



Secrets Beneath the Mistletoe (Wescott Wolves)

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Category: Sport

Description: A name inside an envelope was all it took to change everything I had known. Never did I imagine having the desire to leave my side business, the only tie to my family. And yet, I fell into an obsession for a woman half my age. All it took was a chilling harmony in the distance, pooled in sadness to change my whole life. The sins of her father brought me to her, and now, I will never give her up. No matter the Secrets Beneath the Mistletoe

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Chapter One

Klaus

The shit I do for money is absolutely fucking ridiculous, but unfortunately for me there is no getting out of the business. Not that I even wanted too. After twenty-nine years of my side business, it's about time to retire, but I can't seem to even want to let it go. It's all I've known for so long. How do I just drop the one thing my father left me with until his sickness started to spread? The last connection to my family.

My grip on the manilla yellow envelope tightens, the paper inside crumples as I continue closing my fist and fighting the urge to go back to the hotel that my team currently awaits tomorrow's game. They know the rules, there is no bullshit when it comes to professional fucking football, they keep their shit together and play with all that they fucking have meanwhile I lack fucking sleep at every game because that's normal for me, and turning myself into a fucking ogre, well that's the price I pay if that means having to force them to play harder while I ream them out for their poor plays.

Like I said, normal.

I pull on the ends of my leather gloves making sure they are neatly tucked into the sleeves of my leather jacket and slowly place the crumpled envelope on the passenger seat of my Mercedes. Pushing the black button on the dash board that has a single letter, X, I wait for the transporter to hide the license plates while I grab the syringe full of cyanide and carefully place it in my coat pocket. Exiting the vehicle, I pull up the black fabric from underneath my leather jacket and cover my head with the hood,

then grab the loose piece from around my neck and cover my nose and mouth. The only thing that's visible are my eyes but with the generic brown contacts my true color remains hidden. I'm a ghost making close to twenty thousand dollars per hit.

A luxury I don't necessarily need but am grateful for having and doing since the moment I turned 16 years old, I am stacked with it.

Moving through the wooded part of the property I slowly make my way until the sight of the huge mansion comes to view. The Vargas family, a billionaire that has unfortunately pissed off the wrong people. I'm not hired to know what he did, just to make him disappear anyway I want. Unfortunately, he has a family. I'm a vicious man but I am not unfair. He'll die a quick natural death, so his family can grieve without knowing the shit this man was into.

I carefully move through the yard and up at the back door of the elaborate mansion, the building could pose as a museum with how big it is. I don't understand the need to waste precious money on a home that can fit more than twenty families. Once I reach the building, I carefully insert the copy of the key that was disclosed in the envelope. The door squeaks open and I slowly push the heavy frame until I can fully fit through the threshold.

The chilling harmony of the "Passacaglia" by Pianovus plays in the distance, the beautiful song causes goosebumps to spread throughout my body. Sadness plays with every smooth glide of the keys. I shake the curiosity away as I make my way up the steps of the lavish home and into the bedroom of Sergio Vargas. He's laid out on his bed in what looks like a suit, sleeping peacefully as the music carries through the mansion as if the piano were sitting right in the same room.

Without wasting time, I quickly remove the cap of the syringe and push the needle to the side of his neck, injecting the clear liquid into his blood stream. Swiftly moving away and into the shadow of the hallway, it takes about half an hour for the poison to

make its way into his system until the silent gurgling sounds of his convulsion finally take him.

Now that the job is done, I let the beautiful sounds flow through me as I follow the sweet melody playing in the distance. I'm hypnotized by the harmony of the piano slowly moving towards the sounds within the darkness until I reach the dimly lit room that illuminates the grand piano by a large window sill.

The gentle caresses of the piano are coming from a slim red headed angel, her body sways as her fingers move from one key to the next. Her eyes are closed as she plays, the music flowing through her body as if it were part of the instrument. Her ivory skin illuminates the way an angel would in the moonlight. I'm entranced. Completely and utterly hypnotized. She looks young from this angle, about half my age and yet I want to fuck her as she caresses the piano.

This is wrong. So wrong. But I can't find it in me to move away from my hiding spot until the song slowly comes to an end and her fingers pause on top of the white keys. I can hear the sniffles take the place of her melodies as she abruptly stands and closes the case over the keyboard. The thud echoes through mixing with her silent tears. She turns her body towards the hallway where I'm watching her through the cracks of the door, her tears drip from her ocean blue eyes down her flushed freckled cheeks. My fingers twitch wishing I could wipe those tears away. My eyes caress the outline of her body, her hourglass shape has me wanting to fall to my knees. She's dressed in a light green modern dress with a high neckline, it's elegant, modest and very mature, yet it makes her look young, very young. My guess is early twenties and that in itself is dangerous. I've never been so enthralled before by a woman, and right now is the worst possible time to get turned on by just her looks alone.

My cock twitches as I watch her lick the tears off her bottom lip and I hold back the moan threatening to expose the stranger inside her home. I silently move through the mansion and lock the door on my way out. Leaving my thoughts on the girl who

completely took my breath away.

Why were you crying baby girl?

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Chapter Two

Klaus

As if I couldn't leave well enough alone, I've stupidly stuck around after the game ended. My team beat the Ravens, 30 to 13. Summers had a 1-yard touchdown run in the first quarter and an 8-yard score in the second half giving us the lead with Campbell adding another 1-yard touchdown with 9:45 remaining on fourth and goal. It was a fucking incredible game, that I couldn't be prouder of my boys. They went out celebrating before their flight back home.

Instead of following their lead, I extended my trip because of an "old buddy" of mine's sudden death. Yet, it's just an excuse to see her again. There's no way I could have left this town without seeing those blue eyes again. I may have physically been working but my mind continuously drifted to the sad ocean eyes of that beauty. My curiosity got the best of me. Winning over my body as if I had no control, as if I were a mere puppet being pulled on some strings.

I stand outside the extravagant mansion once more; this time is different. The sun beams over me, the cold winter breeze makes it a beautiful day. After I disappeared from this house a few nights ago, I suspect she had found her father dead. I kept tabs on the house and the ambulance was called later that night. His death was ruled from a natural cause, due to heart failure. And, this morning it was stated that the funeral would be this weekend. Which is why I stayed. Why? Couldn't fucking tell you. Is it smart being here? Fuck no. But I'm hypnotized by this girl.

Lifting my hand slowly, I bring my knuckle up to the oak door and knock three times

before the door slowly opens and I'm welcomed with the eyes that have held me captivated. Her eyes are puffy and slightly red like she'd been crying still, her nose has a hint of pink on the tip. Her freckles are illuminated the way the stars are in the night sky. I have the biggest itch to count just how many she has just because I'll be the only one close enough to do it. Her eyes widen and her lips part as I continue my assessment of her face. Without even thinking I push her wavy hair away from her face and push it behind her ear. My fingers stay on the soft strands, caressing them while we stay in this moment of pure bliss.

Her throat constricts as she swallows and it only causes my cock to harden at the thoughts of my dick in her mouth as she swallows around me. Pulling myself out of those thoughts I take a step back and pull my hand away, already hating the distance between us. This is wrong. She's too young, way too fucking young.

"I apologize. My name is Niklaus. I was friends with your father at one point in college. I just came to pay my respects." I say, lying through my teeth. She stares at me surprised, and completely in awe.

"I'm sorry. I had no idea he was friends with the Coach of the Wescott Wolves." She coughs, a small smile taking over her face as she blushes. So, she's a fan.

"We weren't that close anymore. But I still came to pay my respects. I'm staying nearby and wanted to see if there was anything I could do to help you during this difficult time." I say softly, guilt surrounds my words without her knowing. I've never felt guilt or remorse after a hit. I do my job and leave. So, why now? Why does this girl have me regretting the hit?

"I appreciate that. If you'd like to stay here, you're more than welcome to. Honestly it would be nice not to be here alone. My mother won't be back in time for the funeral, they just never saw eye to eye. Besides she's with her new boyfriend and he takes priority right now especially during the holiday." She closes her mouth quickly, "I'm

sorry, I'm not sure why I blurted that out." The air in the room seems to disintegrate and turn into one filled with lust as we stare at each other.

"Are you sure that's what you want?" I say hoarsely, her blush extends from her cheek down her neck. My fingers twitch as I think about gently caressing the pink tint on her face. I imagine gliding my finger under her jawline, tilting her neck to the side so I can kiss and lick her soft skin. I wonder how red she would turn with just a few spansks of my belt.

"Yes, please." She whispers, and with just those words. I know I'd do anything to keep her. She may not be mine, but she will be.

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Chapter Three

Ximena

My body is burning up. I'm completely on fire in a way that I've never experienced before. I felt my panties dampen the moment he brushed my hair away from my face. His hazel eyes fixated on me as though I were the most beautiful woman in the world. It's crazy to think that this man can see me as anything more than his friend's daughter. But it doesn't stop the way my heart beats faster as he walks past me the moment I let him inside my home. I watch him walk inside in his black long sleeve jacket and jeans, those fitted pants make his ass look fucking incredible while that tight shirt underneath the jacket defines every inch of his abs. His scent of star anise, and pine consumes me as I walk behind him, following him like a little puppy dog wanting attention.

I quickly catch up to him, lead him through the foyer, and inside the beautifully decorated living room. I've been setting up Christmas decorations since the start of this month, not caring that my father hates this time of year more than my mother. "Do you need to get your stuff at all from the hotel?" He chuckles and shakes his head. "I can have someone drop my things off, that way I don't leave you on your own and unprotected."

I can feel the blush slowly take over. As if I were some treasure that needed to be protected and not the depraved girl grateful that her father perished. He wasn't a good man, the worst really and yet I hid within the darkness of his lies and pretended to be the loving and devoted daughter. Pretended to be upset over a man that would kidnap and enslave immigrants, selling them to the highest bidder as if they were animals. I

should be an actress with the way the tears naturally pour from my eyes.

I hide my face between my palms, chuckling from the way my stomach flips for the concern laced in his tone.

“Don’t hide from me baby girl,” he whispers, leaning over me and using his knuckle to lift my head so that I can look into his eyes more clearly. His eyes darken the longer we stay in this moment. I bite my bottom lip trying to hold back the needy whimper I wish I could let out. “Don’t bite your lip unless you plan on letting me do it for you.” His thumb brushes against my lip, pulling it away from my teeth. I don’t hold back the moan this time, it flows from my lips with ease as he caresses my jaw a few more times while he admires the soft whimpers of desire that escape.

“Do you need me to take care of you, baby girl,” he says softly, spreading his fingers through my hair by the root and gripping roughly enough that it sends bolts of lightning through my body. I swallow, nodding slowly as I stare into his eyes. He’s a handsome man, the stubble on his face perfectly defines his strong jawline. His hair is tussled a bit, as if he’d run his hands through it countless times this morning.

I may be young, but it’s not like I’m some saint. I’ve been with a handful of boys from my college, each I carefully selected to be sure they never stuck around. That’s all they were, boys. How could I expect anyone to stay when my own father was deeper in the black market than the world’s most wanted. It’s been a while since I’ve even thought of a man. But my body seems to have ignited in flames since this man stepped foot inside my house. My body is desperate for him, and I barely even know him and by the way he watches me with lust filled eyes, I can tell he wants me too.

“Please, Daddy.” I whisper, his nostrils flare as the words naturally flood past my lips. He growls in approval, the sound is hungry, and feral and it just makes me want to continue begging him just so he can ravage me in the most primal and cardinal ways.

“Say that again,” he says, reading my own thoughts, deciding against repeating myself. I shake my head with a smirk of defiance that leads to his own smile spreading across his handsome face.

He licks his lips and grips my throat just enough to surprise me. I watch him curiously as he brings his lips inches from my own. I part my lips, praying to whatever God around that he’ll just kiss me and fucking take me the way a starved man would.

“This is wrong,” he whispers, inching closer. “But I’ve never been a man of God. So, don’t make me repeat myself baby girl or there will be consequences.”

“Like what, Mr. Payne? Will you put me across your lap like a bad little girl?” I fake pout, entirely too turned on from the thoughts of being over his lap and spanked by his palm or even his belt. He exhales, letting out a slight chuckle as he moves his hands to the back of my head. A whispered whimper falls from my lips as he slams his mouth to mine. I part my lips for him, letting myself get lost in the ferocity as his tongue dances with mine. His taste of peppermint lingers as we continue this instant connection.

Neither of us pulls away, his hands remain in my hair as the other gently wraps around my neck. He’s so tall that it feels like he’s hovering over me, like he’s in control commanding my body with a mere kiss and touch of my flesh. My hands run down his chest, I can feel every groove and indent of his abs over the light fabric of his shirt.

The kiss is messy, hungry, carnal and desperate. The kind of kiss you could get addicted to. The type that you want to experience every single day of your life. The kind of kiss that could change everything.

He slowly moves away, with a faint curse on his lips as I lean forward wanting his

lips on me once more. His grip on my neck tightens for a split moment, keeping me at arms distance like I'm contagious, like one kiss could get him drunk on me.

Roughly he pushes me closer to the couch, my heart begins to race as his hand leaves my throat, the heat of his hands finds mine as he guides me over the arm rest of the couch. I'm going crazy with need. He pulls away from me, and I squirm from all the intrusive thoughts of him fucking me right now. Moments go by, my patience wearing thin the longer his hands remain off me.

I hear him walk away and slowly make his way back, before I can turn around to look for him a silk fabric covers my eyes and the darkness takes over as he tightens the cloth tightly around my head.

"Beg. I want to hear you beg me to fuck you." His voice is rough and yet there's something about him that makes me feel safe and empowered. I don't say a word, my lips perk up as I hear him chuckle behind me, and then to the side of me. The faint sound of a zipper is the only thing I hear before the sounds of clothes shuffling around fill the space.

"Open that pretty mouth baby girl." I part my lips, not knowing what to expect.

"Wider and stick out your tongue for me," he says and naturally, I obey. Like a needy and desperate whore. He keeps me waiting, humming his approval as he groans in pleasure. I imagine him stroking his hard cock in front of me, the torture of hearing his satisfaction and not being the one to bring him pleasure causes me to whimper. My need to pout and throw a fit right now crosses my mind for a moment until I feel the tip of his cock on my tongue.

My pussy clenches as the sweet taste of his precum fills my mouth, making me salivate from the delicious tease of him. I close my lips around him savoring the taste, feeling how hard he is for me. My muffled moans increase as his thrusts become

more vicious until he's hitting the back of my throat each time.

"Beg me to fuck you. Beg me to claim that pretty pussy. Are you wet for me baby girl?" he rasps. I nod, wishing I could see past the blindfold so I can look into his darkened hazel eyes, the soft waves of green and blues flaked with the gold of an angry sky.

"Use your words. I want to hear you try to talk with your mouth full of my cock." I swallow around his shaft, and his moans fill the room while I continue bobbing my head back and forth.

I've always loved giving head, there's something so powerful of being the one to drive a man wild with need. It's a natural response to get wet, to want more but the way this man restricted my vision, the way he made my heart skip a beat the moment he stepped foot inside my house and the overpowering way he's taken exactly what he wanted has me irrationally needy.

"Please," I muffle with his cock still in my mouth. The words are barely intelligible, barely even words. But he groans nonetheless, and it sparks something primal in me. I slow my pace, teasing him with my tongue as I worship every part of his cock. The veins are so pronounced that I can feel them around my tongue as I lick, suck and tease him.

I can feel the orgasm build deep in my core as I squirm from one leg to the other, shifting as much as I can to relieve some tension inside me.

"Please, fuck me, Daddy," I struggle to say, and he growls in response. He pulls himself out of my awaiting mouth, as drool drips down my chin.

"You sound fucking sexy begging for my cock. I want you to scream out my name as I fuck you," he tilts my head up, caressing my chin with his fingers as he cleans me

off. His hand pushes down on my back and then there's a dip on the couch from where he's kneeling behind me. His fingers easily glide through my wet lace panties. I don't think I've ever been so close to coming while sucking a cock until now.

His thumb circles over my covered clit and I let out a loud moan, the sensation is liberating, like I'm on the verge of a high I've never experienced before from a drug that he must have laced me with the moment his lips met mine.

This is the moment I know that this man will destroy everything I've ever imagined. Every depraved thought. Every delicious detail will forever be ingrained in my thoughts.

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Chapter Four

Klaus

When I arrived at her front door, I never expected the day to turn into this. I've imagined fucking her every second since I murdered her father. She had just been crying and yet here I am kneeling behind her ready to impale her as she begs me to come. I don't have a shred of guilt at this moment. I don't have a drop of regret. I quickly make a hole in her panties; the fabric ripping is the only sound accompanying her whimpers as I feel how wet she is. She's fucking dripping.

"Did having my cock in your mouth make you this wet?" I say hoarsely, coating my finger with her arousal. She pushes back against me as if she were trying to guide my fingers inside her greedy little cunt. Giving her ass a light smack, she pulls forward with a moan on those sinfully plump lips. "Use your words baby girl."

"Yes, Sir."

"You want my cock inside your needy little cunt? You'll be a good little whore and take every inch of my cock. Won't you?" She wiggles her ass closer to me, needing me deep inside her. I chuckle at her enthusiasm and spank her harder this time for not answering me fast enough.

"Won't you?" I repeat, spanking her one more time and slowly kneading her ass to soothe the ache of the pain. Her moans grow louder as my cock thickens at the sight of her bent like this.

“Yes, daddy.” Her voice cracks as she wiggles her ass once more, my cock is inches from her entrance. I push down on her lower back as I push the tip of my dick inside her, her walls open for me immediately. Pulling out, and back in as I push deeper than before. I tease her with my movements, slowly entering her until I’m fully seated inside her. She moves forward and back, her red hair flowing down her back as she continues fucking herself with my cock. Using me like she’d use a toy. I let her take control for a moment longer, and then I slam into her tight little cunt savagely, repeatedly taking her as her moans grow louder to the point they become literally gut-wrenching screams. The smacks of our body play a beautiful melody as she chants my name, over and over again.

“That’s right baby girl. Who fucking owns you?” I growl, my movements don’t falter as I ravage her roughly my fingers dig into her waist as she finally breaks. Her back arches, as she tries to pull away from me.

“Klaus, oh fuck. You own me, Daddy.” She screams, as her pussy tightens around me, her orgasm hits her like a fucking storm until I fucking cum inside her. Her loud moans and chants continue as she slowly comes down from her high.

Slowly pulling away I watch as my cum drips from her tight little cunt. I spread out her cheeks, lost in the moment. Bending over I lick her cunt up and down, cleaning her up from the mess we both made as she moans. Lifting myself away from her I move off the couch and in front of her. She’s frozen in place, waiting with anticipation of what I’ll do. I can’t say a word, a mixture of our cum sits on my tongue waiting to be inside her eager little mouth. Gripping her chin, I pull down, it’s like she knew what my mind was thinking because she opens her mouth and sticks out her tongue without being told to. I spit every drop inside her mouth, the mixture of us still lingers in my own. A mixture of sweet and bitter, of good and evil mingles around us.

“Swallow,” I command, transfixed as her throat constricts and she sticks out her

tongue again. “That’s my girl.” If I wasn’t already fucking obsessed then I definitely am now. I remove the blindfold from her face, her face is completely flushed and her blue eyes look as if she had cried once more. She looks breathtaking freshly fucked. It’s an image I want to preserve for the rest of my fucking life. Carefully I brush her hair away from her face and kiss her, the kiss is gentle and sweet. The complete opposite from the way I just fucked her.

“Let’s get you in bed,” I say softly and her eyes widen as she looks towards the windows. “It’s still noon. There's no way I can go to sleep now.”

“I didn’t say we would get any sleep. I’m only here until the funeral, and then I have to go back. My team needs me. So, in the meantime, we will be in bed other than to eat and shower. Do you understand?” I retort. Her features soften, and she smiles at me as if I’d hung the moon out for her.

“Yes, Daddy.” She replies and I fucking groan at the sound. I never thought I’d get so turned on being called daddy. Sir, yes but Daddy. Fuck .

She rises from the couch, sliding her dress back down covering the ripped panties from view, that perfect fucking sight is all but hidden from me. I’m not sure I like that.

“Take off that dress. I don’t want any clothes on you right now.” The smirk on her face proves just how much she likes the thought of being naked right now, that she likes that I take control. She shifts from one leg to the other, squirming as she picks up a box and tilts her head nodding over to the grand staircase across the foyer and turns around.

I quickly follow behind her, like a puppy dog with his tail between his fucking legs. Obsessed, and addicted to my treat walking away from me. She begins walking up the steps, her ass sways with each step forward. I groan desperately wishing she’d

just fucking remove her clothes. I want her naked, and yet every bit of this situation is wrong. So, fucking wrong.

Chapter Five

Ximena

Over the next couple days, Klaus kept me in bed completely spent as we went at it like fucking rabbits. It's probably the most sex I've had in my life. Every delicious second is like a revolving door in my head, every grunt, whimper and moan that escapes his lips is something I don't ever want purged from my mind.

"Ready, Little Ember?" Klaus says as he enters the bedroom, I look up at the mirror in front of me and find him instantly through the reflection. His smiles down at me, as if I'd hung the fucking sun for him and it just tears at my heart. Would he hate me for the secrets I hide from him?

"Ready," I swallow the guilt back as I adjust the hem of my black dress and nod softly. I turn my back towards the mirror, through the version of me that others see, the one I carefully structured to portray the grieving daughter of a saint, when in reality I'm the overjoyed woman who has greatly benefited from his untimely death.

The facade carefully floods through me as I move forward. My movements are carefully intact as we make our way to Klaus' rented Mercedes. The cold December breeze causes me to shiver as Klaus opens the car door for me. He leans over the seat, his rich smell of pine surrounds me as he grabs the seat belt and gently pulls it across my waist, securing me safely like a child.

"I could have done that," I remark, trying extremely hard to hide the smile that threatens to come out. He smiles, "I know, but you shouldn't have to. Besides any

excuse I can make to get my hands on you I'll take." With a light kiss on my lips, he pulls away and closes the door behind him. My heart is hammering through my chest as he opens his own car door, turns on the car and begins our journey to the church. My eyes stay on the scenery, the trees as they pass by, the cars beside us, and the fluffy clouds as they create different shapes in the sky. His grip on my thigh brings me back to the present, brings me back to him and when I turn to face him. He's still staring out the window, driving with a cool and collected demeanor and with a smile perched on his lips. He looks over at me for a moment, and I can't help the blush that spreads through my face as his hazel eyes meet mine.

Arriving at the extravagant church we're surrounded by strangers in mourning. Most of them are people I've only ever met once, most that didn't even know who my father really was. The ones who knew his secrets aren't even here, never admitting guilt by association I would assume. They're just ghosts in this twisted game that's been played for as long as I can remember. The fake tears form in the corner of my eyes as I move away from the man comforting me and closer to his lifeless body, the soft whimper almost feels natural as I allow the drops to fall, willing myself to cry harder.

I look back across the room towards Klaus, his lust filled eyes following my movements, not in judgement but full of a mixture of compassion, and desire. Like he wishes he could hold me while the fake tears emerge or just bend me over the casket and claim me in front of the grieving crowd, it's hard to determine which he wants more. Rubbing my thighs together, I try to fill the need I have for him because what I want is for to give into the desire he has for me, fuck anyone who thinks this is wrong.

My surroundings slowly disappear as his eyes darken, as if he can read every dirty thought racing through my mind. He strides over to me, his movements are calculated and yet full of hunger, and desire. His arms wrap around my own as if he were simply holding me from breaking apart from the grief. "Stop staring at me like you want me

to drag you to the back room and fuck you.” He whispers, his hot breath causes chills to go down my spine, sparking a fire that only seems to light for him. “Please, Daddy. I need you.” I whisper back, low enough that only he can hear as his arms release me from the embrace, they had me in.

“Follow me,” he commands in that low raspy voice that has me salivating like a damn dog in heat. The rest of the room is still a blur as I follow, I can see the faint images of everyone attending but I can’t fully see them. My path was made the moment he held me in his arms, feeding that flame that seems to ignite the longer I smell that distinct smell of pine, of him. The moment we’re isolated in the hallway of the back of the cathedral, he takes hold of my hand and pushes me against the wall with a light thump. The whimpers that escape causes a whispered echo to surround us, the classical music from the piano fills the empty spaces of silence as his lips meet mine. He firmly presses his body against mine, his hands glide down my shoulders, and arms down to my wrists before forcefully lifting them over my head. He thrusts his long hard cock against the thin fabric of my black dress.

“See what you do to me, Little Ember?” He whispers, moving his hands back down my arms as he pulls me away from me. He methodically moves to the side, opening the closed door as he grabs me by the wrists and enclosing us inside a darkly lit room, the energy within shifts from that of gloom and darkness to a burning force of sexual tension and hunger. I glance around as best I can to find us in the pastors’ office, the desk is full of paperwork in front of a number of built-in bookshelves that display various types of religious books, crosses decorate the shelves, and walls surrounding us as God watches from the heavens.

“On the desk. Spread those legs for me. Let me see how much you need me.”

Every part of me obeys his command without hesitation, I gently lift myself on the desk, the moment my skin makes impact with the desk, I feel the smooth cool papers against my skin. I carefully spread my legs out, making sure not to knock over the

small decorative pieces the pastor has on his desk. My eyes never leave his as I lift the front of my dress up, until my aching wet pussy is on full display for him. Our need for one another has grown rapidly in just a few short days. There's no part of me that wants to let him leave without me. I push the thoughts from my head as best I can, as I glide my finger through my slit. He groans in response, watching me with such intensity that has me dripping even more for him. The heat of his glare has me picturing the warmth of his skin against mine from across the room.

My head flings back as I get lost in the heat of my touch on my clit. The circular motions have me lifting my hips chasing the orgasm starting to build. The moment his hands glide up my leg, I gasp at the instant spark I feel going through my body. My eyes meet his emerald green ones as I look back down at him.

"This will be quick, and only for you, Little Ember." His grip tightens on my leg as he brings them to his shoulders resting them on each side of his head. Slowly, he lowers himself until his hot breath is mere inches from my cunt. The desperate whines that escape my lips are something I should feel ashamed of, but I don't. I just need his mouth on me. I move my body a little closer, hoping that he'll just close the distance between his sinful tongue and my dripping pussy.

"So desperate for me, aren't you?" His chuckles fill the quiet room, mixing with the sound of the church music playing in the distance. The funeral was about to start, and here I am desperate for my father's friend to devour me in every way that he can before the pastor comes looking for me and finds us. His warm tongue licks up my slit, as he hums, the vibration of his satisfaction has me smiling as I stare down at him. His eyes are closed, his eyelashes flicker as his tongue flicks over and over again until my orgasm is on the precipice of free falling down the cliff of everlasting life.

Inserting a finger, and sucking my clit enhances the feeling, the rapid movements of his fingers, his mouth, his hold on my stomach as he continues over and over until

I'm biting down on my hand to stop myself from screaming out his name. There's no way in hell, I'm letting him leave without me now.

"You taste so fucking good. Like, my small taste of heaven." He whispers, kissing my thigh as he brings my legs down.

"Will you let me come with you? I'm not ready for this to end." I say shyly, hiding my face so he can't see the embarrassment from slowly creeping its way down my neck.

"Look at me, Ximena. I wasn't planning on leaving you behind. You're mine now." He carefully stands, adjusting his hard cock behind his pants so it's not as visible, the thought of his cock has me salivating but he's right we really need to get this funeral over with. Bringing down my dress, he adjusts it so there's no way you can tell that he just ate me like I was his last meal inside the house of God.

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Chapter Six

Klaus

I really shouldn't have brought her with me. I was supposed to do my job and get out. I was certainly not supposed to fuck the man's daughter. Especially not before his damn funeral, that I shouldn't have attended. But, I'm weak. She has me wrapped around those fingers like a goddamn puppy without even realizing it. We arrived at the hotel in Daring to meet up with my team for the next game, this isn't what I wanted to do but I've already missed about a week with them. And as a coach in the middle of our season, that's just fucking stupid of me to do.

Ximena is getting dressed for our dinner, at this beautiful extravagant hotel. I was able to upgrade up to a suite which happens to already be fully decorated for Christmas, just so I can treat her to a beautiful get away. We'll go swimming later but first I need to make sure nothing in her father's life will link back to me or her. I dial Addison's number; it's been a long time since we've last spoken. She's a fellow co-worker, and yet she's like the sister I never had. We're hired to kill the worst of the worst. After her upbringing, I fully understand her decision to enter this business.

"Klaus? Is Nash okay?" She asks in concern, the only reason we speak anymore is because of my quarterback. Nash Summers, the man she is still in love with and protecting. After we met, and she realized I was his coach, I promised to look out for him when she's not able.

"He's fine. We're in Daring. I just wanted to know if you can get me Serenity's help. I need to make sure nothing can tie me to my last job, and make sure Ximena Vargas

is clear from any dangers her father may have been involved in.”

“You got it. I’ll get in touch with her. How is he?”

“When are you going to get out of hiding to see for yourself?” I look outside towards the beautifully lit city at night. The lights make the city look big and yet everyone looks tiny, like little ants on a hill.

“Soon. I’ll be home soon.” She sighs, it’s been too long since she’s seen him and yet her obsession with him continues. Part of me thinks she’s delusional to hold out hope. But when I first met Nash Summers, I noticed a picture he keeps inside his locker with what looks like a younger version of Addi. He still loves her, or at the very least still thinks about her.

“I’ll help you in any way I can,” I whisper, as the light footsteps behind me get closer. I bring the phone down from my ear. Quickly ending the call, while I watch as Ximena strides out in a tight as fuck black dress, her luscious curves have my eyes hooked. Her smile lights up her face in a way that has those freckles distinguished a little more. She’s fucking beautiful.

My lustful eyes devour her, imagining her bent over the couch before we even have a chance to leave the suite for dinner. Clearing my throat, “are you ready for some food?” Her eyes look down my suit pants and back up my body. She’s undressing me in the same way. Hungrily. Desperately.

“I’m hungry alright, just not for food.” She smirks, while reaching to the side of her dress. The soft hums of the zipper being pulled down echoes as if there were speakers tuning directly on the sound. My cock twitches as she pulls her arms through the dress and lets it fall to the ground with a delicate clink from the zipper. The black two-piece lingerie set she has on has me drooling as she lifts her legs away from the dress and closes the distances between us. Clenching my fists, I stand there watching

as she seductively prowls around me like a goddamn tigress. With one last glance she pulls down the black lace thong down her leg and kicks it towards where I'm standing there. My jaw clenches as I stand my ground, watching her movements closely before I take her. Her ass sways as she moves towards the sliding glass door that leads to the private pool on our balcony.

She pulls one arm through the strap of her lace corset, slowly followed by the other arm as she looks back at me, her mischievous innocent look has me groan in both frustration and excitement. My little temptress. I don't think twice as I slowly unbutton my light blue blouse, and allow it to fall on the patio floor as I follow after my girl. I watch her as she carefully shimmies out of the remaining piece of fabric.

Glass surrounds the balcony all around the edges as the water shimmers in the moonlight, she stops the moment she reaches the steps of the pool. She looks back towards me, fear etched on her beautiful face, the worry marks by the corner of her eyes, has me stop my own movements. Fuck, what's wrong? The moment I reach her I see it; the pool is completely made out of glass. Beneath us you can see people in the distance walking, their images are a bit blurry at first glance while the pool water moves as the wind slowly picks up in the distance.

"What's the matter baby girl? Scared of a little height?" I taunt as I quickly remove my pants, the smile slowly taking over my face as I hold onto her shoulders. Her small gasp has my cock standing at attention, she shivers as she tries to pull away from me.

"I don't think so, Little Ember." I tusk, "You wanted to play games, so let's play." I say, guiding her inside the heated water. We slowly make our way down the steps to be sure we stay warm and I guide her delicate hands to the railing and make my way behind her, pushing on her back so she's bent over looking down at the world below us. "Hold onto the railing, Ximena. Do you think they can see you being a good little whore for me?" Her face is flushed as she looks thirty floors down. Carefully I spread

out her ass cheeks, admiring the view of her ass.

“Is this for me baby girl?” I glide my finger through her wet folds, spreading out the arousal up to her ass. My mouth waters at the view before me, my need to taste her has me practically getting on my knees for her. But I don’t want to take my time with her right now. Pulling down my boxer briefs as quickly as I can, and free my cock, the pre-cum already dripping down my length like I didn’t just fuck her today.

“Are you ready for me?” I question as she whimpers with need. She doesn’t get a chance to answer as I thrust inside her. I grip her waist as I slowly pull out, teasing her with my crown as she begins to chant, please over and over again. Her chanting slows as I push into her again. My fingers tips dig into her skin so roughly that her pale complexion is surely to be marked by the time I’m done with her. Her walls tighten around my cock as she moves her ass back, rocking on her feet to the same rhythm. She feels so good, too good. I wish I could just live inside her. Her whispers turn into screams of pleasure as she watches the tiny images of people looking up towards the pool.

I’m not sure they can see us from here, but they can definitely hear her screaming my name as I fuck her. Her orgasm takes her, her legs tremble as I fill her full of my cum. I can’t wait for the day for her belly to grow with my child. My child. I’ve never thought about having a family. Never once wanted to continue my name, until now. She will have my child. I’ll be sure of it.

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Chapter Seven

Ximena

My moans grow as I open my eyes to find Klaus' face between my thighs. His scruff burning as his sinful tongue devours me like his favorite dessert. Bringing my fingers through his hair I push myself closer, moving my hips in sync to the way he eats my cunt. I can't get enough of him. After he fucked me over by the pool a few days ago, we finally ended up getting room service and staying in for the rest of the night. The next day was his game, and I stayed at the hotel resting. I have yet to see him in action as much as I want to, I'm afraid of what people will say if they see us together. He doesn't care. But he's my father's friend and double my age. Could this have a good outcome?

Probably not. Will it? Maybe. Would I risk it all anyway? Absolutely. But first, I would need to come clean. I would need to tell him the secrets that I've been hiding. Would he feel differently if he knew? Fuck, his fingers dig into my thighs as he moves away. A small whine escapes my lips involuntarily, as I try to chase his tongue with my hips.

"You shouldn't be thinking, Little Ember. Let me take away all your thoughts. Chase the pleasure. Fall into the sensation of my tongue on your clit. Use me," he commands, "Make yourself come on my tongue. Don't stop until you're a dripping, needy little fucking mess wanting me to fuck you."

"Yes, Daddy" I moan, loving the way this man talks. Because holy shit, his mouth is filthy and the shit he does with his tongue. I'd commit sins to remain on his naughty

list. It doesn't take him long to return his attention to my pussy. My fingers curl in his hair as I use him, forcing his face in place as I ride his tongue while he licks and sucks. There's no way he can breathe at this point. But I won't stop. I can't. I chase the orgasm on the precipice of taking over my body until I finally fall into pleasure and yell out his name. He slurps up every drop, licking my sensitive clit that causes my body to quake in response.

"Such a good girl. Are you ready for my cock?" He whispers, his chin glistening from the sunlight as he looks up at me. I bite my lip, wanting nothing more of his cock inside me.

"Shouldn't you be getting ready for your game tonight? It is your last game before Christmas." My eyebrows lift in amusement, watching as his eyes light up with mischief as if he had the most brilliant idea.

"What's that look for?" I ask, he smiles letting his white teeth shine as he smacks his lips together, savoring my taste.

"You're going to my game. I have plans for you. Think you can be a good girl for me?"

"I'm not sure if I should be scared, but I'm curious as to what your plans are Coach Payne."

He lifts himself up, climbing over me slowly until his forearms surround my head while he peppers me with kisses. "Be scared. I'm going to use your body in ways you've always dreamt about. I'm going to mark you," he begins, as he teases me with his cock on my slit. "Until," thrust. "You can't think," thrust. "Of a future without me."

The thought of another man taking his place, or even attempting to fill me with dread.

I wrap my hands around his head and bring him down until his lips touch mine. Our tongues collide in perfect harmony, until all I can hear in my mind are the sounds of keys playing in a perfect melody. The music flows through our kiss, searing each musical note inside my skin as if I had just been branded. My moans play the orchestra while I continue out the song until we are both left panting and stealing each other's breath as we come.

“Fuck, Ximena. You were made for me.” He whispers, and my heart practically explodes. All I want to do is tell him, I was made for you, in the same way you were made for me. To just tell him the truth so we can move past it and start the rest of our lives together. I don't care how much older he is than me. I don't care that he's my father's friend. I just want him. To be his.

His teeth on my shoulder causes me to yelp in both pain and pleasure. “Oh, you liked that didn't you?” he teases. His semi hard cock, already starting to grow inside me.

“Get ready for the game. Make sure you wear a dress. No panties.” His tone is serious, letting me know not to play any games with him unless I want some sort of punishment by the end of the night. Part of me just wants to be his good girl and listen to his every instruction. But I want his punishments more than I need air.

“And, if I don't. What happens then?” I tease, bopping his nose as he lifts himself higher. His eyebrows lift in amusement like he's waiting for me to say that I was joking. I smile as innocently as I can to him awaiting a response.

“Try me and find out,” he pulls his now hard cock out of me and walks his fine ass out of the bedroom. Leaving me groaning in disappointment, when I was just starting to hope for another round before, he had to leave for the game. I slowly caress my body, the ache I feel not fully satisfied even though I came twice already. This man satisfied my every need, and yet when he's not touching me, I feel as though pieces of me are missing.

“Don’t you dare touch yourself, Ximena.” He yells from the other room. I purposely want to continue just for the fuck of it. But I know whatever he’s thinking may be much more rewarding. “Get dressed! Meet me at the entrance of the stadium. I’ll have my phone on me so let me know when you arrive so I can walk you in.” He says as he walks back towards the entrance of the bedroom. “You better be on time, and arrive before the game. I still have to work.”

“Yes, Daddy.” I reply. Sitting up on the bed, I watch as he puts on his purple Wolves jacket over the Wolves sweater. The words Coach Payne etched on the right-hand side of his chest in white. “Don’t be late or you won’t like the consequences.” He grabs his hat and carefully adjusts it on his head before walking out the door.

I’m left there, needy and desperately wishing he didn’t leave. I need to tell him the truth. Groaning, I stand up and take my time getting ready for the day. Putting on my jeans and the purple jersey he had made for me on over my sweater. Payne is written on the back of the jersey, with two 00’s like he wanted everyone to know that I was his, that he owned me in a way that no one ever has before.

Chapter Eight

Klaus

Five minutes, it's been five minutes of me standing here at the entrance waiting for Ximena to arrive. She's late. I'm both annoyed and excited at her lack of instruction. The lines of people have slowly come to a halt. The game introductions start in about a half hour, luckily Coach West is already working with the team. He knows what's about to happen. I don't consider myself having any form of best friends, the only real friend that knows every detail of my hidden life is Addison, but Logan West may be the only other friend I have when it comes down to it. He's well aware of the red headed temptress that has embedded herself into my veins, igniting the flames of my darkest desires.

Logan is the defensive coach; I may be head coach but his role is just as important. We actually went to the same college together before we were both made coaches.

"Klaus, hurry the fuck up. We need to give the guys some motivational garbage to get them pumped. Summers, quit fucking dancing and get your gear on." Logan says on the headset, I usually take this off but I needed to be sure everything was going smoothly as I was waiting for Ximena.

The vibrant ember of her hair shimmering under the sunlight is the first thing that catches my attention. Her hair flows down her chest, the curls covering parts of the purple jersey I left her. She's all bundled up, her purple sweater beneath the jersey and a pair of jeans that shows off every curve of her legs. It's not like she'll need any part of her clothes when I'm done with her. She smiles the moment she notices me,

her face lights up every time those blue eyes meet mine. Like, I'm the God she's always believed in, like I'm a saint, a hero. A man that I'm not. I refuse to tell her that I'm the one who killed her father. She would never forgive me. She'd leave. And, that's one thing I'll never allow. Even if I have to tie her to the bed for the rest of her life.

That's an idea for another day.

Carefully I remove the headset, and turn it off, wrapping it around my neck "You're late, Ximena." I lift my eyebrow, watching as she attempts to come up with some sort of excuse for her tardiness. I can't help but chuckle, as she tries to find her words.

"You shouldn't have left me a needy mess." She replies with a bit of a bite. Disobedient little brat.

"Let's go, Ximena. You have a very special room to watch the game." Grabbing her delicate hands, I guide her inside the stadium past the security who I've already warned that I'd have a guest. With my hand in hers I drag her to what is right now my office close to the men's locker room. The room is prepared with two huge screens playing the exact game we are playing from different angles, there's bundles of rope on the desk ready for me to use with toys carefully in place for what I have planned for her.

"Remove all your clothes, and sit on the chair." I command, as I twist the lock on the door.

Her movements are hesitant, shaky even as she stares at the oak desk. "What are you going to do to me," she whispers. Her tone is laced with curiosity and desire, maybe a small hint of fear and burning excitement as she looks out the window of the office. The blinds are already closed, each one separating us from the world. It doesn't take her long to obey, and walks towards the chair adjusted in front of the two big screens.

“Good girl,” I murmur, closing the distance between us. I need her lips on mine before I duct tape that beautiful mouth shut. I can’t have her making noises when I leave her here. I kiss her like I need to breathe in the same air. She moans, moving her hips just slightly already squirming and wet for me, I bet. Pulling back, I look down at her, admiring the goddess looking back at me. She’s perfect. I can’t wait to see her mascara running down her cheeks by the time I get back for half time.

Grabbing the cotton rope from the desk I walk back to where she’s sitting, waiting for my next movement. I push her legs apart, lifting each of her heels and carefully placing them over the armrest of the leather desk chair. I carefully untangle the rope and wrap the rope around her leg, a few times before grabbing the end of it and wrapping it around the back of the chair, and tying her other leg the same way. The rope is there to make sure her legs stay open, but there is a chance that she’s able to close them if she needs some relief. Her glistening pussy is indication that she loves it already. I grab another piece of rope as I watch her squirm a little more in her seat.

“Hands behind the chair,” she quickly moves, wrapping one hand around her other wrist as quickly as she can behind the chair. I carefully adjust the thick rope around her making sure there's no way she can get herself out of this little predicament, first around her chest and attaching the rope to her wrist. The x friction knot is a simple square knot that allows me to tie the rope in a downwards direction, so that I can essentially attach her to the chair making sure she’s completely immobile.

Her nipples harden as I lightly graze her with the back of my hand, making sure that the rope is tight over her tits and just below it. I slowly reach inside my jean pocket and take out the silver chain, the nipple clamps clink together as I lift them to her face. She’s curious, excited and a bit of fear takes over her face. I walk around her and lean forward, teasing her with my breath and tongue as I suck on her nipples, making sure they are ready for the clamps. She moans and bucks her hips just a bit, wanting to find some sort of relief.

Carefully setting the clamps in place, I tug on them just a little more as her pleased moans convert to pained whines. I smile down at her, needy and desperate for me. My cock strains against my jeans; I'm tempted to just stay here and fuck her until she can no longer walk but unfortunately, I have work to go do.

Walking back over to the desk, I take the plug-in wand and turn up the setting. The hum of the toy reverberates loudly as if it were battling with the murmurs from the television announcers. "Don't make a sound, Ximena. Can you do that for me?" I say, placing the wand on her clit. She nods her head frantically, needing the release as much as I want to watch her come. I remove the toy from her body, as she watches me with disappointment.

"You'll only come on my cock. Do you understand, this is not for your pleasure Little Ember. You were late, so you'll wait until half time. If you come, I'll punish you until you have welts all over your ass. If you're my good little whore, you'll come so many times today you'll see stars." I rasp.

"Yes, Daddy." She whispers, her voice is shaky and hushed that I could barely hear the words as she spoke. Her moans break off, louder as the wand meets her clit once more. I use an extra piece of rope and tie the wand and attach it to the chain of the clamps. If she moves even an inch the wand will pull the clamps in the most vicious pleasurable ways.

"Good little whore. I'll be taping your mouth shut. No one will hear your moans while I'm gone. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Daddy." That's all I needed, cutting a piece of the duct tape with my teeth. I place a piece over her mouth. Her moans are silenced, but not completely. She can still hum out her pleasure through the tape. The sound has my cock leaking pre-cum against my boxers.

“Behave Ximena,” I say softly as I stand, my eyes feast on her all tied up, her eyes locked on mine as she lightly shifts her hips testing out the restraints and the wand placement. I walk out the door, wishing I had been able to witness every second she tries not to come.

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Chapter Nine

Ximena

This is absolute torture. His game has already started, I watch him come out of the tunnels with his team. For a split second he shifts to a camera and smirks, it's something I know he did for me. The knowledge of that had my pussy weeping more than the lowest setting of the wand. I want to thrust my hips against the vibration, the orgasm is on right on the edge as it slowly grows the longer the vibration continues. The clamps pull at my nipples as I push myself forward for a second. The moan that leaves my lips has legs tremble; the ripple effect of the movement has the clamps pull a little more. The pain surges through my body like wildfire, my grip on my wrist tightens as the rope burns my skin.

"Summers has had a great season so far; his stats are the highest they've ever been. Higher than any quarterback I've even seen." Says the commentator.

"Ultimately, it comes down to who wants to win. Who wants it more? Think the Wolves have it in them to beat the Crows?" says, in a different voice.

The men's voices begin to blend as my body trembles a little more. I've been holding back as the sensation takes over, not wanting to disobey Klaus. I want to come more than I want the pleasure of his marks on my skin. All I want is to come. Nothing more. My clit throbs as the wand continues its torture, the humming has my cunt dripping my arousal down my thigh.

How could he know whether I finished or not? I could just sneak one, couldn't I?

How long is each quarter? I may have known he was the coach of the Wolves, but that doesn't mean I understand an ounce of Football. The only thing I understood was that anytime my father put on the football game was that this man looked hot as fuck in his jeans and signature coach's sweater at every game. While the players were hot in those pants, Coach Payne was ridiculously sexy in his every day attire. Now, I know what he looks like beneath all the purple fabric. Fuck .

“Touchdown for the Wolves! With only 4 minutes left of the first quarter by number 32, Miles Campbell! That was an incredible 99-yard pass by quarterback Nash Summers.” The voices on the television start to sound the same, the need to come is the only thing I can focus on. The first quarter is almost done, and it feels like I've been sitting here for hours.

I move my hips, hoping to get the wand where I need it. The tug on my nipples burns before it turns into a pleasurable pain. I want to scream out from frustration. I carefully stay as still as possible, wishing I had stayed in my bed so I can touch myself as much as I need to. I never expected him to fucking leave me tied up during a game.

Time begins to blend together. I'm not sure how much time has passed as I wait for Klaus to come back. I think with just the slightest touch I'll end up on the verge of collapsing from the pleasure. There's no way I'll make it.

A slow click of the door catches my attention. I quickly fling my head towards the direction, hoping that it's not someone else. Klaus, comes into view. His darkened glare quickly meets mine as he closes the door once more. He locks it.

“Logan. Don't bother me until half time is over. Feed them the speech without me. Don't knock on the door unless someone is dying. I'm serious fucker. I'm busy.” He says into his headset. Turning it off, he removes it and places it on the couch next to the entrance.

“It looks like you’ve been a good little whore. Have you been waiting for me to finish you off Little Ember?”

I nod uncontrollably. The muffles that escape through the tape, aren’t intelligible, aren’t comprehensible.

Chapter Ten

Klaus

She sits there watching me as I stalk up to her removing the wand from the predicament I left her in. Her pained mewls from the clamps cause her nipples to harden a little more. She's so fucking sexy tied up like this, ready for me to use the way I way I long for. Pushing my pants down as swiftly as I can I take my hardened cock out, gripping myself and pumping up and down a few times before lining up with her cunt. I don't give it a second thought before I push myself inside her.

The position isn't the most comfortable, and I'm sure her limbs are in pain from being in this position for about an hour but I can't help wanting to claim her. I fuck her, rapidly and roughly tugging at the ropes around her chest as best I can. I continue thrusting, in and out. She doesn't need much more time, she'd been on the edge for who knows how long. She comes on my cock so beautifully, her muffled sounds dance behind the tape. I pull my cock out quickly, and allow the warm cum to cover her pale skin.

I carefully remove the tape from her lips, and kiss her the taste of the adhesive isn't the best but I couldn't care less. She groans at the position, her body completely spent. I kiss her once more and remove her restraints rubbing her body as best I can. I kiss the markings left behind, wanting nothing more than to heal her with each peppered kiss.

"Thank you, Daddy." She whispers, tiredly. She's exhausted from the scene, and I wrap her up in my arms before helping her get dressed.

"I wish I could stay here with you, but I have to head back. You can stay here or go up to the special box for families or even head home if you prefer. As soon as I'm done I'll give you the aftercare you deserve."

She nods softly, and places a swift kiss on my lips. "I'll be here when you return. I don't think I can face people just in case someone heard me." Her cheeks turn pink with embarrassment, hiding the small freckles that cover her face.

"See you soon then," I love you. The words are there at the tip of my tongue, but refuse to come out. It's too soon.

Chapter Eleven

Klaus

It's Christmas day in Wescott. Ximena and I have been decorating my place since we came back after the football game. Decorating, and fucking in every possible spot that I can take her. We spent last night fucking under the tree, I waited until she was fast asleep so I could have the grand piano delivered that I had gotten her. It's incredible how much a delivery company is willing to do when you drop a couple million.

I had to get her the piano, and I had to listen to her play once more. Her music replays in my head the more I think of the night I first saw her. The guilt has been building up the longer we've been together. But I can't find it in me to tell her the truth. I'd have to tie her to the bed if she tried to leave and I'm not about to do that while I'm midseason with my team. I add lights around the edges of the piano, carefully decorating it so it's as festive as the rest of the house. She loves Christmas, the way she lights up over the decorations has me falling in love with her a little more.

Adding the finishing touches to the piano, I walk back towards the bedroom. Her bare ass is the first thing I see as she lays on her stomach, her arms are below the pillow as she sleeps peacefully. Grabbing the edge of the blanket, I cover her body and climb in behind her. wrapping my arm around her, embracing her with my warmth until I let sleep take over.

Chapter Twelve

Ximena

I groan as the sun beams through curtains. A heavy arm on my back begins to stroke my hip. His feather light touch causes my skin to break out in goosebumps. I love the way he caresses me; it makes me realize just how safe I feel in his arms and just how much I've been falling for him. The secrets I keep have made me feel more guilty than ever, but how could I tell him and watch the affection he has for me disappear. I don't think I could handle him walking away from me, from us.

"Merry Christmas," he whispers, tightening his hold around my waist.

"Feliz Navidad," I say, wiggling my ass against the thickness of his cock. His cock twitches as he lets out a raspy groan.

"Stop wiggling your ass. You have to open your present before I have mine." I stop my movement and gasp at his words. My face unwillingly lights up. His hands tighten around me and I can't help but wiggle once more. His salacious moan has me already wet and ready for him. It's all I want, but he puts the distance between us, his hold slowly letting go of my hips as he twists his body further away. I can't help the disappointment, along with the pout that takes over my face.

"Don't pout. I have plans for you this morning, just not here. Go to the living room and check what Santa brought you." His hazel eyes glimmer in mischief and excitement as he says the words. I quickly move the blanket away from my body, the cold breeze of the air conditioning mixed with the heat of the room has my nipples

hardening every second they remain exposed. I quickly sit up on my knees, the mattress dips where I kneel as I watch Klaus grab a bag from the closet and out the door.

“Come see what Daddy Klaus brought you,” he taunts.

“I can’t wait any further. My feet land on the cold hardwood floors as I quickly make my way to the living room. Right by the tree is a beautiful grand Steinway piano, completely decorated in Christmas lights. My gasp fills the silence, the room is completely dark being illuminated by the beautiful satin ebony piano. The cost alone is over half a million dollars. The small hints of light from the curtains bleed through, showcasing him standing off to the side, watching me with a soft smile.

“I can’t believe you did this,” I whisper, completely astonished by the gesture. I’ve barely brought up playing in the time we’ve met. We’ve been so focused on our bubble, of sex and aftercare that I’ve only ever played the tunes in my head. Creating songs for when I had the chance to sit at my piano to play. He closes the lid, creating a flat surface before he picks me up, my legs tangle around his body and I crash our lips together frantically. I was already desperate and needy for him, but now my pussy throbs with the way she wants him inside her. Now.

He sits me on top of the piano as we get lost in our warmth, the way he thrusts against my cunt has me dripping a little more. I moan as he grips my throat, tightening his hold like he was afraid I’d disappear.

“Lay back for me, baby girl.” He pants, the smell of peppermint takes over as I lean back on the piano lid. He steps away from me admiring the view of my naked body on my favorite instrument, illuminated by colorful lights, splayed out in front of him.

I want this man more than I need to play, but will he still want me when he finds out my truth?

Chapter Thirteen

Klaus

Walking over to the mistletoe I brought out from the side table; I take a bundle tied in a red ribbon and carefully make my way back to the piano where my perfect present lays watching me intently. Her eyes are hungry, and the color of the sky during a snow storm. I can't help but be entranced, but I want nothing more than to fuck every hole that she has until she's all mine and dripping with my cum. Lightly I trace lines along her delicate skin with the leaves and bend forward so that I can lick and kiss each imaginary line. I continue my line from her neck down to her inner thigh; caressing and kissing my way down her beautiful ivory skin illuminated by colorful lights. She's fucking stunning.

I carefully caress the leaves along her wet slit, teasing her just enough until I can no longer take the tease of her scent, and the way I so badly need to taste her pretty cunt. Tossing the mistletoe to the floor, I spread her open and take a seat on the bench. I pull her closer to me, and with a light giggle and squeal she comes willingly. This obsession, this need for more has been new, and an eye-opening experience. Maybe I can leave my double life, and be the man she deserves me to be. One that can be a father to the child she will soon have.

Leaning further between her legs, I lick her arousal, savoring the sweet taste of her cunt. I don't stop to breathe or take in air. I press my face into her so I can really take her in. Licking, sucking, teasing. I push my index finger inside her, her warm walls closing around me like she needs me to stay inside her in some way. My cock twitches as pre-cum drips from the tip of my cock onto my leg. I curl my finger,

hitting the sweet spot that has her moaning out my name incoherently. Increasing my movements, as I suck her clit and continue moving my finger in and out of her. I guide her to the precipice of her orgasm until her body is trembling, and she falls into this peaceful bliss before I take her body and fuck that relaxed high, she's in.

Abruptly I stand, the bench beneath me tips over and the loud thud echoes around the room. Grabbing my cock, I spread the pre-cum with my thumb before pulling her legs by her ankles just enough so that her pussy is just inches from my aching shaft. I slowly shove myself inside her, her walls opening up for me like she can't live without me. Her warm wet cunt weeping the more I thrust in and out of her. She lifts herself off the piano, holding me behind my neck so she can bring us closer to each other. Her hands tremble as she closes the distance, her lips are on mine as I continue my punishing thrusts. I caress her thighs and lift her ass so that her legs wrap around me, straddling me as I pull away from the piano. My movements don't falter. I continue walking with her as she moves up and down on me, using every bit of her upper strength as she can until she's pressed against the closest wall near the table full of the toys I've purposely brought out for this moment.

Reaching for the small wand, I quickly turn it on and place it on her clit as she continues bouncing up and down on my cock. Her wetness lubricated my cock enough to do exactly what I'd planned. I don't want to hurt her, but I want to claim her ass more than anything right now. The difficulty of this position has my balls tightening, but my need for her takes over. I use the wall to keep her up, "hold onto the wand, baby." I rasp while I spread her cheeks out enough to tease her puckered hole. Moving my cock out of her, I glide it through her arousal, coating myself a little more so I don't hurt her.

"Has anyone taken you here before?"

She shakes her head, and hides herself into the crook of my neck as if she were ashamed of that small detail.

“I don’t want to hurt you, Ximena. But I want nothing more than to claim that sweet ass of yours. Tell me to stop, and I will.” I rasp, slowly pushing my crown as she mewls with both pain and pleasure of her hole stretching around me.

“Fuck me, Daddy. Don’t stop. Please.”

I gradually force myself a little further moving past the tight muscles that are trying to force me out. She inhales, and exhales slowly enough to relax her body. With one forceful thrust I’m fully seated inside her.

“Don’t stop,” she moans and I obey her small command. The vibration of the wand hums through her body. I can feel her pussy clenching as I move in and out of her peach ass.

“May I come, Daddy. Please,” the words are on repeat, slipping from her honeyed lips.

My own need is already on the edge, the words come for me, leave my mouth mere seconds before she screams and I fill her with hot spurts of cum.

Carefully pulling out of her ass, I help her get on shaky legs as she attempts to stand on her own. Her legs tremble as she gains her strength like a helpless fawn learning to walk for the very first time. She shifts her weight from one leg to the other, the cum I claimed she runs down her ass down her thigh, no doubt making it uncomfortable for her.

“Go shower baby girl, we can watch Christmas movies and I can make dinner for us later” She squeals in excitement before she disappears down the hall of my apartment.

Merry Christmas to me.

Chapter Fourteen

Klaus

Christmas had always been a time that I dreaded, my mother would always be missing and my father would try to make up for the fact that she didn't care by throwing money at the problem and disappearing into his own dark activities. After my shower he set up the living room like some sort of Christmas winter wonderland. The fuzzy white blankets sat on the couch, while the faint sound of "Santa Tell Me" by Ariana Grande softly playing when I entered the room. He set up the movie shortly after, midway through the movie we took a short break while he made dinner as I sat and admired him from the distance.

Yesterday was the first Christmas that felt like home. Like it was just meant to be. He watched me eat his food in admiration like maybe he loves me as much as I love him. Is it too soon to admit that? To admit that I want to be with him for the rest of my life. Would he want that? I stare out at the night sky from his bedroom window. I've been restless tonight, the joy and happiness I felt the other night felt timed, as though something would come and kill every smile, every sensational touch, every ounce of the security and safety I feel with him.

The feeling is causing a dip in my stomach with sadness being brought to the surface as though I wouldn't be able to survive without him. I need to tell him the truth but I don't know how. The small glimpses of light from the streets illuminate the darkness of the apartment. Turning around, I watch the soft rise and fall of Klaus' chest, the blankets cover his perfectly sculpted abs. Walking over to the bed I curl my fingers around the loose end of the blanket from his body, carefully covering my own naked

body as I crawl up the bed.

I press soft kisses along his thigh, my hands softly gripping him to hold myself up. His cock hardens slowly as I lick a trail from balls to tip. He stirs for a moment but doesn't wake as I wrap my lips around the head of his cock. I lick, suck and have my way with his dick as if he were a candy cane. Strong hands glide along the top of my shoulders, fingers up my neck and through my hair, the feeling excites me as he pushes down on my head. His cock reaches the back of my throat until I gag. He gives me the chance to lift myself off just for a moment to catch my breath before he thrusts his hips up and pushes my head down once more.

"Fuuuck," he rasps as he repeats the movements. I hum as he continues using my mouth, fucking me as he chases his pleasure.

"Ximena, swallow every fucking drop." He pushes my head down once more, his cum filling my mouth, filling me as I continue humming through it. I'm so wet that I'm grinding against the bed as I pop off his dick with a loud pop.

"You're fucking incredible baby girl."

The praise makes me smile as he lets go of my hair, his hands go back to my shoulder and then to my arm, squeezing me tight enough to bring my body up his, resting my head on his shoulder he kisses my temple.

"Do I get to enjoy my breakfast in bed? or would you like me to eat you in the kitchen while I properly give you some food." He chuckles.

I could very much get used to mornings like this. But that everlasting feeling of doom lingers a little more as I pretend to think about my reply.

A ringing interrupts my words, the ringtone is unique not one that is preset on the

iPhone. This one was carefully selected for whoever it is. He reaches for his phone, and puts his finger up, tell me that he'll be a minute without using any words. He shifts me off him, as he carefully sits up and pushes the dreadful green button.

Chapter Fifteen

Klaus

“Hello,” I greet as I push the button. I didn’t want to answer and normally I wouldn’t. Normally I would have ignored all calls, and messages just because I like to be in the moment with her. But I can’t ignore the company. This is a call for a hit, before I get the next manilla envelope with the information I need for the kill. Dread radiates off my body, and I just hope she can’t feel the shift. I can’t keep doing this, at least not while she’s in my life. This has to be it.

“You’ll be receiving an envelope shortly; this job needs to be done by tomorrow night.” Says the robotic woman on the line.

“This will have to be the last time.” I say sternly, keeping it as vague as I can as Ximena watches me from her spot on the bed. My body stiffens as the woman on the line stays silent. “Are you requesting a termination?” she speaks, and I can’t help but scoff at the response.

“This is the last time. Do not contact me again.”

“Termination pending. Upon completion of the Assignment, you will receive your payment. Notice of the determination of the termination will come in a few days. Due to the years, you’ve been with the company. Termination may be granted.”

I growl in annoyance and hang up the line. She watches me in curiosity, worry is etched on her face like she doesn’t understand what just happened. I open my mouth

to reassure her that it was nothing, that she shouldn't worry about a thing.

But another ringtone breaks the awkward tension, I put up my finger once more and mouth the words I'm sorry as I stand and walk out the bedroom door.

"Addison. Your timing is absolutely horrible, you know that?" I say, walking towards my kitchen to at least start making some breakfast for Ximena.

"Well, I thought you would want to know. I had Serenity look into Sergio Vargas; it seems like he was the head of a human trafficking ring. The operation is still functional, which is something Serenity is taking initiative in having removed but it looks like that's why the hit was established."

"Well, that comes to no surprise. I figured it would have been bad to have been an ordered hit. Is there anything linking me to the scene or Ximena to his crimes?" I question, opening the fridge and grabbing the egg tray out of the refrigerator.

"Um, so no, there isn't anything linking you to his death. Ximena isn't tied to any of Sergio's crimes. Ximena is the one who ordered the hit from the company. She's the one that requested her father be killed."

My hands fumble midway to the kitchen counter, the tray lands a little harder than I intended. She mourned her father, granted with a little distraction from me but she cried for him. I would have never suspected that she's the one who ordered it.

"Does she know who I am?"

"No, I don't think she knows you were the one hired to kill him. But she's familiar with the company. It appears that she's a silent partner, one that likes to stay anonymous from Serenity's research."

“Partner?” leaning on the counter I watch the door of the bedroom waiting for her to come out and just tell me what the hell is going on. Is she technically my boss? Has she known about me? About who I am? Would she forgive me for having been the hand that killed her father even if she ordered it. What does that mean for my pending termination?

“Fuck.” I whisper.

“Is she the one you’re trying to leave for? I heard about the termination. Serenity kind of came across it this morning.” Her voice is laced with concern in a sisterly way. She cares for me the same way I do for her. She’s been through so much already that I just wish I could make it better for her.

“Yeah. I can’t stop thinking about having a family with her.” I admit, letting her in on one of the few secrets I have kept in. I think it’s time to be honest with Ximena. Either way, there's no escaping me now.

Our love will grow past the secrets we keep beneath the mistletoe, even if I have to tie her to the bed and fuck her into submission.

Chapter Sixteen

Ximena

I nervously creep out of the bedroom as Klaus puts his phone on the kitchen counter. He watches me as I slowly make my way in front of him. His beautiful golden flecks mix with the green of the pine trees darken with a sense of curiosity.

“Is everything okay?” I question hesitantly, my nerves cause my stomach to dip, it feels like the breeze from the outside found its way through my body as I practically shiver in fear.

“Who are you, Little Ember?” He says softly, he closes the small distance between us. His hands dance across my skin as he caresses my arms, tangling his fingers along my hair he tightens his hold. “Tell me Ximena. Do you know who I am?”

I’m not sure what he means. Of course, I knew who he was. He’s the head coach of the Wescott Wolves. I stare up at him completely and utterly confused on what is happening.

“Why are you involved with the company?” he questions, gripping me a little more as the realization dawns on me.

He knows.

My secret.

My truth.

He knows.

“I... I...” I don’t know what to say. I open my mouth once more, “I... I got involved with the company long before I found out about my father. I wanted to do good in the world without being involved. These people deserved their lives to end the way that they did. But I couldn’t make an exception for my father. I needed him gone. He couldn’t be saved. I... I wanted to tell you. I had hired someone from the company. I don’t know who. I never know who. I just...needed him gone.”

He watches me a little closer, the darkness clearing as seconds go by.

“It was me. I’ve been involved with the company before I became head coach. It’s the only life I’ve ever known. I plan on giving up, for you.”

I open my mouth once more, but no words come out. What can I even say? He killed my father. Granted I ordered the hit, but I didn’t know the man I love is a murderer. A killer. I need a moment to think. What does that mean for us? I’m barely involved with the company; I just provide money any chance I have to save lives and remove bad people from the world. Bad useless people. Like my father.

“I... I need a moment.” I whisper.

He tucks, “No, sweet Ember. You don’t get a moment. You don’t get a chance to question what we have. You don’t get to leave me. You’re mine, forever.” My body melts into his touch, as I learn further into him. Allowing him to lift my chin and kiss my lips. I lose myself in the sensation, in his scent, in his touch. But the words repeat in my head, “it was me.” Tears form in my eyes, the uncontrollable need to cry takes over because it’s then that I realize he lied. He had never been friends with my father. He came into my life, why? For me?

Am I next on his list? Could the men that worked with my father want me dead too? The question continues going through my head on repeat, the chanting of “you’re next” begins to form until I’m fully convinced, I’ll die by his hands before I get to tell him that I love him. Did I even mean anything to him?

Chapter Seventeen

Klaus

The way she's looking is as if she's frightened, like she doesn't quite believe that she's mine. That I'd die before I let anything happen to her. I carefully wrap my hand around her throat, leaving soft trails on her arm with the other.

"What are you thinking little Ember? Do you think I'd be capable of hurting you in the same way? You're mine Ximena. Mine. My love for you burns through any obligation for the company. You and I are forever, you're it for me. I love you in an unorthodox way. I'm obsessed with you. I shouldn't be but I am." I tell her, squeezing just a little more.

"The only way I'll hurt you is when your body craves it. The only tears you'll shed are when your mouth is wrapped around my cock. But you will never experience a heart break from me. I'll keep you safe. I'll worship you in ways you've never imagined. Do you understand me?" Her eyes flutter closed, my thumb lightly circling her neck as I squeeze once more waiting for her words. She moans lightly and my cock stands at full attention, hardening like a fucking rock as she leans into me a little more.

"Say it, Ximena."

"I understand, Daddy." She whispers, "I love you Klaus," I smile at her declaration. Pulling her closer to me by her neck, I pepper kisses all along her shoulder. Letting go of her throat, I pull her up by her ass until she's wrapping her legs around me.

Putting her on the counter next to the long-forgotten tray of eggs, I kiss her, her lip's part almost instantly for me. Our connection sparks the heat that builds between us every time we are together. She's freedom. She's home. She's the one person that makes me feel like my life is complete.

Pulling away from her I push her legs apart, leaving wet kisses and licks on every part of her body as I make my way down her body. Pushing her legs further apart, I lean into her cunt and inhale her sweet wet pussy. She's everything I could have asked for. I growl, not able to hold myself back from tasting what's mine. I lick and suck and kiss at her cunt like a starved man. Like a man that's completely obsessed. Her moans grow from whispered chants of my name to screams of pleasure as I start using my fingers on her cunt. One finger. In and out. Two fingers and then three are pushed inside her, pumping them until she's shaking, her hands run through the strands of my hair pushing my face further into her pussy like she needs more.

"I'm gunna... I... Please." She starts as her toes curl and she screams one more time, letting me go in the process. My face is completely soaked as I come back up to look up at her.

"Did I just?"

"Squirt? Fucking yeah you did. You looked fucking sexy as fuck doing it." I praise, not allowing her a moment to get in her head about it.

Quickly I grab her and put her over my shoulders, like a caveman that just caught his prey. Walking back to the bedroom I toss her on the bed and pull the rope from the night stand. I carefully wrap the rope tightly around her body while lightly caressing my hands around the restraints. I move the ends until every piece is in its place. Her hands are tied behind her back, her legs to her ankles as she kneels on the bed. Her perfectly round ass is up and ready for me to use, her pussy still a dripping mess and her mouth continues to let out soft whimpers.

Grabbing the wand and thigh holster I carefully place it around her inserting the wand and turning the setting up the highest it goes. She squeals at the sensation, the vibrations against her swollen and sensitive cunt. I can't wait a moment more. How can I when I have the perfect present wrapped in rope in front of me. I push my cock inside her in one swift movement, my balls tighten at the sensation. Her tight wet cunt wrapped around my dick feels like fucking heaven.

I take her, hard and rough. Grabbing the rope and her fiery red hair as I use her. There's nothing gentle about this moment. I know what her body craves without her having to say it. I've spent most of my time with her studying her movements, her body, her small responses, I know her more than she can ever imagine.

My forceful thrusts turn punishing, the slaps of our bodies echo with her moans until I can feel her pussy tighten around my cock until we both free fall down the cliff of pure orgasmic bliss. Our moans become one. Our pants bleed together and, in that moment, I know I was right. We are forever.

Ximena

January

Is it smart to be in love with a man twice my age? Probably not. But I couldn't help the way I felt the moment I met him. He proved to me he wasn't a threat to me, that what we have is real and that's all I needed to solidify the fact that I love him more than I've ever loved anyone. He's home. He's security, safety and freedom. He takes care of me and encourages me to be the best version of myself when it comes to my piano.

I've been performing as much as I can, always with different harmonies, some even that he inspired me to write. Every time I play it appears that the melody just comes together as I go. Most are declarations of our love, of the secrets we kept to protect what we had and the secrets we had revealed to grow into a stronger connection.

I know staying with my father's murderer would be frowned upon but he's a savior, a protector, and a caring one at that. He takes care of his team, as best he can. He makes sure that they watch out for each other on and off the field. It's honorable and that makes me love him more. I've met a few of his players, and only one sticks out as his favorite. I'm pretty sure he watches over him a little more. I'm not sure who the quarterback is to him, but he keeps tabs on him when he isn't watching.

"Are you ready baby girl," Klaus says from a distance.

"Always," I reply.

Forever .

Klaus

April

It's the first day of the off season, the first official day off before Minicamp begins, before our off-season workouts begin and having to plan with my team for next season. We didn't win this Superbowl. But we were there, and that counts for something. No matter how much I talk shit to those men, I'm proud as hell that we made it this far into the season. Today though, I propose to Ximena.

Today, I make sure to start tying her to me forever, like I've been trying to since we met. She's still not pregnant, but she was on birth control until approximately a month ago where I switched them out.

The termination of the company went into fruition after one last kill. I guess it took falling in love with the silent partner to be given the freedom they don't necessarily give out. Once you're in that life, you're in for life. I successfully became an average coach, where my only focus was my team. It actually felt good to spend the extra time with Ximena, and rooting her on as she performed. Everything is as it should be. Ximena is currently getting ready for our date night, where I'll be popping the question she so desperately wants me to ask her, even though I've already told her that we have a wedding date set for a month from now.

My phone buzzing breaks me from my thoughts, that very specific ringtone of Addison Riley.

"What can I do for you Addison?" I say, shortly after pressing the green answer

button.

“I need your help. Please, Klaus. I need you to come to John Adams Hospital as soon as you can.”

“What happened?” Her voice sounds worried, concerned and scared. But if she’s asking me to go to the Hospital here, does that mean... “Are you back?”

“Yes. And you need to get here soon. I know you had tonight planned so do what you have to do to get your girl. But, please come after. Just ask for Mrs. Summers.” With those last words, she hangs up the phone. Why would I be asking for Mrs. Summers?

Movement from the hall takes me away from the weird as fuck conversation I just had. The beautiful red headed angel that walks out dressed in a modest black dress comes into view and I can’t help but fall in love a little more.

“Let’s go, baby girl.” I say, feasting the way she looks a little too much. If we don’t leave now, I’ll end up fucking her into oblivion before I get the chance to propose.

Our date night came and went. The moment we made it to the fancy as hell restaurant of The Craft, Ximena decided to place her panties inside my pocket as I walked her to our table with our arms linked together, along with a remote control of some sort.

Throughout the night I played with the remote repeatedly making sure not to let her come. She was a whimpering mess the entire dinner, even more so when it came time to dessert and I got down on one knee. Everything else faded into the distance, the restaurant, the people, the looks we surely were getting as I kneeled before her.

I saved the long speech for when I took her home. The public didn’t deserve to hear the words I wanted to say to her. They did however hear the question, and her squeals of both excitement and her acceptance. Now as we make ourselves back home, back to the apartment that will soon be ours. I make sure to get my words in order because

the moment my cock is inside her, I'll be sure to remind her just how much I love her and just how mine she will forever be.

I squeeze her thigh, the light vibration of the toy pulsating through her body no doubt making her pussy throb in need. I chuckle when I catch a quick glimpse of her as I drive us home, her eyes closed getting lost in the feeling.

"Please," she sighs, "more."

"Not quite yet. You'll have to wait until we get home." I snicker, tightening my hold on her leg as she squirms under me. Maneuvering the wheel to the right I park the car in my designated spot before quickly turning it off.

"Please," she begs, her pale blue eyes nearly silver with the way the moon shines in through the windows, pleading with me to let her come.

I glance around the dark parking lot to be sure there's no one around that can see what I'm about to fucking do. When I find that the coast is clear, I open my car door and walk to her side. She excitedly takes my hand as she steps out of the car. I quickly guide her where I want her, in front of my Mercedes.

"Bend over baby girl and let me lift that dress up." I say hoarsely, shivers go down her arms while I guide her back to me. Her palms are placed on the hood of my car, her fingers spread and curled as though she's ready to scratch the exterior of the car. Slowly I pull up the black dress, inch by inch until her bare ass comes into view. Her smooth round globes jiggle as I smack her ass playfully. Her sweet moans escape past her parted lips. I slowly move my hand down her cheeks and between her thighs, her wetness coating my fingers through the tiniest piece of fabric. Her G-string makes her ass look absolutely delicious. I quickly take my throbbing cock out and align myself with her tight cunt.

"This will be quick, but once we're inside our home you'll come for me at least

another five times.” I rasp, rubbing my cock along her slit, covering myself in her arousal.

“I love you, Daddy.” She mewls, and I thrust inside her slowly, inch by aching inch until I’m fully seated inside her.

“I love you, Little Ember. You had me entranced the moment I heard you play. I never imagined just how much I’d needed you with me to feel complete. You like being my dirty little whore, don’t you?” I grunt as I continue my movements, thrusting inside her over and over again until my balls stiffen and I shoot my cum inside her greedy little cunt.

“There’s no way I would have given you up. You know that right?” I pull out of her and she whines at the loss as the cum I filled her with begins to gush out of her cunt.

“And there’s no way I would have left. I was freaking out, but I would have loved you with every breath, no matter how long I had.”

I chuckle. I knew she feared being next, but how could I harm the Fiery spirit of the angel that claimed me before I fully knew she was it for me.

My Ximena. My Ember. My Christmas Secret beneath the mistletoe.