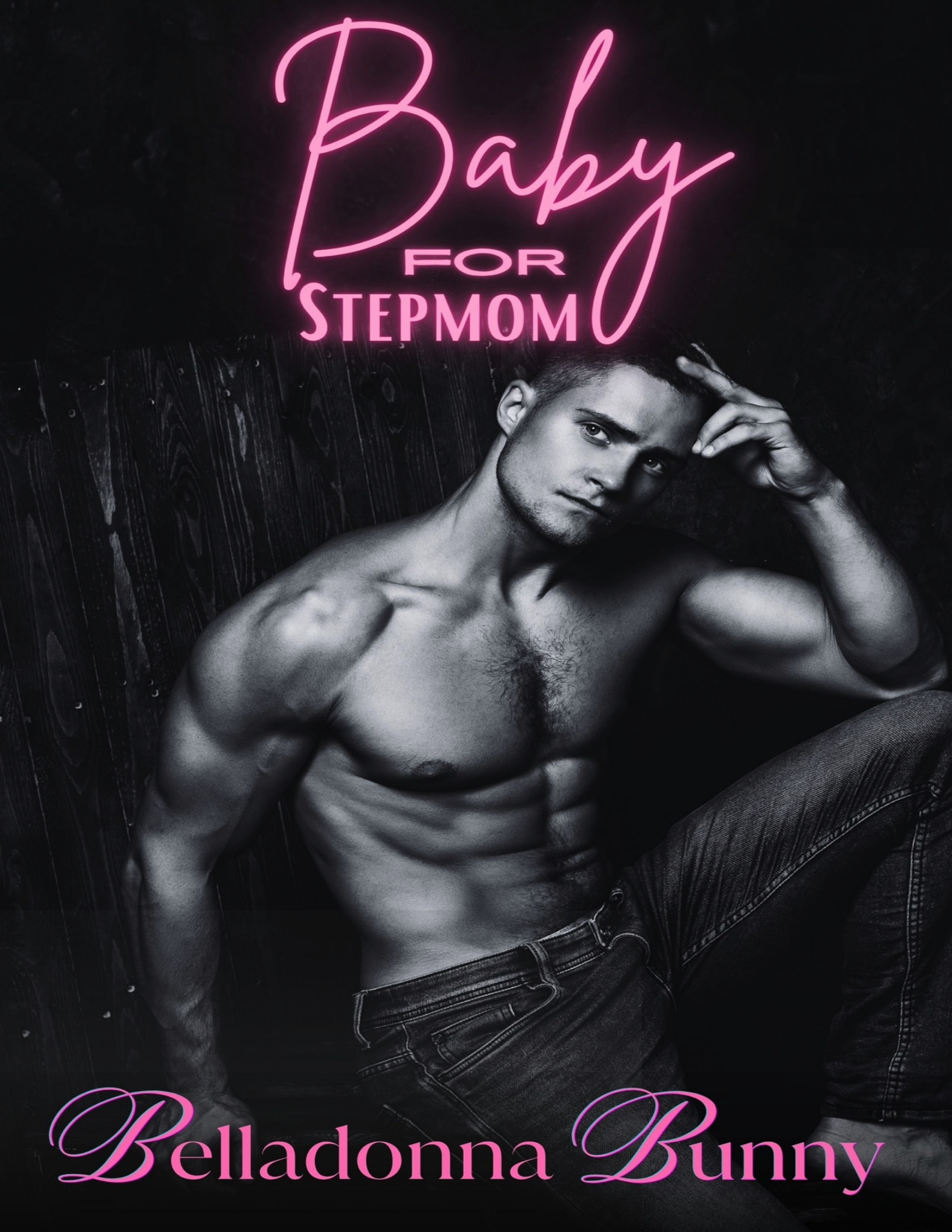
Baby for Stepmom



Belladonna Bunny

BABY FOR STEPMOM

BELLADONNA BUNNY

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CONTENT WARNING

BABY FOR STEPMOM CONTAINS DARK THEMES INCLUDING:

Noncon, Dubious con, Somnophilia, Drugging, Bondage, Forced Pregnancy, Breeding kink, Lactation kink, Cheating (not between love interests), Derogatory language (not between love interests)

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

None of this story was written by AI. This was all written by me, a human. A sometimes sleep deprived human. A human who struggles with commas, and who will sometimes deal with writer's block with an alcoholic drink and a 'let's see what happens' attitude…a human who loves the em-dash.

Though people say that the em-dash is a clear sign of AI use—I love it too much to stop. It's more than an addiction—it's a love affair. If you are looking for a book with a minimal use of the em-dash—this is not the one.

This book also has dark themes. Please note that this is not a to-do list. It is meant as fantasy for reading. If this happens in real life, please consult a therapist. Or the police.

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About the Author

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ONE
JAX

DELILA, my stepmother, greeted me with a warm smile. Her deep blue eyes lit up, like light reflecting off ocean waves. “Hey Jax! Want to watch a movie?”

She was making popcorn, not how everyone does it in the microwave, but over the stove, with coconut oil and cinnamon sugar. It smelled wonderful. Everything Delila cooked was wonderful.

Something tight in my shoulders went loose. Yes, I did want to watch a movie—with *her*.

I wanted her giggling at the funny parts. Chewing popcorn and grinning at me. Maybe clutching my arm when it got scary—before she inevitably realized and pulled away. I wanted it all.

There was just one problem—one red strap. One little strap, peeking out from under her shirt. I recognized that strap from the incident in the laundry room where I was innocently minding my own business when I saw it—the lace bra. The one that had me hypnotized. Like a total pervert, I’d stared at it slack-jawed for way too long. Tried and failed not to picture the tits that would fit in them. Tried not to think about how soft they must be. Even the memory of the bra incident had my cock stirring to life.

I know that she’s off-limits. I’m not some horny monster, but I couldn’t help it. Delila was literally the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my entire life. Absolutely stunning with her long, silky hair and doe-like

eyes. Dad might have married her six years ago, but she was still young and hot. Curves in all the right places and legs for days.

There was no way I could sit next to her for two hours when she was wearing *that bra.* Not without her realizing that I was hard.

I shook my head regretfully. “Not tonight.”

For a moment, her face fell, and I was on the verge of letting my second head do the thinking… maybe just hide my situation down there with the popcorn bowl, something stupid like that, as long as I got to be near her.

“Let me know if you need anything,” Delila bit her lip.

If I *needed* anything?

I needed those lips around my cock, to see how much she could take before I had her gagging and swallowing every drop of me.

I needed to get the fuck away before I did something fucked up.

Turning, I ran up the stairs to my room like a coward.

I leaned against the door, forcing down deep breaths. Picturing unsexy things, like chalky protein powder… or my Statistics teacher’s musty sweater. Then looked down at my sweatpants.

Nope.

My cock was still being a dick.

Which sucked because now that Delila mentioned relaxing and watching a movie, it was all that I wanted to do.

Obviously, I couldn’t go back downstairs, and I hated watching movies on my tiny phone screen.

I almost resigned myself to spending the evening moping in bed, trying not to think about my stepmother’s titties, when I remembered the iPad.

It was shoved in the back of my desk drawer, gathering dust, honestly because it pissed me off.

That iPad was supposed to be last year’s birthday gift—Dad probably only hastily wrapped it up at the last minute to pretend that he hadn’t forgotten. I bet that Delila had to remind him, or he would have gotten me nothing.

He was being so cheap he’d literally put crumpled wrapping paper around the old case—as if I couldn’t remember seeing him use it just a few days before my birthday. He didn’t even bother with a box. It would’ve been less obnoxious if he had waited longer than a week to buy *himself a* new iPad, but hey, that was my dad.

Maybe it still worked.

I hooked it into the charger, and set my bed up to relax, stacking the pillows just right.

Oh wow, the iPad turned on and everything. Dad actually gave me something expensive that wasn't half-broken already.

Opening Netflix, I scrolled through my options, pausing on the newest episode of the docuseries that Delila probably wanted to watch. The same thing that was likely playing downstairs right now… that I'd be watching with good popcorn and good company if I could get my fucking libido under control.

Or I could always rewatch the Foreman vs. Ramirez UFC match. Again.

A notification pinged. Did Dad really give me this thing without even bothering to sign out of his old accounts?

I couldn't help but read the message that flashed across the top of the screen.

Last night was amazing. Can't stop thinking about you…

Ugh. Gross.

I wasn't jealous. Really, I swear.

I know that it was wrong. Well, morally wrong.

I'm nineteen. It's legal. I can fuck her.

I mean, Delila's my *stepmom* and I know it.

All she ever tried to do was be kind to me, like a real mom. But Delila never felt like a mom to me—I was already a teenager when Dad married her. When I think of Mom, all that comes to mind is the sad smell of antiseptics, the beeping of heart monitors, and the heavy gloom of the inevitable.

When I think of Delila, every inch of my body gets warm, as I try not to want her.

When can I see you again?

I'd had just about enough of that. I wanted to use this iPad to destress, not traumatize myself. Opening up the settings, I scrolled through the notifications section, trying to remember which combination of buttons would turn this stupid conversation off—when the next message made me freeze.

Something cold dropped in the pit of my stomach.

While I wouldn't put it past my old man to call me a cock-blocking little shit, or something along those lines… Fat. Bitch? Dad bragged about my body weight and stats as if *he* were the one doing all the workouts. I was cutting now to hit welterweight and my body was chiseled. Not to brag, but nobody would look at my six-pack and dare call me fat. Even though I would have preferred it to the alternative, something in my gut already knew—he wasn't talking about me.

But that meant that he was talking about…

No.

My stepmother wasn't *fat.* She was thick and juicy, with a generous ass that had the slightest jiggle when she walked. And her chest—I couldn't talk about her tits without popping a boner that would refuse to go down, so enough said there. But she wasn't fat. Yeah, she had curves, but she also had an hourglass figure. She looked fucking *good.*

But why was my father calling her fat? More importantly, who the hell was he talking to? What the fuck was going on?

I clicked the notifications, watching as the messenger app popped open… and scrolled through months of betrayal.

Lies. Plans for hotel meet-ups. All those work trips and those last-minute plans Dad had to cancel—yeah, that wasn't for work. It was all nothing but a cover for him to meet up with whoever the contact was that he had so cleverly labeled "Pizza Delivery."

Why did my old man even think the name was a good idea? Like it wasn't suspicious that he was trying to "order pizza" through his social media. Stupid-ass fucking boomer loser.

But worst of all were the casual insults that my dad and his… other woman… threw at my stepmom.

What a whiny little bitch.

She'll cry about it because she's fucking pathetic.

If that fat ass wanted to keep a man, she shouldn't be letting herself go.

I couldn't stop reading, even as the messages got worse and worse. I kept on scrolling, though something in my brain felt numb. Like, there was no way that this could have been real. One little notification on an old device shouldn't be enough to rip my entire world wide open.

This wasn’t something that had just started. No, the two of them had been plotting against my stepmom for a very long time. No matter how much I read, the messages just kept coming, twisting and tearing at something in my chest.

Delila was too good for someone like my dad. Too sweet and trusting. She deserved none of this shit that the two of them were throwing at her.

But then I read the message that dropped a bombshell.

When are you kicking her out?

I gritted my teeth as my emotions went cold.

Kicking my stepmom out?

Was Dad planning on divorcing Delila? Anxiety twisted my stomach into knots as panic clawed at me.

No. Not her.

He couldn’t.

Fuck…

My stepmother didn’t have anyone. She’d been raised by grandparents who had passed away a few years back. She had nothing to fall back on. Dad called himself the man of the house and had Delila as his little housewife. He had her on a strict budget, and reviewed every expense, never letting her have her own money.

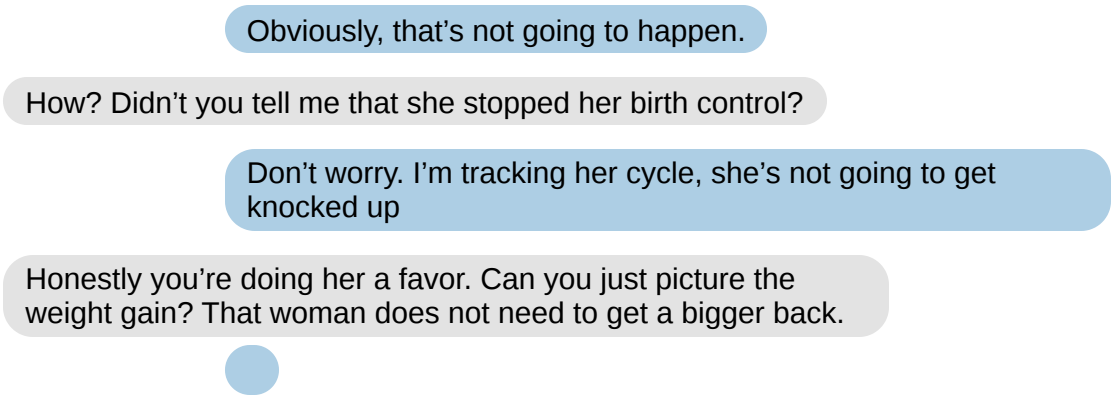
Knowing my dad, I could easily see him taking every last cent. He’s the kind of asshole who would make his wife sign a prenup, and Delila was trusting enough to do it. I doubt he would even care if she ended up homeless.

He was going to fuck her over. Leave her with nothing but broken promises and betrayal.

I already told you. Jax is graduating soon, I’m not going to disrupt his entire school routine with this. He’s already lost one mother.

Was Dad counting down to my graduation? Did he really think that once his only son had that high school diploma, it was okay to toss Delila out like she was yesterday’s trash? But if he was waiting for my graduation, that was only three months away.

Well the placeholder thinks that you’re going to get her pregnant.



Not long after cancer took Mom, Dad introduced me to Delila. He'd said she was a kind woman and that she was going to take care of me. Now he wanted to throw her away along with the rest of his parental responsibilities, and he thought I was going to just sit back and watch?

The two of them thought they were going to get rid of her? They could try. I was going to *ruin* them.

I wasn't going to let him get away with this.

Delila wasn't theirs to mess with. She might not be my biological mom, but Dad got with her for *me*.

She was *mine*.

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TWO
DELILA

I KEPT PERFECTLY STILL as Ryan pumped into me.

He was almost putting the right amount of pressure on my clit to get me off. If I could just shift my hips, just a slight tilt upwards, I'd get there.

It just wasn't worth hearing my husband growling in annoyance or cursing that I'd "fucked up his rhythm."

Last time we'd slept together, and I'd just started to get into it, he pulled out entirely without even cumming. He'd stared at me after, with a look so cold, I could literally feel a part of me shrivel up inside. I still couldn't get the words he'd shot at me out of my head.

"Why the fuck are you writhing on my dick like that? How am I supposed to even be turned on when my wife is acting like a goddamn whore?"

If it were possible to die of embarrassment, I'd be six feet under.

I just needed to keep my eyes on the prize. His thrusts were speeding up. This shouldn't take too much longer.

The clock on my nightstand read 9:13. We'd started a little after 9, so it would definitely be over soon.

Oh, shit.

My gaze flicked to his face. He hadn't caught me looking at the clock, had he?

But no. Ryan was thrusting away, with his eyes locked on our headboard.

Why isn't he looking at me?

When we'd first gotten together, you couldn't pry Ryan off me. He couldn't get enough of my body.

But now…

I don't know what I'd done. I wish that he'd just talk to me… if he would just tell me what was wrong, then I could do something about it.

Was he anxious about having a baby with me?

He hadn't sounded anxious when I'd brought this up a few weeks back, reminding him of the timeline we'd agreed on years ago when the two of us started dating. He'd just shrugged when I told him I was tossing out the rest of my birth control.

Or was this job stress? He had been working a lot of late nights recently…

Ryan started grunting, diving into me faster. Then suddenly, he yanked his dick out of me, pumping himself furiously. He came with a shout, and a warm splat landed on my lower belly.

Oh.

I tried not to think of that section in Target, with the itty-bitty socks and onesies and the mobiles with the smiling animals… the section that I never had a real reason to walk through.

This wasn't the end of the world… there was always next time.

I must have moved too much, stretching the muscles in my legs that had been locked still for too long, when I felt warmth drip down.

"Damn it," Ryan snapped.

He grabbed the comforter, hastily wiping between my legs.

I'd just finished washing all the sheets and blankets this morning.

Great.

I waited until he crumpled up my favorite bedding into a ball and hurled it across the room, landing just next to the hamper.

Well, it was now or never. Right after my husband had just orgasmed was the best time to ask him for things.

"So, are you free for date night on Friday?"

Ryan yawned, scratching the hair on his belly. He reached down to the floor, grabbing his pants and yanking them back on. "Yeah, sounds good."

"Can we try that new Mediterranean place?"

"Sure. Whatever you want."

Okay, it was game on for date night.

I don’t know why, or when it had happened, but things between the two of us seemed… tense lately.

But relationships go through rough patches.

Maybe a romantic date would be just what the two of us needed to reignite… something… between us.

Everything in me wanted to believe it.

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THREE
JAX

THREE MONTHS—THAT'S all the time I had before Dad backstabbed Delila. Before he kicked her out into the streets, where she had *nobody.* No money. No degree. Nothing.

Maybe she'd go to a homeless shelter and get assaulted. Maybe she would walk down the side of the road and get human trafficked. Maybe she would waltz out of my life, and I would never see her again.

Legally, there was nothing wrong with my dad's plan to ruin the life of an innocent woman. He could financially fuck her over and wouldn't lose any sleep over it. He thought he would be getting away with his assholery without losing a dime. He thought that none of his friends and family would find out that he was a cheating little bitch.

No.

I couldn't let him hurt her—a man like my dad would *destroy* her.

I'd seen my father's manipulative bullshit before and never said a word. But then he went and targeted *her*. Now my father was going to find out what happened when he fucked around.

Even though I was nineteen and legally an adult, my hands were tied—all because my dad had the bright idea to delay kindergarten to give me an athletic advantage, and I was still in high school. I'd only just started getting noticed by recruiters. Give me a year or two, and I would dominate in the ring. My career was just getting started. I'd be able to protect Delila, make sure that people like my dad could never hurt her again.

But now? What could I do? I was running out of time.

The right thing to do would be to show the texts to Delila. Leave her to fight things out against overpaid and high-powered lawyers. It would be the same outcome as throwing a kitten into a shark tank. Doing the right thing meant I would lose the person who'd cared for me more than anyone else in my entire life.

If doing what was right meant losing Delila, then I didn't want to do right by her. Fuck doing what was right. It was time to do something fucked—it might be all I could do to save her.

I was going to *ruin* my father and give Delila what she wanted, all in one go.

That's how I ended up drilling loop hooks on the bottom of their bed when my dad and Delila were out. The hooks were small. No one would even know that they were there unless they got on the floor and stared up at the wooden frame. But they were heavy-duty steel—they'd do the trick.

I figured I was going to hell anyway and might as well make it worth it, when I ordered the restraint kit. It would arrive tomorrow morning, and I triple checked it would come in discrete packaging. I made sure to read through all the ratings; I didn't want to hurt her—I only wanted the best for her.

My plans for Delila were fucked up… it was beyond wrong and bound to upset her. But my stepmother loved me more than anyone else.

She had to forgive me for this—one day.

As long as she was still *in* my life to forgive me, I would make things right.

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FOUR
DELILA

IT WAS DATE NIGHT, and Ryan waited until the last minute to bother texting.

working late.

That was it. No further explanation. No timeline or plans. Not even a sorry.

Once again, I was alone in the house with Jax.

My stepson's always so attentive to me. Immediately he noticed my mood and tried to cheer me up by suggesting a movie. Even when I told him about date night, he'd shrugged and said we could always finish it later, once his dad came home.

I don't know what I'd done to deserve him. Jax was always so good to me.

"What about *The Cabin in the Forest*?" I named a horror movie that my husband would never agree to, and that I didn't really want to see by myself.

"Yeah, I'm down." He called from the kitchen. Sounds of chopping on the cutting board and the drone of the blender drifted over as Jax prepared snacks.

A few minutes later, he walked into the living room holding a food tray.

It should be illegal the way those gray sweatpants hung on him… unapologetically hinting at every bulge and every muscle.

Fuck… stop it.

I looked away from his biceps and how his shirt clung to his fit body, like it was a designer brand and not a basic T that I picked up for him at Target.

That's not any better. No.

I smiled as he handed me a chocolate smoothie—my favorite—and laid a plate of chopped veggies and humus on the coffee table. He scooted next to me on the sofa, wrapping his arm around my shoulder… his warm, muscular arm.

A shiver coursed down my spine as my heart started pounding. My fingers itched to brush against skin, to wrap my hands around his.

Damn. Get a hold of yourself. That was so inappropriate. Luckily, Jax didn't seem to notice anything; his eyes were glued to the television screen.

Just three months—then Jax would graduate and move out, and I wouldn't have to spend every day chastising myself. Why couldn't I just stop checking him out?

I took a deep sip of the shake. It was a tiny bit bitter—he must have used dark chocolate—but still so good. Jax was always trying to keep things healthy.

Even though living with him kept me half-mad with guilt, I couldn't imagine how lonely the house would be once he moved out. Who was I going to watch movies with? I could barely picture living in this big house… with his dad working late and my stepson moved away for college.

Hopefully, I wouldn't have an empty nest for too long.

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FIVE
JAX

I WATCHED my stepmother out of the corner of my eye as she sipped her smoothie. Delila's plush lips parted as her little pink tongue darted out to lick chocolate off her lips. I made it special for her—with extra chocolate to hide the taste of the Benadryl pills I'd crushed up and mixed in.

Delila sighed in pleasure as she took another sip, and I felt myself stiffen in my sweatpants.

This was more than just wrong; I was going to do something truly monstrous.

But I had to do it.

Delila had no one looking out for her. No one willing to do right by her. I would never leave her to face that alone. To protect her from all the cruelty the world wanted to throw at her, I was willing to be the one to make cruel choices and leave her innocent and sweet.

If it made me a monster, so be it. I'd become a monster *for her.*

Anything for her.

Mentally, I went through the checklist again and again. I only had three chances to do this, and I knew it was going to upset her. Best to get it right the first time.

I was half hard already, just at the thought of it.

She leaned against me, her soft body pressing closer, as if she instinctively knew that I was there to give her what she needed. She blinked as she watched the movie, her eyelids slowly getting heavier.

Barely twenty minutes had gone by after she finished her drink before her head drooped against my chest. I waited until she was snoring faintly before I leaned forward and softly clicked the remote, turning the movie off.

Carefully, I pulled her into my arms bridal style, lifting her gently. I carried my stepmom up the stairs to her bedroom.

Laying her down in the center of her bed… bracing for the moment that I made a wrong move… sure that she was going to wake up.

But Delila kept snoring lightly, eyes shut tight.

My fingers trembled faintly as I unbuttoned her pretty floral shirt. Releasing button after button, until I pulled her blouse open, revealing a lace bra. The red one with a little bow. Right in the front, gleaming in the low light, was a golden clasp. The answer to every one of my prayers.

My breathing was harsher now, as I felt all the blood in my body flow south.

Keep it together.

I had to see this through.

Reaching for her bra, I fumbled with the clasp until I twisted it the right way, popping it open. Pulling the offending fabric to the side. Her tits spilled out… Round and perky. Glorious. Mouth watering. Her nipples were a dusty rose, sweet and perfect.

I couldn’t wait to see how they would jiggle once I took her.

Moving fast now, I reached down to grab the restraints that I’d already fastened to loops under the bed. Leaning over her, I strapped restraints around each of her wrists. I tugged her pants down, licking my lips when I noticed her panties got caught—that I pulled off both in one go, leaving her bare before me.

Pulling her thighs apart, I felt like I was unwrapping a gift for Christmas. Quickly, I fastened restraints around her ankles.

There.

Now there wasn’t any way for her to escape this. I would give her everything she ever wanted, and there was nothing she could do about it.

I yanked down my sweatpants, staring at my stepmother’s glistening pussy as I freed my cock—harder now than I’d ever been before in my life. I couldn’t help touching her slit, sinking one finger just inside. She was already wet. Wet and tight and perfect for making our baby.

Nestling between the gorgeous thighs I'd admired for years, I pushed them further apart. With just the tip of my cock, I teased her slit, back and forth, getting myself familiar with the silky heaven between her thighs… until I notched against her entrance.

It was too late to back out now. Really, it was too late the moment I saw the messages on my dad's old iPad. Nothing mattered as long as I didn't have to give her up.

I thrust hard, slamming deep into the woman who mattered to me more than anything.

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SIX
JAX

TIGHT. Wet. Bliss.

I groaned, loud, at the perfect feel of her. Then I stopped. My gaze flicked to Delila's face. Her brows bunched together like she heard something surprising, but her eyes didn't even flicker.

My gaze was locked on her face as I slid most of the way out of her tight channel before diving back in.

She didn't wake.

I dove into her, thrusting hard, again and again. Chasing after more and more of her slick friction. Her pussy was like liquid gold. I'd hooked up with other girls here and there, but it had never felt like *this.*

The tight pressure, hugging my cock. Delila's pussy wrapped around me like it was tailor made just for me. Squeezing me perfectly every time I dove back in.

This beautiful woman… who had always cared for me. I was going to give her everything.

I was going to seed her, so no one could ever tear us apart.

I was going to make her *mine.*

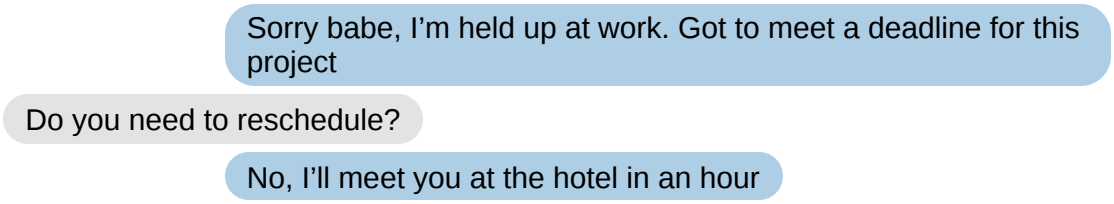
Then, too soon, I felt the familiar tingle, like electricity cackling up my spine. I thrust in hard, grinding my cock as far as it could go. I moaned, my whole body shuddering as my cock pulsed, shooting spurt after spurt of my cum deep into my stepmother's womb.

I lay on top of her, enjoying the feel of her soft body under mine, hoping that my seed would do its work.

When my cock softened, I pulled out of her. Grabbing a pillow, I pushed it under her hips to give my swimmers as much help as I could.

Quietly, I slipped out of her bedroom, walking across the hallway to my own. I grabbed my father's old iPad, which I'd hidden under my bed, unlocking it quickly to check his messages.

The last messages were sent less than five minutes ago.



My father wasn't coming home tonight until late… and thanks to the period tracker he'd left installed on his old device, I knew that right now Delila was fertile.

She was just in the other room. Bound up and ripe for the taking.

I felt myself getting hard again.

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SEVEN
DELILA

EVERYTHING WAS HEAVY, like there was a fog hovering over my brain. Weight pressed me down, rocking into me. The heaviness over my eyelids was so hard to fight against.

Then a groan, masculine and very satisfied, jolted me awake.

I reached over to rub my face, my wrist barely moved when it was stopped. I tugged at my wrist harder, but something held me back.

A sharp thrust alerted me to the movement in my core.

Filling me so intensely, it was like I was a virgin all over again, taking something that felt too big. Splitting me open.

What the…

Pleasure flooded me as the monster cock stroked at just the right spot within me.

Sweet fiction was coiling between my thighs, as the most massive dick I've ever taken slammed into me again and again.

A whimper slipped out as a harsh thrust dove into me, rearranging all my organs.

"Shhh, I'm not going to hurt you." He cooed into my ear.

That voice… that somehow calmed me down and filled me with dread all at the same time.

"Jax?" I whispered.

There was no way.

Jax would never…

I fought against the fog weighing me down, enough to raise my head to see—my stepson, Jax, stared right into my eyes as he lowered his mouth to my breast, pressed his lips against my nipple and *sucked.*

Oh, *fuck.*

“No,” my protest came out as a moan, as Jax slammed into me hard enough for me to see stars. Thrusting into me over and over, so rough that my eyes started rolling back.

He reached down between my thighs, unerringly brushing against my clit and *pressed*—stroking me in rough circles that were *right there*. The friction was so much more intense than how I touched myself. More than I had ever been touched.

His perfectly sculpted, washboard abs flexed as he moved inside of me—and those hard thrusts, the rough circles against my clit, it was too intense. All too much.

I cried out as I came—a sharp burst of pleasure. A warm shiver surged through my body as my pussy clamped down, pulsing rhythmically against Jax’s massive cock.

Fuck.

I was boneless and melting into the bed. I’d never come that hard before in my entire life.

Jax kept pressing harsh circles against my clit, not letting up, drawing out my orgasm until I finally stopped shuddering under him.

He grunted, pounding into me faster now. I couldn’t just let him fuck me into submission.

“Jax, we can’t.” I pleaded in-between hard thrusts. “I’m your mother.”

“You’re not.” The look he gave me was scorching—he gazed at me like I was *his.* “But don’t worry. I’m going to make you a mommy.”

“Please, Jax, you can’t cum in me. I’m not on birth control.”

The words that should have stopped him seemed to turn him on instead. He slammed into me, taking me hard and fast, chasing after his own pleasure.

Then his cock throbbed as he groaned, guttural and masculine. Warmth pooled in my lower belly.

He just…

This couldn’t be real.

Then he kissed me, pressing his lips hard against me. Taking advantage when I gasped in shock, to deepen the kiss, tangling his tongue against mine

eagerly.

In a daze, all I did was take it. Like I took his cock in my body, and the cum that was so deep inside me, I didn’t even feel a drop slip out.

My stepson’s dick was still inside me. His cum was cooling in my womb.

Oh, God. What had I done?

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EIGHT
JAX

DELILA WOKE UP, finally, while I was in the middle of fucking her.

The Benadryl had made her sleep so deeply, it would have been easy for me to cum in her once or twice, without her knowing a thing—just left her sleeping in her room, filled with my seed and unaware. She never would have suspected anything. But I needed her to know that it was me. To know who tied her down and bred her. She needed to know whose baby she'd soon be carrying.

Delila was still groggy from being drugged; her expression was still drowsy, as if she were struggling to stay awake. But tears glistened in the corner of her deep blue eyes.

She'd realized what I'd done to her.

With one finger, I tipped Delila's chin, forcing her to look at me.

I wanted to kiss away her tears and make everything better. But I couldn't. The time for forgiveness and winning her over was later. I wasn't finished with her yet.

"You and I both know that my father isn't an understanding man. If he hears about this, he'll never forgive you." It was cruel, but I needed to remind Delila of exactly who she'd married. Had to make sure that she knew that running to my dad for help wouldn't work. "I'll make you a deal. I will go to the store and buy you a Plan B. My father never has to know. I will never touch you again… if he comes home tonight and takes you on that date he promised you."

Plan B wouldn’t work for her, anyway. The period tracker said that right now she was ovulating, and there was nothing Plan B could do to stop it. Besides, I had cummed in her five times so far—she might be pregnant with our baby already.

“What if he doesn’t come?” Delila asked, her voice small and shaky.

He wouldn’t.

I’d already read through his messages. He had finally left work to spend quality time with his little whore.

“Then I’m going to fuck you again. Give you that baby you wanted.”

“Jax, no. You can’t.”

“You trust my dad? Think that he’s going to take you on that date?”

She hesitated… in a way that suggested a part of her knew the truth. Eventually, she gave me a nod, small and a little unsure.

“Then take the deal.”

Delila was quiet as she thought over her options.

My dad micromanaged *everything* she bought. I walked in on him ranting at her over toothpaste because he’d said the brand she’d gotten was too expensive. There was no way she could buy emergency contraception without my dad finding out.

“You promise that things will go back to normal… as long as your dad takes me on this date?”

I nodded solemnly.

Hell, if my dad suddenly snapped out of it and started treating Delila like the treasure she was, of course I would back off.

But if he didn’t want her… now that I had gotten a taste of my stepmother, I was never going to let her go.

Delila sniffed like she was trying to force herself not to cry, as she nodded in agreement.

“Alright, then. Let’s call my dad, see if he comes.”

My stomach churned as I had to force myself not to think about what would happen if my dad actually came back home.

This woman, who was everything I’d ever wanted… the perfect mother to bear all my children—it felt like all it would take was my father to have one stupid change of heart and that would tear my entire future away.

Well, I gave Delila my word, and I would stick to it.

I padded barefoot over to the dresser, where my stepmother’s phone lay. I pointed the screen of the phone at her face to unlock it and scrolled

through her contacts until I got to my father.

I called him, putting my dad on speaker. Holding my breath as it rang once, twice. Three times. Then the call picked up, and the ambient noises of driving filled my parent's bedroom.

"Ryan?" Delila leaned toward the phone. Despite the slight tremor in her voice, she still sounded hopeful.

Even after all the times my dad had let her down, cancelling date nights at the last minute, Delila still wanted to believe in him.

"What?" my father snapped.

"Are you coming home?" All of her attention was on the phone, as she bit her lip, waiting for his reply.

My dad breathed out an irritated sigh, as if Delila had said something unreasonable. "I got to meet up with a client. It's going to be another late night for me."

"But you promised me. You said that you were taking me to that Mediterranean place…"

"I told you I'm working. We'll go out some other time."

"Can you just reschedule or something? I really need you tonight," Delila tried to hold it together, her voice breaking slightly on the last word.

"You are so fucking ungrateful. I am out here busting my ass. Working to give *you* a good life, and you're going to complain about it because I can't take you out for some stupid overpriced salads, or whatever that place was."

"Ryan… *please.*"

The phone clicked as my dad hung up.

The silence was heavy. My dad's rejection landed on my stepmother like a slap.

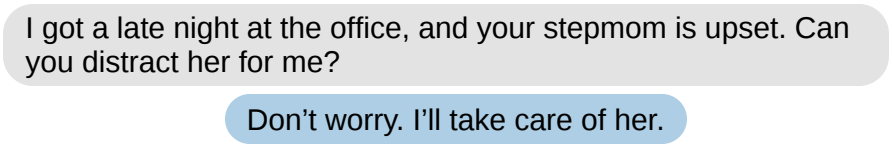
Soft sniffles finally broke the quiet in the room as the tears Delila tried to hold back finally trickled down her face.

This was *exactly* why I had to do this. Why I had to save Delila from the man who had never deserved her.

Even if he was my dad… if he couldn't see what he had, that was his problem. My father had no idea what he had just done. He had no idea how bad he fucked up when he stopped appreciating my stepmother. Because I would never forget how gorgeous she is. I was never going to let Delila go.

Delila—she was as good as mine now.

A notification flashed across the screen on my phone. I grabbed it, smirking when I saw the text came from my dad.



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NINE
DELILA

I STARED into Jax's eyes, silently pleading with him.

Asking him without words not to go through with whatever he had planned. To let things go back to yesterday, when I didn't know what he looked like naked. Before I knew what it felt like when he moved inside me.

Yes, his dad was being awful, but this was crazy. I couldn't have a baby with a nineteen-year-old. With my own stepson.

But Jax didn't look like a teenager.

No, he had the look of a grown man, with his muscular build. Every inch of his body was chiseled and powerful—like the statue of a Greek god come to life.

He prowled closer, climbing back onto the bed, and settling his heavy weight on top of me.

A shiver raced down my spine as I felt hard muscles bunch and tense against me.

Fuck.

This was wrong. I couldn't find my stepson attractive the moment my relationship hit a rough patch. I was *married* to his *father.*

Jax pressed open-mouthed kisses against the side of my face, lapping away at the tear trails. I could feel his length prodding against my entrance.

That hardness sliding against my pussy, making it clear just how much he wanted me…it shouldn't make heat erupt in my core.

His feather-light touch skated across my ribs, teasing the underside of my breasts—that shouldn't make me gasp out loud. My body shouldn't be quivering in anticipation. My wrists tugged against the restraints, and I told myself it was because I wanted to escape, not because I wanted to wrap my arms around him.

"We can't do this." No matter how good he made me feel, we had to stop.

"We made a deal," Jax murmured against my skin. His mouth was hot against my neck, kissing me in a way that was going to make me lose the last grip on sanity I had left.

"Jax! I'm married."

"Mmm. I like it when you yell out my name." Jax positioned his rock-hard length against my entrance, slowly pressing in. "I want to hear you scream it again."

He slid into me, so deep, grinding his hips against mine, as if he was trying to lose himself in me.

Slow like this, I could feel every inch of his cock with a smooth friction that made me lose it. My head fell against the pillow as my back arched, pressing my hips against his, chasing after more.

All I wanted to do was lose myself in the delicious sensations. To take every good feeling that Jax was willing to throw at me, consequences be damned.

What the hell was I doing?

He was clutching at me, like I was precious, as he dove into my body like he couldn't get enough.

I tried to think back. Was there something I had done? Had I been inappropriate with him?

I was acting like some shameless whore, seducing someone who was barely legal.

"Jax, no. I'm so much older than you. I can't."

But he pulled almost all the way out, slamming into me deep. I couldn't hold myself back from moaning, though I didn't know if I wanted to moan his name or cry.

"You are such a good girl. You aren't doing anything wrong. I am forcing you to do this. If you want to be mad at someone, be mad at me."

I tugged against my ankle restraints, weakly trying to put some space between us—it was useless. I could barely move and Jax immediately

shifted me back where he wanted me. He was so strong—I was helpless against him.

I couldn't fight him, and I was still so tired. I felt all the tension in my body loosen.

"That's it. You're taking me so good. You're going to make such a pretty baby for me."

There was something about how he was thrusting, pushing into me slow and deep… I had never felt closer to anyone. I had never felt so cherished.

Then Jax grabbed my hip, tilting me and yanking me tight against his body as he ground himself deeper, at just the right angle—grinding my clit right up against his pubic bone.

Rocking into me, without letting go of that firm grip, holding me so tight… until the friction against my clit was the only thing I could feel.

"Jax," his name on my lips was a moan, a plea. For what, I didn't know.

It was so much. Too much. I felt completely unmoored, and my only anchor was Jax, who was holding me so tight it was like he wanted to mesh our bodies together.

"That's it, gorgeous, come for me."

His praise was like another touch, tipping me over.

I came with a groan. My pussy spasmed, pulsing around his cock, in a burst of pleasure that raced through my body all the way down to my toes.

I lay there boneless, utterly spent.

As Jax moved again, pounding into me hard, chasing his own release, I didn't say a word of protest. Said nothing when after a harsh thrust, his cock jerked, and he came inside me, filling me again.

He kissed me deeply, worshiping me with his lips. I sighed, kissing him back. Too tired to pretend that I didn't want it. That it didn't mean anything.

"You're so beautiful," Jax whispered reverently. He slid his palm to my stomach, rubbing my belly in a slow circle. "I'm going to take care of you."

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TEN
JAX

RESTLESS ENERGY RACED THROUGH ME—I'D done it.

Tonight had gone better than I could have possibly imagined—I thought Delila would fight against me. I'd been prepared for her to curse and scream at me. Instead, I felt something shift in Delila, as she started to give in and stopped pretending that she didn't want me.

I never could have imagined how she would arch her hips to take me deeper… how soft her curves would be as I pounded into her. Her fucking *moans—s*weet and delicate. Entirely at my mercy.

I never would have thought that she would let me kiss her… that she would even kiss me back, after what I'd done to her. How she would let me gently stroke her hair, lulling her back to sleep as my cum settled deep within her.

She was going to look so beautiful with a rounded belly, swelling with my child.

Delila was snoring softly when I cleaned her up—I could have fucked her once more, just to be sure, but it was getting late. Couldn't risk having my old man walk in when I was in his wife.

I untied Delila from the restraints, redressing her with care. I tucked her in under the covers and pressed a soft kiss to her temple.

Hiding everything I'd done, I dumped the restraints deep in my messy closet, where no one would bother looking. All the evidence was out of

sight, including the little bit of me I'd left behind in Delila—that would hopefully take root.

Once she was bred, Delila would be tied to me forever. The mother of my child.

Mine.

I was cleaning downstairs when the front door knob rattled. I put the blender back in the sink—I was scrubbing it for the second time, making sure that I did not leave behind any chocolate and Benadryl residue—when my father walked in.

My old man looked put together. His hair was slightly damp from a shower. If I hadn't read his messages, I'd have had no idea that anything was going on.

"Hey, son." He nodded curtly. "How's your stepmom?"

I nodded toward the sink, with the soapy blender still sitting in it. "I gave her some chocolate milkshake with a little Benadryl. She's sleeping now."

Dad clapped my shoulder, smiling like drugging his wife was a brilliant plan. He walked up the stairs, without another word.

I couldn't help the jealousy that flared in my gut. I gritted my teeth as he walked into his room. To sleep next to Delila.

He might not know it yet, but that was *my woman.*

My father had his chance and fucked it up. He didn't deserve to go near Delila. I swallowed down my anger.

Soon.

He wouldn't be calling her his wife for much longer.

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ELEVEN
DELILA

I WOKE up with my head pounding, and more sore than I'd been after losing my virginity.

My pussy throbbed. If she had a mouth, she'd be screaming, asking what I'd done to her.

As I stood to get to the shower, to clear some of the fog in my head, I felt a trickle down below.

What was…

A moment later, it hit me—that was *cum* dripping out from between my thighs.

Oh, shit.

That was my *stepson's* cum leaking out of me.

SHIT.

I bolted into the shower, jamming on the faucet and letting water that hadn't quite warmed yet wash away the proof of my crimes.

A literal splat hit the tub. I stared at the glob of semen that plopped out of me unceremoniously, as the lukewarm spray of the shower sluggishly washed it down the drain.

Oh, fuck.

There was so much of it.

What if Jax actually did it?

What if he got me pregnant?

I cupped my lower belly, right over the little soft pouch I could never seem to get rid of no matter how hard I dieted… and imagined a little one growing there. A tiny baby with Jax's strong features.

I… should be mad right now. Shouldn't I be mad?

The thought of Ryan crossed my mind, distantly. But I kept my hand over my lower belly, cradling it protectively.

Was it wrong… that the thought of Jax's baby growing in me didn't make me mad?

Did I want his baby?

Did I want Jax?

This wasn't who I was. I wasn't a cheater.

I shouldn't be doing this… I should try to fix this… it was just that Jax looked at me like he really saw me. He touched me like I was precious.

When did sleeping with my husband stop feeling special and start to feel just like a chore? Like the man who made his vows to me was only using my body to get off? The way that he talked to me recently… It was like he didn't even *like* me.

What was I doing? Justifying why it was okay that I slept with my stepson.

I was an adult. A married one. I needed to figure out my shit.

I heard noises downstairs in the kitchen…

How was I going to look my husband in the face when I had just spent the last ten minutes scooping his son's cum out of me in the shower?

How was I going to live with myself, knowing that I didn't hate what the two of us had done?

Well, I couldn't just let myself watch my life go by, and my problems weren't about to solve themselves.

Taking a deep, grounding breath, I went downstairs.

Jax was in the kitchen, with a red checkered apron on, hovering over the stove. The smell of garlic and roasted peppers filled the air. He was prodding at eggs in the pan, then turned suddenly when he realized I was there.

That frilly little apron did nothing to hide his powerful physique. His muscular biceps flexed as he gripped the spatula tight. His eyes flicked down to my chest, then dropped lower. For a moment Jax stared at my belly—his expression was nothing but raw desire—before his gaze snapped back to me.

Had he always looked at me like that?

"Dad left. Said he was going to the gym." Jax cleared his throat, "I made you breakfast. Omelet with the peppers, just how you like it."

I just stared at him, swallowing slowly.

I was supposed to… eat breakfast with him? Now that I knew he was built like a Renaissance sculpture? When I could remember the exact shape of his cock, like it was seared into my brain?

Now that I could be pregnant with his baby?

Jax watched me as my breath hitched. As I couldn't take my eyes off him… completely speechless as he stole my breath away.

I wanted him.

The moment that Jax realized it, the look in his eyes turned downright predatory. He strode across the kitchen, crushing me against his body as he kissed me. Hot. Desperately.

His lips snatched at mine as his tongue plunged into my mouth, caressing and plundering. Jax kissed me like I was everything he ever wanted. He kissed me like I belonged to him.

I moaned softly, melting under the scorching heat of his kiss, as his muscular arms wrapped around me—tight and possessive—his fingers dug into my hips, pressing me tighter against him. Until I felt his cock already hard, pressing into my soft belly.

My brain turned into the exact consistency of glue. I wasn't thinking—the only thing that existed was the aching need in the center of my core. Shifting closer, I rocked my hips into his, desperate for more… more heat, more friction, more of just *him.*

Jax groaned, so guttural and deep that my skin got goosebumps.

That was so hot—it sent chills all the way through my body.

Roughly, he lifted me onto the countertop, lifting my skirt to my waist. He jerked my underwear to one side, tugged his sweatpants down and that frilly apron up and *thrust*—bottoming out all the way into me.

Oh, fuck.

I gasped, arching my back, as I spread my legs wider, needing more of him.

Jax grabbed my hip, pulling me closer, using his powerful body to break through all the distance between us. Grinding down, hard.

Then he moved deeper than anyone had ever been. As if he could carve himself into me, thrust after thrust. As if he were trying to mold an impression of his dick permanently in my pussy.

I was still sore, and it made every movement of his cock against my tender pussy feel more intense. Every thrust was more raw, more primal.

Oh. Fuck. He felt so good.

Jax reached down into the space between us, massaging my clit in a rough circular pattern that had me moaning. Each thrust was slow and powerful, jolting me with pleasure until I was *burning.* Until nothing mattered except that he kept moving. Just like *that*—and didn't stop.

His gaze was locked on mine as he touched me, with a look that was *searing*. He stared at me like I belonged to him. Like he wanted to devour me and never let me go.

I clenched my eyes shut hard and whined, helpless against all of it—his touch, his hardness, his relentless rhythm, as he pounded my pussy… and every time I let him dive deep into my body, it was like his claim on me became more and more real.

I let myself imagine it for a moment—that I was his. His fevered words from last night came back to me in a rush.

You're so beautiful.

I'm going to take care of you.

You're going to make such a pretty baby for me.

That—*oh.*…

I came. Hard. Pulsing around his cock, my walls gripped down like I never wanted to let him go. Pure molten pleasure rocked me, in a wave that rushed across my whole body.

Jax grunted, thrusting sharply, holding himself deep inside of me as he came, following me into climax. Warmth pooled in my belly as he filled me.

Jax hugged me, holding me close as he kissed me tenderly.

I opened up for him like a flower, letting him kiss me deeper. Letting him make me forget for just a moment that this couldn't be real.

That we couldn't do this.

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TWELVE
JAX

I HAD a plan to slowly win Delila over… that plan lasted about two seconds before I went and fucked it all up by fucking her again.

Nothing could have prepared me for the soft look of wonder on her sweet face. How she looked at me as if she liked what she saw… like she wanted more. After dreaming about Delila looking at me like that for years, I couldn't take it when she was right in front of me, wanting me.

I needed to get control of myself.

After all, I'd expected that once Delila woke up to the redness around her wrists and the cum leaking out from between her thighs that she would hate me—tell me I was an awful excuse for a human being and that she expected better from me.

It would have all been true—she had always treated me with kindness and deserved more than what I put her through.

She deserved *everything.*.. and I planned on giving her anything and everything her heart desired… as soon as we weren't racing against the clock.

For a moment after I fucked her—letting our mixed cum spill out onto the kitchen countertops—Delila had this blissed out, utterly relaxed expression as she nuzzled against me like a sleepy kitten.

I couldn't look away… watching her thoroughly worn out and sated. Knowing that *I* put that tuckered out smile on her face.

I didn’t take my eyes off her, so I noticed the exact moment that she tensed. I watched as her face fell…

Was this the moment that she realized what I’d done to her?

Delila was probably kicking herself for allowing herself to get seduced by the guy who was trying to forcibly impregnate her.

“We can’t.” Delila looked away from me as she whispered, “I’m older than you… I shouldn’t be doing this.”

The tension coiling in my gut loosened somewhat. She wasn’t mad at my transgressions against her. She was upset at some moral bullshit—and all that went out the window the second my father started cheating on her, plotting to leave her destitute. The whole situation was fucked. Who cared about the vows made to some cheap-ass man whore like my father?

“*We’re* only like seven years apart. My old man is twice your age and went after you when you were barely legal. If anyone should be accused of robbing the cradle, it’s not you.”

Delila sniffed like she was trying not to cry. At the same time she was shaking her head no, she leaned closer to me, like she didn’t want this to end.

“Hey,” I cupped her lovely face in my hands as I stared into her eyes. “Give me a chance. Let me show you that I can be good to you.”

Delila was so ready to be mine—she just needed a little time to realize it. Soon enough, I’d show her that I did what I did for a reason. I’d show her it all made sense.

Looking into my eyes, she took a shuddering breath. Helplessly, she nodded, giving in, at least to this one chance… and I wouldn’t let her regret it.

I trailed my fingertips over her belly… right where she would grow our children. Delila shivered at my touch, and it took everything in me not to take advantage.

I’d be good to her. I was going to be so fucking good to her.

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THIRTEEN
DELILA

I DON'T KNOW what I was thinking… I wasn't thinking, agreeing to give Jax a chance. But it was like something hijacked my brain, taking over control.

I couldn't stop even if I wanted to.

Every morning, Jax treated me to breakfast and sweet words… before he would push me against the nearest available surface, kissing me until I couldn't think. Only feel. Until there was only him.

Jax kept his word. He was treating me like I was a princess. He would come home and rub my feet, and watch movies with me. More often than not, movie nights ended with a hot encounter, right on the sofa.

Through all of it, Ryan was… nowhere to be found.

More and more, I was hearing excuses from my husband, as if he was finding any reason he could to get away from home. Another late night at the office. Another early morning at the gym. Some nights he wouldn't even come home.

His actions would have devastated me—even last week. Now, I wasn't really thinking about it. Jax did a great job distracting me.

How Jax moved his body, he could have made me forget my own name.

When he was thrusting inside of me… with a light sheen of sweat covering the muscles in his abdomen, flexing as he pounded into me deeply… his voice, husky with desire, whispering promises in my ear…

“My father will never give you what you deserve. Let me. I’ll give you everything.”

Maybe I should have felt guiltier—I wasn’t the kind of person who would betray my partner. Even though I already felt like someone had strangled the life out of my marriage, the right thing to do would be to end things.

I’d do it. I would. I just needed a little time. Everything was just so tense and new—so much so, I couldn’t tell exactly what this was. It didn’t *feel* like Jax was just fooling around and using me to get off. What we were doing felt more real than *anything*.

Day after day he treated me like I was precious. Like I was the most important person in his world. Jax made me feel hotter than I had ever felt before in my life. How he worshiped me… how his body moved against mine… the way that he made me fall apart into pieces, under his cock, his mouth, his tongue—all I knew was one thing that I felt all the way down to my bones.

I couldn’t give him up.

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FOURTEEN

JAX

EVERYTHING ABOUT DELILA made me go out of my fucking mind. Her skin. Her breasts. How her eyes lit up when she saw me.

I had to have her.

I wanted to take her in every room of the house, on every surface. I wanted to carve myself so deeply into her psyche that she would never look anywhere else. I didn't even want her to remember that she ever belonged to someone as dirty and selfish as my old man. More than anything, I wanted to order her to stay away from him.

The words were so often on the tip of my tongue.

Don't let him touch you anymore. Say you have a headache. Say anything.

He doesn't deserve you. He never *deserved you.*

Seeing him anywhere near you makes me want to rip my eyes straight out of my head and punch a hole through the wall.

The fact that she wasn't officially mine ate at me. Constantly. Like a nail driven straight into the side of my body, that I couldn't ever take out.

There was nothing I could do about it. Not yet.

I wanted *my* ring around her finger, and *my* baby in her belly.

I wanted everyone who looked at her to know that she was mine… and she would be. Soon.

For now, I'd bite my tongue and wait.

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FIFTEEN
JAX

DELILA WAS ACTING TOTALLY normal on this regular Thursday morning, and it was driving me crazy. The app said that she was supposed to start her period today, but she hadn't said a word.

What did that mean?

Was it normal for her to get her periods a bit late?

I even tested it out… seducing her until she spread her legs for me, right on the bed that my father had vacated an hour earlier.

There wasn't a spot of blood on my dick—but did that mean that I'd successfully knocked up my dad's wife?

At this point, even if she didn't get pregnant, I was fairly confident that I could persuade Delila to leave with me. I'd already stolen my father's woman right out from under his nose, and it should have been enough for me… except that I craved *more.*

I wanted *revenge*.

I wanted the old man to pay for all the shitty things that he said to her.

I wanted him to lose *everything*, and for everyone in his life to know it.

For all of that to happen, I needed my stepmother's pee on a little stick to see if those two little lines would show up.

I had everything I'd dreamed about for years—my arm around Delila, as she snuggled closer to me. It wasn't hard to turn her into the good girl I always knew she could be, letting me drench her every day with more of my cum.

She had hearts in her eyes, looking up at me like I was her Prince Charming, and I couldn't resist her. I leaned closer to her plump lips, to taste her sweetness… only to grit my teeth in frustration as I heard the doorknob jangle.

I pulled away from her, though every inch of distance felt wrong.

But for now, I couldn't let Dad know I was breeding his wife. If he walked in on me doing it, that would be one colossal fuck up.

Irritation radiated off my old man the moment that he walked into the living room. His eyes narrowed on Delila, and she flinched like a dog expecting to be beaten.

"Why are you just sitting there on your lazy ass? You didn't even make dinner."

I ground my teeth as my heart started pounding in my chest.

Fuck the plan.

I was *so* ready to fight him. Just give me a reason. If my dad put his hands on her, I was going to put his head through the wall.

He was such an entitled shit-stain, standing there assuming that Delila had done nothing. Delila had made dinner and the two of us had eaten it. She'd already cleaned up as well, because my old man hadn't bothered telling anyone when he would be back. Or if he would come back.

Delila leapt to her feet, rushing over to the kitchen to do his bidding. It took everything in me not to pull her back into my arms. Why was he making his poor communication skills everyone's problem? We were happier and better off without him.

The frantic clink of pots and pans came from the kitchen, as Delila rushed to heat food.

I wouldn't treat a server at a restaurant like this—I don't know why Dad thought this was okay.

A few minutes later, Delila brought a plate out for my dad at the table before scurrying away to clean up in the kitchen. He didn't say a word of thanks. Didn't even look at her as he tucked into his food, like he was the Lord of the dining room.

How long had he treated Delila like she was his personal maid? Why had I never noticed this before? Now that I was working on treating her like a princess, I *hated* it. At least when he was out here acting like a dried up cum-stain, I looked phenomenal next to him.

I hated keeping silent, doing nothing but acting like everything was normal. All while my Dad cheated behind Delila's back, screamed at everyone, throwing his bitchy tantrums, as if he was a prize and not an overgrown man-child.

Whether my plan worked, or if my dad kicked her out, I wasn't letting Delila go.

She deserved better—she deserved *me*.

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SIXTEEN
DELILA

I DON'T KNOW what it was, but all of a sudden dealing with Ryan was just so exhausting. We had gotten into this pattern, and I was used to it. It wasn't like he was treating me any differently… besides being colder and a bit more distant. Maybe I just didn't have the energy for my husband anymore now that I was working overtime, getting bent over all the furniture every time I let his son fuck me.

Ryan always seemed to be in a mood, no matter what I did.

It used to upset me, but maybe I'd earned it… maybe he could read the guilt written all over my face—like I was walking through the house with a neon sign pointing to his son's cum leaking out of my pussy. In the past few weeks, his complaints seemed to hit harder. He'd always been critical, but now it all felt crueler.

That was fine.

Tentatively, I was starting to trust Jax's intentions. He seemed serious about me. Even if he wasn't, the time with him taught me that I couldn't live with my husband anymore. Now that I had someone treating me with basic human kindness, I realized that in my marriage the bar was on the floor.

I couldn't do it anymore.

On the outside, I was the same Delila. I kept the house in tiptop shape. I had a schedule for wiping down the baseboards and the tile grout, for deep-cleaning the kitchen and keeping the bathrooms clean, even while living

with two men. My home-cooked meals were tasty and, for the most part, healthy-ish. Besides the rigorous stepson fucking, nothing in my routine changed.

I just didn't understand why I was so damn tired all the time.

Maybe it was my conscious acting up? Letting me know I know that what I am doing is wrong… even though that little voice inside me telling me to do the right thing keeps getting weaker and weaker. Softer and softer. It was even easier to ignore when looking at Jax's chiseled abs… now that I was paying attention to the heated looks Jax sent my way—all the raw desire on his face. It was easier to lose myself in his warm arms, letting his powerful body move inside of me until I forgot all about what *wrong* was even supposed to be.

I know that our relationship was various shades of fucked up—it was just getting harder and harder to care.

My life was feeling like a late stage Jenga tower—everything was exciting and nebulous and threatening to fall apart at any moment. A few weeks ago, that would have terrified me… but now…

If Jax was wrong, why did he feel so right?

Why did life feel brighter when he was around? I didn't even realize how empty and small my life had become. But Jax looked at me like he really saw me. Like I was everything he wanted. Maybe I was just tired of pretending that I didn't want him… that a part of me had wanted him for a long time.

Right in the middle of cooking one of Ryan's favorites—maybe if his stomach was full enough, he would go into a food coma and leave me in peace tonight—the rib eye I was grilling smelled metallic with a meaty scent that was too sour and rancid. Barely pulling the pan off the burner, I turned to the sink and hurled. Acid, bile and sandwich chunks erupted out of my mouth, splattering across the sink and kitchen tiles.

What the hell?

But then the smell of my own sick crashed down on me, having me bend over the sink, vomiting a second time.

Staring at my mess, with my mouth and lips tingling with slimy residue, my mind went blank. It didn't make sense. I never puked—not since my first time drinking before I learned my limits. I rarely threw up even when I had food poisoning, and I wasn't—oh.

Oh, I was so stupid.

Why hadn't I connected what Jax and I were doing—to this?

When was my last period?

Shit.

It was always within the first three days of the month. The last time I got my period was when I threw my birth control pills away. That was over a month ago.

I was *late.*

Jax had been hovering, running in after he'd heard my puking episode. Silently, he handed me a wet napkin. I wiped the grime off my face. Did Jax realize what this meant?

He kept on making all those comments about breeding me. How he couldn't wait to see my belly *swollen with his child.*

It had turned me on… I'll admit that he'd made me come harder than I ever had before in my life… but was any of it real? Was this just a bizarre kink of his? Was he going to freak out and make a run for it the second that sex came with real-life consequences?

Whether I had just fucked up my life, and potentially the life of my unborn child by letting my stepson knock me up out of wedlock… it had happened. Maybe Jax would accept it and want to take our… whatever we were doing seriously. Maybe he wouldn't. Either way, this was something I had done. I'd make it work.

It didn't matter. This was his kid too; he had to know.

I turned to look at his handsome face, his eyebrows furrowed with worry.

"Jax… I think I'm pregnant."

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SEVENTEEN

JAX

DELILA HUNCHED over the sink throwing up… the flash of realization on her lovely face… the words that echoed through my mind in a loop…

Jax, I think I'm pregnant.

Fuck yeah.

I did it—I thought I had; she was eight days late. Sweeping Delila into my arms, I pulled her close into a hug.

"That's my girl," I murmured into her ear. Triumph roared through my veins—I'd fucking done it. She was bred and bound to me, and now nothing was going to be able to take her away from me again. "But let's go take a test. Find out for sure."

Pulling her into my arms, bridal style, I stalked off with her. Delila shrieked in surprise, slapping at my arm playfully. I brought Delila into my room to use my private ensuite bathroom. I wanted to bring her into my bed to celebrate with her properly, but that would have to wait.

Tests first, celebration later.

After the bondage kit, the first thing I bought was pregnancy tests—the fancy ones that just said pregnant. Along with the types that were supposed to work five days early. I'd also gotten a handful of the cheap dollar-store ones, just to cover all my bases.

I set Delila down on the bathroom countertop with care, pulling out three tests for her to take.

Delila raised an eyebrow at the three different tests, but didn’t say a word as she hopped off the corner and began reading the directions on the boxes.

It wasn’t rocket science—they all said to pee on the stick.

Grabbing one test, Delila tried to shoo me out the door, but there was no way that I was going to miss this.

When Delila saw I wasn’t budging, she crossed her arms, staring at me in disbelief. “You can’t be serious.”

“This is my baby, too.”

“No, Jax. I’m not peeing in front of you.”

I crossed my arms, mirroring her. “It isn’t anything I haven’t seen before.”

“Absolutely not.”

“I want to be here for you.”

Those were the magic words. Delila’s gaze softened as she gave in. She made a twirling gesture with her fingers, ordering me to turn around. I faced my bathroom door, listening to the sound of the zipper being drawn down and water tinkling.

Then a pause that seemed to stretch for way too long.

“Jax,” Delila called out softly.

I turned to find Delila’s head hidden behind the palm of her hands and the test on the counter of the bathroom.

“I can’t look.” She whimpered.

The directions were clear—we had to wait up to two minutes to see the results… but that didn’t matter. On the screen of the pregnancy test, there were already two lines, clear as day.

Two bold little lines that changed everything.

A smirk tugged at the corner of my mouth—I’d done it. This just confirmed it.

Now, Delila was *mine*.

She was bred now—stuffed so full of my cum that she had no choice but to take it and give me my baby. Tying herself, her body, her future with me—irrevocably.

I tapped the pregnancy test, once for each line.

She’d done beautifully. It was exactly what I needed—the first domino to fall in the chain reaction that would bring my father *down*.

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EIGHTEEN
DELILA

I COULDN'T LOOK.

One little piece of plastic was enough to change *everything*.

It would be enough to destroy my marriage, my reputation.

All while telling me whether I was actually getting the one thing that—if I was honest—I wanted more than anything.

From the loneliest part of me who'd lost my parents, my grandparents… the part of me that didn't have any family… All I wanted was to make my own—a lovely cooing baby for me to cuddle and love.

For years, I'd dreamed of filling this house with children.

But now?

I couldn't lie to myself anymore—that dream had changed. I didn't want just any baby… if I was being perfectly honest… I wanted Jax to be the father of my children.

It was only just recently that he'd grown into a man, but already Jax was more of a man than his father ever was to me.

I wanted those two lines so bad… I couldn't look.

Because what if this little test proved everything wrong? What if I had a stomach bug and let myself hope for *nothing?*

"Delila," Jax called in a low, soothing voice.

Oh, no.

Was he trying to brace me for the worst? Oh God, what did the test say? Maybe it was wrong; maybe I just needed to try it again.

"You did so good."

My eyes snapped open, landing straight on the plastic on the counter that would seal my fate, one way or the other.

Two lines.

Was I really? Did that mean?

I needed to grab another test. What if I did it wrong?

Wait.

No.

But what if it was right… that would mean I was…

Could he have… Had he really gotten me pregnant?

An awful thought crossed my mind. A dark cloud that I couldn't shake. I felt like I was ruining everything before it had the chance to even begin. But I had to say it. Jax deserved the truth.

"I know you want this baby, but…"

I couldn't even finish my sentence. I wanted this so bad. A part of me wanted to just ignore the ugly truth, let it just crawl into a hole to wither and be forgotten.

Jax's jaw tensed as his gaze locked on me.

I had to be honest with him.

"I was sleeping with your father before everything started with us. There's a chance that this baby's his."

Yes, Jax and I had been sleeping together for weeks now, but I'd thrown out my birth control long before that.

How did it come to this? How did the thought that having a baby with my lawful spouse make me feel like my world was falling apart? Everything with Jax was new, but already it felt more real than anything else that had happened in my entire life.

Then… if the baby was my husband's child… would that force things between me and my lover to end?

Jax reached for me, cradling my face in the palm of his hands, forcing me to look into his eyes. "Whether you got my son growing here, or my brother… this baby is mine."

"Yeah?" I sniffed.

"Yeah. Because you're *my* woman." Jax looked into my eyes like he was staring straight into my soul. His gaze was all heat and possession. He

stared at me like wanting me hard enough would be enough to force the baby in my belly to take on his DNA.

"We're going to have a baby," I whispered the words, like saying them too loudly would scare them away… words that I had wanted to say for so long. Words that were still so out of this world I could barely believe that they were true.

How could this be happening? This was crazy.

Yet at the same time… why did I want crazy? Why did I want this brand of crazy so bad?

If the right thing to want was my husband's baby and to be that loyal doormat that I had been for years… maybe I didn't want that anymore.

I was done being *used*.

For the first time in my life, I wanted something for me, and who gave a shit if it was right or if it was wrong.

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NINETEEN

JAX

FOR ONE HORRIBLE MOMENT, it seemed like Delila didn't want our child. It had completely thrown me off—that wasn't like her.

My stepmother was the sweetest woman I've ever met, and I *know* she wants a baby—so how could she not want *mine*?

"I know you want this baby, but…"

But *what*?

Would she really rather stoop to getting impregnated by that man-child who sired me?

Why?

Because he was so much more *legal* and *respectable…*

Fucking bullshit. That didn't make him good for her.

So what was she asking for? Did she want to get rid of it?

That wasn't happening. I'd have to talk her into keeping it. I would do anything to prove to her that she belonged with *me*.

But then the moment passed.

Thank. Fucking. God.

I had it wrong. Delila didn't want to get rid of our baby; she was just worried that the old man *had* managed to knock her up.

Now freaking out about that was completely understandable. I wouldn't want to think about my father and impregnation either.

But she had nothing to worry about. He'd been gone fucking his side-piece during Delila's whole fertile window.

I was the one who had made sure to tie her down and take my cum, right when she was ripe and ready for it.

Even if that geezer had managed to get it up long enough to get the job done… even if one of his shriveled up little sperms wormed their way into Delila's sweet pussy, it didn't matter.

She was mine. That made any child that came out of her *my* fucking responsibility.

And speaking of responsibility—now that Delila was pregnant, it wasn't time to mess around. It was time to set some new ground rules.

I scooped Delila off my bathroom counter, walking her back into my bedroom—like I'd wanted to do since the first moment Delila started puking. Since before the test results had popped up and confirmed what I already knew; the truth that was already burning in my gut.

As I laid Delila down on my bed, her pretty pink lips parted in surprise. I leaned over her, staring deep into her ocean eyes, watching how her pupils bloomed with desire the closer I got.

"You are my woman now."

Without giving her a moment to protest, I yanked off the thin shorts and underwear separating us, leaving her bare before me. I reached down between her thighs and grabbed her pussy. Hard.

"I don't care what your marriage certificate says. This is *mine."*

Delila gasped, clutching at my hand, "Jax, what are—"

"Say that this pussy is mine." Without letting go, I slipped one finger deeper, straight to the part of her that would make her lose control. Pressing rough circles around her clit, with enough pressure to turn Delila into putty in my hands.

"Jax." She tried shaking her head before getting lost to the pleasure, as I touched her right how she needed to be touched. "Oh, God." Delila gave in and gripped the bed sheets, tight.

"Say it." Loosening pressure from her clit until Delia writhed in frustration.

Good. Let her feel what it was like when I wasn't in control of her pussy.

She wasn't going to get off until she'd *earned* it. Delila needed to know that she was only going to come from *me.*

"It's yours." She moaned, arching her hips into my hands, desperate for the friction that would bring her over the edge.

Delila was being such a *good girl.* And good girls deserved to be rewarded.

Moving down her panting body, I settled between Delila's creamy-white thighs, until I was eye to eye with her puffy lips. She was already dripping.

I had wondered for a while now if she tasted as good as she looked. I licked a strip right between her juicy folds.

Fuck.

She tasted like raw sex. Like hard fucking, and the cum I had pumped in her last night to keep her topped off.

She tasted like she was *mine.*

Whimpering helplessly, Delila arched her hips, shamelessly grinding her pussy into my face. Moments away from release.

I pulled away from her once again, waiting until her ocean blue gaze met mine.

"Don't let my father touch you anymore." I ordered.

"What?" Her eyes were half hooded, and dazed—I had her right on the verge of coming.

"Don't let my father fuck you. From now on, this pussy is just for me."

"Jax," Delila whined, trying to arch her hips closer, on the edge of pleasure and wanting to fall to it.

But that wasn't going to happen. Not until I had her word.

Now that my baby was in her belly, I would not let her risk catching something from my father's cheating cock. Besides picking Delila, I trusted his taste in women about the same as I would trust a used condom in the middle of the road after it had been hit by a car or two. Before, when I needed him to believe that this baby could be his, I allowed it.

But now I had gotten what I needed, and the old man hadn't deserved her in a long time—I don't know if he ever did.

"Tell him you're feeling sick. Just tell him no."

"What? Are you serious?" Delila was blinking, like she was coming down from her high.

Well, we couldn't have that.

"I'm taking you from him." I kissed a trail up the smooth skin of her inner thighs, stopping at her clit and sucking it into my mouth. Flicking my tongue, I teased her with delicious friction.

Delila dropped her head against the pillows, scrunching her eyes shut, moaning helplessly.

I knew I had her when she grabbed at my hair, pushing my face right where she needed it.

Good.

I was hers, as much as she was mine, and I would be damned if she didn't make use of me.

I was going to give her nothing but pure pleasure.

Sealing my mouth against her clit, I sucked. Hard.

Her legs shook as she came, screaming with the intensity of her climax. I kept up the pressure, kissing her clit gently and licking her through the aftershocks, drawing out her orgasm as long as possible.

I climbed over her, bracing my forearms on either side of her head, with her release slathered down my chin.

"Who does this pussy belong to?"

"It's yours."

"That's right. Don't you *dare* forget it. From now on, you're only going to take *my* cock. It's going to be *my* cum in your belly and *my* children in your womb. Do you understand?"

Delila's jaw dropped.

Was she really that surprised? Hadn't she been paying attention to the lengths that I was willing to go to take her for myself?

After a moment, Delila nodded hesitantly, silently agreeing. She might have been shy about it, but I didn't miss the flash of satisfaction in her expression.

Like the cat that got the cream, or in this case, the pussy that got the cum.

"That's my good girl."

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TWENTY
DELILA

A PART of me thought that the moment I showed Jax that positive pregnancy test, his infatuation with me would go up in flames; Jax was young, sexy, and hot-blooded. There was no way he would not wake up and realize that chasing me was a mistake. Some pretty young thing would catch his eye, and Jax would forget all about me.

A little voice in the back of my mind warned me that there was no way that this thing with Jax was going to last. I had blown up my entire life over a stupid crush. Not only that, but on the least appropriate man I could possibly want for myself.

Jax had his whole future ahead of him. Why would he want to get tied down to an older woman?

But the second he saw those two lines on my pee-stick, it was like a switch went off in Jax. Before it was clear that he wanted me—he was flirty and made me breakfast, like a perfect gentleman.

But now?

He was ravenous.

The way that he took me after I told him I was pregnant wasn't making love—he was staking his claim. It was like he was trying to pound into me deep enough to erase the memory of any other man who had touched me before.

His possessiveness was off the charts, especially how he was acting about his father. It wasn't just that Jax had shoved me onto his bed, forcing

me to promise that I belonged to him… I had noticed that Jax was annoyed wherever his father was around. In fact, I'd actually caught him glaring when Ryan's back was turned.

It was a bit Neanderthal. Jax was acting like he wanted nothing better than to hit me with his club and haul me back into his little man cave to be his woman.

To be perfectly honest, I didn't hate it.

Except that it made a tension in the house that was becoming unbearable.

Jax gave a literal death glare to my bedroom door after saying goodnight to me—it was like he couldn't stand the fact that I was going to go anywhere near his father.

He made me promise not to sleep with my husband anymore, and oddly enough, I went along with it. Things with Ryan were fizzling apart anyway—even before I started messing around with his son.

But the way that Jax was talking about his father now… it was like he hated him.

Was I the reason that their relationship was falling apart?

If that was true, it was worse than anything else I had done. Worse than this literal cheating. Somehow, coming between a father and his son felt more like being a home wreaker than being the other woman.

The front door slammed open.

My hands on the plate I was drying tightened.

When had I started to tense whenever my husband came home? Something told me that this had been going on long before I let myself notice it.

Jax ran into the room from the basement, covered in sweat from working out.

He crossed over to the fridge, opened it, and stared blankly.

Something told me he didn't actually want to eat anything. This was another example of Jax staking his claim on me. Making sure that nothing was happening between me and my husband anymore.

Ryan crossed the kitchen without looking at me… as if I was just another appliance in the room. There were the cabinets, the fridge, and oh, right, the wife…

There was a point in the relationship when he used to greet me with a hug and kiss, like a normal couple. When had that stopped?

God, why had to let myself live like this for so long?

“What does a man have to do around here to get a drink?” Ryan snapped without looking at me.

Like muscle memory, without even thinking about it, my feet had already taken me across the kitchen until I was next to Jax by the fridge.

My lover didn’t say a word to me, but I noticed how his jaw went tight, how his gaze narrowed as he glared at his father.

Silently, I grabbed the jug filled with orange juice, pouring a glass for… it didn’t feel right to call him my husband anymore, even though that was his title. Maybe it was because Jax had demanded my fidelity; maybe because in my heart it was already true. It didn’t matter who I was married to—I belonged to Jax.

Placing the drink down on the kitchen island, I had to walk closer to Ryan than I had in days. He was wearing a new cologne, so much of it he was drenched in it. The scent was sickly sweet, cloying and intense as it assaulted my nostrils. It was going to make me—oh, God.

I turned with seconds to spare, leaning over the sink, gagging and retching. I puked until there was nothing left in my stomach… until every mashed up leaf of the salad I forced myself to eat for the baby’s sake came back up.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” Ryan hadn’t bothered coming to my side or pulling my hair out of the way. His tone suggested that I’d deeply inconvenienced his orange juice drinking experience.

I wanted to look over at Jax; I had to force myself not to. Staring straight into the square stainless steel of the sink, covered in my sick. Heaving gasps of air, I struggled to get my body under control. Fighting against the urge to throw up all over again.

Ryan needed to know the truth… he’d find out eventually, anyway.

“I’m pregnant.”

The room went quieter. Colder. I felt the change coming over the man I’d married, as he stared into the distance, gripping the glass of juice hard. He wouldn’t even look at me.

But… he agreed to let me stop birth control. This shouldn’t be a surprise for him.

Why was he acting like this?

Then Jax burst in, pulling me close into a hug.

Oh, damn. Was he about to claim our child right in front of his father?

Jax grinned at me, “I always wanted a brother. Congratulations! I’m finally going to have a sibling. This is amazing! We should go out to celebrate.”

It was like he had lost all ability to read a room and forced the appropriate response to hearing about a new baby down his father’s throat.

“I’m going to text all my cousins.” Jax’s phone was already in his hands, fingers moving rapidly.

“Jax,” Ryan called out sharply, “you shouldn’t tell anyone just yet.”

“What? Why?” Jax had the look of perfect innocence on his face.

“Because sometimes things don’t work out…” Ryan started, trailing off when he saw the stricken look on his son’s face. He started over, as if choosing each word with more care. “People usually wait at least a couple of weeks, when the risk of miscarriage is lower.”

“Oh, shit. I didn’t know that,” Jax scratched his head, the picture of cluelessness and not at all like the scheming young man who had tied me down and told me he wanted me bred. “Sorry, I already texted the group chat. Victoria says she’s going out to buy yarn to get started on a baby blanket.”

Ryan pinched the bridge of his nose—something that he only did when he was beyond annoyed.

I felt like I was missing something… between Ryan looking at me like he wanted to skin me alive and Jax suddenly acting like a golden retriever puppy on Christmas…

Jax bounded out of the room, yelling over his shoulder, “Grandma’s calling. She wants to plan a baby shower.”

As soon as Jax was out of earshot, Ryan rounded on me, grabbing my wrist hard enough to bruise. He leaned in, getting into my face, his nostrils flaring like all he wanted to do was rage at me.

The truth hit me all at once, like cold grease poured over every inch of my mind. Ryan didn’t want this baby. If Jax hadn’t gone and told the whole family about it, what would he have done?

This marriage… it was more than over. Maybe I was the only one who hadn’t seen it.

The man I made my vows to, looked at me now with raw hate in his eyes. “I hope you’re happy.”

I was.

I was happy.

Most of all, I was happy because it wasn’t his baby.

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TWENTY-ONE
JAX

I SHOULD HAVE WARNED DELILA... from the shock on her face it was clear she didn't expect my old man's reaction. She deserved better than his cruel rejection. But how could I have told her without telling her everything? About the affair? About my father's plan to kick her out and leave her with nothing? I would not stress her out with all that until I had the solution lined up and ready for her.

At least Delila told him in front of me.

I don't think I ever sent a text message that fast in my entire life, but I had to let people know. Needed my father's whole social circle to get excited about it, before the old man bullied my woman into aborting my baby.

I got off the phone with Grandma, with the excuse that I needed to talk to Delila about what color she wanted for her shower and came back to the kitchen to find the old man with his hands around Delila's wrists as he got right in her face.

"What the fuck are you doing?" The words were out of my mouth before I could even remind myself about the plan or revenge. He put *his hands* on *my* woman.

I was going to fucking kill him.

My father let go of her quick, pretending like nothing happened.

Fucking gas lighter—I didn't miss how Delila winced.

He was going to pay for that.

My father muttered something about needing to get out for air or whatever.

He stomped out of the house like a petulant overgrown man-child, slamming the door behind him. As if *he* had been wronged.

Right.

Like it wasn't his idea to start cheating.

Like he wasn't the one caught hurting a pregnant woman.

What a worthless little has-been cuck.

Literal shit smeared across underwear was more pleasant to deal with.

"Did he hurt you?" I pulled Delila into my arms, pressing soft kisses all over her wrists, covering every inch that my father had touched.

"I'm okay," Delila said in a little voice that made it clear that she wasn't. Tears welled up in her lovely eyes as her lips quivered.

She deserved so much better.

I couldn't wait until the moment when we could stop hiding—when everyone would know that she's mine.

Brushing her silky hair behind her ears, I pressed a kiss to her forehead. "Don't worry," I promised her, "you won't have to put up with him for much longer."

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TWENTY-TWO

JAX

We have a problem

?

She's pregnant

THREE DOTS APPEARED, then disappeared. My dad's whore wasn't having a good time, faced with the concrete evidence that she was just the other woman. Must be tough being the one fucking a married man, only to learn that my father had been screwing both of them at the same time.

Can you get her to get rid of it?

I knew they were going to pressure Delila to murder our baby. Good thing she told my father when I was around. My woman was far too trusting—she never anticipated that others would lie… that my father was planning to betray her in the worst possible way.

As I was raised by the dickhead, I knew exactly what to expect from him.

No. She said it in front of my son and he nearly shit himself with excitement. Let the whole family know before I could stop him.

Damn right I did.

Like hell I was going to let my old man kill my baby.

So what does that mean?

It means I’m having another fucking kid.

About our plans! You were going to kick her out in two months.

Are you crazy? I can’t fucking kick out a pregnant woman. Everyone will think I’m a monster.

Correction. Everyone would learn that truth—that my father *is* a fucking monster.

So that’s it then? You’re going to go play house with the pig? Going to raise her piglets and forget all about me?

Don’t be dramatic.

You’re still my woman. This changes nothing.

Everyone’s all excited right now. We have to wait for everything to calm down.

Calm down? You’ve impregnated the bitch!

This doesn’t change anything. It just pushes the timeline back

To what? To 18 years?

I’m not living with the hag for 18 fucking years.

No. After this craziness dies down, we’ll think of something.

He thought that all this “excitement” was just going to calm down? *Oh no, Dad. I’m just getting started.*

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TWENTY-THREE
JAX

"PIZZA DELIVERY" was pissed, and my old man was desperate to smooth everything over. It was laughable how easy it was to manipulate him.

All I had to do was mention a college that I wanted to see, and ask if he could drive out there with me to check it out.

"Oh shit, that's your birthday weekend, right?" I ran my hands through my hair, pretending like I was frustrated. "But I can't put this off, graduation is in less than a month."

His birthday was on Monday. The old fucker didn't put much effort into anyone's birthday, but needed an entire weekend to celebrate his own.

My father crossed his arms, with an expression on his face that made it clear that my education was nothing but an inconvenience to him right now.

If he paid any more attention, he'd realize that looking at colleges this late didn't make any sense. Application deadlines were back in January, and I'd already gotten into the nearby state college. I had a backup story about looking for a transfer school, but I doubted I'd even need it.

"Wait." I snapped my fingers like I just came up with the idea. "You don't mind if I take Delila with me?"

My father's mouth dropped open. He was too quick to agree. "Son, that's a great idea."

His eyes drifted off into the distance as the old man considered the possibilities. What could he do with an empty house? On his birthday weekend no less.

“Really? You don’t mind? It would just be for the day. Then we could all celebrate the next day.” I studied his expression, looking for any hint of suspicion.

There was none.

He’d taken the bait. Hook, line and sinker.

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TWENTY-FOUR
DELILA

JAX KEPT on saying that he had a plan for the two of us to get together… but I didn't understand it at all. How was planning a surprise birthday party for his father going to do anything?

Honestly, I was the older adult. I should be the one handling everything if and when the shit hits the fan. The right thing to do would have been to break up with Ryan weeks ago…

But I had already promised Jax that I would let him handle everything.

I'd already broken so many promises, it didn't feel right to break them to the person who actually cared about me.

But, still. I wish his plan made sense.

We drove with duffle bags filled with party decorations, pretending to go on a trip. Instead, we headed straight to his cousin Victoria's house. She'd cooed over my belly, though I barely had a bump. It looked more like I'd eaten too many extra pizza slices than a belly that was really growing a tiny little person inside.

A sweet little baby… who might have Jax's strong chin, or my dark hair. Whatever the little one looked like would be perfect—a little mix of the two of us.

All the cousins were in the other room inflating balloons. Victoria shrieked when one popped. At one point one of the twins—I couldn't tell if it was Henry or Samuel—inhaled helium and started cracking jokes in high-pitched squeaks.

I was in the kitchen, baking a cake for the man who acted like he couldn't stand me.

Red velvet. His favorite.

All of it was made from scratch, adding the cocoa powder to the flour. Mixing the wet ingredients—the buttermilk and eggs with vanilla and vinegar. I even added freeze-dried strawberry powder instead of food coloring to make everything healthier.

As I baked and worked on the cream cheese icing, I tried not to wonder if Jax knew what he was doing.

It was fine.

So far, Jax showed me he was going to take care of me every step of the way. This was a birthday party. I'd dealt with six years of Ryan's birthday parties.

What was one more?

Jax was glued to his iPad, checking it obsessively. When he was finally done with the iPad, Jax switched to his phone, sending out a series of texts. He must have had a lot of details to organize to get everything running smoothly.

When I was putting the finishing touches on the cake, Jax snuck a look to check that we were alone, then pulled me into a hug, settling one possessive hand onto my belly.

"There's my tough little man." He murmured, just for me to hear.

"What if the baby is a girl?"

"Then I'll tell her sorry for misgendering her later. It's a fifty-one percent chance that this little guy is coming out with a dick. I'll take those odds." He teased, looking so adorable with that knowing little smirk, I was tempted to scoop up some of the extra frosting to boop him on the nose with it.

As if he knew what I was plotting, Jax grabbed my hand suddenly.

"Hey," he whispered in a completely different tone.

My gaze snapped to him at the urgency in his voice.

"If things don't end up going well today, I need you to know that I'll protect you." He pulled me closer against him, letting me feel the strength of his muscular body.

"What are you talking about?" This was just a birthday party. Why would I need protection?

The look of determination flashing on his face didn't match the sugar and frosting spilled in little piles across his cousin's kitchen, or the balloons still getting inflated over in the other room.

"I love you."

My jaw dropped as my whole face heated.

Jax loves me?

This sculpted sex god of a man *loves* me?

At the same time that I wanted to jump off the walls in elation, something nagged at me from the pit of my stomach. Something about this didn't feel right.

Why now?

Why would he need to reassure me, give me this declaration of love *now?*

Calm down—this stress wasn't good for the baby.

Jax just told me he *loves* me; it wasn't time to panic. Everything was going to be okay.

All of this—the decorations, the family members, the planning—it wasn't that serious. No matter what this nagging feeling was telling me otherwise. Things felt off, but that could just be pregnancy hormones?

Really. It was nothing but a little party—what could go wrong?

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TWENTY-FIVE
DELILA

AS WE DROVE BACK UP to the house, Jax opened the door sternly shushing everyone as his cousins handed out decorations.

"Be quiet." Jax ordered as people filed in, grasping the balloons and party poppers. I was still holding that red velvet cake—there was no way that I had made enough. Not only had Jax invited most of his extended family, but I also recognized loads of his coworkers. "I think Dad's in his room. Wait till I open the door to yell surprise."

He also gestured to Victoria, "hey can you film it? I want to see his expression."

Victoria was biting her knuckle to stop from giggling as she dug her phone out of her pocket.

Everyone followed Jax up the stairs, whispering, some with their phones out and recording.

With a group huddled around him, Jax opened the door wide.

Red velvet dropped to the floor with a dull thump, smearing into the bedroom carpet.

People in the front gasped, freezing in place, as one does at the end of a long line of traffic, at the site of the accident—once the wreckage is revealed and the injured are carted off in stretchers and it is impossible to look away.

My husband wasn't frozen though. He was… distracted… and missed the sound of the door opening and all the footsteps rushing inside. He was

still going. Grunting. Buck-ass-naked between the legs of some girl from his office—couldn't remember if she was his secretary or the mail clerk—thrusting away more passionately than he'd ever been with me.

Oh.

At least until some of the crowd pushed forward, assuming that the celebration was still on, yelling "surprise!"

Those latecomers stepped into the room laughing; someone even set off a party popper—before realizing what was going on…

That my husband of six years had just ripped himself out of some other woman mid thrust. That said woman was now laying in the bed fully exposed, hiding her face in her hands—sorry, Susan from the office—too late to hide her identity. Or any inch of her body from dozens of strangers, and the phones still out recording.

I held my hand over my tummy, as if I needed to cover my unborn child's eyes from the naked tangle of adultery that was rapidly separating and hiding under blankets and pulling on sweatpants.

Ryan stood in nothing but his gray sweats, gaping at the crowd of people like a fish pulled out of water. Wide-eyed, cheeks burning red, he took it all in—his coworkers and friends, Jax's cousins—some averting their eyes, some glued to the action like this was bad reality TV.

Then, as if none of the others were even there, like muscle memory, Ryan's head turned my way. Zeroing in on his favorite emotional punching bag, his expression turned ugly as he looked at me.

"You."

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TWENTY-SIX
JAX

"THIS WAS ALL YOUR IDEA," my dad rounded on Delila, as if it was her fault his cock was just caught flopping around in the wrong vagina.

I was worried that this would happen—though I had only seen him fly into a narcissistic rage in front of a crowd once before—it was predictable. It wasn't the first time he had pinned everything on his partner. One of my first memories was my father blaming my sick mother for some stupid shit when we were out at a restaurant.

He headed straight for her, violence etched across every wrinkle on his face—I wasn't about to let that happen.

I stood in front of Delila, arms crossed.

My dad was fucking insane if he thought I was going to let him put his hands on my woman when she was pregnant with my child.

But he wasn't thinking—there was nothing but blind hatred behind his eyes. When I wouldn't move out of the way, he went for me instead.

The old man's days as a professional fighter were long gone. He had lost his edge. Must be his soft life at the office, or perhaps it was beneath the sheets, all the screwing around. Maybe it took up all his limited energy, shoving his dick in places it didn't belong.

Dad telegraphed his punch, staring hard at where he wanted his blow to land, flaring his elbow and cocking his fist. I could have dodged that shit, easy. But I figured, since I was *fucking his wife*, giving it to her so good,

that she'd promised that her pussy was mine… it was only fair. He deserved to land one on me.

He probably expected that I would dodge it.

The blow slammed straight into my face, a brief blinding shock, as my vision flashed white, then stinging agony.

The air rang with a shrill scream, and the confusion of too many voices talking at once. Soft palms clutched my jaw. I squinted, trying to force my blurred vision to come together, as two Delilas stared at the damage to my face, her eyes red rimmed and panicked.

"What did you do to him?" She sounded like she was struggling not to cry.

The fucker hit me right in the eye. And I let him.

I'd invited everybody. Gave his whole office the sob story about how hard he had it after losing my mom to cancer, how much it would mean to celebrate his milestone fiftieth birthday… how he worked so hard for his family, and that we just wanted to show him how much we appreciate him.

Half of his office came to give my dad a wonderful surprise on his birthday. Including Jessica from HR.

My father had gone quite pale, staring at his bruised knuckle like it didn't belong to him.

At least four or five phones were out, recording everything.

My eye was already swelling, and a massive headache throbbed. My entire skull felt like it was on fire.

Delila looked like she wanted to run away with me; she was scrambling for her phone, muttering something about calling 9-1-1. His coworkers, even the one slinking away from the bed partially dressed—looked horrified.

Even through the pain, I was barely holding back from smirking.

Got him.

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TWENTY-SEVEN
DELILA

WHEN I PICTURED MY LIFE, I never imagined that I would find myself in my late-twenties and newly pregnant when I caught my husband fucking some other woman—caught him right in the act, and in front of dozens of our friends and family.

The look he gave me…

His eyes were so dark they didn't even look human. His gaze felt demonic as he stared at me with raw hate. In a room full of people, it was like I was the only person there in the worst possible way. It was like I was *nothing* to him. It was like I was the reason *everything* had gone wrong… as if it legitimately was my fault each and every time something happened to him.

What had I ever done to make him hate me like that?

Right in the bedroom we had used to share, on the bedsheets I had picked out and washed every week with lavender fabric softener, Ryan had happily fucked someone else. Is this why he never wanted to look me in the eye for months when the two of us had been doing the deed? Was he picturing *her?*

Now, in that same bedroom, I was on my hands and knees scrubbing cake smears off the carpet. I had gotten most of it out—it was just that the beige was still a darker shade. If I didn't get that spot out, it would be a constant reminder of Ryan's naked ass as he was hammering into that little

blonde from his office who always spoke like she was trying and failing to recover from a sinus infection.

Not that I wanted him anymore, but it still stung.

There was something about seeing my husband thrusting so vigorously he couldn't even notice a crowd forming in the room, when he'd spent the last year fucking me with the enthusiasm of wet pasta…

I gave him six years… doing *everything* for him.

Six years of cleaning his house and cooking gourmet meals for him.

Six years of spreading my legs whenever he'd wanted me. However he'd wanted me. Bending myself over backwards to please him… all while he treated me like I was diseased.

Six years.

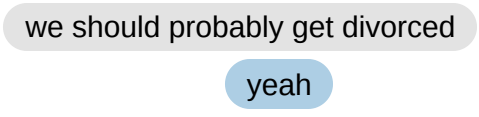
Now that man wasn't my problem anymore. And everyone knew it.

All the worry I had about how to go about ending the relationship with him… the guilt for choosing another man—it was no longer weighing me down. I had rehearsed breakup conversations in the shower. There was a long document in my notes app where I tried to work out what to say to him through text. If I had any money saved up, or a credit card in my name, I would have already left.

But I didn't want to go. My lover was *here.*

In the end, none of it mattered. I hadn't even had to say any of it.

Ryan had ended up packing a bag and leaving on his own. A few hours later, he sent a simple text.



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TWENTY-EIGHT
JAX

BEFORE THE WEEKEND WAS OUT, Dad got a notice from HR about the incident.

He was lucky not to be fired outright, something about his long tenure and institutional knowledge. But he was being relocated to a new location, a different branch in another state. Effective immediately.

His affair partner was not moving.

It was the topic of a lot of their recent fights on the messenger app.

Dad didn't try hard to convince me to move out with him. Obviously, I was going to stay with my stepmom. How could I abandon her when she was pregnant?

I was surprised he had the balls to even ask me while my eye was still swollen shut. Especially not after I went back to school. Mrs. Smith took one look at my busted up face and immediately sent me to the guidance counselors, and submitted a report to Child Protective Services.

I'm an adult and nothing will come of it, besides horribly embarrassing my father. Between this and the police report documenting my black eye, the old man had no chance of custody of Delila's baby. The lawyer said there was a good chance that he'd be denied visitation once the little one came.

The divorce was proceeding smoothly. It wasn't hard to get footage of the affair. All it took was a hint about Delila not feeling safe, and something

about evidence for a restraining order, and I got sent multiple videos showing *everything.*

I saw a lot more of my dad's dick than I had ever wanted to see. No wonder it was so easy to seduce Delila, if *that* was my competition.

Delila had all the evidence she needed for the infidelity clause. My father never thought that anyone would find out about his cheating, and that his little prenup would stand.

Not one, but three videos said otherwise.

There was even another clip of the incident going viral on social media.

Just wait until he saw the messages—months of communication to "pizza delivery" neatly printed out in a thick stack—during the next session in front of the judge.

Financially, in the divorce, my dad was fucked.

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TWENTY-NINE
DELILA

I ENDED up with the house, a chunk of his retirement funds, as well as child support. The judge also granted a five-year restraining order after reviewing the police report and the photos of Jax's busted up face.

It didn't feel real.

Maybe it would take me a little longer to stop flinching like I was still expecting Ryan to burst in at any moment and start screaming at me all over again.

Should I have felt like I had failed my marriage? What about feeling like a fraud?

Look at me now—divorced. Pregnant. I should have felt humiliated. Rejected… but there was only relief.

I hadn't felt all the weight of my marriage until the moment it was lifted and I could finally breathe. If that made me a failure, then so be it. It was a failure I could live with.

There was a stubborn bit of grease that refused to scrub off that had me so distracted at first I didn't even notice—the front doorknob jostled.

The weight of the bowl slipped out of my fingers, and the heavy ceramic shattered to pieces in the sink. Every muscle in my arm tightened as my blood pounded in my veins.

He was coming for me. Somehow he knew about me and his son, and had come back to make me pay.

This time he was going to really do it. He was going to hurt me and my unborn baby, and there was nothing I could do about it.

That moment during the botched surprise party played in my head over and over. How my ex-husband's arm reared up. That punch smashing Jax's handsome face, hard enough to knock him to the floor.

But he hadn't even wanted to hit Jax… Ryan had been yelling at me.

Clenching my eyes shut helplessly, I listened to a man's footsteps hurrying to the kitchen.

Before even realizing that I was doing it, I braced myself, hunching my shoulders and placing one palm over my lower belly.

No, not my baby. I couldn't let him hurt my baby.

But the hands that snaked around my waist were warm, holding me tenderly.

"Hey," Jax murmured into my ear, pulling me closer. "I got you."

At the sound of his voice, all the tension loosened.

Ryan's not here. He can't hurt you.

Maybe if I said it enough, I would finally believe that it was true.

For so long I'd been a marionette, moving to the beat of my ex's commands. Now it was like all the strings were cut and I was finally free.

After six years, freedom was hard to trust… but I trusted Jax.

Instinctually, I relaxed into his embrace as my body recognized the warmth of his touch. I leaned back, letting my head rest against his broad chest. My eyes rolled back as Jax pressed hot, open-mouthed kisses down my neck.

"Do I need to get you out of your head?" he murmured, as his kisses turned into something hotter. Something that made heat bloom in my lower belly.

Then Jax grabbed me in a fireman's hold, lifting me into the air.

"Jax!" I swatted at his arm. He was acting like I wasn't a million pounds pregnant. But Jax ignored me. It was easy to forget how strong he was, as he carried me easily across the house, staking off with me like a caveman.

He eased me down onto the bed that I used to share with my ex. The bed that he'd gotten me pregnant on. I would have thought that Jax wouldn't want any reminders of his father, but he seemed to insist on using it… it wouldn't surprise me to find out that Jax got off on taking me on the same bed where his father used to fuck me.

He stared at me with raw hunger.

“Face down, ass up.”

I gasped, even as a part of me that wasn’t connected to my brain raced to move into the position he wanted me, before the rest of me could catch up.

His hands were everywhere, pulling up the skirt I wore, wrenching it over my hips. Running over my bare thighs, jerking the thong I’d chosen for him off to the side.

Behind me, his belt clinked as Jax undressed.

His body covered mine, hard muscle against my soft curves. So close I could feel every ridge of his abdominal muscles as they pressed into my back, as Jax shifted to press hot lips against my ear.

“This pussy is *mine*.” He brushed his hot cock against my entrance, pressing until all I could feel was the thick length of him. “It’s all I’ve wanted for years. I’m not letting anyone take it from me.”

There was something about this pregnancy… something about being knocked up and full of his child… that made it so much harder to hold back. Helplessly, I whimpered. With my face pressed against the blankets, and my ass presented to him, I was ripe for the taking.

He was everything I had ever wanted.

Now, laid out in front of him like a delicacy, I wanted him too bad to be embarrassed. He was right there, promising me every inch of his thick girth.

“Please,” I moaned. It didn’t even matter how desperate I sounded right now. I *needed* him. My skin was on fire, and he was the only one who would give me what I needed. Shamelessly, I arched my back, pressing closer to what I needed.

I was rewarded with the dark sound of Jax’s laughter. “Don’t worry. The way that your pretty pussy is glistening right now, nothing in the world would stop me from taking you.”

Lining up his thick girth, Jax prodded my entrance for a moment before slamming into me in one harsh thrust.

Stretched to bursting, I moaned.

So good. He felt so good.

The friction was everything. Hard and powerful. My pussy gripped him like a glove, clinging like it never wanted to let go.

As Jax slammed into me over and over, whispering praise like he was worshiping my body… I had never even imagined that it could feel like

this. Never recognized how cold my marriage had gotten until I felt Jax's hot hands clutching my hips like he never wanted to be parted from me.

From the way he groaned, desperately, thrusting into me faster, Jax must have felt it too.

"Perfect. You're so fucking perfect." He clutched at my hips, my ass, hard enough to bruise. I welcomed it. Wanted him to leave his marks all over me—each one was proof to me that this was *real.* That Jax wanted me so bad, he lost control.

Jax reached down, circling my clit furiously.

"You going to come for me? I need you to come for me."

It didn't take long. The pressure. The friction right where I needed it. The desperate way that Jax clutched at me—all of it was reaching a fever pitch.

Pleasure. Hot and molten, swept through me in a rush as my orgasm crashed over me.

I shrieked Jax's name. My legs shook with the intensity of it—if Jax wasn't holding me in place, rubbing circles against my clit, I never would have been able to hold myself.

Pounding into me fiercely, Jax came with a grunt. He held me tight, sealing our hips together, as he flooded me with his cum.

Clutching me close, warmth filled my lower belly as his cock pulsed over and over again. When it was over, Jax kissed my back, leaving trails across my skin. Touching me so carefully, like I was precious to him.

"Give me a year or two for all the divorce drama to die down," he murmured into my ear. "Then I'm going to marry the shit out of you."

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THIRTY
DELILA

THE DELIVERY ROOM was so cold.

I'd worn a floral delivery robe, which would have been perfect for the sunny weather outside. Inside the hospital, I was freezing.

Curly haired, with a smile that didn't reach her eyes, Nurse Teri complained she couldn't find my veins. She ended up sticking me with the needle three times before hooking me up to the IV.

I don't know if it was the chill in the air, or the harsh attitude of my nurse, but I was shaking. Jax reached over and gently took my hand, brushing his thumb against my knuckles. If only the searing heat in his gaze could warm me up inside.

It was finally time to meet my little one…

But…

Nurse Teri kept giving me odd looks, and I hated it. She blatantly stared at Jax's hand holding mine, in a way that made me regret telling the hospital staff that he was my stepson.

It was the story that the two of us agreed on.

Actually, Jax insisted on it.

I would have been okay telling people he was the father of the baby, but Jax wanted me to put my ex's name on the birth certificate. When we'd first talked about it, I'd felt nausea that had nothing to do with my morning sickness.

Did it mean… after everything he did to get me pregnant, Jax actually didn't want to be a father?

No.

In every way that mattered, Jax showed me he wanted to be with me. He was the one who went with me to all the doctor's appointments. He'd assembled the crib I wanted, rubbed my back, and cooked healthy meals for me… all while insisting that his father's name go on the official paperwork.

My lover was pretending to be just my stepson right now because he was adamant that his father pay for the child support.

I didn't understand it at first—until I saw how Jax's expression went dark as he explained that if Ryan could, he would be buried with his cold stacks of cash.

It wasn't even about the money. More and more I realized Jax wanted to make his father pay.

Ryan had left his scars on more than just me. I'd thought that Jax was angry at his father purely out of jealousy. Explained it all away with the thought that Jax wanted me all to himself.

But his hate ran much deeper than that.

Having firsthand experience with how cruel Ryan could be, I got it. I wouldn't be the one to stand in the way of Jax's revenge.

… but how was I supposed to survive childbirth with this nosy woman side-eyeing me the whole time?

My first-born son was on track to be born into the judgmental arms of Nurse Teri.

Great.

My water had broken hours ago, and each contraction was turning from an annoying squeeze to a wave of intense tightening across my stomach. The pain itself wasn't the worst part—it was more the fact that as soon as it was over, immediately I had to brace for the next wave of pain. Over and over again.

Where was the epidural?

I'd asked for one first thing as soon as I'd stepped into the delivery room. The second time I'd asked for it, my nurse had given me a look, like I was being problematic, and told me that the anesthesiologist was busy.

I got that, but it had been *hours.*

The next contraction hit hard—as if a giant had gripped my belly and was trying to squeeze this baby out of me. All I could do was clutch Jax's

hand while I moaned helplessly. It was like I couldn't even control it. The noise was ripped straight out of my throat.

"Would you stop being so loud?" Nurse Teri snapped. "I bet you weren't that loud getting the baby inside of you."

Wait… through the pain rolling through my midsection, it took a second for me to process the words coming out of her mouth.

No, wait… What the fuck?

Did she really say that to me?

"You'd be dead wrong." Jax' voice went so hard it was chilling.

I'd been on the receiving end of that quiet anger from his father more times than I could count. It was a completely different experience, watching as that scathing anger was turned on someone else. On my behalf. It was like having a trained Cane Corso in my corner, itching for a reason to rip into my enemies, with hundreds of pounds of bite force.

He was terrifying—I loved him for it.

"Get the fuck out before I report your ass to the Department of Health." Jax snarled at the woman, fists clenched at his sides.

Nurse Teri snatched her clipboard, bolting out of the room without making eye contact with either of us.

Good riddance.

She was right to be terrified.

Jax wasn't the kind of guy who would ever hit a woman or anything… but then again, I don't know if there were any lines he wouldn't cross to keep me and the baby safe.

He was just getting into competitions for boxing and mixed martial arts. From what I'd seen, it didn't pay to be on his bad side. The way that he fought—Jax was a force of nature.

A couple minutes later, the nurse who replaced her walked in—Nurse Lani was a tiny Filipino woman in navy scrubs who looked like she could somehow take on a bear in the forest and win.

Nurse Lani wasted no time checking how dilated I was.

As soon as she was done, she shook her head. "You're ready to start pushing. I'll go get the doctor."

"Wait, wait. What about the epidural?" Panic clawed up my arms.

Oh, *no*. Oh, hell no.

No, this wasn't the plan. My birth plan, which was neatly printed out with bullet points and everything, made it clear. I wanted pain meds. I'd

signed up for *all* the pain meds. I think that I had written EPIDURAL in all caps, underlining the word twice.

In no world was I interested in natural childbirth.

“You’re already crowning. It’s too late for that now,” Nurse Lani eyed my belly like she had seen this play out a thousand times before.

I didn’t doubt her. Those stern eyes had clearly seen things.

Okay. I didn’t have time to freak out. The baby was coming. How many years had I pictured ten little fingers and toes? I’d longed to meet my little one. I’d counted down to this day for *years*.

But now that the moment was finally here, my mind was whirling. Panicking so hard I couldn’t think straight.

What do you mean there wasn’t time for the epidural? This wasn’t fair. For the whole pregnancy, I’d done everything right. I made all the plans and even printed them. I’d told them about it hours ago.

Suddenly, reading all of those medical stories about everything that could go wrong didn’t feel like preparation so much as I had been mentally torturing myself.

Pain gripped me, ripping across my abdomen in waves that were only getting stronger. What started as uncomfortable cramps was now a pressure so intense it burned. Coming on faster and harder. Pressure that threatened to crush me.

The only thing keeping me sane was Jax’s hand in mine—it was a good thing that he was strong, because I was holding on so hard that my knuckles turned white.

Through the waves of pain, Nurse Lani directed me to put my feet into stirrups, and it didn’t matter that this was all happening too fast, because this was happening. Now. The baby was coming.

The monitor graphing out my contractions spiked sharply, just as Nurse Lani noted, “That’s a big one.”

Then it didn’t even matter anymore, because all the pain within my body transformed into a burning drive to just *push.*

Then with every ounce of my strength, I bore down. All my energy, every ounce of me—everything was shoved downward. A loud groan filled the air and a distant part of my brain recognized that it came from me.

“That’s it. Breathe.” Nurse Lani said, once the contraction was over. But I was already heaving in deep gasps of air.

Too soon, contractions hit in fresh waves of pain. I leaned forward, gripping the guardrails of the bed with the hand that wasn't holding Jax like he was the only thing in the world that could ground me, as I gathered every bit of my strength and *pushed*.

"You're okay, you got this," Jax murmured into my ear. The voice of my lover sounded as confident as ever, though right now he looked pale.

"The head's almost out, one more big push ought to do it." The doctor said, sitting at the end of my bed, hunched down like a catcher in a baseball game.

As the next contraction hit, my world narrowed to the downward force, as something primal took over. With everything in me—every bit of strength and power—from a well of ferocity that went bone deep. All of me was tensing, straining, shoving against that wave of burning pressure.

Until it suddenly loosened, like everything down there went numb as all that pressure slid straight out of me.

I was so out of it. Lying there on the hospital bed, still trying to catch my breath, when Nurse Lani placed a baby on my chest.

Looking down at the wrinkled face in a daze. *Whose baby is—oh.* Oh!

That was my little one. He was here.

Tiny fingers balled up to his face, with Jax's nose and cheekbones—miniaturized and squashed into the form of a grumpy little man.

Just arrived in the world, my son looked like I'd disturbed his rest and inconvenienced him by giving birth to him. His little eyes were getting heavy, like all he wanted was to take his first nap.

He was perfect.

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THIRTY-ONE
JAX

LIAM, my firstborn, was finally settling down. He'd managed to projectile vomit all over the carpet. Twice.

That was my tough little guy.

I'd scrubbed the carpet, scraping the fibers over and over until it stopped smelling like cheese. In the other room, Delila soothed the little man. She sang to him, rocking him in her arms until finally—finally—he settled down to sleep.

Delila would take some time watching him. Making sure that he was really down for the count before sneaking out of his room. That gave me a few minutes to get ready.

I pulled the restraints out from where I'd buried them in the depths of my closet, hooking them to the bolts under the bed, before hiding them strategically under the comforter. With my father gone, there was no need to store them in the closet anymore—I could leave them attached to our bed, until once again they helped me get the job done.

My task finished, I stood in the hallway outside the nursery, waiting.

Delila snuck out of the room like she was breaking out of a prison. The doorknob turned almost comically slowly, and she backed out of the room at a snail's pace, watching Liam the whole time… as if he could notice the lack of eye contact and would bolt awake.

My gorgeous woman.

Throughout the whole pregnancy, she'd been glowing. Her tits were plumper now, after the baby. I couldn't wait to get my turn, to feel the silk of her skin and the heft of her full breasts.

She was so focused on closing the door slowly, Delila didn't even notice me until I'd grabbed her, lifting her into my arms bridal style.

She squeaked like a startled mouse and whisper-shouted my name as I carried her to our bed.

I couldn't help it—I kissed her. Softly at first, but my kisses soon turned hungry. I'd been good, following the doctor's orders to the letter, holding back. Focused on helping Delila raise our son, I hadn't touched her, giving her all the time she needed to heal.

It had been so long; I was starving for her. By the way that Delila melted into the kiss, I could tell that she had been missing this too.

Crashing onto the bed with her, I deepened the kiss, feeling the slick heat of her hot little mouth. The press of soft lips. The puffs of warm air as she gasped.

Settling my weight over her, I distracted Delila with kisses as I took her hand in mine, squeezing it gently, before I closed the soft bondage around her wrist. Without breaking the kiss and giving Delila a moment to realize what I was doing, I moved to the other wrist, binding it.

There.

I had her right where I wanted her. Right where she *needed* to be.

All ready to be bred like a good girl.

Nursing tops were a gift from a higher power—with one quick tug, I pulled Delila's heavy breasts free.

Without thinking, I latched on to the world's most beautiful tits, sucking on Delila's dusty rose nipples. A burst of sweetness hit my tongue. Delila moaned at the letdown, as the milk started to flow from her gorgeous teets for me to lap up. I had to take care not to take too much. Had to leave the rest for my son—this was just a little treat for me.

My woman was the sweetest thing I've ever tasted—I should have done this a long time ago.

"Mmmf. Jax! What are you doing?"

"It's been six weeks. The doctor said I can have you." I'd tied her down and now I was going to fuck her until she was bred. Stuff her full of my cum, put it all deep in her sweet little pussy until she was pregnant again.

My rock-hard cock twitched, just thinking about it.

“I always wanted a brother. That’s why I’m going to give you plenty of babies, so none of them will ever feel lonely.”

I pulled down Delila’s shorts, tugging them all the way off her long legs. Sliding my fingers under the thin cotton, my fingers brushed against Delila’s clit, making her gasp. She was already slippery, so wet for me.

“How many babies are you going to give me?” I pressed rough circles around Delila’s needy clit until her eyes rolled back in bliss.

“As many as you want.” She moaned.

That’s right, she would.

Delila was my woman. The mother of my children. Soon to be my wife—I’d bought the ring already. Right now it was sitting in the back of my dresser, waiting until I had the right moment to propose… maybe finding out she was pregnant with a child that no one could deny was mine would be a good time for it.

With one sharp thrust, I entered her.

From the first moment I’d seen her, I’d wanted her—the most gorgeous woman I’d ever seen.

Breath-taking and sweet… she was the person who cared about me more than anyone else in the world.

Now she was mine.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Belladonna Bunny is clearly my real name. My legal name and everything. I have it on my driver's license… and now I am planning on naming my next child Belladonna Bunny the second.

This is the darkest story I have ever written—as I am finally writing as dark as I read. I hope that you enjoyed the ride.

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