



HER

Wedding
NIGHT

EVERYONE IS WATCHING

CHLOE MAINE

HER WEDDING NIGHT

**AN EVERYONE IS
WATCHING STORY**

CHLOE MAINE

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ABOUT THIS BOOK

I didn't choose tonight to be my wedding night. And no matter what, a stalker will get to claim my innocence...

I'm tricked onto a luxury yacht and taken out to sea. The boat party I was invited to? Turns out, the boy who sits beside me in class has an obsession with my purity, and his friends all want to see him take me as his bride.

But my classmates aren't the only ones on board.

When Gabriel Rudd steps from the shadows and gives me the choice of who will strip me out of this translucent white bridal gown—father or son—I pick the grown man with the frightening, flashing gaze.

And I have to hope the mountain man, with his whispered, urgent words that fill me with an unexpected heat, will protect me when the rest of them want a turn...

Her Wedding Night is an over-the-top spicy instalove romance with a reclusive former Navy SEAL who will stop at nothing to protect the innocent, unknowing girl he's been watching from afar.

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CHAPTER 1

LUCY

Oh my god, that's my stalker.

Which is a weird thought to have as I wait in line for coffee before my Thursday morning Anthropology class.

He's three people in front of me at the coffee shop just off campus, Brewed Awakening. He's half a head taller and half a body broader than the people in between us. Plus, he's probably twice the age of my classmates. But even if he weren't a big, thick silver-templed giant, I'd recognize the tattoos crawling up the back of his neck.

I've seen those tattoos a lot.

The first time I noticed him watching me was about a month ago.

Lately, I'm seeing him almost every day. A couple of times we've made eye contact, and it makes me shiver.

But the two times I tried to take his photo—so I'd have something to take to the campus police to identify him—he disappeared as I was digging out my phone.

My pulse bounces at the base of my throat as I scramble for it now. Can they identify people by neck tattoos? Probably. Maybe he's in a gang or something.

Fingers shaking, I lift my hand, thumb on the button to snap a pic...and he turns around.

His gaze catches mine, his eyes piercing blue. His chest lifts, like he's pulling in a deep breath, then he squares his shoulders and holds still.

A wild, terrifying feeling I don't recognize spikes inside me. I feel locked in place, as if someone slammed pause on the world.

This is my stalker? This man with eyes like the ocean?
It's as if he's cast a spell on me, because I feel an unholy tug, low in my belly, that is keeping me tethered here. Tethered to him.
And then he sucks in another breath, breaking that spell.
I turn on my heel and run.

I'm a few minutes early for Anthro, since I didn't wait for coffee, and most of my classmates aren't there yet. A frat guy who I tutored last term, Ethan, gives me a familiar wave.

He's kind of awkward and intense, but he's one of the few people on campus I'd call a friend. Between my need to keep my grades up for my scholarship and my tutoring work, I haven't had any time for a social life.

Ethan pushes out of the seat he'd already gotten settled in and crosses to sit in my row, two seats over from me. "Hey."

I give him my brightest, *I'm fine, not being stalked or anything* smile. "Hey."

"I, uh, wanted to invite you to a party Theta Zeta Alpha is having tomorrow night. I've wanted to ask you all week, but I haven't seen you around." He gives me the same soft puppy dog look he used when he didn't do the studying work between tutoring sessions. "You haven't started dating anyone, have you?"

I laugh nervously. "Me? Dating? No."

"Oh, good." He licks his lips. "Do you like boats? Gilly's parents are away for the weekend, so he can use the yacht."

My eyebrows shoot up. *Yacht?*

He glances past me. I twist to follow his gaze and see three of the most popular girls on campus. Alyssa, Hannah, and Gracie. "You're all coming tomorrow night, right?"

Gracie smirks. "We wouldn't miss it for the world."

Alyssa skims her assessing gaze over me. "Are you coming?"

Something in the challenging way she looks at me gets my back up. And what am I going to do if I say no? Stay home and hide from a man who looks like Reacher?

"Maybe," I say.

Hannah gives me a once over that makes me blush. “She might even be a real one, Ethan.”

Behind me, Ethan exhales so loudly I can hear it. “Of course she is. Don’t be a bitch.”

Before I can look back and ask what he means by that, our Anthro prof arrives and we all have to focus on the lesson.

When I get back to my dorm after class, there’s an envelope shoved under my door.

Inside is a polaroid photo, and a note.

I’m not a threat to you, I promise.

The words scald my fingers, and I almost drop the simple white piece of paper.

What kind of stalker gives his prey an incriminating selfie and a note that practically reads as a confession?

Why is the only person who sees me, who reads my panicked mind and offers up an answer, albeit deranged, also a psycho who is probably lying to himself about his intentions?

He saw me try to take a picture of him and he gave me a picture.

What. The. Fuck.

What did I do to attract his attention? My chest aches, and I crush the note against my skin.

Maybe he thinks I’m lonely? If he wants to give me what I want, maybe I need to show him I just want to be left alone with my friends.

Friends. That’s a stretch.

And I wish I had better options in front of me, but I don’t.

Hot, frustrated tears scald my eyelids.

I came to Ridge College a complete loner. After bouncing through a couple of foster homes over the last five years, I focused all of my energy on getting a scholarship to a good school on the other side of the country.

When I got here, the last thing I wanted was to make connections with people that would only be yanked away. People are always yanked away

from me.

But in the last few weeks, I've started to crave something new. I don't recognize this strange, unfamiliar desire... To be seen, to be touched, to be held. It started with dreams, and now I'm starting to have thoughts about random people I see on campus. Would I like to be close to that person? So far, the answer is always no, but the question still pricks at me. How about them?

There's no way that Ethan or his posse of popular girls are my true people.

But the stalker dude doesn't know that.

And just in case something happens between now and the party tomorrow night, I feel like I need to do something with this small crack in the mystery.

Before I can chicken out, I shove the photo back in the envelope and head across campus to the ivy-covered building that houses the Criminology department.

"Is Dr. Adler in today?" I ask the department secretary.

"Not today, dear. His office hours are posted on his door, and in the online classroom as well."

"I know." I chew on my bottom lip for a second. "Would you be able to take a photocopy of something for me? It's, uh, for a cold case project."

The lie rolls off my tongue with alarming ease.

When I first arrived in Conception Ridge, I was an innocent hayseed. Then I took Dr. Adler's Criminology 101 and fell in love with crime. Solving it, I mean.

And Dr. Adler says sometimes solving a crime means being devious. Meeting criminals where they are at to outsmart them.

"Here's Dr. Adler's copier code. You can use it today only."

"Got it." I snatch the paper she hands over and dash to the photocopier, making a copy of the photo.

Then I scrawl a note at the top of the paper.

Dr. Adler,

If I disappear, find this man.

Lucy Martin

I stare at it. *What are you doing, Lucy?*

I can't give that to my professor.

So I fold it in half, then in half again, and then wrap that in another piece of paper, and write on the front of that, *From Lucy Martin, for safekeeping. Don't open just yet.*

And then, before I soften and protect an absolute stranger for misguided politeness reasons, I shove it in Dr. Adler's mail cubby.

On my way back to the dorm, I look for the guy everywhere, but there's no sign of him. My heart pounds in my chest and I clutch my keys in my fist until I'm safely behind my dorm room door.

Who is this guy?

What does he want with me?

A spark of inspiration hits me, and I carefully take a close-up photo of the image in good light, then upload that to my computer.

But when I do a reverse image search, I get nothing. Whoever my stalker is, his face isn't on the internet.

And I'm back to being confused.

On Friday, Ethan texts me twice, asking if he can pick me up. But I don't want him to think this is a date. I'm going to a frat party by myself, that's it.

I arrive at the marina by myself, on foot, wearing a t-shirt and jeans, with Chucks on my feet and a *we're just friends but thanks for the invite* expression on my face.

White lights twinkle off every line of the yacht, and water laps at the side of the dock as I climb aboard, following the sound of laughter and the clinking of glasses in the air.

I knew some of my classmates were rich, but I didn't know any of them were *my parents have a yacht* rich.

And as I climb up to the next deck and follow the party sounds, it gets even better. Or worse, depending on the viewpoint. This yacht is big enough to have a pool.

A pool. On a boat!

I recognize Hannah, Gracie, and Alyssa. They're all wearing matching diaphanous bikini cover-ups in various shades of pastel colours. Pink, green, peach.

I didn't get the memo.

I'm wearing a bright blue math equation t-shirt. And I didn't bring a bathing suit.

"There's my something blue," Ethan says, coming up beside me from out of nowhere.

"What?" I spin around, confused.

He pushes a red Solo cup into my hand. "This way to the bar."

"Ummm..." I take a deep breath. "Okay."

There's a pitcher of something fizzy and pink on the bar, but there's also beer and wine and soda. It's self-serve, so I dodge the offer of whatever is in the pitcher and go for a weak rum and Coke that I pour myself.

Ethan watches me take a big sip of it. He's more confident tonight than he usually is. I guess he's a party animal.

Someone calls his name, and he frowns before he excuses himself.

Even though I made my drink pretty weak, it still makes me head spin. Or maybe that's the extravagant wealth everywhere I look.

"Hey, Lucy." One of the frat guys on the other side of the bar lifts his cup in my direction, then strides over. "Tonight's going to be fun. Glad you decided to join us."

"Back off, Forrest," Ethan growls, reappearing at my side. "Sorry, Lucy."

"It's okay." I take another drink, this time a bigger gulp.

Ethan shoves at Forrest's shoulder. "Go tell Gilly to get the captain to fire this thing up and let's take it out."

"Out?" My stomach quivers.

Ethan grins. "A little night cruise."

"There's a captain?" I glance up at the top deck of the gleaming white boat.

Forrest smirks. "And a cook, but it's the cook's night off."

"Oh wow."

Ethan leans in, his breath warm against my cheek, and then my ear. "The captain can be bribed."

My heart goes into free fall for reasons I can't name. That doesn't sound good. "Why...do you need to bribe him?"

“We’re going to be gambling tonight.” His voice is low and private. “There are so many things that are legal out on the ocean that we can’t do here.”

My head swims trying to guess at the possibilities. I take another sip of my drink, as if the answers to anything ever lay at the bottom of a red Solo cup. Then I try to ignore the way he watches my tongue, his gaze hot and lingering, when I lick the boozy sweetness off my lower lip.

No, this is not a good idea.

“Where is a bathroom?” I ask.

“There’s a cabin for you.” Ethan tries to guide me deeper into the boat, but I don’t want that.

“Sort of urgent,” I say.

Hannah smirks lazily at me from a nearby sun bed. “There’s a head right through there.”

Ignoring the way Ethan glowers at her—not my problem—I dart in that direction.

Whatever feelings of loneliness drove me to accept the invitation to this party, they aren’t nearly as strong as my feelings of self-reservation.

On one level, none of this feels real. It’s like playing dress up, but with an undercurrent of very real, grown up danger.

I don’t need that in my life.

That burning, desperate ache that has been growing inside me won’t be satisfied tonight. Not here, not with any of these people.

I do need something. But it’s not this. And it’s not here.

As soon as I’m sure they’re not looking, I head for the gangway.

But I stop short at the bottom of the stairs, because across the dock, in the shadows of the boat across the way, is a man.

Taller than anyone else in town.

Broader than anyone else in town.

Moonlight glinting off the hint of silver at his temples. If he didn’t have tattoos all over his body, he’d look like what I imagine a concerned father would look like. Except I’ve never needed a concerned father before, and I don’t want one now. Especially not one who might kidnap me and turn me into his plaything.

He steps forward, and the shift makes some reflecting light from somewhere catch his eyes.

My breath freezes in my throat.

My legs feel like lead.

I'm not sure I'm safe on this boat, but I know I'm not safe on land either. What is going on and what have I gotten myself into?

“Lucy?”

In the blink of an eye, my stalker fades back into the shadows.

I turn around.

Ethan's looking at me, his brows tightly furrowed, his mouth pulling down.

My throat tightens up, my voice coming out tight as I explain, “I thought I saw someone.” I give him a bright smile. “It was nobody, though.”

He holds out his hand, and I hesitantly climb the steps to join him. I don't give him my fingers. Instead, I brush past him with a boldness I don't actually feel. “Let's get this party started.”

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CHAPTER 2

GABRIEL

When they head forward, a lumbering man in a white uniform comes down from the bridge. He pulls in the gangway, then unmoors the yacht.

I cross the dock and quietly leap aboard as soon as he heads back up to the bridge. I take off my shoes so my footsteps won't make any noise, then stash them in a compartment under a cushion. I don't want anyone finding them should they come down to the swim platform level.

Then I silently creep up the stairs.

Time for me to get familiar with this fucking boat.

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CHAPTER 3

LUCY

As the yacht motors out to sea, Ethan takes me below deck to a cabin where he almost shyly gives me a large white box wrapped in a blue ribbon.

“What is this?” I don’t take it, not exactly.

So now we’re both holding it, me very gingerly.

He gives me a slow, frightening smile. “It’s time for you to put on something that matches the others.”

“Why?”

“It’s part of the fun. Go on, open it.”

When I don’t open it, he sets it on the bed for me and fingers the blue ribbon. Glancing sideways, he drags his gaze down my dress. “I knew this would be your color.”

I expect a pastel blue diaphanous gown inside after that, but when he lifts the lid, all I see is a big cloud of gauzy white fabric.

But there, at the edge, is a peek of blue. The same ribbon that tied the box up is also stitched to the gown’s waist.

And when he lifts the white gauze out of the box, I see a matching blue bikini beneath it.

A very small bikini.

“Oh,” I say.

He gives me a look that clearly says he'd like to see me in it, a look that sends a violent feeling through my core.

“I…”

“Don't worry,” he says. “That will be underneath.”

I frown and touch the billowy, transparent material. I'm not sure it'll actually disguise much.

"It's beautiful," I say, trying to find the right words to say *I'm not sure what's going on*.

"You are beautiful," he says solemnly.

"I don't understand. Why would you buy me this outfit?"

And how did he organize it so quickly?

"I've wanted you to come to one of these parties for months. I wasn't sure how to ask you." His gaze softens. "I knew it was right to wait. I'll let you get dressed in privacy."

Great. It'll just be after I put on a bikini that I'll be paraded in front of his friends. As he goes to leave the cabin, I stop him. "Ethan..."

He looks at me expectantly.

"I don't want to lead you on. I'm not like Alyssa and Gracie. You know, I've never done anything."

His expression turns almost proud. "I know. You're a virgin. You're a good girl. That's okay, Lucy. That's what I love about you."

Shock ripples through me.

Before I can respond to that, he turns and leaves the cabin, the door clicking shut behind him.

Oh my God.

Lucy Martin, what have you done?

And are we too far out to sea now to swim for shore? Maybe I should have rolled the dice with the stalked dude.

But now I've clearly told Ethan that I'm not going to do anything tonight. And his weird crush aside, he seems to understand that. So there's no harm in trying to fit in.

I haven't had to play this part so far this year at Ridge College, but I had some wild rebellious moments in high school.

When you have been alone your entire life, any attention is good attention.

And I know. I *know* that's a trap. I'm smarter than that. But yet here I am, soaking up the twinkling lights and the fancy drinks and the hungry eyes, in the same way I went to house parties in high school.

Because I'm tired of being alone.

But for all their stupid games and expensive gifts, this is the exact same as a dorm or house party. It just smells better.

You aren't alone tonight, Lucy.

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CHAPTER 4

GABRIEL

I love rich people. They buy a lot of easy-to-use shit that makes spying on them a breeze. I'm in the engine room, familiarizing myself with the security system on board. I'll do a physical room by room sweep next, but there are enough cameras wired into the servers here that I've already done a complete digital sweep and I'm pretty sure there's only one crew person on board—the captain.

The galley is completely clean and quiet. There's nobody down here on the crew level.

I flip to the passenger cabins to be sure I didn't miss anyone there, and I've nearly completed that pass through the cameras when I see Ethan and Lucy on the screen.

My body snaps to attention, tension coiling inside me.

There's no audio, this is a video only feed. She says something to him, then he leaves, and she turns toward the bed.

With a visible sigh, she picks up a scrap of blue from a box and turns it over in her hands.

Then she sets it down, crosses her arms over her body, and pulls her dress up in a single, fluid motion.

I stop breathing.

Look away, Gabe.

I should. I will.

The first time I saw Lucy Martin, it was in a photograph on my son's bedroom wall. She was studying, her dark reddish shoulder-length waves

spilling forward over her face. Her lower lip was caught between her teeth as she hunched over a textbook, figuring something out for him.

It was the most innocent photo of a tutor, illicitly captured by her tutee.

My heart had crawled out of my body and pressed itself against that photo, wanting her neat little row of teeth to be pressed into my flesh instead.

Fuck. Me.

Watching her strip down to nothing, baring every inch of her small, curvy body, is that moment all over again, times a thousand.

Her ass is more of a handful than I expected, jiggling as she fits that scrap of blue—a bikini bottom, apparently—over her most intimate parts.

And not much else gets covered.

Her back is to the camera, so I only catch a bit of her breast from the side as she puts on the top.

She twists around, her face cringing. The suit is clearly too much for her. Too much and not enough. Not enough by a long shot.

My cock tightens, lengthening down my pant leg, as she loops her fingers under the fabric again, adjusting the small triangles over her small breasts.

I would give anything and everything to do that for her, carefully ensuring that she was covered up.

As much as I appreciate how stunning she is in the too-small suit, it's not what I would put her in. Lucy deserves something more comfortable, a modest one-piece that she could swim comfortably in.

A mental image of her racing down a dock and leaping into the water, cannon balling with joy, slashes through my mind.

She's so sweet, so small and fragile and perfect and innocent. And completely wrong for this night, this place, these people.

What the fuck is my son doing with her?

On the screen, she wraps herself in something white and see-through, the fabric so light it floats around her as she ties a ribbon around her waist.

She looks like a bride about to be stretched out on her marital bed for the first time, and I have to shove a fist in my mouth to keep myself from groaning out loud at how indecently perfect that image is.

Hot seed slicks the tip of my cock, not caring that she's not mine to claim.

She's young enough to be my daughter and terrified of me.

She will never be mine. Not in all the ways I crave.

But she will always be mine in the most important ways, the only ways that matter at the end of the day.

Mine to protect.

Mine to keep safe.

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CHAPTER 5

LUCY

Ethan sweeps his arm around me as I rejoin the group. His hand, curling over my hip, makes my stomach jolt. I try to edge away, try to get some space, but he clamps down hard.

"You look beautiful," he murmurs.

Words I've always wondered if anyone would ever say to me. But now that I'm hearing them, they don't make me feel beautiful. My skin crawls.

And when someone shoves another plastic cup into my hand, I gulp at it, grateful for an excuse to "accidentally" jam my elbow purposely into Ethan's side.

"Sorry," I say brightly. "Hard to drink when you're holding me so tight."

His friends laugh as he releases me.

Alyssa grabs my hand and tugs me to the lounge bed where Hannah and Gracie are sprawled.

"You look pretty," Hannah says in a sing-song voice that makes me think she does not think I'm pretty at all, but more like a threat. Some sort of competition for Ethan's attention.

She can have him, I don't care.

"This all feels very over the top," I say under my breath, as much to myself as them.

Alyssa laughs. "Right? They're so extra." She takes a long sip of her drink. "But like, free booze and the *Eyes Wide Shut* vibe is fun, you know?"

Is it? Is it fun? And I only vaguely get the movie reference.

"I guess," I say.

She rolls her eyes. “Look, they want us all to be virgins so they can do their little auction, but it’s—”

“Their what?” I can’t keep the alarm out of my voice.

Gracie giggles. “I know, right? As if any of us are still virgins.”

Hannah snorts. “Uh, like, they've all put their dicks in us.”

“Oh, so it's like, uh...” I'm trying to find the right words. Because I, an actual virgin, have never done the whole *have someone put their dick in me* thing. “Like a game?”

Hannah’s eyes narrow and she rakes her gaze over me. “Yes, like a game. Of course, it gets kind of intense when they bring a new girl. And then Ethan went way over the top and dressed you up like his pretty little bride.”

The bottom of my stomach goes into free fall. The rocking of the waves as we turn out to sea doesn’t help, either.

Fuck me.

What have I got myself into?

“Okay...” I’m desperate to stay cool here, even though I know this is bad, very bad. “So they...”

But I was specific with Ethan, wasn’t I? Maybe I should find him and be more blunt with him. When I was his tutor, sometimes I had to get stern with him and have a “come to Jesus” talk about his study habits.

Keeping his dick out of my vagina might need the same bossiness.

But before I can say anything, Gilly announces that it’s time for the first round of poker.

Okay, well, that's at least not some sort of faux virgin auction.

“All right, boys, what did you bring to wager with tonight?” Forrest rubs his hands together, his eyes bright.

Gilly flashes some bling on his wrist. “My dad’s Rolex.”

Another guy whose name I missed smirks and lifts his hand, showing off a gem on his pinky finger. “My step-mom’s ring. It’s too small for her now. She never wears it.”

The casual way they’ve stolen from their parents takes my breath away. If my family was still alive...

But they aren’t.

“We’re up,” Gracie says.

Hannah and Alyssa push me toward the poker game.

“What are we expected to do?” I ask.

“Look pretty. Create curiosity.” Alyssa lowers her voice. “You get to keep whatever is bid on you, by the way.”

Hannah’s watching me. Waiting for me to react, but react to what? What am I going to do with someone’s stolen watch?

“There are six of them,” I whisper. “And only four of us.”

“Ethan said you were good at math.” She shrugs. “Sometimes they share. Sometimes they just watch. Sometimes they have more girls and they each get two. It’s different every time.”

My head is spinning from the fact they’ve done this repeatedly.

I will never step foot on this boat ever again. But until we return to shore, I need to do whatever it takes to keep ahead of this madness.

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CHAPTER 6

GABRIEL

I grind the heel of my hand into my eye socket as I watch Ethan and his frat buddies finish their first hand of poker.

As far as I can tell, everyone is here willingly. And it also seems like with one singular exception, everyone knows what is expected for the evening—which makes me very fucking concerned about why Ethan kept Lucy in the dark about what is essentially a costume sex party. But if I call in the Coast Guard too soon, and they don't find anything other than rich kids drinking, I'll have burned my nascent relationship with Ethan for no reason—and Lucy won't be any safer.

Because no matter what happens tonight, I know he's obsessed with her.

That's how I fucking became obsessed with her, too. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

On the security monitor, the inconvenient object of our shared secret obsession crosses to the bar and pours herself another drink. I note with interest that the splash of booze is barely anything. She waves the bottle in the air, asking the others if they'd like drinks, too.

She has the right approach. Get them drunk, and outsmart them. The drinks she makes for them are much heavier on the alcohol, as if she's figured out that she needs to keep her wits about her—and dull theirs at the same time.

"Good girl," I mutter under my breath.

Fuck, I can't believe I let her get on the boat. I should have tossed her over my shoulder and dealt with her outrage once I had her alone, in a safe space.

I'd take her little fists pummelling my back any day over the stress of watching her realize what these supposed friends are all about.

I have a lot of regrets spinning through my head right now. Not going to her directly is at the top of the list, but I underestimated her powers of observation, and by the time I was ready to make myself known to her, she'd already pegged me as a danger.

And then there's the other small issue of not trusting myself to be alone with her.

I would never hurt her.

Not in a million years.

But I'm not sure I can keep my desire hidden, either. I don't know. I've never felt like this about anyone. Ever.

The urge to fall on my knees and press my face between her thighs is overwhelming, though. Lick her until she understands that all I want is for her to be safe, happy, and pleased.

God, the way I throb at the *thought* of her scent. Will she be musky? Tangy? Whatever she smells like, it'll be perfect. The spiced honey I've waited my entire life to swallow down.

Fuck.

I need to distract myself.

It's time to go to Ethan's cabin to figure out more about what he has planned for tonight. And then I'll go to the bridge and have a chat with the apparently bribable captain.

Lucy's clothes are neatly folded on the end of the bed in Ethan's cabin. Only the fact that I know there are cameras in here keeps me from picking up her little white panties and pressing them to my face. I still trail my fingers across them, my pulse heavy...needy...as the cotton sings my nerve endings.

Ethan brought a duffle bag with him. I expect to find condoms in it, maybe some pot. That's the type of shit he has in his apartment off campus.

I don't find either.

Frowning, I rifle through the spare change of clothes, looking for anything that might provide a clue for what will happen next. Coming up

empty, I put the bag down in frustration—and my gaze falls on a jewelry box on the far side of the bed.

Crossing to it, I flip the small velvet square open.

It's empty.

Since I'm on this deck, I check out the other rooms. Whoever is in the cabin next to Ethan has quite a pharmaceutical set up. Boner pills, ecstasy, and a vial of liquid that I'd bet anything is a date rape drug.

Motherfucker.

I pocket that, because central nervous system depressants can be useful in other ways, then carefully crack the door and make sure the coast is clear to make my way up to the bridge.

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CHAPTER 7

LUCY

After he wins the first hand of poker, Forrest pops a pill. He makes a big show of it, winking at us girls. “Forty-five minutes until show time,” he says, stretching his arms out wide. “Who’s going to be Daddy’s little virgin tonight?”

Gross.

My skin crawls as he rakes his gaze over all of us, lingering on me.

Ethan snarls at him, which I wish made me feel better, but that just adds another suffocating layer on top.

They play two more hands, the second one taking forever, and Forrest wins that one, too. He’s got some cash and jewelry, and because he’s loudly keeping us updated on the effects of the pill, we also know he has a big hard-on.

When he stands, I can’t really see evidence of that. So big might be a relative term.

“Who wants to put themselves on the auction block first tonight?”

Alyssa is eyeing the stack of money he’s got, but it’s Hannah who climbs up onto the poker table first.

Well, I can’t say they aren’t eager participants in this weirdo game.

“I’m Hannah,” she says breathlessly. “I’m eighteen years old, and a freshman at Ridge College.”

The guys hoot and holler.

And then Gilly opens the bidding at five hundred dollars.

My mouth drops open, which is silly, because that’s nothing.

The guys put up eye watering amounts of money. A thousand, two thousand. Forrest finally wins with a bid of ten thousand dollars and the Rolex.

I expect him to pull her into his lap or something. Hold her as a trophy while they play another game.

I'm not prepared for her to lie down on the poker table and for him to peel away her pastel wrapping like he's going to town on a piece of saltwater taffy.

Her matching bikini is flicked away, too, and there's Hannah—a girl from my class, oh my *God*—naked, spread eagle, as Ethan and some of his frat buddies have a front-row seat for Forrest to whip it out and slap his erection between her legs.

Like he actually slaps her with it.

Does that feel good for him? For her?

She makes a gasping sound, but who knows if that's more pretend play or what.

He takes his time between her legs, working his hand over himself and her, making a big deal about how he paid big money to be her first time.

And then when he pushes inside her, she puts on what I hope is a very good show, twisting her face to the side in anguish and writhing on the table as he starts to fuck her.

I've never seen people fuck in real life. I've looked at porn, a little, like anyone with curiosity and privacy. But this is...people I know. Naked. Together. Moving and making sounds.

It doesn't last long.

Forrest pulls out and comes all over Hannah, which is when I realize that he wasn't wearing a condom.

Oh my God.

Someone tosses Hannah a towel, and she slides off the table with a giggle.

Forrest grabs her face, halting her retreat. "I'm not done with you. I want you in my cabin all night."

She nods as much as the firm grip of his fingers allows, and then he lets her cover herself back up again.

He takes his seat again. "Another hand, gentlemen?"

I slug back my Coke.

"I need to pee," I whisper loudly to Gracie.

Ethan notices and watches me head down the hallway to the head I pretended to use before—but that’s where Hannah’s gone.

“There’s another one up the stairs,” Ethans says, grinning at me. “Or you can go to our cabin.”

Gross gross gross.

I climb the exterior staircase instead. I don’t really need to pee, but just anything to get away from people for a minute—and maybe find more out about the boat.

Maybe I can convince the captain to put me in a lifeboat and point me back in the direction of shore. What’s the worst that could go wrong? I’d take my chances with an oar right now.

I find the washroom, then quietly tiptoe past it to the bridge. It’s dark in there, only a faint red light illuminating the space.

I see the captain leaning over a display, a coffee cup in his hand. It wobbles as he sets it down.

“Hello?” I say quietly. “I’m, uh, one of the guests tonight. Could I, uh...”

He doesn’t seem like he hears me. I move a little closer, not wanting to startle him.

“Excuse me, sir?” I lift my voice a little, hoping the raucous laughter from downstairs covers it up.

His hand smacks down onto the counter, his coffee mug tipping over. The liquid inside hits the floor in a wet sound a second before he slumps all the way forward, crashing to his knees.

I jump forward, trying to catch him, but he’s heavy, and he falls sideways against me.

I open my mouth to scream for help, but a big, hard hand clamps over my lips before a sound can escape.

CHAPTER 8

GABRIEL

I yank Lucy against my chest, pinning her between my body and my arm. Her small breasts mash against my forearm, soft and warm, and the way I've got her up against me, my cock is less than an inch from finding its way between her ass cheeks.

Jesus Christ, she feels good. Smells good, too. I inhale a life-giving lungful as she fights my tight hold, but she's just a little slip of a thing and I'm a trained special warfare operator freshly fuelled by the scent of wildflowers and honey.

I knew she'd smell like honey. My cock thickens even further, straining at the limits of my pants now. Fuck. Fuck.

"Shhh," I whisper in her ear. "I won't hurt you."

She kicks me in the kneecap.

I grin through the deserved pain. "Love your energy, you vicious little bunny, but I need you to calm down. I'm going to take my hand away from your mouth, and you're not going to scream, okay?"

I can feel her pulse going a mile a minute. She doesn't nod, but when I slide my fingers off her soft lips, she's quiet.

Maybe she correctly decided that the morons one deck below wouldn't be able to help her, anyway.

I let her go completely and step back.

She whirls around and shoves her hands at my chest. "Who the fuck are you?"

"It doesn't matter. We don't have a lot of time. Those boys...they aren't stable. I will keep you safe, but I don't want to hurt them if I don't have to.

So you should know—”

“Did you kill him?” She’s pointing at the captain.

I bend over and check his pulse. “Nope.” Then I drag him across the bridge and kick open his cabin door, propping him against it. “He’s just going to sleep for a bit.”

“What did you give him?”

“GHB, probably.”

“Probably?” She looks horrified. I get an overwhelming craving to kiss her. Just stop what I’m fucking doing, fuck everything that’s happening around us, and kiss her innocent little face. Her good, sweet mouth, which would never think of casually using a central nervous system depressant to gain the upper hand in a situation.

Which is too bad, because I need her to do exactly that.

I show her the vial. “I found it in one of the cabins below. Don’t drink anything anyone gives you down there.”

She rolls her eyes at me. “I know better than that.”

I raise an eyebrow.

She makes a face. “I know better than to get on this boat, too. Is that what you want to say, you whacko? Or do you have more dad advice for me before you get back to attempted murder?”

I gape at her.

She gasps and claps her hand over her mouth. “Nevermind,” she mumbles from behind her fingers. “I didn’t mean that.”

Slowly, I lean back against the captain’s chair and cross my arms over my chest. “Which part didn’t you mean?”

Her eyes go wide and she lets out an audible whimper.

“Lucy,” I say softly. “It’s okay. I’m not a threat to you. Or anyone else on this boat, unless they hurt you.”

She drops her hand and looks at the captain. “He didn’t hurt me,” she whispers, swivelling back to glare at me. “And you know my name.”

I know everything about her. Her class schedule, her love of sweet tea, that she needs to untuck the blankets so her toes have room to breathe at night, but she always makes the bed and tucks the blankets under the mattress, military-style, first thing in the morning.

I know that she likes sour candy and YouTube videos about horror movies, but not horror movies themselves.

And she doesn't know anything about me, because the most important fact negates literally everything else.

"I'm Gabriel," I finally say, thickly. "I'm Ethan's dad."

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CHAPTER 9

LUCY

No. This is not happening.

I laugh. He laughed before, so I guess laughing is okay between us, and it's either that or I cry.

I could definitely go for a good cry right now. That would feel good. But it might also feel like the final breaking point, and I can't handle that yet.

Now, in addition to a boat full of inebriated prep school monsters, I also have to deal with my insane stalker being on board. He thinks he's Ethan's dad?

Well, that explains a lot.

I don't bother to tell him that I've met Ethan's parents. Super awkward moment at a Christmas party that I didn't realize other students brought their family to—and since I'm a foster kid who has no family, it felt like I was the extra-odd chick out.

Ethan tried to get me to stay and talk to them, but he was also doing that super intense staring thing of his, where it feels like he's peeling my skin off millimetre by millimetre for scientific purposes.

Lucy Martin, you should have trusted that instinct more.

Yeah, no shit.

“Okay,” I say slowly, drawing the two syllables out. *Ooooohkayyyyyyy.*

Understanding dawns in Gabriel's eyes. “You don't believe me.”

Nope. I don't believe that his name is Gabriel, or that he's Ethan's dad. But I'd bet anything that he believes both things to be true, so I'm not going to argue with him. “I don't know what to believe at this point,” I finally say.

It's close to the truth. And while I do worry about this guy for his own sake—he's clearly not completely well, mentally—he doesn't feel nearly as dangerous as the guys downstairs.

Captain drugging aside.

We've been standing here talking for a few minutes, and not once has he made me feel like he wants to peel off my skin layer by layer and then fuck my dead corpse, for example.

Ethan never took it that far, I chide myself.

No, he didn't.

But now I'm getting the feeling like it's possible that he could. It's not one thing specifically. Just a bunch of odd pieces that are fitting together a little too late.

"Look... Gabriel?"

He nods, his attention never leaving my face. That bright blue gaze is something else. Who the fuck knows, maybe he actually is an archangel or something.

I suck in a breath. "Whatever you think is happening tonight, it's not... they're just idiots. I'm fine. I can handle myself. Maybe you should, uh..." I glance at the captain again.

"I'll make sure he's fine," Gabriel says, his voice low and steady. He holds out his hand, showing me the vial again. "Take this."

"I don't want my fingerprints on that!"

"I'll make sure it's disposed of. Take it, just in case. A drop of this in anyone's drink will knock them out pretty fast. Don't use it on the girls, but if any guy gets too handsy with you..."

"I know how to defend myself."

He doesn't point out that I was pretty defenceless in his arms. "They think they're all getting laid tonight, Lucy. Is that what you want?"

I ignore the way his voice tightens, and the corresponding deep tug in my belly. "I'm not sleeping with any of them," I say firmly. "Ethan knows I'm a virgin."

CHAPTER 10

GABRIEL

Lucy's words hit me like a lightning bolt. "You're a virgin?"

Her soft, pink lips form a surprised O and her eyes go wide. "Yes?"

God damn it. I need to get her off this boat immediately. "Lucy..."

"Don't lecture me," she whispers, her voice cracking.

I push off the chair, advancing on her. Needing to touch her, to show her it's okay.

She backs up, bumping against the bulkhead, and I stop just short of crowding right up against her. Every cell in my body yells at me to take her into my arms. "It's not a lecture. I don't want to boss you around. I just want—"

She lifts her chin defiantly. "What? What do you want?"

I want to strip her bare and worship her virgin body like it deserves. I want to kiss her and taste her and make her need more, wait until she begs for more, and then give it to her. Only what she asks for, only what she needs.

I want her first time to be magical.

And yes, I want it to be mine.

I'm a virgin.

If it were up to me, Lucy would never know anything but mind-blowing pleasure.

Heat makes my arms heavy, but I still lift them and press them against the bulkhead on either side of her. My innocent little bunny. Her breath hitches, catching in her throat, and I'm painfully aware she feels like trapped prey.

“I only want you to be safe,” I growl.

“Liar,” she whispers back.

I jerk, the unexpected verbal attack electrocuting my senses.

She glares at me, bold and unafraid. “That’s a story you tell yourself, *Gabriel*. I don’t want you to do that anymore.”

“What...?” The word tumbles out of me, thick and confused.

She arches in the confines of my arms, coming off the wall enough to press her barely covered breasts against my chest. “Do you want me, *Gabriel*?”

Blood roars in my ears. No. No....

“I think you tell yourself that you’re my guardian angel,” she whispers. “But that’s not real life, is it? You don’t know anything about me. So let me tell you that I’ve been keeping myself safe in dangerous situations since I was twelve years old. That made me extra vigilant when I started to notice you, and I thought you were a threat. But I can smell danger, *Gabriel*. You don’t smell dangerous to me.”

“I’m a different kind of dangerous,” I mutter, tensing every muscle as she winds her arms around my neck.

“I want you to do what I ask,” she whispers. “Can you do that for me, *Gabriel*?”

God fucking damn it all to hell. I grunt and sweep my arms off the bulkhead, down her back, scooping her up against me and then thudding her back into the wall. Pinning her there, as if I could maybe pin down my racing heart and make it listen to reason at the same time. “I see what you’re doing.”

“Do you?”

She pets me, completely unafraid now. No, no, no. I press my head into her touch, hating how good it feels, how right and electric her simple stroke is after all these months of being completely alone.

“What am I doing?”

Her voice is like silk.

I could close my eyes and give in to her manipulation any other day, any other moment but this.

“My little bunny,” I rumble. “That soft voice trick is a good one. So is using my name repeatedly. And at some point once we’re on the other side of tonight, you can tell me all about the fucked up reasons why you know

how to do that to men old enough to be your father. But right now, *I* am in charge. Do you understand me?"

She thunks her head back in frustration. "Argh. No!"

That makes me laugh, which reverberates through her little body.

She snaps her head forward again and glares at me. "Who are you?"

The man who wants to get lost in your pretty grey eyes forever.

If only this were a universe where I could say something like that to her.

Instead of answering, I shift against her and she slides down a hair—bringing her right down onto the aching ridge of my cock. Which is the opposite of the right answer for this moment.

She gasps, her eyes turning stormy in an instant.

"Ignore that."

She huffs a sweet, exasperated breath that feels like a ghosted kiss against my mouth. "Hard to ignore *that*. Ummm..."

I try to hoist her up again, because I'm not ready to let her out of my arms, but I really shouldn't be holding her tight against my erection, either. It's wrong. Very, very wrong.

But she resists my efforts to lift her off. She wriggles her hips, sinking back against my needy fucking shaft, that doesn't care that I'm her classmate's father, that doesn't care that she was scared of me until a few minutes ago, and has been trying to manipulate me ever since she realized I wasn't going to hurt her.

No, my dick only cares that Lucy is finally rocking her sweet virgin pussy up and down against it. My dick is very fucking happy with her current plan, whatever it is.

"Lucy," I say, trying to protest, but it comes out like a plea.

She works her hips faster, her breath puffing erratically against my mouth. I slant my head to the side unconsciously, and then her lips are touching mine, and we both go still.

For three pounding heartbeats, neither of us move.

And then she parts her lips for me, and I'm lost.

I take my first taste of her lips, licking into her plump mouth until I find her tongue and she squeaks.

Holding still again, my soul leaves my body, prepared to die if she bites me or cries out in protest.

But then she licks me back, curious and uncertain, and I take it, I take her little licks and I give her another of my own. Back and forth we taste

and kiss and figure out a rhythm that works for her, that teaches her how to make out.

She's the world's fastest learner, taking her trembling first kiss to a deep, searing claim of my mouth, where her hands are tightly pressed to my face and her tongue is all the way in my throat it fucking feels like.

"Lucy?" Her name is called from somewhere in the distance.

She stiffens in my arms.

"Shhh..." I press my mouth to her cheek and drag in a fresh breath. "It's okay. Nobody knows I'm here. You're alone in here."

Her name is repeated, and it sounds like Ethan. Fuck. He's climbing the stairs.

I want to roar. I want to drag her off this boat immediately.

But I've incapacitated the captain and my son is on board—no matter what he's done, I can't just point him and his friends out to sea and abandon them.

I need to adjust our course and get us back to shore without anyone noticing.

I set Lucy down and pick up the vial she's dropped. Pressing it into her hands, I make eye contact with her. "Be a good girl and use this if you can, okay? I'll get us out of here as soon as I can."

CHAPTER 11

LUCY

Gabriel kisses my forehead just before Ethan calls for me again. “Lucy?”

“I’m in here,” I say, my voice shaking. I shove the vial into my bikini top. Gabriel’s gaze tracks what I’m doing, and having his eyes locked onto my little tits as I shift the fabric around makes me all hot and achy.

But too quickly, he gives me a firm nod, then disappears into the captain’s cabin, the door clicking shut quietly behind him and the body at his feet.

Ethan steps into view, blocking the light from outside. “What are you doing in here?”

I put as much dumb girl confusion into my voice as I possibly can. “The captain isn’t here...I was waiting for him to come back because it didn’t seem safe.”

Water turns on in the cabin behind us.

Ethan jerks his thumb in that direction. “He’s in his room. I’m sure it’s fine. Come back to the party.”

He holds out his hand.

I wipe my palm on my translucent white gown, then take his extended fingers in mine.

“Don’t be nervous,” he whispers as he leads me back downstairs. “I won’t let anyone else bid on you when it’s your turn.”

“I don’t want—”

“Ethan! Get your ass down here! Alyssa’s on the auction block!” one of his buddies hollers.

He tugs me along faster. We stumble at the top of the stairs and his grip tightens.

I cross my free arm over my chest, terrified the vial will fall out.

He doesn't let go of me until after Alyssa's been "deflowered" by one of the frat boys. Which means I have a front-row seat for the whole—quick—event, which only makes me want to stay a virgin forever.

But when they start the next round of poker, and Alyssa joins Hannah in the "taken" puddle, I manage to slide free and go to the bar. I open a can of Coke for myself, and only pretend to add booze this time.

"Sexy little Lucy," one of the frat boys says, waving at me. "Make me a drink!"

Here goes nothing. When his attention turns back to the table, I put a tiny drop of the clear liquid into his cup.

Heart pounding, I carry it back to the table, set it front of him, then brightly ask the group if anyone else wants something.

To my chagrin, they all say no.

Ethan tugs me back into his side. As soon as his arm slides around my waist, the boat veers sharply to the left. The naked girls scream and the drunk guys laugh.

"The captain might be drunk," someone says with a chortle as water slaps against the hull below us.

Heat rises to my cheeks. The captain is unconscious, and the helm has been commandeered by a man I kissed—who clearly doesn't like someone else touching me. Especially because he thinks that someone else is his son.

You kissed someone who is clearly deranged, Lucy Martin. You're hardly one to judge.

The guy I handed the drink to leans forward on the table, starting to look a little disoriented.

I hold my breath, wondering if anyone else will notice.

Abruptly, he stands up, staggering back, and points at Gracie. "Come suck my dick."

Gilly rolls his eyes. "That's not how we do it, Colin. Sit your ass down and finish this hand."

Colin grabs the cup I gave him and swallows another big slug. "Don't care. I'm fucking horny, man."

Oh shit. Can the drops make someone hyper-aroused, or an asshole, instead of putting them to sleep? Colin is younger and more fit than the

captain upstairs. What did Gabriel give me?

Gracie flutters her eyes at him. "What will you bid for me?"

"Anything you want, princess. Come put your mouth on it. Give me some relief."

She glances at Gilly and Forrest, who look like they're in charge. And I guess maybe she's dealt with this before, because she leaps onto an empty chair, then up onto the table, giving them the show they want. "Shortest virgin auction ever, fellows?"

Forrest grunts and waves her over to Colin, who stumbles to a sun bed, unzips, flops onto his back...and immediately starts snoring.

Like, spontaneously. Dick out and everything.

Gracie deftly removes the watch from his wrist and twirls around, curtsying for everyone else. "You guys can bid on me again if you want," she says. "I don't think he's waking up for me to do anything with that."

Forrest shakes his head. "It's the new girl's turn."

No. I shake my head.

Ethan shakes his head.

Gilly laughs. "Oh yeah. Definitely. I want her up on the table. She looks terrified."

Yeah, no shit I'm terrified. "Uhh..." I bite my lip and try to act like Gracie. "How about I start us off with a round of drinks?"

"No," Ethan snarls. "I told you, she's mine."

"Depends how much you put up, asshole." Gilly's voice is harder than before. "She's real pretty. Tiny, too. Bet she's super fucking tight. You said you wanted to bring your tutor out for one of these sails. You didn't say anything about how fucking hot she was."

"Leave her alone." Ethan sounds manic, and I wonder how much of this Gabriel is catching.

Still wish he was your son, you crazy hot angel?

"Get on the table," Forrest says to me at the same time as Ethan says, "Get the captain."

Gilly pulls out a gun. "Shut the fuck up, Ethan."

Gracie screams.

There's a painful beat of panicked silence, then Hannah and Alyssa realize a gun has been pulled, and they scream, too.

My first thought is, *What now, Gabriel? Should I throw the stupid vial at him?*

Which is horrible, because my second thought is, *Seriously, Lucy? You thought you could handle yourself alone here?*

We were both wrong.

Gilly waves the gun at Ethan. “Get her on the table. We’re doing this right.”

That’s when I realize I’m shaking my head. *No no no no no.*

I go still. Try to channel some of the bravado I had before, but I’ve never been threatened with a gun before. That has a way of profoundly changing a girl. Turning her into a scaredy cat with very good reason.

Gilly turns to Forrest. “You do it. Give her a little taste of what it’s like to be manhandled by someone who isn’t chickenshit.”

“I’m not fucking chicken sh—”

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” Gabriel’s voice booms down the staircase, preceding the first view of long legs clad in captain’s whites.

I guess he found a spare uniform in the captain’s quarters.

He’s pulling on a jacket and he has a hat tugged low over his eyes, and he stops a few steps short of the deck we’re on. He’s obscuring himself, I realize. But nobody is really looking at him except me.

They all see the uniform and don’t notice that he’s taller, younger, and fitter than the guy who was captaining this boat an hour ago.

“Just a misunderstanding,” Gilly says easily. He puts his hand behind his back, hiding the gun.

But that doesn’t make me feel any better. I will Gabriel not to come any closer, even though I desperately want him to pull some angel shit and smite them all.

Can angels smite frat boys? Probably not. Also, he’s not an angel. He’s someone who’s not right in the head.

“It’s good the captain is here,” Ethan says wildly. He grins. “Let’s do this for real.”

“Do what for real?” That’s Hannah. She gasps. “Oh my *God*, Ethan. The outfit wasn’t just a joke?”

I glance down at myself. “What?”

Ethan takes my hands. “I know your virginity is important to you, Lucy.” His eyes are bright. Wild.

A tremor ripples through my belly. “That’s none of your business,” I whisper.

“I told myself I wasn’t gonna take it, you know. I just wanted to get you comfortable with the idea of being mine. I’d have made you feel so good. But now we can make it real.”

“Make. What. Real?” That’s Gabriel.

No, no, no...

Ethan twists us around, so he’s got me in front of him, and he’s presenting me to them all. “I promise in front of you all that I won’t take Lucy’s virginity until she’s my wife.”

This time, I say it out loud. “No.”

He kisses the side of my face, making my skin crawl. “Shhh. Be a good girl.”

I gag. I can’t help it. It’s not hot at all when he says it.

He groans. “I’m doing this wrong.”

“Yeah, you think?”

Forrest laughs at my outburst, which makes the girls giggle, too.

Ethan glares at them all. “Shut up!”

Gilly rolls his eyes. “No, man. I think it’s you who needs to shut up.” Then he swings the gun back into view and points it right at Ethan. Which is basically pointing it also at me, and I can’t help it. I start to cry.

“Take. Her. Fucking. Virginity.”

Ethan shoves me to the ground and lunges at Gilly.

Sobbing, I cover my head as a gunshot snaps in the air, startlingly loud.

It’s followed by a series of curses and a lot of fighting as bodies smash into furniture.

“You fucking shot me,” Ethan finally snaps, his voice cutting through the chaos.

Everyone goes quiet.

I lift my head just enough to see what’s going on.

Gabriel has two of the frat boys tied up, back to back. Which would be more impressive if Ethan’s arm wasn’t bleeding—and if he wasn’t holding the gun now.

“Turn around slowly, captain,” he snarls. “We’re in international waters. Time for you to do as we agreed and make this girl my wife.”

CHAPTER 12

GABRIEL

Any minor pang of guilt I might have had about drugging the captain and taking his place disappears in an instant as what Ethan says sinks in.

The bribable captain was going to pretend to marry Lucy off to Ethan, huh? Might just fucking murder the asshole before I get off this ship. For sport. For vengeance. For the innocent girl dragged into a game that is getting deadlier by the second.

“I can’t do that,” I say slowly. I need more time to assess the situation.

I used the cover of chaos to immobilize a couple of the beefier guys. Now there are three left to deal with. Gilly, whose parents own the boat. Forrest, who looks like he mainlined an unhealthy amount of cocaine and Viagra.

And my fucking asshole kid.

The good news is that his injury seems to be a flesh wound, a nick on the arm that’ll be sore tomorrow, but probably doesn’t even need medical attention.

Which is good. It means I can kick his ass, something I should have done a month ago.

But he’s got a gun—fuck—and I’d really rather he not die tonight.

I wasn’t there for the first nineteen years of his life. I can’t be the reason it ends at twenty.

On the other hand, Lucy is trembling on the deck, and I can’t let anything bad happen to her. I just can’t. The protective fire I feel inside when someone touches her, and she doesn’t like it, is nothing I’ve ever experienced before.

Ethan doesn't really know how to move and keep a gun trained on someone, let alone multiple someones. He's waving it back and forth between his friend Gilly and me, and looking over at Lucy, too.

I force my voice out in the low, raspy way that sounds like the captain they know. "You kids are acting out of your depth. I'm gonna turn this boat around. We're going back to shore. You don't touch that girl and nothing will happen to the rest of you."

Ethan swings the gun around kind of wildly. "You're not the boss of me. You do what I say."

"What's your plan, son?"

"I told you. I paid you. You're going to marry us."

This clash was inevitable. I didn't see it happening on the deck of a yacht, at the barrel end of a gun, but from the moment I discovered he was stalking an innocent classmate, Lucy, I knew I would have to stop him.

I've done everything in my power to have a good relationship with Ethan. It broke my heart to realize that my own flesh and blood was a truly bad man. And for a while, I tried to excuse some of his choices as youthful stupidity.

But as my attention shifted to figuring out who this young woman was that my son was obsessed with, the worst thing possible happened.

I, too, became obsessed with her.

The fruit doesn't fall far from the tree after all.

It doesn't feel like the worst thing now, though. Not if I can prevent him from forcing her to give him her virginity.

The thought of not knowing she was desperately in need of help tonight...that drives me a little mad.

I drop the rough, low growl. My natural voice carries further and has more command. And Ethan will recognize the sharp, disappointed tone immediately. "I'm not going to do that. You're going to leave the girl alone, you hear me?"

His whole body snaps back as I take off the hat and glare at him. "What are you doing here?"

"Stopping you from making a terrible mistake. Lucy, go up the stairs."

"No!" Ethan swings the gun toward her.

In an instant, I'm between them. "Let the girl go, son."

"Don't call me that."

"Ethan, I—"

“You’re not my dad! Stop pretending that you are!”

“I know I wasn’t there when you—”

“Wait, is he really your dad?” Lucy only got as far as the stairs before turning around.

God. Damn. It.

Ethan swings around to look at her. “What did you say?”

Her eyes go wide. “Nothing.”

“Why do you want to know if he’s really my dad?”

“It’s just very confusing,” she says with a dumb trill.

And that’s enough cover for me to snap my body into the air and kick the gun from his hands.

It arcs into the air, then comes down on the railing, bouncing once before sliding overboard and disappearing into the ocean.

“Fuck,” he screams. “You fucking asshole.”

“Takes one to know one,” I snarl, shoving him further away from Lucy. “Don’t. Play. With. Guns.”

“You broke my hand.”

“Turns out if you kidnap a girl, you end up having a bad night. Life lesson for you, kid. Now sit the fuck down with your meathead friends.”

“Wow,” one of the girls says in awe. “Is your dad a commando?”

Lucy’s attention flies to my face. Time slows as her gaze locks on my mouth.

The mouth that kissed her up on the bridge.

She only kissed me because she didn’t believe that I was Ethan’s father. She thought I was...well, I’m not sure. But she was sure I was lying about the situation.

And I took advantage of that. I told her the truth, and then I let her do with that information what she wanted, even though I knew she wanted to pretend it wasn’t true.

I am not a good man.

Now her alarm is palpable. It’s clear that she wouldn’t have kissed me if she knew there was an actual real connection between me and my son. The boy who invited her here tonight. The boy she now knows has a sick and twisted obsession with her—just like his father.

As Ethan slumps down, not with the two assholes I tied up, but the mostly naked girls wrapped in gauzy fabric, I take stock of the situation again.

His two remaining friends are looking at us from the poker table still. It's hard to read them, but I can grab Lucy and take her up to the bridge. Barricade us in there until the Coast Guard arrives.

She moves away from the stairs, though. Drifting closer to me, but—

“I've met your parents,” she says, the silly dumb girl voice back in full effect. “So like, do you have two dads or what?”

The naked, freshly fucked girl in the peach wrap makes an exaggerated dawning of understanding look in Ethan's direction. “Oooh, is it like a threesome thing?”

“Shut the fuck up, Gracie,” Ethan snarls. “He's not my dad. He's just some sucker my mom put on the birth certificate.”

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CHAPTER 13

LUCY

I'm still reeling from the fact that Ethan knows Gabriel after all...but now I see there's a lot more complicated layers to their relationship, or non-relationship, than I ever could have guessed.

Gabriel covers it well, but Ethan's cruel line hits him like a bomb.

I can't breathe.

What is happening? How did these two men get to this place, where one is shot and the other is trying to save me from his son, who might not be his son.

I thought my life was kind of tragic. But it's not the stuff of Lifetime movies.

"I don't fucking care," Forrest sighs. "This is all so exhausting. I want to see someone fuck someone."

"Nobody is fucking anyone else," Gabriel snaps.

Forrest laughs. Then he pulls out a gun, so casually I have to do a double take. "You sure about that, old man?"

Oh my God, how many guns do these idiots have?

Gabriel sighs. Like he's genuinely exhausted by all of this, and boy, do I share that feeling.

"Stand up, Ethan," Forrest drawls. "You're going to get to fuck your virgin bride, after all."

"Touch her and die," Gabriel snarls at his son. Or...not son. I don't know.

"But if he doesn't touch her, everyone dies," Forrest says in a singsong voice. "Starting with the bride."

A sob tears out of me. It sounds so foreign, it takes a second to recognize it as my own sound.

Ethan stands up. Blood drips down his arm.

“No,” Gabriel snarls. “Not him. Give her the choice, at least.”

Then he gives me a look that says, *work with me here*. He’s trying to buy time, but now that they know he’s a badass, it’s going to be harder to gain the upper hand.

Also, I have no idea what his plan might be.

“Don’t you fucking think about it, Forrest,” Ethan warns, his voice whiny and panicked. “She’s mine.”

“I’m not yours,” I gasp. “I’m not anyone’s.”

Forrest gives me an appraising look. “Are you really a virgin?”

“Fuck you.” The words tear out of me, shaky but emphatic.

He makes a wounded face. “That’s not nice talk from someone dressed like a slut.”

“Right back at you,” I mutter.

Forrest jerks the gun at Gilly. “Go untie our friends.”

Gabriel immediately gets between Gilly and the bound frat boys. “Not going to happen, son.”

Gilly smirks. “Last I heard, nobody on this boat was your son.”

I don’t hear Gabriel’s response, but Gilly backs off.

Forrest hisses at his friend.

“What? That guy’s scary.”

“I have a gun!”

“Then shoot him!” Gilly throws his hands in the air. “Or shoot Ethan. This is all his fault.”

“No!” That’s me.

Everyone turns my way. “Nobody shoot anyone,” I beg. “Please.”

The boat is rocked by a rough wave, and Forrest stumbles.

Gabriel moves again, but it’s clearly not Forrest’s—or Gilly’s—first day on a boat. They both get on the other side of the table from Gabriel, and while Forrest points his gun angrily at Gabriel, Gilly opens a cabinet I didn’t notice before.

Well, I guess that’s where the first two guns came from.

He takes a third weapon from it and points it at my would-be savior. “You heard what she said, man. The pretty virgin doesn’t want anyone to get shot, right? So back the fuck up and stop acting like a hero.”

Slowly, Gabriel lifts his hands in the air. “All right. Be cool.”

My heart pounds in my chest and there’s a dull roar in my ears. But I manage to get out, “They want to see me lose my virginity, right?”

Gabriel turns slowly, shaking his head. Like he doesn’t even care that there are now two guns pointed at his back. “Lucy, no.”

But I can’t stop thinking about how he just doesn’t feel dangerous to me. Not anymore. I think about the photo. How he’s had every opportunity to hurt me and he never did.

“They’re crazy,” I whisper. It’s so quiet I’m sure I’m the only one who can hear it, but he gives me a tight nod.

Well, then I just need to be crazier.

I throw my shoulders back and give everyone on board an even look. Trying to match their rich, stupid vibes. “I choose him, then. Ethan’s dad.”

As expected, those words are a direct hit on the person who lured me onto this boat. He goes white—but then he sways on his feet.

Maybe he’s lost just enough blood now to render him useless.

Good, I think savagely.

I look at Forrest again, who seems like he’s in charge now. “Will that satisfy you? Can we get this party started again?”

“He didn’t win her,” Gilly says. “Should we make him pay for her virginity?”

“What’s her price?” Gabriel doesn’t hesitate. He turns to Ethan. “What were you willing to pay?”

He doesn’t answer.

“Thousands?” Gabriel’s voice is clipped. “You think you’re a big man? Tricking a girl into a twisted game, and then it’s only a few thousand dollars that you scrape up?” He looks at Gilly, then pauses. “Send a girl up to the bridge. I’ve brought what I’m willing to bid for the virgin girl.”

Hannah wobbles to her feet, shooting me a triumphant look. “I’ll go.”

Gabriel doesn’t even look at her. “There’s a black duffle bag on the captain’s chair. Bring it down.”

I go cold.

How could he have money for this if he didn’t know it was going to happen?

Hannah returns in the blink of an eye, dragging a heavy bag.

Oh. Shit.

Gabriel yanks it out of her hands, barely acknowledging her before he unzips it and tosses it on the poker table. Bundles of bills tumble out, many more visible in the open bag.

“Shit,” Gilly says. “No way Ethan can beat that. How much is it?”

“It’s enough,” Gabriel grinds out.

Forrest twirls his gun in an alarmingly casual way. “Then on the condition that you fucking take her in front of us, you win the virgin bride, Daddy.”

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CHAPTER 14

GABRIEL

If anyone had ever asked me if I could get hard while a gun was pointed at me, I'd have laughed. No. Fuck, no.

I've been in a lot of hot spots in my life, and I'm pretty sure my balls lived inside my body until the fire was over every fucking time. If my cock could retract itself inside, too, it would.

But right now? As Lucy warily, carefully makes her way toward me?

God fucking damn, I want her.

And I cannot have her. Not like that. Not really.

But I can put on a show. Because that's what these little shitheads want. This isn't about Lucy. This is about them getting their jollies off, projecting their fantasies onto girls. Ethan is the only one dangerously obsessed with Lucy's actual virginity, so he's the only real threat to her.

The others I can manage by keeping them enthralled until the boat's autopilot gets us close to shore again.

And then what, genius?

And then I'll figure out the next step of the plan.

Her footsteps falter as she nears me. She's looking down, her dark red curls spilling forward. The confident girl who confronted me on the bridge is gone now, replaced by someone timid and uncertain. Is that an act like her playing dumb?

Of course it's not an act, she's petrified.

I reach out and hook my fingers in the blue satin ribbon around her waist and tug her right against me.

She starts to cry. “He dressed me up like a bride. I didn’t see it, I didn’t know—”

I cover her mouth with my thumb. Silence is protection, because they can’t know she trusts me. They can’t know I’m the best of the worst options in front of her.

“I know,” I rasp quietly. I give her a fierce look to say the rest. *I missed it, too. This is on us both.* “Ignore them,” I say louder. “You’re mine tonight. That’s all that matters.”

I lift her up onto the table. The gauzy fabric rides up her legs, revealing smooth, soft thighs.

They’re going to want to see her naked. There’s no way around that, but I can distract them by being even more naked than her.

I strip my clothes off, not caring who sees the big, hard planes of my body, or the jut of my cock. It’s important for them to see it, feel small and insignificant next to it, so they let me climb on top of her and have my way with her uninterrupted.

They need to know they will never match up to me in every way. That is how I keep Lucy safe.

But it means when I step between her thighs and hook my fingers into the waistband of her bikini bottoms, there’s no hiding how much my body likes being in this position. That there is no level of violence or depravity that would stop me from wanting her.

“You’re hard,” she whispers, her voice catching. “Why are you hard?”

That uncertain hitch to her words should make me soft. She’s asking if I like it. *Do you like violating my sweet, innocent body in front of these monsters?*

“Because you’re beautiful,” I admit, my voice rough and raw. “Because I know you’ll feel like heaven. I’m so sorry.”

I try to shift back, pulling my traitorous erection away from the soft cradle of her thighs, but her fingers wrap around my length and squeeze.

“Don’t touch me,” I rasp. “Jesus, please don’t...”

She lifts her hips, squirming beneath me, rubbing her soft inner thigh against the rock hard length of my cock.

“Show me,” she whispers. Her eyes shimmer with unshed tears as she blinks up at me. “Show me how beautiful you think I am. Please. Please show me—”

I dip my head and cover her mouth with mine, kissing her to shut her up, to distract her. But it backfires on me, because her mouth is as heavenly soft and warm and wet and hot as my body thinks her tight little virgin cunt will be.

And her tongue is as curious and questing as her clever fingers.

Fuck.

Oh, *fuck*.

“Fuck her,” one of the lunatics with a gun snarls.

It takes everything in me to break off the kiss.

I shoot them both a quelling look over my shoulder. “I paid for her. I want to thoroughly enjoy my prize.”

Beyond them, I catch a glimpse of Ethan staring murderously at me.

There will be time later to think about the why of it all. Why his mother lied—either to me, or him, or both of us.

But I’m done protecting him from the consequences of his own actions.

I turn my attention back to Lucy and they all fade into the background. Her mouth is wet and her eyes are bright.

Without a word, I peel her bikini bottoms off, revealing her soft, perfect pussy. Puffy and framed with a dusting of wispy reddish brown hair, it’s innocently beautiful, just like the rest of her.

My cock throbs in her hand.

She tugs me toward the center of her, that tempting pink seam, and I shake my head.

“You don’t need to do that,” I growl under my breath. “Pull it up on your belly and they’ll think I’m inside you. They’ll never know. I’m big enough to hide you.”

Something flickers in her eyes and her expression shifts. I’m so fucking twisted, I want to imagine it’s disappointment, but I know better.

I stroke my hand up her calf to her knee, then scoop my hand around to the back of her thigh and press that leg up, opening her for me.

She presses my cock against her sex, and the warmth of her is so shocking, so fucking good.

I jerk forward, thrusting against her. Feeling her cunt slide beneath me is unbelievable.

“Lucy...” I groan.

I hate that she can feel how much I like this. I shouldn’t be showing her this side of me. This is the worst kind of violation.

But then her trembling beneath me shifts, changing. And, with a small whimper, she lifts her hips to meet mine.

My gaze jerks to her face.

She's staring up at me, wide-eyed.

"You like that, bunny?"

She nods warily.

Relief floods through me. I can make it good for her. I lean over her more, bracing my forearm beside her so I can hold her shoulder, give her something to push against. "That's it, then. Rub yourself on me."

She rocks her hips, and on the second slide, a hint of slickness coats the underside of my cock.

"Good girl. Get wet for me," I breathe. Then I lift my voice enough that the others can hear. "This is what I'm paying for. Gonna take my time with this sweet virgin pussy."

That flicker of uncertainty is back in her eyes. Fuck me. Every time the reality of us being watched intrudes, she retreats from me.

No more of that. No more of them.

Until someone fucking shoots me, this is just her and me and whatever we can make of this.

"It's been a long time for me, sweetheart," I mutter under my breath. "And you feel incredible. If I explode all over you, it isn't personal."

Her wary expression immediately turns to delight, and the corners of her mouth twist up as she laughs quietly. "Pretty sure this is as personal as it gets."

"Yeah." I shift my grip on her shoulder, my thumb curling around the side of her neck, and I hunch myself over her even more, shielding her completely from their view.

Her breath is uneven now, hitching every time her clit rubs against the tip of my cock.

I drag my gaze down her body, over the fluffy white fabric and the blue bikini top underneath it, to where the costume gives way to bare skin. To where my cock is pressed hard between her pussy lips.

Her pulse jumps against my touch.

The longer I stare at where we're joined, the faster that flutter at the base of her throat races.

"Gabriel," she whispers. Her hips are moving frantically now.

I don't look away.

“Show me how you come,” I growl.

The hot slide of her cunt against my cock will haunt me until the day I die. After this electric moment, I will never take another woman in my bed. I won't be able to. All I will have is this incomplete moment and the tight squeeze of my fist, and that will be enough. Lucy is all I need.

“I can't...” she twists her face.

My pretty little bunny is so close, but she can't get there.

I push up enough to slide my hand down from her neck, over her small breasts and quivering belly, to where she's wet for me.

My fingers find her clit.

Her body goes taut, swirling a dark mix of desire and need straight up my arm and into my brain.

Make her come.

Make her come.

Make her—

She jolts, and then her clit throbs, a hard, unmistakable pulse that triggers another and another. Slick spills out of her, coating my cock, and she cries out.

Loud.

A desperate need to keep that stunning, beautiful sound all to myself rises. I gather her into my arms and crush her mouth against mine.

She kisses me in a hitching, out-of-control way.

I tear at her gown, shredding it to her waist. Her bikini top follows, then I arch her back and fall on her tits.

Her nipples are so fucking hard. I drag my mouth back and forth, kissing and then licking. The tight bumps taste bright, like freshly picked berries bursting on my tongue.

Her thighs grip my hips, and my cock—still hard, thank Christ I didn't embarrass myself—presses in against her at a new angle. This time when she rocks against me, my heavy crown slips and fits itself right at her entrance.

We both go still.

I'm breathing so fucking hard.

“Lucy...”

“If I'm not a virgin, he won't be obsessed with me,” she whispers. “Maybe he'll even hate me, and leave me alone.”

My heart breaks.

It's a good plan.

But it also means this doesn't mean the same thing to her that it does to me.

I drop a featherlight kiss to the base of her throat, then nod as I lift my head.

I hold her gaze as I reach between us and replace my cock with my fingers. I ease one into her, then a second. She holds her breath as I get her used to being fucked.

"Relax," I whisper. "You have to want it."

She squirms, then exhales, and her body softens around me.

"Good. That's it. You're taking my fingers like a very good girl."

I add another, stretching her as much as possible, then I replace my hand with my cock.

Somewhere just behind us, there's an angry yell and a scuffle.

I don't care. I hinge my hips and push.

She's impossibly tight. I don't get very far before I need to ease off, the tip of my cock working in and out, just at her entrance. Gathering more of her slick so I can push in again, deeper this time.

Her eyes flare and her lips part.

Shock.

Inch by inch, I give her the last cock she ever imagined she might find herself on. Her stalker's father. Her secret second stalker.

I'm old enough to have raised her myself.

I've watched her sleep.

She has no idea the depths my obsession tumbled to over the last month.

That was before I knew how good she would feel wrapped around me. Well, except I did know. I took one look at her and instantly understood that if I ever had the chance to lose myself in her innocent body, I'd do whatever it took.

And I have.

I sink the last inch into her, my balls coming to rest right against her ass.

"Good girl." I exhale roughly. "That's it. You did it. You took me."

"Don't move," she whimpers. "Please."

"I won't," I promise.

I have never felt as close to anyone as I do to Lucy in this moment. She's mine. She saved herself for me. Not her intention, but the truth of this moment. And that knowledge grips me in a way I cannot escape. I am

already possessed by the possibility of getting inside her again, being inside her constantly.

“You’re so big.” She pants. “You’re too big.”

Her words have the terrible opposite effect they should. I swell at the mental image of filling her to her limits.

She grips my shoulders, her fingers tight on my skin. “Gabriel!”

“You’re so beautiful,” I murmur. It’s all I can say. It’s true.

“Ethan, your dad fucks like a girl. All full of feelings,” someone says in the distance.

Lucy’s brows pull tight. Worried.

No, no, no.

I snap my hips, driving her against the table. Fuck, I don’t want her to hurt. But she can’t think I’m overcome with feelings here, either.

We’re fucking for a reason. We’re fucking to distract them.

I can’t have her know that it doesn’t feel like fucking at all. It feels like making love, like staking a claim. It feels like coming home and leaving on an adventure all at once.

The cock of a gun is an unmistakable sound, though. And it’s followed by a curt order. “Move!”

Lucy gasps, trembling anew.

“Together,” I tell her, gathering her in my arms. “Hold on tight.”

She winds herself around me, clinging as I find a rhythm that feels good but not too good, that I can keep going without losing my mind. I’m holding back, not because I want to, but because I need to, and I’m not pushing all the way inside her, not taking up residence at the entrance to her womb the way I need.

Her impossible tightness eases to a slick, hot snug I glide in and out of with relative ease. At first, all I can hear is the slap of our bodies and her tiny, contained reactions. But then the rest comes back into focus. The waves slapping at the boat. The roll of the ocean beneath us.

And beneath that, the awed, stunned audience. Two of them armed, but there are no more threats. Just hushed and guttural observations. Crude words. Jealous noises.

Every single person on this boat wants to have this. And they don’t. We do.

As public and humiliating as this, there’s a certain twisted pleasure in knowing something so intense, so right, is being witnessed.

Especially by Ethan.

I don't stop when someone notices that we're returning to the marina.

I know where the dinghy is. I'm even prepared to pull out and carry Lucy over the side with me if need be.

There's shouting, and cursing, and then Gilly races past us, up the stairs to the bridge.

I guess he's not interested in wrecking his parent's million dollar yacht tonight.

Which only leaves one gun trained on us.

I stroke one hand down to her tits, cupping her flesh. "Come for me, bunny. Be a good girl for Daddy."

Lucy sucks in a breath as I duck my head, pulling her nipple into my mouth. Her back arches and I let myself go, giving her every inch of my cock. I fuck her fast and hard and deep, over and over again, until I feel her tighten around me.

I suck and fuck her through her climax, then I cradle her in my arms again, needing to see her face as I let go.

"God, that felt good. Did it feel good for you? You take me perfectly, Lucy. My Lucy. Daddy's hot little secret, aren't you? Keeping all this pent-up need tight inside you. My. Little. Virgin."

I will forever cherish the memory of her shocked expression as she feels my release throb deep inside her. The moment my cock starts to pulse, her eyes flare wide, feeling my hot seed pump inside her.

It's too powerful to ignore.

She presses her lips together, holding in a scream, and her legs wrap around my hips.

Holding me deep inside her.

Taking every drop Daddy has to give.

And then she collapses on the table beneath me.

CHAPTER 15

LUCY

I'm in a daze as Gabriel pulls out. He yanks my gown up, covering me, then leans over to grab his clothes.

The next thing I know, Forrest is slammed onto the edge of the table beside me, the gun clattering to the deck as something gives a sickening snap.

I let out a watery scream.

Gabriel, cool as a cucumber, like he didn't just fuck a virgin in front of his son and his son's insane friends, picks up the gun and sweeps it over everyone in a commanding *stay where you fucking are* gesture.

He pulls on his pants with alarming speed and throws me over his shoulder.

"Hold on," he snaps out, only pausing long enough to grab his bag of money.

My bag of money?

Did I just sell him my virginity, or am I being kidnapped for the second time tonight?

I hold on anyway, because the alternatives seem to be falling overboard or being left behind with the frat savages.

He's so big everywhere, my hands find it hard to get purchase. Of course he's big everywhere. Big shoulders, big arms.

Big cock.

On the lowest deck, he dumps me into a dinghy, then leaps in after me and starts an outboard motor.

“Where are we—” I cut off my own question when I realize we’re approaching the marina.

We’re back in Conception Ridge.

The nightmare is over.

Instead of pulling in where the big yacht motored out, he steers the dinghy to a smaller, shadowed dock, closer to the surface of the water that has stairs leading up to what I discover is a parking lot.

Because he carries me up them.

He grunts when he takes his first step into the lot.

“What?”

“I left my shoes on the boat.”

I start laughing and I don’t stop.

“That’s funny?”

“Yeah.” I wipe my eyes.

He grins at me. “Okay. Good. They were nice shoes, too.”

I laugh harder.

He leans in, nuzzling my cheek, his breath warm on my skin. “Not really. They were shitty old shoes, and I’d lose them a hundred times to get you to safety.”

“Okay.” I drag in a rough breath. “Well, thank you. For rescuing me. I can call an Uber, I guess?”

“Do you have your phone?”

I wince. “No. It’s on the boat. In Ethan’s stateroom.”

He growls. “We’ll get you a new phone. Is that one locked?”

My heart plummets. I can’t afford a new phone. “Yes, but—”

He opens the passenger door of a pickup truck and deposits me on the seat. “Do up your seatbelt, bunny.”

“Where—”

He closes the door on me.

I try again once he’s behind the wheel. “Which way are you heading?”

He pauses. Turns to me. Frowns. “I’m taking you to my cabin.”

“No, wait.” I wave my hands. “Gabriel, this is insane. I need to go back to my dorm.”

“That’s not safe.” He looks me over. “And you need clothes before you go back there, anyway. Once it’s safe.”

I press the gauzy dress to me. I lost the bikini top somewhere, too. He’s not wrong. “Umm... Where is your cabin?”

It's half an hour on the other side of the highway, it turns out. Up the road toward Virgin Peak, which is so on-the-nose not funny it makes me laugh anyway.

For the short drive through Conception Ridge to the highway, Gabriel is quiet. Vigilant, I realize. But once we're across the highway and climbing into the mountains, he relaxes and looks across at me. "How are you feeling?"

I blush, grateful that the cab of the truck is pretty dark. What's the right answer here? There's a mess between my legs. My body thinks I rode a wild stallion through ocean surf at top speed. I have no idea how I'm going to face my classmates next week. And underlying all of that, there's a painful awareness zapping through me.

So, that's sex.

"I feel a bit empty," I confess.

His mouth firms up and he nods. "You've been through a lot."

I didn't mean it like that. But that's true, too. I feel drained, emotionally. But I also feel like he made a Gabriel-shaped space where nothing existed before.

And part of me wants to know when it will be filled again.

After I have a bath or a shower, I might just ask him if we can do it again. He didn't seem to hate it. He's even calling me bunny now, which is nice.

I look at his profile as he drives.

I'm glad he isn't what I thought he was. I'm going to have to get that photo back from Dr. Adler somehow, I think idly as I start to drift off, the warmth of the truck cab and the soothing road noise lulling me to an exhausted sleep.

I wake up as he carries me into his cabin. Cling to him as he pulls a warm, clean t-shirt over my head, then puts me in his bed.

"I need to go do something, Lucy," he protests.

I hold on tight, and he gives in, folding in around me.

I fall asleep again listening to his heartbeat.

When I wake up again, it's very dark.

Gabriel's arm is thrown over me, but I slide out from the heavy weight without disturbing him.

I go to the bathroom and clean up. He has a small laundry room right next to it, and I dig through the clothes in the dryer until I find something that I can make work for me—a pair of long johns that must stretch like crazy on him, because they stay up on me, just loose in the waist.

It's a small cabin. One bedroom, a bathroom with that laundry space, a kitchen and a big living room curving around it. I'm smiling as I round the corner and discover a pretty high-tech looking computer set up in a nook.

But the smile fades when I see a wall of photos and notes.

It's me.

Over and over again.

My stomach flips over and plummets to the floor as I move closer.

It's me *sleeping*.

Gabriel has been in my dorm room.

He's taken pictures of me eating, studying...

My entire life has been documented. My class schedule, my bus routes.

Heart pounding, I turn around and look for anything that could possibly go on my feet. There's a pair of socks hanging on a drying rack by a wood stove. I yank those on, then shove my feet into a pair of much-too-big rubber boots at the back door.

I know he saved me from something awful tonight, and damaged his own relationship with Ethan in the process. But this... This isn't right. All this time, he *was* my stalker. It's so creepy.

Shoving the back door open, I take off at a run. I have no idea where I am or where I'm going, but anywhere is better than being barefoot and freshly fucked in a cabin with the man who is obsessed with me.

CHAPTER 16

GABRIEL

I wake up, disoriented, to the sound of a thump—and an empty bed where Lucy should be.

Stumbling into the living room, I see that my back door is ajar.

“Lucy!” I bellow.

Adrenaline drives me out the door, past the wall of Lucy I should have taken down before she pulled me into bed next to her, and out into the night.

In the distance, I hear her crashing through the forest.

She is a clever young woman.

But she is no match for a trained SEAL.

I’ll fix this. I have to. And once I have her back in my bed, I will do whatever it takes to replace the wariness in her eyes with trust.

But first I need to find my bunny girl again.

CHAPTER 17

LUCY

My lungs are killing me. I don't think I've ever run this far before, definitely not in too-big rubber boots, and I really want to stop. But I also want to get as far away from Gabriel's cabin as I can before I slow down.

I trip over something and stumble, biting back a sob.

As I right myself, I hear something behind me.

Whirling around, all I can see is darkness.

Then Gabriel's voice comes out of nowhere. "Lucy, stop running."

I turn and take off again, terrified at how close he must have been.

Now I can hear him behind me, his footsteps suddenly loud, so loud, crashing through the dry twigs and leaves on the ground. Chasing me. Hunting me.

There's no chance I actually get away from him now. Maybe I need to try to attack him. That would at least have the element of surprise on my side.

My legs burn as I pick up speed, trying to gain just a little more ground...

Then I pull up quickly and pick up the pointiest, most jagged stick I can find on the ground. I don't turn around.

He thunders to a stop behind me, and I wait for him to tackle me, pinning me to the ground and attempting to do whatever horrible thing he wants to do with his prey.

That's when I'll stab the most tender parts of his body that I can reach with the stick.

But he doesn't grab me.

He doesn't take me down to the ground and press his weight on top of me.

Shaking like a leaf, I hide the stick behind my back as I slowly turn.

He's standing ten feet back, his bare chest heaving, his hands in loose fists at his side. A stricken expression on his face is the last thing I expect to see. "Don't run," he grinds out. "Please don't run."

"Don't chase me," I gasp.

"I'm not. Not exactly. I'm just... following."

"That's the same thing!"

"They might be looking for you."

"Here?" Desperation claws inside my chest and climbs up my throat. "The only threat to me here is *you*."

"You could hurt yourself running through the woods."

"Will I hurt myself more than you will?" I shake my head at him. "Why?" The question rips out of me on a sob. "Why did you stalk me?"

"I'm sorry," he says, his voice cracking. And then he sinks to his knees, putting himself down on my level. "I failed you."

"You took photos of me!"

"I was keeping an eye on you."

"In my dorm?"

"I've never...I couldn't trust..." He punches his fist against the nearest tree. "Fuck!"

"Don't!" I scramble toward him before I remember he's a dangerous stalker, and then I do remember just as I wrap my fingers around his muscled forearm. The same arm that he pushed between my virgin thighs a few hours ago.

Now the fingers that he used to work me open are bleeding, torn open from his violent slam against the bark.

He makes a wounded sound as I trace the side of his index finger.

"You need antiseptic," I whisper.

He flicks his hand, lightning fast, and now he's holding my wrist. "I need you to listen to me."

My pulse races under my skin. "Your cabin is full of photos of me."

"Because you're beautiful. Because you're precious. Because I took one look at my son's obsession and knew as wrong as it was that I'd found my obsession, too. Because I have loved you from the first moment I laid eyes on you, and I couldn't help myself."

“I gave you my virginity.” My voice cracks. “But you’re like a trained killer, aren’t you? That thing you did on the boat, kicking the gun out of Ethan’s hands. You could have done that to the others, couldn’t you?”

He doesn't answer. He's not denying it.

“You wanted me to think that you had no choice.”

“I gave you a choice,” he grinds out. “I will always give you a choice.”

“But you wanted it. You wanted to take my virginity.”

And he doesn't deny that, either.

“You didn’t give me a choice about coming here.”

“Because you were naked.” The words snap out of him. “God damn it, Lucy. Wrestling for guns is rarely successful. I couldn’t take that risk again. Not once they knew what I was capable of. As soon as Gilly went to the bridge, I took care of Forrest and I got you out of there.”

“When did Gilly go to the bridge?”

His brow furrows. “What do you want, a time stamp?”

“Was it before or after you came in my unprotected pussy?” I shove at him. “You big jerk.”

And then I start crying.

He pulls me into his arms and we sink down. He twists around, putting his back to the tree, and I melt into his chest, all out of fight.

“We’ll get you the morning after pill tomorrow,” he finally chokes out. “I’m sorry.”

I don’t say anything.

“I’m sorry about all of it,” he adds quietly. “I’m so fucking sorry I didn’t talk to you then. I didn’t want to scare you, and now look at you.” His thumb slowly rubs across the inside of my forearm. “My innocent little bunny.”

I press my face into his chest as he curls his thumb around my elbow, then works it up my arm.

He tells me about watching me, and then, haltingly, he tells me about the night he came into my room. He thought I was at a party. He wanted to check to see if Ethan had left any listening devices in my room.

“Did you find any?” I mumble.

“No.”

“Did you leave any of your own?”

A beat. “No.”

I lift my head. “Did you think about it?”

He doesn't answer that.

"Gabriel!" I plant my hands on his shoulders.

He settles his hands on my hips and turns me so I'm straddling him.

"Yes?"

"You cannot spy on me."

He starts to say something, then stops. "Why not?"

"It's wrong."

"But you're precious to me." He shrugs under my hands. "I won't apologize for that. I'm only sorry for scaring you. I won't do that again."

"What will you do?"

"I'll let you know that I'm watching when you're at the library." His thumbs begin making circles on my hips, and the loose waistband on the pants I pulled on gives way. His fingers find my bare skin. "I'll show you the photos I take, the ones I have to take because you're so beautiful it hurts to look at you and not capture the moment."

I blink at him.

Even in the dim moonlight, his expression is clear as day. And it's not at all what I expect.

"Gabriel," I whisper. I cup his face in my hands.

He holds my gaze, raw and vulnerable. "I won't hurt you. Ever. But I am obsessed with you, and I can't be sorry about that. Not when it lands you on my lap in the middle of the forest."

I lean in and press my forehead against his. He tugs my hips forward and the sensitive, aching spot between my legs is brought right up against the growing ridge in his jeans.

"Feel what you do to me?"

"Uh huh."

"I'll always give you a choice. If you want to leave, I'll let you go. I'll drive you back to school and let you live your life. But I'm never going to be far, just in case you change your mind." His cock throbs, heavy and alive between my legs. "I will always be ready for you when you need me."

I whimper. How does he know I need him?

His tongue sweeps into my mouth, hot and claiming. One of his hands skates up my back and sinks into my hair, closing tight. Holding on, holding me still so he can kiss me even harder, put me where he wants me, which is right against his big, hard body.

I grind against him, my thighs shaking now. “Please,” I whimper. “Gabriel...”

“Shhh, baby.” He groans. “Let’s go back to the cabin.”

“No. Here.”

“You’ll be sore.”

“I don’t care.”

“I care.”

“Then make it better after.” I tear at the clothes I’m wearing. “Make me feel good now. Take care of me now.”

“Demanding little thing.”

“You did this to me. You set me on fire.”

“You’re on fire?”

“Burning up.”

“Poor baby.”

“Your baby,” I whisper. “Please, Daddy.”

“Jesus.” But even as he curses, his cock throbs against me.

“You said it first.” I nip at his lower lip. “You called me Daddy’s good little girl.”

He goes still. “And did you like it?”

I grab his hand and pull it to my bare chest. “So much it scares me.”

“No, don’t be scared.”

“Make it better, Daddy.”

He closes his fingers on my nipple and tugs. “I will, bunny. Hold still.”

Gabriel rolls us over and puts me on all fours, only pulling the leggings I stole from him down my hips, which traps my knees together.

He gets behind me and releases his cock, then notches it between my ass cheeks.

“Head down, bunny,” he growls. He plants his hand in the middle of my back and pushes me down. My face meets my hands on the ground, and I breathe in the scent of the earth and grass as he tilts my hips up. “That’s it. Show me where you need me.”

I cry out as he slides into that empty space he made, filling it again. Make me whole again.

It hurts, but it’s wonderful, and when he’s all the way buried, he holds still and soothes me with his words and his touch.

“My precious bunny needs my cock,” he murmurs. “I will always give you what you need. That’s my vow to you.”

The word vow is like a lightning bolt.

He's never going to give me up. He might let me go, but he will always be close by. And he will always give me what I need.

It might have been his son who dressed me up like a virgin bride, but it was Gabriel who turned tonight into a twisted but wonderful wedding night.

I wiggle my hips back, taking a little bit more of him.

What would it be like to have Gabriel forever? To finally have a family of my own. To be...

I choke up thinking about the possibility of love.

"It's okay," he groans. "If you're too sore, we can—"

"Love me," I burst out. I blink back tears. "Please, Gabriel. I need you to love me."

He wraps his arms around me and starts moving. "I do, Lucy. I will, always."

He finds my clit and pins me between his hand and his body, fucking me and rubbing me until I explode for him.

And then he follows, filling me up for the second time tonight.

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CHAPTER 18

GABRIEL

It's mid-morning the next time I wake up, and Lucy is safely in my arms. Her warm, naked body is all I need in this world.

But my phone is ringing somewhere, and whoever is calling isn't accepting that they're being sent to voicemail.

As I swing my feet out of bed, there's a pounding at the front door, too. Fuck.

I yank on my jeans, leaving my chest bare to give the intruder a clear hint that I want to go back to bed, then cross the cabin.

"What is it?" I bark as I wrench the door open.

A good friend, a fellow veteran I met through some charity work I signed up for when I moved to Conception Ridge, is standing on my doorstep.

"Gabe," Nolan Adler says with a careful tightness. "You're here."

"Of course I'm here. I live here."

"Are you alone?" He glances past me, but I'm filling enough of the doorway that I know he can only see the raw beams of the cabin ceiling.

I'm not about to lie regarding Lucy, but I'm not offering information before we've had a chance to really talk about what forever is going to look like, either. "Why are you asking?"

He holds up a basic white piece of printer paper, folded into many parts. My face stares back, a photocopy of a photograph. And above it, in bold black writing, is Lucy's handwriting. *If I disappear, find this man.*

I grin.

What a good girl she is.

“You want to tell me why my student left this for me? And how nobody at her dorm has seen her since yesterday?”

I scrub my hand over my jaw. “You went to her dorm?”

He lunges forward, shoving at my chest, pushing me a foot back into the cabin. The door swings open, and he follows me inside, but he doesn’t get very far before a sweet voice asks us to stop.

I pivot, and then stumble, my always sure-footedness failing me at the angelic sight of Lucy wrapped in a bedsheet and nothing else, biting her bottom lip.

“Lucy?” Nolan says, an urgent question in his voice. *Are you okay? Did he hurt you?*

“I didn’t go missing, Dr. Adler,” she says. “Gabriel saved me from them.”

“From who?” Nolan’s not backing down.

The weight of what happened last night crushes my heart all over again. “My son and his fraternity brothers. I should have intervened sooner.”

Nolan gives me a wary look. “I think someone needs to start at the beginning.”

“Yeah. Okay.” I point Lucy to the bedroom. “After we get dressed.”

When we return, Lucy wearing a pair of my sweatpants with the waistband rolled up a few times, Nolan has made himself comfortable on my sofa.

So I sit in the arm chair. And Lucy curls up on my lap.

Nolan’s eyebrows go up, but all he says is, “What happened?”

I let Lucy take the lead. She explains about the invitation to the party, and some things that she thinks she should have realized in hindsight.

That’s where I interrupt. “You couldn’t have known.”

“I was basically invited to a sex party,” she says. “And had I known the details, I would have just declined the invite.”

“And then Ethan would have kidnapped you,” I grind out.

“Maybe.” She bites her lip. “He really did want to pick me up for the party. But everyone else knew what was going on.”

“That’s called a conspiracy to commit a crime,” Nolan interjects gently. “That’s not a point in their favor.”

“I’m just saying I don’t want to sex shame anyone.” She blushes. “I was more innocent two days ago.”

My cock pulses to life.

Fucking not the time, champ.

And then I realize what she said. “They kidnapped you, Lucy. It’s okay to sex-shame kidnappers.”

She nibbles on her lip again. “I went willingly.”

I grunt. “You didn’t know what you were agreeing to.”

“Okay.” Nolan nods. “I’ve got a clearer picture now. Lucy, you’re okay staying here with Gabriel for the weekend?”

“Yes,” she whispers.

He looks at me. “You’ve got a good security system here?”

“The best.”

Another nod. “All right.” He stands. “Will I see you in class on Monday, Lucy?”

“She’ll be there,” I promise.

And I won’t be very far away the whole time.

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CHAPTER 19

LUCY

As soon as Dr. Adler leaves, Gabriel pins me down on the couch. Hands above my head, lower body pinned in place by his heavy weight.

“Stop taking out your worry on your lower lip,” he says, frowning.

Then he kisses me there.

“What’s going to happen?” I ask.

“Dunno. That’s not for you to worry about. Your job is to stay here and stay safe. And then go to school on Monday with your head held high.”

I want to bite my lip so bad.

I don’t.

After a beat, Gabriel lets me up, and I scramble into his lap.

“You’re going to be okay, baby.” He kisses my forehead. “And don’t worry about those shitheads. They got themselves into trouble. They can deal with the consequences.”

I wrap my arms around his neck. “And what about you? We haven’t even talked about the shitty things Ethan said to you.”

He clears his throat. “Yeah. Well, that’ll work itself out one way or another, too. I’m not really sure what to do, to be honest. When I found out I had a kid, I planned to love him forever, you know?”

“I don’t know.” I shrug and hug him tighter, bringing my face to press to his. “Foster kid. I’ve never had a parent who could love me forever.”

Something ticks in his jaw so hard I feel it against my cheek.

“Want to adopt me?” I say it lightly. A joke, the way I’ve always used humor to protect me from the sadness.

“I would.”

Shocked, I yank back and stare at him.

A dark shadow passes behind his eyes. “If you need that. I’ll be whatever you need.”

“Pretty sure you can’t fuck me if you adopt me.” More humor. Armor armor armor.

He strokes his fingers over my cheek. “I told myself last night that if all I got was a single, perfect memory of rubbing against your sweet pussy, that would be enough to keep me warm for the rest of my life. If you need us to stop that so I can be something else to you, I would do that in a heartbeat.”

Heat swarms inside me. *A single, perfect memory.* “Would you think about it, then? Think about and stroke yourself? Get off to your memory of fucking your adopted—”

He tosses me on my back and starts tickling me. “Don’t finish that question.”

I laugh out loud. I laugh until I cry, and then he kisses me, and we make out in a desperate, clinging kind of way that promises we aren’t going to be changing our relationship like that.

When he finally lets me up for air, it’s only to peel off my pants and crawl between my thighs. “I need to know what you taste like.”

My head tips back as he presses his face to my belly first, then to the top of my bare thigh.

“Oh baby. You smell so fucking good.”

He goes slowly from there, his hands pushing my legs apart.

Looking at me.

Just...looking.

Then he falls into me, kissing me, pressing his face to my mound. And lower, aligning his mouth to my body. His tongue opens me up, tasting me, and he groans so loud it makes me spill arousal straight into his mouth.

“Yes,” he says, low and growly. “Give it to me.”

My thighs shake as he teases my clit with the tip of his tongue, then they clamp tight around his head when he starts sucking.

I can’t breathe.

I can’t think.

I can only feel, and I feel perfect. It’s like he’s sucking my soul out between my legs, pulling it into his body, and returning it in a new form.

“I love you,” I whisper.

He sucks harder.

“I love you,” I sob.

He makes me come.

And then I’m chanting it as he rises up to kiss me, and I taste myself on his lips, on his tongue. I whisper and sob it again and again as he holds me.

I love you.

He doesn’t say it back until after I’ve jerked him off on my belly, five fast strokes that make a big pool of seed that I immediately wish was inside me.

And then, after he’s mopped up his mess with a shirt and he’s holding me again, he looks me in the eye and says, very calmly, “I love you, too. I have from the moment I first saw you in a photograph, and I had to accept that get to be your person.”

“You’re my person,” I promise.

I don’t know how I know, but I know it in my soul.

I know that on Monday, and two years from now, and thirty years from now, Gabriel will be the love of my life.

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EPILOGUE

GABRIEL

Two years later

She's in the stacks, looking for a book.

I'm two stacks over, watching her. Getting hard, because she's worrying her bottom lip, and she knows if she does that she's going to get a spanking tonight.

But God damn it, I don't think I can wait until I get her back to my cabin in the woods.

I'm going to need to take her here in the library.

Silently I leave the stacks and do a quick reconnaissance of the area. There's nobody on this floor right now. Two cameras cover the public study area, but there are dead zones in the stacks.

She's in one right now.

I wonder if she's been checking out the detailed notes I take on the campus security system.

I step into the aisle she's in, blocking the light that drifts in from the common area.

It takes her a beat to look up, and when she does, her eyes go wide.

I prowl toward her. "You're all alone up here, bunny."

"I just needed a book," she squeaks. "I'll go downstairs—"

"It's too late for that." I growl and catch her by the wrist, spinning her around.

"Careful," she whispers as I press her back against the fixed wooden shelf.

“I remember,” I whisper back, holding myself off her enough so her swollen, aching breasts aren’t crushed by my chest.

She slides her hands over my shoulders and lets me hoist her up, her sundress falling away so her bare legs are wrapped around me and her wet little cunt, bare under the flowing skirt, is pressed hard against my erection. Once she’s braced and pinned in place, I let go of her and curve my hand over the slight swell of her belly.

“Pregnant little bunnies are my favourite prey,” I growl. “Can’t go an hour without needing to find one and have a little taste.”

She smacks my chest. “Bunnies plural?”

I laugh and kiss her mouth. “One bunny. For life.”

“That’s better.” She kisses me and wiggles. Horny little bunny.

I set her down and turn her around, then crouch behind her. I flip her skirt up, my hands huge on her hips. I curve my fingers over her soft, jiggly, perfect bottom. It only takes the lightest pressure to tip her hips up so I can see more of her slit, her beautiful, pretty little pussy looking right back at me.

“That’s it, bunny. Show Daddy your pretty little holes. Show me where you’re needy.”

She arches her back more, her ass cheeks pulling apart, and I lean in to take a complete taste of my girl.

My A-student.

My mate.

The mother-to-be of my baby. Our baby.

She pulses against my tongue, her pussy swelling, her clit getting hard, and fuck it.

A taste is not enough.

I stand and unzip.

“Daddy,” she gasps, faking shock at my choice.

It’s hardly a surprise that I like to be in my bestest girl.

I thrust into her and groan in satisfaction. “That’s it. That’s the good stuff.”

“You’re incorrigible,” she says happily, wiggling onto my cock. Taking what we both need. “I love you.”

“I love you more.”

“I love you the most—Ah!” She sucks in a gasp at the hard thrust. “Okay, you love me the most.”

“Gotta fill you up before your next class,” I mutter. “Three hours is too long. No more of those next term.”

She giggles. “I’m going online next term, remember? You put in a baby in me?”

I sigh happily. Right.

She pushes back, urging me on, and we’re quiet but for the wet slap of our bodies together as she takes her pleasure on my cock and milks mine at the same time.

“There, there, right there,” she pants. I pin her in place and work that spot until she bites her own hand and goes stiff.

I follow, spurting my release into her, then I slump forward and kiss the back of her neck. “Good girl.” I drag in a breath. “That was very fast.”

She squirms off my cock.

I pull the supplies to clean up out of one of my pockets, and then her panties from another. I crouch at her feet and help her step into them.

“Find the book you want to check out, bunny,” I say after I stand. “You don’t want to be late for class.”

Do you want a bonus story about Gabriel and Lucy, where they go to a party and everyone is watching but it’s totally different than the first time that happened? Sign up on my website to get it delivered straight to your inbox: <https://chloemaine.com/her-wedding-night-bonus-content/>

Also, my friends Evie Rose and Loryn Fox both have Everyone is Watching stories now available, too!!!

Their Virgin Prize by Loryn Fox

I never imagined selling myself to a trio of billionaires, but it’s only one night in exchange for the rest of my brother’s life. How can I say no?

His Public Claim by Evie Rose

My first time is up for auction, sold to the highest bidder.

You can find them both here: <https://mybook.to/EveryoneIsWatching>

Plus you can turn the page for more about my other books, all age gap romances with Daddy secrets...

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ALSO BY CHLOE

MAINE

Before He Was Her Headmaster

My one-night stand? He's sitting behind the headmaster's desk.

We meet at a truck stop. The chemistry is immediate, and we both do something out of character: one night, no explanations. The next day, I arrive at yet another private school. I'm a mature student who just needs three credits before I can graduate. Now I'm the off-limits forbidden temptation Sebastian Craig can't forget, and we both try our best to behave. It works for a few weeks. . .until our secret cravings come tumbling out in the library after hours. How will we keep our private connection hidden until the end of term? I want to be his sweet girl forever, but the age gap and responsibility of his role might be too much to overcome. . .

Click here to start reading [Before He Was Her Headmaster](#)

Above the Shop

He was my mom's high school boyfriend.

I have seventeen dollars to my name and a one-way bus ticket to my new college town—two months early. Oh, and the name of a man I've never met scrawled on a piece of paper. Henry Wilde.

But when I show up on his doorstep, he has no idea that my mom said I could stay with him. And he only has one bed.

It's eight weeks until I can move onto campus.

Eight weeks of living with him above his barbershop. So I'm going to make myself useful. Help him out, and not try to pester him about what it's going to be like at college. Because this homeschooled girl has a lot of questions, but they're not appropriate for my de facto guardian. Not even if we're both consenting adults...

Click here to start reading [Above the Shop](#)

Santa's Baby

She calls him Daddy Christmas. . .

Ford Gamble is my dad's best friend. He's also the reclusive keeper of the Conception Ridge lighthouse. I remember a time when he was around more—the perfect, hotter-than-sin fodder for all my teenage fantasies. And if I'm being honest, for most of my fantasies since then too. . .

Now there's just enough silver in his shock of sexy hair and thick beard that he looks a little like a hot forty-year-old Santa with six-pack abs. And that's what has me heading to the lighthouse on a dark, stormy Christmas Eve when the retirement home where I work needs a fill-in Mr. Claus for their annual celebration.

Except I underestimate the bad weather. The next thing I know, I'm waking up in his bed, and I realize I may have revealed my forbidden fantasies to him in my feverish sleep. Can I convince him to finally let me call him Daddy Christmas? Or will he deny he shares my taboo feelings?

Because I know Ford can't stop looking at me with a wild heat in his gaze. And my desperate Christmas wish is that he's thinking about corrupting his little, not-so-innocent angel.

Click here to start reading [Santa's Baby](#).

Father of the Bride

She's the maid of honor. He's the father of the bride.

Thanks to a snowstorm on the East Coast, I'm the only member of my best friend's wedding party to actually arrive in Vegas as planned. But she has a plan. . . her father will pick me up at the airport, and we'll take care of any last-minute wedding details together. Not in the plan is the unexpected sizzling chemistry with an older, off-limits man and being talked into sharing his suite.

What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas? Not if the father of the bride claims you as his own.

Click here to start reading [Father of the Bride](#)

Links to all books are on my website at

www.chloemaine.com

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Chloe Maine has written other books before, but none of them as purely id-driven as her debut, *Before He Was Her Headmaster*. She delights in the fantasy of bending big men to the wicked desires of supposedly innocent women. When she's not writing, she's probably reading. She lives in Canada with her own big man, raising the babies they made together.



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