



The Mechanic's Virgin

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Category: Romance

Description: Everything in my life was running smooth, until she rolled in...

Grace Sinclair is high-society, and I'm the total opposite. But one look at her innocent, untouched body, and I was hooked. I don't care who her dad is or what world she comes from, I'll get my dirty hands all over her.

She walked into my garage like she didn't belong, and I'm going to make sure she never leaves. Not without a ring on her finger.

WARNING: This is over-the-top, instalove, filled with dirty talk, breeding, DDLG, and an alpha-hero who will stop at nothing to claim his virgin soulmate. If you love it spicy and dirty, you found it!

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NASH

I wipe the grease from my hands and lift my head out from under the hood, and–

“Jesus fucking Christ...”

The most gorgeous woman I’ve ever seen steps out of a vintage Rolls Royce like she’s stepping out of a dream made just for me.

Long, pristine legs and curves that rival the ones on her quarter-million-dollar car.

She’s got a face like a porcelain doll, and based on her expression, I’d say it’s never been handled. Not even once.

Especially not by a man like me...

She couldn’t look more out of place in my oil-stained, sunbaked corner of town if she tried. She must have lost her way. No chance she came here on her own.

For a second, I wonder if I’m hallucinating. Too many late nights at the garage and sleeping by the fan may have finally melted my brain.

But then she shuts the driver’s side door and looks at me with big, wide eyes, her lips parted and pink. So juicy. And a breeze blows in from outside, filling my nose with a subtle hint of whatever perfume she’s wearing today.

“Damn, now there’s a smokeshow I’d love to get a taste of,” Reggie smirks from

behind me. Reggie's just here for the day to help out, but as he nods at the girl and grabs his crotch like an animal, a jealous rage shoots through me. I snap my fingers at him.

"You can go."

He frowns. "Say what?"

"You heard me," I snap. "Get lost. We don't need you here anymore today."

Reggie looks back, confused, but he knows better than to argue with me. He grabs his tools and exits out the side door.

I glance back at the beauty in front of me. She looks like she just stepped out of a modeling agency. My jealous rage rises as I think about how many other men may have seen her social media photos and how turned on they got.

As our eyes meet, I feel a cold chill of adrenaline flow through my veins. It's like I've been hit by an electric shock. My blood rushes to my cock and I clench my fist to try and keep myself under control.

"Um, hello," she says tentatively, her voice soft as the silk lingerie I'm already picturing decorating her perfect body. "I think there's something wrong with my car. I was driving and it started making this really awful noise—"

"What's your name, princess?"

That's what she looks like. A princess.

I throw my rag over my shoulder and take slow, deliberate steps toward her. And she doesn't back away.

Her chest rises, and her lashes flutter. “Grace.”

Of course it is. A perfect name for someone so perfect—so sweet and pure. I shouldn’t be thinking these terrible thoughts about her. She’s so tender and innocent, yet my mind is racing like a horny teenager’s, thinking about all the filthy things I want to do to her.

I stop just short of her and lean one hand on the side of her Rolls. “I’m Nash. This is your ride?”

She lets out a nervous giggle, sending a tingling sensation through my chest. “In a way. It belonged to my grandma. I’m just...keeping it going. Until now, I guess.”

“Well, it’s not dead yet,” I assure her. “You’d be surprised what I can do with these hands.”

I hold up my callused, oil-stained palms as the innuendo hangs thick between us like the heat radiating off her car’s hot engine. Her cheeks go pink, causing me to light up inside. Fuck, she’s adorable.

“Are you local?” I ask.

She chews her bottom lip nervously. “I live about fifteen minutes outside town.”

This is dangerous information to just give out to any man. Can it be that she’s too naïve to know that every man she passes in the world has the same thoughts about her—that they all want her like a lion wants a zebra?

I pop the hood and look inside. The car’s pristine. Barely even dusty. I glance up at her gorgeous face. She looks like she’s never even had a sunburn. “What kind of noise was it making?” I ask, knowing I’m not going to get any real detail from her.

“Um, I don’t know. Kind of like a clicking? Clunking maybe?”

“Clicking or clunking?” I repeat with a nod, smirking. She doesn’t know anything about cars, but why would she? She doesn’t need to.

She gives me a slightly embarrassed look, and the light from outside catches her hair just right, causing a halo effect that makes her look like an angel. My cock jerks hard. I wonder if she can see it through my pants—the massive bulge already forming. It’s her fault. She’s responsible.

I stare at her, hypnotized by her perfection.

I still can’t figure out what a girl like this is doing in a shop like mine.

Her spotless beauty makes me want to run my filthy hands all over her—cover her in grime and grease while I show her all the things she’s been missing in life.

Everyone would see she’s been claimed by me.

They’d all know it. The things I’d do to her would have her coming so hard that she’d be back here again, over and over, begging me for more. And I’d give it to her.

I drop the hood and lie to her. “I can’t get to it right now, Grace. But I can look at her later today.” I can practically see her heart sink. She doesn’t want to sit around this garage all day waiting on her car. But I have a solution for that. “You need a ride home?”

“Oh, I wouldn’t want to bother you,” she says quickly. “I can call a car.”

“You could do that,” I say, stepping into her personal space, filling my lungs with her scent. I have no idea what the blend is, but it’s delicious. Mouth-watering. A

thousand times better than oil and grease. “You could ride with some random weirdo, or you could ride with me.”

I guess technically, I could be some random weirdo in her eyes at this point. But there’s something between us already. I can feel it.

The question is, can she?

She’s quiet for a long beat. I can feel my heart pounding in my chest as I drag my eyes up her gorgeous physique. I can’t remember the last time a girl came in here wearing a pleated white skirt and a matching blouse. In fact, I don’t think it’s ever happened.

She looks down for a moment, then nods.

“Okay.”

I call out to Craig, one of my employees, as I walk Grace to my truck. “Watch the shop for me. I’ll be back soon.” He nods, and his eyes move to check Grace out, but I caution him with a motion of my hand. He gets it, and quickly goes back to work on the brakes of the Toyota he’s been repairing.

I open the passenger’s side door for Grace.

It’s an old beater with squeaky hinges and cracked seats.

She deserves better, but she climbs in slowly, lifting her leg to reveal a glimpse of pink lace.

Blood rushes to my cock as she quickly gathers the hem of her skirt, trying to keep secret what’s underneath.

I can barely move with my hard-on pressing against the fly of my pants, but I manage to climb in beside her and turn the engine on.

The cabin of the truck is tight, and Grace is sitting close.

The few inches of her bare thigh has me going crazy, and my hand is just screaming to grab her pale, soft flesh to mark her as mine.

“You don’t have AC?” she asks, fanning herself with a dainty hand.

I grin at her as I pull out of the lot. “Sorry. But you can handle a bit of heat, can’t you?”

She swallows hard. I hear it. I watch her throat move and am instantly filled with relentless fantasies of all the things I could do to her. I’m like a dog chained to a post; just one more jerk and I’ll be free, uncontrolled and going right for what I want.

We drive in mostly silence, with her giving me the occasional direction on how to get to her place. Finally, I pull up to a gravel road with an old, wrought-iron gate, like something out of a Victorian castle. Yeah, definitely old money.

“This is it,” she says softly. “Thank you for the ride.”

I put the car into park but don’t move. I turn and look at her. Really look at her. Her plump, pink lips just begging to be kissed. Her perky tits putting pressure on the buttons of her blouse. This girl can’t even be twenty years old yet.

She plays with the hem of her skirt, tugging it lower down on her thighs.

“Grace,” I say. My voice is lower and rougher than I intended. “Let me ask you something. How good are you?”

Her eyes snap to mine, startled, wide and innocent. “Wh—what?”

“Because I’ve got a bad streak,” I murmur, leaning closer. “And it’s telling me to kiss you right now. But if I do, I won’t be able to stop. Not unless you force me to.”

Her mouth falls open, and she gasps. She should leap out of the car and run from me. But she doesn’t. She feels what I feel too. “But we—we just met.”

“You’re not a minor, are you?” I ask, my voice low.

She doesn’t respond immediately, and her lips are trembling. Panic grips me. Christ, what if she’s off-limits? Finally, she shakes her head and whispers, “I’m—I’m eighteen.”

My body relaxes. Thank God.

I reach out slowly— so slowly —and take her by the back of the neck with my grease-stained hand. She inhales sharply as I pull her toward me. My cock is throbbing with desire. I’ve never wanted a woman more in my life.

I bring my mouth toward hers...

Closer... so close...just a hair away...

And I feel a tremble ripple through her.

“No,” I whisper. “You’re not ready.”

She blinks like she’s shaking away a dream. “I—what?!”

It nearly causes me physical pain to pull away from her, but I do. Slowly. Inch by

inch, until I'm looking her dead in the eyes. "You're shaking, princess. You're afraid of me."

"No, I'm not—" she starts to protest, but I silence her with a look.

"It's all right. You need time. You can have it. But not a lot." She stares back at me, a blank expression on her face. Her chest rises and falls fast with her heavy breaths.

"I—I should go," she finally whispers, reaching for her door. I stop her.

"Your number."

"What?" she stammers.

I hand her my phone. "Put your number in my phone so I can call you to come pick up your car."

"Right." She almost smiles. "My car. Almost forgot."

I watch her delicate fingers as she enters her number into my phone. It's been years since I've had a girl do that. Normally, I don't have time for the fairer sex. I've got a business to focus on, and all they bring is trouble.

But Grace is different. I can already see that.

She nearly drops my phone handing it back to me, but I take it from her and lean over her to open the door. Her skirt flies up when she slides out, revealing her peach of an ass, barely concealed behind a tiny pair of pink lace panties.

My cock jerks with desire. What I wouldn't give to sink my teeth into that tender flesh.

And as I watch her walk up the path, the gates opening and closing behind her, I make a promise to myself.

That girl is mine.

Not for a one-night-stand. Not for a fun little weekend.

Forever.

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GRACE

The door slams shut behind me, but the pounding of my heart is twice as loud. I'm gulping down breaths like I just ran a marathon.

What in the world just happened?

Nash . That's what happened.

Big, rough, callus-handed, greasy-fingered, foul-mouthed Nash. I can still feel the way he touched my neck, the way his gaze felt as it moved over my body. He tried to hide it, but I saw him checking me out. I'm not that naïve.

He's so tall and so broad, with muscles that look like they were built in his garage. And God, that voice. Deep, rough, and dripping with testosterone. He sounded like he wanted to eat me right up.

No one's ever looked at me the way he did. None of the boys from school, or any of the bodyguards my father hired. None of his business partner's sons, or even my creepy algebra tutor, John, who used to "accidentally" brush my thigh under the table when we were studying.

They all looked at me with a mixture of greed and calculation. Like they were trying to figure out a plan on how to get me. Because after all, getting me also means getting a chance at my father's business empire. And more money than they'd know what to do with.

But not Nash. Nash looked at me like I was the only thing on earth keeping him from going feral. From slipping back into his most primal of natures.

And worst of all, I liked it.

No. I loved it.

He had me feeling things I'd never felt before, the effects of which I still feel now as I slip out of my flats and drop my keys onto the counter. My hands are shaking and my legs are quivering.

"I know what I want when I see it, princess. And I want you."

His words ring in my head like the echo of a mystery. Not exactly Shakespeare, but he touched my soul.

He was going to kiss me, wasn't he? Right there in his truck with his rough hand on my neck as my body melted for him. I couldn't breathe. I couldn't think—at least not about anything other than how badly I wanted him. My head was spinning, and my pulse was racing.

But he stopped. He denied me.

It would have been my first kiss too. Maybe he knew that somehow. He did tell me I wasn't ready. But how could he have known? I didn't say anything to let on. Is it possible it was written all over my face? My innocence? My lack of experience?

I pace the kitchen, my heart racing and nipples stiff beneath my blouse. I can still smell him. The scent of oil and dirty denim. Being so masculine should be illegal. It's just not fair for a little ol' girl like me.

I press the backs of my hands to my cheeks. They're on fire. I'm tingling from head to toe. My thighs are damp, and even though I haven't had any experience with men, I know what that means.

I grew up in a mansion like most people only see in movies.

A mansion with a north, south, east, and west wing.

With a housekeeper and a driver and a security team that obeyed my father, who barked commands at them like a general.

It's because of him that I've never had a boyfriend, never been kissed, gone to a school dance, or done any of the things an eighteen-year-old girl should have done by now.

The only men who have been around me are my father's employees, or the most harmless guys from school that were vetted multiple times by Dad before being allowed to hang out with me. Most of them weren't interested in me—or girls in general.

And now there's him .

Nash.

A mechanic who fixes engines with his bare hands and isn't afraid to ask me if I'm a "good girl" or not.

Letting out a moan, I flop down on the couch and drag a pillow over my face. I'm all on my own out here now. No dad to "protect" me from the hunk of a man who has promised to fix my car.

As soon as I turned eighteen, I moved out here to my grandmother's old cottage so I could be on my own. No more living under Dad's thumb or the shadow of Mom's neglect.

I thought I could handle it. And I was having a fine time.

Until today.

He's going to ruin me—maybe everything. And the worst part? I actually want him to.

I'm trying to think some sense into myself when my phone buzzes. It's a text from Emily, my cousin and best friend:

Bonfire at the lake tonight. Be there or be dead.

I stare back at the screen for a moment like I've forgotten how to exist in the normal world away from Nash.

Emily's my cousin on my mother's side, and the only girl in the family who didn't end up married off before twenty-one. We grew up like sisters, and I absolutely adore her. She's loud, wild, and goes hard with fashion and makeup. She's everything I'm not and was never allowed to be.

I should say yes, but my encounter with Nash at the garage still has me feeling stunned. I lie there a moment until my phone buzzes again:

Hello!? Are you asleep!?

Smiling, I text back:

Okay, but I think I'll need a ride.

A few hours later, I'm still trying to calm down as Emily and I pull up at the lake. The fire's already going, and I can see the outline of people clustered around as we hop out of her car.

Still no call from Nash. He said he'd get to my car today. Maybe he got busy. He does have an entire business to run, and it's not like he's employed by my father.

"Where's your head tonight?" Emily asks, practically reading my mind like she always does. "You have another fight with your dad or something?"

I shake my head. "No. Just...worried about my car." I've chosen not to tell her about Nash. I'm not sure why. I never hide things from Emily, but right now, my encounter feels a bit like a secret—a secret I'd like to keep to myself for as long as possible.

"Your parents will pay the bill if you ask them," she scoffs.

"Yeah, I know. But it's Grandma's car, and I want to make sure it stays in good shape."

We start to walk down the grassy slope to the fire, and that's when I see some guy wearing cowboy boots and a tank top start to walk toward us. He's got a glint in his eye, and Emily giggles at me. "Tyler. My date for tonight. Isn't he hot!? He plays football."

I shrug. He's okay. But compared to Nash, he looks like a boy.

"And..." Emily points to a guy walking beside him, wearing a red Polo shirt and Bermuda shorts with flip-flops. "Your date. His name's Arthur."

I sigh and stop dead in my tracks. "You're kidding, right, Emily? If I'd known you'd set me up with Mini-Trump I would never have come out tonight."

“I know,” she laughs. “Which is precisely why I didn’t tell you!”

I want to protest more, but the guys have already reached us.

“Sup, Em.” Tyler smiles. She smiles back.

“Arthur, this is Grace,” she says. “Grace, this is Arthur.”

“You didn’t tell me your friend was such a babe,” Arthur snorts, sounding like he’s already had a few. “You don’t have an O.F. do you? Cause I’d definitely subscribe to that!”

Emily winces beside me, clearly already regretting her invitation.

“Why don’t we go down to the bonfire?” Tyler suggests. Arthur slides up beside me and slips an arm around my waist. He smells like cigarettes and beer, and I immediately recoil, but he holds firm, like he thinks he has some right to my body or something.

“That’s—a little tight—” I say, but he’s got a real tight grip on me. I try to struggle politely, but it’s useless. He’s drunk and has zero class. I’m screwed.

And that’s when I see him. No way.

It’s Nash.

Standing in front of us, backlit by the fire, his muscled physique towering against the trees like a Greek god.

“Hands off, punk,” he growls. His arms are crossed over his chest, accentuating his bulging biceps beneath his oil-stained T- shirt. He’s wearing a scowl that says I’ll rip

the throat out of anyone who touches her.

For a second, Arthur looks like he's going to step up to Nash—which would be a monumentally terrible idea. But he glances at me, then back to Nash, and thinks better of it. “All right, pal. No problem. I just met the bitch—”

A hard slap to the face from Nash shuts him up and sends him sprawling to the grass. “Watch your mouth around the lady.”

Emily gasps, and the next thing I know, Nash has my hand in his and is pulling me away into the woods.

My heart is pounding in my ears. My cheeks are on fire. Goosebumps have broken out all over my body, and I'm absolutely shaking with adrenaline. Holy moly, that was hot!

“How are you here!?” I hiss as my legs move automatically. I hear Emily call after me and wave a hand to let her know I'm okay.

“I was parked by the lake relaxing when these kids all showed up,” he replies. “Did you run home and then come back out so you could tempt me again?”

I open my mouth, but no words come out. He stops and looks down at me. I didn't really notice until now just how tall he is. He's well over six feet. “You know, you practically glow under the moonlight,” he says, his eyes traveling down my halter top, which now feels very short and very low.

“I—I had no idea you'd be here, Nash,” I stammer, feeling extremely vulnerable.

He flashes a wolfish grin. “Oh, no? So this was just a coincidence, Grace?” he asks, his hand brushing against mine, just enough to set a spark to a fire beneath my skin.

“Your car breaks down at my shop and then you show up here tonight, looking like a wet dream, and I’m just supposed to believe that’s a coincidence? ”

I shrug, feeling frozen in place. I’m tingling all over. “I—I needed to get out of the house.”

That’s not a lie. It’s not the whole truth either. The whole reason I needed to get out of the house was because I couldn’t stop thinking about him .

He leans down—closer. Closer. Until his lips nearly brush against my ear. “You wanted out of the house, or you want to come to my house?”

His question nearly breaks me. I suck in a deep breath and fight against how badly I want to tell him he’s right. I want to scream at him to take me. Do whatever he wants with me. Feelings I’ve never felt before are racing through me, threatening to take me over. My brain will just not shut up.

This is crazy. I only just met this man today. We don’t even know each other!

“I shouldn’t be here,” I stammer, turning away.

But Nash grabs my wrist. Not hard enough to hurt but just enough to hold me in place. “No. Don’t run away, Grace.”

My pulse pounds like a drum. “I’m not running—”

“Yes you are,” he growls. “I saw it in your eyes the moment we met, princess. That built-in flight response. I scare you, but not because I am scary . Because you’re scared of how much you want me.”

I shake my head in a pathetic attempt to deny the truth. But Nash pulls me closer—so

close our chests almost touch. If they did, he'd feel how hard my nipples are, which he can probably already see through my shirt.

"Don't think about it, princess," he says. "Just give yourself over to me. Let me take care of everything."

My lips part on their own, and he looks down at them, the muscles in his neck and jaw flexing.

"We just met," I tell him. "I should not want this..."

"But you do."

He's right. And I hate that he's right. My thighs are soaked, my breathing is erratic, and my mind is fogged over with desperate lust.

"I need to go," I whisper, unable to look at him any longer. The veins on his biceps pull at me with an unseen force.

"No, you don't, Grace."

His rough hand slips around to the small of my back, guiding me around the dark side of a tree, into the shadows. We're even more alone now. My heart is about to burst. I'm going to faint.

"Nash—"

"Shhh," he says gently, brushing a strand of my hair behind my ear. "I won't do anything you don't want, Grace. But you can't lie to me. You have to tell me the truth. Don't stand there quivering like a leaf and tell me you don't want me to touch you."

I am shaking as I force myself to look up at him. His eyes are fierce and hungry, and I suddenly feel cold. “You scare me, Nash.”

“Because I’m not a prince fit for you?” he asks, pressing me up against the tree.

I shake my head. If only he knew just how wrong he was. “No, that’s not it—I need to go.”

“You say that one more time, princess,” he growls, “and I’ll throw you over my shoulder and lock you in the garage until you admit the truth. The truth we both know.”

My mouth goes dry.

He’s so close he must know how hard my heart is pounding. If he can’t hear it, he can feel it.

His lips part again like he’s going to kiss me, and that’s when I feel the surge of adrenaline zip through me. I slip out from under his arm and race away through the woods, no idea what I’m doing.

“You’re mine, Grace!” he calls after me. “The sooner you accept that, the easier this will be. For both of us!”

I run. Not to Emily. Not to the bonfire. But into the darkness, away from the one man whose arms I want to throw myself into, while my body screams for his touch.

All because he’s right; I am scared.

I’m terrified.

Because I can already feel myself falling in love with a man I hardly know.

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Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 8:19 am

NASH

I can't see straight.

I lean against my truck, my fists clenched as I grind my teeth, trying like hell to take a solid breath as a fire rages in my chest. My blood is rushing south to my center, and my cock is so hard I'm surprised it hasn't torn through my denim. Images of her continue to flash through my mind.

Grace...

That little delicate white skirt just clinging to her curves...the rest of her legs bare...her lips parted like she was about to cry out. Or beg . Beg for my kiss. A kiss she knows she desperately wants.

She has no idea what she's doing to me.

Or maybe she does. Just thinking about it's driving me fucking crazy.

I watch her vanish into the darkness, racing away like a frightened rabbit. But I know what I saw in those big, innocent eyes.

Heat. Desire. Want.

She wants me, but there's something holding her back. Could it be her lack of experience? Most girls her age have already been run through by the smooth-talkers in their class, but not Grace. I don't get that impression from her.

No, she's untouched. Unclaimed. Just the threat of me moving in on her caused her entire body to quiver. She's timid, but once I make her see that we're meant for each other, then I'll be the first one to have her.

The first and only.

I'll slide into those virgin walls and feel her stretch around my cock—watch her face as she experiences the sensation for the first time. Christ, just thinking about it now nearly has me firing off in my pants.

I need to put my foot down. Show her who's boss. Who makes the rules. And rule number one? Grace never runs away from me again.

I drive my knuckles into the tree beside me, then stalk off into the woods where she disappeared, following the hint of her perfume that still lingers in the air. My boots crush the dry grass and twigs below, and the blue moonlight filters through the trees.

After a while, I see her up ahead. She's walking fast, her arms wrapped around her chest like she's cold. But it's a warm night, and I know better.

She's not cold.

She's burning up.

“Grace!” I call out. She stops like she's been tased, but she doesn't turn. It doesn't even look like she's breathing.

I walk up behind her and take her by the arm, not giving her another chance to run. I slip one hand around her waist and the other on the back of her neck and spin her to me.

“You think you can just walk away from me again?” I growl, inhaling her sweet scent. “Like you weren’t just begging me with your eyes to claim every inch of your body?”

She’s delicious. Her body is radiating warmth against mine. The halter top she’s wearing is showing off her ample cleavage, causing dirty thoughts to rush through my mind. She’s changed out of her skirt and into a pair of denim shorts like a real American sweetheart.

“Nash, I wasn’t—”

“Don’t lie to me, princess.” Her body quivers in my hands. “I’ve been patient. I’ve been good. I’ve held back. But you’re standing there shaking, and my cock’s so fucking hard I can’t even think. You want the truth?”

Still trembling, she nods slowly.

“I want to push you up against the nearest tree, tug down those shorts, pull your panties aside and fuck you until you forget your own damn name.”

She lets a tiny little whimper out through her adorable lips. Her whole body shakes in my arms. She looks down, but I lift her chin with a finger, forcing her to look me in the eyes. Her cheeks are red again, and her pupils are wide.

“You’re so shy, princess,” I whisper. “You’re untouched, aren’t you? Never had a man inside you before?”

“I...” Her lips tremble, and she shakes her head. “No.”

The desire already pulsing through me reaches new heights. I was right. I fucking knew it.

“But you came to my shop for a reason, Grace. Dressed like walking temptation. And you showed up here with that doofus guy for a reason too.”

“Oh, yeah?” she says softly. “What’s that?”

Without hesitation, I say, “So I could have you.”

I crush my mouth down onto hers, devouring her lips like I’m a starving man and she’s the only thing that can save me. And as I embrace her, I realize just how true that is. I haven’t had a woman for a long time, but not just any would do.

It had to be Grace. It had to be now.

Her body softens, and she melts into me. Her lips open, accepting my kiss. I press my tongue inside, and she grips the front of my shirt hard, moaning into my mouth like it’s the first time she’s ever been kissed.

And Christ, I bet it is. Not only has she never been claimed, but she’s never been kissed? I’m the luckiest man on earth.

The realization nearly knocks me over. My tongue sweeps against hers, hot and accepting, and I pull her closer, grinding my hard bulge against her soft belly, just above her little pussy mound. I just want to make her react. And boy oh boy, does she ever.

Her hips rock forward naturally. Yeah, I knew she wanted it.

I press my hand between her thighs and feel the wetness. She’s so turned on she’s soaked right through her panties and into the denim of her shorts.

“You’re so wet, princess,” I growl, my voice swollen with lust. “Soaked. All for me.”

She nods, breathes into my mouth. “I’ve—never felt like this before...”

I pop the buttons on her shorts and slip my hand underneath, pressing two fingers against the thin fabric covering her slit. Soaked cotton lace panties, thin, barely even there.

“Never had a man’s hand here before, have you?” I ask. She shakes her head. “Never been kissed before, have you?”

“I...” her voice trembles, as though she’s ashamed. “No.”

My chest swells. That’s right. You’re mine.

“Nothing to be ashamed of, baby,” I tell her. “I’ll take good care of you. I’ll kiss you just like you like it, touch you just like you like, and I’ll make you come just right , princess.”

She whimpers and blushes so deep it makes my cock pulse.

I start to move my two fingers in slow, filthy little circles. I can feel her button just beneath her soaked panties, and her mouth falls open as I pleasure her. As I touch her like no man ever has.

“Oh my God, Nash...”

“That’s right, princess.” I smile. “I’m your god now.”

A whimper trembles from her lips, and I almost bust in my jeans. Her thighs are shaking, and her breath is coming in short, desperate gasps.

I move in, kiss her neck, her jaw, then move back to her lips, which are dripping with

anticipation.

She grinds back against my hand like she doesn't even know she's doing it. Her innocence is a drug that I'm about to overdose on.

I can't handle it any longer.

I drop to my knees in the dirt and pull her shorts down past her ankles, then force her thighs apart and stare up at heaven.

Pink, tiny, and dripping wet.

An involuntary growl rips up out of my chest, and I press my mouth to her slit. She screams, and I smirk as I drag my tongue up her valley and find her button. She yelps again, and I press my hand over her mouth.

"Hush, princess. We can't have those punk kids down at the bonfire hearing just how good you taste."

I go back down on her, and as I flatten my tongue on her sweet spot, she threads her fingers through my hair, helplessly rolling her hips against my mouth.

She's lost.

And so am I.

I lick her like she's the sweetest dessert imaginable. Her juices coat my tongue and lips as my tongue flicks and swirls against her jewel. I grab her ass with both hands to keep her still as she bucks and moans, gasping my name in a desperate whisper like it's the only name she's ever known.

Then her body tenses.

Her breath catches.

And she goes off.

She comes against my mouth, and I lap at her wetness, groaning like an unhinged primate. It's the most beautiful sight I've seen, and even with her face twisted up in orgasmic bliss, she's a perfect ten.

I stand, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand, and look down at her.

She's panting hard as her legs give out from beneath her, but I catch her and lift her into my arms like she weighs nothing. There's only one thing on my mind, and that's: more .

She clings to me, her slim arms wrapped around my neck as I carry her to my truck and lay her down, pulling her shorts up over her hips as she lies there breathless, eyes closed. I lean over her, grasp her face with my hands, and stare at her dazed, gorgeous face.

"I'm not done with you yet, princess. But if I take you home...I won't be able to stop myself."

She almost smiles—almost shrugs. "Then don't."

Fuck.

I lower myself onto her, pressing my cock against her core, causing her to gasp. But I stay buttoned up. It's not time yet. Almost.

“Who do you belong to, princess?” I ask. “Tell me.”

She manages to open her eyes as she looks up at me, her lips swollen and her cheeks rosy. “You, Nash. I’m yours.”

Her response rocks me. I grind against her a little more—just to tease her. She whimpers and arches up against me. Yes, she wants me inside her. And that thought is about to level me.

“Not in the back seat,” I tell her. “You deserve more. But my place is nothing compared to yours—”

“I don’t care.” Her voice is soft, almost drowsy.

“I do,” I tell her. “I want you so bad, Grace, it’s killing me. But I want your first time to be perfect. Something you’ll never forget.”

She looks at me funny, like she thinks I’m kidding. “You’re...serious?”

I nod. “Deadly. You deserve more than the back seat. You’re royalty. You deserve—”

“Shut up,” she says, cutting me off. “Your apartment will be fine. Don’t make me wait, Nash. I’ll only wait so long.”

Her response shocks me, and after a moment, I’m smiling down at her. Yeah, this girl is incredible. The full package.

I lean down and kiss her again, slow and possessive, my body buzzing with need.

“That makes two of us.”

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Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 8:19 am

GRACE

The trip back to Nash's garage is a blur. A hypnotic haze of tingling sensation, my entire body flush with excitement.

One minute I'm lying in the back seat of his truck, floating in a blissful cloud of orgasmic bliss, and the next I'm being carried into his apartment like I'm something delicate and precious. Like I belong to him.

And I do.

God help me, I know it now. I'm his.

His apartment smells like him—oil and iron, grease and steel, and the sweat of a hard-worked day. It's dark as he carries me in and sets me down on his bed. I hear the sound of a chain being pulled, and a lamp lights up beside me, illuminating his severely handsome face.

“You have no idea what you do to me, do you, princess?” he whispers, his eyes devouring every inch of me. He looks hungry, like he's starving and I'm the only meal he'll eat.

I shake my head. “I—I don't know...”

I can't think. I can barely breathe. All I know is I want him.

I want him now .

Nash tugs my shorts off and tosses them aside. He spreads my legs wide and kneels between them like he's staking claim to his territory.

He's so big . From this angle, with this lighting, he's even broader and rougher. I notice a small scar near his jaw—maybe from a fight? I don't know.

What I do know is that when he looks at me, it's like I'm the only thing on earth that matters.

“You look so pristine in my grungy apartment,” he says, wrapping his hand around my throat—not hard but just enough to let me know he owns me. “So innocent and open for me.”

My mind's still fuzzy from how he pleased me with his mouth, but his words cause me to squirm on the bed beneath him. My thighs squeeze together involuntarily, but he forces them apart again.

“No, princess. No hiding from me.”

I nod as a smile twists over my lips. He leans down and gently flicks his tongue against my neck. “Are you ready for me to make you mine?”

“Yes,” I whimper.

I wasn't even ready to admit it, but the word slipped out, as if my body knew what I wanted to say before my brain did. But as I speak, I realize I'm done pretending. Done being afraid of wanting this man I just met.

Nash.

I want every bit of him: his mouth, his tongue, his hands, his... everything .

He grins down at me like a man who's won something he never thought he'd deserve. Then he yanks my panties down, leaving me fully exposed.

"Fuck. Still so wet for me."

His mouth moves straight to my center, and I have to grab hold of the edge of the bed with both hands as his lips close around my button, still sensitive from what he did to me moments ago. His tongue circles and swirls over my most tender of places like he was born to do this.

"Nash..." I manage to somehow moan as he causes my insides to spark with an electric thrill. My head falls back, and I can't stop my hips from grinding themselves against his strong jaw and soft tongue.

He growls, sending a vibration straight through my clit and into my core. That's it. It's already happening. Again .

"Nash!" I cry out as my orgasm rears its head.

"You can scream here, princess," he says. "You're safe here. Let it out."

I'm right there , and he doesn't stop.

I come again.

Even harder than the first time. My legs shake and my voice cracks as I cry out his name. But he doesn't let up—doesn't stop devouring me. Even as my hips buck and my back arches off the bed, he circles his tongue mercilessly around my clit, like he's punishing me with an overload of pleasure.

Somehow, he knows. I want more.

He slips two fingers inside me and curls them inward, amplifying my orgasm, driving all breath from my lungs. I'm shaking and whimpering and couldn't scream even if I wanted to.

This man is a god. An Adonis. An absolute master, and I'm nothing but a piece of wet clay to be molded by his strong hands into whatever he needs me to be.

And still, I want more.

He sits up and strips out of his shirt, revealing his wondrous physique, shimmering with sweat and strapped with muscles.

I've never seen a real man's body before, but this is what perfection looks like.

His chest is broad and lightly dusted with hair, and a deep V leads down a row of ripped abs to a waistband that's stretched tight over his massive bulge.

He drags a thumb over my bottom lip, and I open my mouth. Then he slides the two fingers that were just inside me onto my tongue.

"Taste yourself, princess."

My heart quivers, but obediently, I suck. I feel so naughty. So dirty. Being plunged into this world of sexual awakening and being led there by the sexiest man alive.

His eyes narrow with purpose as he unbuttons his jeans. "I'm going to fuck you now. I'm going to stretch open that little virgin pussy, and when I'm done with you, there won't be a single inch of your body that doesn't belong to me."

I'm beyond turned on. I exist in a realm of pure lust and desire and somehow manage to nod back up at him. "Yes, please..."

“Nervous?” he asks.

Yes.

But I shake my head. “No. Just...”

“Curious?”

I nod.

His lips twist into a naughty grin, and he tugs his pants down, letting them fall.

I gasp.

“How is that supposed to fit inside me?” The words slip from my lips before I can even think.

I stare down at his manhood, strong and stiff and so thick . I’ve never seen one before, but that doesn’t matter. It’s obvious that Nash is enormous—beyond enormous.

He’s still smirking as he leans closer between my legs and drags the swollen crown of his cock through my soaked folds—not pushing in, just teasing me. The feeling nearly overwhelms me.

“It will fit, princess,” he whispers. “And I’ll be just gentle enough, but you’re gonna feel it.”

I suck in a deep breath and look down between my thighs as he pushes the tip inside.

The sensation rocks me like I’ve been hit with a sledgehammer. The nerve endings that are already tingling across my body light up like I’ve been struck by lightning.

And he isn't even a fraction of the way inside of me yet. There's pretty much the entire thing left to go.

"Still good, princess?"

I nod. "Yes."

"More?"

My eyelids flutter, and I reach out and take hold of his massive arms. "Yes, please."

He grins, and I watch his chest expand with a deep breath. But before he can move again—

BANG!

The downstairs door slams open.

We both freeze.

"Yo, Nash! You here?" a male voice calls out. "Gotta talk to you!"

Oh, you've got to be kidding me.

Male footsteps approach, and I quickly roll back and snatch the bedsheets over my body as Nash whirls toward the door, anger raging in his eyes.

"Don't come in!" he roars.

The footsteps stop, but there's muttering going on down there. Something is up. "We gotta talk to you, man! It's important!"

“Not now!” Nash bellows back, his voice filled with fire. “Gimme a second. Wait outside!”

There’s a pause, then the door opens and closes again.

We sit in silence, my heart racing. I’ve just been pulled to the edge of an experience I’ve never had before, and now that experience has just been turned into an enormous tease.

Nash turns back to me, still rock hard, breathing heavily.

“I’m so sorry,” he snarls. “If anybody interrupts us again, I’ll burn this whole damn town to the ground.”

I giggle, but he just blinks back at me.

“You think I’m joking?”

I shrug. “A little.”

He leans over me, his massive arms framing me like two marble pillars on either side. “You think it’s funny that I’m cockblocked trying to claim you?”

I shake my head, blushing. I’m not used to this kind of praise and attention. “No...”

He leans in closer, grips my jaw with a rough hand, and kisses me with so much passion I nearly pass out.

“Good. I have to go right now, Grace,” he tells me, clearly furious. “Whatever my guys want, it’s important enough that they drove over here. And I have a feeling...I have a feeling I know what it’s about.”

A look comes over his face—a look like something has just sucked some of the vigor from his soul, leaving him deflated and lost.

“Nash, are you—?”

“The next time I see you,” he says quickly, “ every last inch of this body will be mine. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I whisper, buzzing with anticipation, trying to come to grips with the fact that I won’t be losing my virginity like I thought I was.

We kiss, and his lips are slow and possessive, as if promising everything he didn’t get to do to me tonight. And when he pulls back, I see his eyes burning.

“Next time,” he swears. “There will be no stopping. Next time, you’re mine.”

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Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 8:19 am

NASH

My heart is pounding harder than when I first saw Grace step out of her Rolls back at the shop. Blood courses through my veins like fire.

What a fucking time to be interrupted. Is this a cosmic joke being played on me?

I stuff my dick up into my waistband as I button my fly.

It's the only way I can fit my hard-on into my pants and manage to walk.

I'm still horny as all hell after walking out on Grace, something I feel horrible for doing.

I was about to take her for the first time.

I was almost in when the boys showed up and ruined everything.

This better be important. But as I shove the door open and step out into the evening air, I see the look on their faces, and I know exactly why they're here.

"She's here," Craig says, his voice stiff.

"At the shop," Nick, my other mechanic, adds.

Rage fills my chest. I look for something to punch, but there's nothing close by but a brick wall, and I don't feel like breaking my knuckles.

“At this goddamn hour?” I growl.

“I was working on that Rolls,” Nick says. “When they rolled up. We figured you needed to know.”

I nod, trying to keep it together. “You were right.” I sigh and close my eyes. Focus. Remain calm. I open them again and give the boys a nod. “Go home. I’ll handle her. See you tomorrow.”

Neither of them says anything. They just head back to Craig’s truck, get in, and pull away. I stand there alone for a moment, picturing Grace back up in my bedroom, getting her clothes on. She’s probably wondering how I could just walk out on her. How I could leave her there.

All I can do is pray that she knows just how infatuated with her I am. That she believed me when I told her I would be back to take her.

I look up at the light of my bedroom. I see her silhouette as she stands, naked as the day she was born.

She’s looking down at me, but the shadows obscure her face.

All I want to do is race back up there to her and ravage her, but I have this major obstacle in my life I still need to address if I’m ever going to be able to make a life with her.

So I turn around, get in my truck, and drive to the shop.

Her black SUV is already there when I pull into the parking lot. It looks like the car a mafia boss drives around in, but it really just belongs to a lawyer— her lawyer.

As I park, Sheila Cosgrove steps out. Sheila is my ex and my worst nightmare. A vindictive, insane villain who when I broke up with her two years ago filed fake sexual harassment charges against me.

She lost the suit, as I was innocent, but it cost me half my net worth in legal fees and nearly cost me my business.

She cornered me at the coffee shop one day and told me that if I took her back, she'd drop all charges.

I told her to get lost, and my lawyer told me her statement would be rejected as pure hearsay.

She strides over to me like a viper, clad in a shimmering black suit that she no doubt bought with Daddy's money.

"Nash Mason," she hisses, her voice like an oil slick. "We need to talk."

My muscles stiffen, and I shake my head. "Nope. We don't."

She raises an aggressive eyebrow. "In front of a witness this time."

Cora, her equally psychotic cousin, sits in the front seat and smirks at me like a child. Sheila smiles. "It's a shame things had to go this way again, Nash."

"The judge threw your case out, Sheila. You lost. Go home."

Her eyes flash venomously. "A technicality. But things change, Nash. Especially when new evidence comes to light."

New evidence? What the hell is she talking about? Sheila is a liar and always will be.

It's one of the main reasons I dumped her in the first place. She's also incapable of admitting when she's lost, which is why she's here now, trying to continue her fight between us.

"Fine," I reply, keeping my voice steady. "Talk."

She tries to hide it, but I catch her dragging her eyes up my body, her gaze lingering on my hands. She always used to love my hands.

"I have a plane ticket, Nash."

I shrug. "And?"

"I'm moving back," she says, causing my bones to go cold. "And I think you owe me...an explanation."

She reaches into her purse and pulls out her phone, swipes, and points it at me. My heart skips a beat. On the screen is a photo of Grace and me, standing by her Rolls Royce. It was clearly taken yesterday, from afar, like a spy photo from a private detective or something.

"You're... spying on me, Sheila?"

She snickers. "I wouldn't say spying. More like checking up on you."

"She has nothing to do with you," I growl.

She lowers the phone and glances down at the photos. "She's cute. Looks nothing like me." Adrenaline pumps through me. The boys were right. This is a problem. "I guess you're still trying to deny how you really feel about me."

“Sheila—”

“This is what’s going to happen,” Sheila says, suddenly transforming into her ‘boss-bitch’ persona. “You’re going to dump little Miss Cutie here, or I’m going to tell her about what you did to me.”

“I did nothing to you!” I snap.

“And who do you think she’ll believe?” she asks, cocking her head to one side. “You? The man she just met? Or me? The woman you abused and had a restrainer order against you?”

My stomach is churning. My blood boiling. “You want to fuck my life up, Sheila? You’re going to need more than made up stories. Grace is a smart girl. She won’t fall for your tricks.”

Sheila stares back at me. I feel like a superhero facing off with his arch nemesis villain. After a long moment, she steps forward. I want to keep my distance, but I don’t back away. This is my garage. I won’t be intimidated.

“You could end this all, you know,” she says softly. She lifts a hand like she’s going to touch my chest but stops, thinking better of it. “You remember how good we were, don’t you?”

I shake my head. “I think you and I remember things very differently, Sheila.”

“There’s no need to be cruel.”

“Cruel?” I laugh. “What do you call threatening me? Filing false restraining orders and charges against me? Threatening my new—”

I stop myself. I'm getting too fired up. I promised I wouldn't let this woman ruin my life, and allowing her to get under my skin now will only lead to that.

"We were good together, Nash. And we could be again. And all this can go away, if you just take me back."

I force the most painful smile I've ever had to fake across my lips and nod, letting her think I'm actually contemplating something I would never do in a million years.

After a moment, she smiles back, crazy in her eyes.

I don't start to relax until she's back in her SUV and pulling out of the parking lot.

Getting back together with Sheila?

Never gonna happen. I've found my true love, and her name is Grace.

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Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 8:19 am

GRACE

The rain pounds down on the roof of my grandmother's cottage. The sound would be deafening if not for my heart beating loudly in my ears. My fingers tremble as I read the text from Nash for the fifth time.

Dealing with something. I'm so sorry. I'll come see you soon.

I nearly hurl my phone at the wall. My heart stings with a longing so fierce I can hardly process it. The ache between my legs is unbearable. My body is screaming for his touch, his hands, his mouth—to be fully claimed by him.

Every part of me aches for him. We were so close , and then he was gone.

But why? Why would he run out on me like that? He said it was important and that he would be back, but it's been hours now, and he still isn't here, and I'm starting to feel abandoned.

I know I shouldn't, and I'm probably being dramatic. After all, Nash does have a business to run, and any number of things could have come up that he'd have to deal with in order to keep that business going. And he did get Arthur away from me.

I know I rationally have no reason to doubt him, but emotions aren't rational, and my emotions are threatening to overwhelm me. I stare up at the ceiling for a long moment, listening to the rain, and then I realize I've had enough.

My clothes are still damp from the short walk from the car to the cottage, so I throw

on a waterproof trench coat— just a waterproof trench coat, and a pair of heels, and call myself a car.

He told me to wait for him, but I can't. I won't .

Nash gave me a taste of our future, and I need it now.

The rain pounds steadily on the roof of the cramped hybrid as we pull into Nash's parking lot.

I thank the driver and step out into the rain, nearly braking an ankle as I jog through the puddles to the warm light spilling out of his sliding door, which is half open.

It's like an invitation, just welcoming me in.

I duck under and see Nash at the bench, sleeves rolled up, his shirt hanging open at the chest, muscles glimmering under the glow of his old work lights hanging above. He's fiddling with something mechanical but looks up at the sound of my heels against the concrete.

Our eyes meet, and desire fills his face.

"Grace," he whispers, his voice soft but tense. My heart is racing as I stare back at him. I can see the bulge between his legs—a bulge meant just for me. I swallow hard.

"I—I couldn't wait..." I say, my voice barely audible. For some reason, I'm embarrassed. Was it desperate of me to come here? Am I just going to push him away?

Thankfully, the corners of his lips twist up into the hint of a smile. He stands and walks across the concrete to me. His scent fills my nose and hits hard, like I've

arrived back at home where I'm meant to be. And as he pulls me into his arms, I nearly lose myself.

He smells like sweat, rain, and engine oil.

It's so delicious I can barely breathe. He lifts me up off the ground, and I wrap my legs around his waist as he carries me to his workbench and sets me down on it.

I cling to his muscular shoulders as he whispers, "I need you" into my ear, setting my body on fire.

"I'm yours," I tell him.

He slips his head into the crook of my neck, delicately kissing my soft skin, sending shivers through me. I close my eyes and breathe, letting him do whatever he wants to me. For such a big, strong man, he sure knows how to be gentle.

He reaches for a bowl of warm water sitting a few feet away. He dips his fingers in and scrubs them with a washcloth, cleaning them of the grime from whatever project he was working on when I came in.

Then he traces the line of my cheek with his middle finger.

He's so soft as he traces my jawline. He wipes my cheek, brushing away rain droplets, his touch almost shy with how careful he's being.

It's not just his need moving him now. He's showing me he cares.

Almost like he's making up for walking out on me earlier.

He moves down my neck, my collarbone, to the neckline of my jacket. It's then he

sees inside and discovers my naughty little secret.

“God, Grace. You are everything.”

I smile, swelling with pride. Being able to turn on a man of Nash’s caliber makes me feel like a goddess. “So are you.”

He slowly unbuttons my jacket, unties the sash, and lets it fall open, revealing my nudity beneath. A sharp awareness flares inside of me, as if our bodies are two broken electric lines crisscrossing, shooting sparks into the night sky.

He leans in and kisses my neck, just above the collarbone. I moan as he continues, straddling that fine line between restraint and wildness.

“Mine,” he mutters, almost to himself. The word shakes me.

So this is what it feels like to belong to someone who actually cares about you. Someone who lights you up on the inside.

He slips his hands inside my coat, taking me by the waist. My hips rise into him without me even thinking about it.

“Such a good girl,” he whispers, running his hands up to my breasts and gripping them with such ownership. “You have perfect tits. Like they were made just for me.”

I’m blushing like a tomato. No one has ever complimented me like Nash. Every word is imprinting on me. It doesn’t matter what happens from here on out; I’ll remember his praise for the rest of my life.

He moves a hand down, over my belly, and I part my legs for him. He sinks a finger deep, causing my breath to catch and a soft whimper to tremble from my lips. He

curls up again, hitting a spot inside me that blooms with unbelievable intensity.

“Feel that, baby?” he whispers.

I gasp. “Yes!”

He takes my hand in his and guides it to his bulge. Without even being told what to do, I unbutton his fly and slide my hand inside. Not like there’s any room down there. His cock is swollen and massive and throbs in my palm like a drum following his heartbeat.

“Yeah, up and down, princess.” He guides me, showing me how to stroke him. “Just like that. That’s nice.”

My heart swells as I watch the pleasure reaction on his face. He likes what I’m doing to him, and it makes me feel powerful. All I want to do is please him more.

The strong, stiff muscle between my fingers is like a physical representation of his desire for me. Seeing and feeling him so hard goes beyond words and digs down into something primal in me that reacts automatically. Thoughts of babies— his babies —fill my mind.

So soon? He hasn’t even been inside me yet, and I’m thinking about him getting me pregnant.

I grip his manhood and pull him closer, letting his shaft spread me open for him. He groans and leans close, letting his lips hover just a hair’s breadth from me. I push my hips forward, just begging for him to take me. But he shakes his head.

“No. Not here. Not in this filthy garage. You deserve better, princess.”

He moves like he's going to step back, but I throw my arms around him and pull him back.

"No." I shake my head. "Here . Now . I can't wait any longer, Nash. Not after what you just pulled back at your apartment."

He sighs and looks me straight in the eyes. "I'm so sorry for that, Grace. I didn't—"

"Be quiet," I say. He looks back at me, shocked. "Just take me, Nash. Take me and make me yours. Right here. Right now."

I feel his cock pulse in my hand. It jerks hard with such strength. I still don't believe it's going to fit inside me, but I'm dying to try.

"You're sure?" he asks. I nod once, my gaze firm.

"Don't make me beg, Daddy." A shock shoots through my chest. Daddy? Did I really just call him Daddy? I wasn't planning on it. I didn't think about it. It just came out.

And shockingly, it feels so good .

Nash's lips twist into a deviant smile. He leans in and kisses me, pressing the crown of his cock into my soaked folds, spreading me opening and teasing my entrance. "Okay, princess. I won't make you beg. Just take a deep breath, okay? Because this might hurt at first."

"Okay." I nod. "I'm ready."

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Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 8:19 am

NASH

Grace is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I'm the luckiest son of a bitch alive. When she walked into my shop, my whole life changed. And now it's about to change again. I'm about to make her mine forever.

Her cheeks are flushed from the heat and the expectation of what's about to happen. Her eyes are locked on mine like I'm the only man in the universe. And if she wants to look at me like that, then I'll damn sure be that .

She lies beneath me on my filthy workbench, looking like a dream come true. She deserves better than this—fresh linens and light from a crystal chandelier, not some old work lamps. But she begged for it, so I'm gonna give it to her.

The crown of my cock is pressed between her soaked folds, gently spreading her open just enough to give me a feel of what's to come. Her breasts rise and fall with each expectant breath, and her hands grip the edge of the bench in preparation.

This moment is ours. It's been building and building since the moment she stepped out of that fancy Rolls Royce that's sitting just a few feet away from us. She may have not known it, but she wanted me then, and she wants me now. She needs me now.

And I need her.

“Here it comes, princess,” I tell her, smiling softly as I push forward.

I feel her acceptance in the way her thighs part wider for me.

The way she tilts her hips to the best angle to take me in.

The way her lips part and her mouth opens and her eyes stare at me with a look of disbelief but also swollen with pleasure as I press my rock-hard cock into her virgin hole.

I groan as I feel her tight walls stretch around my girth. I grab her breasts, hard and hungry, holding the soft, perky flesh like it belongs to me. It does. All of Grace belongs to me now.

“Good girl,” I tell her as I press more of my inches into her hot, slick pussy. “You take it so fucking well.”

“Do I, Daddy?” she mewls, her face so adorable as she looks up at me. I nod, thrusting deeper. She flinches, and I feel her cherry break.

“That’s it,” I soothe her, caressing her cheeks with my hands. “Now you’re mine.”

She nods, gasping for air. “Yes. Yours...”

I bring my lips to the tender spot where her jaw meets her earlobe and kiss her delicately, causing her to moan and drape her arms over my back.

I kiss down her neck, tasting the night’s rain on her skin as she traces my muscles with her fingertips.

I move lower, dragging my lips over her breasts.

I take a nipple between my lips and suck gently, and she arches into me.

My cock bottoms out inside her, and a sense of euphoria grips me. “This body was made for me, princess.”

She nods, grinding back against me. “Yes, Daddy. I’m yours.”

For such an innocent little thing, I’m surprised she’s calling me Daddy. But I like it. And the word falls so naturally from her mouth that she must really be into it too.

I kiss her deeply, slowly. She’s like a perfect blend of innocence and sin, all wrapped together in one. My cock is pulsing with pleasure. It’s all I can do to keep myself from coming as I start thrusting back and forth inside her sweet little pussy.

“Do you like it, princess?”

She nods. I can see something new in her eyes now. Something that wasn’t there a moment ago. Something naughty. “Yes, Daddy. I love it.”

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” I start to pick up the pace, biting the inside of my cheek to distract me from just how incredible she feels.

“Yes.” She nods. “I didn’t think it would fit...”

“Your body is built to take this cock, princess,” I tell her, caressing her beauty as I fuck her faster. Her breasts bounce perfectly with every stroke and her slick entrance grips me every time I withdraw. It’s like her body doesn’t want to let me pull out even a little bit.

My heart is pounding. I’m gasping for breath. Sweat falls from my face and chest down onto her, but she just grins up at me like she likes it. She’s high-society. Noble. Regal. And she’s absolutely loving being fucked filthy on my cluttered work bench. She’s perfect.

“Faster,” she tells me. Just hearing her beg for more nearly sets me off right there. I stop, deep inside, and cock my head to the side, trying desperately to focus on anything other than how incredible she feels. It should be illegal to have a pussy this good.

I take a deep breath and look at the wall. I have to keep my eyes off her beauty if I’m going to give her what she needs and be able to last more than thirty seconds.

Her walls clench down tighter as I speed up, signaling to me that she’s close.

One plus one is two. Two plus two is four. Four plus four is eight...

Maybe doing math in my head will distract me—allow me to last longer.

“Look at me, Nash,” Grace whispers.

Christ. Of course she asks right now at this moment.

I turn my head back to her but quickly bury my face in her neck and keep my eyes shut. My tools rattle on the bench with every strong thrust I give her. My head is spinning. My chest is tight as my heart beats heavily.

This is where I belong. Deep inside the woman of my dreams.

Her body quivers against mine, and she lets out a soft moan as she grabs me hard with both hands.

“I’m coming, Nash!” she cries out.

I nearly am too, but I bottom out inside her as she goes off, my pelvis flush against hers. Her slick walls pulse as she loses herself in her orgasm, and an overwhelming

sense of pride rushes through me.

Yes, I did that to her .

Me. No one else.

No other man in the world could give her what I can give her. Could make her moan like she's moaning right now. The sound of her moans in my ear is like the sweetest music ever created.

I lift myself up on my elbows and look down at her face, twisted in pleasure and a wondrous new feeling that I have given her.

She feels so fucking good. Pure bliss wrapped around my cock. Her tightness and wetness go beyond anything I could have imagined. I've had experience before but nothing like this. Grace goes above and beyond any woman. She is the pinnacle. The peak.

This isn't just sex. This is ownership.

This is showing her that she belongs to me.

A new sense of vigor rushes through me, and I pick up the pace. Grace's head lulls to the side, and she whimpers, "Nash...I'm going to pass out..."

"You're just fine, princess," I tell her, cradling her head in my palm, bringing my lips to her cheek. "You just came really hard, that's all. Give yourself a second to recover."

"Yeah," she says softly. " So hard..."

She's in a daze. A post-orgasmic daze, and it's so fucking adorable. Just to show her what else I have in store for her, I reach down between us and find that tender little button of nerves that's slick and swollen for me. I press down with my thumb and grin as her entire body jerks.

"Oh my God, Nash!" she gasps. "Not again..."

"Yes, princess. Again. Let go, baby, and come on my cock."

Her jaw drops open, and she shatters like a glass dropped on concrete.

I feel her orgasm pulse hard, her walls clenching around me as she cries out in desperation as waves of bliss flow through her. The sound of her coming a second time is enough to send me over the edge too.

I join her, belting out her name as I spray my seed inside her, holding her tits tightly as my balls tighten and empty into her.

She jerks again, clearly not expecting me to just go off raw inside her.

She may be naïve, inexperienced, but we're both adults.

We know the implications of what we've just done. What might happen.

But I don't care. And I have a sneaking suspicion that neither does she.

Grace would look just as sexy with a pregnant stomach as she does now, and I would gladly be her husband and the father of her child.

It takes nearly a full minute for us to come down—to catch our breath and come to our senses. I collapse on top of her, burying my face in her neck, inhaling her scent as I

remain inside of her, still hard.

She aimlessly strokes my hair, her voice soft as she tells me, “I didn’t know it would be so...incredible.”

I lift myself just enough so I can look into her eyes. Her lips are swollen, her cheeks are red, and her eyes are glassy like she’s just been crying.

“There’s a lot more where that came from, princess,” I tell her. “And I’m never letting you go. Never.”

She smiles drunkenly up at me, her eyes lit up like fireworks. Like the most beautiful sunrise imaginable.

“Good, because I don’t want you to.”

I kiss her again, deep and slow, the aftershocks of the most incredible orgasm I’ve ever experienced rolling through me like the movements of the earth’s tectonics.

We stay like that, wrapped together on the workbench, surrounded by oil and grease, kissing each other lovingly like there’s no tomorrow.

She’s too good for a place like this. Too gorgeous. Too innocent.

But she wanted me. And now she has me.

Forever .

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Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 8:19 am

GRACE

I wake up warm and safe with two enormous arms wrapped around me. I almost giggle but smile instead.

Nash.

My body still aches in the right place. My thighs are tender, and my lips tingle. My heart flutters as I remember what happened last night at the shop. The real question is: Where am I now?

I open my eyes and look up at a white ceiling, lit only by a small shaft of moonlight. We're back in Nash's bedroom, only I don't even remember how we got here last night. Faint images of being carried are all I have, so he must have brought me here after he...had his way with me.

My smile broadens. Wow, what an experience that was. Beyond anything I ever could have imagined. He made me orgasm twice, and I'm still craving more.

Images float back, bits and pieces of our incredible time together. His hands on my thighs, on my breasts. My back arching off the workbench as he slid into me. The way he growled as he took me, and the sharp give-way as he captured my innocence and made me his for good.

I think harder, and more comes back to me.

Yes, he lifted me off the bench and into his arms like I weighed nothing.

I giggled into his sturdy chest as he carried me to his truck and drove me back here to his apartment.

He didn't even let me try to walk upstairs to his bedroom.

He just carried me again while whispering into my ear that I was the most precious thing to ever exist in his life.

I must have fallen asleep instantly, because that's as much as I remember. And now I'm here, lying in his bed, completely naked, marked by his manhood, feeling more love in me than I ever believed possible.

Twisting my head into his chest, I breathe in his scent, causing my heart to trip over itself as my lust for him begins to swell again. My oh my, it hasn't even been a full night, but my body is already begging for more.

Emily is never going to believe this.

"Hey, princess." His gentle voice warms me, and I look up as he threads his fingers through my hair. "Did I wake you?"

"No." I shake my head. "I thought I woke you."

He chuckles. "Maybe we just woke each other. Who cares? All that matters is you're here." He's right about that. "How are you? How was...last night? Tonight? Whatever it was?"

"I'm incredible, Nash. Last night–tonight–was amazing. I feel...different."

"You should." He smiles tenderly. "You're a woman now. My woman."

My heart trembles, and I bite my lip as I look back at him. “You really mean that? Because I see you, Nash. You’re a stud. You could get any woman you want and—”

“Shhh.” He silences me with a finger to the lips, shaking his head. “I don’t want any woman. I want you .”

I close my eyes, letting his words roll over me. It’s almost too much to process—just like when he first penetrated me with his massive girth.

“You’re the one, Grace. I need you to know that. Do you?”

“Do I what?” I ask, teasing a little with my tone. I love hearing him talk like this to me, and I just want more.

He grips me by the chin and forces me to look into his eyes—his deep, possessive eyes. “Do you know that you’re the one? My only woman, Grace. Mine.”

This is just too much. I’m going to pass out from all this praise. What did I ever do to deserve this?

“I—I do...” I manage to reply, overwhelmed with feeling. “You make me feel safe, Nash. Like I was made just for you. Like you were out there waiting for me.”

He nods, smiling. “Yes. I like that.”

“No one’s ever looked at me like you do,” I tell him. It feels like a confession. Like I’m getting some hidden truth off my chest.

“It’s genuine, princess.” He smiles back. “I’ll always be real with you.”

“You know what I think?”

“What?”

“I think my car broke down near your shop because we were meant to be together,” I tell him. “You probably think that’s stupid, though...”

To my surprise, Nash shakes his head. “No. I don’t think that’s stupid. I think everything happens for a reason, and if your car hadn’t broken down near my shop, and we never met, there would have been an imbalance in the world for the rest of eternity.”

I’m blushing so hard now that my cheeks are tingling. “Yes,” I say. “I like that. Did you ever figure out what was wrong with my car anyway?”

“One of the guys took a look at it. Said it might be a bearing on one of the pulleys, so I ordered one. Should be able to get that old classic back on the road today or tomorrow.”

I can’t help but smile. Hearing him talk like this, so sure of himself, turns me on. There’s nothing more attractive than a capable man.

“Want to feel something?” Nash asks me, raising an eyebrow.

“Um...okay.”

He takes my hand and guides it down between his legs where it’s nice and warm. My jaw drops when I feel it.

His cock is rock hard beneath his briefs. I can’t believe I didn’t feel it earlier, being this close and snuggled up against him.

“But how?” I stammer. “I didn’t even touch you.”

Nash chuckles. “It’s adorable how innocent you are, Grace,” he tells me, deepening my blush. “We call it morning wood. It happens to us guys when we sleep. Sometimes we wake up, and we’re just like that.”

“Wow,” I reply in amazement. Delicately, I run my fingertips up the long, hard width of his enormous shaft. “So...what do you do when this happens? Take care of it yourself?”

He chuckles again, making me feel even more naive. “Sometimes. Mostly just wait for it to go down so I can go about my day. But seeing as how you’re here...”

His eyes flash, and he tugs down the waistband of his briefs. I feel warm, soft skin against my fingertips, swollen and pulsing with desire. Something moves inside of me. A hunger rises quickly, warming my skin and causing my heart to race faster.

Nash’s big, strong, rough hand grips my hip, then slides down my butt and holds fast, like he’s showing the world that my body belongs to him. Gently, he pulls my panties aside and shifts down behind me on the mattress.

I gasp as he presses his cock between my legs. It’s natural the way I lift one for him. I don’t even think about it. But as he presses his tip into my slit, I realize that it’s not just Nash that’s turned on. I’m soaking wet, as if my body was prepared for this.

I angle my hips back and accept his cock as he slides inside. There’s a tiny sting, probably a soreness left over from when he took me earlier, but it’s gone before I can take a second breath.

The feeling of him entering me and filling me up is indescribable.

It’s like I was made to take him and him only.

Stretching around every one of his pulsating inches has me already moaning as he begins to slowly thrust. It's different than it was when he took me on the work bench.

It's like he's taking his time with it. His strokes are more passionate, and he slides a hand up my shirt and cups my breast as he brings his lips to my neck, kissing me with such tenderness.

He moves inside me like he's memorizing every bit of me. Like he's branding me from the inside out. His lips never leave my skin. He just moves them, kissing, licking, groaning with pleasure as if being inside me is too much for him.

I reach back and trace my hand over his jaw, feeling the strong muscles of his neck as the pressure builds. He knows exactly what I need already. The precise rhythm that makes my thighs tremble and my voice whimper from my lips.

"I want this every night," he says, his lips tickling my ear. "You're the only one I'll ever want, Grace."

"Yes," I cry out as I go off again. And he follows me, growling as he sprays inside me, squeezing my breast like he never wants to let go.

Each shot of his seed amplifies my orgasm. I can't believe I'm just letting him come in me. I'm not on the pill or any kind of birth control. But that just makes it even hotter.

I could get pregnant.

I probably will.

And how incredible will that be?

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Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 8:19 am

GRACE

I wake again in Nash's apartment. This time it's to the smell of bacon.

I smile and open my eyes to soft morning light filtering in through white curtains.

My head feels like it's filled with cotton, and it takes me a few blinks and several deep breaths to pull myself from the warm embrace of sleep.

As I prop myself up in bed, I inhale his scent, and my smile expands, filling my face.

Nash.

My body's aching again in a delicious way. Stretched, sore, satisfied. And as I remember what we did last night, my skin already starts to heat up.

He made me come twice—no, three times.

What an absolute god.

I sit up and feel something down there—something warm and wet. It takes me a second to realize that it's Nash's seed dripping out of me, evidence of how deeply and completely he took me.

Smiling, I place my palm on my belly. Could I...

already be pregnant? There could be the beginning of a little life in there.

A child. Mine and Nash's. It's almost impossible to believe.

If you'd asked me a week ago if I'd even consider the idea of getting pregnant, I would have told you that you were crazy.

But now I can't even think of the idea of having Nash's baby without feeling excited.

The scent of bacon hits my nostrils again. Bacon and coffee and something else. My stomach growls, which surprises me. I was so lost in my thoughts of Nash and the idea that I might be pregnant that I didn't think anything could distract me.

I step out of bed and pad across the wood floor. One of Nash's shirts hangs over the door. I slip into it and wear it like a dress as I go downstairs. It smells just like him and is so soft. Yeah, he's never getting it back.

When I get to the bottom of the stairs, I hear a deep voice humming, along with the sound of cooking. Such domestic bliss. It's like we've been living together for years.

I come around the corner and look into the kitchen where Nash stands shirtless by the stove, his chiseled physique on full display. Only no one gets to see him like this—no one but me.

His hair is messy and damp, like he just ran a wet hand through it. He's scrambling eggs in a pan with a spatula and another pan with bacon sits on the other burner.

He tilts his head up and sniffs the air, then turns and spots me where I'm leaning against the door frame. "There she is." He smiles at me with a devilish look in his eyes that makes me think bad things. "Sleeping Beauty has awoken."

"Could you really smell me from over there? With all that bacon in the air?"

“You smell a lot better than bacon, sweetie,” he replies.

“So you’re a charmer, you fix cars, and you cook?” I ask, walking over to him. “Is there anything you don’t do?”

Nash chuckles, wraps an arm around my waist and pulls me close. I fit just right, like two pieces of a two-piece puzzle. “Don’t forget that I make you come a ton,” he whispers into my ear, sending a shiver through my body.

“How could I forget that?” I ask. He smirks as I look up at him. “You know, you’re nothing like what most girls would expect when they look at you,”

“Oh, yeah?” he asks. “And what do you think they’d expect?”

I shrug. “Someone...rougher, I guess? A barbarian who only eats pizza and drinks beer in front of the TV?”

Nash laughs and kisses me. “Oh, I’m rough, baby. But only in the way you like it.”

I giggle and bury my face in his chest. His scent is like a drug to me. I can feel myself getting wet again already. How am I going to exist around this man and ever keep my clothes on?

“You look good in my shirt, by the way,” he says.

“You mean my shirt?” I tease.

He shrugs, as if surrendering. “Be my guest.” He points to the hem and my bare thighs. “Easier access for me anyway.”

“Nothing wrong with that.” I blush.

He gives the eggs a last scramble with his spatula, then flips them onto our plates. He's dishing out the bacon when the smoke alarm goes off. He curses and rushes over to the toaster and thumbs up two pieces of toast that are absolutely burnt to a crisp.

"Totally forgot about those," he laughs, racing over to shut off the smoke alarm.

He easily reaches up and presses the button, reminding me of just how tall he is.

I'd have to stand on a chair to do what he just did so casually.

"Remembering not to burn your toast is harder than remembering how to change the timing belt on a Ford."

"Ah, yes." I nod, removing the burnt pieces and replacing them with two slices of bread. "Good ol' timing belt on a Ford..."

We both laugh. I have no idea what I'm talking about. But I like that I don't. I like the fact that Nash is an expert at something that I'm not even an amateur at.

The new slices of toast finish as he pours us both glasses of orange juice.

We take the plates to his tiny kitchen table and sit so close our knees are just about touching.

My heart flutters like butterfly wings as he slips a hand onto my thigh and squeezes, completely distracting me from the food he cooked—which is delicious.

He watches me the whole time. There's a hunger in his eyes, but it's not for breakfast. It's for me. As I take my last bite, he leans back, his eyes focused like he's unable to look away from me.

“So,” he says slowly. “Do you think you’re pregnant yet?”

My fork clatters to my plate, and I almost spit out my orange juice. He grins back at me like the naughty, wicked man he is.

“Nash!”

“What?” he laughs, leaning forward and taking my hand in his. “You don’t like that idea?”

My face is on fire. My skin tingles from head to toe. “I—I didn’t say that.”

He gently strokes the back of my hand with his thumb, keeping his eyes on mine. It’s like looking into my future. “You belong to me now, Grace. You know I can never let you go. So why not go all the way with me? Why not make sure the whole world knows you’re mine?”

I can’t help but smile. “You know what’s funny? I was actually just thinking about this upstairs.” I scoot my chair closer and place his hand on my belly. “Like... what if there’s a little baby growing in there? Yours and mine? How incredible would that be?”

He nods, his eyes blazing. “I want to see your belly all curvy, Grace. Getting rounder every day as my kid grows inside you. I want to see your tits get bigger—”

I laugh and shake from side to side, causing my boobs to jiggle under his T-shirt.

“What? They’re not big enough for you?”

Nash laughs. “They’re perfect , Grace. Everything about you is perfect.”

My cheeks are burning up. For some reason, I'm still slightly nervous around him, and I start to look away at the ground, but Nash doesn't let me. He lifts my chin and moves right in for a kiss.

I let my lips fall open to accept his passionate ownership. His hands slip under the shirt I stole from him and cups my ass, lifting me up and onto his lap with such ease. His strength is such a turn-on. I love how easily he can pick me up.

My legs spread open instinctively.

"Are you still sore?" he whispers, delicately teasing the inside of my thighs with his finger.

"Yes."

"You still want it?"

I nod quickly. Well, duh!

"That's a good girl," he growls.

His hand slips deeper between my thighs, and I feel him pause when he realizes my little secret; I'm not wearing my panties. And I'm already wet for him.

He groans again. I feel the rumble from his chest against my body. "You naughty little girl. Nice and ready for Daddy, aren't you?"

I nod again. "Yes..."

"This is how I want you whenever you're with me. Always ready for me."

“Yes,” I reply, my body steaming with anticipation.

“Just like right now.”

Before I can even process what’s happening, Nash has slipped his briefs down and is setting me down on his hard cock.

My mouth falls open as the familiar stretch hits me.

The ache is there, only this time it’s lessened, like my body is finally adapting to his size.

Molding to him for a perfect fit. I go all the way down and feel him deep up in my stomach.

The pressure is intense. It’s like I’m being speared through my center, impaled on his throbbing manhood.

He lifts my shirt, and his mouth finds my nipple.

He sucks hard, and I arch into it. For some reason, riding him in this position has me feeling more in touch with my sexuality than I’ve ever felt.

I grind down on him, my butt against his muscular thighs as he pulls my shirt over my head and tosses it aside.

“You’re so goddamn gorgeous,” he tells me, caressing every inch of me. “And you’re going to look even hotter when you’re pregnant.”

My eyes flutter closed. I can’t handle it. He’s just too manly, too sexy, too much . And to top it off, he doesn’t take things slowly. He picks up the pace, pounding me

faster, using his hands to press my hips down into his thrusts. It's almost too much to bear.

"You're so tight, sweetheart," he pants. "So sweet. How do you do this to me?"

I grip his shoulders hard as my head lolls back. His praise overwhelms me. All I can do is hang on for dear life as he pounds into me, relentless, like a man possessed. My body sparks like a firework display on the verge of exploding, a buzzing, electric sensation sizzling down my spine.

He whispers more filthy things into my ear, amplifying the sensations racing through me. He tells me how I was made for him, how we were made for each other, how I'm a goddess driving him to the edge of explosion. And all I can do is bathe in the glory of his words.

"I'm not gonna be able to hold out," he tells me. "You just feel too good."

That makes two of us.

I mewl his name, "Nash," as I go off. My thighs clench down, and I sit down onto him so deep that there's none of his cock that isn't buried inside me. My body twitches as my orgasm tears through me, and he follows instantly after.

"Grace," he groans, growling my name like a prayer.

We cling to each other, wrapped in ecstasy, as the aftershocks roll through us. I guess it's what they call "a quickie," but for me, it was a lifetime of bliss.

He kisses me gently on the neck, then on the lips, then on my cheek and whispers, "I hope you get used to this, Grace. Because I'm not slowing down until your stomach is growing with my baby inside you."

I melt and nod, press my forehead against his.

“Yes, Daddy,” I say. It just feels so natural. So right.

Everything about him is so right.

GRACE

The garage is loud and greasy and hot, and I actually love it.

I love that it's an environment I'm not used to. One that isn't all designer clothing and ornate woodwork and men in suits coming in and out daily to see my father.

None of my friends would ever think a girl like me—raised in cashmere and silk and overly stuffy country clubs—would feel more at home in a mechanic's workshop than at my father's mansion.

But as I sit here on an old stool, watching Nash work on my car with his sleeves rolled up, with oil smudged all over his hands and muscular arms, I feel at peace. I feel happy.

I'm also turned on. Especially when he stands up to wipe the sweat from his brow with the hem of his shirt, giving me a peek at his ridiculously sculpted abs and that sexy V that pierces down into his jeans. How can one man be this sexy?

"Yeah, that's right," I say to Emily, my cell to my ear. "The guy from the other night that wasn't Arthur. I'm with him now."

"The one who said 'watch your mouth around the lady?'" she asks.

I try not to laugh out loud as I nod. "Yup, that's him."

"Wow, you move fast, don't you?"

“Trust me, Emily. He’s amazing.” Nash glances over his shoulder at me, not because he is listening to what I’m saying, but just because. He smiles, and my heart warms. “He’s the one, Emily. I already know it.”

Emily pauses, and I can picture her face on the other end of the call, shocked and twisted up, wondering if I’ve lost my mind. “And you guys…”

“What?” I ask, twirling a strand of hair around my pinky finger. I know exactly what she’s getting at.

“ You know ,” she presses me. “You guys…”

“Did it?” I laugh. “Yes, we did. So many times. I can feel the effects when I walk.”

Emily bursts out laughing. “Okay, TMI, Grace. TMI.”

I bite my lip and glance at Nash as he does something under the hood of my car. I have no clue what—maybe it has to do with that timing belt thing or whatever—but he looks so hot doing it. And that’s what really matters.

God, I’m thinking like a total dude-bro right now, aren’t I?

“I’m happy for you,” Emily says. “But we need to all have dinner or something so I can get to know him.”

“Sounds great,” I reply. “Speaking of which, how did you and the cowboy guy work out?”

Emily scoffs. “Don’t ask. Listen, I gotta go. Talk later?”

“Okay. See ya!”

I hang up and take a sip of the lemonade Nash brought me earlier.

It's ice-cold, offsetting the heat of the shop.

He keeps glancing over his shoulder at me, like he's afraid I'll vanish if he doesn't have his eyes on me every second—or that I'll break if he doesn't dote on me constantly.

Which is funny, considering what we have been doing for the last two days.

On the workbench, his bed, in the kitchen...

By now, he should know that I can take it.

"How you doing, sweetheart?" Nash calls out. His smile goes straight into my chest. God, what a man.

"I'm doing just swell," I smirk, hamming it up for him. "How goes the car?"

"We're just about finished," he replies, glancing at Craig, who's got a big wrench or something in both hands. "You good on the torque there? Don't go breaking off any bolts and causing us more problems."

Craig chuckles. "We're good, boss."

Nash raises both hands triumphantly, slides into the car, and twists the key, and the engine springs to life. This time, without any of the sketchy sounds it was making before.

I hop to my feet. "You know what? I'm gonna run into town and grab lunch for everybody."

Nash instantly looks up. "I'll go with you."

I shake my head. "Nope, you stay. You have been working hard all morning, and it's my turn to do something nice for everybody."

He cocks his head to one side and eyes me as he wipes his hands on a towel. "You sure?"

"Positive," I reply, stepping up close and kissing him softly. His lips are salty with his sweat, causing my body to pulse with excitement. "Anything specific you want?"

He leans in close and whispers, "You. Naked. In my bedroom later."

"That's a guarantee," I whisper back. "But what about food?"

He grins. "You pick. Just get back here soon, okay? Before I go into Grace withdrawals."

Buzzing, I slide into my car and put it in drive. "I will! Don't you worry!"

It's not far to downtown. The main drag of shops, diners, and boutiques are bustling with people today.

The sun is out, and there's a nice breeze as I park and walk to Bill's, the local deli.

I can't believe how excited I am to bring Nash back a sandwich and something to drink.

It's not much, but it will do until I learn how to cook and have a tasty meal ready for him at the end of each of his tough days.

I'm just about to enter Bill's when a woman steps right in my way, moving intentionally into my path. She's tall, sharply beautiful, and impeccably dressed in a power suit, like one of my father's associates would wear. It screams money and manipulation.

"Grace, isn't it?" she asks, her voice cool.

My heart skips a beat. "How do you know my name?"

Her lips form a thin smile as she looks me over like a doctor diagnosing a patient. "I'm Sheila. Nash and I...well, we go way back. He told me about you."

My body tenses. "He did?"

"He sure did." She nods. "He said you were his 'new plaything.' I hope you know it will only be a little while before he tosses you aside."

I lift my chin defiantly. "Look, I don't know who you are, but—"

"I'm his ex-girlfriend," she snaps, cutting me off. "And I'm here, as a fellow woman, to warn you about Nash. He's not the man you think he is."

"Warn me? Warn me about what?"

Sheila makes a contemplative face, as if pondering her next words carefully. "Nash...has a temper. A bad one. He's controlling and very possessive and can also be violent as well."

"No way." I shake my head. "You're lying."

"Am I? I guess he didn't tell you about the sexual assault charges I filed against

him?” Adrenaline dumps through me, causing my fingers and limbs to go ice cold.

Her eyes soften on me like a mother looking at her child who has just learned a terrible truth about the world.

It’s like she pities me. “So he didn’t tell you.

I figured he wouldn’t. That’s why I’m here.

To let you know to stay away. He may seem all charming and incredible, but the day will come when you realize you’ve made a terrible mistake being with him. Be careful. For your own sake.”

Before I can even respond, she walks away. I stand there for a moment, my heart pounding in my ears, my limbs shaking, her words echoing like trauma in my mind.

My phone buzzes in my pocket, shocking me out of my stupor. I snatch it and see a text from Nash:

Hurry back, princess. Already missing you ;)

I stand there a second, stuck in a stupor, unable to move.

Once my body finally listens to me, I walk into Bill’s on autopilot and order a few sandwiches for everyone.

My brain is stuck overthinking everything Sheila just told me, and also simply not working.

By the time I get back to Nash’s shop, I’m simply a bundle of nerves, trying not to quiver as I hand the bag over to him.

Nash smiles broadly like he hasn't stopped thinking about me since I left. He takes the bag and kisses my temple, saying something about how sexy I smell, but I barely hear him. Because all I hear now is Sheila's voice in my head.

And as I look at him, the man I've fallen head over heels for, I hate myself. Because I don't know what to believe.

NASH

Grace isn't answering her phone. She's not texting me back, and although it's only been one night that she's been gone, I can feel deep in my gut that something is terribly wrong.

After she came back from town with the sandwiches, I invited her to come back home with me for the night, but she declined. She said she and her friend Emily had a best-friends date planned but that she'd see me tomorrow.

I woke up, expecting a missed call or a text with heart emojis and snapshots of her night. Instead, nothing.

I can't decide what to be worried about.

Part of me is going to a dark place, imagining some scenario where she woke up and realized that a lowly mechanic like me wasn't fit for a high-society princess like her.

And another part of me is worried about her physical safety.

She lives all alone in that cottage; there's no telling what could happen to her out there.

I pace the garage like I've got a thousand cups of coffee running through my veins, checking my phone for the hundredth time. Nick and Crag keep tossing glances to each other, but I don't care.

I text her again:

You okay, babe? I'm starting to get worried here.

Still nothing.

Fuck it.

"You guys watch the shop for an hour," I say, grabbing my keys. "I've got somewhere to be."

I hop into my truck and gun it out of the parking lot.

The fifteen-minute drive to her cottage feels like an eternity.

The gate to her drive is closed, so I park and hop the stone wall onto her property.

Christ, I'm going to look like a thief or something if anyone catches me, when in reality I'm just here to check on my girlfriend and make sure she's okay.

If something happened to her...if someone hurt her... I'll burn the entire world to ashes.

When I reach the front, I see her car's not in the driveway. I bang on the door anyway, shouting her name. "Grace! Grace, baby, are you okay?"

Am I losing it? It's only been a few hours—not even a day. There's probably a good explanation for her behavior, and here I am, shouting like a madman, hoping she'll step outside.

But I can't risk it. What if that creep from the other night came back, pissed that he

didn't get what he was looking for?

I call her again, and this time it goes straight to voicemail.

My stomach drops. She's avoiding me. Actively avoiding me.

Something happened.

I race back to my truck and drive into town.

My heart is pounding, and I'm sweating as I scan every parking lot and space for her car.

It stands out, and thankfully only takes me a few minutes to spot it, parked in the side lot of Tressa's Coffee and Tea.

My heart slows briefly, then starts to race again as I park.

I get out and walk to the front door, and that's when I see her through the glass, sitting at a small corner table with her friend, Emily.

They're sitting close, hunched like they're whispering secrets to each other.

Grace's eyes are rimmed with red, like she's been crying, and her body is tense.

She's clutching a coffee cup so tightly I'm shocked she hasn't crushed it.

I take a deep breath before I tug the door open.

A set of chimes ding above me as I step inside, causing both of the girls to look up. Emily's eyes narrow as she sees me, and she instantly gets up from her seat and paces

over to me like she's going to hit me.

"You need to leave. Now ."

I blink, looking past her at Grace, who can't meet my gaze. "What?"

"Grace does not want to see you," Emily snaps. "Not after what you did."

Grace flinches at her friend's voice, like this whole thing is just too much for her.

What I did . That's what Emily just said. I feel a pain in my chest, like I've been speared through with a needle. My mind instantly goes to the one thing in my life that could come back to haunt me—to ruin me. Sheila Cosgrove.

It can't be...can it?

"Grace," I call, trying not to make a scene. "Can you just talk to me, please?"

"Get out!" Emily hisses, stepping up close.

People are starting to look over. I really should get out of here. But as I turn to go, I simply can't bring myself to leave. If Grace thinks something bad about me, I have to talk to her. She needs to understand that I would never, in a million years, do anything to hurt her.

I step past Emily and sit down in front of Grace. I try to take her hand in mine, but she pulls away.

"Grace—"

"I ran into Sheila," she whispers.

Shit. I knew it.

Hot rage races through me. I bite the inside of my lip until I taste blood. It's not enough that she tried to ruin my life once—now she has to do it again and involve Grace? This is too far.

“She found me outside Bill's,” she continues, her voice trembling. “She told me...you had hurt her.”

Emily steps up beside me. “And we believe her. Don't we, Grace?” Grace nods, but it takes her a second. Like she's hesitating. There's still hope. She wants to hear me out. She wants to believe me.

“Why would you believe my crazy ex-girlfriend?”

“Why would we believe you ?” Emily counters. “We barely know you! You didn't even tell Grace about the accusations!”

“Because it was all bullshit!” I snap, reaching for my phone. I'm trembling now. This piece of my past will simply not go away, no matter what I do. “Sheila is a complete and utter psychopath who fabricated everything because I broke up with her.”

“Right!” Emily scoffs.

“You want proof? I've got it.”

I open my photos, go to the folder containing everything, and start pulling up images.

“Grace, look,” I say, sliding the phone in front of her.

“Look. I saved everything. The crazy texts she sent me after I ended

things—threatening me if I didn’t take her back. Saying she’d ruin my life if I didn’t.”

Emily groans beside me, but Grace slowly reaches out and takes the phone. I watch as she starts slowly swiping, her eyes widening with every move of her thumb.

“And you see? The court documents showing that the judge threw her case out. He said it was baseless and malicious. She told people around town she had a restraining order against me when she didn’t as well.”

“Oh my God...” Grace mutters softly. Yes. I’m getting through to her. She loves me. She will believe me.

“She tried to get one. She tried twice, in fact, but they said no. The cops even told me if she ran around town any longer telling people she had one that I could file one against her!”

Emily shifts over beside Grace and looks down at the phone as Grace continues to swipe. This is an absolute nightmare. Her face is twisted with pain, and I can see tears beginning to pool in her eyes.

She keeps swiping, and I catch Emily shooting me a glance—a glance that says she might be coming over to my side.

Finally, tears spill down Grace’s cheeks. She drops the phone to the table and sighs, “I’m so sorry, Nash! I didn’t know what to believe!”

“It’s okay, baby,” I say softly, pulling her into my arms.

“She—she seemed so calm, so composed, so convincing. I thought maybe I’d lost my mind falling for you so fast.”

“You haven’t lost your mind, baby,” I reply. “And neither have I. You’re mine, and I’m yours. We both fell for each other because it was meant to be.”

She presses her head into my chest and nods. Emily clears her throat and steps back. “I’ll um, give you two a minute.”

I clutch Grace against my chest, not caring or thinking about the customers in the shop watching us. This is our moment, and no one, not even Sheila and her insanity, can take it from us.

No one can take Grace from me. Ever .

“Grace,” I whisper. “I love you.”

She sobs into my shirt, clutching my shoulders like she’s afraid I’ll float away. “I–I love you too, Nash.”

I kiss her on the forehead, right there in the middle of the shop. Then I reach down and slip a finger below her chin and raise her eyes to mine.

“And I have just one more thing—something I need to ask you.”

Grace’s gorgeous eyes go wide as I get down on one knee before her. She gasps, and so do several other women behind me.

“I don’t have a ring, but I will get you one,” I tell her, my chest filled with joy and desire for the woman of my dreams. “So, Grace, my princess, will you marry me?”

A hush comes over the shop, as if every person is now holding their breath.

Grace stares at me, like she can’t believe what she’s just heard.

Then as more tears spill from her eyes, she nods and smiles the sweetest smile that lets me know I'm the luckiest man alive.

“Yes!” she cries out as thunderous applause breaks out around us. “Yes, I will!”

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GRACE

I can't believe Nash forgave me so easily.

How could I have ever let myself believe—even for a second —that Nash would ever have been capable of the things that horrible woman said?

I almost ghosted him, and he still came looking for me.

Still looked at me like I was everything to him.

And he held me in the middle of that coffee shop, unashamed, and told me he loved me.

And asked me to marry him.

“He loves me...” I whisper to myself, smiling. I see it in everything he does. The way he watches me like he's the luckiest man alive. How he holds me like I'm a delicate treasure. The way he whispers lovingly into my ear, words that sends my soul soaring.

We're engaged.

My whole body goes hot every time I think about it.

Just a few days ago, Emily was trying to set me up with a guy I would never go out with, and now I'm off the market forever.

I smile to myself as I sit in the shop, wearing yet another one of Nash's old T-shirts, watching Craig and Nick work on a flashy new Mustang they've got up on a lift.

Nash left about an hour ago. He said he had some errands to run and that he was going to sort things out for us. Make things all better. I asked him for more details, but he just kissed me on the forehead and left. I know better than to doubt him now. Whatever he's up to, I trust him completely.

"Yo, girl!" I look up as Emily walks in through the open garage door. She's got two iced coffees with her and is looking at me with that look she always has when she knows exactly how I'm feeling.

"Somebody's on cloud nine," she teases, dancing over to me and handing me my cup. "Mrs. Nash."

"Mrs. Nash!?" I laugh. "It will be Mrs. Emerson when the day comes."

"Oh, good. Because that's much better than Mrs. Nash." I smile and take a sip of my drink.

"You know, I thought you were going to punch him yesterday," I say. "The way you got all up in his face."

Emily rolls her eyes and chuckles. "I honestly was close. But he had the receipts. Smart guy."

"Very ."

"And you two are obviously completely obsessed with each other." She smiles. "But if he didn't have those pics on his phone? If he was just stammering and trying to get past me? I might have laid him out!"

Emily mimes throwing a punch in the air, drawing odd looks from the boys.

I smile but look down. Guilt still runs through me, like ice in my veins. “I hate that I doubted him.”

“Grace,” Emily says gently. “You were ambushed by a psycho bitch. The fact that you even gave Nash a chance to explain himself shows that you have a good heart. Most girls wouldn’t have.”

“You think?” I ask.

Emily wraps an arm around me—a comforting arm like a mom teaching her daughter a lesson. “I know,” she tells me. “From what I saw yesterday, Nash would die before hurting you. You found yourself a goodie.”

Tears sting my eyes. I wipe them on the sleeve of Nash’s T-shirt. Nodding, I look at Emily. “Yeah, I did.”

The loud sound of an engine and a car pulling up outside startles me. Emily and I both look up, and my stomach drops as a black SUV pulls up and parks. I know who it is before he even steps out.

It’s my father.

Bill Sinclair, in a tailored navy blazer, a pressed white dress shirt, and designer leather loafers that have never seen a speck of dirt until today. Emily glances at me, her eyes wary.

He walks straight at me, two of his bodyguards behind him in step. His face is stiff with the same look he always has when he looks at me: disapproval. He stops in front of me and glances around the garage, his nose twitching like he’s found himself

suddenly in a landfill.

“I heard the rumors but I didn’t believe them. This is where you’ve been hiding?”

“Not hiding,” I reply. “Living my life.”

He sighs, putting a hand to his brow. “This has gone on long enough, Grace. You’ve had your fun playing house with the riff-raff. It’s time for you to come home where you belong.”

“Where I belong?” I scoff. “You mean living under your thumb? Being just another pretty little rich girl at one of your business galas, smiling for men who just want me so they can get to you?”

“Grace, be reasonable. You have no idea how privileged you are.”

“Privileged?” I laugh. “I’ll gladly give up all that ‘privilege’ for a life that truly makes me happy.”

My father’s eyes narrow, accentuating his sharp, stern features. “Where is this man? ” He growls. “This...mechanic who has tricked my daughter? He’ll ruin you, Grace—”

“She’s happier than I’ve ever seen her,” Emily says protectively, stepping forward.

“She’s a child! And she has no idea what she’s doing.” He glares at me with fiery anger in his eyes. “Grace, if you remain here, you’ll lose your grandmother’s cottage. It’s in my name. I can sell it tomorrow.”

“Fine.” I glare back at him. “If you want to be that petty and get rid of Grandma’s cottage, so be it. But you won’t control me anymore. I’ve made a choice for my life, and there’s nothing you can do about it.”

My dad looks stunned. He was definitely not expecting that response from me.

“And Nash is his name, Dad. This mechanic you disapprove of. We’re in love, and we’re getting married. I don’t want your money. I don’t want any part of your world. I have everything I need right here.”

My dad stares for a moment. I see Nick and Craig looking over at me out of the corner of my eye. Just like Nash, they’re ready to defend me if need be. I’m sure he told them to watch out for me in his absence.

My dad sees them, mutters something under his breath, then turns away. “Fine, Grace. Do what you want. But don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

I watch him as he walks back to his SUV, climbs in, and pulls away. Only after he’s out of the lot do I finally relax. Emily exhales slowly beside me. “Jeez, talk about intense.”

I close my eyes and take a deep breath and realize just how tense I am. Slowly, I try to relax as Emily places a hand on my shoulder.

“He’s always been that way,” I say. “Cold, controlling. His way or the highway. I should have said all that to him years ago.”

“Oh, years ago when you were a minor with nowhere to go?” Emily replies. “No, I think now was the perfect time.”

The sound of tires outside makes my stomach flip.

He didn’t come back, did he?

I open my eyes, and my heart nearly explodes as I see Nash step out of his truck, a

broad smile on his face. He walks in with a swagger that I can only interpret as pride. Is he proud to have me? It's almost too much to think about, but I rush to him and leap into his arms.

"Hey," he says, catching me and pressing a kiss to my cheek. "You all right?"

I nod. "My father was just here. He tried to—he tried to ruin everything. To take me from you. But I told him to get lost."

"I'm so sorry," he replies, squeezing me tight. "I should have been here."

"It's okay." I shake my head as he lets me down. "I need to be able to stand up for myself sometimes, right?"

Nash smiles, brushes my hair back, then reaches into his pocket and pulls out an envelope. He hands it to me.

"What's this?"

"Open it." He grins.

Tentatively, I peel the envelope open and find myself staring at legal forms I'm not sure I understand. I do, however, see the names Sheila Cosgrove and Nash Emerson. I swallow hard and look up at him.

"What is it?"

"It's my restraining order," he says triumphantly. "Got it today. My lawyer expedited it. Sheila will never bother us again. Not unless she wants to end up in jail."

My eyes go wide. "Are you serious?"

“Damn right I am.” He nods. “The cops told me she’s already skipped town. Got out as soon as the process server showed up.”

This is almost too much for me to handle. My heart is pounding so fast I swear everyone in the garage can hear it. I glance back at Emily, who is smiling at me. She gives me the thumbs up.

“So she’s...gone?” I ask Nash.

He leans in and kisses me.

“Gone.”

“So this is what you were doing today?” I ask. “When you said you were going to sort things out for us?”

Nash nods, and a curious smile twists over his lips—a smile unlike anything I’ve ever seen. And before I realize what’s happening, he drops to one knee.

My heart stops.

He pulls out a small velvet box and presents it to me. “I felt so bad about not having a ring. I had to make it official and let the whole world know that you are mine.”

He opens the box, and I gasp. Inside is the most beautiful ring I’ve ever seen, and I’m a rich girl who has been raised around all kinds of jewelry.

It’s not the most expensive ring in the world, or the most ornate, but something about it is me .

It’s like it was custom made to fit my personality.

And somehow, Nash knew it when he saw it.

Tears spill from my eyes as he slips it onto my finger. “Grace Sinclair.” He smiles. “I know you already said yes, but will you tell me one more time that you will marry me and let me love you forever?”

“Yes!” I blurt out, gasping for breath as I’m overcome with joy. “Of course I will, baby! Of course!”

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NASH

Four years later...

The sound of your children's voice is the best kind of work interruption.

"Dad, Dad, Dad, look!" my son, Benji, shouts, his voice still baby-soft, despite the feisty speed at which he barrels into the garage.

I set down my wrench and wipe the grease from my fingers and manage to squat down just in time to snatch up my boy as he flies into my arms. His brown hair is especially wild today, and his T-shirt has crumbs and chocolate smudged across the front.

He must have gotten into the cookies Grace baked last night.

He's also holding something in his right hand—something he definitely wants to show me.

"What do you have there, pal?" I ask, grinning as he opens his chubby little fist to reveal a stone.

"It's a rock!" he says proudly. "But it's shiny."

I take the rock from him and examine it like I'm Indiana Jones. "Are you sure it's a rock and not a meteorite!?"

His eyes go huge, and he does a little jump. “Like from space!?”

“That’s right.” I smile, ruffling his hair. “Only the bravest of boys collect meteorites.”

His smile lights up the garage as I hand him back his rock. He’s such a pure and sweet soul. I see so much of his mother in him.

“Benji!” a softer voice calls from the house.

My daughter, Kate, appears at the door. She’s barely two and a half and is pure sunshine.

She’s got Grace’s hair, but she has my eyes.

I’m already worried about just how cute she’s going to be when she grows up and how many boys I’m going to have to fend off.

She’s holding a plastic tiara in one hand and dragging her stuffed bunny in the other.

I have to pause to take in the moment.

This is it. This is the beauty of my life.

“Do you want to play marbles?” Kate asks Benji, but I go over to them and lift them both into my arms.

“Listen, you two. Why don’t we wash up? Your momma’s probably got lunch ready by now.”

They both cheer as I carry them toward the cottage. It looks better than ever now. Grace’s father didn’t make good on this threat to sell it. Instead, he kept it and

allowed me to buy it off him. I guess once he realized I wasn't going anywhere, and Grace wasn't leaving me, he chilled out.

He still keeps his distance. He definitely doesn't like the fact that Grace chose a "simple" life over whatever life he had planned for her, but he's no longer toxic. He's civil, and for right now, that's enough.

I still run the garage with Nick and Craig, and we even hired another guy, Dave, to help with all the new work we're getting. He does custom bodywork, which really started to bring in new customers and a lot more cash. Business is booming. So is our family.

Grace insisted we keep the cottage's original charm, but I went ahead and upgraded the old plumbing, fixed some of the old windows, and Nick and Craig helped me build on a sunroom off the backside that she has filled with plants and flowers and a vintage white couch where she reads to the kids at night.

Never in my life did I think I'd end up the guy with the quaint house, the great wife, and the two kids, but that's me.

Hell, we've even got a tire swing hanging from the maple tree in the back yard.

Four years ago, when Grace and I got married, I knew I was the luckiest man alive. What I didn't know was just how much better our lives could get.

When we step inside, the kitchen smells like Grace's special grilled cheese—with sour dough bread and basil—and tomato soup.

She's standing at the stove in one of my old T-shirts and a pair of shorts that show off her absolutely perfect legs.

She has her hair up in a messy bun and has tomato sauce on her cheek.

She turns as I lean in and lick it off. “There you are!” She beams, kissing me as the kids giggle. “Lunch is basically all ready. Kids, make sure you wash your hands before sitting down!”

“Okay!” they reply in unison.

She laughs and turns back to the stove. I wrap my arms around her waist and kiss her on the back of the neck.

“Mmmm,” she hums. “Grease, oil, and...sawdust? My favorite designer cologne.”

“Hey, you know me,” I chuckle. “You forgot the overpowering scent of testosterone.”

The kids have their backs turned, so I take the opportunity to pinch her on the ass, causing her to jump. “Hey!” she whispers. “Your children are around!”

“They didn’t see anything,” I whisper back. “And don’t pretend like you don’t love it.”

She checks behind me to make sure the kids are out of range and nods, a naughty gleam in her eye. “You know I do.”

After everyone’s washed up, we have family lunch at the table. Benji tells Mom about his meteor, and Kate and Grace come up with a back story for her little stuffed rabbit and come to the conclusion that she was probably a princess in a fantasy land before coming to live with Kate.

I steal glances at my wife, and she sends me back little secret smiles like we’re still dating and about to sneak off behind our parents’ backs.

After lunch, Grace puts the kids down for their naps while I clean up. Once I'm finished, I go into the living room and find her standing there, her arms crossed below her breasts, one hip cocked out to the side, with an expression on her face that makes my blood go warm instantly.

"Have I ever told you how amazing you are?" she asks.

"Who me?" I reply, just a slight amount of sauce in my voice.

She nods as I step closer, giving me the eye . The one all men know and love when it comes from their woman. "The kids are down, the house is clean, and I'm in the mood to show my husband just how much I appreciate him for being the most wonderful man I could ever imagine."

As blood rushes to my cock, I sweep forward and snatch her into my arms, kneading the warm flesh of her tight ass with my fingertips. "I still can't believe I get to wake up to this every day."

"Just that?" she teases, biting her lower lip.

Ah, an invitation.

I carry her into the bedroom and lay her down on the bed—the same bed where I first took her when we moved into the cottage together. The walls have photos of our life on them now, and the floors have been redone, but everything feels just as raw and electric between us as it did the first time.

As it does every time .

I slip my hand up her shirt, squeeze her perfect breast. "And this," I tell her, lifting the hem and finding her nipple with my lips. I suck gently, causing her to gasp. I kiss

down her soft, flat tummy.

“And this.”

I keep kissing down, tease her little pussy mound, and bring my lips between her thighs, kissing each one gently. “And these...”

“Nash.” She moans my name, gripping my hair with her fingers.

I move up and kiss her core through the thin fabric of her shorts.

“And this...”

I take her wrists and kiss each of them.

“And these...”

Then I take her fingers and hook them into the waistband of her shorts, guiding her hands as she pulls them down so she lies naked beneath me.

“ All this...” I whisper as I tug my pants down. I’m rock hard already, and my wife’s eyes go straight down to my cock as I guide it between her legs and press my hips forward. As I enter her, her eyes snap back to mine, and her jaw falls open.

Yes, just like that. Earth-shattering every single time.

Her arms drape around my neck as I start thrusting, gently at first but picking up speed as I feel her soaked walls begin to tighten down on me.

We both know we don’t have much time. The kids will be up soon.

But we're so in tune with each other's bodies by now that we both know exactly what to do.

And in no time at all, I feel Grace's heart pounding against my chest. Hear her breath heavy in my ear.

"Just like that, baby," I whisper. "You feel so good."

"You're incredible," she mewls. "I'm already gonna—"

But she can't even finish her sentence before she goes off. Before her orgasm rocks her, causing her body to arch up into mine. A moan escapes her lips, but I instantly clasp my palm over her mouth. This is no time for either of us to be loud.

My cock jerks as my own climax hits me, and I spray inside her, over and over and over—a powerful orgasm that hits me like I've just crashed a race car. She takes it all so well, and as we both come down together, she looks up at me with eyes filled with devotion and love.

"That was so good, Daddy," she whimpers, tilting her chin down and gazing up at me through her eyelashes.

"You take it like a good girl," I tell her, brushing her hair back and kissing her deep. We lie there together for a moment, tangled up in the aftermath of our lovemaking, our hearts pounding hard against each other. Grace gently strokes my arm and sighs.

"Can you believe this life?" she asks. "I never even thought something like this would be possible for me. I always thought...that I'd just be someone else's possession because that's what I was meant to be. Just a daughter, a socialite, a wife to some man who never loved me."

“You’re none of those things,” I tell her, kissing her on the cheek. “You’re mine . My wife . And I’m a man who only ever wanted you.”

She smiles, and I pull her tighter, cradling her head in my arms.

“For how long?” she asks.

Grace asks me this all the time. And I always have the same answer for her. I lift myself up and look her dead in her beautiful eyes and smile.

“ Forever .”

THE END

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Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 8:19 am

The soles of my designer flats sink into the mud as the town car pulls away, kicking up a cloud of dust that coats my shorts and T-shirt. I immediately start coughing.

Wonderful.

My eyes take in the cracked earth, the rickety old wire fence, the green pastures, and open sunset-sky stretching above me like a prison cell with no roof. In front of me is the ranch house. Old wood, weathered by time—it might as well be a thousand miles from the New York City life that I know.

This is my punishment.

Dad didn't ground me, take away my allowance, or even cancel my girls' trip to Monaco this August. Nope. He just took my phone, all my cards, and dumped me here so I could, in his words, "learn some respect."

All because I got expelled.

Well, technically I wasn't expelled. I still get to graduate. I just don't get to attend graduation or the last two weeks of school. And all because I told Mr. Morris to "start grading fairly and not giving As to the cheerleading team." I guess that was a bit too far.

But what can I say? I've got a bit of a smart mouth, and I'm not afraid to speak my mind. Mr. Morris is a massive prick anyway.

"You can't go through life mouthing off to people in positions of power, Lena," Dad

growled when he heard the news. “The world’s a rough place; you’re gonna learn that soon. I’m sending you to the ranch for a month. Colt’s gonna put you to work.”

Colt Ryder.

I froze like a statue when he told me that.

And now, I swallow hard, ignoring the way my heart flutters like a baby bird at the sound of his name in my head.

I haven’t seen Colt in years. The last time I was probably thirteen, and he was a grim-faced, sun-kissed, eighteen-year-old cowboy with arms like tree trunks and hands rougher than concrete.

Despite being the youngest of Dad’s workers, he was his most prized foreman. An ex-rodeo rider, raised by ranchers, built like an Adonis, who never once had a kind word for me. Even when I would follow him around like a pest, showering Dad jokes on him that I thought might get him to smile.

But he never did. Not once. I’m not even sure he’s capable of it.

Now I’m the eighteen-year-old. I’m still mouthy (obviously), maybe a bit of a brat, and I’ve been handed over to the one man in the world who probably loves the fact that for the next four weeks, it’s going to be his job to make me shovel horse crap.

“Well,” I mutter, grabbing my one bag and hoisting it over my shoulder. “This is going to be great.”

I can’t imagine how much mud is accumulating in the bottom of my shoes. I can even feel the wet soaking through the canvas and into my socks. It must have just rained, and I don’t even own a pair of boots suitable for a place like this.

As I approach the house, the screen door creaks and slowly opens.

I stop—well, actually, I freeze as Colt emerges from inside.

It's him. It's really him.

He leans against the doorframe, towering muscle and irritation, his broad shoulders threatening to tear the seams of his faded plaid shirt.

My gaze dips—against my will—to his thick forearms, corded with chiseled muscle, tanned from the sun and dusted with the kind of grit that doesn't wash off without an extra hand.

He looks like punishment with a pulse, already figuring out just how much pain he's going to put me through.

My whole body goes hot in an instant. Yeah, I remember him being hot, but what in the world happened? He's not just hot anymore...he's dangerous . What's he doing working on a ranch? He should be in front of a camera somewhere, acting or modeling. Both?

A memory sparks in my mind from when I was thirteen and following him around the yard while he worked.

I was too short to step over a fence, and instead of just going back to the house, I started screaming at the top of my lungs until Colt reached back, grabbed me by the waist, and lifted me over like it was nothing.

He didn't even speak. He didn't even look at me, but my body remembered his touch for days. Even though I knew it was totally wrong and he was way too old for me.

I bet he doesn't even remember it...

“I knew you’d be late getting here,” Colt says, his voice like gravel in the hot sun.
“That behavior stops now.”

I blink. “Gee, it’s nice to see you again too, Colt.”

He drags his eyes up my body, sending a shiver through me that I desperately try to hide. His gaze halts briefly at the hem of my jean shorts, and I think I see his jaw clench.

Is he checking me out? He can’t be, can he?

Not with that expression. He looks like he’d rather I be anywhere but here. No, it’s more likely he’s thinking about how annoying I’m going to be by getting in the way of his normal routine.

“We start at dawn,” he says. “Make sure you’re not late.”

“Start what?” I ask.

“Work,” he replies simply. “Though judging by those shoes, you don’t know what the word even means.”

Well, Colt may have gotten ten times hotter, but he’s also ten times more of a dickhead.

I guess that’s the tradeoff. Still, my eyes are drawn to the veins of his biceps.

They look like they’re ready to rip through the skin.

He’s built like a bodybuilder, but this isn’t some gym rat’s body to post on social media.

This is a man whose been carved by work, sweat, sun, and long, hard days in the saddle.

And that's a massive turn-on, even if he does clearly hate my guts.

"My shoes are cute," I reply with a sassy shrug. "They're expensive."

His jaw ticks, and he looks down at them with those fierce blue eyes, like he's disgusted by everything about me. "Not anymore they're not."

Then he turns his back on me and walks inside. The door remains open, which I take as an invitation and follow after him. "Dick..."

The inside of the house is warm and smells like thyme, garlic, and wheat. It's rustic and lived-in but kept up and not a mess. I set my suitcase by the stairs and spot Colt over at the sink filling a glass of water from the tap.

He moves like he owns the place, but it's my father's name on the deed. God knows what would happen if I reminded him of that now.

Colt doesn't even acknowledge me as I step into the living room. He just raises the glass to his lips and begins to drink, his thick throat muscles flexing with every swallow. I try not to stare as he drinks—try and fail.

"So you're my boss for the next month, eh?"

"Damn right I am," he growls, setting the now-empty glass aside.

I nod slowly. "And...this work you're going to make me do? What's that exactly?"

Mimicking me, he shrugs his shoulders. "Whatever I damn well please."

There's that hot feeling flowing through my body again. This time it's accompanied by tingles between my thighs. What is wrong with me? Why is it that this guy speaking like the most arrogant bastard alive is such a turn-on?

It's harsh, dominant, bordering on bullying...

But I like it. And I shouldn't.

"You better be nice to me," I tell him. "Or I'll just go home."

Colt scoffs, shaking his head with something approximating a smile. "No, you won't. Your dad told me not to let you run. If you try..." He lifts a long rope from a hook on the wall. It has a hoop at the end. "I'll lasso you like a runaway mare."

Now my body really reacts. Heat pools low in my belly, sending all kinds of wild sensations through my core. My cheeks go hot, and I shake my hair into my face to disguise the blush turning them red.

"So I'm a wild horse, am I?"

He walks slowly up to me, slips a finger beneath my chin, and lifts my eyes to his. Their blueness seems impossible. It's like staring into the most gorgeous summer afternoon sky. "You might be," he replies. "And you don't want to find out how I break in wild things, missy. Trust me."

If this were a movie, this would be the moment where I slap him or spit in his face. Or at the least turn my back on him and walk out.

But my legs simply will not move. My lips part, and for a moment, I can't even breathe. His eyes burn into me like molten lava, and when he finally steps back, I manage to gasp for air.

“Get your bag,” he barks, walking past me. “You’re sleeping in the barn.”

My eyes widen. “You’re joking.”

He stops, turns, and stares at me with a face of stone. “Do I look like I’m joking?”

I watch as he walks back outside, then quickly grab my bag and hurry after him. More mud soaks through my shoes as I nearly fall over myself on the way to the barn. Inside, it smells like hay and old wood and the faint tang of horse sweat.

I glance at a handsome chestnut stallion and immediately trip over a hay bale. I yelp as I fall, but Colt saves me by simply catching me with just one of his massive hands and lifting me back to my feet.

My whole body is flushed now, and the memory from when I was young is replaying in full clarity in my mind.

He lifted me with the same ease—like I weigh absolutely nothing.

His smell enters my nostrils, awakening a scent-memory I had completely forgotten.

It’s like time traveling back five years to when I was just a kid with a huge crush.

“Careful, Lena. We’re not in the city anymore.”

At the end of the barn, there’s a ladder leading up to the loft. He takes my bag from me, and with a single throw, tosses it all the way up to the second level where I’ll soon be staying.

“Breakfast is at six sharp. Work at six-thirty,” he says, turning away. “Be there or go hungry.”

I look up at the ladder, then back to him. “Is this even legal?”

Again, he shrugs. “If you have a problem with it, just call your daddy.” He pauses, placing a hand to his chin. “Oh, that’s right. Your daddy has your phone, doesn’t he?”

Twisting my lips, I glare back at him. “You’re real charming, you know that?”

Once more, he almost smiles. “Welcome to the ranch, sweetheart.”

CLICK TO READ NOW!

Breaking Her In

A cowboy bully age-gap instalove forbidden romance

Her daddy told me to stay away from her. But one look at Lena, and I knew I was screwed.

She’s all grown up now—long legs, a sassy mouth, and fire in her eyes. When she's sent to the ranch, it’s my job to keep her in line. Teach her some discipline...not put my filthy cowboy hands on her.

She doesn’t understand why I keep my distance. Why I clench my fists every time she sways those hips. Why I walk away instead of pinning her to the barn wall and showing her who she belongs to.

It’s not because I don’t want her.

It’s because I want her too much.

Not for a night. Not for a taste.

Forever.

If I take her now, there's no undoing it.

And when her father finds out, all hell's gonna break loose.