to stretch me and make me fit him. I want to be stuffed full of him: his cock and his cum. The dirty thoughts make my pussy clench.

"Fuck, Sophie. I can see it pulsing. Goddamn, you want it bad, don't you, baby?"

I nod my head, giving in and letting him know how much I want it.

"Maybe just a little tease for both of us?"

“Please, Bruce.”

“Shit. Okay, but just for a second.”

He leans forward a little, and I watch as the tip of his cock barely touches my opening. Feeling the warm head of his cock against me makes my pussy clench again, and he moans at the feeling.

“Oh, fuck, do that again baby.”

He pulls back a little and spreads the wetness on the end of his cock down his shaft, jerking it a few times. He leans back in and puts the head of his cock against me, not pushing in, just holding it there.

I feel his warmth and squeeze my pussy, gently kissing the tip of his dick with my virgin opening.

He jerks back and rubs his cock some more, faster and harder this time. “Fuck, I want to cum in you so bad, but I can’t, Sophie.”

I’m so turned on and so close to the edge myself, I start to beg. “Please, Bruce. Please. I’m so close.”

He lets out a grunt, and leans back against me, touching the head of his dick to my slit again. He still doesn't push in, and it’s our only point of contact. It’s the only place our bodies are touching, and my body is on fire.

I feel him press in a little, his cock hitting my virgin barrier.

“That’s it, Sophie, that’s your virginity. I’m going to cum in you without breaking it though. Just squeeze me, like before.”

His cock pulses a little, and I can feel his heartbeat between my legs. I squeeze my pussy muscles to the beat. I pinch my nipple, getting closer and closer to the edge.

“Fuck, that’s it, baby.” He pushes a little more against my hymen but doesn’t breach it. I feel his cock swell and start to jerk as he shouts out.

His warm cum splashes inside my virgin pussy, and the feel of him cumming inside me sends me over the edge, my orgasm ripping through me.

As I shout out my release, I feel his mouth latch on to my nipple and I skyrocket to the best orgasm I’ve ever had. Our only bodily contact is through his cock touching my pussy and his mouth on my nipple, and I cum so hard and long I nearly pass out.

When it’s over and I’m trying to catch my breath, he gives my nipple one gentle kiss and pulls away from me fully, tucking his hard cock back into his shorts.

He looks down at my pussy, and I can see regret on his face.

“Are you going to run out of here and apologize for touching me again?” I snap, pissed off that he just killed my buzz.

“The only thing I’m sorry for is that I can’t fuck you the way I want to.” With that, he gets up and storms out of the room.

After a few minutes of lying there, I feel a smile creep across my face. He’s close to breaking, and I can’t wait until he does.

## Chapter 11

Bruce



Today is the day I meet the lawyer to finalize the details of Debra's estate. Today is the day I absolve myself of any paternal responsibilities for Sophie. And my feelings for her are most definitely not paternal.

I've never had someone consume me the way she does. I've forgotten everything that was important to me, and I've only got her on my mind.

My priority was always work. Whatever came after that was much farther down the list. But since meeting Sophie, she's the only thing I see. Work doesn't exist, and while it's driving me crazy, I love it. I'm consumed by something that I actually want, not something that I thought I needed to do. No, this was for me. Something I've chosen for myself.

## Page 31

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:06 am*

I sit on the edge of the bed, my mind racing. If I go to her, I go to her as a man, not as a figure of authority or as a guardian. I need to be sure that this is the right thing to do. For her and for me.

I stand up and pace for what feels like hours, but when I look back at the time, it's only been minutes.

After an eternity, I stand up and walk to her room.

It's dark, and Sophie is fast asleep. I came to her room naked this time, knowing what I'm going to do. I go to the side of the bed and turn on the lamp. I pull back the covers, and my hard cock hardens further when I see she's completely naked too.

She doesn't say a word, just spreads her legs, inviting me to look at her.

I get on the bed and lie on top of her, touching as much of my naked skin to Sophie's as possible. Her warm creamy skin feels like silk against mine. I look into her beautiful blue eyes, just holding her to me.

"You're so beautiful, Sophie," I whisper.

Her eyes get a little watery, and I use my thumb to brush away her tears. "Shh, don't cry, little one. I won't hurt you."

"I know."

"Bruce, first I have to know something," she says, and I can see whatever she is about

to ask me means a lot to her. “Are you—” she stumbles over her words before she finally finishes “Are you and Holly together?”

Her words hit me hard with guilt. Not because I have anything to be guilty about with Holly, but because she doubts that she is it for me. It hurts me that I have to let her know that, that she wouldn’t be lonely any longer. I hate that she even had a moment of jealousy over that women. I know what that felt like with I saw others coming on to Sophie and it ripped me apart. I don’t want anything to hurt her if I can stop it.

“No, I’ve never so much as kissed her. Little Sophie, I haven’t been with a women in years, and I didn’t even think I really missed it. Then you walked into my life and everything just came alive. It was like a light being switched on. You make me want so much more, you make me question who I’ve become.”

Her eyes widen at my words. “You haven’t been with a women in years?” she questions, and I can’t help the bark of laughter that escapes me. “That’s all you got from that?”

“No, you haven’t kissed me either,” she says, licking her lips and drawing my eyes there.

She’s right, I haven’t. But, God, had I thought about it. Sophie’s breathing picks up pace and I hear it become rapid and shallow. Leaning down slowly, my eyes on hers, I press my lips to her mouth. Her lips are utterly soft, almost like rose petals. Just like her, they’re warm and soft. Gently, my mouth slides over hers, keeping the pressure soft.

I sip and suck gently until her lips finally part. Her tongue slides into my mouth, the soft caress sends a pulse through my body like nothing I’ve ever felt before. I never knew a kiss could be like this. She’s so tentative. I can tell this is her first kiss, and it makes me want to pound my chest. I feel like I’ve waited for this moment my whole

life. All those years working myself to the bone brought me to this moment, put me on the path to her, and every hour of it was worth it. I had been questioning my choices and now it's all so clear. I've been waiting for her. Has she been waiting for me too?

"You've been waiting for me tonight, haven't you? Not just tonight but before that too?"

"Yes," she says simply, and I can see the truth in her eyes.

"It's time, baby. I'll be gentle, I promise."

She nods her head, and I lean down softly to press my lips to hers, kissing her again. Her full lips open and I slip my tongue inside, tasting her sweetness. She moans at our connection, and I can't help but mirror her sounds. She's so perfect and pure, and it's the single greatest moment of my entire life.

I want to breathe her body into mine and show her how much she means to me. It's not just my body that's being pulled towards her, my heart is too. Something about her spirit is connected to mine, and kissing her is like coming home.

I lean back, giving her one more soft kiss on the lips. I slowly travel down her body, stopping to suck both nipples into my mouth, one at a time. I continue my path, drifting over her delicious curves until I find myself between her thighs, my mouth hovering over her bare pussy. Gripping her thighs, I pull her legs farther apart for the taking, and bury my head between her legs. Her body jerks in reaction and she immediately cums when I latch onto her clit. She chants my name over and over. It's the most erotic thing I've ever heard.

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:06 am*

I want to make her cum again so her tight virgin pussy will be soft and willing to be filled with my cock, but I'm scared I'll cum all over myself if I eat her to another orgasm. Reaching down, I grab the tip of my cock and give it a little squeeze to stop myself shooting off.

I slide my tongue into her virginal hole, in and out, mimicking what my cock will be doing to her soon. Her hips start to move, begging for more, and I know it's time. I need her on edge, needing to cum so her body will be begging for my cock to enter her. Moving back up her body, I take her mouth again, wanting her to taste herself on my mouth. When I've finally cooled some of this need and regained my control, I'm going to eat her pussy until she loses her voice from chanting my name, begging me to stop.

"We've teased each other enough, Sophie. I need to be inside you." Pushing the head of my cock into her opening, I feel her virginity stop my entrance. She's already wet and ready for me. We've been playing with this moment for days and we're both fully primed for it. "This may hurt a little, just breathe and be still. I'm trying to control myself because I just want you so much."

"Okay. Do it quick, I want the pain over with, and you inside me."

"Fuck. Don't talk dirty like that to me, baby, I'll cum before I get in you."

She giggles a little, and I can't help but think she's going to use that against me.

I prop myself up on my elbows and put my hands on either side of her face, making her look at me as I enter her. We lock eyes as I thrust inside her, tearing through her

innocence and claiming her as mine.

She lets out a shout and closes her eyes as if in pain.

“Look at me.”

She snaps her eyes open at my words, looking into my eyes, and I hold myself still as she adjusts. She’s so tight it’s painful, and we both need a second to catch our breath. I’m still not fully sheathed inside of her. This is the only moment in my life I can recall hating having a big cock.

Her eyes start to water, making my heart clench. I pepper kisses all over her face.

“Sophie, I’m sorry. Don’t cry. The pain will pass in a little. I promise, baby,” I say around the lump in my throat.

“I’m not crying because I’m sad, Bruce. It’s because I’m so happy. I’ve never felt so connected to someone before.”

“Me neither, baby. Me neither,” I say, placing more kisses all over her until her body starts to relax. Soon after that, she starts to wiggle, and I know what she wants. Her body is ready for more.

“I’ve still got a couple of inches left, Sophie, so just breathe.”

She looks fearful for a second. “Bruce, I’m already so full.”

“You can take it, baby. Just relax and let me in.”

Sophie takes a deep breath, and I push in the rest of the way, seating myself full inside her. Her breathing is short so I brush her cheeks with my thumbs to comfort

her, telling her how perfect she is.

“You feel so good, Sophie. So sweet and tight. I’ve never felt anything so perfect before in my life. God, it’s like I’ve waited my whole life for something this wonderful.”

My words seem to relax her again, and after a few moments, she nods her head, letting me know she wants me to move.

Slowly, I pull out and push back in just a few inches until she adjusts to the feeling. After a few strokes, she’s moving her hips with me and closing her eyes in pleasure. I want her first time to be good for her and not over in sixty seconds, so I reach between us and gently strum her clit.

We aren’t rushed for time, and I don’t want to cum too soon so my thrusts are slow and even as we build to the end.

“All my life I’ve waited for this. I didn’t know it but I was waiting for it, waiting for you.”

Her hands rub along my chest and face as she looks into my eyes.

“I know. I’ve waited for you too, Bruce.”

“I love you, sweet Sophie.”

“I love you too.”

I kiss her softly, tasting the love on her lips. When I pull back and look at her again, I can see my life in her. She’s mine forever now.

“I’m claiming you, Sophie. Your body is mine and so is your love. You won’t ever have anyone but me inside you. Do you understand?”



*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:06 am*

It's not really a question, but I like when she nods her head in agreement.

Her pussy is squeezing the cum out of my cock, and I know I won't last much longer. I rub harder on her clit and I feel her squeeze me in response. She's as close as I am and I need her to cum for me.

"That's it, baby. Get off on my cock. I want your cum creaming my dick while I empty inside you."

"Oh God!"

A few more strokes on her clit and she's cumming all over me. I can feel her pleasure run down my cock and onto my balls. I'm so turned on by her orgasm, it triggers my own. I thrust hard against her one last time, coupling us as close as I can, and release inside her.

I cum more than I ever have before, filling her to the point of spilling out. I'm still cumming when I feel my seed run down the sides of her tight pussy, mixing with her own sweet juices. The feel of her squeezing me, sucking me dry, is enough to have me passing out on top of her.

I'm barely able to catch myself before I smother her with my weight. But Sophie just wraps her arms and legs around me, holding me inside her as I finish the greatest orgasm of my life.

I breathe hard into the crook of her neck, trying to catch my breath. "Jesus Christ, Sophie. That was so good."

She giggles a little and squeezes her pussy, gripping my still-hard cock inside her. She starts to move her hips again, thrusting up against me.

I lean up and look into her eyes. “You want it again?”

She blushes bright red but nods her head slowly.

“Okay, baby. Let me get you from behind this time. I want you every way imaginable.”

I pull out and watch some of my cum spill out of her. I look down at my cock and see a small trace of her virgin blood on my dick, and it only makes me harder. Knowing that I got her first and that she’s mine turns me on even more.

She looks down to where I’m staring and then back up at me. “Should I go clean up before we go again?”

“No. I want as much of my cum in that virgin pussy as you can hold. This time, put your chest on the bed and your ass in the air so it won’t slip out.”

“You’re not afraid I’ll get pregnant?”

“I’m hoping you will, Sophie. I want you for forever, fuck everything else. I want it all with you, and that includes babies. I don’t care how many we have, but I’m never pulling out and you’re never going on the pill. You’re mine, and I’m going to fill that pussy up so you can never leave me.”

She blushes again, and then rolls over and gets into position, spreading her legs and showing me her opening. I lean forward, pressing my aching cock to her pussy, and thrust in. It’s deeper like this, and she lets out a shout as I bottom out inside her.

I start to thrust in and out as she adjusts to the angle. I grab her hips, pulling her to me. I ride her hard and give her what she wants as I feel her pussy pulse around me. She's quick to cum like this, and I'll have to remember that. It's the perfect position for her to hold my seed, and she gets off so fast. I thrust a few more times and she cums, gripping my cock and shouting her release into the pillow.

"Fuck," I grunt as her tight pussy pulls my orgasm from me. I hold myself deep inside her as I empty my balls of every last drop. Once I'm drained, I pull out and sit back, just looking at her ass in the air.

My cum starts to drip out and I use my finger to scoop it up and push it back in. "You should stay like that for another minute, but if you do, I'll just want to fuck you again."

Sophie's response is to wiggle her ass at me, and I smile, because she wants it again.

"You want it again?"

"Yes, Bruce. It feels so good, having you in me."

"Okay, one more time, and I'll just leave it in you after that. You can sleep with my cock inside you in case you wake up and want more."

"Please," she begs, wiggling her ass again.

I sit up and push inside her again, my cock still hard and erect. Cum from our previous sessions runs down the sides and coats us everywhere, making a mess. I love it.

I fuck her hard this time, wanting to give her what she needs. It doesn't take long before we both climax, making even more cum drip between us.

## Page 34

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:06 am*

When we're finally spent, I collapse to the side, pulling her with me so we are spooning and I don't have to pull out. We're a sweaty heap of flesh, smeared with our passion and unable to move.

I kiss her neck and pet her body as she snuggles into me, grinding on my cock every now and then.

"Get some sleep, baby. He'll still be hard and waiting for you when you wake up."

"Goodnight, Bruce," she whispers, pushing down on my cock one more time.

I smile and drift off to sleep, feeling whole for the first time in my life.

Bruce

Five years later...

"Bruce!"

"Shh! You'll wake the kids up."

"Oh fuck," she moans, as I sink deeper inside her slick channel, thrusting myself balls deep. I look down and see her tits are leaking milk, and my mouth starts to water.

"I need a taste of your sweetness."

"They're too full and sensitive. I've got to feed the baby when she wakes up. Just

fuck me. I'm so close."

I watch as Sophie throws her head back in ecstasy and lifts her hips with my rhythm.

"I'll be gentle, baby," I whisper against her nipple, softly licking up milk with the tip of my tongue. She moans at the contact and it makes my dick harder. "You always leak right before you cum."

"God, Bruce. I'm so close. Don't forget to pull out. I could get pregnant right now."

"Just relax, baby, you focus on cumming," I say, with no intention of pulling out. No way was I wasn't going to cum inside her.

I put my mouth over one nipple, gently suckling her. The pressure on her sensitive nipple combined with my hard thrusts is enough to send her over the edge. Tasting her on my tongue and feeling her tight pussy squeeze my cock pulls the cum from me. I pump hard into her one last time and hold myself there, spurting my cum inside her.

She's too far gone in her orgasm to pay attention to my cock filling her little pussy up with cum. Once I've let my last drop splash inside her pussy, I look down and give her an evil grin.

"I knew you wouldn't pull out," she says, trying to give me a glare but failing.

I lean down and kiss her full, lush lips, smiling as we connect. After a second she kisses me back and I start to move again.

"You better be quick this time. I think I hear Thomas and Joseph playing in their room."

“They’re three- and four-years old. They’re fine. Come ride me this time.”

I flip us over, letting her straddle me and ride my still-hard cock. I reach up to play with her big, full tits as she bounces up and down on my dick. I squeeze her breasts, watching the little drops of milk roll down her creamy flesh, and it makes me even harder. It’s been five years and I still can’t seem to control my cock when she is in the room.

“I swear you keep me pregnant just so you can play with my milky tits.”

“You did agree to four kids.”

“You made me negotiate while you were going down on me!”

I thrust, making her moan. “You weren’t exactly complaining.”

We’ve got the two older boys, and then we took a year-long break before having our youngest, Felicity, who’s almost a year old. She’s the apple of my eye, and I was kind of relieved it wasn’t another boy. They’re amazing but they’re always going at full throttle.

I left the law firm the day after Sophie’s eighteenth birthday, and we got married right away. I didn’t care about what people thought of our relationship, I just didn’t want the drama. Life is short, and I didn’t want to explain myself, or us, to anyone. Those who didn’t understand our love we were better off without.

Lily was our biggest champion, staying on as our nanny when we had our first baby. She helped Sophie be the mother she always wanted, and helped me learn how to change a diaper. We were both new at parenting, and having someone to help us, not only when things got hard, but to share in our joy, has been wonderful.

I started my own private law practice, mostly to keep up my license. I take on a few real estate cases when I feel like it, but for the most part I focus on my family. I spent the first decades of my life doing what I thought I was supposed to and making enough money to last a lifetime. Thankfully, Sophie came along and showed me what it's like to live.

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:06 am*

We've got more love than we could ever use up, and that's my only priority.

As I pull her down close to me and lick her neck just the way she likes it, I can't help but think how lucky we are. I get to spend the rest of my life with this amazing, gorgeous woman, and I'm so happy she chose me.

I may have started out as her step-dad, but I ended up as so much more. I should probably feel some guilt about that, but I'm too deep inside her to care.

"I love you, baby," I whisper against her neck.

"I love you too, Bruce."

Also by Alexa Riley

THE VIRGIN DUET - Buy Now!

A gorgeous, obsessive, billionaire alpha.

A curvy, sassy bombshell from the wrong side of the tracks.

Both virgins...

When Becs and Bray make an arrangement, they have no idea what it will lead to - sexual desires and lust that cannot be contained.

Will Bray let chaos rule his perfect world?



Will Becs let love into her cold heart?

Will Kindles ignite from the sexual heat? There's only one way to find out...

Warning: Flaming Kindles may cause serious injuries. Please read responsibly.

\* \* \*

Rage bubbles inside me as I look at the imposing double doors of his office. They reach all the way to the high ceiling, and look like you'd have to use all your weight to push them open. On the other side is an arrogant asshole. If you push the doors open he is probably sitting behind a giant desk, or maybe on a throne like a king. I guess he's king of this building. Mr. Vanilla, as I like to call him just to piss him off, owns the place. I work in the coffee shop downstairs in the building's lobby. Well, I did until about fifteen minutes ago. I know he's the reason for my quick termination today, and I'm here to give him a piece of my mind.

No way am I going back to the shelter. The coffee shop job barely afforded me enough money for the pay-by-the-week motel my older brother and I are staying at. We've been there for the past few months, but anything beat staying at the shelter. One week without a job, and it will force us back there. That's not something I can handle.

"Is that asshole boss of yours in there?" I snap at the woman sitting at the desk in front of the double doors.

Jerking her head up, she looks at me in shock, but her face quickly turns to disgust. Of course he has a perfect-looking assistant sitting outside his office. Sun-streaked blonde hair pulled back into a tight bun, crystal-blue eyes with thin black-framed glasses, and a low-cut top. Very low cut. She looks like she could do the whole sexy librarian turned seductress thing at any moment. Maybe that's what she does.

I can tell from the scrunch of her nose she finds me repulsive. I'm her polar opposite in every way. We might both have blonde hair but it clearly ends there. My blonde is a brighter shade than hers, but mine is also streaked with pink and purple. The dye makes my eyes appear more purple than they really are. I can see her long legs under the desk, and shoes that probably cost what I make in three months. If she stands up, I'm sure she'll tower over my five three height. My black military-style lace-up boots give me no extra help in that department. She's thin and I can tell she puts time into maintaining herself. Total opposites.

"I'm going to have to ask you to leave," she squeaks at me in a voice that sounds like nails on a chalkboard. She reaches for her desk phone, I'm sure to call security, because I am after all half naked. I'm dressed only in a bra, black pants and my boots. No way was I letting that dipshit downstairs take fifty dollars out of my last check for my uniform, and I have no plans of ever seeing his face again. He had the balls, after firing me, to suggest I drop to my knees and he'd pay for other services if I needed the money so bad. When I started to unbutton my top the little fucker thought he was getting what he wanted. All he got was my shirt and apron thrown at him. Well, and a black eye. I can still feel the sting on my knuckles from the punch. Oh, yeah, his eye is going to be a nice black and purple come morning. Growing up in foster care, I learned how to throw a mean punch.

Seeing that my time has now become limited, I walk past her and push open both doors.

"Cindy I told you—" his words cut off when he looks up and sees me. Jaw clenching, nose flaring as he takes in my attire, or lack thereof. Today, like every day, he's wearing a three-piece suit, which is the same grey as his eyes. He's always so neatly put together. Even his stupid handsome face is all straight, perfect lines. Every time he came into the coffee shop I wanted to mess him up. I always want to run my fingers through his hair and give him that freshly fucked look. I thought about rubbing my lips across his neck, leaving a smudge of my lip gloss there so he didn't

look so perfect. The first time he came in, he gave me a half smile and ordered a plain black coffee. No cream or sugar. Not even a flavor. Seems that's how he likes everything. Every day he would come in and get his coffee and engage me in a little bit of conversation. I looked forward to seeing him. He was different than the other suits. Most either treated me like I could be a quick fuck for them, or gave me a look of distaste.

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:06 am*

Then one day he came in with a woman. I had my back to him, but I could hear them talking. Taking a quick glance over my shoulder, I could see the woman with him was beautiful. She was elegant in a way I can never imagine being. She said to him, “She looks out of place. I’m shocked they let her work here looking like that.” His only response was “I’m sure she would clean up nice if she actually tried.” It had been a long time since I’d been hurt by someone’s words and it pissed me off. So, that day, the games began. Gone were my sweet smiles and my excitement at seeing him. I know I look different. I like my pink and purple hair, my loud nail polish, and lip gloss. It’s me. I stopped trying to fit into other people’s molds when I left the foster system. I didn’t have to pretend to be anyone but me.

I tried to make his life hell whenever he came into the shop after that. Maybe if I was a big enough bitch he would stop coming. I am pissed that I let myself believe that he liked me.

Glancing around his office, it’s all so cold—glass and chrome. It makes goosebumps break out on my exposed skin. Everything in his office is perfectly in its place, just like him. I keep looking around, not wanting to meet his eyes yet.

“Well, Bray, I didn’t know you hired entertainment for the meeting,” says the man sitting across from Mr. Vanilla aka Bray. He never gave me his first name, but I kind of like it. Only after he pissed me off, and I started calling him Mr. Vanilla, did he tell me who he was. They’d poked fun at the way I looked, and I know it was childish of me, but I wanted to do the same to him. So when he asked me why I called him that, I told him “Because you couldn’t be more plain and boring if you tried.” That’s when he informed me he was Mr. Spencer. When I didn’t respond, he added, “Mr. Spencer as in Spencer Holding, the man who owns this whole goddamn building.” This still

got nothing more from me than an eye roll. Like I gave a shit.

I look over at the other man, and he looks just as put together as Bray. That guy seems more laid back, with a smile playing at his lips. He's attractive, but not as handsome as Bray. I'm starting to think no one is.

"I can be some entertainment for the right price, if that's what you're looking for. It turns out I'm in the market for a new job," I say, shooting Mr. Vanilla a hard look before turning back to the other man and winking.

"Is that right? I'd be more than willing to help out a woman in need," he says as he adjusts himself. I'm not a promiscuous girl. In fact, I'm a virgin. But I know how to use my body to get what I want. A little flirting can go a long way to getting things when you need them. I'm not holding on to my virginity, I just never had a reason or desire to give it up. I don't think I ever felt attraction until I met Bray. Then he reminded me he's just like the rest.

Glancing back over at Bray, I can see his mouth has fallen open in shock. When his eyes lock with mine his anger shines through. That's a first. This might be the most emotion I've ever seen from him. I want to push it. I want him as mad as I am. He comes into my job and gets me fired. Well, I'll come into his office and cause havoc. Maybe even mess up a business deal.

As I make my way towards the other man, I run my finger along one of the shelves that line the wall. One by one I start pushing things off the shelf with a soft shove. The trinkets hit the marble floor, their crashes ringing out in the room. Things break but I don't skip a beat.

A loud female gasp behind me lets me know that Cindy is back.

"Security is on their way, Mr. Spencer," she squeaks in that same voice as before.

How he deals with that every day is a wonder. He doesn't acknowledge her, he just keeps staring at me while I continue my assault on his shelves. When I reach the end, I turn and make my way over to the other man, stopping when I'm standing between his legs.

I make my intentions known by raising my eyebrows and looking down at him in his seat. When he pats his lap I straddle him.

“Want a taste?” I ask huskily. “You know, before you buy it.”

I glance back over at Bray who is now white-knuckling his glass desk. He looks to be gripping it so hard it could actually shatter under his grasp. Turning back to the guy I'm sitting on, I lean in to kiss him. I feel his breath hit my lips, but before he makes contact, I'm in the air. I feel myself fly off his lap and land behind Bray, who now faces his friend. I can tell he's enraged without having to see his face. His fists are clenched at his sides and I can see him taking long hard breaths as if he just ran a marathon.

“Out, Smith,” he growls.

“It’s like that?” Smith asks.

“Yeah, it’s like that. I’ve known you a long time, and I really don’t want to come to blows with you.”

“I know. That’s what so intriguing about this. You’re jealous over a woman?”

Did he just say jealous? Yeah, right. So jealous he got me fired from my job so he didn’t have to see my face anymore.

“All right, I’ll see you at the charity event next month. You’re bringing Chelsea with you, right?”

I hate the shot of jealousy that pierces me when I hear he has a date with another woman.

“Probably. I always do. I’ll see you then.”

I hear Smith exit the room but can’t see him with Bray blocking my view. Scooting out from behind him, I move to get away from him a little bit. A jolt of desire fizzed through my body when he grabbed me. I didn’t think he wanted me, but now I’m not so sure. Is he pissed that I’m causing chaos in his office? Or is he pissed I straddled his friend?

“She’s the one, right there. Get her. Call the cops. I’m sure Mr. Spencer wants her

arrested. Look what she did to his office!” Cindy cries out like she can’t fathom what has just happened.

Two hulking men make their way towards me and I stumble back, almost slipping over one of the ornaments I knocked off the shelf. That would have been some insta-karma right there.

“Do. Not. Touch. Her,” Bray growls again. Now that I think about it, everything he’s said since I came into his office has been a growl—so different from his normally calm, self-controlled voice.

Both guards halt in their tracks. For once, I’m actually thankful for Bray’s presence. I don’t want two giant men manhandling me.

“Yeah, Hulk One and Hulk Two. Touch me and you won’t be able to piss for a fucking week,” I taunt.

“Cindy, I don’t recall asking you to call security.” Bray says in his usual controlled voice. He slips off his suit jacket and vest, and lays them over the back of one of the chairs. Then he starts unbuttoning his shirt. What the fuck?

“Sir, she barged in here and destroyed your office,” she trills.

“God, how do you listen to that voice every day? Are you a masochist or something? She must give grade-A head,” I wonder, while looking down to make sure my boobs haven’t popped out of my bra. Thank God I wore my nice one today.

“You, shut your mouth,” he barks at me. He flings his shirt in my direction and I catch it. Then he turns around. “And you,” he says pointing at Cindy. “Call the cleaning service, and then you can go home for the day.”



“But, sir, we still—”

“Enough! I gave you your instructions, Cindy. You’re dismissed.” Cindy shoots me a death glare but I just smirk. Dropping Bray’s shirt on the floor, I make my way over to his desk and flop down in his chair. I put my feet up on the glass, but not before I knock his computer mouse to the floor with my foot.

Cindy huffs and stomps out of the room. Both security men just stare at my tits.

“Like what you see, boys? It just so happens I’m looking—”

“Out!” Bray yells, making us all jump a little. I can see the veins in his neck strain. Bray isn’t a giant like Hulk One and Hulk Two—he’s leaner with broad shoulders and a narrow waist—but those guys seem to be intimidated by him. It’s hard to see all of his body as he’s still wearing his tight white undershirt, but I can just about make out his shape. The shirt clings to his trim body like a second skin and I feel a little drool on my lip.

“Jesus, don’t you have any manners at all, Mr. Vanilla? You could ask nicely and I would leave— maybe,” I say breezily, but make no move to get up. I’m not leaving. I’m not done with him yet. He still owes me a job and I’m starting to really think he’s jealous. Why not just let security take me? This is something I can use.

“Not you. You keep your little ass in that chair.” Well, shit. It’s not as fun sitting in his chair if he wants me here. I sat here to further piss him off.

“You two, I want you out. Don’t ever touch her. Got it?”

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 10:06 am*

“Yes, sir, we apologize,” they say in unison before turning and leaving the room. I can’t help but roll my eyes. Mr. Spencer barks an order and everyone follows. Probably how I lost my job. He went down there told them he wanted me gone and, bam, I’m gone.

“Well, now look what you did. You just ran off two more potential customers. You’re just costing me all kinds of money today, and it’s starting to really chap my ass.”

“Are you saying you’re a hooker, Rebecca?”

The use of my name throws me off. No one has called me Rebecca in forever. I hate that name.

“Well, desperate times call for desperate measures, not that you’d know anything about that, but I sure as hell don’t want to go back to the shelter. My brother and I have to make rent and he’s out of work right now.” I inwardly groan. Why did I tell him that? And why am I embarrassed about it? I don’t do embarrassed.

I see sympathy flash across his eyes.

“Don’t,” I put my hand up before he can turn this into a pity party. Of course, I wasn’t going to sleep with those men, but when I saw the emotion he showed when I first joked about it, I couldn’t help myself. I had to poke the bear a little. “I don’t need your pity. I know how to get by on my own, and I’ve been doing it for years. What I really didn’t need though, is you getting me fired. I liked that job.” Okay, that’s a lie. I hated that job, but it’s the nicest job I’ve ever had.

“I didn’t get you fired.”

“Bullshit,” I retort. He had something to do with it. “But what you’re going to do is get me another job, or I’ll keep making your life difficult. As you can see, I’ve got the time to invest in doing it.” He has to have something for me to do around here. He owns a freaking building, for God’s sake. Who knows what else he owns.

“How old are you?” he asks.

“Twenty-three.”

He shoots me a look that tells me he knows I’m full of shit. “Old enough,” I finally say.

“Do you really whore yourself out?” he asks, making his way over to me. I’m shocked when he easily lifts me from his chair, sitting me on his desk and sliding himself between my legs.

“Why? You looking?” I ask. Why would he need a hooker? A couple of the girls from the shelter make easy money selling themselves. I’ve never been that desperate, but I understand why they do it. I don’t judge them for it. My life hasn’t been as rough as some of the other girls’. I lucked out. Might be shitty luck but it’s still luck. I bet women fall all over him, so I don’t understand why he would need to pay to get laid. Whoever this Chelsea is, I’m sure she’d give him some. “No. Honestly, I’ve never whored myself out, but maybe if the price was right. Maybe if I was desperate enough.” Pausing, I look up into his eyes. He presses against me, and I can feel his cock is hard. “Does it make you hard thinking you could buy me? What do you think virginity goes for these days? Maybe I’m in the market to sell after all.”