

EMILY CRESCENT

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FORBIDDEN DADDY MAKES ME HIS ASSISTANT

SUNNYVALE DADDY'S FORBIDDEN FANTASIES

EMILY CRESCENT

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CHAPTER ONE

The heat of the summer sun through the window was driving me absolutely crazy, and I felt as though I was going to faint. We had been waiting all day for the mechanic to come to fix the AC unit, but that was supposed to happen hours ago. At this point, I was certain they were never coming.

While I fanned myself with a folded magazine, I looked around the waiting room and took a quick head count of all the patients waiting for Dr. Benjamin Matthews DDS to help them. So far, there were three women, one man, and two children scattered throughout the room, which matched up with the number of appointments on my computer.

There was no way we would be able to get through to everyone before closing, which meant that I was going to be stuck here long after closing. I wasn't thrilled by the idea, but I didn't mind it. After all, I was getting paid time and a half for everything over forty hours a week and it was Saturday, which meant that almost everything I was doing was on overtime pay.

"Excuse me," said one of the women as soon as she reached the front desk. "Can you please tell me when I'll be called back there? I've been waiting for over half an hour and it's sweltering in here. I feel like I might faint if I have to sit here any longer." I was about to respond when the door to my right opened, and Doctor Matthews walked into the waiting room.

Dr. Matthews was a tall, strong man who looked as intimidating as a mountain. I remembered how, when I was a kid, I used to be terrified to come to the office and get my teeth cleaned, especially since he looked like the type of person who, even though he looked like a good guy on the surface, turned out to be a crazy psycho who would yank out children's teeth for literally no reason. However, as I got to know him, I found that he was quite charming for somebody who didn't talk a lot in public, and I even developed a bit of a crush on him.

"Are you Mrs. Drew?" he asked as he approached the woman. The woman was about to respond when another woman leaped to her feet and rushed to the front desk.

"I'm Mrs. Drew," she corrected before the other woman could talk.

"I'm here with my son Michael. He's the one with the appointment." A tiny boy, no older than five years old, was standing next to her, and he had his thumb in his mouth, looking on as he watched his mother talk to Dr. Matthews.

"This is absurd," declared the other woman when she realized that the appointment was in fact for Michael Drew. "I've been here much longer than this woman and I demand to be seen. It's too hot to be waiting in the waiting room any longer. The least you guys could do is turn on the AC, especially with how much we're having to pay per visit anyway." Rather than getting annoyed like I thought he might, Dr. Matthews smiled politely at the woman and nodded his head.

"I apologize for the inconvenience, but Mrs. Drew had an appointment for her son scheduled for exactly three o'clock," he explained in a professional voice. "Unfortunately, it took me a little bit longer to get down with my last patient, so she had to wait a little while longer before she

could get her son back in the office, but it is her turn to be seen." He then nodded toward me, and I pulled up the check-in sheet that we kept at the front desk. "If you give me your name, though, I can see about getting you taken care of as soon as I'm done with young Michael here." This seemed to appease the woman as she gave a smile and held her head up high in a snobby manner.

"The name is Natalie Grace," she said in a proud voice, and I noticed several patrons in the waiting room rolled their eyes as they continued to keep an eye on whatever it was they were doing while they waited in the hot waiting room. "My husband is Nathaniel Grace." Dr. Matthews nodded in acknowledgment as he studied the check-in sheet and then turned to face me.

"What time is she scheduled for?" he asked, and I winced as I braced myself for the tantrum that was about to ensue.

"She actually doesn't have an appointment scheduled," I said as the fear built up inside me. "She walked in and demanded to be seen, and I told her that she would have to wait until everyone in the waiting room had been seen, as you didn't have any other appointments for today." The woman who had argued with me that she was willing to wait until there was an

opening immediately looked taken aback as she looked from me to Dr. Matthews.

"She's lying!" She shrieked like a banshee. "I have an appointment scheduled for today at two-thirty. She should have had me checked in." Dr. Matthews looked from me to the woman and back again.

"So if I go back there and see you're not on the schedule, you'll schedule an appointment and leave," he suggested, and the color drained from her face as we watched the woman look at the two of us. It took everything in me to not laugh when I saw just how panicked she truly was.

"I came here to be seen and I was told you'd see me," she spat venomously at us. "Either fire your girl for lying or help me with my problem." I was terrified that Dr. Matthews would cave and fire me in front of everyone, but, instead, he shook his head.

"I'm going to have to ask you to leave," he said, catching everyone by surprise. "You can call back later to schedule an appointment." She stared at him in disbelief, and I saw several patients chuckle discreetly as the door swung open for the maintenance man to walk into the office.

"I'm here about the broken AC unit." He said as he looked at me, and I smiled politely.

"Right this way," I said, motioning towards the door before looking back at Dr. Matthews. "I'll show him where it is."

CHAPTER TWO

"Finally," I breathed as I finished up my work for the day and started to pack up for the trip home.

I couldn't help it. After everything that had happened that day, I wanted nothing more than to just go home and get away from people. Before I fully lost it, all I wanted was to go home and relax with a good book. Anything would have been better than staying here a second longer.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Dr. Matthews said when he stepped out of the back office and into the front reception office. "I thought you had gone home by now." I smiled and shook my head, realizing that there was no way I could hate him for what happened that day.

"Not yet," I reassured him as I grabbed my backpack and placed it gently on my shoulder. "I needed a little extra time to finish the filing and check to make sure the AC was working like you told me to." He nodded as he sat down on the desk, and I noticed the small smile at the corner of his mouth.

I deeply enjoyed working for him. It was because of him that I had considered dentistry in the first place. He was giving me a look into the world inside the office. If I could, I would refuse to go back to school and start learning everything from him, not some textbook, but I knew there was no way that would work out.

"You know something?" he asked after a moment, breaking the awkward tension. "I don't think the two of us have really had a chance to get to know each other. Are you opposed to having dinner with me tonight at the restaurant?" My jaw dropped as I stared at him in disbelief, trying to determine if he was serious or not.

Was he really asking me out to dinner? While I was certain that he didn't mean it as a date, it made me wonder if there was a chance that it would be. I had been dreaming of this day for years and I didn't know how to respond right away.

"You don't have to if you don't want to," he reassured me with a gentle smile as he crossed his arms at me. "I understand completely if you aren't comfortable being seen with me outside work or anything like that. Heck, I would understand completely if you had plans tonight and didn't want to cancel them just so you could spend time with me." Realizing that I was about to lose out on the perfect opportunity, I immediately started shaking my head.

"Oh no, it's nothing like that," I reassured him as I rose to my feet. "I would love to go for dinner tonight." He looked relieved as he nodded towards the door.

"Come on then," he said before getting up and starting towards the front door. "I'll drive." Excitement coursed through my veins as I followed him out the door and to his car, which was sitting at the back end of the parking lot.

Truth be told, I couldn't believe this was happening. I was about to go on what could be considered a date with Dr. Matthews. Anybody in town would kill to be in my shoes right now, and it made me think of what would be said about me around town if it was discovered that the two of us had been seen eating dinner together. Eventually, I decided I didn't really care

and was too excited for my dinner with Dr. Matthews to care about what other people said.

The drive to the restaurant was silent with nothing but the radio playing in the background to break the silence between us. Normally, it would have felt awkward, but in this case, it felt perfect. They gave me a chance to maintain my composure and make sure that I didn't do anything stupid that would ruin this for me. I knew that acting like a child who was on their way to Chuck E. Cheese or Disneyland would just make things even more awkward between the two of us, so I kept my gaze on the world beyond the window in order to keep myself in check.

"You don't mind the music on the radio, do you?" Dr. Matthews asked as we drove along, and I immediately shook my head.

"Of course not," I reassured him as I turned to smile at him. "This is perfectly fine. I don't mind this type of music." He nodded as he turned up the music ever so slightly.

"This is some of my favorite music," he said as he started to nod his head along to the beat of the music. "Call me old-fashioned, but you can tell a lot about a person based on the type of music they listen to." He then

looked at me. "Wouldn't you agree?" Not sure what else to say, I shrugged my shoulders.

"I think it just depends on the person," I replied as I hugged myself.

"Anybody can be two-faced in their music. It can be a reflection of who they are some of the time, not all the time. It usually depends on how many different types of music they seem to like. If they claim they like one particular genre, I've noticed that they tend to be more two-faced than anything, but, if they're honest enough to admit that they listen to different types of music, then they're a little more true to who they are than most. "

He thought about this for a moment before nodding his head in agreement.

"I can see the logic behind that," he said as he pulled up to the restaurant and turned off the car. "Now let's go eat some dinner. We can talk more inside."

CHAPTER THREE

"Well, that was a decent meal," Dr. Matthews said as we walked back to the car, our to-go boxes in our hands as we walked. "I'm amazed that you didn't eat a lot." I blushed in embarrassment as I lowered my gaze toward the ground.

"Yeah, well I normally don't eat a lot during the summer," I admitted, hoping that he didn't think any less of me for it. "Thank you for everything, though. It was really fun to get to hang out with you." He chuckled as he unlocked the car door and climbed in.

"The next time we go out, we're going to have to make sure to go during the non-busy hours," he suggested when I climbed into the car after

him. "I don't know about you, but seeing all those people stare at us like that was a bit unsettling." Drawing the seatbelt across my lap, I nodded in agreement.

I should have known better than to go to the restaurant on a Friday night in the middle of summer. Everybody and their grandparents were there and we got plenty of weird looks as soon as the two of us walked in together. I could only imagine the kind of rumors that were floating around town already just because I had let Dr. Matthews treat me to dinner.

It just didn't seem fair. There were plenty of stories about great bosses who would treat their employees like gold and look after their well-being. Why did everyone assume that something was going on between the two of us just because he decided to treat me to dinner after a long day of work? It wasn't even like we were on an official date. We were both still in our scrubs and everything.

"Is everything okay, Little One?" he asked as he drove back towards the office, almost as if he had forgotten. I didn't drive right now. "You haven't said much all day. Is something really bothering you?" I forced a smile while shaking my head at him.

"I'm just thinking back to the way Mrs. Nathaniels was acting today," I admitted after a long silence. "You didn't have to stand up for me that way. I would have understood if you treated her with the same customer-always-right attitude that everybody else always has. It probably would have saved you a lot of trouble." He threw back his head and laughed at me, making me feel even more like an idiot.

"Trust me, that wouldn't have made my life any easier," he reassured me with a gentle smile when he finally took a deep breath to calm down. "Mrs. Nathaniels is always a bit of a troublemaker. If she had gotten her way today, she would have been back tomorrow or the next week with an entirely different issue and looking for a fight from the get-go. There's no point in feeding into her inappropriate behavior and making your life difficult when I could easily save us both the trouble by kicking her out the way I did today." When I didn't say anything right away, he continued. "If it wasn't today, it would have been any other day, and I really don't want to deal with Mrs. Nathaniel's acting that way towards you, especially since you're the best assistant I've ever hired." I blushed as I looked down at my shoes, touched by the way he was behaving.

"Thanks for everything," I said when I finally looked back up at him.

"I've never had anyone stick up for me that way before, and I never knew

that it could feel so good to have somebody who actually cared about you looking out for you that way." He chuckled as he pulled up into the parking lot and looked around.

"Where did you park your car?" he asked, sounding a bit confused as he looked around at the empty lot. "I don't want to drop you off without knowing that you'll get home safe." It was at that moment that I remembered my initial problem and winced in embarrassment.

"I actually didn't drive today," I admitted. "My mom dropped me off and said that I was going to have to walk home because she had a business meeting in the city that she was going to be at over the weekend." His jaw dropped as he stared at me in disbelief, almost as if he was trying to figure out if I was kidding or not.

"Oh, I'm not letting you walk home, especially at this time of night," he said, his emotions directed towards the sunset that was shining through the front windshield. "Why didn't you mention this sooner? I can give you a ride home if you're comfortable with it." I started to shake my head, but he immediately pulled the car out of the park and started towards the road. "I don't care how supposedly safe this town is. It's not a good idea to be walking around after dark and I'm not going to leave you stranded out here.

Just give me the directions to your house and I'll take you home." Realizing there was no way I was going to be able to fight him, I took a deep breath and shrugged my shoulders.

"You know where the elementary school is, right?" I asked, and he nodded his head. "I live right across the street in the big blue house." He nodded and looked around to make sure it was safe to pull into the road before turning left and driving straight towards the elementary school.

I was nervous at first, especially since I had never invited anyone to my house with the exception of Kendra and Alexandria, but, as we got closer, I began to wonder if Dr. Matthews cared about me more than he cared to admit. After all, he had stood up to Mrs. Nathaniels whenever she was looking for trouble, bought me dinner, and now I was driving me home.

"This one, right?" he asked when we finally pulled up in front of my house, and I nodded.

"Thanks again for everything," I said as I started to open the door, but I paused halfway out of the vehicle, my heart racing at a million miles an hour as I decided to take the biggest risk humanly possible. "Would you like to come in for a bit? I don't really feel comfortable being alone in the house

right now. "His eyes widened as he stared at me for a moment, and I was almost afraid that he was going to say no when he finally started to nod his head.

"I thought you would never ask," he said as he put the car in park and turned off the vehicle. "I can't wait to see how you spend the weekend when you don't have to work."

CHAPTER FOUR

Thankfully, Mom and I had cleaned up before I left for work that morning, so everything was all neat and tidy, which was a good thing because I would have been completely embarrassed if I had walked in and realized that the house was an absolute wreck and probably embarrassed myself even more by trying to keep Dr. Matthews from seeing the mess. Out of everybody in town, my mom was one of the people who didn't believe in security cameras inside the house, so she would never have known that Dr. Matthews was here in the first place unless somebody saw the two of us come in. Even then, I was certain that nobody had seen him, especially with how late it had gotten.

Turning on the light in the living room, I put my backpack down by the couch and removed my shoes at the door before making my way towards the kitchen to put away my water bottle that I always refilled at the office throughout the day. When I realized I had completely forgotten about Dr. Matthews, I forced a smile and turned to look at him.

"You don't mind leaving your shoes at the door, do you?" I asked before putting my water bottle down on the kitchen counter. "My mom is a bit of a neat freak and doesn't like it when people wear shoes in the house." He chuckled as he slipped off his shoes and jacket and placed them by the door.

"Your mom has good taste," he said as he looked around the house at the decorations. "I've never understood people who wear shoes in the house unless they're walking out the door right away." As if remembering that we had leftovers, he looked down at the to-go boxes in his hands and chuckled once more. "Where would you like me to put these?" I thought for a moment before shrugging my shoulders.

"I can take those and put them in the fridge," I offered as I reached for them. "You should sit down and make yourself a bit more comfortable." Much to my surprise, he pulled the bags away from me and gave me a devilish grin.

"I have a better idea," he told me before kissing me on the forehead.

"Why don't I put these in the fridge and you go turn on a movie in the living room? That way, we can enjoy each other's company." My heart skipped a beat as I stared at him in disbelief, but I couldn't bring myself to argue with him.

Before I could even say another word, he was already marching off to the kitchen and I was alone in the hallway leaning into the kitchen. All I could think about was the way he had a warm lip felt all night long and how comforting it had been to know that he was willing to do whatever it took to make me happy. It also made me wonder what else he was implying when he said what he had, but I decided not to look into it too much.

When I was finally able to collect my thoughts, I made my way down the hallway and back into the living room where the giant flat-screen TV was. Normally, at this time of night I would be watching whatever was on TV, but tonight I was with Dr. Ben Matthews, and I planned on having as much fun as possible rather than just wasting the night away with some pointless cartoon. Rather than turning on the satellite, I immediately clicked

on the Blu-ray player and turned my attention to the DVD cabinet, where all the movies we owned resided.

What kind of movie was he going to want to watch? After the way he had kissed me on the forehead, I had a feeling that he didn't intend to pay attention to whatever I turned on, so all I had to do was figure out what I wanted to watch. Rather than choosing something that I loved to pay attention to, I decided to go for something I had seen a million times forwards and backward, and pulled out the DVD case.

"What movie are we watching?" Dr. Benjamin asked as he sat down on the couch next to me. I smiled a little bit as I held up the remote and pressed close on the Blu-ray player.

"I hope you don't mind, but I decided to turn on an old favorite of mine," I informed him as soon as the play menu was shown on the screen.

"It's considered a kid's movie, but I still enjoy the stuff I grew up watching."

He chuckled as he rested his arm on the back of the couch and snaked it over to the other side of my shoulder.

"We can watch whatever you want as long as you're comfortable," he said in a husky voice as he leaned in his chair inches from mine. "I just

need to know one thing." I was struggling to breathe as I tilted my head to the side.

"What is it?" I asked, and he smirked as he placed a hand on my cheek.

"Do you love me?" he asked, catching me off guard, and I felt my heart skip a beat as I stared at him in shock.

What kind of question was that? For all I knew, he was just trying to see how far he could go, and my mind was racing at a million miles per hour, and my heart was racing almost as fast as my head.

"You don't have to answer right away," he said as he rose to his feet and made his way over to the doorway. "I'm sorry if I need you. I'm feeling uncomfortable. I think I better get going." Before I could even think of what I was doing, I was already shaking my head.

"Please don't go," I begged as I climbed off the couch and chased after him. "I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable. It's just that I've never known anybody who liked me like that and I don't know how to make sense of it all. Please forgive me." He smiled as he looked back at me, and I could tell that he was in a forgiving mood.

"I understand completely, Little One," he reassured me. "I shouldn't be pushing myself on you. I'll go ahead and leave. We'll talk on Monday. That way you have a chance to decide what you want to do from here." With that, he put on his shoes, opened up the door, and left, and I felt so slow my heart was breaking in two.

As guilty as I felt about it all, I realized I needed to consider how serious I was about having a crush on him and whether or not I was going to do anything about it. He had left it all up to me, and I needed to be the one to decide in the end.

CHAPTER FIVE

I was surprised when I arrived at work Monday morning and realized that Dr. Matthews had not yet shown up. He was always here at the crack of dawn, setting up in the back room so that he could assist the first patient who came into the office, but, today, he was nowhere to be seen and I hadn't seen his car when I arrived. I immediately thought something was wrong and wondered if it had something to do with what had happened on Friday night.

I couldn't believe that I had let him walk out of my house the way he had, and I even felt embarrassed because I felt as though I had overreacted. Of course, I had every right to be concerned, especially if I wasn't ready for something like that, but I still feel guilty for leading him on the way that I

did before he left. For all I knew, he absolutely hated me and was going to be looking for a way to replace me without getting in legal trouble.

"You're here early," said Dr. Matthews as he walked through the door and into the office, a clear look of surprise on his face when he saw me. "I wasn't expecting you to be here until it was almost opening time." I blushed in embarrassment as I lowered my gaze.

"Mom called last night and said she'll be in town for a few days, so I had to walk here this morning," I explained as I sat down at my desk and began logging into the computer. "I wasn't sure how long it would take for me to do so, so I left an hour earlier than usual to make sure I was here on time." He looked puzzled as he stared at me, and I could tell he was disappointed in me.

"I wish you would have called me and told me that you didn't have a ride to work," he said as he leaned against the front desk. "I would have been more than happy to pick you up and bring you to work." I lowered my gaze and shook my head, my mind flashing back to Friday night when he walked out of my house and seemed completely heartbroken that I wasn't ready to admit whether or not I had feelings for him or not.

"I don't have your number, remember?" I reminded him, and he looked equally as embarrassed as I felt. "The only way I would have been able to call you is by calling the office number. By then, I wouldn't know for sure if you'd be able to take me to work or not, and I didn't want to risk being late." He considered this for a moment before shrugging his shoulders.

"I guess that makes sense," he agreed after a moment. "I suppose after the night we had on Friday, there was a high chance that even if you did have my number, you never would have called me anyway." As much as I wanted to move on and get back to work, I knew I had to address this before it was too late.

"I guess I should apologize for that," I said as I prepared myself for the worst. "I didn't exactly react the way I should and I'm sorry for upsetting you on Friday." He chuckled as he shook his head at me.

"But you didn't do anything wrong," he reassured me. "I know how hard it can be when someone like me unexpectedly comes up and admits to having a crush on you when I was your age. I probably would have panicked too. That doesn't mean that your feelings aren't valid either. In fact, that's why I left when I did. I didn't want to upset you or make you feel

pressured to do something you're not ready for." He chuckled as he shrugged his shoulders. "I do want you to know that I am attracted to you, but we don't have to do anything. If it's weird, I won't blame you for looking for a new job." My jaw dropped as I stared at him in disbelief.

Was he actually okay with me not being sure whether or not I was ready for something like this? Or was there something else going on? As much as I wanted to throw myself into his arms and allow him to carry me off like the hero of some romance novel, I felt the caution put up walls inside me and wished I could read him like a book.

"Maybe I did everything wrong on Friday," he admitted with a mischievous smile. "I don't think going to your house and trying anything after a nice dinner was the best approach, and I'm sorry I made you uncomfortable. You think there's any way I can make it up to you and do things right?" When I didn't respond right away, he rubbed the back of his neck nervously. "I mean, I could take you on a proper date and show you what it's like to have a real relationship with a real man." My cheeks burned red in embarrassment as I smiled at him.

"Sure, that sounds great," I said, and he blinked in surprise as he stared at me. "Do you want to try this upcoming weekend? My mom will be

out of town all weekend again, and I'll be able to spend the night out of the house if needed. We can even try to go to your house." His smile widened, and he nodded his head in response, looking both relieved and excited.

"Sounds great," he told me before glancing at the clock. "Let's go ahead and get everything set up for the day. We can talk about this later." With that, he made his way over to the back room, and I was alone in the waiting room, amazed at the strange turn of events for the day.

CHAPTER SIX

I lay back on the bed, my chest heaving as I struggled to catch my breath. I couldn't believe what I had just done. I had just lost my virginity to Benjamin Matthews, and it was better than anything I had ever done in my life.

"You okay?" Ben asked as he lay down on the bed, his naked body glistening in sweat as he stared me down. "I didn't hurt you, did I?" I smiled as I looked over at him and shook my head.

"It was the most amazing thing that's ever happened to me," I reassured him before turning over on my side so I could see him better.

"You were right, it was better to just get a hotel for the first time." He smiled as he shrugged his shoulders, looking pleased with himself.

"You just have to trust me," he reminded me. "I know what I'm talking about and I'm always going to do what I can to take care of you, even if it means making sure your first time is magical." He booped me on the nose before kissing me on the forehead. "I'm going to take a quick shower. Go ahead and turn on a movie. I'll be out soon." I smiled and nodded my head as he got up off the bed and made his way over to the bathroom.

I still couldn't believe everything that had happened today. We made the plans to go to the city right as soon as he closed the office on Saturday afternoon, and we didn't plan on returning until late Sunday afternoon so that my mom would know that I had been out. Of course, on the off chance that she was home before I got home on Sunday, Maya's older sister, Rachel, had already promised to cover for me. Rachel was a student at the local university here in the city and had agreed to tell my mom that she had offered to give me a tour of the campus because she knew that I was thinking about applying. Since Mom was desperate to convince me to go to college, she would immediately buy this story and leave me alone for the rest of the day.

I flipped mindlessly through the channels while my phone was next to me. I thought I had put it on silent and frowned as I picked it up and looked at the text message. It was from Maya, and it seemed urgent upon reading it. I couldn't help but laugh as I shook my head at it.

"Is everything okay out there?" asked Ben as he turned on the shower.

"What was that noise?" I smiled as I looked up from my phone and into the bathroom where Ben was standing in the steam of the hot shower that he was about to take.

"Just one of my friends from school," I said before putting my phone on silent and then setting it back down on the nightstand. "She told me that she got to go to a frat party and sent me a drunk text about how she thought I should have come with her." Ben frowned and quickly made his way back over to the bed, seizing my phone as soon as it was within range.

"How often do you spend time with this friend of yours?" he asked as he looked up at me after reading the text message. "I don't know if I approve of such behavior and I don't want this influence from you to do anything that I want to prove." I scoffed and shook my head at him, finding it absolutely sexy how he was already trying to protect me from the dangers of college and the parties that were held every weekend.

"Trust me, I'm not that dumb," I said before holding my hand out for my phone and waiting for him to hand it to me. "I might joke about certain things, but I would never go so far as to actually attend a college party. It seems like a lot of work, especially since I don't really like spending time with people outside of work hours. Let me tell you when I go to school at the end of the summer, it's going to be taxing enough going to school and then having to go to work right after for a couple of hours. I don't know how I'm going to make it throughout the school year." He smirked as he leaned forward and kissed me on the forehead once more.

"You'll manage," he reassured me before making his way back over to the bathroom. "I'll make sure you don't get too stressed out while you're at work, even if that means I have to take you into the office and provide some sort of stress relief like I just did in bed." With that, he allowed the steam to envelop his body as he pulled back the curtain and stepped into the shower, concealing himself from my view. I turned my attention back towards the TV, thinking about what he said.

Now that I had fully agreed to be his girlfriend and let him have me whenever he wanted, were things going to change for the two of us while we were at work? Were we going to have secret little meetings in his office that usually ended in hot and steamy sex? Or was this all just a one-time

thing and by the time school started at the end of the summer and was he going to be too busy to do date night on the weekends like he promised he would?

The stress and anxiety of the uncertainty of the situation I had found myself in disappeared as soon as I found some late-night airings of SpongeBob SquarePants and immediately settled into watching the show. I knew that he said that he wanted me to watch a movie, but everything on at this time of night was mostly adult movies and terrible sitcoms. SpongeBob SquarePants was my safe haven, and, as I settled into watching the show, I felt at ease because I knew that, no matter what happened between Ben and me, things would never be the same again, and I was looking forward to that.

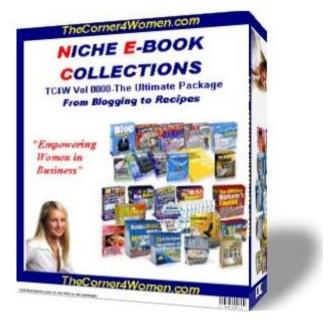
I hope you enjoyed this third book of the "Sunnyvale Daddy's Forbidden Fantasies" series, and thank you for reading. Didn't you think Bethany and Ben were fated for each other? Their love is stronger than any force in the world!

Poor Rachel... She's been doing everything she could to make a good life for herself, but everything went belly up when her mom decided to take her tuition money and blow it on her own start-up business. With no money

to pay tuition and nowhere to go, she decided to move back in with her mom, younger sister, and stepdad. However, it looks like this might be a blessing in disguise when she realizes that she could be with the man of her dreams. To join Rachel on her quest of love, order the fourth book in the series "Returning Home to My Forbidden Daddy" by clicking <u>HERE</u>.

Happy reading!

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