
UNTHINKABLE
MAFIA DADDIES 2
BOOK TWO
BJ ALPHA

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BOOK 2

BJ ALPHA

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AUTHOR NOTE

This dark mafia romance is packed with all the deliciously twisted goodness you could wish for.

Jensen is dominant, dark, and downright dirty.

But Immie? She's even worse. Unhinged, obsessed, and willing to do **ANYTHING** to get her daddy exactly where she wants him.

(Underneath her.)

Are you ready to watch Jensen take control of his **Little Nightmare**?

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BLURB

Jensen

I’ve spent years away from home, taking on a Mafia role many have questioned, though I have thrived.

I rescued Immie from a life of hell and kept her safe by maintaining a lie. Keeping my family out of harm’s way has always been my priority, but when my position changes, I return home to discover my wife is out of control and Immie has become my little nightmare.

She’s older now, beautiful and confident, and while my marriage is crumbling around me, she becomes the happiness that’s always evaded me.

My reason to stay.

What happens when we cross a line, when her affection becomes more, and she unlocks a need inside me for her that I never knew existed? Worse, what happens when my little nightmare’s obsession is uncovered and her life is once again thrown into danger? I’m about to learn how far she’s willing to go to secure a relationship with me.

Can I forgive her for her deceit?

Or will her obsession become our downfall?

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PROLOGUE

JENSEN

FIVE YEARS AGO …

With Immie in my lap, I stroke her hair. It's been three months since I rescued her from the Carrera family auction, and not a day goes by that I don't consider what could've happened to her if I hadn't.

At thirteen, she's barely a teenager, and a vulnerable one at that. She'd been in foster care for years after her addict parents were unable to care for her. Then, one night, her foster father announced her social worker had found her a family. The poor girl was naturally excited at the thought, only to discover the man who arrived to collect her wasn't interested in giving her anything but trauma, to solidify what was already a turbulent start in life for her.

There are noticeable comparisons in her life to my own, and maybe that's why a sudden hero complex took over me. Working for Azrael Carrera wasn't on my wish list when I finished working for the special ops team. I was later declared missing, presumed dead, thanks to Azrael.

After stumbling upon a murder plot involving an innocent family who had witnessed a crime by someone within my own team, I couldn't stand by and allow that to happen.

As a small boy, I was privy to some of the techniques used to terrorize and force people to retract statements. Instead, I sought out to warn the family of the plot, and though I wasn't successful in my quest, I did save Azrael's younger sister, shielding her below me from an explosion that would've left her dead among the rubble. Azrael pulled us both out, saving me when he didn't have to.

From then on, I was under Azrael's protection despite protests and concern from Sal; our adopted uncle, so to speak. He, like many others, made the mistake of classing all members of the Carrera family as evil personified, and in a way, I guess they were. Though I saw something in Azrael that he was too afraid to admit to himself—a light, compassion, and love. He wants more out of life, and so does his brother, Czar.

From that day forward, I, Darren Jensen Marino, became Jensen Rainer to the Carrera family, and my true identity remained hidden.

And Immie became my little nightmare.

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CHAPTER ONE

JENSEN

Exhaling deeply, I lift my bag higher on my shoulder. It's been around eighteen months since I was home in New Jersey. After Azrael passed away, Sal asked me to return home, but I wasn't ready, and I don't know why. I guess I needed closure from the Carreras; it was the end of an era when the don and his heir passed away, leaving Czar as head of the family. Besides, Czar struggled with his brother's demise. His empire was a shitshow, and sharks were swarming to cash in and overthrow him. Though, Azrael would be proud of him now. The man has certainly become the leader he was always destined to be, and the Carrera family empire is becoming something of a force to be reckoned with, one built with dignity and moral leadership.

Pushing open the door, I second-guess my return. My wife, Amanda, is screaming like a banshee, and I cringe as it reverberates off the walls. Whoever she's unleashing on is receiving the evil end of Amanda's spiteful tongue.

"You need to be put in your fucking place!" she screeches, so I drop my bag to the floor and straighten my shoulders, preparing for the onslaught.

Welcome home, Jensen. Give me a fucking gun or a knife to unleash my own fucked-up darkness on any day of the week, because her screeches are already too much to bear.

“You should just move out!” she declares. “Now! I should go pack your stuff and throw you the hell out. You never listen to me.”

My eyebrows shoot up. Amanda has friends stay over, but did she allow someone to move in while I was gone? She’s letting someone around Immie permanently? Like hell she is. Fire burns my veins, and before I know it, I’m striding through the foyer toward the kitchen. I throw open the kitchen door, and as I step inside, something sails past my head and hits the wall, then an almighty scream rings in my ears.

What the hell?

“I hate you!” A shriek erupts from a familiar voice, and another item smashes against the wall.

My eyes lock on my daughter. Adopted daughter. Sort of.

Imogen.

My breath is stolen.

She’s beautiful. I always knew she would be, but now, more than ever, I see it. My heart skips a beat, and I will myself to breathe. She’s grown so much. She’s a young woman now, a breathtaking one at that.

Her brown hair is wavy and down to her hips. Her blue eyes search mine, and her bottom lip wobbles as she takes me in.

Pouting, her pink lips part, and I blink hard when I consider staring at them for too long.

We’re frozen. The air between us thickens, and I become lost as time stands still, with neither of us moving.

Finally, I give my head a shake and swallow past the lump of emotion lodged in my throat. “Hey,” I rasp out.

“Hey? Fucking hey? You’ve been gone for months, and all you can say is hey?” Amanda bellows, and I whip my head toward her.

Her blonde hair is straight, not unruly like Immie’s wayward locks, her lips are twisted, and her hands are balled into tight fists resting on her hips. We stare back at one another with equal annoyance.

Contempt encompasses every feature on her face. The veins on her slender neck protrude, her complexion red, and her eyes filled with a seething hatred.

“Welcome home, Daddy,” Immie declares, bringing my attention back to her. She rushes into my arms, and I pull her against me, inhaling her vanilla scent. “I missed you.” I hear the smile in her tone.

My shoulders fall. “Missed you too.” I kiss the top of her head and relax against her.

This is home.

Loud clapping pulls me from our embrace.

“Welcome fucking home, *Daddy*?” Amanda sneers, and Immie flinches, setting my teeth on edge.

Jesus, why does my wife always have to be such a bitch?

“Great. Now that you’re home, I want to be taken out tonight. I have a life, for God’s sake. I’m only thirty, not dead. I shouldn’t have to babysit your child every fucking night of my miserable existence.”

Fury engulfs me, but somehow, for Immie’s sake, I rein it in. She stares up at me with innocence shining in her baby blues.

She’s stunning.

“You need to get changed. You’re not coming with me like that.” Amanda gestures up and down my body with her finger, and I glance down. My jeans are torn at the knees, my combat boots are open, and my T-shirt has grease on it from the motorcycle I fixed to ride home on.

Does Amanda really think I’m about to spend the night out on the town drinking with her friends when I’ve been away from home for so long? Does she really not know me at all?

I fix her with a pointed stare. “We’ll talk about this later.”

A scoff leaves her, and she begins to pick at her nails. “Oh, we will, will we? The great Jensen Marino has spoken again. Well, newsflash, Jensen, you need to start listening to me, and so does she.” She waves her hand toward Immie, who stiffens in my arms.

I clench my teeth and glare at Amanda, but she ignores it.

“Your daughter just threw a plate at the wall. It almost hit me.” She tilts her head toward Immie. A familiar, pitiful mask slips over her face, one I’ve become accustomed to over the years. She pouts and her eyes become glassy.

Which usually results in her having a spending spree at the mall because I can’t deal with her level of neediness when she feels sorry for herself.

A disgruntled huff leaves Immie, and she stiffens, but she remains tucked under my arm, clinging to me as if seeking refuge. Like the night I discovered her. I glide my hand up and down her side, hoping to reassure her with my touch.

All the while, I narrow my eyes in on Amanda. She's gunning for an argument. She shifts from side to side and rolls her lip into her mouth, as if preparing her next words to hit harder than the last, but I refuse to give the reaction she wants. Not today. Today was meant to be a joyous day. A day I was welcomed home with open arms, and as of yet, only Immie has done so.

"I'm sure it was an accident," I state, hoping to brush off the drama.

Amanda's mouth drops open. "You've got to be fucking kidding me? She's a spoiled little brat who needs to be put in her place."

My spine bolts straight, and Immie pulls away to assess me, concern swimming in her eyes. "Go to your room," I say. "Now." I lift my chin toward the door, and she nods.

She's filled out, and her hips have become shapely. I give myself a mental reprimand not to look too deep. She might be eighteen now, but she's off-limits.

"That's the problem," Amanda spits out as soon as the door closes behind Immie. She points at the door. "The way you look at her."

I turn to her, crooking an eyebrow. "And how do I look at her?"

"Like she's your entire world." There's snark to her tone and a bite of jealousy.

Jesus, some things never change. If anything, they've become worse.

"That's because she is." Without giving her any more attention, I head out of the room.

If Amanda isn't pleased to see me, I'd rather be around someone who is.

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CHAPTER TWO

IMMIE

I can't believe he's finally here. It's been 548 days since I saw him last, and now that he's back, my heart is swelling with love and need for him.

Jensen might not realize it yet, but I'm not the same girl I was when he left. Sure, I may have overstepped the mark a little and scared him away, but I won't make the same mistake again. He will want me, crave me like I do him, and I'll become his everything. How it should be.

The door leading to the swimming pool pushes open, but I pay it no attention. I already know who it will be. I can feel him watching me, and that only adds to my excitement.

From the moment I met him, I've felt his presence and knew he would protect me. He's imprinted on me like I have him. Only, he's too scared to recognize it, and while my latter actions were inappropriate, there's no boundary now.

We will be crossing it one way or another.

I swim as if he doesn't exist; each stroke is like I'm drowning in his orbit. He's finally back, and I never want him to leave. This time, I'll make sure he's tied to me forever.

He takes a seat on one of the loungers, and I indulge in the fact that my ass will be on full display for him. I hope his eyes are hungry when I finally emerge. As hungry as I am.

As I reach the side of the pool, I dive beneath the water, then roll and push off the side to swim back to the other side.

I swim until my legs ache and my chest feels like it's caving in, then I emerge to catch my breath before swimming toward the steps.

As I climb out, Jensen moves, and something akin to panic rushes through my veins. Is he leaving already?

When I lift my head, he's there, barefoot, holding out a towel for me, and my shoulders sag in relief. "Thank you."

He wraps me in the towel, and his feet are gigantic compared to mine. His large hands are covered in tattoos, and I revel in being so small beside him. My protector, through and through.

I follow him over to the loungers and wait for him to sit. Without needing encouragement, he hauls me onto his lap, and I melt against his embrace.

"You swim so beautifully, Little Nightmare." He kisses my wet head, and I bite into my lip to stop myself from smiling at the nickname bestowed upon me so early in our relationship.

"Thank you." His inked hand picks up the edge of the towel, and he dries my hair, squeezing the water from the ends, giving me the opportunity to look him over closer this time.

His hair is cropped short, but longer on top than before, and I run my fingers through it. His shoulders appear broader, and I imagine him working out more, becoming even stronger, more invincible to his enemies, and the thought fills me with hope. Hope that he'll never be vulnerable and an easy target to those who choose to cause him harm.

The fact that I know of Jensen's true background when Amanda doesn't leaves me feeling powerful. I have his trust, something I carry with pride.

A new scar over his right eyebrow draws my attention. "I don't like you being hurt," I whisper, stroking his eyebrow.

He chuckles, the sound deep and vibrating his chest. "I'm fine, baby."

Baby.

The very first day he called me that, I melted on the spot, a puddle of goo that would do anything for him. Anything in the world. He's never witnessed the lengths I'll go, but he'll find out soon enough.

I shuffle on his lap, dragging my ass over his crotch in a strategic move to rest over his bulge, but he lifts me and positions me on the edge of his thigh, away from where I want to be. I'm only grateful his arm is still

banded around me in a protective manner some would argue is a normal position. Not to me. Our relationship is anything but normal.

A deep chuckle rumbles from his broad chest. “Why are you pouting like that?”

Shit. I can’t tell him it’s because I want to feel his bulge beneath me, can I?

My cheeks heat, and I duck my head. “I just wondered if you’re going out tonight?” I bite my lip and lift my head to face him.

We’re only inches away, so close I feel the air leave his lips, and he slowly drags his tongue over them. First the top lip, then the bottom, before he rolls it into his mouth. “No. I thought we could order takeout.” His voice is husky and has me squirming inside.

We always order takeout on his first night home, and my body relaxes, knowing he’s keeping to our tradition. I drop my head onto his arm and roll to face him. “I love takeout.” I want to tell him I love him too, but he’ll freak out. It will only push him away, and neither of us is prepared for that, not yet.

His lips tip up into the most handsome smile. A smile I feel down to my core. This man, he’s everything to me. “I know you do, Little Nightmare.”

See. He wants to make me happy, keep me satisfied. I was born for him, and I endured hell to receive his strength. He just doesn’t realize it.

I grin at the nickname he gave me in the first few weeks of him rescuing me from the auction house. He called me his little nightmare because I refused to wear anything but his clothes, and I smiled back at him with pride.

I trail my finger over his tattoos. It’s a habit that has soothed me over the years, and when goosebumps break out over his skin, my pulse races.

“Come on.” He taps my thigh, breaking my moment. “You need a shower, and I want one too.” It’s on the tip of my tongue to tell him we can take one together, but I refrain.

Spinning on his thigh, I throw my leg over him so I’m straddling him. “Can you carry me?” I stick my bottom lip out.

He snorts. “Doesn’t look like you’ve given me much choice.” Then he stands, and I wrap my arms around his thick neck while his tattooed hands grip my ass.

God, how I ache to push against him, to rub up and down his firm body and feel his muscles flex. Ugh, Amanda doesn’t know how damn lucky she

is.

A wave of jealousy creeps into my bloodstream, but I lock it down, unprepared to deal with how insane that makes me feel. Not when I have him so close, closer than ever before.

There's no way in hell I'm going to allow him to leave again before being mine, and there's only one way to secure it.

"You're like a damn koala." I hear the smile in his voice, and I bask in it.

He pushes open the door from the indoor swimming pool he had built for me to practice in because he knows how much swimming means to me. With him leading us down the corridor, I shiver when the cool air hits my damp hair. Of course, I have no choice but to cling to him tighter.

"I should probably switch up and carry you bridal style. It's more appropriate," he says in my ear, and my brow furrows.

Like hell he should.

We head up the stairs, and his hold on me tightens, always my protector.

He's always carried me like this, and I'm not about to let him change it now. "I like you carrying me like this." Then I press a kiss to his bare neck, something else I've always done.

A shudder runs through him, and I savor it.

That's a new reaction, and I long to experience it again. *Rein it in, Imogen. You're going to scare him away.*

He kicks open my bedroom door and marches toward my bed. I'm not ready to detach from him. How can I miss him while he's so close?

So, when he drops me onto my bed, I sulk like a petulant child. Then he heads into my bathroom. I know the drill; he'll turn my shower to my desired temperature. Something else I love about him. He knows me so well.

I should move, but I can't help myself and remain how he left me—with the towel draped open and my legs parted.

Hmm, take me now, Daddy. I stifle a laugh, and a stifled gasp leaves him.

Did he really expect me to move without him instructing me to? He knows how much I crave his commands, how needy I become for his attention.

He clears his throat. "Immie, come on, baby, up."

I lift my head to face him. "I don't want to move."

He rubs his head and shifts from foot to foot. Jesus, even his uncomfortable pose is adorable.

"Well, I need to go shower too." He sticks his thumb over his shoulder.

"You can shower here," I rush out.

A laugh bubbles from him. "I have my own shower, and so do you."

"Your shower is broken."

He rears back, his eyebrows pull together, and he tilts his head. "What? Since when?"

Since he said he'd be home soon, and I put my plan into place.

Luckily for me, Amanda prefers a bath.

I nod. "It's been like it for ages now. Amanda said she'd arrange for someone to fix it." I lift a shoulder and part my legs wider. His gaze travels down to my apex before darting back up to my face. "You can just shower in mine. I can wait here."

I fail to mention it was me who took a hammer to the shower hose to detach it from the wall, part of my master plan to snag my man.

He glances back toward the bathroom, then down at me.

"I'll go in first, and then you go in after. Okay?"

I lick my lips, and he zeros in on the movement.

"Yes, Daddy."

His lips part, and he stares back at me. His body freezes as the air thickens between us and time stands still. I fight the urge to smile, to push him further, too terrified I'll scare him away.

Then he flinches and shakes his head and turns on his heels toward the bathroom, not sparing me another glance.

We'll see about that, Jensen Marino.

I might have agreed to go in the shower after him, but I never agreed to not watch him shower.

After years of waiting, I deserve this.

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CHAPTER THREE

JENSEN

There’s something different about Immie, but I can’t quite put my finger on what. I mean, sure, her body has changed; she’s become more womanly, more mature than the teenager she was during my last brief visit. It’s not just that, though. There’s a shift in her, something I don’t think I’m quite prepared for.

I lather the shower gel in my hands, and as her vanilla scent engulfs me, I flinch. Is it okay for me to wash with her products? I glance around the room, searching for something more manly.

Since I rescued Immie, I’ve felt something for her I’ve never encountered before, and though that might sound seedy to some, it was anything but. I had a need to care for her, to claim her as mine, to protect her so nobody could hurt her again or touch her in any way that was unwanted. I’d kill them before I let that happen.

Maybe it was because of the darkness Azrael’s family surrounded us in, or maybe it was because I was given the opportunity to save such an innocent young girl who captured me. Something inside me switched that day.

I went against everything I was commanded to do to save her, and ultimately put us both at risk, but just as I thought, Azrael wasn’t the man he was perceived to be, and he helped Immie, and in turn, helped me.

The only way I could keep her safe was by creating a new identity with me as her guardian. I had no intention of becoming her father, but I also had no intention of anyone caring for her but me. When Zane, my brother, suggested I adopt her to keep her close to me, it felt almost unnatural, yet also like I had no choice. It was the only viable route; she needed a family.

I'm not her father, not in any sense of the word. It's merely a piece of paper I signed. I'm her protector, her provider, and I'll continue to be just that.

My mind wanders back to moments ago, her spread out on her bed and awaiting instruction. She's always required guidance, which used to plague me when I left her, but now it feels different. Why is that?

I work the shower gel over my shoulders and down my arms. *Fuck, that feels good, smells good too.*

Slowly, I become lost in the sensation of cleansing my body, enjoying the heat on my neck as the water splashes over me, and I inhale the vanilla scent coating me.

I smell just like her.

"Jesus, this feels damn good." I tilt my head back and allow the water to run down my face, relishing the way my muscles relax, and the tension of the day washes down the drain.

Prickles of awareness creep over me, and I feel like I'm being watched, much like I've felt before in the house, but it never amounted to anything. I spin toward the door, expecting it to be closed, but it's not. I expect to find nobody there, but staring right back at me is Immie.

My little nightmare.

Her eyes have darkened to a stormy blue, a shade I haven't really taken note of before now, though, deep down, I know I've seen it before. Only now does it register, when perhaps I should've been more aware.

With her watching me, I expect her to panic, become embarrassed, and close the door, but she stares right back at me with a confidence I didn't know she was capable of.

What the fuck?

My cock twitches to life, and I swallow thickly as it stiffens, then I jolt and quickly turn to give her my back. I slam my palms against the tiles.

What. The. Actual. Fuck.

This is Immie, for Christ's sake.

My Immie.

The sweet, innocent girl I rescued from sex traffickers.

Disgust rushes through me, but among the haze of my thoughts, her calling me “Daddy” taunts me, and my balls pull tight. Rather than feeling disgust, excitement races through me, zipping up my spine and igniting something inside me I wasn’t aware I was capable of feeling.

“Fuck,” I grunt, glowering at the tiles in front of me. Not Immie, fuck no. “Fuck!” I slam my palms onto the tiles.

A lump gathers in my throat, and I will myself to look over my shoulder. Is she still there? She left, right?

I swallow the lump and glance beneath my arm, and sure enough, her attention is fixed on me, daring and enticing.

My gaze darts to her parted lips.

This is bad, so fucking bad.

“Can you shut the fucking door?” I choke out.

She jerks and averts her gaze, then closes the door. The click forces my eyes closed. *What the hell was that?*

“Jesus,” I pant out. Something has changed in Immie, and with that challenge in her eyes, she’s becoming the girl I always knew she’d be.

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JENSEN

EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO …

Immie rests her head in my lap, and I stroke her soft curls. After Amanda exploded about me opting to stay in and order takeout above a night in one of La Familia's clubs, I've been holed up in the family room with Immie watching movies. Though, if I'm being honest, I'm not really watching. My mind is reeling from the drama that ensued on my return.

I don't know why Amanda is so set on me joining her on a night out every time I come home. No, that's a lie. I do. She likes the attention it brings her with me on her arm. The notoriety within our society. It's a shame she doesn't uphold the same standards when I'm not here. I rarely make an appearance at public events anymore, especially given the fact that I work for another Mafia family. The last thing I want to do is draw attention to that.

Besides, after seeing so much violence and darkness, I'm happy here in the sanctuary of our home.

It's funny, despite Amanda and I being married on paper, I don't feel like a married man at all, and if she were honest with herself, she doesn't feel like a married woman either. If she did, she wouldn't be fucking around the way she does. Not that I care; it simply means I get to do the same whenever I have the urge. That's not something I do much lately, especially after witnessing some of the horrors within the auction house.

"Jensen?"

I look at Immie, and her blue eyes shine with concern.

“Hmm?” I stroke her face. Touching her grounds me, and not in any other way than I feel a connection and need to protect her. She’s the center of my chaotic world, my calm.

“I wish you didn’t keep leaving,” she whispers.

Why does the thought of her wanting me around so much make my chest fill with pride?

“I’ve only just arrived home.”

“But I don’t want you to leave already.”

I use the backs of my fingers to brush the stray hairs from her face. “I have a job to do, Little Nightmare. You know that.”

She sits up, and I miss her touch immediately. “I don’t like you leaving.”

I hate that she feels this way, I do, but not only would it raise questions about my whereabouts within the Carrera family, but it would also, without a doubt, bring trouble to my family. Something I’m unprepared to do, despite very much feeling the same way.

She shuffles forward on her knees, sitting so close she’s almost in my lap, and uses her finger to draw a path toward me. It’s a nervous tic I’ve discussed with her therapist, something she’s done since I rescued her.

To me, she’s detaching herself from a situation, and I hate that for her, so instead of allowing her to continue with it, I bring her hand to my lips and place a kiss on her fingers. Then I place her hand over my heart and whisper the words I know she longs to hear. “You’re in here always, Little Nightmare.” I tap her hand.

She shakes her head. “Bu-but what if …” She fidgets from side to side. “What if I want to be somewhere else too?”

Confusion takes over, and when her gaze locks on my groin, something twists inside me.

What the fuck?

Surely, she doesn’t think.

I dart my eyes back up to hers.

A novel for your next quiet moment.

Find something to read on Lokepub.

No.

Just, no.

This is Immie.

My little nightmare.

When she leans forward, I remain frozen in my seat, then her lips slam against mine.

I can't compute what the fuck is happening.

Her tongue pushes past my lips, and I snap out of my frozen state and push her back, disconnecting us in an instant. "What the fuck, Immie?"

She makes no attempt to shift away from me, even as her cheeks heat.

"What the fuck?" I jump to my feet. "What was that?" I snap and throw my hand out in her direction.

She rolls her lip into her mouth slowly, calculated even. It's as if she's savoring my taste.

My eyes widen, and I shake my head, banishing the thought.

Her big blue eyes are full of trepidation, and I become putty in her hands.

"You can't do shit like that. Do you understand me?" I murmur.

"Okay."

Okay? Is that it?

"I don't want you doing that with anyone." I swallow hard, then add a little more explanation. "You're too young."

Something akin to determination flashes in her eyes before she quickly masks it. I'm mistaken, right?

"Okay," she whispers.

I give her a swift nod. "I'm going to call it a night. I'll see you in the morning."

"Okay."

I leave the room as quickly as my feet will carry me, determined to banish the memory of her lips touching mine. With that thought in mind, I pull my phone from my pocket and send a text to Czar, explaining I'll be returning to work earlier than expected.

There’s no way I can put myself in that position again. The look in her eyes told me everything I needed to know.

She *is* my little nightmare, and I’m totally screwed.

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CHAPTER FOUR

IMMIE

After Jensen finished showering, he rushed out of the bathroom and told me he'd see me downstairs when I was ready for dinner. All while keeping his focus on the floor, which irked me.

I made quick work of washing myself. Though I'd have liked to linger in the comfort of knowing we've shared a shower, I was eager to get downstairs and spend as much time with him as possible.

When I step into the family room, he's relaxing on the sofa with an array of Chinese food littering the coffee table, bringing a smile to my face.

"It's here already."

My hair is wrapped in a towel, and I'm wearing one of his old band T-shirts he purchased after he took me to a gig when I was fourteen. I still swim in it, but I love it and aim to wear it as much as possible despite the holes.

His lips quirk. "You still wear that thing, huh?" He tugs on the hem as I step toward him.

"Can you brush my hair?" I ask, thrusting the brush into his hand, then drop my ass to the floor so I'm seated between his open legs.

He throws his head back on a deep laugh. "You never give me a choice."

I glance over my shoulder at him. "Don't you want to?"

He scans my face, becoming serious. "Always."

“Good.” I make a shooing action with my hand. “Now, hurry before dinner gets cold.”

“You are a demanding little thing, aren’t you.” Then he leans forward until his lips are brushing my ear. “Where did my innocent little girl go?”

Oh, he simply has no idea. I smile to myself as he tenderly brushes my hair.

No idea at all.

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CHAPTER FIVE

JENSEN

Immie lays facing the television with her head in my lap while I brush her hair in a soothing motion.

She devoured her meal; she's always had a good appetite. At first, I put it down to her living conditions, but I soon learned she simply enjoys food, and I like that about her. I like it even more that she doesn't care about putting on weight. Unlike my wife, where everything is superficial.

It's safe to say that if I didn't need some sort of structure for Immie, I wouldn't have married Amanda, but I did, so now, I'm stuck with her. Amanda craved commitment for years, so when I turned up at the home of my girlfriend with a "long-lost teenage daughter," I quickly put a ring on her finger to disperse any mentions of her leaving me.

Before long, we were married, I moved her into my familia home, and gave her exactly what she asked for.

In turn, I needed someone to care for Immie while I was away, and I can admit now that Amanda wasn't the best candidate for the job. Originally, I'd hoped she would soften toward Immie, that maybe she would become the motherly figure I felt Immie needed. It soon became apparent Amanda had no intention of playing happy family with her. She wanted the ring and wealth and saw Immie as a surefire way of receiving it.

There's no love lost between the two of them. Amanda's hostility toward Immie is evident, and over the years, I've worried I caused more

harm than good to Immie's mental well-being. So much so, I discussed the issue with her therapist, who reassured me Immie was happy and stable enough in the home that appeared more like a war zone than a loving environment whenever I returned.

"Are you happy here?" I ask. The question I always ask when I return.

"Very." It's the answer she always gives, so it comes as no surprise, but this time, something urges me to dig deeper, to have a discussion with her beyond the usual surface-level inquiries. "Has Amanda been okay?"

She turns onto her back to face me, and I look down at her as she chews her bottom lip.

"Why do you ask?" Her blue eyes search mine, and I can't resist reaching out to stroke her soft cheek.

"I don't know." I don't, but the fact that I feel a change in the house is enough for me to push further. "Is she drinking more?"

"Define more."

Annoyance surges through me. She's purposely being vague. Has she always done this? Have I been aware and have chosen not to question it because it's easier than dealing with the fallout?

"Immie," I warn, in a tone I rarely use with her, and withdraw my hand.

She clucks her tongue and rolls her eyes, and I have an overwhelming urge to punish her for it.

Where the fuck did that come from? Not once have I laid a finger on her, nor have I ever considered it.

"She's been going out more, if that's what you mean," she rushes out.

"How much more?"

Her eyebrows pinch. "A fair amount."

Jesus, is she purposely being obtuse? I grind my jaw, then fix her with a pointed look. "Define a fair amount." I lift my eyebrow, challenging her defiance.

"She's sometimes sober."

Great, just what I need to deal with: a drunk-ass, spoiled wife with a short fuse.

Instead of pushing Immie further, I opt to change the subject. "Have you heard back from any colleges you applied to yet?"

She rolls over to face the television again. "I don't want to talk about it."

I let out a deep chuckle. "You'll pass your exams, Little Nightmare."

“Shut up and brush my hair,” she snaps, but I don’t miss the smile in her tone.

Immie hates commitment, and with any talks about her future, she shuts me down, almost like she can’t deal with it.

“Please,” she tacks on, making me grin wider. She always did have manners. “Daddy,” she adds, then electricity fires through my veins, and the air is stolen from my lungs.

It takes me a minute to breathe again, and when I do, I squeeze my eyes closed, only to be greeted with images of Immie on her bed, legs parted.

No.

Just no.

What the actual fuck is happening?

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IMMIE

If he really thinks I'm going to college, he has another thing coming. It's never going to happen. Not only because I have no intention of being away from him for such a long period of time again, but also because he's not going to want to be away from me.

The movie plays like background noise to my thoughts, each one of them as cunning and clever as the last, and I become lost in them.

Jensen fidgets beneath me, and it isn't until I snap my focus back to the screen that I see his reasoning for becoming so uncomfortable.

A man is sitting on a sofa, receiving a blow job from a woman. Her head is bobbing in rhythm with his deep thrusts, and the sound of their pleasure fills the room.

"Shit. I'll turn it." He fumbles around for the remote, but he's unable to find it. It's beneath a cushion where I placed it.

I snort at the panic in his tone. "I'm old enough to do things like that, Jensen. I'm not a kid anymore." I chuckle. "You can let it play out. Besides, I like it."

He stills, minutes passing without him saying a damn thing, and when I roll over to face him, his body relaxes and the air rushes from his lips.

He caresses my bottom lip, and I fixate on his hazel orbs, basking in his attention. "I don't like the thought of you knowing those things." He swallows hard. "Doing those things."

My heart soars, and butterflies take flight deep inside my stomach.

The air crackles as something foreign passes between us. An awareness I'm old enough to do those things, maybe?

A throat clears, and our gazes snap toward the doorway to the family room.

“How sweet.” Amanda’s sardonic tone sets my teeth on edge, and her deadly stare drills into me, causing me to recoil. She not only has a vicious tongue but a cruel hand, something I’ve failed to mention to Jensen each time he returns, too afraid of the consequences.

The last thing I need is to be removed from this home and taken farther from Jensen. So I’ve learned to endure whatever she throws at me. Literally.

Jensen quickly slides me from his lap and stands, leaving me on the sofa.

“Have you had a good night?” he asks, tilting his head to the side. “You’re clearly able to walk, so not completely unstable tonight.”

My eyes widen, and her deadly leer slices to mine. Great, thanks, dumbass. Now she hates me even more, if that were possible.

A slow smile curves on her cunning face, and I already know I’m not going to like whatever is about to come out of her mouth. “Why don’t you follow me? I’ll show you how stable I am.”

I glance toward Jensen with bated breath, but with the way he licks his lips and his hand twitches at his side, I know he’s about to take her up on her suggestion.

My heart thuds heavily. *Please, don’t.*

Clearing his throat, he looks down at me, then leans over me and grabs the blanket off the back of the sofa. He drapes it over me before tucking it under my arms. “Goodnight, Little Nightmare,” he whispers into my ear before leaving the room, taking my heart with him.

I need to up my game. If he thinks I’m a little nightmare, I’m about to show him how much of a nightmare I can be.

Jensen Marino is my daddy. It’s time he realized it.

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CHAPTER SIX

JENSEN

I snap my hips forward again and again, slamming into Amanda. Her overly exaggerated moans of gratification have turned into drunken snoozes, and while I should pull out, I have a raging need to expel from me.

Sweat drips down my face with each surge, and annoyance rumbles in my chest that the vanilla scent is sliding off. “Jesus, just come already,” I snipe out as my cock softens.

For a split moment, I think I hear someone on the landing outside of our bedroom door, and ecstasy zips up my spine, bringing with it a rush of exhilaration.

Is she outside listening?

Has she opened the door at some point so she can see me fuck?

Holy shit, why is that so hot?

My mind blurs with images of me stroking my fingers through Immie’s hair; it’s so soft when I touch it. Is she as soft all over as her silky locks? I glance down at Amanda’s tits bouncing with each push of my hips, and when her hair falls over her chest, I imagine it’s Immie’s hair there. My fingers twitch to reach out, to fist it in my palm as I fuck into her ruthlessly.

I don’t even want to dig deeper into my psyche, but as I push inside Amanda, my cock jumps and my balls finally draw up. “Yesss,” I groan, slamming inside her one last time and filling the condom.

I drop my head forward and hate the way Amanda's perfume invades my nostrils, so I make quick work of rolling off her. Standing to remove the condom, I tie it and drop it into the trash can in the en suite before returning to the room.

The bedroom door pushes open, and my spine bolts straight.

I don't know whether to be pissed she lingered outside while I fucked Amanda or elated she still feels comfortable enough for me to help soothe her to sleep.

With my back to her, I push my feet into my boxer shorts and pull them up. Then I tilt my head toward the ginormous bed and slip beneath the sheets. She crawls in beside me, cuddling up to me, as she always has.

Amanda's snores echo off the walls, and I wince at the racket. How the fuck I'm meant to sleep with that noise is beyond me. It's becoming evident she's had a lot to drink.

"You can't stay in here for long," I say, hating every word of it.

I'm unsure when her little habit became a necessity for us, but I welcome the familiarity.

"I just want you to hold me," she whispers and burrows herself into a small ball with her back against my chest.

"I know, baby." I kiss the top of her head. Her vanilla scent engulfs me, and a low, animalistic groan leaves my throat.

"Do you feel better now?" she asks.

I furrow my brow, and my throat becomes dry. Surely, she doesn't mean …

"Now that you've let out your anger."

My heart skips a beat for two reasons. One, does she think I only fuck in anger? And two, I don't want her to misunderstand what sex is for.

Sure, I needed the release to help ease my ebbing aggression, but also because I'm a man; it's a primal action I haven't done in a while, and I sure as shit needed it.

I have an arm banded around her middle, and she clings to me as if scared I'm about to leave. "You know sex isn't just a reaction for when you're angry, right?"

She giggles softly. "I know that, Jensen. I'm not a child."

"Yeah, I noticed." I mentally chastise myself for saying the words out loud.

"Do you? Do you feel better?" she asks again.

“I guess,” I grumble and play with the tendrils of her hair.

She shoves her arm into my chest in a playful manner, and I let out an overly exaggerated grunt. “Well, you should feel completely satisfied; otherwise, it’s not worth doing it in the first place.”

My chest constricts as I consider her words. Is she talking from experience? I sure as fuck hope not. I’ll kill anyone who touches her. The sound of my blood rushing through my body pounds in my ears, and my vision becomes hazy, so I squeeze my eyes closed.

Her thumb strokes my arm, pulling me from my fury.

Leaning down, I whisper, “If anyone lays a finger on you, I’ll fucking kill them, Little Nightmare.” Each word is deadly.

Her breath hitches, and I pull her against me tighter than ever before. I don’t want anyone else to touch her, never.

“Nobody touches what’s mine,” I say, meaning every fucking word.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

IMMIE

I don’t know how long it took me to fall asleep in his arms, but I woke in my bedroom like I always do. At some point during the night, he placed me in my sheets, tucking them around me before placing a kiss on my forehead and leaving the room like he was never there at all. I’ve spent so many nights somewhere between sleep and consciousness, and it’s allowed me insight into his tender side, a side he keeps hidden from those around him. Only me and his close family see this side of him, and I feel privileged to be classed as such.

His usual cold demeanor is the Jensen he allows others to see, and thankfully, the one he gives Amanda too.

“Can you not spill milk everywhere like a desperate hobo?” Amanda glowers at me.

I roll my eyes and swipe the milk up with the cloth.

“And I don’t want to hear you eating either. You sound like a rabid animal when you eat. So uncouth.”

Jesus, she’s relentless.

Pushing up on my tiptoes, I open the batch of cookies I made, but she snatches the tub from me with a sneer. Instead of questioning her, I take a seat at the kitchen table, far enough away from her position on a barstool at the kitchen counter. I point my spoon toward her and the cookies. “You should try eating. It’s good for you.”

The veins on her neck protrude, and her dirty look turns murderous.

“You’re a dumb little bitch that’s scared someone’s going to take her food away. That’s why you eat like you’re never going to eat again.” I glance down at the grapes in my bowl, then to my glass of milk. “Even your father thinks you eat like a fucking pig.”

My shoulders bunch tight, and she smiles, knowing she hit a nerve the moment she brought Jensen into this. He’s not my father, nor have I ever seen him as such, but the thought of them discussing me behind my back in a cruel way has me swallowing back the emotion gathering in my throat.

It’s a lie. It has to be. Jensen would never talk badly about me. I know it.

Footsteps can be heard heading our way, so I glance back at Amanda.

“Go ahead and ask him.” She tilts her head toward Jensen, who fills the doorway like some sort of chiseled god. He’s dripping with sweat, his bare chest showcasing the ink that covers him, and he’s breathless. Has there ever been such a gorgeous sight?

My eyes lock onto the starfish on the deep V of his abs, and all the hurt her words caused is banished. I love that little starfish almost as much as I love him.

Jensen pulls the earbuds from his ears. “Ask me what?”

“How you always comment that Immie has an appetite.”

His brow furrows, and his gaze bounces from me to Amanda and back again. He studies me a moment longer, and I don’t know what he sees, but his jaw sets tight before he snaps his thunderous eyes back toward Amanda.

“Why do you have to be such a bitch, Amanda?”

I try not to smile around the grape I just pushed into my mouth.

“What is it? You’re not happy, so you want to hurt others, is that it?” He steps toward her.

I avert my gaze, but I feel the fury radiating from Amanda. “Maybe I’m fed up with being left alone caring for a child that doesn’t belong to me!” she screams, and I wince. “One I never wanted.”

Jesus, it’s a good thing I never thought of her as a mother figure. I’d have been severely disappointed.

Jensen blows out a deep breath, and I continue eating. “She’s not a child, Amanda. She’s eighteen now.” I want to pump my fists in the air. He no longer sees me as a child. “An adult,” he tacks on.

My heart skips a beat at his words. He sees me as an adult. Fucking finally.

“It’s not like she needs care twenty-four seven.”

I throw another grape in my mouth. Absolutely right, I don’t. Unless it’s from him, of course.

She scoffs. “You wouldn’t think it. You only see the innocent side of her.”

Jensen glances toward me, then back at Amanda. “Maybe you only see the opposite,” he counters, and I want to high-five him.

Instead, I push out my chair, stick out my bottom lip, give it a little wobble, then turn toward them both. “I’m going to get ready for practice.”

Jensen’s face softens, and he opens his mouth to say something, but I practically run from the room. A smile creeps over my face when the screaming penetrates the walls as I head upstairs.

Bing-fucking-o.

Now I lie in wait for Jensen to come and find me. I just need to make sure I don’t push him too far too soon.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

JENSEN

Amanda storms from the house, and I swear the walls shake with the slam of the door, but the tension in my body dissipates. I scrub a hand over my jaw. Jesus, has it always been this difficult with her?

I've only been home a couple of days, and I'd rather return to the deadliest family on the West Coast than deal with this war zone. No, that's a lie, seeing Immie makes it all worthwhile. It's just a shame I have to deal with Amanda too.

Unfortunately, until recently, they came as a package. I needed Amanda to adopt Immie to have a better chance at portraying a stable home for her, should the authorities ever come knocking. Now that she's eighteen, I'm slowly realizing Amanda no longer needs to be in the equation, and she's also beginning to realize that. I swear she's spiraling.

I head up the stairs, taking two at a time, the overwhelming need to comfort Immie almost unbearable.

This is why I stay away for so long. Each time I'm in her proximity, I'm scared of how much she consumes me.

I knock once on the door, then push it open, unable to wait for a response.

What greets me is her ass on display.

Her toned, perfect ass.

She’s lying on the bed with her swimsuit on, but one side of the suit has somehow wedged between her ass cheeks, and my focus remains locked there while the distinctive sound of her tapping away on her phone gives me the perfect excuse to regain focus.

Does she not realize I’m here?

My cock stirs. *Holy shit, not now, fucker*. I swallow back the lump in my throat, but a strangled groan releases from me, and when she glances over her shoulder, our eyes lock.

Stepping forward, I attempt to pass the weird sound off as a chuckle. “Your swimsuit is up your ass, Little Nightmare.” I point toward her ass, and she wiggles it. Fucking wiggles it.

“Can you pull it out?” she asks.

My eyes widen.

She wants me to pull it out. That’s inappropriate, right?

She’s an adult now. Something inside me argues back.

Her blue eyes remain fixed on mine. I clear my throat, and without giving it another thought, I gently tug the seam of her swimsuit out of her ass. My finger grazes her smooth skin, and I repress the groan edging its way out of my mouth and allow my finger to linger there a moment longer than necessary. Goosebumps scatter over her toned ass, creating a beautiful trail up her torso, which I long to explore further. Without meaning to, I stroke her skin as if it’s the most natural thing to do in the world.

Rooted to the spot, I remain transfixed on her ass, almost like I’m seeing it for the first time. Seeing her for the first time. Only, this time, she’s older, yet still forbidden.

She is forbidden, right?

Her phone rings, breaking the spell she cast on me, and I drop my hand, releasing her swimsuit.

She darts her eyes away as she answers her phone, and I will my cock to stop throbbing.

“Yes. I’m leaving now,” she snaps, and I glance at my watch to distract myself from the way she smoothly slides off the bed.

She bends and shoves her towel into her backpack, and my gaze is fixed on her ass as she pushes her feet into her jean shorts.

Think of something else, Jensen. Come on, anything.

“I was checking to make sure you’re okay?”

She tilts her head to the side. “Amanda?” She waves her hand through the air while buttoning up her shorts. “I’m used to her being mean to me.”

My spine bolts straight. Mean to her?

Don’t get me wrong, I’ve always been aware of a few issues between them, but hearing Immie refer to her as mean is a stark awakening to how things have declined between them.

“I’ll speak to her.”

She snorts. “You said that the last time.” Heaving the rucksack onto her shoulder, she rolls her eyes. “And the time before that.”

Has this animosity between them really been going on for so long?

“It’s getting old, Jensen. Either sort her out, or I’m moving out.” Moving out? What the hell is she talking about? “I-I can’t keep hurting like this.”

She pushes past me, but I remain frozen on the spot. She opens the bedroom door and walks through it, but I’m left standing here replaying her words. *“Either sort her out, or I’m moving out.”* Where the hell would she go? *“I can’t keep hurting like this.”* A dull ache slams into my chest at the thought of her hurting, the thought of her leaving.

Is this her plan? To leave me now that I’m home? To go to college and never return.

Panic grips my chest, and it feels like my heart is being torn out.

My reason for living, my reason for coming home, is being ripped away from me.

What the hell?

A horn blaring pulls me from my thoughts, so I stride toward the window. My eyes latch onto the douche with the huge white smile, and a wave of sickness rolls through me. Immie approaches the car with an enthusiastic wave, then bends, and in slow motion, her lips get a hairbreadth from his, and a furious red haze takes over me.

Has she kissed him?

Is this how she knows about blow jobs? Has she…has she touched him?

Has he touched her?

If she thinks I’m standing for this, my little nightmare really has no idea who she’s dealing with. It’s about time I reminded her who owns her and who her daddy is.

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CHAPTER NINE

JENSEN

Three hours later, I'm no calmer than I was when the punk picked her up for swim practice. Nope, I'm even worse. From across the pool, it's blatantly obvious the shithead has a crush on my girl, and with the way she bats her thick lashes at him, I'd say the feeling is pretty damn mutual.

My fists pump beside me.

It's not until Immie catches sight of me that my fury ebbs. Her smile lights up her face, then she says something to the punk before heading my way.

I admire her body, and mine comes alive with what I see.

Immie is a stunning girl, always has been, but she's transformed into a young woman, a very attractive, sultry young woman, given the way her hips sway as she struts toward me.

As soon as I'm within reach, she throws her arms around my neck. "Daddy!" She usually calls me that in the presence of Amanda to rile her, and for the first time ever, my cock seems to like the sound of it on her lips.

I quickly unfurl her arms from around my neck and grab the towel from her bag to wrap it around her shoulders. There's no way in hell I want anyone seeing her half naked longer than necessary.

"You're soaked." I smile, then wince. "I mean, you drenched my T-shirt." I tug on my T-shirt, and she pouts.

"I'm sorry. You can spank me later."

My eyes widen, and I almost choke on my tongue, but Immie's expression carries a mask of innocence as she looks around the pool like she didn't just tell me to spank her ass. Okay, so not those words exactly, but she sure as hell implied them.

Her toned ass from earlier flashes in my mind. *Holy fuck, that's hot.*

"I think Katherine Holmes is one to watch. She's on a mission to snag the top spot on the team next year." She points toward someone in the swimming pool, but my focus remains on her previous words.

Does she even understand what she's saying?

Then she spins on the balls of her bare feet. "Why are you here?"

My eyes snap to hers, and a smile plays on her lips.

"I mean, Brett was okay to take me home." She throws her thumb over her shoulder, toward the kid whose attention remains locked on her ass, and his presence causes my teeth to clench.

"I wanted to see you swim." I tell her the half-truth because the actual truth is too much for me to admit right now.

"I'm pleased you came." She bends down beside me, brushing against my leg, and grabs her bag. "I need to go change." All I can do is nod as she straightens, and I suppress the groan at her being so close to me that her vanilla scent invades my senses. A vision of her on her knees before me hits me in the groin.

Jesus fuck, Jensen, get it together.

I can't be lusting after Immie.

I can't.

All I can think about is how my "daughter" just became my worst nightmare.

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CHAPTER TEN

IMMIE

I should feel sorry for him, really, I should, but I can't, I don't. Nope, not even a little bit. Everything is slipping into place, a perfect, accurate, exciting place where Jensen Marino will finally be just where I want him.

Above me.

Below me.

All over me.

Inside me.

I add an extra sway to my hips as I sashay away from him. Then the moment I enter the changing room, I can't help the smile that takes over my face. I feel like the Cheshire Cat beaming from ear to ear.

By the time I'm changed into my gym clothes, minus panties and a bra, I practically have a spring in my step as I head out the door toward Jensen.

A flock of desperate women surround him, and that won't do, not at all. He's my daddy, and I'm going to make sure they're all aware of it.

He stands like some sort of god, a hot, buff god, with his arms crossed over his broad chest and a scowl on his handsome face as he glares at the pool as if it offended him, ignoring the women chattering to him.

I creep up behind him and wrap my arms around his back, then rest them on his stomach, reveling in the way his abs flex beneath my touch. Then his hands drop down to mine, and he maneuvers me to his front. Encompassing me in his embrace, he places a kiss on the top of my head.

I breathe him in. His cedarwood cologne anchors me to him, and I long to stay wrapped in his arms for a lifetime. They're safe, secure, protective. They're everything and more. I just need him to step over that line.

"Come on, Little Nightmare, let's get you home."

When he draws back, my body sags, and he bends to pick up my bag, then turns, giving me the perfect view of his ass as he walks toward the exit.

Jesus, the man is to die for.

I rush to catch up with him, but witnessing other women's gazes lingering on him has a fierce territorial streak flashing through me. I'm known among the parents as the sweet, polite girl, but when I bare my teeth and narrow my eyes into dangerous slits, I appear anything but.

All I know is, when I slide into the SUV, I need to up my game.

Jensen Marino is not leaving me again.

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JENSEN

I side-eye Immie. She’s quiet, way too quiet, and tapping away on her phone like it’s the only thing that’s important, when it’s anything but.

Unable to help myself, I snatch the phone from her and stuff it into the side of my door.

A gasp leaves her. “What the fuck?”

“Language!” I chastise. “We need to talk.”

“About what?”

I check the road, then glance back at her. Her blue eyes bounce over my face whereas my gaze trails down her clothes, or lack of.

“That punk back at the pool, is he your boyfriend?”

She snorts. “No.”

My teeth ache from clenching them. The tiny shorts and crop top are barely existent. Does she always go out like this?

“What you’re wearing. It’s unacceptable.”

Her eyebrows pull together and her nose scrunches.

“Gym clothes? I told Brett I’d meet him there.”

Brett? The fucking little punk with an even punkier name. I bet he just loves meeting her there, seeing her dressed like this.

I shake my head and tighten my hands on the steering wheel—absolutely fucking not. He’s not going to witness her in those clothes. Over my dead fucking body. “No.”

She rears back. “No?”

I flick my eyes back to the road while my mind whirls with reasons I won’t let her go to the gym in so-called gym clothes.

“We’re going to Sal’s.”

The heat of her concentration lands on me. “We are?” she asks, with surprise in her tone.

“Yes.”

This, I can work with.

I’ve been so absent from my former home for so long, he’ll be pleased to see me, to see both of us. All the family will.

After my parents passed away, Sal became a surrogate father, so to speak, to me and my brothers. Though we’re not blood brothers, we’re all bonded by La Familia, and in turn, to each other.

Sal stood up when we could have easily been placed in foster care. He welcomed lost boys with open arms and attempted to provide us with a family when we were without one.

He’s not been quiet about the fact I barely visit, and since he found out I was coming home, he’s been very vocal about expecting to see more of me. Well, I’m about to grant his wish.

Zane, my oldest brother, messaged earlier and asked if I’d make it over for a drink tonight to catch up with the guys. I was quick to reply that I was busy, but it seems he gave me the perfect excuse to keep Immie from the gym.

“Is Fern going to be there?”

I have no fucking clue if my niece is going to be there. Honestly? Probably not, but I’m not about to tell Immie that; she loves Fern.

“Sure.” I wince at the uncertainty in my tone.

“Well, I need to message Brett and tell him I’m not coming to the gym.” She holds out her hand, and I laugh.

“You’ve had enough screentime for today.”

She chokes. “You’re joking, right? I’m not a toddler.”

“I know,” I snap back.

“You’re so confusing, Daddy.”

I clench my teeth as my body reacts to her words. Fucking daddy. Since when does she say that when we’re alone.

Then she shocks the shit out of me and rests her head on my knee, and my cock throbs. I can’t help but run my hand through her luscious locks, encouraging her to rest there for longer.

All the tension and anger slip away, and we relax in the silence, where nothing else matters, just me and my little nightmare.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

JENSEN

I place the SUV in park and fight the groan desperate to erupt from me when she lifts her head and bats her lashes. Her eyes are hooded and full of longing, and my cock twitches.

Jesus, don't go there, Jensen.

Instead, I opt for another tactic. "You look all sleepy." I chuckle.

She pats the back of her hair. "Is my hair still wet? I bet it's messy."

"No baby, it's fine." More than fine. Perfect.

I unclip my seatbelt, then lean forward to pull my T-shirt over my head. She watches on, and a thrill zips up my spine when her hungry eyes assess my abs.

"Put my T-shirt on. I don't want anyone looking at your tits."

Her mouth falls open, and I have the urge to push my thumb between her stunned lips, in and out of her mouth as I command her to suck me hard.

She glances down at her chest, and her nipples are peaked, her tits straining against the cropped gym top she wears. Holy fuck, she's not only stunningly beautiful, she's hot. Very hot. Another realization I hadn't had until now.

"But I always go to the gym like this," she says.

I clench my jaw to the point of pain. "Not anymore." I want to tell her Daddy is home now to care for her, but I relent.

She snaps her mouth shut and covers herself with my T-shirt, and my chest swells with pride in my ownership and her compliance.

“You’re being ridiculous.” She shakes her head, but a small smile plays on her lips. “I’m going to go and find Fern.”

I nod as she gets out of the SUV and slams the door behind her. My eyes lock onto her tight little ass, and I want to shout at her to pull the T-shirt down but decide to leave it.

Truth be told, I have no clue what’s come over me, so there’s no way I’m going to be able to explain it further.

A tap on the window startles me, and I mentally chastise myself for being so dumb and letting my guard down. Zane smirks at me, and I push open the door and climb out.

“Didn’t think you could make it?” He grins.

I ignore his question. “Is Fern here?”

“Yeah, why?” He scans me, and his face twists. “Why the hell are you shirtless?”

“I gave Immie my T-shirt.” I point toward the house. “Her tits were hanging out. I didn’t want to give Sal a heart attack.”

Zane throws his head back with an obnoxious chuckle. “Sure, you keep telling yourself that.” He slaps me on the back, and I decide not to delve deeper into his words, then stride ahead to the open front door. Squeals from Immie and Fern come from upstairs.

Thank fuck, she’s actually here.

“I think you should go and grab a T-shirt. I’m sure Massio left some in his old room,” Zane says from behind me, and I make a noncommittal hum in my throat and bypass Sal’s office to dig out one of Massio’s T-shirts. He’s the only other member of our family with my physique—broad shoulders and even bigger muscles.

“So did you and Brett make out?”

My feet come to a standstill outside Fern’s bedroom door. My heart hammers, my pulse rushes, and I think I’m having some sort of out-of-body experience.

“I’m meeting him later for pizza,” Immie replies. What the fuck? Wait, did she even respond to Fern’s question?

Has she been making out with the little punk?

And what exactly constitutes making out these days?

“He’s so hot!” Fern declares, and I wince.

So hot? I bet the punk barely has pubes, let alone any muscles.

“Why are you shirtless?”

I startle at Miko’s voice.

“And why the fuck are you lingering outside Fern’s bedroom?” He crosses his arms over his chest, and his eyes drill into mine.

Since my nephew and niece were born, Sal has made sure they have their own rooms at his house, and while I’ve never thought about it until now, it’s proof the man has been desperate to fill a void in his life. My heart pangs for him. It’s like he’s been craving a family, and, not for the first time, I wonder if he can’t have children of his own. Then I push the thought away. It feels like a betrayal to Sal to even think that way. He’s devoted his life to us—a bunch of wayward kids with no parentage—and not many would do the same.

I snick the bedroom door closed and give Miko my attention. “Immie was in there. They’re talking about some douche she’s”—I make air quotes—“‘making out with.’”

His eyes widen.

“Exactly. You ruined it. Now I don’t know if she has or not.”

“Are you certain they were talking about Immie and not Fern?” There’s panic in his voice.

I rear back. Does he think I’m an idiot?

Then I scan his face, and for the first time, I realize something that if I had considered it before, it would have been blatantly obvious. Miko has an odd relationship with Fern and is overprotective of her, but maybe it’s more than that.

I tuck that little bit of realization into the back of my mind. Something tells me Zane would be unprepared for that. We all would.

There’s no way in hell he can have a relationship with his niece. Can he?

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IMMIE

“Do you think he heard?” I bite my bottom lip to stifle my grin.

“Definitely.” Fern’s smile lights up her face.

She’s the only person who knows about my crush on Jensen, and the only person besides him I trust with my secrets. She also knows how desperate I am to keep him and the lengths I’m prepared to go to make that happen. Leaving the bedroom door ajar is insignificant in comparison to the lengths I’ll go to procure my man.

“Poor Brett.” She pouts.

I wave off her concern. “Please. That guy is nothing but a jerk stain. I heard he gave Silvia herpes.” She scrunches her nose up. “I know, right? Total jerk stain who doesn’t deserve your sympathy.”

Fern is the softer one in our fucked-up family. She’s innocent in a psychotic way. Her father, Zane, has absolutely no idea how extreme her tendencies run because, more often than not, her twin brother Fenton takes the heat for her. He says it’s easier that way and best his father doesn’t realize how far from innocent she actually is.

When her English teacher stroked her cheek, she let him. Then she put her hand down his pants, withdrew a penknife from inside her sleeve, and slammed it into his balls.

During the aftermath, Fenton burst into the principal’s office and claimed responsibility for the assault, and the teacher was only too keen to let a guy take the wrap for Fern’s actions. He probably thought he’d gotten away with touching a teenager by simply losing a ball as punishment, but just over a week later, he was found hanging in his family vacation home.

Fern says she’s unsure if Fen did it or her father, but judging by the way Miko watches her so closely, I wouldn’t be surprised if he had something to do with it.

He’s definitely the fully fledged psychopath of our family.

“When is Winter home?” I ask, referring to Sal’s adopted daughter. She’s in college, so we no longer see her as often as we would like.

“I’m not sure. She texted to say she’s going to be at Vinny’s Halloween party though.”

Every year, our Uncle Vinny has the best Halloween Party. Though, since he moved onto a ranch, he doesn’t have them at his home but travels to the home of his son and current Don, Rafael.

“I heard Vinny was having one at the ranch this year,” Fern adds.

My eyebrows shoot up. Hell yes. “Really?”

She nods, and her almost white locks create a curtain over her face. “Yep. My father is already pissed about having to go.”

“It’s months away.”

She twists her lips and wafts her hand. “I know. But you know what he’s like. A fun sponge.”

I snort. A fun sponge? That’s a new one.

“I take it Thea finished working on Miko’s branding?” I ask, referring to the kink-based dating app Miko has developed. He had Thea—Massio’s wife—working on branding his product, and from what the guys have been saying, it’s epic.

“Yeah, and guess what I did?” She chews her bottom lip and tilts her head as she eyes me. There’s no way I’m going to allow her to hold back. We tell each other almost everything.

“Share.” I nudge at her arm.

“I stole her login details so I can set up an account.”

My eyes widen.

Holy shit. Fern is a badass. An underdog, for sure.

“What do you plan on doing, exactly?”

She tilts her head, then twists her lips. “I’m going to get rid of my V-card in an unusual way. I want it to be memorable, ya know?” She shrugs, and my eyes grow wider.

“Fern.” I shake my head. I’m truly worried about my best friend. “Please be careful.”

She sits taller and beams at me. “I will.”

“How’s things going with Aunt Amanda?” Fern’s lips twitch at the side as she nods toward me, veiling her face with her hair again. She never calls her aunt, ever, but when we’re sharing secrets, we let down our guards and the insanity riots. Calling Amanda aunt is like pouring petrol on the fire, knowing it will create an inferno but reveling in it anyway. If the outside world could hear us talk, we’d appear like a pair of lunatics planning her demise.

“She’s her usual appealing self.” I smile back. I half expected Amanda to become the perfect mother figure on Jensen’s return. She normally attempts to be nice for at least a few days while he’s around, but this time, she’s really struggling to control herself, thanks to the abundance of alcohol, among other things.

I should write Jack Daniels a letter, thanking him for his service to all the bitches who deserve their husbands thinking of their adopted offspring while they fuck them.

“You look creepy when you smile like that. What are you thinking?”

“I don’t think you want to know.”

“Try me.” Fern shrugs.

“I’m thinking I want to fuck him while she’s sleeping next to him.”

Her eyes go as wide as saucers, and her mouth falls open. Then she clears her throat. “Okay.” She glances down at her pretty pink bedding, and I look around her bedroom, taking it in again as if it’s the first time I entered.

Fern is an amazing ballerina. She has trophies and medals hanging from shelves and a huge vanity dresser with photos of her in certain poses. Her bedroom is immaculate, just like she appears, but I see the turmoil inside her, the struggle to hide behind the perfectly crafted prima ballerina, and the only other person who sees that is Miko.

My gaze lands back on her, and her cheeks heat, and she clears her throat again. “Have you met Fen’s girlfriend?” Her eyebrows dance.

“No. What’s she like?”

“Amazing. She’s taken me under her wing at school.” Her voice becomes solemn. It’s no secret Fern struggles with school and connecting with her peers. Her small stature and quiet, odd demeanor make her an easy target for school bullies. Thankfully, wherever she goes, so does her very popular twin brother.

“But my father is going to flip his shit.” She smirks.

“Why?”

She shakes her head. “She’s everything he wouldn’t want for Fen.”

I giggle. “Like what?”

“Well, she’s a scholarship student.” A smile plays on her lips as we remain silent for a moment. That’s a definite no-no in our society; you normally marry into money, or at least someone of equal standing in La Familia. Besides, Zane has always made it clear he has a marriage contract lined up for Fen. “She’s covered in tattoos.” My eyebrows rise. Women in the Mafia very rarely have tattoos. “And she has piercings.” Fern’s eyes widen, but I don’t see the issue with piercings, since we both have our ears pierced. Her eyes drill into me. “In other places,” she tacks on, causing me to choke.

“No way!”

“Yes way.” She grins, loving every minute of her brother’s rebelliousness.

“If Fen knocks her up, your father is going to be beyond pissed, Fern.” I hold her focus to emphasize the enormity of Fen’s relationship.

“Fen says he has it all under control and I’m not to worry.” She licks her top lip. “She’s my only friend in school, and she’s really genuine, Immie.” Her eyes implore mine. “My father is going to hate her. Really hate her.” She shakes her head. “I just hope he doesn’t scare her away.”

I place my hand over hers. “Well, as long as she and Fen are happy.” I shrug, but even as I say the words, I know how futile they are. These Mafia men are a different breed, and once they become transfixed on something, they refuse to back down.

What I really need is my daddy to become transfixed on me.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

JENSEN

"Where's Massio?" I ask no one in particular. The insinuation is clear. I've gotten nothing but flak from my brothers and Sal since returning, but that fucker gets off scot-free. He's barely been home in years. At least I made the effort to return every now and then. Granted, it was mainly to check in on Immie, but still, I made more effort than he ever did.

"He's taking his wife on a honeymoon," Sal grits out, and his attention remains locked on me. "He's in a real relationship."

I don't know what his problem is. I've always made sure I keep in contact with my family, but it's obvious Sal feels different. He knows why I married Amanda; he helped orchestrate it, so I'm unsure why it's become a problem.

"I want you at dinner every other Sunday," he adds, and Miko rolls his eyes.

"Fine." There's no point in arguing. At least if I come to dinner once a fortnight it might stop him from bitching that I've been gone for years and he didn't know if he'd see me again. The man is acting like a bitch.

God help him if he ever has any kids.

"And I don't want to lose you again to god knows who." This time, it's me who rolls my eyes. "You're home now. We've plenty of work here you can take on. You'll always be busy."

I like being back. It's just a shame I have Amanda to deal with.

He casts his eyes around the room. “Where’s Fen these days? He’s been far too absent recently for my liking.” Jesus, since when did Sal become such a needy control freak.

“He’s at his girlfriend’s house,” Miko answers for Zane, and I smirk when I imagine the number of trackers the poor bastard must have on his phone to keep tabs on all of us.

“Ugh. Don’t even get me started on her. I don’t like the thoughts of him having a girlfriend. I swear he’s doing it to punish me for bringing up an arranged marriage.” Zane drops into his chair. “Me and his mother had one.” He shrugs.

“Look how that worked out,” Miko deadpans. “She put a bullet in her head, she was so happy.”

I smirk at Miko’s blunt sarcasm.

“Talking of wives, how’s yours?” Miko asks, turning his attention toward me, and his lip twitches.

“She’s been hanging around in Rush with friends.” Zane fixes his gaze on me, and I can read between the lines. By friends, he means men. She’s probably taken them to The Basement, the sex club beneath the nightclub. Somewhere I’ve never ventured with her.

After working with the Carreras and witnessing every sex act and sordid degradation known to mankind, I had no interest in participating at The Basement.

“I told you before, let her. She’s just adding fuel to the fire about to burn her.” My family knows there’s no love lost between Amanda and me. Though neither one of them has ever said it out loud, they don’t like the thoughts of a woman cheating on me.

“She’s making a fool out of you. Out of this family,” Sal states. It’s full of menace, but who can blame him? He’s right. I shouldn’t stand for it, but the truth is, I don’t care. I needed Amanda to be a mother figure to Immie while I was gone, nothing more, and she was happy to oblige in return for a black card. We don’t owe each other anything. All I asked was for her to keep her indiscretions on the down low, not play them out for all to see. It shows a weakness among us, and I can appreciate my family’s fury.

The more I think about Sal’s remarks, the more anger ignites inside of me, feeding the rage harboring there. She’s making a mockery out of us when she knows loyalty is key to our agreement.

“I’ll deal with it,” I state.

“Put a fucking bullet in her head.” Sal stabs the pool table with his finger. “That’s how you deal with disrespect.”

Miko exhales loudly and rolls his head toward Sal. “Is this why you never gave us a mother figure?”

Sal blinks, as if stunned, then turns to face him. “I refuse to marry for anything less than perfect.” He shrugs.

“Well, I never got the memo,” Zane quips. “It’s not like you gave me much choice in the matter either.”

“You were quite happy to benefit from your marriage,” Sal snipes back. “Don’t act so hard done to.”

Zane smiles, and in all honesty, it’s deranged, probably because he doesn’t do it often. “You’re right. I got a lot out of my marriage.”

Sal nods. “Precisely. You should be thanking me.”

Zane rears back. “For what?”

“Arranging it.”

“I think I did that on the day,” Zane deadpans.

“I think he means her death,” Miko tacks on.

Zane’s jaw falls open, and he glances from Miko to Sal, then back again and pinches the bridge of his nose.

Note to self: if I don’t sort my mess out, Sal will.

“I’ll handle it.” I might not want Amanda as a wife, but I don’t necessarily want her death on my hands. I’ve seen enough of that with the Carreras to last me a lifetime.

“And what about your little nightmare, will you handle her too?” Miko asks, and I swallow hard.

“Absolutely.”

Damn fucking right, I’ll handle her. I’ve been too soft on her, and it’s about time she realizes who her daddy is.

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

JENSEN

We drive home in silence, with the tension between us brewing, and I know I won't be able to stop the explosion. I'm unraveling at lightning speed, and Amanda's betrayal coupled with Immie's promiscuity have me pissed. I need to get my house in order, starting with my fake daughter.

My jaw tics with the seconds that pass. She makes no attempt to explain her relationship with the kid at the pool, nor does she apologize for her lack of clothes. Not to mention, the way Fern spoke about the punk keeps playing in my mind on repeat.

Making out? I grimace at the thought.

We pull up to our house, I place the SUV in park, and Immie climbs out without uttering a single word, riling me further.

No thank you for collecting her.

No it was nice seeing Fern today; here's what we spoke about.

She just sways her ass up the stone steps and goes inside, leaving me sitting here.

My nostrils flare as I throw open the SUV door, slam it behind me, then head up the steps after her.

With each step I take, my anger builds.

I'm pissed at the disrespect and annoyed at myself for the jealousy surrounding Immie.

The slam of her bedroom door intensifies the fury pumping through my bloodstream. I throw open the door, and a startled gasp leaves her. She quickly turns, giving me her back while clutching her gym top to her chest, which has me seeing red.

Her blue eyes lock with mine over her shoulder, and in only a few steps, I close the distance between us, pressing my chest flush against her bare back.

Wrapping an arm around her, I snatch the top from her hands.

"If you try to hide your tits from Daddy again, I'll whip your ass with my belt. Do you understand me?"

Holy shit, where the hell did that come from?

Her hot breath heats my arm, her chest rises and falls rapidly, and rather than analyze her reaction, I continue on my path of moral destruction.

With my free hand, I yank her brunette hair until her head rests against me. Her lips are there, ready for the taking, open and inviting, but forbidden, nonetheless.

When I release her hair, her head falls forward, and I will myself not to check her tits out from beneath a curtain of dark locks.

"Bend over the bed."

I step back, allowing her the space to do as I ask.

"What? Why?"

A humorless laugh leaves me. "Do you really think you're in any position to ask questions, Little Nightmare?"

"N-No."

Slowly, she bends over the bed, and fuck me, her ass is perfection. The gym shorts material leaves nothing to the imagination, fitting her like a second skin, and she damn well knows it.

Pumping my fists beside me, I step forward, kick her legs apart, then bend down and pull my switchblade from my sock. Sal gifted us all one as an eighteenth birthday present, and it's something I've treasured, as my brothers have too. It's never too far away from me.

I flick it open and bring the tip to her bare skin. Goosebumps scatter over her bronzed thigh, and when I lightly trail it up her leg, my cock thickens in my jeans. Slipping the tip of the knife beneath the fabric, I slice through the flimsy material.

"M-My gym shorts, Jensen!" she screeches. Before I can second-guess myself, I bring my palm down on her ass cheek, and the crack echoes in the

air.

“Daddy! You scream daddy when I’m punishing you,” I bite out. “It’s about damn time Daddy taught you a lesson.”

Her body quakes, and I think she’s going to burst into tears, something I’d struggle to deal with, but she shocks me when no sob comes out, only words.

“I’m sorry, Daddy,” she pants.

I leer down at her toned ass, and my fury increases. Her bare, toned ass is on full display to me, but what angers me the most is that there’s no panties in the fabric discarded on the floor.

“No panties!” I fume. “No fucking panties, Immie?” I shake my head, stupefied. I’ve been an idiot, spending far too long away and allowing her too much freedom, but this stark reminder of her coming of age is very much what I needed.

I don’t want her to become like Amanda. I’ve left her to her own devices for far too long, so it’s possible she’s had the wrong person as a role model.

Where Immie is concerned, it’s clear I’ve been in denial for far too long. She’s not the same innocent girl I rescued; she’s become a young woman, a curious one with her own mind and free will.

I don’t like the thoughts of her having sexual experiences with others. In fact, I fucking hate it.

“Are you fucking him?” I spit out.

And when she remains silent, I slap her ass, forcing a cry to slip from her lips.

“I asked you a fucking question, Little Nightmare. I suggest you answer before I make this a whole lot more difficult.”

My cock throbs, but I ignore it.

“N-No.”

The next slap on her ass cheek rips through the air.

“Are you lying to me?”

“No. I promise, Daddy.”

Slap.

Again and again, my hand connects with her skin, and with each touch, the tension slips from me, a balm to my fury.

My hand burns from my assault on her ass, and she moans, a sound I’ve never heard from her before, but I can’t help but lock it away in my mind.

Something for me to reflect on when I'm in a position to do so.

"Apologize!" I grind out. "Apologize to Daddy for acting like a little whore."

She grips the bedsheets and twists them in her fists. "I-I'm sorry." She sniffles, and I slap her now-pink flesh, forcing it to jiggle. Then I hold my hand on her ass, squeezing it with the tips of my fingers so hard it's bound to bruise. Pre-cum seeps from the tip of my cock as I imagine spilling my hot cum over her ass. Jesus, yes.

She pants into the air, and I caress her skin. "I-I'm Daddy's," she breathes out lowly, and I push my hips forward, forcing my rock-hard cock against her. Holy fuck, that feels good. I push forward again, gritting my teeth but relishing the dominance and sensation of having her beneath me, under my control.

Her little asshole clenching with each powerful slam of my hips has ecstasy ravishing my veins.

The tip of my cock presses against my waistband with each movement. "Fuck," I grunt.

So damn good.

"Please. I'm Daddy's whore," she moans as I slam against her ass again, causing my balls to draw up.

Jesus Christ, I did not ask her to say that, nor did I expect her to, and my cock leaks so much my boxers become drenched as I jerk forward one final time. Thrusting hard, I gasp loudly as my body tightens. I clutch her ass, grinding my teeth, and pure ecstasy fires through me, stealing the air from my lungs.

I still.

Then I blink slowly and replay her words. *"I'm Daddy's whore."*

My mind plays catch up with my body, and I freeze.

Holy shit. Did I just come?

"Da-Daddy?"

Immie glances over her shoulder, and her tousled hair covers most of her face. "Are you okay?"

I look to her, then down to my hands gripping her ass.

Am I okay? I just stripped her of her shorts and smacked her ass until I came in my jeans.

What the fuck?

I step back and straighten, releasing her ass, and I swear her body deflates. Looking at everything but her, I say, “I’m fine, Little Nightmare. Why don’t you have an early night? It’s been a long day.” My voice is husky, but I hope she doesn’t pick up on the desire.

The room is starting to spin, and the overwhelming urge to take things further has me out of sorts.

I just came in my jeans while punishing my adopted daughter.

I shouldn’t want this.

But I do.

She’s mine, and I want her to know it.

“Night, Daddy,” she calls out as I shuffle toward her bedroom door. “Sleep tight.”

I close her door behind me and drop my head against it.

What in the fuck just happened? And why the hell am I not freaking out more?

I asked her to call me daddy while I spanked her, and with the way she pushed back against me and the moans slipped from her lips, I’m certain she wants it too.

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN

JENSEN

I've replayed yesterday over and over in my mind. *"I'm Daddy's little whore."* Jesus, who knew those words could get a man so hard and force him to battle with what's right and wrong?

What he wants and struggles with admitting to wanting.

I rub at the same spot on my custom black MTT 420RR Turbine Superbike. A gift from Azrael, one I treasure.

It's a jet-powered motorcycle recognized as the world's fastest, boasting a top speed over 273 mph, and it's stunning. He even went as far as to have gold lettering engraved into the tank with the word *Nightmare* after overhearing my conversation with Immie one day. The man came to realize the late-night phone calls at the same time every year were to someone who meant a lot to me. Something he and his brother Czar helped to conceal more than once to protect my family and, ultimately, me.

The day I rescued Immie, Azrael put his life on the line for me, and for that, he and Czar have my loyalty in this life and the next.

"You'll rub away the paintwork."

I still at her soft, sultry voice and remain kneeling on the floor. The fact that I haven't turned to face her is something new, but I can't right now. Not when images of her perfect, glowing ass cheeks are playing on repeat in my mind like a damn porno.

She taps her finger on my bike handle. “You always said you’d give me a ride on this.” *I’d like to give her a ride on something.*

Jesus, I’m fucked up. I slam my eyes closed and will my cock not to throb. When I open them, she’s trailing the tip of her finger along the edge of the fuel tank.

She wears little denim shorts, far too small for her, and I swear I can make out a red mark below her ass cheek peeking out the bottom.

Thankfully, she wears an oversized T-shirt, one of mine, judging by the way it swallows her, but I’d appreciate her not tucking it into her shorts so it would cover more of her.

I clear my throat. “I told you I would as soon as you were old enough.” The words come out husky when I don’t mean them to.

“I’m old enough now. I’m old enough for a lot of things.”

Damn fucking right, she’s old enough for a lot of things.

“You sayin’ you want a ride?”

She spins to face me, and her cheeks flush.

Shit, does she think I mean…

I tilt my head toward the bike. “On the bike.”

Her lip quirks as her finger lingers over the inscription. “On the *Nightmare*.”

A deep chuckle leaves me. “Yeah, baby. On the *Nightmare*.”

Excitement flashes in her eyes, and she struggles to conceal the smile tugging at her lips. “I’m down.”

Adrenaline zips up my spine at the prospect of what’s to come.

“I’m about to take you on the ride of your life, Little Nightmare.” I wink, and her flush deepens.

I just hope I can control myself.

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IMMIE

As we race through the streets at lightning speed, I cling to his solid body, squealing. His muscles contract beneath my touch, and his grip on my thigh tightens. I hope he leaves bruises, his marks; I hope to wear them for a lifetime. I've never felt so free before, so alive, and as my hair blows wildly in the breeze, I tilt my head back and scream.

His chest rumbles with his laugh, but it's lost in the wind, and I relish this moment.

The woodsy fresh scent of his cologne and the oil marks—masked by his black T-shirt, but I can smell them anyway—blended together, is pure masculinity personified, and coupled with the vibration of the bikes engine, it causes my pussy to clench. I tighten my thighs around him like a vise, never wanting to leave his firm embrace.

We turn toward one of New Jersey's secluded beaches off the beaten path and away from civilization, and happiness swells inside me. He brought me here once when I was younger, not long after he rescued me. We watched the sun go down after spending the day searching for starfish we never found.

He slows and pulls to a stop, and I reluctantly drop my hands from his broad chest and pat down my wayward curls as he dismounts.

"I should have made sure you wore a helmet. I'm not making that mistake again." He shakes his head and looks down at his combat boots, unable to hold eye contact with me, and when he brings his eyes back up to mine, I see the regret seeping into them. "You make me lose my damn mind, Little Nightmare."

God, I hope that's true.

He holds his hand out for me, and I slide off the bike. Instead of letting go of my hand, his fingers tighten around me. “Shall we go for a walk?”

I glance over my shoulder toward the sea. “It would be silly not to after coming all this way and.”

Then he tugs me toward him and throws his arm around my shoulders, pulling me closer and burying his nose in my hair.

From the outside looking in, we must look like the perfect loved-up couple, and that’s exactly what I plan on us becoming.

“Come on, Little Nightmare. Let’s see if we can find some starfish.” I tilt my head to give him a smile, and he winks for the second time today, and I swear I melt.

We didn’t find starfish, but we did find the perfect spot to purchase ice cream; it’s just a shame so did others.

We sit at one of the wooden benches overlooking the waves crashing against the shoreline, and it would be perfect if a bunch of teenagers at the next table over weren’t staring in our direction. My direction, to be precise, and though I don’t pay them any attention, I thought they looked vaguely familiar when we arrived. Maybe they’re local and come to the swimming pool I use?

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Jensen’s jaw clenches. His ice cream is dripping down his hand as he gawks straight ahead. It’s clear he’s pissed, though I’m unsure why.

I’m about to ask him when someone approaches our table. “Immie? I thought that was you. What are you doing here?”

Great, just what I need—Brett.

I turn to face my friend and flash him a smile I don’t feel.

Things are already tense and awkward between Jensen and me, and they're about to become worse.

The atmosphere surrounding us takes a plummet. "Hi. I'm here with Jensen." I motion toward Jensen.

"You're Imogen's dad, right?" He holds his hand out toward Jensen, and you could cut the tension with a knife.

Jensen glares in the direction of Brett's open hand. Then his hazel eyes snap to mine. "We're leaving." He stands and dumps his ice cream into the trash can.

"Hey. There's a pretty cool superbike just up north of the dunes. Don't suppose you know who it belongs to, do you?" Brett shouts in Jensen's direction.

He knows damn well who it belongs to. When he dropped me off from practice one day, he came inside to use the restroom, and I found him in the garage admiring Jensen's bike.

Jensen turns and fixes Brett with a deadly stare, then steps forward. "You so much as touch my bike, you little punk, and I'll cut your fucking hand off."

Brett's smirk shocks me. He doesn't seem the least bit fazed by Jensen's threat. Sure, it might be because he has a bunch of friends behind him, but still, the sinister glare he delivers to Jensen would leave grown men quaking.

Has Brett always been this arrogant, and I've just never noticed it before?

"Jensen. Let's go." I tug on his arm, and his gaze slices to my hand, then he licks his lips and casts his gaze up to mine, and his face softens.

"Yeah. We're leaving." He spins on his boots and takes my hand from his arm. Without letting go, he leads me away from the table.

"See you around, Imogen!" Brett bellows, though it sounds more like a taunt than a promise.

"Over my dead fucking body," Jensen grumbles, so low I don't think I'm meant to hear, and inside, I do a little happy dance.

He's jealous, he has to be, and every cell in my body comes alive at the thought.

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CHAPTER FIFTEEN

IMMIE

As soon as we return home, I go upstairs and take a shower. While rinsing the suds from my body, my fingers linger over my pussy longer than necessary. After riding home on Jensen's motorcycle vibrating beneath me, I'm about to combust. It doesn't help that my hands roamed over his smooth, solid abs, exploring them as we rode. When we finally returned, I swear his rock-hard cock was bulging from his jeans, and I reveled at the sight while swinging my hips to leave him to deal with it.

Has he touched himself yet?

Did he think of me as he came?

I drop my head back against the tiles with a groan. After waiting so long for his return, I need to keep a handle on my emotions before I scare him away too soon.

"Come on, Immie. Stay focused," I mumble, switching off the shower, then stepping onto the mat. I grab the towel and dry myself before spraying on my deodorant. With the pot of lotion and my hairbrush in hand, I sashay out of my bedroom and down the stairs toward the kitchen.

The back door leading into the kitchen is open, and my heart skips a beat. I glance over my shoulder, and I swear Jensen's shower is running in the distance. Surely, he didn't leave the door open?

A cold chill breaks out over my skin, causing goosebumps to scatter up my arms. "Jesus."

I rush toward the door and pull it closed, then I flick the lock, relieved to be secure again.

“Imogen. Right?”

My back stiffens, and I slowly turn to find one of the guy’s Amanda once brought back here only a few feet away from me. “I was looking for Amanda. Is she here?”

My words won’t come out. My mouth goes dry, and all I can do is shake my head.

He steps back, and I can finally breathe again. “She was meant to meet me.” He glances over his shoulder toward the stairs. “Are you sure she’s not here?” His darkened eyes zero in on me, as if searching for a lie.

“That’s my dad,” I whisper. “He won’t be happy if he finds you here.”

He drags his hand through his slicked-back hair, and it allows me the opportunity to take him in. He’s handsome in a rugged kind of way, but there’s something behind his eyes—a sinister detachment that terrifies me down to my core.

“You should leave,” I say, then step away from the door to allow him access to leave.

“She promised me something.”

“I don’t know anything about her promises.” My heart pounds harder as he steps closer until he’s looming over me. He cages me in, his arms resting above my head. “You’re scaring me,” I whisper, and his gaze bores into mine, allowing me to see the familiar glazed look of an addict staring right back at me.

“Who the fuck are you?” Jensen booms through the room, and I use the guy’s startled reaction to slink beneath his arm and rush toward Jensen.

Jensen’s shoulders broaden, and he pushes me behind him in a protective move I love him for.

“Go upstairs, Immie.”

“But—”

“I said, upstairs,” Jensen snaps, and I jolt at his abruptness. “I’ll be up soon.” He speaks softer this time and tilts his head toward the staircase.

“Okay. Be careful.”

I swear he snorts as I leave the room and head up the stairs.

My daddy keeps away the monsters like he always promised he would.

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IMMIE

FIVE YEARS AGO …

Low voices call me from my sleep, but I remain motionless, exhausted and defeated. The pain is no longer there, and in its place, numbness has become my solitude.

In my dream, I was rescued by a strong, tall man with broad shoulders and sparkling hazel eyes. He swore to always protect me while telling me I was about to become his little nightmare.

The timbre behind his tone, coupled with the playfulness, made me feel warm and secure in his arms as he carried me to freedom.

“I can’t keep her here, Miko. They’ll kill us both if they find us, and if you’re telling me she has no family, then I need a story, something that will protect her.”

There’s silence, and I imagine the man in my dream is on the phone awaiting a response.

“I know. I’ll sort that part; you just get the documentation together. Azrael has assured me he’s sorted it. I’ve removed Steiner with my own bare hands; the fucker is dead and buried.”

More silence.

“Thank you, brother.” He releases a heavy sigh, then footsteps approach, and the door handle turns.

My eyes lock onto the man in my dreams, my savior.

His hazel eyes crinkle at the corners when he smiles at me.

“How are you feeling?” He scans me over, but I’m covered by bedsheets, my head the only thing visible. “Are you in pain?” His Adam’s apple slides down his throat. “The doctor said it should subside soon,” he murmurs as he walks toward the bed, then he sits on the edge, causing it to dip. “Would you like a drink, Little Nightmare?”

My stomach flips, a strange feeling I’ve never had before. I lick my lips. “Yes, please.” When I see he’s already pouring me a cup, my smile grows wider.

Then I shuffle up in the bed and allow the bedsheet to fall from me, exposing the T-shirt he covered me in the night he rescued me.

He brings the cup to my lips, and our hands hold it in place as I take a drink.

When he places it back on the bedside table, I watch the way the veins on his arms protrude. He’s strong, and though he’s capable of destruction, I know he’ll never hurt me.

“You know I’ll always protect you, right?”

I nod along to his words, believing every one.

“I’m going to need you to do something for me. Do you think you could do that?”

Anything.

“Yes.”

He nods. “I need you to pretend to be my daughter, to keep you safe.”

My pulse rushes through my body, but not because of the enormity of the situation. I don’t want to be his daughter; I just don’t know what I want to be.

Instead of voicing my uncertainty, I nod along, reveling in his smile.

All I know is, this feeling growing inside of me, it’s best kept a secret, for now.

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

JENSEN

The moment Immie's bedroom door closes, I pull my knife from my pocket and flick it open. Then I lunge forward, yank the fucker's head back by his hair, and press the knife against his throat. "Who the fuck sent you?"

His wide-eyed gaze bounces over my face, and I would find it humorous if I wasn't so pissed at the way he threatened my girl.

Her pale face and wide eyes play on repeat in my head, becoming more distorted by the second. Some sick, haunted series of videos flicker through my mind, taunting me with her past colliding with her present.

Why now? Why after all these years?

"Who?" I press harder.

"I don't know what you're talking about." He gasps. "Sir," he tacks on, making me furrow my brow at his wide eyes.

"Who are you?" I seethe, and press the blade into him harder, causing a trickle of blood to flow down his throat.

He swallows hard and licks his lips. "I'm here to see Amanda."

"Amanda?" I jerk back and scan his face for a sign of deceit. "What do you want with her?"

His body quivers, and I twist the blade for encouragement.

"We sometimes do coke together," he chokes out.

Jesus fucking Christ, she does drugs while she's meant to be watching Immie?

I don’t know who I’m more furious at, this shithead in my kitchen, or her for allowing this scumbag access to my property.

“Have you been here before?” My gaze pierces his.

“Yes. The girl found us in the living room.” I still at the reference to Immie finding them. Something she’s kept quiet. Why the fuck does that irritate me so much? “So, I left straight away.”

“But you came back.”

“I was hoping to catch up with Amanda.”

“You wanted drugs,” I snipe back, and loosen my grip on his hair. “Drugs and easy pussy.”

The dumbass thinks my anger is subsiding, but far from it. Nobody comes into my home and threatens the one I love.

“I guess.” He smirks.

I release the hold on his hair, but instead of dropping my knife, I surge it into the side of his neck, and blood sprays, covering the kitchen in his demise.

He chokes, gargling, and his wide eyes search mine before I step back and allow his body to slump to the tiled floor with a thud.

That’s going to be a bitch to clean up.

I watch the life drain from his eyes, then dig my phone out of my pocket and call my brother.

“What?” His annoyed tone makes me chuckle.

“Hello to you too, Miko.”

“What do you want?”

“I need a cleanup in my kitchen.”

“Who?”

“Some punk Amanda has been screwing turned up for a booty call.”

“Since when do you care about who she fucks?”

“He was scaring Immie.”

“Understood.”

I can’t help but wonder how much he understands. Can he possibly understand the enormity of my need to protect her?

“I’ll have it done in the next half hour.”

“Change all the codes too.”

“Of course. Perhaps speak with your wife about who she’s giving those codes out to.”

“Oh, I’ll be talking to the bitch alright.”

“Goodnight.”
“Night.” I end the call.
Time to go check on my girl.

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CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

IMMIE

I sit on the edge of the bed, staring at the door, and when it finally opens, the air is sucked from my lungs. He stands there like a god, his chiseled abs on full display, his joggers resting on his hips, and I want nothing more than to rush into his strong arms, for him to encompass me in his hold. Instead, I remain transfixed on the blade in his grip; it's clean, but the blood staining his hands tells me what he's done. He's protected me. Excitement rips up my spine, and I slowly trail my gaze up to his handsome face. His jaw is locked tight, his hazel eyes have darkened, and his focus rests solely on me, making me squirm. A smile plays on my lips, and I try my best to conceal it, ducking my head to avoid his stare.

"Little Nightmare?" His tone is gruff, commanding, and I snap my gaze up to meet his.

In just two short strides, he's in front of me, barefoot and holding his hand out for mine. As if on automation, my hand slips into his. The sheer size of his appendage dwarfs mine, and I bask in it. His thumb strokes the top of my hand as he tugs me to my feet, and before I know what's happening, he's spun me around, taken my place on the edge of the bed, and bent me over his lap.

"Jensen?"

He uses the tip of the knife to slice through my sleep shorts, and when the fabric falls to the floor, I almost combust. What the hell is happening?

Slap.

My ass stings, and my mouth falls open.

“You didn’t tell me that Amanda has been having men come to the house.”

Slap.

The words won’t come out to explain. Not when the sting of his hand takes over my ability to construct any thoughts at all. I mewl in delight.

Slap.

Oh god, I’m broken. Why the hell do I like him punishing me so much?

Slap.

My ass burns, but his touch is electric, sending shockwaves of arousal straight to my core.

“Jensen,” I pant wantonly. “Please.”

Slap.

“Say you’re sorry!” he bites out as if it pains him.

Slap.

I jolt forward from the contact, and I swear I feel his rock-hard cock as I move.

Slap.

“S-Sorry, Daddy.”

He stills.

The air between us crackles, and my heart hammers precariously as I lay there completely at his mercy.

Then his hand is on my ass, caressing the sting he created.

“Daddy just wants to keep you safe, Little Nightmare.”

His thick hand soothes my skin, and I squirm beneath him, desperate to feel a little friction, something more to push me over the edge. “Please,” I whimper.

“Do you want Daddy to touch you? Hmm?” he muses, stroking my ass cheek. “Is that what you want? For Daddy to finger your little hole and make you feel better?”

Holy shit. Yes. Yes, I want that.

“Please.”

“Is Daddy’s Little Nightmare turned on?” His voice is like velvet. “Are you wet, Little Nightmare?”

“Y-Yes.”

“I bet you’d let me do anything to you right now, wouldn’t you?” His guttural tone sends a wave of anticipation through me. Damn right, I’d let him do anything to me right now. Anything at all.

Then there’s the sound of him spitting, followed by wetness hitting my ass cheek.

Oh. My. God.

His finger swipes through his spittle, and he slowly trails it over my ass, between my legs, and through my slick folds.

My hands ball into fists, and I bite into my lip on a whimper when he rubs my swollen clit.

“You like that?”

A moan leaves me, and clearly, it’s the confirmation he needed because he teases my opening, prodding the tip of his thumb in and out of me.

“Daddy, please.”

“I’m fingering your little hole, Immie. How fucked up is that?”

“Please,” I pant, and his thumb works quicker inside me while his finger circles my clit.

“Do you like me fingering you?”

“Y-Yes.”

“You want Daddy’s cock to push inside you, don’t you?” he grunts.

My body tightens. “I’m going to come.” He moves quicker, and I pant louder. “I’m going to come on your fingers, Daddy.”

“Fuck, yes. Come all over them, Immie.”

When he presses down inside me, stars flash before my eyes, and my mouth falls open as a scream of pure exhilaration erupts from me. Wetness floods from my body.

“Holy fuck!” he groans.

“I came. Oh god, I came on your hand.” I pant as I come down from the most incredible orgasm ever.

“You squirted. My little nightmare squirted all over her daddy.” I hear the smile in his voice, and my cheeks flame at his words.

Then his hand is gone, and I deflate, but he wraps my hair around his fist and tugs my head up so our gazes clash. He thrusts his fingers inside my mouth, and I close my eyes and suck him in, tasting myself on his fingers.

A strangled groan leaves him, and he thrusts his hips up, causing my eyes to dart open. The tip of his cock is peeking from the waistband of his

joggers. It’s leaking a pearl of pre-cum, and I moan around his fingers, imagining tasting him there.

His eyes blaze with desire before his gaze drops to my lips. “You want my thick cock in your little mouth, don’t you, Little Nightmare? You want to taste Daddy.”

He pushes deeper inside my mouth, causing me to gag, and when I glance up at him through my lashes, I revel in the way his pupils have dilated, completely locked in on my mouth.

Yes. This is the moment I get to taste him.

“Jensen?” Miko’s voice echoes through the house, and we freeze.

“Fuck!” Jensen pulls his fingers from my mouth, slides me onto the bed beside him, then jumps up and glances around the room before his eyes land back on me. He bends and captures my chin in the palm of his hand.

“Don’t keep things from me again, Immie. I won’t be gentle next time.”

Next time? *Bring it on.*

“Okay, Daddy,” I whisper, and he inhales deeply, then turns and walks away.

Jensen Marino is slowly unraveling and finally becoming my daddy.

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CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

JENSEN

I rush down the stairs with my pulse rushing in my ears.

What the hell am I thinking touching Immie like that?

Though, I can't help but bring my fingers to my mouth and push them inside. My cock jumps, and I will the fucker to calm down.

I push the door to the kitchen open, and Miko's dark eyes scan me. "Did I interrupt something?"

"What?"

He gestures toward my groin area, and I glance down to see the wet patches from Immie's come and my pre-cum marking my joggers.

"Shut the fuck up," I snap back. "Is it dealt with?" I move around the counter where I left the scumbag who dared to scare Immie and find the spot empty and no trace of blood. Impressive.

"You need better security."

"I didn't want to garner any more attention on the property than necessary, and besides, I wasn't home long enough to warrant the attention." I move around the kitchen to make a coffee and hold the cup up before placing it under the machine to offer Miko one, but he shakes his head.

"And now?"

I press the start button, then turn to give him my attention. "Now we change the security codes, and I give Amanda a warning."

“You need more than a security code if you’re staying.”

“Who says I’m staying?” I lift my eyebrow, though my words cause my heart to twist.

The fucker scoffs and shakes his head. “The cum stains on your joggers and the absence of your *wife* tell me you’re staying.”

Rolling my eyes, I grab my coffee from the machine, then walk away, ignoring the disgruntled groans of my brother.

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CHAPTER NINETEEN

IMMIE

I slide out of my bed and forgo taking my teddy bear with me. I don't want to freak Jensen out too much, not tonight, not when he's so close to giving me what I want.

The reminder of the bear he brought me when he rescued me might tamper his growing attraction toward me, and I can't have that.

It's almost two in the morning when that bitch he still calls a wife returns home. I know her nightly rituals like the back of my hand. I came to realize them when I woke one night from a nightmare at fourteen to find the house empty, and the only place I felt safe was in Jensen's bed, wearing one of his T-shirts.

The moment Jensen went back to work, she abandoned me. The selfish woman couldn't even be bothered to take me to my therapy classes, let alone school, and by the time Jensen returned, I'd become more of a recluse than ever, and his credit card bill became larger, thanks to Amanda's inability to control her spending.

While it pissed me off, it also worked in my favor, allowing me the opportunity to live my life how I choose to lead it without too much interference from my so-called adopted mother.

I opted for home schooling after struggling to go to busy places, but with Jensen's support, therapists who came to the house rather than in a setting I struggled to endure alone, and Jensen's family's support, I had

people to rely on and encourage me. I had Fern, who pushed for me to take up a sport. Jensen built me the indoor pool, and with the help of the Marino family, I started swim classes and quickly became part of a training team. Before I knew it, I was a confident yet calculating teenager with a passion for creating the life I want, with Jensen being the center of it.

Thankfully, the night I woke and Amanda wasn't there, she didn't return home until the following afternoon, so I was gone from their marital bed before she discovered me. It was the first insight into her pattern of behavior. Tonight, she's drunk out of her skull, and Jensen will probably take advantage of the fact, so he needs a little reminder I'm still very much here too. I'll happily allow him to use me; in fact, I would welcome it.

I tiptoe down the hallway and slip into his room. His woodsy, fresh scent wraps around me like a comfort blanket; one I want to bathe in.

The squeaking of the bed is almost drowned out by Amanda's snores and moans of contentment. I've never hated anyone like I do her when Jensen is filling her with his cock. Not even the men who hurt me as a young girl come close to the hatred I feel toward her. She's taking him from me, and I want him back.

"Daddy?" I whisper, and Jensen stills above her, but he doesn't turn to face me or tell me to leave like he has in the past. Instead, he fucks her furiously, and I don't know who he's angry with, me or himself, but the way his hips pump against her is punishing, causing my core to clench and my body to heat.

I slip into the sheets beside him, reveling in the way his muscles flex, thanks to the light shining from beneath the bathroom door. I glide my fingers up his strong thigh that straddles his wife. He jolts at the connection but doesn't stop me from touching him. A low groan rumbles in his chest, and the sound sends liquid heat rushing through me. It's feral and full of malice, masculine and powerful.

I continue over the ridges of his abs, and a choked, ragged grunt lodges in his chest as his movements stutter. "Fuck."

"Are you thinking of me?" I whisper.

His hips jerk. "Fuck, yes. I want you." He clenches his teeth.

I slide my hand over his abs, delighting at the way they constrict beneath my fingertips.

Jesus, he's so hot. So firm.

“Holy fuck, Little Nightmare.” His gaze snaps down to where I sit on my knees, exploring his body while he fucks his wife mercilessly. “Do you want me to stop?”

I lick my lips, and he zeros in on the movement. “No. Keep going.” For some insane reason, I like that I’m controlling his mind.

When I move my hand higher toward his throat, I moan at the way his Adam’s apple struggles to work and his chest rises with vigor. I slide my fingers into his mouth and lean forward to place my lips on the little starfish tattoo on his abs, gifting it with a kiss. His eyes remain locked on me, completely transfixed, and I delight in it. I trail my tongue up his torso before making a show of flicking it over his nipple. A wild growl erupts from deep inside him, and he slams his eyes shut while his tongue wraps around my fingers and he sucks. I know he’s orgasming; I’ve witnessed it enough times. His sucks my fingers deeper as his body tenses, and I watch in awe.

“Keep filling me,” I murmur, and a strangled groan rattles in his throat. “Keep filling me, Daddy.” Every muscle on his body pulls tight, and he pushes forward one more time before stilling.

Finally, his body relaxes, and I slip my fingers from his mouth, causing his eyes to dart open. “You did so good filling me.” I must sound insane, but he doesn’t even spare Amanda another glance as he rolls off her, and I shift to make room for him.

“Fuck, that drained me.” He chuckles, then tilts his head to face me. “What are you doing here, Little Nightmare? Have you come to torment me some more?”

I lick my lips. “I wanted my Daddy,” I whisper.

His hand strokes over my thigh, just below the frilly hem of my sleep shorts, and I remain motionless as I peer down at his spent cock. Relief at knowing he used a condom with her floods me, and my mouth waters to taste him, to please him like I know he needs.

He realizes where I’m looking and leans forward to slip the condom off and ties the end into a knot.

“I was hoping to try some. For you to feed me.” I pout, and his head snaps to the side as his eyes search mine.

He scans me up and down. “The little punk not enough for you?” he snipes out.

I furrow my brow, and once I realize he's referring to Brett, elation powers through me. He's jealous, and I couldn't be happier.

"I've never done anything like this with anyone."

His Adam's apple bobs. "What have you done, exactly?"

"Nothing, Daddy. I want you to be my first." My heart hammers at my admission.

Jensen scans my face, and I'm not sure what he sees, but he leans forward and swipes the tip of his growing cock with his thumb, then brings it to my mouth.

"Open, Little Nightmare. Open those pouty little lips up for Daddy. Have a little taste of me. *Of a real man.*"

I comply eagerly, and when he slips his thumb into my mouth, his saltiness bursts onto my tongue, and I've no choice but to suck with vigor. My daddy feeding his little girl.

"Fuck, Immie," he groans, and a thrill fires through me at the way I'm able to please him, but more importantly, at the way his eyes have become hooded, full of want, need, and hunger.

He moves his thumb in and out, encouraging me to suck it like a pacifier, and wetness gathers between my thighs. A moan escapes me, and he pulls his thumb from my mouth with a pop, and I deflate instantly. "I need it."

"It's okay, Little Nightmare." He caresses my face, and I close my eyes. "If you need fed in the morning, I can save it all up for you. I can take care of you. But you have to be a good girl and let me."

Holy shit.

My eyes shoot open, and I lock eyes with him. "Yes, please, Daddy."

He swallows hard and casts Amanda a quick glance. "Good girl. But from now on, you have to follow my rules. Okay?"

I nod eagerly.

A sigh leaves him, and he glances over his shoulder toward Amanda. "Let me take you back to bed. I don't like the thought of you being in here with her."

The thoughts of leaving him so soon make my stomach clench. "Can you lay with me for a little while?"

"Of course."

He climbs out of the bed, turning his back, and steps into his boxer shorts. Then he returns to the bed, slips his arms under my legs, and scoops

me up against his bare chest.

I breathe him in as I curl my arms around his thick neck and smile.

I finally have my daddy right where I want him.

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CHAPTER TWENTY

JENSEN

My heart pumps wildly as I wait for her to come downstairs.

Last night was like a perfect dream, or should it be my worst nightmare?

I crossed a line, a huge line, but my body is completely on board with it, and so is my mind. At some point, I lost the fucking plot. Thinking about fucking Immie while using my wife's pussy is not good, and feeding your adopted daughter your cum while your wife sleeps next to you after fucking her, is well and truly screwed up.

It's forbidden. Sordid. Downright ecstasy.

And I want more. So much fucking more.

The way Immie touched me as I buried my cock inside my wife is even more fucked up, and the fact I want her more than I've ever wanted anything before is absolutely, well and truly, fucked up.

My cock has been hard since I left Immie asleep in her bed last night, and part of me, the twisted part, wanted to come on her little lips so she could taste me in her sleep and remain there for the moment she wakes. To consume her like she does me.

I need to make sure she wasn't in some sort of dream last night when she sucked on my thumb like it was her pacifier. My cock jumps, and I scrub a hand down my face.

Flipping the pancake, I glance at my watch. Immie will be down soon; she likes routine and structure as much as I do, and once again, my mind whirls with possibilities of a new routine I'd like to enforce to suit us both.

Starting with what she wears and when.

I sense her before she enters. I've always been so in tune with her presence, her wants and needs, but only now am I realizing those needs have changed, or have they simply progressed and I'm only now prepared to acknowledge them?

"Morning." I lift my head, and she gives me a little wave while shifting from foot to foot. Her blue eyes search my face, and it takes everything in me not to pull her into me to calm her. Her tousled hair needs combed, and I long to brush it for her, care for her like I know she craves.

Instead, I point toward the barstool opposite me. "Take a seat, baby. I made you breakfast."

Her shoulders relax, and a smile plays on her lips as she slides her ass onto the barstool. Her tits bounce through the fabric of her camisole, and I fight the urge to groan.

"Did you sleep well?" I cock an eyebrow at her as I slide her pancakes across the counter, then add a splash of the maple syrup I know she loves on top.

She cuts into the pancake. "Very." A smile plays on her lips as she slips the pancake into her mouth. The same lips that encompassed my thumb so seductively.

Jesus, I want her.

I want my adopted daughter.

I scan over her face as she eats, searching for a sign of deceit, or uncomfortableness, maybe, but I find neither.

"And can you remember everything that happened last night?" I query with hope.

She snaps her bright-blue eyes up to meet mine, holding my heart hostage. "Of course."

I swallow hard and brush a hand over my cropped hair. "How do you feel about it?"

She slowly finishes eating, then licks her lips. "I want more. A lot more, Daddy."

My cock jumps, and adrenaline sparks in my veins. Jesus, she wants this. My innocent girl is all grown up, and she wants to feed into fantasies I

wasn’t aware I had until now.

I should stop this.

My mouth becomes dry.

“Please, Daddy.” Jesus, she begs so beautifully. What would she look like on her knees, submitting for me? I could teach her so damn much.

I clear my throat. “If I give you more, you need to do everything I say.” She nods eagerly. I hold her focus. “Everything, Immie.”

“I will. I promise.”

Her eyes remain locked on mine as I lean forward and reach out to her. I stroke her cheek with the backs of my fingers, then follow her jawline and, unable to help myself, all the way to her pouty lips. I run the tip of my index finger over her bottom lip back and forth, imagining my cum painting them.

“You’re mine, Little Nightmare.”

She sucks my finger into her mouth, causing my mine to fall open, and my cock drips pre-cum into my boxers as memories of her sucking her cum from my fingers hit me. I reluctantly withdraw my finger.

“I want you to be mine too,” she whispers. She doesn’t want me fucking Amanda, and who can blame her.

Why the hell would I want her when I can have my girl.

“Agreed.”

Her face lights up, and my chest swells with pride. Jesus, she’s beautiful.

A throat clears, and I freeze.

Amanda.

Shit.

Getting busted with Immie is not something I want. Not yet, at least.

I laugh, but it lacks humor. “You had syrup on your lip, let me grab you a napkin, Immie.”

“Did you make your wife breakfast too?” Amanda asks as she marches over to the kitchen table and pulls out a chair, then turns toward me and lifts her eyebrow.

Her hair is disheveled, her makeup smeared, and her clothes are the same ones she went out in last night.

God knows how many men she fucked before she climbed into bed next to me. I grimace at the thought. What the hell am I doing fucking her when she’s allowing herself to be used so freely. Especially when I have Immie

offering herself to me. It's almost as if she's been waiting for me all along, and now that we've crossed a line, there's no turning back.

I glance back at Immie, and innocence shines through her. Why am I fucking Amanda when I have the girl of my dreams right here?

In the past, Amanda's hangovers would have been cause for an argument, but at this moment, all I can think about is a way to get rid of her.

"Do you need some Tylenol?"

"Obviously," she snaps, and I grit my teeth as I gape back at her with what can only be described as hatred. That's exactly what I feel toward her.

"I'm going to go for a swim," Immie says, then she pushes the empty plate toward me before opening a cupboard and pulling out a tub. She takes out a couple of cookies, then places one in front of me and the other in front of Amanda. "I made yours with sugar replacement just how you like them," she tells Amanda, and heads toward the door.

My eyes latch onto her ass. "Immie?"

She spins around to face me, and I swear my heart skips a beat.

"In our pool, not the sports hall. I'll have everything ready for you after." Her cheeks heat and her eyes light up, causing my balls to ache.

The thought of leaving her something forbidden for following through with my instructions is almost overwhelming, and I worry I'm not going to be able to contain myself long enough to fix Amanda some breakfast.

Immie disappears from the room, and I avoid watching her ass sway the way I know it does. I turn my attention back to Amanda, who sits munching on the cookie while scrolling through her phone.

"Why don't you go to the country club for brunch?" I suggest.

I take my phone out of my back pocket and start making arrangements for her.

She pats the back of her hair. "Hmm, I do need a salon."

What she needs is rehab. Again.

I drop Miko a quick message.

Me: Book Amanda in at the country club spa. ASAP.

Miko: Morning.

Me: Is it done?

Miko: Obviously.

Me: I owe you.

Miko: Noted.

The fucker will note it too. Miko doesn't let us get away with anything. Ever.

Miko: Sal is insisting on you being at his today for a BBQ. Immie too.

I don't miss the fact that he didn't ask Amanda to be present.

A barbecue means everyone will be going in the pool, which is a perfect opportunity to see Immie in her swimwear again if you ask me.

Me: I'll be there.

I lift my head from my phone and fix my attention back on Amanda. "Well, you could make it a spa day? You might come back revitalized?"

She scoffs. "Sundays are always booked up. You'd know that if you were around."

"Well, it's your lucky day. I already booked you in. My driver is collecting you in half an hour." I wink, and she blinks at me before pushing back in her chair.

"Oh my god, Jensen. You're the best. You've no idea how much I deserve this!" she declares, rushing from the room.

My lips turn up into a cunning smile. "No, sweetheart, you've no idea how much I deserve this."

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CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

JENSEN

The moment Amanda left the house, I rushed upstairs, straight into my bathroom. I'm not even considering using the same batch of condoms I use with Amanda; my little nightmare deserves her own. I rummage through my cupboard, grab the unopened condom box, and pull one out. Then I rip it open and tuck my shorts and boxers below my raging cock and balls.

"Fuck," I groan, sliding the latex down my shaft. The need to come is painful, so I know it's not going to take much to spill.

I wrap my inked hand around my cock and close my eyes. Jesus, I'm going to have fun with her. Her pouty little lips are going to taste all of me.

I fuck my fist with vigor, clenching my teeth and willing myself to last longer than I know I will.

"Oh, fuck, Little Nightmare, you're going to drink me down."

Visions of Immie with her mouth dripping with my cum flash before me. "More!" I demand as my hand works faster. "You're going to choke on it. Choke on Daddy's hot cum." It will slip from her lips, sliding down her chin.

My balls pull up.

"You're going to drink Daddy's thick load." I bite into my lip. "Every." My chest rises as I imagine her mouth struggling to accept all of me. "Damn." Her tongue darts out to brush over the tip of my cock. "Day." I tip my head back and unleash a growl as I come hard.

Waves of pleasure unload into the condom, and all I can see is my little nightmare on her knees for me, begging for more.

My chest heaves, and I drop my head forward as I come down from my orgasm. I make quick work of removing the condom and tying the end. After I tuck my cock away, I pull open the bathroom door and head straight for Immie's bedroom.

As soon as I step inside, her vanilla scent embraces me, and I scan the room, as if looking at it for the first time.

It's plain, simple, no makeup or jewelry on her dresser, or the chaos you'd expect from a teenager. It's almost as if it's a spare room, one that doesn't get used often. Has she always been one step outside? As if she wasn't going to stick around for long. I think back to the other day when she said she might move out, and my heart clenches.

She's not going anywhere.

She's my heart.

My home.

And one way or another, I'll make sure it stays that way.

I shake my head and go into the bathroom, where I place the condom down on the sink. It's full, almost bursting, and a pang of regret hits me.

My cum should be inside her. Deep inside her.

Next, I check out her closet, and again, it's minimal.

Compared to the walk-in closet I share with Amanda, there's barely anything here at all.

This won't do.

With my hand, I skim the fabric of the few meager items hanging and shake my head.

How did I allow this to happen?

Poison has taken over my home while my girl has been silenced, simply existing when she should be thriving.

She's been crying out for her daddy to take control, and only now have I truly heard her.

My first priority is to order Immie some more clothes. Suitable clothes. For now, this little blue summer dress will do.

I take it down from the hanger and place it on her bed.

Followed by the sneakers she always wears.

I move on to her underwear drawer, and my chest hitches when I eye her panties. Jesus, I want to paint them in my seed.

A thought that has never occurred to me before now, but I’m almost desperate to succeed.

I grab the first pair, a soft white lace pair of panties with a bra to match, and without allowing myself to delve into the fact that my cock is thickening, I place them on her bed then head toward the gym.

Time to get my priorities right, and then I’ll text my little nightmare specific instructions detailing exactly what I want.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

IMMIE

My phone buzzes on the lounger, but I ignore it and push myself harder, faster. Fern was right when she said I needed a sport to help keep me sane. Swimming does that for me; it gives me focus and has allowed me to have a passion outside of my obsession with Jensen.

Pushing off the wall, I swim back toward the steps, and my phone buzzes again. “Ugh!” I scream as I tilt my head toward the ceiling. I need to place my phone on silent; this intrusion in my morning routine will not do.

I climb out of the pool and dry the tips of my hair on the towel before picking up my phone.

Daddy: Are you ready to do as you’re told?

My heart skips a beat.

This morning, when I entered the kitchen, I was worried about him being filled with regret from last night. Instead, he looked at me with need and intrigue. With want. The switch has finally happened, and there’s not a doubt in my mind Jensen wants me, so I’m about to give him everything he never knew he needed.

Daddy: As soon as you’ve finished swimming I need you to go to your room and message me when you’re there.

Holy shit, I was going to silence this message.

I almost drop my phone while fumbling to wrap my towel around me.

My heart hammers as I rush out of the room and up the stairs like a starving animal about to be fed, and that's exactly how I feel, starved of his attention.

With clothes laid out on my bed and my sneakers lined up on the floor, a zap of triumph hits me. He's been in my room. He's touched my panties.

Why does that make so much slickness gather in my swimsuit?

Me: I'm in my bedroom.

Daddy: Good girl. Check out your closet first.

When I open the closet door, my mouth falls open. There're dozens of clothes on the rails and shoeboxes stacked high. I run my fingers along the various fabrics and colors.

Wow.

My eyes fill with tears. Holy shit, this is a lot.

When the hell did he do this? I've only been out of my room for a couple of hours.

Me: They're beautiful. Thank you.

Daddy: I picked them all.

My heart squeezes. He chose them all. He spent his time and money choosing each of them. Tears prick my eyes, but I swallow back the emotion and reply to his message.

Me: I love everything.

Daddy: (Laughing emoji). You haven't tried them on yet.

Me: I don't care. I love them because you chose them.

Daddy: Now, go into your bathroom. I left you another gift.

I blink and reread the message.

Holy. Fucking. Shit.

Please tell me he did.

I'm breathless and full of anticipation when I throw open the bathroom door, and sure enough, a condom is laid in the sink. A full condom.

Oh my god, yes. This is perfect.

My mouth waters, and my fingers scramble on the keys of my phone.

Me: Thank you, Daddy.

I chew on my lip before quickly messaging again.

Me: What should I do with it?

Daddy: I want you to put my cum on your lips and send me a photo.

“Oh god, that’s hot,” I pant.

Daddy: Daddy needs to know you’ve done what I’ve asked.

Me: Okay.

I place the phone down on the bathroom counter, then pick up the condom and study it. It’s filled way more than I expected, and the idea of Jensen being so virile only adds to my heightened arousal.

Daddy: Hurry baby, Daddy wants to see.

Holy shit, he’s as desperate as I am.

I use my nails to pierce it, and his cum soaks my fingers. It’s thick and sticky, and my mouth waters to sample it. “Oh god. I’m really touching him.” Then I bring my fingers to my lips and gawp at my reflection in the mirror as I paint my lips with his white seed before greedily adding more.

Thick cum coats my lips, and I apply more of it until it drips onto my chin. Then I lift my phone and take a photo, strategically parting my lips and keeping my eyes hooded.

Daddy: Fucking beautiful.

Daddy: I’m so hard right now.

Oh god, I made him hard. Me.

Daddy: My stunning little nightmare.

Me: Only for you Daddy.

He'll like that. I know how protective Jensen is over me, and now that he's delving into his inner desires, he's only going to be more so.

Daddy: Damn fucking right, only me. You're Daddy's girl.

Daddy's girl. I practically swoon on the spot, and then an idea hits me. One I know he will love.

Me: I like how you taste.

Daddy: Jesus, Immie. You drive me insane.

Happiness flutters through me, and another thought hits me. "Give him more." I lick my lips as I contemplate my next move.

Who knew cum could taste so good?

I position the camera toward my groin and hit record. Then I lift my leg up on the counter and slide my swimsuit to the side to expose my bare pussy. I scoop the cum out of the condom and paint my pussy lips with it. "You didn't specify which lips, Daddy."

The moment his cum seeps into my skin, I sway. I want more. I'm desperate for more. I hit send, and moments later, he's FaceTiming me.

Nervousness builds inside me as I consider if I've gone too far or not.

Shit, have I ruined things already?

The phone continues to buzz, and I wince as I press answer.

"Show me," he growls. "Show me where you put my cum."

I lift the phone and lower it to my pussy.

"Holy fuck, Little Nightmare, you did good." His gaze flicks from my pussy to my face, and I lick my lips, bringing his saltiness into my mouth. His flavor bursting on my tongue makes me moan out loud. "Good girl." He's leaning forward as if to get as close to me as possible, and I can just make out the gym equipment in the background. I want to ask him to come upstairs to see, but I know he wants to be in control, so I remain quiet.

"Can you put some inside you too?" His eyes dart up to mine. "Inside your little hole." Holy shit, he just asked me to put some inside me. He has no idea how perfect this is. "Do you have any of my cum left, Little Nightmare? Or did you swallow it all because you were so thirsty for it?" I'm melting on the spot, my leg raised on the counter and my pussy dripping with my juices.

"Please," I beg.

“Immie, put some in your hole, let Daddy see you feed it inside really slow with your finger, baby. Can you do that for me?”

All I can do is nod, and with one hand holding the phone, I scoop the remnants up with my finger and bring it toward my pussy.

His gaze bounces between me and my action, and I relish his attention.

Slowly, I inch the wet finger inside me.

“Not too far, Little Nightmare. I want to see that in person.”

“Okay,” I pant out.

“Are you putting my cum inside your pussy?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Tell Daddy what you’re doing.”

“I-I’m putting Daddy’s cum inside my pussy.”

“You’re such a good girl.” My pussy clenches around my finger, and my lips part.

“I want more,” I admit with a keening sound.

His eyes light up, and he licks his lips. “I know, baby. Daddy will show you how to do it all. But we need to leave soon. So that’s enough for today. Okay?”

I drop my leg like a heavy weight. “Where are we going?”

“To Sal’s for dinner. Can you wear what I left out for you? You need your bikini too.”

“Okay.”

“Wear the earrings I bought you for your birthday too.” I want to melt on his words; those sapphire earrings mean the world to me. When Jensen gifted them to me with a note, it said they reminded him of the first time he laid eyes on me. Something nobody will ever understand but him and me. “No touching your pussy anymore. Got me? Only Daddy tells you when you can play with it.”

“Okay, Daddy.”

He chuckles and shakes his head. “My little nightmare, for sure.”

He has absolutely no idea how true that is.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

JENSEN

I take another pull of my beer as Immie squeals and splashes with Fern. They've been pushing each other off the floatie for the past fifteen minutes, and I don't know who's enjoying it more, me or them.

It's not lost on me that I see her differently now—older, wiser, womanlier. Her tits bounce with each breath she takes, and I long to feel them in my hands, to toy with her nipples as I suck on her flesh.

Immie is different here at Sal's and when we're alone—she's more at ease and not the same uptight, on-edge girl she is around Amanda.

It's something I've considered before but never let myself dig any deeper as to the why, and I was wrong to do that. In truth, I was burying the fact that my wife and adopted daughter didn't get along and how big of an issue that actually could be.

"Did something happen between the two of you?" Miko asks from beside me. His gaze ping-pongs from me to Immie, and my spine bolts straight.

"I don't know what you're talking about." I take another drink of my beer.

"You're looking at her differently."

"You're too assertive," I snap back.

"So that's a yes?" His eyebrows dance.

I continue to drink my beer, and Zane throws his head back on a deep laugh. “It’s not a no.”

“Can you get the wife off the scene first?” Sal queries and lifts an eyebrow in my direction. “I can start the divorce proceedings for you today. Or we could dispose of her if you think she’s going to become a problem.”

My eyes dart to his. “No, don’t do that. I need to speak to her first. I owe her that much, at least.”

“You owe her nothing.” He wafts his hand. “She must know it’s coming. As soon as Immie turned eighteen, it was always going to happen. It’s not like you promised her forever.”

He’s right, I didn’t, but was it always going to happen? I’ve never considered Immie as anything but someone I want to protect until recently.

I lift my shoulder. “She’s always been deluded; it wouldn’t surprise me if she says she’s in shock by a divorce.”

“I wasn’t aware a divorce was an option for someone in the Mafia?” Zane queries.

“It’s not like Jensen has been present. La Familia considered him dead, for Christ’s sake. Besides, he’s not in line for succession, and I’ve okayed it with Vinny already,” Sal says, as if I don’t exist.

I’m the second-from-youngest son in the family at thirty-four, with Zane being the oldest and heir, followed by Massio.

“Have you been using protection?” Sal asks, and I scowl at him. Who the fuck does he think I am? I’m not some dumb teenager; I’ve always used protection with her. Especially after discovering how much she fucks around. Not to mention, Miko gave me the shot to administer while she was sleeping to be extra cautious.

“Of course.” I nod and take another drink.

“Is Immie aware of your change in feelings toward her?” Sal asks, and I scan Immie. Damn fucking right, she’s aware. She glances over her shoulder and smiles at me, and something inside me settles. She’s my girl more than ever before.

“She knows,” I confirm, causing Zane to chuckle.

“About time my boys got their shit together.” He claps his hands. “We’ll have a house full of kids by this time next year. I’ll give Vinny a run for his money.” I snort a laugh. He and his brother, Vinny, have always been competitive. “I’ll become a papi again. Maybe this time, I will get to enjoy them.”

“Or you could just have your own kids?” Zane says.

Sal wafts his hand. “I’m too old for that shit. I just never got to see Fen and Fern grow up.”

Zane leans forward; his eyes are full of enthusiasm. “Does that mean you’re planning on retiring soon?”

Sal takes a pull of his cigar and blows out the smoke. “Not yet. Though the sooner I have more grandkids, I might be more encouraged.”

Zane deflates into his chair. The poor man is desperate to take over the family business.

“Well, judging by the way Fen’s girlfriend is fawning all over him, I think Zane is not far off becoming a papi himself.” Miko smirks and tilts his head at the arrival of Fen and his girlfriend.

My gaze travels over her.

She has long dark hair and olive skin, and her leg is covered in a tattoo that travels up toward her bikini top. A bikini top houses a huge set of tits, and when she turns, my jaw drops open. The white top barely covers her nipples, and I quickly look away because I don’t want to be accused of checking out my nephew’s girlfriend and what undoubtedly appears to be pierced nipples.

I clear my throat. “How old did you say the girlfriend is again?”

“Eighteen,” Zane chokes out. “Apparently.”

“She looks older.” I look straight ahead and away from the now-squealing girl. A large splash can be heard, making it obvious she’s been thrown in the pool.

“They didn’t look like that when I was at school.” Zane grunts. “Jesus, no wonder he’s smitten.”

“Her tits are pierced,” Miko adds, and I dart my eyes over to the girl, then glance toward Zane, and his eyes are narrowed on her like she’s the enemy. He looks a mixture of intrigued and pissed. A fiery combination that’s ending is bound to be nuclear.

“Find out everything you know about her,” he snaps, and looks away.

Miko nods. “She’s Fern’s best friend,” he says, as if it holds some credit to it.

Zane scoffs. “Right now, I don’t trust either of my children’s judgment.”

“I don’t know, I think Fen chose just the right bikini top for her when he picked up her swimwear at the store today.” Miko’s grin is sharklike.

Zane spins to face him. “He purchased that flimsy thing with my black card?”

Miko leans back in his chair. “He did. So, you have your son to thank for the show he’s providing us with.”

“Her parents need to be slaughtered for allowing her to dress like that,” Sal says, puffing out the cigar smoke. “What sort of home has she come from? A strip joint?”

“I think we should send them a thank-you card,” Miko mocks. “Maybe she needs a new daddy to teach her how to be a good girl.” He steels his dark eyes toward Zane, and there’s something in his move I find calculating. Is he deliberately goading Zane? Encouraging him?

Zane pinches the bridge of his nose. “Jesus. I need something stronger than a fucking beer.” He slams the bottle down on the table and pushes his chair back. The screech rings out in my ears, and then he heads inside, leaving us all laughing at his dramatics.

“Even his son is getting more ass than him. Poor bastard needs someone to drain his balls,” Sal comments, and I smirk.

He’s not the only one needing his balls drained, and I know exactly where I want my cum going.

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IMMIE

“He’s barely been able to take his eyes off of you,” Fern whispers, and I smile before dipping my face below the water so nobody can witness my elation.

“Fen. You never said your whole family is hot,” Marlie says. Fern was right; Marlie is great. She’s also the complete opposite of Fern, with a confidence I wish I possessed, and Fern relaxes around her. I can only imagine their relationship at school is exactly what Fern needs to help bring her out of her shell.

Fen chuckles, then tugs her toward him and places a kiss on her neck. It’s a simple gesture, but there’s something about the way he looks toward his father as he does it that makes it seem a little staged. I glance between the two of them, but they both smile, and I shake the thought from my mind.

“My father looks pissed. He just slammed his beer down and stormed inside.” Fern grimaces.

“Well, he probably hates me already. You didn’t even take me over to greet him before you threw me in the pool,” Marlie says, and her eyes shimmer with something akin to vulnerability, and I feel sorry for her. My mind wanders back to what little information Fern has shared with me; she’s a scholarship student from a poor background. No wonder she’s feeling so insecure about being here.

“I’ll take you over when he comes back out.” Fen kisses her neck again, and the fierce look in his eyes is blazing in a protective manner. “He’ll be nursing his stress with a few whiskeys before he comes back out.” He grins, and I laugh, knowing how true that is.

Zane has always been the stressed one, where Miko is calculated and has a deranged glint in his eyes, and as for Massio, well, like Jensen, he hasn't been around much for me to get to know him properly, but he's likable and similar in appearance to Jensen.

Speaking of which, I cast my eyes over to him, and he blatantly ogles me, sending a flurry of excitement through my body.

"He looks like he wants to eat you." Marlie laughs.

"He's her dad," Fen tacks on.

Marlie's eyes widen. "Oh. Oh, shit. I'm sorry. I didn't mean…"

I lift my hand and splash Fen while rolling my eyes. "Don't be a jerk." He laughs, then swims beneath the water, away from us. Poor Marlie looks like she wants to disappear. "He's my adopted dad, and it's fine."

Her shoulders relax.

"I'd be completely fine if he wanted to eat me." I beam back at her before making my way out of the pool.

Her wide eyes have me struggling to rein in the fit of giggles threatening to burst from me.

"Thrilled, in fact."

I finish peeing and flush the toilet, then wash my hands, but a knock on the door has me stilling.

"Immie, it's me. Can you let me in?"

My core clenches, and I quickly glance in the mirror, patting down my hair. I check to make sure I look okay, then rush over to the door and unlock it.

Jensen slips inside, his bare chest exposed, and his huge cock is already hard and bulging from his shorts.

He lavishes me with his attention, his hazel eyes rake over me, and heat creeps up my cheeks.

With his fingers, he twists the tie of my bikini top around my neck. "You look beautiful, Little Nightmare."

His perfectly crafted, solid muscle is there, right in front of me, and not for the first time, I want to caress his bronzed skin, but I'm scared to make the move in case he's not ready for that level of interaction. "You do too."

He swallows hard. “I have a problem.”

I chew on my lip as I peer into his hazel eyes. “What is it?”

“This.” He takes my hand in his, then shoves his swimming shorts down and places my hand on his thick cock.

It’s large, veiny, and solid, and my mouth waters to taste him. I drag my tongue over my lip, and he groans, so I do it again, and this time, his hand tightens on mine, squeezing his cock until pre-cum squirts from the tip.

“Can you see what you do to me?” he rasps, and all I can do is nod. “Fuck, Little Nightmare. You’re going to make me come if you keep licking your lips. You’re tormenting me so bad.”

“It’s so big.” I glide my hand up and down his smooth skin, and he loosens his grip on me, allowing me this moment to explore. It’s true, it is big, and this is the closest I’ve been to it.

A possessive streak flashes through me.

He’s mine.

I don’t ever want her to touch him again.

“You’re mine, Daddy.”

“Fuck yes, I am,” he pants. “I want to cover you in my cum, Little Nightmare.”

Without needing commanded, I lower to the floor, and a broken, ragged grunt leaves him.

“I’m going to come on your pretty little lips, and then I want you to paint your nipples with it. Can you do that for me?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Good girl.” He caresses my head, tangling his thick hand in my hair, and holds me in place as I jerk his cock. “Such a good girl for Daddy.” I moan as pre-cum slides down his cock and onto my fingers. “It’s all for you, Little Nightmare. It’s all Daddy’s cum waiting just for you.” I watch my hand work him, hypnotized by the beauty of his cock and the way his abs flex on each downward stroke. “Jesus, you look so fucking hungry for it.” He groans.

I dart my gaze up to him for approval, and the way his eyes are hooded gives me the confidence to continue. “I want to play with your balls,” I admit meekly.

“Go ahead, baby. You can have anything you want.”

I lean forward, blowing on his balls, and then without needing prompted, I dart my hand out and feel the heavy weight of them. “Fuck,

that’s good. Roll them in your little fingers.”

I do as he commands.

“Jesus. You’ve no idea how good you look on your knees for me.”

“I want you to feed me,” I whimper as I kiss the base of his cock, causing it to jump in my hand. “I want you to cover me in cum and make me a messy girl, Daddy.”

“Damn fucking right, I will.”

He yanks my head back, then takes control of my hand again, jerking it harder and faster, tighter until a guttural groan leaves his lips and his jaw falls slack. “Fuckkk!” He aims his cock, and hot warmth floods my face, over my chin and down my neck, splashing onto my chest. “Jesus, yes.”

His heavy pants fill the air. “Pull your top down and paint your nipples,” he bites out, as if is pains him. “Let me see you paint them.”

I move quickly, pulling the cups to the side, and then I trail my finger through the cum and over my peaked tips.

“Beautiful. Absolutely beautiful, Little Nightmare.”

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JENSEN

How the hell I ended up with Immie on my lap in the hot tub is beyond me. The moment I stepped in here, I was followed by Immie, Fern, Fen, and his girlfriend. They've been laughing and teasing one another, though it plays out like background noise, and I drink my beer while concentrating on not getting hard. Though it's become increasingly difficult when her ass rubs against me every opportunity she gets.

"Aww, did you never have real cash as pocket money?" Marlie teases Fen with a pout. "Poor you!" She squeezes his cheek, and he pushes her off before splashing her.

I take another sip of my beer.

"Your father hates me," Marlie announces to the group, and Fen throws his head back on a deep laugh.

"My father hates everyone."

"Well, we love you enough." Fern shrugs. "Ignore him."

Marlie turns her head over her shoulder toward Zane.

Fuck. The murderous look in his eyes is like nothing I've ever witnessed before. His focus remains locked on Marlie, like he's a predator about to rip apart his prey.

Marlie swallows hard before ducking away from his stare.

"If I go missing, your father is the culprit."

I choke on my drink. Jesus, she has no idea how accurate that might actually be. The group burst out into fits of laughter, but poor Marlie looks like she'd rather drown in the hot tub than step foot out of it again.

Immie slides back and forth over my cock, and I almost drop my beer with her blatant move. I've no choice but to reach out and hold her hip to

still her.

I lean forward until my mouth meets her ear. “Stop teasing, Little Nightmare,” I groan, and she smiles against me.

Unable to help myself, I glide my hand over her soft stomach, and when she pushes it out, my cock jumps.

Jesus, she’d look incredible pregnant, swollen with my baby.

She rests her hand over mine beneath the water, and my cock leaks pre-cum as I imagine fucking up into her while she bounces on my cock, full and round with my child.

Holy shit, where did that come from?

My hand travels up her torso, and I’m grateful her shoulders are below the water, giving me the opportunity to explore her further.

The group begins chatting about the differences in growing up. Marlie is completely enthralled, and it’s not lost on me that Immie remains silent.

Possibly lost in her own head about her upbringing.

She needs a distraction, and I just so happen to be the man to give it to her.

I tweak her nipple, and a little gasp leaves her as she pushes back onto my cock.

“You like that?” I mumble, and she nods. I slip the fabric of her bikini top to the side, exposing her tit beneath the water, then I cup her soft flesh, squeezing and rolling it in my hand.

Jesus, I think I could come by simply playing with her tits. She pushes her ass back again, and I have a vision of pushing into her tight little asshole. Something I’m going to do, especially given I know she’s never done anal before.

“You’re so responsive,” I groan against her cheek. “Daddy’s perfect girl.”

Her breath hitches, and she twists slightly to whisper back to me. “I want to feel you between my legs.” She licks her lips, and the lust in her eyes has my balls aching to fulfill her plea.

I glance around the hot tub. Each of them is lost in conversation; it’s almost as if we’re in our own world.

“Just a little touch, okay?”

She nods, small and frantic, so compliant.

Coughing, I clear my throat and shuffle around in the water, pushing my shorts down enough to allow my cock to spring free. The relief of it has me

wanting to slam inside her, but instead, I push my cock down and Immie shifts to allow me to position myself between her legs. Then she shocks the hell out of me when she slips her hand between us and pushes her bikini bottoms to the side, allowing us to touch.

Holy fuck, yes.

The warmth of her bare cunt slipping and sliding over my length is an aphrodisiac. She's unlocked something new and possessive inside of me.

I tighten the grip on my beer bottle when she giggles, causing her slick folds to torment me. I'm desperate to position the tip of my cock in her tiny holy and push inside, but somehow, I keep my composure.

"I need to get home soon," Marlie tells Fen.

"You can stay the night," he says.

Marlie grimaces. "I don't know. I think your father will be pissed."

"It's fine." He shrugs.

"You could sleep in my room?" Fern suggests.

Marlie's shoulders relax. "I think that's for the best."

Fen rolls his eyes, and I chuckle. "Come on," he says, standing.

I make quick work of sliding Immie's top back in place. There's no way I want them to climb out of the tub and see she's naked.

Immie slumps against me as they climb out, and I band my arm across her chest and cup her jaw.

"Are you coming to pay Daddy a visit tonight?"

Heat blazes in her eyes. "Only if you promise to put it inside me this time."

My cock jumps, and the little minx pushes down on me harder.

"I'm about to destroy your little cunt in front of everyone, Little Nightmare. Don't push me," I warn.

"Can we go home now, Daddy?" she whispers.

Damn fucking right, we can go home now.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

JENSEN

My mind replays Immie on her knees over and over again. Her having my cock between her legs while everyone was unaware has unlocked some new kinks for me.

Jesus, I need her.

The drive home was silent, but it was a comfortable silence while I held her hand on my thigh, embracing the feeling of belonging for the first time in my life.

Amanda sleeps beside me, and with each snore, I pray Immie chooses tonight to join me in bed. Maybe I'll get to hold her in my arms with a new feeling in mind.

When the bedroom door opens, my cock stirs to life and my body comes alive. I lift the sheet for her to slide in, and as usual, she snuggles with her back against my chest, and I kiss the top of her head.

We lie there with my arm banded around her, our chests rising in time with one another. Has that always been the case and I'm only noticing it now?

Her vanilla smell invades my nostrils, but it's not unwanted, no, I want it to mark me. "You smell so good," I say, burying my nose in her hair while suppressing the moan I crave to deliver.

Unable to help myself, I slide my hand down her hip and into the waistband of her sleep shorts. "Tell me to stop," I whisper in her ear,

earning a shudder from her.

“Please don’t stop, Daddy.”

The desperate whine in her voice is all the encouragement I need, so I slip my fingers lower until I feel the slit of her pussy.

“Open your legs wider, Little Nightmare. Let Daddy take care of you.”

She does as I ask, her breaths becoming heavier as I slide my finger through her drenched folds and over her swollen clit.

“Does my poor baby need a release?”

“Yes.”

I circle her clit, pressing on it before swirling my fingers through her pussy juices. “You’re soaked, Little Nightmare.”

“I know. It hurts.”

Leaning forward, I kiss her head. “It’s going to feel so good.” I spread her slickness over her clit before circling it with more vigor.

“Ahh.”

A hitched cry leaves her, and I bring my lips to her ear. “Shh. You need to be quiet.” A thought hits me, so I readjust my position, moving my free hand from beneath my pillow, then press my thumb to her mouth. “Suck on Daddy’s thumb while I get you off.”

She moans and pulls my thumb into her mouth while her nails bite into my arm to keep me there.

My fingers work quicker, pressing on her clit while she sucks wantonly on my thumb. “My greedy little nightmare,” I growl and nip at her ear. “I can’t wait to taste you down there.”

She pulls her head back slightly before pushing forward, using my thumb as a pacifier, and it fuels a beast inside me.

She needs something to suck, something to soothe and settle her at night. My cock jumps and my balls draw up, wanting in on the action.

“Baby, I need to let my cock out to play too.”

Gargling around my thumb, she pushes back against me. I scramble to pull my cock from my boxers.

Fuck, it would be incredible to sleep without needing them, allowing her access to my cock at all times, especially if she needs something to suck on during the night.

I’d have her bare too, available for me to play with as I see fit.

Before returning my hand inside her shorts, I slide them down so her ass is exposed to me. She shifts forward, leaving space between us, and though

I had planned on having her against my chest again, her pussy is in the perfect position to take my cock.

A feral need to put cum inside her hits me square in the chest, infiltrating my bloodstream, and I become a man possessed with a need to claim her and her holes. Is this too much for her? She's a trafficked girl in bed with the one man she's always trusted.

Fuck, I should stop this.

"Immie?" My throat clogs, and I'm no longer sure what I'm asking.

"Please," she pants out around my thumb, and pushes back on my solid cock. "Please put it inside me."

"Just the tip, Little Nightmare. I'll just put the tip in, okay?"

"Y-Yes." Her moan is electric, and the shock hits me straight in the balls.

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I guide it between her legs and nudge at her entrance. She's wet and forbidden, pleading with me to fill her and bring her ultimate gratification. I know without a doubt I'm going to cum inside her.

My cock leaks more at the thought of her stomach round with my baby.

Forbidden and swollen with my child.

"Are you on birth control?" I whisper, hating each word.

"Y-Yes. Amanda took me for it."

Disappointment lances through my chest, but now isn't the right time, so instead of dwelling on it, I push the tip of my cock into her hole while gritting my teeth.

She lets out a small moan, and her pussy convulses around me. Oh, fuck, I think she's coming. My hips move forward when her body tightens around me, pulling me in deeper.

"Another inch, just another inch, Little Nightmare." I kiss the top of her head.

“Ahh,” she gurgles around my thumb, and I glance over my shoulder toward my sleeping wife while having barely any restraint on Immie. It’s taking everything inside me not to slam inside her, to hammer her to the mattress and force her to take every inch of me.

Amanda’s snores are rhythmic, so I turn back to the only person who matters, my girl.

“Did you fuck her?” Immie mumbles around my thumb, and her eyes glimmer with uncertainty.

“No. And stop talking with your mouth full.” I smirk, earning a soft smile from her before she moans, making a soft humming sound. Then she closes her eyes in contentment.

“Can you take a little more? I need to come deep inside you, Little Nightmare.”

She nods, and I push. The stretch around my cock sends a wave of euphoria through me.

She’s not a virgin; I know this. She was an abused girl when I met her.

But Jesus, I’m grateful she’s not given herself to anyone but me. I’ve never experienced anything like this; it’s like her body is molding around me, becoming a part of me. She’s becoming mine as if it’s her first time.

“Jesus, Immie,” I growl, my orgasm taking over, and with my cock half inside her, I grunt out my bliss, filling her as she sucks on my thumb like her life depends on it. My hand becomes frantic, toying with her clit, and I use the other to tilt her head, enabling me to press kisses over her face. Then I push my hand up her top and squeeze her tits, wanting to touch every single inch of her.

“You’re incredible, Little Nightmare.”

Kiss.

“So incredible.”

Kiss.

“Taking Daddy so well.”

Kiss.

Our bodies come down from the bliss, and as I pull out of her, my cum leaving her swollen pussy makes my chest swell with pride.

When I withdraw my thumb from her mouth, she’s breathless and panting.

“Can you lean on your side a little? I need to see your ass.”

She nods and rolls, then looks back at me over her shoulder. “What are you doing?”

“I’m just going to push some cum in your little asshole too. I don’t want it to feel left out.”

Her eyes flare with arousal, and her lips part as if to argue, then she smiles, and fuck me, I need her. Every inch of her.

I glide my spent cock through her slick folds and bring the tip to her asshole. I’m no longer rock hard, but it’ll be perfect to stretch her out a little. I push against her forbidden barrier with determination, and the moment the head of my cock sinks inside her tight ass, my cock throbs back to life. “I’m just going to leave cum in here too, Little Nightmare.”

She nods as she casts her focus back on me, the blue in her eyes enigmatic and full of desire. “Thank you, Daddy.”

Fuck me. I’m done for.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

JENSEN

I left Immie asleep in her bed and my wife in our marital bed, though I'd hardly call it that nowadays. We're barely a couple. I could argue that her drinking has become an issue, but in truth, we should never have made it this far.

Immie and my black card were the glue that held us together, and now that Immie is eighteen, there's truly no reason to keep this charade going. Last night only cemented the fact that my relationship with Amanda was missing something—a lot of things, actually.

Sex with her has never driven me wild. She's always been the person to fuck to simply get off, an easy option, given she's my wife. Neither one of us has remained loyal to one another, and while we're both aware of the fact, it's not been an issue until now.

My chest aches when I think about Immie. I don't like the thoughts of using her while being married to Amanda, and continuing things with Immie feels wrong, but I'm unable to stop myself. A deep connection is there; it's always been there. Only now it's in a different format and has the power to become something more, much more. She's it for me.

The woman I love.

Hell, I've never had nor ever wanted sex without a condom, and last night, that's exactly what I did. It was incredible, an experience I want to feel time and time again and only with my girl.

First, I need to set the wheels in motion for a divorce.
I pull my phone from my pocket and shoot a group text off to the guys.

Me: Miko, can you start on the divorce?

Miko: Already have the papers drawn up.

My eyebrows shoot up. What the hell?

Me: Really?

Miko: Your eyes never left Immie. It's time.

Miko: Your obsession is obvious. Just make sure Amanda doesn't become aware of it.

Sal: Trust me, women are scornful.

I laugh. Sal should know; he's had his fair share of women causing issues for him. He says that's why he sticks with what he knows in the form of Julia. She was originally an escort, but over the years, she's essentially become Sal's girlfriend, though he'll never use that word to describe her.

Me: I'll be careful until it's sorted.

Zane: Can we actually do some work now?

My lips twitch at Zane's comment.

Miko: Someone needs to get laid.

Zane: Jensen, I'm on my way over to yours, we have a visit to take care of.

That's what I'm talking about. My blood pumps with adrenaline. A visit essentially means a shake down of one of our businesses, and I couldn't be happier to get my hands dirty again.

"Morning!" Amanda declares, chirpier than ever, causing me to narrow my eyes as I push back on the barstool to stand. Her lips turn pouty. "Are you leaving so soon?"

"I have a job with Zane. I need to go change and grab a shower."

“I could join you?” She lifts a carefully manicured eyebrow, and I gawk back at her.

“For what?”

She rolls her eyes. “For sex, Jensen. What do you think?”

Is this some sort of test from her?

“You always want sex when you’re home.”

She’s right, I do. I like it every fucking day to help release the tension, but I normally get that from her when she’s drunk out of her skull, because it’s easier than her complaining she only likes it a certain way.

“We didn’t have sex last night.” She pouts, glaring back at me. “So I figured you must be needing me.” She steps around the kitchen island toward me.

Hell fucking no.

I clear my throat and take a step back, putting the chair between us. “Maybe I didn’t want sloppy seconds!” I snap back.

“Or maybe you’re getting it from somewhere else?” She studies her nails before a cunning smile creeps onto her lips, causing my heart to hammer.

Sal’s right, the sooner this divorce is settled, the better, and if Amanda catches wind of my relationship with Immie, she’s going to cause issues. She’s unaware that my adopted daughter is adopted.

My phone beeps in my hand, and I turn my attention toward it.

Zane: I’ll be fifteen minutes.

Nails drag over my stomach and down my washboard abs, heading for the waistband of my shorts. While the feeling should excite me, it does the opposite, and a wave of sickness washes over me. As cool as I’d like to play it, I don’t have it in me to continue with this charade. I snap my hand out to stop her going farther and grip her fingers. “Enough!” I bite out. She leans into me and kisses my neck, so I jerk back and shake her. “Amanda, stop!”

She snatches her hand from my grasp. “You’re my husband.” The venom in her tone has me scanning over her face. “I won’t stand for you putting another woman above me.”

Then she spins on her heels and marches out of the kitchen, leaving me breathless.

What the fuck just happened?

“She’s going to fight you if you try to push her away,” Immie whispers, with a vulnerability I hate, and I realize she probably witnessed the whole thing. She leans against the kitchen table, and I stride toward her, the need to reassure her almost too much to bear.

“I don’t care.” I lift her chin with my thumb, the same thumb she sucked on last night. My cock stirs at the thought. I lean down and drop my forehead to meet hers. “You’ve no idea how much you consume me, Little Nightmare,” I rasp.

“Can you show me?”

My heart thunders in my chest, and my cock throbs. I glance around the room. “Here?”

Excitement lights up her eyes, and my cock jumps. “Yes. Here.” She pulls her bottom lip into her mouth.

“Are you still wet from my cum?”

“Yes.”

I drop my head down and scrutinize her, then lick my lips. “How do you know?”

“Because my sleep shorts are soaked, and when I peed this morning, the tissue was drenched.”

My balls pull up, and I’m unsure what specifically caused that reaction, but I like it. Maybe it’s because she’s so wet for me or that my cum is still inside her that turns me on so much, but the idea of seeing her pee sends a new thrill through me.

That’s a new one to become aroused over. I scrub a hand over my head, unsure about all these new feelings toward her. They’re barreling toward me like a storm I’m unable to take shelter from.

Her hand wraps around my short-clad length. “I want you to fill me again, Daddy.” Then her nails toy with the waistband of my shorts before she pushes them down, and I don’t stop her. “I’ll be quiet, but I need your cum inside me, Daddy.”

My eyebrows shoot up.

“Can you fill me up?” she pants.

Holy shit, that’s hot.

My tongue feels thick, and I almost choke on it when she drags her thumb over the tip of my cock, smearing the pre-cum over the head before delivering her finger to her mouth to suck off the excess.

“Such a greedy girl, Little Nightmare.”

“Hmm …” Her eyes roll, and I groan at the scene before me.

Her nipples are pebbled beneath her see-through T-shirt, her pupils dilated, and her bronzed legs are exposed. Unable to help myself, I lift her, and the moment her ass hits the counter, she lets out a cute little yelp that has me grinning from ear to ear.

I nuzzle into her neckline, pressing kisses all over her. “You need to be quiet, Little Nightmare,” I whisper, and she guides me to her slick entrance.

“I want you to push right inside, all the way this time.”

Holy fuck, that’s hot.

I glance up at the door to the kitchen then back down at Immie. “We need to be quick.”

“We will.” She nods frantically as she pushes herself down on my tip. “Fuck, you feel good.” She sinks another inch, her ass hanging off the counter with each push.

“So good,” I grunt.

My mouth falls open as she takes my entire cock inside her compact hole, choking my cock. I grit my teeth as I slowly pull out while she leans back on her elbows, watching me.

“Can you see my thick cock filling you, Little Nightmare?”

Slam.

“Can you see me stretching you open?”

I snap my hips forward again and again, slamming inside her like a man possessed.

“You take me so well, Little Nightmare.” My eyes remain locked on where we’re connected.

“Fuck.”

I rub over her swollen clit, and her pussy clenches around me, making my jaw snap shut.

Fuck, that’s tight.

“Please. I need you to fill me.”

My balls draw up. “Gonna come, Immie. Fuck.”

My fingers work overtime on her pussy, and when she throws her head back against the counter, I fall forward, slamming my hand over her mouth to smother her scream. Her face transforms to ecstasy while my cum pumps wildly inside her.

I jerk forward one last time, spilling everything I have into her. Never before have I felt the feral need to mark someone as mine, but with Immie,

that’s what she is. What she’s always been despite me not realizing it at the time, and rightly so.

She’s a different person from the vulnerable girl I once rescued. Now she’s a young woman with a mature, adult mindset. Something I need to get my head around quickly if I’m going to keep treating her as such.

She gently pushes my hand away, and the smile that greets me when I peer down into her eyes has happiness flowing through me.

“You came inside me.” She chews on her bottom lip before opening her mouth again. “I could feel you swell and spill inside me.” Her eyes are alight with wonder. “It felt so good.”

My cock twitches. “You said you’re on birth control, right?” Though why do those words feel like acid on my tongue. I glance down at her flat stomach, and the sudden urge to see her swollen with my child causes my cock to throb.

When I pull my focus back up to meet hers, something flashes in her eyes before it’s gone just as quickly.

“Yes.” She smiles, but it’s lackluster, and I use the tips of my fingers to brush the hair from her eyes to see her closely. “I’m on birth control,” she says, like she’s trying to convince me.

“Good girl,” I rasp, leering down at her before pressing a kiss to her soft lips. “Good girl for letting Daddy come inside you.” I kiss her again. “I need to always come inside my girl.”

Her chest rises, and she opens her mouth, but the sound of Amanda on the stairs has us jerking away from each other. I jump back, and Immie sits up straight before sliding off the counter while I tuck my spent cock inside my shorts.

Amanda’s heels click on the marble floor, heading our way, and Immie busies herself with making breakfast while I turn on the coffee machine.

“Ugh, seriously, Jensen. You best tidy this mess. Your daughter is a nightmare when she bakes in the kitchen,” she snipes from where she stands in the entryway.

“Our daughter,” I bite back, reminding her she’s Immie’s adopted mother, though it pains me to say it.

Her nostrils flare and her chest heaves, and in this moment, I wonder how the hell I ever became attached to such a vicious woman.

My phone buzzes on the counter, so I snatch it up to see the message alerting me that Zane has arrived at the gates. “I need to get changed.” I

push past her and take the stairs two at a time.

I need some distance between us. Especially when I have the smell of my girl’s pussy on my fingers.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

IMMIE

Amanda scowls in my direction, but I ignore her and walk over to the refrigerator.

“You don’t need to put any more fruit in the bowl, Imogen. You have enough. Did your mother never feed you?”

Her words cut deep, and she knows it.

I’ve no real clue who my mother is, other than an undeserving junkie, but Amanda doesn’t know that. Clearly, the story Jensen spun her was not enough to quench her thirst for information as to my arrival years ago. According to him and the story we fed others, they had a one-night stand, and she gave over rights to me when I became a rebellious teenager. Something that has played into Amanda’s hands too many times. Though deep down, I know Jensen doesn’t believe it. He endures her wrath as much as I do, just to keep the harmony when we’re together. Lately, it’s almost as if Amanda expects my birth mother to suddenly reappear and become Jensen’s everything, and that causes her behavior to spiral.

I ignore her cruel jibes. After spending years enduring them, I refuse to succumb to them now, not after waiting so long to finally have Jensen.

Her eyes light up when I place her favorite cookie in front of her. Originally, I was hoping she would see the gesture as a peace offering, but now she’s come to expect my baking while grumbling about it.

The front door opens, and I know it’ll be Zane arriving, so I pour the Greek yogurt on top of my berries. The perfect combination to help protect me against infertility and increase protecting my eggs and Jensen’s sperm against any damage.

After spending months researching how to be the healthiest person I can be to become pregnant, I’m confident all the foods I eat are the current ones for a higher fertility diet. Throw in the daily supplements I take, the only thing I have left to do is to make sure Jensen doesn’t allow guilt to eat at him so he gives in to his conscience.

Nope, the only thing I want is for him to fuck me. Preferably multiple times a day.

“Hey, Immie!” Zane declares as he enters the room. “Jensen not ready, then?” He huffs.

“You should knock when you enter people’s homes,” Amanda snipes from the barstool before glancing back over at the full coffee mug beneath the machine. Her eyes narrow on me.

“You don’t own this place. It’s part of La Familia,” Zane reminds her, dragging a chair out and taking a seat at the kitchen table.

I follow suit, sitting in the opposite seat. “Is Fern dancing today?”

Fern is an incredible ballet dancer and is constantly in shows. The way she conducts herself on stage is mesmerizing.

“She’s always dancing,” he muses as he watches Amanda texting.

“What’s Fen doing?”

His gaze slices to mine. “I’m unsure, actually. Do you know what he’s doing?”

I place another spoonful of berries in my mouth and shrug while Zane studies my face, as if searching for a lie. He won’t find one; his son is an enigma, even to those closest to him. Until Marlie came on the scene, Fern said she was convinced he was fucking a married woman due to all his secrecy. Whereas I think he has a crush on Winter, but either way, it’ll end in drama I want no part of, given that tends to follow Fen around.

I continue eating my yoghurt while swiping through recipes for tomorrow’s healthy breakfast.

Oh, poached egg with avocado on toast, followed by a protein smoothie —yum.

“What do you know about this girlfriend of his?” Zane asks, and I stop scrolling to give him my attention.

“Nothing much. Only that Fern likes her.”

He drags a finger over his bottom lip. “They don’t tell me anything.”

I want to point out he’s not very approachable, but I keep my mouth shut and continue eating. In fact, Zane is an arrogant, demanding, stereotypical Mafia man, and if I didn’t know him better, he would terrify me.

Jensen clears his throat, and I will myself to not check him out and make it too obvious how much I desire him.

“Ready?” he asks Zane, and I allow myself a moment to look him over.

The black shirt he wears is pulled tight across his strong chest, and his sleeves rest at the center of his arms as if unable to move anymore due to the muscles prohibiting them. The veins on his arms protrude, and I want to lick the path they take with my tongue, exploring each and every one of them.

His black pants are tight against his broad thighs, and I want to peel them from him while falling to my knees to worship every thick, perfect inch of him.

When my gaze finally lands on his handsome face, a knowing smile tugs at his lips, and I want to capture it in my mouth and devour him.

“I’ve confirmed our attendance at the country club ball this Sunday,” Amanda states, tapping on her phone, and the smile falls from his face.

“What?” His lip curls.

“The country club ball. You promised the last time you were home you’d come with me next time.” Her voice rises. “Well, newsflash, Jensen. It’s next time. My time, to be precise. So we’re going.”

“This is why I refuse to have a woman as my wife,” Zane says, pushing out of his chair.

Jensen snorts. “I doubt anyone would put up with you.”

“I think we know otherwise,” he says as he strides toward the exit.

“Stay out of trouble.” Jensen winks in my direction, then turns back toward Amanda as if she’s an afterthought. “Have a good day.”

He leaves the room, taking my breath with him, and my shoulders deflate.

“Ugh. You’re so pitiful, always so desperate for his attention, and when he doesn’t give it, you’re like a sad, kicked little puppy.” She pouts her lips mockingly. “Oh, dear, did Daddy leave you and now you want to cry

again?” She’s referring to the many times I’ve cried into my pillow after Jensen left me behind.

I roll my eyes and pretend they don’t affect me, but the truth is, they hurt. They’re true, all of them. I finish my breakfast while sensing the bitterness emanating from her across the room. Her words continue to spill, but I ignore her and scroll through the plan of my future. Something I get lost in on a regular basis to block out her vitriol.

“Did you hear me? Earth to Imogen. I said, you’re going to get fat, then nobody will want you.” She snaps her fingers in front of my face.

When did she even walk toward me?

Was I really so lost in my thoughts to let my guard down around her?

A sharp sting hits my cheek, and I drop my phone to the table. “That’s for ignoring me, you ignorant little cunt,” she spits out, and tears spring to my eyes as I tremble.

Her harsh words and abusive hands are nothing new, but this time, they’re easier to endure because Jensen is finally succumbing to me. We’ve almost reached my endgame.

I just need to become pregnant and secure our future, then I can let him in on the truth about his bitch of a wife.

“One day, you’re going to end up sad, lonely, and used up, just like your mother,” she says, and I shove her words to the back of my mind, determined to not let them affect me. It’s so much easier not to allow them to consume my thoughts when Jensen is so close.

She bends down to get in my face. “Playing dumb, huh? What a pathetic little bitch you are.” Then she pulls back and looks me up and down. “Look at the state of you.”

I want to lash out and tell her that her husband likes me just the way I am, especially given his cum is still trickling out of me, but I need to make sure I’m pregnant first, and her taunting just adds to that need.

“Pathetic!” She spins on her heels and sashays out of the room, leaving me alone with my thoughts.

Thoughts of abandonment cause my stomach to clench and my hands to shake. There’s no way I will be able to stand it.

None.

I need him. I want him. He’s the man I’ve loved since the moment I laid eyes on him, and with that thought in mind, I scroll on to the next part of my plan.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

JENSEN

“Are you pleased to be back?” Zane asks, staring ahead with a deadpan face, glaring at the traffic as if it offends him.

By being back, I know he means with him, Miko, and Sal. He’s testing the waters to make sure I won’t be leaving anytime soon.

“The underground has taken off,” he says, referring to the fight club Massio recently helped create.

He’s right, the place has been buzzing, the money is flowing in, and the fighters are just as thirsty for more. “I noticed.” I smirk, unprepared to give him any more than that. He wants reassurance that I’m not going anywhere, and while I certainly plan on sticking around, that’s more to do with my little nightmare than anything else. Whatever my plans will be, she will be at the center of it, and I doubt Amanda is going to take the change coming her way well. For now, I just need to pacify her until it’s over.

“Are you sticking around this time?” He turns into a parking lot, and I glance out the window at the derelict buildings around us.

“Maybe.”

I swear I hear him grind his teeth, then he masks his anger, delivering me with a smile I see straight through. “Fern was saying there’s a punk at Immie’s swim practice that offered to take her on a date.”

My spine bolts straight as if I’ve been electrocuted.

“He’s meeting her Sunday night.”

Like fucking hell he is. Anger boils inside me, but I try my best to remain calm and not give away how truly pissed I am.

“A group of them are going to go to Rush.”

“Rush?” My eyebrows shoot up.

“And you’re okay with this?” I lift my eyebrow.

He nods. “Fen thinks he’s being clever, but little does he know that Miko has arranged it all on his behalf.”

I snort when I consider his words.

“We put them all upstairs on the VIP floor while keeping a close eye on them. Our close eyes on them, to be precise.” He checks the magazine of his gun to make sure it’s loaded, then tucks it into the waistband of his pants. “I’m going to go and check out Fen’s girlfriend again.” He smirks.

My eyes widen. Fen and Zane have always had a turbulent relationship. Even from a young age, it’s been fraught. Personally, I think Fen struggles with the expectations of his father. He knows damn well Zane wants him to follow in his footsteps in an arranged marriage and La Familia. Whereas I’ve witnessed his passion, and that’s fighting, something Zane is in the dark about. Though I’m not sure how much longer we can keep it under wraps.

“Does he know this?” I lift my eyebrow.

“No.” He licks his lips. “Are you in?”

Damn fucking right I’m in. I give him a swift nod.

Then, as if on cue, we both turn and step out of the car.

I adjust the knuckle-duster and deliver another swift blow to the fucker’s face. Colin Brady is a local notorious dealer, one who’s been skimming off the top of our takings despite us having an agreement with his gang that goes back decades.

I swipe the spray of blood from my face. “Fuck, I missed this.” I slam my fist into his face, sending a tooth flying across the room.

Zane exhales as if bored, so I glance over my shoulder at him. The fucker didn’t so much as lift a finger, let alone pull the gun out of his waistband. From the moment I slammed the door open in Colin’s face, he settled back against the small kitchen cupboard and watched the show.

Colin groans on the floor and spits blood onto the carpet as he attempts to get on his hands and knees. I press my foot to his back and shove him back down with a thud.

“We want every cent back before next Friday. Do you understand?” Zane finally speaks up, stepping forward and adjusting his cufflinks.

A pained groan falls from Colin’s split lips, so I move to straddle his back, grab a hold of his hair, and yank his head up so he can see Zane. “Tell Zane you understand, motherfucker.” I nod his head, making him appear like a nodding puppet.

“I un-understand,” he chokes out.

“Your father’s business will be the first to go. Followed by your sister’s salon,” Zane informs him, and part of me hopes the fucker on the floor fails to deliver next week. I thrive on the action.

Zane gives me a chin lift, and I drop him to the floor. The sound of his head hitting the carpet makes me consider the scumbag lucky he doesn’t have wooden floors.

I remove my knuckle-duster and follow Zane outside.

“What’s next?” I ask as the burst of adrenaline ripples through me.

A smile plays at the corner of his lips, and he slaps my shoulder. “Welcome home, brother.” He grins as if knowing something I don’t.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

IMMIE

I check my phone for the hundredth time tonight. Waiting for the digits on my clock to turn to 2:00 a.m. is pure torture. It reads one fifty-nine, and that's good enough for me, so I slink out of my bed and pad toward Jensen's room.

Their door is ajar, and Amanda's content snores are music to my ears. A smile creeps over my face.

Tonight, I want to try something different, but I don't want to push Jensen too far. Though the need to feel him against me has been almost unbearable all day, especially after the venom Amanda spilled this morning.

I need reassurance, and I've spent so long wanting him to come home, my dependency is becoming worse than ever.

He lifts his head off the pillow, and I'm almost positive I see him smile. When he raises the sheet for me, the familiar warmth and happiness spread through me, wiping out the poison from Amanda's attack.

His cologne lingers in the air as I slide under the sheets. Banding his arm around me, he tugs me until my back hits his chest and nuzzles into my hair. "Fuck, I missed you today," he breathes against me, and my hearts swells. "Did you miss me too, Little Nightmare?"

"I always miss you."

He chuckles against me. And I slowly draw over the tattoos on his arm, reveling in the way his overly large body encompasses mine.

“Can I touch you?” The fact that he even asks is a true testament to his care for me, and I only love him more for it.

From the moment Jensen discovered me, he’s always asked before doing something that might make me uncomfortable. When I was younger, it was dressing the wounds my perpetrators left behind. A tremor racks through me and I still, and when he freezes, I know he felt it too, so I panic.

“I like it when you touch me, Daddy,” I state, trying to get him back on board with my plan. “Please, I need you to. I wanted to touch myself to see if I still had your seed inside me, but I wanted you to check for me.”

His heart hammers against my back, and his chest heaves in tandem with mine. His thick hand slides beneath my T-shirt and glides over my stomach before it creeps into the waistband of my panties.

My breath hitches as his thick fingers glide through my slick folds. I throw my head back against his chest, reveling in his touch.

“You’re so soft and wet for me,” he rasps, and a shiver races up my spine as I buck against him. “I love that I’m the only person to have been here.”

We both know that’s not true, not really, but the fact that he treats me like I’m untouched makes me hungrier than ever for his touch. After all, he’s the only person I’ve given myself to willingly.

“Do you need Daddy to fill you again?”

“Yes,” I moan against his ear, then lick up his neck, delivering a trail of saliva in my wake before I latch on to his ear and tug.

“Fuck. You’re desperate for it, aren’t you, Little Nightmare?”

“Yes. I need you to put it inside me.” I pant wantonly. “To fill me full of your seed.”

“Jesus, fuck,” he breathes out before inching backward to allow room to free his thick length.

He removes his fingers and pushes my panties to the side, and in one thrust, he drives inside me, filling me to the hilt and taking my breath away.

His hand slaps over my mouth, and I groan, causing him to jerk against me. “Fuck, Little Nightmare. You need to be a good girl and stay quiet; we don’t want Amanda to hear.” *Slam.*

His hips continue to thrust against me. My ass bounces back and forth, and when his free hand strums my clit, I’m unable to help myself. I shake my head free from his hand and slam my mouth down on the flesh of his shoulder, then I suck hard, uncaring of the aftermath.

He wanted me to remain quiet, and this is what I need to do it.

“Ahh, fuck,” he chants as the mattress squeaks, and when Amanda stirs beside us, he doesn’t stop. He rides out the waves of euphoria alongside me. “Yes. Jesus. Yes. Take it all.” When he leans down and his lips latch onto my neck, I soar.

A little nightmare and her daddy seeking pleasure in the dark.

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JENSEN

Stars explode before me, forcing my eyes shut.

Her cunt tightens around me, milking me of my cum, and a flash of her pregnant and full of my baby fills my mind.

Jesus, I want that.

I want her to be my anchor, my home.

My cum shoots from me, settling into her womb, and a sense of purpose envelops me.

How would Immie feel about a baby?

My hand roams over her soft stomach while Amanda breathes heavily around us, so my attention remains on the young woman in my arms. I stroke over her budded nipple then the other, and the swell of her tit in my hand makes my mouth water.

I wonder what her milk would taste like.

My cock twitches at the thought.

Something that has never occurred to me to try before now.

Immie pulls away, removing my cock from its comfort hole, and my heart skips a beat, then I open my mouth to explain. “Imm—”

Her mouth encompasses my cock, and my jaw drops open.

She’s suckling on me.

Holy shit.

“You’re doing good cleaning me, baby.”

She looks up at me from beneath her lashes while suckling on my dripping cock.

I tangle my hand in her hair, a combination of holding her there while stroking her with a tenderness normally absent from me.

“Good. Such a good girl for Daddy.”

Her eyelids flutter closed, and I melt against the sheets.

“Jensen?” Amanda’s croaky voice cuts through the air, causing us both to still.

Immie’s eyes dart open, and I’m quick to reassure her. “Keep sucking, baby.” She nods, and I simply drape the sheet over her.

Amanda’s hand searches for me above the covers, and I grip it before she finds my chest.

“Go back to sleep, Amanda,” I snipe out while stroking my girl’s hair, indulging in the softness of her locks.

When my wife finally rolls away from me, I exhale heavily.

That was close, too close.

But my little nightmare is worth the risk.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

IMMIE

I woke in my bed, and though I wish I was in his arms, the fact I can still taste him on my tongue is a testament to how long he must have remained inside my mouth.

Jesus, I never want to wash his taste away; how messed up is that?

"Hmm." I stretch out with a saccharine smile, much like a cat would do, remembering the way he touched me and the enamor I felt in having his cum shoot inside me—it was euphoric. Happiness dances in my stomach at the way he accepted my need to suckle on him like a pacifier. Jesus, that was hot.

My phone buzzes on my bedside table, so I glance at the clock—ten thirty. Jeez, I slept in, and if I didn't know better, Amanda would have too. I unplug my phone and smile when I see the messages.

Daddy: Are you awake, Little Nightmare?

Daddy: I left your clothes out for you this morning.

Daddy: You suckled yourself into a deep sleep.

I bite my lip as I reply.

Me: I needed it.

Daddy: Pleased I could be of service to you. (winky emoji).

My smile grows.

Me: Are you working?

Daddy: Yes.

The little dots appear, then disappear just as quickly, while I wait for his reply.

Daddy: I won't be home until late tonight.

My shoulders deflate and my stomach drops, and I struggle to think of what to type back.

Me: Okay.

Daddy: Don't be sad.

Daddy: I'll make it up to you. I promise.

My mind wanders as to what he's doing. Is he going to one of their many strip clubs or the sex clubs?

Amanda once told me she went to one with Jensen. She took great delight in detailing its many rooms and what they got up to. I cried myself to sleep that night because it was one of many times he arranged to meet with her but not return home to visit me.

Then I replay the conversations over the past few days.

The country club. She has an event there and wanted Jensen to join her.

She's going to parade him around like they're a happy couple, cuddling and kissing freely, as if they're in love. The only person who truly loves him is me, and I'll be at home, locked away, unable to show my true emotions, too scared I'll force him away again.

Working my fingers over the buttons, I know what I have to do. I have to act like his actions aren't breaking my heart. Something I've become accustomed to, though, lately, it seems to hurt more and more.

Maybe it's because we've become physical?

Me: Okay.

I throw the sheets back and skulk into the bathroom in a lame attempt to push away the conversation. What started off as a good morning is quickly turning into a nightmare.

My phone pings in my hand, but I ignore it as I slide my panties down and sit on the toilet to pee. I peer down at the stickiness left over in my panties and almost want to cry at the waste of his seed leaving me.

He's slipping away. Desperation hits me square in the chest as a lone tear rolls down my face. God, I need this to work. I want him tied to me forever. Need him to be.

My phone rings, and Jensen's handsome face flashes on the screen, so I almost drop it as I fumble to press the answer button.

His face fills the screen, and he drags a hand over his head and swallows. "Hey, are you okay?"

I chew on my bottom lip and try my best to hide the disappointment at his absence. "Yeah."

He tilts his head. "You went quiet on me. You're pissed I'm out all night." This is why I love him. Jensen knows me better than I know myself. He always has.

"Disappointed, I guess." I shrug.

He nods.

"You're going to the country club," I blurt out.

He blows out a deep breath. "Baby, I know this is hard on you. But I need to keep Amanda sweet."

"I know," I whisper, and I hear the hurt in my voice despite trying to disguise it.

"I just… Amanda says you take her to The Basement, and I've heard things about what happens there." I hate the vulnerability in my tone, but I can't help it.

Jensen moves and then closes a door.

He shakes his head. "Listen to me, Immie. You're my girl. In every way possible. You."

My breath hitches and my heart soars at the confidence in his words.

"I want you, Little Nightmare. I want you in my bed, suckling on my cock. I want you. But Amanda knows too much about my life, and while a contract to dissolve our marriage is being drawn up, I need to keep her satisfied."

I grimace. *Satisfied.* Great.

“I’m not going to sleep with her,” he snaps. “I don’t want her hands on me.”

“She wants her hands on you,” I counter.

“She wants her hands on any fucker, and I’ll gladly pass her off. Don’t you worry about me. I can handle Amanda.”

Or I could simply handle her for him.

I swallow back the retort dancing on the tip of my tongue.

He clears his throat. “What are your plans this morning?”

“I’m going to have breakfast, followed by a swim and shower. Then I might see if Fern is free later.”

“We really need to get you a license,” he mumbles, but it sounds like he’s talking to himself. I want to tell him I don’t want or need a license, not if he’s staying with me. We can go everywhere together.

Then he shakes his head.

“I like you driving me places.”

His lip twitches. “Okay. No license. For now. I’m sure we could send a driver to take you over to Zane’s for a while.” I smile brightly because this is perfect. I fail to mention our plans to visit one of their clubs. “Besides, I don’t like the thoughts of you being home alone.”

I sigh. “I’m used to it, Jensen.”

“You shouldn’t be,” he growls, and jubilation bursts inside me.

He lowers his voice and moves closer to the camera. “Are you going to creep into my bed and suck on me again tonight?”

“I want to.”

“Good. It’s such a fucking turn-on knowing how much you enjoy doing that.” He chuckles. “My cock is rock hard, Immie. It has been since I put you back in your bed this morning.” His words send a rush of arousal through me.

A giggle erupts from me, and I palm my face. As much as I want to delve into just how hard Jensen’s cock is, I really need to do what I came in here for. “I’m so sorry, but I really need to pee now.” My eyes widen and heat creeps up my face.

His lip twitches. “Show me.” His voice is full of hunger, and a thrill flashes through me at the tone.

There’s no way he could mean… “What?” The word slips from my lips, barely a whisper.

“Open your legs and show me you peeing.”

“You want to see me pee?”

“Yeah, Little Nightmare. For some insane reason, I want to watch you pee.” He licks his lips, and his eyes glow. “I want to watch it come out of your tiny hole.”

Before he can change his mind, I open my legs and put my phone level with my pussy. I lean back slightly to put myself in view of the screen.

“Go ahead, Little Nightmare, let Daddy watch you pee for him.”

The sound of his belt clinking open and his zipper lowering has my pussy clenching, making it difficult for me to pee, but I push through it and open my bladder.

A hiss leaves his mouth. “Ahh, fuck. Yes.” His deep groan rumbles through the camera, and the sound of my pee hitting the water echoes between us.

“Can you see?” I ask.

“Yes,” he pants. “Jesus, I want to cum on you while you pee.” The sound of him working his cock is music to my ears. “To feel the heat of it splashing on my tip while I come.”

The thought of him gaining pleasure from me sends waves of splendor flurrying through my body. “Jensen, I want that,” I admit as my pee tapers off. “I want to mark you.”

His eyebrows shoot up.

“Fuckkk. I’m coming. I’m coming, Immie.” A loud groan erupts from him, and his face transforms from pain to utter ecstasy. His chest heaves, his lips part, and he sucks in sharp breaths.

Slowly, he comes down from his orgasm, and I remain still, unsure what to do.

“You need to wipe yourself and be a good girl, Little Nightmare. Daddy needs to clean up this mess you made me create.”

“I’m sorry,” I whisper coyly, though I’m far from it. “I wish you were here to clean me up.”

His nostrils flare and his lips part.

If peeing turns Jensen on so much, well, I’ll drink an ocean and create a tsunami just for him.

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CHAPTER THIRTY

IMMIE

I've spent the day doing just what I planned, keeping myself busy so I don't overthink Jensen's plans for tonight. Each time I do, my gut twists and my anxiety peaks to the point I can no longer control the trembles working through my body like poison.

"Earth to Imogen!" Amanda snaps her fingers in front of my face, bringing me back to the present. "Jesus, were you ever tested for being slow? That would explain a lot."

She's dressed to impress in a tight long blue dress that shrinks her hips, and the heels give her enough height she will be competing with Jensen's. He's six-two, a giant compared to my five-three.

The heels accentuate her long, lean legs, and the slit up the side only adds to her flirtatious attitude. Her caramel-blonde locks are pinned to one side; she looks elegant but glamorous, and a sliver of trepidation races through me.

If I didn't know her better, I would say she's beautiful, but her cruel personality makes her uglier than anyone I've ever met.

She shakes her head. "Trust Jensen to have a dud child."

"What's that supposed to mean?" I snap.

"Well, after looking at you, I'm not sure why the hell I should even consider having children with him." She scowls at me with hate-filled eyes. If I wasn't so riled by her words, I would recoil, but I'm too mad.

I don’t know what I’m more stunned by: the fact she’s considered having children, or the mention of me not being enough for Jensen. “You’d like children?” I ask on a whisper, but she hears.

Her eyes light up. “I get everything I want from Jensen for putting up with you. So, if I want children, I’ll have them. Not that it’s any of your business.” She blows on her nails. “That would be one way to cast you aside, get rid of you.”

My back straightens.

Cast me aside? Get rid of me? Over her dead body. Literally. I’ll see her in hell sooner.

“I don’t know why you let my presence here bother you so much.”

“Because you’re a reminder of his past,” she seethes through gritted teeth. “A past I don’t want resurrected. A past that needs to stay the hell away.”

I roll my eyes. Little does the idiot know it’s a made-up past. “I think you’re being insecure for all the wrong reasons.”

A loud scoff erupts from her. “You don’t know what you’re talking about.” Her gaze slices through me before she scans me.

I’m wearing the plain white T-shirt and blue jeans Jensen left out for me. It’s nothing special, but she looks at me with so much envy you’d think I was wearing something as beautiful as she is.

Her glare lands on my face before latching onto something. “What the hell is that on your neck?”

My heart skips a beat, and I quickly move my hair to cover what I can only imagine is the bite mark left by Jensen.

She rounds the kitchen counter. “You dumb little bitch!” She reaches for me, and although I put my arm out, she bats it away with ease, and without warning, yanks on the back of my head and shifts the hair from my neck.

“You little whore!” A sharp slap echoes through the air, and the pain is immediate. I cup my cheek.

She hit me.

Again.

“I’m sorry!” I don’t know why I say it, because I’m far from sorry, but the words she longs to hear slip from my tongue with ease, so used to delivering them.

Then she pushes my head away with such strength I wobble on the chair and only stop myself from falling by gripping onto the counter.

“I’m going to make sure your father sees this,” she spits, pointing toward my neck. Her spittle hits my face with ferocity. “Maybe now he’ll see how you act. Maybe he’ll get rid of you, and we can finally have our own family!” She turns on her heels, and with a jerk of her head, throws her hair over her shoulder before leaving the room and giving me some much-needed reprieve.

She just upped the stakes. There’s no way in hell I’m about to let her have a child with the man I love. None.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

JENSEN

I glance around the room again. There's not a single part of me that wants to be here, and if I'm going to leave by 9:00 p.m., I need at least another bottle of whiskey to see me through the next hour.

"It's simply incredible. Isn't it?" Amanda beams, and I struggle to plaster a smile on my face.

There're your stereotypical socialites here today. The ones desperate for a sugar daddy, the ones married to their sugar daddy, and the billionaires and their mistresses—the epitome of everything I'm not.

They're dressed to the nines in every designer known to mankind, their makeup done perfectly, and their partners are just as elaborate with thick watches on their wrists and tailored suits.

My shirt stretches over my broad chest, and I stick out like a sore thumb with the tattoos creeping up my neck and into my hairline. The ones on my hands and fingers were gifted to me by my former employers—the Carrera family. Some of the scars marring my body were a punishment, but the others are wounds from my time in action. Each one, I'm proud of, and I hate the fact I've come here and agreed to attempt to cover them up with this penguin suit. My hand itches to pull the bowtie from around my neck and burn the fucker.

"Can you at least look happy to be here?" Amanda hisses, holding her glass up in a cheers toward the woman at the lawyer table. I'm pretty sure I

see Massio’s father-in-law at the table, with a bimbo tugging on his sleeve.

Dumb fucker.

“I’m elated to be here,” I chide back with too much amusement.

She shoots daggers in my direction. “When I agreed to marry you, this is what I expected.” She waves her hand toward the crowd, then looks me up and down with a scowl. “What I got was totally different.” It’s the same words she’s said for the past five years. She tips the drink down her throat and holds her glass out for it to be replaced with a fresh one.

As soon as she has another champagne glass in her hand, she turns her full attention toward me, and I really wish she wouldn’t. Her lips pucker, and she pulls invisible lint off my jacket. “I have some sad news for you.” Given the fake expression, I’d say the news is going to be anything other than sad. In fact, I bet my life she’s desperate to tell me something that will please her. “Imogen.”

My spine stiffens, and I narrow my eyes.

“She has a mark on her neck.” A smile dances at the corners of her lips. “A hickey, Jensen. Your daughter has a hickey.” She sighs, but I don’t miss the way her lips curl as she takes a sip of her champagne.

My mind races through me gifting Immie my mark, and my cock throbs.

I clear my throat in a lame attempt to snap myself out of my thoughts. “By whom?” My hand tightens on my glass at the way she scrutinizes me. Yeah, the bowtie needs to go.

“I’d say a boy in school, but she doesn’t go to school.” She lifts her shoulder.

I nod along to her words.

“I’d say the one she goes swimming with, though. He’s always chasing after her.”

She’s referring to the little punk I saw eyeing my girl up, the one she took a lift from.

“He’s been around the house a few times, but I sent him packing. I knew you wouldn’t want boys sniffing round her.”

I clench my teeth. This is news to me. Not once has she mentioned the little prick coming to my house, nor has Immie. Anger surges through me. Is she telling me the truth? Is she really as innocent as she led me to believe, or is it all an act?

“You look angry.” She pouts. “I didn’t mean to cause any trouble between the two of you.”

It takes great restraint not to call her out on her bullshit, but I’ve been trained to deliver far greater acts than this one. Though they never affected me as personally as this.

“She’s a teenager,” I rattle off. “Teenagers do dumb shit.”

“Well, maybe you should discuss birth control with her,” she points out, and this time, my attention is piqued.

“Birth control?”

She tips the drink back and gestures for another, and the moment it’s replaced, she smiles into the glass with a coy nod.

“You don’t want your precious little girl to get pregnant, do you?”

My cock twitches in my slacks, and my balls ache as arousal spurs through me.

Fuck, I want that.

Though first, I need to get to the bottom of if Immie is on birth control or not.

And if not, why the hell was I lied to?

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IMMIE

“So, let me get this straight, you guys are actually taking me to a sex club?” Marlie asks with wide, excitable eyes.

Fern smiles from ear to ear. “Yes!” Who would have thought the blonde-haired, blue-eyed little ballerina would be such a bad influence. “Fen got us in. But I’m pretty convinced Miko had something so do with it,” she says, fiddling with the hem of her dress. “But ultimately, you have Immie to thank for it. She suggested it to begin with.”

Marlie’s eyes round to saucers. “Really?”

I nod bashfully, ashamed to admit why. “We only have tickets for the club above, but I’m hoping we can sneak into the sex club below.”

Marlie flops back on Fern’s bed. “You guys are so cool. My life is better for having you in it.”

I throw my head back on a laugh. “Are you always like this?”

She turns her head to face me. “Like what?”

“Optimistic. Grateful,” I point out.

She chuckles. “I live in a two-bedroom trailer with my father. The fact that I’m even here in a bedroom bigger than my entire home is reason enough to be grateful, and as for optimistic, I’m optimistic for the best night possible. I want to see some dick.”

Fern splutters on her drink. “My brother is your boyfriend.”

Marlie doesn’t say anything, but she makes a low, committal hum in the back of her throat, and Fern glances at me with uncertainty.

Instead of prying, I take the time to check my reflection in the mirror. The skimpy red dress is not my normal style, and the red lipstick is far from

my go-to, but with Marlie’s help, I feel older, sexier, and confident, like the internet search results said I would.

Tonight is going to be a good night; I can feel it in my bones.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

JENSEN

The ball is everything I imagined it to be. Full of pertinacious assholes who think they're better than everyone else.

"The best part was, he was married to the girl's mother." The old bastard at the table laughs on a deep chuckle that makes his stomach wobble.

My knee bounces with an anxious need to get back to my little nightmare. I glance at the door again; I should just walk out and leave Amanda here.

When my phone pings with a message, I fumble with it to pull it from inside my jacket pocket.

Little Nightmare: Do you like my lipstick?

Little Nightmare: (Photo)

Immie's face fills the screen. Her bright-red lips are parted, and my cock twitches with need. I imagine my thumb pushing down on those lips before my cock forces its way inside her, pushing in and out rough enough to leave lipstick marks on me but not enough to hurt my girl.

Me: I want your lips wrapped around my cock.

Little Nightmare: Me too.

Jesus. I brush a hand over my head.

Me: Behave.

Little Nightmare: Always, Daddy.

I tuck my phone away and glance around the table in an attempt to look interested in the conversation playing out.

“Can you imagine? He was screwing the daughter, a younger model!” The guy slaps his hand on the table, and I grimace at how accurate his words are to my situation and to Massio’s. He did, after all, fall for his ex-wife’s daughter.

Amanda is enthralled with the story, resting her hand on the arm of the guy next to her as she practically mounts his lap. If I cared about my wife, I would be chastising her, but I don’t give a shit. Though I don’t appreciate the open disrespect, it’s something I’ve become accustomed to, to get her to concede with what I want.

My phone pings again, and I smile to myself, imagining what the hell she’s sent me now.

Miko: They left approximately three minutes ago.

I snort. Approximate, my ass. The man will know their every move by the second—Fern’s, in particular. I’m not sure why she holds such power over him, but when he goes into a rage, only she can calm him down. It’s always been the same with the two of them, but lately, it’s clearly become something stronger, and judging by the way Miko is, I’d say that something is obsession.

Zane: Thank you for the accuracy.

I chuckle, pulling Amanda’s attention to me. She glances down at my phone, then back in my direction before she clucks her tongue and throws her hair in my face when she turns back to the dipshit she’s fawning over.

Me: When do we leave?

My blood is alight with the need to not only run from this place but to see Immie. Leaving her in her bed is becoming increasingly difficult, especially when I know I might not see her until the following day.

There’s no way I’d be able to leave for a job, not when my heart is here now.

The fight club might have its pitfalls, but it sure as hell has its advantages too.

Miko: We leave in twenty.

I tuck my phone away and pull on Amanda’s arm. Her eyes are glazed, and her face is contorted into a drunken droop. Oh great, she’s completely wrecked.

“We need to leave. I have to go to one of our clubs,” I whisper into her ear.

She jerks her arm from me, making a show of pushing me, and her drink sloshes over onto the tablecloth. I grit my teeth at her drunken state. “I’m staying here,” she screeches, and I wince at the gazes casting over our table.

I lean closer to her ear. “I’d prefer it you let one of our drivers take you home.”

“Ugh, you’rrre so borrring, Jensssen.” She pushes her tits out, then wobbles from side to side on her chair in a performance I would normally deem as something comically pathetic if she wasn’t so irate and in public for all to see. “Oooh, look at me, boring Jensen going to work again. *Go fuck yourself!*”

My temper skyrockets at her behavior and disrespect. I scrub a hand over my head, tempted to leave her sorry ass here, but with how drunk she is, it would be completely unacceptable for me to do it. The last thing I want is her drawing more attention to herself and, therefore, me and my family. She’s already making a mockery of us; I’ll be damned if I allow this to continue. Like many other times, I decide to shoot a text off to Clint, one of our guards who escorted us here today.

Me: Come and take Amanda from me and then deliver her home.

Clint: Yes, sir.

I push back in my chair and bend down to Amanda. Jesus, she’s embarrassing. If she pushed her tits any farther in the guy’s face, she’d smother him to death.

“Excuse me a moment, I need to speak with my beautiful wife in private,” I seethe through clenched teeth, and give the guy she was talking to a polite nod. Then I look around the table with a smile that hurts my molars before my gaze lands back on my drunken ass wife. Her eyelids flutter at the praise I bestowed upon her, and she allows me to help her from her chair.

As soon as she stands, I guide her from the room. The chatter grows as we leave, and finally, fucking finally, I pull the bowtie from around my neck and stuff it into my pocket while I pass Amanda over to Clint with a sharp nod.

Now I get to see my girl, and she has some explaining to do.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

IMMIE

“Okay, so this is the last time I’m going to say it because I’m probably sounding really naïve right now, but holy hell, you guys don’t have to pay for drinks at all?” Marlie’s eyes bug out, and I choke on my cocktail.

“Our family owns the place,” Fern tells her for the hundredth time tonight, then takes another drink of her cocktail.

“I know.” Marlie wafts her hand. “You said that before. But, girls, my dad owns a truck, and I still have to pay him to use it. Oh, and don’t get me started on the gas.” She rolls her eyes.

I giggle into my drink, and Fern throws her arm around Marlie and tugs her against her. “I love you so damn much, Marl.” She kisses the top of her head in a sign of affection that’s normally absent from her.

“Marlie. Come over here!” Fen shouts, and Marlie rolls her eyes.

“Great. Your brother killed our bonding moment.” Marlie giggles and pulls away from Fern, then struts over to Fen.

“I really like her,” I tell Fern.

“Me too.” She grins back at me.

Fen strides over to us, with Marlie holding his hand. “Shall we go check out the sex club?” His eyebrows dance, and a wave of uncertainty zips up my spine.

Is this a good idea?

What if I see Jensen is there?

Fern nudges me with her shoulder. “Are you in?”

I swallow back the trepidation gathering in my throat and hold up my drink. “Hell yeah!”

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JENSEN

“What the hell do you mean, they’ve gone into The Basement?” I bite out as Zane remains focused on the road ahead. His hands grip the steering wheel so tight, his knuckles are turning white, and he grinds his teeth.

“Ask your fucking brother!” he snipes out.

I glance over my shoulder at Miko, and he rolls his eyes as he lazes back in the car seat without a care in the world.

What the fuck?

“Have you tried calling them?” I nod toward the phone in Miko’s hand.

His dark eyes slowly rise to meet mine. “You know damn well we make everyone hand their phones in before they enter.”

Zane pushes the car harder, faster.

“Why the fuck don’t you have them removed?” I boom. “Have security take them out of there!”

Miko drops his head back to glare at the roof of the vehicle before he exhales and slowly brings his gaze back down to meet mine.

“Because, as I explained to Zane, they’re not doing anything wrong. They haven’t witnessed a damn thing; they haven’t gone into any of the rooms. In fact, right now, they’re having a drink at the bar.” He waves his phone in my direction, and I snatch it from him. He’s right; they are at the bar. “Besides, they’re not children. The sooner Zane gets that through his thick head, the sooner we can stop wasting time supervising them so much.”

My gaze lingers on Immie. Her tight red dress leaves little to the imagination, and her lips are painted with a matching color. My cock

swells, and thoughts of tanning her ass an equally matching color swim to the forefront of my mind. *Hell yeah.*

“They’re still in fucking school!” Zane declares.

“I don’t want Immie in a sex club without me.” Not only does the thought of Immie around other men make me feel murderous, but what she could be exposed to and mentally unprepared for is at the forefront of my mind.

I discovered her in an auction house, for Christ’s sake, one used for trafficking sex slaves. Any one of the multiple reasons this could affect her mindset, and all I want to do is protect her from the dangers of being exposed to so much so early on in our relationship.

“So, you have stuck your cock in Immie?” Zane side-eyes me before looking back toward the road.

Is my relationship with Immie that obvious?

I scrub a hand over my head as I fidget from side to side.

“Could you not have waited until your divorce is through? It would’ve made things so much easier,” he snaps.

“The fuck does it matter to you?”

“Maybe it’s not you I’m thinking about,” he grits out. “I have a daughter the same age as Immie. Hell, they’re close, Jensen. Do you think I miss their conversations? Immie’s been in love with you since the moment you set eyes on her, and what the hell are you doing? Using her to sink your dick into because your wife is a bitch.”

Sickness rolls inside me.

She’s been in love with me since she was a teenager. Have I missed this? Or did I choose to ignore it?

“I’m not taking advantage of her. I love her.”

“As a wife? Because if you think Immie deserves anything less, then you’re wrong.”

“She’s mine. She’s mine. I don’t give a fuck how old she is. She’s mine. She’s my everything.”

Something settles in Zane’s eyes. Satisfaction, maybe? Respect, even. And if I’m not mistaken, Miko’s shoulders relax ever so slightly too.

We pull into the underground parking lot, and Zane turns to face me. “Let’s go get our girls back.”

Let’s punish their asses, more like. Literally.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

IMMIE

I glance around the bar area with a mixture of curiosity and nervousness. While consensual sex is all very new to me, being around people with Doms and chains isn't, and a weird part of me is intrigued. This feels like a safe space. Since we stepped foot in here, I haven't felt pressured. Although, I'm sure it's helped having my friends here beside me.

"I wonder if we'll see anyone we know?" Fern whispers into my ear, and my gaze latches onto a woman who's being paraded through the crowd. She wears cat ears and has a collar around her neck with a chain attached to it, and her eyes are cast down.

"Immie? Are you okay?" Fern strokes my arm. "Maybe this wasn't such a good idea." She searches my face.

"Damn fucking right, it isn't a good idea!" a loud voice booms, making us jump. "Where the hell is your brother?" Zane asks as he strides toward us with pure fury emanating from him. The veins on his forehead protrude, his hands are balled into fists, and his eyes are wild as he scans over Fern. "Miko, take Fern to the car."

Fern's shoulders sag, and I can't help feeling sorry for her. Since being expelled from boarding school, Zane controls her every move, something I know she hates.

"Come on, Little Ballerina." Miko grins. "Let's get you home and tucked into bed like a good girl." He throws his arm over her shoulders, and

she pushes him away, causing him to laugh loudly. The sound is deranged, sinister, and frankly, terrifying. If I didn't know him, he would be someone I wouldn't want around my friend.

"I'm going to find my son. I'll speak to you later," Zane says to someone behind me, and when I turn, I find Jensen staring down at me. The intensity in his eyes has my pulse skittering and my heart hammering. I fidget from side to side under his dark stare, his scrutiny stripping me bare.

Has he been there all this time?

His pupils are blown wide, and he slowly drags his tongue over his bottom lip. It seems seductive, but I'm not sure he realizes it.

The air crackles between us, and my heart pounds with each second that ticks by.

"I'm going to punish you so bad, Little Nightmare," he rasps, causing a promising chill to sweep over me.

"This is bullshit!" Fen declares and stomps past us, breaking the moment. I've never wanted to kick someone in the balls as much as I do right now.

I spin to look for Marlie and Zane, but don't see them anywhere. Maybe they left in a different direction. Odd.

"Where do you think Marlie and Zane got to?" I ask Jensen.

He stares down at me, the intensity behind his gaze so strong it's like an elastic band waiting to snap. His lip lifts at the side. "He's probably teaching her a lesson."

I rear back. "What lesson?"

He snaps his hand out and tucks a strand of hair behind my ear before gliding the backs of his fingers down my cheek. "Punishing her for tormenting him." There's a surreal calmness in his tone that makes my heart skip a beat.

That can't be right. Is he really talking about Marlie and Zane, or is he referring to him and me?

"Let's get you home, Little Nightmare. Daddy wants to teach you a lesson."

Bring it on.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

IMMIE

“You want me to swim?” I query, glancing around the swimming pool at home.

Jensen barely said a word to me on the way home. In fact, he plonked me in the back seat, strapped me in like a child, and drove home like a man on a mission. He didn’t even glance back at me through the rear-view mirror. My eyes were glued on it as I gnawed on my nails.

A dark chuckle leaves him as he glowers down at me.

Where has my loving Jensen, who dotes on me so tenderly, gone?

This Jensen is the one he shows all others, the darker side of him. Why does a part of me become excited at the prospect of what’s to come?

He rolls his head from side to side, cracking his neck, then steps forward until we’re toe to toe, and my chest heaves with anticipation. Tucking a lock of my hair behind my ear, he says, “I’m going to whip your ass with my belt.”

A shiver rushes through me, and a low fire burns in my stomach, becoming wilder with each heavy thud of my heart.

Holy shit, that’s hot.

“But first …” His voice is gravelly, full of want and need. He brushes his thumb over my lips, smearing my lipstick onto my cheek. “First, you’re going to suck my cock with those slutty little lips.”

My mouth falls open, and he pushes his thumb inside, allowing me to suck on his digit. In and out, in and out, and all the while, wetness gathers in my core. He withdraws it with a pop, and my lips chase after his thumb as if magnetized, craving more.

Without needing further instruction, I drop to my knees and open my mouth.

“Fuck, Little Nightmare.” He fumbles to open his belt and lower his zipper, and I watch on from beneath my lashes. “Open that naughty little mouth for me. I need your slutty lips around my cock. I need to use your mouth.”

My lips part, and before I know what’s happening, with one hand holding the back of my head and the other fisting his length, he guides the head of his engorged cock toward my face. He drags it down my cheek, leaving a sticky trail of pre-cum in its path. Then he slaps me across the face with his cock, shocking the hell out of me. “Daddy’s going to punish you,” he grits out.

I squirm on the spot, eager to receive my punishment.

Slowly, he slides the tip down my cheek and over my lips in a tormenting manner, coating my mouth with his essence. Wetness gathers between my legs, and I moan eagerly when he rubs himself on me. The taste of him seeps through my skin and into my bloodstream. He’s claiming every part of me.

Settle in with a love story.

Head to Lokepub for more romance novels.

Then I open my lips and stick out my tongue, and the way he hisses and his cock jerks tells me he likes what he sees.

“I’m going to fuck your face hard and fast, Little Nightmare. If you want me to stop, slap my thighs.”

All I can do is nod as he plunges into my mouth with wild abandon. I cling to his thick thighs for support while he slams in and out of my mouth ruthlessly.

He’s feral, angry, and out of control for me, and I love every second of it.

He thrusts forward harder until his pelvis hits my face, causing me to gag, then he withdraws and repeats the motion. Again, and again. “That’s it. Take that thick cock.” His fingers pinch my scalp, tugging at my hair, and he fists it to use as a rein, guiding my head in time with his hips.

I splutter and gag, but he doesn’t let up, and his desperation for me only feeds into my willingness to please him.

My tongue fights against the intrusion in my mouth, with each wild thrust sending spittle down my chin, over my chest, and onto the floor.

I must look thoroughly used, with red lipstick smeared over my cheeks and tears flowing down my face, but the broken part of me loves pleasing his dark side.

“Fucking swallow me down.” Then he slams inside me, hitting the back of my throat and beyond. He holds himself in place, and the most guttural sound rumbles in his chest. “Fuuuckkk.” His salty taste fills my mouth as pump after pump of his thick cum floods me.

Holy fuck.

I gasp for air as he withdraws from my mouth, and when he swipes the head of his cock over my lips, I swear his pupils dilate.

“Take off your shoes and panties and get on the daybed.” His chest heaves.

Holy hell.

I practically trip over my feet as I rush to stand and head toward the oversized lounger.

Then I flick off my heels and push my panties down my legs.

“Hands and knees!”

Fuck, yes.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

JENSEN

She doesn't know what's about to hit her, but she'll find out soon enough. I snagged a toy from the club; one I've been desperate to use on her.

I tuck my spent cock away but leave my slacks unzipped. Then I take a deep breath to rein in my feral need to teach her a lesson; I will, but I'll break her into my need gently. A few lashes for tonight, just to see if she can take what I'm about to force on her. I might be angry with my little nightmare, but the last thing I want is to lose her with my inability to control myself. When I reach the daybed, I take a pillow from the top and push it toward her.

"Put your cheek on that and clutch it. Ass in the air."

She nods, and when her blue eyes flash with vulnerability, the need to reassure her slices through my need to dominate her, reminding me I'm in complete control. I might be brutal with my need for her, but she will always remain safe in my hands.

I caress her face, and a smile plays on her lips. "You're in safe hands, Little Nightmare."

"I know, Daddy."

That one word has my cock throbbing and my chest puffing out with pride. A dominant word that means everything in our dynamic.

I'm her protector.

Her provider.

I keep her safe and give her everything she needs. Everything.

Lifting my bowtie from inside my pocket, I take hold of her wrists. “I’m going to tie your wrists while I punish you.”

She rolls her lip into her mouth, and I take note of how stunning she is with her face painted in cum, lipstick, and tears. She looks used by me, and I revel in it.

I wrap her wrists, not too tight, but enough that she’s restrained.

“Were you curious at the club?” I ask as I step between her feet.

“Yes, Daddy,” she pants, and I flick her dress over her ass.

My mouth waters to taste her, but the prospect of introducing her to something new outweighs the urge.

Her asshole is exposed to me, causing pre-cum to leak from my eager cock.

I slip my belt from my slacks and fold it in half.

“This is going to hurt.”

She opens her mouth to reply, but I strike her ass with the belt before she has a chance. The impact of it hitting her skin has my cock jumping with joy.

“What did you see?” I ask as I scrutinize the bright-red lash on her perfect little ass.

“I think a man was touching a woman in front of everyone,” she rushes out.

Slap.

“Ah, oh god. That hurt,” she hisses.

“Do you want me to stop?”

“N-N-No.” She shakes her head.

“Did you see him touching her pussy in front of everyone?”

Slap.

“Ah, no. I just saw his hand under her dress, and—” she pants.

“And?”

Slap.

“Ahhh. Sh-she looked like she was enjoying it.”

Slap.

“I bet she was wet, Little Nightmare. I bet she was soaked for her daddy.”

“Y-yes.”

Slap.

“Do you want Daddy to play with you around people?” My balls ache as I say the words. Fuck, that’s hot.

Slap.

“Oh god. Y-Y-Yes. I want you to enjoy me in front of people without them knowing.”

I smooth over her unmarked flesh. “Good girl.”

When I slide my fingers over her pussy lips, she’s soaked and her tender bud is swollen and desperate for release. But she will have to wait; I have other things in mind first.

I remove my fingers, and her body sags, then I take the butt plug from my pocket; the one I snagged from the stockroom at the club before leaving.

“I need you to try to relax.” She glances over her shoulder, and her eyes widen. “Can you do that for me?”

“Yes, Daddy.” She rests her head back down on the pillow, and the fact that she feels so at ease with me, so submissive, sends a surge of arousal through me.

“Daddy needs to fuck all your holes, Little Nightmare. You need to satisfy me. Can you do that?”

I swipe the silver butt plug over the head of my soaked cock, coating it in my pleasure, then trail it through her slick folds, soaking it in the process.

“Yes.”

“That’s a good girl,” I coo as I drag it up through the crack of her ass. Then I slowly push it against the muscled barrier of her asshole. Her ass opens to accept it, and pre-cum leaks down my cock as I watch in awe of her stretching around the toy.

Fuck, that’s good.

I’ve seen some filthy things in my life, but nothing compares to how truly erotic the sight of my little nightmare’s ass opening to accept my gift to her.

“Can you push against it, Little Nightmare. Can you try to fuck your ass on it for Daddy?”

“I-It feels full, Daddy.” She pants as I push it in slower. “It burns a little.”

I knead her ass cheek with my thick palm. “My cock needs to fit in there, baby,” I rasp. “I need to stretch you so I don’t tear you wide open.”

“I-I don’t care. I want you inside me,” she whines.

I throw my head back on a deep chuckle. Jesus, she's killing me here. I lift my hand and slap her ass. "Be a good girl and do as you're told."

"Yes, Daddy."

She pushes back, and the butt plug disappears into her ass, leaving the shiny silver top taunting me with its gleam.

Jesus, that's hot.

I can't help but drag it back out slightly to watch the sight of her asshole stretching around the metal before I push it back in.

Hell fucking yes.

I step back and take a deep breath. "Now I want you to strip and swim twenty-two lengths in the pool." Twenty-two, one for every minute she was in The Basement without me.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

IMMIE

I don’t know why it’s so important that I do twenty-two laps just because I was in the club that long, but I take my time, reveling in the way he hisses as my legs open on each breaststroke.

He wants me, and I’m so damn turned on I feel like I’m about to combust in the water.

The sexual tension fills the air with each glide of my hands slicing through the water.

Finally, I reach the twenty-two lengths he insisted on, and when I stop at the edge of the pool, his lust-filled eyes hold mine hostage.

“Climb out of the pool, baby.” He tilts his head toward the steps, and I swim over to them and make a show of stepping out of the pool, where he greets me. I must look a mess: body soaked, panting with need, and let’s not forget the lipstick smeared across my face like war paint.

Normally, he would hold a towel out for me, but this time, he greets me by lifting me against his chest, allowing me to wrap my legs around his waist. Our mouths clash in a messy, heated kiss full of passion as his hand tangles in my hair to hold me in place.

He guides us to the daybed where he places me down gently, a total contrast to the way his mouth devours mine.

I tug on his shirt, and my fingers move deftly to unbutton him, to feel his muscled chest against the tips of my fingers. I run my hands over his

taut muscles, admiring the way they constrict beneath my touch.

He pushes his shirt off his shoulders while removing his slacks in a well-orchestrated move that has him naked in no time.

“I want you inside me,” I moan.

“Where?” His lips collide with mine in a sloppy, wild kiss, where our tongues fight against one another. “Tell me where you want me, Little Nightmare.”

“In my ass. Please, in my ass.” I fall back against the mattress and spread my legs in a strategic move that has his jaw falling lax and his cock twitching. It stands tall, engorged at the head, and the thick vein running up it jerks. When he strokes himself, his balls lift, and I lick my lips.

“It’s going to hurt, baby.” His voice is low, hungry, and I couldn’t give a shit how much it’s going to hurt. I want it.

“I want it.”

He pumps his cock, and pre-cum slides over his fingers. “You want me to fuck your ass, Little Nightmare?”

“Yes.”

“Play with your clit while I stretch your little hole open.”

My fingers glide through my arousal, and when I reach my throbbing clit, I circle it. Once, twice, then Jensen turns the butt plug, and I almost come undone.

He kneels on the mattress between my legs, gripping my thighs to hold me open.

My back arches, and he removes the plug, drops it to the mattress, and replaces it with the head of his thick cock.

I feel the difference instantly—the stretch, the burn. Gripping the pillow above my head, I clench my teeth.

“Fuck, Little Nightmare. Do you want me to stop?” he bites out as he pushes in farther. Every muscle on his body appears coiled. He’s holding himself back, reining in his need for me, and in turn, that gives me the strength to continue.

“More. Please, Daddy,” I pant. “More.”

“Fuck.” His hips push forward, he grips my thighs, and I welcome the bruises they’re bound to leave.

“More!” I bite out, and his hands somehow force me open wider.

Tears fill my eyes, but as I blink through the haziness at the way he looms above me, so dominating and powerful, I find my clit again,

thrumming it with vigor to welcome the pleasure through the pain.

"More," I breathe out.

"That's it, play with your pussy. Make Daddy's punishment on you easier."

My body coils and my mouth parts as he slides another inch of his thickness inside my tight, forbidden hole.

"Oh god." I thrash my head from side to side.

"Almost." *Push.* "Fucking." *Push.* "In."

A searing pain slices through me as he stills inside me.

"You're being such a good girl, giving Daddy what he needs." He caresses my thighs.

His heavy pants force me to snap my eyes open to witness him gazing down on me with a look of complete awe.

"I'm going to fuck you now, Little Nightmare. Hold on tight."

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JENSEN

I pull almost all the way out of her ass, and she hisses through her teeth. A lone tear tracks down her face, and I bend down to lick it up. Then I surge forward, gripping her thighs to hold her in place. Her ample tits bounce, her ass clenches around me, and each thrust of my hips causes euphoria to rush through me.

"Ah, fuck, that's good," I pant as I move back and forth, delighting in the sordidness of it. "You feel so good for your daddy, Little Nightmare."

I move my hand to knock her fingers away from her clit, allowing me to toy with it, and little moans and whimpers erupt from her.

The only sounds in the room are my grunts of pleasure, her wanton groans, and the slapping of our skin.

Her muscles tighten around my cock, making each pump of my cock pure euphoria. She's so tight, so warm, molded just for me, for my cock.

Then I bend to take her mouth with my own. Our tongues tangle, her nails bite into my back, and I revel in the sheer pleasure rolling through me in unabashed waves at the prospect of her owning me.

My balls draw up, and her body tightens, and when I press down on her clit, she bucks beneath me, causing me to sink deeper than ever into her forbidden hole.

"Fuuuckkk," I grunt, and when she screams out her orgasm, my cum shoots from my cock, flooding her hole. "Jesus," I rasp and kiss down her jawline, and with one final jerk of my cock, I sink my teeth into her neck, gifting her with another of my marks.

Never in my life have I enjoyed marking a woman before, but with Immie, the possession flowing through my veins is almost too much to bear.

It needs expelled somehow, and watching her skin transform with my touch is the ultimate sign of ownership.

She's mine.

"That was…different." She bites into her bottom lip as she assesses me.

"It was incredible."

Her body relaxes beneath me, and her eyes meet mine.

"You were incredible," I clarify, and deliver soft kisses over her open lips, over her cheeks, and on the tip of her nose. "It's going to hurt when I pull out."

"It's okay," she says, and I couldn't be prouder of my girl.

"I want to watch my cum leak out of your hole."

She nods, so I lean back on my heels and open her legs wider, then I slowly inch out of her. She grips the bedsheets, and I dart my eyes from hers to her ass, relishing the way I slip from her swollen hole. My cum pours out of her, and my cock jumps, stirring back to life.

"Fuck, that's so hot, baby." I lick my lips. "Try to push it out. Let me see my cum flow from you."

Her ass clenches and unclenches, and my cum seeps out of her ass, dripping onto the day bed.

"It feels weird," she says and bites her lip again.

"Is your ass sore?"

She rolls her lip into her mouth. "It burns a little and feels swollen."

"It is swollen, baby. You took a thick cock in there. But you did so well." I slide my hands up her thighs, then flop onto the mattress and drag her on top of me. Her hands grip my shoulder as I press kisses on her head. "We should shower."

"Hmm, I like it here." She nuzzles against me, and my laugh causes my chest to vibrate.

"If you want to suckle on me tonight, I need to clean my cock."

She lifts her head, and her bright-blue eyes meet mine. "I want that every night."

My heart skips a beat, and my throat becomes dry. "I want that too." Jesus, do I want that.

"Do you like other women doing it to you?"

I search her features, and the vulnerability in her eyes makes my heart constrict. "Only you have done that, Little Nightmare, and I like that more than you can imagine."

Her lips curve into a serene smile. “I want to do everything you’ve never done and all the things you have, we’ll make our own memories.”

A deep chuckle leaves me. “Okay. I can live with that.”

Though I hate to tell her that there’re going to be an awful lot of things we make our own and not a lot I’ve never done.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

JENSEN

I take it back. I've never had a woman lie on the shower floor before, begging to be pissed on.

"Daddy, please!" Her clit is puffy, her hands banded around her ankles as she pulls her feet up to expose her open pussy and swollen ass to me.

When I told her a few minutes ago that I needed to piss, she grasped my cock in her hands and told me she wanted me to share it with her.

I nearly came on the spot, so it appears I have a piss kink, and my little nightmare has awoken something inside of me I didn't know existed.

I told her if she wanted it that she needed to get on the floor and beg for it, and fuck me, she delivered. Not only did she sit on the floor, but she lay back and opened her legs, pointed to her pussy, then panted the word "Here" to me.

"Open that sweet little hole up for me, Immie. Let Daddy see your swollen little asshole."

"Oh god," she moans as I struggle with the need to piss while having a rock-hard cock. "I'm going to come on you first, Little Nightmare, then I'll piss on your pussy, just for you."

"Please," she pants, and I fist my cock furiously.

"Fuck. You want this so bad, don't you?"

"Yes, I need all of it, Daddy."

My orgasm hits, and I shoot my cum all over her tits and stomach, then I aim for her face too.

The water splashes over my back, and before I have time to fully come down from my orgasm, my piss flows from me. I aim at her pussy. “Fuck, yesss.” A steady stream of piss hits her clit and flows down her pussy lips. Jesus, that’s hot.

“Oh god. Oh god, Daddy,” she chants as her body convulses.

Her lipstick is smeared, and she’s covered in my cum and piss, a filthy mess but beyond beautiful.

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IMMIE

We’re naked with me lying on top of him. My head rests on his thigh, and I’m suckling the head of his spent cock as he strokes my legs and ass.

“I’ve never felt so relaxed. So at peace,” he says sleepily. “I want to lay here forever.”

I smile around his cock, loving his sweet words as my eyes flutter closed.

“My little nightmare became my dream girl.”

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CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

JENSEN

It's been over a fortnight since the country club ball, and Amanda is barely talking to me. She's given me the cold shoulder and been spending more and more time out of the house, and when she is home, she's drunk off her ass and belligerent. She wakes just as fucked up as she went to bed.

If I was a husband concerned about her welfare, I would have marched her into therapy, but I've done this shit before, and truth be told, I'd happily provide her with a financial settlement to see the back of her.

She was never meant to be more than a safety net for Immie. I never declared my love to her, and while she has done so freely to me, it's obvious to me it's a superficial love. She thinks I need to hear the words for her to get what she wants, but she doesn't need to give them to me. I didn't need them for our arrangement to work.

"If I want a bigger cookie, I'll fucking have one, you little bitch!" she booms as I step into the foyer.

"They're not for you!" Immie screeches.

"Ahhh. Are they for Daddy?" Amanda mocks in a cruel tone, and my spine straightens.

"You can have some from this box," Immie suggests.

A loud slap echoes, and my stomach falls. I know in my gut Immie has just been hit, and it feels like a blade is being pushed through my heart.

Enough is enough. Nobody touches what's mine.

I stride toward the kitchen with fury pumping through me, and the moment I step inside, Immie's baby blues meet mine. They're full of guilt and trepidation and swimming in unshed tears, telling me everything I need to know. She's done this to her before.

"Immie, go upstairs."

"B-But."

My jaw locks tight and my nostrils flare. "Now, please," I clip out, and she jerks, a tear slipping down her cheek as she leaves the kitchen. I ball my hands into fists to stop myself from reaching out and comforting her. I have other issues, and right now, the bitch glaring daggers in Immie's direction is my target.

"How many times?" I grit out.

Amanda scans my face lazily. "What?"

"How many times have you hit her?" The pulse in my temple pounds.

How dare she?

She pulls her shoulders back.

"I asked you a fucking question, now answer me," I bellow, causing her to jump.

"When she needs to be kept in line." She lifts her shoulder. "Someone has to do it. She's become a brat."

"How fucking dare you touch her!" I boom, and before I know what I'm doing, my hand is wrapped around her throat.

Her eyes bulge and her lips turn purple as she claws at me with all her strength, but she's nothing more than a rag doll in my clutches. "You don't touch her again." My eyes bore into her panicked ones. "Do you understand me?" She makes a strange noise from beneath my hand, and when I give her a shake, the sound becomes louder, the vibration harder against my palm.

When I step back and release her, she slumps to her knees, gasping for air.

Instead of taking pity on her, I work my way around the kitchen and make myself a coffee, ignoring her sobs and splutters from the floor.

"You're to gather your things and get the fuck out of my house."

Slowly, she uses the counter to pull herself up. "W-What?"

I take a seat on the barstool and sip my coffee while the force of her perusal drills through me, though I act indifferent toward her. "I said, gather

your things and get the fuck out of my house.” Then I take another sip of my coffee.

She laughs, then stops when pain transforms her features. “Y-Your serious?”

“Deadly. I don’t want you near Immie again.”

“Then send her away. She’s eighteen now. She’s an adult. Buy her a house somewhere.” She points at the door.

I blink.

Is she for real?

I shake my head at her. “The only one being sent away will be you if you don’t comply. Now …” I glance down at my watch, knowing Miko is collecting me for a fight soon. Then I turn my tone low, deadly, and fix her with a savage glare. “You have ten minutes to get the hell out before you’re the one sent away permanently.” My words are brutal, and given the way she shudders, they’ve settled in her core. She knows exactly what I mean by permanently.

“Very well,” she states, a little too coolly for my liking.

When she turns and walks away, I release a breath I didn’t realize I was holding.

How the hell did I get all this so wrong?

Guilt hits me square in the chest, and a pain slices through my heart, tearing it to my core.

When I thought Immie was safe here, she wasn’t.

My poor girl has suffered far more than I knew. Her home was meant to be her sanctuary, but she traded one hellhole for another.

Did I do right by allowing Amanda to walk away unharmed? Something inside me tells me this isn’t over and that the divorce proceedings will be the easy part.

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IMMIE

I pace my bedroom, chewing on my finger like a woman possessed.

When I glance over my shoulder and into my mirror, I can see the red mark she left behind. While I know Jensen is livid, I really don't care about how she treats me, because ultimately, it'll bring us closer together.

I should probably be thanking her right now. A smile grows on my face, and when I hear the sound of an engine, I rush to my bedroom window.

She slinks into the back of our driver's car, and happiness spreads through me.

I want to shout from the rooftops that the bitch is gone and now my daddy is all mine. The man of my dreams.

Today is not going to be a good day. It's going to be fucking epic.

As the driver pulls away, I can feel the hatred rolling off her from here. Something tugs at my chest, making it difficult for me to breathe. A chill sweeps over me, and I gasp for air. I've only had the sensation once before, and that was when I was in the auction house. An evil feeling nobody should ever encounter, but a warning of the depths of depravity some monsters are prepared to go.

A car pulls into the driveway, replacing the one leaving, so I push away the anxiety and concentrate on who gets out of the car. Miko.

My mind wanders back to Jensen, and a thought hits me, one that infiltrates my veins like poison. I move quickly, throwing open my bedroom door, and rush down the stairs.

Holy shit, please, no.

I pull open the kitchen door to find Miko about to bite into one of my cookies, and I snatch it from his hand.

“That one’s for Amanda,” I bite out, and make quick work of taking all of hers off the cooling rack and dumping them into a separate tub. I feel their eyes on me as I move around the kitchen. “They have lower calories,” I splutter, as if that explanation explains my erratic behavior.

“Ohhhkay. I could have eaten one with less calories, Immie. I wouldn’t have died.” Miko grins, and I choke. My insides freeze while I will my body to move, for my mouth to work, and to simply look normal when I feel anything but under their scrutiny.

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“Immie, your face.” Jensen’s tender touch brings me out of my stupor while the heat of Miko’s observance radiates from him.

He knows.

He knows something isn’t right.

“Are you okay, baby?” Jensen smooths over my cheek, and his gentle voice coaxes me from my panic.

“I’m okay.” I nod.

Then he turns to Miko. “I’m not sure about leaving her.”

I roll my eyes. “I’m fine. Go do whatever you need to do. I’m going to the training pool; it’ll help distract my mind.” I wave toward the door. “Besides, I’ve dealt with worse.” I shrug, and Jensen stills. His jaw locks tight, his body becomes taut, and my heart squeezes in my chest with an immediate need to comfort him. I push up on my tiptoes and wrap my arms around his neck to press a kiss to his cheek, and he turns into me, pulling me closer.

“I’m sorry,” he rasps, and I know he’s referring to the incidents with Amanda. Then he pulls back and fixes me with his hazel eyes, and the room becomes smaller as he consumes every inch of it. “We’ll talk later.”

“Okay,” I whisper before he bends and places a kiss on my forehead, and I close my eyes and bask in his aura. It’s a kiss I feel deep in my soul, a reminder of his love for me.

I snap my eyes open, and the room is empty. Miko and Jensen are gone, and for the first time since moving in here, something sinister slithers up my spine and loneliness creeps in.

Amanda may be gone, but she’s very much still here.

With that thought in mind, I race to the patio doors and check that they’re locked, then I double-check the latch on the front door, the study, and the laundry room. I rush from room to room, securing each of them. Locking out the demons and keeping the monsters at bay.

But what if they’re already inside?

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CHAPTER FORTY

JENSEN

My leg bounces, and I take another pull of my beer and exhale. Every punch our fighter connects is a step closer to me being able to get back to Immie.

I shouldn't have left her. It was a dumb idea, but bringing her here wasn't an option, especially given how vulnerable she is around people she doesn't know.

I'm grateful Clint, our driver, messaged to say she got to her swimming class okay, but I haven't heard anything from either of them since.

"You're anxious tonight," Miko notes, and I grunt.

"What happened with Immie?"

I concentrate on the fight in front of me because I'm unable to deal with his emotions once the words seep from me with venom. "Amanda hit her."

"What?" he balks, so loudly, he garners attention from the next table. "You're sure?"

"Of course, I'm fucking sure. The bitch struck her, and it's not the first time."

"How do you know it's not the first time?"

I finally turn to face him. "Because I felt it in my soul. Besides, Amanda admitted it."

He nods, but how can he possibly understand, especially as a man who is so unfeeling, so deranged.

“What are you going to do?”

I scrub a hand over my head. “I don’t know.”

“Where is she?”

Fury fires through me at his multitude of questions. “I don’t fucking know, Miko. I just want the match to end”—I point toward the cage—“so I can get home to my girl.”

“You shouldn’t have left her,” he confirms, which only makes my gut twist more.

“Fuck!” I rub my forehead. “I thought I was in control of this bullshit. But Amanda was the one in control the whole time. She held Immie above my head and didn’t even treat her well, and that was the only thing I insisted on. The only fucking thing!”

“Well…” Miko thinks for a moment then opens his mouth again. “I doubt that Immie will be dissatisfied with your actions. There will be no love lost between the two of them.”

My lip twitches. He’s right about that. Immie will be pleased.

“You need to look toward your future, brother, yours and Immie’s.” He clinks his beer bottle against mine, and I chuckle.

Though when I glance at the five unopened messages I’ve sent to Immie in the past hour, I can’t help the ball of fear gathering inside of me, and it’s not dissimilar from the night I found her.

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CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

JENSEN

FIVE YEARS EARLIER …

I hate this place. The Carrera family's auction house is notorious for its underground network in the black market, human trafficking, to be precise. Something I'm not okay with and have voiced my opinion on the matter multiple times to Azrael, my boss, and he's adamant he's working on a way to eradicate the auction, but while his father, Benito, remains the Don, he won't be able to close this place down. It's far too risky, and we've become pawns in an unspoken threat that leaves us unable to do anything but comply with his father's sick demands.

Azrael's younger sister, Sienna, is the perfect weapon to keep him in line. His father constantly uses her to blackmail him, along with his half-brother, Stone, who is regularly abused for being the bastard child in their fucked-up family.

Czar, Azrael's younger brother, is much more hotheaded than Azrael, and he's determined to put an end to the twisted punishments that even their mother was not exempt from. Azrael is forever chastising Czar for his bluntness and blatant disregard for his father's rules. While Azrael sees it as recklessness and immaturity, I can see it as something else. Beneath his

exterior is a born leader, an intelligently loyal man who is destined for more. Something I would love to see him achieve as a Carrera heir, but knowing what it would mean for him to dethrone Azrael as future heir, I don't welcome it either.

My loyalty has and always will remain with the man who showed me mercy in a world where there is usually none.

Resting against the wall of the mansion, I take out a cigarette from my jacket and light it. I bring it to my lips and inhale, then blow the smoke into the bleak sky. Even the fucking atmosphere has changed into something sinister, as if knowing of the sick, sordid events taking place a stone's throw away.

The limo shines beneath the moonlight, and I itch to get inside it, to drive away from this hellhole and never look back.

One day.

One day, I'll leave and return to my family.

What little I have left of it.

A voice inside me tells me there's more to life than this, but the truth is, I'm yet to feel it. I'm yet to feel anything but anger and disgust, and with that thought in mind, I push off the wall, flick my cigarette to the ground, and head inside.

Hoots and hollers and laughter greet me as I stride down the corridor and away from the auction room. Instead, I head toward one of the back bars that hold the after parties.

Down the corridor, the door to Benito's private quarters opens, and out steps one of his acquaintances, Philip Steiner, a lawyer who works for the FBI. My stomach does a weird flip, and as he marches toward me buckling his belt, awareness prickles over my skin. I give him a chin lift as he passes, which he mirrors, but the hairs on the back of my neck stand and a chill sweeps over me as the sound of his footsteps drift farther away.

The roar of the crowd snaps me out of my daze, and I stare down at my shoes, realizing I've come to a standstill.

The sensation Steiner left me with is peculiar, and while I'm surrounded by monsters on a daily basis, I've only ever had this feeling when in Benito's proximity, and suddenly something hits me.

Benito has been wanting to move into trafficking children, something Azrael and his brother are fiercely against. Women and men are one thing I'm uncomfortable with, but I see it as a means to an end. Where Benito

holds Sienna over Azrael, I, too, have a family I care about, and should Benito discover the truth of who I am, an all-out war would break out. Something I'm unprepared for, so I remain silent, compliant, if you will. But children? Hell fucking no.

Like many in Mafia life, my childhood was marred by brutality. My mother committed suicide while pregnant with my father's baby, leaving me, their only child, to become the recipient of his drunk-fueled frenzies. I hated him and the Mafia life, so much so, that at ten years old, I took a gun to my father's head while he slept and delivered the whore in his bed with equal kindness. My only regret was I never got to see the life drain from his eyes with the knowledge that it was his son who killed him.

Vinny Marino was the Don of our family, and when his brother Sal stepped up to take me under his wing, I expected much of the same cruelty, yet received something completely different. I have comrades now, brothers, if you will; I have people to rely on, who refuse to abandon me despite me turning my back on La Familia to carve my own path in my turbulent life.

They never judged, not if you discount Sal's and Zane's bitching for me to return. Even they knew damn well who I was working for, and possibly why. I would show them the same respect they showed me, loyalty, and maybe I felt something more, but refused to accept it. How the fuck do you know what love is if you've never received it?

My own mother left me to the wolves, for Christ's sake. If she can't love me, then how or why would anyone else?

Before I know what I'm doing, I turn the handle on Benito's private wing and step inside. There's no CCTV in here; Azrael hasn't hidden the fact that his and his father's quarters are the only ones with complete privacy.

It's as lavish in here as I'd expect from the Don of the underworld, with red walls offering a sordid, medieval feel, and dark furnishings. An old Bing Crosby song plays in the background, adding to the eerie atmosphere. A memory of the song being in a movie I once watched as a kid hits me. It's about a small girl who passed away at the hands of evil, and it causes my chest to tighten, and I retrieve my gun from my holster with the recollection.

The song becomes louder with each step I take, almost haunting me, yet pulling me in at the same time, drawing me closer with each step.

I round the corner and find myself inside Benito’s office, or is it a bedroom? There’s a huge bed in the corner of the room, and as I scan my surroundings, I keep my gun aimed at the empty chair behind his desk.

The area is lit by candles, and when the sound of a small voice whispers the familiar words to the song, I almost crumble. *“Did you ever see a dream walking? Well, I did.”*

In the corner of the room, on what I can only describe as a dog bed, lies the shell of a broken, naked girl. My breath hitches as I attempt to formulate her age, and I hate myself for daring to look at her naked form at a lame attempt to help calculate it.

Her matted, wavy hair appears wet, and I grimace at what the substance could be, given it’s dry in here.

My heart pounds so loudly, I hear the flow of my blood in my ears, and my free hand balls into a fist as anger takes over me.

Her small body shudders, but it’s her stare that holds me captive. Not in the way you’d expect. No, the girl isn’t even looking up at me; her eyes are not trained on me at all. They’re focused on her finger drawing on the wooden floor as if in a trance.

It’s as if I’m not here at all.

What the fuck do I do?

My gun is now aimed in her direction, and for a split second, I contemplate putting her out of her misery. “Are you a dream too?” she whispers, raising her gaze to meet mine.

Her blue eyes are empty, and my stomach twists with the agony behind them.

A young girl covered in dirt. I assess her, but immediately snap my gaze back up, unable to look at her nakedness, however innocent it may be.

I kneel in front of her, and when I touch her cheek, the chill of her skin stuns me silent.

My words refuse to form, my mouth becomes dry, and this brutal, evil world I’m living in becomes more wrong than ever before. Innocence shines back at me, but I’m not fool enough to believe she’s been kept as such. I only have to glance around the room to see the tussled sheets on the four-poster bed as confirmation of it.

She tilts her head, surveying me. “Are you a dream too?” she repeats, through cracked lips and pleading eyes.

A chuckle leaves me. “If I’m a dream, kid, then you’re a fucking nightmare.” I shrug off my jacket and place it over her boney shoulders, and it covers her small form like a veil. “Come on, let’s get you out of here.”

I stand, then bend and scoop her into my arms. I don’t miss the blood on her thighs as she tucks her legs up, curling into a small ball, and I’m grateful for her tiny frame. It allows me to shield her body from the outside world, protect her from the evil surrounding us.

As I step out of the room and into the corridor, I know I’ll have to convince Azrael to become compliant in my quest to protect her, but I’ll do whatever I can to care for my little nightmare.

I just hope I never let her down.

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CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

IMMIE

I'm breathless and gasping as I reach the end of the pool, but I needed this. Here is where I feel free, where I can push myself to my limits, yet remain in control. The only other place I feel the same comfort is in Jensen's presence.

The pool is empty, but I can see Clint's car from where I rest on the edge of the pool. Being one of the team's all-star swimmers means I have the keys to this place, and having them has come in handy on more than one occasion. The pool at home is great, but the temperature, the size of the pool, and the detachment from home are what draw me back here time and time again.

"Hey, Immie!" a familiar voice filters through the air.

I lift on the edge of the pool to find Brett staring down at me with a towel in his hand. He holds it out, offering it to me, and I smile back at him in thanks and take the towel. First, I wring my hair out, then I towel dry it before getting to my feet and wrapping it around me. "What are you doing here?" I scan him up and down, surprised to see him in his jeans and a T-shirt, looking more like he's going out somewhere than about to go swimming.

"I forgot my phone." He holds his phone up in his hand and chuckles. Then he glances around the pool. "I could do with a lift home, though, if that's okay with you?" He points toward my driver, and I furrow my brow.

“Where’s your car?” He normally takes me home.

He swallows hard, and the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end. “Oh. I clipped it.” He shakes his head. “It’s gone in for repair before my father finds out.”

I snort on a laugh because I’m always telling him he needs to be more careful, but Brett thinks he’s an amazing driver and is constantly chastising me for being unable to drive.

“Okay, Richard Petty. Let me get changed, and then we can get you home.” I wink before heading off to the changing room.

“I’ll wait here!” he shouts, and I shake my head, giggling at his driving inability. It’s a good thing he’s solving this before his father finds out because that man is a bona fide lunatic.

“All ready!” I declare, opening the changing room door.

Brett is tapping away on his phone, and when he spins to face me, a curve of a smile creeps over his face, sending a shiver down my spine. What the hell was that sensation? “That was quick,” he remarks.

“What can I say, I’m talented at how quickly I can get undressed.”

His eyebrows shoot up, and he licks his lips.

“And redressed, obviously,” I clarify as heat creeps over my face. I divert my attention toward getting the hell out of here.

I’ve been aware for a while now about Brett’s crush on me, and it’s not something I want to encourage.

“Let’s go.” He grins down at me and throws his arm over my shoulder.

In the past, I wouldn’t have thought anything of this friendly gesture, but now, things are different. Jensen would not be comfortable with it, and honestly, neither am I. I shrug him off and step in front of him to push open the doors.

He doesn’t acknowledge my blatant brush-off and locks the pool doors behind us.

I lift my swim bag higher on my shoulder, and we walk toward the SUV.

“How long is it going to take to fix your car?” I ask as he trails behind me. Opening the SUV door, I slide into the rear passenger seat.

“Long enough.” He smirks, and his handsome smile transforms into a villainous sneer, causing unease to sweep through me.

What the hell is with all the anxiety today?

I should feel better that Amanda is gone, but I feel sick foreboding on the cusp of reality.

The divider between us and the driver winds down, and Brett slams the door behind him, locking us in, and my heart skips a beat.

As the screen lowers, my eyes lock onto the driver, and when I’m met with Amanda’s darkened scrutiny, I go in fight-or-flight mode. I’m not about to get out of this untouched, and the thought terrifies me.

I’ve been through hell and back, so I’m not about to let a psychotic bitch win.

What I didn’t bargain for was her to have a sidekick.

“Don’t scream,” he rasps in my ear, making my heart thud heavily. His hand slides up my leg, and I grimace. My stomach churns as I try to block out his touch by closing my eyes. My mind reverts back in time, and I sing the familiar lyrics of the song that haunts me in my head. *“Did you ever see a dream walking? Well, I did.”*

His touch disappears, and a flash of Jensen’s face rescuing me gives me the strength I need to open my eyes.

Brett bends to retrieve a bag from beneath the passenger seat. “Don’t scream, or I’m going to tear you apart.” I’m sure he can see the terror swimming in my eyes as I shrink back against the door, as far away from him as humanly possible.

I watch, frozen in fear, as he retrieves several items from inside the bag. His eyes light up with sadistic glee.

Each one turns my stomach more than the last.

A black bag.

My heart sinks.

A ball gag.

I can’t breathe.

Handcuffs.

A tear slips down my cheek. I need Jensen now more than ever. I need my daddy to rescue me, and when he does, I’ll hold on to him forever.

“We’re going to have so much fun with you.”

Bile gathers in my throat.

How the hell am I going to survive this? Again.

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CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

JENSEN

Miko follows me inside, and I push past him to head into the kitchen.

The moment my gaze lands on a pool of blood, my heart sinks to my feet and sickness forces my eyes closed. I snap my hand out to grasp onto the counter when my legs threaten to buckle, and a strangled gasp leaves me.

Oh, fuck, no.

Oh, Jesus. No.

"It's Clint," Miko declares from beside me, so I open my eyes and step closer. My blood pumps through me like a tsunami, causing my thoughts to float thickly through my mind like cotton wool.

"Jesus, I thought—" I swallow hard. "What the hell is happening?" I mumble to myself.

Clint has a knife lodged in his neck, and it's clear he's been dead for some time.

I fumble grabbing my phone from my pants pocket and quickly dial Immie's number, but it goes straight to voicemail. Miko eyes me, and I shake my head.

"I'll check the cameras and the location on her phone. Go upstairs and check her room for signs of a struggle or anything untoward." He tilts his head toward the door, and I race through the foyer and straight up the stairs

into Immie’s bedroom. There’s no sign of her. Nothing looks out of place, so I head into the bathroom, and the bathroom is trashed.

What the hell happened in here?

Pregnancy tests are everywhere. I pick a box up off the floor, noting ovulation tests. What the hell?

A throat clears, and I dart my attention to Miko fixing me with his dark eyes.

“I think we need to talk,” he says and nods down at the box in my hand.

What the hell is happening?

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AMANDA

THREE HOURS AGO …

I watch the little bitch pull away from the house. My house. From the moment Jensen dumped her on me, I've wanted her gone.

Jensen gave me a taste of the high life, and I wanted more of it. Much more, and if agreeing to sign a piece of paper to keep this life meant having her pathetic ass living with me, then so be it, but I never had any intentions of being a mother figure to her. Hell no.

Why the hell should I bring up another bitch's brat? A beautiful one at that. A constant reminder of his previous love. With how obscure he is when I ask to talk about her, it's clear to any idiot how much she meant to him, so while Imogen is around, there will always be the opportunity for his first love to return and profess her feelings toward him. I can't afford the risk of losing him and everything he provides for me.

Sex with Jensen is intense and something I've always enjoyed, but I can get that anywhere, especially with the access I have to his many clubs.

It's not just the black card, the lifestyle, or the well-being his wife receives, but having his surname attached to me secures my stature in the society I love.

My hand shakes as I point toward the gate. "Drive through the gates and park around the back," I tell Brett. "Clint will only be twenty minutes, and I want to grab the jewelry before he comes back."

“My father is going to go crazy if he finds out, Amanda.” He groans, and I smile at his innocence. When I first started fucking him, he had no clue who I was, though I knew everything about him. I was the mother of the girl he had a crush on, and I intended to use this relationship between us as ammunition to keep him in line.

What I didn’t expect was for Imogen not to have her head turned toward him. He has a great body. Which begs the question: who the hell is she screwing around with? Who gave her the hickeys that have been appearing on her neck over the last few weeks?

Sure, the little whore thinks she’s doing a good job of covering them up, but I wrote the handbook on deception; she won’t get anything past me. Not a damn thing.

Brett does as I ask, and the moment we pull up at the back entrance, he’s out of the car and following me like the little lap dog I know him to be, always so obedient and submissive for me.

What really pisses me off is how much attention he shows Imogen. The boy craves her like I crave my next drink, my black card, the society balls, and more.

Keeping him around under the pretense of Imogen opening her legs for him has become like dangling a carrot at a horse. He wants her, and the boy is prepared to do anything to get her.

Anything.

“You’re sure you know what you’re doing?” He darts his gaze around the garden.

“This is my home!” I snap. “I don’t need permission to enter my own fucking home.”

Jensen told me to pick the perfect home for a family, and I chose this one, therefore, it’s mine. As it should be. I deserve this for putting up with her bullshit. It’s just a shame he insisted on making so many adjustments to accommodate his little princess’s needs. It took me screwing the building planners to put a stop to him expanding the pool house for her, a move that now serves me well because it brought Brett into our lives.

I enter the code for the back entrance, and it clicks open. Perfect, the idiot hasn’t taken steps to lock me out just yet.

Brett follows me into the kitchen, and with a flick of my hair over my shoulder, I stride through the foyer and head upstairs. There’s no way in hell

I’m going to allow them to waltz in here and take what I deserve, not before giving me some form of compensation and retribution.

A sneer toys with my lips as I push open her bedroom door and step inside. “Go check the bathroom for any jewelry. She wears sapphire earrings that I’m sure her mother gave her. I want them,” I demand.

I head to her dresser and rummage through her drawers, and when my hand lands on a small box, adrenaline rushes up my spine.

Bingo, little bitch.

I flick the gold latch and open the box, but disappointment hits me square in my chest. “What the hell?” I take the small box labeled ‘Oxycodone’ out and open it. Does she have a drug problem?

Brett appears at the entrance to the bathroom, holding a box in his hand, his brow furrowed. “Hey, Amanda. Is Immie pregnant?”

My jaw hits the floor. I’m about to have the biggest payday yet. Throw in some vengeance, and Jensen Marino will wish he’d left her with her mother all along.

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CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

JENSEN

“What have you got?” I motion toward Miko, who sits at the kitchen counter tapping frantically on his tablet. Anger flows through me like lava until I can’t take the wait any longer. “Miko!”

He doesn’t so much as flinch. Instead, he rolls his eyes and slowly drags his gaze up to mine. A loud huff leaves him before he finally speaks. “I’ve hacked into Immie’s cellphone. She has some interesting browsing history.” He lifts his eyebrow and fixes me with his gaze.

My heart skips a beat.

“What the hell does that mean, exactly?”

“It means she’s completely obsessed with you.”

That explains nothing.

“Has been for a long while.” He looks at me pointedly.

“Clarify!” I snap and brush a hand over my head; my patience is wearing very fucking thin.

“Ahh, let’s see. How to get a man to fall in love with you.” He begins to read what I assume is the search history. “Ways to drug someone that makes them appear drunk.” My eyes widen. “Oxycodone. Can Oxycodone become addictive?” Has she been drugging Amanda all along? Surely not. “Can you put Oxycodone in food without tasting it?” What the hell? “How to monitor your menstrual cycle? How quickly can you become pregnant?”

Holy shit.

I’m stunned.

There’s no other word for it.

Is she pregnant? I swallow the lump gathering in my throat.

“What color is most enticing to men?” He continues on. “What positions do men like the most?”

“She’s been…” I’m at a loss for words.

“Manipulating you?” Miko replies.

I clench my teeth, and though it appears she has indeed done just that, I don’t care. I want her. Her and her crazy obsession.

“Where is she now?” That’s all I care about. I’ll get the rest of my answers from her in due time, but right now, I want her back in my arms, where she’s safe and I can give her everything she wants and needs.

“Her cellphone is at the training pool. I’ve sent one of our guys over there to retrieve it.”

I pace the room, my heart thudding with each step I take.

My little nightmare has been playing me all along, and while I should be pissed, I find it oddly enticing. She wants me so badly, she’s resorted to any means possible. She wants to become pregnant with my baby.

Holy fuck, that’s hot.

Insane.

Incredible.

I almost stumble into Clint’s body, but somehow divert my feet just in time. It’s irritating it’s in my way, and I have an overwhelming urge to kick the fucker to let out my frustration. “How the hell did that happen?” I point toward Clint’s body on the floor.

“It appears Clint was doing a security check and realized Amanda was in the house with some punk.”

Miko spins the tablet around to face me, and I stop dead in my tracks. “The punk from the pool. What the fuck is he doing with Amanda?” I seethe.

“What’s his name?” Miko asks, ignoring my raging temper.

With a furrowed brow, I try to remember, but his name eludes me. All I know is he’s been sniffing around Immie.

Miko shakes his head, then taps away on his phone, and the next minute, a soft voice fills the air.

“Hello?”

“Little Ballerina. Can you tell me the name of the punk sniffing around Immie at the training pool?” Miko’s tone is delivered smooth and delicate, not one I’ve heard him use before.

“Brett?” Fern queries.

“Brett what?”

“Brett Govner. Why? Is she okay?”

“She’s fine, baby.”

Baby? My eyebrows shoot up, and I scan Miko’s face. Of course the fucker’s face looks indifferent. You can’t get blood out of a stone.

“I’ll message you later.”

My eyes widen. Message her later for what? They message one another?

I wait for answers, but he continues on as if the pair of them didn’t just drop a bomb in my lap. Is my brother fucking his niece?

Zane is going to crucify him.

“What the fuck is going on?”

Speak of the devil.

“Why is he dead?” Zane sneers toward Clint.

“It appears Jensen’s wife is having a bit of an episode,” Miko surmises.

“A bit of a fucking episode?” he booms, and I wince.

“I’m trying to locate Immie, at present. If you could keep your tone down, I’d appreciate it,” Miko says.

Zane’s face becomes redder, the vein on his temple pulsating. “Where the hell is she?” Zane asks, darting his gaze around the room as if she’s about to spring out and surprise us. Does he not realize the severity of our situation?

“If we knew that, she’d be here!” I snipe.

His face falls, and he studies my face. “Is she missing?” Zane asks, his tone softened.

Miko brushes his hand over his jaw. “It appears so.” Jesus, I exhale sharply to rein in my growing temper. “Jensen, can you think of anywhere Amanda might have taken her?”

A lump lodges in my throat before I clear it. “No. They didn’t particularly like spending time together.” She wouldn’t hurt Immie, would she? Who am I kidding? The woman hit her today, and God only knows what else she’s subjected her to.

This is all my fault. I’ve left Immie in the arms of a fucking monster.

“There’s a tracker in Clint’s car. Have you tried locating that?” Zane asks.

“Of course I fucking have. What do you take me for?” Miko snaps. “It’s been disarmed.”

Zane turns to face me. “And you’ve no clue where they might be?”

I exhale loudly and shake my head. “No.”

Miko continues tapping on the tablet, and each second feels like a lifetime. Where the hell are you, Immie? When he lifts his head, my heart seizes. “Brett Govner, father is Ralph Govner, he works as security in Rush, at The Basement, to be precise.”

“The Basement?” Zane looks to me. “Is that how Fen thought he procured access down there?”

“Get him on the phone and find out.” Miko gestures toward Zane. “Why the hell didn’t you gather this information sooner?” he seethes.

Zane grinds his jaw and turns his back on us to bring his phone to his ear.

My mind whirls through conversations until it stops on one. “Immie implied Amanda had told her she went to The Basement with me.” I shake my head. “I’ve never been there with her.”

Blood rushes through me as my adrenaline kicks in. She’s at The Basement, I know she is. I don’t know what game Amanda is playing, but it’s a dangerous one.

I’m going to fucking kill her.

“It looks like Amanda’s a regular at the club,” Miko says, his attention solely on the tablet. “But I can’t see that she’s meeting anyone in particular. She rents rooms, and it looks to me like anyone enters. They’re all different guys; nobody stands out. I’m assuming you wrapped your cock?” he asks, and I give him a firm nod. Damn right I did.

Zane turns back to us. “Fen admitted he paid Ralph off to give them all access.”

“She’s there. I feel it in here.” I tap my chest.

Zane gives me his full attention. “Then that’s where we’ll head.” I’m grateful for my brother not questioning me. “Should we call security?” he asks.

I shake my head. “Not yet. Amanda can be unpredictable. I’d rather talk her off whatever ledge she’s on.”

Zane nods, and we head toward the door with Miko following behind us.

If a hair on my little nightmare's head is out of place, Amanda and the punk are going to pay.

I'll slaughter anyone who hurts the ones I love.

I'm a Marino, and it's time I showed them what I'm capable of.

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CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

JENSEN

“I have the security footage of The Basement up now. Amanda just walked in there with Brett and someone else. But the third person has their face covered by a hooded mask, and their hands are cuffed behind their back,” Miko says from the back seat of my SUV, and my stomach plummets. It’s Immie, I know it’s her, I feel it deep in my soul.

“Should we send security in?” Zane asks as he side-eyes me before diverting his attention back to the road.

My heart hammers as I consider my options. If we send security, it might spook her. She clearly is unhinged at the minute, given we have a dead Clint on our hands; she’s proved what she’s capable of. Maybe it’s best we monitor her while we make our way there.

I give my head a shake and drag a finger over my lip. My skin itches to do something other than just sit here, and I will the SUV to move faster, even though Zane is pushing it to its limits. “I think we should monitor her. If they enter a room, I want a live feed into it. Nobody else gets to enter with them, and the moment either of them imply harming Immie in any way, we put a stop to it immediately.”

“What do you think she’s taken her for, exactly?” Zane asks, and I swallow hard.

“She’s jealous, deranged, losing everything. She’s taken something from Jensen. The thing that means the most to him in this world, his daughter,”

Miko says, and the cold, blunt words send a chill down my spine.

Every word was delivered with a dangerous edge, a certainty. If Amanda discovered Immie wasn't my daughter all along, there's no doubt in my mind she would want to ruin Immie, and if she knew I was sleeping with her, I can't even imagine the lengths she would go to destroy me.

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IMMIE

My face is wet against the fabric, thanks to the tears spilling down my cheeks and spit leaving my open mouth. My legs tremble with each step I take, and my mind whirls with what's transpired in the last hour. I try but fail to push it aside.

When Brett pulled the items from his bag, a vile gleam flickered in his eyes, sending a wave of nausea through me. I've seen that look before from the man who brutalized me as a child. It was sinister and alarming. A look I will never forget.

We struggled, and he smashed my face against the window while clicking the handcuffs in place, with my hands behind my back.

I kicked my legs out as he gripped me and thrust a ball gag into my mouth, and then he pulled a hooded black mask from the bag, and before I knew it, everything went dark. But not before his hand slid up my leg, and vomit burned my throat when he stroked over my panties. His touch was taunting, a sign of what's to come. I've met monsters before, and he's one of them.

He's not my friend after all. He's evil, and his cruel promises of ripping my pussy open as he fucked me had me quaking in the car seat.

Wherever they're taking me, it's not going to end well. I just hope Jensen realizes I'm missing and in danger. I need him. I need my daddy and all his strength.

"Keep walking," Brett spits out as I trip over my feet. I want to tell him I can't see where I'm going, but each time I attempt to make a sound, it comes out garbled and more spittle dribbles from my mouth.

I don’t know what they have planned for me, but their actions alone terrify me. What I do know is once Jensen discovers who’s behind this, he’s going to make them wish they’d never been born, and I take comfort in that as I’m pushed through what I think is a doorway.

I’m about to endure hell.

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CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

JENSEN

The moment we pull up outside the club, I'm out of the SUV and running toward the building. I check my clip on my gun and tuck it behind my back.

Our security already has the door open for us, so I race inside.

"They've just entered room four," Miko says as he pushes past me. "Follow me."

Other than the night I took Immie from here, it's been a long time since I was in here, and I sure as shit have never been with Amanda like she led Immie to believe.

Things have changed, and though I don't have time to scrutinize those changes, I can see them clearly. The cage lowered in the center of the room, being one of them, and I hope to Christ Immie wasn't able to see through the mask they covered her face with.

Miko's feet come to a halt outside room four.

"How do you want to do this?" he asks, tilting his head to the side as he scrutinizes me. His eyes bore into my soul as if he's attempting to calculate the damage I'm about to create. He licks his lips, elation building behind his dark eyes. He can see the violence in me waiting to unleash, and the deranged bastard wants a part of it.

"Take the prick back to mine. I'll deal with Amanda."

He doesn't flinch.

Jesus, he's fucked up.

“Miko!” Zane bites out. “Get yourself together. You can play with them later.” Disgust rolls off Zane’s every word.

For someone who will one day take over Sal’s empire, Zane has never shown the same jubilation for brutality as Miko does. Though I’m grateful for Zane’s level head, because Miko’s needs are his craving, and that’s a concern, even more so now that I know his secret—his little ballerina is more than familia. She’s the center of his universe. I just hope she can satiate the monster inside him.

“Very well.” Miko steps away from the door and waves out in front of him in a welcoming gesture. “Enjoy.” He smirks.

Without another word, I draw my gun and let my anger flow out of me, and with every ounce of power behind me, I kick the door, causing it to ricochet off the wall with a violent thud.

As if magnetized, my gaze lands on Immie. She’s kneeling beside the bed, her shoulders bunched, and small whimpers leave her.

I’m going to fucking kill them.

The prick turns to face us, and his hate-filled glare lands on me, then on my gun. His face pales and his eyes swim with panic.

“Leave!” I bark out toward him, and his shoulders relax, then I lower my gun and tuck it away.

Does the little prick think he got away with whatever he had planned for my girl?

Not a prayer.

Zane steps forward, and the prick begins to struggle, though he’s no match for my brother. One punch to his face and the cunt hits the floor like a little bitch. Zane takes hold of his arm and drags him from the room like a sack of potatoes, and my lip quirks at the thought.

“They booked three men,” Miko rasps into my ear, and I jolt. A lump forms in my throat, making it difficult to swallow.

Jesus.

They were going to hurt her. Destroy her.

How could Amanda do this?

They purchased the services of three men. It doesn’t take a mastermind to figure out what they had planned for my little nightmare. My girl, who has been through so much already and has never wanted anything but a loving home. Never wanted anything but me.

I give Miko a nod, but my words remain elusive.

How can Amanda hate her so much as to put her through such evilness?

Miko steps away from me. “I’ll be outside.”

I don’t respond as I slice my gaze toward Amanda.

She watches my every move with her arms crossed over her chest and her chin raised high in the air, a confident superiority about her. Does she really not see the brutality seeping from my every pore?

Then I clear my throat. “Who’s behind the mask?” I ask, and her lip twitches with a hint of playfulness, and I itch to tear her skin from her face. My focus deepens, and the pulse in my temple thuds. Every muscle in my body is locked uncontrollably tight as I attempt to rein in my temper.

Her face falls. “She’s been a whore, Jensen. I just wanted to teach her a lesson.” She swallows. “You’re never around to put her in her place, and now you’re throwing me out like I’m nothing to you.”

“You are nothing to me,” I snipe out, and she jerks back.

“Well, she deserved to be taught a lesson.” She glares back at me head-on.

A whimper leaves Immie, and I stride in her direction and drop to my knees to comfort her. “Shhh, Little Nightmare, Daddy is here. Daddy is going to make it all better,” I croon, slipping the hooded mask from her head.

Her tear-streaked face greets me, and her eyes soften as they land on mine. A sob releases from her as I unhook the ball gag.

“Shhh,” I whisper into her ear. “Let Daddy take care of you.”

“M-My wrists hurt,” she cries.

“Give me the fucking key!” I demand Amanda. I hold my hand out, and she huffs before dropping it into my palm.

“She’s always been dramatic. I was only going to scare her into behaving.”

“Shut the fuck up!” I bellow, and she flinches. I work the key into the lock and release Immie’s torn wrists. The bastards locked them so tight she has cuts; cuts I’m going to make them pay for. One by one.

I take a hold of Immie’s chin between my fingers. “I’m going to do things you’re not going to like, Little Nightmare,” I say, my voice lowered, and her eyes flash with intrigue. I tilt her head to the side, surveying the damage on her cheek. “Would you like to leave the room?”

She shakes her head.

“Are you going to be Daddy’s brave girl?” I rasp.

She nods, but I don’t miss the way she trembles against my touch. “What do you need?”

She licks her dry lips and scans my face. “Can you soothe me?”

Amanda studies her nails, as if she’s done nothing wrong.

“I’m going to tie her up.”

Then I bend and deliver a soft kiss to Immie’s forehead before I lift her into my arms and place her on the bed.

When I turn back to Amanda, she takes a step back, almost stumbling on her heels. “Jensen?”

“Shut the fuck up.”

Her back hits the wall, and I grab the spreader bar attached to the ceiling. She scans the ceiling frantically. Although, I’m sure this location only added to her delight in her intentions of torturing my poor girl.

I snap my hand out and push her hands above her head and click her in place with the metal cuffs. Then I grab the black hood from the floor.

“Jensen?” Immie whispers. “Could you leave the mask off?” Holy shit. She wants her to watch while I soothe her. Rapture races up my spine, and my cock thickens in my slacks.

I’m unsure whether this is purely revenge motivated on Immie’s part or my little nightmare has a kink for voyeurism, but I’m down with either.

“Jensen. Jensen, what are you doing?” Amanda splutters.

Jesus, I’ve heard enough of her shrill voice already, and she makes it easy for me to decide to gag her. Only this time, I don’t grab the ball gag. I head straight for a set of drawers that house the variety of gags. I lift the most extreme one out—the silicone cock gag. I push the plastic cock into her mouth, and she chokes, then I wrap the leather around her head and turn on the settings. Every minute, she will be delivered a sharp thrust of the cock, followed by vibrations so hard she’ll feel like her teeth are about to shatter.

Once it’s secure, I step away from her and smile at her terror-filled eyes.

Then I stride toward Immie, and the moment I slide onto the bed, she scoots toward me. I lean against the headboard, and her eyes seek permission to take what she needs from me. “Take what you need from me, Little Nightmare. Use Daddy how you like.”

A strangled choke erupts from Amanda’s chest, but I pay her no attention, choosing to bask in the way Immie’s small hand unbuckles my belt and slides my zipper down.

My palm smooths over her wayward strands before resting on the back of her head, and when her soft hand takes my thick cock in her grasp, I hiss through my teeth.

“Put it in your mouth, baby. Suck on Daddy. Play with him until I come for you.”

“Please,” she pants, her eyes full of hunger.

I brush her hair from her face, giving me the perfect view of her beautiful eyes, then I press my thumb on her chin. “Make Daddy come in your little mouth. Show me how you like to taste me.”

Her tongue flicks out over the head of my engorged cock while her gaze remains transfixed on mine from beneath her long lashes. She sucks the head of my cock clean of my pre-cum before stretching her mouth over my length until I hit the back of her throat, forcing her to gag.

“Good girl,” I groan, but stop myself from pumping up inside her mouth.

I want her to take me how she pleases, allowing her the control to show me what she needs. She’s been through so much today; the last thing I want is to cause her more distress. “Such a brave girl. You look so beautiful stuffed full of Daddy’s big cock, Little Nightmare.”

Amanda thrashes about, her disgruntled groans audible to our ears, but my little nightmare pays her no attention while she jerks my cock and follows it up with dragging her tongue up and down me.

“Fuck, she’s watching,” I groan, and she takes me back in her mouth. “She’s watching you suck on me.”

Her eyes roll, and I moan at the fact she’s getting off on this as much as me.

“She wishes she was you.”

She pants around my cock.

“Daddy’s Little Nightmare.”

I can’t help but push on the back of her head in encouragement. “You’re choking so bravely on Daddy. Making me so damn proud of you how you take me.”

A hum of contentment vibrates in her chest.

“You’re so damn good at this. You like climbing into bed with me and using me, don’t you, Little Nightmare?” I cast my eyes up toward Amanda, and her sinister gaze sits solely on Immie, causing me to smirk.

“She’s been so good to me while you’ve been out of it in bed. While my girl drugged you so she could take what she needs.”

Immie jerks, and her eyes search mine; she must like what she sees because her tongue thrashes over the tip of my cock, pushing inside my slit as if desperate to taste me.

Amanda’s nostrils flare, and I continue explaining everything I’ve come to discover. “She’s made me as obsessed with her as she is with me.” Immie moans around my cock, and I grip the sheet to stop myself from coming. “I’m going to keep her.” My hips lift, forcing my cock farther down her throat. “Marry her.” Immie whimpers and sucks me harder, causing my fingers to clench in her hair. “She’s wanted me for so long. Isn’t that right, Little Nightmare?” My lip twitches at my own realization. My poor girl has been desperate for me, and now it’s my turn to show her how much I want her in return. “I’m going to fuck my babies into her.” Immie bucks her hips, and I almost combust.

She pulls off my cock, panting and breathless. Her eyes latch onto mine, and it’s like she’s clutching onto my soul, holding me in place. “I want you to give me a baby.”

My heart skips a beat, and my body ripples with euphoria; my balls pull up.

“Please.” Jesus, she begs so perfectly. I’d give her the damn world if I could.

My jaw falls lax, and I push her head forward. She parts her lips, and I push down on her bottom lip, tipping my cock toward her open mouth.

“Ah, fuck. Daddy’s got to feed you first, Little Nightmare,” I growl. “Then I can give you a baby.”

Hot cum floods her mouth, coating her lips and flowing down her chin onto her chest. I push it against her mouth, forcing her lips to purse over the head, and she sucks hard, using her tongue to steal the remnants from my slit.

She pulls off my cock with a pop. “Can you put a baby in me now?” she asks, batting her lashes.

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IMMIE

I might like the thought of torturing Amanda with Jensen's need for me, but I don't want to see her face as he fills me, nor do I want him to watch her while he comes, so I delight in the fact he let me choose the position.

As soon as he came in my mouth, I stripped my clothes off and asked him to lose his shirt.

I crawl up the bed and over his legs until I reach his stomach. Then I take my time licking and kissing my way up his chiseled, inked abs and trailing my tongue over his broad chest.

My pussy hovers over his face. "Lick it," I pant, peering down into his hungry hazel eyes. "Lick your girl's pussy, Daddy."

His tongue darts out, and his eyes roll as he flicks it over my pussy lips. As his grip on my thighs tightens, I rock myself back and forth over the scruff on his chin. "Oh god, yes."

I'm so wet, I slide with ease, and my grip tightens on the headboard.

Glancing over my shoulder, I lock eyes with Amanda's demonic ones. A smile spreads over my face. I don't care that she can see my naked form. I don't care that she can see Jensen's cock springing back to life. All I care about is that she can see Jensen giving his girl an orgasm, bringing me the pleasure I've always craved.

My spine bolts straight, and I throw my head back in awe. "I'm coming, Daddy. I'm coming for you."

My body coils, and my orgasm bursts through me. Before I have a chance to come down from my high, Jensen has positioned me across his torso. Then he slams me down on his cock, causing aftershocks of pleasure to sail through my entire being.

Jensen thrusts up inside me, and I cling to his chest, dragging my nails down him to gain traction with the power of his possession.

“I’m going to put a baby inside you, Little Nightmare.”

“Yes. Yes, Daddy.”

My pussy stretches around his girth, and I welcome the bite of pain it brings.

Each powerful thrust causes my tits to bounce with each surge of his hips, and his eyes ping-pong from them to my face and down to my stomach.

He stills, then his hand snaps out and his fingers clasp around my throat. “You’re not on birth control.”

I shake my head, and his fingers tighten. “I wanted a baby with you,” I whisper. His gaze darts to my stomach, and he licks his lips.

“You look swollen.” I’m not sure that’s true, but I love the idea. This pregnancy kink thing is right down my alley, so I push my stomach out farther, and his eyes glow with desire. “Do you think you’re pregnant now? Has Daddy put a baby inside you?” His cock jerks inside me, filling me with confidence to tell him the truth.

“Yes. Yes, you did. I took a test.”

His mouth falls open, his jaw drops, and his eyes fill with love and longing. He’s looking at me how I’ve always wanted him to. Even better, actually. “Holy shit, Little Nightmare,” he gasps. “You’re pregnant?”

I nod, then his eyes widen and his heart beats rapidly.

“You’re pregnant with my baby.”

I’m in the very early stages of pregnancy, so much so, the line was faint. But I did another five tests to confirm my suspicions. I’m pregnant with my daddy’s baby.

He palms my cheek in his thick hand. “I love you, Little Nightmare.”

Tears fill my eyes as happiness swells inside me.

“I love you so damn much. You and our baby.”

“I love you too, Daddy.”

His pupils dilate, and he bares his teeth like a rabid animal, then he sits up and slams his lips against mine, and our tongues thrash in a desperate bid for control. When he powers his hips upward, I grind my ass down on him, and when his cock hits my G-spot, I combust.

“You’re both mine,” he whispers against my lips.

“My little nightmare. I love you, my beautiful, crazy girl.”

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CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

JENSEN

My cock slips from her snug pussy, and I feel lost already. I'm going to spend the rest of the night inside her, and although I'm torn between punishing her ass and fucking it, I'm going to opt for the latter. Though we do need to have a conversation about how she's been deceiving me.

I tuck my spent cock away and buckle up my slacks.

"Put some clothes on, Immie. Daddy's taking you home."

Amanda's face is dripping with mascara, snot, tears, and spittle.

I unstrap the cock gag, and her head falls forward. Slowly, she brings her head back to face me. "You bastard, you've been fucking her this entire time. Your daughter. You're sick. You both are!"

I tilt my head and deliver a sinister smile that makes Miko's appear tame.

"She's not my biological daughter. She never was."

Her head rears back, and she blinks.

"But that shouldn't have made any difference to how you chose to treat her. Just like it made no difference to me until she made sure I had no choice but to pay attention to her."

Immie slips beneath my arm, and I scan over her, pleased to find she's fully dressed.

"Tell her what you did," I coax as I point toward Amanda.

"I'm a little obsessed with him."

I choke on her words. A little?

“So I poisoned you with the cookies you ate because I wanted Jensen to fuck me while you slept next to us, and I told him I was on birth control to encourage him to fuck me raw. Now I’m pregnant with his baby, and I already want more.”

Jesus, I want that too.

I wrap my arm around her and press my thick palm on her stomach.

Amanda’s wide-eyed expression would be priceless if I was interested in entertaining her reaction, but I’m really not.

What I want to do is put a bullet in her head so we can leave here and start our life together.

“Anything you want to say to her?” I tilt my head toward Amanda.

“Thank you for giving me my daddy.” Then she pushes up on her tiptoes and presses her lips against mine. “I’ll look after him. Always.” She kisses me again, then pulls back with love emanating from her eyes. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

A breathtaking smile spreads over her face.

She pulls back, and I take my gun from behind my back and point it at Amanda.

“Thank you for giving me my little nightmare,” I mutter as I pull the trigger and deliver a swift bullet between her eyes.

“Can we go home now?” Immie asks without a care in the world.

She’s utterly mesmerizing, her eyes stormy and full of chaos, and for the first time ever, I see beyond the darkness, the savagery too. “We can, but we need to talk about what you’ve done.”

She pouts.

Fucking pouts, as if I just told her she couldn’t use the pool or something.

“Will you punish me?” She pulls her bottom lip into her mouth and attempts to act innocent, but I know otherwise. She’s anything but.

“You know damn well I will,” I grunt as I entwine our hands and pull open the door.

Miko steps forward and glances over my shoulder toward Amanda. “You took your time,” he says, but his focus is locked on the pool of blood forming at Amanda’s feet.

“My little nightmare needed to be reminded of who she belongs to.” I grin manically.

“So I heard,” he grumbles, pushing past me, and we step out into the corridor.

“Can we come back here?” Immie asks, and my cock pays attention. “When you come home.”

When I’m home? Does she seriously think I’m planning to leave again? I’m right where I want to be.

“One step at a time, baby. I want you with me all the time.” I bring her hand to my lips. “If you thought your obsession was out of control, you’re about to discover Daddy can be insane too.”

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EPILOGUE

IMMIE

Brett is hanging from a chain hooked into the ceiling of our swimming pool room.

His feet slip on the floor as he lamely attempts to keep himself standing upright.

From the daybed, I watch as Jensen prowls the pool area like a predator about to strike, and his fists pump beside him. He's itching to maim and destroy Brett.

"Tell me again," Jensen bites out.

"He touched my panties."

His gaze snaps to mine, and he comes to a standstill. "Did he do more?"

"No. But he scared me, Daddy. I don't want anyone touching me there but you."

The anger slips from his face, and his features soften, then in two strides, he's at the daybed, cupping my face. His wild eyes flicker over me. "I'm going to hurt him, Little Nightmare. Are you sure you want to stay?"

An unusual sensation builds in my core. His brutal words and equally feral stare have unlocked something inside of me. I lick my lips; my heart beats faster.

"I want to see."

His mouth twitches before a smile dances on his lips. "Very well."

He steps back, taking my breath with him.

Then he bends and pulls out his knife, the one Sal gave him as a teenager.

He strides toward Brett. “I once told you if you touched my bike, I’d cut off your hand.”

Brett’s face pales. “Please, no!”

“But not only did you touch my bike, you touched my girl.”

“I didn’t know she was yours!”

He slams his fist into Brett’s face, and a crack rips through the air.

“That doesn’t make it okay.”

Jensen slams the knife into Brett’s stomach, and it’s mesmerizing.

A loud wail echoes off the walls, and excitement swells inside me.

Jesus, I’m fucked up.

Maybe hearing Jensen unleash on a monster is what I need to feed my soul. Finally, some retribution for the trauma I’ve been through. Though Jensen assured me he dealt with the perpetrators, watching it and knowing for sure is something I’ve wanted for a long time.

Brett’s scream brings me back to the present, and I watch in sick fascination as Jensen uses his knife to hack away at his wrist.

Blood spurts in every direction, and Brett’s lame attempts to kick Jensen have no effect on him at all. Jensen bares his teeth like a deranged animal, and I itch to go kiss him.

At some point, Brett passes out, and when his wrist detaches from his body, he’s left hanging from the hook by one hand.

Jensen turns to face me. “I’m going to wake him up.” Blood is splattered over his face, and I can’t wait to clean him. To cover him in my scent again, making him mine for eternity.

He unhooks the chain above Brett’s head, causing his body to slump to the tiled floor. Then he grabs hold of Brett’s untouched arm and drags him over to the pool before twisting it at such an awkward angle it snaps.

Holy shit, he just broke his arm.

I inch closer to the edge of the daybed, eager to watch this unfold, and when Jensen kicks Brett into the pool, a startled gasp leaves him. He thrashes about, but it’s futile with the grip Jensen has on his arm, the only part out of the pool.

Jensen leans over him, his thick broad shoulders contract beneath his shirt, and I can’t wait to peel it from my savior and fall to my knees to worship him.

Brett struggles, gasping for air, trying to lift his head out of the pool.

“You’re going to drown in my pool, motherfucker. You’ll never touch an innocent girl again.”

Jensen grabs Brett’s neck and plunges his head beneath the water, holding him there. His legs kick out before they become slower and eventually stop moving.

My heart soars, watching the life spill out of him and knowing another monster has been taken from this earth, leaving behind men who matter. Men like my daddy.

Jensen’s hazel eyes latch onto mine, locking me in. “I love you, Little Nightmare.”

“I love you too, Daddy.”

He releases Brett’s lifeless body and pushes him away.

The action is more significant than he could ever know.

We’re about to start our new life together. Where all our enemies and distractions are destroyed, leaving us as a family as we were always meant to be.

A little nightmare and her daddy.

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EXTENDED EPILOGUE

IMMIE

His thick finger pushes my panties to the side, and I swallow the gasp bursting to leave my lips.

My cheeks heat as my pussy clenches, and when the tip of his finger slides inside my dripping hole, I almost combust.

He pushes inside and pumps me once, twice, three times …

"So let me get this straight. You're sending Fen away to train?" Sal asks.

I squeeze my eyes closed as the conversation around the dinner table plays out.

"I wouldn't call it sending him away," Zane states.

A loud huff leaves Sal, and I imagine a smile tugging on Miko's lips at his dramatics.

Jensen's finger slides over my clit, using my slickness to coat it.

"I wanted all you boys home. That includes the kids," Sal snipes out.

"I wouldn't call them kids," Zane says, and I snap my eyes open. This is a new revelation. Zane acknowledging our age allows us to be classed as adults. Is this for Jensen's and my benefit, or has something changed in his mind?

A scoff leaves Sal. "Since when?" His gaze bounces over Zane, as if searching for a reason for his sudden change of heart.

Jensen swirls his finger around my clit once, twice …

“Since his cock slipped into Fen’s girlfriend,” Miko chimes in, and my eyes almost pop out of my head.

Jensen flicks the tip of his finger over my clit over and over again. Holy hell, that feels good.

Sal’s jaw drops open, and the table becomes silent.

When Jensen presses down on my clit, I can’t help it, I scream out and slam my hand on the table. “Holy fuck!”

“Holy fuck, indeed.” Miko grins from ear to ear as all eyes dart toward me.

Zane clears his throat, and his face pales. “It was never meant to happen. She’s become my…” He remains silent for a moment, and his eyebrows pull together, then he sighs. “She’s become my little torment.”

THE END

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BJ Alpha lives in the UK with her hubby, two teenage sons and three fur babies.
She loves to write and read about hot, alpha males and feisty females.

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